

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 woman 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 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 partial darkness he saw something move. He turned on the light and Mr. Opossum scampers up the recliner chair and onto the drapes



Aren't opossums ugly critters?

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.

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 brickwork. 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 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



Our front steps, Christmas 1994

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 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 Kloepfer 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 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 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 inlisted in the Army and was stationed at Fort Hood Texas.



Michael Dudley

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.



Mother on her 90th birthday

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 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”.

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 form school days.



Thin tastes so good!



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 was 99 Frosts there. We stayed with Thelma and Jay until time to head for Burley to go to the fair.

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. Bumming 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, 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 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 in 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 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. 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!