

HERITAGE MAKERS

Gramma once was a little Child

A little child like...



Grandma Once Was A Little Child



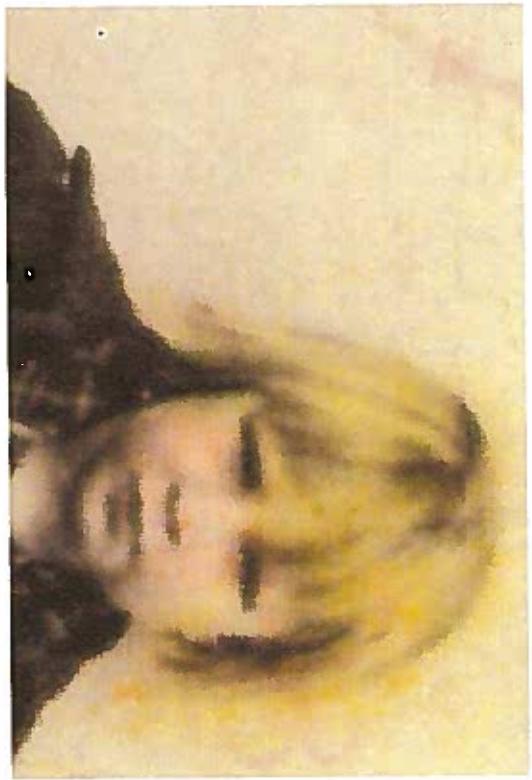
by Augusta LaRée 'Child' Nooner

"Our children are our jewels, we have counted well the cost;
may the angels ever guard them,
and not one child be lost."

by Orson Spencer



My father called me "Ree Bug"...



My family lived in Redwood City, California when I was born. We left when I was about a year old...because they were having blackouts due to Pearl Harbor having just been bombed. I learned early how to be quiet. My mother wanted to return to Bluewater, New Mexico, where her father had started a town, and she felt they would be "safe. She hadn't counted on the first testing of the Atomic Bomb to be at Alamogordo, NM

We moved from New Mexico to Blanding, Utah, when I was about 5, because of 3 years of drought without water, then, I ended up in Manti, Utah at age 15, so my parents could do Temple work. I was just 17 years old when my mother died there unexpectedly in 1958, and my older sister, Marian, took my sister Gwen and I out to Richmond, California to live with her, after my mother died. So, here I found myself in California again...just a few miles from where I was born!!

My niece, Doris Ellen Rhoades was 4 years old, when she had an accident in Blanding, and her little dress caught fire from a street flare, which caused her death. Her parents spent the money they received as a settlement on Doris Ellen's claim with the road construction people, on gathering genealogical names. When about 500 names had been found by the researchers, they were sent to the Manti Temple. By this time, Marian and LeRoy had moved to Richmond, California and were too far away to do the work, so, my mother and father closed up their home, and drove to Manti, not knowing where they were going to live, but, taking as much food and bedding and clothing as their little car would hold...ready to do the Temple Work, and knowing that the "Lord would provide" for their care...much as Nephi did. Just going on faith.

That is how I came to be in Manti, and when my mother died in 1958 (Don left on his mission in 1958 from Illinois, and was sent to California, ending up in Richmond, California), and Marian took Gwen and I out there after the funeral. Those were circumstances that put Don and I together.

Alvin & Doris Ellen Rhoades



Alvin and Doris Ellen, along with Shari and Diana Black, my nieces and nephew, were some of my closest friends. They seemed more like my brother and sisters. It was Doris Ellen who opened the way for me to meet Don. She loved every living thing. She and Alvin loved to run races around me...for a long time!! We would climb trees, and I would lay on the lawn on my back, and flip them over my head. I missed her very much!! But, after she died, she came back and played with Alvin all one night.

I believe that writing down or recording our day to day activities and thoughts, helps us to see where we have been, and where we are going. Sometimes in the present we don't realize as much as we do when we read about it in the past. The other day, I realized that my parents both died when I was very young. Had they not told me so many stories about themselves and their lives when we would be working in the garden, or just talking around the house, I wouldn't know much about them. They were both excellent story tellers.

Mama's stories were very inspiring, humorous and factual. Daddy's were also factual, but, he was known to embellish a story now and then, just to make it more interesting. Stretch it a little this way or the other...just to keep us spellbound!! He 'played to an audience'. They were asked at one time in Blanding, to be in charge of a "Children's Sacrament Meeting", which was only done that one time that I know of. They did it for about 6 months. I was one of the older kids, so I was asked to help out a lot. This was held at the same time as the "Adult Sacrament Meeting". I remember that we had a format of a prayer, songs and stories. They would take turns telling all kinds of stories about themselves, *** ancestors & the Gospel.

I might say here too, that my mother wanted to learn to play the piano very much and didn't have one, so, she got a board, and painted white and black keys on it, and got some music and taught herself to play without ever hearing herself. One day when I was about 11, she touched each key on our piano in the upper range, and had me sing every note, and I went up to within 3 notes of the top.

My parents would tell stories of Sampson, King David, Elijah, and other colorful stories from the Bible. Also, they would share stories of their own experiences.

It was one of my favorite times. I LOVED to listen to them, and so did the other kids. They could really hold our attention. Mama could play the piano (and sing at the same time, and she could harmonize so well), and Daddy would lead the singing (he had a wonderful tenor voice), and they were both so happy and cheerful. It didn't matter what they were doing, they had a good time together. That made it enjoyable for all of us.

In the winter kids from town liked to come up to the knoll that was close to us in Blanding and bring their snow sleighs, and slide down the hill. One evening we were finished for the evening, and everyone was walking past our house, and my father stepped out into the street and invited all the kids in for some hot cocoa. They all came in, and while drinking the cocoa, mama began playing the 'Virginia Reel' on the piano, and daddy got everyone to get up, make lines, and we did square dancing. It was so fun! We were a musical family. Everyone played some instrument, and we all sang and harmonized on parts. Those were fun times to remember. I played the accordion, harmonica, piano, a little guitar & castanets. I also learned Spanish Dancing and Ballet from my sister-in-law who was Spanish. (Warren's wife, Ruth Quijada)

However, somehow when her hands started working, so did her mouth. She began telling us a story of when she was young, and it was so interesting that we tried to stay up with her. She was picking fast, and we had to hustle to keep up. Then, Gwen would find an overripe berry, and throw it at me (behind mama's back of course) and so, I would try to get even, and throw some at her. But, then we had to work even faster, because if we'd get too far behind, we would miss some of the details of the story. We didn't notice the heat of the sun or the sore knees too much, because our minds were being filled with exciting stories!!

At night, we would gather up wheelbarrows full of corn, peas, or green beans, and sit around in a circle in the back dooryard, husking corn, shelling peas, or popping green beans, talking, telling jokes and laughing as we worked, and it was the highlight of the day.

Daddy bought and cleared the cedar trees off of 2 acres. On this he built us a home, an adobe chicken coop, a cellar out of cedar trees and dirt, rabbit hutches, a pig pen and planted a large garden, a large strawberry patch, current and berry bushes, and an orchard. He planted the apple, peach and apricot trees around the berry patch, so that whoever was doing the picking, would find shady places every so often from the relentless sun. To show what a good planner he was, he didn't push over ALL of the cedars, but, left some around for beauty, utility and shade. He used them when we plucked chickens and turkeys, and to hang deer and hogs from, as he prepared them for jerky and the pork barrel. And to show his ingenuity, he planted a black walnut tree in the area he had fenced in for a chicken run. This is where the chickens could come outside in good weather, to stretch their legs and peck around in the dirt. When the black walnuts would mature, and fall off of the tree onto the ground, they had a thick green covering that had to be peeled or cut off before you could crack the black shell underneath.

It was hard work to do, but when the chickens saw them fall on the ground, they thought it was a game, and would begin pecking at them, until all the green was gone, and we could just go in and pick them up off the ground. We had a large stream of water from the mountain and irrigated our land. As the water ran down the ditch, I would run ahead of it, and 'rescue' all the ants and bugs from drowning.

He didn't forget our fun either. He put up a basketball hoop, fashioned some boards together so we could high-jump and broad jump into a hollowed out area filled with sawdust so we wouldn't get hurt. He let us build our own playhouse. We had some bales of hay that we used to shoot arrows. My brother Warren taught me shoot the bow and arrow, shoot a gun, and walk through the hills without making noise, in order to shoot wild rabbits or deer. I never did shoot one.

Mama loved to plant flower gardens. Flowers grew all around and over our cellar and on trellis's that my mother built to hold the roses she ordered from the Stark magazine. Beautiful, large, dark burgundy and white roses and lilacs still grew there, long after my parents had died, the house had burned down, and the land was vacant. Roses and lilacs still kindle a soft spot in my heart. I planted my own hills of flowers as well.

We didn't have television and telephones when I was born. We didn't have either one in our home until I was a Senior in high school, and then we only used it occasionally. We didn't have an indoor bathroom until I was about 14 years old, when daddy dug a hole in the backyard, and put in a septic tank, as the town didn't have a sewer. We didn't have a car most of the time. If we wanted to go somewhere, we walked. Even when we did get a car, we couldn't afford gas, so, we still walked almost everywhere.

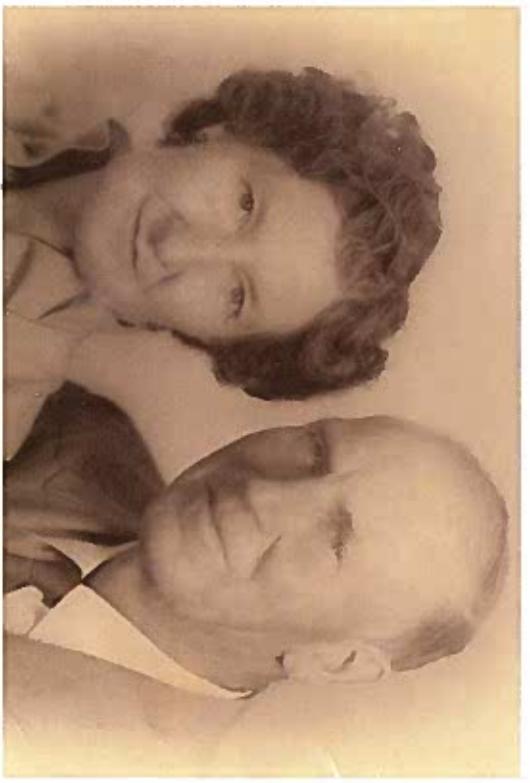
We did have a radio, and would occasionally listen to programs such as: The Lone Ranger, The Shadow Knows, and Fibber McGee and Molly, and Amos and Andy, but, mostly, we just made our own music and had our own fun!! Scripture reading was something that my parents did all the time, and when the home teachers would come over, daddy would preach to them!

My mother used to tell me not to listen to too much music, or it would fill the need we have to create our own. I tried to follow that advice as much as I could.

Daddy was retired, and his Social Security check didn't go very far. So, the only money we had was to sell the eggs, and the chickens (as they got old), and fruit and vegetables from our garden and orchard. If we needed something extra, once a year we would order things from catalogs. The Sears and Wards catalogs were very popular with everyone in town, because we used them in our outhouses, and they also gave us something to read and dream about!

One experience I had when we were in Bluewater, New Mexico, was that one day, daddy was building a shed with a corrugated roof. Gwen and I found out that we could slide down the steel sheets, as it made a super slide...and we were having great fun!! But, then my next to the littlest toe, was right on the edge, and was cut. Daddy and mama used mud and manure to soak it, to draw out any infection...but, one day, mama noticed that I had a red line going from my toe up to the groin, and there was a green swelling there. She recognized that I had blood poisoning. I was immediately taken to a hospital in Gallup, where I stayed for 2 weeks, getting 3 penicillin shots a day in my hips. This was extremely painful...and I could stand the pain pretty well, unless mama was there, then I would cry and beg her to not let them give me the shots. It is amazing that penicillin had not been invented very long, when I needed it to save my life!! Welcome Owen and Phyllis Chapman, our cousins, lived there, and brought me some crayons and a coloring book, which Gwen and I used, until there wasn't one bit of the crayons left!! We never had any crayons, paper, clay or anything to play with except sticks, rocks, dirt, anything we could find at the dump, and a lot of imagination!

Best Storytellers and Teachers.



We grew everything we needed to survive. My parents told stories every time we began to work. They worked alongside of us. They shared either experiences of their lives, or stories from the scriptures. They both died when I was young, and had they not told me so many stories of themselves, and their ancestors, I would have had very little to remember. It helped me to "know" them, know their values and what was important to them. The stories taught me lessons of life. I began to choose my heroes and tried to be like them. I tried to avoid the pitfalls of those who made wrong choices, because I saw the error of their ways.

Good and Bad Choices...

One summer morning when I was about 10 years old, I went into a little shed we had behind our house in Blanding, and saw a box filled with church magazines. I picked one up and began reading it. It had so many stories that I just couldn't stop reading it. When I finished one, I would begin reading another. I read all day. The next day, I returned to the shed, and sat on the dirt floor and read another whole day until I had read every magazine. It was strange that nobody seemed to miss me, but, those stories were about good and bad choices that people had made and how it made them feel. I felt those 2 days had given me a lifetime of experience. I didn't need to go and do all the good or bad things to know how it would make me feel...the stories of others had done that for me!!

That is probably why I have a large library now. I read nearly every church book they had in the Ogden Library. I must have read over 3,000 church books in my lifetime when I had to lay in bed, trying to get my babies here. I acquired every book I could find that Albert R. Lyman wrote...about 150 books. Books give you wisdom.

But, I found that even though I had learned about choosing good and evil...I still had to experience some of it for myself. I didn't know about the influence of others in our choices. One day in the 6th grade, Mr. Lars Anderson read us the first part of a mystery novel... "The Gold Bug". But, he got to the most exciting part, and then quit. He didn't read the ending! He encouraged us to buy it to see what happened. It was lunch time, and a girlfriend went with me to Marian's house that was just 2 blocks from the gradeschool. I told her how much I wish I had the money to buy that book. She said, "Doesn't your sister have money around the house?" And I said, "Yes, it is in a jar in her cupboard." She said, "Why don't you just take some and buy the book. She will never know." I said I couldn't do that. I had been baptized, and wanted to stay clean. I didn't want to make any mistakes. But, she coaxed me, and I finally gave in and took the \$6. that it cost. I took it to school, and gave it to my teacher. In a few weeks the book came. I couldn't wait until school was over so I ^{could} go home and find out what happened!! I ran home as fast as I could, went out to the shed and read the book. Then I had a problem. What should I do with the book now? If anyone saw it, I would be in trouble. So, I threw it in the garbage. But, I didn't have a good feeling. I had stolen and not confessed. It was a perfect crime. That is the biggest lie that Satan uses... "No One Will Ever Know!" I'm sure that if I had told Marian right away, that she would have forgiven me. She did forgive me when I finally got the courage years later to tell her about it. I carried that sin around for a long time...too long.

One day a teacher, unknowingly, humiliated me, by emphasizing in his lesson that I was different than others. It hurt my feelings, and I wanted to go do something bad, so I could "be like everyone else." I realize now, that it wasn't being "different" that I felt badly about, because I really didn't want to be "like" everybody else, ...it was truly about just being "accepted" for who I was, and having that be "okay" and acknowledged and appreciated. I think that because I didn't forgive him quickly, that it led to the following experience.

In my teenage years, I would get thoughts or instructions of what to do. They came so often, that I didn't regard them as anything really special. I never mentioned it to anyone because it was just normal, nothing out of the ordinary. But, one night I was riding home from a church meeting in California, and I was in the back seat of one of the kids' cars, and I got another one of those thoughts or instructions come into my mind. I was probably about 18 years old at the time. But, I remember thinking to myself, "I don't want to be told what to do all the time! I want to make decisions on my own!"...I'll tell you right now...that is the wrong thing to say! I must have offended whoever it was who had been helping me so much, because it took me years before I got that gift back to that extent, and it was never as constant and steady as it had been before. I had to repent and work hard to get it back...where before it had just been given freely, as easy as breathing in and out. I think the spirit came to me because I tried so hard to be perfect in my thoughts and actions. I tried hard to do all the right things. I didn't always succeed, but, I tried.

The Veil of the Spirit World!

I've shared how it became hard for me to "recognize" the spirit's prompting, and would take me 3 times before I would take action on it, especially in regards to my family. However, as I began researching and doing Family History work on a large scale...the veil began to grow thin, and I would "hear" messages and act on them the first time!! That was such a joy to me. I knew I was not alone, when I was doing research.

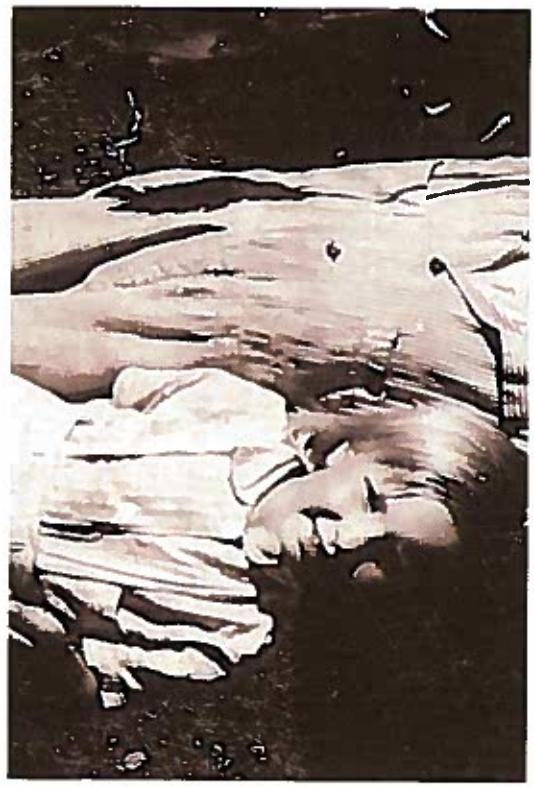
I believe that these flashes of thought, may have come because I felt many, many people, who filled my house, and went even beyond the walls of the house, and who seemed to be constantly there for about 5 months. I would either start at 5 in the morning, or stay up until 5 in the morning working on the records. But, the sad thing is, that one day, a little boy came over with his parents, and he was angry about something. We tried to talk him out of his anger, but, he just wouldn't budge...and held onto it.

Well, that day I felt all of those people leave. I was never aware of that large of a crowd who stayed so long again. So, I learned that if we hold onto strong negative feelings inside of us, or if family members or visitors bring those kind of feelings into our home, we may not have the visitation of the angels...for this is surely what our family enjoyed for that 5 months, and yet I felt those people leave that day.

I Love the Little Children!!

One day my mother returned from a trip with 3 small children. When her train stopped in a small town, a couple of little children came up to her begging for some money or food. She asked them to take her to their home. There she found their mother sick in bed, with a younger son. Mama said, "Your children should not be out begging. I'm going to take them home with me and take care of them. Here is my name and address, and when you get well, you can come and get them." And that is how we came to know Lonnie, Vickie, and Skippy Waggoner. I was delighted to have some more little playmates. I already tended my 6 little nephews and nieces almost daily...and now we had some more!! I didn't realize I was a "babysitter"...I just saw more little friends. I've always preferred children to adults. Adults are so...complicated...and children are so innocent and sincere and have so much faith. They are like an empty page...where we fill in the blanks. Adults' pages have so much scribbling on them..it is hard to know where the blanks are!! So, for all of you who have the privilege of "babysitting"...count it as a blessing because you can have a great influence on those little minds...it is almost as important as "being on a mission"...because of what and how you will be able to teach and train them. In some of the Patriarchal Blessings of our ancestors, it says that they held on to the quality of "being gentle" during the cruel periods of the dark ages..when it was common to see mans' inhumanity to man. You are from gentle people and have a great opportunity to be an influence for good.

I Think when I Read That Sweet Story...



I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children like lambs to his fold;
I should like to have been with him then.
I know that his hands have been placed on my head,
That his arms have been thrown around me,
And I have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."



There Must be Opposition in all Things

In California,

At about 2:00 in the morning of August 3rd, 1959, Judy and I were asleep, and I was awakened by something. It was an awfully scary feeling!! I felt like there were tons of evil spirits down at the other end of the room up near the ceiling. I heard Judy stir in her bed, and then I heard her say, "LaRee, are you awake?", and I replied, "Yes." She then said, "Do you feel what I feel?", and I said, "Yes." She said, "Turn on the light.", and I said, "No, you do it. I don't dare take my arms out from under the covers." She said, "Neither do I. What shall we do?" So, we decided to pray silently to ourselves. Then, after a few minutes, one of us got the courage to reach out and switch on the lamp that was between our beds. There was a Book of Mormon on the night stand, so, I picked it up, and began reading it, until we had more courage. We read a talk by David O. McKay in the Improvement Era, finally got the courage to get out of bed, and knelt down by our beds and said our prayers. But then still being uneasy and afraid, we went in and woke up LeRoy Rhoades, who with his priesthood, cast out the evil spirits. We went back to bed, and didn't feel them anymore that night.

However, the next day as we were out tracting, knocking on the doors of people to find those who wanted to listen, those evil spirits came back. We both felt them, and there was a bench where we could sit and wait for a bus, so we pulled out our Book of Mormons, and began reading while we were silently praying for them to depart. It took about 3 hours, until we felt them leave again. That was the first and last time I have felt evil spirits to that extent. It was such a strong feeling that I have never forgotten how it felt. I thought to myself, "Well, we are out here teaching about God and Jesus Christ, and our testimonies about them are increasing....and now, we know that Satan, and his followers also live!"

It is necessary that we know both spirits...and that we know Satan is as real as Heavenly Father." From that experience, I knew that I sure didn't want to ever follow Satan...or ever be where his spirit was. I felt like he would like to have destroyed us!! I was grateful for the Priesthood that LeRoy had, and that he was willing to use his priesthood in the middle of the night, without any hesitation or complaint.

A "DREAM" of My Mother's Eyes...

I was working at the 7 story Breuners Department store in downtown Oakland, California when one night I had a dream. I was the Office Manager, Connie Haley's, private secretary, and as the office filled the entire 3rd floor, I had my own desk and phone just outside of the Office Manager's office. She had a little cubicle of an office, with partial glass walls around it for a little privacy. She was a chain smoker, and the smoke would come over the top of the glass, and I could smell it all day. I liked the smell of her cigarettes, but, would never consider smoking myself. At least that is what I thought. I didn't think I was tempted, but, for some reason, one night I was given a very significant dream.

I dreamed that my boss, Connie Haley, invited all of the office workers to a dinner at a fine restaurant up in the Berkeley Hills. She was seated at the head of the table, and as I was her personal secretary, I was seated at her left. By our plate was an alcoholic drink. But, I wouldn't drink it. Mrs. Haley started smoking, and started trying to get me to smoke also. I told her "No", but, she persisted, and was very determined to have me smoke.

So, finally, I did take a cigarette and begin to smoke. It felt just heavenly!! I thought, "This is such a wonderful feeling...now I know why people smoke, and why it would be so hard to stop." Well, then, she tried to get me to drink, and I again resisted, but, she was a very strong-willed person, and very persuasive, and so, finally, I picked up the glass, and drank the drink. It too felt wonderful!! It wasn't the taste, it was the feeling that I really liked!

I dreamed that after the dinner I went home, and when I woke up, mama was there. She was looking at me and when I looked into her eyes, I became so awfully ashamed of myself, and what I had done. I just wanted to disappear and vanish into the ground. The feeling of shame, disgust and disgrace that I felt greatly outweighed ANY of the 'good feeling' I thought I had experienced. If there had been any doubt or temptation before, there was absolutely "NONE" now. The few minutes of pleasure that I might have gotten from smoking and drinking would NEVER, NEVER be worth it...when I met mama again! I was so grateful that the Lord let me have this VICARIOUS experience WITHOUT ACTUALLY doing it.

Priority of Paying Tithing

Jeanie and I would go out our door nearly every day, and get in the swimming pool. She was just 2 years old, and I had a couple of dreams that she was drowning, so one day while we were in the pool, I asked her if she could sit on the bottom step of the pool. She tried, but, would keep floating up to the top. I told her to keep trying, which she did, and then she found it was really hard to get down to the bottom, and harder to stay there. She began kicking her legs, and moving her arms, to try to reach the bottom step and stay there, and pretty soon she was swimming underwater. She would come up to breathe, then go down again. She had learned to swim!! We could throw her into the pool, and she wasn't afraid. She would just swim off across the pool, even in the deepest part. She would wrap her arms around my neck and hang on while I swam. Then I would swim under the rope in the middle with her on my back. That was always fun for us!! There was another mother who would come out and swim occasionally, during the day. Also, a couple of young men would come and swim once in awhile. Sometimes they would get to talking with her. Then one night, they apparently invited her and her husband over to their apartment for dinner.

They apparently got to drinking, and they must have all gotten drunk. Don and I were in bed, and we heard her husband come home. It woke us up because he started crying and yelling, because one of the men had come home with his wife, and had done wrong with her. The things we heard were really sad. But, I realized that I didn't want that kind of feeling and spirit coming into our apartment, influencing our family, and I told Don that we had to get our own home!!

So, we went out looking. About the only thing we could find that we could afford was a dark brown house by the railroad tracks. We had \$3,000. saved for our tithing. This was in December, and it was nearly tithing settlement time. It would cost us \$3,000. down payment, and we had it. But, this would mean we couldn't pay our tithing. So, Don and I made it a matter of prayer. We prayed about it before we went to bed that night, but, didn't get any specific answer. Don went to sleep, but, I was just too upset to sleep.

I knew we HAD to get out of being in a place where we didn't have control of the spirit that could actually come into our home unbidden. I was so disturbed about it that I couldn't sleep, and so I laid in bed

praying fervently, and long ...and finally, about 5:00 in the early morning hours, I got my answer. It came to me as words to my mind, "LaRee, pay your tithing, and in 3 months you will have your house!" I got so excited!! I woke Don up, and told him that I KNEW what to do. He accepted my answer, and so we paid our tithing. Then, we went looking

in January for another home.

We found a beautiful WHITE house, up on a hillside, with a beautiful yard, big windows, where I could feel a gentle breeze, and fruit trees. I loved the feeling of it!! So, we made an offer, and it was accepted. They started processing the loan, and in March, which was 3 months, it was time to close on the house, and Don had earned an extra \$3,000. in those 3 months selling cars. He was so surprised, because he had never earned that much, that fast, in his life!! It was a true miracle!! But, it also taught me something else...to always pay your tithing first, and the Lord will take care of your needs. The answer I received was fulfilled to the letter!

Out of the Mouth of Babes

Alicia came running into our home in Riverton, Utah one day, very excited because the grade school kids had all tied red ribbons onto the fence, to show their opposition to using drugs. There had been a real campaign to teach our young children the importance of saying "No To Drugs"! She was in the 1st grade.

One day shortly after this, we were going to a party, and I decided to stop at a store in our small town where they made homemade fudge, and pick up a pound or two for gifts. But, as Alicia and I got out of the car, and were walking toward the door, Alicia just became horrified, stopped walking and exclaimed, "Mama, we can't go in there...that is a DRUG store!"

It was hard to explain to her that there are some kinds of drugs we can use, and some that we can't...but, I just wondered at the time, what kind of a mixed message are we sending to our children...and just why do we think they get confused?

Guidance From Unseen Family Members

One day I was looking at a census sheet from Pope County, Arkansas, and as I was copying the one family onto a family group sheet, I noticed that one of their first names (which was an unusual name) had also been used in another family who lived nearby. In looking further, I noticed that this family was also from the same state as the wife of the Nooner. I then realized that this neighbor must have been the wife's family, as her age was consistent with those of the other children. So, I copied that family also. Then, I saw a tie-in from another family, who was from the same state, and it fit into this little family organization I had begun putting together. Then, there was another one, and another one...and one clue led to another, until finally, everyone on that page was related in one way or another...and I KNEW it!! Then, I saw only one more family on the sheet that I hadn't marked as being related. It was the Needham Flowers family. I recognized his name, as he was the Justice of the Peace who had married many of the people in this area. And I thought to myself, "Well, there is one that I won't have to do!" And when immediately I heard these words, "But, he was our neighbor, and we loved him!!"

THEN, I knew that I wasn't as smart as I had thought I had been...in my analyzing. I had been listening to someone that I couldn't see, who had helped me recognize all these clues, organize the family, and put it all together..

Importance of Marriage in the Spirit World II

Another day, I was at the Family History Library in Salt Lake City, and I was going through a book of marriages in Arkansas. The way I would research these books, was to put small paper markers wherever I found a family name, and then, when I finished, I would go to the copy machine, and make copies of those marked pages. I noticed that I was putting in a marker about every other page, and I was finding more and more family names in the book...when suddenly, I began to hear and feel many people around me. There were saying many different things, but the messages were all similar..."Get my name", "Don't forget me", "I'm on page ___", and the excitement and urgency was rising and voices were all talking at once, and my hands and body were beginning to shake, because of the fervor of all of these people. Finally, I became distressed and protested, "I can't do it all at once!!" and suddenly there was total "silence"!! I had apparently offended them, and basically told them to be quiet, in my feelings...and they had all just "suddenly stopped"! Well, then I felt badly...but, I also realized "how much" these people all wanted to be sealed together as couples, and how important it was to them.

We Inherited Gifts from our Lineage...

These are pictures of my parents William Warren Child and Doris Emma Tietjen when they were children, and teens. They are your grandparents. I know that through them, and others of our lineage, we have inherited the ability to draw on the powers of heaven..like our cousin, Philo T. Farnsworth. Philo is responsible for Television.



He said, "I know that God exists. I know that I have never invented anything. I have been a medium by which these things were given to the culture as fast as the culture could earn them. I give all the credit to God." —Philo T. Farnsworth

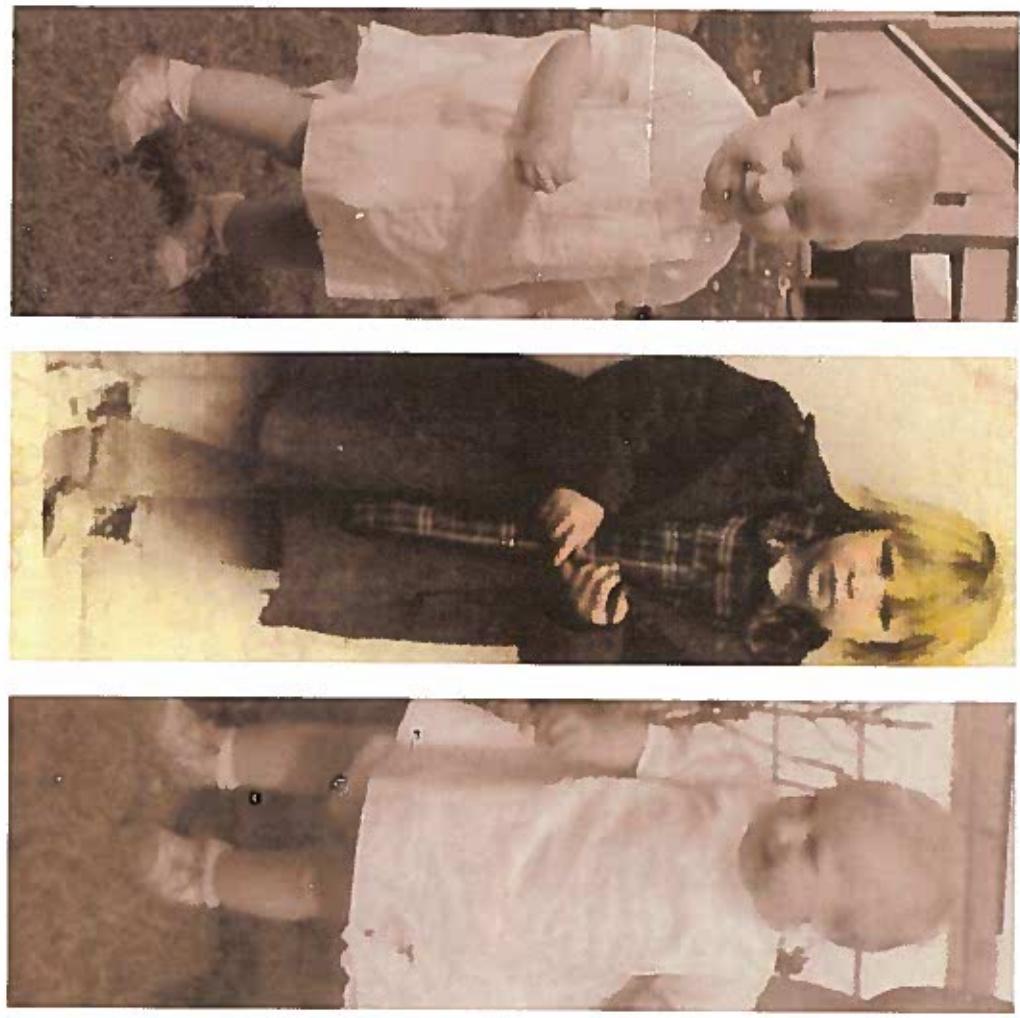
On September 7, 1927, Philo T. Farnsworth demonstrated for the first time that it was possible to transmit an "electrical image" without the use of any mechanical contrivances whatsoever. In one of the first triumphs of Relativistic science, Farnsworth replaced the spinning disks and mirrors with the electron itself, an object so small and light that it could be deflected back and forth within a vacuum tube tens of thousands of times per second. Farnsworth was the first to form and manipulate an electron beam, and that accomplishment represents a quantum leap in human knowledge that is still in use today.

We are related to Thomas Edison, Samuel F.B. Morse, Sir Isaac Newton, Prophet Joseph Smith, John Lathrop, the Pratts, Kimballs, Presidents and Prophets.

"Go On Your Mission!!"

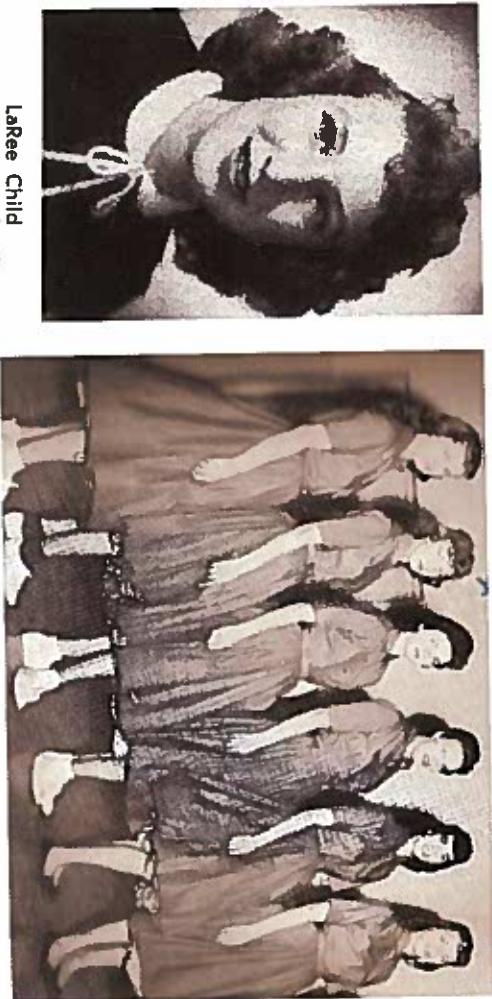
After my mother died in Manti and Marian had brought me out to California to live with her family, we went back to Utah on a trip and my friend, Judy Mickelson, came out to stay with us. She and I tried to get a job. We got an occasional housecleaning job, and a few different things, but, nothing permanent. LeRoy was the Ward Mission Leader, and so, our home was filled with missionaries and Judy and I were asked to be Stake Missionaries. We were set apart, and so, we began memorizing the discussions, and going out with other missionaries from time to time. We looked into going to beauty college, but, we just didn't know what to do, because we had no money.

One day after talking to Marian about it, she said, "Why don't you go in and pray about it." We thought that was a good idea, so we went in immediately, and kneeled by the side of our bed and began saying our private prayers. It wasn't too long until I got an answer! The words came into my mind, "LaRee, go on your mission for 2 months, and then you will have your job!" I got so excited!! It was hard to wait for Judy to finish her prayers so I could talk to her, but, when she did, I said, "Judy, I KNOW what to do!" And I told her of my answer. She trusted me, and so we began tracting and teaching discussions 8 hours a day, 5 days a week. We had to walk, and catch buses, as neither one of us drove, nor had a car. It was a really special experience.



We were just 18 years old, and when I look back on it, that wasn't too safe for 2 young girls our age to be doing..., but the Lord protected us. The houses were set back off the street quite a long ways, and one day as Judy turned and started walking toward one of the houses, all of a sudden I felt we shouldn't go to that house. I didn't know why not, but, just said, "Judy, we shouldn't go to this house." She believed me and so, we walked on, and the next house was the same and the next one the same. THEN, the next house, I got the distinct impression that we SHOULD go to it. We went and knocked on the door, and were invited in, and gave a discussion to the family. From then on, I would test my feelings, and we passed up many houses, but every one we knocked on, we got in, and taught the gospel. It was a wonderful experience, and I learned quite a bit about how to 'listen for and follow the spirit'.

Following are some pictures from my high school yearbook. I was the Drill Master 2 years, and made up and taught them to 40 girls in the Pep Club. On the Class Picture, (2 parts) I am the one in the middle on the front row, because I was the tallest.



LaRee Child
Today - Looking for "Him"
Tomorrow - Beautiful bride.



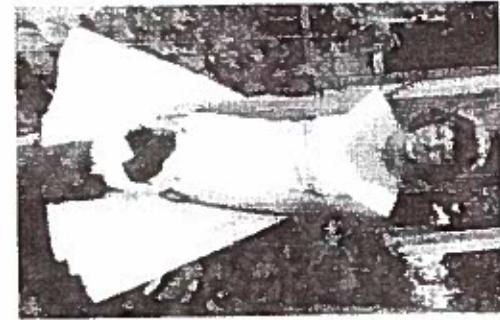
The Pep Club girls chose Jill Burr to be their president, Ida Louise Motterman as vice-president, Lucy McCallister to assume responsibilities of secretary, Karen Shumard as reporter, and Carol Young and Alice Child to organize and teach the drills presented during halftime at basketball games.

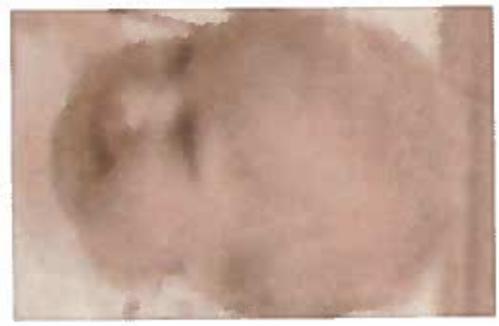


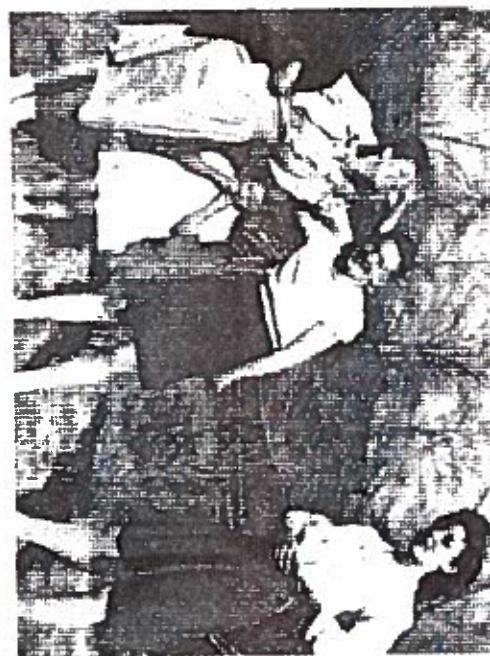
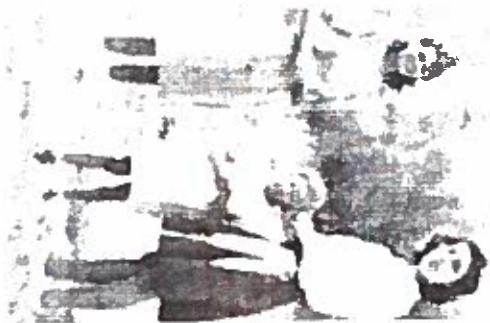
Members and cheerleaders all decked



highlight of Pep Club activities is the traditional candle lighting cere







Thoughts taken from my Journal

"Little children, how I love them, pure, bright spirits from above; what would heaven be without them? Or this world, without their love? Yet these little angel spirits, sometimes have been heard to say, naughty words, use impure language, while in anger at their play. Little thinking of the tempter, ever standing near, waiting, watching to mislead them, from the way of truth, I fear. Then dear children, be ye always pure and holy, day by day; ask the Lord to guard and keep you in the straight and narrow way. Never grieve your Heavenly Watchers, by a coarse or impure word; nor forget to pray for loved ones, for the children's prayers are heard."

(These are the words of Aurelia S. Rogers, founder of the Primary)



1958 June Speech Contest - LaRee Child

(This was a talk I organized and wrote for the June Speech Contest in Manti, Utah. I memorized it, and won the contest and gave it at the Stake Speech Contest. I was 16 years old.)

How Glorious And Near To The Angels Is Youth That Is Clean**This Youth Has Joy Unspeakable Now and Eternal Happiness Hereafter.

In order to bring harmony and beauty into one's life, it is necessary to have perfect thought models. This involves much prayerful watching. If a robber tried to get into our homes we would not hesitate to get rid of him and lock the door. Yet, often, we let thoughts of anger, hate, and envy stray into our mental homes and rob us of our peace and happiness. Keeping a constant vigil enables us to recognize the intruder as a robber. Then we can refuse to entertain the thought, knowing it to be an enemy.

The quality of our thinking is stamped upon our hearts and lives and often on our faces. In Hawthorne's story, "The Great Stone Face" we read that the boy who kept the stone face as his model grew like it. By his admiration for the strength, courage, and beauty of that face, he finally became just like it. ~~By this admiration for the strength, courage, and beauty of that face, he finally became just like it.~~ An artist in depicting the image of a rose does not study the form of a serpent. He studies the velvety beauty of the petals, and the form of the flower.

It is important, not only from a health standpoint, but also from the standpoint of a truly christian life, to bar our mental doors against evil thinking.

For example, Joseph F. Smith used to ride to work up in the hills on a wagon with some men who told dirty stories. There was one bend in the road that always reminded him of one story every time he passed it. So, he decided to sing a hymn every time he came to that point in the road. He did this and in no time at all, he had forgotten all about the story.

This shows that our environment also is determined largely by our thoughts.

Shakespeare's "Hamlet" said, "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

Good is more natural and powerful than evil. As the sculpture turns to his model in order to perfect his work, so must we turn constantly from the imperfect and illusive ideals of the material life in order to mold and chisel a beautiful spiritual life.

The straight and narrow path that leads to the heights where are assembled the nobility of the earth is open to all. The following poem illustrates this:

The poet Longfellow, expressed the importance of perfect thought models in the following verse:

Sculptures of life are we as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when at God's command
Our life dream passes o'er us.
If we carve it then on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision,
It's heavenly beauty shall be our own--
Our lives that angel-vision.

The high soul climbeth the high way
The low soul gropes the low
And inbetween on misty flats
The rest drift to and fro
But to every man there openeth
A high way and a low,
And every man decideth,
The way his soul shall go.

Advice for Success

When I was in Primary, we needed to memorize the 'Articles of Faith' in order to graduate..and that was my first attempt at memorizing anything except the Nursery Rhymes. It is amazing how we never forget those rhymes, and it is a little sad, when our minds are so keen that we do not utilize and realize the power of a child's mind.

When I received my patriarchal blessing, the Patriarch told me to tape my blessing up on the wall by my light switch, and every day when I turned it off, or on, to read my blessing, until I had memorized it. That has been one of the best things I have ever done.

When I was in High School, I memorized a poem called "The vision of Sir Launfall". It was several long pages long, but, after I gave it to the class, my teacher, Albert Antrei, asked me to memorize the 13th Chapter of 1st Corinthians...on 'Charity, the Pure Love of God'...and I did. That has also been of great benefit to me.

When he was young, Sterling W. Sill wanted to be ready to give a talk in church, whenever he was asked to do so. So, he began writing talks, and then memorizing them. He included in each talk some poem or other lofty thought he had found and he became a very popular speaker. He organized these talks into books, and I constantly refer to them, to find poems and ideas to use in my own teaching.

Patriarch Albert R. Lyman said that he memorized 50 of his favorite Hymns. Every day, his family sang a hymn before they had their prayers. Music brings the spirit faster than any other way.

Paul H. Dunn told how one teacher challenged him to come to class each day, having memorized a new thought. He tells how much that helped him throughout his life.

I would challenge each one of you to constantly look for good things to memorize and to fill your minds and hearts with good things...such as those mentioned here.

It will be the greatest treasure and storehouse you could have. I have noticed that many of the things that I have learned, will come back to me, in moments when I need them the most. When we leave this life, these are the only things we can take with us!!

Rembrances I had as a Child

When I was about 4 years old in Bluewater, NM, I was in the middle of my two sisters, Marian and Doris, who were holding my hands and swinging me between them as we walked down the dirt path from home. This was the most fun I had ever had!! The attention of 2 of my favorite people, and swinging through the air!! It tickled my tummy and I was giggling and laughing, especially at the close companionship we were enjoying together. Shortly we arrived at the home of our cousin, Golden Young. Parked there in an open space, was an airplane!! I felt badly when they let go of my hands, and watched as Doris began to get in the plane with Golden. I realized that she was going to leave me and go up in this wondrous machine...so, I grabbed her leg and began begging to go, knowing that it had always worked before...especially if I put up enough of a fuss. Being unable to get me to quit begging to go, she thought of a wonderful diversionary tactic. "Why don't you run home and ask mama if you can go?" she said. I felt hope rise up within me, and I let go of her, and ran toward home as fast as I could go. "It was going to be easy to get to ride in that great plane!!" I thought.

Imagine my distress, grief and heartbreak as behind me I heard and then saw the plane rising into the air...with my sister in it...and I wasn't even halfway home yet!! I sank down in the fluffy dirt of the path, and wept. I was disappointed about missing the plane ride, but more hurt as I realized my sister, who I loved, had just been getting rid of me! I felt betrayed. I lost some of my trust that day.

My older sister Gwen and I loved to play in daddy's big barn. The new hay smelled so fresh and good. As he was stacking the hay. We loved to swing out by a long hanging rope, and let go, and fall into the loose hay. To fly was the greatest feeling.

Rattlesnakes were very numerous where we lived, and the country was still pretty wild. We were taught to watch for them everywhere. We always checked around the outside of the house, where the flowers and weeds grew, around the Water Well in the front yard, in the outhouse and everywhere we stepped. We could only go across the large alfalfa field in the back of our house, when our mother was with us. Occasionally she had time to take us across there, and up the gentle hill behind our home. These were special times, as she would show us the 4-o'clock purple flowers that grew there, and one rock that had 'taken a picture' of Bluewater on it. It was amazing...something about the chemical in the rock. She would sit down and talk to us. The sun was warm, and the cedars smelled fragrant. These were happy memories. But, my brother, Warren, loved to go up in the hills, and he brought home a rattlesnake rattle and hung it from the string that we pulled to turn the light on and off. I was so scared of them, that I never could let my arm hang over the side of the bed...and still can't do it to this day. Reasoning doesn't help!

My sister Gwen and I liked to sit on the rail fence and watch Warren milk the cow. He liked to see if he could squirt the streams of milk into our mouths...but somehow, he kept missing and we would end up with milk all over our faces. He was a sharpshooter with a gun and bow & arrow, winning competitions. It wasn't until I was much older, that I realized how it tickled him to think how he had tricked us, and how we were gullible and kept falling for it!

One day I didn't want to go to school. My mother and older sisters were visiting and laughing and having such a good time, and I just didn't want to leave all the fun. But, mama told me to go, and I whined and complained that I didn't want to go. She said to the others, "Watch this," and she went and got a little willow off the tree...explaining to the other girls that she didn't want it to 'hurt', but, just to 'sting' a little. (probably to get her point across). then, she gave me a little switch on my legs, and it DID sting! I moved toward the door...then, when I would stop, she would do it again. I couldn't believe it!! My mother, who I loved so dearly, was hurting me!! But, I finally got the point as she followed me across the dooryard with that awful thing in her hand...and then I RAN for the barbed wire fence, hoping to get through the wires before she caught up with me!! I could outrun her! Well, I made it safely through the fence, and then she stopped. I ran on to school, and never wanted to miss again!!

I learned very early that I had SOME control over my dreams. We all had windmills and wells in Bluerwater where we got our water. At our Church they had a larger one, and every so often I would dream that I climbed up to the top, where the wheel was spinning in the wind, and I would become afraid that I would fall off. I would wake up in a sweat. I finally got tired of it, and decided that I would not get afraid the next time. So, sure enough...along came that dream again. This time 'I took charge'. I was on top, and I went over to the ladder and climbed down. I had conquered whatever it was causing the dream. I never had it again! Since then, I have made up my mind when I was awake, and have gained some control over my dreams, even when I was asleep.

One of the things that has been of great worth to me, was to find a place where I could be alone...preferably where there were a lot of pine or cedar trees. There I would either sing or talk to my Heavenly Father. I would always feel close to him and feel so happy. Just thinking about it brings tears to my eyes. I think that is where I have received my most powerful testimony that my Heavenly Father is there, and that He loves me!!

I know God lives, I know he loves me. I know he hears me and he answers when I pray. I know his son, is my Redeemer, and that he died for me, that I might live with him again someday.

Jesus Once Was a Little Child

Jesus once was a little Child,
A little child like me;
And he was pure and meek and mild,
As a little child should be.

He played as little children play
The pleasant games of youth;
But he never got mad if the game went wrong,
And he always spoke the truth.

So, little children, Let's you and I
Try to be like him,
Try, try, try.

by James R. Murray





Others Follow Our Example...



We have followed the model and example of our parents, and our children and grandchildren will model what we do. Others will follow our good or bad example.

And, after all, aren't we all children?

The End