

## **LIFE HISTORY OF DORA LEONA BEVAN WRIGHT**

I was born 6 April 1899 in Salt Lake City, Utah on a Friday when conference people were going by the house in street cars drawn by mules. My mother's mother, whom I never knew, said, "It's a girl and she has come to conference." I have always been proud of the city of my birth and of the date which is famous in my Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and my membership is the most important thing in my life because I know this gospel is true.

Before I was one year old, my parents with my two sisters and my brother emigrated to Canada and lived one winter in Sterling, Alberta. I do not remember anything until we moved to Raymond some time later. I either remember or was told when we drove up in the wagon to the empty lot in this town with only one house finished, my mother said, "Oh, no Joe, not here." But soon we had the second house in town and this became our home for almost eight years.

I went to school in second grade and started in the third grade when we made our next move to Kootini country now known as Waterton to a ranch near the Kootini River. Then from the age of eight until twelve, I did not go to school but lived a wild carefree life with mostly animals for companions. My sister, Sadie, who was 13 years then played some with me and I learned to read by myself and read everything I could find. I was given wonderful sets of books such as "The Bessie Books", "Elsie Books" and many stories of all kinds.

My memories of that home are happy ones. One thing outstanding is when the roof blew off our log house and left Sadie and I looking up at the stars. Also there was a rain storm which lasted for a week and caused a dam at a saw mill to break and it sent hundreds of logs down the river in water the color of blood from the clay above. The logs stood on end as they came tumbling down and hundreds came over the bank where we found them on the river bed. During this time our yard was a lake and we had set duck eggs under the hens. When they hatched the pretty little yellow ducklings would run for the yard and swim while the bewildered, worried mother would jump from rock to rock calling them back.

One thing which will always stand out in my memory was when I begged to go with brother, Joe, 19 years old, on the wagon with a high spring seat as he was hauling fence posts. The wagon was loaded and we were riding in the high spring seat. He hit a rock with a wheel which sent a sharpened post to fly up and come down hitting me on the head above my right



temple. He carried me to the house where the family thought I would never regain consciousness. But after my father administered to me, I started to recover but it was weeks before I was well again. Mother took such tender and loving care of me. And I was petted by all of them.

We moved into a new log house next and I spent many happy hours playing school with my two cats and the paper dolls I cut in strings out of paper for my pupils. Of course I had discipline problems with my cat pupils which made it more interesting. I rode my pony, Bluester (because he was blue) all over the quarter section and enjoyed the companionship of birds, squirrels, etc. And we had our faithful dog, "Ring", (he had a white ring around his black neck.) Also a pet pig which followed us like a dog and a pet cow, Brownie, with one horn missing.

Sadie fell in love with the only L.D.S. boy in the country, Lyde Christensen. He would ride his horse, Prince, to see her and pay me to stay away from them when he was courting her. I'm afraid I gave them a bad time. When Sadie and Lyde were married in Cardston 30 miles away, my folks sent me to Raymond to live with sister Alice until the ranch was sold. Our home, which they later bought in Raymond, was located directly across the canal from Alice and Will Anderson. They had been married in Raymond several years before by our father who was then first counselor to Bishop Jessie Knight. Sadie and Lyde moved to Calgary Alberta at this time to begin married life. In this new home I had a happy girlhood being then 1911 and I was twelve years old.

I went back to school, skipping third grade and took 4th grade work. I had new friends and was happy when in the fall of 1912 my mother was asked to come back to Tooele, Utah to live with and care for her father. We came by train, and I cried all the way to the U.S. Border. All I knew was Canada and I loved it.

Our stay with Grandpa Elkington has many unpleasant memories. He seemed to resent me, although he was pleased to have mother there. My father was unhappy too and soon bought us a home at 15 South West Street in Tooele which became Home, Sweet Home to me. There I had my parents to myself. Joe had stayed in Canada. He was then 24 years old and had many friends and his property and loved it there.



When we first arrived in Tooele, I was put in the sixth grade at 13 years and I went all the way through 8th grade and four years of high school with the same class. Those were happy times and I had many girl friends.

My Dad bought me a violin and I took some lessons and can still play (at 69) although I do not practice. He also bought me a Brownie Camera and developing equipment. I had the camera until after I was married. Also my parents bought me one of the first player pianos that came out and I would play the violin along with it much to my Dad's delight.

At that time Dad was janitor of the District School. After I graduated from high school in 1919, I went to work for my brother-in-law, William Anderson, who had brought his family down from Canada soon after we arrived. During my 18th summer my cousin, Annie May Elkington, and I visited another cousin, Agnes Lindholm, in Iowa, Idaho and we both fell in love with boys there. They followed us home that fall and worked in the Tooele smelter. Annie later married her friend, Jim Denning. I became engaged to Arnold Thornton but later we broke up after he had served in World War One. It was an unhappy experience but I have long since learned it was for the best as my married life has been happy and wonder-ful.

I decided soon after the war ended to go to Dillon, Montana with a girl friend and attend Normal School and become a teacher. I was there for six weeks during the summer of 1920 and came away with a third class teacher's certificate with which I got a teaching assignment at Lake Point as Primary grade teacher in the two room school there. So my home during the school year was at an old house which I later learned was supposed to have been haunted. And the upstairs room I chose was supposed to have been the haunted room. However, I never saw or heard anything unusual. This was an eventful year for me.

This is when I met a woman who became a very dear friend, Leanora Mitchell. I moved in with her in her home later and we had some good times together. I found out that her brother was the one who had bought our home in Raymond.

I taught next year at Oaker, Utah near Tooele. I had the third and fourth grades there. I lived with an old English couple and had a lot of fun while living there. They had a son and he and his parents wanted me to join the Catholic church and marry him. Of course I wouldn't give up my church for anything and I wasn't in love with the boy.



Next I taught in Salt Lake teaching the third grade in the Liberty School. A friend of mine was principle of that school and was instrumental in getting me a job there. I lived with her and we rode in her car to school each day. We had many good times. I taught a group of girls in Mutual that year and took them to Salt Lake to do baptisms. I had never been to the Temple before and was thrilled. I was baptized 80 times.

The next year I moved back home with my parents and taught at the Central School where my father was janitor. I enjoyed spending money on my parents. I bought a rug for the living room. Christmas times were always fun. It was a nice year. I sang in the choir that winter.

The next year I went to teach school at Sunnyside, Utah. I really had a ball. I taught 4th grade. This is where I met my husband, John Franklin Wright. I was at a dance near Christmas time. We went to dinner and to a dance. After I returned to Sunnyside after Christmas vacation in January, we dated steadily and decided to be married on March 14, 1925. We went to the Temple and were married there on July 1, 1925. I have always wished that we hadn't married outside of the Temple first but our first child was born in the covenant. You can't be married now like that until you have been married for at least a year if you marry outside the Temple.

At the time of my marriage my father in Tooele was very ill. He had been operated on the October before for bladder trouble and they had found he had cancer. So a few weeks after my marriage I went to Tooele to help my mother care for him. Frank quit his job in Sunnyside and came to Tooele a few weeks later. We lived at my mother's home for awhile and then moved to an apartment. It was while we were there that I became pregnant and also where Frank's mother first visited us. I had never met any of his family except Nora (his sister) and Roy Johnson. I learned to love his mother and all the family very much as time went on.

In the fall of November 1925 my father died and Frank and I moved back into my mother's home to keep her company and stayed all winter. I had been under such a strain with teaching and caring for my father and in April 1926 our baby boy was born at eight months and died after 16 hours. He was a beautiful boy and we had him blessed the night he came and named him Gerald Frank. It was a great disappointment to both of us and caused me to have a nervous breakdown.

Frank took me to Blanding that spring for my first visit and I met all of his family. Lawrence had visited us in Tooele so I knew him. We stopped at Sunnyside and brought Nora,



Lyle and Velda with us. They were tiny little kids. We continued to live with my mother until a few months before Ted was born on 3 September 1927. At that time we were living above a grocery store in an apartment. When Ted was bout a month old we moved to a house across the street from Mother. Then to a small house a block north of there and then into a larger apartment next door. It was here where Dorothy was born 2 August 1929.

During all this time Frank had worked at the Tooele Smelter in the floatation mill. He was getting to feel the poison material he had to work with. When Dorothy was two months old, we bought a house on Hollywood Avenue in Tooele and bought all new furniture for it. We were very proud of our new home but concerned about Frank's health.

About this time a man came to Tooele who was a professor of music from California. We became acquainted and he was impressed with Frank's musical talent and ability. Frank and I both played violins and had enjoyed them a lot. Professor Peterson told us he would take Frank in with him as a professor of music and he could teach private people in their homes and make a living with it. So we let our house go back to the company and we moved to Lehi in the spring of 1930.

We moved into a nice little house near the Second Ward Church and for awhile the professor lived with us to help Frank get started with his music lessons. He would go to the pupils' homes and teach piano, or violin, or any of the horns. I went along usually and taught Hawaiian guitar. We got \$1.50 a lesson but at that time the big depression was on and no one had money, so we took all kinds of things for pay. We called it "marbles and sticks" but we were very happy and always had everything we needed except cash. We took milk, fruit and vegetables. We got our rent and our sewing done, and the children cared for all in exchange for music lessons. We usually collected enough cash to pay for our gas and our lunch when we were in Salt Lake. We had pupils there and in Bingham, Murray, Pleasant Grove, American Fork, as well as in Lehi.

We decided we would go to California for a trip. Professor Peterson owned a sort of cabin in San Fernando Valley and we drove there. It was our first visit to California and we were somewhat disappointed as it rained day and night for the first week. We stayed in that tiny house with a leaky roof and tried to keep two tiny kids inside and happy. When the sun finally came out it was really hot. We got to visit a few places such as Hollywood and the beach. We had no



money to do much but we had each other and it was fun. Dorothy learned to walk while we were there.

We came back to Lehi again from California but didn't stay much longer as we felt it would be better to move nearer to Salt Lake. So we found a small house in Midvale. While in Lehi we made many wonderful friends and were active in church work, especially in the M.I.A. I was in a play that the Relief Society presented with an all girl cast. I took the part of a Spanish girl. The M.I.A. put on an operetta and Frank and I played all the music for it on our violins. I had put on an operetta while teaching in Sunnyside, as I taught most of the music in the school. I really enjoyed my work with teaching singing to the different grades. Our little Relief Society play was a big success and so much fun.

When we moved to Midvale, Frank continued to teach private lessons and he also became interested in amateur radio. He had made many crystal radio sets while in Sunnyside. It was through one of them with ear phones that we heard our first radio broadcast. Later in Tooele when people began to get radios in their homes, we got one too. But in Lehi he built an amateur set and would send and receive messages from all over the country. This set took up part of our tiny kitchen.

It was in this little house that Bevan was born on 9 May 1932. Soon after his birth we moved to a four roomed house on Second Avenue and while here we had a couple of spiritual experiences which I will relate.

At this time we were going with another couple to Salt Lake every week to attend a temple session and we enjoyed this work very much. My mother's sister, Phoebe Davis, had married a wealthy doctor who, by the way, had delivered our first baby in my mother's home. She had never been active in the church and her husband was not a Mormon. While we were in Midvale he was injured in a car accident and died from injuries. Soon after his death I began to feel her presence in my home all the time and I felt she wanted her temple work done. My brother's wife had a dream where my Aunt Phoebe was trying to phone to me and so I knew then that she was really concerned. So I got her records completed and went to the temple to do her work. I felt her presence all the way there and all the way through the temple and then never again. Later I had her husband's work done and had them sealed.



While in Midvale when Bevan was just beginning to stand alone, I was holding him by the arms and walking him. One day while doing this his arm suddenly became limp and he couldn't raise it. I was really scared and took him to the doctor who told me his arm was out of the joint and would have to be put into a cast. I was determined it wouldn't have to be done and requested that Frank and a friend administer to him. So Frank held him and Brother Dayle blessed him. As soon as he finished the blessing Bevan raised both arms above his head and was completely healed.

It was about this time that we received word from Sunnyside that Roy Johnson (Nora's husband) had been electrocuted in the mine in Sunnyside. It was a great shock and sorrow to Frank as he had been like a father to him. Nora moved to Blanding as soon as she could and we soon followed.

But at this time while still in Midvale Frank found he couldn't make a living with music as times were really bad, so he went to a small railway town in Nevada to work with his father's brother, Dan Wright. And as soon as I could I packed up and stored our furniture and went to Tooele. Then I had a chance to go to see Frank in Nevada. So I sent Ted and Dorothy to Blanding with Lester Carroll (Aunt Beth's brother) and I took Bevan and went by train to Nevada where I spent two weeks with Frank. It was like a honeymoon for us even though our bedroom was a tent. He and Uncle Dan lived in a tiny cabin but I enjoyed cooking for them while they were away working on the railway. It was really hard work but it was a living for us. I went back to Salt Lake where Lawrence met me and brought me to Blanding.

The children and I lived at Lawrence's home until I could find a small house to rent. This was in 1934. I moved to myself near Lawrence at the site where Christy Carroll now lives. For awhile we lived alone while Frank was getting enough money to move our few belongings down from Midvale. At this time the town water supply was very low and I carried our drinking water up the hill from West Water and I walked down to Uncle Edson Black's every night to get our milk. A few weeks after we came, Frank came with our belongings, the ones we had stored at Midvale. It was a happy reunion. The kids were so thrilled to have their daddy home with us and it was so wonderful for me. When he first came, he started again to teach music lessons all over town and he tuned most of the pianos here and in Monticello.



We were anxious to get our own home and a man had started to build a house across from Aunt Nora's place which Gib and Chloe Shumway later bought. We bought the partly finished house at our present location. Frank gradually added on to it. But for quite awhile it was just a shell of a place. Soon after this we had the biggest snow storm we have ever had up to that point.

One evening Aunt Nora and I decided to go down the hill to Grandma Wright's. We walked in snow up to our arm pits. Frank had to come and get me and help me back home. That night I went up to Nielson's house to have my baby by a midwife. Willard almost died when he was born on 4 January 1937. He didn't breath for awhile and they almost gave up on him. That is the only time I ever tried to have a baby with only a mid wife, no doctor.

My mother became very ill so I went to Tooele to take care of her. I took all the children with me and put them in school for the winter. Then we left from there to join Frank in Veyo, Utah where he was working in the CC Camp. We were kicked out of our house we rented one night because Willard cried so much. A family up in town moved out of half of their house so we could move in and have a place to live. During the next month or so we lived in a tent in the woods then Uncle Lawrence came and moved us back to Blanding.

Otis was born that next winter on 31 December 1939 and soon after this a man came from Salt Lake looking for someone to run a weather office in Blanding. Frank had had experience with radio and knew Morse Code so he hired him to take weather observations and send the reports by Morse Code every six hours. Three months later I was hired as his assistant and learned to send Morse Code so we could send reports every three hours.

Our last child, a son Lynn Austin, was born 15 May 1940. It was shortly after this we heard of Norman Nevills who took tourists down the San Juan and Colorado Rivers. Dad worked as a welder in part of Uncle Lawrence's mechanic's shop. One day Norman came to get some work done and asked if Frank could take a trial run down the river to see if he would like to be a boatman for him. He said he could take a run from Bluff to Mexican Hat. So Frank went and Norman liked him so well that he hired him right then. He went through the Grand Canyon that year. Later when Norman and his wife were killed in an airplane crash Frank bought the business and named it Mexican Hat Expeditions which he owned and operated for several years. I answered letters to customers for the trips and arranged people to drive the passengers cars at the end of the trips to meet them.



I would like to insert some of my faith promoting experiences in my life: I will begin with an experience that happened to my father's father, James Bevan, who was a member of the Mormon Battalion, joining when he was 19 years old. He served as a member of the company who cared for the sick and wounded and came to Utah with this party. While making the trip, he became very ill and the company believed him to be dying. He urged them to go on without him, which they did. Soon after the last wagon had left, a man on horse back came and administered to him and gave him something to drink. He then disappeared and James got to his feet and hurried to catch up with the company. They were amazed to see him well and all believed that he had been blessed by one of the three Nephites.

When my father, Joseph Bevan, was a young man he was working at a mine during a real cold winter and there were many drifts. One day he lay on the side of the mountain to rest and to take cover from the storm. Suddenly he felt himself lifted up and moved some distance to one side and immediately after that a snow slide covered the place where he had been. He always felt that it was a miracle to save his life.

My father was a very spiritual man with great faith and he was looked upon wherever he was as a man who had the faith and power to heal. Many were healed by the Priesthood through him.

When my sister, Sadie, was about 14 years old she went to Raymond to stay with my sister, Alice Anderson, when one of her babies was born. They had to drink water from a well and somehow it became contaminated and Sadie got sick. Alice's husband, Will Anderson, brought her home and she got worse and we realized that she had typhoid fever. She became much worse and was out of her head much of the time. My father spent all his time with her and administered to her. He didn't dare leave us to drive 30 miles by wagon and team to get a doctor and couldn't move her. So we just relied on our faith and prayers. One Saturday night she was much worse and he kept by her bed with his hand on her head all night. That was the only way he could keep her from screaming with pain. The next morning was Sunday and a man came riding in on horse back. He said, "Brother Bevan, what do you need?" He was the bishop of the nearest ward about 20 miles away and he did not know Sadie was sick. Dad told him and he called us to family prayer and then the two of them administered to her and she started at once to get well. This was surely a miracle.



When I was a teenager of about 16, a friend of mine, a girl several years older than I, were asked by two young men whom I had met a few times, to go out to Salt Air for an evening to bathe in the lake and attend the dance. I had never really had any dates up to that time, but my mother said I could go if we came right back as soon as the dance was over. The boys said they would take us to dinner at the big cafe there that was the shape of a ship. We were really thrilled and started out happily. The boys had rented a big car and the man who owned it had a colored chauffeur to drive it. So we were really in style. On the way to Salt Air there was a road that took off for Salt Lake and when we got to it, the boys told the colored man to go to Salt Lake where they intended to take us to a hotel. In those days if a girl stayed out all night her reputation would be ruined no matter how she behaved. I started to pray when I couldn't talk them out of it and so they said okay, we will go to Salt Air. We had a really good time and started home as soon as the dance was over but when we got to the cross road they told the colored man, "Now drive in to Salt Lake. We will make a night of it." No one will ever know how hard I prayed to get home safely and just then the colored man turned the car toward Tooele. The boys swore at him and said they wouldn't pay him but he said, "I'm taking this girl home to her mother." The next day the boys came and apologized to me and my mother. This experience taught me that the Lord will answer our prayers whenever or wherever we are. I hope my granddaughters will remember whenever they are in trouble or danger they too can pray and their prayers will be answered. This was the most faith promoting experience of my life.

We lived in Midvale when Bevan was born and when Ted was five years old and Dorothy was three, Dad was away for awhile and I was alone with the children one evening. When I put them to bed I got a real violent headache. It was the worst I had ever had and I went to bed hoping that it would leave so I could take care of my little ones. As I lay on my bed which was in the living room, I suddenly began to feel wonderful with no pain at all. I went from entire pain one minute to complete relief the next. I went to sleep and had a good night's rest. In the morning, my little Ted said, "Mama, how is your headache?" I told him it went away suddenly last night. He said, "Oh, I knew it would. I asked our Heavenly Father to make it go away." So that is an example of the complete faith of a child.

When Dad started running the San Juan and Colorado Rivers, Dorothy and Duane moved to Blanding from Delta where DonEla was born and Duane became one of the boatmen. One



time Dorothy and I went down to Lee's Ferry to see them take off and Howard Hurst took us down as I had to take a message to Dad. Willard and Duane were two of the four boatmen. Dad was always the leader. After the group had gotten out of sight we went back to the Cliff Dweller's Lodge to eat lunch before starting home. We had DonEla with us. She was about one year old. Dorothy had a hamburger and Howard and I had something else. When we had been on our way for a few miles Dorothy got very sick and we had to stop at every rest room for her to empty her stomach. Finally we realized we had better find a motel and get some help for her. By this time we were near Richfield. So Howard drove into a motel and got a room for us and one for him. He asked the motel manager where he could find a member of the L.D.S. Church and the man said, "I am a member of the Stake Presidency." When Howard told him our plight he said, "I'll bring a member of the stake presidency and the stake president with me." Dorothy had been sick at least every 10 minutes and the baby was fretful. They came into the motel room and anointed her and blessed her and before they were finished DonEla had fallen asleep and Dorothy didn't get sick one more time. We all had a good night's rest and came on home the next day with no more trouble. This was another healing in our family.

We have all been blessed many times but these are the most outstanding ones that I can recall at this time. I have received a blessing for my eyes and I know that they are better each day. I pray that all of our children and grandchildren will have faith in their Heavenly Father. He is always near. May God bless all of you, Your loving Mom and Grandma, Dora Bevan Wright (September 14, 1974).

At this point I would like to tell you some of my experiences in the church: I believe I was about 16 years old when I first joined the choir and until 1971 I was always in a choir and for the last 20 years of that time I was President of the Second Ward Choir in Blanding, Utah.

In the school year of 1920-21 when I taught the first four grades in a school at Lake Point near Tooele, Utah, I taught Religion Class to my own pupils after school once a week. The school year of 1922-23 I taught at Murray, Utah at the Liberty School and I taught the Jr. girls in M.I.A. and had the opportunity of taking them to the Salt Lake Temple for baptisms for the dead. This was a big thrill. In 1929 I started my Relief Society work.

I have been a visiting teacher for 49 years and recently received an award in a stake meeting. When we moved to Blanding I started my real activities in Relief Society. When we moved to



Lehi I was a Visiting Teacher and had a part in a Relief Society play where all were women. My part was of an emigrant with a foreign accent. We made such a hit that soon after when we went to California for our trip, they kidded me and said, "You must be going to Hollywood." Also while in Lehi Dad and I played our violins for several events. One was when we played all the music along with a piano for an operetta which was put on by the church. When we moved to Midvale I sang with the Singing Mothers and was a Relief Society Visiting Teacher. From Midvale we moved to Blanding and this is when my real activity in the church began. I started Relief Society visiting teaching again and became a charter member of the D.U.P. I was corresponding secretary to Sister Bedrock Nielson. Since that time I have held every position in the D.U.P. except County Captain and am still an active member.

I was called to be a primary teacher soon after coming to Blanding and I taught these young girls and I loved them very much. Lurlene Palmer and Donna Jones were two members of that group.

I served with my husband as a member of the Genealogical Society and we went to the ward members to help them fill out their family group sheets. We were also called together to teach the young teen aged boys and girls of this same ward (in Sunday School). We both sang in the Second Ward Choir where I was president for 20 years working with Reva Redd. My husband was choir leader in the Blanding Ward before the ward division. He was later called to the Stake Sunday School Board and served there for about two years.

I was also called to be the Relief Society Class Leader for the Visiting Teaching which I loved very much.

We were both called to be Stake Missionaries and served in the Lamanite Mission and worked in the Indian Branch as leaders in the M.I.A. and as a Sunday School teacher and as a counselor to Grace Shumway in Relief Society where we had many wonderful experiences. At that time we also worked with Marvin and Mary Ann Jones, Brother A. Shumway and Beth and Ervin Guymon, Bro. and Sr. Justin Black, Bro. Glen Shumway and Kay Johnson. At that time I really learned to love the Lamanite people and still have many dear friends among them. The last part of this mission was spent with the white people in the area. Part of this time I was a companion to my husband and the latter part with Marion Jones.



While on our mission with the white people we feel that we gave them a desire to look into the gospel and I know of at least one who was converted and this gave me great joy and satisfaction. I learned to love the Lamanite people and to appreciate their many problems. The adversary has placed the temptation of drink in their path and it is the cause of most of their problems. I pray for them and am generally concerned for the friends I made in those mission years.

In April 1972 my husband and I were called again to serve in the Lamanite Mission. This time as Sunday missionaries to go to the Southwest Indian Mission, now called the New Mexico, Arizona Mission. For 26 months we traveled from Blanding to Kayenta, Arizona and 25 miles beyond, first to Shonto where we worked for three months with Bro. Parley and Sr. Agnes Hurst, whom we learned to love more but who were already our friends. We met many lovely people while there and we met in a lovely little chapel trailer well equipped with class rooms and a piano and place for storage but had no water available. We carried our sacrament bread and water each Sunday. I taught the children in Sunday School and I started or helped start a Primary with them. Three months later in July we were transferred to Chilchenbito, a small branch in the Kayenta District. We went the first day with Bro. and Sr. William Shepherd as they were being released.

My husband was called to be clerk of this branch to work with President Keith who is a wonderful Lamanite man who is so faithful in his calling and who had been a medicine man and had smoked and drank and all of these things which he gave up completely to become a dedicated, faithful member and he took his entire family to the temple. Sr. Keith is the loveliest Lamanite we have ever met and her whole concern is that her children will serve the Lord. Her daughter has been on a full time mission to her people. Her name is Rose Mary. She is presently attending the B.Y.U. and her great desire is to be married in the temple. She is a great influence for good in her family.

When we first went to Chilchenbito, we met in the Chapel House but as the winter came on the heat was not sufficient and we held most of our meetings at the home of President Keith in a small kitchen with a double bed, a couch, two cupboards, a table, a stove and sometimes 30 people assembled. Always the pet cat and sometimes the dog. But we had some very spiritual meetings and felt the spirit of the Lord always with us. This little branch I feel has been neglected and I pray that better conditions will be given to them where they may have a place to worship.



We made many friends there and love all of those people. We were released from our mission in June 1974.

My husband is retired now (August 1974) except for the weather bureau station which we have had at our home for 35 years. I am relieved from that now because of my very poor eye sight. We are improving our home and enjoying our children and grandchildren. Our son, Bevan, Elaine and six children live in Blanding. Our son, Otis and Margo and three children in Salt Lake. Our daughter, Dorothy, Duane with seven children in Santee, California and Ted, Glenna with five children live in San Diego and also Lynn, Yvonne and three children. Both of these sons are firemen in San Diego. Our son, Willard and wife, Sandi are in Germany. Willard is a civilian worker for the U.S. Government. He and Sandi have four children and our granddaughter, Diane, Dorothy's daughter, has a baby son, our first great grandchild. This is August 14, 1974.....

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From this point on I (Dorothy) am going to add to this story of Mother's. I have some letters, some journal entries and letters from Dad telling me of Mother's condition when she went into the Nursing Home in Blanding. I am also asking my brothers to write something of a tribute to add to this history. (Dorothy Wright Bishop - written on July 18, 1994 in Salt Lake City, Utah)

In September of 1981 I wrote to each of my brothers and Mom and Dad asking them to please contribute every other month to a family letter that we might stay close as a family. That we might also give heed to President Kimball's counsel and keep personal and family histories. Mother always faithfully sent her letters and I am going to include them here. She wrote newsy and interesting letters that we always enjoyed. Her first contribution to this family letter was written on November 15, 1981:

"Dear Family: We appreciate the effort that Dorothy is doing to get a family letter started and so will try to get our little bit of news to her on time. Most of you know what we are up to most of the time. It doesn't change much. I am here each day trying to get my house work done and Dad is busy helping Otis to get his house ready for winter and helping both Otis and Lynn get in wood to keep them warm. All of you know of Dad's and Otis' accident and all of us are very thankful that they are healing well and almost back to normal. You know too that I had a short



time in the hospital and we are also thankful that nothing serious was found. I am getting a little canning done and quite a lot of crocheting which I can see to do and enjoy. We plan to spend a week in Salt Lake in about two weeks. Dad will try to find suitable hearing aids (he did) and I want to check with the blind center to find out if they have more modern reading aides that I might get. We are now starting our very best season of the year. The weather is beautiful and very pleasant. Last night I attended the women's world conference which came in from the tabernacle so clear and beautiful. I really enjoyed each talk and the lovely music of singing and the harp and organ. It is wonderful to think that the one song we sang was being sung by all the L.D.S. women in the world at the same time, and I hope all of my daughters were in attendance. The main theme was the importance of child learning in the home and the blessing of having families. We will be looking forward every other month to the family letter. Let me say that Dad and I are so very thankful for all of you our children - all twelve of you and our 28 grand children and now we have, I believe, 17 great grand children. The Lord has been very good to us. May God bless all of you and may you find joy and happiness in your lives through your good works. Our love and blessing, Mom and Dad."

January 15, 1982: "Dear Family: It is time for us to get our letters written and sent to Dorothy. I think she is doing something really worthwhile for all of us and I hope we will all keep up our end by getting our letter to her on time. As the New Year approaches, Dad and I are so thankful for all of our blessings. He and Otis are almost back to normal activity after their serious accident and we are so very blessed....My eyes don't seem to get any worse and I am able to see to do my work and get from place to place. I wish I could see to read and to distinguish faces but by getting close to people I can do that and I am very thankful. I have been suffering from some depression but lately I feel a lot better and am sure it will all go away very soon....We have had a lovely Christmas. All our children and grandchildren show their love in so many ways. This is the greatest gift we could ever wish for. We thank all of you for your gifts and your love. We love all of you so much and are so proud of each child of ours and each of their children and especially for the missionaries in our family. Ted has sent four. Dorothy's two sons have filled missions and Bevan has sent four and Willard one as you all know. Sterling is serving now with Tim and Russell. Marcel will be old enough in a year and is already making plans. All the others are planning for when their time comes. Dad and I enjoyed very much our two missions with the



Lamanites....Dad and I spent Thanksgiving in Santee and San Diego. It was a very nice visit and enjoyed very much. We are looking forward to going again and in getting more temple work done when Dad has full use of his arm....Our family here had a lovely family Christmas party at Otis and Margo's new home on the 23rd of December. About 40 people were there. We had a very nice Christmas picnic and each family had a part on the program. We had our Christmas dinner at Bevan's place. It is good to see all of his family. All were there except Mike and he is busy with marriage plans in the spring....We want all of you to know how proud we are of each of you and your lovely families and especially your love and devotion to the gospel. God bless and prosper all of you in the New Year. Love, Mom and Dad."

March 15, 1982: "Dear Family: It's time we got our letters in to Dorothy. I really appreciate the work she is doing for all of us and hope we will cooperate in every way that we can. It will be of great value in later years. Dad and I are in good health and very thankful for all of our wonderful blessings. Especially for all of you and your fine lives and your devotion to the gospel. We have almost 100% of missionaries from our family serving at the present time. All who are old enough have served, three out now and Marcel is preparing. We are very proud of all of you. In February, as you all know, Dad and I went to Santee and San Diego where Dad worked with and for Ted for a month on his invention and I had a rare opportunity to visit with Dorothy. We enjoyed going to church with them and meeting their ward members many of whom I knew in Dorothy's ward. We went each Sunday at 1:00 p.m. and it became such a habit that the first Sunday back home we entirely missed our ward meetings. Bevan and Elaine came down after the church services at 12:30 and found us ready and waiting until time to leave for 1:00 p.m. Needless to say, we felt pretty foolish. Our meeting started at 9:00 a.m., but I went to Otis's ward which starts at 1:00 p.m. and enjoyed it very much, especially since it was Margo's turn to give the Relief Society lesson. While in California, Dad took Dorothy and I to Disneyland. I had a wonderful time and wasn't tired at all since Dad pushed me around in a wheelchair all day. Dorothy changed him off when he would let her. The next day Ted and Glenna took the three of us out for a wonderful dinner and then a bus tour of the Zoo. I was able to see most of it. We went to a nice church dinner one night with Duane and Dorothy too. Ted took us for a ride around the ocean front and over the Coronado Bridge. It was so green and beautiful down there. We missed the snow here and a lot of the coldest weather. Dorothy brought Lanette home for



part of one day and for dinner. She is doing very well and is a beautiful little girl. I enjoyed her very much. She is happy in her own little world. Jon and Devon have had birthdays this month and so will Dad and Brandon and Beverly. Terilynne has had one. It is more than we can do to keep up with them. So if you don't hear from us, remember we love all of you and are proud of you. Dani made a big hit with her part in the high school play as the title role in The Miracle Worker. She did so well and we are proud of her. Devon was baptized last Saturday by his dad and is now a new member of the church. We are proud of him. It was nice to visit again with Cliff's Mom. She was here for Devon's baptism. A very lovely lady, and very talented. We hope Beverly has found a place to live in Salt Lake by now. We hear she has a good job there and we hear Stacy and Mike are coming back to Utah. Good luck to them. Right now Dad is building storage cabinets in our house which makes me very happy. May the Lord bless all of you, our wonderful family. Much love, Mom and Dad."

May 15, 1982: "Dear Family: It is time to get our letter in to Dorothy. Dad and I really appreciate her efforts in getting the news letter out to all of us....We re busy today getting ready to leave tomorrow for San Diego. Ted has a little home ready for us to move into. It will be nice to have a change of scenery for a month or so and so nice that we can visit with Ted and Dorothy and their families for awhile. We should be there when Russell comes home. That will be something we will really love. We are so proud of all our missionary grandchildren and our sons and daughters and all of our family. A lot has happened since the last news letter. Dad and I have both had birthdays and Mother's Day is just past. We want all of you to know how much we love and appreciate all of you for your love and kindness to us. No parents could be more loved and appreciated than we are by all of you. I know that our Gerald had to go back so he could work for all of us and he comforts me many times. He is going to be proud of all of you.....Yesterday was Mother's Day and Bevan's birthday. We had a lovely dinner at Bevan's and he and I had a good time opening gifts and sharing our love and appreciation to all of you. Willard called last night which made the day perfect. I received so many beautiful cards from all of you and gifts, flowers and love. I made quite a hit with my lei which came directly from Hawaii, thanks to Janelle who was there and to Ted and Glena for asking her to send it. Elaine and I received honor at church for having four missionaries. A big event for Dad was when Lynn carried out his part so well in getting us to the Elk Ridge cafe for a big surprise party given by all the stock holders of



the Halls Crossing Marina. Dad was really surprised and he very much appreciated everyone concerned. He was really honored by all of them. He was given a beautiful plaque honoring his work and direction to Halls Crossing and the many tours he conducted. We had a visit from one of his boatman who served in the days of river running, Pat and Susie Reilly who now live in Arizona. It was good to see them. Aunt Carlie is going to a lot of work with Aunt Lucille's help to get another Wright reunion July 3rd in Blanding. We hope all of our family will make an effort to be here. Willard is planning to come next summer when Sterling is back and I hope we can have our own family reunion then. Aunt Carlie, Aunt Lucille and Aunt Nellie are all doing well now and we are all very thankful for that blessing. We hope that all of you are well at the present time. God bless all of you, much love, Dad and Mom Wright."

July 22, 1982: "Dear Family: It should be about time for our next news letter. We were in California when the other one came out I believe....Many things have happened since that time. We were down there when Russell came home from the mission field in Tonga and were able to attend the fireside where he gave a wonderful description of where he was and what he was able to accomplish and then told of his experience at the time of the cyclone which wiped out most everything except the L.D.S. chapels and the missionaries' scriptures. We were also there while the ERA promoters were doing a great many demonstrations and doing much damage to chapels. Three days after we arrived there came news of our dear friend of 50 years, Marion Jones. So Dad was kind and caring enough to drive all the way back with Dorothy helping drive. We came one day, stayed the next day for the funeral and returned to California the following day. I will be forever grateful to him for letting me be here. It is easier now to know she is gone. Soon after coming home, we made the trip to Meadow with the other brother and sisters to attend the farewell meeting of our sister and brother, Ila and Wilbur Rowley, who have gone to Scotland to fulfill a mission. The meeting was so nice. All the children and grandchildren took part. The grandchildren sang a song, "Grandma and Grandpa are Going On a Mission" and other members made up a quartet which was lovely. After church we all met at Kathleen's (the oldest child) home for a lovely lunch on the lawn. Then the Blanding group left for home except for me. I caught a ride with Ila's son, David, the next day and he left me at Aunt Carlie's where June (my niece) picked me up and took me to her new home in Sandy. Then on Wednesday she took me out to Tooele and left me with Fern Gillette (another niece) and I was able to attend the garden



wedding of my sister, Alice Anderson' oldest son, Bevan and his wife Ellen Anderson. Then June took me back to Salt Lake after the party to her home. I came back to Blanding on Friday evening and Dad met me in Monticello. Many improvements have been made on our home. It is looking so nice. Otis is painting and has put new shingles on the roof. Dad has improved the car port a great deal. I am so grateful to both of them. Kirk is doing a lot also to improve the yard with his weeding and cleaning up. We are very proud of Bevan for graduating from Jr. College and Marcel for his high school graduation and also he and Dani for the awards they won in school. Also we are proud of Willard being called into the Stake Presidency in Virginia. We are so very proud of all our children and grandchildren. We are proud too that Lynn is attending school. Also Linda for her high school graduation. Also Mark and Margaret on their new little son Miles Bevan and Tom for his graduation. Otis has started to put the second coat of paint on the house. Tell Ted I love my bed. We are proud too that Lynn is attending school. Congratulations to all. I am especially grateful to Dad for all he does for all of us. We hear that my nieces and nephews may visit us next month. That would make me very happy. God bless all of you. We send our love always, Mom and Dad."

September 22, 1982: "Dear Family: I hope I can get this to Dorothy on time. I intended to mail it today but Dad and I went out to get a pick up load of coal or I should say, one and a half ton as that is all he can load at a time. We started out in a rain storm and went the lower route and it rained all the way some times so hard we could hardly see and it kept up the entire trip going and coming. There is snow on the Blue Mountain. It is one month earlier than we have ever seen it. It was rather nice riding in the rain and very interesting at the mine. A man just scooped up one scoop of coal and dropped it in the pickup and we were on our way back....It was so nice to see Duane and Dorothy even tho they could only stay one night. They visited with Dad and I then went to Diane's and Cliff's for a few hours and came back here to sleep. They left next morning early. We are glad they had a nice Bishop Family Reunion and got to see Don Ela, John and girls' new home in Colorado. We are looking forward to Willard's visit the last few days of this month, as he is flying to Salt Lake for conference. We are proud of his new calling in the stake presidency. Ted and Glena are coming too and maybe Dorothy. If Stacy gets her baby on time, she will....Marcel came down to see us before going to Provo to school. Lynn says he is doing great. We are glad that Elaine's Mom has come to live in Blanding. We want to get her



going to the Senior Citizen's program. There will be a lot going on there....Dad's Aunt Pauline Smith died last week. We will all miss her very much. She and I talked often on the phone and I visited her quite often. But we are thankful she didn't suffer....A week ago we had a surprise visit from John Harper and his wife from Grand Junction. He was one of the boatmen for Dad and is well known by most of the family. A couple of weeks ago Joan Nevills Stavely came and brought a man to interview Dad about the Nevill's River trips. Joan says hello to all of you. She is running the John Wesley Powell Museum in Page, Arizona. She is the same as ever. So nice and friendly. So is Sandy, but we seldom see her. She lives in Flagstaff. Ros Johnson will be coming through here this month on her way to Colorado. It will be good to see her and Rita Plahetka is coming next week from Indiana. We always love to have her. She loves all of you....Tad Nichols says he may come some time too....My niece, Wanda Cannon and her husband, Walt, were here for a week end from Sacramento. Also her brother, Bob Christensen and his wife and daughter and a granddaughter of Wanda's. I was so thrilled to see them. They were here almost three days....We hear from Aunt Ila and Uncle Wilbur Rowley in Scotland. They are having some success in activating members there but it is slow. Ila says there are hundreds of Coxes over there. That is a family name on Dad's line. She may gather some important information as she loves to do genealogy. Well, I will close this time. We are proud of all of you. We are proud of Tim and Sterling as missionaries. God bless you all. Love, Mom and Dad Wright."

November 22, 1982: "Dear Family: Here we are in Santee so I don't have to mail my letter. Dad brought me down to find some help as I have been depressed for quite awhile and not as happy as I should be in spite of the fact that I have so many things to be thankful for. I am on a special diet and my doctor tells me this will soon pass and I will feel okay. I am feeling better already. I can't express how much our reunion meant to us. It was wonderful to have all of our family together. We really missed Willard's family but he promised to try to come next year sometime with Sandi and the family. We also missed Duane. We are enjoying being in his and Dorothy's home now and so grateful for all their love and support. Ted works with Dad everyday in Ted's shop on the invention. We are so proud of all of our family for their many talents and especially for their devotion to the gospel. We are proud of our two grandson missionaries who are now serving. We are also looking forward to when Marcel begins his mission in Japan. We had a lovely family dinner today at Ted's and Glena's home. The menu was planned especially so I



could eat it. I also appreciate all that Dorothy is doing to help me with my diet. She is teaching me how to prepare it so when I get home I'll know how to proceed. We love all of you so much and our prayers are always with all of you. God bless all of you. Mom and Dad."

January 6, 1983: "Dearest Family, I guess it is about time to be getting our letters on to Dorothy....Dad and I don't have much excitement in our lives and I haven't felt well for so long but we feel we are getting some help now which should help me....Our Christmas was as nice as our kids could make it. I didn't have the Christmas spirit but I got a lot of nice gifts and so did Dad. We ate a nice meal at Bevan's....He and Elaine have really been so good to look after us as have all of you and we appreciate it very much. We are so proud of you and love you so much....Please remember me in your prayers. I do want to get well and enjoy my lovely family....We are all very proud of Marcel and wish him the best in his mission....We congratulate Russell in his coming marriage and hope all will be successful in this important part of their lives....We got a letter from Dorothy and a phone call. They are doing okay it seems. She has been worried about me but with all your prayers and the help I am getting, I feel the Lord will bless me and I'll be well again soon....Dad has developed quite a bad head cold but seems to be better today....We have seen Otis and Lynn today and Bevan will be down. We are so grateful for all the love from all of you and your fine lives. I am so very proud of all of you....God bless all of you. I'll try to write more next time. Love, Mom and Dad."

June 1983: "Dear Family: I believe our family letter is due and so I'll do the best I can to write a few lines. The BIG news at our house is that I am well again after a long time. Dad is doing great now that he doesn't have to worry about me and this is the greatest blessing that could come to us. I am feeling fine and able to participate in all the things I have missed for such a long time. I enjoy going to church again and other public places. We are becoming active in the Senior Citizens program again and we go quite regularly to the meals. We got our temple recommends renewed last fall and this month is the first time I have been able to attend. We had a temple excursion recently from all of our old San Juan Stake and I went and did three sessions in one day. We had a wonderful time. Dad has planted some grapes and has many tomato plants coming along real well. We are invited to Bevan's for Sunday dinner most of the time and really appreciate it. It is so nice to have them so near. We see Lynn often and Otis and family. Yvonne is busy working all week during school time. We hope we can see her oftener now that school is



out....We have had one letter from Marcel. He is really enjoying his mission. A week ago June Girard and Tina June, her daughter, and two children came and spent four days with us and we had a really nice time. I go each Tuesday p.m. on a ride with the Senior Citizens and enjoy visiting in our bus. Dad goes twice a week to Monticello to bowl with the Seniors....We hope to go to San Diego for Janelle's wedding next month....We are very proud of each and every one of you. We are so blessed to have such a wonderful family. All are working in the church and we have had 13 missionaries in the family counting Dad and I. Marcel is out now and loves his mission and Darlene is expecting a call soon. God bless all of you. Love, Mom and Dad."

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As you can see by Mother's letters, she has always been extremely proud of her family and expresses her love always. I am going to enclose the last two letters I received from her that I was able to read - they will be in her own hand writing. She was faithful to write even when she could not see what she was writing or where she was writing. I could make out enough words now and then to read between the lines and when Mother quit writing it was a great loss in my life.

Mother loved to travel and she and Dad were able to do quite a bit of that during their lives together. They visited Germany when Willard and Sandi were stationed there. They drove to Michigan City to see a special friend, Rita Plahetka and her brother, George. They made another trip to see Willard's family in Virginia and drove on to New York. They made many trips to San Diego to see our family and Ted's when we lived there. It was always good to have them.

Mother taught us principles of the gospel and her testimony of the Word of Wisdom was especially strong. She worried about her children and wanted us always to be polite and respectful to our elders and to each other.

Mother had a beautiful soprano voice and loved music. She enjoyed her many, many years singing in the choir and in the Singing Mothers Chorus. She was choir president for 20 years while Reva Redd was the choir director. They were special friends and included at the end of this story is a letter that Reva and Vint Redd sent to us when Mother passed away indicating how special Mother was to Reva especially.

Mother had many choice friends that I shouldn't try to mention but a few were really special: Marion Jones, Macy Hawkins and Reva Redd were the ones I knew of most.



Mom's nieces and nephews were also close to her. She wrote letters to June Girard, her brother Joe's daughter, and to Rose and Wanda, Aunt Sadie's daughters.

Mother's health began to deteriorate gradually. She had a lot of trouble with her feet and toes and her right leg was stiff. In about May of 1991 Dad would have to leave Mother at the Nursing Home in Blanding on Mondays when he went to Moab with the Senior Citizens to bowl because Bevan and Elaine worked and there was no one to leave her with. She couldn't be left alone at this time. I've looked in my journals and realize I didn't record the exact date Mom went into the Nursing Home on a permanent basis but it was in June or July of 1991. I called Dad on August 1, 1991 and made an entry in my journal. The previous entry Dad mentioned he left Mother at the home on Mondays while he went bowling. This is the August 12, 1991 entry: "Talked to Dad yesterday. He sounded good. Said Mom was disoriented at the Nursing Home and he had brought her home a few times and played some Lawrence Welk music for her and then they visited. She is using a walker that has front wheels on it at the Home and gets around pretty good that way. Dad said that her roommate had a crazy spell the other day and it scared Mom to death. He said she was in pretty bad shape when he went up to see her."

Another entry August 21, 1991: "Dad said he brings Mom home nearly every day for a couple of hours and they visit but it is also hard because Mom doesn't want to go back - but they are both doing fine. Dad goes to church with Mom every Sunday at the nursing home. She also attends Relief Society each week."

A tribute to my mother from another journal entry on November 10, 1991: "Today in Relief Society we were talking about our heritage and mentioning the fact that it was not usually our parents that we listened to as teenagers but a grandmother or grandfather, etc. and I didn't share but reflected about how my mother was my greatest influence in my life. We were close. She loved me. I loved her. She taught me all the great lessons in life that I needed to make a very strong impression on me. She was a very avid believer and keeper of the Word of Wisdom. She had faith and was (and is) pure in heart. She taught me about the truthfulness of the gospel and it is because of her that today I am an active member of the Church and have a strong testimony. She still tells me I am the most beautiful, lovely, most intelligent and wise woman in the whole world. She can say that because I am her only daughter and she has a right to believe that. I feel that way about my daughters too. I also tell her and believe that she is the most wonderful



woman in the world who has endured much and is still enduring at age 92. I will mourn when I lose her but know that she can't live forever. Bevan is supposed to take Mom up to where he works today and call me but they haven't called yet. Duane and I have an appointment in an hour and a half so if they don't call soon I will call them because I really want to talk to my Mom."

In February of 1992 I felt a great need to go see my mother and a need for her to see some of her granddaughters and great granddaughters so I called and arranged with Stacy and Diane to take a trip to Blanding to see her. Here is the entry from my journal about that special trip: "I drove up to Stacy's and early the next morning we left at 4:30 a.m. We had Ciara in front with me, Summer in her car seat in the back with Stacy and away we went. We arrived at Diane's about 11:00 a.m. Diane was all ready except brushing the girls' hair. Cliff, Cameron and Devon were home but all the rest were gone. We repacked the car and left after we ate a sandwich. Diane drove all the way to Blanding and we arrived about 8:30 p.m. We had stopped in Kayenta and Stacy bought us each some dinner.

"Dad had made four huge loaves of bread, two apple pies and a big, big pot of stew. And we weren't hungry at all of course. Stacy couldn't resist the stew so had some. We were sitting there visiting with Dad and he said he had a room with two beds and a crib. Stacy asked him if maybe Ciara could just sleep on the couch and he said, 'Sure, she is welcome to stay here. I don't think there is a couch up there.' When I asked him what he meant he said he didn't think there was a couch in the motel room. He had rented a room for five nights for the girls. What a guy! Actually, I think he was thinking of himself as much as for everyone else. It gets kind of noisy with that many extra people. Anyway, it was very much appreciated. We went to bed that night and really rested. I slept in Mom's water bed.

"Next day was Sunday. Bevan came down and told us the plans for the day. Dad wanted to bring Mom home after church at the nursing home. Her meeting started at 10:30. Dad's started at 11:00. He wanted us to get Mom ready after church and bring her home so Bevan said the girls could go to Dad's ward after they got through at the nursing home and attend their meetings and I was to stay and help get Mom ready and bring her home. Well, when I told Stacy and Diane what was happening they were very unhappy. The reason we came and hurried to get there especially when we did was so I could go to church with them and attend Sunday School and Relief Society with them. So I talked with Dad and Bevan and we decided that we would go



up after church was all over and get Mother. As it turned out, Dad and I went up when I got home about 2:15 and she didn't even want to come home. Dad said that was the first time she hadn't wanted to come. But she was very emphatic about it.

"When we first arrived at the nursing home Mom was in her wheel chair and ready for church. When she realized who I was she said with much feeling, 'Oh, Dorothy.' I sat next to her and Bevan sat on the other side with the girls on the side lines. Bevan and Elaine were in charge of putting on the program so that turned out great.

"Don and Gwen Smith are the ones responsible for those meetings and Cleal Bradford was presiding. Bevan had brought two Aaronic Priesthood boys down from their ward to pass the sacrament. He and Cleal blessed it. Elaine and Denise sang a duet, 'Because I Have Been Given Much.' Then Denise's children (five of them), Ciara, Ashley and Allison sang 'I Am a Child of God' and then Bevan gave a talk. Elaine sang 'How Great Thou Art' for the closing number. It was just before the closing prayer that Cleal stood and asked me if I would like to bear my testimony. I felt it was a great opportunity and I can always do that. My testimony is strong and it was a frightening experience because it was so sudden but I was able to express my feelings about the gospel and my parents and family.

"During the meeting Mother would suddenly whisper to me, 'Is it Dorothy?' She had a hard time comprehending that and I would whisper right into her ear and she said she couldn't hear me. She looked pretty blank and I cried during most of the meeting because it was hard to see Mom like that and living in a nursing home away from her home that she had for so many years. She has been sick with an infection and is still on medication. Before we left Blanding I had it pretty much figured out that the medication she was being given in the morning was making her feel pretty much confused. By the evening time she seemed so much better and comprehended things more. It didn't seem hard for her to hear at all. I visited with her at least twice a day while we were there and Stacy and Diane came along with the girls too. I took Stacy and Ciara alone a couple of times and then Diane and I went alone once. One time as we were getting Mom into bed Stacy just burst out crying. It was hard for her to see her grandmother in that condition.

"Mother doesn't want to eat. It is a struggle to get her to. She doesn't want her supplement either. We had to really coax to get her to drink even a small bit of it....."



In May of 1992 Duane and I sold our home in Santee and moved to Utah. We traveled quite a bit visiting our children until we moved into our home in August. During this time we spent three days in Blanding visiting with Dad and Mother. Here is another entry from my journal about that visit: "We left on Tuesday morning and spent Wednesday, Thursday and Friday with Dad and Mom. While in Blanding I did all the cooking and cleaning and gave Dad a break. I went to visit Mom twice a day and she was so cute. I didn't have to tell her who I was until the night before we left. That night I kissed her and she would ask who I was. I would kiss her again and again and make her guess. I finally said, 'Don't you know who this is?' She said, 'No, but I sure like the kisses.' She would hold my hand each time I went in and say over and over, 'It's my one and only Dorothy - my daughter.' She looks good and says she feels fine physically except that she is old and worn out. She turned 93 in April of this year (1992) and I feel so blessed to still have her and Dad who is 89 as of this past March."

And then on March 8, 1993 I would like to quote another entry from my journal: "Last night quite late I received a phone call from Otis. He said he had been up to see Mother and she didn't know who he was and was not herself. He went to see Dad and told him. Dad and Bevan went up to check on her. Dad had gone up and taken her to church and she seemed better than usual. She didn't even complain about going to the dining room, which she usually does after church.

"This morning about 7:30 I received a call from Bevan and he said Mom seemed worse this morning. It is of the opinion that she has had a small stroke. She didn't even respond to Bevan this morning when he went up. They have called the doctor and he will be seeing her within the hour. I am going to call and check with Bevan again about 10:00 a.m. for he says they should know something more by then. I DON'T WANT TO LOSE MY MOM! I HAVE HAD HER ALL MY LIFE. SHE HAS BEEN A STRENGTH AND BLESSING TO ME. SUCH A MORE PERFECT WOMAN I HAVE NEVER KNOWN. SHE WILL BE 94 IN A MONTH AND I WAS SO LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING HER WHEN WE GO THROUGH BLANDING ON MARCH 22ND.

".....I am going to be prepared in case I should have to run to Blanding to see Mom. If I did I am sure Duane could get by with the truck while I had to be away:



Entry on March 27, 1993 (Saturday): "There is so much to record in my journal....mostly about my wonderful mother who has passed away to a much better life. I know she is happy and enjoying her family and friends so very much.

"On Monday, March 8, 1993 I left home, driving alone to Blanding, Utah to see Mom after she had a stroke. I arrived at 6:30 p.m. and went with my father to see her. I was shocked by her appearance. As I approached her I took her hand and called 'Mom, it's Dorothy.' She tried very hard to say my name and everyone in the room heard her. It was the last word we could understand. She had had a stroke and was paralyzed on her right side. She couldn't talk nor swallow. She was strong even then, however, because I would hold her hand and she would squeeze me. I would ask her a question that required a yes or no answer and she would nod or shake her head. She didn't seem to be in any pain as I would ask her if she hurt and she would shake her head. When I asked if she was comfortable she would nod that she was. The nurses took very good care of her.

"Bevan, Dad, Otis, Elaine, Lynn, Yvonne and I were with mother all of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. We took turns but mostly all of us were there. Otis stayed until past midnight on Tuesday and then Lynn and Yvonne were up there about 5:00 a.m. on Wednesday. Wednesday night Mother seemed so much better as she seemed to rest easier that we all left at 10:00 p.m. At 1:00 a.m. on March 11, 1993 she passed from this life to a much better one. Hazel Adair, one of the nurses, said she walked into Mom's room, stood by her bed, heard her give two easy breaths and then just quit breathing. She called us and we were all up there by 1:20 a.m. Lynn and Yvonne had had to return to Logan the day before. Ted and Glena had not come up from San Diego yet.

"It was very difficult to see Mom lying there without breathing. I kissed her and she was still warm. What a great life and a great example she was to her children. She was a loving, faithful, valiant mother who had a strong testimony of the Gospel.

"On Monday we had a family meeting and decided that Mom wouldn't want to live in the condition she was in and that we wouldn't put her on life support. We would swab her mouth with a sponge so she could have moisture. The nurses tried to feed her and she couldn't swallow the food. Then they would have to suction her out and she didn't like that at all. I don't blame her. It really upset Otis to see them do this. I couldn't handle watching and would have to leave



In May of 1992 Duane and I sold our home in Santee and moved to Utah. We traveled quite a bit visiting our children until we moved into our home in August. During this time we spent three days in Blanding visiting with Dad and Mother. Here is another entry from my journal about that visit: "We left on Tuesday morning and spent Wednesday, Thursday and Friday with Dad and Mom. While in Blanding I did all the cooking and cleaning and gave Dad a break. I went to visit Mom twice a day and she was so cute. I didn't have to tell her who I was until the night before we left. That night I kissed her and she would ask who I was. I would kiss her again and again and make her guess. I finally said, 'Don't you know who this is?' She said, 'No, but I sure like the kisses.' She would hold my hand each time I went in and say over and over, 'It's my one and only Dorothy - my daughter.' She looks good and says she feels fine physically except that she is old and worn out. She turned 93 in April of this year (1992) and I feel so blessed to still have her and Dad who is 89 as of this past March."

And then on March 8, 1993 I would like to quote another entry from my journal: "Last night quite late I received a phone call from Otis. He said he had been up to see Mother and she didn't know who he was and was not herself. He went to see Dad and told him. Dad and Bevan went up to check on her. Dad had gone up and taken her to church and she seemed better than usual. She didn't even complain about going to the dining room, which she usually does after church.

"This morning about 7:30 I received a call from Bevan and he said Mom seemed worse this morning. It is of the opinion that she has had a small stroke. She didn't even respond to Bevan this morning when he went up. They have called the doctor and he will be seeing her within the hour. I am going to call and check with Bevan again about 10:00 a.m. for he says they should know something more by then. I DON'T WANT TO LOSE MY MOM! I HAVE HAD HER ALL MY LIFE. SHE HAS BEEN A STRENGTH AND BLESSING TO ME. SUCH A MORE PERFECT WOMAN I HAVE NEVER KNOWN. SHE WILL BE 94 IN A MONTH AND I WAS SO LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING HER WHEN WE GO THROUGH BLANDING ON MARCH 22ND.

".....I am going to be prepared in case I should have to run to Blanding to see Mom. If I did I am sure Duane could get by with the truck while I had to be away:



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the room. At one point the head nurse told Bevan that what we were doing for Mom was very inhuman. The doctor had told us not to give her any more oxygen because it was actually hindering her breathing. He said not to give her any IV with liquid because with or without it it wouldn't help nor prolong her life. The nurse said the same thing except that she had to have some IV for liquid for her comfort. We were really upset to think that we might have been the cause of any discomfort to our mom. The nurse did not agree with the doctor in anything and we were totally confused. So Wednesday afternoon we told them to go ahead with the IV, which they did.

"Wednesday afternoon I wanted some time with Mom by myself because every time I had been with her there was a room full of people and I found it hard to really talk to her the way I wanted. So the boys left and told me to call if I needed them. I enjoyed this time alone with Mom and told her of my love. After about half an hour I became frightened because she was breathing so labored and was moaning. She had quit holding my hand. She didn't have the strength to do so until just before I left that evening I could feel her trying to grasp my hand with the ends of her fingers. I could tell she knew I was there.

"My cousin, Nora, came in then to see Mother and she was such a comfort to me as we sat visiting and watching Mom. George Jones came in a couple of times and then brought his wife, Donna, in to see Mother. Leonard Hurst was also there several times. Aunt Nora would drop in because she was so concerned. Also Aunt Theresa Redd came by.

"Dad would go to see Mom and I found him in the lobby and all he could say was, 'I speak to her and she can't answer.' It was very hard on Dad. He couldn't stay for long periods of time because he is very private and I know he didn't want others to see him suffer. I understand him more than I thought I did.

"When we came back home from the nursing home Dad stayed up writing a few notes and I went to bed. It was after 2:00 a.m. I cried for a long, long time remembering Mom in all our activities together. I didn't sleep the rest of the night. We had a family meeting the next morning. We also called Ted as soon as we got home that night after Mother died.

"Dad and Mom's bishop came to our family meeting. Dad had been up the night before making notes and plans for Mom's funeral service. He had it all outlined. I will include that program here in my journal.



"Dad asked me if I would go to the mortuary and choose a casket for Mother. Otis and Margo went with me and we did our best. Then Bevan went with me another time to make the final arrangements. Dad just couldn't do it.

"Don Palmer is the mortician there in Blanding and is such a wonderful man. I felt so at ease with him. He took us in to see Mother before he had dressed her and she looked so peaceful. Then on the night of the viewing she looked absolutely beautiful and the way I remember her in the days when she felt good. We were all pleased with the way she looked.

"There were steady lines of people coming to the viewing for two hours and fifteen minutes. It was nice to know so many people loved Mother and Dad. It was good to see cousins, friends and others that we hadn't seen for so long. Mother's nieces, Rose and Wanda, couldn't come from Sacramento but they sent beautiful flowers and money to Dad. Norman and Billie Bevan came from Tooele and brought Emma Lou and June with them. They are Uncle Joe's children (Mother's only brother.)

"All of our children came to the funeral except Stacy and Lanette. Stacy felt bad that she couldn't but it was not possible for her. Duane drove down on Friday afternoon. Don Ela, Jodi, Dustin, Darren, Beverly, Nikki and Dani came down from Steamboat Springs. Diane, Cliff, Devon and Cameron came up from Mesa. Tom and Ann came down from Provo and brought my best friend, Phyllis, with them. Russ, Ronda and family also came down. Our family was well represented.

"Terilynne, Jason and Jeff (Willard's and Sandi's children) came down from Provo and Salt Lake assuming that the funeral would be held on Saturday. They stayed Thursday and Friday and part of Saturday waiting for Ted and Glena's family to arrive but had to leave before they came. Ted, Glena, Greg, Jan, Janelle, Al and their four children came down on Saturday evening.

"After the burial at the cemetery the family went to the cultural hall at the church and were served a delicious dinner by the Relief Society. There were about 100 people in attendance.

"Dad asked me to speak at Mom's funeral and give her life history, which I did. It was so hard to stand and talk about Mom. I cried for a little bit and then Heavenly Father blessed me with comfort and a sweet Spirit that I felt and I could have talked for hours about my sweet mother. A copy of the funeral services is included at the end of this history."



Here is a letter sent to Dad and family from Vint and Reva Redd: "Mesa, Arizona - March 16, 1993: Dear Frank and Family,

You will never know how much we appreciated your call to tell us of Dora's passing. She was such a wonderful friend, and through the forty-five years we lived in Blanding I know of no one that was more genuinely interested, or cared more for her many friends. When I look back at the twenty odd years we spent together in the ward choir, and the times we called about the weather, and just visited as she came in the store, they are choice in my life. As just a young married couple in Blanding, I think she was about the first person I met. Grandpa Redd introduced her to me as "The Weather Maker." She let me know immediately she had nothing to do with making the weather, just reporting it. How she hated people blaming her if the weather did not fit their coming events. She used to tell me of the times she would get up in the night, and go out to do the weather reading regardless the weather, and she always said, "Frank does it most of the time, and he needs his rest because he has so much to do."

For a long time we had no one who would take the responsibility of being the choir president. When the bishop sustained Dora, there was never anything too much for her to take time out to accomplish. We used to stay after practice or meet before rehearsal "map out our strategy" as to how we could get everyone to feel their responsibility. The hours she spent in calling the members, they will never have an excuse for not being reminded or invited to sing praises to the Lord. I truly feel Dora will have earned a special place in the Heavenly Choir that will accompany the Savior in His Second Coming. Whatever success I had in the choir I truly owe it to Dora Wright. I will never forget when she came and told me she would have to be released, because she had to stand by the side of the organ because she was dizzy, and now the time had come when that would not be enough to make her feel secure. I felt like I had lost a pillar of support. She could still sing beautifully, but her physical health would not permit her to continue. Even with that she never failed to lend support, and still called on the phone whenever we needed her. We were never able to fill her "shoes."

Dora was so proud of her wonderful family. You never saw her interfere with her family, but gave them such support. When I had your boys in school, her biggest concern was if they were respectful and doing what they should be doing. Dora could not tolerate disrespect. I told Dorothy about her mother correcting Willard once in the store when he made a remark to her she



felt inappropriate. She took the opportunity right then to correct him and he understood it was not to happen again. That was why Willard was such a wonderful boy, his mother took time to teach him, and show her love after a correction. Vinc and I have often talked about that incident, and we have said, "What a wonderful example for us to follow, and we have tried to do that with our own son. Truly when one loses respect you have lost them.

Frank, I think of the many hours you and Dora spent to taking those river runs, and entertaining the prominent people of the world, what a great job you did. Those were hard and long days for both of you. Dora used to go to the store and take the list you had made out, and pick up "anything Frank had forgotten." I wondered how she did so much when her feet hurt until it was hard for her to walk. You both worked side by side, and everyone knew of your love and support for each other.

Frank, I want to pay tribute to your wonderful family. They are each outstanding. They grew up throughout their teen years and whenever you ask one of them to sing, or participate they were right there. They were excellent students, worked hard, and just did what was expected. Now they all have fine families, and the love and respect they have shown for their mother and you is worth all the hours of training you gave them. Dorothy has always been a special girl. I did not have her in school, but I felt like I had her, she has always been so friendly and warm whenever you saw her or when she visited Blanding, she acted as if Blanding was still a special place and the people who lived there were her dearest friends. Her sweet smile and calm happy disposition will continue to be a comfort to you. Otis came and gave me a copy of the chords he had worked on, and Otis, I have used that many, many times. I have always been interested in the music each of you have done, and the joy you have had from it. I will never forget how thrilled I was when Elaine and Bevan and Lynn and Yvonne moved back to Blanding. They have each contributed so much to the community, and their beautiful voices have brought many a sermon to all of us. What a heritage to leave, and what a joy they will continue to be to others. The love we have for your family has come about through the love we feel for you, Frank, and your lovely wife. It has been earned through your example and the life you have lived. Thanks so much for being our dear friends. And thanks again for calling and letting us know of Dora. The last time we were in Blanding and I went to see her, she pulled me close to her and said, "Thanks for coming and remembering me." It was a touching time for me from a great friend.



Now Frank, may you live on happy memories of a noble woman, and the good times you have had together, and that your family will continue to be mindful of your needs, and realizing the lonesomeness of being alone now when you have had so much responsibility. Even though we live miles apart, we will remember you in our prayers, and hope our son who lives close will also see your needs and help when he can. May God's choicest blessings attend you, With love and sympathy, Reva and Vincent Redd

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On April 7th and 8th of 1979 we had a family reunion to celebrate Mother's 80th birthday. We also organized our family with Dad as Family Representative for the Samuel Franklin Wright family, Ted as President, Otis as Family Representative for the John Franklin Wright Family and Dorothy as Secretary. We decided to have another family reunion in two years in San Diego and then in another two years. After that time we may decide to hold them each year. Attending the reunion and celebration of Mother's 80th birthday were the following: Mother and Dad, Ted and Glena and son, Tim, Dorothy and Duane, Bevan and Elaine, Willard, Otis and Margo, Lynn and Yvonne. All of Mom and Dad's six children were present and everyone's spouse except Willard's wife, Sandi. Dorothy and Duane's family represented were: Diane, Cliff and children; Devon, Cameron, Vennessa and Jodell. Beverly came down from Provo and Russell came with parents from California. Bevan's children were all there except Mark and Denise who are both serving on missions. Mike, Darlene, Jon and Steve and wife, Lawana, with baby son, James. Lynn's children were there also; Marcel, Danielle and Cordell. Bevan has three Lamanite girls in his home who attended and a friend of Beverly's, Anita Tresner, also attended.

On Saturday we met in Lynn's new home for a big dinner. That evening we ate again then assembled for Family Home Evening and "Mom, This Is Your Life." Dorothy gave Mom's life history and as each child entered her life they came forward and presented her with a beautiful red rose and told some childhood memories. Then Mother opened her gifts. It was a special evening we will always remember.

Sunday morning on April 8th all the boys went with Dad to priesthood meeting. Dad, Ted, Duane, Bevan, Willard, Otis, Lynn, Russell and Tim. Then all of us went to Sunday School in Mother and Dad's ward. We ate brunch at Lynn's then went to Bevan's ward for Sacrament meeting. It was the children's program and we enjoyed that. After church we had a family



council consisting of Ted, Dorothy, Bevan, Willard, Otis and Lynn. We then met with all the adults for our genealogical meeting and family organization. After the meeting the whole group got together again to eat supper and cut Mom's cake and have cake and ice cream. Dad's brothers and sisters and spouses were invited to this evening's activities of movies and visiting. Between sacrament meeting and evening events we all met at Dad's where we took family pictures.

On October 18, 1994 Duane and I took Dad's sister, Aunt Carlie, his brother, Uncle Lawrence and wife Lucille, down to Orem to visit with Dad who had had recent surgery and was recovering at Ted's home. Dad had found a journal mother had written in 1979-1983 and brought it to me to see if it was something I wanted to include in this history. I was thrilled to have it and am going to copy it here in Mother's story just as she wrote it. It is difficult to read as she couldn't see what she was writing but I am sure with the help of the Lord I will be able to do it. Here it is as follows:

"I am unable to read what I have written or will be writing in this book, so I hope when it is maybe read by some of my family that they will be able to make out my writing. This is July 1981 and I am now 82 years old. I started this journal three years ago.

September 1979: Frank and I went to Salt Lake to visit Otis, Margo and kids. We called Ruth Cracraft who was Ruth Eichenberger and since she and Pearl, her sister (Pearl Lund) had been in Blanding the week before where we had such a good visit with them and with Pauline. When we called Ruth invited us over to her home for dinner. We had a delightful time. Her husband whom they all call Blackie, whose name is Vernon Cracraft, was so wonderful. They had barbecued steak and everything else that makes up a banquet. We really enjoyed it. Ruth and Pearl (who was also at dinner) gave me this journal and one to Frank. They also gave me Sister Eichenberger's walking cane which I use every day and appreciate it so much. Ruth also gave Frank her mother's hearing aid which he can have adjusted to his ears.

The girls also sent a birthday present to Pauline. I had a party for her the week before and invited the neighborhood. She got a lot of lovely gifts. The gift from her sisters was a lovely pants and blouse. The girls appreciate what Frank does to care for Pauline's needs and we have been friends and neighbors for about 45 years. Pauline is a faithful saint. She does her very best



to live the gospel and her love for children is wonderful. All the children in town love her. She, with her parents, will receive the greatest reward I'm sure.

We also had a good visit with Otis and family and with Carlie and Arbor. We left Salt Lake and drove to Meadow, Utah where Ila and Wilbur live. We had a nice visit with them and spent the night there. Early the next morning they left for Manti where they work in the Temple each Saturday doing washings and annointings, called initiatory work for the dead. They also do sealings. We met Ila and visited with her while Wilbur was doing some priesthood work and then we had lunch in the Temple after the session when Myrtle and Ronald Davis were sealed. It was a wonderful occasion for them and so many people were there from Blanding. We did three sessions while there and I hope we can go much more often. I can do that work and enjoy it. My eyes are bad but I know the ceremony enough to be able to follow everything.

I should have been writing in this book every day since but now it is November 12th and almost Thanksgiving and I have neglected to write daily, but I intend to be more diligent from now on and write something every day.

Almost two weeks ago I wanted to get away for awhile so Dad put me on the bus in Monticello and I went to Salt Lake. Otis was there to get me off the bus and to take me to his home. I had a lovely visit with him and Margo and the children for two days and one day with Carlie and Arbor. On Sunday Otis took me out to Tooele in time to go to Sunday School and Fast Meeting with June. I ate dinner with her and we went to Special Interest meeting in the evening. The visiting authority was Sterling W. Sill and his wife. We all went up to shake hands when the meeting was over at the request of Bro. Sill.

Sunday afternoon we went to visit Emily Warburton, my old school mate. She has never married and lives alone out there. We also visited my cousin, Thelma. She lives in her parents' home which she had remodeled.

Sunday evening Fern Gillette (my niece) called that she had returned home and invited me to stay with her in her lovely home. We had a real good visit. She had just returned from a trip to the Holy Land. It was the same trip that our Prophet, President Kimball, was on and they all had the pleasure of being near and hearing him give his dedication prayer.



November 7th: (A little of the following is repeated but I want to write exactly what Mother did). I decided I wanted to get away for a visit with Otis in Salt Lake and my nieces Fern Gillette and Thelma Charles and June Girard. Frank put me on the bus at 3:00 a.m. at Monticello and I arrived in Salt Lake at 10:15 a.m. Otis met me and took me to his home in Draper. I spent the rest of that day with him and Margo and the children and Thursday and Friday. Friday evening Otis and I went to the Polynesian cafe in Salt Lake where we met my dear friend, Soffie, whom I had met in Kayenta and Chilchimbeto when we were Sunday missionaries there. Soffie and her family entertain at the cafe every Friday and Saturday and she invited us for Friday evening. The show was wonderful. Soffie and her cousin danced the hula in beautiful long dresses. Soffie also did a solo number. She dedicated two of her numbers to me as her honored guest. She brought all of her family to meet us at the end of the first show. She promised to come to see us in Blanding and will entertain our Senior Citizen group.

I visited Carlie and Arbor on Saturday. Sunday Otis took me out to Tooele in time to go to Sunday School with June and also went with her to Fast Meeting. Then we visited my old school mate Emily Warburton who lives alone and who has never married. She is my age. That evening Fern came home and I stayed Sunday night at her home. Otis came Monday and took me back to his home.

Tuesday I had a real good visit with Margo and Wednesday Otis took me to Orem to meet our good friends, Frost and Lucille Black who brought me home with them.

While in Salt Lake I called my other niece, Gayle, who is living there. She is Fern and Thelma's sister. These three nieces are daughters of my sister Alice Anderson. June is the daughter of my only brother, Joe (Joseph Elkington Bevan). I am the only one left in Joseph Shields Bevan's family. My father, Joseph S. Bevan, died in November of 1925, the year I was married. My mother, Emma Jane Elkington Bevan, died the fall of 1941 and my sister, Sadie Christensen, died on January 1, 1941. My brother, Joe, died in 1971 and Alice died several years before. Also her husband, William Anderson (Will). So I am the only survivor of the Joseph Shields Bevan family living. I was 80 years old April 6, 1979.

Sunday November: This has been a very special day for Dad and I. We went to Sunday School then to our First Ward Sacrament meeting. Our bishopric all spoke to us and the main



theme was reverence which is surely lacking in most of the wards of the church. We too have been guilty of visiting before meeting or Sunday School started and I'm afraid many of us do not think as we should during the passing of the Sacrament. I for one will repent and really try to do a lot better from now on. I'm afraid that many of us feel that as long as we are members of the Church that we don't have to worry about anything else. But we who know the truth of the Gospel are in more danger of failing our exaltation than those who do not know the truth. We have taken upon ourselves sacred covenants and obligations and are therefore more apt to really displease our Heavenly Father than those who have not gained this knowledge and these covenants.

When our meeting was over Dad and I had to hurry to the North Chapel for Denise's home coming meeting. We had dinner at Bevan's earlier and Denise asked me to give the closing prayer. Dad gave the opening prayer and it was a lovely meeting. Steve, Mark, Elaine and Bevan gave brief talks. Elaine sang a solo. Lynn, Marcel, Dani and Cory sang "Hold Thou My Hand." Yvonne was unable to be there. Marcel did very well with the violin. Then Denise spoke very well. It was a very good meeting.

November 20, 1979: Today we got our first snow storm of the season. It has stopped now and we haven't much on the ground but we know winter is here.

Dad and I plan to spend Thanksgiving with Aunt Beth and Uncle Earl. He is just recovering from a knee operation but is doing real well.

Mark came down and spent a couple of hours with us telling about his mission in Japan. Bevan and Lynn were both here today. It was good to have them come. All are working every day and don't have much time to call on us. It is very late and I must get to bed.

Tuesday, November 21, 1979: Today we woke up to a big snow storm, the first of the season and 10 inches fell during the night. Moisture is always welcome here in our dry country.

Frank took Aunt Beth and I to Relief Society and came for us after the meeting. We took Inez Conway and Pauline home too. I had a part in the lesson this morning. Sister Vernice Harris asked me to tell how I spent my time in my older years and what my interests are now. I told of my pride in my family and of the things I try to make and how much I enjoy my talking books and my symphony music on the stereo. Also my appreciation of family and the Senior Citizen



program, of my appreciation of how Dad takes care of me and my latest hobby, my "cat" collection. I have about 30 cats now of different sizes. I plan to spend more time with my guitar and the organ which I can play by ear.

November 22, 1979: It is Thanksgiving evening. We have had a nice day. Dad bought a turkey and took it up to Aunt Beth. She cooked it along with the rest of the lovely dinner and it was delicious. Colleen brought a woman from the rest home and Lester Carroll (Aunt Beth's brother) was there with Uncle Earl, Aunt Beth, Dad and I. We all enjoyed the dinner and had a good visit after. Aunt Beth sent home food with us. So we have plenty for tomorrow's dinner.

I have talked to Bevan and Elaine today and Denise came to see us for awhile. Later Pauline came over. She had been to Lloyd Bayles' for dinner. This evening Lynn and Yvonne and their family came to see us. They had out of town guests at home. Willard and Sandi called to wish us a happy day. They are settled in their new home in Charlottesville, Virginia. We plan to visit them in the spring. They will be meeting Ellen Elkington in Washington tomorrow. She will spend the weekend. They have really sold their home in Illinois and are very happy about that. This has been a nice day for all of us.

I am so very thankful for our wonderful family and for all God's blessings to us.

Sunday, November 25, 1979: This has been a lovely Sunday. We have been to Sunday School and Sacrament meeting. The talks were special and very touching to me. One story especially which told of a girl who was mad at her little brother and wouldn't tell him she loved him until it was too late. He was killed on his bike. I want to tell all of my loved ones while I can how much I love them and what they mean to me. I love my husband very much and each of my children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, and by my children I mean that I have twelve of them. Duane has always been a loving son and the wives of each of my sons are so dear to me and so good and loving to me. Each of our children are ideal. We have such a wonderful family.

I know that this Gospel is true and I want to do better. I can't read what I write but hope some day my family will read it.

November 29, 1979: I have not written in my journal for a few days. I was feeling sick Monday and Tuesday of this week but am fine now and I feel happier than I have for some time. Dad and I have a better relationship lately and feel a special happiness.



Today we invited Diane and her four lovely kids down for a get together. They were here for four hours and the kids had fun. We just let them enjoy being away from home and with their grandparents. We had dinner and ice cream also popped corn for them. Jodell was perfectly contented to sit in her high chair and look on. She would clap her hands and laugh at everything. She didn't cry once. Devon, as usual, was a little gentleman and Vennessa and Cameron their usual fire balls, but it was nice for all of us and we want to do this once a month and also to have our other families down at least that often. We do not get together often enough. Elaine says our families all will get together once a month for Family Home Evening. This makes me happy as I don't see them hardly at all as they all work every day.

I am trying to make plans for Christmas. I will make my usual fruit cake and give to my Relief Society visiting district and to neighbors.

We have met with the Senior Citizens here this week; Tuesday for pot luck dinner and entertainment; Wednesday for the weekly noon meal. I will now retire for the night. God bless all of you.

December 9, 1979: Sunday morning. I have neglected to write for some days but last night we went to attend the wonderful program, The Messiah, sung by a huge group of talented people, both young and old from the age of Dani (13) to Elaine's age. Lynn, Yvonne, Dani, Marcel, Elaine, Darlene, Mark were all singing. Elaine sang one of the wonderful solos. It was so wonderful and an orchestra of college students came from the Snow College in Ephraim to play all the music. It really touched my soul as all good music does.

Sunday, December 9th: This morning I have been listening to the Book of Mormon on my talking phonograph. I am going to listen to all of it and then get the Old Testament which haven't read but little in my life time. My soul thrills at Nephi's account of the first part of the book.

Tuesday, December 11, 1979: Manti, Utah. We left home early this morning to come to Manti to the Temple. It has been such a wonderful day. We have been able to do two sessions each. We went in to lunch and Zenos and Ellen Black came to eat with us and we had a nice visit then President Cline Black and Edna came in to see us. Dad had made a beautiful picture for them. It is the Manti Temple at night. They were so pleased and have put it in their office.



While we were still at the luncheon table Stanley and Ruth Lyman came and sat with us and they went through the session with us. Ruth helped me so much. They went on to Provo and then Salt Lake to do work at each of those Temples. They are so happy together. We are all so proud of Stanley and we are sure that Carol is so happy with the progress Stanley is making. She died four and one half years ago and up to that time Stanley had been totally inactive since his Temple marriage to Carol. But as soon as she left him he began to be active. Yvonne and Bobbie and Norman are all so proud of him. Ruth was married to Guy Palmer but he died quite a long time ago. Ruth went on a mission and when she returned she and Stanley were married. She helped me so much in the Temple session. We went again tonight and I sat by a lovely girl, Edith Brown, and she helped me a lot. After the session three of the workers were there for me, folded my temple clothes and unlocked my locker. One of them was Sister Pason and the other Sister Winkle. Both said to tell Thora Bradford hello for them. As I was in the lobby waiting for Dad, a woman told me to tell Helen Livingston hello. She has had most of Helen's children as foster children on placement and several of them on missions. I don't recall her name but Helen will know.

We are at the Temple View Motel. The motel is run by Mrs. Allen who used to live in Blanding and at one time was my Relief Society visiting teacher partner in the Second Ward. We will be in the Temple all day tomorrow.

Wednesday, December 12, 1979: Manti. We were able to get three sessions at the Temple today. I intended to do two more tonight but I was so exhausted after three sessions today that we thought I'd better stay at the motel tonight. Dad has gone to do two sessions and we plan to do two more in the morning.

I have met so many lovely sisters who have helped me so much. The first session this morning Freda and Joe Hunt were there. Freda sat by me and helped me a lot. All the sisters were so concerned and all of them wanted to help me. I was exhausted when the sessions were over but have so much enjoyed this trip. It has been so wonderful for Dad and I. We have had a trip all to ourselves and enjoy the wonderful spirit in the Temple. I hope we can get to the Temple often.



January 5, 1980: I have neglected to write in my journal since before Christmas. I really want to keep it up to date and so I will try tonight to do that.

After we returned from the Temple we were busy trying to get our Christmas planned and there were several parties to attend.

January 14, 1980: I have neglected to write in my journal for quite some time so will try to catch up on recent events. My last report was of our lovely Temple trip to Manti where we did 16 names and enjoyed it very much. Then it was our lovely Christmas season and much to do and many greetings from old and new friends. Frank addressed the cards as they arrived and I wrote a message in each one. As usual we received many goodies from neighbors and friends here and other places. We heard from our friend, McKenny. Our old friend and first River Rat, Ros Johnson sent us, as usual, the National Geographic for another year. Our very special friend and River Rat, Reet Plahetka first sent a package consisting of three boxes of different kinds of nuts. Then came a large package of pots and frying pans beautifully finished. Bonnie Dobson who came to take a trip on Lake Powell and her sister, Vista Dobson, both sent gifts. Vista a tape of organ music and Bonnie a statue of Mary, Joseph and Jesus at the stable.

My two nieces Rose Richardson and Wanda, who are daughters of my sister, Sadie Christensen of Sacramento (Sadie died of a heart attack on New Years day in 1941). Anyway, those two nieces sent me a beautiful blue sweater and their sister younger, Lillian Strubel, sent money for a gift. My brother, Joe Bevan's daughter, June Girard sent me slippers and small cats (China) to add to my "cat" collection. Our oldest son, Ted and his wife Glena, sent us a package of different cheeses and then another package with a purse for me and a shirt for Dad. Otis and Margo gave us a 4th box of chocolates. Dorothy and Duane sent a book and a lovely picture of our dear little Lanette, their 13 year old retarded daughter. Lynn and Yvonne gave us a cheese ball and to Dad some boots and for me a bottle of perfume and a cute wild cat in a cage. I started collecting cats last spring and now have almost 40 of different sizes and shapes, including a cat night lamp given by Bevan and Elaine for Christmas. They also gave me a rug for beside the sink and to both of us a box of candy and fruit. The Lamanite girls and Darlene gave us each towels (turkish) and Denise gave us a box of hamburgers ready to cook and sliced ham. Steven and Lawana gave us a book. Pauline gave me a tiny cat and Frank cherry chocolates. Marion Jones gave me mixing bowls and cute stickers for the frig. Aunt Lucille Wright gave us an apple pie.



Aunt Beth made me house slippers and Earl gave Frank a fire extinguisher for his shop. Reva Redd gave me a small photo album. It was a lovely Christmas.

We had a family party at Lynn's on Christmas Eve and we are starting to have a monthly home evening for all four families once a month. The first one a week ago was at Bevan's. The lesson was about the worth of a good name. We were told how or why we got our individual names. Bevan gave the lesson and then we had light refreshments.

Today was work meeting at Relief Society. I went to Sister Early's class on cooking. Marion Jones and I went out this evening and did our visiting teaching and tonight we have been to the Senior Citizens pot luck supper and games.

February 1, 1980: I am behind in my writing again and I really intend to try to write something each day from now on. Today I am so glad most of the winter is over. I am looking forward to going to Mesa and to the Temple and then on to San Diego and Santee and hope to get to the Los Angeles Temple while there. I love to do the work but it is hard for me to get to a Temple. I hope for more opportunity.

Last Sunday, January 27, 1980, was quite a history making day. The six Blanding wards met in two sessions of three wards each at the North Chapel and a new 7th Ward was created. It just does not seem possible that we have our own stake with seven wards. Dad and I are still in the first ward but many of our friends have been changed to another one. After 49 years of being in the same one with Alma and Marion Jones, we now are separated. We have shared ward and stake and mission and both have lived in the same houses all the years. They are now in the Second and we are in the First Ward. We lost our Relief Society presidency to the Second ward. They are all together in the Second ward. Seven High Priests were taken and no one came in. The new ward is 7th and Bishop Kirk Nielsen who is a fine man and brother of our good neighbor, Inez Conway. We suppose the different vacancies will be filled next Sunday in all the wards.

Saturday, Feb. 2nd 1980: This has been a good day. I am much happier than I have been for several years. Some of my worries seem to be over and I am so thankful. Frank is so much more kind and considerate and does everything he can to help me and I can have anything I want. The problem of our friend from Omaha seems to be solved. That worried me for 14 years.



I went to see my dear friend, Myrtle Davis, today for a few minutes. One week ago her grandson was killed in a tragic motorcycle accident. He was 22 years old. But that sorrow is much less than when children are wayward and get into serious trouble. This world is getting so wicked. I feel there is nothing in the world outside of our Gospel that is worthwhile. We wish our dear friends who are non-members could see what blessings we have. Thank God for my testimony.

Sunday, March 3rd, 1980: We had a very inspiring sacrament meeting today. It was Fast Sunday and the usual children rushed up to bear their testimonies. The bishop released a long list of people, those mainly who have been moved to the Second ward. Gayle Glover is our new Relief Society President. Mabel June is our organist again. Helen Bayles our Sunday School chorister. The new Sunday schedule will begin March 2nd all over the church.

We went to Earls tonight to plan the Wright reunion. It will be here as usual in June last and take in July 4th. I hope our children can come. It was Nellie's birthday today and we had cake and ice cream at Earl's to celebrate.

Bevan and Elaine and the girls were here for about 15 minutes. We are having the monthly home evening tomorrow night at Bevan's home. I am going to play the piano. None of them have heard my new hobby. All for today.

Monday, March 4, 1980: Lynn and Yvonne went to Salt Lake to find some help for her pain and almost loss of use in her arm. They hope to find the help they need.

We met at Bevan's home tonight for our monthly family home evening. Bevan gave a lesson on authority in the home and the father's, mother's and children's responsibilities. Cookies and punch were served.

Tuesday, February 5, 1980: I went to Relief Society today. Our new president was in charge. Sister Glover will be a most wonderful president and her counselors will do a great job. Sister Glover bore a beautiful testimony of her surprise in being chosen and of the Lord answering her prayers by showing that He had chosen her. Dad took me up to Relief Society and picked me up after.

I really miss Marion Jones who has been my pal and driver. We have been in the same ward and stake for 40 years.



Lynn and Yvonne came home from Salt Lake tonight. She did get some relief and we all hope her problem will clear up very soon.

Dad put up the second beautiful shelf corner today and has his beautiful Manti Temple display on our West living room wall. He has done so much for our home and I really appreciate his wisdom and knowledge and the things he has done to improve our home and the care he gives me in my eye problem. I am very happy.

Wednesday, February 6, 1980: This has been a good day. I have felt well and have enjoyed going to the Senior Citizens Center for dinner. I have practiced the organ for quite a long time. I am so thrilled that I can play whatever tune comes in my mind. That is a gift I didn't realize I had and I am going to take full advantage. It is the best therapy I have ever had and I am very happy and contented. Tomorrow night is the High Priest dinner and program. Bevan is now a High Priest so the four of us will be there. Bevan and Elaine were here for a little visit.

Thursday, February 7, 1980: This was a nice day. We both felt well. Dad worked in his shop most of the day. I was able to practice the organ and also listened to our waltz loaned to us by Myrtle Davis. We went to the stake High Priest party tonight. We had a lovely dinner and a short program. Lela Laws played her violin for a dance. It is like a full orchestra. Bevan and Elaine danced a lot. Dad left early since the music hurt his ears. Bevan brought Pauline and I home. I loved the music.

Friday, February 8, 1980: Dad started his day's work this morning but Uncle Earl came down and asked to borrow the pick up because Colleen and the man who was moving her to Florida had an accident and so he and Dad took our pick up and went to help him down at Gallop, New Mexico. They were not able to bring either vehicle back but stayed at the motel over night. Colleen was quite badly hurt but not too serious as we know now.

It was lonely tonight in the house alone.

Saturday, February 9, 1980: I got up just before 9:00 a.m. and practiced a long time on my organ. In the early p.m. Elaine, Bevan, Jon and Eva came down to clean the new house and Bevan moved his storage up here to the basement from the storage shed below town. They have sold their home to Robin Jones and will be moving down here as soon as they can get a room or two built in the basement. I am so happy about this.



Sunday, February 10, 1980: This has been a nice day. We enjoyed the Sunday School class and came home to rest awhile and have dinner. Then we went to Sacrament meeting. It was a farewell testimonial for our neighbor Scott Myer who is leaving for his mission. There was a huge crowd there even in the balcony. Mable Jones son, Tom, sang. He has a voice a lot like his dads.

I have written to both Mike and Tom today. It's Carla's birthday. She is such a pretty little girl. Those girls are like our own grandkids. We love them. I may have more to add later.

Tuesday, February 12, 1980: This day was the second Relief Society meeting with our new presidency in charge. It was work meeting. Denise has a friend visiting her from her mission field and she was able to finish this girls conversion and see her husband. Her name is Peggy Mock. A very lovely and talented person who now lives in Florida. Peggy went with me to work meeting. There was a very small attendance but they really had a delicious lunch. After Relief Society Peggy brought her guitar down and say for me. She is very talented. It is nice to make a new friend.

Wednesday, February 13, 1980: Nothing unusual today. I spent as much time as possible practicing on the organ. I am so pleased that I can play by ear anytime I can think of and I not only play on the organ with the chords but I find I can play chords on the piano to match the tune. This new hobby is the greatest thing I have ever done in my life. I enjoy it so much. I practice the piano at the Senior Citizens center whenever Frank goes to play pool.

Thursday, February 14, 1980: This has been a nice day also. Neither of us have felt too well. Our colds are miserable but we went to the center where Peggy and Frank played pool and I practiced on the piano. Then Peggy came back with us for noon lunch and then she sang and played for us. Then she went to Steve's house and made pizza for us and brought it down for our supper. It was very good. We went to sleep in the p.m. and woke up to find a lovely large red carnation on the kitchen table from

Darlene for our valentine. Bevan and Elaine came back from Salt Lake in the early evening.

Lynn, Marcel and Jon came down with a lovely cake heart valentine that Dani made. Lynn has been out of town all week. Bevan and Elaine came down later in the evening and brought us a beautiful valentine card and cake hearts each and a box of turtle chocolates. They



never fail to remember us. Willard called, the first we have heard since December. All is well with them. We plan to visit them this spring. It was such a nice day for us.

Friday, February 15, 1980: Frank and I have been feeling pretty bad with our colds but tonight we are both feeling better. There is a pool tournament going on at the center but Frank didn't feel like going. We are watching the olympics from Lake Plaser, N.Y. We do enjoy our T.V. I want to keep up on my journal and perhaps some day my family may be interested in my daily happenings and my adventures and interests.

Saturday, February 16, 1980: Dad and I have not been feeling well today. We both have bad colds. Mine is clearing up and Dad's is somewhat better. Bevan's family are getting excited about moving into the new house. A lot of carpenter work is to be done. A new family room, a bedroom and bath and work room in the basement. But their home is sold so they will have to move as soon as they can.

I called Otis tonight. They are fine healthwise but as usual having financial problems. We have watched the winter olympics all day.

Sunday, February 17, 1980: This has not seemed at all like Sunday. Dad and I have bad colds and we stayed home all day. We really enjoyed the wonderful tabernacle choir program from 9:30 to 10:00 a.m. We have watched a lot of the olympics in Washington. The beautiful young people and the grace and ability they show. Denise, Peggy (her guest) and Mike came for awhile. Aunt Nora, Lyle and Clea got back from Mesa tonight. We are both feeling better.

Monday, February 18, 1980: We are both feeling better today. I have practiced a lot on the organ. I'm getting quite good at playing with both hands. I need to get to a piano. I enjoy the organ too. A friend of Katie Lee called. She is from Flagstaff. Had a friend with her, a nice young girl. I am getting another group of waltzes ready to learn.

Tuesday, February 19, 1980: This was a quite nice day. I didn't attend Relief Society but I heard General Relief Society president on T.V. in answer to Sonja Johnson who was excommunicated from the church because she told lies about the Prophet and the other authorities. She has tried to lead other women away because of the Equal Rights Amendment.

We went to the Senior Citizens Center to see the finals of the mens pool tournament. It was interesting.



Wednesday, February 20, 1980: Today is the deadline given by President Carter for the release of the 50 U.S. hostages. He said the United States will boycott the summer olympics and many other nations also. This was to be held in Moscow. We went to the center for lunch today and again so Frank could play pool with some of the men and I practiced the piano. I have learned quite a few waltzes and hymns. Ted called today. All is well with them. Lynn and Yvonne came back from Salt Lake today. Yvonne is much improved. She has bursitis.

Thursday, February 21, 1980: Today it snowed most of the time. It was foggy the rest of the day. We hear reports of floods in our side and especially in California. Dorothy and Ted have both called. They are in no danger but Dorothy cannot get to church or school.

Cliff and his crew cannot get back to Salt Lake to work so Diane is enjoying having them home. We haven't been anyplace today. We are enjoying the olympics.

Friday, February 22, 1980: I have quite a nice day. I practiced on the organ at least an hour and a half and about two hours on the piano at the Senior Citizens Center. Frank and our neighbor, Frank Morell, went up to play pool. I always try to go whenever I can to practice. We watched the U.S. and Russia play hockey at the olympics and the United States won. The country is so happy and there is a meeting in Utah which may lead to the release of the U.S. hostages there.

Saturday, February 23, 1980: This has been a very bad day for me. I have had a great deal of pain in my neck and shoulders and have been suffering from gas pains. Tonight I am using heat to relieve the pain.

Lynn and Dad gave me a blessing this morning. Lynn gave it and I'm sure I will be much better tomorrow and will be able to go to church. Bevan came down and I received a lot of comfort from him. Elaine came later with him. Beth called.

Sunday, February 24, 1980: Today I feel a lot better and I had a good night's sleep and am better today. Our meeting today was very nice. The choir and speakers were all Seminary students. Darlene and Linda were in the chorus and Darlene spoke in the 6th ward. They will start in our ward next Sunday.

Tuesday, February 26, 1980: We are at Mesa, Arizona tonight in Lyle Johnson's lovely home. Aunt Nora came with us. We had a good trip until we got to Phoenix and then because a bridge was out on the river all traffic was rerouted and it took us almost two hours to go a very



short distance due to being stopped to wait for traffic to go on. We went grocery shopping and ate supper and I have a plane reservation for San Diego on Thursday. I will be there about a week. Then hope to get a few temple sessions when I get back here.

Wednesday, February 27, 1980: Today was beautiful here in Mesa. I haven't felt very well since before we left Blanding but I believe this pain will pass and I will feel fine. Frank, Nora and I went to the Temple for one session today. I didn't feel like doing more but they can go when I'm in California and I can go again. I have a reservation to fly to San Diego tomorrow at 11:00

a.m. Dorothy will meet me there at 11:02 California time. Surely hope I'll feel a lot better.

Thursday, February 28, 1980: Frank and I left Lyle's home this morning at 8:00 a.m. to drive to the airport where I had a reservation to fly to San Diego. He thought we would have a lot of traffic problems because of the Salt River Bridge being repaired but we got along fine and arrived at the airport with one and a half hours to wait. But the time went by fairly fast. He read and I crocheted my hair pin lace. There was no problem in boarding the plane. There is a ramp which connects from the door of the plane to the waiting room. Some handicapped people were going first and I mentioned to one of them that I couldn't see well. She was a pretty woman built just Elaine and she was probably a little younger. She said, "Follow me, I'm taking care of my mother." So we walked through and on and sat in the second three seats from the entrance. Her name is Joan Marx and I have not met a lovelier person. She is a convert of three years from a United Church in Canada and her mother is a divorced member. Joan is a Relief Society president in a small Canadian town. I got their names and addresses and intend to send them a nice card from home.

Dorothy and DonEla and the two little girls were there with Dorothy and Duane's new car. I had never seen Jamie. She looks exactly like DonEla did at her age. Jessie is getting so tall. We came home to Dorothy's but stopped on the way to buy a huge pizza which we ate at Dorothy's. John came to get his family and I called Ted at the Fire Station. He said he would call me later. I slept well until sometime in the night when the men who live next door got out to run their motorcycle and to talk. I have decided that the pain I'm having is a pinched nerve and I have an appointment to see a doctor tomorrow.



Friday, February 29, 1980: Today Dorothy fixed a good hot bath for me and brought hot postum and toast to the bathroom. She had to go Relief Society teaching so we drove to DonEla's and I stayed

there and practiced the piano while DonEla and her companion and Dorothy and hers went teaching.

I practiced the piano for about an hour and I visited with DonEla's neighbor who brought me up on my soap box program. Then we came back to listen to it. In the afternoon we picked up DonEla and went to do hers and Dorothy's shopping. It was interesting. I enjoyed the lovely sunshine and seeing the produce and shoppers. We went to see Duane at work and Dorothy had to do some errands. Beverly just called from Provo to tell about some job offer she had. She seemed ok. Said Stacy and Marilyn had gone out some place.

Saturday, March 1, 1980: Today Duane and Russell were home. We had a good late breakfast and watched news on the T.V. Glena called and invited me to go out to dinner with them, also Dorothy and Duane if they wanted to go. I had an appointment with a doctor to adjust my neck and body. Ted and Glena met us at the office. He did a lot to help me. I have been mostly without pain since we went to a cafe out on the ocean. It was a wonderful meal. The cost was \$10.00 each. But Ted said it was to celebrate my visit.

Sunday, March 2, 1980: This was the very first Sunday with the new church program. I went to Sacrament meeting at 8:00 a.m. with Dorothy and Duane. Then instead of Relief Society, I went with Dorothy into her nursery. She loves her job as Nursery Leader. The tiny tots were so sweet and some were new and afraid. I held one little girl who was new and another one who cried for Mommy. This afternoon Dorothy and I had a nap and then we all went to Ted's for a family dinner with Jan, Greg and their little Jason.

Monday, March 3, 1980: Today Dorothy and I went to the Deseret Industry store to look for a suit for Dad but had no success but I did buy him two dress shirts and two pair of work pants. We went to a couple of smaller stores and also had lunch together at a drive-in lunch place. It was fun. DonEla brought her girls and came over to do her washing.



DonEla helped get dinner tonight and I made a batch of bread. John came late and had dinner. Dorothy had a meeting at Lanette's school.

Tuesday, March 4, 1980: I have felt so well all day today. This morning we went out to try to find a suit for Dad at the discount store but couldn't find one his size. We went to the Pic-n-Save and bought a few things. Then we went to Don Ela's place and I played the piano awhile then we went out for some more shopping. Tonight after coming home and cooking supper, we went to hear Bro. Sorenson talked. There was a wonderful group of young L.D.S. people from Los Angeles who entertained us for 40 minutes. Timmy met us out front with tickets his dad had bought. I am to pick up a cheese before leaving tomorrow. Ted is sending it to dad. He said he will go with Dorothy and I to the airport. Dad will meet me in Phoenix. He has been to Tucson to visit Tad while I am here. We expect to do some more Temple work before leaving Mesa for home.

Wednesday, March 5, 1980: The day started out great. Dorothy and I left her home at 7:00 a.m. and drove to Ted's place. He had made a box suitcase to hold the cheese he was sending to Dad. He said he would go to the airport with us and we really needed him. My flight was scheduled to leave at 9:15 a.m. They announced the later time for it and finally announced that it had been cancelled from Western Airline and would go two hours later on PAC Line. So Ted bought our dinner at the airport and finally they put me in a wheelchair and boosted me up to the plane without climbing the stairs. Another wheelchair passenger was hurried on and we sat together in the first seat on the plane right next to the kitchen and we could see into the cockpit.

We arrived on time at PAC terminal to the luggage department. A man wheeled me over there and Dad was not there. It was a frightening experience to not be able to see any of the faces and no one to meet me. I was pretty scared but I thought of what I might do. Finally the nice girl called Lyle's home and the line was busy. This gave me hope that someone was there. But then there was no answer. So I asked her to call Dorothy. So she called and Dorothy said Dad had called her and she told him when I was to arrive and he started for the airport. She had called Ted and he called the PSA terminal and I was paged to say "Dora Wright. Frank Wright is on his way." So my worries were finally over. He came soon and we drove back to Lyle's and I was very tired and thankful to get to bed.



Sunday, April 27, 1980: I have neglected to write in my journal but will bring events up to date as well as I can remember.

When I finally arrived back to Mesa from San Diego we were still able to get some Temple work done. Frank and Nora had been doing work while I was gone and so did more than I but I managed about 12 sessions while down there. Together we did, as I remember, 32 sessions. When we arrived home Elaine and her girls had completely cleaned the house. They had it nice and warm and had groceries in the frig including ice cream, etc. and brought down hot bread to go with it. The family is always so wonderful to us in every way and we really love and appreciate Bevan's and Lynn's families as well as all our children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. Also our neighbors, friends and brothers and sisters.

May 2 1980 - October 19, 1980: As will be noted above, I have neglected to write in this journal for over four months, but I hope to do better from now on. I will try to put down some events that have happened since the last date.

On June 5th Dad and I and Aunt Nora went to Salt Lake and from there we took a flight to Washington, D.C. to visit Willard who lives about two hours away at Charlottesville, Virginia. We had a good flight to Denver where we changed planes and then a non-stop flight to Washington where Willard and Jeff met us and took us to his lovely home just outside of Charlottesville.

Virginia is a beautiful state and in the vicinity where Willard lives it is well known for historical value. The home of Thomas Jefferson is there or near and is called Monticello. The homes are mostly old style and very beautiful. His home is rather new but built on the same pattern. He has seven rooms on the main floor besides a large hall and a winding stairs to the upper floor. There they have three bedrooms and one large bathroom and another one off the north bedroom. The closets are all huge with windows and one even has a dresser in it.

In the basement there are two rooms for the boys and one for a family room. The house sits in the middle of a huge grove of trees. The kids have plenty of chance to play ball which seemed to be their favorite pass time, especially for Jason and Terilynne. The older boys have their own computer.

We went to church with them and enjoyed meeting their friends but the chapel was so air conditioned that Nora and I actually suffered with the cold. During sacrament meeting and



Sunday School a man finally turned it down. The Relief Society room is huge and completely filled. They need to divide the ward and probably have by now.

Dale Jones lives near Willard. We saw him and he was so glad to see all of us. He is a member of the Stake Presidency and has a fine family.

One day Willard took us to Washington, D.C. to the beautiful Temple there. It was so lovely and in such a beautiful setting. We went through one session and ate lunch in the nice big dining room-cafeteria. There Willard and Sandi met a couple they had known in Illinois who had been called to work in the Temple. All the Temple was so beautiful but the one wall is so impressive. It shows the Second Coming of Christ. He is descending and on his right hand are a multitude of people with outstretched arms and on their knees and on His left side are huge crowds of people trying to run and are hiding their faces and in agony because of their sins. It was very impressive.

The visitor center is beautiful too and we went through most of it. Then Willard took us into town and to the Smithsonian Institute where Dad and Willard spent quite a long time. Sandi and I only spent some time on the main floor. I saw the original plane that Lindburg built and the first space capsule and felt a piece of rock from the moon. But it was dark in there for me so Sandi and I sat on the steps and watched the crowds coming and going.

Willard drove us all around the White House showing us each entrance and then as near as he could to the Lincoln Memorial and Washington's monument and to Arlington Cemetery where we saw the film at Kennedy grove. It was a very enjoyable day. We were with him and his family for a week and then he drove us back to Washington airport. Terilynne and Jason went too. The non-stop flight to Salt Lake could have been more pleasant. We were right in the middle of four noisy kids and near the door of the smoking section. Otis met us in Salt Lake and took Aunt Nora to Flora's home and we went to his.

The Wright Family Reunion in July was nice. Uncle Earl and Aunt Beth were in charge. Dorothy and Tom drove up to attend but Ted's family were getting ready for a trip to Old Mexico for the Jespersen Family Reunion and couldn't make it this year.

Otis and Margo were able to sell their home in Sandi or Draper and they moved down here late in July. He was able to obtain an F.H.A. government loan and he bought some land north of town where at present he and his family are living in the same small trailer we owned and



he and Dad are building a house for them. A well was drilled on the property and it turned out to be a living well. So he will have plenty of water at all times. They planted a late garden and most of it has matured and is delicious.

Bevan bought the home in our north lot that Steve had built and had remodeled and enlarged it and are now our very close neighbors which we feel very thankful for. It is so nice to have three of our five sons here now.

June Girard visited us last week and our dear friend, Reet Plahetka is here now. She is leaving tonight on the bus. Stacy and her roommate are coming from Provo tomorrow and I plan to go back with them and fly to San Diego with Stacy on Thursday and stay for a week or ten days and I am hoping Dorothy and Duane will drive back and bring me. I will add more to this when I return and bring events up to date.

Thanksgiving night, Thursday November 27, 1980: This has been a lovely day. We ate Thanksgiving dinner with Bevan's family in their lovely new home located in our orchard. It is so nice to have them near. All the family was there except Steven, who is in the Air Force, and Mike, who is on his mission in Sweden. Mark and Margaret, Denise and Mike, of course were there. Darlene is home from the B.Y.U. for the weekend. Lynn's family and Diane and Cliff and family were together for dinner at Lynn's. Then all of us met at Bevan's this evening for pie and ice cream. We all enjoyed our desert better for having waited awhile from dinner.

The first part of this month I flew to San Diego with Stacy as she was moving home. She had become engaged as soon as she got home. Mike had proposed the night before she left Provo. Mike Brooks is his name. Today is Stacy's birthday and he gave her a huge diamond. I believe they are to be married in March and he will continue his schooling.

I had a nice visit in California. Ted and Glena took me to lunch at a nice little village on the beach where they have a lot of small interesting shops and an old fashioned merry-go-round. We fed the seagulls and the tiny sparrows that ran around under the tables. He took me for a sight seeing tour around the ocean and the fishing boats and big ships. I also went shopping one day with Glena and to their home for Sunday dinner. Ted made a video tape of me telling my life story to Tim. She he has me on permanent record.

Dorothy, Don Ela and Jessie and Jamie and Stacy came back with me in Dorothy's car. Otis and his family have gone to American Fork to spend Thanksgiving with her parents, Paul and



Dorothy Allen. Otis's house is coming along fine and the trailer has been made cozy for the winter. I will write more again soon.

December 2, 1980 (Tuesday): Both Dad and I are well and happy at this date. We had a lovely Thanksgiving. Bevan and Lynn both invited us for dinner. Otis and family went to American Fork to be with Margo's parents as they have always done. They are back and work on the house is progressing. Dad and Otis are starting to put on shingles and hope to get the house enclosed before the snow comes. The weather is so beautiful but nights are cold.

Tonight at Relief Society is my once a month responsibility to have a homemaker of the month chosen. Tonight it will be Margaret Wright, Mark's wife.

Saturday night, November 30th, was the Stake Gold and Green Ball. Each of the seven wards were represented by a special couple of grandparents who were honored. Dad and I were chosen from our First Ward and received beautiful artificial flowers. It was nice to be honored.

Christmas is coming so fast. We are thinking but not doing much yet. Christmas cards will begin to flow in and I will have plenty of them on hand.

Tonight Lynn is coming and we will order more food storage as it is being discussed so much now since prices are so high and maybe a food shortage. The world is in such a turmoil with wars and earthquakes, fires and floods. I pray that we may be spared these things but hope our faith holds on.

January 3, 1981: Another year has started again. 1980 was a good year for us. We took our real nice trip to Virginia to visit Willard's family. I went to San Diego from Phoenix in February when Frank, Nora and I drove to Mesa. Then on Halloween Stacy and I flew to San Diego from Salt Lake and Dorothy, Stacy, DonEla and her two little girls drove me home. Stacy became engaged to Mike Brooks and is to be married in March. Beverly is planning on a mission this spring. Russell is in Tonga on his mission and Mike (Bevan's) is in Sweden.

Bevan and Elaine got another grandchild on Monday, December 28th, a beautiful little girl, 5 and 1/2 pounds named Heather Ann. We had a nice Christmas; loads of cards as usual and lots of nice gifts from family and friends. We ate dinner with Lynn's family or at Lynn's house. It



was a real good meal, very informal as we like it. On New Year's we ate at Bevan's, a real feast as usual.

Monday, January 5, 1981: We went to Monticello this early morning to meet Aunt Beth and Uncle Earl from their trip back from Florida where they went to visit Colleen and on to N.C. to visit Julie Ann. We are glad they have returned in safety.

In church yesterday Bevan had all his family with him except Mike who is still on his mission in Sweden. Bevan, Mark, Jon and Elaine bore their testimonies. It was a real nice meeting. We are very proud of our family.

My dear Pauline came over this morning with a beautiful handkerchief to add to my collection. I have one from Austria that Tonya brought while she was in Europe this last summer. I have three that Willard bought for me while in Virginia, summer of 1980. I have two I got at a colony in Indiana, also a latest one made by Bonnie Dobson, also one tatted by our dear sister, Mabel Hurst. Also some lovely ones given by my children at various times.

I have resolved to make better use of my time this year. I want to practice the piano and organ at least 30 minutes each morning. I want to write more of incidents in my life and keep up my journal each day. I want to call someone each day who may need to talk to someone and to keep up better on my letters. It is 10:00 a.m....time to practice.

January 5, 1981: We had our regular monthly home evening tonight at Bevan's home. Mark and Margaret were hosts and it was a wonderful evening. Margaret played and Elaine led us in singing "We Thank Thee O God for a Prophet." Then Mark reminded us of our prophet's advice to keep our journal, get our genealogy four generation, etc. and our life, family stories and histories. Definite plans were made and commitments to do this work. Committees were formed and everyone agreed to submit our results.

Margaret served delicious cheese cake from a recipe Mark got from his mission president's wife while on his mission.

Today I started to carry out one plan I made to practice the piano and the organ every day. I did practice 30 minutes on each and hope to carry out this plan. I failed to get my Christmas thank you cards written but hope to do that tomorrow.

Today we met Uncle Earl and Aunt Beth in Monticello from their Florida and No.C. trip.



Tuesday, January 6, 1981: Today was about as usual. I was alone most of the time as Dad helps Otis build his house and is gone part of every day. I keep busy with my regular work and I listen to my T.V. show which I enjoy. It is called "The Young and The Restless." I call my dear friend, Myrtle Davis, or she calls me and we compare notes. I went to Teacher's Topic Relief Society tonight and work meeting. I chose Georganne Burtenshaw as the Homemaker of the month. I am trying to write more on my life story in my other journal.

Wednesday, January 7, 1981: Today has been happy and exciting as Frank installed a lovely new automatic washer for me. Our old one went out on us about a month ago. He may be able to fix it and if so we will give it to Otis and Margo.

I spent half the money Lillian sent me for Christmas and got some nice house slippers to match my robe. Lynn and Otis were here at the same time this morning. They teased me and did make me cry a little. I am so proud of all our sons and our beautiful daughter.

We went to the Senior Citizen's Center for dinner then up to Otis's place where Dad worked and I visited Margo. Lynn, Otis and Dad will all be in the Temple Friday at the same time. That will be the first time. I think it is great.

Lynn is planning on taking Arvid's van to Stacy's wedding in March. I think Dad and I will go. It is bed time. I'm tired.

Thursday, January 8, 1981: Today has been interesting and busy. I have been getting Dad's clothes pressed and ready since he is going to the Temple tomorrow with a car load of High Priests to attend a priesthood excursion in Manti. It is a stake affair. Lynn and Otis went to Salt Lake yesterday to take care of business and will also be in Manti for Friday and Saturday. At 11:30 a.m. today the lights and power went off in five states. It wasn't a problem here but in other places it was serious, especially in big cities for traffic, elevators, busy stores, etc. It is okay tonight.

Friday, January 9, 1981: This morning Dad went with a group of High Priests over to the Temple at Manti for a priesthood excursion. They are behind in getting more names done in the Temple. It seems more women have time to go to the Temple. I called Aunt Beth and she and I went to lunch at the Center. It was very nice then she took Theresa and I out to visit Aunt



Pauline Smith. I played her organ and we had a good visit. Then Bevan came and took us home. He and I went to the store and then picked up Jon at school. It's been a good day.

January 10, 1981 (Saturday): Today was very good and unusual. Bevan took me to see Diane but she had gone to a volleyball tournament. But this p.m. Bevan, Elaine, the three girls and Jon and I went to Devil Canyon for a picnic and we found a sunny place and it was warm and lovely and sunny and we ate our lovely lunch. Then Bevan and Jon went for a short hike and Elaine and the girls played a card game. Then we drove up to their property and through it and back. Roads are dry. Sun is bright. We pray for moisture.

Sunday, January 11, 1981: Another Sunday has come and we hope and pray that the clouds will gather and we will get some rain or snow. I'm sure that God's will is for our good whatever He wills as He has our destiny in hand.

Frank got home awhile before midnight last night. He did seven sessions while in the Temple and I am proud of him. Lynn and Otis just did two sessions as Otis got sick and was unable to go on. He was here this morning and seems well now.

We are happy to get another letter from Bob Rigg who is in Alaska. We went to the Temple with him and Alberta and family. Since then he was excommunicated but although he lost his wife through divorce, he is married again and has a young family and is working hard and humbly to gain back his priesthood and get back to the Temple. I am resolved to send names of all non-members friends out into the mission fields to have them all contacted and I feel to try again with our neighbors and also try to get some one else interested. I love missionary work.

Sunday Evening, January 11, 1981: Tonight Dad read me the story Dorothy had written about her Little Angel Lanette. It was touching and beautiful to hear the mother open her heart and tell of the joys and sorrows they have experienced with this little choice spirit that was given to their care. I am glad that I have shared quite a bit of the joy and sorrow with them.

It has been a good Sunday. Dad and I hope to have something next Sunday to help us hear in the chapel.

Monday, November 12, 1981: Today has been uneventful. Frank and Otis came in for dinner. I had cooked beans and warmed over potatoes. They were real hungry so enjoyed it. I had pie and cake for desert and milk so it was ok.



Tonight Frank read the Sunday School lesson for next week. The Bible account of Joseph sold into Egypt as told in the Bible. It is hard for me to understand some of the things that were done in those days. I guess I'll understand all of it some day.

Tuesday, January 13, 1981: This was a good day after all. I was nervous and tired in the morning but I got a phone call from Myrtle Davis which as usual cheered me up. She always makes me feel so smart and important. Then Margo came down to visit and to do a load of laundry. She stayed and ate with Dad. I always love being with her. Then we went to the Senior Citizen's pot luck

dinner and I played bingo while Dad played one game of pool and we came home.

Wednesday, January 14, 1981: Today was rather uneventful. Otis came down as he usually does and had some breakfast. I had rather a lonely morning and I hadn't seen Diane or Cliff or the children since Christmas and they had all been sick so I had Dad take me over there when he went back to work at Otis's house after dinner and he picked me up when he came back at night or late p.m.

Then I went to Bevan's to take a birthday card and gift to Linda and came back and watched the life of Lillian Russell on T.V.

Thursday, January 15, 1981: This morning I didn't feel very well. I think it was nerves and from eating an extra rich breakfast.

Dorothy phoned which did a lot to bring me out of it. She talked of plans for Stacy's wedding and reception. Then Margo came down to do some washing and I began to feel fine. Then Margo and I went to see Diane with a message from Dorothy and Margo to get an appointment for a hair cut. Then I went to D.U.P at 1:30. It was real nice. Tonight I'm writing letters.

January 16, 1981: Nothing very exciting happened today. Frank and I drove over to Monticello to see our dear friend, Clint Palmer. He has had an operation for ruptured appendix. It had ruptured twice before the operation and they did not dare remove them until later.

Everyone is excited because it looks like the hostages may be released this week end. We are all hoping and praying for them.



January 17, 1981: Today started out with me feeling rather sad. I tried to throw it off and finally succeeded. I am sure it happens to everyone. Then as the day wore on we heard there was good news regarding the hostages and I listened to all T.V. announcements. It sounded good.

When Frank went to work he first went to the store and bought me a big sack of oranges and apples which he knew I liked. That cheered me up and showed his thoughtfulness.

Sunday, January 18, 1981: Today was really a Red Letter day as it looks tonight as though the hostages will be released some time tomorrow and flown to West Germany where they will be taken care of at a large army hospital before being flown home. President Carter will fly there to greet them and back for the inauguration of Ronald Reagan on Tuesday. The Tabernacle Choir are in Washington to sing. Tomorrow should be exciting on T.V.

Our chapel is getting more beautiful all the time. Our drapes are here and all is so nice. The sound system is not good yet but I hear that it will be much improved.

Linda was a speaker today in Sacrament meeting. She is a lovely girl, also her sisters, Eva and Carlie. They are like grandchildren to us. We love them. Elaine gave a talk about fellowshipping when living with the Air Force.

Monday, January 19, 1981: This was an exciting day for all of us as we heard that the Uranians were prepared to release the hostages in Iran before Ronald Reagan was sworn in as our new president. The Uranians agreed and all the country was excited. President Carter told them that they had to be released before the swearing in ceremonies and he planned to go as president to Germany to greet the hostages. But as the days went by nothing was promised and no word was received much to everyone's disappointment.

Tuesday, January 20, 1981: This day was the big day that our new President Ronald Reagan was inaugurated and also the day that the 52 American hostages were finally released and flew out of the country where they were held prisoners for over two years. They flew to Algeria and then were met by plane from the American Army Base in Germany. We saw all of the departures and arrivals on T.V. They were so happy and so was every person in America and most everyone all over the world. Former President Carter flew to Germany to visit with them and had some interviews and found out some of the terrible treatment they received while prisoners. They were supposed to be released while President Carter was still in office but they waited until President Reagan was sworn in so they broke their agreement. It was a thrilling day.



Wednesday, January 21, 1981: This started out as a pretty gloomy day for me even though we had the usual wonderful sunshine. I had planned on going to the Senior Citizen's center to lunch and was going to bring a lunch home to Frank but Margo came down and as usual it cheered me up a lot. I can talk to her about anything and she understands. But I realize that I must get out more. I'm in this house too much. I went to Bevan's in the evening for a family history planning meeting. It was decided that each couple should write their own family history from their marriage and from the birth of each child, from birth until they left home and they also want mine and Dad's life histories. I have mine written but Dad will have to be persuaded. Then our home teachers came for about an hour. They are always interesting and fun to have. So the day turned out quite well.

Thursday, January 23, 1981: Today was rather lonely but turned out ok. I had planned to go up to spend a couple of hours with Diane and the children. Dad took me up but she had a volleyball tournament so she brought me home early after she looked for a baby sitter. But in the evening Frank and June Morrell, our neighbor, went to the Senior Citizens Center and I wrote on my family history while they played pool.

Friday, January 23, 1981: Today was interesting and fun. Dad went to work at Otis's as usual. I got my work done and watched my T.V. show. Then Earl and Lester came and took me to the Center for lunch. It was very good, plenty of dinner. I bought one to bring home to Frank. Then I went on the Senior's Bus for a short scenic ride all around the new housing areas and visited our new stake house under construction. They even drove into Otis's place. I made a new friend on the bus. She has the same eye problem as mine but much worse. Her name is Margaret Latham and she isn't a member of the church but expressed a desire to attend church. So we will take her with us (I hope) each Sunday and I am praying that she will become interested and will sometime meet with the missionaries here in our home. We promised to phone each other. I feel this is an answer to my prayers and my desire to help someone learn the gospel.

Saturday, January 23, 1981: Today was about as usual. Aunt Beth came down to talk about a talk she is giving in church today. Then she took me to town to find some material for a quilt. But we didn't find anything so will try when we go to Cortez sometime. I talked on the phone to my new friend, Margaret Latham. She is going to church with us tomorrow. I'm thrilled because she is not a member and I hope we can keep her coming.



Dad worked at Otis's all day as usual/

Sunday, January 26, 1981: This was a good day. We picked up my new friend, Margaret Latham, and took her to church with us. The sound in the chapel still was bad but Beth and Earl both gave real good talks. I could hear most of Beth's but Frank couldn't hear it. Earl talked loud and everyone could hear.

The choir sang a beautiful number and Elaine sang a high part. Margaret was thrilled with the singing. She asked me who the teacher was in Sunday School. Bro. Lee Reynolds is a fine teacher. She enjoyed Relief Society and she asked to go with us each week. I pray so hard that she will realize that we have something wonderful and will want at some time to listen to the missionaries and will eventually join our church. She so much needs the Gospel in her life. She really enjoys the Senior Citizen's program.

Monday, January 27, 1981: A week ago I went with the Senior Citizen's for a trip on the bus. We went to Green River then turned and went into Joslin Valley. Most of the seniors hadn't been there and were so thrilled with the unique formation. I had seen it twice before or more but enjoyed it again. There were twelve of us counting the driver, Dave Guyman, and Freda is who I sat by. Margaret and I also took lunch for both of us. We talked a little about the gospel and the Temples. It was a very nice day.

Tuesday, January 28, 1981: The former hostages were welcomed in Washington, D.C. by President and Mrs. Reagan and by thousands of people. It was all on T.V. and I spent the day watching ever bit of it. There were hundreds of yellow ribbons everywhere and flags. Bands and a parade and a grand welcome everywhere. We saw the busses leave their hotel to the plane and when they arrived in Washington. Many of them expressed their great joy and relief to be home at last.

Wednesday, January 29, 1981: Today Frank and I both went to lunch at the Center. It was real nice. Dr. Gibson came and told us he plans to build an apartment house in connection with the nursing home where people could have the privacy of their own apartment and still have the care if needed from the nursing home where nurses would be near and doctor available. We all signed the agreement. It should be nice.



Thursday, January 30, 1981: Frank was gone all day as usual. I went over to visit with Myrtle for awhile. We sang duets and had a good visit. We talked about our soap box show and about our families.

Friday, January 31, 1981: I didn't feel well today so I didn't do much of anything. I decided not to go to lunch so I cooked our dinner here. It was a long lazy day.

Saturday, January 31, 1981: Today the women of our stake held a woman's work shop. It was very nice. Beth took me up to the north chapel. First there was a large woman choir that sang two lovely songs. Elaine was the leader and Mabel June the organist. Marge Caroline Christensen gave a talk. She was introduced by her brother, Francis Lyman. Then Margie Lyman gave a real good talk. There was a film on compassionate service. It was very touching. Then we went to the various work shops. Beth and I attended a film and lecture on depression. Then we went to the food storage room where recipes and samples were given out. Then to the recreation hall to see all kinds of homemade and antique things and where they served refreshments.

My visiting teaching partner and I finished our Relief Society teaching at Betty Hawkins.

Sunday, February 1, 1981: This day was a special fast day for moisture. We joined with Monticello Stake for this and all the branches in the area also. We had a wonderful fast meeting and I bore my testimony. We had our new friend with us, Margaret Latham. She seemed very interested in everything. Our Relief Society was a special lovely lesson on Temple Marriage and living worthy, etc.

Monday, February 2, 1981: We had our monthly family group home evening at Bevan's place. Denise and Mike were in charge but Mike couldn't come and Denise gave a good lesson on family unity and helpfulness. We sang "I Am a Child of God" and "Love At Home." Denise served ice cream cones and cookies. Margaret's baby boy was born today. His name is Jason Mark. All is well with both of them.

This morning I went with the Senior Citizen's group to Shonto. We went to Gouldings place and then on to Shonto which is an Indian Trading Post. They have a nice museum there and we had a nice trip.

Tuesday, February 3, 1981: This was a usual day. Frank worked at Otis's and I kept busy at home.



Wednesday, February 4, 1981: Dad came in from work early enough that we could go to lunch at the Senior Center. We took Aunt Pauline and she and I had our blood pressure taken after lunch. It was quite good.

Thursday, February 5, 1981: We went to the Center in the evening to play pool. Frank and June did and I worked on my family history. In the p.m. I went up to visit Margo for awhile while Dad and Otis worked on the trailer.

Friday, February 6, 1981: Today we went to the Center for lunch. Frank offered the prayer on the food. This p.m. we both had a nap and tonight he took pictures of a group of Bevan's police officers. Cliff is on the force now.

Saturday, February 7, 1981: Today was rather a sad one for me. I was very nervous and unhappy. But I went to Lynn's place. He came and took me there for awhile in the morning. Then later I walked up to bevan's and Eva walked me back and it became dark. Dad went to Earl's to have his hair cut. We both had a real thrill in listening to six wonderful musicians play on T.V. for two hours. There were two violins, two cellos, a woman flutist and a pian. It was so wonderful.

Sunday, February 8, 1981: This was a busy but good day. We went to church as usual at 1:00 p.m. We took my new friend, Margaret Latham, with us. She is not a church member but this is the third time she has gone with us. Then we came home and ate our dinner after 4:00 p.m. Then Dad went home teaching with Bro. Martineau and then we brought Margaret down for waffles. Then Otis and Lynn came in their calling as stake missionaries and gave her the first lesson and she will meet them here again. We pray she will accept the gospel.

February 9, 1981, Monday: Today I had the usual morning. It is the most interesting time as I have my work to do and my favorite T.V. program. This p.m. I went with Dad to Otis's new house which they are building and I spent the two hours in the trailer with Margo. Then this evening we went to see Mark and Margaret's baby boy, one week old. His name is Matthew Bevan. He is a darling little fellow.

Tuesday, February 10, 1981: This has been a very busy day for me. I made bread this a.m. and got dinner. Audrey called to find out if I had made appointments for teaching. Then I did make one with Betty Hawkins and Audrey and I visited her and Effie. My Navajo neighbor,



Lorena, wasn't home. Then I made potato salad for the pot luck supper. Melba was sick so Frank took charge. The men played pool after and the women played rook. I watched and visited at one table. It was a nice evening.

Wednesday, February 11, 1981: I'm sorry I have neglected to write and so I forget what happened this day. But it was as usual. Frank worked at Otis's house and I kept busy around here. I'm so thankful for our cozy little home. Otis was born in our living room and Lynn in the south bedroom. There are a lot of happy memories.

Thursday, February 12, 1981: AGAIN I neglected to write at the end of this day and my memory is getting bad. I didn't remember but as before all days are much alike and I enjoy my FM radio music and some T.V. shows. I try to practice on the piano and our little organ.

I discovered when I turned 80 that I had a talent of playing by ear and since I can't read I find I can play any tune that I think of. It's fun!

Friday, February 13, 1981: Valentine's Day. I spent all morning making popcorn balls for our kids and grandkids including two of our neighbors, a boy and girl who brought us valentines and also for their parents and some children who have adopted us for their grandparents. Bob Rigg came to see us today. He is all the way from Anchorage, Alaska. We had a wonderful visit and he treated Dad's eye for infection and my right eye. He has come a long way back from being converted, becoming a bishop and High Councilman, getting excommunicated then repenting and now working his way back. He is happy to have been rebaptized and teaching Primary. He has married again to a member and has two small boys, besides his other family. We were very happy for him.

Elaine and Bevan brought us Valentine cookies with "MOM and DAD" written on them and tonight Dani brought huge ones with "GRANDMA and GRANDPA" written on them. It has been a real nice day. We watched a basketball game between San Diego State College and B.Y.U. The "Y" lost by one point after being behind 10. The game was exciting.

Sunday, February 15, 1981: Today has been so nice and restful and our meeting was really lovely. The Kirkham Family gave the program. A young cub scout gave a talk then his mother, Joy, who is a den mother talked about the program. Then their older boy, a scout, talked. Then his father who is in charge of scouting. Sunday School lesson was given by Don Brown (Bro. Reynolds was out of town). Relief Society lesson compassionate service by June



Morrell. It was well done. Then I gave Sister Kirkham popcorn balls for her family for valentines.

We received letters from Mike and Russell. Friday, Russell sent me a handkerchief from Tonga. Mike promised to get some for me from Sweden and nearby countries. Elaine and Bevan brought us each a large heart cookie with "Mom" and "Dad". Dani brought each one with "Grandma" and "Grandpa." Frank bought me a large candy bar. Diane called to say her Mom called and has everything arranged for all of us to stay in L.A. the night of March 19th. Stacy got her endowments in Provo then she and Mike went through the Salt Lake Temple. They had a good time in the area and arrived home safely.

Monday, February 16, 1981: President's Day, they say. Today has been very nice and interesting. I went in the Senior Citizen's bus to Valley of the Gods. It was such a beautiful warm day. We went through the Valley then up the Moki Hill and on to the look out point and back home. Tonight Pauline and I went to hear Kent Lyman in concert. It was wonderful. It really fed my soul. Lucy Harris brought us home. Frank took us up. Kent had a lady play the final number. I loved all of it.

Tuesday, February 17, 1981: Today was quiet and restful. My Relief Society teachers came this morning and were here about 20 minutes. They are Pearl Bayles, a special old friend, and Betty Pearson, whom I like very much.

Tonight the birthday club met at Ruth Lyman's home. She married Stanley Lyman (Yvonne's father). They had the party for Ruby Bronson and Ruth. A lovely dinner, decorated for valentine day. Ruby gave each one of us handkerchiefs. Frank came and got Aunt Pauline and I early as they were all playing Rook.

Wednesday, February 18, 1981: We went up to lunch at the Center and Frank and Melba had a meeting after for awhile. It was just a usual day for both of us.

Friday, February 20, 1981: Lynn and Yvonne, Cory and I went to see Dani take part in the high school play, "The Diary of Ann Frank". It was well done. Dani did very well in her part as the wife of one of the main characters, who also directed the play.

Saturday, February 21, 1981: This morning I decided to call Dorothy. Dad was working in his shop. When I called Stacy was the only one home. She told me to call back and when I called, Dorothy, DonEla and the girls were there. They were going to watch Beverly play a



volleyball tournament. Lynn and Yvonne came just as I started to talk so we all visited a little with Dorothy. But all is well there. We are going to the wedding.

Sunday, February 22, 1981: This day was really special. I felt such a beautiful spirit all day. I believe my Heavenly Father was pleased with us. The Sacrament meeting was so lovely. It was the Primary children's meeting and they sang so beautifully. The teachers so such a great job with them. Our Sunday School class was interesting as usual. Bro. Reynolds is such a good teacher. Sister Carroll also gave a good lesson in Relief Society. After church we drove around for awhile. We went to see the new stake house. It is so huge and is coming along so well. I heard it should be finished for dedication in July. Then we went to Lynn's to wish them a happy anniversary and then we came home and talked about getting our emergency supply together. We talked about our Sunday School lesson. Otis and family came for a few minutes. We gave Mindy a gift.

Monday, February 23, 1981: Today was Margaret Latham's 70th birthday and Aunt Lucille invited Dad and I and Aunt Nora to have dinner at their place in honor of Margaret. Then I had some bad problem with my back and thigh so didn't get much done in the afternoon and evening. We both went to bed early.

Tuesday, February 24, 1981: I had a bad morning with my back but it cleared up quite a bit and I was in a lot of misery. This p.m. I started to feel better and so this evening we went to dinner at the Senior Citizen's Center. A family gave the program. I was sorry to hear that this talented family are moving away in two weeks for Washington State.

Wednesday, February 25, 1981: Today was interesting and enjoyable. Dad worked at Otis's. I went to Ada Rigby's for a birthday party for Florence Galbraith, Aunt Pauline Smith and Ada. We had a nice dinner and a good visit.

Thursday, February 26, 1981: Last night one of Uncle Chester Black's grandsons, who is the son of Florence Bilner, came and brought Frank Grandfather John M. Black's Bible which had been rescued from being discarded. It is beautiful and full of valuable records of the John Morley Black family.

Saturday, February 28, 1981: This was quite an eventful day in our family. We all met at the north chapel tonight at 6:00 p.m. Bevan, Elaine, Denise, Lynn, Yvonne and family, Dad and I; all of us to be present for the baptism of Otis's Mindy. Dad led a song, "Choose The Right".



Marcel played the piano, Lynn offered the prayer. A friend of their family gave a talk and Otis baptized his girl. It was very nice.

Sunday, March 1, 1981: This has been a very lovely spiritual day for all of us. At 9:00 a.m. Frank and I went to the north chapel for the Second Ward fast meeting. Bevan, Elaine, Lynn, Yvonne and kids went too. The men participated in the confirmation of Mindy. Otis gave her a lovely blessing then we went to our meeting starting at 1:00 p.m. Steve and Lawana and Darlene came down. Steve's little girl, Heather Ann, and Mark's boy, Matthew Bevan, were blessed by their fathers. Dad, Uncle Earl, Mark, Bevan, Otis, and Lynn all joined Steve in the blessing. Then Mark blessed his boy and the same group, including Margaret's grandfather, Lynn Lyman, were in the group. Mark blessed his son.

When Dad and I got home Bevan's family had our dinner hot in our oven for us. Before meeting we went up to Bevan's where pictures were taken of all his family. They had Dad and I in the generation groups and with the men and the women.

Monday, March 2, 1981 - Sunday, March 15, 1981: I have neglected to write in my journal for two weeks. In the meantime, Mark and Margaret have been here several times to talk to Dad about his life story. In fact they made several copies of what he told them and we hope to have typed copies for all the family. Mark and Margaret have gone now to Nevada to Margaret's folks where she and the baby will stay while Mark takes his Boot Training. In the meantime they will visit friends in the Salt Lake area and with Steve and Lawana in Roy.

Yesterday, Saturday 14th, was our 56th wedding anniversary. It was a real nice day. Dad just stayed home from working at Otis's house. We just relaxed all day and Dad decided to get some oysters and we made some stew. We ate ice cream and in the evening Elaine and Bevan came down and brought us a box of candy and a can of mixed nuts. Tonight, they brought us each a dish of desert. Denise is still waiting for the arrival of her baby. It is too weeks overdue which isn't serious with the first one.

We had a good day, Sunday the 15th. Sacrament meeting was very spiritual. A girl came up from Montezuma to be baptized. The woman who brought her bore her testimony in Sacrament meeting and they brought another woman who gave a beautiful talk about friendship and sharing the gospel.



Tuesday, March 17, 1981: This day has been good and bad. I have had a real bad day of pain in my head and shoulder. Otis came down and got me to take three anacin pills which I did and finally got some relief. I feel better tonight. It is news time. Dad got breakfast as usual and he and Otis stayed with me for quite awhile then Margo came down and was here when Dad and Otic came back soon after noon. Dad got us a nice dinner and since this is Otis's and Margo's wedding anniversary we were thrilled to have them eat dinner with us. Dad fixed potatoes with canned beef gravy, peas, salad and I had fixed jello so we had that with ice cream for dessert.

Yvonne just called me and we decided on our lunch for Thursday while traveling to Los Angeles. I am to fix two dozen deviled eggs and fix a chicken and bring bread. I'm making some bread now. I'll make more tomorrow.

Thursday, March 19, 1981: This morning at 4:30 a.m. nine of us started in Arvid's van for a trip to Los Angeles to attend the wedding of our lovely granddaughter, Stacy Jan Bishop and Michael Brooks. This young man has filled a mission in the Denver area at the same time Denise was there. Then he came to Provo to school and met Stacy as she was working and living there. Denise worked with the elders and knew Michael.

We had a fun trip in the van. Lynn and Yvonne and their three children, Diane and Cliff and Dad and I. We started around 5:30 a.m. and drove to Los Angeles arriving in a huge rain storm and when the evening traffic was very heavy. We drove to the Temple where Dorothy had reserved an apartment for us at the Temple and a dear old friend (Sr. Page) who lives there, went to her son's place and turned her apartment over to Dorothy, Duane and Stacy. Tom and Diane, Cliff and Lynn's boys went to stay at Dean Bishop's home which is quite near the Temple. Lynn, Yvonne and Danielle were in the apartment and we were all very tired.

We all met at the Temple Friday the 20th with a huge crowd of friends from Santee. Ted and Glena came from San Diego. The couple had both received their endowments. There was a marathon going on for 24 hours of work for the dead so the wedding party all met in a sealing room and the lovely ceremony was performed by a former bishop of the family. Stacy looked so lovely in her beautiful wedding dress. Mike's mother, grandparents and other relatives were there. His father is dead but I'm sure he would be there too.



We then all went to a nearby cafe for lunch and then Dad and I rode back to San Diego with Ted and Glena. We stayed at Dorothy's home and so did Duane's parents who also were at the wedding.

Friday we were able to visit, also Saturday and Saturday evening. The reception was held in the L.D.S. Institute. It was decorated and very nice. They had the largest wedding cake I had ever seen and it was served to a huge crowd with ice cream, nuts, vegetables and dip and punch. John Burke sang two songs and there were several other numbers on the program. Stacy's sisters were her attendants; DonEla, Diane, Beverly and DonEla's two little girls were dressed the same. Lanette, their angel sister, was also dressed the same and Ted took many pictures which we hope to see soon. They brought Lanette over for the pictures and then took her back to the home where she has lived with other retarded children for years. She is now 14 years old with the mental age of less than one year but she has made great progress physically.

On Sunday we went to church with Duane and Dorothy's family. Lynn's family stayed at Ted's and Glena's and went with them. Then Sunday p.m. Glena served dinner to all of us. It was Dad and Tim's birthday on Monday and we intended to come home that day but Ted asked Cliff to work on a couple of cars, so we stayed Monday and came home on Tuesday the 24th. The dinner was for Dad and Tim's birthdays and very nice.

I had a lot of pain in my head while we were gone. Dorothy and Glena took me to their natural health doctor for massage and treatment but I still had pain until a week or so ago. I probably was hurt from falling full length on my face before the trip. The doctor thinks I may have suffered a whip lash.

I have neglected writing in my journal since coming home from California and I must get going again on a day by day basis and hope I will from now on.

Dad has worked on Otis' house all winter and I have been alone a lot. My nerves have bothered me quite a bit but I must get out more and get more exercise now that spring is here. And I will.

My dear friend, Marion Jones, and I had our birthday party together as we always do at my home on April 10th. Her birthday is April 4th and mine is April 6th. This was my 82nd birthday. We prepared a lunch on the Easter theme: ham, potato salad, French bread, jello salad,



sherbet and cookies. All of the club were there except Ruth Lyman who just arrived home about the time the party started. As usual, everyone brought each of us a birthday card and my secret pal brought me lovely bath and hand towels. Marion got a book and pillow case to embroider. My neighbor, June Morrell, was a special guest. This birthday club has been in existence many years. The members are besides Marion and I, Nora Nielson, Afton Stevens, Pauline Smith, Theresa Redd, Florence Galbraith, Ruby Bronson, Lucy Harris, Josephine Bayles, Pearl Bayles, Ruth Lyman, Maggie Harvey who is on a mission now but will be home in June. Also Ada Rigby. We have had many good times together.

Right now Marion is not well and I am concerned. She has had a lot of pain in her right leg and hip and rather a severe heart condition.

Today Denise brought her darling baby girl to see me. She is named Danielle for Lynn's daughter. She is a beautiful child. She is the 15th great grandchild.

I went to the D.U.P. this afternoon. Aunt Beth Wright is Captain and Mable Shumway is vice captain. We had a most interesting history given and a good lesson. I am a charter member. I joined the very first day they organized in Blanding. I was corresponding secretary then and have filled every position in it since except county captain.

Tonight we are at the Senior Citizen's Center where Dad and our neighbor are playing pool. June Girard is here playing the piano while I am trying to catch up on my journal.

Last Saturday I called June Girard at her home in Tooele and found out that my niece Fern Gillette had been released from her mission to Florida and was having her homecoming meeting the next day. I thought I had missed the meeting so I asked Dad if we could go up to Tooele to attend it and he was so wonderful. He agreed to take me and we left home about 1:00 p.m. on Saturday. It was such a nice day and we arrived in Salt Lake about 7:00 p.m. Dad and I were tired and didn't want to visit that night, so we drove to Harmon's Cafe in North Salt Lake where we always liked to go and had a lovely Kentucky fried chicken dinner with soup, salad and so much we couldn't manage the soup. Then we went to the City Center Motel where we used to stay for \$5 or \$10. It cost \$25 for one bed in a small but nice room. The next morning (Sunday) we drove out to Tooele and rode around town for awhile. We drove past the places we had lived and the school and the cemetery where all of my people are and our baby Gerald Frank, also where my old home was. It has been pulled down and lay in a rubble which made me sad. We



drove up Settlement Canyon where I remember the picnics I had as a girl when the Aunts and Uncles would go in wagons to picnic. Then we drove to Fern's and she was so pleased. One of her daughter's families were there and her other daughter and son soon came with their families. She served us a lovely lunch and then we all went to the chapel at 1:00 p.m. Her granddaughter sang a beautiful song accompanied by their mother. Bevan Anderson gave the opening prayer. He and Blaine were the only one of her family and I didn't get to see Blaine. I talked to Thelma on the phone but she wasn't home when we called. Gayle was sick so she couldn't come but June sat by me and so did Ruth Hawkins. I saw many friends and relatives. It was nice. Fern gave a wonderful talk and bore such a strong testimony. She was a wonderful missionary.

We drove back to Salt Lake and went to Aunt Carlie's but no one was there so we drove three more hours to Meadow and spent the night with Aunt Ila and Uncle Wilbur.

Monday we started for home and called at Joseph, Utah to see my second cousin, Mabel Shipp. We spent an hour there so we could rest. Mable's father and my mother were first cousins.

We drove on home without a care or worry until we got to Otis's place and Margo told us Diane and Cliff's garage had burned and they had to move into our house. They were welcome of course. They had been here since Saturday after we left. They stayed another night and day and then Lynn and Yvonne invited them to their place where they are now this Easter day. We are invited there for Easter dinner.

It is raining and cold. It has rained a great deal which is an answer to our prayers. This is Easter Sunday, April 19, 1981.

Sunday, April 19, 1994 (Easter): It is nice outside now at 11:00 a.m. after another beautiful rain. We don't go to church until 1:00 to 4:00 p.m.

Lynn phoned and invited us to his place for Easter dinner. Cliff and Diane are still there. They should be moving back home soon.

Dorothy called this morning. They are having a nice Easter dinner. I guess DonEla, John and the girls will be there. Margaret and baby are in town. We haven't seen them yet.

Tuesday, May 19, 1981: It was our turn to have the family home evening this month but because Lynn, Yvonne and Marcel had to be in Monticello for a performance with Canyon Landers, we postponed it for a week then we had all the family here and the theme of the evening



was Joseph Shields Bevan, my wonderful Father. I had brief histories that were written by my sister, Alice, brother Joe and myself. I had asked Bevan and Lynn to read them and I showed a picture of my parents and I taken while I was living at home. We sang a couple of songs and had prayer and after the evening we served ice cream cones for the kids and sundaes for the older people.

Then came Mother's Day. As usual, I was honored at Sunday School as the oldest mother there. This has been for three years in a row. Dad and I had a nice lunch after church. Just before church, Elaine and Bevan came down. They brought me a beautiful African violet plant in full blossom in a pot Bevan made...also a beautiful card and a box of cherry chocolates and a can of mixed nuts. They always take care of our sweet tooth. Ted had called Lynn to have him get me an orchid in Salt Lake. So Lynn's family came down just before church and brought me the orchid and lovely card and said they want to ge me what Temple clothes I need. So they are getting me a Temple dress. Otis and Margo gave me a real nice heavy baking pan and card. Dorothy sent a really extra lovely card as usual. Stacy sent a lovely card. It was a real nice day. Ted's card didn't come yet,

Yesterday, Monday, Dad and I went on the Senior Citizen's bus to a famous canyon where there are many sights from the rim of the canyon. The canyon is just outside of Chimle, Arizona. Dad and I were there several times to conference when we were missionaries in the Lamanite Mission. It was a lovely trip. Dad, Uncle Earl and A. Helquist were the men. The others were Myrtle Redd, Sr. Adair, Mamie Adams, Marion Jones, Sr. Bradford and Aunt Beth, Pauline and I. I was so interesting.

Wednesday, June 24, 1981: I have surely neglected to write in my journal for quite awhile but have resolved to write every night from now on that I am able. Dad and I are thankful that we are well and able to take care of ourselves and our home. We have been to the Senior Citizen's Center today for dinner and to meet our old friends. I enjoy going because we can enjoy friendships. We sat at a table with Beth and Earl and Lester Carroll (Aunt Beth's brother). Dad played pool with them after for awhile. Dad is going to be instructor for playing pool.

Bevan's Mike arrived in Salt Lake last Sunday night from his mission in Sweden. They got home from Salt Lake last night and he came down to visit us this morning. They had a good visit with Steven and Lawana and Heather and James in Roy where they live. They will be here next



week and we will be able to see them. Margaret is in town too with Matthew. Mark will soon be able to come to Nevada and get her and the baby to go with him to his first assignment in the Air Force.

We are all very thankful that Yvonne went through her hysterectomy safely and is doing well. We have been really blessed in our family with health and strength. Dad has a serious hearing problem and my eyesight is very poor but we are happy and thankful for the health we have and for the love and concern of our family.

I cannot read what I write but hope sometime in the future someone can read the things I write and that it will be of interest to our family.

Tuesday, July 7, 1981: I goofed again and have not kept my promise to keep up my journal and so I will forget much that has taken place. But a lot of exciting things have and are happening.

A week ago today Dad and I drove to Salt Lake with other members of his family to attend the Temple session and sealing of Aunt Carlie Breinholt's daughter, Sally Anderson, and her husband and three little daughters. We took our car and Aunt Nellie and Uncle Dolores went with us. Earl took Nora and Lucille and Beth and Lester Carroll with him. We met at Aunt Carlie's and found Ila and Wilbur and Lois Rowley there.

Aunt Carlie had a lovely lunch ready for all of us and we were hungry. This time of year we are thankful for our air conditioning in the car. The trip was very pleasant. After lunch Dad and I left and went on to Salt Lake to an apartment that Lynn and Arvid have rented for their business and they lent it out to family members much cheaper than at a motel and it is nice and provided with everything we need. We rested and changed clothes and met the others at the Temple for the 5:00 p.m. session. It was a huge one and very long, the largest session we have ever been on and also the largest group in a sealing room we have ever seen. There were about 88 people there, most of them from Sally's ward.

We left the Temple about 10:00 p.m. and drove back southwest to their ward recreation hall and chapel. There were tables set up in the hall and a nice meal was provided for all of us. When we finally got to bed we were all so tired we could hardly get into bed.



We both took our time Wednesday morning to get plenty of rest. Then we had breakfast and called June Girard who has sold her home in Tooele and has moved into a condominium in Salt Lake. She lives near where Otis lived before moving down here. She has a nice place if she ever gets organized and she is near her only child, Tina June and her two children. We also went back to Carlie's and did a little shopping in a market and saw Bob Macafee after many years. Then we went to Harmon's Cafe for a lovely chicken dinner and drove home on Thursday.

While we were in Salt Lake our granddaughter, Beverly Bishop came from Santee, California and will stay with us for some weeks. It is nice to have a young person around. She wants to help all she can and I hope to use her eyes for a lot of things and try to organize many things that I can't read to put away or throw away.

Friday Stacy and Michael Brooks left Salt Lake on a motorcycle and arrived Saturday about 1:30 p.m. They didn't bring jackets and were really cold when they arrived.

We had a pleasant 4th of July. The usual activities with a nice program in the football field in the evening. Sunday the 5th we went to the 6th Ward for Sacrament meeting where we met Diane and Lynn's families. Lynn gave a beautiful opening prayer. Then we left and came home to get Stacy and Michael on their way and to give them dinner. Then Dad, Beverly and I went to our chapel, he to priesthood and Bev and I to Relief Society. Our dinner tasted good after our 24 hour fast. At the ward Sacrament meeting it was announced that next Sunday we would have a special Stake Conference where Elder Bruce R. McConkie will be here to divide our stake and to divide our town into eight wards. This will mean a great deal of separation of people from the various wards and into two stakes. We have a great many branches coming into our stakes going as far down as Kayenta, Arizona and Chilchimpato, Mexican Hat, Bluff, Aneth, Montezuma, etc.

This is Tuesday night and I have been to Relief Society work meeting and Teacher Topic meeting. It is the last one before many of our sisters will be leaving our ward. Right now I am at the Senior Citizen's Center where Dad and June Morrell are playing pool. They try to play once a week for a couple of hours and I come along and try to catch up on my writing. I hope to keep this journal from now on on a daily basis.

July 8, 1981: This was a rather uneventful day. I didn't get much accomplished. Our granddaughter, Dorothy's girl Beverly Bishop, is living with us now for awhile. She is nice to



have and does things to help me. I went swimming yesterday with her and Diane and Denise. All my grandchildren are so loving and kind to me.

Otis started teaching a class on song writing at the High School tonight. He is to teach a three hour class once a week. He is very talented in music and has written many songs. He plays the guitar and sings. He and Margo sing so nice together.

July 9, 1981: Today was a nice one in which I got quite a lot of things done and I have felt good and happy. Margo came down to wash and we had a little visit. Beverly went up to take Diane's boys to their swimming lesson and to tend all the children while Diane went teaching. She ate dinner with us. She is staying in Bevan's house while his family are in Salt Lake for a Feinauer reunion. Elaine's mom is in the hospital too.

Sunday, July 26, 1981: We have had a great deal happen since I last wrote in my journal and have not felt like writing. On Monday, July 13th Dad went to work with Otis on the house as usual. Otis and Mindy had been down early to decide on the work. I was feeling extra good and strong that day as my Heavenly Father, I'm sure, was preparing me for the shock that was to come.

I prepared dinner and was waiting for Dad to come back when Bevan and Elaine came and they gently told me there had been an accident. Dad and Otis were back on the scaffolding and working on the west cable end when without any warning the scaffolding collapsed and both fell. Dad went down with it and Otis fell clear and free and both were badly injured.

Beverly was up there visiting them and Otis asked her to go and change the water on the garden. As she was coming back she saw them fall. She ran to her car and to the nearest phone and called the ambulance. Lynn was here at our house but didn't see me as I was in the orchard, but he forwarded the message by radio and hurried there in time to go with the ambulance to the hospital.

Bevan and Elaine and I followed as did Margo and family and Beverly. Dr. Gibbons found Otis to have a broken arm and many bruises. Dad he found had one broken rib and many bruises with a cut on his head. They were given emergency treatment and put to bed. The next day they decided to send Otis to Cortez to the orthopedic surgeon and sent Dad home. Dad had a very bad night. Otis's arm was found to be much worse and was reset and it was decided he must have an operation. The next day Lynn, Margo and I took Dad to Cortez where they found he had



two broken ribs and a collapsed lung. The doctor called Dr. Good and sent Dad back to the Monticello hospital where he remained for almost a week. He is improving and the lung is normal.

Otis came home on Thursday and is improving now and we are all so thankful to our Heavenly Father for sparing their lives.

It is Sunday today and I expect to attend our meetings. Dad will be unable to go but we hope he can by next Sunday.

Our stake has been divided in the last two weeks and another ward has been added to our stake. We still have President Fred Haliday with Lewis Singer and we have lost many families from our ward and many others have come back in. Many of the older members whom we missed a great deal, Grant and Josephine Bayles, Myrtle Redd, Ruby Bronson, Ben and Glenna Black, Vivian and Ben Redd, LaVae and Lyman Redd, Stanley and Ruth Lyman, to name a few.

We still have Bishop George Bayles with Bro. Don Palmer and Bro. Wheeler as counselors. Elaine has all the music in the ward now including the choir. I hope Bevan's family will be home in time for church. Darlene, Mike and Linda are all in Provo. Mike and Darlene will work until the "Y" opens and Linda is already in school. Beverly has gone to decide where she will stay. She was with us for two or three weeks.

August 8, 1981: I just do not keep up on my journal and so probably won't remember what has happened or all at least, but we are at the Senior Citizen's Center this afternoon. Dad finds that his aim is so much better and he can shoot the pool balls again. So our neighbor June came along to play with him. I can't see well enough.

Dad was sustained and set apart last Sunday as Assistant High Priest's Leader to Stanley Lyman and I am visiting teacher partner to Ruth. So we will have quite an association with them.

Last Tuesday was Mother's and Daughter's party for our Relief Society at the park. I went with Elaine and Carla and Eva. Denise and little Danielle were there and Diane and Vennessa and Jodell. It was a nice party. I got a prize for having been married the longest. The next night, Wednesday the 5th, Elaine and I went again as it was Mothers and Daughters for Denise and Diane's ward. It was really nice too. Both had nice programs and plenty of salads.



Thursday night the Utah Symphony orchestra was here and I went with Lynn's family. It was really wonderful. I love good music. Today I am trying to get some work done. DonEla and John and the little girls are coming on their way to Ogden to look into a teaching job for John. They will be visiting Diane, but will sleep at our place. Beverly is in Salt Lake and is probably going to live and work there.

Bevan and Elaine came down this morning and he helped me clean up the porch and he cut the lawn and put in coal for the stoker last night. We drove up to Otis's. His garden is doing fine. We got our first meal of tomatoes from him.

October 29, 1981: I have again neglected to write for almost two months. I really want to repent and write every night but I haven't been feeling very well for quite awhile. I am having nerves trouble and I am trying hard to cope with it. I feel better today and since I do pray every day and every night, I'm sure I will soon be feeling fine again.

Diane and Cliff have four lovely children. They have their home fixed up real nice and have the garage which was burned all rebuilt. Cliff is janitor of the North chapel. Devon and Cameron are in school and DonEla's Jessie is in kindergarten this year. They are a lovely family. Diane and DonEla are both expecting new babies in December or January.

Since I wrote last, Bevan has had his family all here for a reunion. Steve and Lawana are located at Hill Field now and living on the base. Their James is getting much bigger and has plenty of pep and Heather is a pretty little girl. She looks a lot like Lawana. They are doing fine.

Mark and Margaret are living on the base at Albuquerque, New Mexico and are doing fine. Their baby is so big I couldn't believe it. He seems to have a passion for the piano. He has to pound on it with both hands.

Mike seems to be happy at work and school at the B.Y.U. and Darlene looks and feels fine and is having fun. She wants to go on a mission when she turns 21 in about a year and nine months if she hasn't married by then.

Jon is the same peppy boy and much joy to the family. Linda has a chance to go to the "Y" for several weeks this summer in the Navajo program. She is starting to work at Redd's. She had only one and a half credits to make up at high school to graduate. Eva and Carlie are doing ok at school.



Otis and Margo are well settled in their new home. Otis is trapping and doing quite well. He should get quite a large amount of money for his hides. He enjoys this kind of work. Margo is at present writing and putting together the novel they wrote together. It is very interesting and may sell some day, we hope.

Lynn and Yvonne made a trip to Hong Kong, China recently. The carpet company earned a trip and it was their turn to go. Their kids are doing fine. Marcel is president of the Seminary and got a four year scholarship to B.Y.U. He has always been an A student in school.

Dani is on the drill team and really enjoying it and Cory is much happier in school since he is in junior high.

About six weeks ago Dorothy and Duane came to Utah to attend a Bishop reunion and spent two days here on their way home. They came to Payson again for deer season but had no luck so they came down here for most of the week. Still no luck but Otis gave them some meat he was able to get.

DonEla and John have moved to Ogden where John has a good teaching job. It's hard on DonEla since they have never been separated in all of DonEla's life.

Tom lives at home and goes to college and Russell is in Tonga on his mission. He will be home in the spring.

Ted and Glena seem to be ok. We don't hear very often. Jan has had another big beautiful baby boy. Their boys are named Jason and Nathan. Scott is in the bishopric and also in the service someplace in California. They have at least three children. Kellee and Keith now have two little girls and are very happy. They will be going to Germany soon. He is a captain in the army. We don't hear much of Janelle but I did hear she was going to the "Y" after Christmas. Tim is in the training mission now getting ready for his mission to Korea. I think he leaves November 3rd.

Willard's Sterling went into the training mission the same day as Tim. He is thrilled to be going to Germany. He lived there as a young boy while Willard was there. Jeff is doing fine and so is Terilynne and Jason doing fine in school. Sandi is working in the hospital and likes it fine.



I believe I didn't mention Denise and Mike. They are fine and have an adorable baby girl. She is so small and peppy. It is hard to believe she is so young. Mike has a job at Energy Fuel. Bevan and Elaine are both working and very busy. Dad is doing a lot

better from his accident and so is Otis. We are very thankful for our wonderful family.

This is October 29, 1981 and Frank and our neighbor and I are at the Senior Citizen's Center. They are playing pool and I am trying to catch up on my journal. I want to begin to write a little every night and hope this time that I will do it and stick with it. I finished this account several pages back so hope whoever might read this will understand that I can't read and I get pages mixed, but I have tried to do the best I could.

Friday, October 30, 1981: This has been a cold day. We woke up this morning to find our first snow of the season. It soon melted, but there has been a cold north wind all day.

Joan Slade and I finally got our visiting teaching done after two other tries this month and we still missed Denise Lyman. We talked to Bishop Lyman (Frances) who was home and we called it visited. I talked to Denise yesterday.

Bevan came by to see us today for a few minutes. He is going to school regularly and with his job as Chief of Police he is very busy. Otis has been here twice today. Lynn was here yesterday morning. Dad has been in the house most of the day. I always appreciate when he is with me.

I am feeling much better today than for some time. I am so thankful for this blessing. Goodnight.

October 31, 1981: This is Halloween night and most people with children are at the carnival at the high school. There are very few trick or treaters out as yet. It is also stake conference which came at a bad time for most parents. Dad and I attended the meeting tonight in the new stake house which is the first time we have been in it. It is a beautiful building with lots of space but rather badly attended tonight.

Tomorrow at 10:00 a.m. we have our main meeting. President J. B. Washburn from Page, Arizona is the visiting authority. He was born and raised in Blanding and graduated in the same class with Dorothy and LaVae and Erma Hurst and Ada Rigby. He is a wonderful man and a powerful speaker. We are now members of a Lamanite Stake and all energy is being spent to



activate the Lamanite people so they can have their own stake soon. There is sure to be a large crowd for the Sunday meeting. Dad wants to go early and get a hearing aid. He could hear Bro. Washburn but not the other speakers very well.

Lynn came and sat with us. He sang in a male quartette which was really beautiful. Our Ward Blanding First is to furnish the choir music in the morning. Elaine is our choir leader. This night meeting is for people over 18 only.

I will say here that I loved my Lamanite Mission and I love and appreciate these people who are loved by the Lord. I pray for them and hope I can do something to help some of them to become active. I must visit my Lamanite neighbors soon again and call our non-member family and we must try again to get them interested.

November 2, 1981: This is Monday a.m. I am so glad that I feel much better. I have been out for a walk and it is a beautiful day. Lynn was down to bring back Dad's pickup. Otis was here to bring a fox he caught in his trap. Tonight he is skinny two more foxes, one for a friend.

We all met at Bevan's tonight for a family evening to plan our Christmas party. It will be at Otis's home. We will all furnish dinner and then exchange our gifts. It was decided to do something for the names we drew. Lynn was in charge of the meeting as Bevan was in school. Marcel led us in a song and Dani played the piano. Linda served cookies, milk or water and Elaine had Halloween treats of candy to help ourselves to. It was a nice evening.

November 1, 1981 (Sunday): I got this out of place but it was a very nice day. Stake Conference (second meeting) was held at 10:00 a.m. Bro. J. B. Washburn was there to preside. There were several speakers. Several Lamanites talked from our Southern Branch. It is nice to be associated with these people again. They have such humble testimonies. President Haliday gave a nice talk and so did President Curtis Jones and Elder Washburn. Our new stake house is beautiful and furnished so nice. It will be so nice to get it dedicated which I hope will be soon. There are three wards meeting in it now each Sunday and this was the first conference this week and last, one Sunday for each of our two Blanding Stakes. We are all very proud of the lovely building.

November 3, 1981, (Tuesday): Today has been rather quiet around here. Dad took Otis's two boys, Kirk and Brandon, down to Montezuma Creek to the dentist. We went to town for



mail. We had received word of the death of Esther Kimball, Dad's old friend, Howard Kimball's wife. We will miss hearing from her this Christmas. She was very faithful in sending their greeting cards.

Otis came in for a few minutes today. He is working all this week to help do some brick work on a house.

Elaine came down and brought us some fresh side pork she bought today. It is a favorite with us. They are very thoughtful. We are always invited there for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners.

I took popcorn balls to Diane's four children. They missed us on Halloween as we had gone to conference.

I am feeling much better and have lost quite a bit of weight.

November 4, 1981, Wednesday: The main thing of interest today to me was the wonderful T.V. program of the 100 years of Boston Pop Orchestra. It was so beautiful. The orchestra music and the wonderful Negro lady vocal soprano and the chorus, and the Japanese conductor who was so great.

We visited Margo awhile in the p.m. It does me good to talk to her. She seems to understand. Dad has another project started on his lathe. He works late on it.

Thursday, November 5, 1981: Tonight was the visiting teaching lesson and work meeting at Relief Society. I had intended to go and my neighbor, June Morrell, was coming to pick me up at a few minutes to seven. But just before then came a knock at the door and there was Ted and Glena. We had a delightful surprise. So of course I didn't go.

Lynn and Yvonne were leaving for Salt Lake to get Yvonne checked out with a specialist, but they came down for awhile and Lynn called Bevan so he and Elaine came. Otis was here too for a very few minutes. Ted and Glena had been to Provo and to Salt Lake to see Tim off for his mission in Korea. Then they came this way on their way home. They spent Thursday night, Friday and Friday night with us and left early Saturday for home.

On Friday Bevan and Elaine took the four of us for a sight seeing tour of the town so they could see how much it had grown and to see the new stake center. We also went to see Otis's new home. Glena had dinner cooking here so Dad and I came back with them and the four of us



ate dinner. Glena also cleaned my bedroom and the bathroom while she was here. They got home late Saturday night and called us early Sunday morning.

Sunday, November 8, 1981: We had a good Sacrament meeting. The Stringham family talked, Lanell and her husband who is our ward clerk. Lanell Stringham was Lanell Mahon. Their tiny children each said a few words too and there were two youth speakers. Sunday School was interesting and so was Relief Society. We have a new Relief Society president, Sister Betty Early, and she is so wonderful. She has only been in a little over two weeks and she has already been down twice to see me. Today she brought me two old waltz records with old timer waltzes to cheer me.

Wednesday, November 11, 1981: Bevan called this morning. I was alone, Dad had gone for wood. Bevan and Elaine were going to Monticello and invited me to go along. It was a nice trip. We did a little shopping and Bevan bought candy for me and some goodies at the bakery.

Thursday, November 12, 1981: Tonight was the annual Thanksgiving dinner at the Senior Citizen's Center. Dad and I went and I took some frozen peas I had cooked. We raised them and they were real nice. Mine were the only ones so the dish was emptied which was good. They had turkey and all the trimmings and pumpkin pie. It was a lovely dinner. Dad and I didn't stay for the games, pool and rook.

Thursday, a.m.: Sister Early came down to see me and we had a nice visit. She is our new Relief Society president and so nice. She is also our neighbor. They have a trailer on the lot where Opal Black had her trailer. Opal got married and moved away and sold the lot.

Friday, November 13, 1981: Dad took Otis out to check his traps and I went along for the ride. Otis is going to Mesa, Arizona on Monday to sell his hides.

Saturday, November 14, 1981: Today I am feeling quite a lot better. Dad took Otis out again to check his traps after Lynn and Yvonne and boys got back from getting a pick up load of wood and brought the pick up back. They brought us 20 jumbo eggs. They get the fresh ones so much cheaper when they go to Salt Lake.

Yvonne is going in the Salt Lake hospital on December 18th for surgery. She has a gall stone that must be removed and is a delicate operation as the stone is so near her kidney. We will all be thankful when it is all over.



Diane and DonEla are both having babies in the next month or six weeks. Both are getting along fine so far.

Margaret is also pregnant. I don't know when her baby is due. She and Mike are coming for Thanksgiving to Grandma Lyman's. We have been invited to Bevan's for Thanksgiving.

January 1, 1982: I have failed to write for quite some time so I will try to remember some of the events that have happened before and after Thanksgiving.

Dad and I took Aunt Nora with us and went to Mesa, Arizona where we spent the night at her son's Don Nathan's place. Don recently changed his name from Johnson to Nathan which really was his father's legal name. Don has a real nice home sort of in between Mesa and Phoenix and it is a good half way place to San Diego. We left his mother there and the next day we went on to San Diego or to Santee arriving in the early afternoon. Dorothy was at work where she and a group of other women stuffed advertisements for the mail. We called Ted but he was at work. Tom came home from school and Dorothy arrived awhile later. We stayed there for ten days which was about the longest Dad has ever stayed. He went to Ted's each morning to help him make his simulator, his invention to assist in training firemen.

Dorothy didn't work any more while I was there and we had a really good visit. We went shopping and out twice for lunch and we all ate Thanksgiving dinner at Ted's. There were 27 people there to eat, but we enjoyed it. Glena is so generous. She has to feed everyone she knows who haven't a place to go. Her sister, Wilma, and family were there and some ward members whose families were out of town. Dad helped bless Kellee's new baby girl also. It was nice to see Kellee and Keith and the two girls. Janelle was home. Tim had gone to his mission field in Korea. Greg and Jan had gone to spend the week end with her family in Northern California.

DonEla and John had moved to Ogden, Utah and Beverly was in Provo. Russell is finishing his mission in Tonga and will be home in April or May. We stopped again in Mesa and brought Aunt Nora home.

There hasn't been much happened since Thanksgiving. The main thing is that DonEla had a new baby girl born in a very few minutes after she got into the hospital. She came by natural child birth and DonEla delivered her and John tied and cut the cord and then they went back home. This was a couple of weeks or less before Christmas and all of them went to California to spend Christmas and are still there.



Diane went into the clinic on New Year's Eve (yesterday) and her baby girl was delivered there and she brought her right home. So Dorothy has two new granddaughters. Diane's has lots of black hair which is very different from her other girls who were almost bald at birth and have blond hair now. Both boys are blond too. Diane came home from the clinic and is caring for her family today with Cliff's help. His mother and brother were there for Christmas but left today. They did a lot to help improve their home and brought with them a lovely Christmas for the family.

Dad and I had a nice Christmas. All our family here met at Otis and Margo's new home on the 23rd and had a nice program and plenty of food. All of Bevan's family except Mike were here. He spent the holidays in Seattle, Washington with his girl friend. They plan to be married in April.

Yvonne had a major operation last week on her kidney to remove a stone lodged there. She is doing fine and can come home as soon as the sky clears so Lynn can fly her home.

All of our family are well. Dad and Otis have recovered from their accidents. We are very thankful that all is so well with all of us. We have had a letter and a phone call from Willard. All is well there. Sterling went into the Mission Training Center the same day as Tim. Sterling is now in Germany serving his mission and Tim is in Korea, and with Russell in Tonga we have a total of missionaries as follows: Ted sent four, Dorothy sent two, Bevan four and Willard one. Lynn's Marcel has turned 18 and is anxious to go.

Wednesday, January 6, 1982: We are finally getting some snow. Not much yet but it looks like it could start again any time.

There has been a great deal of it in Salt Lake and in all of that area. We are both quite well and happy and looking forward to a lot of happiness in the New Year. I am going to get control and keep it over myself and my nerves.

We are all thankful that Yvonne is home and doing well. As far as we know all of our family are doing well.

I will try to keep up this journal better in 1982.

Sunday, February 28, 1982: As usual I have neglected to write in my journal. I will try to do somewhat better. On Wednesday, January 20th, Dad and I left for San Diego and Santee to be with Ted and Dorothy. It was a beautiful clear day and all roads were clear. We ate our lunch at



a restaurant this side of Phoenix and then drove into Gila Bend. Dad was tired and so was I so we got a motel and just rested and relaxed. The next morning was cloudy and windy and no sun. We traveled on to Santee and when we got to the top of the area where we start down it was beautiful.

Monday, March 8, 1982: I have neglected to write in my journal for quite awhile. Things have been rather uneventful since coming back from one month in California. It was real nice to be there near Ted and Dorothy. I really enjoyed being with Dorothy each day and Dad enjoyed being with Ted. We went three times with Dorothy to church and once with Ted. Everyone was so nice to use but it is good to be back in our own ward. We had been going to church in California at 1:00 p.m. each Sunday and the first Sunday after coming home, we got all ready and were sitting in the living room waiting for time to go for 1:00 p.m. and Bevan and Elaine came down to see why we weren't in church at 9:00 a.m. We really felt foolish. We had gotten used to the 1:00 p.m. schedule in California and completely forgotten the 9:00 a.m. time. But I wasn't about to miss church so Dad took me to our new stake center where Otis's ward meets at 1:00 p.m. and I really enjoyed being with his family for Sacrament meeting and with Otis and Margo for Sunday School class and especially enjoyed Relief Society. It was Margo's lesson to give her Social Relations lesson. She does a real good job of it and is loved by all the sisters in her ward.

A week ago yesterday we ate dinner at Bevan's home. It was lovely as usual. All the usual goodies that they always have.

Our neighbor, June Morell, has returned from her trip too and it is good to have her back. She is a nice neighbor.

Tonight she and Frank and I are here at the Senior Citizen's Center. They are playing pool while I write.

I am so thrilled with Dad's latest project. He has built storage cupboards under the south window in his bedroom so I hope he will store the various papers and documents scattered around his room. He is also building shelves with doors on the west end of our hall where we will be able to store things away. I'm real thrilled about that and he plans to do the bathroom over with new bath tub taps and several other improvements in there. I hope by summer we will have our house and grounds in fine shape.



This last week has been every exciting for two of our grandsons, one a great grandson. First, Jon had his twelfth birthday and got into a new scout troop and Devon turned eight and was baptized and confirmed by his dad, Cliff. His grandma Kerbs was here for the weekend.

While we were in California Dorothy drove up to Provo with Beverly who now has obtained a job in a mall in Salt Lake. Dorothy and DonEla drove to Blanding to be here for the blessing of Diane's baby girl who is really a beauty. I was in Dorothy's house while she was in mine. Right now we are concerned because of a tornado which struck in Tonga and are waiting to receive news of Russell's safety. We feel that the Lord is taking care of him and I hope we will soon receive final comforting news to that effect.

Wednesday, March 24, 1982: We are at the Senior Center again. June M. and Frank playing pool. June Morell is our over the fence neighbor. They both love to play pool and I come along and write or crochet since I can't see to play. There hasn't been anything special since I last wrote until this past week. I had a phone call from my niece, Fern Gillette, who is a daughter of my sister, Alice Anderson. Alice has been gone for around 18 years. I love her family. Fern and sister Gayle are planning on coming down to spend Easter with us. I'm real thrilled. They will come Friday before Easter and I am planning a get together that night with the adult members of our family who live here and I'll write about it when it is all over. Then on Saturday we plan a trip to Monument Valley. They will go to church with us for the Easter Cantata.

Yesterday was Dad's birthday and we all met at Bevan's for ice cream and cake except Bevan and Lynn were in school and Yvonne had gone to Greenriver with Dani and the drill team. Dad got a lot of nice cards, two big cakes and a pie and ice cream, nuts, etc. Bevan gave him a tool he had wanted., It was a nice day for him. Our big thrill was today when we got a copy of Russell's first letter from his Tonga Mission where he witnessed the huge hurricane. It was a terrific experience for him, something he will never forget. He will be home from his mission in another month. We are all thankful that he is safe as well as the other missionaries and members.

Sunday, May 16, 1982: I have neglected again to write in my journal. I must repent and get back to doing as the prophet has told us to do. The last date was in March and much has happened since then.

Right now we are in Santee, California again living in a real nice trailer home on Dorothy's driveway and Dad is helping Ted again with making parts for his simulator invention. We arrived



last Wednesday evening and this is only Sunday and we are going back to Blanding Tuesday and return on Thursday of this week. Sad news came this morning of the death of my closest and oldest friend, Marion Jones, and we are driving back to attend her funeral. It is a long trip but worth it for her family's sake and mine. Dorothy is going with us and can see Diane and her family and her old, dear friend, Phyllis Schramm. Since I wrote last we have had both of our birthdays and Mother's Day. We went to Bevan's to celebrate both birthdays. All our children and grandchildren who live in Blanding were there or all who were in town and everyone was so good to us with their love and gifts and beautiful cards.

For Mother's Day I received a beautiful Lei all the way from Hawaii which I wore to church. Ted and Glena had Janelle get it as she was over there then.

One thing that has happened since my last entry is a lovely surprise dinner at the Elk Ridge Cafe hosted by Calvin Black and attended by all the Hall's Crossing people and all the stock holders who were in town and from Monticello. It was a big surprise and a big thrill for Dad. They gave him a beautiful

plaque on polished wood with his picture on it and a check for over two thousand dollars.

Sunday, May 16, 1982: Today is Yvonne's birthday. We went to church. Dorothy and Duane had to leave early but Tom went with us. We picked up a young man who called Tom for a ride. Sacrament meeting was very nice. Dad sat near the hearing aides and could hear but he didn't go to Sunday School or priesthood. I stayed in the nursery with Dorothy during Sunday School. There was one little boy who wouldn't do anything but sit on my lap. He cried and called me "Lady." When it was time for Relief Society, a young woman who was converted from the Catholic church took me into Relief Society. I saw Dee for a few seconds on the way to the Relief Society room. I was welcomed

Early this morning while we were still in bed Dorothy got a phone call from Bevan with word for me that my dearest and oldest friend, Marion Jones, had died very suddenly late the night before while at her sister, Erm's, home in Salt Lake. Her sister left the room to get Marion a glass of water and when she returned Marion had slumped on the couch and was pronounced dead. She had had a problem with her heart and now a blood clot to the brain was the cause of her death. I was much saddened and going to church was good for me. Lynn offered to fly down



and take us up to the funeral which was to be Tuesday but we felt it was too expensive and would take too much of his time. Dad said if I could make the trip that he and Dorothy and I would drive up and back. I had told Bevan and Bob Jones that we wouldn't be there but we decided to go. So we left here Tuesday the 18th at 4:00 a.m. and Dorothy and Dad took turns driving and we arrived at our house in Blanding at 5:30 p.m. Dorothy called Diane and she and Cliff and the children came down. The kids didn't know Dorothy was there and were so delighted to see her. She went home with them and Dad and I went early to bed. We called Elaine and talked to her but Bevan and Lynn were in school. Tuesday morning Dorothy and I went to the mortuary. Before we could get inside, Lorraine and Glen were out to embrace us. All the family were so glad to see us that it really made all our efforts worthwhile. We were loved by all of them and feel our efforts were well worthwhile.

Sunday, June 23, 1982: This morning we went to our Sunday meetings. Dorothy has a new assignment and she won't have to stay in the nursery. She will be in charge but the bishop doesn't want her to stay and have so much lifting of the children. There are four young women there who can do this part. Dorothy will give them advice, etc. It was nice that she could go to Sunday School with Dad and I and be in Relief Society with me. She was late there as someone needed her to help with something in the library.

Dorothy and Duane received a call from Tonga from Russell last night. He will be in L.A. Wednesday morning and they are driving up to meet him and Tom will stay and have people here at their house to welcome him. Dad and I will be here too. He will talk at a fireside in two weeks and we will be here. Then on Father's Day he will give his report in Sacrament Meeting and all the girls will be here for the family reunion.

Dorothy and Duane brought Lanette home today for dinner. She did something different. She was on the one couch with Diane. Dorothy was across the room on the other couch. She said "Lanette, come and see mommy." Lanette stood right up and walked over to her and put her arms around her. She seems to be really learning.

Still Sunday: Willard called to Dorothy's place to talk to Dad and I. He was called, interviewed and set apart today by a General Authority to be the Second Counselor in the Stake Presidency in Virginia. He was released from the bishopric. He will have to leave a lot as the



stake is scattered. He is thrilled and we are so proud of him as we are of all our children in their many callings.

The weather has been cloudy, rainy and cool down here but it is lovely and warm today. I called and told Yvonne about Willard. She will call the boys. I want to write daily now and keep up my journal.

Wednesday, May 26, 1982: Today Dorothy and Duane returned from Los Angeles where this morning they met their youngest son, Russell, as he returned home from his mission to Tonga. He looks wonderful. So tall and handsome. He and Tom are just about the same size. Several people have been here to see him today. He brought many beautiful things with him from the Islands and he put on the dress he wore over there. It is like a skirt which they wear fastened at the waist. Tonight he went to see his Stake President and to be released from his mission and then he is going to attend a young adult party. Tom is stake leader of the young adults. They have many good times.

This has been a dreary day weather wise. It has been cloudy and rainy all day. Bevan called this morning to say that Aunt Ila and Uncle Wilbur had been called to fill a mission in Scotland. We were real thrilled.

Tuesday, June 1, 1982: Sunday we went to church and took Tom and Russell and a young man who needed a ride. It was the first time in two years that Russell has been to an American church service. He is to be the speaker at a fireside in a home next Sunday evening. We will still be here for that. We will probably leave here about next week and we may go by way of Meadow, Utah and attend the farewell meeting for Ila and Wilbur Rowley. They have been called to a mission in Scotland. The time of missions has been cut to one year and that time will go fast.

Ted flew to Texas today to putt on a demonstration of the simulator in Dallas. He has sold many of them mostly because of his demonstrations.

Today I was here with Dorothy all day. Russell got a job at the place where Duane works and he started today. Dorothy has a job the next three days so I guess I will go with Dad those days over to Ted's. Someone is always home around there.

Sunday, June 6, 1982: The sun has finally come here to California. Yesterday was a lovely warm day almost the first since we arrived a month ago. I went with Dad over to Ted's



and I stayed in the shop with him until noon. Ted had a radio there and I listened with ear phones to symphony music while Dad worked on the parts for the simulator. Glena was in charge of a Relief Society luncheon and she sent some home to us. It was very nice.

After lunch Ted called and made arrangements for us to take a harbor tour in a big boat. It left at 1:00 p.m. Glena got off from the Relief Society luncheon just in time to go with us. It was very nice. Dad came to the trailer to get my glasses so I could see the scenery. We were inside out of the wind and right by a window so I could see everything. I really enjoyed being out on the ocean even if it wasn't very far. We saw all the beautiful ships at close range and we went under the Coronado bridge. We have crossed it a few times in our car.

After the cruise we went to the Space Theater and saw a show where the shuttle took off for outer space. It was like being right there and was so real. We also saw it land at Edward Air Force Base. This was its first mission. It has been up again on another successful mission recently.

I can't read what has been written but I don't believe I gave an account of the trip Dad, Dorothy and I took back to Blanding. We left on a Tuesday and the next Sunday we received word of the death of my closest friend, Marion Jones. It happened very suddenly after she had been spending a few evenings with all her children who live in Salt Lake and Merle whom she had gone up there with. She was going to spend the night with her sister and she suddenly had a clot hit her brain and was gone. That was a blessing since it seemed to be her time to go. She didn't have to linger and suffer. We are all thankful for that. It was a big sad shock to me and I felt I couldn't be at the funeral but Dad and Dorothy decided we could make the trip up on Tuesday and back Thursday so we left at 4:00 a.m. Tuesday and arrived in Blanding at about 5:00 p.m.

We went to the viewing on Wednesday morning. She looked beautiful. Then we went right over to the church. It was held in our south chapel because of all the years she had gone there. The service was so nice and just what she would have wanted. Darwin Jones was there and he sang, "In My Father's House are Many Mansions." All four of her sons sang a quartette, "I Want a Gal, Just Like the Gal who Married Dear Old Dad." It was so nice. They all have lovely voices. The three daughters sang, "I Wonder When He Comes Again." They also have such lovely voices. Maggie Harvey who was probably her closest friend gave a lovely talk and Phyllis gave her life story.



Sunday, July 25, 1982: I am sorry I have neglected to write in my journal for such a long time. I always repent and then I forget again. This has been a nice Sunday. George Black's missionary son and Tom Palmer who has returned from his mission to California both talked in our sacrament meeting and Ellis sang a solo. We hadn't heard him since the wards were divided except once in the stake center.

We went back to California after Marion's funeral and stayed for another three weeks and then we went to Meadow to the farewell meeting for Ila and Wilbur Rowley. They are now in Scotland filling a full time 18 month mission. We are all very proud of them and the whole WRight family is doing all we can to support them financially.

After the nice farewell, which was attended by all the brothers and sisters and all their children except Mary Lou who is in Germany, I caught a ride to Salt Lake and stayed a couple of nights with June Girard and went out to Tooele where I spent a night with Fern Gillette and attended the Golden Wedding of Bevan and Ellen Anderson. It was very nice. It was given by their only child, Alice. While with June I attended a temple session at the Jordan Temple. It is a beautiful place.

The week following was the Wright family reunion here on July 4th. It was held at the North Chapel and well attended. Lynn was in charge of the program which was nice for our family. Danielle sang the solo she won an award on at Stake Competition. Bevan and Elaine were out of town attending the blessing of Mark and Margaret's new son in Albuquerque, New Mexico but the rest of us were there. All of Dorothy and Duane's family met at Santee for a Bishop reunion (Duane) and while there Beverly got her endowments at the Los Angeles Temple. We all hope she will find a good husband and be sealed.

One week ago tomorrow Dad and I went with Leon and Marge Black to Provo and did four sessions each in the lovely temple there. The next day we went to the Jordan Temple and did two more sessions. It was a lovely trip and I so much appreciated all the help Marge gave me. She couldn't have been more wonderful.

Yesterday Willard called and I had a real nice long talk with him. He and the family had been on a week's vacation to the place where the "Wright" Brothers did the first flight. Willard is now in the Stake Presidency and very busy. He expects to be in salt Lake for our conference representing his stake and we all hope to see him then.



Wednesday, July 29, 1982: Today Dad and Otis went to Farmington, New Mexico to get a load of metal strips to cover our old shed which has been here since we came to live here. It used to be used as a chicken coop and a goat shed and many things. Now it is Dad's shop where he has his welder and all of his valuable tools. While Dad and Otis were on this trip to New Mexico, we had a severe flash flood. It wasn't too bad here in town, just gave us a lot of rain and much thunder and lightening but it really flooded out Otis's place. It ran right through their basement and ruined everything. Margo managed to save the baby chickens that he had in there and she got the water out of the boy's room by soaking it with a mattress. Those kids are really having problems but they laugh it off and are thankful to be here instead of in the city. They have a beautiful garden and orchard and are getting a nice lawn around the house. We are all thankful that we don't live in a flood area.

Thursday, July 29th, 1982: We went to a Senior Citizen's party at the Albert R. Lyman Park north of town where most outside parties are held normally called the third reservoir. The Senior Citizens had a big crowd and we had a good time. They served campfire potatoes, ham, rolls, tossed salad, homemade root beer and watermelon. I enjoy being able to visit old friends.

Friday, July 30, 1982: This morning I called Duane to wish him a happy birthday and Dad and I talked to both Duane and Dorothy. I am writing to them too. Otis will be coming down this morning to help Dad with the shop.

Saturday, July 31, 1982: I am thankful that I was well and able to clean my house and car port today. I am having good physical health and am trying and praying hard to overcome emotional and nerve problems. I am determined to try to do better and be happier and more contented. The Lord has blessed me so much throughout my life with such wonderful parents and two lovely sisters and my beloved brother. I was always so happy as a child and teenager and I have tried to live up to the teachings of my parents' home. I am proud of my husband and love and honor him very much. He has such wisdom and knowledge and is such a wise counselor to our family and so willing to help others. I am not as unselfish as he but I am trying to overcome my weaknesses.



Tonight Diane came and took me to Susan Hurst's wedding reception at the library. It was very nice and she made a beautiful bride and has a nice husband. I am so happy for her and for my dear Leonard and Helen and Myrtle Redd whom I love very much.

Sister Feinhauer (Anna), Elaine's mother, is here visiting them and she has rented a Senior Citizen apartment and will be living here. I am looking forward to having a good friend in her whom I can associate in the Seniors program and have someone to be with on the rides and activities when Dad doesn't want to go.

Sunday, August 1, 1982: We have been to fast and testimony meeting. Four babies were blessed and two children confirmed. Nice testimonies were born. Brother Vet Bradford was there to bless his great grandchild. We are all thankful that his health has improved. He is a great man.

This has been a nice day. We had a nice testimony meeting. Dad and I were invited to Bevan and Elaine's for dinner. Sister Feinauer is here visiting. We had Yorkshire pudding and a gravy which was so good. Also prime rib steak, salad and for desert we had peaches and cream, peaches off our orchard.

Tonight Dad and I are watching T.V. We heard a terrific symphony orchestra with a solo pianist.

Monday, August 2, 1982: It is Dorothy's birthday. She is 53 years old. It's hard to realize that she could be that old and I am 83 last April. Ted will be 55 September 3rd and he is retiring from the fire department after thirty years of faithful service. He is making money with his fire simulator invention and will get a real good retirement. He and Glena plan to go on a mission.

Friday, August 6, 1982: It has been very hot today. Otis and Dad have been working all day to get a watering trough built for Otis's chickens. He has built a coop and a run for them and hopes to raise both laying hens and some for eating. He also has some young pigs and several rabbits. He hopes to be self sufficient at his place with garden, orchard, etc.

This has been a good day. I have been happy and contented.

Saturday, August 7, 1982: This morning I found I didn't feel well and Dad took my blood pressure and it was higher than normal, so I took another half blood pressure pill. About four hours later it was well down to normal and Dad decided to drive to Cortez to get some paint in a



special at K-Mart. So we drove over and got in a huge and wonderful rain coming home all through Colorado; a great blessing to the farmers there and we got a fine car wash much needed.

In the evening June Morrell came over to see us. She arrived home while we were gone. She had been away over two months. It is good to have her home safe. Dad and Otis and Kirk have kept up her place.

Kirk and Marcel and Cory are all gone to the Scout Jamboree sponsored by the church. This area is in Flagstaff. In San Diego Ted is in charge of all the Bay areas for the program.

Sunday, August 7, 1982: This was a lovely day. We didn't realize that it was a farewell testimonial for LaVae and Lyman Redd's daughter until we got to Sacrament meeting. But it was very nice. Becky is going to enter the L.T.M. this Thursday. They have sent their three sons on missions and now Becky. All their family were in town. Dad and I went up to Lawrence's to see LaMar and Hira and Mildred and Jack. We had a nice visit with them. We called at LaVae's but no one was home. Later I talked to Becky on the phone. The choir sang my favorite hymn, "O, My Father." Elaine sang the solo and the choir sang with her. It was beautiful. Lucille gave a lovely opening prayer. LaMar and Hira sang a duet, "Oh, That I were An Angel." A group of young people sang a song taken from a play of a man who had a dream of being in the spirit world before he was born and had a dear friend there. He was told he would be born in U.S. in the gospel and his friend was told he was to be born in Costa Rica. Later the man was called on a mission to Costa Rica and he wrote back and said, "I found my friend." Becky's primary class of tiny children sang, "I Am a Child of God." It was so sweet; most of us cried. LaVae and Lyman and a brother and Becky talked.

I have decided I should get out more, so I am going to start taking the once a week ride that the senior citizens take for a couple of hours. It will get me out and I will get to visit some other people.

I want to try to keep up my journal and I must study and listen to my Ensign and my Relief Society lessons.

Monday, August 8, 1982: This day has been both good and bad. I was rather nervous this morning thinking my eyes were worse. But it was just that the sun was dim for awhile and things were not so clear. It got a lot better as the day wore on and tonight Dad and I played rook



for a long time and it was a lot of fun. I am so thrilled that I find I can see the colored rook cards and will be able to play with the senior citizens ladies group. All of the men play pool.

I have decided I must get out more so am going to take the short bus rides each Tuesday. It is for a couple of hours. That way I will see some people I seldom see and will have a change from home.

I enjoy Otis here every day. The folks are so busy working from home. I call Diane every day and enjoy her. I want to go and visit her this week. The children are always thrilled and I enjoy them a lot. I call my good friend, Myrtle Davis, or she calls me every day to talk about our soap box opera which we both enjoy. I am so thankful that I feel so much better tonight.

Sunday, September 28, 1982: This journal has been sadly neglected for over a month. I haven't felt very well the last couple of weeks but I am feeling better all the time now and I resolve to do a better job from now on.

I guess my biggest thrill last month was a sudden surprise visit from Wanda and Walt Cannon, my niece from Sacramento and her youngest brother who now is the only one left and his wife, Bob and Veronica Christensen. They tried to call me from Bluff on a Saturday afternoon but our line was busy so they came on and woke me up from a p.m. nap. It was a total surprise but I was delighted to see them. We had a very nice visit. Wanda and Walt slept in my water bed (which I love) and Bob and Veronica stayed at Bevan's place. They also had Wanda's granddaughter and Bob's daughter, a 13 year old girl. They slept in the camper. Lynn's boy, Marcel, came and took them around - he and Cory who just turned 13 yesterday.

We were up to Lynn's house for the birthday dinner. It was lovely. Then Lynn and Dad gave me a beautiful blessing (Lynn) and I do feel much better now.

Today is Sunday and we have just got home from eating a nice dinner at Bevan's. Sister Feinauer has moved here to Blanding from Salt Lake and has obtained one of the senior citizen's apartments. She will be moving in soon.

We are looking forward now to Reet's visit. She will be in Moab next Thursday a.m. and will spend a day and night with a friend there who has been with her on various jeep trips with Kent Frost. Reet Plahetka is one of our dearest friends. We will drive to Moab Friday and bring her here for a few days. Then a couple of days later Lynn is meeting Willard in Salt Lake at the airport and Ted and Glena about the same time. He will bring them down and Dad and I will take



them back in time for Willard to attend all conference sessions. He is representing the stake in Virginia where he lives. We haven't seen him for about three years and the others for much longer. Dad and I and Aunt Nora flew to Washington, D.C. and visited them in Charlottesville, Virginia for over a week.

I guess that is all I can think of now. Maybe I can catch up more later.

Sunday, October 3, 1982: General Conference. Well, our family reunion was a big success. Lynn and Yvonne went to Provo Tuesday of last week and brought Willard, Dorothy, Ted and Glena back on Wednesday. They all arrived by plane within 30 minutes of each other. They all arrived in Blanding around midnight. Willard stayed here and Dorothy stayed at Diane's. Ted and Glena stayed at Beth's. Our family reunion was great. We had a nice evening at Bevan's on the Wednesday night. All the out of town kids arrived late Tuesday night and we had a nice time at Bevan's. Then on Thursday we all met at Lynn's for a nice dinner. Then on Friday Dad took all of them back to Salt Lake. Ted and Glena plan to drive home and Dorothy flew home Saturday and Willard on Sunday after conference. He called from there and said all was fine. Sandi is getting along fine from her hysterectomy.

November 30, 1983: It has been months since I have written in my journal. Last year Dad and I made three or four trips to San Diego and stayed a month each time. The last time we stayed right with Dorothy and Duane and Dad went each day to Ted's to help him with his invention. I stayed with Dorothy except when she worked then I went with Dad to Ted's. We didn't do much except go to church and visit the families but it was nice to be there.

For some reason I have been severely depressed. Dr. Jim Redd and Dr. Mason Redd are working with me and Steve (?). He and Dr. Redd are psychologists. I am on a lot of medication and sometime I feel better but never feel like myself. I pray so hard to never have that happen again. When I am well again Dad and I want to do some traveling and I feel God will bless me so that time will come. I'm better in some ways but I am always anxious and I don't know why. The pills I take cause my mouth so much dryness. That is the worst part I think. I try to drink a lot of water but it bothers me a lot to swallow anything. I will try to write more later. God bless all my dear ones. Mom



February 9, 1983: This seems to be the only time I can write in this book. My eyes are failing so fast. I want my family to know that I am very proud of all of them and love all of you so much. My depression seems to be improving. God bless all of you, Your loving Mom  
(Mom's last entry)

Each child of Frank and Dora's was asked to write up some memories we could put in this history book. These are recorded as follows:

## **A FEW MEMORIES FOR MOM**

by Otis Jay Wright

Keep in mind as you read this that I am compiling my life history and so far I have over 20 note books full of material. These few pages represent only a glance at one side of my life. While at home in Blanding I remember being completely engrossed in hunting and outdoor activities. I'm sure the family can remember this side of me and especially Mother as I would sit day by day in her living room involved in my many projects. She must have gotten after me a hundred times to take my mess elsewhere, instead of leaving it right in the middle of the floor for her to clean up later that day. One of the greatest irritants for Mom must have been that she could never keep a knife or a pair of scissors in the house. If it was sharp and could cut, Otis had it either carving out a bow, some arrows or a flipper stock. Many times the paring knives were tied to the crude arrows as points. I can remember many times staying up all night long making a few arrows only to shoot, lose and break them within a couple of hours the next day and immediately start a new batch which would again take me into the wee hours of the morning.

Mom! What about all those strange odors coming from the kitchen? Remember the porky pines, rabbits, squirrels, birds and frogs legs that found their way onto the stove. What a life you must have had never knowing what might end up in the family stew. Just keep in mind and be thankful that the real neat things never made it quite home. Like the rattle snakes, and bob cats that were toasted over an open fire and polished off with as much relish as a gourmet meal. Dad can remember some of these meals while on the river with me along. If I have to face all those poor little creatures on the other side that have felt my wrath, I'd better find another place to hide.



Mom and Dad, you went through great agony over me with what you knew went on. What would you have done with all the things I did that you never knew about, like the time I got a box of matches and went out to the front of the house and struck them one at a time and dropped them down into the cracks of the house trying to see what little hidden treasures were there....Or the time I got into Dad's stuff in the shop and opened a box that looked like brown sugar and after eating a big mouth full decided it was some chemical not conducive to a boy's stomach. I'd still like to know what it was and why I didn't die as the result of such foolishness.. I'm sure that angels do protect small boys.

The older I got the further out I wandered into the trees. What Dad probably never knew was that many times I took his 30-30 and 30-06 deer rifles with me. I would provide the guns and Lyman or Curtis would furnish the bullets from their dads' ammunition cash. It was quite a sight watching a couple of small boys shooting lizards or chipmunks off rock piles with a 30-30 and after shooting laughing as the bullets ricocheted towards town. What about the time I took the pistol Bevan brought home and went hunting turkey buzzards with it. I didn't have bullets the right size so we took smaller caliber bullets and dropped them down the barrel, pointed the gun in the air so that the bullet would rest against the firing pin and pulled the trigger until it fired. And some folks doubt there are guardian angels!

In the process of my growing up years I remember accidentally firing three or four times in the house; two or three times in the floors and ceilings of cars and of having at least two buddies shoot holes through their shoes and cutting their toes with the bullets so that their shoes filled with blood and they had to be taken to doctors or hospitals. People wonder why I spend little or no time with guns anymore. There are many reasons and I don't even bother to explain any more. My children will probably grow up and come to me one day and ask how come I never took up deer hunting or the out of doors. It scares me to death to think of my boys with guns out in the canyons of San Juan County. If they really pry I'll probably tell them that a friend of mine put a bullet through the back of my shirt and then cried and said that something had made him pull the trigger. The reason I wasn't killed was that I had taken two extra quick steps just before the gun fired after having walked side by side with him five or six miles at a steady pace trying to get home before dark.



Do you remember that neat willow tree in our front lawn, Mom? It's gone now and the family has probably forgotten that it died because most of the bark was peeled off from the thousands of knives and hatchets thrown at it. The one person in the family who will probably remember it is Dad because if he will think real hard he will remember sitting in the front room by the window in his favorite chair and hearing a noise in the window and looking out just in time to see a knife quivering in the window seal just a couple of feet away from him with only a pane of glass for protection. It wasn't hard to figure out what had happened because everywhere one looked all he could see were knife holes in all the trees, all sides of the house inside and out and every little piece of wood or object that could be used as a target. In the old chicken coop to this day is one wall so full of holes that you would have thought World War III was fought on our land.

Mom, memories fade over the years but if you really try I'll bet you can remember coming home from a river trip to find the house full of skunk perfume. I had been left with Uncle Earl and Aunt Beth but had gone over to Paul Lisonbee's to play. He had caught a skunk in a trap in his basement and we had proceeded to try and kill it with our make shift bows and arrows a little at a time until their house was a complete disaster. Then I took the skunk home, skinned it and then crawled through the bathroom window and tried to wash myself off. I think I stayed away from Uncle Earl's house for the remainder of your trip and ended up burying all my clothes and half the earthly possessions from the house. How Pauline ever solved her problem will forever be a mystery to me.

As I grew older I had many friends at home and with friends you do dumb things. Dad, did you ever find a large cut in the doorway between the kitchen and the front room. Well, one day I strung my hunting bow and loaded it with a hunting arrow to show off to some friends when all at once at full draw my hand slipped and the arrow buried itself almost to the shaft in the door frame. If it had gone a little further to either side I'd have been charged with man slaughter with the demise of a friend.

The most consistent memory I have is of trying to get home before dark and of always being able to hear Mom's voice calling me from the front door. Mom, your call became a dependable welcomed song to my ears after each exciting adventure I was returning from hungry and tired. It was good to come home and be missed and cared for. Thanks, Mom, we love you!



## **I REMEMBER MOM**

**By Willard Samuel Wright**

It's hard to condense more than forty years' association with anyone into a page or two -least of all a mother. But I want to try. Not everything I remember, to be sure, but a few things that I hope will capture the spirit of that relationship as I view it now and look forward to in the years to come. So, some thoughts about my Mom, Dora Leona Bevan Wright.

One of my earliest recollections of Mom is a voice through the door that used to separate our living room and kitchen, as she tried to keep little feet off the kitchen floor she was mopping and yet patiently respond to my repeated questions as I struggled to learn the alphabet. And about the same time, I vividly recall her putting my foot in her stomach and tying my shoes for the umpteenth time hoping, I'm sure, that I would learn for myself before I was old enough to get married. I also remember occupying the place of honor, Mom and Dad's bed, and being supplied with aspergum and liquid jello as I recovered from a tonsilectomy. Alcohol soaked cloth around my throat to chase away all the fierce coughs of winter, and a piece of silk to sweeten a grimy thumb also come to mind when I think of Mom and my pre-school years.

Specific instances and events fade away, but one thing remains crystal clear. Mom was always there when needed, and there was never any question about who cared the most.

My world began to expand when I entered grade school, and my expanding world was included in my relationship with Mom. I remember the simple but memorable birthday parties. A simple cake and quantities of hot chili for a few boys after they had finished attacking the banks of the canal or the hill in front of the house with an army of sleds. I didn't make friends easily, and probably would not have made any had Mom not gently prodded me in learning a few basic social skills and extending myself a bit beyond the family.

Christmas was always an occasion that demonstrated concern for all the family. I especially remember, but didn't fully appreciate for many years, Mom's haunting of the Post Office for days before Christmas looking for a special parcel from Montgomery Wards. It usually came, but sometimes not until Christmas Eve. And, only sister Dorothy, was a sometimes unwilling partner in Mom's eminent sense of fairness and priorities. I'm sure she would have willingly given



anything to, just one time, have had a proper spruce Christmas tree hung just so with tinsel. But Mom insisted that Otis, Lynn and I have the opportunity to cut the pinion pine of our choice and decorate it with gobs of tinsel thrown helter skelter in the best of small boy fashion. And, of course, there was always the new pair of socks at Christmas time. One to hang from the piano with a huge nail, and the other to go with it afterward - if you didn't mind crushed creme drops and hard tack between your toes!

Mom's love for music has always been obvious and has had a profound impact on my life. I especially remember being taken along to choir practice with Mom and Dad, and remember fondly Mom's singing, self accompanied on a steel guitar. Later when we acquired the first phonograph I can remember (along about the fifth or sixth grade) the house was often filled with the sounds of light classical music, another gift from Mom and Dad.

It was during my grade school years that I also began to get an appreciation of Mom's perception and intuition concerning her children. I vividly remember the time she expressed a strong feeling that brother, Ted, would come home on leave from the Navy very soon. He did, about an hour later, carrying his sea bag along the trail through the brush behind our home. I had a hard time ever surprising her myself. Years later, I paid a surprise visit from college in Logan. Found Mom at the desk at an hour near midnight writing a letter to me. She had been thinking about me and wasn't at all surprised to see me walk in.

Mom has always been my strongest supporter and defender regardless of the cause. I've always been just a little glad that I was home and not with her when she took on the high school principal for expelling me from school the day before Christmas vacation during my seventh grade year (for bouncing a ball in class, or some such dastardly deed). I suspect Principal Alexander would have thought twice about that had he realized how Mom would react to coming to the Christmas assembly and finding out one of her sons had been sent home.

Mom was concerned about me in health matters as well. A turning point in my life was a river trip when I was 14, on which Mom went. There she and Dad met Dr. Hume, who later solved some very serious health problems for me. I remember Mom's concern. I also remember her spending the hours on the boat composing words to familiar music and helping me sing them later around the camp fire. River words to "Beautiful, Beautiful Brown Eyes" - "Beautiful, beautiful sand waves, I'll never ride breakers again", I believe it went.



That same river trip showed the rugged side of Mom as well. I'm sure she must have thought a bit about her days in Canada as she rode a horse up the canyon from the river to Rainbow Bridge. But I'm sure she wasn't thinking about her mother's cooking as she and the rest tried to get past the thoroughly pepper soaked corn the guide served for dinner that night at the camp! But Mom's rugged nature didn't keep her from being protective when two years later Dad wanted to use me as a boatman through the Grand Canyon. I still don't know what promises Dad had to make, but I do know that Mom was there to see me off, and was the first to find me and make sure I was ok at the other end. And on my last trip through the Canyon in 1957, I remember her nervous questions on dockside at Boulder City... "Where's my Willard?" until she realized the tall fellow with the three weeks' growth of beard standing by her side was he!

College and marriage kind of slowed down the constant relationship, but not Mom's influence or concern. I can't recall coming home from anyplace any time without food ready, a thorough physical examination, and a demand for an accounting of my time and activities since last we met. The years have been punctuated with occasional visits, frequent phone calls and faithful letters.

Just some quick flashes of memory: A white haired lady exercising her privilege of fishing off the dock at Hall's Crossing. Mom in her brightly flowered blouse sitting on a wall overlooking an alpine valley in Germany's Bavarian alps. A loaf of real French bread playfully held up as if to eat in a single bite on the sidewalk outside the cathedral in Strassborg, France. Mom standing in the rain in Garmisch, Germany while her idiot son tried to unlock the car with a coat hanger. Mom's gleeful exclamations after every trip to the bathroom in Germany, France and Austria as she discovered all the ways Europeans flushed the john. And Mom circling the Arch of Triumph in Paris surrounded by hundreds of cars going hundreds of directions, grateful that she couldn't really see the confusion outside the car window.

There is much more, and I'll tell it another time. For now I close with this thought: "The influence of a good mother transcends almost every other experience of life." Such has been the case with My Mom, Dora Leona Bevan Wright. (by Willard S. Wright)



## **I REMEMBER MOM**

**by John Bevan Wright**

My earliest memories of Mom was of her in the kitchen cooking, cleaning, and boiling things on the stove. I think it was laundry but I am not sure. She would tell me to go out and bring in some wood for the stove. The kitchen was warm and there was usually some homemade bread available to eat. If I thought I could get away with it, I would take a loaf of warm bread and tear the top off. I would put butter and honey on the top and eat it like it was a slice of bread. I remember her sitting picking the rocks out of the beans before she put them on the stove with a piece of salt pork. Other times she would cook venison and make milk gravy to go with the venison and homemade bread. She would send me down to the flour mill to get flour, germade, bran or cleaned wheat. We would soak the wheat all night and then eat it for breakfast with sugar and milk.

It seems like every time I came home from school or from someplace else, Mom was always there to greet me. She showed a lot of love and concern. I got hurt quite often and Mom was always there to comfort me. I remember when Dad was on the river trips and Mom would take care of the weather station, the kids and take care of getting drivers, supplies and anything else that was needed in Mexican Hat.

Mom was my advocate. I was always getting in trouble and she would intervene for me, love me and tell me what I should do better. I liked to run the hills with my rifle. Now that I am older I realize how difficult it must have been for Mom to let me go without being real sure of where I was going and when I would be back. She always let me go, told me to be careful and to be home before dark. I wandered all over the country east of the house. Sometimes I would be several miles from home, but I always was home by dark. I remember being down by the flour mill in the pitch black and hearing Mom call for me. I answered her and when I got home she told me she had worried. She asked me to get home a little earlier next time.

I remember how she took care of Dad. Dad was her hero and she was always trying to do everything she could to please him even if he hadn't asked for anything. She would take



observations so that he could sleep, take care of things at the house or with the kids so that Dad did not have to be concerned with them. She helped with the river trips in every way she could.

As I got older, Mom would worry about what I was doing, about my school grades, my church activity, my friends and where I was and what I was doing. She was always loving and forgiving. If I did something wrong she would tell me, but she never made me feel like I was a failure or that she didn't love me. When I was working in the mines in Colorado, they got an emergency message that Grandma Wright had died. I didn't realize how much she worried about me until I found out that when they found out that they had an emergency message, Mom just knew that something had happened to me in the mine and she was very upset.

After I got engaged, Mom invited Elaine to come to Blanding for the weekend so that they could meet her. When I arrived from Texas, Mom asked me how I could go out with other girls when I had known such a special girl all the time. Mom was Elaine's biggest fan. She loved to hear Elaine sing and if she knew Elaine was going to sing at some function, she would go just to hear her.

Mom was so proud of her children and grandchildren. She often told me how happy she was to have some of her children and grand-children living in Blanding. Whenever I would talk to her, she would tell me about something wonderful that one of her children or grandchildren had done or was going to do.

Mom was very proud of her heritage and loved to tell stories about her family or about her early life on the ranch in Canada. Mom loved her brothers, sisters, and the extended family on both sides. She would go to Tooele every chance she got to visit with Joe and Alice.

Probably Mom's greatest pleasure was doing things with Dad. The years they spent on the reservation were special to Mom because she was doing something special with Dad. When she could no longer do very much, she still worried about Dad and would do anything he asked her to. After while she couldn't remember what he had asked her to do and it bothered her that she didn't know. Probably the most upset I ever saw Mom was when Dad collapsed on the driveway after his hernia operation. Mom was almost hysterical wanting to know what was going on and if Dad was going to be alright. After she went into the nursing home she still worried about Dad. She would always ask if he was alright and when he was going to come and see her. When Dad came to see her, it made her day. It was very difficult when he would come to see her and she



would not remember that he had been there. We had a hard time reassuring her that Dad was o.k. and that he had been to see her.

My mother was a great lady who devoted her entire life to the service of others, her husband, her children, her grandchildren, her parents, her extended family, her church and her friends and anyone else who came along. She never cared about anything for herself, she only wanted everyone else to be happy and have what they needed.

## MEMORIES OF MOM

by Dorothy Wright Bishop

As I have typed up this life story of Mother's there have been many thoughts and memories pass through my mind. It is hard to put into words the love I had for her, and, of course, still have but I will do my best.

In nearly every picture that was taken of Mom and I we were enclosed in each others' arms. I grew up that way, literally in my mother's arms and heart. She was always a member of the ward choir and I must have been about 13 or so when I started to sing in the choir also. She had a beautiful soprano voice and I always sang the alto part. We used to sit on folding chairs up by the pulpit in the old chapel. We would always sit so that we could hold hands while practicing or sitting there in church ready to sing a special number. I would be just in front of her and put my arm back so I could hold her hand. I never remember being forced to join the choir but rather remember wanting to be where my Mom was.

Being the only girl had its advantages in many respects, one being that whenever Mom and Dad went to a function, especially wedding receptions, Mom would save her piece of cake and sometimes the little favors they served, bring it to me and put it under my pillow when she got home. As far as I knew she never failed to do this during the time I was growing up.

I, like Willard, also remember the birthday parties Mom would have for me. There is one picture that was taken on my 8th or 9th birthday with all my friends sitting on the steps next to the house and I remember it as being such a wonderful time. Now that I am grown I realize how very



simple those parties were but how special they were and how Mom always gave the very best she had to make my memories wonderful.

Mother and I belonged to a Mother/Daughter Club so went to many parties together. We were with Phyllis and her mother, Marion, at most of these occasions. Phyllis was, and still is, my best friend. We grew up almost like sisters and mother always made Phyllis feel like she was part of the family. Phyllis has commented to me on many occasions how close she felt to Mom, that she was a second mother to her.

Nearly every summer Dad would send Mom to Tooele for a week or two so she could have some time with her family there. She was very close to her loved ones. I don't ever remember being put upon to be the "mother of the house" while she was away. She always made me feel important and capable of anything I did. She put her full trust in me to take care of my three little brothers, better known as "The Three Bears." I never resented caring for them and it is because of the trust Mom had in me. She always made me feel that my five brothers were the best in the world - and they are!

Every time I go to Blanding and the old home sweet memories come flooding back, especially when we as a family are all together: the cold winter days when we would run home from school at noon (especially on Mondays) and sit down to a hot meal of fresh homemade bread and beans. Mom would be doing the laundry in the kitchen so she would have to utilize the stove where she cooked the beans, baked the bread and heated water for the wash. We never took our lunches to school but looked forward to walking, mostly running, the mile home for those special hot meals, then going back for the afternoon sessions.

We also had our weekly baths in the kitchen in a big tin tub. Mom always insisted that I bathe first because "I was cleaner than the boys." I don't remember in what order the baths were after that but as each of the boys took their turn some more hot water was added to the bath water.

Most children thought that summer was vacation time, a time for play and relaxing after the grueling winter of school work and stress. I never had that concept. Our summers were very busy and we learned to work. The boys would work outside with Dad hoeing weeds, chopping and gathering wood, cleaning the big yard, caring for the goats, etc. My work was in the house working side by side with Mother. I probably complained but now I don't remember anything



except how much I enjoyed those times with Mom peeling fruit, talking and being close as I learned the many skills of homemaking and motherhood. I vividly remember one day feeling picked on because the boys got to be outside "having fun" while I slaved in the house doing dishes, making beds, sweeping floors, cooking, etc. So Ted and I made a deal with Mom and Dad's smiling approval. Ted would stay in the house and help Mom while I worked outside with Dad and the boys. Ted would make a big point of coming to the door to throw out the dish water whistling and smiling like he was having the time of his life and I was hot and tired and bored but we had made a bargain and I was made to stick to it all day long. From then on I knew I had the best of things, being in the house with Mom and building the close relationship that we always had as mother and daughter.

Our home was a very humble one but Mom always made sure things were neat and clean. We had a big old stove in the living room that we used to sit on top of first thing in the morning to get warm. It was always a race to see who could get there first. The side panel was loose and would keep falling down. Mom would find ways of keeping it intact and I remember coming home from college one time on vacation bringing a boy friend, George Cochran. As I have had a family of my own I now realize how many days and hours mother must have spent preparing the home so it would be spotless and would not be an embarrassment to me in any way. She had propped up the side of the stove so it would look good and as I came in the house with George I promptly went to the stove and gave it a little kick bringing down the side of it with a bang. I saw the hurt look in Mom and to this day I don't know why I did that but realize now how important it was for Mom to have everything so special for me and my friend.

Mom always was home for me and my brothers. That is one of my fondest memories. My best friend's mother worked and I remember feeling so special because I knew my mother was always home and I could count on her being there for me when I needed her. A cousin of mine told me after Mom passed away that she was always jealous of me and the close relationship we had. She didn't have that with her mother and there are a lot of people who don't have the fond memories that I do.

Mother was a very spiritual woman. She taught me great faith and a special desire to be a part of the Millennium. She would tell me about the Second Coming and how special that time would be. She would teach me from the scriptures and I grew up knowing that if I kept the



commandments my life would be blessed. She had a very strong testimony of the Word of Wisdom. Some of her family members in Tooele would offer her coffee when she would visit. She was teased about her abstaining from this drink all the time but was very determined not to partake of anything that was harmful to the body and taught against in the Word of Wisdom. I grew up with that same firm testimony. She shared her spiritual experiences and faith promoting stories with us and loved to write these experiences, especially about her childhood in Canada.

I was always impressed by her closeness with her sisters and brothers and their children. She wrote letters to her nieces all the time and they loved her. She would visit them and they all loved her. She was the last living member in that family and lived her nearly 94 years to the very best of her ability, just as her parents would have wanted.

One other thing about my mother that always impressed me and something I didn't inherit, was her friendliness to others, especially those who were less fortunate. She would try to sit on a bus, for instance, next to a stranger and when she or they got off the bus they were friends. I am the opposite. I want to sit by myself and keep to myself. She would make phone calls for me because I was shy and didn't want to do that.

Another memory I have is of her great love for the Lamanite people. There are a lot of people in Blanding who just seem to tolerate them. Mother truly loved them with all her heart and taught us that they were a chosen race and were to be treated with respect and love. She loved her mission with Dad to those people.

Mother taught us as children to respect those in authority over us and those who were older. Even at my age now of 65 it is difficult to call people by their first names because we were taught to call older people Brother and Sister so-and-so. That is certainly lacking in the world today.

When mother went to the nursing home and I had the opportunity of traveling to Blanding to visit with her and Dad, it was a hard thing to see her there and have her failing. I thought my Mom would live forever and always be there for me but, of course, that wasn't to be. She couldn't see me unless I put my face next to hers. One of the hardest experiences I had not long before she died was when I went to see her and she didn't know who I was. I tried to make her guess then would kiss her and we would gather each other up in our arms. I would ask her again to guess and when she couldn't she laughed and said, "I don't know who you are but I sure like



those kisses." Mom was very affectionate and showed it and desired that same kind of affection from others.

My brothers say I am spoiled and if loving was being spoiled then I admit to that. Thanks to my mother for that love and the teachings of the gospel that she instilled in me.

## **MEMORIES OF MOM**

**by Edward Earl Wright**

When I think of Mom, I see her in the kitchen. Seems like she was always in the kitchen. Every Monday was wash day, I would build a fire outside to heat the water in a wash tub for the wash. I remember one time when Mom used a bar of soap for the wash, I think it was P and G soap. She unwrapped it, lifted up the lid on the old wood stove and threw the bar of soap in instead of the paper wrapper. When she realized what she had done we both had a good laugh together.

When Mom did the ironing she had several irons that she would keep on the stove to keep them hot. She would take one off at a time and use it until it had lost its heat, then she would take another one off the stove to iron with. Mom was always whistling while she worked. She loved music. She loved the voices of Jeannette McDonald and Nelson Eddy. She always sang in the choir, or at least that is the way it seemed to me.

Mom had a strong testimony. She always supported the bishop and the Prophet and anyone in priesthood authority over her. She never had a negative word to say about anyone. She was a great example to all of us. She was always there when I needed her. She loved everyone, even old Squint Eye, the Indian that had a hogan down by Grandma Wright's home.

As a child it seemed like she was always the last person to leave the church. She loved to visit with everyone. It seemed like it would take an hour before we could get her to take us home. She was very protective of me and all of the other children. Maybe a little too protective sometimes. But you can't call that a fault.

I remember when my cousin, and very best friend died, Terry Hurst. I was at school when I heard about it. I was so devastated I ran home to be comforted by Mom. She took me in her



arms and held me tight and did her best to relieve me of my suffering. My heart was really broken. After awhile she told me I had to go back to school. It was hard.

Mom was special. She always told me how proud she was of me, and always encouraged me to do the right thing.

When I introduced my intended, Glena, to her, she loved her from first sight. She always remember our children on their birthdays. We miss her.

## **I REMEMBER MOM**

**by Lynn Austin Wright**

I remember when I was in school, we would always come home for lunch. The minute we walked in the front door and saw Mom doing the laundry we knew we were having beans for lunch. Or if we smelled beans cooking we knew Mom was doing the laundry.

I remember helping Mom make homemade soap. We would have a big metal tub on bricks with a fire underneath the tub cooking the soap. I can still remember the strong smell of the soap.

I remember that when it came time for family prayer, Mom was always the first one on her knees.

I remember one day Willard was kicked out of school and Mom went to meet with Mr. Alexander about the situation. It was explained that Willard had bounced a ball in class and so he was sent home. Mom came unglued! She really got after Mr. Alexander because Willard was kicked out for bouncing a ball. She told Mr. Alexander that she thought Willard must have killed someone because of the way everyone was acting about the incident.

Mom always made my friends feel very welcome in our home.

Mom was always supportive of our activities.

Mom went out of her way to please other people. She was always the last one she would worry about.

I remember when Mom got her drivers license. She did not really want to get it but she knew that she needed it to support dad in helping get vehicles to the end of the river trips.



an injured arm and was sore all over her body as well as having oil drip on her until she could be rescued from the van.

Mom loved to sing, play the Spanish guitar, violin and steel guitar. Music was a big part of her life. I think she served as choir president for quite some time.

She did have a soft heart and we could usually talk her into about anything we wanted to do.

Otis and I would take our guns early on Saturday morning and be gone all day. We would shoot us a rabbit or something else and cook it over the open fire for lunch. Mom never did seem to mind that we were gone all day. She trusted us but I am sure there must have been many hours of worry but she knew we needed to get out.

Mom was proud of her "Three Bears." I am sure she was proud of her other children as well, but, being the youngest I really don't remember much about Bevan, Dorothy and Ted. Mom was proud that ALL her children were married in the temple.

I was always introduced as her baby boy. Even to her dying day I was her baby. I am glad that Mom and Dad decided to include one more child to their family and that I ended up being that baby, even if Dorothy was disappointed when I was a boy and she did not get her baby sister.

I remember one time taking a trip to Hite. I really don't remember if Mom was with us or not or if it was just Dad and the boys. I remember it took us two days and about three flat tires to get there in the old Model A.

Mom loved to fish and when we would take Dad to the river or pick him up it was not uncommon for Mom to join us for some fishing. She was well known at Halls Crossing for her love for fishing.

I guess it should also be mentioned that after Mom spent half her life doing weather reports, the U. S. Government, upon her retirement, saw fit to give her a book about clouds. I think Mom felt bad about it but I don't remember her saying too much about it. I think she knew more about clouds than the people who wrote the book.

Finally, I must say that Mom supported me in all I did. She especially was supportive of my asking the "Little Lyman Girl" to marry me. She always accepted Yvonne as one of her daughters.



One day I was riding in the old black buick with Mom (no drivers license) and Willard was driving (also no driver license). We were going north on Main street and came to the stop sign at Main and Center. We were going to make a right turn after stopping for the stop sign. As Willard was stopping for the stop sign, Prock May, the town Marshall, came running across the street from the Elk Ridge Cafe yelling at Willard. When he got to the car he accused Willard of not going to stop for the stop sign. Mom jumped right in to defend Willard. She told him that Willard was going to stop and that he did stop. Prock never did ask Willard for his drivers license.

In my youth and infinite wisdom I sometimes did things that Mom must have felt needed correcting. The degree of correction depended on the severity of the act. When the act was bad enough Mom would take her hand to our back side. We soon learned that Mom had a tender heart and as soon as we started to cry she would stop spanking. We really weren't hurt we just didn't want Mom to hurt her hand spanking us.

Then there was the famous trip to meet Dad at the end of a Grand Canyon trip. Otis, Willard and I were riding in the back of a Jeep pick-up with Mom up front and Walter Hartlaur as the driver. Dad had built a shelter over the back with the sides open. It was night and the "Three Bears" were eating watermelon and cantaloupe. Otis would look out ahead and when he saw a set of headlights coming he would toss out a melon rind. We kept telling him not to do it. But you know Otis, he never would listen to his younger brother. Well, he threw out a rind and the car went down and turned around and turned on its red lights, pulling us over. The officer really got after Walter because of the actions of "his kids." Once again Mom jumped to our rescue. She apologized for our actions and assured him that it would not happen again. The officer told Otis that he could lock him up for ten years. Otis was eleven years old at the time and I remember thinking he could be gone until he was 21 years old. I don't think Mom ever told Dad because we never heard another word about it and I am sure that if Dad knew about it we would have heard something.

Mom's getting her drivers license was not all for the good. On one trip through Monument Valley, Mom got on some washboard and lost control of the International van she was driving. This happened down by Tuba City. The van turned upside down. Mom ended up with