

## 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 7<sup>th</sup> 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 took lessons along with Marian and Irma from Art Kerner from Arizona when timing was right while in Burley. It was so much fun painting with my sisters. We would paint



*My first painting*

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.

Our first guest for the year was Norma and Myron Brown; we had invited them for dinner on February 2<sup>nd</sup>. 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 10<sup>th</sup> we had dinner with Jackie and John Guy.



*Me, Dopey, and Thelma*

Our vacation came early as March 3<sup>rd</sup> 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 4<sup>th</sup>. 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 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 18<sup>th</sup> 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 17<sup>th</sup> 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 17<sup>th</sup> 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 89<sup>th</sup> birthday on June 4<sup>th</sup>. 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*

I spent one month in Idaho, having a wonderful time with whomever I spent time with. On June 17<sup>th</sup> 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 goodbye 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 Monterey Bay Aquarium. Kellie enjoyed the otters while Kyle was fascinated by the sharks. They loved going to the Capitola Mall on 41<sup>st</sup> 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 4<sup>th</sup> 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 8<sup>th</sup> 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.

On the last Monday of Jacks 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 2<sup>nd</sup> 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 8<sup>th</sup> birthday on June 27<sup>th</sup>, 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 2<sup>nd</sup> of August.



*Jeremy's baptism*



*Tim, me, Melody, Cindee, Connie, and Gordon*

We had our very first Gilmour, Dudley, and Buttars Family Reunion August 4<sup>th</sup> 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 the 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.

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 where flitting and feeding every place. Sometimes they would even land on you and stay a while. Lovely, lovely lovely. Driving on, we loaded the car onto a ferry at Mill Bay and crossed over to Perry



*The Buchart Gardens*

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 64<sup>th</sup> 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 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, 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.



*The New Relief Society Presidency:  
Me, Pat Mitchell, and Gaye Bivins*

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 12<sup>th</sup> 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 8<sup>th</sup> Birthday November 13<sup>th</sup> and was to be baptized by her father December 1<sup>st</sup> 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 suspected 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 dropping 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 64<sup>th</sup> 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*