

Y O U   C A N   M A K E   H O M E   H A P P Y

T H E   L I F E   S T O R Y

O F

M A R Y   P H Y L L I S   F I S H E R   D A V I E S

Prepared by  
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
You Can Make Home Happy.....	3
My Children by Mary Phyllis Fisher Davies.....	3
Preface.....	4
People and Places in the life of Mary Phyllis Fisher Davies....	5
Patriarchal Blessings of Mary Phyllis Fisher Davies.....	17
Autobiography of Mary Phyllis Fisher Davies.....	20
Reminiscences about Prayer.....	25
Primary Program.....	26
Tribute to Mother by a Daughter-in-Law .....	29
A Tribute to Phyllis from Edith on her Golden Wedding Day.....	29
Letter from Aunt Ethel to Ann Murray After Mother's Funeral...	30
The Oldest Sister.....	31
Talks Mother gave at the Relief Society Party.....	33
Letters from Mary Phyllis Fisher Davies .....	37
Appendix .....	46

YOU CAN MAKE HOME HAPPY

Though we cannot change the cottage for a mansion tall and grand  
Nor exchange the humble grass plot for a boundless stretch of land  
Though we have no means to purchase costly pictures rich and rare  
Though we have no silken hangings on the walls so white and bare.  
We can make home happy. We can make home gay.  
Where the will is always, there will be a way.

We can make home bright and cheerful if the right choice we begin  
We can make the inmates happy and their choicest blessings win.  
We can gather round the fireside when the evening hours are long  
We can blend our hearts and voices in a happy social song.  
We can make home happy. We can make home gay.  
Where the will is always, there will be a way.

MY CHILDREN

BY MARY PHYLLIS FISHER DAVIES  
(The only poem I ever wrote)

Those precious spirits entrusted to my care by God above;  
A few short years to mold, to guard, to love.  
Where in their childhood I have failed to point the way,  
Reach out Thy hand, dear Lord, I humbly pray  
And guide their lives that from Thy paths they will not stray.



MARY PHYLLIS FISHER DAVIES

## PREFACE

The title for this little volume of mother's life story and letters, "YOU CAN MAKE HOME HAPPY", was chosen because I believe it is symbolic of mother's life. It is also the title of a song she sang in childhood and, later, to her children in her own home. The last time I remember mother singing this song, was about one month before her death in the summer of 1980 at the Fisher Family Reunion. Aunt Edith invited some of the Fisher family to join her in this family favourite for the family program. Mother had been ill and it was thought she would be too weak to participate: but when the family started to sing, mother (who was sitting on the front row) joined in the song in a soft gentle voice. When she started to sing, Aunt Edith invited her to the front where she joined her brothers and sisters. It was very touching to hear mother sing; tears welled in our eyes and there was a lump in our throats. Mother's physical body was so frail, but she looked radiant and beautiful to me. She was dressed in a pale blue dress. Her features were very pale, almost transparent. But the weakness of her physical body could not hide the beauty and strength of her inner spirit. It seemed to radiate outward a feeling of love, gentility, and peace: the serenity of a life lived nobly and in communion with her Heavenly Father. It brought back fond memories of our childhood home and our wonderful Mother.

Perhaps this little experience just before mother's death was more than coincidental but a challenge. How often through the years have I heard mother sing: "Where the will is always, there will be a way". It was a gentle way of reminding us that a happy home is our responsibility. Our home was not a mansion, tall and grand, as we lived in quite humble circumstances: but home was a refuge from the storms of life; where a kind and gentle mother presided with dignity, where the smells of home made bread greeted us on arrival, where a gentle song drove away the shadows, where prayer to our Father in Heaven started the morning and closed the day. These are the memories of our home and the special mother who was the center of it. We clung to home, and were inspired by the love and spirit of our noble mother. It would be my hope that this little collection about mother's life will be one of the memorials to her memory through out the ages; that whenever it is read by her posterity it will encourage and inspire a renewal of faith and testimony of Jesus Christ. She was promised through the Priesthood that her mission in life was to be a mother in Israel, that some of our Heavenly Father's choice spirits would come to the earth through her. Her endeavour was to accomplish this mission with honour. She left a legacy of virtue, of honesty, of service, and of love of God and her fellow men for each of us to cherish and follow.

PATRIARCHAL BLESSINGS - MARY PHYLLIS FISHER DAVIES  
(Mother received three Patriarchal Blessings)

1. A Patriarchal Blessing given under the hand of Patriarch Henry L. Hinman upon the head of Mary Phyllis Fisher, daughter of Franklin Peirce and Sarah Ann Gibb Fisher, born Jan. 28 1902 at Magrath, Alberta, Canada.

Dear Sister Mary, having been commissioned of Jesus Christ, I place my hand upon the crown of your head and seal upon you a Patriarchal Blessing. Thou art one of the daughters of Ephraim, a noble spirit in whom the Lord is well pleased, an elect lady and the blessings of Sarah of old be upon thy head, that thou mayest become the mother of the faithful, and the mighty, even a multitude who will delight to serve God and keep His commandments, that thy name and the name of thy posterity may ever be found written in the Lamb's book of life, that thy joy may be full. Thou wast faithful while yet in the Spirit world and valiant on the side of truth and gained thy first estate and thy spirit was chosen and held back for the purpose of tabernacling in the flesh when the gospel was again upon the earth, that thou might be a partaker of all the blessings and the rights pertaining thereunto, and gained thy second estate and be added upon forever and I bless thee with power to live for the accomplishment of God's purposes until thou hast completed the mission that the Lord sent thee here on earth to fill and then go back into His presence and offer thyself and all that the Lord does give unto thee at the footstool of God for His acceptance and there be crowned a queen to rule and reign as such in the Celestial kingdom of God. And when the Saviour comes to make up His Jewels, thou shalt go forth to meet Him and be numbered therein.

Be obedient to thy parents, to the whisperings of the Holy Spirit and to the Priesthood of God that presides over thee and in like manner, thy children will be obedient unto thee, for the Lord will reward thee openly for all thy faithfulness in serving Him and keeping His commandments. I bless thee with the gift of faith, wisdom, and understanding that thou mayest be wise even unto salvation, that thou mayest be a comfort, a joy and a light in thy father's household and in course of time receive a companion and thy blessing in the house of the Lord and preside over a home of thine own and have joy therein and that thou mayest have the privilege of labouring in the temples of the Lord for the redemption of both the living and the dead and thus become a Saviour upon Mt. Zion and many will rise up in a day to come to call thee blessed through thy labors of redemption unto them. And I bless thee that thou mayest become a ministering angel, a peace and comfort and strength unto the sick and afflicted, the downcast and the needy. Be patient and persevering in every task of life that is set before thee and thou wilt succeed and Satan shall not have power to lead thee astray and cause thy downfall, but thou wilt be able to endure to the end faithful and true. I seal thee up to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection and be crowned with eternal life. I seal these blessing upon thee upon conditions of thy faithfulness in keeping the commandments of God. This I do in the name of Jesus Christ Amen.  
Hillspring Alberta Canada: June 16, 1913

(Note: This blessing was the first given to mother and was ten years before a temple in the Cardston area was built. The promises of serving in the temple are remarkable under the circumstances - TD)

2. Hillspring Alberta : June 14, 1914

A blessing given by John Lye Gibb, Patriarch, upon the head of Mary Phyllis Fisher, daughter of Franklin Peirce Fisher and Sarah Ann Gibb Fisher, born Jan. 28, 1902 at Magrath, Alberta Canada.

Sister Mary Phyllis Fisher in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth and by virtue of the Holy Priesthood in me vested, I lay my hands upon your head and give you a Patriarchal Blessing. Thou art a chosen spirit of our Father in Heaven and He has given you noble earthly parents and a clean body. Thou art of the House of Israel. Thou wast chosen before the worlds were formed and set apart for thy mission upon the earth in the last days. Our father has had His watch care over thee and has a mighty mission for thee to perform. My dear child it is necessary that thou shouldst still continue to be meek and lowly and reverence them for the enemies of all souls is on the alert at all times and will seek to overthrow thee, but the Lord has given His angels charge concerning thee and He knows thy integrity and thou shalt not be overthrown. Thou shalt be a mighty blessing to thy parents and thy brothers and sisters, for thy desire is to bless every one and the people shall be blessed through thee. Study the scriptures for in them ye think ye have eternal life and they are they which testify of the Saviour. Make yourself acquainted with the gospel for you will have to proclaim it to the nations of the earth. Prepare yourself that you will learn the duties that devolve upon you that you may be fitted for the work that is before you.

There is a chosen noble spirit to be your partner in life. Some of the noblest spirits of the last dispensation shall be sent to the earth through you so prepare yourself my child as did the mother of our Saviour so that you may be pure and holy to give life and succour unto noble men and women. The Lord hath blessings in store for thee and thou shalt see mighty things performed on the nations of the earth. The wicked shall tremble and devils shall flee from thy presence.

Now, my child, the Lord hath blessings for thee and thou wilt be blessed. I feel at this time that the blessings for thee that have been given unto thee are sufficient for the present. Thou wilt do thy father's work and not falter and I seal thee up against the power of the destroyer that he will not thwart thy work or have power to over throw thee. Thou wilt be found in the Father's kingdom in thy proper place amongst the noble and just ones. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Patriarchal Blessing of Mary Phyllis Fisher Davies - June 28 1925

A blessing given by Franklin Peirce Fisher, Patriarch on the head of Mary Phyllis Fisher, daughter of Franklin Peirce Fisher and Sara Gibb Fisher, Born Jan. 28, 1902, at Magrath, Alberta Canada.

My dear daughter Phyllis, having authority from our beloved Saviour, I place my hands upon the crown of thy head and give unto thee a blessing. I seal and confirm upon thee because of thy faithfulness and thy obedience, all the blessings that have been given to thee from thy childhood unto this present hour: remembering the blessing that you received when in your father's arms you were blessed and named. And in that blessing you were promised that your guardian Angel should be with you during your life to protect you from all harm and evil and that your life should be prolonged and you should live to fill your mission completely and in honour before the Lord. Thou art a noble and devoted daughter and thou shalt be blessed insomuch that thou shalt continue to stand in thy proper place in thy father's household. Thou wast chosen even before thou wast born to fill thy mission upon the earth. Thou shalt be blessed to fill thy mission in honour unto the Lord. Thou shalt be blessed with a companion and through his help and assistance, as you journey through life's pathway together to so work out your life that after your mission has been completed you shall be able to gain eternal life and upon you and your household a second death shall have no power. Thou shalt also be a noble mother and devoted wife in this world.

I bless thee with faith and the spirit of obedience. I bless thee that thou shalt have wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even

hidden treasures: and the destroying Angel shall pass thee by and thou shalt run and not be weary and walk and not faint, and the destroying sickness that shall again come to the earth shall not have power to destroy thy body nor those who are with thee in thy household. Thou art a lover of the refining qualities of music and art and literature and those things that tend to make your soul big and noble. Thy children after thee shall possess these noble qualities to the end that through their songs and music and refined words will drive away the power of gloom and darkness from thy household and the influence of the adversary shall flee this refined influence like the dew flees from the burning rays of the morning sun. I see before thee some sorrow and trouble, but the joy that shall come to thee shall outweigh them all and in the end thou shalt have thy joys multiplied until thou shalt feel to rejoice all the days of thy life, because of thy marvellous blessings. I bless thee with wisdom in the physical care of thy body that through your wise actions and your faith and continued prayers unto the Lord your body shall become strong and vigorous to the fulfilling the measure of its creation. Sickness shall flee from before thee and shall not have power to destroy thy body. Thou art of the chosen branch of Israel through the loins of Ephraim and their blessings are thy blessings. I seal thee up against the power of the destroyer unto the day of redemption. Thou art and shall continue to be numbered with the Saviours on Mount Zion. Thou shalt not stumble nor shalt thou fall from thy Father's presence. I seal these blessings upon you by virtue of the Holy Priesthood: in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

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In order to place this blessing in its proper perspective, it should be noted that the promise of a healthy body and of a family was given before mother's marriage and that even after she was married she was told by the doctors that she would not be able to have children because her heart was weakened by Rheumatic fever. That she lived to be 78 years of age and gave birth to eight children is a witness of mother's faith and integrity and a testimony that this blessing was inspired. Examination of this blessing in the light of mother's life will adequately demonstrate that it has been and is now being fulfilled to the letter. Of special mention is the endowment of the refining qualities of music, art and literature in the lives of her children and grandchildren which has been literally fulfilled. Furthermore, one could cite any other part of this blessing and cite examples of what was fulfilled.

- TD

#### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARY PHYLLIS FISHER DAVIES

(Parts of this autobiography were taken from two different accounts)

Things that I remember about my mother, father and my childhood grow dimmer every passing day so I must write them down. I remember mother telling me that before I was born she and Aunt Jehzell Merkley went to Cardston in a democrat to a Relief Society or Mutual conference. A democrat is a buggy with two seats. It is pulled by two horses. (We didn't have cars in those days). When they got out of the meeting, it was pouring rain and by the time they got to the Saint Mary's River, the water was running over the wooden bridge. The bridge was rocking and they were afraid to cross, but Aunt Jehzell was anxious to get home to her baby boy, Marion who had been left at home. They prayed that they would be able to cross safely and they did so; but as they looked back, they saw the bridge floating down the river. It had broken loose.

I remember when Glen got lost. One Sunday morning when Orrin and I returned from Sunday School mother was looking for Glen. He had gone out to the barn to see a new born calf and hadn't returned. This was just before Emma was born and mother wasn't feeling very well, so she had laid down to rest for a while. Father went out to look for him while mother, Orrin, and I knelt down and prayed that no harm would come to him and that we would be able to find him. We looked down by the creek (in Magrath) and everywhere, but it was about three hours before someone saw him and asked his name. He said, "Glen", but he didn't know his last name. He had been crying and his face was dirty, so they asked who it was that washed his face. He said, "Phyllis". The lady knew who I was because I went to her Sunday School class. I remember how grateful we were when they drove up to our house with him.

I remember when Emma was born. It was in July and Orrin and I had the measles or whooping cough so we couldn't go in where the baby was. We would go to the window and father would hold up the baby so we could see it. Later, I remember how I loved to rock her in a little rocking chair father made for Christmas. She seemed so sweet and beautiful to me.

I remember when Orrin and I had the measles. A neighbour boy, Lloyd Ririe, brought us some animal crackers, the first we had ever seen. I remember grandmother Fisher sent me a beautiful muff and scarf for Christmas. One day I lost the muff, but a neighbour boy who lived across the street found it and brought it home to me.

One time, some boys got into our strawberry patch and were stealing our strawberries. I ran and told father and he tried to catch them but they got away. I thought it was terrible for them to steal our strawberries.

I wish I had the gift to write the story of my mother's life. She was truly a noble person and a real pioneer. She was born at Lehi, Utah, the eighth of eleven children. When she was eighteen, she went to school at Provo under Karl G. Maeser. The next year, her father was called by the Church to bring his family to Canada. They lived in a dug-out at first until they could build a home. Mother was the first school teacher in Magrath. It was there that she met my father. She went to Sunday School and they didn't have seats to sit on, just boards on blocks. She sat on the end of a board. It tipped up and she went sprawling on the floor. My father laughed so hard that she thought she hated him. But he knew at first sight that she was the girl he wanted to marry. So the next spring, they went back to Salt Lake City with some other friends and were married in the Salt Lake Temple.

Father built a three room house and white washed it and mother made curtains out of cheese cloth. Her dresser was made out of boxes and covered with cheese cloth. A pretty quilt covered her bed and we children had a folding bed to sleep on. It folded up against the wall and had a pretty curtain around it. Everything mother did she did carefully. She said to me, "No one will every ask how long did it took you to make it, but they will say how well it was done.

When I was grown, I went to look at our old home but the grass was uncut and weeds had overgrown everything. The house that father had white-washed so carefully was used as a granary.

Mother must have taken lots of care dressing me because whenever I met people from Magrath, they say they remember my beautiful curls and how nice I was dressed. When I was older and took part in plays etc, mother would go over the lines and help me to say them just right to suit the part. She told us many stories out of the best books and taught us many songs. I remember how hard she worked to help Emma with the talk she gave at the MIA conference in Salt Lake City and when Emma took second place, how happy mother was about it. She always worked hard to make a nice Christmas for all of us.

Father made a table and chairs and I got a set of dishes for Christmas and I could hardly wait to have a tea party as we called it. So mother brought some milk and cookies and we were just going to eat when Grandfather Gibb came in and ate with us.

When I was five or six, mother sent me to the store with a bottle to buy some vinegar and also to go to grandma's on the way back to take her a message. I loved to go to the store because my Sunday School teacher was the clerk. She always waited on me, or I waited until she was free. As I left the store, I tripped on the steps and fell and broke the bottle of vinegar. The vinegar ran off the porch and down the steps. I think I felt worse about the steps and the mess I had made than the vinegar. My Sunday School teacher came out and swept up the pieces of glass and told me not to cry. A little girl about my age, Mary Critchfield, who lived near grandma's house was at the store. She took hold of my hand and said she would go with me as far as Grandma's house. When I was coming home, I had to pass a home where a mean boy lived. He must have been 10 or 12 years old. When I saw him at the gate, I started to run and he threw some dirt at me. When I got home, I was crying and told mother that the Marsden boy had thrown rocks at me and had broken the bottle and it spilled the vinegar.

Mother only said, "Oh dear, and I wanted the vinegar to put on the greens for supper." I can't remember thinking any more about it until the next Sunday. When mother came home from meeting, she said to me: "I saw your Sunday School teacher today at meeting. She told me how sorry she was when you fell on the store steps and broke the bottle and spilled the vinegar." Mother sat down and put her arm around me and said: "Why did you tell me that the Marsden boy threw rocks at you and spilled the vinegar? Didn't you know that was a lie?" When she got through talking to me, I knew it was not the vinegar that she cared about but that I told her a lie.

When my father was just sixteen years old, he was called by the President of the Church to come to Canada and work on the canal that was being built through Magrath and to help build up this country. My mother came with her parents, who had also been called to settle in Canada. It was in Magrath that they met and after two years they returned to Salt Lake City and were married in that temple on Jan 1, 1901. A year later, I was born at Magrath on Jan 28, 1902.

My father had built a three-roomed house, white washed it, and planted trees, flowers and shrubs around it. Mother made curtains and drapes of cheesecloth.

When I was seven years old, I started school. Grace Fletcher was my teacher. On June 5, 1910, I was baptised in the river by Brother Matkin and confirmed by Bishop Harker the same day.

In the spring of 1909, my father bought land from the church at Hillspring. In the spring of 1910, he began farming this land and later that Spring, the family moved up there to the farm. I shall never forget that day. Father drove the wagon with our furniture in it and with Orrin and Glen on the seat beside him. I rode in the buggy with mother, holding the baby (Ethel) on my lap, while mother drove the team. Emma and Neff sat on the floor in front of us.

It was a beautiful day. Everything was so fresh and green. We camped out that night and slept under the stars. The next day we went on, over miles of lush prairie grass. When we came to the river at Hillspring, Father drove the wagon across, and then returned on one of the horses for us. The water was so deep that it came into the buggy. Mother had to take the two children on her lap and we had to hold our feet up to keep them from getting wet. It took skilful driving to keep the horses from going down stream. I have crossed that river many times on our way to Cardston, to get supplies and go to Stake events, and I always offered a silent prayer that we might get across safely, just as we did that day.

At last, we came over the hill and could look over the valley with its carpet of green grass and flowers and the hill in the background. There were no fences to be seen, just the shack by the lake that father had built for us to live in, and a tall two storied house that belonged to Carl Tanner. I soon learned that he had a daughter, Lenore, who was just a little older than I was. How we enjoyed playing together. That summer stands out in my memory as being very happy and carefree. We loved to go with father up over the hill to the spring for barrels of water.

We held our first meeting in the home of Carl Tanner and it was there that the ward was organised on the twelfth of July, 1910, with father as the Bishop, Carl Tanner as first Counsellor, and Thomas Davies as second Counsellor. Later, meetings and parties were held in the new home father was building. By fall, the country was dotted with houses, among which was the Garanger Hotel, where on the ground floor, school was held that fall. Orilla Woolf Tanner, wife of Sydney Tanner, was our first school teacher in Hillspring. She was very strict and I had forgotten everything I had ever learned, so grade two was a nightmare to me as was the rest of my early schooling. In 1912, the new school was built, where church and entertainment were also held. People flocked into Hillspring to get land and in a few years the ward population was four or five hundred. People came and went, but the population remained about the same throughout the years. It was a busy little town. The important events were the piping of the water from the spring down the hill, the coming of the railroad, the building of the canal, the building of the church and its burning down; and then a new church had to be built. It was here I grew up.

When I was fourteen, I took very sick with rheumatic fever and had to stay in bed for several months. At times, the pain was so severe that when someone came across the room, I could feel the tremors in my body. The people fasted and prayed for me, and father and Pres. Wood gave me a blessing and I got well: but the doctor said that my heart had been affected and that I was not to go back to school: so in the next few years I spent a great deal of time reading good books. We had a travelling MIA library with good books. It came once a month. During those years, I also devoted my time to helping mother and working in the store that father managed for Mr Steed. I also took part in many plays during the years that followed. I taught in Sunday School as assistant kindergarten teacher and as secretary of the primary. When I was eighteen, I went back to school and took grades eight and nine and passed grade ten departmental examinations. I started grade eleven, but mother was so sick just before Jim was born that I stayed out to help her. When she was better, I went to work. In that way I was able to support myself and send a little money to Orrin who was on a mission. In the fall of 1924, I went to Cardston to work for Ellen Peterson. They had a lovely home. On the 19th of February, 1925, I went to the temple and received my endowment and that winter and the next spring, I went to the temple and did work for the dead.

The year Ren returned from his mission, in October 1923, he told me he wanted to marry me and asked me to let him come and see me. I had not known him very well before he went on his mission. I remember once seeing him ride past our house after he had been away to school, with a fancy jacket and riding a fancy horse. He was three years older than I when we started school in Hillspring. Then he went away to Cardston and Raymond to High school and to Logan and Claresholm for two years and then two years on a mission. That is how I had thought of him; but I soon found out that he was sincere in his testimony and his desire to live the gospel. He had a keen mind and many beautiful qualities that I admired very much, so two years after he returned from his mission, we were married in the Alberta temple, October 14, 1925.

That fall, it had been stormy and cold and no crops had been harvested. The day before we were married, it started to snow and continued to do so all night. The next morning the snow was so deep that it was impossible to travel by car, so Ren got a buggy and a team of horses and took Mother and I to Cardston, and father came in on horseback later. Ren's folks were living in Cardston. We were married by Edward J. Wood. It was a beautiful ceremony that stands out clearly in my memory. After the services, Mary Grow invited us all to her home for a lovely wedding supper.

We first lived in part of Ren's Father's old home in Hillspring. Ren had fixed up the front two rooms so nice for us to live in. His sister, Nell, and her family lived in the back part of the house. In the spring, we moved up on the river to the farm and for a number of years, we farmed the land in the summer and moved into Hillspring for the winter.

The second Christmas after we were married, we went into Cardston to spend Christmas with Ren's folks. The day after Christmas, the 26th of December, 1926, Anne was born. The doctor told me because of my weak heart, caused by Rheumatic fever, that I should never have any more children, but Pres. Wood and my father, who both held the Priesthood, had promised me that I would fulfil my life's mission which was to have a family; and that in doing so my body would become healthy and strong. This promise, I have seen literally fulfilled. Just before Lore was born, I went to a heart specialist who told me that a gristle had grown over the leaking valve in my heart and the heart muscles had developed. With care, I might have a family and still live to be an old lady: and the Lord has blessed me with health and strength for which I am grateful.

The summer of 1928, Ren worked on the road between Mountain View and Waterton Lakes and I cooked for his crew. Ann was such a smart baby. She could say words and walk when she was nine months old. Just thirteen months after she was born, I gave birth to my first son, Tom. He was such a good baby and lay all day in his crib most of the summer without any fuss. Anne just loved him to death.

On the first of October, 1929, we were living on the farm up on the river. About three o'clock in the morning, Ren took me to Cardston in our one seated Chev. Car. I held Tom on my lap and Anne sat on the seat between us. As we neared the Indian school (St. Paul's), the car stopped and Ren could not get it to start. We offered a prayer that we might get to the hospital. When Ren tried it again it started right off. We left the children at his mother's and went on to the hospital. I got out without stopping the car and later, Ren drove it down to the garage. It stopped there and would not start. The mechanics at the garage said that part of the distributor was gone and he could not see how it could have run without it. God had blessed us in answer to our prayer. Lore was born almost as soon as I got into the hospital. The nurses called him Diplomacy.

That winter we moved into one room of Henry Buhler's home in Hillspring, and while we were living there the Church house in Hillspring burned down.

The next spring, we sold the farm up on the river and purchased Devere Dudley's farm one and one half miles south of Hillspring so we could have some irrigated land and be closer to town.

That first year we had a good crop and on the fourth of December, 1931 Danny was born. It was bitter cold and windy that winter and our house was draftee and Danny got pneumonia. It was almost like an epidemic that year. Esther Pack Strate's baby died with it. Danny had such an awful cough for such a tiny baby. I was worried about him: but Ren administered to him and he got better gradually and I know the Lord made him well.

On the 31 of March, 1933, Sara was born. She was such a beautiful baby, so plump and sweet and always happy. In September, Anne started school. I wrote in my diary; "Tomorrow is quite a memorable day in my life. My little daughter, Anne, my comfort I call her, starts school. Undine Caldwell is to be her teacher. She prayed tonight that she would get there on time. Tomorrow, she starts on life's pathway. She is no longer my baby girl. She will make new friends and will have new cares. May she always be as sweet as she is now".

1934 - We were in the middle of the depression years. Grain was only worth \$0.32 a bushel. It was impossible to make a living and make our payments on the farm, so Ren got what work he could. He worked on irrigation ditches, put up hay, and worked on the roads to get a living for us. In the spring of 1934, we turned the farm back to Devere Dudley and moved into two rooms of Ollie Olsen's (now Ed Smythes) house in Hillspring. That year I had the best garden I have ever had and Ren worked on the road in Waterton Park; but in the fall Olsen's wanted to move back into town for the winter, so we had to move out. As there were no houses to rent in Hillspring and as it would be easier for Ren to get home from work, we rented a house in Cardston next to Ren's father's house. In October, Ren took Anne and Tom into Cardston to stay with their grandmother until he could get time off to move the rest of the family. It was Tom's first year at school. We lived about a mile from the school and it was quite a walk for the children. The first day they lost their way and couldn't find Grandma's so they asked a girl. It happened to be their cousin, Ruth Wynder, and she took them to Grandma's. It was a long three weeks but finally Ren was able to move us in.

That summer, I raised a big garden and milked two cows and Ren worked on the road at Waterton. In the winter, he was made MIA president and I worked on the Stake Relief Society and taught the Social Science lessons and taught in the Stake Primary. I also went to Calgary with the Little Theatre group and played in the Alberta tryouts in a Cardston play. We took second place in the contest.

In September, Lore started school. He was just five, but that winter the children had the measles, then the chicken pox so in the spring, I did not send him back to school.

1935 - That year work was so scarce. We moved back to Hillspring where Ren had bought some land. We rented a little house from George Gibb in Hillspring, bought some cows, and did some farming. On the 30th of May 1936, Ellen was born. She was such a tiny mite. I had a hard time getting her to take a bottle. I had no milk for her and the children nearly loved her to death.

The next year Ren sold most of his horses and bought a second hand truck and for a number of years did general trucking, hauling grain, hay, coal, poles, lumber etc. He went up into the mountains and got logs and had them sawed at the mill and we began building a house on the foundation of the old church that had burned down. Laverne Davies did most of the building and Ren hauled coal, lumber, grain etc. for him to pay for his work. The kitchen was soon plastered and we moved into it on Thanksgiving day. I was so happy to have a home of our own once more. We finished the house a little at a time over the next few years.

On February 12, 1941, Franklin was born. He was a fine, big, husky boy. This was the year that Anne had pneumonia and was in the hospital for several weeks. It was the first time that we had so serious a sickness since Danny was a baby, and we were very concerned: but the Lord heard our prayers and her lungs were healed.

On October 2, 1942, about twenty months after Frank's birth, Lloyd was born and when he was about five months old he got mumps and couldn't nurse. He got very thin and nervous and was always small for his age.

The years that followed were very busy and eventful years in my life. When the war broke out in 1940, father sold his truck and went

into dairying. One by one the older children graduated from school and left home to attend university and college, to teach school and to work. Anne, Dan, and Tom filled long term missions. Their letters home and their fine testimonies have been a blessing to our family.

In 1950, I was called to work in the primary in Hillspring as Primary President, a position I held for four years and enjoyed very much.

In the year 1955, just after Ellen was married, we moved to Bow Island. Father and Lynn had purchased some land three miles north of town. We lived in town at first, but Ren bought the old Catholic Church manse and had it moved out to the farm and we moved into that. Ren was made branch clerk and then second Counsellor in the branch presidency.

1959 - Frank is finishing grade 12 and Lloyd is in grade eleven. They ride to school on the bus. They are such fine boys, and help their father on the farm. Anne and Ellen are living in Provo where their husbands are attending BYU. Tom is also in Provo working for his Doctor's degree in Chemistry. Lore teaches school in Magrath and Sara and her family live in Lethbridge. Dan and his wife and their new baby live in Bow Island and Dan drives a propane truck and works on his farm. On the 25th of December, my twelfth grand child, Noel Ann, was born. I now have seven granddaughters and five grandsons. They are very dear and precious to me.

January 10, 1960 - As I sit writing and pondering over my life, I realise how I have been blessed. I am very grateful for my family and their accomplishments. I am thankful that they are all working in the Church and that Ren and the boys hold important positions in the Priesthood of God. It makes me feel that I have not lived my life in vain. I am grateful for the privilege I have had in serving in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I have taught in all of the organisations. I have worked for twenty years in the primary as secretary, teacher and president. I have taught in the MIA and was Counsellor for two years and speech director for two years. I have also worked in the Relief Society and Sunday school and am now the President of the Bow Island Relief Society. I was also a Counsellor for three years making a total of eight years in the Presidency. I am grateful for God's protecting care over my family and over me. My greatest desire is that we all may live worthy of our blessings and prove valiant to the end, always striving to do good, in love of God, and our fellow men.

Jan 1970 - Ten years ago today I wrote the story of my life to put in my genealogical book. My grand children have asked me to give them a copy of it to read in their family home evening program, so I will add some things to it as many interesting things have happened since then.

On the 24th of September, 1960, Frank left home for the first time to attend BYU in Provo. It was so hard to see him go. For five years Lloyd and Frank had been alone with us on the farm and worked side by side with their father. It had been a hard struggle building a home, fixing ditches, irrigating, planting crops, beets, potatoes, grain, milking cows and working in the little ward. But they had been happy years together. We still had Lloyd to help us. Frank boarded with Tom and by working part time was able to help with expenses. Tom, too, was working part time at BYU while earning his Doctor's degree. It was at this time that Tom's leg became very sore and swollen with a disease he had contracted while on a mission in the Samoan Islands (leprosy). It was through their faith and prayers that he was made well. Besides taking his course in Agriculture, Frank sang with a BYU chorus. He also sang with a BYU choir at General Conference. He helped on the farm that next summer and on the eight of January, 1962, left for a mission to the Northern California mission. He made many converts to the church and received an honourable release Feb 3, 1964.

On Dec 23, 1964, Frank married Frances Fay Brandle in the Alberta temple. That fall, he was able to get a job with Glen Steed working for

the Provincial Agriculture Department. He has since been back to BYU and received his bachelor's degree in Agriculture. He is now living in Edmonton and has two fine boys.

Tom received his PhD in Chemistry from BYU in the spring of 1963 and went to work for the Canadian Chemical Co. in Edmonton. He was married in the temple to Rae Poulsen on the 15th of July, 1964, and is now the director of the freshman laboratories in the Chemistry Department at the University of Alberta and has three Children: Megan, Teddy and Robert. He is also the Bishop of the Ward.

Lore also worked towards part of his master's degree in mathematics at Provo in 1968-1969. He is now living on his farm in Welling and goes back and forth each day to teach at the Lethbridge Collegiate Institute. He has five lovely girls and one fine boy. We are very proud of him. He has worked his own way through University by working in the summers and by attending summer school.

The year after Frank left for his mission, Lloyd was also called to go on a mission. He had worked hard on the farm to keep Frank in the mission field and get enough money to go that fall. One hot day in July, Lloyd was cultivating the beets. A dark cloud appeared in the sky. Lloyd came running to the house. "Oh mother, it is going to hail," he said. "And if the crops are destroyed, I can't go on a mission this fall. Let's pray that it will not hail". And so we did pray and we pleaded that our crops would be spared. Then we went outside. The sky was black with hail clouds, but as we stood there still praying in our hearts, a strong gust of wind came up from the east. The clouds parted and receded towards the north and south. Then it started to rain. Such a downpour for about ten minutes I had never seen before. There was a little hail with the rain but it melted as it hit the ground. A miracle had been performed in answer to our prayer and our crops were saved. Lloyd went on his mission to Australia. While he was in the mission field, I received a letter from an old lady. She said that on Sunday evening in meeting that my son, Elder Lloyd Davies had given the most wonderful talk and told how in answer to your prayers the hail had been turned to rain, making it possible for him to go on a mission. She said Lloyd was such a wonderful missionary. He always had such a warm handshake for every one. Pres. Morgan Coombs also told us of the good work he was doing in the mission field. Lloyd returned home after an honourable release in December, 1965. In Feb, 1966, he went to Provo to BYU and took a course in agricultural economics. There he met Jane Cripps and they were married in the Alberta Temple, 27 July, 1967. They have at this time two lovely daughters. They are now living in Indiana where Lloyd is attending University to obtain a Doctor's Degree.

When Frank and Lloyd decided to go away to school instead of staying on the farm, Ren felt that he could not carry on alone, because of his back. Through the years it had been getting worse and the doctors told him he must quit work or he would be in a wheel chair the rest of his life. Bow Island had been made a Ward and Ren had been released from the Branch Presidency and I was released from the Relief Society. We decided to sell our farm, pay our debts and move to Cardston to work in the temple. Veryle and Ellen had also asked us to come and look after their place while he went to Provo to Summer School to finish his degree in Education. So in April, 1966, we went to Leavitt. We bought a place in Cardston and that summer Lore made some cupboards. We fixed up the house and moved into it in Sept, 1966. Since then, we have attended sessions of the temple. On Feb 23, 1969, we were set apart as temple workers and we have been attending the temple for the last four years. We have enjoyed our work there very much and we have so many things to be thankful for.

Ren has been made one of the Supervisors at the temple. His back is better than it has been for some time. We have a good warm, comfortable home and plenty to eat and to wear. At this time we have 35

lovely grand children. Our children are all working in the church and striving hard to care for their families. We meet together in a happy reunion at Christmas, Easter, and during the summer. The children make all the arrangements. They are so good to us.

I have lived to see many mighty wonders performed on the earth, as it says in my Patriarchal blessing, given to me by my grandfather Gibb. I have seen many marvellous inventions such as the radio, TV, automobiles, airplanes, and electrical appliances in the homes, and great strides in the medical fields and in every other field. I have lived through two world wars in which much sorrow and destruction was brought about through bombs, airplanes, submarines and other modern warfare. My two brothers, Bob and Frank were there but their lives were preserved and they returned home unharmed in answer to prayer and the goodness of our Father in Heaven. I have also seen the great depression where people were made humble because they had to struggle to make a living.

I have lived to hear and see five prophets of God. I have had the privilege of hearing them speak in General Conference as well as on the radio and TV. I have heard their words of prophecy and inspiration many times. I was present at the dedication of the Alberta Temple and heard the dedicatory prayer by Pres. Heber J. Grant and I have listened to the Apostles many times and I know they are called of God. I have lived to see great strides in the church which now has over three million members. There are many church houses, wards and stakes throughout the land.

My greatest desire is that we, Ren and I, with our children and grandchildren, will remain true to the church and work hard to bring about God's purposes here on Earth, and to love the Lord and keep His commandments, that we may be worthy. When the Saviour comes again to rule and reign on Earth, my prayer is that we may all go forth and be numbered in His Kingdom.

Jan 1974 - Yesterday, Ren and I went to Lethbridge with Aunt Lynn. She was going down and asked us to come. We went to see if we could get a second hand piano or organ, so that when the children come, they could play it. I have had such pleasure in playing the hymns when we had a piano, but the least expensive was \$1000. I hope we can find a second hand one some time: but everything costs so much now. Everything has gone up so high.

Jan 1975 - For Christmas, the children gave us an organ. I must be selfish, because they all need things, but they sacrificed to give me an organ.

Aug 1975 - Thank you dear children, for the organ. It has been such a joy and comfort to me. When I have felt lonely or depressed, I go and sit down and play the hymns and my gloom is soon gone. So I must thank each one of you for the joy it has brought me. You have all been so good to your mother, so obedient, and have been true to the church and have worked in the church for which I am grateful. It was wonderful to have my oldest grandson, Edward Eric Anderson, go on a mission to preach the gospel in France. I know he will be a good missionary. He is such a fine boy. May God protect him and bless him I pray.

Aug 7, 1975 - It is Barbara's birthday today. We went down to see her and wish her a happy birthday, but they were not at home. We also went to Dan's but he was not home either. Ren and I went to Creston this week and got some fruit. It was a lovely trip through the mountains.

--(The following notes were added by Father)

On Feb 23, 1967, we were set apart as temple officiators. Phyllis worked there for a little over eight years. Whenever any of the lady officiators wanted to be away, about the first person they contacted for their substitute was Sister Davies and if it was at all possible she would fill in for them.

About 1975, she began to have trouble with her heart. At first the doctors didn't realise that it was her heart and treated her for stomach upset. They quickly realised that it was not her stomach but her heart that was giving her trouble. The blood was getting thicker and the heart was getting weaker and so would not pump the blood to her extremities as it should and so she was not getting blood to her head and was therefore having trouble remembering. Dr Van Orman said he was giving her pills to thin down her blood but he didn't dare give her too much because she might bleed to death if she cut her finger or had a nose bleed. Furthermore, the one valve in her heart that still worked leaked a little.

It bothered her that she made mistakes so she talked with Pres. Fletcher and asked to be released. They released her from the temple assignment on the 1st of April, 1975. She felt very bad about having to be released but continued to go to the temple and do work for the dead. She would go early in the morning with me and either do proxy work for sealings or go through and do endowments until noon. Usually, she stayed home when I went back in the evenings so I usually went home when my work looking after the new patrons was finished.

In 1971, we went down to Salt Lake where I was set apart to do sealings by Pres. Joseph Fielding Smith. As we were leaving the Church Office Building, we met Pres. Tanner and he took us all into his office for a visit. He had a big chair that had belonged to President Wilford Woodruff. When they had renovated the temple and put other furniture in the temple, Eldon bought it and put it in his office. He asked Phyllis if she would like to sit in President Woodruff's chair, so she did and really enjoyed the honour. We had a very nice visit with him. He always made quite a fuss over Phyllis. He had taught her in school and thought a lot of her.

Later that fall, we went to England and she enjoyed the trip very much. We made a couple of other trips there and she seemed to enjoy them very much. We also travelled in the States and Eastern Canada while she was able to go.

I don't know when I first fell in love with Phyllis but I can remember her when she was just a little girl. She was so pretty with long curly hair. One time when we were kids there in Hillspring a group of us were arranging to have a party. We quite often had an oyster supper or a chicken supper and very often the chickens were stolen. This time someone suggested we invite Phyllis but one of the girls spoke and said, "There is no use inviting her. She won't come. She thinks she is too good to associate with the likes of us." I sure bawled that girl out properly. I told her that there was no doubt that she was too good to associate with the likes of us and I didn't blame her father if he didn't want her to come to our parties. At one time I did think he didn't want her to come because he thought we were too tough but it may have been that he thought it was too much for her health. At any rate, it made me furious for that girl to speak as she did. She did take part in a good many plays and entertainment's and did a lot of singing in Church. Pres. Wood quite often had her sing in Stake Conference.

I don't think she ever went out with any of the other boys around town. Bro. Fisher sometimes invited some of the young fellows home to dinner but she never seemed interested in any of them.

After we were married it used to amuse me to see her try to comb her curly hair. It was so curly that it was quite a task for her to pull the comb through her hair. She was always beautiful and had such a pleasant disposition and was always kind right up to the last.

The Spring of 1978 or 1979, Phyllis and I went down to Fillmore, Utah. We decided to walk over to the old State Building which had been turned into an historical museum. Just before we got to the museum, there was a couple of young fellows and their girls coming down the lane towards us. As we got close to them, one of the young fellows looked

intently at Phyllis and then he said, "My lady, you sure look lovely in that dress". The other fellow agreed and this upset one of the girls. She said, "You never say nice things like that to me". She was quite upset.

When we were in England with Frank and Fay we went down to Seven Oaks, Kent. We had to wait at the Station for a while for some reason. The station master came over to us and said to Phyllis: "Wouldn't you like me to show you around the town, It would be a pleasure to do so." Phyllis said no as she was there with her husband. He replied: "Oh, he can come along if he wants but it would be a pleasure to show a beautiful lady like you around."

As I said, Phyllis continued to go with me to the temple until just before she died. She would go with me early in the morning and stay until noon. We would have our dinner and then come home. When I went back about four thirty she would usually stay home and rest until I came home about six or seven o'clock. Usually we stayed home after that but sometime we would go visit the children or something like that.

On the morning of the sixth of August, 1980, we got up as usual and I got Phyllis some breakfast and we got ready to go to the temple; but just before we were ready to leave she said that she didn't feel very good and didn't think she would go. This wasn't unusual as she quite often stayed home when she didn't feel well so I didn't think too much about it. I asked her if there was anything I could do for her and she said no! so I got ready to leave. As I went out the door and said goodbye, she raised up a little and said, "I love you." I went over to the temple but they had been renovating the sealing rooms and one of them was not ready for use: so after I finished looking after some new people, I decided to go home.

When I came in the door she was still lying on the couch but she had passed away in her sleep. I called the doctor but there was nothing he could do.

She was buried in the Cardston Cemetery on the ninth of August, 1980, loved by all who knew her.

## REMINISCENCES ABOUT PRAYER

In our home, when I was a girl, my father was very strict about family prayer. Often he would come in late from work, but he would gather us all together for prayer. It didn't matter who was there or how anxious we were to go some place. We must always have family prayer before we left. It was the same in my husband's family, so it was only natural that we should try at all times to have family prayer in our home.

I have learned that there is nothing that draws a family closer together than to kneel together in prayer, to ask our Father in Heaven for His spirit to be in our home. In prayer, we can ask for help in being kind and thoughtful and to help us love each other. We can ask for His protecting care and for His help through the day or His protecting care through the night. Then your heart will be full of joy when you think of the many blessings He has given you and then as you express your gratitude together, you not only draw nearer to your Heavenly Father, but you draw nearer to each other.

As a family, we have had our prayers answered many times in sickness and in need. When Anne, my oldest daughter was about 18 years old she got a pain in her hip. At times it was very painful. She had to lay on her stomach because it hurt her to move in bed. She went to a number of doctors but they didn't know what was wrong. As the years went by she grew worse, so we sent her to a bone specialist in Calgary. The specialist told her that she had a puss bag on her hip and that she would have to have an operation to have it removed. Her father and I took her to the hospital in Calgary. Before we left, we all knelt in prayer. Then her father who held the priesthood administered to her and we all fasted and prayed that her operation would be successful. When they operated on her, they found that the inflammation was much deeper than they thought so she had to have a long deep incision. The doctor said it might take a long time for it to heal: but it healed so rapidly that the Doctors said it was a miracle, and in a week she was able to leave the hospital. We in her family knew that it was through the power of our Father in Heaven in answer to our prayer that she was healed. (Anne's hip did not grow properly thereafter and she has one leg shorter than the other. At times this is very painful to her).

The year Frank went on his mission, we had a fair crop. It was the first one we had had for three years, because for three years we had been hailed out, and unable to pay our debts. In order to keep Frank there, we sold our milk cows and milking equipment. The second summer he was away, Bishop Atwood asked Lloyd if he would go on a mission that fall. He talked it over with father and we decided, if we could possibly send him we would. It would all depend on how our crops turned out. Every day we prayed that we would have a good crop in order to keep Frank in the mission field and that we might be able to send Lloyd on a mission.

One day in July, Lloyd was cultivating the beets near the house, when he came running in and said, "Oh, mother, lets pray together. The hail is coming." We knelt down and he pleaded with the Lord to save our crops that he would be able to go on a mission. Then I prayed in turn. After praying, we went outside. There was a big black cloud hanging low over our farm and house. As we stood there watching it, the wind changed from the east to the north. Quickly the wind blew big white clouds into the black ones. It seemed to open to make room for the white ones to move in. Then the rain began to pour down. There was a little bit of hail but it melted before it hit the ground. Our hearts were filled with gratitude. We learned the next day at church that all around us had been hailed out. Bishop Atwood was completely hailed out. We had a good crop and Lloyd was able to go on a Mission to Australia. A few weeks ago, I received a letter from a lady who was a convert to the church, telling

me that Lloyd had born his testimony in church that day and had told how the Lord had stayed the hail, making it possible for him to come on a mission.

PRIMARY PROGRAM - (Mother did the assignment along with her students)

Honour Badge No. 8 - Understand Beauty (page 62)

"Look for something beautiful every day for two months. Keep a diary of your discoveries. Share the discoveries."

After studying the lesson, " There is beauty all around", to give to my Beehive class, I decided that I needed to look more for the lovely things that come into my life: and to remember and cherish them. So I decided to fill this Honour Badge, Understand Beauty.

March 18 - Just hundreds of little swallows have built their nest in the eves of our house and other buildings. In the morning when I awake the first thing I hear is the chirping of the hundreds of little birds. This morning I noticed two little swallows were building a nest under the lid of the propane tank. One would fly onto the tank with a twig or something in its mouth: then he would crawl under the lid. He would come out chirping and another bird would fly up. I thought, "Too bad little birds, the next time the propane man comes to fill the tank, your nest will be destroyed". So I spoke to my husband about it and we put a sack over the lid, so they would find another place before they got too far with their new home.

March 19 - Today I gave a beautiful lesson in Relief Society on Willa Cather, lover of life, and read part from her story "Neighbour Rosicky". She said that the only things worth writing about, worth all the sweat and agony that the creative artist goes through, are the old eternal verities of the Human heart: forgiveness, compassion, love , kindness, and sacrifice. These spiritual qualities she brings out in "Neighbour Rosicky", a Czeck farmer. His daughter -in-law, Polly, said of him: -- " She had a sudden feeling that nobody; in the world, not her mother, not Rudolph, or anyone, really loved her as much as old Rosicky did. It was as if old Rosicky had a special gift for loving people, something that was like an ear for music, or an eye for colour. It was quiet, unobtrusive: it was merely there. You saw it in his eyes, you felt it in his hands too." A number said, it was the best lesson we have had yet. I'm sure the Lord helped me to give it for I felt that I could not do it alone and it was such a good lesson for all of us.

March 20 - All day yesterday it snowed. This is the most snow we have had since last fall. How beautiful it seemed, after seeing everything so dark and bare, to see the world so beautifully clothed in white.

March 21 - It is still snowing. We are so thankful for the moisture because it has been so dry. When the wind blows, it is almost impossible to travel because of the great clouds of dust that blow off the land that has been cultivated.

March 22 - Each Sunday when I teach my little Sunday School class, I think there is nothing as beautiful as children's smiling faces. Today I told them this is how I felt.

March 24 - It is blowing and as I look out of my kitchen window, I can see the drifts of snow piled over the trees and shrubs. That will mean moisture to give nature a good start when the weather clears.

March 25 - Today was the coldest day on record for this time of year. We built a fire and Frank, Ren, and I enjoyed this warmth. It is nice to sit around the fire on the coldest night of the year with those you love.

March 26 - We are going to have a choir for the first time in Bow Island. Last Sunday, we practised the songs we will sing on Easter Sunday. I have been practising the alto part of "He Died the Great Redeemer Died" He died, the great Redeemer died And Isreal's daughters wept around. A solemn darkness veiled the sky, A sudden trembling shook the ground. This to me is one of the most reverent of our Sacrament hymns and it is fitting that we sing it for our Dear Jesus' Memorial. I think the words are so beautiful.

March 27 - We have a little bunny that is living under the grainery. I see him nearly every day hopping among the trees. This morning I saw him on the path as Frank was going to the barn. He didn't move so Frank stopped to look at him. Then he hopped to the side of the path and they both stood looking at each other. This little bunny is grey in colour while all the others we pass on the road are white.

March 28 - Today is good Friday. This evening, about 7 o'clock the phone rang. It was Davy speaking. He said, "Hello grandma we have a new baby boy and mother is fine. He was born about six o'clock today". How sweet his voice was and how thankful we are that we have one of our new grand children we are expecting this spring.

March 29 - This morning I read my Sunday School lesson before getting out of bed. It was told so beautifully by Marie Felt. It will be good to share it with my Sunday School class, tomorrow.

May 8 - This past week, I have been staying with Ellen and have enjoyed visiting with her children. Clay has such a sweet smile. "Is there anything more beautiful than the smile on a little boy's face?" I asked his mother.

May 10 - Today father came for me. The world seemed so beautiful after the rain. Everything seemed so green. It was raining Sunday when we went to Leavitt and it continued until Friday. In that time the world had turned green.

May 11 - There was a lovely mother's day card from Lloyd with a beautiful poem that he had written on it for me. Dan and Alma and Marcia Eagleson came over and I read it to them. The thoughts in it were beautiful.

May 12 - I received a letter from Tom saying that he and Rae Poulsen are going to be married on July 15. I am so happy that he has at last found a girl he wants to marry.

May 15 - Sara phoned today. She had heard about Tom's coming marriage and wanted to know if it were true.

May 18 - Tom and Rae came to see us. She is a beautiful girl. They stayed Saturday and Sunday, leaving Monday about noon.

May 20 - I received a lovely letter from Rae thanking me for the nice visit.

May 26 - It was such a lovely day that I just had to get outside and do some weeding in the flowers. The trees have now turned green.

May 27 - The flowers are coming beautifully this year and everything looks green.

May 30 - We planted the garden today.

May 31 - Went visiting teaching. Arminta has the most beautiful trees and flowers.

June 1 - Anne gave me some snap-dragons which I planted today.

June 7 - Today Dan and Alma's baby was blessed. Dale Robert is his name. How sweet he is.

June 8 - Lois said such a sweet prayer to close our Beehive Class thanking Heavenly Father for the lovely lesson we had. It was on the life of Joseph Smith.

June 9 - We had a nice farewell social for Sister Pratt today in Relief Society.

June 10 - Today, Danny, Carol, Cathie, and Dale stayed with me while Dan and Alma went to the temple. There is nothing as lovely as grandchildren - especially your own.

June 11 - There was a nice picture of Tom and Rae in the paper announcing their engagement. Father cut it out so I could put it in my book of remembrance.

June 12 - It was Carol's birthday, so I had father bring them over to a little party on his way back from the field. We popped pop-corn and I told them my Sunday School lesson. Carol thanked me very sweetly and said it was a lovely party.

June 13 - Today after I finished the cleaning, I felt my home looked so nice. Frank thanked me for cleaning up his room.

June 14 - One of the Stake Sunday School officers visited my Sunday School class this morning. The children were very quiet and took part well. He said he enjoyed the class.

June 15 - I got up at five o'clock, put my washing in early and worked in the garden. About four o'clock it started to grow dark and then thundered and lightening. A real downpour of rain followed.

June 16 - Still raining this morning but stopped about noon when the sun came out warm. In the evening the MIA had a ball game and wiener roast. Everyone seemed to enjoy it.

June 17 - It stormed again in the night. We are very anxious to get into the field and hoe beets before the weeds get much larger.

June 18 - It cleared off a little, so Frank, Ren and I were able to work for a while in the beets. Last night Ren was able to get three Indians to work for us; but we must have more to do fifty acres.

June 19 - This evening Frank invited Harding and Carol Atwood over for a little party for Shirley Murray who is teaching here in Bow Island. (David and his wife were invited but didn't come) School will be out soon and she is going to teach in Lethbridge next year. We had strawberries from the garden, ice cream and cake. We also received a nice letter from Lloyd today. They are busy but have no golden contacts as yet.

July 13 - Today Rae, Sara, Doran, and Gary came out to see us from Lethbridge. Rae brought the dress she is making for her bridesmaids to wear. She has also made her wedding gown and the dresses for her flower girls. They are just beautiful and made so nice. She is such a lovely girl. I can hardly believe she is to be my daughter-in-law.

July 15 - The temple wedding is so perfect always, but when it is your oldest son being married it seems even more marvellous. Rae was so lovely and he looked so happy and so fine. They were married by President Ursenback. Afterward, we all went over to Rae's cousins's home (Blanche Russell) and had a lovely lunch at 4:00 o'clock. Father and I went to Rae's home and had pictures taken for the Bridal group. The house was very lovely. The flowers and tables set out in the back garden were beautiful. Everything went off perfectly. There were between 3 and 4 hundred people called and brought gifts. It was one of the loveliest receptions I have ever been to.

July 23 - Lore and Barbara and family, also Lynda came to visit us for a few days. The children had all the peas they could eat. I had a lot of peas this year so I let the children pick them. Lore didn't have a garden this year so they ate and ate raw peas.

July 29 - Barbara, Alma, their children, Davey and Lynda went to the Bow Island swimming pool. I had ten grandchildren in the pool at once. It was a very hot day. I tended the baby, Dale, while all the rest went in. They did have a good time and it was fun watching them.

July 30 - Tom and Rae had a wonderful wedding trip and holiday. They brought us some cherries.

Aug 1 - The house seems quiet after having as high as fifteen people for dinner-part of the time. After church, I came home and had a long sleep.

Aug 2 - I have been working on my Book of Remembrance, pasting some pictures in. When my father would see something beautiful he would say: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever".

Aug 11 - Lynn and Dora brought Mary Leavitt down to see us. It has been 13 years since she was home. They all stayed overnight.

Aug 13 - I came to Lethbridge with Lynn, Dora and Mary to see how Sara was. She was still in the hospital. She had a miscarriage. I cleaned up the house, then Connie took me up to see Sara. She feels fine and is coming home tomorrow. I was glad I could help out a little.

Aug 14 - Father, Frank, Dan, Alma, and family called for me about nine this morning and we went to Waterton Park. It was so good to see the mountains again as it has been such a long time since we were up to the Lake. Everything was beautiful: the falls, the foliage, the lake, the mountains. Lore and Ellen and families were there also, Ivan and Robert, Mary, Dora, Lynn, Leatha and Bob Wright. Lynn took pictures; the children went wading; then we went to see the fish hatchery. The dinner was grand: fried chicken, salads, all the corn we could eat, rolls, cake, cookies, punch etc. We left for home about five o'clock after a wonderful day.

Aug 16 - I received such a lovely letter from Lloyd last month (July). He and his companion baptised six people. It was the first he had had since he left Bundaberg and he was so happy and grateful for the Lord's help. For without it he could do nothing, he said. I, too, am so grateful for His many blessings: for our crops and His protecting care - in helping us to get our beets hoed and in selling our hay.

Aug 23 - I received a nice letter from Rae. They are enjoying fixing up their new home and want us all to come up and see it.

Aug 24 - I ran across the poem today that we studied in Relief Society last winter. To me it is a thing of beauty, so I will include it. It has been two months or 60 days since I began writing about the lovely things in my life and in doing so I have found that every day brings me some joy, something to be grateful for - even the ones when I have been too busy or have forgotten to write them down.

This poem was written by Robert Frost

Whose woods are these, I think I know  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.  
My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.  
He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake  
The only other sounds the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.  
The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

TRIBUTE TO MOTHER BY A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

They told me of a lady in a silk and satin gown

Riding in her carriage up and down the streets of town  
Nodding to the peasants, tossing coppers to the poor  
No one hungry was ever turned empty from her back door  
And I thought, "How very pleasant to have such earthly good:  
To be called a lady as I passed and dispense charity where I would."

I knew a gracious woman in a much-washed cotton gown  
Who enquired the welfare of those she met as she walked in to the town.  
She mended, bandaged, fixed and made with hands work-worn but sure.'  
Creamy milk and home made bread were sent to neighbours from her back  
door.

And I thought, "Now that's a lady, the kind I'd like to be  
She's spent her life in cheerful work to earn jewels in eternity.

(Barbara Davies)

#### A TRIBUTE TO PHYLLIS FROM EDITH - ON HER GOLDEN WEDDING DAY

Its really a special privilege to write about Phyllis because she is so very special to me - and I'd like her and her family to know that I think she's the finest sister a person could ever have. I'm very proud to call her sister. The earliest recollections I have of Phyllis were as a young and very busy mother and I have many special memories of those times. I was at Ren and Phyllis's almost as much as their own kids were I think -at least as often as I could go, and, oh, the good times we had there. I remember the piano and the fun times singing and listening to songs; the donuts on Saturday morning hot out of the grease, and the fun we had down at that old church basement under their new house. When I think of my childhood, I always remember the happy times with Phyllis and her family. They were my family, too, my brothers, sisters and closest friends. I'll always be grateful for their acceptance of me as one of them.

I recall one incident when I was quite young. I remember I had run away and gone to Phyllis's quite early in the morning. They lived up the street from us across from Bertha Wynder's. It was so early they hadn't even had family prayers yet so I knelt with them, too. Phyllis was saying the prayer and right in the middle Lore said, "Mother don't pray so long today." He was shushed but that was one of the longest prayers. I think Lore got the message, I certainly did.

I'll never forget the stories she told us - and the songs. She was Primary President for a while. I remember when I was young, and all the kids, including me, would sit hypnotised when she'd tell a story. She really had a special talent.

Phyllis was a good cook and an excellent homemaker. Those depression days were pretty rough for all of us and I'm sure it was especially hard on Ren and Phyllis and their little family but she never complained and her home was always cheerful and happy. I just loved to go there. It was so much fun at their house. My own earliest memories I guess were when they lived on the farm and the fun times on the lake and in the fields. Its pretty nostalgic when you start remembering those happy days of youth.

When Phyllis started working at the temple I was so excited. The first time we went up to the temple, someone mentioned that she was my sister and I really got the royal treatment. Everyone thought she was the sweetest, loveliest lady in the world and she is. She looked so pretty and so much like my own mother that I just ached with love. I was so proud when I saw her for the first time in her lovely white dress with her pretty curly hair, and her sweet smile. Many people have returned to Spokane and said they met my sister in the temple and how

lovely she was to them. It would be nice to be thought of so highly - but she certainly merits every word of praise.

When my last little girl was born, I got such a sweet letter from Phyllis. In fact I have a number of very special letters from Phyllis that I prize highly. In this letter she said that she remembered before I was born. One day mother came to visit her and told her she was going to have a baby (at 47) and she told her how sorry she was - not that she was going to have a baby but that Phyllis already had one child and she felt it wasn't fair to them and her grandchildren. Then Phyllis told her she was expecting too and they laughed and cried together. Then Phyllis said, "It was a joyous time to have a baby with my mother and I've always been glad she had you Edith dear." She could have been resentful but not Phyllis. She has too much love and compassion for those petty feelings.

I've enjoyed my associations with Phyllis in my adult years too. Its a real joy to visit her and Ren and feel their welcome and their love. If I could use adjectives to describe Phyllis, they'd all be good, sweet, lovely, kind, gentle- but then I didn't come under her discipline like her own kids. I remember her firmness at times with them; but through it all there was a love and concern that took all the sharpness away. To Phyllis and Ren, I'd like to say; thank-you for your lives and your examples. Our family really loves you. (Edith Fisher Woolf)

Letter from Aunt Ethel to Ann Murray after Mother's funeral

Dear Ann and Family;

I was so very glad to hear from you and hear the news and get the papers. Every one has told me how lovely the funeral was and I know it must have been because I was there at the Anniversary (Golden Wedding Anniversary). You are a very talented family and have worked on your talents. I didn't realise that there were so many great grandchildren. The Lord has blessed all of you. I loved you all so much when you were young and haven't forgotten those days and the time I spent with your wonderful mother. She worked so hard and always with poor health. She was so very talented - singing and on stage and readings and lessons. Everything she did to perfection. She sang so many times in Stake Conference. President Wood Loved to hear her sing. "I love you Canada" was one song she sang when she was very young - so beautifully: and when she and Aunt Emma sang: " We Can Make Home Happy" we all cried. They sang it in Hillspring often. I remember when your mother had Rheumatic fever - mother used to send me in to sit with her. I sat with her by the hour and rubbed her legs and arms and back. There was little to be done for her at that time. Father gave her many blessings and she had great faith. She worked untiringly for mother, helping take care of the children. She could clean the house in no time flat. We were all so proud of her - she was so beautiful.

I remember once I was working - scrubbing the dining room floor. It was just half bare boards and it was very dirty and hard to clean and we were playing and putting in time. Your mother was in charge that day. She pulled up my dress and spanked me. I cried for hours because it just wasn't like Phyllis - she was always so patient with us. I worked after that, believe me. I remember when we were young we had to stook wheat in the field. The wheat would be tied in bundles and had to stand together in bunches so that it could dry for the threshers. It was hot and heavy work and we did it very slowly. I remember your mother used to sing to us to make the time go faster. She told us many stories also. I remember she told us David Copperfield one day - she was a wonderful story teller. I think she did all the work while Ada and I and Erva and Carol just listened.

I remember going to see her in her first little new home on the river. I remember when you were a very beautiful baby and how much all 13 of us loved you. You came to our place often for Sunday after church visits. How we looked forward to that time. There were many wonderful times we had together: games, plays, songs and stories. Your mother used to memorise parts of the bible and give it as readings. Her stories sounded so simple the way she gave it. I remember the story of Esther. I never tired of hearing it. I remember prompting her as she memorised her many parts in plays. Give our love to all the family. We will never forget what a wonderful mother and teacher she was. (Ethel Fisher Jeppson)

The Oldest Sister -by Emma Fisher Sheppard

She was the first borne of our parents, Our eldest sister, she.  
And she was very special, or so it seemed to me.  
She was our example. She showed us the way we should go.  
What Phyllis did was right somehow, because we loved her so.  
She was our teacher. Oh, the stories she could tell.  
They were the stories mother told her and she told them most as well.  
In the stories mother told there were many with virtues fine.  
And Phyllis seemed their embodiment. In our simple little minds.

She was Meg in "Little Women", or little Eva kind and dear,  
Or pure and sweet Rebecca, or Elaine or Gwenevere.  
Some times Phyllis read to us. She would make us laugh or weep.  
Sometimes she sang a song to send us off to sleep.  
Sunday mornings mother stayed at home, father left early as a rule.  
Phyllis took us by the hand, and led us off to Sunday School.  
When the meeting ended she'd lead us home again.  
No harm would come to us, you see, Our Heavenly Father watched us then.

We knew she would defend us. Though she seemed, at times, so shy,  
No one would dare to harm us, or dare to make one of us cry.  
She was our blessed comforter if mother was not near.  
When we were unhappy or were hurt, she'd dry our eyes and calm our fear.  
As well as being our comforter, she was our conscience too,  
Reminding us of many things that we were told to do.  
She took the responsibility, and could be relied upon  
To clean the house up carefully, or whatever needed to be done.

So when we were left with chores to do we usually obeyed the boss.  
Oh, yes she was sometimes bossy. When we had our minds on mischief set,  
Then she would remind us of the spanking we were apt to get.  
So usually we did our part, and the chores got done somehow.  
When our parents returned home, we all received their love and praise.

Twass she who stayed at home from school when mother was ill or in  
need of aid.  
Oh, the benefits we gained, because her sacrifice was made.  
As she grew in years she sought for freedom as her right,  
The sharp edges of discipline were made smooth by her that we all might  
Have some thing that others had. Some simple pleasures to enjoy,  
A hair web, or silk stocking, or a date with a special boy.  
She won these little privileges by obedience through those years,  
and deep respect and patience, and occasionally some well placed tears.

No one ever had a sister more beautiful and fair.  
Her angelic face had features fine. a crown of glory was her hair.  
Lithe and graceful was she in form, even in her home made dress.

To her plain and dumpy sister she was a dream of loveliness.  
Sometimes she'd let me comb her hair if she were going out someplace.  
Once with thirty eight ringlets entwined a halo round her lovely face.  
Phyllis had so many gifts, It seemed to me as if it were  
All the talents of our parents dear come to life in her.

She sang as sweetly as the lark, the songs that mother taught to her.  
Her voice had sweet and mellow tones. Grandpa said she could go far.  
She had a gift for acting. She showed this art in many ways.  
With many parts she played for us, in the little home town plays.  
She had a gift for teaching, which she used in a worth while way,  
Teaching the gospel to young and old, and to her family each day.  
As mother of eight lovely children example again is shown clear  
Of work and love and patience and understanding through the years.  
When her family were grown and married she went to the Temple where  
Eight long years of loving service she gave to His children there.

To be the oldest sister of a family as large as ours, was hard,  
May her patience, sacrifice, and love bring to her a rich reward.  
And when our mother passed away and we were together there,  
We caught a special tender look that our father gave to her.  
Said Orrin, with a little sigh, as tho no one would hear,  
She's a little bit special to him you know, and nobody seemed to care.  
Yes she is very special. This eldest sister you see  
and I for one am grateful for all she has been to me.

-----

I remember so well when she had rheumatic fever and how ill she was. How they cut her hair because the weight of it hurt her neck and how we went on tiptoe into her room, or the jarring would bring on the pain. How Pres. Wood and others came and administered to her and Heavenly Father made her well. I remember how father put up a bed in the front room for her and how we tiptoed in so quietly and knelt just in the doorway to have family prayer. I remember the promise that was made to her that she would get well and live to have a family of her own. I remember how hard it was for us to walk lightly and quietly. I remember how patient and brave she was through all the suffering and how she depended on prayer to bring her comfort.

Once she went with father and mother to Twin Butte to hold meetings there. During the meeting she was asked to sing. Alvin Eckland, passed the church and he heard this sweet music and he stopped to listen. A feeling of reverence came over him and when the singing was over, he crept into the meeting. This was the turning point in his life.

Phyllis missed quite a lot of school because with 14 children, mother needed someone to help her both in times of sickness or on other occasions. Phyllis made that sacrifice, while the rest of us went happily on our way to school. She tried to catch up but the math and related subjects were more than she could handle. Orrin with all the patience of Job sat with her hour after hour. But she usually ended up in tears. Mother needed her oftener too, so she quit school during Grade 9.

How our family revolved about her when she had a part in a play. She didn't do it alone. I remember giving her cues by the hour. It seems to me we took it as our part in the play. Then when we were old enough we were allowed to go to the night performance. Phyllis lived her parts for weeks. One day Bro. Sidney Smith watched her there in the kitchen door, with a table cloth over her head for a veil, and dancing around the room with her arms around a broom. Bro. Smith just shook his head. Poor Bro. Smith.

This is a story Phyllis told me just the other day. When she went to school in Magrath, at about 8 years of age mother curled her hair in long ringlets, As she stood in line the boys would take delight in pulling her curls. Phyllis was too shy to do or say anything. but the tears would roll down her little cheeks. One day Eula Green, Steed now, came up behind her and seeing her tears, put her arms around her and said 'Don't cry, Phyllis they don't mean to hurt you. That is just their way of saying they like you and want you to like them.' She has had a warm feeling for Eula to this day, and was sad when illness kept her from attending Eula's golden Wedding Anniversary. (Emma Fisher Sheppard)

Talk Mother Gave at the Relief Society Party -March 196?

In our Relief Society literature lessons this year, we have been studying about Robert Frost, one of the great American Poets of our day. He once said:

"What to think about when you lie awake and can't sleep at night.  
Pretty things that are well said. Its nice to have them in  
your head."

Ever since Sister Atwood asked me to give a paper tonight, I haven't been able to sleep at night. So I decided to take Robert Frost's advice and try to make up a poem of my own. After lying awake for several nights I finally got part of it written: and I do hope it doesn't give you the headache it did me. It begins:

"There was a girl her name was Pearl  
Who served us well in primary.  
In mutual it was Myrle  
And now in the Bishopric its Karl.

Wayne, Max and Dan in Sunday School we blame,  
The Atwoods too have had their share of fame.  
The Pratts we wouldn't do without  
Then there's the Clarks, Wheelers, Heidingers  
And Taylors to talk about.

As Counsellors in the Presidency, we had Frank and Ren.  
In the Relief Society there we had Helen, Elizabeth but  
I had to end  
because Phyllis just doesn't rhyme with Ren  
Unless I just said - 'That darned old hen'.

Since I couldn't finish that one, I tried to make another one in a slightly different vein.

"How nice it is each passing year  
As the Bow Island Ward to gather here  
To commemorate this our tenth year  
The 17th of March, in love and cheer  
With those, who, to us have grown so dear.

In the years that are passed  
We've had hail, drought and fear  
But we've done much to establish a church here.  
A beautiful chapel has been erected with care  
And homes have been built with children so dear.

There are some who have come.

And many have gone  
To school and on missions to fill  
We've had blessings unmeasured  
As duties we've rendered  
In service to others. Our lives have been full.

May we in the future continue to see  
Progress and growth: and from imperfections be free.  
Ever guided by love. May we strive to be  
United as one happy LDS Family.

After that I decided I'd better stick with Robert Lee Frost. He died last year. His picture has been in the newspaper and magazines. He won a prize four years in a row for having the best book of poems of the year. He recited one of his poems at the inauguration of President John F. Kennedy. He thought the world was coming to an end. Science with its inventions, bombs, sputniks, and its cares were bringing changes in the world so fast that things were out of control. He wrote a poem about it entitled:

#### Fire and Ice

Some say the world will end in fire  
Some say in ice.  
From what I've tasted of desire  
I hold with those who favor fire.

But if it had to perish twice  
I think I know enough of hate  
To say that for destruction  
Ice is also great - and would suffice.

Another poet we studied in literature was Emily Dickinson.  
"Emily was first known as a poet of nature touched with a charming whimsy"

A bird came down the walk-  
He did not know I saw-  
He bit an Angleworm in half-  
And ate the fellow raw,

And then he drank a dew  
From a convenient grass-  
And then hopped sidewise to the wall  
To let a beetle pass-

Here is another of her poems I like:

I never saw a moor, I never saw the sea,  
Yet know I how a heather looks  
and what a wave must be.

I've never spoke to God,  
Nor visited in Heaven  
Yet certain am I of the spot  
As if a chart were given

Here is a limerick by another modern poet H. I. Brock

An epicure dining -

Found quite a large bug in his stew  
Said the waiter, don't shout,  
And wave it about  
Or the rest will be wanting some too

By the way, we did not study that one in Relief Society.

An interesting anecdote is recorded about Sir Walter Scott, the great English historical novelist.

"Sir Walter Scott one day in spring was walking around Abbotsford with Lady Scott. Passing a field where there were a number of ewes and frolicking lambs, Sir Walter said, "Ah, tis no wonder that poets, from earliest ages, have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence." Delightful animals indeed,' rejoined Lady Scott. "Especially with mint sauce."

I can tell a practical joke played on Dan, Alma, Carol, Lloyd, Ren and I when we went up to the Citizen's Home to put on a program for the old folks. The matron met us at the door and warned us that it was hard to predict what kind of a reception we would get. Much to our delight, they applauded vigorously after each of our numbers and we felt that the program was a success. The matron seemed pleased too. It was wonderful, she said enthusiastically. "I wish you could come more often, clapping their hands is so good for their arthritis".

Not long ago, while I was sitting with my daughter in a small confectionery store near the school, the door opened and in stormed a dozen shouting little tots. The owner put his hand on his hips, looked the children over and demanded through the racket, "All right kids, who's got the penny?"

I thought I would finish with another poem by Robert Frost. He thought that a poem should begin lovely and end in wisdom. This one has a spiritual ending.

(note: the poem used here was left out).

Mother writes that she taught the literature lesson in Relief Society in Bow Island for about ten years. She also taught the literature lesson for many years in Hillspring. I remember as a young boy listening with fascination as mother recited some of the great literary masterpieces that she used in her lessons: Uncle Tom's Cabin, Les Miserable, David Copperfield etc. - TD

MARY PHYLLIS FISHER DAVIES - 1902

LETTERS FROM MARY PHYLLIS FISHER DAVIES

Mother's personality and spirit shine through her letters. The following pages include some of her letters written to her children when they were away at school and on missions.

March, 1951 (to Tom)

Frank and Lloyd said to tell you about the path they dug through the snow drift to the gate. It was so icy, they had to use the axe and chop it first and then shovel the snow out. The sides of the snow down the path is still higher than Lloyd's head. It was surely a big job. They had Mark and Mackay helping them every night after school for three or four days. Father told them he would give them 50 cent if they dug it out. It is just like a long tunnel and they were sure proud when they got it done.

Hillspring, Alberta November 11, 1951

Dear Lore;

I thought sure you would be home today.--- I did want to see you. We decided not to come up because the weather was cold and we needed to stay and fix the barn. It was so hard to get to the farm when the snow was so deep and it was so cold: but now we have the cement floor in both parts of the barn. They were going to make it bigger, but when the weather got so bad, and not getting the crop, they decided to fix it up as it was, then build a big loafing barn up on the side of the hill and have this barn for the milking parlor. They haven't got hay in the top yet and are going to do it next week, also fix the stalls. We hope the good weather will last.

It is nice to hear that you are doing so well in a social way (the Vice President) and are the mainstay of the ball team - you and Dale. What are your duties as Vice President? I'm sure you can do it son. You can do just about anything well if you make up your mind to do it. That is what your Patriarchal Blessing says. I wish you would read it often. It seems you have been away so long, but perhaps you are just as well off without me to preach and nag at you.

Pauline Martin's wedding was on Saturday. Father and I went. They were married in the Relief Society room by Bryant Stringham. It always seems a sad wedding to me when one of our boys or girls marries out of the church. Sometimes it seems to turn out alright, but too often they drift away from the church. Anne says that is so where she is. There are so many couples where the one belongs to the church and the other one doesn't. They've moved out there and it is very hard to get them interested again.

Ellen is in a play next Tuesday. It is rather a gruesome thing, it seems to me. Ellen is supposed to be a lonely girl who takes to using narcotics. It is a hard part for her. They had the basket ball tournament at Hillspring Friday and Saturday, but I guess you will hear about that before this letter reaches you as both Dale and Keith were there. Hillspring won the trophy. How do you like the tech part of your school work. Your marks haven't come yet that I have seen. I wanted Tom to write to you but he says why should I, he never writes to us. I wanted him to heap hot coals on your head and write anyway but he doesn't think it would help you write. I wish he would try. I would surely like a letter from you. You see, your personality shines through your letters just as Tom's does through his and we enjoy your letters just as much as we did his when he was away.---- Please give this letter to Sally, so she can hear from Tom too. I just can't write it over for her too. It is getting late and I must write a letter to Anne,

so goodnight son. We pray for you.  
Mother.

love

Dear Sara;

It was good to hear from you and know that you are well and having a good time. At least, It sounds like you are with basketball, dances etc. I was glad you got your shoes and sweater. How was your arithmetic exam or haven't you got your marks yet. I do hope you can pass and I know you can if you will study hard and then put your faith in Heavenly Father. He has helped you before, Sara and he will help you again if you have faith and study. You didn't say what you talked about in Sunday School.

Last Monday Tom's headache was so bad that he went to town to see the doctor and he told Tom that it was sinus and that he must stay in where it was warm and rest for a week. Today he went to Sunday School and meetings. His eyes look bloodshot tonight. I do hope he didn't go out too soon. He says he feels alright. Mr. Sullivan came over to see Tom yesterday and asked Tom to call for him to go to church with him today, so Tom did. It was the first time Mr. Sullivan has been to church here. The doctor set a bone in dad's back that was out of place. He seems to feel better and is doing the chores, which pleases Frank and Lloyd, and me too, because I've had to get most of the coal and water since they've been doing the chores. It certainly keeps me busy this cold weather. Ivan Workman has a new baby girl. Lloyd thinks it would be nice if we had one too. The M Men (Tom didn't go) played ball at Mt View and Dan and Bert fouled off. It was just like the game in Glenwood. They beat Hillspring 72-67. Dan made 19 points even though he fouled off. They are league games, but the ruling is that they have to beat all games played at home. Hillspring has won the trophy and every team has to beat Hillspring on their own floor. If they beat Hillspring on our floor, they take the trophy, so even though Mountain View won at Mountain View, Hillspring still has the trophy. We got a letter last week from Anne's District President. He says Anne is making a fine missionary. Anne sent father a picture of her and Sister Wixom. She says that the Branch President took it and gave her one to send to father. The Branch President and his wife invited Anne and her companion to dinner and gave her the picture.

Hillspring Alberta Mar. 14, 1954.

Dear Tom;

On Friday, we received your letter written Feb. 27, and am glad you are trying to make the best out of what you have. We enjoy reading about the things you are doing very much. It is too bad about the people having such a hard time to live the gospel. But then I guess not many of us live above our environment, even though we would like to. It is good that God judges by the heart or with an understanding heart. Our Relief Society visiting teacher's message for this month was about that. It said, "What a precious possession is an understanding heart. It tempers one's thoughts and actions, develops patience and kindness, and removes prejudice and selfishness from one's heart. I guess the words of Abinadi are as applicable to the Samoan people as to their forefathers(Mosiah 12:27): "ye have not applied your hearts to understanding. Therefore, ye have not been wise. A conscious effort must be put forth towards understanding the word of God; otherwise we may so easily become confused or led into erroneous belief.

Can't you teach the girls to wash your clothes with soap instead of wearing them out on the rocks? We are sending your shoes with the Elder who is going from Welling. Today, Veryle Leavitt had dinner here. He asked Ellen to go to Lethbridge with him as he is going to speak at a fireside there. (he was on a mission in South Africa). So Ellen asked him to dinner when he came to get her. We had a nice dinner. He is a

fine boy. He didn't come to the Green and Gold Ball as they were having a Green and Gold ball at Leavitt. Theron Olsen was here and took Sara. But last night Sara went to town to the show with Ted Anderson from Cardston (they used to live in Hillspring). He has just returned from his mission too. Sara stayed with Marilyn Godfrey overnight and they all came out after church: Marilyn, Ted Anderson, 2 more boys and a girl. We had just finished dinner but there was plenty left for them. Sara has asked Ted to be her partner at the Gold and Green Ball in Glenwood on Friday. Yesterday, Ivan Davies and Delsa were here superintending the painting of the house over there. They are going to live in the front rooms.

Everyone is getting ready for the big supper and program on March 17 for the Relief Society commemoration. I have to take a freezer of ice cream. Did I tell you, we received your films. I wish we could see them. Father bought some old time western dance records and spends his time dancing, which disgusts Frank especially. He is going to be another Dan. He scolds because father has them do all the work. It is getting late. We all love you and are well and happy.

Mother.

Hillspring, Alberta June 20, 1954

Dearest Tom;

It is Sunday afternoon and time to write letters and I don't know what to tell you, except news of the family. But at least you will know we are all well and happy. Father and I just took Grandma and Grandpa home. They were here for dinner. It is father's day, so I invited them up. We had a nice dinner. Father brought us home a big watermelon yesterday when he came home from Lethbridge - and a nice roast of meat. Yesterday, Lloyd and I made two boxes of candy: one for father and one for grandpa. Sara gave father a new tie and socks. Ben Olsen, from Mountain View had a big dinner for his missionary friends to officially announce his engagement to Georgeen Caldwell. Veryle Leavitt invited Ellen, and Ted invited Sara to go: so they are not home yet. Veryle gave Ellen a beautiful string of pearls he brought home when he came home from Provo. When I say those kind of things Dan says, you're a match maker mother. But I'm not saying any thing, just telling what's happening and Dan draws his own conclusions. Ellen has started to study: they start writing next week. Aunt Loila is teaching in Mr Russell's place as he has gone to summer school. Grant Smith and family have also left for Provo, but they are not coming back. He is teaching seminary down there someplace.

Mr. Sellinger has a baby boy. He treated the whole school to pop. Frank had two bottles. He is getting so adolescent. Ellen is getting over it thank goodness. Maybe by the time you get home she will be quite grown up. Sara is also studying for a university course this summer. We received Beth's wedding invitation this week. The wedding and reception are on the 30th. Father didn't stay long in Bow Island. He can't do anything until we can get a definite answer about moving the house. Then too, we can't get electricity on the farm like we thought at first. The farmers along the way think it costs too much and they have windmills. If we moved into town, we could fasten on to the lights, water ,electricity, sewer and gas. They heat their homes with gas in Bow Island and it is very cheap fuel. So father has almost decided to move the house into town: only three miles is a long way to have to travel to the farm. We are undecided what to do. Besides, the town is a non-Mormon town. The streets are narrow and houses are close together. This moving is a big problem.

Mother

Hillspring, Alberta Feb 5, 1955

My Dear Son;

We were so glad to hear from you, a little sorry to hear you had to leave such a lovely place and teach school. But I am sure you can do much good there. We enjoyed your account of Pres Mckay's visit to Samoa. It is Sunday afternoon and I must tell you about the wedding. Sara and Ted returned from their honeymoon to Idaho Falls this afternoon. They had dinner gathered up all the things they could pile in the car and left for their home in Picture Butte. The reception went off very well, the program went off extra good and the lunch was nice. Anne brought the most beautiful flowers, five baskets of them. The flowers were paper with real green foliage from Lethbridge. The stage was full of flowers with the cake in the middle. Several people said it was the loveliest wedding they had ever been to, which I'm sure is another answer to our prayers. Thursday morning when we got up the car wouldn't start. Raymond Young (the garage mechanic) wasn't up but we got him out of bed. He couldn't find out what was wrong. The car always started right off before and we were so worried. We all knelt down and prayed and the car started right off, so we got to the temple in time. It was such a beautiful wedding ceremony. Pres. Smith said their wedding was not just by chance. God had ordained it. He said, he appreciated Ted's attitude in wanting to be married in the temple and God was pleased with his course. When we went out of the temple, Ted's mother and father and brother and sisters were all there to wish them joy. His father and mother came out with us to dinner so we had a very lovely day. Mother

Hillspring, Alberta Mar 6, 1955

Dear Tom:

It is Sunday and I am waiting for father to thaw out the tap so I can wash the dinner dishes. Only those people who could walk were at church today for all the roads are blocked with snow. We had a nice testimony meeting in spite of the few people there. The snow plow goes through Hillspring nearly every day but by night the roads are drifted in again. Last night we went over to Frank Fisher's for a turkey supper. They have been painting and fixing up their house ever since they came back after Christmas. It does look lovely, everything painted, new limoleum and new curtains etc. They had waited until the house was fixed up to eat their Christmas turkey. So mother and father, Glen and Holly and Connie (she was home for a visit) and Orrin and Loila were there. We had a lovely supper and played rook afterwards. We took mother up in the car because mother can't walk very well, at least, not that far. Coming home, the women rode and the men walked, but the car just dropped into the snow and high centered. The road had drifted in so the men shovelled snow. Frank saw them and came too. It took 1 1/2 hours before we got mother home. The plow had just gone down the main street just before we went over but it was drifted in in that short time and we had to shovel. The worst place was just in front of Lynn's down to the corner. Your father is so stiff, he can hardly move today. They went after hay yesterday too and he is not used to working so hard. They used Workman's team to haul the hay.

On Thursday, father and I went to Lethbridge. Ellen needed money and we wanted to get the wedding invitations and make preparations. It wasn't so bad going down but it snowed all day and by night the roads were terrible. The snow plow had gone through the day before and the snow was piled as high as the car on both sides. There were two ruts for the car tracks, so windy and twisted while the center just rubbed most of the way. Twice we would have tipped over if it hadn't been for the high snow banks on the sides. Even father said it was the most dangerous he had ever seen. But we got home safely without getting stuck. Now the roads are impassable however.

Ellen is going to be married the 13 of April. Barbara Fisher is married to Ben Tanner. She was going to school in Salt Lake. He went

down to see her, they got married and came home last Wednesday. They are going to have a reception as soon as the weather clears. Daddy read the account of Pres McKay's visit to Samoa in the deseret news. Pres. McKay said the largest meeting they held was in Samoa. It is a very interesting account of his trip. Dan asked us what Blair had that the rest hadn't got and father asked Anne and she said, "Tell him he's got me." We didn't get to see him or Sara, but we are going down to see her as soon as the roads are good. Frank and Lloyd froze the tips of their noses coming home from Ivan's barn the other morning. They had the buckets so couldn't hold their hand over their noses. The weather is warming up a little so we are looking forward to a chinook. May God bless you love Mother.

Bow Island, Alberta July 3, 1955

My Dear Son Tom;

It has been two weeks since I have written to you. Last Sunday we went to Lethbridge to attend leadership meeting for father and Relief Society for me. We called at Anne's but they had gone to Magrath.... Friday afternoon Lore and Barbara came and took our car and Lore took Barbara to Edmonton where she is going to summer school. She went through the Temple on Thursday. Lore hasn't been yet but said he would go this month, so they can be married at a special session they are holding for couples who want to be married during the holidays. (The Temple closes during August and part of September for cleaning). They are to be married Aug 17. Frank is preparing a song to sing. Lore is going to get a job here and stay for the summer (I hope). There are a number of buildings going up and I do hope he can get a job with one of them. It would be good to have him home this summer. We got a letter from Danny a week ago. He said he had written Pres Bunker about all the marriages and asked him what he thought about releasing him. This is a copy of the letter in brief. "We would not want to work a hardship on your parents. You have fulfilled an honorable mission and you are entitled to a release any time that you feel you should go. However we need you very badly this summer since we have been assigned some 53 new missionaries and need every Senior companion we can create. I am sure the Lord will provide you with sufficient means for your stay." And on the other side of the letter Dan wrote he was being transferred, so I hope he feels satisfied now. Dan is a fine missionary and he shouldn't worry about things at home. Lore has returned from Edmonton and is going out to the farm to help Frank milk while father changes the water on the oats. Lloyd went out to Atwoods. They are having a party there tomorrow for the Deacons so Lloyd is going to stay all night. He is the one who is finding it hard to adjust here. He passed grade six conditionally. They played ball the last day; grade six against grade seven and grade six won. It pleased Lloyd. He thinks he should play ball with the town team, but they play Sunday. The Mormon boys had a good softball team but one family moved away. They were the pitcher and catcher for the team. When they played Taber, our boys got beat 5 to 30. So Lloyd wants to play baseball instead of softball. So when he wanted to go to Atwoods father let him go. (They have two boys 12 and 10 and are an L.D.S. Family from Raymond) Brother and Sister Anderson were just here to sign reports and birthday cards. Every one in the Branch receives a birthday card from the Presiding Elder. Father sends them off. The ward books keep him quite busy and he is enjoying his work here.

I am sending you a picture of Anne and Blair. I hope the last line is just a mistake on the part of the printers. I sent your last letter to Dan and it is about time we received another from you and Dan. Dan's telling us where he has been transferred to. I do hope this next year will be a busy one for you and a happier one. That you will feel that your mission is worth while. Do not worry about converts. This

mission is to prepare you for greater responsibility later on. There is a lot of work that could be done right here in Bow Island. There are so many families where one member is a Mormon and the other isn't. Then the member knows so little about the church, having lived away from the main body of the church for so long. I must close. We all love you and think about you even if we neglect to write. God bless you, dear.  
Mother.

Bow Island, Alberta Sept 6, 1955.

My Dear Son;

Your letter written on Aug 24th came today. We were glad you received the \$30.00 in time and hope by now you will have had my letter with the \$36.00 Dad sent. We are very happy, Dad and I, to be able to help you son. You have done so much in helping us send the children to school and on missions and on the farm and with the cows etc, that we owe it to you. We hope you will not want for the things you need. Please let us know what clothes you will need and we will send them as soon as possible. I was glad to hear you are to have a holiday and wish you could go back to Sauniatu for the summer. And now for the big news. Danny will be home Friday. He said he was to be released on the 5th. They held conference with President Bunker for the last time as Pres. Bunker is being released and Dan is to be released at the same time. We will be so happy to see him. He seems so anxious to get home. I hope he will not be too disappointed and find it hard to adjust here. He can help us keep you on your mission and that will give him something to work for. We received a phone call from Ellen last night. They were leaving for Provo today and Veryle is going to school for the winter. I'm afraid it will be hard for Ellen. She is expecting a baby in about six months. Sara and Anne are expecting too. We went to conference last Sunday and Anne said she had been to see the Doctor and he said yes. (this is a secret I'm letting you in on). So next year will be another eventful year with you coming home in the Spring.

Today Lloyd started back to School. Frank is working for Mr Baxter picking corn and father is working for him combining his peas and beans for the next two weeks. He has a section of land into corn, beans, peas and pumpkins. It is a sight to see. The ears of corn are the biggest I've seen. The pumpkins are as big as I can reach around. The grain is all in the bin. The barley turned out better than we thought, 30 bushels to the acre. If we could only sell it. Father was able to sell 300 bushels to pay for seed etc. The beans are ripening and he will combine them as soon as he finishes at Baxters. I must close and do some cleaning before Dan gets here. I love you. I know how lonely you must get so far away. Perhaps I can get Dan to write when he comes. God bless you.  
Mother

December 1958

It is morning, the boys are getting ready to do the chores and I must put up their lunch. The bus passes our place at 8:30, prompt. We can see it coming a mile down the road from the kitchen window. So when it gets in sight the boys put on their coats and get their pails and books. Frank has just sat down to the table. It is his turn to study this morning. He has buried his head in his hands. I know he is praying. I guess he forgot to pray this morning when he got up. I have often looked in his room in the morning and saw him praying just as you used to do. Frank is finding his school work very hard this year. He quit his music, because he hasn't been able to study as he would like. There are so many things to do on a farm. Father has to have their help and he felt he needed to put all the time he has on his school work. He is such a good boy and has such a desire to succeed. The Lord will help him I'm sure. Lloyd is doing better this year. He is so good to his father and takes the responsibility of the cows. He says, "Father needs our help."

So he goes and does the work. He always stands up for his father in every thing. His father spoils him a little but he is an obedient son and sincere. I love him and all my boys so much.

Jan. 1960

Last night we had a new heifer calf. When Ren went down to the barn to feed the cows this morning, the little calf was wet and chilled. so he carried it up the hill to the house. He was pretty tired when he got here. All day the calf has been drying out by the kitchen stove. Its so hot and smelly in there, I decided to move out and write some letters. .... (Later. The calf died this morning.)

Feb 1961

I have been thinking the last few days how grate`ful I am that the infection in your leg came now instead of while you were on your mission in Samoa so far away. It came in a time and place where you could get the proper care and medicines you needed in time to check it; and when you had no ties to worry about. Somehow, I feel sure that the Lord has had His watching care over you and has guided your destiny and that if we will put our trust in Him He will continue to do so until your life's work is completed. We had such a good lesson in Relief Society. It said that every one has their allotted time to live and that if not appointed unto death, one, through faith in administration by the Elders, will be healed. It pointed out how the Lord has brought forth great medical advances for our use. Quote: - 'If all the sick were healed, if all the righteous were protected and the wicked destroyed, the whole program of the father would be annulled and the basic principle of gospel free agency would be ended. If pain and sorrow and total punishment immediately followed the doing of evil no soul would repeat a misdeed. There would be no test of strength, no development of character, no growth of power, no free agency, only Satanic controls". Sister Taylor then bore her testimony. She said that she had had heart attacks ever since she was a little girl. Sometimes she was in bed for three or four weeks, but through the administration of the Elders she was made well and able to work hard, especially after her first husband died and she was left to raise a large family. She said that in her Patriarchal Blessing, it said that the Lord would protect her from sickness, and she often wondered about it when she had these attacks. Last Spring she was operated on for a heart condition. The doctors told her that this operation was something new. They couldn't promise her that it would be successful but it was her only chance. So she was administered to by her husband and the Temple President. Bro. Ursenbach told her that the Lord had blessed and protected her through the years until such a time, when the doctors could operate on her, and that if she was not appointed unto death that the Lord would heal her. She said that the great fear left her when she went to be operated on. I am sure that the Lord will heal your leg and bless you because of your faith and desires and that all the blessings you have been given will be answered.

May 1961

Last Sunday, we fasted for rain and today we fasted and prayed again. We had such a lovely meeting today. Every one who bore their testimony was so grateful for the blessings we have and for the gospel. It rained last night but the ground is so very dry and we need a lot to germinate the crops. But God has always come to our aid when we have needed help, even when we are not as worthy as we should be. He is willing to answer our prayers when we strive to do what is right.

July 1961

Three weeks ago, father (Franklin P. Fisher) was in the hospital with pneumonia. He is better now but has a bad heart. The doctors said

he might live ten years and he might die anytime and that he must not live alone, so I went up and stayed with him for a couple of weeks. I enjoyed so much my visit with him. He has so much faith and such a great love for the Lord. He wants to live and give blessings as long as he is able. He receives such wonderful letters from people who have written to him telling how their blessing has been fulfilled that he has given them. He is known and loved by thousands of people. He always has prayed that in their home there would be peace and love that people coming there would feel the sweet influence of the gospel. I have decided that you should marry a girl five years younger than you are or more. Lots of couples are ten years different in age and when you get 25 - 30, ten years doesn't make much difference. So I want you to marry a girl 25 or 26, An L.D.S. girl that age is praying for a good husband, but at 30 they have decided life's allright as they are and are more set in their ways. A girl 25 is the right age to raise a family. So look for a girl 25 or 27.

March 1962

We were happy to get your letter, Lloyd, and hear that you spoke in Priesthood meeting. You have shown honour to your parents in the very best way there is to honour them; by being true to the teachings of our church. We are very proud of you. If you will continue to do so, that is all I ask. ... We had a wonderful meeting today. Carl Southerton and Fred Nelson were confirmed. Illa said that for years she had prayed that Carl would join the church. Often she had been discouraged and not as patient as she should have been. Then one day about a month ago, the missionaries asked her if she would have a meeting the next Thursday and invite their neighbors. She said yes. That week, she asked ten people but could find no one who would come. When the missionaries arrived, only Fred and Carl were there. They held their meeting and at the end when they asked Carl if he would like to join the church he said, yes, and Fred said yes. She said, I have learned that the Lord answers our prayers in His own due time and we should not lose faith.

Edmonton, Alberta April 4, 1964

Dear Son; Lloyd

It will be a week tomorrow since I came up to Edmonton. I am sitting up in bed writing. Linda is asleep by my side. I came in to go to bed but I couldn't sleep without writing you first. Anne has a new little son. Tom came down and brought Davy and Linda and brought me back Easter Sunday. I will stay until Wednesday. Anne is feeling pretty good. The baby is so tiny, it weights 6 lbs 6 oz. He is quite cross and is dark and so sweet. Emma, Ada and Erva came over and spent the evening. It was good to see them. Shirley Murray was here today. It was father's Birthday yesterday. We tried to phone to him but he didn't answer the phone and I am wondering if Frank and father went to Conference. Frank wanted to go, but he wanted father to go with him and take the car. It has been raining here all day but it is to turn to snow tonight according to the TV and then be cold tomorrow. It has been lovely and warm all week.

Tomorrow, Ada has asked Tom and I to come to dinner. Betty and her boy friend and Aunt Ada and Uncle Jack will be there. And tomorrow morning we will all listen to conference here at Anne's; that is Tom and Anne and Blair's family. They have named the baby Larry James and are going to call him Larry. Well I didn't get my letter finished. It is so rambling, I guess it is just as well I didn't. I will try to write some more tonight. The conference was wonderful Sunday morning. The reception was just as in the assembly hall in Salt Lake City. Pres. Tanner gave a wonderful talk. It was good to hear Pres. McKay and see and hear the choir. The other talks were good too. Tom just phoned and said father and Frank went to conference. Tom went to Lethbridge on

Saturday to get Rae Poulsen. He took her down to her home in Lethbridge for the Easter holidays and went and got her Saturday. They had a big storm that hit south of Calgary and as far north as Olds. According to the paper, 200 cars were lined up between Stavely and Calgary and Tom was one of them. They had to wait until the snow plow came this morning to get them out of the drifts. Tom said they kept the car running most of the night. Shirley Murray left here Sunday afternoon to go home so I suppose she must have been on this end of the line up. There was only a little snow here and none between Lethbridge and Medicine Hat. Tom didn't start home until Sunday afternoon.

Well I don't know when I will be going home. Father and Frank will be in conference to day so can't be home before Wednesday. It will probably be the end of the week before I get home. Blair is writing some exams. He has a study in the basement and he is making graphs etc. down there. He also has to build a little house - that originate some drawings of a house, so he is not at the office this week.

I got such a lovely letter from one of the ladies in Bundaberg. She said she had been a member of the church for many years. She said you gave such a fine talk in meeting that day. You had told about the hail and the time the car nearly ran over you. I forgot to bring it with me so I will have to wait until I get home to answer it.

How are you coming with the contacts and how are the new members doing? When Pres. Palmer spoke to us, he told us how it was in South America. Every one wants the same job and are jealous of each other and they don't understand so many things. He said they asked one lady to be the Relief Society President and had told her to consider who she would like for

Counsellors. She couldn't decide so she asked for volunteers. Eight women stood up who wanted to be her counselors. Pres. Palmer said you can imagine what a time we had straightening that out. And so Lloyd dear, I guess it is the same all over the missions where there are so many new converts. They are just like little children. When it comes to understanding the gospel, they have to be taught over and over again in love and understanding. Our Relief Society lesson this month in theology was on missionary work and it stressed the importance of teaching the new member about the Holy Ghost. Although the Holy Ghost is a gift to them after their baptism, it is a gift they have to seek. You can't say, "I have the gift so I don't need any more". One must make use of it. It is like the four steps in gaining a testimony. First we must have a desire to have it. Second we must search the scriptures, 3rd pray, 4th we must live the principles as they are made known to us. Then we will be in tune to receive the prompting and the messages we desire through the Holy Ghost. I do not know how to explain it but I do know that when we receive the gift of the Holy Ghost we can't put it aside or horde it up. We must nourish it and cultivate it. I love you son and am proud of the work you are doing in striving to be a worthy missionary. love, Mother

Nov 1969 (to Sara)

Christmas wont be long now. It is such a happy time for all of us. I hope as we commemorate the birth of our beloved Saviour, looking forward to his second coming, that we will do so in the real spirit of love and gratitude.

While Dan was here, father asked Dan if he would like us all to fast and pray for Dale, that he will be able to talk. When they had Dale examined by the specialist he said that Dale was two years retarded then. If he is two years retarded, it is time for him to talk now. The Lord has said that we should pray over our families and for the things we need: and if it is expedient for us to have, he will grant our petitions if we are humble and ask in faith. I know the Lord is able to brighten his mind and bless him that he can talk, if we are humble and

ask him in faith. Before Dale walked, father and I fasted and prayed that he would be able to walk and we put his name on the prayer list. A while later, father went down to see them and Dale walked to father for the first time. We felt that the Lord heard our prayers and blessed him. And so would you please join us in fasting and praying for him on Dec. 7 fast day, that if it be our father in Heaven's will that Dale will be able to talk...

1978?

Father helps those men who are getting married or going through for the first time. He does a good job and every one knows him and he knows every one. I am so proud of the work he is doing. But it is nice to go through a session and just relax and do work for the dead. I often wish it were for my own kindred dead. I haven't been going very often. I'm so forgetful so it was good to have Ada to go with me. Ren is still at the temple. It is just eight o'clock so he will be home before long. He usually comes home after the 8 o'clock session gets on its way. Ren gets dinner at the temple but not supper so I'll fix him something. He has a late dinner over there so he says bread and milk is what he wants with a little celery and lettuce and meat. I often wish I had not resigned as a worker: but I was forgetting things and felt it was time for me to quit.