

Celia

MY TURN ON EARTH

Celia Gilmour
And Gordon Buttars

Cover by Gordon Buttars

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For everyone I know and love

Editor's Note

Celia refers to me as her editor throughout her story. I merely tried to clean up grammar and punctuation a little, leaving things mostly as she had written it. I then put it all together and added the pictures she selected. I'm sure there are still some mistakes within these pages.

After learning how to self-publish the books I had written, I used what I had learned and compiled it into this volume. Copies are available from Amazon.com for the cost of printing. I do not make anything from copies sold. Their price is a little higher because of the colored pictures and the hardback cover.

Gordon Buttars
May 2022

Foreword

1926 was a good year in history. The world was at peace at the time, people were getting by and happy. President Calvin Coolidge was the President of our United States of America. The Vice President was Charles G. Dawes. They were Republicans. The Prophet Heber J. Grant was the Prophet and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter day Saints and the world.

The headlines that appeared on or about August 19, 1926 read: "Life Expectancy 54.1 Years". To cope with declining sales, the eight hour work day and five day week are introduced by Henry Ford. Warner Theater in New York introduced the first talking Movie: "DON JUAN", actor John Barrymore stars. Other movies: Battling Butler. Beyond the Trail and Risky Business.

1926 Music Favorites: I'm Sitting On Top of the World, by Al Jolson; Dinah, by Ethel Waters; Bye, Bye Blackbird, by Gene Austin; Blue Skies, by Irving Berlin; When Day is Done, by Paul Whiteman; and Midnight Stomp, by Fats Waller.

Consumer Price Index:

Pound of Butter	54¢	Movie Ticket	20¢
Average Rent per month	\$20.00	Loaf of Bread	9¢
US Postage Stamp	2¢	Dozen Eggs	14¢
Gallon of Gasoline	12¢	Gallon of Milk	56¢
15 lbs of Sugar	\$1.00	New Ford Auto	\$360.00
New House	\$7,748.00	Average Income	\$2,310.00

Queen Elisabeth II, the future Queen of Great Britain was born in June of 1926. Entertainers born that year were Marilyn Monroe, Andy Griffith, Jerry Lewis, Mel Brooks, Tony Bennett, and Winnie the Pooh was also created that year. But most important of all: Celia Gean Frost and Jack Douglas Gilmour were also born that year!

Let me tell you just why I am writing my story. I have the histories of my parents, my grandparents and beyond. I have read them and reread them. I like to know about their lives, their joys and hardships, how they lived and what they thought.

I am writing this so that you will come to know me. You might think you know me, but you don't really know me at all. I want you to know the conditions of my life growing up, the fun things, crazy things, the good times, the bad times, and my feelings about life. I hope you will enjoy knowing me. I have neglected telling this story for years, as I was busy working on scrap-booking. Catching up on getting all my photos of you kids into new books. Now I am neglecting my scrap-booking to tell my story. In 2008 I read 57 books, in 2009 only 43 and 2010 only 14. Some I read twice. I love books, my favorite author is Richard Paul Evens. This year I decided it was time to write my own book before time runs out on me. Hope I will still have time to get my scrap-booking caught up. I have got years to go.

As I journey back through my 84 years of life, there are so very many precious memories that have been forgotten, and so few remembered. There are many things I would like to relate, but there is too little space. I arrived here with a round trip ticket and with a purpose. To get a body, to be obedient, to gain a testimony, be baptized, and to love and serve others. Some day I'll return from where I came. I pray that I have lived up to those expectations. I pray that I have touched the lives of many for the good. And I am trying to continue to make people happy.



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My Turn on Earth

Chapter 1

My Beginning



My parents, Ira and Vyla Frost on their wedding day, December 4, 1920.

The heavens opened a tiny bit as a tiny spirit bade her Heavenly Parents and the multitude of brothers and sisters good-bye. She was so excited because her TURN ON EARTH had finally arrived, this was her day! With much excitement and joy, there was still sadness in leaving behind all her loved ones. Knowing that it would only be for a short time, she caught a rainbow and slid to the planet earth into the home and hearts of the Ira Frost family. The Frost family lived on a farm in the Starrs Ferry district in a two room house one and a quarter mile west of Burley, Idaho, right under the first lift canal. The canal bank was the road to their house.

This tiny round faced bundle was delivered at home, at 5:00 a.m. on Thursday, August 19, 1926 with the help of Doctor N. A. Olsen, and probably one of the grandmothers. Wow, after waiting eons for my Turn on Earth, now that I have my body, what now? I wanted to keep my memory of my Heavenly Home as long as permitted. Now I have a whole new world to explore and things to learn and much knowledge to gain, and to love



Thelma, Myron, and Eunice

Celia

and to be loved. "Thursday's Child has far to go"!

I was happy to find that I had arrived in the Frost family. There was my father, Ira Lewis Frost age 35 and a farmer, my mother Vyla June Dayley Frost age 25 a mother, and two sisters, Eunice age 4½, Thelma June age 3, and one brother, Myron Delbert (Buddy) 1½.



Our home in Starrs Ferry where I was born.

My grandparents were Chauncey and Loneva Warner Frost, and Charles and Carrie Sanford Dayley. There were many aunts and uncles and a lot of cousins. I felt like I was no stranger, that I already knew my new family from the beyond. I had a very humble beginning that has followed me all my life.

My mother chose my name "CELIA" from a book she had been reading. I was blessed Celia Gean Frost into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on September 2, 1926 by President



Me in my mother's arms, the day I was blessed.

David R. Langlois in the Burley First Ward. I do not remember to much of my younger years. My father kept a diary through most of his life so I was able to gather information from his and Mothers diaries. I remained the baby of the

family for three years. My sister, Thelma, told me that I was cute and very spoiled. I didn't think I was ever cute or spoiled but, maybe a wee bit those first three years.

Those early days, with their small family, and struggling for a start in life were rewarding



Daddy holding me on the day I was blessed.

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times for my parents. To go places, they hitched the team of horses to the wagon, placed us children in the bottom of the wagon bed and headed for town, church, or family gatherings. In the winter, a few blankets wrapped around us little ones kept us warm and cozy. The year I was born, Mother was busy with the growing family and Daddy with the farming. Their potato crop that year was bounteous and the market value such that they felt they could reward themselves by buying their first automobile. What a thrill it was for Daddy to load his family into their new Model T Ford and drive to town.



Sitting on the hood of the Model T

In January of 1927 we moved to a farm in the Springdale area, southeast of Burley.

On December 21, 1928 when I was two, Mamma noticed that my face was swelling. I developed a very large gathering (an inflamed swelling) on my right jaw. Doctor Dean had Mamma keep it packed with a poultice of tobacco and apples. (A poultice is soft moist mass of bread, meal, clay, or other adhesive substance, usually heated, spread on cloth, and applied to warm, moisten, or stimulate an aching or inflamed part of the body.) I kept the family awake for three nights and Eunice and Thelma were upset with me

because they were sure that I would scare Santa Clause away. On December 29th, a very rainy, snowy, slushy day, they took me back to Doctor Dean. The gathering had to be lanced before it could heal. I kept the family awake until 4:00 in the morning. On the 31st they took me back to the doctor. He took the packing out and redressed the open sore on my face. On January 2nd they took me back to the Doctor to have it dressed again. On the 5th they took me back to the doctor yet again, this time he was able to leave the bandages off. All of this left me



Me at about 2 years old

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with a scar that looked like a misplaced dimple for many years.

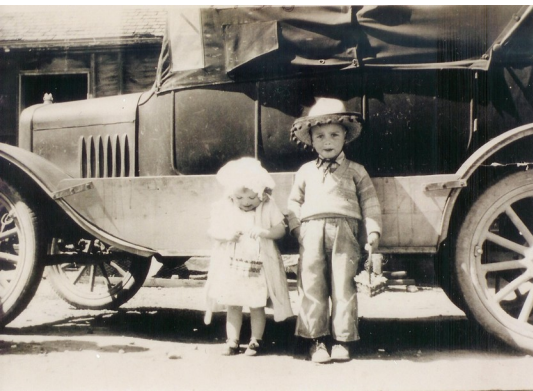
My parents had very close relationships with both of their families, it was a tradition to always spend New Years Day at Grandma and Grandpa Dayley's. All the aunts, uncles and cousins were there, we always had a big dinner and played with all the cousins.

As a tot, I loved to play outdoors, even on cold days, when my older sibling would not go out to play with me, Mamma had to bundle me up and I would go out and play by myself. The dog kept me company until I would get cold or tired and Mamma would have to unwrap me.

It seems that I was sick much of the time, causing many trips to town to Doctor Dean's office. Daddy took advantage of my doctor trips by having hog feed ground, or selling hogs, or doing other errands. On one such trip he sold eight hogs for 8¢ a pound. I had the croup most of my first two years.

My parents loved to dance and socialize with their families, or go to movies. We "kiddies" as Daddy fondly called us were babysat quite frequently by Aunt Nina Dayley or Aunt Ruby Frost, Mamma and Daddy's teenage sisters.

It was while living in Springdale that on May 6, 1929 a tiny 7½ pound baby girl was sent from heaven to our family. She had a lot of black hair and dark eyes. She was given the name of Lorna. What a shock! I was no longer the baby!



Me and Myron standing in front of the old Model T on Easter morning

On my fourth Birthday, August 19, 1929, Mamma made a new dress for me, but the day was spent canning apricots and mowing hay. A birthday cake was not mentioned so I probably did not have one. I never ever had the privilege of having a birthday party until I was an old lady. Well sort of old. I was invited to Donna Bowen's

My Turn on Earth

birthday party, the only one I went to when I was a child. I don't think birthdays were a big deal in our family in those years.

In December of 1929 our family made our last move to a three room house in Unity. The farm consisted of forty acres of farm land and sixty acres of pastureland next to the Snake River. Our neighbors were the Vern Peterson family. There were two children Elaine and Ray. Elaine was my age so I had a little playmate other than my siblings. Mrs. Peterson was not a very nice lady, she took advantage of Mother, because Mother was so kind. She even tried to flirt with my dad. The folks were glad when they moved away. For Christmas that year I received two dolls, a little set of dishes with a teakettle and a hanky. On New Years Eve, I got to sleep with my Aunt Ruby.

The Stock Market Crash hit us hard. The Depression was on! By growing a garden and our milk cows, Daddy was able to keep food on the table but our family experienced many hardships. On February 30th we had the first of many hobos come to our door, living close to the railroad tracks made it convenient for them. Mother would usually give them some sandwiches and a cup of milk and they would be on their way. As a little girl I remember being frightened by them.

On May 13, 1930, my Grandfather Frost passed away. I can still vaguely remember my Grandpa sitting in a chair just inside the kitchen door. He loved to tease us as we came into the kitchen. At the time of his death, we children had the chicken pox. I also had pneumonia. I was four, I can still remember, probably my earliest memories. While I was sick, I would lick the calcimine off the wall by my bed. I must have been lacking something in my diet, I am sure it was not for the taste. Maybe the awful taste is why I remember it. (Calcimine is a white or tinted liquid containing zinc oxide, water, glue, and coloring matter, used as a wash for walls and ceilings)

On September 12, 1930 the stork found our new farm and delivered a darling little blond baby girl. She was a special birthday gift to Daddy, being born one day after his birthday. She was not well and they were afraid of losing her. Daddy hurried up and blessed her and give her the name Marian after his very special uncle, Marion Frost. We older children were delighted to have a new baby sister.

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Every Sunday morning Daddy would take us kiddies to Sunday School in the Unity Ward. By now there were five of us. Our parents taught us at a very young age to be reverent in church, both at Sunday School and again at Sacrament Meeting in



The old Unity Church

the evenings. They taught us to pray and to pay tithing with what pennies we had been given. About as soon as we could talk, we took turns saying the blessing on the food at every meal and even the family prayers night and morning. I am sure the Lord understood us.

On Sunday December 30, 1934 I gave a 2½ minute talk in Sunday School. I did fine, so Daddy said, but I couldn't talk plain. I was 8 years old and still couldn't talk plain? What was wrong with me? One other time I had to give the little "gem", a four line saying that the congregation repeated. No one repeated it because I had said it so fast that no one could understand me. That was the very last time I would give a talk or participate in anything. My real problem was that I just talked too darn fast.

Most Sundays between Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting we would go into town to spend time with our two sets of grandparents. The Dayleys and Frosts lived on the same block on Schodde Ave., just north of the railroad tracks. That was exciting because most of our uncles and aunts lived close by. It was wonderful to know and



Grandpa and Grandma Dayley's home on Schodde Avenue.

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play with all of our cousins from both sides of the family. There were cement sidewalks in their neighborhood, all we had was dirt! So we had fun roller skating. Its pretty hard to roller skate on dirt.

We older kids always knew when a new baby was about to arrive. When a phone was installed in the house, we knew a baby was on the way. Sure enough, as soon as the baby was born the phone was taken out. On March 3, 1932 pixie faced Irma joined our growing family now of seven children.

On December 10, 1933 To Daddy and Myron's delight we finally got a baby brother, Gerald. Then on May 30, 1935 Kathryn made nine. She was a darling black haired and brown eyed baby girl. We all spoiled both Gerald and Kathryn. That completed the Frost family of nine children plus our mom and dad.



Me, Myron, Thelma, and Eunice in the winter of 1928



Thelma pulling me and a puppy in a little red wagon



All bundled up, playing outside

Celia



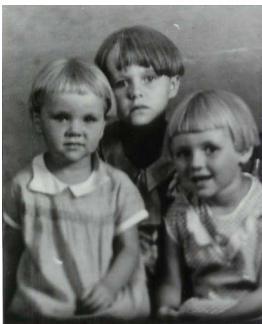
Our home in Springdale



Me as child



Helping Daddy herding cows



Irma, Lorna, and Marion



Kathryn



Myron and Gerald

My Turn on Earth

Chapter 2

School Days



Southwest Elementary School

We went to the Southwest School. Miss Gee was my first grade teacher. I loved my Dick and Jane Book. (I have two that I bought at an antique store, that is how much I loved that book).

Mr. Woods, a cranky looking man, was our bus driver for many years. One day he sneezed so bad, causing him to bump his head on the steering wheel. What a good laugh we all got out of that but to Mr. Woods, it was not funny, no sense of

My first day of school was on September 6, 1932. I was so excited. Finally getting to ride that big black school bus that stopped at our house twice a day for all the big kids. I felt pretty important, carrying my lunch wrapped in newspaper, sitting next to my big sister Eu-



These buses are similar to the ones we rode.

Celia

humor, I guess that proved that he was a cranky old man. Other long term bus drivers we had during our school years were Mr. Budge and Mr. Bunn, who happened to be our mother's cousin. I do not recall any other school bus drivers. It was a very exciting day when big brand new yellow school buses pulled up at school to take us home.

On December 12, 1932, Lorna came down with Scarlet Fever, giving it to all of us but Thelma and Eunice. They were sent into town to stay with one of the grandmas so they wouldn't have to miss school. Of course we were quarantined until January 2, 1933. Scarlet fever is a disease caused by an infection with by some bacteria that causes strep throat. The illness typically begins with a fever and sore throat. A rash appears on the neck and chest, then spreads over the body. The rash is described as "sandpapery" in feel and can last for more than a week.

When we were allowed to go back to school, the roads were drifted in with snow. Being snowed in happened quite frequently while we were growing up. School went right on without us. The children who lived in town, or close by were able to attend. The highway was cleared as soon as possible. On days that we could, we would walk the fourth of a mile to the highway to catch the bus, if it even got through. Daddy would carry me to catch the bus some mornings. Some days he would meet the afternoon bus with the horses pulling the "slip", to take us home. The slip was a large sheet of metal about 6x8 or 9 feet with a double tree hitched to the horses. It was used in the winter like a sled for hauling milk cans, feed, hay, and best of all sleigh rides in the open fields. That year we missed school for most of January.



Me, Lorna holding Irma, and Myron; Summer of 1932 when I was about six.

Southwest was a great school. It is just one story with a basement for the lunchroom,

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nurse's office, etc. All the outside stairs had wide cement banisters that were great fun for sliding down, which was against the rules but they had a difficult time keeping us from that extra fun. Also it was very hard on the seat of your pants, even tough flour sack bloomers.

In May we kids got the measles, again. Up went the quarantine sign. On May 29th I became very ill! I begged for the doctor. The doctor could not be reached so Brother Christensen and Brother Rasmussen were called to administer to me. The next morning I was somewhat improved.

On Monday August 27, 1933 Dr. Dean took out my tonsils. I think that was my Birthday gift that year. My throat was so sore that ice-cream was the only thing that felt good going down, but Mother also fed me hot soup. With all that ice-cream I had a speedy recovery.

When school started in the fall of 1933, I had to take the first grade over. I was a very shy and thin. (No, a down right skinny, sickly child). All during my grade school days I was given a big spoon full of cod liver oil and a dried prune chaser each day by the school nurse. From the diaries I gather I could not talk plain, plus I talked very fast (I got that from Aunt Ruby). All of those negative conditions in my young life did not build my self-esteem. I thought myself as a snot-nosed, ugly duckling.

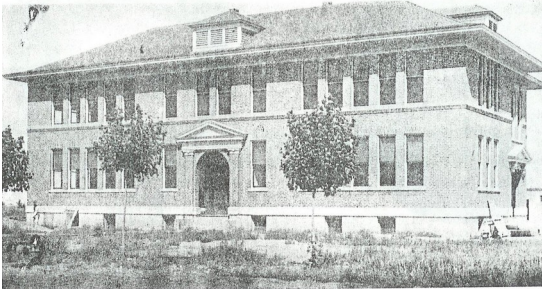
At 8:05 a.m. on March 12, 1934 while at school we had a fairly severe earthquake that measured 6.6 on the Richter Scale centered about 80 miles southeast of Burley at the north end of the Great Salt Lake. We were all very frightened and they sent us home from school. There was a 6.0 aftershock later that morning at 11:20. I was so afraid, like Chicken Little, I thought for sure the sky was going to fall in on us. I do remember that day very well. There were three or four large after shocks over the next six weeks. There were other earthquakes from time to time but that one frightened me the most.

April 24, 1934, I became very ill. Daddy stayed up with me most of the night reading to me trying to make me comfortable. A couple of days later I was taken to the doctor and he found that I had an acute inflammation of the gal bladder and yellow jaundice. Two day later they took me back to the doctor again and he said it was clearing up. Daddy said I was sure "Yella!"

Every winter we would all get whooping-cough and give it to each

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other, you can say we had whooping good times. We also exchanged pink-eye frequently. We were taught to share with each other at a very young age, so we did.



The Miller School

When school started on September 1, 1934, Myron and I were transferred to the Miller School. Daddy did all he could to keep us all in the same school. The school felt that we needed a special teacher. Mrs Cora Garner was that teacher. We both

liked her but hated changing schools. Mother and Daddy had little time to help me with my studies. I felt that I was dumb and I think I just gave up. Life had to go on. A new School. New friends.

On Sunday September 17th I had climbed up on the wagon that was loaded with sacks of potatoes to get a potato to eat. (I liked them raw with salt.) I slipped. Falling, I caught a very large splinter that went all the way through my right index finger. The doctor could not remove it. So he had Mamma bandage it each morning with a strip of raw bacon. I went to school with a huge bandage. One day while playing hide-and-seek in the girls restroom (which was also against the rules), one of my friends jumped out of one of the stalls at me, grabbed my hand pulling off the bandage. My poor teacher just about fainted when she saw that big old splinter clear through my skinny finger, but she managed to get it wrapped back up trying to keep from gagging. She probably went to the teacher's lounge and threw up! Every morning, Mamma would try to pull it out with the tweezers, after more than a week of raw bacon bandages, one morning it slipped out with the help of Mamma's tweezers.

During the depression Daddy did all he could to save a dime to make ends meet. He would work on relief for W.P.A. when his name would come up. His pay was 50¢ an hour. As long as he was on W.P.A., we kids were eligible for free hot lunches during the cold winter months. Otherwise Daddy would take sacks of potatoes and carrots to the schools

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in exchange for our hot lunches. W.P.A., or the Works Progress Administration was created by President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1935 which employed millions of people across the county to carry out public works projects, such as the construction of public buildings and roads.

In the fourth grade, my teacher was Mr. Day. I thought it was really cool to have a man teacher. He had curly, red hair and I thought he was oh so handsome. At Christmas when we drew names for our gift exchange Mr. Day got Everett -----'s name and he got him a rubber doll. He invited another male teacher in to watch when Everett opened it. Everett was from one of the poorest families in town. When he opened his gift to find that stupid doll he began to cry and those two jerks stood there and laughed. I think I cried with Everett, I felt so bad for him and I never liked Mr. Day after that. Well, come the end of the school year he held



Me in the 4th grade

me back—Recycled Again! I was not only humiliated. I was painfully embarrassed, totally ashamed. My world crashed again, what was left of my self-esteem went down the tubes. I did not ever want to go to school ever again.

When school began in the fall all my pain returned. I was so shy and self conscious by now. I would not participate in class and would rather take an F (Failure) before I would give an oral report. If the teacher called on me my face would go red. To make matters worse, the kids would laugh. Which made me go even redder. It took me years, and I mean years, to get over that. I really hated school. Can you blame ME? However I did like art, geography, and history.

I was very good at art. Miss Warner (Daddy's cousin) was my art teacher at the Miller School. I also took art in Jr. and Sr. High. Rose Jaskowaki taught Sr. High art. She had to be good with that kind of name. I was never in any of the school plays or programs, but I got to help paint all the scenery for them. My Miller School friends were Marjorie Bunn (my second cousin), Helen Wixom, Norma Jo Price, and LaPreal Boyce,

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plus others. I have kept in contact with these special friends all my life.



School children dancing around a Maypole

Every spring in grade school we would celebrate May Day. For weeks we would learn happy springtime songs and dances. We would make flowers out of brightly colored crape and art paper to decorate the May Pole, our hair, and the school grounds in general. The classes would take turns winding the May Pole. In the sixth grade all the girls were Greek Goddesses.

Our costumes were long flowing gowns. Mine was made from an old sheet that I decorated in art class. I painted it with an Egyptian graphic border down the front and around the bottom and sleeves. It was really pretty, I thought. May Day, art and recess was the only part of school I even liked, and then of course later, BOYS. Girls wore dresses and boys wore pants and shirts. None of this stuff the kids wear to school now days. Myron and I both had a bad start in school due to illness and being kept out a great deal due to being snowed in during the winter.

Luckily, I grew out of all those childhood illness by my jounior. high school years. Luckily no more cod liver oil. I found out years later that I have scoliosis of the spine probably from birth or early childhood. It got very bad as I aged.

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Chapter 3

Growing Up Poor

I am part of that amazing generation raised during the Great Depression and World War II. I grew up without running water or electricity, yet saw men land on the moon! I don't think any generation that has walked on this planet witnessed more change, more innovation, or more destruction at the hands of other men than my generation.

Daddy would make trips with the horses and wagon up to Willow Creek or some times east of Declo for loads of sagebrush to burn in the heater and cookstove, to stretch out the coal. He also traded livestock or wheat for flour. He would put new soles on our worn out shoes to make them last a few more miles. I remember putting cardboard inside my shoes to keep my feet off the ground when the holes got to big.

Mother made all of our clothes. A big share of them were made from flour and feed sacks, both printed and plain. Sometimes the printing on the sacks would not completely wash out. She was a beautiful seamstress and our home sown dresses were okay. But the flour sack panties and petty coats (slips) were a great embarrassment to me. I think they taught me modesty, I made darn sure they never showed.

One year as mother and Aunt Janette were making our school clothes, they could not even afford to buy buttons, so they made them out of cloth.



Me, Eunice, and Thelma in our new voile Easter dresses. I was 9 at the time.

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My favorite flour sack dress was white with yellow and green pineapple print. She sewed rows and rows of elastic at the waist.

In 1936 Mother went to town and bought us girls each a pretty voile Easter dress and Myron a hat. Voile is a semi-transparent light weight woven fabric, usually made of 100% cotton or cotton blends. One year for Christmas (after the depression had eased) I got a beautiful blue taffeta dress, the most beautiful dress in the whole world. Taffeta is a crisp, smooth woven fabric made from silk or synthetic fibers.

In the 7th grade, Mother made me a pretty blue skirt. It was very soft material with a gathered skirt and straps over the shoulders. One day at school during lunch break Marjorie, LaPreal, some other friends, and I were in the gym on the upper balcony flirting with some boys that we liked. Someone jerked on my skirt to get my attention. She not only got my attention, she got my skirt. Mother had put snaps on it instead of buttons and every snap snapped open. What an embarrassing moment that was. Talk about a red face! I could do a whole chapter on embarrassing moments.

Most of my clothes were hand me downs from Thelma and Eunice. In jr high I even got a few hand me downs from my cousin, Romona Peterson. She always had pretty purchased clothes. Thelma got them first, then me and on down to Lorna and even beyond. Mother could never afford pretty clothes for herself. She only thought of us kids.

Every winter as soon as it started getting cold, out would come the "long johns" or long legged "trap door underwear" along with the long oatmeal colored thigh high long stockings and garter belts to hold them up. How revolting that was besides being uncomfortable. We did not have pretty tights that matched our dresses like today. We did not wear long pants to school (or anywhere), girls wore dresses and boys wore pants and shirts. Well, getting back to the "long john story" Just as soon as we would get to school, we would roll down our long stockings and roll up our long johns. Now get this picture, skinny legged little girls running around with big doughnuts at our ankles and two more just under our dresses. During the coldest of winter we would leave them where they should be worn. But with the first hint of spring the rolling returned.

In the 5th or 6th grade at Miller School I had Miss Ward for one of my

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teachers. She had us doing some kind of little skit, there was a part where someone had to kiss someone on the cheek. The someone to be kissed was Hazel Oaklberry. She was from a very dirty family and always had a snotty nose. No one would take the part of the kisser, so I did. And the whole class went EEWWWWW!



In September 1935 our old Model T Ford broke down. Despite Daddy's hard work with a few choice words thrown in, it was just worn out. He traded it for a 1928 Dodge.

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Chapter 4

New Neighbors



Theo, Lurlene, and Donna Gooch about the time they moved to Unity.

The Vern Peterson Family moved out, much to our families delight, even if it meant losing my playmate, Elaine. Then in 1932, the Ephraim and Ethel Gooch family moved in from Blackfoot. Wow!!! they had just about as many kids as we had and about the same ages. It didn't take long until we were good friends and neighbors. Daddy and Mr. Gooch soon were helping each other out . Byron was the oldest, then Lurleen and Theo were pals to Eunice and Thelma, Joyce (a boy) and Myron were buddies. Lorna and I had a playmate in Donna. Lilace was Marian and Irma's. Later they had two more boys, but they were to young for buddies for Gerald.

It didn't take the two families very long to become like one family and lifelong friends. They seemed to be a little better off than our family as Mrs. Gooch came from a wealthy family. Grandma Taylor bought the kids nice things that we could not afford.

On July 1, 1933 our family and some of the Gooch family were enjoying a pleasant Sunday afternoon at our place. Myron and the Gooch boys were riding calves in the corral. Mother and Mrs. Gooch were watching their rodeo. We young girls were playing house. Daddy was irrigating, but was at that specific time was in the house writing in his diary.

My Turn on Earth

I went to the garden to get flowers for our playhouse. Passing the ditch, I saw what I thought to be one of our dolls in the water. I decided to get the flowers and get the doll on the way back to the house. To my horror, the doll at the bottom of the ditch was an unconscious 1½ year old pixie faced Irma. I ran yelling for Mother. I am not sure, but I think it was Mrs. Gooch that reached the ditch first (as mother was pregnant with Gerald) taking Irma's tiny lifeless body from the water.

Daddy came out of the house to investigate the commotion. Thank the Lord for Daddy's army training, he kicked over the big metal slop barrel that stood in the corner of our yard by the swing, rolling Irma's little body over it to force the water from her lungs. With the family knelt around, he offered a most sincere prayer. As soon as he said "Amen" Irma started to cry. That was the most powerful faith-promoting encounter in our young lives.

I remember exactly how the ditch was laid out with it going under the roadway to the garden and the field making a "T" with head gates in two different directions. As I remember right, my flowers (cosmos) went floating down the ditch. Irma was wearing a little light colored dress and looked to be much smaller under the water. It was a month and a half before my 7th birthday and I still remember it very well. (Note: Reviving a drowning victim is no longer done in the manner described, as present day method is referred to as "CPR".)

I don't think the family ever realized what had really taken place that day. From Daddy's diary that day, "Sunday July 1st "Took kiddies and went to Sunday School. Still irrigating. Irma nearly drowned." Happenings were so chaotic that day that all that mattered was that she was saved. I doubt that anyone else even knew that I was the one that found her. How could I ever forget the details of the horrible event or its happy ending?

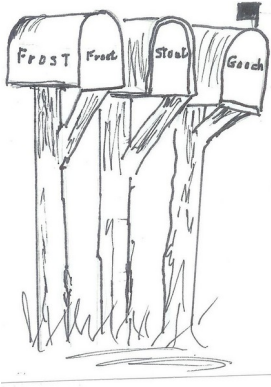
The Gooches and us had a lot of wonderful years working and playing together. Even though they lived up and across the road from us, they were in a different school district, but were in the Unity Ward. Their children went to school in Springdale which was a small country school about two and a half miles away. They had to walk to school, we rode the bus to town. When they reached the 9th grade they came to Burley.

Each Wednesday afternoon we walked the three miles to Primary,

Celia

gathering up other kids, including the Gooches, along the way. We always stopped at Sister Pace's home for a cold drink of water and an occasional treat. In Primary, we would have children dances once or twice a year. That was fun, but most of us were too shy to dance. In those days Primary was held during the week rather than on Sunday as it is now. It was during this time that on my eight birthday Sunday August 19, 1934, Daddy and Brother F.H. Manning baptized me into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the canal above our home. I was the first one of all us kids that Daddy baptized. He also confirmed me in to the church Sunday August 26, 1934 .

In the summer after the beets were finished, you would find us swimming in the first lift canal, which we named the "ol swimming hole". Sometimes we just laid in the mud on the canal bank between both of our homes.



Together we would walk the mile and a half down the railroad tracks to Bowen's store for penny candy. When we went down to the highway mile to wait for the mail, we played leap frog over the guard posts,. It was fun to learn all the different makes of cars that passed by and their license plates. We were always searching the roadside for free pop-sickle sticks or bags to send away for awesome prizes. My very favorite prize was a pretty red buckle bracelet.

Our favorite sport was softball. The pasture in front of our house and across the driveway made a perfect ball-field. With both families, we had two perfect teams. Most of the time we used a home-made ball made from winding string into a ball and sewing it tight. When one wore out we just made another. Mrs. Larson taught us how to do that and many other things. The Larsons lived a mile west of us. She formed a lit-



My Turn on Earth

tle club for any of the neighbor kids that wanted to join. Each week she taught us something different. The balls were not the best but they served us.

In the summer we would take turns sleeping at each others places, mostly on the haystacks or spread out on the lawn and watched the falling stars and the changing night sky, telling ghost stories or other tall tales.

Our families spent many 4th of July trips to the South Hills on picnics. We had fun times making ice-cream and going to church together. Us girls went to the Saturday night dances together at the Y-Dell Ballroom or roller skating. We did almost everything together but eat at each others houses. For some strange reason we always had to be at home to eat.

Both Gooch boys joined the Navy as did Myron, all us girls one by one left the nest to get married. The old folks have passed on as well as three of our family with only four of the Gooch family left in 2010.

Celia

Chapter 5

Holidays



The Coca-Cola Santa Claus created by artist Haddon Sunblom had its debut in 1931 in The Saturday Evening Post.

Christmas was always so very exciting for me. The magic of Santa Claus, his flying reindeer, the North Pole and his elves. And then there was Toyland, beautiful Toyland. Toyland at M.H. King's and J.C .Penny's always opened the weekend after Thanksgiving. I could hardly wait. I can remember the excitement of going down those stairs and getting the first glimpse of the wonderful toys and decorations for the first time.

Every year Daddy took us to the V.F.W.'s Christmas Party, usually the week before Christmas. Christmas Eve we always went to the Unity Church for the Christmas program and a visit from Santa Claus. Some years some of us were on the program. We always sang "Jolly Old Saint Nicolas", "Up On The House Top", and others. "Santa Claus Is Coming To Town" always ushered Santa in with his HO HO HO! Kids now days probably don't even know of those songs.

Christmas Day after the excitement wore off, we went into town to the Elk's free Christmas movie. At each one of these Christmas parties Santa always showed up. Sometimes he was not as fat as he was at his last appearance, or his beard was not as long or as white, but he was still Santa, and he always had a bag of goodies for us. The bags were full of old fashion hardtack Christmas candy, usually more peanuts than any

My Turn on Earth

thing else, an orange, sometimes a popcorn ball or an apple. Those little bags of treats were so special to each of us we guarded them with our lives. We each tried to make ours last as long as possible.

Mother always decorated the front room with Christmas tinsel ropes and a large paper bell (the kind that open up into a full bell) The living room was square, so she strung the ropes from each corner with them crossing at the center of the room. She tied them together at the center and fastened them to the ceiling with the bell in the center.

Some years we could not afford a Christmas tree. One year there was no money for Christmas. How Mother and Daddy's hearts must of ached! Daddy went to work fixing up and painting the old toys. That same year he fixed a wooden ladder that we decorated for our Christmas tree.

Lorna and I got Thelma and Eunice's old dolls. They were cleaned up and Mamma had made new dresses for them. We could tell right away they were not the beautiful dolls that we had picked out in Toyland. It was the custom at school that the girls took their beautiful new dolls to show off for Doll Day. We were to embarrassed too take our old secondhand dolls to show. I don't remember what we did about it, probably wanted to stay home sick that day. One year the only present I got was a beautiful gold colored satin blouse with a Peter Pan collar and a tiny black bow at the neck. My mother had made it for me and I loved it and was very proud of it.

When Mamma told me there was no Santa Clause, I was crushed! All the MAGIC was lost! Mamma warned me " Now don't tell the little kids !" Well, to me Lorna was not one of the little kids, she was my best friend and we always shared our innermost secrets. I had a secret and it had to be shared! I was eight and Lorna was five, but boy what a conniver. She literally blackmailed me for years, I was literally her slave. I obeyed her like you wouldn't believe so she wouldn't tell Mamma. And she is still sort of a conniver. I had a chance to get even with her not too long after. One night while asleep I was dreaming that I was at school sitting on the toilet in the girls restroom. When I woke up I found that I had wet the bed. I was not one of the bed wetters, but Lorna was. She took the blame for my puddle. What a sweet sister she did turn out to be.

We had a family tradition where we would draw each others names

Celia

from Daddy's hat. We would make a gift for the name that we drew. When times were better, we got to buy a gift. That gift exchange was fun, and continued for years.

We could never peek at the Christmas tree or what Santa left until everyone was dressed and fed. Then the unveiling was shared by everyone at the same instant. What excitement filled our house. That was the one day of the year, if you can imagine, we all dressed quickly and ate our breakfast.

Mother made sure that we had a good Christmas dinner each year. One year she raised a goose just for our dinner. There were always potatoes and gravy plus vegetables from our cellar and dessert of carrot pudding covered in lemon sauce, and mince meat pie. Some years we got to wear our new Christmas duds for dinner. We all remember Mother's carrot pudding and have her recipe and still make it from time to time. When my own little ones came along years later, the Christmas magic returned for as long as I had one believer.

Years later as we had all flown the nest, the married siblings started a new family Christmas tradition. Each year we held a Christmas dinner and party held at each others homes a week or two before Christmas. We made and exchanged gifts and had a gay old time. I missed out on them as I was living in California and didn't have time off at work to go home. After I retired I made sure I could get home for Christmas. That tradition is still a happening each year. Only now that we are all much older we go to a fine restaurant for our meals and then head for Turner's home for the rest of the party, most of the gifts now are made in China.

Easter was another holiday that we always celebrated, unlike our birthdays and Thanksgiving. We always had Easter dresses. I mentioned before, Mother was a excellent seamstress, so we did have lovely little dresses. Daddy would get us up early to go into town to the tabernacle for Easter sunrise services. It was a beautiful service with music and talks. We would come home and eat breakfast and then go to Sunday School. The afternoons were spent with our cousins, the Warner's. One year Marian and Keith Warner were breaking eggs on each others heads. One egg happened to be raw. Yuk! I don't remember which one got it. Some Easters were spent at our grandparents with other cousins. If the weather was

My Turn on Earth

good we would go to a park for a picnic.

Halloween was a fun time for us and the Gooch kids. We would carve pumpkins into the most scary Jack-o-lanterns. I remember those messy seeds. We would clean them up the best we could and roast them in the oven. They were messy to shell, but tasted really good. Myron and Joyce Gooch would make what we called Tic-tacks. They were made out of discarded thread spools with notches cut all around them with a string fastened to them somehow so when you pulled it down a window pane it made a horrible noise. We would sneak up to someones window and try to scare them until they came out. Sometimes we were afraid and just ran off, or yell, "Trick or Treat." I don't remember getting very much candy. Our costumes were more than likely just old sheets for ghosts. We would walk up to the corner, $\frac{3}{4}$ s of a mile, then over to the next mile to Sister Pace's home. She always had the best fudge for us. There were not to many homes along that route at that time to stop at. One Halloween night we started out, picked up the Gooch kids and were headed up the road when we heard loud gun shots. Clifton Stout had just returned from a mission and he wanted no part of us bothering his folks so he scared us off, but good! We thought that was a real mean thing for a returned missionary. We were preteens at that time and would scare easy.

Thanksgiving was not a big thing in our family. We were out of school for the day, but our dinner was never the big fat stuffed turkey that we always hoped for. Our dinner was usually roasted chicken with cranberries, yams, potatoes and gravy, hot rolls, and canned vegetables from our cellar. We did have all the pumpkin pie we wanted. Only Mother made it with squash instead of pumpkin. You couldn't tell the difference, we still called it pumpkin pie. As a family, we knelt around the table and Daddy would always give a very long prayer of thanks to the Lord for all the blessing that He had blessed us with. Other than that it was just another day in the life of the Frost family.

We had a lot of trees around the yard which meant beautiful autumn colors and a lot of leaves to rake up and play in, and rake up and play in again and again. What fun that was. Once all of the fall holidays were past, it was time to look forward to Christmas again!

Celia

Chapter 6

Work, Work, Work!



*The Frost beet thinning crew.
Front row: Myron, Gerald,
Kathryn and Kitty. Middle row:
Irma, Marian and Lorna. Back
row; Thelma, Eunice, Ira and me
with wind blown hair. Mother
was good at chopping heads with
a camera*

We all had our appointed chores, there were always dishes to wash and dry, beds to be made, floors that needed swept, help with the cooking, and tending the smaller children. Each of us girls learned to bake bread and had our turn at it at a fairly young age. I remember standing on a chair to reach into the pan. Baking bread was actually kind of fun, getting our hands in to that gooey mixture, it stuck to our fingers as we worked more flour in and mixed it and mixed it. Sometimes, I think I had as

much flour on me as there was in the pan. We baked eight loaves of bread every other day. The best part of it was when we got to make "fry cakes" (scones) with some of the dough. Just think of a nice hot scone right out of the hot oil dripping with melted butter and honey. Yummy!

Maintaining a livelihood required everyone in the family to participate. Daddy raised mostly sugar beets, hay, grain, kids, and some years, potatoes and corn. We kids were introduced to hard work very young. Besides working in the fields. Mother worked in the fields right along with us so it was family togetherness.

My Turn on Earth

Everyone of us were in the beet fields, the children that were to young would play at the end of the rows, the babies were put in a basket in a shelter. The ones that were to small to handle their hoes would crawl behind Mother, as she blocked or spaced the beets with a long handle hoe. We wee ones would crawl along behind and thin out the beets, leaving only one plant to mature. Sometimes there would be two or three of us behind her, when we would catch up to where the first person started we would skip ahead. We had a science going there. Sore knees, aching back and green fingers. I soon advanced to my own hoe and row, WHOOPEE!

After the thinning of the beets came the weeds! We usually went through them weeding at least twice. That was not so bad, we could at least walk through with long handled hoes, Daddy kept them sharp and we had to be very careful not to chop out any beets.



Oh for Grandma Frost's feather bed about now!



I'm glad this darn hoe is good for something besides thinning beets.

Topping of those darned beets was another story. By fall they weighted more than we did. Some years we had to dig them out of the frost and even snow. The beets were pulled up by a horse drawn digger and later a tractor. They were left laying on the ground, tops and all. Our job was to come along and pick up the beets and chop off the tops with a beet knife. A beet knife has about a twelve inch blade with a hook at the end. The hook was used to pick up the beet by snagging it. once the top was chopped off we dropped them back onto the ground in rows. Later

Celia

we went back and loaded them into a wagon or truck.

When the truck came, we would have to pick up the beets one by one and toss them into the truck bed. Many a time I would get conked on the head with a big beet that did not make it into the truck. Mr Warren was hired to haul our beets to the beet dump for



Loading beets

many years before we could afford our own truck. He was a jovial sort of fellow and we kids all liked him.

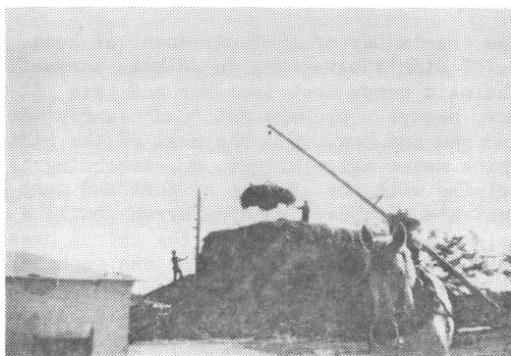
The Frosts and our neighbors the Gooches would work together to get the job done quicker and a little more pleasant having our friends working with us. One such year we were topping up to Gooches. Lorna, Donna, and I were working together, Lorna took a whack at a beet and somehow she caught my elbow with that nasty hook. We pulled it out and went on working even laughing. All of a sudden the pain hit! I ran home and mother tried to make it bleed to clean it out but it didn't. She gave me aspirin for the pain but it did not help. The pain was so terrible. She put a bandage on it and I didn't have to work for a few days.



This is a beet knife.

Haying time was not so bad, we girls did not have to shock or pitch hay onto the wagons, but on occasions we did have to turn the shocks in the fields to dry. We did our share of tromping it after it was on the wagons, but that was really kind of fun. It was like jumping on the bed but not getting scolded for it. Our main haying job was riding the derrick horse to lift the huge jackson fork loads of hay from the wagon to the stack. Myron

My Turn on Earth



Daddy (right) stacking hay and Myron (center) running the jackson fork. Old Prince, the horse, lifted the fork of hay to the stack by the derrick. It is hard to say which one of us is on the horse.

was a very good little worker. He could handle any haying job.

We also had to pick potatoes in the fall. All the schools would close for two weeks in September for Harvest Vacation. Only it wasn't a vacation. Most all the kids would pick potatoes on their own farms like we did. Even the town kids would get jobs on farms to earn money. Daddy didn't plant them every year.

Those years we would get jobs from other farmers to earn money. We didn't always get paid working for Daddy. When we were smaller we worked in teams of two with wire potato baskets. We went behind the spud digger picking up all the spuds putting them into our baskets. Either Daddy or Myron had scattered the gunny sacks up and down the row waiting for us. We took turns holding the sack while the other dumped our two baskets into it which filled the sack. Once the sack was full, it was left standing in the field to be picked up later by a truck. We were paid by the sack. When we were bigger we worked independently by having a belt with hooks on the back that held our sacks, two hooks in front that held one sack open and we went down the row dragging it between our legs until it was full. Fun, right? We did have fun working with the Gooch kids. One autumn day while picking potatoes I was just coming into the field eating an apple, Myron threw a large potato clear across the field and hit me right in the mouth. I ended up with the potato in my mouth and the apple on the ground. He was always a good marksman!

Celia



This isn't us, but it gets the idea across. I don't think daddy used four head of horses, but may have. It shows using the spud baskets. It also shows two dumping into the sack just like we did. What in doesn't show is picking directly into the sacks with the harness on.

My Turn on Earth

Chapter 7

Our House and the Living Is Easy?



This is the way I remember our 5th room

On November 8, 1936, Daddy officially bought the farm. He sold his "Land Ranch" near Oakley and had enough money for the down payment. He had already made a lot of improvements on the house and the farm. Our house was three rooms, the fourth room was 5 by 5 with two holes cut into the seat with an accompanying outdated Sears Catalog, which served two purposes. One was to wish through as you sat "thinking" over one of the two holes. The second was to crumple it all up over and over to soften it up so as not to scratch your touche when you got through thinking. No soft toilet tissue in those days, at

least not at our home. This fourth room was unattached and set a distant from the house.

Celia

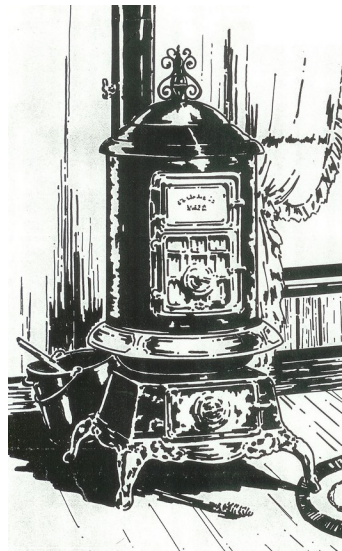
The kitchen was fairly large. In the middle of the north end stood the large black coal and wood burning range. On chilly days it was nice to sit on the open oven door or get a blanket and pillow and sit between the stove and the wall. (Once Mother burned her bottom on the oven door and had a hard time sitting for a while. Don't laugh, it really wasn't funny.) I spent many hours there cutting out paper dolls from the old Sears Catalog or drawing paper dolls for my little sisters.



The large kitchen table was on the east wall between two windows. A shelf was above the table to hold the kerosene lamp. Daddy built a closet in one corner and a bed was in the other corner. A wash bench stood by the door, that held the water bucket for drinking and the wash bowl, a drinking dipper and a towel hung close by.

The "front room", or living room was a small square room with the only window on the south wall, We had a shiny black piano with little cherubs carved in the panels. It was bought for Eunice. I loved to polish those little shiny black faces. We had a brown leather davenport that slept three or four of us. And of course the a pot bellied coal/ wood heater. When the weather warmed up in the spring, the heater was set out until cold weather returned.

The only bed room was off of the front room. Mother and daddy's bed, a white wrought iron baby bed with another bed built over the top of that. Most every night one or two kids would find their way into the folk's bed. Most of our mattress's were straw filled.



My Turn on Earth



We, like every other family in the nation had to fight a war against the bedbug! These tiny, bloodthirsty little critters hid during the day in any crack, crease, or hole they could crawl into and wait for night. As soon as we got into bed, they knew a feast was waiting and here they came. They sucked our blood into their flat bodies until they were bright red and almost to burst. Their bites would leave a red rash. We really didn't feel them biting us because we were most likely asleep. Mother fought them every way she could. She searched out their hiding places in the mattresses, bed frames, and any place they might be hiding. A good squirt from her can of kerosene would kill them. At least once a year, in the summer, we moved out of the house for a night while we fumigated the whole house. The sulfur fumes were so intense that we couldn't go back in the house until it had completely aired out. It got rid of them for a while, and then a new army invaded. Everybody recognized the little critter. You would see them on people's clothing in church and at school. It was nothing for someone to yell out, "Lois has a bedbug on her!" We always looked over our clothes pretty carefully.

The small front screened porch off the kitchen was home to the washing machine (during the summer it was outside), the cream separator, and in the summer time Myron's bed. In cold weather daddy nailed canvas over the screen to help keep out the cold.

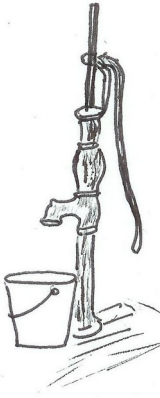
The house was very drafty. We used to hang quilts to the windows to keep the wind out. The linoleum on the floors would rise with the wind coming from beneath.

The lighting for our house was kerosene lamps and a gas lantern.

There was constant danger of a fire. I remember one night a fire started on the ceiling when the lamp was turned too high. It happened more than once.



Celia

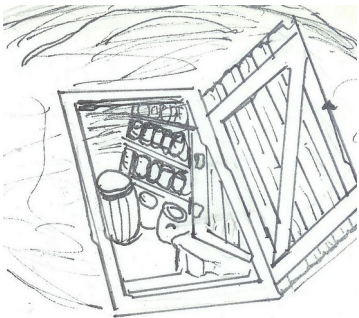


Our water system was an iron hand pump that was out in the front yard. It was Myron's job to keep the water bucket in the kitchen filled. The pump also kept the stock watered in the winter. Girls or not we all had our turn at the end of that pump handle.

All the water was heated in a reservoir on the cooking range. On Saturday night, and on wash day water was heated in a big copper double boiler, we bathed in a round galvanized tub that hung on the side of the house when not in use for our Saturday night baths or as a rinse tub on wash day. The first ones to bathe were lucky, I don't remember how that was determined, but we each got our turn in the tub. We at least got to add hot water.



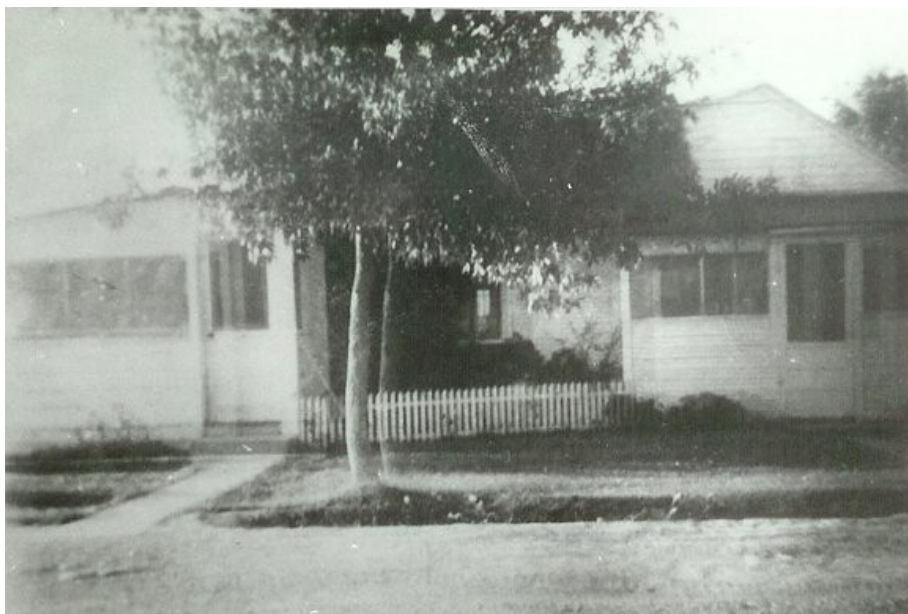
The ironing was done with flat irons, also heated on the stove. Our refrigeration was an orange crate padded with gunny sacks and placed in a tree and was soaked with cold water to keep it cool for milk, butter and other perishables.



We had a spooky cellar that was dark and smelly in the back yard. it was mostly under ground. It was full of the most wonderful array of bottled canned fruits and vegetables of all kinds, shelves and shelves, so very colorful. There was a potato bin at the far end that kept us in potatoes nearly year around. There were crocks full of different kinds of pickles

plus bushels of apples. It had two doors, one ground level the other one at the bottom of the steps. It was cool and inviting on those hot summer days but we kids shied away from going down there unless necessary. Beside being dark and smelly there were spiders. The cellar roof was our little mountain. We played on it a lot. Mother did a tremendous amount of canning during the summer, which also was a family participation. That cellar kept the wolves from our door during those depression years.

My Turn on Earth



The old farmhouse in the 1940s

In the winter of 1941 Daddy built an addition to the west side of the house, over a newly dug cellar. A new kitchen with built in cupboards, a small bed room for Myron a shower room and a closed in back porch. A wash basin was put in next to the back door. We still had to use the little room with two holes cut in the seat that set back from the house. In the wintertime the little kids got to use the "Thunder mug" at night. The ugly part, it had to be emptied every day, another part of our chores.



The original kitchen was then divided into two bed rooms for us girls. The water was also brought into the house soon after to the sink and wash basin. The water drained out through a pipe in the wall and was piped out to a ditch out back of the house. What wonderful improvements.

Celia

We listened to music on a Victrola that played thick 78 rpm records. It was a wind-up phonograph player with the turntable and amplifying horn tucked away inside a wooden cabinet that looked like a piece of furniture. It stood on legs and had a place to store records underneath the phonograph. My favorite records were "Tiptoe Through the Tulips" and "Billy Venero" about a young cowboy who was killed by Indians on his way to see a fair maiden.

It was a very happy occasion when on March 10, 1941 the Frost family was able to have electricity put in our home. After the years of kerosene lamps, flat irons heated on the stove, etc. The little bare light globes hanging from a wire with a pull chain was a lovely sight. The little ones could not wait for it to get dark so they could try the lights. What a fun time they had running from room to room turning on and off the lights. By this time the old house was quite liveable, and comfortable.



Our Victrola looked very similar to this one.



A Philco radio similar to ours

But what really made it home was the day Daddy went to town and bought Uncle Earl's Philco console radio on September 5, 1941. Oh how we enjoyed that radio. It stood on the floor and we all sat around, even laying on the floor around that beautiful talking machine. We each had our favorite programs, but we listened to what was on. There wasn't much else we could do while listening or we would miss out. Mother could crochet while listening but how many of us crocheted? Daddy's favorite were the boxing matches. He and Myron would go up to Gooch's to hear them before we got our radio.

"Inner Sanctum Mysteries" was a real thriller with all its great sound affects, it really kept us spell bound as to what was going to happen next. The boys liked "Jack Armstrong, the All American Boy" and his adventures around the world. "Little Orphan Annie" appealed to the girls. "Jack

My Turn on Earth

Benny" and "Fibber MaGee and Molly" kept the whole family laughing up a storm, while "Ma Perkins" and some of the other soap operas were real tearjerkers. One of my favorites was the "Hit Parade". Each Saturday evening, the 60-minute program offered the most popular and bestselling songs of the week performed by an orchestra and vocalists. It also featured a musical quiz. We learned all the popular songs of the day. Loved, loved loved it! And of course plenty of news.

We loved the Sunday Funnies that came with the Sunday newspaper. It was a bundle, not just two or three sheets like today. "Li'l Abner" was a hill billy, "Dick Tracy" was a detective, "Flash Gordon" and "Buck Rogers" were way ahead of the time. It included "Mutt and Jeff", "Dagwood and Blondie", and many others. That was when funnies were funny!



A Blondie comic strip from the 1940s

Celia

Chapter 8

Family Reunions and Gatherings

Family reunions was another favorite time I looked forward to. Every year we had a Frost/Warner Reunion usually at the Heyburn Park. It was an all day affair with lots of food. In the afternoon there was a program where our talented cousins would perform. There were always kid's games with prizes to win. But most of all, there were the aunts, uncles,



Dayley Reunion, 1941. Back row: Thelma, me, Eunice, Lois Dayley, Maxine Dayley, Nelda Dayley, Dorothy Dayley, and Myron. Middle Row: Irma, Sherell Dayley, Lorna, and Marian. Front: Gerald, Ronnie Moore on Grandpa Dayley's lap, David Dayley, Grandma Dayley holding Lonnie Peck.

My Turn on Earth

and cousins by the dozens. Aunt Faye was always my favorite aunt. I think it was because she was the only person that ever made a fuss over me. In later years, our reunions were just the Frost family. We also had Dayley Reunions. I don't think we ever missed either of these reunions. We were very close to both families. I have always loved my cousins.

It was always a real treat when any of the Grandparents came out to stay, or when we went in to stay at their houses. When we stayed at Grandma Frost's house we got to sleep in a wonderful fluffy feather bed. We loved to hear her tell us stories of when Daddy was a little boy, about the mountain lions, cougars, and even wolves and other animal plus the Indians that roamed their neighborhood. We just couldn't get enough of her stories. The little kids always begged her to take out her false teeth. When she would flip them out of her mouth it frightened them.

When we stayed at Grandma and Grandpa Dayley's we slept on the



The Frost Family in 1935: Back row: Daddy, Uncle Earl, Aunt Christena. Middle: Aunt Nettie, Aunt Elva, Grandma, Aunt Cora, Aunt Ruby. Front: Aunt Faye, Aunt Florence, and Aunt Pearl.

Celia

couch in the front room. Above the couch was a long shelf that held a wonderful clock. The clock ended up in our family. Gerald got it running perfectly. I enjoyed hearing those beautiful chimes each hour. Grandpa would tease the daylighters out of us, usually over boys. We didn't dare mention a boys name or he was our "Beau". Lots of times I would miss the afternoon school bus, just so I could stay with one of the Grandmas. Grandma Dayley also had a marvelous pump organ that we loved to play. We as a family, often wonder what happened to it, no one seems to know.

Aunt Jeannette and Uncle Henry Rasmussen lived in Springdale, two miles straight east down the canal bank. Bertha, Betty, and Delbert were their only children. We spent a lot of time up and down the canal bank and at each others houses. Lorna and I would play with Bertha and Betty. Gerald and Delbert were the same age and lifelong buddies.

One night Uncle Hen (as we called him) and Bertha were both away, Lorna and I got to sleep overnight with Betty. Betty slept between us. Just about the time that every one got to sleep the coyotes started to howl.



The Dayley Family - Standing: Aunt Daisey, Aunt Jannette, Mother, and Aunt Nina. Seated: Uncle Slim, Grandpa, Grandma, and Uncle Myrl.

My Turn on Earth

That was a new sound to us and we were awakened and very frightened. They sounded like they were right outside our window and we thought for sure they were going to come in and eat us up! The more they howled the more frightened we became. Lorna said "Celia" I said "Lorna". This went on for some time because we did not want to be awake alone. We woke up Aunt Jeannette and she yelled, "You kids shut up and go to sleep!" So we reached over Betty's sleeping body and held hands and every few minutes we would squeeze hands. That went on most of the night. We were not so anxious to sleep there after that.

I was happy when our teenage aunts would come out to stay, Daisy, Nina and Ruby. They were kind of silly. They always brought their makeup and would put some on us. Daisy had lovely long painted fingernails. One day she went to sleep in the car and had a hand sticking out the window. I snuck up with the intent to cut off her fingernails, but woke her up. It was a good thing I didn't get the job done or I would have been chopped meat. They liked to ride the horses and bikes. When they started dating they didn't come out as much.

The town cousins, Garth and Jack Dunlap and Jay Drussell really liked to come out to stay. It was okay as long as we had time off from working in the field. When we had to work Daddy put them to work along with us kids. Then it wasn't so fun and they wanted to go home. Glen and Dale Owens also came (Glen more so). Once they rode their bikes all the way from Jerome just to stay a few days. He had a crush on Thelma, but she didn't like him that much. He also liked Eunice, they were just two months apart in age. But Eunice didn't pay very much attention to him either, as she always had her nose in a book. That didn't seem to bother Glen as long as he could ride the horses. He would like to have traded his bike for a horse.

My Grandma Dayley was a plump little lady in her older years. She loved flowers and planted all kinds around her little house out on the farm next to my parents. By then her hair was white and very long, down past her waist. I loved to watch her brush it. She took a lot of time doing so. She would put it over her shoulder and started at the top and brushed the full length over and over then twist it and roll it up into a bun that covered the back of her head. She had a very large lump under her right ear. It

Celia

was a goiter, enlargement of the thyroid gland, and enlarged as she aged. She passed away 30 December 1957, at the age of 83. My Grandma Frost was also a stout lady, her hair remained dark all her life. She died in 1948 the age of 75. Grandma Frost and Grandma Dayley were born 1 day and 1 year apart.

My Turn on Earth

Chapter 9

Still A Kid on the Farm



Our house and farm

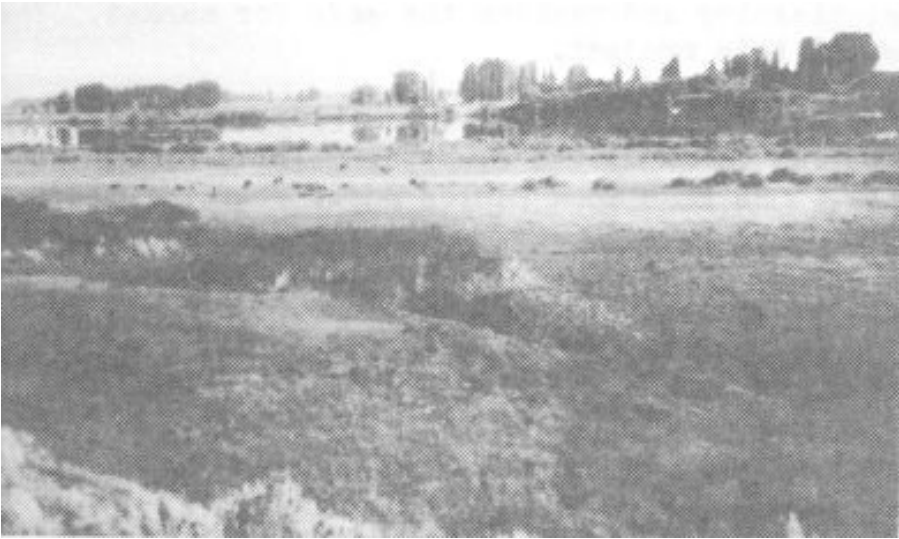
Besides the crops, we also raised livestock, cows, horses, pigs and chickens. Myron had rabbits and a goat named “Old Nellie”. There were also cats and dogs. Tootles is the dog that grew up with Myron and Gerald.

We had great names for the cows and horses, the pigs and chickens were left out because they were too numerous to name. It was always an exciting time when a new little calf, a baby colt, or a litter of squealing pink nosed curly tailed pigs were born. Our new little chicks would arrive in the mail, most years they ordered a hundred at a time and housed

Celia

them in a warm brooder to grow up. I loved to hold those tiny bundles of fluff to my cheek.

When the horses were not in harness and working in the fields, they were bridled and being rode by two or three kids. Old gray "Prince" was the most gentle loving horse on the farm. He did not care how many kids piled on his back and would never go faster than a slow trot. He would spook easy and jump sideways, most likely dumping his load. (It was a long ways down when we were small.) Sorry old Prince would not move a foot until we were up and out of the way. We would lead him back over to a pole fence or hay wagon so we could get back onto is back. It was a sad day when his days were done and his last trip was to the glue factory.

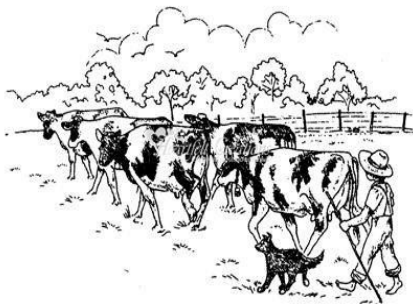


The pasture down by the river

The cows were at home in the pasture next to the river during the summer months. They were brought up in the evenings for the night milking and would stay in the corral over night. They were milked again in the morning, then taken back to the pasture for grazing all day. I did not have to milk, but I could a little. Myron could really milk the cows fast. He could hit a cat's open mouth clear across the barn and a sister if one happened to walk into the barn.

My Turn on Earth

It was always fun to go to the pasture for the cows. We had to go the fourth mile to the railroad tracks and highway. It took at least two of us to handle this job. One would have to go ahead and if cars were coming hold back the herd, it was not easy because they would get excited when they got near and run. The gate had to be opened and closed again behind them. It wasn't that great taking them in the mornings, but what fun we had going after them.



There was so many fun things in that pasture to explore. There were springs of sparkling pure water coming out the side of the hill, pure enough to drink. Watercress grew near its banks. Daddy loved a good watercress and butter sandwich, me too. The water from the spring flowed into a creek that meandered toward the river. Just before reaching the rushing river, it tumbled down a waterfall, splashing its way into the river. The sloughs took up much territory in the pasture. They were full of frogs, tadpoles, tall cat-tail, and all kinds of birds.

There were the two mysterious caves in the side of the hill, one was much bigger than the other. They really weren't caves, but that is what we called them. Daddy would tell us tall tales of spotting giant footprints in the larger one. We knew he was just joshing, but still felt a little anxiety while playing in it. It was a great place to build a fire to warm up while ice skating on the slough in the winter. Lorna and Kenneth Turner now own the place.



Another fun and mysterious place on our farm was the willow patch located at the far west side of the farm. It was thick with willows and home to different kinds of birds and small animals. The willows were so thick towards the middle with narrow winding crisscrossing paths that were spooky to small adventurers. The willows made great wiener

Celia

roasting sticks but best of all our dad could make the best willow whistles in all the world.

We used to play in the old barn a lot. It had a straw roof, and was quit cool in the summer. Every year at wheat harvest the barn would get a new roof. The straw was an excellent place for sparrows to burrow in and build their nests inside of the barn. Myron was not afraid to put his hands in the nests and get out the eggs, or baby birds for us to play with. Daddy did not object because the birds were so numerous they would eat the feed he put out for the cattle. It was also fun playing hide-and seek in the cow mangers. Daddy kept the barn clean for the milking of the cows.

One April Fools Day, I decided to play an April fools joke on Daddy. He was irrigating way out by the willow patch. I got Lorna to go along with me and we walked out where he was working and I told him the insurance man was there to see him. He left his shovel and walked back to the house with us. Soon as we got close to the house. We yelled, "April Fool!" He did not take that joke one bit lightly. He had every reason to beat the tar out of us, it is a wonder that he didn't.

I didn't like the color of my hair, so one day, and it wasn't April Fools day either, I bought some Henna Hair Coloring and and put it on my hair. Oh my gosh! Instead of the pretty red that I had hoped for. It was bright orange! Aunt Jeanette came a day or two later and took one look at me and said, "What in the world did you do to your hair"? I was so glad it was summer and it would fade out before school started. I never tried that again.



The Fourth of July was a day of days, better than birthdays. It meant homemade ice cream and ice cold watermelon. We worked real hard to have the beets thinned by then. No matter what, we always celebrated the 4th. Almost always with some of the relatives or the Goochs, some times both. It would be our first trip to the mountains, Howell Canyon and Lake Cleveland south of Burley or to Bostetter in the mountains south of Oakley. We would be back in time to park on the

My Turn on Earth

Burley hill to watch with excitement the fireworks display set off at the Burley Airport after dark. After getting home we would set off our own fireworks, mostly sparklers and small firecrackers, and sleep out under the stars.



The threshing machine that came to our farm looked very much like this.

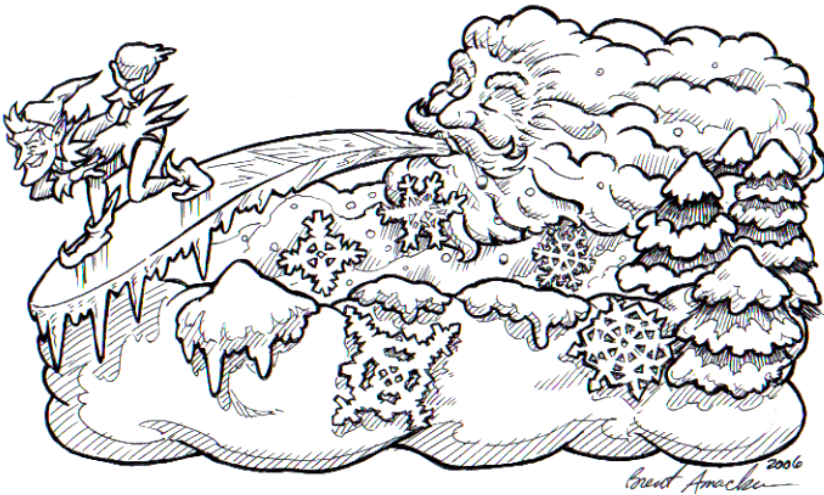
When summer was ending and the wheat fields were ripe with golden grain we knew that threshing time was near. The big old monster threshing machine would rumble in next to our barn. The farmers gathered from around the neighborhood with their horses and wagons. As the first wagon load of grain shocks moved in next to the threshing machine the old steam engine would throttle down with a chug and a hiss, not stopping until dinnertime. What fun it was to romp in that fresh clean straw digging out tunnels beneath the stack, climb on top and slide down, being covered from head to toe in new straw. It was not so fun combing all that fine chaff out of our hair when bedtime came.

As we girls got older we had to help with the cooking and serving for the crew. When they were finished with our grain, the whole crew, threshing machine, and all would move on to the next farm. Oh what joy of being a kid on the farm---sometimes.

Celia

It is hard to believe it now, but I loved the wintertime. We had severe winters with a lot of snow most every year. We would be drifted in sometimes weeks at a time. It was a big relief to the folks when the snow plow would finally come through. I did not mind missing school. No matter how cold it was, it was never too cold to bundle up and build snowmen, snow forts and even snow houses. Winter was the time for playing fox and geese, making snow angels, and having snowball fights and ice skating. The sloughs in the pasture and the canals made marvelous skating rinks. Kids would come for miles to skate in our pasture. I could never stand up on clamp on ice skates. I would just slippery slide across the ice in my boots.

I loved the long slender icicles hanging from the roofs, undisturbed snow, trees dressed in their lovely white lace gowns, and Jack Frost's most beautiful intricate etchings on all of our windows.



Jack Frost (no relation)

Mother would hang out the clothes to dry and they would freeze on the lines almost instantly. One year I was blinded by the bright snow and was afraid I would never see again. Mother put packs over my eyes until it passed. Some years the drifts would be as high as the hay stacks. Oh the beauty to behold. I long for that beauty each year but not the cold. Now

My Turn on Earth

we get the cold but not the beauty!

One day, Mother and Daddy came to school at lunchtime and took me to Dayley's Shoe Store to buy me a new pair of shoes. School was only three blocks away so they sent me back by myself. I was so proud and happy with my new shoes. I ran across the street only looking at my new shoes. A car hit me and knocked me down. I jumped up and went on to school leaving a very frightened, shook up driver. I did not tell anyone about that. I knew I was wrong and did not want a scolding.

There was another time I had a run in with a car. I had spent the afternoon playing with Marjorie Bunn at her home over on the Burley Hill two and a quarter miles from us. On my way home I was happily skipping down the middle of the gravel road oblivious to the fact that there were other people in this world. A car horn sounded. I was so shocked at the reality that there was someone else in this world beside me, and I was in their way. I started to run one way and then the other. Results! A fall right in the middle of that gravel road in front of Mrs. Reynolds car. It just had to be funny but not to me. She got out and picked me up, brushed me off and took me home.

Mother and Daddy were very strict with us. We dared not ever to sass or talk back to them. They would not permit fighting or quarreling but we did our share behind their backs, but we usually got caught and were punished. Daddy's razor strap was a hanging reminder to us, he seldom used it on us and never really hurt us, we just thought it hurt. Although Mother and Daddy were strict with us, we knew they loved us and being strict was for our own good.

Daddy loved to tickle us to hear our laughter, but sometimes he would tickle me until I couldn't laugh any more. I guess he didn't realize when enough was enough. He also was a big tease, worse than my Grandpa Dayley, I think . No, No one could beat Grandpa when it came to teasing. They were very kind and always put our needs above their own. There were times that I did not think I was loved. They did not show a lot of affection. With so many of us children, it must have been very hard for them to give the attention that we each needed. All though Daddy was very affectionate with our Mother. From Daddy's diary, "haven't got anything to do right now, so I guess I'll go tease Mom and the girl's."

Celia

Once he gave me a spanking for something, I don't even remember what I did to deserve it, but I did something or I wouldn't have been punished. That night after I had gone to bed he came in and talked to me about why he had to punish me and how sad it made him. I remember tears in his eyes. He was very softhearted.

Daddy read good books to us in the evenings. He also sang and yodeled as he strummed his beloved guitar. He later sold it for something we kids needed. He had a very nice singing voice.



Admiral Byrd's polar explorer

Whenever something new or important came to town, Daddy made sure if at all possible we kids would see it. Once they took us to the Burley Airport to see a parachute exhibition. At another time, us older kids got to ride in Admiral Byrd's polar explorer plane.

While we were growing up airplanes were not very common in the skies at that time. Every time one happened to fly over, everyone of us would run outside yelling, "Plane! Plane! Plane!" pointing at it as it flew by. They didn't fly very high in those early days. Very exciting!

Another time in 1939 Daddy took us out of school to take us to see a streamline train that was passing through town. It was the LMS Coronation from England. It had been brought to the United States by ship and was making a cross country tour on its way to the New York World's Fair.



The blue and silver LMS Coronation.

One night they took us to look at the stars through a telescope. They took us to see the circus two or three different years. I do remember the thrill of all the acts but I got a biggest thrill out of the circus parades.

My Turn on Earth

Chapter 10

Turning Twelve and Teenage Years



The dress I made in 4H

and sewing the next, I was in 4H for four years. I grew a lot from my 4H years. Going to 4H Camp every summer was a real fun experience. I got to meet other 4Hers from all over the county, enlarging my circle of friends. The first year I got a red ribbon on the dress I made and got a blue ribbon for modeling it.

One of my requirements was to bake cookies to serve the class which I did. Oh no! I had put celery seed in them instead of nutmeg. (Mother had put celery seed in an empty nut-

When I turned twelve, I graduated from Primary September 24, 1939 and started attending the Beehive Class in MIA. I did not enjoy being a Beehive girl. All the girls in my class were two grades ahead of me in school making me very uncomfortable with them. I went because Daddy took me! I filled my requirements but only went two years.

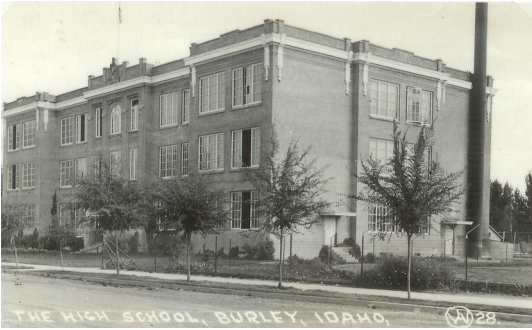
The same year I started MIA I also started 4H. Now let me tell you, that was a different story. I was with my friends and happy. Mrs. Burnet, LaPreal's mother, was our 4H leader. We had cooking one year



Donna Gooch at 13

Celia

meg can). I did very well with sewing. The Cassia County Fair in late summer was a great time for us 4Hers, setting up and decorating our booth hoping to get a blue ribbon on the booth. The judging of our projects was a real source of anxiety. About the most fun was seeing my other 4H friends from camp. We also got to go to the rodeo for free on the first night. It was a good time in my life.



Burley High School - the Junior High was on the first floor.

High School. This is when I discovered boys.

I had some funny run ins with Miss O Rourk, Miss Kiesz, and a couple of others. A couple of boys were throwing spit wads across my desk at each other. One landed on my desk so I threw it back. Guess who got caught? Another time I was running down the hall and around the corner. Ran smack dab into a teacher, that was not a pleasant encounter! I loved my home economics class where I learned more sewing and cooking. Miss Pratt was my teacher. I hated my Physical Education class. I was taught modesty at home and was very uncomfortable undressing and showering with a whole class of girls.

Our School held a track meet each spring that was fun. One year Myron broke his arm while high jumping. We prac-

Starting Jr. High was a new experience for me even though I still hated school. I had a hard time with my studies. It was fun going to that magnificent three story building. There again was a chance to meet new friends as the students came from all over the county to the Jr.



Looking through the fire escape in Jr. High

My Turn on Earth

ticed against other classes at our our own school and then competed with the Rupert and Paul Jr High Schools.



Myron and I, ready for church

My first formal dress was another great and painful embarrassment for me. Mother bought it from Mrs. Eva Crane. She had made it for her daughter, Minnie. Mrs. Crane and Minnie were both real snobs in our ward. I was so humiliated wearing that cast off dress of Minnie's to the Gold and Green Ball. Every kid

in the ward knew that it was one of Minnie's, and I was wearing it. I also had to wear it to the Jr. High dances. How I hated that dress even though it was a pretty rose color and just sort of cute, it was where it came from that hurt. Mother could have made me one so much cuter. I don't think



The Frost Family in 1940 Back row: Me, Myron, Eunice, and Thelma. Middle: Marion, Lorna, Ira, Vyla, and Irma. Front: Gerald and Kathryn.

Celia

Mother knew how badly that affected my self esteem. As I mentioned before, I could write a whole big chapter on embarrassing moments in my life.



This is what the contraption looked like, only I don't think I was smiling like that.

pulled my hair. After going through all of that, instead of the lovely curls I hoped for, it came out frizzy. From then on, we girls gave each other Toni Home Permanents, which we continued to do into our married years.

Myron had a friend, Eldon Lowder, from View. He was the first boy that had a crush on me, that I knew of. He would ride his bike down to play with Myron but he really came to see me. But, the boy who I had a crush on in the 7th grade was Billy Dunford. He liked me too. He had blond curly hair and very blue eyes. I thought he was the cutest guy in the school.

When I was about fourteen, Mother took me to town to get my very first permanent so I would have lovely curls for school. Mrs. Boyd's beauty shop was upstairs above the M.H. King's 5 & 10. I didn't know what I was getting in for. Mrs. Boyd started winding my hair into the darndest contraption. Then she attached some clamps with electric wires that were connected to a machine. I had to sit there forever. All of that weight on my head made me slump over. When I tried to sit up, it



The Frost girls: Kathryn, Irma, Marion, Lorna, me, Thelma, and Eunice

My Turn on Earth

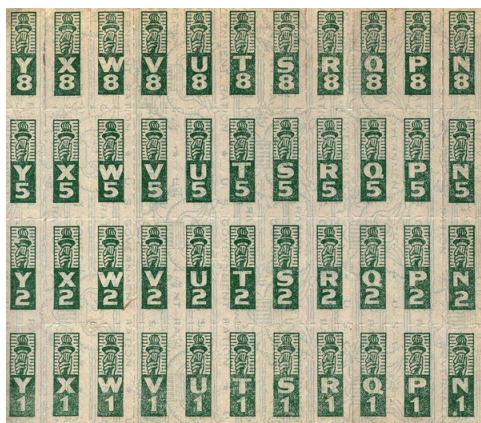


Me as a teenager

During the summer he died of an inherited illness. I was so sad and really depressed the day of his funeral. I tried to sing happy songs. I was told by some of the other kids on the school bus that after I would get off the bus every day, Gerald Hurst and Eugene Christensen would fight over me.

Eunie graduated from high school the spring of 1940 and in 1941 moved to Salt Lake City to go the LDS Business College. She lived with the George Woods family. Daddy and Mother knew him as a missionary while they were living in Moscow. She later got a job with the Beneficial Life Insurance Co. and then received her mission call in 1945 to the Western States Mission. Thelma graduated a year later in 1941 and she too went to Salt Lake where she roomed with Eunie .

Sunday December 7, 1941 is the date I will forever remember. When the news came that Pear Harbor was under attack by the Japanese, terror gripped my heart. President Roosevelt declared war on Japan on December 8th and two or three days later he declared war on Germany as they were allies with Japan. Germany had been trying to take over all of Europe. Our young men were sent over to Europe and the Islands of the Pacific. Most of them were just boys. How brave they were! We had been following Hitler's War in Europe since Mr. Reeds 4th grade class.



Ration stamps: these are from Book 4 which was issued in October 1943. These stamps were used for purchasing canned vegetables, fruit, and juices.

Celia



*Norma Jo Price
and me*

1942 came and life went on. Some food, sugar, coffee, gas, tires, and even shoes (leather) rationing took place, among other great changes. We were all issued stamp books for the rationed items. All of the rubber and leather went to the military along with the newly developed nylon. No more nylon hose or even elastic! Our panties were now manufactured with draw strings. One evening Norma Jo and I were on Main Street headed to the Burley Theater to see a movie. Just as we got to the ally my string came lose. Oh yes, my panties were falling off! I stepped behind a big light pole there in the ally with Jo as a shelter. I hurriedly, readjusted that miserable string and we

went on to the movie. Life was not the same for Americans, rich or poor. At that time I was fifteen.

We teenagers kept Mother and Daddy busy running us to school functions, ball games, movies, 4H, roller skating, school dances, jobs, and church activities.

When I turned sixteen in 1942 I learned to drive.. I don't recall anything interesting about mastering the wheels.

On July 4, 1943 my dear, beloved, teasing Grandpa Dayley passed away in his sleep. How I missed that sweet old gentleman.

Myron worked in the hay on a ranch out at Raft River for a couple of summers. I really missed him and was glad to have him back on weekends. On November 11, 1943 he went to Twin Falls and enlisted



Donna, me, and Lorna

My Turn on Earth

in the Navy. He was sworn in and left on the 18th for boot camp at the Farragut Naval Training Station in Northern Idaho.

The night before he left for boot camp he and Joyce Gooch took me, Lorna, Donna, and probably a couple of the other kids, with his date Helen Wixom, one of my friends, to the movies. It would be the last time in a long time that he would get that chance. Myron took me on a lot of his dates with Helen. But I don't ever remember him going to the dances at the Y Dell.



Helen Wixom



Myron in the Navy

Celia

Chapter 11

Quitting School

At seventeen I was only a sophomore in school and hated it. My greatest joy during those years was roller skating. I loved to go to the Play-More-Roller-Rink on the corner of Main and Albion every Wednesday evening, slip into a pair of rented shoe skates and get out on that floor. I was in Heaven as I waltzed around and around the rink to the music, noise, shouts, laughter, and my friends. I took a lot of tumbles but got right back up and was off again. I was very good on a pair of



*Me and my little sisters:
Marion, Kathryn, me, Irma,
and Lorna*

shoe skates but as I stated earlier, I could not stand up on ice skates. I could do almost every thing on roller skates but waltz backwards. On March 10, 1944 while trying to learn, I fell and chipped my knee cap. That was very painful and took me off of skates for a while. (It got me out of P.E. at school which I was happy about.) Mother was working swing shift at the potato processing plant. On Wednesdays we would stay in town after school and skate all evening and ride home with her when she got off shift at 11 pm. Once in a while I went skating on Sunday nights as well. It was a sin so it is a wonder I didn't fall and break my neck. Sometimes the folks would go to a movie while us kids skated.

I was equally as happy on the dance floor at the Y Dell Ballroom. The Y Dell was the finest dance hall in all of the Magic Valley. All the Big Bands played there at one time or another. Thelma and her friends had

My Turn on Earth



Ready to go to church

danced there and now it was my turn along with Lorna and Donna. We were not allowed to date until we were sixteen, so before then Daddy and Mr. Gooch took turns each Saturday night taking the three of us to town and then came back to get us. One night Mr. Gooch forgot to come after us. The three of us walked the three miles home along the railroad tracks dressed in our finest dance dresses. It was pitch black that night, we could hardly see our hands in front of our faces and we were really frightened. All of a sudden a pheasant flew up in front of us. Three young girls about died on the spot. With much fear, we did make it home okay on very shaky legs.

Another night I got stranded alone after the dance. A young couple along with a soldier boy from Paul saw my plight and offered to take me home. I was very grateful and also frightened at the same time. As soon as they got me home I thanked them as I jumped out of the car and run to the house as fast as I could.

I danced away many, many Saturday nights. One night as the evening progressed the power went off, but the band went right on playing. Happily, we continued dancing in the dark. When the power came back on, the light on the big shining crystal revolving ball revealed a lot of lipstick smeared faces. I had a date with Jerry Stroller from Paul that night. The outdoor dance floor was great on hot summer evenings. I met a lot of very fun people at the Y Dell. Many years later, I was very unhappy when I found out that they took



Me in 1943

Celia

down that crystal ball and made the Y Dell into a bowling alley.

My employment during those teen years really varied. I picked potatoes for farmers that paid. I did babysitting and light house work for Afton and Wade Baker. My first job uptown was at the Woolworth 5 and 10 Cent store on Overland. On October 30 1944, right after I got to work my cousin, Ila Martingdale, came in to tell me that Uncle Lenard Drussell had shot and killed Aunt Cora during the night. I also worked at M.H. Kings for a short time. Later, I worked at a dry cleaning establishment on Main Street but I was too slow, so my boss got me a job at the bakery on Overland. I was working there when we got the word about Myron's ship.

The job I grew the most from was working at JC Penny's on the corner of Overland and 13th. Mr. Burns was the manager and a great boss. I clerked mostly in the shoe department, but also other departments. I worked a lot in the stockroom checking in incoming merchandise and pricing everything. I loved being the first to see the new merchandise. I worked with some wonderful people there. Betty Sessions and I were the window trimmers. We also hand printed all the store's signs and prices. It would have been a wonderful opportunity if I had stayed with Penny's. It could have turned into a window trimming career. I worked there for two summers and after school.

Thelma moved to Salt Lake where she met a handsome sailor boy and it was true love. She and Jay Jackson were married July 20, 1944 in the Logan Temple. They waltzed right off to California where Jay was stationed in the Navy.

Sunday May 28, 1944 was a great big step in my life. I moved into town with Norma Jo Price as my roommate. We rented a motel type room from Freers on the corner of 16th and Oakley Ave. I was working at JC Penny's and Jo worked at Western Auto. It was a whole new experience for me being on my own. It was a lot of fun and we got along very well. On August 1, 1944 I moved back home to get ready to go back to school.



In my very own formal

My Turn on Earth



My friends and I in front of the Seminary Building: Marjory Bunn, me, Lorerra Espenosa, Glenda Burgess (in the back), and Lavon Loveless.

I have always had good friends, most of them were good girls. There was this other group that got me to sluff school a couple of times with them but when they tried to teach me how to smoke, that was the end. I dated a lot after my sixteenth birthday with fellows from school and also from Rupert and Paul. It caused Mother and Daddy some concern because I did not always come home when expected some nights. One such night Donna and I double dated the Fenten Brothers from Paul. After the movie we sat in the car in our driveway until quite late. Daddy, imagining all sorts of mischief going on, finally came out to investigate only to find the four of us in a political argument. Not a one of us knew what we were talking about. That had to give Daddy a good laugh. One of the most fun dates I had was with Vaughn Hobson. We attended the Jr. Prom and I wasn't wearing Minnie's dress.



LaPreal Boyce

Celia

The first of many major mistakes that I made during my lifetime was dropping out of school during my junior year. At eighteen years old, I was two years older than all of my classmates who were only sixteen. But I continued to attend Seminary for the rest year and graduated on Sunday May 11, 1945. Brother Allred and Brother Jenkins were our teachers and they were a great influence in my life. In the three years that I went to Seminary, I was able to use my artistic abilities.

After Myron had gone into the Navy he shared with me his secret, that he was finishing school and wanted me to also. I did go back but I was so far behind and did not have the courage to remain. It has been a lifelong regret and embarrassment to me. Had I stayed in school, I would have graduated in 1946.

I moved back into town again, this time I lived at Mrs. Beaver's rooming house on East Main Street, right across from the East Park. I had a tiny room of my own that was at the back of the house. Theo Gooch and Dora Sagers shared a room and two other girls shared another room.

I was living there when we got the word about Myron's ship, the USS Spence. I, along with the rest of the family were horrified when on January 12th we got the news that his ship had been lost in a typhoon on December 18th. As I remember it, Mr Gooch had read it in the newspaper, and came and told us. We would not give up hope until we got final word from the government which seemed to take forever. On January 15th Daddy and Mother received a telegram stating that Myron was missing. Then on February 8th another telegram arrived saying there was no possibility that he had survived.

Germany surrendered on May 8, 1945. Daddy let me take the car to town with the other kids to join the crowds driving up and down the streets honking their horns. What a great and glorious day that was. Japan surrendered on August 15, 1945. On September 2nd the surrender was signed on board the U.S.S. Missouri in Tokyo Bay. I along with all of America was overjoyed with the ending of World War II. At last we had peace after a very long dreadful 3½ years which took the cream of the crop of our young men into battle in unknown lands and on ships at sea. Thousands to never return. It was when all the other men were returning home that saddened our hearts when our son, brother, and my best friend was not among them.

My Turn on Earth



The Idaho Falls Temple in 1945

Prior to leaving on her mission in August 1945, Eunice and I went to Idaho Falls with other young women of our ward to see the new Idaho Falls Temple before it was dedicated. We rode in the back of Wade Baker's truck. It was raining so it had a canvas over the top. I had to sit in the very back of

the truck and by the time we got to Idaho Falls I was completely splattered with mud. Eunice and I both gave way to tears as she helped me clean up the best we could with out the benefit of a shower and clean clothes. The Temple was so beautiful, I knew that it was God's House.



The Frost Family - January 1944. Back: Lorna, Me, Myron, Eunice, and Thelma. Front: Marian, Gerald, Ira, Irma, Vyla, and Kathryn.

Celia

Chapter 12

A Marriage and a Divorce



Our wedding picture

I met Ray Dudley in October of 1945 at the skating rink while he was home on leave from the Navy. I thought he was pretty neat in his sailor uniform. He told me he had been a good friend of Myron's and knew all about him. (It was funny, if he was a friend of Myron's I hadn't met him or heard Myron talk about him.) When he went back to his ship we corresponded. He wrote beautiful letters and sent me lovely pencil sketches that he had drawn. I fell in love with his letters and drawings. On December 1st Ray was coming home on a 25 day leave. He was about three and a half months younger

than me, being born on December 8, 1926 in Burley.

I went to Boise with his parents, Jack and Mamie Dudley to meet him. We decided to get married on Mother and Daddy's twenty fifth wedding anniversary, December 4, 1945. What a dirty trick to play on our parents just before Christmas. We were married at my parents home by Bishop Larson of the Burley Third Ward. I was 19 and in love with the idea of being in love. The only ones attending were our two families, Theo and Donna Gooch. and



Mother and Daddy on their 25th anniversary

My Turn on Earth

Mrs. Beaver, my landlady. We spent our honeymoon in a cheap motel. A few days later we were honored at a wedding reception at the Third Ward Chapel and received many nice gifts. We spent our first Christmas with the Dudley's. Ray had to leave that day to go back to his ship.

On January 13, 1946, I left on the bus for Bremerton, Washington to be with Ray. We shared a navy apartment with another couple, a ship-mate from Pennsylvania and his wife. We got a long good by keeping out of each others way.

Ray was discharged and we arrived back in Burley on March 19th. We moved into Stout's basement house up the road from the folks. Without a car it was difficult to get around so we bought a tiny one room homemade trailer house from his Grandfather Saterely and lived in it on their property.

Ray worked for Farmer's Equity, a hardware, lumber, and feed store. He was transferred by Farmer's Equity to work at a small saw mill on the Boise River. We moved our home on wheels to Boise on the bank of the Boise River where the Julia Davis Park and the Boise Zoo are now located.



Our first car

Later, we sold the trailer and rented an old house. We had no furniture and slept on the floor.

I was pregnant and very ignorant about pregnancy. I had not been going to a doctor, and I should not have been sleeping on a bare wood floor. One morning in August, I woke up not feeling good, so we headed for Burley in our old rattletrap car that had no windows and only 35¢ in our pockets. Out by the Paul Labor Camp, 15 or 20 miles west of Burley, the car quit. We hailed down a milk truck that took us into Emerson to the Dudley's home where we found only little Gloria at home. She was sent to a neighbors to call Dad Dudley. He picked up Ray's mother and hurried home. They took one look at me and rushed me into Mrs. King's Maternity Home. Mother was called along with Doctor Dean. He looked at me and declared I was not due yet and left.

Celia

Precious, tiny Melody was born without the aid of a doctor or anesthesia. Ray named her Melody. When the doctor did come, Mother asked him if she was premature, and he said yes. She was barely 5 pounds and 17 inches long. She was so tiny I was afraid that I might break her. She was blessed into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at the Unity Ward by her grandfather, Ira Frost, on September 1, 1946.



Melody as a baby



*Me and Melody -
Summer of 47*

We never went back to Boise and I don't know what happened to the old car. We lived with the Dudley's along with Ray's sister, Coral and her husband Bob, and their children Gloria and Linda for a short time. Later we moved to the Hugh Allen place on Almo Avenue in southeast Burley on Goose Creek. It was a small, beat up, old three room house furnished with cast off furniture from relatives. At least I didn't have to sleep on the floor anymore. I did the best I could to make it a home. We had no car, it was just like growing up poor, again.

I certainly enjoyed my firstborn beautiful little daughter Melody, as I was learning to be a mother. I enjoyed caring for her, feeding her, loving her, sewing cute little dresses, and doing all the things that mothers do for their children. Her name fit her so well as she was a little song and a real joy. She started walking at 10 months, what a tiny toddler.

She would pass out for no reason and frighten me to death. I would run out in the fresh air with her, and she would come out of it.

My little sister, Lorna, graduated from High School in 1947 and married Kenneth Turner on October 16, 1947 In the Logan Temple.

My Turn on Earth

On January 12, 1948, I lay in a hospital bed experiencing a very difficult birth. Strange doctors that I didn't know with long somber faces were coming in and out of my room to examine me. I was unaware of what the problem was. When Ray came in with tears in his eyes, I knew something was dreadfully wrong. I silently prayed, "Father in Heaven, I don't know what is wrong, but something is dreadfully wrong. I need your help now! In the name of Jesus Christ, amen". Immediately things become normal. The doctors could not believe what had happened. They did not know that they had just witnessed a miracle through prayer. They were getting me ready for a cesarean section and a blood transfusion. Both the baby's life and mine were in danger. The problem was called placenta previa. The placenta was between the baby and the opening. If it had not been moved we both could have bled to death in a matter of minutes.



Tim



Me and Tim

Delivered by Dr. B.T. Wilson, I gave birth to a healthy, wiggly, bald headed baby boy on January 12, 1948 at 2:20 p.m. at the Cottage Hospital in Burley. He was born smiling and has never stopped. Ray named him Tim, I didn't really like it so I added Galen as his middle name. Tim was blessed at the Unity Ward by his Grandfather Frost on March 7, 1948. After two granddaughters, Tim was the first grandson. He was also the Dudley's first grandson.

With two small babies, I more or less grew up with them. I was immature and not ready for marriage or motherhood. I had a lot to learn about being a wife and

Celia

homemaker. I did not know the essentials of time or money management. I had been taught how to cook, but this was a whole different ball game.

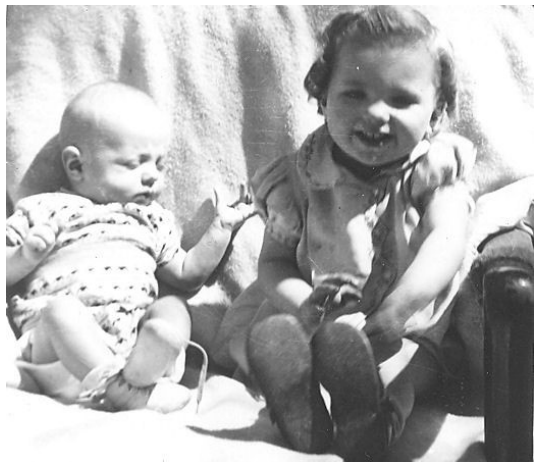
We moved into another one bedroom house in Burley on Elba Ave. During those years our vacations were all trips to the mountains, camping and fishing. I did not like camping or fishing!

In May of 1948 my Grandma Frost died, she had been living with her daughter, Nettie Martindale in Oakley. She was never well after the tragic shooting death of Aunt Cora. I missed her and once in a while I dreamed of going to her house on Schodde Ave.

The first time I voted was in the 1948 presidential election. President Harry S. Truman was running against Thomas E. Dewey, the Republican, and Strom Thurmond, who was running as a Dixiecrat. Jack and Mamie took us to the polling place and instructed us that we were to vote for Truman. I didn't like being told how to vote, besides my parents always leaned Republican, so I voted for Dewey. The Chicago Tribune was so sure of Dewey's victory it printed "DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN" on election night as its headline for the following day. In the end Truman was re-elected. I have always tended to vote Republican.

in 1950 Irma graduated from High School and she married Don Lindsay on June 9, 1950 in the Salt Lake Temple. Marian and Doug were married November 28, 1950 in the Idaho Falls Temple.

In 1952 we bought a home in Heyburn. It was a cute little house on the corner of 18th and S Street. I repainted the kitchen cupboards white with blue and pink morning glory blossoms across the top. That fall Melody began the first grade. I was asked to teach Primary in the Heyburn Ward. Ray was not active in the church and was not too pleased with that.



Tim and Melody

My Turn on Earth

One summer day I was out mowing the lawn with Dudley's new power lawnmower. It was equipped with three mowing machine blades. I was mowing under the clothesline between the garage and fence when I stepped into a hole, causing the power mower to roll back over my foot cutting through my shoe, making three separate cuts through the top of my left foot and one cut on my right leg. I ran to the house with blood spurting with every step. My foot was numb and I was sure that I had cut it completely off. Melody and Tim were both screaming. I called Mom Dudley and she rushed me to the emergency room at the hospital. I spent the next hour or so getting my foot sewed back together. My first thoughts were, "I'll never be able to dance again." Even though I hadn't danced a step since we were married. (Ray did not like to dance). After about six weeks, I was able to put my shoe on. The Insurance company asked the doctor how many stitches it took. His answer was, "Have you ever tried to sew up a piece of hamburger?"

In 1952 Gerald graduated from high school and Kathryn graduated a year later. June 4, 1953 was a very joyous day for my family, especially my baby sister Kathryn and little brother Gerald as they were about to be

married for all time and eternity in the Idaho Falls Temple, just as the rest of my sisters had done before them. I know I felt very much alone as I watched my whole family walk through those doors. I tried to console myself by tending the nieces and nephews on the Temple grounds and making them happy even though my heart was heavy. If only I had married right, I could have been there with them. That day was Mother's birthday.

Ray loved his kids dearly and was good to me, but neither one of us were mature enough for marriage. We did not know each other long



Me and Ray; Tim and Melody - 1949

Celia

enough to really know what we wanted out of our marriage. I was not in love and very unhappy. Our marriage was going no place and in May I filed for divorce. I and the children moved back in with my parents. The divorce was final on June 28, 1954. Breaking up a family also breaks many hearts. But being blessed with those two sweet children was meant to be.



Melody - age 5 (1951) Tim - age 3 (1951)

Tim and Melody - 1952

My Turn on Earth

Chapter 13

Another Marriage



Tim and Melody in 1954

Melody, Tim, and I moved back with my parents which put a hardship on them. I got a job at Miller Drug Store on the corner of Overland and 13th Street, right across the street from JC Penny's. Melody was eight years old and Tim was six. Daddy baptized and confirmed Melody into the Church at the Unity Ward on August 27, 1954.

One day as I was working, Mary Buttars came into the store. I had known her previously from teaching primary. She asked me all kinds of questions about myself. The next thing I knew, her single stepson came in the store to look me over. I guess he liked what he saw because later he asked me out. Most of our dates consisted of spending time at his parents home, watching boxing

matches. His name was Gordon Buttars.

In 1954 Gerald was called to serve a mission in the Central Atlantic States Mission. Verlynn was born while he was on his mission. Verlee and Verlynn had to move in with the folks and I had to move out! I had only been single since the end of June. On Sunday, September 19th Gordon asked my Dad for my hand in marriage. We were married September 22, 1954 at 8:00 p.m. in my parent's front room by Bishop Morris Baker. His father, Gover Buttars, and my mother were our witnesses. Our wed-

Celia

ding guests consisted of our parents, Verlee, Melody, and Tim, I don't remember any one else being there. Gordon said that he either had to buy a set of rings or a dishwasher and he thought he could get more use out of the set of rings! We went to Salt Lake City for our Honeymoon to see the Ice-Capades, Gover and Mary went with us.

Gordon Gover Buttars was born on July 1, 1918 in Clarkston, Utah. His mother died when he was only two years old. His father remarried after a couple of years and in 1929 they moved to Burley. Just prior to the outbreak of World War II he enlisted in the Navy and was at Pearl Harbor on that fateful day. During the war he served aboard the USS Enterprise which participated in every major battle in the Pacific. When the war was over he was a nervous wreck. He had been married twice before, once before the war and once after.



Gordon placing the ring on my finger



Our home on the Gee place (510 S 150 E)

Mother and Daddy helped me move into Gordon's home in Unity where he was renting the Gee farm. On Thanksgiving day we fixed dinner for both sets of parents. He was a very good farmer and could make anything grow. Newel Baker hired him to run his farm up the road a couple of miles away, along with farming the Gee place.

Daddy was stricken by his first stroke in April of 1955 while in the barn milking the cows. Melody was out there at the time and walked in the barn and found him stricken. He was rushed to the hospital where he

My Turn on Earth

remained for several weeks. He was devastated because he wasn't able to do the things that he was used to doing. He worked very hard to get the use of his hand back. Kenneth and Don ran the place the rest of that year. The next year Irma and Don moved to Idaho Falls. A year or two later, Mother and Daddy had a new home built on the hill above the pasture on the river bottoms.

While living in Unity, little Gordon Gene was born. A very special Father's Day gift for Gordon. We called him Little G.G. or sometimes Gordy. Mary and Gover were there the day that he decided to come forth. He was born on Sunday June 19, 1955 at 3:45 p.m. in the afternoon at the Cottage Hospital. He was delivered by Dr. Sutton and weighed 7 pounds 1 ounce and was 19½ inches long. He was his Daddy's boy right from the start. Melody and Tim loved having a new little brother and living on a farm with farm animals and a big black dog named Nick to play with.



Gordy at 2½ weeks old



The Buttars place (50 E 100 S)

Gover and Mary had bought a house in town and decided to sell their farm to us. So we moved into their place 1 mile South a half a mile east of Burley in 1956. I really liked it there. It was here that I caught little G.G. just as he placed a very large black stink bug in his mouth and crunched down. I was only able to retrieve a portion of it. It didn't seem to make him sick, but it

sure did me. We lived there one year and in the spring he had the ground ready to farm. Mary and Gover decided they didn't like living in town and wanted the place back. We had a farm sale and sold all the farm equipment. We packed up and moved to South Salt Lake City to the Sugar

Celia



Melody, Gordy, and Tim - 1956



Tim and Melody with Old Nick



Our home in Salt Lake

House District. Our address there was 1350 E. 27th S. We lived in a very nice brick duplex with a fenced in backyard for the children. Gordon enrolled in the Philips Petroleum Co. School to learn

the service station business.

I was expecting at the time and was having problems with this pregnancy also. This little child kept wanting to be born before her time. I went to the Hospital three times before it was her time to arrive. When she finally decided to come, she was almost born in the car. We got in the hospital just as she came screaming into this world. She was born at the LDS. Hospital June 2, 1957, at 12:02 a.m. She was 7 pounds 2½ ounces and 21 inches long. She was delivered by Dr. Hall. I named her Cindee.



Cindee 1 day old

My Turn on Earth



Our Family – July 1957: Melody, me holding Cindee, Gordon and Gordy, and Tim

hot cakes or something that smelled really good. Good enough to attract a big old bear. As he came toward us, I grabbed my kids and put them in the car. That old bear came right up to our table, Cecil hit him on the nose with the pancake turner he was using, and the bear shook his big old head and turned around and went back down the hill with a very disappointed look on his face. Gee, maybe it was a Mrs. bear, but whatever it gave us some excitement for a while.

Cindee was born with red hair that turned blond. Her little nose was pushed to one side but it soon straightened out. She was a beautiful baby. At the time, Gordon was 39 years old and I was 31. She was blessed by Earl Read, her uncle, on July 8th into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at the Imperial-West Ward, Wilford Stake Salt Lake City, Utah. Cindee was the only one of my children not born in Burley, Idaho.

Just after Cindee was born we went to Yellowstone Park with Cecil and Claris Toner and their kids, we even camped out that time. We were cooking breakfast over some kind of grill, Cecil was cooking bacon and



The bear that came to breakfast

Celia



Our home in Ogden



The view from our home



Buttars 66

I had many good times living in Salt Lake, Thelma and Jay and their little family lived there. Eunice and Earl were living in Provo. Thelma and I spent a lot of time together. Our little children played together, Gayle being just 3 months older than Melody and Jaylynn was 4 months older than Gordy.

While Gordon was in training he met Neil Hart from Rexburg, Idaho who was also going through the program. We became good friends to Neil and his wife, Shirley. In August of 1957 Gordon finished his Phillips 66 training and was ready for his own station. We moved to the north end of Ogden, Utah. Our address there was 555 5th St. We lived on a good street with good neighbors and lots of children to play with ours. There too we also had a nice fenced in backyard. Neil got a station in Burley, Idaho of all places and later in Rexburg.

On August 30, 1957 we had our big grand opening of our Phillips 66 gas station on Washington Blvd. It was a brand new station and on a very busy street which brought in a fair amount of business. He hired a young man and later another older fellow.

In the Spring of 1958 Gordon was not happy being away from the

My Turn on Earth



The Frost Family - 1957. Standing: Lorna, Eunice, Gerald, Marian, and Irma. Seated: Me, Daddy, Mother, Thelma, and Kathryn

farm so he sold the station and we moved back to Burley into a little shack of a house that we rented from Bingham's just about a half mile from the Pella Church. It was not a good place!!! I did what I could to make it a home. We lived there only one year. I was so thankful when we were able to move from there. Gordon was renting a farm from Trummals a few miles south of there. We had to buy all new farm machinery as everything had been sold in the farm sale.

Melody was in the 7th grade at Burley Jr High. The Utah schools were ahead of Idaho's and she couldn't keep up, so she went back to the 6th grade at the Miller School. When we moved back to Burley, Little G.G. said, "We left G.G. in Ogden, I am Gordy". He would never answer to G.G. after that.

Celia



Melody - age 12 1/2



Tim - age 11



*Mother and Daddy -
1957*



Gordy - age 3



Cindee - age 1



*Gordon and me -
1957*

In the fall of 1958 we bought the Hitt Farm just a mile south of where we were living. We moved into the house and Gordon got the fall work done and was all ready for spring. During the winter the deal fell through. So we had to move again. This time to the Story farm, still in Pella on the same road as the Gee place. It was a tall two story house the kids always called the "Gick House". Rented farms didn't come with very nice houses. We lived there for 6 years, and had good times and bad times. I tried again to make the best of a not so great home.

My Turn on Earth

There was an old chimney on the north side of the house. It wasn't used for anything except a beehive. One day I had sprayed the house for flies and we all went out on the lawn while the fumes cleared. The kitchen window next to the chimney was open a crack. The spray made the bees sick and we were attacked by a swarm of mad bees. Everyone was stung but Gordy.



The Story place (550 S 150 E)



Daddy and Mother, after Daddy had another stroke



Me and my kids - about 1959.

There was a big 7.5 earthquake that took place August 17, 1959 at about 11:37 p.m. Just before midnight we got a rude awaking as the whole house shook. The quake's center was in Montana just above the Idaho Montana border and close to Yellowstone Park. The quake caused a mountain landslide that buried a whole campsite taking the lives of 27 people and dammed off the Madison River forming Quake Lake. It was felt as far away a Salt Lake City and even Boise Idaho. We certainly felt it in Burley. It shows just how powerful Mother Nature can be.

Celia

An event that was part of the times were the atomic bomb tests in the Nevada desert. I remember on at least one occasion that as a family we went outside in the per-dawn darkness and saw the southwestern sky aglow from one of the detonations.



Sputnik

In October of 1957 we would go out at night and sit on the hood of the car and watch the Russian satellite, Sputnik as it circled the earth every 90 or so minutes. It was really spooky to think that man could actually invade outer space. To me that is God's space. It was only a few years later as we watched the launch of Freedom 7 which took Alan Shepard, the first American to go into space, on a fifteen minute sub-orbital space flight on May 5, 1961. Prior to that launch there had been several unmanned test flights.

Television was just coming of age. For better or worse, it was the world's most powerful, influential and immediate medium of mass communication. Television enabled people across the globe to witness events as they happened. We are able to watch all these amazing history making events take place right from our living room. In 1962 we watched John Glenn circle the earth three times. It was so awesome to see these space flights take off into outer space and to land again.

Gordy started first grade at the brand new Dworshak Elementary School in the fall of 1961.

We were expecting our third child and once again I was having a difficult pregnancy. This child just like Melody, and Cindee wanted to be born before her time. I could not even sweep the floor without going into labor. Dear Shirley Hart was the only one that came to help me. With rest and a very expensive pill I was able to keep her until her time. Then she didn't want to come. I think she thought if you wouldn't let me come when



*The launch of
Friendship 7 and
John Glenn*

My Turn on Earth

I wanted to, you can just wait until I get darn good and ready to come. So it took another expensive pill to get her here.

On Friday, September 29, 1961 Connie was born at 5:22 p.m. at the Cassia Memorial Hospital. She weighed 6 pounds and 15 ounces and was 19 inches long. Connie was so precious, right from her heavenly home into ours! When I got home from the hospital I was very, very depressed!!! The house was a mess, I had to get dinner for the family, no one came to help me. Melody and Tim helped what they could. Poor little Melody was 14 and she felt very picked on because she had to do so much of the work and most of the dishes. (No dishwasher then.) I felt so very bad for her but none of my sisters or no one



Connie at 5 weeks old



Gordy and Cindee feeding some bum lambs

from the ward offered us any help. Connie was blessed by her Grandfather Frost on November 5, 1961. Gordon was my only normal birth.

In the fall of 1962 Gordon went into the sheep business as well. Eventually, he built up to a very large herd. When the little lambs came in the spring-time, it delighted the kids. They loved bottle feeding the bum lambs and making pets out of them.

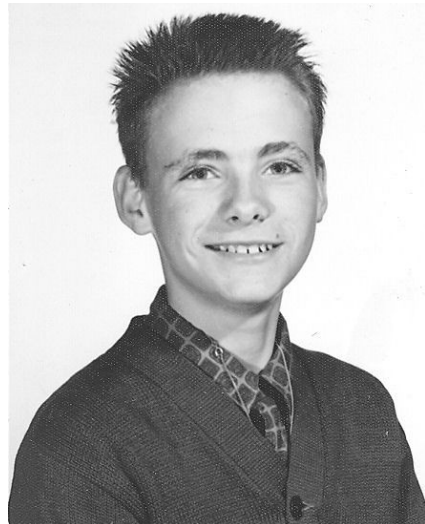
Chapter 14

Another Divorce

Melody and Tim were not happy and did poorly in school. We had become a dysfunctional family because of lack of communication. I couldn't see them so unhappy and being treated with such hatred. Gordon just wouldn't accept them. Before school started in the fall of 1962, I made arrangements for Melody to go out and live with Mother and Daddy and Tim went to Malta to stay with Marian and Doug and their family. The saddest, hardest decision for me to have to make in my life was to send my two oldest children out of the home and my care. Home was never the same without them. I could never thank Harper's enough for taking Tim



Melody - age 16 (1962)



Tim - age 14 (1962)

My Turn on Earth



Gordy - age 7



Cindee - age 5



Connie - age 1

in. He went to school and graduated from the 9th grade at Malta. Gordy found out very young that he could get Melody and Tim in trouble by wanting whatever they had and making a big fuss. The situation eased up somewhat at home with Melody and Tim gone. But Gordon was very hard to get along with as all the kids know! If it hadn't been for my three little ones, I would have left then.

The next summer Jack and Mamie Dudley were going to California to visit Ray and Jan. They loaded up Melody and Tim and moved them in with Ray and his family. Melody had her "Sweet 16th" birthday there. They lived in Seaside, California, and went to Monterrey High. During Melody's Sophomore year her grades were not very good. Her Dad told her to bring up her grades or quit school. She worked very hard and did bring up her grades for the next grade period.

One funny thing that I have to write about, the kids and I tried to have Family Home Evenings but Gordon wouldn't participate. So we would do our own thing while he was out in the field. One such day the kids wanted a B.B.Q. So I got their wagon, filled it with sand, put the briquettes in and used the oven rack to cook on. We were having a good time and just finishing up when Gordon came in from the field. He started in on us. I had a bucket of water in my hand ready to douse the fire. I had had it, and that whole bucket of water went in his face. He stood there like a drowned rat. Sputtering his favorite words, calling me his favorite names and said he was going to drown

Celia

me for that. The kids were so afraid that he would, they wouldn't let me go to the water with him alone for a long time.

I had been put in as a Cub Scout Den Leader and saw a lot of little boys including my own two, through the program. I also had taught almost every class in Primary. I had the same Cub boys in all three years of the Trail Blazer class. Gordy turned eight and was baptized on July 3, 1963 by Richard Goodfellow. He became a cub scout and I was his den leader most of the time.

Another history event we actually watched take place on television was on November 22, 1963. President John F. Kennedy was sitting next to his wife, Jackie in an open car, smiling and waving to the cheering crowds as the presidential motorcade passed through the streets of Dallas, Texas. Then shots rang out, the president slumped forward, a half an hour later he was pronounced dead from shots to the neck and head. Lee Harvey Oswald was arrested and charged with the murder. Before he could be brought to trial, Oswald was himself assassinated. The assassination of John F. Kennedy is burned into the consciousness of millions of people



One of my dens. Front row: Dorian Bench, Gordy, Danny Blauer, and Michael Hayden. Back row: Steve Simmons, Tim Hunt, Danny Blauer?, and Howard Egan.



Me with Cindee, Connie, and Gordy - 1963

My Turn on Earth

of more than one generation. We watched on television as Lyndon B. Johnson was sworn in as our next president on Air Force One. I will never forget seeing the sadness of Jackie, daughter Caroline, and son John Jr. and how brave they were.

During the summer, I would load up the kids and head out for Salt Lake to visit my sisters, Thelma and Eunice. Melody had cousins Gayle and Judy and Gordon and Jaylynn were bosom buddies from the Jackson family. The Read cousins were a little younger but still fun times were had. Ramona and Gordon have always been good friends. We also spent time in Malta. The kids got to ride the horses and other fun things there. The Turners and Goodfellows were close by and the kids had cousins their ages and they had years of fun together.

When my brother, sisters, and I were raising our families, we started holding our own Ira Frost Family Reunions. The first one was in 1966 out to Lorna and Kenneth's home. It was a Hawaiian Theme. Each family took their turn in organizing and planning the whole reunion. We started with the oldest and went through the whole family and then started over. They have been held in so many different places with so many different

themes. They have all been well planned and attended. Most years it was held at the shelter at Unity and once in a while at Pella. It was held the first or second Saturday in August. In the evenings everyone would congregate out to Turners. They built a new home on the hill overlooking the river next to Mother and Daddy. Later Gerald built a house between them. There was always food left over to be eaten up, there would be wiener roasts and a lot of water skiing and boat rides down on the river. It didn't change much through the years.



Cindee, Gordy, and Santa
at a Frost Christmas party

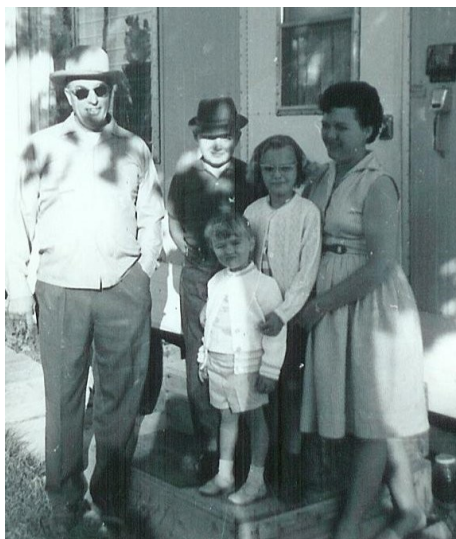
In addition to the family reunion, each year we had a family Christmas

Celia

party where everyone got together. Typically the Jacksons and Reids weren't able to come because of the weather. We would get together at Mother and Daddy's home and had a big dinner followed by a program and a gift exchange. Santa Clause always made an appearance too.

One year when Connie was about two or three years old we had a little Christmas program with our family and the Goodfellows at our home. The kids acted out the nativity and were singing Christmas songs when Santa Clause burst through the door. He dashed in and gave each of them a candy cane as he called them by name and in a flash he was gone. They all just stood there with their mouths open, except for Connie who was jumping up and down shouting , "Claus! Claus!" As soon as he left they all came to there senses and cried in unison, "Rudolph!" and ran to the window to see Santa and his reindeer leave, but they were too late.

As a family, we took two or three trips to Nevada to see Gordon's brother, Milton and Mildred Buttars. One trip was when they were living in Battle Mountain. Milton worked on road construction so they moved a lot. The kids got bored with the landscape of Nevada. Stopping at Elko was a treat as it had the flavor of the old west. Another trip was when they were living at Verdi, right on the border of Nevada and California. It was beautiful there. The Truckee River was just below where their trailer house set. The sounds of it was soothing, but the roaring locomotives coming down that canyon night and day was not! I begged Gordon to take us over the border so we could claim that we had been in California, but he wouldn't.



Gordon, Gordy, Connie, Cindee, and me at the home of Milton and Mildred Buttars in Nevada in 1965.

My Turn on Earth



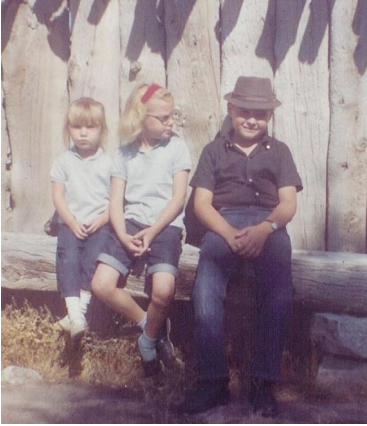
The Frost Family - 1965 Standing: Eunice, Kathryn, Marion, Lorna, Irma, and me. Seated: Gerald, Mother, Daddy, and Thelma.

Gordon had never been back to Clarkston, Utah, to decorate his mothers grave. One year for Memorial Day I talked him into doing so. From then on it was a tradition which was really good. Some years Gover and Mary went with us. The kids got to know their great aunts and uncles that live there, and to see the magnificent old Buttars home. Those were usually day trips.

We used to put the kids in their pajamas and bundle them up in the back seat of the car and head for the Alfresco Drive-in to see an occasional movie. By the time the movie was over the kids were usually asleep. We just took them home and put them to bed and they didn't even know the difference.

We also took them swimming at Indian Springs or Nat-Soo-Pah, south of Twin Falls. Don Lindsay's cousin owned the place. He had a pet skunk that roamed the grounds and scared everyone until we found out he could not spray us.

Celia



*Connie, Cindee, and Gordy
- about 1965*

Fair time in the fall was always very special for us. After my 4H years, I never missed the fair. We usually went in the afternoon, ate that good fair food and looked at all the exhibits, and visited with everyone we met. (Every one in the county went to the fair). Then in the evening we headed for the rodeo bleachers. We had a special rodeo blanket. It was a double long red and black wool blanket big enough that we could all wrap up in it. I later gave it to Tim. I still love going to the Cassia County Fair and Rodeo. I think it is the best in the whole country. These were

the fun times that our family had and I hope the kids remember them!

After Neil and Shirley Hart moved back to Rexburg, we went to visit them once or twice a year. Sometimes while we were there, we went on up to Yellowstone Park. We left Rexburg early in the morning and drove up through Island Park. The trees and the scenery was magnificent. Gordy thought they seemed to reach heaven. We spent a little time in West Yellowstone then went over to Old Faithful and out the south Entrance into the Tetons, and spent a little time in Jackson Hole. The kids really got a thrill out of the old west shootout on the town square performed in the late afternoon. Then over the Teton Pass and back to Rexburg.

Another time we went from Rexburg up into Montana. We went through Hebden Lake, the site of the 1959 earthquake.



*Cindee, me, and Connie at our
motel in Salmon, Idaho*

My Turn on Earth

There was a large sign telling the details of the event. Looking on the area it looked like it could have just happened yesterday. Knowing it is the grave of all those people that didn't even know what hit them. It gave me a very sad, haunting feeling; even goose pumps. We went through the ghost towns of Virginia City and Nevada City and on up to Butte, Montana. We visited the Anaconda copper mines there. We also went to Helena and Missoula. Another time we went up to Salmon, Idaho and Stanley, and over the Galena Summit.

It seemed like all these short trips were taken the first part of August when things on the farm were caught up, just before harvest. Fortunately, Gordon wasn't into camping either and we didn't have to rough it. However, we missed out on some of the family reunions because of them.



Our own place (510 S 50 W)

Finally in the spring of 1966, after renting farms all those years we were able to buy the Judd farm, still in Pella. Gordon started the spring work even though we didn't move in until May. It was a nice place, for being old. The house was much better than some of the shacks we had lived in. Knowing the Judd's, the house was not what I expected it to be. The soil in that area was very

rich being the old Goose Creek. We were able to grow very good crops and the best gardens, I planted a lot of tomatoes, and they flourished. Gordon said that he should let me put the whole farm into tomatoes. I did a lot of canning for the winter. I baked a lot of bread, the kids always had cookies. And I did a lot of cooking for the hired men

At last I could have roses. Mrs. Judd had planted numerous rose bushes. There was a circular driveway around the old well. We fixed it up with flowers and an old plow. it was quite a showplace and people would drive in to look at it.

In 1966, when Gordon got word of the 25th anniversary reunion of the bombing of Pearl Harbor, he was excited and hoped to be able to go. He got me a job weighing sugar beets at the Pella beet dump to help fund the trip. We both

Celia



Catching the train

got busy doing what ever it took to get ready. Lorna helped me make a beautiful red dress to wear at the big dinner event.

The time came and we pawned off the kids. We drove to Reno Nevada and stayed with Milton and Mildred in Verdi for two nights. We rode a Southern Pacific train to Oakland California and took a bus to San Francisco. The train was loaded mostly with Pearl Harbor Survivors and their wives, and I remember they were a

happy bunch as the liquor flowed. We stayed in the Maurice Hotel located in the Central Business District, so we were able to walk to China Town, famous Market Street, and Union Square.



The brand new Boeing 707 that we flew to Hawaii on. (Gordon is standing at the far right)

On December 4th we had breakfast at the hotel, checked out, got a cab for the bus depot, rode the bus to the San Francisco Air Terminal where we boarded a Pan American 707 Airliner at 9:00 a.m. for the five hour flight. Some of us enjoyed the flight, others were scared to death. Some enjoyed the champagne and were pretty happy by the time we touched down in Hawaii. I for one enjoyed the flight, Gordon was one of the frightened. His suit was completely wet from perspiration and had to be sent to the cleaners. As we stepped off the plane we were given lovely leis.

Our Hawaiian home was "The Waikiki Grand". Our door opened onto a terrace over looking Kalakaua Ave. Looking out the wall to wall slat windows we

My Turn on Earth

could see Diamondhead. The Pearl Harbor Survivors Association had all of the events planned so we didn't have very much free time. The most emotional events for me was going to Pearl Harbor and on the USS Arizona Memorial. I could not help but think of all the brave young men, one being a Burley boy, Berry Jolly, buried there with their proud ship. The water was clear and we could see fish and colorful oil bubbles raising to the surface after 25 years.



The USS Arizona Memorial

Another very emotional event was at the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific located in the Punch Bowl Crater. The name of the crater is Puowaina which means "The Hill of Sacrifice". On our way, the old people ran out of their houses to wave at us as they wanted to show their appreciation for what was done for them 25 years ago. The program presented there was one of the most gratifying moments of the whole trip.



At the luau

Then there was the fun times like the luau at Heeia Lookout Point overlooking a bay and islands. The food was the usual luau pig, poi (which tasted like glue), seasoned raw tuna and salmon called "sushi", and fruit of all kinds. They put on wonderful shows of hula girls, young and old, the men had their own acts such as the fire dance, etc.

We went to the Iolani Palace and toured the throne room where we met a lovely lady, Mrs Kahikaulam Naone, the care taker of the Palace. When she was a young lady during the war she had entertained on the USS Enterprise. She took us up the elevator and had us walk down the stairs pretending to be king and queen. We visited with her twice. She was a wonderful lady. Gordon also ran into Joe E. Brown at the famous International Market Place. He was a famous movie star and had entertained on board Gordon's ship some 25 years

Celia

earlier.

On one bus tour, the driver was a young Hawaiian, one of the very few pure Hawaiians left. He was such a happy fellow. He explained everything to us, stopping at fruit stands to give us a taste of the different island products. He told us the legends of the islands, sang the songs, and told us of his boyhood days. We went up to Laie where our LDS Temple is located along with the Polynesian Culture Center. The Center was closed that day, the biggest disappointment of my trip. Our bus was out two hours longer than the rest of the buses because of the interest he showed us.

The 25th Anniversary Reunion Banquet was held on Friday December the 9th in the Monarch Room of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. We were served an out of this world meal. There were speeches and a royal Hawaiian Polynesian show and dancing. I missed most of the show as I along with a hundred other ladies



Mrs. Kahikaulam Naone

who were waiting in line for the restrooms. I missed the whole show, including my favorite, Don Ho!!

On December 10th we left at 12:00 noon and after a four hour flight we arrived in San Francisco at 6:00 pm. Back in San Francisco we went back to the same Maurice Hotel, even got the same room. On the morning of the 11th we went up to the roof of the hotel where we were able to look out over the whole city and the bay. We went back to the train depot where we boarded a bus to Oakland and a train that took us over the Donner Pass back to Mil-



Cindee, Gordy, and Connie in the outfits we brought home for them

My Turn on Earth

ton's and on home to gather up our kids. We bought the girls little grass skirts and Gordon a Hawaiian shirt. It was a whirlwind dream trip. One I have never forgotten. Thanks Gordon!

The Dudleys family moved back to Paul. Even though Melody and Tim did not live with us, I was at least able to see them again. Melody and Tim finished School at Minidoka County High School. Melody graduated in 1965 and Tim in 1966. Tim went into the Navy in February of 1967. After boot camp he went to Vietnam and was assigned to a landing ship that unloaded men and equipment in the combat zone. His ship came under fire more than once. He then served aboard an aircraft carrier that made two anti-submarine deployments to the South China Sea off Vietnam. His final assignment took him to a remote outpost in Australia.



Tim in the Navy



Melody and Emil

On February 13, 1967 Melody rented a little house in Rupert living on her own for the first time with her beloved kitty, Misty and Freckles her pooch. She was working the swing shift at Ore Ida Foods. For some reason Ray forced her to move back with them. She later moved back with us for a short time, then moved into Burley in a cute basement apartment. While living there she met Emil Wilkinson on January 22, 1968. They got married March 15, 1968 at the Pella Ward Church Building. While applying for the marriage license the clerk at the Cassia County Court House tracked me down while with Gordon over to Heyburn unloading a load of grain. The clerk did not believe that she was old enough to get married. She was always so tiny and still is, and

Celia

looked much younger. Emil worked for Gordon on the farm that year.

Gordon never treated me with the respect a wife deserves. He never once told me I looked nice or was pretty. Before Melody and Tim left, it was sometimes unbearable. I thought of it as mental abuse. We were called foul names constantly. His record shows that he just did not know how to treat women. My self esteem was low enough I didn't need that, I put up with it because of my three little children.



Christmas 1967

Then I had made a serious mistake and got myself involved in something I never meant to happen. When I told Gordon, he was unwilling to forgive me. I filed for a divorce, which was granted July 28, 1968. I was awarded the sole care, custody, and control of Cindee and Connie. Gordon was awarded the sole custody of Gordy. It was Gordon's choice that he stay with his Dad. Another broken home. More broken hearts. Three more very special spirits blessed my life.

My Turn on Earth

Chapter 15

On With My Life

I rented a cute house on Normal Ave that the girls and I settled into. I got a job at the Thriftway Drug Store on the corner of Main and Overland. Cindee and Connie went to the new Dworshak Elementary School just a few blocks from our house. Gordon was living on the farm with his Dad, he was pretty bitter and hated me because of the divorce but the girls seemed happy and liked living in town. There were a lot of neighbor children for them to play with. Irma and her family lived just down the block so she helped keep an eye on my girls after school before I got home from work.



1970

I liked working at Thriftway as I had worked in a drug store before. It was much bigger than the Miller Drug store where I had worked, so there was much more for me to learn. I worked with some very nice women that helped me learn the different departments that I had to work in. Birdena Bell was one of the girls I worked with. I was shocked out of my socks when I found out she was dating Gordon, whom she later married. I liked working in cosmetics best and the camera department the least because there was just so much to know about cameras if you are trying to sell them.

Mr. and Mrs. Hal Matthews owned the store. (Mrs. Matthews was Cindee's 3rd grade teacher, and found her eye problem). The manager was Grant Matthews (no relation to Hal). He was bipolar and had a cross

Celia

eye, you never knew if he was looking at you and when he came in to work we knew right away what to expect from him. Cindee and Connie were taking Dance lessons at that time and took part in a Christmas Recital and the old grouch wouldn't let me off for even one hour to watch them dance. Jim, the pharmacist was a great guy. He had me helping him count out pills and stock the pharmacy shelves and other jobs.

In about December of 1968 Wilma Dayley from Dayley's Shoe store was in Thriftway one day and asked me if I would go work for them. The hours and the pay were better, so I changed jobs. I really liked selling shoes, checking in new merchandise, and stocking shelves. I have always liked people and clerking is a good place to meet them. Had and Wilma Dayley were owners and their sister-in-law Helen and I were the only ones that worked there. I got along really well with all of them. Helen and I got to do most of the window and store displays. I enjoyed working there. (Had, or Harold, and my mother were second cousins.)



Daddy and Mother at their 50th anniversary celebration. Standing: Eunice, Thelma, me, Lorna, Marian, Irma, Gerald, and Kathryn.

My Turn on Earth

I was still running around with the girls from the drugstore and that got me into a lot of trouble. I started going to places that I had never been before. I still loved to dance and the only places to dance was in the nightclubs. For a long time I only drank soft drinks, then Satan said one little drink won't hurt. Ya, Right! I was dating different guys and just having fun. The men I got involved with were not the best, considering the places I went to find them.

The girls were growing up and Cindee had her friends and was doing her thing, which got her into trouble. Connie spent time on the farm with Gordon in the summers. I was not living right and I knew it. The Bishop called me in for a talk. Later I was excommunicated from the church. I felt like I was in a deep, deep black hole with no way out. I was very depressed. One of my friends told me, "No big deal. Just join another church." I told her, "There is no other church."

Even though I was no longer on the church records, I felt that they could not take away my testimony. I never once stopped believing that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was the only true church. I knew that it was Christ's words through his prophets and that Jesus is the Christ and only begotten Son of God. I always knew that I was a daughter of God and that he blessed me and protected me, even when I felt that I did not deserve his blessings. I did go to many other church's with friends, but none of them had the spirit and they felt cold with no feelings!

From there, my road has not been the short straight distance between two points, but, rather, one that winded, twisted, meandered, and, occasionally, lead over terrain rocky enough to shake up the devil himself.

Before Tim left for the Navy, he had met a sweet girl named Deelynn Eglund at a church dance. She was too young to date but wrote to him while he was away. When he came home on leave they spent time together. Tim came home from the Navy



Tim and Deelynn

Celia

in February of 1971 and they were married in the Salt Lake Temple June 4, 1971. Again, I had to wait outside. Tim and Deelyn made their home in Rupert and he worked for Elliot Brother Implement as a diesel mechanic, a trade he learned in the Navy. About the same time, Melody and Emil moved to Tucson, Arizona and Emil's two daughters came to live with them. So I had two adopted granddaughters, Adelma age 6 and Emily age 5. My first born grandchild, Michael Layne Dudley, was born May 29, 1972. I was 46 years young. Wow! I can't believe how that aged me!

One weekday evening I went to Boise with a friend and had a problem with the car and didn't get back in time for work the next morning. The store was having a big sale and Wilma was very unhappy with me and fired me on trumped up reasons so I was unable to collect unemployment. I had worked there for three years and nine months.

My friend Judy Anderson from the drugstore was then working at the Boise Cascade box factory south of Burley and encouraged me to apply for a job there. In about September of 1972 I was hired on as a laborer and had to work right along with the men. There were only about three women working in that area. Others were working in the office. Judy had finagled her way into office work with no experience at all. I thought I could do the same. No way. I worked right along with the guys and had to keep up with them. There was not one of those fine fellows that would lift

a finger to help us gals out. I wore my finger tips completely smooth from handling cardboard day after day. The pay was better. My boss was Tom Quinley and he wasn't any better than the other fine fellows. I worked there for four months.

It was winter and very cold and my car got stuck on a icy street and I was freezing. I felt that I was in



Me, Connie, Gordy, and Cindee - Dec 1972

My Turn on Earth

a rut with no place to go. I had a chance to go to sunny California with someone so I situated the girls with their dad and packed my bags. Leaving Irma to settle my affairs, I took off in December of 1972.

We ended up in Ridgecrest, in the Mojave Desert. I got a job at the Cornelius Shoe Store at 8001 China Lake Blvd. Where I worked for three months. The area there was really different to what I was used to. It was hot during the day and right down cold some nights. I got to go to a lot of fun places like Death Valley and some ghost towns. I saw different kinds of desert plants and life that I was not used to. It was an education.

In March, I came back to Idaho and worked at the Tupperware Plant in Jerome for three months. My boss there was Warren Mowry. He was not nice to me because I was too slow and kept screwing up with the count in packaging.

Cindee came to live with me, and spent her "Sweet 16th Birthday" there. I spent what time I could in Burley, but felt the family was against me. I was completely ignored by some. Gordy graduated from High School in May of 1973. About a month later, I moved back to California for good.

Celia

Chapter 16

Life in California



In my sterile lab outfit

I found my way back to California and lived at 1982 W. Bayshore Road in Palo Alto, California. I got a temporary job with the Syntex Pharmaceutical Laboratories through Man Power, a temporary placement agency. Syntex is located on Hillview Avenue in Palo Alto and is scattered all over a hillside and has beautiful grounds, ponds, and buildings. They employ people from all over the world.

I was given the opportunity to work upstairs in a department that was totally sterile. Only people that worked there were allowed to enter. We wore white laboratory coats, white head covering and white

booties over our shoes. It was very interesting. I was inspecting tiny capsules. I could hardly see them, I had to get some dimestore reading glasses until I could get an eye exam and get some real glasses.

I was working with three other girls who were much younger than me. Our supervisor was Vernon, a crazy fun black guy. We got along well and actually had fun. Those little snips tried to get me to smoke marijuana. I didn't even dare to eat the cookies or muffins they would bring because I knew they were laced with pot.

I worked through Man Power for some time before I was finally hired on permanently on September 16, 1974. I started back in packaging. The company made all kinds of prescription drugs, mostly birth control pills,

My Turn on Earth

ointments, baby formula, even cattle enrichment's. The pay was more than I had ever made at any other job, but it seemed like every time I would get a raise, I would also get a raise in my rent. I wondered if my landlord and bosses were in cahoots with each other.

I made a lot of friends there. I am still in touch with Vivian Hatt. There was also Easter, Marge, Marian, Sachiko, Norma, and so many more. I think a lot of them are dead now. Some of the girls trusted me and you can't imagine the secrets that I carried with me all those years. Some would almost burn my ears. Not that it matters now, but I still haven't told on them. I didn't date any of the men from Syntex.

A beautiful new granddaughter arrived at the Dudley home on March 6 1974. They named her Raydon, after both of her grandfathers, Ray Dudley and Don Eglund.

Cindee married Russel Jamison on April 26, 1974 in Elko, Nevada. I flew to Elko from the San Jose airport in a small plane. It was a rough flight and I got air sick. Have you ever had to barf in a paper bag? Not Cool! The little wedding was performed in the County Courthouse there. Afterward we went to a Basque restaurant for a great meal. A teenage bride, she lacked two months from being seventeen.



Cindee and Russell on their wedding day

My cute, red 1963 Buick La Sabre was hit by a hit and run driver while parked for the night. I had to drive it anyway. I arranged to buy Gordy's brown 1965 Buick La Sabre for two hundred dollars. We made the exchange in Elko and I drove it back to California.

About this time I moved to my own apartment located at 1800 California Street in Mountain View.

In August Gordy enrolled at Rick's College in Rexburg, Idaho. He finished there in April of 1974. He got his Mission call to the Colorado Denver Mission on October 8th and entered the Mission Home in Salt

Celia



*My second floor apartment at
1800 California Ave #10
Mountain View, California*

Lake on December 14, 1974. I knew that there was no way that I could get home for his farewell service. Gordon called and asked how bad I wanted to come. Of course, I wanted to go in the worst way. Gordon sent me the airfare and Gordy picked me up at the Twin Falls Airport on Saturday the 7th. His service was on Sunday the 8th at the Pella Ward. After Sacrament Meeting, my mother hosted an open house for him at her home. I am not sure when and how I got back to the airport, but I did make it back to California.

Every year in August the plant would close down for two weeks, and everyone took their vacation at that time. I would head for Burley. One year I sold two hundred aluminum cans that were discarded. One of the fellows at work would save them for me. They held probably three or four gallons of dry chemicals for processing. They were really a nice size and heavy, not pop cans. I sold them for \$10.00 each. Anyway that paid for my vacation. Another year I made beautiful macrame plant hangers that I sold, mostly to my co-workers.

Every vacation I managed to get home somehow. Most of the time I drove, stopping overnight some times in Reno, just depending on how far I could make it. I have stayed in Battle Mountain and Lovelock, mostly avoiding Reno. I hated that dreaded drive through Nevada. There were a few times I managed to fly home. At that time there was a direct flight from San Jose into Twin Falls. In 1975 my car wasn't running right, so Maynard, an older man that was my neighbor, let me drive his car to Burley. I was gone

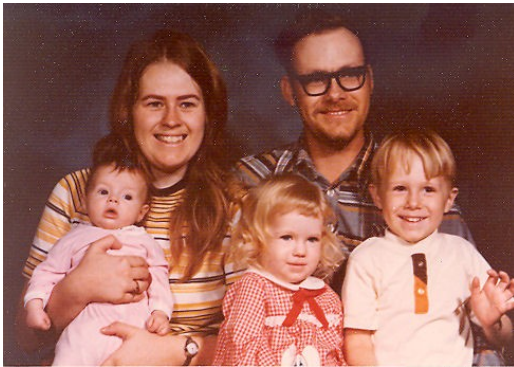


*Macrame
plant hanger*

My Turn on Earth



Melody, Adelma, Emily, and Emil - 1976



Deelyn and Tim with Melynda, Raydon, and Michael-1976

from August 17th to the 30th.

At this time in my life there were so many things going on at home in Burley, that I missed out on. On January 20, 1976 Tim and Deelyn gave me my third grandchild, another beautiful little girl named Melynda with dimples and a sweet smile.

I had become very unhappy with my life. Something was lacking. It took me along time to figure out that it was the Gospel that I had known all my life. I decided that it was time I did something about it. I looked in the phonebook and found the Los Altos Ward building not far from my apartment. It took me a few more weeks before I could get up the courage to go check it out. Finally, one Sunday evening I got ready

and went to Sacrament Meeting. I waited until the very last minute and found a seat in the very back row next to the door. As soon as the Amen was said, I was out of there. I did that for several weeks and cried on the way home because no one spoke to me. It was my fault, I didn't give anyone a chance.

Then one Sunday a young lady came in later than I and set next to me. She was friendly and asked me about myself. She happened to be

Celia

the Ward Single Adult Leader and invited me to their Home Evening the next night. So I went! It was a very nice group of people and they took me right in. I really enjoyed going to the meetings and even held some in my apartment. I did date a couple of the fellows from the group once or twice.

As I became involved in the church to some extent, one night I woke up abruptly with the most horrible ugly dark feeling that someone or something very evil was present. I rationalized it to be a bad nightmare and soon went back to sleep. A short time later the very same thing recurred. I was so frightened

I stayed awake the remainder of the night with all the lights on. The next night as the images were beginning to return, I woke up screaming "In the name of Jesus Christ!" My body shook with pain and I was very cold. The ugly feeling left immediately and I was so shaken and frightened that I didn't close my eyes for the remainder of that night. My feelings on this terrible experience is that Satan knew I was drifting towards the Church and he was trying to take possession of my body and soul. After he once has you in his chains, he doesn't care what happens to you. You just exist in his filth. With a new found spiritual feeling, I never had a recurrence of that terror.

With Gordon serving a mission, the encouraging letters I received from him helped. But one very special person that attended these meetings was a sweet little Japanese lady named Yoshiko Tester and her young daughter Angela. Yoshiko spoke very poor English for being in the US as long as she had been. She married an American, I don't know if he was a military man or a missionary. Whichever, he converted and baptized her and they had only the one child. They were later divorced. Little Angie would interpret for her mother. We became very good friends. To this day I have a very difficult time understanding her. By now I should be able to understand her but I think it is worse as she gets older.



Mother at 75

My Turn on Earth

Our singles group met for along time but one by one, marriages happened, others moved away or dropped out until we more or less broke up. I guess I got lazy sometimes and didn't feel like getting ready, so I would miss church. I didn't know anyone anymore who I could relate to so I just quit going. I didn't go back for a long time after that. You miss one Sunday and it's just easy to miss again and again until it becomes a habit. And that is what happened in my case.



Yoshiko

Syntex was a great Company to work for. We got good benefits and sick leave. With time, I was able to put funds in the Credit Union. They matched our saving funds 100%. Our uniforms, dresses at that time, and later pant sets, were furnished and laundered by the company, plus two pair of Sass shoes every year. They threw summer picnics at places like Great America and other neat places. It only cost \$3.00 a ticket with all the food that we could eat. We always had great Christmas parties at nice places that the company paid for. We

didn't get a Christmas vacation so I never got to go home for Christmas.

I had a friend that was older than I, Marian Oaks, who lived in Burlingame up by San Francisco. She had no family there either, so we would meet half way on Sundays and have lunch and shop or whatever. We also spent some Christmas's together. Christmas-es were my most dreaded days, most of them I spent alone and crying. No matter, I always had the Christmas Spirit and put up a pretty Christmas tree.



Me in my Syntex uniform

Celia

At work, I got tired of hearing the girls bad mouthing their husbands every day at our lunch breaks. So I started eating my lunch out in my car listening to music and half of the time I fell asleep, waking up just in time to get back in to work. The problem with that was way too many times I run off leaving the radio on or even locking my keys in the car. That led to running down the battery or not being able to get in the car. I would bum a ride home and get someone to bail me out.

One day when I returned to my machine after my break (by this time I had advanced to Machine Operator), the mechanic had removed the railing on the platform. I stepped off, landing on the floor, probably only five feet, but nevertheless it gave me a very bad jolt, hurting my neck and back. They put me on the packaging line, but that didn't help my pain. I was sent up to see the nurse. She sent me to a doctor. I can't remember how long I was off work. I ended up suing the company. I got a little bit of money. Everyone thought it was funny that I sued the company while still working there. It was this doctor, Dr. Paul, who discovered that I had Scoliosis of the spine. He said I was probably born with it and working so hard as a child on the farm didn't help it.

Gordon came home from his mission on the 11th of December 1976. In January of 1977. He came and stayed with me for a week. I picked him up at the San Jose Airport. He would drive me to work every morning, leaving him with my car (his old one) to go sight seeing and do a little shopping, plus a lot of goofing off. After work he would be there right on time to take me home. On Sunday we went to Church in the Los Altos Ward, someone in the Bishopric found out that he was a recent returned Missionary and asked him to speak in our Sacrament Meeting. After a weeks stay, I took him back to the San Jose Airport. All teary eyed, we said our goodbyes. He left me broke. I had to bum a ride to work until I got paid again. But hey! I was so glad that he came and we had a good time!!!



Gordon and me after his mission

My Turn on Earth



Mother and Me, 1977

Gordon and Birdena brought Connie down to stay with me for the summer of 1977. (They also brought my TV.) I was able to get her a job at Syntex. She wasn't of age to work but one of my supervisors had an underage daughter working there. So I made a fuss and they hired Connie. She had a lot of fun and made some friends plus earned some money for school. She and I did a lot of fun things while she was there. I took her home in August in time for the family reunion when we had our vacation.

Russell had joined the Army and was sent to El Paso, Texas for boot camp. Cindee came to stay with me in Mountain View while he was away. He was then sent to Germany in 1976. Later Cindee joined him there. After their return to the States sometime in 1977, he was stationed at Alameda, California, not too far from Mountain View. They moved in with me until they could find a place to live in Alameda. So we were able to see a lot of each other. Cindee enrolled in night classes at an adult high school and graduated with good grades. I attended her graduation but Russell did not.



Cindee and Russell

Celia

Chapter 17

Jack



1977

I was still doing things together with Yoshiko and Marian Oaks. Yoshiko and I decided that we would try out the Church single adult dances up in Daly City. We went for probably a month but found the gentlemen that attended didn't have much to be desired, in other words, they were losers. Besides, it was a good distance to drive.

Yoshiko suggested another single adult place that she had heard about where we could go and dance. It turned out to be both the YWCA and the YMCA close by in Palo Alto. So we went and the very first night found it to be a very nice place, all the people were very nice and respectable, and there also was no drinking allowed. They held ballroom dances every Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights. On week nights they played good recorded music and had a live band on Saturdays. The price was right, \$1.50 with free one hour lessons included for the Tuesday and Thursday dances. Saturday night cost \$2.50. The age limit was 25 and older and some were really old geezers who showed up. The dances would be at the YWCA one week and at the YMCA the next.

We went to every dance and had fun in the Tuesday and Thursday night classes learning all the ballroom dances, Latins, waltzes, the swing, and the foxtrot. I loved the Cha-Cha. They had ladies choice, and mixers where you didn't know who you would end up with. I have always loved

My Turn on Earth

to dance, and done a lot of dancing but found out I didn't really know how to dance at all.

Yoshiko and I both had no problem getting asked to dance. In fact I was always on the dance floor. The dances were in sets of three and all three were of the same type; the swing or whatever. You would dance with your particular partner all three dances. Sometimes I had a hard time remembering who I had the next set with. I was very popular at these dances. At last, I was no longer the wall-flower that I had been before.



Ready to go to a dance at the Y

Again, I met a lot of very nice people, both men and women. Both Yoshiko and I dated some of the fellows from the Y. But I didn't go steady with any of them. I did go out to dinner with one rich old geezer. He owned a jewelry business up in San Mateo or some darned place. Anyway he asked me to marry him. He told me he would buy me a lot of pretty panties to dance around in for him. I told the girls at work and they said, "Marry him! He will die off soon and you will be rich". No way could I do that. One date was enough.

I don't remember how many years I went to these dances. I had some long, pretty dresses that I wore to the dances. Some I had made myself, all the others I got on sale or secondhand as my budget wouldn't allow anything new. Some of the gals bought pretty gowns to dance in but they were not as modest as I was.

I always kept my eyes on the door to look over every guy that came in, none of them added up. On a Tuesday night in June of 1977, it happened. In walked a new gentleman. He was a tall and very good looking man; a gentleman in every way. I knew he was the one and I had to find a way to meet him before another gal nabbed him.

My chance came when they called a mixer. Only this mixer was dif-

Celia

ferent than any they had ever called before and as far as I know the last one. This mixer had all the gentlemen line up on one side of the hall with the ladies on the other. We had to walk backwards and who you bumped into you danced with. This guy that I had my eye on was clear on the other end of the hall from where I was. When the music started, I ran backwards crossing clear across the floor and he was the one that I got to dance with. So that is how we met. I didn't tell him that until very much later. He loves to tell that story.

After our dance, I found out that his name was Jack Gilmour. His lady friend at the time sent him to the Y to take dance lessons. I was dating three different guys at the time that Jack walked in the door. One was a stuffy engineer, one was a Greek guy that still lived with his mother, and the other was a Russian. Quite a line up. Don't get me wrong, they were all nice looking gentlemen and treated me well. But they were history, just someone to go out with while I was waiting for Jack to come along!

It took me a while to convince Jack that I was who he really wanted. We danced together at all the dances but it took him two or three months before he asked me out. I wasn't the only lady there that had an eye on him. Every time I left to go to the ladies room, when I came back there would be a different woman after him. I don't know what finally persuaded him to take me serious, but he did finally see me as I saw him from the very first sight.



Jack in the Navy - 1948

While we were first getting acquainted, I asked him about his family. He said that both his parents were gone. His family consisted of his two sons, George and his two sons, and Jack. He had one sister, Pat who had five sons, and one brother, George (Al) and his two sons. He also had one aunt and two cousins.

I told him that both of my parents were still living and that I had six sisters and one brother living and a whole bunch of aunts and uncles and cousins by the dozen.

My Turn on Earth

Jack was born in Seattle, Washington on December 19, 1926. He was the first child of George B. and Maibelle L. (Kimbro) Gilmour. He grew up in Seattle where he lived for 33 years. He had joined the Navy in 1948 where he served aboard submarines. (I must have a thing for sailors!) He got married in 1950 and three months after their first son was born in 1951, his wife died of Polio. He got out of the Navy in 1952 and went back to Seattle where he worked as a machinist for Boeing Aircraft Company for the next eight years.

He remarried in 1954 and another son who was born in 1957. A couple of years later, they moved to the San Francisco Bay area where he had worked in various machine shops. He and his wife were divorced in 1972. He had been single for about five years when he walked into the dance that night.

Jack, a machinist by trade, was working in a little machine shop in Sunnyvale at the time, but was in the process of seeking better employment. He lucked out and got hired on at the Moss Landing Power Plant by the Pacific Gas and Electric Co. (P.G.&E) . His commute was 120 mile round trip over the Santa Cruz Mountains each day. Many times, it turned out seven days week and all hours of the day and night.

He was living in Sunnyvale and I was still in Mountain View. I invited him over to dinner one evening. He arrived early and I was still on my hands and knees scrubbing the floor. (Another embarrassing moment.) He saw me as I am! I had prepared a chicken dinner. I don't remember how I fixed it, but I guess it was good because he hung around after that. We dated steady from then on. Now I had someone to bail me out went I got stranded by locking my keys in the car or something.

We had a lot of fun dates. We went dancing and out to dinner. Sometimes we cooked dinner together. We



*Jack and I at a YWCA
Halloween dance*

Celia

went to plays, spent time with our many friends, and went on sightseeing trips. One such trip was a weekend getaway up north to Fort Bragg. Other times we went south to Morrow Bay. On one trip to Morrow Bay, we had the opportunity to take a whale watching boat trip out on the ocean. That was in February and it was so cold on the water that it took us all the way back to Sunnyvale before we got warm. It was worth it for we did see a number of whales.

The rent for my apartment went up considerably and I could no longer afford it. Rather than ending up homeless on the street, I moved into his place at 1331 Kingfisher St. #1 Sunnyvale California.

Now, on with my true Fairy Tale. This pretty middle aged princess, and her handsome middle aged knight lived happy ever after; after she got rid of his monster dragons! His apartment was decorated with two or three huge metal tool boxes plus other boxes and tools, tools in the kitchen, tools in the living room. What is a princess to do? The handsome knight rode off on his faithful steed and came back with a tool shed. We went shopping for furniture and found a lovely sofa and love seat set for a great bargain, plus other furnishings. In a short time, the dragons were gone and the apartment was lovely. We still have the sofa and love seat and a lot of the furnishings we started out with way back then, and they are not as baggy as we are.

In 1977 we spent Christmas together and exchanged beautiful gifts. I gave him a gold neck chain. He has worn it ever since. He thought, "Boy, she has really got me chained down." It was the first real Christmas I had since I left Burley. On New Years Eve we went to the dance party at the Y.



Daddy, not long before he passed away

It was on January 29, 1978, a Sunday evening, that Daddy passed away peacefully at 9:15 pm. All of the family were there with him in his final hours but me. As I mentioned in this history before, he had suffered many strokes and never fully recovered. He had been bed ridden for many years.

My Turn on Earth

I flew to Burley on February 1st and Gordy picked me up at the Twin Falls airport. I didn't even have a decent dress to wear as all I had were my uniforms for work, pant suits for play, and formals for dancing. But I did manage to come up with a dress and a sweater. I was very depressed and sad as I viewed him in his casket. I felt that I would never be able to see my beloved father ever again.

We held his funeral February 2nd at the Unity Ward building. The services were very nice and all the speakers spoke very highly of this good man. He truly was a giant of a man to me even though he was small in stature. The Relief Society ladies had a very nice dinner prepared for us as we returned from the cemetery. It was a lovely winter day with no storms and not very cold. Gordy took me back to the Twin Falls airport later that evening as I had very little time off from work. Jack did not have the privilege of knowing my father in this life, but he will still have the opportunity to know and love him.

Then came little Sheila Dudley on March 7, 1978. She died on May 13th of the same year. I think it was determined to be crib death. She died in her mother's arms. I did not get to see her while she was alive. I was able to go to her funeral, what a sweet little child of God.

I thought it was about time for Jack to meet my family and for my family to meet Jack. The Family Reunion in August seemed like a perfect time. When else do you get the chance to meet 150 people all at once who I hoped would become his In-laws. When we arrived at the reunion, I said, "Family meet Jack. Jack this is my family!!!" I wasn't sure how he would react as he came from such a small family.

Eunice told me later that when she first saw Jack, she thought he was the most handsome man she had ever seen. After our reunion he took me to Seattle so I could meet his family.



Sheila Dudley

Celia

Chapter 18

The Third Time is a Charm



The Third Time is a Charm

After knowing each other for a year and a half, I don't know what happened but out of the blue Jack said, "How would you like to get married?" I thought, "Its about time you big lug!" My answer was, "As cheap as possible". He took it for a "yes". And that is what we did, first we went looking for someone to marry us. Then we set the date for November 25, 1978.

We then went over to Palo Alto to get our marriage license. What an ordeal I had to put up with there. They were going to make me, a fifty two year old, get a rubella shot. I couldn't get it through her noggin that I would not be getting pregnant and would not be getting the German Measles. She kept arguing that it was the law and we could not get the license without the shot. Finally I won out and we did get the license.

Next we informed everyone and ordered the cake and flowers. I didn't even buy a new dress. Remember, I said cheap! I had a pretty light colored apricot dress that Jack had bought me for a birthday gift. And he already had a suit. See how fast I was getting this thing moving. No longer was Jack dragging his big feet!

The wedding was going to be at our apartment, so we limited our guest list to a few friends. Cindee and Russell were the only family we invited since they lived close by. So you can imagine the great astonish-

My Turn on Earth

ment and joy when Cindee showed up on my doorstep with my mother, Connie, and Gordy and his fiance, Bonnie. She had picked them up at the airport and brought them over. Gordon had bought the tickets for Mother and Connie, and Gordon and Bonnie used the money they had set aside for their honeymoon to come to our wedding.

Since we only had a one bedroom apartment, we put Mother on the couch, Connie on the loveseat, and Gordon and Bonnie on the floor in sleeping bags. The next day was Thanksgiving. Cindee and Russell came over and we all had Thanksgiving dinner together.

Mother enjoyed all the beautiful flowers and green trees for November. Jack was very nice to her, helped her in and out of the car and up and down the stairs. She was very impressed.



All sacked out for the night



Our Halloween wedding cake

The second disappointment was that the ceremony was to be taped and we flubbed up and got nothing.

The Reverend Asa Collins of the Presbyterian Church preformed the

The big day, November 25, 1978, finally arrived, we were all busy getting the house ready, cleaning, putting up streamers and bells, etc. The door bell rang and it was a young man delivering the wedding cake. He looked around and asked "Where is the bride"? I said, "I am". He had the most astonished look on his face. I am sure he was expecting a beautiful young lady and there was me! He was not expecting two fifty year old's. He was not the only one astonished. The cake was ordered to be done in a light apricot icing and it was orange like Halloween. The

Celia

ceremony. He put on quite a show! Lou Rizzo was Jack's best man, Yoshiko was my maid of honor, and my son, Gordon, gave me away.

Our wedding guests were my family, Mother, Connie, Cindee and Russell, Gordon and Bonnie. Also in attendance were Ray Coccocan, Yoshiko's friend, Mildred and Charlie Glaser, long time friends of Jack, Leonard and Mary Cancilla and Bonita Boren, friends from the YMCA. Last but not least were two of Jack's work buddies and their wives, Cecil and Bonnie Harrell, and Danny and Kathy Bishop. These two ignorant bums sat and smoked cigars all through the ceremony. My Mother about choked on all that smoke. I thought it a very rude act at a wedding.



Standing: Jack, Me, Mother, Connie, Gordon, and Bonnie.

Kneeling: Cindee and Russell



George and Becky's family 1977

After a weekend of adventures in Sunny California, the family left on Monday morning. And as for Jack and I, it was back to work. A honeymoon was not part of the deal. The girls back at work were betting that our marriage wouldn't last a year. After I had retired, I would drop in and see my Syntex friends and the first thing they would do was grab my hand to see if I was still wearing my ring. Boy, did we fool them.

That wasn't fun enough so we held an open house on December 3rd for other friends that were not at the wedding such as people I worked with, some old friends of Jack's, along with some from the YMCA and even some that we had

My Turn on Earth

dated. Twenty four guests in all. It was our first of many parties to follow.

Now my family had increased to include Jack's oldest son George and his wife, Becky, and their two children Jason (March 13, 1975) and Stephanie (February 21, 1977), and Jack's youngest son, Jack Jr. who was in the Navy. Jack's family increased many times over. He has always bragged that when he married me he married most of Idaho and half of Utah.

December 9th found us at a wedding reception in Burley, Idaho, for Gordon and Bonnie Buttars. They were married in the Idaho Falls Temple on the 1st. They had a lovely reception and I know that their wedding ceremony was much different from ours. Yes, Bonnie thought ours very unusual! Are you ready for another embarrassing moment? Well you are going to get it anyway! Jack and I were standing in the reception line. Birdena was next to Gordy, then Gordon, me, and Jack. Then, here came Ray and Jan Dudley, who were in Bonnie's ward. Have you ever been in a situation where you are surrounded by your brand new husband and two former husbands? Everyone thought it was funny, except for me. Jack has never let me live that one down.



Bonnie and Gordon

On December 31st we attended the wedding of Cecil and Bonnie Harrell over in the LDS Church in Watsonville, California. Jack and I stood as their witnesses. Jack and Cecil worked together. Her mother was the only guest with Bishop Jon Salden performing the ceremony, his first since he was just put in as Bishop. They didn't even tell their kids they were getting married. We went out to a nice restaurant for their wedding dinner, and like us they had not planned a honeymoon.

When we got married neither one of us had no more than our weekly pay checks to count on. We have come a long way and we did it together. Now that we were married, we could not let work get in our way. We could no longer go dancing at the YWCA so we had to find another

Celia



Melody, Emily, and Adlema - 1980

respectable place to dance. Our friends, Mary and Leonard Cancilla, from the YMCA, as they had the same problem when they got married. They introduced us to a group of very nice couples of older people of different backgrounds and religions, most of them were retired, they lived all over the valley. Seems like most were Italians and Catholics, and of all ages, but none of that mattered. They took us right in, religion was never brought up.

This group met at the Moose Lodge in San Jose every Saturday night to dance the night away to live band music. After the music stopped we usually went someplace for breakfast before departing. They also met for everyone's birthdays and anniversaries. It was with them that I had my very first birthday party! (No. I recall Mother and the kids held a little party for me once when home on vacation, sorry about that.) I waited 50 some odd years and then I had to share it with Pat Mardson and Gordon Harrison as we all shared the same birthday. That was okay, my name was on the cake. As we were now part of the group, we would meet at each others homes and talk about food! Those Italian gals could cook! We even had them in our small home on occasion. There were twelve couples and sometimes more, but always the faithful friends that were always there. They were very nice, decent people with the exception of one guy that thought he was funny, but all he was, was crude! We ladies just ignored him.

Well, there I was again with another big circle of friends. I think most of them have passed away. The dearest, sweetest of them all were Anne and Robert (Bob) Rogers of Hayward, California. We are still very much in touch with them.



Anne and Bob Rogers

My Turn on Earth

This year (2010) they are both ninety six years old and still living in their own home. Anne still drives only to places nearby as Bob is blind. They get their Catholic Services through TV now that it is hard for them to go to Mass. I do love those two!

Working at Syntex I had a good wage plus benefits. I was able to put money into the company credit union that we used for our vacations each year. Most of our vacations started out in Burley for the family reunion and then on to our planned destination. In 1979 our trip took us through Yosemite National Park over the Tioga Pass through the most beautiful country I had ever seen. We went over into Utah to Zion's National Park. We stayed in Kanab and went out each day to the different parks. Every site we went to was just awesome. I just couldn't believe God's works of wonder. Anyone seeing God's work at its best and not believe in God is a mystery to me. Each place we went was more spectacular in beauty than I could imagine. We went over to Pipe Springs, Arizona which was an old Mormon fort. It was a very interesting stop as it was just like in the old days. The people were dressed in period costumes and demonstrated the old ways of doing things.

We went from there over to Bryce Canyon. Which too was mind boggling with the beauty of all the formations. We took walks through the canyons to see everything that we could see. On the other hand, the Grand Canyon was a total disappointment. We got there early in the morning and had breakfast in the lodge. We came out in total fog. We were not able to see anything of the Grand Canyon.

Our next stop was at Lake Powell. The landscape there was entirely different. It was dry and barren. We took a boat tour from Wahwep to Rainbow Bridge. It was very pretty and we had a fun day on the water, although it was chilly.



Monument Valley

From there we went to Monument Valley Tribal Park on the Navajo Reservation in Utah and Arizona. We were plagued with foreigners everywhere we went on this trip, as that year

Celia

the money exchange was so that they could afford to vacation in the US. Some of them were rude on the trails and in the restaurants.

When we got to Kayenta, there was not a single motel, hotel, or bed and breakfast to be found that had a vacancy within one hundred miles. We drove to the entrance of Monument Valley where we bedded down in our Chrysler Cordoba, which was not that roomy. We had a lot of company on the knoll. It rained pretty hard during the night and we did not get much sleep, but what a wonderful gift from God we woke up to. The sun was just peeking between some of the monuments below in the valley. The earth was red and we could see forever. As we drove down through the valley, the beauty was unbelievable. Our white and blue car was red from the soil we drove through. We could see a Navajo hogan and a couple of people were throwing dirt on it.

We drove on over to the Arches National Park for more of God's handiwork. Anyone who has been there will know what I am talking about. I can't begin to explain the beauty of it all. You can see lovely pictures of these places but you have to see them with your own eyes to see the true beauty.

We ended up in Salt Lake for a visit with Thelma and Jay before going on up to Burley for the family reunion. On our way home we went to Crater Lake in Oregon and down through the Red Woods and back to Sunnyvale. We were gone all of two weeks. Then it was back to the work world to save for next years fun.

Our first wedding anniversary was on November 25, 1979 and we held an anniversary party with fifteen guests. Charley and Millie Glaeser with three of their uninvited family members were the first ones there and they gobbled up most of our refreshments before the others even arrived.

Earlier that year, Connie had graduated from Burley High School with the Senior Class of 1979. Then two more grandchildren and a new son-



Our first anniversary

My Turn on Earth



Grandma and Gordy

in-law came along. On October 30, 1979 Gordon Glen Buttars, a bouncing baby boy weighed in at 6 pounds 1½ ounces. He was born at the Cassia Memorial Hospital in Burley, Idaho to Gordon and Bonnie. Mark Lee Dudley was born less than three months later on January 17, 1980.



Grandma and Mark

We flew into Twin Falls for Connie and Sam's wedding on Valentines Day, February 14, 1980. She looked so young and pretty. I couldn't believe that my baby girl had grown up. My regret was that I was not there to help her with her dress and other plans. I think things would have been different. They were married in the First Christian Church of Burley. I was left out and everyone thought Birdena was her mother. We did get to help decorate the church. It was a nice little wedding and the cake was lovely and we had a new son-in-law! At the time Connie was attending the Magic Valley Beauty College. She graduated as a cosmetologist on the sixteenth day of June 1980. That was also the first time I got to see Gordy and Mark.



Connie and Sam Gochnour

Our flight home was very interesting. We flew from Twin Falls to Boise, where we had a layover. Then up to Portland, Oregon where we changed planes and on to San Fransisco. As we approached the San Fransisco Bay area, the plane started bouncing—and I mean badly. The sky was dark with storm clouds. Everyone on board was very tense. A Catholic Priest sitting across the aisle from us was counting his prayer beads. We had to come in over the ocean on a different approach. After a bumpy landing, everyone clapped. The Airport was closed for a while

Celia

right after we landed.

The first stop on our 1980 vacation was Burley for the Frost Family Reunion on August 9th. As usual, the reunion was great. Being with my family for those few days was just wonderful and renewed all of the love. I have always been so grateful that my brother and sisters have always been so close.

We left Burley and headed north into Montana. Our first night's stop was at Hungry Horse, Montana—the “Friendliest Dam Town in the West”! (Dam is spelled right, there is a dam there.) Heading for Glacier National Park, we passed beautiful Flat-head Lake and Lake McDonald. We enjoyed all the waterfalls and mountains as we drove over Going to The Sun Road. We



did have a flat tire near the summit that had to be fixed. We thoroughly enjoyed the park, in spite of stormy weather at times.

We crossed over into Canada where we stopped at Fort Macleod, Alberta which is the official Northwest Mounted Police Museum of Canada. There was a lot to see there. We went on up to Calgary and on over to Banff, how beautiful. We took the Banff Gondola lift up to the top of Sulphur Mountain where we could see all over the Canadian Rockies. We saw lots of mountain goats and other critters. That night was spent in Banff in the very worst motel. The worst of the worst. It was that or sleep in the car.



Lake Louise

Our destination for the day was Lake Louise. We were not disappointed. We took a walking path as far around the lake as it went, ending up at a quaint little teahouse. I remembered a movie I saw years ago that was filmed around Lake Louise, about the Canadian Mounted Police with Jeannette MacDon-

My Turn on Earth

ald and Nelson Eddy singing “Indian Love Call” and my all time favorite, “Rose-Marie”!

Leaving Lake Louise, we went on over to Jasper National Park and took a boat tour on beautiful Maligne Lake. Val and Warren were the boat pilots. They made the trip really fun. Our next adventure was riding a huge Snow Cat to the Icefield Centre and up to the Athabasca Glacier. Bill was our guide.

After seeing Angel Glacier and Edith Cavell Gacier, we headed for British Columbia and Prince George were Jack's grandparents had homesteaded. He asked around but didn't find out much. We went on down to Vancouver, B.C. where we weret stopped by a highway patrolman for making a U turn. We got lost looking for the hotel where we had a reservation for the night. He didn't ticket us but told us how to get there. It was a small, ivy covered, English style hotel set back behind a mall. It had lovely grounds.

Before we had the worst of worst in Banff. This was the very best of the best. As we went down to the dinning room for a wonderful dinner, the power went off. It was off all over the northwest, even as far as Seattle due to a bad storm that had passed through. There was no way to cook anything but we lucked out as one dish had already been prepared, so we dined alone in the dark to a really delicious meal. I am not sure if the power was restored by the time we left in the morning.

We stopped over in Victoria (one of my favorite places that we had visited previously). We went down through the San Juan Islands and into Seattle. There we stayed a couple of days with Jack's sister, Pat. Jack went out to the car to bring in our clothes when he discovered we had left our big bag hanging in the hotel in Vancouver. With some phone calls, we had it shipped home which took about a month. Bidding Pat goodbye we headed back down through Oregon and home. What a time we had in just two wonderful weeks! It had been two wonderful years!!

Chapter 19

Born Again or Re-entrance?

Many times the missionaries knocked on our door. I had always taken their phone number telling them, "I will call them when we have an evening that we could both be at home". I never made the call.

It was the first Saturday in October 1980. Jack had been working the graveyard shift at P.G.&E. And I had an early appointment with my hair-dresser so I was already gone when he arrived home. As he walked down the walk to our place, two young men were knocking on the door across from our apartment. Jack told them there was no one at home there; he then recognized them as Mormon missionaries. They asked him if he knew anything about the LDS. Church. He told them, "A little, my wife had been raised a Mormon."

Seeing the lights go on in their eyes, he told them that I was not home at the time, that they could call back later and gave them our phone number. I had been home a short time when the phone rang. It was Elder Sweat. Jack and I exchanged a few thoughts and invited them to call on us Monday night. I was excited about their visit and Jack was willing to listen to their message.

On Monday night, Elders Kraig Sweat and Kent Davis, both from Heber City, Utah, rang our doorbell promptly at 7:30 pm. After a word of prayer, we sat down to our first



Elder Sweat and Elder Davis

My Turn on Earth

missionary lesson that was not new to me. Our home was filled with an overwhelming spirit. The Spirit made it known to me that without a doubt this was my time. I wanted Jack to believe, but if he didn't, it wasn't his time yet, it was mine and I knew that I better act upon it now.



The Sunnyvale Chapel

We invited the Elders to come back the following week for the next lesson, promising them we would meet them in church on Sunday. From our first lesson the Spirit affected me in a way that I felt my chest might burst. It was difficult for me to speak about the church. I would choke up and tears flowed from my eyes. Even singing the beautiful hymns would cause me to choke up. (Jack would ask me if I was having hot flashes!) We did go to church the following Sunday at the Sunnyvale 1st Ward, just two miles from where we lived. The ward members made us feel very welcome as they met us at the door. (We did not find this at other denominations we attended.) Sister Helen Starley took charge of us until the Elders found us. We started in the investigators class with Jim Thorne as the leader.

I had to swallow my pride, something I didn't think I would ever, ever be able to do, and admit my sins. I read the book "Miracle of Forgiveness" by President Kimball and acted upon it. I prayed and fasted that I could fully repent, and that God would accept my repentance, and that I could ask forgiveness of all I may have hurt. I had sins between God and myself that I asked forgiveness of. I wrote fifteen letters of forgiveness, plus letters to the Bishopric in Burley, Idaho. Happily I was granted forgiveness from all but one.

Together, Jack and I enjoyed attending church each Sunday. We went to the investigators class and continued with the missionary lessons and watched the film strips they brought. Still, I did not know how Jack was feeling about the gospel. I wanted so badly for him to enjoy the fullness of the gospel and its blessings with me. I could not talk to him about his feelings for choking up. I fasted and prayed, knowing my family were also praying that Jack would accept it and be baptized.

Celia

As time was drawing near for my baptism, Jack had not declared his wishes to be baptized. One night I left him a note asking if he would please be baptized, and if he would give it some thought. When he asked me what he had to do to be baptized I was overjoyed, yet apprehensive. I wanted him to be baptized because he believed and wanted to do it for himself, not because it was what I wanted. The Elders stopped by that evening and were delighted to set up an interview appointment for Jack with the Ward Mission Leader, Jim Thorn, at the same time I had my final interview with Bishop Murri.



Bishop William Murri

We were overjoyed with the news that certain members of my family were coming to be with me for this special occasion. We were happy to welcome Mother Frost, Dick and Kathryn Goodfellow, Thelma and Jay Jackson and Lorna Turner and were very surprised and happy to see Gordon and Bonnie, who we were not expecting. Cindee also came from Alameda. They were overjoyed to hear it was to be a double baptism.



Jack, Gordon, and me at our baptism

Gordon, being a returned missionary, got on the phone and made arrangements with the Elders, for him to do the baptisms. I am sure they must have been disappointed, but happy for Gordon to baptize his loved ones.

We were to be at the church at seven to be ready for the baptismal services at 7:30 pm on January 9, 1981. It was a very beautiful spiritual evening. A lot of ward members came to share the event with us. The Elders had arranged a lovely

My Turn on Earth

program. Primary children sang “I Am A Child of God,” The Relief Society sisters had prepared refreshments for after the service.

After a hymn, prayer, and talks, Gordon helped me down into the font. He raised his arm to the square and repeated the words of the prayer and laid me under the water. As I came up out of the water he gave me a hug and kiss. I left the font and Jack stepped into the water. One of the witnesses realized that Gordon had raised his left hand to the square and not his right. Since Jack was standing there, he baptized him and then I went back into the font. This time, he did it right.

After we had all changed our clothes and rejoined the rest, I took the seat at the front. Gordon stood behind me and placed his hands on my head and with the assistance of Dick, Jay, and the two missionaries confirmed me a member of the Church and conferred upon me the gift of the Holy Ghost, which I had lost so long ago. Then I switched places with Jack and one of the elders



Kathryn, Lorna, Mother, me, and Thelma at our home in Sunnyvale - January 1981

confirmed him. This was the rebirth of Celia and Jack Gilmour, the first day of the rest of our lives and eventually all eternity!

Jack had prepared a spaghetti dinner for the family and friends to enjoy at our home later in the evening—it was a most delightful evening. The next morning after our baptism, Mother greeted Jack with a “Good morning you old Mormon!”

Mother told me to expect all of our friends to drop us after our baptism. Not so, it didn't make one bit of difference to any of them, they went right on treating us with the respect they always had.

As I think of this saying “born again” is a miss-statement for me. Even though I was inactive for a time, I never once doubted the truthfulness of the Church or the Church authorities, I still had my testimony. A better word is probably “re-entrance.” 1981 got off to such a wonderful

Celia

start for us with a very spiritual new out look on life.

During the previous fall, Cindee had gone to Burley at Russell's encouragement to spend some time. One night he called her and told her not to bother coming home. He sent her belongings to her and told her to file for a divorce. She got an apartment, found a job, and proceeded with a divorce, which final early in 1981. As it turned out, Russell had been seeing someone else all along.



Mother at her 80th birthday celebration

My dear mother, Vyla Frost, was honored Saturday June 6, 1981 for her 80th Birthday hosted by her children at the home of Irma and Don Lindsay. Each family made posters depicting our individual families on display. She had a beautiful birthday cake, and was honored by all family members both her's and Daddy's that were still around, plus each of us kids and our kids. Friends and neighbors also honored her. She had a wonderful day, everyone was making a fuss over her and taking pictures of her with their families. She was plenty tired when it was over. At this time she had 48 grandchildren and 54 great grandchildren. I came up by myself as Jack was unable to get off work. I don't remember if I drove or flew. I more than likely drove as I drove back and fourth more than I flew.

We decided to start our vacation that year with a visit to Tucson, Arizona to see Melody and Emil. We drove down as far as Bakersfield and stopped for the night. I couldn't believe the prostitutes up and down every street. We stayed in another bad motel, this time it was cockroaches! They were coming out of the sink and were everywhere. I had only seen cockroaches one other time in my life, and they were little ones. These guys were huge. I tried to sleep with my head under the sheets to keep them off me.

Heading out the next morning, we drove past the Salton Sea and through a lot of desert. Nothing impressed me enough to remember much

My Turn on Earth

about the drive. We ended up that evening in EL Centro, which is not far from the Mexican boarder, were we spent the night. The next day we drove over to Yuma, Arizona for breakfast and drove on through the Sonora Desert. We enjoyed seeing the Sonora Cactus and other cacti in bloom. We arrived in Tucson and found the Wilkinson's. They were very good hosts and took us to some great places.

Emil had to work, so Melody took us around. We really enjoyed Old Tucson and the afternoon shootout at the famous O.K. Corral. We also went to the Arizona-Sonora Museum. We went out to the historic Catholic mission of San Xavier del Bac near the copper mines where Emil worked. We had fun taking fun pictures of us in the museums.



Yes, Lady it does have A/C

After a very good time in Tucson, we bade the Wilkinson's goodbye and headed out for New Mexico. We drove over to Las Cruces and stayed overnight there. From that point we went down to El Paso. Leaving our car there, we walked across the bridge over the Rio Grande River into Ciudad Juarez in Mexico. I did not like what I saw. There were little children and elderly people everywhere begging and selling cigarettes or whatever. The place was littered and dirty. It just felt evil all around me. We walked around a little bit and I told Jack I had had enough and wanted to get back into the US. As we walked back across the bridge some teenage girls we met started laughing at my hat. It kept the sun off my head and I didn't think it looked that funny. I know that is what they were laughing at because one of them pointed at it. I sure felt better then we was back in the good old USA.

From there we went over to the Carlsbad Caverns, another awesome handiwork from God. Oh my gosh! Uncounted years of slow growth resulted in the meeting of the stalactite and stalagmite. Room after room each with different formations and fancy names like "Eternal Kiss, Queens' Chamber", "King's High Way" etc. There were giant domes in different places. I am so grateful that I had the opportunity to be there and

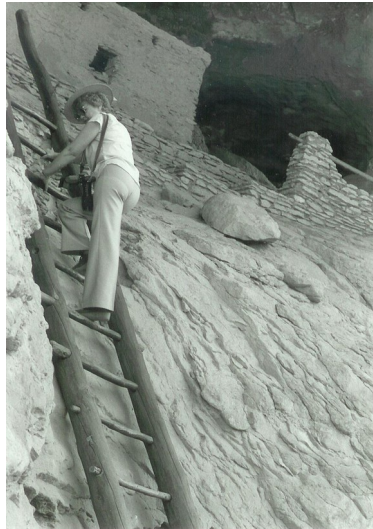
Celia

see what God does to beautify this world for us.

We also went to the glistening dunes of gypsum at “White Sands.” We had fun romping around in the sand and taking pictures. We also went to the Pueblo Indian ruins. We got there first thing in the morning and were the only ones there. It gave me a humble feeling, like we were walking on sacred grounds. All those people that had lived there so many years ago just vanished. We climbed up into the dwellings and spent quite a bit of time there. All the time I had that humble feeling.

Albuquerque was our next stop. I loved the old part of town. We walked around and saw what we could that evening. The street markets were already closed. There was a beautiful old cathedral that we wanted to get pictures of, but there were too many cars and people around, so in the morning we went out early and got our pictures. We did some shopping and ate some good food.

We went through Santa Fe and ended up at Val Verde where Kit Carson is memorialized. At Taos we went to the Pueblo de Taos, some thousand year old ruins. We drove in and parked and walked around. It wasn't until we left that we saw the sign with the entry fee. We had a good time taking pictures of people and places and we should have paid. We came across a squaw sitting in the shade of a tree with an electric frying pan and a bowl full of dough making Indian fry cakes or scones. Man, it made my mouth water. I looked around, there were dogs everywhere and dirty little kids. I have to admit that I am a fussy eater, but those fry cakes won out. She put on plenty of butter and when she handed them to us they were dripping with honey. I never tasted anything so good.



Checking out our new apartment. (Cliff Dwellings in New Mexico just north of Silver City.)

My Turn on Earth

From there we ended up in Colorado Springs, Colorado and drove through The Garden of the Gods. We didn't spend any time in Denver as our time was limited because we were headed for Thelma and Jay's in Salt Lake. We drove up to Cheyenne, Wyoming where we stayed overnight. Jack's heart started to act up as we were eating breakfast. He had run out of his medication. We called Thelma from our room and drove to Salt Lake and stayed a night or two before heading home to Sunnysvale.



Stephanie Anne Gilmour

We hadn't been home long when we got word of Stephanie's death and had to make the trip to Anaheim. On September 18, 1981, Stephanie Anne Gilmour was just four and a half years old on the day that her family decided to visit friends in Anaheim, California. Stephanie was excited to see her little friend and jumped out of the car after her father and ran in front of a car and was killed instantly. What a horrible thing for the poor parents to watch happen and not be able to do any thing. We made arrangements to get off work and drove to their home in Anaheim for the funeral. It was the first time that I met George and Becky. Not a good time. All of Becky's family were there from Minnesota, making it necessary for us to stay in a motel. The funeral was held in a Baptist Church on the 22nd of September. She was buried in Anaheim. Not being used to a Baptist service all of the Amen's after a few statements seemed strange. It was a sad drive back home.

1981 ended with a nice quite Christmas. I am not sure if we went to my company party or not, but Christmas Eve and Christmas Day were spent at home enjoying the Spirit of Christmas with music, exchanging our gifts, and cooking a special Christmas dinner. We never ever had a white Christmas in California.

The year 1982 was a very special year for us with a wonderful start. On January 15th 1982 just one year after our baptism, we were on our way to Salt Lake City to meet with my family as we were going to be

Celia

sealed for time and all eternity in the Salt Lake Temple. I was so excited. Even with the temple preparedness lessons, I still was not totally aware of what to expect. We drove from Sunnyvale to Wendover, Nevada, where we stayed the night, waking up to a very cold morning. It was so cold we could not get the heater in the car to register and the windows were frosted over most of the way into Salt Lake. But oh what a winter wonderland, when we could see out the windows. My dear sister, Thelma, helped me pick out my temple clothes. I wanted to have my own for my first time through the temple. We picked the Salt Lake Temple as our own, as that is what we promised the family who had driven all the way to California to attend our baptism. That way more of our family members could attend.

On January 16th we went through the Salt Lake Temple and received our endowments and were sealed for time and eternity. With us were my son Gordon and his wife Bonnie, my mother, all of my sisters and brother-in-laws, Gerald and Verlee, Elders Kent Davis and Greg Sweat and his new wife. A lot of my nieces and nephews that lived in the area and my



The Frost Family - 1982: Kathryn, Irma, Marion, Lorna, me, Thelma, Eunice, Mother, and Gerald Taken on the Salt Lake Temple grounds

My Turn on Earth

friends LaPreal and Herald Hull were also there with us. Gordon and Bonnie almost missed our sealing because of miss information and went to the Jordan River Temple. They just barely made it to the Salt Lake Temple in time.

I was so grateful to have my mother as my escort as she had been for all of my sisters. Jay Jackson accompanied Jack. Mother had prayed for years to have all of her family in the temple at one time. I made it happen. I know that in the temple with us that day were my deceased Father and dear brother Myron. One of them embraced me, if not both. What a spiritual experience, I still



My temple dress



My family – 1982

Back: Gordon and Bonnie, me and Jack. Middle: Deelyn and Tim, Emil, and Sam. Front: Cindee, Melody, and Connie

get goose bumps when I think of it. (Goose bumps are spirit sparks, because they call attention to an immediate recognition of spirit awareness). Some day in the beyond I will ask them about it.

Everything was so new to me and I could not comprehend all that I was experiencing. I was so happy to have my eternal husband, Jack, by my side. I knew that I would understand more each time I entered the temple. After the temple ceremony we took a lot of pictures on the grounds and then gathered at Thelma and Jay's lovely home for a delicious dinner. Thelma and

Celia

Gayle surprised us with a beautiful wedding cake.

Before going back to Sunnyvale we went to Burley for a couple of days. My mother hosted a dinner for us and all of my children and their companions.

The Atonement of my Savior, Jesus Christ was the greatest gift to me in my life. Without it all would be lost for me; my family and everything. Through my humility and repentance, I was able to receive the blessing of forgiveness.

All of those years that I was lost and wandering, I'm sure Heavenly Father smiled down on me because he knew that I would come back and bring Jack with me.

My Turn on Earth

Chapter 20

Good Times in Sunnyvale

Beginning in 1982 several events occurred over the next two or three years in the lives of our children. There were births, deaths, marriages, and career changes. Needless to say there were several reasons make to make several trips to Idaho during that time.

We were so busy with our jobs and church callings that most of our hobbies and fun little trips to the ocean, etc. had gone by the wayside. Shortly after we were baptize, I was asked to teach the twelve year old class in Sunday School. I tried, but how was I going to teach a class of young people when they knew



My first Primary class in Sunnyvale



Jackie and John Guy and me and Jack.

ten times more than me? Those kids were smart and well behaved. One little girl's father was a rocket scientist. I was so out of touch, I asked for a class more suited to me. So I was switched to the Sunbeams. Now, they had it right. If I didn't have the mentality to teach three year olds I was

Celia

in deep trouble. I had so much fun teaching those sweet little ones. One little girl always called me "Sister Grandma," precious huh?

I also gave a couple of mini classes in Relief Society Homemaking. We held Family Home Evenings with Jackie and John Guy and Yoshiko. We each took turns giving the lessons. They were always very spiritual and helped to make it a feel good week ahead.

The ward had a lot of activities. I even modeled a cute sweater set that I crocheted for myself at a fashion show the Relief Society sponsored. I still have it, but I think it shrunk a lot because it doesn't fit me any more! We enjoyed Hawaii night and a 1920's night. There were fun things going all the time that kept the ward close. Our good friends from the ward were Jackie and John Guy that we socialized with. Another couple that we socialized with were Carolyn and Glen Farnworth. They owned and operated a Pharmacy and also were involved in a company called Diamite that sold health and skin care products. The products were of excellent quality. They also had one of a kind Jewelry. We got suckered into joining the company.



Jeremy Dudley

There were a lot of meetings to attend, plus a lot of fun parties. Halloween seemed to be the favorite. We dressed up for a lot of them, even took a prize or two for our costumes. I did real well with selling the jewelry to the girls at work. I think we were our own best customers. It was one of those pyramid companies, and you had to be on top to be successful.

Jeremy Lewis Dudley was born on June 29, 1982. That made six little Dudley's. He was very small and sickly, but through priesthood blessings he



Jack and I ready for a Diamite Halloween party. We won the prize for best costumes.

My Turn on Earth



Me and Kellie Jo

made it. Connie and Sam gave me Kellie Jo Gochnour on July 13, 1982. She was truly her daddy's girl. Kellie was born at the Cassia Memorial Hospital In Burley, Idaho.

For our vacation in 1982, we decided to do a loop up the coast of Oregon and Washington into Canada back down into Seattle and down to Burley for the family reunion. We left Sunnyvale and drove over to the coast and up into Oregon. Along the way we encountered miles and miles of wild daisies and other flowers. The beaches were sandy and offshore sculptures of rocks juttred out in the ocean. It was just breathtaking, you just have to see it. We stopped in Tillamook and went through the cheese factory which was interesting and we got to sample cheeses. Everyone loves Tillamook cheese.

We drove on to Astoria where we crossed over into Washington. We followed the shore until South Bend where we had to go inland and stayed a night in Forks. We went through part of the Rain Forest in the Olympic National Forest. Another awesome sight that you have to see with your own eyes. It is amazing to me that every place we go on this earth, God has wonderful surprises of beauty just waiting for our eyes to see. I am so thankful that I have had the privilege to see some of them.

From there we drove over to Port Angeles where we drove the car onto a ferry boat. We just relaxed and had lunch as we crossed into Canada through the Strait of Juan de Fuca and landed in Victoria, British Columbia, our destination for this trip. How I love beautiful Victoria.



That's me on the left

Celia

There is so much to see and do that you could spend weeks there. I think my two favorite places were the beautiful Empress Hotel and The Butchart Gardens. I love to go inside that hotel and just look around, it is always fun to stop and sip a cup of tea and eat a delicate little sandwich in one of the many tea rooms. Each time we go we buy a piece of crystal or English china for our home.



The Parliament Building at night

The Parliament Buildings are also beautiful, we got a great photograph at night with its millions of lights. We stayed at the Royal Oaks Motor Hotel, so we could get to the places we had mapped out to see. We visited the Northwest Indian Museum, that took hours. They had life size replicas of each Indian tribe in their own habitats. You almost felt like you were living among them, it is so real.



The Butchart Gardens

The Butchart Gardens was another of the must visit places we had to see. No disappointment there! Oh, yes there was. It was pouring rain! We got the cutest picture of three little Japanese girls standing in the rain each with a clear umbrella. There are many many gardens within the Garden. The most exotic flowers, plants and trees planted to make the pretty landscapes so colorful. Waterfalls, fountains, and bronze statues were everywhere. The Japanese Garden and the Sunken Gardens were my favorite. The Butchart Gardens is a place that we wanted to go to again! And we did!

After our time ran out in Victoria we came back on the ferry boat to Port Ange-



Three little Japanese girls

My Turn on Earth

les, stopping at Port Townsend where we got a great motel on the water. It was so beautiful. Around midnight or so I got up and looked out over the bay and saw a sail boat with the moon over it. I had to get a picture of it. (I can't help but use the word beautiful, I see it almost every place I look.) We drove on down to Seattle to Ballard where Jack's sister Pat lives. We got there before she came home from work, so we drove over to Green Lake and watched little kids wading in a pool until it was time for her to be home.

I loved her house, it was really quaint and lovely. She took us around to a lot of cool places that I thought were awesome, but not to Jack. The Pike Place Market was a lot of fun. I bought a cute little carousel horse that I still enjoy. For dinner we went down to Lake Union to the famous Salmon House. There I had some salmon that I will never forget. Salmon is my favorite dish so if it is on the menu I order it every time I eat out. At Pat's we did our laundry in order to continue our journey.

After enjoying Pat's hospitality, her fancy little poodle "Snow", two big Siamese cats, and a bird or two, we had to leave for Burley for the Frost Family Reunion. As usual the reunion was fabulous. I love being with family. It too had to end and so did our fabulous vacation. I write so much about our vacations each year because



4 Generations: Me, my mother, my son Gordon, and my grandson Gordy

they and the family reunions are the highlight that we looked forward to each year and tried to make the most of them. I wish you could have come along and enjoyed them with us.

Another activity our ward held was the "Garden of Enchantment Costume Ball" to be held Saturday, November 13, 1982 from 8:00 p.m. to midnight. There was even a \$2.00 fee, can you imagine? We got suckered into a group of four couples to do a ballroom dance number because

Celia

we were such big time dancers. Ya right! We chose the Beautiful Dreamer Waltz. We held many practice sessions until we had it down perfectly. We ladies bought beautiful dresses and the gentlemen rented Tuxedos. We all looked so fine.

Our turn on the program came and everyone did so well, as Jack and I waltzed the circle and as I came face to face with the spectators I lost it. It was the first and last time I performed. Remember, what I said as a kid, I was never in any school events, so how else would I know how I would react? Another greater than great embarrassing moment in my life.

Also, on November 13, 1982 another little granddaughter arrived. Olivia with so much black hair, was delivered at the Cassia Memorial Hospital to Gordon and Bonnie.

We enjoyed Christmas the usual way. We went to a very fun Christmas dinner and party at our ward and also attended a party with our Moose friends, We had a quiet Christmas Eve and Christmas Day at home with a nice dinner.

The New Year 1983 came in quietly, with new hopes, but not too much anticipation. We just took what came our way and did the best to enhance our lives and those around us.

Gordon died at the University of Utah Medical Center in Salt Lake City on January 19, 1983 following double bypass surgery. I made a trip to Burley to attend his funeral but more importantly to be there to support Gordon, Cindee, and Connie. Gordon was not able to continue farming and he moved his family to Salt Lake shortly after his father's funeral to get some vocational training in the computer field.

We enjoyed life in Sunnyvale. We were both still working. We were going to church at the Sunnyvale Second Ward. There were a lot of new people to meet and become friends with. We still enjoyed our friends from the Moose dances, and our neighbors. We enjoyed our little duplex apartment with the wonderful lemon tree out the front door, and the great little patio that we made beautiful with plants and cute do-dads. We both enjoyed working as photographers doing wedding and family group photos.



Olivia Butters

My Turn on Earth



*My grandchildren - December 1982:
Gordy, Mark, Michael holding Olivia,
Raydon holding Kellie Jo, and
Melinda holding Jeremy.*

were as much as 4.1 magnitude. There were many, many smaller ones, but enough to get our attention. We would look up and see the chandeliers swaying or feel just a touch of dizziness. Oh, just another shaker.

April came with a surprise, the people in duplex # 1 moved out and we jumped right in! It turned out to be the "hardest" move we ever made as everything had to be hand carried about fifty feet to the new place, even the water bed. It was so much better, with one more bedroom. (That was used for an office/guest room). We were now able to see the street and what was going on in the outside world, as we were boxed in in the back duplex. It didn't take long to settle in and we were very happy there. Yoshiko and her little dog moved in to our old duplex # 3.

Jack made a lot of improvements on both of the places that we lived in.

I gave blood at the American Red Cross blood bank almost every month that I worked at Syntex. I received a certificate for my second gallon of blood. My blood type is RH-O Negative and it all went to premature babies. That made it all worthwhile and it made me happy to know that perhaps my blood saved tiny lives!

April was a real shaker with swarms of earthquakes. Some



*Our postage stamp sized
backyard*

Celia

He built patio covers and put in little sheds. The outdoor space was very small, I referred to it as postage stamp size.

While in Apartment # 3 we bought a beautiful chandelier, when we moved to # 1, we took it there and when we moved to Aptos it went with us and hung over the dining room table. It is now hanging over our dining room table here in Boise, it is amazing it survived all those moves.

In the kitchen in Number 3, he built a removable mirrored cabinet that filled the space between the stove, under the window to the wall, six feet eight inches long. When we moved to Number 1, the cabinet fit perfectly. That is when we started buying our Lenox dinnerware. I picked out "Forever", a single black rose pattern. We ended up with service for twelve. Jack taught me everything I know about fine china, crystal, and other fine things. Before, I decorated with Avon bottles and dishes from oatmeal boxes. We also used it in the dining room in Aptos and Boise until we got a new china cabinet. Now it has a home in the garage where it houses our antiques and junk.

We kept up both places and fixed things ourselves instead of calling the owner, and did a lot of extras that other tenants never bother with. When we moved out our land lord gave us our deposit back plus \$200.

My Turn on Earth

Chapter 21

Many Life Changes

As August approached, we prepared for the trip to Burley for the reunion and on to a much needed vacation. Jack bought my birthday gift and packed it to give to me on my birthday, which was 8 days away. It was a very fragile Irish Beleek Plate. I don't remember where we were on the 19th, maybe in Wyoming. The Jackson family sponsored the reunion held at Minidoka Dam. We had great food and a good time with the 83 family members that showed up.

We went on to Salt Lake, up across Wyoming and through Yellowstone Park. We stopped at Buffalo Bill's Museum in Cody, and on through South Dakota going through the Bad Lands. We stopped at Mount Rushmore and visited with those great presidents. We Traveled along the border of Iowa and saw hundreds of miles of wheat and tall corn fields. We stopped in Mitchell, South Dakota, and saw the Corn Palace with the buildings outer walls decorated in corn.

We went on over to Minnesota. We visited with Jack's only aunt, Rhoda, and cousin also named Rhoda in St Paul. She was 87 years old at that time. She took us through the capital building and other interesting places in both St. Paul and Minneapolis. It was all Jack and I could do to keep up with that young lady. From there we went across Lake Michigan and took a boat ride out to Mackinac Island where no cars are allowed. It was a wonderful place. We took a wagon ride around the island and had to get back to the boat before it left without us.

We went up into Clinton and Wingham, Ontario, Canada and down to Niagara Falls where we took a little more time, as that was our main destination. The falls were one more of God's great gifts for our eyes. All I can say is, "Awesome!"

Celia



Jack and I (wearing sunglasses) are seated behind the driver.

We went back through Buffalo, New York, but didn't even get close to New York City. Then down to Cleveland, Ohio. We stopped in Kirkland where we toured the Kirkland Temple, which no longer belongs to the Church. It was really wonderful to see part of our Church history, but as for me, I did not feel any spiritual feelings. Then we went over to Nauvoo, Illinois, another highlight of the trip. There I knew I was walking on sacred ground. There was not a lot that remained of the old town, like it is today. We walked the streets that Joseph walked. We walked down Parley Street where the saints along with so many of my own ancestors, walked as they exited their beautiful city as they watched it burn!

Another very spiritual place where we stopped was Adam-ondi-Aham. We were there at sunrise and the only ones there to enjoy the calmness, looking out over the valley and feeling the spirit.

Back on the road towards home, we passed through Iowa City, Omaha, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, Reno and home to Sunnyvale. WOW! What a whirlwind trip. 7,800 miles in just three weeks in our little 1982 GMC S-15 pickup truck. We did not go into any of the big cities other than

My Turn on Earth

Minneapolis. We spent our time only in the special "to see" places. It was good to be home even if it meant back to the grind.

Later that year in the fall of 1983, Gordon got a job with Diet Center in Rexburg, Idaho and they moved up there. Also that year Tim changed careers and went into law enforcement. Cindee married Steve Weirich on November 6, 1983. Jack and I attended their wedding in the First Christian Church in Burley.

The Holidays were upon us for another year, Thanksgiving and our fifth wedding anniversary. We celebrated our anniversary with our dancing friends. Christmastime had the usual Syntex, friends, and church parties. We were blessed in so many ways that year, we had our good health, good jobs, friends and family. We were living in sunny Sunnyvale California. What more could we want out of one year?

Both feet had been bothering me for a long time. Cortisone shots

only worked for a short time. When I walked, it felt like a needle sticking in the ball of my feet. When it began interfering with my dancing it was time for surgery. On April 6, 1984 my doctor put me in a small hospital that only did feet. Tiny tumors had grown on the nerves between the toes and built up and became very painful. It was an overnight stay and I was ordered to stay off my feet for



Cindee and Steve



*Me and my kids - November 1983.
Front: Tim, me, and Gordon.
Standing: Melody, Cindee, and Connie*

Celia



Foot surgery



Recovering from foot surgery

two months. Most people have one foot done at a time giving healing time. I wanted it over with! I was given three months sick leave from work to recuperate.

On a very hot windy Memorial Day in 1984 Jack was asleep as he had a long graveyard shift the night before. I hobbled out on our patio and I noticed black smoke coming from the duplex behind us. I woke Jack up and then hobbled back to Yoshiko's apartment to alert her, I knew she was home, but she too was napping. I pounded and pounded screaming for her to get out.



Yoshiko's apartment

The fire department had just arrived and firemen were able to get Yoshiko and her dog out, plus some of her choice Japanese dolls. Her place and the adjoining duplex went up in flames. There was not very much saved from either place. The firefighters fought to save our place as the winds were strong and the temperature was above 90 degrees. When the firemen arrived they envisioned

My Turn on Earth

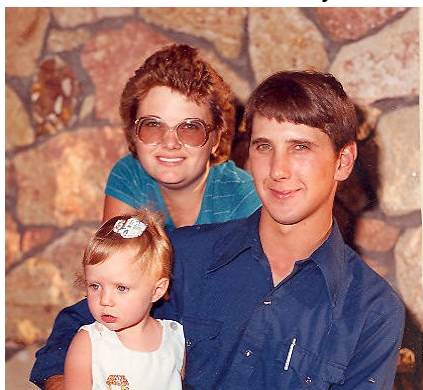
the whole block going up in flames.

Our fence and the laundry building did get charred but were put right out. Poor Yoshiko had to go stay with a Japanese friend and we took in her dog until she was able to place him in a kennel. All this time the firemen would not let me go back in our place. There I stood out there leaning against whatever I could, both of my feet in bandages and wooden medical shoes hurting like h....! !

It was two or three months before the burnt-out duplex behind was rebuilt. And of course it took time to rebuild. The contractor had a lot of different crews working on the rebuilding. It was nice to come home from work each night and see the progress.

Yoshiko never did move back into the newly built apartment. She got her dog back, but he died shortly after. The family that lived in the other duplex did not move back, much to our delight. Sorry to say but they were nothing but trouble makers and the kid was a thief. We were glad to see them gone. They stole our lounge chairs and were sitting in them in the carport. When they left them, we took them back. They had the nerve to call the police and reported them as stolen.

In June I flew to Burley to be with my family as I concluded my recuperation. Bonnie and the kids were in Rupert visiting her mother. On the 13th I went back to Rexburg with them. It was the first time I had been to their home there. They took me swimming at a place called Heise Hot Springs, and a production of Cinderella at Ricks College. We had a barbecue for Gordon's birthday.



Connie, Sam, and Kellie Jo

My sick leave was over and I had to go back to work. It was just enough time to convince me that staying home can be very gratifying.

In August we went back to Burley for the Frost Family Reunion on the 10th and 11th. It was a camp out held at Minidoka Dam Recreation Area with the Turner family in charge. There were always so

Celia

many fun things to do, with a pancake breakfast to start Saturday off. That evening we all went into Burley to the Racquetball Club. What fun that was for all the swimmers and racquetball players. I had to be a bystander with my sore feet. After the reunion we went to Salt Lake. We didn't see enough of our Utah families at the reunion. Thelma and I did a lot of shopping. We always have a wonderful time when spent with family before having to go back to Sunnyvale.



Melody and Emil at the Boise Temple

her husband, plus their Bishop and friends from their ward. After the ceremony we gathered at North's Restaurant for a wedding dinner. Jack was able to get a very nice wedding cake for them. That topped a beautiful day.

In the meantime, Connie and Sam moved to Grandview, Idaho, about twenty five miles southwest of Mountain Home. Sam was working on a dairy there. Then here came Kyle Austin Gochnour who was born on Tuesday November, 6, 1984. Kellie had a little brother. What a sweet little spirit. He too was born at the Cassia Memorial Hospital, in Burley.

With all of this going on in our lives, the kids continued to have changes going on in theirs as well. Melody and Emil moved from Tuscon to Gooding, Idaho. Emil had decided that they needed to start going to church. They made themselves ready and on October 13, 1984 we witnessed their sealing in the Boise Temple. It was a very special day for them as well as the rest of the family. We were so happy that they finally got their lives in order. Besides us, also attending were Gordon and Bonnie, my mother, some of my sisters, Melody's half sister Lorie and



Kyle Gochnour

My Turn on Earth

Jack was working graveyard shift and got home about 9:30 a.m. one morning in November of 1984. He fixed himself some breakfast and left the apartment to do some shopping and returned home around 1:00 pm. As soon as he walked into the house he saw that things were amiss. It took only seconds for him to realize the horror! We had been burglarized! He called me at work and I was allowed to go home. What I saw was devastating. They didn't only take everything they wanted, but they trashed the place.

The police were called, and it didn't take long to discover who the thieves were. They left white footprints over the fence, across the patio, forcing the sliding glass door open and entering. A chair was placed by the fence for a look out position. It was determined that there were two of them, and they had been putting up sheet rock in the burnt out apartments. (White foot prints.) They had been watching our activity, and when they saw Jack leave, they made their move. The contractor was no help. He denied knowing who all the guys were as they were hired by other contractors.

They took all of my jewelry, the VCR, all our electronics, cameras, and camera equipment. They did miss our best camera, and dropped Jack's gold chain on the floor. The sad thing is they took keepsakes that could not be replaced. They were professional burglars who knew what was worth taking and what was not. They took my gold jewelry and left the costume. They were never apprehended. Thank the Lord we did have insurance coverage on everything but the jewelry.

We felt very bad over the loss but we didn't let it destroy our lives. It left a mark on me that lasts to this day. I felt so violated. Eventually most everything was replaced by the insurance. Most of it newer than what we had. My diamond necklace was the only piece of jewelry replaced. Jewelry is a costly item to insure.

We went to the Syntex Christmas dinner and party for the last time, also our ward Christmas dinner and party.

I had been with Syntex twelve and a half years so it was time for me to retire. I was goofing up a lot the last year. I guess I was day dreaming and not paying attention to my machine, causing problems for the mechanics. I am sure they were relieved when I left, but no more than I was.

Celia

The girls at Syntex gave me a little farewell party during our lunch break and had a very nice gift for me. My last day of work there was Friday, December 28, 1984. A lot of good years passed while I was employed there. A lot of good friends and good memories. When I left Syntex I was earning \$8.39 an hour, \$335.83 a week, and \$1,409.52 a month. After retiring I got \$183.81 a month. What a let down. Oh well, it was my allowance and pays for my little needs. Jack gave me a beautiful opal and diamond ring for all those years of labor.

And thus ended 1984—Another year gone forever. 1985 was a year for visitors, tragedy, a move and a fabulous vacation.

I was retired! I enjoyed ever minute of it. No more punching time clocks, apologizing to the mechanics, or begging for time off to go to Idaho. I was free!

After I retired Carolyn and Glen talked me into working in their pharmacy just to help out. Ya right! Hey, guys, I am retired! I do not want to work any more. I did for a short time at their persuasion, but it turned out that I was working full time.

In February of 1985 we took a trip over to Santa Rosa to the main State Farm Insurance Office to take care of the insurance from the burglary, so we planned a couple of days of pleasure. All work and no play is just not good for the soul. It was a beautiful drive over there.

After we got our business taken care of, we drove over to Calistoga, an old mining town but not a ghost town. It is full of very interesting old historical buildings etc. We did all kinds of fun things including I took a wonderful mud bath in a real old fashioned tub. Boy was I dirty! Then came the massage that was close to heaven. I realized I don't baby myself enough. You just can't go through life without a mud bath and a massage. I guess I had better go find a mud hole, only that was clean mud. I think we stayed over night in Calistoga. We also drove over to Sutters Mill, the site of the first gold strike in California. We had a good meal and headed for home.

When we arrived home there were notes attached to our front door from Helen Starley, telling us of an emergency, to call Irma in Burley immediately. There were two such notes. Irma had called Helen being the only one she knew that might know our whereabouts. Mr. Starley had

My Turn on Earth



Connie, Kyle, and Kellie Jo

month old Kyle fatherless. What sad, sad news.

We left for Burley as soon as we could make arrangements. His funeral was held the 25th at the Burley First Christian Church. Connie was beyond grief, the first thing she said to me was “Mom, I am too young to be a widow”, and rightfully she was. I stayed there in Burley to give Connie all the support and to help her with the children. I don't recall just how long I stayed, maybe a month. When I did leave I brought the little family back to California with me. I'd had enough of the cold Burley weather. We tried to show them a good time to ease the hurt. They stayed with us until Connie felt that she could get along okay on her own, so we took them home. Oh, how I missed them after being with them for so long.

Our cute Chrysler Cordoba was hit by a drunk driver while parked at the Moose Lodge in San Jose while we were dancing the night away. Later we traded it in and got a pretty blue Chrysler Fifth Avenue in May.

During the first two weeks in June Gordon, Bonnie, Gordy, and Olivia came. It was the first time the kids got to come to Grandma's house. Jack was working the grave yard shift so I got to take them to all the fun places. I turned

been the president of the Idaho Bank and Trust in Burley and were living in our ward.

We called Irma as soon as we got in the house to find out that Sam had been killed when the trench caved in as he was preparing to move their mobile home onto their property. He died February 20th. He was only twenty four years old, leaving Connie a young widow and three year old Kellie Jo and three



Riding the Merry-go-round with Gordy and Olivia

Celia

the driving over to Gordon. We went to Yosemite National Park for a day, Golden Gate Park, Marine World, Great America, the beaches, Monterey, Caramel by the Sea, and a ride to Daily City on Bart (Bay Area Rapid Transit). (A Bart ride was a must for all of our guests).

Gerald and Verlee and all 12 of their family came for two days on the tenth of June in two cars. The Buttars were still there, so that made eighteen of us. Our living room floor was filled with bodies, what a sight and sound. They followed us on some of the tours. Jack cooked a spaghetti dinner for everyone the last night that the Frosts were there. Jack finally got off that crazy shift on Friday the day that Gordon and Bonnie left. I hope everyone had a good time because I sure did.

We took off on a two day trip to the Sequoia National Park and some old mining towns in The Mother Lode. If I had still been working we would not have been able to do all those enjoyable fun trips.

My Turn on Earth

Chapter 22

Aptos and Down Under

I had been retired now from Syntex for six months so there was no need for us to live across the mountain from Jack's employment. We had been thinking of moving over on the ocean side of the mountains. One day in July on Jack's way home from working, he drove into a big trailer park in Aptos , just cruising he spotted a nice home with a "For Sale" sign. He took down the phone number and headed for home as he was again on the grave yard shift and needed to get some sleep. He called the number that evening, talking to the owner finding out the price, and the size of the unit which was a sixty foot double wide three bedroom with a small room added at the end of the carport.

We made an appointment to go look at it the next day. When coming home the next morning Jack spotted a wildfire in the Santa Cruz mountains, according to reports it was getting under control. Jack got some sleep and we headed out about 4 pm to meet with the owners. Well the fire got out of control burning over 15,000 acres so we had to take a different route to get there. The smoke was so thick and black, the flames were close to the road.

We did get there and looked it over and decided it would work for us. The cost was \$48,000 so we made arrangements through the Bank of America in Aptos.



Our home in Aptos at Seventy Cherry Blossom Lane after we fixed it up.

Celia

Our loan was approved in just two days. In the next two days it was ours! No more paying rent. No more land lords I am sure that this was the place the Lord wanted us to be. Everything fell into place so perfectly and quick for us.

Jack started the move by taking loads of our belongings each day and unloading on his way to work. We made the big move Augusts 19, 1985. What a great birthday gift for me. I worked my fanny off. I about cut my thumb off by misusing a sharp knife. I could not stop the bleeding. By the time Jack got home three hours later and saw blood all over the little bathroom, he thought I had been murdered. He loaded me up and took me to the hospital emergency room in Santa Cruz. The shot they put in the cut hurt ten times more than the cut. Every time we move I do something stupid, always ending up wounding myself. The only thing that got broke in the move, was a quart jar of sauerkraut. It sure stunk up the back of that U Haul.

Our new home was at the end of the road, back up against the fence leading to the High School campus which was up the hill from us. We had neighbors across the street and below us, so I felt we had more privacy than any place that I had lived since I left the farm. The hills above us were heavily wooded and was home to a lot of birds and other critters.

We set about to make it ours and did a lot to improve it. It was the brick masons idea that we redo the entry way, which turned out to be a good idea. As we removed the old steps we found some rotted areas that would sooner or later give way.



Our home from the front.

The brick job was the only thing we hired someone else to do, all the rest we did ourselves, such as the roof, all the doors, windows, kitchen floor and counter tops, sky lights, and many other things over the next several years.

The house gave us more room and was quite nice. No more long drives for Jack;

My Turn on Earth

only 15 miles each way. It took him all week to accumulate the miles he drove in one day from Sunnyvale.

The ocean was only 5 minutes away with its lovely beaches. Aptos was a very small village nestled among many other small villages surrounding Santa Cruz. The main coastal route, Highway One, was right out in front of the park, we had to get on it to go shopping, to church, or any place else.

It didn't take us long to get settled in and loving Aptos. There were 170 units in the Aptos Pines Mobile Home Park so it was very large and very well kept. All the neighbors were very likable so we made friends soon. We didn't drop any of our old friends, we just keep adding more.

We attended the Pajaro 1st Ward of the Santa Cruz Stake. As soon as we got settled we were given callings. They just happened to need a Sunbeam teacher. I think the Lord knew he was going to put us in Aptos so He saved that little class just for me. Jack was put in as 1st Assistant to the High Priest Group Leader, besides other callings.

Our Family Reunion in 1985 was held at Indian Hot Springs the 8th and 9th of August. My family was in charge, but with us in California and they in Idaho, it was up to me to do it. It was another overnighter. Since I don't like camping, we stayed in a motel not too far away on Friday. Saturday morning I woke up so ill, I could hardly hold my head up, but Jack and I dressed in our clown costumes for the children and they loved us. Little Britney Schuitthies took a hold of my hand and was my companion most of the day. Everyone had a great time swimming and other attractions that the park had to offer. There were 106 present and guess who finally won the quilt? Me!



*With the Dudley kids at the Twin Falls Airport:
Michael, Melynda, me with
Jeremy, Raydon, and Mark*

Lorna and Stan drove to Aptos and stayed a couple of days so Stan could attend a class in San Francisco. I rode back with them, Lorna slept most of the way, so Stan and I had a very nice visit. I stayed with the kids a few days and Tim, Delynn and their children took me to the Twin Falls Airport to fly home.

Celia

New Zealand

We had planned to go to Alaska for our vacation but did not get our tickets in time. We had the time and the money saved up for two years, so we switched plans and decided to go to New Zealand and Australia instead. We left November 8th from the San Jose Airport to Los Angeles. There was some concern with canceled reservations that were soon cleared up. We left Los Angeles at 8:30 p.m. on Air New Zealand. Eight hours later our first stop was in Papeete, Tahiti, for a crew change. After five hours we arrived in Aukland at 8:30 a.m. on Sunday morning, November 10th (time changes etc). The temperature was in the 70s and the sun was shining. We picked up our rental car, a Honda Civic, and found our motel and checked in and went to our room and set down our bags. We looked at each other and said “Now that we are here, what do we do now???”

With it being Sunday morning, we looked in the phone book and found an LDS church. He talked to a gentleman and got the time and place which happened to be close by. So we went, it was not an affluent ward, but it was sure rich in love! The congregation was about half white and half Maori. Jack was asked to give the prayer in Sunday School and I was asked in the Relief Society.

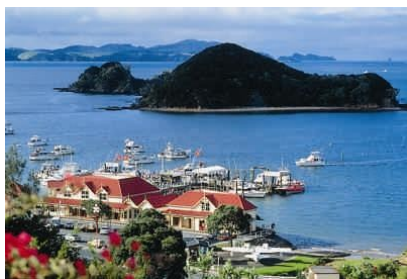
After church a young couple by the name of Neal and Kathy Frodsham invited us to their home for dinner. Kathy prepared a lovely dinner of lamb, veggies and kumara, which is an ancient Maori sweet potato. It was very good. After dinner they drove us on a mini tour of Aukland. They own a furniture manufacturing business in Aukland. Neal is originally from Seattle. (He named his business “The Seattle Wood Works”). So that was our first day in New Zealand.

On Monday we drove around and did a little bit of shopping. We had an invitation for Monday night from another young couple, Annetta and Graham Scott and their two children. We had another lovely dinner and a nice visit. Graham helped us map out places to see. From day one, we met very nice people from all over, receiving pointers of things to see and places to stay.

While in Aukland we visited a war memorial museum and learned a lot about the Maori people. Leaving Aukland we headed north. New Zea-

My Turn on Earth

land consists of a North and South Island. The vegetation on North Island is very green and lush with lots of tropical citrus crops. They do not have any native animals, so all were brought in. They do have a lot of native birds, some really weird ones. There were no wild animals and no snakes. New Zealand has everything from tropics to glaciers. I wish I had room to describe the beauty and the differences we found there. There are so many places and things, it is going to be hard to keep this short.



The Bay of Islands

Our first stop after Auckland was Paihia at the Bay of Islands. We took a cruise boat out to the island. We saw so many interesting places of history dating back to Captain Cook's days. We drove over to Kerikeri for the night. We went on a tract (hiking trail) before breakfast.

It was in Kerikeri that some hot shot hit and run driver wrecked our car. He passed us on a double yellow line with a third car coming at us, crunching us. An eyewitness followed him and got his license number. We couldn't make a police report at the time, the only policeman in town was on holiday.

We both liked Kerikeri very much and wouldn't mind living there. We could have gotten used to that lifestyle very quickly. We drove back over to Paihia to get another car. This one a Mitsubishi. While in this area we toured the Treaty House, a Maori Meeting House, a Maori Village, and the oldest stone building in New Zealand.

We then went to Opononi, a small village on the west side of New Zealand on the Hokianga Harbor on the Tasman Sea. It is a very small place with a neat history. Back in 1953/54, a dolphin came into the harbor and swam with the swimmers, letting them ride on his back. Later he became beached in the rocks and died. They have a darling



The monument to the Opononi Dolphin

Celia

monument of him.

We headed south along the Tasman Sea. We were a fair distance from the sea but were high enough that we could still see it. We traveled about 30 miles on a gravel road which is known as metal roads. We traveled through a national park that has a great many Keri trees which are native to New Zealand. We did stop to look at the largest of these trees. These were the trees used by the Maori's for their canoes. We drove back to Auckland and did a little shopping. There was no other way around it to get out. These two islands or only two thirds the size of California, with a population of three million.

We then proceeded towards Hamilton and Temple View. We had made advance reservations for the Temple View Apartments. They are owned by the Church and the requirements are: a temple recommend, and you have to do two sessions each day that you are there. We stayed there from Friday to Monday. We did two sessions Saturday morning .



The New Zealand Temple

Sunday morning we went to a church at the church college (high School). I would love to tell about the temple and the beautiful area, the people we met there and the history of it, but there just isn't room. After church we took a short ride to a small town on the Tasman Coast called Raglan where we had fish and chips in a small tea house. We met a nice couple that told us of more places to see. We met them back in Hamilton and they showed us around a very beautiful rose park, and another park that runs along the Waikato River.

On Monday morning we headed for our next destination, Rotorua, which is a tourist town with a lot to see. We rode a tram up to a high mountain to another tea house where we had lunch. We had an excellent view of Rotorua, the lake. It is located in the surrounding area.

My Turn on Earth



Some woolly friends

looking trout. Parks, gardens and golf courses are plentiful in New Zealand. For an evening of entertainment we went to a Maori feast and concert. The food was smoked eel, wild boar, venison, lamb, different kinds of fish, chicken, and all kinds of fruits and vegetables. The concert was wonderful, they have such beautiful voices, (I noticed that in church.) They danced and showed us the games they play. The evening ended with a dance where a few people from the audience were picked to participate in the last dance. I was picked to dance, what fun!!! As a parting gesture we rubbed nose's twice. That means they really like you.

Rotorua is also where the geysers are. It looks and smells a lot like Yellowstone Park only on a much smaller scale. We planned on going to some wildlife parks but woke up to heavy rain. I wanted to see the kiwi birds! We saw the kiwi but got soaked skin deep. We missed out on some other attractions but it was raining and we had to move on.

Our next stop was Napier, a town located on the Pacific side of the North Island. We enjoyed a wonderful evening there. A bit of history about Napier. In 1931 Napier was destroyed by a killer earthquake.

Later we went to the Agrodome where we learned the history of how sheep were brought into New Zealand. Here we saw 19 different breeds of top rams, how they are sheared, and saw how the dogs work with the sheep. We then went to a water garden with streams full of fantastic



One of the geysers at Rotorua

Celia

Land came up from the sea and what used to be an island is now part of the town. When they rebuilt they had more land to build on. It is a beautiful town stretched along beaches and parks with lovely monuments each with a meaning. Throughout all of New Zealand every town and city no matter how small has a monument to their World War I and II dead.

As time was flying, it was now time to head for Wellington and to the South Island. It poured down rain plus high winds all the way, our tempers flared a little as finding our way in those conditions with poorly marked roads was not easy. Wellington, was an interesting city, very modern, windy like Chicago, and like San Francisco built on hills. The rain let up so we were able to do some sightseeing. We woke up to a sunshiny day and a little sad for we were going to leave the North Island in a few hours. Our travels there were so beautiful and we made so many friends along the way. We were told that South Island was more beautiful but we found them about equal. But most of all it was the people that made it beautiful!

We arrived at the ferry dock, dropped off our car and took the 10:00 ferry to Picton, picked up our third car, a Nissan, and started out on the scenic route to Nelson. Yep. Rain! After getting to our motel, we did what all New Zealander's do on Friday night. Go Shopping! Friday night is late shopping for all of New Zealand. It was still raining the next morning but in spite of the rain, we hiked to the top of a very high hill. It took us 30 minutes to reach the top. At the top was a marker indicating the very center of New Zealand.

We then headed for Greymouth. With the weather being so nasty, we made very few stops. The rough water along the coast line was awesome. We stopped at a very nice motel that had an excellent restaurant, that is where we celebrated our 7th wedding anniversary with a very nice venison dinner.

We backtracked for about an hour to see the pancake rocks and blow holes. It was well worth it. Still heading south we stopped in the town of Hokitika where we visited a Greenstone factory (jade). We bought a pair of jade earrings, a pair of cuff links and matching tie tack.

We continued on to Franz Josef where we stayed the night. In the evening, we took a long walk. We walked down the middle of the main road for an hour and not a car went by. The only thing we saw were cows

My Turn on Earth

that came to the fence to say “hello”.

On November 25th we started the day with a helicopter flight up into the mountains, I lucked out and was able to sit in front with the pilot. The flight took us to and landed on a glacier where we were able to see part of Mt Cook.

An English couple that were on the flight invited us to their caravan (small motor home) for tea and biscuits. We hiked some more tracts, talked to more people, and hiked into Lake Matheson. It was so beautiful!

We then headed for Queenstown, 404 kilometers away, so we started out at 7:00 am. By noon we had only gone 150 kilometers. There was so many places to stop and see. There were so many beautiful beaches. We drove through a valley we named the Valley of Falls. Every direction we looked were waterfalls of all sizes. You just have to see it! As we traveled along, the general appearance of the landscape began to change from a lush green to a dry green and then looked more like Nevada. We saw lots of sheep stations as we approached Queenstown.



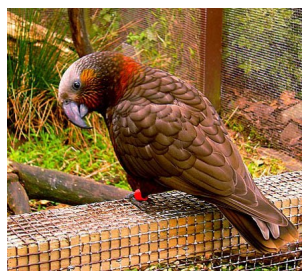
Our boat ride on the Shotover River

The first thing we did was to take a jet boat ride up the Shotover River. What a fantastic ride. We took another tram ride up a mountain for lunch where we had a great view of Queenstown (and the lake 52 miles long 3 miles wide). After lunch we rode an old old steamer, the T.S.S. Earnslaw: Lady of the Lake to a sheep station. It covered 100,000 acres with 22,000

sheep, 2,500 beef cattle, and 200 deer. I know because I counted them all! The trip back was just so much fun. The crew entertained us with banjo music and song. They handed out songbooks and we all sang. I hated for that trip to end. After returning to Queenstown we had a pheasant dinner at a neat place called Roaring Megs. It was the first time that Jack had ever eaten pheasant.

Celia

The next days trip was to Milford Sound. We got started at 6:00 a.m. We stopped in Te Anau for breakfast and to pick up our Milford tickets. The trip was unbelievable! The view staggers the imagination. The kea bird liked this area and we saw a lot of them. In some places, the only place to look was up.



A kea bird

Arriving in Milford at 1:30 we boarded the Fiordland Flyer, a new ship of 5 weeks. The trip on Milford Sound and out to the Tasman Sea was awesome. We returned to Te Anau just in time to book the last boat to Glow Worm Caves. We traveled the ten miles across Lake Te Anau. This was a cavern with the river running through it. We rode on small boats in the dark, billions of tiny pinpoint lights glowed over head.

When we got back to Te Anau all the eating places were closed so we had to settle for the “Burger Bus”. The lake was so clear you could see the pebbles on the bottom. It looked like a mirror. As is all the lakes in New Zealand, their water is 99.98 percent pure. I saw a sea-plane pilot take a drink from the lake. They are not bothered with pollution, or agricultural diseases, and use little or no pesticides, and there are no billboards to mar the beautiful countryside. There are between 70 and 80 million sheep and we must of seen at least 60 million of them.



Lake Manapourie

A few miles from Te Anua was Manapourie located on Lake Manapourie. It was even more beautiful than Te Anua. We took lots of photos and went on our way arriving in Dunedin in time to tour a museum, but our main thing was a drive along Cliff Drive. It was very scary at times. This took us past an old castle, and on to a penguin nesting area and a seal colony. It was amusing to watch

My Turn on Earth

those little penguins in their tuxedos jumping out of the Pacific Ocean up on to the steep cliffs. Then there were the seals. Their colony was separated by cliffs from the penguins. The big fat seals just laid on the beach. Lazy bums.

We followed a very scenic route along the water back to our motel. Once again we were late for dinner so we had to have fish and chips.

The next morning we were able to go to church. The church was only five minutes from our motel. It was a lovely new building built as a state center. Again we met so many very friendly people. About 3 percent of New Zealand is LDS about, equal between Maori and white, with the biggest percent on the North Island. After church we hit the road again stopping in Ashburton for dinner. Before leaving the next day we decided we would like a spinning wheel, seeing that they were manufactured there, so we helped the economy. We bought one and had it shipped home.

We drove over to Christchurch, our departure point for Australia. We spent three days there. We visited a wildlife park where we drove the car into the lion enclosure and watched the park attendees feed the lions. What table manners. We kept the windows closed because we didn't want to be dessert. We did other sight seeing in and around Christchurch. We had so much rain on the North Island. Almost every where we went, we got rained on. We didn't let that stop us.

December 5th. I really was sad. I had fallen in love with New Zealand. The country and the people. it is one fantastic place. The New Zealanders have a saying. "God made the world, then He made New Zealand." I can believe it!

Australia

We arrived at the airport the usual two hours ahead of time and dropped off our car. We checked in and paid our \$2.00 export tax. The flight to Sydney was a three hour flight with a two hour time change. The flight over the Tasman Sea to Sydney was one of the smoothest flights I



*A Yellow Eyed Penguin
of South Island*

Celia

have ever been on. But in landing, the pilot plunked us down real hard on the runway.

We picked up another car, this time a Ford Laser, and headed for our hotel which was right in the heart of Sydney. Being 20 floors up we didn't need a tram ride to get a view of the city. As big as Sydney is, we decided that an all day tour would be our best bet. Our tour started at 9:00 a.m. We began with a bus ride to a hydrofoil that took us across the bay where we boarded our bus. We toured until noon, visiting many places. One of these was a wildlife reserve where I left my heart with the koalas, they were so adorable. We also saw a lot of kangaroos.



The Opera House and bridge over Sydney Harbor

Returning to the harbor at noon, we boarded another boat for a two hour luncheon cruise around Sydney Harbor that was fantastic. Back to our bus at 2:00 p.m. we continued our tour through the most interesting parts of Sydney, learning much of its early history. We saw the famous Opera House and the bridge. The tour ended by going to some of the more famous beaches,

such as the Bondi Beach. We learned later that it was a nude beach. By this time I was so bus sick, and I mean sick! I couldn't wait to get back to the hotel.

Heading south, it took us 2 hours to get out of Sydney. We stopped for the night in a tiny town of Goulburn, a wool shipping terminal. There was a bad rain storm all night, but the next morning was great. We decided to backtrack about 40 miles to an early settlement town of Berrima. It looked a lot like our early old west towns. A very old but wonderful looking old



The Berrima Prison

My Turn on Earth

prison is there and is still used as a youth correction school. I thought it was a museum and tried to get in the huge metal door. Boy! was I glad that it didn't open.

We then headed for Canberra, the capital of Australia which is located in Australia's Capital Territory in the State of South Wales (somewhat the way Washington DC is situated.) The city is designed with lots of parks and wide streets with a big lake in the center. I told Jack that Brigham Young may have laid out the city. We took a drive up to Black Mountain where they have a Telecom Tower. We got a fantastic 360 degree view of the countryside with Canberra all laid out like a painting. We particularly enjoyed driving around looking at all the embassy houses. Most of them, if not all, were of a design representative of their own country. I loved seeing them.

Being Sunday, we spent time just sightseeing. While having dinner we met another very nice couple, we spent 2½ hours eating and chatting. I found the Auzzies to be just as friendly as the New Zealanders.

It was in Canberra that we called Gordon in Rexburg. Bonnie should of had their baby by then. We had been expecting a message from him while in Sydney but we hadn't heard from him, so we decided to call him. They were not home, but in talking to the babysitter, we got the bad news. Vance Allen Buttars was born November 22, 1985 at Madison Memorial Hospital. Little Vance just didn't make it. After putting up a good fight, and giving his family a lifetime of love. After 26 hours on this earth he went back to his Heavenly Father. He was a spirit so great in the sight of God that he did not need to live on this earth. There was no way that we could have made it home. I was glad most of the trip was behind us as it did make a difference to how it affected the rest of my stay.



Vance Allen Buttars

Monday morning after a nice breakfast we headed towards the coast and back to Sydney. We stopped for the night in a small resort town right

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on the ocean at Bateman Bay. After dinner we spent time walking along the beach enjoying the evening, aside from the pesky flies which seemed to be a problem no matter where you go in Australia. We had breakfast in our room and it is a good idea to make use of this service, there is not eating places like at home. We went without breakfast more than once.

We headed north to a place called Pebbly Beach. It is a place where the kangaroos run wild with nice sandy beaches, and is not advertised as a tourist attraction. We only found out about it by talking to people The road was enough to discourage anyone in their right mind. Only 8 kilometers (4.8 miles). When we finally arrived it was just like we were told it would be. Kangaroos all over the place. These roos are somewhat tame as they are fed by those who come to the beach. You have to be careful feeding them or they will grab your bag and even eat it. They liked being petted.



Two little roos

Out in the harbor we spotted 3 dolphins playing about 50 yards off shore as they swam. At first I thought they were sharks. The only ones there besides us and the Roos, was a cute family from Sydney. We had fun as we combed the beach together. We started heading north, passing through a few beach towns arriving back in Sydney about 7:00

p.m. We were lucky that our motel had a place to eat. We picked the motel for its location, being close to the temple.

After a good night's sleep, we went to the Temple for the 9:00 a.m. session. I had such a spiritual feeling come over me that I started crying and couldn't stop. I don't know why, unless the person I was doing the work for was so happy that it affected me. The temple is located on one of the busiest streets in Sydney (Collingham District).



The Sydney Temple

My Turn on Earth



Petting Grandma Koala

That afternoon we visited a Koala Park close by and learned a lot about them, even got to pet “Grandma”. There also was a number of dingo dogs, they are very lovable and don’t bark. We called the airlines to confirm our flight to find out we had made a mistake on our timing and had one more day in Australia and

one less in Fiji. We decided to drive north from Sydney for half the day and then head back.

Before leaving Sydney, we went into a jewelry store close by. We bought a beautiful pair of Australian opal earrings for me and a stone to have made into a tie tack for Jack. Showing our passport and airline tickets afforded us a better price and no sales tax. Of course, it was a lot cheaper than here at home.

December 12th we failed again to order our breakfast to be sent to our room, so we went hungry until we found a place to get a bread roll and a pint of orange juice. We took a side road to a small village called Brooklyn, just in time to catch the mail-boat trip up the beautiful Hawkesbury River. The mail-boat is the only public transportation for people living along this river as there are no roads, only very rugged mountains that the river runs through. I can not even describe the fun and the lessons we learned on that boat trip that day. After our boat trip and a lunch of fish and chips we took a scenic trip around to Old Sydney Town, a reconstructed town of Sydney depicting life as it was in the old days. Being the last day in Australia it was a fantastic day. We cannot compare New Zealand with Australia: they are both unique.

Fiji

On Friday December 13th we arrived early at the airport to check in our car. The export tax was \$20.00 each compared to \$2.00 each in New Zealand. Leaving at approximately 3:00 p.m. our flight to Fiji was about 8 hours with a stop in Auckland, we landed in Nandi, Fiji, around 1:00 a.m. The hotel sent a car to pick us up, the hotel was 5 miles from the airport

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and about the same from town. We did not get much sleep that night but when we woke up that morning I felt like I was living a dream. Our hotel was located on a hillside with a beautiful view of the countryside and the ocean, we could see forever. Outside our window were the most beautiful flowers and trees that I had ever seen. We had breakfast at the hotel restaurant, as we did all our meals while there. The temperature was in the 80s both day and night.

We arranged for a bus tour in the afternoon, but took a cab and spent the morning walking through the shopping area of Nadi with only one street that is 5 blocks long. All the shops closed at noon, so the street is packed with people and cars. The shopkeepers are all East Indian. Jack did buy a carving from Jack's Craft Shop. Our

cabbie came back to take us back to the hotel. We spent the afternoon on a bus tour of the countryside, (the bus was air conditioned—no windows – just like the restaurant and most of the buildings there). The guide was an Indian fellow and was not the best driver and with the dirt and gravel roads, it was a rough ride.

The countryside was a lot different than we saw in the other countries. The main crops were sugar cane, rice, pineapple, and tapioca, plus many types of fruit trees and every kind of tropical flower. There were many small farms and villages scattered about, I even saw them plowing with water buffalo. The vegetation was a lush green and this was the dry side of the Island. On our tour route we past five Indian weddings, they all had signs out "Everyone Welcome". We stopped at an Indian Mosque, we had to take our shoes off and walk across a very hot tiled courtyard. The



The Queen of Fiji

My Turn on Earth

inside was very interesting.

We also stopped at another Fijian village that a hurricane had gone through three years before. There were still signs of destruction, the rebuilding process was really slow. The Fijians have a village chief who lives in a large house in the center of the village and what the chief says goes. They are a very happy, loving, and friendly people, enjoying life in its simplest form, and always have a big smile for you. The Indians are more serious, not as friendly, more business minded, and they run all the businesses.

I think all the people that worked in the hotel were Fijians, and I liked all who I came in contact with. I really liked the waiters in the restaurant, they and the cops on the street all wore white skirts. The only Fijian words I learned was bula (hello) and vinaka (thank you). They all spoke very good English.

The last night there we had a great feast and were entertained by a Fijian concert and dances at the poolside. Their dress was so colorful and with their reflections in the pool that it made it twice as beautiful. Jack and I got to join in on the last two dances. FUN!



Fijian dancers



The King of Fiji

The last day of our vacation finally arrived, Our flight was at 11:45 pm. We had to make every minute count, so we checked out of our room which was really nice, put our luggage in the baggage room and booked an all day boat cruise out to the island of Mana, a small resort island. We saw an old ship wreck on a reef, the aftermath of the hurricane three years prior. The boat tied up to the small pier and we and four or five others were left on our own to do whatever. We soon found out that we couldn't get lost. It took only 15 minutes to walk across the is-

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land and an hour to walk around it, which we did. One side was calm and hot, the other windy and the surf was wild. We had lunch in the only hotel, and again there was all kinds of food. After a big meal, we just laid around under the grass huts and had fun beach combing.

About 3:00 p.m. the boat returned to pick us up, the trip back was very pleasant with the crew entertaining us with beautiful singing. We got back to the hotel about 6:00. We still had time to waste so what else is there to do but eat? So we did. Then on to the airport. Flying from that part of the world makes for a very long day. We had a one hour stop in Hawaii but couldn't leave the airport because of customs. We arrived in Los Angeles at 5:15 and San Jose at 7:10. We left on a Sunday and returned the same day. By the time we made the hour drive home we were two tired turkeys. Jack had to go to work the next day. I was retired, ha, ha.

Home Sweet Home

Five weeks and it was all over but the memories, just like my dream world of fairy tales. I hope you enjoyed the trip with us, I hope you didn't get bored and went home. I am sorry that it was so long but I left a lot out, there was so much more that I would have liked to have added. There were just things I had to write about. This was the same as two vacations in one, as we did not go on one in 1984.

Well back to the real world. It was only nine days before Christmas. There was so much to do to get ready for Christmas, shopping, cards to get out, tree to put up and so much more to do. But I think we got it all taken care of, maybe not in the fashion that I usually did things, but I was still on cloud nine!.

My Turn on Earth

Chapter 23

The Aptos Hilton

Another year, 1986. I don't know where I was all year long, but boy was I "bad"! I didn't keep a journal. I didn't keep letters, even my photo album for that year is not much help, but my guest book was, so on with my stor. I guess maybe I was just too busy having fun. So as I start this chapter in my life I am having a hard time remembering happenings. One thing for sure, this chapter will be much shorter than the previous one.

To start out the year, Connie, Kellie Jo and little Kyle came to stay with us from January 15th until the 29th. Being warm in California we were able to go to the zoo and other places that tiny tots like Kyle 1½ and Kellie 3½. At the zoo, Kellie had a temper tantrum in front of the monkey enclosure. A mommy monkey started scolding her. Mommy scared her so bad she forgot why she was having her tantrum, it was really so funny.



Kyle, Connie, and Kellie

I was still enjoying my ceramic classes once or twice a week. I had started in Sunnyvale. After we moved I just had to find a new place for lessons and supplies. I made a lot of beautiful gifts for friends and family, but much more for myself.

Kathryn and Richard came in February and spent four days with us. We made the rounds to all the interesting places to go. A lot of these places were new to me too. I love all the old missions up and down the

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coast. We took them to Monterrey, Carmel, and the Seventeen Mile Drive along the coast and back to Aptos. We got in as much as we could in the four days. Those became our favorite places to take any one that came long enough.

By coincidence we met Theresa Sims, a lovely elderly lady that lived down the street from us. Jack went to her home to help take the sacrament to her and her husband one Sunday. He was deaf and she blind. So they did not get out. He would walk up to the gate by our place and turn around and go back. We would speak to him with no answer. He could not hear! Anyway he passed away shortly after we met them. Theresa wanted to start going to church again so we would take her every Sunday. At this time her son, Ray, and his wife Rita were living with them, but they soon moved to a place near by. Her only daughter, Murl, lived a long distance across the bay. She was alone but got along quite well by herself. She did her own cooking and cared for herself.



Theresa Sims

I soon started taking her to her appointments and other places she needed to go. Every time I would pick her up, she would have me look her over to see if she looked okay. Once in a while she had to much face power on and I would have to brush some of it off and maybe fix her hair a little, other than that she always looked nice. I was away from my own mother and was unable to do anything for her unless I happened to be in Burley. So I felt very good about being able to help Theresa out. She was the same age as Mother; Mother being twelve days older.

We had what we called "The Lunch Bunch" that consisted of the ladies from our ward. We would meet for lunch once a month, usually at a different place. With all the close knit villages around, we had a lot of choices. After the first time I took Theresa she enjoyed it, so each month she went with me. She become like a second mother to us.

My Turn on Earth

We started making improvements in the house and yard. The yard being about the size of a postage stamp. (How I wish our yard was more that size now that we are 84 and in Boise. Our yard seems to be growing and grows healthy weeds). Jack did all of the work between long overtime work shifts. This was a long process and was not all done the first year. It was a continuing effort that lasted all the time that we were there.

He first put on a new roof, and afterwards decided to put in a sky light above the dining room table and later another one in the big bathroom. This made for a lot of extra work as he had to cut into the new roof. Well, the way I hate prolonged messes I took a vacation to Burley until he got the dining room completed. That was in May, besides I needed to be with Connie and Kellie. I spent time with my mother, my children, grandchildren, and my sisters.

Later in May I went to Rexburg to spend a week with Gordon and Bonnie. He took three days off work so he could spend more time with me. During that week we went to the sand dunes by St.

Anthony, shopping in Idaho Falls, and to Gordy's Talent Sprout concert.



Cindee with her diploma



Yellowstone in May

Later in the week Cindee and Connie and her kids came up as well. On Saturday we all took a trip over to Jackson Hole where we spent about three hours before going up through the Tetons and Yellowstone Park. Some of the roads in the higher elevations were still closed and in some places we went, there was eight feet of snow on either side of the road. In the lower elevations we saw hundreds of bison. It was after dark when we came out at West Yellowstone and it was eleven thirty when we got back to Rexburg. Cindee and Connie went home the next day but I stayed a few days longer.

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Cindee, Bonnie, Gordon, me, and Connie - Jackson Hole, Wyoming – 1986

Cindee graduated from the College of Southern Idaho in Twin Falls with a degree in applied bookkeeping. I was so proud to watch her get her diploma. She worked so hard for it and it had really paid off for her.

When I came home I brought my granddaughter Raydon back with me. We stopped overnight at a quaint motel near Truckee, Nevada, and got home June 3rd. She and I spent a lot of time at the beach. She loved the beach and the park pool. She was 12, and a child that had to be entertained all the time. I let her dress up in my clown suit for the Aptos Biggest Little 4th of July Parade. I took her to the Board Walk in Santa Cruz and went shopping, We were doing something all the time.

The house was still a mess. Eventually the skylight was finished with the beautiful chandelier we brought from Sunnyvale hanging right in the middle of it. It was so beautiful and let in the sunshine! We covered the

My Turn on Earth

brown paneled walls with wall paper, painted the inside of the whole house, put in new windows and doors, (the new doors were regular size). We closed in two doors altogether. He got a great buy on a greenhouse window and replaced the small kitchen window which gave us a large window for plants. We had the kitchen rebuilt and put new tiling on some of the floors. I helped too on a lot of these projects, I wasn't sitting around watching. I think the last improvement was the beautiful fifteen beveled glass front door. Oh how I hated leaving that there! Our home no longer looked like the mobile home that we bought.

We were still involved with Diamite Products and had training meetings once in a while. John and Jackie came by once in a while, as did Ann and Bob and other friends. We still experienced frequent earthquakes just to let us know they were not going to stop.



My Diamite kickoff



Raydon at the Golden Gate Bridge

My niece Ronda Read and her friend Man-itza Davila (from Columbia South America) came on July 17th. The four of us girls left early one morning and drove over to Fremont to ride BART to San Francisco. What fun we had. Raydon was afraid that some one might grab her, she hung pretty tight to me all the time we were there. (There were some pretty peculiar characters everywhere you looked). We walked all over, spending time in China Town, where we had lunch. I tried calamari (squid). I did not like it!!! Any way the time went fast, I for one had a wonderful time, I hope every one else did too.

We took them all back when we left for Burley on July 24th. On the 26th Jack and I went to my 40th Class Reunion in Burley. I did not want to go. Jack sent in our reservations anyway and took me. It was held in the

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Elks Lodge. When we pulled in, I still didn't want to go in. But I did and how glad I was that I did. It was so much fun meeting with so many of my good friends from all through school. The prior reunions that I had attended, the kids still thought they were big shots. By the 40th I guess they had found out that they were no better than the rest of us. We had a great dinner, and program, and I think we danced to live music.



Me and Marjorie at the class reunion

Jack had to go back home and I stayed in Burley. On Thursday August 7th Jay picked Jack up at the Salt Lake Airport and he rode up to Burley for the Frost Family Reunion with them which was Saturday the 9th. It was held out to Pella. Marian and her family were in charge and they always did a great job. Diann won the quilt. The evening was spent out to Turners with a BBQ and boat rides and water skiing for the brave.

We hung around Burley a few days and went to Salt Lake to Jackson's on the 13th. Jack spent two days in the Genealogy Library while Thelma and I went shopping at the Crossroads Mall. We went over to the



Me at 60 or there about

Church Office Building where Ronda worked and she showed us around. I loved going to the top and looking down over the temple grounds below. Later we went to the Distribution Center. We spent some time with Eunice and her family as well. On our last evening in Salt Lake, we and Thelma and Jay went to the famous Mulboons for dinner. The morning of the 16th we loaded up and headed for home.

My Turn on Earth

That was our Vacation for 1986. It was spent with my beloved family, nothing can compare to family time. We got home in time for my 60th birthday. Age is an issue of mind over matter, if you don't mind, it doesn't matter. I don't mind. I feel young, so I guess that is all that matters.

The rest of the year was uneventful but for our usual doings, and visitors. Lorna and Kenneth came in October for three days. We really had a good time showing them all our favorite places. While out on Seventeen Mile Drive, Kenneth had to stop and take out a golf club, walk onto the famous Pebble Beach Golf Course and hit one ball so he could brag that he played on Pebble Beach where all the rich and famous play. Brad came over for one evening, he was living over in the East Bay going to Chiropractic School.

We celebrated our 9th Wedding Anniversary at a nice restaurant on November 25th. Jackie and John Guy had Thanksgiving dinner with us on the 27th, So much food in so little time.



Christmastime

We ended the wonderful "Year of the Family" by going back to Burley for our Frost Christmas Dinner and Party on December 5th. This was the first year that we were able to attend. Marian and Doug were the hosts and what a gala event it was. Marian always goes way out to entertain. We had so much fun with our gift exchange. We stayed at their home that night.

We were back in Aptos for Jack's 60th birthday and Christmas. We had the usual dinners. Ann and Bob Rogers had Christmas dinners for our dance gang almost every year. We also attended our ward dinner and party.

And then there was New Year's Eve. Did I say something about too much food? I was just as bad in 1987 as the year before. No journal and

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not much to go on, only regrets! Since I no longer was employed at Syn-
tex, I no longer had the funds being put in the credit union. So, there are
no more great vacations to write about. One thing that hadn't changed,
we still enjoyed our guests.

LaPreal and Harold Hull were our first guests of the year as they arrived January 18th from Selah, Washington. They didn't bunk at our place, as Harold had a son and family living there in Santa Cruz. But they did spend quality time with us. LaPreal, having a degree in home interior design, was very impressed with our home. She had previously given me a lot of pointers on the



LaPreal and me

subject as I was asked to give a class on design in Relief Society, I don't know why, I was no expert, but with her help, I did a good job. We took them around to our favorite places but mostly spent time visiting. LaPreal and I relived the good old days in Burley. She and I went antique shopping over at Santa Cruz and she helped me pick out my antique china hutch. I lent her a skirt and she went to church with me while Harold was spending time with his family.

That year we spent a lot more time fixing up our home and yard. I joined in with a group of ladies from the park and formed a water aerobics class at the pool. We invited a person from the YWCA to help get us started. We met three times a week. We had a lot of fun while doing our bodies a lot of good. Later a few of the guys started coming, that was okay, they needed to shape up too. After our workouts and "fun" we would sit in the jacuzzi and gab. One day when I got out of the hot water, I found myself being picked up off the cement and lifted into a chair, but I slid right out of the chair. I guess I stayed in the hot water too long. It was too much for me and I passed out cold. I was very careful after that as to how long I stayed in the jacuzzi. That class was one thing that I truly missed when we moved to Boise.

My Turn on Earth



The Relief Society Presidency: Me, Wanda Salden, and Joyce Jenerjohn

I was put in as Second Counselor in the Relief Society Presidency. Wanda Salden was the President and Joyce Jenerjohn was the First Counselor. The three of us got along very well, as one in our calling. I loved those sisters. But the sad part was that I had to give up my little Sunbeam Class to someone else. Most of them remembered me when they

saw me at church.

On the subject of my little Sunbeam angels, I tried to teach them little songs along with the lessons each week and I cannot sing. But those little ones love you unconditionally and my terrible voice did not matter to them. One day one of the daddy's came and sat in on the class, and I thought oh dear what do I do? I decided that I would go ahead and teach the song. That daddy sat there and actually snickered!

In March we had two very lovely visitors. My niece Teresa Frost and her friend Gayla Black, both nurses from Salt Lake City. They brightened our home with their sweet spirits.

Every year when the begonias are in bloom, Capitola sponsors the Begonia Festival where they float beautiful begonia covered floats down the Soquel Creek in downtown Capitola. Every year I had wanted to go, but it was always on Sunday. This year was their 34th annual float and I really wanted to go. I skipped



The grand prize float

church and stood alone (among strangers) on the bridge going over the creek and watched 15 beautiful flower covered floats go by, and I didn't feel one bit guilty.

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Granny Care Bear

I got into making teddy bears. I started by making those darling Care Bears for the grandchildren, and I couldn't stop. I even made myself a gray Granny Care Bear.

Connie, Kellie and Kyle came for two weeks in April during Easter. We had all kinds of fun coloring eggs. On Easter Sunday I went out early to hide the eggs around the yard for them to hunt when they got up, or so I thought. I turned around and there was Kyle following me and picking them up as fast as I put them down. I had to usher him back in the house and start all over so Kellie could get in on the fun. I took them to the Primary Easter Party

and they really had fun. Those little tykes had so much fun running through the swinging doors between our kitchen and the living room. I can still hear them giggling. What fun! The next time they came there were no swinging doors. We closed them off.

In June, Jack's sister Pat from Seattle, Washington and her friend Yuovne Nelson were here on the 5th 6th and 7th. Us girls did our thing while Jack worked. We went the usual places and ate out a lot. Before they left, Yuvone bought my beloved granny care bear and took it to live in Seattle. I was always going to make me an other one, but never did.



Kyle and Kellie at Easter

What a joy it was to have Anne and Bob Rogers come from Hayward, to spend the day with us on June 10th. Jack's son Jack was back in California, so he popped in on us once in a while too.

My Turn on Earth



Melynda and me in our pioneer costumes

Also in June, it was Melynda's turn to come and stay the summer. She wanted to come so bad she bummed a ride as far as Pleasanton, California, with Duane Larson (Diann Harper's husband) and his little boys. We drove over to Larsons to pick her up. The poor little thing was so car sick. That was June 24th and she was only 10 years old. Melynda was not as demanding as Raydon had been the previous year so it was a completely different situation. We did a lot of crafts and she loved to read, so there was a lot of quiet time. We went to the beach and she loved swimming in the pool. I made costumes that consisted of

pioneer bonnets and aprons for both of us and we helped the ward celebrate the 24th of July. I took her to Marine World for a day of fun and out to lunch.

While she was there Jack's brother, George (Al) and his wife Marge came on the 26th from Federal Way Washington. Melynda was very uncomfortable with them and so was I. After a month of fun, Jack's vacation started July 29th so we decided to make it more interesting than the boring route through Nevada when we took her home. We drove up through northern California over across Oregon and into Idaho. The trip was longer but much more enjoyable. We got home in plenty of time for the Family Reunion.

June had been a busy month. Loren Vance Buttars came into the world on June 28th in Rexburg, Idaho, to complete Gordon and Bonnie's family. He was a precious bundle right from the arms of his Heavenly Father. We didn't get to see him until we went up for the family reunion. He was so adorable with his dark eyes and



My last grandchild, Loren

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hair. He also completed our family as he was the last of our grandchildren to be born. Loren was blessed by his father on August 2nd and Jack was able to participate in the blessing. I am so glad that we were able to be there for that sacred event.

The Frost Family Reunion was August 8th at the Pella Ward pavilion. Irma and her family were in charge and they did a great job. There were 120 family members that attended. Thelma won the quilt. I kept a big picture scrap book for years and years of all the reunions. I ran around with my camera and got pictures of everyone and everything. When my generation turned the reunion over to the next generation I handed the book over to Gayle. If I had it now I could comment more on the reunions. After the reunion we hung around and went to the Cassia County Fair with Turners and Jackson's. I loved those days, it was so much like when we were kids.



With Jacksons in Heber City

We went back to Salt Lake with Jacksons, and on the 13th of August we and Thelma and Jay drove over to Heber City and boarded the Old Heber Creeper for an all day train ride up through Provo Canyon. That was really interesting and the scenery was great, in some places it was kind of scary. The train was very old and unique as it rattled

and chugged up and down the hills and around the steep curves. It was a rewarding day. Thelma and I had so much fun. We went back to Salt Lake and soon had to leave for home as Jack's vacation ended Sunday August 16th.

Thanksgiving was so special that year. We drove to Burley again to have Thanksgiving with all my children and grandchildren at Connie's house in Heyburn. The dinner was the traditional, with all the trimmings. The little cousins had a great time playing together. A very funny thing happened just before dinner. Tim showed up in his deputy uniform. Connie's boyfriend went into the kitchen and asked, "Who's that?" Connie explained that he was her brother. He left and Connie never saw him again.

My Turn on Earth

We stayed around for our annual Frost Christmas Dinner and Party. That year it was at Irma and Don's. We all just enjoy each other so much and the good food. The gift exchange was and still is the highlight of the evening. It is so fun to sit around and tell stories on each other.

On our way home we stopped in Reno for the night. We stayed at the Bally Hotel where we took in a fabulous dinner show. I felt so cool. Our room was on the fourth or fifth floor and we could hear the noise from the casino. As we returned home we ran into snow on the Donner Pass and had to chain up.

As that year came to a close I look back at all the nice people that came to see us and the fun things we did throughout the year. I am sure we took a few little weekend trips to Morro Bay and our other favorite places. So on to another year.

Chapter 24

Family Ties

As the new year 1988 arrived, we were both still busy with our church callings, me with Relief Society Homemaking and Jack with being the High Priest Group Leader. We both had ward dinners we had to plan. I had Verlee cut out three snowmen families out of wood. I painted them on both sides and stood them in the middle of the tables on icy blue tablecloths scattered with snowflakes. It was really nice. I was also keeping up on my hobbies, which were ceramics and making teddy bears. And we were still experiencing shakers now and then.

As I started this chapter, I was completely lost as to our doings and goings. I have to keep ahead of my editor and began to panic. In my prayers I mentioned my situation, and low and behold I now have a whole story to write.

It seems that April was our busy month. First we made a quick weekend trip to Ronda Read and Walt Cunningham's wedding on April 9th in the Jordan River Temple. It was very nice and I was happy to see a lot of my family members. We didn't go anywhere in Salt Lake except to the wedding, wedding lunch, and to the reception that evening. We stayed overnight at Thelma and Jay's. We left for home Sunday about 1:00 p.m.

We decided to take a different route home for different scenery. "It was different" alright. We took Highway 50, "posted as the loneliest Road in America". When we travel we do not like staying on the freeways when we can take off roads. We drove as far



*Highway 50:
The loneliest
road in
America*

My Turn on Earth

as Austin, going through Ely and Eureka. Austin is an old mining town right in the mountains. After a “pretty good” nights sleep we headed out Monday morning stopping at Stokes Castle, two or three stagecoach and pony express stations. They were only ruins but interesting. What thrilled me most was seeing a large herd of wild mustangs galloping across the road a ways ahead of us. We arrived in Carson City just in time for lunch. We went on to Lake Tahoe where we played a few slots with no luck, so we just went on home.

We were only home a few days when Cindee came from Pocatello for five days. It was a short visit but we enjoyed every minute of it. We just goofed off in places like Carmel, San Juan Bautista, some old missions, and of course the beaches. I was sad when I had to take her back to the San Jose Airport on Sunday.



*George Gilmour's Family:
Jason (13) Becky, George,
and Chad (1 ½)*

On Thursday April 26th we started for a well deserved vacation to Texas after not having one for two or three years. Our destination was Austin to visit George and Becky and the boys. Jason just turned 13 and Chad was 13 months. We hadn't seen them since Stephanie's death almost six years earlier. On this vacation it was Jack's turn to see his family.

We drove that night as far as Ventura, California just out of Los Angeles. We visited with Jack's cousin Peggy Langenbacker (What a name) whom he hadn't seen in forty three years. They had a lot to catch up on. We did stay in a motel as she was in a small apartment. We got a late start getting on our way the next morning as she insisted that we have breakfast with her. We drove through Phoenix and down to Tucson. We did stop in Mesa long enough to see the Temple, but stayed in Tucson for the night. We had very loud rude neighbors on both sides of us in the motel. As we left early the next

Celia

morning, to get even Jack changed all the “Do Not Disturb” signs on their doors to “Maid Service”.

On Saturday we drove forever through nothing until we got to Fort Stockton, Texas. It was a town a lot like Burley, Mexicans and all. We got our motel and then drove around looking at all the historical sites. It was very interesting with a lot of history. We saw a Frosty Freeze across the street and decided that would taste exceptionally good that time of evening. As we made a turn in the street we ran over something , after an inspection Jack discovered a piece of re-bar sticking out of one of the rear tires. Lucky for us there was an Exxon Station just across the street. Yup! We had to buy a new tire. The other one was fairly new.

On Sunday morning we got up and went to church in a tiny little branch of the church. The people were very friendly. There were about twenty five adults and the same number of children. It was Fast and Testimony Sunday and almost every person bore their testimony and the sacrament meeting lasted an hour and a half.

We drove on over to Austin, getting there late in the afternoon. The kids seemed happy to see us, After chatting a while, we left and got our motel room, and went back for the evening. On Monday morning we got up and went to San Antonio to see the Alamo. The whole town seems to be built around it and the San



The Alamo

Antonio River. We walked across the street from the Alamo to a big hotel that has a stream with a beautiful waterfall running through it and out to the river. The river walk was really beautiful with all the flowers and plants everywhere. We just took our time and took it all in. We ended up at the Holiday Inn where we had lunch. After a good lunch we went back down to the river and rode a river taxi that took us all around the river as it wound around the city. It was a really fun day. We drove back to Austin in time to watch Jason play ball, after visiting and playing with Chad until quite late, we went to our motel for the night.

On Tuesday morning, they came by and picked us up in a mini van that George borrowed from his company. They took us over to Houston to

My Turn on Earth

see the Johnson Space Center, that was unbelievable. We could spend days there and not see everything. We looked in the actual space capsules and how they functioned in space, etc. We even got to go into the Mission Control Center to see how they operate. I sure learned a lot about the Space Program and a lot of Texas history that day.



Lunch in Galveston

They had been there many times so they knew what was of most interest to us. After spending as much time there as possible we drove over to Galveston where we had lunch of gulf shrimp, right over the Gulf of Mexico. It was a very beautiful day—couldn't have asked for any better. The water in the gulf to me looked very dirty. George had the time calculated just right, Jason had to be back to play ball again but we didn't make it. (That

restaurant is no longer there, it fell prey to hurricane Ike).

On Wednesday morning George came and picked us up and took us to work with him. I did not want to go! But what else could I do? I went! George sold computers and copy machines. I was very intimidated when he wanted me to try one. You guessed it. We bought one of each. We took the copy machine with us, but had to scrape up some money for the computer.

After talking computers, George took us out to lunch. Then he took us up to the capitol building and dropped us off to see what we could do on our own. The rotunda



Texas State Capitol Building in Austin

Celia

was amazing. You stand right underneath it. If you stand in the center of the star on the middle of the floor and speak in your natural tone, it sounded like you had a bucket on your head, it was unreal. He came by and picked us up and gave us a tour around town. We stopped at the tallest building and went to the top where we could see the whole city. When we got back to their home, Becky had a wonderful dinner ready for us and again we visited until late.

They had lost their home the year before through bad investments, and were living in a small apartment. That is the reason we stayed at a motel. I felt much better in a motel than staying with them. They made us welcome and Becky is a good cook.

On our way home we stopped at the LBJ Ranch and took a tour. He was not my President, but it was still interesting to see where he was born, went to school, and his gravesite. Lady Bird was living there at the time. We saw her take off in a private aircraft. Texas Blue Bonnets plus many more wildflowers were all over. It was a lovely sight. We learned a little more Texas history.

We drove back to Fort Stockton Thursday night. Friday morning we took another route taking us through Pecos, "Home of the Worlds First Rodeo" and up through Carlsbad New Mexico. We did not stop there because we had been to the caves a few years before. We drove to Albuquerque where we stayed Friday night. Saturday morning we got out early to photograph Old Town Albuquerque and all of the neat places and old things, but most of all the old cathedral. We went early so we could take pictures without cars and people in our photos. We spent more money there than on the whole trip. I fell in love with that place, but the only thing I would want in all of Texas is one oil well.

Then we headed out again driving to Winslow, Arizona, stopping at the Painted Desert, the Petrified Forest and at a meteor crater. I could not believe the awesomeness of it all, you can sure see God's hand in everything if you just look. Sunday we drove clear through Arizona, and Kingman, past the Hoover Dam, through Henderson, Nevada, where they had had a terrible explosion a few years ago that blew up the town. We drove across the tip of Nevada into California staying at Barstow, a desert town.

Monday we headed out and through Bakersfield and on over to the

My Turn on Earth

coast. The remainder of the trip was beautiful ocean views. The ocean was so clear that day you could see forever. I had not been down the coast that far or through Big Sur. We stopped a lot to just take in the beauty and take pictures. We got home about 8:00 p.m. and boy was I glad to be home and sleep in our water bed



Big Sur, California

May was the month for some special guests, my little sister Marian, Doug and Corine Harper, and I think one or two of the other girls came. Also the Larson family, Diann, Duane and their boys, Mike and Teddy. It was the first time any of them had been there. Poor Doug could not stand our grandfather clock striking every hour and again on the quarter and a half. We had to shut it off, then the ticking bothered him. Too bad, we weren't going to stop the clock. They live out there in Malta where there is no sound but the wind. Once again we had beds all over the floors. They all had a good time at the beach and other places. Our friends Jackie and John and Jack and Aurora all stopped by on Memorial Day. Anne and Bob Rogers also came during the summer.

In July we took an unexpected trip to South Shore, Lake Tahoe. Jack and Aurora decided to get married, I helped Aurora find a cute and appropriate dress. We knew this wasn't going to be a good marriage but what do you do? We kept our mouths shut and went along. They picked a tiny wedding chapel with a very funny hippy like pastor or what ever he was. Bonnie thought that our wedding was odd, she should have been to this one. Both of us, Aurora's parents and a couple of their friends were the only ones present. After they were married, they ran off to a hide-a-way place and us and her parents got rooms at a motel. The wedding took place July 24th. And Jack looked very handsome!

One Sunday morning an older gentleman walked into church. He was all alone and Jack being the High Priest Group leader took him under his wing. His name was Clyde Mitchell and he was looking for some

Celia



Clyde

piece of mind as his wife was an invalid who he cared for 24 hours a day. He liked what he found in the church and in just a few weeks asked to be baptized. Jack was going to baptize him, but was called into work at the last minute. Clyde was baptized in the Bishop's hot tub. Now isn't that unique? Both our chapel and the Stake Center were being remodeled and there wasn't a font available at that time. Geraldine passed away shortly after that. Jack kept being his friend and he became another elderly person that we looked after.

We left for Burley on the 5th of August for the Family Reunion which was held at Rock Creek Campground south of Twin Falls. There were very nice cabins and a lodge. The Frosts were in charge and it was very well organized. We even had a cook and entertainment from Washington. Gayle won the quilt and there was 130 in attendance. Loren gave us a real scare. We thought that he had got into some rat poison. Thankfully, he didn't show any signs of getting sick.

Jack went back to California without me, I wanted to stay with my family longer. I stayed with Mother and with each of the kids a few nights. While at Mother's, she held a little birthday Party for my 62nd birthday with my children and a few of my friends, who I was really happy to see again. I don't remember how I got around without a car, but I went to Rexburg and spent time with the Buttars, Bonnie made me a Pumpkin Pie Birthday cake with candles, but not 62. I don't recall all the fun things I did at each place but I know I had a great time where ever I was.



Birthday Pie

My Turn on Earth

I got to Salt Lake somehow and stayed with Thelma and Eunice. When my time was up, Thelma took me to the train depot and sent me home. It was an enjoyable ride over Donner Pass and on into Oakland where Jack picked me up. He had a beautiful birthday cake and a lovely Lenox bowl waiting for me.

Jack had back surgery Oct 12 at the Dominican Hospital in Santa Cruz where they cleaned out all the calcium between his vertebrae. He had a three months sick leave from work.

He wasn't down long because he had to help me with the "Dickens Fair" held the 5th and 6th of November in Cupertino, over by Sunnyvale. I had been to it when we lived in Sunnyvale. I had been making bears to sell at the fair. We had put in for a booth months ahead and got a space. We rented period costumes and they were pretty snazzy. Jackie and John were helping us and also looked snazzy. The fair is a big deal each year, people come with every imaginable item to sell. There were bands and enter-



Our Dickens costumes



Bears by Celia at the Dickens Fair in Cupertino

tainment of all kinds. We had a good booth site and got there soon enough to get everything in order. We had so much fun, but we only sold \$400.00 worth of bears in two days. We took 2nd place, worth \$50.00 for our costumes. Trades for other items amounted to another \$150.00. With the bears that I had sold prior to the fair, my total sales at that time was \$750.00. We made enough to

Celia

buy our new dining room chairs. It was a learning experience for which I got a bad sunburn on the back of my neck. I had a lot of bears leftover but was able to sell some at our Park Craft Fair. I think everyone in the family has or had one of my bears. A lot of them were given away at the family reunions. I loved my bears and hated to say good by to each of them.

At the previous year's Christmas Dinner, we told everyone that in 1988 the dinner would be held in Aptos. That was the third year that we had lived in Aptos, and it was our turn. Time was fast approaching. In preparation Jack bought two sheets of oak plywood supported by sawhorses to use as a table in addition to our table beautifully set for seventeen. We got the Christmas tree up and decorated along with the rest of the house.



Frost family gathering in Aptos

Thelma and Jay were the first to arrive, coming on Tuesday November 29th. Mother, Eunice and Earl flew in on December 1st. Gerald, Verlee, Irma and Don all came together on the 3rd as did Lorna and Kenneth and Kathryn and Dick. We were glad that Jacksons came early because we put them to work helping with last minute

things. We served a ham dinner with all the trimming. After dinner we had our traditional gift exchange that was mostly home made, which made for so much more fun. Needless to say our family loves each other and it shows when we are all together. Frosts, Lindsays, Goodfellows and Turners all stayed in a motel in Watsonville. Sunday morning we all went to church and came home to a huge spaghetti dinner that Jack had prepared. After feasting, we went sightseeing to the different beaches. Mother really enjoyed that. Frosts, Turners and Lindsays took off for home. We took Mother and the Reads to the San Jose Airport Monday at noon, and at that time the Goodfellows also left. We and Jacksons drove

My Turn on Earth

up to Oakland to see the temple grounds, with all the palm trees lit up, it was so beautiful. Jacksons left on Tuesday morning and I was so lonesome. I had made a ceramic old world Santa Clause for a door prize and Mother got it. She was thrilled!

Two days after everyone had left, Jack cut up the two sheets of wood and made floor to ceiling book-

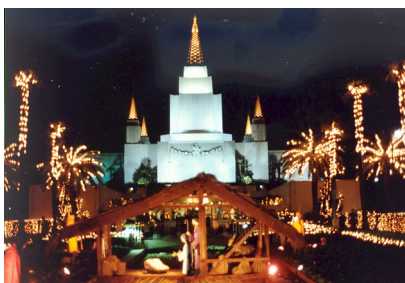
shelves for his office. It now is a pantry with doors added and seat in the back entrance hall of our home in Boise. We almost left it with the home in Aptos. What a mistake that would have been.

If that wasn't enough to put us in a great Christmas Spirit, on the 11th we went to a Christmas Cantata that the Santa Cruz Stake put on. The Music was so beautiful, there was so much talent in that stake. The children's choir was just so sweet. I love Christmas so much. It's not the gifts and tinsel. It's the music and the lights that remind us of the Christ Child born so many years ago. Friends and family coming together. That is what Christmas is to me.

Christmas day, Clyde came over after church and had dinner with us. We went from the traditional turkey or ham to prime rib. For our New Year's dinner we fixed rock cornish hens and dressing. It was very cold the day after Christmas. The whole nation was having a cold spell at that time. Jack had built a little greenhouse for our plants for the winter. On



Snowing in Aptos



The Oakland Temple at Christmastime

the morning of the 26th we woke up to a winter wonderland. Jack Frost dressed all the trees and bushes in his finest fashion . It was gorgeous but it froze all my plants. Can you believe that on December 27th it actually snowed in Aptos? Well it did. For about one hour. I wish God had sent it on Christmas as a special gift.

Celia

Chapter 25

Island Princess



 Island Princess

Sunday January 1, 1989 another bright New Year bringing us new hopes and expectations, after staying up to watch 1988 die and 1989 born, I didn't want to get up and go to church, but I could not start the new year out that way. January 8th was our Fast and Testi-

mony meeting because of New Years. Jack and I bore our testimony's. It was hard to get up and walk up there to let the Lord know just how grateful I was for all my blessings. I was weak with fright but what a wonderful feeling. It is a good thing that Jack and I are best friends because we don't have any family a round to enjoy holidays with.

Jack finished our "table" bookshelves and we got the books put into their new home, very nice work. He takes pride in his work and it shows. On January 5th I lost my playmate, Jack had to return to work after his three month recuperation period.

I had a good scare, I had received both of my checks that was spending money for my vacation. \$445.00 in all. I put them away until time to go. I could not remember where I put them, I looked two or three times in all my little secret hiding places. They were not there. We searched the house up and down, even the trash cans. I knew they had to be in the house someplace. I started to panic as time was running out. I went into the bedroom and sent up a prayer for help. I went back into the office and opened up a drawer and there they were. I know that we had looked there before. Talk about a happy me. I went back in the bedroom and sent up another prayer of thanks.

My Turn on Earth

My lifetime dream vacation was about to come true. We, along with Jacksons, Turners, Harpers, and Goodfellows had planned a Caribbean Cruise for January. We left Aptos and was on the freeway at 1:00 p.m. on our way to Salt Lake. We drove as far as Elko, Nevada. It was a beautiful moonlit night with brilliant stars all the way. We bedded down at the Red Lion Motel, getting up at 5:30 to a bitter cold, frosty wonderland. We seldom got to see the beauty of winter. It was a cold drive as the car didn't warm up for hours. We arrived at the Jacksons around noon. One by one, everyone arrived. At 10:00 p.m. Scott and his daughters came with a van and station wagon to haul all eight of us and our luggage to the airport where we met up with Goodfellows and other fellow passengers, plus Pixie, our tour guide.

I still could not believe that it was true. Our poor mother worried about half of her family all on one plane.

We and the Harpers were the only ones without boarding passes. We were assured that we would get on, but watching the plane fill up and we were still standing there, the only ones left. We did get in "First Class." Not bad for all the worrying we did. We flew Delta 727, flight # 326.

Saturday 21st 12:30 amTake Off!!! I was so excited, I love to fly. Very soon we were above the fog and it became clear. As we passed over the cities, towns, and farms below. We could see their lights twinkling like zillions of jewels in their white blanket of snow. The whole scene below all the way to Atlanta was awesome. The snow disappeared as we approached the South and it was replaced with greenery. Having perfect seats, we could view with ease. I couldn't sleep, I was afraid I might miss something.

We landed in Miami at 7:30 am. When we went to claim our luggage we found that some had been mistakenly sent to Fort Lauderdale. You guessed it. Our big bag along with Harpers', and Goodfellows' were missing. We waited around the baggage room until the buses came to take us to the Continental Hotel where we were to wait until time to go to the ship. At the hotel, we were given buffet snacks as the wait was lengthy. We could see our Island Princess across a bay along with a replica of the old sailing ship, the Bounty.

Again we boarded buses that took us around to the dock where the

Celia

Princess was docked. We boarded at 12:00 noon and went directly to the Coral Dining Room where we were served our first ship's meal. The staterooms were not ready, so more waiting and our luggage had not yet caught up to us, and the ship was about ready to sail. I was really starting to worry! It would be bad if we had to wear the same clothes the



Our stateroom

whole trip! At 2:00 p.m. we were taken to our staterooms. Our stateroom was starboard, Deck 4, Fiesta Deck #103. It was an outside room so we had portholes. We were close enough forward that we could hear the waves slapping against the ship's hull. We also had more motion, which was good for rocking me to sleep. Harpers were in the next stateroom over, the others were farther down and Jacksons were on the other side.

Our luggage did make it on board just before we weighed anchor. The ship's horn blew its blasts at 4:00 p.m. as we left Miami. Music was playing and everyone was out on deck while hundreds of red white and blue balloons were set adrift. We were off! It was truly exciting, I felt like the princess that I am.



 Island Princess

Captain Hook stopped by our table on Island Night

We had first seating for our meals and were assigned to tables 44 and 46. Everyday we went to breakfast at 8:00a.m., lunch at 12:00 noon, and dinner at 6:00 p.m. sitting at tables 44 and 46. If you missed a meal, you would have to have snacks on the Sun Deck. There would be open seating once in a while. The Captain and most of the crew were Scottish. Most of the waiters, chefs, maitre d's, and bus-

My Turn on Earth

boys were Italian. Our waiters throughout the cruise were Danny and Dino, our busboys were Max and Rafael (Mexican). They were all neat guys and got to know us real well. We were pretty dumb about ordering. About the third meal we wised up, with all those fancy names we had to ask before ordering. We did not have one bad meal the whole time.

The first night, Jack and I were really tired so we went to our stateroom and conked out. We missed out on the first night activities, such as meeting the crew and a tour of the ship, lots of fun, entertainment, and excitement. Lorna and Kenneth went, and bragged about it.

When we woke up Sunday morning, we were out to sea. I had a hard time standing up in the shower and walking down the long corridors. There were a lot of things going on, us gals did go to a “Grandmothers Get Together”. We did not go to the “Captains Welcome Aboard Cocktail Party” so we did not get to meet the captain and get our picture taken with him. That night was formal dress, we dressed for dinner and what a wonderful dinner it was. We went to the Carousel Lounge to see the “Princess on Parade”. Every night the same group of performers put on wonderful, wonderful productions. You could not see anything better in Los Vegas or New York City. Every night at mid-night, they put out a big all you can eat mid-night buffet with a different theme each night. They also had a buffet set up on the Sun Deck at all times. So there is no need to go hungry

One night was “London Pub Night” with passenger participation. We hurried to get front row seats. First thing we knew Nick Charles, the cruise director was standing in front of Jack...saying, “I heard today that you always wanted to lead a band...now is your chance.” leading Jack to the bandstand. All the way Jack was saying, “You have the wrong guy”. Well he took the baton and starts to lead and you never heard such a racket in your whole life. So he returned him back to his seat and I am rolling out of my seat with laughter. Nick asked me, “He hasn’t much rhythm has



Leading the band

Celia

he?" I answered "No". He says "I don't know what you are laughing for, it's your turn now." He took me up there and said "Now tap this baton three times and say Go." and the whole band got up and left. "Now look what you did!" Nick said, he talked them into coming back. I started over and they played beautifully. Nick stood beside me and all the time he was bumping me so I bumped him back. All this time he was holding his hand behind me and it looked like he was holding my butt. He didn't really touch me, but everyone was cracking up. He finally let me go back to my seat but the band played on. I had to stop them. It was really fun. They gave me a nice Island Princess pen and Jack a key chain. You should have seen what they did to Kenneth. Anyway there were fun things and dancing going on in all the lounges all the time. You could pick what you wanted to do or see.

After two fun filled days at sea, we sighted land. Our first stop was St. Maarten, The Princess dropped anchor at 7:45 a.m.. We had breakfast on the Sun Deck because it was quicker. We were taken ashore by a tender and walked into town. It was 70 degrees. The island is only 37 square miles. There is a lot of interesting history there . We went in to few of the shops as we didn't have a lot of time to tour. In one of the shops, I held a cute baby girl, Michelle. (French.) We all walked back to the dock and waited for the tender. I bought a pretty black and mother of pearl necklace on dock for \$20.00. The tender took us back to the ship at 1:30. Ship pulled up anchor at 2:00 and resumed course for Mayreau in the Grenadines.



Me and Michelle

We went to the show in the Carousel Lounge to see a "Happy Days" production. It was a great show. Nick sang to Kathryn, Lorna, and Thelma; kissing their hands. But he sat on my lap and kissed me on the cheek. Jack was tired and went to the stateroom. I stayed and got in on the Teddy Bear Dance. Two gals and one guy. It was lots of fun. I went to the mid-night buffet just to look, Ya, right? It was a French Theme. It was

My Turn on Earth

an Eiffel Tower made out of food. I went down to my stateroom to be rocked to sleep.



Us gals: Me, Marion, Kathryn, Thelma, and Lorna

great but fierce. I got caught by a wave that dashed me and my floater into the hard sand, hurting my bottom. I floated farther from shore than I liked and when I was knocked off my floater and couldn't touch bottom, I panicked.

Kathryn, Marian, Doug, and myself walked up a very steep winding road to the top of the island. On the very top was a church and a school with no glass in the windows. The smaller children were in school and we could hear them reciting. We watched them and their teacher come out the windows to go to another building. We talked to a seven year old boy that wanted Kathryn to write to him. His name was Kenry. There were pigs and cows tied up to trees and stakes, and goats and chickens all over.

Wednesday the 25th was an all day island day. The weather was perfect; 79 degrees. Us gals went to a flower making class in the morning while the guys did their thing. The ship dropped anchor at 12:00 noon in Saline Bay off Mayreau Island. We went ashore by tender. Mayreau is a small private island with less than 100 inhabitants. It is one and a half miles from tip to tip. The Princess Lines leased the beach for all their Beach Day parties. The ship's crew set up and served a great beach barbecue. We ate and most of us went swimming. The water was



The Island Princess underway at sea

Celia

Down on the beach, the islanders had their crafts set up for sale and a calypso band played music all afternoon on their steel drums. At 3:00 p.m. all of us took a tour on a glass bottom boat that took us out to the reefs of Mayreau where we viewed Mayreau's own underwater spectacle of colorful tropical fish and exquisite coral structures. The harbor was beautiful and had a lot of very large sail boats from around the world. We even watched nude sunbathers on a French ship. We got back at 5:30 just in time to catch the last tender back to the ship. The ship remained in harbor for an Island atmosphere for our Island Night. The dinner was out of this world. The waiters were dressed in floral shirts. We were all given leis and the "fairer sex" were given carnations for our hair. Some of the ship's officers performed Scottish country dances. Jack and I watched all of this from the Sun Deck above.

The ship pulled up anchor just before mid-night . What a wonderful full day, it was just great! Mayreau is what paradise is all about!!! Off to bed and on to the next port—Martinique. On Thursday 26th the Island Princess entered Fort de France the main port of Martinique and was along side the berth by 8:00 am. We didn't need tenders, we just walked off onto the dock. There was a lot of history here. Martinique is French with a population of 310,000. Their language is French with a smattering of English. Napoleon's empress, Josephine was born there.

We took a bus tour that took us along the circuitous coast through fishing villages. We went shopping at St, Piere and visited a museum that commemorates the total destruction of the city by a volcanic explosion in May 1902. What had been a town of 40,000 was wiped out that morning leaving only one survivor. A prisoner in an underground



Our gang: Kathryn, me, Lorna, Kenneth, Dick, Jay, Thelma, Doug, and Marion

My Turn on Earth

cell. I am giving you a history lesson as we go along here.

From St. Piere the tour took us along a twisting road into the mountains past banana, pineapple and sugarcane plantations. I don't know when I had ever seem such unique tropical flowers and trees.

We had them drop us off downtown at 1:00 pm. They failed to tell us all the shops and businesses close every day between 1:00 and 3:00. We also failed to order our sack lunches from the ship the night before, so we ate bananas and strolled the open air shops where we enjoyed a huge squabble between shopkeepers. One probably cut prices. It would have been fun if we could have understood French.

We walked around a very beautiful park there. I thought Martinique had the most beautiful flowers and trees, the park also had a lot of statues. It was one and a half miles back to the ship, we debated over walking or getting a taxi. The decision was to walk. I was really tired by the time we got back. The ship pulled away from the dock at 4:30 pm. I was watching as we left port from my porthole. I even saw some flying fish.

We did not go to the "Captain's Farewell Party". We never did even meet the captain.

The "Captain's Gala Dinner" was one of the best. It ended with a parade of flaming baked Alaska, carried by all the waiters. It was amazing. I never saw anything like it. Our table was given complimentary bottles of non alcoholic wine. In the Carousel Lounge we saw the Princess Cruises' latest production. The 1940's spectacular "In the Mood". They did some very funny, crazy acts. Jack and I went to a show in the Carib Lounge but didn't think it was funny so we went to bed.

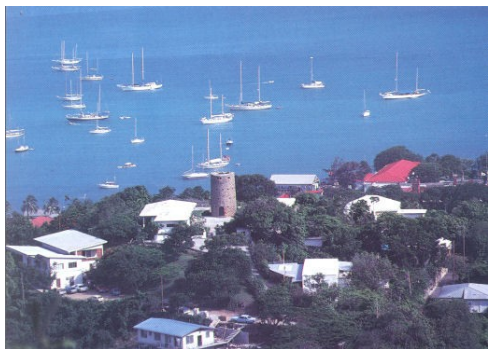
Friday the 27th was a very sad day for me, our last day on the ship. After breakfast Jack and I went to our stateroom to start packing our bags. We missed out on the San Juan disembarkation talk and the Caribbean shopping hints because we didn't read our newsletter. The others went.

The Island Princess berthed at St. Thomas at 10:15 am. St Thomas is second largest of approximately fifty islands of the Virgin Islands. The Virgin Islands were discovered by Columbus on his second voyage. He named them in honor of the 11,000 virgins who were martyred in the early days of the Christian Church. The town that we visited was the leg-

Celia

endary Charlotte Amatie which is converted warehouses that once stored pirate booty.

That morning, we were the last to leave the ship because we were waiting for the Jacksons. Lorna went back to look for them. We decided that they must of gone ahead. The eight of us took a taxi downtown, what a jungle, but I loved it. Narrow streets and shops, shops and more shops. I did buy. We didn't see any of our group until about 11:00 am when we first ran into the Turners. The four of us taxied back to the ship for lunch. Jay, Jack, and Kenneth had a snorkel tour scheduled for 1:00 pm. We ladies along with Doug and Dick had an Island tour scheduled. Back on board the ship we went to the Sun Deck for lunch and found the Jacksons. Instead of meeting at the appointed place they waited for us in their stateroom and got left behind. Marian and Doug went ahead on the tour, Thelma, Lorna and I decided not to take the tour because it would take the whole afternoon so we found the cab driver we had had before and hired him to take us on a private tour for \$10.00 each.



Black Beard's Castle on St. Thomas

tired so we hailed a taxi back to the ship.

We all made it back to the ship and met up for our last dinner aboard. I was really sad. It was as usual, a lovely informal dinner. We went to the Carousel Lounge to see the Farewell Showtime "Dancing Down Broadway" starring Joy and Nick. Their performance also included "Evita" "Cats" and "For Me and My Gal". Jack and I did not go to any of the other entertainment. Our bags were packed and gone. We were tired and went to bed to let that wonderful ship rock us to sleep for the last

He took us to some of the most important points of interest, such as Blue Beard's Castle, and on top of the mountain. We could see Black Beard's Castle and he pointed out many things from the mountain top. He took us back downtown to finish our shopping. We soon lost Lorna so Thelma and I window shopped until we got

My Turn on Earth

time. We were on the way to dreamland and San Juan, Puerto Rico .

Saturday January 28th

As our wonderful trip drew to a close, I felt all sorts of emotions. I had loved ever minute of that delightful cruise. We had to be at breakfast at 6:30 am and say our goodbyes to our waiters, Danny and Dino, Max and Rafael and to Erik our cabin boy that kept our



Rafael Danny Max and Dino

room clean, and our beds made, with fresh fruit in our room and was our mail carrier, etc. He was a tall English lad, I really liked him. This was the time to tip all these people that looked after us all week. Pixie, our cute little Hawaiian tour guide from the very beginning was always there when we needed her. Jennifer Nud, the Social Director from Sacramento, California, was a good friend to us gals, she was also LDS. This was our goodbyes to people that made our trip what it was.



Saying goodbye to the Princess

to the dock where all the luggage had been unloaded and find our own and tag it. Then we had to listen to more instructions about lunch and when to be at the airport. When everybody was ready, we boarded buses that took us to downtown San Juan (it was called a free tour) to Hotel La Concha. The Hotel was on a very beautiful beach with shops near by. We had a pretty good buffet lunch there. Pixie arranged for a private tour in a taxi bus. He took us to two old marvelous forts. I won't go into the history of Puerto Rico, as interesting as it was. He drove us down a narrow cob-

We had to wait for disembarkation, all non US Citizens were first, next to leave were passengers that had early flights. So at last, us with orange tags got to go as we said our goodbyes to the crew and handed in our ship's ID cards. That was not the end of our waiting. Next we had to go down

Celia

blestone street that was lined with shops.

We stopped at a jewelry shop where they had a non alcoholic piña coladas waiting for us. It was hot and they tasted so good. That was winter time for the Caribbean, the average temperature was 77 degrees and above. He took us through the modern San Juan and to the airport.

We spent a lot of time sitting around airports, hotel lobbies, and ship lounges just waiting to go some place. There again, we had a two hour wait for our flight. Our flight to Atlanta left at 6:40 pm where we had an other hour layover. Another three and a half hours in the air. We landed in Salt Lake at 11:45 pm. Scott and Judy came to chauffeur us back to the Jacksons. Everyone went right to bed and went to sleep. We arose around 7 or 8, Sunday morning .(Who was keeping time at this point?) We ate a bit of breakfast, visited a few minutes, and headed for Aptos. With a couple of stops along the way, we got home at 12:30 am, unloaded the car and went to bed.

Our mother was very happy that we all arrived safely, and we ten came back with much more love and appreciation for one another.



Pixie, our tour guide

My Turn on Earth

Chapter 26

The Big Shaker

We settled back in to our lifestyle, Jack's work and me, I'm happiest when I am creating things beautiful and useful. We were still doing things for Theresa, and Clyde is a permanent Sunday dinner guest. Jack had a little scare with his heart, but that too settled down.

Cindee and Steve came from Pocatello for a few days in February. We just did the usual things. In April we drove to Los Angeles to go to the temple. I guess the Oakland Temple was closed. We did some sightseeing while there.

Jack put on a spaghetti dinner for a High Priest Social down in the park's Club House on July 14th. We were expecting Thelma and Jay as they were on their way to Los Angeles to serve a mission in the Los Angeles Temple Visitors Center. We left a note on our door telling them to come to the club house. They got here right in the middle of the dinner, so they got in on the fun also.



With Thelma and Jay

We went to a flea market and out to the Old Mission San Juan Bautista and around Santa Cruz. Saturday evening we all went to the newly remodeled Stake Center dedication and out to dinner someplace on the water in Santa Cruz. It was a clear night and we could see all the beautiful twinkling lights of Monterey across the Monterey Bay. We sure enjoyed them, and

Celia

missed them when they left on Sunday.

On July 24th we fixed dinner for three Elders and Clyde. A couple of days later we were headed for Seattle. Jacks vacation started July 26th and we had a lot of places to go. The Gilmour Clan had decided to hold their first ever family reunion, so that was our first destination. It was held in Bothell, Washington, outside of Seattle. His nephew Dave and his wife, Bev, were the hosts. They had a large lot with the cutest 100 year old house. It was the first house that I had seen with two toilets in the bathroom. I have only seen one other since. The whole house was so quaint, but really cute. The yard was something else. He did rock work and had built a huge waterfall that was an ideal place to take photos and for kids to climb on.

The reunion went very well. The gals did a wonderful job on the food. Everyone was there except for three families that live out of state. It was nothing like our reunions, but was good. Carolyn Gilman, a cousin from Minnesota was also present.

After the reunion, we went over to Federal Way and stayed a night with his brother, Al and Marj. They took us to some neat places with waterfalls. We left there and were going to go to the brand new Portland temple. It took us forever to find it and when we did, it was closed for cleaning after the open house. It was foggy that morning and the temple looked to me like it was veiled with a sacred shroud. So we just took pictures of it and went on our way.

Our next stop was Selah, Washington, near Yakima, where we found LaPreal and Harold there in their 100 year old house. It was a two story stone house with a beautiful yard. It was magnificent. LaPreal took me to some antique shops and around Yakima. After one night, we were off to Burley.

This was also time for the Frost Family Reunion in August as usual.



Al and Marge

My Turn on Earth

We just can't miss that! It was on the 4th and 5th up at the Oakley Stake Ranch. Goodfellows were in charge and Guy won the quilt. The evening was spent around campfires eating roasted wieners, marshmallows, and s'mores. The day had its planned events including a pot luck dinner and the raffle. After a great time with family (we sure missed Thelma and Jay who were serving a mission in Los Angeles) Jack had to be back to work on the 8th. We did a lot of traveling and saw a lot of family in those two weeks with two family reunions.



Gordy, Loren, and Olivia

Gordon was working for Diet Center in Rexburg and had to go to a conference in Anaheim, California, down south near Disneyland in September. Bonnie and the kids came with him on this trip. They drove down and they left Gordy, Olivia, and Loren with us for the week. What a mean trick Bonnie pulled on me. She had nursed Loren, who was nearly weaned all the way from Rexburg and left him high and dry with me. Not knowing why Loren was screaming his little head off all the time, I didn't know what to do for him. After the second or third day he settled down somewhat. He was two. We had a lot of fun with them. They were real good kids and minded us

better than they did their mom and dad. What I hated was Loren's dirty diapers. He wanted to be held and rocked every night. He was such a joy, woke up cheerful and was good all day.

On Monday I took them to the beach all afternoon. They had so much fun. Wednesday was a day that I worried about getting through, but it went very well. I had to help serve lunch at Relief Society and decorate the tables and clean up afterwards. That afternoon Jack and I both had dentist appointments in Sunnyvale. So we took them along with us. They

Celia

were real good with both of us in the chairs. Afterwards we did a little shopping, they stayed right with us and didn't ask for a thing.

The next day I took them to Monterey to the Aquarium. Even little Loren loved it. It poured down rain all the way home from Monterey. They had a lot of fun just at home. The week had really gone fast, and boy was I tired. God knew what he was doing when he made young parents. Gordon and Bonnie got back, the kids were happy to see them. Gordon had taken an extra week off so they could stay with us. One day we went to the beach and another time we took them to San Francisco. When they left, I missed them for a few days.

On August the 31th we were on the road again for Salt Lake, This time it was to take Clyde to the Temple. He had been baptized a year earlier and was anxious to get his temple work done. We met his two sons there that he hadn't seen in 35 years. Ed and Betty from Montana and David and Joyce from Los Angeles. Clyde did his endowment and was sealed to both of his wives. We all went to Muldoons in Trolley Square as guests of Ed and Betty for a great dinner with all the shrimp we could eat. We stayed at the Best Western right downtown, and left for home the next morning.

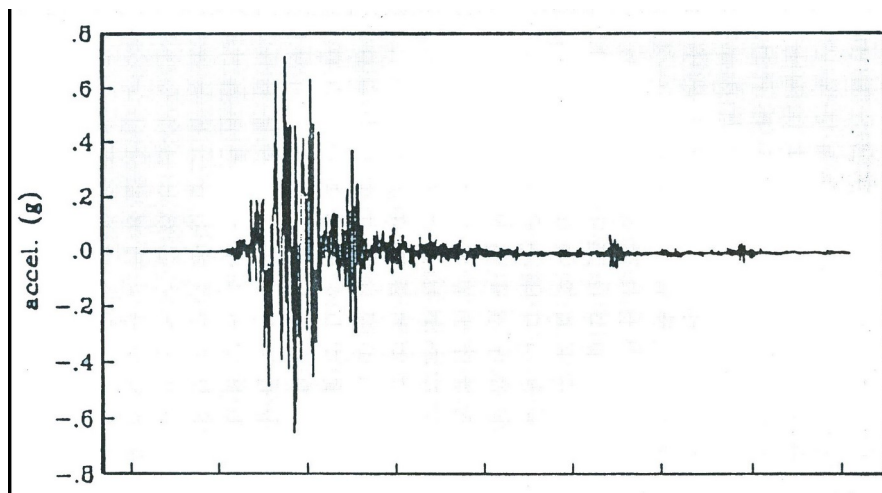
If you are tired of hearing about our earthquakes, here is one more that you must read about.

On Tuesday October 17th Jack had worked a long shift of 24 hours, returning home at 9:30 am. He went to bed and slept until 1:15 pm. After a bite to eat we left together to take care of some business. The last stop was at Micheal's Jewelry, on 41st Street in Capitola. We were getting new watch bands.

While there, at 5:04 pm we experienced 15 seconds of horror that lasted an eternity. What seemed like a gigantic explosion and instant power outage. It did not "rock n roll," it jumped up and down. We looked at each other and said, "This is a biggie!"

I thought the building was going to come down and swallow us up. The cars out in the parking lot were jumping as in a dance. All the lovely jewelry was doing flip flops like popping pop corn in the show cases. The whole building was jumping up and down and swaying back and forth. As it subsided, we got our half made out receipt and headed for the car. Two

My Turn on Earth



The Richter Scale chart

major aftershocks followed us out the door. We and the lady owner were the only ones in the store and we bonded that day. We got in the car and headed home by way of Capitola Village and Park Avenue to avoid the freeway. All the signal lights were out, but all drivers were extremely courteous.

As we neared our park entrance, I was fearful of what we would find at home. My heart sank as we saw the damage done to different homes, as we drove up our street. Our first stop was to see if Theresa was okay. Many of the homes were off their foundation. Everyone was out in the streets in a daze. What was really strange was the homes on the other



The view from our street

side of the street from us had very little damage, inside or out. Ronny was cleaned up in about an hour, Theresa only had a few bricks knocked off the front of her place. I don't know of the damage on the other streets below us, but our side

Celia

sure got it. Shannon's house next door was off its foundation and she couldn't even get in. She slept in her car rather than accepting our invitation to stay in our guest room..

As we neared our home we could see that we were extremely blessed. We were still on our foundation and no apparent damage. We both uttered our thanks As we unlocked the back door, we met an awful sight that we did not want to see. The back entrance was filled with things from the cupboards above the washer and dryer plus the things that flew out of the small bathroom. The contents of the medicine chest had unloaded in the sink. We stepped over and through that mess to be an even bigger mess. Our Grandfather Clock was laying across the love seat. The antique cabinet was leaning across what was a glass coffee table, its contents broken on the floor. The fish tank and contents



The 30 gallon aquarium



The office

were splashed across the the end of the room, and into the bedroom. Lamps were down and broken. What pictures that remained on the walls, and everything that wasn't on the floor was topsy-turvy. It was the same story in both bedrooms and bathrooms, it was a disaster. We could not open any of the closet doors, everything from the shelves had unloaded against them. The den/office/whatever room was buried in paper, books etc. The computer was completely buried. The glass shade on the chandelier over the dining room table was hanging by one of the light candles. Most of the heavy furniture was six to eight inches from the walls (except for the water bed) a few things didn't appear to have moved at all. All power, water, gas, and telephones were out.

My Turn on Earth



The china cabinet



None of the china was broken

The continuous severe aftershocks and the shrieking sirens did not help our fears as to what yet might come. We spent the first night on a giant bowl of Jello-O. Being right over the fault, we felt every small trembler along with the large aftershocks. We got no sleep that night. So many families had nowhere to sleep.

We did not shed tears over our losses. We were blessed. We had our lives and each other, nothing else seemed to matter at that point. It was a blessing for us to experience this disaster together. So many families did not know where, or how, or if they would ever see other family members again. We were spared that agony. We thanked the Lord for those blessings and asked Him to bless us through what else might come.

We spent the evening wandering around in pure shock, mingling with our shock stricken neighbors, comparing damage, and feelings, supporting one another. Late evening found us in candle light, eating a cold chicken dinner, and listening to disaster reports on a battery operated radio. There were conflicting reports as to the magnitude and epicenter. We knew it was close and at least a 6.9 or better.

It all happened at once in those 15 seconds. Think of the noise it must have created in our house, we are also thankful too that we were not there during the upheaval. We probably would have been injured.



The living room

Celia

October 18th 1989, the dawn of a new day and it warmed up to be a very hot day for October. "Shake and Bake" as our bishop put it. We checked on Theresa and Shannon next door, with our ears on the unfolding reports and fearful with each ongoing aftershock, we got into the clean up mode. We discovered a lot of very strange things.

We got power back, much to the surprise of the whole area, by that evening but no water or gas. Each big aftershock would scare the crap out of you and no water to flush the toilet! We had cold meals of chicken and peanut butter sandwiches. Jack was called back to work and I did not want to spend any part of the night alone. The seismic action had no pity. I laid in fear with the radio on and a flashlight in my hand. Jack would call me after each new shock, knowing I would not be asleep. There were four big ones within 45 minutes. I will not go into our clean up details, that took months. Because of the fish tank water and all the shattered glass we had to put boards down to walk on to get from room to room and not shoeless.



One big heap



Chandelier over the dining room table

I thought I was strong, but that was really traumatic. The earth was still shaking under me, it was hard to tell a real tremor. Even now, I would rather go through another big earth quake than a fire, flood, hurricane, or tornado. I just pray that I won't have to go through any of them again. I did not cry over the loss of my treasures, they were only things. We were blessed, I knew the Lord loves us and He did protect us. We were grateful for all that were concerned about us. We had calls and letters from friends that I hadn't heard from in years. It is so nice at times of distress to know that I was loved.

To make matters worse I had received in the mail a summons for

My Turn on Earth

jury duty for two weeks beginning October 30th, just what I needed. I called in, as directed and to my surprise I did not have to report.

For once we lucked out, we did have earthquake insurance. State Farm was unable to get to us until four or five weeks after the quake, as we were that far down on the priority list. Most of the loss and damage was paid for by State Farm.

A Couple of Facts about the Quake: from the Santa Cruz Sentinel. The 7.1 magnitude quake broke loose on San Andres fault at 5.04 pm October 17th 1989. The quakes center was 11-1/3 miles underground, four miles north and a mile east of Aptos village near China Ridge in the Nisene Marks Park.

The quake spawned 79 aftershocks magnitude 3.0 or greater, including 20 quakes 4.0 or greater, 2 aftershocks 5.0 or more. By 9:00 am there were recorded 4,000 aftershocks, many to small to feel. Aftershocks were still occurring at the rate of 5 to 7 an hour on Friday. The quake killed 63 people throughout northern California, injured 3,757 and left some 3,000-12,000 people homeless.

We did celebrate our 11th wedding anniversary with a delicious dinner out on Saturday November 25th and I am sure we did the usual Thanksgiving. Jack had his 63th birthday on the 19th of December.

We probably spent the rest of the year cleaning up and repairing damage and preparing the house for new carpet. On a Friday evening we went to our ward Christmas dinner at church. Jack asked some of the elders if they would come by and help move some heavy furniture out in preparation for laying the new carpet the next day. Which they did. About two hours later, the Bishop came by and without knocking walked in the back door and gave me my most embarrassing moment of my life. It was so embarrassing I can't say what it was!

We did the Christmas things that we do every year. We did take a few days off to go to Burley for our family Christmas dinner. We could not miss that! Sure can't remember who opened their home to us. But I know we had a good time.

Celia

Chapter 27

Beginning the Mighty Nineties



The way we were

Many years ago as I was reflecting on my life, I wondered if I would still be alive in the 1990s and what I would be like. Well, here it is 1990 and I am grateful to still be here on this planet Earth and living in Aptos with our many friends around us. We haven't changed too much, just older but doing the same things. So I considered that good.

The earthquake a few months ago was still very much on the minds of everyone in this part of the world. The topic was brought up all the time as everyone was still in the process of repair. The real bad part for me and other ceramic enthusiasts is that the quake broke every piece of green ware and all else that was in the shop. They did not reopen so now what? I had to find a new hobby; I had done almost everything else.

Maxine Shattuck from our ward, told me about an oil painting class that she attended each week. That lit a spark, I could do that! So Maxine took me with her to the next class. On February 7th I began oil painting classes with Joan Hecock over in Corralitos after my ceramic classes came to such a sad end. That was one fun group of painters meeting in Joan's tiny studio every Tuesday afternoon and other special days, for special classes. I actually had my first painting lesson while visiting Irma in Burley with Donna Goodfellow. I knew nothing of colors but finally caught on. My painting of red roses turned out lovely. In following years I

My Turn on Earth

took lessons along with Marian and Irma from Art Kerner from Arizona when timing was right while in Buryley. It was so much fun painting with my sisters. We would paint all morning, have lunch together and paint some more. Each of the teachers that I painted with had different techniques which enlarged my painting abilities which made painting even more interesting. I took classes until we moved to Boise.



My first painting

Our first guest for the year was Norma and Myron Brown; we had invited them for dinner on February 2nd. We were their dinner guests the last week of December, I am not as good a cook as Norma, she cooks Norwegian, and we just cook. And on March 10th we had dinner with Jackie and John Guy.



Me, Dopey, and Thelma

Our vacation came early as March 3rd we left for Los Angeles to see Thelma and Jay as they were still on their mission at the Temple Visitors Center. Monday we all went to Disney Land. We took in everything that we could. I felt so sorry for Jay, he had just had a miner surgery and it really hurt him to walk, but he didn't want to miss out on anything. The next day we went to Sea World in San Diego. Thelma drove me down to Malibu to the beach, it was so cold. I think Jay had time off from the Visitor Center those few days because of his surgery. We were gone three days from the time we left home and returned home on the 4th. I wish we could have stayed longer, but we couldn't interfere with their mission. We only went to see them once and sure had a wonderful time. What was unique about the trip down there, we had forgotten to take

Celia

the instructions as to how to get to their place, but went anyway, hoping we were right. Just as we drove up, Jay came out of their apartment. BINGO! We were inspired.

We were not through with earthquakes! On April 18th we had a swarm of earthquakes starting at 6:37 am, lasting until 9:18 am. Jack was already at work. I am not sure if I was asleep or the darn thing woke me up! I thought Oh no! Not again. I thought the safest place to be was in bed, so I stayed in bed for a bit. Anyway, after three hours and 55 minutes we quit shaking but had smaller ones later. All of the quakes were 5.4 magnitude and below. We lost power but no real damage as there wasn't much left to damage. It is interesting that these quakes were six months, 11 hours and 32 minutes since the October 17th quake. And 84 years 1/2 hour since the 1906 quake that leveled San Francisco. These shocks were located east of Watsonville towards San Juan Bautista. Another history lesson.

On May 17th I flew to Idaho. While there, I attended Ron and Jaylin Harper's wedding in the Boise temple. I had forgotten my recommend, but with phone calls from the Temple President to my bishop and stake president I was able to go through with them. They were a really neat couple. I got to see most of the Harper family.

The reason for the trip was to celebrate my mother's 89th birthday on June 4th. The family met out at Lorna's. A nice lunch was served and she had gifts to open and candles to blow out. Ethel Gooch, a long time friend and neighbor was her special guest. She just looked so happy and beautiful. I stayed in Burley with mother and others and at Connie's for one week then went to Gordon's in Rexburg for one week. I went to Olivia's school as they put on a puppet show for their parents. "The Little Red Hen." Olivia was the goose. It and she were so cute.



Mother on her 89th birthday

My Turn on Earth

I spent one month in Idaho, having a wonderful time with whomever I spent time with. On June 17th Connie loaded me, Kellie and Kyle up in her car and we headed for Reno Nevada. We met up with Jack at 2:00 pm, loaded mine and the kid's things in our car and bade Connie good-bye as we headed back to Aptos, and she went back to Burley. We got home at 10:00 pm with two tired kids. After a good night's sleep they were willing to get up and go to church with us.

One of the first places I took them was to the Monterrey Bay Aquarium. Kellie enjoyed the otters while Kyle was fascinated by the sharks. They loved going to the Capitola Mall on 41st Street. I had a hard time keeping them off of the elevators and the escalators. They loved throwing pennies in the wishing fountain in the mall. Oh yes, the beach was a big thing, we played in the sand, waded in the ocean, hunted for sand dollars and other shells. They enjoyed going to the library to check out books.



The princess and the Teen Aged Ninja Turtle

Kellie did a lot of reading, Kyle lost one of his books and I thought I was going to have to pay for it, but it finally turned up. On the 4th of July, I dressed Kellie as a beautiful princess and Kyle as a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle and let them march in the World's Shortest Parade in Aptos. They baked cookies, swam in the park's pool, rented movies, went to the Board Walk in Santa Cruz where they rode the rides, and went to church parties with us. Kellie celebrated her 8th Birthday while with us, I baked her a Lady Penguin Cake, and she had all kinds of gifts from her Mom, Kyle and her other grandparents, plus Theresa and Ronny. Ronny lived across the street and took them on nature walks and showed them how to crochet. They liked all of our old, old friends. Kyle was only five and doesn't remember any of the time they spent with us.

Celia

On the last Monday of Jack's 4 day week end he surprised them by taking them to the San Francisco Zoo where they enjoyed all the animals. After the zoo we surprised them by taking them for a ride across the Golden Gate Bridge. The 2 months went fast, we did a lot of fun things and they were well behaved after they found out soon after getting there that Grandma and Grandpa were no pushovers. They knew that they were loved. On August 2nd we loaded up to take them home after 2 1/2 months; they were very glad to be back with their Mom and Cookie.

Our grandson Jeremy Dudley had his 8th birthday on June 27th, he had sent a letter to Grandpa Jack asking him if he would baptize him. Grandpa Jack wrote back "YES". So after driving all day from California we got to Burley in time to baptize Jeremy into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in his stake center on the 2nd of August.



Jeremy's baptism



Tim, me, Melody, Cindee, Connie, and Gordon

We had our very first Gilmour, Dudley, and Butters Family Reunion August 4th at Minidoka Dam. All the kids and grandkids were there. We just had so much fun, lots of food of course, a water slide, we brought a piñata that the kids went crazy over.

Deelyn's mother, sister and her kids were there. Then there was the Frost Family Reunion. After the reunions were over, it was time to hit the road to continue our vacation. The first stop was the Craters of The Moon. Awesome!!! Next was Nelson, British Columbia just across the Idaho Montana boarder. Jack's grandparents were married there in 1900. It is a pretty place on a finger of Kooteny Lake.

My Turn on Earth

We viewed beautiful wildflowers of Alpine Meadows, Manning Provincial Park on the way to Butterfly World in Coombs, Vancouver Island. Zillions of butterfly's of all species were flitting and feeding every place. Sometimes they would even land on you and stay a while. Lovely, lovely



The Buchart Gardens

lovely. Driving on, we loaded the car onto a ferry at Mill Bay and crossed over to Perry Landing at Brentwood. We made a second trip to the Butchart Gardens. This time it was not raining and oh so beautiful. I cannot get enough of the beauty there. "All the beauty of the earth bears the fingerprints of the Master Gardener." (President Gordon B. Hinckley.) How very true.

At last the two seafarers, Celia and Jack were on a ferryboat from British Columbia to Seattle. We spent a day or two with Pat before heading back to dear Aptos. Sometime in here I had my 64th Birthday.

Our September guests were Jack's sister Pat and nephew Steve Lind from Seattle, Washington. People never stay very long, but we are glad for the time they do spend. Jack sold Steve most of his cameras and equipment that he no longer used. They were the last of our out of town visitors. Clyde was a permanent Sunday dinner guest, unless we were out of town, and the missionaries sometimes.



Jack's poor little truck

One lovely September morning I had a wakeup call from the Watsonville Hospital, it was Jack on the line telling me to "Come get me, I'm in the Watsonville Hospital. I wrecked the truck." Oh my Gosh, just what you want to hear first thing in the morning. It was September 24, 1990 at 6:45am. About

Celia

a mile away from Moss-Landing when Jack was on his way to work. A Mexican pulled out onto the highway, hitting him enough to send him spinning and rolling down the highway and sending him rolling down a 30 foot embankment. He was taken to the hospital by ambulance. By a miracle he only had minor injuries and needed a ride home. He was covered from head to toe in dirt! After a good clean up, we went back to the scene in the afternoon and to see where they had hauled the truck, what was left of it. I found the guys license plate in the middle of the highway. Jack certainly had an angel riding with him that morning. The truck was a total loss. Of course the Mexican fled the country, leaving Jack for dead.

One more thing about Jack's accident that I would like to share. The bishop and two other brothers came over that evening and gave him a blessing. In the blessing he was told that he was spared because of his diligence and that Heavenly Father was well pleased with him, among other things. It was really a wonderful blessing; it gave me goose bumps as they were giving it. I think that was another reason he healed so fast. He still has some scars.

Our ward boundaries had been changed in October. We were now in a new ward and not too many of the people that I knew went with us. Now again, I had a new bunch of friends to make. I was again put in the Relief Society Presidency, this time as the first counselor over education instead of homemaking. I really liked the homemaking; it went along with my talents. The presidency was just not the same, Pat Mitchell,

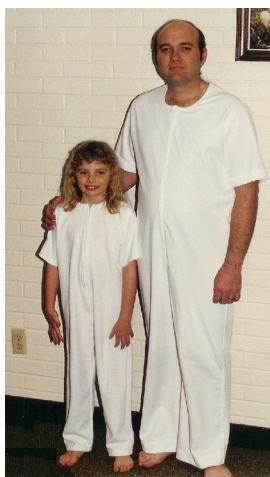


*The New Relief Society Presidency:
Me, Pat Mitchell, and Gaye Bivins*

President and Gaye Bivins second councilor completely left me out like I wasn't even there. I was not happy in their presence. In our former ward our presidency was very close, Wanda, Joyce and I worked together as one, and with love the way it should be.

My Turn on Earth

It was really hard for me because I did not know hardly anyone in our new ward. We had to have a lot of presidency meetings to get organized and find new teachers for most of the classes. I was not happy losing my good church friends to the other ward. I felt kicked out and lonesome. I found all the California Wards that I had been in the people were very close, hugs were in style. Probably because members were not as plentiful as in Idaho and Utah where people cling to their cliques. I really missed that closeness when we were back in Idaho. I hug some anyway. I have been a visiting teacher in every ward I have been in since the beginning of time.



Olivia's baptism

The day after Thanksgiving we were on the road again on our way to Burley for our Frost Christmas Dinner and Party. On the way we spent the first night and our 12th wedding anniversary aboard the Delta Queen an old paddle boat docked in Sacramento. The next night was spent at the Bull Frog Motel in Battle Mountain, Nevada, waking up to the car covered in snow. I think we went right to Rexburg. Olivia, our sweet granddaughter, had her 8th Birthday November 13th and was to be baptized by her father December 1st into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and we wanted to be there for her very special day.

Moving onto Burley for our annual Frost Christmas dinner and party. I wish I could remember where we have them each year, but I never wrote it anyplace. I do remember the fun and good food and cute gifts that we exchange each year and the great love we have one for another.

We got back to Aptos after being gone for ten wonderful days with family early in the evening. Happy to be home. When we entered the house it only took minutes to discover things were not as they should be. Things all over the house had been knocked over. Jack asked Dave our neighbor across the street if we had had another earthquake while we were gone. His answer was not that he knew of.

With further investigation we found animal droppings, so we sus-

Celia

pected that a cat had got in while we were loading the car to leave and we had the feeling that it was still in the house, someplace. With a survey of each room we found a tube of body scrub that had been chewed on plus more droppings in the shower stall and it wasn't cat droppings. We searched for 2 1/2 hours. Jack went back in our bedroom again and I don't know what prompted him, but he pulled back the covers on my side of the bed and there lay under my pillow, the ugliest snarling opossum you can imagine. He threw the covers back over him, and went out and got a pair of very long welding gloves and pulled back the covers again to find the opossum really angry about being disturbed. Jack grabbed him by the tail and escorted him out the backdoor and sent him flying over the back fence, back into the woods where he belonged.

Not knowing what kind of bugs or contaminants he may have carried in and deposited in the bed, we took every bit of bedding off and washed and dried before we dared go to bed. We could not figure out how he got in. But he was one guest that certainly was not welcome!

The rest of the year was spent celebrating Jack's 64th Birthday and all the Christmas festivities that we enjoy each year. I decorated the house inside and out, went places and had people in. But best of all the last day of December Jack had a brand new blue and silver GMC ¾ ton truck.



Jack's new wheels

My Turn on Earth

Chapter 28

More of the Mighty Nineties

Continuing with the Mighty Nineties, as 1991 came with its own stories, and like each of us, a new beginning comes with each new year. Some good, some bad. The very bad for 1991 was that the Iraqi War started with ground action on January 17th causing thousands of our young men and women to go into battle, losing so many of them as they perished for our country.



Tim and his furry little buddy

The Good! Tim had his 43rd birthday on January 12th. When we moved from Ogden, Utah, back to Burley, Tim was eleven years old. As I was getting rid of things we didn't need any more, out went Tim's teddy bear that I had made him years ago. Tim was very upset about losing his furry little buddy, but it was gone! So for his 43rd birthday, I made him a new one as near like his old buddy as I could, even to the way he was dressed. I couldn't have given him anything better. Here this big over grown sheriff's deputy took his new furry buddy to the office and announced, "Look what I got for my birthday!"

The Bad! On Super Bowl Sunday, Connie made a touch-down by over correcting and ran her car into her neighbor's field. Thanks for the miracle; as her car was totaled she survived with minor injuries. Her guardian angel was riding with her that day. She got a brand new Toyota

Celia

4 Runner four wheel drive out of it.

More Bad! Well here is what you have been waiting for! "Opossum Episode II." On January 24th after working a double shift, Jack got home about 1:00 a.m.. He came in the back door as usual and for no reason he walked towards our office room and in the



Aren't opossums ugly critters?

partial darkness he saw something move. He turned on the light and Mr. Opossum scampers up the recliner chair and onto the drapes and climbed right to the top. Jack put on his leather gloves and caught him by the tail and outside he went. I don't know if he learned to fly in this second lesson, if it was the same feller as before, but he cleared our fence by 8 feet, back into the woods where he belonged.

This time we found out how he got in. The earthquake had caused a small section of insulation on the bottom of our mobile home to fall down. After finding a small hole in the skirting to get under the house, he found a way to get into the cold air return which brought him to a register which, when the new carpet was put down they failed to fasten down the registers. By pushing it up, it was able to get into the house. But to his demise the first time, the register fell back down in place and he was trapped. He could not return from whence he came. The second time Jack caught him in the act! Remedy: All registers were screwed down.



Our front steps, Christmas 1994

For the rest of the year it was all good, no more bad news! There was a young fellow whose mother lived in the park just down the street from us. He had done her place in the most beautiful brick-work. So we wanted the same thing done. We got a hold of him and a deal was made. Then he disappeared for six months or so. We spotted him having a beer with the

My Turn on Earth

neighbor so we got in touch with him again. He was probably in the slammer (excuse me, I meant jail) the deal was renewed and carried out; it took forever as he kept disappearing for days at a time. We designed and drew it out the way we wanted it done. Ken was very precise, one night we saw him standing out in the rain watching to determine the flow of the water as we were on a small incline. He added his own ideas as he went along. With all the work we had done and now this lovely new brickwork. The end results were much more beautiful than I could have possibly dreamed.

So now this middle aged princess and her handsome middle aged prince had their beautiful rebuilt “castle” and a nice “carriage” and “lovely gardens” in the “Beautiful Land of Aptos by the Sea”. What else could they want? Servants? No! Did they live happily ever after? You-bet-cha!!!

Living in a wooded area, I have another animal story for you. Okay? One night in May after I had gone to bed, Jack heard a noise outside, so he investigated. Without too much effort he found that a small skunk had gotten into our garbage can and was unable to get out, he just left it for the night. The next morning he checked and found it asleep under a garbage bag, so he put the lid on and fastened it down good with bungee cords and put it in the back of the truck and took him down the road near the dump. The can had tipped over and rolled around. That would not make a happy skunk. Jack took it out of the truck and set it down very carefully and took the lid off. Expecting the worst, he came right out and ran off. He didn't get sprayed, but the little stinker left his calling card. I had to wash Jack's clothes and we had to get a new garbage can. That was the latest but not the last of our animal ordeals.



My glass flowers

The day before Mothers Day, Nancy Kloefer who lived just up the road on Freedom Boulevard called to see if I wanted to go to a glass blowing demonstration with her and three other friends that morning in Davenport, north of Santa Cruz. It sounded like fun to me. We all really enjoyed it. They really made some beautiful glassware. After seeing how it is made, no wonder it costs so much. As the demonstration ended they gave

Celia

each of the mothers a beautiful glass flower. We went two different years and I still have my glass flowers. On the way back we stopped at a grand opening of a brand new State Park (after the quake) but the entrance fee was more than we wanted to pay so we didn't stay.

On May the 23rd Jack took me to the airport for a flight to Salt Lake and on to Twin Falls and to Burley. I got in on a lot of events while on this trip. First was Michael Dudley's graduation, the first of our grandchildren to graduate from High School. He graduated with honors from Minico High School on May 28th. I was proud of him because all



Michael Dudley

through school he had not done his best and finally his senior year he woke up to what he was capable of doing. On September 7th he enlisted in the Army and was stationed at Fort Hood Texas.



Mother on her 90th birthday

We had a birthday open house for our dear mother on the first day of June as she turned 90 years old on the fourth. It was held at the Burley Care Center south dining room. She looked radiant, happy, and beautiful as so many of her family were there to honor her. All of her children were there and most of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Also there were her sisters and sisters-in-law who were still living, as she out lived most of them. It was a beautiful day and I am so happy that I was able to be there. She had

been living there since 1989. She had got to where she was unable to care for herself. It was not easy for her at first, but she soon loved living there. It was a very special day.

The next day I went to church with Gordon and Bonnie in her parent's ward in Rupert and had dinner with them afterwards. That afternoon

My Turn on Earth

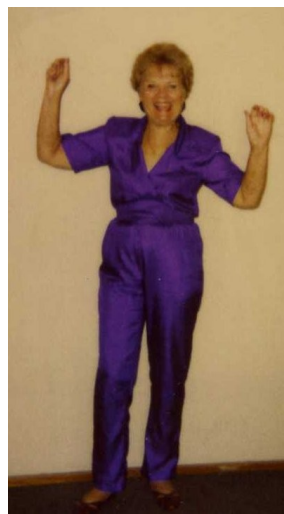
I went with Gordon and Bonnie to put flowers on the graves of Vance and his dad. Livi had an upset stomach from eating too much jello and threw up on the side of the lane near his grave. We then took a ride over to Shoshone Falls, but there was very little water going over. After a busy afternoon they dropped me off at Connie's around nine o'clock.

Among other things while in Burley, I got to watch Kyle play little league baseball. He was a very serious little player. I flew back on June the 6th, Jack picked me up in San Jose at 6:30 pm. I was glad to be home.

I was really enjoying the summer with my swim aerobics, walking, and art lessons, I really missed those special activities while I was off to Burley, but made up for it with family. Did I say there was no more bad news? I was wrong. It all came to a halt when I sprained my ankle. It was so stupid. I had been sitting reading a book and fell asleep and woke myself up by my own snoring. I jumped up and started to walk and felt the worse pain and fell to the floor. Jack heard the noise and came in to see me wallowing all over the floor. I guess my foot had gone to sleep along with me and when I jumped up on it probably sprained my ankle. That is the only explanation I could come up with.

Jack took me to the doctor and X-rays showed no broken bones. He bound it up good and put me on crutches and told me to elevate it for ten days. That didn't go to well; I can't just sit and do nothing. Since I am already a cripple, on Monday I went in and had some bone spurs removed from both of my big toes. I forgot and took aspirin the night before which caused extra bleeding. Besides that, the doctor started slicing my toe before it was numbed, that really smarted and I really yelled!!!

At last, after 4 months of dieting and 3 weeks of stabilizing, I was finally at my goal weight! I had lost 37¾ pounds and 49 inches just in time for my class reunion. "Nothing tastes as good as being thin feels".



Thin tastes so good!

Celia

Vacation time came again and there was a lot to do in Burley. My 45th class reunion was held July 27th at the Elks Lodge. We had a very good dinner at 7:00, catered by Price's Cafe. There were only 55 that attended. So many of the kids from Burley didn't bother to go. Out of a graduating class of 120 and 22 classmates deceased, that wasn't a very good showing. But those of us that did had a great time getting reacquainted. The high school snobs had come down to earth and were just like the rest of us. After a slide presentation, and remarks and a few jokes, all that kind of stuff, we had pictures taken and then got down to business and danced to live music until 12:00 pm. I was glad that I was there, I have so many friends from school days.



An example of some of the dancers

On August 1st, between the two reunions, we went to Rexburg for a few days and stayed with Gordon, Bonnie, and their children. We attended the International Folk Dance Festival, among other fun things. I had heard about how beautiful and colorful these dancers were for years and really wanted to get to see their performance. It was beyond my expectation. I wanted to see them every year, but I wasn't so lucky.

Our Frost Family Reunion was very special that year. It was titled: "Happy Birthday Ira! A Century of Frosts" in honor of Daddy's 100th birthday. This time we had to travel to Salt Lake. Eunice and Thelma were in charge. On Friday evening we met at an LDS Church, where they had set up wonderful displays of Daddy through the years. After light refreshments we went to the Kearns Recreational Center where all the swimmers hit the pool. On Saturday morning we met at Salt Lake Big Cottonwood Stake Park for breakfast and "all" ball games, you could play any one you were best at. Dinner was at 1:00 with melodrama, skits and the famous raffle followed. There were 99 Frosts there. We stayed with Thelma and Jay until time to head for Burley to go to the fair.

My Turn on Earth

While on this vacation we also got in on Bradley and Raquel Turner's wedding in the Logan Temple on August 9th. Then RJ and Shauna Lindsay's wedding in the Boise Temple on August 16th.

After the reunions was the Cassia County Fair with the parade and rodeo. I was always glad when we were able to get in on all that excitement. Bumping around the fairgrounds with my sisters and kids, everybody goes to the fair and I ran into so many friends and people that I hadn't seen since who knows when. I always loved the rodeo, most of the time in the later years we went with Lorna and Kenneth. I still think the Cassia County Fair and Rodeo is the very best. I still head for the scone booth and Jack for the corn on the cob.

Just before we had to leave for home, Mother, my sisters, and daughters helped me celebrate my 65th birthday. We gathered out to Lorna's. Verlee made a birthday cake and there was ice-cream and fun. I enjoyed seeing so many of my friends that I hadn't seen for so many years. Donna Gooch, Marjorie Bunn, Helen Wixom, and LaPreal Boyce (Marj and Helen I had just seen at the class Reunion. I forget their married names) and I had some phone calls from others. It was so nice. We really did have a good vacation.

Jack returned to work on the 10th, and I got back into my usual every day duties. On September 13th Jack flew to Minneapolis to meet with his siblings, Al and Pat, to celebrate their dear Aunt Rhoda's 95th Birthday. He had a great time with his cousin, Rhoda and her family and with George, Becky and the boys. They went to Stillwater and Jack bought me my first Santa Clause that started my collection. Since I had been left behind, he didn't want to come home empty handed.



The first of my collection

One Friday evening the ward had a dinner and program. Would you believe that Jack and I put on a little skit? I had never done that in my life. It was titled "The Prayer." It went like this: the curtains opened; I walked out to the middle of the stage to a bench,

Celia

wearing a long old fashion night gown holding an old fashion candle stick. I knelt down at the bench and started praying. Jack was hidden behind the curtain with a microphone, and kept interrupting my prayer. He was playing the part of God, so he and I were having a fiery conversation. At the end Jack came out from behind the curtain wearing a sign around his neck saying "GOD". The whole thing was really cute, everyone seemed to enjoy it. The Stake President told the Bishop, "If I had known you had invited God, I would have dressed better."

I neglected my guest book the first part of the year, but it would be very unusual if we had no guests all that time. Bob and Anne Rogers are the first listed, as they were there September 27th. Then Lorna and Kenneth came November 17-18-19.

We celebrated our 13th wedding anniversary on November 25th. We had Thanksgiving dinner on the 27th and left for Burley on the 28th for our annual Frost Christmas Dinner. Marian and Doug hosted it in their home in Malta. She had everything just beautiful as is one of her many talents. Kathryn was pouring water and not paying attention and poured water all over Marian's beautiful table. We all got a good laugh at Kathryn's embarrassment. The dinner was wonderful, gift exchange and just being together as a family. We stayed overnight with them as did some of the others. We got up to a wonderful Malta breakfast before leaving for home. We tried always to hold our dinners as close to the first of December as possible.

By this time in our lives we had decided it was time to get out of California, it had gotten to where we could no longer afford to live there. Jack was planning on retiring before too long. We had decided on Boise, as I had lived there many years before and liked it. I did not want to move back to Burley because of the windy, foul weather. While in Idaho that December we drove to Boise to look for a new home. Having no idea of finding anything that soon. We stayed with LaPreal and Herald Hull for a couple of days (as they were now living in Boise). We picked up a book of "Homes for Sale by Owners". LaPreal showed us different homes in the nicer areas. Looking through the book we found a home listed that looked like us. Finding the address we drove by to find it in a very nice cul-de-sac in a nice neighborhood. No one was at home so we called and made an

My Turn on Earth

appointment to see the house on Sunday morning. It was a very cold December morning but the sky was brilliant with sunshine. We liked what we saw. It lacked a couple of things that I had hoped for in a new home, but made up in many other ways. It was filled with sunshine from all the large windows on the south. We both really liked it and the price was right.

So that cold Sunday morning we got in the car and headed back to California. Before we got to Ontario, Oregon, we had made up our minds that we were going to go for it! We got home and after sleeping on it, we called the owner, Barbara Martin, and told her of our intentions of buying. She suggested we get information from Washington Federal Savings and Loan. We contacted a local office and found them very nice to deal with. So after wheeling and dealing, we closed the deal in March of 1992. I started wondering if we could have done better, but that thought left my mind about as sudden as it entered.

When we told Clyde about the move, he was upset about losing us, but when we mentioned to him that he might think about moving also, as he had no one there and owned no property, he liked the idea.

Back in Aptos I was anxious and excited about so many things; we celebrated Jack's 65th Birthday. We always take each other out to a special restaurant for birthdays. I went ahead and decorated our castle for Christmas, The new brick front steps looked really pretty with poinsettias on each step. We enjoyed the annual Christmas events. We had another stay-at-home Christmas and New Years. John and Jackie was there the day after Christmas and Bob and Anne the day after that. Thus ends the second year of the Mighty Nineties!

Celia

Chapter 29

Passages



Me at 66

I never really saw my life as a series of passages. We move through our lives, first, newborn to teenager to young woman to mother and so on. Just like the days, months and years. I hoped that each of these stages in my journey would bring new growth and joy to my life. We just passed into a new year, 1992 which brought many more passages into my life.

As we anticipated our hopeful move. Our first guest of that year was one of my Syntex friends, Norma Jantzen. We had a lot to catch up on as we hadn't seen each other for a while. She came January 12th.

Thelma and Jay came for their last visit to Aptos the last weekend in January. We did so much more this trip because they stayed longer. Jack had to work the first weekend that they were there. We went to Santa Cruz, and spent time along the ocean. We went to the Natural Bridges States Park where we saw zillions of monarch butterflies feeding on the eucalyptus trees. There were millions of butterfly clusters hanging from the branches. The trees and air above us was filled with color on wings. You have to see it to believe it.

We went to San Francisco and to Fisherman's Wharf. Jack took us on board the old Submarine the USS Pampanito SS-383 that was berthed at Fisherman's Wharf. Thelma and I could not get out of there fast enough! We went to Carmel one day and Thelma and I went back the next because the guys were in too big of a hurry. We girls wore our better halves out. Jay spent one day cleaning up the pine needles from the yard.

My Turn on Earth

Big help. We sure had a wonderful time, they stayed for ten days and the time went so fast. We spent one day in Oakland before they said their good-bye's and left for Salt Lake. I sure hated to see them go.

Cindee and Steve also made a last visit to lovely Aptos the 25th of February. I went back on the Diet Center diet and three months later was back to me. Raydon Dudley graduated from Minico High School on June 2nd in Rupert. A passage from high school to soon to be married. I was able to be there for her graduation. Deelyn graduated from ISU on May 16th. Passage from College to a new career. I was so proud of them both.

We had another unexpected visitor. A little turtle about six or seven inches across moved into our back yard. He was really cute for a turtle with yellow spots on his legs and head. He belonged to the kids below us. Shannan and another neighbor said not to give it back to them because they did not take care of him and mistreated him. So I put out water and lettuce not knowing how to take care of the little critter. I didn't know if he ever ate any of it. He went under the shed at night to get away from the raccoons. I finally asked a lady in the ward if Johnny would like him, she said "Oh Yes." Johnny gave him a good home, so that ended our turtle story.



Bandit

But it was not the end of ongoing animals that visited us. Besides the opossums and the skunks, those cute bandit eyed raccoons, tiny green lizards, and Zipper, the neighbor's cat that would eat the tiny green lizards and then throw them up, were frequent visitors. One morning I saw deer tracks in the back yard. This is the very end of our Aptos animal stories!

I used to take a walk every day up the hill to the high school campus; it was quite a distance and a very steep climb. One day just as I started back down



Jack showing us around the Pampanito

Celia

the hill, I must have stepped on a rock turning my ankle and I almost went down, as I was trying to right myself, then I started running down that hill. I could not stop, I could see myself with a broken leg or arm and all bruised up. After a distance, I finally was able to stop. I looked around to see if any one saw me; it had to have looked funny. Oh my, how my ankle did hurt and I had to walk all the way back home, it was so swollen and bruised, I put it in hot water when it should have been iced. I wasn't able to take my walk for over a week.

Finally in March 1992 the deal on the Boise home closed. Our Aptos home went on the market on February 5th. We did it! The home in Boise was now ours; the bank still owns a part of it. We were in no hurry to move in, and Barbara was in no hurry to move out. She rented it back from us until July when she moved out. We prepared to move in on the 1st of August. Clyde had decided to move along with us as he had no one or no property to sell in California. On our many business trips to Boise he had located an apartment over in Meridian. Each trip to Boise Jack brought as many belongings as he could load in the truck and stored them in rented storage.

Another passage, we had bought a new 1992 Lincoln Town Car on one of our trips to Boise as the Chrysler was starting to give us problems. The last thing I needed was to be alone here in Boise with car trouble. It



Big Red

was a beautiful red, large comfortable automobile. The grandkids loved it, they called it our boat.

Our last guests before our move were my niece Ronda Read Cunningham, Walt and the two boys. That was June 24th and the very next day Kathryn and Richard came.

June 14th our dear Theresa Sims turned 90 years old. Talk about passage! Rita and Ray Sims had asked me if I would make all the arrangements to have an open house, birthday party for her at the church. I asked her grandchildren to do the program. They furnished everything; all I had to do was help. Anyway, everything was set up beautifully in the cul-

My Turn on Earth



Theresa's 90th birthday



My last painting class

tural hall. Theresa didn't think anyone would come; 60 of the ward members did come to congratulate her and show that she was well loved. Ray and Rita took us out to a nice Italian dinner in Santa Cruz after all was over and done.

We were both released from our ward callings. I was so glad to be free from my Relief Society calling in July! I had to move out of the country to get out of that miserable calling. The Sunday before our move we both had to give talks in Sacrament Meeting. After the meeting, they had refreshments ready and a farewell party in the recreation hall so we could say our good bye to our ward family. That was sad!

I went to my last oil painting class at Joan's, and to my last "Out to Lunch Bunch", lunch at Cez Renee. As a going away gift the ladies gave me a lovely silver-plated serving tray.

All of these goodbye's were very hard; many tears were shed. Theresa was so sad to see me leave. She said, "Now I know just how my mother felt when I moved to California". I was sad to leave her too, but now I was going back to my own mother. Nancy Kloefer promised me that she would take care of Theresa, and make sure she always looked nice when going to church.

I did not paint after we came to Boise. I have paintings on my walls and in the closet plus the ceramics what I have left from the quake. I think my family was over gifted!

So ends the old and the beginning of a new and exciting passage in my life! The day



The last lunch bunch get together

Celia



All boxed up

came for the move. We had everything packed in boxes and marked for each room where they were to belong. The moving van arrived in the middle of the week and it didn't take long to load our belongings. They then loaded up Clyde's. Clyde and I both left the next morning. I followed him.

The minute I got in the car, the tears started to flow! It was so hard to leave my lovely castle in beautiful Aptos by the Sea and my handsome prince, and all my friends that I was leaving behind. The tears flowed for it seemed like hundreds of miles. I didn't understand the tears; I was going to another beautiful home. I think it was because of all the loving labor that we had put into our home there.

Clyde and I both stayed at LaPreal's on Friday night, getting there late afternoon. Saturday morning after driving all night, Jack and the moving van drove up to 10097 W Silverking Ct. about the same time. They had already unloaded Clyde's things in Meridian.



10097 W Silverking Ct.

My Turn on Earth

We got busy putting things in order so as to have a place to sleep that night. LaPreal helped me a lot; in fact she more or less took over. When the Relief Society President came by to help she had to ask which one of us was moving in. That was a fairly easy move as we had everything marked and knew where each piece of furniture was to be placed. The grandfather clock was the only thing that had to be moved.

On a previous trip to Boise we found and went to the ward that we would belong to. On Sunday a few ward members stopped in to welcome us as they were expecting us. I think that this is where the Lord wanted us as everything fell into place; all the financing and everything that goes along with buying a new home in a far-away-land.

Well here we are at one more passage, a new state, a new town, a new home and new friends to make. A nice clean ready to move in house, all new Maytag appliances already installed, best of all we were closer to family. What more could we ask for? I always felt bad because my mother was never able to come see our new home. We are in a very nice quiet neighborhood, with great neighbors. Bob and Doris Asia lived across the street from us and near our age, we become very close friends. Jack and Bob hit it off good as both were ex-submariners.

Our very first visitors to pass through our doors beside LaPreal and the Relief Society President were Cindee and Steve the very first day. They all loved our new home.

Businesses were close enough that we seldom had to go downtown with the post office, our State Farm Insurance Co., Albertson's, restaurants, fast food places, a department store, beauty shop and even a liquor store (a joke). Our church is only two and one half miles away. Best of all, the Boise Temple is just two miles down the street. We could see it from our front windows, also the



My new kitchen

Celia

beautiful mountains with the lights from Bogus Basin Ski Lodge; until they developed the land between here and there. Now all we see is houses and tall buildings. In California we had to drive about fifty miles up to the Oakland Temple, it took close to two hours to drive there and two or so back, more because of the traffic than the distance. We went as often as we could. Now with a Temple so close we neglect going!

Now in 2010 we are in the city limits, with all kinds of businesses, stores of every kind almost in our back yard. The farm land behind us is now all homes, the cows and their flies are gone and replaced with kids and barking dogs. But that is across the creek and a whole different neighborhood. The dear neighbors across the street that we loved, were replaced by a single guy named Steve. Bob and Doris could not stand to tell us they were moving until the last minute. It was hard losing them, but we did still visit back and forth, but it was just not the same. We have new neighbors from California in the house next to us and the sweet little family next door on the west moved and we have another single guy, another Steve. We love our neighbors and neighborhoods.



Verlee, Eunice, me, Thelma, Marion, and Kathryn on the canal bridge

Our Frost family reunion this year was much easier to get to, it was August 8th and 9th at Unity. The theme was “When We Were Kids.” We took Clyde, LaPreal and Harold, they had such a good time they wanted to be adopted into the Frost family, but that was not an option! Our family is so tight and loving they would not fit in. Turners

were in charge and we had an old fashion style show that was fun and funny. We spent part of the time at our ol' swimming hole up above Turners. The kids had a blast floating down stream in the canal on tubes. Just like when we were kids! We moms had a good time chatting as we watched the kids running up and down the canal; we all had a great time. We with our guests drove back to Boise after the big event, “the raffle”

My Turn on Earth

and all the planned events were over. Collette won the quilt.

After the reunion Gordon and Bonnie and children came August the 10th for a couple of days. We did a little shopping and one evening we went swimming. Gordon and I attended a session in the Boise Temple one morning. We were asked to be the witness couple. After the temple, I treated him to breakfast at Marie Calendars. In the afternoon we all went up to the



Gordy, Olivia, and Loren floating the canal

State Capital Building. My niece, Darla was working as a secretary for the Senate Republican Leadership at the time. She was at work, but the legislature was not in session so she gave us a tour of the Senate Chambers. In the afternoon we went to the Boise Zoo and Idaho Historical Museum. It was very hot that day as the temperature reached one hundred and five degrees.

A couple of weeks after the reunion, August 19th, I passed from the age of 65 to 66, no big deal, no big bands or balloons, just another day of my journey, another year added on. I think I will pick an age that I like, and from now on stick to it!

Jack was only able to stay here a short time after we had gotten settled in and had got acquainted in the Boise 28th Ward. Our home in Aptos had not sold, about that time California was in bad trouble and the market went down to a standstill, and Jack had not retired. He had to go back to Aptos and live by himself and me here to live by myself. We did not enjoy that arrangement of living apart, and I did not enjoy going to church alone in a new ward, but I eventually made friends.

Jack came home on weekends when work permitted, there were a few times that I made trips back to California. I was here by myself trying

Celia

to keep things going, with the help of a boy in the ward that kept the lawn mowed. He was a big help. I had trouble with the water system and had to make numerous phone calls to Jack for help. But I got along okay and had my own way in all things!



Jack, me, and Clyde

Bob and Anne Rogers drove their little 'Blue Bird' all the way from Hayward, California to Boise to see me, as poor Jack was still in Aptos working. They came on the 28th of September and were here about one week. I took them to Idaho City where we spent a whole fun filled day. Most of the time was spent just loafing around here. They didn't want to run all over, they loved our place and just enjoyed being here. Come Sunday I took them to "The Cathedral of the Rockies" in downtown Boise. Attending another Catholic service sure made me appreciate the Gospel that we know for the truthfulness we enjoy so much more.

The families were able to come now that there was just two and one half hours drive instead of the twelve to fourteen hours. I drove alone many times to Burley from California but now this was nothing to get in the car and go to Burley and spend time with my mother, grandchildren and other family members that I missed so much.

Our welcome mat was out and in September they came; eleven visitors throughout the month, and I really enjoyed every one that came, by the day or hour however long they stayed. Connie, Kellie and Kyle came from Heyburn, Cindee came twice from Rupert, Kathryn Goodfellow from Burley, Lorna Turner and daughter, Darla Jensen from Boise, LeAnn and Angie Turner daughter-in-laws all came on the 26th. And on the 30th Norma Jantzen from Sunnyvale California, one of my Syntex buddies, and spent the day with me. Our October guests were Irma and Don Lindsay, Gerald, Marian and Doug and the Goodfellows. My November guests, besides my children for Thanksgiving, were Thelma and Jay,

My Turn on Earth

Melody, Emil and his mother, Irene.

On November the 6th, election day, we finally got the first offer on our home in Aptos and at the end of December the deal closed. Jack was not yet retired and homeless! Theresa invited him to stay in one of her spare bedrooms; all that was required was to buy the groceries. So that worked out until his retirement. After living there seven years and making all kinds of improvements inside and out, we sold it for \$105,000, after coming down from \$128,000. What a relief after paying two house payments all those months. The greatest passage of the year.

Jack was able to fly home for our 14th wedding anniversary on November 25th. On Thanksgiving Day, November 26th, was the first time my children had all been together for Thanksgiving in a very long time. Clyde also joined us. Everyone was there but Michael who was away in the service of our great country. There were 20 of us for dinner, 11 adults and 9 children. The day was warm and was spent eating, visiting, and having fun. It was warm enough for the kids to play outside and get acquainted with one another. We took a lot of photos to prove that we are a family.



Thanksgiving 1992: Connie, Gordon, me, Melody, Cindee, and Tim

Celia

Gordon and his family stayed for two more days. Jack left for Salt Lake the next day to fly back to Aptos and work. On the weekends that Jack was in Boise, we continued to have Clyde over for Sunday dinners.

One day when I had Relief Society visitors, one asked where Jack was living: I told her "Oh with a widow lady". You should have seen their mouths fly open. I just let it go until they were ready to leave then I told them that she was 89 years old and blind. It was then that they were able to close their mouths. I have to have some fun once in a while.

The first snow of the year came during the last few days of November. I loved it! I was going to make a great snowman. Ya, right; the snow was nothing but powder and would not pack! Jack got his first taste of shoveling snow.

On December 4th Jack had his second back surgery, so I drove down to be with him. It must have been a scary drive for me as I hated driving in winter. He was in the hospital for two days and was released with a three weeks sick leave. We both stayed at Theresa's until the doctors released him. After another doctor's visit he gave his okay for him to travel as long as I did the driving. So after getting a late start we headed for Idaho, stopping outside of Sacramento for dinner and a short rest. The drive was okay until we encountered snow. Jack took over the driving as we were approaching the Donner Pass. We soon had to stop and have chains put on. He drove on over to Reno where we stopped for the night. The next morning, after a good nights rest which he needed, and after an even better breakfast, he had to crawl under the car to take the chains off. Not a good thing! Sure glad his doctor didn't see that! We started back on our journey, trading off on the driving. I was so glad for us both to be home.

Jack was able to spend his 66th birthday at home. I don't remember what gift I got him, but I did take him out to dinner.

Our Frost Christmas Party was in Burley, Gerald and Verlee hosted. It was great not having to travel so far as the previous years. We all brought assigned food and we all pitched in getting it on the table. You can be assured that we all pitched in and ate it. We have never had a bad or even a not so bad Christmas dinner. All have been better than you could get at any restaurant. We had our usual home crafted gift exchange

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that we worked on all year. There were a lot of photos taken and so much fun. When the Frost kids get together the house is full of love!

As I sit here looking through my photo album and see all those cute faces of these grandchildren I wonder, they were just babies, then starting school, others graduating. I wonder where all those years have gone. This was a wonderful, happy year for us as we made our new home into our new “castle”. This place is where we hope to stay until we make the final passage into the Great White Castle in the heavens.



1992 Christmas Party: Verlee, Kathryn, Lorna, me, and Thelma

Chapter 30

Our New Life

Yup, another new year has slipped in, after enjoying a great holiday season; it is time to get on with a new year and new beginnings. This is the first day of the rest of our lives. Every new day that we have, is a gift from God. We have to make each day count.

I thanked the Lord every day that we got our house in Aptos sold. I really loved it; I hoped that the new owners would love it as much. I love our new home even more.

It was great having Jack around. He healed up just fine, even though he did a lot of things that he should not have done, but you just cannot keep a good man down for very long. It hit us hard when the retirement plan his company was working on didn't affect him. That meant longer before his retirement. So back to California and to work he went.



One of McCall's great ice sculptures

Clyde and I drove to McCall to see the famous ice sculptures for a day during the first part of February. We left early and were there most of the day. I could not believe what I saw, my goodness they were huge and so life like, there were hundreds of them spread

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all over town and out on the lake as the lake was frozen over. It was cold but we kept going, we wanted to see them all. We got a bite of food to warm us up for the journey home. I really enjoyed the day but his driving about scared me to death a few times.

Irma and Don were going to Arizona so I bummed a ride as far as Monroe, Utah, to visit Thelma, getting there on the 11th of February. On Friday the 12th we drove down to Cedar City. Thelma surprised me by taking me to a Michael Ballam's Valentine concert. He sang all love songs, what a wonderful voice God gave him to share. We stopped in to see Collette, as she was living there and working in the hospital. We had dinner at the Sizzler and got to the concert early, as we were walking to the entrance, we passed him and his young son as they were going to the back entrance, not realizing who they were, we just walked on by. Dumb us; we could have gotten his autograph. After the concert we drove back to Monroe, Thelma made me do all the driving, I do not care to drive someone else's car, but being it was a Chrysler, I was okay with it. Back in Monroe we did a lot of fun things, we had our hair done; drove over to Maryville to an antique/craft store; and had lunch in a neat little place in Monroe. Thelma and I really knew how to have fun and loved each other so very much! Throw Lorna in and it is three times the fun!

We spent the weekend shopping in Richfield. There were one or two stores that I just loved. I always found something I couldn't live without. On Sunday we all went to church. On Monday we were on the road again, on our way to St. George to meet Lorna. As we were staying three days we were able to get a room in the club house, which was very nice and convenient.

Celia

Lorna took us sightseeing around the St. George area and on Tuesday we attended a session at the St George temple. We gals shopped in the afternoon. The next day Kenneth showed us some huge mansions and drove over to Leeds and Silver Reef. Later in the day, Thelma and I drove back to Monroe.

On Friday we went to the Manti temple and did a session there. We ate lunch in the temple and got lost on the way home and had to back track. On Sunday we went to church and Jay got sick. He was taken to the hospital by ambulance and was kept overnight. He



The Manti Temple in February snow

had had two mini strokes, but was okay. After twelve fun filled days Lindsay's got back about 11:45 a.m.. Don took us all to lunch in Monroe and at about 1:00 p.m. we got in Salt Lake just in time to go to Ronda's baby, Matthew's 1st birthday party. I stayed overnight with Eunice. Lindsay's came after me about 9:00 a.m. and we got in Burley about 3:00 p.m.. We had very bad weather getting over the mountains. Even though I was anxious to get to Boise, I stayed over one more night so that Cindee could go back with me.

A round the middle of March I went to Burley to do some dry pack canning for our food storage. I stayed over until Saturday so I could bring Kellie and Kyle back with me as they were out of school for spring vacation. We returned just two hours before Jack got home. For good this time! Not so fast, he is just back to see what PG&E is going to do with the retirement or whatever. We had a great greeting party.

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The kids had fun doing crafts and playing games. We took them back on Friday. The whole idea was to give Connie a much needed rest from them and them from her. She got the flu and was in bed the whole time they were gone. Some vacation. We went to see Mother, she had been having memory problems at times; she knew Jack the minute he walked in the door. She seemed to be in pretty good spirits. We had her really laughing. I hadn't seen her laugh like that in a long time.

In April, I bought 7 tickets for the "Ice Capades". Connie, Kellie and Kyle plus Cindee all came to Boise and we went together. We all really enjoyed the beautiful ice skating, the costumes were so colorful and there was a lot of comic skating, even Jack enjoyed the show.

Jack did go back to work, we were disappointed that things at PG&E did not go to our advantage, but we have to do what we have to do.



Raydon and Coby

On June 3rd I arrived at Gayle's in Salt Lake at 9:30 a.m.. I must of left Burley very early, or drove like a bat out of hell. Thelma took me to see the Cathedral of the Madelin that I wanted to see. We hurried over to the Jordan River temple where Raydon was to receive her endowment as she was going through for her marriage. We picked Jack up at the airport, went to the hospital to see Jaylynn, then we got something to eat on the way. Thelma and Jay went to Gayle's to sleep and I and Jack went to a motel.

Friday, June 4th, was a special day in Raydon's life as she was marrying her sweetheart

Celia

Coby Cardenas for time and eternity (they thought). Although they were very young and right out of high school; she was the first of our grandchildren to take the step. They had a nice wedding in the Salt Lake Temple. We took lots of pictures of the lovely bride and groom and families.

Later in the evening, they had a reception held at the Heritage Ward at 71115 S 3200 W in West Jordan. After the reception, about 9:00 p.m. we followed Thelma, Jay and Jaylynn back to Monroe. (Raydon and Coby made their home in Salt Lake). On Saturday, Jay and Jack worked on Jay's riding lawn mower. Jack mowed the lawn while Jay fixed other things. Thelma and I just goofed off enjoying each other. On Sunday we all went to church and later drove around Richfield looking for a place to get some ice cream cones. We ended up buying stuff to make banana Splits at home. That was better anyway. Renee came over and we all had a great time eating yummy banana splits, visiting and laughing, what a good way to end the sabbath day before we left for home the next day.

Retirement finally came June 30, 1993. Jack was going to come home after living apart for ten months, things would be normal again. My sweet neighbor Doris told me, "You have had your way, way too long. You have to change." Boy was she right! I had to start cooking again. When you live alone you do what you want when you want. One morning at 9:30 the door bell rang and I wasn't going to answer it because I was still in my robe but finally did. There was Bob from across the street with one of Doris's hot off the grill big waffles. Boy was I glad I didn't leave him standing there. I was hungry and it was so yummy!

I flew to California the last week in June. I landed at 8:33 a.m. in San Jose and was in the dentist chair by 9:15 in Sunny-

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vale. Jack did not go to work until the afternoon, and the morning of his last two days at PG&E, which was on the 30th. We got our teeth all taken care of by our long time dentist, Dr. Call. I had two caps and Jack had one cap and a filling. It cost us \$2099.00. We made it in time for Jack's work insurance to cover all but 20 percent. We also had physicals prior to his retirement so as to be covered.

I had a real good time while I was in Aptos, (we stayed at Theresa's). We got in on a High Priest dinner and program. We visited with and had dinner with Anne and Bob in Hayward, and Jackie and John in San Jose. We spent an evening as guests of our friends Norma and Myron Brown. I went to swim aerobics with the gals from the park and got my hair done by Val. We went to



Me and Jack at the Brown's home



Victorian home in Eureka, Ca.

church in both wards there that we had attended, so we got to see everyone that we hoped to see, except for Amy.

On the morning of July 1st we left Aptos and Theresa, and headed north up through the Redwoods, staying in Eureka that night. After dinner we went on a photography tour of the wonderful old Victorian houses. The next morning we drove over to Willow Creek to see Jean and Elic Matson for their 50th Wedding Anniversary, later they took us out for

Celia

a Mexican dinner. That night we ended up in a motel in Grants Pass, Oregon.

On the morning of the 3rd we were headed for Crater Lake. After a little time and taking some lovely photos, we headed on across Oregon on the upper route which proved to be a beautiful trip through the mountains instead of across the desert and farm lands. We arrived home at 12:20 a.m. on the 4th.

We had the best 4th of July in many many years. Connie and the kids came and we cooked out and after dark and they shot off the fireworks that they brought. We were just like kids again; we did the same thing on Monday night.

Jack was so darn glad to be home that he didn't want to go anyplace for a long time. We were so happy to be together again. We balance each other so well in our interests and our abilities. We both enjoy the same hobbies; photography has been a big part of our lives along with travel and dancing. We are both artistic and the scary part is we think alike; so many times we come up with the same idea at the very same time. Wouldn't you call that scary?

A few words about my man, Jack. He can do anything and everything. With his great big hands he can fix a ten ton whatever and also fix the smallest piece of jewelry. Everything he builds or fixes has to be perfect and always is. He is in great demand in every neighborhood that we have lived in to fix broken furniture or anything else. He comes up with easy ways to do most jobs. He



Visiting with Theresa

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has cut out hundreds and hundreds of wooden projects that the Relief Society comes up with for their homemaking crafts. What would you say about my man?

After retirement, our income was cut to a minimum. We were not able to travel as we had hoped. And we didn't get to dance any more. But what the heck! At our ages, it is about all we can do to get out of bed in the mornings. Actually we both have been blessed with very good health and had no problem getting out of bed and getting the house and yard beautified.

We did not socialize with any of the ward members, except for at church; not like we did in all the California wards that we attended. I was asked to be Secretary of the Sunday School. That sounded like an ideal calling for me, it gave me the chance to find out who was who and to fit families together. I had monthly meetings with the Sunday School Presidency. Noel Janko, a converted Jew, was the President. He had a wonderful testimony. They soon caught up to Jack and gave him the 12 year olds in Sunday School. He loved teaching them and they loved him. He held that calling for many years.

My 2nd cousins, Glen and Ada Owens found us; and took us in. We did a lot of things together. Mostly going to musicals. Boise has a lot of entertainment going on all the time. They would get 4 tickets, invite us and we did the driving. We also ate out often. We soon were invited to all their family dinners and Christmas parties. We had to tell them "hey, we are not Owens."

It was our turn to host the family reunion. We rented a patio at Salmon Park by the swimming pool in Burley. We had a stuffed pet show, with prizes. There was a short program and a Grandma Frost look-a-like Contest. Irma won. Of course there was swimming most of the afternoon. The high light is always

Celia

the raffle, everyone hoping for their treasure. The wiener roast, boating and water skiing at Turners in the evening for the entire water enthusiast. The great sleepover with beds and tents everywhere. It all turned out very well.

We had a lot of family members come through the year. Our favorite places to take them was The Discovery Center for the children. They were able to interact with all the different displays and always had a great time there. It was fun to take the adults to the Anniversary Inn where each room was designed in a different theme.



Beautiful Kathryn Albertson Park

Idaho City was a great place for a day trip. The Capital Building was always interesting. A stroll through Kathryn Albertson Park was a must. Visiting the Old Prison was always exciting. And our patio and backyard was a great place to play, relax

and BBQ. The welcome mat was always out.

Gordon and Bonnie and the kids came over for conference weekend. They arrived Friday evening. After watching the morning session of conference, I took them to Kathryn Albertson Park. In the evening Jack, Gordon, and Gordy went to the Priesthood Session. On Sunday we watched conference again and in the evening we went over to Glen and Ada's. Glen had all kinds of things that kept the kids entertained. On Monday most of the places I wanted to take them had closed for the season. We ended up looking around the Temple grounds, going to the State Capitol, and Fish and Game nature Park.

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Then at the end of October we made a trip to Rexburg for Gordy's 14th Birthday on the 30th. That year Halloween was on Saturday was the when all of the trick-or-treaters were out. Halloween there was much different than we experienced in Aptos. It was fun seeing how the children dressed up and the strange little creatures that came to their door. I think Halloween was their favorite day. Then on Sunday, Gordy was ordained a Teacher in the Aaronic Priesthood.

As fall passed into winter, I really enjoyed the beautiful fall colors and winter wonderland that followed.

We were the host for our Frost Christmas dinner and party. Everyone came except for Mother. I don't know how we did it but we got everyone in the dining room and around the table. We fixed Swiss stakes and the trimmings.



Frost Christmas Party at our home

Our gift exchange was exciting by the looks on Lorna's face in one of the photos. As usual, we had such a good time; we Frost kids filled our house with love! Some of them left right away; while as many as we were able to provide beds for stayed, Goodfellows got a motel. We fixed breakfast for all that stayed and had a fun time shopping, and we acted like a bunch of silly kids. I had both Christmas trees up and dressed along with the rest of the house, it is funny we had room for the guests.

Celia



Connie, Kellie & Kyle

Connie, Kellie and Kyle spent Christmas with us. It was the first time I was able to have a real Christmas since I left Burley. It was so fun having Santa Claus actually come to our house; and to see the excitement of the children on Christmas morning. The true Spirit of Christmas filled our house.

On December the 29th, we drove over to Gooding to spend time with Melody and Emil. We got to meet Little Melody and her dad, plus little Thomas, Emily's children for the first time.

So my story comes to a close for 1993. I think it was a very good year with many new experiences in our Idaho life. RNULIFE was our license plate number indicating our life changes.

My Turn on Earth

Chapter 31

Yesteryear Once More

Yes, it is interesting and joyful to step back into years by gone, and what a time in my life's journey those yesteryears were. We were still the fairy tale Princess and Knight that we have always been, not as beautiful and handsome, but otherwise the same. Little by little our new home was becoming our castle.

As I recall, 1994 started out with a lot of fun events, almost a carbon copy of the previous year. I made another trip to McCall to the ice sculptures, only this time instead of going with Clyde; it was with Connie, Kellie and Kyle. What fun we had! Every year the sculptures are bigger, better, and more of them. We each had our favorite. We had lunch in between



Ice sculpture

running from one sculpture to another. We were all very tired and cold kids as we drove back to Boise.

Also as last year, on February 15th we went back down to St. George, Utah to visit Lorna and Kenneth, as that was their winter home each year; Kings Row RV Park. Only this year not only Thelma and I went, Jack and Jay also went. We stayed in rooms at the club house as Thelma and I did last year. We each did our own thing the rest of the afternoon. Thelma, Jay, and Jack just sat around visiting. Kenneth went golfing but Lorna and I went shopping. Guess who had the most fun! As evening approached 13 of us, mostly Turners, went to JJ Humayns, a Chinese Restaurant for a wonderful dinner. I can almost still taste it. It

Celia

was Jay's birthday so they brought out a plate full of cookies with a candle and sang Happy Birthday to him. After we couldn't eat any more we went to Lorna and Kenneth's trailer and played dominoes until 12:30.



Butch Cassidy's old stomping grounds

On Wednesday morning we had a famous "Lorna Breakfast" before loading into Lovell Turner's king cab pickup and Kenneth drove us all around. We went on two loops, both north and south. We stopped to have lunch and went on another loop to a ghost town where the movie "Butch Cassidy and the Sun Dance Kid" was filmed, it was also Butch Cassidy's old stomping

grounds. The last part of our tour was to a tiny old cemetery that had very interesting headstones. In one little plot was a whole family that had been killed by the Indians. We and Jacksons left about 5:30 and arrived in Monroe about 8:30 p.m..

Back in Monroe on Thursday, Thelma and I went shopping in Richfield and about 3:00 we all headed out for Salt Lake, Thelma and Jay riding with us while Reneé and her boys drove Jackson's car. Gayle had homemade soup and hot rolls waiting for us. We went to Eunice's for the rest of the evening.

Being very weary after all the good times we had, we had a good night's rest at Eunice's but got up early, drove downtown to the Joseph Smith building to see "Legacy" which we enjoyed very much. We hooked back up with Jacksons and Thelma, Reneé and I went to Sandy to see Raydon, then spent the rest of the day in craft stores. We gals really knew how to have fun back in yesteryear. We went back to Gayle's and ordered pizza and went to Hale Theater (this theater is in the round) and saw "The Other Side of Love", a really fun performance. We stayed at Gayle's that night and came back to Boise and reality the next day after doing so much in just four days.

I received some very sad news in February after all the good times that we had had. My dear friend, Shirley Hart passed away in Rexburg after suffering from vulvian cancer for a very long time. She wrote to tell me

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about it, but passed away before she got my reply. Gordon called to tell me that he saw her obituary in the Rexburg newspaper but unfortunately it came out the day after her funeral. I wish that I could have attended her funeral to tell her good-bye. I hope she understood. I missed her so much, just knowing that she was gone. I was so happy that her son Butch had baptized her into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day-Saints so that she was able the last few years of her life to enjoy the blessings of the gospel. She was way too young to leave us.

Lorna and Kenneth got their mission call to New Jersey, so we went to Burley for their missionary farewell on February 28th. They had a very nice service and we got to see a lot of our family. We went to see mother at the nursing home, she probably did not remember us being there. It was so sad to see her that way.



Lorna & Kenneth

As March rolled around we decided to entertain the Owens Family after all the times that they had invited us to their family doings. On the 14th we had Glen and Ada, Don and Nadene, Gladys and Carla, plus Alan and Ruth Warner all over for a good dinner of corned beef and cabbage, as it was Saint Patrick's Day. After dinner we had a nice evening of chatting.

Connie and her two, Kellie and Kyle, spent some time with us and also Gerald and Kelly spent a night with us. Jack took them to the airport at 5:00 a.m. for a flight to someplace that I don't remember.

Around the first of April we went to Connie's so Jack could work on her bathroom. Just before leaving, Gordon and Bonnie and the kids came down from Rexburg for the weekend and stopped by so we got to visit with them for a little while as well.

Later in April, Gordy came over to Boise with his Teachers Quorum for some reason. We went and got him and he stayed with us for a few days. Among other things, I took him to an art museum but the staff followed us around watching us like a hawk, as if we were going to steal something. I never did go back there.

The following Thursday I took him home and spent two or three days

Celia

in Rexburg. On Friday Gordon declared a family holiday and they all stayed home from work and school. That morning he fixed waffles for breakfast and later we went down to Idaho Falls. We walked around the green belt, went to the library, and the visitors center at the temple and watched some films. In the evening, Bonnie and I went with Livi to a Merry Miss activity. I left to go back to Boise the next day.

Melody and Emil finally got a new house; the fire trap they were living in could not stand another winter. Melody screamed at the company that Emil worked for until they finally bought them an almost new mobile home. I was so happy for her, if any one needed a new house it was her.

Boise holds a great “River Festival” each year in June. This year Connie, Kellie and Kyle came and Jack took us downtown and dropped us off to do our thing. This was the first year they did a land festival as it had grown too large for the river. And I really wanted to go. It had everything from the giant balloons just like New York’s holiday parades. Hot air balloons, and the parade of lights with so many mammoth floats covered completely in lights filled the streets at night. So beautiful. I was so happy to finally get to go watch it.



One of the floats at the festival



The Gilmours: Becky, Jack, Jason, Chad, George, and me

The last week of June 1994, we left for Minneapolis, Minnesota; not before calling my dear Thelma to wish her a Happy Birthday. Jack had a feeling that we should go see his Aunt Rhoda whom was now 97 years old. George and Becky now were living in Farmington near St. Paul and had a home so we were able to stay with them. (No motel this time). Rhoda was still sharp minded and was happy to see both of us. George, Becky, Jason

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and Chad took us to many great places.

We took a very long day trip over to Lake Superior the 3rd of July where we went to the “Split Rock Lighthouse” near Two Harbors. I really love lighthouses and that was the most awesome one I had seen. The lake was ice cold. We went from there to Gooseberry River where we hiked for miles at last reaching Shell Falls. More hiking took us to the first of the Gooseberry Falls. They were quite spectacular with water tumbling all over the place. George walked back to get the car, none of us could have made it back there on foot. We drove from there over to Duluth on the west end of Lake Superior. The big attraction that draws all the town



Split Rock Lighthouse

folks out was to watch the huge freighters come in off the lake. A huge draw bridge goes up stopping traffic on a main street for over an hour. As soon as the ore freighter passes under, everyone leaves. It was very interesting. We spent the 4th of July at Becky’s parent’s farm in Waterville. The food was great and her dad took us on a tractor ride over much of his 1,500 acre farm. I couldn’t believe the size of his machinery. It was nothing like the farm machinery that I grew up with on our farm during my yesteryears. The kids showed us such a wonderful time and Becky was a wonderful cook.

After a week’s stay we headed back towards Idaho through the Bad Lands of South Dakota and through Mount Rushmore. It was raining so hard we were unable to see what we hoped to. In Mitchell, South Dakota, we saw the Corn Palace again on this trip. Driving through Wyoming we could see Devil’s Tower for miles before we reached it. Boise was such a welcome site as we came home and our own bed was so appreciated.

Celia

Looking back as I write this we were gone almost all year, no wonder we had very few visitors. Gordon and Bonnie and the kids arrived around 6:15 on the evening of July 9th, which was a Saturday. On Sunday they went to church with us. In the evening we had popcorn out on the patio. Monday included a visit to Boise's newly remodeled airport, and to an outlet mall. On Tuesday while Gordon and Bonnie went to the temple, we took Livi and Loren to the cheese factory in Nampa while Gordy stayed at home. Later that day I took them all to the Discovery Center where there were all kinds of hands on displays to show how scientific principles work. The highlight of their stay was the day trip to Idaho City on Wednesday. Gordy, Olivia and Loren loved having their pictures taken with their favorite wooden creatures. They left to go home on Thursday.



Jay and Thelma

The next day we left for a trip to Salt Lake on July 15th. The family all went to the Jordan River Temple for the start of Thelma & Jay's Golden Anniversary celebration. We all ate dinner in the temple cafeteria after the session. We stayed at Gayle's that night. Their children honored them with an open house on Saturday evening the 16th at the Heritage House Fourth Ward, in West Jordan, near Judy's. There was another open house Sunday evening at their home in Monroe. Both events were very nice and well attended. The children and grandchildren put on a marvelous program. They went

all out in every detail and everything was decorated so lovely. Thelma and Jay looked radiant and couldn't have been happier.

We stayed with the Jacksons for a couple of more days. On Monday we went to Cove Fort just off I-15 and I-70, which is a



Cove Fort

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church historical place. We had been there before but each time we go new things have been added and we learn more of the history each time.

On Tuesday morning we went to the Fremont Indian Park and Museum, after tiring ourselves out we went back to Monroe and had lunch. Jay and Jack just did stuff while Thelma and I went to Richfield to shop. Through my stories do you get the idea that Thelma and I love to shop? We don't always buy, but it is fun looking. On this shopping trip I did buy a dress and a blouse, on sale of course! On Wednesday morning it was time for us to leave the good time we had the last five days and see what our Garden of Weeden had waiting for us back home. Weeds and more weeds!



Goodfellow's pioneer handcart

great grandparents was performed by Kathryn and Dick, even in yesteryear dress. They also had their handcart there. Another great part was that Patty had put together a lot of yesteryear duds for us all to pick out and dress up in for photos that Jack took of each family. Besides the good food and family togetherness, it just could not have been any better. The Cassia County Fair and

As the summer rolled on, it was Frost Family Reunion time again. That year it was held at Elba Park in Malta on August 13th. The Harpers were in charge so we knew we were in for a good time and it was. It was an overnighter so us non campers stayed in an old motel in Malta. It was planned around way back to yesteryear. The History of Christena Brown and Martimer Warner, our



Ma and Pa Gilmour out on the old homestead

Celia

Rodeo was also going on that we always enjoy going to. Also my 68th birthday greeted me.

After getting her degree the year before, Deelyn got her first job as a school teacher. After graduating from high school, Melynda was now a freshman at Ricks in Rexburg.



*Jack's Aunt
Rhoda*

In September we went to Seattle to see Pat and other members of Jack's family. While there we went to the Boeing Field Flight Museum. Jack really enjoyed all the retired aircraft. And I liked the retired Blue Angels plane. We went to Victoria, Canada and spent time in one of our very favorite places. On the way home we stopped at the Interpretative Center above Baker, Oregon. The displays were so life like I caught myself talking to some of the people. I thought them rude because they wouldn't answer me.

Jack's Aunt Rhoda died on September 22nd, two days before her 98th birthday in Minnesota. Of course it was impossible for us to be there, but we did bid her our final farewell before leaving Minnesota, knowing she would be leaving this earth soon.

We had our 16th wedding anniversary on November 25th and Jack had his 68th Birthday December the 19th.

We went to Burley on the 3rd of December for our Frost Christmas Party, that Kathryn and Dick hosted. I don't remember but it had to be just as much fun as all of our parties. We stayed at their place that night. We went to see Mother at the nursing home before the party and again as we left town for Boise.

I got busy getting our Christmas home ready; putting up the trees and my entire Santa and bear collection. We went to our ward party and dinner and an Owens party. Then just settled back and had a good old



Our backyard snowman

My Turn on Earth

yesteryear Christmas and enjoyed dinner and our gift exchange.

We had a wonderful December snow fall. At last after all these years I was able to make my great snowman. He lasted maybe a week before he slowly bid us his farewell and slipped away to never, never land never to return.

On Monday December 26th, 1994 the day after Christmas shortly after 8:00 a.m. our dear sweet Mother passed away to join our Father, Myron, and her loved ones who went before her. What a great Christmas Party they must have had. We knew it was her time and she was released from all earthly pain.

Even though we shed tears we knew she was now happy. We met at the mortuary Thursday night and again at 10 a.m. on Friday morning. Her funeral service was held at 11 a.m. at the Burley LDS Stake Center on Friday December 30th, a bitterly cold day. Lorna and Kenneth were able to leave their mission and flew into Salt Lake and rode to Burley with Jacksons.

We each paid tribute to her by prayers, talks and song. I talked about how she loved to share her genealogy with any one that asked. It was the first time I had given a talk without fear. Lorna honored her with a lovely poem that she wrote. There was an abundance of beautiful flowers,



Christmas bears and Santas



Cindee, Kellie, Kyle, me, and Connie at Mother's funeral. You can tell how cold it was.



Mother's casket

Celia

plants and friends to honor her. I think she was there in spirit and was well pleased to see the love that filled the chapel.

After a bitter cold journey to the cemetery it was a relief to come back to the church where the Relief Society sisters had prepared a hot meal to warm us. It was gratifying to see so many people that loved our Mother. She left behind 8 children, 48 grandchildren, 135 great grandchildren and 7 great, great grandchildren, 2 sisters and 5 sister-in-laws. I am sure that all that could possibly be there were. Thus ends the earth life of a great loving lady, as thus ends a very great and lovely year.

My Turn on Earth

Chapter 32

Once Upon a Time

I thought those were wonderful words as I continue my journey through life. “Once upon a time” promises a story of adventure and romance; an ongoing story of a princess and a knight. It may include tales of courage, hope and everlasting love. But perhaps most of all, I hope when you turn to the final line and your eyes see the enchanting words “And they lived happily ever after”.

We had a nice New Years dinner that included Clyde to start out a bright hopeful New Year, 1995. On the 17th we had a late Birthday dinner for Tim.

Losing my dear mother so recently, I reflect on how grateful I am that God chose to give me to her. I reflect on her love for each one of her children. She always put us first, no matter what. I remember the teachings she taught us, that we are daughters of the Living God. She taught me honesty, to cook and sew, to work and to play. I think of her every day of my life.

Connie, Kellie & Kyle and I went to the McCall Ice Sculptures. This was my third year. Each year is like going for the first time. It is “enchanting” to see all those beautiful snow white giants looming in the sunshine. We certainly did enjoy our day there. That was the last time that I went.

While we were in the Bishop’s office for tithing settlement at the end of the last year, the bishop asked if we would con-



Kyle and Kellie with one of the ice sculptures

Celia

sider going on a mission. That was the farthest thing from my mind. The thought of knocking on doors and all that goes along with missionary work frightened me to death. We were not in a financial situation to support a mission. The only thing I could come up with was, "Well maybe one where we could live at home". I was thinking of a service mission. Bishop Holderness wasted no time! On January 22, 1995 we were both set apart as stake missionaries. Not the service mission I had in mind. This took great courage for me!

We have had numerous callings in all the wards that we have lived in. My first calling in the 28th Ward was Sunday School Secretary shortly after moving here. I really enjoyed that position as it gave me the opportunity to learn the member's names and put families together. I hated giving that calling up to become a stake missionary, but we do what we have to do.

There wasn't too much knocking on doors, but a sprinkle of it. But it did include a lot of meetings. A stake meeting every Sunday afternoon was the one we were expected to attend! When Clyde heard that, he was not one bit happy. There went his free Sunday dinners. At our first meeting we met all the other stake missionaries from the various wards and the stake mission presidency that we would be working under. It took a lot of faith and prayer for me to get through the next two years.

We worked with some wonderful people, especially co-missionaries, the Moore's, Clark and Diann and Andy and Peggy Flores, and Grace and Noel Janko from our ward. I mentioned Noel in another chapter as the Jewish convert.



Andy Flores, the Moores, us, and seated Noel Janko

We loved working with the young elders; we fed them a lot of dinners which included Clyde. They were so young, spiritually enthusiastic and fun to be with. Jack took them to most of their meetings and appointments. We helped them out with followup investigators. It was such a thrill when we had baptisms. We held

My Turn on Earth

a lot of missionary meetings in our home plus some dinners and parties. At Christmas time both years I made giant Christmas stockings for each of the elders and had the Relief Society sisters help fill them. On Christmas Day we had them over for dinner and gave them their stockings. That was so much fun; they acted just like little kids on Christmas morning. We loved all of our elders and as they filled their missions and returned home and married, we got invitations to their



*Jack and I as stake
Missionaries*

weddings. It was a great time in my life, I did grow spiritually and my testimony was strengthened, but I feel that I could have done more.

Our grandson, Mark Dudley at the age of 15 came down with a very rare condition called “Guillian Baire Syndrome”. It came on him all of a sudden one Sunday evening around the first of April. His legs were paralyzed and he could not stand. As he lay on the floor his dad thought he was acting up, but soon found it was very serious and gave him a priesthood blessing. He was taken to the emergency room and from there rushed to the hospital in Twin Falls. This Syndrome paralyzes the whole body very quickly and mostly the lungs. If not put on a respirator very soon it will kill the patient. Mark was very blessed, as the first doctor he saw had seen it once before and recognized it. He acted upon it very quickly and saved Mark’s life. I drove to Twin Falls to see him one day. It took him a very long time to recover.

Kellie and Kyle came and stayed during Spring Break, Cindee also came about that time. Even though we were missionaries we made time for family and friends. And we did have a lot of company. My guest book is full, a big share is related to our missionary work, feeding the young Elders and holding meetings here. We also had a lot of family members come during that time period. It seemed to be our missionary work was slow but did move forward. The fulltime missionaries had just started

Celia

teaching a new family. We only had two full time missionaries for the Stake that covered six wards but with all the new housing that was being built in our area we got new members and even converts.

In August we met Connie and the kids at a junction just before Hailey and followed them to the Uriguen's summer home in Ketchum. Connie was dating Frank Uriguen at the time. Since his mother's death, and Frank and Connie's subsequent marriage, they own the house but as of 2011 we have never been invited back. We stayed there for three days and three nights. The home was so lovely. What a great vacation that turned out to be; just loafing and sightseeing and having fun with Connie and the children, running around Ketchum, Sun Valley and Hailey with all the wealthy people was exciting.

We were surprised to see Roger, LeeAnn, Brad and Raquel Turner peeking in a store window at us. They knew we were there but we didn't know they were. What fun. All good things seem to never last long enough, it was so beautiful there.

We took the mountain route going home, it too was very beautiful and our bonus was seeing a cub bear in the middle of the road. In all of our mountain travels through the years, it was the first time we saw a bear in the wild outside of Yellowstone Park.



It seemed like we didn't stay home long enough to get very much missionary work done. Our Mission Leader was beside himself. He worked so hard to motivate us. We were to have a training meeting in our home the night we returned but found out there was a stake training meeting so that got us off the hook.

One Sunday a young lady came to church by mistake. Boy did we jump on her! A young man friend of hers told her she should visit the Mormon Church, but she got the wrong building. She was really friendshipped and in the Gospel Principles class she asked all kinds of questions. Luckily the elders were in our ward that day and they took over. "Golden?" Yes! Julie was a delightful young lady and stayed in our ward

My Turn on Earth

until after her baptism. We taught her the last new member discussion. We missed her after she started going to her own ward. She married the young man in the temple and she has kept in touch with us for many years.

Lynette was another delightful young lady, divorced with a small daughter, that we were able to teach the discussions too. She was baptized and later we were able to go to the temple with her and see her sealed to a young divorced man and see their two young daughters sealed to them. What a sweet experience seeing those two adorable little girls become sisters.

Well there we went again, this time to Rexburg for Loren's baptism on July 1st. We stayed a few days and enjoyed touring the Ricks College Campus and the beautiful campus gardens. Melynda was going to school there and worked in the greenhouse and planted a lot of the flowers. The way I love flowers, it was so fun seeing all the different blooms that I didn't have. We stayed through the Fourth of July and went to the parade. Later



Ricks College Gardens

we had a picnic in the park and that evening watched the fireworks at the fairgrounds.

I went to Salt Lake with Connie and the children. Connie had a lot of fun things planned. Lagoon, The zoo, the Heber Creeper, Sun Dance Resort in Provo Canyon, etc, We stayed in a motel, which was fun for the kids. Another three fun filled days and then back to Burley for the Frost Family Reunion that was held August the 5th. Turners were in charge, I don't have any other information or newsletters from that year. But knowing the Turner's it had to be a good one. Of course we had to stay and take in the Cassia County Fair and Rodeo before returning home. I was told that on a stake mission you have too many distractions. How True!



Loren's baptism

Celia

We were very happy when Michael got out of the service the end of the month. He had served in Kuwait during Desert Storm in the Prussian Gulf War .

Oh my Gosh! I almost forgot to tell you that we are going to be great-grand-parents. Raydon and Colby were expecting after two years of marriage. I thought they were too young, too immature and too selfish to be parents and I was right.

Emil's daughters did not treat Melody and Emil like parents. Adelma had three or four children, and Emily had Thomas and Melody, Melody was killed in an automobile accident along with one of her children. We never got to know any of them, except for Thomas. So it was hard to claim them as grandchildren but we claim Thomas.

Okay, so our missionary work got a little slow, no co-operation from the ward. So we started working on our neighbors across the street, the Asins, (only they didn't know about it). We took them to a Relief Society dinner at church and they were really made to feel welcome. We had the elders over for a barbecue and asked Doris and Bob over, telling them the Elders would be there. The elders gave them a copy of The Book of Mormon. We got tickets for a stage musical at the Boise State University Special Events Center put on by the Boise LDS Institute. If I remember right, the performance was "Joshua", any way we all enjoyed it very much. We have had them over for dinners and barbecues, and they like wise have had us over.



Kyle and Kellie: Sundance Kids



With Bob Asin at Shoshone Falls

We also took them to see Shoshone Falls. Since they were from California, they had never been there. At that time the water was running full bore and was absolutely breathtaking. We also

My Turn on Earth

stopped and viewed the Malad River Gorge and Falls.

Jack was just elated to find a second cousin living in Lafayette, Louisiana. While getting some names on his mother's side ready for their temple work, he found that a lot of the work had been done in 1982. With further checking, he obtained the submitter's name and wrote her a letter. Four days later he received a phone call from Muriel Roberts of Lafayette finding out that their grandmothers were sisters, which made them second cousins. They each thought that they were they only Mormons on that side of the family. She had traced their ancestors all the way back to the Mayflower and back to England.

In October we went to Spokane, Washington, to meet Muriel Roberts. She had a son living there and she was visiting his family that weekend. She and Jack had a wonderful reunion, even though as far as they knew, they had never met, except for the possibility of when children in Seattle. They exchanged a lot of family information and photos. John and Heather welcomed us into their home. Jack and Muriel hit it off just like cousins should.



With Jack's cousin, Muriel



With Kellie and Kyle on our tour of Boise

We went to Malta where Jack photographed the wedding of our niece Corinne Harper to Burke Udy . It was a beautiful back yard wedding and Corinne looked just beautiful. The fun thing was that we got to be the first to see the wedding pictures and they all turned out beautiful!

During the summer we had a lot of guests come and go. Kellie and Kyle were here a lot. We did so many fun things; spent time at Kathryn Albertson Park, blew giant soap bubbles,

Celia

made ghosts and painted pumpkins. We took a train ride tour of Boise, rode paddle boats on the lake in the park, explored the Discover Center had the most fun right here in our back yard.

Kellie and Jeremy both had their 13th birthdays. Sometime during the busy summer I even had my 69th insignificant birthday. Gordy, who started going by Glen, had his 16th Halloween birthday. Halloween came and went and we had lots of little trick-or-treaters. We even drove up to McCall to see the scarecrows placed all over town. After Halloween, Livi also had her 13th birthday.



Scarecrows in McCall



Thanksgiving 1995

For Thanksgiving our special guests were Gordon and Bonnie and their family from Rexburg. What made it so special, they seldom get here, and Clyde. We had the traditional Thanksgiving dinner. They stayed over for a few days so we had time for fun.

We celebrated our 17rd Once Upon a Time wedding anniversary by reaching out for each other's hands and our

life together is our happily ever after. We always buy something nice for our home. That has been a tradition throughout our married years. As usual, we dressed in our finest clothes to go to a very fine restaurant, The Chart House, for a very fine dinner, also a Once Upon a Time tradition.

For our Frost Family Christmas dinner we got to go to Monroe, Utah, on December 6th. All of us Frost kids and our mates were there except Don and Irma. We got up and left before 9:00 a.m. to go to the Manti Tem-



The Manti Temple

My Turn on Earth

ple. What a thrill it was to all be in the Lord's House and do a session together. All 14 of us except for Eunice and Earl were in the Prayer Circle. The temple president noticed us and as we was having lunch he offered to take us on a tour, and up the beautiful spiral staircase, all 151 steps, into the beautiful sealing room in the tower, explaining historical facts pertaining to the temple to us. People are not permitted up there but he took us because he was impressed by us all being there as a family. What a spiritual time for me. It really set the Christmas Spirit for me.

We had a wonderful dinner at the lovely Jackson home. Renee's young boys were our waiters. They were so cute with the towels over their arms just like any fancy restaurant; they were so cute. Then came the fun part of opening our gifts to each other. I am not sure where everyone else slept but we were there first and had our territory marked! It was a wonderful prelude for the Christmas Holiday to follow.

We both had our 69th Birthdays that year. We go to the restaurant of our choice for our Birthday dinner.



The missionaries at Christmas

Christmas Day we had dinner for the Missionaries, I am not sure how many, and of course Clyde. Jack went and got them early and I gave them their giant Christmas stockings full of packages. Like I said earlier, they acted like little kids on Christmas morning. To think about it they were! It was a great day and Jack returned them to their apartment later in the day. We don't see our own families for Christmas anymore

because they all have their own family Christmases.

Thus ended another very wonderful, happy year in my journey through this worldly life! I am so thankful for each of my family members and my lifelong friends. I am so grateful for my noble knight and for the love and caring that we share for each other. I am so grateful for my knowledge of the Plan of Salvation; that we are God's children and that we do belong to God's Church on earth! We are living happily ever after each day of our lives.

Celia

Chapter 33

How Time Flies

Another new year 1996, that also flew by. We did stay up and see the old fellow leave and the infant 96 burst in. How exciting! We cooked a nice New Years dinner with Clyde as our first and only guest. The snow we had didn't last long, we went from 1 degree to 50 degrees in one day. Even though the winter was mild we found plenty to keep us busy. I did a lot of reading and filled many, many scrap-books, and even got a head start on my Christmas gifts for the coming year. While Jack did genealogy work on the computer, did a lot of fix up jobs around the house, plus some snooze time and talking on the phone.



Me, doing my thing

A few family members found their way to Boise those first few cold months, I think they wanted to get out of Burley and enjoy a few days in the banana belt, as Boise is always warmer than most places in Idaho.



Jack doing his thing

Our missionary work took top priority with all the meetings and everything that goes with the work. I will relate my thoughts at the time of our calling. Being that I had no desire for a mission, except for maybe to Nauvoo, I spent the afternoon thinking and praying, I was so frightened. But I slowly turned fright to faith. The Lord knew of my limited education and my inability to speak correct English. If He thought I could do it, I told myself that I could. I put myself in His hands. I was so thankful that we were in it together. I could not have done it without Jack.

My Turn on Earth

We go to the temple and make covenants with the Lord that we will do all we can to forward his work. So how could we not accept? Without the two missionaries that came to our door, where would we be today?

In February we had two baptisms, a mother and daughter; Jo-Mary and Tiffany Dhebelt, the father was a member, at the time the son did not commit. We enjoyed teaching the family the new member discussions here in our home.

I came down with a kidney stone, it must not have been too big. With a good priesthood blessing, the Lord's help, and antibiotics it passed. It had been a long time since I had had a priesthood blessing, I had forgotten how great the Lord works. Jack was also having a problem with a pinched nerve at that time. Jack had been taking too much Naprosyn and Aspirin which resulted in a bleeding ulcer. He had an endoscopy exam which found the bacteria H-Pylori, so he too went on antibiotics.

Easter was sooo much fun that year, Connie, Kellie and Kyle were here and what fun we had coloring eggs and hiding them from each other. We topped it off with a great Easter dinner of ham and all the trimmings. Everyone laid around the rest of the day moaning.



Easter dinner with Connie and the kids



Melynda's graduation; with both of her grandmothers

We went to Rexburg to see Melynda graduate from Ricks College on the 27th of April where we stayed with Gordon and Bonnie. The next day we went back to Rupert to see Mark receive his Eagle Scout award. I was so proud of them both.

Oh my goodness! I almost forgot to mention that we became great-grandparents! On April 30, at 8:45 am Raydon and Colby had a darling little girl named Lacoya Dawn Carde-



Lacoya

Celia

nas. She was 7 pounds 6 ounces with long black hair and black eyes. I called her our little Lamanite. She was blessed in to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by her grandfather Tim Dudley in Rupert. We got to go and Jack was able to stand in on the blessing.

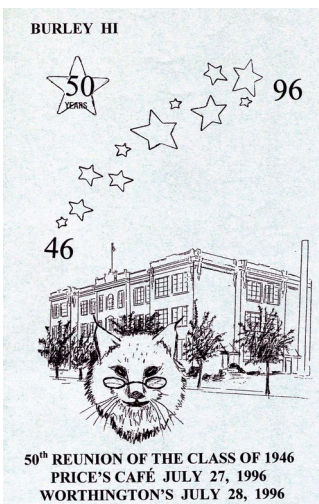
Connie kissed Wal-Mart off as a losing career with no chance for advancement. She made up her mind that she wanted to sell insurance for Farm Bureau. It was a tough business but with determination and a lot of mind boggling studies and tests here in Boise, each time she had to take the test over it cost her \$60.00, she finally passed and went to work as an insurance agent.

On June 29th Connie's kids came and we went to the river festival again. Jack wasn't enthused about it so as usual he took us down town and dumped us off. There was something going on all day long and then the lighted floats after dark and fabulous fireworks. When it was over, we called Jack and told him where we were so he could come and get us. I don't know if this was the time, but on one occasion I got very tired and little Kyle said, "I think we broke Grandma." He was right!

Kellie came to Boise for her 14th birthday and baked her own cake. Cindee came and she and I spent a great day touring beautiful Kathryn Albertson Park (one of my favorite places in Boise) and went shopping. I don't think I even mentioned in all these stories how much I love flowers.

Well I do, and I don't even know which one is my favorite.

How time flies by, that year on July 27th was my 50th Class Reunion. I was asked to design the program cover. I don't know who got me into it, but after a lot of discarded ideas I did come up with a real nice one. (The class ahead of us copied it for their next reunion, so I guess it was good.) I had a great time mingling with my good old buddies from yesteryear that I hadn't seen since I left school many years ago. (Girls can be buddies too you know!) I haven't missed a reunion since, and each year they are better.



My Turn on Earth

The Frost Family Reunion was on August 10th at the Unity Ward recreation area. Gerald and Verlee were in charge and had everything planned—something for everyone. There was a presentation by Shawn Kay, who taught martial arts. He demonstrated proven methods for a person to protect themselves from assault, muggings and rape. It was very enlightening to women and young girls. As usual there was the annual dinner, games, drawing and visits. It was so good to see my wonderful families.

On the 19th I had my 70th Birthday. That was one birthday I was not looking forward to. Oh my gosh, 70! I could not say the word seventy for months and months. I didn't even want to remember it, but I was glad to still be alive and healthy. On top of that, I had to go and renew my driver's license.



On my 70th birthday



*With two classmates:
Majory Bunn
Warwood and Helen
Wixom Ivie*

Two down, two more to go; reunions that is. George and Becky with Chad came from Minnesota and got in Boise Monday evening the 19th and left on Wednesday morning for Seattle. We left on Thursday and the reunion was on Sunday. It was wonderful, but nothing like our Frost reunions. We don't hold them on Sunday, nor do we have beer!!!

George had arranged this reunion from Minnesota by phone with one of Pat's boys. Jason their oldest son flew into Seattle on Friday. Jack Jr. and Aurora came from Sunnyvale, California. Everyone else lives in the Seattle area but for Louie and his daughter, who lived in Los Angeles and was unable to be there. There were 26 people in attendance with only two missing and two who were not invited. That is the whole Gilmour family. Weird huh? What made it so special was that George had not seen his cousins in over 20

Celia

years. How time flies! Young Jack's niece who he had not seen since they were kids showed up. They grew up more like brother and sister. When all those people met for the first time after all those years it got just a little emotional. We snacked all afternoon and had a big spaghetti dinner in the late afternoon. One of Pat's five sons, Scott, is a professional musician and plays in a band in Seattle. The guys brought out the guitars and we all joined in the sing along. It was a fun music filled evening.



At Whidbey Island

On Friday Jack and I, George's family, and Jack and Aurora all drove over to Whidbey Island to see their aunt and uncle (Jack's ex-in-laws). I did not want to go, but it turned out okay. She had fixed lasagna for dinner. Their home was right on the water, I enjoyed the beach and was treated very nice. The drive over was awesome. It was a cool trip.

We drove back over to Seattle and left the next morning around 8:00 a.m. and went by way of Shelton, Washington, to visit Jack's brother-in-law, (George looks just like his uncle) then down to Portland and stopped in to see a nephew that we had just seen. They wanted us to see their new home. We left there and drove strait home getting here at 3:00 a.m.. Cindee, Connie and the kids stayed here holding down the fort while we were gone. They took good care of the yard and most of all my flowers.

We just completed our third reunion for the summer with one more to go. We went back to Seattle on the 14th of September, for Jack's 50th high school reunion. Jack and Pat decided that since they had never been to any of their reunions, they would go. They had a very good time and were surprised to still know so many of their classmates after all those years. Time sure does fly.

Joyce Kieken from church talked me into running with her for the Idaho Women's Fitness Celebration. She saw me as I walked most every day (that I was home) so she thought I was fit enough to do the 5-K run. So I did. It was a lot of fun. We had to be downtown in front of the Capital

My Turn on Earth

very early for the lineup as we ran in waves. I think we were in the yellow wave. I never saw so many women in one place in my life, some were even in wheel chairs. It is the largest fitness group in the nation and grows each year. Women come from all over the nation to run in it. Of course I didn't run, but I walked pretty fast. The celebration ended at the finish point which was Ann Morrison Park. There was all sorts of treats, healthy ones of course. We all wore shirts with the logo printed on the front with all the sponsors adds on the back. Joyce got back before me. Jack took us down there and met us at the park.

As they were calling gals to the stage for different prizes, they called for all women 70 and over. As I walked up there I was escorted on stage by a handsome young man in a short pants tuxedo. Wow! All of us that would admit our age got a cool medal. When I came off the stage a woman from our ward was standing there and she said, "You are not 70." I had to finally admit, "Yes, since the 19th of last month!" That was the last time I said seventy for a long time. Where did my 60's go. How Time Flies!

I haven't mentioned our missionary work for a while. We were still at it. We had the Elders and Clyde over for dinners quite often. We went to our training meetings, holding some of them in our home. We helped with discussions and were always happy when we could go to the baptisms.

Raydon came with her aunt, Debby Egland for a ski sale that their boss was into. They were here to sell his skis. Of course they brought baby Lacya and I got to tend her. She was then five months old and so adorable. She was looking more like a sweet little papoose all the time. I was so proud to show my first great granddaughter to all of my friends.



One fit 70 year old

Celia

They had to admit that she was the cutest papoose they had ever seen too. She was so good all the time she was here.

How time flies! We grow older, our children grow older, and our grandchildren grow older. There is no stopping it. Grandchildren graduate from high school. Some go on missions for the church then go to college and marriage. Some just go to college. Some go into the service for our country. Some get married right away and others wait longer for the wedding bells. I thought being a grandmother had aged me, but a great-grandmother?

I missed my grandchildren when they no longer had time to come around, they start their own families and move to faraway places. They are so busy we never get invited to their homes. When I am gone to the Great White Castle in the Heavens, I know that none of them will even miss me. How would they miss me when they really never knew me?

Here I was a great-grandmother and still hiding my gray hair. I decided it was time to quit fooling myself and fighting it and let it go and just be gray. It took months for the color to grow out. I hated it! I looked like someone else. That could not possibly be me looking back at me through the mirror. Well I put up with it for a while until one day I ran back to my beautician and yelled, "Color me"! She wasn't surprised.



Kyle in his lion costume

Kyle was in a play at the Heyburn Elementary School, one of Acsops Fables called "The Lion and the Mouse". He was the lion and needed a costume, so who did he call on, his Grandma. I put on my thinking cap and came up with an idea. After making a wild head of yellow yarn hair and putting together a brown sweat-suit, he was the cutest lion I had ever seen. We drove to Burley to see the play, it was real cute and he did a good job.

My Turn on Earth

I made time for a fall trip to Rexburg to visit the Buttars. They took us on an outing of Eastern Idaho over to Palisades and a place where we could overlook the Snake River. The fall colors were so brilliant and in all shades from deep reds to orange, yellows and browns with a little green here and there. We were able to get some wonderful photos. The whole trip was so worth it. We didn't get those colors in the part of California that we lived and I missed them. We were not able to stay for their Halloween which is one of their favorite holidays or for Glen's 17th birthday. The kids really dress up in great costumes.



Fall leaves along the Snake River



My kids (less Gordon)

We celebrated our 18th Wedding Anniversary November 25th all dressed up in our finest at our favorite high class restaurant "The Chart House" on the river for an evening of fine dining with just the two of us. Still very much in Love!

Thanksgiving great! It was on the 28th that year. We had all of my family here, except the Buttars. A couple of weeks earlier, just a couple days before her 14th birthday, Olivia had a seizure and they were trying to figure out what had caused it. They ended up taking her to Primary Children's Hospital in Salt Lake in December. They never did find out why and she never had an-

Celia

other one. We missed them, but they were with us the year before. There were seventeen of us sat down to dinner and when we were though there were very few left over's. The cousins had a good time getting acquainted and playing with each other. We had guests from Wednesday at noon until Sunday at noon. We were able to take a lot of great family pictures, which were not complete without Gordon's family. We were so thankful for our family and that we could be together for that Holiday

December came with a full, fun schedule. After getting the house all dressed up for Christmas, with mostly white lights, for the light of Christ, we also dressed up the front yard with lights and our white nativity set. This is a tradition for me. I have to decorate for the holidays and keep them up until January 2nd. Jack was kept busy cutting out the small sized yard reindeer for a craft project for the Relief Society. 54 Reindeer added up to 378 pieces. He said he didn't count sheep when he went to sleep, he counted reindeer.

As the month went: Monday night dinner and Christmas party with the Owens's family. Tuesday night was our Frost Dinner and Party hosted by Lorna and Kenneth. We had the traditional dinner, opened our gifts to each other, lots of just plain old fashioned visiting, and sharing the love. We must have stayed overnight there. Our family parties or so much more fun than the Owens's parties. Jack sneaked in his 70th birthday. I think it is a sin to have a birthday so close to Christmas. It is hard enough to decide on one gift let alone two.

Next came the ward Christmas dinner and party. A Relief Society dinner and next was a stake temple night, all before Christmas. When Christmas finally arrived we had the elders over and gave them their stockings that I had made for them. As with the the Elders the previous year, they acted like little kids. It was so much



A kid on Christmas morning

My Turn on Earth

fun to have them in our home. I know that our home is blessed by the Spirit that they brought. For dinner we had Elders Locke and Jensen, Glen and Ada Owens, and Clyde. The weather was fairly good, we had snow a few days before but it was gone, so we finally had a white Christmas.

New Years Eve we celebrated watching TV and drinking sparkling cider until we both fell asleep and let the New Year happen without us. Thus, Time does Fly!

Celia

Chapter 34

One More Year

I was grateful that we were both still on this planet. We saw the old year out by spending the evening with Glen and Ada at a restaurant somewhere in Boise, I don't remember which one. Then the remainder of the evening was spent at their home where we played dominoes until the New Year kid arrived. Of course our first guest of the new year was Clyde who came for dinner. Doris Asin dropped in to see me too. Cindee was next.

Not wasting any time, we took our first trip to Salt Lake City to see Muriel and Phillip Roberts who were just finishing up their mission in Salt Lake and wanted to see us before leaving for Louisiana. We stayed at Eunice's and also saw Raydon and that sweet little papoose, Lacoja.

Our dear little granddaughter Melynda got her mission call the 29th. She was the first of our grandchildren to go on a mission. She was able to come to Boise and spend time before leaving for the Mission Training Center. It was so fun to help her shop for clothes, and to enjoy her sweet spirit. The three of us did a session in the Temple. The whole Dudley Family came and we had a big Birthday dinner for Tim's 49th, Melynida's 21st and Mark's 17th. It was a wonderful send off for Melynda.

I got a bad case of the flu. Usually Jack gets it first and gives it to me but I got even with him this time. I did not want to suffer alone so I gave it to him, but I kept a big part of it for myself. Most of the time when he gets it, I manage to let him suffer alone.

We finally got released from our stake mis-



Are there any more Kleenexes?

My Turn on Earth

sion on February 2nd after 25 months. We were very happy about that! Soon Jack was called to the Family History Center. He put in four hour shifts twice a week making it 8 hours, it was considered a family history mission. I did not get my beloved Sunday School Secretary job back but I was called to be Ward Bulletin Coordinator. As a matter of fact I had the outgoing coordinator put a bug in the Bishop's ear. I got it! I would get all the ward information put together and Jack would do the computer work. I loved doing that because I was about the first one in the ward to know what was going on each week. Jack still kept busy hauling the elders around, and they still liked to stop in.

With no more missionary work, I could not let the rest of the winter go to waste. I did accomplish several things I had on my "Winter To Do List". I read 8 or 9 books including *The Work and the Glory, Volume 7, Go*



The deacons bench that Jack made.

Forward With Faith by President Hinckley, along with six or seven smaller books. I re-did two years of photo albums, and started a quilt until my sewing machine quit on me. My biggest project was painting Amish children on my video cabinet. With that accomplished, I had hoped to start on my personal history but made a couple of bears instead. Unaccomplished that too! (I didn't get to my history until 2010. Finally!!!) I had to discontinue my daily walks because we had very cold winds all of February. Jack was busy building a deacons bench for the kitchen. It is so cute and it fit right in. He also had a lot of training classes for the Family History Center.

Connie had to Fly to Iowa for four days of schooling for her new job. We took her to the airport and picked her up again on Valentine's Day. We love it when family members have to fly someplace. They come here, stay overnight, we take them to the airport and when they return we pick them up and sometimes they get to spend another night with us.

Celia

Gordon made an unexpected trip to Boise in April. One morning his boss had asked him if he could go to a class in Boise. The catch was that he had to leave that day. He hurried and put everything together and had Bonnie pack his bags and meet him at work to take him to the airport. When he went to get his suitcase out of the trunk, Bonnie had left in such a hurry that she left it home. He had to come in just what he had on. Fortunately Jack had some clothes that fit him. That evening after his class, Jack picked him up and we took him out to Red Lobster for dinner. The next morning we took him back to the airport for his flight back to Idaho Falls.

There was a big going away party for Kathryn and Richard held out to Turners April 8th as they were about to embark on their "Faith in Every Foot Step Odyssey." They had joined the 1997 commemorative wagon train of the Mormon Pioneer Trail. Their journey was to take place soon. Richard got a head start, as he already had a good white beard. I think he was born 100 years too soon, as he loved that kind of life.



Richard and Kathryn

Thelma and Jay came, arriving at 5:00 p.m. on Friday the 11th of April, we were so happy to see them. They were tired from the long drive so after dinner and visiting a while, we all went to bed. After a good night's rest and a wholesome breakfast, Thelma and I were ready for our day of shopping. I don't know what they did all day, but I know what Thelma and I did. Shop! We went to the Mongolian BBQ for a great dinner, it was so good. It had better be because we dished it up ourselves and then watched them cook it. It was fun watching it being cooked, but was more fun to eat. Back home Jack showed them some things that they didn't know about the computer. In the evening we took them over to see Glen and Ada Owens, Thelma's less than favorite cousin.

My Turn on Earth

On Sunday we all went to Church, I was glad to show my pretty sister off to our ward. After staying for all three meetings, we had dinner and just laid around the rest of the day gabbing and watching TV. I sure don't know what all we shopped for, but Monday morning we were back at it. This time we shopped at Costco and the Mall. Tuesday morning we bid them good bye as they left at 9:45 a.m.. I sure hated to see them go! Our great granddaughter, little Papoose Lacoya had her first birthday and we didn't get to go to the party.

Connie, Kellie and Kyle were here again this year for Easter. It is so much fun for me when any of them come. There is still enough kid in me that I love dying eggs, Easter egg hunts and of course eating them. If no one comes I just don't bother to do anything but make a few deviled eggs for us, but it isn't that much fun.

At that time Tim was still with the Minidoka Sherriff's Department. He has had a lot of scary experiences that we have to hear about from the family in Burley. Michael was with the Filer City Police Department. We went to see him a couple of times. Melynda, our Missionary was in Monroe, Washington, and she just loved her area and the work. They have already had two baptisms. She wrote to us every week. Gordon just feels like they are getting ahead when something drastic happens. His fairly new computer got completely destroyed and no one knows how it happened. (The kids all plead the 5th amendment.) Glen was driving and had so many fender benders that their insurance went way up. He was working toward his GED. Cindee was really doing poorly with her rheumatoid arthritis. Her left hand had deteriorated so badly that she had to wear wrist braces and she was only 39. Connie was slowly working into her new career, she came to realize that it takes time to build up her clientele, but she had the spunk and she made it. Deelyn was back teaching at Head Start.

As spring and summer finally come on, I was able to enjoy it after I got my bunches of weeds pulled. For some reason every year my flowers seem so slow. Everyone's roses and flowers are in full bloom while mine are still in the bud stage. The weather was just wonderful. I enjoyed sitting out on the patio until 10:00 at night watching the birds and the sunsets and all the wonderful sights and sounds that God sends my way.

Celia



*Hale-Bopp Comet by
Nancy Mueller*

We were able to enjoy a once in a life time experience watching the Hale-Bopp Comet as it passed its perihelion (the point nearest the sun in the orbit of a planet or other body) on April 1, 1997. The comet was dubbed the Great Comet of 1997. It was perhaps the most widely observed comet of the 20th century, and of the brightest seen for many decades it was visible to the naked eye for a record 18 months. Hale-Bopp was discovered by Allen Hale and Thomas Bopp.

Hale had spent hundreds of hours searching for comets without success, and was tracking known comets from his driveway in New Mexico when he chanced upon Hale-Bopp just after midnight. Bopp did not own a telescope. He was out with friends near Stanfield, Arizona, observing star clusters and galaxies when he chanced across the comet while looking through the eyepiece of his friend's telescope. He realized he might have spotted something new. Allen Hale had e-mailed the Central Bureau for Astronomical Telegrams. The following morning, it was confirmed that it was a new comet and was given the name Hale-Bopp as it was discovered by two amateurs. Hale-Bopp will not appear again until the year 4385, and I doubt very much that we will be around to see it a second time.

We also witnessed Halley's Comet as it last appeared in the inner Solar System in 1986 and will next appear in mid-2061. It is the best known of short-period comets, and is visible from earth every 75 to 76 years. Halley's Comet was more than 100 times fainter at the same distance from the sun than Hale-Bopp and Hale-Bopp was approximately six times the size of Halley. I hope you find this interesting. I am grateful to have seen both of those great comets in my lifetime. Thank you God.

In May, I made a trip to Rexburg for Glen's graduation on the 21st when he received his GED certificate from the Eastern Idaho Technical College. He actually achieved it a year sooner than if he would have stayed in school.

My Turn on Earth

Cindee came for her 40th Birthday and as she does every year, bakes her own birthday cake, I try to make her day fun for her. She also was here for the 4th of July. We had a great dinner BBQ on the patio with Clyde, but no fireworks that year. We, Connie, Kellie, Kyle and Cindee helped Boise celebrate the River Festival in July. It was bigger and better than ever. We hung around all day and into the evening to see the lighted floats. It was well worth the fatigue we all felt.



I gave two classes in a craft store on "Fun with Photography". I only had a half an hour for each class, and one in Relief Society. It was kind of scary because I only knew one person besides the owner. I thought it was dumb of me trying to do something like that. But I did really well and had my displays laid out just right. Everyone seemed to enjoy it, but best of all learn from it. It was fun.



Gathered around in Gordon's kitchen

We had our 2nd Gilmour, Dudley & Buttars Family Reunion up at Rexburg that turned out very well. We were all there except for Connie and her kids. Part One: Swimming at Green Canyon. Gordon and Bonnie and all the kids went swimming, the rest of us sat around watching. That little Lacoya had more fun than all the rest put together. It was a good thing the pool was an inside pool because it poured down rain all day long. I would not get in the water after seeing a couple of people blow their noses in the pool and with the pool so full of people and little kids that day. I wondered how much more snot and piddle was in the water. I stood my ground and stayed dry! After they had had enough swimming we went back to Buttars for part two: a picnic.

Celia

It was raining so hard that Gordon set up some tables he borrowed from the church in their unfinished downstairs. Since it was too stormy to cook out on the grill, he went and got some chicken from the delicatessen at the grocery store. The rain didn't dampen our spirits, the food was great and so was everyone that was there. Gordon and Bonnie did a nice job with the planning etc. Everyone else went home but we stayed the night and went home the next day.

July 21st was the second to the last day of the 1,100 mile re-creation Mormon Pioneer Trail Trek. Fewer than a dozen wagons had come down off the steep incline from where they had camped for two days when a runaway wagon tore through the brush, bounced hard and tore apart. The team of mules broke away from the wagon which continued a wild run down the hill. One of the six passengers in the wagon was my little sister Kathryn Goodfellow, then 62 and Tori her eleven year old granddaughter. They



Runaway wagon



Me and Anne

were all taken by ambulance to the Mckay-Dee Hospital in Ogden. Kathryn was in fair condition and treated for neck pain. She was badly bruised, some where she would not show anyone. The scene was broadcast around the world the same day it happened. My little sister was famous.

Bob and Anne Rogers came out July 22nd from Hayward California, in their little "Blue Dove" instead of flying. We just had such a good time, they are such sweet people. I took them to the Catholic Church again this trip. We also spent a fun filled day in Idaho City. They stayed five days and drove home.

The Family Reunion came along August 9th at the Pella Ward Recreation Area put on

My Turn on Earth

by the Goodfellows. They showed a video of their trek. There was a merry-go-round for the kids, a dunking tank, volleyball, softball, and other games not to mention dinner, the raffle and visiting. They had the covered wagon there that Richard had help build, and of course everyone of us had to have our picture taken in it. Without fail, soon after the family reunion it was my birthday again. This was my 71st. Jack took me down town to “Noodles” for my birthday dinner.

I started training to walk in the Women’s Fitness Walk, coming up. Remember last year I won a medal for admitting my age, well I thought



Number 11235

I would try for another one. This year Connie and Kellie came to walk with me. Kellie wasn’t too enthused but went along anyway. We were in the Purple Wave and my number was 11235. Yup I got another medal. It was a lot of fun. As I mentioned last time, it is the largest women’s run or walk in the nation and growing every year. (The estimated attendance that year was 15,000). But that was my last try, I hated missing the fun. Connie, Kellie and some of their friends have done the run several time since but won no medals.

Jack and I took a trip to Idaho City with Cindee; she hadn’t been there before and really wanted to go. We had been there before on other trips with Connie and the kids, with the Buttars family and Bob and Anne. We all had a great day and this time with Jack driving we drove around to the outlying back roads and visited the old cemetery, seeing some of Idaho City for the first time. And of course we had to take pictures of the wooden people that live there on the streets and had some famous Idaho City Ice Cream.

The ending of an aggravation! Jacks shop was beginning to go up. He had done all his wood work in the garage all those years. Naturally he kept all those tools in the garage of course! First he had to dig for the



Pioneers?

Celia



Jack's shop

foundation so the cement flooring could be poured. When the builders got going, it didn't take too long before he had a wonderful shop, that he has put to use ever since. His only regret was that he didn't have it built bigger. It also was built over most of the gravel driveway that went from the street clear to the back fence. Bonus! We got cement clear out to the street and no more aggravation for me keeping the weeds down. He had to build a lovely breeze-way from the house to the shop with a boardwalk, or pay the city or county \$500.00 to \$600.00. The breezeway cost much more than that.

I baked a Birthday cake for Clyde for his 86th Birthday and treated him to a birthday dinner September 5th. Gordon and Bonnie and their family came on the first weekend in October. We did a little shopping and watched general conference. Just a few days later, Gordon was back for a seminar for work. He spent the night and the next morning. Jack took him to the convention center downtown. Jack picked him up at noon and brought him home for lunch before taking him back to the airport.

In honor of Lorna and Kenneth's 50th wedding anniversary, their children honored them with an open house on October 25th at the Unity Ward building. It was well attended by both of their families and it seemed most of Burley, as they were both so well known and loved. Everything was done up so lovely. Darla appointed Jack to take pictures of everyone and everything, which he did until his camera broke. It was so nice for me to see so many old time friends that I hadn't seen for many years.



Lorna and Kenneth

With autumn approaching, Halloween was on Kellie and Kyle's minds. They came to Boise for a few days and they made jack-o-lanterns of all sizes and weird faces. We took in the five acre corn maze, wander-

My Turn on Earth

ing all through it, all the time wondering if we would make a wrong turn and get lost, but we didn't and we all made it out about the same time. We also drove over to Meridian to play among all the scare-crows the city had put out around town. Sometimes it was hard to tell who the real scare-crow was! We made a cool scare-crow of our own using Jack's old worn out clothes. Cindee has always hated Halloween, but she came to get in on some of the fun and had her picture taken with uncle Jed, as we dubbed him. We put him out every year until the squirrels found his clothes to be good nesting material. Glen celebrated his 17th Birthday the day after. Halloween has always been his favorite day. Olivia also celebrated her 15th Birthday November the 13th. The autumn leaves were so beautiful and enjoyed until we had to rake them up!

For our 19th wedding anniversary we celebrated it along with our friends Helen and Russell Ivie. Their daughter had planned a quiet 50th celebration for them with only the best friends of each of them. Helen considered me hers so we were invited. They did not know it was also our anniversary. So we had a lovely anniversary dinner at the Chart House in Boise on their daughter.

Five Minico High School students were taken to Minidoka Memorial Hospital with varied injuries November 19th after a two car collision near the school. Kellie was one of the girls. Luckily she wasn't driving. She had a massive cut along her forehead and hairline. She healed up. Glen bought himself a used 1982 Buick Skylark. His first car and it wasn't long until it had ouches.

We cooked the turkey again this year for Connie, Kellie, Kyle, Melody and Emil, Cindee and Steve and of course Clyde. Our table was beautiful and the food was oh so good. Everyone had a good time filling their tummies and gabbing and later snoozing it off.

Us Frost kids were at it again for our Frost Christmas Dinner and Party. That year Irma and Don hosted it in their lovely home on December the 10th. You just have to sneak a look in my photo albums to tell just how much fun us kids have and how much love is shared. The gift giving from the heart is so special.

Celia

Once upon a December day, Jack came into this world 71 years ago on December 19, 1926 as wonderfully unique as a snowflake, and as special as the season itself. How grateful I am that God lead me to him. Six days later we spent our 20th Christmas together in the peace and quiet of our lovely decorated home. With the New Year rapidly approaching, it has been a great enjoyable year for us.

We did have snow that year. It was so nice to sit in our cozy house and look out the window and see the sun glistening on that white outdoor carpet. Another busy year had gone its way, never to be duplicated!

I have tried not to make my chapters too long. I want it to be a story, not a diary. In the event that some of my children and grandchildren ever take time to read this, it is for you. I want you to know me for how I lived my life and for what I stood for.



Jack at 71

My Turn on Earth

Chapter 35

My Life's Journey Continues On

They say that life is what happens when you make other plans. My plans are to live, love and laugh. I have lived all these years and my plans are to live many, many more. My heart is full of love. I hate no one. I may not like a person, but I don't hate them. I know that God knows me and loves me, just as my earthly parents loved me. Just as I love all of my children and family. I have so much room for love in my heart. Laugh! I love to laugh, sometimes I laugh so hard I cry. When I goof up I can even laugh at myself.

My plans for 1998 were to be the best person this poor old princess could be, to work hard and keep our home the beautiful castle that we have made it. I hoped that a lot of family and friends would come to our home this year. In January Cindee and Steve were the first to come see us followed by Kellie and Kyle. On the 17th Gordon and Bonnie came with Glen to be sworn into the Navy in Boise. We went down to see him sworn in. The next morning he was off to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station in Illinois.



Goodbye Glen



Some last minute studying

The Harpers, Marian, Doug and Kris were here for a couple of days. We had the Elders here for dinner and Glen and Ada stopped by all in January. That was a good start for the New Year.

Our sweet Sister Melynda was enjoying the Washington Seattle Mission. She wrote to us every week and I tried to write to her as often. She had her 22nd birthday in the mission field. Connie quit her job and is now a full time student at CSI

Celia

in Twin Falls. She went for the Legal aspect of a career. She found it challenging but Kellie being very good at math was a good tutor.

Steve lost his mother on January 23rd. Cindee and I had so much fun at the Scrapbook Convention held in the new Center of the Grove Building on February 19th. It was an all day event and we stayed for the whole thing. The floor was laid over the ice floor of the hockey rink so we both had very cold feet, but there was too much to learn and see to leave. They had vendors from all around the neighboring states, so there were plenty of neat things to buy. We left with happy hearts and so many new ideas and material. Melody and Emil celebrated their 30th wedding anniversary on March 15th.

We really enjoyed winter, but were ready for spring when it came. I sure enjoyed my spring bulbs and the birds. We had a very nice spring and along with it came Easter. Connie, her two kids and Cindee came to help me celebrate. We colored a lot of eggs and had a lot of fun. After Jack and I got back from church we fixed a great dinner and popped popcorn. I began to think that was why Kellie liked to come; she could have all the popcorn she could eat.



Popcorn girl

Kathryn and Richard were still giving fireside talks about their wagon trail experience the year before, and we hadn't had the opportunity to go to any of them. We talked them into giving one in our ward and made arrangements for them to do so for our High Priest group on March 29th. They did a fantastic job on their presentation. They dressed in their pioneer clothing that they wore on the trail and had photos and items on display. The Relief Society room was full and everyone enjoyed them very much. I got comments for some time from different people. They stayed overnight so we got to enjoy them longer.



Sailor Glen

After two months of training, Glen graduated from boot camp on March 27th. It was difficult for him but he stuck it out. The family drove back to Illi-

My Turn on Earth

nois for his graduation. After a little more schooling he got to come home on leave for three weeks before going to Sardinia, Italy, for two years. In April we drove over to Rexburg to see him.

Thursday the 4th of May, Cindee came and stayed until noon on Sunday. Saturday evening we took her to see "The Garden" put on by the Boise State University (BSU) Institute with Michael McLean and Bryce Neubert. It was very, very good. Very spiritual. Then on Saturday she and I went to see "Eternity" put on by the Christian Church. There was not a good Spirit there; in fact I thought it to be very scary. The old Devil was grabbing just about every other person and dragging them down to hell. One thing I have to say is that the effects and stage set up were great. Then we had to sit through a "hellfire and damnation" sermon and watch everyone that didn't want that old devil to drag them to hell, go up to be saved! Finally I convinced her to leave. I don't know about her but I knew for sure they did not have the power to save me.

On Sunday afternoon, May 7th my dear friend Yoshiko from Mountain View, California, and her daughter Angela Lewis and her children from Sugar City, Idaho, came to see me. What a good time we had catching up on old times. (They stayed in a hotel, but spent their time here). Monday we all went downtown to a Japanese restaurant for dinner. Yoshiko had to order for us or we might have ordered something gross. She did a good job because everything was so good. Yoshiko had such a good time she wanted to come back in July.

That spring and summer turned out to be very eventful for us even though we live a boring life. All but Jack, that is. He was always running around doing errands or fixing something for someone. Running the missionaries around, and giving blessings to someone who was sick. He had his Family History Center calling and meetings. But I stayed home doing my thing which was yard work. I also become one of the ailing. I had been suffering from tennis elbow. (Tennis elbow is is a condition where the outer part of the elbow becomes sore and tender.) The doctor told me that I would have to give up tennis. Funny, I have never played tennis in my life. I think I got it from yard work, and if I gave up yard work our yard would soon become a weedy jungle.

Celia

I had a great spiritual experience that summer. My visiting teaching companion and friend, Norma Bryce and I had the opportunity to go to the temple with a young lady and friend, Jane Hall for her long awaited temple endowment. We saw her through a very bad time in her life as her 16 year old son committed suicide and later her divorce. So it was a very special and happy day for her, and us.



Norma, Jane, and me

As I remember that spring and summer, we spent much time keeping the road hot between Boise and Burley with the grandchildren's activities. On April



Mark's day

24th Kellie had a band concert; she played the clarinet in the Minico Spartan Band, Minidoka County High School. She made sweet music and was very good. We could not miss her first concert. On May 20th we were in Rupert again for Mark's seminary graduation. On May 22nd was Kyle's West Minico Spring Band Concert, nor could we miss Kyle's first. His choice of instrument was the saxophone. He was with the intermediate group. Kyle was also playing football and basketball that year. We attended as many of his games as possible. Then we had Mark's high school graduation on May 28th, from Minico High School. We must have camped in the area as I am sure we didn't run back and forth for such short periods of time. We enjoyed each and every one of the events that we attended.

We made a trip to Burley on June 13th to attend the funeral of my cousin Dorothy (Dayley) Allred. We were the representatives of the Frost Family as no one else was available that day. Before leaving for Boise we attempted to have lunch with Cindee, but she developed a bad nosebleed right after we had ordered. We couldn't get it stopped so we rushed her to

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the emergency room. It took some time to get it stopped. We then headed for Boise and got home about 4:00 p.m. to one heck of a rainstorm that flooded some streets with two to three feet of water.

Kyle came all on his own little self without his Mom and sister. He helped his poor old Grandpa by mowing the lawn and doing the trimming. Grandpa taught him how to use tools among other fun things. Other times when he was here he helped with other projects. Together they laid a stone walk way on the east side of the house to the gate. One big project was building an arbor over the walkway between the shop and garden. He called them work visits. He was always willing to learn anything Grandpa had to teach him.

After the work came the play. They built a cool birdhouse for him to take home.

Next came the 4th of July. We cooked hamburgers and corn on the grill for our feast. Cindee and Clyde were our guests for the day. I haven't mentioned Clyde for a while but he was still around. The 13th was Kellie's day to shine. It was her 16th Birthday , and never been kissed, not that she told anyone that is. She had a wonderful day with many gifts.



Me and Thelma talking to a scarecrow



One of Kyle's work visits

Thelma and Jay flew in to attend Natalie Jensen's (Darla's daughter) wedding on the afternoon of Saturday July 18th. We all went to the wedding and came home and changed clothes and decided to go out to dinner instead of going to the reception that evening. On Sunday morning Thelma and I both woke up with bad headaches so we sent the guys off to church without us. Thelma and I had dinner ready for them when they returned.

Celia

We ran over to Darla's to pick up something they had forgotten, hoping to visit some more with Lorna and Kenneth but they had already left for Burley, so we stopped in to see Glen and Ada Owens. On Monday July 20th Thelma and Jay celebrated their 54th wedding anniversary. Jack took Thelma and I to the mall and dropped us off so we could shop. Later in the day I fixed an anniversary dinner for them. We took a lot of pictures and loafed around on the patio just enjoying our time together. On Tuesday they were unable to get their return tickets, so they had to wait and leave on Wednesday morning the 22nd.

The Boise River Festival was happening again, so here came Connie's kids. Jack took us down town again that year and dumped us off. There was so much to do and see. We watched the Day Parade with all the beautiful floats and big balloons. Walk, walk, walk! Even the kids got tired. I called Jack to have him come pick us up. We went back downtown that night for the Light Parade; Jack went this time and enjoyed it. As usual it was breathtaking, the floats were so bright and beautiful.

The 24th of July is always a big day in Oakley. I had always wanted to go to their celebration, but I never got there until 1998. The James Dayley Reunion was scheduled for that day as it was to celebrate the beautiful 100 year old home of Jacob Dayley. It has been lived in for the past 100 years by Dayley's. It was open for tours, as were many of the beautiful old homes in Oakley. All that were there for the reunion left in the morning to tour the old cemeteries, putting carnations on every Dayley grave starting with the Basin Cemetery and advancing to the Oakley Cemetery, it was really quite spiritual.



The Jacob Dayley home in Oakley

We returned to the Dayley home where lunch had been prepared and were entertained by some fiddle music. Lorna, Gerald and Verlee joined us. Other activities that day were "Music In The Park", that Kellie's summer band took part in, they played most of the day. Cindee had come

My Turn on Earth

up and joined us in time for the parade in the afternoon, we had hooked up with Kathryn and Richard who got us front row seats for the very interesting parade, with a lot of horses, old horse drawn wagons, marching bands from different schools around the valley, some beautiful floats and old cars. We went to a devotional service held at the church where Elder David B. Haight, a native of Oakley, spoke. It was one very busy day that could have lasted forever.

The next afternoon we went back to Oakley, to see a 3:00 matinée of “Cinderella” at the Old Howell’s Opera House. My seat was Seat Q9. It was out of this world entertainment, and the Old Opera House was breathtakingly beautiful! This old princess felt right at home, and dreams do come true if you dream long enough. I have dreamed of going to the Opera House since hearing Lorna tell about going there and the wonderful productions they have seen.



Me and my flowers

Well it was nice to get home to take care of my flowers before they started crying “Forget Me Not.” Oh by the way, Forget Me Not’s are one of my favorite flowers. They are so rich in color that mirrors that of the bluest sky. There is an old German legend that says just as God had finished naming all the plants, one was left unnamed. A tiny voice spoke out, “Forget me not, O Lord!” And God replied that this would be its name. I love

them because they come early in the spring and last a very long time and are so blue, and what’s more they come back year after year. I love all my flowers and hate it when I neglect them.

Our stay at home was short lived. We were back on the road to Burley again for our Frost Family Reunion held August 8th out to the Pella Ward Park. It was the Harper family’s turn to put the reunion together, with Marian in charge. It was a



Almost my whole family

Celia

good one. Each family was to make a flag representing their family. There was good food, as always, visiting, relaxing in the cool shade, the craft drawing, and sharing of talents. She did it all. That was one year that every member of my family was there but Michael, Glen and Loren. Glen was in the Navy and still in Italy. Loren was at Boy Scout Camp. Michael was on the police force in American Falls and was on duty. How happy that made me to see most of my family there. Melynda had just returned from her mission. I had my 72nd birthday on August 19th. I can't say I celebrated it because I never get to have a party; cake yes, but no party!

Melynda had just finished a wonderful mission, and it was time for her report August 16, 1998 at the Rupert 5th Ward Sacrament Meeting. We could not miss it even though it was another trip to Rupert. The Spirit was in abundance as Jack gave the invocation. Deelyn, Mark and Tim all spoke and bore their testimonies. Then it was Melynda's turn. The Spirit shone through her as she spoke and bore her testimony. She looked so lovely. I gave the Benediction. We all went to Dudley's for dinner and to visit. Deelyn's mother and sisters were also there. Then it was back to Boise for us.



Melynda and her scrapbooks

Melynda came to stay with us for a few days in August. She and I had such a good time mostly working on her scrapbooks. I suppose we did a little bit of cooking, shopping and loving just being together. We took her back home as we had our family reunion.

Connie, Frank and the kids put this one together. They made reservations for August 22nd at Nat-Soo-Pah, south of Twin Falls. There was plenty of food, fun and games and most of all swimming. We had water balloon fights, lawn darts which Connie and Melynda were the champions. Before it was all over and we finished off the watermelon. Most of us were soaking wet before clean up time. Buttars, we missed you. The sweetness of reunions is the joy of Heaven.

That year I had a beautiful garden with a bountiful harvest. Summer was almost over and all the grandchildren were back in school. I got all

My Turn on Earth

my spring bulbs in and yard work done in spite of company and bad weather. I had enough strawberries for two giant pies plus shortcakes after all that the kids had eaten or smashed. Besides strawberries, our garden produced tomatoes, peppers and onions. Raspberries and Rhubarb grew in the back yard. The first and last good garden we were able to grow. I don't know why we were so blessed that year.



Our bounteous harvest

We took our last planned trip to California during the last week of September and first of October. We went to see our dear friend Theresa Sims as she was now 97 years old, not knowing how much longer God would give her on this planet. We certainly wanted to see her once more. Bob and Anne were getting older too. We had many friends and places we wanted to see for one last time. We visited our friends and sights in beautiful Aptos and Capitola, there we visited Norma and Myron Brown, Nancy and Jim Kloefer and went to church where we saw many, many more loved ones. We met with Jack and Aurora, Jonny and Jamie and baby Mikkla at a very nice restaurant in San Jose for dinner. One of the highlights for me was having lunch at Marie Calendar's in Mountain View with Vivian Hatt and Sachiko Jones, who I worked with at Syntex, and my dear little Yoshiko Tester. We had such a wonderful time with dear people we loved and who we were never see again, it was very sad goodbyes for all of us.



Lunch with Vivian, Sachiko, and Yoshiko

We took a scenic route home up through Ferndale to view the beautiful old mansions once more. We went through the beautiful old town of

Celia

Scotia where we had dinner in a 100 year old restaurant and hotel. I am not sure just what route we took going up through Nevada, but we had planned to stop in Monroe, Utah to see Thelma and Jay. We stopped in Sparks, Nevada, for lunch and called Jacksons but got no answer. We called them again in Winnemucca but still no answer. That was the turning point. Head for Utah or for Idaho. Idaho won out, and it is a good thing. We found out later that they were in Salt Lake. So we drove straight through to Boise arriving at 1:00 am. When I got out of the car after a very long day on the road, I felt strange and went right to bed.

The next morning when I awoke I was so dizzy and sick I could not get up. My head was spinning. It felt like my head was holding still while the inside was spinning. Every time I moved my head, it hit me hard. I had a bad case of vertigo. I had lightheadedness and blurred vision which caused difficulty in reading and using the computer. Quick head movements and turning in bed exacerbated the symptoms. I had difficulty walking in the dark and on uneven terrain. My balance was so bad that I could not drive. Going in stores was really hard. Doctor Ryan finally sent me to St Alphonus Ambulatory Rehab. (STARS)

I started therapy with Connie Simpson on November 9th, once a week at 9:00 a.m. until January 18, 1999 with a follow up one year later, on January 25, 2000. Connie was a very pretty, caring lady who was so patient with me. She put me through so many different programs. One was a computerized "balance master" machine the size of a phone booth. It was used to help the astronauts after returning from space. Once I was strapped in , it was operated by my eye movements. I thought I was riding one of those mechanical bulls. After such a long haul, I finally returned to normal, hoping to never experience that condition again.



The "Balance Master"

During that time, Thanksgiving came along. Tim, Deelyn and family and Cindee and Steve were here. I made sure that Clyde was not left out.

My Turn on Earth

I was so dizzy I could not even help cook, but they all pitched in and we had a great dinner, and everyone but me had a good time. This bout caused me to permanently lose the hearing in my right ear!

We celebrated our 20th wedding anniversary on November 25th and Jack had his 72nd birthday on December 19th.



Our 20th anniversary

Our Frost Family dinner and party was a disaster that year. A very bad snow storm had moved in. Thelma and Jay got as far as Salt Lake; everyone was cautioned not to drive. Eunice and Earl also were unable to go. We had the same storm but we braved it and went, so the party was just us and the Burley kids, but we had a great time anyway. No matter, heaven like Christmas is less about the weather.

With the changing seasons, circumstance can melt away stretches of our lives like frost when the sun comes out. We did go to the Ward Christmas party and dinner. We had another white winter wonderland Christmas. I had the house and yard dressed in its Christmas best. I loved it. We spent a quiet Christmas at home by ourselves. Santa Claus was so good to us. How fast the fantasy of Christmas passes. That was our December.

At that time in history, Gordon B. Hinkley was the Prophet and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints. William J. (Bill) Clinton was the President of the United States of America. He was tried for impeachment, but would not leave office. He was in for two terms. He was dishonest and not fit for such office. (Democrat)

Cindee came for New Year's Eve and New Year's Day. With good TV shows and sparkling cider, popcorn and a Happy New Year dinner..... 1998 went to sleep forever!

Chapter 36

Prayer For a New Year



*Lord, with you all things are possible:
Without you, all things are impossible.
Make this year of new beginnings,
A year of favor from you, O Lord:
A year of amazement and gladness,
Not a year of anxiety and sadness;
A year of giving and forgiving,
Not a year of grudges and resenting;
A year of opening up and reaching out;
Not a year of closing down and shutting out.
Lord, with you all this is possible;
Without you, all is impossible.
By Andrew Castella.*

As 1998 fell asleep forever, 1999 slipped in to take its place. I was still going to therapy for my vertigo, but doing a lot better. I did finally recover completely and was able to get on with my life. We were still getting snow into February. Our granddaughter, Melynda was working as a tutor at Minico High School until going back to the University of Utah in June. She was Relief Society President in her singles ward. She came and spent spring break with us; she is so sweet and pleasant to be around.

On February 1st, I got word that my beloved sister Thelma was diagnosed with breast cancer. What a horrible way to start out the new year. I was so frightened for her, all I could do was comfort her with phone calls. With potent radiation treatments, powerful priesthood blessings, and prayers from the family, she had her last treatment on April 1st. What a blessing and testimony that God does answer our prayers.

My Turn on Earth

Mark got his mission call to the North Carolina Raleigh Mission. We spent a night in Malta with Marian and Doug and they went with us to the Logan Temple on Saturday, January 23rd where Mark received his endowment. We attended the Rupert 5th Ward on February 14th for his farewell Sacrament meeting talk followed by a dinner party at the Dudley home. He entered the Mission Training Center the February 17th. Mark was a wonderful young man, the Light of Christ definitely shone through him, he will make a great missionary. Part of his mission was right on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean. We will have no more missionaries out until Loren is old enough.



Elder Mark Dudley

Glen was discharged from the Navy on February 10th after only one year. He spent some time in Italy. After returning to the States, the Navy put him on a bus and sent him to Boise. He arrived here at 8:00 am the next morning. We met him at the station. Gordon got here the next day at 1:30. After spending the night and a great visit, they left the next day.

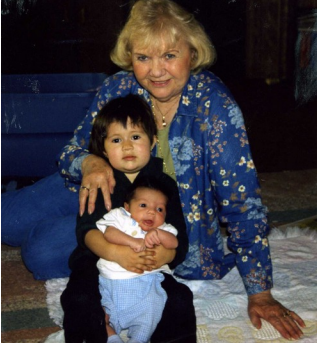
Jack and I participated in a cancer detection program put on by the University of Utah for people age 55 to 75. There were two groups; # 1 group was just asked to answer questions two or three times a year. The #2 group actually got tests. This ran for six years. Well Jack made the # 2 group and got in on a lot of thorough testing every year. I got a mammogram and physical and participated in the mail in questioner.

We were delighted to have our children and grandchildren dropping in now and then through the year. Also nieces and nephews, my brother and sisters, and friends and cousins. My guest book for 1999 was blank. I really goofed. So I hope that will include everyone that crossed our threshold that year. I loved you all.

The spring was eventful with a temple session with Lorna and Kenneth at the Boise temple. Afterwards we had dinner at a Chinese restaurant with all the Turner kids for Stan's Birthday. It is always more pleasant when we can enjoy time at the temple with family. I love going to the

Celia

Lord's House to escape the cares of the world for those few hours. My regret is that we do not go as often as we should.



My great grandchildren

On March the 10th, 1999, a bright new star joined our family right from his Heavenly Father's arms. Tiny Jon Galen Cardenas was born to Raydon and Colby in Salt Lake City, Utah. He was smaller than his sister Lacoyna, and not quite as much black hair but he had plenty, and black eyes. He was a real cutie. He was named after both his grandfathers. On April the 2nd I drove to Burley and Rupert all by myself to see Raydon and her family as they were in Rupert

to show off their new little star. I had to see that new baby. Jack felt bad because he didn't get in on Jon's blessing, as he was blessed in their ward in Salt Lake. Raydon can't have any more children, so Jon is the last great grandchild for us until some of the younger grandchildren get married.

On May 7th and 8th Cindee came as she and I had signed up for two days of classes at The Northwest Scrapbook and Stamp Convention in downtown Boise. What fun we had. We both signed up for six classes each day. She took the classes she was interested in and I took the ones that met my interests. Both days we had three morning classes, met for lunch and attended the remaining classes. We learned and did so much more than we did in the classes we took the year before. Cindee also came and spent Mother's Day with me. While here we celebrated her 42nd birthday, which wasn't until June 2nd. She always likes to bake her own German chocolate birthday cake.



Scrap-bookers

My Turn on Earth



Theresa Sims

Our lovely friend, Theresa Sims celebrated her 97th birthday on the 14th of June. I don't recall if we drove to Salt Lake to help her celebrate or not, but I do have photos taken that day so we must of gone. June was one busy month that year. In the latter part of the month, my California friends came for a couple of days. My little Japanese friends, Yoshiko Bowman and Sachiko Jones, along with Vivian Hatt were also going to come and stay but at the last minute their plans had changed. They stayed at a nearby hotel but spent the days here. How I cherished their visit. Sachiko passed away later in the year. Also Jack's sister Pat and his nephew Steve from Seattle paid us a weekend visit. It was very nice to have them.



Loren

My little Japanese friends, Yoshiko Bowman and Sachiko Jones, along with Vivian Hatt were also going to come and stay but at the last minute their plans had changed. They stayed at a nearby hotel but spent the days here. How I cherished their visit. Sachiko passed away later in the year. Also Jack's sister Pat and his nephew Steve from Seattle paid us a weekend visit. It was very nice to have them.



Yoshiko and Sachiko

We went to Rexburg, on Friday July the 2nd. Independence Day was celebrated on Saturday the 3rd that year because the 4th fell on Sunday. Our main reason for going was for our grandson Loren who had just celebrated his 12th birthday on the 28th of June. It was a very special birthday because he was now eligible to be ordained to the office of a Deacon in the Aaronic Priesthood and pass the sacrament. What a sweet special spirit he has. After his ordination, he told his dad that he felt a special warming come over him, a great experience for such a young boy.

Back to the 3rd, we all enjoyed the parade, but the best part was a float with a model of the Spirit of St. Louis to represent the 1920's and to represent their ward in the parade. Gordon and another man built it and Loren was Charles Lindbergh. In

Celia

the evening we watched the fireworks. We left on the 5th to come home after a wonderful weekend.

Three of our grandchildren had their 17th birthdays that year. First Jeremy, June 29th, Kelly July 13th, and later Olivia November 13th. They are special and beautiful young ladies, and Jeremy is a handsome young man. Both of our youngest grandchildren, Loren and Chad turned 12 that year.

The grandchildren came as often as they could. Kellie and Kyle came the most. So many times we drove to Bliss, the half way point, to meet Connie and bring the children here. On one of Kyle's work visits that summer, he helped his grandpa build an arbor at the end of the shop, then a board walkway beneath it, between the shop and the raised garden. It turned out very nice. Jack is a perfectionist and everything he builds is good! Kyle stayed with us for three weeks at one time. Jack also finished working on the waterwheel and pond in the far corner of the yard. I spent all the money that I could get my hands on to buy plants for the pond and yard. I bought good sized coy fish after the smaller fish disappeared. Kyle bought some cute little frogs, but they didn't last long either. Well, the snakes got the fish and I got five snakes!!! I caught them red mouthed!!! Kyle saw me kill the first two. He said I had warrior eyes. No more fish and no more snakes.

That summer Connie took a new job in a law office in Twin Falls for training. That just ruined all the fun activities that we had enjoyed together in past years. Now she could only come to weekend events. In June we did go to an ice skating event and the Boise River Festival, This adorable scarecrow was my favorite part of the whole festival, she really brightened my day.

Also that summer we went to a Shakespeare Festival. When Cindee came, we went shopping. Like her Aunt Thelma, we could go to the mall when it opens and shop until 5 pm. Shopped until we dropped, as the saying goes. Cindee also got in on some of the fun things we did during the summer.



An adorable scarecrow

My Turn on Earth



Backyard visitors

I enjoyed my flower gardens and birds. How I love the gold finches and the house finches as their beautiful colors streaked across the sky. I welcomed any other birds that happens to fly to our feeders. The squirrels kept us laughing as they chased each other and did their antics. You may not believe this but one day I saw two of them actually patty caking. It was so cute, they were just like a couple of kids. We put a shield on the feeder pole to keep them out of the feeders. That didn't stop them from trying and was so funny to watch them.

We had plans to drive to South Dakota to meet up with George and Becky, as it was half way between Idaho and Minnesota. We hadn't seen each other for a very long time, and we were really looking forward to it. But as fate had its ways, George had just changed jobs and wasn't able to get the time off. So that burst that bubble and ended our plans.

We were both asked to go out to the prison to help the inmates with family history research. I was not into this research thing like Jack was. We did attend an all day orientation about hostage survival, security concerns and the games that convicts play, along with many other frightful details. It all sounded pretty darn scary to me. I didn't want any part of it. For one thing, women could not go there looking decent or smelling nice because it might rile up the prisoners. Jack would have had to give up one of his days at the Family History Center and he didn't want to do that. They kept bugging us to go out to the prison to see what it is all about. They have a huge Family History Library there. But NO! That was the last place I wanted to go! Yes Jack was still putting in eight hours a week at the History Center and loving every minute of it.

Melody planned our "Fun in the Sun" Family Reunion on July 17th at Niagara Springs-Pugmire Park, eleven miles south of Wendell. We had a barbecue and a lot of games planned. Actually the biggest part of the day for me was spent visiting and me playing with little great grandchildren Lacoya and Baby Jon. All of us were there but the Buttars family. The park was beautiful with the beautiful Niagara Spring cascading nearby.

Celia

A “Family Reunion Olympic Games” reunion was planned by the Jackson Family, for August 14th at the South Taylorsville Park in Salt Lake. They planned a lot of different things from our other reunions. Each family wore a different color T-shirt to represent that family. Our family had pretty blue T-shirts. Also each family brought their own food. They had 14 different Olympic Games planned. I was a party-popper and just visited and watched the others have fun. “Kids, kids, kids.” as Gerald put it. The colored shirts sure helped know which kids belonged to what family. They also had a Cousin Party the night before. We stayed at Gayle’s that night and drove over to Monroe Sunday morning and stayed with Thelma and Jay for three days.



Enjoying Jon

Thelma and I just messed around, fixing things up in her house, doing a little bit of shopping. There aren’t too many places in Monroe to shop, but I did buy an old rocking horse to fix up, at “Grandma’s House”. We drove over to Richfield and had lunch at JB’s. We just had so much fun together. We left for home on the 18th. Thelma baked birthday cake for me before we left. Oh, yes, I guess I should mention here that my 73rd birthday was on August 19th. Did you notice I didn’t say that I celebrated it? But I did hear from my kids, sisters and a ton of friends that didn’t let me down on that dreadful day.



Michael's big rig!

I was sad to see summer coming to an end. The beginning of a new school year always signals what is ahead. Our families are all back in school, including Connie. Cindee was taking additional classes as was Raydon. Bonnie is back working in the school lunch program. Glen is also back in school. Michael joined the long haul truckers, he was very proud of his truck.

My Turn on Earth

Jack had a bumper crop of tomatoes. That is all we could grow anymore. I canned a lot and gave a lot away. I even made some salsa and chili sauce. By the way, I did not plant any of those tomatoes, but I had to can, freeze, and do whatever with them. Jack even made some pickled green tomatoes. They weren't too bad.

The year 1999 had the United States as well as the world in a panic as the end of the year was nearing. Governments were sure that with the new century, that all the computers all around the world would crash, as the world ran on computers. Big companies were hiring experts in the field of electronics to figure out ways to save their companies. It was quite chaotic. It was as if they thought the world would end.

Even Gordon was involved in a project at the Idaho National Engineering Laboratory where he worked to identify the potential problems. The problem was that for years everyone stored only the last two numbers of the year in the computers. Now all of a sudden it was going to go from 99 to 00 and the sequenced order of things would be all messed up since 99 is greater than 0. All it took to fix the problem was to change the years in the computers to include all four numbers so it would be 1999. Then when it rolled over to 2000 the sequential progression of things would be uninterrupted.

Anyway, people were panicking and buying all kinds of survivable goods practically clearing out the stores. Dumb me, I out thought all those big brains out there. For some reason it just didn't alarm me. I just couldn't see why it would make a difference. It was just going to be another year. I knew that God was in charge and it just wasn't time for the world to end.

That year we had some serious illness among my siblings and their husbands. Earl Read broke his hip and then was hospitalized for various health problems. Eunice and Earl were both in different hospitals for six days the week before Christmas. Thelma had bladder surgery in January but had to go back for more surgery July 19th. If I remember right, Gerald was also having some health problems. Our Frost family had been so blessed through all these years with no serious illnesses or deaths since our dear parents.

Clyde turned 88-years-old on September 11th and his health had

Celia

failed considerably. He depended on Jack as his care taker more so than ever. Jack spent much time taking him to his appointments and just spending time with him. I also spent time with him, he was always like an older brother to us. He wasn't able to come here for his Sunday dinners as in the past. It was a sad day when he had to give up his car.

All the autumn and winter holidays laid a head of us. For Halloween, Lacya and Jon were little bees. Thanksgiving, and our twenty first wedding anniversary both fell on November 25th that year. We had some good news and some sad news about that time. The good news was my little brother and his wife Verlee got their mission calls to far, far away Ghana, Africa. The sad news was that we had to attend the funeral in Twin Falls for my niece, Bonnie's 7 year old son, Jordan Hennington who was killed in an automobile accident on November 2nd.



Little bees



Jack's 73rd birthday

But the biggest event yet to come was Jack's 73rd birthday on Sunday, December the 19th. We don't make it a habit to go to restaurants on Sunday, but that year we did. By 11:00 a.m. we had two inches of snow but it didn't last long. It turned to rain! On Friday night we had Glen and Ada over after their shift at the temple for birthday cake and hot chocolate. Then we all drove around to look at the Christmas lights in our neighborhood. The next night we had Norma and Wendell Bryce over for cake and hot chocolate. What a birthday, we later finished up with sparkling cider in pretty glasses.

My Turn on Earth

We were to have the Christmas dinner and party at our place that year but because of Gerald and Verlee's mission call and preparations we thought it best to postpone our Christmas dinner until the 8th of January. We promised to have it the next year. Anyway, as with all of our Christmases we enjoyed it by ourselves, going to all the ward parties. Each year I made tons of goodies. Both cookies and candy and packaged them up to treat all of the neighbors, of course we eat our share. But the best part, we remem-



Christmas 1999

ber that Christmas is all about our Savior's humble birth and that is where our thoughts are during the Christmas holidays. I love the beautiful Christmas music, movies, and lights and hate to see it come so quickly to an end. But in just one week we turn our thoughts, dreams, hope and faith to a bright new year. In this case a new decade and new century.

This old world had seen so much since the year 1900. We have had good leaders and poor leaders. During that time there was the assassinations of President McKinley in 1901, President Kennedy in 1961, and an unsuccessful attempt on Ronald Reagan in 1981, along with the assassinations of other national and world leaders. There was two world wars and other wars that took the lives of millions of people; so much bloodshed in the name of greed. People rioted in protests, destroying cities and communities. Worldwide disasters in the form of hurricanes, tornadoes, and earthquakes caused untold damage, suffering, and loss of life.

With all the darkness, there was also much sunshine. Many great inventions have come forth for the benefit of mankind. The automobile, the computer, and the first human heart transplant. There has been so very, very much history in the last 100 years. The first flight by the Wright brothers, breaking of the sound barrier, space exploration, and men walking on the moon. The coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. Great medical advancements. Movies, wonderful music and books have been written for our knowledge and for our enjoyment and to lift us. The fall of communism in Russia and Eastern Europe.

Celia

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has blossomed worldwide. The Tabernacle Choir become world known and participated in several presidential inaugurations. The First Presidency announced the revelation that all worthy men would be eligible to receive the priesthood. Many Latter-day Saint men have held high government offices. Our church had nine presidents/prophets in the 100 year time frame. 63 temples had been built since 1900 and it had been announced that the historic Nauvoo Temple would be rebuilt. The new Conference Center was nearing completion. Over 100 million copies of the Book of Mormon have been printed since 1830. At the end of 1999 there were 10,752,984 members of the church worldwide, with more members outside of the United States than inside. In 1999 33,915 missionaries were called. Missionaries were even going into former communist countries.



The Nauvoo Temple

God is not dead, neither is Jesus Christ. They direct their church here on earth, just as their church in Heaven and the ancient church. I am so grateful for my knowledge of the Plan of Salvation, and that I am a daughter of God, and I know that He knows and loves me!

My Turn on Earth

Chapter 37

Millennium Around the World



Well, well, well! Here it is the Twenty First Century and no great disaster! What happened? 2000 came in with great celebrations all over the world in spite of the beforehand panic. With computer high technology all the countries around the world were able to show their great firework displays. What wonderful sights as each country made their entry into the New Year and sent up their firework displays. It was great to be able to see it all on television. I was not so dumb after all, the big companies should have asked me and they could have saved millions of dollars, effort and time. People just need to have faith.

(Editor's note: The total cost worldwide of the work done in preparation for Y2K is estimated at over \$300 billion and that the U.S. spent an estimated \$134 billion preparing for Y2K, and another \$13 billion fixing problems in 2000 and 2001. The vast majority of problems had been fixed correctly, and the money was well spent. The situation was essentially one of preemptive alarm. The lack of problems at the date change reflects the completeness of the project, and that many computer applications would not have continued to function into the 21st century without correction or remediation.)

The New Year also brought in its own ice show to Boise. A truly beautiful winter wonderland. How I enjoyed it. It took me back to my



Backyard winter wonderland

Celia

childhood days when Jack Frost painted the most beautiful, delicate etchings on our windows in the old farmhouse. Artist could not duplicate his work. I loved seeing them every morning and marveled at more of God's handiwork.

Thelma and Jay flew into Boise on January 6th. On Friday the 7th Thelma and I went shopping. Surprised? Jay bought us dinner that evening at the Mongolian BBQ, always an interesting and fun place to go. Saturday morning we drove to Burley and went to Turners. That night we were finally able to have our Frost Christmas Dinner and Party on the 8th of January. We met at the Way Side Inn for dinner and as always congregated out to Turners for the rest of the evening. Aunt Nina was our special guest. (At the time, She Aunt Pearl and Aunt Faye were the only aunts we had left.)



Gerald and Verlee

We always stayed the night in our reserved room downstairs. On Sunday morning, Lorna and I went to church, Turners, Jacksons and all of us went in to Gerald and Verlee's ward for their missionary farewell meeting. It was very spiritual, as those two know how

to deliver a sermon, and so does Teresa. After Gerald finished his talk I was really choked up. Irma and Shirley sang a beautiful song, all their families were there. They will be wonderful missionaries. We, and Thelma and Jay went back out to Turners, and we left for Boise Monday morning.

We got word that our dear Theresa Sims had passed away January 21st in Santa Cruz, California, at the age of 98. There was no way that we could make the trip for her funeral service that was held in the Aptos Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on Tuesday January 25th. It was mentioned that we were unable to attend, but that we would be at her burial a few days later in Salt Lake City, Utah. We drove from Boise the morning of the burial and went right to the cemetery, arriving a little before the hearse. It was a very cold day. We stayed the night with Eunice and went to see Earl in the nursing home; he knew me but not Jack. We left for home the next day.

Most of our family came during the first two or three months, with

My Turn on Earth

Glen and Ada our first, and then Thelma and Jay. Late in the summer, Eunice and Bill stopped overnight on a trip to Washington to see Rosanne and stopped again on the way back.

Earl Read passed away February 7th after many health problems and was in and out of hospitals. That happened to be Eunice's birthday. What a birthday gift for Eunice, her burden had finally been lifted. We picked up Gordon in Pocatello, so that he could go to the funeral. We went to the viewing at the Memorial Way Mortuary the evening of the 9th. During the viewing, someone broke into unlocked cars and many had their handbags stolen. The police found them in the dumpsters. His service was held on February 10th at the Butler 10th Ward. His children and grandchildren held a very nice service for him.

Earl's beautiful singing voice was silenced forever; I wouldn't be surprised if he was able to join the Heavenly Choir. We stayed the night with Eunice and helped her out the best we could. Gordon stayed at Ramona and Wayne's home; we took him back to Pocatello where he left his pickup. What a surprise it was to see it still setting there in the parking lot where he left it, with the keys still in it. That was two trips to Salt Lake for funerals in a very short time; one in January and one in February.

April 28th found us in attendance at the dedication of a Submarine Memorial in Deterrent Park at the Submarine Base in Banger, Washington. It was a lovely service but it rained and the wind blew, and we were out in that for three hours. That cold got to me and I became ill starting with a sore throat. I spent the next three hours sitting in the office of a very good looking and nice Navy Commander while Jack toured a Trident Nuclear Missile Submarine, the USS Henry Jackson SSBN 730. I was very embarrassed sitting there while all those good looking navy officers ran in and out wondering what the heck I was doing there. The submarine memorial was to have the deck covered in bricks; each containing a name of a living or former submariner or any other name you choose in memory of. We had bought a brick in Myron's name and one in Jack's name to be placed in the monument.

My condition only got worse and I spent the rest of the time in bed at our motel. The next day we went to the Key Port Naval Torpedoes Station and there we visited the Naval Museum. Then we took a ferry boat to

Celia

Seattle and went on up to see Jack's Sister Pat. I managed not to spread my germs to Pat and her sons. On our way home we stopped to see my niece Rosanne and her darling family. We wanted to see other family members, but not wanting to make them sick, we came on home. By the time we got home and to the doctor, I had a great case of bronchitis. I had to postpone my scheduled cataract surgery twice before I could get rid of it, plus I had been plagued by a sinus infection.

I had the surgery on my left eye on June 13th. My right eye was not as bad. But after a new lens was implanted in my left eye it looked like I was seeing out one clean window pane and one dirty one. Boy did that bug me. I was able to get the right eye done August 1st. It was so good to be able to see clear again. My friend Norma had one of hers done the same time, but hers didn't go as well as mine. I think it was because I had the best doctor, I know he was the cutest. Jack thought I looked cool in those big dark glasses.



Cool old ladies

Jack was still putting in eight hours a week at the Family History Center, and enjoyed it very much. He was still taking care of Clyde, having to run over there night and day, along with a few trips to the emergency room. He was a pretty busy guy with all of the neighbors that called on him to fix things, or for a little advise. I was still doing the ward bulletin.



Cindee's Tattoo

Cindee went into the hospital March 27th for what was to be a minor surgery that turned out to be major. She was in surgery for four hours as they had to do a complete hysterectomy. She was hospitalized for ten days. I went to Rupert to take care of her the first week after her surgery. The nurses had put really pretty stick on tattoos on her chest and her foot. By June she was back at work. She came to Boise to have surgery on her hand on

My Turn on Earth

July 7th. She stayed here a week so I could take care of her while she recuperated.

One Sunday evening we attended a meeting for the whole stake. Well, we left there in a different ward. We got booted right out of our ward! They had changed the boundaries and the names of our wards from numbers to names. We were now in Victory View Ward instead of the 28th Ward. I was not too happy about the change, you get to loving your ward family and overnight you find you have a whole new family to get to know. We were known as the Others! Only a few of us in this neighborhood were moved into the new ward. I had a whole new ward to get to know and love. We even lost our bishopric, and I lost my bulletin calling. We were given the calling as the building schedulers. I had a new visiting teaching companion and new sisters to visit. I just had to adapt. It wasn't really that hard because I didn't know a tenth of the members in the 28th Ward anymore because so many new families were moving in. I survived, after six months or so I had new friends, and we have a new Lunch Bunch. We were still among the oldest of the old. The Mormons are the only ones that can divide and multiply.

Kyle's West Minico Jr High School put on a play entitled "The Trial of the Big Bad Wolf". Kyle was Old King Cole, a member of the Jury. Of course we had to make the trip to Rupert to see it. Those kids performed so well and it was hilar-

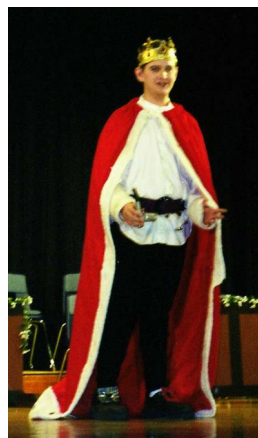
ious, I laughed so hard I almost fell out of my seat. Kyle was a mighty handsome King Cole.

I had a very nice Mother's Day that year, Cindee came to spend the day with me. Soon after

that came the graduations. Kellie Jo Gochnour graduated with the Class of 2000 from Minidoka County High School on May 23, with high honors from the National Honor Society. Her whole family



Kellie Jo's graduation



*Old King Cole
Kyle*

Celia

was there to help her celebrate, we all went to Pollo's and pigged out. As she closed the doors of high school, the doors of college and the world opened up to her.

Connie was proud to announce her graduation from the College of Southern Idaho on May 12th in Twin Falls, Idaho, as an electronic office assistant. Of course we were all there to help her celebrate. Two years of hard work had paid off for her. She Did It. She was able to go to work right away in the Magistrate Court at the Cassia County Court House. Then there was Raydon Dudley Cardenas, she graduated from Stevens-Henegar College in Salt Lake. We were not there for her, I am sad to say. I think she studied medicine, as that is what she is interested in.



Connie's graduation



Don and Irma Lindsay

My little sister Irma and her handsome husband, Don Lindsay celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on June 9, 2000. And they were still in love. Their children did a wonderful job on the whole affair, and so many family, friends and neighbors, and us were in attendance.

During the summer we took a wild day trip up to an old gold mining town way up in the mountains, I say wild because the roads were almost impassable. We had wanted to go there ever since we had moved here. Kyle was with us and we found Silver City so exciting and learned so much about the way things used to be. I loved the old buildings and the cemetery, even got a kick out of so many old outhouses that remained. One store was still operating so we were able to get lunch. There are a handful of people that live there in the summer; wintertime is impossible. We were so glad we went and Kyle really enjoyed the trip.



One of the many old outhouses

My Turn on Earth



Katryn and Dick

Kathryn and Richard got their mission call to the Nauvoo Mission, What a great place to go on a mission. Wow! We went to Burley for their farewell meeting July 9th. Their children did the program and it was exceptionally nice. The church stopped doing that. I don't understand why, but soon after that only the missionary was asked to

speak. In the afternoon everyone went to the Goodfellow Ranch for a farewell party. There was plenty of food and plenty of people there to eat it. Some of the people that were on the wagon train with them a year or so ago were there and entertained us with some great fiddle music.

(Editor's note: The reason why missionary farewells were changed is because the meeting had become all about the missionary. Some were more like a celebrity roast than a worship service. Too many times the meetings were so completely dominated by the family that the presiding officer (the bishop) lost control of the meeting. In an effort to return sacrament meetings to the intended purpose of focusing on the Savior, the First Presidency directed that a missionary be invited to speak prior to leaving, but not the family. The same directive applied to when a missionary returned.)

As August rolled around it was Frost Family Reunion time and it was our turn. What a worry. This was the 35th annual Frost Family Reunion, so we had to make it good. It was held at the Unity Ward shelter on August 12th. We had decided that a talent show would be fun. And after a vote we decided on potluck, which kept it simple. The talent in our family was amazing. The Turner family put on a skit that was so funny, there were songs, dances, displays of various art and crafts, and just about everything. We had the raffle, and in the evening most of us showed up at the Turners. We stayed in our reserved room as usual. We were pleased with the way it turned out. Big deal, I had my 74th Birthday on the 19th.

One family reunion was not enough. Jack's nephew Lars Gilmour decided to have a Gilmour reunion at his place in Seattle August 28th. There were maybe 30 or so people there but it was nice; the kids enjoyed

Celia

his pool. He put out enough food to feed a Frost reunion. We stayed with Pat for a few days and Pat and I went to our favorite nurseries and shops in Woodenville. We spent time down at the waterfront where we explored a dove aviary. (An aviary is a large enclosure for confining birds. Unlike cages, aviaries allow birds a larger living space where they can fly. Aviaries often contain plants and shrubbery to simulate a natural environment.) I spotted a row of at least ten very unique birdhouses, now why would I be interested in them? We had a wonderful meal on the waterfront. I probably had salmon (my very favorite), before heading back to Pat's home. That was the end of our vacation, family reunions and all, the next day we were headed back to Idaho. That made two trips to Seattle that year.

The Buttars family paid us a rare visit, as it is a great distance between Boise and Rexburg, on October 3rd to the 7th. We did a lot of fun things but I think the kids enjoyed the zoo the most. We wandered around the beautiful rose garden at Julia Davis Park. The main purpose of their visit was for Olivia to tour Boise State University and Alberston College in Caldwell.



Loren and Olivia at the zoo

Gordon had just gone through an episode where the left side of his body went numb, almost as if he had had a stroke. It turned out that all he needed was to have his thyroid regulated. He had some setbacks and it took quite a while for him to get stabilized. At forty five he was too young to be hobbling around with a cane.



Fall clean up

With autumn upon us, I had plenty to do at home. Between our own leaves and most of the neighbors trees that shed their leaves in our yard too. And it was up to me to rake and sack them up. Besides, all the dead flowers and plants that have to be cleaned up too.

My Turn on Earth

How I hated to see all my lovely flowers freeze and leave me. But that is the way it is. Jack's new found cousin and wife Kenneth and Arlene Carbett from Olympia Washington paid us a visit. Family and friends dropped in throughout the year.

Here's a dummy story for you. I had been to a luncheon with the ward lunch bunch and Jack had a doctors appointment and had to work at the Family History Center. I knew he would not be back until about 9:00 p.m.. When my ride brought me home Jack was gone by that time. I went around to the back door because the storm door was locked. Well, my key would not work in either of the back doors. I tried again and again and again. I got the hidden key and it wouldn't work. The temperature was 38 degrees and I was getting cold. I began to pray, and pray and pray each time trying the key, I decided if something didn't happen soon, I would break a window, it had already been two hours. Finally the Lord yelled down to me. "Hey, Dummy, try the top lock!" I tried it and low and behold I got in, chilled to the bone. We never locked the dead bolt in the day time; I guess he forgot and locked it. I just was not used to unlocking the dead bolt and dummy me, it just didn't enter my mind. I thought for a while I had lost it!

The family of Marian and Doug Harper announced the 50th wedding anniversary of their parents, with an open house on Saturday November 4th at the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in Malta. Their children and grandchildren put on a feast and program for our entertainment and they were good. We went and had a very good time. Fifty years ago I made and decorated their wedding cake. I think we stayed at their home that night.

On November 6th we voted for George W. Bush for President of the United States, on the Republican Party. He was running against John Kerry of the Democrat Party. Boy were we happy that Bush won. President George Bush went on to win a second term, that we were happy about also.



Doug and Marion

Celia

Cindee and Steve came for our Thanksgiving feast. We had our 22nd wedding anniversary on November 25th and Jack had his 74th birthday on December 19th.

After a years delay, we were able to do the Frost Christmas Dinner and Party. I dressed up the house in all the holiday trimmings that I had. We planned a great dinner of steak on the grill and mushroom gravy. I can't remember what else, but I did bake mother's carrot cake with lemon sauce. Everyone was here but the Jacksons



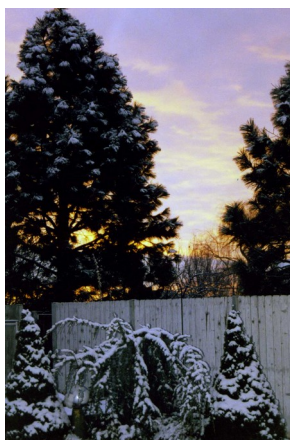
Frost Christmas dinner. Shown here: Thelma and Jay, Kenneth and Lorna, and Eunice.

and Eunice, who were flying in from Salt Lake. Well, Boise was socked in with fog and their plane could not land. After circling in the fog a couple of times it flew on to Seattle. Jack was there at the airport to meet them, but came back home alone. After about an hour the fog lifted and they were able to get into Boise, just in time for dinner. We had such a good time as always when we are together. We had a great gift exchange. It was so cool to have everyone here and not to rush off as soon as we were through eating. Thelma and Jay stayed here as did some of the others, sleeping on air mattresses. Others stayed in motels nearby. We fixed breakfast for the whole gang the next morning. To cap the whole thing off, we all went to the temple that day and did sealings. As I looked around at each one of my family I felt so close and loved. I know that Mother and Daddy were very pleased with us. Don was not feeling well but hung in there. Thelma and Jay stayed here two more days. The rest of the Christmas holidays were spent in our usual way, home alone. With that great Christmas dinner we had with family, who needed more. With plenty of church activity and friends we had a wonderful Christmas.

My Turn on Earth

Chapter 38

The Best of Times, The Worst of Times



The dawning of 2001

I stayed up to watch the New Year come in, but I fell asleep and had the most wonderful dream. I dreamed there were beautiful flowers all around me, with butterflies flitting overhead and bees buzzing. Birds of all colors serenaded me with their lovely songs; rainbows and waterfalls, weddings, parties and travel. I was the princess in Fantasyland. Then I woke up to a very dark cold snowy 2001 and I didn't even see it come in. So I just went to bed like I should have done in the first place. Oh, but that dream was worth it!

We had lived here in Boise for 10 years, in fact the longest we have lived in one place since we were married in 1978. This was our little piece of heaven on earth. I pray always that the good Lord will permit us to live here until our journey's end.

I spent the first month of the New Year reading! On January 3rd my friend Deanna Torfin brought over Volume One and Two of "Children of the Promise" for me to read. She had been after me for a long time to read them; she told me "now is the time" and January 3rd was the day. By the end of the month I had read all five volumes, each book containing 500 pages. It was a cold January so what better was there for me to do but curl up in front of the fire place with a good book.

Jack started out the year with bronchitis. I lost a tooth and looked like an old hag, not a princess. I ended up having to have a root canal; not a fun thing for a new year. Later in the year, I also had a bout with H-

Celia

Pylori, an unwanted stomach bacteria that took some high-powered antibiotics to get rid of. I was thankful for two things that year; no family reunion or the Christmas dinner for us to host.

Emil had been doing poorly and Melody had her hands full caring for him. Emily, Emil's daughter and Melody's stepdaughter, passed away June 24, 2001 just five days before her 35th birthday. She was found in her home by a friend. The last I heard, the cause of death was unknown.

My families are all doing well at that time. Connie, Kellie, Kyle and Cindee were our only visitors for the first few months, besides our Home Teachers and Relief Society Visiting Teachers each month.

Mother and Daddy would have been proud of our army of missionaries; those out or those getting ready to go. Elder Mark Dudley finished his mission to the North Carolina Raleigh Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints on February 22nd. He reported his mission in the Rupert 5th Ward on Sunday the 25th. The Spirit truly shone through him as he spoke. Melynda, Tim and Deelyn also spoke and Jack gave the benediction. They had a dinner party at the Dudley's after the meeting. Besides our grandchildren there were nephews and nieces out, as well as the Jacksons, Turners, Goodfellows and Gerald and Verlee that served couple missions.



*Welcome home
Elder Dudley*

We were sure glad we were out of California, what a mess, all three power plants were in bad trouble. It all boiled down to the environmentalists. Anyway the stock prices went down the tubes and our dividends were cut off. All we could do was to salvage what we could and put into something else with hopes of getting it built back up but that didn't happen. We survived but there was no more traveling and fun things that we had hoped for in our retirement.

We did go to Logan, Utah for Melynda's graduation from the Utah State University where she received a Bachelor of Science degree in accounting on May 4th. She was immediately employed by the government with a very high paying job with the Department of Energy. Melynda was

My Turn on Earth

always very quick, especially in math, and her education truly paid off.

Dreams truly do come true, if we just dream long enough. We had been to Nauvoo on a short stay and I always dreamed of going back. Doug Harper also had dreamed of going to Nauvoo. So he got the idea to get as many of our family members together that were interested and go.



Boarding the train

Now remember that Kathryn and Richard were serving a mission there at the time. Of course most of us wanted to go; so we along with Marian and Doug, Thelma and Jay, Lorna and Kenneth made plans to go. The four of us sisters and our good looking husbands all left Salt Lake City on Amtrak at 4:30 a.m. on May 12th and headed for Nauvoo to visit Elder and Sister Goodfellow. We disembarked at the Burlington, Iowa, Train Depot at 12:00 noon on Mother's Day, May 13th. What a good time we all had on that train.

Kathryn and Richard were there to take us to Nauvoo. I will make this brief because there is no way I can tell all the wonderful things we saw and did. The wonderful spirit that we felt was thrilling as we walked the streets that the Prophet Joseph and Emma Smith and all the other great saints and many of our very own ancestors walked. To me, Nauvoo is a sacred city, I felt it.

The Goodfellows lent us their van, and we had accommodations at the Nauvoo Family Motel; each with our own little family style room. Kathryn and Richard came over a couple of mornings and cooked breakfast for us. At that time the Nauvoo Temple was under construction and well on its way. We saw everything that we could see. We tried our hands at candle making, spinning, and rope making. We watched all the other things like bread baking in the old ovens, making soap, bricks, and even horse shoes.

Richard took us on a tour in his horse drawn bus. He worked with the horses. We visited most of the old homes that were so



Tour wagon in Nauvoo

Celia

beautiful, Kathryn hosted the Heber C. Kimball Home. We drove over to the Carthage Jail where our Prophet along with his brother Hyrum were shot and killed.

We took a day trip over to Hannibal Missouri and saw the home of Samuel Clemens; also known as Mark Twain. On the way we were turned back by the flooded Des Moines River in Iowa. The Mississippi River was so wide and beautiful as it overflowed its banks. They took us to places most people don't know about. Kathryn took us girls to a park one evening and I was so excited. It was beginning to get dark and the place became a glow with thousands of tiny fireflies. I had never in all my life seen fireflies; I thought I was in Fairyland again. I did see glowworms in a cave in New Zealand.



Someone's dream home once upon a time.

May 17th was our last evening in Nauvoo. The missionaries always put on a great performance on the weekends. We were able to see the Goodfellows in the play "Rendezvous" held in the Cultural Hall. After their last performance, they came over to our motel to spend more time with us. On Friday morning we all climbed back into

the van and said our goodbyes to Beautiful Nauvoo with much sadness. The Goodfellows took us back over to Burlington to catch our train. We had a little time so Richard took us sightseeing before we said our last goodbyes to them at 7:00 p.m. on May 18th.

I enjoyed the Amtrak ride. It would have been better if we had beds. Most of the country we passed through was nice but especially Colorado. We had a good trip back to Salt Lake City, arriving at 3:00 a.m. on Sunday morning. Scott and Judy were there to pick us up. We all crashed. After a little rest we headed back to Boise, it was nice being back home even if I did have a hard time leaving. What a wonderful dream fulfilled.

Good news: Cindee started a new job May 26th in the coding department at the Minidoka Memorial Hospital, where she had been working.

My Turn on Earth

She still had to take a lot of schooling, but she was a lot happier. We found ourselves back on the road, this time to Rexburg for Olivia's graduation from Madison High School on May 24th. She was so happy and looked lovely in her cap and gown. Gordon and Bonnie had a family party for her at their home. Being that I had never worn a cap and gown, I put on Olivia's and said that I had graduated from the "School of Hard Knocks." Olivia was to start college far away from home in Grand Junction, Colorado, in the fall. A new school, a new home and new friends. She did great for never being away from home before.



Olivia's graduation

I was so grateful that we both had the health and strength to do the things that had to be done around here. We spent our time at home working in the yard, growing beautiful flowers, keeping the birds happy and doing projects that happened to pop up. Jack built a corner linen cabinet in the dining room. He also built cabinets in my utility/craft room.

Connie, Kellie, Kyle and Cindee came through out the spring and summer. Clyde was very demanding; he called to ask Jack to go get him hamburgers at any given time of day. Jack even had to go over to help him go to the bathroom one day. So he is kept busy with Clyde.



Gerald and Verlee

We went to Music Week productions and other entertainment with Glen and Ada. I enjoyed going to lunch each month with the Ward Lunch Bunch and other ward activities. We still maintained our church callings. Our next door neighbor, Bonnie was killed in a car accident; she had a stroke while driving. We went to her funeral at the Jehovah Witness Church which was very different.

My little brother Gerald and Verlee returned from their mission in Ghana, West Africa. We went to their mission report on Sunday July 8th at the Burley 10th Ward. Besides Gerald and

Celia

Verlee, their daughter Teresa also spoke. All three really know how to deliver a sermon; they all gave very spiritual talks. Irma and her daughter Shirley sang "How Great Thou Art". That song always gives me goose bumps. It was so good to have them home, but oh what a special wonderful mission they had. They really loved those people and brought home some neat African art, and memories. They brought me a sweet little carved elephant that I treasure.

Summer, means the Frost family reunion time, which was held on August 4, 2001 at the Unity Church park with the Harpers as hosts. The theme was "Let's go to a Hawaiian Luau!" When the Harpers do something, it is big! What fun we had with some of the guys performing in grass skirts. I think Gordon was one of the funniest.



Reunion 2001: Cindee, Melody, Gordon, Connie, and Tim

Did I say summer was reunion time, I guess so. On August 17, 2001 was also my 55th high school class reunion at Price's Café for dinner, dancing, and pictures. Sunday the 18th we went out to the Grant Wyatt Ranch, where we had more food and a whole lot of chit chatting. It was always good to get back with old schoolmates.

The Minnesota Gilmour's, George, Becky and Chad came to visit us on my 75th birthday on August 19, 2001, except they didn't know it when they made their plans. That birthday I did not mind. We had a fun time, and cake. One more reunion but that was not all. The Frost cousins got together on Saturday, August 25th at the Burley Rotary Park boat landing at the golf course. My cousin Jack and Clara Olson planned and put it all together. I was surprised that so many of my cousins from all over



75 years young

My Turn on Earth

showed up. Aunt Pearl and most of her family attended. All of us Frosts were there. It was really what you can call a reunion. We hadn't seen each other in years. Everyone was excited to see each other and share family histories.

That very day we left for Seattle for a second mini Gilmour Reunion held at Lars' place. It too was nice getting together with his family again. During this trip we also meet a new found second cousin of Jack's; Mary Jane Dumpster and her husband John. I think she was just as eager to meet Jack as he was her. She said, "It is sure neat to have a real cousin." The Gilmour family, unlike the Frosts have very few relatives. How very, very, sad.

Actually, the first reunion we went to was in July when we went to Las Vegas for a submarine reunion for the crew of the Submarine Carp that Jack served on. About seventy shipmates showed up after fifty two years. They had an enjoyable time. Myself, I was bored; I did not know anyone and did not like Las Vegas at all, although we had very nice accommodations and food. We did not go downtown at all but we did drive out to see the Las Vegas Temple. It is very beautiful like all of our temples, but since it was Sunday it was closed. Can you believe that we attended five reunions that summer?



Clyde at 90

Our dear, old Clyde turned ninety years old September 5th. I baked him a birthday cake and we got him a gift and took them over to his apartment in Meridian. He looked good and was one happy old dude. And yet, a greater birthday took place in Hailey, Idaho for my favorite aunt, Faye Dunlap, On September 23rd she turned one hundred years old. She was nearly blind, but she recognized me. Her family gave her a wonderful party at the nursing home that was her home. All of her family, Aunt Pearl her only living sister, and many of her children, and a whole bunch of us nieces and nephews helped her celebrate, and she was one happy lady.

Celia

Terror and Tears! On Tuesday, September 11, 2001 our great nation experienced the worse disaster in our nation's history. A day America will never forget. Terrorists struck across the East Coast that morning. At about 8:45 am EDT (6:45am MDT) the first hijacked jetliner crashed into the north tower of the one hundred ten story World Trade Center in New York City, starting fires as the horrified nation watched on television. Eighteen minutes later, a second jetliner appeared low in the sky over New York City and slammed into the south tower, erupting in fire and smoke. Subsequent explosions



The World Trade Center

caused both towers to collapse. A third hijacked jetliner hit and severely damaged the Pentagon across the Potomac River from Washington, DC. A hijacked United Airlines jet crashed outside of Pittsburgh. The passengers in all four planes were killed in an unprecedented, coordinated terrorist assault.

As I watched this on television, it reminded me of the fear and horror that I felt when Japan launched the sneak attack on the US Naval base at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, 60 years before. The White House, Congress and all federal government buildings were evacuated. The Federal Aviation Administration ordered every flight in the United States grounded. The bombers were linked to Afghanistan-based Saudi dissident Osama bin Laden. There were 50,000 people who worked in the two buildings. People were trapped and many jumped to their death from the top stories. The official count of victims including New York, Washington, Pennsylvania, passengers and crew on the hijacked planes, and so many brave firefighter and police officers gave their lives to save others totaled 4,132.

It was such a horrible sight I hope to never witness again in my life. You cannot even imagine the horror that we saw during those next few days. This act lead us into a war against the Taliban in Afghanistan and the hunt for Osama Bin Laden was on. Which lead to wars through out

My Turn on Earth

the Middle East. That attack was the first war of the 21st century and is still going on as I am writing this in 2012. So many of our brave young men and women have lost their lives fighting a no win war. Those people hate Americans and want to kill as many of us as they possibly can.



Michael's new family

Okay, we can dry our eyes now for some happy news. My little family increased on Saturday, the fifteenth day of September 2001. On that day Michael Layne Dudley married Tatum Marie Miles at 2:00 at the Golden Heritage Center in Burley by the Mayor. It was a really a cute wedding as the bride and groom chose to wear white T-shirts with BRIDE on hers and GROOM on his. Who would have thought of that? It was a nice afternoon wedding with family members in attendance. We not only added a new daughter-in-law to our family but her two children, Micah and Bradley Blacker, ages 9 and 7.

Before the summer ended we wanted to take one more little trip. We had heard so much about the town of Joseph, Oregon; we certainly were not disappointed. The welcome sign as we entered town read, "This little town is HEAVEN to us. Please don't drive like HELL through it". The only disappointment we had was that most establishments were closed on Monday and that is the very day we arrived. We had to drive to the next town to get something to eat. It had a lot of history of Chief Joseph whom the town was named for. Also it was known for its bronze statues; there were statues of every description all over town. I think I took photos of most of them. I took pictures of two beautiful very unique churches. One was the United Methodist Church of Joseph. The other an LDS church in La Grande that had the most beautiful stained glass window I have ever seen. We drove up to Wallowa Lake Village where deer roamed all over. Along our jour-



Chief Joseph

Celia

ney we encountered two amazing out houses, only they were not out back but in the front yards. We also took pictures of six old barns along our way down to Baker. There we took a side trip up to the ghost town of Sumpter. It was a very enjoyable three days.



Kathryn and Dick

Kathryn and Richard's mission in Nauvoo came to an end and they returned to Burley hating to leave beautiful Nauvoo and their mission friends. We went to their mission report on the 14th of October 2001 at the Pella 2nd Ward where they both gave spiritual reports. Their son Rick flew in from Hawaii that morning bringing them lovely fresh flower leis. Their kids put out a luncheon for friends and family in the afternoon at their home.

Glen and Olivia both had birthdays as autumn rolled around . With it was more bad news. In November, Gordon was laid off from his job at the Idaho National Engineering Laboratory where he had worked for eleven years.

With nearly twenty years of experience as a computer programmer on his resume, he set out looking for a new job. He even had two or three interviews here in Boise, but nothing ever came of them.

Later in November was our 23rd wedding anniversary, followed by Thanksgiving. "We thank you Lord for all the blessing of 2001, for family and friends and turkey dressing". Cindee and Steve were here for Thanksgiving dinner. We fixed the traditional Thanksgiving dinner with all the trimming and leftovers.

We had our Frost Christmas dinner and party out to Malta at the Marian and Doug Harper home the first week in December. What more can I say? We just have the best of everything; all of us being together as a wonderful loving family. We missed Eunice, she could not make it and her illness was serious enough to put her in the hospital. We had a wonderful dinner, lots of chit-chats and most of all the darling handmade gifts that we exchanged. We drove to Burley and stayed with Lorna and Kenneth that night and drove back to Boise the next day.

My Turn on Earth

My niece Romona (Read) and Wayne Merrill were here the following Friday and stayed overnight as they were on their way to Kennewick Washington. They clued us in on how Eunice was doing. We celebrated Jack's 75th Birthday in the usual way; dinner out. The rest of the month we spent doing our Christmas things. Decorating the house and yard, baking goodies to give away, and sending out Christmas greetings. We went to all the ward parties and dinners and just spent Christmas Eve and day



Holiday snowstorm

playing Santa Claus to each other. Between Christmas and New Years we had a big snow storm that dumped a great amount of snow. Jack's work was cut out for him shoveling the walks and drive-way. Well, So Be It! 2001 with its sadness and joys left us for new beginnings.

Celia

Conclusion

By Gordon Buttar

Mom got to the beginning of 2002 in her story and said, "I don't know what else to write about. We didn't go on any more trips." It is now 2022 so there are 20 years to catch up on. I'll do my best to fill in the highlights.

They were both 75 and were slowing down somewhat, but still took care of their home and yard. I don't know that they went on any more big



This was at Gerald's funeral on September 23, 2009. Seated: Cindee, Celia, Jack, and Melody. Standing: Tim, Deelyn, Bonnie, Gordon, Connie, and Frank.

My Turn on Earth

trips, but that didn't mean they didn't go anywhere. Funerals became a major reason for traveling. The first didn't involve travel since Clyde lived in Meridian; he died on December 2, 2002. After looking after him for several years, they ended up with all of his stuff, which included a lot of nice things.

The only one of her siblings or her spouses to have died up to this time was Earl Read. Doug Harper died on August 13, 2003; Emil Wilkinson on December 9, 2006; Thelma on July 1, 2009; Gerald on September 18, 2009; Marion on December 9, 2010; Jay Jackson on September 25, 2014; Verlee on April 7, 2016; Eunice on February 1, 2017; and Kathryn on 10 May 2020.

I'm not aware of all the graduations they attended, but they were in Monroe, Utah, visiting Thelma and Jay and drove the 235 miles over to Grand Junction, Colorado, to attend Olivia's graduation from Mesa State College in May 2005. Then they came to Loren's graduation from Madison High School in Rexburg in May 2006 and made another trip to Rexburg to attend his farewell when he left for the California Ventura Mission in July and again when he returned two years later.

As the grandchildren grew up, there were weddings to attend and the births of great grandchildren. I apologize for making this read like those begat chapters in the Old Testament, but I don't know how else to do it.

Melody still lives in Gooding.

Tim and Deelyn still live in the same house north of Rupert. Michael's first marriage has already been noted. They had one child, Layne, and were later divorced. In 2022 he married Alica. An interesting note about Michael; when Tim retired from the sheriff's department, Michael assumed his badge number. Raydon and Colby and the births of Lacoya and Jon were covered earlier. They were later divorced. Raydon married Mathew DeChene on July 4, 2020. Melynda married Ray Walden on August 22, 2003. Their children are: Sheila, February 6, 2005; Timothy, December 26, 2006; Kimberly, October 12, 2009; and Joshua, October 17, 2011. They lived in Florida until Ray retired from the Air Force and moved to Pocatello in 2021. Mark married Michelle Thornley on May 31, 2002. Their children are: Allysa, February 25, 2004; Ashlee, April 18,

Celia

2006; Kaden, December 9, 2008; and Kaitlyn, June 4, 2011. They lived in Michelle's hometown of Adrian, Oregon, until moving to Parma, Idaho, in 2021. Jermey married Patricia Johnson on May 10, 2003 and had one child: Chyann Dawn who was born and died on March 4, 2005. Jeremy and Patricia were divorced and he married Michelle Huber on September 13, 2009. They had three children before divorcing: Justin Lewis, June 21, 2007; Myah Lynn, January 14, 2010, and Jake Aiden on February 17, 2014. Later Jeremy married Lisa McBryde on August 1, 2018. Lisa took Jeremy's children as her own and they had two children together: Brayden Dee was stillborn on October 25, 2017, and Bailey Rain, September 1, 2019. Jeremy is currently in prison.

We still live in Rexburg. I developed a tremor disorder in 2004 that sidelined me. Glen never married and at this time is in Sacramento, California, dealing with a host of mental illness challenges. Olivia married Paul Andrews on December 13, 2006 (divorced after 11 years). Her children Jude, March 18, 2013, and River, October 3, 2016, live with us. Loren married Aubrey Deussen on August 26, 2012 (divorced after seven years). He lives in Idaho Falls. He has no children.

Cindee and Steve currently live in Burley and she still works at Minidoka Memorial Hospital

Connie married Frank Uriguen on June 16, 2004. They live west of Heyburn and Connie retired from the Cassia County Magistrate Court in 2022. Of her children: Kellie married Cody Mingo on October 17, 2009. They have no children. Kyle married Ashley Stewart on August 10, 2007. Their children: Sam, November 5, 2013; Sawyer, March 29, 2016; and Sullivan, December 23, 2019.

George and Becky's family: Jason Paul Gilmour married Joanna Marie Gyldenvand. They have 6 children: Amara Liana, Rayna Lee, Bailey Mae, Evelyn Marie, Lincoln Paul, Sierra Nevaeh, and a new baby coming in November 2022. Grandson Chad Michael Gilmour married Danielle Patrice Cotton. They have 2 children: Jack Patrick and Olivia Jo. Granddaughter Stephanie Anne Gilmour is deceased.

Besides going to visit family, family and friends come to visit. Cindee and Connie and Connie's kids came often. We didn't make it over very often.

My Turn on Earth

Mom remained fairly healthy for her advancing age, however falls were an issue. Most only resulted in bruises but at least twice she had broken bones and ended up in the hospital.

She celebrated her 90th birthday at their home on August 20, 2016, the day after her actual birthday. All of her children and a good share of her grandchildren were there, along with some nieces and nephews and those of her surviving sisters who were able to travel. Several neighbors and friends also came, and cars were parked along both sides of the street clear back to the corner.



The was the day of her 90th birthday party. Front: Gordon and Connie. Back Cindee, Melody, Celia, and Tim

About the time she and Jack turned 90 they quit driving. Mom quit sometime before that. After being the ones to look after others, they now depended on others to look after them. Kellie and Kyle were a big help as were their neighbors Cindy Hobson and Joe Bunt.

When the Covid pandemic hit and everything shut down in March 2020 they were isolated, unable to go anywhere or have many visitors, al-

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though we went at the end of May that year.

Then on the morning of February 11, 2021, Mom woke up to find Jack slumped over his walker. He had got up to go to the bathroom and something happened and he had passed away. His funeral was held Thursday, February 18, 2021 at 1:00 p.m., at Relyea Funeral Chapel in Boise. Because of Covid restrictions, attendance was limited but the service was livestreamed. He is buried at the Pleasant View Cemetery in Burley.

Now that Mom was alone, people looked after her and took good care of her. Cindee and Connie were there often. We came at the end of May. While George and Becky were there in June, they had to take her to the emergency room because she had no energy. She was admitted to the hospital with dehydration and was there for several days and several more at a rehabilitation center before she could go home.

She insisted that she was determined to stay in that house until she died. Then one day out of the blue she announced that she was moving to an assisted living home in Burley. With in a few days Cindee and Connie made the arrangements and got her moved in on September 3, 2021. They brought what would fit in her one-bedroom apartment and made arrangements to sell what Mom hadn't given away. After the estate sale, the house was cleaned out and listed, and sold soon after.

Now she is Burley close to family, she receives visitors frequently and gets out from time to time. On March 5, 2022 she attended Irma's 90th birthday celebration were she and Lorna were the guests of honor, seated in the reception line next to Irma.

It is much easier for me to go see her now and have been there a few times already. As of this writing, May 2022, she is going on 96 and thriving. I expect to attend her 100th birthday party.

