

The Memoirs of

Bernard Elden Knapp

2000's Journals

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THESE FILES WERE FOUND IN A FOLDER MARKED “TO INCLUDE IN JOURNAL” MANY ARE LETTERS BERNIE WROTE TO FAMILY MEMBERS ABOUT WHAT HE HAD BEEN UP TO

THE TITLES AND ORGANIZATION OF THESE FILES ARE PRESERVED IN THE ORDER THEY WERE FOUND

Dear Barry,

Feb. 10, 2000

Hi! I've been wanting to write to you for quite a while. I wish I could visit with you. It would be fun and rewarding. Last week I dug out the slides of our trip to shovel the snow off the cabins, the year Steve and DeLyn went with us. It was actually the only year that I ever went in. My family enjoyed the slide show.

By now I suppose Danny is back into doing whatever it was that he was doing. I hope he's working with you....that is, I hope you have the pleasure of being around him and his wife. I enjoy being able to see our kids. We are lucky now having all our grandchildren living near. I know it won't always be that way. And at times I think I get more than my share of baby sitting with Willis living 3 houses away and Lisa within a mile. Her kids can walk over or often drop in on their way home from school. Sometimes they even call in the mornings for a lift when they miss their bus.

I haven't seen the Krishtna temple since the dome has been put in place. I read about it. Louise has a brother that manages the BYU dairy which is just about a mile east of the temple. I guess that's why I know where it is.

I've been thinking a lot about you lately. I may have told you there is a guy in Idaho Falls that wrote a book about the history of the Yellowstone Branch of the U.P. railroad. He has written me recently and wants information from me about the days of the tie camp in Island Park. He sent me some things that he got from somewhere. It quotes Jim Allison telling about how ties were hewn. I have a hard time with some of these hand-me-down things that people gather up. I don't know how much Jim hacked ties. I doubt he was a real tie hack. Barney hacked some ties. I've never thought of him as a tie hack, however. Certainly, compared to what I know about hacking ties, Glen Allison is an expert. But I got the idea from the article that there are some holes in his tie making story.

I'll give you a couple of examples. On the plateau in the winter they had to deal with digging down in 12-15 ft. of snow to fell a tree. That doesn't square with what I've always heard from my dad. In the winter when they hauled ties off the top, which was high up Trail Canyon, above the little rocky dugway where we logged he told of loading the last ties from a pile and the last ties standing on end would be level with the surrounding snow, which was 8 feet of course. The ties had been hacked and piled before the snow fell. I don't believe the tie hacks worked up that high during the winter. Maybe a few, but I doubt it. There were places along Black Mtn where ties were hacked during the winter. Other places nearer to the siding were selected for winter cutting areas. They had a bunkhouse and commissary and cook shack where men could live and spend the winter. You've heard me tell how Barney used to work there, boarded there and went out in the winter every third day and was able to break even on working days against days of boarding. Do you remember Barney talking about that?

I can't imagine tie hacks having to be concerned about the tip ends of the trees beyond the size of ties, that is cutting them into mine props. That would have required a lot of book keeping and extra hauling for someone to have gone around picking up all the tips separately from the ties. Do you suppose they hauled mixed

loads and then separated them when they unloaded? I doubt that was a practice. Now there were areas where winter cutting took place and in the spring they hired a guy on a contract that went out and cut the high stumps. He went all through the winter cutting area and cut the winter stumps. He was nicknamed Dad-Gummit. It was as you can imagine, a miserable job. So that tells me not a lot of winter cutting was done where people dug all the way to the ground and it would have taken a lot of room to fell a tree that size when a crosscut saw was used.

Barry, do you know that Marj gave me a broadax? I was so happy to get it. It has no handle, but it has an eye that is flat on one side. It isn't tapered. I think it was made that way so that a handle could be inserted from either end. So it could be used right-handed or left-handed depending on which end the handle was.

Claudia told me once that Andy Seelander could take a broad ax in each hand and go along a tree and hack a tie both sides at the same time. Well, if that ever happened, it wasn't anything routine he did in the woods. He might have showed-off sometime on one tie if it wasn't too large a tree. The other problem with that is that Andy cut for Souths after they lived at the mill and Targhee Tie co had been long gone from Island Park when Andy showed up there. Andy did cut fir at Ripley Butte. One time Ren sent a guy down to work with Andy. I guess they hated to have him living out there all alone and after a little while the amount of timber he cut dropped significantly so they brought his helper in out of the woods and Andy began cutting more board feet when cutting alone.

I've heard my dad tell of horses getting off the packed trail up in the woods in the winter and they floundered until only the balls of the hames showed above the snow. And it was a big job to dig them out with shovels and get them back up on top. This doesn't sound like a horse never sinking below the belly when wallowing in snow, does it? Those are examples that glared out at me when I read the papers that Thornton Waite sent me.

Another thing that bothers me is the article about a shower at the Island Park Siding. Given the times mentioned in article, up to 1970+. There's no way is there, Barry that that was ever erected in I. P. in my lifetime? You know it wasn't there in later years. It seems I remember some type of concrete structure behind the stockyards. But it wasn't very high. It had some graffiti on it perhaps. It never seemed to be a finished project. It seems it was only about 3 to 3 1/2 feet high. Do you remember such a thing? I don't remember anything that looked like the picture depicts. Do you suppose it was at Pineview, Trude or Big Springs? I can't believe it ever existed at I.P.

Thornton talked with the lady that interviewed us in the trailer the summer of the Knapp reunion there in your motorhome at the Buffalo campground. She wrote some articles for the I.P. paper. I don't recall her name at this time as I write.

Barry, you mentioned something to me about wanting a painting of the woods. Just the plain old woods. I suppose you Menan like as if we were up cutting on the Ridge Road and looked out across the cutting area. Or maybe the woods before we began to cut. Anyway I want to send you a couple of photo copies of pictures I ran across since and they reminded me of what you were talking about. I just

wondered what you thought of these.

I'd like your opinion concerning the questions I have raised about hacking ties, the photo of a shower at Island Park, and any other ideas you'd care to contribute. If I should submit any material to Thornton for his use in putting together some kind of a book on hacking ties, I'd like to run it past you if you wouldn't mind before I would submit it to him. Would that be alright. He tells me that he's seen a grain elevator out in the Felt or Drummond area with a picture painted on it of the old Yellowstone Special. There used to be a St. Anthony flour mill that had a logo on the sack of the Yellowstone Special locomotive coming toward you pulling the famous train with smoke billowing from the stack. This logo used to be on all their flour sacks. it was called Yellowstone Special Flour. My mother always preferred that brand. The used sacks were used for dish towels, covers over otherwise open shelves in many a cabin in Island Park. I'm sure some still exist in some attics in the upper Snake River Valley.

Well I don't want to tire you with all this long letter. I do want to mention however, that last month, I got a call from Berdett and he was pulled off on a frontage road out here near Lehi. He had thought that one of his sisters up there had called ahead and told us to meet him at about noon. After waiting over an hour and no one showed he called me. So I met him just off the Springville Exit on the end of a frontage road there. He was pulling his Airstream. I called Kandy Jonas Rogers. She drove over from Pleasant Grove and we visited with him and Yvonne about an hour in their trailer. He took his Springer out for a rest stop and a little run before they headed on south for Mexico. He has a certain place where he goes each year and fishes in a bay and smokes it in his smoker and heads home. He told me some details of his fishing trip and bears. It was interesting.

Well BARRY, I hope to hear from you. I may call you one of these days and chat a bit. I just sent a letter off to Al and Ann and asked them to answer some questions for me. I spelled out some questions hoping to sort of pick their brains and get certain questions answered rather than just general things they remembered about I.P. when they were little. Al won't remember much, he was pretty young then. But he's heard all the stories I grew up hearing and no doubt more, it I can get them out of them. He doesn't write anymore, since he had that stroke. He told me on the phone the other day, he may have to reply by putting something down on a voice tape. But he seemed interested in helping out.

Last of all, I've wanted to write an account of all the things I can remember of the Targhee Tie days. I would like to include some of the photos that used to be in my parents books of remembrances. I hope David will end up having most of them on the cc's he's having Melinda produce. For example: Sharleen ended up with a lot of photos that I recognized from my mother's book which obviously ended up with Claudia. Marj helped me one day when I was at her place there in Menan to copy with close-up lenses many of the photos from my dad's book. It was at her place for a while. Then it ended up at Al's. I have negatives of many of these but I think David already has most of them on cd's. But I do have them so that their can be duplicates or if some are missed they can be

added later. So what I have always had in mind about writing of I.P. is to also illustrate the account. Now that will not include pictures of skidding logs, hauling ties on wagons or sleighs, but there was a picture of two of dog sleds. Harvey Mahar's team, a team of Tud Kent's, and maybe one other. (Charlie Martin ?)

Illustrations of some of the events that took place while logging, etc, would have to be drawn or painted. I have always thought for another example, that _____ Bergren, who lives down the street from you in his dome, would have been a good model to sit at an old grinding wheel holding a broadax as he put a fine edge on the blade. Don't you think he would make a good model of an old wood tick?

Well, I'll sign off.

Dear Tim,

Oct. 16, 2000

We received a copy of a letter to you from your president telling you of your new calling. In the same mail a letter came from you. It had no mention of the calling. Then toward the end of the week another letter came from you, telling of your going to the temple with your trainer and his family. It did not mention your new assignment, however.

I'm a little bit confused. You haven't changed or been transferred from the place where you were living, where you and your comp were the only 2 living there, have you? You still have your Aussie comp? So is he a district leader at the same time a greenie that you are training? And assistant ZL to you?

I took the letter from Pres. Carlson to church. I showed it to Bishop Maynes so he could see the area where you are now. He was familiar with the area. He said when he was there that the church had (perhaps owned) a house or apartment ? (maybe) where several missionaries (more than one set) lived together.

As I was leaving the church, Mark Stephenson was on the front lawn with his boys. He asked how you were doing. He must not have too much time left he asked? So I showed him the name of the area from the letter. He said, Oh, I used to be there. He too, thought the church perhaps owned a house or something in that area, large enough that more than just 2 elders would have lived in it.

So please clarify. Being ZL now, have you moved to another place from the one where you had for the 1st time lived with just one other elder? And with the new assignment did you also change comps? Or are you still working with the Aussie?

I have lots of questions...don't you think?

We had a great conference. I don't know how much or if you were able to see some of it via satellite. Perhaps the Sat nite session. It was great!

Willis is 1st counselor in elders. Jess is 1st counselor in YM and yesterday the elder's quo. pres. was absent. So I guess Willis likely conducted. Our ward primary pres. just moved out. Their family moved in with relatives, since their new home in Sp. Fork isn't ready to move into yet. A young couple moved in with a small child. It's the house where Buck's cousin, Liddiard lived on the corner as you drive into the culdesac right behind the church. A man who was baptized a few weeks ago was ordained a priest yesterday also. He lives in the culdesac where Koster's daughter used to live. They had a boy your age. They moved to Pocatello.

Milo showed up here late Sat. nite. He had a date with a girl he had met at Ricks. She is going to school in St. George now. I guess he has a date again next weekend. It's homecoming at the Y and he can come down with his folks. He is looking to buy a truck and I guess Marie is looking at a car. But so far she's never been able to contact the owner from the information on the sign in the car window. So Kathy chauffeured them around part of the time. Milo came to our church, but a bit late. At the end of the mtg. he met Lindsay for the 1st time and also it was the 1st time that he had seen Jess since they've been home.

Jess just came in. It's about 8:30. He soloed on Fri... just landed and took off about 3 times in a row at the airport. Today he

plans to do it again. This time Lindsay will go out and watch him. He surprised her by going on Fri. She doesn't know yet. She didn't want him to fly on Fri. the 13th.

I guess I don't write very much except of a nature of family news. Hope it doesn't distract you too much from your work.

Yesterday afternoon Jess went to work at Detox. He and Shaun were both there until 11:00 when mom went to work. She laughed, can you imagine Shaun and Jess running that place. This morning they are talking about it. Mom said Barbara told her she caught a guy and a girl kissing this morning in the kitchen area. So I guess we know why Lindsay doesn't want to go there to work. She was called in and didn't go. She was approved for "on-call" and has been asked a couple of times to substitute. Willis's friend, Marty and the girl from CA, that Joseph had such a crush on...works there on-call also. Joseph thinks she has about had it. She makes some dumb mistakes. She wears both ears full of rings. She may have tattoos, I'm not sure. But Joseph says she has had some boy friends that are really losers, lately. So he still talks to her when he comes up and has seen her each of the last 2 times she has been up. She seems to always want to talk to him. I guess she leans on him for lots of problem solving. She is sort of a gal that needs a BIG brother to lean on and act as a sounding board.

Dear Tim,

It was nice to get the letter from your Pres. saying you are Zone leader. I am sure you can be a very good leader. You can work with the elders instead of against them and at the same time keep a high standard and show them by example what they should be doing. Congratulations. Keep up the good work.

I notice that Dad told you about Foothill and Jess flying. I don't really have any news for you. Dad is good about telling you every thing that happens.

Ruth called us last night from Buffalo, New York. She is on a trip with BYU Nauvoo. They are on a big field trip. She wanted an address and to say help because she won't have a chance to e-mail us while she is on the trip. It was good to hear from her. She is very happy.

Our weather here is very nice right now. It is cool in the evening and morning but about right in the day time.

I still get my 40 hours at Foothill in during a weekend. We have a new building that is next to the Spanish Fork jail. We will be moving in in 2-3 weeks. It will be a lot nicer but of course it will be a longer drive for me.

I'm glad you are serving a mission. I know that is good for you and the people over there. I hope you are able to find, teach and baptize some families. God bless you. He and I love you.

Love Mom

I'll send a copy of Ruth's last E-mail. Sounds like she is doing well. Her phone call last night from Buffalo was nice. It was good to hear from her and she sounded happy.

P.S. Did I send you a couple of pages of Grandma Knapp's writing of her heritage or legacy?

Love

Dad

2001

Diary,

April 30, 2001

The last letter was sent to Tim over a week ago. We received a letter from Tim last week stating it was the last letter that he would send. He even emphasized it by changing pens after the 1st paragraph and running out of ink. Then borrowing a pen from his comp and finishing a nice letter. He had been requested to baptize a 10 year old girl, by her inactive mother. She was ready and then the last thing, her father was hospitalized and so there was no baptism after all. They had another golden family, where the father was enthusiastic, but perhaps there is not enough time to teach the family before he leaves. Hopefully, they will continue to be active and find fellowship. The ward is having a send-off for Tim. One meal he anticipates will feature, dog soup.

Marie Andrus returned from her internship in Mexico. She and Colleen stayed here Sat nite. She had her convocation Fri. And on Sat. morning Ken showed up and attended her graduation. Then he took a box of apples from Santaquin home in his truck. He left some with us. They were crisp and nice looking apples, deep red, but Ken said they tasted like cardboard. Marie is in an apartment here in Provo and will drive back and forth to SLC to work. She is working with their family friend, Pat. The one that runs evaluations for John Stockton's kids and has done one on Ostertag.

Ruth will start school on Tues at the Y. Kathy will go to school the 1st half of summer. Jess finished up his classes. Louise and I went to the firemen training bldg on Thurs for an annual banquet sponsored by the Trades school for retirees and staff. It was good to see a few people we knew, Phil Kresge and wife and Steve Crane, Ruth's major prof in drafting. He told me to tell Ruth they had the valedictorian again this year from their dept. and it was a girl. He told her, for her talk...no April Fool's. George Tanner sat by us. Hardman was there. Not many others were there that I knew. Some faces were familiar but not known personally by me. I did see Clyde Edwards; he said he had sold some of his mules and only had 4 left. He is building a house next to his corrals on the dead end street off Geneva Rd. by the U.P tracks. He and his wife were telling someone about their house. The building is very large. They had over a dozen big trucks in the building and two rows of tables in the middle. All the trucks were polished and looked new, although most were old, no doubt acquired from surplus, state and federal likely. But firetrucks should not have many miles on them even at advanced age.

They had much more food there than people to eat it. The thick stakes were well grilled as well as the chicken. With rolls and green salad it was a nice meal. Dr. Martin holds it each spring. Roger Plowtho also came; couldn't tell that he stayed. He wasn't hungry and didn't appear to have needed a meal. One of the first such events I've been to where Pres. Sorensen didn't show up.

Of course we are all excited anticipating Wed when we will meet Tim's plane. Lots of people brought that up yesterday, including the bishop while he was teaching the combined Relief Soc. and priesthood for a 5th Sunday lesson. Later I called the stake ex. sec. and schedule a time on Wed evening for Tim to meet Pres. Gaylen Smith and be released. Jess was certainly excited about Tim

coming home. He thinks he will drag him to the church Wed nite for b. ball practice. With everyone so glad to see him and wanting to visit plus jet-lag I hope he will feel like it. On Sat our ward men will play b. ball in the stake center. Last Sat. they really struggled and were down at the half. But went up nearly 20 points in the second half. They missed Jess and Kam (Cam) Brian who went to SLC to watch a motor-cross event.

May 6,

Today, Sunday, Ruth and I accompanied Tim to the stake high council room where he reported his mission. He did a good job and followed an outline given him by pres. Galun Smith when he met with him on Wed. to be released.

On Wed. Louise received a call from Joseph. He said he was in the airport in San Francisco and could not find Tim. A few minutes later when mom answered the phone again it was Joseph letting us know that he had located Tim. Tim was in another room going through customs. So they had a little over an hour together there.

At the SLC airport all of our family met. Justin was there with his children. Then Willis and Jen came with their children. James rode up with us and Ruth. Kathy rode up with Willis. Amber also rode up with Willis. Then Megan came later. She had been in SL with some friends. Willis passed us on the freeway. But he went to a store and bought a heavy duty wagon for the kids and family. It is a heavy pneumatic tired wagon with side boards and end gates. It has a heavy steel mesh floor. DeLoy Young has had one like it for a month or so. Then the family in our ward brought their kids to church in one like it last Sunday.

Justin's kids were really excited to see Morgan and Sage show up. Then they followed James a lot from window to window to watch for Tim's plane to come in. It was a United Airlines plane. It came into gate 1, which saved walking a long ways down the terminal. As usual the missionaries are the last ones off the plane. An Elder Asay from Tremonton was with Tim. At least 2 missionaries left the plane in San Francisco where they had been met by family or friends. Tim said he was asked if he wanted to do that. If he had agreed to do it, he could have gotten a free stand-by ticket. But there would have been a lot of disappointed folks at the SLC airport had he chosen to do so. I can't hardly imagine a missionary choosing that option.

Tim commented on how much Joseph's hairline had receded on one side. And although Tim had made a big deal over his own hair loss in his letters, it wasn't light on top or near balding as had been the case for Justin. But his forehead is a bit longer.

After being around Tim for a little while, I said if you took the word weird out of his vocabulary it would be cut in about half. Everything he notices is weird. He finally got some sleep the next day. Jess had him to play b-ball at our church that night. He was not home long before the phone began ringing and missionaries he had known were calling. Some were companions he'd known. Some are in Provo for school or visiting family here. One lives in Highland and he's been over. They went out to eat, visit and play golf. Tim said he just drove the golf cart. Last night I answered the phone and a lady in broken English said Tim Knapp. It was one of the family members he and his last comp have been teaching. His comp

was in her home as they called. He's hoping she'll become active and join the church.

He's gone shopping with Jess. And Jess told Lindsay, his life is going to change. They enjoy being together so much. Guy Andrus came over to visit on Thurs. Also Brandon and Brent came down from Lava to the airport. Also they brought Marie's bicycle. She had someone drop her off at the airport. She rode home with Justin. And Willis brought a box with spuds and carrots here for Marie. The Andrus boys drove back to Lava from the airport. All of our family came here following the trip from the airport and visited with Tim. He of course was surprised at the changes in so many of the children and especially Sierra. He saw Brady as greatly changed. He hardly recognized some of them and others like myself hadn't changed. He was shocked that his mother has lost so much weight and thought she must be sick or not feeling well. He didn't think she looked healthy. The fact is she feels much better and is more mobile and strong now that she regularly goes to the pool.

He will report his mission in our ward the last Sunday of this month. Combining with Decoration Day will allow more family to come to his homecoming. Joseph mainly will benefit from it.

On Sunday morning 7:30 Ruth and I accompanied Tim to the high council room where he reported his mission. Ruth and I also were asked to bear our testimonies. Most of the high councilmen there were probably appointed since Tim left on his mission. The stake presidency have also been installed less than 6-9 months.

Jess bore his testimony in fast mtg today. He expressed his love and appreciation for Tim and delight in his being home.

A young man that had been at the BYU-Jerusalem Center when Ruth was there came her on Sat. Ruth picked him up at the SLC airport and brought him here. He slept the 1st night in Kathy's room and since then slept in Willis's basement. There is a double bed in the apartment area where Willis now has his office. He is staying until Sat. He is going to school at Vanderbilt starting in the fall. He graduated from BYU last year. He speaks several languages...Hebrew and some Arabic. He is going into linguistics. He is spending time with old friends, visiting campus, attending the temple and seeing sites in Salt Lake. He is interested in Ruth and she tells us they have an understanding...they are friends and not more than that.

Mon. May 7, 2001.... This morning I attended the funeral service of Ilene Farrer. Her daughter married a Hanks. And she has been at Provost Elementary and knew most of our family from there. She died after suffering from diabetes for quite a while. It was a nice service. Her 3 sons spoke. The theme of each was memories. A quartet made up of older men sang unaccompanied the song, Memories. The song Always was also sung, one of her favorites. Bp. Slade conducted the services which were held in the Berg Mortuary on east Center St. Not a lot of people attended but several of the old-timers in our ward or from it's original boundaries attended.

Jess came early this morning and took Tim to a gym to work out and lift. Then they spent some time going to Taco Time. Then Jess went to work at his mortgage office. Tim is still wanting to sleep a lot. He seems to be getting caught up from the jet lag of his long flight home.

Bornie

Diary

May, 11, 2001

Louise and I rode to West Valley City with Doug and Audrey to Harold Winterton and Laura's youngest daughter's reception. She married a boy she met working in WalMart. They are the same age nearly 21. His name is Dennis Kay Wilkins Jr. Harold's son, Dennis is also Dennis Kay. He said his sister could keep her same initials. When we arrived, Ruth was waiting for us on the lawn at the church. She told us Ken and Colleen had barely left. We saw Louise's cousin, Jensen and his wife, who is the sister of the former Gov. of Utah, Bangerter. One of their sons was there with his wife. They live in the same ward, at least neighborhood, since ward boundaries often change these days. All of their sons were there except one. And some came but left their families at home.

The ride up was really slow. The freeway was closed. So we were trapped in stop and go traffic. Finally after passing up the Draper exit we got off and came back along the frontage road and went under the freeway at Draper crossroads and west to Redwood Rd and then north onto I-215 to 3500 So. Gasoline prices are rising. It's around \$1.57 for regular some places. In Provo I filled up yesterday at discount for \$1.47. That's at least 5 cents less than most places in Provo/Orem.

A week ago David Calabro (sp) came here from his parent's home in Va. He has been going to graduate school at Vanderbilt. It may be in So. Carolina. He is out for the summer and wanted to work during the summer. Ruth met him at the airport. She met him when she took the BYU/Jerusalem program. He was in the intensive Hebrew language program. She was in the historical course.

He is a returned missionary. He graduated from BYU in the spring of this year. Then went east to enroll in graduate school. He took the summer off. He wanted to spend some time here. He visited former profs and friends. Mostly he spent some time with Ruth. They went to historic places in SLC. They attended several wedding receptions of mutual friends. He traveled with her to Cleveland yesterday to Irene Young Allred's youngest daughter's reception. She married a returned missionary in the Manti Temple that morning. Louise went down. Returning to work late. Then Ruth went to a reception of a friend from either Nauvoo or Jerusalem in Sp. Fork. And then another friend's reception she had known in Nauvoo in north Provo. Thus she had to keep moving to make it to each one. David traveled with her.

Today, Sat. she took him to the airport. He left around 5:00 pm and she drove to the Winterton reception. While David has been out here he has walked to the BYU campus sometimes. We have seen him occasionally, most days. He has slept in Willis's basement bedroom. Willis has his office set up there with his computer. But David was only there at nights. He sometimes ate breakfast here.

Last night there was a WMA party at the park just south of us off State St. I went to watch a double-header NBA finals play-off series at Willis's on his cable while they were at the park. After they came home David came by and asked if he could talk to Louise and I. I guess to myself, why he wanted to talk with us. We went into the bedroom and left Willis watching the game alone. We sat on the edge of the bed and David said he just wanted to tell us that

he had asked Ruth to marry him. Perhaps Louise asked, What did she say? He answered that she wanted some time to think about it. That said he came back up to our place and talked with Ruth. I watched til the end of the game and came home. Louise went off to work her late shift. Shaun was there, so he stayed until she arrived and it was okay that she arrived late, since he was covering for her.

Fairly early this morning Ruth drove to SLC and they spent some time together seeing places of interest in the city before his plane left. Ruth is quite indecisive. She hadn't felt like she was sure enough about David to commit. I don't think she expected it to happen so sudden. I think she feels he's a nice guy. They are friends and at this point that's where it ends with her.

From where he's coming from, he's back east in graduate school and she's out here. He likes her a bunch. He would like to lay plans for his future while he has some time away from school. I'm sure he's missed seeing her these months since he left BYU. And E-mail and letter writing is a bit distance.

She's talked to mom about it a lot. Mom likes David. I feel she should not rush into anything. One of Ruth's traits has always been to say yes to anybody that asks for anything. She in my opinion, does lots of things for people because they will take advantage of her good nature. So I hope she isn't feeling pressure. She seems to have expressed her feelings that she feels it requires a lot of patience and going slowly. Logically you don't rush into something that permanent and everlasting on a whim. So she does want more time to pray and ponder. She wants a father's blessing also and she is fasting. She wanted to go to one of the temples on her way home tonight, but because of the traffic congestion and the closure of the freeway was unable to return in time to attend either the Jordan River Temple or the Mt. Timpanogos Temple. In the morning she has an early mtg. in her ward. She also is riding with some friends to a missionary farewell in Ogden.

She has been teaching a temple prep class in her ward. Tonight Kathy stopped in and visited a while before mom left for work. She wanted to know what everyone else knew...that David had talked to us and what had happened. Tim was here and he and Jess had learned from Willis about David speaking with us last night.

My opinion of David is that he is a studious type person. I think his life is likely centered around academics. I think he's been involved in linguistics enough that he speaks several languages and that includes Hebrew. He played Louise's guitar and sang some songs in a foreign tongue, perhaps Hebrew. He is very polite and appears intelligent. Don't know how his skills are in manual types of things. He's not much taller than Ruth. He has dark eye brows and wears dark-rimmed glasses. He was thoughtful to bring some flowers. I never knew if they were for Louise or Ruth. He sent some flowers to Louise or his parents did following his graduation. They came out at that time and met Ruth. One day while I was in the kitchen he was talking on the phone with his parents and put me on the line to say hello. They talked about all the tall mountains we have out here and the BYU sports teams, football in particular. The BYU men's volleyball team had just beaten UCLA the day before for the national championship. The 2nd time in 3 years the Y has won this honor. So they were impressed about that.

Louise left for work and Tim and Kathy were lying on the living room carpet. Ruth and I were on the loveseat when the phone rang. Jen was on the other end. It was around 11:00 pm. She said they had had an emergency with Morgan and wondered if someone from here could hurry down and stay with the other kids while they took him to the ER. We all went down except Ruth. She said she'd run down if we needed her. I drove down in her car. As I got there Willis had just backed out of his driveway. I walked up to the passenger side of the car. Jen was holding Morgan in a blanket. He was peering out. I could see one bright eye looking at me. He spoke to me once. He was still and quiet. The window was rolled down. I placed my hands through the window and joined with Willis in giving him a priesthood blessing. Then they drove away. I went in. Sage was up. Kathy and Tim were there helping. Kathy with Sage and Tim cleaning some spots of blood from the carpet in the bathroom hallway. We went into the kid's bedroom. There were some blankets on the floor in front of the bunkbed. Morgan sleeps up. They think he fell from the bed. Don't know if he was asleep in bed or not.

Upon falling he fell about 4 feet from the bed and hit his head on a large glass bell jar. It's one with a small neck but very thick. It must hold at least 3 gallons. It used to belong to Ruth and was in her bedroom for years. It was a heavy glass jar and was used to hold pennies. Ruth had hundreds of pennies in it at one time. Then I suppose she gave it to Jen or her kids. It was shattered and laying on the floor. Many small pieces and shards of glass were on the carpet next to the dresser. There were a few coins on the carpet also. The entire bottom of the jar was in one piece and covered with coins, some silver.

It's now 2:15 am. Kathy just came home from Willis's. She said they told her they waited 45 min. in the EM Room before they looked at him. Since they had his head wrapped in a towel they wondered if they knew how bad he was. It took many stitches inside and then they stapled him many times on the outside. When he came home he was brave. He wasn't crying. He was not crying when I saw him earlier. Tim said he wasn't crying when they got there.

Kathy just filled me in on some more details before she drove to her apartment. She said the parents were downstairs in the family room when they heard an extremely loud crash and then just loud screams. They rushed upstairs and both Sage and Morgan had left the bedroom and were in the kitchen crying. Sage was doing the screaming. I told Kathy it's good that they were not alone without the parents there...many times when our family goes there to sit the kids there is no car there.

I asked if he had a concussion. Kathy didn't know. Said they hadn't mentioned it. I wonder because of the weight and size of the jar. It was really heavy glass and it would have required a real blow to break it. It's fortunate that no major blood vessels were severed, especially since it took so long in the ER before they looked at it. Willis told her it was about a 6 inch gash in his head. He seemed calm when they brought him home. He must have had some shock from so much trauma. It sure makes you wonder about some of the medical treatment nowadays and yet they have the most updated medical supplies ever. And yet people are kept waiting like that.

We called Louise after Kathy got home a little after 2:00 am. No answer, finally a guy answered and said Louise had requested not to be awakened. She'd find out in the morning.

Now it's Sunday morning, nearly 9:00 am. Ruth went to an early mtg. taking Heather Slade. I walked down to Jen's. I could hear Sierra inside. Then Sage was awake and talking with Jen. I went into the bedroom and visited briefly. She said Morgan and Willis had slept downstairs. I walked down but the bedroom door was locked. I didn't get to see Morgan or Willis.

I told Jen I had in mind that Jess, Tim and I could come over before our church and anoint him and give him another blessing. The one given near midnight in the car was a bit hasty.

I feel like I would like to let our bishop know so that Morgan could be included in the prayers in the ward today. I called the bishop's office...no answer...today is ward correlation mtg. and they meet in another room, larger than the bp's office.

I left the Rainbow vacuum in the bedroom so that after daylight they could run it over the carpet again looking for any fine splinters of glass. And the bottom of the jar, I placed in a cardboard box covered with newspaper so that the coins could be separated from the glass shards at a later time.

This morning I feel quite calm and confident about Ruth's situation. I hope she reaches the same feeling of comfort and peace that I feel concerning her dilemma. One of my thoughts has been this. If she or Kathy were to come to me and say, Dad I have met this guy, I've been seeing him and I feel I really love him, I'd feel like I'd want to be supportive. But this does not seem to be the case now with Ruth. She is uncertain and not sure. It seems it should be natural to wait. And tell him it's delayed and be upfront with him and let him know he'll just have to understand. I can see his point of view. He's a young man, returned from a mission and now starting graduate school with a career in mind, probably teaching in college. Now he naturally would like to begin his married life and move on in that direction. He saw Ruth in a situation where there were not a lot of students. (in Jerusalem) She is petite and cute. She is sharp and smart. He saw her again at the Y and she looms big in his mind and falls into his plans. Yet they haven't really talked things over that much. The most talk I have heard from her was that they decided for now it was just to be friends. They both recognize that they are both good people. Then suddenly before he heads back east, he pops the question. She was not prepared for it. She is not in a position to say, there's this wonderful guy and I just feel like I'm falling in love with him. So it seems to me she should put things on hold and let him know that as of right now...she has other plans...to wait.

Now how do I convey this message without interfering with her making up her own mind, independently from outside influences? I trust her, but I also have some commitment to give her fatherly advice when asked and when appropriate under virtue of the fact that I am the patriarch in the home. So I too need to ponder and try to be as humble and prayerful as possible.

It's now after 4:00 pm. Louise is home and taking a nap. Tim also is taking a nap. This morning he attended a missionary home coming of a former friend he played soccer with at Timpview. Then

he substitute taught a Sunday school class of deacon and teacher age youth.

After mtgs. I stopped to see Morgan. He was up and dressed and getting ready to go to their Grandpa Lyon's birthday and also it is Mother's Day so they were going to see Grandma Lyon also. He looked good. When asked by Bp. Zirbes who walked to their house with me, if he had a headache replied No. And he really did look good. He had a big white bandage over his head and looked like a Sheik. Willis said. Too bad he doesn't have the oil to go with the turban.

Joseph called this morning and said he'd call back later after Louise was home and talk to her. Megan has a couple of brothers at their place...down from Alberta. They plan to come over later this afternoon. They have a really late church...maybe starting at 2:00 or 3:00 pm. They just divided their stake and their bldgs. are really crowded. They live next to a new elementary school which makes it nice for Kenzie.

Lindsay is going something with her family today the first part of the afternoon. I expect they will drop over later. Lisa was to have picked up John's mother at the airport. John flew back to N.J. and is driving out. I suppose in a U-Haul with some of his mother's things. She's moving out. She may buy a condo.

It rained a tiny today. First in quite a while. Being cloudy helps keep the temp. down.

I wanted to mention that Anita was walking near Bridal Veil falls on a trail when a fellow came up from behind on a skateboard and hit her...knocking her down and end over end. She fell in such a way that it broke her nose and left her bruised and sore.

I was set apart as the 2nd counselor in the stake Sunday School presidency on Feb. 25, 2001 by the 2nd counselor in the stake pres. Shane Farnsworth, formerly bishop of the 7th Ward 9:00 am.

May, 15, (cont)

Last night Morgan showed me his head. The hair seemed a little matted where the gash had been stitched. They hadn't shaved or cut away his hair. But he seemed especially happy. He is doing fine. We are grateful for that blessing.

Last night Ruth came home rather late and we were talking and she was talking about going to study with a study group for a big test today in her chemistry class. She had also talked of dropping the class. She had called earlier and learned what refund she would get from her tuition if she dropped the class and if she dropped both classes. Then she told of talking to David and perhaps going back to VA. She could find some work there, perhaps in drafting. Another possibility was David coming to Provo and working for the summer. So they could be near each other and be closer together.

Finally, Louise asked what was going on? And why all this talk out of the clear blue. Then Kathy said something about if she had given David an answer. She said yes. Then Louise exclaimed, What? You told him Yes and you are just now telling me that you did? So that was the first time I'd heard that she had told him yes also and I'd been talking with her for quite a while.

After that things seemed to start falling in place. Some were saying, this and some were saying that...all sorts of suggestions.

Louise told of the old story of the man, his son and a donkey. They were taking it to the market. Along the way, someone suggested they should ride it. They did. Then they were criticized for two men riding a small donkey. So they ended up carrying it. Etc.

So finally some more time was spent by Ruth talking with David and they came to some conclusions. They will be married in Manti or Salt Lake Temple. They need to schedule well ahead of time for the Salt Lake Temple. They have determined that David will come out to be here for Tim's welcome home. Then Ruth will fly back to VA with him. She'll stay with a relative of his, an uncle and they will both work until just prior to the wedding scheduled for Aug. 1st.

Then they will have time for a honeymoon and make final arrangements for his graduate work at Vanderbilt U. in the fall. He does expect to go on for a doctorate somewhere. He intends to teach and maybe in time it will be at the Y. He speaks Hebrew and Arabic and Spanish and works with some specialized computer work dealing with languages. This summer job pays him very well, around \$20.00 an hour I think I heard.

So Louise wants the least expensive and less time consuming type of wedding. She wants to go to the Springville Museum for the reception. I think most agree this would be good.

Louise talked to David's mother on the phone and she said you have raised a good son. And she responded, I didn't raise him to be a good son, I raised him to be a good father to my grandchildren.

Joseph called today on the phone. He asked is Ruth REALLY getting married. I told him...well, it's no longer April. I personally have had a change of attitude. I mentioned one time to someone that I always figured if a daughter of mine came to me and told me she had met this great guy and she just thought the world of him...I'd side with her.

The flip side is some guy comes along and you wonder what in the world is this guy doing here, trying to sneak my daughter away? Anyway, I have come to realize that Ruth has felt an answer to her prayers. She fasted extensively over her answer to David. I believe if anyone is like an angel in this life, Ruth is. And I certainly trust her judgement in matters of prayer, guidance and discernment. So I accept that. I believe that good things happen to good people. And this segment of Ruth's life confirms to me the fact that things fall in place in ways that we mortals, could not direct or influence as the Lord does and blesses us. Her trip to Jerusalem led to her meeting David. He was in another group there. He was in a group that spoke Hebrew. He also knows Latin.

Coming back here the group from Jer./ BYU sometimes met in mini reunions. There have been several from that group that have married and they have met at receptions. Also after going to Nauvoo she gained more friends plus some from the Jerusalem Center also went to Nauvoo. They too have had reunions and receptions. David and Ruth had some common friends among them. Then she has been at the Y and David's parents came out for his graduation and Ruth met them at that time. So through all this she and David were brought together and have gotten acquainted. No one knows the things that can be brought about by prayer. I used to hear my mother quote: More things are wrought by prayer than this world will ever know. I don't doubt at this point that this is an example of that.

Diary,

May 17, 2001

Things seem to be moving fast. Yesterday Lisa came and she and Louise went with Ruth shopping. After returning Ruth tried on a beautiful wedding dress. So the white of the modest dress brought out the angel in her even more.

They are busy making plans. Then she calls David and they talk things over and then they work on more plans at this end. Ruth has become very happy and bubbly. Maybe her feet are not really touching the ground with every step these past few days. She often laughs in her little chuckle and says, I can't believe this is really happening.

I went with Tim to Dr. Johnson the other day. He had a physical the first one ever perhaps not given by Dr. Clayton. (By the way, Tim saw Dr. Clayton's daughter, the one that came back with Ruth from Jerusalem, at his last conference in Seoul when Elder Dallin Oaks visited their mission just prior to Tim leaving.

Dr. Johnson served in Bolivia. He was there when 2 missionaries were asphyxiated in their apartment from a kerosene heater. He wasn't familiar with the name of Troy Carter. He was probably there before Troy. He was a very likeable guy to talk with and told Tim he had abs like steel for just returning from a mission. He seemed pleased with the results of the blood test I had. The cholesterol wasn't too bad. He gave me a prescription to stay on the same Cordura for blood pressure with the generic option which cut the cost in half. He also prescribed a couple of non prescription medications in place of Zocor. I asked the druggist his opinion and he chose Vit. E so that too keeps the cost down. I will still continue to monitor blood pressure regularly. So I felt good about the trip to the doctor. This morning Tim got a call from the dr. office letting him know that all the test results were good. He checked Monday with the county health dept. and the T.B. check had also been negative.

Ruth did check out of her BYU classes, with a substantial refund. No more hassle over chemistry lab and study sessions. She is much more free now to do her own things. It's very evident in her carefree manner and has returned what used to be her happy face

As Tim and I returned from the doctor's office we spotted a '92 white Toyota Corolla at the side of the road with a For Sale sign. We wrote down the phone number. I called and Louise and I went out to test drive it. It belonged to a couple in Springville. The wife drove it to work a few blocks from their home. It had 110,000 miles on it. They ask \$2,800. I had seen 2 '89's, one a Camry with high mileage...for \$2,500. and the other for \$2,700. So for the miles left this was a much better deal. It drove fine. It downshifted good. The engine seemed snappy enough. I drove south on Uni. Ave. to Will's Pit stop and back up Wildwood drive. I stopped just before the curve by Birch Boyce's old place and checked the oil. I was shocked that no oil showed on the dipstick. I started the engine and the oil light went off immediately when the engine started so I drove it back. Then I checked the oil in front of the guy and it was still low. I took a quart from Louise's truck and put it in his car, which brought the oil up within a pint of full on the dipstick. It still made me feel a bit squeamish about the

car. I didn't want to take a chance that it had been driven too far on low oil. Before we could drive away a girl stopped in a Prism, which she said was her sister's. She took it for a test drive. We got home and the fellow called and told me she wanted it and had the cash. I talked with Louise and we told him to sell it. I had made a trip to talk with Helmut, at Japanese Auto. He said he could look at it and tell if it was using oil. He couldn't tell if it had been driven too much with low oil to harm it or not. He could run a pressure test...I guess that means compression. I don't know of an oil pressure test...I guess it could be ran though.

I decided last week to work on the leaky faucet on our sink. I took it apart and took parts to Lindford's plumbing where Jay Simons waited on me. I came home with 2 new O rings and one other part. I tried them and it still leaked. I went back and he was busy with another customer, so Joe Lindford waited on me. He asked what the trouble was? I told him it leaked. It wouldn't turn off with the handle straight out, but only when turned to either side. He said I needed a new cartridge. He was good to explain how to take it apart, etc. He even said he'd come out and help me if I had any trouble with it. I came home put the new parts in and it still leaked the same. I went back and complained. Joe wasn't there so I talked with his son, Randy. He had some ideas and then it turned out that he left and Jay handed me a new handle to take home and try. I did this. The new handle solved the problem. The next morning I went back and paid Jay for the handle. The old handle had a lot of play in it. It was badly worn where it pivots through the casing. The new handle was tight. So I realized too late the other parts, the old cartridge was not at fault. Had I only known, a new handle would have solved the entire problem with one part.

Today as I type, Kimberly is here with Lisa and Tim is on the couch teaching Kimberly (Beek) how to say "Welcome Home, Grandma" in Korean for when her Grandma Briggs comes out soon.

Joseph called this morning. He expects a girl to show up today with the cash, \$1500.00 and buy the Belair.

May 19, 2001

Joseph called again. The girl didn't show. Her mother wanted her to have someone look at the car and make sure it was in good condition before she bought it. So she will wait to find someone to look it over for her. Meantime two other people had called about the ad on it. He is studying a lot and concentrating on taking some tests, insurance related to WMA. He seems to be taking it quite serious. He is of course looking forward to coming home for Tim's farewell next week.

The bishop talked with Tim Wed. night at the church and signed the endorsement for Tim to attend the Korean language class later in the summer. Quite a few of the elders he knew there plan to take the course. And they are anticipating getting an apartment together for the summer. They have been told of a house for rent also. One of the elders from A.F. came to take Tim to the reception of Tim's 2nd comp in Seoul and his car wouldn't start when they were ready to leave. He parked in front of our driveway, half way into the lane. So after trying the charger and jumper cables, we rolled it forward to the curb. He left it overnight. An other elder called and dropped by. Then he drove and took the Tim and his friend.

Later he also drove this elder back to his home in AF.

The next day after his father got off work he came with his dad and they tried several things. You could hear the loud click of the solenoid each time the starter was engaged. Once the fan belt moved slightly. His dad drove to Auto Zone a few blocks away and got a new battery cable. It reminded me how when Lou Crandall's truck wouldn't start the last time we were involved, Joseph went to his museum and discovered a bad cable. After cutting the cable off past the bad spot he reconnected the cable clamp to a cleaned end and it started right up. After putting the new positive cable on the cable would even jump slightly by the solenoid when the starter was engaged. The cables he noticed were really hot after just a couple of times trying it. So he went back to Auto Zone to check on buying a new solenoid. A guy there told him it was the starter and that it was shorting out on itself and drawing too much power to allow it to start and that's what heated the cables so much.

So they returned. I got out my 2 ramps. We hooked a tow rope to the trailer ball of his little truck and pulled the heavy Mercury Cougar onto the ramps. I got a large sheet of cardboard from the east room to put underneath and his dad crawled under and with some of my sockets and wrenches and some he had in his toolbox was able to get the starter out. They took it to Auto Zone and had it tested. It wouldn't do a thing. So they returned with a new one and after a while working in the cramped space under the rear of the big engine and up under the frame he got it installed. It started right up of course the first time. So they were happy. I was glad we could help. We were all glad they didn't drive it to Bountiful and have that happen there. It is a nice thing at times to have a standard transmission car for that particular reason.

Tim plans to interview with Louise's boss, Bruce on Monday at Detox. If hired it will be on call of course. I hope he will look toward getting a scholarship. I also hope he will get a better job situation than that. He will have to have some job flexibility however in order to take the Korean class, which is a few hours each day. His work naturally will have to be around that. No doubt his friends and roommates will offer some distractions. He's played b. ball at our church a few times. He's played at Timpview with some friends and he's played some soccer with Jess and also some sand volleyball with Shane Crandall at his apartment complex. One of the Crandall boys, perhaps, Lance is getting married soon.

It seems that Ruth and the others have settled on going to the Springville Art Museum for the reception. It is closed on Wed. so they will go on Tues and then to the Manti Temple on Wed. Some think that is turned around...but I said, Well, it's Ruth's wedding so why not do it as she wishes. She shouldn't be expected to please everyone else. She has had Kathy help get a list of people she knows to make up her mailing list.

Tues. 7:20 am May 22nd.

First thing this morning after Louise returned from the swimming pool, Joseph called to let us know that last night the girl came with the cash, \$1,500.00 and her parents, test drove the Belair and he said he felt sort of sad when he saw the taillights disappear. But the girl was elated. Her mother wasn't so excited as the father test drove it. Apparently he told the girl all about

when he was younger and tried to express his understanding of the cars from the good ole days and after that he couldn't very well condemn the car. Joseph has been looking at some cars on a lot somewhere for sale. One about an '80 Caddy and the other a Mercedes and he is wondering about them. I warned him that whenever Bro. Lou Crandall goes to a garage he is always marked as a person with lots of money and I believe they charge accordingly, as they perceive such owners as people of a lot of means.

Ruth is going to the airport to pick up David this morning. I just learned from Louise that Jess flew to AZ yesterday and back with Aaron to finalize a mortgage there for his boss. It was good of Aaron to go with him so that he had access to an airplane.

While watching the Spurs and Lakers last night at Willis's. By the way, the Lakers won in the 3rd quarter after trailing the entire game. We were in their family room when we discovered a small book. It was drawn and some drawings colored. It was made of about 3 pages folded in half. The cover had a house with this written on the top. A house is a house for me. And Morgan Knapp at the bottom. The first page inside had an apple centered on the page and at the top, an apple is a house for a worm. Next page an oval centered on the page with words at the top, A head is a house for a brain. Next page, another house, different than the house on the cover, with a tree by the front corner, A house is a home for me at the top. When Willis came home from Cedar Fort where he'd gone to meet with a client, he saw it for the first time and asked Morgan if he made up the words and was told yes. It was clever.

Our lawn has had some spot with yellow grass. But seems to be responding to watering quite well. I am expecting the USU ext. service to come and check the soil in our front and back lawns and recommend the most efficient watering plan to conserve water. I talked with Wilson Walker Sunday at our church. He said the water in the reservoirs in Idaho are very low this year. On the news last night they told of wild fires in the pine forests of Florida and it is the 3rd year of droughts there.

Last night I saw DeLoy Young working on his landscaping. He has picked up some old railroad ties about 12 feet long. He is going to put them as a border against his back concrete wall at the edge of his garden. He was wondering how tall they were. I told him they were 7" X 9". I will try to help him set them in place. He has this week off. His mother is having a back operation this week. She has a pinched nerve in her spine. She's had constant pain from it. She also has a problem swallowing and the doctors have not wanted to operate on her throat until after the back operation. So he's taken a week off from his work at the steel plant. So he's spending time on his yard. He just got a new Sears riding lawn mower last week. He's used it once, seems to love it.

Today I took a pair of woodhooks up to him to use to handle the ties. They are old ties, rough and dirty. He used the hooks to move them around and put them in place. I have had them ever since I got them from Barry when I worked for Souths in Shelley.

David sleeps in Willis's basement bedroom at nights. Tonight Wed. 23rd Ruth gave David a horse shoe nail ring. Louise took it to the garage, making it a little larger in the vise with a hammer or screwdriver until it fit better. At first it was too tight.

Diary

May 23, 2001

This morning started with taking photos of Ruth and David in Rasmussen's back yard. Then Louise went to the Botany Pond and the garden behind the temple for more pictures and then took them to be developed. She found out with her camera and it's double prints or double negative film they don't develop that type of film in one day, so she'll pick them up tomorrow. They need to pick out one that they can use for their announcement.

Yesterday Tim went to see John David perform before the students at Centennial School in ballroom dance. Tim thought he did a good job.

Ruth picked out some things to wear. She got a nice dress a few days ago. She is getting a headpiece to put on her veil. It will be made by O.J. They will be taking some formal pictures over the next few days. Julie Roper in our ward may take them.

Tonight I went to our church and watched the boys play b. ball and it is interesting now that Tim is home, seldom are all three on the same team. Willis plays each week now at our ward. He doesn't play in the games against competition at the stake center. Here it is more friendly. They call their own fouls and are not so intent or aggressive. He does quite well. It is harder to cheer for them, when more often than not, they are not on the same team. Tim has great vision and sees all the court in such a way that he makes tremendous passes. Willis made some good shots tonight. He made several outside shots from about the same spot on the floor. Some of the other players commented on that, complimenting him. I think that is really good of them to respect his good shots and also they do the same for Jeremy Slade. Neither are really playing in the same league as some of the guys that come to play each week. Most of the guys that come played on high school teams.

I'll close here for tonight. The others except Kathy who is writing an assignment on Shaun's computer have gone to bed. Shaun went to the gym to work out. He's slept since about mid afternoon. He made a great macaroni salad today. We all enjoyed it. He used cheese in it. Tim moved into his apartment today. He will remain here until after the holiday. He plans to go with his brothers to hang out together Monday and Tues. They will go to Jen's father's cabin. He's going into the King Henry apts off 900 East where there is a swimming pool, a b. ball and volley ball sand court. His friends from his mission are moving in also. 2 went in today. He's had a couple of job interviews, nothing very definite so far.

Tonight at the church he talked to the bishopric about having Kathy and Jess give prayers and Joseph and Ruth placed on the program to give testimonies. I would have liked to have had them listed as 2 1/2 minute talks. Then I'll share the remainder of the 10 minutes allotted to us. The Andrus family will sing and Tim will have the bulk of the time, as he should. The theme for the stake is preparing missionaries. I told the bishop I wanted to speak on supporting missionaries. On Tues. Ruth and David will leave for Virginia. It will seem a long ways away. But at least he indicates that following his M.S. degree in Tenn. from Vanderbilt, he intends to return to BYU to teach. He speaks Hebrew and Arabic and some other languages including Spanish which he learned in high school.

Ruth certainly has appeared happy since David came and she dropped from her classes, without the stress of Chemistry and all the lab work hanging over her. Poor Heather Slade I learned while home teaching Tues night is having a real struggle with one class that has such heavy reading assignments. She's been an A student on scholarship always before. Now this class is really a heavy subject and she got her first low grade on a test. She was not there when we visited, but her mother told us she cried for a long time. She has been through a lot in her life. It's amazing she is alive. She has perhaps lived longer already than any other person afflicted with this spinabifita disease from birth. The latest operation, 15-18 in her short life time left her in lots of pain which the doctors told her she'd have to learn to live with since there is no cure known. Ruth has been in her BYU ward and has been able to take her to ward activities, such as ward family prayer, home evenings and other functions. She'll miss Ruth. I think she is helping Ruth get the word out concerning a bridal shower this Sat. to ward members. Ruth has been teaching a Temple prep class to some ward members that expect to go to the temple for the first time soon. Her bishop asked that she teach the class 2-3 times a week to get these few (less than half dozen) thru the course this month.

May 24, 2001

Kathy drove Louise's red Prism to pick Joseph up at the SLC airport. They stopped at the Distribution Center on the way home. It's always good to see him. He was successful in selling the Belair. He put the battery charger on his bug this afternoon and got it running eventually. Last night he, Shaun, took John David and Suzan and Mandy to the drive inn. The mosquitoes were bad. The girls sat in the back. The angle of incline made it so that Suzan couldn't see over or under the top of the windshield in the Caddy so Joseph changed places with her since he was short enough that he could see under the visor. Tim was off to his new apartment with some of his friends (missionaries from Korea) although he didn't sleep there. He will move in after Memorial Day. He wanted to stay here with his cousins coming in for the holiday.

Tonight Willis, Shaun and Joseph went to another movie. Joseph has a lot of things to do. He and Justin talked of going to Lava tomorrow. Jim is taking a ride with some friends on a trail, up the creek somewhere on their Rocky Mt. horses. The lady from Tyhee, just north of Poky is bringing some of her horses and some friends for the trail ride. But Megan's mother is down helping her get their place ready to sell and I think Megan wanted Justin to stick around and help out. All the brothers plan to go to Jen's dad's cabin Sunday nite and stay over for a couple of days to hang out together. It is good for them to get together especially since Justin will be leaving for Wash. this summer and Joseph is going back to CA. Tonight Jess didn't go to the movie since Lindsay didn't seem to feel very well.

Louise said that since John's mother has moved in the house is much cleaner and the downstairs especially looked good. James graduated from Maesser school on Wed or Thurs.

The past 2 days Sierra and Sage have been here quite a bit and Tim has been able to catch up on getting acquainted with them. He's finding they are real cute. Joseph today, as well. And we all

agree that Sierra is at the cutest stage for a little girl. She keeps everyone of us entertained. This is not to say that the others aren't cute. The muffler fell off my lawn mower the other day. I still mowed until it ran out of gas when I just had a little left under the tree on the front lawn. I did use the weedeater and edged around the lawn. Our neighbors are putting in a partition fence between them...Elgaaen and Capell. It is being placed on a cement footing with vinyl posts and panels. The gates haven't yet arrived. The Banks poisoned their lawn and had it dug up and today I noticed the sod had been delivered and part of it was laid this evening. I took a picture (8 X 10) to Lou Crandall tonight and he scanned it into his computer. He will print it on Sunday's program

Ruth and David have been close most of the day. They are spending some time together in between going for photo shoots, etc. All of the family seem to be pretty approving of him. He's quiet and very polite. They've spent some time with mutual friends from the Jerusalem experience. I think he got to know some of those that were with Ruth in Nauvoo also while he was here at the Y. They have met with some of them as well. He's putting in an application for FARMS, the organization at the Y religion dept. that specializes on the middle east and eastern languages. Thru them he may be able to return to a teaching position at the Y after his MS at Vanderbilt. He's been cooking some kind of food tonight. It is something I think is exotic, and I don't know if it comes from his family or some middle eastern cuisine he's come across. Once I heard him tell Louise that he wanted to make some sort of a pasta dish...and she told him we have lots of spaghetti.

One thing I hope to see accomplished while Joseph is here it to clean out the east room and get his own personal items that were hauled up there from the downstairs boy's bedroom by Shaun when he moved into that room some time ago sorted and put away in such a manner that they won't get scattered and wasted. One time some of the grandchildren were playing with Volkswagen cars and other cars, the General Lee, a larger than match box car that was one of his treasures from the old TV series when the kids were small.

Another thing I hope he will help with has to do with looking over a couple of Toyotas here. One belongs to Barry Sans. It is a 5 speed and Barry may never drive anything other than an automatic and the other 5 speed, a few years later belongs to a boy whose mother lives just the next house, south of Youngs. He has a newer car and wants to sell this one. I learned it was for Sale after I left a note on the windshield asking that they don't park in front of Iris Harris's place. When I was there on Tues. with Dan Capell she asked if I could find the owner and ask that they don't park there. She expects to have a sprinkler system installed and her family are coming and she wants them to be able to park there while they are visiting. So the lady graciously called me after reading the message I left on the windshield. I noticed tonight it was moved. And she told me her son was out of town and would move it when he returned. She also said he wants to sell it now that he has a newer one.

Our lawn got pretty yellow. We've been watering lately, Louise especially and the lawn is greening up again. I have called the

USU extension service twice asking for their services. So far they have not returned a call. I went to the office in the court house thinking a personal visit might be fruitful, but I learned they just handed me a slip of paper with the same phone number I've been calling without any response. I want to get a soil test of our front and back lawns and then they are supposed to tell us how much water and what type of sprinklers will work best for our place

On the news last night it was said that 90 degrees in SLC was a record high for this date. It is supposed to cool down Sunday and for Memorial Day. Tonight the Elder Asay from Tremonton that travelled to the mission with Tim and back came here from their apartment to inform Tim there was no electricity. None of them had gone in to pay the deposit. So he borrowed a few candles. They went back and he is waiting for us to call when Brandon and Brent Andrus show up. They drove down tonight to hang out with Tim. I just heard them come in. I shall conclude for the night and sign off.

Journal

Dear Ruth,

May 30, 2001

Hi! Just a note. Mom just left to take Kathy and Joseph to the airport. She was getting nervous because Joseph was a bit slow getting everything packed and into the Prism. But they should be okay. He was going to stop at Savers in Orem and return a battery charger he bought. It turned out that it wouldn't charge a 6 volt battery as he had thought it would at the time he purchased it.

He is hoping somehow that he can arrange to finance the Honda from Jess. When they arrive in CA he has arranged for an 8 passenger van for Kathy to go to her friend's wedding reception. Kathy will arrive back in SLC on Sunday around 3:45. Tim will perhaps pick her up at the airport.

Joseph has spent several hours this morning and others last night cleaning and sorting through his things in the east room. So he has it completed. There are boxes of trash and boxes of things for D I. also some things for Shaun and others to now sort thru.

Appreciated your calling and letting us know you arrived there okay. Hope things are going smoothly for you. Jay is still here. Today he went with Willis to Provost to see Morgan dance and watch the Maypole windup or wind down. It hasn't been as hot the past 2 days as the day you left.

I went to Lou Crandall's office last night and took Jen's book on the Manti Temple. Then she got out some calendar pictures and one of them Lou chose to use. So that's what you'll be seeing. He made a duplicate of each of the different types of printing. Some were as much experimental as realistic. But he wanted you and David to have a chance to choose from them. They are all numbered and I have a duplicate numbered set here. So when you decide which one best suits you all you have to do is get us the number of it.

He also sent some samples of what he feels might be suitable formats. I had him put a little bit of the annex back onto the smaller line drawings or tones prints of the temple. Without a little bit of the annex showing, the temple seemed cut off and that side looked pretty bad to me. If you hold a piece of paper over that side and bring it right up to the edge of the shadow of the temple on the left side, you'll perhaps be able to see what I mean.

Now he has tried to show some ideas he has for format. I know he means well. He perhaps thought that you could stick your picture on the front and when it was opened you'd read the invitation inside opposite from the temple. He did put the temple in half tone so it wouldn't detract from the picture or whatever else was on the opposing side. So those are samples, mind you, not options, just samples. He suggested you move the temple around to different positions as well as the other stick-ons. They are all just paste ups. So you can move them all around. Marie asked if they would be dried up too much for you to remove them and move them and he said they should not be hard to move on and off again.

I kind of liked the one format where he placed the 2 dates and places apart from each other at the bottom. I was not at my best comfort level while I was there. I think it was nice of him to spend so much time. I went around 7:30 I think (maybe nearer 8:00) and I got home after 10:45. He really did spend a lot of time changing various pictures and trying different formats. I was glad

that Marie was there. She made some good comments and she gave input where I would not have been that bold.

Now Ruth, he never once placed much emphasis on having the picture loose with the tissue paper between the folds. I personally thought that's what you did want. I know David got the set with the tissue paper in it on purpose. I want you to be assertive enough to pick out what you want. Choose what pleases you. It's your wedding. Anyway I'm mailing this today so you can look it over. When you reply what you want and give us the format and other info on the time and place for VA. then we'll take it back to him. I'll proof read it carefully before taking the disc he's prepares to the printer. He assured me this printer will be very reasonable with his price. I don't know if I can get Lou Crandall to take any payment from us or not. I'll offer of course but I feel certain he'll just say well I can't charge friends and neighbors for a little thing like this. I might feel bad about it except over the years I have spent a lot of time doing things for him and I've tried to avoid his paying me whenever I could.

So we'll expect a reply from you soon. You may just want to talk with us on the weekend. Be prepared to give us the information you want. If you decide to put the photo in loose and the temple and the invitation on the inside, possibly you'll have some little design of something you'd like on the front which is the sheet with the embossed border.

Also, you'll need to check the other messages that will be placed on the inserts. How many of each will you want. And do you want an insert of where do you want it printed...that you are registered with what...? Target ?

I expect if you look this over and we call you on mom's C phone Sunday we can get the info to him on Monday or at least within a few days of it and he'll prepare the disc that I will take to the printers with your instructions. I'm happy to do this or anything else that I might do for you.

One other item I want to mention. In talking with Joseph he told us that renting a U'Haul truck and towing a car would be better than trying to pull a small trailer, especially with a small compact car. (Prism)

Louise mentioned also that in talking with David he'd mentioned something about moving out there and taking the Prism to move with and then selling it back there. If you do not need two cars and the Prism would not be needed by you to drive to work or wherever, I would really hope you'd sell it to Tim and leave it here rather than selling it back there. Perhaps we can help you with the expense of a U-Haul truck if you need one. Also I think you should plan to leave whatever you feel you don't need to move back there here until you determine after David's graduation in April. Should he come to BYU then you would already have it here and avoid the unnecessary moving things twice. Well think that one over please. I really would like Tim to have the Prism if you don't need it. I really don't know what Joseph is going to do for a car. If he buys Jess's Honda it will need a clutch before he could drive it to CA. If he doesn't find a car...perhaps he could use the blue Prism. That remains to be seen. There are 2 Hondas on our street. One belongs to Barry Sands. Jess seems pretty

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interested in it, if he sells his. The other could perhaps do for Tim or Joseph. Joseph looked at it today. We didn't talk to the owner and didn't see inside or hear it run. But he didn't really like it. It has 190,000 miles on it. The price I heard suggested by the owner's mother, Deloy's neighbor was around \$1800.

Well, I better get this printed and into the mail before the post office gets too crowded.

The boys had a good time hanging out. Joseph approached a moose with Willis. It started trotting toward them. On the phone Jess told Lindsay, Joseph got charged by a moose. Then after they were home they said they ran up a hill to the car...Justin's, and Willis was glad to get inside. The moose came onto the road and Justin started toward it rather quickly and spooked it so it ran off the road before they could get a picture. They were out of film in their cameras when it first appeared. They all felt bad they didn't get a picture of it with Willis and Joseph running. Willis can outrun Joseph, he claims, but no picture to prove it. They seemed to come back happy.

A package arrived to Tim with 2 blankets in it yesterday. And then another one arrived with his personal belongs and books today. You and Kathy will each get a blanket.

I hope things are going well for you. Tell David..Hello for me and his folks. I'll sign off now and head for the post office.

Love

Diary,

June 3, 2001

Today is fast Sunday. I had asked Bro. Rasmussen to walk across the street with me and administer the sacrament for Sister Faye Loveless in her home. I also asked her sister, Helen Parker about timing it right after church before they ate their lunch. I stayed at the church and talked a little and closed up the bldg and turned off the lights. When I got home and called Ras they were just ready to sit down to eat. On the way home I noticed Bp Zirbes and his 2 assistants standing on the corner of 1350 East. So I called and Kal Larsen had just walked into his house. He answered the phone and was happy to accompany me to bless the sacrament. I took my quad scriptures that Joseph had given me as a present a couple of years ago. I told Kal, I brought my high priest scriptures. He laughed and said, I'm glad you did. I brought my glasses just in case. It went well. They had not yet set the table and were awaiting us. Helen brought a piece of bread on a saucer and a cup of water. Sister Loveless is so appreciative. She always apologizes for fear she is afraid she is putting us out.

Ruth left on Tues. last week for VA. with David. She called to let us know they arrived safely. Haven't heard back since. I mailed all the information to her from Lou Crandall concerning wedding announcements. I expect we'll hear from her today. I hope she got the mail on Friday or Sat. She needs to give us some information to add to what we have before taking it to the printers here.

Last week Joseph and Kathy, maybe Ruth and David went to hear Ruth teach her ward Gospel Doctrine class. School ended this week with graduation for Timpview. Shelly Ossmen spoke in the event. This morning she bore her testimony and told how frightened she felt waiting behind a curtain. A boy who was also there hear her say how scared she felt. He also was to speak. He said come with me and they went to a quiet corner among the draperies and he said take off your cap. Then he asked a prayer in their behalf. Later when she stood up to speak she felt the answer to the prayer by a peaceful calmness that came over her.

Bro. Brian Hunt, recently made the 1st counselor in our bpric. conducted today. He told of his appreciation of the recently returned missionaries, Tim, Jeremy Slade and Jess and their influence on his own 2 boys as prospective missionaries. He was very humble. His sister had had him bless an infant daughter earlier in another ward. His parents were there. He told of his great grandmother being there. Nearing 90, she had joined the church only a few years ago although she has paid tithing and attended church mtgs for many years.

Last night at 5:00 I watched Hunt, Tim, Jess, Jeremy, Brian Anderson, and Jared Daniel play b-ball at our stake center. It was really nice to have the floor recently refinished. It wasn't slick as it has been all season up to now. And Jared continues to amaze us with his moves. He went up after a missed shot underneath and rebounded twice and tipped twice getting it down the 3rd time. All the time he was among tall timber, the two guys the other team had that were well over six feet tall. And Hunt had a good shooting game, hitting several three pointers.

Fri. nite I watched the Milwaukee Bucks play the Philadelphia

Seventy-sixers. The Bucks had the lead the entire game tying the series of 7 at 3 each. Today they play in Philly. It has been an interesting series. The Bucks led by as many as 23 in game 5 only to lose with about 3 seconds left when a shot missed and the Bucks got the last 2 tips. The second tip went in but the buzzer sounded between the 2 tips and they lost by 1 point. That game was in Philly. This game was in Wis. Today is the final. It should be an interesting game. I don't watch Sunday games since Ruth came home from her mission.

Game 6 was incredible. By the end of the 3rd quarter the lead was down to about 12. Then Iverson the star of the Sixers went on a wild scoring spree. He made 17 points in part of the 4th quarter and it was amazing. The star of the Bucks, hit 9 three pointers in the game, two in the last quarter when the other team pulled within 10 maintaining their lead. It was just incredible shooting by both stars. Iverson is the 1st NBA player six feet or under to be voted the MVP of the league for a season. The nine 3 pointers in a play off game tied a record for a playoff held by a player from the Phoenix Suns and equaled in the last series by Vince Carter of the Canadian NBA team the Montreal Rafterers against the Sixers.

Back to what's happening. Tim moved into an apartment with some other missionaries returned from Korea. Kathy flew to CA with Joseph to attend a wedding of a friend. Joseph is wondering about buying a Honda from Jess. Louise planted flowers around the edge of our lawn. (Petunias) Morgan finished school with a Mayday type ending. The students danced and twirled. James also had a last end of school program for 6th grade. John David danced in a ballroom dance routine which Tim attended. Jay Andrus stayed in town for a couple of days after last weekend to hang out at Willis's.

Morgan lost his front 2 bottom teeth after going to a dentist that refused to pull them. He thought perhaps he could do it in a week. The next day they fell out on their own. Louise had wanted to just pull them...pliers, anything. Then they told the story of mom tying Jeff Thalman's tooth with string to a door knob and slamming the door. It worked; so good in fact, that they couldn't find the tooth and someone in our family sent him home with a tooth from our house so he could use it for the tooth fairy. Justin, too, remembers the door knob string treatment. Louise could hardly believe the opposition to trying it on Morgan especially since they were loose enough he could move them with his tongue and fingers.

Tim interviewed for a job as a waiter in a business operated by one of his friend's dad's. The restaurant is in Sp. Fork. He'll go in for training this coming week. Last nite WMA held a party in Sp. Fork canyon. Justin hauled an astro-jump there and Louise said the kids of the other couples really enjoyed it. It kept Megan busy monitoring how many and age groups compatible.

June 14,
This morning Joseph left for Lodi around 3:30 am. He came to our bedroom to tell us good-bye.

On Monday morning Kathy drove to SLC with mom's C-phone in the red Prism to pick him up at the airport. Kathy went back with Joseph following his last trip home for Tim's homecoming. She enjoyed the trip down there. She did some shopping. She bought a few things including a book on the 1st 100 Temples, by an artist

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that puts hidden things in his paintings or drawings, most were not in color but pencil or pen sketches of temples. When she arrived home and looked at the book she was disappointed to find out that many of the temples had no sketches included, just written descriptions...a thing she hadn't expected. Also, he was supposed to have visited each temple site to meditate and determine the sketches and since there were no sketches of some it made her wonder of course whether he actually visited every one of the 100.

But she had a good time. She stayed with a lady that Joseph knew and provided a 9 passenger van for her to drive while there. She never did actually drive it. The lady took her shopping one day and Joseph drove it when they visited the Oakland Temple. They did not arrive at the temple in time to attend a session. They did get permission to go into the Celestial Room, however. They were unable to do sealings since a stake had come by appointment and had all the ordinances scheduled for the time they were in the temple.

It's been nice having Joseph at home. It's always interesting and the brothers get together and mostly listen when he's here. He attended some classes in preparation to taking his WMA tests most of Tues. He wanted to buy the '94 Honda that Jess bought at the auction in Orem recently. We let Monday pass without doing anything about the car with Jess. Finally on Tues, (yesterday) I took it to Fakler Tire to have it aligned. The right rear was out the worst. One tire on the left rear was worn much more than the others on the car, a matched set. So I got a nice used Michelin on it. They discovered when they removed the hub cap that 1 of the 4 lug nuts was missing. So they had to remove the brake calipers in order to put in a new stud. Then they could not find a lug nut to fit the stud. They finally put the hub cap on and backed it out of the garage. When I went into the office to pay, I asked since I was watching and knew they hadn't tightened a nut on the new stud, what's the deal on the lug nut. He said I would have to go to a dealer to get the right nut to fit. It was a special rim but it was made by Honda. So I went to Helmet, who runs Japanese Auto and had just put in a new clutch and timing belt and replaced all other belts on it just last Friday. That ended up costing \$775.88. And now this bill ran \$128. something.

I noticed the hub cap was streaked with oil or something and appeared to have been spinning when the streaking occurred. I met Joseph and went to the Mt. America CU to apply for a loan. We filled out the paper work and I co-signed with him. Then I had to drive the car there so the lady could look it over. Then I drove it home. We checked the oil after dark when Joseph came home. It was down and we added a quart. I told him about the lug nut problem and he pulled the other 3 hub caps. One front wheel also had a nut missing. The other rear wheel had one stud that was stripped and appeared to have come loose on the inside and turned when he tried to tighten the nut and never snugged up. Likely a new stud will be needed on that wheel also. The good news I suppose is that the pad on the brakes seemed quit thick.

After Joseph left this morning, I laid awake a long time and thought of all these things. I thought how we should not have waited so long to get at doing things. He left without being able to get a new windshield installed. One place would have put one in

even after 4:30 except they didn't have one for a 2-dr model. Had it been a 4 door they had one in stock. This could have been covered by Jess's insurance. Perhaps it can be done in CA. He also wanted the radio fixed and we waited too long and all the repair places were closed. So he borrowed a headset from Willis and took it along. Also the air-conditioning was not working. Helmut had told us it had freon and he didn't see anything to prevent it from working. As I lay in bed reflecting on it I thought in retrospect of the things we should have done earlier.

When Louise got up to go swimming around 5:00 am I also got up and had her check my blood pressure. It was at 140/50. No problem. I tried to call Joseph on his C-phone. I guess he must have had his Walk-man on...he didn't answer. I was going to tell him a few things I had been thinking about. 1st, get a lug nut on the front wheel. Then get an oil filter and change the oil. By the way, I bought several cases of Quaker State 10 W 30 wt oil on a special with a rebate. One I gave to Willis and had Joseph put one in the trunk of the Honda before he left. Another thing, find out what has to be done to lube the rear wheels, it is a front wheel drive and find out what the oil stain is on the rear wheel, at least find out if the lube for the rear wheels is right. He can also find out if the windshield can be replaced on the present insurance while he is in CA. I also feel I should call our State Farm insurance office and have them add towing insurance if it isn't already covered. Then when the title is available we can switch it over to Joseph's policy which is held on standby since he sold the '62 Belair a few weeks ago, just before Kathy flew back with him.

Joseph was in a mtg. there and heard that Andrew South from Stockton was building a dome and wanted laborers and asked through the stake. Joseph hasn't seen Andrew there but heard that told in a mtg that he attended. Andrew and his wife will be back in their apartment on 3rd So. here in our stake when school begins.

We have talked very briefly with Ruth this week. Monday night I believe she called. Louise tried several times on Sunday evening to call her on her C-phone weekend (thousand minutes) getting no answer. All of the family came on Tues. evening. Jen brought a brown cake with frosting. It was about like a huge brownie. And Megan brought a couple dozen doughnuts. Lisa came with all the kids except Kimberlee. Jen went home early for a party at her house with sisters in the ward from Relief Society.

Sunday evening, Jen's parents gave a fireside in our ward on the B of M. Ted showed overheads of maps and other slides depicting many ruins and explained the latest theories: that the B of M took place in Mezo/America. That north on their maps was east and when they say in the record they went up and down it is from east to west. Also there is but one river spoken of, Sidon, found in Central Am. So the area he spoke of lies between what today is Mexico City, but doesn't include it and Panama.

Afterwards, I asked about the hill Cumorah. He told me that no where has he been able to find where Joseph Smith talked about the hill by that name. I mentioned this to Joseph and he told me...he is wrong. Then before going to bed Monday night I spent about an hour looking through the paper on Moroni and Joseph Smith written by Joseph's mission president, Jerry Roundy. I found where in a

quotation from a journal of one of the brethren traveling with Joseph Smith on a wagon with several others that they came upon an old man walking with a knapsack on his back with something heavy inside that had the appearance of square object. This man that wrote the account was driving the team and asked the prophet if they should offer him a ride. The prophet replied affirmatively and when he stopped the team and asked, the man said no, I am going to Cumorah. Then the man disappeared from their sight. The writer then states that he didn't know what Cumorah meant. Well I understand that there was a Cumorah near Zarahemla. Ted said it is a large mountain compared to the hill in New York.

But in Bro. Roundy's text he tells of several journals that mention a time when others in company with the prophet, Joseph went into a room or a cave with a door and saw perhaps more than a wagon load of records, plates and the sword of Laban and other of the B of M artifacts, Urim and Thumin, breast plate, and the ball that Lehi used as a compass, etc.

This morning Lindsay and Jess are leaving for a week in Hawaii. She has been so polite and congenial with our family. She plays and takes a big interest in the grandkids. Jess loves to lay on the floor and play with Mackinley. And they both love Sierra. She is a doll at this stage. She has the cutest smile. At church she looks back over the seat and smiles at Mandy or Blaine Harris and flirts with her sparkling eyes. Mackinley also has very bright little eyes. I often make eye contact with her as she looks at me with her binky in her beak and she smiles wide thru the binky and her eyes sparkle. She often looks away for a second or so and then returns her gaze to see if I'm still looking. I sat behind Mandy at church Sunday and I'd move my head behind Mandy so she couldn't see me then glance back at her alternating from one side of Mandy to the other and she'd smile broadly each time. I wondered if Mandy realized I was behind her doing that, since the baby was looking so intently at me. Tomika was there with her 2 children. I could tell that her little girl, Skylee about a year younger than Sage, was excited when Ranny came and sat on their bench. Later she was very anxious when the mtg ended and she couldn't see Tomika, she had taken her son, Seth, (less than a year) out to the foyer leaving her girl with Mandy. One of our bishop's little boys always sit with Mandy or Ranny each Sunday. They take turns.

It's now 7:00 am. I am feeling like going back to bed. Yesterday our lawn was tested by extension service guy Brady rode Kenzie's bike, without training wheels...he's 3. been cleaning garage. moved art easel to Ruth's room. Finding lots of interesting things as school books, awards etc, Kathy, Tim and other's awards of achievements, note books, etc.

This morning, June 15, when Louise went out to drive to the pool to exercise she had to get the scraper out and use it on the windshield...a BIG surprise.

Joseph called back and his I hung up when I could hardly hear him anymore. He called later and told Louise that he drove out of range for his phone. He wanted us to know he is still doing okay and is loving his car as he drives along. He told me he'd call after his arrival in Lodi and let us know he got there alright. Tim was going to drive Jess and Lindsay to the airport this morning

and Louise just informed me that Joseph took them. Shaun heard of the plan and said, Why make an extra trip? Joseph will be going right by there anyway. When Joseph called Jess this morning to ask when they were going and found it was early, he asked, How soon can you be ready? Jess answered in 10 minutes so Joseph dropped them off at the airport. He hadn't mentioned it to me. He may have had he not been cut off. He told Louise when he called a little later.

Last Sat. our men's team played 3 games in 4 hours. At 5:00 pm they beat Bonn. 7th ward with enough players (about 14) to have fielded two teams. They have a black player perhaps 6'6" tall and a good shot. They also have Mike Daley who when he is on is deadly on shooting 3's. We won so 7th played the next against the 1st ward. The 1st ward won handily. Then we played at 7 against the winner, which was 1st ward. They beat us by more than a dozen. Then since it was our 1st loss we played again, same teams after a 10 minute break. Our players were tired. But they hung in there and jumped off with a lead. It didn't last long. In the final minutes we pulled within just a few points, possibly taking the lead back. But we couldn't stay with their tall guys, and they pulled away when we tried to foul to get possession. Looking back, we had too many turnovers, too many long shots by players that aren't outside shooters, giving them rebounds and long passes down to easy lay ups and that was the our mistakes. We had players too tired to be back early to defend against the long fast breaks.

Then there is one other side. They brought in 2 and perhaps 3 players that never played against us in earlier games. These tall recruits gave them a big advantage. As always the refs that really aren't refs, we discovered for sure knew even less about it than we had previously suspected. When a player faked a shot at the free throw line and everyone jumped over the line, they gave him the point. The had to be persuaded that when a player comes late after half-time and his name is not already on the roster it's an automatic technical. Had the person in charge of the tourney done as Ed used to do, he would have had the ward rosters from the regular season and checked those against the play-off rosters and not have allowed fresh recruits in the championship playoffs. At least 2 of us, asked on of their tall players what ward he was playing for. He gave a rehearsed answer...Bonnevillle First. On Sunday, Brian Hunt told me that his wife was talking with one of the wives of one of the strange players and was told a couple of the guys went to singles wards and did come just to play this one game. Some did live in their ward boundaries and had showed up to shoot at practice occasionally with them on practice nights. One player that played in the 6:00 O'clock game in on the high council and he didn't even came back and suit up against us. But he had played us the week before when we beat that ward. One of their players admitted to the ref that he touched a ball going out of bounds last and was nearly booed by his own players from the bench. He was Montana, son in law of the former Bp. Thompson. He has always been cordial and friendly as a competitor for several years.

In my opinion, had Tim played most of the game rather than sitting on the bench so much of the time he would have had a better point output than those that subbed in; the same for Jeremy. But we did have a few players that should have given more time to Jess,

and Tim. It may have spelled the difference. As for shot selection when you have a great shooter like Jared Daniel poor shooters should have passed to him or Hunt or good shooters rather than shooting outside shots or driving into tall timber where they get blocked. It is also difficult to drive in and get anywhere with refs that don't call the inside fouls. That is fruitless, ending in a turnover. But it is after all, just a game. And there will be another season. They are talking of starting softball next. It has been co-ed for several years. This year there will be no co-ed and probably no women's because of anticipated few participants, based on last year's many forfeited games.

The NBA has not been a good season if you're not a fan of the Los Angeles Lakers with Shaak. The Philadelphia Sixers won the east and it seemed like a one man team all season. They have a player six feet tall that was voted the MVP of the year. He scores most of their points. He has turned out to be a tough little guy. He gets knocked to the floor a lot. He's played part of the season injured. He fell on his tailbone earlier in the play-offs and missed a couple of games, showing they are not exactly a one man team. But they also have one to the top shot blockers in the league and have come along. The Lakers have 2 great scorers, Colby Briant, a player that went from high school directly into the NBA. He has become a fantastic scorer. Then Shaak is so big, and moves people out of the way underneath. He punishes any other player that has to go against him and usually the refs give him the edge. It's very unfair. I've been a mindset against his style of play. I see him as a big bully. But he is developing some real skills under Phil Jackson, the former coach of the Bulls with Michael Jordan when they were the champs for several seasons. It was then that the Jazz had their best years and played the Bulls in 2 successive years in the championships. Had a few calls gone differently in a couple of games the Jazz possibly could have played a game 7 in SLC and had a chance. In one game with just seconds left and the Jazz up by a point the ball was passed down to Karl Malone in the corner probably to avoid a foul in backcourt to force a foul shot. Jordan was there with another Bull player and they double-teamed Karl and Jordan stole the ball, called a timeout and on the inbounds pass he took the ball pushed off on Russell defending him and made the J. In another game the ball was passed in with seconds left to play, everyone expected the ball to go to Jordan and it went to a little shooting guard inside the free throw line and he hit the winning basket. Then in another game that ended with just a 1 or 2 point game a Jazz player shot a three pointer just beating the buzzer as it appeared on replay and the ref didn't allow it. Then in a similar play later in the same game a shot by the Bulls was allowed and the Jazz lost those close games. So that has always seemed too bad to me that those close ones may have been different depending on a few calls. I think like Justin, there ought to be a way to make the refs accountable for their bad calls. I don't know if they are required to watch films afterwards or not. It seems to me they no doubt get paid well enough that it wouldn't be unfair to at least require that of referees. It seems to me the understanding of the game has increased with so much TV coverage. Player skills have greatly increased also. But the ability to ref fairly lacks.

Journal

Dear Ruth,

June 6, 2001

I thought we'd hear from you by now concerning what wording you wanted to put on the inserts to your invitations. Before you get this letter we'll probably have heard from you. I know people call my type of writing...sending letters, snail mail. But I don't know that our E-mail works very well. I know that I hear Shaun talk about our internet being down sometimes.

I guess I hadn't realized that when Sister Guiterrez sent you an E-mail to your E-mail address that you could call it up and check on it back there as well. I hope you've been able to do that and send her a reply. I think I was surprised when she called how HAPPY she sounded on the phone. She told me she was active now and that she felt so good and enjoyed having her job. I just felt that things had turned around for her and she sounded so positive and happy and not feeling down and out. Well I have thought also, if the new PEF will be readily available to the sisters as well as the RM's. It should be of course and Pres. Hinckley would be the first to want that also.

I'm going to send some letters to you that came this week. I am sure one will have a check in it. But you can deposit it from there if you want to return it to your credit union by mail, for deposit only. I deposited a check for Kathy last week into her savings. And she got a letter informing her that one of her checks bounced. But I said, I thought you had it fixed so that if your checking account was overdrawn, your savings account would carry it and prevent this kind of thing from happening? She said it should work that way. she had gone over that problem once before with them and it should have been straightened out. I think she called them and did get it straightened out.

Joseph has called several times the past few days. I went with Jess today to Helmut's Japanese Auto where he left his Honda to have a new clutch installed. Joseph is trying to arrange a way to fly up here and pick it up. We may also need to put in a new timing belt. And it needs one tire. Helmut told Jess it would be ready by 5:00 this afternoon. (the clutch)

Mandy rode with Shaun in his Caddy with the top down Sunday evening to a fireside of somekind involving her cousin that attends his ward. I may be wrong...perhaps it was a b. day party for him. Ranny said something about him. Do you know him? Ever met him? He must obviously be a different personality...judging from Ranny's comments. Tomika came on Sunday. Tom's family reunion was Mon or Tues. They drove all night so the kids could sleep. She must have been tired and crashed when they got here. I saw Deloy and Ranny hauling the two kids in their wagon surrounded by blankets and pillows Sunday afternoon as they took a stroll down the sidewalk. The little boy has the same dark eyes as his sister. I told Deloy they looked like two peas from the same pod. He's a husky healthy looking little dark eyed boy. She hasn't changed since I last saw her. I haven't talked to Tomika. Tom has to fly back to work, but Tomika is staying for a week longer.

I'm going to run to the post office and mail this and the other letters. It's quiet around here with Tim gone. He's at training to day at Detox. He has also been hired at a restaurant

in Sp. Fork by one of his friend's dad. Several other friends of his work there. If you take the Manti exit at Sp. F. and then go into the mall (sort of) about on the edge of town the place he works is in that area next to a service station.

Kathy had a nice time in Ca. with Joseph. She never really drove the van. She stayed with the lady that owned it. And Joseph was always there when they used it...so he drove. For some reason they arrived at the Oakland Temple when it was too near closing time to get into a session. They couldn't do sealings because an entire stake had come to do sealings and all the slots were filled. They were able to get one worker to allow her to look into the Celestial Room. Tim picked her up at our airport. He took mom's C-phone with him so they were able to get together without his having to get a parking pass.

We've had rather cooler than normal temperatures lately. I got the cooler ready to use when it is needed though.

Mom says, Hi! She'll talk to you on the phone on the weekend. I vacuumed out your room this morning. I've been moving some things around in the room. I cleaned up the drawings under the bed and rolled some and put them in round tubes. I've moved some things off the floor and into the closet shelf and some into chests of drawers

I took the bed down, stood it up on end with the mattress and springs and can put it down again as soon as you need it.

I'll sign off, Mom has a need for me to help her for a few minutes.

I must ask that you tell David hello for me (us) too and his family. Louise thought his mother seemed so happy to spend time with you and loves having you in their home.

I just ran my spell check. It didn't help one bit with Hermana Guieterez's name. She expressed how happy she was to hear your news and has such great love and respect for you, Ruth.

Lots of people tell how much they miss you. And we do as well, they don't know how much. It is soothing to hear that David may come to teach at BYU. I hope it isn't just pie in the sky.

Love you, Ruth,

As Ever,

Your dad

P.S.

I went through a box of old tax records last night and in it were bank deposit records for each month. They started when we still lived in the River bottoms and until after we moved to 640 So. and I thought it was like going over a journal. I saw a cancelled check to the doctor that delivered Kathy and the doctors that checked mom when Tim was coming and also when he was born. I also saw a check to pay for a trip to the doctor for Ruth for her foot. It must have been after your foot was burned in the ashes of the bonfire in our garden area where a plastic milk jug was hot and you stepped on it. It brought back a lot of memories. It had the records closing our bank accounts in Provo and later in Shelley when we moved back to Provo. It also showed the owners and sellers of our properties in each of our moves. All very interesting!

Journal

Church News staff,
Editor, Gerry Avant

June 29, 2001

Dear Editor,

I'm a long time reader of the Church News. I used to read it when a boy up in Idaho. I received it while stationed in the US Army in West Germany in 1954 - 55. I've loved it over the years. I also have kept some issues for special articles and pictures.

I am not trying to be overly critical. I've never before written such a letter to the editor. But recently I picked up the June 9, 2001 issue and one of my favorite things to read is of the past in the Church History section just inside the front cover. It reads in bold print 50 Years Ago. I began reading the article and when I saw it was concerning the Teton Dam disaster I thought, What? 50 years ago. I have a niece that was living in Rexburg at the time with her husband. They had just finished school at Ricks. I thought, she was in her early twenties at the time. She would now be over 70 according to this. And that's what I am. When she was living there I was into my 40's.

Then I looked at the date in the article which stated that in the June 12, 1976 issue much was devoted to that news event. Well, according to my math...from 1976 until 2001 is 15 years ago not 50.

I have watched in subsequent issues hoping to see something telling of a correction...I have not yet seen anything in print concerning that error. It has surprised me.

Then on the cover of the June 23, 2001 issue I noticed a handsome young man and looked inside the front page to read about the cover as I usually do and to my surprise there was nothing about the cover picture mentioned, but an entirely different cover was described...that of a young couple standing on the Salt Lake Temple grounds after their temple marriage. Photo by John L. Hart and design by John Clark. Both are named in the staff directory. And I hope I'll see a retraction of that statement...in fact, I'll wait, maybe tomorrow in the June 30 issue it will come forward.

I just wondered, What is happening to the Church News? I didn't mail this until now waiting for the June 30, 2001 edition to arrive. I was happy to see in it the acknowledgement of the wrong picture on the cover. However, I wonder will the couple named coming from the temple in the June 23, issue ever have their picture shown on the cover? For them it seems it would be nice.

Just an old high priest offering his opinion!

One final thing: I'm sure many missionaries and servicemen throughout the world enjoy the opportunity to enjoy the Church News and long to see it weekly as I did when I was in the service. Actually, when I first arrived in Germany, I was fortunate to receive it. A former member of the church had been stationed in my outfit. His subscription continued to arrive weekly through the mail. Our battery mail clerk knowing that I was the only LDS man in the outfit turned the paper over to me each week, rather than through it away, being it was non-forward mail.

Sincerely Yours,

Diary

July 1, 2001

Since it has been several weeks since I have sat down and written anything about what's going on...it's about time I did. Ruth went to VA with David. She is getting to know his family, especially his mother quite well it seems as they have spent a lot of time together. It is a great opportunity for David's mother to get to know Ruth. And vise-versa.

Ruth has a bedroom in the home of some friends in their ward that live nearby. Then David drops her off and picks her up evenings and mornings. She has located some sort of temp. work using CAD system. It will not be a regular job with reg. hours but she will contract a project to work on.

She sounds happy over the phone. Several times when I have talked with her the phone has produced a feed back and when I speak it sounds garbled and staticie. We took the disc from Lou Crandall's to the printer. Turned out it was the wrong disc. Before beginning to set the type and print however it was noticed and I received a phone call to go pick up the corrected disc from Lou and exchange it with the printer. That was on a Fri. The following Tues I called and then went in. The inserts were not cut out when I got there so I had a slight wait. Ruth had called and wondered if enough had been printed. When I mentioned this to the printer, he said, Well it's a bit late. Had they decided in time it would only have cost another \$10.00 to have printed another 100. But now to set up the type it would cost a \$100. just for that. Obviously, we did not have more printed. We can get copies at a copy center if we do need additional ones, quite economically. Stevenson's Copy Center did a good job on the photo reproductions that will be inserted in each folded announcement.

The first ones which Kathy accompanied me and helped me get had a poor color quality, with a lot of green in the shadows, which was especially objectionable in their faces. After running off a few pages of 15 each we stopped. I took the original photo with its negative to a 1 hr print service. A fellow there looked at it and told me he could take some of that color out when he printed it. The results were great. So then we supplied the copy girls with 5 originals from the original negative. This enabled them to print the 3 rows of 5 each from a photo rather than the reproduction of a photo as they had done with the 1st batch and the results were certainly well worth the couple of dollars to get the photos rather than to go with the copies to use to copy from. We cut them into strips the long way, 5 photos each. Now we'll have to cut out the individual photos to include in the mailing.

Ruth E-mailed her list of addresses the other day. Shaun found them on the internet and when Kathy came she printed them. As I was writing this this morning, Sunday July 1st, Roy Andrus's new wife, Jo called to talk with Louise and give us their new address. They live in the vicinity of Harold Winterton.

Monday July 2:

Kathy and I finished getting the photos. Yesterday, she and I and Mandy and Louise cut out the remaining photos from strips from the printed sheets of 15 each.

Today I mailed by Priority Mail 3 boxes of invitations. 52 to

a box. They will be there in a few days. I also included 156 photos. I insured them for about \$175.00. I will send a letter with inserts in it this week.

Tim went to pay his tuition for his Korean 202 class. It was to have been \$600. I gave him a check for that amount. One of his friends was ahead of him in the line. He paid his \$600. and when Tim stepped up they told him he owed \$800 and something. He asked What? Well when you are not a member of the church it costs more. He said well I've been a member since I was 8. After a while the gal did some checking and then told him there was a computer glitch apparently...they'd get it taken care of. In the meantime he was told to pay about \$45. for insurance. So they let him to to the BYU health center and he worked it out with them. He did not have to buy insurance from the school since he had proof of coverage through his mother.

Jess and Lindsay came back from Hawaii after 2 weeks. They brought a box of chocolates with macadonia nuts for me. They had a good time. Both had signs of a little sunburn.

Lisa and John were gone a week to Lake Tahoe with their kids. John's mother stayed at home...perhaps enjoyed the quiet.

I saw Barry Sans father working on the eaves of his house in the carport. So I went down and helped him. I took some tools, a saw and hammer and nails. I had precut plywood pieces to fill in between the rafters to close them off in order to keep out the birds. There have been starlings and lots of sparrows nesting there and he had dug out the nests. I was glad for that. I hate the dust and old grass, etc. of the nests. So we had to cut a lot of the boards I had previously cut since many of the rafters had warped and twisted. We also had to cut with a jog saw slots to fit around some of the other rafters. It took a while but worked out.

Barry's father is also Barry. He came with his wife on Tues. They are using Barry's Toyota. Before they came, Barry told Jess he could have it for \$800. if he would wait a week until after his parents returned to Penn. so they would have something to drive around here. So Jess is anxiously awaiting their going so he can get the car. While Tim was in AZ I had him leave the car at home and Jess picked it up. Then Jess brought it back Sunday when he came to wish the June, July kids happy B-day.

Kathy has interviewed for a seminary teaching job. It will be in A F at the state school there for handicapped kids. She will know for sure this week if she gets the job. She seems tickled. I hope their learning ability won't be too low to give her hope. It may at least be a stepping stone for her to teaching.

DeLoy's mother's family held their reunion in Orem this weekend. After Deloy stopped and spoke to Megan. I want that Astro Jump for our reunion next year. I'll be in charge and it will be on my lawn. I've just got to have one. He had heard that Megan and Justin were moving and he said, if necessary I may have to buy into the franchise to see that we have one for next year's reunion. She assured him that he could contact us, we could contact her and she could get her brother to set it up. He's going to be taking over and he just acquired the SLC franchise.

I looked at the Church News on June 9 and inside the front cover there was an article. 50 yrs ago. Then it began by telling

of the great damage of the Teton Dam flood in 1976. I thought, 50 years ago. That would make Linda and Dan in their 70's since they were in their 20's then and living there. He was a band teacher at Madison H. S. Then I figured it out nearly 25 yrs ago. I thought about it so much I sent a letter to the editor and pointed it out. Two weeks later I opened up the Church News and a man appeared on the front cover. I looked inside and the write-up about the cover mentioned the names of a young couple standing in front of the Salt Lake Temple for their pictures following their wedding. The cover sported a picture of a young man from some branch. I also included this error to the editor. I had the letter ready to mail and waited until after last Sat's edition, June 30. Sure enough inside the cover was a correction of the wrong photo on the cover. So I mentioned I was glad to see they had printed a notice of the error.

We sang Happy Birthday for Sage and then Kenzie. Mom had baked a cake and we had a variety of flavors of ice cream. When Justin and Megan announced to their kids, let's go. It's time to go home, Brady put up a BIG fuss. I didn't get any ice cream! I want ice cream. Kenz then also complained she wanted to eat. I asked Megan if they could take a cream sicle. She said, No, we have ice cream at home. Louise felt like they hadn't given the kids any warning they were leaving. Everyone had been visiting and laughing and the kids had been on the tramp and downstairs watching videos. It is too bad. I never realized the spunk Brady has. He fought Justin all the way into the car. When Justin went to fasten the seatbelt, Brady would unbuckle it as fast as it was buckled. Finally, after Justin got the belt on, Brady would stick his leg over against the door so Justin couldn't close it. so Megan reached back from the front seat and grabbed his leg so he couldn't move it against the door. He was screaming (balling all the time). I have thought about his tenacity since and was reminded of when his father put us such a fight at our horse trough in Edgemont that I couldn't get his head into it holding him upside down. I tried to do that once thinking that giving him The Works as Barney called it when he put Barry and David into the horse barrel in Island Park to cure them from running through the puddles in camp and getting their shoes and pants wet. Justin fought me valiently like a tiger and so Brady seems to have the same tenacity.

I went home teaching to the Slades on Thurs evening. He had a mtg at 7:00 for teacher development for our ward. Just as we were leaving his wife answered the phone. Later I went to attend the mtg and was told they didn't hold one. The next day at church I learned the phone call was about one of Slade's daughters. She jumped from a cliff at Lake Powell and landed awkwardly and hurt her spine. She was life-flyted to SLC. Sunday afternoon he told me she was in intensive care but stable.

Also during Fast Mtg, Sis. Parcell Jensen got up and told how her neighbor, Thelma Loader had fallen and broken her hip in her backyard. Blaine told me later it was her leg. It broke next to where a steel plate had been placed earlier. And so the old plate was removed and another one...longer replaced it. She will be confined for at least 6 weeks from putting weight on it.

After pricing address labels \$24. and more for 400 or even less we think we'll hand address the ones we send out.

Journal - diary

Dear Ruth,

July 3, 2001

I hope things are going well for you. We keep you in our prayers every day, morning and night. I put your names on the Temple prayer roll recently.

We had a visit from Tonia and Cameron. Probably told you before. I went to the Post office yesterday and mailed by priority mail a box with 3 boxes of invitations in it. I also included photos and the letter returned from DOM.

I have been working this morning on counting out cards to be used as inserts to the invitations. I counted out with the help of your mom before she had to run off to a mtg with Justin and Willis the relatives and local ward people and friends. I have plenty of them left and if it became necessary...I could print up a couple more (duplicates) if need be.

I expect we'll be on the phone with you and talking about it from the list you sent that Kathy printed out for me. I don't see her a lot. She went shopping yesterday with your mom. I could have had her put this message on E-mail for you, were she available. I haven't seen Shaun this morning. He didn't come home until late last night and instead of going into work at 8:30 this morning, he apparently called in and will go in the afternoon. It is really an affliction for him to not be able to sleep nights like normal people do.

Well today I am headed for the post office to send these inserts to you. I am sending all the remaining ones. I would think it would be sufficient for the ones you will mail out that you would invite to the sealing session. I will talk with you and we'll make sure we place them in those we mail from here for you. I just assume you won't be mailing many from there that will need them such as David's ward, mission or your Nauvoo friends. Almost all of those I expect you'll mail from there. We have no addresses.

I can look up addresses for you for such people as Sarah Benson and others here, Cindrich, our ward members, etc. Mom thought you were aware that Noelia had invited herself to the sealing. I don't know. I'll leave it up to you to tell me if you want an insert in her invitation, as well as Heather Slade and some other locals.

I just wanted to get these cards to you ASAP. for your mailings. I will send this this morning. Mike Anderson's dad waited on me at the post office both times I've been there. He had me insure the package yesterday and send it priority to save a few days. So I will send this to get there as soon as possible.

Well, I'll sign off and expect to talk with you soon. Tell David.... Hello and his folks also. The time is starting to rush by here, it seems to me. I feel an urgency anyway. I don't want to have anything get lost in the shuffle. I pray that all your plans and schedules work out.

Last night we had a neighborhood party, lunch in front of Ossmens and Carters. Ras and Nadine and the Youngs were there. Greenhaulghs were the oldest couple there. Taylors came home into their driveway a while before dark to find we had card tables and chairs set up there. So they got some dessert. It was a nice time and Lisa and her kids except John David were there. Jess and

Lindsay came late. I guess Kathy had her turn to cook supper for all her roommates...so she didn't make it.

Barry Sans has moved back on last weekend. His parents are here. They left this morning for Rexburg with his brother that works at Ricks. He came down and is taking his folks home to Rexburg to see their youngest granddaughter and spend a few days going to Yellowstone, etc. Barry is doing quite well. He is in a wheel chair of course, but he's driving a new truck, automatic of course. Jess hopes he'll sell him his Toyota soon. He let his parents drive it this past week. I got to know his dad by helping him close up the ends of all the rafters where the sparrows and starlings have been nesting. It took a good part of one day and I already had the plywood pieces cut to fit. We had to resaw some of them to fit the warped and crooked old rafters in the building.

Again, I hope things are going well for all of you back there and I'll sign off.

Love
D & D

Diary,

July 16, 2001

Monday am. I sat down to the computer over a week ago and after turning it on, it didn't boot up. I tried by pushing the reset button several times. It still wouldn't boot up. I even turned it off and back on and it wouldn't boot up. I tried a couple more times over the next several days. I mentioned it to Kal Larsen, our neighbor and a high priest. When I was called to be high priest group leader, I submitted his name to be secretary. He was called and served over the 5 yrs plus. After my release, Bp. Zirbes, the bishop when we moved into this ward was called to replace me. He called Kal as his first assistant. I was glad for that. Kal was the person assigned to check out problems with the computers in our ward and maybe the stake. I don't know if he still functions in that calling now or not. He was teaching a Sunday School class of youth. They were quite rowdy and disrespectful and had ran out one or two teachers. He was not happy. When he was called to be a high priest, I'm sure he was happy to be saved from teaching that class any longer. He was a good help and never complained about calling each set of home teachers and setting up PPI's for the first Sunday of the month.

Called as the secretary of our present leadership is a man by the name of Joe Putnam. He is in his 40's. He's single. He served his mission in the Philippines. While there Mary Ellen Edmunds was on a health mission as a nurse. He's told me, on several occasions she loved to give the missionaries shots...you know where. He's a professional photographer and travels a lot, to Alaska and other places overseas. He loves to shoot nature shots.

He's from Evanston, Wyo. After he was called he delayed being ordained a high priest until his elderly father could come over from Evanston and ordain him. Finally after several months his father did come along with an older brother and some nephews. I told him one Sunday, he should wait...don't let them rush him into being ordained until his father could come so he could carry his line of priesthood authority thru his father. I am glad he waited. One Sunday morning his father did arrive. I saw Joe pacing the halls during the latter part of Sunday School and when I inquired he was watching for his father and brother to arrive.

His father is a large man, also his brother and I was told one of his nephews that didn't make it was very tall for a young man. Joe didn't look nearly as large when his brother and father stood in the circle. He father is hard of hearing. He told me that his hearing was much worse after a trip in a car, as he drove down as far as Heber, where Joe or his brother picked him up. His father came along the hallway and I spoke to him. I directed him to the men's room. Then we held our mtg. Our high councilman, Bro. Gordon conducted that part of the mtg. His father spoke with a bass rumble to his voice. He is 90 years old. Joe was a Seventy. I hadn't known that. He had met with the elders until called to be the secretary of the high priests.

Joe told me that his dad had been a very close friend of Burton South. He told me Burton had rolled cats and had all kinds of injuries and troubles working in the woods over the years. Joe said he used to play around the mill and sometimes around Dan's

house. His father when I mentioned Burton told me that Burton and his wife had returned early from his mission because of health reasons. A prostrate problem had caused complications and that Burton could hardly walk since his toes were curling so bad.

One of the things I had intended to do was to write a letter to Burton after Joe's father visited our ward. And that's when this computer acted up. I tried using it several times. Then last Sunday I mentioned to Kal I had a problem with it. He said he'd be happy to look at it. A week went by. I delivered an invitation for Ruth's wedding to Kal on Sat. Then Sunday after mtg. he asked if I was going to be home in the afternoon. He called around 4:00 and then came right over. I began to feel a bit embarrassed after he spent over an hour here. He took the cover off, removed parts. It was really dusty and filled with lint. I got out the Rainbow vac and went over it. Then he took some parts and put them into a newer computer that Shaun had down in his room. It didn't work either. Then he discovered it had two hard drives. One of them he decided was dead. It didn't work. After more than 3 hrs (2 1/2 anyway) he started to put things back in place and to leave, feeling he hadn't helped me much, when suddenly the thing booted up and began working. I decided to not turn it off. So just left it with the screen save on. Now this morning, I am beginning to catch up on this diary entry. After it was up again, he found that the hard drives also worked so that what was on them could be copied onto the hard discs. So he copied a long document. Then he checked to see how much was on the drive. A very small percentage of the one disc, the good gone was used. So he deleted the one he had copied, clearing the disc and then in less than 10-15 minutes copied everything that was on the list onto one disc, which he went home and returned with since it seemed we didn't have any discs that he could use. Later he discovered we had 2 completely blank ones. He gave me the one that he brought with the entire list copied as a backup. Now it can be used in the future on Shaun's computer. It is a new one with all the latest things. He has the internet and a digital camera and a scanner and nice printer. I haven't attempted to use it. Ruth did her reports on it. I proof read them for her and didn't like the tiny fine print. It sort of bugged me that I couldn't see or recognized a space where periods were and sometimes couldn't tell there was a space between certain words or letters. Louise told me yesterday I could change the size of letters on the screen by a simple click of the mouse. I didn't know that. I have as yet no desire to get involved with Shaun's computer. At the time he bought it I wrote out a check for about \$1800.00 and we brought it home. It is warranted and any repairs are free of labor costs as long as he has it...hoping the company doesn't go out of business, of course.

I need to catch up on some things for Ruth. They want more photos which I can get as I have twice before for our use here. I want to go to the Stevenson's genealogy center early this morning. Then I'll catch up on some of the events that have happened since the last July 1 entry.

It took a couple of hours. I'm glad for a good paper cutter at the copy center. I took 5 prints that I had made from a negative that David and Ruth left here and those copied very well. At first

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we tried to get by with one photo and copies of that photo to use to print the photos to include in the announcements. It did not turn out very well. There was too much green in their faces. So the photo shop told me he would take some of the green out when he printed the photos from the negative. Those 5 prints were really good. Armed with such good photos the copying worked out well. The results were 5 rows of 3 vertical copies that were of good color. Getting 15 prints onto a sheet 11" X 17" was a rather delicate task. I learned however, after going there 3 times, perhaps 4 times counting today...that the operator has a lot to do with having the prints turn out well. One problem arises if the originals are not lined up well. In some the room above David's head was too small. One print actually came out with the top of his head missing. The girls at the copy center were really competent and did some over. They also gave me the sheets of the trial runs for half price. Most were good, except the one where the top of David's was missing.

The girl this morning did the best of any. The first run was just right with a full 15 prints and no practice run was necessary. Yesterday, Ruth talked to us on Mom's cell phone and today we will ship the photos to them by Express service which they have already arranged for. They have a connection there for it at a good price.

I've spent a lot of time going over names on Ruth's list. Some were high school friends and Mandy Young helped me find phone numbers of parents. Kathy also spent quite a bit of time with me on the same project. I've called ward members also. Louise has gathered some addresses from relatives as well. After talking with Ruth yesterday, I was amazed to find out she (they) hadn't yet mailed out a single invitation. I was really surprised at that. I will mail quite a few more from here now, of friends she had on the list living in the west. I plan to do that today. She verified addresses for some of them. I had supposed she would have mailed them from VA already. So I will try to expedite things and get it wrapped up here today and tomorrow.

Ruth landed some sort of job using her CAD background with an outfit there. She spent quite a bit of time looking for work and was not considered since her time there will be limited to a few weeks. Finally this outfit told her they'd make a private contract with her to work on projects. So they give her a project and pay her when it's complete. She goes to the home of a family friend in the ward and is picked up each morning by David or perhaps his mother. Last week his hours were cut back because the place he works as a translator got caught up on what they had to do. He'll perhaps have a day off each week until they come out to Utah. That should be around the 24th.

His parents will come out also. They will go to Island Park with us to the Knapp reunion. I think they should take Sat. and leave the reunion and take his folks into Yellowstone. They could go thru the Old Faithful loop and back easily in a day.

Last Tues, Kathy and two of her friends that work with her at the Temple left for Nauvoo. She called to let me know they arrived okay. Next day she called again from Nauvoo. They picked up a rental car from St. Louis airport. Next morning went to the St. Louis Temple, then drove to Nauvoo. On the Sunday before she was to leave I received a phone call from a man wanting our address. He

has a girl that knows Kathy. He owns a home in Nauvoo. They were going to let Kathy stay in the home while on her trip. He wailed, I lost her address and one of the problems when you have an office in your home is that my daughter decided to clean my office and I can't find the address. I gave him our address and he said he'd send the key to Kathy by Federal Express. Well the FedEx truck did arrive on Tues. am and Kathy left after 3:00. so she got the key.

She has called a couple of times since. She was quite excited to find out where some of the Hales, Knapps and Hendricks lived. This she learned after going to the Visitor's Center.

We had an older high councilman in our stake that went to Nauvoo with his wife on a mission. He left here in April. He and his wife have taken a travel trailer to the Camp Shilom girl's camp for several summers while our YW were there for a week. He was the priesthood leader there if and when help was needed. He had known Ruth and Kathy over the years as each spent time there as camp directors. Kathy would have gone this year except since she moved out of the stake the stake presidency ruled she was ineligible. One of the stake leaders had wanted Kathy to be there real bad. So while our temple is closed for the annual summer cleaning she went to visit historic places around Nauvoo.

I told her when she was getting ready to leave...Now be sure you look up the Stantons. I said you may want to look around the Blacksmith shop. He's a welder. She called to tell me she went to the shop and he was giving a lecture to a tour group. As she approached the entrance which is open a missionary came and told her she would have to wait until the next tour began. It so happened that Bro. Stanton spotted her standing at the back of the group of tourists and he hollered, Bring that young lady right up front here. I want to give her a big hug. She's from my stake back home. And he interrupted his presentation and welcomed her there. later she and her friends were able to make a piece of rope from an old fashioned instrument they have there for braiding rope as the pioneers did it. Later she met Sister Stanton in one of the Nauvoo stores that has been restored and is operated for tourists.

She met them later and talked again. They told her about some of the people there that were there when Ruth was there. Some have left going to other areas of assignments by the CES. One was a man from our old Edgemont First ward, Milton Backman, a church history teacher. He's been at BYU for years. They told Kathy they wanted to get an invitation to Ruth's wedding...so I sent one off right after she called. They will tell some of the couples that are there that knew Ruth in the winter (fall) term of 2000.

Joseph has called a lot lately. He seems pretty homesick. He calls a lot. He's driving the Honda that he got from Jess. Jess still has not been able to obtain a title for it. So Joseph is driving it on Jess's Utah plates. Jess hasn't been able to get the title since it is tied up somehow through a dealership thru his father-in-law. I need to tell Jess to be sure and keep the insurance coverage up until the final sale takes place. I am willing to reimburse him for it.

Jess is still waiting for Barry Sans to sell him a Toyota. Barry went with his folks to Idaho a week ago. Then he came back last week. I haven't seen his parents. I suppose they are still

there with his brother. After they come back, I suppose Barry will work out something on selling the car to Jess. He gave him a price of \$800. That's reasonable. He had wanted his folks to be able to drive it until they went home to PA. So we don't know when they will leave now. Haven't seen them or talked with him last week. I put his garbage cans out 2 weeks in a row while he was gone.

Our stake had a youth conference. They assigned couples to act as parents. They met early each morning and then had activities of different sorts. They had a service project one night at our neighbors, Elgaaens. The kids played and monkeyed around a lot more than they washed cars and cleaned yard. On Friday nite, Tim came here and invited Shaun to go with him to a fireside in our stake center. Elder Neal Maxwell was the speaker. Shaun finally agreed to go. It made them late. Tim rather than going home to change clothes...he had come here from work...changed into some clean clothes here and they went in the Prism. Neither have commented much around me. But there was only the middle section of the stake chapel filled. And Elder Maxwell spoke quite informal, as I've been told. I once attended an informal meeting where he spoke at a BYU B of M symposium. I was glad Tim went to it. Had I known in time I would have called Mandy Young to let her know about it.

James and Michael showed up here on Thurs or Fri and wanted to build a project for Michael's cub scouts. When they called on the phone I thought he said he wanted to build a school house. When they got her I discovered he wanted to build a stool. So I got some 3/8 " plywood and some 1 1/2 ' X 3/4" boards and we cut in out on the table saw and put it together with screws. They didn't show up when they said they would and it was late when we finished. So I drove them home. I hauled their bikes in the back of the Datsun and they wanted to get their bikes out at the top of the hill where they pedaled home. The next day when they returned, again late in the day, I already had the boards all cut out and drilled holes for the nails to be used. On the top we used finish nails. Louise told me she thought in order to qualify Michael had to do the work himself. So I figured if I drilled the nail holes he's be more successful putting it together. As it turned out James took turns with him driving in some of the nails. Then I told them they should plan to paint it with spray paint. And it's up to them if they want to sand the edges first. Lisa came and got them. When they came the other day they hadn't painted it yet. Said they had no paint. I figured Lisa could help them out on that one. Louise said take them to All-A-Dollar and get a spray paint can. It is the place to shop and save.

Jen left early in the week and went to her parent's cabin on the Bear River. Her sister is out from Nebraska too. Then on Fri. Willis went up to join them. WE had a B-day party for Kenz and Sage one day with ice cream and cake. Then Sunday, last night, when Willis and Jen returned we went to their place. Her sister was there with a couple of kids. We saw Morgan's presents. He had some nice ones. Then we gave him a book or two. He seemed pretty happy and was really having fun with a remote race car with a roll bar. It is especially fast. It does wheelies quite easily. As I arrived Willis was taking Sierra to bed. She was screaming and I didn't even get a chance to tell her good-bye. Obviously from the way she

July 16, 2001

was acting...bed is where she needed to be.

On Thursday, Megan left for Canada with the kids. Justin came over a couple of times. he came over Sat. nite for the 2nd time in a week to replace a door panel on his new VW. A tiny piece of plastic, less than a .32 of an inch broke and his power window failed on the driver's door. Then the other door window failed. This one when he got it out was the small steel cable got off track and wound up in the plastic gears. What a mess. They are very hard to take apart. The replacements are only available in the entire unit. That's nearly \$200. or more each. The rear right tire is worn to about where it will need to be replaced. It has just over 40,000 miles on it and of course just passed the warranty before these problems came up. Doesn't say much for the product. It's been a good running little car, otherwise. What a pity that a car that costs so many thousands of dollars has such cheap plastic parts. At that price you would think they could at least use metal parts in critical places like that.

Well so much for that. It's good to have this computer up and going again...and the hard drive fixed so that a backup disc can be used again, also.

Journal entry

Dear Ann and Slim,

July 17, 2001

Hi! Appreciated hearing from you. Hope you're both feeling well. We have had quite a bit of hot weather. We had our first rain in a long time a few nights ago. But even though a little rain ran down the sides of the streets it probably didn't really amount to that much.

I've stayed pretty busy trying to find addresses to mail out wedding announcements for Ruth. She's in VA with his family and is working part-time. I've called parents from her high school directory and asked for addresses and names have changed for many of the girls, of course, so it takes some time to get all that information. I also went to a copy center yesterday and had more photos taken to send back to her to include in their mailings there and it seems he has a lot of friends and relatives back there that they hadn't originally counted. But time is running out for that part of it. Next week they will fly out here in time for the Knapp reunion in Island Park.

Justin's wife left last week for Alberta to visit her folks which is an annual event for her. She will be back in time to meet him in I. P. Tomorrow Louise and the boys will go to Vegas for another of their conventions. Recently Joseph took and failed a state insurance licensing test in CA. But he called yesterday and was all happy; he retook it and got 74. You need 70 to pass. Willis got a 64% on one he took here recently. So it will cost him about \$75.00 to retake it. I think he has about a month to study. It's quite a deal, whoever gives the tests it's to their advantage to have people fail then they have to pay a lot to retake it. It isn't actually given by the state, but a private outfit from out of state

I was glad to hear about what a nice place the Washington area was from you. I think Justin plans to be in that area for 1 or 2 years. He may then go over nearer to Seattle. I hadn't known they had built a Bavarian type town up there. We went to the Grand Coolie Dam once on our way into B.C. The area near the dam surely looked desert and barren. I remember that. And it made the Okanogan Valley with its lakes and rivers look inviting. They had so many orchards along the highway. I'm sure much of that must have been irrigated. It was the first lake I guess I'd ever seen with tug boats pulling loads of logs and probably other things as well. Going through some of the forests up there with Cedar and Hemlock was interesting. I'd never seen so many large trees before. I know they were probably small compared to the redwoods and cedar and fir of some of our west coast woods.

I'm glad things are going well for your family. Sounds like they are all doing well and keeping real busy. You mentioned Robert has a daughter getting married. We must have met her at his house when we came over to visit you the last time with Joseph.

Kathy will fly in tonight from Nauvoo where she has spent a week with 2 of her friends that she works with at the temple. They have had a lot of fun back there. They flew in and out of St. Louis and picked up a rental car there, drove to Nauvoo, 3-4 hours away. They also went to the St. Louis Temple right after they arrived. Through some connection with a friend they were able to get a key to a house of that friend's parents. So they didn't have to pay

for any hotel or motel while they were there. She's called home several times. She was quite excited to find that the Visitor's Center there had maps showing where the Hales, Hendricks and Knapp families lived back then. But most of the places when she went there were just bare fields or grassy lots since the houses are gone. Some houses of important families and early church leaders have been restored and are tourist sites today.

Our house is pretty quite with the kids moving into apartments for the summer. Tim will move back as soon as his summer school session ends. Joseph is planning to go to Tenn. with his Uncle Jim to attend the National Gaited Horse Show. It features all breeds. Jim is hauling horses to it for other people, I think both directions. That's one way he has to justify making the trip and paying for all the diesel fuel he'll be burning. I'm sure it would be a great show to watch.

This computer wouldn't work for about 2 weeks. Then a neighbor told me he'd look at it. Sunday he came over and was here about 3 hours. He took things apart. Couldn't find anything wrong or he couldn't get on part to work and finally put things back and said, I'll just put the cover on...and not put the screws back in. Then all of a sudden it started working. He said I don't really know of anything I did. It may not last long. So we haven't turned it off since. It felt good to me yesterday to get caught up on some letter writing and journal entries.

So I decided to reply to your recent letter while it was working. It was about 7:00 when I started. Our outside thermometer reads 60 degrees. It feels good though; it's amazing that after being over 90 it gets that low at night, isn't it?

Well I will close this for now and hope things are going well there for you guys.

As Ever,

We send our love and prayers,

Bernie

Diary,

July 25, 2001

Here it is the day after the 24th. Lots of parade to watch. I saw it replayed last night on Channel 4. I had dozed off in the morning as I watched while lounging on the couch. the 2nd time thru I just caught a glimpse of 2 4 wheeled buggies drawn by very classy horses. They appeared rangy and each had excellent conformation. Their heads were held up high and I wished I could have seen more than just a glimpse of them. I usually end up after a parade wishing I had gotten a better or closer, longer look at some of the horses. These two buggies went by in the background as the camera was focused on each, one at a time, girls from the Swiss Miss contest from Heber.

All the invitations are now sent out unless I can get an address for Ed and Johanna Rogers. Joe Putnam told me he had it. Tomorrow we expect to see Ruth. As it turns out, none of the boys are going to the family reunion. Tim can't miss 2 Korean classes. He will of course have to miss one to attend the wedding. He's working at Winger's (a restaurant) in Sp. Fork some evenings. He doesn't get paid much per hour but gets quite a few tips. He has worked at the jail (Detox) several night shifts lately and over the weekend. Lindsay doesn't want to travel that much in 2 days. And Joseph has a multi-state conference to run for institute for singles. Willis can't afford to make the trip at this point and Justin went to Montana to meet his family. They came down from Canada to a cabin which one of her brothers bought for their family summer get-together. So he doesn't feel he can take that much time off from his job. Shaun doesn't want to be the only boy there. So Kathy will go with Louise and I and Ruth plans to go with David and his folks. I think they should leave early on Sat. am and go thru the loop of the park and see Old Faithful. We plan to go up on Fri and return Sat. nite to Lava, leaving early to return to an 11:00 am mtg, ..Dawn Andrus' farewell to the Belgium mission ???

The bed with the vibrator built in arrived. Shaun hasn't used it so far as I know. Louise gets on it at times...doesn't actually sleep on it at night however. Today my priorities are to pay car insurance on the Pontiac, for a month or two. Then hurry to the Springville Art Museum and pay up the rest of the fee for that rental. It was due the 24th. Louise called yesterday...no answer. And we certainly hope today they will be understanding since we didn't come on the 24th. I'll start by a trip to the CU and transfer some funds to cover any overdrafts that might otherwise come on our checking account.

Shaun drove his Red Caddy in the Sp. Fork parade with the dairy princesses riding in it. He sported his new horns. A cow horn and a louder diesel horn that he just installed. I took it to the mechanic the night before since it has been dieseling when he turns off the key. He adjusted the idle with the longest screwdriver you've ever seen. It's as long as a yard stick. It runs a bit better I guess. I didn't hear Shaun complaining.

By the way, I haven't turned off this computer since Kal Larsen, our nieghbor worked on it 2 Sundays ago. So I'll print this off and then leave to run some errands.

Diary,

Aug, 5, 2001 added to Aug 7th

I just returned from administering the sacrament to our neighbor across the street... Sister Faye Loveless. Bro. Troy Carter accompanied me. He has been a counselor in two bishoprics until he was put in the high council recently. Different ones of our H.P. group have gone with me on other fast Sundays to her home where her sister, Helen Parker gets the bread and water onto the kitchen table. She is 88 yrs old and still drives ~~to~~ mornings a week to the temple and takes another neighbor, Iris Harris to church each week. Faye is 90 and so is Iris. It's amazing how active Helen is and yet one can see she has slowed a lot the past year especially.

2 days

Louise picked up Ruth and David and his parents at the SLC airport on a Thurs. I think. His parents stayed in Willis's basement on a double bed with adjoining bathroom. Willis keeps his computer in the same room using it as his home office.

Louise, Kathy, Ruth and David and I left early on Friday, June 29th for Island Park. We drove thru Shelley and stopped on Spruce Ave. We saw Bro. Landon who used to be our hometeacher sitting on his front steps enjoying the shade. I got out and went over to ask him if he knew the Ritchie family. They were either 2 or 3 houses west of his. He invited us in. We didn't have time to go in, but when Louise came over, he recognized her and so did his wife from inside the house so she ran out. We visited a little. Several of their family live in the Provo area. They showed us a picture of all their family. Then I walked down and rang the doorbell at Ritchie's. No answer. I left and then went back and what may have once been a garage had a double door with glass front. I knocked and my cousin, Melva came to the door. She looked different from the last time I had seen her in Springville. Her eyebrows seemed to be missing. Her hair was very thin... white of course and she did not recognize me. Then I told her who I was. She invited us in and the others walked down from the sidewalk in front of Landon's. She has had a stroke and her fingers are so tender from being crippled up with arthritis that she said she can't write or type. She was glad to see us and seemed in good spirits. She has to be very careful to avoid falling. She's had some falls and bruises and is quite unsteady on her feet. She's happy that her son built this room onto his house to give her privacy.

We drove past the other houses on the street where our bishop lived while we were there. Kathy was born while we lived in a rental house at 199 Spruce. We drove around the block to the next east/west st. where Nikki lived on the south side. The northside was part of the lawn of the high school. Lisa attended the Jr. high and rode the bus to the high school and walked home from there. One block away. One day it was so cold she frosted her toes. She was wearing high heeled shoes with the toes out. She'd had some event that day at school for which she dressed up for.

We drove past the jr. high. One church building that was built and sold and converted into a private home may have been the same building that was dedicated as a new chapel when Pres. Heber J. Grant came to Shelley and I was just 4 or 5 years old. I remember seeing him. I remember most of all there was a crowd of people and a raffle as part of a fund raiser. I had hoped so bad that we could

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win a small pretty tricycle being raffled. We did not win and I saw another little boy claim the prize. I felt so cheated at the time.

We drove east to the Taylor Store which is still doing business with gas and fast food on a busy corner. Then past the corner where there used to be a school or church. Torn down since we lived there and now just a vacant grassy place bordered by large shade trees. We hardly could see the little house where Marj moved when she left Ada Av. We did see her house next to Sand Creek. Across the creek we saw Barry's house. There are several other houses there now. We drove back into the lane where we lived in the Taylor trailer. The dome storage shed is still there. David's house that once appeared modern and quaint seemed almost as if it were abandoned...except there were some cars and trucks there. Next to the lane J. Earl West Jr.'s brother still has a few acres with part of it covered with antique farm machinery, old mowers, rakes, plows, a spreader and several tractors. Hiatt's place looked about the same, but lonely.

Along the road we saw some elk in the private farm where they used to be seen. Then we saw some familiar places on our way to the northgate mile. The small horse arenas seem to have increased all along the road. The road changed names into South Holmes ave. We crossed 17th street, where Albertson's used to be. Crossed the Idaho Canal, then past where I took China Painting lessons on about 14th or 15th St.

We passed the Civic Center, (the auditorium of the new I.F. high school. It was here that I reported my mission in stake conference. Elder Harold B. Lee was the visiting apostle that day. He was a great leader. I spoke with him briefly and he remembered meeting Sister Nora Koot, one of the very first members in H. K. and saw her on one occasion as he traveled there during the time of the Korean conflict after the missionaries had been pulled out. He came down a little hard on the members in the congregation that allowed their children to leave them and go into the balcony. Here they ran around, out of sight of their parents, but not out of sight of those of us seated on the stage. In the afternoon session I'm sure more young children sat by their parents.

Later when we lived in Taylor we invited Souths to go to a Burl Ives concert there after obtaining tickets. We sat in the balcony. He was very heavy and needed to sit down. He would be seated before the curtain was drawn. It was fun listening to him sing and play his guitar. His voice seemed strong and just like on his records and in his movies.

Then past Cleveland St. where Connie Wright's mom still lives. She lives in the 400 block. We drove down past my parent's home at 347 Cleveland. Then on to the building that was once Hart's Bakery where Mr. Hart named one particular bread Jack and Jean's. Those were the names of his two children. From where we turned west onto Cleveland to the east would have been the house Al built after moving back to I.F. from Burley. It was cinder block which he laid. Then later added to that with logs he obtained from Barney. He peeled them in a serpentine pattern which looked very good. Later he covered them with siding and the cinder block portion on the west was made into a garage by removing the picture window and putting in a door.

We drove up the North Yellowstone Hwy. past the stockyards where I spent many hours looking at horses and attending livestock sales. Past what used to be the 91 Club, a bar across the way from the stockyards. It was built on a corner that was acute and the sharp angle of the building was next to the sidewalks on both streets where they came to a sharp angle. It was a popular bar and lots of people went there back when I was in jr. high and beyond. Then we drove past our old bank, Idaho Bank of Commerce and turned at the corner of the I.F. golf course north onto No. Holmes Ave. again. After crossing the railroad tracks we went to the Wonder bread day old store and stocked up on bread, Hostess Pies and some other items the kids picked out for snacks.

We drove over past the temple. We stopped along the river and then in the south parking lot. Here we saw couples on the grounds having their wedding pictures taken. We had a kind lady snap a shot of the 5 of us with the temple in the background. We drove past the apartments where Keith and Erma lived while serving their mission at the temple visitor center. I stayed with them, sleeping on their floor quite a few times during the time we were arranging to move to Idaho in 1988, the year of the Yellowstone fire. From there we past the nice old well-preserved log house where David South's good friend, Tommy Borg lived. The house is a classic among older log homes with it's deep stain and picture window. Nearby and in the same ward was the home of another friend, Tommy Hawk. He was killed as a teenager. I got to know quite a few of David and Barry's friends from that ward. Some went on to become well known. One a lawyer went to the Idaho legislature and later to Wash. D.C. as a senator. His name Terry Crapo. He married a daughter of Bill Hatch. Bill Hatch was a very prominent farmer. His lovely big farm home sat near the county line on the way to Shelley. He was sent by our government to Iran to help develop irrigation and improve farming conditions in that country in the early fifties.

His father, H. Ray Hatch was a young doctor in Heber. There Grandma Susie Andrus knew him and went to him. When I first moved to I.F. he became our family doctor. I remember going to him when in the 7th or 8th grade. His office then was upstairs above the stores in the downtown business district. Later he built his clinic across the street from the temple and hospital. There all of his sons (perhaps 4 that were doctors shared his office). Bill was his only son that was not a doctor. My first trip to his office I was accompanied by my parents. I remember he told my father who weighed about 250 at the time that he should get his weight down below 200 before going into his 60's. Dad must have been about a year away from that at the time.

He discovered that I had an enlarged heart. He gave me some syrupie medicine to take with a spoon. I must have taken it for several years. He advised that the year I was in the 8th grade I tell my P.E. teacher it would be okay for me to take P.E. provided I not be required to do too strenuous of exercising. So the coach dropped me from P.E. I took it later in high school. Then my coach "Cat" Thompson, was good to me. Then in the spring he took our class in a school bus to a dirt field behind the East Side school. It is located in the south of I.F. about 15-16th street and on So. Boulevard. There one day he had the class run 2 laps around a 1/4

mile dirt track. I was just in tennis shoes. I won. 2nd was a tall boy, a Catholic kid that was often favored by some old maid teachers and he was on the school track team where he ran the mile. It was a surprise to him that I beat him. I think it deflated his ego a bit. It was the only race I ever won. The next year I ran on the track team. I ran the half mile at Tautphaus Park. It was a meet with 2 other schools. One of the 1st meets of the year. There were lots of us that had come out for the season. After that many dropped out. I felt good. I.F. had so many entrees that we had two lanes for our school. I was on the far outside lane with several runners lined up in the same lane to start. Our school had another lane near the inside of the track. Here the returning lettermen were placed to start the race.

Because we were so far out it seemed to me there was no place to go as we approached the first turn. So I went out on lead and cut across to the rail. Over half way around I had a big lead on everyone. After the last turn I was still leading the pack but near the finish my legs seemed like rubber and I could hear others coming up on me. The first one to pass me was a Japanese boy. He was an upper classman from I.F. Then another kid from I.F. may have passed me and almost at the finish line a kid named Walz from Rexburg passed me. Since there were only 3 schools in the meet there were only 3 places given. Had I made 3rd place I would have received a letter. I never again had the energy to finish a half mile race. I was almost overwhelmed by surprise when some old friends, one in particular, Howard Mead, a shot put thrower ran up to me and threw his arms all over me smiling and excited. Later the track coach told me that if I had had a couple more weeks of training I would have won the race. I coughed and sputtered for days afterwards it seemed. Later I ran as a senior at Ricks in a conference meet in SLC at the Westminster College. I dropped out and felt exhausted. I just had no energy left half way around the track. I always felt bad about that. I know the coach had hope that I would help win the meet. We did win however.

That day I saw a spectacular race. Ferron Anderson from Sterling, Ida. just out of Aberdeen ran the anchor leg of the mile relay. He started back behind several other runners and overtook them and won it for us. When he was passed the baton it looked hopeless for him. The coach was also disappointed that our shotput guy ate so many pancakes for breakfast that morning that at the track he just didn't perform up to his regular level. He was Carl Bair. He had attended school with Berdett in Shelley. He was tall and big. He played football but was never in Berdett's league. At Ricks he was big and did well at wrestling. Later he was back at Ricks as a coach in wrestling. In about 1995-6 I went to Dixie College to look at some used simulators for UVSC. They were in a storage room. It turned out that the young coach that took us to see them was named Bair and his father was Carl. I drove down to see them with Neldon Stanley. He had taught with me on a parttime hourly basis for many years at the college. In fact, at one time he was enrolled in a driving simulation class at the Y. They came over to log some time at our school observing the use of our simulators. He enrolled in the class for credit. He was a coach at Dixon Jr. High in Provo. After retiring he still taught part time

as did I at the college until finally we both gave it up, somewhat discouraged by the changes that came from administrative changes at the college. Actually our replacement a woman, had the simulators taken out and the stick shift car was never driven by her with students. I bought it at a surplus auction for about \$1300. It was a Ford Tempo. Kathy drove it to school for a few years.

Now...back to our trip though I.F. North of the temple we came to the ball park. It's still there. Didn't look like it had changed that much. I.F. has a minor league team. Then to Ada Ave. where we drove past the Souths. There is still some vacant ground where they had their lumberyard. We used to play marbles between the shed and the apartment house where I lived with my parents from New Year's Eve until our house on Cleveland St. was finished. I was living there when I was baptized. And a few months later we moved into our house. I remember walking there from school each day. At times I helped chink the logs with burlap and a dull wood chisel. I did start school at Emerson school, so I did not have to transfer. I started the 2nd grade in Jan.

At the reunion I learned something about that house I had never known before. During the summer before building that house our family often spent time on holidays and some Sundays going out with the wagon and team or even Ren's International truck and cutting house logs. We'd pick up red tops and dead trees in various places and deck them near the mill. Dad and Al sawed them into logs. They were hauled to the valley and that's how we got our house. I learned that Al earned \$600.00 that summer firing the engine. It was his money that paid for putting the house up. Windows, doors, shingles, nails, paper for the walls, etc. Then he worked on the house and didn't start school when I did since the high school was on semesters and so he was able to help build up until Valentine's Day. Then he started school. In order to graduate having missed a term he couldn't take seminary. He had few if any electives and was still able to graduate with his class. Anna didn't really like school and fell behind. She didn't graduate...got married. In school her favorite subject, P.E. she just missed earning a letter by a few points. Sports was her love in those days.

Near the corner there was a little grocery store. There was a jog in the road and Ada Ave began from that point northward. To the south it was Canal Ave. Canal ended near the hospital. Ren South had a log home across the street from the store. Behind his house and at the back of the lumber shed was a barn. Ren kept his team there, Old Dick and Clip. Dick was smaller, older and quieter than Clip. I had a hard time understanding as a kid how Dick could be the sire of Clip, but he was. I doubt he was much older.

That spring, Ren left his family and went to Wyoming where he started a mill and hauled mining props around Green River, Wyo. Within a few years Barney built a house just north of the apartment house that belonged to his parents. Then they moved a cabin down from Island Park and put it out in front of the lumber shed. Then another log house was built or moved in between Barney's house and the apartment. Then he built a small shed behind his house. When I was in high school and after the war, Barney built a 2 story log home across the street with a full basement. I used to go there

from school one spring and carried hod for him while he stuccoed that big home. He didn't want to work on that tiring job 8 hours a day, so a few hours each day after school worked well for him. The houses are all still there. Because they have siding now you wouldn't know they were log homes just driving by.

Up the street near where it Tees into Anderson Ave. there was a very special house. The year I was a sophomore a girl moved into I.F. She was a cute little girl. She was instantly popular. She lived on Ada. She became our head cheerleader and was the sophomore runner up for Homecoming Queen. She sang in a sextet of girls in our seminary.

I shall tell this story of one time I was riding with Al. We drove by Joan Schley's house just as her father walked into the house carrying his lunch pail. I said, there goes he "old man". Al set me straight on that. I never spoke of anyone's father after than as their old man. It is interesting he would say that as he had been around Barney so many years. Barney used the term often. Joan ended up marrying a rich kid from Rigby right out of high school by the name of Moon. He was on the Rigby track team. he wasn't a big kid. He had a nice car, was a leading teenager from his school and obviously affluent. From our alumni news she is living today as a single parent in Las Vegas.

We drove north past our place on the Lewisville Hwy. We stopped in front to point out some things to David. We saw the ranchroom was still attached. But the fence was gone. The mote was gone and the front deck was gone and all of the bridges were gone. Then we noticed someone working on the lawn of the next house. We recognized it was Lattice. We pulled into the driveway and talked to him. He immediately recognized Louise who was driving. Said she hadn't changed. But he did not recognize me. We had a good friendly visit. He was always friendly. He told us he'd retired and just sold the home. He said in a week Bev would come out and help him pack and they would move everything to Rochester, NY. That is where she moved after their divorce. But he said they are still good friends and he is going there to retire. He smiled a lot and seemed really happy.

We saw several domes in Menan. They looked white and nice on the outside from the road. We stopped at Randy's. We were greeted by Karen. Susan's girl was there playing with her cousins. The road is pretty rough. A new house, not a dome has been built recently just a little below Randy on the River side of the road. We drove to Ashton and I found Aunt Finnie's house. It is changed a bit. Then we went thru Marysville, past the old Hugginsville corner and I pointed out that I once saw Warren run his team in the annual dog derby out across some of the rolling hills that now are fields, no longer dry farms but sprinkler irrigated from deep wells. I told them how steep the last pitch of the Warm River hill used to be when loaded with logs or lumber. Then I pointed out the nice cabin just below the hill. It is still in great shape, the owners taking particularly good care of it. We passed over Robinson Creek, then Warm River where there were people throwing bread etc. to the fish. We climbed the hill and stopped at an overlook and saw the light colored sandy bottom far below. I drove slowly past where we could all see thru the railroad tunnel.. Up

Bear Gulch and stopped to show the Snake River below and look at the ski hill opposite. When my father got his '36 Chevy and it would make it up Bear Gulch in (3rd) high gear, that was really something. I told them about Al and Barney coming down with a load on the old '37 Ford with trailer, (semi) and coming down Bear Gulch there was a pickup with some hunters coming up. They had spun out on the hill near the bottom and the truck was crossway on the highway. There was no way they could stop. They honked and about 4 or 5 guys grabbed onto the pickup and literally slid it out of the way and they rolled on by. The road was covered with packed snow.

We stopped at the Lower Mesa Falls. Then at the upper Falls and saw the lodge. It's renovation is nearly complete. One sign inside reads that John A. Thompson once used it as a place for boy scouts to jamboree. It mentions too that he was voted as one of the best (maybe 5) basketball players (guards or forwards) of the 1st half of the 20th Century. Well I know when he was my high school coach and also my Sunday School teacher that we heard he was given title of All-Time All American basketball player in Hall of Fame. He was coach when Roland Minson was a senior. Voted the most outstanding b. ball player in Idaho history. I.F. high won the state championship that year. Minson went on to BYU and was voted MVP at the NIT his senior year there. He played with some great players at the Y. Mel Hutchinson also was an All-American. His sister Colleen was Miss America. Vern Gardner and Arnie Ferron played for the U under coach Vadal Petersen and won the NCCA one of the years give or take a few. I once saw Vern play in the new gym of the I.F. high school against a black team of all-stars. He was great fun to watch.

We drove between the buttes on a paved highway. It was nice and we saw a lot of elk at a private ranch between the buttes on the river banks. There are several domes on the north side of the butte now. The other butte still has the big R on it and is posted as federal land...no trespassing with any vehicles.

With the new highway the by-way from Warm River to Harriman Park seems short. Osborn Springs seemed pretty insignificant, one would almost have to watch for it to see it.

There was highway construction below us when we hit the main highway./ It extended to the bridge. We got on just ahead of the pilot car and a long line of cars, for which I was glad. Then we drove over graded roadbed to Last Chance and pulled off just past where the old KOA used to be. They had 6 cabins I think. They were nice. Beth shared hers with us. It had a fold up bed in the front and a double in the back, where Beth slept. A double bunkbed there provided for Ruth and Kathy. David occupied a space between the sink and cabinet and the kitchen table on sleeping bags and couch cushions.

Next day we went to Big Springs early. Came back and visited. Al was there when we arrived. He stayed until nearly dark. Ann was his chauffeur in her diesel truck. Dee Snowball had been there but had to leave to get back to SLC for an appointment. We missed seeing him. Shirley and Clive were there with one daughter.

None of Claudia's kids were there. Sat. Billy came with his wife and one girl and her husband. Newly weds also. Louise rode to the flat to see the old sawmill. It belongs to JC Stimson and is

set on his land across the flat on Warm River. I helped set it there and helped getting it moved when Marj sold it. After the trip over to see it, Louise realized what a dusty and dirty trip it was. It's a wonder the road doesn't shake a car or truck apart she said when she got back. Reason enough for Al and I to stay in camp and visit. Al said when questioned about not going to the mill, I've seen it before, I've been there.

Some went on canoes on the Buffalo. Some on Sat. drove to Virginia City. We spent some time at Big Springs and I was so surprised. There were 3 seagulls that stayed just below the bridge and cleaned up on the bread that the fish didn't take. Even a hen Mallard duck waited below for bread that mostly was submerged that the gulls missed. Other small birds, maybe kingbirds perched on the flowers of the aquatic plants and grabbed bread that occasionally came near to them and flew off to eat it in trees along the bank. There certainly aren't as many large rainbows as there used to be. Also the water at the spring seemed SO DIFFERENT. The deep pool that I've always seen before bubbling from the head of the spring with it's deep blue pool (it seemed bottomless) just wasn't there and the entire spring seemed changed. But Kathy did get some water into our jug. It was nice. Then Kathy pointed out that the last time she was there you had to walk carefully watching for stepping stones and this time you just walked on rocks sticking up well above the water. Yet the water running beneath the bridge didn't appear different than other years.

Uncle Joseph Hale, my mother's younger brother had one sister there. She is a survivor in her family of 2 girls and 1 boy. She said how disappointed she was that Anna wasn't there. She said she had come especially to see her. She rode with one of Lavern's daughters. This girl had married a Christensen from Goshen that all of my older siblings would have known well. She took quite a few pictures.

Natalie took many pictures also. They had traded in their motor home and have a much larger one. They go to many Mountain Man Rendezvous each summer. They said last year at Ft. Bridger there were about 1500 people at a sacrament mtg. They had to invite a ward from one or two other stakes to bring deacons so there were enough to pass. She had lots of costumes. One she made from elk hides they had tanned. She had some with skins and hides with lots of hair and color. She wore one to church and someone seemed rather offended that the little critters weren't still running around and she said...Oh, these are road kills. That quieted the person. Her sisters were there. Monee has 2 kids.

Rena looks nice. She doesn't seem bothered by her scars that resulted from the bad car accident in which her face went thru the windshield. She didn't act selfconscious about it. Several others commented about it to me. She has had some very obvious and successful plastic surgery done on her face and neck.

Her husband builds log cabins in Jackson. It's pretty lucrative now. Someone told Louise that the Forest Service has allowed timbermen to come into Montana where the big fires were last year and salvage the dead timber at very low cost. And the log business has boomed as a result. We saw lots of logs decked out around the Yellowstone Log business in Rigby.

Rena has quite her job at the drug store in Driggs. So she had a trailer and hauls horses all over to trail rides. She takes Sheila with her. They ride a lot. She trains horses for people as does Sheila. She told me the Neeley ranch has lots of Morgans. A grandson was given all of them by inheritance. His father wasn't happy and they had to take the sheriff to get them off the ranch. Now with the high price of hay the ones left are for sale for just a little bit. I told Jim about it. If one would go up there they might pick out one or two that were gaited. It's likely some of them would be gaited. Mrs. Neeley hid her gaited ones in the back Forty. But she had some that paced. One lady below Goshen where the road to Wolverine starts had several. She loved them. And got them from Mrs. Neeley at bargain prices.

All of Marjorie's kids were there except David and his family. Barry's second son, Danny was working on a dome back in Michigan and had an attack of heat stroke. It left him without full use of his limbs. He rushed home to be checked in a SLC hospital. He was improved. I called yesterday...Aug 4th and talked with him. He was at Barry's in Menan. He said they determined some nerve endings were damaged but he was much improved. He will have to avoid such temperatures and heat and sun in the future...but he is expected to recover nearly 100 percent. So that's good news.

Susan's son that was on a bike that hurt his leg is in a wheel chair. He has a clamp on his left leg. Each day they have to turn a screw that keeps the leg separated where it was severed by doctors. The two ends are held just far enough apart that they will grow back together. After the length of the bone is grown enough the process will be stopped and both legs will again be the same length. It's pretty painful and a bit discouraging to him.

On Saturday we stopped to see Al on our way through I.F. His street is torn up. It is going to become a 4 lane road. We had to drive to his place from the south. The girls had a good visit with Jolyn who showed them her genealogy on her computer. She told them a lot. She shares some family names with them.

We also stopped at Connie's for a short visit. Then I was anxious to get to Lava before dark. David had wanted to ride a horse and when we got there, Jim's Rocky Mt. was being ridden by Brandon so Ruth rode it a little and Louise and then David rode behind Ruth. When he went to dismount he fell and almost got stepped on. Louise hollered at him to move...he did and it may have saved a broken rib or worse.

We stayed in Lava over night. Left early Sunday morning and arrived in Provo a little over an hour before going to Dawn Andrus mission farewell. David had heard that Jim was going to feed some calves. Jim had 4 milk bottles with large nipples. The calves were in the farthest lambing sheds from the corrals. By the time he and Ruth got there the feeding was over and it was dark. So Jim let them put their hands through the pen and feel the sticky tongues. So they went with Jim to feed the calves that morning before we left. It appeared that David was intrigued with the ranch. He had gone to Ricks but never got out away from town. Seeing Brent and Brandon tromp wool seemed to be quite interesting to him also.

Jim has his bull elk head mounted and hanging on the wall opposite the fireplace. The head is turned to looking at it from

the front gives one a nice clean look of the profile of the head as if from a side view. It's quite impressive.

We arrived in Provo about 11:30 and showered, changed and headed for Sp. Fork to hear Dawn speak. She did well. She also sang with Amber and 5 or 6 other girls. One verse she sang as a solo in French. I found it very impressive. The have a large ward and the mtg held in their stake center was well attended. I sat on the front row with David's father. Ruth and David were also on the front row. His mother didn't attend. She was apparently feeling a bit tired and remained at home. In a little while following the mtg and while other family members were visiting in the cultural hall David's father left the Sunday school class where he and Ruth were attending in the chapel and borrowed a car and drove to Provo to check on his wife. The rest of us went to Doug and Audrey's where she had lots of good food. Keith and Erma were there as well as Ed and Anita and her family. Willis and Jen and Lisa were there with their kids. Ken and Colleen were there also and their kids. Brandon and Brent had driven down the same time we did. Guy gave one of the prayers. We came home after a while to find David's parents here. She was feeling quite a bit better.

While we were gone David's father cleaned up all the old yellow calking around our tub as well as that on the tile above the tub and replaced it with new calking. I was told he always liked to do things like that when he visits. He had also sent a bunch of cassette tapes to Morgan. Soon after Ruth went back to VA they mailed some tapes out to Morgan with the Lone Ranger and other old radio western programs to listen to. Seems Morgan and Willis have enjoyed them. Michael told me he used to copy them as a hobby from a station that played several of them one evening every week. He said he has some of Gene Autry and Lash LaRue.

I spent some time getting photos enlarged that Julie Roper had taken. I had a copy center make a couple of 8 X 10's. On Monday some of the Andrus family went to 7 Peaks. On Tues we held a wedding luncheon and a program in our ward's cultural hall. There were quite a few relatives and friends attended. Then we went to the Springville Museum of Art for picture taking before the reception began. We were still posing for pictures at 6:00 when it was supposed to start. Several people met the line at the sidewalk, some of our neighbors, Nielsen's, Zirbes, Dean Clark and our stake pres. and some others. We finally moved inside.

The picture taking went well. Julie did a great job getting even large groups and the kids in good poses. It was hot inside the building. The line moved slowly at times. There were groups of students, friends that knew both of them in Jerusalem. Other that knew Ruth from Nauvoo and Timpview and UVSC. One or two of David's missionary companions came as did a few of Ruth's.

We used Shaun's Caddy trunk to haul gifts to our place. Also the "lunch lady car" as Tim calls the Pontiac that Kathy drives. So our family room, Kathy's room and our living room were soon filled with many gifts. We hauled lots of cut watermelon, Cantalope. other melon and pineapple home in plastic zip bags. We sent a lot to others fridges, Megan, Jen, Lisa and some neighbors. It now one week from that day and we still have some of everything except watermelon at our house. It was really good fruit. I went to

Reams to see about getting it early on Tues and Lee referred me to a girl that works in the produce dept. She slapped her hands on the melons and picked out good ones. We didn't have any that were not really good. The water melon was seedless variety. Doug told me later that for the difference of a cent a pound he'd be willing to pay 10 cents for it over the seed variety. It really was good and had good flavor and was ripe.

Some like David and Ruth and his parents went to Sterling that night and stayed at Erma's. We met the next morning at the temple around 7:30. I went down with Kathy, Shaun and Lisa in the Prism. Mom tended Brady and Kenzie on the lawn during the time their parents were in the temple. We went to the 8:30 session. Then to the sealing session at 10:30. It was nice. Among Ruth's guests were the Ropers. She had experienced some labor pains the night before so her husband, Matt took time off work to accompany her.

"Lofty" Brooke Lofthouse Williams, came up from TX to be here.

Mandy, Heather Slade, Heather Crozier, were there. They had all been in Y W some years before when Julie Roper was their YW teacher. She was happy to be there and have that many of her girls attend that had been endowed. Absent was the Bernier girl, who recently returned from a mission. Also Rochelle Beck has returned from a mission but did not attend. Julie said it was a big treat for her to be there and see them all in attendance. Heather Crozier had to remain in the entrance of the temple since she found too late that her recommend had expired. Erma and Keith were there. Also a girl that Joseph met in CA and sent to Lava. She attended. Jim was there also. After the sealing more pictures were taken.

Jim went to Salina to get a load of salt for their stock. Joseph went with him. John David was going to but they went to the temple cafeteria to eat. He could not go inside so he came home with some of the family. I drove home with Shaun, Lisa, John David and Willis and Jen rode with Justin and Megan.

The next couple of days found Willis in SLC with a bad noise in his car. Justin towed him home...late one night. (Fri) and he will have a fellow from Orem look it over for him. So far no word as to the trouble. Ruth and David remained in Sterling where they stayed at a bed and breakfast. Their parents came home with Louise. They spent part of the next 2 days running errands. The kids kept many of their gifts in the trunk of the Pontiac and opened them down there. We had some time to get better acquainted with David's parents over the next couple of days. On Fri. Louise drove them to SLC and saw them off at the airport. Poor Joseph, he was to have flown home on Wed morning. Jay Andrus took him. Even though Louise kept warning them the time was getting short, Joseph was helping Jess replace spark plugs and tune up his Toyota and helping Lisa and others...they arrived 7 minutes too late to catch his flight. He waited all day on standby. One plane was delayed for mechanical problems. Finally another plane replaced it. By then some disgruntled passengers had secured a flight on other airlines and at 8:00 pm Joseph called again to say he had secured a seat. Meanwhile he had sat all day in the airport, hungry; he had no money for food. (I didn't know that when he left here.) I would have sent some with him. The airlines did bring a snack mid afternoon. That helped a little bit. He had a friend pick him up

at the airport in Sac. I had a good visit with him.

He was the master of ceremonies at the luncheon and did a good job, as expected. David's parents said a few words. Lisa also said a few things as did I and Joseph. I told of how Ruth gave a talk in Primary and the Primary pres. (Carma Pectol) thought it was so good she asked the bishop if Ruth could give it in Sacramento mtg which she did. Did a good job. When she came down from the stand she asked me if I thought they would want her to give it in stake conference? Lisa mentioned how after so many brothers she was so happy to have a little sister. Ruth really looked nice. She has just been bubbly ever since she returned from VA. Joseph and others noted that she was just giddy.

Ruth called as soon as they arrived back in VA. Then David's mother called the next day to let us know they had headed out on their honeymoon. They were going up through Lancaster County, PA. That of course is the heart of Amish country. Then they were going on to Rochester, NY where David's grandmother lives. Ruth asked that we go to Kathy's room and get an ice cream scoop and a cook book that Natalie had given her at the reunion and have Louise bring them with them when they go out. They'll leave tomorrow, 8th.

I have been busy today getting prints made from the copy center and enough to send to family and give each sibling copies of some. There are lots of pictures of the grandkids. The little girls in their floral dresses and the boys in their matching dark green shirts. Lots of nice pictures were taken at the temple and the museum. Julie proved Ruth with about 4 to 5 rolls of negatives with prints in a nice small binder. I have taken out the prints and had them enlarged...many of them...possibly 1/3. A few of the best and 2 that Ruth wanted made into 8 X 10's I took to a photo lab in Springville. Snelson's is the same lab where we took pictures after Jess had his mission farewell and Grandma Andrus and others came and Brad Slade took pictures in Rasmussen's nice back yard. The two 8 X 10's cost over \$17. I paid about \$58. at the copy center to get several dozen small ones 5 X 7's and I paid just under \$4.00 for two 8 X 10's. there. I have some for us to keep and to give to the kids. I'll send some to Anna, Beth, Al and some other friends, including Brooke, Heather and Mandy.

Louise spent a lot of time yesterday and today returning presents, duplicates and some others and getting tickets to use in the same stores such as national stores, Walmart, etc. so they can pick things they need out there...they'll have credit awaiting them when they shop there or in Nashville. All of those traveling to VA with Louise, Kathy, Lisa, Mandy and Louise's friend from work (boss) Rose will take some of the gifts with them. Some may need to be shipped. If so David's mother has some connection with Fed-Ex so she can have things shipped thru their company at a reduced rate.

We have just about used up the melon and cantalope and there is some pineapple left. A lot of food that Audrey had left over from her luncheon for Dawn she brought here and it (potato salad, and other things, green salad, etc. are now used up. Andrus's stayed a few days...Jay for example and Clint stayed with his wife and 2 small boys for a couple of days. Their van which they were towing a U-Haul trailer with quite on them. Louise let her take her red Prism on to Idaho. Then Clint who was already there came back

with it on Tues. Louise had driven to Orem to rescue her. They drove her van and trailer to a Baptist church on Center St. in Orem and left it in the parking lot until Clint arrived. A garage in Orem put in a new fuel pump and it ran fine. Clint just stayed around a few days. He has no job yet in I.F. and was not in any hurry. He is most like his father, in my opinion...he had lots to say and lots of good advice. He gave us some about our dried up lawn and how we might get a sprinkler system going for it. I doubt his advice will help this year. I have no funds to spend on an automated system. We'll just have to keep moving our Rainbird around. It has always come up green the following year since we lived in Edgemont where our ditch water ran out in mid summer each year. It always came back green the next year.

Ruth looks so happy in her pictures. She is really angelic. Erma told us in the temple that a worker told her that he was at the small veil session when Ruth came through and chills just went up his spine...that lets you know that someone special was present seems to me. Perhaps a couple of grandmothers were there also.

Kathy is happy about going to VA. She expects to see some nice places and attend the Washington D.C. Temple. She's looking forward to attending the seminary teacher's seminar later this month. She had hoped to attend classes with Joseph. But he was invited by Jim to drive to Kentucky to a national gaited horse show and so chose to go there. Well, Kathy can take notes and much of the material given teachers will likely be available through tapes and other media for teachers to look over before the new seminary year starts. It was pointed out to me that all of our children were in the temple on Wed. When Jess was married, Ruth was in Jerusalem and Tim in Korea.

We had quite a few old friends from the 16th Ward attend the reception. Swen Neilsen and his wife, Mary Bushman, Jessie Brandenburg and Lynn and Nellie Asay. Keith and Sherma Sondrup dropped in after almost everyone had gone. We were cleaning up. No more refreshments were available. They had been to another rec. prior to coming to Springville. They both looked good after what I've been hearing of all their health problems. They enjoyed seeing Shaun's Caddy parked out front. They met most of our kids...Justin, Willis, Shaun and the newly weds.

There was a quilt display hanging up at the museum. They say that helps the acoustics...quiets things down. Didn't help to cool the place...it was really hot. At Justin's they opened windows. Now all the windows are permanently closed. The staff said we were one of the better groups to come there, cleaner and not too noisy.

At the temple we were able to have the Calabros see the spiral staircases. One we could see to the top. One goes counter clockwise while the other is clockwise. They didn't use the Tower Room for the sealing because it's required to climb the stairs. David's mother would find it too taxing to climb. Also Heather Slade could not climb that many stairs. But after Ruth and David left Manti to come home they did a sealing session and were given the privilege of going into that room to do some sealings. David's mother had brought some names with her. And the kids did some sealings for some of their family which was a good experience. Audrey handed out some of her family names also to family.

Diary,

Aug. 11, 2001

it's been pretty quiet around here for several days. On Wed. morning Jared Daniel's partner, Cory came and cleaned our front room carpet. I had all the furniture moved into the living room except the love seat. When he finished it looked so clean. He did remove all the dark stains and the darkened spots where shoes mark the floor when seated on the couch. After the crowds of people and kids from the reunion and wedding it really was looking bad. It's almost unbelievable to me that it cleaned up so well. Cory maybe did a special job on it. He was here most of an hour. He only charged me \$15.00 . Wouldn't take more. I hope he doesn't feel he owes me anything because I stay and lock up the church every Wed nite after they finish playing basketball. I really do enjoy watching them play. He is so accurate from the baseline, and Bob is fun to watch with his outside shots. It's fun when Jess and Tim can be there. Tim has had to work quite a bit lately and hasn't been there for several weeks. Jess was there this week.

Tim has dropped in about every day for a little while. I haven't seen Jen here all week. Willis came and went and today took the weedeater to care for the edges of his lawn as well as Barry Sans lawn. He told me Barry had gone back to N.J. for a few weeks.

I got a letter the other day from Marcia Gordon, Aunt Lella's girl. She mentioned she hadn't heard about Ruth's wedding. I know I mailed an invitation to her. I mailed them myself and took them to the post office. She said some of her son, Kade's invitations didn't get to their destinations. So she didn't act surprised. I told her about seeing Leora, that Rex has been dead several years and Aunt Cherstie was gone...LeGrand's wife. So Leora is the only one left in her family and her husband, Munson, Cherstie's brother is the only one left in his family. I told her I visited with Melva in Shelley and that Zara Dene (Cheney) lives in Rigby.

I haven't felt much energy lately. I've slept a lot. I did get to the temple today around 1:30. I've fasted all day except for my morning banana and pills (Vitamin C and Calcium).

I called Rena this morning. She gave me a phone number for Sheila (Mason) don't know her married name. She was up in the basin. She must trailer a horse up there regularly from the way things sound. Rena told me at the reunion that Mrs. Neeley died and willed all her Morgans to her grandson. Her son lives on the ranch and wouldn't let any of the horses leave. So the sheriff had to be brought in to get them off. she doesn't know where the boy has them but she thinks they are for sale for a bargain price. I would like to have Sheila take a look and see if there are any that are gaited...perhaps a pacer or even a gait like Laurie had could be found. Laurie's real gait never appeared until one day I was riding her, however. Captain sometimes paced in the pasture a little. If she finds something gaited it may be that Jim will go up and take a look at them. He told Joseph Oh, Joseph, none of these Rocky Mountains can move like Captain. When we were there a few weeks ago and Louise rode Jim's horse it was evident the smoothness of our Morgans just wasn't in him. He didn't appear to be that fast either. He seemed quiet and easy to get along with but it's hard to beat the attitude of our good Morgans. They have

usually been pretty sensible. Red Jade and Ace of Jades were a both indifferent. One time, Scamper acted a bit contrary with me and I gave her a good quick lesson on staying put... she never again acted that way. And after we sold her to Wendell Stucki's daughter and her husband they loved her.

After returning from the temple Jess and Tim were here. Tim said the airlines called and told him the flight back from VA was being delayed several hours. Then we got a call from the church where the reception is being held and Kathy told me they would be late tomorrow morning but Lisa said in time to still have James ordained a deacon at the usual time...following their church mtgs.

Justin left the other morning for Wash. to help his people up there with setting up their office and to get going. He'll be working for something for himself as well. He got my sister, Ann's phone number from me. He thought he might drop in on his way home next week...perhaps he could sleep over there before driving all the way back to Provo. He's hoping his schedule will work out that way. I know Ann would love to see him.

Tim went to work tonight at the restaurant at six. Jess went to play ward softball. He wants to drive Shaun's Caddy to a drivein and I guess he'll come back and get it later. I hope Shaun doesn't mind. I bought some small albums to put Ruth's photos in. I sent a few pictures to some of the family. I should send a couple to Jolyn. After I learned that Marcia didn't get her invitation, I've wondered if Harold Winterton didn't get theirs. I haven't heard from them and they have been real good to attend things like that and our welcome homes over the years. So I'm curious about that.

I'll end for now. Foremost on my mind for several weeks has been whether I should ask to be released from the stake Sunday school position. I really don't feel I'm contributing much. I think a younger enthusiastic person could do a lot more than I do.

I walked up and told DeLoy and Ranny about the phone call from Mandy. She wanted to let the Primary president know she might be a little late tomorrow. DeLoy had been riding his 4-wheeler up behind our new road. It's a good diversion for him...it seems. He offered to go back up and give me a ride. I declined. I would rather stay in the shade. Rasmussens are gone for 10 days...to CA for a wedding and the baptism of another grandchild. So they asked me to watch that their sprinklers work and pick what tomatoes I want. They really have a lot coming on. Many are over ripe and falling.

Shaun just got back from his ward's campout trip to Starvation Reservoir out past Duchesne. They boated and swam. He said the water is a few feet lower than last year but maybe 20 ft. lower than the year before that. They apparently had a good time. He must have used some sunscreen, he doesn't look too burned.

There was a group using the pavilion behind the church. So I didn't stop to lock up. I'll go back in a little while. It's not as hot as yesterday...but it seems hot. It's been reported hot and humid in the east. I asked Mandy about that. She said it wasn't too bad...they made the most of their time there. So they must have had fun. They called from the church...so by now it's after 8:00 here...after 10:00 there so they should soon be winding down and hauling packages and cleaning up the cultural hall. I hope they all had a good time. I'll close for today.

Diary,

Aug. 13, 2001

The family returned Sunday am. Because of heavy rains their flight was delayed. They arrived and there were more passengers than seats. But a couple of other people volunteered to wait and they did all get on the same flight. This was good since they all had the Pontiac waiting at is SLC. to ride home in. Mandy was to teach a Primary class and Lisa had a gospel doctrine class to teach and James was scheduled to be ordained a deacon at 2:30.

I came home from church to find them here. Kathy had gone with Lisa to her ward. Louise was taking a snooze. I didn't see Mandy, and still haven't. I heard she had an upset stomach and barfed on David's car. They had a good time despite the rain. And when it wasn't raining it was humid and hot. They were taken to a terminal by David's father and rode to Washington DC by mass transit. The big thing the expected to see was the national archives was closed for renovation for 2-3 years. The Washington monument also was closed. But they still seemed to enjoy it. They did go to the temple on Sat am with David and Ruth and enjoyed that. The temple is huge it sounds like. And different than any other they have been in. It was beautiful and the grounds were very nice also.

At David's parent's house they had a nice back yard. Larger than most of the other homes around. There was small stream at the end of a path behind their yard. Louise walked down it. I asked if the stream was clear...she said clear enough that she could see minnows in it. When I mentioned this to David, he laughed. Well you wouldn't want to fill your water jug in it. He said it was partly filled by disposal drainage. I wondered with all the rain if the water was muddy as the streams appeared in Mo. when we were there.

I left right after priesthood mtg and drove home in the Datsun and picked up Louise...she was waiting. We drove past Willis and found them on the sidewalk across from the church. Jess rode with us and Lindsay and Jess came from a missionary homecoming. They arrive a bit late. The bishop waited for them. We finally went into the bishop's office and waited. Willis brought Morgan and Sage. They rode with us in the Datsun. Jay Andrus was with Willis so he too went along. Lisa drove home and brought John back for the event. Their bishop is rather new. Their hometeacher, a young man was there. He was very impressive being interested in the family. We learned he works at the same computer place where John works.

I showed the bishop my temple recommend and after an opening prayer by their hometeacher I ordained James Matthew Briggs a deacon in the Aaronic priesthood.

Later that evening we had a cake that Jen had brought up earlier. She had been to her parents and they came after James had blown out the candles. But over the objections of Megan, we had the candles placed back and relit so that Morgan and Sage could see James blow them out. All had lots of ice cream. Tim had gone to see a Korean family that just arrived. They are non-members. His Korean teacher had referred him to them. They wanted to meet someone that could speak English with them. I think they have a couple of school age kids. They already speak English. The father is a visiting professor at the Y. Tim came back from visiting them.

He took Michael and James with him to meet them. He said the two boys were the center of attention to the family the entire time they were there. Tim was like a kid on Christmas morning when he came back with a sack full of REAL RAMEN the kind he had become used to in Korea. It is spicier than what we get in the stores here and Megan said it was made in Japan. But the package had Chinese printed on it. Anyway, Tim could hardly wait to cook some and have everyone try it.

We talked with Ruth and David and both his parents on the phone a couple of times during the day. Again at night just before they went to bed. Ruth and David are staying in a neighbor's house. The family left for a few days and asked that they house sit it. They hope to be packed and ready to go to Nashville as early as Tues evening, maybe Wed at the latest. David is eager to get to school and get his orientation over and ready to begin school. He will be involved in some research and also be a teaching assistant. He must like school. Ruth sounded happy as ever.

Louise told how David's mother had began cooking for the big occasion weeks before. And she had her freezer as well as many friends and neighbors freezers full of prepared food. I don't know how many lobsters Lisa said they had bought and lots of other things and she cooked for about 1500 they thought, but there were maybe 80 guests came and they said there were tons of food left over and if it was in Nashville, David and Ruth could live on it for a year.

Justin called last night and talked with some of us and Megan. Tonight she has to work so her kids will stay over here. I noticed when she came in the house the first thing she said. WAS, well Grandpa you have a new shirt. I went upstairs and put on a new shirt and a pair of light colored slacks I recently bought at DI. They are sort of cream colored. Later Willis asked why I didn't wear them more often. I said because I'd get them dirty checking the oil in someones car. Megan's kids often asked me why I wear the same shirt of brown slacks. I've taken them up to my room and showed them I have several pairs of brown slacks and also last winter when they asked I showed them two red and black plaid shirts that are in my closet. I seriously doubt that such a question arises from the mind of such small children. I believe they must hear their mom talk about it at home.

I said to Megan, I thought I would hear someone comment on what a clean front room carpet we have. It has really looked nice with all the dark scuffs and stains removed. She answered, I guess it is too dark to see it. Then she turned on the light in the corner of the room. She often complains about our house being dark and turns on the light quite often about as soon as she enters our house. Well it was nice to have the family together.

This morning, John David stopped by to pick up a sleeping bag. He is spending the week with a friend at Bear Lake where they have a condo. Lisa stopped here on her way to drop him off at his friend's house.

Joseph called this morning from the airport. He and Jim had hooked up. He called last night also. He called this morning to let us know they had decided to go out on I-80 rather than travel on US 40 so he wanted to let us know he wouldn't be coming thru

Provo. If he hadn't gone with Jim he would have attended the Seminary workshop. Kathy had hoped to be there with him. So I hope they have a good trip.

Yesterday after things quieted down I called the stake executive secretary and arranged a time to speak with Pres. Smith, our stake president. I went in a few minutes before the interviews began for recommends.

My calling as the second counselor in the stake Sunday school has been very uncomfortable for me. I told him that. I have had it on my mind for quite some time and especially over the past few weeks it has been foremost on my mind. I went to the Temple on Sat. and fasted. I fasted all day Sunday. I told him it wasn't easy to come to see him. I had been raised in the church to accept callings and to come asked to be released wasn't easy. But I have experienced some gradual changes in health over several years but in the past year especially this has accelerated. I felt that a young person with a lot of enthusiasm and energy could greatly benefit, Bro. Dunkley the Stake Sunday school president. The 1st counselor has just moved from our stake and some rebuilding will be necessary. I was very glad when he was so supportive of my position and left having a good feeling. When I was in the Celestial Room in the temple and after I left and for a while after I felt calm and comforted. And even today and ever since leaving Pres. Smith's office, I have felt so relieved, as if a burden had indeed been lifted from me. last evening I called Pres. Dunkley and inquired about Mark Anderson the other counselor. He confirmed that he has moved from our stake. He didn't say where he'd gone. I know he wanted to go out of this area to teach school. The last I talked with him...I suggested it was a good time to go and I had heard that in many places sizeable signing bonuses were being given to attract teachers. He seemed to recognize this was a big incentive and a chance to get ahead. I said you might use a signing bonus to make a down payment on a house. If you and your wife could get into a place where you would be well compensated for the first few years while your baby is small. It's only 4-5 months old, then it would give you a good start. And if you lived in the mission field during the early years of your marriage you could perhaps come back some time later if you wanted to raise your family in this area. He said he was very interested in living in the mission field as well.

So I told Joseph Dunkley that I wanted him to learn that I was released before he heard it elsewhere. I told him I felt like I was a ball and chain to him and hoped he'd get a younger enthusiastic and vigorous counselor. Later I wrote down the names of the 1st counselors in the 4th and 7th Wards, their phone numbers and the ward Sunday School presidents and their phone numbers. I also wrote down the names of the teachers at the Care branch, Urie and John McAfee and their phone numbers and branch Pres. Jim Watkins.

So I've felt so good about this change it seems to have lifted my spirits. I will try to work harder at other things. I think I'll try to attend the temple more often. Willis was going to work as a veil worker. He went to the mtg at the temple. After the mtg. they took him aside and said a new policy would not allow a person to officiate in the temple with a beard. So he told me he too, would plan to go more often and do endowments.

Diary,

Aug. 13, 2001

I called Rena, Beth's daughter Sunday on Louise's free week end minutes. I got the address of Sheila (Mason) who lives in Parker. I don't know her married name. I talked with her quite a long time. She said she would be willing to look at the Neeley Morgans in Teton Basin if Rena locates them. I have a strong feeling that there could easily be a gaited one or two in the bunch. I know a lady named Underwood that lived below Shelley where the sugar factory road dead ends, right to Firth and left to Wolverine that found a pacing Morgan in Neeley's back forty where she attempted to hide it from the general buyers that showed up.

Warren's stallion, King came off that place. He sired several horses that were gaited. His last palomino was gaited. And he sired a colt from Al's brown mare, Lucky and he was gaited. He just had too much get up and go for Al. King was gaited and several other of his offspring were gaited. This makes me feel there is a good possibility that others in that string may be gaited. If Sheila should find one gaited like Captain, I could hardly blame her if she bought it herself. From what she told me however she is pretty well satisfied now with her fox trotters.

She has always seemed a little contrary to me; that is to my ideas. She was telling me how Captain didn't really pace. Well she hasn't seen our homemovies. I don't know how you could see him in our pasture and not recognize it as a pace. I don't know why it is but some horses pace smooth and others you couldn't stand to ride if they paced. Laurie had a rough pace, but she had a rack that was natural and really fast and smooth as silk. and it was natural. But I found out she had it by accident. One day riding up our lane to the mailbox she was just moping along and I was disgusted with her and pulled her head up sharply with the hackamore and kicked her in the ribs intending to just get her attention and she took off on her gait...it was like having overdrive in a car. It was so smooth and later I learned she could be pushed to quite a bit of speed. The year I took her to Parker to be bred to King, I went riding with Jeanette and Sheila out on the west end of Parker and Jeanette was riding a broomtail she had that was a "mustang" according to her but a "cayuse" according to my dad. But she did have a rack or running walk that was fast. But Laurie didn't fall behind her that day in the soft sandy road we were on.

One time Louise and I were up at Island Park and Jeanette had the mare up at Warren's. My dad was sitting there around a fire place pit in the yard over on the Stimsom place where Warren had his horses and this mare was there in the yard. Louise still laughs when she thinks or tells about it. Dad would slap his legs with his hands and laugh out loud. "I've never seen such an ugly horse he's say and laugh. He repeated this about every time he looked at her there in the yard. She was really sway-backed. She wasn't young either. I don't know what success they had with the colts she produced? Never did here. I think that Warren may have bred King to her. But I never heard of anything worthwhile as a result.

Willis had his tranny go out on his Suburban. A guy from a shop in Orem called him and came and towed it. Now he is telling Willis to fix it will cost a tremendous amount. Willis has called

a few other places that have indicated that the cost should be considerably less than that. Today he called Betsey William's son that has a transmission shop in Orem. He put in a new clutch in our blue Prism for a \$100. less than Ollie's garage quoted. He must be pretty good. He is about a week away for an appointment each time I've called him. So he is staying busy. So Willis is supposed to find out what is going on with him. I think when he called he got an answering service. His name is Glen Williams. I certainly hope and pray that he can help Willis out. Sounds like the guy that looked at it took it out of the car and will charge him about \$500. for what labor he's put into it already.

Willis sort of stewed about what to do about the tranny problem over the weekend. Then I called this Glen Williams and went to see him just before he closed his shop on Monday night. I took along a faxed copy of the estimate billing the guy had given him to show to Glen. He went down the list item by item and told me how much his cost would be for the same parts...each had a part number and he said these are the same parts numbers I would use and in every case he quoted costs far below what was on the bid sheet.

He asked what is the \$500. for that the guy wanted to release the car to Willis. I told him I guess costs for taking it out of the van...he just shrugged his shoulders. Some items he said he didn't know what it meant. For example one thing he said this must mean they are going to get a new wiring harness. And he said the whole wiring harness should not be more than so much which was just a portion of what was on the bid sheet.

I called Willis and told him all that Glenn had told me. He was still a bit skeptical. He couldn't figure out how there could be such a huge difference between the two bids for the same repair. The next morning he arranged with Jen's father, Ted Lyon to meet him at this shop and tow his Suburban off. The guy was very cordial about it. He sent Willis to the office to talk with the secretary about getting the bill ready and give him the keys. He talked to us quite a bit. He called the two well dressed, clean and clean cut mechanics over and explained they needed to box up the parts and to put plastic in the back of the Suburban to keep the carpet clean. He told us of a guy once that decided to tow his outfit away. He came and this guy wasn't there at the time and later when he returned he discovered his men had loaded up a Toyota transfer case into the guy's pickup. But the disabled vehicle was a Ford. He also told us how he had many cars in the back lot, we could see them that had been left. The owners never came back to claim them. Some had been there over a year. One time he arranged with the police in Lindon to send one off to the impound lot since it had been there so long and he hadn't been in touch with the owner and the very next day after it was gone, the guy called and said to go ahead and fix it. So he had to pay the impound and towing fees and fix it.

He was a nice guy to talk with. He told us he did charge more for parts than some places and probably less than some places. But he said I have a high overhead here and I run a good place. He told us he teaches in the automotive at UVSC. As a part time instructor there, he gets to know the students and often they come to his shop to apprentice. That gives him the chance to pick and choose the

ones that he hires. He said he is presently looking for about 3 more good men. They were very helpful in loading the things. They ended up putting the drive line and some frame parts in the back of Ted's pickup. They helped push the car out from the building and hooked the nice nylon tow strap onto both vehicles. He shook hands with Willis and said I hope we're parting friends. If you should find anything missing come back and we'll look for it.

Willis thought he could turn on the key and have power brakes and steering. I said, No, you won't be able to do that. So he asked on of the guys there. He said, no, all the power is disconnected. All the key will do is enable you to steer. So I told Ted drive slowly as Willis will have to brake and steer as a tractor in the mud. We left the lot which is on 1600 North between the freeway exchange and the 4 way stop at the Geneva Road. It now has a semaphore installed there, however. I drove ahead in Willis's Honda. I went south on G. Road until I came to 800 North, Orem and went east toward the freeway. I was sure there was a road from the highway up to the industrial park about 10 or 1100 N. But since it would have been a mess to turn around if I was wrong I didn't want to chance taking a short cut. So as it turned out the traffic was light when we reached 800 N. and then we turned left into the park, and again there was light traffic and we drove near to the north end where I stopped and motioned for them to turn right. The shop has a small sign in front. It is on a drive lane between rows of rental garages. I stopped and went in and Glen came out. He showed us where to park the vehicle. After unhooking the tow strap we pushed it by hand into a diagonal space and then unloaded the things in the back of Ted's truck into the back of Glenn's small truck which he pulled up alongside. Ted was in a hurry and left us to talk with Glen.

I think Willis was expecting he would have to wait a couple of weeks. Glen is busy. He stays busy. I've never called him when I could take anything right into him. He's always had 4 - 5 days of work ahead of any thing we've had him do. He has done a great job on our Prisms. He put a clutch into the blue one. It seems just fine....never have had a problem with it.

I think Ted had asked Willis about seeing if for another \$100 he could extend the warranty over the 1 yr. that he offered. The other garage had claimed he'd give a 5 year or 50,000 mile one. I told Willis, this was a good thing for him, because it makes his work seem really good. And yet he knows statistically, most people won't have the same car 5 years down the road. But he didn't really turn out to be a fly-by-night outfit. He just charges more and knows it. He doesn't apologize for it. He does a good job and knows it. He turns work away. His customers are satisfied ones and he has a nice spacious and clean shop.

When we about to leave, I said to Willis, look into Glen's shop and he said. It's a good thing Ted didn't see that. Hey, it is ironic, his shop reminds one of Edith's rented house in Springville and how you had to walk sideways to get through one room to the next because of boxes stacked as high as she could reach and it was just a wonder. But I have had really good success with Glen. His mother has expressed some concerns that he doesn't get his new shop in West Provo finished. He just puts off completing it. I thought

he would have it done by now. He said it was still under construction when I inquired if he used it at all. His mother has moved from being our neighbor for over a year now. She bought Lou Crandall's place. Now the place where she lives in North west Orem seems to suite her just fine. It's a big house, a basement and upstairs, all fully finished except a portion of the basement. It is full of all kinds of hobby items...some were her late husband's.

I will be anxious to go with Willis to pick up the Suburban. I want Willis to ask Glenn about the proper care of the tranny. I would like to know for myself. And I wonder if we should have the red Prism checked...maybe clean the screens and filters, change the fluid if needed, etc. I also hope to compare the list of items that are shown as repaired units. And his cost bid, was \$800.00 which he emphasized included his labor. It's amazing.

Today is Wed. We expect Carla Andrus to come with their youngest son to the MTC. She wanted to spend the night here before leaving to go back to Montana. Her older son, returned from his mission will be with her and their new little girl, about a year old now, I imagine. I've been expecting a phone call all day. Shaun had to go to work about noon today. Kathy attended the BYU seminary teacher's symposium yesterday. I think it ends on Friday and then she has a week of local instruction before classes begin. She feels bad that UVSC starts the same week as Education Week at the Y. Tim finished his finals yesterday and will be moving home today. I guess he and Shaun will be able to work out someway to share the boy's room downstairs. If not perhaps he'll need to use one of the smaller rooms upstairs. I have sort of taken over Ruth's room by setting up my easel in it and taking in some boxes of art supplies along with art books, magazines and pictures.

Louise just called from the office to let me know she is going out to call on some clients. She dropped Lisa's kids off at Seven Peaks for their swimming lessons this morning. I picked them up at 10:15 and took them home. Lisa is involved as a PTA president at one of the schools. Less than an hour after dropping her kids off, I got a call from James wanting to know if I could take him and Shanna to the new jr. high for registration. I thought well, it's lucky for them I was here. I had been out watering and weeding the yard and could easily have gone elsewhere. So they were lucky to get a ride. I stopped at the BYU creamery on the way home for a block of cheese and some milk.

Last night I was sitting on the couch in the front room and I saw a couple of tall gangly looking boys sauntering down the street and I noticed after they passed the fence between Raver's and Loveless their feet were not on the sidewalk. I paid attention then as they walked north. They went right up by the front door step and then must have crouched down. It was hard to see and so I opened our front door and walked out to our sidewalk. I could see the two figures there near their outside water fawcett and I called what are you guys doing? There was no response, I guess they figured they were out of sight. I looked up toward Rannie's and there was someone in their upstairs. I came back inside and asked Louise if she knew Young's phone number. She didn't, I went to look it up. I read it to her. She didn't understand that I wanted her to ring it. I went to the front door and just then it looked like

a flashlight was being used. I could see one figure next to the downstairs window. Then I saw something was placed on the window sill and then they moved back and a small bottle rocket of some kind of fireworks lighted up. It shot a ball of flames up nearly as high as the top of the window. But it blazed briefly, not over 2 or 3 seconds. I again had to read the phone number to Louise. I turned on our porch light and when I opened the front door I saw a slender figure running down the street almost opposite to the culdesac. I didn't see two of them but I figured one was on each side of the street. They seemed to disappear quickly.

Then I saw Mandy sauntering across their lawn next to Ras's driveway. I called her name and she said she was glad, she wondered if she was seeing one of the intruders on the front lawn. She went inside. The fireworks hadn't alarmed her grandma. She was watching TV and the angle was such that she didn't pick it up in her sidevision. It didn't explode like a firecracker so there was no loud noise. Helen may have been upstairs. I don't think Mandy even talked with her. Mandy turned on the front porch light and we saw a blackened spot on the brick of the window sill. We didn't see anything other evidence. A few hours before I had been there home teaching with my partner, Dan Capell. I thought, if kids like that would drop such a thing into an open car window it could really be bad. I had thought when I called up to Youngs, perhaps I could have crossed the road and if they fled back south the direction from which they first appeared DeLoy may have been able to have intercepted them.

I stayed up late and watched an interesting documentary, on the battle of London. It was interesting how Hitler pounded the British, steady bombing, also submarines against their ships and yet a valiant prime minister, Winston Churchill would not give in at all. The French had already been defeated. Holland had been invaded as had Denmark and Norway and Hitler's air forces struck from Belgium and all those places and the British held off. One interesting quote given was that after England sent bombers to hit Berlin, how Hitler called it a dirty sneak attack, cowardly (words to that effect anyway).

In many of the air battles the English suffered great losses but they produced new planes almost as fast as they were shot down. They did lose lots of pilots. But they didn't give up and finally Hitler had had enough when their losses were 2-3 times greater than the English. The English had radar, primitive as it was in those days. They did know when they were coming. They had a very good strategic plan and were able to meet the bombers, often not so well attended. The big air general, Goering became so infatuated with his success over France that he started living it up and his air force was riddled. Then the Germans moved troops and equipment to Russia. Many pilots came to England from Poland and other eastern European countries where the Germans had ran them out and wanted to man English planes to get back at the Germans. In the end it seemed to me as if providence was really on the side of the just in this case. And those of low integrity lost out. Their men became quite discouraged and disillusioned from their defeats and the errors made by their commanders. It was interesting to me that those that are such tyrants don't really have much going for them

if the opposition has a belief in correct principles.

Just got a call from Glen the transmission specialist. He had me write down two items that were not returned with the tranny to his shop...without which he cannot put it back together. So I called Willis's C-phone, trying to locate him so they could be picked up from the other shop. I called Jen and he had taken Morgan off to play miniature golf. So we left a message for him to call home. Willis called, I had him write down the parts and he will drop out there and check on getting them. I called him back and gave him Glen's office number.

I just microwaved some Chinese food. Last night Louise put it in the oven. It's a Sweet and Sour TV dinner with rice. It was quite tasty. So there was a little left and I just warmed it and walked over to Ras's and picked a few nice tomatoes and sliced and ate a nice large one with the Chinese food. It tasted good.

I'm still expecting Carla to call. I don't know what time they needed to be at the MTC. Recently it was announced that only those of the immediate family are invited to the mtg with family and departing missionaries. Too many large groups making it hard to handle have prompted this move, no doubt. I'm glad it hasn't been this restrictive in the past. It would have been hard for guys like Guy, Amber and Buck and the Naus a few years back.

I'm glad this is working. I haven't turned off this computer since the Sunday, Kal Larsen came and looked it over. About a week ago, actually less than a week ago, I was sitting downstairs and I heard this loud crash. sounded like an explosion. I figured there was a thunder strike just above the house...that's how it sounded. Then later other neighbors all indicated they had heard it. They thought it was a lightning strike and looked around to see what it had hit. I had dozed on the couch here in the family room. I awoke with a start. I noticed within just a few seconds where everything had been black the lights were coming back on. I heard this computer come back on and boot up. Shaun's computer also started to recover. His has lots of little lights all around. Then I noticed the digital clocks in the house were an hour fast. It must have been around 12:30. At 1:30 Shaun came home and I asked him. He said how could it have been lightning...there's not a cloud in the sky. I told him to be sure and set his digital alarm clock before going to sleep if he needed to get up and go to work in the morning as all the other clocks were off. So he did and he did get up and went to work the next morning, which must have been Monday.

Update on the tranny. Glen called said he was missing some parts. the low-reverse gear (unit) assembly. Willis called the shop. They said it was in the transfer case. He called Glen to tell him and Glen acted as though he doubted it. I remember seeing a heavy gear or something stuffed down inside the case when we unloaded it. Glenn told Willis, we'll make do. So I think Willis was concerned, since he offered the guy's name and phone number and also indicated he'd go back and talk to the mechanic that took it out and Glenn, said that's alright, we'll make do. I think in the morning I'll call Glenn and see if there is anything we can do.

Aug. 16, I called, only got an answering service. At 2:00 pm no return call yet.

J. J. Knapp

Ricks College,
To Whom it may concern,

Aug 30, 2001

Dear Sirs,

I am a graduate of Ricks College, class of '53. Sometime in the 60's or 70's I remember reading in an alumni publication, I believe that the late Professor Rulon McCarrey began an archives collection in connection with the college library. People were asked to provide articles and documents of historical interest concerning the early history of that area of southern Idaho as well as information regarding the early days of the college.

This book came into my hands several years ago and I recently ran across it while cleaning my garage. Seems to me, it may have some value and interest concerning the Teton Valley and its early settlers to someone. That may be realized if it were available in the college archive collection, where it could serve more people than in private hands on some obscure shelf in a private home or perhaps worse, stashed away in a box buried in a storage closet.

I am therefore hoping that you may place it where it can be preserved and perhaps be of benefit to others, perhaps even some of the descendants of some of these early families that sacrificed so much in the days when that country was raw and new, wild and cold during the long harsh winters.

Thank you,

Sincerely Yours,

Bernie Knapp

Diary Journal

Dear Ruth and David,

Sept. 3, 2001

I haven't been doing a very good job of letter writing. After mom had been home a little while this morning there was a call from Detox. Someone was sick and wanted Shaun to come fill in for them. She went down to tell Shaun and he was snoring so that she felt he needed the sleep. She didn't know that he had gone to watch videos with Mandy's cousin that's in his ward and didn't get home until about 5:00 am. So she went back to Detox until 3:00 this afternoon. Shaun was up a little bit ago talking with Tim. Tim and Kathy went to be with Lindsay last night quite late. They didn't get home until after 1:30. They watched Tim's newest video, Twelve Witnesses of Christ, I believe that's what he told Shaun. This morning Brian Hunt called and Tim went to the stake center and played ball with some of the guys.

Willis called this morning and I went out and filed Shaun's chainsaw and we got it ready so he could take it to Jen's dad's cabin where Willis will help him do some work on the cabin, and maybe cut some wood for winter time use. They will not leave for their mission until October sometime, I think, maybe even after this semester ends.

A while back Willis had his transmission go out on their suburban. He took it to a transmission shop out by the Geneva Road across the street from Cook's greenhouse. It was going to cost him about \$2,700. to get it fixed. The guy had it towed out there and took it out and disassembled it, then gave him an itemized bill. When I learned of it, I told Willis about the shop where we took the blue Prism to get the new clutch put in. The owner of that Shop, Glen Williams is Betsey William's son. So Willis gave me a copy of the bill and I took it out and showed it to Glen. He had already told me over the phone his bid. This was all after the car was at the other shop. He went down the list and told me he would be using the same parts numbers if he did it. When he finished he stated that he could still do it for the price he had quoted over the phone, \$800.00 including labor.

So Willis got Jen's dad to take his pickup out and we towed it less than a mile to the other shop. The shop carefully placed all the disassembled parts in boxes and loaded them for us. The other parts from beneath the car they placed in the back of Ted's truck. Before he got it fixed and put back together he made several trips to the other shop trying to retrieve parts they hadn't sent with us and one part they never did find. They claimed they had sent it in the first trip. But when Glen called Willis, he told Willis, well it is alright we'll make do. He must have gotten the missing part from another source obviously, since he called me that same week on A Thurs nite and said Willis could pick the car up on Fri. I took Willis out the next day. Glen had him drive it a mile or two and check it out to see if it seemed satisfactory. It seemed fine. One thing that made Jen's dad skeptical was how Glen could possibly do it for that much less. He thought Willis might get scammed. The other guy did tell us this. "I know I charge more than some places, I have a lot of overhead expenses with this nice big shop. Some places will charge even more than I do." He offered a 5 yr or 50,000 mile warranty.

I told Willis, most of the jobs he does, it's likely most owners won't still be driving the same vehicle 5 years later...so it is really no big deal. And Glen gave him a 1 yr. warranty which should be ample...at least beyond what just a quick or shoddy job would last. I think they are happy. There was one bad downside. The 1st shop wouldn't release the car to Willis with the parts until he paid them \$550. The list included \$125 labor to disassemble and \$45.00 towing bill. The rest there was no explanation, except his unwillingness to allow it to be moved from his shop. So Willis still had a savings of between \$2700. and - \$550. and \$800. to Glen and that totals \$1350. So naturally he wishes he'd have asked me where he should have taken it before he called. He just started calling from the Yellow pages and that was the only place that answered the phone on a Sat. morning. The guy is closed on Sats. but said he just happened to be in so he answered the phone.

It's pretty amazing the differences repair shops charge. Tim went to St. George with Jess and Lindsay a week ago and they tried to find Naus. No luck. Then last week Buck told Tim he saw Alvin at their house one day last week.

I went with Mom and Jen and Willis and Jess and met Justin and Megan came late to their new office last week on Wednesday and listened to Rich Thawley talk. Justin had arranged to have him speak while he was here getting his daughter enrolled at the Y and he stayed to watch the BYU/Nev football game. Probably from the pressbox. He had an appointment for his daughter to meet with Pres Bateman. How would it be to meet the president of the U and hand him a gift check, possibly enough to cover a scholarship of two? I just read in the church news where Pres. Hinckley stated it was a blessing that men of means contribute to worthwhile projects. Do you get to see the church news out there? Please let me know! I heard mom ask your mom, David last night on the phone if your dad got to see the Y game. I guess he saw both games so far. With such a good score he was no doubt pleased.

Apparently John made a decree, that none of the family could attend church this last Sunday (yesterday). The only explanation was no going would help them to not take for granted the privilege and I thought, in reality it is John that needs prayers more than his family. It's sad. The kids were here for Brady's b-day cake and played here on Sunday afternoon as well. To hear the kids talk about their father, they have very little respect for him. I heard Shanna refer to him as King John. It is sad. Well, possibly it may backfire...that is, the kids may decide to go to church all the more when they do have a chance. I guess, Lisa had to get a substitute teacher the last minute. I sure do pray for her. I think she does well with such insurmountable odds against her. It is good she can hang in there. I think sometimes, no one ever figured the Iron Curtain would fall so easily or even at all. So we can't give up hope.

Kathy has decided to move back home. But so far she hasn't been able to sell her contract. She had about six girls call about it while she was gone and the other girls at the apartment didn't keep the phone numbers so she could call them back. I haven't seen her today. Did you know she will be set apart to be a Temple ordinance worker? That will be nice for her.

Journal

to Ruth & David

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I hope, David that your first birthday as a married man was a Happy One. I'm sure Ruth was happy spending it with you as well.

I'm going to miss seeing Justin and his family. Someone put an earnest money on their place. They are probably going to be moving within a couple of weeks. Kenzie did start school here. Did you know that Brady began riding Kenzie's bike (without training wheels) before his birthday a month or so. Megan is pretty vocal in letting everyone know that he rode a bike at 3.

We usually sit near Mandy at church. Yesterday, Tim brought the young Korean boy with him. He doesn't like to attend church with his parents as much as to hang out with Tim. He will have to attend Timpview. He planned to attend the Y but the results of his English proficiency test was so slow coming that by the time it arrived they told him, it was past the registration deadline. That seems a shame...part of the things one gives up with bigness, compared to when institutions are small. Louise and I commented that had that happened in the 60's when Ariel Ballif was the foreign student advisor, a workable solution would have been found.

We get a few tomatoes from Ras's garden and mom gets a few raspberries for her cereal each morning. They have a nice big patch next to us by the garage. They said you can pick the ones on your side. You can believe they have been happy with the BYU BIG wins.

Jess called Tim this morning from Indiana. He flew back last night with Aaron to Michigan or somewhere. They are on their way home and he called while they were stopped to fuel. They expect to be home tonight sometime. He and Linds have been staying at her parent's home this past week. They take care of things there, including the dog. Her parents are in Switzerland for a couple of weeks vacation.

It was interesting to see how bold Thawley was to speak about his involvement in the church and his devotion to it and good causes, such as his wife and family. He is an interesting speaker and I can see how people like our boys and Louise are motivated by what he has to say. I'm glad he's in a position to know Joseph and give him some support. He told us he has made a decision that for his children, he will put them thru school, he'll put a down pmt. on their 1st home and after that they should expect to be on their own. He thinks people that will truly work separate themselves from 90 % of the population and with hard work, organization and developing good skills will reach the upper 95% or more and will be successful and be able to help others by their own financial success and he thinks that's the way it is intended to be and to handle wealth for the benefit of others. I guess he is pretty charitable...he mentioned how he has such high regard for Pres. Hinckley and his example of work ethic, etc. He also told of Huntsman and his great unselfishness in giving to worthwhile causes. He said he tries to be selective in helping those in need. I guess it is easy to be targeted by people that feel their needs warrant his attention and seek help.

I am going to get a few things done today. I may try to set up a place in the east room to paint. As of right now, Tim sleeps on the floor on the mattress in your room, Ruth. Kathy's room has some of his clothes hanging in the closet there. And some of her clothes are on hangers on the floor waiting until she can move in.

Diary

Sept. 3, 2001

I just finished writing to Ruth. I want to jot down a few additional things.

Tim brought a Korean girl here for dinner on Sunday. She was baptized in a ward that he was working in while there, about six months ago. She came here to the Y. I think she is taking the English program this first semester. She was a very nice person. Kathy was here for lunch. The Briggs children came over in the afternoon and met her.

Today, Tim got an E-mail from his mission president. In it he was told there have been six families baptized recently. Tim said that is more than during all of his mission and even perhaps several years before that (for families). So that was good news for him. Tim said the other day, he doesn't like singles wards, he likes our ward.

Shaun has started on a project that we looked at about a year ago. It is turning a sort of bowl to be placed on a turned pedestal to sit in a living room to hold a potted plant or some other item. It is on a stand about 4 feet high. It belongs to Lew Banks. He had it made years ago for his wife. I don't know how the original bowl was broken. He knows Shaun does lathe work and asked if he could fix it and Shaun just yesterday told me that on Sat. he glued the Walnut boards together for the stock from which he can make the turning. Shaun is presently out on the tramp getting some sun on his body. He burns easily and has to be careful when he lays out in the sun. He has dark glasses and probably has sun screen on too. I think he has been trying to use garlic to get rid of some large moles. He has quite a few of them over his back and shoulders. It is partly cloudy today. It is predicted to be a little cooler this week than last. It has been hot for a long time with very little rain. There was a rainy day in Aug. In SLC it even got up to the hubs of cars and trucks one day...the day Joseph went back to CA.

I'll add more later. This morning Louise went back to work until 3:00. Someone was sick and being a holiday no standby help could be found. She didn't want to awaken Shaun since he'd had such little sleep last night. In about a half hour she should be home, if the person coming on shift at 3:00 isn't late.

Today: 6th

Willis went to the cabin on Mon. Labor Day with his family. He took Shaun's chainsaw. I filed the teeth before he left and we mixed some gas for it. While they were at the cabin they saw a moose and got it on video. The kids are cute on the video as well and the baby is just about ready to begin walking. Sage started kindergarten today. Sierra is speaking sentences beyond what people can believe. The kids all came here and had ice cream and cake for Brady on Tues. He is now 4. He and Morgan have been riding the long skateboard Willis has down our sidewalk. Willis on front and one of the cousins behind him. Sometimes Sage too, of course. They really get some speed up by the time they pass our front lawn after going up as far as Young's driveway. It looks pretty scary. They turn off into Capell's lawn where they slow gradually in the grass.

Justin is getting ready to move, packing and making last minute preparations.

D 1207

Sept 6

Sunday I talked with Ann and Slim for a couple of hours. They enjoyed having Justin there for a visit. He stopped in on his way home from Wash. a couple of weeks ago. He asked me why he hadn't seen pictures of me that Ann showed him. One was taken when I was wearing my R letterman's jacket. He brought a large loose leaf binder home with the words of many old songs in it for me to see. After looking it over, I found words to quite a few old favorite tunes...but most were not that familiar to me. I'll get some copies and send the others back.

Kathy has decided to move home. She hasn't been successful in selling her contract, however. Not that school is in session it will be more difficult. But it is very close to campus, so that's a plus. Joseph called this morning. He's studying to take another test soon. He needs to get insurance on the Honda he bought from Jess, so we can drop coverage here. It's being held on standby by BiJi, the good secretary at our State Farm Ins. agent's office.

This morning our neighbor, Ras caught another young skunk. He caught 3 adults last month. One the officer told him was the largest skunk he has ever seen. Then he caught 3 young ones in a row on successive nights. Then he didn't set the trap until after Labor Day and so he has caught most of the family it would seem. We have been provided all the tomatoes we can use from his garden and Louise picks enough raspberries each morning for her cereal. She picks from the ones that lean over onto our property. They don't seem to mind. He was going to Orem this morning so he hauled an old mattress and box springs to D I for us on his way there.

I just put in a new ink cartridge in the printer. It only printed a part of the last page of something Louise has using last night. It printed double for some reason on the 1st page today, but the 2nd time through it was clear and good. I took some things to the Copy Center yesterday. I bought envelopes there also for .25 which was cheaper than the discount stores. also the envelopes were long enough to handle the old style genealogy sheets. I put the entire journal entry from my mother, handwritten, of her 1st trip to SLC and then a trip to Yellowstone prior to her marriage with some cousins and girl friends. Aunt Finnie went to SLC with them.

I put a packet in an envelope for each of our 9 children. I included a 1 1/2 page statement by Mabel Hale Knapp on her legacy. She tells of her beliefs and gratitude for the Gospel. It is very well written and very comprehensive. A great account of a pioneer woman in the church and her established beliefs. I don't know the year it was written. It was perhaps written after all her children were raised. I hope our children will cherish it.

Last Sunday, Jess went back in the mid-west and helped pilot a plane back here. He returned on Monday evening. Lindsay and Jess have been sitting her parent's home while they are in Switzerland.

Tues. nite, Megan dropped her kids off here. Brady came with some toys that he got for his b.day. She went to SLC to sign over some papers concerning her Astro-jump business. She will still be able to get some royalties from the operation in Utah Co. and even in SLC perhaps while they're away. Her sister-in-law's situation has taken a down turn, the baby born way early seems to be having more complications...maybe even the mother, due to stress. Justin told Louise this morning they may have to make a trip to Alberta.

Hi

Dear Joseph,

Oct. 17, 2001

Hi, I just haven't been sitting here and writing for quite a while. In fact this is the first time since the 9/11 attack. Before that I usually tried to get something down and printed and put in the file cabinet under diary or journal. I usually ended up printing another copy of any letters I wrote and writing journal at the top of it. But since Tim has returned I seldom do that.

I heard Shaun talking to Lisa last night when she stopped in for a little while and he told us a few things that he and you talked about the other night on the phone. I told mom when she came home that Shaun had been talking to you until after I went to bed which was after 1:00 here. I hoped you wouldn't have any trouble getting to your early am seminary the next morning. I asked if she needed to call her phone service and find out how many more minutes she had on her C-phone for the month and she informed me that after midnight, the weekend free minutes didn't count and it would have been on regular rates.

Well it's good for Shaun to talk to someone once in a while. You know when people keep all their thoughts bottled up inside and that's the way it is around here most of the time with Shaun...he just doesn't talk a bunch; it isn't the best for a person's personal development. That is evidenced by the weirdness of hermits and recluse individuals. I even wonder if John Briggs doesn't fall into that category. He goes to work, but he's always on a computer. I don't know just how much he encounters the real world. I'm sure he has some discussions with people at his office. I think he even participates in some group things there. But I wonder if he doesn't spend a lot of time by himself, even when he is at home...seems he gets off by himself in his computer room and who knows what he thinks about. We all know there is evidence that he must spend considerable time thinking up ways to make life hectic for some of the others on the family.

Last night Lisa was here with Shanna. Shanna is going around trying to sell enough magazine subscriptions to meet her dad's demands...that is if she sells enough of them (as he determines) she can start going back to church again. John will have a lot to answer for someday. You know the scripture that warns, fathers don't provoke your children. Is it provoke them to anger? Or does it read to wrath? At least the meaning must be frustration and unhappiness...I can't quote it. I'm sure you've read it.

Lisa said some pretty disturbing and sad things about John last night. Tim, Shaun and I were present. I thought and later, Tim agreed with me...it's probably not good for Lisa to talk like that about John in front of any of the kids. Sure, Shanna is big enough to have it figured out already...but speaking like that in front of her kids won't make it any easier on them. In fact if sometime, John gets them under his control and gets them to tell him what's been said it may come back to Lisa in a bad way. Sometime when I'm alone with her, that seldom happens, I'll try to remember and mention it to her. I don't think it helps anything in her situation.

Well, I didn't want to write this whole thing on that subject. I wanted to tell you a few things. That's why I'm here now. It's

just 10:00 now. I've been awake quite a while. Yesterday I felt I should attend the temple. I've not been many times the past few months. I asked Tim if he wanted to go. He did. Then I asked Shaun and both had been taking a nap. It was about noon. Shaun had just gotten up and was doing some things. He went to the Dr. Lic. at east bay and got a copy of his driving record. Then he sent some things in a fax. Then he went to the office of Federal Express and filled out an ap for a job. It is part time. It is taking over for full-time people that are on vacation time. And will run until after the holiday rush period is over. I saw a driver go past our place while Shaun was gone...he looked pretty young.

I've really been praying for Shaun. I've put his name in the temple a lot lately, hoping he'd find something to do that would allow him to utilize some of his many talents. I do hope he'll be able to land something he can enjoy. It seems to me, What a waste for Shaun to spend his time at such menial tasks? He could do so much more than that. He too is one that spends a lot of time not disclosing what he really thinks about. He listens to Rush (I think way too much) But hopefully this job ap may materialize for him. At least it would be a start.

He told me, Lisa, and Tim about the deal with the fuel costs on the trip to SLC with Patrick. I had heard something before that from mom about it.

I was really impressed with Patrick's father the little time he spent in our house. He surely thinks a lot of you, Joseph. So I sort of feel prompted to tell you something about myself and my experience with tithing.

You know of course about Dennis Crossley's parents and their support of his younger brother on his mission to Germany. They decided when he returned from his mission they would take the money they had sent each month to keep Merlin in the mission field and put it into savings. After he returned that money just didn't show up in their budget. It just wasn't there. They didn't have the same need. It wasn't surplus after all. It was there as a blessing in answer to prayer and need.

I used to often pay my tithing at the end of the month by filling out the slip, writing a check and put it in the envelope and then I'd wait a few weeks until the next pay day...that's when I got checks twice a month from the college. Then when I was certain the check would clear the bank I'd hand it in to the bishop. I did that after we lived in this house.

Then I remembered one day about something that happened to Lynn Asay's oldest daughter. She was working, right after high school and had a job at the bank. A first time full job. She would take the money out of her checks for tithing and put it into a savings account. At the end of the year she would pay her tithing for the year in a lump sum. Sort of like her farmer grandfather did and in the meantime there would be a certain amount added to it from interest. She's also pay tithing on that amount. I personally felt that was not quite right. Seemed to me it was the Lord's money from the beginning. Anyway, I thought about that and decided, that I had better get things together. So I never again held a tithing check for that reason. I figured my tithing and paid it, then. I can tell you I have been blessed so much by doing it this way. I

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had expected to draw out and use most of the money Tim had in his savings to keep him on his mission. There was always sufficient that I seldom used any of his. And later, I was even able to put some back into his savings that I had taken out earlier. I just felt I wanted to help him as much as possible.

Then Justin and mom prevailed on me to let Justin put most of his savings into a wrl account. I thought, well when Tim gets home he'll have enough savings for a nice little nest egg. So the market changed and as far as I know, he'd lose a lot if he took it out now and mom says, leave it until maturity. So it hasn't been touched. Fortunately there was enough still in his savings in the CU that he could start school and do some things. Now he has a job and was able to pay \$500. last month to Ruth on her car. He still has \$1700 to go. But Ruth doesn't have any great need right now so he can pay it off as he can afford to after paying his schooling costs at the next term. He seems to be doing quite well. He doesn't make a lot an hour but gets some good tips some days. He took his s. s. number today with him because his friend's father just sold the business and for some reason the new owner had to see his ss card.

In the morning Jess and Willis will pick mom up and go on to their deal in St. George with Hubert, I guess. or whoever's house they're going to tour.

Today John McAffee called me for a favor. He needed a ride to A.F. to pick up a car he bought. I don't know what year it is. It is a Nissan wagon. It's newer than mine quite a bit I'd guess. He paid around \$600. It already passed E/M and safety. He drove it home. I went over to the store at the temple to buy a clip/on white tie. They were out of them. So they called the Orem store. They had some. When I got there they didn't have any. They said they only had 4 or 5 and they were gone by the time I got there.

I stopped at the auto auction in Orem on my way home. They had a black '95 Prism. It looked average inside. It had Auto trans. It read 88k miles. I started it. It sure started right up. It sounded good. I opened the hood and looked under and I couldn't believe my eyes. That baby looked new. The alternator, the plug wires, the container for brake fluid. No grease or dirt anywhere on it. I went in and asked the gal, is that from an individual or a dealer. She said a dealer. I asked if there was a minimum bid. She said No and I didn't go back. The auction starts at 6:00. I'll call tomorrow and asked what it went for. I don't know how they'd clean up an alternator to look that new. I have to think it was new. I asked her how much she expected it would go for. She said, \$3,000 to \$4,000. It will be interesting to find out how much.

I have been watching cars wherever I drive. Marie ~~has~~ asked me the last time she was here to keep an eye out for one for her. The van takes so much gas she said. Then on Sat or Sunday I asked Kathy to call Colleen. Colleen gave her Marie's C-phone. Marie told Kathy that she wanted a Subaru Outback. She had heard that just before the new models come out the price drops on them and that's what she wants now. So I'll stop looking. I haven't been looking for the right kind for her anyway, it seems.

Now while I was in P.G. I went to see my niece, Cherie's girl, Kandy. We visited a little bit. I told her about seeing M'Jean and the news about Nanette remarrying. Tomorrow nite Kathy and I will

go to Dee's boy's reception in Sandy.

On the way home I stopped in PG to see my old art teacher. She invited me in to see a picture she painted recently. The reason I stopped was because Lisa told me about the picture. She had been invited to a YW's mtg in Lisa's stake. She talked about the picture and I think, Lisa got a small post card sized print of it autographed, ~~by~~ Shanna did. It's a beautiful painting of a pool of water. It could almost be in the pool in the temple film. But in the pool there is a reflection. There is no sky showing in the painting. But in the reflection there is a the Savior in the water. Not really a clear reflection, but no doubt it is Him and then behind him there are some other human forms in white. It is a beautiful and remarkable picture.

most I wasn't prepared for what I was told, ^{did not} however. She started to tell me. I don't know that I really ~~understood~~ her. She kept telling me about the feelings she had and how she felt and was going to throw the whole painting away. Something went wrong and there was just a mess on that part of the canvas. She even scraped ~~some~~ of the paint off. Then her husband came along wanting to know if she had any lunch ready. She left the painting feeling very frustrated. When I used to go there for lessons, she was a member and her kids went to church. I think she did too. I doubt every Sunday. Her mother may have been sort of a cantankerous old gal. But she was very much spiritually moved with what happened with this painting. She said she didn't plan it. She had a feeling there was something going on with it, but she didn't know what. A sort of light came in thru the top of her head and she didn't know what to do. Then she finally had her daughter come look at it. The daughter looked at it and told her what she saw. After that she saw it too. Then she finally after about a week invited her husband to go look at it. He told her there were others behind the main figure in white. She just seemed to convey to me that she had no plans to put such a reflection in it. She doesn't know what to think of it. She says now she is just waiting to see what the outcome ~~is~~ and what the purpose is. She feels there is a reason and a message. She was invited to show it to 3 different Relief Society mtgs. Then a few YW and one of those Lisa and Shanna attended. Someone else apparently talked her into making the small copies and handing out to the YW. She said she still has to go to SLC and have some more prints made. She told me she has been very careful to whom she shows it. And she hasn't publicly told the story. She acted like she was pretty reluctant to tell it to anyone. She did tell me some of her feelings, but I was too confused from what she told me to know just what was going on.

She got started telling me that she knew there were choices and that there were two forces to choose from. She didn't want to risk being influenced by the wrong force. She then confided to me that once she went to a ward party dressed in a witch costume. It was cool. Everyone thought it was cool. People in other wards and even maybe parties that were not held in the church invited her to come in her cute little witch costume. She did. Then someone said Why don't you tell fortunes? It sounded fun. She tried it. It really scared her. She started seeing things. She told a palm read to a little old lady and a very short time later the lady died. She

told another person's palm reading. She saw these vivid scenes in her mind. There were awful things. She didn't dare tell the lady what she saw. She just made up some hocus-pocus. Something happened to that lady within a year. She got rid of the costume. She was scared and never used it again. So I hardly know what to think of all she told me. I did ask before I left if I could sometime bring some of my family to see the painting. She has it setting on an easel in her living room. She was eager for me to do that. I told her it might be a while since my son in CA might not be up for a while. She said that's just fine. I told her I'd call before I came. And I left. She needed to leave soon also for a doctor's appointment. It was quite a visit. I don't know how she got started on all that...but to her it was a real spiritual experience and left her wondering what was going on. She said she just wanted to have the faith to leave it up to the Lord what happens to the painting. She acted like she didn't want to push it...that is to try to make a big famous deal of it and sell lots of prints to make money. She figured there was a reason and she doesn't yet know what or who had a hand in it. It was not a planned ending by her to interject the figure in the reflection in the pool.

Quite something! I'm sort of anxious to talk with Lisa now and hear just what she told the YW. She feels she has a message for them to help them in their lives.

The Rasmussens went to N. Mex. and just returned Sunday nite. They had two funerals today. I picked their raspberries while they were gone as well as tomatoes. I kept their tomatoes covered. It hasn't been cold enough for frost since they returned. I happened to have them pass me today just as I was coming onto State St. in P.G. and they honked. They had her sister with them. One of her brothers-in-law died. Interesting how coincidents like that happen isn't it? All the cars I saw and the timing of it all and then they pulled along side me on one block. The next street they turned off. They are such good neighbors. Their daughter in Santa Fe is not active. She makes a living as an artist designing exotic jewelry and is nationally known. It was her daughter that wrecked on her bike a few years ago and is now somewhat retarded and can't use her right hand normal.

After the reception, Kathy and mom commented on how it seems strange that Judy and David, have always been active and yet they don't have a girl that hasn't had at least one divorce...some several, except Jessica and she's on a mission.

I've been a bit concerned about Shaun. I was glad to hear him talking with you. I wish he'd talk more. He needs to do things so that he doesn't withdraw into a shell. Even if it costs me on the phone bill, it's good to hear him laughing and just talking. He and Tim don't really talk much because he just sort of rails on Kathy and Tim more than any serious talking taking place.

Willis has been getting food orders from the bishop's store house for over a month. I hate to see that. I don't know how to help and I offer them bananas and water melons and other things. I don't know just how to help them. I recently sent several cases of jam, jelly, tuna fish and some other stuff with Erma and Keith when they were up here. Some of it was purchased in '92. We aren't using it up that fast. I hate to have it spoil. In fact we are just

finishing a case of tomato sauce with slightly bulged cans. Mom and I and Shaun all k\now they are bulged. We make sure they get cooked especially well. There are less than a half dozen cans left. I didn't give any such cans away to anyone else. mom and I discussed whether to toss these or not. We decided not to since we'd used over half the case. Last year Ruth bought a lot of stuff at the cannery and it's in our storage downstairs. Some is in pouches and some in # 10 cans.

A couple of weeks ago I heard a sirens. They sounded close. They always do of course. I decided to take some peaches down to John McAfee, our hometeacher. When I turned down 3rd So. there were 2 police cars, a firetruck and ambulance at Bro. Western's. I took some peaches into Sam Snow and his wife. I asked Sam if he had heard the sirens. Neither he nor his wife had heard them. I told him what was going on out on the street. I went over to Western's and there were several neighbors gathered around. In a few minutes Sam came over. He said he had planned to come over that afternoon and tell Rulon not to worry about raking his leaves this fall, that Sam would get some others to help and take care of his leaves. The police told us this: The people that run Meals on Wheels stopped there earlier and no one answered the door. They hadn't on Tues. either. This was Wed. So they called the police. The police came and got thru a back window that wasn't locked and found Rulon on the floor. They found him laying on the floor. They summoned the ambulance. They talked to him and called his daughter. She lives in Springville. She teaches school there. They called his son who lives in St. George. Then took him to the hospital.

Some of the neighbors said to me. Why don't you ride in the ambulance with him? After you find out what's going on, Dean Clark said, Call me and I'll come get you. I said, I'll just drive over in my car. So I did. I did stop and leave some peaches with John McAfee however. I finally got to the hosp. ER. I asked about him and was told I could go in; he was right there. I went in. The curtain wasn't drawn. I talked with him. He had an oxygen mask on and they were giving him fluids interveniously. He was alert and talked to me. After a few minutes 2 male nurses came in and drew the curtains. I asked if they wanted me to leave. They said, it's up to you. Then I asked if he was going to be X-rayed. They said yes that was normal procedure. They didn't think there were any broken bones, but they would send him to X-ray to make sure. They said we just need to clean him up. Then one of them threw the cover back and there the poor man laid with nothing covering him. I felt sort of embarrassed for him, knowing he was a modest person so I left. Later after I knew more about things and thought about it, I realized after having laid for two days he would have needed to go to the bathroom and unable to get up and even use the telephone he was probably kept in the house after they found him for such a long time partly for the same reason, to clean up, before bringing him out of his house.

Well I went back that evening. His daughter was there. She had been in Park City to teacher conventions Tues and Wed. She had called him on Monday night. He was tired and on Sunday chose to stay home rather than have anyone come take him to church. In fact on Sunday he didn't go to his daughter's home to eat as he usually

does. He felt tired and weak and so she brought food to him. She told me the reason he didn't go to church was that he was constipated on Sunday.

I went to see him on Monday with Ray Greenhault. He was alert and still in bed. They told him the doctors were going to diagnose his condition and try to find out what to do. His son, Lee came to town. I saw his car at his house so I called. He said they would put him in a care center. They had not even gotten him up on his feet since he was admitted. He is really weak. His daughter had told me the night he was admitted, the social services told her they would not release him to go home unless there was someone in the house. He would not be allowed to be home alone. She couldn't even take him to her home since she's off to work each day. He commented to Ray and me about the BYU football game; saying it was a strange game. It was one of those nail biters where they came from behind with just seconds left to play.

I want to also tell of the funeral I went to on Monday, 2 weeks ago. Deloy Young was the main speaker. The other speaker was a Seventy. He was sent there by the church. The boy was the son of our new stake pres. He came home from a mission early from Russia and was having a hard time. With life and emotions apparently. He went to a doctor. was perhaps told he just needed to get hold of himself, get some motivation and get on with life. He went home and shot himself. I later learned that his mother found him. He had used a shotgun. Deloy told me it would be a closed casket funeral since the father didn't feel they could make him presentable for viewing. It was really well attended. Chairs were set most of the way back in the cultural hall at the stake center.

The Seventy said it was customary for a GA to speak at funerals of missionaries. It's possible he hadn't been released with a possibility he would finish in the states when he was up to it. And he stated that both parents had been given blessings. And he told of the comfort already felt by the mother particularly and the assurance that he was finishing his mission on the other side. In fact, he stated that his brother who is serving presently in the Philippines, was given a blessing and told that his brother would at times be by his side. So that was comforting, especially to the parents I'm sure.

I've got to go. I'll add more later. It's 9:00 pm Wed. Willis should have gone in today for his job as a veil worker.

I went to the temple this morning and did one session. Some brother, the follower on the session squeezed my hand so tight on the 2nd token that it made some joints pop. I noticed he noticed it. He heard it...looked a little startled...but later on the final hand clasp...I felt his strong grip...more than comfortable and I don't consider myself a wimp. But I figure he didn't get trained as we did. In our time as veil workers to grip and not squeeze as one never knows if a person suffers from arthritis? I think it would improve temple work if the workers could just learn to listen and obey. Such as talking softly as in the locker room and hallways. Our attendance has dropped off. The session was so small yesterday that Shaun, Tim and I each went to the p. circle and there was an equal number of women. Today the session didn't have 20 on either side of the aisle.

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I've had my art teacher on my mind today. I even put her name in on the prayer roll. I hope she's okay. Do you remember seeing some paintings featured in borchure's and art magazines I have of horses and some other animals where the artist hid things in the paintings? One was a bunch of pinto horses and you have to look closely to see all of them as they blend into the colored rock. There was another of the heads of Indians in a landscape with rocks and trees carefully disguised? These were of course all done deliberately and planned by the artist. She has become famous for her type of art. But as in many things, copycats have followed her. Today it isn't so unique an art form with so many others doing it. But at first I would have supposed Carol Harding had planned her painting until I visited her and heard her story. She considers it a miracle. I'll talk with Lisa and let you know what she thinks about it. Lisa didn't know much about it. not my
technique

I found out the '95 Prism didn't sell at the auction. I don't understand why if there was no minimum bid. Jess is going to check it out for me on the internet. If it doesn't sell on the int. this week then it will be auctioned again next Wed. I talked to Doug over at Ollie's garage about how new everything looked on the Prism and he told me there's a spray now they use; then steam the engine and things come out looking real new.

I've looked in the Thrifty Nickel today and there's lots of cars in it. Some sound good. I wish you were closer at times like this so I could talk with you about some of these. I know some of them would be the kind a person could drive as a second car and get by. I am afraid the Honda Willis drives is on it's last way to dying. It just has lots of miles. When I see a car for \$600 or about that I think Jess should consider getting something else. I feel he'll forget to keep the oil up on his Toyota and end up needing another car. I would hope he could find something that would suit him better and make a change before that one dies.

Well, perhaps I'm worrying too much about nothing. We got a wedding announcement today from Dee Snowball. His daughter is getting married around the 1st of Nov. in the SLC temple. His son was married in the Logan Temple. The one whose reception Kathy and I attended last night. I don't know if the bride is from that area.

It sounds to me like for the 1st time your mom has got something going in this business besides calling and setting up things for her boys. It would be nice if she could break thru to where she could get some sort of return for her investment in time EVEN LOTS of time and effort. I saw a '65 VW in the paper and I wondered if the green VW Jim used to drive was a '66? I wondered if this was a 6 volt or converted over to 12 Volts.

I guess as much as I'm rambling so much I should just stop here. Then I think I'll use up the rest of the page.

It's Monday, 22nd. The family came last night, including John for Kimberlie's b. day cake. Lindsay and Jess came with a sackful of presents. Some were from mom. The kids had a good time. While they were here, Justin called. And mom and everyone talked and then Morgan started telling Kenzie some funny things about Sasquatch that Shaun had been telling them. He was so tickled he could hardly talk...laughing so much. So they had a good time. Today they can start putting their furniture into their house... kids love it.

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I went to stake high priest, quorum mtg. yesterday at 7:00 am. 1st time since Deloy has not been our president. The 2nd counselor conducted, Bro. Farnsworth. He grew up in Emmett, Ida. where South's built the 3 dome high school that we toured when we went to see Slim and Ann. Later as the president was giving his talk. He talked after both counselors spoke. He told of his son that is in the Philippines. It was hard on him. He was determined that he was going to come home. It took several phone calls and finally he decided to stay. His mp is an older Idaho farmer, Pres. Smith said and knows the value of work. So his son got going and developed the mind set to stick it out.

Then pres. Smith told us he went deer hunting, the day before, Sat. the 19th. He and a member of the high council climbed to the very top of one of the highest hills east of Provo. From there they could see over into Deer Creek. By the time they climbed back down he was tired, real tired. He came home and was tired and when he saw his wife, who hadn't been real excited about his going, he told her, well we only saw 2 deer, both does. She replied, well I went to put some flowers on the grave (of their son) and looked up and a little ways away from the grave stood a 4 point looking at her. It was a tender moment for him, a few times as he spoke. But he gave a nice talk.

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I saw him on Monday am. I rode over with Ray Greenhough. He was alert. He had a tv above his head. He told us that he had seen the weird game when BYU came from behind to beat New Mexico in Albuquerque. It had been a come from behind with a few BIG plays at the end, a couple were on 4th downs including sitting up the TD. his father shows how alert he was

His funeral is tomorrow. Last night Deloy Young called me and wanted to get some background information on him since he has been asked by the family to talk. I was surprised since he lived next door to him for so many yrs. He said, well he was such a quiet neighbor, I hardly got to know much about him. I told him I'd heard from his son, Lee that he had worked in the temple for 22 yrs. He was glad to hear that, he hadn't known just how many, he figured about 20. I'll help set up tables and chairs in the morning. The funeral will be in our mtg. house at 10:00. So I'll have to get up a little earlier than I did this morning to be there on time.

The blue Prism hasn't been starting very good, Tim told me yesterday. I hadn't known that. So I made an appointment to take it to Doug Thurs and have him check the thing over. It may be that the injectors are dirty. He said he'd check on giving it a tune-up. He

will also put in a new radiator. He says it's probably leaking anti-freeze under pressure as steam rather than seeing it on the ground beneath the car. Also when I went to check the oil before leaving for Sandy the other night, I couldn't get the hood release to release. I drove down and Doug laid on his back, reached up and pulled the cable by hand. He put ~~it~~ back into its track. I guess the cable is shot at that spot. He will put in a new one.

I'm also going to have him put a new heater hose on the Datsun to replace the bad hoses I took out. I just put a wooden plug in each end. It's been 2 yrs now and I expect the plugs could start leaking anytime. I'm surprised they have lasted this long.

I'm going to have Jess check up on the '95 Prism at the auction and see if it is going to ^{be} there again this Wed. I am tempted to look into it.

I climbed on the roof today and drained the cooler. It's been forecast that we'll have cooler weather. So the sunshine today may be the last for a few days. So it could freeze also. I haven't watered our lawn for over a week, since the weatherman said we should not and conserve water for next year. The shrubs behind next to the VW are bright crimson and red. The apricot tree in back is bright orange. It seems strange since Sis. Loveless' tree has leaves just as dark green as mid summer.

Did you know that Ken and Colleen went back to see Brent and then on to see Tonia and ground Zero? You can believe Ken would want to see THAT if he had a chance.

Jay was here Sat and Sunday. He told us he had a call from Roy I think, telling him that Craig Winterton was being married soon. That's good news. For whatever reason, Craig has been my favorite I think of Harold and Laura's kids. I guess it must be his easy going way that has always impressed me. He always seems to respond with a smile when his eyes meet mine.

Last night we went to the Korean's family for supper. Then we came home to Kimberlie's party. They are a very special family. The boy and girl attend Timpview. They are friendly. They say they like school. The boy will attend the Y next semester. The father seems to like doing research there. The mother is real pretty and nice and polite. She must have spent most of the day preparing the food. It was nice. I enjoyed it. I didn't eat the dried sea food, but the rest was good. Kathy met us there. She arrived ahead of us, coming from institute. The boy comes almost every Sunday to our ward where he hangs out with Tim. The parents go to an Asian ward maybe even a Korean ward. I don't know that they have become interested in the doctrine...but people like Tim are not about to get pushy. ~~that's good~~.

Tim just came home with his arms full of pots that he made in his sculpting class. It's probably his favorite class. Shaun is trying to get things organized to have a Sasquatch party for his ward. He'd love to scare everyone as you can imagine.

Kathy, mom (and at the moment Shaun) are watching a film on TV named The Ponder Heart. I don't know where they got the video.

While I was on the roof, I heard a child's voice and looked down in the neighbor's driveway and there was Mckinley in the stroller. She looked up and saw me. She didn't change expression, she just stared at me. She started walking and really enjoys it.

She just takes off and walks all over. She seldom falls. She sure doesn't have far to fall. She pushed 2 kitchen chairs up to the sink, I haven't see her climb up yet.

This morning I went to the funeral. Deloy spoke and Lee Western. Ellet Glen Rice was the best speaker. He said he and Lee had their pictures taken on Western's front lawn when in kindergarten together the first day. They also had their pictures taken together on Facer's front lawn as high school seniors. It was a good funeral service. Focused on his gentle kind spirit and hard work and honesty - Bro. Luke Standish

Journal

Dear David and Ruth,

Oct. 17, 2001

Hi, I just haven't been sitting here and writing for quite a while. In fact this is the first time since the 9/11 attack. Before that I usually tried to get something down and printed and put in the file cabinet under diary or journal. I usually ended up printing another copy of any letters I wrote and writing journal at the top of it. But since Tim has returned I seldom do that.

I wanted to tell you a few things. That's why I'm here now. Yesterday I felt I should attend the temple. I've not been many times the past few months. I asked Tim if he wanted to go. He did. Then I asked Shaun and both had been taking a nap. It was about noon. Shaun had just gotten up and was doing some things. He went to the Dr. Lic. at east bay and got a copy of his driving record. Then he sent some things on a fax and went to the office of Federal Express and filled out an ap for a part time job. It is taking over for full-time people that are on vacation time. And will run until after the holiday rush period is over. I saw a driver go past our place while Shaun was gone...he looked pretty young.

I've really been praying for Shaun. I've put his name in the temple a lot lately, hoping he'd find something to do that would allow him to utilize some of his many talents. I do hope he'll be able to land something he can enjoy. It seems to me: What a waste for Shaun to spend his time at such menial tasks? He could do so much more than that. He too is one that spends a lot of time not disclosing what he really thinks about. He listens to Rush (I think way too much) but hopefully this job ap may materialize for him. At least it would be a start.

In the morning Jess and Willis will pick mom up and go on to their deal in St. George with Hubert, I guess. or whoever's house they're going to tour.

I have been watching cars wherever I drive. Marie asked me the last time she was here to keep an eye out for one for her. The van takes so much gas she said. Then on Sat or Sunday I asked Kathy to call Colleen. Colleen gave her Marie's C-phone. Marie told Kathy that she wanted a Subaru Outback. She had heard that just before the new models come out the price drops on them and that's what she wants now. So I'll stop looking. I haven't been looking for the right kind for her anyway, it seems.

While I was in P.G. I went to see my niece, Cherie's girl, Kandy. When you went with us to her place she lived in Lehi. But they had 2 houses, they wanted to sell one. The Lehi house sold so they moved back to the canyon road north east of P.G. We visited a little bit. I told her about seeing M'Jean at Rosalie's reception in SLC the Sat night before. We saw Barry, Randy, and Myrna. Rebecca was the only one from David and Judy's family we saw. She told us the news of Nanette remarrying and going to have a baby soon. She said this guy is a really neat guy. Becky really likes him. Sort of in her words: her first husband seemed like a jerk. Tomorrow nite Kathy and I will go to Dee's boy's reception in Sandy.

That was last Thurs. nite. We did go. Mom was in St. George. It was nice to see Dee and his wife, Sherol. We met one daughter. One daughter and his oldest son, Ian left before we got to meet

them. Dee said they'll be back in 2 weeks when our daughter, (the one we missed seeing is getting married. Two days later we did get the invitation in the mail. Dee's youngest boy is a senior in H S and is tall and light complected. Another son is in Kuwait, but due home in a few weeks. His oldest son must be 6' 4,5, or 6". His father may not have been over 5'.

On the way home, from Kandy's I stopped in PG to see my old art teacher, Carol Harding. She invited me in to see a picture she painted recently. The reason I stopped was because Lisa told me about the picture. She had been invited to a YW/YM mtg in Lisa's stake. She talked about the picture and Shanna and James got a small post card sized print of it, autographed. It's a beautiful painting of a pool of water. It could almost be in the pool in the temple film. But in the pool there is a reflection. There is no sky showing in the painting. But in the reflection the Savior appears vaguely in the water. Not really a clear reflection, but no doubt it is Him and then behind Him there are some other human forms in white. It is a beautiful and remarkable picture.

I wasn't prepared for what I was told, however. She started to tell me. I don't know that I really understood her. She kept telling me about the feelings she had and how she felt and was going to throw the whole painting away. Something went wrong and there was just a mess on that part of the canvas. She even scraped most of the paint off. Then her husband came along wanting to know if she had any lunch ready. She left the painting feeling very frustrated. When I used to go there for lessons, she was a member and her kids went to church. I think she did too. I doubt every Sunday. Her mother may have been sort of a cantankerous old gal. But she was very much spiritually moved with what happened with this painting. She said she didn't plan it. She had a feeling there was something going on with it, but she didn't know what. A sort of light came in thru the top of her head and she didn't know what to do. Then she finally had her daughter come look at it. The daughter looked at it and told her what she saw. After that she saw it too. Then she finally after about a week invited her husband to go look at it. He told her there were others behind the main figure in white. She just seemed to convey to me that she had no plans to put such a reflection in it. She doesn't know what to think of it. She says now she is just waiting to see what the outcome is and what the purpose is. She feels there is a reason and a message. She was invited to show it to 3 different Relief Society mtgs. Then a few YW and one of those Lisa and Shanna attended. Someone else apparently talked her into making the small copies and handing out to the YW. She said she still has to go to SLC and have some more prints made. She told me she has been very careful to whom she shows it. And she hasn't publicly told the story. She acted like she was pretty reluctant to tell it to anyone. She did tell me some of her feelings, but I was too confused from what she told me to know just what was going on.

She got started telling me that she knew there were choices and that there were two forces to choose from. She didn't want to risk being influenced by the wrong force. She then confided to me that once she went to a ward party dressed in a witch costume. It was cool. Everyone thought it was cool. People in other wards and

even maybe parties that were not held in the church invited her to come in her cute little witch costume. She did. Then someone said Why don't you tell fortunes? It sounded fun. She tried it. It really scared her. She started seeing things. She gave a palm read to a little old lady and a very short time later the lady died. She told another person's palm reading. She saw these vivid scenes in her mind. There were awful things. She didn't dare tell the lady what she saw. She just made up some hocus-pocus. Something happened to that lady within a year. She got rid of the costume. She was scared and never used it again. So I hardly know what to think of all she told me. I did ask before I left if I could sometime bring some of my family to see the painting. She has it setting on an easel in her living room. She was eager for me to do that. I told her it might be a while since my son in CA might not be up for a while. She said that's just fine. I told her I'd call before I came. And I left. She needed to leave soon also for a doctor's appointment. It was quite a visit. I don't know how she got started on all that...but to her it was a real spiritual experience and left her wondering what was going on. She said she just wanted to have the faith to leave it up to the Lord what happens to the painting. She acted like she didn't want to push it...that is to try to make a big famous deal of it and sell lots of prints to make money. She figured there was a reason and she doesn't yet know what or who had a hand in it. It was not a planned ending by her to interject the figure in the reflection in the pool.

Quite something! I want Shanna to show her picture to us.

After the reception in SLC, Kathy and mom commented on how it seems strange that Judy and David, have always been active and yet they don't have a girl that hasn't had at least one divorce...some several, except Jessica and she's on a mission.

Willis has been getting food orders from the bishop's store house for over a month. I hate to see that. I don't know how to help and I offer them bananas and water melons and other things.

I recently sent several cases of jam, jelly, tuna fish and some other stuff with Erma and Keith when they were up here. Some of it was purchased in '92. We aren't using it up that fast. I hate to have it spoil. In fact we are just finishing a case of tomato sauce with slightly bulged cans. Mom and I and Shaun all know they are bulged. We make sure they get cooked especially well. There are less than a half dozen cans left. I didn't give any such cans away to anyone else. mom and I discussed whether to toss these or not. We decided not to since we'd used over half the case. Last year you bought a lot of stuff at the cannery and it's in our storage downstairs. Some is in pouches and some in # 10 cans.

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Willis should have gone in today for his job as a veil worker. I went to the temple this morning and did one session. There were about 20 brethren and an equal number of women. In the session with Tim and Shaun all 7 pairs were invited to the prayer circle. The numbers attending has dropped off so much that they have cut back Mondays to just the early session and they close the temple at 10:00 a.m.

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I climbed on the roof today and drained the cooler. It's been forecast that we'll have cooler weather. So the sunshine today may be the last for a few days. So it could freeze also. I haven't watered our lawn for over a week, since the weatherman said we should not and conserve water for next year. The shrubs behind next to the VW are bright crimson and red. The apricot tree in back is bright orange. It seems strange since Sis. Loveless' tree has leaves just as dark green as mid summer.

Did you know that Ken and Colleen went back to see Brent and then on to see Tonia and ground Zero. You can believe Ken would want to see THAT if he had a chance.

Jay was here Sat and Sunday. He told us he had a call from Roy I think, telling him that Craig Winterton was being married soon. That's good news. For whatever reason, Craig has been my favorite I think of Harold and Laura's kids. I guess it must be his easy going way that has always impressed me. He always seems to respond with a smile when his eyes meet mine.

Last night we went to the Korean's family for supper. Then we came home to Kimberlie's party. They are a very special family. The boy and girl attend Timpview. They are friendly. They say they like school. The boy will attend the Y next semester. The father seems to like doing research there. The mother is real pretty and nice and polite. She must have spent most of the day preparing the food. It was nice. I enjoyed it. I didn't eat the dried sea food, but the rest was good. Kathy met us there. She arrived ahead of us coming from institute. The boy comes almost every Sunday to our ward where he hangs out with Tim. The parents go to an Asian ward

maybe even a Korean ward. I don't know that they have become interested in the doctrine...but people like Tim are not about to get pushy.

Tim just came home with his arms full of pots that he made in his sculpting class. It's probably his favorite class. Shaun is trying to get things organized to have a Sasquatch party for his ward. He'd love to scare everyone as you can imagine.

Kathy, mom (and at the moment Shaun) are watching a film on TV named The Ponder Heart. I don't know where they got the video.

While I was on the roof, I heard a child's voice and looked down in the neighbor's driveway and there was Mckinley in the stroller. She looked up and saw me. She didn't change expression, she just stared at me.

She started walking recently and really enjoys it. She loves to walk around our house. She even pushed 2 kitchen chairs up to the sink. I haven't seen her climb up onto a chair yet. She jabbers all the time. She jabbers in sentences. That's funny! It's as if she knew what she was jabbering about all the time.

Well, David, you'll see what kinds of letters I used to sometimes send our missionaries. some of the kids called them epistles, I suppose because of the length rather than content.

Got your letter today. I'll get the thank yous to Heather Cr.

I talked with Jolyn yesterday. She said to tell you thanks. She said she'd never had such a great thank you. It even had your testimony in it. She sounded happy.

I also talked with my sister Ann. She just came home from the hospital on Sunday afternoon. I had called on Sat. Deloy answered and told me to call Sunday. He expected her home Sunday. She said she felt good. She had a very nice doctor. He told her it had been very successful. She felt good about him. I didn't talk long. I didn't want her to get tired. When I called her home teacher was just leaving. He and his wife had brought some food in. She said the visiting teachers were bringing some on Monday (today) and another ward member would bring in a meal on Tues. She had to have something done to her bladder; it had fallen and perhaps a hemorrhoid operation as well.

They enjoyed having Justin and Megan stop in with their kids. She told me, I guess Willis is the only one we haven't really met now. Justin called last night while we were having cake for Kimberlee. Morgan was talking to Kenzie and laughed and laughed while trying to tell Kenz about all the stuff Shaun had been telling the grandbabies here about Sasquatch. Then he told her somethings and said. Just kidding. He stopped his new cowboy boots on the floor and told her it was Sasquatch walking on ice. Justin was supposed to have been able to move into the house today. They have had their furniture in the garage. Part of it on the trailer while the carpets in the house were cleaned and given time to dry.

He said the kids are so tickled to have such a roomy house to run and play in. I think there is a jacuzzi in the garage. They have found some good friends in their ward and Kenz at school. Brady was sad for quite a while until they finally were able to unload his bike. It was stuck somewhere down in the load.

It was good to hear from them. And it was good to hear from you and hope things are going well.

Journal

IF I COULD TURN MYSELF AROUND AND RETRACE MY FOOT STEPS BACK THRU THE SANDS OF MY EXPERIENCE, I WOULD RUN, NOT WALK, TO THE SHELTER OF THIS OLD HOUSE. FOR IT WAS UNDER ITS ROOF AND IN THE SECURITY OF ITS FOUR WALLS THAT MY BOYHOOD DAYS WERE SPENT. IT WAS HERE I WAS TAUGHT THAT THERE IS A GREAT CREATOR AND REDEEMER, WHO ALL OF MANKIND WILL HAVE TO ANSWER TO, AND EXPLAIN WHY. IT WAS HERE THAT I LEARNED LITTLE UNIMPORTANT SKILLS THAT ARE STILL FRESH IN MY MEMORY. IT WAS HERE THAT I WAS TAUGHT NOT TO BE ENVIOUS OF OTHERS, BUT TO THANK GOD FOR WHAT I DID HAVE. IT WAS HERE THAT HUNGER AND THIRST WERE QUENCHED. IT WAS HERE THAT AFTER A HARD DAY OF PLAY, I COULD GO TO BED AND SLEEP THE WHOLE NIGHT THROUGH. THESE ARE BUT A FEW OF THE FINE MEMORIES THAT ARE ASSOCIATED WITH THIS BEAUTIFUL HOUSE. AND AS THE BLUEPRINT OF MY LIFE'S FAILURES AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS WILL SOON BE UNVEILED FOR MY CREATOR TO INSPECT, I WISH TO PAY TRIBUTE TO THIS BEAUTIFUL CASTLE. ITS MEMORY WILL BE LOCKED IN THE STRONG VAULT IN MY STOREROOM OF

TREASURES. AND NOW OLD FRIEND, WITH PRIDE AND HUMILITY, I WILL SAY AMEN TO A JOB WELL DONE.

Dear Ann and Slim,

Dec. 14, 2001

I just ran across this on the computer. I don't know if you've seen it before or not? Al wrote it after a visit to Goshen where he drove past the place where we lived. It's the first place I can remember living there. Warren lived across the street from us and Maureen was learning to talk. Just up the street and across the canal was Heaton's. The other direction toward Forbes' place one passed a corner. If one turned right and up the hill there was a canal and that's where Mary Jane and Steve Nielsen lived. Dad used to go there in threshing time. They went fishing in Island Park with dad sometimes. I remember Mary Jane and Al got to go one year and maybe you went also, did you? On the corner there was the big brick home with lots of pine trees and Carma Christensen lived there. I remember going there and she was in a wheel chair. I was surprised that she could stick a pin in her leg and it didn't hurt.

I remember one time I was on the wagon and everyone else got off. I was standing by the rack at the front. Old Cap and Jyp were hooked up to the wagon. I started making clucking sounds and they started up, went out thru the gate and about the time they got to the little bridge someone ran out and stopped them. I'm sure I was told it was the wrong thing to do. Warren once took me for a ride probably on his gray, Laddie. I sat in front of him and we rode across the canal bridge toward Heaton's.

The last time I was there that building had been moved back from the road. There were fences put up for small pasture in the front where the house used to be. It doesn't resemble a house. I think Al took a picture of it a few years ago. Anyway, that's what I remember about the house. Warren told me we lived there when Arch was courting Claudia. Warren walked thru the back as a shortcut to the church when he went to MIA. So we might have lived there at the time each of them got married. That's how I remember it. But others might remember it a lot different since I was so small.

I thought this might bring back some memories for you and Slim

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The above was written by J. Al Knapp, in the 80's or early 90's. about a house we lived in while in Goshen, Idaho.

I am going to mention some things about the house that I have recollection of. I must have been 4 years old. I remember Warren lived across the street. I think Ralph Ladd lived near also. Warren would come over with Maureen. She was just learning to talk and he would try to get her to say, Uncle Bernie.

I remember one time I was left standing on an iron-tired wagon, with a hay rack at the side of our house. Ole Cap and Gyp were hooked up. The team was facing the road. I started clucking at them and they started up. Some one ran out of the house. I remember there was some excitement. I was told I mustn't do that again.

One of the very first things I remember in my life happened in that house. It had two rooms. The main one had an old Majestic stove with a reservoir. There was a table. We lived there, I don't know where we all sat or slept. But one time we were in that room and my father told me to pick something up. I said, No! He told Al to bring him a piece of wood from the woodbox. I remember before Al got the wood I jumped up and did what I was bid to do.

When we moved from there we went to live in a house owned by Bill Forbes. It was a mile from the townsite. It was near Bishop Christensen's farm. Father worked for him a lot. Between this house and the bishop's there was an old railroad box car where a family of Mexicans lived. I often played with a boy about my age. Also the bishop had a girl, Joanne my age also. Then for a short time Warren and Carol lived in a little tenant house on the farm next to a stream that was lined with trees just across from the boxcar. On the opposite side of the road lived Hazen Olsen and his family. I remember they would go by with their wagons hauling beets to the dump. When empty the horses seemed to be flying (on a high trot). Loaded of course they went much slower. Beet racks were mounted on rubber tired wagons. They used to call Hoover wagons. Don't know why the connection with U.S. Pres. Herbert Hoover?

others.

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2002

Diary March 20, 2002

9:00 am talked with Al

Time Table

Al graduated from I.F. high school 1940

worked at the mill in Island Park - winter quarter - or somewhat went
(1940-41) to Idaho State in Pocatello. Got sick - had a hard time - went into the
infirmary, ^(2-weeks - Barry was born at that time) was operated on for a hernia. Worked at the I.F.
Temple on weekends. Workman's comp. help defray costs.

Winter and Spring quarters of the next year (1942) attended Ricks
1942 Charley South went to Osden - got involved with someone in a
partnership there.

Barney & Marj - came down. Al remembers they put something
on the back of the '37 Ford truck (homemade like a camper.)

Then Barry got sick - Scarlet fever. They stayed briefly in Osden.
then went to Susanville, CA. Barney worked as carpenter on defense.

Summer '42 Al left Charley and went to Robertson, hauled props for Ren South

Dad, I, and Glen Harding went to Robertson in '42 11th July -
I came home in early mid Aug.

About 1 week before returning Barney came to mill creek. We
slept in a tent. He set up the mill. They sawed out enough
lumber to build a cook shack. Once it was finished - the cook,
Shorlly began to cut ties. His wife came up and one end
of the building was partitioned off - became their bedroom.
the other end the mess hall.

I rode back to I.F. with Barney. Marj. was at Robertson
with Ruth & her family. We stopped in Randolph. I spent
the day night with Thelma. She had Shirley & Dan.

Next day returned to I.F. where David & Barry were
staying with their Grandma Knapp. I started 7th grade.
The winter of '42-43 Al & Glen Harding stayed up in the woods
above Robertson, cut and packed mining props

In the fall of 43 Al returned to I.F. He and Glen joined
the service. Al into Air Corps. Glen into marines. (because Glen
had a brother that went into the marines - or planned to. but they
didn't get in the same branch after all. (over)

in the fall of 43

2004

Dear Family,

July 1, 2004

The other day I received a small book prepared by my cousin Verna Larsen Humphries about my great grandfather, Albert Knapp who was in the Mormon Battalion. She has a twin brother, Vaughn who lives in Idaho Falls. My brother, Al occasionally sees him in the temple working some days of the week. Their mother, Elsie was just younger than my father. She married Charles Larsen. Their youngest were these twins. When they came she was at home and delivered them by herself. I heard her tell this story. Someone was in the house and she handed them to whomever it was.

Verna has been doing a lot of work trying to find out more information about Albert Knapp. Through her efforts and those of some of her children and nieces the grave was located as their account tells. They wrote to families asking for financial assistance for this project of putting a marker on his grave. I forwarded this information on to others. Some responded and she has mailed out the books to those that did.

Knowing that not all have been engaged in the project it is my intent now to send to each of my children one of the books that I had copied at a local copy center just this week after my copy arrived this week also. I did not place a cover on it. The first page is a copy of the cover from the book that I received.

There was a lot of controversy over the years about Albert and what happened to him. I found two errors in the book as I read thru it. One: In the paragraph just below the picture of Brigham Young it mentions a cousin, Melinda Smith. I used white out and corrected the error by putting in the name, South, David South's daughter. She spent her mission in California and Arizona and served around San Diego when the Mormon Battalion Monument was erected there. She spent some time at that visitor's center. She has had a lot of interest in the Mormon Battalion and sent some material to Verna concerning it. At one time Verna attended a meeting at my sister Claudia Hess's home in Shelley, Idaho where Marjorie, Judy South, David's wife, Elinor and Sharleen, two of Claudia's daughters also attended and genealogical information was exchanged. I was present also.

After I read where he returned from Cal. and was married in Jan. of 1849, just ahead of the Gold Rush, I would think, the account says they moved to Farmington, Ut. with his wife, Rozina Shepard's parents. I've noticed along side the freeway on a frontage road as you approach Lagoon, a sign Shepard Lane. I'm sure it is tied in with their pioneer heritage in that area. Now it states they had six children and lived there about 20 years. However, on the headstone shown on the last page his death date of 1864 shows he didn't live there that long. I never knew or realized he died at such a young age. I had supposed after he was in CA that he spent many years prospecting before he finally hit pay dirt. It was during his absence that his wife remarried. He did send some money to her and the family. That was referred to in a letter to his daughter, Malinda where he inferred she had a good time with the money related to an incident where she was out with another man. Before reading this account I didn't realize he died so soon after selling his rich claim. He did suffer from an injury

and it may have been (probably was) inflicted after he returned to CA. No doubt poor mail service played a big factor in their conflict of misunderstanding. She may have supposed he was dead and when he learned she had remarried felt betrayed. He was hurt thinking others in the area of the family would have assisted in seeing to their needs. This must not have been the case and as a consequence she looked to another as a provider.

I've never heard anything from my family concerning my grandfather, Justin Abraham about his thoughts or feelings of his father. He served a mission in later years of his life. As a young man being crippled (likely from polio) he couldn't run and play as other boys. He became a stone mason. He served a 2 year mission as a stone cutter on the Logan Temple. While there he met his wife, Anna Eliza Lemmon and they were married and moved to Richmond where they started a family. They had 3 girls and then a boy, my father, Justin Willis Knapp. He bore the name of his father and his mother's father, Willis Lemon. While courting some called him a lemon squeezer in a mild joking manner. One of his sisters married a Flamm who lived in Rexburg. He also had an uncle, George Hibbard who moved onto a homestead west of Rexburg. He was the first bishop of that ward which was called the Island Ward. Later the name of the ward was changed to the Hibbard Ward. When a new meeting house was dedicated in the early 1950's, I was privileged to attend. My father's sisters were present and many others that had originally lived in that area. The speaker was LeGrande Richards. He was the Presiding Bishop of the church for many years and subsequently became a member of the Quorum of Twelve and lived well into his 90's. In the last part of his life he even had a partial amputation of one leg. He was a great missionary and a great speaker. My father worked with him during the construction of the Idaho Falls Temple and referred to him as his fellow townsman since both were born in Richmond.

Now, my sister Marjorie once told me she had seen our father with tears in his eyes pondering the genealogical lines of his father's family. He felt that the male line was broken because of Albert's separation from his wife. She was sealed to another man in one of the 2 marriages after they were separated. This was of great concern to our father. However, today since the church a few years ago allowed ordinance work to be done in such a way that women could be sealed to more than one man after the woman was deceased seems like a promising idea for such cases...as it postpones such a lasting determination to be made on earth at this time and the end result no doubt will be made with a better overall look of things as they really were, are and will be. I'm glad for that and it should clear up a lot of conjecture that we as mortals worry about in this sphere. I just know and believe that like the judgement, such things will be treated in a fair manner.

I'm certainly glad that the monument is now in place and the unknown grave was found, identified and dignity returned to such a deserving father and grandfather.

Recently I watched a documentary on the Mormon Battalion produced by the KUED educational channel in Salt Lake City. I had never realized the many hardships they went through. I had only heard of the battle of the wild bulls as a child.

I've taught with a man at the college over the years, Lynn Asay whose wife is from pioneer stock from Kanab, Utah. Her father was Carlos Judd. She told me they had a Knapp in their ancestry. He marched in the Mormon Battalion. His name was Zadock Knapp Judd. It turns out that this man's middle name was given him from the maiden name of his mother, Mary Knapp who was born somewhere in New York. He also had a brother in the Battalion named Hyrum Judd. As far as I know she is not identified into the family of Silas Knapp who joined the church in New York and took his family to Nauvoo where Albert grew up. By the way Albert knew his future bride in Nauvoo and was very anxious to return from CA to SLC in order to marry. His delay of a year returning was due to the lack of resources. He remained in CA as the account tells working to accumulate the necessary funds to travel to SLC. Remember the money those in the Mormon Battalion were paid by the government was turned over to Brigham Young to help in transporting the saints west and caring for the families left behind at Winter Quarters, etc.

Lynn and Nellie's 2nd girl, Phylis was in my first driver education class when I started teaching at the college in 1962. A few years ago her oldest daughter, Mary married Doug Knapp, son of Al's boy Doug. They have had 2 girls and maybe a boy. All are red headed like their mother, Mary. At the reception their youngest girl came up to me and said. Well we finally got you into our family.

We need to cultivate respect for our ancestors. We may meet them someday. We hope to. And in a recent play that Lisa and her two youngest children were in called, Homesick for Heaven, in the final scene which took place in the celestial room a young lady came running in so excited and happy that she had finally been released from spirit prison because someone had done the necessary work in the temple to set her free.

In a book that Shirley Ann sent to Kathy written by Mabel Knapp in her handwriting there is an account telling of two of her ancestors that were in the Mormon Battalion also. One was James Hendricks and the other she listed as grandpa John Henry Tippetts.

So it is real. We should make an effort to assist in this work and keep working on the rising generation that they may grow up with respect for their parents and forbearers also. As a family we have really been blessed through the great efforts of Mabel F. Hale Knapp and others in her generation for the great accomplishments they made in collecting and putting records together. Have you ever wondered how she would have appreciated the technology we enjoy today in record collecting and keeping?

Bernard Knapp

2005

Keep For Journal

Dear Hermana Andrus (Melonie)

Feb. 15, '05

Hi! Hope you had a nice Valentine's Day. Now I don't know just what that would be like in the MTC? A busy day as usual I presume and you may have received a package...sort of a haphazardly wrapped one at that.

I've decided to write you this snowy day. After a while when I am quite certain the snow has stopped coming down, I'll venture out and shovel our walks. I've learned since living in Provo the past years at this house...that all you have to do is wait a while and the snow melts or if you clear the walks once it stops falling then soon the sidewalk is bare and even dry. So I'll wait.

On Friday morning we went to the SL Temple. Lisa drove up in her car and Tim, Shaun and I rode with her. We went to the church museum and saw some of the exhibit about Joseph Smith. It's been up several months and will stay up thru April. They have lots of old artifacts and pioneer tools, etc. There are also some interesting paintings by early artists of Utah when it was a territory.

When we went to the temple Jim was there. It's always good to see him. The ceremony was nice. Quite a few of Melody's family were there. I saw a woman there, I supposed was an older sister, but later learned that she was her stepmother. Her own mother was there also and a grandfather and some others. It was a nice ceremony and I thought the theme was first of all, since she had just received her endowment that week that Guy should help her understand the many things that were probably so new she wouldn't remember them too well...and therefore go back often. Next he emphasized being close to each other and being vocal so they didn't have any unresolved feelings build up between them. I suppose every sealer has certain ideas and points they tend to emphasize.

Well following the temple and picture taking...and it was a cold day with just a constant breeze. I'm sure Melody was cold, in fact later on she readily admitted it. Guy had many of his friends there...mostly married and they all had to take turns shooting them and well as one of Melody's relatives, a gal that took all the group pictures. She was really good. She had a video camera as well. There was construction going on at the tabernacle and she had to shout and do a lot of pointing to get people positioned on the steps. They took the pictures on the west side since other groups were already on the east side filming by the time she and Guy came out. But she is really a fun person and pleasant and didn't complain that I heard.

After the filming session we went with Jim to the Joseph Smith memorial Bldg to see the Testaments. We had to wait an hour before the next showing. I and Jim had never seen it before. Shaun and Tim had. I don't think Lisa had. It wasn't what I had expected from what I'd heard said about it. Afterwards, I said, Well you couldn't very well sleep in it. with all the loud surround sounds. One infant a few rows ahead of us cried a few times. Jim said I wasn't sure if that was on the sound track or not. Jim drove from there back to Lava. The rest of us drove to Orem to the Golden Corral for the luncheon about 3:30. We met Louise there. She came in Tim's car and he had to leave without eating in order to get to work on time. He is a server at Magebee's restaurant.

Roy and Jo came there. Anita and Colby. Brent was there too. Because of the bad weather south of here Erma and Keith turned back and did not come up. Heather flew out with her little girl. We set up the cultural hall the night before at our ward. Some of Guy's friends were there with a small orchestra. The wheeled the piano in from the Primary room and near the end Melody sang a song. When she first picked up the microphone she started with about 4 words from the Napoleon Dynamite movie...Now and forever. Then laughed and sang a song. She has a good voice and did a great job. Willis and Jen's older 3 kids helped serve and collect gifts along with Lisa's 4. We didn't see John David. John did attend the luncheon earlier.

So you sort of know now what went on. I'm sure you'll hear from your mom about the Twin Falls reception on Sat. Sat I watched a couple of b. ball games in the early afternoon. And a news brief came on...about a multi-car pile-up in the fog on the freeway north of Salt Lake. It took 3-4 hours to clean up the mess. A semi-truck also was involved..the cars shown on TV made you wonder how anyone survived. So I was anxious to hear how things went for all those going from here to Twin Falls on Sat. Guy came to our place after 1:00 to pack some things to take on their honeymoon in California.

So when I called Lava on Sunday they said everyone arrived there just fine. And Marie must have made it okay also. Marie slept in Kathy's room Fri nite. About 10:00 Sat. morning she got up and told me it was so good to be able to just stay in bed until she woke up on her own without an alarm clock. It was nice having her here. Since Kathy moved out it is quite a different place around here and having a single girl come by occasionally is a real treat.

Patrick is slowly improving. Louise took him some candy for a Valentine treat. He was pretty pleased. I guess it's hard for him being in the hospital he can't indulge in some things he's used to that is cigarettes and beer. So he must have quite a craving along with his other discomforts. Hopefully a little candy to nibble on will at least help.

I just went up and brought the mail in. There's about 4" of snow. It hasn't started snowing again yet. Last night on the news they reported Provo received almost an inch of rain yesterday. So that's good news for our water for next summer.

Brent stopped by last night to pick up a fax Colleen sent to him. It was a form he has to get signed by a Provo policeman in order to register his car (one he got from Kim) in Idaho.

Tim told me he finally did see you, Melany, at the MTC while he was there to translate the other day or maybe evening.

Hope things are going well with you. I'm sure you'll do well. A man told me the other day that he heard that over 50% of the missionaries in the MTC had never read the B of M. I find that hard to believe with so many young people taking seminary these days.

When I started to try to learn Mandarin I was surprised how much German words popped into my mind. I never really spoke German but while in the Army there I did take a conversation class a couple of times a week. Just enough to be confusing when trying to learn Chinese. Fortunately for me, there was no language center. I would have never passed. And also Mandarin has very loose rules of grammar.. no multiple syllable words...just couplets and single sounds and not spoken fast like Spanish or Japanese. Lucky for

Journal entry

Susan South Crandall's son
living in Glenrock, Wyo.

Dear Elder Sean Crandall,

Mar. 6, '05

I used to write each week to our missionaries when they were serving and then print out another copy which I kept as a journal so that I had a record of things that went on in our family and our lives. But our last son returned from Korea about 4 years ago now and I no longer write much. When I lived in Idaho for a few brief years after I was married I enjoyed my family there...the Knapps and the Souths. I really miss them now that I am back in Utah. So occasionally I try to keep in touch. Now that we have a more or less free telephone service I call them more often. I was just talking with your mother a few days ago. I told her that our son, Jess and his wife just had a baby girl. Their first..they will call her Jessica Morgan. Her father's name is Jess Morgan Knapp.

A few years ago when Andrew and Courtenay were in Provo they lived in our stake and so we got to see them every once in a while and they came and had dinner with us on a few occasions. That was good. The last time I saw your mother was in Evanston, when I attended Dan South's funeral. I saw M'Jean and Barry, Randy and Andrew. I also saw David's girl, Rebecca. I don't see them often and it's always good to see them. You may not remember me, since I've been around your family so little. But I'm Marj South's youngest brother. I was named Bernard after Marj's husband Bernard Eugene South. He was always known as Barney as you well know. After they were married then I became known as Bernie to distinguish the two of us apart. I worked at the sawmill for Barney for many years. While I was in the Army, Barney died. When I returned I worked at the mill for Marj along with my dad until they were able to sell the mill. Then later Barry put up another mill and ran it for a few years until he and David and Randy got into the foam business and then the dome building. So I was around Susan and Randy a great deal when they were small and growing up. When they came to school in Provo I got to see them quite a bit. Sometimes it seems strange to me that we were together so much and were so close to each other when they were younger and now we see so little of each other and my kids wouldn't know their kids if they passed each other on the street. But that's part of life it seems.

I just received a letter from a former missionary companion last week. He told me about my first missionary companion when I arrived in Taiwan. I haven't heard from him since my mission. That is he's never written a letter. He's never answered a letter from me. Now I have his address I will have to write him. He's in Texas somewhere and in rough physical shape I was told. We had no language training in the late 50's when we were called and one day we got off a plane and everyone around us was speaking Chinese. I guess that's why we were called for 36 months in those days.

I have a friend from Evanston. He's lived in our ward here for several years. In fact, I rode with him to Dan South's funeral. He has told me how he used to work in some of the mines around the state and how horrible the language was he had to listen to. But he persisted and went on a mission to the Philippines. But occasionally some of those old hardened miners softened and one of them did finally join the church. My mission president, if you can imagine, was born in the same year as I, was certainly an

inspiration to me. He was a great leader. I enjoy meeting him and his wife whenever I am able to see them at reunions. We have one at least once each year. Usually it's held at a Chinese Restaurant in SLC. A few years ago they did hold one in Provo, however.

Well, I know missionaries are busy and the time to write letters is limited and even time to read them sometimes. So I won't drag this out much more. Can you believe, I just lost everything on the screen? I accidentally hit a wrong button. So I called my next door neighbor and he explained which buttons to hit and which thing to click onto with the mouse and now I have the screen back.

I'll never forget my mission president used to tell us, being on a mission has all the disadvantages of married life and none of the advantages. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, I used to hear that a lot as a kid. I learned that it works with companions in the mission field as well. Some of my least compatible ones after transfers seemed to be better afterwards and we forgot the differences and remembered the good times it seems.

Let me conclude with a recent experience. A week ago on Friday our son, Jess's wife went into the hospital since she was having some contractions. About midnight she was sent home and told to try to relax and get some rest and come back Sat. about 7:00 am. She did and she went home several times during the day and back again. Finally around 4:00 in the afternoon the doctor did a procedure to try to hurry things along. At 8:30 the doctor said things were not moving and with monitors on the mother and the baby they would have to perform a C section. Well, none of the family wanted that. So we got a call from the hospital, Jess asked all of us to pray for them and the situation. So we did. Our son, Shaun was mouth here at home as we knelt as a family and prayed. He prayed that this might be avoided and the child could be born naturally. But he did also pray for the spirit to guide the doctors and others attending Lindsay to do the right things. We called our 2 kids in CA and daughter, Ruth in Chicago and asked for their prayers also and our other kids here in Provo.

About 20 minutes later we got a call from the hospital, the baby girl was here, everything was okay, but the baby had been taken by C section. We went to the hospital. I learned that Jess had gone into an empty room apart from others waiting there and had earnestly prayed that the operation could be avoided. Then later I learned also that the doctor told Jess afterwards that because of the operation he discovered there were 2 cysts on the uterus which he removed. Had the baby been born naturally these probably would not have been discovered. Had they not have been removed they probably would have burst eventually and the result could have caused permanent sterility to Lindsay. So looking back we see that the Lord blesses us in spite of our prayers for what we think is best because of his infinite wisdom and love for us and our well being. So there is a testimony concerning prayer and the love of our Heavenly Father for us.

I'll sign off and wish you the best of success. I need to get ready to go to church. Our ward meets at 11:00 this year. We trade off with 2 other wards that meet in our building. I'm the Sunday school pres. and we always have a challenge finding teachers for our youth classes. Kids now days can be pretty disruptive at times.

Journal

Brother Hu, Wei I,

Mar 13, 2005

Dear Brother Hu,

It's been a long time since I first met you in your home when Elder Poulter and I were tracting in your neighborhood. I remember going to your home. I had just arrived in Taipei and spoke no Mandarin, therefore it was good for me to be able to understand and speak in your home because you understood English well.

I remember you had a record player and some wonderful records of music...I think you even had a record of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir that you played for us on one of our visits to your home.

I was transferred and went to Shin Chu before you were baptized. Elder Daw came after I left. Then later Elder Goodfellow was involved...I think I heard he was involved with teaching your wife and family. I got your address from Elder Goodfellow. I think you will be seeing him soon as he is planning to visit Taiwan.

We were happy to have you come to our home and visit when you first came to Utah. And I've wondered how many wonderful saints in Taiwan have received their patriarchal blessings at your hands since you came here to be ordained a patriarch in Salt Lake City by the church patriarch, Eldred G. Smith.

Many of the missionaries that I knew while in Taiwan have returned as mission presidents over the years since I was there. Recently I visited with Elder Boyce Harris and his wife after they returned from their mission. He showed me a picture of you and your wife, Bro and Sister Chen and Pres. Liang and his wife and two of their sons standing behind the rest of you. He told me the two sons were leaders in the area authority of the island.

How happy I was to see the pictures of all of you great leaders active today in the work. I've been told that you go regularly to the temple. What a blessing that is! And a former temple President, Paul Hyer lives in my stake. I see him occasionally at stake meetings.

I am enclosing a photo of you when you visited our home in Provo on your first trip here. I am also sending a photo of our family more recently. Since that photo was taken however we have had 3 more grandchildren born into our family. We have 3 that are not yet married. One was the smallest at the time you visited us. The other two, our youngest is a daughter and a son that returned from a mission in Seoul Korea about 3 years ago. So we are naturally proud of our children. All nine of them have been through the Temple and we are happy for their lives. All are trying to do their best to be good and do good.

For a long time I've been going to write to you. I expected to get your address from Pres. Tom Neilson but I didn't. I was with Elders Goodfellow, Francom and Jon Vawdrey when we first went to Keelung. I'm happy to hear that Pres. Vawdrey is there and as you perhaps know he was a patriarch in his stake prior to his call to return to Taiwan to the temple assignment there. How wonderful it is to see the church grow and develop. I am also very grateful that I had the opportunity to know Pres. Hinckley when he first came to Taiwan. What great energy he has been blessed with over the years. He will be 95 in July. I am glad to have your address.

Journal

Letter to Les Mason

Dear Les,

Mar. 22, '05

I received your welcome letter yesterday. I had thought I had sent you the addresses you asked for. But I'll certainly include them in this letter.

It would be fun to talk with you. We have a "free line" in our home. Of course I pay the bill. But my wife tells me it is free and includes prime time. She talks to our youngest daughter in CA daily at least once. We will talk to our daughter in Chicago since today is her birthday. My wife, Louise will talk with another son in CA and another in Wash several times a day in connection with her efforts to help them in their businesses. They work in the insurance industry along with financial planning. The older one is doing well in WA but the one in CA is struggling in-as-much as he is still in the starting mode. She spends a lot of time cold calling business from their respective telephone books trying to set up appointments for them, usually with an invitation to an open meeting where hiring practices are presented with opportunities to come into the business. They are representing one of the top 5 broker dealers in the world. My wife has been involved with this company for about 25 yrs. and that's why the boys are involved. 2 other sons were involved and licensed but didn't seem to do well in sales and found other areas of more interest to their liking.

One son just turned 30 still lives at home and is attending the UVSC in Orem. Our youngest, who returned from Korea a few years ago, graduated from the Y with a degree in Korean. He lives at home also but intends to move out into an apartment with friends after this semester at the Y ends. I guess he wants to change his environment. Our bishop said, I guess I failed, Tim didn't get married. Tim answered, Well, moving out may widen the field.

Our youngest daughter lives in CA near her brother. She graduated with an accounting degree from UVSC a couple of years ago. When we attended his reception in CA she said. I'm staying here. I'm not going back to Utah. I feel this is where I should be and so we returned without her. She landed a job there after a few months which pays better than any of her brother's jobs and she is doing well. She worked every other Sat in the Oakland temple as an ordinance worker, something she'd done in the Provo Temple here.

At some time a long time ago, Les I personally talked with you and you knew I was going to teach Dr. Ed. You told me of a masters study that showed that the grades of students went down in relation to whether they had their own car compared to students that didn't have their own cars or cars to drive to school.

I used to write to all of my children during their missions regularly and I'd print a copy that I filed as a journal entry. Since we no longer have a missionary out, I don't keep up writing on a regular basis. So occasionally if I write a letter such as this I may put a copy of it into my file.

Les, I taught for several years at the college. When you were in Provo it would have been referred to at the Tech. It was across the street from Helaman Halls. I began teaching in the late summer of 1962. In about spring of '64 I dated a couple of different ones of my students. One I became very serious about in the fall and her parents put an end to it. They felt there was too much difference

in our ages. She was a college student. Her family had come here from New Zealand where her father had been at the church school there and was in the new Lee Library at the Y. Her mother was teaching art in the American Fork Jr. High. She had 2 other sisters one older that was engaged and a younger one that was going steady.

They were taking the adult driver ed course since they were not attending a high school. We at that time did a lot of team teaching. The other teacher with me was a master teacher. He was much older than I. It happened however, that the mother of these girls who was raised in Southern Utah was his niece. And I guess that had quite a bit to do with my getting to know them a little more than the average student. Anyway I had a very big disappointment there. The family had invited me to a Sunday dinner and were all very friendly. So one time when I called at their home the mother came out and sat in the car and told me of their decision. I had planned to take their daughter to Idaho where she would have met my family over the Labor Day holiday. She even tried to set me up with a girl they knew that was older than their daughter. She explained that there was 10 yrs difference between her and her husband. I don't know if they figured that was bad or not but they did not want their daughter to marry someone much older than she. Well, on my way home for Christmas I stopped at a D.I. store in Pocatello, Id. It was Christmas Eve. Inside I saw a Chinese girl. I never spoke to strangers. My Chinese was never very good...but for some reason as I was exiting the store, I said Merry Christmas to her in Chinese. A lady came running out of the store and asked how I could speak Chinese. I told her I had been on a mission in Taiwan. Later on BYU Campus where I attended the Asian Ward I saw this same Chinese girl. She came to the ward because she was moving from the dorms at the end of the semester and was staying for a few days with a Chinese member of our ward from Hong Kong. So she told the girl that had been on a mission in Taiwan that she had seen and arranged to have her visit our ward subsequently. And that is how my wife and I met. Of course you can imagine in our family and circle of friends the DI store is our family's favorite store. And I guess it still is.

Well, on the July 22 that year '65 we were married in the Idaho Falls Temple. A temple special to me. My father was called as the work director when ground was broken for the temple and worked there until after its completion. The first temple president, David Smith asked him to stay at the temple as head custodian. During the open house I helped vacuum carpets and dust and clean between tour groups. During a few days prior to the dedication, Pres. J. Reuben Clark Jr. was in the temple with other leaders. I noticed as I went up and down the hall from one place to another, I never passed him that he didn't smile and shake my hand. (many times) That was special...I wondered why such an important man would take that much time to notice a little boy. I've never forgotten later on when he spoke in general conferences how humble he was. I was amazed to think that as many times as he had spoken in conferences that he would get up and state: That he only hoped that he could remain faithful until the end. I was amazed at that and still am.

Well, My oldest brother in Idaho had acquired a lovely Morgan stallion in about 1963. I had graduated from Ricks in '53 with a

degree in Ag. I had always loved horses. And so in the spring of '64 after inquiring around among the Morgan horse breeders in Utah I located a ranch in northern Wyo that had some for sale. I bought a 3 yr old mare carrying a foal and a weanling almost one year old. I had to locate a place to put them. I borrowed a truck from my sister's boy in Idaho Falls and his brother accompanied me and we left I.F. at night. We drove all night and arrived at the ranch in time for breakfast at the cook shack next to the bunkhouse. They loaded the horses for us and we drove most of the day returning to Provo. When I returned the truck to IF a few days later, I hauled the older mare to my brother's place north of IF. The yearling I kept in Provo. It turned out she had a blemish. The ranch agreed to let me choose from that year's foals on that had not been sold for half price and I could keep my yearling. So that fall I went to pick up this filly in Wyo. at Labor Day. I would have taken the girl on that trip to meet my family and to go along to Wyo, except as I told you, her folks stopped her from seeing me.

In IF my other brother took me, my parents in his 1940 Chrysler and a small single horse trailer and we drove up thru Yellowstone Park to Cody, Wy. then down to the ranch. Then we went back to IF the same way as had come. In the meantime I had bought an old '54 Ford truck with a stockrack and hauled this weanling to Provo. My boss at the college said: You can take the boy out of the farm but you can't take the farm out of the boy. So I had my horses and found temporary places to keep them. Just before we were to be married the next summer, I noticed a home made sign For Sale on a piece of property in the river bottoms north of the BYU farm while driving with students one day. I contacted the owner, a widow that had decided to move into Provo. She made a verbal agreement with me to sell. The house had been added on to over the years. The original house had to be close to a century old. There were six acres with a year around stream running through it. Adjacent properties were vacant land which I leased for pasture. The portion above the stream was irrigated by pump and sprinkler. Below the stream there were two orchards. One of apples and the other pears. Since I had no equipment to operate such I had a neighbor bulldoze out all the pear trees. He even pushed them into a pile across the bottom of the property where the stream cut back making a small empty triangle on a slope up to our lane. A year later it made a great bonfire. Over a hundred trees I'm sure. I turned the field into pasture and eventually seeded to hay.

The year we were married I hauled the oldest filly, 2 yrs. old to my brother's place in Idaho, near Yellowstone. She was bred to my brother's stallion. The next year in June we got our first filly and about 3-4 days later our first born, a girl, Lisa. So what could be better. A small farm, horses, a wife that could ride bareback along our lane out to the main road. Next came more horses and an old tractor. Later a new tractor with mower, rake, and a baler. I custom mowed and baled hay for neighbors in our ward for several years. Later I bought two Scotch Highland cows which I hauled to Idaho for pasturing each summer for several years.

My wife and I were called to teach a class of 6 year olds in Jr. Sund. School. They were busy little boys. One girl and occasionally two. They had run out all their previous teachers.

Later my wife was to teach half of them in Primary. We had a neighbor that lived to be 100. He often came to Sunday dinner. He stood in the circle when each of our first 7 children were blessed and the oldest 3 baptized. Then we sold and move to Idaho, to Shelley. There our two youngest were born. I was given leave of absence from the college by a kind president...Wilson Sorensen.

We returned to Provo and I taught several more years until I was retired on a window set up by the state and the college. I had to buy my military time, 22 mo. Remember Pres. Eisenhower, let the draftees go 2 months early in '55. So I had to buy 2 more years to qualify with 24 months. When I was first hired at the college I was on a temporary status the first 2 month before a contract was given me. I was able to buy these 2 months qualifying me for early retirement. There was a new college president, but he paid for half of my retirement buy out for the military time. After retirement I moved again to IF where we bought a home. Neither my wife or children liked the Idaho schools. They said the language in the halls was too awful and the kids too crude. After one year my wife was ready to leave (Siberia) her name for the windy place. I was hired on an hourly basis after I returned from Provo.

When I figured it out, it made sense to return here. All of my children have attended UVSC since we returned. The older ones got their 2 yr. associates degrees certificates and went on to the Y. The younger ones were able to get a 4 yr degree. Our youngest after his mission had full scholarship to the Y. At the college all were able to attend tuition free as a result of benefits given to college teachers, even after retirement. That benefit doesn't apply to students over 25 I think so our son attending now lacks that support. Les, we've been so blessed. We're able to help him with his tuition even now. I've been paying car insurance, medical coverage and helping our oldest son with groceries during a time when he's stressed with a mortgage and a growing family. Last year they had their sixth child. And for blessings! They are all healthy. All of our children have been to the temple. The boys and one girl served missions. Not all parents are that fortunate.

Well I hope you can take all this reading. Now I want to tell you a few things that happened during the years while I was at the college. The Lunds stopped in to see me soon after I had purchased my second filly. They went to the pasture with me to see the horses. At that time they had 4 or 5 children. One of their little girls maybe 4-5 yrs old was a cute a little brunette as you'd ever see. I sat her on the back of one of the colts and she was just loving it. I told her something I should not have and I regretted it later of course and guess I learned a valuable lesson from it. I said if you want to stay with me you could ride this pony every day. Well, she wanted to. She even cried when it was time for them to leave. I felt pretty cheap about that. I don't think Sister Lund was too impressed either with it all.

Sister Lund's mother lived in Provo and they came to see her occasionally. She moved into the same stake where we lived and met in the same building. She worked several years in the Provo Temple and we got acquainted with her. So a few years ago when she passed away they were all here for the funeral service. The oldest boy, Craig was recognizable from how he'd looked back in Friedberg and

the younger brother, Craig also looked much like he had back in Germany also. I think Craig was a bishop at the time and altogether they were a very impressive family.

One time during the summer a young lady came into my class and her husband brought her to class. She spoke English quite well and it turned out that she was assigned to drive with her. I was driving on the BYU stadium parking lot with her so she could get used to using the clutch before we went out on the road. While talking I learned her husband had filled a mission in Germany and went back as a missionary and that's when they met. After asking quite a few questions I learned that she came from Friedberg. She was LDS and I asked a few more questions...such as where did you attend church. Finally I asked when you were a child did you attend church in the Friedberg Castle. Yes, was the reply. Who did you go to church with? With my grandmother. Your grandmother, and what was her name. Volk it turned out to be. When we stopped I pulled out my wallet and inside was a small photo taken in front of the Schiller Schule. In the film were the Lunds with Craig in front and a few members including sister Volk and standing in front of her was her little blonde granddaughter, Gretchen. And there she was seated next to me in the car. What a pleasant surprise. You can imagine from then on who was the teacher's pet in that class. After she obtained her permit I invited her to come back in her husband's car and I gave her some extra time on my own getting used to using the clutch in their little car. He was a student at the Y and I never heard from them after they left Provo. But it was so great!

Now you know the soft spot we all had in our hearts for those German saints. I'll never forget the last time you attended that branch before you ZI'd. How Sister Volk gave you such a gigantic hug. It was a solemn parting for many of them.

Remember Chuck Gonzaga? His wife was the red head from Denmark of Norway. She became ill from leukemia and was flown back to the US by the army. Chuck worked in the commander's office as a clerk and was able to get papers signed so that he accompanied her to the US. When I was at Camp Karson, Co for separation in May 1955, I met him there. She had died in the time between then and Friedberg and he drove me and several other LDS fellows there to Denver where we had a 3 day pass. On Monday we returned for out separation. Three of us bought cars while in Denver and paid for them after receiving our separation papers and pay. I remember I could not drive in Colorado because my Idaho license had expired while I was in the service and that state would not accept my Army license from Germany. There were several of my buddies from Idaho rode with me and some of them drove until we got into Wyo. Then I dropped them off along the way to Idaho Falls. There the parents of a boy from Rexburg were waiting at my home to greet him.

Well, Les I didn't start out expecting to get this many pages. Hope you don't mind. Perhaps you took some time off part way thru to catch your breath. Wow! It seems unbelievable that I'm writing to you after all these years.

I get a Christmas card every year from a guy that was in B battery with me. He was in a gun section of our 105 Howitzer Battery. He was a Catholic boy from Wis. Never smoked nor caroused used good language. He still writes each year. He's never married.

In Feb. 2000 our daughter, Ruth was in Jerusalem for a BYU study course. My wife, youngest daughter, Kathy who is in CA and Joseph, our son who is now living in CA decided to go with a tour group from Lehi to the Holy Land and Egypt. When invited to go I declined saying I've been there, done that. It was a good trip for them. While there they did get to spend a little time with Ruth as she was able to go with them when she had some time off. It's good they could go. I'm sure they will always remember and cherish the trip just as you and I and Carl did. I really didn't desire to go back. I don't travel much anymore.

Both my parents died in 1969. I went to Idaho to see my father on Father's Day. We arrived at his home, it was a Sunday morning. His front door was open but the screen door was locked. I was with a sister from Pocatello and her husband. We probed through the screen and unhooked the latch and went in after we had called to him several times without an answer. We found him lying on the kitchen floor where he had slumped off his chair at the table onto the floor. A few hours later we drove to the hospital to see our mother. She was there with terminal liver cancer. When we told her I think she was relieved. I'm sure she had been worrying about him home alone. And he of course had been very concerned over her being away from home. Family members were contacted and funeral arrangements were made. On the evening of the viewing after having left the hospital from our mother's bedside we at the funeral home when a call came from the hospital that our mother had just passed away. The funeral home director who had been my father's high priest group leader came to tell us that he could have her ready for a double funeral the next day.

The next day when ward members and friends called at the funeral home they were surprised when they walked in and saw our mother in the open casket. Some responded...I thought it was your father that died. Then we showed them the other casket. My mother's older sister was there. She exclaimed, Why this is just like a fairy tale. I was given the privilege of dedicating the graves which was done simultaneously with one prayer as they lay side by side in the Rexburg Cemetery. With an eternal perspective in mind it was wonderful occasion. We all felt our father was waiting just beyond the veil to welcome her.

It was an impressionable experience in my life. My father was 82 and my mother 2 years younger than he. They had written each other throughout his mission in Kansas (East Central States Miss.) They were married soon after he returned in 1910 in the Salt Lake Temple. We had 2 children at the time and expecting our third who came in October that year. My wife's parents lived to see all of our children. After her father died her mother lived the last year and 1/2 of her life with us. She got to know the children and they her. She died in our home. She was over 90 at the time.

I'm going to see if I can find some photos and perhaps send a copy of one or two to you. I've been out of the horse business for quite a few years...over 15. My wife went back to the national Rocky Mt. Horse show in Lexington last Aug. with her youngest brother who ranches in Lava Hot Springs, Id. She took many nice videos of the horses both in and out of the show ring. I've always been excited about Ky since they have so many fine horses there.

2008

General Authorities

By Bernie Knapp

Feb 10, 2008 Priesthood Mtg. 4th ward. Lesson given by former stake Pres. Deloy Young a neighbor. The bishop of this ward when we moved here was Jack Zirbes. Recently he was released from the high council and is an assistant to the high priest group leader in our ward. I've been assigned to home teach with him for about the last 3 years. Last month while driving out to home teach a widow in our ward at a care center on No. University Ave. He mentioned that he would be conducting our mtgs this month and he wanted to get some input from the group concerning any relationship with Pres. Gordon B. Hinckley who recently passed away. (Jan. 27 at the age of 97). I mentioned that I would enjoy the opportunity to say something on that subject since I had been in Taiwan when he first came there as a general authority. (May or June 1960)

In another recent mtg. the question came up: who was the 1st church president that you could remember? Surrounding Pres. Hinckley's funeral it was brought out what a great number of church members would have only known him as the president since he'd served since 1995 and as a counselor to 3 presidents prior to his being called as the president.

I thought about what I'd like to say and when during our mtg he finally turned the time over to the members there wasn't a lot of time left. I felt as though I'd like to start by emphasizing how I'd grown up in a small community and what a privilege to have had some personal relationships with general authorities over the years. My intent was to show how when the church was much younger and we had quarterly stake conferences having a GA visit our stake was the usual thing rather than an unusual experience. I'm going to try to separate what I said that morning and what I thought about later and would have liked to have included.

I was born in the little farming community in southern Idaho near Shelley known as Goshen. The townsite had 2 small grocery stores, each with gas pumps. One square had the church, a grade school and a large area which served as a ball diamond and a recreation area. I remember going to Shelley with my family for the dedication of the Shelley Stake tabernacle. I was 4 or 5 years of age. In those days they held raffles as a part of the fund raising for church building projects. Set up on the grounds were tents for booths and a sort of bazaar was held. I remember there were lots and lots of people. I was standing next to my mother and Pres. Heber J. Grant was standing very near to us. I remember him quite well. He was a tall imposing figure, not easily forgotten.

In my young mind however, he may have been overshadowed by an event taking place that day. A very beautiful red tricycle was being raffled off. I remember I was concerned that my parents buy a chance on it. When it was finally brought to the front and the winning ticket announced I remember my disappointment and envy of a little boy who came forward to claim the prize. In our community the only sidewalk was within the school grounds where it went around the building. I don't know that I even knew anyone that had a tricycle.

I hope I made a point that with the increase in church membership today it is a rare occasion to be able to shake hands with one of the apostles or a member of the seven presidents of seventy. Next I told of being in Taiwan when Pres. Hinckley came there on his first overseas assignment as a member of the Assistants to the Twelve. He came to the mission home. Our mission president, Robert Taylor, was en-route from the mission home in Hong Kong and had not yet arrived. (the mission home in Taipei, was not a typical mission home with the president and his family living there. It was a headquarters for the mission on the Island. Some missionaries lived there. It had a place to meet and conduct business. There was storage for tracts and mission records. A font had been built behind the buildings next to a wall. There was a garage with a wide driveway directly inside the gate which was arranged as a chapel. A small gate house just inside was used on Sundays for a classroom. I taught a class there for the younger American children older than Primary age that came to the American branch on Sundays.) What is in the foregoing parenthesis was not spoken in my talk...just added now.

Pres. Hinckley met with us rather informally, in the small space we had for meetings. After Pres. Taylor arrived a meeting was held and all the missionaries in Taipei and maybe Keelung came. I taped the mtg with my tape recorder. (I still have the tape. I had a copy made and sent to Pres. Hinckley a few years ago via his

son, Richard who was then pres. of the SLC mission. I got his address from Marie Andrus who was teaching in Wendover and was in his mission and a stake missionary.) Also in Taipei before President Taylor arrived we went to the Grand Hotel and had lunch with Elder Hinckley in a small dining room on one of the upper floors. I was privileged to sit next to him at one of several round tables. When the silverware was brought he asked for some napkins and wiped off his silverware very carefully. He commented about how we lived in a dirty land and were fortunate to be healthy. It should be noted...in that subtropical land everything is coated with soot it seems. After riding on the trains when going from city to city you get off and blow your nose and the handkerchief will be black. After the food was put on the table with large plates in the middle of the table, elders took chopsticks and reached out to put food on their plates. He was shocked at their manners and sort of moaned, Oh, if your mothers could only see you now. One time this was said...maybe earlier by President Heaton on a visit to Taiwan. "I am sure you are saying the blessing on the food or you would all be dead now." This was also added as I am typing and not mentioned while speaking at the church.

When I returned from Taiwan, I stopped in at the church office bldg with a message for Pres. Hinckley from my mission president. When I climbed the steps the mission office was the first door to the right when you enter the building. I asked the receptionist if I could speak with him. He was seated toward the back of the room at a desk facing the front of the room where I was standing at the counter. When he saw me he immediately came forward and said hello to me in Cantonese and asked, How is my Chinese friend? He invited me in and in the conversation asked how things were going in the mission.

When the new wing of the technical college in Provo was dedicated he was now a member of the twelve and he came down to dedicate it. It is just across Canyon Road from Helaman Halls. I mentioned the dedicatory prayer was given in the cafeteria which was in the basement and the largest space in the building. The other wings today have been torn down...the building was bought by BYU. I nodded toward Lew Banks who was seated on the back row and said, I'm sure Bro. Banks remembers since he was there.

I went forward to greet him at the end of the meeting. He asked what I was doing there. He also said, How is my Chinese friend? and greeted me in Cantonese. (hoppn ho) I told him I was teaching and asked if he'd like to see the area where I taught. He seemed very agreeable and walked with me. As we passed by the vice pres. Don Manson, I noticed he was looking pretty intently at us and I'm sure wondering why I was there with the honored guest. We walked the full length of the main hall to the end, then down the south wing hall to the Driv-O-Trainer lab where I taught. We had a 16 place driving simulator set up with a wide screen and students could drive over filmed roadways from freeways in Florida and Los Angeles to winter driving in New England. One film even offered emergency situations such as a tire blowing out, to a brake failure, to being crowded off the road by an oncoming car passing in a dangerous manner. As we walked back to the main part of the building he said to me. If only you could teach these drivers to slow down at school zones. He had driven down from SLC on State Street and going through Murray would have gone thru one school zone where school crossings were marked, speed limits posted and where Safety Sallies were set out for elementary schools. This was of course before the freeway was completed.

There were times when he came to our mission reunions with his wife and gave us updates of the mission. I expressed I felt it very special that with so many members in the church it was a great blessing to have been able to have that much one on one time with him. I felt I was out of time and stopped with my testimony that I certainly had no doubt that he was a prophet.

There was in our group a Richard Koster who had been raised in Ogden. At one time as a student in SLC he was assigned as a home teacher to Pres. David O. McKay. He had mentioned it many times over the years in our mtgs. I thought perhaps he would want to take time and relate that again. He didn't and the meeting ended and I came home and thought of several other things I wished I'd have said.

At this point as I am proof reading this account I wish to insert for those who read it a little bit about my feelings of President Hinckley. You should be able to well imagine after the many times I've been around him what a special feeling I get or have when he is speaking. I attended President Taylor's funeral up near Ogden and after the viewing during the family prayer we missionaries there moved to the chapel. We were surprised when from a side door in front of the front row of seats entered Pres. Hinckley and quietly took a seat on the stand. We had printed programs and his name was not listed as a speaker. He did speak and was very aware of

the children. They had lost their mother a few years before and he gave them a lot of encouragement. He also addressed a subject of President Taylor's accomplishments in getting things done with real estate to buy property in the Philippines for the church. President had a disadvantage replacing Pres. Heaton who spoke fluent Chinese, two dialects in fact, and had the scrutiny of both missionaries and members because of the language. I felt Pres. Hinckley sort of put that notion to rest by some of his statements. I was glad for that. I was the same age as Pres. Heaton. I certainly had a great deal of respect for him. Now I shall mention some of them. When I returned home, I was asked to report in stake conference in Idaho Falls. The mtg was held in the Idaho Falls Civic Auditorium, part of the new High School on North Holmes Ave. The visiting authority was Elder Harold B. Lee of the twelve. At the conclusion of the morning meeting I shook his hand. He asked me how things were going in the mission and asked how Sister Nora Koot was. I think she had asked me to tell him "Hello" for her if I saw him.

Sister Koot was among the very first members baptized in Hong Kong when the mission was first opened there. When the Korean War broke out all the missionaries were sent out. First to Hawaii and then on to San Francisco. Only a few members were in the church and there was no priesthood leadership to carry out the church once the missionaries had left. At some time afterwards Elder Lee had gone through H.K. and while there was able to contact this young sister, Nora Koot. He met with her and assured her that in due time the church would again be in H.K. With that assurance she continued faithful. Now in 1960 she had seen the return of missionaries, One of the original ones, H. Grant Heaton as president. (1955 or 56) In 1958 she was called to be a local missionary. She was a good one. She was sent to visit Taiwan and go around the island to the fledgling branches and give support and encouragement to the relief societies that had been set up and presided over by the elders and in some cases lady missionaries, though there were not many in Taiwan. It surprised me that he spoke of her as though he knew her personally and well.

One time in Taipei some of the elders were speculating on who would be the new president of the church after Pres. McKay died. I mentioned Harold B. Lee. Elder Kitchen said, emphatically, no it won't be him, He has a bad heart condition. I've wondered since how this elder felt when he did become the president. He was president when the Provo Temple was dedicated. I heard it said that he said sometime after the dedication that the Savior had been in the temple and was pleased with it and it was acceptable.

I attended a BYU devotional one time in the old Smith fieldhouse when I was a student there and Elder Hinckley was the speaker. Following the assembly as the crowd was leaving the bleachers at the north end where they cross the track as they exit the building, he was leaving and was surrounded by returned missionaries from Japan, Korea and China and perhaps the Philippines. I stood back near the bleachers and watched. I saw his youngest son, Clark standing in line patiently waiting to speak with his father. Finally he did get a brief moment as I observed to whisper to each other. I've often thought of that and wondered how would it be to have a father so popular that you hardly could have a private moment with him.

I remember when I graduated from seminary ('47 our pin had a covered wagon, a century from the pioneers entering the Salt Lake Valley) Pres. McKay spoke. The following year the speaker was Mathew Cowley. It was held in our stake center on 2nd street. In priesthood mtg. I told about the church of the pines at Mack's Inn on the Snake River. It was built by "Dad" Mack who built Mack's Inn and used as a nondenominational church for the entire Island Park Village. The summer of '46 when I stayed with Al and Lois (the year they were married) we went to Macks to buy some groceries and while in the store there was George Albert Smith. He also spoke in the Little Church of the Pines and it was overflowing. People were standing and sitting around the outside and the windows were opened so they could hear.

Since my father was largely in charge of keeping the building clean during the open house at the Idaho Falls Temple and during the dedicatory sessions I was able to go there with him and help vacuum and straighten the canvasses in the aisles, (to protect the carpets) between the seats for people to walk on as they toured the rooms. I was helping in the annex one day and kept going from the south end where the main offices were and the nursery to the north end, moving vacuum cleaners and doing other errands. Pres. J. Reuben Clark Jr. was there. I would inevitably pass him where he was standing and talking with others in the hallway. I was amazed that each time I passed by he would offer his hand and have a smile and kind word. Recently I've thought about

this and since having read in the Alma H. Hale book of the Hale family and the Clark families in Tooele, had my mother been there (she would have known) what is in this book or had he known who my relative was that was the midwife that delivered him back at that time at his birth place. Wonder what he'd thought of that?

When I flew from SLC to San Francisco on my way to Hong Kong I sat behind Richard L. Evans. A man seated next to me asked, Isn't that man up there one of your church leaders? Then a man seated next to him got up and left. I moved up and took the empty seat. He asked where I was going and then he said they were hearing some good things about that mission. He got off at Oakland and was looking for someone that had taken his hat instead their own and was hoping to find him and exchange hats.

Louise's Aunt Laura, her mother's sister married Sterling Bossard, who became a judge. They lived in Cedar City in later years. When they were newly weds they often went out with the Hinckleys and she was a close friend to sister Hinckley. When Sister Hinckley accompanied her husband to Taiwan she met Louise. One time at a missionary reunion held in SLC they came, as soon as she saw Louise she said, Well how are you Sister Andrus?

I think Louise's dad felt that when she was set apart for her mission by Elder Hinckley, he felt that an answer to a prayer for them was that by going on a mission she would be given her desire to marry.

2009

HAPPY BIRTHDAY WISHES AND MEMORIES FOR BERNIE FROM FAMILY

Bernie is a good man with many wonderful characteristics. He is an honorable member of the church with a committed devotion to doing what he thinks is right. He is from a good family. His parents were wonderful people who taught him by word and example.

Bernie is kind, thoughtful, and generous. He has always been a good provider, a good husband and a good father. He also looks out for the neighbors. They feel safer because they know he is alert and keeps tabs on what is going on around him.

He is an excellent artist. Our home is adorned with many beautiful painting of his. He also published some children's books on "How to Draw".

His mother taught him this motto: "When in doubt, do the kindest thing."

We are so blessed that he is 80 years old this November 14, 2009 and is in good health.

Thank you Bernie for everything. May God's blessing continue to be with you.

Love your wife. Louise

I love Uncle Bernie and I learned to love him as a child. He was always so kind and thoughtful of me and included me in any and all family activities that the Knapp family might be having while I was around. He took us to the sand hills, bought crazy amounts of hotdogs, let us ride in the camper and look out of the front window, these are just a few of the random memories that I have.

One summer day he stopped at our home in Lava and asked if I would like to ride back to Provo with him for a surprise for Lisa's birthday. I was so thrilled and the trip with just he and I was such a sweet experience, he stopped in Brigham City and let me choose my own piece of fruit, I also remember him helping me plan how we would surprise Lisa. He took the effort to secure a box that was big enough for me to fit into, and then he said he would carry the

box into the house and then I could pop out when Lisa opened it. I don't think Lisa was especially thrilled with the "gift" since it had promise of being something very spectacular in such a big box, but I had thought it was great. I think especially what touches me now about that experience looking back on it, is how Uncle Bernie made me feel like I was special enough to be a great birthday surprise for his daughter whom he loved very much.

Love you Uncle Bernie

Nola Mae _____

What a cool deal for a most deserving man (Bernie). He has sacrificed a lot, and I think has much fruit to prove it! I expect and pray the fruit will sweeten much with age.

Ben

I have fond memories of Bernie from very early years. I thought he was so cool because he had quality technology that I never got so close to anywhere else. He had a Wollensack reel-to-reel tape recorder which was so much higher quality than the Hong Kong junk I had been allowed to touch. He took pictures of hoisting us up the hay derrick on a little strap with an odd square camera that you looked down into while the picture came in the front. (Paul got hung up cause he was too light to overcome the friction of the cables to come back down. Brian Young saved the day by climbing the derrick arm and pushing the cable up. Where are those photos?)

Besides the volkswagens and other vehicles that Bernie loved, I was particularly fascinated with the all-terrain vehicles-- the Terra-Tiger and Cushman Trackster. Neither lived up to the full power to go anywhere I expected in my childhood, but they were exciting. I expect if Bernie had known how utterly thrilled I was he would have arranged to let me drive them-- but as it was, a ride was really no more exciting than our jeep! :-) Of course they were not much compared to the descendants-- the 4-wheelers of today. I have come to realize Bernie is very frugal, but as a child he looked to be rich and out-going to me, because he allowed more pleasure than I was accustomed to. He even got a vacation for two weeks where he didn't have to work at all,

and they could take trips just for fun!

I remember the great excitement of Bernie & Louise's wedding because that was the only time Clive Young, Eldon Andrus, Neil Winterton, and I were all together! I was about age 10. I also remember the Yellowstone honeymoon trip well-- that is, I remember it happening-- because I had to stay home while everybody, as it seemed to me, went. When my folks said I couldn't go, Clive said he wanted to stay with me, but Erma said he better go, but they did leave Edward, and he cried so much and I spent a lot of time holding him to offer some comfort. One consolation is that the left-over raspberry sherbet from the wedding was in our freezer, so we had some yummy treats for a long while.

I wish I had been closer around and known Bernie better, but I have great respect for him. He never showed the passion that my father and grandfather did, but neither did he display anger nor disrespect of any kind toward anybody. I think they all valued free-agency, but Bernie seemed much slower to enforce it! (pardon the irony pun :-)) I think instead of a willingness to fight, Bernie had more commitment to self-restraint. I think he has known lots of untold grief in this cruel world, but has been long-suffering and loyal to his convictions and covenants through it all, and I believe it has paid him high dividends, and will yet reward him even more greatly. He is blessed with a great family in so many ways-- both in quantity and quality.

I can't imagine that Bernie can be 80 years old all ready. He must have been just a kid when I first met him! But I guarantee you I didn't think he was young then. I guess he'd have been 36, which I thought was way old! So if he is as slow to pass on as he was to get married, he may out-live me! :-)

Ben Andrus

2009 Nov 12 _____

Bernie has always been gentle and kind, and ready with a great smile and something nice to tell. Very early memories of mine include visits at the home in the river bottoms; the cherry trees, Bernie in a cast that required his arm to be out in front of him horizontal from his shoulder, the white van with Bernie's initials on the license plate, and especially the Morgan horses. Always there has been a peaceful feeling around the Knapp home and a welcoming and

generous attitude toward me and my family, (and toward everyone else I could see) and fun and pleasant conversation and activity while there.

I guess an even earlier memory was going on Bernie and Louise's honeymoon trip with them. At the time I had no idea it wasn't the usual thing to do. We were just all family, going on a neat trip. And it was a neat trip! I guess that says a lot about their generosity and fun nature.

Love you lots. This is a very neat thing for you to put together!

Anita Young Wight_____

I always remember that my Uncle Bernie came to Aberdeen and hunted me up at my high school to say goodbye to me before he left for either his mission or going into the service. Not sure which. Also, when I attended some kind of high school competition at Ricks, he met me and my friends for lunch. He has always taken his "uncle" responsibilities seriously and I have been the lucky recipient. Happy Birthday, Bernie!

Love, Shirley_____

I just remember Uncle Bernie always taking care of us. Like finding skateboards or cars in the garage for us to play with or cereal to eat. He was always looking for ways to serve.

Leena Andrus_____

Dear Bernie,

Happy Birthday! Thank you for raising a wonderful daughter and being an exceptional father-in-law and grandfather. Best wishes now and forever!

Love,
David Calabro

2010

Friday Sept 16, 2010

2:25 a.m.

①

a journal entry — Bernard Knapp

Several years ago — I was given a book (large hard bound) of all of the known photographs of Brigham Young.

Ken Andrus was in Provo. He was looking for a particular nice pocket knife — He somehow was directed to a small shop — on South State street across from the Provo Cemetery perhaps 2-3 blocks on the east side of the street. It resembled a pawn shop — in that it had some rather unique and rare kinds of items.

While in conversation with the proprietor the man showed him a small booklet. (Almost like a brochure with some copies of photos. It contained a picture of 2 men in a special frame. There were two holes in the picture — where apparently someone had shot thru ^{each of} the men. the brochure, I have one — had several — were about 8x10" size.

The story tells of a man named Billy George W. Fowers lived in Pleasant Grove. He wrote the small booklet — ^{Titled} ~~Titled~~ the Sacred Gift Story behind the photo of Joseph Smith by George W. Fowers and at the bottom of the page in a block [Sesquicentennial Issue.]

He tells of seeing the picture & frame at a DI store in Am. Fork. He sat it aside, went back to get it and it was gone. Sometime later at a garage sale he ran across it again & bought it.

He had tried to get the church to take a look at it. They showed no interest. The original picture he put in a bank vault. He had an artist make a bust of the person on the right — which he thought was Joseph Smith.

(2)

Not many people that see it figure the man on the left probably is Brigham Young. Most of our family - the boys - Joseph, Jess probably were believers.

About this time I went to a farmer's market - set up on a black topped corner at 500 West & 1st South in Provo.

One table set up there was for a city council candidate with brochures - bumper stickers etc. The man ~~Steve~~ ^{Richards} Turley had recently moved to Provo. His mother was manning the displays. She had come down from Salt Lake to help him. After visiting with her, I learned that she and her husband had just returned from a mission in NY. After talking to her about this picture and the story she told me that in the Visitor's Center in Palmyra there was a picture of Joseph Smith Sr. a photo. She wrote back to the missionaries there - one of them took a photo of that portrait and of the room where there was also picture of Lucy Mack Smith hanging and sent them to her. She, in turn sent copies to me and I had several printed (copied) and I have them.

One time I went to the Fowlers home in P.G. and got some copies. He was out at the time of one of the large prints. I paid him for it. He had sold them in packets. I never got back to pick it up.

About 3-4 weeks ago I called his phone # and a lady answered. When I told her why I was calling - she seemed a bit distraught and said she hadn't had time to go thru all his things and find them. I supposed he had passed on

(3)

Perhaps recently - He must have been around 84-85 when I saw him - at least 4.5 years ago.

I took these things to a religion professor at BYU. In the upstairs of the old Grant library. He was cordial but very definite - if there was no original photo - he wouldn't touch it. He did promise to contact someone in the church office in SLC that might be interested and he'd call me back. He never did - but he opened a drawer - pulled out this large hardbound book - authored by him - of all the known photos of Brigham Young and just gave it to me.

Well today I called Steve Young's father. I've seen him in the temple where he works as an officiator. In fact today (Thursday Sept 15th) when I was doing initiatory names - he came into the clothing booth when I had just 2 names left.

At his home today just below Shadowbrook I gave the book to him and also another hardbound book on pictures of Joseph Smith. It was written by a BYU professor several years ago. George Fowers told me about this man. He had been sympathetic to Bro. Fowers efforts. I found 4 or 5 copies of this book recently in our house, and I don't know how I got them - but I gave one to Steve Young's parents.

Steve's mother was very pleasant and gracious and brought me a long sealed

brown envelope. She said it was an autograph. She said it wasn't much of a trade for the nice book I gave them.

After finishing the 1st of 10 names in the Tanyels I told Bro. Young his nephew, John had lived in our ward. He didn't seem to know who I was talking about. So I said - you have a brother in Orrem. Yes, he said, I said it was his son and he lived in our ward for a while in the Porter home after he married.

Gene ~~Porter~~ Porter used to work at UTC when I taught there. He was very friendly. He was one of the custodians in the main wing.

He died of cancer. I was his home teacher & high priest group leader at the time. He got to where his wife could take care of him so eventually they moved into their daughter's home in Orrem. They both died there. She outlived him about 1 year. Their daughter was very sweet. Their son, John played on our ward's men's basketball team. He was quite tall. His parents came to all the games in our stake center. His father, also a tall man as Steve Young's father is was a great fan and really cheered for our team when he attended the games.

After I finished the last name in the inventory booth I told Bro. Young Steve once autographed a football for my boys - but they played with it and the name wore off.

At his house earlier I told him that once

Steve came to our house to have a clothing item removed by my wife. When he returned for it - She wasn't home. When my youngest son answered the door, He said I'm Steve Young, my wife wasn't home but the boys knew where the item was and gave it to him. It maybe cost \$5.00. The boys didn't say this to Steve. After he left - said, We already knew he was Steve Young. He didn't have to tell us that.

Bro. Young while at his house asked if I would like some tomatoes. He said he raised them. I told him I'd been at Steve's farm the day before - looking for Kathy Lindford. He said he'd been there too her truck was there - but she'd gone someplace with someone. I told him we'd lived just east of there at the foot of the hill after we were married. We were in the Edgemont 1st ward - and it was a ward that extended up Provo Canyon to the county line. As Seventies are used to tract Vivian Park. We tracked a man one day who was a bishop in Provo. He said how he loved it up there where there were no telephone. Sister Young immediately spoke up - that was a while ago when there were Seventies -

Fri Sept 16, 2010
3:30 PM
4:00 PM

I wish to jot down some thoughts - I
had earlier when I could fall asleep. So
I came down to the family room.

The track on the carriage at the saw mill.
The left hand saw mill that Ben put on
mill creek when dad went there to saw.

One side of track has a bead on top. The
wheels on that side are grooved. The
opposite side is smooth - both the tires and track.

At the mill that burned down I remember
they sawed into the large fir logs that
buried the saw. Then they'd cut the
slabs loose with an ax.

They'd split those big slabs with an ax
so the could be hauled in the cut-off saw
for wood for the fire pit.

cleaning the flu's

Pounding the boiler

pop off valve

Governor - governor belt

double cylinder engine

Monday 3:45 am

Can't sleep

Some more notes

inserted tooth circular saw -

Swedging - need to swage - special tool
reason teeth don't wear even -

when advised about sawing by my father - first advice -
logs aren't round - but oblong

advice by Barney South - if you want to live long
never take your eyes off the off bearer

the saw - heavy ^{gauge} - saws are dished -
old wagon & buggy wheels were dished from the
hub - saws have "dish"

speed of saw - if saw doesn't "stand up properly"
it will rub on the log & heat. Never turn the
saw off when it's hot. Cool the saw with a
bucket of hot water

saws need to be run at a certain speed (rpm)
check the speed with a special instrument - a
micrometer - simple - calibrated - similar perhaps
to a slide rule (in theory?)

a saw may be pounded for a given speed.
Outside of saw - circumference travels the same
speed as the center of the mandrel shaft - but
think of the speed at the outer edge. Ever
play pop the whip in grade school?

Hold hands in a line - begin running, then one end
person stops - the line pivots around him -
inserted teeth - spring steel circles -

Tighten teeth in circles with special wrench
18" long Also manual wrench - special maybe
3-3½ to 4 feet long

papering saw or pounding saw so the saw "stands
up" at operating speed.

Saws have guides on cutting edge - use hickory
wood on guides - adjust while running -

Saw isn't quite parallel to track + carriage
runs with a leading edge - not to ride log when
carriage returns to avoid saw hitting on back
edge throwing up saw dust.

logs have internal stress in the wood
depend on how green the logs and type of ^{grain in} ~~grain~~
the wood. Some logs literally spring off away
from the saw.

Some on the last cut on the carriage may be
more thin on each end than at the head blocks,
training an off-better to be careful

Sep 30, 2010

4:30am

can't sleep

(1)

Some thoughts from remembrances following the Tziwan missionary reunion held in a Chinese restaurant in Dραπετ, UT.

Earlier that day the funeral of Elder Mark Freebairn had been held in Bountiful.

Elder Gerald Walker had flown in from Texas to attend. He told of the funeral. Elder Williams had been a speaker. Freebairn died from a brain tumor after a long illness.

In attendance - Sister Dottie Clegg Probst with her husband Evan. She was recovering from a recent hip replacement surgery.

Elder Walker called me on Tues (sent me an e-mail) I called him. He called back. He was flying in from Texas - hoped to get a ride to the funeral the next day. He needed a ride. He called me right back and told me he needed a ride to the funeral. But he called me to say - Elder Folsom was meeting him and his ride was being taken care of by Folsom. This surprised me since Folsom had moved to N. Mexico and I hadn't seen or heard of him for 2-3 years.

The report was, it was a nice funeral. He had 12 children. Several spoke. One had filled a mission in Tziwan.

Elder Bob Sumon had arranged the mgt. He took charge and had each missionary stand

and give an introduction

Elder Kimball, & wife, Elder _____ now living in Eagle Mt.
Elder & Michael Harrison wife -
Elder Dezzie - didn't stand because of her health.

Elder Vandrey & wife Bro. "Judo Chien" - told of his sons serving on missions - one in Corpus Christi Texas. (his wife not present).

Elder Colin Betts - now living in SLC where his wife is employed.

Elder Boyce Harris - rode to reunion with Bob Sumner from Provo.

Elder Kelly Folsom - told of crossing the river in Miaoli on foot bridge on bikes - the Chinese crossed by pushing their bikes. He fell off into the river. Water shallow but bridge was long - he came out said my cameras didn't work so he didn't get a picture of it.

He came out, poked the water out of his boots, got on his bike - by now there was a crowd of Chinese watching.

So we way across on the 2nd day. 2 ft plank bridge not over 18" wide - probably less.

Then I told the years I was there. Should have mentioned - many in the room arrived in Taiwan - Southern Far East mission with a 36 month call.

I told of wife my wife at BYU - didn't say the event was the opening social of the Chinese Club.

Should have mentioned that Chang Bin was the president of Chinese club. When his wife arrived he bought an old 60 or 61 Chevy with stick shift. I taught her to drive and rode with her in their car to pass her driving test at Provo County Elds in downtown Provo, made the return and everything just fine.

Chang Bin translated for Gordon B. Hinckley at the all island conference - Pres. H's first trip to the mission.

(5)

After telling of our marriage - Elder Ron Payne & his wife sitting opposite from us - spoke up. We attended their W. reception - we were on our honeymoon.

I mentioned I was in T'ai Chung with Elder Hales - pointing to him - and also Elder Royce Harris sitting next to me. (Should have mentioned E. Harris was Elder Kent Johnston's 1st companion. Also that we were together when Elder Mark E. Petersen came to T'ai Chung.

Elder Hales was branch president, relief society president and organist. He accompanied Elder Johnston when he sang a solo in our chapel for the Petersens.

An all island conference was held at Sun-moon Lake. Pres Heston announced no more zhimes - Elder Petersen said - He was glad - ~~that~~ he did - it saved him from having to make that announcement. He had been to the northern Far East mission before coming to Taiwan. Probably Pres Andrus in Tokyo had called and alerted Pres Heston of that.

Elder Williams was called on to give one of the 16-17 discussions of our proselyting plan at the conference while at Sun-moon Lake. He chose the lesson on the atonement and mentioned spiritual death. Elder Petersen advised me not emphasize that since we hardly understood it to begin with.

Someone asked Elder Petersen about blessing the food in restaurant settings. He said "the Lord He didn't do it so as not to draw attention. The Lord knows I'm thankful for it". But the blessing of the food was given as we were assembled - before we went to where the

the food was prepared. many tables were set up.

After that conference we went to an all island member conference in Taipei. Elder Cutler translated for Elder Petersen there.

Cutler later said. He had expected that to be a big challenge translating for an apostle. He didn't think it was challenging - just the same old stuff we always talked about in our discussions.

I felt what a great blessing - the gospel is simple in its message for all of us.

When Elder Harris + Johnston rode off to their tracting area - I learned from one of the young ladies in our Taichung branch - her little brother + his friends knew about what time they'd pass thru an intersection near their home and would gather there each day to see them peddle past on their bicycles.

The little Taiwanese kids would call out in Taiwanese - kuo - leo go - "Short and fat tall and skinny" when they would pass by.

Coming to Taichung with my cousin Mike Walker to interview candidates for baptism. We came Elder Freebairn gave instructions where to meet them. I don't know if he was nervous and didn't think they'd pass the interview. but he disappeared and wasn't there to introduce them to Elder Walker. One of those interviewed was Sister Ong. She certainly passed.

Later when Elder Hall was in Taichung

he tried to fellowship sister Ong's husband and
at one time went him pheasant hunting.

An interesting thing about coming to Tzichung was
the trading cards left by E Freebairn. An example
those coming to the branch with the surname Chien.
they were differentiated as follows, good guy
Chien, Policeman Chien, one armed Chien & on
and on.

2011

Journal entry

2011
Today is the 4th of July, A couple of weeks ago I was talking with Ann. She was at her home in Meridian, Ida. just outside Boise. She told me Billy was coming over and would be going to SLC to the veteran's hospital the 1st of July. He and his wife took her home with them to Idaho Falls to stay for a week and then when he came to SLC they would bring her with them so they could come on to Provo and visit us. Well it happened. She talked to me a few days before from Bill's in I.F. and told me they were coming. On Tues. June 29, I went into the surgery center in Provo across from the hospital and had surgery for a hernia. Same day surgery. The surgery was scheduled for 11:30 I was out in about an hour and remained in recovery for several hours. Louise was with me and brought me home. I was very sore but could walk fine. I found it difficult to lay down. The next day, Wed. Dr. Richard Thomas had me come to his office at 11:45 and examined me. He told me to take some pain medication and go home and rest. He told me it was a double hernia. It was the clinic I had gone to in 2003 when I had my first hernia surgery. But by a different doctor, (Hill) I was referred there by our family doctor, Vaughn Johnson. One we really like.

I seemed to be doing quite well. Then on Thursday morning I felt rather rough. I felt some nausea. One problem is the antithesia shuts down the nerves to the digestive system and it takes a while for the bowels to begin working again. I took some medicine Louise had for that and then on Thursday toward evening that ended and I felt quite good, though I didn't really have much of an appetite. Finally toward evening Ann called and they were just north of Provo. There has been a lot of construction on the freeway and coming through on the freeway from Lehi was bumper to bumper traffic making it very slow. They arrived and we visited. They were afraid they would be imposing, especially since my surgery had been so recent. But we prevailed and Ruth gave up a bedroom for Bill and Launa (Sam) and we put a blow up mattress on the family room floor for Ann.

In the middle of the night the phone rang. Lisa's daughter, Shanna was in the hospital with appendicitis. She had used a breast pump and had breast milk saved for her baby girl, about 2 months old now. Her husband Nick was caring for the baby and it turned out she would not drink the milk from a bottle and just screamed. They asked if Ruth would help. She was willing and next morning when I went down stairs, Ruth was on a blanket on the floor with a cover over the baby. The baby had nursed and calmed down and slept. Then Shanna was sent home and the baby was fine and after a waiting period from the medications she'd been given was able to nurse her baby again. From the hospital Shanna went to Lisa's home. She is still there. Next Wed. I'll go back for another check by the doctor. I've really been blessed. I've been able to sleep on my right and left sides and my back without any pain.

Now everyone seemed to sleep well. Our swamp cooler is not working yet, because the control knob on the wall was lost last fall and we have never found it. So it is now July 1st. Today is M'Jean's birthday. I called her and had Ann talk with her. I told them about when she was born in Island Park, on a Sunday morning when a message was driven over to the mill to Barney from Ponds Lodge. He got up and we bobtailed the '37 Ford from the trailer and drove to IF to see their first daughter.

We all had a good day. I felt much better. We visited a lot and took some pictures. We talked about a lot of things. We talked about dad's work at the mill and the temple. I found some family history things and got out some papers and gave copies of some to Bill. Later in the day Bill had to go to the Vet's hospital in SLC and they drove to Boise to take Ann home. They did stop over night in Burley. The next day they went home to I.F. I've talked to Ann since she got home and she is so happy they could come and have a visit and for some of the things we were able to talk about.

Left out the trip to the Bean Museum

Bernie

2012

2012
1953
59

Mar 22nd - 2012

It's 5:00 am - fell asleep on ^{hocking} love seat in front of the TV - Jazz, basketball - best Sacramento Kings by 1pt at buzzer - ^{2 good children} asleep in front of me
at 4:00 pm Thursday Mar. 22nd (Ruthie b. by Dr. Stone - definitely 1st named
my 2 cys from my hip - Been there since 20 yrs. - originally the size
of a pea - Last 2 years grown size more than doubled, but about
size of 2 marbles. Never irritated - have felt it - just saw it in
the mirror above the bathroom sink ~~after~~ taking a shower - (if I looked for it)
I woke up, brushed my teeth went to bed & slept last night - got up
at 5:00 to write this -

One of the things that often ~~bugs~~ ^{bugs} me is sports announcer - using
the nominative case of the pronoun (I instead of he in ^{the} a prepositional
case phrase, examples - between he and the quarterback,

Settling in our high priest group - I defended it in front of everyone -
"I stated" - I certainly don't consider myself a grammarian but I must
say this - I took an advanced English grammar class my senior year at 1953
Ricks College - with Wilson Walker, ^{that of} your ~~drunk~~ ^{my senior yr} who ~~was~~ ^{is} - but
Robert Ossman & Ella's here known - he's his father-in-law.
He was in that class. He was married, going to school in the D.I. -
Had several children, 6 of my nephews & niece - his brother Hugh & his wife
worked in the store at Ford's Lodge in E.P.

Wilson was sent at the teacher's pet in the class - he being a veteran.
He lived in the lumber sheds which were around the town's cant & just
behind the gravel parking lot ^{right} ~~not~~ ^{at} the parking lot adjacent to
the Sports Bldg. So after all these yrs. I still remember some
specific things from that English class 59 years ago -

I'll tell you about our teacher Miss Edna Ricks.
She had been at Ricks in 1936, the year my sister ^{majoring} graduated! Also
in 1942-43 when brother Al was there.

(2)

She knew these both - quite well.

She was the Dean of Women - She grew up there as possibly Sugar City as a girl. She must have been mostly into the 60's -

I spent some time in her office one day at her request. That was earlier when I took Freshman English. At orientation week she stood in an assembly - "Ricks College was not named after her. She made it clear - off to the side. The librarian who had been a student at the same time as my brother Al had made some type of remark pertaining to her age - jokingly - when he had spoken earlier -

When Mary Jane was there she was the women's gym teacher - Mary mentioned once - how she remembered her and her chubby knees. She was a very heavy set woman -

Mary Jane was invited to attend the formal dance and didn't accept the date - because she didn't have a formal to wear. She almost didn't graduate because she didn't have the money for the fee that had to be paid first. A member of the faculty - Hugh Pennion - arranged (when he heard of it to have the fee paid just in time -

When Miss Ricks invited Mary into her office and showed her a beautiful dress - She said it was here and that Mary Jane could wear it Mary declined. She told me there was no way Miss Ricks could have estimated that dress. Mary was slight built -

In her office she told me that if during my German lesson there was hurting my eyes she would waive the requirement and I would not have to complete it. Then the story about her operation (the detached retina) - She said that day -

(3)

(When I was going to Byk - 1961 - there was a building, shed or barn
the building, and that parking lot are today - A L. ^{from} -
Ching Bin from Taiwan mission I lived there with him and wife.

I taught her to drive and took her to press
her during last in the 1961 Ching stick sheet. He
was president of the Chinese Club - one year.

I learned that Miss Rick's was engaged to be married
to a local man who was killed in World War I. She
never married - the hope being she could be sealed to
him in the next life. Few men at that time were
able to undergo the detached religious operation because
men could say still - a critical requirement. She
was able to - But I think she was happy - a rather light
strong person.

I am usually rather quiet sitting in an unworldly
priest group. In the corner, back row sits my friend
Gordon Hunkins - I know him. He is very quiet.
He knows what I think about being quiet. I've
shared this with him. An old favorite of mine.
"It is better to remain quiet and have people think you
are a fool - than to open your mouth and remove all doubt."

I still remember & stay from Miss Rick's class.

Someone criticized Winston Churchill's grammar
As the prime minister of Great Britain he had lots of
political critics. He put up with them. But he gave
a public rebuttal about his English -
you can accuse of ending a sentence with a preposition.

of his English that was a complaint for which he would not
put. In my memory after 25 years

Max Jane and not remember being married - I - One of the Holy Ghost
to be in help - is remembering - made it a matter of
concentration to stay and aware that problem

to be placed with our (my) living will
and family trust.

personal belongings to be left to family
members as designated below.

(JWK) ^{engraved on the back.} gold watch and chain (belonged to my father
Justin Willis Knapp - given him for Christmas 1936 or
1937 by Mayjorie and family. That year she was
married during the Christmas holidays. She taught
school that year in Sugar City (2nd grade)
She and Barney (Bernard Eugene South) were
married in Randolph, Wt. She didn't tell
her students she was married until the last
day of school - (at that time had the school board
known she was married -- she would have lost
her job) She initiated (and likely paid the most
part of the cost,

the watch to Joseph
M30 carbine M1 rifle to Kathy

Saddle to Joseph

Rolliflex camera to Jennifer Knapp

paintings to children

china painting floral design to Lisa

large 8x10 photos to each or and Lisa to Lisa