



RAYMOND C. YOUNG
227 J ST.
SALT LAKE CITY, UT 84103

4 Dec 1990

Dear Randy;

I hope you will accept another letter from your preaching grandfather, but one who cares about you & prays for your ultimate happiness.

I am sorry to hear about the problem you have with your parents.

When I was a boy growing up in the country one of my pastimes, when I wasn't working with my father on our farm or ^{with} my mother in her garden, was climbing the forest of shade trees growing around our house to shade it & keep it cool in the summer months. With ^{the} aid of a few planks between trees we boys used to play "Tarzan of the apes" & actually swung or walked from limb to limb & across the planks from tree to tree. In one tree I had a platform of boards on which I rested & dreamed. The birds eventually learned that when I was quietly sitting or laying there I was no danger to them. So they went about their daily living. I watched the mother sitting on her eggs in a nest beyond the reach of us tree climbers. I was thrilled to

be able to discover from my position, a short distance away, that one baby was hatched & peeping with mouth wide open for food & before the end of the day I climbed up again. The mother flew away as I peered anxiously from ^{my} perch & there was an orchestra of four little hungry babies peeping & begging, even demanding food. Every day I checked out the nest & reported to my family the news of the progress of my bird family friends. I watched each day ^{now} the devoted mother & father brot home to the nest morsel of food to their babies such as flies, pieces of worms small insects, always the right size & digestability of ^{the} small babies. They would drop these bits of food in the baby birds wide gaping mouths which shut them up but after a while they were beeping again for more food. As time went on the babies grew larger & feathers now covered their bodies. They were stronger now & could take

larger pieces of food. It was fun to watch the now large babies tear up a grasshopper, fight over it's pieces & devour them. These little babies grew to big babies in the early summer & they flapped ^{their} wings & explored the nest but never went beyond the edge of the nest. They would sit there & wait for the usual food brot home by the caring parents.

One day I was suprized to find one of the adolescent birds down on the ground, frightened & chirping loudly & flapping his wings. I started to help the little distressed bird but the parents flew at me because I was a threat to the safety of their child. So I retreated & left them to work it out by themselves. The family cat received the same treatment as I & likewise retreated from threats of the protective parents, who watched & coaxed their child to try his wings & before long they persuaded him to put forward some real effort & flutter off the ground & after a few practice take offs he

he found he could fly & take refuge from dangers such as little boys like me & from the cats, too, by alighting in a tree. It took a few practice landings to do it but soon he found how to grab hold of a tree branch & hang on. After some practice & before the day was out he was enjoying it. He was free, he was independent. He could now make it on his own & in a few days he was flying as fast as his companions & above the tree tops & out to the fields to look for food. It was a thrill to him to dart after a fly & to catch a grasshopper, sometimes on the ground, some times when a grasshopper was fool hardy enough to jump & fly, he caught it on the fly. The kernal on the growing grain was a dessert to him as he balanced on the strong wheat grass & pecked at the head (called ears, sometimes) of grain.

Now he chirps & sings as he goes about his work of the day. Life

is so much better. Life is exhilarating & he is glad & proud & happy to be able to make it on his own.

In the nest he felt the world owed him a living. But after the trauma of leaving the nest was over he discovered that this was a better life. He is independent. He can make it on his own. His companions respect him & accept him as they frolic together chattering in the trees or racing together as they speed across the space from tree to tree or show off their flying skills as they dive & swoop across the street & back up into another tree high on its most lofty branches.

His parents whom he thought had turned against him were now his greatest admirers & he accepted them again. He found they loved him all along & had done what was best for him. Thank goodness for their courage to do it.

Next season he will find a mate & they will raise a family of their own & their happiness will be multiplied, once for their companionship together & twice, three times, four & five; that is once for every new little bird they bring into the world to share

the joy of life with them. He will find that the greatest joy of living comes from sharing it with others & that he has to work hard to do it, but that it's joys & rewards are "out of this world".

Now, how is that? I didn't preach did I? I just told you a story. Hi, hi.

From your grandparents young, who care enough to try to help you in our weak way.

With Love,
Grandpa Raymond & young
P.S. Grandma Dorothy, sends
her love, too.