

Noma Lorentzen Christensen Tew

Family History

Final Draft... Nov 2008



NOMA LORENTZEN CHRISTENSEN TEW

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Updated – Family Reunion - 5/27/07
Final Draft with Mothers help - 11/01/08*



A *baby girl* was born to *Laura Antonie Lorentzen* and *Nephi Christensen* on *July 23, 1920*. She was welcomed into the family by 3 older sisters and 2 brothers. The name they all decided on for me was **Noma** and I have always liked it!

Harvest time in 1921, Dad sent word in that the thrashing machine had broken down & the crew would be to our place for dinner instead of moving on. Mother had the crew of 16 to be in for dinner again instead of going to the next farm.

In the meantime I started fussing and Olive was tending me for Mother. As Mother was going to drain the liquid off a large kettle of string beans they bumped into one another. Olives arm and my upper body were scalded. Mother rushed us into the pantry where she put thick cream on us.

When the Doctor came and took my undershirt off, it peeled the skin off my shoulder, neck and one side of my face. He bandaged my entire head just leaving an opening for my nose, eyes and mouth. Mother said, "You used your little thumb trying to remove it from around your mouth."

In later years, Mother would call me over to her to look my face & neck. She would shake her head amazed the scar wasn't worse and say, "Thank the Lord." I'm sure that was due to the blessings our Father gave us. Olive's one arm was scalded and took time to heal. She was only 9 and trying to keep me entertained.

We lived near Wapello my 1st years and then we moved to Rich Lane where we lived until I was 11 years old. I started school at Wicks, a 2 room school house. We started each morning with a scripture reading – a flag salute and a song (old-timer). There were 3 of us in 1st grade – Beula Carson, Katherine Alexander and Noma Christensen. We all loved school. Miss Anderson, a very pretty young lady was our teacher.

I always enjoyed our Christmas programs and taking part in them. They were such important events to me then.

I remember the year Thelma and I, with our white crepe paper costumes represented pop corn balls and we did a dance and sang a song. We were both blonde.

These are the words to the song we sang.

"The kernels are so tiny you wouldn't think that they could ever be so beautiful & hop around that way. But then, I think, if you were shut up, in a hot box tight, you'd jump around as they do & I'm sure you would turn white."

*"Hear the pop corn pop as it beats against the top.
Hear it pop, pop pop as the little kernels hop.
Shake it hard & do not stop.
Listen to the kernels as they pop, pop, pop."*

Another year I was a rose in a pink crepe paper costume with rows of petals. Mother made our costumes always extra special and was always willing. Our teachers always counted on Mother figuring out the costumes.

There were folding doors between the two school rooms. They opened those and put big boards on saw horses for the stage. Sheets, from our parents, were hung for backdrops and side and some to close in front. The lighting was kerosene lanterns – There was singing, readings, speaking parts and dancing – always a good program. The teachers said, "If the Christensen's can be here at that time, then the rest of you can."

Then when spring broke and we'd have May Day down in the grove and play "Run My Sheepy Run" in among the trees and the sand knolls and brush. Those were fun days for all. If weather was good they would hide Easter eggs for us to find.

At the end of school, one year, they had a field trip and a picnic on the Indian Reservation on Jeff Yandel's place – several miles east of our place. We hadn't had our Ford car very long when we went up there. So that was special to hide in it up there. We played games and had great fun. I remember being scared to look down in a snake pit, but we enjoyed the busy day.

These were the same years, too, when I was learning a bit about working and doing my chores and responsibilities. I was usually left in the house to help Mother and the good help, the older girls, went in the fields to help my Father and boys. It always made me very happy if I could do something to surprise my Mother. And when I did Mother would notice it and thank me to let me know she really appreciated it. Then I was more eager to do some extra job another time.



At haying time I was called out to help. I'd drive the horses and tromp the loads as the men loaded it with their pitch forks. I was always nervous around the horses, but when I got good enough they put me on the Derrick Kart to drive the horse for unloading with the Jackson Fork.

I remember Mother would bring punch and cake or cookies out to us in the middle of the afternoon. She always seemed to know what was best for all of us. There were no refrigerators in those days so our cold drinks were just made with our hand pumped fresh water.

The good cold water from our well was famous. Many stopped at our place just for a drink. I remember the Indians stopping to be refreshed. One afternoon as I lay on my bed to have a nap I noticed some movement by the window - there was an Indian squaw with her nose pressed flat against the glass. It frightened me so much I couldn't scream or move. I just laid there cowering and she went looking around.

When the apples ripened we always shared them with whoever stopped.

Probably the reason our water was so cold and good was because of all the water we pumped to water

Mothers beautiful flowers. Every day we helped Mother carry water to them. She taught us their names and how to take care of them. She let us pick them for bouquets to beautify our home and to share with others to enjoy some of God's creations for beauty.

Father was so good to let us go swimming every day and would sometimes go in with us. I remember the thrill when I took off swimming alone. Thelma was probably just as happy because she had more time for enjoying swimming herself. It seemed to relax us and give us more energy to go back to work.

We enjoyed working together as a family, thinning and weeding beets, potatoes, garden and berries. When we completed a job our parents rewarded us with a freezer of homemade ice cream. What a Treat! If there was a break in the work, they would let us pick up neighbors kids and take a picnic in our green wagon with Bolly pulling and go down to the grove and play games such as 'Tag' and 'Run my Sheepie Run.' Oh, what fun! After chores were done and it was still light we'd take our ball and play 'Annie I Over' and throw the ball over the house for them to catch and tag the one who threw as you changed sides.

Mother wrote a letter every Sunday to her family in Norway – her only way of communicating with them in those days.

Mother told me that in 1922, when she was expecting, her Mother wrote her, "I see you with two babies instead of one" and sure enough, in August she had twin boys.

In July of 1924 Mother had baby Nephi, a stillborn July 31st and on December 28th 1925 she gave birth to Harold the youngest of our family.

Coston and I were always very close. When one got sick, the other of us did too. I can remember many times when Mother tended too sick ones instead of one. Maybe that started when we were young to prepare her for the twins. Ha!!!

I remember especially the spring of 1934. I was 13 and Coston was 15. I was ready for my 8th grade graduation – Mother had a pink organdy dress, with ruffles, finished for me. Coston and I got sick over the weekend, so Coston stayed home Monday, but I went to school and I got more feverish as the day went on and went home very sick that night. The Doctor said we had a bad case of the Red Measles. So I missed the last week of school and graduation. Of course, I loved wearing the pretty dress to Church. Our recovery was slow that summer.

Being 4 years younger than my next sister I had no one wanting to play with me and my dolls. So I developed an interest in the boy's games. We played baseball, football and rode 'Bolly' our gentle horse, She was the means of our conveyance to and from the fields. Ove could slide off the back and open the gates – then shut them and run and make a jump back up on her and we'd go on to the house for dinner. There could be 5 or 6 of us riding at a time.

We were an extremely fortunate family to be blessed with such wonderful parents. They always set the proper example for us, active in the church, seeing that we had every opportunity to learn the gospel and do good serving others. They always answered our queries in a way we could understand and they also taught us how to work and the rewards, joy and satisfaction of a job well done. Also, that we should give an honest day's work for a day's pay and that work wasn't easy but good for us.

We learned many of the finer and more cultural things of life and were taught from babes to say "please, thank you & excuse me." It made it easier to be polite and use good etiquette away from home. We had

respect for our parents and our teachers. We got along good in our home and were very close to one another as a family and enjoyed our classmates.

I was just 5 1/2 when Harold was born. How I loved that baby brother. Mother got so she trusted him with me to carry him in my arms. I would eat just a little dinner so I could hurry and be the 1st one done and would get to hold him. We had a small children's rocker that I sat in to rock him. The twins, being just 3, would come to stand by and watch us. Robert & Raymond were so cute. Mother dressed them in rompers she had made, embroidered with black animal trim. I guess they were darling babies too, because Mother won a baby contest with them and received a china cup and saucer.

The summer of 1928 was special for Mother. She had the opportunity to go back to Norway to visit her family. She made a lot of preparations before leaving, sewing for Harold 2½ and herself and I'm sure she had all the mending done. She made a special harness for Harold, so she could hold on to him and not lose him over deck. (Her father had slid off an icy deck and was never found, 13 days before Mother was born). She was very wise because Harold was all boy, very inquisitive, had to see all and moved very fast. They left in June.

It left Dad home with the other 8 children, Clara the oldest was 17½, Olive 15, Ove 13, Thelma 11, Coston 9, Noma 7 and the twins 5. We did all of the farm work during the busy haying time. So Noma was sent in to start the fire in the kitchen stove to get water boiling so they could prepare meals fast.

One day we picked pie cherries at Tanners Orchard and came home with a bushel to pit and bottle. The next day we were pitting the cherries in a work area we had in the milk house. Thelma had been sent to the kitchen to add wood to the fire to keep the cherries boiling, etc. She stepped outside to come back to help pit (Dad had just returned from turning the water) and there stood Coston covered with blood. We girls ran out following Dad and we all gasped as we saw Coston, blood soaked from a big cut on his head. He had walked about ½ mile after being injured on the hay mower when the horses ran away. The cut skin hung down over the side of his head and over his ear.

Our parents were very spiritual. They relied on Priesthood blessings a lot. That day Dad ordered a kettle of water put on the stove to boil, clean underwear on Coston, he called the Doctor and then he gave Coston a blessing. The Doctor came and he did the suturing with Coston lying on our dining room table. There were 13 stitches and I guess he healed fine – anyway he looks normal now.

Dad never let us write to tell Mother about the accident, but the morning after she returned home (in October) the twins got in bed with her and told her everything. She got up and dressed and looked for Coston. She went over to him and raised the hair on the side of his head and saw that long scar. I'm sure there were tears.

Harold was home again! When he talked it was all Norwegian and he was so cute. I always coaxed mother to let me take him with me to class.

It was winter when Harold got an infection back of his ear (Mastoiditis). Dr. Beck sent them to an ear specialist in Pocatello and he did the surgery in the St. Anthony Hospital. Mother said the nurses (catholic nuns) were so good to both of them. Harold had to learn to walk again.

I was baptized in a canal on the George Parrish farm by Brother Parrish. He evidently did the baptism for the month – because there were several there that Saturday. I was confirmed by my father in the old 1st Ward Building on Sunday. Father got each of us a 'Polar Bear' Candy bar.

As a little girl I had chores, fill the copper reservoir with water and have buckets of fresh, cold drinking water and one on the wash stand. I was to fill the wood boxes with wood, Dad and the boys kept sawed and chopped. In between each armful I practiced tap dancing on the chopping block. So my Father got taps put on a pair of shoes for me. Then Wanda McMullen and I danced on programs for school. My chores took longer because of practicing but Mother never discouraged me.

After the milking and separating was done then it was Coston's and my chore to take the skim milk back to the barn and feed the calves. It was dark and we were both night blind. We used kerosene lanterns.

Dad, Ove, Thelma, and Coston took care of the animals and if they didn't separate the milk it was left in ten gallon cans and took it out on the 'milk stand' by the side of the road for the 'Milk Man' to pick up for the Cheese Factory or Blackfoot Creamery in the morning.

Medical and Dental bills were paid with the cream, link sausage, chicken and other meats Dad butchered. Dr. Beck told Mother. "It's the best link sausage that I have eaten." Mother really knew how to make them.

I never seemed to be too strong and I remember the elders coming to administer to me a number of times with my Dad.

I used to stutter when talking until the 4th grade. It really bothered me that I was never called on to read orally. So I worked hard to excel in other things to make up for it. I would help others in phonics. At the end of the school year my teacher gave me a green ring for getting 100% in spelling the whole year.

By the 4th grade I could read with no stuttering problems, so Mrs. Fait called on me often now.

In the winter time Mother dressed me in long sleeved wool dresses. I had 2 she had made to change off with. They were made beautifully and always had some special trim so that others admired them. Then I wore embroidered aprons over them to keep the dresses lovely.

Since Thelma was 4 years older than me she was beyond the doll stage so I spent more time with my brothers. I wasn't afraid to get right into a football game with them. I could pitch pretty good for baseball, too.

The twins, Harold & I laid out the neatest little farms, - barn, corral, shed, trees, roadways, row crops (we watered them), pastures, etc. that any farmer would envy. It was fun!

In the summer time we all worked together so in the winter time we played together. The older ones would make cards by just putting numbers on pieces of paper. Then they would let me play "I doubt It" with them too. Ove always did something to keep us laughing even if we ended up with all the cards. He was a very good leader and got things done.

Ove was good to help Dad make Skis for us. He would soak the boards, then bend one end up and use wire to keep it turned up. We'd fall going down on them, pick our skis up & climb back up to go down again. If you ever needed Ove, just step outside and you'd hear him singing. He really had a good voice. Ove, while a boy was like a hired man for Dad. He was smart about thing and knew how to get things done for Dad.

Mother told me (when I was older) that some Christmases we didn't get very much, maybe just one thing. I don't remember that because she and Dad always made it such a special day for all. They always

remembered friends too.

I'll never forget the one year when Dad surprised Mother with a beautiful brown wool coat with yellow fox fur. When Mother saw it and put it on she cried. It was so beautiful on her and I thought she should be happy instead of crying. Little did I know that there were tears of joy as well as sorrow.

We had a big orchard of different apples. Transparent, Strawberry, Crab, Wealthies and a small crab that was yellow when ripe and Mother would pickle them whole. They were so good. The Ben Davis was a winter apple – hard like a rock and had no flavor except sour. Dad would buy a gunny sack full of Jonathans for us to snack on and get more when needed.

We always had a big garden of vegetables, raspberries, strawberries, currants and gooseberries. We all participated in taking care of them. Mother fixed delicious desserts for us every day.

Once in a while we'd hear Mother and Father conversing in Norwegian. That was usually when someone was going to get something – we never knew who would be the lucky one.

But you might say we were always lucky because Mother was so excellent in everything she did. She knew how to make everything delicious, even the fish Dad would bring in from irrigating tasted special.

We'd watch close to pick the asparagus as it was ready and use it until its life producing time was over. She fixed the rhubarb when it was ready and enjoyed it until it quit producing. Mother knew which mushrooms were safe to use. The sugar beets that we thinned in the field we gathered, washed and cooked for greens with vinegar.

Dad had a pen for setting hens in the spring. It was hard to wait for the baby chicks, they were such darling little balls of yellow fluff. But when grown we used them for special dinners for family and company.

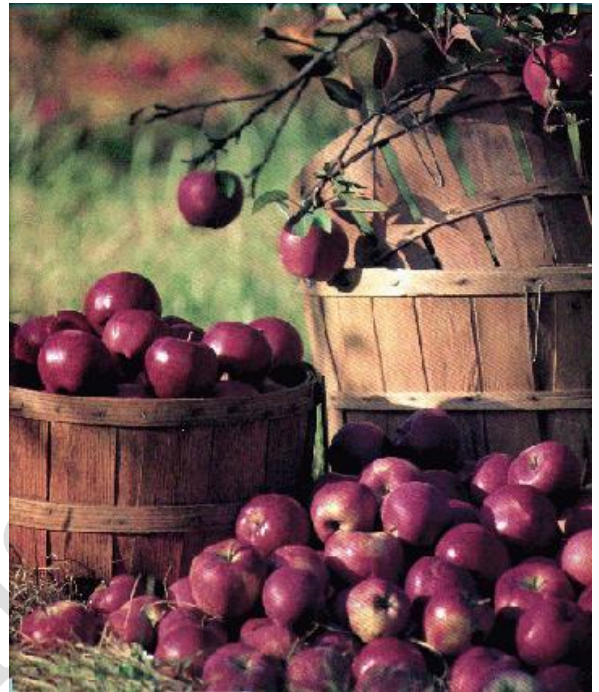
We had chickens enough for all the eggs we needed. Mother made a lot of Angel Food and Sponge Cakes. In the summer time I used some eggs for mud pies but I never got them to look or taste like Mother's pies.

We were taking care of the chickens Mother saved the softest feathers, washed them and used them for our pillows. I still am using one of them.

Dad would butcher animals – beef, lamb and pork and share with the neighbors. They might have shared with us, but if so, I don't know which ones did. The lard she rendered from the pork and used for pie crust, for shortening in breads, cake and cookies and for her soap for washing clothes.

Since we didn't have a frig or freezer to keep things in Dad usually butchered in the winter.

In the spring of 1935 (lived on Asylum lane) Dad butchered a beef and they brought Mrs. Nelson (a widow friend) out to help bottle the animal. A lot of meat was put into 2 quart jars (enough meat for a meal for our



family.) They always made sure that she got a good variety of cuts. We'd of-times bring her home after church to have dinner with us and we served clabber with sugar for our evening refreshment. It is now called Yogurt. Mother made cottage cheese out of some of our clabber.

Mother's chicken and dumplings, rice pudding, apple crumb cake, cheeses, link sausage, bottled beef were wonderful. Then when we were sick she'd offer us a poached egg on a piece of toast with hot milk. It seemed to be quite a good remedy. She fixed it with such eye appeal and great flavor that it just naturally made us well.

I remember one time when I was sick and Dad had just come home from town. I guess Mother had told him I was sick on the bed. He came in, pulled a chair over close and stroked my head with his farm worn hand at the same time with his gentle, kind voice he'd tell me. "I Love you, honey. You'll get better and be fine" It seemed that with his gentleness and the sweet spirit that he emanated, I was on the road to recovery.

Coston and I got sick at the same time quite often and Mother would sew by lamplight to not waste any time while caring for us and show her love for each of her family. She dressed us well so we could feel good around anyone, the boys in nice shirts and suits and we girls in pretty dresses. No one else had any as nice and special as ours.

Mother and Dad always stressed the importance of good manners – to stand tall – be reverent and be kind to others. They were the perfect example of sharing and serving others.

Mother would make burial clothes for the dead when needed and would help dress them. Father would loan his farm equipment to others and of-times they brought it back broken down and he had to pay for the repairs. Neighbors would call on our Dad to go down in their well hole to figure out what was wrong. (Or were they concerned about injury to themselves) God took care of Dad.

Mother served as "Work Leader" on the Blackfoot Stake Relief Society Board for many years and attended many Relief Society Conferences in Salt Lake so that she was recognized and known well by Sisters Parmley and Sharp, General Board Presidency. They were always interested in her suggestions and creations.

President Harold B Lee was visiting Stake Conference in Salmon one Sunday and he called Mother from the audience to come up and bear her testimony. She always did it so beautifully from her heart that everyone loved to hear her. Tears were shed.

In the spring of 1932 we moved to Asylum Lane where Mother and Dad got a lovely lawn going and a beautiful flower garden, rock garden and roses - raspberries, strawberries and a big vegetable garden. But I spent most of the summer in Clifton with Clara and Emil. Emil's nephew, Ariel rode his horse from Banida to Clifton and we'd ride back to Banida. My Father's sister, Aunt Annie passed away in Hyrum, Utah. So my parents picked me up and took me to the funeral. That was my 1st time out of the State of Idaho.

I remember riding with Ove in the Model A Ford to take Clara back up to Ricks where she



got her degree and met Emil Larson. They were married in Dr. Becks home. That fall Clara got a teaching job in Grovont, Wyoming. Emil and our parents didn't like her going up there alone. Emil had work through the harvest to help the farmers in Soda Springs area. So they sent me with Clara in September to stay until Emil came. But when he came there was already so much snow on Teton Pass that it was closed. So I was there for the school year.

Emil made an offer to the school board to teach the 4 upper grades for \$50 a month if they would leave Clara with \$75 for the 4 lower grades. The school board accepted his offer so Emil was my 7th grade teacher and he was good.

Clara and Emil had an apartment above the 2 school rooms. We carried arms full of wood upstairs and into both school rooms. They had to do the cleaning and get fires going each day. Our only mode of travel was by foot. Residents of the valley had their 'Bob Sleighs'. Snow drifts got as high as the windows.

Some weekends I'd be invited to stay with different friends. Grovont (now known as Mormon Row) was a close knit community of Moultons, Chambers, Budges, Kneedy and Mays. I had fun at any of the homes. They all made me so welcome..

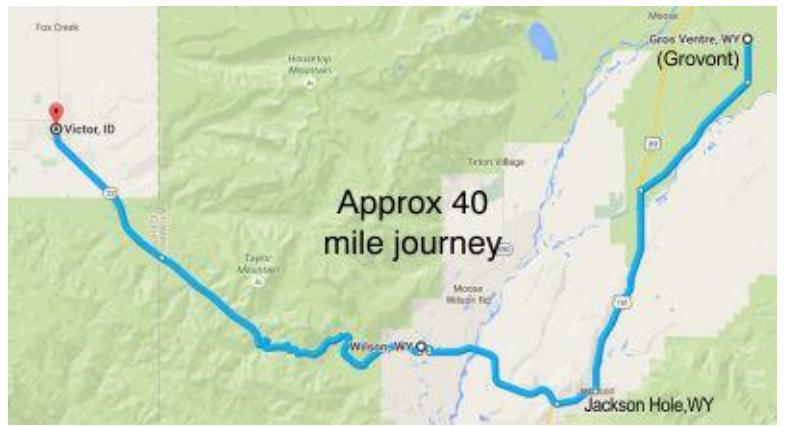
At Budge home was a magpie they had taught to talk. In the morning Mrs. Budge would open his cage door & he would come upstairs and say, "Breakfast time to get up Clair. Eleanor get up." And the girls knew they must get up and ready for breakfast now or he'd keep calling them. At the table someone would give him a piece of meat or other food. He'd hide it to eat later & come after more. He was fun to watch when he'd go back to get his hidden snacks.

One night when Clara & Emil had gone for a walk to visit with friends, I was sitting in the kitchen alone. Dishes started rattling in the cupboards & things were moving. I slid under the table scared to death. Then I heard someone run up the stairs knock and then open the door and call, "Did you feel that earthquake, Noma? Where are you?" It was my friend Vera Chambers. I finally dared come out of hiding, wiping away my tears. That was another first for me, an earthquake! Vera thought it was funny that I was scared.

One evening in April, Clara and Emil were visiting with friends, the Kneedys. They learned that he was going out to Victor the next week. He was willing to take me over the Pass. They held a farewell party for



me and the next morning at 4:00 we left by Bob Sleigh and got to Wilson about 6:00. We put a stick thru the handle of my little bag and we started up the Pass. The sun got quite bright. The snow was deep and we were tired. He said, "We'll try a short cut and go straight up instead of around the loop. We took the short cut but the snow was so deep, we'd sink into our crotch. Of course I was just in a dress and long stockings. We had never heard of slacks for girls. Well, that little 'short cut' took longer than taking the round loop. There was no one else on the Pass so we kept trudging and climbing. We reached the summit about noon. The mail sled from, Victor arrived at lunch time – so we all had dinner at the lodge. Then we rode down the Pass to Victor on the mail sled.



Mr. Kneedy took me to stay at some friends' place that had a girl my age. I stayed there that night. The next morning he came and put me on the train for Blackfoot, arriving there about 4:00 PM.

This was my 1st train ride and I had never done anything alone before. I had been gone so long that, Blackfoot had changed. It was like I was a 'lost girl' in a strange country. I couldn't get my family on the phone so I had to call the neighbor and ask them to tell my folks I was in Blackfoot at the Monson Grocery Store. My parents didn't know I was coming – no long-distance calls in those days. I was really sunburned from climbing the pass on a sunny day.

Olive was so good to me. If she sat down I was on her lap. She gave me a lot of love and showed a lot of concern for me. She paid for my first permanent.

Olive had been working for the Thoresons, cleaning their home for \$3.00 a week and saving her money for school. She would clean the house, inside and outside, prepare meals, do dishes and do whatever they asked. She had to walk 3 miles to work and 3 miles back home.

Mother made some new clothes for me and she was always sewing for the 'Well to do' folks. She made beautiful tailored suits for women (out of their husband's old suits) and dresses, etc.

Clara and Olive went by horse and buggy when little for piano lessons with Sister Parkinson. They got good enough that they played piano duets and sang duets in church. I remember them practicing to sing a special Christmas son. 'The Holy City'. I memorized the words to it from listening to them practice.

In the fall of '33 the Parkinson's asked the folks to move into their home for the winter while they went to stay with family in California. It was a large, lovely home on the corner of Idaho and North Fisher. Which we did, Olive and Thelma were both going to College at "Southern Ranch" in Pocatello. A neighbor, Mrs. Tomlinson, soon came to get acquainted and later told Mother that Mrs. Parkinson had told her that the Nephi Christensen family was going to move in to take care of the home and Mrs. Tomlinson, suggested that they just get a couple to care of it. Mrs. Parkinson then told her, "Oh, I'm not worried about that. They are a well behaved family and you could eat off Mrs. Christensen's floors" She learned to have a lot of respect for Mother and our family. She visited often and admired all of Mothers' accomplishments.

The Parkinsons' owned a small home across the street – 155 N Fisher. They sold it to our folks. So we didn't move back to Asylum Lane that spring. We moved across the road.

While living there that winter Ove and a friend, Clark Turner were riding Ove's motorcycle and were hit by a car of Indians. It broke his foot and had leg injuries plus. He ran a high fever and was delirious. Dad gave him a blessing and his fever broke - developing scarlet fever. So we were quarantined for 2 weeks. Then Dr. Beck gave us immunization shots, 1 a week for 5 weeks and I got really sick from them and would be in bed 1 or 2 days each week. But Ove recovered and seemed to do well afterwards.

Ove was good to harness the horses on the Bob Sleigh and gather up the neighbor kids and we'd ride on little sleds and skis tied on the Bob Sleigh. He'd always pick pretty moonlight nights. It was great fun and when we got home of-times Mother would have hot chocolate with a dollop of whipped cream in it.

Harold and the twins had to walk 13 blocks across town to Irving School in the morning and for lunch. They really got their exercise, didn't they? At night they'd check to see if any coal rail cars had unloaded. If there was any slack there they'd get their wagon with a gunny sack and shovel and go back to salvage what they could.

That winter Mother suffered with sciatica and was unable to walk for 13 weeks. She got around by kneeling with her bad leg on a chair. No matter how bad she hurt she still took care of her family and she kept on sewing for the elite.

The twins and Harold wanted a bicycle so they saved every penny, nickel, and dime that they got for over a year and finally had enough to buy a new bike. Then they were good enough to encourage me to learn to ride, which I did with their help. What fun!

The girls would come each weekend from college to help. Thelma washed on the wash board and she would make dough nuts that we would founder over. They helped with everything they could.

That was the Spring of 1935 when Ove and Beula got married in the Sale Lake Temple

Springtime – 1934 – 155 N Fisher

Our Father loaded all the machinery and equipment that he could on his wagon and headed for Lost River. That day in school it was hard to hold back the tears. But Dad got settled into farming at Moore and as soon as school was out the boys moved out with him to help. They sent Harold in to start dinner and something caught on fire. The house burned down with the boy's graduation suits – but Harold did not get burned.

Mother and I stayed in Blackfoot in our nice home – there was room for a nice little garden in the back so that we had fresh vegetables to enjoy and share.

Mother fixed up the yard with beautiful flowers and with roses (her specialty). Dad and the boys made her a lily pond. Coston piped water over to run from a high spot over rocks and down into the pool that could be turned on and off. He built a little log cabin out of willows and placed the cabin under the pussy willow where the water came out.

They also built what we called our “outdoor living room” of laths and painted it green. We had a grape vine climbing on the back and climbing roses on the sides and entrance way. Inside were chairs they had sawed out of blocks of wood. It was a place for shade, comfort and peace. We had quite the groups come to see and enjoy the beauty of it all.

In the winter Coston and the twins slept on the screened front porch. We kept a canvas over the quilts to keep

the bedding from getting wet. They never did complain about walking through the snow (in the morning) to get in the house.

I enjoyed my years in Blackfoot High School. It was there that I met my closest friend, Gudrun Christiansen. She had a twin, Gladys. Their father was a farmer in Springfield, Idaho and they rented an apartment at Duckworth's for the girls so they could finish high school. Their parents were also from Norway. So when they wanted to fool me they would speak in Norwegian and then laugh at me when I was perplexed. I also got well acquainted with June Campbell who is now Mrs. Earl Wadsworth in Idaho Falls.(deceased over 20 years ago.)

I had some good teachers, Martindale, Cliff Evans, Frank Harthopf, Miss Kinney, Overstreet, Barnes, Smith, Capellan. Our principal was William Park. I liked all of them.

In Seminary I had Brother Byron Doan and he was so good that the church took him from us and sent him to California to introduce and start the Seminary program out there. Then they gave us Thomas Cheney (he wrote several books for Seminary). So I really had some of the best.

I sang in a sextet from our Glee Club class and the Glee Club sang at music festivals. Mr. Cheney came and asked me to try out for a part in the Seminary Play. I did and got it. I also took part in 2 school plays. Then in the summer the American Legion came and asked me to take part in a community play and this was another golden opportunity.

I was chosen to be the Queen of the Gold and Green Ball one year. This was really a thrill. I served as Sunday School secretary in Second Ward for several years. I graduated from High School in 1938 with 102 classmates. I also graduated from the Teacher Trainer course under Alice DeMordant.

Mother was in charge of the Needlework Department at the Eastern Idaho State Fair for 14 years and she won many prizes on her own entries. She won with her jelly entries and also her baked goods. One year she won the "Grand Sweepstakes Award" on her piece of Hardanger (white with red and blue) and her American flag displayed with it. She was in her 80's when she completed the Sweepstakes entry.

After graduating, Thelma worked at the Filer Seed Company. When it was fair time and everybody was celebrating and we kids didn't have money for a burger, Thelma spent her money and bought the meat, buns and trimmings and treated us at home.

Mother liked to play checkers and I'm sure it was relaxing for her after sitting all day at her sewing machine. Some nights after school she encouraged me to get my home work done. Then she closed the French doors to her sewing room, sat down in the leather rocker by the stove, put the checkerboard on her lap and we'd play game after game. She was hard to beat.

In the meantime I had taken a job for our dentist to help pay some on our family's bill. I really liked the work so I stayed with Dr. MacClure until Cancer put him in bed. Then Dr. Smedley came to work for him. Dr. MacClure taught me how to do everything even to where I was able to put a filling in. I could make the dentures after the Dr. took the impressions. I made some for my parents out of a new material, Luxene.

In 1940 our ward planned their reunion for March 17th. The Sunday School Officers and teachers were asked to serve the dinner for the adult evening. After dinner and the program they had dancing.

The music started and the older gentlemen came and asked Pearl Rider and myself to dance while their wives

were still busy in the kitchen. We learned the schottische from them, and worked on some other older dances. A Dark haired, handsome young man walked in and started talking to Horace Fullmer. Then after another dance here came that young man and asked me for a dance. We exchanged names and some personal and individual information and he asked me for the next dance and so on. In between I introduced him to Pearl, but she soon went home with her folks and Rodney asked to take me home.

That night I told Mother about Rodney Tew, the returned missionary I had met and he had asked to give me a ride home.

Life went on the same as usual and about 1 month later Mother called me to the phone. It was Rodney asking me to go to a show. So our courtship started. Sometimes he'd pick me up at the office. He took me to Shelley to meet his family and some of his friends. We went to Sacrament meetings together in Shelley and met more of his friends. He had a farm 2 miles out of Blackfoot which kept him busy. So sometimes we'd just go get a pint of ice cream and come back home and visit with Mother. Rodney and Mother enjoyed visiting because of experiences in England and Norway.

Mother was the only one of her family to join the church. She had a strong testimony and lived according to the Saviors teachings. She left her native Country of Norway and her parents and sister, and came alone to this country for the gospel. Besides being beautiful (photographers model in Trondheim, Norway) she was intelligent, charming, talented, thoughtful, served and helped others.

We are so blessed that our Father, Nephi 5'9" in stature and great in spirituality became acquainted with Laura and they chose one another for Eternal Companions. They were brave enough to accept the responsibility (age 28 & 29) of ten children (one stillbirth) and raised nine. I am one of those lucky ones. To me they are a King and a Queen. I am grateful for all they sacrificed for me and the other eight and I love them dearly. So you can understand why Rodney enjoyed visiting with Mother.

For 2 days in May I worked with a pain in my side, finally Mother called Father to see about going to the hospital. Mother called Brother Ray Eskelson to come and help Rodney administer to me. Then Rodney took Mother and me to the hospital. They ran tests and Dr. Beck decided to operate that night. Three nights later Rodney proposed to me and I told him "yes." Dr. Beck said my room was like walking through a flower garden. The nurses liked my chocolates.

Rodney's folks asked us to go camping over night at Gray's Lake with them to see their cattle. We had a lot of fun and I got better acquainted with his family. Vivian and Inez were such cute little sisters. On the way home Inez said, "Rodney, last night I heard Mama and Daddy say they hoped you and Noma would get married."

We set our wedding date for June. Mother and I worked every spare moment on things for a trousseau. Then Rodney talked me into moving it up to January, then November.

One morning the phone rang at 6 and Mother answered it. As I listened to her conversation I heard, "Oh Yes. Well, I think we could if the material has come in," She could buy it at noon and so on. Then she came to my bedroom and said, "That was Rodney and he wondered if you could get ready to leave at 5 tomorrow morning for Salt Lake to get married. His parents will take you. The water will be out of the canal for 3 days. He invited me to go with."

I went to work and at noon bought the material for dress, slip and nightgown. I told Dr. Smedley I couldn't come back that afternoon and let Mrs. MacClure know our plans.

Mother and I started cutting, sewing, embroidering, packing, washing and fixing hair and bathing. We never went to bed that night and at 4:30 a.m. were ready to leave.

Rodney's folks, Elaine and Rodney came and picked us up. This was just my 2nd trip to Salt Lake and it was August 15th, 1940. I'm sure I did some sleeping on the way. I wasn't one to talk because I was shy.

We dropped Elaine and her folks off at Klea and Ferron's place in Murray. They said they'd go through the temple with us.

Then on to Ove and Beula's and they weren't home. We left a note that we would go through the 6:00 session to get married and we went back to the Temple. When we got in the session Ove and Beula were the witness couple.

We were so happy. It was such a wonderful day being with my sweetheart and now we were married for time and all eternity. Rodney took me sightseeing – to see the night lights and the valley from up on the east bench. It was special. We stayed that night with Ove and Beula and left the next morning for home. The next day the water was in the canal and I went back to work.

The day Mother had our wedding dinner, Rodney and his father signed the papers for selling the Blackfoot farm. After the harvest they started looking for another. He found one in Roberts that Rodney liked and we decided to buy it. We left Blackfoot (fall of 1940), on an iron tire wagon the day after Thanksgiving (with the few possessions we had). We thought we'd freeze before we got to Shelley that night. Rodney traveled alone to Roberts and I got up there by car. The house was little (back porch, kitchen and couch – bedroom) no bathroom or running water. We lived there until the Spring of 1947.

Those were happy learning years in our little 2 room house with a porch. We enjoyed working together and started our family. Rodney milked our herd of 20 some Guernsey cows. The milker broke and because of the war we couldn't get parts. Rodney's arms ached. He got a hired man, Don Borrowman and he came and lived with us for nearly a year.

On Sunday October 5, 1941 we were blessed with a sweet baby girl. She had auburn hair which was a surprise, because Rodney's hair was black and I was real blonde. Jeanette Noma was named December 7th, on Pearl Harbor Day. She was loved so much and was such a good baby that she endeared herself in everyone's heart. The McEntire's had her call them "Art and Grandma".

In the Spring of 1942, Rodney decided to have a potato cellar built. He got the Isaacs crew from Ashton area to do the job. They dug the cellar and got the logs and went to work putting in a good solid base for the supports for the roof to be put on. After they got the beams on Rodney hauled in the slabs and put them on.

After the grain harvest Rodney baled his straw and placed them on the slabs. Now for the completion and hardest job, covering the entire cellar with dirt.

Five gallon buckets and a shovel. Noma filled the buckets and Rodney lugged those heavy buckets up and dumped them. Noma would have more full when he came down. He covered that whole cellar a bucket at a time. He never sat feeling sorry for himself. The cellar was finished and ready for potato harvest. What a argentous accomplishment and a wonderful sight.

I had to go back into the hospital with blood clots in my lungs. In February of 1943 I went back to Mayo

Brothers (in Minnesota) because I had Asthma so bad and the doctors assured me that I had bad allergies..

Grandpa Warren & Grandma Vera made appointments for themselves at Mayo so we could travel together. Because of the war, the soldiers had priority for seating on the train. When I woke up the next morning there was a soldier asleep on my shoulder.

I received postcards from Rodney while there: The first was there to greet me! What a welcome surprise! And I was assured that I had bad allergies.

Back in Roberts, Idaho Rodney was having to blackout the windows because of the war and worry of potential raids. It would come over the radio to tell us when to cover our windows to seclude ourselves and be on the alert.

After my stay at Mayo, Grandma Vera was still recuperating from her surgery so Grandpa Warren took me to the train station. He walked alongside the moving train and blew kisses to me until the train sped up. Oh, I can still see and feel his acts of kindness.

May 22, 1943 Warren was born and we felt so blessed to have a beautiful little baby boy. He, too, had auburn hair and brown eyes. He was blessed on July 4th. When just a few months old, Warren started holding his breath. No one felt safe taking care of him. He followed his Dad down the field every time he could slip away from me. He figured out how to wiggle his little body underneath the yard gate.

While I was in the hospital with Warren, Rodney put a pipeline from the well out to our hog barn. Since it went right past the house he put a joint in and piped a line to the kitchen. He had a small cabinet built, put in a little sink and had room for a 5 gallon bucket to carry waste water out in. We both appreciated that convenience. Our first running water!

Rodney was a good farmer and raised some good crops – hay, grain and potatoes.

While in Roberts I taught in Primary, Jr. Sunday School and special Interest class in MIA.

We went to Stake Dances with Bishop Holms, the Dotson's and Wells and some were at the Riverside Dance Hall. We enjoyed our years in Roberts, even though we had to work hard.

I was asked to give a Reading or story for the Christmas program 1944 for Sunday School. I did so. The Bishop and others wouldn't believe Rodney when he told them that we had a curly, black haired baby girl on January 11, 1945. Jeanette and Warren really loved her and Jeanette was like a little mother to her. Sonja Marie was blessed on the 1st of April, April Fool's Day. Sonja was very good natured and had a sweet disposition.

I was sitting on the couch with Warren on my lap to change his diaper. Rodney came in to tell me something and set down on the couch on my right side. I took a pin out of the soiled diaper and stuck it in the couch. Rodney didn't lose any time letting me know I had pinned him to the couch. Upon looking, the pin had gone through the skin between his thumb and pointer finger and into the couch. I must have worked hard and fast to get the job done before Rodney realized what had happened.

We didn't do any laughing then but in later years we laughed many times. I don't think he ever sat down on my right side again when I had a baby on my lap. The children and grandchildren never get tired of hearing that story.

That fall Rodney bought tents, beds and blankets and camping for 5 southern-white men to help in the potato harvest. I had to feed them 3 meals a day. They told me how to make their coffee. They were good workers and could be trusted. The Sunday I had them in at noon I had Sonja propped in the corner of the couch. They wondered whose baby I was tending. I told them she was ours. They couldn't believe she had just been in the bedroom and she'd never cried when they were in the house 3 times a day that last week. They really made a fuss over her. She was a beautiful and good baby.

Sonja didn't learn to walk until she was 19 months old and we could see she couldn't get her heel down flat on the floor. Dr. Tall recommended we take her to Dr. Okleberry in Salt Lake. He had us put corrective shoes on her. Two different times he operated on her and tried to stretch that tendon back there. Sonja had to wear boy's shoes with a brace until she graduated from High School. Life has not been easy or that pleasant for Sonja. But she has done well in spite of problems.

September 22, 1946 Kent Hugh was added to our family. Another darling little red-headed boy. Now we had 2 boys and 2 girls to enjoy and they were all so sweet with good dispositions. I was given oxygen after Kent's birth because of my asthma and for 3 days I had a difficult time breathing. I croaked like a frog (really noisy) but as you can see I did survive. (Which we are all Thankful for)

Rodney was home alone for that harvest season and he had some of the men (southern white) to help again and he had to take them in to Roberts for their meals. I was at Olives recuperating and then over to Clara's. The following spring we sold our farm. Then we had to hurry and find one for us. We bought the Ziegler farm at Lower Presto and moved in March.

We belonged to the Goshen Ward. I was asked to be Historian on the Shelley Stake Primary Board. I served in this capacity for 3 years. This office had just been created and did get some enthusiasm aroused to get a history book and start collecting pictures and history of each ward Primary from the time each ward was organized.

In November 1947 we bought Grandma Tew's dining room set & a metal bedstead for the boy's room. My mother & father received their mission call to fill a 2 year mission in Norway. The night of my parent's farewell in the Mackay Ward, Robert & I saw our father with a 'halo' around his head. The next week the Christensen family got together at our home and we had a lovely dinner to celebrate their farewell.

Leora Thomson came with President Grover out to our place to ask me to be her 1st counselor in the Shelley Stake Primary Presidency. This was really a challenge for me to learn the Primary program well enough to be of assistance to the Wards in the Stake. Leora was on the Idaho Falls exchange and I was on the Blackfoot and Esther Dial the other counselor was on the Shelley exchange. This created quite a problem and yet Primary moved ahead.

We had the experience of organizing a Primary for Spanish speaking people (Mexican laborers for help in the beets and the sugar factory) for the summer. We had big attendance. Even the Mothers seemed happy to have us come with teachers who could speak Spanish, to teach and present interesting activities.

Each year when we went to General conference we received a spiritual feast and our love grew for each of our board members. These were choice experiences and we all came home with a greater determination to do better and serve more willingly.

The day before Easter, April 16, 1949 (Saturday) Bruce Nephi was born. Our 3rd son and now all 3 boys had

red hair and so did Jeanette. Everywhere I took our children, relatives, friends and strangers would comment on their coloring and such beautiful skin. Our children all had such sweet dispositions and were so good natured. We took our family on trips to Yellowstone Park, to visit relatives and to Utah. Wherever we went, they went. Some of the time the baby would be left with an Auntie or Grandparents.

One Sunday in October 1949 Olive & Roi came to visit us in a new car they'd just gotten, a Ford Mercury, and it was lovely. We all admired it. Rodney said, "Roi, I'll buy the gas if you want to drive your new car back to New York to meet Grandpa & Grandma coming home from their mission." Roi & Olive agreed & so we made plans.

We had to fence a haystack - open fields for cattle. I had to do the washing while it was raining & it was before automatic washers & dryers. Then came the job of packing, for us to travel & children to go to different homes. It was a mad rush.

Just before leaving Barclays' home we read our father's last letter to Olive & he told us that they were bringing some things for a Norwegian girl, Gerd Wang, now living in New York. We had prayer and left.

The first night we ran into a blizzard in Wyoming but we drove on to make time. We stopped at Margaret & Ralph Woodward's (Roi's sister) in Wisconsin & had a dinner. Then on to Chicago – but couldn't find the motels. So we slept in the car the best we could. When we woke up in the morning we realized we had parked in a "poor black section" of Chicago. We knew we had been watched over & protected.

From there we drove to Rodney's Aunts', Melba and Alton Hayes. They gave us supper & beds for the night. We called & got the arrival time of the boat & left early the next morning to be there before passengers went through customs. But when we got there the passengers were already cleared & we had no way of finding our parents.

We spent all day going through every passenger train leaving New York and we watched on the streets. Off and on we'd go back to a phone booth to call Gerd Wang. No answer. We decided to go get a room for the night but first one more try. No answer. I suggested they go get a room and I'd try some more. I dialed and let the phone keep ringing on and on.

She said that as she was locking her apartment door she heard the phone keep ringing. She hurried and unlocked the door and got in to answer. She was just leaving to go to Lakawana Railroad Station to meet Mother and Dad to get her things.

I was so excited as I left the phone booth and started towards them. I'm sure my expression had changed and Rodney said, "She's found them."

Rodney and Roi got us on the subway and over to the Lakawana Station. We asked them to page Nephi Christensen and Olive and I waited at the office of the Station Master. When we saw him coming we just ran and picked him up and wept with tears of Joy. Then we hurried to go find Mother and then we had a feeling of peace with great love for all. Our prayers of the day had been answered. That night we all enjoyed a restful sleep. We had a wonderful trip bringing our tired but beautiful parents home and heard them tell some of their mission experiences.

I was called on to help in the ward, too, so I served as Drama Director. We put on a successful Road Show and also had a night of Drama. I worked in this capacity for one year but there were too many meeting conflicts and my family continued to grow.

On September 14, 1950 we welcomed a beautiful baby boy with black hair and dark eyes. He looked like his Dad. We named him Craig Lyle. The Lyle being after Lyle Hillman, a lifelong friend of Rodney's. Craig was born in the new Bingham Memorial Hospital. We now have 2 girls and 4 boys (2 with black hair and the other 4 with red hair) beautiful children.

Rodney brought me home from the hospital and was getting ready for potato harvest and had to go for parts. He took Kent with him for his birthday. On the way home Kent climbed into the back and got a bag of candy. Climbing back to the front his little foot hit the door handle and the wind caught the door and sucked him out and rocked the car. Rodney looked in the rear view mirror and saw him rolling in the gravel. He took him to Dr. Smith in Shelley and he told Rodney to get him to the hospital. They cleaned the gravel, took a few stitches, bandaged his head and said, "Take him home, but keep him quiet." You try to keep a 4 year old quiet and in bed.

There I was with a new baby, a 17 month old baby, a 4 year old in pain with a bandaged head and I needed to be well enough to feed the harvest crew. Well, we all survived!! As you can tell. Jeanette was good to help with the little ones or in the kitchen or wherever she was needed. She was nearly nine and a willing helper.

That summer they had all had the measles and Bruce, 16 month old, had them real bad. He wouldn't eat or drink and was dehydrated. I had to keep the blinds closed most of the summer. We bought him a small size A&W Root Beer Mug to get him to keep drinking from.

In the fall of 1980, Rodney built a new potato cellar. Grandpa Tew and all of Rodney's brothers worked on it. I was picking beans to bottle and feed the men a good dinner and tried to keep up with our family of five.

On July 4, 1952 we got our 3rd little girl. It was hard to say what color her hair was, but she was very tiny and sweet. Her daddy wanted her to have the initials of TNT so we named her Tamara Noreen Tew and she answers to Tami, TNT and Dynamite.

Again, I was asked to help in the ward - teach the Gleaner and M Men class and this was really a challenge to be prepared for this lively group, but I really enjoyed the group. Rodney would take the class once in a while for me when I had meeting conflicts.

Rodney ordered a new Oldsmobile for us to pick up at the factory. In June 1953 we took Jeanette, Warren, Sonja and Kent by train and bus to Lansing, Michigan and got our car. We took them up into Canada, Toronto and over to Niagara Falls, to Palmyra and on to the Church History points of interest. We had prayer in the Sacred Grove with our children. They saw where the Prophet Joseph and His brother were martyred, they saw Nauvoo, the City Beautiful.

It was while we were at the Temple site that we met the Wilson family from Canada. They were on their way to Salt Lake Temple to be sealed with their children. We invited them to stop at our place on their way and stay overnight with us, which they did and we enjoyed visiting with them for part of another day. He was a jeweler.

The following year in April, we met at Hotel Utah with Brother and Sister Wilson for General Conference. It was special to spend time with them again. Within the next year we learned that Sister Wilson had Cancer and it was fatal. He did remarry. That was the last we heard from Brother Wilson.

Through all of the years Rodney is farming, worrying, working harder to try and meet the needs of this big

family – planning trips. (educational as well as entertaining and a time for him to relax from his physical labor – bus rides, train rides enjoying a breakfast and sights in the mini dome car) and plane rides.

They got their picture taken by Abraham Lincoln's statue in Illinois. He visited Church History sites and signed our names in Kirkland Temple – found everything interesting in Palmyra Visitors Center and then the rain quit and we went to the Sacred Grove. We saw where Joseph Smith knelt and prayed to know which church to join.

In answer to his prayer he was privileged to see God, the Father and His Son, Jesus Christ. What a wonderful privilege it was to be standing there in such a peaceful sacred place while the birds rendered their beautiful musical number for this special occasion for our family. Maybe they were bearing their testimonies for us. Rodney could always come up with missionary stories and scriptures to make it another enriching experience for all.

We saw beautiful parks and country side in Canada, then the Niagara Falls, what a beautiful sight.

We enjoyed all of the beautiful countryside traveling south. We had taken our electric skillet so we had Thanksgiving dinner in our motel that night and cooked meals other nights along the way. The new car was lovely. The children were good travelers.

We got into the pecan nut area and got some of them. Then one of the children asked, "Where will we see the peanut trees?"

Mrs. Anglesey's' parents had invited us to come and see them. So we did stop and stay with them one night in Georgia (lovely gracious people). Rodney was good to stop at the fruit stands and get fruits, etc as we traveled. We had the 6 oldest (Jeanette, Warren, Sonja, Kent, Bruce and Craig) with us this trip and I was 5 months along with Kurtis.

We got down to Florida and Rodney took us to Daytona each. Here the 6 went wading so Rodney faced the car into the ocean and enjoyed watching the tide coming. Pretty soon he realized that we were stuck.

The ice cream man came along just then in his jeep and offered to pull us out and then told Rodney to go get a good car wash to get the salt residue out of the gears, etc. Which we did.

The children all enjoyed playing on the Daytona Beach of the Atlantic Ocean.

The weather was nice for all of this traveling on the east coast and now we head across the southern states. Rodney was an excellent driver and I think he had a built in compass. He always knew where he was going and the direction we were traveling.

We stopped one night on the Texas border to stay. Rodney went over the border into Mexico that night for a hot burger and they made it too hot for him. Then we stopped at Carlsbad Caverns for a tour.

This series of huge caves is one of the world's great natural wonders. The rock and ice formation are so different and amazing. WOW! They have electric lights all along the way and elevators to lower you down and again raise you up. We traveled through Arizona and Utah to finish our journey home.

In those days we could go away for a week without locking our doors and find everything alright when we got home. But it was always good to get back to the regular things at home.

Rodney always had cattle to feed. He served in the Presidency of the Stake Seventies – took our new potato bulker to dig the farm potatoes and the trucker didn't stop and twisted and ripped the elevator off – our expense. Rodney got it fixed and finished the job.

He also served as a counselor to DeLos Huntsman in Shelley Stake Sunday School.

We came home through the black hills of South Dakota and saw through a mist the faces carved in the side of Mount Rushmore. Grandpa and Grandma Tew took care of Bruce and Craig and Aunt Olive took Tammy while we were gone. Grandma Tew said, "I never knew little boys could ask so many questions." It was so good to be home with all our family again.

That fall after the harvest we took the 6 oldest children and went to Canada to see what opportunities were there. But you might say, we were blown home, the wind was so bad the day we left. We came home through Glacier National Park and Northern Idaho. What a snow storm!

At the age of 3 months Tami was afflicted with a cough we couldn't seem to check. From October to April we took her to Doctors every little while and then she was put in the hospital with "quick" pneumonia and a temperature of 106 degrees. Dr. Bush put her in an incubator with lots of humidity (just in a diaper and undershirt) She just laid there lifeless for hours and then her fever broke (he saved her life). He gave her vitamins by shots and she started snapping out of it. But we followed the pediatricians counsel and each year had her given the special shots. This went on until about 9 years of age.

In April 1954 I developed a stiff neck with blurred vision for 5 weeks it steadily grew worse. On May 15 the Doctor put me in the hospital in traction. I had 15 lbs... hanging on my head. Then labor pains commenced (2 weeks early) and Sunday, May 16th Rebecca Jean decided to enter this world. Another little babe, one with red hair and so sweet. Now we had 4 boys and 4 girls.

But my blurred vision, stiff neck and pain in my head continued. Dr. Petty released me, saying , "I don't know what it is or what to do" and could do no more. So Dr. Petty recommended Dr. MacMillan. Rodney took me to Dr. MacMillan and he took X-rays and a spinal tap and found high pressure on the brain stem. Suspecting a tumor and sent me to a Neurologist, Dr. Fredman, the best this side of the Mississippi, in Blackfoot. Rodney had a beautiful bouquet of yellow flowers sent to my room. It was like a Ray of Sunshine and really brightened my days while laying there.

In the meantime the Stake Primary Presidency fasted and prayed for me, my Father gave me a special blessing, President Larsen and President Grover administered to me. When Dr. Fredman took X-rays and an encephalogram a week later he said, "I can't understand this. But there is no pressure now and the pictures look all right."

Due to the pain I could still do very little. In September Rodney heard of a Doctor at Lava Hot Springs, (Itami – Japanese) who had helped a lot of people and took me to see him. After 4 weeks of treatment the last on, General Conference Sunday in October (we listened to it while traveling) I was able to start doing things again. Olive had cared for Rebecca for 6 weeks and Thelma had Sonja and Tami. I went to Mothers and Jeanette, just 12 years old took care of her father and brothers at home.

My Mother had been bitten by a wood tick that spring and she came to see me – her chest and up to her neck was dark and swollen. But she took me up to their place to recuperate. I would lie crosswise of the bed and hang my head down over the edge to try and relieve the pain.

Then the middle of July we were all home together. The Lord was so good to me and mine. I never had a bad asthma attack for 3 years and then it hit. Rodney gave me shots of adrenalin but they would only last half an hour. Our Dr. was out of town and it was Sunday so Monday morning Rodney took me to another Dr. and they put a shot into a vein in the arm and said I should get immediate relief. But it took half an hour and then my fingers drew up like claws on the way home. But before we could get me back up to the Dr. we massaged them and they straightened again.

Tuesday morning at 4 PM I had a warning to get prepared. So I got up and mixed a batch of bread. Then I got it in the pans, the loaves raised and I got it baked. I got Rodney up and cut his hair then the boys got up and I got theirs cut. We kept Kent home to tend Tami and Becky. Then my pains quit so Rodney rushed him over to school. Then the pains started again before he got back. We called a neighbor that had girls the same age and had asked them to come over and play. So we took them over there and headed to Shelley. The Doctor examined me – anytime he said the baby could be here. We waited all day. The Doctor came up after his dinner and I had problems. He went to work and brought into the world our 9th, a black haired little boy – our 5th son born March 19, 1957 at 7:30 that evening. Rodney called Jeanette at MIA and told her. Everyone said she was so thrilled, like she was in the clouds. When the nurse brought him in to me he was crying. Rodney was in the room with me. I just took him and loved him up to me and talked to him. He quieted right down and looked around. Oh, he was beautiful and he was always a cuddly and loving baby even though he had colic.

In January 1958 Rodney and I were called in by the Stake President and Rodney was asked to be Bishop of Goshen Ward. They told me I would be released from the Primary Stake Presidency and should serve in the ward. So with all auxiliaries being reorganized I was asked to teach the Jr. Gleaners, later called the Laurels. I really enjoyed this age group of girls. Then too, Rodney had me do a lot of typing for him so I was always busy.

Rodney was ordained a High Priest and set apart by Apostle Adam S. Bennion with President Grover and his counselors. Rodney's parents were at the Sacrament meeting. Kurtis was an active 10 month old baby.

Rodney had a lot of experiences while serving. He loved the people and seemed to know and understand them and sensed their needs. Some of the couples would catch me while shopping and say, "He's my favorite Bishop. He's the best Bishop I've had." He had 9 sick, one fall, death of a baby (so a funeral to take care of), 3 of the 9 in the hospital. One of those was a leg amputation. He visited all of them and showed his love and concern.

We had many lovely Thanksgiving at Aunt Olives. The Christensen's came from all over to get together, eat reminisce, play football (even in the snow) and of course the highlight – to spend one more day with our wonderful parents – the King and Queen of our family.

Mother always brought a special salad, jello or cranberry. Olive set things up for a wonderful day and her pies were delicious. In 1959 the day after Thanksgiving we took our family on a trip to California. But we ran into problems on the Donner's Pass and had to put chains on like every other vehicle to get over the top.

Rodney found the State Capital in Sacramento and we strolled through that beautiful structure. We stopped and saw Laura and Virgil Monson (former Goshen Ward members). We went over to see the Giant Majestic Redwood and Sequoia trees in the park along the coast. We stopped at the Randolph Hurst Estate (like a castle) with living quarter for all employees – huge state park with animals along the ocean frontage. Then on to, San Francisco and Fisherman's Wharf. The family enjoyed all of the new sights they were seeing.

Rodney said “Noma, we’ll never have all of our children here with us again. Let’s have a fish dinner together at Fisherman’s Wharf. So we did. Mother and Dad with nine children, 5 with auburn hair, 2 blondes and 2 dark – watched as the waiters put several small tables together for us to be seated as a family. We saw that everyone else was watching.

I guess we were quite a sight because everyone in the Cafe quit eating and turned to observe all. Rodney and I were very proud of our beautiful children and their good behavior and we really appreciated the extra attention the waiters gave us. As we were leaving the Cafe our little 9 year old Craig said, “I’d lot radder had a hamburger.” The laugh of the day!

Then there was the day we were trying to get out of California and we needed to cross the Bay Bridge and we missed the road. Rodney saw the police station and pulled in. He said, “I think it would be to your good to get me out of here.”

“Where are you going?” “We want to go home to Idaho.” “We’ll see you out. Follow me.” Which we did and we found home in Idaho.

Elaine had received a scholarship to Columbia University in New York and was there and had a nervous breakdown. Grandpa and Grandma Tew had been notified and went back to see her. She was doing better and they were in the train depot and Grandpa suffered a heart attack. Elaine helped get him to the hospital, but it was a severe one and he passed away. Grandma came on home and we waited days for his body to arrive.

It was another cold winter – the day of his funeral it was way below zero. They figured the flowers froze within 3 minutes at the grave

In December 1960 we purchased ground in Raft River, sold our farm in March and Rodney was released in April 1961.

We cut our potato seed in Goshen & Warren would truck it to Raft River where his Dad would have more ground ready to plant.

Warren graduated from High School that May & he was almost late for graduation because he'd had to help plant all day. Warren rushed home to get cleaned up and ready for Graduation. His Dad was there for Sunday Baccalaureate but couldn't make it for graduation. Warren never complained.

In August we located a home and finalized our move to Raft River where we did a bit of pioneering. The house was smaller. The water was from a cistern run by a windmill. But there was lots of space - blue sky, sagebrush, mice (the boys used my oatmeal for feeding them) lizards, old barn roof to slide down (had to get slivers out of bottoms) and country side to wander over. The wind was so bad in the spring that for days we could hardly see. It rolled our pick up camper into a pile of rubble.

We got the last of our things moved down there and the bowls in the pump (irrigating) burned out because of the sand and Rodney had to have new bowls put in the well. We slept in the camper by the well that night and we heard the well grinding away and 26 hours after the new bowls were installed they were burned out again. It cost a lot of money to replace \$26,000, so Rodney paid a neighbor for his waste water to finish our crop.

In September 1961 Jeanette and Warren went to Utah State University in Logan. Jeanette’s 3rd year and

Warren's first. Kurtis was with us and Warren spent time with him trying to please him. So when we left, Warren had a hard time holding back tears. All 4 older boys really loved little Kurtis.

With Jeanette and Warren gone we got 3 of Aunt Klea's girls & Steven Petersen from Shelley to live with us & help during the harvest.

Our Raft River place was 20 miles from church, schools & stores. It took some planning & management to keep in supplies & repairs (30 miles away) have meals for all & help Bruce & Craig at the cellar. I didn't have time to think about being miserable in my 6th month of pregnancy. But after the harvest was over I started having fainting spells so had to get to the Doctor.

Jeanette and Warren came home for Christmas and that night we had to get Jeanette to the Doctor with appendicitis attack. It was bad so they had to operate that night.

I had left the Christmas shopping to be done by Jeanette and her Dad but now things took a different turn. Jeanette was in the hospital.

The next day Rodney, Noma, Warren and Bruce went shopping. After a few hours Rodney said, "Warren you help your Mother to the car and Bruce and I will finish." We had a nice Christmas after we got Jeanette home.

The new year 1962 was here! Jeanette and Warren were back in school in Logan. Sonja, Kent, Bruce, Craig, Tami and Becky traveled by bus to the High School and Grade Schools in Declo.

Kurtis was home with Rodney and me. I had the baby things washed and was getting ready for our new addition to the family.

One afternoon a big car pulled into our yard. A man 6½ ft tall knocked at our door. He wondered if Rodney could tell him about a section of ground that was for sale close by. Rodney invited them in (a lovely wife) and visited about the valley and sagebrush country side.

It was Mr. and Mrs. Bongee from California and he asked Rodney to show him the property. Rodney said he would but 1st he had to change the tubes on his field of potatoes and invited Mr. Bongee to ride in the pick up to the field with he and the boys. Mr. Bongee accepted and went with them and saw the beautiful field of potatoes and got interested in our place. He eventually bout it if Rodney would run it for him. Rodney agrees to do so just one year. Bongee drilled a new well and went much deeper and Rodney farmed it for him in 1962.

On January 16, 1962 Rodney and Seth Jenkins went to Arizona on business. They left Tuesday and on Friday we got a blizzard. All roads were closed.

Saturday morning, January 20th a young couple with a baby came to our door. Their car was stuck and it was still snowing. The baby was crying and needed milk in her bottle. We filled it. The man got out his cigarettes to smoke and was very upset that I wouldn't allow it in my home. We heard a tractor – looked out – some farmer had come as far as their car – so they left. Got their car turned around and I guess went back home.

Sunday morning I was hemorrhaging. All I could do was ask the Lord for help and He did. At 4:30 the road was plowed open at 8:30 Rodney came home. I thought things would be all right if I waited until morning because Rodney was so sick. He had a gall stone attack and had been in the hospital in Arizona and had

another on the plane coming home. It was so cold that the wheel bearings in Seth's car had frozen driving from Salt Lake. Well at 4:30 I awakened to the realization that things were serious with me. There was no electricity and the water was frozen up. When Rodney got up I didn't know which of us was in the worst condition.

He went out and started the car and had it running while we got ready. We got Kent up and left him with the responsibilities and worries at home. He was just 15 years old. He & Bruce, 12 years old, thawed pipes and didn't burn things down while we were gone.

Four miles from home our car froze up. They put me in bed in the home of neighbors. I had never met and couldn't see (no lights) and Rodney and Mr. Wheeler tried to start their car. Then they heard another neighbor's car running. So Rodney asked him to take us on to the Minidoka Hospital.

We got my things and our blanket transferred to his car and started on. (He had been starting his car every hour so he would have it for work in the morning). We got another 4 miles and his car froze up but he took us on to the main highway, about a mile. The men got out and just raised the car hood to see what they could do and lights came over a rise in the highway.

Rodney grabbed the blanket and stood in the middle of the road waving and the motorist stopped. Immediately I was put in the car and we started on the last 25 miles to the hospital. In our conversation with the driver we learned he had been asleep for 2 hours in his car and had only been driving about 5 minutes when he picked us up. So we knew we had help through our prayers. Heavenly Father has been so good to us.

The driver took us right to the hospital and wished us luck. We expressed our gratitude to him and sent him a Book of Mormon.

We got in there and learned that the hospital had serious problems. Because of the severe cold, 45 degrees below zero, the gas & oil furnace lines were frozen - water pipes were frozen, there was no electricity (the main power line in to the valley had snapped in the cold), the coldest temperature since records started. They took a patient out of the warmest room & put me in there. The nurses had covered the patients with their coats to help them. Because I was hemorrhaging they had to work fast with me.

Upon examination they decided on caesarian if things didn't change for the better within the hour and again our prayers were answered. Four and 1/2 hours later a darling black haired baby girl brightened our lives. – 5 boys and 5 girls -The baby and I were both out of danger but Rodney was very sick. This was **Monday January 22, 1962.**

Rodney was too worried about the family to think of himself. After the delivery Rodney hitchhiked to Jerome, then to Burley, then to Declo, where he got home on the school bus. Just then he heard his name called. It was the neighbor where we left our car that morning. So Rodney and the children went home in our car.

The next day he lay at home, too miserable to get up. The children returned home from school and got the car running and John Peterson came over to see Rodney before going back to Shelley. He took the news to the Tew family in Shelley.

Wednesday morning Rodney and Kurtis came to the hospital to see me and Rodney was in bad shape. His eyes were yellow. My phone rang, It was Rodney's Mother calling him to come up there and she'd take

Kurtis and help what she could. The roads were ice covered but he drove them to Shelley.

Seth Jenkins got an appointment for Rodney with Dr. Steve Hatch. The Doctor examined him and said, "We must operate in the morning." He was put in the LDS hospital in Idaho Falls. That night he called me in the Rupert hospital and told me of his scheduled surgery for morning. Thursday was a long day, waiting to hear from Grandma Tew. At 5PM I got word that everything was all right.

Colleen Higley, Natell Bodily and the missionaries were my only visitors.

Kent called me from school and brightened my days. He said, "We don't want you to come home to work. We just want you with us Mother." Jeanette called me from Logan. Warren called his Dad at Idaho Falls hospital.

Those were long days laying in the Rupert Hospital and worrying about Rodney in serious condition in the Idaho Falls hospital, 6 children at home to look after themselves (Sonja was 16, Kent just 15).

There were no phones out in our neighborhood. We had to contact our children at school because there were no phones in Raft River, then little Kurtis who was having a hard time adjusting to being away from all of us & how our 2 at college would get home for the weekend & how I would get home from the hospital.

Paul & Natell Bodily came & got me. He had been drinking & we hit both sides of the road on the way home. They were inactive members but were the ones who came to our rescue at such a hard, trying time for parents and children.

They also took our six children into their home for 2 days and they took me home from the hospital. I was home for a day and a half and Jeanette and Warren came down Saturday and took me to Idaho Falls, Sunday to see Rodney and then to Aunt Olives to stay until Rodney could go home. We called Kent at High School every other day to see how they were. Rodney was released on the 7th day and stayed to Grandma's for 1 week.

Then we returned to Raft River and our family once again with our tiny new baby to love and cherish. Marlene Vera was blessed in Declo Ward. Warren got to stand in the circle.

Jeanette and Warren spent the summer at home with us. So for 3 months all 12 of us lived together as a family. We got a '62 Dodge Station wagon so we could all go to church and on trips in one car. We would leave home at 8:45 for Priesthood meeting. Dinner would cook while we were gone and with the family helping it didn't take long to get it on the table.

Craig like our filled cookies and oft times he used Grandma McEntire's recipe and made a batch using our bottled green tomato mince meat for the filling. Two different Sundays Rodney's cousin (Allred from Raft River) came to visit when Craig had made them. They wanted to be notified each time he made them. They were good.

Becky was baptized that summer in the Burley Stake font by Warren and confirmed by Rodney Warren. She was afraid she would drown so Warren had to put her down the 2nd time.

Sonja was always so willing to help with the meal preparation, doing dishes, holding and loving the baby, and with the cleaning. She was very diligent getting her home work done each night during school months. Life wasn't easy for her but she did not complain and was a willing helper.

Tami, Becky and Kurtis played good together and were good with Marlene.

Rodney always took all 5 boys when they changed the siphon tubes. They kept helping Kurtis until he could start one alone. He was one proud little boy when he told the girls.

That summer we went to Salt Lake – Temple Square, etc and then to Lagoon. The children went riding on whatever their Dad would ride. They all had a good time.

Another trip was heading to Red Fish Lake where the children swan and waded and had an enjoyable time. Rodney always made the trips good because he knew the history of the area.

On the way we stopped at Pearl and Ferry Hadlock and their family in Shoshone. They invited us to stop there for dinner and stay overnight with them.

We went on to Sun Valley and watched the ice skaters.

Later in the summer we went to Hagerman and that country where we saw a fish hatchery.

That year I accepted the job as Visiting Teacher Leader in Declo Ward. I finally got acquainted with and learned to love the sisters in this ward, too. Rodney was always a good mixer and got well acquainted.

In Raft River our closest neighbors were 3 miles and then 5, 8 and 10 miles. Three of these women did come to our home and ask me if I would show them how to make and sew some of the articles I had made. (crocheted rugs from plastic bags, corsages from silk organza, handbag from vinyl, crocheted doilies, etc.)

We got quite well acquainted in Declo Ward and the children all made good friends in school and church. But we lived out so far we couldn't always get them to Primary and Mutual all of the time like we wanted. When we went to Stake Conference in Burley very few spoke to us. We were strangers and felt alone and out of place.

In good weather we made a lunch and took with us in the morning and went to the park after conference and had a picnic.

On Sunday nights going home from Sacrament meeting Dad always got a big package of red licorice for us to have so we chewed licorice and sang as we traveled those 20 miles.

Those were good years together. Warren left from Declo Ward to go on his mission to Montreal, Canada in November, and our 1st missionary. I prepared a turkey dinner with trimmings and carrot pudding for dessert for family and friends. The Church was full to overflowing with family and friends from Goshen and Shelley. It was so kind of them to give their support and show love for our family.

We took all the family to Utah so they could see their big brother, Warren get on the train for Canada. We stayed at Ove and Beula's place. They were very hospitable.

When Warren arrived at the Mission Home the President assigned him to the French speaking district – where he did very well and enjoyed the people he contacted and worked with.

New Years Eve of 1962 Larry Esplin returned from his mission to England, Jeanette's boyfriend. He also went to Utah State and by Valentine's Day, 1963 they were engaged and planned a June wedding.

At home Rodney had been studying to get a Realtors License. He spent quite a lot of time at his Mother's home in Shelley, at the same time he was looking for a place to buy for us. He finally found a home in Riverside. But when the boys found out there was no farming ground with it they turned a cold shoulder and Rodney kept looking.

Then one day he talked to George Stallings who figured he was tired and thought he should quit farming and Rodney agreed with him until George agreed to sell it to Rodney.

So we started packing and found that the girl's dolls had been ruined because of ice and moisture from melting in their room. We had to take and burn boxes of dolls and toys which was hard for those little girls to give up.

Rodney moved machinery and truck loads of equipment and then we started on the house hold items – furniture, canned goods, clothing, sewing machine, cooking utensils, souvenirs and prized possessions. It was hard to do but it is when you work each day without thinking and you get the job done – and once again things fall into place and seem more normal. We ended up west of Firth on the "old Doc Sorenson" homestead along the beautiful Snake River in April 1963.

Rodney had to get right to work preparing the ground for planting the fields and garden. And I needed to get dresses and flowers (silk organza) made for Jeanette's wedding. Of course Jeanette's graduation would be first. June 5th and her wedding on June 7th.

The Shelley Stake Relief Society was putting on a Special Style Show the week after Jeanette's wedding. They asked me to have my girl's model their pretty little dresses and show the silk organza flowers I'd made for the wedding. For the program President George Grover was to speak and I followed him with my talk and thoughts.

Agnus Just Reid came up to me afterward and said, "I didn't know you could do that and write good poetry like that." I really appreciated a compliment from her.

Rodney was always called to be a Gospel Doctrine teacher where ever we went. He was told many times that he was the most interesting scripture teacher they'd had.

Jeanette and Larry went on their honey moon to Disneyland in California and came back to Basalt and lived in a little white home at Esplin's. She told me that we brought the family over to see their home and Kurtis went from one room to another like he was looking for something and came back out and asked her, "Where are the kids?"

There were quite a few cases of polio in the area. Rodney would get the children up early to work while it was cool and take a nap after dinner during the heat and of course they had the polio vaccinations.

Rodney and the boys had a lot of fixing to do. The old barb wire was tied to the posts with a piece of rag. Cattle kept getting out until they got the wires tightened and he had to do a lot of spraying for weeds also.

We were all good rock pickers and he piled them up out of the way from the field. And we had a good garden so we did a lot of beans (dill beans – recipe from Margaret Chapman). They turned out real good and

the Wealthy apples made real good apple sauce and apple butter and we had a patch of raspberries – mmmm so good!

That school year we put seven on the bus each morning. Kurtis started first grade.

Warren came home from his mission in December of 1964. A very sweet and mature young man and went to college in Logan in January.

Thelma had a Christmas dinner at her home and I got my little finger in the mix master (couldn't get it started) and then it did and it threw the nail out on the cupboard,. So off to the Doctor. He couldn't do anything. He Just bandaged it and said, "Stay out of the water."

Kent's mission call was to go in October to the North Central States. So after his training at the MTC we took all of our family to Salt Lake and picked him up and Warren came from Logan and we went to Harmon's for a lovely chicken dinner and then saw him off on the plane. He served in the Dakotas, Minnesota and up in Winnipeg, Canada. He had some great experiences and was always expressing himself in poetry. (Very good)

Warren dated Gloria Bell, daughter of School Superintendant Clark Bell. They were married April 22, 1966.

Jeanette and Larry hadn't had their name in for adopting very long. It was summer and we were painting our barn across the road. Everyone was down there helping or watching except Sonja. We heard her call, "Mother and Daddy, Jeanette is on the phone." We knew it was something special. I ran up the hill, through the irrigating water on the circle and was talking on the phone when Rodney and family came up in the pick up. The news was.

The adoption agency had called them about a baby boy (black hair) had just been brought in and invited them over to see him. They hadn't had their name in very long. After seeing him, holding him and the tiny babe just snuggled down in Larry's shoulder and they signed the papers and had their first son. We were grandparents to the little one who later was named Steven Larry Esplin. That summer they spent time with us on their vacation.

Warren had graduated from Utah State University and accepted a job with Kaiser Steel in California. Todd Warren was born December 8th, our #2 grandson.

Rodney had the 1967, Spring work completed and thought I should take Kurtis and Marlene on a bus and train ride and spend some time with Jeanette while Larry took his scouts to Yellowstone from California.

Kurtis explored the entire train and some of the time he led Marnie on his ventures. I know they enjoyed the ride.

Jeanette was expecting a baby in September. She was in labor from Saturday until Monday PM when they finally delivered by C Section little Ted Carlyle on September 11th. Another little black haired boy – but a dear mother that couldn't have company or talk on the phone.

Kent returned from his mission and went to school at Ricks where he met Darlene Morris and he brought her home for the family to meet. They were married the 9th of May in the Idaho Falls Temple. Her family came from Chicago. We served a wedding dinner here in our home for all.

Bruce had graduated from high school and left with Warren and Gloria to California to work at Kaiser with Warren in the Accounting department for the Open Hearth Division. Warren was a cost analyst for Kaiser.

Bruce came home when we were harvesting the grain. His mission call was to England where his father Rodney and his grandfather Warren Snow Tew and his brother in law, Larry Esplin all served.

Jeanette and Larry picked him up at the MTC in Salt Lake and met us with the rest of our family at Maddox in Brigham City for a farewell dinner. Then we all went back to Jeanette and Larry's and stayed the night to see him fly out the next day. (Of course Muriel was with us)

April 10, 1969 Warren and Gloria got a beautiful black haired girl, Teresia, our first granddaughter.

Kent went to Kalispell to work for Robert – running a big dozer in the mountains to make roads and get logs out. On July 4th they were blessed with Terence Neil. For our vacation trip we took the family up to visit with Robert and Lois and family and see the new baby. His initials were TNT the same as Tami.

Craig's draft number was the first one called but they didn't take him. The war eased up. Bishop Bolander was released and Bishop Christensen was our new Bishop and he saw to it that Craig got a mission call. The fall of 1969 Craig got his mission call to Pennsylvania. He also spent some time in Maryland.

Tami graduated in 1970. The counselor told her she would be valedictorian but, Mr. Flygare had 5 different ones checking the grades. They all found Tamara the highest so Mr. Flygare took over and put Lynette Dye as Valedictorian and Tami as Salutatorian. But let me tell you she was a doll and did a super job with her talk and the counselor made it known how many colleges wanted her.

Tami had worked the shift from 4 to midnight at Idaho Supreme and had been saving her money for college. She always thought of others and would do without herself.

October 20, 1970 Douglas was born. The 3rd son for Jeanette and Larry – another C section.

The harvest was over so I drove to Salt Lake to help Jeanette. I would take care of things until Larry came home and we'd eat and after dishes I would go Christmas shopping. There was a 'Grand Central' store in the Mall and I knew my way around (even after dark)

Kent and Darlene got their Christmas early in 1970. Clinton made his entrance into a new world on December 22nd. He was beautiful little black haired boy with dark eyes.

Craig was surprised to see Bruce when he stopped at Hagerstown, Maryland on his way home from England. The mission president let them go tracting one day together.

The mission President gave him Elder Kazlowski for a companion because other Elders didn't like him. But Craig really enjoyed him because he was willing to work and that's what they were both out there to do.

Craig served a lot of months without a letter from Mother and Dad because of our car accident, but he didn't make a lot of fuss about it. He did hear from sisters and other relatives.

He had a good mission. When he came home in August of 1971 we went to Idaho Falls to get him but they had a layover somewhere so we had to go back in 2 hours. It was an exciting day. I had prepared a Broccoli casserole and he liked it.

He got home in time to help haul hay and his allergies were terrible. So it was very hard on him. Craig went to Ricks that semester but changed to Utah State University for the next semester and finished his schooling there.

January 3, 1971 Rodney and I took Tami back to Logan to USU. We went to see Mother and Dad at Clara's place and visited with Orson and Afton and family.

Bruce had gone to Salt Lake to see Muriel and she brought him to Logan to come home with us. It was 10 degrees below zero. We were on our way home a few miles north of Logan with Bruce driving. He had his seat belt on. All three of us were in the front seat. A car was coming in from the west, but of course, he would stop because we were on the main highway. But he didn't stop and we hit him on the passenger side. It spun us around and we hit a power pole with guy wires and the impact moved that big pole in the frozen ground.

I had flung my arm between Bruce and the steering wheel. Bruce hit the door post and didn't talk. He was knocked out. Rodney said, "He just gets home from his mission and gets killed like this".

I was pinned between the dashboard and the seat. My slippers with straps had been thrown off my feet. It was hard to breath or talk or move anything.

Rodney said blood was running down his face and his leg. I know what was going through my mind while sitting there and I'm sure Rodney was wondering the same. If any of us would live – what would our family at home do. Who would take care of them and how soon etc!!!

The ambulance came and took Rodney out and then came for me and I insisted they take Bruce instead.

They said, "Another ambulance is coming to get him. We must hurry because your husband is bleeding badly." So they twisted and pulled and got me out and took us to emergency.

I'm sure they left Bruce for dead because he didn't move or talk. I wondered how long he'd be left there in that cold car.

They went to work on both of us and I kept asking about Bruce and a nurse came in and said, "Mrs. Tew, your son, Bruce has just been brought in and he said to tell you he is all right. Just then they were trying to get my clothes off to take X-rays. I guess broken bones moved, I heard myself scream and I blacked out and wasn't aware of anything until the next morning when they were preparing me for heart tests.

The Dr. said, "your heart stopped on us last night and it took a while to get it going. We'll keep checking it while you are here. You just relax and don't worry. They are taking good care of your husband and son."

Rodney was brought to my room to see me and he said a couple of police came to see him and Bruce and said, "We just had to come and see you, after seeing your car we don't know how any of you survived. There was an accident there in June and they were all killed" Then they said, "We found the driver of the other car wandering around out in the field and he said, "The dam fool didn't even stop," and they told him he was the one that should have stopped. There isn't a road here. Your car broke through a fence into a field. He was very sorry and came to the hospital and apologized and brought me flowers.

Dr. Orson checked around to get the best surgeon for Rodney. He was in surgery for 4 hours to get his eyelid, forehead and scalp free of glass and sewn. They did a very good job. No scarring but bits of glass

kept working out for months. His knee was injured bad and took until August to completely heal. His eye wasn't injured.

Bruce was released thinking he had just bruised his head. So he went up to school but had problems. He had a School Family function and Dr. Orchard's daughter was in his school family. While at his home Dr. Orchard took Bruce into his office and used balloons etc to get the bones in his head back in place. Ask Bruce, he can explain it. It was a very painful procedure.

I had a broken sternum, lower back and ribs, cuts on my face, hands and arms and leg twisted. Pain! While we were in the Logan hospital, Rodney got dressed and went out a back door for a walk. But it was cold so he only went a few blocks and when he came back to that door it was locked. So he had to go around and come in the front door. By then the nurses were looking for him. They scolded him and got him back in bed.

We were released on the 18th day. Blay and Reba took us to their home for overnight and the Insurance Agent met there with Rodney, the next morning with a new Chevrolet car and papers to sign. Rodney wouldn't release them of responsibility because we weren't well yet and we didn't know what complications might show up on the three of us.

I was home 2 days and had to go to the Idaho Falls Hospital with leg problems – a blood clot and my right knee had to be operated on. I laid there until the last of March a Saturday when Dr. McCowin came in and removed the cast and put a splint on my leg and said, "We are sending you home to spend what time you have left with your family. We have done everything we can with help from Salt Lake." The other three specialists – Drs. Boge, Warren and Bjornson stood there to wish me well. A nurse would leave crying and send a new recruit and she didn't last long and sent another. The Dr. gave Olive a big bottle of pain pills and said, "Keep them out of her reach."

Olive invited Rodney to take me to her place which he did. Olive got in touch with Clara and she called Mrs. Harston for help and Olive started using comfrey packs on my leg and foot. By Monday Rodney had an appointment for me with a foot specialist in Idaho Falls. He saw what pain I was in and recommended Dr. Orchard and he called Dr. Orchard and asked him to see me that day.

Dr. Orchard told Olive to use ice packs for ½ hour and then hot packs for ½ hour. So I guess you could say I was fully packed. Then one day my foot shed its skin in one piece- foot shape.

All this time Rodney was home trying to take care of the family. Becky was a senior and busy in school. She was Queen at the Senior Ball and Don Johnson's son was her escort. Olive finished her yellow lace formal. She was beautiful in it.

In the meantime we were in the process of a new addition on our home. I don't know how Rodney coped with it all. I couldn't walk or stand. I needed my leg elevated, so I sat after I got home in the love seat.

Marlene would come with her book after school and sit right by me and ask me to read. I tried exercising my legs in the tub. I used crutches to get to the bathroom, etc or family assisted me.

June 12th we got the call from Warren in California telling of the birth of Lane and Lana. Gloria was doing good, so all was well!!

Rodney took me to Dr. Orchard three times and then two times a week until the last of August. After that treatment I could stand to put some weight on my leg. Then I had to learn to walk again.

In the meantime Bruce and Muriel were planning their wedding and believe it or not. I was able to stand in the line at the reception, September 4, 1971. (She failed to mention that she also prepared a lovely wedding dinner for us and all the family at her home.)

The morning of November 16th my father passed away at Ove and Beula's – Rodney and Kent had left early that morning to go down and bring him home. He had been around and visited all of his children and wanted to come back home to Idaho.

Rodney didn't know of his passing until he got out to their home. We had a wonderful funeral for him at Moore. President Halverson said. "Nephi and Laura Christensen are to the people of this valley what President and Sister McKay are to the people of the Church."

We were really enjoying the new addition on our home. Dad wanted it lovely – crystal lights in the Living Room – beautiful patterned gold carpet, credenza with large table lamps, unique gold hanging light, olive green upholstered ottoman, homemade to order drapes and sheers.

The girls had a big bedroom with a king size bed, red velvet headboard, a closet and a 2nd bathroom with electric heat and patterned raspberry carpeting. There is also a large dresser with a mirror. Sonja had a lovely bedroom in the basement. We have a big family room with a closet under the stairs. Also we have a nice pool table for games. The neighborhood boys would come and play.

When family came to visit we had some room for them and some place for children to have fun. We have a lovely yard and a big grass circle for outdoor games.

We always worked together and had a lovely garden for our use and to share.

January 7th 1973 Darin Bruce was born to Bruce and Muriel – auburn hair, brown eyes, and a darling little boy. Their 1st child

Tiff'ni Rachelle was born April 13, 1973. Kent and Darlene's first girl, a beautiful blonde with brown eyes. #3 for Kent and Darlene.

On June 5th Jared took his place as #4 son for Jeanette and Larry. That made 12 grandchildren for us. It was another C section – Jeanette was in a slow recovery, so we sent Becky to help. Jared was a colicky baby.

Craig went to Kalispell to work for Robert for the summer.

Tami and Kent had their wedding date set for June 29th, so we had a lot to do to get ready for that. Rodney and the boys were busy with farm work and the garden had to be taken care of. Everybody was working and very busy. They were married in the Logan temple. Craig came clear down from Montana to be in on it and found he didn't have his recommend. Even though our Bishop was there to speak for him, the Temple President wouldn't let him go thru the session.

We had a lovely reception in the Firth Ward. It was done very well and I think Tami was happy with it.

Craig and Bonnie set their wedding date for December 14th in the Manti Temple. Bonnie was from Price, Utah.

Orson's daughter Risa was getting married on the 13th so we came to Logan and were with their family for that and for the wedding and program. Orson sang and it was beautiful. I think that was the last time we heard him sing. He had a wonderful singing voice and he was so sweet with our family and seemed to appreciate us supporting their family's special events.

Right after the dinner we met family with Craig and headed for Price on slick roads and a terrible snow storm that night. We made it there in 2 cars with no mishaps. Got 2 rooms in a motel for the night.

It was a privilege to see that beautiful temple. There is a sword on display in a case there that (Mendenhall) a relative of the Tew's used while being a guard for _____.

In 1974 Becky graduated from Rick's. She graduated in the top ten. Viola Hillman and I went up for the afternoon session and Rodney brought Lyle up for the evening banquet.

During the afternoon session a pain came to my hip and I had to have help to get out. At night Rodney and Becky were on each side of me to help me walk. But I was determined to see her graduate the next day and I did. Rodney took me to the Doctor that evening and they put me in the hospital and started giving me heat treatments and shots for tendonitis.

Rodney got word of Orson's death. He told Dr. Dean Packer, "I have to have her with me." Dr. Packer prescribed pain killers and told Rodney to bring me in when we get back.

It was hard to see his family suffering so much especially little Rob. It was like he was all alone. A little boy with his Daddy up there in the casket. The older children had friends and relatives visiting with them.

Rodney enjoyed seeing and visiting with relatives and they were very kind to me also.

When we went back to the Doctor he gave me another shot and when I asked him what it was he told me "Cortisone."

I knew that I shouldn't have much of that so I didn't go back for any more. In the meantime it had helped the tendonitis and I figured it had helped my asthma because I have had very few bad attacks since.

Not long after all of that – Olive called me one night to tell me that Lee had been killed. Now both of her twins were on the other side. A loose rock flew across the freeway and median and in through Lee's windshield. It hit him in the head and killed him instantly.

Craig and Bonnie had a little boy born on September 12th named Sean Craig. He was a darling little boy with red hair and brown eyes. They were living in Roy, Utah. Craig was teaching High School.

A child ran out in front of Bonnie's car one morning and he was injured, but Bonnie was not at fault.

Kent and Darlene built a new home on some of our ground across the road from us. We spent nights after school and work helping with it. It was a lovely home when we finished.

Chelsea Ann came to Bruce and Muriel on September 30th, 1974. A pretty little black haired girl. I think that Bruce brought the name Chelsea from England. They were living in Shelley.

On April 6th, 1975 my mother passed away at Sunshine Terrace in Logan. Friday morning on the 4th she had her breakfast and the nurses brought her down by their station. They like to sit her there and have her sing for them. They'd have her sing in Norwegian or English. That morning while singing she went into a coma. Clara was notified and she let us know. All four of us girls were with her and we would talk to her and she'd let us know that she knew we were there.

Nurses would show the blue moving up her legs each day. So we all knew she couldn't be here long. So many came to see her once again and tell her goodbye. Those doing custodial work and young people. They all expressed great love for her.

Craig and Bonnie were going to school in Logan and invited us to turkey dinner at their place. Thelma and Clara stayed with Mother and the rest went for dinner.

Thelma called and said, "She's going, you'll have to come fast." By the time we got there she was gone. We all figured that unknowingly we were hanging on to her and when we left it made it easier. It was hard but we were glad she didn't have to suffer any longer and she was 94 and 5 months old.

Tami started college in Logan, University of Utah, then went to BYU. After Kent and Tami got married, they moved to Ogden for Kent's work and she finished school at Weber State. They built a new home in Bountiful. Sheldon was born May 5th in the Bountiful Hospital.

In the spring, spud cutting time Becky started dating Mike Crofts and they were married in the Idaho Falls Temple on August 29th. They had a trailer home in Firth.

Jason Clark came to Warren and Gloria on October 2nd. #5, 3 boys and 2 girls for them and they don't have one with red hair yet. That makes 16 grandchildren for us.

Warren and Gloria had moved to the Oakland area and into a new home and were fixing their yard. I remember Rodney helping Warren leveling the ground to plant grass.

We always enjoyed visiting our children wherever they were and made a special day out of it.

Kurtis graduated in May of '75. He liked football and participated in wrestling. Kurtis liked to go with his Dad to feed and bed the cattle. "It was Christmas Eve 1975 a beautiful moonlight night and for about 45 minutes we talked while working together feeding. Dad made it special just being with him and hearing his words of wisdom."

Winter of '75 Rodney had prostate surgery in Idaho Falls. He never was one to stay down very long. So one afternoon when the sun was shining he got up and got dressed and left the hospital for a short walk and then came back to the hospital. He sat in the room watching people come and go and would visit with any one he could. When the nurses found him they scolded him and ushered him up to his room and put him to bed.

In the spring Rodney worked so fast and so hard to get grain in and then get potato seed, cutting and planting.

This had been a hard year because we had taken Kurtis to the Mission Home in May (which we were happy about) but it was so hard on his Dad. His last little boy would be gone for 2 years and he was so little to have to carry that big suit case up those stairs. Rodney wanted to go help him one more time, but they wouldn't let him. Rodney sobbed like his heart was broken.

Kurtis had bought a Mothers' Day card and written a sweet message to me and gave it to me before leaving. He was called to the California Sacramento Mission. Kurtis had gone to school at Ricks until he was old enough to leave.

THEN the NEWS!!!

The Teton Dam had broken. The entire Valley from Teton clear down to Blackfoot was in danger, which we learned in a couple of days. Homes were washed away. Cities were flooded and I remember Stake Conference was cancelled so we could help one another. I know a lot of sand bags were being used.

Sunday afternoon we drove to the river bridge. (they thought it would get washed away) we saw trees hitting against it and a live deer was being swooshed along (against, under and upon the other side) trying to get his footing.

Kent, Dad, Bruce and many others watched the canal bank for fear it might break and flood their new home.

What was really exciting was on June 23rd Crystal Darlene was born to Kent and Darlene.

Then on June 30th Jeremy Britt was born to Bruce and Muriel. They lived in Shelley.

During the Teton Dam scare. They got Becky and Mike's trailer up to his folks place. Becky was having a lot of problems with her pregnancy. The Doctor kept telling her it was false labor pains.

Sunday morning, July 11th she went to the hospital. The Doctor came and checked her and told her to go home. He was going out of town. When we got home from Sunday School she called and told me what pain she was in and I told her to go back to the hospital and I would meet her up there. We got another Doctor to check her and he said the baby was already dead. So Eric Michael was born Sunday afternoon. It was about more than Becky could handle.

On November 10th we got word that Craig and Bonnie got a baby girl, Rachel Lynn, with black hair and brown eyes, a little beauty born in Roosevelt, Utah. They were living in the Altamont area at their home, little Sean would get hold of Rodney's hand and lead him over to the couch. He would climb up and get seated comfortably and then say, "Gampa, sit wite here," and pointed to a spot for him to sit by his side. Grandpa would move just to get him to show him again. He was so cute.

Merisa Jeanette Esplin (another C Section) was born January 24th. Larry and Jeanette's first daughter, dark hair and eyes, a darling little sweetheart.

Ryan Michael made his appearance on May 28th in Bountiful. Another boy with red hair for Tami and Kent, cute as a bug's ear.

On August 30, 1977 Becky got a pretty little special girl, Kristi Rebecca.

Warren sent us an invitation to his graduation at Golden Gate University for his Masters Degree. Dad sent me. I talked to Kurt's Mission President and he let me spend some time on Monday with Kurt. He and Elder Bird took me sight seeing and then we went and bought him a new suit. The seat of his trousers' was very thin.

Sonja dated Larry Quigg from Shelley, Idaho and on June 16h, 1978 they were married in the Idaho Falls Temple. Sonja was a very happy bride.

Farming, gardening and canning kept us busy in the summer time.

Tami got her first girl, Laura Christine on November 14th, 1978 A pretty little blond, blue eyed doll. 21 grandchildren for us!

Kurtis had returned from his Mission that Spring much taller than before he left. He worked during the summer and did some dating. He finally found the right one, Karla Kelly.

Kent and Darlene got their little Candice Brooke on Feb 18, 1979.

The boys were all working hard in the Crofts and Tew Lumber Yard that they had started. They built a new home for Kent & Darlene, one for Mike & Becky. Some in a new housing development in Idaho Falls, some in Shelley, and one for Bruce & Muriel in Ammon, Idaho.

The Boys won a trip to England and Ireland with their purchases and sales through the Lumber yard and they gave the tickets to Rodney and me. So in March we were privileged to enjoy a lovely trip-wonderful meals, guided tours, special programs and nice rooms to stay in. Rodney made it especially interesting because he had been there on his mission and he told me the history behind all of it.

We witnessed the change of the guards, visited old castles, kissed the Blarney Stone, saw daffodils blooming in the pastures and the cattle didn't bother the blossoms. It was surely a lovely time spent together.

I'd like to go over there with him again! When we got back Dad really had to work to keep up with his farming. Quite often he'd deliver a load of lumber to a lot for a new home or building and I worked in the office. But there are always some dishonest people to deal with and some took out bankruptcy instead of paying bills. They closed the lumber yard in the winter of 1983.

I got a job at Idaho Supreme as receptionist. When winter came Rodney would pick Lyle Hillman or Don Johnson up and go to the Temple together and he was happy doing that.

April 30, 1979 Bruce and Muriel got another little boy, Nicholas Rodney with red hair. Muriel was happy to get him here before Kurt and Karla's wedding on May 4th.

Kurt and Karla were married May 4th 1979 in the Idaho Falls Temple. It was a lovely day and everything went over really good for the reception that night.

On June 15th Craig and Bonnie got Tyrell Goodrich Tew, a little black haired boy in the LDS Hospital (by the river). They moved back to Utah in July.

Becky and Mike got Kelly Jean on Oct 21st in the Idaho Falls Hospital.

On Aug 2, 1980 Rebecca Jean Laird greeted her parents Tami and Kent in Bountiful, Utah.

On the 19th of August, 1980 Chantel Helen was born in Firth to Kent and Darlene. She has always been a worker and accomplished a lot to help her Mother.

Less than a month later, September 12th Grandma, Vera Elva Hill Tew passed away in the Logan Hospital. Rodney, Klea, and Earl were all with her. She saw her brother, Leonard that was killed on his mission and

talked to him while her children stood by her bed. I guess he had come to get her because she was soon gone. (Muriel had the privilege of doing her hair for the funeral.)

There was a lovely funeral for her – she was such a kind, sweet Mother to me. I really loved Rodney's parents. They were both very kind and loving with us and our children and always brought Utah family visitors to our place to eat and visit. Rodney was always glad to see relatives.

Rochelle Katherine made her appearance to the Esplin family on October 14 another C Section (Jeanette's 5th). Jeanette miscarried a boy between the 2 girls. (7 children for Jeanette and Larry.)

Marlene enjoyed school. She loved her drama class with Merrill Barney. She took lead roles in a number of his productions . She was surely good company for her two parents. We took one trip with just her into Canada and saw the beautiful grassy meadows with wild animals in the parks. Stopped at a ski lift just to see the natural beauty all around, went on Jasper area and up to beautiful Lake Louise Country, the elegant Lodge, etc.

Marlene looked beautiful for her graduation. We made her a blue dress. She did very well in school even though she'd had some bad sick spells. She was always very positive. She had some rough years after graduation.

On February 12, 1981 Brittany Elizabeth came to be the youngest of the Warren and Gloria Tew Family. She had black hair with brown eyes and a personality to win you over.

Craig and Bonnie added Melissa Ann their 2nd girl to their family on June 30th 1987. They were living in Roosevelt Utah where Craig was teaching.

Mike had moved to Alaska and Becky was in their new Presto home with Kristi and Kelly and expecting #4. Marnie spent a lot of time with her so she wasn't alone. Rodney was planting grain. He told me to get Becky to the Dr. She was having pains. April 15th, Saturday morning.

The hospital nurses told me to take her window shopping. I wouldn't do that until a doctor checked her and her doctor was out of town. So they asked another to check her.

He said the baby was in stress and kept her in bed and watched her closely. Dr. Packer came back that evening. He checked everything and had them take her to the labor room and prepared her for delivery in the new birthing chair. I stood by her head and he told me when to push on the baby to help with the birth. Little Kaycee Jane was born Saturday April 17th in the evening. The nurses wheeled Becky and the baby out and Dr. Packer put an arm around my shoulder and said, "It was a hard one but we got her here, didn't we Grandma?"

On April 16, 1949 (33 years before) that same Doctor had delivered our Bruce on Saturday the day before Easter.

Norman Crofts loaded up his pick up and took Becky (a nursing mother) with Kaycee, Kelly and Kristi to Alaska where Mike was working. They were up there until the summer of '83. Came home for a while and went to Texas where Bruce was and Becky went down later with the children.

On May 11th Kurtis took Karla to the hospital with problems. It was early and Kody didn't want to wait. So a little 5½ lbs bundle was born in Idaho Falls. He had a good Mother that really took care of him and Kody Kurtis was a content, good baby- easy to tend. We enjoyed every minute we tended him.

Kent Laird got a job with Utah Power in Kemmerer, Wyoming. So he ordered building materials from Kent Tew. Rodney got called on to take some loads over there. I went with him once and we got as far as a break in the mountains through Chester and heard Bruce on the radio telling us to come back. Someone had put the wrong materials on the load. They unloaded and reloaded so we didn't get home until late that night. But it was nice going with Rodney for a ride.

Kent Laird got their home done enough so that the family could move over from Centerville, Utah to establish their residence in Kemmerer in February of 1982. December 20th they got an early Christmas present. Lisa Rochelle was added to their family. A beautiful little blue eyed blonde.

Devin Scott was the 3rd son, 5th and last child for Craig and Bonnie Tew. He was born on March 28th in Roosevelt, Utah.

The boys were working hard to keep the lumber yard going. Rodney was helping whenever they needed him. I was still working in the office for them with Paul Raymond.

That fall, 1983 I got a flu bug. The doctor wanted me to go to the hospital but I knew I'd get well at home. The doctor insisted for Rodney to take me over to the hospital for certain tests before taking me home which he did and told them to call and report my temperature by 5 PM.

Marnie and Karla took it and reported in. The doctor said to bring me now so Rodney did. They had a wheelchair with 2 nurses meet us at the entrance. Put me in it and ran with me to the elevator, then to my room where the doctor was waiting for me and helped get me changed to a hospital gown and in bed so they could get the life lines on me.

Dr. Packer was going out of town for the night and had Dr. Hales take over. So he came and stayed with me in my room until 2 AM when my fever broke. He told me it was the worst case he had seen of what I had. They took X-rays and found a spot on one of my kidneys.

Dr. Peter Cannon and Kim Johnson had me in the operating room in Idaho Falls and decided to take another X-Ray before cutting. The spot was gone so no surgery. (Prayers and Blessings Again)

Cameron Nephi born December 22, 1983 brightens the lights for Christmas at the residence of Bruce and Muriel Tew in Conroe, Texas.

The Crofts and Tew Lumber yard, in Firth Idaho was closed down in the fall of 1983.

Kent went to Texas in January of 1984. Thommas Kent was born the 9th of March. Kent came back and loaded up everything and moved the family down in June. So now we had Jeanette and Craig in Utah, Warren in California, Kent, Bruce and Becky in Texas. Sonja in Idaho Falls, Tami in Wyoming, Kurtis in Shelley and Marlene with us when she wasn't with Becky.

Marlene had to have all of her amalgam fillings replaced with porcelain. We had to take her to Dr. George in Rigby to get it done and Rodney took me in to a dress shop up there and started buying dresses for me and between then and '96 he filled the closet. He made me quit wearing the old green standby.

November 16, 1984 I was with Sonja in the hospital when they got their beautiful little Allison Marie, black hair and eyes. Larry was one very proud Daddy. Allison was our 41st grandchild.

Rodney was beginning to have health problems and could not keep doing all the hard farm work. I remember he rented the farm out, one year to Ronald Esplin, one year to the Carpenter Family.

July 8th, 1985 Bruce and Muriel announced the arrival of Ambrea Muriel to their family in Conroe, Texas their 6th child.

Our three children in Texas seemed to like it down there and Marnie went down to spend time with them. She was having so much trouble with her allergies. Doctors didn't know how to help her. She did a lot of studying (naturopathic) and got acquainted with Jeanne Anderson and I'd take her up for testing and treatments every day and take little Kody with me. He was so easy to tend – never complained as long as he was fed.

Then Jeanne had her move up to their home and Marlene really enjoyed her time spent there. Jeanne was always looking out for her to help her.

When we moved here in 1963 the place was loaded with Canadian thistle and fence wires tied on to posts with rags. So Dad and our boys went to work fixing a corral that could hold cattle and fixed all field fences. Every year they sprayed the weeds and they built a shed using the rock wall for the bard side. Then a few years later they built one on the south side of the barn for the cattle to lie under. Rodney used railroad ties whenever needed for strength. Put a metal roof on the barn.

He and Tom Christensen's crew built 3 graineries. I painted the old house. He put a new roof on the so called garage shed and built the carport under the trees.

He had David Hunter bring loads of crushed gravel for the driveway. He was always trying to make improvements. We planted the pine trees and the quaking aspen, the new orchard in back of apples. (delicious and Jonathan) pears and plums – the Whitney (Strawberry) Crab at the foot of the garden and the Red and Gold Delicious and Pear tree in the front yard.

Our first years here, when watering the garden Tami and I took off our shoes and went wading with a potato basket in hand and worked pulling quack grass. That way we got the roots. We emptied the basket into a pile and burned it when it dried up. We did a lot of good and made it a nice garden. We collected the rocks and piled them up.

Rodney took us all to the field to pick rocks and we cleaned out a lot. Always more to turn up.

Rodney built a sturdy platform over the right wheel on the tractor. He put sides on the outside edges so a child could hold on. With that he could have children with him. It also was used for his gunny sacks to scatter for potato harvest. He did that when Jeanette and Warren were little. He had our children riding with him a lot of years.

In the spring he'd give little ones a ride sitting on his lap until they got tired. I'm sure he got tired, holding them while making turns at each end of the field. He loved his children!

I remember one day when Rodney came in from the heat – he sat down on the sectional to relax and read the paper. It wasn't long until he was relating a story to me about a family in Roberts.

Then he called all of the children in and told them the story. The youngest son of our Roberts Bishop had erred and was now in jail. He got mad at a cellmate and beat him. The man died.

Then he compared this young man's life to being in prison for life or have the freedom we have to be together as a family working together, having picnics, going fishing, fun games with family and friends and so on. Anyway it was another edifying moment with their Dad.

At night when we'd read from the Bible Story books to them, Rodney would say, "It's your bedtime, get to bed, we're going to get up early in the morning to work while it's cool." But somehow the book went with them. So I'm sure they read some more.

These were always special moments with our family.

Do you remember that after that dog you had in Raft River died – your Dad got you a black and white dog. Then one day he disappeared – no sign of him anywhere. But after days or was it weeks he showed up again and seemed to be fine?

We brought him here with us and when he got out of the truck he didn't seem to know what to do. He ran around in circles and seemed as happy as you boys.

Dad first bought a home in Riverside for us to move into. He took us to see it – but I remember you boys asking. "Where is the farm?" He knew you weren't happy with it so he kept looking until he found this farm.

Kurtis and Marlene immediately took a liking to the big grassy hard.

Becky and Mike left Texas and moved to Cottonwood, Arizona in October of 1986. They got a Gift Shop in Sedona. One of them had to be there each day to open, tend and close at the end of the Day. So when Mike went to Phoenix on business Becky had to be there and that left Kristi and Kelly home alone for hours after school.

One day in December Rodney answered a call from Becky and she said Mike is meeting with this other woman every chance he gets and had been lying to Becky about what he was doing. Marnie was there with Becky.

On May 9, 1986 – Kurt and Karla got Joshua Gerald – another darling little boy with black hair. They got Ted Esplin's baby picture and he looked like a twin to Ted. Any way they looked alike. He was another Mothers' Day present for Karla. Joshua and Kody were both born in the Id Hospital by the Falls.

That fall in Conroe, Texas little Celeste Renae made her appearance at the Kent and Darlene Tew home on September 29th. She had red hair.

I think we went to Texas for a trip to visit that winter and came back in time to meet the Lairds at Jeanette's home. Rochelle Tami Laird was born February 7th at Bountiful and Jeanette had picked up Tami and her baby from the hospital and was already attached to that new baby with such a special personality.

We stopped at Jeanette and Larry's. I went with the Lairds to Wyoming to help Tami. Rodney went on home to Firth.

In September Mike delivered his family to the home in Blackfoot that we paid the rent on. Marlene stayed with Becky to help with the children. Becky and Marlene got enrolled in school at ISU. Kaycee was in

kindergarten and ½ day care, Kelly and Kristi were in school. Becky and Marnie drove to Pocatello each day. We took them groceries and Olive and Roi were very good to help with food.

May 29, 1988 Taralyn Laura blessed the home of Kent and Darlene, another little one with red hair. They were living in Texas.

After Becky's divorce went thru she went to the single adult activities and met James Layton (originally from Arizona). They dated and decided to set a date. Bishop Harper of her Blackfoot Ward married them May 27, 1989. Earle Tew sang the Hawaiian Wedding Song and Aunt Beth accompanied him. It was lovely.

Rodney and I keep getting older and harder for us to keep up. We went to Attorney Blaser and got a will made out and sold our farm to Gary Fielding of Lavaside and Rising River. He's a good farmer and has been nice to work with.

Rodney and I had all we could do to keep up with one horse in the pasture, planting a little garden and watering it and the orchard, yard and circle. Oh, yes and the raspberries. It wasn't easy for family to pick them all. But all of our family got to enjoy them because we shared and they were good berries.

Kent and Darlene got their 4th son. Trenten Nephi in Willis, Texas on 27th of October 1990.

Our Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary

It was held in the Stake Center in Basalt (our ward) in September instead of August. All of our family was present and they invited Thelma and Max, Olive and Roi were there.

Steve and Nalyn were on their honeymoon up in Canada and called home the day before and learned about it and they drove so they could be here to celebrate with us.

We had the privilege of having Teresia and Weston Hamilton (Warren's oldest daughter) and little baby Ryan over, Our 1st Great Grandchild, there to fuss over. It was a lovely dinner, program etc. I think everyone enjoyed their time there.

They got all the grand children up on the stage for pictures and took a lot of family group pictures.

I was 70 and Dad was 73 and we had 46 grand children.

We were presented with a bread maker after all of these years that I'd been mixing bread with a dampened dish towel over my nose and around my head.

Floyd told me, "Your bread is better than cake any day."

I'm sure it was a good but I remember when we had a loaf of store bought bread. It was a real treat for our children.

I know when I had extra help to feed I always planned and had hot rolls for dinner and the workers really devoured them.

In those days we always had to have desserts. A dish of fruit with cake or cookies. I made good apple crisps, bread puddings, jello, etc.

Rodney would suggest we go for a ride. He never went driving alone. But if it wasn't a pre planned trip he nearly always ended up in Rigby at a dress shop where he liked to find me another new dress or blouse or coat. And that seemed to satisfy his yearning for doing something.

Marlene graduated in Computer. She met Todd Smith at school. He was taking care of his 5 children while going to school.

Blue Shield of Idaho came from Lewiston to the school and asked for Marlene. They offered her a job to start January 2, 1992. She accepted the call. Rodney had found her a nice little car and took it to Pocatello and Todd came and helped load her belongings on and in it. They tied her bike on the back.

Then we took off hoping to get as far as Solberg's in Payette. We stayed overnight and left in the morning for Lewiston. Marlene is a good driver and I'm a good back seat driver. When we were going over Whitebird Pass it started to snow and she kept moving right along. In a couple of hours when we got settled and relaxed in her apartment we heard warnings about the weather. All traffic had been stopped over the Pass. So once again we knew the Lord had been with us.

Todd got a job with Blue Shield too and moved up there with his family. That summer we went up to see Marnie and of course, we visited Todd's family in his apartment. The courtship continued until her 30th birthday and they planned to elope.

So on January 24th, 1992, they went to Coeur d'Alene and were married by a Judge. Marlene always said she wouldn't have a fancy wedding and reception. So she didn't. I didn't know about it for a couple of days and she didn't tell me – I just said, "You went and got married, didn't you?" "Yes, Mother," was her reply.

I was in the Blackfoot Hospital in the spring with heart trouble under Dr. Wynne's care. Rodney got Kurtis to help get me to the hospital. I was there several days.

Kent and Darlene had moved to Gilbert, Arizona and that was where Charity Dawn was born on October 5, 1993. That is Jeanette and Olives birth date also.

1994...

Rodney keeps having more health problems. Is losing weight and is always tired and sleeps a lot. He lets me know when he should get to the doctor. And Dr. Bradley was very kind and understanding with him.

I was working on small quilts and using what material I had and buying quilt batts and tying with yarn. It kept me busy. I'm sure I made them for all of my grandchildren and children and some of my brothers and sisters.

I was so determined to not waste any time that when my game shows came on I'd watch them, but when the commercial came on I'd beat it back in and tie on the quilt.

On January 23, 1995 Shannon was born in the Evanston Hospital, #7 for Tami and Kent Laird. She is a lovely little blue eyed blonde. Smart like the rest.

1996

I took Rodney to Pocatello to get blood for special tests and a biopsy for some special diagnosis.

Got word back from the Biopsy test that there was foreign tissue in the lungs. Dr. Bradley said, "I don't think he could survive surgery."

When I needed special care he would get me to the Doctor and when he needed it I would be able to get him in.

I had my first heart attack in 1996 and Dr. Wynne took care of me but he moved to Utah. So when I had another heart attack in 1997 Dr. McKinley checked and then sent me to Idaho Falls by ambulance and Dr. Stutts was my Dr.

Dr. Stutts and Dr. Latham put a stint in and Dr. Stutts told Rodney I had Congestive Heart Failure and an Enlarged heart.

When Rodney came to visit me he was so miserable that he would just sit with his head in his hands. I don't know how he got himself up there and then back home.

He was on oxygen at home and had a hard time breathing. At Bingham Memorial Hospital they drained his lungs.

They had him sit on an examination table and poke a needle into his lungs thru his back. He had to sit there while a quart or more would drain out. He would get so weak and sick. Kurtis took him some of the time.

Becky, Marnie and Tami took turns staying with us because I was too weak to do very much for anybody.

On November 24th Home Health Nurse came and checked both of us. He said all of Rodney's vital signs were good. He visited with him and went on his way.

In the afternoon, Thelma and Max, Olive and Roi came and visited with him. He spent most of his time in bed and asked for Milk Shakes. He liked the way I made them and sometimes I had to stand and feed it to him. He got so he didn't care if he ate anything.

He was on oxygen but would take it off when he left the bedroom. This afternoon he came out in the family room where Tami and I were sitting. He sat on the sectional and looked out the window. Then he'd lie down for a minute, up he'd come, "What am I going to do. I can't stand this." Down he'd go again. Etc. He was so restless he didn't know what to do with himself. He went back in his bed.

After dark he called me in and said, "I have to go to the hospital. I can't stand this." I said, "Honey, we'll get you to the hospital but this morning the nurse said all your vital signs are good. You had your lungs drained. Can we get you some medicine?"

"Well, what I want is another blessing."

"Who do you want?"

"I'd like Brother Anderson and Kurtis." We notified them and Rodney asked Tami to get a white shirt for him and to brush his hair. He wanted to look his best for the blessing.

Monday Night They came and in the blessing Brother Anderson turned him over to the Lord. Rodney thanked them and said, "Now I'd like you to give Noma a blessing." Which they did – a great help and support for me.

He finally settled down for the night. At 4:00 in the morning I awoke to the light on and he was up. I asked "What are you doing, Rodney? Are you alright?"

He replied, "I just got up to go to the bathroom, and then he dropped to the floor. I jumped out of bed (you know what my jump would be like) but got around to him and took his outstretched hand to help him. He arose nearly up and then started slumping and on his way down he said, "I'm going." And he was gone – His skin was like silk as I rubbed him. Then Tami came and she called Kurt and 911 and then did artificial respiration until 911 arrived.

The nurse stayed with me because my heart wasn't acting too good. Kody came up trying to control his tears. Joan, the Bishops wife heard the siren and came. She offered to take Kody for Drivers Ed.

Tami and Kurt were with Dad and 911. They got him on the gurney and took Kurt with them to the hospital. It was so hard to see him carried out of our home like that . (for the last time).

He had always been such a strength and so organized and planned so well for the family.

The family was notified. That morning Burton Tew Jr. his cousin called to talk to Rodney. Becky answered the phone and told him her Dad had just passed away.

It was hard for him to accept because he was calling to tell Rodney that he had lived the longest of any male Tew since they came from England. He notified the Utah Tew's for us.

It was a busy time – all the closest family here, pick the casket, the flowers. Tami and Becky took Sonja for a dress and personal needs and looked after her.

The obituary had to be written and sent in, the funeral planned for, the convenience of all food to eat and places for all to stay. This is a time you have to think of others and not yourself.

His death date was Tuesday 4AM – November 25, 1997 and his funeral was Saturday 1AM – November 29, 1997.

At the final viewing they announced they'd close the casket and little Josh broke down and started sobbing. It was so hard to try and show composure, but all did very well with their parts and so did Bishop Darrell Cook and President Bill McClure and Bishop Mike Park.

Rodney's relatives were all very gracious and sweet with us.

Some went to Church in our Ward on Sunday morning and then I called the boys in the bedroom and showed what suits, shirts, work clothes, ties, rings, tie pins, shoes and other memorabilia that their Dad had.

Decide who wants or can use what and please take it today so I don't have to grieve when I see it hanging here. So that was a good starter and the girls got work shirts or things of his too. That they chose, that made it easier for me.

Now I had to start being a widow. Kurtis and Karla were real good to check on me, bring me food, take me to the Doctor, etc. And Dear Becky acted like she flew here if I needed her. I don't know how Tami and Marnie could work it out. Jeanette and Larry took me to their home for the first Christmas and I know I stayed there a long time. They also took me some time in the summers and other Christmases and while down to Jeanette's, Warren and Gloria would have me come and stay. It was while in those 2 Utah homes that I learned how to play Dominoes and Rummi-Kub and watch John Wayne and other old movies on TV.

Jeanette took me to the Moran Eye Clinic at University of Utah Hospital. My eyelids were closing on me. They scheduled surgery. Jeanette took me in a few days later for an early morning surgery and wanted to take me home. So she took care of me thru that recovery.

I remember one day, I crocheted one of those large yarn doilies and put the last row on. I got to the end and there were extra stitches there so I couldn't finish it off. Checked it over counting stitches and the mistake was in the first row. I had put an extra point in. The doily couldn't possibly lay flat.

When I showed it to Jeanette we both started laughing and laughed so hard we shed tears as I pulled it undone and she wound it into a ball.

Another learning experience – count on the 1st row double check then!

I spent some winters at Marlene's. In January I enjoyed seeing beautiful blossoms on her roses outside the picture window. They would take me out to dinner on the weekend.

Todd's children would come and snuggle up by me on the couch and have me read to them.

In the fall, hunting season time,

Karla put me on the bus in Idaho Falls to go to Kent's in Sundance, Wyoming. I spent most of a week out there. – went to church with them and met some good people. Also met the 5 hunters from the east and photographer and girl friend from Idaho that were all there for the hunting season. But the bus trip had layovers (hours) on the way home so I never did that again.

I spent some weeks with Craig and Bonnie before Tyrell went on his mission. That was a fun time there too. If they were gone I could find old movies on a channel. They took me for rides to see the pretty country out there.

I was at Tami's for her birthday one summer and sat out on the patio and watched Kemmerer's Fourth of July fireworks. It was quite a fancy show. I think I had to have a jacket around my shoulders to be comfortable (In July)

I have spent a lot of time at Thelma's and Olive's on weeks at a time – visited with Loren and Dorothy in their new home – enjoyed being there when Roger came to visit and really enjoyed the specialty meat dishes that Dan brought over. And Marcia has been so gracious and good to me. Byron is always so busy – just saw him for short visits and Mary always positive, came in with a smile and words of welcome.

Olive and I ate, shopped and worked together – took care of garden, picked berries, weeded and did a lot of reminiscing – crying some and laughing together, Good times!

On a Sunday Larry Quigg choked on a piece of chicken and he had to be taken to the hospital in Idaho Falls. The same day in Washington Floyd Tew choked on a piece of chicken and died.

Sonja had been taking care of Larry in the home – doing everything for him for months. Now he was in the hospital and she'd go sit with him every day with no change in his condition. Kent came to see me and we went up during the days and visited her there. This one day after visit her he went over to Larry again and after meditation he said, "I'm going to give him a blessing." And he did.

Larry died February 6, 1998 in the evening.

One year I went to Dr. Affleck in Idaho Falls, a dermatologist, because of sores on my nose. It was skin cancer and he sent me to the hospital for surgery and had to do some skin grafting. I still have scabs on my nose that don't heal.

On March 25th 2000 Marnie and Todd got their beautiful, handsome little Cooper Todd. Born in Lewiston Hospital and nearly lost Marnie.

In April of 2000 did Angioplasty and put in 2 stints and in August Dr. Latham put in another one.

Reunion 2000

Had a good turn out and Marlene and Todd came with their new baby for all of us to see for the 1st time.

After dinner we all met in the chapel for his blessing. Todd bore his testimony after the blessing was completed. They are surely proud of Cooper. (A beautiful baby with brown eyes and light hair.)

I worked on quilts at home when I could and Kurtis or Becky took me to the Dr for check up and when my heart affected my breathing and walking – any heart trouble would affect my kidneys and my legs. So I couldn't be alone very much because I couldn't walk alone. My children were very good to take care of me.

Reunion 2001

Met out home first – make a few years – trimmed trees, painted the fence, installed the new Fridge and stove. Then went over for dinner at the church and spent the afternoon reminiscing and missing Rodney.

In 2001 Sonja fell in the Teton Mall and broke her hip and she didn't tell us.

I guess I was fighting a real bad cold at the same time and on Sunday afternoon Kurt came up to see me. I had slept in the recliner for 2 nights so I could breathe. He wanted to take me to Emergency but, "No, I'm fine. I can sleep in the recliner."

So he went home and brought Karla up. She just asked me where my hair brush, tooth brush – garment change & started packing things for the hospital, loaded me in their car and off we went.

Dr. Hales (one of my favorites) was in Emergency and from testing we soon knew I had pneumonia and I had to stay. He ordered me put in the room closest to the nurses' station. Kurt and Karla never left until 2AM. It was a rough night. I just tossed and turned and the nurses kept a steady eye on me.

The next morning Doctor Hales said, "You couldn't have made it if you'd gone home last night."

The following Sunday. Warren and Gloria came to see me. They brought me flowers , but Dr. wouldn't let me have them in my room. They had contacted Kurtis so he met them at my room.

Warren asked if he could use my phone to call Sonja. So he did and a man answered. When Warren asked for Sonja he said she was in the hospital. Upon questioning Warren learned she had fallen in the Teton Mall 4 days ago and broken her hip. So they went to see her and sure enough she'd had a bad break and surgery to pin her hip. She was suffering with pain and couldn't stand any movement and the situation at home was terrible. All of the family was notified and Kent came over from Wyoming.

The Doctor kept me in the hospital for eight days.

Allison and her boyfriend took Sonja home and left her alone to take care of herself for hours.

Kent contacted all of his siblings and they worked together. Bruce and Muriel came from Colorado and spent a week. They put Sonja in the Care Center across from the hospital so she could have therapy and the Tew kids went to work.

Jeanette and Warren took Allison into their home and made connections with a rehabilitation ranch for teenagers (where she spent a long time. She still failed to realize that her Mother was important and the only immediate family that she had.

When I came home from the hospital it was like "Being dumped from the fry Pan and into the fire". They did physical labor all day long and then tried to find the right youth Ranch to send Allison to and worry about Sonja. This went on for a couple of weeks.

They had the house all prettied up for Sonja to be brought home to. The house was cleaned of all clutter. The walls were all painted. New carpeting was installed, a new bed for Sonja, new light fixtures, curtains and living room furniture. She didn't seem that pleased with what had been done. But the Tew workers were happy with what they had done.

They brought Sonja here for a while to recoup. Then she went home and was by herself. The Relief Society President was very good to check on her.

I spent some time at Jeanette's during the summer. They always took me out for dinner with them on Friday nights. They introduced me to a number of Diners. It was always good.

I was at Jeanette's for Rochelle and Matt's wedding. November 21, 2000. I went with them for the wedding in the Salt Lake Temple. It was beautiful – 60 years since I had been married there to my sweetheart.

I kept having heart trouble and weakness. Becky took me to the hospital the end of May in 2001. They put in another stint.

I was in the hospital on my birthday, July 23rd and again on the reunion Saturday for our Christensen family. They had to operate but first I needed a blood transfusion. They just got it started in me and I was allergic to it. So I laid for days before I could have the surgery.

In the meantime Kent and Darlene started moving over here to buy our family home.

Karla wheeled me in to the Dr. one day in a wheel chair and said, "Something has to be done for Noma. She gets weaker by the day." So he changed some medication. By October he decided I needed the Pace Maker. By now all the Cardiac operating room nurses knew me by name when they saw me.

October 2001 Kent took me up for the surgery. Dr. Stutts, had a hard time cutting through my skin, but they got it done and I came home that night. Dr. Hales assisted Dr. Stutts with the Pacemaker surgery.

Kent and Darlene finally got their last load and all the family here so they could be a family again. They have been taking care of me ever since when I am home.

Becky has taken me to Dr. Garsidet in Tremonton several times for treatments. He is very good.

I have stayed at Becky's a lot of times for days, weekends or weeks. It has really been nice to be there when Todd and Marlene came thru, and could visit with her for days.

Kaycee and I put up tomatoes and salsa and it turned out real good.
Becky made dill beans, they were enjoyed by all.

It was fun to pick raspberries in October and November at Jeanette's. They really are a treat that time of year.

Warren had grapes on his vines on the back fence. Pick and eat.

Whenever Rodney and I went to Utah we got tomatoes when first available and in the fall we got the 'sweet meat' squash. It was so good baked in the microwave.

Here at home we were known for our good corn – early – 2nd variety and Silver Queen (white) for the late. It upset me when I went out for the last meal and the squirrels ate it last night.

We had red potatoes for winter, bottled and pickled beans, frozen peas, berry jam and frozen and fresh berries, carrots and beets, pickled beets and sweet and dill pickles, apple sauce and apple butter, plum jam and fresh apples for winter.

Rodney kept everything watered and mowed the lawn. He enjoyed taking care of his cattle and going out petting and talking to Prince. A lot of the time he would taste the hay before feeding it to the animals and laugh about it. He was always positive and looked at the bright side. He worked with his boys and like Craig said, "No one could shovel like Dad. He really moved the dirt and kept his shovel sharp. He saw that they got their work done first and then they could rest or play later."

Years ago – Harvesting Time-

Rodney was driving – I was in the truck visiting with him – Kent, Bruce and Craig were grabbing bales off the hay loader to stack on the truck. Rodney didn't realize he was going too fast and coming from a voice in the back. "Dad, you're putting them in orbit."

He stopped and we got out. Sure enough one had gone over the back end. They were all laughing and making fun of it. We got back in and he really slowed down and paid attention to what he was doing.

On February 2, 2003 Ashley Tyree Marie Quigg was born to Allison Marie – a little black haired girl with a good personality. Sonja dearly loves her little granddaughter and takes good care of her.

In June of 2003, I came home fighting to breath. Darlene got me to Dr. Clinger and the x ray showed my heart was nearly drowned and trying to pump. My lungs were all right he said. So he put me on a stronger diuretic and in short order. I lost 20 lbs of water and breathing got easier – but it took a while to get some strength back

Reunion 2004 - Rodney Tew Family Reunion

We have had some nice reunions on Memorial Day weekend (on Saturday)

One year they came earlier in the day and painted the fence, cleared up where ever it was needed and acted like they were having fun doing it.

At the same time some good cooks were over at the church doing necessary preparation over there on the dinner and it all seemed to work out alright for everyone.

It has been special each year we have had the reunions. The family is getting so scattered that I think that is the only time they see one another. So I hate to see them quit having them every year – All Ten are Still Alive – Today April 23, 2005. What about tomorrow and the next day? And the next?

I Love You All!!

Mother

The Joy of Music

“And they shall be filled with songs of everlasting joy” D&C 133:33

Beautiful building – beautiful music – inspirational Music

My Mother – Lutheran Choir in Norway before she joined the L.D.S. Church

Sang solo in road show in her 70's in Lost River Stake at Salmon, Idaho

Beehive Girls Motto

Lark: Greet the day with a song

Bluebird: Make others happy

Seagull: Serve Gladly

Daughters' Mothers' Day Gift Special Tapes

Fathers

Father comes in assorted sizes

Short or tall – big or small

With hair of blonde, red or brunette.

Curly or straight

With lots or little

Some work early and some work late.

Some use a hammer, shovel or a machine-

Other draw plans, do repairs or some others scheme.

Not all fathers earn a lot of honor, glory or worldly fame

But they give us a home for warmth, comfort – our clothes to wear, food to eat, a pet to love and his good, good name.

Sight seeing trips, picnic lunch, fishing on a stream, nature walk so he tells about the stars in the heavens.

While relaxing after a hard days work, on the lawn.

Faith promoting stories and missionary experiences to Help our testimonies grow.

Pulls the loose teeth for the tooth fairy

Soothes our hurts

Works with us and plays with us

Takes us to our church meetings and Grandmas when able

Laughs with us and tries to cheer us when sad

Brings in the biggest, first dandelion blooms or dainty purple weed bouquet to adorn our table.

But best of all-when he comes home at night

He puts his arms around me and tells me he's glad

*Heavenly Father sent me to Him
Then he loves me tight – kisses me, and says he wishes he had a dozen more just like me.
That is what I call a really true loving Father.*

Noma Tew

Fathers

“A father is a guy who has snapshots in his pocket where his money used to be”

Fathers are so special and when you look around – Very interesting aren't they.

The family is the basic and most important unit in the Church and the world, if all would realize it.

The father is patriarch of his family. President Brigham Young said “Let father be the head of his family, the master of his own household and let him treat them as an angel would treat them.”

President Brown said, “Fatherhood is next to Godhood.”

As man is God once was. As God is man may become. What I'd say, “his responsibilities are staggering” – A great family will usually follow the father's example of spirituality, praying together, family home evening, administering to the sick, blessing babies, baptism, ordinations and special blessings. He leads out demonstrating great faith for his family to follow.

Victor Hugo said, “A home has a soul.” Who is responsible for that soul? Father and Mother because they work as one. Each is as important as the other - they are equal partners – should teach by example – be firm but kind and loving.

“I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day.” President Harold B Lee taught – “the most important of the Lords work that you will ever do will be the work you do within the walls of your own home.”

Fathers, your children gain their greatest security from you – will achieve academically at a higher level – gain self confidence. Absence of fathers causes more social headaches with children and therefore it takes a lifetime to make a good father.