



Augusta LaRee Child Nooner

Mom

Her stories are very faith promoting and taught me that if you pray and make right choices in your life you will be blessed. I got a confirmation for myself that she chose the right person to marry. I'm sure it was because of the preparations that she made and because she was living a high standard that she met my dad & got sealed in the Temple. Anyone who reads her life experiences & stories will be able to have their testimony strengthened.

And her posterity will know what a great honor it is to have a Grandma & Mother as amazing as her.



Love You Mom....Jeanie



Gwen & LaRee

HERITAGE MAKERS

Gramma once was a little Child
A little child like..



by Augusta LaRee 'Child' Nooner



"I want to die !! Please let me die!! My birth is killing my mother, and I love her!! Please don't make her suffer!!" These thoughts were felt by my older sister, Gwen, as she was being born. The room was hot, and the smell from the wood stove was stifling. Her head was too big for the opening into this world, and she was so concerned about her mother. The veterinarian and her aged grandmother (who was a midwife) did their best, and kept working feverishly at this birth. He mentioned something about my mother having ridden horses too much, and her muscles were working against her in this hard birth. Finally, it happened!! Here came the little head, then quickly the beautiful little girl was finally there!! Unfortunately, this feeling of 'wanting to die', plagued her all her life, when things got hard...but, it was born with her, because of the love she had felt for her mother.

But, it didn't stop her from begging for a little sister...many times, from the time she learned to talk...she was always waiting for her little sister. She was unaware that her mother, Doris had been warned NOT to have any more children, as the vet had told her it would kill her, and she wouldn't be so fortunate again. My father, being the loving person that he was, was very concerned as well, knowing that he would be at fault if his beautiful wife died. So, in his love for her, he used the excuse that he wasn't making enough money here in this little town of Bluewater, New Mexico, and one day, Doris pled with him not to leave her, but he continued in a soft voice to tell her that he needed to go to California where he could get a good job, and send the family money to live on. It just about broke her heart to see him go, but, now it was up to her to see that her family of 4 little ones had something to eat while he was gone. She was alright as far as their little white adobe home, which was the home she had been raised in, and didn't have a mortgage ...but the lonesomeness she felt to see her husband leaving, wrenched her heart...as she had married late in life. She was 26 years old when her father, Ernst had met this handsome young widower on a train, and asked him to write to his unmarried daughter. He must have been impressed with him, as he was quite a strict German man, and wouldn't have even considered that with just any young man. He had to be pretty special to be asked to write this special daughter. Well, William did write and was answered by a young girl who had filled her life with faith, music and laughter, while she searched for a young man who she could trust her heart to. They corresponded for about a year, until they were both quite convinced that the other one was who they wanted to travel this life together forever. She met him in Salt Lake City, and they set a day to get married in that beautiful Temple..and they had their 1st three children very quickly... 1 each year...but, because of a goiter , she had had to wait awhile for more and it had been almost 10 years now...when this beautiful little dark-haired beauty was born...begging for another little sister...not realizing that her mother was nearly in her early 40's and now, having been told NOT to have any more children, at the expense of her life. But, now, here her husband was leaving...this precious man who had brought such joy into her life...and her heart was near to breaking. He left quickly....and didn't forget to write...but he found a good job working on the estates of rich people, keeping up their grounds. It took a little while, before my mother began to realize that the reason he had left her was NOT to just make more money...but, it was to prevent her from getting pregnant, and was meant to save her life. When she realized that... it took her very little time to pack up her little children, and travel out to California to be with her beloved companion.

She was nearly 41 years old now, and her chance of having another child was slim. The family loved being together again, and settled into Redwood City life. But, it wasn't too long until the inevitable happened...she did became pregnant again. This time, however, there were more things in her favor. There was a hospital nearby in San Mateo, and she would get the best of care. How could anything go wrong? But, they didn't realize how prophetic their little Gwen was, as here was another pregnancy!! No one was happier than Gwen...she was going to get her 'little doll' to play with. All her other brothers and sisters were over 10 years older than she was. Well, it happened...2 things in favor of my mother..I had a small head, and there was a hospital nearby...so, the

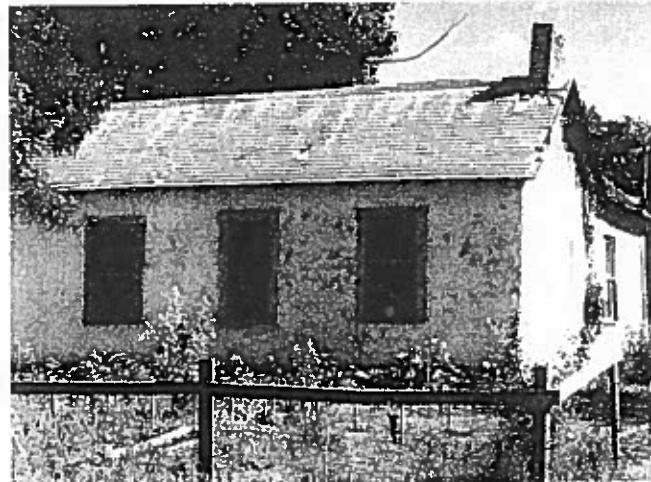
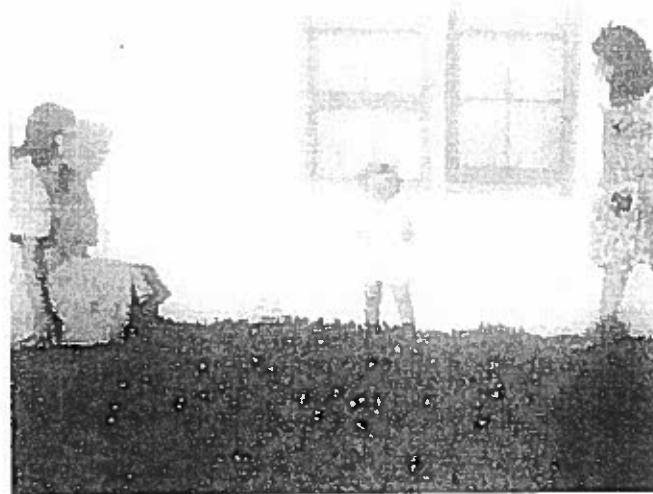
birth was fairly easy and as my mother laid in the hospital, she kept hearing these two popular songs playing..."I'll take you home again Kathleen", and "I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair"...so this is why she named me: Jeanie Kathleen Child...and filled it out on my birth certificate. When my dad found out, he had a little conversation with her...telling her, "You know, Doris, all of our children have been tall, and this is a name that would fit a small girl, but, I'm just not going to have a tall girl have to go through life with a name fitted for a small girl. She needs a large, dignified name." So, he blessed me in church with the name of my mother's favorite sister, Augusta, and my father's little 1st cousin, daughter of his uncle Ezra Child, who had lived next door to him, when he had just married his 1st wife (who had previously died), and this little LaRee was just 2 years old at the time....he must have enjoyed playing with this little cousin...and he must have felt very satisfied, as he blessed me in the church on Sunday, as Augusta LaRee Child....however, I didn't ever grow as tall as my other siblings...but my father did get his way. My mother went to the county building to make this change on my Birth Certificate...and gave them the \$2. that it cost to make the change....but, when the lady told her that, "Oh no, Mrs. Child...we will not make a NEW Birth Certificate...we will just add another sheet to this one to note the change of name." (& there is the line drawn across the original copy), but my mother just decided that was NOT what she had asked, and was paying for, and so she did not make the change...(which has caused me a lot of problems in my life, trying to prove that I was who I said I was..) Well, to get back to the story...my mother stayed in the hospital for a few days, recuperating, and my father picked us both up on Christmas Eve, and put me in a little basket and set me under the Christmas Tree...addressed to Gwen, who had begged so long for me. I'm sure grateful that she did...because she was the sister I wanted to be with, and I was with my beloved parents and I loved all my names, and loved being with all my family again!! So glad they didn't forget me..even though my mother who was 41 years old at the time I was born...I think I barely made it here...considering all the opposition...I'm so grateful for my mother's faith and courage, and for a sister who didn't forget her promise to get me here.

It wasn't too long after this that a Mormon LDS Chapel was being dedicated in San Francisco, and my mother wanted to go to it. She brought me, and the usher told her that I couldn't be allowed in, as I would disturb the proceedings. My mother said,"This little baby won't make any noise." and she was so firm about it, that the man backed down and said, "OK, but, if it does, you will have to take it out". I guess I was an obedient child, because she said I WAS very quiet, and didn't make any fuss at all, and she was able to stay for the entire dedication.

Being quiet though can also be a disadvantage...as one night, my family went to a movie, and on the way home, I, being asleep, was placed up in the back window, and when they got home, everyone went into the house, and forgot about me for awhile. My mother was very embarrassed when she realized what had happened, and ran out to the car and brought me back into the house.

I think I learned the English language quite quickly...I guess that is what happens when you just listen all the time...because of an incident that I do still remember quite vividly.

Pearl Harbor was bombed in 1941...just about year after I was born, and we were living close to the military installation where my father was working. We were living near the coast in California, and we could hear airplanes fly over us. When this happened at night, our instructions were to "turn off all our lights", so if they were the enemy they wouldn't see us, and bomb our homes. It was very serious, and it was a very strict instruction. So, I remember one night, I was in my crib in the NE corner of the front room, and I heard a plane coming overhead. My mother stepped to the switch to turn it off, and said, "Now, Be very quiet!" Gwen, who was about 3-4 years old, started fussing, and begging,"I want the light on! Turn the lights on!! and fussing," and I was thinking to myself, "Gwen...why don't you be quiet? Mama said to turn off the lights, and you need to be quiet!" and I was feeling very disgusted with her for not minding mama. Amazing that I could remember





my thoughts and feelings at that time...being probably not more than a year old. But, it was a frightening feeling of danger, and I guess that is why Gwen was acting the way she was.

I began walking at 6 months ...which surprised my mother very much, as she seemed proud of it in later years, as she told me about it, and showed me a picture she had of me walking at that early age. It was probably because everyone else was doing it...and I didn't want to be left out. Our household at that time, comprised of: Daddy, Mama, Warren, Marian, Doris, Gwen and I, & possibly my ½ brothers, Kenneth, Howard and ½ sister, Grace, who were children from my father's 1st wife, Minnie Nelson, who had died.

Probably due to some of these dangerous things that were happening, we moved back to Blue-water, New Mexico, where it was 'safe'. That old adobe home was very comfortable and warm in the winter, and cool in the summer...but, we didn't have many of the conveniences we had had in California. We had a wagon for travel, but no electricity, and no indoor plumbing. We used candles, lamps and a galvanized metal tub. We had no bathroom...just an outhouse behind the house, and a well out in the front dooryard...with a bucket to let down and draw up water for everything, including a metal dipper to drink from. We took baths every Saturday night in the kitchen. A fire would be started in the wood stove, the water heated up for our bath, and I got to bathe first...because I was the smallest.

Chairs would be put around the tub, turned backwards, and towels hung on them, for privacy. Daddy was always last, as he was the biggest. He was always my hero!

We left the danger of California for the danger of New Mexico. The government set off the first atomic bomb at the white sands of Alamogordo, and my mother woke up one morning, and said "she had had a dream that all the food was poison, and she told us not to eat anything. Of course, at my age, I was probably still on milk, and milk is one of the foods most susceptible to radiation poisoning. No one knew how dangerous atomic fallout was at that time. Another thing, Gwen and I were always taught to watch out for were Rattlesnakes...around the base of our home, wherever there were weeds growing, around the outhouse, around the door of it, and around the circles we sat on....everywhere!! We just had to be diligent. Mama wouldn't allow us to go out behind our house property, where we had a large alfalfa field, and Gwen and I weren't allowed to even walk across that field alone. It was a temptation because up behind the field was a little hill that was fun to be on...you could see the whole town from up there...and once I remember my mother taking Gwen and I through the field of alfalfa, and up the hill, and we picked some 4-o'clock s (pretty little purple flowers that bloomed at 4:00 pm), and a rock that had 'taken a picture' of the town of Bluewater...It really looked like it had too...But, the places we could play were in my grandmother Emma's Apple Orchard...right across the street where the road ended and turned around...and in the carrot patch...just across the same street. The roads were dirt, and since it didn't have any through traffic, it being just a circle, as it was the end of the road, so, Gwen and I gathered little sticks and rocks where we could find them, and built towns...houses and pretend cars...and pretend people...and visited each others' houses...and had great fun!! Our other fun times were when we went into the barn and swung by a rope out over the loose hay, and let go and fell into the soft hay below. We made hollyhock dolls by putting 2 of those flowers together with a stick or wire, so the doll had a pretty skirt. The town had wooden sidewalks, so we wouldn't get our feet muddy.

One day my father was nailing some corrugated sheets of metal on the roof of the barn, and since Gwen and I didn't have ANY play equipment like our kids do today...we found it great fun to climb to the top of one of those sheets of metal, and slide down...well, it was fun until in one of my slides, my 4th little toe caught on the edge of the metal, and as I slid (& couldn't stop)...my toe was cut...That was the end of the fun that day!! To stop it from getting infected, my parents had me soak my toe in fresh manure, and wet mud...to try to get and keep the infection out....until one day, as I

walked into the house with a dress on, my mother stopped me in my tracks, as she said, "What is that colored line going up your leg?!! I think it was green...as she lifted up my dress and noted a tiny green bag in the groin of my left leg...and identified it as blood poisoning!! The home remedies hadn't worked! So, she and my father drove me over to the hospital in the nearest large town with a hospital, Gallup, and checked me in. It hadn't been too long since Penicillin had been discovered, lucky for me...and so, every day, night and morning...the doctor gave me a shot of it in my hip, and it hurt worse than anything I had ever felt before. I just clamped my teeth for the morning shot...but, when my mother came in the afternoon, I begged her, "Mama, please don't let them do that any more!" It hurt so bad, and I would make a bigger fuss when she was there...I wanted her to protect me..but, even though she was sympathetic, she allowed them to give me the shot, which saved my life. Sometimes we have to do things we don't like to do, to save a life. One nice thing that happened there, was that my mother's cousin, Owen Chapman and his wife, Phyllis, came to the hospital one day while mama was there, and they brought me a box of 8 crayons and a coloring book!! I had never had my own crayons before, nor even a coloring book...and even though I really enjoyed them in the hospital, I enjoyed them even more when I got to bring them home and Gwen and I played with them together...She was my best friend!! We used those crayons until there was nothing left of them. I think we even colored our front room wall, since it was just whitewashed adobe, and our paper was limited. It was such a treat! I'll never forget that small kindness as long as I live, and beyond.

Well, another fun thing Gwen and I did, was to play with our cousins, Marilyn and Cheryl Young, daughters of Clifford Young...They had a black curly~haired dog named Pepper, and we had a little dog, and while we played together...we just lived a block away...our little dogs played together really good too...finally their dog had some little puppies...and on the radio there was a program we listened to called, Pepper Young's Family...and so, we called the puppies the little Pepper Young family..and had lots of fun with them...

Finally, as happens with kids who seem to have eternal summer, our school started. It was a small 2 room schoolhouse...and Gwen and I were in one classroom, and the older kids were in the other room. I must have learned well in that atmosphere...as we had a little devotional to start with...our teacher played the piano for a little song, then, we broke into groups...One little group would sit in a circle and the teacher would sit with them, and they read out loud from their readers. Then, the next group would take their turn reading. While we were not reading, we were quietly playing with crayons, clay and other things at a table, but, we could hear them. So, I learned to read pretty good, very early..

(That's the way I learned to play the piano too...My mother would sit on the bench and teach Gwen a song...then, it would be my turn, and by the time Gwen had made all the mistakes...and figured out the timing and notes, I would get up and sit on the bench, and play the song by ear...so, she became the best organist.

I have never been able to play a song that I didn't know the tune to. I didn't know that was a talent too, but, also, as I discovered, could be a handicap.)

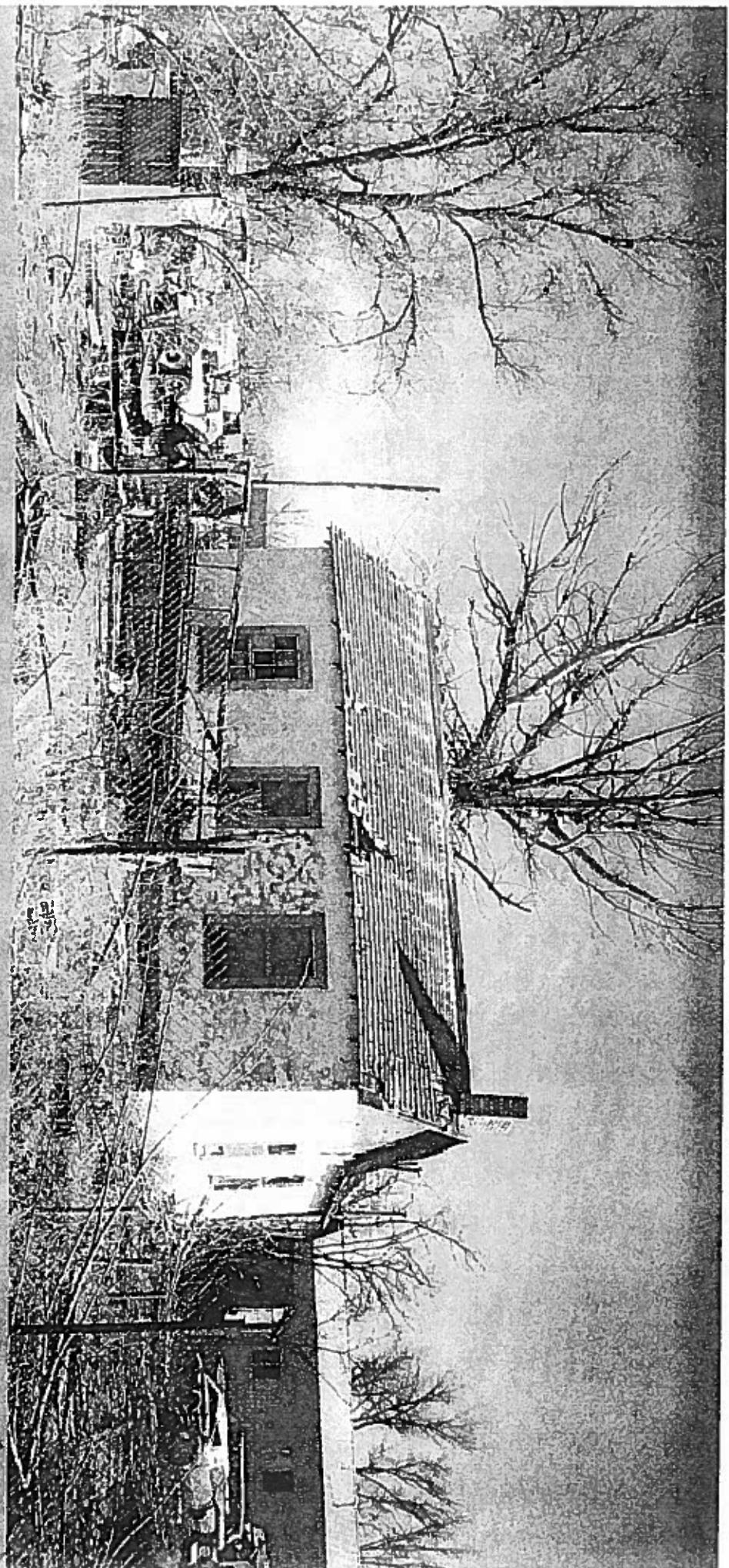
A couple of lessons I learned the hard way happened in Bluewater. My half-sister, Grace had come to live with us for awhile, and one day she, Mama, Marian and Doris were sitting around in the front room visiting and laughing about many different things and it came time for me to go to school. Gwen had already gone, and mama realized all of a sudden that it was time for me to be at school..So, she mentioned it to me, and I said, "I don't want to go!" I was having too much fun listening to them, and enjoying it. But, she had to tell me again...and usually I minded my mother...but, this day, I just didn't want to leave. She said to the older girls, "Now, watch this." and she went outside and broke a little willow off the tree, and said to the girls, "Now, you don't want to hurt



Looking Back...

...At Our Family.

by Augusta LaRee Child Nooner



ADDOBE Home of Ernst Albert Tidewell & Family (Linnan 2)

(current owner has had a lot of JUNK on the place)
Well & Barn used to be in front - this side (R) Front room
(L) Kitchen - with Bedrooms on the Back end.

My home in Bluewater - current picture of
the house.



them, but, just so it stings a little."...and she started hitting my bare legs (as we wore dresses to school in those days). I was startled, because she had NEVER hit me before, and I couldn't believe she was doing it now. But, I realized that she was giving me a switching, as a lesson to them...and it really hurt! I just couldn't believe my mother was hurting me on purpose!! She had never done that before. So, I began to run toward the barbed wire fence, and she followed me...switching all the way...finally I got through the barbed wire and she stopped, and went back to the house...but, I ran on all the way to school...a couple of blocks away...and that was the extent of my corporal punishment from my mom...That was the first and last time she ever did that to me, and I tried to never disobey her ever again! I knew she was just teaching the other girls how to raise their children...but, it didn't make it any easier on me. I'll never forget the sharp pain of that little switching, not only on my legs, but, also in my heart!!

It was about this same time, when my half-sister, Grace was there visiting...and she smoked..and I guess I must have thought it looked pretty fun...because one morning I was on my way to church...walking down the wooden sidewalk alone...and there on the walk was a brand new cigarette. Wondering how it would feel, I picked it up, put it in my mouth, and held it between my 2 fingers just like Grace did. I put my tongue on it, and the tobacco burned my tongue, really bad!! I threw it as far away from me as I could get it!! I was so disgusted...knowing that I never wanted to smoke EVER in my life. It was NOT fun!! I couldn't understand WHY anyone would want to smoke and burn their tongue like that!! I must have been about 4 years old at this time. But, that was a good lesson. Sinning may "look" fun...but, it is NOT fun!! I'm surprised that I even knew it was wrong to smoke. I can't remember anyone ever telling me not to when I was young. It must have been in some Sunday School class...I don't remember.

Another experience I had happened one beautiful day, when my two older sisters, Marian and Doris each took one of my hands and as we walked over to the Young's home, they swung me between them, as they walked, and it was the funnest, most thrilling feeling I had ever felt..swinging way up in the air that way with 2 sisters that I loved dearly. When we got over to Golden Young's house, he and either Raymond Young, his brother, or it was Horace Stevens, our cousin...and they had built an airplane, and were going up for a ride. Marian walked back home, but, they invited Doris to go up for a ride with them. If she was going, I wanted to go too, so, I started begging to go, and no amount of Doris's refusing took away my desire...and I wouldn't give up...I guess the plane wouldn't hold us all...but, finally Doris said, "LaRee, run home and ask mama if you can go." I said, "OK"...and turned and ran as fast as I could go back toward home...I had only gotten about a block away, when I saw the plane go up into the air! I sank down into the soft dirt of the road, and started to sob really hard! I felt betrayed!! It really broke my trust for the first time in my life..I know it affected me the rest of my life, as I learned that people do not always tell the truth...where up till then, I had had no reason to ever question anyone.

I remember that day, the smell of the beautiful, fragrant wild yellow roses that grew on our fence. I would gather the petals and put them in my drawer at home to make my clothes smell good, or put some in a bottle to enjoy. I think that my grandmother had planted these famous pioneer roses.

I loved the cold water that I drew from the well, and drank from the dipper in the bucket...The smell of the cedars on the hills smelled like home.

One night as we were all in the front room, I heard a baby cry, outside on the roof of our home. My mother quickly warned, "Don't go outside! That is NOT a baby! It is a mountain Lion trying to fool you into coming out so he can jump on you." That was such a strange experience. It was hard not to go out, as the cry's were so plaintive that I wanted to go and comfort it. We found his tracks the next morning.

My brother, Warren, loved to roam the hills, and became excellent in the use of a gun and bow and arrows. In fact, later in his life, his picture was featured in the newspaper, where he won 1st place in a bow and arrow competition and was given the title of 'Modern-day Robin Hood' showing where he had won a Bow & Arrow competition. Later in his life, he would stack bales of hay and teach me how to shoot the bow. He would also take me hunting with him, and teach me how to walk on the outsides of my feet, to walk noiselessly, so as to sneak up on small game like rabbits. He also taught me to shoot his gun, which was a light-weight .22. He also showed me how to hold a larger weight gun...and keep it tight into my shoulder because if I didn't it really had a back-kick that could hurt your shoulder. One day in Bluewater, when I was about 3 years old, we were all out in the dooryard doing different things...and Warren began practicing his Bow and Arrow shooting, and I was sitting on top of the dirt cellar, playing with Gwen...when, all of a sudden, an arrow hit me in the soft inner part of my left knee. He threw down his bow and arrows, ran over to me, and gently pulled out the arrow...I have a nice little scar there, that has reminded me all my life...every time I look at it, of his gentleness and heartfelt sorrow for having hurt me that day. We used mostly lamps or candles in our home, but, the day finally came when we got electricity...but, due to the thick adobe bricks in our walls, the wiring was all on the outside of the walls and ceiling. So, in our bedroom, the light fixture was in the ceiling, and sometimes we had to get up in the night, and couldn't find the string to pull to turn it on...so, my brother, being the creative person he was...killed a rattlesnake, and brought the rattle to our home, and tied the rattle to the end of the light string. That way, when we got up in the night, and it was dark, we could just put out our arm and swing it from side to side, and when our arm or hand brushed against the string, we heard the rattle, we could then get a hold on the string, and turn on the light. It was an ingenious invention...however, being the young age I was...it was very frightening...and to this day, I still cannot sleep with my arm over the edge of the bed. I've tried, and still cannot control that fear that I learned with this smart invention.

Well, due to the drought that year, we had no alternative but to move from my mother's childhood home. My grandmother had died in December, a couple of months after Gwen was born, so I never met her. I remember the old Model T Ford that we traveled in...hauling a trailer, which carried our milk cow. We had canvas water-bags tied onto the front, sides and the back...for as the water evaporated in them, they would get really cold, and keep our car from overheating. The water tasted really good and cold too, when we needed a drink. I remember stopping at Sheep Springs for a real good taste of water too. We traveled clear to Monticello, Utah...where we stopped at the home of my mother's niece, Amy, who my mother had helped raise after her own sister, Annie died. Amy Stevens Black helped everyone get bedded down in her barn, on some loose hay, but, took me inside to sleep on her couch. I guess because I was just 4-5 years old. I was shocked to see my family have to sleep in the barn.

I dreamed in the night that I was swimming, and woke up in the morning and the couch was wet...that had never happened to me before, and I felt extremely embarrassed...but, when I told Amy, she just laughed (she had a beautiful laugh) and told me that that wasn't the first time that had happened...that it happened all the time...and it made me feel somewhat better. She had 2 boys about our age, Garth and Quinn, and Gwen and I had a lot of fun with them...swinging on a rope and dropping off into the soft hay below. The next day, the adults thought that we had played so hard that we needed a nap... but, none of us felt tired, and we wouldn't be quiet, so, my mother came in and laid on the bed by us, and told us some stories, until we all fell off to sleep. She was a good storyteller...and didn't scold us, but, was just nice and kind to all of us. The stories went somewhat like this, at first, "there were 2 little eyes that had woken up really early and played very hard, and they were beginning to close, and became so heavy that they just couldn't stay open any longer... they were so tired...and the little legs relaxed and sank into the soft blankets..." I believe it was the way she started...then, she just told interesting stories until the next thing I knew was waking up



Marian, William & Doris Child
Gwen & LaRee & puppies
Bluewater

Bluewater

Gwen + LaRee



Fishing in Bluewater

Bluewater



Sunday School class - LaRee

warren Dad



Gwen LaRee Mom
Faint Decoyard in Bluewater



LaRee & Gwen in Calif.

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."

LaRee



an hour or so later...

She was a very wise babysitter...probably because of her experiences with all her nieces and nephews..she was the youngest of 22 children, and her nieces and nephews were all pretty much her age and younger...and she got to tend most of them...play with them, and even discipline them when it was needed. For instance..one time on the school ground, 2 of her nephews got to beating up on 2 of her other nephews. She tried to get them to behave, but, they wouldn't stop teasing and being mean to the other 2. They caught the other two boys after school and started beating up on them...well...my mother, jumped right into middle of the fight, and the next thing she knew, she had both of the offending nephews on the ground with her on top of them, pounding their heads into the dirt. She didn't know how she had had the strength to do that, or how she got there...but, suddenly realizing that she could have seriously injured or even killed them...she jumped off them..and ran for home!! She realized that she must never let her temper get the best of her again...and she really worked on it all the rest of her life.. I have felt the edge of that temper from time to time...but, it always burned as a fire in a safe firebox, as I NEVER saw her lose her temper in my lifetime.

We left Amy's home the next day and drove 30 miles further on into Blanding, where a couple of Amy's brothers lived, Merrill & Horace Stevens (their mother was Annie Tietjen, my mother's deceased sister). They took us to see Albert R. Lyman, the first settler of Blanding...he had started the town, and he had a nice couple of acres north of town near to the knoll (small hill), and he and his brother, Edward, sold us that nice piece of ground for a low price. We were able to rent a small home with accompanying outhouse, down at the bottom of that parcel for awhile, Warren, Gwen and I were the only ones still in school. Warren and Gwen graduated while we lived there. There are 2 things I remember that were significant that happened in that house...One day a little runt of a man came up the stairs to our front door, and banged on it. My father opened it, and invited him in. The man stayed on the top step and immediately demanded that my father pay him some money that he owed him. My 6ft. 2in. father said politely, "I don't have it right now, but, as soon as I get it, I'll give it to you." The man became like a little banty rooster, and stamped his foot and again demanded the money. Again, my father said, "I'm sorry, I don't have it, but as soon as I get it, I'll pay you what I owe you." Well, this just wasn't satisfactory to the man, and once again, he loudly demanded payment "RIGHT NOW!!" and stamped his foot again...being quite aggressive and bold...well, my father is a polite gentleman, but couldn't seem to get this man to understand, so, having had enough of his abuse, he simply picked the man up by the back of his neck collar, and the seat of his pants and simply tossed him down the few steps to the dirt below, repeating again, "as soon as I get the money I will be happy to pay you what I owe you!"

Well, I never remember ever seeing that man again. I was too young to know what it was all about...but, I did see the control that my father had over his feelings...and how he knew how to peacefully settle a rude man's problem...without letting that man "run over him!!"

Gwen and I both got measles while we lived in this little house, but, ran outside when some large hailstones began falling. That may have weakened my eyes, as we had been warned by our parents not to get in the light while we had this disease. But, we survived in spite of it.

It wasn't too long until daddy was able to get someone with some big equipment go up and push over most of the cedar trees that covered that 2 acres of prime land...he left a few that added to the beauty and use of the family...but for a while, we had a large pile of felled cedar trees in what became our backyard. The pile of cedars were lots of fun to play in...they became a huge playhouse with lots of rooms...and Gwen and I, and the neighbors' children played hide-& seek, until the day came when all the trunks had been cut into wood for our stove, and also used for logs which he used for the walls and roof and door of our cellar, which were set into a dirt dugout, then covered with the roof of cedars, covered with dirt, which kept our bottled and fresh fruits and vegetables

preserved, which then ended our tunneled playhouse. My father was very enterprising...and discovered a whole block of empty CCC barracks...that had belonged to the government workers who had previously worked there in Blanding, but, now had left them empty.

He negotiated with someone in charge of them to buy one of the large barracks, for a small amount, and have it dragged up to our property. They cut it in half, and placed the halves together into an L shape...so, it didn't have the look of an army barracks, but, rather a nice little useable home. The building was firm and sturdy, and they put it up on wooden piles to make it level, then he put wood all around the foundation that made it look as if it had been built up from the ground...but, when we needed to get under the house, to put in plumbing, a floor heater, and other useful things, we had the room to get around under there from an opening that they left..Our home changed from time to time..as needed...in fact, my sister Gwen, wrote a story once which she entitled, "Mama built the house."...because we would hear quite often, "William, I would like this wall changed." or "William, would you please take out this window and put in a glass door? It would add so much more light and be more convenient". We even caught the spirit of it when, as we did in the summertime...moved the large wood-burning kitchen stove outside by the cellar, so when we did our cooking, we didn't overheat the house, as we had no air conditioning, except by opening a couple of windows to let in a draft of air to circulate through the house. Of course, this also let in a few flies...which would occasionally require each of us to get a dishtowel, and everyone using them in shooing out the flies when they got too thick and bothersome. Well, when mama decided to take the washing machine outside one summer, I asked if I could have that room that adjoined our kitchen, for my bedroom...and luckily, my mother said it would be all right...so, I found a partial bucket of robin-eggshell blue color, and painted my metal bedstead and the walls that pretty blue color....and even though everyone had to go through my room to get outside into the backyard, I did have somewhat of a little private place of my own. Our home had 2 bedrooms off the side of the front room, and Gwen and I shared one bedroom. It just felt good to have a little private place that I had control of...and it was really pretty too.

Daddy also built an outhouse not too far from the house...For those of you who may not know what that is, it is an outdoor bathroom. He built a wooden structure that was rectangular in shape, around a dugout hole in the ground. Then, using a large smooth, thick rectangular piece of wood, he cut 2-3 holes in the wood, 1 adult size, 1 mid-size and 1 child-size holes, to sit on when we went to the bathroom. For paper, we had never seen any rolls of tissue paper that we use now, but, instead used sheets from the 2 large catalogs that came regularly...large Wards and Sears Catalogs...they were also good for day-dreaming as we looked at many things we knew we couldn't afford...but, it was fun to imagine...and pass the time. In fact, I remember one order where I was allowed to order some things. I ordered about 3 yards of beautiful blue & white morning glory's printed on white cloth. My intent was to cut it up into some dishtowels for my mother...but, when it came, I couldn't stand to cut that beautiful cloth..I also ordered about 6 little red, heart-shaped buttons...but, again, couldn't find anything to use them on...but, I really enjoyed looking at them. I loved beautiful things, even though I didn't have much use for them.

One night, just about fall time of the year, I was in my bedroom, and I could hear our little yellow striped cat meowing under the house. I kept trying to shut out the sound with my pillow, but couldn't quit being worried about it..but, climbing under our house was a little scarey even in the daytime, but, really scarey at night...you never knew what might be under there...it was just rough unleveled dirt & rocks, and we lived on the edge of town. I was worried about our little cat, I shook Gwen awake and asked her to go with me, but, she just firmly declined, and seeing I wasn't going to get anywhere with her, I decided it was up to me to go see about it...so, I began to pray with all my heart, that my Heavenly Father would take care of me and protect me, while I checked on this little kitty...I went out into the dark, and climbed under the house, and found the little thing, and cuddled

it up for awhile...until it became warm and quieted down and began purring...and then I went back to bed. It was my first real experience with facing something frightening like that, and putting my trust in my Heavenly Father.... and overcoming my fear. It helped me to trust in Him, and KNOW that he was there...especially when I was just trying to do something for a poor little creature. I'm grateful for that experience that night, and grateful that my kitty and I were protected. That was still pretty wild country there at that time, and we were on the outskirts of the fairly new town.

One man who became a good friend to me was Edward Lyman, brother to Albert R. Lyman, the Patriarch. He lived down across the road near the bottom of our property, and had been building a brand new, beautiful home...and would come up to see how we were getting along. I was 7- 8 years old, and he would come and swing me up onto his shoulders, and carry me around and tell me I was his little girl. I really liked him, and the attention he gave to me always. But, one morning we saw smoke coming from the area of his new home...and ran down to his place...he had been trying to save something of his house...and a burning board had hit him on his bald head...and hurt him... but, not really bad...by all the neighbors working together, we were finally able to get the fire out... but, he felt that building that nice house must have made him a little too proud, and so, he thought that his Heavenly Father would feel better if he didn't try to rebuild it, and he and his wife, just stayed in their little trailer the rest of their lives. Until I had gotten older, and read quite a lot of Albert R. Lyman's books, I didn't really understand what could be so bad about building a new comfortable house. And I guess it isn't really about the house, it is about our feelings about ourselves, and what we are trying to accomplish. The most important thing we can learn is our relationship to our Heavenly Father...and becoming close to Him, and the Savior. We need to not put material things first in our lives...but, to keep the spiritual relationships first. To make our calling and election sure...so, we don't lose our eternal reward. I suppose that must have been what he tried to make his priority, after the tragedy he suffered. A few times found me down in his little trailer visiting with he and his sweet wife.

I played with his grandchildren, who were my age, Kirk and Raeleen Lyman became good friends.

I remember one time though...when I was in the 6th grade..A new boy moved into our town, and was in our class. I don't remember his name now...but, one day he and Kirk came up through our property, and wanted to play 'Indians and outlaws'....so, we had another neighbor come over...The Burtenshaw girl, and Gwen came down into the cedars below our cleared land, near a large stream, and I hid my mother's brand new wooden spoon (which we buried that day as our treasure...and I never could find it again although I can still see the spot today in my mind...but, I dug under a lot of the trees on their South side, and it had just disappeared!!)...but, these 2 boys started chasing me, and I discovered that the new boy didn't think the way the rest of us kids did, and he had decided he wanted to kiss me, and tried to get Kirk to help him catch me...well...they did...and as I was beginning to understand what they had in mind...through the trees, came my sister, Gwen, carrying a large broken branch of a cedar tree, and roaring at the top of her lungs which frightened ...and chased the boys off... my wonderful sister, Gwen...who was not going to let anyone hurt her little sister...Those boys sure did run!!

I'm quite sure that day I lost a boyfriend that I didn't know I had...but, I gained the confidence and the love of a wonderful sister!! To this day, I'm still repenting over the loss of my mother's brand new wooden spoon...but, I'll have to make that up in another life I guess. The scripture in the Book of Mormon came to my mind when this happened...of the people burying their treasures in the ground, and them not being able to find them again...and wondered if this was part of that ground. As that new long handled wooden spoon was certainly a desired treasure of my mothers', and was never found.

One experience I had when I was in the sixth grade, we were practicing for our graduation pro-

gram, and one lady was teaching me and about 6 or 7 other little girls a dance. We got to hold our hands up over our heads and twirl around. It was really fun, and I was enjoying it very much, UNTIL the teacher said to one of the girls, "Rosemarr, you are really beautiful, so why don't we have you step into the center of the circle, and the other girls will dance around you." Right there is where I accepted a concept that has hurt me all my life, comparing myself to others. If Rosemarr was so beautiful, then I must be ugly!! So, all of the sudden the joy went out of the dance, and I became ugly. That has stayed with me my whole life, now matter how I try to reason myself out of it.

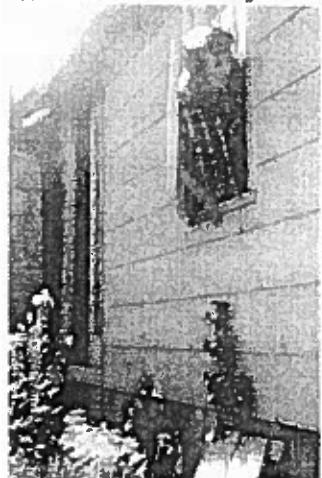
When we got to High School, I had been playing the trumpet in Grade school, so, I played in the band there for our parents. It was OK when we were practicing, but, when we were performing, for some reason, they added us to the High School band, and I could no longer hear myself playing my instrument. This was distressing, because I play by ear, and when I can hear myself I can stay on tune, but, with so many instruments playing, I just tried to do as I had practiced, and hoped that I was on tune. I don't know if I was or not...but, it wasn't as satisfying as I had hoped it would be. The reason I played the trumpet was because that was what my brother, Warren, had played in school, and it was an instrument that we had. Gwen took the trombone, because it had been my father's instrument. I might mention here that there came a time that John Wayne, the actor, was making a movie out at Monument Valley, and John Ford, the director, hired nearly every man in Blanding to be in the movie. My father and Warren were both in it, as well as a widow, Sally Walkers' young son, also, LeRoy Rhoades played the part of the cavalry with them. One time an old dog came and sat down in front of him, when he was lined up...no one ever knew whose he was, but, I don't think he got paid. Warren played the bugle, because the director had forgotten to hire one, and Warren was the only one there who could play...so, his trumpet playing had come in handy for him. Daddy came home with a lot of sugar cubes in his suitcase...because they were such a rarity, and since he didn't drink any of the coffee...he just save the sugar cubes for us. We enjoyed them for months afterwards...they were such a treat!!

When we got promoted to the High School, they had a talent program, where many of the kids showed off their talents. I laughed so hard at Gwen's friend, Goldie...who did a reading about a girl going to a baseball game for the first time. She was wearing Red Socks, which happened to be the name of one of the baseball teams...So, one time after she became so exasperated because she thought that everything the announcer said, was related to her and not the team...so, when the announcer yelled, "Go home!" she just decided to go home. She got up and started up the stairs, when the announcer said, "Go back, Go back!" so, she went back and sat down, but, then the announcer said, "The Red Sox have a run in!!

The Red Sox have a run in!!"Well, that was the last straw, and she said, "I don't care..if you are going to be so rude, I'm going home." and she went home. (I can't remember all the dialogue)...but, she was on a couch on stage, acting it out...and I'd sure like to get my hands on that reading...it was so hilarious, that my sides hurt when she finished. But, it gave me a desire to perform something, so I went home and looked through my mother's sheet music, and found a piano solo of "Oh My Father" with several flats. I was not up to this grade of music, but, I painstakingly figured out each note and wrote it in on the paper.then, I played it over and over, until I had memorized the entire piece of music...about 3-4 pages...and that is the best thing I have ever done. We never did have another talent program in the school, so, I never did get to 'show off' my great talent...but, I never forgot the song, and from then on, I could play songs with flats in them. I have forgotten parts of it now, but, the parts I remember, I still enjoy playing. I was in the 7th grade when I did this.

Some of the things that Gwen and I did for fun –In Blanding, we had linoleum that had a flower print with winding green leaves. So, Gwen and I would take our mother's button jar and used them for people and cars. We formed little families with buttons that looked like parents and children,

house in Blanding LaRee graduated



Bluewater — LaRee on horse



↓ Blanding



Alberta Brown + LaRee at our hideout at Knoll



Owen + LaRee fishing



and they would travel in pretend cars from the flower that I chose for my house, to the flower that Gwen chose for her house. Another one was that we went up to the junk yard up by the knoll, and found empty log-cabin syrup cans, and lined them up in the dirt behind the house, and used them for our houses. We found horse heads from empty bottles of after-shave lotion, and used them for horses. We used a lot of imagination in our play, to compensate for expensive toys. Even sticks were used to build houses, and use for cars. One Sunday when we still went to Sunday School in the morning, then Sacrament meeting in the afternoon, Gwen and I got into a water fight. Our parents weren't home. I don't know just how it happened, but, somehow, the hose got pulled into the house, because cups of water just didn't do enough...and we both ended up sopping wet.

There was quite a bit of water on the linoleum also, you can imagine a full-blast hose in a front room!!

When our parents got home, and saw the situation...it was time to be at Sacrament meeting, so they had us wring out our skirts, and come to church with them. We were meeting in the old Church house in Blanding, and it had wooden floors, and what was really embarrassing, was the drip-drip-drip of the water as it dripped from our skirts onto the floor. To us, it sounded really, really loud. But, we learned that going to our church meetings was really important to our parents. They didn't even scold us, but somehow they taught us a good lesson.

Well, this new land really appealed to me...we weren't restricted from traveling all over the hills, as there wasn't the serious snake problem, we had experienced in Bluewater. I can't say they didn't exist...but, weren't so prevalent here...it was safer...probably due to the Indians hogans being near, and snake meat was a delicacy among them...if one even dared to hang around. This land really had a spirit to it that I loved.. I couldn't even walk out among the cedar trees, than prayers would begin going through my mind, and I was always communing with my Heavenly Father...just sitting under one of those beautiful cedar trees, smelling the freshness of it, and feeling the sun made prayer come into my heart...and I would just sit and talk to my Heavenly Father...I loved being there. It was very healing to my spirit.

When I got older, my girlfriend Kay and I found a place that had large broken rocks, on the West side of the knoll, and pronounced it our hideout!! We went there many times...and really enjoyed ourselves, one time even boiling us some Brigham Tea in an old tin pop can...Kay Laws and I carved our names down below in the sandstone...closer to the Westwater creek....and the year of 1955...To my knowledge it should still be there...if the winds and weather haven't eroded it too badly.

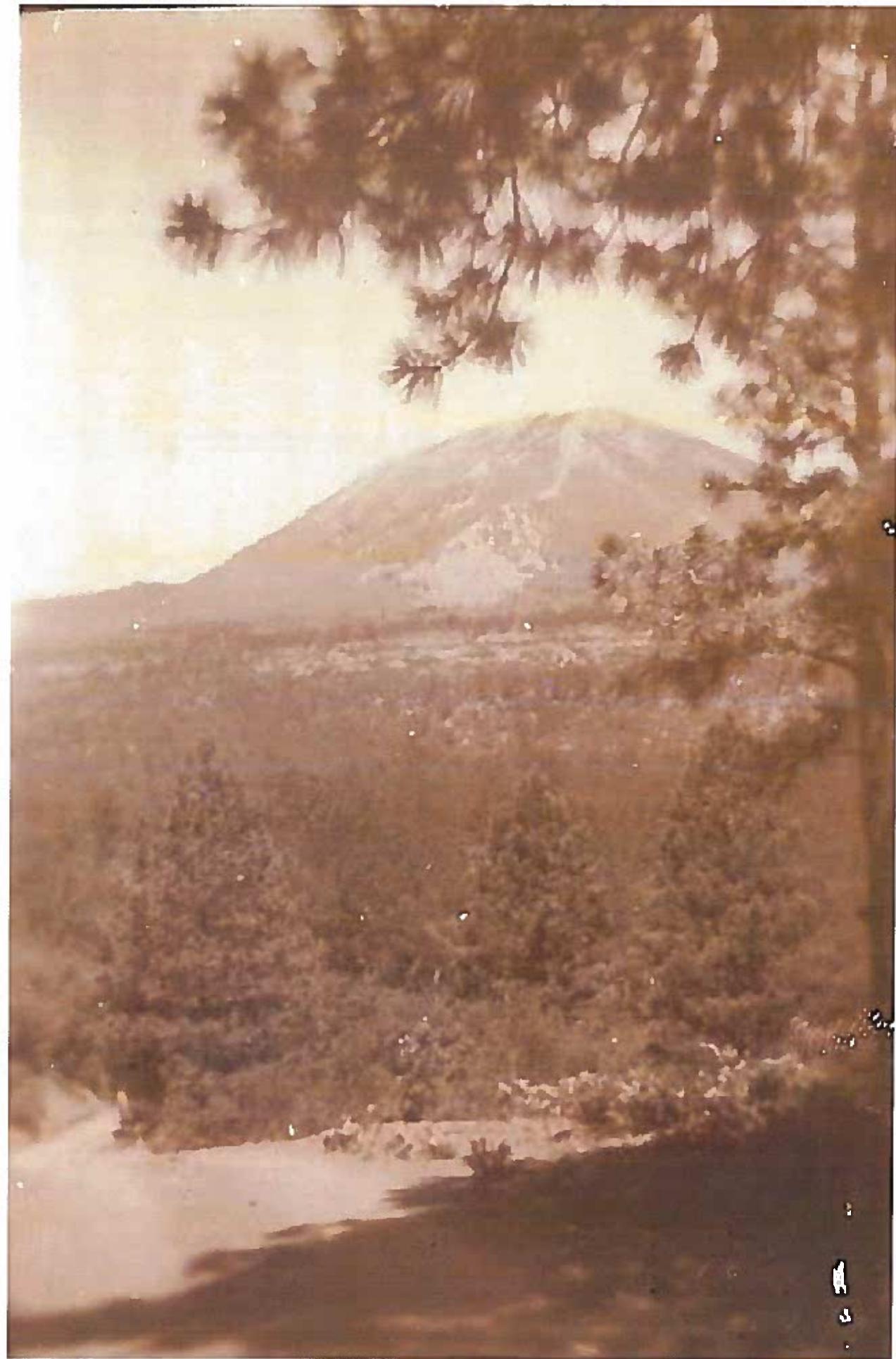
Kay and I were the best of friends...we got along really well...and when we went swimming in Brown's pond...East of our property...we became that summer....her, Huck Finn and me, Tom Sawyer. She brought a large bag of unshelled peanuts one day and we laid on the floating raft, and cracked peanuts and ate them all afternoon, and then looking around saw the shells floating all over the pond...although, indictively...most of them thicker around our raft. We were inseparable friends.. I never had a truer one.

True friends meant a lot to me, and I did find a few really good ones.

Now is probably a good time to mention why Kay and I were not in the same school class, even though we were the same age. When we got to Blanding, my mother took me to the grade school, and we went into the 1st grade classroom, where I was supposed to go. Evvie Stevens, wife of my mother's nephew, Merrill, was the teacher. She did some testing with me...probably had me read and write some, I can't remember now. But, then she told my mother that I knew too much to start in her class...She said, "Doris, this little girl knows everything I am going to be teaching this year and she will be bored out of her mind. She needs to start in the 2nd grade." Had I known what that

would mean, I would have never gone for it...because the church wouldn't let me go ahead, and I ended up going to school with the older kids, then being with the younger kids...my age...for church on Sundays, and on Thursdays for Primary. It was hard to go from being the leader on Sundays and a follower on weekdays...which is the way it was. It was especially hard in the 7th grade...when I had to leave the grade school building on the South end of town, and go to the High School building on the North end of town, for school. I was still in Primary, so, on Thursdays I would have to leave my classroom, and run down the hill...all the way to the Church house, for Primary, so I wouldn't be late. I would be all hot and sweaty, and everyone else would be nice and clean, because they had just walked over from the grade school...and it was embarrassing for me. I guess the only good thing about this situation was that in my church class...they looked to me as the leader...because I guess they thought I was smarter...and I remember, one time when I was up on Blue Mountain with our girls camp for the week...our teacher had taken us for a hike up through the meadows and we were on our way back, and I guess we got to goofing around too much and when we looked up, our teacher and the rest of the girls were out of sight...and we hadn't paid attention to where we were going..and didn't know where our camp was...we were basically lost up on Blue Mountain! So, the girls said, "What shall we do?" Leader that I had become with these girls...I said, "Let's pray." So, we all bowed our heads and I can't remember who was saying the prayer...but, as soon as it was over the answer had come to me. I said, "We are supposed to go to the highest place we can see." We looked around and that was over across a deep canyon...there was a mountain, and we were standing in a meadow. So, I said, "Follow me." and we went down into the canyon, which was kind of scarey, and then went up the other side of the canyon. About half-way up the other side of the mountain...there was a large pine tree, and as we reached it, there was a road. We looked down the road and saw the smoke from our campfire...and the girls started running down the road. I began to do that too...but, then, remembering our prayer, and my answer, I stopped, and took a picture of the large pine tree and the road...as a remembrance of a prayer being answered. I wish I would have thought of it sooner, and I could have gotten a picture of all the girls in the picture as well... but, as it was...by this time they had disappeared. But, this was what I'm talking about, of the girls looking to me for leadership...even though I was just their same age. I really would have preferred to have been with them in school..as some of the kids in my school class were 1-2 years older than me...and even though I was pretty much on the honor roll at report card time...I was immature, and a definite follower in school. I would have preferred staying with kids that were my age ..as these were my closest friends. I could have excelled and that would have been good for a person as shy and soft-spoken as I was. Perhaps I could have been a leader in both places...and that would have been good experience for me...as I think I could have done more good being a leader. My voice wasn't very loud, and so in school, I sometimes didn't even get my ideas or choices expressed. But, I guess we can't do a lot of things over...and perhaps I should have just spoken up, and gotten myself moved back, when I realized the situation. I think the teacher made a mistake...because if I had known what she was teaching, I could have helped her with others who needed help and been a teacher's assistant. But, perhaps I would have been bored...who really knows the right decision, and it's a little late anyway. But, that was the situation I grew up in. We just had a class reunion last year with these "older" kids...and Lynn Wright put me in charge of taking pictures of the class members...and so, since that is my hobby anyway...I took to it like a duck to water...and took some great pictures, and then Don suggested I make a Heritage Maker's book for them...which I hadn't even thought about doing...because of the cost...but, since he didn't seem to mind..I went ahead and did it, and then sent each class member who was in attendance a book, and a couple to some who weren't there...I sent them one...and I think it turned out to be a good thing that I could contribute to my class, after being away from them for so long.

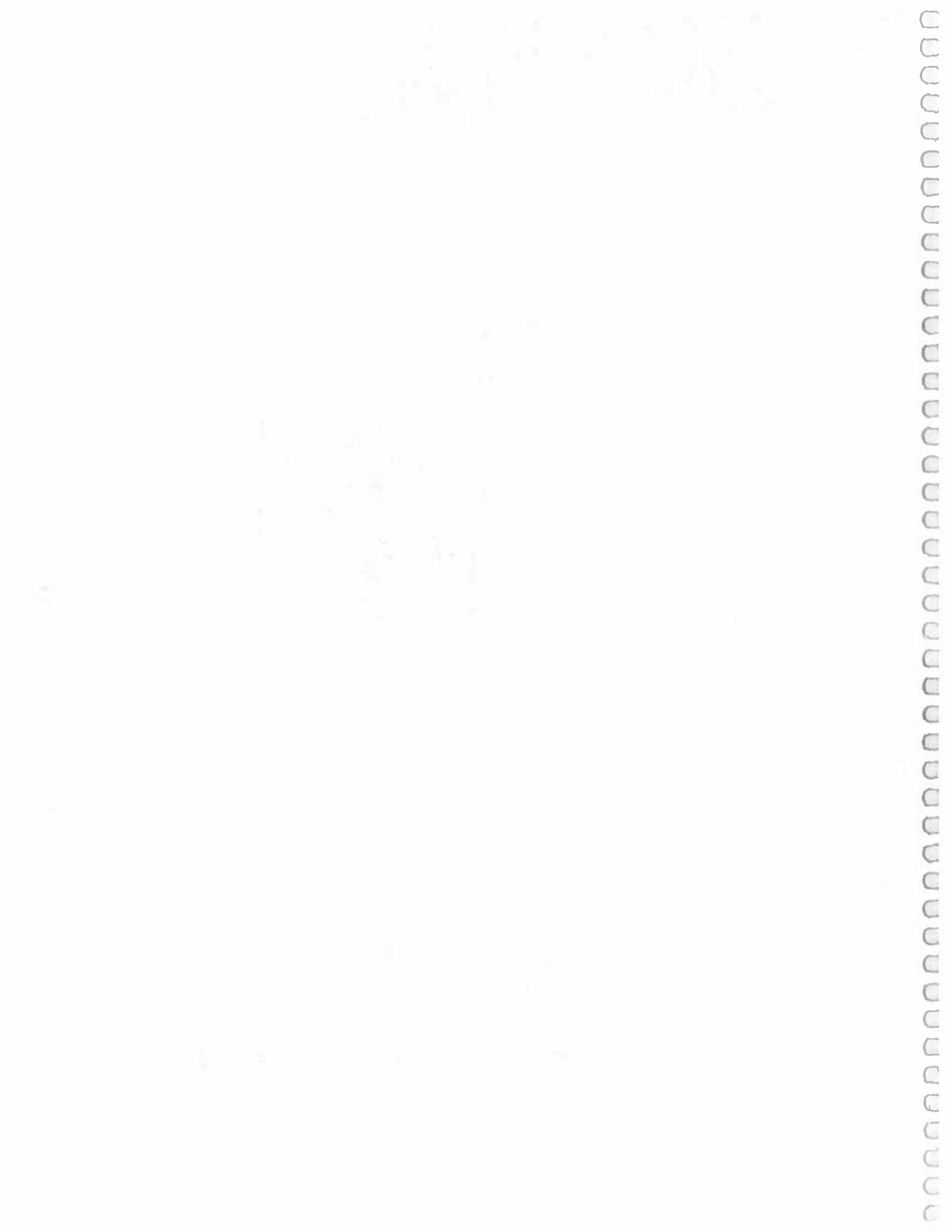
I was grateful for Don's suggestion, and his willingness to stand the cost of it too...to help me have friends.



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.



You are not one more in an idle multitude without special place
and purpose, and individuality.

(Bluewater)

You are a special spirit from a chosen lineage.

You are here by wise appointment...



*I love you very, very much, and I want to "Meet you at the Top
when we arrive at the other side of the veil!!!*

This is
a Child's prayer...
LaRee "Child" Nooner

(Blanding)

*The following picture of Blue Mountain, was taken by me at age 12 when ~~it~~
and I got lost while hiking. We prayed, and I received the answer to: "Go to
place." They followed me across a deep canyon to the highest place we could
find this road. Looking down from this spot, we saw the smoke from our car.
The other girls raced on ahead, but, I paused and took a picture of this tree as
to always remember
how the Lord answered my prayer,
and saved us when we were lost.

As we meet our mountains and valleys, I pray we will gain a
perspective of eternity in our struggle to climb to the top of every mountain
in our lives, and remember to pray when WE are lost.



He is a wonderful person, and I keep finding out more and more of his good qualities every day!!

One friend wrote and expressed appreciation for the book, and said they noticed all the little details I had put into it. I didn't hear from the others...but, that is ok...I hope they will invite me to their class reunions again...since I didn't graduate from that school (San Juan High School in Blanding).

I graduated from Manti High School in Manti...that is another story...It is a story in itself as to WHY I ended up in Manti. A lot of lives were affected. Okay, I'll try to share that story.

We were living in Blanding, and one morning my sister, Marian, had to drive to a neighbors' home to pick up some fresh milk, which she did almost daily. She had 2 little kids, Alvin, age 6, and Doris Ellen, age 4. Well, when she asked the kids to come with her, Alvin came and jumped in the car, but, Doris Ellen didn't want to go, so Marian told her to go to the back of the house where her dad was, and she said, "ok". However, she didn't mind Marian, and after Marian had driven off, there was a little lighted flame lamp on the street, where some road repairs were being made, and Doris Ellen went over to play around it, even though she had been told NOT to play there...Well, Marian always dressed her in pretty dresses, and so, as Doris Ellen played there by the flare...her delicate little dress caught on fire...and she probably didn't yell for her father, because she felt guilty for being there...we'll never know..but, the fact was that she stood there trying to pat the flames out...which caused some burns on the inside of her wrists. So, when Marian got back and found her in this situation, she and LeRoy brought her over to our home for some help. Mama mixed up some egg whites and put on the little burned wrists and all over her body that had any burns...to hold the moisture in the skin...then, Mama, Daddy, Marian and LeRoy and Doris Ellen jumped in the car and drove over to Monticello to the hospital...about 30 miles away. Well...to finish the story, In the hospital room the Doctor treated the burns, and said that she might have a little stiffness in her wrists during her lifetime, due to the burns...but, otherwise she looked like she would be all right. My father gave her a blessing, and tears trickled down his face as he blessed her...so, Marian became curious as to why the tears, when the Doctor had said she would be all right..she didn't get a chance to ask him, as everyone except Marian, seeing that Doris Ellen was resting well, drove over to my sister, Doris Ida's house for some breakfast. Marian chose to stay with Doris Ellen in the hospital room. As she sat there...wondering about Dad's blessing, and why the tears on his face,...she got the thought..."What if Doris Ellen is supposed to die, and I am keeping her here, against Heavenly Father's will?" So then, she said, "Heavenly Father, if you want Doris Ellen, you can have her." Doris Ellen died almost immediately after that...and to my adult way of thinking...I believe she has been helping the family on both sides of the veil for all this time. She came back after the funeral and played with her brother Alvin, most of that night. He said it was such a comforting experience. So, He KNEW that her spirit was still alive, and that was good for him...because he and his sister had been so close for so long...4 years...The thing that comforted Marian, was as people were filing past the casket at their home...Brother Albert R. Lyman, the patriarch in our ward, told Marian not to grieve that her little baby was all alone...but, that she was a grown woman now. That really helped Marian, in her feelings...and Brother Lyman knew that because he had lost a young son, Dane, who was dragged by a horse, when he was little, and after a lot of grieving on Brother Lyman's part, His son came back to him in a dream one night...1st as a little boy (so he could recognize him) and then as a young man...so, he KNEW, and that helped Marian a lot too.

Well, to get back to the other part of my story...as to WHY we had moved to Manti...The street construction company paid insurance on the death of Doris Ellen, and Marian sent most of it to Salt Lake City to the genealogy department, to find names of our family that needed Temple Work. That also helped her feelings...that the death would do some good here...and the Genealogy Dept. then sent all the names they had found to the Manti Temple (as Marian had requested)...but, in the

meantime, Marian had left LeRoy, and gone to California to live near her brother Howard, until she and LeRoy could get their marriage a little better...so, she couldn't be in Manti to do the Temple names that were sent there...I was out in California also, helping Marian, as she was pregnant with Merlyn, and she had to stay in bed so he wouldn't be born until a certain day, so the insurance would cover his birth...so, I lived with her until he was born, then, mom, who had come out to help her then for a little while, took me back to Manti with her. She and my father, when they got word in Blanding that those names were ready for Temple work, and were being held in a family file, just locked up their house, and took food from their cellar, some clothing and bedding..and drove up to Manti (not knowing beforehand where or how they would live). When they got there, they found the Manti Motel that needed a manager, and it had a house attached. They applied, and got the job, so that provided a house and a way to make a living, plus they lived just down the hill from the Temple. Then, when Merlyn was born, my mother came and got me, and in the meantime, Gwen had gone to Manti too. She had been living in San Francisco, with my brother, Kenneth Child & his family. So, this is what brought all of us to Manti. We were in the North Ward, and it wasn't far to walk to my High School. Gwen signed up to go to Snow College in Ephraim, a town about 6 miles away, and found kids to ride with...so, she didn't need a car, and my parents were called to be on a mission (I don't know what that involved, except that they went to the Temple Visitors Center, and probably talked to people about the church and the temple.) And in the meantime, they took the names they had received from Doris Ellen's tragedy, and performed the Temple work for them. They kept a ledger of the names they did, and I have it now. Looks like my Norwegian grandmother's family names.) Our family was back together again, and even though my parents eventually moved to a different home, because the Motel manager hired someone else after awhile...which I felt badly about because it was probably my fault...as I had had a girlfriend, Judy, stay overnight in one of the rooms with me, and we had a record player, and a friend of the boss, stayed there that night and was disturbed by the noise...and complained to the owner...and they fired my parents. But, in retrospect...even though it was harder on my parents...it was good for me...because all my close friends ended up being in the other end of town, and that was really good for me. We lived in a beautiful house on Main Street...and my dad planted a beautiful garden, and that put us in the Center Ward (Where Bright Spot is now). Then, we had a chance to get a nice home up at the mouth of the 5th South street, Canyon Rd., and that was such a fun place, and put us in the South Ward. It had a large creek running through it, and daddy planted a large garden there..and we were at the base of a large mountain. In fact, Gwen wrote a story of one of our experiences that we had there one day. It is called, "See you at the Top", and was published in the Ensign. I'll type up the story and include it with this account of my life because she has some good insights. My half-brother Howard and his family came back one summer and visited us there in that house. I have pictures of them being there. The thing I remember about that was that I took Linda to an outdoor dance at one of the parks, and the boys all thought she was really, really cute...which she was...and I think she liked that. I noticed little Suzie in the picture too...and she is their little girl who got cancer...leukemia I think...and died. When the doctors decided she didn't have a chance to live, they wanted to do tests on her to find better ways to treat the cancer, and Howard and Della let them, because it seemed to make her death stand for something...a different way to treat other kids. Which, knowing what I know now, it makes me mad that they would put that little girl through so much torture that wasn't necessary. I say that because I saw my mother die, with very little pain except right at the last day of her life...and they gave her morphine which helped her not suffer at all...and I saw another sister die after being on Chemo..and she wore a patch that they changed every 3 days, which kept her addicted to morphine...because of the pain she was in due to that terrible poison, Chemo, which does nothing to help a person with cancer...in fact it just poisons them....I am speaking from experience here...as I have had Breast Cancer now for 3 years...and no pain, because I am using natural things...and I am getting better...not worse...which all the others got worse who used the Doctor's methods for this disease. The Doctors don't have a cure for Cancer...and they can't

prescribe natural things because of the AMA and the FDA...so, they really can't help anyone...except to cut, burn or poison them...but, those poisons also kill the healthy cells, so that it eventually kills you, and it is just a matter of time, and you are suffering, sometimes unbearably all the time, until you die. As you can see, I feel very strongly about this disease. These organizations have found how to make millions of dollars. I do wish that I could help my mother now, since I have had some experience with a cancer of my own.

I want to leave that subject, and skip back a few years...back to Blanding...because so many wonderful things happened to me there. Our home was one of love, peace and harmony. My father, when we moved to Blanding, didn't have a job, so, he built our house like I mentioned above...and then a little later, he planted an orchard and a large garden, so we would have food to eat. But, then, these things provided money for us. Most people in Blanding had larger farms where they could grow crops of wheat or alfalfa or raise cattle, but, we only had the 2 acres in town...so, we did plant a garden, but, we didn't have any way to make a living for our financial needs, such as our butane tank that helped provide heat in the winter, and then we finally got electricity. We also needed shoes and clothes,

although we didn't buy clothes much, just material, and we had a treadle sewing machine, until we got electricity, then, they converted it to electricity, and then it was easier and so, just after Dad got our house finished, he rented a cement mixer, and set it up on our property, then, he nailed together 4 pieces of wood to make the shape of a large brick...then, he got a load of sawdust from the sawmill...which was pretty cheap..and we made a mud mixture of water, sawdust and dirt, and used the wood molds to make adobe's, and when they dried he built a large chicken coop of adobe...and put on a wooden roof, and for the windows, he had 3 large ones on the south side of the coop, which he made with a large wooden frame, then nailed up heavy plastic to let the light in, and yet keep out the cold. He then nailed together some square wooden boxes on one wall, which made the nests for the chickens to lay their eggs in, and a large wooden rack for the chickens to roost (or sleep) on ...then, he added an adobe brooder room, outside on the West side, with a warm light, so he could hatch the eggs for a new supply of baby chickens...and a chicken run out of chicken wire he erected out to the North of the coop. This way the chickens could go out in the daytime, and scratch in the dirt...and search for worms...etc..In this chicken run..he planted a Black Walnut Tree..for you who have seen a black walnut...they are a dark wooden hardshell nut covered by a thick green husk that you have to peel off before you can get to the wooden shell, in order to crack it, and get the nuts out. Well, what I noticed was the genius of my father..because when those Black Walnuts would fall from the tree, the chickens would go after them...and peck at that green husk, until it came off, leaving the nice black nuts to just go and pick up off the ground. It saved us a lot of unpleasant work...having that green husk gone..and the chickens happy...because they had so much fun with them...pecking on them.. Also, when he planted the trees, he also planted a large strawberry patch...spacing them so that the berries got plenty of sun, and yet, while we picked them, there was shade to relieve you ever so often from the sun..from a nice apple or peach tree. It made our work much more pleasant..then, berries ever so often...a large corn patch and melons and squash...just about everything you could imagine...green beans and peas..Then we bottled all summer...anything that would fit in a bottle..jams and jellies...also, squash, watermelon and cantaloup...then, he built a pig pen using the chicken coop adobe's for one wall to provide shelter for the pigs, and he built some wooden rabbit hutches, and so we could have occasional rabbit dinners... We grew everything we ate...except the deer that dad would hunt in the fall...then, we made deer jerky, and bottled the rest. Another fun thing we did was to go pinenut gathering in the fall...we drove West, up on Elk Mountain, found a large tree filled with pinenut cones, spread blankets out on the ground, then shook the branches with long rakes or hoes...until the nuts fell down onto the blankets...then, we gathered them up and stored the small nuts in burlap bags...so, they would have air, and wouldn't mold. Of course the little squirrels would scold us for taking their winter food!!!

These nuts would last all winter...of course if they weren't all gone by spring, we would take the left-overs and fry them in salt water....so, we had roasted, salty nuts for the summer...I got so proficient at eating them, that I could put a handful in my mouth, hold them in one side of my cheeks, release one at a time with my tongue, crack that one with my teeth, spit out the shell, and chew up the soft nut, without using my hands. Our home was really productive...especially as we also had a Jersey cow for our milk, cottage cheese and cream...dad called her Bossy cow.

Our home was just like a little Garden of Eden...as we grew things all summer, and bottled, canned and dried our vegetables and fruits, and we would kill the pig at the end of summer, and dad would fill the large pork barrel that sat near the entrance of the cellar, where we had shelves built $\frac{1}{2}$ underground, and kept our food protected from the sun and elements. The shelves would be filled with jams, jellies, and all kind of vegetables and fruits, and meats..We had a metal Bin holder outside that held our flour and wheat, and things of that nature..it was just to keep our foods dry, and protected from the elements.

When we got better situated, dad purchased a butane tank so we could have more constant heat in our home.. We traded eggs at the store for things we needed...such as cloth, buttons, scissors... and other such things. People would come to our home to buy our produce...especially the strawberries, and chickens, eggs, etc. So, my parents had done very good...bringing us here to this little town, and through their industry and knowledge, provide just about everything we needed to survive. We had an outhouse, and were able to get water piped into our house for the sink & drinking, and also used irrigation water from the large ditch that ran down at the bottom of our property.

When my nephew Billy (my half-sister Grace's oldest son) came to live with us one summer, daddy put up a basketball hoop for him to practice on...and also made a high-jump ..digging a large shallow hole then filling it with sawdust so we wouldn't hurt ourselves when we jumped over the pole. I was amazed at Billy. He could stand right by the bar, shoulder-high...and jump right over that pole..without even running. It was unbelievable that he was that strong. I could barely get over by putting the board down about waist high...and then running toward it, and occasionally making it. We also used it for broad-jumping...seeing how far we could go, as well as how high.

We had a lot of fun in that yard.

Another thing we did, with all the little nieces and nephews who came over...nearly every day... was to build us a club house with some old boards that were laying around from an old shed structure out on the property. Gwen and I started by propping the boards up against Dad's shed... then building out from there...and we ended up with a little playhouse that had a door and even a window...

The ones I remember were (Alvin-Jim) and Doris Ellen Rhoades, Shari & Diana Black, and Ivan and Ruth Ann Child ... (Warren & Ruth's 2 children)...we made quite the little gang...Gwen and I didn't realize we were babysitters...we just thought these were the best friends we had in town, and they came over often to play.

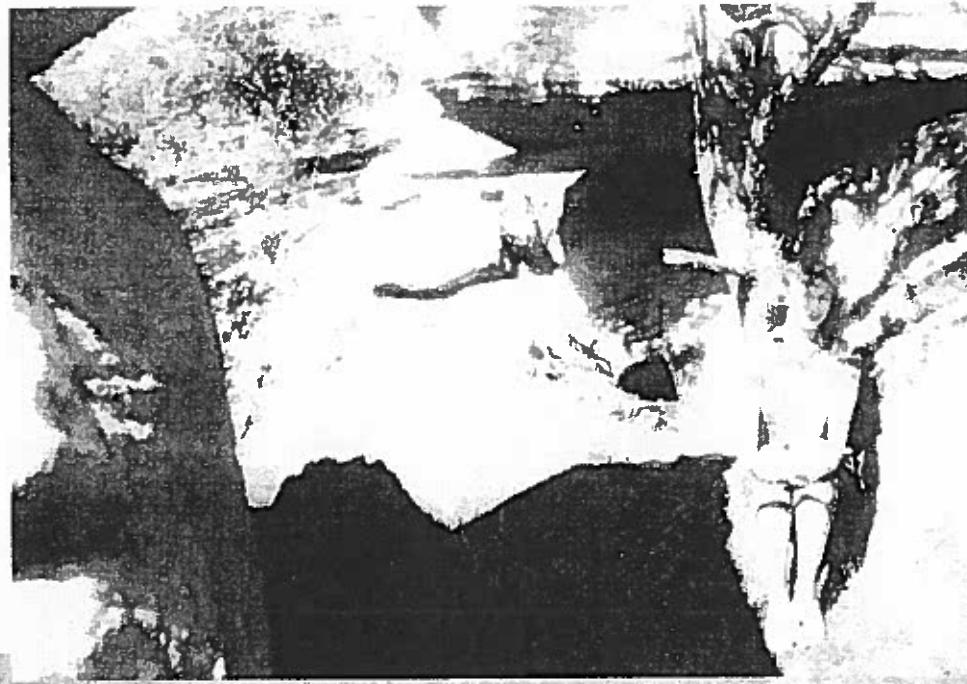
I just remembered that there were 3 other little children there also. Vickie, Skippy and Lonnie.... one day my mother had been traveling on a bus, and it stopped for a rest stop, and this little girl came up to my mother and asked for some food. My mother told her that she shouldn't be doing that...as harm could come to her..and asked to see her mother. The little girl took her by the hand and led her to a house where the mother was lying, ill in bed. My mother told her that these little kids shouldn't be out there begging for food. The lady said, "My husband is out of work, and I'm too ill and can't tend the kids, and we don't have any other way to do." So, my mother said, handing her

A Child's Prayer



Augusta LaRée Child Noonan

LaRee at Blanding
hideout - Senior year 1958



"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



a piece of paper, "Here is my name and address, and as soon as you get better you can come and get your children. In the meantime, I am taking them with me to my home." and she brought those 3 little kids home with her. They were there all summer and I'm not sure just how much longer... but, finally the day came when these parents came and got their kids...being very grateful...and my parents helped the man get a job in Blanding, and found them a home to rent...and they stayed there for awhile, until he could get a better job somewhere else. I don't remember when they actually left...but, we really enjoyed them for that summer... the little boy Skippy, could sing the song, "Davy Crockett" and sang it quite often for us..."Born on a mountaintop in Tennessee..." we'd hear it all the time...They became good friends with our nieces and nephews too...so, we had lots of little ones around all the time. Vickie was a very beautiful little girl, and Lonnie acted very much like a little man.

We worked hard all day, but, our evenings were very different. My mother would start playing the piano, daddy would get his harmonica and start playing it or singing with her...Warren, who had built his home next door, brought over his guitar, and Ruth, his wife, her castanets, and the music would start. Gwen and I had a little 12 bass accordion that dad had brought home to me one year....and we just sang and played..whoever came..Marian and Doris and their family's came over lots of times...and our house would rock!!

Le Roy was fascinated with recorders...so, he would do recording every chance he could, so we have a few songs to listen to now. But, it doesn't sound as good as it felt...just being together having fun!! Those are memories to remember.

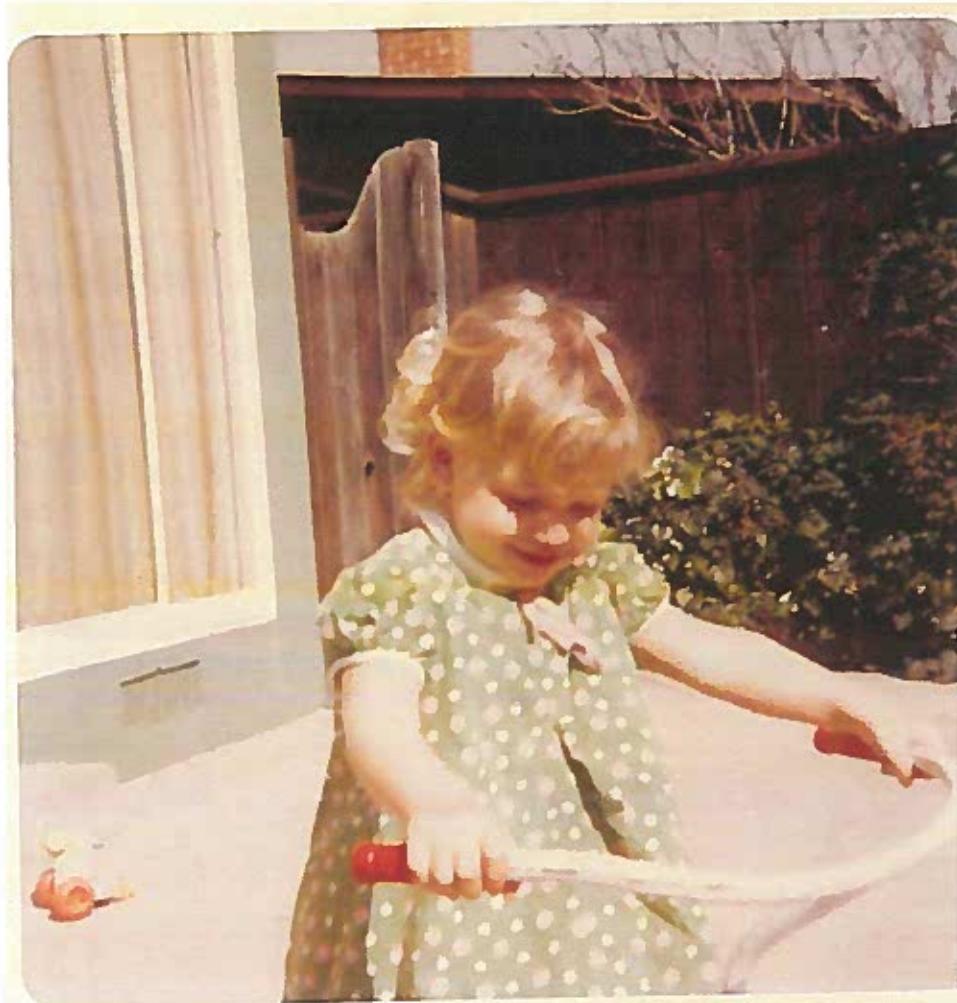
There hasn't been a place in this story that I felt I could add some important information, that I would like my family to know, and me being the last living one in my generation, I feel I should share some experiences that my mother and father would tell us while we worked, picking strawberries, currents and doing other farm work, and since I didn't meet any of my grandparents, I can at least pass on down the stories they told me...My maternal grandfather, Ernst Tietjen and his wife, Emma C. who were on an Indian mission, were asked by Brigham Young, Jr. to build a dam for water, and build a town that was eventually called "Ramah". That is where my mother was born. Then, after they had been settled there for awhile, Brigham Young, Jr. asked him to build another dam and town, in the area where Bluewater was built. So, my grandfather, Ernst, obtained 640 acres of land, and then offered to share it with other families if they would come there and live by them...so, it wouldn't be so lonesome. So, he built 2 towns, and in Bluewater there were some prophecies made about a Temple being built there, along with a large Indian Center. The climate has become more mild there, and now more people have moved into the town. It is not very recognizable to me anymore, even though there are more people there, and more homes built...but, they haven't been very well organized. Probably due to the lack of a 'city planner'...but, I am looking forward to the fulfillment of those prophecies, and sometimes wish I could be in on its' accomplishment.

My grandparents were Indian Missionaries...my grandfather, Ernst, was called on this mission, and was never released. At one time, he mentioned to Brigham Young, Jr. that he could baptize the entire Navajo nation...should he do it? And Brigham Young, Jr. said, "Just go a little slow brother Tietjen, it isn't their day yet." My mother told me that the Indians had taken her father down into places where they had their kiva's and there were wagon loads of records, and temple clothing... and he was a blood brother to them. I hope we are able to go there and help them when the time is right. I think that there must be lots of genealogy records there..and plenty of work to be done in the temples...but, of course that is just my idea of what some of those records could be. I would surely like to help in that work.

My parents were also called on a Southwest Indian Mission, and a small wooden house was dragged up into town from out in the cedars, and fixed up, and my father taught school there to the Indians, and my mother taught the women how to make quilts, cook and other things that they didn't know. This was just a block from our home..so, we were quite involved in it. Teaching them to play baseball was quite an experience!! They just couldn't get the idea of throwing the ball to get someone out! They thought they had to touch the person with the ball to get them out...for instance, one evening, we were all over by the church/school house playing baseball, and it was my turn at bat. I hit the ball, and before I could begin around the bases, the pitcher got the ball, and began chasing me with it...we left the baseball field, and ran down across the block toward the large ditch that ran down the side of the block on the East side...finally, the boy got disgusted because he couldn't catch me, so he just threw the ball at me!

In the meantime, Gwen was up leaning on the school/church house building, and drinking some lemonade that my parents had brought over. A Navajo boy (Jack Hutchins) that was close to her age, wanted some lemonade too...so, she gave him a cupful. But, then she flipped some lemonade on him with her finger...and he flipped some back, and then he threw his whole cupful on her. She got a cup and threw some on him too...this went on a little while, until without any warning...He picked up the whole bucketful of lemonade and just dumped the whole thing over her head. So, here she is, dripping wet, covered with lemonade, with an upsidedown empty bucket on her head! The next day, she sees that Jack is down at the hogan of the Calvin Holiday family, helping them do their washing. He would keep coming up to our house, whistling, filling up a bucket with clean water, and carry it back down to them. Gwen thought that this would be a good time to "get even" with him...so, she took the hose he had been using to fill up his bucket, and dragged it over to the front of our house, which was about even with the water faucet, and she was ready to really hit him full in the face when he came up again. She saw him start back up with his empty bucket, then stood, REALLY STILL, by the house. She waited, and waited and waited...and he didn't show up...she was getting impatient, when about this time, she heard a voice behind her saying, "Whatcha doin' Gwen?" She whirled around and saw Jack behind her on the other side of the house...He must have seen the faucet dripping, and guessed what it might be...We'll never know...but, this was the beginning of a fun friendship for Gwen, and actually all of us...as one afternoon we had just finished eating a dinner of fresh peas, thickened with white sauce, and little new, red-skinned, potatoes from our garden. Jack came by, and daddy told him to come on in...and gave him a full plate of peas and potatoes, which Jack just about inhaled!! They were sooooooo good!! Daddy, seeing his plate empty, filled it up again, saying, "Have some more"...Jack said, "Thank you", but, didn't eat it quite as fast this time...seeing his plate empty again, daddy didn't waste any time, and asked him if he would like some more...Jack didn't want to hurt daddy's feelings, but, he was pretty full by this time, but, he accepted another plate, eating much more slowly this time...I can't remember how that ended...but, I saw my father's enthusiasm for sharing...and Jack's courtesy for my father...and not wanting to hurt his feelings.

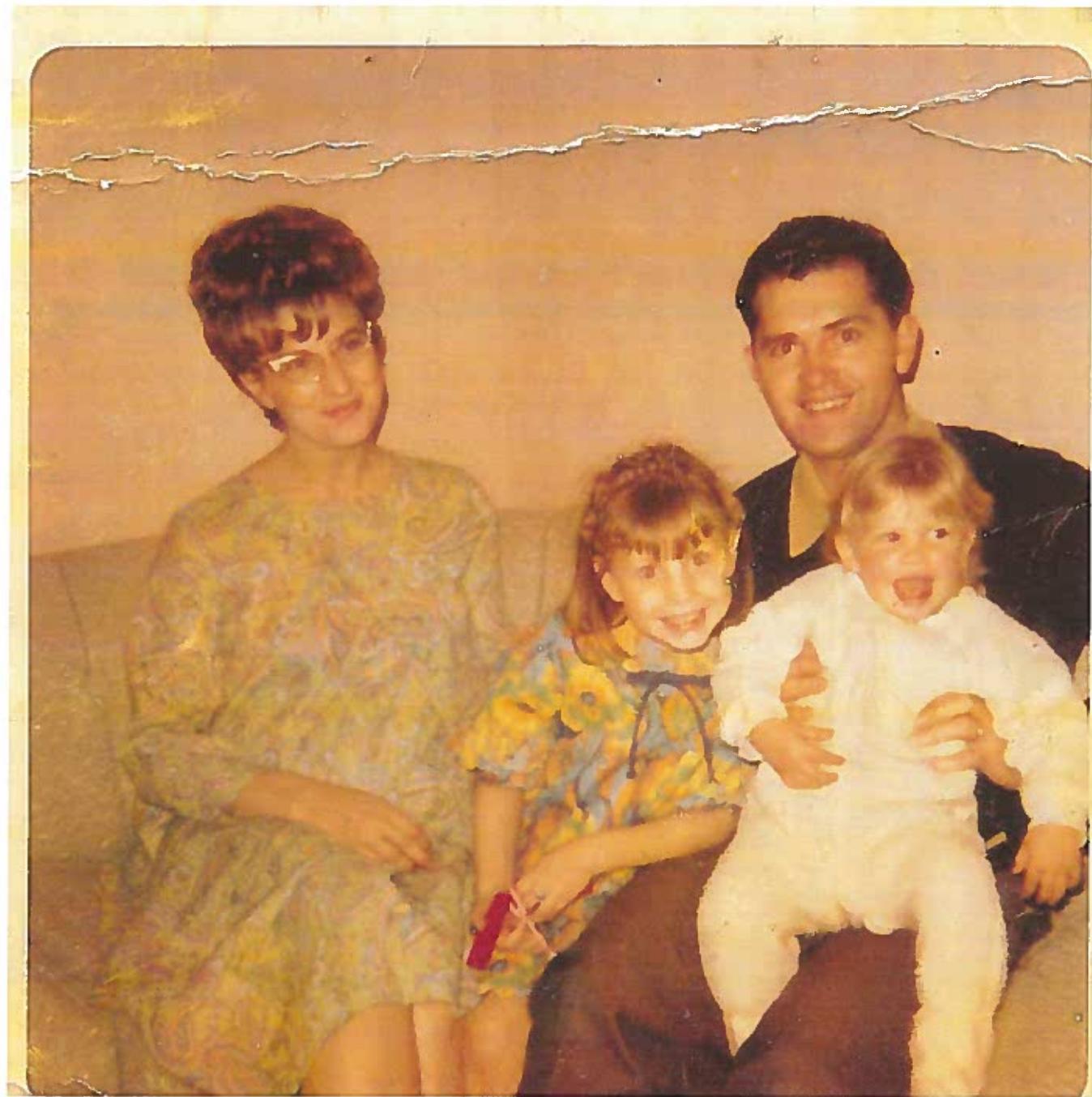
Jack stayed over until evening...and we went into the front room and sat around the room on chairs, playing games. One of the games we played was to have the one who was "IT", try to do something to make the others guess what they were..if they couldn't guess, they were IT. Well, Jack couldn't guess one time...and so he was it. He became a cat! He forgot all about us...so, here is this tall gangling teenager, down on the floor, rolling on the floor, playing with an imaginary ball of twine with his hands and feet...he even rolled over under the large table pretending to play with a ball of yarn, he had become a cat...and it was soooooooo funny that the rest of us couldn't do anything except hold our belly's and laugh!! We had a lot of adventures with these "redskins"!! One couple, John and Mary Holiday lived up Northwest of us...and they had a little girl born with a club foot. So, my mother arranged to take Mary and her little daughter up to Salt Lake to the Primary Childrens' Hospital to get it fixed, and Mary's husband, John got drunk and we could hear him out-



(Biker) - Diana - age 3 + gate -
San Lorenzo



Gwen + LaRee + puppies



side, making noise, swearing and scaring all of us...until he finally went back home...and mom and Mary went to Salt Lake and got the little girls' foot fixed, so she could live a normal life. We gave her a bath in our bathtub, and I think that was a new experience for her..as they lived in cedar & mud hogans. (although they did have sweat lodges, made out of the cedar and mud, as well. They would run out of the lodge, all hot and sweaty, and throw themselves in the snow to cool off.)

I also saw how hard it was for Mary and her family, having a husband who drank whiskey. Another small lady who came to the Navajo church, was named Donna. I remember her because when I would shake hands with her, her small hand would just go limp, and her handshake was just 'so soft'..she was a delicate little lady. You just couldn't help but love these people.

The Calvin & Evelyn Holiday family all got baptized...they were the family who built a hogan below us, on the other side of the large creek, and we loved all their girls, I can only remember Tina, Caroline, May & June 's name right now, but, it's been a lot of years. They are the ones who taught me how to make Fry Bread, and Navajo Taco's.

They called me up on the phone when I was married and lived in Pleasant Grove, and came over and made dinner...and that is when they showed me how to do it...which I have greatly appreciated, as it is one of our favorite foods...fry bread and Navajo taco's... Caroline married a white man, who became what they called, a "Mountain Man"...and they made a huge white teepee in their backyard over in Orem, Utah...and made a lot of Indian things..leather dresses, and all those kinds of things.. In fact, they were in the movie of Jeremiah Johnson...and at the beginning of that movie, it shows a large white teepee and Indians living around a fort, and that was Carolines' teepee, and they are in those scenes too...She was sitting in the movie house in front of me, while we were watching it, and she kept telling me things about it at that time..I've lost track of them now, but, they were our good friends. In fact, it was at the parents' baptism that I bore my testimony for the first time. The baptism had been performed for Calvin and Evelyn Holiday, and the other children who were old enough..(My parents were on a mission in the Southwest Indian Mission, and had taught this family the gospel.) It was just after they had been confirmed members of the church, and it was held in the old Blanding Ward Chapel...we were sitting on the front row of the chapel, and my parents and others bore their testimonies...and then my brother, Warren, bore his testimony, and it was then that I felt the spirit so strong, that I stood up right after him, and bore mine, because feeling the spirit that strong made me brave enough to do it. It was a wonderful experience going around with my parents to different hogans, going out across the desert, and listening to my parents tell the Indian people about the gospel, and especially the Book of Mormon. One day I went with my parents to a hogan just across Westwater canyon, just West of Blanding, and dad played his harmonica, then mom played the guitar while the 3 of us sang a couple of songs, then, my father asked the man what his name was and he said, "Lehi." My father was taken back, and he said, what was your father's name, and he said, "Lehi." My father said, "What was his father's name?" and the man said, "Lehi." That is when I got my testimony of the Book of Mormon. Now, I had read the Book of Mormon...going 5 pages a time like a teacher of mine had suggested...but, until I heard this man, a descendant of the people of Lehi, tell us his genealogy, it hadn't really clicked in. Now it did!! It was TRUE!! I was seeing a descendent of the Book of Mormon people! My father handed the man a copy of the Book of Mormon, and said, "This is a record of your people." (I will continue this story later in my account, because this wasn't the end of this family in my life.) I believe it was these kind of experiences that built my testimony, as much as anything.

One other experience that comes to mind was one day, as we worked around our home, a couple of Indians came up to our home, very excited, and wanted us to come down to the Holiday's hogan, to have a 'sing'. So, mom and dad took their guitar and harmonica and my parents, Gwen and I hurried down there. We were surprised to see the front dooryard of the hogan swept very clean,

and a wooden spit made over freshly cut firewood that was piled up, underneath it, and a beautiful rabbit skin wrapped around the top bar of the spit...where you would normally put meat to cook. Inside the hogan, we didn't enter, but, just viewed it from the doorway. A man was doing a sand-painting on the entire floor of the hogan, and had a dip in the middle filled with water. It represented a prayer for rain (hence the water). We were very impressed. They had wanted us to see it because at night..before it got dark, the sand painting had to be erased. I wish I had had a camera to take a picture of it..it was so beautiful!!

Ok..before I forget it, I want to mention the family of Lehi that I talked about before. After I was married and had all of our 5 girls, Don and I moved to Blanding..as we were selling our home in Pleasant Grove, and traded it for one in Blanding. It was built on Westwater road, very close to my old home..in fact, I felt like Heavenly Father had given it to us, because one day when I lived in Orem, my bishop was helping us put in a garden all around the lawn area, and one evening, he went over to the wire fence and said, "LaRee, there is about 2 feet running here along the back of your property, that is out of alignment with the other fences...The people who built this house were the first ones in here, and just put the fence up where they thought it went, and if you would like me to, tomorrow morning I will come over here and we'll move the post holes and move your property back 2 feet, which will also make your garden area larger. I said, "Okay." and I was excited about that. I was excited about having a garden. Well, the next morning, I looked out the back window, and my neighbors who lived behind us, must have seen Bishop Smoot and I discussing the fence, and being afraid of losing some of their land, they were out planting grape vines all along the fence, and already had some planted. Bishop Smoot, also seeing this, came over and asked me what I wanted to do...speak up for the land, or let it go. I said, "Why don't we just let it go, because if we take it back, we could end up as enemies, and that is not good. So, because of this experience that I had had, when we moved to Pleasant Grove, The house came with an additional 2 acres. The thought came to my mind that "The Lord repays injustice fourfold"...we had lost 2 feet of land across the back, but, the Lord had given us 2 acres across the back of this new house.

That is the way He works!! I've seen it time and again in my life...missed opportunities, and then, I see the blessing come to me that is much greater.

Now, I want to go back to my days in Blanding, because as we did chores during the hot days, our parents would tell us stories...Bible stories, and stories about themselves and our grandparents who we had not had a chance to meet. Grandma Emma Tietjen was the last to go, just a couple of months after Gwen was born. My mother told us that her grandfather, Ernst Tietjen, was about 9 years old when his family left Sweden on one of the old sailships, and came to America. He was following the advice from our prophets at that time, when they wanted the new converts to the gospel to gather to Zion in America. So, my great-grandfather, August Henrich (Henry) Tietjen, who after getting married to his sweetheart, Ida Fredericka Kreuger, in Germany, went on his honeymoon to Sweden. After the honeymoon, he told his wife, that he didn't want to go back to his kind of life in Mecklenburg, Germany. (His family had been guards to the Czar...dressed in fancy uniforms, riding matching horses, and the kids ran the halls of the palace with the prince and princesses, and were educated at the same universities.) But, he didn't want to do that anymore..and the only way to get out of it would be to stay in Sweden. So, they did..but, one day when Henry and his oldest son, Ernst went into town, they saw a crowd of people gathered around 2 Mormon Missionaries, threatening to hurt them, and with the training of my grandfather, he knew how to handle a crowd, so he stepped up to the missionaries and told them that when he distracted the crowd, that they were to run down to the nearby river, and stay there until it was dark, and he would get rid of the crowd and come back for them. They did what he said, and he dissipated the crowd, and later that evening after it was dark, he went back and got the missionaries, and took them to his home. They stayed there and taught his family the gospel. My grandfather (Henry) and my great-grandfather



La Ree



(Ernst) joined the church, knowing it was right from the very start. But, my grandmother (Ida Fredricka Kreuger) was a different story. She was a Bible reader, and thought this was the church that she had been warned about. However, the time and opportunity came when Heinrich-Henry got the spirit of gathering to Zion, or coming to America, especially since members of the church were treated in such a mean way there..He had had to take his children out of regular school, and put them in a private school, to protect them from persecution. So, he told his wife that she could either go or stay there, but, he was going. She didn't know what to do, but, knew that she had chosen Henry to be her husband, and so she prayed and told the Lord that she was going to join the church and if it was right, he was to let her know it, and if it was wrong to please forgive her. Well, when she was baptized, and was sitting there, being confirmed a member of the Church, and given the Holy Ghost, the Spirit testified to her that she had made the right choice. The Gospel was true! So, they traveled to America. But, Ernst, being just 9 years old, got so sea-sick on the sailing ship that he almost died. Later in his life, when James Brown asked Brigham Young for Ernst to be called as an Indian missionary, it was a great relief to Ernst, for his Patriarchal blessing told him that he would be called to preach the gospel to his native people, and he had prayed not to be called to go back across that ocean...but, that if Heavenly Father called him there he would go. So, this was a great relief to Ernst, and he accepted the hardships with a grateful heart. One time when he had his family settled, his father wrote and asked him to come from New Mexico to the Temple to be sealed to the family. He knew how important that was, but, he had no money. He had worked hard all summer making railroad ties for the railroad, but, hadn't been paid yet. But, nothing stopped Grandpa when he knew something was right...so, he took a pillowcase, filled it with a couple of changes of underwear, and a few biscuits, and started walking. This is his remarkable story of that trip: He met a group of wagons hauling freight to Farmington, New Mexico, and asked if he could be a driver, as he knew the roads and was friends with the Indians (who some people were afraid of). So, they let him be a driver, and he went as far as he could with them, but, then, built a raft, and floated down to a little Mormon settlement called Bluff, Utah. He got off the raft there, and finding that Brigham Young, Jr. was driving a loaded wagon up to Salt Lake City, he asked if he could ride with him. But, was told that the wagon was too full, and there wasn't a place for him to ride. So, knowing the Bishop there, who owned a store, he went and asked if he could borrow a gun (for which he would pay later...expecting to be paid by the man in Salt Lake)..The Bishop knew he could be trusted, and loaned him a gun which he then took to an Indian, and traded him the gun for a horse, and went back to Brigham Young, Jr. and they loaded some of the wagon items onto the horse, so then grandpa could ride on the seat, which he did all the way to Salt Lake City. When he got to Salt Lake, he found the man who owed him the back wages, and asked him for his money, but, the man said he didn't have it. (which he eventually did with all the men who had worked for him),but the man took grandpa over to Deseret Industries, and bought him a used second- hand suit, and a used watch too. So, that was all he got paid for doing of a lot of hard work... But, then, he was sealed to his family, and then found a group of people going to conference in Snowflake, Arizona, and caught a buggy ride with them. From that conference, he found some people who had come from Ramah to the conference, and they gave him a ride with them back to his home. The whole trip took him about 3 months.

But, he told my mother, Doris, that if people knew how important the Temple work is, they would walk from England to America to have it done. (I can't remember the countries he mentioned in that statement, but, this is pretty close. I really, really admire his faith and courage and commitment to do whatever it takes to do what is right. He taught that same faith to my mother...which is one reason why she was able to leave Blanding, where they were comfortable in their own paid off home, with a cellar full of food, to go to Manti to do the Temple work for her family names. They really made some fine friends there, and enjoyed being in the Temple day after day. Once in awhile, the Temple president would tell her what a beautiful voice she had, as they occasionally sang in

some of their preparation meetings).

Just a quick story inserted in here while I'm thinking of it...about my half-brother, Howard Child. He was a truck-driver, and eventually came to own his own truckline called the 8-Ball Trucking Line. While we were still in Bluewater, New Mexico, he arranged for another truck driver to drop off a box of fresh Oranges to us. When it came about Christmas-time..we were very excited!! They gave me one of my very own, and I had never seen or even heard of an Orange. I peeled it like my parents did, and ate each little section very carefully, not to lose a drop of juice, then, I ate the white part of the peeling, THEN, I ate even the orange rind!! It was the best thing I think I have ever tasted!! What a sweet brother...to think of such a thing!! One time they even came for a visit, and Gwen and I got to meet his kids...Ronnie was about my age, and Maxine was about Gwen's age...we really enjoyed getting to know them. *****

I keep mentioning my half-brothers and I should mention WHY I had half-brothers and a half-sister.

Kenneth, Howard and Grace were the only living children of my father's first wife, Minnie Nelson.

She had more children than these 3, but, the others didn't live. But, as I understand it, Minnie lived quite awhile, pretty much in bed, as she wasn't well, and then finally died, there on daddy's farm in Starr Valley, Wyoming. He went to live with his mother in Salt Lake City, really close to the Temple...and I am unclear about this, but, I think they both worked, but, she helped him with his children. It was from this house, where daddy sent many of his letters to my mother in Bluewater...and ended up marrying her. She loved him and his children, and they moved back up to his farm in Fairview, Wyoming. Which is where my oldest sister, Marian was born. Marian got pink-eye really bad, and they nor the doctor could get her well. The Doctor finally told my father that if he wanted her to live, he needed to leave this climate. My mother became ill also, so, my father offered his nice ranch for sale to a neighbor. The neighbor said he didn't have any money, and my father said, "If you will buy it, and when it is summer, sell all my cattle, you will have more than enough to pay me." The man agreed then...so, dad deeded it over to him...but, the man never paid daddy one cent, even though he gained my father's whole ranch, including all the cattle. That seems strange to me that someone could do that...but, daddy, even though he told us the story, didn't live his life with anger toward him...I know because my father always had the Spirit of the Lord with him...and didn't let anger get or stay inside him. Although, he told me that "it is hard to pay back money in heaven." *****

I might as well tell you a little about my father, since I am thinking about him.

When he was just a little boy, he was playing out by the little stream of water in front of their place, there in Starr Valley, Wyoming...with another little boy, when the words came to his mind,

to: "Run to the barn!"...he was holding a little bottle of water, and just threw it down and ran to the barn. There he saw his little sister hanging from a rafter, up near the roof. He climbed up the ladder and got on the rafter and scooted himself along it, till he reached her. Then, he reached down and took ahold of her wrists, and tried to pull her back up to where he was. He said he had just been baptized, so, he would have been about 8 years old, and his little sister, probably about 4-6 years old (I should look it up to be sure)...but, she was just a little girl. As he tried to pull her up, it was pulling him down almost as much, and he was not sure he could keep his balance. He finally got her down, and started carrying her to the house, when his mother, Amanda, came running

LaRee's Blessing day - Dad, Marian, Warren + Doris Ida



Mother - Doris Emma

Doris raised many nieces and nephews, 3 step-children, then her own 5, Marian, Doris, Warren, Gwen and LaRee & her orphaned nephew, Horace Stevens. Horace wanted to go to the temple to do baptisms, but didn't have anything nice to wear. Doris spent the money she had saved for her wedding picture, for his sweater. She is my dearest friend, my greatest example for good, and my hero!!

from the house, having received a prompting also. When she reached dad, the little girl (I think she was Elizabeth) started having convulsions..having drunk some coal oil. Daddy ran for a neighbor to come and give her a blessing. The neighbor came, and did what he could. I believe that Elizabeth died later, but, not at that time. Her life had been preserved.

Dad lost both his sisters while they were young...but, did have a younger brother, Elman who lived to maturity and had a family.

The point I am making, is that at this early age, my father began receiving inspiration, and he had wonderful spiritual gifts all his life. Every night, there in Blanding, he always had his Book of Mormon that he read..and when our home teachers came over to give us a lesson, invariably, daddy ended up teaching them..and he was a wonderfully, interesting teacher. I loved to hear him tell stories and experiences. He had a wonderful tenor voice, that had made him very popular in his youth, as he went around the valley putting on entertainments. He became a school teacher in the valley also.

These are some stories he told to me: With the ranch, there was a lot of cow milking to be done, and he would milk several cows night and morning. It made his forearm muscles very strong, so that when playtime came, his favorite sport was baseball, because he said he NEVER ran a base. He would hit the ball so hard, that sometimes they never found it again. He walked all his bases because it would be a home-run, and sometimes all the team would come out and put him up on their shoulders, and walk around all the bases. So, he and a friend who went all over the valley playing ball, decided that they would go back East and become professional ball players...which I have no doubt they could have done..Daddy told me that he could have been the 'Babe Ruth' of his day...but, his mother, Amanda Taylor Child, told him that she didn't think it would be a very good atmosphere for him, and thought that it might be a good idea if he went on his mission instead.. So, he minded her. She had also taught him that it was wrong to go into the saloons and bars that were a little prevalent there in Wyoming, and he had minded her then as well, and saw the benefit of staying away from those problems. That was how he left on his mission at age 18 years old, and they did it differently in those days. They didn't have money to pay for their needs, they did what they call "Purse and Script"...or in other words...they had to depend on other people to put them up, and feed them meals...if they could find good people in their mission area.

One experience he tells about in his journal was that there was one corner in the town they were working in, and since there were other religions who also used that corner for their preaching, they were usually quite mannerly, tolerant and polite with each other. Except one day, when they arrived at their usual corner, there was another very animated preacher occupying the spot. They went across the street...wearing suits...so, the man would know they were waiting...but, he wasn't about to share the spot with them. They walked away, and knocked on some doors and did other things, and came back, and again found that he wasn't about to share with them. So, wondering what they could do, that wasn't confrontational...Daddy and his companion stood on the other side of the street, and began to sing...well...daddy with his beautiful tenor voice, the people began listening to the singing instead of the man who was still preaching...soon, the whole crowd had crossed the street, and daddy had his crowd...in a peaceful way. He loved his mission...but, then dad got Typhoid Fever, and eventually they sent him down to Denver, Colorado to get well. He lost his beautiful hair here...and after being there awhile, he began to talk to his Heavenly Father..because he had come out here to teach the gospel, and all he could do was stay in the hospital. Then came that familiar voice, "See what you are doing here! People are sick and they are listening to you." He realized that he was passing out more Book of Mormons in that hospital than all the others, out in the field. He was also giving blessings to the sick, and would put on programs, with his singing...for entertainment. It was a high price to pay, but, he filled a very successful mission....even though the

way was not what he expected. He and my mother were both learning the same thing from their parents and the scriptures, "I will Go and do the things which the Lord has commanded. For I know the Lord giveth no commandment to the children of men, save he shall prepare a way."...(something to that effect).

When my father was living in Midvale (or called Sandy then)...he was a home-teacher..and one day the Bishop came to my father, and asked he and his companion to go over every day and visit a man (Mr. Searle) in the ward who had cancer, and give him encouragement. So, they did, and one day when they got there, the sick man had a strange request. He said to my father, "I am not going to get well, I am suffering, and my staying alive is using all of my family's money, and I don't want to be a burden to them, as they need to have the money when I am gone..so, would you please give me a blessing and release my spirit from this body?"

Well, this was an unusual blessing he asked for...so, my father had all the family's children come in for a visit with their father, then gave the wife time with him, then they began the blessing. My father was the one giving the blessing, and as he asked for the release of the man's spirit, he felt the man's hand drop down by his side, and felt his spirit leave his body. That was the kind of faith he had...in fact, one of my father's blessings says that "You have faith, like unto Enoch." This is the kind of a man I was privileged to live with for 17 years!! His faith, coupled with that of my mother, taught to her by her parents, gave me quite a wonderful heritage of faith. How can I do less than they?

Now, I'll tell a story my mother told me (in the strawberry patch, as we picked strawberries)... it is about my grandmother, Emma Tietjen: The town of Bluewater was built near to a train track, and my grandfather, Ernst, was concerned about the safety of his family, as he was out traveling, among the Indians, so he asked them not to feed the tramps that sometimes rode the trains and didn't do anybody any good, and could harm them. So, one day, there was a man who came to my grandmother's door and knocked, asking for a little food. The thing that struck her was that he was so clean...not like the other tramps. So, she invited him in and he was a pleasant person, and while she was fixing the food, he asked my mother, who was just a little child, if she would like to come and sit on his lap. She, of course, was shy, and refused. He said, "Oh, that's too bad, the little Indian children do it all the time."..He talked to my grandmother in her native language of Norwegian, and she didn't even think about that until later. When he had finished eating, he offered her a book. She thought he was trying to pay for the food and refused to take it. He told her many things that she needed to know..then, he left. Then she got to thinking that something was strange...he didn't ask her if she was Norwegian, just spoke in that language...and I for one sure wish she had taken that book...it may have been loaded with genealogy names...or something like that...It is one of those mysteries we many never know about in this life. She thought that perhaps he may have been one of the three Nephites, because he said the little Indian children sat on his lap, and also knew that she spoke Norwegian.

My grandmother, Emma, also showed her courage and faith one day when the Indians came into their little town in New Mexico, and took all the cattle and horses...all the men were gone, and my grandmother knew that this incident could cause big trouble. She had been called by Brigham Young, Jr. to be a midwife, and had delivered many babies...both white and Indian babies. Everywhere she went to deliver a baby, she would plant an apple tree.(I'll tell you the story of the apple trees next).

Well, so, with this crises at hand, she loaded up her little girls in her wagon, and drove up to the mountains where the Indians lived. She was met by a group of Indian men, who were threatening in their attitude. She said to them, "What you have done is a bad thing. You must take the cattle and horses back to the town!" They became threatening and belligerent, but, she spoke calmly to them, "I have helped your wives have their babies, and helped them when they were sick. You know that I am your friend, but, you must return the cattle." Then, she drove back to town, and the Indians brought back all the livestock that they had taken before the men returned. With her courage she saved some lives that day, and prevented a war.

I have mentioned my grandmother's apple orchard in Bluewater, but, never mentioned how it came to be. Here it is in it's entirety:

My grandfather, Ernst Albert Tietjen was doing missionary work among the Indians, that he had been called to, and he had married a Norwegian girl named, Emma Olivia Ericksen. Her parents had joined the Mormon church and traveled to Utah, where she met Ernst Albert Tietjen, and they lived in Goshen, Utah. Then, the family of Tietjens moved from there to Santaquin, Utah...a few miles away, but, Ernst and Emma O. (as she was called by the family) had moved to New Mexico and were on their mission. When Brigham Young, Jr. came down, and seeing the situation brought it up to Ernst. They were living in an isolated area, and Ernst would go out among the Indians, sometimes being gone for as long as a year at a time, leaving his little family alone, which was not a very safe situation, considering the time and place. So, Brigham Young, Jr. suggested to Ernst that he needed to take another wife, so, that at least it would be a little safer for them while Ernst was away. So, as was the way it was done, Ernst brought it up to his wife, Emma O. to get her acceptance on this suggestion. She was immediately very excited and knew exactly who Ernst should ask. She said that over in Norway, she and her first cousin, Emma Christiansen had grown up together in Oslo, and had both worked in a dairy there. They used to play games, and one of those games was that they were married to the same man...and she had promised Emma C. that when she got to America, that when she had some money, she would help her get to America, so if Ernst would like to ask her to be a 2nd wife to him, it was all right with her. So, they wrote to Emma C. (both Emma's were born to sisters), and she accepted. So, she wrote in her letter that she would be arriving by train in Salt Lake City and would be dressed all in white, so that he could recognize her, as he had never seen either her, nor a picture. Well, as things work out sometimes, not always according to plan. When Emma C. got to the ship, she found a family there who wanted to come to America, but, had run short of money and wouldn't be able to make the trip. So, Emma C. went to a store, and sold her white clothes (which were more expensive) to them, and bought herself some black clothes, which were cheaper...this left her with enough money to give to the family, so they could come on the ship.

But, then, as we often do...thoughts of fear began to come to her, as the thought came...How will this man, who she had never met, nor seen a picture of, know her? So, she began to pray, hard... and when she arrived on the train, he knew her immediately! Even in Black clothing...Now, that is a miracle.

They were married, and stopped in Santaquin for her to meet her inlaws, and Ernst to see his family.

They grow beautiful apples in Santaquin, and when Emma saw them, she just had to take some starts of the apples so she could grow an orchard of them in New Mexico. But, when she approached Ernst about her idea, he told her they couldn't do it, because there was no more room on the wagon, in which to carry small apple tree starts...so, Emma...being the kind of person she was,

considered this just as a problem to solve...so, during the night, she went outside, and pounded some boards together into a box, and with some wire, she tied the little trays of wooden boxes to the boards underneath the wagon, and let her little swinging boxes ride underneath the wagon, so they took up NO room IN the wagon...then she slept!! There was no opposition the next morning, so she got her little plants down to New Mexico safely, and planted the little trees to the North of the little white adobe home. When Brigham Young Jr. called her to be a midwife, she learned her trade, and then, every time she delivered a baby, she would take a start of one of her little trees, and plant it at that home. She became the 'Johnny Appleseed' of New Mexico...She always gave her apples away to the Indians, or anyone else who needed them. The cousins were happy to see each other, and embark on another of their life's adventures together. They were known as Emma O. and Emma C. the rest of their lives. That is where my mother got her middle name, Doris Emma Tietjen. This little incident in the life of grandma Emma C., shows her faith and her pluckiness that she would need to have in this desert country. I believe that she was a small woman, only around 5 feet I think. Strange, because Ernst was over 6 feet tall. The Indians called him "Tall Tietjen".

So, even though my grandfather had these 2 wives, their children were very close relationship because both mothers were 1st cousins...their mothers being sisters, and having the same father.

My grandfather was also asked to marry a half Indian girl. She was the daughter of Ira Hatch, and his wife Miraboots, the daughter of a Chief, part Navajo and part Ute I believe. Amanda Hatch Tietjen was a very sweet girl, and taught the family about how to use the plants of the deserts for not only food, but, for soap and hair rinse as well. My mother passed a lot of this information on to us...so, I have not been afraid of not having enough "food" to eat, because I know there is a lot of "food" to eat out on the deserts. For instance, my mother liked to make a sagebrush tea, and rinse her hair in it, because it kept her hair shining black and kept the gray out. They used the Yucca root as a soap to wash their hair. Purple Cedar berry tea can be very healing...Choke Cherries made wonderful jelly. When we walked through large areas of sagebrush, we tried not to brush up against it too much, as that was where the ticks liked to hang out. We watched carefully where we stepped...always aware that live things lived in these places..probably I was always careful because I didn't want to run into a rattlesnake. I didn't mind lizards and things like that, and the meadow lark was my favorite bird..I learned how to imitate it's beautiful call. I would whistle it's melody whenever they were around, and they would answer me, and that would go on for quite awhile.

What a heritage we inherited...not only temperament, but, in personality and determination as well.

I can see many of these qualities in my children and grandchildren, as well as in myself. Sometimes my determination would work against me, unless I took time to think first. For instance...one day...when I had been up walking around the knoll, and had visited my hideout...I forgot that I always talked to my Heavenly Father during these hikes...and I was just walking down the gravel road toward home, and the spirit spoke to my mind saying, "Would you like to visit with the Savior today?" I don't know why, but, I instantly and firmly said "NO!" Then, I felt very badly about my rudeness, and tried to explain it by adding that "I was already so different from other kids, that if I had a visit from the Savior, I wouldn't have ANY friends." Through the years since, I have had time to think about it, and I believe that is not true. I would have been a more loving person, and would always have that visit to treasure and give me an inner strength through my trials, and it would have been kinder to the Savior. But, it was the quick reaction and rejection of that invitation that was wrong. Instead of thinking of how many friends I might lose, I should have remembered that the Savior lost a lot of friends too...in fact he was killed. You know, I didn't even tell my parents or anyone else about that experience...and I was only a block from my house in Blanding. I have often wondered why I never shared that experience...and the only thing I can think of, is that my parents

and brother and sisters were always telling me about themselves, which I appreciated, but, not too many of them ever asked me how I felt, and what was going on in my life, and I wasn't used to sharing my experiences. But, this was one time, I really do wish I had gone home and talked to my parents about it, and received some understanding of the experience. So, I hope that anyone of my posterity will always feel free to talk over any concerns or experiences they have, and I hope I will always have the sensitivity to listen, and be there for them.

I think this would be a good time to talk more about my life in Manti. When we moved to the South Ward, we only lived in the old adobe home up at the mouth of the canyon for one season. I remember we had a large garden, and Gwen and I climbed the mountain that year. One early morning, I jumped out of bed, and went out to the mountain and started to climb. It was very steep, so, I climbed with my hands and feet, but as I was close to the top, out of the side of the mountain, there was a badger sitting on her nest, and she swelled up hissing right next to my face...and I went down that mountain faster than I had gone up, and never tried that again. I also loved to walk out by the large creek, and sing...it was so fun!! But, then, Marian and LeRoy bought a nice adobe home down about a block from main street on 5th South. It was the old Brock's home. It had indoor plumbing, large rooms, and about an acre where dad again planted a large garden, and he also got a goat, because Merlyn, Marian's son, seemed to be allergic to milk, and dad milked the goat and they fed that to Merlyn. They also juiced carrots for him, and his skin took on an orange look, kind of like a suntan. Gwen and I were put in charge of taking care of Alvin...as he met the little Pedersen girl, and he asked her to go to the movie with him. Gwen and I would go from tree to tree walking behind the 2 of them, as they walked to the movie...It was funny...I felt like that wiley coyote..that was always trying to sneak up on things in the cartoons...It was fun to have them there that summer. Mama had gotten breast cancer, when in the previous house, she had been helping my father clear the large creek of willows, and pulled one really hard and it hit her in the chest, causing a lump to form in her breast, then, it turned cancerous. She went to a Doctor in Salt Lake, and he told her it was cancer, and, they could just cut it out for her. She asked, "Well then, will I be well?" He answered her by saying, "Oh no Sister Child, we can't promise that!" She said, "Well then, you aren't going to cut on me." I believe that was the best decision she could have made. She did go find an osteopath in Salt Lake, Anna Blank, who was very educated in natural healing methods. She coached my mother, and tried to help with anything she knew. She gave my mother a book on "The Grape Cure", which was a little paperback book, that helped my mother a lot. Looking back on it, I just wished we had lived in a place where she could have found more fresh fruits and vegetables. We were OK in the summer...except we didn't have real fresh grapes, and, in the winter, the quality of fresh things was not the best quality. She needed the live enzymes...that makes all the difference. Since I have found I have the same thing, I have gone online and found many, many different things to use to kill cancer..but, in that day, that was the first time in our lives that we had even had a phone. It scared me to death to talk on one.. When it rang it startled me, and I didn't know what to say on one of those things. We didn't even get a TV set, until my brother, Kenneth, came out and brought us one, to entertain mom, on days she wasn't feeling well. Most of the time she and my father spent in the time finishing that temple work. There was a day that dad was nervous because the town was having a talent sharing time, and he had committed our family to provide a musical number. So, we went in where the piano was, and the 4 of us, Mom, Dad, Gwen and I began trying to sing a few different kind of songs. We found one I liked, but, Gwen finally decided she didn't like anything we tried, and then announced that SHE wasn't going to sing anything with us! Well, the last song we had tried was, "When I grow too old to dream..." but, then, with just dad and I singing, he didn't think that would work out either...so, then it was decided that I would sing that as a solo. Now, if I had been thinking, when I took singing lessons in Blanding from Mrs. Reva Redd, I had learned a song that fit my high voice, "The Lass with the Delicate Air", and Reva had heard a

girl come to Blanding from the BYU and sing that song, and then she told me, that she liked the way I sounded much better. So, when it was decided that I would sing all alone, I should have thought of that song, but, I was just trying to help my father fill his commitment, and since Gwen and I did the music every week in Sacrament meeting, She was the organist, and I was the director, I didn't have any fear of singing in front of people...But, that song didn't go over too good for me..especially since I didn't know it very well, and it wasn't a good song for my high voice...but, I was doing it to help my father, and just went and did it. Now, here I need to share a later experience that I had in Orem, Utah, after I was married and had my 4 children, and I had been taking singing lessons from a neighbor, and so in the Christmas program, the director had me step away from the choir , up to a microphone, and sing a solo, "For unto us is born, in the city of David, A Savior, which is Christ the Lord." and it was all really high notes...I was a little nervous about that...because it was so high especially at the end of the phrase...and sometimes when I got nervous, things didn't come out so good, but, as I was standing there, starting to sing, I felt my mother and father come from the Spirit World...they stood, one on each side of me...and the three of us sang it together, and I just sailed on up to those high notes with no problem. I felt really satisfied about it, and it was so fun to be singing with my parents once again. I forgot to mention that by this time, my father had passed away also. But, as I stepped back into the Choir, I had another time to go up high, and kind of missed it.. but, I looked down, and my hands and my whole body were shaking...and I realized it must have been because I had been in the presence of spiritual beings...and so, afterwards, I apologized to the director, and told him briefly what had happened...but, I'm not sure he really understood. In thinking about why that might have happened, I feel it was because I tried in Manti, to help my father out, and my parents were kind of trying to make it up to me...to help me have a success, because the Manti experience wasn't very good. It is certainly something they would have done, even if they had been alive...but, to me it was truly a wonderful experience!!

Well, to go on with my story in Manti, it was in April, and I came home from school, and was in the front room, when I heard my mother call my dad to come and help her in the bathroom. I went in too, and he was trying to help her sit down on the stool, and somehow she was in pain, and she said, "William, you don't understand. It REALLY hurts!" and since there wasn't much we could do to help her, he took her out to the car, and he drove her over to the hospital in Gunnison...a small town South, about 14 miles away. Gwen and I went over later that evening...I had curled mom's hair and combed it out for her...she was in a bed, and out of pain..and she was laughing with us all because they had given her a shot of morphine, then tried to get her to stand up in front of an X-Ray machine to get a picture of her.

She laughed because with the morphine in her, she couldn't stand up, and kept sliding down to the floor...they kept lifting her up, then, she'd slide down again...It was funny to picture...and she made the comment..."Why do they give you a shot, then try to get you to stand up?"...Well, finally daddy said, "Well, it's time to go." So, I went down to the foot of the bed, and took ahold of my mom's big toe and as I shook it, I said, "Well, I'll see you tomorrow"...and immediately right into my head came the words, "NO! you won't." That brought immediate tears to my eyes, and I wanted to go throw my arms around my mother and hug her, but, she was laughing with Gwen and dad, and I didn't want to make her sad, so, I just walked on out the door, and down the stairs and waited in the car for Gwen and dad to come on down. I don't know why I didn't mention it to anyone on the way home, but, it kind of left my mind. The next day, before I went to school, dad asked me if I wanted him to wait until I got home from school to go over to see mom. I told him that I had my little Sunbeam Primary Class to teach, and if mama was there, she would want me to do that first. She had always taught us to take care of the Lord's work first!! So, when I got home from school, Anna Blank had just driven up, and no one was in the house...and she said she was going to drive over to the hospital, and would I like to go with her. Since I had no other way to get there, I said, "Yes, I would love to."...So, we drove over there, and she told me on the way that she knew that my

Exploring our
'vacant'
home in
Blanding
after Graduation.



LaRee Child
LaRee has a smile that
makes her tick. And for
being a Child, she's
some chick.

LaRee
in Manti
with dog,
Kris

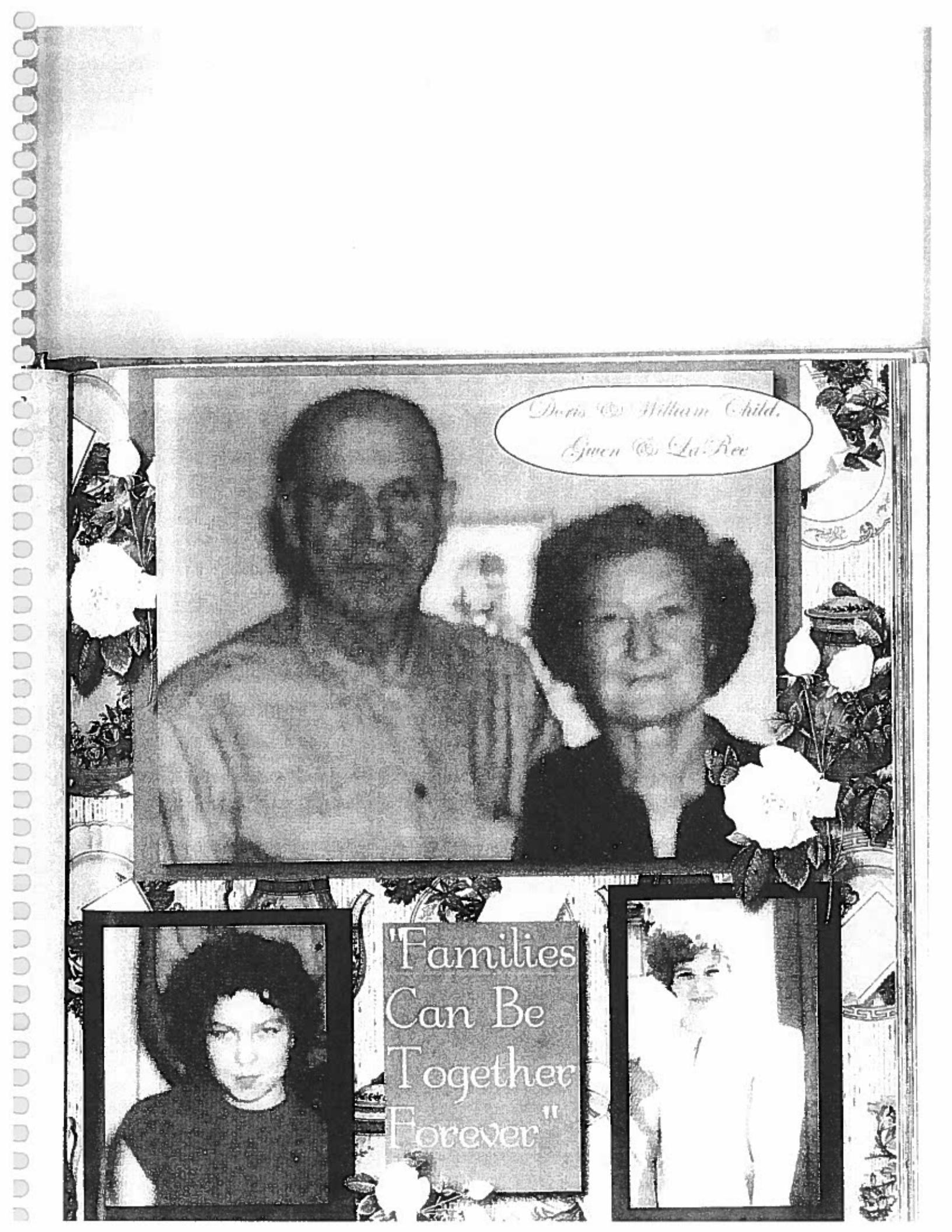


LaRee
at Hideout
in Blanding



LaRee Child
Today - Looking for
Tomorrow - Beautiful or be





Doris & William Child.

Ewen & Lu-ree

Families
Can Be
Together
Forever"







Deven



mother's cancer was like others she had seen, and that there was no hope, but, that she had just tried to keep my mother's hope up." When we got to the hospital, I walked upstairs to mom's room, and walked in and it looked like she was asleep. I didn't want to bother her, so, I went and found a nurse, and asked her about my mother. She said, "Oh, you can't go in there." and she closed mom's door. Then, she said, "But, there are some women in here that would like to see you." She took me into a large room where there were a lot of Relief Society Women, and they were crying, and one handed me a beautiful white handkerchief, and had me sit down on a soft bench. I sat there for awhile and then, I thought, "Maybe mama wasn't asleep, maybe she was dead." (from the way these women were acting)...Then, I felt, "I don't want to be here.", so, I tried to give the handkerchief back, but, they said, "No, that they wanted me to have it..." then, I went downstairs where I saw a little room where my father, Anna and the Doctor were, and they were looking at my mother's X-Rays. I saw where the cancer had spread from the breast across to her stomach and intestines... and I felt, "I don't want to be here either." so, I left the hospital, and went walking down a dirt road that went West. I walked and began to cry, as the realization finally hit me, that my mother was gone!...then, I started to run, and then sob, harder and harder...then, there was a chain-link fence built right across the road, but, I wasn't through running yet...so, I left the road, and cut across a freshly plowed field, where there were rows of clods of dirt, and it was really hard to run there, and I finally was sobbing and moaning so much, that I couldn't breathe anymore...so, I sank down on a clod of dirt and poured out my grief, but, then, I felt my mothers arms come from behind me in the direction of the hospital, and heard her say to me, "I'll always be with you." I thought, "My mother isn't dead!! She's still alive!!" and the greatest joy filled me...That was all that was important...She was alive!! I then walked back to the hospital, found dad, and we drove on back home. All the sorrow I had felt was gone, and I didn't cry again. My only regret was that at mom's funeral, I was happy, and I wish I could have shared that experience with my father, and maybe he would have let me tell it at the funeral to all my friends who had come over from High School to attend. I wanted them to know that this wasn't sad, it was a happy time, for my mom and for me...just to know she was well and alive! It might have helped them in their lives, as they still had their mom's. I have felt her spirit with me many times in my life since that time...and I have felt my father's spirit as well. My mother comes when I play my accordian, and since I play it mostly by ear, I will hear one of her favorite songs and play it, and then I will feel her spirit. One day, when I was not feeling very well, I was playing it, and in my minds eye, I saw her standing in front of a couple of curtains, and she was holding one corner of it back, so I could see into a kind of room, and there were all my family members gathered, my brothers and sisters, and dad, and everyone was singing, and playing instruments, etc...just like we used to do at home, in our home evenings...I felt her inviting me to come...and I said, "Mama, there is nothing I would like more, than to be there with all of you, but, I just can't go. I have too much still to do here..." I did long to be there with them...as I love them all so much...but, there is much to do here that I need to complete.

I have kept searching, and finding more and more things that help this cancer, and I want my family to know about it...and to stay away from the medical doctors, like my mom and I did and have done...because my mother, even though she died, only had bad pain that one afternoon, and that just briefly..but, she didn't have to suffer like my sister, Doris did, who had undergone Chemo, and had to wear a morphine patch that lasted for 3 days...consistently..and she told me it felt like she had 400 pounds of weight sitting on her chest, and she had to sleep in a chair, because she couldn't breathe well laying down. I don't want to be addicted to morphine like that.

I don't think I mentioned that when all the Temple work had been completed, my mother and father were walking down the south side of the Temple, holding hands and swinging them, and happily, my mother said to my father, "William, our work's all finished!" and I guess she was prophetic in that announcement. Because she was not able to do one more name, but, I believe they were all done at that point, except for a few that Marian helped them finish.

My half-brother Kenneth, came to visit us awhile before mom died, and brought us a little black and white portable TV, and that was the first time we had ever seen TV..These new inventions were creeping up on us slowly, but, we didn't watch it very much. Too much living to do!

My brother Warren came up to the funeral. He had always been really close to my mother..but, his little 4 year old boy, Ivan, had just accidentally shot himself to death, and Warren had Ivan's funeral one day, then his mother's funeral the next day. This must have been very very difficult and hard for him.

Marian and LeRoy came out from California, and told Gwen and I that we were going to go back to California with them. She felt that daddy was into grieving and not paying too much attention to us girls, and she needed to take care of us. I was kind of glad about that in a way, because Don Peterson would come over to our house, and he and Gwen would get too cozy, and I would keep going around the house turning on lights, and trying to take care of them. Gwen cried almost all the way to California. I didn't cry, but, I did have an interesting experience before I left.

Our Mutual went over to the park for games and things, and when it was over, two boys that I had dated often both wanted to take me home. I went home with one, and handed my class ring to the other one, to not hurt his feelings. So, the next night, the one with the ring came over to my house, and had me go out to his car, and gave me my ring back, Since I didn't kiss the boys, I said goodbye to this boy, that had always been so nice to me, and he asked me if he could give me a kiss before I left. Because this was so much my standard, to not kiss the boys, I very quickly said, "NO!", and I thought that was not very nice..but, it had just come out so quickly!! So, I told him why...I said, that my goal was to have my first kiss over the altar in the Temple, and he said, "I hope that will be me." We wrote when he was on his mission, and he ended up marrying my best girl friend. Those kind of things are the kind of thing I am talking about...WHY I get so upset with myself for reacting so quickly and abruptly. A similar thing happened when I had attended school in Monticello, living with my sister, Doris and Devon Black that year. Glen Yokum, a boy, who had helped me find my classes that first day and always walked me to my classes every day..and took me to all the dances...very nice to me that year...and on the last day, he, another boy, Charlie that I had had a couple of dates with, and I went out behind the school building, and Charlie took some pictures of all of us. The boy I liked so much, Glen, in taking a picture with me, took his arm and laid it across my shoulder, and rested it on my other shoulder. This was a little too familiar for me...and he had never done anything like that before...and I just reached up...almost unthinking..and brushed his hand off...he immediately went over and sat in the window sill of the school building and so, we didn't get a picture of us together..I know that really offended him, because he had never tried to kiss me, or be familiar in any way..but, he was a lot like the personality of Don...I could have fallen in love with him if I had let myself, but, because he wasn't a member of the church, I kind of steeled myself against letting myself fall for him that way. But it is still part of those impulsive things I do so quickly, and then feel badly about for years to come...because there wasn't anything wrong with that. I guess I have a really strong will, and my body minds me, even when I don't consciously decide to change my mind. I do think that it is very important to decide what we want, and then live up to what we decide. Otherwise, we may end up with what we don't want, because we didn't have a goal. I had a goal, and the Lord helped me achieve it. In California, I was able to go to college, and my best girlfriend, Judy Mickelsen, came out there with me, and we looked for a job for quite awhile..We checked everywhere, but, couldn't find much of anything. We checked into going to a school to learn to fix hair..and they said we could work out our tuition, but, we needed \$300. each to start. I wrote to my dad in Wyoming, but, even though he felt badly, he didn't have the money. So, Judy and I decided to pray about a decision. It was a choice to continue looking for a job, or go on a full-time Stake Mission. We had twin beds, and we each knelt by our bed and said our prayer privately. I got the answer right away, and could hardly wait for her to get through with her prayer,

"I thought you quit!"
my sister said as she
plopped down beside
me. We laughed at how
we had no-judged the
climb, and we rejoiced
in each other's success.



Stand Firm at the Peak

"Oh, give me the free heart
And courage of steel.
Let me climb the steep mountains
With the gale sweeping wild
And stand firm at the peak
After struggling and falling,
Being torn, driven, heartsick.
Let me then reach my goal.
When I fall and I fail,
give me courage to fight.
Let my footsteps be certain
With a will ever strong.
Let me heed not the temptings,
Let me shun too much pleasure.
Guide my footsteps to glory,
To heaven, my treasure!"

*our story -
"Meet You At The Top"
Ensign, July 1996, pg. 57

...by Gwen Child*



so I could tell her. The words came to my mind "to go on our mission, and in 3 months we would have a job!!" So, as soon as she finished and I told her, she trusted me, and we told LeRoy, and Marian. LeRoy was the ward mission leader, and he recommended us to the Stake mission leader, and so we received our calls, and we worked on learning the lessons, so we could teach. We went out every day, and tracted (knocked on doors) for 8 hours a day. We gave a lot of discussions. We didn't have a car, so, we walked or rode a bus every day. One day we were walking down the sidewalk and the homes were set way back away from the street, and we went to go to one house, and the spirit just said to me, "Don't go in there!" It was so strong that I told Judy that we couldn't go there...Here we were just 17 year old girls...and we didn't know if there might be people who could hurt us... but, from then on, I would test each house, to see how I felt. It would be either a "yes" or a "no"... and Judy trusted me, and she would do what I felt. I was grateful for those promptings. It was hard to walk as far as we had to do each day, and so, sometimes the full-time missionaries, Don and his companion, would pass us in their car, going toward Marian's house, but, couldn't pick us up because it was against the mission rules..(2 girls and 2 boys in the car).

Judy and I wrote in our journals every night, and one night after we had finished reading our Book of Mormon and saying our prayers, we turned out the light and went to bed. We had both gone to sleep, but, I was awakened...I didn't know why, but, I was filled with fear. Just then, I heard Judy's soft voice say, "LaRee, are you awake?" I said, "Yes, are you?" She said, "Do you feel what I feel?" and I said, "Yes"! There are a lot of evil spirits up there near the top of our closet door. She said, "Turn on the light." and I said, "No, you turn it on."...this little lamp between us was on the night stand, but, neither of us dared take our arms out from under the covers. Finally one of us did...I can't remember just which of us it was, but, with the light on, there was a church magazine on our night stand, so, I took it and began reading it to Judy, until we got courage to get up, and went into Marian and LeRoy's room, and woke them up, and asked LeRoy to use his priesthood to cast out the evil spirits in our room, which without any hesitation at all, he did! We felt better, so we went back to bed, unafraid. But, the next day, as we were out tracting, we sat down on a bus bench, and felt that whole group back again...it was scarey, so, we took turns reading from the Book of Mormon, and praying, until they left again. But, I guess when you are bearing testimony of Jesus Christ, and of our Heavenly Father, Satan doesn't like it, and tries to get it stopped. We also need our testimony that Satan lives too...and is a real influence hanging around, looking for an opening in our armor that we've built around us. That was an experience I will never forget. Well, this continued, until the 3 months were up, and the day had come for us to get our 'promised' job. We thought we should go into Oakland, that was quite a ways away, and we had 50 cents apiece, for bus fare one way. So, we decided to ride into Emeryville, where LeRoy worked, and then walk on into Oakland from there...several miles further on. In retrospect, I wish we had asked LeRoy to lend us a dollar, so we could ride both ways, because it took us nearly the whole day to walk into Oakland, and when we got there, many businesses were either closed or closing. We went as fast as we could, to catch something open, and after a couple of places, finally went into a 7 story furniture store called, Breuners Furniture Store. This was our last chance, because the other stores would all be closed, before we could reach any more...

So, we went up to the 3rd floor to the office, and talked to the lady, Lillian, who did the hiring. She was very nice, and said we could fill out an application, but, she didn't have any jobs at the present time. We were not very hopeful about that, but, we got busy filling out the applications she gave us. While we were writing, a lady walked in the room and said to Lillian, "I need 12 girls tomorrow morning at 8:00 to start doing an inventory of the store!! Lillian looked at us, and said, "If you can be here at 8:00 a.m. In the morning, you are hired!" That was an answer to my prayer where the answer was that we would have our job in 3 months!! Just on the promised day too!! We were so happy, and left, looking forward to our welcome bus ride home. A couple of months later, when the inventory was completed, Lillian came to Judy and I and said that since we had done such a good

job, they had permanent jobs for us. I became the Office Manager's Private Secretary, and Judy was given a job working in the files. So, we could go to lunch together, and travel together every day. It was a pleasant place to work, and I later found out that the Office Manager, whose name was Connie Haley, was the aunt to the boy, Paul Graves, who I had been dating, and who took me to college every day, and took me home. I had taught him the gospel, and here she was his aunt...in this large city, to have that happen...it had to be a gift from the Lord himself!! She hadn't learned that I had been dating Paul until quite a few months after I began working for her. That is a true miracle!!

This strengthened our testimonies to have this promise fulfilled, from our humble prayers that day. We kept our part of the bargain, and the Lord kept his part, even better than we expected!!

I met Paul the first day I went to College. He was standing, talking to a beautiful blonde Swedish girl, and I was looking for the building of my first class. He pointed it out to me on the campus, but, then said, "I'll take you to it." This was the beginning of a beautiful relationship with him. That first day, I began walking to Marian's home, and got lost. I kept walking around and around in circles, through a neighborhood, and my feet got so sore, a carload of about 3 boys stopped and asked me if I would like a ride, but, I knew better than to ride with strangers...so, I refused them politely... and they drove off...but, I still couldn't find my way out of this maze of home, to get up to the bridge that crossed over the freeway, to Marians..and these boys passed me up a couple of more times..by this time, I didn't think I could walk another step, because of my new shoes, my feet hurt so much. Then, the boys stopped again, and asked where I was going, and I gave them the address, and they said they could take me there..so, I just trusted them, because otherwise I didn't know how I was going to make it (we didn't have cell phones in those days)...so, I got in with them, and they were chuckling about me accepting the ride, and they proved to be very nice boys..and took me clear home. After this experience, I was grateful when the next day, Paul offered to give me a ride home. I quickly accepted, and we struck up a wonderful relationship. He began stopping by to pick me up every morning, and taking me home every day. He found out I was a Mormon, and was a missionary, so, he began coming down to my watercolor class...because our teacher would just call the roll...then leave the room, and let us paint. So, he started coming in nearly every day, and he would sit on the wide windowsill, and ask me questions about the church. I would answer his questions, as I painted...and of course the whole class heard the whole conversation, and one boy finally admitted that he was an inactive Mormon, and another girl in our class joined the church, and she and I had some sleepovers together (Judy had gone home at Christmas...before I started school)... and Paul and I dated a little, but, mostly we just visited at Marian's..and we had a couple of lady full-time missionaries come to Marians, and gave him the discussions...because during the discussions you have to get commitments, and Paul and I didn't have that kind of relationship. Then the day came when he was getting committed to be baptized, but, he was afraid to ask his father for his permission, because he wasn't old enough yet to join without his father's permission, and his father had a problem with drinking, I believe..that evening, when Paul came over, Marian's little baby girl, Carol who was just a few months old, had a stomach ache or something because she just kept screaming...and the men missionaries were there..and Marian asked one of them to give Carol a blessing. Which he did, and Carol stopped crying immediately and went right to sleep. So, Paul got to see the Priesthood in action, which helped give him the courage to go and ask his father. We had prayers, then the 2 full-time missionaries, and Paul and I drove over to his home. No one was home, and so he showed us his large telescope that he used to study the stars...something he loved. But, he was disappointed that his father wasn't there. Finally we had to leave, so, the missionaries took me home. The next day, Paul called, and said that that morning his father had come into his bedroom and asked Paul if he had something to ask him. Paul said that never had happened before. He told his father how he felt about the church, and his father said he would be happy to sign the paper. Paul was soooo happy!! Later on in his life, he sent Marian a letter called "The Epistle of Paul", and told us that he had filled some Stake Missions of his own, and was also in the bishopric

for several years. One time he needed his home enlarged, and the whole ward was happy to come and help him get the work done. He sent some of his sons on missions, and married a young girl who lived in our ward who had noticed Paul, and had fallen in love with him, so, Paul was able to finish his college at the BYU in Provo, and married Ellen in the Temple. His conversion was probably the only real fruits of my mission, except for the young girl (Betty DeRoose) in my art class... who also joined the church...and I don't know if it helped the young man in my class who finally owned up to the fact that he had a word of wisdom problem, but, was also a Mormon. That was a great art class!! I even got a B+ out of the class..and I asked the teacher why I got such a high grade, when those who could paint much better than I, got D's and low grades...she said it was because I had improved the most. (That is saying something, because when I painted my first picture in there, it was a fenced farm going up the side of the mountain, literally) I had no idea about perspective or anything else...but, I got a lot of books to read, and learned about a lot of watercolor techniques...and Paul took me out to the bay, where I sketched and then painted a picture of the ships and mountain...and I got an A grade on the picture. I appreciated his help so much!!

I am grateful for his help and his conversion to the church. He died recently of pancreatic cancer. I wish I could have gotten cancer first, and perhaps I could have helped him with that problem. But, my life has been very full...because during this time, I was also getting to know Elder Donnie James Nooner who, because he was doing such a good job in the Richmond area, was left there for 13 months, and because my brother, Howard, was in the bishopric, and Don was #1 and #2 missionary in the Northern Californian Mission, month after month...(he and his companion took turns being 1st...but, they were both accomplishing it every month.) I got to know him because LeRoy was the Ward Mission Leader, and they invited him over to dinner, and on Sundays all the Ward missionaries would gather at LeRoy's home and be taught by the full-time missionaries. Don and LeRoy had to work together a lot, and even Alvin got to do missionary work. I believe he converted some of his boy friends. And then went on a mission himself. LeRoy and Marian's home was certainly a Mission Home..unofficially of course..

Now, this is where the Lord helped me with my standards and also finding my eternal companion...Don and I began noticing each other's qualities and we loved each other's spirit, but, mission rules wouldn't permit any hugging or kissing...so, I was able to keep my standards, and find my eternal companion at the same time...I wouldn't be surprised but what the Lord planned that pretty good!! Judy had left at Christmas-time, and gone back to Manti. Don asked the mission president to move him to a different area, so he could keep his mind on his mission. The mission president, President Love, told him it was nothing...he was doing such a great job, so Don had to be firm, and insist, to get moved... finally they moved him down to the Hayward area for the rest of his mission.

All the people in our ward loved Don...and he did a great job in that area. It had been closed to the missionaries before he got there. But, as soon as his mission was over, we took him to the airport in Oakland...and he flew home, and was released from his mission. He was back in Richmond the next week...coming over to Breuners to take me to lunch the day he got back. We were married within a couple of weeks of his release...because we both already knew this was what we had both looked forward to all our lives..we had found our eternal companions, and we knew it, as surely as we knew the gospel was true. Marian and LeRoy drove us down to the Los Angeles Temple, as the Oakland Temple was not built yet, and even though my dad said he couldn't come because he didn't have enough money, his wife, Edna said he should be there, so, I guess she gave him the money. I was sitting in the waiting room, with my head leaning down on my hand, when I heard this voice say my name, and I looked up, and there was my handsome father, with his beautiful blue eyes. I was soooo happy he came. And we were married by President Benjamin Bowering...

the president of the temple...who also performed the marriage for Thomas S. Monson. I continued to work while Don went to Contra Costa College, where I had previously been going. Then, my boss, Connie Haley, hired her niece, Paul's sister Joann, to come and work at Breuners...and she wasn't supposed to hire relatives, so she asked me not to tell anyone. Which I didn't...but, Joann told people who worked there herself, because she was proud of her aunt...but, apparently it got around, so Connie fired me because she thought it was me that had leaked that out...but, I think she might have been making room for her niece to take my place. (At least that's what I would do if it were me in that position.)..anyway, I had to go and find another job then, which I had no trouble this time, and Connie gave me a really good recommendation...I went into Berkeley and got a job at the Bank of America there. I was working at the Customer Service window, where the students and others who were having any troubles, like balancing their checkbooks, etc. and also, letting people into their safe deposit boxes...and enjoying myself very much. I was good at what I did, because I was somewhat of a detective and could figure out their problems...and solve the problems...but, then, I became pregnant with Jeanie, and started having some pains...and I took a couple of days off, at the direction of my doctor, and then, when I went back to the bank, the Office Manager didn't want to let me go, so, he made up a job for me...he let me sit at a desk, and type, and do just odds and ends...he gave me the title of Clerk-Typist...and was real good to me. I got to be good friends with Roger Lenz who was a Mormon, and his wife, Helen and then we found out that she and I were expecting our babies at the same time...she had a boy and I had a little girl...so, we decided to have our kids marry each other...only problem was, I kept having girls, and they kept having boys, but their boys were short, and our girls were tall...so, we finally ditched that idea..but, have remained good friends all our lives. My other good friend was a Japanese girl named Mary, who was the Bank President's secretary...I tried to interest her in the gospel, but, didn't get too far...even though we stayed good friends.

As soon as I had Jeanie, I quit my job, because I was a mother now, and that is all I wanted to be. I saw some of the girls have their babies and were back to work again within 6 weeks.. I couldn't believe they could leave their little babies..Jeanie was just perfect, as far as I could see...and she has been a delight to me all my life. It was just a matter of time till the other girls got here also... I dressed Jeanie in a pretty little dress and took her to Breuners, and when Connie Haley saw her, she just grabbed her and took her all around the office and showed off our beautiful little girl. She acted like Jeanie was hers...and that made me feel really good, and happy.

I forgot to mention a dream I had one night when I worked at Breuners. I dreamed that Mrs. Haley had invited all of the office staff up to a beautiful restaurant up in the Berkeley hills, and because I was her secretary, she had me sit right beside her at the table. She coaxed me to drink some whiskey, but, I refused. Then, she wanted me to try a cigarette. She was somewhat of a chain-smoker, and I did like the smell that wafted over the top of the glass partition that separated us, but, I knew it was wrong and again refused her invitation. But, she kept persisting...and so finally I gave in, and smoked a cigarette. It was the most heavenly feeling I had ever felt, and I really did enjoy inhaling it. But, the next morning, I woke up, still in kind of a dream, because I saw my mother, and looked into her eyes...and the look that she had was of extreme disappointment, and it was so effective on me, that I felt so ashamed, and thought, "even though the cigarette was so enticing, it paled into nothingness, remembering the look in her eyes. So, my resolve was strengthened and I knew that because of my love for the approval of my mother, that I would NEVER smoke in my life!! It has been a firm commitment all the rest of my life. But, I did understand why other people might get caught into smoking. So, I would say to my posterity, to NEVER SMOKE a cigarette, then you'll never have to worry about getting addicted to it. It is so damaging to a person, that it is hard to imagine. I remember now, seeing Don's father, Alvis, having become addicted to smoking in his early teens and then snuff, and trying so hard to quit, because the leaders in the church in Arkansas wanted to call him to positions of leadership in the church and he couldn't accept them, because as





hard as he tried, he just could NOT quit, and it is what gave him the lung cancer that finally killed him, in a terrible way. The medications they gave him, just drove him out of his mind, and he hallucinated, and had to lay in a hospital bed 6 months after they had done surgery and taken out one of his lungs. If he were here today, I'm sure that he would encourage all of his posterity to avoid cigarettes like they would a plague..It caused him such grief and pain, and stopped him from doing what he would have liked to do in the church, including going to the Temple, to be sealed to his sweetheart and family. A couple of his sons also picked up the smoking habit and thankfully Bruce was able to quit, and became active in the church, and was sealed to his family, converted his wife, Linda, and they have given much of their lives to activity in the church. But, Shirrell was not able to give it up until his body was very ill, and even though they were able to have their daughters baptized, they are not active in the church. In fact, they brought Tonya from Illinois to Orem, Utah, where she was baptized by Don when she was just 8 years old. Both of their girls are wonderful people, as is his wife, Elois, and their lives could have been very different, except for this bad habit. Shirrell would also have had a much richer life had he been able to be active, because of his wonderful personality. He is a true leader and could have helped many people.

I'm grateful for that experience that I had...it really converted me to this principle of the gospel.

Skipping along to when we were married, I discovered after many sad experiences that I had a broken chromosome that caused me to have miscarriages. This was a very hard trial for me, because I had always loved children so much, and here some of my little babies didn't make it, and after Cindy was born in Ogden, Utah, my body wouldn't stop bleeding for 8 months, as it was the normal thing to do, so, the Doctor said he would operate and clean out the uterus. Cindy wouldn't take a bottle, and so Dianne Nooner, Don's first cousin, came over to help tend her while I was in the hospital, and they brought her up to the hospital so I could nurse her, and the operation was postponed until late in the afternoon, which was very unthoughtful, since I had this little baby to feed, and I couldn't drink any liquids before the surgery...so, that when they gave me a shot just before taking me to the hospital operating room, I called out to the nurse and said I felt like I was dying. She checked my blood pressure and said, "No, you are all right!" and walked out...but, I still felt the same way. (I found out later from an anesthesiologist that I had become dehydrated, and the shots they gave me were unnecessarily strong, which combination caused the problems I had later...with a strange language coming out of my mouth, and other very severe problems.) Anyway, not too much later, I had a dream that I came into a doctors' waiting room, and Marian (my sister) was sitting there, and another sister, (Grace) came walking into the waiting room holding by the hand, a little boy, that had blonde curly hair, and blue eyes, and was the most beautiful little boy I had ever seen. The spirit said, "This is your little boy!" I was so excited and happy, and so I tried to eat good things and prepare my body for this little boy. I did become pregnant, and during that pregnancy, we moved from Ogden, Utah to Orem, Utah...and not too much later, I started having mild cramps, and told my doctor who told me just to go to bed and take it easy. Well, one Sunday morning, I started getting up and going into the bathroom, and found I was bleeding a little...Don always attended Priesthood meeting, which was held first at that time, but, this morning he had gotten up, then went back to bed...which was what probably saved my life..because this experience I was having had happened before, quite a few times in California, when we lived out there...but, before I knew it, I became too weak to get back to bed from the bathroom, and actually passed the little baby. I called out to Don and he got up and called Bishop Robert Smoot to come and help him give me a blessing. They did, and Bishop Smoot blessed me and said that the little spirit would be mine in the life to come..(he told me later that those words had come to him 3 times before he dared make that promise.) then, they called an ambulance, and took me to the hospital...where indeed, I had lost a little boy. I wanted to see him so badly, but, I was too weak to ask...but, it is no

matter...I KNOW what he looked like. In fact one day when Bruce and Linda Noonan had moved to Orem, Utah, they had a little boy named Chris, who was about 2-3 years old, and we were sitting in church with them, when he passed in front of me in the row, and I looked down and saw the little boy I had seen in my dream. He was so similar, that Chris always meant a lot to me from then on...they would have looked alike...having been 1st cousins...so that when Chris came out to Utah to go on his mission, years later, I told him about the little boy I had seen of my own, and lost...and when he was leaving on the plane, I hugged him and said, "This hug is from your mother"...(who was in Arkansas and couldn't be there), and he turned back and gave me a hug and said, "This hug is from your son." that brought tears to my eyes, it was so thoughtful..So, he has been pretty special to me from that time on.. But, it was after that, that I went up to the University of Utah and had testing done from a man studying chromosomes...and who discovered the broken chromosome) Here is the way it works, If the baby gets my 1 and 17, it will live, but, will carry on the broken chromosome, and if it gets Don's 1 and 17 it will live, and will NOT carry on the broken chromosome, but, if it gets my 1 and Don's 17, it causes death in the baby..or if it gets my 17 and Don's 1..it does the same...So, we have lost many babies...and I have had nearly 40 pregnancies...and only come out with 5 little girls...who were all very beautiful and wonderful girls!! But, this caused me a lot of physical problems and emotional problems as well.. But, the Lord is aware of all of our trials...and one day, Don and I and Bishop Robert & Gaye Smoot went to a session at the Provo Temple. It was a very busy night, as it was at the end of the month and people were trying to get in their quota for the month, so we had to sit up on the stand, where the Temple Presidency were giving talks and they were having us sing songs from time to time, until our group left to go to an endowment room. It was an enjoyable time. And for some reason, the next morning I woke up, and all I wanted to do was to go back to the Temple. So, I got dressed in my Sunday Dress, and put on my nylons and high heels and went downstairs. Don saw me and asked where I was going. I told him I was going to the Temple. He said, "If you will wait, I have some people coming over and as soon as they leave, I'll go with you..." Well, I would always rather go with Don than alone...so, I said, "All right."..The doorbell rang, and some people came into our home. The Kitchen was right off the front room, with 2 door openings into it...so, here I was stuck in the kitchen...and what can you do in a kitchen all dressed up? So, I mostly just sat at the table and listened to the conversation in the front room...finally, they left, then, shortly some more came, and I was again, stuck in the kitchen...It seems like it was finally about 5:00 pm, when I heard the last one leave and Don disappeared. I couldn't figure out where he went, so, I went looking around the house, and found him upstairs lying down on the bed. I said, "Weren't you going with me to the Temple?" And he said, "Oh, I'm just too tired now." Well, tears sprang into my eyes, because I had waited for him all day, and now he was too tired. Seeing my disappointment, he apologized, and said he was sorry, and that he would go with me. So, we went downstairs and got in the car and he drove us up to the Provo Temple, and parked. But, then, I told him how I felt. I didn't have any sad feelings anymore...we had worked out our problems, but, I felt like if one little lady, seeing my tear-stained face should sense my sadness and put her arm around me in comfort..which was likely to happen, that I would "just lose it", and "I would burst out in crying, and couldn't control it..so, would he mind taking me back home?" He was agreeable, and understood somewhat...because he turned the car around, and we drove back toward home. We were within a block of home when I heard a voice inside that said to me, "LaRee, go back to the Temple, the Savior is there today!" Immediately, my tears stopped, and I told Don to "please take me home so I could wash my face, and we needed to go back to the Temple." He said, "OK", and that is what we did. I washed my face, and we returned to the Temple. When we got there, it was busy like it had been the night before, so, we were standing in the hall again, waiting to go into the assembly hall, and I met a couple from San Jose, who knew Paul Graves. He was in their ward, and the lady was telling me all about he and his family. I was interested, and forgot all about the experience in the car...but, finally we got into the assembly room, and sat down, and it wasn't too long, till we were asked to sing, and began singing, "I Know That MY Redeemer lives,"

and some other songs similar to that, and all of a sudden, as I bore my testimony in song, about my Savior, I looked up at the Temple Presidency sitting on the stand, and right above the head of President Gunther, stood the Savior, dressed in White, and then the tears came again, but, this time, tears of Joy, as I saw the Savior and felt his great love for me, and I was expressing my love for him in song, as well. I felt all the sorrow in my heart leave, and I was filled with love, and I felt healed by His love. Then, my only thought, was that I wanted everyone in the world to feel His love the way I had felt it...and that became my greatest desire from then on...but, I learned that as I tried to help people "feel" loved, it wore me out, and it was like I was connected to a battery, because I kept 'running down' and realized that I kept needing to be 'recharged', and what I needed was to be "plugged in" to the source, not 'battery operated'...but, that was still my greatest desire. I wanted everyone to have the experience I had had. I still feel that way...every time I think of it. I would like to tell all of my posterity, that it is the greatest thing of all to feel the love of our Savior, and I would like everyone of them TO KNOW as I KNOW how much the Savior really does love us all!! No wonder he so willingly gave up his life, and suffered so terribly, that we may all live again, as He lives!! I DO KNOW that MY REDEEMER LIVES!! He is so kind, and gave me a new lease on life...to help me carry on with the rest of my mission on this earth...and hopefully, beyond! "I know that my Redeemer lives, what comfort this sweet sentence gives, He lives, He lives who once was dead. He lives, my everliving head!"

Before I get too far away from one of my experiences in Blanding, I want to share something that happened to further the growth of my testimony. When we had our 5 girls and were living in Pleasant Grove, Utah...Don's job of selling food storage dropped off, and we could no longer pay the payments on our large home. So, one Dentist came through the house, and instead of purchasing our home, he offered to trade his home in Blanding, Utah to us Free and Clear, and take over the payments on our home. Because of my love of Blanding, this was acceptable to us, and we made the trade. The home was down on Westwater canyon, about a block from my old home. One evening I was home alone with Alicia, who was just a few months old, when a knock came at the door. I opened it, and there was a Navajo lady who asked if I could drive her out to her home on White Mesa. I said I would. So, I put Alicia in the car seat, and we both got in. She was laughing because Alicia didn't have much hair, as all of my girls had been the same. She said that the Indian babies all were born with a lot of hair, and kept their hair when they were old, but, the white babies were born without much hair, and lost it when they were old. I asked her name. She said it was Mary Lehi. I asked her if her family had lived across the Westwater Canyon in a hogan there on the North Rim...she said, "Yes. That was where she had lived with her family." So, then, I realized that the home where the old man had said his name was Lehi, was her father, and she was carrying on the name as a last name. Further evidence of the truth of the Book of Mormon to me.

I have heard the voice of the Spirit talk to me many times in my life. One of those times was when we lived in a green home in San Lorenzo. It was a very dull green color, and one day I was out watering the lawn when I saw my neighbors who lived across the street out painting their home. They put flower boxes under the windows, and were painting it a beautiful, bright yellow color. I thought I was just admiring it, but, it may have had a little envy in it, because into my mind came the words, "When you look at others with their lands and gold, think that Christ has promised you His wealth untold." I caught the meaning of it, and changed my thinking. That is just a little thing, but, very important thing to remember, for our own happiness.

Another time, while we were still living in this same green home, in San Lorenzo, I had been called to be in the Primary Presidency, and I was in the living room which had a large sliding-glass

door opening out to the small backyard. It had a high fence around the yard, and 2 wooden gates that when opened, had access to the street. We kept them closed, so that our little girls couldn't get out to the street and get hurt. But, one day, I was talking on the phone and Diana who was about 3 years old, was playing around me in the room. The teacher I was talking with kept asking me questions about the gospel, to help her in her calling, and as I answered her questions, a lot of revelation was flowing to my mind to help her..but. Then, I got some more words that came into my mind, "Go and check on Diana!" I told the lady I had to go, but, she just kept talking, and I kept giving her answers...but, then, it came again, "Go and check on Diana!" I kept trying to get off the phone. But, the lady just kept talking. I wasn't too worried, because I knew that the gates were closed, and I didn't think she could reach the handle. But, the third time, it came again, "Go and check on Diana!" So, this time, I just told the lady I HAD to go, and hung up the phone. I went out into the back yard and was really surprised that Diana was NOT there, and the gate was open. I didn't think she could reach the latch. So, I went out, and started walking down the sidewalk toward a highway that was a couple of blocks away, where our dog, Pepe' had been hit and killed by a truck not too long before this. But, I still could not see her. Just a couple of houses away from the highway, I saw a lady out in her yard. She saw me, and motioned me to come over. She said, "Are you looking for a little girl?" And I told her I was. She said, "I saw her walking toward the highway, and had her come into my house. She is there now." How grateful I was that the Lord had protected her..even though I was too slow to follow that prompting. I was also grateful that I had chosen to walk this way also, because there were a couple of other streets that also led to the highway." We were surely blessed for that lady being there, and being a good lady, and not a kidnapper, or worse.

That reminds me of another story of when we lived in San Leandro, California, I again was in the Primary Presidency, and our little apartment had a swimming pool just outside our front door. Jeanie and I spent a lot of time out there, and I taught her to swim. She was 2 years old. She did pretty well...She would climb on my back and put her arms around my neck and I would swim with her, and we'd hold our breath and swim under the rope that divided the pool. Or she would jump off the side of the pool into the water. Anyway, we had a lot of fun. But, one day, I had to visit a Primary teacher who lived in an apartment building right behind ours. Jeanie was dressed up in her pretty little dress, and we walked over to the apartment. When we got there, 2 of the Primary teachers were there, having a cup of coffee. I got to talking to them, and telling them that it wasn't good to drink coffee. They were questioning me as to "why" it wasn't good. I was receiving some inspiration in my answers to them...but, they just couldn't seem to understand...Jeanie had gotten bored, and was going up and down their stairs, as their door was open, it was a pretty day, and so I wasn't worried about her. But, then, here came the warning, "Go and check on Jeanie." But, the ladies kept wanting to know more..so, I kept talking to them. Again, the voice came saying, "Go and check on Jeanie." That happened 3 times...then, I walked over to the door and looked out, and she wasn't on the stairs anymore. I told the ladies I HAD to go, and walked on down the stairs, then, out to the street and I still couldn't see her. I quickly went right to the pool, and still couldn't see her. I always worried about the pool, and that is why I was so glad she could swim. But, then, I didn't know what to do next. Just then, the Apartment manager came around the corner of the little building built there for the pool, and saw me. She motioned for me to come over, then told me that she had been out earlier, and had seen Jeanie in the pool with her dress on. She said, "I knew she could swim, but, sometimes when an adult isn't around, they can get frightened, so, I had her get out and she is in my apartment, getting dried off." How grateful I was that the Lord had helped me, and sent someone else to help her. This experience happened before the following one with Diana. But, they were similar experiences. Someday I hope I will be able to "mind" the Lord quickly...so it won't have to be up to someone else...but, I am grateful for those who did step forth to help my children, while I was trying to help others.

One little story about Diana...this happened when we lived in the green house in San Lorenzo...

and two little neighbor girls had come over to play with her and Lori, and then the older of those girls told her little sister that they had to go home. The little sister didn't want to go, and did some fussing about it. So, the older sister then was going to "make" her little sister go home, and hit her. Diana said, "You can't hit your little sister." She argued with Diana, "Yes I can!" Diana said, "No, you can't." And then Diana hit the older sister. She started crying and then both little girls ran home. I was proud of Diana

for trying to make the older sister be good to her little sister...even though she couldn't think of any other way to do it. Her intent was good. She was only 3 years old herself.

Shari Black Phister, who was a teenager, came to live with us, and really loved to take care of our girls, especially Lori. She had a beautiful voice and liked to sing and play the guitar. She met a fellow, Leonard Phister, a returned missionary, and they fell in love, and she married him in the Oakland Temple. Marian lived close to us, and Diana and I would walk over to visit, and Diana would have to climb up on EVERY red fire-hydrant that we came to...and it took us a while to get there. It was such a funny thing. She absolutely would NOT skip one of them.

Shari wanted me to help her repent one day...so, we both knelt down and we both prayed silently. Then, one of the times she said, "Aunt LaRee, I just can't seem to get through." I had been saying my own prayers to help her silently, and I saw the problem in my mind's eye. I said, "Shari, there is just a little toothpick size problem above your head, and if you will just repeat your request, and reach up with your mental hands, and just break that little toothpick, you'll be through. I believe that the toothpick is just you, being afraid to forgive yourself." She did what I told her, and the greatest joy came to her...and it was an experience that neither of us have ever forgotten. I'm grateful that she trusted me so much. I had played with her a lot when she was a little girl, and even lived with them in Monticello for about a year. So, we were good friends then, and have always remained the best of friends to this day.

Alvin "Jim" Rhoades also was always a good friend to me since our childhood, and he came to live with us his Senior Year of High School. That was the year I was expecting Diana, and he formed a friendship with Jeanie. Every day it seemed, he would bring her some kind of treat of candy or something nice. He really liked her friendship. One night he had some other cousins come down from Richmond to San Leandro (Our white house) and we rolled up the front room carpet, and moved the furniture around, and he and his cousins had fun dancing...and he even danced with Jeanie...to make her happy. He stayed there until Diana was born in February, then his mom had him come home so we could take care of Diana...so, he graduated back at his home, but, it was nice to have him come down for that time. Again, I was in the Primary Presidency. I was the Inservice leader at the time. I taught the teachers. One of the counselors in our Presidency had a little boy about Jeanie's age...and one day, he went out into his back yard and was playing with a stroller, and it collapsed on him, and killed him. He was such a cute little boy that it was hard to see him leave us. I remember him talking out loud to the song leader as she would be teaching them a song. He would just sing out so cute...and was only about 3 years old at the time.

It rained on the way to the cemetery, and I felt that Heavenly Father was crying for him as well. Those were just my feelings...Just that morning he had walked out to the street and said "Hello Mr. man" to the man driving the garbage truck, and waved to him. The whole primary loved him.

One Fast Sunday, about this same time, we were sitting in 'Fast and Testimony" meeting and all of a sudden, Jeanie just got up and walked up to the stand, and stood there to bear her testimony. But, she just stood there...not saying anything...so, the counselor in the bishopric who knew her, stood

up by her, and said to the audience, "She is just scared." She pushed him away and said, "I am not!" Then, she said a little bit of something, that I can't remember now, and then, came and sat back down. She was only about 3-4 years old at the time.

She was practically raised in Primary...One year they had called me to be the Primary organist, but, I didn't know the music, and didn't have a piano...so I had to go over to the church building and practice through the week. Also, being in the presidency, I had lots of meetings to go to, and Jeanie went with me everywhere...and I remember that getting bored, she liked to look into the ladies' purses during the meetings...I figured out that I was doing nothing but church work about 40 hours a week. I might just as soon have had a job...except that at least I could keep Jeanie with me, and she had to grow up pretty fast...to attend all those meetings...she even went visiting teaching with me...and many times I would bring laundry home with me and do the washing and ironing for ladies who were ill. So, you might say, Jeanie couldn't help but get a testimony of the gospel, at an early age. She was fun to have around..but, there weren't very many other young children around for her to play with..and it was 5 years before Diana came...so, in San Leandro, I would drive around the city and pick up two little girls who were her age in Primary, and I would have a pre-school with them. I remember coloring boiled eggs, and letting the kids paste the colored egg shells on pieces of paper to make designs, and it kept me busy trying to find other kinds of activities for them to do. Then, Jeanie and I would drive them home afterwards. The other mothers were supposed to help me with the driving, but, they all had other smaller children at home, and it was harder for them to bundle them up and bring them across the city to our house. I felt it was good for Jeanie, because she was all alone and needed some friends. It would have been much different had we been living in Utah...where there were more children her age, who would have lived in our neighborhood, like the other girls eventually experienced...when we finally moved to Utah.

That day came quite unexpectedly. Marian and LeRoy and their family had moved to Hanna, Utah, where LeRoy had grown up, and one night, Don and I were praying and felt impressed to go to Utah, "to get an education." LeRoy and a friend knocked on our door just as we finished praying and said, "We have come to get you to move to Utah." We felt it was an answer to our prayer... but, our education was a little different than we expected. When we left California, I felt that large waves would be covering the road later on, and we needed to move then! We moved first to Ogden, Utah...and lived in a large rental home. Later we bought a small home in Washington Terrace, near an elementary school. But, one day, Jeanie came home and told me that we had all come from animals...teaching me the theory of evolution. I told her that wasn't true. By this time she was in the 6th grade. She argued with me, because she said her teacher was a returned missionary, who had taught her that. I decided that that was enough of that kind of teaching, and so, we started our own home school in our basement. Dianne Noon, Don's first cousin, daughter of his uncle Clarence Noon, had been on a mission to the Spanish people, and she came over and taught the kids Spanish. Don taught math, and I taught English and writing. Lori was just about 4 yrs. old, and she learned to read there. We had a lot of fun. Cindy was born not too much later...but, the officials from the school board came over one day to check us out, and when they saw what we were doing, the principal said, "I wish my kids could come here." You are doing a great job. A couple of other ladies had their children come to our school too...but, when one of them left, we decided to take the kids over to Kaysville, where a family had a home school in their home. So, we went over there, and Don and Dianne taught over there. I think I was busy with Cindy by that time. Later, when we put the kids back into the public schools, I felt badly, because Lori forgot how to read over there...and the teachers thought she was dumb, (I'm not going to say how I felt about them...) but I wouldn't let her think that about herself, and she would if she stayed there with those teachers...so, I took her out, and drove her and Cindy over to American Heritage School in Pleasant Grove, to get her away from those teachers (who in my opinion were the dumb ones!! Lori could read before she went to school, and somehow didn't do well with that open-classroom school, hearing 3 teachers teach at

one time, and her trying to hear just one at a time. I left her in that school too long I think. She and Cindy did much better in Pleasant Grove, even though Lori's teacher wasn't very good there either. Cindy did well there though. Lori is very intelligent and smart, and it hurt me to see her get situations and teachers that did not help her succeed. I remember one day Lori came home from school when she was in the open classroom (where she could hear 3 teachers talking at the same time) and they had put her with a little group where they were teaching her arithmetic. She told me she had gotten an "F" on her test. I said, what happened? She said, "Oh, I knew the answers, but, if I put the right answers, they would have taken me out of that class, and I like my teacher." That was when I got them both out of the open-classroom situation. Because if it had done this to Lori, I didn't want that to happen to Cindy too...To Lori, relationships were more important to her than the subjects they were teaching. She would have done fine in a regular enclosed classroom with one good, kind teacher.

Going back to the time we lived in Ogden, we were so poor as businesses were striking and Don couldn't get a job. He tried to work at a bread place, but, because of the strike, the other men threatened him and it became too frightening for him, so he got a job as a milkman, and we got to have day-old milk at a good price...(that is where he was working when Cindy was born). Then, he got a job at Frito-Lay, delivering Potato Chips to stores...and we got to get the ones that were no longer fresh..but, to us that was a real treat. I made bread, cooked beans every day, we sprouted seeds and that is what we ate every day..living on some of our food storage we had brought from California. The best thing the girls remembered was the jelly I made from the crab-apples from Fairyland in Oakland, that didn't set up too well, so we used it as pancake syrup. I ended up baking 4 loaves of bread to pay for Piano lessons. With Jeanie, Delores Spencer (Navajo), and Doris Emma Child (my brother Warren's daughter) all taking piano lessons...I baked 12 loaves of bread a week to pay for their lessons, plus our own bread. Sometimes I would make some into cinnamon rolls because their teacher had 4 boys, and they loved our bread. That was when we began keeping Delores on the placement program. When she came to our home, I felt she was like a little baby deer...she was such a soft person. She liked to follow me around the house and talk to me all the time. They all did well at their recital, even though their pretty dresses were not new ones, we bought used ones that came from Desert Industries. We didn't have money for snow boots, so, the kids had to put plastic bags over their shoes to walk in the snow. (That stopped when one day I tried it and found out how slippery it was). I think we all remember how, when we finally started making money when Don started selling Food Storage, and he took us out to eat at a new place called Chuck-a-Rama. It was new and I told all the kids to just take a little bit from the smorgasbord and see what they liked, then go back and get more of the food that they liked. But, then, we found out, to our great dismay that we were only allowed to go through ONE time...so, we were all still hungry, but, our money was gone. The lady said she could bring us what we would like, so, we asked for some ham and jello. So, she came back with a little bowl of jello with a piece of ham on top of it.

Yucky! That was a great disappointment to all of us. I think they should have explained the rules to us at the time we paid for it. I remember that they had a new restaurant in town called Maddox. It was an outlet from the large restaurant that was in Brigham City...and while I was pregnant with Cindy, I couldn't afford to take any vitamins while carrying her, but, just about every time Don took me to my doctor appointment, he would stop and get me a Turkey-burger!! I loved them!! Still do today..the ones at the drive-up. This was a hard time for us. Don had prayed about a job, and had felt impressed to sell Food Storage from a company in Salt Lake...Perma Pak. He did really, really well. Jeanie had a problem about this time, some of the girls in her class were using a lot of make-up and dressing up a lot, and Jeanie couldn't compete, and didn't like their standards. They made fun of her...and one day she said,"Mom, aren't there any good girls on this earth!!" I said, "Yes, and we are going to find some!"

Don and I drove all around Utah, and looked at many places, but, finally settled on a house in Orem.

That is when we moved down to Orem. Jeanie did find some good girls...and we found a nice house, and good neighbors. We were making money by then, and people thought we were rich. And we were...by their standards. We liked to help others, and Thanksgiving was a good time. So, we started a tradition of taking Turkeys or boxes of Oranges and things like that around to people's houses...hiding in the bushes, setting the food on their porch, then knocking, and watching them come out and be surprised. It was one of our favorite things to do. One little boy came to the door, looked out and saw the Turkey sitting on the box of fruit, and called to his mom, 'Mom, this is the biggest chicken I've ever seen!!' The husband was an institute teacher, and they obviously had been in a similar situation to our former life in Ogden. We also, decided to take a trip to Nauvoo, and see Church History sites along the way, and decided to take the Smoot family (our next-door neighbors) with us...so, we had purchased a motor home, and we rented one for them, and I made frozen casseroles which we took with us, and we took off, and had a ball!! The funniest thing that happened was when we took a wagon ride, and Cindy who had been sitting on the back end of the wagon, with one particularly hard bounce, ended up sitting in the soft dirt of the road, and we stopped to pick her up and dust her off. The pageant was great, and we enjoyed walking through the Sacred Grove, where Heavenly Father and Jesus appeared to Joseph Smith, and started the progression of the restoration of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

We saw it recently, and it has really progressed from those humble beginnings to the wonderful production that they put on today, with awesome scenery and lights...and the appearance of Christ to the people.

We have been fortunate to have moved to and lived in Manti, and are able to view a similar pageant of the Saints, and their trip out to Utah from New York...with their handcarts. We moved there because of revelation to me also at a time when Alicia was the only little girl at home.

When we lived in Salt Lake City, I had felt impressed to purchase 5 acres by the Temple...so, every day, I would drive around the Jordan Temple, looking for 5 acres. One day I did find 5 acres, but, it wasn't a very good house on it...so, then, one day I had been visiting Jeanie in Pleasant Grove, and drove out West to the town out there...and found a house, where we could be close to Jeanie, and have her help Alicia with her schooling...but, as I was driving back to Pleasant Grove, a message came to my mind, that we needed to live in a place where Alicia could find a husband. That really surprised me, because she wasn't old enough to get married...still being quite young...but, it was unmistakably there in my mind, as a real message to me from the Spirit. Sometime after that experience, we were in Sandy and one Saturday I just got the feeling that I wanted to drive down to Manti. I asked Don if we could go, and he was agreeable. I asked Alicia, and she didn't want to, unless we took one of Jeanie's boys with us. So, we asked him (I think it was Jeremy), and he said "yes" he would go with us. When we got there...for some reason, we got to looking at homes...and a lady who later became one of my best friends, showed us her house that she would sell us at a good price...but, her husband didn't want her to sell it...so, we kept looking...and found a realtor, who told us about a house by him...but, he didn't have time to show it to us because he wanted to go to a ballgame in Ephraim in which his grandson was playing. So, he just gave us the address and told us to go look at it. We did go and look, and loved the view of the Temple from the back yard.

Well, we went home, and put our home up for sale, and it wasn't too long after that, that one day I was working around in my kitchen, when the Spirit said these words to me: "Go down to Manti tomorrow and make an offer on that house." I called the realtors who had our home listed, and asked if they would go with us (after I talked to Don about it). They weren't sure they could go, but, then, called back and said they would go with us. So, we made an appointment and the

next day we headed down there. We took the realtors into the home with us...and they felt it was a really good buy. Only thing was the owner wanted a large deposit, \$25,000...non-refundable...so, that if we changed our mind or couldn't get a loan, or for any reason, we would have to lose our deposit. That was scarey. We didn't have any money, because our home had not sold. But, we did have a free and clear home in Blanding that we could probably re-finance and get the \$25,000. for the deposit. We weren't sure what to do, but, Don asked me what we should do. I said, "is it up to me?" I said, "Then, I'll have to pray about it. Take me up to the Temple hill, and I'll go pray." I don't know what the realtors thought, but, they took me up to the Temple Hill, and I went and sat on a rock and began to pray. Now, I have to stop here and relate an experience that I'd had in the Jordan River Temple a short time before this event. I had been sitting in a session, and the curtains at the front, behind the speaker, turned into the Manti Temple curtains. I was amazed at it, but, through reasoning it out, and seeing what was actually there, it turned back into the Jordan River Temple. But, as I prayed, that experience came back to me, and I knew then that what it meant was that we were supposed to do the Temple work in the Manti Temple and that this was the reason I had had the experience. I knew that this town had nice young men and Alicia would be safer being left alone while we were doing Temple Work in this small town, than being left alone in the big city. So, I had my answer and went back and told Don that we should go ahead. Getting those loans was one of the hardest thing we have ever done. We were coming back from Blanding, when our car engine went out in Moab, and we were supposed to get the pictures back to the mortgage company that day, and our car wouldn't run...so, Don got the idea to go to a picture developing place, develop the pictures, and fax them on to the mortgage company, to meet our deadline. Then, we got a motel and stayed overnight, because the car place had to order a part in from Salt Lake and it wouldn't be fixed until the next day. The whole time, of getting loans, etc. were extremely stressful, but, everything finally worked out...with Don sitting down at the loan place waiting for the money to be sent to them from California that Day! So that they could give us a cashiers' check to take to Manti. It had to be there by something like 4:00 pm, or we would forfeit our \$25,000. deposit. So, all the girls down there were rooting for him, but, finally the manager gave him the check, even though the money had not arrived yet...and we called Manti and told them we were on our way, and everything closed fine. They even were going to charge us more for our policy because they said our house in Salt Lake was in a flood plain...but, we couldn't get ahold of our insurance man, and finally one fellow in authority said that he knew that area, had had some dealings before with it, and it was NOT in a flood plain...so, he OK'd everything for us in that area...I mean, you cannot believe all the gigantic obstacles that tried to stop us from getting that home. Then, as we were closing, we discovered that it was surrounded by 5 acres of land!! There was my instruction, to buy a home close to the temple with 5 acres. I just had had the wrong temple...when I spent all that time in Salt Lake looking for the answer to my instructions. Well, we had Alicia where she could also find a good young man to marry. I think I did make a mistake there though, as I kept Alicia out of school for awhile, teaching her at home, because I had taken her out of school in Salt Lake because they had made her feel like she was stupid. One day when she decided that she was going to go to school here...she wouldn't be swayed out of it, and so I put her in school, and even though she had missed a lot of schooling, and association with some good kids, she did just fine with both school and kids!! She is actually an extremely smart girl, and can do just about anything...although we were able to make quilts while she was home...and she is a great homemaker and cook, probably because of my big mistake.

I know I have made a lot of mistakes in judgment with my girls, but, one thing is certain: I love these 5 girls that have come to our home. They each bring special gifts and talents, and they love their families.

I feel they are all gifts of God to me (& Don). Each one has been a miracle getting them here. Our grandchildren are also some of the most wonderful children I have ever seen, and I know they are

all hand-picked by someone wiser than we are. I feel that some of those children who didn't make it here are waiting for us over there also, although that is not revealed to us at this time...but, according to Bishop Smoot, at least one little boy will be there waiting for us all...waiting to greet his sisters, and nephews and nieces. I'm glad I was privileged to get to see him, and have the Bishop have that inspiration about him. I am not anxious to get over to the other side, and have the blessings that I feel are waiting for me there...because there is still much for me to do here...not only with my family, but, also with the genealogy and temple work that is still waiting to be submitted and completed for our family who wait beyond the veil. I am grateful that I have been privileged to have the computers and to have had time to work in the Family History Libraries, and gather the names of our family. I wish that we could have the records from the Indian people that my grandfather saw by the wagon-loads full that were in the caves...I believe that many of them may be history's, but, many may be genealogy records as well, that need to be done. I wish I could be involved in that work.

I was grateful though that my friends from Manti asked me meet them up in the Family History Library one day, the day General Conference was starting in Salt Lake, and showed me the books where my great-grandmother, Caroline Marianne Olsen was listed, and that I was given the privilege of translating that from the Norwegian language and submitting 6500 names to the Temple, and being able to complete them, with help from the Manti people, especially one young boy who took charge of many of the names that needed baptisms...and Alicia and her friends helped me a great deal, going day after day to help me. That was such a blessing. That was a huge undertaking, and she sacrificed to help me get those done. Don also gave me up to that work...never complaining, but, being very supporting!! I have always wanted to do more with my desire to paint everything, and do more with my love of music, but, I can't think of anything more important than to help my family any way that I can. I guess we just have to make choices of what is the most important thing we can do on this earth...What is more lasting? With my health being what it has been, getting rheumatoid arthritis when I was 22 years old, and unable to do much more with my physical condition, and losing all the babies I did, and suffering from the loss of those little ones...was probably the greatest trials I could have experienced on this earth. I have had the almost constant communication with the spirit of the Lord, and the spirits of family on the other side have been the greatest gift I could have had. Plus the understanding and support of my dear, dear husband, and my sweet girls. I am so grateful to my loving Heavenly Father, and the Savior for their love to and for me!!Also, the love of my ancestors, who prepared my life for the gospel, and made choices that were hard for them, to leave a legacy of faith and love and courage that will be hard to match, with the easiness of the way that we have at last inherited from the choices that they made, many years ago.

After re-reading this, I realized that I have not mentioned any of the Church Callings I have had, and would like to mention some of them that I considered of some consequence. In my Patriarchal Blessing, it says that I will be a teacher, and those were my favorite callings...When I had just graduated from Junior Sunday School, I found myself standing at the pulpit in Blanding facing what looked to me to be an unbelievably large crowd. My assignment was to say a little scripture at the beginning of Sunday School. My mother asked me to NEVER read a talk of any kind in church, so I memorized it:

"Again we meet around the board of Jesus our Redeeming Lord..." That is all I remember of it... but, I was quite young, and that was quite a long time ago.. I have never read a talks, but, did find I needed to make a card of notes to keep me on track, and help me remember the way things are organized to make the most sense. If I do it this way, then I get revelation as I talk and sometimes other things come into my mind to tell, and then, because of the one-word notes on the card, I can simply work in the next thought, or experience. It has been a great way that has helped me a lot

throughout my life. I give my lessons much the same way..however, I generally use a kitchen or another room, and then go around the room I've chosen, as as I picture in my mind the fridge, or cupboard, etc. each one reminds me of a thought from my lesson, and people are amazed when I give a lesson this way, without using any notes. It keeps them well organized and inspiration comes then too, but, then I just go on to the next item in the room, and my lessons stay organized. I'm grateful for her advice to me as it has been a great help for me in my life.

I do remember that when I was still in Bluewater, that Gwen was trying to pass off the Articles of Faith, so she would win a Hymn Book...I was about 5 years old, and I KNEW the first one...so, every time she got stuck, I kept trying to prompt her with the first one...not realizing that it mixed her up on the others she was trying to remember. Thank goodness, she was finally able to convey to me to "quit" trying to help her out...and she got her Hymn Book...in spite of my helpfulness.

I was very happy when at Christmas-time in Blanding, I was asked to play the part of Mary who just held the Baby 'Jesus', in the little play that they did. It really made me happy and I felt so good to be considered a candidate for that part. My parents were then asked to take all the primary children downstairs to the Junior Sunday School room on Sunday afternoons and tell them stories, and hold a Junior Sacrament meeting during the adult one that was being held upstairs. They told such interesting stories, and my mother could play the piano, and sometimes they let me lead the singing, or help out in other ways. I loved this too, because my parents told such interesting experiences and stories...that the kids were just spellbound by them. I felt included in being in charge, and wasn't afraid to help out, anything they asked me to do. From then on, I was included in the MIA or Mutual Improvement Association, for the young girls and young men. I always did whatever I was asked to do, and learned to crochet, knit, and one year for girls camp, my girlfriend, Kay Laws and I were asked to make the Root Beer. This required us to go up to the city dump and collect empty glass pop bottles...wash them up, then mix up the Root Beer mixture, add water, sugar and yeast, and put the lids on with a hand bottle capper...We used one of the large bottles, and filled it with water, food coloring, and soap suds, so we could fool our teacher with it. It worked out great too!! We fooled her good, and she chased us all over camp, trying to throw the water on us...but, she couldn't catch us. I would take my little accordian up to camp, and played a lot for them to sing. I felt like I belonged and had a lot of fun. It was fun to grow up in the small towns, as we all knew each other. Our teacher taught us to crochet, which has been very helpful to me in my life...although all she knew how to crochet were hats...I don't remember too much in Monticello, only attending Church with Doris and her kids....who were all young. Devon didn't go with us, but, Doris never missed a meeting. She and I and the kids almost filled up a whole row. I believe Devon was inactive in Blanding too, and just hadn't gotten out of that habit at that time. He didn't get active in the Church until they moved to California years later...Even though they were married in the Salt Lake Temple, he just tried to live down to his reputation of being inactive. I saw how hard it was to change your habits living in a small town. We have an advantage in larger towns, because there are more people to keep track of, and it's easier to change your habits without feeling that people would be shocked if you showed up at church. Being active is just a decision away. When I left Monticello and moved to Manti, and went to my first young women's meeting, the teacher said, "We need to choose officers for my class." One girl, Joyce Madsen said, "Let's have LaRee be the President!" The other girls agreed, so, that was how they treated me, and I felt like I belonged. (These girls were also the ones who nominated me to be the Assistant Pep Club Drill Master in school, which I did for 2 years). In Mutual, while we listened to our teacher's lessons, We all had some project to work on...like I embroidered pillow cases, and other fun things." Then, they asked me to be the song director, so I stood up in front of the whole Mutual, and directed the music. That was fun. Then another lady asked Gwen to play the piano for Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting, and asked me to direct the music for those meetings...so, we did that the whole time we were in the South Ward. In fact, I also directed a choir for the Stake Conference that was held in

Ephraim, and It was all fun. Then, they asked Gwen to write and direct the Road Shows that we held in Mutual. She would do a great job, and always had something for me to do in them. Now, this doesn't mean that I wasn't scared...but, I would just pray before everything I did, and I would ask for courage and somehow I was able to accomplish anything I was asked to do...probably not as good as others could have, but, I was always willing to try. They had a Speech Contest, so, I wrote a speech and memorized it. Then, gave it at the contest in the ward. I won, and went on to give it in the Stake Contest as well. The women's literary club asked me to come and do a Spanish Dance for them, which I did. I asked another girl to come and do it with me...and she was happy to do that, but, didn't know how to Spanish Dance, so, I made up a dance, so she could do it with me. And, I let her wear my Spanish Skirt and blouse, and I wore black pants, and played my castanets. I was given a lot of opportunities, and everything I did, helped my self-confidence and ability. I loved the kids in Manti. I belonged to the little group in my ward, and they made me feel so welcome. Every year one boy would always ask me to the Military Ball, and I had several boys that I dated...some quite regularly, and others only occasionally, but, I didn't have to worry about having dates....some formal and many just casual. We didn't have a car until almost the time we left Manti...so, I walked just about everywhere...to school, every day! I came home for lunch, because we couldn't afford the lunches there. The only thing I could figure out was that most of the kids I associated with, their parents worked in the Temple, and I felt that perhaps they just brought home the sweet spirit that dwells in that Holy Place, and passed it along to the kids, and that was why they treated me so nice. I don't think I have ever lived in a place where I felt so much that I belonged. After my mother died, my sister, Marian took Gwen and I back to San Pablo, California to live with her. Gwen's boyfriend came out there a little later, and stayed there until he was able to persuade Gwen to go to the Los Angeles Temple with him and get married. I was glad that I was able to stay there, and get to know Don, who was at his best on his mission, and just continued to get better after we got married at the completion of his mission. I couldn't have found a more perfect man for me, and the only reason this happened, was that when I got out there...after a short while, my girlfriend, Judy Mickelsen, from Manti, and I went on a full-time Stake mission, and tracted and taught the gospel discussions to those who were willing to invite us in. This got Don's attention I think, and drew us closer together, so that when he was released, He and I went to the Los Angeles Temple also, and got married. It has been a very good marriage...and we were able to have some beautiful girls, who are sealed to us, and we have become an eternal family. We are so grateful for all the blessings that have come to us because we tried so hard to stay active in the Church. While we lived out there in the different wards, Don and I were usually given several positions in the Wards, because of our experience, and because of our missions...we were prepared to serve. One class I was happy to teach when we were in Orem, Utah was the Sunday School Class of Lori. I didn't teach it very long, but, I appreciated Lori being willing to answer questions and participate in the class. She was always eager to participate, and help me any way she could. She liked to be the leader, and was good at it. She has always been such a loving person, and was always so cooperative. I wish I could have taught her longer, but, I think I was only substituting at the time.

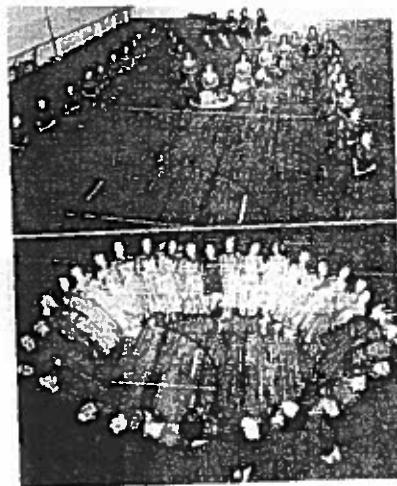
Shortly after arriving in Washington Terrace, Utah, I was called to be the Secretary of the Relief Society. At first I rebelled inside, because my Patriarchal Blessing didn't mention being in these kind of positions. I was only told I would be a teacher. It wasn't too long until I realized that my job included taking notes of all the lessons that were taught, and then the next week, I would read my notes of the last week's lesson, so that I was really teaching EVERY WEEK! It was this year that one of our teachers was teaching us how to write poetry, and this is where I started writing poems, for the first time in my life, and I used that gift a lot from then on. I taught classes and was in the presidency of Relief Society several times, not only in California, but, also when we came back to Utah. Although, I think one of the funnest and most rewarding classes I have taught, was



LaRee Child



Dop



Club



LaRee Child
Today - looking for "him"
Tomorrow - Beautiful bride



A picture of me with some of my (60) Laurels.



Fred's Sister Margaret, Marian Rhoades, Clifford & June Young, Alicia, LaRee, Don, & my cousin - Fred Gagon (L-R)

the Laurel class in Orem, Utah. I started out with a class of 17 girls ages about 16/17. That was a challenge, because my voice is not very strong, but, my first class, they were all talking to each other about girl things, and paying no attention to me, so, I just started listening to the conversations of each couple of girls until they would notice me watching them, and listening, then they would stop, until finally only one last couple was still talking, and the girls told them to be quiet so we could start. It worked! I never had that problem again...but, they were a class that had found ways to get rid of teachers...but, that was how smooth our relationship started. Then, it wasn't too long, until one class, when I shared something with them, and one of the girls caught interest, and asked me more about that subject, and they all found out that I actually knew something about the gospel, and they became interested, and from then on, we were bonded! I never had ANY MORE discipline problems, and the girls became very close to me. From then on, all the other girls in Mutual couldn't wait to get into my class. Because I DID know the gospel, and that is what they discovered that they wanted! It took a few years, but, finally I got Jeanie in one of my classes, and it was very fun to teach her class...then, I was waiting for Diana, but, before I could get her in my class, we moved over to Pleasant Grove, and I was released. I have always felt badly that I didn't get to teach her and again, Lori and Alicia. But, with all the activities I had with those girls, it was one of the most pleasant and most rewarding of any classes I have ever taught. The girls I had just started working with, begged me not to move, and threatened to never attend church again, if I left. They said they had been waiting for years to get in my class. But, for some reason, I just felt that we needed to move to Pleasant Grove, and it was there that we met Jim Phelon, the perfect husband for Jeanie...and Diana, also ended up marrying Pleasant Grove boys...Mike Simpson and Clark Hill...so, I guess that was the reason, that I didn't even know...but, just felt that it was important to move there. I can't think of who they would have married if we had not gone over there. When we got there, I was called as a counselor in the Relief Society, and enjoyed it very much. I was over the teachers, and a couple of times had to teach the lessons myself. I learned a lot there, and took singing lessons, and then we had Alicia while we lived in that home...as well as we kept Bryce Peterson that year, and gave him a chance to play Basketball for the School. Gwen moved to Pleasant Grove too. While we were in Sandy, our ward was divided, and I was called to be the Primary President. So, I had the responsibility to organize a new Primary. It was a challenge. That was the year Alicia was able to get her Patriarchal Blessing, when she was just 10 years old. We drove down to New Mexico where she received it from my first cousin, Clifford Young, who was the Patriarch in Blue-water, my old home town. We later made a couple more trips down there, taking Cindy and Diana and Marian, and myself, for special blessings. After Diana's blessing, I asked Clifford if he would like to give Oakley a blessing, as he was playing around the house. He stopped and looked at Oakley and said, "He is a leader!" which was an inspired answer, and he has been a leader, for sure!! I forgot to mention that while in California, I taught Primary, played piano in Primary, and worked in Relief Society as well. I was a counselor and a pianist in Relief Society while there. Two Patriarchs, in Manti, Brother Lauritz Peterson and Brother Jim Baird, told me that when the Patriarchs are set apart, they are called to give not only Patriarchal Blessings, but, also to give Blessings of comfort to all who need them. They were both, very good friends to me. I asked my cousin, Clifford Young, how he received the blessings he gave, and he said that he saw their lives like a movie, and it went kind of fast, so, he would try to pull out all the essential things he felt that person needed in his life. Someone who had lost their blessing, came back to Clifford, and Clifford saw the movie again, and gave it quite easily, again. The Patriarch's are such wonderful people. I've learned to love and appreciate them very much.

One experience I had while teaching the Laurels, was that the girls and boys went on a hike up in the Uinta mountains, and I was asked to tell them a story that evening around the campfire. So, I took my book of Brother Albert R. Lymans' "Voice of the Intangible", and a tape player with a

recording of Stan Bronson, called "Man to Man"...When it was announced I would tell them a story, the boys all started mocking, saying things in sing-song voices like: "Sister Nooner is going to tell us a bedtime story!" But, I sat on a stump near the fire and read the story of the dog, Bowse, and then we listened to the song by Stan...When I ended it was totally quiet...I think those powerful tools did their work!! They loved the experience! It was a little while later, that the Laurels called me up and asked me if we could go over to the park and hear a Story...So, these are some of the wonderful experiences I have had by staying active in the Church, and taking advantage of the training I have received from all of these experiences...it has helped me develop my talents, and find things to read that have taught me much. I believe that it was these kind of things that have helped me receive inspiration with my own family, and has given me experiences I might never have had if I had not been willing to spend time serving in the Church, and developing my talents that I did not even know I had, and had no other way to have developed them, and find out about myself...as well as gather many friends...that when I meet them again, in the eternities, to have eternal friends.

One more thing that has happened to me, was when we moved to Manti when Alicia was just a young girl, I was asked to teach a Genealogy Class in our ward, and also become a Family History Representative at the Family History Library, and through these experiences, I have learned to teach the subject...ending up by having about 50 people attending my classes on Sunday for nearly a year...they wouldn't quit, and then, when it became time to quit, they would come up to me and beg me to continue my classes..

But, I also learned how to research through teaching others, and was able to do a great work for my grandmother Emma C. Tietjen, on her line, I submitted 6500 names to the temple, and was able to get the work done. Alicia and her friends did a lot of the baptisms at the temple, and a lot of the other young people in the ward, and also, older people, were all taking those names through the Temple to help me out. Then, during the Sesquicentennial year, I was in charge of a lot of activities for the ward, and also was in charge of a committee to write and produce a program...which I did, with help in the writing from my sister, the writer, Gwen, and we used the entire ward in the production. It was a magnificent program, and they gave me an armful of flowers at the end for writing it. I have never had such wonderful success in any job, than I had in the Genealogy work. The people from the other side were so close, and it was probably the highlight of my life. I doubt that I will ever get an opportunity like those I had in Manti the years we were there. I was appreciative of Alicia doing so many baptisms for our family also. When she crosses the veil, these people will honor her on Mount Zion, and love her forever, for what she has given to them...which was membership in the Church, and making it possible for them to be sealed to their family, and allowing them to receive their endowments. She was very faithful, and I doubt she knows what a great work she has already done in her short life-time of service for others at that time. She also got her friends to come with her, and they helped her. The luncheons in the temple were fun also. I really appreciated her help, more than she will ever know, to help complete what I had been called to do, and make my time there more successful.

She also found a wonderfully talented husband, Deven Fore, there, and they have a very, very special son, little Ian Don Paul Fore, who is the darling of the whole family!!

It is a blessing to me to have so many of our family in this Church, to have the blessings that await them, and which have come to them because of our family beyond the veil. It makes me so happy to see Jeanie and Jim and their family so committed and active in the Church. Also, Diana and Mike's family's commitment to the Church...and seeing Diana just released as the Young Women's President, and Cindy called as a leader in the Young Women (I have heard how much the young women loved her lessons. And Jeanie's working with the Young Women also.) Jackie Hill also spent many

mornings doing baptisms for the dead, in the temple, and for her work in the Seminary. We are grateful for all those of our children and grandchildren who have married in the temple, and are making plans to go, looking for those special companions, and have their family's sealed to them for eternity.

I haven't mentioned what a blessing Cindy was also, while she was attending the college in St. George. She came up to our home in Salt Lake and went to the Jordan Temple with us to do some baptisms. When we arrived at the temple, the man in charge of the baptisms, came back to where we were sitting, and told us some of his experiences of working in the Temple. He was Brother Kartchner from Blanding, and he told Cindy, Don and I that one day he had been asked to go to another temple to do some work at the baptistry. He was to read the names of people getting their work done to the people doing the baptisms, but, he needed glasses to see the names, and he had forgotten them at home. But, he prayed, and was able to read all the names, with no problem. Then, he hoped that his eyes would stay that way, but, they weren't healed permanently, he still required glasses, but, for a little while, the Lord had blessed his eyes so he could see. He told Cindy that when she was doing the baptisms, the person she was doing the work for would be right there with her, and she could communicate with them at that time, and say things to them, like bear her testimony that she KNEW the Church was true, or that she Loved them, or something else that she felt they needed. This happened to her, and she could feel that person's spirit until she went down into the water, then, she said she would come up, expecting to feel that person again, but, it would be another one...the next one on the list. She really enjoyed it, and Don and I began doing that with all the rest of the temple work, in the sealing of husbands and wives, and in the endowment part, or sealing children to parents, and the spirit world began to be more real to us, as we felt the people's spirits. One lady, while I was doing her work in the endowment session, I felt her just get up and leave the room in a huff, right up through the ceiling on the right hand side of the room!! She didn't believe what was going on. But, when Don and I were kneeling over the altar, and she was being sealed to her husband and family, I felt her spirit again, and this time, I felt her spirit, and she "LIKED" that part. I am so glad that we learned that principle. I had never thought of it before, even though I have felt their spirits as I have researched their names, and have been guided. Alicia used to go with me up to the Salt Lake Family History Library and help me with the research, and I was amazed at her ability at her young age, as she could do things so easily on the computer. She is a natural!!

It has been great to see Joshua Phelon and Oakley Hill go on their missions, and the excitement that they have had, sharing the gospel with others. I'm sure that their ancestors on the other side of the veil are proud of them for their decision, and for bringing others into the Church, honoring our ancestors who paid such a price to accept the gospel in their lifetime, and coming West with the Church, and lending their strength to the work here, living in poverty and primitive conditions.. (leaving comfortable homes) to leave us a legacy of hope for our own Eternal Families.. I remember that when Josh was being released, Jeanie and Jim and their boys, and Don and I went out to Cincinnati, Ohio to pick him up. He took us through the Freedom Building, built by a river, for the Black people, and it was there that I found pictures and books telling of Levi Coffin, one of our old family members, who was the president of the Underground Railroad, saving the lives of the slaves by sneaking them across the border into Canada. It was amazing to me. I had read in the Salt Lake Library about him, but only knew that the family of Coffins would take the slaves from North Carolina, where the Coffins lived, in a buggy, and take them up to Indiana, where Levi had a store with hidden rooms. That was where he would hide them, until they could be safely transported across the border into Canada. Uncle Tom's cabin was written from their history. Levi even traveled to England, petitioning the people there to NOT purchase slave produced cotton and other produce

from slave-holders, even though it was cheaper...but, to pay more to the other farmers and producers so that slavery could be stopped.

I am grateful that Josh was sent there among some descendants of these noble family members. I am so grateful for what our ancestors have sacrificed for us, and for me especially...that I could have had such marvelous experiences here on this earth in my lifetime, and been blessed by such an amazingly kind husband and wonderful children and grand-children as we see them here in their earthly form!! We know there is greatness in their spirits, and that is not by accident. They were the same wonderful people here, as they were there before they came. Those with their Patriarchal Blessings have read of their greatness!! We went on with Josh out to Niagra Falls, and then to New York to see the Hill Cumorah Pageant!! We walked through the Sacred Grove, saw Joseph Smith's home, and enjoyed that trip so much...even saw the New Temple that has been built there. We have much to look forward to on this earth!! I received my Patriarchal Blessing when I turned 12 years old, from our Patriarch, Albert R. Lyman, in Blanding, Utah and it was always sacred and helpful to me. He told me to tape it up on the wall by the wall switch, and every night when I went to switch off the light, to read it, and every morning as I switched it on, to read it again, until I had memorized it. I did as he suggested, and the lines from my blessing have gone through my mind several times during the events of my life, and helped me. I felt very blessed to have had such wonderful teachers as him. He taught me in Seminary, during my 7th and 8th grade years, and he shared many of his experiences with us. Even the big, muscular ball players, listened very respectfully to him, as we all admired him. One thing I got from him, was that through his prayers and experiences, it had been made known to him who he had been up in heaven, and I thought to myself, "If he can know who he was, then, I can know who I was, and I spent my lifetime since that time, searching to know the same things about myself as he knew about himself. I was fortunate enough to find his books in the BYU Library, and got copies of his books of "Thots", which were his inspirations that he received on a daily basis, and wrote them down in his books...His books cover many years, and are inspiring to read. I wasn't able to get his larger books, but, had seen and read them up in the Special Collections at the BYU, and knew how great they were..so, the Lord helped me get in touch with his son, Karl R. Lyman, who let me take his copies of those sacred books, one at a time, and copy them at the Orem City Library..(as those were the only copies he had, and didn't want to lose them). I feel very grateful to have them, and have learned a great deal from them, not only about this earth life, but, also about our pre and post lives over in the Spirit World. I memorized his long poem called, "Thought and Purpose" that was given to him by revelation, while he was working at the Blanding Museum, it came every day for a week, and he wrote it down as fast as he could write...It was a revelation of his own life, from the pre-existence...and even gave him his former name, and occupation and he has enlarged that poem into the book that gives this information in story form, called, "Ultimate Test" . It is a GREAT book, and brings tears to my eyes when I read it. I am so grateful that I have been fortunate enough to have known Brother Lyman, and even more fortunate to have read many of his writings, and see how he receives inspiration. It has given me a broader view of the importance of our lives here, and of our families, here and on the other side. I feel so blessed. I invite all my posterity to feel free to read these books that are so rare, especially outside of Bro. Lyman's family. Many blessings will come to those who desire to take advantage of these books, that I found in the Special Collections of the BYU Library, and because of his son, Karl Lyman also. We are fortunate to have them in our family, to bless us and our posterity, because of this man who was a great man, who sought for knowledge beyond what was available to him on this earth! My other favorite book is "The Voice of the Intangible", which I have read parts of to many of my classes that I taught through the years.

I am grateful, not only for our current family here on the earth, but, also for those in heaven, who are watching over us here, and praying for our success and happiness. They are very closely watching over us, as I have felt them many times, and continue to do so. My prayers are with our grand-



Patriarch Albert R. Lyman & wife- Gladys

children, that they may have a life as happy or even happier than I have had, as we all continue on into the eternities.

I love you all so very, very much!! (This includes my nieces and nephews as well)

It is my hope that you will overlook mistakes I have made in my life, and in this script, as you can tell I certainly haven't been the most perfect person, but, just one of Heavenly Father's daughters, surrounded by angels on both sides of the veil...all helping me be aware that there is 'more to be done', both here and there.

My Love to you all, forever!!

LaRee (which translated into French means: "the flower")

This last year, we traveled up to Star Valley, Wyoming, where my father was raised, and saw the name "LaRee" about 3 times on headstones in the Cemetery, where there were other LaRee Child names. That is the only place I have ever seen that name used. I can't wait to go back up there and see their new Temple!!

This is a P.S. But, I didn't want to leave out that Gwen and I, after we were married, with children, used to do many things together, including having nearly every Thanksgiving together...We usually went to Gwen's house in Salt Lake, because Don Peterson's mother, Ada, worked at the Turkey plant in Chester, Utah, and always cooked the Turkey. At one of the dinners, I kept trying to get Cindy, who was just a little girl, probably around 6 years old, to eat some of the delicious stuffing that Ada made. But, she just wouldn't do it...finally, to get me to quit trying to give her some, she whispered in my ear, "mama, I saw where it came from..."...We all got quite a laugh out of that... but, from her perspective, that was quite an astute assumption on her part...We got really close to Gwen's kids because Gwen and I did so many things together...I was always grateful for her gifts, and will add her story our our mountain climb in Manti with this story. (I can't find my copy of the 1997 issue..so, will do it later. It is a story worth keeping.) We would spend many hours at Gwen's doing puzzles with them, and have really enjoyed knowing the greatness of these kids in our lives. I was also able to get to know some of my nieces and nephews of Howard and Kenneth, and Graces' kids...Ronnie, Linda, David, Maxine, Gene, Billy, Bobby, Patty, Rex and his son Kelly, and some of the younger ones...only not as well as I'd like..I am so grateful when I see the greatness in each one of them, and appreciate the love and friendship that we have been able to have. I have always appreciated and loved the good times we have had together..also, my other brother and sisters kids, who I thought of as almost my own, Scott, Brent, Kathy, Charlotte, Leanna, Bryce and Emily Peterson, and Alvin (Jim), Doris Ellen, David, Merlyn, and Carol Rhoades, and, Shari, Diana, Burke, Betty, Russell, and Suzanne Black. Ruth Ann, Marion(Marvin), Merrill Allan, Doris Emma, Mildred (Millie), Linda LaRee Child Chavez, and all the others, whose names escape me at the moment...and a lot of their children, and Ben Calhoun. (Linda and Ben both died this last year), and it was sad to see them go so quickly. I sure wish we could all live a little closer, so we could associate more with each other. It was nice to have David Child move out here to Utah from California, and he and his wife being so dedicated to obtaining a home and supplies that show their obedience to the prophet to obtain their year's food and water supply. It is amazing their commitment and ability to have provided so well for their family!! I love the little lap warmers that David's wife crocheted, and continues to crochet for those who need them, as part of her charity work.

Well, I may think of other experiences that I would like to share, so, if I can find the story Gwen wrote about us, I will do a PS add-on to these things that I have managed to remember this time. Where is Gwen when I need her!! When I was living with Marian, she taught the Spiritual Living lessons every month in Relief Society, and would tape her lessons, and listen to them every day,

until she had memorized them. We heard them every day also, and she gave us a lot to think about, and that was a great thing she did for us...even though she didn't realize it. It also kept a sweet spirit in her home. Gwen gave beautiful lessons as well, and was a great writer. We need a book of her writings...I'm sure she hasn't stopped writing...so maybe someone can be in touch with her, and bring those things to earth. She has some posterity that is up to it...I can't wait for that millennium day when we can all be together again, and sing together, and hear all the tremendous experiences we have all had both here and there...That is what I am looking forward to...and I also want to be here on this earth when the Savior comes again!! Like Gwen said in her story, "See you at the Top!!"

One day I was driving somewhere with Lori, and we passed the Jordan Temple. One of her dogs had died recently, and she shared with me this story. I hope I get the details right...but, Dallas was in the car one day shortly after their dog died, and as they passed the Temple, he asked his mom to stop and let him go into the temple. She couldn't figure out why he would want to go in there, and apparently to comfort her kids about their dog, she had told them that their dog had gone to live with Jesus. Apparently she had told him sometime earlier that the Temple was Jesus' house, and so he cried and wanted to go inside of the Temple to see his dog, because his dog was living with Jesus. His little mind had made the connection, and it was such a sweet story, that I have never forgotten it.

In the Bible, in Matthew 8:20, it mentions a time when Jesus said, "The Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." so the Temple was built as the house of God...and was what Dallas had understood, even at his young age at the time.

I discovered this same thing one time when we lived in Orem, Utah. It was the end of the month, and at that time everyone had been asked to attend the Temple at least one time during the month, and most people, like us, had waited until the end of the month to do their assignment. Don and I had gone the night before the last day with our dear neighbors, Bishop Bob and Gaye Smoot. We found the Temple packed, and so as we began with meeting in a large Assembly Room, to wait until there was an endowment room empty, of the (6) that they had, so we could begin the Endowment part. We enjoyed it, because the Assembly Room was clear full, so, our little group had to sit on the stand, and we listened to talks by our Temple President, and others who had been assigned to give talks, and then we would sing songs, kind of like a general church meeting. Then, as an endowment room would become empty, quite a few people would leave, and the rest would continue waiting until their turn came. We enjoyed listening to the speakers, and singing the songs, and had a wonderful time, until we had completed our assignment that evening.

The next morning, as I was getting out of bed, I just got the feeling that I wanted to return to the Temple that morning, so, I dressed up in my Sunday dress, put on my nylons and high heels, and fixed my hair, and went downstairs to leave. Don saw me and asked where I was going, and I told him I was going to the Temple. He said, "Well, if you don't mind waiting a little bit, I have a couple of people coming over, and as soon as our meeting is finished, I'll go with you." Well, as I would always rather go with Don than go alone, I said, "O.K."...Then, being all dressed up, I just sat down in the kitchen, and waited. I heard the people come into the front room, and I waited, and waited...until finally they left, but, then, right on their heels, came more people. So, I continued to wait...not being able to do much of anything in a kitchen, dressed up...and FINALLY...they left...so, I waited for Don to come into the kitchen and get me so we could go...but, he didn't come, and didn't come...



Diana + Heather Ballard + LaRee

so, finally, I went looking for him, and he had gone back upstairs and was laying down on the bed. I said, "Don, did you forget we were going to the Temple?" He said, "Oh yeah...but, I'm tired now." Well, I was so disappointed after having waited most of the day, and I started to cry. He saw my tears, and said, "Well, if you want to go that bad, I'll come." I think we talked a little more than that, because we resolved the problem, and he apologized, and we went out to the car to drive to the Temple. But, I the tears just wouldn't stop, because of what had just happened. But, we resolved all our feelings by the time we got to the Temple...but, as he stopped the car, the realization came over me, and I said, "Don, I'm so sorry, but, the way my feelings were, I just cannot go into the Temple...because if just one little temple worker should see my eyes water, and puts her arm around me to comfort me, I'll just lose control of myself. So, I guess You'll just have to take me back home. So, he didn't even complain, just started up the car and took me back toward home...but, just a couple of blocks from home, this voice came to my mind, with these words, "LaRee, go back to the Temple. The Savior is there today." [It was also made known to me that he would be there the next day as well.] My sweet husband, turned the car around, and we returned to the Provo Temple..went in, and were standing in line waiting to get into the Assembly Room...as it was full, and many others still waiting to get in. To keep those people occupied, the Temple Presidency was again, giving talks and then the congregation would sing songs from time to time. I happened to be standing by some people who were from the San Jose Ward, California, the ward that Paul Graves (my convert) and his family lived, and of course, I was interested in how they were doing. Apparently, he had graduated from the BYU, was married to Ellen, had several children, and he had been in the Bishopric, and had filled some stake missions, and some of his children were going on missions. Anyway, I was interested, and as they were telling us about him, I didn't pay too much attention to what was going on around me, until I realized we had entered the Assembly room, and were sitting there and I began listening to the speakers, and singing the songs, and had completely forgotten about the voice I had heard earlier in the car...but, as we began singing "I Know that My Redeemer Lives, what comfort this sweet sentence gives, He lives, He lives who once was dead, He lives, my everliving head..." I was then made aware that the Savior was standing up at the front of the room, facing us, right above the head of the Temple President. He was dressed in White, and was so beautiful. Then, as I saw him, the tears began to flow again from my eyes...but, this time happy tears, as I felt all the sorrows that I had had through the years from the losses of my little babies, and had not been able to get rid of the great sorrow that had remained in my heart, but, I felt it leave, and I became filled with the Love of the Savior, Jesus Christ, and then realized how much he loves us, and how healing that love was to me at this time...especially, as I could sing out loud, "I KNOW that my Redeemer Lives!" I KNEW and I felt healed from all the pain I had suffered...through His Love that flowed so abundantly to me that night!! Now, I didn't care if anyone saw my tears...This was such a special experience...and I was so grateful and I wanted EVERYONE to be able to feel the Love that I had felt this special night. From then on, I tried to love everyone the way I had felt it, but, found that as I sent out all the love I had in me to others, I would become drained...and realized that I must be more than battery operated, I needed to be "plugged into" the source, in order to retain that love at all times for everyone that I met. That has been my goal from that time till now...and I hope I can share the Love that I felt that night with everyone that I meet, so, they can be comforted as I was...I want my posterity to know that "I KNOW that My REDEEMER LIVES!!" and Loves us much more than we can imagine.

To all of my posterity, and to all my nephews and nieces, special friends, and others that mean so much to me, please remember, that when you hit hard times in your life...please remember where the healing comes from, and remember to Seek the Savior of this world, Jesus Christ!! He isn't so far away as we might imagine!! And He knows us by name!!

A Child's Prayer



Augusta LaRee Child Nooner

The plan of Salvation



David Rhoades called me today and when I was talking to him, and telling him I was writing a book of my experiences he reminded me of his penny, and I realized how many experiences I had had with the Rhoades family, and wanted to share just a few of them. I lived with Marian and LeRoy many times during the winters in Blanding, because their home was just 2 blocks away from the grade school, and that was easier to walk than the mile from my home. Marian was not well, so in the summer I would go down to their home and play with the kids...not realizing that I was tending them...we were just all friends...they had a lot of energy and they liked to run, so, I would end up sitting on the lawn, and Alvin (Jim now) and Doris Ellen would run around me, having races and that really saved my energy. We had a lot of fun there, and then when I ended up living with the family in San Pablo, California, they lived close to Alvarado Park, where there were a lot of large trees. Alvin and David would run up there and climb the trees and hide, and when I would come walking along, they liked to jump down and scare me. Sometimes we played badminton on the lawn, and as they got older, and I got married, they would come over to my place sometimes. In San Lorenzo, they moved a few blocks away from us, and they came over, and one day, as David played under our circular "Postum" table that other people called their "coffee" table...he took a penny and glued it in about the middle, underneath it, and there came along so many kids that always got excited when they would discover that penny underneath that table, but, then would be disappointed that they couldn't get it off. Carol grew up with our girls, being just a few years older, and became the best babysitter. She felt just like she was one of our kids...and would dress my girls up all the time, and fix their hair. Merlyn was never too far behind...but, we moved away from their family when we left California and went out to Utah and got separated. But, Alvin (Jim) and I stayed close because he and Don would work together in different businesses. He and David started out by selling pink wax roses around the neighborhood in California to raise money to pay off our chapel. They did a great job, and Jim found out he could sell. He has gone on to work in Isagenix with us, and did so well, that he is now a well-known, sought after speaker.. Wherever he goes people come from miles around to hear him speak. He also received the Presidential Award from our company, and another fun thing we did together was to go to Impact together. I was on the staff, and he was going through for the first time...and then we did the ropes course together...it was wonderful to see him excel at so many things. All of those kids have become exceptional people, and I feel privileged to have gotten to known them at such early ages, and grown with them through the years. Marian taught the Spiritual Living lessons in Relief Society and would record her lesson, and practice it all month, so that by the time she gave it, the whole family had it memorized..I don't think she realized the good that she was doing all month, not only the words were wonderful to know, but, the spirit that brought into the home was a great blessing to the whole family too. One thing I liked about LeRoy was that he would like to stop at the day-old bread places and bring treats home and stuff the freezer with after-school treats...and I especially remember the Coconut cakes...which became my favorite. One time it was grapes, and we froze them, and they were fun to eat as well. He liked to take us to store-openings and things where they would have elephants and circus-like entertainments. He would take us to San Francisco Park, and the ocean, and see that we had a good time seeing things. My sister's family became my family too...and were good brothers and sisters to me. I am including a picture here of Doris Ellen and Alvin, that was taken when they were small, in Blanding. I can't wait to see her again!

It is amazing how, as you begin to think and write stories of your ancestors how many more stories you remember, and I would like to mention one more family who I am grateful for, and hope that my posterity will remember and be grateful for them as well. Her name is: Ida Fredricka Kreuger Tietjen, the wife of August Heinrich (Henry) Tietjen. This couple came from Mecklenburg, Germany. Henry was the son of a man who was a 'guard to the Czar'. These guards rode beautiful white horses, and uniforms, and lived in the palace. As their children were born, they were raised in the palace, and educated at the Universities along with the Prince's and Princesses. The guards were treated as if they were royalty themselves. When Henry and Ida were married, they went to Sweden on their honeymoon, and after the honeymoon, Henry told Ida that he didn't want to go back to Germany and live that kind of life. She apparently agreed and they stayed in Sweden and made their home. Their oldest son, Ernst Albert Tietjen had traveled to the town near their home one day, when they came upon a mob who were throwing stones and threatening to hurt 2 young missionaries. Being trained in these kind of things, Henry immediately went to their rescue, going up to them and telling the 2 young men to run to a large nearby ditch and stay there, and that he would come back later when it got dark and get them. The men did as he demanded, and he then dispersed the mob, and returned later after dark, true to his word and took the young men to his home for protection. In return, the young men taught him the gospel, and he accepted it as soon as he heard it. They stayed with this family, and Ernst was also converted, and both were baptized. Ida, however, having been a good member of her church, and being familiar with the Bible, thought that the missionaries were the false prophets that the scriptures talked about, and felt she would be offending God if she joined the church. So, even though she continued being kind and friendly and feeding and taking care of the missionaries, she just could not bring herself to join their church. However, there came a time when she had to make a decision, because there was a boat that would be leaving for America, and the missionaries told them it was a time of gathering to Zion. Henry was anxious to leave and go to Zion, where he could live the gospel in peace, and put it to Ida this way, "She could either go with him, or stay here, but, he was going to Zion." This put the ball in her corner, because to obtain passage on this particular ship, since the church was helping to finance their passage, you had to be a member of the Church. This was a time of decision for Ida. She considered her choice carefully. She prayed, but, the unbelief and fear she felt was just too strong. She remembered that she had chosen to marry Henry because she loved him, and didn't want to be separated from him, so, this is how she decided...She would go ahead and get baptized, and this was how she talked to God: "If it was right, please let her know, and if it was wrong, to please forgive her." She came out of the water, still not feeling anything, until the missionaries placed their hands on her head and confirmed her a member of the church, and gave her the gift of the Holy Ghost. THEN, is when the confirmation of the Spirit filled her from her head to the bottoms of her feet!! She was at last SURE that this was the correct decision. She was so happy that she shared what she had done with her friends, thinking they would be happy for her, but, she was very disappointed, as her friends turned on her, and began being mean to her, and to her children, as well. They had to put their children in a private school, because of being mistreated by the other teachers and children. It was a real shock to Ida to see people she had known for years turn on her family so quickly. So, the family then left Sweden, and came to America. They traveled to Goshen, Utah and settled. Henry was quite well-to-do, and gave much of his money to the Immigration Fund to help others get to Utah. They in turn, were supposed to work hard when they arrived in Utah, and pay it back, but, none was ever paid back, which worked a hardship on Henry and Ida and their family. Karl G. Maeser, the president of BYU, approached Henry, and asked him to come to the BYU and be a teacher there...but, Henry replied, "I can starve to death just as well here." I feel that, in my opinion, Henry could have possibly changed the course of his family's lives with this decision, but, I certainly cannot fault him for his decision, as he moved to Santaquin, and must have been part of the Apple Orchard community. It was from his Apple Orchard that Emma Christiansen Tietjen, wife of Ernst Tietjen, took starts from his trees, and started her own orchard in Bluewater, that I have talked of previously. Ernst, being only a young boy when he traveled to America, was so seasick

that he thought he was going to die. And it was because of this, that when he got his Blessing that he would teach his native people, he began to pray fervently that he would not be called to go out on a ship again, and get so sick...but, if he was asked he would go, but, please not to call him to do that. (Previously, someone else had led a party of settlers down to this area, and they had run out of water. They had all fasted and prayed and exercised their faith, and when it rained, they filled up all their containers and barrels, and came back.

Brigham Young asked James Brown what he would have done, and James replied that he would have done the same thing as these other settlers, and when it rained, he would have filled his barrels and then "gone on" ... (instead of coming back). Brigham Young said that James Brown was the one to lead the next expedition, and to call some young men to help him colonize Arizona, and New Mexico, he wanted him to ask "men", not 'babies', and James Brown chose Ernst Albert Tietjen, because he knew him, and knew that he had helped many of the Saints get to Utah, by going out and hunting animals, and providing food for them. He had helped the wagon trains, and James knew of his kind of faith, and knew that was what he needed for an assignment like he was going to ask him. Ernst was so relieved that he was not being asked to go out on the ocean, in those sickening ships, that he was willing to do anything the Lord asked of him. But, his prayer was answered..by a kind and loving Father in Heaven. This first calling led to another call that led him to settle down in the New Mexico area, and go on the Indian Mission along with his contemporaries, Ira Hatch, Jacob Hamblin, Luther Burnham, and other men who distinguished themselves in this difficult work. At one time, he told Brigham Young, Jr. that he could baptize the whole Navajo Nation...should he do it? Brigham Young, Jr. cautioned him to "go a little slow...as it wasn't their day yet." But, he was never released from this mission. It became his life's work. His Patriarchal blessing said that he would experience many miracles, and that his name would be written in the "Lamb's Book of Life." ... (his youngest daughter, my mother had this experience when she was older in her life, that the Lamb's Book of Life was shown to her in a vision, and in it was written her father's name.) This was a testimony that she passed down to me, of the greatness that Ernst achieved in his life. Ernst and his wife, Emma C. (already speaking, German, Norwegian, Swedish and English) learned several more Indian Dialects, and filled a great mission to the Indian People.

I am so grateful that in our heritage we have people such as those we find in our ancestral line, and grateful that they were faithful, and passed this wonderful gospel on to us, their posterity, as the great gift that it is to us!! When we have finished our assignment on this earth, I look forward to our reunion with them in the eternities.

Alfred Bosworth Child, the person who joined the church first on the Child side of our family, lived in New York. Some missionaries were coming down the river near his home, and the river froze over. They had to leave the river and go overland, and came to the home of Alfred Bosworth Child to get help. He helped them, and listened to them, and he and his family joined the church. They left their home and found the saints, and he became on the rearward guards of the saints. His instructions were to follow and make sure all the saints were safe, while they were fleeing from the Missouri mobs..which he did. He even gave away his last horse to a fleeing family, and he and his family walked out of Missouri, and when they got to Nauvoo, Illinois, instead of stopping with the saints, he felt impressed to walk on into Iowa. He purchased a piece of land there for farming, and being without even a horse to help with the plowing, he borrowed neighbors' equipment to get in a large crop of corn. Then, he and his son would walk to Nauvoo every week to work on the Temple. What is interesting to me was that when the Saints were driven from Nauvoo, and fleeing into Iowa, in the cold winter weather, many without sufficient food for their families...here was Alfred Bosworth Child with a large barn full of corn. (Many journals of the saints mention that they had nothing to eat except corn). Our other emigrant, James Lake, who only had one leg, and had been converted in Canada, was given charge as a bishop over many widow's...and he managed to make a mill to grind corn...he called it the Armstrong Mill...as he had to turn the handle with his arm, and he did that many hours a day...and

made sure that his widows had food to eat each day. Here were our 2 ancestors working together to save the lives of many of the saints, and this made me very happy to hear of their good work and sacrifice to help so many people, and further the work of these latter-days...Alfred continued his assignment of being a rearward guard, as the saints traveled across the plains, but, it caused him to breathe in a lot of the dust of the wagons, which caused him to become ill, and he barely made it to the Salt Lake Valley, before he died of the effects of the dust, but, he got his family here, and helped many others. I am so grateful to all of our ancestors who paid such a high price to help their family have the great gift of the Gospel of Jesus Christ...down through the generations of descendants. I am so grateful to these faithful saints, and will appreciate getting the opportunity to thank them in the eternities to come for their great sacrifices for us.



Don & LaRae Child
Nooner
2011

