

# My Life



Kathryn Steinhauer Yoder





## MY LIFE

*My life is very insignificant in the tapestry of mankind, like so many others it is just one small thread. Yet I know just like all others I am important to Heavenly Father and to those who love me. So it is for my children and those who come after me that I will record my life story.*

*I was born August 19, 1938 in rural Pennsylvania. My parents lived in a rented farmhouse on Cherry Lane in Franconia Township, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. Now it is called Souderton.*

John & Katherine Steinhauer



*My parents are John Steinhauer Jr. and Katherine Bloom Steinhauer.*

*I was their fifth child and born at home just as my brothers and sisters were. My oldest sister, Doris, was born 19 October 1927. Robert a brother was born next on 24 September 1928. He died shortly after birth. Albert was born 28 March 1932 and Naomi born 26 January 1934. I couldn't ask for better parents or brothers and sisters. My parents both worked very hard and sacrificed for their children. Theirs was a time of the turn of the century, First and Second World Wars, and the great depression. We had the necessities but they did not have an easy life or the luxuries that we now enjoy. Yet they never complained or felt they went without. They were honest*

*with their fellowman. They had faith in God and lived as they felt the Savior would want them to. They were kind and shared what they had with others. My brother and sisters have been such good examples to me and have always been there for me if I need them. We get along great. Our extended family is just as dear both on our mother's side and father's side.*

*Our home on Cherry Lane*



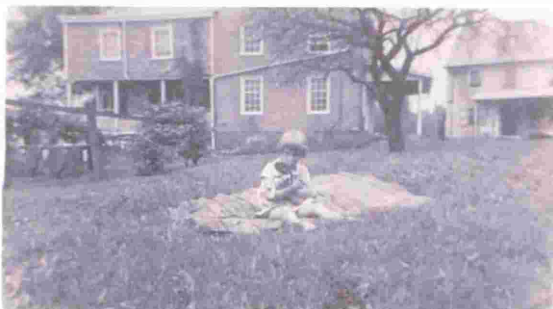
We lived in the country surrounded by fields and cow pastures. Our home was on a bend in the road with another house and a barn. Leidey's church, which we attended, was down the road with the graveyard beside it. Some of my relatives are buried there. Other houses dotted Cherry Lane. Down the hill was Leidy's Tannery, which usually stunk so bad we called it the Stink

Factory. Up the road from the tannery and on the next hill lived Minney Leidy and her husband. She was the nurse who assisted mother when I was born. We called her "Nurse Leidy". I do not know if she really was a nurse. Although we moved from there when I was five I remember picking bluebell flowers in the cow pasture and hiking the fields and woods and playing beside the pigpens and in the neighbor's barn. I tagged along with Naomi and Albert

We had electricity but no running water so my older brother and sisters had to pump it and carry it into the house in buckets. Water was heated on the kitchen stove and the Saturday night bath was taken in a large round tub behind the kitchen stove. Mother was very clean and she washed my face, hands, arms, feet

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legs before bed each night. We had no indoor bathroom but the standard outhouse or privy at the end of the yard. She planted iris flowers by the



*Myself in our yard*



here I am about 4 years old

*Privy and to this day I still think of her when I see irises. We weren't well to do by any means yet I feel we were average for the population at that place and time. We always knew we were valued and loved by our parents and extended family and always-felt love and security in our home.*

*In the winter I recall it being cold in the entire house except the kitchen where we spent most of our time. Mother cooked on the old coal stove in the kitchen and it was the source of heat also. There was a hole about 6 inches diameter in the ceiling with a grate in it and that was how the heat went up to the second floor bedroom. It was the largest bedroom, and we three girls slept in it. Albert had a small one next to us. I'm sure his room was cold and our parents even colder.*

*We had a living room, which we used in the summer, and a parlor that was used only when company came. It was usually closed off. Both had coal stoves in them. The radio was our entertainment with "George Burns and Gracie Allen", "The Jack Benny Show", "Edgar Allen and Charlie McCarthy", "Henry Allridge" and "The Nelsons".*

*We had a few chickens, a dog and a few outside cats. My father always had a big garden and he tended to it carefully. Mother did the canning and I know she worked in the garden too. They both loved flowers so there was a flowerbed or two in the yard. Mother never went to work outside the home after she had children but was always there to care for daddy, the home and us. She was very clean and sewed very well. Daddy was a milkman when I was born but had been a bookkeeper earlier in their marriage and later he was a machine tender in an asbestos plant. Daddy was very tender hearted, loved the countryside and good music.*



Our grandparents lived in Lansdale and North Wales 15 to 20 miles away. Our aunts and uncles lived mostly in Lansdale. We visited them and they visited us. Our neighbors and people at church were our friends. It was in this setting that I spent the first five years of my life.

It was during my first 5 years that the Second World War broke out. Pearl Harbor was attack in December 7, 1941 plunging the United States into war. My father's brother, Robert, was single but because of some physical reason was not able to join any of the branches of the service. However he was a plumber and volunteered to go to Hawaii and help repair things. I remember standing in the upstairs bedroom and looking out the window across the fields to the passing train far in the distance that carried my Uncle Robert off to a far away island. Looking up at daddy I ask him how long he would be gone and he said I would be as old as Doris when he came home. Doris was 10 years older than me. I don't know if he actually thought it would be that long or just said that to satisfy me.

My brother and sisters went to the one room schoolhouse a couple miles away. They always walked even in the rain and snow. I have always wished that I had gone there for at least one year. The spring before my 6<sup>th</sup> birthday we moved to Sellersville. My Uncle Phil, my fathers sisters husband, died and she sold the house to us and she moved back home with her parents. I think daddy paid about \$8,000.00 for it.

Sellersville was a little town of about 1,500 to 2,000 people. It is an old town having grown up on Rt. 309 a major road running from Philadelphia to Allentown. It was originally an Indian path. It had a pants factory, the U. S. Gage, Schulmerichs Carillons Chimes, a small cigar factory, a sweater factory and the usual stores and other small businesses. There were three schools; the primary (first to fourth grades) secondary (fifth and sixth) and the high school was located on the line between Sellersville and a neighboring town Perkasio. When I lived there 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> grade were bussed to Perkasio but before that they were in the second building.

*Our home at 50 Walnut Street  
Sellersville, Pa.*



*We lived in a blockhouse or row house as they are sometimes called. There were seven houses joined together and we were the middle one. We had a very small front yard and the back yard was just a little larger. But there was borough land in back where daddy and some of the neighbors had gardens and we played there. The trolley track*

*ran in back of that and we often rode the trolley to the neighboring towns. Further on ran Lenape Park*



*Lake Lenape  
Where I ice-skated*

*and the river called Lake Lenape named after the Lenape Indians. We often took walks, had picnics, played and swam there and ice-skated on the creek. Our neighbors were friendly and it was a good place to live. We usually walked to church. We attended the St Paul's Evangelical and Reformed Church. It was a half block from the primary and secondary*

*schools. Mother took us, daddy very seldom went, and he stayed home and cooked the dinner and listened to religious programs one of which was The Spoken Word with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. Dinner was usually a pot roast and mashed potatoes. He made the fluffiest mashed potatoes I've ever eaten. He was a good cook although he didn't cook*

much. The house smelled so good and it was nice to come home to a dinner ready to eat although we all would rather have him there with us at church.



*Sellersville school grades 1-4*

I started school the September after I turned 6. There was one class for each year in the little schoolhouse that sat on the hill across from the Lutheran church and graveyard. The first four grades were in one building and next to that was the older children's building of fifth and sixth grades. Each

had a large playground where we played baseball, jacks, jump rope, hopscotch or other team games like red rover etc. I went to these two buildings for school for the next 6 years.



*Sellersville school grades 5,6*

Naomi, my sister, was 4 years older and Albert 6 years older so they were in the next building so I had someone to walk to and from school with when I was just starting out. The local policeman, Mike Hallman, was always at the bottom of the hill to help those who lived across the highway. Everyone in town loved him and he



held an annual Christmas party for all the children in town each year at the Moose Lodge.

Our school building had a bell tower and a bell to be rung each morning when school began. The custodian, Mr. Everly, who was very nice, usually allowed one of the children to pull the rope and ring the bell. I was so very timid and only remember ringing it once.

There were about 25 students who started that first year of school together. Twelve years later about 18 of us graduated from Pennridge High School.

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Kathryn Steinhauer 8 years old



The Lutheran Church chimes played such a part of my life in Sellersville. The church and graveyard were across the street from the primary school. Every 15 minutes it sang out a melody like the one of Big Ben in England and on the hour chimed the complete melody and counted the number of the hour. All through school we heard it count off the quarter hours and always knew what time it was. If we lay awake at night we knew what time it was because it could be heard all over town. From the time I was 5 till I was 18 that clock was a part of my life and I loved it chimes so much that I later went back and recorded it.

In our little town of Sellersville there were two homes that I remember where the homeowners had a "Putz"

for all to enjoy during the Christmas season. As far as I know the putz came from Germany. The Moravians brought a similar custom to Pennsylvania.

During December these families would welcome anyone who wanted to see their display. Theirs were very large and elaborate usually taking up most of a room. It was miniature village complete with mountains, lakes, trains, people, animals, houses, trees and just about everything you would find in a small town. It was amazing and all the Girl Scout and Boy Scout troops went to see them. We always had a small one under our Christmas tree with my brother's train set up to run around the little town.

I became a Brownie Scout when I turned 7 or 8 and went on to Girl Scouts and enjoyed the years spent in those organizations. I could have worked harder had I put my mind to it but I did earn enough badges to be considered one of the more advanced scouts. As I think back I realize I learned many skills earning those badges. I went to scout camp several summers starting at age 10. I always loved camp. We sold girl Scout Cookies and malted milk balls.

One summer when I was about eight my two-second cousins came for about two weeks. In the middle of town there was an old livery stable. It was a place where they used to keep horses in the old days and it was left standing and mostly deserted. But the bottom floor was used by a local store as a warehouse. Most of the windows on the top floor were broken out. On the side of the brick wall was a big sign stating "Post No Bills". We had no idea what that meant but my smart cousin stated it meant if you broke a window you didn't have to pay the bill. That sounded like an invitation to us so we gathered up rocks and started heaving them at the windows. Lucky for us we were terrible shots but it wasn't long before an irate man came running at us and demanded we stop. It was years later when I found out it means don't put any advertisements on the building. When I see a Post No Bills on an old building I think back to that carefree summer and it always brings a smile.

When I was a teenager I went to church camp, Camp Mench Mill, and I always loved my two weeks of the summer spent there. Usually I was



*the only one from our church in Sellersville who went but I loved it so much that I would go alone.*

*It was the spring and summer of 1945 that the Second World War ended. I was seven that August. Everyone was so happy. I remember the fire whistle blowing and the church bell ringing for a long time. People were in the streets talking and laughing. Many had lost sons, husbands, and brothers and it was so good to know it was over. During those years we subscribed to the magazines Life, Look and Saturday Evening Post, which carried pictures of the war with strange names such as Guadalcanal, Iwo Jima and Kwajalein in the Pacific theater and news of the European Front and the countries involved there. This opened the atomic age, and brought sweeping changes to warfare. Within a few years the "cold war" set in and brought fears and more isolation of countries and beliefs.*

*It was either after or before we moved to Sellersville that my dad took the job at the asbestos plant in Ambler, Pennsylvania. He worked around the clock, meaning one week he worked 6 am to 2 pm, the next week it was 2 pm to 10 pm, and the next week 10 pm to 6 am. How he was able to get a decent sleep I can't imagine. He did this for years and had the attitude that was just how it was. Now when I hear people complain about their work I think of those times when people were glad to have a job. We did not know what asbestos did to a person at that*

*time so he and many others were exposed everyday in an enormous way and never knew till it was too late. He smoked Camel cigarettes also so at age of 69 he died of emphysema and who knows how bad his lungs were with all the exposure he had at the asbestos plant.*



*Katherine and John Steinhauer  
About 1950*

*My dad also had a beautiful garden each summer and eventually built a small greenhouse to start plants in and to grow flowers, which he loved so much. He had a great talent when working in the garden. He loved to*

give his vegetables and flowers to others and was always willing to listen or talk to a neighbor. He kept the house in good repair and was always working on some fix up project. He didn't have much time for lawbreakers or those who were not willing to work to support their families or pull their share of the load. He was a good man and I love him dearly and am proud of him. I'm grateful for the ideals and work ethic he passed on to all his children. When we were on the main highway and saw a man in military uniform he would stop and pick him up and take him as far as we could. Sometimes he would give them cash (about \$5.00) and tell them thank you for protecting our country. He was very patriotic.



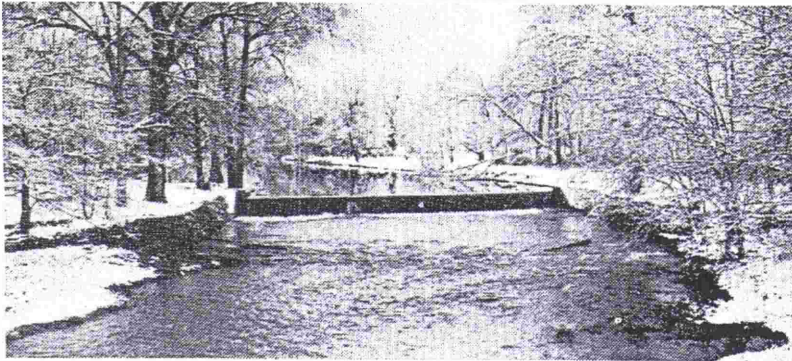
Kiwanis installed wading pool on playground

There was a small city park in Sellersville, which had tennis courts, swings, monkey bars, slides, merry-go-round, sand box, may pole and a small swimming pool for the smaller children. They had pony rides on the weekends. We went there to cool off in the summer until I was to big and could walk about two miles to Menlo Park in Perkasie. But I did spend about 5 years playing at the little park in Sellersville.

Sometimes I would go to Lake Lenape (we called it the creek) and swim there but not often since the water was murky and I didn't like not seeing what I was swimming with. I often went there and played in the smaller creek. When I was about 6 daddy bought us our first ice skates and I learned to ice skate. I loved it. Every winter I hunted for someone to go with me to skate on Lake Lenape.

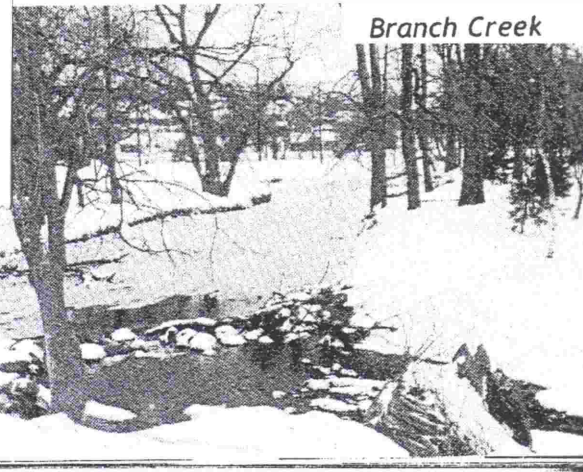


*The falls on Lake Lenape*



At night the adults often had a bonfire but I thought it was a waste of time to sit

there and talk so always spent my time skating. As a teenager I spent many hours there ice-skating.



*Branch Creek*



*Sellersville trolley station*

Sixth, seventh and eighth grades were spent during the late 40's. I loved my big sister Naomi and tagged around after her as much as I could. We often rode the trolley to Perkasio to the movies and thought the movie stars of that time were so wonderful. Movies were about .75 cents and

sometimes we had enough money to buy an ice cream Sunday, which cost .45 cents. One dip of vanilla ice cream topped with chocolate syrup, whipped cream and a cherry on top. After all these years I think they tasted better than any I've had since.



Naomi was just four years older and she played with me more than I remember Albert or Doris playing with me. We shared a bedroom and a double bed.

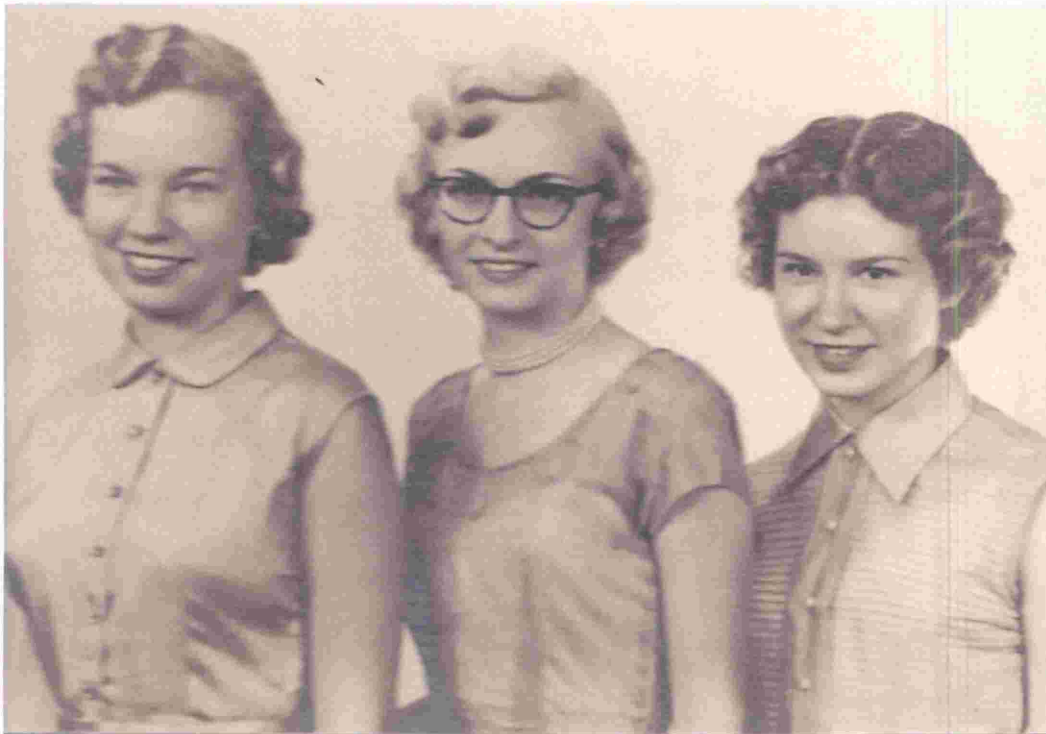
*Kathryn 10 years old*

We had a big bolster that was a pillow as large as the width of the bed. It was stuffed with feathers from our chickens like all the rest of the pillows in our home. In the summer when the nights were hot and we felt our pillow was to warm turning it over gave us a cool side. Since this took cooperation when we wanted to turn it over to get to the cool side we would simply say to the other, "Fresh pillow" to which they would reply, "Fresh pillow" and that meant; turn together. To this day when I turn my pillow for a fresh side to myself I say, "Fresh pillow" but I miss not hearing her voice reply.



*Kathryn and Naomi*

Naomi, Doris, Kathryn about 1952



Naomi took me to the movies in Perkasio with her till it wasn't cool to drag your little sister yet I don't remember her complaining although I do remember a few looks that meant "I'm not overjoyed about this." I specifically remember silently crying at the supper table one night and when daddy asks me what was wrong I replied, "I have a headache." He could see right through me and said, "Maybe if you go to the movies with Naomi tonight your headache will go away." Thank you, daddy!



Harvey and Naomi Halvorson when they were first married.



My brother, Albert, had a paper route at this time. He had a little more



independence and freedom (or so we girls thought). He bought comic books like Tarzan and the ones that were popular at that time. I wanted to read them but he usually wouldn't let me so sometimes I would sneak into his room and read them. His room was above the kitchen and the kitchen light would make a little noise when you walked in and mother would always hear and call to me to get out of his room. Sometimes she didn't catch me but the ax would fall later as Al always seemed to find out and would get mad at me and I would get in trouble. I

reminded him of this when we were adults and he denied it and didn't remember it, and it was such a big thing to me. Ah, such is life. When he was a teenager he worked at Yackle's Bakery just down the street from our home. They made the best cinnamon buns and on Sunday afternoons people would stand in a line that went onto the porch, down the steps and down the street waiting to buy their cinnamon buns and doughnuts. It always smelled so good. Naomi worked in the front for years. When it was closed down for the day I sometimes played in the back of the bakery with David Yackle their son who was a little younger than me.

When we moved to Sellersville Doris finished her last year in high school and graduated. She went off to college that fall and I remember going to the trolley station to meet her as she came home for visits. It was always fun to walk home with her especially if none of the rest of the family was

able to be there. Her college seemed so far away and although we went to see the campus I felt like she was at the end of the earth. I looked forward to her trips home.

She had graduated from college by the time I was in 5<sup>th</sup> grade and taught at the Sellersville primary school that I had attended. She lived at home for a few years when she taught there. I was always so proud of her as a teacher. Many times the other children would



*Don and Doris Compton*

say, "You ought to be smart, you have a sister who is a school teacher." What a joke! Later she moved to Illinois and taught there. I missed her so much as she was always a good friend and answered many of my questions.

*Santa at the Fire Station*



I especially remember one Christmas when I was about 6 or 7. In front of the fire station there was a big wooden Santa put up every Christmas season. She took me to see it and as we were on our way home I ask her if the Savior

was real or just something our parents made up to make us be good. She answered me that he certainly was real. I never doubted after that and realize she gave me my first testimony of Jesus Christ.

I entered high school the year Naomi graduated, 1954. President Eisenhower was elected president that fall. We went to ninth and tenth grade in the old Sell-Perk High School located on the line between the towns of Sellersville and Perkasio.



*Kathy at 16*

The fall of eleventh grade we moved into the new school in the country outside of Perkasio and had to ride the bus. It was a nice new school and we were proud of it. I took the commercial courses so I had typing, bookkeeping etc. I loved to sew so I took Home Ec. every year from seventh grade till I graduated. I didn't especially like the cooking part but I love the sewing. During my four years in high school our football team never lost a game. What a record! I enjoyed going to the football and basketball games mostly to meet my friends there. Frank Yoder played both sports but until my senior year I hadn't met him. He did date several of my friends and was very popular and great in sports. I, on the other hand, never joined the band,

clubs or any of the sports probably for lack of confidence and it is something I regret now and wish I had done some or several extra



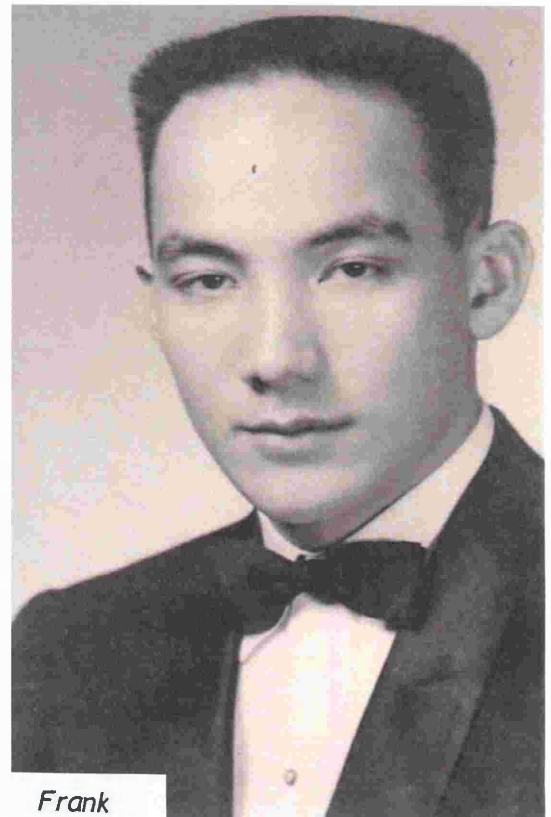
curricular activities. I think I may not have been the best but would at least have been good at it and enjoyed school more.



Having been a teenager during the fifties was fun. It was the beginning of rock n' roll and Elvis, ponytails, sweaters, gathered skirts with crinoline slips, bobby socks, dancing the jitterbug and dancing some more. We had a group of 12 girls and formed a club and had pajama parties, went to a local teenage club and

hung around together. One school year when I was a senior our group of about 12 girls rode the train to Philadelphia and went to Bandstand. That was thrilling because we would usually watch it each day after school on TV. I think it was one of the best times for a teenager. Yet there was the Korean Conflict brewing and that was ever in our minds.

I dated some during my last two years in school. While walking to a football game one night in 1955 Frank Yoder offered me a ride and that was when I met the man I would marry. Later one night my friend Shorty and I were at a local diner and he and Charlie Walton came in and we talked and they followed us to my house and we went out to look at the Christmas lights.



Frank

After that we dated for two weeks and in the New Year he went to Japan for isolated duty in the Coast Guard and we wrote frequently for that year.

I started to baby sit for Nancy and Bill Lyons, who lived down the street when I was about 15. I babysat all through high school to earn spending

money. He was a doctor and was just starting his practice and had it in his home. After supper I would go there and wash the dishes for Nancy while she took the children upstairs and got them ready for bed so the downstairs where he had his practice remained quiet. During my last year in school I held a part time job with my dentists, Dr Ramirez, in Perkasio. I worked with him for a while after I graduated.

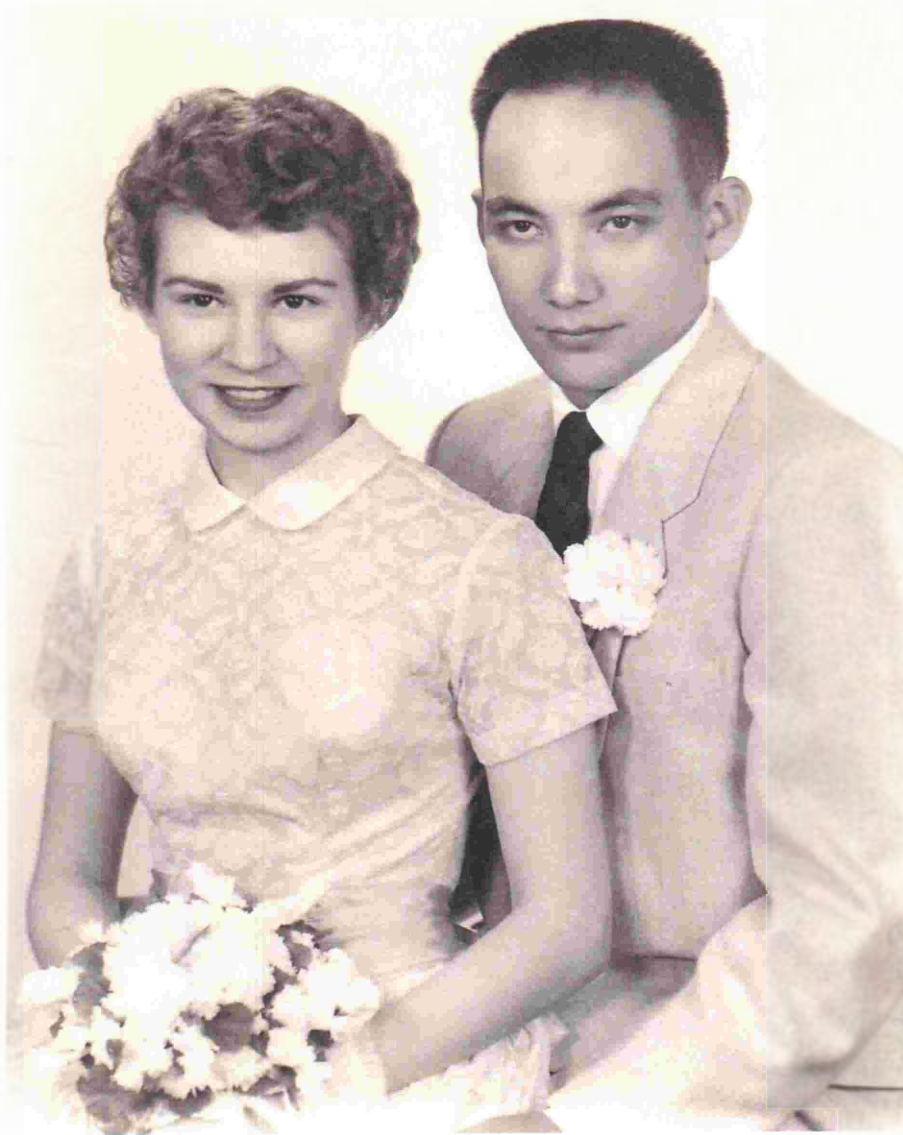


I graduated in June of 1956. That summer I changed jobs and started working for the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania as a telephone operator. During this time I dated another guy, York Fischer. Frank had dated his sister, Babs, during high school. Mostly I waited for Frank to come home from isolated duty in Japan. I wrote to him faithfully at least every week. In February of 1957 he came home from Japan and was on leave about 2 weeks, which we spent most of together. On his way home during a layover in Hawaii he sent me a telegram telling when he would arrive. It's the only telegram I've ever

received. I was so excited I could hardly wait.

It was during this time we decided to get married. We set the wedding date for April 6, 1957. At that time he was stationed in Elizabeth City, North Carolina. Frank came home on as many weekends as he could so we saw each other fairly often. My world revolved around the time he would be home and North Carolina seemed as far away as Japan.

*On our wedding day*



We were married April 6, 1957, a Saturday morning, at Zion Mennonite Church with his brother, Ray there and my best friend, Shorty. After the ceremony we went to have pictures taken, than back to my home to change and say goodbye to my parents. We went to his home for him to change and say goodbye to his parents. We than drove to my grandmother Steinhauer to see her and Aunt Jessie for a few minutes and then

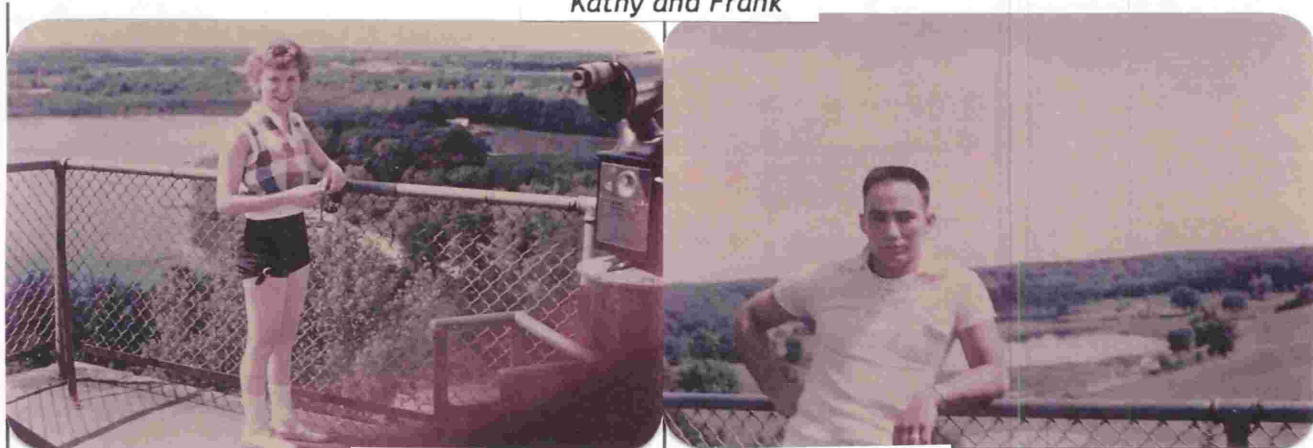
left for our honeymoon to Elizabeth City where he was stationed. We stopped for the night near the Delaware/Maryland border. The next day we crossed the Chesapeake Bay on the Ferry. At that time the bay bridge tunnel wasn't built and the trip took longer. Spring had come to the area below the Mason Dixon Line and I was amazed to see how green and lush everything was and thought Virginia and North Carolina were beautiful with dogwoods and azaleas in bloom. We were in Elizabeth City for the day and spent the night at the Virginia Dare Hotel. Frank had to be back in school on Monday and I had to be at the telephone company so I had to fly home alone. He put me on a small plane at the Elizabeth City Coast Guard Air



Station. As the plane was taking off I was crying and as I looked out the window there at the end of the runway was my sweetheart waving his arms at me. I went home and waited till the next weekend when he could come to Sellersville and spend the weekend there. I never thought that a little over 10 years later we would live in Elizabeth City and our 10 children would swim near that very spot he stood at the end of the runway and waved at me.

I continued to work at the telephone company while Frank went to school in North Carolina and he came home on as many weekends as he could. Once I flew to Washington D. C. and he drove up and we stayed at my sister Doris's apartment for the weekend. By June he graduated and we were able to spend a few days in Pennsylvania than say goodbye to our families and drive to San Francisco, California.

*Kathy and Frank*



*Pictures taken on our trip across country*

We enjoyed driving through the states we had never seen before and even drove on the famous Route 66. We drove to Detroit, Michigan and saw two of the house parents he was fond of when he stayed in the village. We went through Vernal, Utah and got a dinosaur license at the motel we stayed at. We were going to go through Salt Lake City but changed our minds and drove on to Hoover Dam and spent a day or two in Las Vegas when it was one street of casinos. We were able to visit my sister Naomi in San Diego before traveling up to San Francisco. We spent a week there waiting for a MATS flight. We saw a lot of cheap afternoon movies, rode the trolley cars and went over the San Francisco Bridge, which was very

impressive. We ate mostly at a little Chinese restaurant across the street from our motel. We had to wait for a flight available on a MATS flight. It took 11 hours and 45 minutes to get to Honolulu, Hawaii. What a long flight and we played cards most of the way.

Someone in the C G got us a room for one night. Frank went off to the station and the hotel told me I had to leave because it was only one night. Here I was scared to death because I didn't know anyone in Hawaii and didn't know how to get in touch with Frank. They found me another motel and informed Frank that afternoon when he came home and all was well.

We found a little one-bedroom apartment and settled in. We didn't know anyone but that was okay for we were in love and spent all our free time together. In the autumn Luther Jenkins, a fellow Coast Guardsman who Frank worked with ask the golden question...what do you know about the Mormons? We started to meet with him and Orville Bates, a fellow in the Navy. Both were Stake Missionaries. We had a total of about 14 lessons and desired to be baptized. I remember wondering if we were repentant enough and "if they would let us in." Oh how naive I was. As we learned about tithing our \$311.00 a month I thought we could start paying part of it and work up but Frank said with his usual committed self, "Kathy if we are going to do it we'll do it right." He has always been that way, especially about the gospel. I went through quite a repentance process because of the careless way I had been about helping my parents as I was growing up and was truly sorry. I wrote home and told my parents how sorry I was and my mother wrote back, "We forgave you before you did them." We joined the Church the end of November 1957. We were baptized at the tabernacle in downtown Honolulu. It was a beautiful day. There were many 8 year olds being baptized and we were the only adults. The baptismal font at the tabernacle is outside in a lanai with many flowers, trees and plants; there are two lily ponds one on each side of the font. It is a beautiful setting with many exotic flowers and foliage. It was the beginning of a new life for us.

We both had callings in church within a short time. I think Frank was called in Boy Scouts and I was called into the Primary. Our auxiliary meetings were held during the week and on Sunday we had Sunday school in the morning and Sacrament in the late afternoon.

We lived in Honolulu and rode the bus most places in town. There were two couples that were our main friends. One lived next door to us, Marge and Jerry Burkeen and Mary and Paul Tyndall. We played a lot of cards, Hearts mostly, with the Burkeens. My sister Naomi and husband Harvey who was in the Navy, were sent to Hawaii also. So I had one of my big sisters close by.

I got pregnant in February and had an easy pregnancy. I had no one to guide me so I went to the library in Honolulu and checked out books. One was by an English doctor, Dr. Benjamine Reed. It was, "Childbirth Without Fear". I consumed it and trusted his point of view. It was a forerunner to the Lamaz method. Sumi was born December 19, 1958. It was an easy labor taking about 4 hours from start to finish.

*Sumi Yoder Cosgrove*



Sumi was a beautiful baby; many people would tell me how beautiful she was. She was my biggest baby at 8 lb. 12 oz. We were so anxious to take her home but I was weak and had to stay in the hospital till the 24<sup>th</sup>. It was Christmas Eve and it felt like the most wonderful day of the year for we were home together; the three of us. When Frank blessed her in church he had the biggest smile you ever saw on his face. The teenagers loved babies and each Sunday they would take her for the entire Sacrament Meeting. We loved our two



years in Hawaii. Both Hawaii and Alaska became states while we were there and that was a huge celebration spread over a week. We lived in four apartments during our 2 years there; two in Honolulu, one near Pearl Harbor and the last one at Barbers Point in Navy housing. We often went swimming at Hanama Bay and would sometimes go to the beach at the Church College of Hawaii. The Church College of Hawaii was being built while we were there and we helped. We never thought that one of our future sons would go to college there, swim where we swam and meet his wife there but in the 1990's David did. I washed windows and pulled weeds. We went to the Hawaiian Temple one year after we joined the church to be sealed and had Sumi sealed to us there. President David O'Mckay was prophet and visited Hawaii when we were new members and he was there at a conference we attended. When our time was up we packed up and said a tearful goodbye and flew to the west coast to pick up our car and drove home to Pennsylvania for a short visit and for the grandparents to see their granddaughter.

Our next duty station was Biloxi, Mississippi. After a short stay at the bishops home we found a trailer in a trailer park and moved our little family in. Frank was back in scouts and I served in Primary. We were close to the base and had the advantages of that but our best friends were at church just as it has been through the years. One of our favorite families was the Oliver's. The Oliver's had 4 boys and 2 girls and lived in the country. We often got together and went on picnics or to a local river to swim. I taught John, the oldest boy, in Blazer scouts and learned to love him. Sometimes I would go to pick the family up for primary when they couldn't get a ride. Frank home taught an older woman who was blind. We often went to visit her and took her homemade bread. She had no running water or electricity and was ever so poor and lived in a little shack alone.

It was in Biloxi that we met the Farlings who were in the Coast Guard but not members who have become life long friends. They had little children near our children ages and we did lots of things together.

President Kennedy was president and it was at that time that the Cuban missile crisis came about. That was a very frightening time with small children, the Bay of Pigs, nuclear drills, bomb shelters and talk of nuclear war.

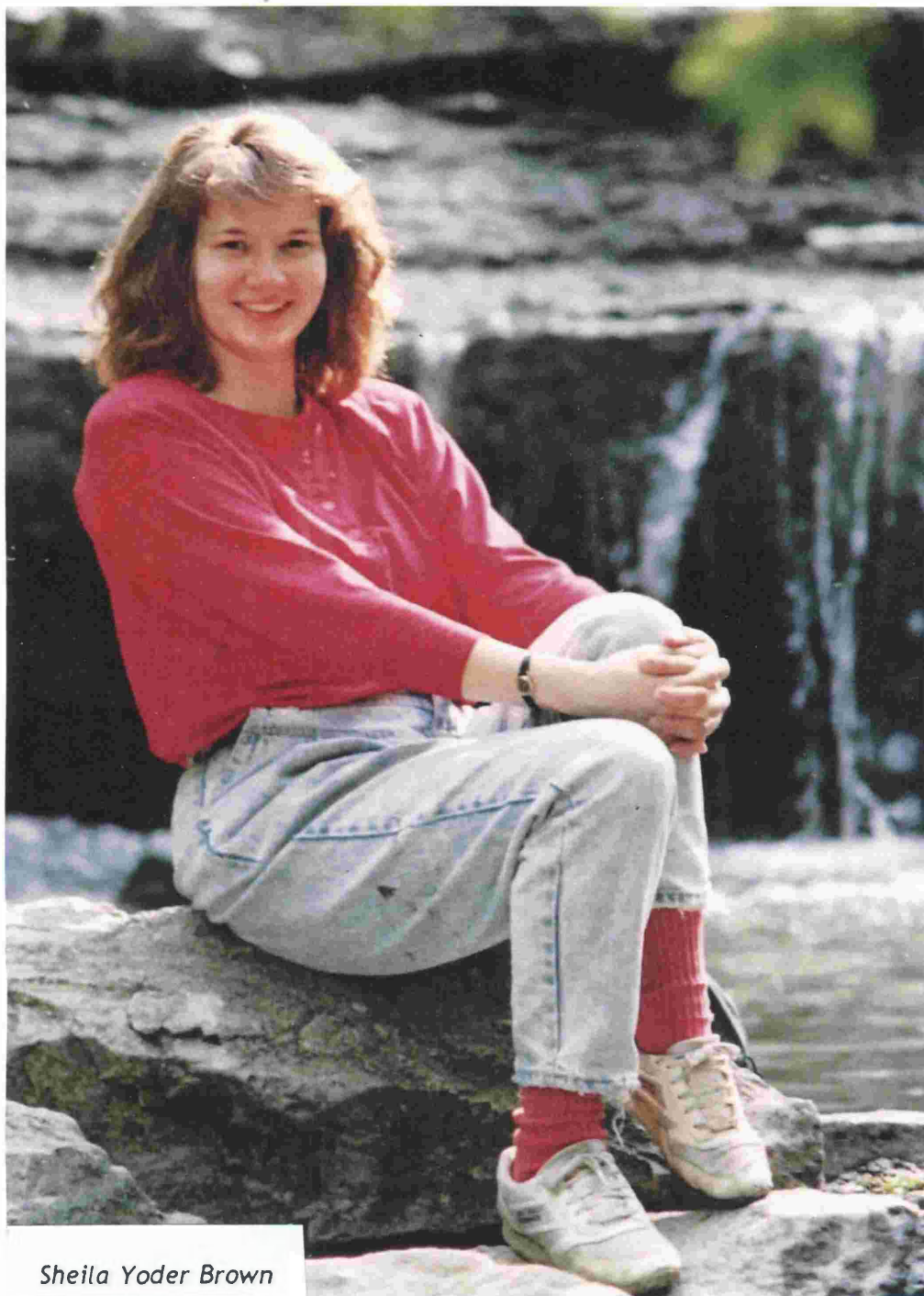


*Frank T. Yoder Jr.*

Babies came in quick succession with Frank Jr. being born April 28, 1960 at 5:25 an. We were so happy to have our first boy and he was such a sweet little guy. Frank Sr. was so proud to have son and anxious to be able to hold him. Sumi was 1 year and 4 months and happy with a little baby to help me care for. We lived in a trailer at this time. Shortly after we moved to a rented home with a large front and back yard. Then I had a miscarriage.



Sheila being born October 2, 1961.



Sheila Yoder Brown

I was baking bread —white for the first time— when I realized she was on the way and told myself I was going to finish that before she came. I did and she was born around 9 that night. She was my smallest baby at 6lb 2oz. She came feet first and is left-handed which I used to tease her about being upside down and backwards. She slept a lot and sucked her thumb constantly. Frank Jr. was 1 ½ and Sumi nearly 3 when she was born.

Another year and 3 months and John was born on January 14, 1963.



He was born within an hour and half, my quickest delivery. We were happy to have another boy and we named him after my father. Like Frank Jr. he had gray eyes and was such a good baby. We welcomed each little child into our home and it was a sweet little family.

We lived in three places in Biloxi, first in the trailer park, second in a little house and finally base housing came available. We had an upstairs apartment with three bedrooms on the base. It was converted barracks from WW II and not so pretty but we made it into our retreat from the world. It was

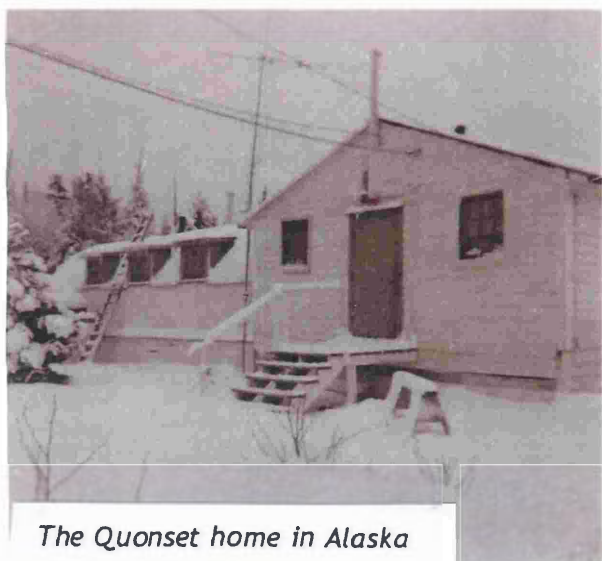
here I learned how to bake bread, how to cut dads and Frank's hair and sewed and sewed clothes for the kids. We often had the young military men over to eat just to get them out of the barracks, which was a bad influence on them.

Frank was very active in the Boy Scouts and served as Scout Master and L D S Scouting Commissioner and spent many weekends on campouts and traveling to other wards. He also had duty every third night so he wasn't

home very much. He also went to A School at night for a while and was gone every night till midnight. We didn't see him much sometimes but he found time to play with the kids and to spend an occasional day at the river. He bought a Vesper Motor Scooter to get to work and would take the kids and I for a ride at times. We both spent time doing projects to raise money for the Church building projects, myself baking bread and he washed cars and had a little store for a short time. At that time Primary was held during the week after school and I served in Primary and for a short time in MIA. Sunday School was held on Sunday mornings and Sacrament Meeting on Sunday night.

We lived in Biloxi for about three years till Frank got orders to Metlakatla, Alaska in early 1963. We packed our things and said goodbye again to many friends we would never see again. We drove to Pennsylvania to see our parents and say goodbye to them for several years and drove to Chrisman Ill. to see my sister Doris and her husband Don. We went to Yellowstone while out west, then on to Portland Oregon to send our car on ahead. We flew to Ketchikan, Alaska to start another page of our life together.

Frank went to Metlakatla to the C. G. Station and the kids and I stayed in Ketchikan in an upstairs apartment for several weeks. Frank was able to find a home on the island of Metlakatla in the Native American village of Metlakatla.



*The Quonset home in Alaska*

We moved there and the children had room to play outside. It rained on the average of 130 inches a year so we had rain very frequently. Boots and rain gear were a must and they looked so darling outside playing in their rain gear. All the children played outside like that since there were so few days when it didn't rain, you just learned to deal with it. We enjoyed ourselves there so close to the water. We could watch the tide come in and out, the sea gulls and the change in



weather from our front window. Frank and the 2 older children often went crabbing down from the house, Frank with hip boots walking ahead with a bucket tied around his waist pulling it along behind him. The children found the crabs and he caught them in his net. When the tide went out the things you could see among the rocks were beautiful; large starfish and sea anemia, beautiful colors and odd things I have never seen before. In the spring we picked salmon berries and made jam. Many days Frank picked the berries before he left for work and sometimes made the jam too or froze them.

I sewed a lot of the clothes for the children and myself and enjoyed sewing. There were no stores on the island so we had to send for our clothes and shoes from Sears, Penny's or some other catalog store. We also wrote up our grocery list and sent it to Ketchikan and they hired young boys to take your list and shop for you, then the groceries were sent over every two weeks on the Coast Guard boat. We hoped the Coast Guard didn't get called out on a rescue because your groceries would go with them. It was often interesting what we got in those bags because there were misunderstandings at times. It was at this time I learned to have a pantry with an extra of most things so I wouldn't have to do without.

There was one road on the island and it made a loop around Metlakatla to the C.G. station and it was dirt. You can imagine what that was like with the freezing and thawing. The road grader made a continual trip up and down that road.

The protestant chapel was on the other side of the island near the FAA base and all three denominations met there at different time on Sunday. We had a small group of about 25 at the most in the summer months. We enjoyed each other and got along good.

We were able to move into base housing near the C.G. base after a short time. It was an old Quonset hut from WW II. It was not the best place but I was always happy as long as Frank and the children were there. I'd seen so many men in the C.G. and Navy gone for tours of duty to sea or other countries and I was always so happy just to have Frank there that I didn't care too much what the place was like as long as we were together.

We were blessed in that area since he was usually at home except for duty nights and a few times he was sent to schools for a few weeks or a month or so.

The Vietnam War had escalated in the 1960's and our country was torn apart over the controversy of it. We didn't get TV and the news on the radio was mostly local so we had to rely upon the newspaper. It was a sad time with riots in large cities and men refusing to participate in a war they felt we shouldn't be in. It was at this time while living in Metlakatla that president John F. Kennedy was assassinated in November of 1963. Frank was off on a C G trip and I was home with the kids alone for about a week. It was such a lonely and unsettling time.

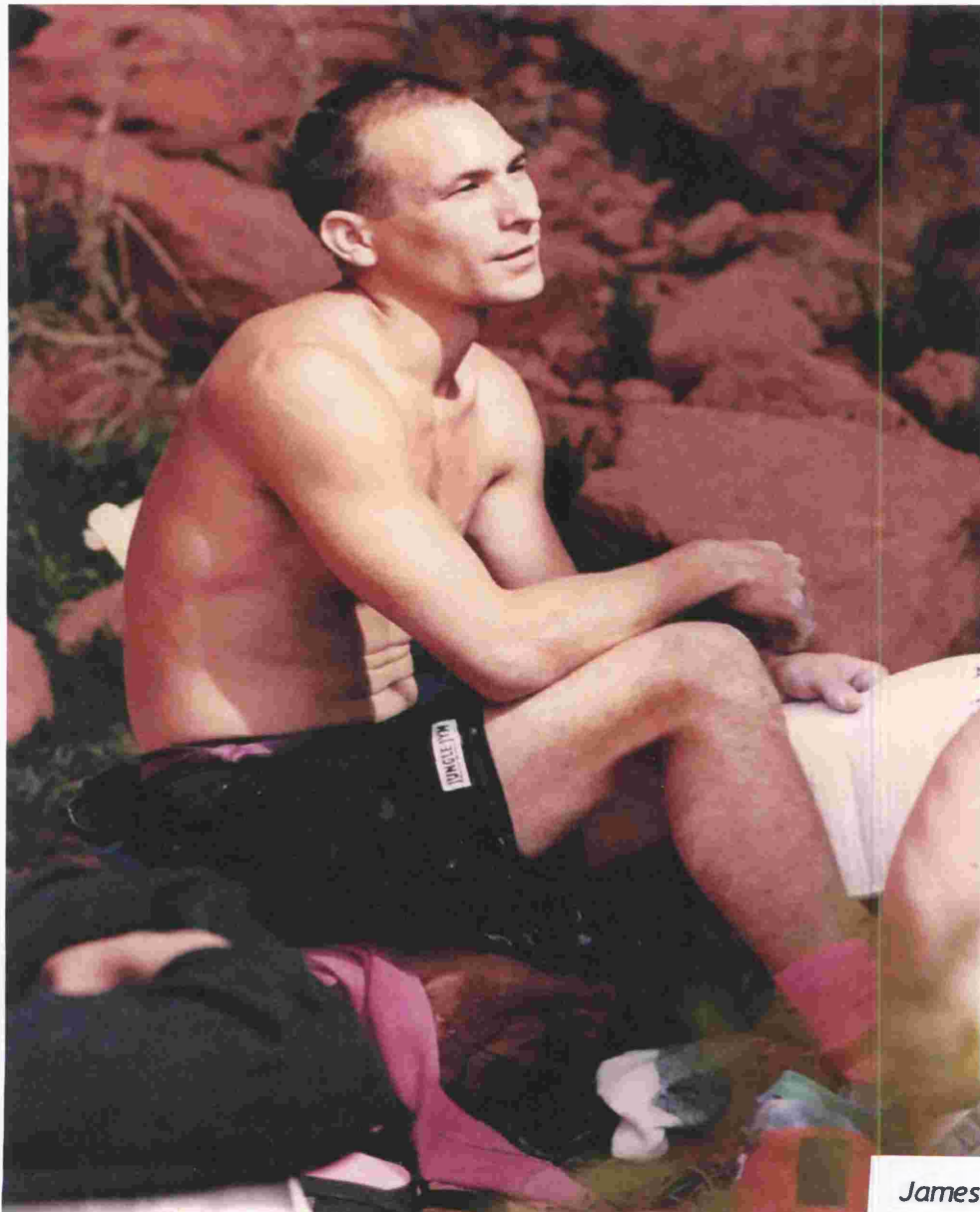
We did have many happy times also. We went to the beach to walk, have a picnic and play. It was too cold to swim. In the winter we played with the kids in the snow. There was no TV. When the salmon ran we went and watched that. Most any day you could see bald eagles circling in the sky, and that was beautiful sight. We hiked to Purple Lake with the Gilmur family and had picnics and firesides with the missionaries. It was a time away from traffic, movies, television, stores and many distracting things of this world and we spent more time with family doing things together and with friends. The days were long in the summer and short in the winter. It was a wonderful time filled with many happy memories of people and Alaska.

It was here Sumi started school. She rode the bus to Metlakatla and did very well. The next year Sumi and Frank were able to go across the street to the local school. We also moved into the first C.G. housing in the world. You can imagine our horror when they had the opening ceremony and the big brass came to visit our home. I never did figure why they chose our family when there were other older couples with fewer children who had it all pulled together. We cleaned and tried to present ourselves as good as possible.

On Good Friday in 1965 there was a major earthquake in northern Alaska. That was quite a scary time since Frank had duty and wasn't home for

several days as that was part of his job. The kids and I were taken to the base and had to spend the night there in the mess hall with all the others families. We sat on blankets and watched movies and tried to sleep if possible. The next morning we were allowed to go home. We didn't suffer any destruction but many places north of us lost lives and property. For months later if I called the children in from play they would run and ask, "Is there an earthquake?" It affected all of us.

It was here on 12 October 1965 that James was born. I took the boat to



*James T. Yoder*



Ketchikan and checked into the hospital. They induced labor and he was born the next morning. What a sweetheart. Frank was able to be with me for a while but had to go back to be with the four older children and several days later I had to check myself out of the hospital, get a taxi, go to the dock, buy a ticket and catch a seaplane home alone with a baby only 4 days old. That was a hard thing to do for me. In Annette Frank and the anxious children were waiting to get their hands on James. It was so nice to be back together again.

About two weeks later we had Brother and Sister Critchlow stop at Annette on their visit to the AI/Can Mission. They ate lunch at our home and were so nice. Meetings were held and it was so nice to have an assistant to the 12 spend some time in our home. James grew and thrived and it wasn't long before I realized he had 2 dimples in his cheeks.

It was about a month later that we met Henry D. Moyel, a counselor to president David O McKay, at the airport. We were able to spend a few minutes talking to him.

Frank got orders to Astoria Oregon somewhere in the 1965 or early 1966. We packed and took the boat to Ketchikan where we picked up our car. We had to wait a day in the car with 5 children. What a time that was!! We washed in a local stream and stayed in the church and slept on the floor because we couldn't afford a motel. The ferry was full at just one car before us so the next day we were first on and we took the ferry to some place in Canada. From there we drove through Canada to Astoria, Oregon. Canada was so very beautiful.

We lived in Astoria, Oregon for only a year but we really enjoyed it there. We lived near the Church and school. By now Sumi was in 2<sup>nd</sup> grade and Frank in 1<sup>st</sup>. We had some special friends in the country: the Mensing family who we enjoyed spending time with. We often picked them up for Primary and other church meetings and they often gave us free eggs and thick cream in return. The day we left Astoria they took the children out to their home while we packed up. Frank Jr. was afraid we were leaving them and walked home by himself. He was only about 6 and it must have been three or four miles.

The three older children enjoyed playing in the woods in back of our home where they were building a school. We went to the local parks often and had picnics there. Up the hill from our home was Fort Clasup where Lewis and Clark ended their trip and stayed for some time.

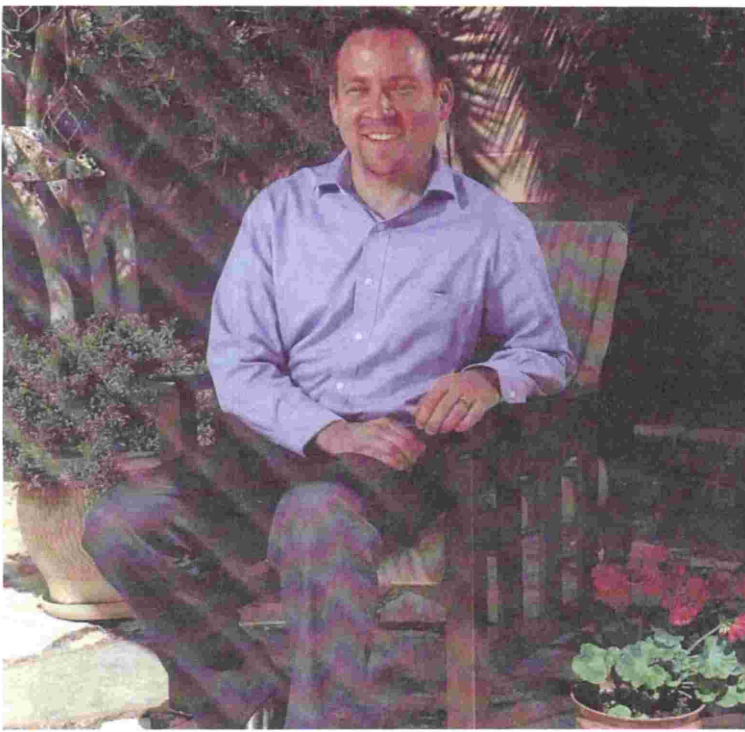
Frank put in for school and within 5 days we packed and drove to Millington, Tennessee.

Tennessee was warm compared to the three years in Alaska and one in Oregon. We were able to get base housing within a couple days. Sumi was in 3<sup>rd</sup> grade, Frank Jr. in 2<sup>nd</sup> and Sheila Kindergarten.



Frank Jr., James, John





*Michael T. Yoder*

On a Sunday afternoon March 31, 1968 Michael was born. Michael was such a sweet baby and easy to take care of. We all fell in love with him. He has always been such a special son and brother.

While we were in the hospital Martin Luther King was killed in Memphis, Tennessee. We were living in a suburb and the whole base went into lock down.

The night we finally got home there was a tornado that went through the town, jumped the military housing we were in and touched down in the country near us. When Michael was eight weeks we moved to Elizabeth City, N. C.

We arrived in Elizabeth City in the middle of May. Within a week we had a home picked out that we wanted to buy. We took out a mortgage for \$10,500.00 on the house and started payments of \$80.00 a month on the first mortgage and \$20.00 on the second and applied every extra cent and paid it off in one day short of 10 years.



*1004 Hunnicutt, Elizabeth City, N.C.*

We went without many extras and vacation trips and I've been always grateful we were able to do that although it took great sacrifice.

In the fall the children started school. This was 1968 and segregation was still practiced. The schools had what they called "freedom of choice" which basically meant the white children went to what had traditionally been an all white school and the black children to the school near the black university. But within 2 years that was done away and you sent your children to the school nearest your home.

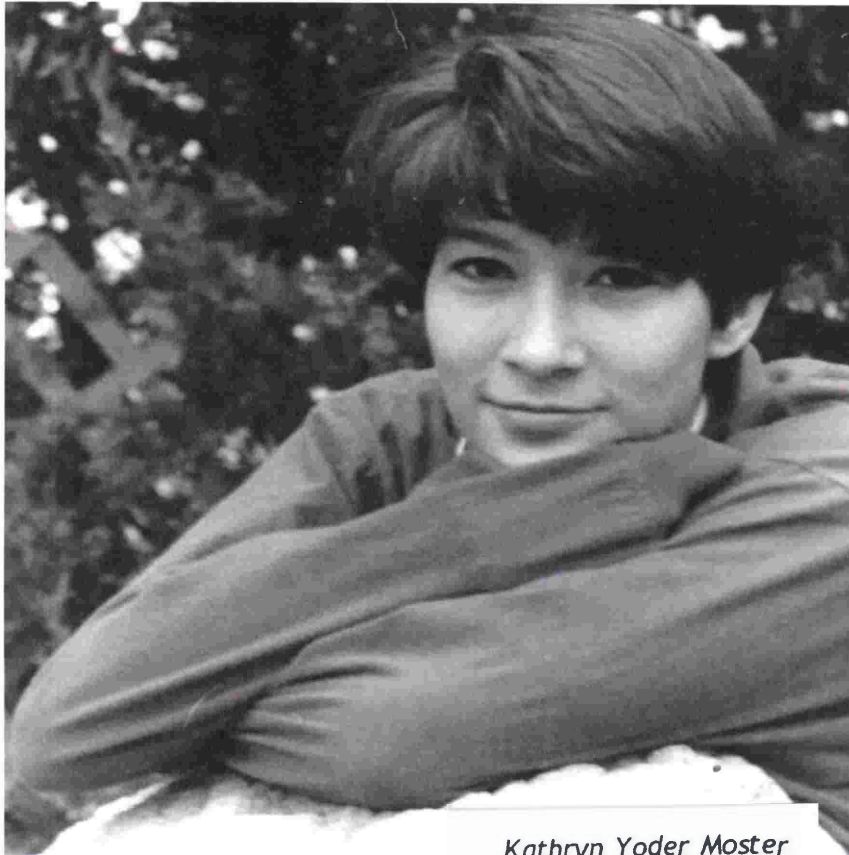
We had a garden in the back yard and everyone had jobs. Primary was held during the week. Sunday school was held Sunday morning and Sacrament Meeting held late afternoon or early Sunday evening. The older children called it "the long meeting" which gives an idea of how they felt about it. I worked mostly in Primary and Frank in Elders Quorum and then he became a Seventy and was involved in missionary work.

The bakery was started on Fearing St. by dad, Bob Young and Fred Felt with the hopes that when we retired we would have a source of income. It proved to be a rocky road, much work, little pay but Frank became his own boss and put in many long hours. He would come home smelling like a doughnut and the kids would sniff his jacket and say how good it smelled.

My father died shortly after we moved to Elizabeth City in the fall of 1969. For many years he worked in the asbestosis plant and smoked Camel cigarettes. He died of emphysema on October 4, 1968. I missed daddy and the many fine qualities he had.

We had visits from my mother many summers. One summer her sister, Florence, came with her and Doris and Naomi came also at other times.

On June 14, 1971 Kathryn was born.



*Kathryn Yoder Moster*

Both of the older girls were thrilled since it had been ten years since a girl was born in our family. Dad and I were happy too. She was a beautiful little girl who came three weeks late. My mother was there when she was born and it was the only time I had help when having a baby.

Time passed quickly and the children all grew. In the summer they went swimming at the Coast Guard base and in the Pasquotank River at the C.O.A. The older ones rented canoes at the Coast Guard and played around in the river there and at the C.O.A.



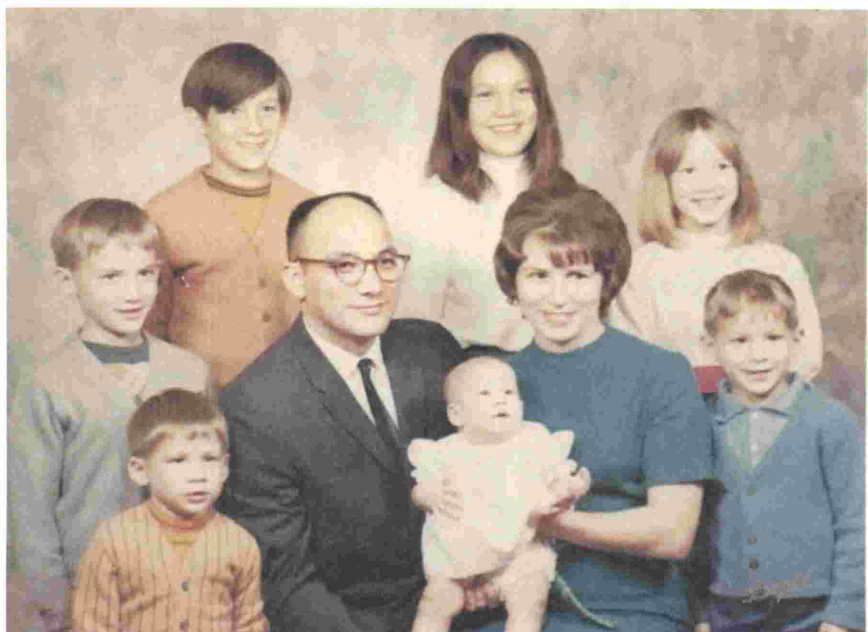


*Frank in C.G. uniform*

They had friends over and played kick the can and capture the flag. Elizabeth City had fireworks on the 4<sup>th</sup> each year and we sat in the mosquito infested night and watched them.

The city also had the annual Moth

Boat Regale and River-spree at the waterfront. We enjoyed them each summer. The older children had jobs at the bakery, sometimes working after school and early morning in preparation for the day's sales. In the summer and weekends they worked during the days. I decorated cakes for a few years. The two older boys had to take the bakery truck and sell doughnuts around town and in the projects. Many a bakery story exists to this day about these years. They worked in the garden, in the house and in the yard and some mowed lawns for others.



Church played a large part of our family's life. We had family night nearly every Monday night and the older children went to Mutual Improvement Association or MIA one night a week and Scouts. The boys went to scout camp and

the girls to girls camp most summers. Sumi played the trombone and Frank the cornet and later Kathryn played the clarinet in the junior high or high school band. John bought a drum set and played drums. Frank Jr., went out for track. Life was busy and the children had many friends and did a lot of activities with them. The older ones went to every church activity and thought of extra ones just to get out of work at the bakery.



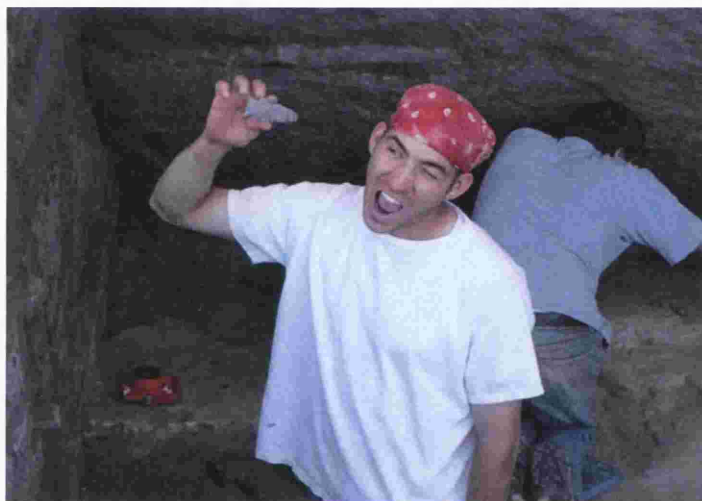
On June 30, 1976 David was born. All the kids came to the hospital to bring him home and wanted to hold him. Being born in the middle of the hot summer we still took him to the Coast Guard Base when he was a tiny baby so the older children could swim. It wasn't easy but I wanted the kids to enjoy summer.

That year we celebrated our country's bicentennial and the 4<sup>th</sup> of July was a huge celebration

Jan 1977 Frank became Bishop of Elizabeth City. When he was called in for the interview, the Stake President Boyd Lee also interviewed me also. I had been out on a campout with Michael on Well Field Road. Frank came

to tell me we had to come home and go to Virginia to see the Stake President. He had an idea what it was all about and I had no idea. I grumbled the Stake President should come here to E. City and we shouldn't have to travel all the way up there if he wanted to see us. Then I remembered how I got cross with Janie Grill when she told me how to drive the week before and I thought I was in trouble with the President. Crazy, I know. So when he called me in and told me they wanted to call Frank as bishop I laughed and the President did too. I blurted out, "You're kidding!" He pulled himself together and I did too. It was a definite surprise to me.

The summer of 1977 the children and dad put a new roof on the house. This was quite an undertaking since dad had never done anything like it. I think all the kids were up on the roof at sometime, some were held up by ropes and someone even took little David up for a few minutes just to say he was up there too.



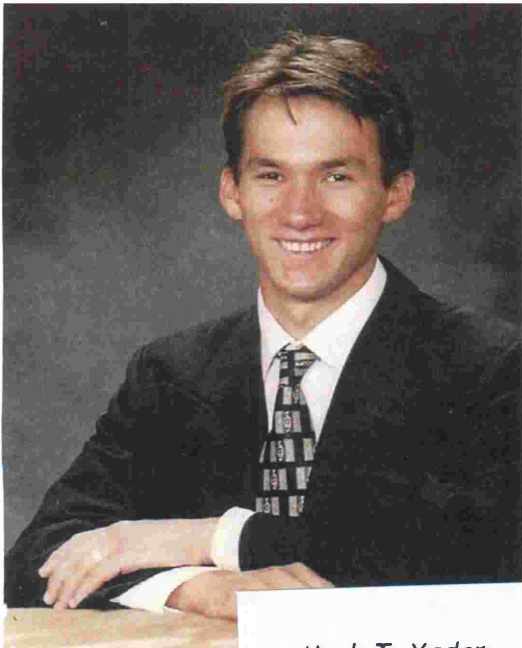
*Spear head and David  
(Picture at David's insistence)*





*David T. Yoder*

I was up on the front for a few hours and dad fell off once but didn't get hurt.



*Mark T. Yoder*

That summer Sumi ventured out on her own to live in an apartment downtown. We missed her and began to realize that this was the beginning of our children leaving the nest—something you work for but is sad when it happens.

On August 18, 1978 Mark was born. I turned 40 the next day. His eyes looked so much like his Chinese ancestors and his little left ear looked like a little chunk was missing. David was just 2 years and 2

months older and they became the very best of buddies and where you saw one the other was near by. Sheila was 15 + and spent a lot of time with the little boys and Kathryn and never seemed to mind having them around when the boys came a calling until Mike started dating. That's when I knew she was serious with him.



During the 70's and 80's I worked in Primary at Church. I sewed, grew a garden, canned, and worked as a homeroom mother at J. C. Sawyer School, ground our wheat, baked bread, hung all the laundry outside on the wash line and did

some genealogy and in general tried to be a good wife and mother. Sometimes I succeeded and sometimes not.

In 1982 my mother who was living with my sister Doris died. She and Naomi brought her home to Pennsylvania to be buried next to daddy and with the rest of his family. Although we never lived near each other as adults there were so many times I thought of things I wanted to tell her and knew she wasn't there anymore.

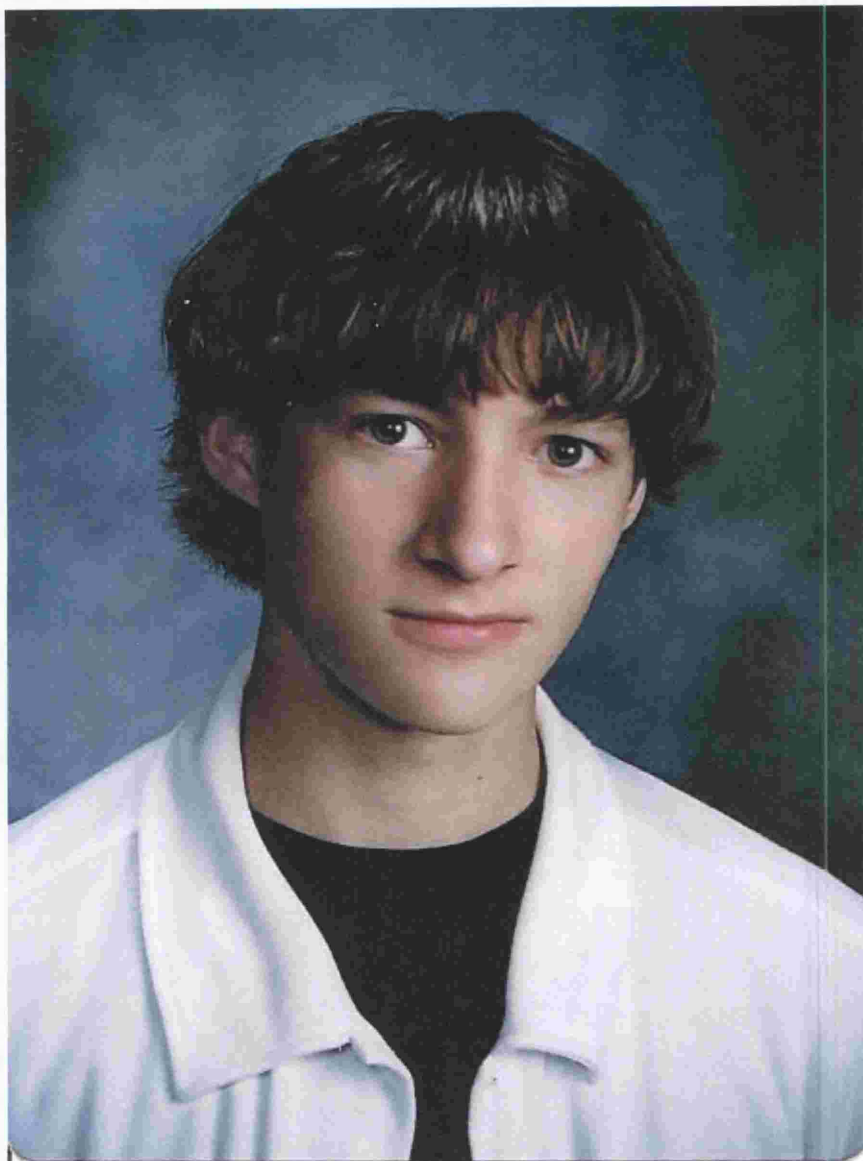


*The Yoder family about 1980*

The older children graduated one after another. Frank Jr went on a mission to Guatemala and John to Salt Lake City South Mission. Sumi got married then Sheila and Frank Jr. got married also. The grand children started to come and I was still enjoying David and Mark at home. We closed the bakery down and opened an office in our home on Hunnicutt St. Sumi came to work for her dad.

I was called as a counselor in Primary, then Ward Relief Society President till I had Paul. Later I was Stake Primary counselor and President.





Paul Toy Yoder

When I was 46 Paul was born. He was quite a surprise since I thought we were finished adding to our family. He was our smallest at 6 lb. and the only one born with dad there. I had so much fun with him.

## South Mills, N. C. home



Eight months later we moved to South Mills. The home there was beautiful and comfortable. It had a large lawn to mow and that kept Kathryn, David, Mark, dad and myself busy in the summer.

We picked strawberries in

the patch across the street. I think we gave as much away as we ate ourselves and we froze some and made jam also. South Mills was where I started to refinish furniture and I came to enjoy that.



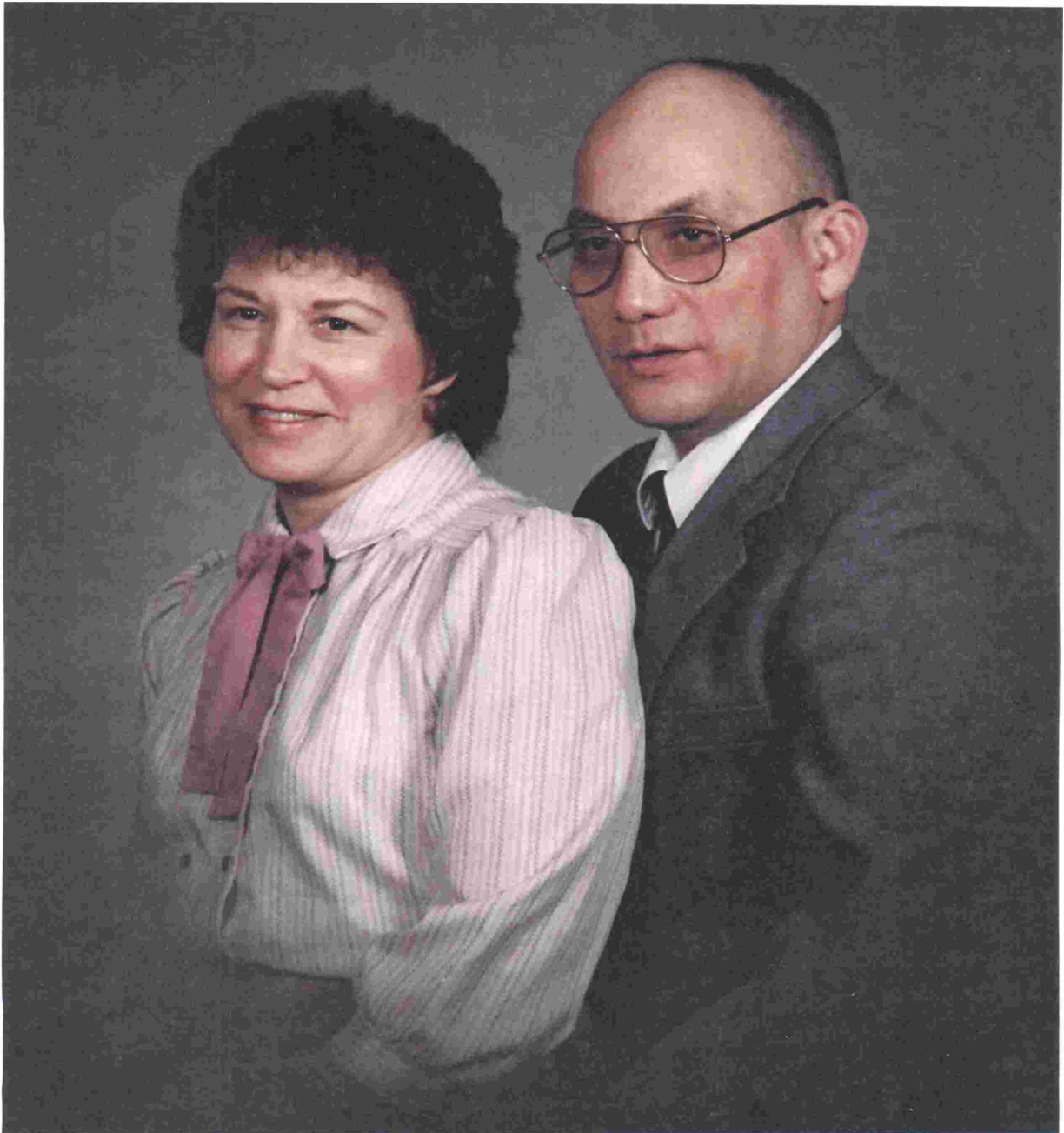
David and Mark had fun hanging around with their 2 best friends and did some crazy things in the ditches after it rained and in the creek close by. I shudder to think of what went on.



(At a rented Beach Cottage in Nags Head, family gathering)

It was here Sumi was married; Frank was living in Virginia Beach and starting a family. Sheila had a young family and John and James were in college in Cedar City Utah. Kathryn learned to drive on the back roads of South Mills in the tan truck "The Custom D". I insisted we take a picture to show her future children how she was made to suffer. Michael and Kathryn graduated and got married while we lived in South Mills. Although we were there a short time (about 4 years) a lot happened.





It was here I started to clean cottages at the beach each Saturday. It was hard work and you had to work fast but I liked the \$90.00 it brought in and I used it mostly for Christmas for the kids. I continued to do the cottages through the time in South Mills and for a few years when we lived in Shiloh.



*Home in Shiloh, N.C.*

About 1992 we moved to Shiloh, N. C. We bought a farmhouse on about 5 acres with a pool, pool house, barn, chicken coop and sheds. There was more farmland in back that a neighbor farmed and further down the road more land where they had pigs originally so we had a total of about 25 acres. We had a swimming pool that the whole family enjoyed. We had chickens for a while. It was what I always wanted a large home in the country with a barn to boot. The neighbors were wonderful. Here we met "Cody" our neighbor's dog that liked to stay at our house. We had two large pecan trees and always had pecans. One winter we cracked and picked pecans and sold them and put the money in David's mission fund.

The kids enjoyed the pool in the summer. Mike Cosgrove got it cleaned and running and after that I vacuumed constantly and struggled to keep the ph balanced. Sumi and Mikes kids and Mikes Sky and Ben often came out and swam and we enjoyed having them so close. It was good to be able to spend time with the grandchildren. Frank III came to live with us and he and Paul became like brothers and grew up together.



In 1994 Frank began to feel bad. He had a lot of pressure on him with the broker business and two offices, one in Elizabeth City and one at the beach. We also had not sold the South Mills house and he had just taken on the Moyock Supermarket that was loosing money. Actually everything was loosing money. On a Friday night he made it up the stairs and said he had to go to the emergency room. I took him there and they wanted to send him to Sentara Norfolk General.

They wanted to keep him at Albermarle and take him up to Norfolk on Monday. He talked them into letting him come home till Monday and than take him by ambulance and by Tuesday he had five by passes. I thought for sure we would loose him but I guess his work on earth wasn't done. Sheila came down from Michigan and stayed for a week, which was a huge sacrifice on her and her family's life. The rest of the kids helped and he got better. Frank III was so very concerned and was at his beck and call. We had corn in the field that needed to be picked and they boys did that and had fun doing it. It was a serious time but with the help of the Lord we got through it.



We had two reunions while in Shiloh and it was good to get the family together and to have all the grandchildren get to know each other better. We all enjoyed the pool, beach, horses, and pig picking and just being together.

The four boys enjoyed the Camden school and David played in the band for about 3 years. Mark went out for track and ran during his sophomore and Junior years. He ran the 2-mile, 1 mile, 800 meter and 2 mile relay. During the summer they surfed and went as many times as they could before or after school. The summer they graduated they both went to the beach and worked and surfed and surfed. In the fall David went on his mission to Utah. Mark went to Virginia to Southern Virginia College for a year.

*Our home on Sliding rock St in Las Vegas, Nv.*



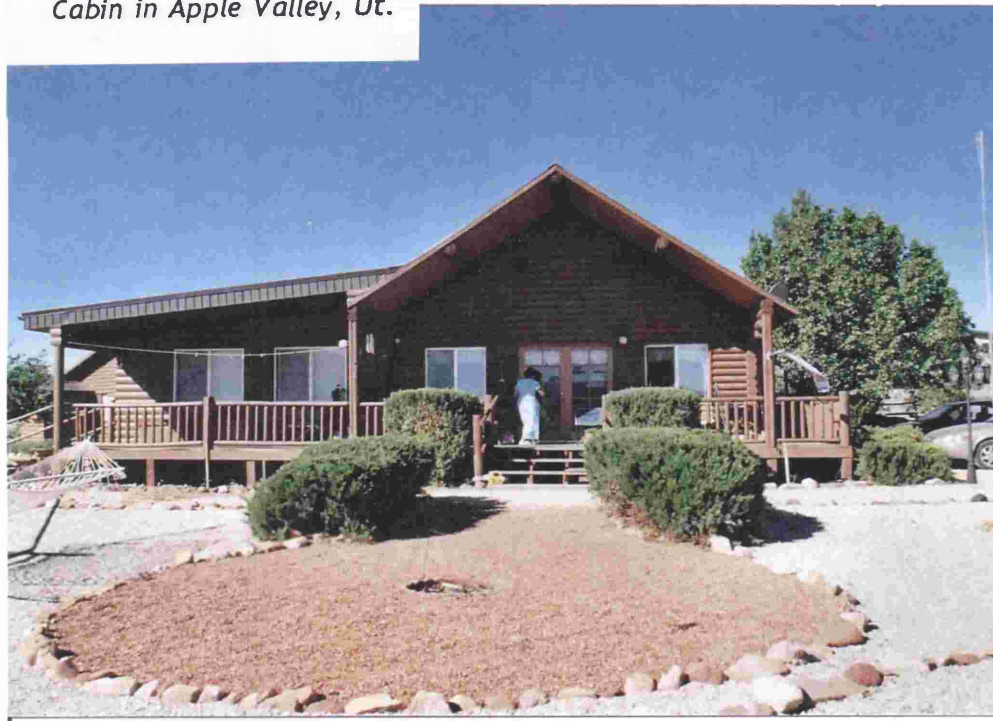
In 1997 we moved to Las Vegas, Nevada. This was quite a change from Shiloh and the country. Frank III and Paul were still in school and had that adjustment to make. David had come back from his mission and moved out with us. Mark came to Las Vegas in the fall when the beach closed down. Both David and Mark got jobs but lived at home for a short time. Soon David went to BYU Hawaii for 2 years and met his sweetheart, Sally, and they got married.

I was a counselor in the Relief Society. I did some genealogy at the genealogy library and started to quilt for the DI and learned a few things there. Here I had more free time than ever and window-shopped, went to the temple and did genealogy, quilted and refinished some furniture. It was hot but there were some good things I liked about Las Vegas.

Paul was in 6 and 7 grade and we took a few hikes in Red Rock and I enjoyed spending that time with him. We saw Sky, Ben, Mike and Skippy

often and it was great to have them that close and the relationship with them. They lived with us for 3 months while their home was being built. We got along great and I am grateful we were able to spend that time together. Paul and Frank III loved having the kids there.

*Cabin in Apple Valley, Ut.*



In 1999 we moved to Apple Valley, Utah. Mark had been preparing to go on his mission and was called to Brazil. We took him to the MTC in Provo and saw him off. He left his girl, Melissa Mursett

who was waiting for him when he came home two years later.

Paul started 8<sup>th</sup> grade and met some wonderful church members who have become his friends for life. I can't say enough about how we influence others and how they influence us either for the good or bad. All these kids were wonderful and supported each other. Paul enjoyed church activities and school and played the trumpet also.

The cabin was small so we first added on a larger bedroom, bath and closet for us. John Peay did that with Marks help. Lather we had someone else do a foundation for a larger living room and Frank Jr., John, Michael, David and Paul did the tongue and groove for that in one day. It always felt like a room filled with such love. We decided to not have a TV in there so we called it the "quiet room".



(Our little home in the mountains)

At various times I had callings in Primary, as a teacher and later a counselor. Later it was in Relief Society as Education Counselor and a teacher. I was also in Young Women's as a counselor and spent time at summer camp and Youth Conference. My Visiting Teacher companion was probably the best one ever: Camilla Nield. We became good friends.

I found a few more names in genealogy and did temple work. Dad and I tried to go once a week and then did our running in St George. He and I also went on some excursions in the country surrounding Apple Valley and I enjoyed that so very much. Little did I know in a few years he wouldn't be able to. I do look back on those times spent together fondly.

Quilting became a serious hobby and I am addicted. I gardened and did yard work—mostly pulling weeds and arranging rocks.

We became members of a special group of older members which we called "the over the hill gang". We met each first Monday night of the month for Family Night. They are all good friends.

Mark came home from his mission and he and Melissa got married in the St George temple. Paul was in high school and so our family nights were smaller now but we were consistent. During the last year we read Jesus The Christ or the scriptures each night. It helped Paul and us.

As Paul was preparing for his mission we decided to put in our papers and while he served we would also. But March 30, 2004 dad went in the hospital to have a stint put in. While he was on the table he had cardiac



arrest and I had a heart attack. He was able to come home and I had to stay for about 5 days. The kids all came and spent time taking care of us. Dad insisted we continue with our papers for the mission but we were able to serve in eastern Utah in Bluff on the Navajo Reservation. We were allowed to come home often for doctor's appointments etc. We were there for 13 months.



(Mom and Dad on a mission in Bluff Utah with the Navajo people

We loved the Navajos and made many friends. The people are humble and they touched our hearts. The country is beautiful in that part of the state.

Paul left for his mission for Kennewick, Washington just before us and served honorably for two years. We got home before he did.

After we were home Paul lived at home for a while and went to college at Dixie College. After a few months he move to St George with his friends in to an apartment and continued in college. Now we were officially empty nesters at the ages of 71 and 68. In the winter of 2008 he met Nikki and they were married in the St. George Temple on April 4, 2008. They are perfect for each other.

Dad worked in missionary work and I did the house and yard. I also started quilting with a passion but I still worked in Church as a visiting teacher and Primary teacher and attempted to do some genealogy. We always had a garden and sometimes the cherry trees or apple trees produced according to the spring frost or freezing. I would can or freeze what I could. In June of 2008 I started to work in the St. George Temple as a locker room attendant.

On April 25, 2009 Kathryn and Emil's little boy, Kai, passed away. That was a very sad time but also helped us all to realize how precious life is and that the resurrection was real. Our appreciation of the teachings of the church and of the Savior, Jesus Christ, played a large part in the healing process. We miss Kai but know we will be with him again.

In the spring of 2009 we decided the acre in Apple Valley was too much for us to take care of and we needed to sell and get closer to town, doctors, stores and temple. We found a place in Hurricane that fit our budget and needs. Sheila and Mike bought our Apple Valley property and we moved in on July 2, 2009. The home in Hurricane fit our needs perfectly and has turned out to be a good move. We are close to church, stores and St George. We've met new friends and are still able to see the old ones.

In June of 2010 my sister Doris came to live with us. What a blessing she has been. We have all loved Doris and now we get to have her share her life with us and share ours with her. We get along great and feel it a privilege to have her here with us.



Pictures of the front and back yard of our home at 828 N. 225 W. Hurricane, Ut.



In November of 2009 Frank Sr. had Diverticulitis and went in for an operation to remove part of the colon. Sheila, Paul and Nikki were there to support me during the operation and some of the rest of the children were able to come and see dad. Sheila stayed for a few days. Later in February on his birthday, the 17<sup>th</sup>, he went to the hospital again to have the colon reconnected and Kathryn flew out to support us and she and Sheila spent time here to help and make sure things went smooth. Other of the children came up to help and make sure dad was being cared for. Both operations were dangerous and we are so grateful for all the prayers and help. Heavenly Father blessed us in both cases as he has so many times over the years. We both appreciate all our children for their goodness and love for us and the family.

When I look back on my life I think of how blessed I have been. First I was blessed with wonderful parents who were Christians and they taught me basic truths that have influenced me throughout my life. They were good citizens and taught me to love America and the beautiful land we live in. Second I was born in this great country of the United States with all its freedoms and advantages, beauties and diversity where the gospel of Jesus Christ is able to be taught and lived. Third I met a wonderful young man who had the same ideals in life and was a good husband, father and church member. He loved the Lord and lived the teachings of Jesus Christ to the letter. Marrying Frank and joining the church were the two most important decisions in my life. Frank has always supported me and encouraged me. He has been faithful to me and loved me even when I wasn't lovable. He is the high standard I measure all men by. Forth is our 10 wonderful children. They are the one thing I can feel I truly did right. Not that I was the perfect mother but that they have been such a joy and have turned out so good. I like to think I have something to do with the way they turned out but I think they mostly are who they are because they came that way. It's who they are because they are that, who they are. But I did give them their birth and the time and place they came. They have given me joy, happiness and pride in who they are and how they have helped and influenced others.

I have been a blessed woman and I am grateful for the influence of all the people who have helped me throughout this life. It's been a challenge at times but more blessed than challenging. I want to thank all of you for your love and good examples to me. You have been an important part of who I am and I'm grateful to you, especially my husband and children for your patience, understanding, encouragement and love.

October 24, 2010

