

**INCIDENTS AND MEMORIES FROM MY LIFE  
THAT HAVE AFFECTED MY DESTINY**

**DELORES GOODMAN**



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# **INCIDENTS AND MEMORIES FROM MY LIFE THAT HAVE AFFECTED MY DESTINY**

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## **INTRODUCTION**

Years ago, about 1963, not too long after the birth of Steven, I decided to write my life history. I wrote with a desire to obey the counsel of Church leaders to do so. It was a brief history. My daughter-in-law, Debbie, Howard's wife, put it in a booklet and added some pictures, my patriarchal blessing, my birth certificate and a few other items. It is now July 2005, and I will be seventy-six in a few days.

I can add more to the chapters of my life, since many years have come and gone after the birth of Steven, and I hope to make my story more interesting by recalling more of the incidents that have affected my life and my destiny. I now have an agenda and a passion. Those who read this will be aware of that agenda. I want my posterity to know that life is important, and the choices we make (even the small ones) will affect our destiny. We are not alone. Things we do and say will have eternal consequences for us and those around us, especially our families.

Also, Eva Jo, my daughter, wanted some pictures along with my history. She planned to spotlight me at our family reunion on August 4, 2005, and with her encouragement and a time frame I started to rewrite with a vigorous determination to finish in time for the reunion, not realizing the undertaking would require more time to complete the story as I wished.

I have not kept a journal. I did not think there was anything of significance in my life to write about. I was only doing what was normal everyday living and did not see much to brag about. But as I wrote, I began to think perhaps that writing my history would be a way to explain some of my failures and accomplishments. It is with some reluctance that

I'm attempting to record my life as accurately as I am able to do. Memory becomes selective and we tend to remember the incidents the way we sometimes want to perceive them. Therefore, some will not agree or will remember the incident differently and if I'm not totally accurate, blame it on my selective memory.

Life history is truly a work in progress. It is never finished. It is eternal. A person's life is sacred. When writing about it, one becomes vulnerable to acceptance or rejection by those who read it. If only the best is recorded, then an untrue image appears, and life's depiction is not as it occurred. Therefore, I have recorded incidents and feelings that have affected my life. Recorded history is what the recorder wishes to convey. He has control over what to record. The nurturing of children is very challenging. I hope I have written those things that will have a positive influence on those who read it--especially my family. I certainly do not wish to embarrass anyone or make them feel any less. We all make mistakes. After all we are only human. The important thing is we have changed our course as we have learned from those mistakes.

I feel I have failed in life in many things. One is keeping a journal and writing a history. I am not the type of person that can keep at anything for a long period of time. I work in spurts and starts. That is probably why I have never learned to accomplish or develop talents. I've dreamed of playing the piano, and have started practicing a few times, but never stuck with it to accomplish any ability. I have many unfilled dreams and know that time is too short now to accomplish most of them.

I've dreamed of being rich one day. When I was young, I really thought that would take place somehow. As a child, I grew up feeling poor. I felt deprived and inferior to my peers, and longed for the day I could be somebody, accomplish something, be well-liked and feel like I had made a difference in this world. When I became a mother, I desperately wanted to be a good parent and have good kids.

I've always been active in the church, and my testimony grew as I grew. I really became converted as a teenager and wanted to convert the world. I thought one day I would go on

a mission. After I got married, I decided my calling was to raise a good family and make sure they were converted. I've come to realize family brings the most happiness, more than all the money in the world or more than all the trips in the world.

The gospel means a great deal to me, and I never want to fail in anything I'm called upon to do in the Church. I am truly convinced that living the gospel of Jesus Christ as it has been restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith is the only way to receive eternal joy. This life is the time to determine our eternal destiny. Now, I will attempt to write a few incidents in my life, as I remember them, or as they were recounted to me.



## CHAPTER I: LINEAGE

I, Delores Lavanda Lee was born at Silver City, Grant County, New Mexico on 29 July 1929. I was the oldest of eleven children.

My father's name is Franklin Lafayette Lee ("Lafe") and he was born in Layton, Arizona on 15 December 1897. Although he has claimed for years, he was born 15 January 1898. Research of family histories indicates he was one month older. His argument was that he was two years older than his brother, Delbert Leroy Lee who was born 29 January 1900. The date 15 January is inscribed on my dad's headstone. Mother insisted that was the day he celebrated, and she was not going to change the date. His father's name was John Amasa Lee, and his mother was Mary Elvira Bigelow. My dad is a grandson of John D. Lee and Rachael Andora Woolsey.

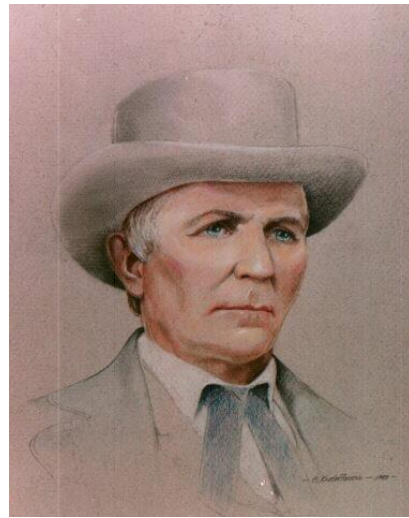


*Franklin Lafayette Lee*

**My Father, from Lee Quarterly  
February 8, 1982**



**(My grandparents)  
Mary and John A. Lee about 1937**



**(My great-grandfather)  
John D. Lee**



**(My parents) Eva and F. L. Lee 1928**

My mother is Sarah Evaline Benskin, and she was born at Manson, Randolph County, Arkansas on 23 November 1909. Her father's name is John Marbrook Benskin, and her mother is Lucinda Emmaline Farley ("Emma"). My grandpa Benskin never joined the



**Grandpa (John) and Grandma (Emma) Benskin, 1929**

Church while he was living. He lived to be 100 years and six months. I remember he was hard of hearing. The family finally bought him hearing aids, but he turned them down or didn't seem to want to wear them. It was comical to see how he interpreted television shows that he could not hear. He would come up with the funniest explanations. He was accused of turning his hearing aids off when he did not want to hear my grandmother.



**Benskin Family**

**Back Row: Marion Oscar, Sarah Evaline (my mother), Joseph Leo,**

**Middle Row: John Marbrook (my grandfather), Alma Neoma, Oletta Minerva,**

**Front Row: Ada Naoma, and Lucinda Emmaline (my grandmother)**

My grandmother Emma (Lucinda Emmaline) Farley was born in 1887 on January 14<sup>th</sup>. She was the baby girl in her family and according to family lore she was pampered as a child and very selfish. She would hide her toys from her cousins. Her parents were Pinkney Lafayette Farley and Sarah Ann Canada. He was an accomplished violin maker and fiddle player. My grandmother loved to talk and seemed to never run down. She would keep her talk going by pausing if interrupted with, “and a.” It was always exciting to just be in their presence.

My grandpa Benskin never learned to read and write. “Emma” (as my grandmother was called) is grandpa’s second wife. My aunt Alma (being interested in genealogy) found the record of his first wife--Millie Riddle. She died in childbirth along with the first child. No one in the family knew about his first wife. When he was confronted, he did not deny it. He said he just never thought it was important for them to know. Information on



family skeletons is available for those that really get interested in family history. One never knows what one might uncover.



**(My grandmother's family)**

**Back Row: Eugene Farley, Malissa Field Smith, Marion Constantine Farley.**

**Front Row: Pinkney Lafayette Farley, Sarah Ann Canada Farley, Lucinda Emmaline Farley (my grandmother.) Malissa Field Smith is the mother of Pinkney L. Farley.**

Apparently, Grandpa Benskin's mother (Laura Manerva Wilder) did not learn to read and write either. She signed legal documents with an "X". We do not have any records for his mother, although many have searched for years, especially my Aunt Alma and me. I have found records that Aunt Alma did not have, but I have been unsuccessful in determining Laura's parents. She claimed her father's name was Louis and she was born 6 December 1850. In the 1860 Census, Manerva Wilder, a nine-year-old, was listed as living in the household of James Wilder in Illinois. Laura Manerva was not listed in the will of James Wilder when he died in 1872 in Putnam, Missouri. I feel confident James is a relative, but I have not been able to establish just how they are related. I hope someday that information will become available. Laura Manerva was married to Charles Benskin in Putnam County, Missouri on 21 September 1867.



**(My great-grandparents) Laura Manerva and Charles Benskin**

Family lineage is important to the Lord's work and to each of us individually. There is order in the Lord's ways and in His Work. Families provide a systematic way to give all of God's children a chance to gain a body, and an opportunity to hear the gospel, and to be linked in an Eternal Chain in God's

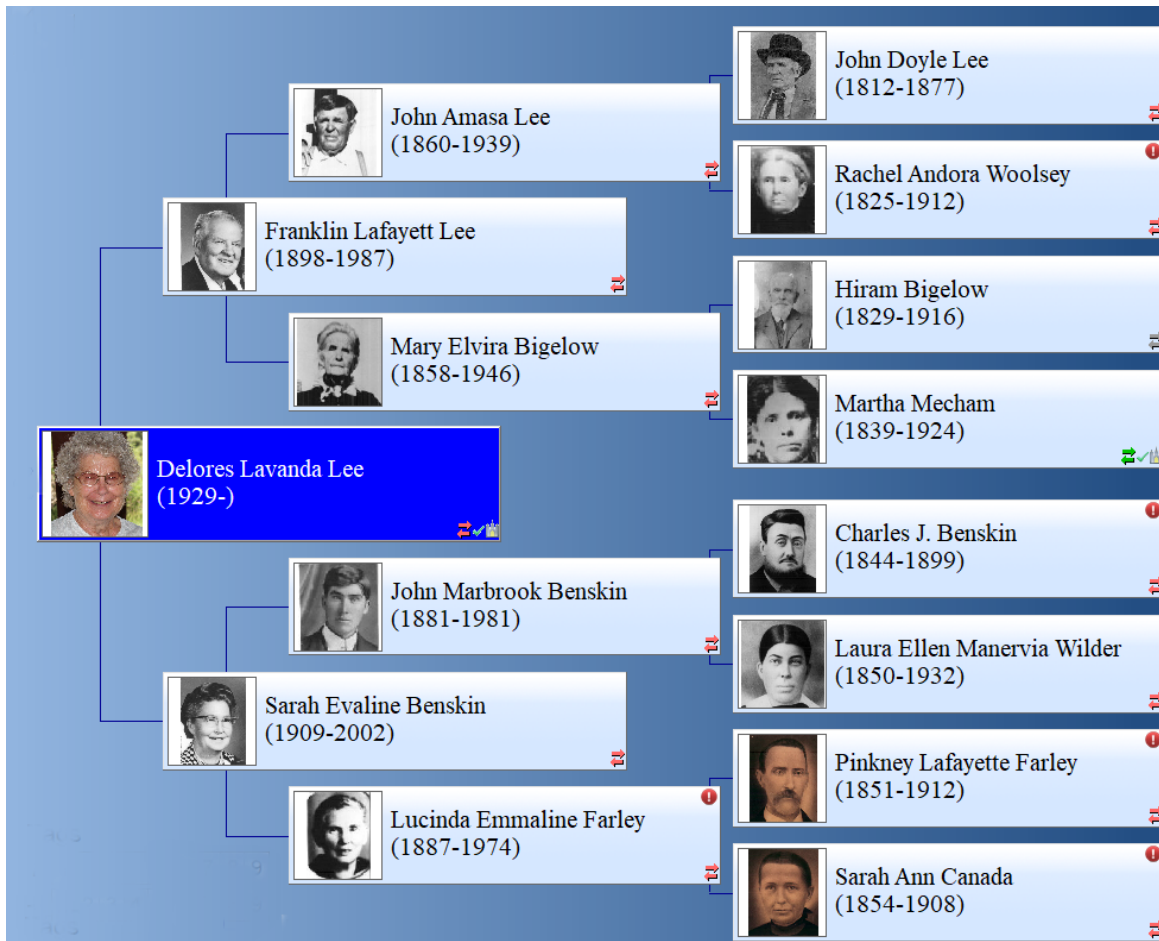
Kingdom. We are commanded to seek out our dead, thereby becoming saviors on Mount Zion to our family members who have not had the chance to hear and accept the gospel.

We cannot be exalted in God's Kingdom without knowing of the atonement of Jesus Christ and keeping His commandments, including doing His ordinances. It is God's work and His glory to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man. The earth was designed for this purpose. Each person will have a chance to accept or reject the gospel before he is judged. If we reject Jesus Christ here and his ordinances, we have forfeited the opportunity for Eternal Life and the chance to be with our families forever.

Cherish your heritage, your family, and do all you can to find joy and enjoy them. They are the most important things in your life. Oh, how we need to realize this when we are young and making important life decisions. Families can and will affect our eternal destiny. Earth time or mortality is only a short time compared to eternity.

Our lineage is important to us individually. It can help us know who we are; the tendencies we have to work with, and what we need to change. Family is the most important situation in life. Knowing our lineage can help us become better. We are to rise above our parents and be more than they were. Your parents and lineage have an effect on

who you are, and who you will become. You acquire tendencies from them, both learned and inherited, that affects who you are. We do not have a choice of our lineage. I am convinced that where we are placed here on earth was determined by our pre-mortal life. Those that were more valiant are placed in the spot and time on earth which they merited. The same will be true when we leave this life.



This is not to say we cannot control the situation where we are. Each situation becomes our personal dilemma. You are the one who is accountable. Life depends on what you do with each choice you have. Freedom of choice is a wonderful thing, but we must pay the consequence of that choice whether it is good or not so good. It is a principle of life. Freedom of choice eventually boils down to whether we will choose to accept and love God and obey His will, or to choose Satan and follow the byways of worldly enticements and sin. The moment one chooses the world over God, he separates himself from God. Those choosing the correct pathway will move upward to a state where the atonement of Jesus Christ and the covenants we make and keep will be operative and make us free from

sin and able to abide God's presence and find complete joy. Those choosing to follow Satan will do things that lead to temporary pleasure but also leads down to eventual death and misery, unless they repent and seek to do the Lord's will.

My dad quoted a poem to me and had me include it in a two-and-one-half minute talk.

It was written by Edger A. Guest.

“You are the fellow that has to decide,  
whether you'll do it or toss it aside.  
Whether you'll try for the goal that's afar,  
Or just be contented to stay where you are.  
Yours the selection, whichever you do;  
The thing men call character's all up to you!”

Our goal should be Celestial Life. This poem influenced my life. We are here to gain experience and to make choices. How will we handle life? Are we capable of enduring to the end? We will all have trials and adversity. What will we do with them? The Lord has assured us, don't give up, you can move on if you trust me, I'll bring you through. Do not become embittered and lose the faith. “Be thou humble, and the Lord thy God shall lead thee by the hand...” If your faith falters, humble yourself, pray for strength and repent.

I have a tendency to voice my opinion, especially when it comes to important life situations. I'm sure you are all aware of that tendency. The choice is how will you handle it? I do not want to be called opinionated though. I can and have changed my mind on issues when more facts have been presented to me. I hope to always be teachable and willing to learn from my follies, my mistakes, my opinions, and to recognize the truth. It seems easy to be persuaded by others, the theories, the fads of society and the misconceptions in the world and Satan's enticements. Sometimes I need a course adjustment. All these things affect our destiny.



**Dolores, about 6 months old**

The naming of a child by the parents will affect the way a child perceives himself/herself. The spelling of my name has not always been the same. In the early days of my married life, I secured a copy of my birth certificate which was in my father's handwriting. My father only went to the eighth grade, which was more education than my mother, who went to the third grade. My mother was born in Arkansas and had to go to work in the cotton patch to help her family survive. My mother did very well with what little education she had. Neither of them knew how to spell too well. They spelled how it sounded to them and that is okay. It does not mean that I will not be able to spell either.

My father filled out my birth certificate "Baby Lee (Deloras)." From that I wonder if he did not know what he wished to name me. I also decided it did not really matter how a name was spelled. It was more important what you did with that name. I had an early sense that I never wanted to bring disgrace to my name. Names do have an effect on one's life. It is very important to give children a name they can be proud to carry.

I asked my mom where she found the name Dolores. She said she saw it in a magazine while she was in the outhouse. Magazines and catalogues were the most popular toilet tissue when my parents and I were young. Dolores was a popular movie star at the time, and mother liked the sound of the name. This made me proud. I thought perhaps someday, I too might be famous and pretty. During my school years I spelled my name "Dolores." After I was married a few years and received my birth certificate I decided to spell it "Delores." I like the sound of "DE" more than "DO," I do not know why "Lavanda" was added. It seems to be on Church records though. Later, when I obtained my birth certificate and confronted my dad about the name, he confirmed he was not too sure at the time. He knew an old man, a goat herder by the name of "Doloras" and he was not too impressed which was reflected on my birth certificate. I'm sure I was blessed as an infant, probably by my Grandfather Lee at Gila, New Mexico, but I don't have the



record.

STATE OF NEW MEXICO, BUREAU OF PUBLIC HEALTH  
CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH

PLACE OF BIRTH  
County of GRANT

School District of \_\_\_\_\_  
or \_\_\_\_\_  
Village or Town of SILVER CITY - N.M.

Registered No. \_\_\_\_\_  
St. \_\_\_\_\_ Ward \_\_\_\_\_

City of \_\_\_\_\_ (No. Delores Lee (Delores))

FULL NAME OF CHILD \_\_\_\_\_  
If Child Is Not Named At Birth, See Instruction on Reverse

Boy or Girl? GIRL Twin or triplet? \_\_\_\_\_ Which? \_\_\_\_\_  
Date of birth JULY - 29 1929  
MONTH DAY YEAR

Are Parents Married? YES If so, was this baby first, second, third? \_\_\_\_\_

FATHER FULL NAME FRANKLIN LAYFETT LEE MOTHER FULL MAIDEN NAME SARAH EVELYN BENSKIN

RESIDENCE GILA - N.M. RESIDENCE GILA - N.M.

F. O. ADDRESS SAME F. O. ADDRESS SAME AGE AT LAST BIRTHDAY 19 (years)

White, BRN, Yellow, Red White, Black, Yellow, Red

BIRTHPLACE SAFFORD ARIZONA BIRTHPLACE ARKANSAS

OCCUPATION (SEE OTHER SIDE) FARMER OCCUPATION (SEE OTHER SIDE) HOUSEWIFE

Number of children born to this mother including present birth 1 Number of children of this mother now living 1

Were drops put in eyes to prevent blindness? YES If so, what? 25% ARGYROL

CERTIFICATE OF ATTENDING PHYSICIAN OR MIDWIFE

I hereby certify that I attended the birth of this child, who was born ALIVE (state whether born alive or dead) at 5 P. M. on the date above mentioned.

(Signature) [Signature]

(State Whether Physician, Midwife, Parent or Other)

Given name added from a supplemental report \_\_\_\_\_ 19\_\_\_\_

Address Silver City N.M.

Filed 8-7 1929 Mar. H. D. SUB-REGISTRAR OR HEALTH OFFICER

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STATE OF NEW MEXICO  
COUNTY OF SANTA FE

HEREBY CERTIFY THIS TO BE A TRUE AND CORRECT COPY OF AN ORIGINAL CERTIFICATE REGISTERED WITH THE VITAL RECORDS UNIT, NEW MEXICO HEALTH AND SOCIAL SERVICES DEPARTMENT--THE LEGAL DEPOSITORY FOR SUCH RECORDS, SIGNED AND SEALED

Y: Sam Salvo 62 SEPTEMBER 1976 Michael O'Connor  
DEPUTY STATE REGISTRAR STATE REGISTRAR

Birth Certificate for Delores Lee

## **CHAPTER II: EARLY CHILDHOOD HOMES AND ACTIVITIES**

A few months after my birth my parents moved to Lebanon, Arizona sometimes called “Cactus Flat.” My mother’s parents were in Lebanon when my parents first met. The Lees had property both in Gila New Mexico and Arizona. My dad had planted a cabbage crop in Gila and needed help with the harvesting. He employed the Benskins to help with the crop. They moved temporarily to Gila where my parents were married. My dad sold his place in Gila to Frank Lee before moving to Lebanon.



**Delores at the house where her parents lived, Gila, New Mexico**

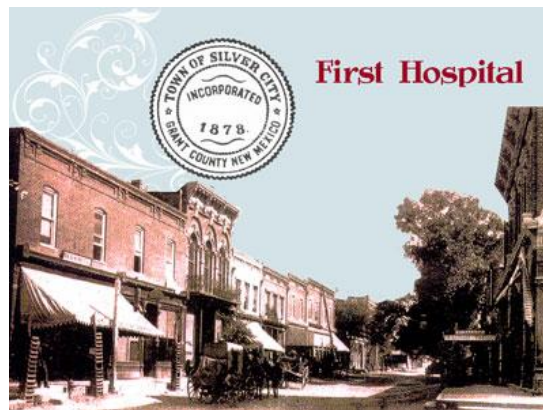
My mother, my sister Carol, and I went to Hurley, New Mexico to visit my Aunt Oletta in 1982. While we were in the area, we located the place where my parents lived in Gila. We took pictures of the house, and we also visited the cemetery and the graves of several Lee relatives buried in Gila. Mother showed us the big oak tree under which my dad proposed to her. It stands there to this day.





**Mother and Delores under the tree where Lafe proposed to Eva**

I was actually born in Silver City. It was a town about fifteen miles from Gila. Gila was more or less a rural community, with a church and a store, but no doctors or hospitals. In 1946 my Aunt Oletta showed me the hospital in Silver City where I was born. It was a two-story red brick building. When my mother and Carol were there in 1982 the hospital had been demolished.



**Silver City Hospital where Delores was born**

The first place I remember living was in Cactus Flat, Arizona, called the “Upper Place”. It was in the same vicinity as Lebanon Cemetery. There seemed to be a high step-up to the front door. The house was made out of adobe. In the yard was an artesian well. My mother washed clothes in the nice warm water which just flowed from the well and out of a pipe above the ground. She scrubbed the clothes on an old washboard, rinsed them and hung them out to dry. Later, my parents moved to a farm which was called the ‘Lower Place.’ But we went back to the “Upper Place” to do our washing for a period of time. We lived on the “Lower Place” until after my sixth birthday. During this time, Lavean, Maurice, Morgan, and Thora were born. We did not have electricity. We went to bed early. Our lights were coal oil lamps. We had a wood burning cook stove.

The house at the Lower Place was adobe. It was fairly cool in the summertime. We didn’t have electricity or inside plumbing. We had a windmill in the back yard. We kept our milk and butter in a homemade cooler. The cooler was a frame with gunny sacks hanging around the frame. A container full of water with a few holes in the bottom was placed on the top. The water would dribble out slowly onto the gunny sacks, keeping the sacks damp and the milk inside cool.

As children, we loved to play in a nearby sand wash. We built sandcastles. We especially liked to pull off our shoes and run in the sand. Thorns did not grow

in the sand. In fact, we went barefooted a lot of the time because we wanted to go barefooted. We also spent time picking slivers and thorns from our feet. We learned how to use a needle to get the thorns from our feet, but sometimes the sliver had to fester before it could be removed. The skin on the bottom of our feet became tough. We went



Cactus Flat Playground

Lavean (2 years), Maurice (1 year), Delores (3 years)

barefooted more than we wore shoes.



**Delores, 1<sup>st</sup> Grade**

I went to school in Safford, Arizona. We had an old blue, gray horse that we called, “Old Blue”. I would ride the horse about two miles up the lane to a main road, where I put the reins I went to school in Safford, Arizona. We had an old blue, gray horse that we called, “Old Blue”. I would ride the horse about two miles up the lane to a main road, where I put the reins just right on the saddle horn, slide off the horse, gave him a pat and said, “Go home.” I’d then catch the bus and ride about five miles to school. In the evening my sister,

Lavean, would meet me on the horse at the bus stop, and we’d both ride the horse home.

Lavean reminded me of the time we lived in a tent by a reservoir. After thinking about it, I do recall being in a tent while my dad was working on a Reservoir.

Apparently, we lived there several months while my dad worked with a team and a scraper building a dam for the reservoir.

My dad and Uncle Ed Richardson had some kind of a disagreement over the reservoir, and my dad held bad feelings towards him for years. I’ve never known the story but knew there was something there. As children we did not have the association with them that we should have. They are a

remarkable family. All their family received college degrees and have been influential in their lives, and in the community, being schoolteachers, lawyers and doctors. Aunt Effie



**Delores with brothers and sisters, about 1934 with Raymond Benskin at Raymond’s house**

was a schoolteacher. She saw the importance of education. One time she tried to get my dad to acquire a higher education by going to Thatcher to school. She offered him a place to live, but he was more interested in obtaining his fortune by buying and selling.



**Richardson Family at Carmen's Wedding**

**From Left: Uncle Ed, Aunt Effie (my dad's sister), Dixie Lee, Wilford Rene, Omer James Smith, Carmen, Clifton Davis Manderscheid, Lorraine, Not present are Grant and Newell**

Also near our house was a hill on which was buried Indian ollas, an earthen-type round vase. My father had dug up several, and people used to come and dig all around the hill. Not too far from the hill, we also had a big reservoir. We would drive our stock to water at the reservoir. My dad would let me ride behind him on the horse as we drove the cattle to drink. After we drove the stock to water one day, one of the horses refused to drink. This was the first time I heard the expression, when my father said, "Well, you can drive a horse to water, but you can't make it drink." The expression has meant to me that some people cannot see the truth and accept it even when it is right before them. The gospel is witnessed through the spirit and if someone doesn't feel it or refuses to drink it, they will not participate. We need a desire to feel and experience through the spirit that which is



good to the taste. Faith is an experience of feeling the spirit stir within us. You cannot force anyone to do what you may think is best.

When I was about four years old my parents went to California--perhaps to look for employment or just to visit. I don't remember why, now. Several of my uncles were living there and were in the plastering business. They seemed to be doing quite well. Aunt Vira (my dad's sister) lived most of her life in California. I do remember going to the zoo one day. It was a large zoo. They had lots of animals. I was peering in the cages of a monkey, when one of them grabbed a handful of my hair and pulled it out. That is about all I remember about that time. It seems we may have played in the ocean. I can almost see us trying to jump the waves, but here again my memory is vague.

Keeping dates in my mind of when events happened has never been that important to me. It would be nice to know, now that I've decided to write memories of my life. Soon the years blend together as life continues. Perhaps a good reason to keep a journal is to help recall dates and time and memories. I've never been one to dwell on the past. I try to do the best I can that day and then forget it and look to tomorrow. I perhaps live more in the future than the present. I've come to realize it is best to live each moment as well as thinking it will be better tomorrow. I have a set of China that I struggled to purchase. I put it up waiting for the most opportune time to use it. That time never came. Pieces are now missing, and some are chipped. The real opportunity never seemed to come but I thought it would for years.

Relatives lived in Cactus Flats, but we were quite isolated down our lane. Just past the main road where I caught the bus, about a quarter of a mile away, lived my Uncle Ed and Aunt Effie, and then on a little further across the road is where my Grandpa and Grandma Lee lived. On up the road on the main highway to Bowie, about one mile, is where my Uncle Doyle and later Uncle Will lived and when Uncle Dell returned from California, he settled there also. It is also the same highway where my dad bought the Allred Place where we moved later.

My mother's parents lived in Thatcher, a small community a couple of miles from where I

went to school in Safford.

In the same area of the Lower Place lived the Harris's, who in the late 1940s also moved to Farmington. Leta, Milda Cluff's sister married Oliver Harris. Milda married Tom, Ervin's younger brother.

I tell you of my neighbors and relatives because they also play a part in your life and what you'll be. Neighbors and friends become another important part of life in helping one develop and in presenting the choices that one will make. Always be selective of friends and neighbors when deciding where to live and know with whom your children are associating. It will surely affect their destiny as well as yours.



### CHAPTER III: CHILDHOOD MEMORIES AND CHORES

Being the oldest, I had to help all I could. My mother had her children close together and had to depend on help from the older children. I can remember many a time of standing on a chair washing dishes and sitting in the rocking chair rocking the baby. I even changed diapers. One time I happened to pin the diaper to my baby brother's skin. It was either Maurice or Morgan, I'm not sure now, but I remember the incident. It still makes me cringe just to think of it. We didn't know I had pinned the diaper and skin together until my mother checked to see why he was fussing. My mother explained you had to hold your finger where the pin came through so you would stick your finger and not the baby. I do not remember having a sitter or anyone come to our house to look after us. I do not think the thought occurred to my parents to allow their children to be tended by anyone except themselves.



**My mother Eva Lee 1965**

My mother was a strong person physically and emotionally. She would control her emotions well. Perhaps the reason she did so was because my dad believed one should learn self-control. One time, I remember catching her out by the haystack in the backyard crying. I did not know why at the time, but she was forever pregnant, and I'm sure didn't feel too well, which contributed to the situation.

Being pregnant and not feeling well, my mother would get all the children in bed with her during the day. She insisted that we lay quietly while she took a nap. Of course, we would usually fall asleep. One time while we were lying on the bed with her, Lavean had a safety pin in her mouth that she happened to swallow. She choked and we were very concerned. Mother insisted that I always go with her to watch her bowel movements looking for the safety pin. Instead of going to the outhouse, she would squat on the ground. We were instructed to take a stick and stir in the mess to see if we could locate the pin. It seems rather gross today, but at the time, we just took it in our

stride. I don't remember if she passed the pin but do remember watching for it.

My mother was five feet seven inches tall, and she had dark, (almost black) brown hair. She loved to sing traditional songs she heard as she grew up. They lived in the mission field and did not have a Church organization. Missionaries would come by every few years. She attended other denominations as a child and loved to sing their hymns. One of her favorites was "Have I Done Any Good in the World Today." Another was "Railway to Heaven," and "The Old Rugged Cross."

Consequently, my mother was not exposed to the gospel and was not well versed in it. She was used to hard labor, going to work in the cotton fields at a young age. She was taught that working was more important than school or reading. Very seldom did I see my mother read. As a child, I learned the best way to please my mother was to do things. I loved to see her eyes sparkle with approval when I'd surprise her by doing extra chores around the house without being asked.

Very often my dad had a hired hand around. When we lived on the Lower Place, Benny Thompson worked for my dad. My mother has always been very kind and hospitable to everyone. Her father was also very loving and friendly even though he was hard of hearing. It seemed natural for my mother to speak to everyone and be friendly. Sometimes, my dad thought she was too bold and at times, he was jealous of her friendliness. After I was married my mother confided in me that dad had thought she was being too friendly with the hired hand and that was why she was crying at the haystack.

My dad was very reserved and jealous of my mom. He told me he never married until he was thirty-one because he did not trust women and he wanted to be sure he found a virgin that would always be faithful to him. I think sometimes he interpreted Mother's friendliness as flirting. I'm also sure my mother was always true and faithful to my dad, even though he had doubts at times. Apparently, it was a trait that was handed down from his father. I've been told my Grandpa Lee was also very jealous of my grandma. She was such a beauty and was married to Lyman Peck when he first met her, although they were

separated at the time. I've been told the first time he saw my grandma he said, "That's the girl I'm going to marry."



**My father  
F. L. Lee 1965**

My dad was five feet, nine inches tall, and was stocky built. I was told at one time he was a towhead and was sometimes called "Cotton." His hair turned brown by the time he was grown. I was also told my dad ran and won foot races, although I never saw him run. When my dad was a young man, he was racing on horseback down a path. He was ahead in the race. There was a cow lying in the path. The horse tried to jump the cow, just as she got up. It threw the horse over and the horse and saddle fell backwards with the saddle striking him in the back. It broke his back, and he was months recuperating. The rest of his life was spent with back aches. At times my dad's back gave him so much trouble, he could barely crawl and spent days lying in bed. bed.

He also suffered all his life with severe headaches. Some of his children also have suffered with migraine headaches, especially my brother, Morgan. I suffered in my teens and early twenties, especially when I was under stress.

When Jeannine was born, the doctor gave me penicillin. I was allergic to it and got a terrific case of hives. Dr. Peacock had me spend a day in his office building, on a hospital bed. where they administered antihistamine into my veins. It took most of the day. Afterwards, I never seemed to have a full-blown headache. My vision becomes tunneled, and I feel I am going blind and will not be able to see, but it usually goes away in about twenty minutes. My eye doctor explained it was a symptom of a migraine and said I was lucky that it did not develop into a serious headache afterwards.



**My father F.L. (Lafe) Lee**

A vivid memory of my dad was seeing him head for the field with a shovel on his shoulder. He was on his way to turn the water and do the irrigating. He also spent a lot of time at the corrals, taking care of the livestock. Other early memories of my dad include seeing him read the scriptures and stories of lost treasures. He also spent all the time he could with his parents.

One time he set out a young orchard on the Lower Place. The jackrabbits would come in at night and strip the bark off the young trees. My dad took a bed roll to the orchard to lie down on and he also took his shot gun and an old hound dog because he had to try to keep the rabbits

from stripping the bark from the young trees. Perhaps, he even built a fire, but I don't remember. I don't know if he patrolled the orchard or just shot the gun to keep the rabbits away. A few of the trees grew, but as I remember it didn't turn out to be much of an orchard. The rabbits had managed to ruin his investment.

One reason I remember him sleeping in the field was because he had back-trouble and claimed after sleeping on the ground it had helped his back feel better, so he preferred a firm mattress and bed.

My dad grew watermelons. The jackrabbits would gnaw the rind of the watermelon. It left a scar on the rind, and you could see where the rabbit had tried to chew the watermelon.

I was taught young to help all I could. One day my dad decided to move the horses to another field. He had me stand in one roadway. He rounded up the horses and started

them in a group down the roadway. I was to make them go into the other field. Dad had said, "Stand right there. Don't let them get by. Wave your arms and yell. Make them go through the gate in the other field." The horses came toward me on the run. I waved my arms and yelled, jumping up and down making all the commotion I could. They kept coming. I didn't move from my post. My dad insisted I stay there. I tried so hard to please my dad. "Just stand there, do not let them get by," he instructed, so I tried. The horses kept running on down the road right past me, except one. His breast hit me on the forehead, and I was knocked unconscious to the ground. The next thing I remember; my dad was carrying me to the truck. I was woozy and couldn't seem to keep my eyes open. I carried a few scars for years--one on my forehead and one on my leg.

At the Lower Place, we lived a very sheltered life. We seldom had anyone come to our door. I remember hiding behind my mom's skirt when someone knocked at the door. We were curious enough to see who it was, but not brave enough to talk to strangers. I imagine people thought it strange to see several children hanging on my mom's skirt and peeking around at them. I do not remember people coming to visit or having friends while we lived here. The Watkins man came by selling his products. I remember my mom buying some flavorings and pudding from him and sometimes some coconut. One time I wanted to have a pinch of coconut. I remember climbing up on the cupboard and sneaking a pinch of the coconut. I quickly ate it. It tasted good, but I did not feel good about sneaking. I seemed to get a hot feeling and my face flushed. I remembered I did not like that feeling. I was probably four or five years old.

Sometimes, we went to the river to fish, and we went camping in the Graham Mountains. A few times we went with Dad on prospecting trips. My dad always had different specimens of rock around the house. My dad would frequently go on prospecting trips with his brothers, and they went hunting together.

My dad was quite a trader. He made his fortune buying and selling. He eventually bought a place on the main highway. He bought it from the Allred family. It became known to us as the Allred Place. Here the school bus ran right in front of the house where Lavean and

I caught it. I was now in the second grade.

Water was scarce in Arizona. One year the rivers nearly dried up. Fish were lying on the banks and the river was crowded with them trying to stay in the little water available. Food was also scarce, even for humans. It was during the Depression, and we took some big tubs and went to the river. We would wade into the water and catch the fish by hand and put them in the tubs. My mother had a pressure cooker. She canned lots of bottles of fish. I think they were carp, but we were glad to get them. After they were pressured, the bones were soft, and we ate them. My mom also added eggs and flour to make a fish cake patty which she fried.

At this place, we also had a windmill and a kitchen sink where cold water was piped from the windmill to the kitchen. And wow! We even had electricity in a couple of rooms. It was a bulb on an electrical wire that hung down from the ceiling with a pull string on it to turn it on and off. I don't remember electricity being in the bedrooms. We had a wood burning cook stove, and flat irons that were heated on the cook stove to do the ironing. On the stove was a reservoir where water was kept warm. When we washed our hands, we could have warm water from the stove reservoir. A bucket of water and a wash pan was on a box or stand just outside the back kitchen door. We did not have a refrigerator. We had the old cooler with gunny sacks, where we would keep the butter, but we also had an upright ice chest. The ice man would come by, or we would go to an ice plant and buy blocks of ice which were put in the upright cooler to keep our milk cold. Sometimes we would run out of ice. We seemed to be out of ice more than having it. My mother also had a treadle sewing machine. She made most of our clothes. She was very creative. She let us pick out dresses from the catalogue that we liked. She could then buy fabric and make the dress from the picture. She never bought a pattern. She made her own.

While we lived at the Allred place, my dad had a number of milk cows. We separated the milk and sold the cream. I remember washing the separator and all the parts that went with it. We always had chickens. I remember the kids hunting chicken nests so we could gather the eggs. The chickens loved to build nests in the barn. We learned to spot a

setting hen and knew she had successfully hidden her nest. Then one day we'd see her with a brood of baby chickens clucking and herding them close to her. It was thrilling to see the soft little yellow chicks and how protective she was of the babies. We soon learned you did not pick one up unless you wanted a protective mother flying at you and pecking you. Later when I read the scripture of the Savior saying, "How oft I would have gathered you as a hen gathers her baby chicks, but ye would not." The picture of that early childhood memory comes to my mind.

With chickens, cows, and a garden we usually had food to eat. In fact, my mother was always sharing what we had with transits. We called them bums, and since we were on the main highway, some would stop every day or two. Sometimes they offered to work for a meal. My dad would have them chop wood for the cook stove. This was during the Great Depression and times were tough. We were lucky we had food even though money was scarce.

My dad seemed to be kept busy with the cattle and spent a lot of time at the corrals. He was very particular with his girls, and he did not want them present during the time of breeding the cows. He would make sure we went to the house. Other times we could climb on the fence and watch him brand the calves, but we had to stay out of the corrals.

We had dogs and cats as pets. Some were dropped off on the highway and they came to our house as strays. We never allowed the dogs in the house, and mother tried to keep the cats out of the house. She didn't like them climbing on the tables and cupboards. The cats seemed especially fond of the homemade butter. One time she fed some of the butter to a bum. I questioned her. She said, "It won't hurt him, and he is hungry." In the summer we had lots of house flies due to the corrals close by. We were always swatting flies. One time my dad found a sticky strip. It was hung from the ceiling and the flies would be attracted to it and would be stuck to the strip. I thought that was great, we didn't have to swat and shoo flies as much.

My father milked cows and raised cotton. We had a large cotton field close by the house.

Cotton had to be hoed and picked by hand. I remember helping chop the cotton and picking it. Usually, pickers came in to pick. The pickers went up and down each row picking the cotton from the bulbs. As the cotton was picked, the picker would drag the cotton sack behind him. The picker wore a harness to which the cotton sack could be attached. Daddy would let us pick cotton along with the pickers. We got paid by the pound. Each sack was weighed as it was dumped in the cotton wagon. After dumping the sack you'd go back to your row and start picking again. The pickers went up and down each row picking each cotton bowl as they went.

Arizona is prone to lightning and thunder crashes. Lightning very often struck the ground in the cotton patch and made the dirt fly into the air. It seemed we had some severe thunder and lightning storms.

One time my great-uncle Oscar Benskin and Aunt Lilly and their family lived next door, past our corrals. At this time, we heard a very loud clap of thunder. The lightning had struck his house and set it on fire. It also singed the hair on Uncle Oscar's head. I can remember some of his children, especially Vonceal, Ambolene, and Burl. They did not live there long. They moved back to Arkansas.



We had a windmill to pump the water into a trough. The cows watered at the trough. Sometimes there was water in an irrigation ditch; we loved to play in the ditch. It was about knee deep. The ditch ran in front of the house. We kids liked to splash and wade in the ditch when it had water in it. The ditch ran under the driveway through a culvert. It was in this ditch that one of my younger sisters fell into the water. It was probably Fayette. As I remember, she was just barely walking. She floated into the culvert. I jumped in on the other side and caught her when she came through. I still remember the lump in my throat and the fright I felt when I saw her go under the water into the culvert.



As a child, my folks took us to Sunday school and sacrament meetings. We had sacrament meeting right after Sunday school. My father was in the branch presidency. Drew Angle was the bishop, as I recall. At one time it used to be a ward. When it was a ward, my Grandfather Lee was the bishop. I've heard my father tell how Grandpa Lee and his sons nearly built that church house by themselves. They had the equipment and were brick layers and plasterers. During the Depression, people started moving away. The population decreased until the numbers would not support a ward. I didn't get to go to Primary but a few times. They did not have a Primary in the branch. Those that went to Primary stayed after school and attended the ward Primary in Safford. I can remember the Primary Children's Hospital Pennies. On your birthday you could put pennies in a jar and the Primary children sang Happy Birthday to you. It seemed to be a great occasion to be able to be the one to put your birthday pennies in the jar.

My dad was a strict disciplinarian. He didn't hesitate about using his belt to punish us, if he thought we deserved it. Boy, could he spank hard! One thing he insisted on was that we sat reverently in church and we didn't dare move. It also bothered him if we held our mouths open. The minute he saw us with our mouth open he would say, "Are you trying to catch flies?" We knew immediately to close our mouth and try to keep it shut. My dad did not want his children to appear to be imbeciles or ignorant. To this day it bothers me to see people with their mouths hanging open.

It was a great desire of my dad's that he raise strict, moral, proper girls. He would not let us wear anything that was revealing in any way. I remember longing to wear a sundress. It is a dress that was sleeveless and backless with a halter at the neck. They seemed to be popular and of course 'all the girls wore them' in the summer but no, not us. Also, shorts were a no-no in our family. We had to keep our bodies covered and our legs close together as we sat. Many a time I remember him saying, "Keep your knees together." He did not think it was ladylike to see a girl sitting with her legs apart. We were not to show our panties in any way.

One day, in church, I got the giggles. Every time I looked at Lavean, I'd bust out giggling.

I remember trying so hard not to giggle and to keep quiet, but I just could not quit. I was sure I'd get a spanking, but I could not control myself. My mother finally took one of us out and we escaped the belt.

My mother had to have her afternoon nap. She insisted that we sleep too. She always got all the children in bed with her so she could watch them and get her nap. She would tell us to put a hand over our eyes so we could go to sleep and a lot of the time it worked. To this day when it is time to go to sleep, I naturally cover my eyes with my hand. When we could not go to sleep, we discovered that when mother was almost asleep, we could ask her something and she would say, "Uh, huh"--not really knowing what she was saying. We found it worked and several times we asked her for things that we were not quite sure she would approve of if she were not half asleep. We decided to ask her if we could go swimming in the reservoir while she was half asleep. She said, "Uh, huh." We ran through the mesquite trees and up the trail to the reservoir. On the way we saw a rattlesnake in the path. We turned around and ran home as fast as we could. Mother asked us where we had been. When we told her, she was upset. We said, "But you said we could go." I don't think she really believed us, but never chastised us for trying to go to the reservoir without supervision.

When one child got a sickness, usually the rest caught it too. One time we all had measles. I remember how sick I felt. Lavean and I had our tonsils removed at the same time. Again, I remember how sick I felt when it was over, but we had the wonderful treat of getting to eat ice cream. That eased the burning throat and seemed to make up for the misery we felt.

It seemed that anything that ever happened, happened to Lavean and me. We slept together and shared everything. I never got a new dress, or even a pair of shoes or a doll for Christmas without Lavean getting the same. We had measles, and our tonsils removed at the same time. One time my parents even considered keeping me out of school for a year so Lavean would be old enough to go with me.

Lavean had a habit of walking in her sleep and one night when she wandered out of bed, my mother couldn't find her. She had looked all around the house and the usual places Lavean would go. Often, she just went to the back screen door and gazed into the night sky. My mother finally woke my father and they searched. They became frantic and woke up the neighbors. Down the road, about a quarter of a mile, lived my Uncle Will and across the street lived my Uncle Dell (Delbert my dad's brother)..The neighbors looked up and down the roads, in the barns, and everywhere. We had an extra room in the house. My mother would quite often pile the clean clothes on the bed in this room until she had the opportunity to fold them. When Lavean disappeared, my mother had already looked in this room and also on the bed, then for some reason she needed something off this bed, probably a diaper. While she was stirring the clothes around looking for it, she found Lavean all covered up under the clothes. I remember the concern everyone felt when we thought she was lost and the great relief when she was found.

As a child, I had quite a few nose bleeds. One time, I remember my nose bleeding so much that I became weak and couldn't hold up my arm. My mother put cold cloths and ice on my forehead, but it didn't seem to help. Again, this seemed to be at night, and others came and prayed. They probably gave me a priesthood blessing, but I was too weak to know it. The bleeding finally stopped, and I fell asleep.

I don't remember my schoolteachers' names, except for a Miss Olsen. I don't even remember which grade. It was either first, second or third. The teacher would whack us on the fingers if we weren't quiet or were not paying attention. I also remember getting head lice in school. The teacher would examine the children's heads, especially if they were scratching their heads. They would look closely behind the ears and on the neck. Then the school nurse would take the children when they found lice and rinse their hair in an oily preparation that made you look like an old wet chicken. Sure enough, one day lice were found in my hair. I remember how embarrassed I was. I just did not want to look at anyone or anyone to see me. When I got home, mom washed my hair, and we continued to watch for live nits. Mom would comb my hair with a fine-tooth comb to get the nits out of my hair.

During the winter my mother insisted we wear long brown stockings to school. Oh, how I hated those stockings! Sometimes I would roll them down. She also made our dresses, and we wore bloomers made out of flour sacks. The other girls all wore anklets, had fancy store-bought dresses and panties. We had fried egg sandwiches with homemade bread for our lunch. It seemed everyone had baker's bread with baloney sandwiches. I certainly felt poor and deprived. I was the odd girl from the country, so I thought.

We were just recovering from the Great Depression at that time. Times had been tough. We had developed the survival mentality of "make do or do without." Today, homemade bread, and custom-tailored clothing is considered desirable. We had to save and not waste. We now live in a throw-away society. So much is disposed of and wasted, and most people do not think too much about it. Growing up during the Depression has influenced my life. I'm a pack rat and it is difficult to just toss something out if there is any possible use for it, at the time or in the future. This tendency has also been acquired by some of my children.

When I was in the second grade, I had an experience that taught me to never doubt the Prophet Joseph Smith's vision. One night I woke up to see an angel standing at the side of my bed. He seemed to be standing in the air. I could see he had dark hair and white skin. He was wearing a loose-fitting robe. I became frightened when I saw him extend his hand towards me. I covered my head and very cautiously peeked out a couple times to see if he was still there. Each time I peeked out I became more frightened and started calling "Dad-deee". I could hardly speak. After several attempts my voice got stronger. I heard my dad finally answer. He lit the coil-oil lamp and started for my room. I looked again. It was still there, but as my dad came to the room and the light from the lamp became visible the appearance seemed to float away towards the ceiling and was gone.

My dad asked what was wrong. I related the incident. He told me if the image had a message to deliver, he would probably appear again. This time I was to offer to shake hands with him and introduce myself. If he tried to shake my hand and I felt nothing, I

would know it was an evil spirit. If it was a good spirit, I'd feel his hand, or he would refuse to shake hands. I wasn't too sure that I wanted to know if there was a message or if it was an evil spirit. I prayed for years I would not have the experience again. The experience left me with a strong testimony that spirits and angels can be seen. The veil is very thin, and at times I've felt like someone was around and looking after me. Perhaps that was the purpose of the visit. I have no problems believing Joseph Smith indeed had seen a vision, and sometimes I feel a vision just might and could happen again if I desired. I've not wanted that desire, realizing the privilege would bring a great responsibility, and I'm not sure I am ready for what it might bring.

My dad really liked visiting his parents and brothers. We went to Grandpa Lee's house frequently. His brothers and Dad would get into gospel discussions, especially about the 'signs of the times and the second coming.' My Uncle Claude seemed to be the scriptural genius. He had been on a mission. I dearly loved to hear their discussions and to this day I love to hear people discuss the gospel whether in class or as a group.

We didn't have a radio in our house, but my Grandpa Lee had a radio. My dad loved to listen to the boxing matches. Sometimes we would go over there with him to listen to the radio. Very often Grandma Lee would get me to do her dishes. She seemed to have stacks of dirty dishes, especially pots and pans. My grandparents had extra people living at their house and that may be why she had so many dirty dishes. My grandparents had an upright piano. I can remember my grandma playing Church hymns and also that she led the singing at church. She tried to teach me to play the hymn, "Catch the Sunshine."

One time, at a Church Celebration for Christmas I was asked to hold a doll and sing the song, "Oh Hush Thee My Baby" as a lullaby. I'm not a vocalist. I do remember how frightened I was, though. I loved to sing, but my dad later told me I couldn't carry a tune. I was discouraged to try to sing in public again or where anyone could hear me.

My cousin, Marion Lee, took Lavean and me to our first movie at a theater. It was a Shirley Temple movie. She tap danced and was a beautiful little movie star. I thought I

wanted to be like her. I'd practice and practice trying to learn to tap. I finally did learn a step or two with the help of my cousins Opal Dee and Virginia. They had taken tap dance in California, so they showed us how to do it.

Aunt Lessie and Uncle Dell moved back to Arizona when I was about seven. Sometimes they would come and visit. We would play with Virginia mostly. We'd play doctor and nurse. I don't remember playing with Opal Dee. She was so pretty and was older. I just knew she and Vern were my cousins. That was about the extent of our relationship with their family as children. I remember having just moved from California, somehow made them a little above us especially when they put on their tap shoes and pretty little costumes. Later when we moved to Farmington, Dad's brothers, Uncle Dell and Uncle Will also moved to Farmington.

My first interest in a boy was in the second grade and I doubt that he knew it. His name was Phillip Blue. We were not so open then with interest in the opposite sex. I know kids passed notes, but I can't remember getting notes or passing them. Maybe I don't remember because I wasn't caught.

Some kids at our school would go to the 5 and 10 cent store in town at lunch time. It was just a block from the school. Some of them stole bags of candy and brought it back to school. One day, my friend, Joy Angle said, "Let's go get some candy". I said, "I don't have any money." She said, "Oh it's easy. When the clerk looks the other way, you just take some and put it in your pocket. Come on, I'll show you how." I didn't feel good about it, but the thoughts of candy enticed me to go with her. We went into the store and she got a bag of candy. I just couldn't quite do it. That evening when I got home from school, I told my mother. My mother must have told Sister Angle, because Joy was mad at me for some time.

I was baptized in the reservoir on my eighth birthday by my father on 29 July, 1937. There were some others baptized at the same time. I don't remember who they were, but after the baptisms, we all got to swim around and play in the water. I was confirmed the

next Sunday by my Uncle Claude Lee.

When I was in the fourth grade, some older boys on the playground decided to sponsor a boxing tournament. I was given boxing gloves and told what to do. They drew a ring on the ground and chose a partner for me to box. I was a country farm girl, tall for my age and strong. I was winning one match after the other. It felt great to have your hand held up and be declared “a winner.” I was being egged on by the boys. I didn’t seem to mind that I was, at times, hurting other girls. Then they chose a girl for me to fight that I really wanted for a friend. I started boxing with her. She was no match at all. Soon her nose was bleeding, and she went to the ground. I started crying, took the gloves off and threw them to the ground. I decided right there that sometimes winning was not worth the cost. I would not fight again. I feel that incident changed my perspective on life. Winning is not always worth the price one has to pay and I do not like getting the best of someone or feeling that I have hurt them in some manner.

My Grandfather Lee died on the 28 April 1939 in Lebanon, Arizona. He died from what they called Bright’s disease. It was a kidney disorder. Times were hard, water was scarce and with my grandfather’s death, my dad was willing to move. My mom felt that we needed a change. She wanted to get my dad away from his relatives, and his card playing and prospecting friends. It seems my dad always had men friends.

My parents would not allow the children to play cards and would not allow them in our home; consequently, I never learned to play cards. For years I did not know the value of the different cards in a deck or the names of the cards. I’m not too familiar with cards to this day. I’ve never learned to shuffle a deck of cards and card playing does not interest me. I have played “Rook” a few times with the family.

In the spring of 1939, my dad took me and Lavean with him to go look for another place to live. We also had a couple of men with us--Heber Farley and Drew Angle. We went to Colorado and to Ignacio and on to Allison and Tiffany. My dad was looking for a ranch. He was impressed with the area. On the way home the brakes went out on the car on our

way down Salt River Canyon. We were certainly frightened as we made each turn going faster and faster. I think Heber Farley was driving and he tried the emergency brake and put it in a lower gear, but nothing worked. Almost to the bottom he was able to get the car stopped by running it up a side hill. I remember my dad getting out of the car and heaving. It was a close call, so we thought, as we rounded each curve and wondered what the next one would bring.

My dad sold the Allred place in Lebanon and purchased 200 acres in Tiffany, Colorado.



## CHAPTER IV: OUR MOVE TO COLORADO

In the summer of 1939 we moved to Tiffany, Colorado. We loaded our household furniture, including an upright piano, two cows and a tractor on a big truck and a four-wheel trailer, and started for the beautiful hills of Colorado. In the truck we had the tractor, and on each side, by the tractor wheel, a cow. Above the tractor and cows, we put a bed spring and a mattress. It was here the older children rode in the rain, sun, and wind. The younger ones and the baby rode in the cab with my parents. Claudean was the baby at this time. She was born on the 7<sup>th</sup> of January 1939. We lay down or sat up on the mattress most of the way. We knew not to stand up or move around. It took us four days.

As we crossed the reservation, I remember seeing hogans and Navajos often waved at us as we went down the road. We must have been a sight to see. One time my dad pulled over at a trading post and bought us some pop. That was a treat for us. We seldom had pop to drink. I never drank a Coke until I started working at the drug store, and at first, I never really liked it but the taste grew better. It wasn't until after I was married that I acquired a taste for Cokes. Another time, my dad bought us some candy bars at a service station. As we traveled from Gallup to Shiprock, the road was just one big pothole after the other. I remember one time my dad drove on the side of the road to try to avoid those potholes. It was a place that the Indians drove their team and wagons as they traveled to and from the trading posts and to town.

As we passed through Farmington we saw orchards, pastures, the ditches full of water and the rivers running close by. It looked so wonderful to my mother that she said, we had gone far enough, but my dad had purchased the ranch in Colorado, so we proceeded to Tiffany. When we came to Cedar Hill, our truck just couldn't make it. The hill had more curves and was much steeper than it is today. Somehow my dad got someone to help pull us up the hill.

We finally reached a lovely ranch with a beautiful two-story house. Bedrooms were upstairs. It had running water, a bathroom, living room, dining room with bay windows and a front porch. It was a dream house--so to speak. It had electricity, but the electrical wiring needed to be upgraded. After we lived there a couple of years, Dad hired a member of the Church to redo and upgrade the electrical system. As I recall, his name was Vaughn Beerman.



**Lavean and Delores**

Mr. Levy's mercantile store was within sight of the house, just across the railroad tracks. The train ran past the place to the south. We again had a reservoir and at night we could hear the frogs croaking. My mother said they sounded like frogs in Arkansas where her family would hunt and eat the frog legs. A time or two my brothers caught a frog, and we did cook some frog legs, but I didn't want to eat them.

Daddy would go to the cattle auctions in Durango to buy cattle for our newly purchased ranch. One day he purchased a big herd of sheep, over 500. That winter during lambing season, we had baby lambs all over the kitchen, especially behind the wood-burning cook stove. We gained a fast education in sheep raising. We learned about lambing seasons, shearing sheep, herding sheep, and how quickly they could just die. During lambing season, they need attention night and day. The newborn lambs could be chilled and quickly die. We found out about pink-os. They are the lambs the mothers refused to accept, or the ones left orphaned when the mothers died. The pink-os had to be bottle fed. A rubber nipple was attached to a pop bottle that was filled with milk.

Hired hands moved in at shearing time and it was quite an experience watching them grab

the animal and rapidly shear the sheep and bundle the wool. After shearing, the sheep were run through a trough with a medicinal additive for their hoofs and each sheep was painted with a green mark. Dad used a round spot on the hip to mark his herd. The end of the marker was dipped in green paint and pressed on the hip of the sheep as they walked through the trough.

The winters were harsh. We had about two feet of snow. In the spring the mud was so sticky it was hard to wade through it. One time my little sister, Fayettea, decided to cross the garden spot. It had been plowed in the fall. After a few yards her feet sank into the mud and she was stuck. She could not move or pull her legs and feet free. My mother laid planks of lumber out to her and was able to free her from the mud.



**Lavean, Delores, Thora, Claudean, Fayettea**  
**Taken in Tiffany**

We went to school in a two-room schoolhouse. Four grades were in one room and the other four in another room. The school was far behind in academic abilities. Coming from Arizona, we were ahead of our age groups academically. A great number of the students were Hispanic. That part of the country was settled earlier by Hispanic people. After a couple of years there, I was in the seventh grade, Lavean was in the sixth and Maurice was in the fifth. We were all in the same classroom. For some reason the teacher had it in for my brother, Maurice. He seemed to find things wrong with what Maurice was doing. He tried to forcibly put Maurice's

nose in some ink. I was upset with the teacher and reported the incident to my father. He made arrangements for us to be bussed to other nearby schools to finish the school year.

While I was in the sixth and seventh grade, our school had a softball team. I played on the team. We won most of our games. I was the pitcher and sometimes a fielder. It was quite a thrill to play ball for the school. I was tall and lanky at this time. I did not grow any in height after the seventh grade. I was now five feet, five inches tall. I was tall for my age.

It was in this country that I started to get a little bit acquainted with boys. I wasn't too sure I liked it. At Church functions the boys would try to pair up with the girls and get off by themselves. It was here that I heard of some terrible things that boys and girls could do from the Beerman and the Cardon boys. They tried to convince me it was only natural, and everybody did it, even my parents. I knew I wasn't going to, no matter what they told me, even if it was "only natural and that everybody did it."

To attend church, we had to travel about ten miles to a Grange Hall to attend meetings; it was south below Tiffany and Ignacio. My mother was pregnant with Douglas. My dad was busy with



**Church Building in Tiffany**

the sheep. It was the first time I remembered my folks not attending church regularly. Sometimes Lavean and I caught rides in the back of a pick-up with the Beermans. My dad had kept us sheltered from all the boys, and the Beerman boys were interested in girls. I remember them flirting with us and how awkward it felt. I could feel my face turn red when they tried to put their arms around me while riding to church. I told my dad about their flirting but didn't tell him they tried to put their arms around me. I told him they were always winking at me. He told me that was a naughty sign that they wanted to do inappropriate things. So, when they winked or got close to me, I was even more embarrassed. They are still probably laughing at me and my embarrassment.

There was a boy at school that had a crush on me. He sent me notes, telling me he loved me. His name was Earnest English. He was not LDS, and he never tried to get fresh with me like the Mormon boys did. I really didn't like him as a boyfriend. He was short and small for his age. He came to my house to visit (hang out as kids say today). His folks owned a large ranch in the area.

## CHAPTER V: OUR HOUSE BURNS

We had the new electrical system working a few days when the house caught on fire. It was suspected that it was an electrical fire that started in the attic. It was smoking for some time before it started burning, but the source of the fire could not be located. With the help of neighbors, we were able to get everything out of the house before it burned. Mr. O'Brien who lived across the street was one of the first neighbors to respond. He helped carry out a number of items. The piano was the last piece of furniture to be moved. Several men started lifting and moving the piano. Mr. O'Brien missed the step, fell and broke his kneecap and ankle. He limped on one leg the remainder of his life. He was just trying to help a neighbor.

After all our belongings were moved out, the fire burst through the roof and the ceiling. To this day, I can see my mother crying and sobbing with the words, "Oh those beautiful windows" as they crackled in the flames. It was the nicest house my mother had ever lived in.

The furniture was moved into a double car garage that was on the property. We lived in that garage for a couple of months. My parents also owned the property across the street where Mr. O'Brien lived. He was a schoolteacher in the area and was renting the house. Mr. O'Brien had accepted a job in Farmington and planned to move. The house that burned was one of the nicest homes in that small community. The rent house was only one story, and only had three bedrooms and a bath. It also had an icehouse in the yard. The icehouse walls were insulated with sawdust. In the winter ice was cut from the big pond and hauled to the icehouse for storage. We then had ice for most of the summer.

With the house gone, my mother was not satisfied until we moved to Farmington. She didn't like the small branch, the inferior schools or the harsh winter and sticky mud. My Dad found a twelve-acre orchard in town over by Ute Street today. He purchased it before the house had burned, but it did not have a house on it. He made regular trips to Farmington, irrigating, and taking care of the orchard. One fall when I was about eleven

or twelve years old, my father took us to Farmington to help him pick apples. He had found some high school boys to also help pick. I remember the occasion but did not pay attention to any of the young men. Years later Ervin told me he was one of the pickers. He did not notice me either. I was just too young for him.



## CHAPTER VI: OUR MOVE TO FARMINGTON



**My mother Eva Lee, 1942**

My dad made a deal for a farm on the Bloomfield Highway, five miles from Farmington, with Mr. Silbo. He traded the twelve-acre orchard as a down payment for the farm. In July of 1942, we started our move to our new location. We had five hundred sheep to move, besides our household furniture. My dad moved us into the house on the Silbo place. The house had a fireplace in the living room, a big porch at the front, and three bedrooms. At the back of the house was a screened in room. There was electricity, but no running water. We had to haul all our water from town. We used ditch water to wash the clothes and to bathe. It had an outhouse we used for a

toilet. It was a letdown from the beautiful homes in Colorado.

The process of moving took several days. After moving the furniture, the younger children, mom and I were at the house. Daddy took the older boys and Lavean back with him to get the sheep. They drove the sheep down the back side of the Animas River and out to a place near Huerfano. Lavean said it took them several long days herding those sheep such a long distance, and she can remember how tired she got walking that distance. Daddy leased some BIA land for sheep grazing near Huerfano. The coyotes proved to be a problem there. They killed many of the sheep. It seemed someone needed to attend them night and day. Dad became discouraged with sheep and got rid of them. I do not remember how he did it--if he sold them as a herd or hauled them to the auction barn.



Daddy left Mom and I to farm and get the ground ready while he moved and herded sheep. I remember working hard on that place. I worked in the fields. I harrowed the ground with a team of horses, shocked, tromped and hauled hay. One day while I was harrowing, the team of horses became spooked. I don't know why. Perhaps a dog was in the weeds. Anyway, they started to run away. I tried with all my might to stop them. Pulling on the reins, and saying, "Whoa, whoa!", but when I realized I couldn't stop them, I jumped off the harrow and let the horses go. Needless to say, the team ran as far as they could, across several acres over a hill and up against a fence. The harrow was completely torn to pieces but I was okay.

## **CHAPTER VII: MY TEEN YEARS**

I turned thirteen right after we moved, and I remember how grown up I felt. I was now a teen and no longer a child. Our neighbors were the Goffs. I remember thinking how handsome Marion Goff was. He was several years older than me and never paid any attention to me.

It was this summer that I learned how to drive a car. My father decided to plant the field to alfalfa. We didn't have a planter. He decided a good way to sow the seeds was from the back of a pick-up. He had me drive the pick-up round and round the field in low gear. He would sit in the back and scatter the seeds. Later the ground was harrowed to cover the seeds.



**Farmington LDS Chapel**

We attended Sunday school and Sacrament Meetings regularly, but my father would not let me attend Mutual. He thought I was too young, and he didn't want to drive me in and wait for me. There were not many LDS families in Farmington, and none of our neighbors were Mormon. One fast and testimony meeting my dad bore his testimony and said one reason they had moved to Farmington was because of the ward. He wanted his

daughters to have a chance to marry suitable LDS boys. Oh, how embarrassed I felt for him to say that right in front of everyone.

My Grandma Lee came to visit us the first summer we lived at the Silbo place. My mother was expecting again with Carol. We had eight children in the family--me, Lavean, Maurice, Morgan, Thora, Fayette, Claudean, Douglas. Douglas was born in the Durango Hospital March 28, 1941 while we were in Tiffany.



**My grandma Mary Lee**

I started the eighth grade that year. I rode the school bus to school. We went to a schoolhouse on Wall Street. I understand that just the year before, it had been the high school. A new high school had been built on Apache Street. We had more than one teacher. I found the classes very hard. I wasn't prepared for Farmington schools. They were far-advanced from the country schools of Colorado. My grades in Arizona were above average, and while in Colorado, I got straight As without even trying. I had a difficult time trying to solve the problems in math, especially fractions and some algebra. Mr. Gray, my math teacher, was extremely strict and if someone laughed or cut up at all, he would thump them on the head. He had blue eyes. One of his eyes was a glass eye. He looked stern. Sometimes, when he looked at you, you weren't quite sure if he was looking at you. One eye looked straight ahead and the other one moved. My other teacher was Mrs. Bailey. One taught half a day, and then we'd go to the other teacher for the other part of the day.

I came home at night sometimes crying. I'd try to do the problems and my homework. It took a great deal of effort to get Cs and a D and it broke my heart. It wasn't till I was a senior that I again became an above-average student.



**This schoolhouse on Wall Avenue. was built in 1893;  
the building was demolished in 1981.**

The only person I knew was Patsy O'Brien and she had other friends. Her dad was the athletic and P E Coach. A few of the students in the class did not like Mormons. Several times I had rocks thrown at me and was called a "yellow-bellied Mormon." There were many different religious denominations in Farmington. The main churches were Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodists. Later, Baptists really moved in during the gas boom of the late 1950s. We did not have Indian or Black people in the schools or in the town. Only one black man lived in the town.

One day at school, a Mormon girl, Mary Jo Taylor got me into trouble. She was always teasing someone. She was the baby in her family, with five older sisters and was quite a tom boy. One time in Mrs. Bailey's class, she made a little whacker out of a hanky. She tied something up in the end and would crawl up the aisle and whack someone on the head when they were not looking. One time I knew she was coming after me. I looked back just in time to see her crawling up the aisle. I got the giggles before she got to me. This made the teacher upset and she made me stay after school. I missed the bus. Mary Joe was always trying to find ways to get the best of me. She was the bishop's daughter. I felt

inferior when she was around. She was popular with the boys and did lots of nervy things to get attention. It was rumored she had crawled over the high steel beams of the bridge that was over the Animas River on the Peninsula.

I became acquainted with Louise Palmer in the eighth grade. Some of our classmates did not like her either. We hit it off well, and she became my very best friend. She confided the reason she got good grades was because she was shunned and was determined to show up her classmates. She graduated as Valedictorian. I'm happy to say that Louise was a very nice girl and one of those people who helped you to live better and want to aspire to something better. She read a lot and seemed highly intelligent. Once she surprised me after she got married when she told me she had no idea what married people did and had she known she



**My best friend Louise Palmer**

would have probably never married. She had several children, but her first marriage ended in divorce. She attended the University of Colorado in Boulder, Colorado and went on to obtain a doctorate degree in history at Berkley. She and her husband, Melton Fuller spent a Sabbatical in Afghanistan. She later married another college Professor, Dr. Bentley. They seem to be happily married. They live in California in a nice home. She has taught History at Berkley for years and has been a gospel doctrine teacher and has taught Family History classes for years. They went on a family history mission to England. She published a book on the Palmer history. I feel proud of her accomplishments and sometimes feel a little envious. She really helped me to get through



my teenage years. The teenage years are a crucial time in life when friends usually influence your values and thoughts more than your parents. It is most imperative that teenagers have friends that will influence them to be better.

We had an addition to the family--a little sister, Carol, born September 21, 1942. One day while at fast and testimony meeting, Carol was fussy. Mother usually took the kids out when they fussed, and we had been taught to be still and quiet in church. During the meeting Josie Taylor, the bishop's wife, got up to bear her testimony. She said (among other things) that she thought mothers should stay home with their children until they could be quiet in church. This upset my mother. She took it personally. My parents did not attend regularly after that until the family moved to the Bloomfield Branch, which was long after I was married. Mother became the Relief Society president in Bloomfield, and my dad worked in the branch presidency as a counselor.

My mother did not seem to care if her children had arguments or got into fights. Being the oldest and biggest I could hold my own with most of my brothers and sisters until I turned fourteen. It was in the summer of 1943. Maurice and I got into a scuffle. In the pushing, shoving and wrestling, he hit me pretty hard between my legs. I was stiff and sore the next morning and I saw spots of blood in my panties. I was embarrassed and concerned but told my mother that I thought Maurice had really hurt me. When he hit me, his thumb had seemed to enter the wrong place. She listened and quietly told me she thought I had probably reached the age when young girls started a monthly cycle of bleeding. She got a piece of an old rag and showed me how to fold it and pin it into my panty. Sure enough, in a few days the bleeding stopped and I had begun a monthly ritual that lasted until I had a hysterectomy years later. It was not until I started working in the drug store that I knew there were special pads made for such moments.

I gave up wrestling with my brothers or sisters, but our verbal arguments continued. Sometimes they would get pretty loud and heated with "no sir and yes sir, it's this way or that way." Lavean seemed to always win the debate with her insistence that she was right. I would just finally give up. It was so frustrating to me that I remember thinking I was

never going to allow my children to fight and argue. It did have an effect on my life. I find myself making statements that sound like there is no argument in my mind, when in reality, I'm only trying to get more information and I'm willing to listen. My mind is not made up on the subject.



**Lavean and Delores**

In 1944 my father bought the McCarty place. It was forty acres of orchard and pasture located east of town on the old Aztec Highway. The highway was later changed, and that part of the road became Hutton Ave. It had a lovely two-story house on it. We painted the house and started moving in just before Christmas. We had a wonderful Christmas that year. My dad must have had a little extra money. I was becoming very conscious of how I looked. My dad and mom bought me a suit and a couple of nice dresses. All the kids got something, but mostly clothes.

A few days after Christmas, my folks returned to the Silbo place to move more things. We had been sleeping on the floor. We used candles and kerosene lamps waiting for the meter to be read and have the electricity turned on. I was left with the smaller children. I didn't mind. There was a program on the radio I wanted to make sure I didn't miss. To entertain the kids, we started making roses out of crepe paper. We had extra crepe paper in the closet upstairs in the bedroom. I sent Doug up there to get more crepe paper. Then it came time for my favorite radio serial. I thought I just had to hear that episode. I think it was Hop-a-long Cassidy or something like that. Well, the reception was very poor and I was right up to the radio trying to catch every word, when Douglas tugged on my clothes. I did not go see what he wanted. He was about four years old.



Pretty soon I started smelling smoke. I ran up the stairs and looked around but didn't see anything. The smoke became stronger. Then I realized the house was on fire. I ran and got all the kids out of the house and telephoned the fire department. Not knowing what else to do, I just kept the kids together outside, until the fire truck came. When the neighbors arrived, I tried to go back in to rescue a few items, but they wouldn't let me go in. I remember screaming, "Get some stuff out." They would say, "Be calm, don't worry the fire department will put it out." By the time the fire department arrived, the fire was coming through the roof. They used all the water they had in their truck and their hoses would not stretch to the ditch to refill and there were not any fire hydrants. By the time they got another tank of water, the house was pretty much in flames, and nothing could be done. The only things saved this time was that old piano and a brand-new blanket with a small hole where a spark had apparently burned into it. Someone ran in and got that blanket and the piano thinking they were the most valuable.

When my folks returned, it was to a burned-down house. The Red Cross brought us a few blankets, and we went back to the Silbo house. We kept a fire in the fireplace all night and tried to keep warm as best we could. The next day my folks went to town and bought more bedding, a few dishes, and some supplies. They also bought used mattresses and we managed somehow.

My folks decided to rescue as many bricks as possible and to rebuild on the same foundation. They asked my Uncle Leo to come up from Duncan, Arizona and help build another house. The floor plan was nothing like the house that burned. They decided on a plain pitched roof. It would have two stories with two bedrooms upstairs, nothing elaborate. The kitchen would join the part of the house that was left standing, which was a storage room and pantry.

My folks rented the Patterson place, which was the next house up the road. They decided it would be better to be closer to help with the rebuilding. While we were living there, each of the kids had the mumps. It seemed like it was months before we were all well

again. Just about the time the swelling would go down on one side, the other side would swell up. As one child got over the swelling, another one started. Later, Don Lee bought the Patterson place and my dad also purchased twenty acres more. It is where Lavean and Richard live today.

Several months later, Doug said he had gone up the stairs and found some matches. He struck the match and lit a piece of paper. He didn't know what to do so he put it in the closet and shut the door. It happened to be the closet where the crepe paper was stored. He said he tried to tell someone, but no one would listen. It was just a 'little biddy fire' he said. I felt so terrible. I remembered the tug on my clothes that I did not respond to. I felt guilty. I had let my parents down. I didn't do a good job because of that darn radio program. That cured me of to-be-continued radio or even television stories. To this day, I will not watch a soap opera, and very seldom will I get hooked on any type of series. I really don't care for mini-series, although I have watched a few good ones, but never when there have been any children around.

When I was fourteen, I went to get my driver's license. A man named Andy Andrews issued a permit for license. When we went to see him, he asked my dad if I could drive. My dad said, "She sure can." He issued me the permit without having me drive and I got my license. Finally, my dad decided I could go to Mutual. He even let me drive the car. I felt pretty grown up now. Soon I was driving my younger brothers and sisters to church meetings. My dad stayed home with headaches, and my mother either had a baby or was expecting one, and she did not feel well.

## **CHAPTER VIII: MY SISTER FAYETTA AND WAR YEARS**

During the war, we had few doctors in Farmington. Fayettea, a younger sister, would have a sore throat almost constantly. Dr. Odaffer put her on a sulfa drug. It was the most used antibiotic. She was on it continually for several years. My little sister was stricken with rheumatic fever. I believe it was a side effect of the sulfa drug that she took for years. My parents were very protective of her. One day, she and I got into a disagreement. I was the babysitter. It was probably over something she was doing or did not do. I slapped her in the face. I felt bad at the time. She reported it to my parents, but she said I punished her for no reason. My dad took his belt off and gave me the licking of my life. I was about fourteen at the time. I thought my dad had punished me too severely and unjustly. I held it against him, until after I had kids of my own, and realized that perhaps parents do sometimes administer discipline unjustly. Really all they usually want is the best for the family, and it may not always be just.

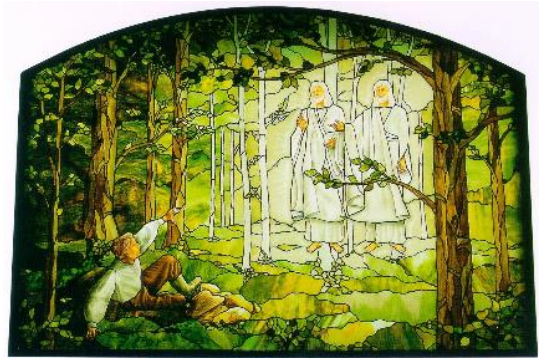
At the time of Fayettea's death in 1945, I was in deep remorse. The thought that maybe I had mistreated her was almost more than I could bear. I would weep uncontrollably at times, and especially after the funeral. I had not experienced a death of a loved one and it was very traumatic. For years when I thought of her, the tears were close under the surface and would well up. I started having dreams about her. She was in muddy water. She needed help. I wanted to help her, but it seemed I did not know how. The dream was reoccurring. I wondered why? Had I done something so terrible to her that I had caused her problems? When I got into genealogy, I realized she was nine years old, and she could receive her endowments. I submitted her name and did the endowment. I never had the dream again. I decided she needed that help to progress. The Lord had prepared me to be able to help her. What a blessing that has been to me. I guess I'm not as open to Laura Manerva Wilder; I certainly need some guidance with finding her parents. They were in Illinois in the latter part of the 1850's. I've wondered if they heard biased stories about the Mormons and have no desire to be found.

I've had other experiences that to me were spiritual. Sometimes when I had to make a

choice, and for some reason if it was not a good thing to do, I could hear a man's voice, call, "Delores." as if to warn me. I'd look around. There was no one in sight. But I would have the distinct feeling it was a warning sign and not to go ahead with my plans. I have not had that experience since my children were grown. I have developed a ringing in my ears which possibly drowns out that inner voice or I must not be in touch with my guardian angel or the spirit that needed to warn me. Some psychologists would probably say I was a little psycho or something. I felt whatever it was, it was a protection. It came in response usually to a planned trip or some small venture and I felt if I proceeded there would be some kind of a problem.

With such experiences, I've come to the conclusion that some people are born with the ability to be spiritually inclined. I think Joseph Smith's lineage had an impact on his ability to see spiritual things. If one has that gift, I'm sure it can be developed. Perhaps it can be compared to being an artist. To be able to draw, one has to slip into another dimension, or some say develop the right side of the brain. The ability to find that dimension comes easier with practice.

I've perhaps been a little fearful knowing that dimension can also be invaded by an evil spirit, just like Joseph Smith experienced when he called upon his Father in Heaven to know the truth. The devil bound his tongue and he thought he was doomed. There is a gift of spiritual awareness that some people have, and it can be used for good or evil. That is one reason it is very important to follow the prophet. A spiritual experience from the Lord will never be contrary to what has been revealed through our prophets. If it is contrary, it is from another source, and you are walking on slippery ground.



**First Vision**

I can remember the ration stamps during the war. We were issued these stamps. They were used to buy food supplies that were scarce. I especially remember the sugar stamps. My

mother canned lots of bottles of fruits and vegetables and needed the sugar to can the fruit. We ate lots of canned fruit. It was what we had for dessert. Our meals were not elaborate. We very often had beans and cornbread. It seems my mom always had a pot of beans cooking. We raised chickens, so on Sundays or special occasions, we would have fried chicken. The evening meals consisted of a can of corn with homemade bread. We also had bread and milk. We usually had all the milk we wanted to drink. When my mother baked bread, it was twelve loaves and she baked it every few days. As a family, we did not eat a great deal of meat. My dad usually sold the yearlings for the money. We did have deer meat. My mother made mincemeat from deer meat. My dad butchered both cattle and hogs. We ate some of the meat, but the best parts were sold. When I married, I had to learn to cook meat.

My dad taught me how to make biscuits and gravy one time when my mom was in the hospital. As you can see my dad had a great influence on my life. He taught me more about the gospel than my mother. I have a suspicion I was Daddy's girl. He paid a lot of attention to me all my life, and I had a great desire to never disappoint my father.

## CHAPTER IX: MY GRANDMOTHER LEE VISITS

My Grandmother Lee and my Uncle Doyle came to live with us for the summer of 1945. Grandma asked me if I would record her personal history. My dad bought a used, portable typewriter. I was just learning to type. I was taking typing in high school. I put the typewriter on a box in the backyard under a big tree. There, my grandmother and I sat for hours. She would dictate and I would write. We did not finish the history before she left for Arizona. After my grandma's death, 27 December 1946, my dad brought the history I had typed home with us, but we do not know what happened to it. He also brought a handwritten personal diary she had. My mom thinks

Lenore Warner, dad's cousin, borrowed it and it was never returned. Lenore did say that a history she had of Grandma Lees stated my dad was born 15<sup>th</sup> of December.



Mary Elvira Bigelow Lee

My Uncle Doyle had seizures. He was working on the Boulder Dam, helping pour concrete when a large bucket was being lowered. A shout was given: "Man under drop." The bucket was quickly raised, but the jerk hit Uncle Doyle pushing him into the mud up to his waist. He developed seizures from the accident. His seizures, along with his explosive manner, caused friction in his family and he and his wife ended their marriage in a divorce. The first time I saw him in a full-blown seizure it nearly scared me to death. It would take several days for him to recover. He had light seizures while we were in Arizona. He just seemed to grunt awhile and then it would be over. The big ones were terrible. He would fall to the ground and thrash around.

My Grandmother Lee was quite spry for her age. She loved to show off her dancing skills. One day as she was whirling around, she tripped on a Navajo rug my folks had on the floor and fell. It seems she may have broken her hip. My grandmother recovered but only lived a couple more years, having to walk with a cane. Uncle Doyle was very

attentive to his mother. He nursed her and took care of her the best he could until she passed away.

My dad and I and a couple of the kids attended Grandma Lee's funeral in Safford, Arizona. She was buried in the Cactus Flats cemetery on the hill where my grandpa and several Lee relatives are buried. I remember my dad being anxious to get to Arizona. He said his dad had some papers of John D. Lee that may have included the incident at Mountain Meadows which he thought perhaps his mother may have acquired. His dad would not let others read it or share it. He kept it under cover somewhere. When we arrived at the place where she had been living, it was very evident someone had already been there searching also. We don't know where the diary is or if it was destroyed, but it would be a valuable record today. Dad thought perhaps Uncle Doyle had it. He was living with Grandma. He moved to Mesa and died there. He was buried in Cactus Cemetery. Apparently, it has been lost to history.



## CHAPTER X: DATING AND COURTSHIP AND WORK



There was a boy at church that asked me to date him. His name was Cluff Knudsen. I started going out with him when I was fourteen. The Church had not yet issued a recommended dating age. Mostly we went to the movies, or over to his house to eat dinner or play some kind of board game. He treated me well and was someone to chum around with. My favorite movies were “Meet Me in St. Louis” and “White Christmas” with Bing Crosby.

### **I dated Cluff Knudsen**

My best friend, Louise Palmer, dated Norman Black. He was a member of the Church too. He had just returned from service in the Army. We doubled dated most of the time. If the four of us weren't together on Sundays after church, I would go over to Louise's house. She loved to read novels and put puzzles together. She would usually read while I worked on a puzzle. Sometimes we just lay down on her bed and took a nap. We had a lot in common. Her mother had lots of kids, just like my mom, and her mother was a hard worker, just like my mom. Sister Palmer liked to work outside, just like my mom.



**My friend Louise and her date  
Norman**

My mother was expecting another baby my senior year. I felt, as a family, we were looked down on because my parents had so many children, and it embarrassed me when my mom was expecting. I hated bringing my friends to our house. It seemed some of the kids always had a runny nose or a dirty face and there were so many of them that liked to hang around and get in the way. I also felt our house was not as good as theirs. It helped to have a friend with lots of brothers and sisters too, although the Palmer's house and kids were never in disarray. Louise's sisters and brothers never seemed to try to hang around us. At

our house, I remember washing the door facings and never being able to keep them clean. It seemed the children ran in and out and some of them always had runny noses. My perception is probably distorted, but being an immature teenager, I was embarrassed about my family.



**Delores' first car, with baby brother Jerry**

My brother, Maurice, found an old Model A Ford. He talked me into purchasing it. I had a full-time job and a little money. We had a fun time trying to keep that little car running. To start it, we had to crank it, but we tried to park it on a little slope so we could push it, put it in gear and get it started. That was easier than cranking it. To crank it, we had to have the throttle set just right, and give it the right crank. We did not dare drive it after dark.

During my high school years, I worked several jobs. First, I started keeping house for Mrs. Harriet Butler. I'd work after school and on Saturdays. Her husband had a terrible cough. I thought it must be TB and. I felt uncomfortable being around him. When, I cleaned his bedroom or the bathroom, she would make me wear a mask and some gloves. She had to have everything done just right. One day she accused me of stealing her fountain pen. I had one almost like hers, and she thought I had stolen hers. That was more than I could bear. I was deeply hurt and suffering from an inferior complex anyway. I decided it wasn't worth it. I denied taking her pen, but to this day I'm sure she thinks I took it. I quit and went home. Lavean worked for her until she could find someone else. It wasn't my idea, but Lavean informed me that Dad made her go. He didn't want our family to get a bad name or let The Butlers down. Her son was the editor of the "Times Hustler," our local newspaper.

I babysat for different members of the Church. Bruce and Dorothy Brimhall seemed to go out quite frequently. I really didn't like to babysit. I had enough of that at home, but

people seemed to think I would be a good sitter because of our large family.

I applied for a job at Farmington Drug. Howard Rickelton and his brother owned the store. There I worked for forty-five cents an hour after school and on Saturdays and Sundays. I was working at the Farmington Drug with Lois Nelson and her sister, Helen, when Ervin, Tom and Vern came into the drug store to buy a drink. Ervin claims Tom introduced me to him at the time. He said Lois and Helen Nelson were working with me that day. Lois later married Bill Pope. I kind of remember, but then several soldier boys came by while I was working there, and I was not impressed. Some of them asked me for dates. I do remember Elna's brother, Jay Farnsworth, coming in the store in his spiffy Navy uniform.



**Delores in drug store apron**

I think I worked there for about a year, when I heard they paid fifty cents an hour at the Purity Drug. I heard they had an opening and applied. I got the job and soon they gave me a raise to sixty cents an hour. I really enjoyed working as a soda jerk. I met so many people and at one time, I knew practically everyone in town, at least by their faces. Kate and John Schnorrs were wonderful people. I loved working for them.

In my freshman year at Farmington High School, we were given an IQ test. I always got really tense and felt a great deal of anxiety when I knew there would be a test of any kind. I studied hard for tests, but there was no way to study for an IQ test. There was no text or lesson material I could study. Some of the questions were really simple but some of the questions I could not figure out the answer, and since it was a timed test, I did not finish. I am not a fast reader. We were not supposed to know our test scores, but somehow that

information seemed to leak out. My friend, Louise, scored in the 130's but I had only barely made 100. The test scores only reinforced my feeling of inferiority. I was embarrassed to let anyone know my score. I've consoled myself by thinking the Lord compensated me with good judgment and common sense rather than a smart brain. I've seen extremely intelligent people that seemed to lack good old common sense. The older I have become the more I'm convinced that reading books and magazines in the home as one grows up has a lot to do with a person's IQ. The ability to read fast certainly is a factor in timed tests.

My first auto accident occurred when I was in a hurry and did not pay enough attention to how close I was to a car when I was pulling out of a parking spot on Main Street by JC Penney Store. I ran into the back fender of Mrs. Oscar Thomas' car. Mrs. Thomas was upset with me but was lenient. She said if I'd pay for fixing the dent it would be okay. I agreed, but never seemed to have enough money to pay her. Every time I saw her, I'd be embarrassed and try to avoid meeting her. It still hurts my conscience. I never told my dad about the accident. My dad would have seen to it that it was paid. My dad taught me that if I said I'd do something, I better do it, no matter what the cost. I don't know why I did not make it right. I just put it off too long and now Mrs. Thomas has passed on and there is no way to make it right. I hope she has forgiven me, but I feel the Lord will probably hold me accountable. Procrastination usually catches up with you eventually. It is best not to put things off thinking someday I'll do it.

Louise's boyfriend, Norman Black, was called on a mission. He wasn't gone too long before we heard he had drowned in a river. It seems to me it was the Mississippi River or perhaps the Missouri. Our foursome had broken up when he was called on a mission. I continued to date Cluff on and off. I had become so involved with work that my relationship with Cluff had cooled down.

My dad let me drive the car most of the time. After Mutual one night, I got into the car and started to drive home. Someone started rising up from the backseat. I was really frightened.



**Delores**

sisters to church functions.

Working at the drug store gave me opportunities to meet lots of guys that would ask me out on dates. I decided I needed to get away. After my junior year and with my parents' permission and my Aunt Oletta's approval, I went to spend the summer with them at Bayard, New Mexico. They were very hospitable, and I was enjoying being with them and their family. They had two girls, Delva and Zoe. I thought they were the ideal family. After Ervin and I were married they had twin girls--Eva Kay and Illa Fay. I thought I'd like to have twins too. It was a good experience for me to live with my relatives. I got acquainted with Aunt Oletta and Uncle Lorenzo. They were an exceptional couple. He was so quiet and considerate of Aunt Oletta and their children were well behaved. I learned to love and admire them.

.By the time I realized it was Cluff, I was not only frightened almost to death, I was furious. He apologized, and said he just wanted to know why I seemed to be avoiding him. After that incident, I very seldom saw him. I think he realized I did not appreciate being almost scared to death. As soon as Cluff could, he joined the Army. I later heard from his relatives that I had broken his heart.

I have always been active in church work. I really loved my Gleaner class and Sister Eleanor Evans, my Gleaner teacher. Most of the time I drove the car and took my little brothers and



**Delores' Junior Picture**

I got a job at the Bayard Drug Store. After a few days, Jack Allen from Farmington came into the drug store. It wasn't long until he started walking me home from work. I thought, "Oh no, you cannot run away from your problems." He was a tall blonde man but was not a member of the church. When the summer was over, I was happy to return home. Jack Allen also came back to Farmington and asked me out, but I always had an excuse.

During my senior year, we had the senior prom. I felt terrible that I did not have a date for the prom. All the

boyfriends that were interested in me were either older or younger. There were none of them in my class that really interested me. If they did, they were already going with someone else. I wanted to attend. My dad offered to take me, and he danced the first dance with me. I was a wall flower, and no one would ask me to dance. There was one boy, Joseph Uptain, that every time he approached the girls, they would run to the rest room. He was a little awkward and slow in school. He started my way. I wondered what to do. He asked me to dance, and I danced with him. After that, several other boys asked me to dance. It is difficult being a teenager. It is amazing how insecure your fellow classmates seem to make you feel. You really want to be accepted and not feel you are so different.

My mother was expecting a baby in my senior year. Jerry Kay Lee was born April 4, 1947. As I look back, I feel sorry I did not help her more with the babies and the housework. I did not realize how much she needed extra help and how sick and tired she must have been. She had developed rheumatic fever herself.





**Delores' High School graduation, 1947**



## CHAPTER XI: BYU DAYS

I graduated from Farmington High School in 1947. My senior year had been so much fun and enjoyable, I was eager to get into college. Louise Palmer enrolled at Boulder, Colorado and encouraged me to further my education. I wanted to go to BYU. Rhoda Lewis had rented an apartment off campus and she invited me to live with her and four other girls. That made six of us in the apartment. I enrolled for the summer session at BYU. I worked hard and really enjoyed the summer. I thought, "This is for me. What a wonderful place to be." The summer was more devoted to study than social functions and I enjoyed that.

On the twenty-third of July 1947, my cousin Marion Lee showed up at my apartment in Provo and said, "Let's go to Salt Lake City for the Centennial celebration." I did not have enough money to buy bus tickets for both of us. After discussing the situation, He said, "We could hitch-hike." In fact, he had hitch-hiked all the way from California, and he did not want to miss the Centennial. Early the next morning we walked to the main highway to Salt Lake City. Marion put out his thumb and soon a car stopped. I don't know what they said, but he waved the car on. I asked him why. He said, he did not think it was a suitable man. The next car we got in. He was a salesman, a very nice gentleman who let us off at the Hotel Utah just before the parade was to start. We watched the parade. I'd never seen such a magnificent parade. After the parade, we walked around town observing the sites. It seems we even went to a cemetery not far from town. We walked up to the State Capitol for some reason and of course around Temple Square. It seemed to get dark before we decided to try to go home.

I had enough money to buy a bus ticket one way. We purchased the tickets and started trying to get on a bus. They had put several buses into use, knowing there may be an extra need. The first few buses seemed to fill before we could get on. Marion was letting me be in front and I always got squeezed out. Finally, he said, "You stay right behind me. Hang on to my belt if you have to." He just pushed himself forward and we were able to board the bus. It was the last bus. People were left standing on the sidewalk. I don't know what

we would have done if we didn't board. We would have had to spend the night on the street or in the bus depot. Marion stayed the rest of the night at the apartment but left the next morning hitch-hiking back to California. Marion was a good guy, and later became the secretary in the Lee Family Organization. He also became a bishop. He died a fairly young man though. We miss him at the Lee reunions. He grew up at Grandma Lee's home. His mother passed away when he was quite young. His dad was Uncle Claude.

I tried to be very careful and spend my money only for what I needed. My dad supported me. I knew it was a struggle. For some reason, my folks decided Lavean should go to Provo with me in the fall, even though it was her senior year in high school. I was disappointed but they were supporting us. What could I say? I thought she should graduate with her own class in Farmington.

The year didn't get off to a good start for me. We had gone to orientation and were to have a big opening social--a dance and program in the new Joseph Smith Building. All six of us in the apartment went to the big social. We danced with several guys, but one just hung around. He did not impress me at all. He was red-headed, short and very muscular. He said he was there on a wrestling scholarship. I don't think he was LDS. My girl friends from the apartment thought it was cute to slip off and leave me with him and he immediately asked if he could walk me home. When I looked around and saw they were gone, my heart sank. He seemed too eager. We no sooner started than he put his arm around me. We walked on towards the apartment. Then just as we were to the sidewalk leading to the house, he grabbed me and tried kissing me, and threw me down on the lawn, and started trying to get my clothes off. He was strong and I knew I was in trouble.

Just then a man that was engaged to one of the girls in the apartment came out of the house. The wrestler and would-be rapist jumped up and I ran into the house. The door was locked, but it did have a screen porch on the front with a screen door that could not be locked. He came to the screen door and apologized but said it was my fault. I was afraid he would try to come in. He said the way I had hung around after the last dance, he thought that was what I wanted. He even said that was why he had come to BYU. He

heard that Mormon girls were easy. He finally left. I was relieved but shaken and didn't dare open the screen door for some time. When I was sure he was gone, I opened the screen door, went around to the back and knocked on the window where Lavean was sleeping and got her to unlock the door. The girl that locked me out, (I think her name was Faye), apologized the next morning. She thought everyone was in when her boyfriend had left and locked the door.

I never told anyone what that red-headed guy tried to do. I kept it to myself. I was emotionally upset and concerned though. I thought I should report it to someone but wasn't quite sure who. I later would see him on campus really hugging up some girl, and it just turned my stomach. I was thankful that Faye's boyfriend came out of the house when he did. He saved my life, but never knew it. I think the Lord was looking after me. Needless to say, it shook me up something terrible. I had a hard time concentrating and kept wondering if something couldn't be done, especially when I saw him with other girls. He seemed to be popular, and I couldn't see why. That also bothered me.

A few days later we started getting notices about Peeping Toms on the campus, and the girls were cautioned to not walk alone and to be careful and keep their eyes open. Along with notices were admonitions to not report any of the cautions to our parents or discuss it away from the school. We were assured they could take care of it, and we did not want the college to get a bad name.

I never even told my folks about it. Somehow, I began to wonder if it was my fault. After Ervin and I had been married for some time, I told my husband, and eventually my mother. I could see it upset my husband, and that helped me to get over it. I remember telling Ervin I never wanted any of my children to go to BYU. Eventually as they grew and I healed, I changed my mind, but with some reluctance. Thinking about it today will still bring tears to my eyes.

I had a physical education class. The instructor said everyone should have a yearly dental exam, and practically insisted that those who had not done so should not neglect their

teeth. I decided to go to a dentist. It was my very first dentist's appointment. He said I had an eye tooth that never came in. It was too crooked to pull down in place. It was going to come out in the roof of my mouth, and it really needed to be removed. It had never given me trouble, but being a trusting person, I told him I'd talk to my folks and if the money was available that we would do it. My dad said, "If it needs to be done go ahead."

Well, I had to miss a couple days of school, and that made things worse. In a couple weeks I developed an infection and pus started oozing from the incision. The doctor packed it with gauze. I developed a temperature, and he put me on high doses of medication and pain medicine. I was too ill to go to school. I missed two weeks. When I went back to class I was lost. Being disillusioned with BYU and being ill, I came home for Thanksgiving and did not go back.

## **CHAPTER XII: HOME AGAIN**

I went to a doctor here in Farmington, Dr. Reilly. He continued packing my mouth and removing the gauze every few days for over a month. It took months before it was well. I had a hole in the roof of my mouth for several years. Dr. Reilly thought it would soon fill in and it eventually did. I learned it was an inherited trait for the eye teeth not to come in properly. It causes spaces to develop between the teeth. That is why I have a space between my two front teeth. It is a problem parents should be aware of so they can get dental help for their children before they are grown.

I applied for employment with JC Penney Company and went to work with them as a clerk. At this time, the cashier was upstairs. The money and receipts were put in a container that was then sent to the cashier by a trolley-like system. Our main focus was to be very helpful to customers and to sell merchandise.

I heard of an opening at the telephone office. I applied there and was hired. It was fascinating work. When a light came on, I would plug into the receiver just below the light and say, "number, please." Then I'd reach for another line and plug it into the number they wanted and then ring it. The light would blink until someone answered or hung up. Sometimes we would go back on the line and say, "I'm sorry they do not answer. Do you want another number?" If someone rang for information, we opened a big phone book and looked up the number for them. The trick was to take care of all the blinking lights, and not keep anyone waiting. I enjoyed the people I worked with there, and it paid well. Some of them stayed with the company until they retired.

I became a Sunday School teacher teaching boys and girls of my own age group. That was a challenge. I studied long and hard for those lessons.

### CHAPTER XIII: PASSING BOYFRIENDS

There weren't too many Mormon boys around. They were either in the Army, gone away to school, or on a mission. I dated several guys during this time that were not members of the Church. None of them seemed suitable enough to be the escort of a "Queen." I dated one Mormon boy, Carl (I've forgotten his last name) from Kirtland, but I was not too interested. He just returned from a mission. He was very nice, but rather short and stocky and he had wavy red hair. He reminded me too much of another red head. I also kept company with Wade Duncan. He was a neighbor and was behind me in school. I liked being with him, but never saw him as a suitable husband or even an escort to a church dance. He was head over heels in love with me, but I knew I'd never marry out of the Church. His sister said later I really broke his heart, so he too joined the service. He joined the Navy. He wrote me several love letters while he was gone. I told him I'd never marry anyone except a Mormon. He had a bad habit of smoking and was not interested in any religion.



**Potential boyfriend Carl from Kirtland**

Nevertheless, my dear dad was really concerned, and he expressed his concerns to Carl. My dad gave Carl a necklace to give to me. He was trying to get me away from Wade. Of course, after Carl told me, I even liked him less, just because my dad was trying to manipulate the situation. I had seen Bob Brimhall and been to his house a few times and I thought I could probably become interested in him, but he seemed to have other interests and did not stick around long. He met a sister missionary that he was anxious to get better acquainted with and he had left town after a few months. He and Dick Pipkin returned from their missions before Ervin Goodman. We attended a Sunday School Union Meeting in Durango. We car-pooled in my dad's new Packard. My dad let me drive it almost anywhere I wanted to go.

Bob and Dick rode to Durango with me. As I remember, one of them was the driver. Ervin was older, and I felt he was probably ready to get married, but I didn't think I was ready for that stage of life. At this point I just wanted a friend and an escort for the ball.

I even made the remark to my girlfriend, Louise Palmer, who was home for the Christmas break, that I hesitated asking Ervin to be my escort because I might end up marrying him, and I wasn't really quite sure I wanted to get married just yet. She said he would probably make a good husband. At one time she was interested in one of those "Goodman boys."

Still, I needed a suitable escort for the upcoming ball. I went to work on Ervin anyway, which wasn't very hard. He consented to be my escort and partner for the floor show. We practiced the floor show, which was a group dance routine, and started work on planning, decorating, and building a stage setting that would be an appropriate place for the Queen to reign. Ervin, being in the construction business and also in the bishopric, helped tremendously in the preparations for the event.



**Queen Delores (on top step) of the Gold and Green Ball, 1949**



I was chosen Queen of the Gold and Green Ball the last year they had Queens in Farmington. To be eligible, we had to meet certain requirements of attendance and activity and then the whole MIA voted on the candidates.



I have pictures of the occasion. After the dance we went to Ervin's house where he took another picture of me. At this time, I was five feet five inches tall and weighed one hundred nineteen pounds.

**Queen Delores**

## CHAPTER XIV: MARRIAGE ON THE HORIZON

I decided I needed a Patriarchal Blessing. I had gotten one from Elmer Taylor when I was about fourteen. I was so thrilled with it. It seemed to have so many wonderful promises and blessings, but somewhere it got lost and was not recorded. The blessing was given at the bishop's home, and for some reason I felt Mary Jo (my old nemesis) had something to do with it getting lost. That probably is not correct, but I knew she liked to cause trouble for me. I remember getting my blessing the same day as Louise Taylor, Mary Jo's oldest sister (who later became Louise Jolley).

Brother Moffitt, the Stake Patriarch talked to me for some time. He asked several questions about my life and expectations. I told him I didn't think I was ready to get married and was troubled. Knowing the background, the blessing makes a little more sense. He was the only one who counseled me not to marry Ervin. He said we were too much alike. Opposites made better marriage partners he claimed. They complimented each other. Ervin and I were both the oldest in the family, but I did not see that we were too much alike. I considered Ervin very knowledgeable and knew the gospel well. I seem to be attracted to people who are intelligent. Perhaps it is because I feel lacking. Ervin is deliberate and thoughtful and has a tendency to put things off. I'm more impulsive and decisive. It is difficult for Ervin to make up his mind. He wants to get all the facts and has a tendency to be afraid of making a wrong choice. I jump into it. If it is wrong, I try to correct it and go from there. Ervin likes to read. I get tired of reading. Perhaps it is because I am a slow reader. I'd rather be there and experience it than read about it. I love just being with people and watching. I was disappointed in the new blessing. It did not satisfy me and didn't seem nearly as wonderful.

No. 103

Farmington, New Mexico April 22, 1949

A blessing given by Patriarch Ben A.

Moffett upon the head of

Delores Lee, daughter of Franklin L. Lee and Evelyn Sarah Benskin, Born July 29, 1929 at Silver City, New Mexico.

Dear Sister Delores: in the order of the Patriarchal service of this Church and in the name of Jesus Christ, I leave with you a blessing.

Now is the day of your opportunity; this day will long be remembered in your life. You are greatly blessed to live in this great land of America, given to the seed of Joseph as a land of inheritance. You are by lineal descent of the Royal House of Israel, through Joseph, almost a pure descendant of the house of Ephraim, through whose seed the Gospel and the Priesthood have been restored to earth in this day. A glorious heritage, which entitles you to many great and glorious blessings and privileges according to your worthiness. May you be worthy of these many blessings; and devote your life to the service of this Church and to the blessing of our Father's children.

I bless you, dear sister, with the spirit of discernment and wisdom, that you walk always in the light and not in dark and clouded paths, and that the problems which burden you this day may be made clear to you and pass from your mind totally solved for all time to come, and that spirit of inspiration and discernment may so indicate your life mission that doubt and fear shall not encumber you, that you so live and trust in the guidance of the Holy Ghost that you may accomplish in your life mission more than the average person. I bless you with the true spirit and vision of your life

mission. I bless you with the blessings of the mothers of ancient Israel who sought earnestly and coveted and made sacrifices that their posterity might enjoy the blessings of the Holy Priesthood. So you may prevail with the Father; and as you harken to the whisperings of the Holy Ghost and the wise counsel of the Lord's anointed, your lot may be cast in family ties, in righteous posterity, in the order of the Holy Priesthood and in the House of the Lord with one chosen of the Father as a life companion. Your home shall be blessed with the bounties of the earth, and the good things there-of in their time and season. And may your home be always a place of refuge, a place where your family will love to be, and your door open wide to those of our Father's children who are downtrodden and oppressed.

I bless you with the gift and power to so inspire the minds and hearts of your posterity and the youth of this land that they shall never depart from the truth. I bless you with the spirit of missionary service, that wherever your lot may be cast, at home or abroad, or upon the isles of the sea you may be a shining light and a guiding star and turn many hearts to a knowledge of truth.

As you shall be surrounded by turmoil and confusion, and when your way shall seem dark and cloudy, put not your trust in the arm of flesh but in the power of God and your faith shall secure unto you choice blessings, even the riches of eternity, and you shall emerge with a greater appreciation and understanding of your life mission. You shall aid in rescuing those who may be overcome in the troubled sea of life, and every tongue raised against you in judgement, you shall confound. Be not hasty in judgement, forgive all men, speak evil of no living soul, that your petition to the Throne of Grace be not in vain.

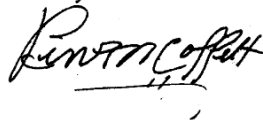
Now, that you may give of your time and talent in willing service to this Church, and enjoy health and vigor of body and mind, and receive great joy

therein, I seal you up against the power of the evil one that he shall not disturb your peace of mind, neither enter your little kingdom with his deception in this wicked world. I bless you with willpower to overcome according to your integrity, every undesirable inherent or acquired tendency, that your life mission be one of joy and rejoicing, a blessing to humanity, an honor to this Church and to your father's household.

Now dear sister as you shall put your trust in this blessing, seeking ways and means of its fulfillment, this blessing shall unfold in your life as the pages of a book, and these with many more blessings which are in reserve for you according to your integrity and trust, your thrift, industry, and prudence shall be added unto you for righteousness. You shall minister comfort and cheer unto many of your sisters, and when troubles and sickness shall come to you and yours, it will be given to you to know what to do for their good. The faith of your household shall heal them up. You shall have dreams and visions for your need.

I seal these blessing upon you with power to stand upon this earth when it shall be renewed and receive its Paradisaic glory, there to continue your mission in the service of the untold millions who have passed without the knowledge and testimony which is yours this day. If you are true and faithful to your covenants, submissive to the counsel of the Lord's anointed and of your parents, in righteousness, this seal shall not be broken for I leave this blessing with you as your humble servant and in the authority of the Holy Patriarchal Priesthood, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Ben A. Moffett, Patriarch

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Ben A. Moffett", with a horizontal line underneath the name.

**Patriarchal Blessing**

I know that marriage is the most important single decision in life that will affect your earthly and eternal destiny. But I did not realize just how it would change my life. It is very important who you marry and where you marry. It not only affects your eternal destiny, but it will affect where you live, the type of food you eat, the associates you have and the type of family you will eventually raise. This has become more evident to me as the years have come and gone.



**Delores (top right) and Ervin (far right)**

Ervin and I started dating and sure enough, five months later we were making plans to be married. While dating Ervin, I remember in one of our conversations asking him if he ever wanted to be rich. He told me he knew how to get rich, but he just did not want to be rich. I thought somehow, I could change that concept. He was in business with his dad and brothers and their company looked very promising. He had a great testimony of the gospel, was active in the Church and was

knowledgeable. I was very impressed with his parents and their family. I think I fell in love with his dad and mother long before I learned to love him. I admired him, felt good with him, and thought I could live the rest of my life with him, but was there more? I decided probably not. We could get married, be rich and live happily ever after.

He also told me that as he was growing up, his responsibility was to get up early before everyone else and build fires in the stoves to warm the house. I thought that was good, he took responsibility and was an early riser. He would probably likely be one to get things done. Later he told me he got up earlier than needed so he could read the newspaper before he used it to light the fire. He has never outgrown that habit of reading the paper

early. After retirement, he sometimes goes back to bed when it is time to get up for the day.

Ervin's brother, Clyde, was serving a mission in South Africa. He had married Elna Farnsworth just before leaving for his mission. Ervin, Clyde, and Tom worked with their dad in the construction business. They supported each other on missions and Church callings. Ervin's dad was in the stake presidency and later was called as a bishop.

Everyone in the ward kept trying to push us towards marriage. Ervin said he loved me, but I was not sure I loved him. I felt like I did not know what love was really supposed to be like. Sometimes I wonder about love even today. It seems to have so many different meanings and levels of comprehension.

I started to become more attracted to him because when his sister-in-law, Elna, hugged around on him it made me nervous, and perhaps a little jealous. Ervin seemed to like it. That made me a little more jealous. She was a very demonstrative person and loved touching people. Her dad kissed and hugged her in public. I was just the opposite. I was reserved and felt such acts should be more private. I don't ever remember my dad kissing me. When I tried kissing my dad or even hugging him, he always pulled away.

Ward members kept trying to get us together. Bishop Brown tried by inviting me to go to April General Conference in Salt Lake City with him and his wife. He had already invited Ervin, but I declined thinking that would be a little uncomfortable for me, using the excuse that my brothers and sisters were ill with the chicken pox and I may come down with them any day. I had never had chicken pox and I haven't to this day, as far as I know, even though I've been exposed numerous times. Later Ervin told me the bishop was trying to devise a plan to get us married. He said he could issue me a recommend and the stake president would be there, and we'd get it signed and make a marriage session in the Salt Lake Temple.

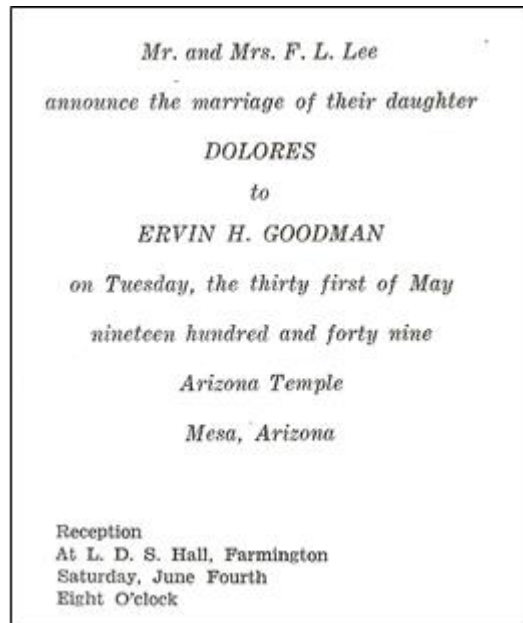
My dates with Ervin mainly consisted of a movie, or a Church function, and long



conservations--nothing very exciting. I don't even remember going to a café, but mostly long conversations. A few times, he fell asleep at night as we were talking. I thought it was because he worked hard and was tired. We discussed the size of an ideal family. I thought eight was a good number. He didn't agree. He felt more like three or four. My mother had eleven children and I knew I did not want that many.

One evening as we were talking, the subject of marriage came around. I remember saying to him, "Well, if we are going to get married, let's just do it." In a few days, he formally proposed. I remember that he knelt down on one knee in the living room and asked me to marry him. After that, it was just a matter of time before all arrangements could be made.

As the years went by, I began to realize he did love me, and I loved him. We discovered many things about each other. His falling asleep was not due to being tired but because of sleep apnea. I've learned he has a hard time making up his mind, and he probably would not have decided to marry me under any other circumstances. I've also found I could not change his concept of being rich. Although I thought love could change anything. I've come to realize the only way we'd be rich is if we inherited it or won a sweepstakes or lottery. Even then, he would probably want to refuse it, claiming riches will bring into our life too many problems that we could not handle. It would spoil our kids and make us vulnerable to pride. He hasn't convinced me that I could not handle it.



**Wedding Announcement**

When we became engaged, I was working as a telephone operator at Mountain Bell Telephone Company on Apache Street. I had not worked long enough to earn vacation time. When I told my co-workers I wanted time off to get married, they were willing to

help me. By trading days with other operators, I was able to get four days off on Memorial Day weekend. They were also willing to give me advice about married life, and strongly recommended ways to keep from getting pregnant. I guess I was naïve; I had not thought about it.

We borrowed my dad's new Packard and took off for Mesa. Ervin did the driving. My mother was confined to bed with rheumatic fever and unable to attend or even help with the arrangements. My father stayed home to do chores and look after things as best as he could.

We went to Mesa on Monday, May 30, 1949. I was greeted by Ervin's Grandmother, Lucinda Cardon. She lived a few blocks from the temple and was an ordinance worker there. She had prepared a bedroom for me in the back of the house and tried to make me comfortable. That evening we went to the temple so I could receive my endowments. At that time, sessions were quite lengthy. I knew my parents had talked about the washing and anointing in the temple. I thought it was proper that they would wash people, but I did not know why except to make them clean. Somehow in my mind it was supposed to be more like a shower. The blessings pronounced were too wonderful to describe. The temple felt sacred and holy. I seemed to feel that whatever was done was right. The clothing seemed strange, although I had seen my mother's temple clothing, but had never seen it worn by anyone. I knew I was making sacred covenants, but felt I was capable of living them.

I was completely exhausted when we returned to the Cardon's home. I do not know where Ervin stayed that night. I only remember getting ready for bed and after I was in bed, he came into the bedroom, told me he loved me, kissed me goodnight and left.

The next morning, we got dressed, packed our suitcases and left for the temple. We decided to go through another session, not knowing when we would be able to attend again. Ervin's parents, his grandparents and some of his uncles and relatives attended with us. This time, I was washed and anointed for someone else and took that person's

name through the same ceremony as the night before. Then we were escorted to a special beautiful room with an altar and mirrors. I had a few doubts as I knelt on one side of the altar and Ervin on the other side. The sealing ceremony was performed by President Harry Payne. I remember thinking, “This is forever, and there is no way to change my mind now. It will work. It has to.” We were married on the morning of May 31, 1949. I came out of the temple with a terrific headache.

Ervin’s Uncle Ed and Aunt Rose had prepared some corned beef and tomato sandwiches, so we went to their home and ate sandwiches. After lunch they offered us a place to rest, but I declined. I was so drained and had such a terrible headache. I remember saying, “No, I think we will be on our way.” I felt tired and sick and just wanted to be alone. Of course, we got teased a little. They thought we wanted to be together.



**Mesa Temple**



**Delores and Ervin, May 31, 1949**

At that moment I just wanted to take an aspirin and lie down somewhere away from everyone. I love being around people, but also feel a great strain. I grew up not gaining social skills and feel quite awkward and unsure at times. After taking aspirin I started to feel a little better. We drove to Showlow and found a little cabin motel. Being exhausted, we retired for the night.

We had a reception in Farmington. It was a ward affair. My mother was not able to help much with the preparations. I bought my own

wedding gown in Durango and did a lot of the planning and arrangements for the reception. Several ward members performed by reciting readings. Aunt Mae Cardon did one and so did Lucy Burnham. I have a copy of Sister Burnham's original poem, but do not have the one Aunt Mae recited. We also had a dance afterwards. We could dance then, but not now. The band consisted of ward members. We received lots of very useful gifts. I use some to this day. On my wall hang two different mirrors that we received. Also, we have two pans that I use nearly every day. We received a waffle iron that has worn out. We got sheets, blankets, towels. It was a wonderful shower of gifts that were greatly appreciated, needed, and used.

## CHAPTER XV: MARRIED LIFE



**Maple Street House**

After Ervin and I were married we lived with his parents for several months. Our bedroom was at the back of their house on Maple Street. Alice, Ervin's little sister, was about four and one-half years old. She and her friends were very curious about newlyweds. They would slip around to the outside window and try to eavesdrop on us. We didn't say anything but were aware and tried to just take it in stride with a grin on our faces.

Living with the Goodman's was a blessing. I learned about their family. The more I knew about them, the more I admired them, and I wondered how I could be so lucky to have such a great family. I found out Ervin had the most wonderful uncles on his father's side: Uncle Ed, Uncle Morton, Uncle Alex, Uncle Glenn and Uncle Harry. They had all filled missions, as had his father and grandfather. What a great blessing.

Not having great responsibility besides working and helping a little around the house, I decided to take swimming lessons. I had not had the opportunity to learn to swim. In my growing up years, only small irrigations ditches were available to wade or play in. We did have reservoirs, but we were not allowed to go there without supervision. I bought my first swimming suit and signed up for lessons at the Lion's Pool on Wall Street. Of course, I had to buy a swimming ticket, but I was working and had a few dollars.

Ervin owned a little Plymouth two-door coup, which I was allowed to use and to drive to work. He drove a company pick-up. One day I donned my brand-new bathing suit and was on the way to the swimming pool. I was in front of the General Supply Store on Main Street when the bumper fell off the car. I stopped in the middle of the street, got out in my bathing suit and proceeded to recover the bumper. A big transport van had pulled up behind me and the bumper was under the van. I motioned to him that I wanted to get the bumper, and I crawled under the big truck to get the bumper. He started honking and waving and so did others until everyone was looking, laughing, and waving. I was so embarrassed. I put the bumper in the back and drove on to the swimming pool. I was really mortified and embarrassed.

Somehow that seemed to dampen my spirit of wanting to learn to swim. You'll have to understand, I am a very modest person and I do not like exposing my body even in a swimming suit or a pool. I decided swimming wasn't that much fun. I never learned to swim. My mother never learned to swim. My mother was actually terrified of water that was deeper than her ankles. I decided I'm not a waterdog. I don't like water that well. I don't like to take a shower if the water gets in my face. I feel like I can't breathe and I'm going to suffocate. I prefer a bath to a shower, but I do take showers once in a while.

We didn't have a real honeymoon. We both had to go back to work, but that summer we managed to gather some camping equipment and went camping in the beautiful Colorado Mountains. We were able to spend a few days alone in a tent. Sure enough, on that little camping trip, I got pregnant with our first child, Rosalie. We decided since we were going to have a family, it was probably best I quit my job at the telephone company, and the operators razzed me a little about not taking their advice.

## CHAPTER XVI: OUR FIRST HOME

We lived with Ervin's family until November. With the help of Goodman and Sons, Ervin squeezed out enough money to make a down payment on some property that was located on what later became 20th Street. At the time we moved there, 20th Street was just an unpaved country lane. The house was unfinished. It had a kitchen, bathroom and two bedrooms. The living room only had a sub floor and lay unfinished for some time. We had a water well with a pump house and a septic tank. We also had ten acres with irrigation and electricity and gas in the house.



**20th Street Home**

With savings that Ervin had managed while in the Army, we bought a stove and a refrigerator. We brought a bed from the Goodman's house. We were happy to have a little place of our own.

Goodman and Sons wanted to expand their company, so we were put on a strict budget. I was given only enough to buy groceries and other necessities. I worked hard at being a good wife, trying to plan meals and trying to save every penny I could, which was very little. I'd put what we had left over in a jar up in the cupboard. I did not mind, thinking we were looking forward to a better life. I wanted so much to please Ervin. I was afraid he would be disappointed in me as a wife, and I would not measure up to what he and his family expected.

He told me how to fold his socks and to hang his shirts. He said the left shoulder was to be the one that was out. The clothes all hang the same way. I learned to hang all our clothes that way. He said he learned that in the Army. His socks were folded the way he showed me until we discovered a little fastener to hold the socks together in the wash.



Ervin started using the fasteners. It saved us from mating socks and losing so many mates. I'll have to admit his sock drawer is not as neat as it used to be. Some things do change. We have sacrificed neatness for not losing socks. As the children were growing,, we would accumulate a box full of mismatched socks. That is one reason we started buying all white socks that were similar. Our boys grew up wearing white socks all the time. That only changed when they went on their missions.

I also soon learned I was never to look in his wallet. I don't remember the incident. I do remember how upset he was when one day I looked in his wallet. To this day I never look in his wallet and he does not look in my purse. Sometimes I say when he wants something, "Oh, it's in my purse. Just get it out." He will not open my purse. He always brings my purse to me to get the item for him.

Ervin is very good at hanging up his clothes. Sometimes he hangs them when they need to be put in the wash although he usually drapes his pants across a chair at night and puts them on the next morning. My mom never taught us to hang our clothes. We did not have extra clothing. We wore one outfit until it was time to wash it. The idea of wearing something different every day was very foreign to us. Our dirty outfit lay on the floor till wash day when the clothes would be gathered to wash. I don't remember having clothes closets. In Arizona we had an open-faced cabinet in the bedroom with shelves and a curtain over the front. Clothes were not hung; clean ones were folded and put on the shelf. The first closet I remember was at the house on Hutton Road that burned and was rebuilt. Up to that time, I had not seen the necessity of hanging clothes. I do not remember having a dirty-clothes hamper as I was growing up. Ervin picks up his clothes and puts them away. He does not leave them on the floor, and we have dirty-clothes hampers.

One night, not too long after we were married, I woke up and could hear someone in the house. I listened quietly. They seemed to be right by our bed. They were feeling around on the floor by the side of the bed. I was in the bed by the wall. I thought I better not move. Soon I heard the back door close. I woke Ervin. We looked around. Ervin's pants had been moved. We decided they were looking for Ervin's pants to find his wallet.

Ervin has the habit of always removing everything from his pockets and putting it all on the dresser when he retires.

I grew up without locks and as a young married couple we never locked the doors night or day. It was not our habit to lock the doors. In fact, we did not even have locks on the doors, but after that we did put a hook on the back screen door and was sure the door was latched at night when we went to bed. The front door was not used. The room was not finished, and we kept the doors closed to that area. We now lock the doors at night and when we leave the house. Sometimes we even lock the doors during the day when we are home. Times have changed. The world has become less trusting.

Ervin bragged about my cooking and thought I was an excellent cook. One day I prepared a new dish. I don't remember what it was, except it was a flop. I was so embarrassed, I carried it outside and buried it in the backyard so that he would never know. Then I hurriedly fixed something else. Later I realized I had an inferiority complex that has really affected my life. It was not the first time nor the last time that I've tried to hide things from others so they would not know that I had come up short. I wanted to be more than I was and never wanted others to know my little secret of feeling I was lacking. It also shatters me to think I have disappointed someone. I've worried too much about what other people would think and it has kept me from attempting to do certain things. This frailty has kept me from being totally honest. I did not realize it for years. I finally came to the conclusion it was a part of being prideful. I never considered myself prideful; that was someone who had everything and knew they did and flaunted it.

Now when the bishop asks me in an interview for a temple recommend if I am honest, I generally tell him, "I do not think so. I try to be honest. I don't think anyone can be completely honest." I have not completely overcome my tendency to try to hide the truth about my inadequacies and insecurities. I'm working on it, but bad habits are hard to break, and some tendencies are very difficult to overcome. Every once in a while, I find I have slipped up, and I think, "Oh no, you did it again." It is usually insignificant things that really don't make that much difference. For example, making up an excuse for being

late, and not admitting, I just did not start soon enough to be on time. Sometimes I wonder why I bother to excuse myself. Others probably do not care about my excuse anyway. I just do not want to disappoint others; but in reality; I'm the one who is the most disappointed. I need to learn to laugh at myself. I have a tendency to take things too seriously. Perhaps, I'm rambling too much. My feeling of inferiority has definitely affected my life. I have empathy for others who feel they do not measure up to someone or something.



**Formerly Goodman and Sons Construction Company**

Clyde returned from his mission. Goodman and Sons purchased some property on Schwartz and Broadway Street. They built a large building with an office there, and behind the business on Schwartz Street, they built a little house for Clyde and Elna. Ervin's brother, Tom was called on a mission just before Clyde returned home.

Ervin was busy with the construction company and was a counselor in the bishopric. I was called to work in the Mutual Improvement Association (MIA) with Eleanor Evans. We were active in the Church functions and attended everything.

Daphne Tooley also worked in the MIA. She was very anxious to give me advice on how to enjoy married life and be happy. She had good advice. She said you could learn to love anyone or anything. Her advice was, “Just work at it. If you can’t make it, fake it.” I’ve often thought of that sentence and have come to see the wisdom of it. It is the same philosophy as “act as if.” We also love those we want to love, and if we pretend long enough it will happen. In other words, how much are we willing to work at it? How much are we willing to forget self to make others happy? It also applies to loving the Lord with all our might, mind and strength. We must be willing to sacrifice and pay the price. “He who loses his life for my sake shall find it.” Certainly, it is true with the Lord and with your spouse and family. In other words, if we fake it long enough, it becomes easier. Or as we practice to be better, we begin to excel and enjoy whatever it is.



**Wayne and Virginia Uselman**

It was fun being a young married couple with the whole ward as your friends. One day a wedding reception was held for Virginia and Wayne Uselman. After the reception we hid them in our unfinished house, so they would not be shivered (a practice of playing some kind of a joke on the newlyweds). We heard people driving up the lane looking for them, but they had no idea they were at our house. When the coast was clear, they left on their honeymoon.

## CHAPTER XVII: BUNDLES OF JOY

Our first child, Rosalie, was born on May 5, 1950. I did not know what to expect, but when my water broke in the middle of the night, I had a really wet bed. I had to wake Ervin so the bed could be changed. I thought I had wet the bed. I was so embarrassed, but when the pains started, I knew I had to get to the hospital.

A beautiful perfect little girl was born sometime that morning in the old hospital. Dr. Wendell Peacock delivered her. We decided to name her Rosalie. There was a girl in my high school named Rosalie Spafford. I admired her and thought her name was beautiful. I also thought it had a “Lee” in it and was very appropriate. I guess I’m too traditional. I wanted to spell her name with “lee” instead of “lie” but felt that was not the proper spelling. Today people spell names any way they please, and it does not make any difference. You even begin to wonder which names are for boys and for girls because children seemed to be named anything their parents wish, no matter the gender.

Rosalie was our pride and joy. We were so proud of her, and loved to take her to church, and show her off. She went everywhere we went. We never thought of getting a babysitter. She even went to MIA.

I felt an education was important and thought I would get a degree someday. I loved to study and learn. I enrolled in San Juan College, and it went well for over a year, and then off and on for the next several years. Here again is one of my spurts and starts.



**Rosalie**

I soon found how much Ervin loved to read. I don't think there has been more than a few days in our married life that Ervin didn't have the newspaper to read. He really loses himself in a book or newspaper. He gets up early to read the newspaper, and sometimes sits up late to finish a book.

We seldom had a newspaper, magazines or books in our home as I grew up as a child. I think that is why I want to buy books. I liked to buy them, but I do not really read them-- just a few chapters here and there. It's hard for me to stick with a book from cover to cover, and it takes several days for me to get it read. My mom's ideas about reading when there is work to do have affected my life. After I start reading for a few minutes, my mind starts drifting to the work that needs to be done and I have to lay the book or newspaper down. Lavean used to sneak off where Mom couldn't find her so she could read and not work. Later my mother relaxed and let Carol and Loretta read more.

Ervin's family always had the "Saturday Evening Post" and the "Reader's Digest." The "Reader's Digest," along with the newspaper, has been a staple since we were married. It was in the "Reader's Digest" where I learned about sweepstakes. I started sending them in with high hopes. I felt disappointed if I failed to return one. We seldom had cold cereal at my folks' home, but it was on a cereal box that I also found opportunities to enter sweepstakes. As the years proceeded, I found more and more sweepstakes. I'm a dreamer and a gambler, so it was easy for me to get interested. When I started working at Office Supply, I found a Publisher's Clearing House Sweepstakes. It is one I have faithfully entered since 1970. I've never won anything but a magazine from them. Eventually I found others to enter and have won a few prizes, namely, two bicycles, several tee shirts, hats, a television, games, watches, meals, soda drinks, a trip to New York City, handbags, cameras, radios, caps to name a few, but hope lingers on. I thought sweepstakes might further my dream of one day being rich. I'm not as devoted to sweepstakes as I have been. I do enter a few and I have a subscription to a Sweepstakes Newsletter.

In our early married life, a salesman called at our house. Ervin came home while he was still there. Ervin became angry and unreasonable. His expression was one I've seen a few



times since, but never hope to see it again. He took the man by the arm, and firmly showed him to the door telling him to never return. Then he yelled at me, “Don’t you ever allow a salesman in our house again.” The episode frightened me and really embarrassed me. I did not know what the problem was and felt it was so unnecessary the way Ervin acted. Anytime a salesman calls, I usually tell then my husband does not like salesmen, and I try to get them to leave before he has a chance to see them. To this day he will not let a salesman in our house. Several times since then Ervin has raised his voice to me, and I feel really crushed and hurt. Usually, I do not see any reason for him to do it and it still embarrasses me.



**Ervin’s parent’s house at 307 Taylor Drive**

Ervin’s folks decided to build a new house for themselves. They bought property on Taylor Drive. It was exciting to see Ella planning and moving into their new home. They bought a new piano and let us have the old one. Ella had purchased the piano with the money they received for selling Ervin’s car after he left on his mission. She figured it was Ervin’s piano anyway. We still have that old piano today.





**Tom and Milda, March 2, 1951**

Ervin's brother, Tom, returned from his mission. It wasn't long before he was married to Milda Cluff. Tom needed a place to live so the company built him a house across the street from Howard and Ella. Then Clyde and Elna got a new house just one block from the others, but I never said a word. I was happy for them, of course hoping someday I'd get my dream house. I was grateful for our little farm even though the living room was unfinished, and there was not a step to the front door.

Rosalie wasn't out of diapers when along came our second child, a daughter, EvaJo. She was born on Christmas Eve, 1951. Since I had named our first daughter, I told Ervin it was his turn to name the baby. He chose EvaJo because she was born on Christmas Eve and her great-grandpa, Joseph Elmer Cardon was also born on Christmas Eve. EvaJo was just one month younger than her Aunt Loretta, my baby sister.

Our family was growing. We continued to be busy in the Church and had lots of diapers to wash, but we didn't have much time to think about life or make any great plans. We were just happy and busy living.



**Baby EvaJo, 1952**

Somehow Ervin found the money to buy a ringer-type washing machine. We had to have rinse tubs. When it came time to change the water in the washing machine, I hooked a garden hose to the washer and let the water run outside on the ground. I made a little ditch so it could water a row of trees and bushes. As each batch of clothing was finished being rinsed, they were carried outside and hung on a clothesline. Washing clothes took most of the day.

Then one day I didn't feel too well. My milk dried up when I was nursing EvaJo. I decided to go to the doctor. The doctor said I was pregnant. I felt sad, even cried a little, and made the remark, "Poor EvaJo! She will not get a chance just to be a baby."

EvaJo laughed a lot, and she didn't cry very much. She was an easy baby to tend. Rosalie really enjoyed playing with her and taking care of her. EvaJo didn't try to talk, and I became worried. I began to notice she didn't have to say anything. Rosalie anticipated her every need and would always tell me what EvaJo wanted. Then one day to my utter amazement, EvaJo spoke a complete sentence. She never grunted, or said individual words, she would point, and then one day she just started talking. EvaJo was completely potty trained by the time she was one year old. She watched Rosalie and picked it up by herself. She didn't like wet or messy diapers. It just seemed to come naturally for her to be dry and clean. Sure enough, she was neither *the* baby nor *a* baby very long. Her baby brother was born just two days shy of Eva Jo's first birthday on December 22, 1952.



**Carl 4-5 years old**

We were so happy to have a baby boy and thought life was great. Ervin named him after himself and one of his missionary companions, Carl Cook. Carl seemed to grow rapidly, and before long he was outside playing in the dirt and splashing in mud puddles. He was a typical little boy. One time, he was trying to sneak something past me--probably a cookie or something. He shut his eyes and was walking past me. I could not help but laugh to myself. He thought

if he could not see me, then I couldn't see him. Of course, he was properly reprimanded. I knew parents had to be consistent with improper behavior even when it was funny or cute. You cannot tell them they should ask and then let them get away with it another time because it was cute. Ervin and I both had a good laugh when I told him. Sometimes children can bring laughter and joy to your heart and they don't even know it.

Carl was difficult to potty train. He had so much to do and explore, he did not have time to be bothered with such a chore. We finally got him out of diapers, but he continued to wet the bed and his pants once in a while. I even dreaded sending him to school, knowing he might wet his pants in school. It was quite frustrating to me. I tried everything I knew to change his behavior, but nothing seemed to work. Eventually, in spite of all I could do, he learned he did have to go to the bathroom and not try to ignore the urge until it was too late.

I had a little difficulty learning you cannot force children against their will, especially after they are two years old. They only rebel more. Somewhere, somehow, they will learn, "mom knows best" but it has to eventually be their idea. Carl taught me a valuable lesson that helped in rearing the kids. A parent can teach and preach with all their effort, but the child is the one that decides if he is going to do it or not and as the child matures, the reins of control have to be relaxed accordingly.

We liked the quiet of the country. The Huntsingers lived a short distance from us. Then Renchers bought the acreage on the same side of the road, just west of us. East



**Rosalie, EvaJo, Delores, Carl**

of us was the Hutton orchard. My folks only lived across the Hutton orchard from us on the Old Aztec Highway. I could walk to my mother's house, which was nice. I could go visit as often as I desired but in a few years, they moved to Bloomfield, and we only went to visit them about once a month on a Sunday evening.

The Rencher's had a baby boy born the same time as Carl, but their baby was not thriving as it should. Sister Afton Rencher thought he was not getting enough milk and asked me if I'd be willing to nurse him one time during the day. I consented. At first it seemed a little repulsive, but after a few times it was ok. Her baby did not know how to nurse and really had to be coaxed. Later they discovered he was Mongoloid and would never be normal. That was a sad time for them, and I was glad that I had tried to help. They moved away and I never knew what happened to that baby boy.

We enjoyed our little place. We had fruit trees, even some nut trees and a garden. One summer we raised watermelons and green beans and we usually had corn. We didn't have very many watermelons, but one night someone came in and stole some of our watermelons. This made us very sad. A few months later we heard it was Elna's brother. They wanted to have a watermelon bust.

Rosalie and EvaJo shared one bedroom and Ervin and I and the new baby were in the other bedroom. Ervin finally saw a need to finish the living room. We had bought the place from William Longhurst. He was a jack-of-all-trades but mainly a farmer. He wanted to purchase 200 acres of farmland from my dad on the Hammond and needed money so had decided to sell the place. He had scrapped, scrambled, and saved to be able to build the house. Mr. Longhurst only worked on it as he could when the money was available. Ervin complained about the hap-hazard building, but finally finished the living room. It seemed we now had a big house. Somehow Ervin found enough money to buy a gray couch for the living room and that gray couch lasted years. I never allowed my children to jump on the beds or the furniture. They may have when I was not around, but for the most part they obeyed.

One day a recently-returned-Mormon-missionary salesman called at our door. He demonstrated a wonderful set of stainless-steel pots and pans. I really wanted those pots and pans. Our mismatched aluminum just would not do. I was worried Ervin might pop in, but it was early mid-morning. I remembered my jar in the cupboard. I got it down and sure enough, with what I had in my purse, I could purchase the set. I made the deal as soon as possible. When the order arrived in the mail I hid it, afraid that Ervin would not approve. Every few weeks, I'd bring a piece out and put it in the cupboard. Ervin finally noticed and asked where they came from. I replied, "Oh, I've had them for some time." He didn't push me, and I never told him anymore. Years later, I told him, I bought them from a returned missionary. The only response was, "You know I don't like salesmen." I have really used them and to this day I think I needed them.

Our children came quite fast, but we really didn't mind. We thought that was what we were supposed to be doing--raising a family to the Lord. We did get a little rest between Carl and the next one. We were hoping for another boy. We thought it would be nice to have them in pairs. Even though we had wished for a little boy to be a companion to Carl, Jeannine stole our hearts away with her bright, blue eyes and her mischievous smile. She was born April 30, 1955. It was my turn to name a child. Again, I chose a former high school friend, Jeannine Brimhall. Jeannine was beautiful and I wanted a little girl just like her.



**Jeannine**

Work was to begin on the new church house on Apache Street the morning Jeannine was born. Ervin felt he had to be there. Howard, his father, was in the stake presidency, Ervin

and Clyde were both in bishoprics. They became a great force in that building by lending their equipment, time and skills in the building of it. Ervin was at the hospital long enough for Jeannine to be born. He then had to leave to be at the site to start the work.

He didn't have to stay long. On the ride to the hospital, I thought there was no way we were going to make it in time. I could feel every bump in the road and the pains were close together. I had halfway laid down and started panting. I remembered that is what they asked me to do when Carl was born to try to prolong the birth till the doctor could get there. I wondered if I should remove some of my clothes. Ervin drove as fast as he dared, honking the horn as we went. We were lucky it was early morning before the traffic started. We drove up to the emergency room and continued honking our horn. I said, "Ervin, hurry get a nurse or someone quick." He ran to the door and met a nurse. She brought a wheelchair. I lay back in the chair as far as possible and started pulling off my clothes. Just as the nurse got me on a cart, and I had lain down, Jeannine was born. We were in the hallway. The nurse laid her on my chest, and we waited in the delivery room for the doctor. Needless to say, Doctor Fischer didn't make it. He was filling in for Dr. Peacock who was out of town. He came shortly, cut the cord, and examined her. She was then taken to be cleaned up, and I was wheeled into a room. Ervin left to go to the church building site.

While our children were growing, and until the time we moved, it seemed they continually had sore throats. We took them to the doctor for fever and a sore throat or ear infection frequently. I decided the old heating stove in the hallway wasn't completely burning the gas. I could smell it, and spoke to Ervin about it, but he didn't seem to agree with me. Finally, when we moved, we had either outgrown the illness problem, or it was the faulty heater. I think to this day, it had caused a lot of our illnesses and doctor calls.

Being in Doctor Peacock's office frequently, he would shake his head, and say to the nurse, "Can you believe it? Her oldest child is only five years old and she has four children."

Even though Rosalie was only five and soon turned six, she was a big help. She started helping me tend to the kids, wash the dishes. Before she was two, she would pull a chair up to the sink and wanted to wash the dishes. She loved to help me rinse the clothes. I had cautioned her about the ringer and told her to be awfully careful that she did not let her hands get too close. Well, one day she got her fingers caught in the ringer and it went up her arm. We were lucky enough it did not break any bones.

Family events became a great part of our lives. My mother's family was having a celebration and family reunion in Safford, Arizona to celebrate my grandparent's 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary. Jeannine was the baby. I remember the joy I felt in being able to show off my family, especially Jeannine. I bought her a pretty little dress. I thought she was just gorgeous.

We were really coming up in the world, so to speak. We had a wonderful family, a little place of our own and a new car. How blessed and happy we felt. We went to the reunion in a new car and were able to stay at a motel in Safford. I thought we were just starting to live. Very few times in my life could we or my family afford such a luxury as to eat out and stay in a motel. To this day I never know what to order from a menu or how I'm supposed to eat it. Needless to say, eating out seems like a luxury that I can't afford. If we had an opportunity or a chance to eat out, I'd try to be very frugal and buy the cheapest thing on the menu. I often longed to try a fancier dish, but always felt we could not afford it. I wasn't sure how you were supposed to eat a certain thing and thought I would probably be embarrassed trying to eat it anyway. Therefore, I usually stuck with traditional things like chicken fried steak.



## **CHAPTER XVIII: GREAT EXPECTATIONS**

The Bureau of Land Management decided to sell two and one-half acre plots north of town. They were sold by bids and Veterans were given an opportunity to bid. It seems you did not have a choice of the location. I think they were drawn. We decided to bid on one and got one. We located the plot and as a family would drive to it and have a hot dog roast. We would build a fire and have a family home evening there. The kids loved it. We dreamed of building a house there someday but knew it would be a long time before utilities would be available.

One day, right in the middle of the afternoon, Ervin brought papers home and asked me to sign. I was not too happy about it and gave him a little argument. He said his dad had signed his house as collateral for a business loan, and he thought we should do the same. He said the bank needed it for security. Reluctantly, I signed the paper. I thought they just needed a little more working capital, and it would work out and be okay.



**Jeannine, EvaJo, Rosalie, and Delores, Homemade Easter Dresses**

We continued to be frugal. We were on a limited budget, and it seemed we always needed something. We raised a garden, canned vegetables and fruit and watched our money

closely. When Rosalie started school, we used a credit card to buy her clothes and school supplies because there was no money. Then I would go without and save till we got the credit card paid. The same thing happened at Christmas. We never bought much--usually clothes and maybe a few toys and a doll or two. Then we would go without to get the bill paid. There just never seemed to be enough money to buy what we needed, but I had hopes that would change. I just had to be patient, do without, and save what I could.

There was a joke circulating that would really make me squirm. Clyde seemed fascinated with the joke and repeated it several times. He said, "The way to keep a woman happy was to keep her barefoot and pregnant." When I heard it in my presence, I felt it was directed at me. I sure did not feel that being pregnant and going without was fun.

As the family grew, we needed another bedroom set. Goodman and Sons had purchased a farm at Flora Vista. There was an old house on the place, and some furniture was in the house. Ervin rescued a bedroom set from that place, so we were able to have another bed. We have that set till this day. It is the one in the north bedroom. It needed refinishing when we bought it and it still needs to be refinished.

When Carl was five years old, we decided to send him to a kindergarten school that was sponsored by Eleanor Evans. We felt he would be the youngest in his class and would need the extra boost. I was a little sorry because when he started elementary school he was ahead of the others. He decided he knew it all and did not have to work.

On Carl's sixth birthday he came down with a very high temperature, headache, and sore throat. I could not get his temperature down or stop his headache. I thought he had a severe case of strep and knew he would have to have medication. Dr. Nordstrom examined him and very bluntly said, "Get this kid to the hospital. If he has what I suspect, time is of essence, and he needs immediate treatment." I started crying, not knowing what to expect, but took him to the hospital. I called Ervin on the phone. I could hardly talk for crying. He rushed to the hospital. They quarantined Carl and started treatment. They took a spinal tap and it confirmed he had spinal meningitis. We had to put on gloves,

wear a mask and a gown to visit him. He was given a blessing by Howard and Ervin.

Carl recovered but was left with a weak leg and his back still bothers him at times. Other doctors have remarked that if Dr. Nordstrom had not acted so quickly, Carl would have suffered with some paralysis. In my opinion, Dr. Nordstrom was a great pediatrician, even though he seemed to be abrupt.

My mother told me I expected too much from Carl. She would say I expected the same from him as the two girls who were older. She would remind me he was younger and a boy. I did not see it that way, but perhaps she was right. I did expect a lot from all my children. I knew they were capable, and I wanted them to succeed and make me proud. They usually came through. I've always been proud of them, maybe a few times disappointed; but a proud mother.

In 1956, we learned our family would grow a little more. I went to the doctor, and he confirmed our suspicions. Now we really wanted a boy, and I expressed to the doctor, "I hope it is a boy." I remember him saying, "You should want a girl, because the baby seems to be little boned, and I think it will be a small baby." But to my delight, we had a baby boy on March 11, 1957. We decided to name him after both of our fathers. He got the name of Howard Franklin.

And as the doctor had predicted, he was a small baby, but he had broad shoulders. He was not a cuddly baby, but he really enjoyed having his back rubbed. He also spit up continuously. He was a fussy baby and required a lot of attention. The doctor finally decided he was allergic to milk and put him on different kinds



**Howard**

of soy and milk substitutes trying to find a solution. One time we ran out of formula. He was crying, so I fixed him some powdered milk. He seemed to tolerate it well and didn't spit it up. I decided he was allergic to the fat in the milk. He thrived on powdered milk.

Farmington was growing. Twentieth Street was paved and along came a Mr. Bisbee who was looking for small investment acreage. He approached us about selling our place. We had outgrown the little house, and I longed for a brand new one. After all, Ervin's brothers and his father all had nice homes, so I felt it was my turn. We were offered a price that would allow us to build our dream home. It was a quick sale, and we had no place to live. We just couldn't seem to find a lot that suited us. My dad offered us a lot on his place. We decided to build a duplex, live there till we could find a suitable lot, and then rent the duplex for extra income. With the down payment from our place and with the company furnishing some of the laborers, we had a duplex built within six weeks. We moved quickly and turned our beautiful little farm over to Mr. Bisbee. He agreed to make sizeable payments in the next few years.



**The duplex that never was, June 2022**



**John**

It seemed we had the formula for boy babies, so we decided to have another one. Howard would have a playmate and baby brother. We moved a few months before John was born on November 12, 1958. John was so happy to be here. He smiled a lot and loved to be cuddled. He was an easy baby to take care of and loved to watch his older brother Howard play. He loved to have his brothers and sisters play with him. As he got older, one day after catching him in something he thought I had missed he said to me, “Mom, I think you have eyes in the back of your head.” I used this incident while at Childhaven in our training classes. I’d tell the employees about the incident with John and say to be good with children, you had to be aware of what they were doing, what they might be contemplating.

You had to have eyes in the back of your head.

To raise good kids you need “eyes in the back of your head.” You need to be aware of what your children are doing. I wanted perfect children. I would not let them quarrel and fight with each other. As soon as an argument or fight brewed, I would make the kids involved stop and give each other a hug. This worked well in our family. We started this practice when they were young and as each child came along, they too were required to give loves, not fights. One time Carl came home and said someone in school wanted to fight him and called him a sissy. I remember telling him, “I’m glad you did not fight. I raise lovers not fighters.” All my children love each other and are the best of friends to this day. If there is any way they can



**Delores and baby John, 1959**



help each other, they are willing to do so. I attribute that trait to not letting them fight and quarrel in the home. My lesson in my youth paid off in raising my own family. I was also influenced by reading the scripture in the Book of Mormon, Mosiah 4:14-15 which says, “Ye will not suffer your children that they go hungry, or naked; neither will ye suffer that they transgress the laws of God and fight and quarrel one with another, and serve the devil, who is the master of sin, ...But ye will teach them to love one another, and to serve one another.” Sometimes I’d ask my children when they were not getting along, “Who are you serving? Are you on the devil’s side?” My own brothers and sisters are not as caring towards each other as they could be. We are not a close family. I am so grateful that my children love and care for each other. It makes me proud.

For relaxation and family fun we arranged picnics and camping at Vallecito in Colorado. We acquired the necessary camping gear and used tents when the kids were young.

With the sale from the place on 20th Street, we found a little fifteen-foot camper to purchase for camping trips. It had a



**EvaJo and Howard, Rosalie, Cora Jean Lee, Carl, and Jeannine after Rosalie’s baptism**

stove, ice box and was rigged so that a second bed could be hung, making bunk beds. The table turned down into a bed and some of the children slept on the floor in the hall. Later, the older children preferred sleeping in a tent. We pitched a tent by the camper. This worked well for years. Mostly we took it to Decker Park at Vallecito. The camp site was donated to the Church by the Deckers in the early fifties. We held ward campouts there and members were welcome to use the park. Goodman and Sons took equipment and helped with clearing some of the undergrowth and improving the park. The different ward

members and priesthood groups piped water from a spring and eventually built a shelter. It was our favorite hide-away for years.

Family vacations generally consisted of extended family visits and functions. On our trips to visit family, I noticed John loved to be around the younger cousins. He would tease them and play with them, and they loved it. One of Alice's daughters mentioned at Aunt Gladys' funeral, how they loved to have John play with them when we went to visit in Arizona. John has a special way with young people.



**John, Howard, Jeannine, Carl, EvaJo, and Rosalie at Vallecito**

I seemed to always have a calling in the Church. I really didn't mind. I felt honored to be asked to serve in the Lord's work. One day the bishop asked me to be a den mother. We held den meeting in our house and one day I remarked to Ervin, "It would be nice to have a cub house." Ervin said they had just moved an office shack from a job. They did not plan to use it anymore. He said he could haul it to our backyard, if I wished. I said, "Oh, do you think you could?" Most of the time he was very accommodating.

We started holding den meetings there. The boys loved it. They felt like it was theirs and



wanted to fix it up. Our den grew. We had boys come that were not members of the Church. Some of the former cub scouts, now grown men have made remarks about our cub house and great den. I was a den mother for nine years. I got to be den mother for each of our sons. Then I was asked by the District Scout Leader, to be a den mother trainer. I did that for a couple years more with LaDean Smith. We traveled the county conducting den mother training sessions.

Being a den mother helped our family. We even adopted the den's motto, "The den helps the Cub Scout grow, and the Cub Scout helps the den go." We just substituted the family for the den and Cub Scout for the kids. It became "The family helps the kids grow and the kids help the family go."

When Carl became a Cub Scout, the leaders stressed the boys should pay for their uniforms. Carl really wanted a uniform. We agreed to purchase one if he would pay it back by washing dishes. He was to receive ten cents credit every time he washed the dishes. He would have to wash the dishes ninety times. I'm not sure he entirely paid for the uniform before he outgrew it.

He continued on into the Boy Scout program. He was going for an Eagle. He was a Life Scout and only had to earn his swimming merit badge. The night he was to pass it, he chose a tight-fitting, long-sleeved polo knit shirt. When it got wet it clung to his skin. He had to go underwater and remove the shirt and do a maneuver. The knit weave tightened when wet and he struggled to pull it over his head. He was unable to get out of the shirt. He claims he nearly drowned and had to be rescued from the pool by Mark Uselman. Needless to say, he would not try again, even though we tried to convince him to wear a loose fitting, short-sleeved shirt that would be easy to slip off. All four boys were involved in Scouting; Steven was the only one that made Eagle. The others were Life Scouts.

We started looking at house plans and a place to build our dream home. I had looked for years and knew some of the things I wanted in a new house. We finally found a lot we liked on Yucca Street and also found a house plan that would fit the lot.

About this time Howard, Ervin's father, went to Missouri for needed surgery. Ella wanted to go see him in the hospital. Ervin and I drove Ella to Missouri. I don't remember who watched the kids while we were gone. I could not get over the lush green vegetation on the landscape as we traveled east. On the way we walked around the Liberty Jail, where the prophet Joseph Smith was incarcerated in the early days of the Church. It was a Sunday, and the jail was closed. We didn't get to go inside. On the way home, we stopped in Dodge City and did a quick tour. The main thing I remember about it was the cattle yards. I enjoyed the feeling of experiencing past history. Ella stayed there with Howard until he was released, and they came home together.

Ervin continued as a counselor in the bishopric. He was gone to meetings in the evening, and sometimes even worked all night finishing concrete. He also had the responsibility of the office at Goodman and Sons. He was not home a great deal to help me with the kids. When he was home, he buried himself in reading. I had to get them to church on Sunday and tend them by myself. I didn't mind but felt I needed help. I loved him working in the Church and being active and honoring his priesthood callings. I truly admired him and was proud of him. He was usually home at night and the family ate breakfast together. We knelt at the dining room table for prayer. He got up early every morning and would read the newspaper. He read the newspaper during breakfast and until he left for work. When he came home in the evening, he'd usually grab the newspaper if he didn't have to attend a meeting or work a job somewhere.

Ervin loved to read. Every week he would read a book--sometimes a paperback he picked up or a "Reader's Digest Condensed Books" which came regularly for years. He got started with Tony Hillerman and I think he has read most of his novels. He also reads the "Church News," and "Time" magazine, "Newsweek," "Reader's Digest," "Discovery," and "The Smithsonian". I love to have an informed and intelligent husband, but to be truthful, sometimes I would get a little aggravated with his reading when there seemed to be so much he could be doing. I read occasionally and it does not bother me if I miss reading the newspaper. I've come to realize reading is Ervin's way of escaping reality and to release his stress.

At times it seemed like Ervin was gone too much. I began to feel he wasn't as interested as he should be. It seemed I was always fat and ugly and I started to wonder just how much he really loved me. He seemed to spend a great deal of his time away from home. I started feeling pangs of jealousy. Perhaps he was interested in someone else. He didn't want to get started on the house, and he did have several good-looking secretaries. I wondered what was wrong. He didn't have much to say when he was home. I did not realize how much stress he was under; Ervin has never been one to express his feelings by words, and never learned to express how he felt.

Ervin's Dad, Howard loved to visit the kids. Every time he came he would give them a stick of gum. They started calling him "Gumpa." He always came unannounced and unexpectedly. It seems he would knock on the door just as I had finished changing a baby's diaper and there the diaper would be where he could see it. It would really embarrass me. I was not in the habit of leaving diapers lying around, but he seemed to know just the moment to pop in. He also liked to come during bath time and insisted he wanted to give the kids their first bath. He loved babies and paid much more attention to them than his wife, Ella did.

My parents had given several of their children a lot in the Lee subdivision on Hutton and 20<sup>th</sup> Street. My brother, Maurice, had a string of Shetland ponies and he set up a spot where he could sell rides to children on the Shetland ponies. Carl liked to go over there to see if he could help him. It wasn't far from our house. One night Maurice was working on the lot. When he broke a sack of cement, the cement flew up into his eyes covering his face and practically blinding him. Somehow, he stumbled to our door. He was a terrible sight covered from head to toe in gray dust. His eyes were on fire from the lime in the cement and he could hardly stand up from the pain. We helped him rinse his eyes and got him some help. It was scary and frightening for us to see Maurice that way. We didn't recognize him at first, and I don't know how he made it to our house in the dark.

My dad had a pasture on one side of our house and fruit trees on the other side. My children used to play in the pasture. There were prairie dogs in the pasture. The boys

decided it was great fun to try to catch a prairie dog. The boys loved to dig holes in the backyard. Carl wanted a tree house. We managed to get scrap lumber from one of the company jobs and Carl and I built a tree house. He liked to sleep in it, and also had friends sleep there with him.

Ervin was very particular about our children having any friends sleep over and did not approve of our children sleeping at other houses. He did not think it was wise. The only place they could spend the night was with their grandparents and that was only if it was some kind of necessity. He felt very strongly about babysitters. He said, "They are our children. We had them and they belong at home where we can take care of them." A very few times have we had a babysitter. Lenore Fuller came to sit a few times. One time I remember in particular is when I went to the hospital to have EvaJo. She came to our house to tend Rosalie while Ervin took me to the hospital. She came for the next few years whenever I went to the hospital.

A Mrs. Sweeney moved into a rental home my mom had by her house on Hutton. A few times Mrs. Sweeney helped me with the children and did extra cleaning. She did not come regularly. We could not afford that, and it made Ervin nervous to have other women in the house working. I sure didn't mind and felt I needed help. If I were rich, I'd have a housekeeper or someone come in to help me regularly, but it would have to be when Ervin was not around. Mrs. Sweeney had a daughter, Paula, that used to play with our children. Mrs. Sweeney belonged to a Holiness Church and would frequently say, "Praise the Lord." She once told me she could feel a different spirit at our house, and she knew we loved the Lord. She was a very sweet lady, and she made a great impression on me. After being with her, I felt we did not praise the Lord enough for the things He has done for us.

We didn't have a television. We would occasionally go to Grandpa Goodman's to watch Bonanza on Sunday evening. The kids loved that. I knew Ella wasn't too fond of the idea, so I usually instructed the kids before we left on how to act at Grandpa's house. No running or fussing. They were to sit quietly and watch television. They made me proud.

I wanted my children to take music lessons, but I didn't know how on my limited grocery allowance. I did manage to have Rosalie take a few lessons, but with money scarce and the effort it took to get her to practice all the time, I let it slip, to my regret. EvaJo chose to take dancing lessons, but it also was abandoned with the strains on the budget.

My children loved to run through the orchard to visit their Grandmother Lee. Rosalie and EvaJo played with Loretta, their aunt, who was just one month older than EvaJo. I was very particular about who my children played with and who their friends were. We were lucky for the most part; we did not have close neighbors. I did not hesitate to send a child who was visiting back home if I did not like how he conducted himself. There was a little Waggoner boy that started coming over. He lived across 20th Street. He had a habit of using cuss words. I did not hesitate to send him home and I did several times. He finally got the message and did not bother to come back.

We built a chicken pen and had chickens for several years. We would buy baby chicks and feed them until they were fryer size. Then we would butcher them and put them in the deep freezer. One time someone came in and stole most of the chickens. That seemed to put an end to raising chickens. We also tried rabbits. We had several rabbit hutches. When it came time to butcher the rabbits, the kids did not like the idea of eating the rabbits that they had fed and learned to love. We also had several dogs, but it seemed they always got run over and it was too heart-breaking to deal with their death. In fact, one time Carl got a rash on his bottom. The doctor took a culture and found the eggs from some kind of worm. He asked if we had a dog, and when we said, "Yes," he advised us to get rid of the dog. We did. We also had several cats, but here again they seemed to have a terrible end. One beautiful white cat crawled up by the warm motor in the car and when I started the car, she let out a terrible scream. The fan cut her to pieces. It was horrible to see blood and white fur. We decided it was best we did not have animals. We didn't like the smell or the job of keeping them fed and clean and dealing with their death and accidents. It takes extra work to keep a pet and I've made the remark, "I'd rather clean up after a child than an animal."

Once, we did get Rosalie a yellow canary. Carl wanted a pet so bad we consented to a hamster. That 'mouse' learned how to open its cage and get out at night. It always headed for my bedroom and would wake me when it crawled by my face. This didn't last long. We got rid of the hamster. I certainly do not like animals running loose in the house.

There was a big cotton tree up by the corrals. The kids loved to swing on a long rope that was tied high up on a limb. They could swing quite high. One day while Rosalie was swinging, the rope broke and she fell to the ground, knocking her unconscious. Carl ran as fast as he could to get his dad's help. The next thing I saw, Ervin was carrying Rosalie to the house. We put her to bed, and she seemed to recover without any major damage.

I trained my children to help me, and they were a great help. There was no way I could have done the things I did without their cooperation. They each had chores to do besides keeping their rooms clean. Some did a better job than the others. EvaJo and Howard were very neat and usually put their things away and hung up their clothes. At times they got aggravated with the other children for leaving their clothes and things on the bed or on the floor. When Howard did the dishes, he wanted the draining boards and cupboards cleared completely. I can see those traits today even as grown men and women. EvaJo, Howard and Jeannine jump in and get things done, where a few of the others have a tendency to put it off for a while.

Children learn by their experience and the things they do. I learned years ago you love those you serve. I wanted my children to love me and to learn to serve. I would purposefully have them bring me different things like diapers or at times even a drink of water when I sat down. The girls were asked to comb my hair. Not that I liked the way it looked when they finished, but I wanted them to learn to do for others. I'm sure it worked. I have very helpful and caring children. I can feel their love and concern for me, and I am truly grateful to them.

It is a delight to watch children and their antics. It is great to see them accomplish and to

grow. I wish I had recorded some of their fun sayings and little things they did to enliven life.

Jeannine was spunky. She had to always know “why?” She wanted your full attention and would do little and sometimes aggravating things to get it. I guess I was busy one day and she needed my attention. She started in with her maneuvers to get the attention she desired. She constantly went from one thing to another. I was busy rolling out biscuits for supper and had flour on my hands. She was always testing to see just how far she could go. After a day of heckling with little misbehaviors, I finally said to her in desperation, “Jeannine, I guess I’m just going to have to spank you.” To my surprise she looked square at me and said, “I wish you would, Mother.” Needless to say, she got her dusting on the bottom with floured hands.

I firmly believe the time to discipline is best administered at the time and not put it off for daddy to do it later. I will have to admit I paddled my children more times than their dad. I did not ever want to really hurt them. I hope the spanking I administered hurt their feelings more than doing physical damage. I remember my mother saying a small green branch from a tree was the perfect tool. It would sting, but not bruise. It is a good way to get their attention. You cannot teach without a listener. The Savior said, “He who has ears let him hear.” One has to be prepared and have a desire before they can be taught.

Perhaps I have left the impression that spanking was the only form of discipline I used. This is not so. Spanking was usually the last resort. As a whole, my children had a desire to please. Sometimes just a word of disapproval or a look of “don’t do that” was all that was needed. They had their time outs and we also used rewards and took away privileges. For a period of time we got in the habit of telling the children if they were all quiet in church and we did not have to take them out during the meeting, we would stop at the Dairy Queen on the way home from Sacrament meeting. Sacrament meeting was held in the evenings. This really worked well. Each one did not want to be the one that spoiled the fun. We also noticed several other families stopping at the Dairy Queen. They were probably doing the same thing.



At one of our Stake Conferences Elder Bruce R. McConkie called us to repentance. He said it had been relayed to him that families were stopping at the Dairy Queen after Sacrament meetings. He said that was breaking the Sabbath Day and gave a blistering sermon on keeping the Sabbath Day holy.



**Farmington Dairy Queen on Main Street**

After that sermon, Ervin said no more stops at the Dairy Queen on Sunday and there was to be no buying of anything on Sunday. We then kept ice cream in the deep freezer for rewards and treats, but it was not the same. Jokes were made among the ward families about how the Dairy Queen's profits certainly decreased. Dairy Queen had been boycotted.

Times change and so do people's ideas. I read books on childcare and discipline, and even adopted some of the ideas. After my older children were almost grown, child specialists starting saying and publishing articles on how terrible it was to spank a child. At times it made me feel a little guilty until I found Dr. James Dobson's book, "Dare to Discipline." He expressed my feelings completely. I nearly wore that book out and even bought a second copy. I had read several books on childcare and discipline, but to me his was the very best. He believes the parent should be the parent and children should learn to obey. He did not discount spanking when it was administered properly and in certain circumstances depending on the child's need and the circumstances, not on the parents' frustration and anger. I do agree every parent who uses spanking as a form of discipline can become a child abuser, and it becomes very important to assess the situation carefully.

I wanted perfect children. I sure didn't want any that were rowdy in church or caused a disturbance. After all, Ervin was in the bishopric, and we needed to set a good example. I wanted them to be a credit to society and to the Church. Sometimes before we went to church, we would talk about how they were to behave in church, and sometimes we'd all

sit still, like we were in church. In practicing how to act in church or on trips, we would play the quiet game to see who could be the quietest the longest and then the one that was the quietest got a prize. The children learned how to sit quietly and sometimes they would fall asleep during the meeting. We would bundle them up and carry them to the car. I was so proud of my growing family. We did not take papers and crayons to be entertained. For the most part I would have to say they were exceptional during meetings. They learned to sit quietly.

We were usually one of the last to leave the church and Ervin usually saw to it that the building was locked. One time as he finished locking the building, I made my way to the car, herding the children and carrying John. We left the church and were up to 20<sup>th</sup> Street and Butler when Howard was mentioned. I said, "Oh, my goodness, where is Howard?" The only thing I could think of was to get back to the church and see if he was there. My heart was pounding all the way. Ervin had keys, we went in, not sure what to expect, but there he was asleep on the second bench in the front where we usually sat. How grateful we were that he had not awakened and was somewhere in that dark building crying.

Our children learned early how to behave in Church, except John. He needed a little more persuasion. I had tried all the tricks I used on the other kids, but nothing seemed to work. I was at my wits end. I knew he was capable of doing it. I even took him out and gave him a spanking and brought him right back in. I had learned some children would prefer spanking if they could stay out in the hall and play. He started acting up again and fussing. I took him right back out to a small classroom and started talking to him. He would just grin. I had tried a spanking and he was grinning. What could I do? I closed my eyes and said a little silent prayer. The thought just popped in my mind, take his pants down and spank his bare bottom. I proceeded. After a few spats, he started crying, and saying, "I'll be good." I then knew he would. We never had any more trouble with John in church.

Ervin was made bishop when Fourth Ward was organized. My heart pounded for joy. I was so proud of him, his testimony, and his knowledge of the gospel. I thought it just can't get better than this. I was looking forward to a new home, had parents close by, a

wonderful husband, and a beautiful family. We had gotten used to a limited budget. After all, the company came first and someday it would be different.

Being the bishop's children is not always easy. I know people in the ward are very aware of what his wife and children do. It seems Carl tried to take advantage of the situation. One time his Sunday School teacher finally got the courage to tell me she was having trouble with him in class, and she was afraid to say anything to me or the bishop. She said he thought he had special privileges as the bishop's son and that it had been going on for some time. I told her I would take care of it and wished she had told me sooner. I talked to Carl and then asked her later how he was doing, and she said he was okay.

.We didn't go to many movie theaters, but after the drive-in theater opened and we could go for \$1.00 a carload, we started going if there was a suitable movie. Some of the kids would fall asleep long before the movie was over. Quite often they would have a double feature.

To our utter surprise, I got pregnant again. We thought we were being careful. When I went to the doctor, he confirmed my suspicions. After a couple of months, I really started gaining weight. The doctor said he could hear two heartbeats and was pretty sure it was twins. I was overjoyed. My Aunt Oletta had twins and I too wished I could have twins. We did not have sonograms. The doctors had to use other means--mainly the stethoscope--to determine the heart beats and the health of the baby. Things progressed and I kept getting bigger and bigger. The twins seemed very active. They moved around frequently. They were not identical.

We had a clothesline in the backyard where we always hung the clothes to dry. The next day after hanging the laundry, I noticed the movement had really slowed down. Then in a couple of days and to my disappointment, I started having a showing mixed with blood. I went to the hospital. I was only six months along, but the babies were born anyway. I heard the first one cry, but the second was still born. They were born on June 3, 1961. The doctor explained they had too much room and water to move around in, and the umbilical cord was tied in a knot and wrapped around the one little girl's neck. That was

why they were born early and she was stillborn. She had literally starved to death. It was a sad time. I had always dreamed of having twins and thought it was going to be great. We named them Margaret and Martha. Margaret only lived a few hours and died the next day.

I was in the hospital so Ervin made all the arrangements. He secured a plot in Memory Gardens and held a graveside funeral for our precious daughters. They were buried together in the same small casket. I don't know who attended except a few friends, family members and the rest of the children. I had heard a pregnant woman should not hold her hands above her shoulders or the baby would tie a knot. I don't know if that was an old wife's tale or not, but I thought hanging those clothes had something to do with our loss. We have often wondered how our family would have been different if they had lived and have also wondered what kind of young women they would have been if they had lived.

We have been a very fortunate family to have healthy, beautiful children. I did not know what it was like to have a misfortune. We take comfort in the fact that someday we will be acquainted with the twins. Another poem that has helped me through rough times was written by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow entitled "The Rainy Day."

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary;

It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
My thoughts still cling to the moldering past,  
But the hopes of youth, fall thick in the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary

Be still, sad Heart! And cease repining;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

This poem reminds me Heavenly Father's Plan is of necessity full of thorns and tears, but

the sun still shines. Just some days must be dark and dreary. Sometimes our hopes and dreams will become a thing of the past. We learn to accept life and look for the sunshine. It is not what happens to us, but how we handle it that becomes the test of life. To be tested is one of the purposes for this earth life.

We had a deep freezer and usually kept a little ice cream in it for dessert. One day I dished up the ice cream and left the room. When I returned, the kids were playing in the ice cream. They were taking their spoons and flipping it at each other. There was ice cream all over. I said, "Who's idea was this?" They could tell I was furious. I was big and pregnant with the twins. I had a mess to clean up. There was ice cream even on the ceiling! We didn't have money enough to waste anything, besides ice cream flipping being inappropriate behavior. No one answered and they weren't about to tell me. I said, "Well, I guess I will have to spank everyone." I think I started to spank Jeannine.

About that time, Howard and John ran out the door and into the orchard. The idea of my kids running from me made me more determined to deliver the promised discipline. I grabbed a clothes hanger and knowing that, in my condition, I could never catch them if they ran too far, I got in the car and drove to where they were. Howard was hiding, so he thought, behind a tree and thought I wouldn't see him because he was holding his arms out like tree branches. It really surprised me. I was at my wit's end and did not know what I would do if they ran again. Guess what? They did not run. Both Howard and John got a good spanking. I don't think I spanked Jeannine. She didn't run. They will probably tell the story differently. I don't remember all the details. When I promised a punishment, I thought it should be administered and I was not about to let them get away with misbehaving. They got a spanking for running, as well as for making a mess and wasting food.

To our disappointment, Mr. Bisbee failed to make his payments for the land we sold him. He had sold off the street side of the property which made the back of the place hard to access. We were mighty disappointed we had sold it to him. He had actually ruined the place for proper development and the orchard and irrigation were gone. I still had hopes

for that dream house, not fully realizing that the construction business could also get into trouble.

When I asked for anything, Ervin would usually say, “We can’t afford it,” or “You do not need that!” He had rescued a swamp cooler from an old farmhouse where Clyde and Elna planned to live. Clyde and Elna were remodeling the house so they could move into it. Ervin built a stand for the cooler and placed it in one of the living room windows. We really did need a cooler and used it for several years. When it was turned on, it blew the air so hard that it blew dirt and papers all over. It was better than nothing, but I thought we could do better.

I approached my mom about loaning me enough money to get a cooler on the roof. I got a quote from Heath Sheet Metal for \$800. My mom said she would loan me the money, but I had to pay her back \$25.00 a month. I hoped I could save enough on the grocery allowance from Goodman and Sons that I could pay for it. I had it installed and I paid the loan back to my mother. Of course, we had to eat a lot of beans and stuff from the garden, but we did it.

My Mom also loaned me the money to carpet the living room floor. It seemed I could never keep the asphalt floor looking good. It was a cement floor with asphalt tile for a covering and took a lot of mopping and waxing. It was so much nicer and easier on the feet to get the carpet. We have just about worn that carpet out. (It has lasted close to forty years. We really do need a new carpet)

Since the house we built was a duplex, we took out the wall that separated the two apartments when we moved in, but there was no good place to put furniture. After several years I persuaded Ervin to lay decorative cement blocks down the middle where the wall should have been leaving a large walk through. We finally had two sides to place a couch. It really helped to make the living room more comfortable.



**Steven, 1963**

On December 4, 1962 our last child, a little boy, was born. We named him Steven Lee Goodman. He had the darkest eyes and hair of any of the children. They all had dark hair when they were born, but Steve's seemed to be darker. We were thrilled to have a little boy. Rosalie was now twelve years old and was really a lot of help with the babies. She grew to love little babies and did babysitting for other families.

I'd been busy having children, but whenever I was asked, I've worked in the Church. I've taught literature in Relief Society. I was a Trekker teacher and on the Stake Primary Board. I've been a Beehive teacher, a Seagull teacher, Primary in-service teacher, a Sunday School teacher, and a counselor in two Primary Presidents for Peggy Gonzales and Ireta Wolfley. Also, I have been a counselor in the MIA to Eleanor Evans, secretary in the MIA, the Theology teacher in Relief Society, a homemaking counselor, and president of the Relief Society. Marlene Petersen and Claudia Holgate were my



**Steven**

counselors and Pauline McKinney was the secretary. I learned to love these women. I have also taught the Gospel Doctrine class and was a den mother for over nine years. Brother Dave Evans called me to be a Stake Family History librarian in 1983. I went one



day a week to the Family History Center to help patrons find their ancestors. I did that until Ervin went in for colon surgery in April 2004. Ervin and I served as ordinance workers in the Albuquerque Temple for four years, going there one week a month until Ervin developed health problems and went in for surgery. I was also an assistant librarian at the ward, and a visiting teacher. Dora Munster was one of my companions. We were companions for years. I cannot remember a time I was not a visiting teacher since I joined the Relief Society.

My children became my audience as I prepared lessons. Sometimes I would practice on them when I did a presentation for Primary or was supposed to teach a class. I would sit them down and give them the lesson. That way I taught them as well as practiced my lesson. When I was the literature teacher in Relief Society, we'd practice learning the poems as a family. I remember standing at the ironing board, ironing clothes while I and the kids tried to recite poems or sayings by the author that we were studying that month. I could memorize it easily. Today I do not have that capacity of memorization. I forget too easily. And sad to say, I have forgotten parts of the poems and sayings that at one time I could recite. We learned "The Village Blacksmith," "Maude Muller," "The Rainy Day," "Abou Ben Adam," and "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere" to name a few. I don't know if my children remember them either.

## **CHAPTER XIX: DREAMS DASHED**

Ervin did not discuss his work or business with me. I think his father and brother had a silent agreement that they were not to involve their wives in the business. Ervin was closed mouthed. Clyde often made remarks about who wore the pants in the family and wives being involved in their husband's business. Sometimes I heard things from the sisters-in-law, but not from Ervin.

Farmington was a boom or bust town for many years. Things started slowing down. Oil companies moved. Money became tight as jobs became scarcer. Soon it became evident that Goodman and Sons were having difficulty finding jobs and had to borrow money. Ervin finally told me that his dad had been all over the country trying to find jobs and money but was unsuccessful. Their company had overspent in real estate and other businesses in trying to diversify. There was not enough money to continue in the contracting business and to pay off the indebtedness in real estate and other ventures. Employees had to be laid off. The company fell apart. First, the bank took Howard's house. His dad and brother Tom decided to move and leave the area.

That left Clyde and Ervin. Being unable to pay off the mortgages and borrow any money to work on, the company fell into foreclosure. After losing most of the property and having a moving van arrive in our yard insisting on taking what they wanted, we consulted a lawyer. He secured a restraining order and recommended bankruptcy which seemed the only solution to save our duplex. The lawyer said we could keep our automobile and three thousand dollars equity in our duplex where we were living. We had to refinance all but the \$3000 allowed by the Courts for housing. We started making payments on the duplex house. It did not seem fair. We scraped and saved, and the duplex had not cost the company any money. The increase in value from the 20th Street property had paid for the house. We were thankful to have a roof over our heads, even though it was not what I had dreamed about.

Without employment and needing money, we had an opportunity to sell our little fifteen-

foot camp trailer. Ervin claims he really missed that little camper. Several years later we purchased a used pop-up camper from a neighbor and used it to go to the mountains.

Ervin informed the stake presidency of the situation and they decided to release him as bishop before he declared bankruptcy. This was a hard time for our family. I began to think there were no rewards and that life was not fair. We had always paid our tithing and been faithful in our callings in the Church, but where were the rewards? Some of the Church members held influential jobs at the bank that held our notes. I knew they could have been a little more lenient with us. Their lawyer said the bank had loaned too much money out and they had to get rid of some of their indebtedness. The ax had to fall somewhere. When we first moved to the duplex, Ervin transplanted some weeping willow starts that he got off a piece of property they were clearing. After a few years, I began calling our duplex “the weeping place”. It began to look like all was lost. We were left jobless, with a large family and house payments that we did not know how we were going to make.

Ervin had never discussed business with me and I was shocked at the indebtedness when Ervin began listing all his debtors. He had to put the company in bankruptcy as well as declare personal bankruptcy. We owed very few personal debts. I had to sign the bankruptcy papers too, and if I didn't, the place where we lived would be in jeopardy and we would have no place to go. I had never considered it home, only a stopping place. I reasoned that it had not really cost the company anything, like his other sisters-in-laws' houses had. I felt it was only right that we keep the house. What could \$3,000 buy for housing? We had a roof over our heads and started making monthly payments. It seemed ironic that we had to buy a house that had not cost the company. I felt we were paying for the mistakes of others.

The Bankruptcy Court held auctions and sold everything they could get their hands on. Clyde left town, and Ervin was left jobless with no prospects of employment. We were thankful for our year's supply, which lasted for several years. Although we got tired of eating some foods, we were able to manage.

The poem “Maude Muller” often crossed my mind and especially the words:

Alas for maiden, alas for judge,  
For rich repiner or household drudge!  
God pity them both, and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.  
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these, “It might have been!”  
Ah, well! For us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes;  
And in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away.

In the hereafter the blessings we are entitled to will be given if we keep the faith when the stone is rolled away. If we inherit the Celestial Kingdom, we will be rich indeed. It was difficult for a few years. I was determined to go to church, no matter what. I was determined to hang on even when facing some of those who had lost along with us. One would think going to church would give you strength but, for some reason it seemed people loved to make some remark about bankruptcy and how terribly wrong it was and even chose to have bankruptcy as a topic for church sermons. It was also difficult facing those who I felt could have been more lenient, especially Clinton Taylor, a stockholder and director of the bank and also a member of the stake presidency. I had a hard time forgiving him and if I saw him coming towards me, I'd turn the other way. Then one day I came to the realization I wasn't hurting him. It was me who was suffering. I determined to pray for him and to step right up and shake his hand instead of turning away. Once I looked him in the eyes and shook his hand, I had no more trouble facing him.

## CHAPTER XX: STARTING OVER

Finally, I went back to work at JC Penney part-time. My children got jobs delivering newspapers, babysitting or whatever they could do. They learned early they would have to make their own way. We learned to do without. We had practice, but things got harder, and we even learned to drink powdered milk. At first, we mixed it half and half, but soon did not have enough money to buy regular milk. As soon as we got a few dollars we would buy milk and mix the milk again.

We had teenagers and children wanting to go to college but no income. I shed many tears when no one was looking. I did not want to stress my husband or children. Rosalie was now fourteen. She was able to do a lot of babysitting and earned a little money to buy clothes and school supplies. As soon as she was old enough, she got a job at Jolley's Fast Food Drive-in. EvaJo soon found a job too, at A & W Root Beer. Later she worked at Jolleys.

When our three oldest graduated from high school, we could not afford their annuals or school pictures. They had to buy their own. When Carl graduated, he did not see a need for school pictures, consequently we do not have a graduation picture of him. I think all the boys delivered newspapers early in the mornings. Sometimes I would have to help them, but most of the time they did it themselves. They had small motorcycles or rode bikes.

Carl loaned his motorcycle to Robert James (his cousin) and he took it out in the hills. When Robert returned it, he had a broken arm. The motorcycle had a dent in the gas tank. The motorcycle was never the same after that.

Howard was little for his age, and it seemed very often a policeman would stop him. One time his license plate fell off. Howard picked it up and sat on it. Sure enough the policeman stopped him, demanding he have a license plate. Howard produced it, but he got a ticket anyway. The patrolman said it had to be visible.

My parents hired the kids and Ervin to do odd jobs on their apartments; that helped a little. There just wasn't that much to do and Ervin didn't really enjoy it anyway. My mom wanted all jobs done as cheaply as possible, using what was at hand and it frustrated Ervin not being able to do a first-rate job.

Ervin just could not find employment. He went all over the country trying to apply as a building estimator for most of the major construction companies. I think his ego was shattered. He had a hard time selling himself. Finally, I heard about a job opening that the Economic Opportunity Council had available. Reluctantly, Ervin had an interview with Mr. Briones. They wanted someone to write a grant for the New Mexico Health Authority. That led to a job with the Economic Opportunity Council (EOC) where Ervin worked with Mr. Budai and also wrote grants for them, but he really didn't like his job. My sister, Claudean, also worked for the EOC and Ervin saw her on the job once in a while. She and Floyd Morgan were divorced, and she was living at 408 N Wall, next door to my mom.

Ray Irvin was the County Assessor and he heard Ervin needed employment. When it was time to be re-elected, he asked Ervin to be his Deputy. Ervin worked for him for four years and election time rolled around again. This time Ervin ran for Assessor. He won and appointed Ray as his Deputy. This worked for several terms until Ray decided to retire. Ervin managed to be appointed to a permanent position as Chief Appraiser which was not an elected position. That suited him fine. Elections are expensive and risky.

The County employees were privileged to attend State workshops and they would let the wives attend. I was able to go with Ervin to some of these functions. I looked forward to them. We were able to tour different facilities in the towns throughout the state where the conventions were held.

One year we got a good snowstorm. The kids wanted to slide down the hill by the college. We took an inner tube and went with them to the hill. They mounted the inner tube and

made a successful slide down. But more people started coming by the time they trudged back to the top. They sat down on the tube and pushed off. Away they came, zipping down the hill, but someone was right in their path. They crashed into them. It knocked Howard out cold. Ervin rushed over and picked him up and carried him to the car. On the way home he came to and started vomiting. We were frightened and some of us were crying. When we got him home and in a warm bed, he seemed to recover and as far as we could tell was O.K. We were certainly thankful. It could have been much worse.



**Goodman family photo, April 1966**

In 1967, I went to work full time at Office Supply. I was a part-time clerk and a full-time bookkeeper. When they needed a clerk on the floor, I'd leave my desk and help sell office products. Their head bookkeeper was very patient with me. He put me in charge of accounts receivable. I was able to collect a lot of delinquent accounts for them and that made the owners, Mr. Barnes and Mr. Batley happy. I knew Troyetta King in high school.



She was married to Bob Batley and I'm sure that had an influence on them hiring me. I worked there for three years.

One day Troyetta told me there was a free medical clinic for children to be checked for possible medical problems. I took the kids. They discovered Jeannine had scoliosis of the spine. John also had a slight curvature, but John's was not serious. They informed me that if the problem had been discovered before Jeannine was a teen, that braces and treatments would have helped, but there was little that could be done now. As she aged, her shoulders would become more rounded, and her head and neck would move forward making her develop a hunchback. It was disappointing to me that we had not been aware of the situation earlier and it was awful to think that she had been neglected. We only took the children to the doctors when they were ill. We did not think we could afford yearly exams. Curvature of the spine is an inherited tendency. They did recommend, however, that the family be informed so help could be obtained for other children before the bones had set. We realized that Grandma Cardon had the problem but had never thought anything about it being an inherited condition.

Ervin had steady employment and we started getting on our feet, so I decided to be a stay-at-home mom again. Steve was now in school, and I didn't realize how much time I seemed to have on my hands. In the meantime, Rosalie graduated from high school and went away to college. Eva Jo graduated and wanted to work for Pixie Pictures, traveling alone all over the country.



**Carl, Delores, Jeannine, Ervin, Howard, and Steve (early 1970s)**

She did not want to go to school. I felt hesitant in letting her take the job, but I remember telling her, "I have tried to train and teach you what was right, and I feel you are mature enough to handle it. If you have not learned how to conduct yourself by now, you would probably never learn." And she did not let me down. Bless her heart, she was so young.

## CHAPTER XXI: EMPTYING THE NEST



**Rosalie and Jay Burnham, Sept 5, 1969**

On September 5, 1969 Rosalie and Jay Barton Burnham were married in the Mesa Temple. Grandma Goodman made her wedding dress, and we attended the wedding. Later we held a reception in Farmington for the newlyweds. We decorated the cultural hall in the church house on Auburn and Main Street.

I started working as an Election Clerk during elections soon after they were married. While working at the poll in the November 1970 election with Anna Beth Cunningham, I mentioned

something about having extra time. She was the president of Childhaven. She asked me if I'd like to help out over there. I told her "sure." I had seen articles in the newspaper about the shelter and had thought it was a place where someone could make a difference and that it was certainly a worthy cause. I started volunteering a couple days a week.

One day the supervisor, Iris Hightower asked me if I'd fill in at night for a couple nights a week for pay, and it was not long before Iris quit. I think her husband was transferred. She had told Anna Beth that I'd make a good supervisor. Anna Beth approached me and I accepted. I really felt it was a special place; a place where I could make a difference in someone's life, and a place that was needed in the community. I did not go to work there for the money. It only paid minimum wage, but a few extra dollars did come in handy. I loved having a few dollars and not having to ask my husband for every dime I spent.

I began devoting my time and energy to the place and soon it just seemed to become an

extension of my home. The hours were long and sometimes quite draining. I was totally dedicated and did not realize I was neglecting my family, until one day my youngest son, Steve said, “Mom, I’m just going to run away. They will pick me up and put me in Childhaven and then you’ll be sorry.” I began to feel I had failed as a mother.

Carl graduated from high school and went to work for the Lilywhites doing rock work. In 1971 Carl received a mission call to Italy. We were so proud that he had chosen to go on a mission. I began to think that perhaps I had not failed completely. There was still hope.



**EvaJo and Tom Mitchell, June 11, 1971**

EvaJo and Tom Mitchell were married June 11, 1971. EvaJo had dated Tom in high school. Then he went away to school on a sports scholarship in El Paso. Tom joined the Church while away. Bishop Allen called Peggy and Bill Gonzales in El Paso and asked them to contact Tom and see if he would take the missionary lessons. Tom joined the Church on October 18, 1969. I’m sure EvaJo had been a positive influence on his decision. While EvaJo was tramping around the country taking Pixie Pictures, Tom would call her on the telephone. They were married in the Mesa Temple, and we also held a reception for them in the same church on Main Street and

Auburn. I was so grateful I had two daughters that chose to be married the right way by the proper authority entitling them to the highest degree in the Celestial Kingdom if they were obedient to the vows they had made in His Holy House.

In 1972, I was made director at Childhaven and had full charge of the bookkeeping as well

. I reported to the board once a month. I also hired and fired, trained employees, tended children, and was the liaison between the shelter and New Mexico State Social Services. I did everything possible to make the place go with limited funds.

I not only directed, but I worked at nights trying to save money for Childhaven. I tried to be home in time to get Steven off to school. Howard, John and Jeannine usually caught rides with other seminary students. When I got home, I'd do the laundry, straighten the house, buy groceries for Childhaven, take a nap around noon and be home when Steven and the others arrived home from school. Around six I'd lie down and sleep until time to get ready to leave around eleven that evening. My schedule was absolutely crazy, being on 24-hours-a-day call.

One time Steven did not come home as we expected. He had an alibi, but we felt he was not being truthful. It had something to do with the Lyautey's and a bicycle. As we raised the kids, Ervin and I have always stood behind each other when it came to discipline. I informed Ervin and he proceeded to talk to Steve, but he did not believe him either. It wasn't so much what he had done, but we felt he was not being truthful about it. Ervin decided he needed to be punished. I never believed a child should be spanked after he was baptized, and certainly not after ten years old. I had learned when my dad whipped me at fourteen that it only caused resentment. Steve was about ten and the more Ervin talked, the more frustrated he got; Steve's stories did not match up. Ervin proceeded to take his belt off and spank him. I cringed. He was almost whipping him, and it was severe. I wanted to stop him but felt it best I did not interfere. When he quit spanking him and we were alone, I told him he had been too severe, and he agreed.

The next morning as I was helping Steve get ready for school, I saw the blue marks on his legs, and I was horrified. I worried for several weeks thinking someone at school might see them and report us for child abuse. I know this caused a strain between Steve and his dad, which seemed to last a few years. To this day I've wondered what Steve learned from the incident. It was one time that I regretted that we had used spanking. I feel that sometimes after trying other means, that spanking may be the solution, but there is always

the danger, if administered in anger, it can be too severe. In that sense every parent is a potential child abuser. I'm not sure Steve learned his lesson. He probably thought it was for some minor disobedience and does not remember why he was whipped. I know he resented his dad and that was not the result we wanted.

When Jeannine was in high school, she started dating Kerry Marker. He was quite the lady's man. He was a playboy and liked to play tennis. Carl and Lola Brown also played tennis, and through their influence and Jeannine's persuasive spirit, Kerry joined the Church while he was a foreign exchange student in Japan. It never really took. He was a member in name only. He appeared to be a spoiled playboy. We worried about their relationship but did not say anything; after all he was a member of the Church.

Jeannine loved to get into lengthy discussions. One night after midnight we got a phone call from Carl Easton's parents, saying their son wasn't home and they thought he was supposed to be with Jeannine. They sounded so worried that I got in the car and drove around looking for her. When she finally came home, she said they had just sat in the car talking. I could believe that.

All my children secured employment and were independent, including Jeannine. She secured employment at Piggly Wiggly grocery store. She was a good employee and quickly was given trusted responsibilities. One day during a conversation with me, she remarked she knew how to get ahead. When she finished what was assigned, she would ask the boss what else she could do or offer to do something else that needed to be done. That really made an impression on me and made me proud.

When Jeannine graduated in 1973, she surprised me by packing her suitcase and leaving home. She said she was going to Texas. I tried to talk her out of it. We got into an argument, and I slapped her. I knew I had done wrong. It broke my heart. I wondered if we would ever see her again. I shed many tears and wondered where I had failed. I started evaluating myself as a mother. Perhaps it was because I was a working mom and did not give her the attention she needed. My guilt hurt as I attended church and it seemed

so many talks were directed at me, being a working mom. I really questioned my role as a mother. Perhaps I needed to talk more to my children and really listen to them. Jeannine let me know I did not understand her. She had just turned eighteen and there wasn't much I could do but I did enroll in a class on how to listen sponsored by New Mexico Social Services. I tried to change my actual response and to listen with feedback and understanding. I practiced, but old habits are hard to break. I know I have a tendency to say what I am thinking without first confirming what the other person is saying. I probably need to review that course and learn to be a better listener. We received a short note from Jeannine saying she had found a job; she was okay, and she was choosing her own life.

We were very thankful when she returned home. I tried to be a good listener. She even made the remark, "Mother, I did not know you could be so understanding." Perhaps I had learned a little and she was more mature too. She decided to go to BYU and try to finish her education. There she met a wonderful tall, blonde, handsome young man named Rick Henage, from Brigham City, Utah. They were married in the Provo Temple on April 21, 1977. Of course, we attended the wedding and the reception in Brigham City.

I tried to find that special colored dress for the reception that had been recommended, but I could not find one in Farmington. We decided to stop in Orem at the mall to try to find a dress. I felt really frustrated trying to find just the right one and not being able to find what I wanted, but I bought one that was the right color anyway. It was a floor length skirt and blouse in the right color. I put it in the suitcase. I planned to change into it at the church just before the reception. To my utter disappointment, after taking it from the suitcase, it was so



**Jeannine and Rick, April 21, 1977**



wrinkled I decided there was no way to wear it. I then wore the only dress I had. I know Jeannine and her mother-in-law were really disappointed when they saw me. LaRay, Jeannine's new mother-in-law remarked that she had a dress that I could have worn if she had only known I needed one. I didn't know I needed one or an iron until the very last moment. It was a disappointment for all concerned. Each time I see the reception pictures my frustration returns.



**Kris and Carl, April 28, 1978**

Carl returned from his mission. He stayed here one summer. I was glad when he decided to go to school at BYU. There was a certain girl named Sue Dickson he seemed to be interested in who was living here in Farmington. She had a lot of insecurities, and I was afraid he might marry her, thinking to save her soul. Carl had grown to be a very compassionate person. He is so willing to help others even to the point of hurting himself. At BYU he met and married a wonderful person. He got a master's degree in mechanical engineering at BYU with the help of that

wonderful person, Kris Larsen, whom he married on April 28, 1978, in the Idaho Falls Temple.

A little over two weeks before the wedding, an airplane crashed into the home of Howard and Ella in Mesa destroying the house . Howard was burned over 90 % of his body and passed away on the 14<sup>th</sup>. Ella was hospitalized for burn treatments and blood loss. Her burns were mostly on her arms and torso as a result of her trying to pull her husband out of the fire. They had planned to be at the wedding for Carl and Kris. Instead, we had a funeral on the 17<sup>th</sup> in Mesa for Howard. The wedding went on without them, however it



was felt that Howard was there in spirit. Five years after the airplane incident, Ella passed away on the 24<sup>th</sup> of November, partly due to hepatitis that she had caught during blood transfusions following her initial treatments in 1978.

Sometime after Carl returned from his mission, I developed back problems. I had a hysterectomy and when I came out of the recovery room, I had a spot in my back that burned like it was on fire. I was put in traction at the hospital for a week. It seemed to help a little but did not cure the problem. I had a ruptured disk. This incident changed my life. I had always been one to jump in and do anything that needed to be done. The doctor said I could not stoop over or pick up anything over two pounds. It was hard to see something that needed to be done and just ignore it. If someone dropped something, I used to be the first to pick it up and give it to them--not anymore. How awful I felt just standing there. It had been my nature to help. If I saw someone doing something that I could help with, I offered a hand. I did not like being lazy and I felt lazy when I could not help out. I could not always tell what would cause a pain to stream down my back and into my legs. If I picked up something or twisted it just wrong, I paid for it. It seemed sometimes, I just had to blink my eyes. Other times it was the next day that I paid by not being able to move. Ervin took over the vacuuming—the twist and push I gave the vacuum really made me hurt.

I suffered for years and finally went to Dr. Furry in Durango. He again put me in traction in the hospital in Durango. He told me when he was younger, he would have recommended surgery, but since he was older, his experience was that those that didn't have surgery were better off twenty years later than those who had surgery. If I could just suffer it out, I would be better off. I did not like the idea of being cut on; and with pain and relaxant pills, I did suffer it out. It took about twenty years. Even now, my back will give me trouble if I overdo things.

Steve got a job delivering papers. The newspaper held a contest among those who delivered the papers. Anyone who sold a certain number of newspapers would receive a trip to Disneyland. Steve decided he was going to do it and he did. He got some of his

friends to sell papers too. He decided he did not want to go alone so he helped the friends to sell the required number. I forget now how many of his friends went to Disney Land with him. He was quite the salesman. He said he learned the trick. If someone didn't want one, he would hurry to the next door. The secret was to contact as many people as you could, because one in so many would buy. Some of the friends were not as motivated as Steve.

Howard got a big bull snake from a scout leader and brought it home. He put it in a glassed-in aquarium. He bought mice to feed the snake. The snake would catch the mouse and start swallowing it. You could see the lump of the mouse as it passed through the snake's long body. Howard turned the snake loose in the hills when he got his mission call. None of us wanted to take care of the snake and I don't think his friends wanted it either. It was certainly a different house pet. I was certain to check every day to see if it was still caged.

Because of my back problems I would hire Helen Begay to help with some of the house cleaning. After she found out Howard had a snake in the house she refused to come and clean. She was an employee at Childhaven. We became good friends. She told me a lot about Navajo culture. She had several daughters and I talked her into letting her girls go to Primary. This turned out to be a sad situation. They wore jeans to school and Primary was held after school. The girls went to Primary in jeans and the Primary President told them, they could not come to Primary if they wore jeans. Helen felt they were not welcome. She said they did not own a dress. This upset Helen and I certainly was upset for some time. I remember making the remark, "I do not think the Lord really cares how we are dressed. He is happy we are there and probably would welcome us, even if we were naked." I was trying to emphasize the point. It was about the time girls started wearing jeans and Church leaders emphasized that it was not appropriate to wear jeans in the chapel. As members we know what is appropriate, but visitors and the less active members may not know.

A mother or anyone who works with children needs to be very observant when raising

children. By being observant, they often can correct or prevent situations before they develop into a real problem. One day I noticed some electronic items in the house. I knew my children did not have the kind of money needed to buy those kinds of items. What should I do? I had taken children at Childhaven back to stores and made them face the manager when we found items that they had not purchased. It was then up to the manager to prosecute or accept their willingness to return the items. Some of the managers were too lenient and just told the child not to do it again. Others were angry and called the police. Others gave them a good talking-to, telling them the consequences of their actions and they could call the police. I knew that children should not get away with taking things that did not belong to them. I prayed mightily to the Lord for the answer. I questioned my kids and insisted they return the items and make it right and they did. If they had been caught stealing or had gotten away with it, it would have ruined their lives. It was a time of anguish and remorse. Again, I questioned my status as a working mom. Had they done this before, and I did not know about it? What had gone wrong? Was it because I had brought extra candy from Childhaven which had been donated and they thought I had helped myself? Perhaps I had not bothered to tell them it was surplus that was being sold. Childhaven did sell things they could not use to employees and others at garage sales. Was it peer pressure and they succumbed because they had been deprived? I never knew the answer but thank goodness I caught the problem before it became a bigger nightmare for them and the family. I had never felt such anguish in my life. Teenagers can certainly test parents and lead them to think they are complete failures. The important thing is they learned a good lesson and have never had a desire to repeat the incident. Thank the Lord for repentance.

Howard and John were best friends and they worked and played together and were seldom separated. Howard was the older of the two and John went along with whatever he did. While still in high school they got jobs with Bill Well's Cleaning Service along with several of their buddies. They cleaned buildings at night, including JC Penney Company and the theaters. They later worked driving trucks hauling water to oil rigs for Aztec Well Service. It paid well. When they started a water hauling job they had to work around the clock. They worked long hours. John worked there before going on a mission

and Howard worked for Aztec Well Service after his mission. They also drove a truck for Chevron Oil Company in Provo. It helped them to pay their way through college.

Howard dated Debbie a few times while they were in high school. After his mission Howard renewed his friendship with Debbie Hoffman. Her family moved to Spanish Fork, Utah. They were married on October 17, 1978 in the Manti Temple.



**Debbie and Howard, October 17, 1978**

It didn't seem to us that John wanted to go on a mission. We worried for a few months. We knew if he was going to be a good missionary, it would have to be his choice. We did not push him, but silently prayed he would go. John turned nineteen in November. Finally, when he received his call to Chile in May he was happy and so were we.



**Holly and John, August 28, 1981**

When John returned, I was sure he had grown an inch or two. He was a tall, handsome young man. John didn't stick around long before he left for BYU. There he found Holly McIntosh from Brigham City, and they were married the 28<sup>th</sup> of August, 1981. He reported he had a dream in which he saw his future bride. She was a dark-haired girl and she was sitting in a swing. The next day he saw this girl sitting in a swing and knew she was the one.

Steve got his mission call in 1981 to the Japan Okayama mission. He went into the Mission Training Center at age 18, turning 19 while at the MTC. He left expecting to serve a 2-year mission, but during his time, they changed the duration to 18 months, much to his disappointment. He returned from Japan and worked for a year to earn money for school.

In 1984 he went to BYU. He spoke in a sacrament meeting and caught the eye of Sheryl Ross (Shery). They started getting acquainted during a ski outing for the ward at Park West. Shery invited him to the Preference Dance that year. They continued dating and then decided to marry in October of 1985.



**Sheryl and Steve, October 12, 1985**

## CHAPTER XXII: FOSTER PARENTING

I began to feel the empty nest syndrome when Rosalie and EvaJo left home. Somehow deep in my heart, I longed to adopt a child, just to make a difference in someone's life. As each child came and left at Childhaven, I kept wondering if one might come along that I could take home. Ervin and I took Foster Care Training from the State of New Mexico, and we received a license to have foster children.

One day Bishop Billingsley called us into his office and asked if we would be willing to accept a foster child for the school year. He said an LDS boy from the Lindreth area had gotten his application in too late to be accepted in the Church's placement Program for Indian Students. We told the bishop we would take him. Emerson Begay was placed in our home. Emerson loved to draw, and he would stay in his room for hours sketching his drawings. I worried about him. We enrolled him in school at Hermosa Junior High and he rode the bus to school with Steve.

I was disappointed that Steve did not treat him like a brother. I thought Steve would enjoy having someone about his age in the house. Emerson stayed the year and then went back to the reservation. I don't think we had a great impact on his life. We ran into him several times around town and in the mall. He said he had painted some of the murals on the walls in the mall. A few years later he appeared at the door and wanted to borrow money. He was drunk and claimed he needed it to get home. He had long hair and had put on lots of weight. I asked him if he still went to church and he said, "No."



**Emerson Begay and Steve**



The next year the bishop approached us again. There was David Jones, a boy from Aztec, who needed a temporary place to stay. He was having trouble at home with his stepmother and LDS Social Services was looking for someone he could live with for a while. We took in David, but here again, I do not think it made any difference in his life. He found fault with our family, too, especially Ervin. He thought Ervin was lazy. He claimed all he did was sit all day in an office, read most of the time when home and he didn't know how to work. We tried to explain to him that office work was work too, but we did not convince him. He went back home and later I heard he had left home, got married, and left the Church. Someone told me he lived in Farmington, but I have never seen him or heard from him.



**Rachel Willoughby**

Then we had a little four-year-old girl placed in our home. She was abandoned at Childhaven and Sarah Imoe, a New Mexico Foster Care worker, placed her in our home. Mrs. Imoe told me they were going to place her and hopefully we could later adopt her. She was a cute little blonde named Rachel Willoughby. We got along well, especially her and Ervin. She loved to dance with Ervin. I was probably a little too hard on her. I wanted her to be perfect. I sure did not want her to develop any bad habits. We were able to take her to Salt Lake City with us when we put Steven in the MTC.

Steven got his call in 1981 to Japan. He was our last child at home and Rachel seemed to fill that empty spot. One day out of the blue, the social worker called and said to have Rachel at the airport at a certain time. Her great grandmother had applied to adopt Rachel under the Indian Placement Program. It states that if there is an Indian family member capable of caring for or who wants the child, he/she cannot be placed in an Anglo home.



Rachel Willoughby was only like one-sixteenth Indian of a very small clan in the State of Oregon. Her grandmother had applied to create a tribal status for her clan and was able to receive a Tribal Charter and census numbers for groups less than twenty members. The social worker, Sarah Imoe was upset. She said she had reports that most of the family were alcoholics.

It was sad to see her go and we have wondered what kind of a woman she turned out to be. We did get a small note from her a few days after she left, but the social worker cautioned us not to try to make contact with her. At times I was tempted to write to her anyway but decided to heed the counsel. To this day I regret that decision.

There was another girl at Childhaven, Tracy Clark, that spent time in our home. I'd bring her home with me just to give her a respite from Childhaven. I felt sorry for her. She had previously been adopted, but her adopted parents decided they did not want her, and they physically mistreated her by tying her to the bed. She was a lively, quick, and smart girl. She reminded me of Jeannine. She would just push and push as far as she could. Once she started, she seemed not to be able to stop until there was some kind of crisis. Usually, a spanking would straighten her out for a while. Her social worker came to



**Tracy Clark**

Childhaven and administered a solid spanking on her buttocks several times. She was at Childhaven for years. She had a lot on the ball but she was carrying a lot of baggage too. She needed a strong consistent hand to be controlled. She stayed at Childhaven till she was old enough to be on her own. I heard she eventually joined the Navy and became a Navy Nurse. I've wondered what kind of a mother and woman she became.

Another boy was placed at our house. He was Michael Lane. His parents did not want him. He was hoping his uncle would accept him. He was blonde. He was a very nice, quiet boy with a problem of finding where he belonged. A relative (I believe an aunt) did pick him up and I received a letter from her thanking me for taking care of him.



**Michael Douglas Lane**



**Ronnie Romero**

Then there was a cute little two-year-old that we had for a while. Her name was Ronnie Romero. After the foster children left our home, we never saw them again, except Emerson. We do not know if we helped them in any significant way.

## **CHAPTER XXIII: THE YEARS AT CHILDHAVEN**

When I first started working at Childhaven, the children were younger and easier to handle. As the years advanced, the threats of lawsuits, and older children with more severe behavioral problems who needed shelter became an increasing problem. I began to burn out wondering if I could handle the problems. Our policy was that we did not turn away any child. Being the director started taking its toll on me. I had to terminate a few employees and that broke my heart. One was Francis. She was a good childcare worker. She wanted to try bookkeeping when we decided to employ a bookkeeper. She just didn't do the job I expected, and she did not want to return to childcare. I really liked Francis and it hurt me to see her go.

Then there were others that just could not cut it. It was hard to get good workers that were willing to stay with it. I can't blame some of them. It was a hard job if it was done right. I used to tell them, "A childcare worker has to have eyes in the back of their head, has to be able to out-think, and out-smart, and out-run the children. It is not a babysitting job." It took a special person. We had some great employees. Some of them were Francis, Joe, Rebecca, Pamela, Mary, Marylyn, and Helen to name a few. We had great presidents of the board. They kept me going.

I worked with some wonderful people in the community, and all the presidents of Childhaven were exceptional. Of course, I had favorites. Ray Horvath was by far the very best. Bradley Keyes was a wonderful board member to work with and he volunteered to come to Childhaven and take over some of the bookkeeping chores. Lenore Prater, Charlotte Padovin, and Ruth Allison were women I could call on at any time to give an extra hand. There are a lot of giving, kind, charitable people in Farmington.

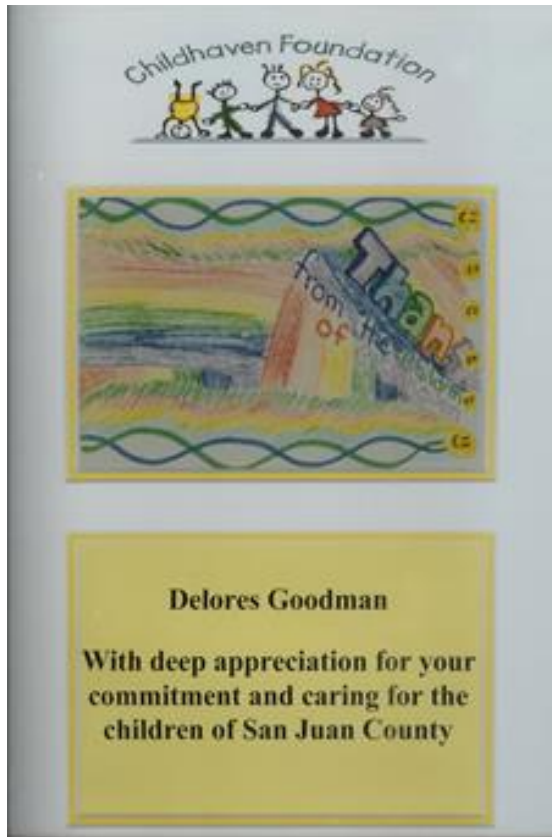
Childhaven did not have the funding to keep the shelter going and every penny counted. Since it was a twenty-four-hour shelter, we did not always have enough staff to take care of the extras. Volunteers would come to Childhaven and help the childcare workers with

many chores. Some helped with cooking, some bathed the children. They helped can apples and cut old clothing into rags. The laundries would donate worn out shirts and individuals donated clothing. After being cut, the rags were bundled and sold to the oil field companies. Each childcare worker not only tended children but when they had the time and we had few children, they would also cut up clothing into rags.

Dee Gifford decided to organize the group of volunteer women who cut clothing into rags and called themselves “The Raggedy Anns.” They met at Childhaven for a while and then started meeting one night a week at Gifford’s Woodworking Shop. They earned several thousand dollars each year for the benefit of Childhaven.

Childhaven operated mostly on donations. Every effort was appreciated. I had instructed my employees to accept any and all gifts with a smile, no matter what it was. I told them to smile and say, “Thank you,” even if it was an old dead cat. We received all kinds of things. It seemed everyone wanted to help. There was an old lady who would go to the city dump and search through the trash to find items she thought we could use. She was trying to do her part. We had geese, turkey, apples, and garden produce donated. At the county fair, businessmen purchased beef and donated it to Childhaven.

At Christmas and Easter time the local merchants would donate candies left over from the sales. What could not be used, we allowed our employees to purchase. I seldom purchased things but did buy Chocolate Bars. Ervin loved chocolate. I wondered if that was when he got high blood pressure and perhaps the chocolate contributed to his condition. Safeway and Farmer’s Market donated day-old bread and pastry items. I’d pick them up each week they called to say they were available. We also held garage sales and took items to the flea markets.



Childhaven was not only a community affair, it was also a family affair for me. I could not have made it successful without the full help and cooperation of my husband who supported me and donated time and money in maintenance till we were able to hire Joe Martinez as a maintenance employee. My mother even built some shelves and Jeannine helped me write rules and regulations. She corrected my sentence structure to make the rules and regulations more forceful. Steve was willing to stay home alone while I was at Childhaven, and he even stood in for photos for the newspaper. We were not allowed to photograph the residents.

Ervin's job seemed secure, and I again decided to give up working at Childhaven. With the threats of lawsuits, and emotional strain, after about fourteen and a half years, I began to feel that I was not making that difference I had expected. I had burned out.

### *Pinned for honor*



*Photo/Debra Nava  
Ray Horvath presents Dolores Goodman, past executive director of Childhaven, with her 14 year pin during a celebration last week. Goodman served as Childhaven's executive director from 1970 to 1985.*

My mother and sister Carol were going to Israel in 1984. Carol was going to pick up her daughter, Kelly. Kelly had been there at the BYU Center. They invited me to go with them. I decided to go with them and thought it best that I resign from Childhaven at that time.

The trip to Israel was one of the highlights of my life. I wish Ervin would have gone too, but he declined. I was hoping that someday I could go back with him and some of my children. With the uncertainty of wars in the Middle East and the fighting of Israel with their old time rivals the Palestinians (who were the Philistines way back in King David's time) and with age creeping up on us the prospects look thin.



**Thora, Delores, Eva, Kelly, and Carol – Israel Trip**

There is a special feeling you get from knowing you are perhaps walking the very paths that Jesus walked. I felt it in the Garden of Gethsemane and also at the Garden Tomb. To look on the hill called Golgotha was a breathtaking sight. I was also impressed with Bethany and the Tomb of Lazarus. I just wish I had been on a tour with a

knowledgeable guide that was LDS. Carol made all our arrangements with the help of Kelly. We stayed at a Kibbutz which was very interesting. They provided bed and breakfast. It was a working settlement established for Jewish settlers.

I also found the little town of Nazareth intriguing. Oh, it was thrilling. There were so many places to visit: the river Jordan, the place where the battle of Armageddon is supposed to take place, the Sea of Galilee, Peter's mother's home, the place where the Sermon on the Mount supposedly took place. We also visited Qumran and Masada by the Dead Sea. Masada was a fortress for the Jews. We walked the long dugway to the top of the hill, but my mother took the elevator. It was very interesting. The Roman leader,



Herod the Great, used Masada for a summer home before the Jews made it a strong hold. It had running water piped in and tiled floors. Some of the spots we visited were too “Catholicized.” They felt gaudy and not really sacred, like the spot they claimed Christ was removed from the cross, had a stone slab with curtains and candles in a cathedral and even the place in Bethlehem, considered as His birth, they had placed a metal star over the spot and candles burned close by.

We visited the burial caves of Abraham and Joseph in Hebron. Several places had great cathedrals built over them which were ornate with gold leaf and various statues, etc. The mother of Constantine, Helena, had gone to the Holy Land and from tradition had tried to preserve and pay tribute to Jesus Christ and His ministry by building great shrines or cathedrals where certain events supposedly took place.

I’ve come to realize trips are only passing incidents. Yes, they enhance the moment, and are usually enjoyable. You learn from them, but they cannot take the place of what you feel with those you dearly love. There is no place on earth I want to be without my family. I truly love being in their presence in the celestial room in the temple. This has happened a few times. Our seven children have each been married in the temple. One of the greatest blessings in this life is to think you will have a forever family. We have been truly blessed.



## CHAPTER XXIV: LIFE AFTER CHILDHAVEN

To be honest, it took a long time for me to quit thinking about Childhaven and wondering how they were doing and dreaming of ways I could help them that would make a difference. I offered to do some volunteer work, but Jo Tansey, the new director, turned me down flat. I guess she thought I would try to boss her or that I was a threat to her. She sure didn't know me that well. Finally, I got it out of my system, but it took years for me to be able to sleep at night. I had spent many a night at Childhaven and when it came eleven p.m. my eyes seemed to just pop open and I wasn't tired at all. I'd get really tired in the mornings. After being at Childhaven all night, I'd come home, fix breakfast, get people off to work or school, and then go back to bed. It seemed that evenings and nights were the times Childhaven's needs were the greatest. That is when most children were admitted, and they needed the most attention. And it was hard to get dependable night care workers. Later I only worked two nights a week, but I was still on twenty-four-hour call and had to run over there during the night. We had a room for the night workers where they could sleep for a few hours of the night. At one time, due to employee problems, I worked sixty-four hours straight day and night. Childhaven was in my blood.

In February or March in 1983 we got a very scary telephone call from Rick. He said Jeannine was in the hospital and wasn't expected to live but a few days. We hurriedly arranged affairs and caught a flight to Houston. Rick met us at the airport and drove us to the hospital. We could not believe what we saw. Jeannine was so swollen; she could not open her eyes. The doctor said she had cellulitis. They had her on a high dosage of antibiotics and if she did not show improvement in the next few hours, there was not anything else to do. It was a time of great anguish. Daddy and Rick gave her a priesthood blessing, although she had already been given a blessing. We waited. The swelling started to recede. It was a close call, but the Lord had heard our pleading, and her life was spared. In a few days, we left in Jeannine's car with her kids and headed home. We drove across Texas and into New Mexico and home. When Jeannine recovered enough, she caught a flight to Albuquerque where Ervin picked her up. She then drove her car home with the children.

Another sad experience happened while Jeannine was living in Houston. She was almost six months pregnant in 1988 and for some reason the baby quit moving. It was determined she would have to be induced to rid her body of the unborn child which had died. We went to Texas to be with her, and it was the first time that I experienced the birth of a child other than my own. All the pains and feelings that I had during my pregnancies came back while in that delivery room and I suffered along with her in the process. A beautiful little boy was born. His body was so complete. He just did not breathe. A weakness in the umbilical cord was found and it had collapsed. They decided to name him Samuel.

I was called to be a Family History librarian in 1984. Brother Dave Evans was the director. I worked for several directors including Norman Granger, Chuck Wheeler, and Beverly Caswell. When Brother Evans called me, he said it was a lifetime calling. I opened the Family History Center one day every week until Ervin's surgery in 2004. The week we worked in the Albuquerque Temple was covered by other librarians.

Ruth Marie Foutz was also a librarian and she encouraged me to join Totah Tracers, a genealogical club. I joined the club and served as their treasurer for several years. She also wanted me to join the Daughters of the American Revolution., but I have not done enough research to qualify. I have several progenitors on the Bigelow side that served in the Revolutionary War.

We've spent some precious moments with family. We tried to visit as often as we could find an excuse. We've held wonderful reunions. We were at Howard and Debbie's when Debbie showed me her stamp collection. I remembered that at one time I collected stamps as a teenager. I had forgotten about it and did not know what became of my collection after I married. I decided I was going to start collecting stamps again.



**Delores and Carina, stamp collecting**

My main focus has been on collecting plate blocks of unused stamps. I have several books and could fill others if I would take the time to mount them. They are just stuffed in a box. Here again is one of my spurts and starts. I have a lot of stamps that have not been mounted. The post office started coming out with commemorative sheets. I'm not sure how to handle them. I hate to tear them apart from the block, and I have not found a suitable page on which to mount them or a cover to protect them.

One day in November 1985, my dad called me and wanted me to take him to the bank. I went with him. He drew out \$50,000 and gave it to me to keep until he asked for it. He said, "My time is short, and I don't want to leave this money in the bank." He also instructed, "You take it home and I'll tell you what to do with it." This made me nervous. I didn't like having money lying around in my house. It wasn't long before he called me and asked me to bring him a certain amount. I'm not sure what he did with the money. I know he gave my brother Jerry money to buy hay to help take care of the racehorses several different times. He also gave some to EvaJo. He told her it was to help pay for the money she lost when she invested with Carol. He kept giving it away until the last couple months of his life. I asked him what he wanted to do with the amount that was left.

He said, "You just keep it." By that time there was less than nine thousand dollars. Again, a few weeks before he died, he said that he wanted me to have what was left. I know my mother and siblings have wondered what happened to it. I knew my dad felt it was not their business. I honestly do not know what he did with most of it, and I have kept my mouth shut until now.

In 1986, a job opening was posted at the courthouse, and not liking the feeling of asking Ervin for money when I wanted to buy something, I applied for the job and was hired in January, 1986 but that only lasted six months.

I liked the job. My supervisor, Betty, would make remarks about why I was working, etc. She felt I was over-qualified and was a threat to her position. And then to make matters worse, one day the office employees got in a conversation about people in prison. I spouted off my opinion that most people were guilty of at least playing with fire or they would not be there. I did not know her son was in prison and the protective mother thought he was not guilty. Well, that did it. A fellow employee told me I had really put my foot in it. They knew her son was guilty but were very careful about any remarks on the subject. Apparently, Betty had tried to get others to agree with her, and they knew to keep their mouths shut. Each new employee was on six months' probation before they were considered a permanent employee. Betty waited until the very last day to give an evaluation of "not acceptable" on my report. I was fired. I did not see it coming and it really shook me. A fellow employee confided in me about why I was terminated and insisted that I take it to the grievance committee. Most of the office staff under her wanted to get rid of her. I did not think it was worth it. It is perhaps one of my shortcomings; I usually will not confront people when I think I have been wronged. When Mr. Cash, the department head, returned, Betty was replaced, but I learned how it felt to get terminated and felt doubly sorry for those employees that I had fired while I was at Childhaven. I wished I had been a little more kind to Francis. I guess what goes around eventually comes around.

## CHAPTER XXV: HEALTH

I know a good diet and proper exercise is essential to a healthy and productive life. Sometimes I do not do as well as I know. I've tried to watch my weight, and what I eat. My sisters are overweight. It seems to be a family trait and I do not want to be obese. The last few years, I've put on extra weight; it is something I have to watch. I need to lose about thirty pounds. I know I would feel better and would probably be able to get my blood pressure under control. I seem to be forever dieting and I have tried a great many different diets. I can lose a few pounds, but do not stick with it long enough to make the difference needed. It is an indication of another start and spurt. As we age, we move less and need less food but our appetite remains the same. I need to train myself to eat smaller servings and more vegetables and less red meat.

For one of my fitness programs, I took up early morning walks with Claudia Holgate. We got up each morning at sunup and walked for forty-five minutes. I knew it made me feel better, even though, some days, I would have stayed in bed, except I knew she would soon be at my door. She became my best friend. We would walk and we would talk. We could get things off our chests. It was not only good exercise, but it was good therapy. She finally moved and then developed leg problems. We gave up our walks, which I miss. I walked in the mall alone, but it was not the same. Finally, I gave that up. Like I said, I seem to have too many spurts and starts.

Occasionally I walk with Ervin when he feels like it. Sometimes his feet hurt, and he cannot walk. He can't hear so we walk in silence, and I do not find that as rewarding.

Recently, January 2006, I've started going to a fitness club at least three times a week to work out on their machines. I cannot say I've lost weight, but I do feel better. In September 2006 then my sugar level got out of whack, and I was so tired and exhausted I could hardly drag myself out to go to the gym.

## CHAPTER XXVI: A NEW FOCUS

My father's kidneys failed him in the spring of 1986. He was put on dialysis. He had to be transported to the dialysis unit every third day. Carol moved in with my mother to help care for them. My dad was admitted to the hospital in August with ulcers. My father was wiser than me. His ulcer was bleeding, and the doctor wanted his permission to perform surgery. Dad asked me what I thought in the presence of the doctor. The doctor explained that if he did not have surgery, he would soon develop peritonitis which meant the ulcer would permeate the stomach lining and infection would set in. The doctor said that he would probably then die within a week or so. However, if surgery was successful, he should recover. Dad said, "Let's just let well enough alone." I said, "Dad, you can't just give up if there is something that can be done." You see, I wasn't ready to let go, even though his life was miserable on dialysis. He reluctantly gave in. Surgery was performed, but the doctor cut the vagus nerve and at the age of eighty-eight and with his kidney problem, he could not recover from the surgery.

He finally passed away January 1, 1987 after several months of suffering. I tried to spend several hours at the hospital every day with him. The last week of his life he knew his time was short and he started reciting the temple ceremony. I'm sure he was not quite conscious of what he was doing. The nurse said he seems to be reciting some kind of a prayer. I cautioned Dad about saying it out loud in the presence of people. I didn't hear it again from him. I was not sure just how to handle that situation. I could feel the anxiety that he felt at that time. He wanted to make sure he was ready to meet his maker and knew the keywords.

One time an old prospecting friend, Ernie Bowen, came to visit Dad in the hospital. He said, "I see you have company." My dad replied, "It's okay, that's my daughter. She's always here." Mavis, Loretta, Doug, and I were present when Dad drew his last breath. It was an emotional, yet spiritual experience. Loretta knelt at the bed to pray while Mavis started patting Dad on the cheek and calling his name, "Lafe, Lafe." She was really excited. Douglas and I calmly watched as each breath became more labored and then the

last long breath. All at once I had the sensation of his spirit lifting towards heaven. As this happened, the color in his face changed to white and it was apparent a great change had just taken place. A life had ended.

My dad had a 60-acre farm on the Hammond that he had not sold. He deeded it to five of his daughters with the specific instruction that Douglas would have access to his property. We agreed. He wanted to deed it to his daughters as their inheritance. He said he had helped the boys and Lavean acquire property and wanted the other girls to have property too. We felt that Dad should include Lavean. He said it was all right if we wanted to share with her, but he felt he had already been generous with her, and she had property. Each of the sisters agreed and Lavean was included. The property was undivided, which made for an awkward situation. It appeared to be difficult to get six daughters to agree and share expenses. I seemed to be the one to manage the property. I leased the land for a few years to a man who agreed to pay the taxes, the water, keep the property in good shape and install an irrigation system. This went along well for several years. I was not asking any lease money, only that he pay all expenses, including taxes and water assessments, and keep everything in good shape. He also agreed to use his equipment and oversee the installation of a sprinkler system with the help of the Soil Conservancy. He later bought himself a farm and we lost our renter. Richard Clayton said he would farm it for the same deal.

This worked until Jeff Lee, Doug's son, started giving us trouble about the right-of-way. The lawyer advised us to close the lane for a day each year to keep the lane from becoming a public road. Jeff had an acre that our property surrounded. He tore our signs down that said the road was closed. This was very frustrating to me. We talked of selling the property. Some wanted to sell, others wanted to keep it. All the hassle had been left up to me. Fussing with relatives was nerve wracking. I did not like it. I decided to sell. Lavean said she would buy my share for \$35,000. I was undecided, but Jeff kept threatening with court complaints. We had to go to court and hire a lawyer. I finally decided it was not worth the hassle, so I sold to Lavean. Claudean then followed suit, also Carol and Thora. Loretta and Lavean still own the farm. It is a beautiful piece of ground



and far more valuable today, but there are still disagreements over the property (which I am glad I'm not a part of anymore). Although as a side, and very ironically, Lavean is the one that was hard to get along with. Once we let her in, she didn't want to give an inch, even on the right-of-way. She'd rather go to court. She did go to court with Jeff, and the judge ordered him to use another entrance. I'm wondering if there are further court problems on the horizon and I anticipate it. I feel life is too short and too stressful to spend time in court with lawyers, judges and especially family members.

Our ward was divided. Blaine Jones was chosen as bishop. He asked that I serve as the Relief Society President. I was sustained on October 25, 1987. Being a new ward, I made it a goal to visit every sister in the ward and become acquainted with them. I chose Marlene Peterson and Claudia Holgate as counselors and Pauline McKinney as the secretary. It was a great experience to work with those sisters and I truly learned to love them. Later Claudia and I began walking together at 5:30 every morning. We became great friends and I felt I could share almost everything with her. She is a great friend.



**Delores with Don and Erma (Goodman) Osborne,  
on Chama train ride, 1991**

Colorado. The trees were adorned in their beautiful fall colors. It was a glorious sight chugging up the mountainous canyons looking over the countryside with them. Don loves to explore out-of-the-way places and back roads. He and Erma are so much fun to be with and we have enjoyed our outings with them.

We don't see some of our family members enough, but Erma and Don Ausburn came by in October 1991 and invited us to go with them on a train ride. They were going to ride the old narrow gage railway from Chama, New Mexico to Osier,

## **CHAPTER XXVII: ERVIN'S RETIREMENT AND ACCIDENT**

Ervin retired from the assessor's office. He worked until the county approved a retiree health care plan. He was sixty-eight years old. The employees had a retirement party for him and he seemed happy to be retiring. He mentioned a number of things he wanted to do but has not done them. He was going to paint the house, put in a better irrigation system for the garden, build shelves in his shop, etc.

He loved his saws and work shed. One day he decided to build a book cupboard for Sister Castor. Ervin and I were her home teacher and she had scores of books that were piled on a bench. While he was sawing a shelf for the book cupboard, he cut his hand across the fingers, nearly severing them. I was at my mother's. He called and said, "I need you. Come home fast. I've cut my hand." When I got here, his hand was bleeding and with one look, I knew he needed to get to the hospital. We rushed to the Emergency Room. They looked at his hand and called in a specialist. He took a look and said, "I have good news and bad news. The good news is it can be fixed, but the bad news is he will need to go to Albuquerque to have it done." They talked about flying him, but after the bleeding had stopped, we decided I could drive him. They bandaged his hand and we left immediately for Albuquerque.

When we arrived at the hospital, they were so busy they could not get to him. They had a multicar pile-up with several people who were being admitted in addition to a domestic disturbance involving death and injuries--no surgery room was available. Finally, he was taken to surgery. The doctor saved his hand but was able to reconnect only a few of the nerves. His hand gets cold easily and he is not able to close the fingers to make a fist. We are grateful he has a hand. He had to stay in the hospital several weeks.

Our son, Howard made arrangements through his company for me to stay at the Marriott hotel chain, but I had to drive home every few days to see that things were taken care of at home. After Ervin was released, we had to make more trips to Albuquerque for follow up visits. The accident put an end to some of his retirement dreams of those jobs he wanted

to do. He has a hard time with nuts and bolts. He has learned to use his left hand more, but being right-handed, it has been very frustrating for him and also depressing when he cannot do some of the things he used to do.

We never told Sister Castor what had happened, but we did deliver the book cupboard to her, and she was very pleased to get it. Later she fell and could not get up. Jean Rasband went to check on her and called an ambulance and she was admitted to the hospital. The doctor did not think she should be alone, and she was confined in the Good Samaritan Nursing Home in Aztec against her will. She would beg us to take her to our house every time we visited. It was sad to see how unhappy she became. We continued to visit her until her death a few years later. We attended her funeral. She was buried in the Flora Vista Cemetery beside her husband, Clyde. She never had any children.

## CHAPTER XXVIII: MOM'S ILLNESS AND CAROL'S RESIGNATION

My mother had gradually gone downhill after our trip to Israel. She had crippling arthritis and because of the high doses of cortisone and prednisone, she began to lose her mind. Carol was looking after her, but got in some disagreements with Jerry, Suzie and mom. It upset Carol when she thought Mom would believe lies Suzie supposedly was telling mom. Carol felt betrayed and decided it was best that she leave. Carol had worked hard for almost five years taking care of mom.

That left mother's business and her care up to me. We asked Lorollee Clayton Hamil to look after the rentals. She had been helping Lavean with her rentals. She had also helped my mother. She needed the income. Charlie was not able to work and was on disability. Lorollee collected the rent money and was supposed to keep the collections current. She also cleaned the rentals when a tenant moved, interviewed new tenants and did minor repairs. We paid Lorollee a ten percent commission. This worked well for a few years.

Mom seemed to do all right for a few months. Different members of the family came by once in a while. Soon I noticed things were missing. She started giving them away or hiding them. She would always ask me if she had anything that I wanted or needed. I would politely refuse. I did not want to take advantage of her situation. But when several valuable items came up missing, like her Navajo rugs, I started questioning her about them. And she would say, "Oh, I gave that to so and so" or she didn't know and would ask me if I knew where it went. She told me she gave the rugs to Jerry. She did not want someone stealing them. She had told me she was afraid they would come up missing. She asked me to take them, but I thought I had assured her they were safe. She also started moving clothing. Each day I came she would have a pile of clothes on the couch. When I questioned her, she would say, "I'm just putting them away."

I took her to her doctor's appointments regularly. She loved Dr. Gray. She would tell her, "I think I'm losing my mind." Dr. Gray would ask, "What day is it?" "Who is our President?" She always knew the answer. I knew it was because she watched television,

especially the news channel, CNN. She knew because she saw it on television over and over all day. Dr. Grey would say, “You are OK. People who are losing their minds don’t know it.”

I took her to Dr. Clark. He was her heart specialist. I told him I could tell she was losing her memory. He gave her a few tests and did a brain scan. He confirmed my observations and said she was incapable of taking care of herself or her business. He showed me the scan that indicated her brain was shrinking. He signed a paper stating the facts.

I started going to her house every day to see if she was alright. She loved her car, the Ford Marquez. She would go out in it and would get lost. She would have a hard time finding her way home. She finally confided she did get lost and wandered up and down streets for several hours before finding her way home. We had to take the car keys away from her. Then she started to forget to turn the fire off on the stove and burned several pans, completely ruining them and smoking up the house. We decided she needed someone around most of the time.

At first, I stayed most of the day and different family members took turns staying with her at night, but soon she started running away. When we tried to prevent her from leaving, she got violent, saying she wanted to go home. We told her she was at home, but this made her angrier. She started hitting me. This happened several times. It made me feel absolutely terrible. I began to doubt that my mother loved me. I truly loved my mother and would never intentionally harm her in any way. When she ran away, I learned the only thing I could do was to try to keep an eye on her. After she walked it off for a while, I learned I could approach her in the car and ask her if she wanted a ride. She usually got in the car, and I was able to take her home. She was quite strong, and I knew she could do me harm. It is most devastating to see your mother disintegrate before your eyes. She was not the mother I once knew.

Mother had a number of rentals and had about \$2500 income each month. Mother did not want to go into a nursing home, and we decided to pay family members to look after her.

Loretta and Mavis took turns for a while. We managed her business with the help of Lorrolee, and Ervin set up the books for the rentals and the payment plans for her care.

Mavis decided she could tend to mother if mother just came and lived with them at their house. Mother moved in with Mavis and Doug. This worked for some time until mother started running away from Mavis. Mavis would call me and I would hurry to Lee Acres to try to find mom before she got hurt. Mavis soon found out she could not restrain her or talk her out of leaving when she decided to leave.

One day I was in a hurry to Doug's to find mom, and I didn't see a car that was in the other lane. It was in my blind spot. I pulled over in her lane to make the turn on Browning Thruway off Main Street and I caught her right back bumper. She had a load of children taking them somewhere. I was lucky no one was hurt. I got a ticket for an improper lane change. Our insurance went up. It cost the insurance company less than \$1000 to fix her car. We both had the same insurance company, but it inflated our insurance costs. It was disheartening to write on my license renewal I had received a citation within the last few years. I certainly looked forward to when the time limit ran out and I no longer had to report the accident.

There weren't too many places for Mom to go while living at Mavis and Doug's place. I'd usually find her between the highway and the house, or over at McGee Park. Sometimes it took some talking before she would allow me to help her. I had learned not to touch her, or she would strike me. I found out that if I just talked to her and asked her how things were going or what she was planning, I could usually get her in the car with me. Mother had her own bedroom at Doug and Mavis's house. When mother decided that Doug was Dad, it was a little more than he could take--especially when mom asked Doug why he never slept with her anymore. Mavis and Doug told me they did not know how long they could continue to care for our mother.

In October 1992 Claudean came to visit mother. She asked if she could take mother to her house in Deming for a few months. We were happy she wanted to take her, and Mavis

and Douglas were relieved.

Mother and Claudean got along well. About two months later, mother had a stroke. She was now bedridden. Claudean wanted to continue to care for her and she did for about ten years until mom passed away August 20, 2002. Claudean's family helped her, and she also obtained health care nurses that came to give baths and some physical therapy. At one time, Claudean made arrangements for Carol to also live with her and help with mom's care. I don't think Joseph (Claudean's husband) liked that too well. Later Carol moved to Columbus where she taught school for a while before going back to Cheyenne to be a nanny for her grandchildren.

We slowly realized Mom would never be able to live in her own home. We let Lloyd live in her house for a while and then decided to make it a rental. We moved all of mother's belongings into a storage unit. We talked of dividing it at the time but some of the children did not feel it would be proper as long as she was alive. Hindsight is always great. We could have saved \$60 per month for ten years. The furniture and personal items just lay there all that time.

I prepared the house to rent by painting, putting new carpet in the kitchen and other needed repairs. Lorollee was put in charge of renting it. It was rented to a couple of different tenants for a few years. Then she accepted a Dr. Adegite. He was an eye doctor. He was a black man married to a white woman. In the lease agreement he signed, he agreed not to have any pets. He purchased a couple of dogs for protection, so he said. He let the dogs in the house and left their droppings on the north side of the yard, and it began to smell. He had violated his lease. We were afraid the neighbors would start complaining, so Lorollee had him evicted.

When he moved, he claimed an \$800 refund plus several days' rent. Lorollee refused to give it to him, claiming he owed half a month's rent and for cleaning the property and getting it back in shape. I was willing to give him the refund, but not Lorollee and Lavean (Lavean helped Lorollee select the renters and collect the rent.) Dr. Adegite took us to



court. I was the Trustee so I'm the one who was hauled into court. Lorrrollee and Lavean went with me. I had to testify. Really, the only thing I knew was what Lorrrollee and Lavean had told me. So, I testified according to their instructions. I did not feel really good about it. It cost us over \$2,000 for the lawyer and court fees. The judge decreed we did not have to pay the renter. He was in default. But what a price to pay, along with emotional frustration, just to prove you are right! I am not a fighter, and I never want to be hauled into court again. The scriptures warn members about going to court and to avoid such a practice if possible.



**Ervin and Delores with new motorhome, 1992 at Claudean's house.**

In 1992 we purchased a little Dolphin Toyota motor home with the money we received when I sold my inheritance from dad to Lavean. We felt we should visit mother as often as possible. We thought having the home to stay in would make our visits more comfortable while in Deming. We tried to go every other month but missed a few.

Claudean lives about twelve miles out of Deming. We could take the motor home and park in her yard. We could visit and stay as long as we dared. Claudean took extra good care of mother. She never got any bedsores and Claudean tried to get her to eat by preparing different foods and trying to find what mother liked. Mother continued to lose weight. Mother recognized us for several years. Each year she talked less and less. One

time I asked her why she didn't have anything to say, and she replied, "I just don't have anything to talk about." When one is not involved, they do lose conversation skills. Mother never lost her hospitable nature. She always thanked us for coming and said she was glad to see us. Even though the last few times we visited, I doubted she knew who we were. The high doses of medication had taken her mind. Although Claudean discontinued all medication except her Lanoxin for her irregular heartbeat, the medication had already damaged her mind.



**Delores, 1995**

In April 2000, President Pratt called us on a mission as ordinance workers in the Albuquerque Temple. We drove to Albuquerque for the next four years serving one week a month every month. We stayed in Roger Cox's rental apartments on Spain Street at first. The rent was what it would cost most anywhere. Then he let us move to an apartment he had at his home place on San Antonio. It was closer to the temple and a lot less expensive. He only had us pay for the utilities, and we had to make sure it was clean when we left. That worked until he decided he needed the apartment for a friend. We tried taking the motor home, but the wind blew so much we couldn't get proper rest. The last two years we rented a different motel each month through Priceline on the internet.

Sometimes we could get a bargain but never knew which motel we would be staying at until after the bidding. We got a sorry room only once at the Howard Johnson Hotel. It wasn't very clean, and they allowed animals. One dog next to our room barked until after midnight. Another time we went to the Grand Motel. It was by the airport, quite a distance from the temple, and their breakfast was not served until after we had to be to the temple. Most of the time we were able to be at the Baymont or the La Quinta which were close to the temple, and they served an early continental breakfast.

On the morning of August 20, 2002, while working in the temple, the secretary to President Pratt called me to the office. She told me my mother had passed away. We knew mom could not last forever, but I could not hold back the tears. After sobbing for some time, the secretary suggested we take the rest of the week off. I called Brewer and Lee Mortuary and mom's body was transported to Farmington. The funeral was held in Farmington at the Apache Street Church on 24 August 2002.

All of mom's children were present, as well as grandchildren, great grandchildren and two nieces. The grandsons sang the song, "Railway to Heaven." This song was sung at her parents' funeral and several of the funerals of her siblings. It was a song her family sang as they were youngsters in the home. Carol gave mom's life story, Ervin spoke, and Bishop Greg Stradling conducted. Maurice, her oldest son, gave the family prayer and Robert James, a son-in-law, and Carl Goodman, her oldest grandson, gave the invocation and benediction. Richard Clayton, another son-in-law, dedicated the grave. She is buried in the Greenlawn Cemetery by her husband.

This is a poem I wrote for my mother on her 75<sup>th</sup> birthday in 1984.

#### To My Mother

I wish I had the power to write  
The many thoughts I have of you tonight.  
I'd extol your virtues all to see  
Eternally grateful to you, I shall be—

For your helping spirit and generous mind  
To me, my children and to all mankind;  
For the many hours of work you have spent  
Making the world better wherever you went.

I cannot forget your willingness to share;  
Friendliness, shelter, food, or loving care  
With all those who came within our sphere;  
Whether they were friends, bums, or kinfolk dear.

Even now as we depart, you stand at the door  
To wave goodbye, and ask if there was more  
Of anything you had that we could use.  
You are willing to share whatever we choose.

Though painful arthritis has slowed your gait,  
You continue to work in spite of the fate.  
Hard work is a virtue to us, you have shown  
By the things you have accomplished on your own.

It never matters what the task might be  
From sewing a dress or planting a tree,  
You'd grab a hammer or whatever you'd need,  
And off to the chore you would quickly speed.

You've continually worried how others felt  
And even denied yourself in order to help.  
A peacemaker you've endeavored to be  
To solve problems of strife in your family.

You've been abused and belittled, but gave no heed.  
You continued to help and serve those in need.  
The worries you've managed to conceal within  
Show us really how wonderful you've been.

Caring, sharing, and working, these are three  
Of the many virtues that have impressed me.  
Other virtues could be named, it is true  
For every one I am grateful, and I love you.

## CHAPTER XXIX: CO-TRUSTEES

After mother's death, since Thora and I were co-trustees, we had the responsibility of disposing of her property and dividing it equally. Mother and Dad had made a living trust and we were appointed as trustees. At first Carol was the trustee along with me but Carol resigned when she left town and Thora was appointed in her place.

Earlier, when Carol moved out, Ervin and I took over mother's business affairs. Ervin kept the books and did repairs when needed. Lorrollee continued to collect the rent income for several years. Some of the renters got too far delinquent and Lorrollee just did not have the heart to make them move.

Thora and I decided we had to do something different. We terminated Lorrollee. It is very difficult to let relatives go when knowing they needed the extra income. We hated to do it but when we talked to Lorrollee, she was not willing to do as much as we expected. We thought it best to turn the process over to Century 21 for eight percent commission. They did an excellent job. We signed an agreement that when the property was to be disposed of, Century 21 would be the realtors. We never had to worry. They kept rent current and did all that Lorrollee had done. However, they refused to take care of the garage apartment. They said it was not up to the code and were afraid they might get sued if something happened. I allowed Ray Morgan to live there for a while, rent free, if he would pay for the utilities. He needed a place to live, and we thought we could help him a little. However, he left owing some of the utilities.

After four years at the temple, we started to be weary. The four-hour drive became draining and finding a place to stay was a chore. It soon wasn't a vacation, but an obligation. The temple work was uplifting, but extremely draining. Everything had to be perfect. Each evening we just collapsed on the bed. Leaving our place in the care of Rosalie seemed like an unfair burden. Ervin was developing some stomach problems, and it took several days to recuperate after returning home. When it came time to make a decision to go another two years or be released, we decided to be released under the

circumstances.

We felt the Lord had looked after us. We had driven to Albuquerque without an accident. One time we had a flat tire over by Cuba. A policeman stopped and helped us change the tire. We only had the little donut spare. We had to drive slowly the rest of the way home. Two policemen stopped us, wondering if we were drunk or needed help.

We were released April 7, 2004. The very next week Ervin was admitted to the hospital for colon surgery. When Ervin went to the doctor, he found several tumors and removed them, but two tumors were too large to be removed without surgery and he recommended surgery. Ervin agreed to surgery. He had twelve inches of his colon removed. We nearly lost him, not from the surgery, but he had a reaction to medication. Ervin felt like he would not come out of the hospital (especially after the surgery) and he did not want me to leave. I stayed there night and day for three nights and I was getting tired. I told him if I did not go home that night and get some rest, I would not be able to come the next morning. He said, "But I can't sleep when you are not here." The nurse heard his remark and explained he would give him a sleeping pill if he could not go to sleep. Very reluctantly he let me go and Ervin asked for a sleeping pill.

Around two o'clock I got a call from Rosalie that Ervin had been rushed to Intensive Care. We had put down Rosalie as an alternate if they could not reach me. I don't know why they did not try to call me. I called EvaJo and we rushed to the hospital. Ervin was tied to the bed. They said he had gotten violent and could not be controlled. Apparently, the nurse gave him Ambien and it reacted with the narcotic he was on. The doctor said they had to give him medications to reverse the narcotic. They could not do anything about the sleeping medication. Now he was reacting just like people do with withdrawals from narcotics. Rosalie had a friend who worked at the hospital. He called Rosalie and gave her more information than the others were allowed to give. After Ervin took the sleeping pill, the nurse checked on him and he did not have a pulse and they could not rouse him. The nurse started artificial respiration and called a "Code Blue." They had to shock his heart. He was rushed to Intensive Care and put on ventilators. The doctor came and

ordered the reversal of the narcotic. He had to stay in the hospital an extra week. It has taken him over a year to feel like he has somewhat recovered. He never seemed to fully recover though.

In 2004, Ervin was diagnosed with sleep apnea and has been on a breathing machine at night for over a year now. He seems to sleep better. He does not like cleaning it and it is a nuisance to take with us if we leave town and stay overnight. It has not solved his problem of going to sleep when he sits down. Part of it is habit. Not being able to hear the speakers at church, he will easily fall asleep. Sometimes it will embarrass me when his mouth falls open and he drools or starts to snore. I nudge him to try to keep him awake, but most of the time he just seems to ignore me and goes to sleep anyway. Growing old is not for cowards. There are a lot of aches, pain, suffering, frustrations, and embarrassments that go along with growing older as you lose control of your bodily functions.

I am starting to lose my hearing and it is frustrating when I miss even a few words of what is said. Missing a key word can change the whole meaning. Sometimes I struggle with hearing the soft grandchildren's voices. It is frustrating to them, and they look at me funny and just give up trying to make me understand.

I love to learn and study the gospel, but I need a motivation; therefore, I've enrolled in Institute classes for years. I like the lift I get from the study of gospel on a weekday. I've received several certificates from that program. I'm almost embarrassed to receive another certificate. I do not attend for the certificate, but only to learn and receive the uplift I feel.

I also like Education Week for the same purpose. I have missed the last four years of Education Week, while we were ordinance workers, and have been looking forward to the time I can attend again. I love to hear other people's perspectives on gospel issues. I love to be involved in gospel discussions and speculations. That opportunity came in August 2005. We were in Orem to witness the blessing of Cara's son, Kyson, but I was only able



to attend the Monday Education Week classes. Ervin is not as thrilled with Education Week as I am, and he did not want to stay for the week. He cannot hear the discussions. To my disappointment I returned home with him. I usually compromise to get along with him because I did get to attend the one day.

## **CHAPTER XXX: OUR EXPANDING FAMILY--CONTINUAL BUNDLES OF JOY**

Most of our family have been quite healthy, without major disabilities and infirmities. We have felt very lucky and blessed indeed to have beautiful, healthy children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren.



**Burnham Family Photo**

**Back Row: Christopher and JayLee**

**Middle Row: Jennifer, Jay, and Jayden**

**Front Row: Cassie and Rosalie**

Rosalie and Jay Burnham were not able to have children and decided to adopt. They adopted two children--Christopher and Jennifer.

Christopher married Shallon October 4, 1997, and they have three children: Jaylee (1998), Jaden (2004) and Cassie (2007). Jaylee gave birth to Novalyn in 2017. Her father is

Damion Hernandez.

Jennifer is trying to find her niche in life and what she wants out of life. Neither Christopher nor Jennifer seems interested in the Church. During high school they chose friends that were not members.

Jay was the City Attorney for Farmington and Rosalie taught first grade at McCormick Elementary School. Rosalie spends the summer playing with her grandchildren.



**Mitchell Family 24 May 1994**  
**Front: KacyJo, EvaJo, Tamara**  
**Standing: Debra, Tom Charlie, Janell**

EvaJo and Tom Mitchell have five wonderful children--four girls and one boy. They are Tami, Charles, Deborah, Janell and Kacy Jo.



Tami married Garren Holman in the Bountiful Temple. We were honored to witness our oldest grandchild being married the right way. Tamera gave birth to twins 12 March of 2006, Kaleb and Kade. They have three older children: McKenna (1998), Brooklyn (2000) and Kyler (2002), and one younger, Kohen (2016). McKenna is our first great grandchild.



**Tami and Garren, 11 May 1996**

Charles is married to Amy Peck in 2001. They have two girls, Megan (2002), and Camyrn (2005), and a boy, Gavin (2008).

Janell and Kevin Doyle married 11 Jul 2002. They went to Belgium to work on an internship but are back in Utah. Their boys are Rylan (2006), Asher (2008) and Tyce (2011). Their daughter Lana Grace came in 2013.



**Kacy and Adam, October 11, 2001**

Kacy Jo and Adam Heindorf have two girls, Sydney (2003) and Kira (2005). Then they had a little boy, Finn (2008) followed by twins in 2012, Lauren and Eden. Kacy and Adam later divorced.

Deborah married Joshua Huron on 11 November 2005. All of their children were married in the temple except Deborah but Joshua promised her he would take her as soon as possible. She

had her own place and worked for an investment company. She started a blog called Taste

and Tell and has become a wonderful cook. She has flown all over the country sharing recipes. They have a daughter, Abigail Sophia (2009) and two sons, Easton Michael (2011) and Camden Joshua (2012).

EvaJo has tried several careers. She owned “Sportscast” and has been a realtor. Tom Mitchell graduated with a degree in Forestry and has worked as a Pipeline Inspector most of their married life. Recently he and EvaJo bought two Quizno Sandwich Stores in Utah. They moved from Farmington and are living with Tamera at the present in Elk Ridge while they are trying to get their new business going. They then purchased a home in Spanish Fork. They rent their home in Farmington.



**Kris and Carl Family, 2004**

**Standing: Tony and Aaron**

**Sitting: Greg, Carl, Kevin, and Kris**

Carl and Kris Larsen had a hard time getting in a family way, but finally had four lively and energetic boys: Tony, Aaron, Kevin, and Gregory. Kevin had been diagnosed with ADHD and several problems and was on different medications. He passed away May 20, 2005. Tony and Aaron have filled missions for the church. Tony married Alexa (Lexie) Winter 20 September 2009. They have one girl, Alana (2010). Aaron married Kenna Luke, 12 November 2005. We were privileged to witness their sealing in the Salt Lake Temple. They have three children, Parker (2007), Macey (2010) and Addison (2012). Greg married Melissa Jordan, 15 May 2015. They have one little girl, Emma Jeane (2019).

Carl was the Chief Engineer for Won-Door and Kris was a Sociologist at the Church Office Building.





**Henage Family September 1997**

**Back Row: Matthew, Michael, Daniel, and Thomas**

**Front Row: Karissa, Rick, Jeannine, Alisha, and Jonathan**

Jeannine and Rick Henage got off to a good start with five boys and then two daughters: Thomas, Daniel, Michael, Matthew, Jonathan, Karissa and Alisha. They lost one Samuel who was stillborn. Rick is ADHA, and Jonathan seems to also be somewhat affected, but they have learned to cope.

Thomas married Emily Splain, 30 Dec 2000, and they have three children: Hannah (2002), Richard (2005), and Joseph (2008).

Daniel is married to Bittany. They were married 29 Dec 2000 and they have sons named Alexander (2004) and Lincoln (2008) and a daughter, Ivory (2011). Both Thomas and



Daniel were married in the temple, Thomas in Fresno, and Daniel in San Deigo. We were able to attend both weddings. Thomas, Daniel, Matthew and Jonathan served the Lord on missions.

Matthew married Melanie Schick March 28, 2008 in the Manti Temple. They have a son named Jaxton Matthew (2014) and a daughter Elsie Melanie (2017)

Karissa married David Fisher in the Salt Lake City Temple, 9 May 2009 and they have daughters Emma (2011) and Katelyn (2014) and sons, Jace (2017) and Cole (2020).

Alisha married Bronson Whitmore. They later divorced. She is serving in the military.

Rick was a professor at Utah Valley State College in Orem. Michael is a wanderer and trying to find his niche. He is in Oregon at the present.



**Debbie and Howard Family, 1996**

**Standing: Chantel, Cara, Cami, Carina, and Craig**

**Sitting: Clint, Howard, Chaylyn, and Debbie**

Howard and Debbie Hoffman have five lovely girls and two boys: Cami, Cara, Carina, Craig, Chantel, Clint, and Chaylyn. Clint has some kind of illness the doctors have not been able to identify. He seems and acts normal; except he has to deal with a lot of pain and is extremely tired. He is under the doctor's care, and they are trying to determine the underlying cause.

Cami is married to Cory Pulham. They married 1 June 2000 and they have three girls, Anslie (2001), Kailyn (2002) Lysie (2006) and one boy, Kyle (2009).

Cara is married to Trent Taylor and they have one girl, McKayla (2002) and three boys named Kyson (2005), Chase (2007) and Gage (2012).

Carina and Lincoln Bishcoff married November 25, 2003 and have three girls, Brooklyn (2005), Skylee (2010), and Paisley (2014). They have a boy, Carson (2006). Carina and Lincoln recently divorced. Cami and Cara were married in the Mount Timpanogos temple. Carina was married in the Salt Lake City Temple.

Craig served a mission in France and returned in December 2006. Craig married Malorie Edgington on August 7, 2010 in the Mt. Timpanogos Temple and they have twins, a son Tate Craig (2016), and a daughter, Lexi (2016). In addition, they have a daughter, Avery (2017), a son Cole Bradley (2019), a son Krew Parker (2020) and a daughter Remi (2021).

Chantel married Matthew Bergquist November 17, 2007 and they have a sons, Matthew (2008), Kayden (2011), and daughters Evelyn (2013) and Charity (2016).

Clint married Laura Austin March 8, 2018 in the Mt. Timpanogos Temple.. They have two daughters, Marta Ann (2018) and Emma Lee (2020). They have a son Tyler Teancum (2022).

Chaylyn married Adam Engebretsen. They later divorced.

Howard was a vice president at Savage Industries. They live in Salt Lake City. Howard was also a counselor in the stake presidency and then the stake president. He was recently released. Now he is helping out with Scripture Central and goes to Provo at least weekly.



**Sherry Ann, Breeana, Justin, Mindy, and Angela - 2020**

John and Holly McIntosh have four girls and one boy: Melinda, Sherry Ann, Justin, Angela, and Breeanna. To our great surprise and joy, they had Breeanna, fourteen years after Angela was born. She is our youngest grandchild and will probably be the last one, unless we get another surprise.

Melinda married Seth Kleman on May 14, 2004, and they have a son Ryker Ridley Awesome (2009) and a daughter Zoey (2013). They (Melinda and Seth) just recently moved into their first home.

Angela married Walter Mason on August 10, 2019, and they have a daughter, Eleanore Maeve (2022).

John works as computer manager at Won-Door. He was the Gospel Doctrine Teacher in the ward. Holly teaches piano lessons. John and Holly like to travel. Holly took a job with JetBlue so the family could have air travel perks. She recently retired after working for almost 20 years.



**Sheryl and Steve Goodman Family**  
**Front: Zach, Josi, Kailie and Josh**  
**Back: Steve and Shery**

Steve and Shery Ross have two boys and two girls. Their first child Zachary was born prematurely and had a few days of nip and tuck. He seems to have overcome his problem and has grown to be a handsome young man. He was taking pilot training and going to Utah Valley. To our disappointment he has no desire to go on a mission at this time. He is also trying out things of the world.

Zach married Jen Casias on August 17, 2015, in Midway, Utah.

Kailie married James Breitenstein on 25 June 2011 at the Manti Temple and they have a son Davy McCoy (2015), and a son Charlie Steven (2023).

Josi married Trevor Crandall, May 19, 2017, in Provo, Utah.



Steve's family seems to have suffered with sore throats and earaches more than normal. Poor Joshua didn't speak until he got tubes in his ears and was able to hear and Kailee has some hearing loss. With the company downsizing, Steve left Novell after fourteen years. He tried a couple of other job situations that did not work out. He works for Security at BYU. Shery is a lady farmer. She loves animals and raises them for fun and profit. Shery taught Primary and Steve was the Stake Young Men's President. Then he was a student ward Bishop.

Our four sons went on missions for the Church: Carl to Italy, Howard to South Dakota, John to Chile, and Steven went to Japan. Nine of our grandsons have been called on missions, Charlie, Tony, Aaron, Thomas, Daniel, Mathew, Jonathan, Craig, and Clint. One granddaughter, Chaylyn, was called on a mission. Two great granddaughters were also called on missions, Anslie and Kailyn Pulham.

All of our children were married in the temple. What a pleasure and a privilege to witness each one's marriage. We also have been able to attend all the baby blessings, and baptisms of all our grandchildren. We are waiting for Angela and Breeanna to be baptized. We attended most of the great grandchildren's blessing until Ervin passed away in 2010. I continued to go to the blessings as best I could. We also went to McKenna's baptism. She was our first great grandchild to be baptized.

My greatest accomplishment is a very wonderful family.

“As I look at my children around me, and each one in turn I embrace...

“Each one a gift from my maker. God had such wonderful taste.”

This quote is on a plaque on my bedroom wall--author anonymous--but it does express my sentiments.

I realize there are only a few human challenges that are greater than that of being good parents and also few opportunities offer greater potential for joy. What a joy to have

faithful sons and daughters. I feel to exclaim like John in the New Testament, “I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth.”(3John 1:4)

My greatest joy in life is watching my family striving to live the gospel and do what is right.



## **CHAPTER XXX: CLOSING MOM'S ESTATE**

During the two years after my mom's death, we had the property appraised and Thora and I were able to dispose of all the property at appraisal value except 1812 Hutton. I told Thora, "If the garage apartment is updated, it might sell better." The property is grandfathered according to zoning laws, which means if it is abandoned, burns down or changed, the special zoning of multiple dwellings will not apply. Thora agreed to fix it up. It should have been done when Century 21 refused to manage the property. We brought it up to code with Richard Clayton III's help. We were able to almost immediately rent the apartment.

The double wide rental became empty. The man that lived there died. We had to evict his family and when we recovered the property, it had really been vandalized. The windows were broken, the inside doors torn off the hinges, and holes punched in the walls. The ceiling tile was falling down. The carpet had holes in it. It was a mess. I couldn't see anything to do but repair it or sell it at a discount. It cost \$7,000 to repair.

Thora and I were able to dispose of the estate without audible complaint from our brothers and sisters. This is a compliment to our family. I've heard horror stories about family squabbles.

## CHAPTER XXXI: LANDLORDS

I talked Ervin into buying the property at 1812 Hutton with my share of the inheritance I received from my mother's trust. He did not want me to do it and let me know it would entirely be my project. We paid appraisal price and have owned it for 2 years. Things are going well so far. I felt we needed more income. When Ervin passes on, if he goes first, my income will be cut in half. That would mean I would have to move in with someone else. I could not make it on my own. We also had our property put in a trust. Mother's trust went so well, we decided it was the best way to dispose of property. We don't have very much, but it will be divided equally at the time of our death. Rosalie and EvaJo will have that worry and responsibility.

My dream of being rich died long ago, even though there is a slimmer of hope. I occasionally enter a few Sweepstakes as a hobby. I also occasionally buy a Power ball ticket (without Ervin's approval). But after President Hinckley's talk on lottery tickets, I decided it's probably not a good idea. I can see the wisdom of his counsel. A person could spend more than they realize and get carried away. The chances of winning are so slim. Some people chalk it up to entertainment and forget about it. I attended a Catholic service with Claudean one time and the priest's sermon was on being willing to take a chance. He commented, "If you don't buy a ticket, you cannot win." This is true. In other words, we need to be willing to take chances in life. That does not necessarily mean we need to buy a lottery ticket either, but we certainly cannot win the lottery if we don't buy the ticket. And we will never progress if we do not have the faith to take a chance in trusting the Lord.

I started collecting the state quarters that began to be minted in 1999. I'm trying to collect commemorative stamps as they are produced, and I work occasionally trying to find my grandmother Laura's parents. I purchased a laptop computer to help record my findings. I'm trying to learn to use the computer. These activities are my hobbies at present.

## CHAPTER XXXII: TRAGEDY STRIKES

We have been a very fortunate family. Other than the loss of the twins, and Jeannine's little Samuel, our family was intact. It is almost a miracle we have not had any deaths or severe physical or mental handicaps. We had been greatly blessed in that way.

We felt the Lord had really blessed us as a family until a real tragedy struck on May 20, 2005. We lost our lively grandson, Kevin, to a life-shattering incident for us and his family. He went to the "Revenge of the Sith" Star Wars movie with his older brother as soon as it was released just after midnight on Thursday the 19<sup>th</sup> of May. With little sleep, he probably had a bad day at school on the 20<sup>th</sup>. That day, he barricaded himself in his bedroom and hung himself on the closet rod using a belt.



**Kevin Goodman Burial, Bountiful, UT, May, 27 2005**

We hope it was not intentional. The doctor said his injuries looked like he was tentative, but just passed out and couldn't stop or call for help. The injuries did not indicate intentional harm. Only the Lord knows what was in Kevin's heart and being a merciful judge, He will do what He can for him. Studies and research into suicide have led people to believe it is triggered by illness and some have classified it as a disease and not murder.

We do not have the answers. We can only put our trust in our Savior, but there will always be an empty spot in our hearts for Kevin. We miss him terribly. When we think of him, tears fill our eyes. It has truly been a horrific tragedy. It was gratifying to see all the people (Carl's bosses, the Church members, Kevin's friends at school) that supported Carl and Kris and how the family rallied around, especially Carl's brothers. Howard gave an excellent sermon with comforting words at the funeral service.

No man is an island. We all affect each other's life in some way. The attitude "It's my life and I'll live it as I please" is a selfish attitude. Each word and every action affect someone, somewhere, eventually. We sorrow with those that sorrow. We rejoice in each accomplishment. It is great to have a caring family that really does want the best for each of us. We are hoping that sentiment carries on through the generations.

## CHAPTER XXXIII: VACATIONS AND TRIPS

Eva Jo wanted me to tell about our vacations and travels. I think I will be able to mention practically every one of them since they are not extensive.

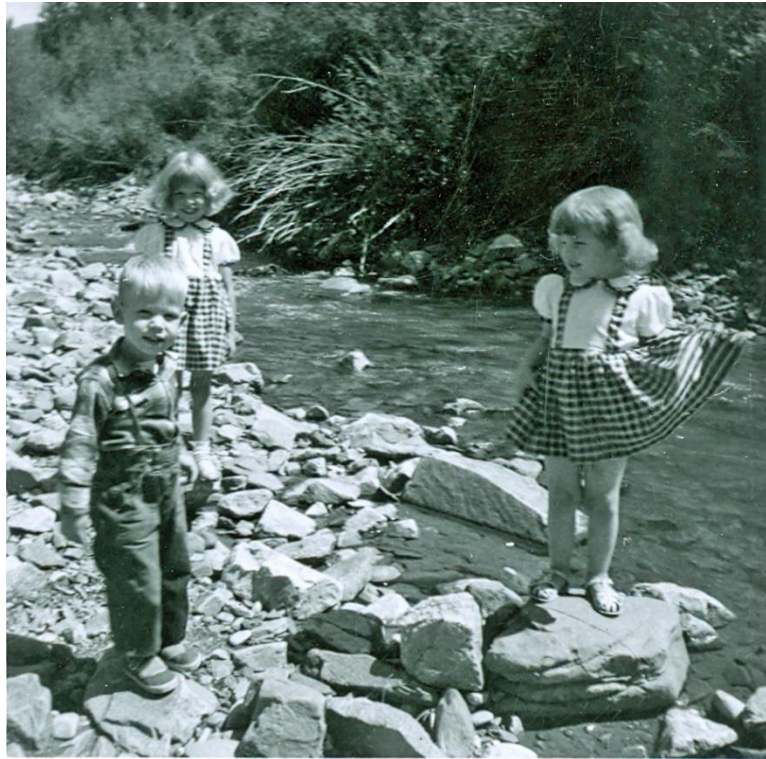
I love to travel, to get away for a change. I would love to do more if I had someone to go with me. Ervin would rather stay at home. Perhaps he is more mature than I am. I can't seem to get enough of going places. I'd even like to explore back roads, and secluded areas, but he is very hesitant. I've made several prospecting trips with my dad, and they included back roads. I spent a week with my dad in the Taylor Mountains. He was certain Adam's Diggings (a gold mine) were in the area. He thought there were too many markers indicating it was a possible location. He located the bear's head and showed it to me. I doubt that I could find it again, but it was exciting to me. I also went with him on day trips exploring Pump Canyon area, north of Aztec, for a bank robber's buried cache. We spent several different days in that area. He became acquainted with an old man by the name of Baker who claimed his father was one of the robbers and as a child he had been to their hideout but was not able to find it again as an adult. I think the old man wanted the attention and liked the company and the exploring. I'm not sure I believe his story. We did find a hole in the floor of a cave. He claimed it was where some of the loot had been hidden and apparently something had been dug up or else why, the hole? Who knows? It made a good story.

The first year Ervin and I were married we visited the Black Hills of the Dakotas and saw Jackson Hole and the stone mountain where the heads of famous men are carved in the face of Mount Rushmore. We also visited Mammoth Falls and some of Ervin's old contacts from his mission. We spent the night with one family, and they insisted we sleep in their bed without them changing the sheets. I don't know where they slept. They really wanted to be hospitable and were happy to see us. I was pregnant and the body smells got to me, but I thought it was great to get acquainted with them.

When my brother, James Morgan Lee, was married to Sally Arnold we attended their

wedding in the Los Angeles Temple. We flew out and rode back with Lavean and Richard. Richard drove so fast; I was nervous all the way home. I kept telling Ervin, I almost wished a patrolman would stop him. Well, one did about the time we were to Gallup. After the wedding the four of us went to Disneyland before coming home. I think that was in February 1958. I didn't take a coat and it was really cold. Someone loaned me a coat. I think it was Sally's mother or sister.

As a family we didn't think we could afford vacations or spend money to play. But we attended family reunions and went camping in the mountains of Colorado at Vallecito. Most summers that was our vacation. Sometimes Ervin couldn't go, but he helped us get there and then he would go home. At other times I took the kids to Decker Park where we spent a few nights in the hot summer. It was always cooler there. I just enjoyed getting away.



**Carl, Rosalie, and EvaJo at Decker Park**

The first family reunion I remember was a John D. Lee reunion held in the mountains. My dad had a cattle truck that was white; he covered the sides and top with tarps to make a shelter for us.





**Father, Thora, Eva and Delores at Lee's Ferry**

Ervin and I started attending Lee Reunions right after we were married. We took my parents to several. One that my dad really wanted to attend was at Lee's Ferry by Marble Canyon Bridge. We've also attend them in Panguitch, Cedar City, Graham Mountains, Mountain Meadows, St George, Draper and Salt Lake City.



**Rosalie, Carl, and EvaJo at Yellowstone**

Two times we decided to take a vacation to Yellowstone National Park. The first time we just took a tent. We took our oldest children, Carl, EvaJo and Rosalie. We left Jeannine with Grandma Goodman and Howard at Aunt Geneva's. I think Howard gained a greater liking for playing basketball at Aunt Geneva's house. They were great

ball players, and Howard loved to bounce a ball as soon as he could walk. Years later we went back to Yellowstone and took Jeannine and her baby, Thomas, along with Tamara



and Steven. We rented a cabin, but Jeannine was so worried that the baby was going to bother us that I'm not sure she enjoyed the trip as much as she would have liked to. We didn't mind the baby. We thought it was great.



**Ervin and Delores in Mesa at 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary for Howard and Ella**

After Howard and Ella moved to Mesa, Arizona we tried to visit them every year. Several years we went at Thanksgiving time. The children looked forward to those trips and we never failed to sing “over the rivers and through the woods to grandmother’s house we go.” After a few years I heard it was too hard on Ella to have us come, so we didn’t go as often as we would like.

We also went to Mesa to the Arizona temple once in awhile. We didn’t go regularly, just when the occasion seemed to push us. We attended a few weddings. We went on temple and baptism excursions.

Ervin is a great hand at heading to a destination and not stopping on the way. But a few times we convinced him to explore a little. One time we stopped at the Petrified Forest and tried to see the Painted Desert. The sun wasn’t just right to see very many colors. We mostly saw rust-stained hills. One time we went out of the way and visited the Hubble Trading Post. That was very interesting.

We had lived here in Farmington for years and never went to Chaco Canyon. Finally, we drove out there. We’ve been to Aztec Ruins, and Mesa Verde National Park. We had a family reunion that included a visit to Mesa Verde.

I already mentioned the grandest trip of all when I went to Israel with my mother, Carol, and Thora. My mother bought my round-trip airline ticket so I could go with them.

Jeannine took me and my mother to Logan when EvaJo and Tom blessed Charles. She drove us in her little Mazda. We had car trouble due to some dirty gas that clogged the filter. We were able to go for a while and it would just stop. After resting a few minutes, we could go again. We coaxed it along until we could get it fixed.

I went by myself to California to be with Jeannine and her family when Jonathan was born. It was great to be with them and to see the city of Santa Maria. This was in February 1985.

We also visited Jeannine and her family while they were living in Houston. That is the time we went to see the ocean, and left Matthew at home unintentionally. I do not remember if we ever saw the ocean. When we realized we had left him, we hurried home. I was so surprised to see pine trees at almost sea level and the Houston beltway was frustrating to us, but we managed. It is upsetting to Ervin when we have a hard time finding our way. It usually does not bother me. I let him worry about it.

Steve invited us to go with the Rosses and him, Sheri, and Zachary to Disney World and to the Arabian Horse Show. We stayed in a condo. I thoroughly enjoyed that trip. It was really great. I loved the world booths at the Epcot Center, and we had fun visiting the attractions of Disney World. We put Zachary in a stroller, and he went right along with us. This was probably in 1987.

In 1989 I won a three day, all-expense-paid trip to New York City, from USA TODAY in a sweepstakes. That was a fun trip. We didn't have to worry about anything. When we arrived at the Sheraton Hotel, we had a magnificent room, red roses and a bottle of champagne waiting for us. We purchased tickets to the Broadway Show "Les Misérables". We went to Radio City and saw the Rocketts dance. We visited the Empire State Building, we visited a cathedral, that they were still working on and had been for years and years--I think it was The Cathedral of St. John the Divine. It was a huge thing. We went to Central Park and the Rockefeller Plaza; we walked around the World Trade

Center and looked at some old ships that were in a dock. It was such a fun trip; it just was not long enough. There was lots more to see and do.

One day, as I was looking at the newspaper, I saw an ad for all veterans of the 104th Division announcing a reunion. I said to Ervin, “Isn’t that your outfit?” He did not talk much of his war years and experience. Ervin was hoping to see some of his buddies, so we went to the reunion in Washington, D.C. I really enjoyed the trip. We saw some historical sites and went to the Smithsonian Museum. Although Ervin didn’t see the people he hoped to see, he knew some of them casually and we got acquainted with several others. The wife of his quartermaster was there, but the man had passed away recently.

Another year we went to Boston with the military reunion, which again was fabulous. I think it was Boston where we rode the subway. We went to church there in a chapel that was at one time a part of the Longfellow estate. After church we toured Longfellow’s home. We rode on a boat for a sunset cruise in Boston Harbor and dined on their famous crab.

Then we went to Scottsdale, Arizona, and took a day trip to Sedona. That was the last military reunion that we attended, and it was probably the least interesting. The reunions are held during the week of August 31 to Labor Day. I believe this year (2005) it is going to be in Philadelphia. I just wish we could go. It seems the last few years we’ve had other things to attend to on that day like working in the temple or just did not make the effort.

In 1993 Steve arranged for us to go to Hawaii, I enjoyed that trip. We went to the Hawaiian Temple and the Polynesian Cultural Center, drove all around the island and walked on the beach.



**Delores in Hawaii, 1993**



**Hawaii Memorial 1 April 1993**

In 2003 Carl and Kris invited us to go with them and their family to Hawaii, along with Jeane and Veryl Larsen and Jay and Rosalie.

I enjoyed the Islands so much the first time I was anxious to go again. The first time, I double exposed my film and didn't have very many pictures of the trip. I seem to have trouble with cameras and getting good pictures. We enjoyed the trip, even though we spent most of one day sitting in a hospital waiting for the doctors to release Veryl. He passed out on our climb up to Diamond Head, a famous look-out point used by the

military during World War II. He was taken from the point by helicopter to the hospital. Because of his diabetes and heart problems, we were concerned. We again attended the Polynesian Show and walked to several waterfalls. Rosalie and Jay took Kevin and Gregory snorkeling.



**Helicopter at Diamond Head**



**Hawaii waterfall hike 2003**





**Aloha Stadium Flea Market – Oahu, Hawaii**  
**Greg, Delores, Kevin, Ervin, Tony**

We went to their famous outdoor flea market. Kris and Jeane wanted to find a good buy on macadamia nuts for their homemade chocolates they make each Thanksgiving. The weather was beautiful, and we enjoyed the cook-out and entertainment on the beach by the condo.

When John lived in Florida, he invited us to visit. We went to the temple with John. It was great to be in the Orlando Temple and visit with his family. We went out to eat, and really had a great time. We also visited John and his family when they lived in Phoenix. We went to a Bar D-type dinner and entertainment and saw a major league baseball game. I need my memory refreshed and more details of that time. I'll ask John and fill in more details. I do remember they had a very nice home there in a beautiful subdivision. We also babysat for them in Phoenix when they went to Florida to look for a house, in their anticipated move to Florida.



**Delores, Howard, Ervin and Carl  
Teotihuacan Pyramids**

Carl arranged a trip to Mexico to visit Book of Mormon places and to try to find the hill Cumorah. They also invited Howard and Debbie, and Kris's friends Blair and Katharine West from Oregon. Carl did a really great job of arranging everything and we truly enjoyed ourselves. We probably never would have had that opportunity if it had not been for him.

We visited Mexico City and saw the great pyramid. We went to Villahermosa; we saw a hill that could be Cumorah. We saw the Olmecs. Carl hired a guide with a van and we were brave enough to go into Palenque and we saw the Chiapas rebels. They stopped us but let us continue after a bribe. (I'll fill in more details later I need to look at my notes and pictures.) Oh, how fun it is to travel with family. Another of the most enjoyable trips I've been fortunate to enjoy--thank you, thank you Carl and Kris.



**Olmec head, Delores, and Ervin  
Villahermosa, Mexico**

While Jeannine was living in Claremont, we went to Disneyland with them. I think we went there to attend the sealing of Thomas and Emily in the temple, and we went with Jeannine, Rick and their family to Disneyland for the second time.

Carl, Howard, and Steve rented a houseboat that is docked on Lake Powell. In 1999, they invited us to spend a week with them on the houseboat. We went to Hall's Crossing and were ferried to Bullfrog where we met the group and were taken to the houseboat. It was my first experience on a houseboat. I enjoyed the time watching everyone play but I'm not one to swim or love the water. We took a boat ride to different sites like Rainbow Bridge and Hole in the Wall. It was thrilling to be with family and a new experience of water fun.



**Carol, Lynn, Sharon, Delores, and Thora in Paris, 2001**

My sister, Thora, invited me and Carol to go to Paris with her and her daughters. We went to pick up Lynn's daughter as she finished her mission. Carol and I spent an extra day at the Louvre while Thora and her daughters shopped. We went to an open-air market. We saw the Eiffel Tower and took a river boat ride on the Rhine. We rented an apartment and did a lot of walking on that trip. We rode the subway too. The streets of Paris are quite narrow. They have very small cars. We were amazed at the size of the cars. They have wonderful pastries and chocolates. We went to church there. Of course, they spoke French. We did not understand everything, but we felt the spirit and it felt like home except for the number of Black people who were attending. It was predominately Black. We were not too impressed with Paris. The streets were dirty, and the people were not



really friendly. We found if we wanted directions, it was best to ask a Black person. The white French people would ignore you or turn the other way.

One year Howard and Debbie invited us to spend time with them at Park City in a condominium. We went to church there and just had a very enjoyable time with the family playing games and eating pistachio nuts. I had never eaten a pistachio that was in the shell. We looked at some of the preparations for the Olympics.



**Tom and Delores 2005**

In June 2005, we were invited to go with Tom and EvaJo, Rosalie and Jay to Nauvoo. I had wanted to visit there for years, so was very pleased to get the opportunity. We met Rick, Jeannine, Karissa, and Alisha in Nauvoo. It is always fun to be with family and we enjoyed looking the city over, going to the temple and watching some of the shows presented by the missionaries who are working there. I enjoyed the Seventies Hall, the Blacksmith Shop, the Brick Yard, the Bakery, and the Post Office. We also visited the property owned by the Community of Christ Church (formerly the RLDS) who own the most prime locations,

Joseph Smith's home, and the Red-Brick Store, where several revelations were received and where the first endowments were administered. They had everything that Joseph Smith once owned. They charge for their guided tours. I think we found the John D. Lee lot, and the Meachem lot. We missed the old cemetery. Perhaps we could have found some of our relatives buried there.

It makes you feel sad to see what they had built and worked for and were forced to leave it all behind. The trek to the Mississippi River via the trail of tears was sobering.

We also visited Springfield, Illinois and toured the Abraham Lincoln Museum, a very nice museum. We could have spent more time there. We went to Hannibal and saw the Mark Twain Museum. We got to go eat out with Amy, Charles, and Megan in St. Louis and were able to walk on the grounds of the St. Louis Temple. EvaJo made all the arrangements. We just had to tag along. Thank you, Eva Jo, for a great time.

Our children have been very kind to us by including us with them on some of their trips. We would not have the know-how or the courage to attempt those wonderful trips on our own.

We have traveled to attend each of our children's weddings. They have all been married in the temple, which has been a blessing to their family as well as to me. Indeed, a sacred highlight of my life is to be in the Celestial Room with each of them.

In 2013, Jeannine and Rick invited me to go on a history tour with them. We drove from my home in Farmington all the way across the country. We visited sites in Texas, Mississippi, Georgia, Tennessee, Maryland, Washington DC, Pennsylvania, New York, Canada, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Wyoming, etc. We saw the Memphis Port and Atlanta Temple. We had ice cream at Applewood in Pigeon Forge. We saw Titanic and Upside-



**Jeannine, Rick, Karissa, David Delores and Emma**

Down house. We saw the Appalachian Mountains, Fort McHenry, the Lincoln and Jefferson Memorials, the National Archives, The Capital Building, the White House and the Washington DC Temple. We saw the Liberty Bell, Independence Hall, Priesthood Restoration Commemoration on the Susquehanna River, the Hill Cumorah Pageant, and Visitor Center. We attended the Palmyra Temple and went to the Sacred Grove and the

Hill Cumorah Monument. We went to the Gilbert printing press, the Smith farm, the Peter Whitmer farm, and Niagara Falls from both the US and Canadian sides. We saw the Whitney Store, the Kirtland Temple, The Joseph Smith house, and the Morley farm. We saw Nauvoo and attended the Nauvoo Temple. We went to Adam-ondi-ahman and saw Preachers Rock. We went on to Fort Bridger, Independence Rock, Martin's Cove, Sweetwater Station, the visitor center at Sixth Crossing, and Rock Canyon. What an incredible trip! Thanks Jeannine and Rick for organizing it.

We started having family reunions after several children were married, and they have been a time I look forward to each year. I appreciate the work each person does to make them a success by making arrangements or attending. We usually camped, played games, ate food, and just enjoyed each one's company. I love to just be with family, but it makes it doubly interesting and fun when it is combined with some event or place. The trips with each of you individually or as a group are the most enjoyable in the world. I truly love each of you, including spouses, grandchildren, and great grandchildren. You are jewels in my book and in my crown.



**Bountiful 1991**





**Bountiful 1992**



**Springville 1994**



**Ervin and Delores with grandchildren, 2003 (silly faces pose)**

## CHAPTER XXXIV: LOVE THROUGH THE YEARS

I never knew when I married Ervin if I truly loved him. Through the years, I have discovered I do love him. He is a wonderful, and a good man. He lives up to his name. He is honest. He honors his priesthood. I'm grateful I made the right choice for an eternal companion. He has been the most important thing that has happened to me since my birth which has set the course of my destiny.



### Mr. and Mrs. Ervin Goodman

Ervin and Delores Goodman of Farmington are celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary this month with a reception from 7 to 9 p.m. June 25 at the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at Auburn Avenue and Apache Street. Friends and acquaintances can attend.

Delores Lee met Ervin Goodman in 1944 at the Farmington Drug Store. The two were introduced by Ervin's brother Tom. They renewed their acquaintance at church during a social function in 1948. They married May 31, 1949, at the Mormon Temple in Mesa, Ariz.

The couple have spent all their married life in Farmington. Ervin was first employed as a building contractor. Before retiring, he worked at the county assessor's office from 1971-1991 and served as the elected assessor from 1975-1978. Delores, now retired, worked at Childhaven.

The two have seven children, 33 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.



**Delores and Ervin for 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary, 1949 and 1999**

I know the Lord has a plan for each of us. He wants us to return to live with him. He provided a Savior, a Redeemer to help us to fulfill our destiny to return as families in His kingdom. I'm grateful the true Church has been restored with the keys of the sealing power. If we desire and choose to be together forever, it can happen. The pieces are in place to make it so through the power of the Priesthood and our own desires.

My family is precious to me, and I am indeed rich, after all. I could not have been so blessed without a wonderful husband. He is a good man not only in name but actions too. He has far fewer faults than I have. I'm certainly not perfect as anyone can see from reading this history of my life.

As time rolls on there will be other chapters to write.

## CHAPTER XXXV: ANOTHER CHAPTER

Since beginning to write this history, we have been privileged to attend several events.

The first was the blessing of Richard Thomas Henage on the 5<sup>th</sup> of August in Springville. He was born in June.

We attended the blessing of Kyson Taylor, Cara's son. He was blessed on the 25 of September in Orem. He was born on 19 August 2005 in Provo.

We enjoyed the opportunity to babysit three of Steve's children (Zach has moved in with some friends) the first week of November 2005, while they went on a vacation cruise. We were impressed with how responsible their children were. I think they babysat us as much as we helped them.

Steve and Sheri returned home Friday evening and the next morning John drove us to St. George, Utah where we attended a Lee Reunion. Verne Lee reported on his research on the Woolsey side. He has traced it back to Cardinal Woolsey of England. We visited with some of my cousins: Dixie, Carmen, Vern, and Leroy. John only had the morning off, so we rushed back to Provo that evening. Before returning we went to Silver Reef to view the bronze statue of John D. Lee. It is a very impressive work of art. The city of Washington refused to have it placed in their town plaza as planned. The sculptor has it on display at his museum in Silver Reef.

EvaJo took the opportunity to buy a sandwich-making shop called Quiznos in Springville, Utah. She has been trying to get the store open. Tom is living here in Farmington. He will keep his job until he feels certain the store will be profitable. Since he was going to Utah, he invited us to ride with him. We were happy for the opportunity. We rode with him and stayed with Jeannine in Springville. Jeannine took us to Highland to attend the blessing of Kirra Heindorf, Kacy Jo's newborn baby girl on 5 December 2005. That makes two little girls for them. We rode home with Tom that evening.



Rosalie and Jay invited us to accompany them to Utah to the marriage of Deborah Mitchell. We left early in the morning and arrived at Kacy Jo Heindorf's house in Highland just in time to change our clothes and attend the wedding and reception on the 11 November of Deborah Mitchell and Joshua Harroun at the Alpine Country Club in Highland, Utah. The reception was held following the wedding. We are disappointed when any of the family marries out of the temple, and we hope they will be able to someday reap those great blessing that are for them at His Holy House. Marriage is a challenge, and we need the blessings obtained through a temple sealing to sustain us.

After the ceremonies we went on to Bountiful to spend the night with Carl and Kris. On the 12 November 2005 we went to Salt Lake City to attend the sealing of the marriage of Aaron Goodman and Kenna Luke in the Salt Lake Temple and a luncheon in Bountiful at twelve thirty. In the evening we attended a reception in Stansbury Park near Tooele. We stayed with Carl and Kris in Bountiful. We attended sacrament meeting and then rode home with Jay and Rosalie.

We are finding that when we drive on long trips it takes us a few days to recover. I think in part it is because we are not sure of our driving. It is a great relief to us when someone else does the driving.

At Christmas time, Carl invited us to spend the holidays with them. He felt it would be a diversion and he would not have the time to miss Kevin as much. Tom was planning to go to spend Christmas with his family and he invited us to travel again with him. Of course, I jumped at the opportunity. Carl was also hosting a birthday dinner on the twenty-third of December for all family members who had birthdays or were going to have birthdays around the holidays. That included Carl, EvaJo, Rick and Tony.

We again rode with Tom to Springville and spent the night with Jeannine. We had the great opportunity of seeing Thomas Henage, and his wife, Emily, and their two children Hannah and Richard. We also saw Daniel and Brittany and little Alexander. They had

come from Wisconsin and California to spend Christmas with their parents. The older Ervin gets, the more he enjoys watching little children. It was fun watching their children run around and play.

The next morning, we all attended the birthday celebrations in Draper. Carl and Kris took us on to Bountiful. We had to hurriedly get dressed to make it to the Conference Center. Carl had secured tickets for us to attend the Commemoration of Joseph Smith's Birthday. It is the first time we had attended any meetings in the Conference Center. We were certainly impressed with the huge building and enjoyed the spirit of the occasion. On Sunday we went to sacrament meeting with Carl and Kris, opened gifts and had a ham dinner. What a glorious day to celebrate our Savior's birth and to be with loved ones. We stayed at Carl and Kris's till Monday morning, at which time Howard picked us up and transported us to Springville where we met Tom and came on home.

On 4 March 2006, we were pleased to attend our first great grandchild's baptism, McKenna Holman. She looked like a little angel in her white dress. There were several other children baptized the same day and the stake where Tami lives held a very inspirational meeting with talks, testimony, and special musical numbers. It was great to be able to attend.

Tamera and Janell decided to have the blessing of their children at the same time. Tami's twin boys Kaleb Renn and Kade Thomas Holman were born 14 March 2006 and Rylan Thomas Doyle was born March 6, 2006. Rylan was born prematurely due to a toxemic condition and was in intensive care for over a week and he has been on oxygen since his birth. He has been taken off oxygen now during the day but still has to have it at night. He is expected to make a complete recovery. All three were blessed on 7 May 2006 in Elk Ridge, Utah. Again, we felt very privileged to be able to attend. It brings joy to our hearts to see our grandchildren trying to serve the Lord.

We now have seventy great grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild. We were able to attend the blessing of three more grandchildren but could not make it to the blessing of

Cami's little girl Lysie in May. They made up her name to by taking parts of the older sisters, Anslie and Katlyn to get her name. She was born on 17 April 2006.

In June we spent one week at John's house. He wanted to finish his basement and did not have any idea just how to do it. He wanted his dad to give him a few pointers. Ervin is not able to work anymore so John had him sit in the director's chair and give him advice as he measured, sawed, and nailed up two by fours for the framing. They finished framing one room. Howard came one evening after work and helped. Carl came for two nights and also loaned his trailer to haul the lumber from the store. John thinks he has the idea and can finish the framing, but would like help with the electrical, plumbing and hanging the sheet rock. We are more than happy to help our children when we can. In fact, we feel it an honor to think they will ask us for advice.

My, how time slips away. It is now July 2006, and we are anticipating another family reunion.

Then in September, Jen drove me to Jeannine's. We spent the night and Jeannine, Jen and I went to Lehi to the blessing of Carina's little baby boy, Carson. Ervin didn't feel well enough to make the effort to go.

I've been so pleased to be able to attend most of the blessings and baptisms.

The following list is provided by Debbie Goodman.

### **Birth Order of Delores & Ervin's Great Grandchildren**

1. MyKenna Holman (Feb 1998)
2. Jaylee Jordan Burnham (Mar 1998)
3. Brooklyn Kate Holman (Aug 2000)
4. Anslie Rose Pulham (Jun 2001)
5. Kyler Jay Holman (Mar 2002)
6. Mckayla Taylor (May 2002)
7. Hannah Julinah Henage (Jul 2002)
8. Megan Christine Mitchell (Sep 2002)
9. Kailyn Joy Pulham (Aug 2002)
10. Sydney Heindorff (Jul 2003)
11. Jayden Glen Burnham (Aug 2004)

12. Alexander Daniel Henage (Nov 2004)
13. Brooklyn Bischoff (Feb 2005)
14. Richard Thomas Henage (May 2005)
15. Kyson Ferris Taylor (Aug 2005)
16. Camryn Mitchell (Oct 2005)
17. Kirra Grace Heindorff (Oct 2005)
18. Rylan Thomas Doyle (Mar 2006)
19. Kaleb Ren Holman (Mar 2006)
20. Kade Thomas Holman (Mar 2006)
21. Lysie Faith Pulham (Apr 2006)
22. Carson Lincoln Bischoff (Jul 2006)
23. Chase Goodman Taylor (Jun 2007)
24. Parker Mack Goodman (Jun 2007)
25. Cassandra Lynn Burnham (Nov 2007)
26. Joseph Mark Henage (Mar 2008)
27. Lincoln Kindrick Henage (May 2008)
28. Gavin Chase Mitchell (Jul 2008)
29. Finn Tasman Heindorff (Sept 2008)
30. Asher Dennis Doyle (Nov 2008)
31. Matthew Goodman Bergquist (Nov 2008)
32. Abigail Sophia Harroun (Jan 2009)
33. Kyle Goodman Pulham (May 2009)
34. Ryker Ridley Awesome Kleman (Oct 2009)
35. Macey Goodman (Mar 2010)
36. Alana Goodman (June 2010)
37. Skylee Anne Bischoff (Sept 2010)
38. Kayden Woodruff Bergquist (Jan 2011)
39. Ivory Veneta Henage (Feb 2011)
40. Easton Michael Harroun (Mar 2011)
41. Tyce Mitchell Doyle (May 2011)
42. Emma Jeannine Fisher (Nov 2011)
43. Lauren Airlie Heindorff (Aug 2012)
44. Eden Lily Heindorff (Aug 2012)
45. Gage Loren (Oct 2012)
46. Camden Joshua Harroun (Nov 2012)
47. Addison Goodman (Nov 2012)
48. Zoey Kate Supernova Kleman (Jan 2013)
49. Evelyn Bergquist (Mar 2013)
50. Lana Grace Doyle (Oct 2013)
- 51- Katelyn Ann Fisher (Jan 2014)
- 52- Paisley Mae Bischoff (Oct 2014)
- 53- Jaxton Matthew Henage (August 2014)
- 54- Davy Breitenstein (June 2015)
- 55- Kohen Holman (Jan 2016)
- 56- Charity Bergquist (Feb 2016)
- 57- Tate Craig Goodman (Mar 2016)
- 58- Lexi Goodman (Mar 2016)

- 59- Avery Goodman (May 2017)
- 60- Jace David Fisher (Jul 2017)
- 61 –Elsie Melanie Henage (Sep 2017)
- 1 – Great Great GRANDCHILD –** Novalyn Rayne Hernandez (Dec 2017)
- 62 - Marta Ann Goodman (Dec 2018)
- 63 - Cole Bradley Goodman (Apr 2019)
- 64 - Emma Jeane Goodman (Jun 2019)
- 65 – Emma Lee Goodman (Apr 2020)
- 66 – Krew Parker Goodman (Jun 2020)
- 67 - Cole Fisher (Oct 2020)
- 68 – Remi Goodman (Jul 2021)
- 69 - Tyler Teancum Goodman (Mar 2022)
- 70 – Eleanor Maeve Mason (Nov 2022)
- 71 – Charlie Steven Breitenstein (Feb 2023)

Editors' Notes:

Mom passed away on October 5, 2023. Chapter 30 was updated post-mortem with photos, names, and dates. The family photos in the chapter were those that she had on her walls in her home, except for the photo of John's kids. Mom didn't have a photo of his family that included Breeana. There were several nice family photos pre-Breeana. We elected to use one provided by John that included her although Holly and John aren't in it. In the original chapter 30, the marriages and births only went up to about 2006. All others were added after her death and are as they were as of October of 2023.