



My Story
Lois Joan James Winfield

August 1, 1928 -



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My Beginnings . . .

Cecil and Lucie and Family



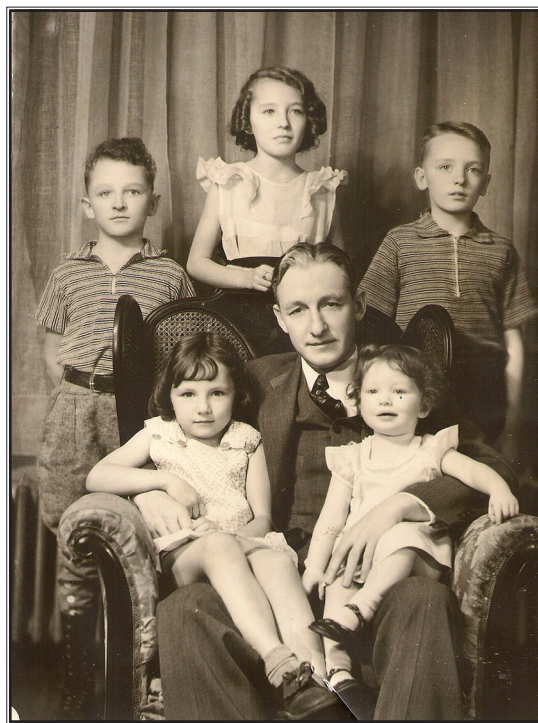
Cecil and Lucie (Howard) James - 1925

Rock Springs is a dusty town in the southwest corner of Wyoming. Most of the people in 1928 earned their living working in the coal mines. One of the exceptions was Cecil Syme James. In 1928 he was working for his father as a carpenter. He was a good carpenter, I'm sure, because as the years went by we found out that he did an exceptional job at everything he did. Being such a fine person, it was only natural that he chose a very special person for his mate, a lovely girl from Chicago, Illinois named Lucie Howard. Cecil had recently returned from a mission to Australia and Lucie had come to Rock Springs to work in the bank. The Ward was giving a program to honor the returning missionary and Lucie was helping with the program. Lucie loved to give parties and so this one was sure to be special because she had heard many good things about this handsome missionary and all the eligible girls were anxious for his return. After meeting Lucie, the other girls must have just faded into the background. Lucie was a lovely talented person with the kind of ideals a returned missionary was looking for. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple on October 7, 1925.



Lois, Lucie, Richard, Tom

Their first son was born July 8, 1926. Richard Alan was loved and a lot of plans were made for their first-born son. They hoped he would be strong and valiant, especially as he was the oldest, and the brothers and sisters to come would look up to him for direction. Next came another son, Edwin, who only lived a few hours. How this must have saddened them as they wanted a family to bless their home. But only a year later Lois Joan was born on August 1, 1928. Next came another robust son with mischievous eyes on May 11, 1930. He was born on Mother's Day and Lucie must have felt that this son would be fun and loving, and still she felt honored because she felt this special spirit would always honor his parents.

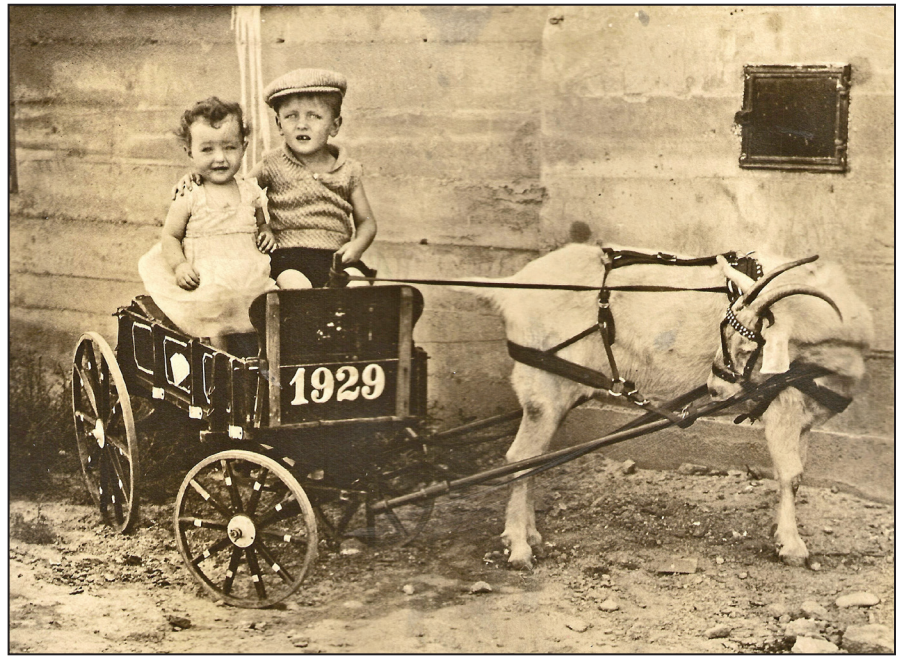


Cecil with Tom, Lois, Richard Joyce and Cheril

Thomas Arthur never failed his parents. Next came Joyce on June 25, 1932. She was the apple of her father's eye. Now their family seemed complete, but on April 21, 1937, a beautiful delicate baby with red hair appeared. Where had that red hair come from? But never mind. Cheril was so loved and had the sweet gentle nature of her mother. The family was used to surprises and when Cecile showed up on July 21, 1941, she was accepted and loved also. Cecil was so proud that she carried his name, in fact, he named her himself.



Lois



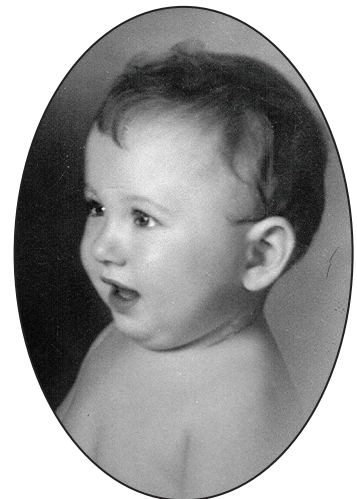
Lois and Richard - 1929

On a beautiful summer day, August 1, 1928, the best thing that ever happened to me occurred. A loving father in heaven sent me into this great family. I already had an older brother Richard, or Dick as we liked to call him. Dick was two years older than I was. He was a fine protector of his sisters and a good example of everything a brother should be as we were growing up. We always looked up to Dick knowing that he would never lead us astray, except maybe when we were playing one of the games that he was always making up. Somehow Dick always won. Was he really that much smarter than the rest of us or were the games planned to give the banker (who was always Dick) the advantage? We spent many hours playing Dick's games.

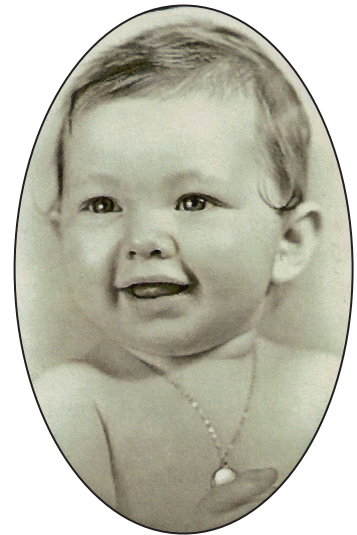
Dick was always kind and loving and never strayed from the teachings of the gospel. He always took good care of his brother and sisters. One time when we were camping at Fremont Lake, Dick, Tom, Joyce and I took the boat up to the upper end of the lake. Tom and Dick liked to fish, but Joyce and I liked to go along for the ride. On the way home that day the wind came up suddenly and the lake was starting to get rough. It always scared me when the white caps were showing on the waves. Dick hugged the shoreline with the boat and finally decided that Joyce and I should get out of the boat because he felt the water was getting dangerous. It was not far back to camp and so Joyce and I got out of the boat and Dick and Tom took the boat back out onto the lake. Joyce and I headed up the shoreline towards camp. The first thing we had to do was to climb over a barb-wire fence which was no easy task. We no sooner got over the fence than we were face to face with a moose with a huge spread of antlers. Well maybe we weren't exactly face to face, but we were frightened and wished that we were back on the boat. We ran as fast as we could, and the moose continued to nibble the grass and paid no attention to us at all. We all arrived back at camp safely, but were not so sure Dick had made the right decision. I've always been grateful that Dick thought of the safety of his sisters first before he even considered the boat which he was responsible for.



Boat at Fremont - Cheril and Lois in front



**Lois, Richard, Cecile
Tommy, Joyce, Cheril**



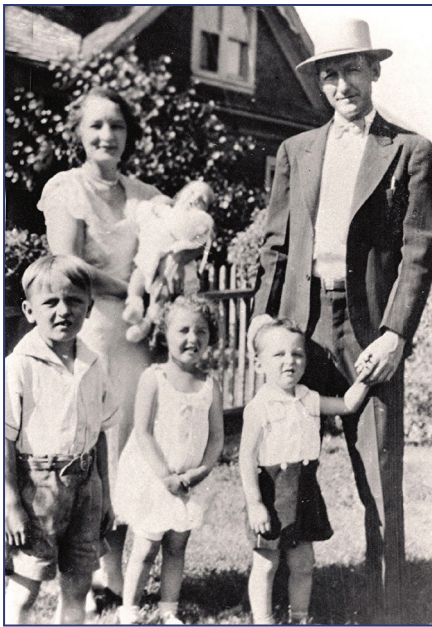
**Family of
Cecil Syme James
and
Lucie Howard
James**



Looking back at my young life in Rock Springs, I feel blessed. I was raised by good parents in a happy home with good siblings. There was a depression in our country, but it never affected us as Dad always had a good job at the Lumber Yard. We had a nice home at 813 Young Avenue. We lived on the edge of town close enough to the hills where you could hear coyotes howl at night.

Mother (Lucie Howard James)

Mother was very good at decorating. She was a good seamstress and was also good at upholstering. She was also very good at managing money and could always find a few dollars for material to make new pillows, hang some new curtains or reupholster a piece of furniture. She also loved to browse through the second-hand stores to find an interesting piece of



*Lucie and Cecil with Joyce (baby)
Richard, Lois Tommy*

furniture to refinish for our home, or she would save for months for a new carpet or rug. So, our home always looked nice. All through the years, every time you went home the first thing you had to do was to spot something new she had done to the house. I learned a good lesson from my mother – to always have a little money saved back

each payday. She could always find a little extra for whatever came up. That lesson saved me quite a few times.

I think Mother's favorite place was outdoors. Mother had a green thumb and our yard was always beautiful and that was no easy task in Rock Springs where few people even planted a front yard, let alone a back yard too. But after the many hours of hard work, our yard was made for the children. Our friends were not only welcome, but encouraged to come over to our house to play on the grass, on the



Tommy, Lois, Lucie, Joyce and Richard

porches, in the basement, in our bedrooms or wherever we wanted to play. Dad built a large swing in the back yard with a teeter-totter to the side of the swing. There was a large sand pile on the other side. But the hammock was everyone's favorite place. Many a happy hour was spent pulling a loose rope so you could rock yourself in the hammock.



Lois, Richard, Lucie, Joyce, Cecil and Tommy

To me, my favorite place in our back yard was the fire pit. When mother was building it, she would soak the dirt with the hose and then dig and dig until finally she had a large pit dug. Then we went out into the desert area around Rock Springs for large flat sandstone rocks. These rocks were used to line the floor and the sides of the pit, with fire brick in the fire box. All summer long the fire pit was busy in

the evenings. All of the kids in the neighborhood were always welcome around the fire. But there was a catch, everyone had to bring a few sticks of wood for the fire (Dad would also bring scrap wood from the lumber yard) and sometimes, maybe a Friday or a Saturday night, we could bring a potato to bake in the coals. On special occasions we could bring a wiener or a frankfurter to cook over the coals. Sometimes mother even had a bag of marshmallows to roast.



Richard, Lucie and Lois

While the potatoes were roasting in the coals a story was always started. Mostly they were continuous ghost stories. Someone would start the story and when he got to an exciting part, he would stop and the person next to him in the circle would add to the story. Mother was the best story teller of all. We loved her stories. She made them up as she told them, but they were always exciting.



Lois



Lois

Mother always told us a lot of stories when we were camping at Fremont Lake. Mostly when it rained we would all get into the tent, and if it was cold, we would climb into our sleeping bags and Mother would begin her stories. When she couldn't make up another story she would start on Bible and Book of Mormon stories. We thought they were great because they were made exciting by Mother. When I started to read the Book of Mormon and Bible I was really disappointed that the characters didn't have the same exciting lives Mother gave them. She would describe them, and give them great personalities and I think we all wanted to be like these Heroes and have the great adventures they had.



Tommy, Joyce, Cheril, Lois



School Group - Lois is front row, far left, first person

My Youth

Sometimes in the summer we would run across the field, past Walnut Street and over to a hill where we could watch #2 Mine work. We could see the cars coming out of the mine full of coal and up to the tippie where they were dumped into box cars. The larger pieces went into one box car and the smaller pieces went into other cars. The coal dust was always in the air, especially when the wind blew, and it blew a lot in Rock Springs. The open field west of our house was undermined with tunnels from the coal mines and they would cave in occasionally. So we could not play there. Scorpions were also plentiful there.

In grade school my two best friends were Betty Jo Smith who lived on Walnut Street and Paula Culver who lived right across the alley in back of us. We loved to play *dress-up* and *house* and act out our parts. We had found a lot of elegant clothes and hats from the rag bags. I'm sure many fairy tales came to life as we dressed up and acted out the dramas. Sometimes the neighbor boys would come around and tease and make fun of us. Sometimes we would pack our stuff and go to some large rocks in back of the cemetery (just a few blocks from home) and play to our hearts' content and could find all kinds of stages for our play acting. Joyce was four years younger than I, but we often included her in our plays. She always had to be



Richard, Lois, Tommy, Joyce

a child, never the mother. Cecile and Cheril were nine and thirteen years younger than I and were too young to enter our play time. By the time they were old enough to play act with us, I was past the age. Riding

scooters was another fun thing that I did with Betty Jo. We both borrowed scooters from our brothers and went all over our area of town. We also played *jacks* on our front porch and would draw a hopscotch game on our sidewalks with chalk.

Tom, who was two years younger than I, was really a tease. Tom really loved horses and most of the time could be found sitting on a fence watching horses that belonged to someone else. On Dick's eighth birthday he got a new red bike and he also had a party. He gave all the kids a ride on the crossbar. I could hardly wait for my turn. When it finally came, I was so short I had to climb up on a cement wall to get on the bar. Dick pumped me to the top of the street and then back down we came. On the way downhill we were going pretty fast. Some of the boys were putting

their hands out in front of Dick to slow him down or tease him, then would jump away as he went past them. One boy didn't jump out of the way in time. I don't remember the wreck. The next thing I remember was throwing up cucumbers and looking in the mirror at the two blackest eyes I had ever seen. The boy next door really laughed at me and that hurt more than the black eyes. His name was Bob Oliver. He was my age.



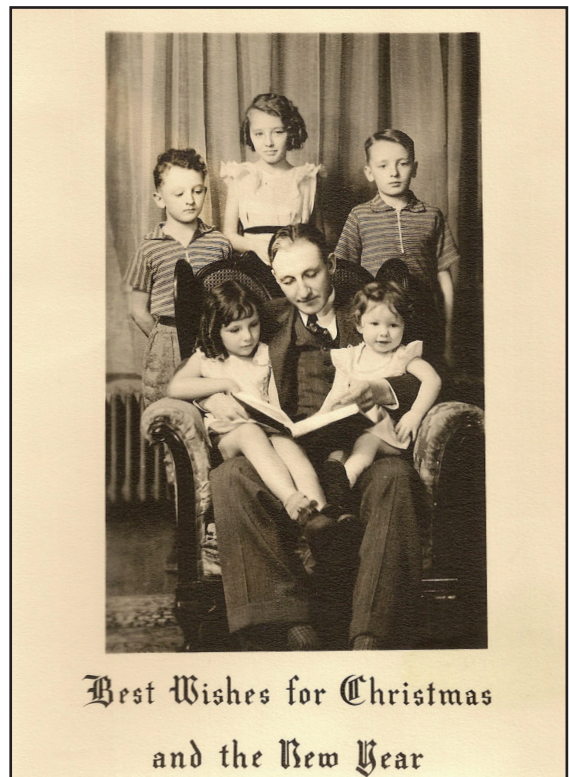
Richard, Tommy, Lois, Lucie and Joyce (on lap)

About my eighth birthday I received a new red bike. I was small for my age and wise parents gave me a bike that was a little smaller than the average bike. From then on, biking was the thing to do. Betty Jo had a bike too and we went everywhere together. A whole new world opened up with a bike. Bikes are faster than scooters and we traveled a lot further with them. The only serious accident I had was when Dick and I were riding our bicycles to the post office to pick up the mail. As we came out of a side street I went around the side of a large float (shaped like a locomotive) I didn't see the car coming and ran into the side of it (my fault). I had a concussion, but my bike didn't suffer too much. The worst part was that the car I ran into belonged to one of my school teachers. I was very embarrassed.



Lois and Joyce

My youth was very pleasant and a lot of fun. I remember walking by the side of the house one day (south side) to a purple flowering bush and thinking I was the luckiest girl in the world. I had such wonderful parents and I really loved my brothers and sisters that day. Our yard was so pretty and the flowers were blooming. I also thought of how lucky I was to belong to the church. None of my friends were Mormons and I really felt sorry for them that day. I also felt a great deal of pride for my father who was also our Bishop.



*Best Wishes for Christmas
and the New Year*

Christmas Card - 1940



Church Group - all dressed up - Lois on left in white apron, next to Grandma (Maggie) James and Joyce is in front of Grandma James, dressed as a boy.

When the carnival or circus would come to town they always put up their tents in Gilpin Field. By car, Gilpin Field was quite a ways from our house, but by foot, all we had to do was cross a couple of open fields and climb down a hill and we could be there in about ten minutes. Naturally a circus or a carnival was a big event in our lives. We were always able to earn money for the rides. (I'm sure our parents always made it easy for us). Not only that, a dollar went a long way (5 or 10 cents for a ride). Dad always took us to the circus when it came to town. At one carnival the boys came home with some stories about dancers. I had to see them, and even though it was nighttime, I dashed over to the carnival, and sure enough there they were with their little tassels going round and round and then they would stop and the tassels would go round and round in the other direction. I was really fascinated and had only meant to stay a few minutes. But worst luck, Mother missed me and sent Dick to find me. They knew where I'd be. I never could figure out how the tassels got moving so wildly because not another muscle in their whole body moved. I don't think that tassel dancers are allowed at the carnivals anymore.

Winters in Rock Springs were very cold, but we still had a lot of fun because kids always do, especially if they come from a fun family. There always seemed to be plenty of snow. We went sleigh riding over on Walnut Street and on "B" Street, which the city blocked off for sleds. Walnut Street was closer and steeper,

but I never went more than a third of the way to the top. Dick had the best sled, a flexible flier (it had been Aunt Leah's). He was always willing to give all of us plenty of turns on his sled. We would stay out sleigh riding on the hills until we were so cold we could hardly walk home. Then the chilblains would itch when we got in a hot tub of water to warm up. I can remember my heels being so cold that I couldn't feel them. No nice lined boots to keep your feet warm - just rubber galoshes to keep your shoes dry.

At Yellowstone School (grade school) the north side of the playground had a steep hill on it. We would take cardboard to school and use it to slide down the hill at recess. We had to leave our piece of cardboard out in the hall with our coats and hope it wouldn't disappear. The teacher told Mother that I had no fear in going down the steepest part of the hill. Actually I had a mustard yellow pair of leggings that I really hated and I would always let the cardboard slip a little to try to wear a hole in them. The steeper parts of the hill were more icy, and I thought it would wear holes in them faster. I must have done a good job on them, because Joyce never had to wear them.



Yellowstone School, Rock Springs, Wyoming

During better weather at school we would play jacks and jump rope during recess. I got quite good at jacks but there was always someone better. After Carla got old enough to play, she thought she was pretty good and challenged me to a game. Even though it had been a lot of years since I had played jacks, I beat her. It was a feather in my cap, but Carla lost interest in playing after that. Not many kids were playing jacks anymore.

Roller skating was always a big thing in our family. Rock Springs had a lot of sidewalks but “B” Street had the smoothest ones. I can still hear the click, click sound of the skates going over the cracks. The best skating of all was down in the basement. When winter came, we all went down and cleared everything out, swept it clean and were ready to skate. There was an old wind-up phonograph down there, and we would wind it up and go round and round and round, play games, have races and have a good time. We would skate after school every night until mother would call us to supper. Our parents liked to see us have fun. Our favorite tune was “Two Black Crows.” We also had some Caruso records.



Home in Rock Springs, Wyoming

But after supper we all had to pitch in and get the dishes done. Then one day Dad built a room for the boys in the basement and some storage shelves for fruit and another storage closet. Our skating rink was gone. Cecile and Cheril never had such a good skating rink.



Joyce, Lucie, Lois (back), Cecile, Cheril (front)

When we were older we got ice skates. I never really enjoyed ice skating like I did roller skating. The city would make an ice rink at the high school on the football field. By the time we walked to the rink (over a mile) we were frozen and too cold to skate. I remember my fingers being too cold to lace up my skates. There was always a bonfire going, but it was hard to get close enough to get thawed out. Sometimes Mother would give us a ride to the high school. But I never got very good at skating, my ankles were too weak.

I'm more of a summer person. During the summer months I would gather the younger neighborhood children together and play *school*. I fixed up a place in the basement and would read to them and teach them some of the three basic school skills. I loved doing it, and I'm sure the neighborhood mothers enjoyed all of the hours of free babysitting they got. Mother was sure I would be a teacher when I grew up, but time changed things and teaching did not interest me anymore. Also, Dick's games, plus monopoly kept us from being bored.

After supper we often rolled out a large can of marbles onto the carpet. The carpet had circular designs on it and made great marble rings. We all had our favorite taws. The boys were the best players by far and would soon win our pile of marbles. Mother was very enthusiastic when we played and cheered us on. Dad always sat in his chair and smiled, but you always knew that Dad was always proud of us, and he enjoyed watching us play together.

We also had fun taking the pillows off the sofa and have contests standing on our heads. We all got really good at it and would see who could stand on their head the longest. We spent a lot of evenings practicing. Every family should have a sofa with large soft pillows across the back of it. We spent a lot of evenings having fun together. The gospel was always being taught by good parents who loved the gospel. They taught us by example as well as always encouraging us to do our best.

Dad was always good for a ride in the car. Our favorite time was Sunday after church. We would wait for what it seemed like hours for Dad to finish up his Bishop duties, but it was always worth it because Dad always stopped at Hurst Dairy for an ice cream cone.

(I don't remember that we had been cautioned not to buy things on Sunday at that time). Even though the long wait would end with a reward for us, we also knew that Dad would take his responsibilities as a Bishop first. His office door often stayed closed for a long time. Often we would go for a ride after supper. We would always try to head him in the direction of the dairy for an ice cream cone. If Dad headed west on our ride, we hoped that meant a stop at the root beer stand on that end of town.

Joyce was the best one to get Dad to stop at the right places, in fact she really had a way of twisting Dad around her finger. Joyce proved how brave she could be when she scalded her foot in boiling water. She had to stay off it for a long time. I learned how concerned Dad really always was for each of his children at that time. He would come home several times a day to see that she was alright. I knew that he would have done the same for each of us. Joyce could always get a nickle out of Dad easier than I could, and sometimes when I was in a hurry I'd get her to get it for me. Dad liked to tease and I didn't like to wait for the teasing when I had to get a pencil or a tablet before school. I guess that all parents treat each child differently because of age and their personalities and circumstances. It was something I had to learn when I had children of my own.

Dad never ever spanked any of us, or was cross with us and we also never got a lecture from him. But nevertheless, none of us dared cross Dad or talk back to him. I don't know why, because we weren't afraid of him. In fact he was very gentle. Dad was not the type of person to hug or kiss us a lot, but there was always a good feeling when we were with him. I was so proud of my Dad. Dad always saw that we children had a good time. Not only the rides in the car, but we always had great vacations. During the 1930's times must have been hard for them. We also had great Christmases. Mother always spent extra time trimming the tree and getting all of the icicles on straight. We had to put them on one at a time. There were always lots of toys. We always got a new doll every Christmas. Dad made us cupboards, a doll house, and table and chairs.

I can remember one Christmas wanting a doll buggy so bad that I couldn't sleep. It seemed like hours before I dared creep out of bed, and sure enough, there it was! My parents heard me up and I was chased back



Joyce and Lois

to bed before I woke the others, but I took the buggy with me and put it right on top of me for the rest of the night. I sure didn't want Joyce to get the idea that it was hers.

The only discipline I can ever remember from Dad was at night when we wouldn't settle down and go to sleep. He would have us come out and stand in front of the fireplace in our bare feet on the cold, cold tile. A draft came down the chimney and made the tile colder. When Dad finally scooted us off to bed, we were glad to go. On our way to the bedroom we had to pass Dad. His chair was right next to the door that went to the hallway. He always tried to swat us with his newspaper and it was a challenge to try to avoid the swat. Sometimes we made it. It was fun to try to be faster than Dad. *(Photo: Lucie and Cecil)*





Lucie and Lois

Discipline with Mother was a different matter. When Mom would get exasperated with us, we might get a small swat and sometimes we were sent to our rooms. Mother was very forgiving and couldn't remember our punishment very long. Mother was really a great mother. She spent a lot of time reading to us, playing with us, working with us and talking to us, and telling us stories. And without even knowing it, she continually was teaching us the gospel. Mother always took time for her children. Dad was busy with his responsibilities a lot and so I'm sure Mother filled in at home every way she could. I never heard her complain about Dad taking time for his church jobs. He was Bishop from the time I was seven until I was sixteen. A little side story. Mother said that I cried really hard when Dad was put in as the Bishop. When she asked me "why," I cried. It was because I didn't want him to be bald. (Our former Bishop was bald, so I thought that it went along with the job).

In school I was mostly a mediocre student, except in reading. I loved to read. I spent a lot of time reading - especially in the summer. I read most of the books we had at home and also had a well used library card. The love of reading has stayed with me all of my life. Mother had to get after me a lot to get my nose out of the book and get my work done. In fact, I remember that some nights after I went to bed, the moon would show through the window, and I would read one more chapter.

When Dick started the first grade, Mother took me to school with them. The room had a real playhouse with furniture in it that the students had made. I could hardly wait to get to first grade and was not disappointed when I got there, the playhouse was still there. First grade was fun. My teacher was Miss Eastman. I guess the rest of my school experience all rolls together. One thing I regret is that I knew I could have been a better student than I was. I would read instead of study.

In Junior High I wanted to be a majorette and learn to twirl a baton, but you had to be a member of the band to get into the baton class. So I made the supreme sacrifice and joined the band. I really wanted to play the flute because it was so small. But the teacher gave me a french horn. It was terrible to lug home and even worse to practice. It also made awful sounds. *Middle C* was my best note and probably my only note. It didn't take long for the band teacher to give up on me, and I was so glad he did. I loved the baton class. I got lots of bruises practicing, especially on my elbows. I stuck with it and got to march in one parade with the band. Mother made a beautiful outfit out of blue and white satin and I had a pair of white boots with a tassel in front. Mother even got me a beautiful new baton. After Junior High I never pursued the baton twirling. I wanted to, but the other girls were from the other side of town and very cliquish. Also they were all quite well developed and I was still flat as a board and still small for my age. If we could develop more foresight instead of hindsight, we might have done a lot more with our lives.



*Lucie
Lois
Richard*

As we got older the kids in the neighborhood would gather at the street light down on the corner and play *Kick-the-Can*, *Run-Sheepie-Run*, *Hide and Seek* and lots of other games. It didn't matter how old you were, you always got on a team. The neighbors never seemed to mind us hiding in their yards. Maybe it was because there wasn't anything planted in them. They only had junk that made good hiding places. Sometimes we would gather under the light by the cemetery and tell spooky stories. Then we would go up to the veterans plot and swing on the flagpole rope. I didn't like to do it, but I didn't like the others to call me a scaredy cat. I wasn't afraid of the cemetery, I just didn't want to be caught swinging on the rope.

Rock Springs had a parade on Memorial Day. We just had to run through the block to see the parade because they always ended at the cemetery. We always hoped the lilacs would be in bloom. Mother would put them in a bottle and we would put them on our brother's grave. The cemetery would be beautiful with flowers, but we were always fascinated by the incense burning on the Oriental's graves. In fact, the next day we would go back hoping we could find a few sticks that hadn't completely burned.



I was always very proud of my father and thought him a very handsome man. He was always dressed nice for work. My friends fathers usually wore work clothes that needed laundering. I now realize that their jobs required different dress. After Dad enclosed the front porch and made the living room larger, we missed the night time

game with Dad trying to swat us as we went to bed. He had moved his chair into the new section of the living room. I also missed the front porch, because it was great for playing jacks in. It had very smooth cement. Also we had used the front porch for our play house, and now it was gone too.

I liked to sit in Dad's chair to read. It was great for curling up in, but when Dad was at home, I vacated. Dad's chair was also a good source for a little change. When we were desperate we sometimes could find a nickle or a dime in the chair - sometimes *Lady Luck* smiled on us and it would be a quarter. When we were

quite small, an old upright piano appeared in our dining room. All of the girls had piano lessons. None of us became great pianists, but everyone did better than I did. I really appreciate the piano lessons because I learned to love good music. Mother believed in bribery - one jelly bean for every five minutes of practicing on the piano. After we got older we would get to drive the car five minutes for every hour we practiced.

In Wyoming, drivers' licenses didn't have a minimum age requirement until after the war and so we all learned to drive at an early age. Dick and Tom learned before I did. But Tom was taller than I was and could reach the pedals before I could. Mother always had ulterior motives. We all learned to drive on the back roads of town. Sometimes we went to places where Mother could find the right rocks for her landscaping projects. That wasn't too bad, but other times our driving lessons took us on the back roads to the slaughter house where we had to shovel a few bushels of *sunshine* for the garden.

Our yard was always a showplace. In Rock Springs most people paid little attention to their yards - very little grass even in the front yards. Mother had a green thumb and spent a lot of time in the yard. Dad appreciated her efforts because in the summer time he paid Joyce and me to keep the house clean so Mother could spend more time in the yard.

In my teens, Dad built a garage in the backyard and a new brick fireplace. The old fire pit was filled in, but I don't think we ever had quite as much fun by the fireplace as we did around the old fire pit. Dad also took the front bedroom and doubled its size and moved all four of us girls into it. Joyce and I had one end and Cheril and Cecile had the other end. The room had a door leading outside onto a porch. It was really a nice big room.



Our Home in Rock Springs - being built

Grandparents

We loved to have Grandma Howard come and spend some time with us. She was so much fun to be with. I can remember her trying to sing "Barnacle Bill the Sailor" and the sweet young maiden. . . . I would like to know the whole song, but Grandma would laugh so hard while she was singing that she would never get through the song. Her laugh was catching and soon we would all be laughing with her. I felt close to Grandma. I knew she loved me just like I was. She spent a lot of time trying to teach me to crochet, but I never really got the hang of it until after I was married. I guess I never really tried very hard to do it when I was young. Even yet if I heard Grandma's laugh in a big crowd, I could pick her out, even though it has been many years since she has been gone. I remember one time we were all giggling so hard at the dinner table that we couldn't get the blessing said. Dad said that Grandma might have to be excused if she couldn't control her giggling. I was influenced for good by Grandma in many ways. Especially being happy when times are tough.



Grandma always kept us entranced with her stories and it was just fun to be around her. She always seemed happy. Who would have guessed at the heartache she must have had inside. I didn't understand until I got older that the reason she was always so happy was because she had such a strong testimony of the gospel and she knew that she would be with her loved ones forever, even though their time on this earth was so short. When we were small she had a large home in Salt Lake with a rolling front lawn. Her eyes twinkled when she talked. When she left, you always felt good about yourself. She was the best example of love and overcoming tragedy and adversity.

She lost three adult children within three years and another one five years later. She raised her children with money she earned by writing jingles. Grandpa Howard had a breakdown and Grandma had to support her family after that. Having known Grandma, you know that you can make it no matter what comes into your life.

*Grandma Howard surrounded by:
Howard and Roger
Buckmiller, Tom, Joyce, Cheril and
Richard James,
Donna and Jack Buckmiller,
Lois James*



*Jessie Buckmiller with
JoAn,
Cecil James with Cheril,
Lois James,
Grandpa Howard and
Joyce James,
Roger Buckmiller,
Tom, Richard, Lucie
James with Cecile,
Howard Buckmiller,
Grandma Howard,
Donna and Jack
Buckmiller*



*Back Row: Cecil James, Howard Buckmiller, John F.A. Howard,
Helen and Mark Howard, Gordon Howard
Next Row: Roger Buckmiller, Lloyd Howard, Lucie James, Cheril James, Drucilla Howard
Next Row: Lois James, Alta Howard, Jack Buckmiller, Joyce James, Donna Buckmiller
Jessie Jessie Buckmiller, Mary Buckmiller
Front: Cecile James and Joan Buckmiller*

Some of our best vacations were to Utah to visit Grandma Howard and Aunt Jessie and her family. The children in our families were close to the same age and sex. So we each had a friend to play with. Donna is still one of my best friends.

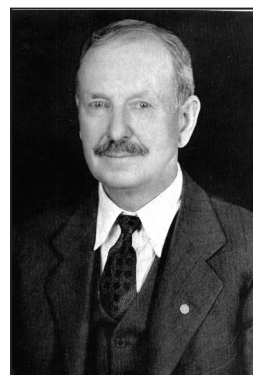
I loved the greener look and the warmer feel of Utah. In fact it seemed like the Garden of Eden after Rock Springs. Donna and I would walk from their house on "B Street" down through the canyon over to the Capitol Building and the museums or downtown. We went to productions at the Tabernacle and would walk through Temple Square. I felt closer to the church in Salt Lake. I still love to go there. The Buckmillers later moved to Holiday to a big house in the country with a swimming pool and horses. (I never saw any water in the pool). I never enjoyed riding the horses. They always wanted to trot with me and that gave me a stitch in my side. I have a lot of good memories associated with Grandma Howard, the Buckmillers and Donna.

Mother and Grandma Howard really loved people and had the ability to be at ease with everyone. They

had a lot of self confidence and were never afraid to tackle a job. What a great heritage they left us (I always wished had had more of their talents).

I never felt quite as close to Grandma James. Maybe it was because her other grandchildren were at her home more than we were. Grandma always had the most delicious raisin-filled cookies, and we got one every time we went to her house. I've tried to make them since she died. I even have her recipe, but they never taste like hers did. Grandpa James was quite a jolly person – bald with a bushy mustache. I remember him in a small room in back of the office of the Lumber Yard sitting at a drafting

board. In the dining room of their home he had a large roll top desk and preferred sitting there on an easy chair. One thing I remember about Grandpa is that he said, "Be sure you earn the money that you agreed to when you took the job." Grandpa said he always worked a little longer after it was time to go home each night. That advice has been very valuable to me throughout my life. We ate most of our Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners at their house. When I got older I helped with the dishes and there were sure a lot. I was the oldest granddaughter. (Aunt Leah always seemed to have to make a trip to the bathroom at dishwashing time). The meals were scrumptious except for the parsnips that were always put on your plate. They had to be eaten before we got any plum pudding.



Grandpa and Grandma James



Back Row: Ray Reese, Richard James, Joyce James, Lois James, Tom James, Sam Phelps, Shirley Phelps, Leah Phelps, Elaine James, Eddie James, Carol James, Margaret James, Joan James
Front Row: Viola Reese, Gwen Reese, Lucie James, Cecil James, Cheril James, Margaret James, Thomas Alma James, Irvin James

Their house was a large two-story with a banister just waiting to be slid down. You had to be careful not to be caught because it really upset Grandma. Uncle Irvin was crippled with arthritis. How I loved to visit with him. He was so interesting. He stayed in an upstairs bedroom. He had a very difficult time moving around. He also had a neat cowrie shell that you could hear the ocean in. Later Grandpa had a bathroom added downstairs so that Uncle Irvin could be moved downstairs. He was self educated and very smart and was interesting to talk to. He knew a lot of things. He built a radio that could get foreign stations from all over the world and at night we would listen to all the different foreign languages. Uncle Irvin never complained about his crippled body and was always striving to improve his mind. He knew a lot about the church and had a strong testimony although many years had passed since he had been able to attend any meetings. He couldn't use a wheelchair and sat all day on a high wooden stool. He liked to play games with us like *Rook*, *Pit* and *Checkers*. All of my grandparents and Uncle Irvin all died within two years of each other between 1949 and 1951.

The Lumber Yard

The Lumber Yard was a fascinating place. There was always a good smell when you walked in (like fresh cut wood). It made me feel important to know that Dad owned it (or at least part of it). I always wanted to work there, but never did. In fact, I took bookkeeping instead of shorthand in school so I could work there. Tom and Dick worked there after school and Saturdays. We wanted to go exploring out in the yard, but Dad didn't want us to.



I guess he was afraid we would get hurt. After Primary we ran over to the Lumber Yard (one block from church) to get a ride home. I'm sure we had to wait at least a half hour or more for Dad to finish up. But in the winter we could stand over the heat vent and let the hot air blow up under our skirts.

Some of the Lumber Yard's building projects were out of town. Dad would sometimes take one of us with him when he went out to check on them. The rides there and back were fun, but the wait for Dad while he took care of business was boring because we always had to wait in the truck. But we never turned a trip down. Dad often took the scouts over to Green River (fifteen miles away) to the swimming pool because Rock Springs didn't have a pool. Sometimes Dad would take Joyce and me along. The water was so cold I didn't stay in long and my swimming skills include just a little *dog paddling*.

More Memories

We canned fruit in the basement of our house. The washtubs would be filled with water to soak the bottles and wash them. There were always spiders in the bottles. Our basement had its share of daddy-long legs. We had all the bottles full by the end of the canning season. Not many people in Rock Springs canned fruit because it all had to be shipped in and also they didn't have the Mormon influence. When we went to Utah to visit, we loaded up with fruit to bring home. Grapes came into the area by the trainloads and the people came for them with trucks to make wine out of them, but Mom just made the best grape juice ever out of the same grapes and no one ever got drunk.

I had long eyelashes as little girl. Mother said that she always loved my eyes. One day I went to the basement to help Mother light the gas hot water heater which had gone out. It exploded. I was standing right in front of it and was blown clear across the basement into a large cardboard box. It saved me from serious injury, but my long eyelashes were gone. They never grew in long again.

By the time Cheril was born I was helping Mom with the wash. When Cheril was little, I just hung the wash out on outside lines. When Cecile came along, I washed (we had a very modern green wringer washer), rinsed and hung them out. By the time one batch was hung out another would be in the rinse water and another washing. As they dried, Mother would sprinkle, iron and fold the wash. We tried to be finished with the wash before lunch. Sometimes the levis were not dry in time to finish the ironing (we did not have any *wash and wear* clothes). In the wintertime, the clothes were hung in the basement – too cold to hang outside. If you did, they would just freeze to the line out there and would take several days to dry. My, how washers and dryers now have changed our lives. Thank goodness!



Lois

Whenever we caught a cough, Mother would put us under a steam tent or put an ice pack around our necks. The ice was better than the mustard plaster she put on our chests. I really hated these remedies and would bury my head in my pillow at night so Mother wouldn't hear me cough. Mother was a very good seamstress and we had new and pretty clothes at the beginning of every school year. She also taught us to sew at an early age. By the time I was in

Jr. High I could make my own clothes. (The wrong side of my sewing was a real mess compared with the inside of the clothes Mother made). I really had an advantage over some of the other girls in our sewing classes.

When I was fourteen one of my friends, Lou Jean Draney, was killed in a car accident. She was LDS, but her parents were divorced and some of her mother's friends belonged to the Congregational Church. Her mother had her services from that church and I went home quite shocked. It was my first real experience with another church. It sure made me glad that I was a Mormon. Her Mother made such a scene at the cemetery that several men had to physically carry her away.

I don't remember too much about Primary, except I always went. I recall a few skits and plays we put on for our parents – one about health and another about flowers. Now all of the Primary productions encompass gospel principles. The children get much better gospel basics now. I remember a few teachers and learning the Articles of Faith. I liked singing time. A lot of the songs we used to sing aren't even in the primary song books anymore.

Mutual is remembered as quite a few fun times - putting on plays, outings, summer camps, and being with our friends. Summer camps were held at Granite Hot Springs or New Fork Lake at the Scout Camp. Dick always came along with us as our handyman. He would take Spot, his dog, and they stayed in a cabin on the other side of the lodge. I knew my way around the camp because we had been camping at both places with my family. I knew where all the paths led and fun things to do. One day at the Granite Hot Springs camp we were sitting on the edge of the pool watching some boys do some fancy diving. One of the girls was in the water hanging on the edge of the pool. She let go and panicked. She then proceeded to pull three or four more girls in to the pool. None of us were very good swimmers and each time one of us would come to the surface she would push us back down - she never even got her hair wet. Finally, someone noticed our difficulty and pulled us all out. It left me with a fear of the water as I could not swim and I swallowed a lot of water and felt like I was drowning. I still can't swim and don't like my head under water.

I didn't like doing plays in Mutual because I always got small parts. I always wanted to have an important part. I felt like it was because I was the Bishop's daughter and the teachers didn't want to show favoritism, but I definitely wasn't the favorite anyway. The girls who got the best parts deserved them, I'm sure, but then we all want to be the star once in awhile.

In between my Junior and Senior years in High School I went to Stevens-Henager Business College in Salt Lake City. I stayed with the Buckmillers, and Donna went to school with me. I really polished up

my typing skills and learned to run a comptometer. Donna and I really had a lot of fun that summer. We went out to Saltair every chance we got. The war was still on, and there were a lot of soldiers based in the Salt Lake area, (they liked Saltair too) but we never dated any of them - but then we didn't mind if they whistled at us either. We rode the bus from Holiday to Salt Lake to attend school. It was a very good experience for me. And I got a good education that summer at Stevens-Henager College.



Lois

When the summer was over, I got a job at the Union Pacific Coal Co. as a comptometer operator. Mother had worked there before she was married. And some of the same people she worked with then remembered her as a good worker (I guess that is why they hired me). I was in my senior year and went to school half a day (the school let me because I had enough credits to graduate with just going to school half a

I ought to mention that I was Queen of the Gold and Green Ball when I was 17. It was quite an honor.



day) and worked the other half. And I worked a half day on Saturdays too. I loved the job and got very good and fast on the comptometer. I started out at forty-three cents an hour and that wasn't a good salary even back then. But I did get very valuable experience. But with it came a really cold time walking to and from work. It was probably over two miles and Rock Springs has very cold winters. The office

was on the other side of town from our house. The typing class I took at college was excellent and my typing skills had improved so much that I was the fastest typist in our class. (that was good for the old ego).



Fremont Lake

We went on a lot of vacations when we were at home. Yellowstone Park, Southern Utah Parks, Salt Lake, Jackson Hole, Jenny's Lake, but the best times of all were at Fremont Lake. It seems like we went there every summer for most of our lives. Dad had a boat. We were sure it was the best and fastest boat on the lake. We spent from two to six weeks each summer at the lake. We set up camp at our favorite camp in the new loop and we always seemed able to find our camp empty. We would put up a tent and pretty soon we had two tents and then a trailer house too. I don't think as children we ever appreciated the sacrifices and hardships our parents went through for us to see that we had good times together. Dad would come up Thursday or Friday after work and then he would leave early Sunday morning or late Saturday evening to be at Church on Sunday. Sometimes he would stay and conduct Church in Pinedale. We met in a home and there were only two other families that would be there. Now there is a chapel in Pinedale and a good sized congregation.

We slept in sleeping bags in tents. When Dad wasn't there, Mother slept with her bag in front of the door. She was a very brave person to be there all alone during the week with six children. Before we went to bed we had the wood tick search. We had to strip and mother took a flashlight and we got a thorough search. After camping for a few years at Fremont we made friends with the Ketchly family from Rock Springs who loved Fremont Lake too. We tried to time our trips at the same time and always tried to camp close to each other. Their two daughters joined the church, but I don't think the parents ever did. Mrs. Ketchly was an excellent cook and we had some very good meals at their house.



Even several years later after Lois was married with children, the family still vacationed in Yellowstone and Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Ron, Lucie, Joyce, Lois, Dave, Cecile

We never got bored at Fremont. My favorite spot was on a large rock on the edge of the lake just below our camp. I would sit there and daydream. No one ever turned down a ride in the boat. We always had to wait for Dad to be there for a ride until Dick turned about fifteen and then he was allowed to take us out, but Mother still liked Dad to be with us when the boat was out. She never trusted the water, because a storm could come up so quickly and make the water rough. We could tell the sound of our boat when it was out and we always ran to the dock to welcome whoever was out back to camp. We just liked to be there. We loved an outing in the boat, a picnic lunch and a ride to the head of the lake where we could pick tiny strawberries and the boys could fish Pine Creek, or a hike up to Chamber's Lodge. There were also several cabins in the area.

One night we could hear Chambers boat (it was a big one) come down the lake in the middle of the night. We later found out that one of the Lodges at the head of the lake had burned down.

We were all pretty good at following camping rules. We had no bad accidents, nor was anyone lost while we were camping. One time Grandpa James was with us. Dad took him and the boys to the head of the lake to fish. Grandpa did a little wandering and got lost. They looked and looked and finally Dad sent



Grandma and Grandpa James at Fremont Lake

someone back to Pinedale to get help. Then Dad went back to the head of the lake with the boat and worked his way down the shoreline stopping the boat every few feet and calling. He hoped Grandpa was working his way down the shore and would hear him call. The shore was rocky and made walking down the shore difficult, and Dad was afraid he would fall and get hurt. It took a long time but finally Grandpa heard Dad call and answered. He had banged up his knee and had trouble with it the rest of his life.

Sometimes we were able to take our bikes camping with us to the lake and we spent a lot of hours on the bikes. Mother liked to ride too and we would take turns tending Cheril and Cecile. We rode around the camp loops or to the bottom end of the lake. Dick and Tom even made it into Pinedale once. Every afternoon when the sun was hottest, we put on our swimming suits and headed for the beach. The water was freezing. You either inched your way in or dove right in. I was in incher. We had a really nice beach. But I spent more time on the beach than in the water because I never learned how to swim very well.

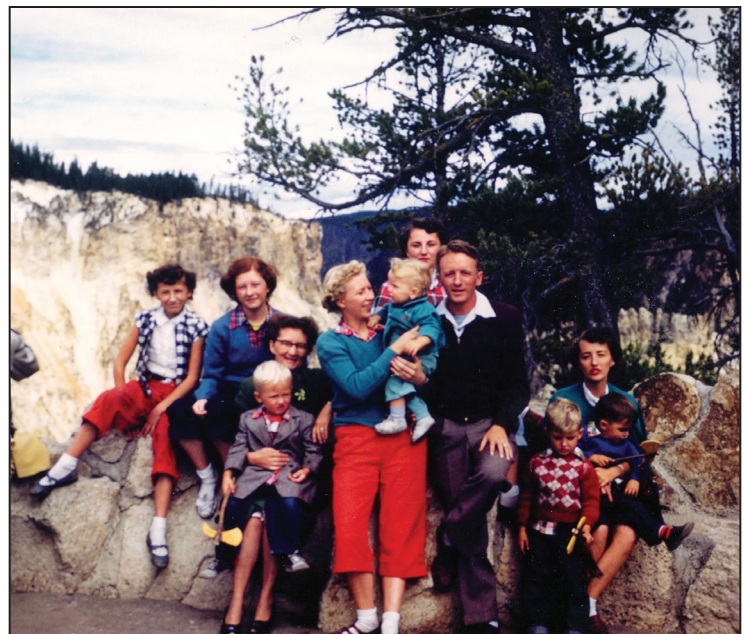
We kept adding to our camping supplies through the years. Dad built a screened-in box. He put a pan of water on top and draped gunny sacks from the pan of water down the sides. As the breeze blew thru we had a a real air conditioned place to keep our food fresher. So we were able to have salads and fresh meat more often. Mother was an excellent cook and Dutch Oven cooking became her specialty. One of us had a birthday while we were camping. Mother mixed up cake batter and made them into large hotcakes. She then layered them with frosting, and put candles on top. We thought it was great. But not quite up to par with mother's usual cakes. The next year she made the cake in the dutch oven. She also had great recipes for baked beans, fish and all kinds of great meals. On Sundays she always put a meal in the dutch oven and when we returned from church in Pinedale, dinner was ready.

Once in a while Dad would take us into Pinedale to the movies. The theater was small with folding chairs. and a very small screen. Sometimes he bought us a hamburger with the works when we would stop in Pinedale for gas or groceries. Once in

a while we even stopped at the drug store for a milk shake.

Dad also built an aquaplane, which is a board built on the same idea as a ski and is pulled behind a boat. It had a rope to hold on to. The boys were great at riding it, but I hung on for dear life. I was a little scared even though I had on a life jacket. I never liked feeling that I couldn't touch bottom. Mother was even brave enough to try it once. But none of us could do the fancy *skipping over the waves* like Dick and Tom.

One time I was taking a broom down to the dock to clean the boat. I was on my bike and the handle got caught in my spokes, and I went flying. I scraped my elbow badly and screamed so loud mother thought that all the other campers and the forest ranger had heard me and would think she was beating me. The forest ranger was always good to check our camp every morning and night, because he knew that Dad only came on weekends.



Cecile, Cheril, Lucie and Alan, Lorna and Donny, Joyce, Dick, Lois with Ronny and Dave - Yellowstone 1950

Our friends were always welcome to come camping with us. Sometimes we brought our cousins Gwen and Ray with us (they were Aunt Viola's children). Also sometimes The Buckmillers from Salt Lake would come and camp with us. Once Uncle Gordon and his boys came from Salt Lake to camp with us. I have one fond memory of Grandma Howard camping with us. I remember her in an old dress when we went swimming. She would wade out into the water

and keep pushing down the dress as it wanted to balloon out. She wasn't afraid of the cold water. She just laughed and laughed and had a good time. She could always make us laugh.

Continued Vacations with a Growing Family

After we grew up and married, Dad continued the fun vacations. We each took our families in our own cars and off we went to Yellowstone, Grand Canyon, Jackson Lake, Zions and Bryce Canyon, Lake Powell and the Black Hills. Dad was always very good to me and my children and sometimes he would put us in his car and take us with him. I really appreciated his goodness to me and my family. As the families grew larger, we started going back to Fremont Lake, back in our old favorite campground. We loved having our children and then our grandchildren have some of the same experiences we had had as children. We continued having great times together. The cousins became great friends. Dick, Tom and Ernie acquired boats and so there was not only riding in boats, but also water skiing. We all traveled to Lake Powell quite a few times. Several times we rented house boats and explored the lake. Swimming in Lake Powell is nice, a lot warmer than Fremont (we all had to wear life jackets). One day Mother paraded out in a 1900 swimming suit and we all had a good laugh. She was such a good sport, and she even went swimming in it. Tommy and J Grant dove off the cliffs. We hiked up the Hole-In-The-Rock, explored the Indian ruins, hiked to Rainbow Bridge, and some did a little fishing.

On one of our house boat trips we docked our boats by a small hill and walked to the top and held a sacrament meeting. We had taped music, so we sang had the sacrament passed and some good speakers. We all took a pillow or a chair or something to sit on. It was a beautiful day to put in my memory book. Ron's son Jeff was only three years old, but when we dropped him off at their house after the trip, he opened his eyes, looked at his house and said, "I don't live here anymore, I live on a houseboat."



Family at Lake Powell

These were really great times and we gained more good memories with each person that joined our family. As our children grew up and the grandchildren came along we spent more of our time at Fremont Lake. Tents, campers, trailers, motor homes, and boats all showed up. We hiked to Long Lake from Sunset Drive and then down to the head of the lake where boats would pick us up. Mother made the hike when she was seventy-five, came back and helped fix supper for everyone. She kept a couple of her "tall" grandsons by her side to help her over the hard spots. Whenever a storm came up, or the wind blew and a boat still out on the lake, Mother would climb the small hill by our campground and stand in the rain and wait for the boat to come in.



*Hike at Fremont Lake - about 1972 - Russ Scribner, Kathleen and Richelle Snow
Lois and Ernie Winfield, Rita James, Cecile Scribner, Dick James*

One time as Ernie and the boys were moving the boat from the mooring below our hill to the dock during a bad storm, a large lightning bolt struck a tree a block from our camp. It was too close and scared us all. After the storm the older grandchildren gathered large pieces of bark that had split off the tree and brought

them back to camp. They took them to the top of the hill behind our camp and used them as sleds to slide down the pine needles.

Our family kept growing and we needed five or six camps to accommodate all of the family. Dick suggested we move to New Fork Lake and use the Boy Scout campground. So we made the change from the 4th of July for our gatherings to Labor Day, and we camped there every year until Dad died in 1988.



Dave and Ron Hirschi with Roberta James - 1956



Cecil and Lucie James - Fremont Lake

would go back to camp for one of Richard and Cheril's dutch oven dinners. Ribs chicken, potatoes, salads, and all topped off with a pineapple upside down cake.

In 1980 Mother and I went off walking thru the scout camp and the surrounding trees one afternoon. We talked and talked. We were gone several hours. It was the last time I spent time alone with Mother. I will always treasure that time. How grateful I am for that afternoon. That same trip Dick and I were walking together, he put his arm around me and said "one of these trips one of us will be missing, the folks are getting older." It was mother's last trip.



Family around campfire - Grandpa James in the middle

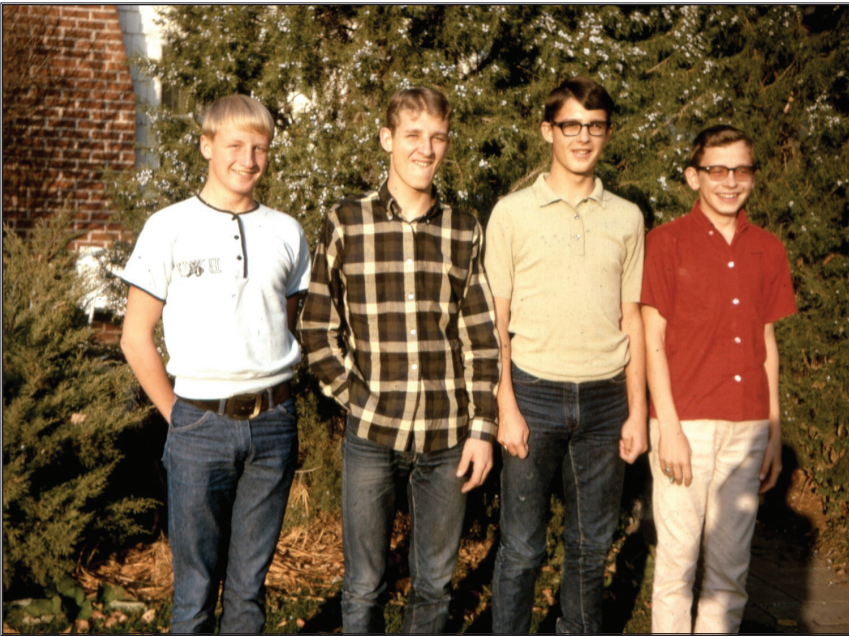
All terrain vehicles, bicycles, strollers and people have all been added to our camp. We still stay up half the night around the campfire listening to old stories retold and some new ones added. Dad's stories are the best and still fascinate even the little ones. Dad always was the last one to bed and always made sure the fire was out. On Sunday we held our testimony meeting at the campground's outdoor chapel. It was always great to hear so many testimonies from our families. After our meeting we



Johnny James, Russ Scribner, Billy James - Fremont Lake



Tommy, Johnny and Roberta James, Joyce Jensen, Russ Scribner, Danny Jensen, Randy Hirschi - Hike up to Timp Caves - 1968



Alan James, Ron and Dave Hirschi, Don James



Dad and Mother



Lois, Richard and Cheril Snow . . . Alf Ridge



Alan James, Ron and Dave Hirschi, Don James, Randy Hirschi, Danny Jensen



Richard Snow (at Hubble Creek) preparing "the pig" as everyone watches it come out of the ground!

We spent one get together at Hubble Creek near Provo. Cecile was home from Scotland and Cheril from California. Over 80 family members were there. It doesn't matter where we are, we still love to get together. But New Fork Lake kept attracting us back.



Transition from Rock Springs

When I was young, Mitzi Christofferson was the only LDS friend that I had. She moved to Utah when we were about ten.

My best friends in High School were Lois Hatch (now married to Art Foster) and Elaine Bair (now married to L. Tankersly). They were a little older than me but were both LDS. I finally had some friends who were members of the church.. We had great times together. Going to Karmelcorn, the local teen age hang-out. Down to Thumbs, a drug store, for a chocolate sundae with marshmallow topping, walking home from school or church together. We went to dances at church more than the school dances. We dragged



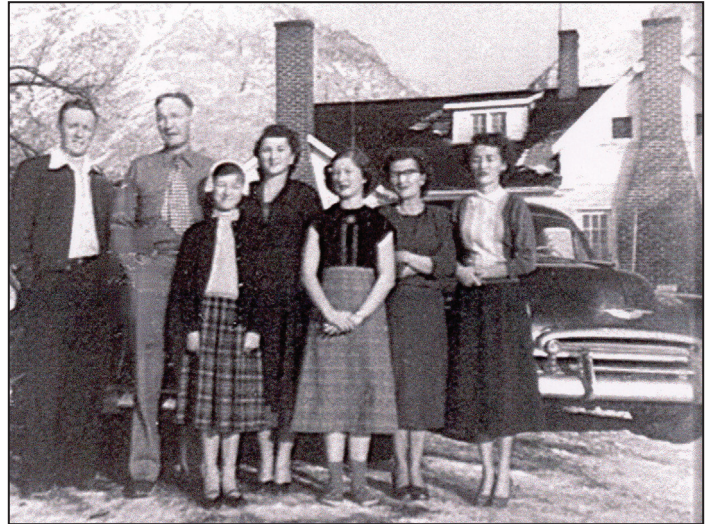
Lois Hatch and Lois

Main (really North Front St.) whenever we could get a car. Went to the football and basketball games and over to Green River (a town 15 miles away) for the basketball playoffs. We talked and talked, played games and planned parties. All the things that teenagers do of course, talk about boys.

My parents moved to Provo in 1949. I'm sure they left Rock Springs because they wanted their children to have better friends and a better chance to marry good LDS people than I had. I'm sure they realized I had a bad marriage and wanted their other children to have a better chance. Dad couldn't leave his business, but he had a plane and flew to Provo on weekends. Provo became home and I never thought of Rock Springs as home again. The folks helped us all through troubled times including divorces, deaths, financial problems, illnesses. No matter whatever came along they were always there for us. Their rewards are six active children who have all been to the temple and lots of missionaries and lots of grandchildren and great grandchildren who have been missionaries.



Lucie and Cecil James in Provo - about 1949



*Provo Home in 1950 - Dick, Cecil, Cecile, Joyce, Cheril, Lucie, Lois
(Tom was on his mission in Japan)*

Below: Family in 1956 - Cecile, Joyce, Tom, Dick, Lois, Dad and Mom

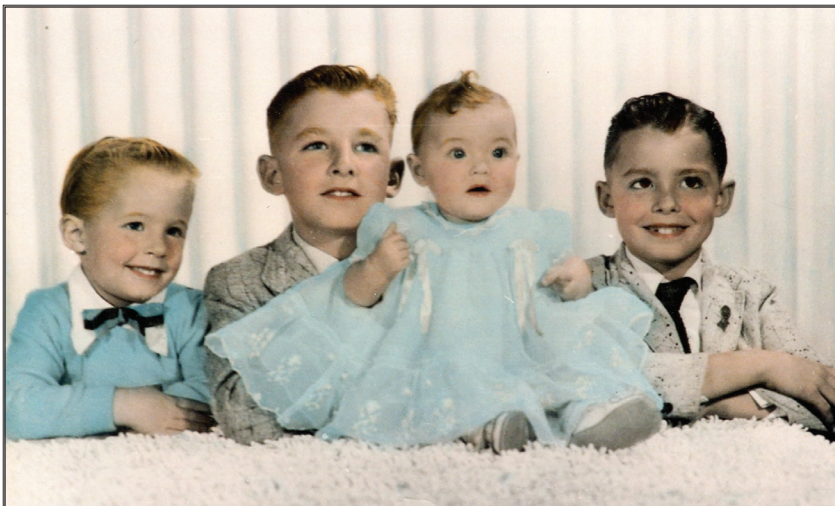


First Marriage

I have always had a testimony of the gospel. I always went to Primary and Mutual and to all my meetings and filled all of the requirements to move on. But during my first marriage it was hard to stay real active. I met Carl in church and assumed that every member was naturally a good member, how could they not be, knowing the gospel. After my marriage, Carl immediately became inactive, and when I went to church I always had to go alone. I was much too young and naïve to be married. I had no experience to know what kind of a person I was marrying. We moved from Rock Springs to Worland and then back to Utah. Ron and Dave were both born in Wyoming and Randy and Carla in Utah.



Ron and Dave (Below) Randy, Ron, Carla, David



Back in Utah I was finally given a job in Primary teaching the six year old class. It was so much easier to go to church with a church job and knowing co-workers. I loved my Primary jobs. I also have taught Larks and Blazers, and thru lots of Primary work I was put in the primary presidency as a counselor. My neighbor Joann Christiansen was the President and my good friend. I learned to lean on her and love her. It was also nice to finally have my own home. Dad helped with the down payment. I didn't feel like a transient in a ward anymore.



Ron, David, Lois and Randy - 1956 in Provo

When Ron turned eight, the Cub Scouts were just becoming a church project. I felt bad that our ward didn't have a den mother and was telling Dad about it. He said "what's wrong with your being a Den Mother?" So I volunteered to be a Den Mother. Altogether I served fourteen years working as a Den Mother, with all of my sons and later when Craig was old enough to be a cub scout I became a Den Mother again with Ernie. I think that this was my most favorite job in the church. Ernie was a great den 'mother.' He was great with the boys. There was never a project too big for him to handle.

I also served as a Primary President, which was a very hard job for me because I have a hard time relating to some people and getting close to them. But even so, I loved the job.



*Lucie, Cecil, Ron, Tom, Roberta, Dave, Roberta's parents (Br and Sis. Stevenson), Lois, Carl and Randy.
The same day that Tom and Roberta were married (4 June 1956)*



*Brigham City, Utah, 1962 - Ron, Randy, Lois, Carla, Dave
Below: Randy and Carla (1963)*

About this time Carl started to go back to church and we went to the Los Angeles Temple on June 4th 1956. I am so thankful for my endowment and having my children sealed to me. Soon after, we decided to build a house. Carl did a lot of the work himself and most of it on Sunday. Breaking one commandment led to breaking others and eventually it led to divorce. By then, the divorce became the happiest day of my life. After Carla was born, I worked as a waitress evenings and then at the cannery at night. I used the money to go back to Henegars Business School to get some more education. I knew that I was going to have to start supporting my children before too long, and I wanted to be as prepared as I could be. Just before I graduated, Thiokol offered me a job. I worked in the Accounts Receivable Department on the office machines, writing checks and preparing information for the computer. I hated leaving my children. Dave became a really great help with Randy and Carla at



this time. He always was there for them after school and during the summer he was always there to help them. I'm sure he sacrificed time with his friends to help out.



Randy, Ron, Dave, Carla



Lois

Ernie

When I had been at Thiokol two years I met Ernie. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple June 18, 1969. I was able to get my sealing to Carl cancelled. Ernie and I were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple December 23rd 1971. This turned out to be a great marriage. I loved having a worthy priesthood bearer as a husband.



Lois and Ernie



*Ernie, Lois, Beth, Ron - 23 December 1971
Lois and Ernie sealed and Ron and Beth sealed the same day*

I always had jobs in the church. I taught Junior Sunday School and was put in as Junior Sunday School Coordinator. I held that job for seven years. Then night Relief Society started and I became the Social Relations teacher. This was my first job teaching adults. I really had to study. This was really a great learning experience for me and probably the best job to learn the gospel better. I found out that you learn a lot more about the gospel when you have to teach adults. I also served as night Relief Society President. I also started studying the scriptures and reading church books more. After Ernie and I moved to Perry. I was put in as the Relief Society Education Counselor. I gained another good friend, LaDine Christensen, who was the President. The next few years were really a time of gospel growth for me, as I learned to put myself out for other people. LaDine waited for evenings when I could go out with her to do as many visits to the sisters as possible. I never minded the time I spent away from home, which was several evenings a week. The next three years were so great. Then LaDine started having severe backaches, and the doctors discovered cancer and within four months she was gone. I really miss her - a great lady and friend.

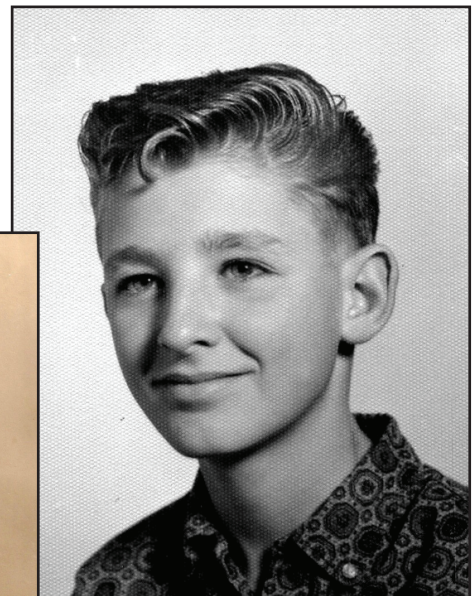
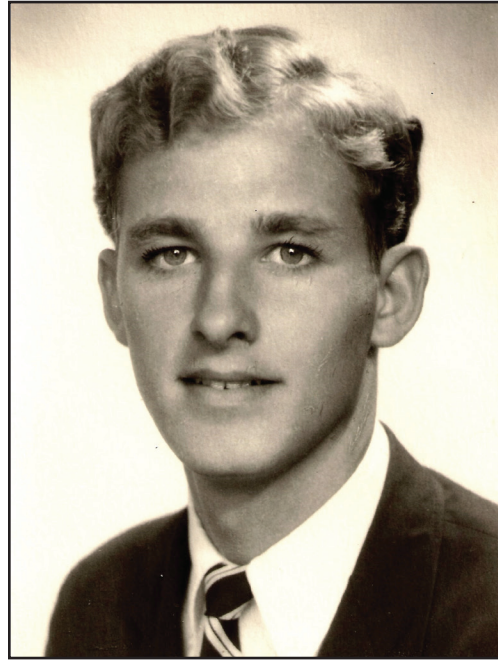
Then came a really big challenge, Cultural Refinement Teacher. I was really shocked when asked to do it because I'm not gifted in any of the arts. But I loved teaching again. I know now when a call comes that you can do it, but you have to have a good attitude, lean on the Lord, and want to succeed and then just "Do It."



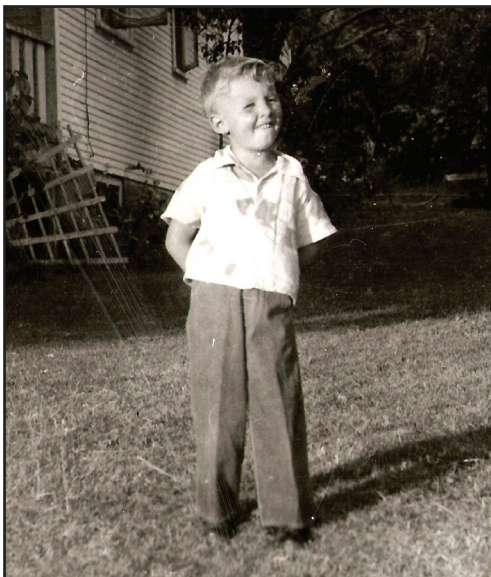
Now back to my children.

Ronald Gene Hirschi

24 August 1947 - 16 August 2004



Ron was born at 9:00 AM on 24 August 1947. It was really a surprise because he wasn't expected for six more weeks. He only weighed 4 lb. 12 oz. He was not doing very well. The valve in his heart didn't close like it should, and he kept turning blue. The doctor said to take him home, but didn't give us much hope. Mother took him, fed him with an eye-dropper and pretty soon he was doing well. Mother turned him every time he turned blue and really knew what to do for him. He had a heart murmur until he grew up.

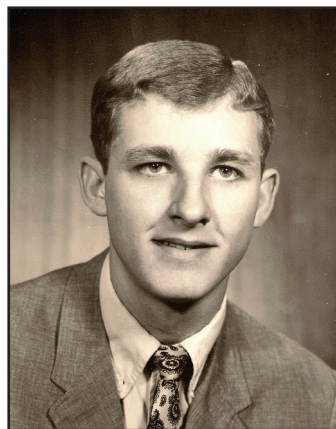


Ron was small for his age, but grew to normal size as a man. He did average work in school, played little league baseball. Ron was a Cub Scout and a Boy Scout and got his Eagle badge and Duty to God award. When he was eight he started passing papers and continued for many years. He never was without a summer job after that.

When Ron was called on a mission he had to get an OK from two doctors to go as he still had the heart murmur. After he came home he joined the National Guard (Army). We were sure he wouldn't have to go because of his heart murmur. But it was gone. He then served six years. In fact, Ron has had excellent health all of his life. Never even gets headaches. He served a fine mission in Australia.

His mission president wrote and said he was very good at getting new missionaries to quickly gain confidence in themselves and in the work. He was so happy to go to the same mission as his grandparents had served in. After his mission, he went to school at Utah State and then transferred to Weber State. He graduated from Weber State in Marketing.

Ron married Beth Jenkins in the Salt Lake Temple December 23, 1971.



*Mr. and Mrs. J. Bruce Jenkins
request the pleasure of your company
at the wedding reception of their daughter
Beth
and
Mr. Ronald G. Hirschi
Thursday evening, the twenty-third of December
from seven to nine o'clock
The Joy House
2408 Van Buren
Ogden, Utah*

*Ceremony in
Salt Lake Temple*

Beth is a great wife and mother. They have three sons Jeffrey Todd (October 6 1974), Jacob James (November 5, 1975), Joshua Thomas (May 2, 1979), and Jenny Rebecca (April 7, 1982). Ron built his own house in North Ogden. He bought a package deal, where all boards were marked where they should go. The house came together just like it was suppose to. He has worked for the State Tax Commission, Thiokol in contracts, White Motor Co. He built homes for Sunshine Design, which was a company owned by a group of young men about Ron's age. When construction rates became high he lost his business, and had to leave a lot of debt It took Ron several years, but he finally paid the whole debt.



Jacob James Hirschi



Jeffrey Todd Hirschi



Jenny Rebecca Hirschi



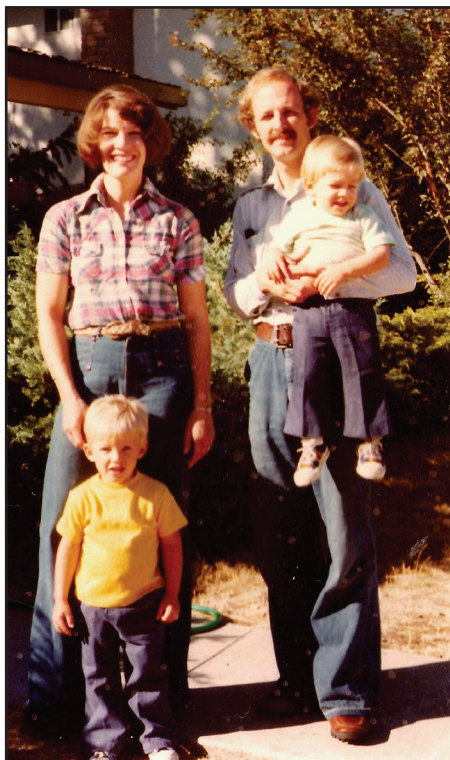
Joshua Thomas Hirschi



Ron, Beth and Jeffrey Todd



Joshua, Jake, Jenny, Jeff



Beth, Ron, Jeff and Jake

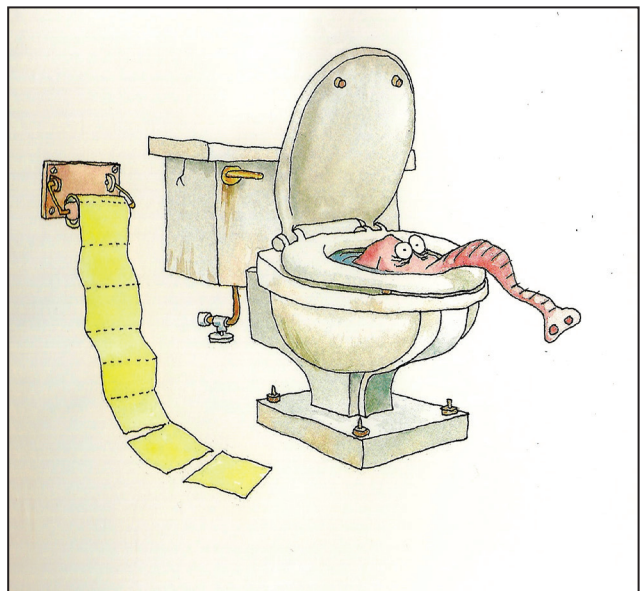
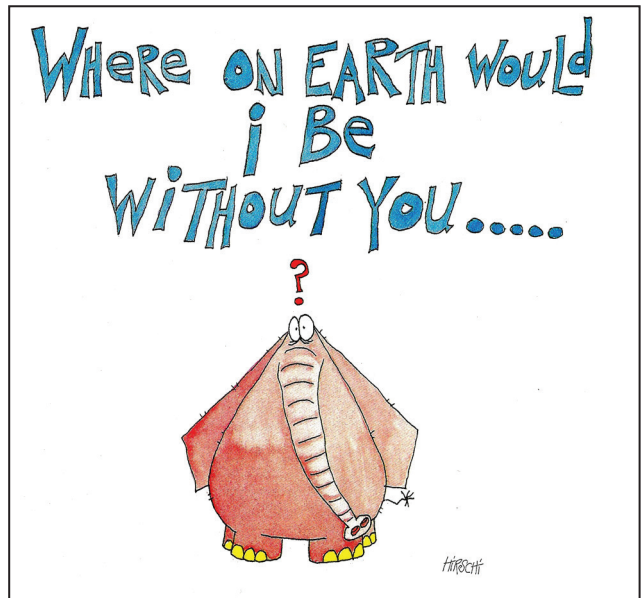


Ron, Beth, Jeff, Jenny, Jacob, Joshua



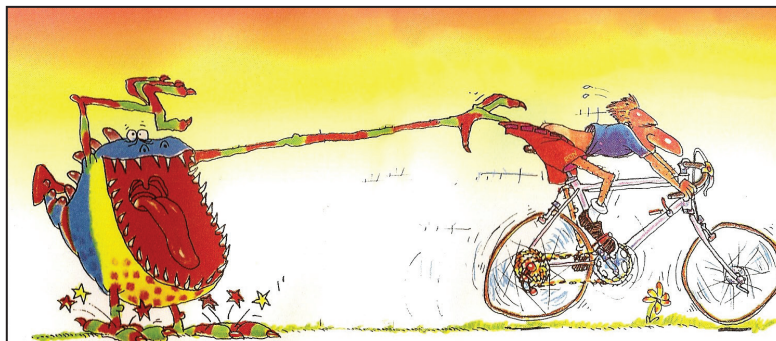
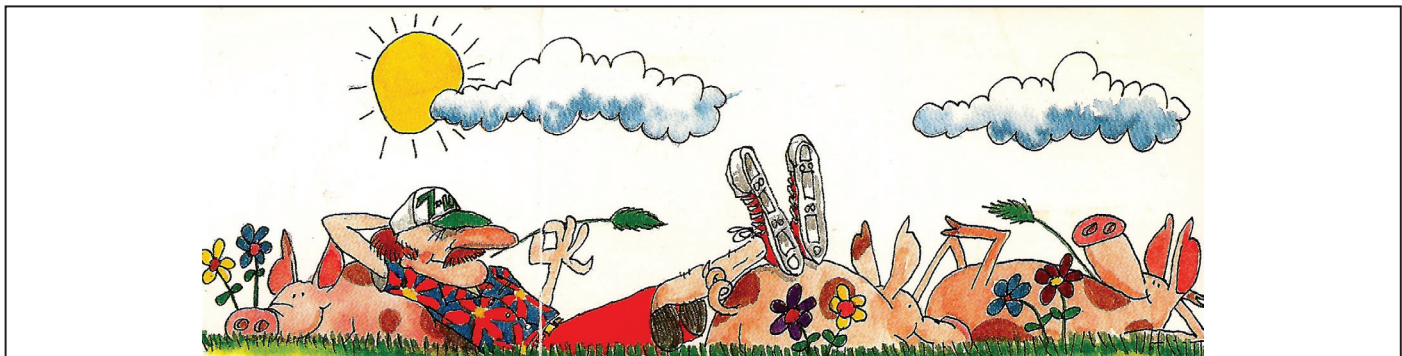
He then started another business with no capital and some more debts. He had been sending Beth cards which he designed and originated the ideas for. He used the characters and ideas from these cards to start his own business. It started slow and for several years the going was hard. After a few years the cards were distributed

over the United States, Canada and overseas. *Moodz* cards were his creation. He sold out the *Moodz* card line, but he didn't have much to do and so he started a new set of cards called *Elephantz*. He created his own printing company and a typesetting business which he computerized. This business went really well. His cards were all cartoon characters which he designed. His sense of humor was the main factor in making his cards so great.



RONALD G. HIRSCHI
Proprietor
(801) 621-3336

ELEPHANTZ
BOX 1402 OGDEN, UT. 84402



Ron had another home built for his family across the street from his other house. He loves wild sports, scuba diving (Beth sometimes joined him), climbing up and repelling down mountains and he has even been hand gliding.



Jeff, Jenny, Ron, Josh, Beth, Jake

The young men loved him, in fact Ron was put into a Bishopric, but the boys said they wouldn't come to church until they put him back as their leader. He's a good man and a good father. He always took his boys on all of his outings with the explorers even when they were small. Ron was put into the Bishopric in the Weber College single adult ward after his children were grown. Beth has also had many callings in the church. She sews very well and makes Teddy Bears and quilts. Ron is very generous with his money and helped a lot of people out who were having problems. He is a very dependable person. He loves to go to football and basketball games and loves to talk about the games with his brothers and Ernie.

Ron also has a green thumb like his grandmother. His children are not only handsome but a delight to have around. The children love the ATV's and have their father's sense of adventure. Ron and his family visit us often and keep in touch. I'm very proud of Ron.



Jake, Jeff, Josh, Ron, Beth, Jenny



Beth and Ron in Scotland 1984

Ron worked with the explorers for many years. In fact, most of these explorers served missions. I'm sure they loved this adventuresome leader who took them camping, mountain climbing and running the rapids. He also loved sporty cars. He bought Ernie's Corvette from him and then later he had a Porsche, a Stealth and a Viper. I'm sure all of the explorers he taught through the years enjoyed rides in his cars. Kids will believe most anything when they are riding around in one of these cars. I'm sure Ron taught a lot of lessons to his explorers riding around town with him.



Scott Scribner and Ron

On August 16, 2004 Ron was out riding his bike. He was training to ride in the Lotoja Race. It is a bicycle race from Logan to Jackson Hole. Not far from his home a truck came around a corner and hit Ron. He was killed in that accident. When he was taken to the hospital his son Jeff was working in the emergency room. He didn't recognize his own father until after he had worked on him for quite awhile. He recognized his ring. We had no idea what an impact Ron had had on people until his viewing. We were there until midnight. All of these young men Ron had worked with over the years came with their wives and children. Also many others who said that Ron had helped them out. What a great tribute for Ron that it was for us. I realized that the greatest blessing that Heavenly Father has given us is the sealing of our loved ones to us, for eternity. I am so thankful for this son.

Talk Given by David J. Hirschi at Ron's Funeral

I appreciate the opportunity to speak here today. It is a privilege to say a few words about my hero.

Most of you here today knew Ron as an adult. You knew him from church, from business, as a neighbor, as a friend. I would like to say a few things about Ron from our childhood together. You see I was the ultimate tag-a-long little brother. I loved being with him because he was fun. Maybe I was the ultimate tag-a-long, but Ron was the ultimate tease.

I think I will let you have a glimpse of what he was like as a child by telling you a few of the things he taught me as we grew up together.

My first memory of his teachings was how to throw Rocks, he was four and I was two. We would fill our sand buckets with Rocks and venture under our front porch and manly attack the giant spiders that lived there (really they were large dirt clods someone had tossed under there, but I sure thought they were spiders). He showed me how to aim and toss the rocks. He taught me to throw farther by making me stand closer to those spiders so I would hit them because I couldn't hit them from where he stood.



He taught me how to swim. He was five and I was three. We were catching crawfish in the Ogden River. No parental supervision. He told me that the bigger crawfish were in the deeper water, so I went after them. I remember him saying to his friend Michael Durrant "see he floats and won't sink" It was sink or swim, I swam.

He taught me how to sleep with puncture weeds and black wasps as he placed them secretly in by bed. He taught me that when there is only one bed to sleep in and there are two brothers. the oldest gets to decide where the middle is and there is no crossing that line - and that when the oldest wets the bed, it was because the younger was on the older brother's side, or the older brother just sweated too hard.

He taught me not to be afraid of the dark because those big white moving things (curtains blowing in the night breeze coming through the open window) were nothing more than our own private ghosts. I learned that many of the best things in life are found under rocks.

We learned together that baby rattlesnakes don't live long in soda pop cans; that scorpions really do make great pets, as do lizards, frogs, and strange looking bugs. He taught me that it is not wasting time to sit for hours and watch fish in an aquarium.

When told by our Grandpa not to go into the pasture because there was a boogie man down there, he taught me that it was OK to go into the pasture full of 2000 lb dairy bulls to look for the boogie man because we had never seen one.

He taught me the best technique for putting washcloths into the seat of my pants when a spanking was inevitable. I also learned a little bit about trust when he tattled on me and I got a spanking on the bare behind. Speaking of spankings, he gave me the best advice when getting spanked by Mom. He said not to laugh because it only made her madder, but to cry hard because then she would feel bad and stop.

He taught me that the best place to sleep, to talk, to pray was in the back yard under the stars. He also taught me that it was OK to sneak into his sleeping bag when the night noises were a little scary. He taught me that it was always a good idea to have a pocket knife with me just like Grandpa.

I learned to work from Ron. Mom takes credit for this, but it was Ron. We used to have to do the dishes all the time, nine times a day it seemed. We used to have to take turns washing and drying. At first we took great delight when it was our turn to dry to find a speck of food left on an already washed dish and to throw it back into the dishwater to be rewashed by the other. Ron discovered we could get done twice as fast if the dryer would just dry the dish. He said a good dryer made the dishwasher look good. He also discovered that Mom would fall for the ploy of filling all the pots and pans with water and telling her that they needed a good soak before they could be washed.

Ron also got me my first paying job. Working for Grandma for 10 cents an hour doesn't count. He got a paper route when he was ten and soon built it into the largest route in Brigham City with over a hundred subscribers. He split the route with me and he taught me how to grow the business. Soon we both had routes with close to a hundred customers. We recently drove over the old routes just to see how long they were in miles. Doing a little math, it was discovered that we rode our bikes together for over 20,000 miles. He loved bikes, he had the first ten speed bike in Brigham City (special order).

As we got older, we did fewer things together but he never failed to continue to teach me. He was very clear in his teaching when he taught me when we were in high school that the best way to get chicks was with a fancy car. The '63 Corvette worked good for him. So when I could afford it, for me long after high school, I tried a '69 Camaro. He was right. He has kept the fancy car idea through a couple more Corvettes, a '57 Porche, a little red MG, a Stealth, an finally the Viper. He was a little upset when Dodge delivered John Elway's Viper before they delivered his - making Ron's the second Viper west of the Mississippi. Of course the fancy cars were interspaced with pintos, dodge mini vans, and the like (family and finances.) Some other car advice that he gave

me was to always borrow the parent's car when it had gas in it and to return it with just enough gas to back it out of the driveway.

I learned not to have Ron as a scuba diving partner as it was more important to check out the next fish than to wonder why your partner was making an emergency ascent to the surface because he had run out of air at 130 feet down.

I learned not to have him drive in fog. He never wanted to miss opening tip-off no matter what the risk.

I learned my testimony of the church from him as we talked late into the night in our shared bedroom. He pointed out that God blessed us with what is right rather than what we want. I learned from him that sitting around a campfire is one of the best places to learn about God and that you cannot be active in the church without going to church.

I learned from him that missionary service is the best service. I learned that the best children come from homes that have fun together. Because of my temper, he spent a lot of time teaching me that anger is a worthless emotion.

He taught me that the only jobs that mean anything are those that help others be better and that can help them to be happy.

I would like to close by touching on the legacy that is Ron's. He worked with the youth of the church for over 30 years. Early in his career with the youth I went on some of the outings he had. I know of the love he had for them.

I have no way of knowing how many young men earned Eagle Scout rank because of Ron. I don't know how many served missions because of Ron, I would say hundreds and do not think that is an exaggeration. But brothers and sisters that is only touching the surface of Ron's legacy.

How many of these young men are better husbands and fathers and serve better in the church because of their missionary service inspired by Ron.

I have no way of knowing how many of their children will serve missions, raise noble families, and

serve a life time in the church because their fathers were blessed to come under Ron's influence. It will go on for generations.

But this again is only the tip of Ron's legacy iceberg. How many people throughout the world are blessed with the gospel light because Ron influenced so many young men to serve missions that might not have served otherwise. This too will last for generation after generation in those families.

Ron spent thousands of hours and thousands of his own dollars with the youth of the church and it was the best time and money he spent.

I wanted to be like Ron as a child. He was the ultimate big brother. I grew a moustache because Ron had one. I shaved it off because he shaved his. I went on a mission because Ron did. I married in the temple because Ron did. I completed my college degree because Ron did. I made sure I had fun with my family because Ron told me it was the best way to raise children and be happy.

I was not blessed with the talents Ron had in abundance. He had a gift in his relationship with people, especially the youth. He was very creative and was a superb cartoon artist. His greatest creations are his children and his finest art was drawn in the lives of the youth whom he served.

I don't know why God chose now to call Ron home, all I can figure is that there is trouble in the young men's program and God needs the best Young Men's President to straighten it out. Ron, in heaven there are no budgets.

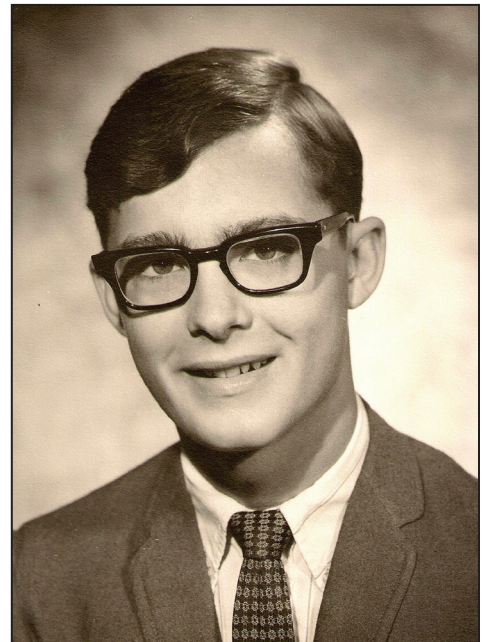
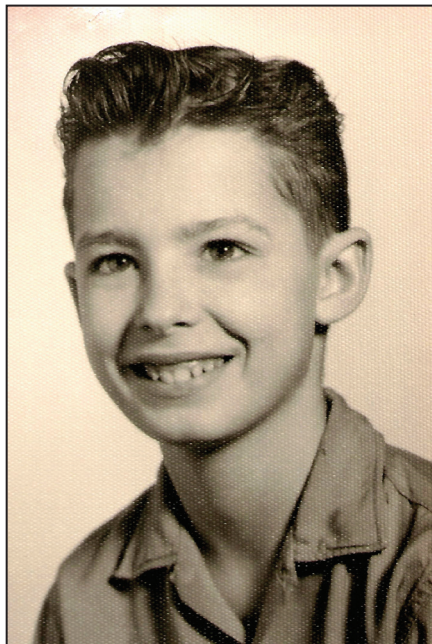
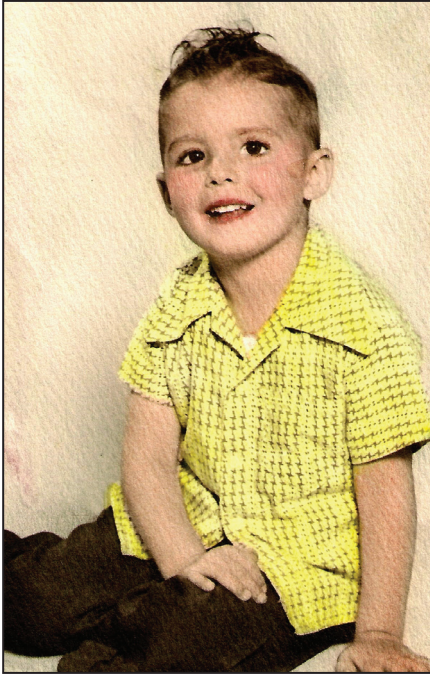


Jeff, I stand with Ron on evolution. How do I say goodbye to my lifetime hero? I can't. Ron, save a spot for me by the campfire.



David James Hirschi

3 July 1949 -

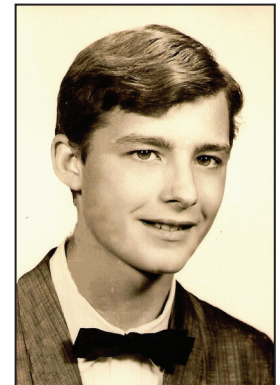
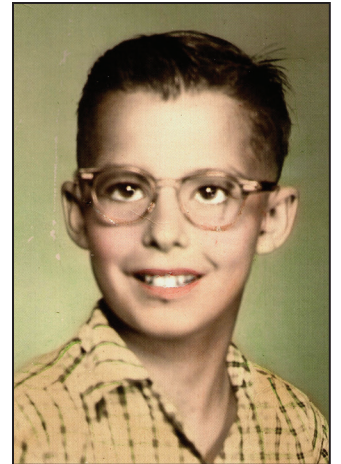
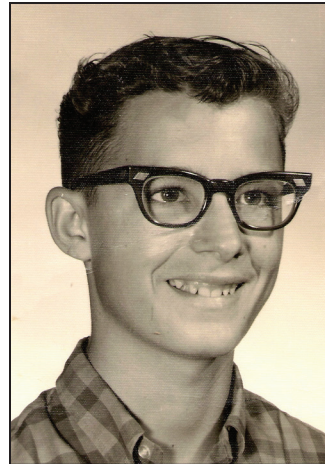


July 3, 1949 bought me another son with lots of black hair and brown eyes.. What a contrast from Ron's fair hair and blue eyes. Dave loved to follow and tag along with Ron when he was small and everything Ron did, Dave wanted to do too. Dave loved to read and spent much time with his nose in a book. He might have been a better student if he hadn't spent most of his time reading instead of doing his school work. When he was in first grade his teacher said that Dave would always read a book while she was teaching a lesson, but still seemed to get all the lessons. I asked Dave why he did it, and he said I can't

see the chalk board while the teacher is showing us a new lesson, so I just read and then on my way out of the class I just read everything on the board. I was devastated. I never noticed that Dave had trouble seeing. When Dave walked outside with his new glasses, his first comment was "Oh, look Mom there is an

across the street." It sure made me feel bad to think of all the things he had missed when he was little.

Dave has a photographic memory. He can read a book, watch a game on TV, and listen to another game on the radio and know what is going on in all three places at the same time. Dave loved being a Cub Scout and a Boy Scout. He loved all the activities and earned lots of arrows as a Cub Scout and lots and lots of Badges (about fifty) as a Boy Scout. He earned his Eagle Scout, Arrow of Light, Duty to God and more.



David followed Ron and got a job passing papers, and he also always had a job to earn money from that time on. Sometimes in the summer they would work for the local farmers, hoeing and picking fruit. Ron and Dave both earned money to go to the National Boy Scout Jamborees. Dave also loves sports and goes to all the football and basketball games he can. Dave was a very good missionary and loved New Zealand and the people there.

Dave always picked good friends. When his friends became involved in activities he didn't want to participate in, he just found new friends. Dave is dependable and reasonable on every subject but pigeons. This passion started when Uncle Gordon gave him a couple of doves when he was little, which started his passion for birds. He loved his pigeons and had spent a lot of time taking care of them and racing his pigeons. He also had a passion for a motorcycle and had one for a few years. He also had a pet banty rooster when he was young that would ride on his handle bars of his bike when he passed papers.

Dave didn't do too well in his first quarter at college. He never did any homework. He figured that because he didn't do any homework in high school he could get away with it in college. After his mission he did really well. He found out that home work was required. He got a job on the production line at Thiokol working the swing shift. I think that convinced him that he didn't want to do that the rest of his life. So the next five years he went to school at Weber State in the morning and worked at Thiokol on the swing shift.



*Dave Hirschi and Don James - showing off their muscles!
(Kent James in the background)*



Cecile, Cheril, Dave and Ron - Christmas in Provo - about 1955

Dave married Deann Stokes in the Salt Lake Temple September 1, 1972. He bought a house, bought a car, had two children and graduated in Business Administration Management with high grades in those five years. Quite an accomplishment. When Dave sets his mind to something, it gets done.



David James Hirschi and Deann Stokes - photo on marriage announcement. Married September 1, 1972, Salt Lake Temple

Deann is a good wife and mother. They have six beautiful children - Scot David (June 27, 1973), Mindy (October 29, 1975), Kate (February 3, 1978), Mark James (March 31, 1981), Paul Thomas (July 3, 1985), Taneil (September 8, 1987). These six grandchildren are beautiful and fine children from good parents and I love to be with them. I'm grateful for each of them.

Cecile and I were at the hospital when Scot was born. His first hour of life was amazing to us. He didn't cry - just looked everywhere. You could tell he was really wondering about this strange new world he had just been thrust out in. He examined everything and would turn his head to follow everything the nurse did. He seemed so alert and bright. You just knew that he was born with intelligence. He grew up to be an ENT surgeon.



Dave and Deann



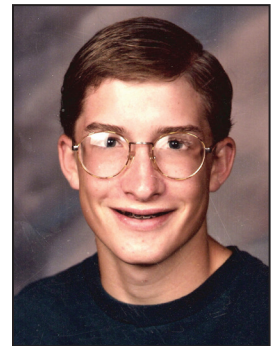
Mindy Hirschi



Scot David Hirschi



Kate Hirschi



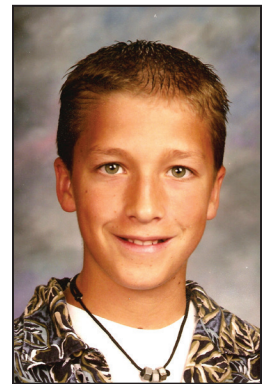
Mark James Hirschi



Kate, Mindy, Paul, Scot



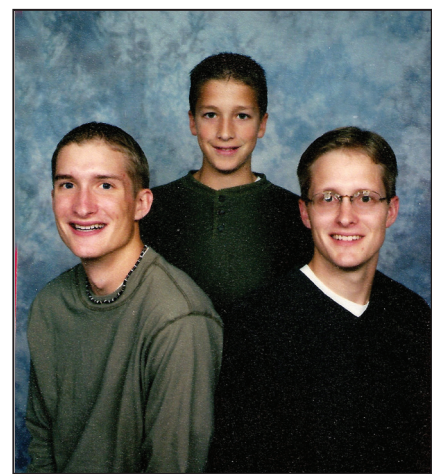
Taneil Hirschi



Paul Thomas



Mindy, Taneil, and Kate



Mark, Paul and Scot



Top: Scot, Mindy, Mark Front: Dave, Deann, Taneil, Kate, Paul

After Dave retired from Thiokol, he helped me get Ernie to the temple each week. At this time Ernie was on oxygen.



Dave and Ernie

Dave has worked as a Sunday School teacher, a Teacher's Quorum adviser and as a counselor in the Bishopric. In fact he served as a counselor in the Bishopric three more times. Dave has been scuba diving and loves to go camping with his family. He loves to get with his brothers and Ernie to go to football and basketball games and to rehash the games. He is much more conservative than Ron. He worked at Thiokol as a writer of procedures until he retired.



Lois, Lucie, Deann, Kate, Mindy



Dave and Deann Hirschi Family Photos



In September 2011. Dave and Deann were called on a mission to New Zealand. Dave was so happy to return to New Zealand. They were mostly in leadership positions helping the members and their leaders to be more effective in their church positions and in their lives. Carla, Farrell, Paige, Cheril and I went out to New Zealand. Dave and Deann were able to take the time to show us the North Island. What a beautiful countryside. So much of it was covered with beautiful foliage and grass that there wasn't any room left for just plain dirt. This was one of the best experiences in my life. Not only to see such a beautiful and different country and new culture, but to see Dave and Deann in their roles as missionaries brought such joy to my heart. My second son is another great blessing from my Heavenly Father in my life. I'm proud to be his mother.



Deann and Dave - Missionaries in New Zealand Wellington Mission



Deann and some friends



Elder and Sister Patchet, Sister Kezerian, Elder and Sister Hirschi



Dave at Hobbiton

Visit from Children (2012)

*Dave, Mark, Scot,
Kristin, Krista and Deann*



Randy Craig Hirschi

14 June 1955 -



Randy came into my life on June 14, 1955. I am so thankful that I didn't heed the advice of the doctor as I was carrying him. I was so sick and had lost so much weight (almost 30 pounds) that he felt that I wouldn't make it if I continued to carry him. He set a date for the abortion, but instead of going to the hospital I went to Provo. I had Dad give me a blessing, and then I didn't go back to the doctor until it was too late to abort my baby. I had to be fed intravenously every three days for the rest of my pregnancy. But it was worth it. I was really happy to have another son. He was a delightful child. We had so much fun together as the other boys were in school. Randy had a harder time as a child than my other sons. He stuttered and when he started school and he refused to talk so he wouldn't be teased. After a year he started talking again and the stutter was gone. But he was behind in school. He had to study so much harder and reading was difficult, but he graduated and he also learned to be a hard worker.



He wanted the sidewalks shoveled before the people got up. He earned his bike. When he got older he wanted a motorcycle. He applied for a job at Skagg's. He told them he would work for a week free to prove he was a good worker. He was hired. Randy loved his motorcycle, but I hated it. I couldn't stop



worrying as long as he was out riding. Randy loved the speed and the wind whistling through his hair. I was glad when he got his mission call and sold his motorcycle. Randy also went through the scouting program and got a lot of merit badges. He played Little League baseball.

He is just as fanatical about football and basketball as his brothers.



Growing up, Randy knew how to save money for anything he wanted. When he's saving he wouldn't buy anything until he had bought what he had set his goal for. He wanted a five speed bicycle. He went out and got some customers to shovel their snow that winter. He also had a paper route at that time. He would always watch the weather and then get up before school to get the all the walks shoveled and the papers passed.



Randy married Tami Colston in the Salt Lake Temple March 24, 1978. They have two beautiful daughters, Amy Lee (June 27 1979) and Jill (April 16 1981). Then came along four fine sons. Craig James (May 11, 1984), James Thomas (Zak) (August 20, 1986), Bryan Lee (August 9, 1990), and Matt Syme (December 30, 1993). Randy and Tami live next door to us and it has been so much fun having these children run in and out all the time.



Amy Lee



Jill



Craig James



James Thomas (Zak)



Bryan Lee



Matt Syme

Tami and Randy, Amy, Craig and Jill

On Friday, March twenty-fourth
Nineteen hundred and seventy-eight
Tami Colston
and
Randy C. Hirschi
will seal their love for time and all eternity
in the Salt Lake L.D.S. Temple
Their parents
Mr. and Mrs. C. Lee Colston
and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Winfield
request the pleasure of your company
at a reception that evening
from seven-thirty until nine-thirty
at the
Colonial Mansion
200 Crockett Avenue
Logan, Utah

Open House
Friday, March 31, 1978
575 South 5th West
Brigham City, Utah





Amy, Jill, Craig, Randy, Tami, Bryan, Zak



Craig and Zak



Ernie and Lois with Randy and Tami and young family



Randy, Tami, Amy and Jill



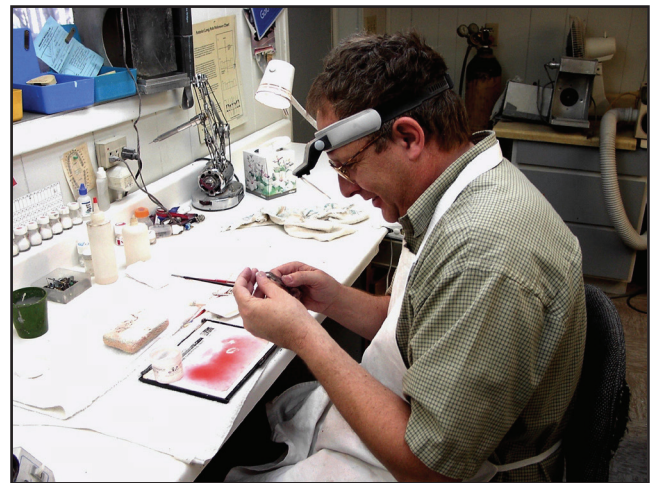
Jill, Amy, Zak and Craig



Craig, Jill, (back) Bryan, Zak, Amy and Matt

Randy is active in the Church, having served as Elders Quorum President, Counselor in the Bishopric and High Priests Group Leader. Tami has served in the Primary and as a choir director. She has the best choirs ever. She puts her whole heart into this calling and the members of the choir love her as their director.

Having Randy's family next door to us has been such a blessing in our lives. They have been such a help, especially as we have grown older. It has been so much fun having the children run in and out of the house all the time. Jill has been very interested in Grandma James, and wants to know all about her. She was born a few months after her death and I think that they had some connection before she was born. One day Jill asked me, "Will Grandma invite me to one of her parties when she comes back from Heaven?" Mother must have taken special interest in her before sending Jill to our family.



Randy at work in his "office" in Lois' basement

Randy and Tami have one son with very special needs. Craig was born with a hole in his heart and a form of spina bifida. The first operation on his back was when he was only four days old. The doctors found only one nerve not connected, but the hole in his heart was more serious. The operation on his heart was finally done

when he was six months old. But Craig didn't seem to improve. The doctor wanted to send him home, but Tami kept telling the doctor something was wrong. The cardiologist was the only one who believed Tami (she must have been inspired or just knew Craig so well that she knew something wasn't right). The patch hadn't held and so Craig underwent open heart surgery again.

Before the operation he was so weak that all he could move was his eyes. It didn't look like he could survive the night, let alone another operation. Tami showed tremendous strength through the ordeal. She always took time to be interested in the other patients and their ordeals, even though she had to be heartbroken and under such pressure herself. It was so hard to let the doctors take him to surgery again wondering if he would make it back. The first surgery took four hours but the second one took seven hours. The doctors also put in a pacemaker because they didn't know if they would damage the electrolytes which the hole was next to. But our family was blessed with a wonderful miracle. Craig made it.



Craig

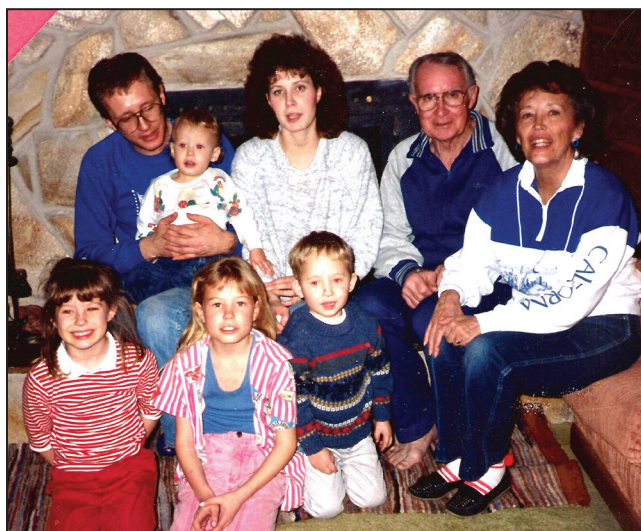
Every accomplishment he made after that was so wonderful to us. He has become a happy loving person. Randy and Tami are just the right parents this child needed. When Craig was about six he had a fatty tumor in his spine. Another surgery for him. The scar tissue seemed to go wild and grew very fast in his back. During the next ten years he underwent many surgeries to remove the scar tissue from around his nerves in his spine. Nerves were damaged and he gradually lost some functions in his lower body.

When he was sixteen he had surgery to put a rod up his back, as his spine needed support after so many surgeries. During the recovery time he had to lay flat on his back for almost three months to keep the scar tissue from going wild. Now he is in a wheelchair. During all of his problems I have never heard him complain. One day while he was getting in the car I asked him how much it bothered him to be handicapped. His answer was, *"If it had to happen to someone in my family, I'm glad that it was me, because I'm the only one in the family that could handle it."* Craig is a grown man now. He is able to live on his own. He drives a car. He has gone to college and has two degrees, and supports himself. He worked to help his way through school and has supported himself ever since working for the Federal Aviation System in Salt Lake.. He has a very strong testimony. He would have loved to serve a mission. He was called to be a ward missionary while he was in college, and he says he got two baptisms. We love him so much and are so glad he was sent to us. He is an inspiration to all who know him.



Jill, Amy, and Craig

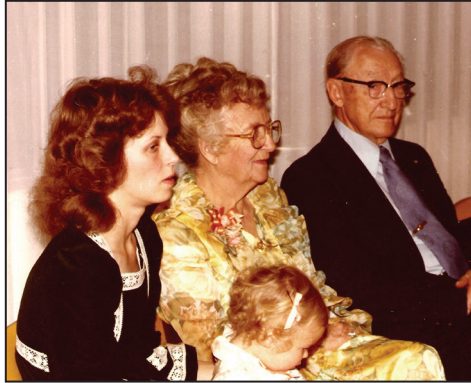
Below:
Craig, Zak, Tami,
Ernie, Lois
Jill, Amy and
Craig



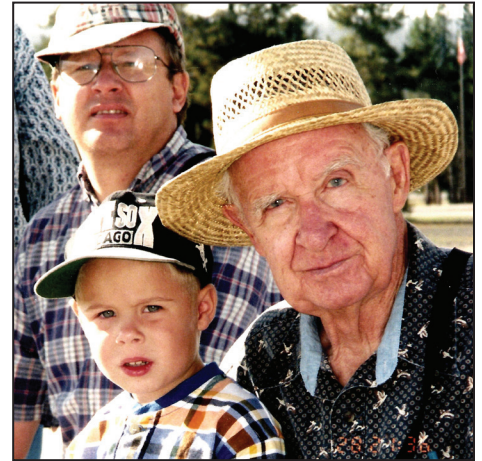
Heavenly Father always knows just the right thing to do to bring out the best in us and to help us to grow into the kind of people he wants us to be. How could we ever reach our full potential without the problems. Ron in a talk said, *"We will look back on our lives and decide the hardest times and the worst times in our lives will be the things that bring us the most blessings."* We have such fine sons and are so proud of each of them and they have married just the right wives to bring out the best in them.



Ron and Randy



Tami, Grandma and Grandpa James
1975



Randy, Ernie and Matt



Jill, Amy, Bryan, Craig, Matt and Zak (front)



Randy and Lois



Randy Craig Hirschi

Carla Hirschi

4 June 1958 -



What a surprise, a girl, Carla, was born at home on June 4, 1958! I thought my labor was fast with the boys, but one hard pain and she was here! What a beautiful baby. She always looked like a little doll.




I expected another boy, but was delighted with a girl. Carla was a tomboy and more athletic than the boys. She took piano lessons but could have practiced more. Carla has some of Ron's talents and is good at decorating, tole painting, and very good at copying most any picture. She also draws cards to send to people.



Although she wasn't a brilliant student, her grades improved when she wanted to be a Rockette. She loved the marching and we enjoyed going to her competitions. Carla has a lot of empathy for other people. Her emotions are close to the surface. It was so much fun to do *Mother and Daughter* things with her. Carla was a good seamstress and little did she know how handy it was going to be.



Carla married Farrell Spackman in the Salt Lake Temple October 23, 1980.



*Carla Alaska
and
Farrell Spackman
have chosen to seal their love for time and eternity
in the Salt Lake Temple
on Thursday, October 23, 1980
They, and their parents, request your company
at a wedding reception that evening
from 7:00 to 9:00 p. m.
Wedding World
160 9th Street
Ogden, Utah*

*Parents of the Bride
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest T Winfield*

*Parents of the Groom
Mrs. Kathryn Spackman
Mr. La Var H. Spackman*



Farrell and Carla

They were blessed with five lovely daughters. Amber (August 2, 1981), Stacy (July 31, 1983), Heidi (February 9, 1985), Keely (May 5, 1988), and Paige (June 14, 1995). They also had one son, Ty James (12 February 1991). I always thought she would have boys because she liked sports so well. But she's a good mother and her daughters are all very special young women. Ty is a great young man.



Amber



Stacy



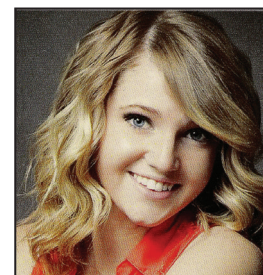
Heidi



Keely



Ty James



Paige



Carla felt bad that none of her children would know her Grandma James. She said she felt close to her Grandmother while she was carrying Amber (her first child).

Carla and Farrell settled in Harrisville and Carla has been in the Young Women's program and Farrell in Sunday School. They both have strong testimonies. Farrell had worked at several jobs, but went back to school and ended up in the nursing program.

Carla went to dental technician school with Randy and she helped Randy in his lab when he needed her. Carla is so willing to help me with anything that I need her to do. Farrell is also good to come to help in the yard. We can't do without them around. Farrell also served a mission in California. Ernie and I have had a lot of fun times going with Carla and Farrell to concerts in Salt Lake at the Capital Theatre.



Carla and Farrell with Grandma and Grandpa James at their wedding reception



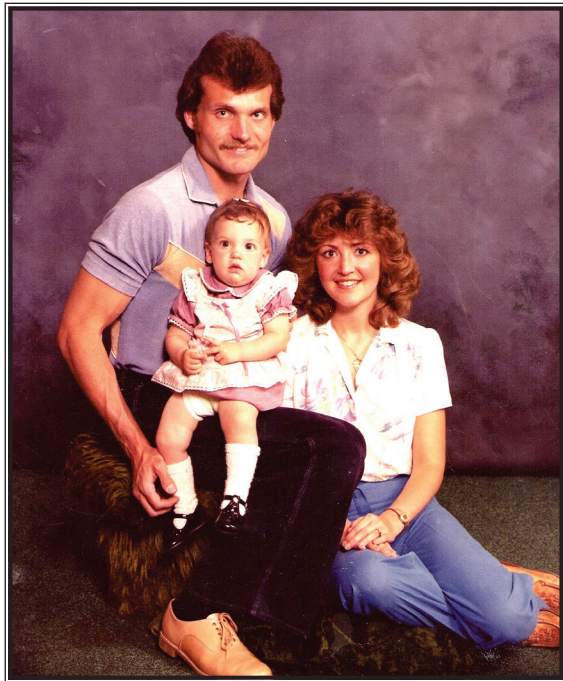
I had an inspiring experience with Amber when she was about six months old. I was tending her while Carla was helping Randy in his lab. Amber was whiny and cross. It was feeding time, and as I waited for Carla to finish what she was doing in the lab, I just walked her up and down the halls and around the house. When I walked down the hall, she she would giggle and then whine as soon as I walked somewhere else.



Farrell, Carla, Heidi, Amber, Stacy, Keely, Paige and Ty

I wondered what was so interesting to her and so I slowly went down the hall with her. I have family pictures hung in the hall. When she came to a picture of my parents she grabbed for the picture and just giggled. I thought maybe that she recognized my Dad, but she had only seen him briefly a few times. So I put my hand over Mother's face and she pushed the picture away. But when I put my hand over Dad's face she just grabbed the picture and hugged it. Mother died the year before Amber was born. I called Carla to come up and watch her with the picture. Carla put a picture of Mother by her bed and until she was about a year old. Every time she woke up she would just laugh and be so happy. I am sure my mother prepared Amber to come to earth. It was certainly a testimony of the preexistence for Carla and me. Heavenly Father does answer our prayers and he is always aware of us.

I am so blessed to have such fine children and blessed that they chose such fine mates. I'm so grateful to my Father in Heaven for all the good spirits that surrounded me that day. It was also the last day I spent with my mother before she passed away (27 December 1980). I was also blessed to be able to spend her last moments with her in the hospital. The importance of being sealed for time and eternity suddenly had become the most important blessing we can ever have.



Farrell, Carla and Amber

Carla and Farrell have kept up with sports. Carla runs and keeps fit, and Farrell rides his bike and has been in quite a few races - some of them 200 miles long. A great blessing came into my life with this daughter and her family. All of my children and grandchildren have been such a blessing in my life.

One of the most special days of my life was the day that Carla went through the temple. All of my children were with us that day as well as my parents and some siblings.



Carla and Farrell - 23 Oct 1980



Farrell, Carla, Amber, Stacy, Heidi



Ernie, Carla, and Lois



Lois with her four girls - Deann, Beth, Carla, and Tami



Clockwise: Amber, Stacy, Keely, Ty and Heidi



Lois, Carla, Deann (with Scot), Gina Scribner in front - in front of James Home in Provo, UT

Carla and Farrell



Cousins: JoDee and Curtis Swensen, Lori Maret, Carla and Farrell Spackman, Michael Snow - in Joyce Ridge's back yard

Family

Ernie and I went on a lot of camping trips with the children and then the grandchildren too. Mostly we camped at Yellowstone and Smith Morehouse in the Uintas. We have tent trailers, trailers, tents and have a great time. Ernie and I had a boat for awhile and that was fun. We got together for at least one trip each summer. The cousins all could find friends with each other and we had such great times all together. Families are really important to have.



Farrell and Carla and Family plus Jenny Hirschi on far left

When Mother and Dad left for Australia on their mission, we had no idea what a fine experience our family was going to have. When the letters started coming our testimonies grew as they shared their experiences. Dad's letter to Ron encouraged him to get the last few merit badges to become an Eagle Scout. He also asked Ron to be an example for all of his grandsons, as he was the oldest.



Cecil and Lucie James in Australia - 1962

Their missionary stories laid the foundation for my three sons to serve missions. After my parents experiences in Australia, Ron had no desire to go anywhere else but Australia on a mission. When Ron opened his letter with his mission call in it, he jumped for joy - we all knew it had to be Australia. My parents have been a binding influence in my life with my family.



Keith and Elaine Hales, Ron, Stuart Evans and his wife - 1962

They supported every special occasion with my family. They showed their love in so many ways. My children always loved the visits to Provo and Grandma and Grandpa. This great influence of Mother and Dad stretched out far beyond their family. At their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary we learned just how many great friends they had and what a blessing they had been to so many other people. I'm so proud to have them for my parents. They supported all of our baby blessings, baptisms, confirmations, missionary farewells and homecomings. I think that one of the most special days in my life was the day Carla and Kent went through the temple. All of my children were there and my parents. My Heavenly Father has sent such great children and grandchildren, brothers and sisters and their families. He sent good mates for my children and, so far, for my grandchildren as well. He also sent me Ernie, who has been a great husband and father to my children and grandchildren.

Even though my parents have been gone for many years, I still feel close to them. After mother died, I became a lot closer to my Dad. It was so much fun to take Dad with us on so many trips the next few years. He knows how to join in and have fun. I'll always treasure the time he spent with me. Dad never missed a special occasion with my family. He drove up from Provo for everything until he passed away eight years later.



October 1975 - 50th Anniversary for Cecil and Lucie James
 Back: Richard Snow, Ernie Winfield, Roberta and Tom James,
 Lorna and Richard James
 Middle: Cheril Snow, Lois Winfield, Cecil and Lucie James
 Front: Joyce and Alf Ridge, Cecile and Doug Scribner

What a wonderful patriarch he was to our family. The gospel lets us know that those beyond the veil still love us and guide us and are concerned for our welfare.

When it was time for Ron to go on a mission. I wanted to support him, but was scared I couldn't pay for

the mission and still take care of my family too. I expressed my concerns to Dad thinking he'd come through if I couldn't make it. All Dad said to me was "Do you pay your tithing? If you do, you won't have any problems." Dad was right as usual. No matter what came up, the money was always there. I was really careful, and we didn't buy anything but necessities. Ron was called to Australia. (This was the exact mission he wanted.) Every time Ron was transferred to a new area I had to send an extra fifty dollars. I always knew when it was time for Ron to move because I always had an extra fifty dollars. One time he had just moved and I still came up with an extra fifty

dollars. Hooray! We could splurge. We could do something fun, but we didn't. Ron's next letter had a dentist bill in it for fifty dollars. That Christmas the children wanted to go to Provo to spend Christmas Day with their grandparents. I had nothing left over after getting a pretty slim Christmas for my children. I did not have the money for gas. The day before Christmas I got a Christmas card from Aunt Mary with ten dollars in it - just enough for a tank of gas. I love the law of tithing. This law has brought so many blessings into my life. Now I pay my tithing because I want to.

I think that I always paid it before because it was something thing we were suppose to do, but the next two years brought many more blessings into my life. I was able to save my income tax returns, and it was just enough money to pay for braces on Carla's teeth. I also learned that our prayers are answered and I'm sure many of our blessings come to us without us realizing just how much our Heavenly Father really loves us.

When Ron was out on his mission one year, the Bishop asked if Dave could go. My first reaction was wait until Ron gets home, but we were on quotas with sending out missionaries (Vietnam War), and so I said, "Send him." Dick immediately sent \$800 dollars to help get him ready. My brothers and sisters sent money every month to help and the ward helped some too. I hated to let Dave go. Randy was Dave's shadow everywhere he went. I knew Randy needed this big brother so badly, but I couldn't keep Dave home. My heart broke for Randy as the plane took off to New Zealand.

Ernie

A few months after Dave left on his mission, I met Ernie. Randy wasn't too pleased. I think he felt he had lost his brother and now his mother. Then Ernie showed up one day in a beautiful blue *Corvette*. He had been coming to the house in an old clunker so he would have room for Randy and Carla to go places with us.



Ernie, Carla, Lois, Randy, Ernie's Mother

Randy fell in love with the car the first time Ernie took him for a ride, and Ernie and Randy have been really good friends ever since! Just what Randy and Carla needed - a father. But still Ron and Dave had never met Ernie, and I had a hard time writing to them to tell them that I was getting married. We set the date for June 18th, 1969 in the Salt Lake Temple. Ron would be home from his mission the first part of June.

Ernie went with me to the airport to pick up Ron. They didn't say one word to each other until Ernie started to help Ron put his bags into the car. Ron had bought a fancy tape recorder in Fiji on his way home from Australia. Ernie asked him a few questions about it and they were off. Ron sat in the front seat of the car with Ernie on the way home. They talked



all the way home. After they got Ron's things into the house, they continued to talk. I finally went to bed because they hadn't included me in the conversation. I was never missed. I don't know what time Ernie left that night but he and Ron became good friends that night. A year later when Dave came home from New Zealand, there were some more strained moments, but soon he was comfortable with Ernie. Ernie became their Dad. The children were all glad I'd married Ernie. He accepted full guardianship of the family and how good it was to be a complete family. More complete than it had ever been before.

Ernie and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple for time. A year and a half later we were sealed for eternity. It was the same day that Ron and Beth were married, December 23, 1970. One of the temple officials talked to us that day about my sealing to my children. They assured us that if we honored our temple covenants the sealing of my children to me would extend to Ernie as well.

An interesting story that I should include here happened about fifteen years after the boys were home from their missions. One Sunday afternoon after church I got the feeling that I should repay the church the money they helped me with to keep Ron and Dave out on their missions. I talked to Ernie about it and he said I'll make out a check and we can give it to the Bishop next Sunday. But we were living in Perry then and I felt that the money should go to the Ward where we lived in Brigham City. I called the Bishop of that Ward and his wife said he was over at the church working on a problem, but he didn't have anyone else with him and would be glad to talk to me. So I went over to the church and the door to his office was open and he invited me in. I told him why I was there. I handed him the check and as he looked at the check he started to cry. He said they had a missionary ready to go from their ward. His mother was a widow and had other children and had no money to help with his mission. The Bishop had been able to get the support of enough ward members to keep him out, but there was no one else he could ask to get him ready to go out. He had come over to his office that afternoon to pray about who he should ask for the money. Our check was the exact amount he needed. I was so glad I felt that prompting that day. Another testimony builder for me.



Dave and Deann Hirschi, Randy and Tami Hirschi, Farrell and Carla (Hirschi) Spackman, Ron and Beth Hirschi

Ernie was a wonderful man. I was so lucky that he found me and wanted to marry me. He was a convert to the church and had also experienced a bad marriage. He has two children. They were a year or so older than Ron. I tried so hard to make them part of our family, but they just told me that they didn't want anything to do with me or my family. I'm sure it broke Ernie's heart because he



he wanted us all to be friends. Ernie was a great father to my children. From the time we started dating, he included Carla and Randy. Ron and Dave were both still out on their missions at that time. Randy was always excited to go places in the Corvette. My family's love for the outdoors soon had Ernie convinced that camping was the only way to go. It only took one trip with my parents and brothers and sisters to make him feel at home with everyone. And also he fell in love with the outdoors and the mountains. It was a whole different atmosphere from Baltimore where he grew up. The reason he moved West came about after he and his friends in their late teens drove out to Colorado. Ernie then knew that the West was the place to live.

My children all loved and respected Ernie. I'm sure they enjoyed having a father who acted like a father to them. After the boys married and their families started growing, they started going to the ball games together. They always included Ernie. Ernie loved the time he spent with these sons and grandsons. They started getting season tickets to all of the BYU football games. This tradition continued all of the rest of Ernie's life. These children became Ernie's children. I was so grateful to see my children finally have a father who loved them and wanted to spend time with them. For years we also went camping with our children and grandchildren and then the great grandchildren.

Our Homes

We lived in my home in Brigham City for nine years - remodeling it and changing the furniture from *His* and *Hers* to *Ours*. After the house was paid for, we decided to build another house. Ron was in the construction business at that time and he talked us into it. We found a lot out in Perry - it was more like a pasture. Everyone assured me I would love it out there. The end of a dirt lane, no neighbors, horses and cows on either side. No street lights. I didn't like it too well but no one listened to me. Our old house was sold and pretty soon there was another new house down a very muddy road. What a mess. It was hard to appreciate the lovely new home after riding down the muddy, bumpy road - just a yard with piles of dirt all over it. We moved in and started to tackle the yard. We hauled in soil, moved the dirt around, shoveled, raked, dug trenches and finally, after several summers of backaches and sore muscles, we had a beautiful yard. The road improved and now I love it out here.



place to live. We have had horses, cows, donkeys, sheep, a pig, a goat and deer in our yard and sometimes rabbits and pheasants. We even had a moose come down our road once, but he didn't stop at our house. We fenced the big animals out. But we still get a few snakes from the ditch alongside our property. Ernie likes to go out and shoot them. We had a small orchard out in back, but one year the peach trees froze. Ernie was out taking the trees out

and rotor tilling the area and digging around, I didn't pay much attention until I saw people out there laying sod. My raspberries were gone and our big garden. Ernie assured me that the grandchildren would love the big area to play ball in, and they do. We really do love it out here and we did eventually get a few neighbors. But our favorite neighbor is Randy's family.



Randy built a house next door to us. We had a large yard for the grandchildren to play in and places to explore. No cars racing by. We had a large deck that we enclosed and another deck that we screened in. No more bugs and mosquitoes to deal with and yet we could enjoy the outside. We enjoy eating out there in warm weather and just sitting in the fresh air. We finally took out the other two decks and made patios. We have such a great place to relax and enjoy the beautiful sunsets. No houses to block us. The trees all grew up and our home is shady and cool. A really nice



Ernie has been great with the children. He paid for missions, schooling weddings, and he helped with all of the problems that children bring - helped Randy build his lab in our basement, helped Ron out when his construction business went under, helped out with loans to the children and grandchildren (all of the loans were paid back). He helped wherever there was a need. Thank goodness for Ernie. We have all had a better life because of him. He always comes through. It's no wonder we all love him.

Ernie and I have had some great vacations. We've traveled all through the USA - been to Canada several times, Mexico, Hawaii twice, Scotland and England.



1985 - Ernie, Lois and Richelle Snow in Edinburgh, Scotland

Also we went on several cruises to Alaska. On one trip Dick and Lorna came with us. Cruises are a lot of fun and the food is always out of this world. After Mother passed away Dad liked to come with us on our trips. Dad was fun to have along, and he was always a good sport. Years before I married Ernie, I never dreamed that my life and the lives of my children could be



Dad

so great. We have been able to have nice cars, four wheelers, trucks, campers, trailers, motor homes and a boat to play with. My family loves Ernie and we've spent a lot of time camping and hanging out with them. Ernie goes hunting with my brothers.



2002 - Rocky Ridge (Wyoming) Back: Richard and Cheril Snow, Alf and Joyce Ridge, Cecile and Doug Scribner Front: Tom and Roberta James, Dick and Lorna James, Ernie and Lois Winfield

Ernie had about the same kind of life as I did before we were married so we really appreciate the blessings that our marriage has brought into our lives. I love having an honorable priesthood bearer at the head of our home. I also am so thankful for a father, grandfather and great grandfather for my family. He fills all of these roles so well.

Ernie and I have done very well at our jobs at Thio-kol. We have both advanced rapidly. I have won two awards for excellent work performance. I am grateful to have had such a great chance to work and progress. I have learned a lot. I am sure that one of the reasons that I was able to do so well was from the advice my Grandpa James gave me so many years ago. He said, "Always be sure you earn the money you agreed to when you accepted the job," and he also said "Always give a little extra time and effort than your job requires." His advice really works. I know, because I always tried my best to follow it. I like to keep busy.

Hobbies

The yard keeps me busy in the summer. I love to crochet (Grandma Howard would have been proud of me). I love to crochet dolls. I have made all kinds. I let the granddaughters come and get them off the shelf. I know that most of them have quite a few. I also have crocheted doilies and small animals and nativity sets. I also like to cross stitch. My first cross stitch was while I was sitting in the hospital when Mother had her stroke. I made a pillow out of the cross stitch. I have done a lot of Victorian style houses. I give them away to the grandchildren when they get married. I also cross stitch them a picture of a child when they have their first child. My favorite cross stitch is the Madonna and Child picture, it is a copy of a picture that my parents had in their home.





Hand-made ornaments



Blue Boy



Pinkie



Madonna and Child





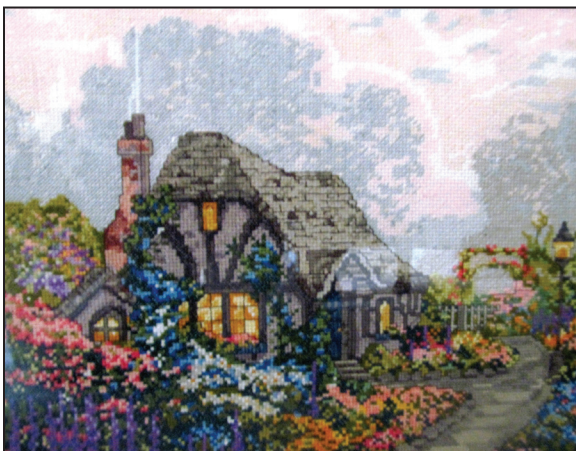
I am so thankful that our parents gave our family opportunities to learn to love each other. I would rather be with my brothers and sisters than any of my other friends. We get together as often as we can. We've spent time each summer for a few days at "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in Scofield. After Ernie had to go on oxygen and it was hard for him to get around as much, all of my brothers and sisters would come up to Maddox Restaurant here in Perry and we would have lunch together. Now instead of going to Tom's cabin we go to his and Roberta's place in St. George and have a few days to have fun together. I love being with my family.

I love to read. All kinds of books. I have read several times all of the books on my shelves, including all of the church books. I now give a lot of them away (so I have room for more). I am continually reading. I love mysteries, but once I start a book, even if it is boring, I finish it.



Cheril, Dick, Lois, Tom, Cecile, Joyce - at Ron's home - about 1993

When Dick had his first open heart surgery, he made the comment that the doctor told him that he had to keep walking. He asked for how long and the doctor's answer was, "How long do you want to live?" It's kept Dick alive for a long time. That comment impressed me. So I have been walking ever since. While I was working I had the car pool leave me off a mile or two from home. Since I quit working I walk for an hour about five days a week. I also love to ride my bike. I have had several bikes, but my favorite is one Ernie gave me for Christmas one year. It is a ten speed, but has automatic shift on it. Ernie rode with me for years until he had his open heart surgery. His breathing was never very good after that.



Retirement and Mission

Ernie retired when he was sixty-seven. He went back to work part-time selling cars for Davis Dodge. He loved cars and was happy there. He wanted me to retire at the same time that he did, but I felt like I had to finish up the contracts my group was working on. The next one would be starting in about six months. So I thought that would be a better time to retire.

It was early May (1988) and I was repainting the screen room. It has a cathedral ceiling and so I had to use a tall ladder to get the ceiling and upper walls. I did not put too much paint in my bucket because I had to hold it while I painted. I dropped the bucket and Jill heard the crash and came running over thinking I had fallen off the ladder. We had a good laugh. The next day I was painting close to the same spot up near the ceiling. There was just on little spot I had missed and thought I could just reach over and get it.. The ladder went over and I crashed to the floor. I knew my foot and my wrist were hurt pretty bad.

Randy and his family were just getting into their car and heard the crash. Jill said to them, "Don't worry, Grandma just dropped her paint bucket again." So they all got in the car and drove off. I had to crawl to the phone to call Ernie. He came home and called the ambulance. I wanted to have Ernie help me change my clothes because they had a lot of paint on them. He just laughed and said, "Who cares." So I had to go to the hospital smelling like paint.

I had crushed my left foot and broken my left wrist. My foot had to be operated on and pinned together. While I was laid up, Ernie went into Thiokol and retired me from my job. I spent four months having fun - reading, putting puzzles together and watching someone else come in to clean and cook. The doctor said my Achilles tendon was so badly damaged that I would have to wear a brace on my foot the rest of my life. I never went back for the brace. It was extremely painful walking on that foot. And it took quite a while before I dared go outside without a cane.



May 2007 - Tommy, Dick, Lois, Cheril, Tom, Roberta, Joyce
Ernie, Cecile, Alf



Back: Cheril, Lorna, Dick, Roberta, Tom Front: Doug, Cecile, Lois, Ernie



Lois, Cheril, Dad, Joyce, Cecile - in Santa Rosa, California 1984

I finally started walking again, but I had a bad limp. Nevertheless, that was better than a brace. One day when I was out walking about a mile from home, I wondered why I was limping and I discovered my toes weren't bending. I didn't think my toes had been broken and so I put my weight on them and bent them as far as I could. I almost passed out from the pain. My walk home was so painful I thought I wouldn't make it. But it didn't take long until my toes didn't hurt - only a few days.



A few months later Ernie and I were called on a mission. He had to quit his part-time job. But he didn't mind. We were called to manage the Bishop's Storehouse in Brigham City. This was really a surprise, but we had been asked if we would do a service mission. We had said that would be alright. The nice thing about it was that we didn't have to leave home, which was okay with us. It turned out to be especially nice for Ernie. About one year into our mission Ernie's mother had to have part of her leg amputated because of a diabetic problem. His brother didn't want to take care of her, and she refused to go to a nursing home because there were black people there. She grew up in the South and a lot of Southerners do have prejudices. So Ernie flew out to Baltimore and brought her out here to a nursing home. So that didn't interfere with our mission at all. We were able to visit her every evening and spend time with her.

Our work at the storehouse consisted of ordering the food each week, then seeing that the shelves were filled and transferring extra cases of food to the storage in the basement. Then we had to fill orders and keep the records. The people who came for food were asked to help clean the storehouse, do yard work and stock shelves.

But very few did. One man was faithful in keeping the grass cut in the summer. So that meant we had to do a lot of cleaning. I didn't mind stocking the shelves and filling the orders and keeping the records. Ernie did the orders and the heavy lifting. We were both blessed with the health and energy we needed to do this job. Ernie really did a good job of ordering. I don't think we ever ran out of anything, and there was a very little food that ran out of date before it was picked up. We were told to take home and use it when it was on the past due date, so it wouldn't be wasted. So once in a while we had a little cheese or a gallon of milk. We also had to use the dented cans, because we were told not to put dented cans in any of the orders.

The storehouse in Brigham served about ninety wards in Northern Utah and Southern Idaho. The one person who was very faithful in coming to help us was Charley Wilson. He was slightly mentally challenged. But he came every day. He kept the fresh vegetables cleaned, trimmed, sorted and put into order-sized packages.. He also stocked the bread. There was a cooler in the back room for the vegetables and the bread. He also was really good at keeping his work room clean, and he also kept the walk-in cooler clean. We loved and appreciated Charley - a very dependable man, and had such a good heart. He also called his wife "Peanuts," which we got a kick out of.



For the most part the people who came in were very grateful for the food. Some wanted more or wanted something not on the list. But we had to fill the orders exactly as they were given to us, the only change I made was to give the Spanish speaking people pinto beans instead of string beans. Most of them had no idea what string beans were and didn't want to try them, or just didn't like them. Also in the summer-time local farmers would bring their extra produce in and we would let the people take all they could use of the fresh vegetables and fruit.

One day a lady came in who Ernie thought that if Lucifer had been a female. she was there before him. She was mean looking and was high on something and had a really bad attitude. Ernie wouldn't let me wait on her. One thing we always had to remember was that we were not there to judge people and that people who are hungry don't always have our standards and also the church sees to it that all children in their wards don't go hungry. The children are not responsible for their parents' bad habits and faults.

Sometimes the Bishops or Relief Society Presidents would pick up the orders, but most of the time, the people themselves would come in for their orders. We made a lot of friends. The end of the week we would fill orders for all of the outlying small towns that we served, so Fridays were really busy getting all the orders boxed up to be delivered. The man who brought our orders from Salt Lake would be the one to come back with his truck to deliver the orders on Friday.

One lady who had an order for her family every week would send her daughter in to get her order. She was about twelve years old. She also told the daughter that she had to do the cleaning for her mother. Her mother looked plenty healthy to me. In fact, she brought her in the first time and told me to keep her busy. She then went out to the car and sat and listened to the radio. I couldn't do that to her daughter, so after a few weeks I made arrangements with Randy and Tami to let Ernie pick Amy up from school and let her come down. This lady always came on the same day right after school. I had Amy befriend this girl and I gave them fun things to do together, like putting the toilet paper in bags and helping find

the food to fill the orders we had. Jill wanted to come too. The girl loved to come and have fun with Amy and Jill. A good solution for a little girl. She had new friends and had fun with them.

One great experience we had was with a family from Hawaii. Their home had burned down and they had lost everything. One of their twins had died in the fire and the other one had some really bad scars from the fire. The father of the family would bring all of his children in when they came to pick up their food. First, they all pitched in and worked, washed windows, swept floors, cleaned the bathroom and stocked shelves. They would stay until there was nothing left to do. What was so much fun for us was that they would sing and have such a good time together doing the work. Their laughter was contagious. What a wonderful happy feeling they brought into the storehouse. Also each child thanked us for the food. They only came about four times, but we wished they would come every week.

Another thing that I was unaware of that the church did was to provide a new outfit for each needy child for their first day of school. Even though these people were able to get the clothes they needed at the Deseret Industries. The Church felt that they each should have at least one new outfit. So these were ordered through the Bishop's Storehouse.

What a wonderful experience for Ernie and me. I am so grateful that this was our mission call. Not only were we blessed, but I could see how the church blesses so many others. My testimony grew so much while we worked there.



Ernie and Lois - 2001

I have had many great experiences working at the callings that I have had in the church. I started out as the teacher for the five-year-olds in Primary. I have been the teacher of 10-11 year old girls in Primary and the 10-11 year boys in Primary, Primary Counselor and Primary President. I also spent fourteen years in Cub Scouts. The last two years as a Den Mother was with Ernie as my partner. I loved calling him a “*Den Mother*.” He was a really great one too. He took the boys on a lot of outings. It was great to have a Priesthood holder as a partner. I have also been a Relief Society teacher, counselor, and a president of the night Relief Society (this was for working sisters to come to when their meetings were in the afternoon). Now I am the ward historian and also on the Relief Society activity committee.

Soon after we were released from our mission, we were called to work in the Ogden Temple as ordinance workers. It was an amazing experience for us both. We made such great friends, and every one there were such good people and such good examples. I loved every minute we were there. There is something about walking into the temple and knowing that no matter what jobs you were given to work on that day, you knew that it was going to be a great day. Even when I wasn't too busy or had a few minutes off, I would go and help fold clothes from the laundry or work on the computer for the office workers. I wanted to keep busy all the time I was there. (I hate to admit it, but I don't have that desire around my house. I don't mind goofing off at home). The temple is a place where people have great spiritual experiences. You hear great spiritual stories all the time, and you also experience many experiences yourself. I had several experiences that changed my life and made me want to be a better person and made me want to be in the temple as much as possible. I felt the presence of heavenly beings there, I witnessed the speaking in tongues, and I had an experience with a lady who had more faith than anyone I have ever come in contact with. These experiences made Ernie and me to want to be in the temple as often as we could. After we were released we tried to make a session every week.

We worked in the Temple for nine and one-half years, but we had to be released after Ernie had his open heart surgery. Even after Ernie had to be on oxygen, we continued to get to the Temple every week. It had to be really hard for Ernie, as his health went downhill.

But he was determined to be there. We were able to go until just a few weeks before Ernie passed away. After Dave retired, he and Deann came with us. Ernie really appreciated someone stronger than I was to help him. Plus, what a great blessing to have Dave and Deann in the temple with us so often.



Ogden, Utah Temple



Lois and Ernie - 2004



Tami and Randy, Lois, Carla and Ernie - about 2008

Ancestors:

I have spent quite a lot of time the last few years trying to get all of our ancestors' lines connected. I have only worked on direct lines and their children. Having both sides of my family joining the church early in church history made it quite easy to follow the lines. There are so many descendants, and some of the work has been done over and over many times. I don't have a lot more to do. But after the church changed its programs, I have had a hard time getting into it again.

Ancestors are important to our lives. We learn a lot from them. First of all I would like to mention Grandpa Howard (John Fitz Alan Howard). I was impressed



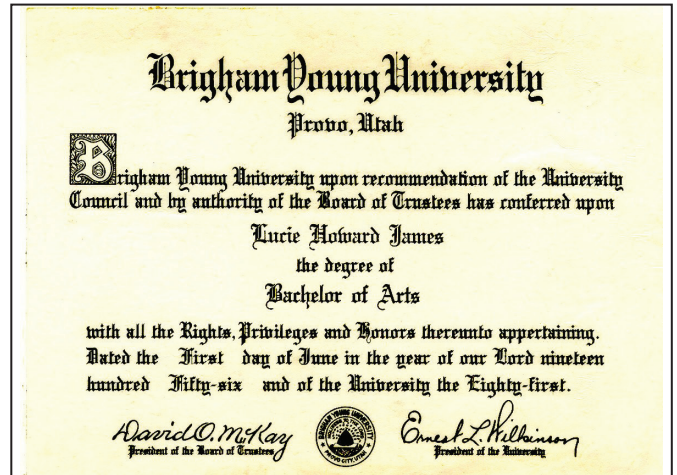
John Fitz Alan Howard

by his commitment to education. He left his home with small children to get an education. For the rest of his life he continued to learn. He became a Doctor and a Chiropractor. He wrote text books, he started a school for others to learn. I remember my mother telling about a large blackboard that covered their dining room wall. The children did their homework on the blackboard,



John and Drucilla Howard with children
(R to L: Jessie, Gordon, Lucie, Jack, Mark, Alan, Winnie)

which gave the younger children an opportunity to learn what the older children were doing. This kept them ahead of their classmates in school. My mother (Lucie Howard James) also went to college when she had grown children. She got her degree at BYU, even though it took her quite a few years to receive it. Dad didn't want her to get a job, so she went back to school again and got her nursing degree.



When it became necessary to end my marriage I knew that I would have to go to work to support my children. Because of the examples that my ancestors had set for me, I knew that I could go to college and get an education. That education enabled me to get a job where I could support my children. I even was able to keep two missionaries out at the same time. I did get a little help with them, but I was able to let Dave go before Ron came home. I was able to make it as a single Mom.

Grandma Howard (Sarah Drucilla Sears) also had a great influence in my life. I learned that I had to make choices to be happy or unhappy. I learned that it was my responsibility to help my children to have fun in their lives. I also learned that even in rough times to depend on the Lord to help me. Grandma had a lot of tragedy in her life. Grandpa had a breakdown, she lost three grown children in a very short period of time, and then another child five years later. She had to support her younger children. But through all her trials, Grandma always kept a smile on her face. She had great stories to tell her grandchildren and would sing us crazy songs. Her laughter was catching. She was so much fun. I learned

that even when life gives you some unhappy circumstances there is always room to smile, be happy and have a good laugh. It also is a time to be grateful for the many blessings that you do have. You can always find other things to be grateful for and to be happy for. Also I learned from her that you have to forgive others to be happy.



Grandma Howard

looked like a great house to explore and slide down the banister, but we never dared. I always wanted to see what was in her basement, but I never was allowed to go down there. Dad once said, "Houses are to be lived in, not to be looked at." I have Dad's kind of house.

Uncle Irvin (Thomas Irvin James) had arthritis that had crippled him as a young man. He never could use a wheelchair because he said it hurt his back. He spent his time sitting on a high stool. He was self taught. He must have spent a lot of time in books.

Grandpa James (Thomas Alma James) always had a hug and a kiss for us when we were young. It had a fuzzy mustache that tickled when he kissed us. He was always happy to see us. The one thing that I'll always be grateful is that he said that he always worked a little longer than was required and always made sure he earned the money he had agreed to work for. When I started working I always tried to follow that advice. He had his office and work room in



Grandpa James

back of the main office. I would stop at the Lumber Yard coming home from Primary and sometimes coming home from High School. He was always glad to see me. Whenever I was in his home he could always be found sitting in front of his roll-top desk. He was a good example for me.

Grandma James (Margaret Johnstone Syme) always welcomed us when we came to visit. We always got a delicious raisin filled cookie. (I have her recipe but mine never tasted as good as hers did). We were afraid to get a crumb on her floor. But if she saw one, she had a little brush and dust pan and she would hurry and clean it up. Grandma's house was always spotless. I never saw anything ever out of place. It was a big house and

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Grandma James



Thomas and Margaret James Family - Back: Eddie, Cecil, Irvin Front: Leah and Viola

He mastered topics like calculus and electronics. He built his own radio that could get stations all around the world. He would find stations for us where we could hear all kinds of foreign languages. He also played games with us, but somehow he always won. He had a brilliant mind. He was interesting to talk to. I respected him and loved him so much. I learned by being around him to never judge others. We never know what is inside a person. All people have talents and we may miss if we turn our backs on them. Also we might miss having a great friend. Uncle Irvin was a great friend.

My dad (Cecil Syme James) - what can I say? I never saw my dad lose his temper, I never heard a bad word from him, I never heard him say anything derogatory about anyone, never saw him angry with one of us or anyone else. He never disciplined us. He never spanked any of us. Yet when Dad asked me to do something, I would always do it. I wasn't afraid of him, but still I would never dare cross him. He never raised his voice. He never took offense. He taught me by his actions that it doesn't do any good to judge someone or have bad feelings about others. It only damages us. I have always wished that I was more like him, but the older I get I have been able to see my faults and live a better life because of the example he set.



Dad

At night, when we were noisy or quarreling, he would quietly ask one of us to come out and stand in front of the fireplace for a little while. Then when we were told to go to bed, we had to pass his chair, which was by the hall door, and he would try to swat us with his newspaper. It was a game to see if we could be fast enough to miss the swat. He never tried to very hard to hit us - you could tell because he always had a smile on his face. Dad also taught us how important it was to have fun with our siblings. Camping trips, rides to get an ice cream or a root beer. Dad's watching us in the evening standing on our heads, playing marbles on the carpet. All the things kids did before we had television. We had fun together. Now my very best friends are my brothers and sisters. My children loved being around Grandpa. Another thing

I really admire about Dad was his commitment to the scouting program. I think that is why so many of his grandsons have their Eagle Badges. Dad also taught me how to drive on ice. It was in the truck, and it really scared me. The first lesson was how to stop at a stop sign. I did OK. Then he got me going again and we made it home without any problems.

Mother (Lucie Howard) taught me a lot of things. She taught me to can fruit and sew. I appreciated how she always worked along with us when we did our chores. She was always a good sport. I don't know of many mothers who would go camping with all of their children and allow her husband to go back to work while she stayed in the campground with the children and all of the responsibility until the next weekend when her husband would come back to help. I never saw her angry with people. She never gossiped about others. She had a very kind, loving heart. Mom was a great story teller and she helped me learn that some of the best adventures can be found in books. She passed her love for reading along to me. I still think that a good book is a whole lot better than TV. One of the greatest blessings she gave me was a love for the scriptures, first for her stories from the scriptures when we were little, and then seeing her love for the scriptures when she would read. She picked them up often. I decided that there had to be a lot of good reading in them. I did find out for myself that this is true. A lot of good reading in the scriptures!



Mother

She gave me the basics of piano playing, and I had some lessons also. But somehow I never got very good at playing the piano. But it did give me a great love and appreciation for good music. I love the classics, I even love opera. When I read I always have music playing softly in the background. She also taught me the lesson of being thrifty. First of all I pay my tithing, and always put a little money aside to save. I try to be like her as much as I can, but I never learned her skills in putting on a great party and her skills with interacting with people.



Mother (far right) with friends and handmade puppets



*Cecil and Lucie James Family - 1970, Provo, Utah
Dick, Joyce, Cheril, Cecile, Tom and Lois*



*Cecil and Lucie James Family - 1980, Provo, Utah
Doug & Cecile Scribner, Alf & Joyce Ridge, Tom & Roberta James, Dick & Lorna James, Richard & Cheril Snow, Ernie & Lois Winfield*

Trips

Ernie and I traveled around the country quite a bit. With his family out in Baltimore, we would try to take a different route out there to visit and also a different route coming home, so we could see more of our country. We also went to Hawaii twice. Mexico twice, and Canada quite a few times. We also went to Great Britain. We first went to Scotland when Cecile and Doug were living there. Cecile was a great guide. She had always scouted out all the good places to go. We went through so many castles and the countryside was beautiful, but in a different way than we see here in America. One of the best experiences there was going to the Tattoo at Edinburgh Castle. The pipers were great, but when the lone piper on top of the Castle played the *Star Spangled Banner*, I felt such of love for my country and so much gratitude to my Heavenly Father for sending me to good parents in America. It was one of the greatest experiences in my life. Another great trip Ernie and I took was going to all of the temples in Utah. We visited every one in operation on that trip and ended up over the border and going to the Las Vegas Temple. Another great trip was traveling across the country and visiting all of the Church Historical sights. Our first stop was Fort Bridger. It was the year that the church was celebrating the 75th Anniversary of the Saints crossing the plains. The wagon train was just entering Fort Bridger as we got there. We stopped at Winter Quarters, Nauvoo for a tour of the town and then on to Carthage. We spent quite a bit of time there. Seeing the bullet holes in the door and the window that Joseph Smith fell out of, were heart wrenching moments. Our next stop was to take a tour of the temple at Kirtland. On to Palmyra for the pageant, stopping at the Chicago Temple on the way. We also were able to travel again to Nauvoo when they were having the open house for the Temple. So we were able to take the tour. Whenever we traveled, if there was a temple in the area we always tried to do a session. Ernie and I have visited over twenty-five temples traveling around the country. But the one I am sure Ernie would have loved being around for was the Brigham City Temple.



Ernie and Lois in Scotland, traveling with Richelle Snow and Dad (Cecil S. James) - 1985

First Photo: Cecil, Odette Kemp, Richelle, Ernie in Temple, Scotland where James Brown Syme was from. Odette lived in Temple

Second: Lois and Ernie at St. Andrews

Third: The Tattoo at Edinburgh Castle





*Top Left: Carthage Jail
 Top Right: Nauvoo, Illinois Temple
 Bottom Left: Kirtland, Ohio Temple
 Bottom Right: Brigham City, Utah, Temple*



Lois and Ernie on one of many trips to California

Left: Lois and Cecile at the Golden Gate

Right: Lois and Ernie shopping in San Rafael

Ernie loved his CMBDII'S License Plate



One last great trip I had was to New Zealand. Dave and Deann were missionaries there. Carla, Farrell, Paige and Cheril went with me. It was a really great trip. The scenery was so different. So much green and grass everywhere. The canyons had trees and shrubs clear to the tops of them. Dave and Deann were able to take us during the day on daily trips. We also visited the Temple in New Zealand - people remembered Cecile and Doug when they were at the Visitor's Center on their mission. But the best part for me was seeing Dave's and Deann's interaction with the people - they loved them so much. Also, we got lots of kisses and hugs from the people in the wards we visited. It was a great experience.



Dave and Lois



Lois and Cheril



Cheril and Rangi Parker (New Zealand Church Historian)



Farrell, Carla, and Paige

*Ernie's Funeral
March 5, 2011 - Perry, Utah*



*Joyce and Alf Ridge Family (Top)
Doug and Cecile Scribner Family (Below)*



BYU Balloons



Don James



*Cheril and family - Jerilynn Goepel, Michelle Ashby,
Lori Marett, Rita James*



Lori Marett, Tom James, David Hirschi



Roberta James and Family

I am so grateful to my Heavenly Father for bringing Ernie into our lives. Ernie was a convert to the church. He had been raised so differently than I had been, but he fit into my family so perfectly. My children loved him. Ernie loved the mountains and camping. We had so much fun together. When it became necessary for him to be on oxygen we had to give up our outdoor activities. But Ernie went with me to the Temple every week until just a few weeks before he passed away. I loved taking care of him, he was so grateful for everything. The boys kept taking him to the ball games. He used a scooter to get around. His mind was clear and active until he passed away. He was talking to Jeff on the phone just before he passed away. He went so peacefully and quietly just three days before his ninetieth birthday. I will always miss him, but I am so thankful for the gospel to know that we can be together forever.



Carla and Farrell Spackman and Family



Carla



Ron and Beth Hirschi Family



Kayleen (James), Lois, Carla, Heidi





Dave and Deann Hirschi and Family



Randy and Tami Hirschi and Family



My Family 2015 - 2016

Ron and Beth Hirschi Family



Jeff, Jenny, Beth, Josh, Jake



*Jeff and Sarah Hirschi Family
Owen and Jonah*



*Jake and Erin Hirschi Family
Grace Erin, Nora James, Isaac Jacob*



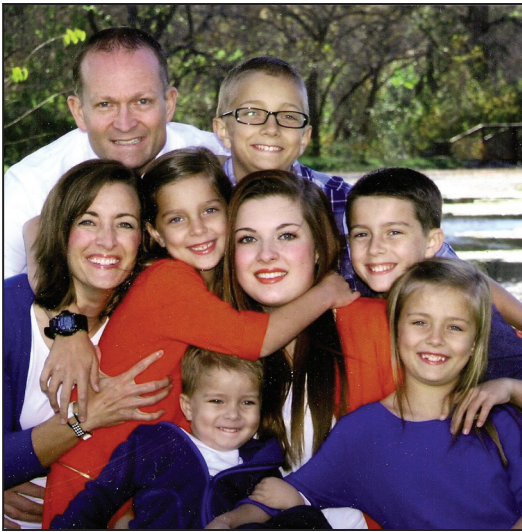
*John and Jenny
(Hirschi)
Whedon*



Josh Hirschi

*Ron and Beth
Hirschi Family
Adults: John, Jeff,
Jenny, Josh, Beth,
Erin and Jake
Children: Grace,
Nora, Owen, Isaac*

Dave and Deann Hirschi Family



*Shane and Mindy (Hirschi) Henrie Family
Shane, Kip, Mindy, Eliza, Elayna, Jacob, Ace and Emelia*



Paul and Alyssa Hirschi, Elijah, Benjamin, Caitlin



*Thomas and Kate (Hirschi) Richardson Family
Kensy, Thomas, Sam, Kate, Sadie, Caleb*



*Mark and Krista Hirschi Family - Lucy (in front) Krista,
Dylan, Bradyn, Jaxon, and Mark*

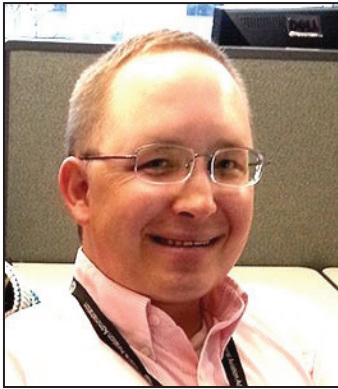


*Casey and Taneil (Hirschi) Liljenquist
and Zoey*



Scot and Kristin Hirschi Family - Sara, Emma, Jacob, Scot, Kristin, Ella and Anna

Randy and Tami Hirschi Family



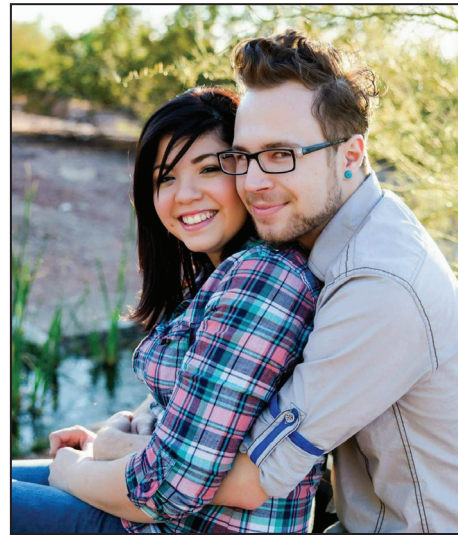
Craig Hirschi



*Steve and Amy (Hirschi) Bouck Family
Kendyl, Adlyn, Everett, Kassida*



*Paul and Jill (Hirschi) Lindhardt Family
Jessica, Maiya Jean, Emmett Paul, Makenzy Jo*



Bryan and Molly Hirschi



Matt and Heather Hirschi



Zak and Cami Hirschi Family - Aubree and Max

Farrell and Carla Spackman Family



Ty Spackman

*Tyler and Amber
(Spackman)
Conlin Family
Maya, Emily,
Allie, Joshua*



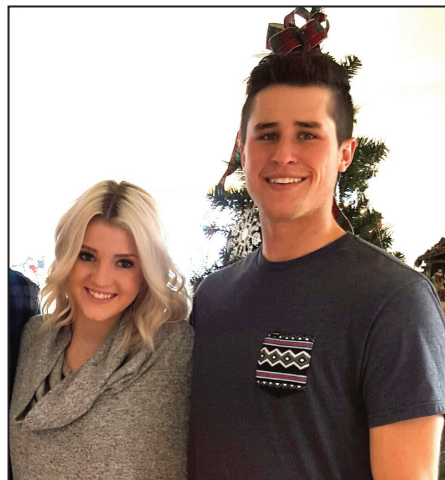
*Matthew Gerling and Stacy (Spackman) Dunham Family
Blakely Tess, Nash Matthew, Mykenzie Ann, Mylee Shae, Kenleigh Marie*



*Nathan Grant and Heidi (Spackman) Spencer Family
Addison Kate and Austin Grant*



Tyler and Keely (Spackman) Fry Family - Katie and Thayne



Paige (Spackman) and Mavryck Holmgren



Ron and Beth



*Family of
Lois and Ernie
Winfield*



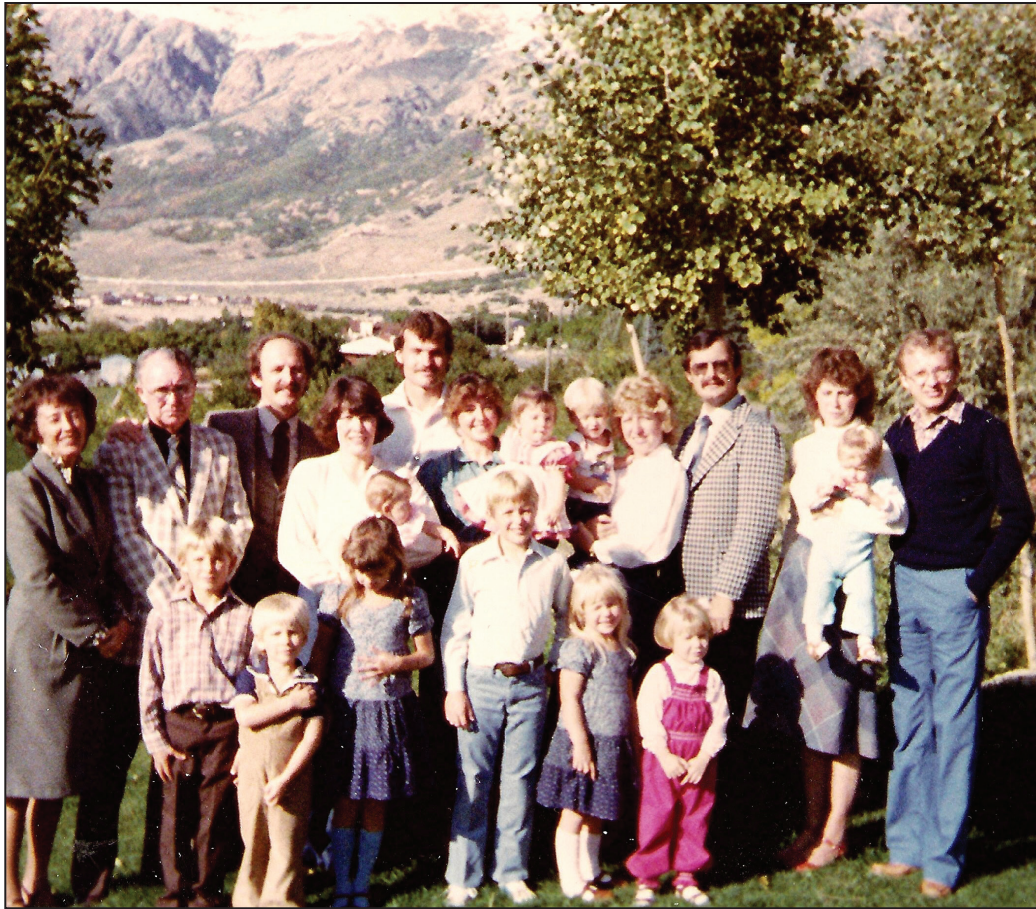
Dave and Deann



Farrell and Carla



Randy and Tami



Lois and Ernie and Family - Ron, Dave, Randy, Carla and families

This certificate is not valid until it has been entered in Ward Record of Members.
Entered in Ward Record, Line No. 698
By: [Signature]

Ward Clerk

Rock Springs WARD Lynnman STAKE NO. 108

CERTIFICATE OF BLESSING

THIS CERTIFIES THAT Louise Joan James
SON OR DAUGHTER OF Cecil Thomas AND Lucy Howard
FATHER'S NAME MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME

BORN Aug 17 1928 AT Rock Springs Wyo
CITY OR TOWN, COUNTY, STATE OR NATION

WAS BLESSED Sept. 2 1928, BY Elder Thomas A James

OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

[Signature] BISHOP
[Signature] CLERK

Recorded in the Rock Springs Ward Record of Members
Book _____, Line 278
Ward Clerk *R. E. Selber*

No. 86

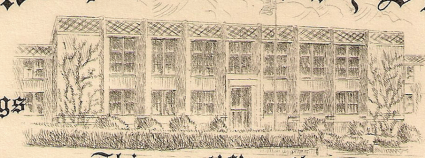
Certificate of Baptism and Confirmation

Rock Springs Ward

This Certifies that Lois Joan James
Daughter of Cecil S. James and Lucie Howard
Son or Daughter Father's Name Mother's Maiden Name
Born August 1, 1928, at Rock Springs Sweetwater, Wyoming
Date City or Town County State or Nation
was baptized August 2, 1936, by Cecil S. James, Elder
Date Elder or Priest
and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, August 2, 1936
Date
by Elder Thomas A. James
Signed *R. E. Selber* Signed *Cecil S. James*
Clerk Bishop

Rock Springs High School

Rock Springs Wyoming



This certifies that

Lois J. James

has satisfactorily completed a Course of Study prescribed for graduation from this School and is therefore awarded this Diploma.

Given this twenty-ninth day of May, one thousand nine hundred and forty-six.

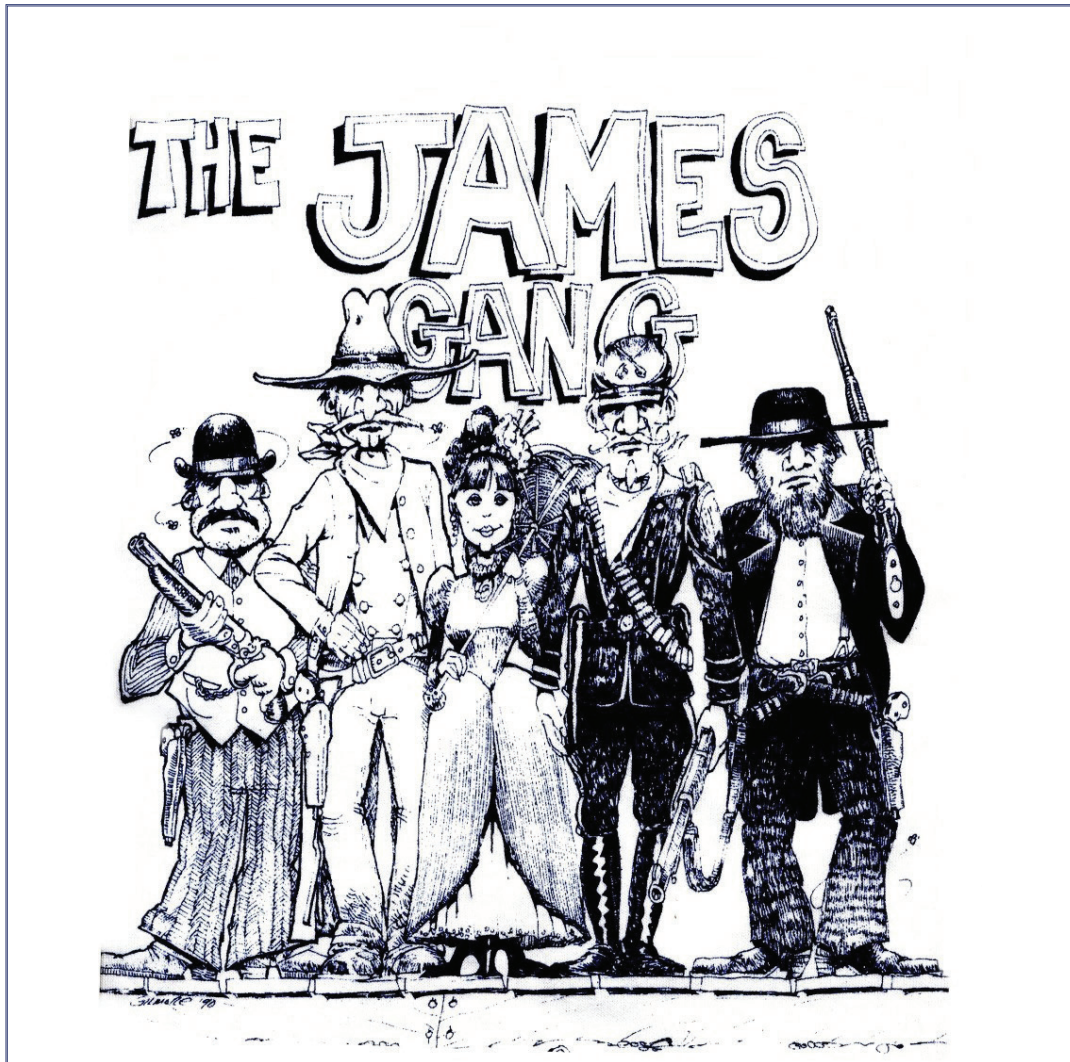


E. M. Thompson *G. G. Morris*
SUPERINTENDENT PRESIDENT

W. M. Baucher *Leona J. Husan*
PRINCIPAL SECRETARY



Lois and Ernie and Family with Grandpa James



Artwork by Ron Hirchi

MY TESTIMONY

I know that the Church of Jesus Christ is the true church of our Father in Heaven. I know that Jesus Christ is his son and was sent to this world to teach and guide us. I know that Joseph Smith is a true prophet of God and was sent here to restore the true church of our Heavenly Father. I know that we have had a true prophet of God on this earth ever since Joseph Smith. A prophet who receives revelation and inspiration to guide his church and the people on this earth.

I know that if I live his commandments, have faith in him, be baptised and repent of my sins, be sealed in his holy temple that I can live with my Father in Heaven and my family forever.

I know that Christ is a resurrected person and lives. Why do I know these things? My Heavenly Father has answered so many of my prayers. Some immediately upon my asking. Others have taken time and a lot of prayers, but the answer has always come. I know that when I read the Book of Mormon and Bible that they are true scriptures given to us from Our Father in Heaven.

I have the feeling of rightness in me when I hear our Prophet and General Authorities bear testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel. I know they are telling the truth.

I know that my Heavenly Father will never leave me in darkness if I keep the commandments and pray often for help and inspiration. I am truly grateful for my testimony and knowledge of the gospel.

April 2015

As I sit thinking that my life story is about to be printed, I realize this isn't the end of my story.



Lois - age 87

I thought that when Ernie passed away *“that was the end.”* But I look back, and I realize my story isn't over. I want my family to know what I have learned. I realized that I still had children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. Lots of them, and most of them live close. Brothers and sisters around. I chose to be “happy” with my family. I have had a lot of fun and great times with them. I know why our Father in Heaven gives us families. We need them. He wants us to be happy. I also found out that my Father in Heaven had other plans for me. He called me to be a temple worker. Who would think at age 85 I would be put to work. I love working there again. It's wonderful to have a temple just minutes away from home. I want my family to know that Heavenly Father loves and cares for each of us. Families are important. He wants us to be happy. But - it is our choice to chose his way and be happy.