

Scenes

from my

Life



Michael R. Henry

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for

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Scenes from My Life

By Michael Raymond Henry

Introduction

This is an attempt to put into writing many of the things which seem to be important in telling my life story. Obviously, it is not the complete story. If it were, it would be too long. Hopefully, it will be of the length so that many of my descendants will have an interest in it and detailed enough to present a fair representation of a few things that are important about who I am and what I have become in this life. For this reason, I have called it **“Scenes from my Life.”** That should make it obvious that it is not an attempt to tell everything, but to give you a feeling for what my life has been like.

Hopefully, this approach will provide me the opportunity to tell enough details of certain events that they will be more meaningful to the reader. I have attached a few pictures and, when possible, placed them in appropriate places in the written narrative. Others do not relate directly to what is written. Note: Some of the pictures are not real sharp and some are black and white. I chose them based on content, not on appearance.

After much thought as I prepared to write this life story, I decided to put the emphasis on my life, not the life of my family. Their experiences are different stories. In fact, each one of them has his/her own story. I do not want to try to tell their stories, but I hope to read them some day. There are many wonderful things that I could have told about my family that I have left for a different place.

My family, shown here and enlarged in other places in this history, is a huge part of my life. Francie has been intertwined with me for all of my adult life and therefore has a prominent role in my story. Each of our children have been an inspiration to me and have brought me great joy and happiness. I love every one of them and I have high hopes that we will be able to spend an eternity together with an abundance of love and many great memories that will last forever.

Now, a request to my family members: Please read this work with a recognition of the way that your life story fits in with mine. I will let you tell that story if you wish.

I worry that it will feel like I am sometimes bragging about myself. It is very difficult to write about yourself without making it sound that way. My effort is to let you know what my life



has been like and that requires telling things the way I experienced them. I admit that I have ignored some things that were negative. These are left out for a variety of reasons, just like many positive things are also not included. Please don't think that I have prioritized events. That has not been a part of my effort. It is more a group of happenings that have been brought to my mind as I was randomly recording other happenings. The "scenes" are not all in chronological order because I have felt that some needed to be grouped for other reasons. Hopefully the order will serve its purposes.

God the Father and Jesus Christ have been very important to me and you will find them intertwined within my life story. For most of my life, I have felt that I have been blessed with circumstances, opportunities, good health, relationships, friendships, skills, abilities, support, encouragement, and teachings, to go along with love, great parents and siblings, a wonderful life companion and eternal wife, as well as intelligent, obedient, and loving children and their wonderful spouses. Now, at this point in my life, I am very happy to be able to add 30 marvelous grandchildren, their very well selected spouses, and very recently our first great grandchild. Added to these blessings has been the strong upbringing of discipline, family togetherness, sound counsel, a desire to do right things, and much, much more. These great blessings from my Father in Heaven have helped me overcome personal weaknesses, temptations, and other struggles. I have not always merited all these blessings and I recognize that I have come very close to making serious mistakes which could have made my life less fortunate and less happy. I have not always taken full advantage of these wonderful blessings. However, I recognize them and am very grateful to a loving and forgiving Father in Heaven for them. Jesus Christ's Atonement is what makes all this possible. I also recognize all those others (especially my family) who have helped me along the way and made my life happy and rewarding.

Events I can't remember because I was too young

I was born to Naomi (King) Henry and John Oliver Henry on September 6, 1939 in Phoenix, Arizona. My older sister, Johan, was two years old when I was born. She was born on August 12, 1937. My parents were living near Liberty, Arizona on a road they had named "Johan's Road" in honor of my sister. There were about 40 acres with a small house, a milking barn and a hay barn. The place was located near the farm of my Grandpa and Grandma King. Dad, with my mom's help, was milking a herd of 50 cows and doing okay financially. In her personal history, **Mom** describes their early situation with revealing words: **"Money was scarce in our house, but never was the desire for a child lacking. As the children grew, he (Dad) always responded when there was something they needed or wanted. We used money needed for the farm. We robbed the food budget. We tried to comprehend their needs and provide for them"**.

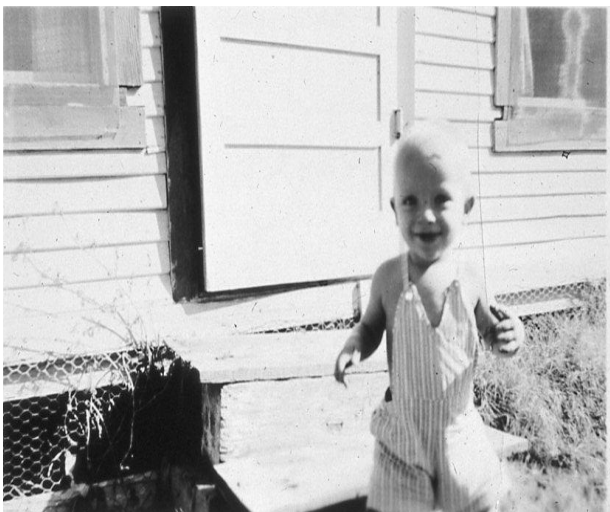
In her journal, Mom described very colorfully (as was her usual style) the trip to the hospital when I decided it was time to be born. She described riding with an elderly neighbor in his old car at a speed that she felt wasn't sufficient to get us to the hospital in Phoenix (about 30 miles away) in time for the birth. She began to howl and warn that I was on the way out. Dad tried to calm her, but to no avail. The neighbor became very concerned and kept increasing his speed until he was nearly flying. There were some scary moments, but we made it to the hospital and I was able to come into the world within the walls of the hospital, barely.

My mom recorded in her personal history the following about my very early times in this life: **"Mike was born on September 6, 1939. Mike was never a pretty baby, except to me. He**

was mostly bald, his face slashed by a straight, extra wide mouth which was always set in a grin. He was the original personality boy. He impressed people not with beauty but with his vivid personality. He always shrank from caresses but would give unexpected bestowal of his favors: a quick grubby arm thrust around your neck, a wet smack, a quick gentle word was his way. He was stubborn, opinionated, happy, intelligent, and an experimenter.”

A favorite family story describes a narrow escape I experienced while living on our dairy ranch in Liberty. My mom was Dad’s helper as they milked the herd of cows. She performed a variety of duties. Dad had built a little box observatory for Johan so that Johan could watch what was going on while Mom was available to help with the milking. It was braced a few feet above ground level on support beams of the milking barn. It had worked well. When I was around one year old, Mom again began to help with the milking by using the box observatory for me. One wintry day when there had been a lot of rain, the corral had become a swamp of a mixture of very soft mud and manure from the cows. As the cows moved from the feeding areas to the milking barn they tramped through the slop and created a revolting mess that sometimes threatened the top of the milkers’ tall boots. This made my mother’s job of cleaning the cows’ udders before milking more difficult. Perhaps for this reason, Mom didn’t notice that I was becoming bored with my vantage point and wanted to get a better look. I leaned over the edge of my box too far and fell out, straight down, head first, into the gooey, yucky mess. Fortunately, my ever-alert mom saw me dive and sprang to rescue me. She grabbed my feet, the only things showing, and pulled me out before I could ingest a gallon of the unspeakable. You’ll have to imagine how she got me cleaned up, but I am sure she was both thankful and nauseated. That might be one of the principal reasons why I never was a big fan of milking cows. However, I did reach the point, later in life, where I really appreciated the many lessons I learned while engaged in this chore every day of the week.

A few years later, my family moved, for economic reasons, to live in a house on my Grandpa Henry’s place on Lateral 19, west of Phoenix. We lived in a small house that had no indoor plumbing until my dad could build a house on property he had bought on River Road about a mile from Grandpa and Grandma Henry’s ranch. We moved in before it was totally completed. My sister, Johan, was a great mentor and supporter as I proceeded through these important steps. My parents were always loving and concerned.



Mom wrote in my baby book: **“You simply worship Johan but already deal her misery. You pull her hair and tear her things down, but she’s very patient and sweet – a real little mother. You’re bald but not shiny,**

you nearly haven’t any hair. Just enough to save face. Still the ‘grinniest young-un ever’ and Grandpa’s ‘little Irishman’ as always.

Another time, she wrote **“3-years old: At first not very social, tho seems to get along O.K. except with Delbert. Your daddy says that you’re a better cow herder now than I (Mom) will ever be.” You love Jerry, not wisely, but too hard.”**



Me with my parents and my sister Johan.

My mom recorded in her biography an incident that gives some idea of my early mindset:

“ ‘Know sumpin?’ The child’s voice suddenly transported me back and once again, I heard another voice from the past. ‘Know sumpin?’, Mike said and the excited triumph of it demanded and received an answer. For that child’s never-failing zest for and interest in life found innumerable ‘sumpins’ which must be explained, admired, or looked at. His eyes sparkling, his feet advancing inexorably, propelled by his never-failing enthusiasm for the world and all it contained. He found a million treasures a day that must be shared. Know sumpin?”

Mom also recorded this other insight into my development:

“He (Mike) respected authority when he recognized it. Remember the day you (Mike) and Grandpa Henry fought over the sand pile?

Grandpa had a pile of sand, meant for some important construction project. Mike decided it was a very nice place to play. Grandpa happened to see him there after a while and told him to get out, without explaining. He undoubtedly figured his opinion was reason enough. He figured without Mike’s opinion. Mike looked up at him and then went back to his play. Grandpa, thinking he may not have heard, repeated the order. Mike played on. The order came closer and louder, but there was still no move to abandon the sand. This time Grandpa picked Mike up and dusted his pants, repeated the order, and set him down away from the sand. Under Grandpa’s astounded gaze, Mike headed back for the sand. Fortunately, Mother appeared on the scene and rescued them both from the contest of iron wills.”

I don’t remember these early events, but my mom assured me that they are true.

Some random early memories (not all in chronological order)

My early childhood was a happy time for me. I was surrounded with a strong and loving family. I had good influences from my parents, grandparents, and other family members. I didn’t know there was a world war going on and that times were economically tough. We did not have a lot of money, but I didn’t know that. We had “goodly” parents and we felt love for each other, including our extended family. We had lots of extended family activities. These included picnics in the desert near Phoenix, trips to the mountains near Prescott and other places, parties at Grandma and Grandpa Henry’s ranch, and other gatherings at other family members’ homes. The King family lived further away, in the Buckeye/Liberty area. They also had family get-togethers and we always knew that we were family. As far as I knew, life was good. My parents loved us and I had all I wanted or needed with one exception.

I remember when we lived on Johan’s Road that our neighbors’ son, who lived on the other side of the road, had a set of play tractors and farm equipment that I thought were the best things in the world. He let me play with them a little bit, but that was not enough. I wanted my own set. I often dreamed of getting a set, but it was out of the question financially. So, I pretended that a block of wood was my tractor. You will learn more later about this dream of mine.

One of my first memories is that I often got scared when I had to go outside to the outhouse during the night. Johan was two years older than me and she would go with me when I needed to go at night. That helped, but I can still remember the feeling that something was going to get us on our walk to and from the outhouse. Inside the outhouse was safe. The

outhouse became a part of my life even after we had houses with inside toilets. At times it became a place of solitude and peace.



Later, at our house on River Road, I remember that I had many sword fights as I fought the many imaginary enemies between our house and the outhouse.

I remember that we did not have a lot of toys, but it didn't matter. We had our imaginations and we used blocks of wood for cars and trucks. I used old spark plugs for people. We made dirt roads for our toys. My imagination developed greatly during those early years. As I grew older, that imagination helped to give me the opportunity to develop a variety of skills.

I remember that we did not get sick very often, or at least we didn't stay sick very long. Mom always kept a bottle of "Cod Liver Oil" in the cupboard. If we were ever not feeling well, she would give us a big spoonful of her medicine. It tasted so awful that we made sure that we felt better right away instead of having to take some more medicine. "Cod Liver Oil" was the wonder drug.

We were living at Grandpa Henry's place when Jerry was born on August 27, 1942. It was then wartime and Dad was not only milking his cows, but also the cows of his father and those belonging to his brother, Raymond, who was in the Navy during the war. He was milking about 100 head twice per day. Because of the war, it was impossible to find help. Before Richard was born November 11, 1944, the war ended, Raymond came home, and Dad was able to spend more time building a house on the property on River Road. When Richard was about 6 months old, we moved into the house, even though it was not finished. Mom says in her personal history: **"The outside walls were in and the roof was on. The rooms were stair steps of unfinished walls, but we were where we could work on it"**.

I remember very well the wonderful cold water that we would pump by a hand pump from Grandpa's well. There was always a tin cup hung at the well and everyone used the same cup without a thought about who had used it last. I didn't realize until after we moved from the Salt River Valley how salty that water was. On later visits, it didn't taste nearly as good as it did then.

I remember driving the tractor on our River Road ranch when I was six years old as my father and others forked hay onto the trailer to take to the haystack to save to feed the cows. Fortunately, the tractor's clutch was activated with a handle so I did not have to reach a foot pedal. I did get help at the end of the rows to turn the tractor around. I spent a lot of time later in life driving a tractor doing many different types of work.

I remember going barefoot all summer long and the difficulties that presented. In Arizona in the summer, the ground gets very hot. We would have to run from one shady spot to another. Maybe that helped me learn to run faster. We also had to learn to deal with the stickers from various weeds. I don't think I ever passed a day when I didn't have to pull stickers from my feet.

I remember going down to the irrigation ditch on the northeast corner of our property and getting in the cool, clear, and very refreshing water on the days when Dad was irrigating and the ditch was running full. There was a row of cottonwood trees that lined the ditch and they

helped keep the air cooler in the hot Arizona summer. The ditch wasn't deep enough to really swim, but we called it swimming anyway. It was a great way to cool off.

I remember the two little twin girls who lived about halfway to Grandpa Henry's place. They were "Emma Lou" and "Edda May". A lot of family members teased me about them being my girlfriends, but I was way too young for that.

I remember starting school at Fowler School which was located a couple of miles north on Lateral 19. In the first grade, the beautiful Mrs. Merrill was my teacher and I fell in love with



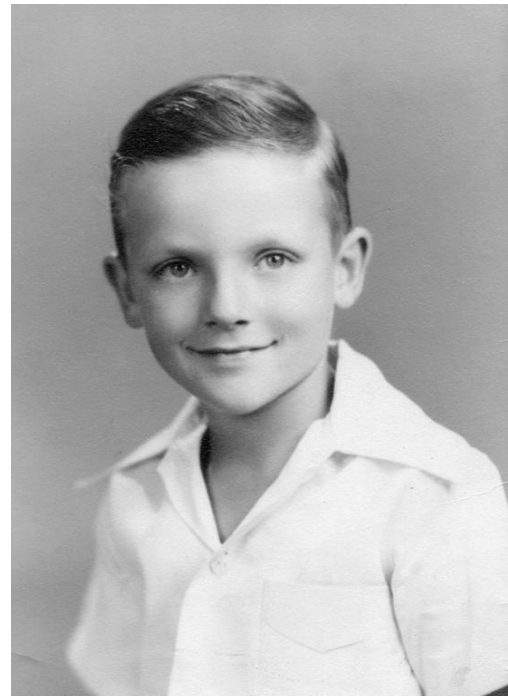
her. She helped me get a great start as a student, including how to pronounce my "H"s and "R"s correctly. I am in the second row, fourth from the left.

I remember our wonderful family dog of many years. He was a short-haired German police dog and was very loyal to us. His name was "Wags"

despite having his tail cut off as a puppy. We got him as a puppy while we lived on River Road in Arizona.

Wags became a very good dog-fighter because our weird neighbor used to bring his larger dog down to our place to fight him. Wags became able to beat the neighbor's dog, so the neighbor started bringing two dogs who fought Wags together. Soon, Wags was able to beat the two dogs at the same time. Later in California, I believe that he must have become the dog-world's county-wide fighting champion. Groups of dogs used to come to our house, late at night, and form a circle to watch Wags battle a chosen challenger to Wag's crown. We never knew that he ever lost a fight. Wags always protected us children when a stranger came to our house. He didn't threaten the visitor, but always put himself between the visitor and us kids. It was a sad day when Wags had to be put down.

I remember that much of our entertainment came from the radio. Television hadn't been developed



yet. We had some favorite shows. Every Saturday morning, we listened to “Big John and Sparky” and celebrated with them because “There is no school today!” Some of the other favorites were “Fibber McGee and Mollie”, “The Lone Ranger”, “Amos and Andy”, “Dick Tracy”, “The Shadow” (with scary music and “Only the Shadow knows!”), and others that I do not remember. Later, we finally got to watch some television if we had a friend with one who would invite us over. Many Sundays, we would find a way to watch the “Ed Sullivan Show.” We saw the Beatles’ introduction to America and Elvis Presley’s debut on Ed’s show as a part of youth Sunday night firesides at Brother and Sister Pryde’s house in Yuba City. The first colored TV show I saw was at Dale Wilder’s house. The color was awful. I remember thinking that colored TV was never going to be successful. Bruce Adams invited me over between Sunday meetings almost every week during the season to watch the New York Yankees play baseball. (It didn’t make me a Yankee fan.)

I remember that in addition to our house, Dad built a dairy barn on the River Road property. It was not yet finished and there was no roof. I enjoyed walking along the two-by-four unfinished walls about ten feet in the air. My youngest brother, Richard, was a climber and a follower. He was about four years old. One day my mom came out the back door and looked towards the barn. She did not scream and didn’t dare run, but came very quickly towards the barn. Something didn’t seem right to me and so I looked back behind me and saw that Richard was on top of the two-by-four following my footsteps. I don’t remember exactly how, but we got him down without him falling to the concrete floor. I’ve always admired that my mother, in her anguish, was able to stifle her scream and desire to shout something that would startle Richard. She had once found Richard standing on top of the fireplace mantle. He had climbed up the bricks on the unfinished wall. Maybe that had been a practice for the barn wall walk.

I remember that my dad had a herd of championship quality Holstein milk cows that won several prizes in the valley. I also remember that there was a lot of work involved in feeding and milking a herd of milk cows. I learned a lot by helping with the chores.

I remember the day that our very large hog broke out of his pen because he was crazy from the heat. We were not sure how, but he got into the house. Dad was gone and Mom was scared as the hog began to tear things up. Mom moved a large chair to block the door and trapped him in the kitchen/dining room, but getting him to leave the house wasn’t working and the hog was getting more and more agitated. My mom was used to working with animals, but this one had her frustrated. At just the moment when things were looking very bad, a man suddenly appeared at our open kitchen window and asked “Do you need help? I know pigs.” Mom quickly accepted the help and the man definitely knew pigs. He quickly got the hog out of the house and back in his pen. He cooled the hog down with water and then repaired the fence and as quickly as he had appeared, he disappeared. At that point in our lives, we didn’t know much about angels from on high, but when we later looked back on the incident, we were believers. (For a colorfully written description, see mother’s personal history in the section that begins: “**The day a pig came to call.**”)

By request from a daughter-in-law who I love and appreciate, I will digress to tell a story that I remember that tells something about my upbringing and the fact that “boys will be boys.” **The day Jerry tried to scalp Mike:** Dad’s family enjoyed getting together and visiting with each other. I only had boy cousins so we would find things to do while our parents visited. One day when I was about 8 or 9, most of the large family were gathered at Aunt Demia and Uncle John

Green's large cotton farm near Litchfield, Arizona. The parents were all inside the house while the women prepared dinner and the men were deciding what the summer weather would be like. The boys were all gathered in a work room separated from the house where John kept a lot of tools and other things. I don't remember well all of the details, but things were getting rowdy. I must have done something that made my younger brother, Jerry, mad. He had been playing with a hatchet he had found and decided to extract some revenge on me. He threw the hatchet at me, I'm sure not intending to kill me. He wasn't big enough to throw it really hard, but hard enough that it actually stuck in my head toward the front of the top. I was stunned by what had happened and thought I better go get some help, so I ran into the house with the hatchet still stuck in my head. That created a lot of excitement, but especially from my mom. I still have the scar.

Events that changed my life forever

There is no doubt that the events that changed my life most significantly and that had the most lasting effect began many years before I was born. Early in the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, my great, great grandfather, John Harris (born in 1808), and great, great grandmother, Lovina Eiler (born in 1807), were in the process of moving from Indiana to Oregon. Grandpa Harris kept a journal starting on February 20, 1846 which includes very short entries for almost every day except for the period starting after February 24, 1846 and lasting until March 1st. We learned from other sources what happened during the week where there is a void in the journal. A significant event occurred during this lost week not covered in the journal. What happened during this short period of time had a huge effect on my family and on me many years later. My parents' (and my) conversion to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is tied directly to the conversion that happened during that lost week. This was accomplished through a long-time associate and supporter of Joseph Smith, named Joseph Knight, Jr. This conversion story is chronicled in family histories and is included in the book written about Joseph Knight and his family called Stand by My Servant Joseph (pages 461-462) and authored by William G. Hartley.

Note: There are some small inconsistencies between the John Harris family "passed-down" accounts, and the account in the book, but the blessing and conversion story stands.

The interesting family story relates that John Harris had become very sick and the family was stranded on the prairie near the Illinois border because of his serious sickness. Meanwhile, there was another wagon stranded nearby because of a broken wheel. This wagon belonged to Joseph Knight, Jr., who is mentioned above. He and his family were headed to Nauvoo, Illinois, to join with other members of the Church who had settled there.

Joseph Knight struggled with the wheel, but was unable to fix it for lack of knowledge. He noticed the Harris wagon and had a feeling that there was something wrong and that he should go see if they needed help. However, Joseph Knight's wife felt that he should keep working on their wheel so they could try to catch up with their group. After three strong spiritual promptings, Joseph decided to go check on the family. He approached the Harris wagon and inquired about their problem. Lovina explained about John's condition and her great concern. Joseph explained about priesthood blessings and asked if she would like him to bless John. She replied that she didn't know anything about such blessings, but that if it would help, she would be grateful. Joseph pronounced the priesthood blessing and John was immediately cured. John then stood and asked about Joseph's situation and was told that their wheel was

broken and that they didn't know how to fix it. John put his arm on Joseph's shoulder and told him: "Let's go fix your wheel, I'm a wheelwright!" John fixed the wheel and the families visited about their situations and plans. John and Lovina were so impressed with Joseph Knight and his family that they changed their plans and went to Nauvoo with the Knights instead of going to Oregon. That decision ends up being very important to my story. John Harris and Lovina were baptized in the Mississippi River and were in attendance at the dedication of the Nauvoo temple. They traveled to Utah and were instrumental in the settlement of several towns in Utah, California, and Arizona, and contributed to the development of the Church in the area. Unfortunately, one of the lines from John Harris became inactive in the Church. The Oliver Harris (my great grandfather) line mostly left activity in the Church (we have no indication of why).

There is an interesting family story that ties this story to my family's conversion story. It indicates that my great grandmother, Lodemia Sly (Oliver's wife) still felt a strong connection to the Church even though she was not active.

My grandmother, Mary Lucinda Harris (Oliver and Lodemia's daughter), told the story that when she was young, her mother, Lodemia (Sly), would call all her daughters together (not her sons - I don't know why), to talk to them about once a year. She had a large trunk with a padlock on it. It contained some of her most cherished possessions. She would take her key and unlock the padlock and open the lid of the trunk. She would then take out a bundle that was wrapped carefully. She would unwrap the bundle and expose a thick book. She would then tell the girls that it was the Book of Mormon and that it was a very precious book and that they should always remember that it was sacred and very important. Then she would wrap the book back up, place it carefully in the trunk, close the lid, and lock the padlock. This indicates that there was still an element of faith in the gospel being passed down and probably affected Dad's desire to seek out the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

My Grandma Henry, was a wonderful woman and would have been a strength to the Church if she had been active. She loved her iced tea and used to give us some when we visited. I loved it, probably because I put so much sugar in it. Later, when we learned about the Word of Wisdom, that iced tea was the only thing that I really loved that I had to give up.

After a few years of marriage, my mother and father decided that they would like to include religion in our family. Because of the quiet influence of my grandma on my father's side and the open encouragement of my aunt, Mary (Harris) King, from my mother's side, on them both, my parents leaned towards checking out the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Mary was a cousin of my Grandma Henry and was a member of one of the Harris lines which had remained active in the Church. Mary had married Wayne King who was a brother of my mother. Wayne had joined the Church and became the branch president of the Buckeye Arizona branch. With both Wayne and Mary's connection to our family, it is pretty clear that they had an influence on Mom and Dad investigating the Church. My parents found a ward in Phoenix near where we lived and we went to visit it one Sunday morning. I was about 7 or 8 years old. I can still remember sitting on the very back row of the Junior Sunday School room and starting to feel lost. All of a sudden, I started to cry. It was loud enough that a leader went and got my parents and they came and got me. Then we left and never returned.

Aunt Mary and Uncle Wayne asked how things had gone. They were not happy with what they learned, but fortunately Wayne invited them to try coming down to the Buckeye Branch (35 miles west) where he was branch president. That worked out well and we made

quite a few trips down there and were quite comfortable. One of my favorite parts of this trip was the stop we always made on the way home at a roadside stand to get a soda for everyone. I always chose to get a Barq's grape soda. I still really like that drink the few times we have soda. We had developed a positive attitude towards the Church because of our experience in the Buckeye Branch.

California enters the picture

I remember that when my mother was suffering greatly with asthma, my Dad was willing to sell what was left of his prize-winning herd of dairy cows that he had worked very hard to develop and move to California when Mom found that the climate in Yuba City (where Mom's sister lived) was better for her condition.

My dad describes in his journal the conditions that led them to make a critical move which had a huge influence on the rest of my life.

"Naomi had developed asthma and allergies and they were beginning to give her a lot of trouble. So, we began looking for a different climate that might be better for her. We made a trip to Montana to visit her uncle and to look at a lot of country on the way. We went through Utah, Montana, and back through Wyoming, Colorado, and New Mexico. The only place that interested us was around Durango, Colorado, but we thought it would be too cold. I made another trip back there later with my brother-in-law, Lon Massengale, as he wanted to take a look around also.

Ross Stuart, a neighbor, tried several times to buy our herd of cows to build up his herd. We always said no until I had a bad fall from my horse ... (see Dad's history for details...) I was laid up for quite a while and Naomi couldn't take care of the cows, four kids, the house, and all. So, we called our neighbor, Ross, and told him if he was still interested in the cows to come and get them, which he did that afternoon, much to Naomi's relief."

We made a trip to Arkansas to check it out, but Dad and Mom were not impressed with the overall environment there (70 years ago). Mom continued to suffer a great deal. She could not lay down and sleep because of the asthma. She decided to go visit her sister who lived in Yuba City, CA. She stayed with Irene and Paul for a couple of months and felt so good that Dad decided to sell the young herd of heifers he had kept, and the ranch, and move to Yuba City. That move became very important to me. It opened the door for the things which began to unfold in my life. I was still a 10-year-old boy from a family without much money, but the move opened the door for good things to happen.

I remember moving to California and living for a short time in a very small house on Uncle Paul and Aunt Irene's almond farm on Humphrey Road, six miles west of Yuba City. I remember how threatening the flocks of crows could be for the almond farmer. I remember that experience every summer now as the crows attack the crop on our thirty almond trees. The crows' intelligent defense system was and still is amazing to me. Then Dad bought a 40-acre farm, located on Franklin Road with an old but substantial house, a hay barn, and good soil that could be developed into a productive farm. Dad had the land leveled for irrigation and added an agricultural well with ditches to irrigate the pastures. He also remodeled the house. Years later another 40 acres were added to the farm.

I remember the feelings of concern and expectations I had one day in late October when Dad came home from visiting with neighbors with the message that indicated that the winter rain was about to start that night. Our fields had been prepared to be planted with alfalfa and



other grass seed but had not yet been sown. If they weren't sown before the rains started, we would have to wait for late spring to start the plants growing. That would cause serious financial problems. Dad quickly organized us all to help get the seed planted before the rain arrived. I was impressed as I watched Dad sow the fields by hand. He was able to walk while carrying a bucket of seed hung around his neck using both hands in a sweeping motion (first to the right and then to the left) that sent the seeds flying in an even pattern about 25 feet on each side of him. I remember the sense of wonder and pride I felt in seeing my father sow all of our fields that evening as well as any machine could have done. I have tried to imitate his skill at times in my life, but never with his ability. We worked well into the evening to get the job done. The rest of us just did everything it took to keep Dad stocked with the alfalfa and pasture seed. As the rain then began to fall, we were able to watch with grateful hearts and with a feeling of great unity and accomplishment. This feeling continued as the

seeds began to sprout and grow in the following days and weeks. By spring, we had a great stand of alfalfa for hay and, on other fields, grasses for pasture.

I remember crying when I found out that I had won first prize in a raffle. My dad took me with him when he went to an open house at a new John Deere dealership in Yuba City. I was ten years old. We put our names on some raffle tickets. The first-place prize was a small gas engine. The third-place prize was a play set of John Deere tractors and equipment just like the one my neighbor had when we lived on Johan's Road. Later that day, my dad got a call from the dealership advising him that I had won the first-place prize. I was heart-broken. I wanted the third-place prize. When Dad finally realized why I was so broken-hearted, he came up with a solution. He took the engine and bought me an acceptable substitute tractor set.

I remember, while on a visit to Arizona to see family, learning to ride horses on Grandpa's ranch. That skill was later developed more, on our ranch in California, while riding a wonderful horse that was loaned to us by Roy Rogers after it was retired from the movies. The riding skill was later used as a missionary in Brazil. I'll tell that story in the section about my mission to Brazil.

I remember that my Dad taught me many good lessons about life as he taught me how to use the tractor and do other chores. An example: One common chore was cutting the weeds that the cows would not eat that would grow in the pastures. These weeds would shade out the good pasture grass. Dad would have me cut the weeds with a hay mower attached to a tractor, with an eight-foot sickle that would cut everything in its path. The chore could become boring and I often got sleepy as I made many rounds of the pasture. Dad feared that I might fall asleep

and fall off the tractor and receive bad injuries from the sickle. He taught me that if I ever got sleepy, I should stop the tractor and mower and lie down on the ground and go to sleep. The hard and lumpy ground always limited my sleep to a very short nap. I could then return to my work and finish my job. There were many different life lessons to be learned from this teaching.

I remember spending some time every summer day, except Sundays, cleaning irrigation ditches from the grass that grew rapidly in them. I learned to be quite skillful with a shovel as I skimmed off the grass without removing too much soil. This skill amazed a boss when I worked for the city of Yuba City. A friend of mine and I cleaned an irrigation ditch in one day when the boss had expected it to take a week to complete. I learned that skill, developed with experience, and combined with hard work, can produce excellent results.

I remember how my dad taught me to work hard. I, and my two brothers when they were old enough, spent many hours working on the dairy farm. I milked a herd of up to 70 head, once per day. Dad always milked in the morning before he went to work. The number of cows we had milking began at a lower number, about 25, but grew as the herd was built up to finally reach about 70. We learned all of the arts of feeding and caring for the animals.

There are many lessons to be learned as you milk cows. Controlling your temper is one of the hardest things to learn. Dealing with the mud and the muck is worse in the winter, but a problem all year long. The flies cause the cows to swish their tails in an effort to scare the flies off. The reality is that they hit the milker more often with their tails than they hit flies. The tail is usually loaded with whatever the cow drags it through and the cow is adept at wrapping the tail and whatever it holds around the milker's head and leaving a portion of its load wherever it hits. The kicks from the cow can be a wicked weapon. Dealing with those problems teaches many lessons if you are open to learning them. I learned a lot of lessons, but did not do well with the patience thing.

With Dad's lead and guidance, we grew and watered the alfalfa, cut the alfalfa, and raked it into windrows. Dad hired a man to then bale the hay. We would then load the hay onto wagons and haul it to the barn where we would stack it all the way to the top of the barn. It was necessary to make sure the barn was full so that we would have sufficient feed for the animals during the winter season. Each day in the winter, we would distribute the hay to the cows by cutting the wire which bound the bales together and then distributing the hay evenly around the feeders on the outer edge of the barn so that they could all get what they needed. We also had some chickens for the eggs and the meat. We also raised a few hogs from time to time. We had a "slop" tank where we placed a variety of food wastes, some grain, and quite a bit of milk. The milk would get sour and then would "clabber." It looked like yogurt combined with other spoiled food items. We would then take a bucket of the stinky mess and feed it to the pigs. They loved it and it was their main source of food. I hated the smell.

As a freshman in high school I was in the class for new "Future Farmers of America" members. We all had to have a farm project. The school had a program where you were able to get a hog for a project if you promised to raise a litter and give two piglets back to some new members. I was successful in building a pen. The success in raising the hog was thanks mostly to the foul smelling "slop tank." The female hog had a good litter and I returned two piglets to someone else. My hog didn't win any prizes at the county fair and I wasn't convinced that I wanted to be a pig farmer.

Note: Much later in life, in Corning, a good friend of mine, Ron Mongini, who was the principal at Maywood Middle School, opened a yogurt shop downtown. He kept inviting me to

come down and try their yogurt. I told him that I was sorry, but that I had “slopped too many pigs to eat yogurt.” I eventually did get brave enough to try it and actually really liked it, but it still reminds me of my early days with the pigs. I still feel some hesitation when Francie invites me to try some of her yogurt.



This is a picture of a great little farm dog named “Trouble.” I really don’t have any idea how he earned that name. He was around for most of my teen-age years. He was a great little friend.

I remember that as I approached the age of deciding what I wanted to do for a profession, that I thought that I would like to raise my kids on a farm so that they would learn to work hard and appreciate work. However, that did not happen. One of the reasons was that you need to have enough money to acquire the farm in order to make it produce sufficient to raise your family.

Another reason raising my kids on a farm didn’t happen was that my high school teachers and counselor recognized that I could be very successful in college in a variety of areas. They encouraged me to prepare for an education that would qualify me for a good career. In those



days, if a boy was good in math and science, they were encouraged to study to become an engineer. My aptitude test scores supported that educational pursuit, so I was persuaded to follow that path. I was accepted to Brigham Young University with an academic scholarship. I ended up deciding, in my second year, against the engineering part, but the quest for an advanced education paid me very good dividends.

Carol Pederson was my marching partner for graduation.

There was always a lot of work to do on the farm. Dad and Mom were always good to evaluate fairly any request we made to be absent from the farm at a time when there were things that needed

to be done. If we could justify the activity and develop a plan of how the work would get done, they would almost always work things out for us. Great lessons in the importance of personal responsibility were effectively taught to us in this process.

We never had a television in our house until after I went on a mission and the farm was sold. Dad was wise enough to know that if we had a television drawing us to watch, that it would be a lot harder to get us to do the work that needed to be done. He did break down

during my mission and when I got home, we had a TV. We didn't have a house, but did have a TV. You'll find out why we didn't have a house when I got home from my mission at the end of my section about my mission, where I describe the family circumstances when I got home.



The picture is of our farm home of many years. In the background at the far right is the garage where the basketball hoop and the garage door spoken of in the section about sports were located.

The tiny house on the left is the small house that Dad built for Grandma King and the family was living in when I came home from my mission while Dad finished the new house (mentioned later).

Our summers were well scheduled with farm chores. Besides cleaning the grass out of the irrigation ditches, which was a big job, we cared for our large garden, we mowed the lawn and flood irrigated it directly from a pump on an old, shallow well. The pump was powered by the gas engine that Dad had gained in his effort to appease me when I cried because I had won first prize instead of third prize in that raffle years earlier (see above). That engine drove the pump that pumped water from the old shallow well that irrigated our lawn and large garden for many years.

We irrigated the fields from a large agriculture pump. The water had to be forced down the proper ditches and diverted to the fields in the proper ways. We learned to build canvas dams in the ditches and dirt ones in the field to direct the water to the desired location. There were many other chores that we boys did outside while my sister helped Mom in the house. We were required to do our chores first before finding other ways to use our time. Dad was good. He understood that we needed time with our friends and was understanding if we had a good reason to miss the chores for a day. But we grew to understand that the chores were an important part of our family's economic stability and that each of us had the responsibility to do our part. Mostly, we scheduled our outside events to occur after the chores were finished. This was a great lesson to learn early.

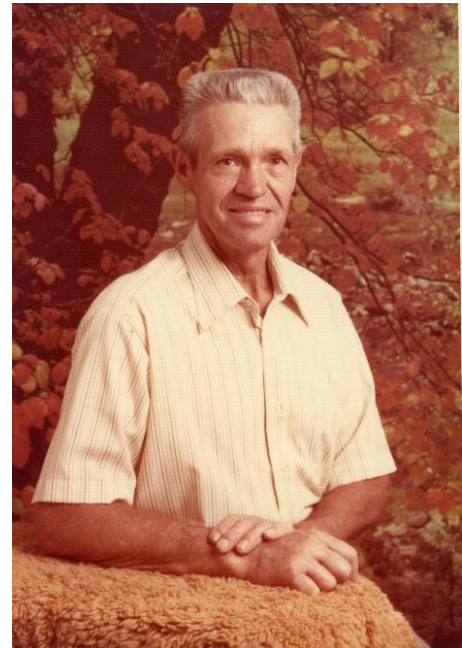
Milking cows and hay hauling was all the weight lifting I needed to prepare for football and other sports. Besides our own hay projects, we had a neighbor down the road that lived

where Uncle Paul and Aunt Irene had lived when we stayed with them, that often needed help with his hay. He would buy a whole semi-truck load of hay out of Lovelock, Nevada. When it arrived, he would call my dad and see if I was available to unload it for him into the barn. Dad was always willing to volunteer me. That was not a job I enjoyed at all, but it probably helped me with my weight lifting. The neighbor didn't have a lift of any kind, so the only tools I had were the hay hooks. I had to get the bales off the truck and stack them clear to the top of the barn. It really taught me how to use my body to get good leverage which really helped me in football. If that neighbor didn't call, then Dad might get a call from another one who was looking for someone to milk his herd of cows while he went on vacation. Since milking was not one of my favorite past-times, I was never thrilled to get that job either. I do recognize that milking contributed powerfully to my physical development which has been a blessing for me. I wish that it had taught me to be more patient and tolerant because cows can really be irritating. Later in life, I also really appreciated all I had learned through hard work.

My parents were the key to my development. Just watching them taught me many, many things that became very important to me in my lifetime. The love and caring that they showed to us kids made me feel secure and desirous to do good things.

It was they who made the decision which opened up the eternities for us.

Mom and Dad



How the Church became more important to our family

The move to Yuba City, California created a big shift in the environment. Our family no longer lived under the shadow of the larger family structure (that had good implications and also not-so-good implications). It opened the door, especially for my parents, for more individual freedom of choice and responsibility. It was a good move for my family. It also created the opportunity for the Church to take on a much bigger role in our lives.

When we moved to Yuba City, we were living with my aunt and uncle, Irene and Paul. My parents honored them by going to church with them at the Church of Christ. I went once

and really didn't want to go again. It just didn't feel right. My parents did not force us to go. As soon as Dad had purchased the ranch and we had moved in, my parents took us to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the brand-new building across from the Yuba City High School. We felt warmth and welcomed into the ward there. Soon the stake missionaries, mostly



Brother Jones and Brother Johnson, started visiting us. It was a long struggle for them, because my parents had lots of questions and also because they both had to conquer strong smoking habits (the only issue they had with the Word of Wisdom). Each one of these missionaries later became our bishop. Nine years later, Bishop Johnson interviewed me and recommended me for a mission.

On June 25, 1950, Mom, Dad, Johan, and I were baptized at the old stake center on Sycamore Street in Gridley. Jerry was 7 years old and Richard was 5 years old, so they were not baptized yet. Mom invited her brother, Uncle Wayne King, to come and baptize us. He and Mary came and he baptized the four of us and also confirmed us. I wish that the two good brethren who taught us (Jones and Johnson) knew what they had started. There have been a large group of faithful members and Church leaders who came into the Church because of their efforts and patience.

At ten years of age, I witnessed the changes that happened in our family following our baptisms. The spirit was definitely changed. I remember that my parents began immediately to have Family

Home Evening. We not only learned, but we grew closer by studying and playing together. Our favorite game was sardines and every closet and niche and hiding place in the house became much more used. I was old enough to recognize the value of the Church and still young enough to not have developed serious bad habits. I knew the Church was true and I never again in my life had a question about that. We had a wonderful ward where our talents and abilities were developed. Both Mom and Dad were blessed with significant callings where they had the chance to learn and grow.

An interesting note: Jerry was baptized on September 24th of that year (1950) after he turned eight years old. I was at his baptism, and we found out many years later that Francie was baptized at the same service, so I was at her baptism and didn't know her or have any idea of what an important part she would have in my life.

In 1950, when we first began to attend the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in Yuba City, the ward had just moved into a brand-new beautiful brick chapel that sets diagonally

across the street from the Yuba City High School campus. It was added onto when the membership grew to warrant more space. That building remains there today and is still in good shape and is still beautiful. Later (the early 1960s), a new ward building was built in Marysville out by Yuba College. In the 1970s, membership had grown to justify another building. At about the same time, the Gridley Stake was divided and the Yuba City Stake was organized. The new building was built as a stake center and has just been torn down (June 2020) to give space for the new Feather River Temple. A new stake center and a distribution center will be built on the same property.

My dad was a man of many talents. He was not a construction person, but he built three houses that our family occupied during my life. This is one of the houses that Dad built. This is the first one built in Sutter. I came home from my mission while it was being built. After Mom died, he sold this house and built a larger, two-story, house right next door to this house.



The effect of sports on my life

During these years, sports became a big part of my life. This love for sports influenced many decisions I made in life. I spent countless hours playing ball games against my imagination. I had an old wood bat and collected about 1-inch sized rocks. With these and my imagination, I could play an entire baseball game from the offensive side, at least. I would toss the rock straight up in the air a foot or two and then hit the rock with the old bat. I got really good at it. The destruction to the wooden bat attested to that. I really developed my hand-eye coordination as I spent many hours perfecting my skill and lost thousands of rocks out in the pasture. My imagination envisioned many runners scoring runs. Dad never complained that he was going to have to get more gravel for the driveway.

My defensive skills as an infielder were very well recognized in high school, college, and in softball for the rest of my playing days. I developed them with my mitt, a rubber ball, the sliding garage door, and again, my imagination and hard work. With that imagination and some ingenuity, I would play multiple positions and I made some great defensive plays as I created an entire defensive view of the game. I would start as the pitcher and had to throw the pitch inside the strike zone that was outlined on the door. I was able to strike out many a batter. When I wanted to pretend to have the batter hit the ball, I would throw it in a way that it would provide an opportunity for me to make a defensive play. If I wanted my imaginary opponent to hit a ground ball, I would throw the ball so that it would hit low on the door, bounce down and come off as a grounder. I could make it come straight back to me or off to either side. I would then

become the shortstop or another position and scoop up the ball and throw it back against the door hard enough that it would come back on the fly to me, now the 1st baseman. Now, I would stretch out and catch the ball with one foot on the base. If I wanted to field a fly ball, I developed the ability to bounce the ball in front of the door. It would then bounce up, hit the door, and turn into either a line drive or a fly ball. I played many hours and many complete imaginary games. That practice produced skills that lasted until I got too old to play. These imaginary games gave me a great deal of confidence in my fielding abilities.

Franklin Elementary School had a fast pitch softball team and we played other schools in the county. My good friend, Wayne Ahlers, was one of the best pitchers in the area and we won a lot of games. I had the opportunity to use the skills I had developed with my rubber ball to amaze people with defensive gems. After high school, I played fast-pitch softball with Wayne in the city league for many years. Recently, as I was preparing this document, I ran into some very old newspaper clippings concerning our city league fast-pitch team. One article talks about an outstanding play that I made during the game. My ability to make the play had a lot to do with the hours that I had spent early in life with a mitt, a rubber ball, a garage door, and my imagination.

This time, it wasn't imaginary. The play of a lifetime really happened and is supported by the newspaper article. I was playing third base for L & M Electric in a close game. We were ahead, but the opposition had two men on and a good hitter up. I was playing off the third-base line about four feet and about three steps in front of the base in order to protect against a bunt. The batter blasted a line shot in the air just inside the third-base line. I always had quick reactions and I dove toward the baseline and speared the ball in my glove as I was stretched full-out and my glove extended as far as I could. That was one out. The runner on third base had started to run on the crack of the bat. When I caught the ball, my mitt with the ball was right above the baseline. I was able to quickly flick my mitt up and tag him for the second out. I quickly got to my knees and saw that the runner on first had started to run when it looked like the ball would be a hit. The runner skidded to a stop and started back to first base. I then threw a powerful dart to first base from my knees. My throw beat his return to the base and that was the third out, a triple play. The only help I had on the triple play was the first baseman (my friend, Bruce Adams) catching the third out. It was significant enough that the sportswriter talked about it in his article. It took me a little while to absorb what had happened, but then I remembered that I had practiced that one time with my rubber ball on our dirt driveway using the garage door.

I also spent a lot of time shooting the basketball at the backboard and hoop Dad had attached to the garage. In my sophomore year in high school, I really benefited from the lessons on shooting the jump shot taught by Jack Avina. He was the varsity coach at Sutter High for that one year and taught us "B team" players how to properly shoot the jump shot. I paid attention and practiced it a lot over the years. Jack moved to Gridley High and later to the University of Portland where he was a long-time, very successful coach. I used what Jack had taught me very successfully for my entire playing days. I also taught it to my players at several levels. Some sixty years later at my brother Jerry's funeral, Wayne Meyers, who was a 6'8" freshman on my high school varsity team and a school friend of Jerry, came up after the funeral to talk to me. In that conversation, he asked me if my Jerry West (all-time great jump shooter for the Los Angeles Lakers from our time) jump shot was still as good as ever. It would have been more accurate to have said "My Jack Avina" jump shot.

During Christmas vacation in my senior year, my family went to Arizona to visit family. I stayed an extra week and rode the Greyhound bus back to Yuba City. While in Arizona, I played basketball at Grandpa Henry's place on the backyard hoop with my uncle Delbert and cousin Johnny Green almost every day. Johnny played on his high school team. The ground was uneven, but the hoop was always there. I gained a lot of confidence in my shooting. Coach Avina's teachings and my practice really began to pay dividends. In the first game at Sutter after Christmas, I scored 36 points as we beat the big school, Paradise. That marked a real change in how I played the game and also in the results. The uneven ground was also helpful, because it helped me learn how to control the ball while dribbling under uncertain conditions. I was selected to the all-league team and a lot of the reason was the confidence I gained with all of the practice on the backyard court at Grandpa's place.

My family grows in multiple ways

My Mom recorded in her biography about the fact that there were difficult times for my family after I was born. Things went bad economically and got worse when Dad's combine burned up in the field. They were forced to move back to the little white house by Grandpa and Grandma Henry. Mom adds: **"We were shocked by the news of Pearl Harbor and were grimly thrust into war. It was in this troubled time that Jerry began his journey into life. Then, when I was three months pregnant, on February 14, 1942, John's brother, Jimmy, a fine fifteen-year old, six-foot, handsome boy, was killed in a tragic hunting accident. The shock was severe and resulted in a very difficult time for Jerry and me. We (Mom and Jerry) spent the next six months in bed with my feet up on the ironing board."** Jerry was born on the 27th of August, 1942.

On the 11th of November of 1944, Richard was born in Phoenix. Mom says in her biography, **"Richie was happy, full of life and never had time for details. He wanted life to come in a wave, with something doing all the time. He looked like a miniature of his older brother, Mike...He was wiry and tough, because the third boy has to be."**

Life on our dairy farm on River Road was educational. We had the opportunity to learn many different aspects of life. We all had our chores and were introduced to good work habits. We began to help with the many aspects of living on a dairy. I learned, among many other things, the basics about how to drive a tractor, how to help clean up the barn when milking was finished, how to irrigate fields of pasture and alfalfa, how to bring the cows in from their pasture, how to get them into their proper places in the milk barn, how to give them some oats in their stanchions and feeding them hay after the milking. Later, Dad taught me the art of milking cows. With that training came the course about how to avoid being mistreated by the cows. Later in life, I heard Tennessee Ernie Ford's version of the song about milking his cow twice every day. There is way too much truth in it for comfort, but I sure enjoy it.

I attended Franklin School from the 5th to the 8th grades. I made some good friends that have supported me throughout life. Church activity, both at home and at the church, became an integral part of my life. I developed a solid group of friends both at school and at church. I worked hard on the ranch and learned many good things from my family. My mom felt a lot better than she had and she and her kids developed a good relationship. We worked together, played together, studied and prayed together, and went to church together. Mom used to join in

when we ran races in the driveway. Mom always beat us all. I always wished that I had her speed.

I did very well in school and had a wonderful 7th and 8th grade teacher, Mrs. Thorpe. She was also the school's principal. She was strict and expected good behavior and diligent study. She drilled us with math and English concepts. She taught me to love to diagram sentences. This really helped me later while writing papers in school, college, work, and as I learned foreign languages.

In July of 1953, our Church Scout troop participated in the National Boy Scout Jamboree at Irvine Ranch near Santa Ana, California. That was an eye-opening experience which contributed to a more well-rounded education. A highlight was a ferry trip to Catalina Island where we spent much of the day looking at the sights. During the jamboree, my team set what the officials called a "world record" in the wall climb where you had to get all of your team members over the 8-foot wall in the fastest time. I'm pretty sure the "world record" was actually the "world record for that particular day at that particular spot" or something like that. Whatever, it made us feel good.

Most importantly, my testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ grew during these good years and affected my behavior in positive ways.

Economic Conditions

Although our family's economic condition was never really high, it was not something that concerned me. My parents had grown up with families that were not overly blessed with money. As a result, they were accustomed to making the money stretch and using it wisely. The actual condition of their financial status was affected by several factors and changed during my childhood, like in most families. General economic downturns and even the Great Depression occurred during my early lifetime. Financial reversals also occurred within our family. But by being frugal, my dad working off the farm, my mom working part time at various jobs, and exercising general good spending habits, my parents kept us from serious financial issues. I can remember the time when there was no money to buy me a pair of basketball shoes. Mom found a pair of brown, very used, tennis shoes at the auction yard and they got me through the freshmen basketball season. Both my mother and my father were very willing to give up many things in order to provide for their children's needs and even some wishes. I never really considered and appreciated all they gave up until later in life.

There were also some good times. My father made the decision to go back to what he knew best, although not his favorite work, of being a dairyman, which gave the family a regular monthly income that took care of our needs. He was amazing at all of the things he could do, repair, and build that saved a lot of money. I never felt poor, but learned the importance of using money wisely. All four of my parents' children graduated from college and applied what we learned at home to provide for our families.

Having food to eat was always made easier because we had a dairy and beef farm. Mom found lots of ways to use the milk including the wonderful, rich cream that would form on top of the fresh milk. Dad raised and butchered our own beef, chickens, and hogs. That provided us with lots of meat. We also raised several types of fruit and had a large garden. My mom canned a large amount of these products for use throughout the year. This provided us with a very solid foundation for a good diet. As youth, my siblings and I helped mom with the cooking at times,

especially when it came to desserts. I loved to bake snickerdoodle cookies because they were my favorites. I did it quite often. I also liked to cook chocolate pudding and stewed raisins. Once, I asked permission to go camp by myself at an area on our farm where there were trees and bushes. The main reason I wanted to do this was to practice my cooking skills. It turned out well, but I never asked to do it again.

High school years



My high school years were from 1953-57. I truly believe that these were some of the best years to live that there ever were. Life was good. The economy was not great, but good. Most people were working, being patriotic was popular, and there were lots of good things to do. Movies were generally clean, families were portrayed as strong, heroes were good guys, and the musicals were some of the best ever produced. Popular music was some of the best ever: some of the best crooners were the music of choice although rock and roll started at the end of the 50s, but it was not heavy rock. Cars were exceptional at this time. You could distinguish the model and the year of the cars from a block away. The 54-58 years produced some of the most popular collector models of all time. Most importantly, people were good. Gangs only existed in very large cities. Nobody at my school used illegal drugs. You didn't have to lock up your home or car when you left. People cared for and looked after other people. My dad butchered our own beef and it was stored in a freezer on our screened, but unlocked, back porch. The only time we ever had meat taken from our freezer was when our neighbors, who lived down the road a short way, who were very poor (the dad was a serious alcoholic) would take some when times got really tough for them. I believe that my dad had probably let their son know that it was OK. At least Dad never made any attempt to stop it. Nothing else was ever touched although we never had locks on anything including our large gas tank. One of my favorite experiences is when my family snuck over to our other poor neighbors' home on Christmas Eve and left some presents for their large family. We knocked on the door and then ran, jumped in a friend's car, and sped off so they wouldn't think it was us that did it.

During this time, I increased my love of and abilities in athletics. I described earlier the way that athletics became a big influence in my life. It is not that I allowed them to dictate how I was going to live my life, but that they opened the door for many opportunities and they also helped me to understand how to improve myself through hard work and practice. I talked about the hours I spent gaining hand-to-eye coordination and fielding abilities in baseball and shooting skills in basketball. These same efforts applied to almost anything I desired to achieve. Athletics also helped me gain a lot of confidence in myself and in my ability to compete. Perhaps I also gained too much competitive instinct. At times this instinct served me very well. At other times, it put me over the top.

My high school years were a time of lots of physical growth. I entered high school as one of the shortest boys. I was a late developer, physically, and most of my sons followed the same path. By the time I was a junior, I had caught up with most of the other boys in school and passed the majority of them before graduation. I later watched this same pattern develop for

my sons. This characteristic had both good and bad points to it. One good point was that I never had to worry about shaving during my high school years. By the end of high school, I would just cut off the areas that were growing too long.

My dad always gave me my haircuts which affected how I chose to wear my hair. Flat tops were the most common haircut for boys. I liked the “boogie” style which was a flat top on top but the sides were long enough to comb back on each side. Dad wasn’t confident in cutting the flat top, so I invented another style. I combed the top straight forward with the front flipped up and the sides back like a “boogie.” I kept the hair on top short enough that the effect was somewhat like a “boogie,” but with my own unique style. It worked for me.

After graduating, I decided to go to a real barber for the first time. He gave me a good looking “boogie cut with the top flat, but he also gave me a little heck for not shaving completely. He said that the next time I came in that I better have a good shave. I did. That was the end of my “no shave” era. The “boogie” continued to be my style (it had become quite popular) during my first two years at BYU. (See picture at Yosemite.) I only changed it to get ready for my mission.



I view that some other good points of being a late developer were that, later in life, I was slower than many others at growing old in things like the loss of vision. I didn’t need reading glasses until I was almost 50 years old which is about 10 years older than the average male. I was able to hike in the mountains with the young guys and to play ball effectively until I was in my sixties.



In the end, however, all of the bad things about growing old began to catch up with me. In January of 2019, **I had my right shoulder replaced with one made out of titanium.** This came without a promise (although I had asked for one) that I would be able to throw a softball as hard as I had when younger. On my 80th birthday, I received a T-shirt from one of my wonderful, thoughtful children that reads: “Made in 1939, mostly original parts.” That is quite true, represents well the age of the parts, and “I love it!” The trend continued when I got another T-shirt for Father’s Day this year from another son and family. It reads: “I’m not old, I’m classic.”

Yuba City Flood: One of my vivid memories is of the Yuba City Flood in December of 1955. The Oroville Dam was still non-existent in 1955 and Yuba City and Marysville depended heavily on the levees when there was a large runoff of rain and snow melt in the mountains. Each year there were times when the water ran very high between the 25-foot-high levees between the two cities. In another year, the levee on the south side of the Yuba River had broken in Linda and we had to help Paul and Irene who were living there at the time and whose house flooded.

There were several other near misses. But, the big one hit in December of 1955 right before Christmas. The rivers were running very high. There had been several levee breaks in both the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys. My dad had gone to Arizona by bus because his mother was very sick. The water was to the top of the levees. Marysville was under flood watch. Men were placing sandbags on top of the levees because the water was about to go over the top. The levees were about 25 feet above ground level. There were two bridges across the river and it is about one half of a mile from one levee to the other and it was completely full right to the top. The older bridge washed out because the water was so high. The Yuba River joins the Feather River right south of Yuba City/Marysville. Marysville is located in the angle right where the two rivers meet. With levees almost all the way around some experts projected that if the levee broke, it would take less than 15 minutes for Marysville to fill right to the brim of the levees.

So, Marysville was evacuated. Most of the 8,000 residents found a place to stay with friends or relatives on the other side of the river in Yuba City. My sister, Johan, was working as a telephone operator and the office was just outside the levee on the Marysville side. Marysville was evacuated orderly within two hours, mostly to the west over the 10th Street bridge because the 5th Street bridge had washed out. Marysville had evacuated to the Yuba City side except for Johan's office because the phone communication was needed. Phone service was eventually lost. We were very worried about her. She did get sent home and arrived safely. A large car dealer moved all of his cars to the fairgrounds on the Yuba City side of the river. Everyone was glued to their radios and listening for information.

Suddenly things quickly changed. Right after midnight on the 24th of December, there was a break in the levee on the Yuba City side caused by the pressure of the water from the Yuba River joining the Feather River. A gopher hole turned into a gaping break in the levee about 2,200 feet wide.

Bob Holdaway's pamphlet, "Yuba City Flood, December 24, 1955" describes the situation quite well. **"It was not until just after 1:00 a.m. on Christmas Eve morning that the shocking news was broadcast: "EVACUATE YUBA CITY IMMEDIATELY, THE LEVEE HAS BROKEN!" This order was not given to the people until almost an hour after the levee had finally given way to the terrific pounding it had been subjected to.**

"A wall of water 25 feet high and 2,200 feet wide charged across Yuba City like a tidal wave, smashing and battering homes, stores, and orchards, leaving in its wake the dead, devastation, uprooted trees, smashed homes, and utter havoc as far as the eye could see. "Many people fled with just the clothes they had on their backs. It is a miracle that hundreds of lives were not lost. Many were found dead in cars, some in houses, some who were carried away by the wall of water were found in the fields days and weeks later."

"By a strange twist of fate, many Yuba City hosts were changed into fleeing refugees within a matter of a few hours."

Bob describes how both Marysville and Yuba City were evacuated without a sign of panic. He says that at 2:00 a.m. on December 24th **"Cars were lined up bumper-to-bumper, and moving at 35 miles per hour,This was the only open escape route."** Bob then describes how the traffic was backed up all the way to Colusa, 30 miles west of Yuba City, where these 20,000 people went. He tells how people found room for one more wherever they could.

What Bob did not tell is what we saw at our house which was on Franklin Road, one mile south of the Colusa highway. We could see the lights of the cars one mile north on the Colusa

highway. We could see through the fields that the cars were bumper-to-bumper and moving very slowly. That was not true in front of our house. Cars were flying past our house on Franklin road at very dangerous speeds. The difference was that the people on Franklin Road lived in the south of Yuba City and had seen the water. They were really scared.

A twenty-five-foot wall of water was rushing across the south side of Yuba City. The wall of water submerged all the cars at the fairgrounds. The water was from six to 18 feet in most of the homes in Yuba City and much higher nearer the levee break. Our dairy farm was five miles west of Yuba City. Dad's brother, Willard, had sent his wife, Helen, to be with his mother who was living in Yuba City. Neither of them had a car or way to evacuate. The phones were down, so there was no way to contact them. My mom went and got her despite the danger. She had to dodge the water as it rushed 3-4 feet deep towards her. Mom was able to weave around until she reached their house. Eventually, she was able to reach them, bundle them up, and bring them home.

We debated what to do with our 70 head of cattle. We wondered if we should evacuate them, but to where? We finally decided that I would go out and try to milk the 50 head of milking cows before we left. It wasn't the right time (1:00 a.m.) to milk, so I didn't get much milk, but at least it would help. Jerry gave them a generous feeding of hay.

We grabbed a few things and left. We went to the Clark's home in Meridian where many members of the ward were congregating. Bob notes in his pamphlet: **"...a typical example of this was 42 members of the L.D.S. Church spent the first night at Brother and Sister John Clark's in Meridian."** My mom and I and the other three kids were five of those who spent the night at the Clark's home. There were many stories circulating, many of them turned out to be false.

By afternoon, we returned to see what condition our place was in. What we found was amazing. The water had advanced to fill the drain ditch at the edge of our property and had stopped there. Across the road and canal, it had continued on until it ran into a levee at the slough three miles west of our place. It had then backed up and covered our most south-westerly field. Our house and barns sat on a peninsula of dry ground. All of our cattle and property were safe and dry. I milked the cows again and this time they were ready to give us a lot of milk. We really missed our dad at this stressful time. He always knew what to do. On Christmas Eve, we finally settled down enough to go to bed. I was tired and able to sleep.

I didn't think Santa Claus would find us that night, but early on Christmas morning, Dad came in and woke us up. Boy, was I glad to see him! This 16-year-old kid had had enough of being the man of the family in the time of crisis. Dad had a rough experience getting home. When he heard of the flood, he immediately left Arizona by Greyhound. When he reached the Sacramento Valley, the highways were closed and they were told that the bus could not continue. Dad pleaded his case and an experienced bus driver said that he knew the back roads through the foothills and that he thought he could get them through. Somehow, he was able to get them as far as Yuba City. Dad had to walk seven miles through water in the middle of the night to get home. He was, indeed, Santa Claus.

Mom was serving as the Relief Society president during this time. It was a tremendous responsibility to negotiate the cleaning of homes and businesses, the distribution of relief supplies, and the sorrow for the loss of property, possessions, and most importantly, the loss of life. A member of our bishopric, Lloyd Ethington, and his entire family (wife and two children) were drowned as they were out trying to rescue people. Mom was the right person to

accomplish what needed to be done in this difficult time. The Yuba City flood is an experience that I will never forget and that helped make me who I am.

There are many more stories to tell about the flood. Many of these stories are told in the publication authored by Bob Holdaway, a member of our ward, that was previously mentioned. A copy is included with our family History materials.

High school continued:

High school was a great experience for me. I did very well academically except for one class my freshman year. That class was band. I had started playing the trombone in eighth grade, but had not made a lot of progress. I signed up for band when I entered high school (one of my bigger mistakes). I was involved with athletics and had practice after school. By then, things were not going well economically for our family. The price for beef cattle had plummeted and my dad had to take a job off of the farm. My dad got up early enough to milk in the morning and I milked at night after getting home from sports. I still had homework to do, so practicing the trombone got very little priority or time. My grade in band (a "D") demonstrated my lack of progress, so I dropped it after the first quarter and took art in its place. Art was not my strong suit either, so for the first time in school, I got a "C" in a class. After that first year, I got straight "A"s except for Spanish. Each quarter of my sophomore and junior year, I got all "A"s except in Spanish which was always a "B". I didn't take Spanish as a senior, so I got all "A"s. The ironic part of that is that in college, I ended up majoring in Spanish and got straight "A"s and got a master's degree in Spanish. I taught Spanish in high school for 14 years and for two years at BYU as a graduate assistant.



During high school, I was the only male student in my school who qualified for life membership in the California Scholarship Federation. My math and science scores on national tests were high and led me to go in that direction as a choice for further education.

Besides academics, I was very active in many extra-curricular activities. I took agriculture courses as a freshman and as a senior. I was on the dairy cattle judging team as a freshman. That was something I knew about and I took first place in the tri-county competition. **My good friend, Lawrence Wold, and I were the regional FFA "Farm Co-op Quiz" competition champions (1957).**

I was very active in student government. As a senior, I was elected the student body president after serving as vice president as a junior. I was selected to be our school's representative to the California Boy's State between my junior and senior years. It was held at the old state fairgrounds in Sacramento. The location of our "city," (named Carson) which included our bunk beds and activity area, was a well cleaned-up cattle barn. It was a good experience. It helped me be more outgoing and confident in a large group of motivated young men. By the end, I wished I had more aggressively sought a position of leadership. That was a good lesson for me to learn.

I really enjoyed my participation in the senior play, "Don't Take My Penny." I had a leading male role as Kerry opposite my very good friend Sally Lemos. The play was very well received and we were disappointed that we only got to deliver it one time.



As a senior, I was a member of the California State FFA Entomology Championship team along with Lawrence Wold and Wayne Ahlers (see picture). Mr. Hill was our advisor.

Athletic participation began to have more intensity and influence over me during this era. I increased my participation in team sports during this time. I experienced a lot of enjoyment and also had some success. I was a late developer physically, and as a freshman I wasn't even allowed to try out for the "B" basketball team that was determined by exponents (for basketball, they used your age, height, and weight to determine which level of team you would compete on). Still small for my age and being young for my class, I was classified as a "D" and played a few basketball games at that level during football season. I also played

football and baseball with the B team and showed some promise in these sports. I had a growth spurt during my sophomore year which affected my coordination. I played all three sports (football, basketball, and baseball) but I only had much success in baseball. I had recovered my skills as a junior and won starting positions on the "A" (varsity) teams in all three sports. Even though I was young for my class, as a senior I was voted all-league in football, basketball, and baseball. I was named the team captain in basketball and was the leading scorer after not being allowed to try out as a freshman.



Picture: Sutter High "A" (varsity) team as a junior. I'm #8.

My high school years were good years in my Church activity also. My Church youth group was very active and we did lots of different things. My dad was one of the youth leaders and promoted softball and basketball playing. With my dad as our coach, our youth softball team won the regional championship for

Northern California two years in a row. We qualified to go to the All-Church tournament in Salt Lake City by winning the regional tournament in Walnut Creek two years in a row. However, several of our players were too busy working during fruit harvest season to take the time off, so we didn't go. I still think we might have won the tournament. We were really good. We had three pitchers pitch no-hitters in the regional tournament (Ken Karley, Dean Payne, and Bruce Adam's cousin who spent the summer working for Bruce's family). We outscored the opposition 105-5 in the regional games. We had been prepared to do well by playing in an adult city league all summer in place of our adult team when our adult team could not field enough players. At the regional tournament, the spectators noticed how much better our team was than the other teams. Despite the fact that all of our players were age appropriate (many of us young enough to play juniors more years), some of the spectators started yelling: "Let the boys play the boys and the men play the men."

We had swimming parties at the Wilder's pool and at the Johnson's pool in Marysville. We also enjoyed swimming in the Yuba City pool that was located inside the Feather River levee. We even had private swim parties at Sid Smith's in a creek in the foothills east of Marysville and at the Yuba River bridge on Highway 20 near Timbuctoo. We liked to roller skate and used the Marysville rink often. Dancing was big at this time and, during the summer, we had a Saturday night dance every week at the church. The jitterbug was our most popular dance, but we had leaders who taught us all of the principal ballroom dance steps. We used them at our dances. We always prepared a demonstration dance for the Stake Rose Prom and the Stake Gold and Green Ball. We had a member, Joe Matthews, who had a good dance band and they played for most of our dances. Dianne Holdaway and I once entered a jitterbugging contest in the city and we won first place. Going to the movies was very popular. You got two movies and a cartoon for 75 cents. We went to almost any movie where they advertised that the cartoon was "The Roadrunner." It was so popular that they advertised the cartoon on the large billboard when it was "The Roadrunner." "Dragging Main" was big in those days and was mostly harmless. Everyone just checked out each other and the other cars. What made it possible was that gas was about 25 cents/gallon. Life was good and mostly fun.

I did not do a lot of dating in high school. My sophomore year there was a girl who showed a lot of interest in me, but it never really developed into a serious relationship. As a junior, there was a girl who was connected with some of my friends, who really pushed for a relationship. I got caught up with it for a while, but then decided that it wasn't going where I wanted to go. I broke it off and contented myself with the association I had with my Church friends on the weekends. We did a lot of group activities.

I had lots of good friends at Sutter High School and many of them have remained good friends even when we don't see each other often. Reunions for the Sutter class of 1957 have continued until today.

During high school I knew what was really important and tried to be a good example for the Church as the only male member of the Church in my class. Almost everyone knew my standards and supported me in keeping them. Most people cleaned up their language when I was involved in the conversation. If anyone ever offered me a beer, somebody would grab it and say: "He doesn't drink!" I always appreciated the help I had in living my convictions. I made some close friends with whom I spent a lot of time. I have always believed that several of them

chose not to smoke or drink because they had someone else who chose not to. They did not have to be the lone hold-out.



This is a picture taken at some point in my high school years. I would guess that it was my junior year.

Note: The four Sutter High School yearbooks entitled "Gold and White" from 1954 to 1957 document many of my high school related activities.

Julius (Wiz) Papa, in this picture with his wife, Lavaun, had a very positive effect on me during my teen years. Wiz was the father of Julius B. Papa who was our stake president and ordained me a high priest and called me to be a bishop. Wiz was the grandfather of Weldon Papa who served as the stake president of the Gridley Stake and the Sacramento Temple president and called me to be a sealer in the temple and now works with me as a sealer.



I home taught Wiz and his wife for a long time. When I was in high school, Brother Papa showed me a lot of interest and concern. He watched for my successes in sports and showed that he cared by talking to me each week about our games. His interest in me really strengthened me during my critical developmental years. Wiz had played semi-pro baseball in his youth.

BYU: First two years

After I graduated from high school, I got a job with Action Contractors who did the electrical work on the Beale Air Force Base airport which was being rebuilt in order to accommodate the new "U-2" high flying, super-fast spy planes. I was the helper for the office manager and my main job was to chase parts. When the electricians needed a part unexpectedly, they sometimes would be shut down until I could go get the part and return.

Having a high-salaried electrical crew just sitting around was very costly to the company, so they never told me to drive slowly. The implication was just the opposite. I spent a lot of time on the highway. I have never figured out how I got through that summer without a ticket. Perhaps when the highway patrolmen saw the company's big red Ford pickup fly by, they would decide to close their eyes instead of trying to catch me. The truck did have big mirrors, which really helped me know if a highway patrolman was around.

I had a good summer and headed to Provo and BYU at the end of September. I had an academic scholarship, and with the money I earned during the summer, I was able to mostly pay my own way. My mom and dad continued to sacrifice when it was for their kids.

My entrance into BYU came at a significant time. The Soviet Union surprised the world when they announced on October 4, 1957 (just a couple of days before BYU opened that year), that it had successfully launched the world's first manned satellite (Sputnik) into orbit around the Earth. The world changed on that day. My first dance at BYU was a parking lot dance the night before classes began. The band really played on the "Sputnik" theme. They had a song where the background singers chanted "Sputnik-Sputnik-etc." to carry the beat of the song. It really lightened any negative mood which might have originated because of the Soviet Union's claim to superiority in the space race. The success of the Soviets motivated the United States to place a lot of attention on the "space race."

My first two years at BYU allowed me to grow in a lot of ways. At that time, you had to be twenty years old to go on a mission. I lived off-campus both years with Don and Dick Clark from the Yuba City Ward, and a few others. It worked out well. We had a good student ward and I made a lot of friends and learned a lot about college studying and relationships. Don was a returned missionary and his influence was good for both Dick and me as we prepared for our own missions. Dick left after my first year at BYU, but I had to wait until I turned 20 years old which would be another year.

I was doing well academically and otherwise until I suffered a bad accident. I was playing for the BYU freshman baseball team when in the first inning of the first game, I collided with the catcher, which resulted in a serious injury. I played the entire game, but was really hurting by the end of the game. Afterwards, I urinated straight blood. I was sent to the medical center on campus.

The center was very busy and I had to wait a long time sitting on an exam table. I was feeling very dizzy and uncomfortable. A nurse came by and noticed that I was very white in the face. She asked me what happened and when I told her, she asked me to give her a urine sample. After getting a sample, I handed her back a vial of blood. Then things really started to happen quickly. It was determined that I had a ruptured kidney. At that time, they had nothing they could do except wait to see if the bleeding stopped and it healed itself or remove the kidney. The doctor called my mom and explained what happened and then told her: **"If you are going to come, you better come quickly."** My mom describes in her personal history the trip and the emotional torrent going on in her head as she and Dad drove all night to get to Provo. She wrote: **"...and then on April 15 (1958), the phone rang late at night. No one knows the agony of separation until they have heard the staccato urgency of a long-distance call telling of disaster to loved ones far away. The doctor's voice was trying to quiet our fears with the cold, factual telling of a boy hurt in a baseball game. He spoke of hemorrhage, hospital, critical injury, immediate surgery. How they echo in your heart and swell into an impossible barrier."**

Clothes thrown into a suitcase; the steel nerves needed to discipline yourself to the rudiments of the simple necessities of a trip; the agony of a wait for gas; the postponing of taking much needed food, all these were a part of that tortured time. Miles and miles of desert, the sun a blue streak of emotion-propelled frustration. Our boy, Mike, lies in a coma so far away: his life blood ebbing out, his body perhaps already facing a surgeon's knife; and you can't reach him, you can't touch him and encourage him. His ears can't hear, his eyes can't see your love. Prayers well from the depths of you and somehow you live through the thirteen panic-filled hours. Then you see him, pale and spent, his body released from agony now, but his eyes glazed with his ordeal."

Mom added later:

"We watched him return to normal and, full of optimism, we returned home. Life never moved far from the phone as we waited and hoped and prayed and believed."

I spent over four weeks in the health center where I watched "Y-Day" from my window instead of from the trail and the "Y".

Note: They didn't send me to the hospital because the doctor said there wasn't anything they could do for me at the hospital. After a while, things were looking pretty good and Mom and Dad went home. Up to this time, I had not been allowed to even sit up, and certainly not get up. After four weeks, the urine had cleaned up and they let me sit up. I said goodbye to the bedpan. Some of the baseball team were there shortly thereafter and there was a little horsing around and everyone was happy that I was doing well.



After they left, I needed to go to the bathroom and got up and walked into the bathroom for the first time since I got there. As I stepped on the floor for the first time since getting there, it felt like I was walking on a thousand needles in each foot. Then the shock hit, the urine was very bloody again.

Mom picks up her story telling about round 2:

"Then again, the sound of a phone ringing and again the professional voice. The hemorrhaging had recurred and Mike was very critical. He needs surgery within twenty-four hours as he was weakening fast. We should come if possible."

This time the trip was even worse. John is dead tired and I am in fear that I will be too frail to get there. We are torn between the living, leaping necessity for speed and a

hard-headed knowledge of the grim necessity of care. The Lord rode with us and Owe found him better physically, but depressed and defeated by his trials. He is rebellious of his body which for the first time in his life refuses his bidding.

I reached out with maternal hands, yearning to help. My love is a live thing in my breast. Suddenly I knew that this little boy of mine is a man. He deserves the dignity of his status, so I must veil my agony, my love, and keep it light. I cover my concern with banter, cast sympathy to those who want it and try to give strength.”

So back to bed, no sitting up, and no bathroom trips for about three more weeks. The bedpan reappeared. This time the rest worked. I was feeling so well that I had wheelchair races down the hall of the clinic with a female patient. A sweet girl from Del Mar, California came to visit someone else and ended up being a very good friend and helped me pass the time.

Mom adds a little more: **“Slowly the hours tick by and the days and then the weeks and he is back home and completely recovered. Yes, he is recovered, but will I ever be? Can I ever overcome the panic that comes to me when I see him vulnerable?”**

I actually went back to classes and tried to salvage some grades. I had dropped my very difficult calculus class earlier. With the extra help of an incomplete in English and time to finish at home, I was able to save myself from disaster. The teachers were understanding and helped me. That summer I was able to work. I worked at the Dantoni pear processing plant until I was hired by the Cling Peach Advisory Board as a peach grader for the fruit producers in the largest peach growing area in the United States. This job was the beginning of 24 years of grading peaches during the summers to provide money, first for college and then as supplementary income for our family while I taught school. I was able to play softball with the ward team that summer.

My second year was a year of transition. I decided I was not going to continue in the field of engineering. I wasn't completely sure what I wanted to major in, so I did some exploration

and worked on preparing to go on a mission. I would turn 20 in September, so I had the year and the summer to get ready. I did some dating of different girls which helped me increase my ability to interact with others.

I did play baseball for BYU again (this time on the varsity), but after the injury, I decided to redshirt to save my eligibility. On the side, I was invited to play fast-pitch softball with the “Dago Cats” team who were mostly from San Diego. This was basically the team that had won the All-Church tournament the year we didn't get to go. **Our Dago Cats won the All-school championship**, but I still thought our Yuba City team could have beaten them. After a fruitful and enjoyable year, I went home to work and prepare for a mission. I continued my work for the Cling Peach Advisory Board as a peach



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inspector, played fast-pitch softball in the city league, swam a lot, and jitterbugged at the Church dances.

Mission to Brazil

This picture was taken in July before my mission when my parents took us to Yosemite for a vacation. It was my first visit there. The scenery was beautiful, but the best part was connecting with my brothers and my parents with an emphasis on something more than the dairy farm.

Picture: Jerry, me, Richard

When I came home from Brazil, Jerry was the same size as me. This trip set the stage for a wonderful relationship with Jerry who became my best friend. We did lots of things together for the rest of his life. It took quite a while, but Rich and I also became very good friends and we like to do things together.



I turned 20-years-old, and eligible to serve a

mission, on September 6, 1959. On that day, I was interviewed by Bishop B. Neil Johnson (who was one of the stake missionaries that taught the lessons to my family) and by the stake president, Julius B. Papa. On September 19, 1955, a group of prospective missionaries from the Gridley Stake traveled to Sacramento to be interviewed by Carl W. Buehner, a General Authority. (At that time, this interview was required of all prospective missionaries.) Included in that group was Robin Hagberg who went to Brazil with me after having been seated next to me in the Mission Training Center (because of the spelling of our last names). This solidified what became a life-long friendship.

I had hopes that I would be called to Australia or New Zealand. Part of that was because I was not, at that time, anxious to learn a foreign language. Ironic as it seems, foreign languages became a very important part of my life. I learned to speak Portuguese on my first mission and served two more missions with my wife in Portuguese speaking missions (a total of 6 years). I also studied Spanish in college and earned a bachelor's degree and then a master's degree in Spanish and taught it for 14 years in high school and taught a class for two years at BYU while earning my master's degree. Portuguese opened the door for the great experiences that Francie and I had as missionaries in Brazil and then Portugal. Spanish was also required for our mission to Portugal where we worked with the Perpetual Education Fund.



JULY 1959

I received my call to the Brazilian South Mission on September 26, 1959. My farewell testimonial in the Yuba City 1st Ward was about three weeks later on October 18, 1959. The call was for 2 ½ years. The extra six months was standard for foreign missions because we got no language training in the mission home. I was excited. I knew it was right. There was a nice crowd at my farewell including some non-member friends. I was touched that Orlin Schuler came. He was a friend and classmate from the 5th grade until we graduated together. My missionary journal contains a good description of the farewell service. I'll just say that it was very emotional for me and made me appreciate how much the members of my ward had meant to me. I did pretty well holding back my emotions until the final hymn: "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."



Missionary Transformation:
From this.....to.....this



Bruce Adams gave me a ride to Utah in order to enter the Salt Lake Mission Home. Again, I'm going to rely on my missionary journal to describe the major points of my mission in the Brazilian South Mission. It starts with my experience in the **Mission Home in Salt Lake**, where I recorded the following concerning our first days there:

"Monday, October 26th (1959)

Entered home at 7:30 a.m. My first class was at 7:45 a.m. Johan brought me up this morning from Provo. I had signed in the day before, so I went almost directly to the first class. A wonderful spirit of friendship and brotherhood abounds here.

"This evening Lynn McKinley from the BYU religion department spoke to us about the temple. Tomorrow morning we will receive our "endowments" in the temple and he certainly made us realize the full significance and responsibility that such an act brings to a person. It was one of the best speeches of which I have ever had the privilege of

partaking. After the meeting, there was hardly a word spoken aloud, but many, many to the Lord for the next few hours until morning.

“Tuesday, October 27th

I was privileged to receive my endowment in the temple this morning. It was a very spiritual occasion. (There was much I did not understand). After going through the temple again on Thursday, I understood much better what was happening and the message of the temple.

“Wednesday, October 28th

At 9:00 a.m, our group went to the Church offices to be set apart. We started with a general meeting which impressed me very much...I was sitting on the front row—not ten feet from about half of the General Authorities.”

Comments on my setting apart as a missionary (end of quote)

At the conclusion of the general meeting, we were divided into small groups and sent to separate offices. Our small group was assigned a young Assistant to the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles who would set us each apart. He took some time to emphasize that we should listen carefully to our blessing and that it could be a guide to help us on our missions. He asked that we not take notes, but to remember the things that were promised and to write our impressions when we got back to our rooms. He then called us up one at a time to sit in a chair in front to be set apart.

When it was my turn, I took my place and he laid his hands on my head and started the prayer by stating what should have been my name. Unfortunately, it was not my name he used. That really threw me for a loop. I didn’t know if I should stop a General Authority or wait until the end to tell him of the error. I really didn’t listen very well to what he said because of my state of mind. I thought; he will have to redo it and I’ll listen very carefully then. I did remember that he spoke very highly of my mission president. When he finished, I gently pointed out to him that he had not used my correct name. I wasn’t sure how he would react and was somewhat scared to tell him he had made a mistake. He was wonderful. He just laughed at himself, making me feel comfortable, and asked me to stay seated and he would fix it. He then used my name and “...invoked all of the blessings given in the previous blessing.”

That young, unknown to me at the time, Assistant to the 12 Apostles’ name was **Gordon B. Hinckley**. Through the years, I have treasured those few minutes with him.

There were so many missionaries going to the new Brazilian South Mission that they had to spread us out all week in order to have seats on the long flight to Brazil. I was assigned to the last group and did not leave until Friday. They didn’t have anywhere for us to stay, so they just told us to find somewhere and to show up at the airport on Friday morning. I ended up sleeping on the floor of my friends at BYU. My sister, Johan, who was a student at BYU, took me to the airport on Friday. The journal then picks up as we travel to Brazil. The journal tells of our flight to New York which included stops in Omaha and Chicago. We had rooms in the Wellington Hotel on 7th Avenue at 55th Street. The room cost \$4.73 with tax. My companion, Elder Jarvis, and I had a very good steak dinner at a fancy restaurant near the hotel where a lot of actors and actresses ate. I thought the \$5.00 to eat there was a lot of money to spend on one meal.

We then visited some sights and got swindled at Times Square when I bought some film to take with me to Brazil. I now have a lot of black and white pictures from Brazil after having paid for color film. The visit was interesting, but we were glad to leave New York City.

I had a wonderful experience in Brazil that solidified my feelings about the Savior and strengthened my testimony considerably. Most importantly, it lighted within me a strong desire to do the Lord's will. That desire ignited a fire within me that has burned for my entire life. There were difficult times in Brazil, but these helped me to develop a stronger desire to do the Lord's will. I had the opportunity to develop leadership skills to go along with teaching skills. I am going to allow my missionary journal to tell that story. Not that the journal is all inclusive. It definitely doesn't even come close to being that. It does carry a message of what my mission means to me. By allowing those who desire to know more about my mission to refer to the document that represented me at the time, I hope that it will serve everyone best.

I had some very special opportunities to serve the Lord in unusual ways. I will give some glimpses of these times here. But they are selected with no intention of indicating that they were more important than the many things which are not described in any detail, or perhaps, not even mentioned.

My missionary journal includes "Important Dates and Events", a list of "Assignments", and a list of "Ordinances Performed" (includes the 39 baptisms/confirmations performed). It then continues with a description of "My Farewell." This depicts both the participants, but more importantly, my emotions during the farewell sacrament meeting. Next comes a good description of the experience at the Mission Home in Salt Lake City. After a description of our trip to New York and then on to Curitiba, Brazil, the mission really began. The journal covers most of the overview of the next 2 ½ years. There are some blanks where I didn't record events. My spelling in English got worse and worse as I got more involved with Portuguese. However, I think that the journal depicts the spirit of the mission better than I can after years away from it. I will describe briefly a few **extraordinary conditions and events** that I had the privilege of experiencing.

1. Early History of the Church in Southern Brazil

First of all, we entered the mission about two weeks after it was divided off from the Brazilian Mission and became Brazil's second mission. The mission included the three southern-most states in Brazil: Paraná, Santa Catarina, and Rio Grande do Sul. There were some cities that were dominated by residents that had immigrated from Germany after the First World War. German was the dominant language of these cities until it was forbidden in the streets during the next World War. When we arrived, most of the people in these German cities still spoke German in the home and private conversations. Many of the first missionaries to Brazil were sent to teach these German people in their native language and most of the cities in the south that had missionaries and members were in these cities. In the state of Santa Catarina, the Church was dominated by these immigrants from Germany. When we arrived in the mission, there were many of the larger cities that had never had missionaries. We had just a few native missionaries in those days. These were called by the local mission president and only served for one year. I had the opportunity to travel with President Paulsen to conduct a district conference for the Ipomeia District. It is a very special place with a lot of Church history. When Francie and I served in the Florianópolis mission more than forty-five years later, we had our zone meetings in Ipomeia and I got to know the history much better. The first members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to hold a Church meeting in Brazil presided over by priesthood authority were in Ipomeia in December of 1927. There is quite a story of the Lippelt and Blind families contained in a book entitled [A História da Igreja de Jesus Cristo dos Santos](#)

dos Ultimos Dias no Brazil. This book was still unpublished when I was gifted a copy by the author, Henrique João Blind, through the efforts of one of the young missionaries working in the Ipomeia area, Elder Pimentel, when Francie and I served in the mission there. It is an amazing story of the first family to begin to have meetings of the Church in Brazil. The story is too long to tell here and the book is written in Portuguese. I would be glad to share the story with anyone who has an interest in hearing the almost unbelievable story of exceptional faith and courage. Two of the many exceptional messages of the history recorded in the book are the following brief descriptions:

First, the faith displayed by a converted member mother in Germany (Auguste Lippelt) who, after a miraculous conversion, would not accept the opposition created by her atheist husband and insisted in continuing to follow what she knew to be true. This she did despite her husband not allowing the Book of Mormon or missionaries in their home. Auguste and the children who were old enough were baptized on July 20, 1920 in Bremen, Germany. The book records several miracles that happened to this family to support their desire to share the gospel. Her husband eventually moved his family to Brazil to escape the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Despite this opposition, she continued her efforts to embrace the gospel for herself and her children. She would not give up, even after her husband, Robert Lippelt, purposefully moved them into the unsettled woodlands of the state of Santa Catarina where there were no missionaries or other means to connect with the Church. Her faith demanded that she do all she could to obtain a connection with the Church and to spread the message of the gospel of Jesus Christ to the people who were moving into the area. Her efforts included writing a letter to President Heber J. Grant asking that he send missionaries to Brazil. President Grant followed up on the letter by sending a letter back to Sister Lippelt asking her to write to President Reinhold Stooft, who was the newly called president of the South American Mission with headquarters in Buenos Aires, Argentina. She wrote that letter and in December of 1927, President Stooft traveled by boat and by train to Ipomeia to talk to Sister Lippelt. He found that she had many neighbors who were interested in the Church through Sister Lippelt's efforts. President Stooft held the first meeting of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints which was conducted with authority in all of Brazil.

President Stooft returned to Ipomeia later and then sent the first missionaries to Brazil. They first organized branches in Ipomeia and the German speaking city of Joinville. Despite opposition from the leaders of other churches, the seeds planted by this faithful sister took root and the Church membership there grew and survived. Shortly before I arrived in Brazil, a beautiful, well-equipped chapel was dedicated in Ipomeia. It was in this chapel that President Paulsen, his son David, and I attended the district conference in 1961. It is also the same chapel where Sister Henry and I attended zone meetings with the missionaries and with President Queiroz while we were in Chapecó from June 2007 until May 2009. That chapel is now designated by the Church as a "Church historical site" and has recently been renovated.

The second message of great interest from the book, is the history of the spiritual effect that reading the Book of Mormon had on the atheist husband of Sister Lippelt. Robert continued to have a very negative attitude towards God and the Church. His bitterness was displayed in numerous ways. He drank and smoked heavily and claimed to not believe in God. Many years after his wife died, Robert had a brain hemorrhage and became an invalid. He came to live with their daughter, Amalia, in Ipomeia. He spent a lot of time on their porch reading whatever was available. Amalia placed a copy of the Book of Mormon in the stack of magazines

next to his seat. He secretly started reading it, not wanting his daughter to know, and the results were miraculous. After a while, Amalia slipped other Church books and literature into his pile. Robert absorbed what he read and one day he announced to his daughter that he wanted to go be with his deceased wife. His whole outlook on life completely changed. He wanted to be baptized so that he would be qualified to be with his wife again.

The story of his baptism contains another miracle and it definitely changed him for the rest of his life. Robert was taught by the missionaries, but before he could be baptized, he had another brain hemorrhage. He was no longer able to walk. He still insisted that he wanted to be baptized. The elders carried him to the river in his chair. They then carried him out into the river and were able to baptize him. When they were finished, he stood up by himself for the first time in months. The elders offered to carry him out of the water, but he refused them and told them that he was now able to walk. He not only walked out of the river, but all the way up the hill to his daughter's house. For the rest of his life, he was a different man. He not only was able to walk and care for himself, but his attitude completely changed. He became cheerful and positive and looked forward to being with his wife. He attended church regularly and did what he needed to do to prepare to go be with his wife. There are many more miracles included in this fascinating history of how the Gospel was brought to Brazil.

Note: This story has had a great influence on my memory of my missions to this area and I feel it is a part of my mission story. For this reason, I have included it here.

2. Swim or sink

President Sorensen had already served as the mission president in the Brazil Mission. He had been released for about a year when they asked him to return to open the Brazilian South Mission. He was familiar with the area and, I suppose, was instrumental in making the decision to split the mission. I was sent in the second mission-home group to our mission. After a couple of days of training by the mission president, we were divided and sent to our senior companions. Many were sent to open up cities new to the gospel of Jesus Christ. An interesting story is of two from our group who were put on a bus (neither one spoke any Portuguese) and sent to Lages in Santa Catarina. There were about 50,000 inhabitants in the city and had just been open for missionaries for a week. The new missionaries were told that the mission home still did not know where the missionaries were living, so the brand-new missionaries would have to find them when they got to Lages. That would have been a long bus ride. It demonstrates the great faith President Sorensen had. It actually worked out because many people had seen the "Americanos" and showed the new elders where they lived.

Officials in Salt Lake were sending missionaries into the mission very fast to get the numbers up. When the mission was opened, the only experienced missionaries left in the new mission were those who had been working in the few cities that were already opened.

Not many cities had been opened in the south so missionaries were being added more quickly than senior companions were well prepared. Therefore, without any previous language training, the missionaries in our early groups were made senior as soon as they had memorized the lessons (that is not "well prepared"). We had a lot of companionships where the senior had the lessons memorized, but really didn't understand the language well and were lost if the investigator didn't give the answer listed in the lesson manual. The companion was probably fresh from the states and was no help. A large majority of the missionaries were sent to cities that had just been opened a very short time, and baptized members were very rare. It is an

absolute truth that if the Church was not true, the whole mission would have collapsed under the circumstances under which we were working. The truth is that, somehow, we had a lot of success. The missionaries worked hard and the Lord showered His blessings upon us. Most of the new branches grew and prospered. Meanwhile a tremendously strong generation of missionaries were born. Almost every missionary that came in those first few months were made senior companions within 6 months. So, we had two full years of being senior companions, leaders, and examples to the new missionaries. For me, it was a tremendous growing experience.

My designation as a senior companion was delayed a little because of a special assignment we were given (see story of Azevedo Sodré below). But I was made a senior companion and asked to open a brand-new city, together with another companionship, and also to be the first branch president in the Florianópolis Branch on the exact date of being in Brazil six months. So, the “swim or sink” philosophy worked in most cases. At the end of our missions, we had a lot of elders with lots of experience. I truly believe that what seemed very difficult at first, paid off in rich blessings for the mission and was instrumental in creating a great start for the Lord’s work in the south of Brazil.



I still wasn’t speaking Portuguese enough to teach a lot. My job with this family was to occupy the youngest boy during the lessons. We become good friends. The father’s name is Melquiades Prestes Starkouski and his wife is Ana Santina Starkouski. I baptized them both. My senior companion and trainer was Elder Richard Jones from Meridian, Idaho.

Picture: Just to have fun, showing our daily attire (except in Azevedo Sodré). Not two hats, but we did have to wear one every day for the first year and one half of my mission.

On Jan. 9, 1960, this wonderful family was baptized in Curitiba. This was the first family that was baptized that I had started with and was there for the entire teaching process.



Most of us did purchase and wear boots because they lasted a lot longer. However, we did not wear our pants tucked in. We covered the boots with our pant legs. We also did a lot of walking in the rain and the boots worked a lot better. We did have to wear a coat every day, no matter how hot it was. Notice that we did not have name-tags.

3. Azevedo Sodré

The aforementioned calling in Azevedo Sodré was one of the most unique experiences in modern missionary lore. I was working for the second time with Elder Richard Jones in Curitiba when I got the green “Greetings” slip (transfer notification) that was totally unexpected. The “Greetings” told me that I was being transferred to Azevedo Sodré. It instructed me to catch the “Vasp” flight to Porto Alegre this morning. I would then transfer to the “Varig” flight to Alegrete where I would meet my new companion, Elder Read. I was to tell Elder Read to move with me to Azevedo Sodré. It then ended by stating “I hope you like riding horses.” I was told that we would be opening a new area and that it would be a challenge. I followed the President’s instructions and flew to Porto Alegre, spent the night with elders, and then flew on to Alegrete with Elder Pryde (Elder Pryde is the brother to Douglas Pryde with whom I served 9 years in the presidency of the Anderson California Stake). We met the elders who were working in Alegrete, including my new companion, Elder Read.

Elder Read told me what he had learned about Azevedo Sodré and that got me really excited. On Monday, April 4, 1960, we rode the train from Alegrete to Azevedo Sodré. The countryside was beautiful, green, rolling hills. It is an extension of the pampas of Argentina. On our trip we saw wild ostriches and many fine-looking cattle.



View of Azevedo Sodré from train station

Train station, the only building in Azevedo Sodré

When Elder Read and I got off the train at Azevedo Sodré, there was no town or even a village. We could see one house over across the river that ran at the bottom of the hill near the railroad station. There was just a train station in a valley with ranches scattered out on the pampas. There were no cars in the valley. Everyone traveled by horse. A man, Brother Rodrigues, with a horse and buckboard wagon was waiting for us down by the river. We waded across the river in the buckboard and went to his home which included a small store. He told us how, after getting married, he and his wife had moved to the capital city of Porto Alegre. They had met the missionaries and joined the Church there.

They then decided to come back to Azevedo Sodré to open a store for the valley. They really missed having the Church. Upon inquiry, they were told that the missionaries would only come if there were people prepared to receive them. Since they had the only store in the valley, everyone visited the store on a regular basis. Brother Rodrigues started talking to everyone that came to the store about the Church. He had quite a few who indicated interest so he decided to write to the mission president and ask for missionaries to be sent there. The president hesitated in sending missionaries to a place with so few people. Brother Rodrigues repeated the request several times and eventually, after prayerful consideration, President Sorensen sent two missionaries to scout the area and then made an unusual decision to send missionaries to a valley with no established town. Note: The state capital of Santa Catarina, Florianópolis, had yet never received missionaries despite being the largest city in the state.

On April 6, 1960, we borrowed some horses and started making visits to the people the Rodrigueses indicated had shown interest. We rode horses all day, all week, visiting different people. We found that it was a unique experience. We were told to not wear suits as that would turn the people off since they had never experienced that type of clothing. I wrote in my journal on that day: "This is indeed a place where the missionary work is entirely different. Not only conditions, but also the way you teach people. They are very simple people who have little school learning and very little church training. But, they want religion and we are wanting to teach them. They are people who accept the truth without a lot of proof, and there are no other churches to contend with, so you just teach them the truth." That teaching had to be done with simple concepts and also simple language. We invited them to come to a special Sunday School that we would hold on the next Sunday. We set up make-shift benches with wooden boxes with planks on them in the yard of the store. We were very pleasantly surprised when 76 people showed up for our Sunday School one week after we had arrived. Within about six months, 66 of the people were baptized.



The valley of Azevedo Sodré, in the state of Rio Grande do Sul, was an extension of the Argentina Pampas. We had the privilege of riding horses on our tracting visits to far-flung ranches in the valley.

As mentioned earlier, my riding skills were put to a test one day as we were trying to buy a horse. We were told that a certain rancher had a horse to sell. We went to see him. The owner of the horse, sitting with another man on a

bench by the house, invited us to try the horse out. I climbed on and the horse decided to give me a rough ride. He bucked, twisted, and ran until he eventually tired out. He then obeyed my

commands and returned to his owner who was watching with the other man. When I dismounted, the other man abruptly said. "OK, I'll take him." Then, I understood that I had just "closed the deal" for the owner since the buyer saw that the horse could be ridden.

I didn't get to see all of the success because I was transferred again. I was in Azevedo Sodré only about a month, but there was a lot accomplished in that time. I had the privilege of baptizing the first convert in the valley. He was an Indian man named Waldemar Cezar who worked for the Rodrigueses. We baptized him in the river that ran near the train station. As I stood in the water, preparing to baptize him, I felt that fish were nibbling on my legs. Knowing that I was in a river in Brazil and having heard of the famous piranha flesh-eating fish of Brazil, I was motivated to make it a short baptism. Fortunately, it was not piranhas that were nibbling, and I got out of the water with both legs still whole.

We ate with the Rodrigueses, and ate whatever she prepared. We ate a lot of black beans and rice. The beans became a favorite for me and she usually had some white meat cooked with the beans. It was good, but we didn't know if it was chicken or something else. We finally asked and were told that it was "Tatú." We looked it up and found out that it is armadillo. We had been eating it for the whole time we had been there, so we just kept eating it.

We enjoyed a wondrous month working in this unique place and were having lots of success. One day, a little neighbor boy came riding up on his horse and told us there was another missionary waiting at the river. We found Elder Barnes and he told us that I was being transferred to open the city of Florianópolis as a senior companion. I was very sad to leave the valley of Azevedo Sodré. I loved working with Elder Read and had learned a lot from him. At the same time, I was excited about the new challenge.

We were surprised when President Sorensen arrived the next day. He had gotten a taxi to bring him into the valley over very rough roads. He told me of the transfer to Florianópolis to open that capital city to the gospel. He also told me that I would be the branch president. I traveled to Rosario do Sul with President Sorensen by taxi, including a scary night-time ferry crossing over a river where we were stuck on a sandbar for a while.

After an interesting night in a hotel, President and I traveled by train to Porto Alegre. Having that time with the president was a real blessing. As we rode through different towns, he talked to me about the missionary opportunities that awaited the missionaries in these towns in Rio Grande do Sul. The experiences in that gaucho valley are still vivid today.

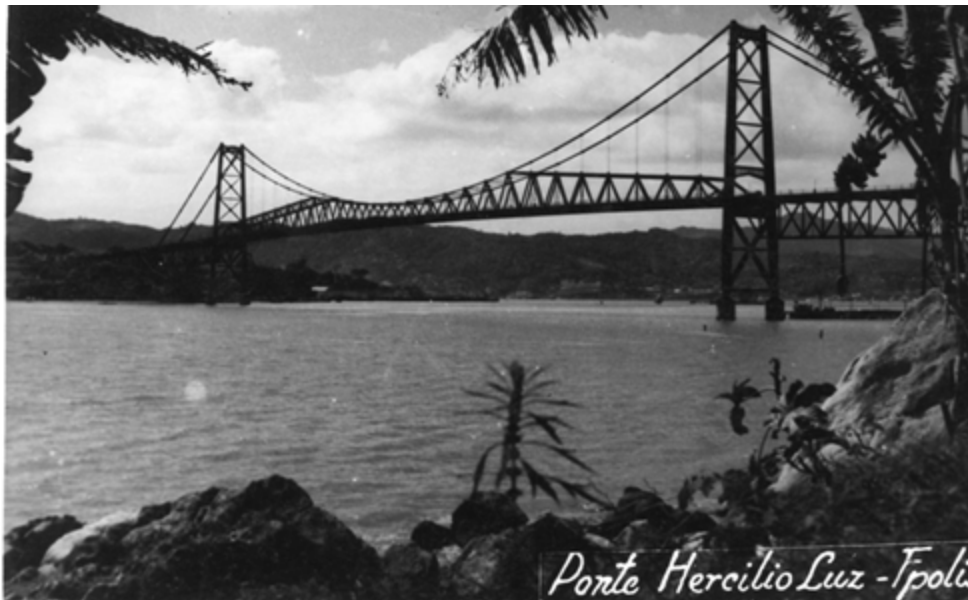
Later in my mission, I was able to visit Azevedo Sodré again and spent the night sleeping on the crude benches in the dirt-floored chapel that had been built by the members there. The work of Irmão and Irma Rodrigues will be well rewarded at the right time. While in Azevedo Sodré on this visit to the elders, we were invited to participate in a hunt for armadillos. We had found out that we had been eating it in our beans when we were working in Azevedo Sodré, but we knew nothing about hunting them. The hunt was at night. It had been raining the night of the hunt, but stopped before midnight. We left by horseback for our hunt. It was still very cloudy and there was no moon showing. It was so dark that you could not see your hand in front of your face. I had drawn a horse without a saddle, so it was a rough ride. We just followed along to see what happened even though we could not see anything. They had dogs that were looking for the armadillos. When they found one, they began to bay in such a way that the hunters knew they were after an armadillo. They would chase the armadillos at full speed and try to catch them before they got to their holes. We just had to race across the pampas after the dogs without being able to see where we were going. Thank goodness the horses seemed to be

able to see better than we did. Mine stopped suddenly right before a drop-off into a creek bed. When the hunters got to the armadillo, they had to try to dig it out of its burrow. It was quite an experience that I was sure would never be duplicated in my lifetime. It hasn't been. I have to admit that I enjoyed it, but was glad to get back to the Rodrigueses safely and off that bareback horse.

4. Opening a New City

After parting with the mission president in Porto Alegre, I met Elder Brinkerhoff, who would be my next companion. We started a long bus ride from Porto Alegre to Florianópolis. It was a very long trip that started by catching the bus at 3:00 a.m. I had not slept for more than an hour the night before as we (President Sorenson and I) traveled all night. Since the bus to Florianópolis left so early, we really didn't dare go to sleep. Elder Brinkerhoff and I took the last bonde (electric street car) of the night to the bus station at midnight and waited for the bus to leave at 3:00 a.m.

The ride kept me awake. We traveled along the coast all the way to Florianópolis. Sometimes the driver actually drove out onto the beach and sometimes in the shallow water. We had four blowouts on the way. He ran out of spare tires and had to get a new one on the way in a small village. The driver would stop from time to time and his helper would get out and pick bananas and oranges and bring them on the bus and pass them around to the passengers. We arrived at about 4:30 p.m. on April 28, 1960.



This is the Hercilio Luz bridge which connected the mainland with the beautiful Santa Catarina Island (in the background).

Our apartment was on the island side. It was at the bridge level just to the right of the bridge landing. The city of Florianópolis is on the island. We located the Hotel Lux and contacted Elder Gossett and Elder Croasmun who had arrived a day ahead of us. I finally slept well that night. Elder Gossett was the designated missionary leader and the most experienced of our group. He shared with us the vision that President Sorensen had given him of the responsibility we had of opening the beautiful island city of Florianópolis to the Lord's work.

I was excited with the prospect, but I had no comprehension, at that time, of the importance that this gorgeous city and the wonderful people therein would take in my mission experience. Although it was the capital of the state, to our knowledge, there were no members of the Church there. We had to start from scratch and it offered us a great opportunity. Elder Gossett had gained permission from President Sorensen to dedicate the city to missionary work. The next day, the four of us climbed up to the top of the peak that rises above the city and dedicated the city. It was a moving experience that gave us more incentive to go to work. My missionary journal gives a good description of that meeting on the mountain where this precious city was dedicated to the Lord's work.

A side note: A young man in Chapecó, Luis Carlos Leal, when Francie and I served there forty-nine years later, liked to sketch scenes. I described my experience when we dedicated Florianópolis to him and he offered to sketch a picture of the dedication. When Francie and I completed our mission, we framed the drawing and left it at the mission office in Florianópolis for historical reference.

My journal details the many good things that happened to us as we were able to establish a branch and see it grow and prosper. Now, for the bad side: the first week we lived in a terrible hotel with an awful bathroom that was common for everyone on that floor. My journal reads: May 15, 1961: "At the present we are all (4 of us) living at the beautiful, luxurious (tongue in cheek) Cruzeiro Hotel. It is by far the worst thing I have ever lived in. The rooms



aren't terrible...but the head (military name for bathroom) is something indescribable (especially after Saturday night). And the food...we don't even eat here. We are paying for it and not eating it because it is that bad." When President Sorensen came to check on us, he ordered us to get out of that hotel immediately.

We were very blessed to find a wonderful apartment, by mission standards, with five rooms plus our own bathroom. It sat near the bridge to the mainland on a cliff overlooking the bay. We went to sleep each night listening to the steady lapping of the waves on the shore. During the day, we often saw dolphins swimming and leaping gracefully in the water right below our apartment. It served the missionaries very well for many years.

Elder Barry Maashoff and Elder Allen came about a week later and so we had 6 elders all living in the same apartment. We were really unified, worked hard, and became friends for life. My companion and I taught and baptized six people who became three families that were the foundation of that branch. About a year later, Heilio Endler (who I had baptized) was called as the first local branch president.

Picture (next page): Ramón da Silva and his wife, Odete, were our first baptisms in Florianópolis. Their little girl was too young to be baptized, but became a member of record. The family were very faithful and became part of the solid foundation of the Florianópolis branch. Translated quote from Odete: "We were baptized In the ocean and it was cold!"



The Goudel family was a treasure just waiting to be found. We tracted into them on the same day we met their neighbors, the da Silvas. The husband had died. Olga, the mom, turned into a rock of faith. She had a leg with a very bad infection and a wide-open wound. We baptized in the ocean and I was nervous about the effect of the salt water

on her wound. Her faith overcame and she was baptized on July 9, 1960 without a problem. Marilia (16 years old) was baptized two weeks later and became a real strength to the branch.



She married a strong member from Curitiba and remained very active. A younger son, Aristoteles, was also baptized on July 23, 1960. On December 17, 1960 after I had returned to Florianópolis, **an older son, Arnaldo, and his wife, Aldanir Vieira Goudel, were baptized (picture of Arnaldo and Aldanir between Elder Quist and me).**

The Goudel family were 100 percenters. I really loved that family.

The other two baptized are Ivone and Dilma de Freitas. Their older sister, Sonia, was baptized earlier.

Our district was consistently at the top of the mission charts for hours worked, lessons given, and

baptisms. I learned a great lesson about obedience when the mission president asked us to change our daily schedule. He wanted the missionaries to stay out during the dinner hour because the entire family was usually home then. At first, we resisted because what we were doing was really working well. We were at the top of the mission in results, so why should we change? The president had set a date for us to start the new program. By the time the date came, May 31, 1960, we had repented and did as President Sorensen asked. We had, on that

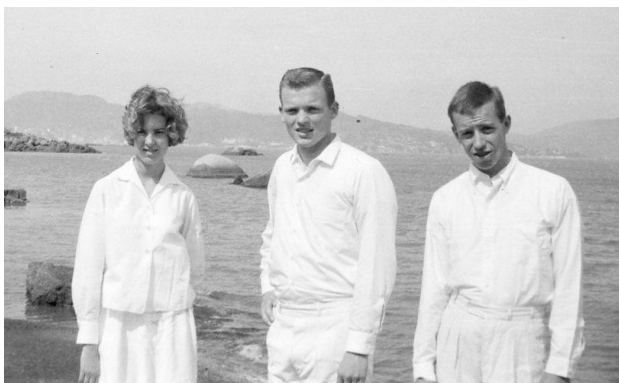
day, the best tracting day of my mission. We met the da Silvas, the Goudels, the Saul Moura family (who were later baptized), and Ivo Ribas Reis who became a very good investigator. The lesson: The Lord blesses those who obey.

I am going to **quote from my journal about one of the really good days** that we enjoyed in Florianópolis. This is for Tuesday, May 17, 1960: "Today we rose at the usual hour of 6:00 a.m., took showers, and read until 8:00 a.m., when we left for tracting. We worked for 12 hours today. This was the most successful day I've had yet as far as Books of Mormon go. We were privileged to distribute six (6) Books of Mormon. This morning we finished off one block (just a few houses) and then on the new block, we went to three straight houses and gave the Book of Mormon lesson and they all accepted a copy of the Book of Mormon with a commitment to read it and pray about it. This afternoon, we went back and started with the next house. We were able to distribute the lesson, the book, and receive a commitment at the first two houses. That made a grand total of five straight houses where the people accepted a lesson and a book and made a commitment to read and pray about it. We then did not get in at the next two houses, but were successful at the next house. That makes six houses on one side of the block that accepted our message and made a commitment and we are not through with that block yet." **Pictures below: Some of our baptisms in Florianópolis**

View of baptismal site on Florianópolis bay



Above: Me, Dilson dos Reis, Dalva de Freitas dos Anjos, and Elder Johnson



Left: Sonia de Freitas, me, Elder Quist

Dona Ana was our maid. She was wonderful. She cooked our dinners, cleaned our apartment, washed our clothes, ironed our shirts, and even polished our shoes. Shown here, along with Dona Ana, are the six elders who lived in the apartment and one Traveling Supervising Elder. (Bell, Henry, Brinkerhoff, Gossett, Gessell, Gibson (TSE), and Allen)



During these 3 ½ months, my companions and I were privileged to have experienced the baptisms of the “foundation six” who became the foundation of the original Florianópolis branch. The branch was blooming and we knew that it would continue to grow. After almost four months, on August 13, 1960, I received a notice to bring my possessions and come to Curitiba to talk to the mission president. I was very sad to leave Florianópolis, but fortunately, I was able to return in about two months.

Note: When I was sent back to Florianópolis about 2 months later, and while serving as the district supervising elder, we had another 13 baptisms. The reason I love Florianópolis so much is not because it is such a beautiful city, but more importantly, because of the people who lived there who mean so much to me.

5. Another Novel Experience

When I arrived in Curitiba, I met my new companion, Elder Bowers, at the mission home. I quote my journal: "I told him that I was lost and didn't know what was going on. He then said that we were going to play basketball."

I couldn't believe it. We were in President Sorensen's mission. But soon, I met Elder Richey and heard that Elder Rasmussen was coming. Then the president called me into his office and affirmed that we were going to play basketball. He then gave me the biggest shock. He told me that I was selected to be the DSE (district supervising elder) of the Curitiba District. I thought that I would fall out of my chair. I just sat there without words." I felt overwhelmed and then he made it worse. "He then explained that we were here to get baptisms and that we could get 65 literal proselyting hours per week – (the same goals as for all missionaries in the mission) and play basketball too."

Basketball was a big sports item in Brazil at that time, next in popularity to futebol (soccer). We had a very good experience with this experiment. We made a lot of friends and nobody kept track of how many baptisms were influenced by our participation. We really didn't stay around long enough to measure what influence we may have had. I do know that we were well received. The truth is that we were better received at first when we were losing. Keep in mind that we were all out of shape, hadn't had a basketball in our hands for a year or so, and had never played together. We had some pretty good players, but it took a while to become a good team. There are some interesting stories in my journal about some of our games. Mostly, it was about how the other teams had a hard time when we beat them and how our team kept their cool and showed good sportsmanship. This included a time when I took a charge from their star player. The referee rightly called it an offensive foul on the other player. The opponent really lost his cool and took a swing at me. It connected, but without much effect. I didn't swing back, but just turned and walked off until things cooled off. We won the game and got a lot of compliments about our sportsmanship.

In addition to the games and a few practices, the elders worked very hard at proselyting and were getting their hours in with visits. It was taking a toll, however, on some of the elders' health. I was one who suffered. I got a terrible headache and was diagnosed with the beginnings of yellow fever. I was ordered by the doctor to stay in bed and fortunately it did not get too bad.

A point of interest: President Sorensen assigned us a Brazilian captain who also played with us. He was a local missionary called for one year named Nelson Aidukaitis, who is the brother of Marcos Aidukaitis of the First Quorum of the Seventy. Nelson was a great missionary and later served as a mission president in Brazil.

The basketball season ended before the October 1960 DSE Conference in Curitiba. At the conference, President Sorensen shook things up again and the DSEs were shifted around and I was sent back to Florianópolis as the DSE. I was feeling good by then and was excited to return to Florianópolis.

At one point, President Sorensen initiated a special program to encourage the missionaries to get up on time and stay on schedule. He started a procedure to follow to verify the missionary's effort to get out of bed at 6:00 a.m. every day. He offered recognition to those who got up every day for six months and then a card indicating the completion of one year without missing one day. I was the first missionary in the mission to reach the goal for six

months and then also for one year. I was recognized as the first member of the “Six-o’clock club”. It really helped to establish a pattern of getting up early and on time every day.

6. Opportunities to work in leadership positions

On April 8, 1961, I was assigned to be the DSE in Porto Alegre. This ended up being a short assignment, because on May 4, 1961, President Sorensen called me to be a “traveling supervising elder” and designated me to work in the Porto Alegre area to train and teach the missionaries working in that area. My companion was Arlan Wallace Woodward. We had a very



good relationship and had good experiences as we worked together for only a few weeks. Much later in life, Elder Woodward served as a mission president in the Porto Alegre mission. When Sister Henry and I concluded our mission in Florianópolis, we had a layover in São Paulo and had a great visit with Arlan and his wife. He was serving as the president of the Brazil Missionary Training Center in São Paulo. He picked us up at the airport when we arrived and took us to the MTC for a visit, and then took us back to the airport to catch our plane home. We had lunch with the missionaries and a good visit with my ex-companion. Arlan was one of the ex-Brazilian South missionaries who joined with us for a few reunions in Northern California.

On May 24, 1961, President Sorensen made a change in TSE assignments and Elder Barry Clinton Maashoff became my new companion. We worked hard together and had success working with the missionaries and also teaching investigators. He was my companion when we

taught João Torgan (as described below). Elder Maashoff was from the Bay Area and lived afterwards in Stockton for a long time and was in my son Gregg's ward some of the time. He was active in scheduling our Northern California missionary reunions and we have met a few times in Stockton and have had a good relationship

7. One in a million opportunity

One great experience that I had while working as a TSE was all that went into the teaching and conversion of João Torgan. After a lot of effort and the help of the Holy Ghost, the baptism was finally realized, performed by President Sorensen, at 1:00 a.m. by candlelight in the font in Canoas. That story is also contained in my missionary journal. Many years later, João's son, Moroni, who was present at the baptism, was Francie's and my mission president for just a few days in Portugal when we arrived there. I was able to share some things about his father's baptism that Moroni did not know. He told us that he was downstairs in the hotel when his dad finally decided he had received his confirmation of the truthfulness of the gospel.

One item that Moroni did not know was how João's mother-in-law got to the baptism in the middle of the night. He appreciated learning those details. João's wife and family had been members for about 20 years. However, João, although he attended church regularly, didn't ever get baptized because he didn't feel like he had received a manifestation that it was the true church. He had received the lessons several times over the years and had even had some callings in the Church.

Elder Maashoff and I took the challenge to help him get the testimony he needed in order to accept baptism. President Sorensen had said that he would come down to Porto Alegre and baptize João when he was ready. (President had known him for years.) President Sorensen had come to the end of his time as president and was leaving Brazil on Sunday evening. João offered lovely prayers, but was not getting the answers he needed. I had gained, during my mission, a strong testimony that if a person would ask God sincerely, without any conditions, if the gospel is true, that they would get an immediate answer. I knew that João must be placing some conditions on his requests. Our task was to get him to eliminate any conditions and to request sincerely to know if the gospel is true.

Elder Maashoff and I met with João every night that week. It's a long story and he offered more prayers, but the confirmation did not come to João until after 10:00 p.m. on Saturday night after a full week of effort. We were in President and Sister Sorensen's hotel room when he announced that he was ready. We knew that if President Sorensen was going to baptize him that it had to be that night. The closest baptismal font was in Canoas which was a short distance away from Porto Alegre. So, we took a taxi to his apartment to get his family and clothes. As we were getting in the taxi to leave, another taxi pulled up and João's mother-in-law got out. She had been asleep at home across town from the apartment when she woke with the spirit telling her that she needed to get up and go to João's apartment because he was going to be baptized. Her other daughter lived with her and tried to tell her that she should wait until morning. His mother-in-law responded: "No! That will be too late." João's wife had not called her because it was so late. She arrived at about midnight just as we were all loading up to go to Canoas for the baptism. The baptism happened in the outdoor font in Canoas by candlelight at about 1:00 a.m. President Sorensen told me afterwards that João had told him that what had made the difference for him was the strong spirit he felt from me as I was teaching him.

João remained an active member for life. I had a chance to connect with him while Francie and I were in the MTC (Missionary Training Center) preparing to go to Portugal. He was in Chicago. He wanted to talk to us by phone. I don't know what happened, but we were never able to connect by phone. We did meet his grandson, Moroni's son, when we discovered that he was working at the MTC in Provo where we were. I shared his grandpa's baptismal story with him.

Moroni had grown up to become, not only a Church leader, but also the highest-ranking elected official in Brazil who was a member of the Church. He had worked very hard to combat corruption in the government. As a result, some members of the underground mafia attempted to assassinate him several times. In Portugal, the Church had installed a lot of security devices at the mission home to protect him.

8. A great opportunity to work closely with President Paulsen

Shortly after arriving to replace President Sorensen, President Paulsen called me to come work in the mission home as the mission secretary. He gave me supervising responsibility for all the missionaries working in the mission home. It was a really good experience for me. I met often with President Paulsen. We had a good set of elders and sisters who were assigned to the mission home. We ate our meals with the Paulsen family. We had a young German sister (Blandina Bach) who cooked for us and we ate well.

President Paulsen had me go with him and his son, David, to Ipomeia for a conference.

This was a typical wet and slick inland dirt highway in 1961. It had been raining and we ended up in the ditch. David and I helped get the jeep out of the ditch. President Paulsen was driving. I was the only elder in the mission allowed to have a Brazilian driver's license. I had to drive from Curitiba to Porto Alegre once. That was about 600 miles.



During the time that I was in the mission home, Elder Donald Croasmun got really sick. He was a really good missionary and I had worked closely with him when we were together in Florianópolis. We all lived and ate together in our large apartment. There were times when we

switched companions and I worked with Elder Croasmun for a day. He was one of my favorite elders.

On the 2nd of February, 1962, I wrote the following in my journal: "One of the most spiritual things that happened was the passing away of a very wonderful elder, Elder Donald Guy Croasmun. He became sick and was brought to Curitiba. It was finally analyzed to be rheumatic fever. He remained about the same and received a wonderful blessing by President Theodore Tuttle, (the mission president of South America.) Then in the first part of December, he got really sick. The doctors were extremely worried as were all of us, his parents, and everyone. Finally, it was resolved that he should be taken to São Paulo to receive more expert care. He made the trip by ambulance as they couldn't risk taking him up in the air."

President was spending night and day with Elder Croasmun until his parents could arrive. However, President Paulsen had a mission president's conference in Buenos Aires and needed to be there. He asked me to go to São Paulo and take his place with Elder Croasmun while he was gone for two days. I went and spent two of the worst nights of my life. Elder Croasmun was having a hard time breathing and was having deep, rumbling coughing fits. I was actually afraid that he was going to die while I was watching over him. I spent a lot of time praying those two nights. President Paulsen returned and I went back to Curitiba. We heard that his parents had arrived. My journal continues: "He was operated on the day they (his parents) arrived. He seemed to be getting better and his parents were relieved. But God needed him there worse than here and He (God) called him home after he had the chance to see his parents. He told them how much he loved them." He then died with his arms around the necks of both parents. My journal reflects my reaction: "Without a doubt, he was needed and is now serving on another mission. He was and will be a great example to all of us... humble and dedicated... called to another, greater mission."

I had many other great experiences including six months as the mission secretary. While there, I lived in the mission home (a large four storied beautiful walled mansion) with the mission president (at that time Finn B. Paulsen) and his wonderful family. From Sister Paulsen, I gained the model for the wife I wanted to have some day. Their son, David, and his sisters created a great desire to have children to raise in the gospel. To watch President Paulsen preside as a president and also as a father was a great lesson for me.

On January 20, 1962, President Paulsen designated me to be an assistant to the president. I worked with Elder Dean L. Bolles. Our first assignment was to travel throughout the mission and to hold training sessions with almost all of the missionaries. This gave me a chance to visit many places where I had never been and to get to know almost all of the missionaries. It was a good experience, but I missed working in the mission home and being able to work with investigators.

After we completed this assignment, President Paulsen asked me to go to Porto Alegre and to work with the branch presidencies (local members) to train them in their duties. He also asked me to study the branches to see if some reorganization would stimulate the work in the largest city in our mission.

I worked with Elder George S. Rasmussen who had come to the mission at the same time I did. I did a lot of study and prayer about the reorganization of the district boundaries. I received some inspiration on what needed to be done. I recommended a significant change which closed one branch and divided the members in such a way that several other branches

were strengthened. President Paulsen liked the proposals and put them into place, and I was later informed that they had really helped the work in Porto Alegre.



This picture includes the Paulsen family and the elders and sisters working in the office.

My first mission was a great experience. It strengthened my testimony, taught me how to gain guidance from the Holy Ghost, and built a desire to serve my Heavenly Father. It gave me a foundation upon which to build my life. I believe that the things I learned and experienced in Brazil paid huge dividends, not only in Church assignments, but also in my educational and professional pursuits afterwards. I will be eternally grateful for these opportunities. I refer you to my journal if you would like to know more about how this experience affected my life. I had a unique and life-changing experience as a missionary in Brazil.

I avoided serious illness while serving. Yellow jaundice and other illnesses were a very common experience among the missionaries, and with the exception of the mild case of yellow jaundice and colds, I enjoyed good health.

Upon returning home, I found that the family circumstances were unstable. While I was gone, Dad and Mom sold the ranch. They bought a lot on the west side of Sutter City. They were living in the one-room house with a tiny bathroom that Dad had built for Grandma King when she lived with us at the ranch. He had moved it to the site where he was building a new house for the family on South Butte Road. Richard was sleeping in the unfinished house. Jerry was at BYU. Mom had arranged with Johan and Lenard for me to stay with them until the house was more complete. We already knew something about living in an unfinished house from our experience on River Road in Arizona. Johan and Lenard's house was located in a small subdivision at the corner of Colusa Highway and Township Road. I stayed there until Dad had a room ready for the boys.

I needed a job for the summer to make money to go to school. Dad was working as a security guard at the U.S Defense Department's missile silo that was being built on the north

side of the Sutter Buttes. Dad arranged for me to take a test to qualify for a similar job. I passed the test and was hired. I worked there until the Cling Peach Advisory Board called me to work for them.

I remember a very interesting experience I had the first day I worked at the missile silo.

I needed a car and was able to buy a used 1955 Chevrolet. It was black and white, but not with a pattern that confused me with the CHP cars. When I bought the car, it had enough gas in it that I drove it out to work the next day without gassing it up. It was quite a distance, but the gas gauge indicated that I had enough gas to make the round trip without a problem.



When I got off work that day, I noticed that the gas gauge was almost on empty. I didn't know if someone had siphoned some gas or if the gauge had just gone down really quickly. The closest gas station was about ten miles away at Pasquini's restaurant/market at the Lomo railroad crossing. There wasn't anything I could do except say a prayer and see if I could make it to the station. The gauge had been on empty for a long time when I finally got to Pasquini's successfully. It had been a nerve-wrecking ten miles. I joyfully and thankfully pulled up to the pump and got out. I looked at the gas lidand the world fell apart! The lid required a key and I had not put the key on my keychain yet. I knew exactly where the key was.....on my dresser at Johan and Lenard's house.

There wasn't anything to do but see how far I could go. Remember, this was the age of no cell phones. I would go until it ran out of gas and then walk to their house. I had no hope that I could make it all the way to their house. I just hoped it would be close. It was probably about eight miles, but seemed like 100 miles. Again, I was ecstatic when I made it all the way to their house. Fortunately, there was a store with a gas pump about one block away. The next morning, I made it!

In those days, you could buy between three and four gallons of gas for \$1.00. That is, usually, about all the money I had on me. So, as was very common in those days, I got \$1.00 worth of gas. Then two events happened within the next week. To set the stage, I now thought that my new car was invincible. I didn't have to worry about the gas gauge. I could go a long, long way after the gauge said empty. In a few days, as I left home, I noticed that my gauge was right above empty. That was "nothing to worry about." I thought: "This car can go a long way on empty. I can make it to town easily." Well before I got to the station, the gas gauge said "empty" and the car quit running. I was out of gas. I did what I had to do. I walked to the gas station,

explained my problem and they were very nice and lent me a can and I hoofed it back to the car. It would have been nice if that had been the end of my story, but it got worse. Three gallons of gas later that week, I was headed for town again thinking that the last experience had been a mistake of some kind. I knew my car could go a long way on empty. Well, it didn't that time either. I ran out of gas at approximately the same place and at the same time of day which meant that the same employees would probably be working today that worked the last time. I could not do it! I would not walk back into the same station the second time in a week and tell them I was out of gas again! I walked an extra mile two times—one going and one returning—in order to save my pride. I'm not sure how many lessons I learned that day, but there were multiple available if I paid attention.

The Cling Peach Advisory Board had me work on a special project called "Green Drop". It was an effort to not flood the market with too many peaches by every grower knocking all the green peaches off of a certain percentage of their trees before they ripened. The purpose was to keep the price higher for the peaches that were harvested. My job was to go to each orchard and draw a map of all of the peach trees and then to go out in the orchards and check the trees. I would then certify that the peaches had been "dropped" according to the established patterns and regulations. I got well acquainted with a lot of peach growers and orchards and it gave me a job during the time before the harvest began.

Laying the groundwork for that which is most precious

Many experiences helped form my earnest desire to have an eternal family with a wonderful eternal companion/wife. For several reasons, some of which I do not understand, I did not date a lot as a teenager. I suppose shyness was part of the reason. I did, however, have many friends which included many girls. I was not overly aggressive in searching for girlfriends or even dates. I had many opportunities to enjoy the company of many girls as we participated in a wide variety of both school and Church activities. Early on in high school, there were a couple of girls who were quite aggressive towards me and I did some individual activities with them and even a few dates. Most of my weekend activities were with my Church friends who were mostly going to Yuba City High School while I was going to Sutter High School. A small group of girls about my age lived in Colusa and were members of the Colusa branch which was a dependent branch of our ward. They attended Colusa High School and participated in many of our ward's youth activities. We did a lot of activities with our church group and I had some female friends who were closer to me than the main group. Social skills, especially between boys and girls, were developed little by little. Deeper feelings were introduced with a couple of girls. One was a member from the Los Angeles area that came to visit her grandmother in Yuba City. That relationship never went anywhere except for the times she came to visit.

Between my junior and senior year in high school, I experienced my first real relationship where I felt like it was something special. She was a lovely active member from Mesa, Arizona. Unusual circumstances brought her to Yuba City to visit with her older sister for a couple of months in the summer. Her sister had gotten us together and we dated quite a lot during the time she was there. That relationship continued through letters and two visits I made to Arizona to see my relatives. That relationship was good for me in two ways. First, it gave me a chance to experience the emotions that naturally come when you have strong feelings for someone. The feelings were strong enough to, for the first time, understand real feelings of love. They also helped me learn to deal with these feelings while keeping our relationship proper. However,

they were not strong enough to last through two years of separation and exposure to other emotions. We both ended up at BYU together two years later during my sophomore year, but we really did not date very much at all. The relationship just drifted away. The most value I received from this relationship was that it gave me a good reason to not date others a lot during my senior year in high school. I was student body president and a prominent three-sport athlete who had lots of opportunities to date non-member girls. In comparison to my friend from Mesa, they were not as attractive as they might have been. I only dated a few times during that year and none of them were serious relationships. Instead, I wrote a lot of letters.

During my sophomore year at BYU, I did more dating of different girls than at any other time in my life. There were several that I thought were really nice girls and good friends, but I never really felt like there was anyone who was that special one. Besides, I was going on a mission the next year and I wasn't looking for someone to "wait for me."

My mindset was that it was not the time to be making serious decisions about my future wife. I enjoyed a good summer with lots of things to do. I worked for the Cling Peach Association again for both "Green Drop" and peach grading. I also played fast-pitch softball and spent whatever free time I had with friends from church, both male and female. I really wasn't interested in making my life more complicated at that time, so I worked hard and tried to enjoy my last summer before my mission.

My mission story is told in another section of this work. Here are a couple of photos from Brazil. I served in the Brazilian South Mission from October 26, 1959 to May 2, 1962.

A typical small South Brazilian city in 1960



My trainer, Elder Richard Jones, in standard mandatory dress



After returning home from my mission to Brazil, **something special** began to happen. It took a while to develop, but the seeds were planted. I was still adjusting to "normal" life again. I was at a stake conference at the old Gridley stake center. After it ended, I was standing out front by the street waiting for I don't know what. There was a large semi-circular driveway in front of the building. Beside it was a cement and plastered wall about three feet high with a sidewalk between it and the driveway. Standing on the sidewalk about halfway around the semi-circle was a group of young women talking. I was standing about 150 feet away.

I noticed, in that group of young women, one that really caught my eye.



She was pretty and was wearing a nice dress with a criss cross band of which I still have an image some 58 years later. I was intrigued and thought that I wanted to get to know her. Nothing else happened at that time, nor anytime soon, but the image was planted in my brain and the desire to get to know her was planted with it.

Sometime shortly thereafter I overheard a conversation between two Gridley returned missionaries. I didn't hear the whole conversation, but I did hear enough to know they were talking about this same girl. One of them asked about her and my good friend and fellow South Brazilian missionary, Robin Hagberg, remarked that he had been out to see her and then made a very complimentary observation about her. Somehow, I knew who they were talking about, although I'm not sure how I knew. These two experiences both stuck with me and were instrumental in causing me to want to get to know her. I later got to know that her name was Francie Peterson. It took a

while, but eventually, **I did get to know her very well.**

In the fall of 1962, I enrolled at Yuba College. There were a couple of reasons why I decided to go to Yuba College. One was a matter of money. I really didn't have enough money to go back to Brigham Young University after my mission. Secondly, I had decided I was going to change my major and I could benefit from more introductory courses. I decided to become a high school teacher. I thought that I would really like to coach since I had had such good relationships with my coaches. I also thought that I might want to become an administrator. In order to get an administrative credential, an "academic" major was required which did not include physical education. I decided to use my language skills as a major, but Portuguese would not be in very much demand. Therefore, I decided to major in Spanish. I could start that at a junior college. Another reason I decided to go to the community college was that I had decided I wanted to try to play basketball in addition to baseball.

I had a good year academically and athletically (I got straight "A"s and I played and started on both the basketball and the baseball teams). I was voted the "Ugliest Man" for the spring ball in the "Ugliest man and Cutest Pan" contest. (It actually was considered an honor to be voted the "Ugliest man"). My good friend, Brenda Sheppard from Gridley, was voted the "Cutest Pan." So, the two of us were recognized together at the big dance. I was asked to run for student body president for the second semester. I reluctantly agreed to do it but did not do much campaigning and lost a close election. I also enjoyed being a part of the Deseret Club and also the interaction with many male and female students.

Besides these activities, I drove a school bus for parochial students from Beale Air Force Base to the Catholic schools in Yuba City. I had to leave very early in the morning to get the bus, and drive out to the base, pick up the kids, deliver them to several different schools, take the bus back, and then get to school on time. After classes, I had to practice and play games. I drove the same school bus on Saturdays to pick up Catholic students around Sutter County and deliver them to their church for catechism classes and then take them back home later. I was busy enough that I did not date very much during that school year, but I had lots of friends and learned the importance of careful selection of a potential wife. However, I was not in a hurry. My life was good.

The second semester, I did develop a relationship with a really nice girl whose dad was a high-ranking officer at Beale Air Force base. It was interesting. Every time I went to the base to pick her up for a date, her father met me at the door, invited me to sit with him in their greeting room, and spent about 30 minutes grilling me about my plans for the night as well as my future goals. I appreciated his interest in his daughter. I felt that he was disappointed that I was not planning on becoming an officer in the service. She was a very nice person and I really liked her, but she wasn't a member of the Church. She took missionary lessons for a while before she went away to the University of Oklahoma. She did continue the missionary lessons there for a while. But the next time I saw her was at Thanksgiving time of 1963, while I was stationed at Sheppard Air Force Base in Wichita Falls in North Texas. We had a fun date going to a University of Oklahoma football game. On the way home, she informed me that she had decided not to continue studying the gospel. I knew immediately that our relationship was over. It was one of the strongest feelings of guidance that I have ever received. I just accepted it. The blessing to me was that it opened the door for me to pursue the "one" who had been in my head for quite a while.

The military interferes with my plans

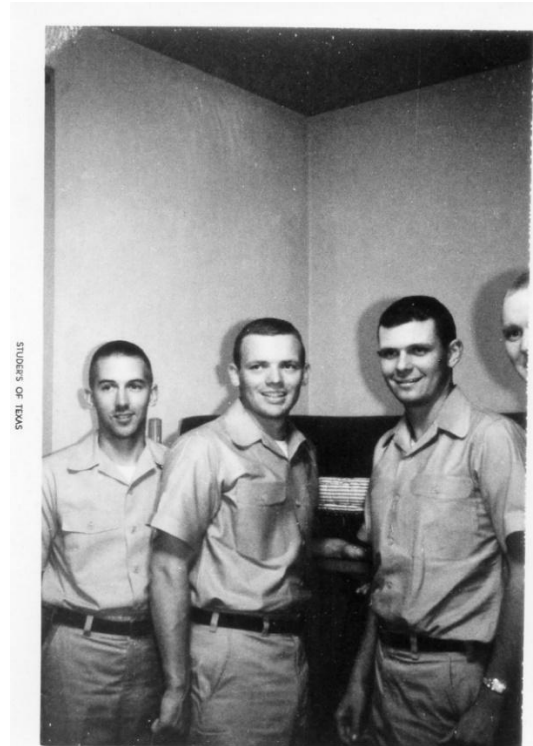
In about March of 1963 (about 9 months before the above experience after the Oklahoma football game, which happened at Thanksgiving time of 1963), I received notice from the draft board that I had been drafted to serve in the Army. I was shocked because usually they did not draft college students. They justified their decision for some dubious reasons. I requested that they postpone my enlistment until the summer so that I could finish my semester in college. They did postpone it until summer time. I took advantage of the situation, and after some investigating, I joined the Air Force Reserves. This required six months of active duty and then six years of Air Force Reserve duty. This sounded better to me than being a “grunt” on the front lines carrying a machine gun. The reserve duty would include a monthly weekend training session at an Air Force base. My entry date was October of 1963. I felt this was a much better alternative and it proved to be even better than I thought.

That summer (1963), I was very busy working in peach inspection (6 days/week and an average of 12 hours/day) and played a high level of fast-pitch softball (I played third base on the Yuba City league’s All-Star team). Again, I was so busy that I never had a good opportunity to follow up on my interest in Francie Peterson from Gridley. She seemed to be keeping herself at arms length. I, likewise, missed some opportunities to get to know her better because I was with someone else. Meanwhile I just followed other interests which included a lot of different activities. I knew that I was headed for Texas for basic training which didn’t excite me, but I knew that, at this point, I did not have a choice.

After working for the summer, I presented myself to my unit which was at McClellan Air Force Base in North Sacramento. They sent me to **Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas** for basic training. We were separated into “Dorm groups” with a D.I. to lead us in our training. It was typical basic training with all of the screaming in your face and other means of producing military discipline.

Fortunately, my unit was mostly college graduates who were, like me, dodging the draft. I was called in on the first day there and told that I had been chosen to be the “Dorm Chief.” I was the recruits’ leader which gave me a lot of privileges that the other recruits did not have, but also responsibilities.

On the very first day, the D.I. had us all line up in the hallway. He had me be last. He had every man in the dorm come into his office with the door open for all of us to hear, and commenced to rip into them with ferocity. He would rip them up one side and down the other with his nose about one inch from theirs while the recruit stood, trembling. It was a gruesome experience. Finally, it was my turn. I stepped into the room, stood up tall, gave my salute, my name, and my Air Force number and barked “Reporting for duty, Sir!” With a very nice, soft voice, he said “Come in, close the door, have a seat.” He then started



to explain to me what he expected of me as a dorm chief. We discussed his expectations civilly and then he excused me politely. We ended up having a good relationship except that he never could understand how I could get the recruits to do things without yelling at them. But he accepted the fact that they were doing them and that made him look good, so he let me keep doing it my way which was well received by these college guys.

Since our recruits were older, more experienced, and better disciplined, the role of dorm chief was not as difficult as it would have been if it had been a bunch of 18-year-olds. A really nice thing was that I didn't have to pull KP (washing dishes and cleaning the dining room). The hardest thing for me to do was required by the D.I. He assigned me to be the last guy in the company when we were marching. When a recruit had difficulty keeping in step, the D.I. made him march right in front of me, and if he got out of step, demanded that I stomp on his heel to make him get in step. I really didn't like doing that, but I didn't have much of a choice. If I hadn't done it, I would have faced discipline.

The second day of camp, we went out for physical training. We ran a mile in our brogans (heavy military boots) and then he had us line up. A captain appeared and told us they were organizing a squadron basketball team. He asked how many of us played basketball. Well, more than half the guys raised their hands. He then said, "All right, how many of you have played college basketball?" I had just played for Yuba College, so I raised my hand with several other guys. The captain then said, "OK, come with me." We went to a gym and had a tryout for the squadron team. I was the only one selected for the team from my group. After that, every time our dorm went to physical training, I went to basketball practice. There were some good players, but I was on the first team. We played at least once per week and won almost all of our games. Every time we had a game, the captain would tell our D.I. that he wanted me to stay in the dorm all day so I wouldn't be tired for the game. I'm surprised that I didn't get some grief from the other recruits, but I didn't. It made basic training more pleasant than it might otherwise have been.

Everything was good until the end of training when we had our final physical test to see if we were in shape to graduate. The test was all physical and incorporated all of the physical skills (climbing rope, crawling under barbed wire, running, jumping, and doing other skills that I had never done) that the others had been working on for the whole time I was playing basketball (There was no skill test for shooting free throws, etc.). At the rope climb, the leader finally just gave up on me and sent me on to the next torture. It ended up being a high price to pay for missing all of those training activities that were very unpopular with the troops. I was able to do well enough on the physical test to pass.

I had been designated to be trained as a teletype operator by my home unit. After completing basic training, we were sent to Sheppard Air Force Base in Wichita Falls, Texas, for training in our specialty. Typing speed was very important for a teletype operator. We practiced every day. I had the fastest time in my group (80 words per minute). We also learned a lot of procedures and skills to operate the teletype machines. The ironic part is that when I got back to my home unit, they did not have a teletype machine. They had a hard time figuring out what to do with me.

During our tech training at Sheppard Air Force Base, we also had classes on basic Air Force organization, discipline, and other matters. We also learned armed forces history and learned about citizenship and other topics. We had tests on each of the different elements and I knew it was a good idea to pay attention to the subjects we were being taught and I scored high

on them. As a part of this training, they somehow selected one of the recruits as the “American Spirit of Honor” award winner. To my surprise, they awarded it to me. A big article about the award was sent to the local papers and was published by the Appeal Democrat newspaper in Yuba City. My mom saw the article and it scared her badly because she assumed that I had really bought into the Air Force and would probably sign up for life. Little did she know that I just understood how to stay out of trouble and get some rewards. I had no intention of spending any more time in the Air Force than was required to get an honorable discharge.

The one activity I most enjoyed at Sheppard Air Force Base was the chance to play basketball for the squadron team. We had some really good players including several who had played at Division I universities. We had a lot of success. The other starting guard had played at Notre Dame. He was fun to play with. He had a move that he loved and performed often. He would dribble straight up to his opponent and dribble the ball between the opponent’s legs, then go around and pick up his dribble behind the opponent. It wasn’t popular with the opposition, but we loved to see him do it.

I also played basketball with the Wichita Falls Ward team. We traveled to Dallas one weekend and won the stake championship. On another weekend we traveled to Houston to play in the regional tournament. We won that championship and qualified to go to the All-Church tournament in Salt Lake City. The Air Force did not allow most of our players to go, including me. An interesting note: I took a charge very late in the championship game and it knocked me back into the wall behind the basket. My head hit the wall hard and knocked me out cold. After I finally woke up on the way home, the players told me that I had been voted the MVP (most valuable player) of the tournament. That was a real honor and I didn’t even get to enjoy it.

Wichita Falls is the coldest place I have ever lived. Before going to Wichita Falls, I was told that it is only cold for three months there: December, January, and February. We arrived on the first of December and left the last day of February. We spent a lot of time standing in line, “at ease” but with no talking or moving around, outside in the snow freezing while waiting for about an hour at 5:00 a.m. for breakfast. It was good to get back home to warm California.

At McClellan, they had nothing for me to do in their unit since they did not have a teletype machine. They just sent me over to the main base’s teletype unit. However, they really didn’t have much for me to do either, so I just studied what they were doing. There wasn’t a lot of incentive because I knew that I would never use a teletype machine in my unit.

I went home on Saturday evenings and attended church there. I was called to be the Sunday School Teacher for the 18-21-year-olds in the Yuba City Ward. I began to make important decisions about my future. I decided to continue my education at Chico State University in Chico, California. That was an important decision in my life, as I discovered later. I also decided to get a degree in Spanish in order to teach in high school and to have an academic major so that I would qualify for an administrative certificate later. Both of these decisions were important to me later in life in both my work career and my service in the Church.

The realization of that which is most precious

While finishing my active duty status, I was able to come home on weekends. I had made good friends with another member of my Air Force unit. His name is Jan Hansen and he was from Chico. He is a member of the Church and we did a lot of things together after duty hours. I had started to have thoughts about that girl I had seen at the stake conference before going into military training. The previous summer, I had attended several stake dances with the

hope of becoming acquainted with her. Things didn't seem to work out well. Each time she was either not there or there with a date. I did dance with her a couple of times and learned that her name was Francie Peterson.

My interest in her grew, but nothing developed until my sister, Johan, decided that we would be a good match. Johan was Francie's Gleaner leader. She had mentioned her to me a couple of times, but with my commitments to the Air Force and my busy work schedule, nothing had happened. Johan told me about a stake "M-Men and Gleaner" dance on March 20, 1964 that was planned and suggested that I make an effort to go. She said that she would encourage Francie to go. I decided to go and invited my friend, Jan Hansen, to come with me. Francie was planning on going together with her cousin, Kay. I got a call from Johan the night before the dance telling me that Kay had decided not to go, so Francie wasn't going to go either. Johan suggested that I call Francie and invite her to come with me. That was a little complicated because Jan was coming with me. I called Francie anyway and explained the situation and invited her to go with us. She accepted the invitation and Jan and I both showed up to escort her to the dance. Francie and I spent a lot of time together that night at the dance. I had an enjoyable night and I felt really good about our association. After the dance, we took her home. When we arrived at her house, it was a little awkward. I started to walk her to the door and Jan



joined us also. We told her goodbye and thanked her and I knew that I was going to see more of her very soon.

The next weekend was that "very soon." I took her to a show at the El Rey Theater in Chico. There was a movie playing that sounded like it would be good. They didn't have ratings at that time. It wasn't what I had hoped. However, we enjoyed each other's company. Some more appropriate and very enjoyable dates followed. Francie quickly turned into my only female interest.

This picture is of Francie when we were dating.

On April 23, 1964, I completed my active duty status with the Air Force Reserve. That summer, we enjoyed using my limited free time (because of long hours working in the peaches and my softball commitment) in getting to know each other. We dated quite a bit and Francie drove down to Yuba City for most of my softball games. One date that meant a lot to me was when my friend from my mission, Ted Harris from Chico, and I agreed to invite Francie and her sister Myrna water skiing on Lake Englebright up on the way to Grass Valley. Ted had access to a boat and skis. I was really impressed by Francie's determination to ski successfully. She had never water skied and it was hard for her, but she would not stop trying until she had conquered it. I saw something in her that day that I really liked.

When school started in September, I moved to Chico and lived with the Wooley family north of Chico. Because of my commitment to school, Francie and I usually only saw each other on dates on weekends. The relationship was strong and I recognized that I was being guided into something good.

As general conference approached, I got an invitation from President and Sister Paulsen to attend a missionary reunion in Salt Lake City right before conference. They had just gotten home in July and I was anxious to renew my relationship with them. I decided to go to conference and the reunion. I invited Francie to go also. She actually took her car and her sister, Myrna, and her Grandpa Jensen went with us. She later often teased me that she thought that her car was the reason I was attracted to her. I liked the car, but it had nothing to do with my attraction to Francie. My deep feelings for Francie began to hit me strongly during our trip to conference. I felt strongly that she was the answer to my prayers as an eternal companion.

Between two of the sessions, we went up to the capitol building on the hill above the temple just to take a look at the temple and city from there. I had decided beforehand that it was time to act. I didn't have a ring yet, but I told her how much I loved her and asked her if she would marry me and be my eternal companion. Thankfully, she said that she would. We gloried in the moment and then began to make plans. We decided not to announce the engagement until Christmas time when I would have a ring for her. We both wanted to be sealed in the not-yet-dedicated Oakland Temple. For me, it was as exciting as I had imagined it to be.

We continued to only see each other on weekends because of my schooling. As a result, our time together was limited, but I have always felt that the limited time together was a good thing. It made our togetherness after marriage very special and fresh.

Francie and I decided to go down to the Oakland Temple open house that was held before the temple's dedication on November 17, 1964. It was a very wonderful experience enhanced by the knowledge that we would soon come to be sealed there.

Christmas time came quickly since I was so busy with school. I arranged through Lenard to buy an engagement ring that Francie and I had selected jointly. Fortunately, Francie didn't demand one that was too expensive because my resources were limited. It was not elaborate, but it was pretty. More important than its looks, however, was its meaning to the two of us. The official engagement happened with just the two of us in the front room of Lenard and Johan's home on December 24, 1964. After we were alone, I got down on my knee and hoped Francie had not changed her mind. I guess she had not, because she accepted my ring and my commitment to her. Placing the ring on her finger was magical. We set the date for our marriage and sealing as Friday, April 9, 1965.

The time between Christmas and April hurried by as all of the arrangements were made for our marriage and reception. We traveled down to Oakland with Lenard and Johan on the night before the marriage. We stayed at a motel right down Lincoln Avenue below the temple. Both Francie and I did not get much sleep as she shared a room with Johan and I with Lenard.

Friday, April 9th, was a wonderful day, but a very long day. Francie had not been endowed and it had been a long time since I had been in a temple session because of my mission and there being no operating temples in Northern California. We started with an endowment session after the interviews and initiatory ordinances were done. After the sealing ordinance, we ate in the lunchroom at the temple. Afterwards, there were greetings and limited pictures because the weather was bad.

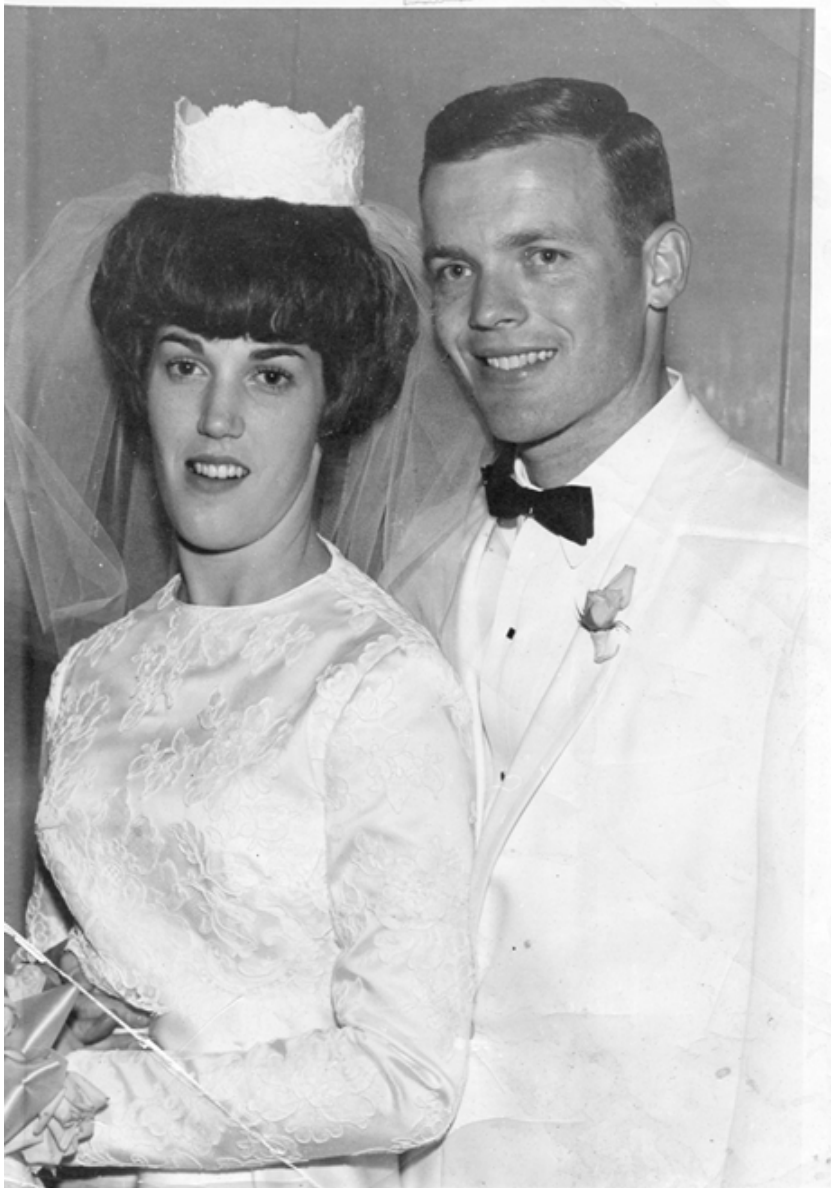
The beauty of the setting of that gorgeous temple, as we stepped out and could see the Golden Gate Bridge and all of the other scenery, blended in with the beauty within the temple and the wonderful experience of the temple ceremony. It was all breathtaking.

We then traveled home and prepared for the reception. The reception was very nice and there were a lot of people there from both Gridley and Yuba City. The greeting line was long and nice, but tiring, especially for Francie. Sister Josephine George's rendition of "The Hawaiian Wedding Song" has made it one of our all-time favorite songs. The long anticipated first dance was wonderful. By the time we got to our apartment at the Magnolia Apartments on Magnolia Street, Francie was totally exhausted.

It had been a long, long day, but one with much meaning that would carry us through an eternity together.

I love this picture. Check out Francie's "foxy" look.

Memories of this glorious day have been the foundation of a wonderful "rest of your life" experience with this wonderful daughter of our Heavenly Father. Returning to the Oakland Temple afterwards always has a special meaning for us because this is where those things which are most important began. All of the Lord's temples began to have a lot more meaning to us.



The reception at the stake center in Gridley was a really nice way to celebrate this life-changing sealing that makes it possible for us to be ...
Together forever!



Please notice how nicely we fed the cake to each other. We both felt strongly that we wanted to represent the way we would treat each other.



Hedy, Judy S., Myrna, Phil, Francie, me, Jerry



My eternal love

The next day, after visiting briefly with Francie's parents, **we headed to Fort Bragg for our honeymoon.** We stayed at the Vista Manor Motel which was on a cliff facing the ocean with a marvelous view of the waves crashing against the rocks. We stayed in room number 4. We arrived on the 10th April, 1965 at 4:00 p.m. and left on the 11th at 12 noon. We had dinner on the 10th at Taratinos, where we ate prawns and halibut.



*H*oneymoon



We spent time in Fort Bragg, Eureka, the Redwoods, Crescent City, and other coast attractions up to Brookings, Oregon. It was a wonderful week together and paved the way for a lifetime and an eternity together.

This trip set the stage for Francie and I to enjoy making road trips together on many occasions throughout our life. We have enjoyed spending time together and often traveled, like we did on our honeymoon, without motel reservations so that we could feel free to make adjustments depending on what we discovered as we traveled.

Later, when we traveled with children, it required some adjustments. However, we still traveled many times without reservations. We continue to enjoy traveling by automobile today, but now we usually make reservations ahead of time.

My mother's sudden death

The death of my mother shortly after we were married (about 3 months) was a blow to me. She was killed in an automobile accident returning home from a doctor's appointment in the San Jose area on July 15, 1965. Her funeral was huge because of the many seminary students she had taught and who loved her, and the many others she had worked with in Church callings.

Pictures of Mom when young and as the seminary teacher, voracious reader, and loving, dedicated mother.



Mom taught me so many important things. I really appreciate her and love her deeply. She always put my wants and needs above her own. She overcame so many difficult things. I always admired her many abilities and felt her love and concern for me as an individual. She taught me so many very important things and was a key to bringing the gospel of Jesus Christ into my life. She did that in many different ways. She was always very supportive of me and was a very fun person to be around. Unfortunately, I was so independent that I did not acknowledge her contributions very well. She left this life before I ever told her how much I owed her. One of my most earnest desires is to tell her how much she meant to me when we meet on the other side. I hope that she will have recognized my feelings long before that.

At her death and funeral, I was very emotional, even though I did not show much until after the funeral was over. I then found a spot in the yard at our apartment and had a good cry. That helped. What hurt the most was that I had known that I needed to go have a good long talk with my mom, but had put it off because of other commitments and never got it done. I still regret that I had not spent the time I needed to with Mom after my mission. I really look forward to having that opportunity one day. Francie was a rock for me during these difficult days. During my life, I have had many, many of her seminary students and others who worked with her tell me how much she meant to them. She will have a lot of testimonies for her on the day of judgment.

Quote from me: "Oh, how I love you and appreciate you, Mom! I have really missed you!"

Journey to the All-Church basketball tournament

In 1967, while living in the Gridley 2nd Ward, we developed the first of many really good basketball teams in Gridley. Gary Little (6'8") could not play Church ball because, at that time, the Church rules did not allow ex-college lettermen from playing in the Church league. But Steve Squires and Reggie Dewsnup were a year out of high school and were really good players. Steve was 6'6", a good jumper, and strong as an ox. He had received a full-ride basketball scholarship to the University of Alaska. He had made the traveling squad as a freshman but got very homesick and left school and came back to the ward. He was in great shape and was a good scorer. We had some other good athletes in the ward. After winning the stake championship, we went to Sacramento to play in the regional championship. The winner of that tournament would receive an invitation to come to Salt Lake to play in the All-Church tournament.

Mount Rose Ward from Reno had gone to the All-Church tournament the previous year and came back and recruited a couple more really good players to move into their ward to play for them in 1966-67. They were determined to win the All-Church tournament. They were big and good and determined to win.

Both teams were undefeated going into the championship game. Mount Rose came into the game very confident. They found very quickly that we were a quality opponent. The score



**Gridley Second Ward at All Church Tourney,
Salt Lake City, Utah 1967.**

**Back row - Gary Little, Reggie Dewsnup,
Steven Squires, Bruce Adams, John Borrow-
man, Vere Gardner. Front row - Jerry Henry,
Brent Little, Bill Brown, Michael Henry.**

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was back and forth. It remained close until the last part of the 4th quarter when we pulled ahead by about 10 points. The Mount Rose players were getting very frustrated as they saw their dreams vanishing. One of their best players committed an intentional very hard foul (on me) and then threatened the ref by flicking a towel in his face. Steve told him to back off and the player turned and threw a punch at Steve. He had picked the wrong guy. Steve responded with a hammer-like fist. I just watched as the guy landed on his back and didn't get up. Two more

big guys decided to join in. Well, we won the game as a team and Steve won the fight all by himself. Their three biggest guys were all laid out on the floor before the referees could get control and make Mount Rose forfeit a game they had already lost.

We did go to Salt Lake and represented ourselves well. We won some games (with no more fights), but lost to the team that took 2nd place.

Summer employment with the USDA

When I finished my active duty time, I returned to my home except for monthly meetings at McClelland. Since I had just finished active duty, I was not required to go to summer camp that year. That was good because that was the time for my school-supporting summer job. I had started working for them (at first it was the Cling Peach Advisory Board and later taken over by the US Department of Agriculture) my second summer after high school graduation. The decision that I did not have to go to summer camp was the first of many decisions that were made by the Air Force which excused me from summer camp training for all but one summer. The second year, they told me they could not authorize any more summer camps that year because they had run out of money. I celebrated that decision. That was important because I made a lot more money working in the peaches than I would have made in the summer camp, and I used this money to finish my education. For a majority of the years I was also excused from the monthly weekend training because I lived more than 100 miles from McClelland Air Force Base while at college in Chico. Later, my home base was moved to Travis Air Force Base in Fairfield which was even further away.

I continued to work in the summers as a peach inspector even after I started teaching. For most of the 24 years, I was a District Supervisor. I was designated by the United States Department of Agriculture (USDA) to be the state trainer as the department held yearly training meetings for peach growers in districts from Visalia to Yuba City. I credit my missionary experience as giving me the experience and ability to talk to groups as the reason I was selected as the one trainer from all of the groups from different parts of California. I spent a total of 24 summers as a peach inspector, supervisor, and trainer. It added some extra once-a-year income for our family that gave us something besides my teaching salary, which barely provided for the necessities. I only stopped working every summer in the peach harvest after I was hired to be the superintendent of the Corning Union High School District.

Glimpses of my coaching years

Francie's and my first few years together were filled with a variety of positive and productive activities. I taught Spanish at Gridley High School and coached basketball and baseball. I coached the JV baseball team the first year and then they asked me to coach the varsity the next year. My freshman basketball team in 1967-68 only lost one game and was undefeated in league and won the Westside League championship. The game we lost was when our leading scorer and rebounder had to sit out of the game with our toughest opponent because of a rule infraction. I felt the lesson learned by everyone was worth the loss. I was asked to coach the varsity basketball team the next year (1968-69). I spent the summer reading about 10 books from the Sutter County Library to get ready for the season. I knew we had good talent. The issue was to change the attitude and habits of the previous years. We took a very positive approach to support and correct the players. Reggie Dewsnap was my assistant and we worked well together. It really paid off well.

We lost our first game to Durham High School. They were a good team and very well coached. I got out-coached and out-prepared and we lost a game we should have won. I learned a lot that paid dividends for the rest of the year. I changed defenses and we got more disciplined.

The next challenge was to prepare for the "Number One" rated team in Northern California, Enterprise High School, with a very legitimate star player. They were a much larger

school than Gridley. That night we played excellent basketball and had a one-point lead with a little more than one minute to play. There were no shot clocks in that era. Unfortunately, we had not had enough practice time to prepare for that situation. I explained what I wanted them to do to use up the clock. Unfortunately, we did not execute quite well enough and they got the ball and scored and won the game. We did not lose another regular season game. The team worked hard on defense and then ran a devastating fast break where they were able to score a lot of points. We had a couple of really good outside shooters, great rebounders, every starter could really run the floor, and an attitude of getting the ball to whomever was open for a good shot. The spectators loved the fast-paced style and the results. Farmer's Hall was usually packed with fans.

We even survived two slow-down games where the opposing teams stalled almost the entire game even though we were always leading on the scoreboard. As I said earlier, in those days, there was no shot clock. We thought it was a great tribute to our players. Our players did not get frustrated or upset even though they were not able to score much because of the stalling by Paradise. Our players just waited for their chances and made the most of each one. We beat Paradise High School 13-10 in Paradise. In that game there was one quarter when our team only touched the ball one time in the entire quarter. Paradise's plan was to stall until the last couple of minutes and then play normal and win a two-minute game. With two minutes left, the score was 13-10 in our favor. I didn't want to risk the whole game, so I just instructed my players to do what Paradise had been doing for the rest of the game. We just worked to let the time expire. They were not able to score any points, so we won.

The next week, we played Orland in Orland. They copied Paradise's stall. In the third quarter, we never touched the ball one time. They stalled the entire quarter and took a desperation shot, falling down out of bounds, that almost hit a rafter and then dropped down directly through the hoop as time was expiring, for the score. Orland's plan was the same as Paradise's which was to wait until two minutes were left in the game and then to try to win a two-minute game. In both games we actually led the entire game while they were stalling. In the Orland game the score was, just like in Paradise, 13-10 with two minutes left in the game. This time, because we had already clinched first place in the league, I decided to play it differently. We played our normal game and out-scored Orland 13-0 during the last two minutes. It made it look like they were justified in stalling because of the way our team played in the last two minutes.

The rest of the regular season was a lot of fun. The kids had a season to remember for the rest of their lives. They won the WSL championship without a loss. The Gridley team was ranked at the end of the season by the sports writers in the Section as the "No. 1" team of any size (At that time they did not rank teams according to different sizes and classifications). Many old-time Gridley fans have told me through the years that the 1968-69 team was the most fun team to watch of all of the successful Bulldog teams.

Gridley sponsored an end-of-year tournament each year which attracted some of the best teams in Northern California. Even this year, Gridley was not expected to win a game in the tournament because of the tremendous talent of these large schools. The team played well and gained a lot of respect from the players and coaches from these schools. Several coaches told me afterwards how well our team played. Our team was not able to win, but played very well and got a lot of praise from these top-level teams. Francie became a big basketball fan during these two seasons.

My BYU experience

At the end of the school year, I decided to go back to BYU to get my master's degree in Spanish. I hoped that the move would open the door to teaching at a community college. My timing was bad. I got my master's degree just as the country was trying to meet minority hiring demands that were being made. Spanish speaking equality in hiring was emphasized. At the community college level, they did not have qualified Hispanics for teaching positions at that level. The only way they could do anything towards meeting the new requirements was to hire Spanish speaking people to teach their native language, Spanish. When I applied for jobs at these colleges, they were very open in telling me that they were going to hire a Hispanic for that position to help fill their required goals. Therefore, I returned to teaching at the high school level. However, the master's degree had other benefits which I knew nothing about at the time. The degree helped me in a couple of ways. The degree was beneficial as I sought to get my administrative credential.

After being accepted in the Spanish master's program at BYU, I received a letter from Stan Watts inviting me to be a graduate assistant coach in the basketball program at BYU. Stan was a Hall of Fame coach for BYU and still holds the record for most wins of all BYU basketball coaches. I was excited to work with Stan Watts and accepted the invitation. I was also offered a teaching assistantship in the Spanish department at BYU which I also accepted.

I spent two wonderful years at BYU. I did very well academically. Because of my other commitments, I spent two years getting my master's degree. We lived on 200 North, two blocks east of State Street in a duplex shared with Jan Henderson, his wife, Kerry, and two kids. Jan was a big BYU fan and used my extra seat (I didn't need the seat because I had a seat on the bench) to go to all of BYU's home games.



Picture: me, Jerry, Rich: While at BYU working on my master's degree and coaching, both of my brothers were also there attending school.

Although we were all busy with school and work, we did find times to do some things together. Here is a picture of the three of us while at BYU. It was fun having us all together.

I received my master's degree in Spanish with an emphasis in Golden Age Spanish literature in August of 1971. My thesis was a huge project entitled "The Don Juan theme in 20th Century Spanish Drama." It is 118 pages

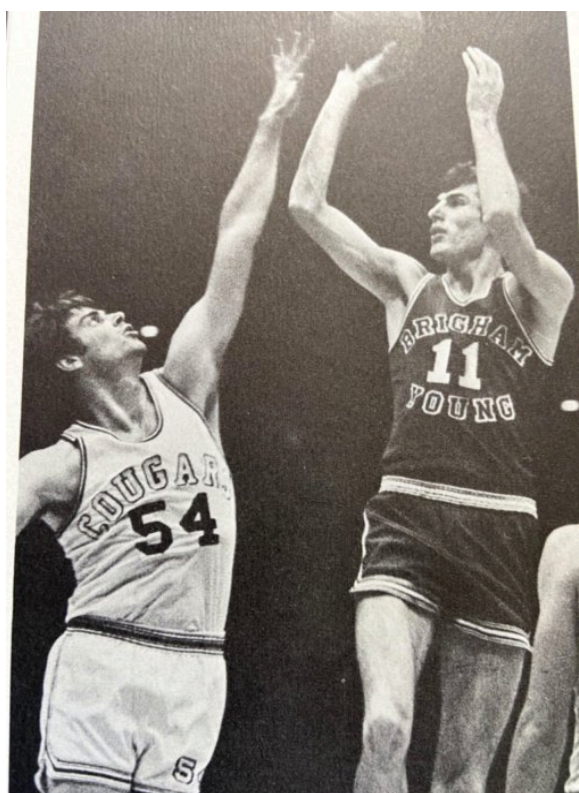
long and required months of research and composition and then the tedious task of typing it.

Together, we decided to type it in letter-perfect form instead of having correction-tape quality. It was done mostly by my wonderful wife, Francie. Instead of paying someone to type it, we decided to buy a good, used electrical IBM typewriter and type it ourselves. So, without the wonders of today's production tools, we typed it laboriously without any corrections. If one

letter was typed in error, we tore up that page. It was a tedious job and at times frustrating, especially when we hit the wrong typewriter key on one of the last lines of the page. It tested our commitment to perfection, but rewarded us with a great feeling of accomplishment when it was finished. It helped Francie know that she was a big part of the effort.

A difficult year for the varsity

1969–1970 was a difficult year for the BYU varsity basketball team because of racial disturbances where BYU became the target of protest which included a Molotov cocktail thrown down from the stands at Colorado State that went off right in front of the BYU bench, American flag burnings at our away games, and some very loud protests. The varsity overcame these difficulties and won some big games, but not enough to compete for the conference championship.



Our 1969-70 Freshman team was loaded with talent including 6'11" Kresimir Cosic (#11), a Yugoslavian who became a first team All-American. The picture on the right is from the varsity/frosh game to introduce the players. I am the coach in the middle right of the left photo.

Others who went on to star with Cosic (11) include, Kalevi Sarkalahti (#33) from Finland, and Geoff Brandt (behind #23) from Sacramento. Coach Leishman and I are in the middle. We did lose one game that year, but, I'm not sure how. The winning basket, a more than half court heave, was made by a player who had fouled out of the game but re-entered, unnoticed by the officials. Despite my pleading, with a very loud and rowdy Utah State home crowd, and the varsity teams ready to start, the officials had no interest in declaring the shot illegal.

A really good year for the varsity

In 1970–1971, the varsity team had added the excellent players from our freshman team of the previous year to their hold-over players from their previous team. They had a great year. It was really fun to watch them play. They defeated Utah in the last game of the year to win the WAC Championship. Cosic came on very strong and was named to the All-Conference team and as an honorable mention All-American.

The most negative thing about the year was the fact that Coach Watts was diagnosed with cancer. His health was up and down. Because of this, he wanted his assistant coach, Pete Witbeck, to be available at the games. He asked me to do some of the scouting of opponents that Pete usually did. This was a good learning experience for me.



Our 1970-71 freshman team was loaded again. We didn't have a Kresimir Cosic, but we had some other very talented players. Belmont Anderson (#22), Doug Richards (#24), Grig Clausen (#23), Clayton Christensen (#54), who later served in the Quorum of

70 after a very successful career in business and the author of the book [The Power of Everyday Missionaries](#), and several other good players contributed to the success of another one-loss team. I'm in the front row, right. Their best game was against Southern Idaho Junior College which was the National Junior College Champions that year. The only game Southern Idaho lost all year was to our BYU freshman team. I had scouted them when they thumped the Utah freshmen team two nights before and devised a defensive plan that worked really well. Our team's defensive effort almost shut out their star point guard.

I missed our only loss because Coach Watts sent me to scout another game between highly ranked New Mexico State and the league favorite, University of Texas, El Paso, for the varsity. What happened at that game I scouted is described below. The varsity played New Mexico State the next week and UTEP a little later. It was gratifying because the varsity was able to beat both teams. They shut down Tiny Archibald, the El Paso All-American and future NBA star point guard, because of things I observed in Las Cruces.

The experience of these two years was very educational for me. One great memory was the one mentioned above when Coach Watts asked me to travel to Las Cruces, New Mexico to scout two highly-ranked teams that BYU would play during the next two weeks. I flew to Denver and then to El Paso. I then rented a car and drove up to Las Cruces. This was a really important game between two highly ranked teams that were regional rivals where the field house was jammed full long before the game started. It was quite an experience where, because of a lack of seats in the press box (someone had failed to call and tell them I was coming), the New Mexico State official led me down and seated me with a chair and small table right on the playing floor opposite the score table. I was the only person seated on that side of the court and was very visible to all of the 15,000 spectators. As I sat there, I thought: "I bet a lot of people must think I am really important to be able to sit right here." I was allowed to sit there because of the wonderful way BYU always treated the scouts from opposing schools, not for anything I had done.

On the plane on the way to El Paso, I had met and spent some time talking to one of the WAC officials for the game I was going to see. He met his referee partner in El Paso and they drove up to Las Cruces together. After warmups, the teams were ready to start when the referee I had talked to on the plane ran from his position at the scoring table over to me and asked me a question. No one in the field house knew what he asked me. The truth is, he just asked me if the other referee could get a ride back to El Paso with me because he wanted to go to a bar after the game and his partner did not want to do that. I assured him that I could do that and he returned to start the game. The other official took the ball and lined the players up for the jump ball to start the game. Right before he stepped in to start the game, he, all of a sudden, turned and ran over to my table and handed me something. He said, "I forgot to take my watch off. Can you keep it for me? I'll get it back on the way home." He then went back to the center circle and started the game. The game was being televised and the broadcasters are always looking for someone to talk to at halftime to analyze the game. The TV broadcaster found out who I was, and since I was handy, they asked if I would be willing to be interviewed at halftime. I agreed, and at halftime, they had me come out to the center of the court in front of the TV cameras and had me give my analysis of the first half and predictions for the second half. (That was the only time I ever had that opportunity.)

Afterwards, I thought that there must have been a lot of people who would have seriously misjudged who I was or why even the referees had to clear things with me. The biggest lesson of that experience was that: "You cannot always be sure of something even if you saw it with your own eyes."

To put icing on the cake, BYU used my scouting report to put together a game plan that led them to upsetting the highly rated New Mexico State team the next week. About a week later, they beat Texas, El Paso when they used my suggestions on how to shut down their All-American point guard, Nate Archibald.

That spring and summer I really enjoyed playing fast-pitch softball again for our ward team in a city league in Orem. The team was successful and I felt like I played about as well as I ever had. I quickly developed a reputation, that as a 3rd baseman, no one wanted to try to bunt against me. That was because, in one of our first games, I had gambled and won. The batter had a reputation for his bunting ability, was very fast, and batted left handed which gave him a step or two advantage towards first base. I knew his reputation and baited him by playing back in the normal position. As the pitcher was getting ready to pitch, I started creeping forward. As the

pitcher released the ball, the batter had to have his eyes on him. I took advantage and was in a full sprint when the batter laid down a beautiful bunt right down the first-base line. Because of my sprint, I got to the ball very quickly, scooped it up and fired a side-armed strike to our first baseman. The runner was astonished when the ball got there when he was still two strides from the base. Word got around the league and even most of the spectators didn't realize why I had gotten there so quickly. For the rest of the season, we didn't have to worry a lot about the other team bunting, but I enjoyed keeping them guessing by giving them different defensive looks. I really enjoyed playing with the bunch of players from the Orem First Ward.

During the time that I was preparing for my master's exam, I attended a teaching job fair at BYU. Dan Patterson, the chairman of the Foreign Language Department in the Durango, Colorado School District interviewed me for a job teaching Spanish at Durango High School. He was not a member of the Church, but had come to BYU trying to hire someone who could come to Durango to teach Spanish and to prepare to take his position as chairman of the Foreign Language department. He really wanted me to come down to Durango for an interview.

Francie and I had driven through Durango the summer before and really liked the area. A former fellow student of mine at BYU, Sheldon Slade, lived close to Durango in Red Mesa. We accepted an invitation to have dinner with Sheldon and his wife at their ranch and felt very good about the area. Therefore, when the job came up, we decided that I should go down for the interview. Francie couldn't go because of her pregnancy and the two young boys.

When I went, Dan put a lot of pressure on me to sign a contract before I left town. I explained that I would not do that without speaking with Francie first. I also had to get back to Provo because I had my master's exam that Saturday. While in Durango, I spoke with an administrator about the basketball situation. He said that the basketball coach was leaving so they would have a need for a coach. He promised me that they would contact me if the coach actually left. So, I went back, took my exam, and discussed with Francie the opportunity. Dan had only given me a week to give him an answer. We decided to accept the offer and hope that things worked out for the coaching position because that was important to me. I never got any word about the coaching position.

We went home to Gridley so that I could work in the peaches and then went to Durango to start the new job. When I got there, everything looked good except that the basketball coach had left, but the school had given the job to an assistant basketball coach and head baseball coach. The athletic director wanted me to coach the sophomore basketball team and the varsity baseball team. I accepted both assignments even though it was not my first choice. I thought it was the thing I should do.

The sophomore basketball team went undefeated including a come-from-behind win in the last two minutes over the previously undefeated Farmington, New Mexico team, on their court. We had just lost our leading scorer for the year with a broken leg in a game at Cortez two days before that Farmington game. In one of the most exciting games of my life, the team rallied, without their season-long leader, with a late ferocious full-court press and outscored the other team 10-0 at the end of the game to win. The local sports editor of the newspaper gave our team a lot of coverage for the rest of the season.

I also coached the high school's varsity baseball team. We had an enjoyable season with some success. The biggest challenge was the long bus rides over the high passes between Durango and Grand Junction. We crossed three passes that were over 11,000 feet. Most of our league schools were north of the passes. When playing on the north side of the passes, we

would play Friday afternoon and then play another school at 10:00 a.m. on Saturday. We would then travel back over the passes late Saturday afternoon. An indicator of the difficulty is that we were caught in a snow storm while returning home after our last game of the season.

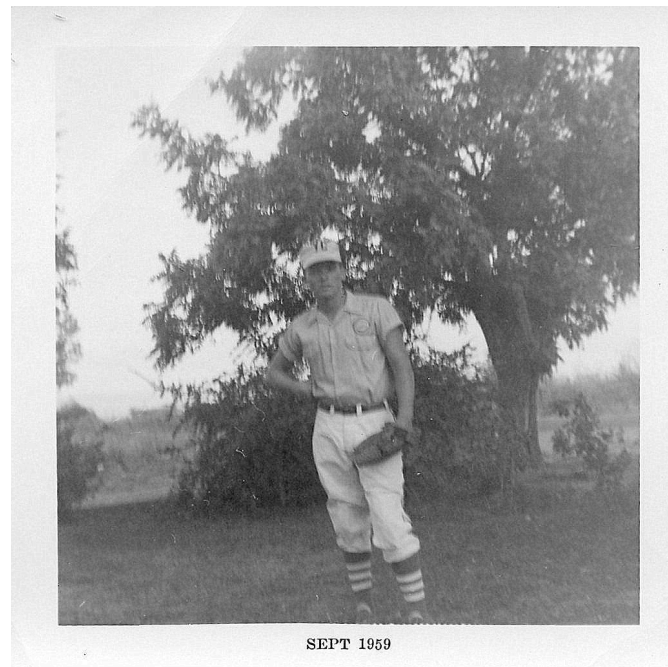
A tough, life-changing decision

At the end of the basketball season, after having received some really nice publicity from the paper and other sources, the basketball coach at Fort Lewis College in Durango asked for me to come up and talk to him about serving as an assistant coach to him. The Durango varsity coach was feeling pressure because they had not had a good season. He proposed some changes to my position which would have taken away my opportunity to coach my own team the way I wanted to coach. This was a very important crossroad in my life. I was hesitant about the Fort Lewis job because I recognized that they spent a lot of time on buses traveling over many states to play their schedule. I would have to be away from home on a lot of Sundays.

I had seriously considered making coaching basketball a huge part of my life. I had been blessed with outstanding players, had been able to develop them into very successful teams, and had enjoyed the excitement and stimulus that can come from success in the sport. The step up to the college level would provide a great opportunity to evaluate the opportunity to develop coaching basketball as a career. Staying at Durango High School did not appear to offer a very good opportunity in coaching basketball. The varsity coach seemed to be wanting to put me into a position where I was not a threat to his job. That position did not offer much to me. I

would need to consider the Fort Lewis position carefully. I did not want to accept something that would be harmful for my family. We left Durango to my summer job in Gridley with a lot of uncertainty and doubt.

A member of our ward in Durango, Brother Gallagher, had been a fast-pitch softball pitcher. When he heard that I was a fast-pitch player, he worked hard to get back in shape. He organized a team that spring, mostly from our ward, to play in the city fast-pitch league. I was in good shape and was able to demonstrate my skills. What most people didn't realize was that I loved to play mind games with the batter and often my success was more out-thinking the opposition and not just great defensive skills.



Fast-pitch softball was an important part of my younger life. I played on teams at/in Franklin Elementary School; Yuba City Ward; Yuba City city league; BYU; Orem, Utah; Durango, Colorado; and back to Yuba City city league. My strongest asset was playing defense at 3rd base.

Later in life, I switched to “slow-pitch” because “fast-pitch” was disappearing due to a lack of pitchers. I played on Church teams in Yuba City, and Gridley. We won many league and regional championships.

I also coached junior teams that won regional championships several times.



I played on the Durango ward’s basketball team during the winter in a city league.

Picture: Francie chats with me about the game we just played. Brad listens intently. We are all smiling, so it must have gone well.

One of my fellow teachers had a summer job as the head lifeguard at the city swimming pool. He offered me a job to help him by sharing the time at the pool. If I accepted, we could stay in Durango for the summer which would make things a lot easier than traveling back to Gridley to work in the peaches. The problem was that the swimming pool job paid \$1,000 for the summer and I usually earned about \$5,000 by working in the peaches. We prayerfully considered the options and decided that we really needed the extra money, so we would go to Gridley for the summer. While working in the peaches, Charlie Nelson, the superintendent/principal of Gridley High School, put a lot of pressure on me to come back to Gridley to teach and coach their basketball team. We loved Durango, but as described above, the job situation was not what we had hoped for. The deciding factor in our decision ended up being the physical condition of Francie’s dad. He had some critical physical problems. That made it tough on Francie. The end result was that we did decide to come back to Gridley. The tough part was then to make the move. We had just purchased a home in Durango. We had to sell the house and our jeep, find a place in Gridley, and go back and move our possessions from Durango before school started and in a very busy peach season. Somehow it all happened.

Then a very interesting thing happened. Up to that time, basketball coaching had been very good to me. My first team in Gridley, the freshman team, had only lost one game. The next year my varsity team had lost their first two games and then not lost another regular season game. They were league champions and rated #1 of all-sizes of schools in our section of California. The two years I helped coach the teams at BYU, our team only lost one game each year. Then my Durango team was undefeated. That was a total record of 95 wins and 5 losses. I had been blessed with good players and some help along the way.

After returning to Gridley, the players were not as good and the other help sometimes faltered. In the next three years, we always had a winning record, but we did not win any league championships and had mediocre years. After the first year, my two best returning players, who were brothers, moved to Utah because their father, who was a doctor and very active member of the Church, moved his practice to Utah. This depleted our talent greatly. We did win a lot of games, but nothing like my first five years. We did have a very exciting championship game against the highly ranked Colusa team when we beat them in a close and exciting game in the Pierce tournament in Arbuckle.

I think the Lord blessed me by giving me conditions which made it easier to give up coaching so I could dedicate myself more to my family, the Church, and to other parts of my life. I actually learned a lot about life in those last few years of challenge. An important thing that I learned was that I had probably given myself too much credit for the success during those first five years.



I remained very active in high school athletics for many years after retiring from actual coaching. I served on the Section Board of Directors for high school athletics for the three years I was an administrator at Gridley High School. I served as vice-principal/athletic director at Corning High School for two years when I took that job. Our teams at Corning were very successful. Two highlights were the seven consecutive Northern Section Championships won by the football teams (coached by Gary Burton) and the great overall year in 1985-86 with five section championships won by the boys' varsity squads (football, basketball, wrestling, baseball, and track). They put a lot of section championship plaques on the walls during those years including 10 football section championships.

I also served on the Westside League directors committee. Then I served on the Northern Section governing board for high school athletics for about twenty years. I served for two years as the Northern Section president. I received a golden pass for that service which allows me and a guest to be admitted into any high school athletic activity in the section for the rest of my life. When I retired, the section gave me another lifetime pass for any section game. Then the next year I was honored by the "California Interscholastic Federation" with a special award that included a plaque and a lifetime pass to any athletic competition for the entire state.

I had many friends from other high schools and we worked hard to make high school athletics a valuable part of our educational institutions. I often campaigned that if the athletic program does not have a direct connection to our academic program, then we should not have it as a part of our high school. It was not that I didn't want high schools to have athletic competition, it was that I wanted it connected to our other responsibilities and to benefit our athletes academically. It has saddened me to witness, over the last twenty years, more and more separation between the educational program of the high schools and the athletic departments. A majority of the coaches in many high schools are not teachers or connected

otherwise to the schools. Much of the educational advantages of athletics is slipping further and further away.

After my coaching years, I participated actively in Church and city league basketball and softball until I was about 64 years old when other Church responsibilities conflicted with the



games. We had some great Church basketball and slow-pitch softball teams in Gridley. Our senior basketball team was consistently the stake champions, and won the regional tournament on a regular basis. We participated in the area tournament, which included everything in California north of Los Angeles. We had a lot of success in that tournament. The foundation of that team was Bishop Gary Little, Darcy Wingo, Wayne Thomas, and myself. There were many others who came and went, but contributed a lot while they were there. Gary Little was one of five members selected to the all-area

tournament team one year and then I was selected another year. **I still think that Darcy Wingo should have been selected, instead of me.**



Our softball teams were also very successful. We won many stake and regional championships. I played 3rd base mostly, but also sometimes played shortstop on those teams. I was not a homerun hitter, but was known as an “in-the-gap line drive” hitter with a very high batting average. We had lots of fun and success.

The year I turned 50 years-old, I was invited to join a senior slow-pitch team from Corning that played in a good Red Bluff senior league. When they recruited me, I told them that I would love to play with them, but that I could not play on Sundays when they had weekend tournaments. They always wanted me to play on Friday and Saturdays anyway. They agreed to that, so I played a lot more ball. Since you had to be 50 years old to play in the senior league, it was fun to be the “young kid” again. It had been a while since I was viewed that way. We had

good success and won city league and tournament championships. I was awarded an award as the MVP at a tournament with this team. I continued to play until I was 64 years old. I only quit playing because of the conflict with bishop duties. At that point, I could still run, throw hard, hit, and play defense. I did discover after a few years that the adage: "Use it or lose it" is very true.

Some glimpses of Francie's and my life together



This VW Bug was my car during the year we dated and for several years after marriage. Francie had her own car, a nice Chevrolet Impala. They both served us well. This was the only Bug that I ever heard of that had air conditioning. It had been added by the previous owner and worked well. The VW worked well for my summer peach job for many years because I had to do a lot of traveling.

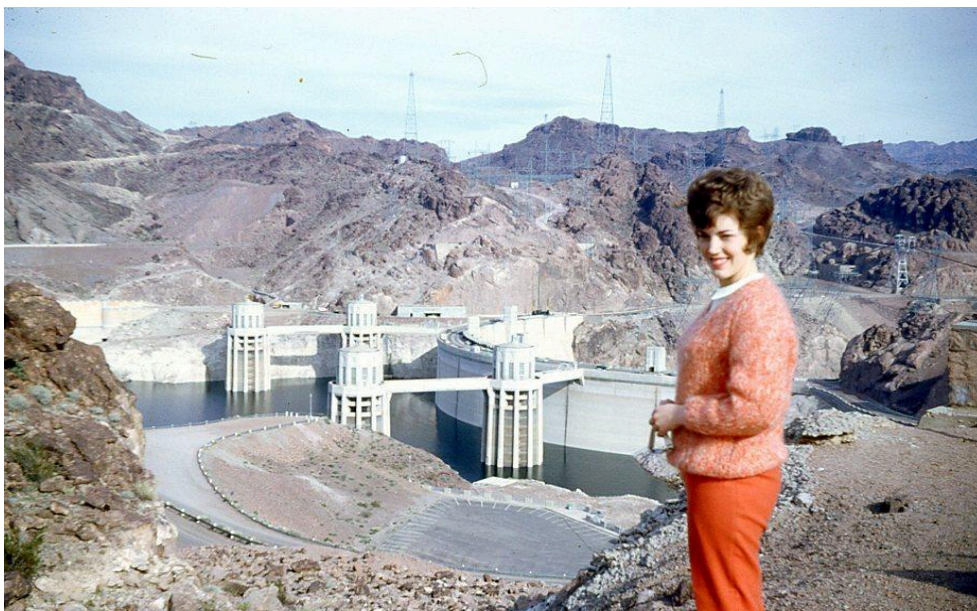
I was still in college when we got married. I had one more year until I would graduate and then another year to get my teaching credential. Francie had been working as the secretary for Mills Construction Company for about three years when we got married. She continued to work in order to support the family as I finished school. My only income was from my summer job. Things were tight, but the Lord blessed us and life was good. Mills Construction Company was owned by an ex-member of the stake presidency and most of the office workers were members of the Church, so it was a good environment for her in which to work. She continued to work until right before Russell was born. By then, I was employed by Gridley High School and my summer job carried us until I got my first teaching pay check.



At Gridley High School, I taught Spanish I, II, III, and IV. It was fun working with some great kids. I was able to establish a good environment in my classes where the students were learning and still having fun with a new language. I served as the chairman of the Foreign Language Department and was the adviser to the Spanish Club. We had some fun activities with the students. One really popular activity was a

Mexican dinner contest where the girls cooked Mexican dishes and the boys were the judges. I spent two good years teaching at Gridley while also coaching basketball and baseball (there is information about the coaching in another section.) When I returned to Gridley, I taught in an individualized math experiment for the first year and then returned to Spanish for the rest of my teaching time except one year when I also taught one class of chemistry. In the year 1980, I was hired as the vice-principal at Gridley High School where I served for three years before moving to Corning High School.

At some point (we believe at Easter vacation in 1966) Francie and I decided that before we had children, we would like to go to Arizona to visit relatives and check out my roots. Grandpa Henry was getting old and I really wanted to see him and the other relatives. We stayed with Grandma King one night, visited with Syble's family and other relatives, and then went to Mayer. On the way to Arizona, **we drove through Las Vegas and visited Hoover Dam.**



Grandpa Henry had married Ruth and they were living in Mayer.

I remember staying in a very old motel in Mayer and that my uncle, Delbert, also stayed there. We also visited with cousins and other relatives. We had a good visit with Grandpa Henry.



Note: Francie's big role in raising eight kids: I was hired by Gridley High School and called as a counselor to Bishop Richard McDowell in the same month (May of 1967). **Russell was then born on August 23, 1967.** With that, our life changed. Francie did return to Mills Construction on a part-time basis when Russell was about a year old. He would stay across the road with my sister, Johan, for a few hours while Francie earned extra money for our budget. He usually napped part of that time. That continued until right before **Erick was born on February 18, 1969.** Picture shows Francie and me with (L) Erick and (R) Russell at an outing in Utah.



During the children-rearing years, we were able to have Francie mostly stay at home as her full-time job. Eight kids definitely was more of a full-time job than anything I ever did. She was such a wonderful mother and so devoted to her responsibilities that it was a great comfort to me when I wasn't able to be there to help

rear the kids. The greatest part was that she loved it. She never, not one time, complained that I wasn't there enough to help her. I believe that she always felt that her time with the kids was worth it because of the effect it had on the family. She rarely even got any relief on Sundays. With my many callings and other responsibilities, she rarely had any help from me with the kids at Church meetings. I was usually on the stand and had extra meetings during the afternoons. Fortunately, some members of the ward, especially Letha Waters, would sit with our family to

help with the row of kids. Francie also was always involved with Church callings as well as her many home and family responsibilities.

My Church and school duties kept me very busy, but Francie would comment from time to time that when I wasn't home, she at least knew where I was. She indicated that some of her non-member friends had a lot of times when they were not sure where their husbands were. I



have always appreciated the fact that we both had complete trust in the other.

Francie always worked hard to be the kind of wife that she had always dreamed of being. She worked hard to develop more fully her skills to cook and to provide for me and her family. She always tried to have food that I would like and tried to have a dessert for every dinner. She was very successful in becoming an excellent cook which was not always to my physical shape's well-being. Especially in Corning, she has

developed a reputation as the "go-to provider" of the best food at church dinners and parties. If there are names on the dishes, her dish is always the first one to be emptied. Some people even ask Francie which dish she brought before they select what they will eat. Her cinnamon rolls, buttermilk brownies, congo squares, and brownie mallow bars are desserts that are legendary in our ward and even at stake events. Unfortunately for me, they are just as good to me and very difficult to resist. The grandkids also really love her cooking and especially her desserts. Young Phillip often asks if they can take whatever is left home with them.

One meal that never got eaten was a special chicken dinner that Francie had worked hard to prepare. It was during the week not too long after we were married, and Francie had programmed the oven in our apartment on Magnolia Street in Gridley to cook the meal while we were at work and college. When we got home, smoke was streaming out of an open window and as we opened the front door, we discovered the entire apartment was so heavy in smoke that it was hard to see anything. The oven had malfunctioned and the food was on fire. The chicken was burned to a crisp. If we hadn't gotten home when we did, there is a good chance that the apartment house would have burned down. We had to wash or dry clean most of our clothes and other household items. I'm not sure what we ate that night, but it sure wasn't chicken.

I felt badly for Francie. Fortunately, the newlywed wife was able to recover from that incident without too much discouragement and with thankfulness that we had gotten there in time to save the apartment.



I love this picture because to me it represents the love I have for all of my nieces and nephews. These two wonderful nieces, Kristin and Karen, are really special people who had a big impact on my life. It has been great to watch them, as well as the others, flourish so well in this life. Without Karen, my family history knowledge would be very little.

With my school job and my summer peach inspection job with the USDA, we were able to sustain ourselves financially, although there were not a lot of extras. We both continued to want Francie to be able to stay at home to teach and train our children. I wanted my children to have her wonderful influence upon them as much as

possible. Because of Francie's good sense, knowledge of finances, willingness to handle our finances with prudent care, and lack of extravagant wishes, we made it throughout our life while raising eight kids, putting all of them through college, sending all seven boys on missions, and dealing with all the other expenses associated with raising kids. Her financial upbringing and training as well as her willingness to sacrifice has been such a blessing in my life. Until most of the kids were gone from home, married, and on their own, things would have been very tough without Francie's influence on the purse strings.

Francie was also willing, if economically necessary, to take a job to help sustain us through temporary difficult economic times. Fortunately, she did not have to do this very much, especially when the children were at home. She continued to work at Mills Construction after we got married until I had my teaching credential and a teaching job. She quit working before Russell was born. As stated earlier, Francie accepted an invitation from Wilbur Mills to return to work temporarily after Russell was one year old. My sister, Johan, made that possible when she offered to watch him while Francie worked part time. She worked at Mills until right before Erick was born. She also did do some babysitting at our home. At one point in Gridley, she had quite a group of small children she would watch during the day, including the children of three different ministers.

Many years and kids later, she also worked as a sub in the elementary school offices and as an aide in special education, during the school hours for the kids, to help pay for missions and college for the other kids. She was able to find jobs where she only worked the hours when the younger kids were in school. Several of these jobs were initiated by the employer when they called Francie and asked her if she would like a job with them. This was true when Jared was old enough to go to school. She worked part time as an inspector of olives during the harvest season for a few years. Later, the chief business officer of Crane Mills in Corning, Dan McFall, called Francie out of the blue and asked her if she would consider coming to work in their office. She ended up accepting the opportunity and working half days, while Jared was in school, at their main office out near the truck stop for about five years. Fortunately, retirement has been good to us and we have sufficient to enjoy life. We hope it is enough that we never become a burden upon our children.

I should add that besides Francie's influence, our kids really helped also. They all understood the situation and were not demanding of a lot. They also were all excellent students and earned scholarships in order to help pay for college. Some of them earned enough from scholarships and summer jobs to come close to supporting themselves in college. Early in our marriage, I also taught some adult night classes of "English as a Foreign Language." All of these contributions really helped with the extras that are always there.

Francie turned out to be all that I needed and wished for as I worked hard to support the family and to serve in the Church. After four years in Gridley where she lived close to her parents and had their support when needed, she was very willing to seek more adventure as I elected to go back to school. We spent two wonderful years at BYU despite living on a very limited budget. We lived in a duplex in Orem on 200 North. Francie had the two young boys, Russell and Erick, to take care of and another one (Gregg) on the way during the second year. I wasn't home a lot because of my studies and my coaching responsibilities. I divided a large part of my time between the library, where I did most of my studying, and the field house, where the team practiced.

I believe that my coaching provided an exciting experience for Francie. She had seats for every home game and fell in love with BYU basketball. She was a great fan and had the opportunity to watch Kresimir Cosic and all the other great players perform from her good reserved seat. This was one of the greatest teams of all time for the fans of BYU. She had made a deal with our neighbor that he could use her extra ticket if his wife would watch our two boys during the games. That worked out well. She actually got to watch more home games than I did because one of my duties was to go up to the University of Utah on Thursdays and scout the team that BYU would play on Saturday. She got to watch BYU on those nights. This was a great opportunity for her to be involved in something in which I was very involved. She is still a strong BYU basketball fan today.

Next, we moved to Durango: Francie was very pregnant when we arrived in Durango. The bishop actually met us in our home on the day we arrived and were still moving in and called me to work in the YMMIA with the young men. We both had a good year in Durango. We had an old Willys Jeep 4X4 station wagon, a perfect fit for exploring the beautiful mountains and other areas around Durango with our boys. We both loved our adventures except for those occasions when the old jeep's electrical system didn't work and it would not start. We spent some anxious hours a long way from civilization praying and waiting for it to start. That was not Francie's favorite activity, so gratefully, the old jeep seemed to understand her fears and usually responded well when she was present.

Gregg was born on January 21, 1972. My dad and his second wife, Naomi, came to visit us soon after. Dad had loved the country around Durango years before when they had gone through the area.



They had come to see if they could find the right place to buy near where we lived. They stayed with us for about 3 months until they bought a ranch and a trailer house to place on it. They moved to the ranch which was about 20 miles from Durango near Ignacio. In October of 1971, our stake was split and the Durango Stake was formed. I was called as the stake superintendent of the YMMIA. I don't know how we kept up, but it was an exciting year. We had good friends.

An interesting side note is that on our first Sunday in Durango, there were, besides myself, five other young high priests who had just moved into the ward and were there for the first time that Sunday. We found out that the government had appointed a new BLM district chief for the Durango district and he brought most of the other new high priests to work for him. A month earlier, the new head varsity football coach, Ken Biegel, had moved in. He became our bishop shortly thereafter. His son, Rocky, was an infant while we were there. Rocky, years later, became an All-American linebacker for BYU. The real reason for the influx was obvious when, a few months later, the stake was divided. The only hesitation with the division had been the lack of qualified leaders in the new stake. The Lord took care of that issue, and as a result, the ward and new stake prospered.

One of our favorite family stories tells of an experience I had with Russell and Erick and our old Willys Jeep station wagon. The three of us had traveled out to see Dad and Naomi at their new ranch near Ignacio. Dad was really busy transforming the somewhat wild property into a producing ranch. I was out with Dad examining a new well he had had drilled. Russell came running up to us and announced that he had found a nice little cat. Grandpa quizzed him about the cat including what color it was. Russell responded that it was mostly black except for the white stripe along its back. Fortunately, the boys still smelled OK.

Things got more exciting on the way home. This is a true story that happened just as I describe. I decided to take a different road home that I had never travelled before. It went west from Dad's ranch until it hit the highway between Durango and Farmington, New Mexico. It had just been opened to service some new gas wells that had been developed along the way. The road was dirt and red clay and had not been graveled yet.

As we traveled west, I noticed a huge dark cloud that was approaching us from the west. It started looking worse as we continued and it became obvious that it was starting to rain up ahead. The first drops started hitting us and they were followed by a downpour. We were driving a four-wheel-drive, but the road was quickly getting slick. Our jeep had big wide rear tires, and I quickly learned that they were not very good in the slick mud. I turned around and started back out the way we came to try to get ahead of the rain. Unfortunately, not knowing the road, I missed one turn that I should have taken, which slowed our retreat and increased the slickness of the road. I turned around and found the correct road and turned east towards the older graveled road. We reached a hill with a significant climb and started up it. The road was slick with very wet red clay, and despite the four-wheel-drive, the wheels were slipping to the point that I could not control the direction the jeep was going. There was a shallow drain ditch at the side of the road and eventually we ended up in the shallow ditch. The jeep would move forward or backwards, but would not climb out of the ditch because of the slickness of the wet red clay. I finally stopped, got out and put sagebrush in front of the tires to give the tires some traction. That didn't work. I tried everything I knew to get out. The rain continued, but harder now. Discouraged, I crawled back into the jeep, soaked and muddy.

Finally, I gave up on my efforts and decided to pray. I gave a prayer and then tried again with no success. The boys, who were five and three years old, said that we should pray again

and that all three of us would pray this time. So, Erick started and prayed that the rain would stop. Amazingly, before he could say “amen,” the rain stopped. But that wasn’t enough because the road was still slick. Russell said that he would give “his bestest prayer.” He then prayed and he prayed that Heavenly Father would help us get out of the ditch. I then gave my prayer, feeling a little inadequate after their prayers. As I prayed, I heard a steady sound of a vehicle coming up behind us. We saw that it was a gas field worker in a work truck with special tires equipped to deal with the muddy, slick road. The driver reached us and stopped and offered help. We gladly accepted his offer. He hooked us up with a strap designed for the task. He then pulled us out and kept pulling until we got to the graveled road. We thanked him profusely and he went on his way.

As we started for home, I was overwhelmed with thanksgiving and decided that I would follow up with a family discussion about how Heavenly Father had really helped us. First, I said, “Wasn’t it wonderful that Heavenly Father stopped the rain when Erick asked Him to.” They both agreed that it was wonderful. I then asked about the help that Heavenly Father gave us so that we could get back on the good road. Russell looked confused and hesitated answering. When he did, he said, “Yeah, Heavenly Father helped us a little bit, but that guy in the truck helped us a whole bunch!”

Back to Gridley: Because of what happened in Gridley that summer, we left Durango and returned to Gridley. The only thing that really bothered us about leaving Durango, besides leaving the beautiful country and wonderful members, was the way that we had deserted Dad and Naomi. I felt that I had let them down by moving. Later, in talking to them, I found out that they had already decided to sell the ranch and accept a position of overseeing a Church-owned ranch in Tahlequah, Oklahoma, because Naomi really didn’t like living so far out of town all by themselves. My brother, Richard, who lived in the Tulsa, Oklahoma Stake to which the ranch belonged, had encouraged Dad to apply for the job at the ranch. They didn’t feel like we had abandoned them. In fact, it made it easier for them to leave when we decided to leave. They left the Durango area about the same time we did. Dad and Naomi worked for the ranch in Tahlequah for several years before moving back to Yuba City.

When we arrived in Gridley, we were able to buy an older home at 465 California Street for a very reasonable price. The house ended up needing a lot of work and I spent my whole Christmas vacation remodeling the bathroom and taking care of some other needs to make the house more comfortable. I stabbed myself deeply in the arm when the cutting tool I was using to cut the wall paneling slipped and punctured my arm. (The wall paneling is shown in a picture on the next page.) Doctor Thomas actually came to my home to treat me.

In Gridley, Francie and I were both very involved in Church callings. After serving in the stake YMMIA superintendency with Hugo Jenkins for about 6 months, I was called to be the first “stake director of the Aaronic Priesthood program”. The name was eventually changed to “stake Young Men program” and my position to “president.” It was a new program and replaced the old YMMIA. As the director of this program, I served on the high council. In June of 1973, I attended the last June auxiliary conference in Salt Lake. We were taught about the new program and how to implement it.

I spent five years in this calling and it was a great learning experience. I spent the major part of the rest of my life implementing, administrating, and adjusting this great program.

Our family continued to expand. Francie and I both wanted a girl after three boys. We got our wish **on Sept. 29, 1973, when Sandee Kaye Henry was born.** Life was good. Sandee was the only girl we got out of our eight children, but she made up for it by being such a wonderful daughter and sister.

Two years later **on November 16, 1975, Bradley Richard Henry joined the family.** He was a delight. Things continued to be good. Francie felt that there were more waiting for us. As usual, she was right.

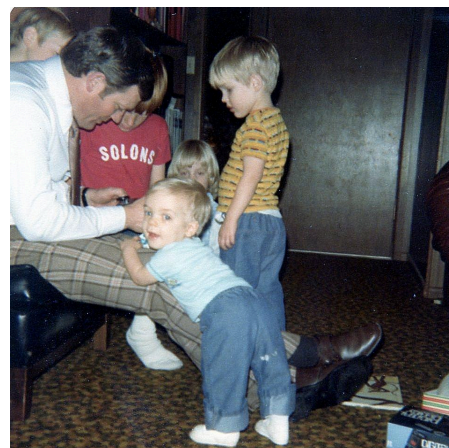


The picture shows a tub full of trouble. Gregg is at the left, then Erick, Sandee, Brad, and Russell. The wallboard looks good except for the blood on it (story on previous page).

In January of 1976, I was called to take my brother Jerry's place as seminary teacher because he had been called as the bishop of the Gridley 2nd Ward. I finished the year for him and for the first time, really got involved in the Old Testament, the topic for the year. It was the most spiritually uplifting experience that I had ever had. Later, I always felt that it

was the experience I needed to be ready to be a bishop. That came seven months later when, in January of 1977, I was called to be the bishop of the Gridley 1st Ward. I served there for five years. During most of that time, I got to serve right next door to the office of the other Bishop Henry. We looked enough alike at that time that some of the older sisters would give their tithing envelopes to the wrong Bishop Henry. It happened enough that we finally decided that we would just thank them and pass the tithing on to the right bishop.

During that time, Francie's feelings were confirmed and **on Feb. 9, 1978, Brett Douglas Henry** was born at the Gridley Hospital. It was the first time that the hospital allowed the husband to be in the delivery room. The only real problem with his birth was that it was really hot in the delivery room. The combination of my first exposure to all the elements of the birth and the heat caused me to almost pass out. Mom and Brett did fine, it was his dad who had a problem.



Eleven days after Brett's birth, we moved from California Street out to 453 Macedo Avenue. That was a terribly difficult move for Francie since she was still recovering from Brett's birth. The ward was wonderful and we had many, many people there to help us move with lots of pickups and trailers. The help made it more difficult for Francie, because she couldn't keep up with preparation. So, things just got thrown into boxes, loaded on a truck and sent out to the new house. I had asked Russell, then ten years old, to be at the new house and help people know where to put things as they were delivered. The poor kid. That was an impossible job because of the speed in which things were being moved. Eventually, we just told them to stack everything in the family room. There was no order in which they were stacked, so the things that were needed right away may have been buried way down in the back. Sorting it all out was not what Francie needed right after giving birth.



Then on **May 7, 1979, David Peterson Henry** was born in the same hospital. After my experience with Brett, I elected to not be in the delivery room. That was a blessing because there were some problems with his birth. The cord was wrapped around his neck and he came out with the whites of his eyes being bright red and with a jaundiced look. The doctors were able to take care of the cord and he recovered quickly. He did need some special attention for the jaundice.

Every child has been a great blessing to us and brought us much joy.

The Lord has helped us afford them and to care for them, so Francie was always right. (Add Jared to make the picture complete.)



I was released from my calling as bishop in January 1982 after serving for five years. My brother-in-law, Lenard Jensen, was called to take my place. I was called to take Lenard's position as stake executive secretary. I served in that position until July 1983 when we were preparing to move to Corning so that I could begin my new job at Corning High School.

The move to Corning High School proved to be a very good move for me, despite the fact that it was a lateral move, vice-principal to vice-principal. The vision given to me by Bud Gott, the superintendent of the Corning High School District, became a fact when he retired two years

later and I was selected to be the new superintendent/principal. Bud had been the superintendent/principal at Corning High for 22 years and intended to retire in two or three more years. He had decided because of several things that had happened in our relationship between schools that he would like for me to take his place when he retired.

The Lord's hand was in Bud's decision. The deciding factor happened at a basketball game in Gridley. Some boys from Gridley had gotten very rowdy and, among other things, had thrown dead blackbirds, dipped in red paint (Corning colors), on the floor during the game. Corning was winning and it would mean that they would be the league champions after Gridley had gone undefeated in league for five straight years under the tutelage of my very good friend, Darcy Wingo, who had left Gridley to coach in Southern California. I had to deal with the rowdies. I felt badly and decided we needed to do something to soothe the relationship with our league competitors. I was prompted, with 30 seconds left on the clock and the game out-of-hand, to ask our coach to call time out. I took the microphone and congratulated the Corning team on dethroning Gridley and becoming the new league champions. I also praised the five-year streak accomplished by Gridley. Bud Gott was very high on good sportsmanship and doing things the right way. He was very impressed with the way I had handled a very difficult situation. What was a bad night for me, turned into an opportunity to cause Bud to convince me to make the move to Corning. This move led to some real blessings from above.

While waiting for Bud's retirement, I replaced the retiring long-time teacher/vice-principal/athletic director, Bob Tomlinson. I served for the first two years as the vice-principal/athletic director. On December 26, 1984, I was appointed as the assistant superintendent and was selected by the board to be the new superintendent/principal effective July 1, 1985.

In the spring of 1985, we decided to take the kids to Disneyland. We left on April 6th, and traveled through Oakland so that the kids could see the Oakland Temple. We traveled down the beautiful coast on Highway 1. It was a slow trip because of the winding road and its effect on a couple of the kids. We took a side trip to see the Santa Barbara mission. We stayed in Ventura and attended the Sunday morning session of general conference there. Then we drove through Hollywood and Beverly Hills, around the campus for UCLA, and the Los Angeles Temple on the way. We went to Disneyland on April 8th. The family really enjoyed Disneyland. We entered Disneyland again the next day on our twentieth anniversary (April 9, 1985). Disneyland was celebrating thirty years since they opened and were giving away prizes to some people who entered the turnstile at the right time. As Francie went through the turnstile, bells began to ring and workers came running over and gave her two very large stuffed Mickey and Minnie dolls. They took her picture along with other winners for the paper and other advertisements. A young girl won a car which Francie may have preferred, but the dolls have been treasured for their memories and are still in nice shape and have had much care and loving over the years by kids and grandkids.

Two years later on April 11, 1987, we headed to Disneyland again with everyone except Russell who was on his mission. We had another wonderful time at Disneyland, but getting there presented a problem. We were in our first Suburban and headed south on I-5 south of the Tracy turnoff, with Erick driving, when all of sudden we had a cloud of steam coming out of the front of the vehicle. He pulled off the road and I lifted the hood and the radiator was boiling over. I was trying to figure out what we could do. Interstate 5 was new at that time and there were no towns for many miles.



David (our youngest at the time) told the kids that they needed to pray and led the group over by the fence where they did pray. As they prayed, I continued to stare blankly at the engine without a clue. All of a sudden, someone tapped me on the shoulder (I had not seen him stop) and asked if we needed help.

Picture: Steve Lasker fixing our car

Note: That was the first of two very timely and fortunate “shoulder taps” that have occurred in my life at a time when I really needed help. The other time was in the Jordan River Temple when Gregg

was going to receive his endowment before entering the Mission Training Center on the next day. The details will come later.

I responded to the man’s question with a “yes,” but was not at all sure that he would be able to be that much help. It turned out, however, that he was very much the person we needed. His name was Steve Lasker. He was a mechanic from Live Oak. He was also traveling to Anaheim. He analyzed our problem as needing a new thermostat, had the tools to work on the vehicle, and (believe it or not) had the right thermostat in his pickup to replace our bad one (he carried the thermostat because his Chevrolet pickup used the same one). He replaced the thermostat for us and wouldn’t accept any money except enough to buy a new thermostat. He had water in his pickup to get us to the next rest stop and then followed us all the way to Anaheim to make sure we made it. I think he stopped because he had seen all our kids having a prayer. That day we had an angel visit us. We later sent that angel and his wife a gift certificate to a restaurant as a way to say thank you.

We had planned the trip in order to visit my relatives in Arizona and decided to include Disneyland as a side trip. That was also a very fun day, but without any fun Mickey and Minnie dolls. After a long day at the park, we traveled to Indio and stayed in a motel. The next day we traveled to Mayer, Arizona, where Demia and Johnny lived in what was, a long time ago, a stage coach station. Dad and Naomi, the Lenard and Johan Jensen family, the Richard Henry family, and many of the Henry relatives were there. That night we stayed at an old motel in Mayer. Len and Johan’s family and Delbert and Bobbie and Brian were also there.

The next day, we went back out to Demia’s place and had a family reunion. Jerry and Myrna had flown in the night before and Dad and Richard picked them up. I remember that Johnny and Demia and their boys, Johnny and Tommy, and their wives and children were there. Also, there were Dahlia and Gene and their son, Chuck, and his wife. Chuck’s family was living in Mayer on past the old stage coach station where Demia and Johnny now lived. Some other Henry relatives also showed up for the reunion on that day.

The next morning, we traveled down to Buckeye for a King Family reunion. It was great to see a lot of family members who showed up for that reunion. That evening we traveled back to Mayer for the night before leaving to go to the Grand Canyon. From there, we traveled home through Southern Utah.

A few years later, Brett and David went with the Corning High Band to perform in the Disneyland parade. Francie and I and Jared also went. We drove the school Suburban pulling the

band trailer behind. All three trips to Disneyland were enjoyed by all. The band marched in the evening parade through Disneyland and represented Corning High School very well.

In the fall of 1987, we realized that we were being sent one more child to raise and bless our family. We had not expected this one. On **March 29, 1988, Jared Shawn Henry was born** in Enloe Hospital in Chico. He turned out to be one of the best surprises we ever received.

In December of 1987, we decided to purchase a home in Corning. We bought our long-time home at 5132 Houghton Ave. There were 3 acres, some young almond trees, a pool, hot tub, and lots of room for our children to enjoy. Ponderosa pine trees lined the driveway and front yard area. The trees are all tall and old now and we have added some things. It has been a great place to raise kids.



I served as the superintendent/principal of the Corning Union High School District until the school board decided to divide the position because of the growth of the district and because of the need for the superintendent to concentrate on the construction and reconstruction projects needed to bring the school up to meet the needs for repairs and growth issues. I then served for six years as the superintendent of the district. I was also hired by the Tehama County Regional Occupation Program as a consultant to run the county program in July of 2002. I continued working with Corning High School in the ROP position for four more years after retiring from the school district. The retirement from the ROP was so that we could accept a calling as a missionary couple to Brazil. My family had grown tremendously in the twenty-four

years that I worked for and with the Corning Union High School District. All eight kids attended and graduated from Corning High School. All the boys, except Jared, had served missions and had married in the temple. They were all doing well in most all ways. Sandee had graduated from BYU and married a returned missionary, Raymond Poff, in the Oakland Temple. All eight of the children performed very well in school. Seven of them were either valedictorians or salutatorians of their classes and the other was third in his class. All eight of them received scholarships for college. These really helped with the expenses of a college education.

Because of my professional duties, Francie and I had many opportunities to enjoy each other's company in a variety of ways. During my time as a supervisor for the USDA peach inspection, I traveled to pre-season training conferences in the San Joaquin Valley. Francie was able to go with me and we became acquainted with many places and many good people. We also had an end-of-year conference for all of the supervisors in the state. These were usually held in a place like South Lake Tahoe and were always a good bonus for the two of us. As the superintendent of the school district, I was required to attend at least a couple of educational conferences each year. These were held in wonderful places around California and Nevada. Francie was able to go with me to many of these sites and we always had the evenings when we could enjoy many fun places and activities.

Church Service Opportunities

The reader can find events and dates of important items in the session entitled "Timeline of Significant Events and Church Service" that follows. I served continually in different callings in the Church. Service was just a part of who I had become. You will find, below, a list of most of the callings where I have served during a lifetime filled with special blessings from our Heavenly Father. The combination of Church service callings, a total of three missions covering six years, temple service, teaching high school, administering in high schools, coaching two sports, 24 years of summer work with the USDA, and all the odd jobs I had to pay for my education, have created a lifetime of joy and satisfaction as well as rewards. Those came in physical, monetary, spiritual, and personal forms. Many of these rewards were enjoyed by the family. I thank my Heavenly Father and all His helpers who have blessed me in so many ways during a wonderful lifetime. I will never be able to repay Him sufficiently.

Work with the Young Men and Young Women

Almost every calling I have had in the Church has had a lot to do with the youth. I have always loved working with the youth. I have always believed that my professional work in high schools really helped me to deal with the Church youth in several ways that seemed to help us connect. I served as the ward superintendent or president of the Young Men Mutual Improvement Association in the Durango, Yuba City 1st, and Gridley 1st wards. I served as the stake superintendent of YMMIA of the Durango Stake and as a counselor of the YMMIA in the Gridley Stake. When the program was changed to the stake Aaronic Priesthood program, I served as the first director of the Gridley Stake Aaronic Priesthood program (The name director was changed to president while I served in that position) for five years. I then served as the bishop of the Gridley 1st Ward and took very seriously the teaching that my main responsibility was with the youth. We had a great group of youth in the ward. Bob Scott was one of my counselors, but after a few months, I decided that I needed my best boys-man in the Young

Men. I released a great counselor so that we could use those talents with the Young Men. The move proved to be a very good one. He excelled in the calling and we sent off almost all the boys on missions. We discovered the Sierra Buttes Forest Service lookout and the Lakes Basin campground nearby. My new counselor, Bruce Bowling, was a pilot and rented an airplane and took me up so that we could check out the area. We flew right over the top of the lookout and I was sold on the location. We had many outings there and later I introduced the Corning Ward and Anderson Stake to the area and enjoyed going there for our summer outings for many years. It is still one of my favorite places in the world. Last week, August 14, 2020, I climbed the Sierra Buttes one more time. The experience still fascinates me.

When we moved to Corning, within two weeks of arriving, I was called as the president of the Young Men (the name had changed again, but the calling was the same). We were able to start some summer camp traditions which have continued on until today. The Lakes Basin area and the Sierra Buttes were our most frequent camping area. We developed some great love for our young men on these outings.

Stake Presidency:

The following is a quote about my time serving in the stake presidency. The quote is from "Addendum #7" at the end of this publication. *****

"In June of 1988, I was called to serve as the first counselor to President Verlund Spencer who was called to replace President Ericson as the second stake president of the Anderson California Stake. Douglas Pryde was called to serve as the second counselor and the three of us spent nine wonderful years serving together. These two brethren became my best friends as we met each Sunday morning at 6:00 a.m. and traveled together to all of the wards and to other locations for regional meetings. I learned so much from these spiritual giants. During this time, I made great friends throughout the stake as we worshipped with and taught and mingled with so many wonderful people. We always loved the association with the saints throughout the stake. Our favorite visit was usually when we traveled up to the Fall River Ward and it wasn't just because they fed us, but that didn't hurt."

Many good things happened in our family while I served in the stake presidency.

During that time, Russell returned from his mission to Mexico in August of 1988, three sons, Erick (Kentucky Louisville June 1988 - 1990), Gregg (Brazil São Paulo South, Aug, 1991 - 1993), and Bradley, (Texas Fort Worth, May 1994 - May 1996) served missions, and Brett left for his mission (Chile Santiago South) on June 4, 1997. Russell married Laura Brown on August 11, 1990 in the Boise Temple, Sandee married Raymond Poff on Dec. 18, 1993 in the Oakland Temple, and Erick married Camille Lubeck on Aug. 4, 1995 in the Salt Lake Temple during these same years. Gregg married Crystal Stone on June 27, 1997 in the Oakland Temple a week after we were released. Jared was born on March 29, 1988, just a few months before we were called.



Those nine years were very gratifying. I had many opportunities to give talks to the members of the stake and I received a lot of really nice feedback. President Spencer provided great leadership for the stake, and President Pryde and I tried to sustain his actions and support the ward leaders in every way we could. I worked with the youth programs. I made it a goal to remember the names of all of the young men in the stake that were active. The ability to call them by name really helped me establish a good relationship with them. We enjoyed a lot of really good stake activities with the young men and the young women. We had good presidencies for both the stake Young Women and the stake Young Men. I enjoyed working with them.

Gregg's entry to the temple in preparation for the MTC created another miracle. Our normal steps were to take our prospective missionary to the Oakland Temple for his endowment and then to the Salt Lake Temple the day before he entered the MTC. Because the Oakland Temple was temporarily closed for renovation, **we decided to take Gregg to the Jordan River Temple** the day before his entry into the MTC. We arrived at the temple just a few minutes before our appointment time. As Gregg was being admitted with his recommend, it



occurred to me, just as I was taking out my wallet, that my recommend had just expired. In the rush of the preparation, I had forgotten to renew it, even though I was serving in the stake presidency. My stomach jumped into my mouth. What was I going to do? Just then, someone tapped me on the shoulder. I turned and it was President Wray who had just been released as the mission president of the Roseville Mission (our home mission). President Wray asked how I was doing and I replied that I wasn't doing very well right then. I then explained why. He then responded that he thought he could help me. He had just met with us as a presidency within the last week. He knew me well from the meetings we had together. He told me that he had just been called as the recorder to the Jordan River Temple and that he had the authority to issue me a one-day recommend for the temple which he pulled out and did.

Was that an accident? President Wray was the only person in the entire state of Utah that had a reason to approve me for a temporary recommend. He just happened to be in the right place to see me? He had just happened to have met with me the previous week? He just happened to be there to tap me on the shoulder? He had just happened to be given the authority to approve my entrance? I will never believe that it just happened. It was not a coincidence. The Lord knew me and was willing to fix my error. It was one of many "tender mercies" I have received during my life.

Besides the missions and marriages mentioned above, David joined Brett on the west coast of South America when he went to the Peru Lima South Mission in June of 1998. Brett was

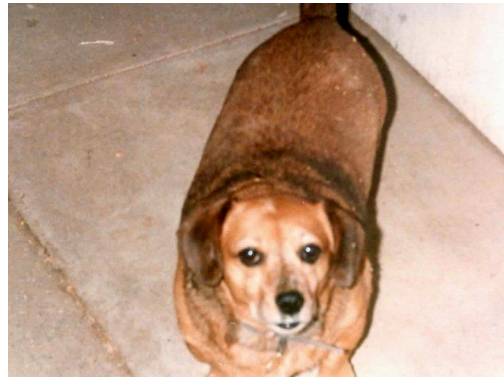
servicing in Chile at the time. Jared went to the Mission Training Center at the end of May of 2007 to prepare for his mission to the Mozambique Maputo Mission. Francie and I joined him in the MTC for one week on June 11, 2007 as we prepared to go to the Brazil Florianópolis Mission. All three of us were speaking Portuguese. We had the chance to talk to him at lunchtimes and had a picture taken by someone which ended up being really blurry and unusable. Being in the MTC with your child was very unusual and we regret not getting a good picture.

Second and third chances in certain Church callings:

After being released from the stake presidency, the new stake president, President Edwards, called me to serve as the stake Young Men president. This was one of three times that I served in this position and represents some of my fondest memories. I always enjoyed the association with the young men and young women of the stake. I made some great youth and adult friends in our many outings.

A year later on July 12, 1998, I received a second chance as a bishop when I was called to serve as the bishop of the Corning Ward. The youth groups at the time we were called had some problems. We, as a bishopric, made it a priority to turn things around.

Grandpa Henry being helpful, as usual.



Our all-time favorite dog, Hot Dog.



Left: Amy and Evan with our other all-time favorite dog, Fletch.



Our home on Houghton Ave. right after we bought it. The gold color just didn't work. We changed the colors and it really helped. Notice the size of our almond trees.

Lots of ward activities happened here when the Church building was going through extensive renovations and was unavailable during the weekdays.



Bill Cranston and Bill Skousen were my counselors. Bill Skousen was assigned to the youth and worked very hard. He was a great leader of the youth. Our ward developed a great group of youth and they jelled into a wonderful

blessing in the lives of the ward members. The Cranstons moved to Idaho and Scott Davis was a really good replacement. All three of us had sons in the Young Men and they worked very well together. I was blessed with some great leaders to assist with the ward. We enjoyed some nice growth with both baptisms and move-ins. It was a wonderful five and one-half years with the ward and also with the family. I felt really good about the support I received from the members.

My family was totally supportive of me as I served as bishop in the Corning Ward.

Larisa Call and Maren O'Dell were the Relief Society presidents during this time. When Sister Call was called to be the seminary



teacher, I issued a call to Sister O'Dell to be the Relief Society president. Both sisters provided tremendous help for our ward. Those two callings and the priesthood leadership callings are so important to a bishop being able to do his job. I was very fortunate to have excellent help from many sisters and brethren in so many positions.

Our ward Young Men provided some great memories in several wonderful settings in the mountains. **Picture: Camp skit starring Joe Turner as King Noah with an A&W crown.** Besides all of the other activities, they formed a young men's choir and sang at different events including the regional youth conference in the Eureka area where they were a big hit.



I was released as bishop after five and one-half years and was immediately called to work with President Gordon Yates in the Anderson Stake Young Men presidency and then called to be the president when Gordon Yates was called as the new stake president. During the next year and one-half we worked hard to develop the first pioneer handcart trek of the Anderson Stake. I was very much involved in finding a wonderful site, with the help of Bishop Clark from the Fall River Ward, for the trek in the Adin area, as well as with the organization of the activities. It was scheduled for June 2007. The timing was not perfect, however, for me. Two weeks before the trek (June 11, 2007), Francie and I entered the MTC to prepare for our mission to the Brazil Florianópolis Mission.

After returning from Brazil (May 11, 2009), I was called to the stake high council which later evolved into also serving, once again, as the stake Young Men president. Bill Skousen and I worked together in this calling along with Daniel Boone, with whom I had served several times. We had a lot of activities for the young men.

In the Spring of 2010, President Edwards asked me to represent the stake at the training session on Scouting that was held at the Philmont Scout Ranch near Cimarron, New Mexico. I was very happy to accept the invitation. I had often thought that I would love to attend that training in such a wonderful location. I had not had the opportunity to attend previously, mostly because of my work commitments. Francie and I had a wonderful vacation with the bonus of having great training in such a lovely atmosphere.

We left immediately after serving in the temple on June 22nd. We stayed at the Shady Rest Motel in Winnemucca that night. We drove to South Jordan, UT and visited with Erick and Camille and family. We then drove down to Orem and went to the largest Scout store in the world to buy some supplies we needed for the stake. We then drove to Spanish Fork and had a family get-together at David and Kara's home. We then spent the night at Russ and Laura's

home. The next morning, we started our drive to Philmont. We enjoyed a beautiful ride through southern Utah. We drove through Manti, saw the temple, and had lunch at a small café in Torrey. We then drove through the gorgeous Glen Canyon, went through Blanding, and visited the old fort and museum at Bluff where we watched a video about the “Hole in the Wall” expedition to Bluff. We then drove on through Montezuma Creek and up to Monticello and then over to Cortez, Colorado. We didn’t have time to visit Mesa Verde on that trip, so we drove through Durango with a short excursion to see our old home and other sites. We then went out to Dad and Naomi’s old ranch and then on to Ignacio and ate lunch in Bayfield. We then drove over the beautiful Wolf Creek Pass and on to Alamosa where we ate at a very nice Mexican restaurant and spent the night at the Lamplighter motel. We made a point of driving through some very small towns in the San Luis Valley. We drove through La Jara, Sanford, Manassa, San Luis, and Romeo. Most of these were settled by members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and there is still evidence of a strong presence there.

We then drove on the Taos, N.M., and enjoyed a little gift shop where we bought a few items. We then ate lunch at the Eagle Nest and drove on to Cimarron. After stopping to buy Francie some western clothes at a second-hand store, we went to the ranch and checked in.

We enjoyed the association with other Scout leaders from many places in the United States and the general Church officers who were there to help us learn. We had training



sessions throughout the week, but also had time to associate with the other leaders and visit other attractions at the ranch. We had the chance to have some time to speak with the representatives from the general Church leadership. I had a very nice opportunity to spend more than an hour with David Beck, the general Young Men president in a relaxed setting as we enjoyed the western theme parade. I enjoyed having Francie there to feel a part of the training I was receiving. They also had some special classes and training for the wives that she really enjoyed.

After a nice breakfast on the 2nd, we left to return home. Again, we enjoyed each other’s companionship. We had a safe and nice trip home.

A look at my appointment calendar for that time indicates that I was keeping very busy with Church duties. An example: From June 20-25, 2011, we held our stake Aaronic Priesthood camp. Stake conference was that weekend, June 25-26. We left for our family reunion at Joseph, Utah on the 7th of July and held the reunion from Friday, the 8th, until Wednesday, the 13th. We got home just in time for a five-stake youth conference. Then on August 8th - 13th, I was in charge of a Kodiak Venturing Leadership training event at Lake Hawley and Packsaddle campground. We had lots of prep meetings and planning for that leadership event. So, we were able to keep busy and have a lot of fun. Who said that there was nothing to do in retirement?

We scheduled another pioneer handcart trek for exactly the same date five years after the first one (June, 2012). I put a lot of work into the planning of the trek. I went up to the site to make sure the trail was still good. We developed some good committees and the planning and organization came together well. In the middle of this planning, Francie and I were requested to accept a mission call to Portugal to work with the Perpetual Education Fund in Europe. The MTC date was for June 11, 2012 (exactly five years after our previous call). For the second time, after planning the trek, we were not here to enjoy the fruits of the labor. While I was unable to attend either event, they were both very successful.

My love affair with the mountains

I was raised by a father who loved to go to the mountains to camp, hunt deer, or just to sightsee. As a youth, I didn't always get to go with them because someone had to stay home to milk the cows. I was the oldest boy and accepted that role without too much grumbling. Perhaps that left me with more of a hunger to see what I had missed. As a youth leader, it was natural for me to plan trips to the mountains for the young men. As a bishop, I felt that it was the best place to get close to the young men, so we made sure we had a significant activity each year. Then as a high councilor or stake Young Men president, we planned outings every year and had some really good ones. I usually was assigned to be with the older boys which meant that we could have more challenging outings similar to 50-mile hikes in the mountains. I was usually able to out-climb most of the young men.

My favorite location for the outings became the Sierra Buttes and Lakes Basin area. We had many ward outings from both Gridley and Corning where we camped at the Lakes Basin campground and we always climbed to the Sierra Buttes lookout and swam at Sand Pond, Big Bear Lake, and the old swimming pool in the creek at the camp. Swimming and fishing in Bear Lake, Little Bear Lake, and Long Lake were very popular. The boys from Gridley caught so many fish that the other fishermen around camp began to follow them around to figure out how they were doing it. The Corning youth had many high adventures there.

Other stake and ward trips were made to the Trinity Lakes backcountry, several trips into the interior of Lassen National Park, Thousand Lakes Wilderness Area, Brittan Lake (2 times), Butte Lake (3 times), and the Caribou Wilderness Area, among others. Several of these were 50-mile qualifying hikes. Hiking, swimming, fishing, work projects, and cooking were all a part of these outings. We also had campfires with talks, skits, planning, and games that were enjoyed by all.

As the stake Young Men president, I received BSA training to conduct a special leadership training for the Venture Scouts in the stake. I planned a Venturing Scout Kodiak training activity. I planned to take them to Hawley Lake to use as a base camp. I went three days early to make sure that we could get into the lake and to make other preparations for the training. There was a very heavy snow that year and I found that it would be very difficult to get all of our equipment through the snow to reach the camp. I called the Forest Service and arranged to camp at Packsaddle Campground instead of Hawley Lake. I then had to figure out a way to notify all the leaders who were bringing the youth to come to Packsaddle instead of the original plan. Because I wasn't getting phone coverage, I had to go home on Saturday evening and then meet with the others on Monday to come to camp. I was able to leave my trailer with my quad on it with a 4X4 Club from Grass Valley who were camped for the weekend nearby. Everyone arrived and the campsites worked out well for cooking, sleeping, and some of our

training. The 4X4 club members were all gone, but my quad and trailer were still there without missing anything. We climbed to the top of the lookout on the Sierra Buttes, visited the lakes at Lakes Basin, did all of the teaching and training that was planned, and rode mountain bikes down into Gold Valley and then up to Hawley Lake at the north head of the valley. Much of the route was too difficult to ride, so they had to push their bikes or leave them hidden. The boys really enjoyed swimming in Hawley Lake. We then returned to camp at Packsaddle. We had planned leadership training all along the way. It was a good training activity for the youth.

I have continued to advocate for trips to the Sierra Buttes, Sand Pond, Hawley Lake, Lakes Basin campground, Long Lake, and Big Bear Lake. I have enjoyed camping trips to this area for both the family and for Young Men activities. Recently, I had made a goal to climb to the top of the lookout on the Sierra Buttes sometime after I had turned 80 years old. On August 14, 2020, this goal was achieved. Together with Gregg, Crystal, Kade, and Lacy, I reached the top



of the lookout one more time and maybe the last time for me. We had camped once again at Packsaddle Campground. We had an enjoyable week with kayaking on Packer Lake and Sardine Lake, 4-wheeling with Gregg's Razor and dirt bike motorcycle to Deer Lake, Long Lake, and other back 4X4 trails, as well as regular camp activities, and eating delicious camp food. This experience reminded me of the many, many outings I have been privileged to enjoy with my family members and youth groups. Our other camping

areas include Butt Reservoir; Summit, Butte, and Juniper Lakes in Lassen Park; Hat Creek camp; Trinity Lakes; Eiler, Magee, and Everett Lakes in the Thousand Lakes Wilderness; Jackson Meadows Campground; Bullard's Bar; Clear Lake; Little Grass Valley Lake; Carr Lake, Sly Creek, MacKerricher, Dillon's, and Pismo Beaches; and other Northern California campgrounds; as well as Yosemite and Yellowstone National Parks; and several Utah and Colorado locations. These memories are a very important part of who I am. The experiences have given me a perspective that is important to me. **Picture above: Reaching my goal of climbing to the top of the lookout on the Sierra Buttes at the age of 80 years-old.**

Our missions together

After my retirement, Francie and I spent a lot more time together than had been possible when I was working. We began to plan how we would like to spend our time and be of service to our Heavenly Father. We both wanted to serve a mission together. We had to wait for Jared to go on his mission before the Church would allow us to go on one. In December of 2006, we sent in our papers to qualify for a mission together. We received our call upon arriving home from a trip to Utah on January 9, 2007. Our house was flooded by a broken pipe while we were gone. Repairs were completed two days before we left for the Missionary Training Center.

We were delighted to read that we had been assigned to go to the **Brazil Florianópolis Mission**. I had been one of the first missionaries to work in the city of Florianópolis 47 years earlier, in 1960. This opportunity would allow us to work side-by-side every day. We were excited to get this call to serve. Jared went into the Missionary Training Center two weeks before us on his way to a mission in Mozambique.

We began our mission at the MTC on June 11, 2007. Being together 24/7 was really true during the two missions we served together. However, the wonderful activities of the missions



kept us busy enough that it was a joy to work so closely with such a wonderful companion. In fact, the missions were a great way to adjust to 24/7 togetherness. We were unified in our goals and desires. Especially during the first part of our mission experience, she needed my language ability to feel comfortable. It is always nice to feel needed, so that was a positive in our relationship. I actually developed a strong need to be protective of her in a foreign country before we ever left for Brazil. I forcefully felt that I needed to keep her “under my wing” so that she would feel safe. That was something that I had never felt before, and it made me feel closer to her than ever. She was such a wonderful companion in the missions that it solidified and made stronger what was already a deep love for her. In Brazil, we spent hours almost every day making visits to members of the branch, less active members, and non-members of the Church.

We worked wonderfully as a team. As Francie gained more confidence with her Portuguese, she became a great teacher. She never wanted to just be a puppy following behind her companion. She never pressed to take over, but was always willing to help. Her greatest contribution early in our mission was just shining a light of love to the people. As a result of them feeling this love, we never had any trouble getting into homes. They could not resist her.

Later, she spoke well enough to help teach. She worked hard to learn to speak. She actually read the entire Book of Mormon in Portuguese before we even got to the MTC. She worked hard to speak with the correct accent, and as a result, did very well. In contrast, I never had, in my multiple missions, a native companion that spoke Portuguese, and I had to fight the influence of my Spanish study. The two languages have so many similarities, but also differences, that people heard my Spanish accent when I spoke. They could understand me well, but noticed my Spanish influence. English was not my problem; it was Spanish. We had a sweet brother in our branch that told me more than once that Sister Henry had better pronunciation than I had. She had earned that with hard work. I actually did some work to correct some of my Spanish accent problems between missions. In Portugal, I did better. I felt the gift of tongues many times during all three of my missions. I was always able to communicate effectively and my ability increased with practice and continual usage. In Portugal, I used Spanish a lot also.

Brazil, Florianópolis Mission: Our entire mission was spent in Chapecó which is a middle-sized town of about 180,000 people in the western part of the state of Santa Catarina. The capital city

of Santa Catarina is Florianópolis, which is the city I helped open as a young missionary. This experience is described above early in this report. There were no members in Florianópolis when I arrived there in 1960. When Francie and I met Sister Dansie at the airport in Florianópolis in 2007, she told us there were two stakes in the area and they thought there would be a third one very soon. The growth of the Church since I served there was staggering to me.

Our trip down to Florianópolis had been eventful. A bad storm in the Dallas area did not allow us to land when we got there. We flew in circles for over an hour and eventually needed to get more fuel. They then flew us to Shreveport, Louisiana and landed there to be refueled. We just sat at the airport in Shreveport until the pilots were almost out of time to fly. They decided to leave the airport and go back to Dallas in hopes of being able to land. When we arrived, we were still not able to land, so we flew around for quite a bit more time. By the time we landed, the first of two flights to Brazil had left. We were in Dallas in time to catch the last flight of the day. However, when we taxied in, there was not a spot open for us to unload passengers, so we had to just set in line hoping that a spot would open. We identified the plane that was going to Brazil, but we couldn't get off our plane. Before we got a spot to get off, we watched as that last plane of the day backed out and took off. We had to get a hotel room and stay the night. When we checked for a flight the next morning, they told us that the first flight of the day was full but they could give us a place on the last flight. So, we had to spend all day in the airport guarding our luggage and finally left for Brazil 26 hours late. When we eventually got to São Paulo, we were too late to catch the flight to Florianópolis. We had to spend all day in the São Paulo airport, again watching our luggage while standing in long lines trying to resolve our ticket issues. Two very tired missionaries at last arrived in Florianópolis and because of the wonderful Church travel office, Sister Dansie was there to greet us.

Because of our 26-hour delay in Dallas, President Dansie had to leave for a zone conference and wasn't there when our plane arrived. Sister Dansie not only met us, but was a great hostess. After settling in at the mission home, she took us on a tour of the beautiful island. We also went to the top of the hill where we had dedicated the city about 47 years earlier. They had built a road up to a parking lot and view point near where we had held that first meeting about 47 years before. The trip up to the top was much easier this time.



Francie and I standing on the hill in Florianópolis where I had helped to dedicate the city as a young elder.

When President Dansie got back and met with us the next day, we learned that he wanted us to go out to Chapecó and help prepare them to be a stake. There was a branch at the time with an attendance of between 40 and 50 members. There were quite a few less-active members also. Chapecó was a part of a district which included four other branches in the area. President Dansie really wanted to get the district ready to become a stake. There was a lot of work to be done for this to happen. We needed more members and many more trained leaders. Even if Chapecó grew enough to be a ward, they could not be made one until the district was strong enough to become a stake. You cannot have a ward in a district. Therefore, there was work to do with the other branches also. We worked continually with the Chapecó leadership on the district level as well as the branch level. We also made trips to the other branches to sustain and train the leaders. We visited all of the branches except Francisco Beltrán. The other branches were Xanxere, Pato Branco, and Concordia. Chapecó's attendance was the highest of the branches, so there was a lot of work to be done in other parts of the district.

The Lord really blessed us. It was not easy, but hard work paid dividends. We started our work by getting a list of less-active members with their addresses. We then started trying to find them. What made it harder was that people had stolen most of the street name signs. The only way we could tell what street we were on was to use a map. We would find a main street that we knew the name. We would count on the map how many blocks to the street we wanted. We would then go count the blocks as we traveled. The address numbers on the houses were also a problem. They were not in any kind of order. I guess people could just pick a number they liked and use that number on their house. The very first address we went to was missing a house. There was a foundation, but the house was gone. We asked a neighbor about it. He said that there had not been a house there for about twenty years. We thought, "This might be hard."

However, we had another address right across the street. No one was home, so we went to a small house in the back. An older lady was in bed near the window. She sat up and talked to us. She was the member we were seeking. She had just had breast cancer surgery and was recuperating. We had a nice talk with her. She had been active, but had a bad experience. One of the branch leaders, a long time ago, had talked several members into lending him money to start a business. She was one of them. The business failed and they got nothing back. Later there was another incident with her son who was preparing for a mission. When we visited her, they had been totally inactive for many years. But she responded well to us and we actually worked with that family for the entire time we were in Chapecó. She worked as the lead cook in a restaurant and Sunday was their best day for business. She never did get back to church, but we had a really good friendship with her. Her son did come a couple of times while we were there.

That is the way the work went. We had a lot of success getting people back to church, but it took a lot of work and there were many who did not respond. But those that did return made it very worthwhile. We started with a sacrament meeting attendance of 40-50. By the time we left, because of the hard work of many, we had an average sacrament meeting attendance of about 220. We had both new converts and reactivated people who made the difference. The work done with the leadership really helped. I worked with the branch leaders of Chapecó constantly and with the other branches at district training meetings and in their branches. The branch president in Chapecó was Valmor da Rosa. He had not been a member very long when he was called to be branch president and did not have much experience in

leadership. He was very welcoming to my suggestions and the suggestions were usually put into place immediately. He became a very good friend. Gery Dartora served as the district president for the entire time we were in Chapecó. He is a convert who joined as a young man, served a mission, is a very positive person, and is a natural leader. He lacked a lot of experience to lead the district to become a stake. He also welcomed my suggestions. He called me to be the district clerk, so I attended all of the district presidency meetings. He also called me to be a high counselor assigned to work with the Chapecó branch. With that call, I was positioned to give the support and help needed by the branch and attended all of their branch presidency and leadership meetings. It was a great plan which gave me the opportunity to be where the district and the branch leaders could ask me questions and where I could make suggestions. He had a great desire to do the work in the right way. He worked out of town a lot, but gave his full effort when he was in town.

President Dartora's wife, Edilia, was a marvelous strength to the branch and district. On any Sunday, if a new person showed up in sacrament meeting, she would always go sit by them and make them feel very welcome. If the people were from out of town, she would invite them to come to their apartment for dinner after the meetings. She was always prepared. They had two sons who were wonderful kids and who have both served missions now. Edilia taught seminary and all of the youth loved her.

Our youth were great. They would invite their friends to come to church, and many of them joined the Church, usually without other family members being members of the Church. Most of those who were baptized were young men. It used to bother Elder and Sister Henry that the youth were being baptized without family support. However, the youth group was so strong (a lot of credit goes to Edilia Dartora) that almost every one of the young men and a few young women went on missions and are now a very strong part of the Church in Chapecó. That branch had about 18 missionaries out at the same time.

We were blessed with a wonderful family who moved in from Rio Grande do Sul. Clovis Gauer had been a bishop in a stake in Rio Grande do Sul, and understood Church leadership. When we talked to him, we discovered that he had worked in the mission home with Gregg on their missions. He spoke very highly of Gregg and his service as a missionary. He became our branch president and really helped the work. When the appliance store he worked for closed, he had to leave for a job in another city. However, he felt he was supposed to be in Chapecó and came back when he was offered a job in Chapecó and assumed his calling as branch president. He later became the district president and then the stake president when the district was finally ready to be a stake. I served as the interim branch president while he was gone.

The greatest part of our Brazil mission was visiting in the, quite often, humble homes of the people there. We spent most days visiting both active and less-active members as well as nonmembers in their homes. The branch members loved member get-togethers and they were very social. They had great parties. We attended everything we could and made some very good friends because of our visits to their homes and our interactions at activities. We gave most of the after-baptism lessons for most of the converts of our own or of the young missionaries. That worked well because we didn't get transferred and therefore, we were able to continue to teach the new converts. Many of them worked with us as they prepared to go to the temple. We loved going to the Porto Alegre Temple (once) and then the new Curitiba Temple (many times) with the families who we had helped prepare for their sealings.

A temple trip was a great experience. The branch had one every three months. They chartered a bus and filled it with long-time or new members, those going for sealings, and even young people to do baptisms for the dead. We left at about midnight on a Friday and traveled all night to Curitiba and would arrive about 7:00 a.m. The temple had a special building for the patrons that traveled. It contained dressing rooms with showers, rooms with lockers for the patrons, a food prep and eating room, a small bookstore, and a distribution center for purchasing temple clothes. The members would work in the temple until about 4:00 p.m, change their clothes, get on the bus and away we would go on the way home. We usually stopped somewhere on the way for the people to get some food and then arrive home sometime between midnight and 1:00 a.m. It was a wonderful way to really get to know the members well. They would then all be at church at 9:00 a.m. or shortly thereafter. The branch had sacrament meeting last because by then everyone had arrived. Many of the members walked long distances to get to church.

Francie and I taught the temple prep lessons to seven different couples who ended up going to the temple to be sealed while we were still there in the branch. What a wonderful feeling that is. That is one of the advantages of a senior mission. Many times, as a senior missionary, you stay long enough to work with the people until they are ready for the temple. We still have communication with many of them through Facebook.

A great blessing to me was the experience we had in the temple of finding out that the sealer who performed the sealing of our couple was a Japanese man named Nobou Suzuki. When I met him, I recognized him immediately. Forty-eight years earlier, he was baptized by my companion right there in Curitiba. It was one of our first baptisms after I arrived in Brazil. We had a wonderful reunion. To make the story sweeter, there is more. I had a couple of photos of his baptism that I had brought with me to the mission. The next time we went to the temple with people to be sealed, Brother Suzuki was the sealer again. I was able to share my pictures of his baptism with him. They included Nobou, Elder Jones (my companion) and me. I had made copies for him and tears came to his eyes. He had never had a photo of his baptism. What a moment!

Two of the greatest blessings of our mission to Brazil were the visits of Sandee and Raymond and of Gregg and Crystal. Sandee and Raymond were the first to come and we had a wonderful time showing them what we did as missionaries. We spent a lot of time visiting our members and even some investigators in their homes. This gave Sandee and Raymond a good feeling for what we were doing. I remember having a great visit with the Leal family with whom Sister Henry and I had spent a lot of time. We also enjoyed showing them the city, both good and bad, and some of the country sights. We took them to the Falls of (Cataratas de) Abelardo Luz, the inundated cathedral with the top and the steeple showing in the lake at Itá, and other attractions. They also got to take rides on the city buses including a trip when the bus was splashed front to back with water from a huge puddle in the dirt street. I believe the driver enjoyed making as big a splash as possible. They enjoyed the "horse and cart" recycling teams. They enjoyed the pizza rotisserie restaurants with chocolate toppings. They were given permission to attend the broadcast of the dedication of the Curitiba Temple with us, which was a special experience for them. Most of all, we shared the wonderful members of Chapecó. It was really fun to share our work and our fun with them.

When Gregg and Crystal came, they experienced many of the same things around Chapecó. They also went to the Cataratas de Abelardo Luz and also visited with many of the

members in their homes. Gregg renewed his acquaintance with Clovis Gauer with whom he had served in São Paulo many years before. Brother Gauer became our branch president, and later, the stake president. Gregg and Crystal interacted with the members at our meetings, including Gregg giving his beautiful new necktie to a young man who was preparing to go on a mission.

Sister Henry and I got permission from President Queiroz to travel a little way out of our mission to visit the wondrous Falls (Cataratas do) of Iguaçu with Gregg and Crystal. This came at the end of their visit to Chapecó. We drove to Iguaçu and encountered a bad thunderstorm with heavy rain on the way. I was driving in the rain storm when suddenly a huge lightning bolt hit an electrical transformer right at the edge of the road about 150 feet in front of us. There was a large explosion that really got our attention. The rest of the trip went well except for being stopped by the police on the way back to Chapecó. We hadn't gone very far from the falls when a police car behind us turned on their red lights. You need to understand that there is a lot of smuggling that comes through the border between Brazil and Paraguay in this area. I guess we appeared suspicious for some reason and the police wanted to check us out. Fortunately, we had the right documents (including a driver's license and proof of our purposes in Brazil), so they just checked the documents and made sure we didn't have any contraband and let us go. The drive both ways was really enjoyable through the gorgeous countryside.

Our visit to Iguaçu was memorable. Let me just say that we have taken the boat ride at Niagara Falls and it doesn't even come close to Iguaçu. When we arrived, we went to our hotel which was like something from the best old hotels of the deep South of the USA. It was spread out on one story over a very large acreage of beautiful grounds with lots of very large trees and shrubs. The hallways were huge and the rooms very nice. We enjoyed our time there but were anxious to get to the falls. That afternoon, we decided to go to the very large bird sanctuary that is located very near the entrance to the park. It was a lot of fun. Unfortunately, Francie's camera quit right as we were entering the sanctuary. Fortunately, Crystal was with us, so we were covered. I also bought a disposable camera for Francie which actually got a few good pictures. Crystal shared her pictures with us. At the sanctuary, we saw all kinds of beautiful tropical birds. Both Crystal and Francie got pictures taken with a beautiful, large parrot on their arms. Gregg and I both got a picture of a large anaconda snake around our shoulders.

As we were admiring the birds, I had a very unique experience. A large-beaked toucan flew up and landed on the wooden fence right by me. It had something in its beak and started making motions towards me by rapidly inclining its beak back and forth towards me that made me think he wanted to give me whatever was in his beak. It turned out to be a piece of a carrot that had been cut up to provide food for the birds. I put my hand out to accept the carrot. It never gave the carrot to me, so we were in a stalemate. Finally, it gave up on me and flew over to one of the others and did the same thing to them. That was not fruitful either, so it came back to me. I finally determined that the carrot was stuck in its beak. He was asking me to help him. I flipped my finger at the carrot and knock it out of his beak. The toucan then grabbed the carrot, swallowed it and happily flew off to find some more.

The next day we entered the park to see the most beautiful falls in the world. There are several sections of it and goes on for several miles with a large throat right down the middle with falls on each side. That throat is called "A Garganta do Diabolo" (or "The Throat of the Devil").

They have built a walkway that goes right out into the middle of the “Garganta” with a view platform where you are surrounded by falls. It is spectacular. If you look down from the platform, there is a complete rainbow that arches from one side to the other of the river below. We got completely soaked with spray from the falls as we watched from the platform. Despite getting soaked, I didn’t want to leave because I thought that I



would probably never return to that one-place-in-the-world location and I just wanted to “soak it up.” Gregg and Crystal took a powerboat ride up the river right into the “Garganta” and closely approached the base of the falls. They said that it was quite a thrilling experience. Because we were missionaries, Sister Henry and I did not make that trip. Gregg and Crystal also made the trip into Argentina to view the falls from the other side.

The next morning we left to return to Chapecó and Gregg and Crystal caught a plane to Rio de Janeiro. Shortly after leaving Iguaçu, we were stopped by the police to check to see if we were smugglers from Paraguay. They checked our driver’s license and our documentation and searched our car and decided we were legitimate and let us go. We both breathed a sigh of relief. Both of the visits with our children and spouses were memorable and added a lot to our overall experience. After flying to Rio de Janeiro, Gregg and Crystal spent a few days enjoying the beautiful city before flying home.

The rest of our mission was filled with wonderful experiences as we saw many people make marvelous progress within the gospel framework of establishing a path to live happily in this life and to prepare themselves for an eternity of joy and happiness. The Chapecó branch continued to grow and prosper spiritually. Many less-active people returned to activity, new members were not only baptized, but moved forward in the gospel. Sacrament meeting attendance went from 40-50 when we got there to an average of 220 people. We deepened our love for the long-time members, for the new members who were joining the Church, and for many nonmembers in the community. Sister Henry and I became well known by many nonmembers in the community.

The branch had a couple of “Mãos que Ajudam” (Helping Hands) service projects every year. We had some really good projects that got the Church some excellent publicity. We had a district project in Xanxeré where we did a tremendous amount of work on an elementary school there. I was interviewed during the project by a TV station. They made a really nice short clip about the work we did there. We did another project on a school in Chapecó. Another great project was when many members of the branch, both youth and adults, worked hard all day on a park in Chapecó where we trimmed trees, shrubs, and bushes. We also cut the grass and painted a lot of curbs in bright colors. The city was really grateful because, with all of the

overgrowth, the park had developed into a place where selling of illegal drugs was the prime use of the park. After our project, it became a great place for families to bring their children. The drug market disappeared. The last service project we participated in was an effort to fight the plague of “Dengue” that is spread by mosquitoes. We went from house to house and helped the residents identify places on their property where mosquitos would proliferate.

Chapecó became our love. Our two-year commitment came way too soon. The people wept when we left and it was really, really hard to leave. We were really sad because we knew that we might not see these wonderful Saints again during this life. They had a very large farewell party for us. Tears flowed from both sides on this wonderful night. We have delightful pictures showing the members hugging us and crying, as we returned the favor.

We flew home and were greeted at the Sacramento airport by Brett and April with Braden and Rylee, and Gregg and Crystal with Alexis and Kade.

After 18 months at home, we could not stand it any longer and made a return to our beloved people. We actually just lived for about a month as if we were still missionaries. We were able to get two families who had gone less active back to church. One is now a counselor in the bishopric and another is the president of the Elders Quorum. Francie also tells about this visit in her history. It was like a mini mission. We will never forget the wonderful members of Chapecó.

Note: This book isn't meant to be a picture book, but we have picture books of our missions if you want to see more pictures. Deciding which few to include here was difficult. Francie and I tried to avoid duplicates. There are so many more that we could share with anyone who is interested.

Portugal Lisbon Mission: Our Portugal experience was quite different than our Brazilian experience. We served a mission for the Perpetual Education Fund. Our task director was the Area President, not the mission president. We worked in an area office at Miratejo, a suburb of Lisbon.

The area office was in a very nice three-story building that looked like a nice business building. One-half (all three stories) of the building was a meeting house that served as a stake center. The other half was for the area offices of sixteen Church employees who were wonderful people from Portugal. All of them spoke English because it was a requirement for the jobs.



Each of the employees had a particular job to manage the affairs of the Church in the southern part of Europe, plus the islands of Cape Verde, the Azores, and Madeira. They cared for departments such as finances, buildings, records, management of facilities, etc. They all held significant callings in the wards and stakes in the area.

Our calling was to contact and to organize the approximately 350 participants of the Perpetual Education Fund who had moved to Europe and become lost because of the lack of a program there. We were the first missionaries sent to make contact with these people. Our area was the 20 countries of Western Europe. Most of our work was done from the nice office we had in the area building. I made phone calls to participants who had received loans in South or Central America, Mexico, South Africa, Cape Verde, the Philippines, and a few other areas and then moved to Europe (where there was no program) in the hopes of finding better economic conditions. Unfortunately, many of them had not found a better situation and were struggling. We became a lifeline for them to find success and to find a way to repay their obligation to the program in order to qualify for the Lord's promised blessings.

I made calls to all of these countries in hopes of finding the participants and then offering them counsel and help with their problems. Our emphasis was not to collect money, but to offer the participants guidance and help. We tried to connect them with Church leaders, and to direct them to people who could help them. I had to use Portuguese with some, Spanish with others, and I then hoped some of the Church leaders could speak some English in countries with other languages. Francie sent an email to all of the participants each month. She found that Facebook became an effective way to find the individuals and to learn a lot about them. We had quite a bit of success and got many of them on the right path again. We left Portugal having made friends with people in twenty countries in Western Europe and having helped a lot of participants have a connection with the program and a means of receiving promised blessings.



Sister Henry and I enjoying a wonderful Portuguese salmon dinner at a nice restaurant in a large mall near Miratejo. Salmon was our favorite fish dish.

Lisbon is a coastal city and therefore, fish is very popular there. Bacalhau is their favorite dish. It is prepared in many different ways. Locals say that you can eat it every day of the year without ever having the same recipe.

We loved the employees that worked in the same building with us. We had weekly devotionals with them and took our turns teaching gospel principles in these meetings. The people with whom we worked took really good care of us and we did some traveling with a couple of them. Working side-by-side with Francie on the same project was a wonderful experience. My love for her grew.

This picture was taken at a restaurant when the office employees gave a farewell dinner for Sister Henry and me.

The people who worked in the office were very supportive of us. They were all employees of the area office and we were assigned to the area office, so they felt some responsibility for us and provided a great deal of support and help for our efforts.



To get to the mission home in Lisbon from our office and where our apartment was located, we had to cross the **“25th de Abril” bridge** which is an almost exact imitation of the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco. It crosses the entrance from the Atlantic Ocean to a large bay which fronts a beautiful city. It was built by the same company that built the Golden Gate Bridge and is the same color and of almost identical size and shape.

Lisbon reminds one geographically of San Francisco in many ways. It sits on a peninsula which is located between the ocean on the west and a large bay on two other sides. The bridge connects Lisbon to a group of suburban cities on the mainland. Miratejo is one of those suburban cities. Like San Francisco, Lisbon is surrounded by many other smaller cities on the peninsula. The city is built on a bunch of hills, just like San Francisco. The biggest difference in the two cities is that downtown Lisbon is much, much older, and has much more history than its California counterpart. Lisbon is also a much more pleasant place to visit than San Francisco.

On one of the highest hills there is an ancient Moorish fort that protected the town. It remains in quite good repair as a tourist attraction. While visiting the fort, Sister Henry and I

were enthralled with, among many historic sights, a magnificent show put on by a male peacock.

He strutted into a plaza where there were a lot of people gathered, took a central position, fluffed out his plumage and began a show of his wondrous colors. He was not seeking food or tips of any kind, he just wanted to show “his stuff.” He was not doing it for female peacocks, **he was doing it for the tourists. He went on for about 30 minutes. He was magnificent.**



This is a picture of the car we rented from the mission. It served us well.

In Brazil, they didn't have a car for us, so we bought one in order to serve better. We sold it to the branch president when we left.



The Costa de Caparica Ward: It is small but has some wonderful members.



The Area Seventy, who worked in our office building, asked us to attend and work with a small ward in the popular beach town of Costa de Caparica. They had a cute chapel which had been a nice large home and was renovated by the Church to become the chapel. It was about the right size for the small congregation. That chapel was typical of most of the chapels in Portugal. When Portugal kicked the dictatorship out of their country in 1974, all of the dictator's buddies had to leave very suddenly and left their big mansions and homes and the new government took possession of them. The Church could now enter the country and they took advantage of the opportunity to purchase quite a few of these deserted mansions and remodeled them for Church buildings. The chapel at Costa de Caparica had been a very nice big vacation home in the tourist destination and now is a nice chapel in a beautiful small beach city which doubles in size during the summer tourist season.

When the Area Seventy took us out to meet the ward, he told the bishop that he should not call us to any positions in the ward because we were assigned to the area. He just wanted us to be there as support and to be helpful. He recognized that our main duties were with the Area President and the Perpetual Education Fund. That disappointed us, but the bishop took care of that. The bishop asked me to substitute teach the Gospel Principles class. I kept substituting every week until the end of our mission. I loved the opportunity. It not only gave me the opportunity to teach basic gospel principles, but also put us into direct contact with the missionary efforts. The missionaries attended our class as did all of the investigators. We usually had a good-sized class with several investigators. We were able to see who needed visits and volunteer to help with the missionary work. We always were a part of the baptismal services. Because I had taught them in our Sunday School class, the prospective members sometimes

asked me to baptize or confirm them. Many times we would help with the after-baptism lessons.

It made us feel like we were regular missionaries. We made quite a few visits with both less-active members and also investigators. It really put some icing on our cake, which was the PEF work we did every day of the workweek. The ward included us as speakers on a regular basis. The ward was so small that we spoke about every three months. That was fun. It was a great combination of responsibilities that really was rewarding and made us feel like we were contributing to the work of the Lord.

Chapel in Costa de Caparica



The small ward in the beach town of Costa de Caparica had diminished in size because of the exit of many of their members due to the economic downturn in the country. Bishop Ribeiro only had one counselor. Francisco Costa served as the ward clerk, executive secretary, and Young

Men president. Then before we left, he added the calling of seminary teacher to his responsibilities. He married the Relief Society president a short time before we left. To make it more amazing, he was also studying at the university. The ward had a wonderful spirit and some really solid leadership. The stake president was from this small ward. Let's not feel burdened!



Bishopric:
Simon Dias - counselor to the bishop, me, Francie, Francisco Costa, and Bishop Ribeiro

President Fluckiger encouraged the senior missionaries to use their P-days to visit historical sites and

to see the beautiful country of Portugal. The entire country of Portugal is about one-third the size of California, so we were able to see a lot of the main parts of a very interesting and

beautiful country with so much history. Miguel Adriano and Reginaldo Cruz, who both worked closely with us in the area office, and their wives were very helpful in taking us on two very interesting trips around the country. Reginaldo got a promotion and was sent to work in Porto. That really helped us because he and his wife, Ana, invited us to come up and spend a few days with them. They not only showed us around Porto, but also showed us some other very interesting towns and sites in that area.

We could not have found more gracious hosts in Porto than Reginaldo and Ana Cruz. Besides Porto, they took us to the Castle of Guimarães, to Braga and the Cathedral de Bom Jesus which sits on top of a hill with about 1,000 steps to get up to it, and to Gaia. We saw some very old cathedrals and castles. We saw the only LDS chapel in Portugal that looks like our churches in the USA. The others are almost all old mansions that have been transformed into beautiful chapels. We loved their bridges. It was a fun visit to a wonderful city.



Elder Larry and Sister Paula Rose joined us when we went to Porto to visit Reginaldo and Ana Cruz. Reginaldo had been transferred from our office in Miratejo to Porto in the north of Portugal. In the background is a famous two-level bridge over the beautiful river. This river-side walk is lined with outdoor restaurants.

We also had the opportunity to visit the beautiful southern area of Portugal when we were asked to help supervise a country-wide youth conference held there. That area includes their most popular beaches and other coastal areas as well as some very old walled towns, such as Évora, some ancient ruins, and other very interesting sites.

Francie developed a serious illness late in our mission. She began to cough so much she would sleep on the couch in the other room. I finally had to insist that she see a doctor. (She doesn't like to go to doctors even here in the USA.) One of the sisters who worked in our office was able to make an appointment for her and she went. It turned out that she was right on the verge of pneumonia and we were very fortunate that we had caught it in time that she began to improve with medicine. Her cough got better, but continued until after we got home. This experience really made me appreciate her even more and reinforced how much I loved her. My knee had problems, but that only affected my walking and not my life.

Note: Francie kept very good records of our missions which have been bound into beautiful books. I refer readers to these documents for a much more detailed description of these very highlights of our missions. I also recommend our personal journals for a closer look at the missionary work and the spiritual experiences we enjoyed. We also have four books

which have lots of pictures and descriptions of our activities. One of the Portugal books was put together by Sandee and is very well done and includes all of the weekly reports that Francie had placed on our internet site.



One of our close friends is Paco Serrano from Madrid, Spain, who worked with the PEF in Spain. He gave us this replica of the Madrid Temple as a going away present.

Paco was a wonderful help to us, especially as we got started in Portugal. Besides helping with the work, he arranged our flights to and from Madrid and arranged hotels for us. He also led us on excursions to downtown Madrid in the evening and to the “Don Quixote” town of Toledo.

Paco had two sons who played soccer for the famous Real Madrid team.

Both of our missions were absolutely wonderful experiences. We were so busy that we didn’t have time to miss home. We were able to call our family whenever it was needed or desired. We tried to communicate on a regular weekly basis. Leaving Portugal was not as difficult as leaving Brazil had been because we had not been as involved in the members’ everyday lives as we had been in Brazil. But we left some wonderful friends in Portugal also. We now have so many wonderful friends that we look forward to seeing again sometime either on this side or the other side of the veil.

Temple work

We began to work in the Sacramento Temple as ordinance workers shortly after we returned from Brazil. It was a rewarding experience and we were anxious to return to the temple when we got back from Portugal. We have both had the opportunity to serve as shift coordinators which involves leading all of the ordinance workers on one shift per week. It also includes creating the work schedule for each worker on the shift, publishing it, and adjusting it as people are not able to make it on that week. Francie is just now completing her two years as the shift coordinator. About four years ago, I was called to be a sealer in the temple. That completely changed the work I do. I have missed doing the other ordinances, but the sealing ordinances are really very special. The calling has provided some challenges, but also some wonderful experiences. The sealing room is just about the closest that we will ever come to the spirits on the other side of the veil. The opportunity to seal family members or other close friends has been some of my greatest experiences. The four grandchildren for whom I have been able to perform the marriage and sealing ordinance have provided the highlight of my calling (see list as an addendum to this document). I hope there will be many more.

Stake Patriarch

My work as the stake patriarch is the only thing that compares to the work in the temple. President Yates gave me a letter with a call from the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles to that high calling on the evening of the first day we arrived back home from Portugal. I will not say too much about the experience I have had because each blessing is sacred and personal. I will just say two things: First: This calling has made it very clear to me that “God is in control and He knows and loves each of us!” Secondly, the joy I feel as I give blessings to my grandchildren is impossible for me to describe.

The good news is that I was just recently told that I could start giving blessings again. I gave my first one in about five months on the 16th of August of 2020. It was great to feel the spirit again after missing this experience for almost half a year during the pandemic.

The opportunity to give blessings to my own family members is really wonderful. It is scarier than any of the other blessings. Perhaps the best part of giving a blessing to a grandchild is to know that that person has made himself eligible to receive a blessing. The scary part is to prepare myself to receive inspiration through the Holy Ghost in order to give a proper blessing. There is nothing that humbles me so quickly as does the knowledge that I must speak for the Lord.

List of Church callings after my first mission

As a summary, I will list some of my callings after my first mission:

- Ward teacher, Home teacher, minister (throughout my membership)
- Ward Activity Counselor in YMMIA (one time)
- Ward Sunday School Superintendent (one time)
- President of Deseret Club, Yuba College
- Ward Sunday School Teacher (3 times)
- Ward Manual Counselor in YMMIA (1 time)
- Chairman of Missionary Youth Spectacular, 3 Stakes
- Elders Quorum Instructor (one time)
- Co-Chairman of M-Men and Gleaner Firesides, Gridley Stake
- Ward Superintendent of YMMIA (three times)
- Bishop’s Counselor (one time)
- High Priests Quorum Instructor (one time)
- Stake Superintendent of YMMIA (one time)
- Counselor in Stake YMMIA Superintendency (one time)
- Stake High Counselor (4 times)
- Stake Director (President) of Aaronic Priesthood (Young Men) (one time)
- Seminary teacher (one time)
- Bishop (5 years) and (5 ½ years) (2 times)
- Stake Executive Secretary (one time)
- Ward President of Young Men (two times)
- 1st Counselor in Stake Presidency (one time)
- 1st Counselor in Stake Young Men Presidency (one time)
- Stake Young Men President (4 times)

Full-time mission with Francie to Florianópolis Brazil Mission
- Served as District Clerk, District Council, Branch President
Full-time mission with Francie to Lisbon Portugal with Perpetual Education Fund
- Served under the direction of the Area President in Lisbon Office
Stake Patriarch (lifetime call)
Temple Ordinance worker (two times)
Temple sealer/current calling
**Husband and Father (lifetime call) = my most important callings

Experiences gained through my professional duties

Teaching: I really enjoyed teaching. My teaching experience was mostly at the high school level. Of all my jobs in education, classroom teaching was my favorite. I enjoyed working with the young people. Getting to know them both inside the classroom and outside led to some great experiences and fond memories. The majority of my teaching years were at Gridley High School. Most of my assignments were teaching Spanish. I did spend one year at Durango High School in Colorado, and two years as a teaching assistant at Brigham Young University teaching Spanish courses. All three places had their positives. The university experience would have been even better if my time had not been so split up. Besides getting my master's degree which was time consuming, teaching two classes of Spanish, and coaching basketball which was a big time commitment, there weren't many hours left in the day. All three aspects of the position were very enjoyable. The coaching part is explained in its own section of this work. Teaching at Gridley High School and Durango High School was very satisfying. The primary reason I decided to go into administration was that I recognized that with the size of our family that I was going to need to make more money.

Administration: Most of the rest of my school work experience was as a high school administrator. I spent 27 years as a high school administrator, three at Gridley High School and twenty at Corning High School District. I then administered the Regional Occupation Program for Tehama County for four years after I retired from the school district and before we accepted a mission call to Brazil. I was a vice-principal for the first five years, the three at Gridley High School and the first two at Corning High School.

During the second half of my second year at Corning (1984-85), the board added the role of assistant superintendent to my position of vice-principal. When Bud Gott retired at the end of the 1984-85 school year, I was selected to take his place in the combination role as superintendent/principal. I served in that position for 12 years. The school board then decided, because of growth and the substantial need to modernize the school buildings, to split the position into the customary two separate positions and I spent 6 more years as the superintendent of the district. I retired at the end of the 2002-03 school year.

Corning High School was a very special place to lead and work. We had a wonderful staff and both the students and the faculty recognized the uniqueness of our school. My school boards were very supportive of our efforts for continual improvement. I have many wonderful memories of my time leading this school. Corning High School was recognized throughout the area as a wonderful school where good things were happening. We were fortunate in having a student body and staff that wanted our school to be the best it could be.

A landmark happening for the Corning Union High School that brought me a great amount of satisfaction was the development of the school agricultural farm. This happened

because of the tremendous gift given to the district through the will of a former student, Wealthy Rogers. He was the son of the Rogers family that built and then ran the Rogers Theater in Corning for decades. Wealthy was of very poor health as a small child. He almost died a couple of times, but lived until he was 100 years old. He left home at the age of 16 with just a few dollars but used what he had to build a fortune through investments. When he died, he left, through his will, 167 acres of choice farmland just south of Corning for the development of a school farm to teach agriculture to students of the school. He also left over four million dollars to the school to use to provide scholarships to graduating students to pay for a college education and to use for farm maintenance expenses.

My three great secretaries were with me for all of the 18 years that I was the superintendent. Shown left to right are Scotty Ulch, Nicki Smith, and Roberta Duke. They made my life a lot easier because of their good work.



I really enjoyed these years in the position of leadership of the Corning High School District. My tenure ended with several very positive happenings. During my last four years, I was able to lead the reconstruction and remodeling of the old buildings on campus as well as getting finances for and leading the construction of a new classroom building, a new gym/cafeteria/music wing, the development of the old cafeteria into a wonderful new library and career center, and a makeover of the old gym and locker facilities. We were also able to get funds to construct new bleachers for the football/track stadium. It was very satisfying to see the Corning High School facilities come into the modern educational world with the physical changes to the school. We also completed projects at Centennial High School and at the Community School.

In my final year, several special things happened. In 2003, Corning Union High School was named a "California Distinguished School" and Melinda Self and I received the award at a state conference in Southern California. I also received the "Distinguished Service Award" from the state CIF. Our athletic teams represented us very well including section championships in football and soccer, and league championships in football, basketball, volleyball, field hockey, wrestling, track, and baseball. Most importantly and long term, was that the students were getting great instruction because of the development of a teaching force that was recognized as one of the best in the state. These projects and accomplishments, along with all of the regular duties of a superintendent, were a great way to finish my work at Corning High School.

While serving as the superintendent of the Corning Union High School District, part of my responsibility was to oversee the operation of the Regional Occupation Program (ROP) in the

district. I also served on the ROP executive board to make decisions about the operation of the ROP in the Tehama County ROP. In 2002, I was appointed to be the director of the Tehama County Regional Occupation Program in addition to my last year as superintendent of the Corning Union High School District. This move proved to boost my retirement eligibility.

I continued to work as the director of the Tehama County Regional Occupation Program after my retirement from the Corning High School for four years. This program was designed to help the school districts develop good vocational programs at their schools to help students develop vocational skills that could result in them getting good jobs that could lead to a career offering services to people in the communities. All three districts in the county with high schools offer ROP courses for students from Tehama County. We were able to lead the three county programs through a time of adjustments and changes to the structure of the ROPs, the financing of the programs, and the method of administering the courses. It was a part-time job that gave me continued access to educational programs and the joy of working with good people. It was a good way to retire from education gradually.

About two years after I retired, the Corning Union Elementary District asked me to take the place of the middle school principal at Maywood School in Corning for the last three months of the year. The task I was asked to try to accomplish at Maywood was to bring the staff back together after removing the principal before the end of the year, and to prepare the teachers and staff for a new principal that would be hired for the coming year. It was a challenge, but there were some good things that happened during those three months. I felt good about what was accomplished. The staff responded well to my ideas and direction.

The gift that comes through reading

To understand who I became during this life, you must consider the impact that reading has had on me. I was raised in a home where reading was both honored and practiced. My mother was a voracious reader of books. As a result, she was very well educated and served as a model for her children to follow as readers. She was able to do most everything involved in housecleaning while reading a book. She did get a lot of books wet as she read while washing the dishes. She did struggle in finding a way to sweep with a book in her hand. But most other chores she conquered while reading. Despite the reading, she kept the house very clean.

Mom's example of being a devoted reader certainly had an influence upon me. There were other things that influenced me to appreciate the power that can come from good books. I was influenced by the atmosphere that books bring into a home. I'm pretty sure that Mom didn't have as many books as she would have liked to have had for financial reasons. However, I felt the influence of books in our home. They were displayed and were honored. That atmosphere was something that I attached in my mind with a good home.

Another influence that I had in my life was a library job I once had. When I returned from my mission in April of 1962, Yuba College was very involved in moving into a new campus in south Marysville. I was hired as a worker in shelving the thousands of books that were being moved from the old campus to the brand new, beautiful library on the new campus. I had to learn and use the "Dewey Decimal System" of classification of books so that they could be shelved in the proper place in the library. I shelved a large percentage of the books that were placed in that library. It was an eye-opening experience about all the knowledge that is available to us if we will read. I loved the atmosphere of the library.

The university experience also strengthened my love for books. I spent many, many hours in the library at Chico State University and Brigham Young University doing all of the studying that was required for my degrees. At BYU, the research for my thesis to get my master's degree was an exhilarating and rewarding experience. The process of gaining the knowledge I needed to complete my thesis was more meaningful to me than the knowledge itself.

The amount of reading required to get my degrees was mind changing. I was required to read many different types of information, mostly in books, to complete the requirements to receive a degree. Since my major was Spanish, most of my upper-division reading was in Spanish. The most intensive example was one of my last semesters of my master's degree study when, because of the availability of classes, I was forced to take three Spanish novel classes at the same time. In each class, I was required to read, study, and analyze a complete Spanish language novel every week. That meant that I was required to read, study, and analyze three novels every week of the semester. That was a total of 45 Spanish novels for the semester. (Let me say, don't ever do that.) There was not such a thing as "free time" during that semester. I logged enormous hours in the library because it was difficult to concentrate in our apartment with two small boys. It was exhausting, but did not deter my desire to read. I actually believe that it increased my desire to read and to be surrounded by books.

That feeling of fulfillment that comes from being surrounded by books is evident in our home. I have always given recognition to the importance of surrounding yourself with good books. In our home today, we have large bookshelves in six prominent rooms. They are filled with a variety of knowledge and a resource of learning as well as of the joy that comes from reading good books. To me, that atmosphere is important. Besides the books in our bookshelves, I have many boxes of books, especially Spanish language novels, stored away in the garage and storage shed because of the lack of room in the house.

I didn't do a lot of reading that wasn't required for school until I discovered Jack London as a preteen. I got hooked on White Fang and Call of the Wild and it opened a whole new dimension to my life. I learned to really enjoy novels. My choice of reading material changed during my life. At one point, I was really caught up with Louis L'Amour. I have a paperback collection of all 150 of his novels and then was gifted a leather-bound collection of them all plus six large volumes of his short-stories. While really engaged in many different responsibilities, I liked to relax when I had extra time by reading one of his novels or short-stories. He also served as the catalyst for learning to really enjoy historical fiction. I think that his The Walking Drum opened my love for historical events. His book Last of the Breed took me in a different direction. He has a lot of other very accurate descriptions of real life written in a way that you don't have to worry about how it will turn out. Later in life, my interest in reading has turned to reading books written by Church leaders.

Today, a large percentage of the books in our home are written by Church leaders. These books are located in prominent display to add to the atmosphere and to encourage the reading of them. The two bookshelves in one bedroom of Louis L'Amour novels are basically ignored at this point in my life. However, they have a place in my history and are a part of who I am. I hope that the priority I have given to the scriptures and other Christ-centered books has influenced me to be a better person and to be better prepared to meet my Savior someday.

The historical novels written by Gerald Lund, including the Work and the Glory series, have helped me put the Church history stories I have heard all my life into a timeline that I

never had before. Ron Carter's Prelude to Glory series has helped me understand early American History better and how it is connected to the Church of Jesus Christ. Boyd K Packer's Teach Ye Diligently had a powerful impact upon my teaching and giving talks. As I have matured, the Church leader's books of doctrinal discussions are my favorite. Tad Callister is my favorite author. He presents his points just like he would as a lawyer (which he is) in court. He is wonderfully clear with his teachings. His The Infinite Atonement and The Inevitable Apostasy and the Promised Restoration are classical study guides and his The Blueprint of Christ's Church and A Case for the Book of Mormon are inspirational. All four should be required reading for us all. There are many great books written by Church leaders that have had a great effect upon me and how I act. I prefer a book in my hands over a digital version. I think it is the atmosphere.



Retirement

As I approached retirement, there were those who seemed to believe that most of the best of life had already occurred. Now it was time to just set back and relax and let the end come gently.

However, the joy, rejoicing, fun, and adventure was not over. Francie and I discovered that there was much more to look forward to as we began our retired life. We have enjoyed wonderful opportunities

here at home and also in Brazil and Portugal. The two of us continued to have a wonderful relationship but it has become much fuller because of the continued addition of more spouses for our children and grandchildren, and more grandchildren. Recently, Jacob and Caitlyn gave us the first of what will undoubtedly be many great-grandchildren.

Our missions added a dimension in our life together that was not possible in any other way. My calling as a patriarch, with Francie as a helper, has challenged me in ways that stimulate me to seek earnestly for continual revelation in order to fulfill my calling in the way the Lord would have me do. Without this calling, I would not have experienced much of the growth that has occurred in my retired life. Working in the Sacramento Temple has been a wonderful way to feel useful, needed, and appreciated in my senior years. The joy that comes naturally in the role of sealer is a great blessing at this stage of my life. My love for my family is amplified tremendously when I am able to experience, as a part of my Church service, the opportunity to give patriarchal blessings or to perform sealings in the temple for those people for whom I have the most love.

Retired? What does that mean? In my life, it has not meant to go away somewhere and hide or to quit working. There is so much to do, so much to enjoy, so much to learn, and so many ways to serve. I have often told people: “I don’t understand how I ever had enough time to perform the duties of a job.”

Information

Years ago, I produced a timeline showing my Church activity and callings as well as other significant events in my life. I have added to it periodically, including recently. At this time, I added some items such as missions and marriages from our children’s lives also. I have attached that updated “timeline” below. This “Timeline of Significant Events and Church Callings” indicates that I was continually involved with Church callings. Francie was just as involved on a continual basis. She is recording her callings as a part of her personal history which is being joined with mine. She also served the two missions with me: one in the Brazil Florianópolis Mission, and one in the Portugal Lisbon Mission under the direction of the area office with the Perpetual Education Fund. She had to learn Portuguese and did an excellent job of doing this. She spoke better Portuguese than any senior sister we met in either mission, including the wives of the mission presidents (except Sister Queiroz, who was a native Brazilian, and Sister Fluckiger, who served as a young missionary in Brazil).

Introduction to “Timeline of Significant Events and Church Service”

This timeline lists significant events that show how Church service combined with regular work, family relationships, educational endeavors, athletic participation, and even service to country provided an interesting life that has yielded rich rewards and feelings of faith, dedication, service, growth, accomplishment, enjoyment, and more. It has been a fun, but more importantly, a happy and productive ride. I have received many more blessings from my Heavenly Father than I deserve. They have carried me through great times, difficult times, emotional times, challenging times, and spiritual high times. I include this “timeline” to describe briefly eighty years of multiple activities. I marvel, at times, as I consider all the beautiful, enjoyable, productive, and marvelous opportunities and experiences I have had. I often marvel at **“How did I get from there to here?”**

The outline condenses a great many experiences into a relatively short list when you consider that it represents a lifetime. I believe, however, that there is a value to this design. Instead of bogging the reader down with details of so many experiences, it allows one to view it as a whole. Hopefully, the reader will be able to put things together to have an accurate feeling for the overall life that I have enjoyed.

I will attempt to describe a few of the highlights of these opportunities:

Timeline of Significant Events and Church Service for Michael R. Henry (Until August, 2020 -- it's not over yet.)

Date	Event or Service
Sept. 6, 1939	Birth @ Phoenix, Maricopa, Arizona
About 1940	Parents lived in Liberty, Arizona (on "Johan's Road")
Sometime in 1941	Dad purchased property on River Road, 1 mile south of grandparents Moved to Lateral 19 Road, west of Phoenix, Arizona (lived across driveway from Henry grandparents)
August 1942	My dad began to build a home on property on River Road and establish a dairy farm with championship-quality Holstein cows
Aug. 27, 1942	My brother Jerry was born
Nov. 11, 1944	My youngest brother Richard was born
About 1947–1948	Began to attend the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Buckeye
August 1949	Family moved to Yuba City, California
June 25, 1950	Baptized by my uncle, Wayne King, at Gridley Stake Center on Sycamore Street in Gridley, CA—along with my father (John), my mother (Naomi), and my sister (Johan)
June 25, 1950	Confirmed by my uncle, Wayne King, of Buckeye, Arizona
Sept. 9, 1951	Graduated from Primary
Sept. 16, 1951	Received the Aaronic Priesthood and ordained a deacon by Ivins A. Pryde, an elder
Apr. 11, 1952	Family sealed together for eternity in Mesa, Arizona Temple
1952–1957	Served in Aaronic Priesthood positions: deacons and teachers quorum presidents, priests quorum secretary, and assistant to the bishop
June 2, 1953	Graduated from Franklin Elementary School, west of Yuba City, CA
July 1953	Attended National Boy Scout Jamboree at Irvine Ranch, Santa Ana, CA
Sept. 12, 1953	Ordained a teacher in the Aaronic Priesthood by Lloyd R. Ethington, a high priest
Oct. 1953	Began to serve as a ward teacher. Continually served as a ward or home teacher throughout life (until home teaching program changed to ministering program—except as missionary and during time in Air Force in Texas
Sept. 18, 1955	Ordained to the office of priest in the Aaronic Priesthood by Bishop Sylvan Godfrey, a high priest
Dec. 24, 1955	Disastrous Yuba City Flood—Yuba City the hardest hit Flood waters from the Feather, Yuba, and Sacramento rivers cause much loss of life and damage in the Sacramento Valley Note: See publication "Yuba City Flood—December 24, 1955"
June 1957	Graduated from Sutter Union High School in Sutter, CA

June–Sept. 1957 Worked as office assistant for Action Electrical Contractors while rebuilding the airport at Beale Air Force Base in preparation for “U-2” spy plane center on the base

Sept. 17, 1957 Patriarchal Blessing by Ezra C. Payne, Gridley Stake patriarch

Sept. 1957–June 58 Attended Brigham Young University

April 16, 1958 Suffered serious kidney injury while playing baseball for BYU
–spent 37 days in bed at the BYU medical center while recovering

Late May 1958 Returned to school from medical center

June–Sept. 1958 Worked for Dantoni Pear Packing and then was hired by the Cling Peach Advisory Board to inspect peaches

Oct. 1958–May 1959 Attended Brigham Young University

Dec. 28, 1958 Ordained an elder in Melchizedek Priesthood by John O. Henry, father

Spring of 1959 Played baseball for BYU – redshirted
–Intramural fast pitch softball team (San Diego Cats) won the BYU All-School championship

May–Oct. 1959 Worked as “Green Drop” and peach inspector for Cling Peach Adv. Bd.

Sept. 6, 1959 Interviewed for mission by my bishop, B. Neil Johnson, and my stake president, Julius B. Papa

Sept. 19, 1959 Interviewed by General Authority, Carl W. Buehner, in Sacramento

Sept. 26, 1959 Received mission call to serve in Brazilian South Mission

Oct. 18, 1959 Farewell testimonial in Yuba City 1st Ward

Oct. 26, 1959 Entered Salt Lake Mission Home

Oct. 27, 1959 Received endowment in the Salt Lake Temple

Oct. 28, 1959 Set apart as a missionary by Gordon B. Hinckley, Assistant to the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, to Brazilian South Mission

Nov. 1, 1959 Left Salt Lake Mission Home

Nov. 6, 1959 Left Salt Lake City at 1:30 a.m. via United Airlines to New York – Spent night in New York City – Flew Varig Airlines to Curitiba, Brazil – both “prop” engines (stops in Port-of-Spain, Rio de Janeiro, and Sao Paulo)

Nov. 8, 1959 Arrived at Mission headquarters in Curitiba, Brazil at about 6:00 p.m.
–**see missionary journal for dates and details of leadership assignments**

Nov. 10, 1959 First area, Curitiba, with Richard C. Jones

Jan. 14, 1960 Transferred to Lages – companion – Wilmer C. Merrill

Mar. 27, 1960 Transferred to Curitiba – companion – Richard C. Jones

April 2, 1960 Transferred to Azevedo Sodré – companion – Nelson R. Read

Apr. 28, 1960 Senior companion in Florianópolis - comp. – Merlin Bellamy Brinkerhoff
–First Branch President of new branch, Florianópolis

July 12, 1960 Florianópolis – companion – David Sherman Andrew

Aug. 13, 1960 District Supervising Elder–Curitiba Dist. – comp. – Donald Wallace Bowers

Aug. 25, 1960 Curitiba, DSE, companion – Alan Edward Lemke

Oct. 14, 1960 District Supervising Elder- Florianópolis Dist. – comp. – Carl David Quist
District President - Florianópolis District – Dist. Priesthood Leader

Feb. 8, 1961 Florianópolis, DSE, Dist. Pres., companion – Charles Lynn Johnson

Apr. 2, 1961 Florianópolis, DSE, Dist. Pres., companion – Richard Cannon Silver

Apr. 8, 1961	District Supervising Elder – Porto Alegre Dist. – Alan Edward Lemke
May 4, 1961	Traveling Supervising Elder – Porto Alegre – Arlan Wallace Woodward
May 24, 1961	Traveling Supervising Elder – Porto Alegre – Barry Clinton Maashoff
Aug. 18, 1961	Mission Secretary – with President Paulsen
Jan. 20, 1962	Assistant to the President – companion – Dean L. Bolles
Mar. 28, 1962	Assistant to the President – companion – George S. Rasmussen
May 2, 1962	Honorable release and left mission – delayed in Rio de Janeiro for 2 days
May 6, 1962	Arrived home
May 13, 1962	Missionary homecoming
Every summer from 62–84	Worked as a peach inspector and other jobs for CPAB and the California State Department of Agriculture
May–Sept. 1962	Activity counselor–YMMIA – Yuba City Ward, Gridley Stake
Sept. 1962–Sept. 63	Superintendent of Sunday School – Yuba City Ward
Sept. 1962–June 63	Attended Yuba College—took Education and Spanish courses and played on the college’s basketball and baseball teams
Oct. 1962–Feb. 63	President of Deseret Club at Yuba College
Feb. 1963	Drafted into U.S. Army – upon application was deferred to finish semester of college
May 1963	Enlisted in the Air Force Reserves
June–Aug. 1963	Chairman of Missionary “Youth Spectacular” – Gridley Stake –“3-Ds” were the featured entertainment group
Oct. 24, 1963	Entered active duty status with basic training at Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio, TX
Oct.–Nov. 1963	Completed basic training in Air Force Reserves –Selected to be the “Dorm chief” (trainee leader) of unit –Played basketball for squadron team
Nov. 30, 1963	Sent by bus to tech school in Wichita Falls, Texas
Dec. 1, 1963	Began tech school at Sheppard AFB in Wichita Falls, Texas Trained as a “teletype operator” –Played on squadron basketball team
Jan. 1963	Wichita Falls Ward basketball team won stake and regional basketball championships – qualified for All-Church tourney – I was selected “Most Valuable Player” of the regional tournament in Houston.
Feb. 1964	Awarded the “American Spirit of Honor Award” for my class.
Feb. 28, 1964	Completed tech school and was assigned to unit at McClellan AFB in Sacramento, CA
March 20, 1964	Dated Francie Peterson for the first time
Apr. 23, 1964	Completed active duty status in Air Force Reserves
Apr.–Sept. 1964	Sunday School teacher of 18–21-year-olds
Sept. 1964	Enrolled at Chico State University –lived in Chico 2nd Ward in Wooley family home
Oct. 1964	Became engaged to Francie Peterson (during General Conference visit to Salt Lake City – at State Capitol grounds overlooking the Temple)
Dec 24, 1964	Official engagement to Francie Peterson
Oct. 1964–Mar. 65	Co-chairman of stake M-Men & Gleaner firesides

Apr. 9, 1965	Married Francie Peterson in the Oakland Temple
Apr. 9, 1965	Moved into Magnolia Apartments in Gridley – 1749 Magnolia St.
May 1965–Oct. 1966	Manual counselor in YMMIA – Gridley 2nd Ward
July 15, 1965	My mother was killed in an automobile accident near Vacaville, Solano County, CA
July 19, 1965	My mother’s funeral at the Yuba City Chapel – huge crowd
Jan. 1966	Elders Quorum instructor – 6th Quorum – Gridley 2nd Ward
June 4, 1966	Graduated from Chico State University – B.A. in Spanish
Feb. 4–5, 1967	Our Gridley 2nd Ward won regional basketball championship held in Sacramento
Feb. 20–24, 1967	Participated in the All-Church tournament in Salt Lake –We finally lost to a very good team that took second place
Sept. 1966–June 1967	Student taught at Gridley High School (Mrs. Gibson/Spanish)
Sept. 4, 1966	My dad married Naomi Adams from Douglas, Georgia
October 1966	Set apart as superintendent of YMMIA – Gridley 2nd Ward
May 1967	Accepted employment at Gridley High School (teaching Spanish)
May 14, 1967	Sustained as counselor in Gridley 2nd Ward bishopric (Bishop Richard McDowell)
May 14, 1967	Ordained a high priest and set apart by Julius B. Papa
June 1967	Received teaching credential from Chico State
Summer 1967	Moved to Evans Reimer Rd., across the road from Johan & Lenard
Aug. 23, 1967	Russell Dale Henry born at Gridley Hospital
Sept. 1967–June 1969	Taught Spanish at Gridley High School and coached basketball (freshman in 1967–68, team finished 16–1 and were league champions and Varsity in 1968–69, see below and pages 71–72) and baseball (JV 1968 and Varsity in 1969)
Feb. 18, 1969	Erick Raymond Henry was born at Gridley Hospital – Fittingly, varsity basketball clinched the WSL Championship that night – They won their last 17 games and were ranked No. 1 of all-size schools in Northern California at the end of the season
July 7, 1969	Received honorable discharge from United States Air Force
July 1969	Released as counselor in bishopric because of imminent move
Sept. 1969	Moved to Orem, Utah to seek master’s degree at BYU – lived on 200 North, two blocks east of State St
Sept. 1969–July 1971	Studied for master’s degree at Brigham Young University
Sept. 1969–June 1971	Graduate assistant basketball coach at BYU–worked with freshman team and scouted for varsity team (Frosh team only lost two games in two years)–players of note on freshman team: Kresimir Cosic (Yugoslavian All-American), Clay Christiansen (well-known member of Seventy and author of <u>The Power of Everyday Missionaries</u>), Doug Richards, Belmont Anderson, others
Sept. 1969–June 1971	Ward assignments in Orem 2nd Ward–taught high priests group and ward fellowshipping
July 1971	Interviewed for Spanish teaching job at Durango High School
July 1971	Traveled to Durango for 2nd interview–was offered job

July 1971	Accepted employment with the Durango, Colorado School District
July–Sept. 1971	Spent summer in Gridley working for USDA – peach inspection
Aug. 20, 1971	Received master’s degree in Spanish from BYU
Sept. 1971–May 1972	Rented home on Animas Place above Animas River in Durango
Sept. 1971–June 1972	Taught Spanish at Durango High School/coached undefeated sophomore basketball team and varsity baseball team
Sept. 1971	Sustained and set apart to Durango Ward YMMIA presidency
Oct. 1971	Sustained and set apart as superintendent of stake YMMIA in newly organized Durango Stake
Jan. 21, 1972	Gregg Michael Henry was born at Durango Catholic Hospital
May 1972	Bought our first home on Alamo Drive near Animas River in Durango
June–Sept. 1972	Returned to Gridley to work in peach inspection (USDA) –Intention was for summer only
Aug. 1972	Accepted employment with Gridley High School –Francie’s father’s health was main reason for decision
Aug. 1972	Very blessed that our summer renters sold our house while we were in California–They also sold our Jeep station wagon for us
Sept. 1972–June 1980	Taught Spanish (and a little math and chemistry) at Gridley High
Sept. 1972	Purchased home at 465 California Street in Gridley, west of Sycamore School
1972–1975	Coached varsity basketball at Gridley High School
Sept. 1972	Set apart as counselor in Stake YMMIA superintendency –1st counselor to Hugo Jenkins
From 1972–1983	Participated in ward basketball and softball teams that won multiple stake and regional championships and participated five times in area basketball tournament – was named to the 5-man area all-star team once and regional all-star team once
Apr. 1973–Jan. 1977	Set apart as high counselor and president (director) of stake Aaronic Priesthood program – New program was just instituted
June 1973	Attended the last June general auxiliary conference – Received detailed information and training on the new Young Men program
Sept. 29, 1973	Sandee Kaye Henry was born at Gridley Hospital
Nov. 16, 1975	Bradley Richard Henry was born at Gridley Hospital
Jan. 1976–June 1976	Took Jerry Henry’s place as seminary teacher for the rest of the year when he was called as bishop of the Gridley 2nd Ward
Jan. 1977–Jan. 1982	Served as the bishop of the Gridley 1st Ward – Gridley, CA
Feb. 9, 1978	Brett Douglas Henry was born at Gridley Hospital
Feb. 20, 1978	Moved into home we bought at 453 Macedo Ave
May 7, 1979	David Peterson Henry was born at Gridley Hospital
Sept. 1980–July 1983	Served as vice-principal of Gridley High School
Jan. 1982	Released as bishop of Gridley 1st Ward
Jan. 1982–July 1983	Served as stake executive secretary, Gridley CA Stake

Aug. 1983 Hired by Corning High School as vice-principal/athletic director
 –Moved to Corning, CA and rented small house at 5131 Houghton Ave., Corning

Aug., 1983–June 1985 Vice-principal/athletic director @ Corning High School
 Spring 1984 Signed rent-to-own contract on house at 1433 Colusa Street
 Sept. 1983–Apr. 1986 Corning Ward president of Young Men
 December 26, 1984 Appointed assist. superintendent of Corning Union H.S. District
 July 1985–July 1997 Superintendent/principal of Corning Union High School District
 Apr. 1986–June 1988 Stake high council, Anderson CA Stake
 –responsibility for Spanish group in Red Bluff

Aug. 1986–Aug. 1988 Russell served mission in Mexico Veracruz, Mexico City
 East, Puebla missions (reflects rapid growth in Mexico)

Dec. 1987 Purchased long-time home at 5132 Houghton Ave.
 Moved into new home on December 30, 1987

March 29, 1988 Jared Shawn Henry was born at Enloe Hospital in Chico
 June, 1988–June 1990 Erick served mission in Kentucky Louisville Mission
 June 1988–June 1997 Served as 1st counselor in stake presidency of Anderson CA Stake
 President Verlund K. Spencer, 2nd counselor – Douglas Pryde

August 11, 1990 Russell married Laura Brown in the Boise Idaho Temple



Our family, including our most recent addition, the weekend of Sandee's high school graduation in June 1991.

1991–1992 and 1992–1993 Served as the president of the Northern Section of the California Interscholastic Federation, governing body for high school athletics in Northern California.

Aug. 1991–Aug. 1993 Gregg served mission in Brazil, São Paulo South Mission
 Dec. 18, 1993 Sandee married Raymond Poff in the Oakland Temple
 1995–1996 Served as president of the Corning Rotary Club
 Aug. 4, 1995 Erick married Camille Lubeck in the Salt Lake Temple
 May 1994–May 1996 Brad served mission in Texas Fort Worth mission
 April 1997–July 2003 Superintendent of the Corning Union High School District
 –Melinda Self was appointed to be the principal
 June 4, 1997–1999 Brett served mission in Chile Santiago South Mission

June 27, 1997	Gregg married Crystal Stone in the Oakland Temple
July 1997–July 1998	Served as Anderson Stake Young Men president
June 1998–2000	David served mission in Peru Lima South Mission
July 12, 1998	Called as bishop of Corning Ward – Anderson CA Stake
Oct. 19, 2001	David married Kara Stephens in the Mt. Timpanogos Temple
July 1, 2002	Employed as a consultant for the Tehama County ROP
June 30, 2003	Retired as superintendent of the Corning Union High School District (continued with Tehama Co. ROP until June, 2007)
Dec. 7, 2003	Released as bishop of the Corning Ward
Dec. 7, 2003	Called as 1st counselor in stake Young Men presidency –counselor to Gordon D. Yates, president
April 8, 2006	Brett married April Lybbert in the Las Vegas Temple
June 2006	Called as stake Young Men president –responsibility for organizing a youth Handcart Trek
July 7, 2006	Francie’s mom died–Funeral was on July 13, 2006
Aug. 14, 2006	My dad died in Yuba City, CA–Funeral in Yuba City Ward
May 2004	Was honored to receive the “Distinguished Service Award” for “Distinguished Service to the California Interscholastic Federation”
Dec. 2006	Francie and I submitted papers for a mission
Jan. 9, 2007	Mission call was dated Jan. 9–We were visiting in Utah and didn’t get the letters until we returned home the next week–Our house in Corning was flooded because of a broken pipe in the attic while we were in Utah–A great deal of damage was done in the front room and surrounding areas–The damage was not repaired until two days before we entered the MTC–When we got home, we found our call letter to the Brazil Florianópolis Mission–We were to report to the MTC on June 11, 2007
May 2007–2009	Jared served mission in Mozambique Maputo Mission
June 11, 2007	We reported to the MTC in Provo, Utah and began our one week training to prepare us for our mission to the Brazil Florianópolis Mission–in MTC while Jared was there also
June 22, 2007	Left Salt Lake City to Dallas, TX where we were delayed for a full day and then traveled on to São Paulo, Brazil
June 24, 2007	We flew from São Paulo to Florianópolis where we were met at the airport by President Dansie’s wife
Jun 11, 2007–May 10, 2009	We served a proselyting and leadership mission while assigned to work in the Chapecó Branch–I was asked to serve in the following positions in the Chapecó district: district clerk, district council; branch president (for the last four months of our mission) in the Chapecó branch
May 2009–May 2012	Served on the stake high council – Anderson Stake
Aug. 2009–May 2012	Set apart as ordinance worker – Sacramento California Temple
Jun. 26–July 2, 2010	Attended Church Scout training at Philmont Scout Ranch

Fall 2011–May 2012	Stake Young Men president–part of high council assignment–during this time, I was in charge of planning a pioneer trek
Dec. 2011	Received email from Perpetual Education Fund director, Tom Rueckert, asking us to consider accepting a mission call to work with PEF in Lisbon, Portugal After consulting with Tom Rueckert, we submitted our paperwork for a mission
Jan. 21, 2012	Received a call to the Lisbon Portugal Mission with the assignment to organize the PEF in Europe–We were to work in the new area center for PEF in Lisbon, Portugal
May 26, 2012	Bradley married Suzie Robertson in the Draper Temple
June 9, 2012	Jared married Lisa Burgon in the Oakland Temple
June 11, 2012	Exactly 5 years after first MTC experience, we entered MTC
June 18–22, 2012	Received PEF training at the Church Office Building
June 25, 2012	Flew to Paris and then to Lisbon
June 26, 2012–Dec. 10, 2013	Served 18-month mission with PEF from area office in Lisbon (See mission journals)
Dec. 10, 2013	Flew from Lisbon to London, to L.A., to Sacramento
Dec. 11, 2013	Arrived home from our mission (2:00 a.m.)
Dec. 11, 2013	Released from mission by President Yates–He then gave me a letter to read from the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles calling me to serve as the stake patriarch
January 2014	Sustained at stake conference as stake patriarch After conference, ordained by President Gordon Yates
August 2014	Set apart as ordinance worker in Sacramento CA Temple
April 11, 2015	Celebration of our 50th wedding anniversary at the church –Brett, April, Gregg, & Crystal put in a great amount of time and effort preparing for this wonderful event
Nov. 2016	Set apart as sealer in Sacramento CA Temple
Aug. 10, 2017	Naomi Henry (my step mother) died in Yuba City, CA
Mar. 2020	Coronavirus pandemic hit USA–Patriarchal blessings were temporarily halted and the California temples were closed for all ordinances and Church meetings were severely limited
Mar. 8, 2020	I gave my last patriarchal blessing before pandemic halt
Mar. 8, 2020	Last Church meetings before pandemic halt
Mar. 14, 2020	I sealed Tristen Henry and Shane Tongish on last day that temples were open before pandemic shutdown
Aug. 2, 2020	First sacrament meeting since pandemic temporary halt
Aug. 16, 2020	I gave my first patriarchal blessing since March
April–October 2020	This history written during COVID-19 pandemic isolation

Thank you, Francie!

Francie has been the foundation for our marriage and family. I have always loved her for who she was, who she became, and what she helped me to be. We have had some challenges as our Father in Heaven planned for us to have. We have always found ways to work our way through these challenges. I believe that we have had a really blessed life. Our children and their families are such a blessing for us. It is hard to imagine what our life would have been like without the many blessings brought to us by our family. I cringe to think of the many ways that I could have really messed it up. I truly thank all those who have helped me navigate my way through this lifetime. I especially recognize your contributions, Francie, and give my whole-hearted thanks.

Many times, I have thought about the following:

“I sometimes wonder how a little farm boy and farm girl from humble beginnings ever were blessed to have some of the great opportunities that have come to us in our lives.” The promise is that it is only the beginning. I will love you deeply and completely forever.

Thank you, family!

There is nothing that has happened in my family, except joining for eternity with Francie, that ranks as high for me as does the children who have come to be part of our family. Then to add to this are the wonderful spouses, grandchildren, and the start of what will be many great grandchildren. I am very thankful for the wonderful spirits which have been added to our family.

Thanks to all of you for the great contributions you have made to me and to ours. I love to gather with you all and to feel of your love for each other and to see your interactions. Nothing brings me more joy in this life. My strongest desire is to see these relationships perpetuated into the eternity. We want no empty chairs when we all gather in the eternity. That will be happiness that we will never understand fully while in this earth-life. My desire is that I am worthy to receive what you all have to offer me. Thank you for all you have already given to me and the promise of so much more.

Both Francie and I want to recognize and give thanks to Sandee for her contributions of many, many hours of checking, correcting, selecting pictures, adding pictures, and arranging for publication for both parts of this work, and making these glimpses of our lives come to life.

Dated: September, 2020: This history was put together during the worldwide COVID-19 pandemic home isolation from February to October of 2020. It was a valuable way to use our restricted time.

Addenda

Addendum #1: From where did my ancestors come? DNA results.

Recently, I received my DNA results from Ancestry.com. I am still trying to absorb the information contained therein. It seems that the information is growing faster than I am absorbing it. However, there is some very interesting information that helps us know from what part of the world we descend.

My data suggests that 89% of my ancestors are represented by England, Wales, and Northwestern Europe. 7% are represented by Germanic Europe. 2% are represented by Sweden and another 2% by Ireland and Scotland. I found a description of the area of Germany from which come my ancestors. It was named, at the time, “Das Land der Dichter und Denker” which translates to “Land of Poets and Thinkers.” I “think” that maybe I didn’t get too much of their influence, especially the “poet” part.

There is a lot of information about the way the invaders took turns conquering and then losing the British Isles. What happened to the native population varied a great deal. This indicates that there might be blood from a lot of lines in our makeup.

Another source of potential information concerning our ancestors is what I received several years ago from Family Search. My genealogy was traced by them (with what degree of accuracy, I know not) to long lines that go as far back as to Charibert who was born in about 0640 in Neustria. Another line goes to Alfred “The Great”, King of England who died in about 0848, in Mercia, England. One line of ancestors goes all the way to Clodius II who was King of the West Franks and was born in 0006 (the time of Christ).

Please note that this pedigree chart lists many people on our line that are listed as “King of ...” If this record is accurate, then our ancestry line hooks into several royal lines which would explain why there are records of these people. This title may represent someone who served as a king of some small village or of some much larger city, area, country, or even empire. There are many other names with official titles of nobility. I will not include these here. The line of kings listed below are examples shown to be on our ancestry line. There are many others:

<u>Name</u>	<u>Title</u>	<u>Place</u>	<u>Death</u>
Heinrich I “The Fowler”	King of the Germans	Saxony, Germany	2 Jul 0936
Lothaire I	Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire	Rheinland, Prussia	29 Sep 0855
Alfred “The Great”	King of England	Mercia, England	about 0848
Louis I “The Pious”	Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire	Rheinehessen, Hesse	20 Jun 0840
Charlemagne	Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire	Aix La Chapelle, Austrasia	Jan 0814
Pbepin “The Short”	King of France	St Denis, France	24 Sep 0768
Chariberet I	King of Paris	Paris, France	7 May 0570
Clodion “Le Chevelu”	King of France	France	0447
Pharamond	King of France	Westphalia, Germany	0430
Walter	King of the Franks	The Franks	0306
Clodius III	King of the Franks	The Franks	0298
Bartherus	King of the Franks	The Franks	0272
Hilderic	King of the Franks	The Franks	0253
Sunno (Huano)	King of the Franks	The Franks	0213
Nine more kings of the Franks until:			
Clodius II (Clodie)	King of the West Franks	The Franks	0020

The above-mentioned pedigree chart coincides very well with the information gained from DNA testing. A large percentage of the names on the chart are from England. The next largest group listed are from the Germanic Europe area. “The Franks” was the name used for

many years to represent the Germanic area of Europe. The name included the area that now contains several of these European countries.

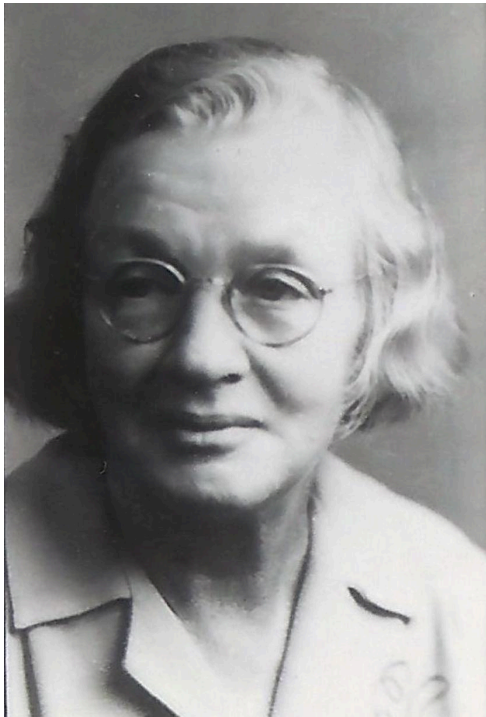
Addendum # 2: My Maternal Grandparents and Family



**Lessie Clement King, Irene (my mom's sister),
Edith Eaton Lillie King**



Lessie Clement King



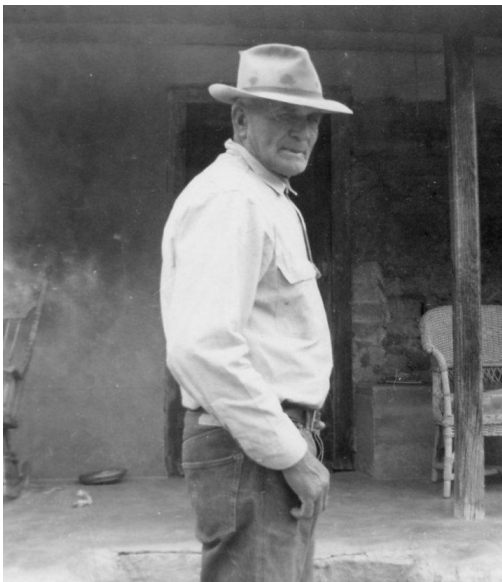
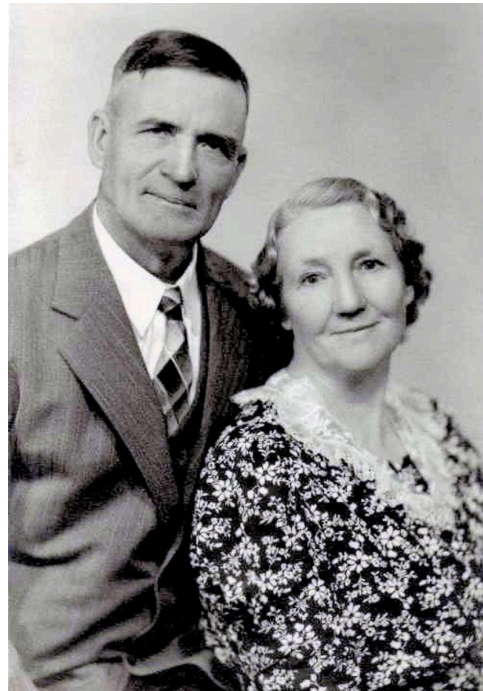
**Great-grandparents: Henry Douglas King, Ella Barbara
Page King and family. Edith Eaton Lillie King and Lessie
Clement King are in the middle of the back row.**

Edith Eaton Lillie King

Addendum # 3: My Paternal Grandparents and Family



**George Thomas Henry and
Mary Lucinda Harris Henry
Left: 1908; Right: about 50 years later**



**Above: George Henry (1960)
Right: Great-grandparents – John and**



Elizabeth Hopkins Henry family

Addendum #4: Some Family Traditions

This is a partial list of some of the activities, customs, and practices of the Michael and Francie Henry family. All of these things were instrumental in forming our family history. Some are carry-overs from things practiced in our parents' families, but mostly they are ones developed in Francie's and my family. The kids contributed heavily to compiling this list.

Church related

- Church attendance
- Family prayer
- Family Home Evening
- Gospel study
- Home teaching/ministering
- Temple attendance and work
- "Back to school" father's blessings

Recreation

1. Summer camping

Many of these camps were with Jerry's and Johan's families.

My dad and mom (and later–Naomi II) also often went camping with us. Rich and JoAnne were able to join us at times. The kids enjoyed cousin time while camping - playing games like "Capture the flag" and "No bears are out tonight".

We loved mountain lakes and always enjoyed swimming and rubber rafting.

Butt Reservoir was our favorite campground for older kids.

Lakes Basin and Summit Lake became our favorites for the younger ones. Bear Lake,



Sand Pond, and the old swimming hole at the camp were the favorite for swimming.

Individual camps with Dad for the kids

Father and son outings/Mom and Sandee would go shopping and get dinner in Chico Exploration trips (mostly in the mountains) –often me with one or more kids

I did most of the cooking on camping trips to give Francie a break

–the kids loved for me to flip the pancakes up in the air to turn them over.

Family camp at Zion's Church camp on Oregon Hill Road near Challenge. Owned and developed by Gridley and Yuba City Stakes.

Our family helped develop this camp. Russell built a trail to a meeting area for girls' camp as his Eagle Scout project here. The raft is on a swimming hole developed by building a

dam on the creek. It made a very nice place for a cool swim and fun for the kids to move the raft around with poles. Left to Right: Russ, Gregg, Me, Sandee, Brad, Erick

The origin of my **love for the mountains** and for camping in the mountains was my father, John Henry. He and Naomi I and then Naomi II were often a part of our camping trips. He taught me to love to be in the mountains.

Here is Dad with Naomi II and several grandkids. This is Butt Lake, one of our favorites.



Family camping was a high priority for our family. We always had at least one 5-6-day trip each year. Many memories were created on these trips. Gregg, Sandee, Brad, and me are shown here. That big tent held us all, but it took a system to make it happen.

Camping on the Coast

Our most usual camp spots were in the Sierra Nevada mountains, but we had several trips to the coast also. David, Brett, Brad, Sandee, Gregg, Erick, and Russell. Helping the little ones: Kurt and me.



Near Sly Creek Reservoir

Some campsites are better than others. This is one of the dangers of not making reservations. This one was pretty rough. It was not in an official campground. We did not sleep well at all because of noises we heard during the night. We left early the next day and found a better spot. Me, Russ, and Erick. Francie took the picture. All of us slept in that little tent that we got from Dan Patterson.

The family camping tradition is being carried on with the grandkids.

Right: Phillip and Braden are having a lot of fun at Summit Lake in Lassen National Park. They all love to ride the logs.



Above: Ferrin, Rylee, Gabriel, and Braden taking a walk with Grandpa at a fresh water lake at MacKerricher State Park near Fort Bragg

Right: Eating together at the campground at MacKerricher



Above: A beach teeter-totter at Mackerricher State Park near Fort Bragg: Lexie, Kade, Lacy, Rylee, Ferrin, Hudson, Phillip, Gabriel, Braden, Dale, and Quincy. The ocean is right behind Dale.



4-wheeling: At home or in the mountains

_____ This activity flourished after most of the kids had left home. Some of the grandkids have enjoyed it here at our place. A few have accompanied us to the mountains. My favorite spot is to camp at Packsaddle campground that lies

in the shadow of the Sierra Buttes and travel the OHV trails up on and over the ridge as well as up to the lookout tower. Gregg and Crystal have encouraged us to enjoy this activity. Most of the family got a chance to enjoy this activity at the second “Old Church” family reunion.



Pictures from the “Old Church” reunion in 2015, and with Lauren at our home in

July 2009, after returning from Brazil.

Our swimming pool

One of the features that our children and grandchildren have loved about our home is the swimming pool. It gets lots of use on hot summer days! Many hours have been spent in this pool cooling off, learning to dive, and swimming with siblings, cousins, and friends.



Sports

14



I played a lot of softball and

basketball. The kids and Francie watched.

We supported those participating in sports, and everyone had their own favorites. All of our children participated in some school athletics.

I was active as a coach, administrator, and fan of high school sports. The kids attended high school

sports with me.

Brett in track

Gregg in baseball

Others: (Suggested by other family members as favorite memories)

1. Family dinners together with Francie's parents in Gridley
2. Having dinner together as a family
3. Road trips in a very full car with luggage on the seat with kids on top
4. Eating Grandma Peterson's hot chocolate pudding and watching TV
5. Family Home Evening Phantom
6. Kids walk to Aunt Johan's from Macedo Ave. by walking down the canal bank
7. "Nose on the wall, wood-stove bricks, or car window" as behavior improvement options
8. Household chores were assigned regularly, such as pulling weeds

9. Christmas rituals

9.1 We lined the kids up from youngest to oldest in the hallway and had them come into the front room in age order to find their stockings and then open presents. We would video them. Some years that was the only video that we got of the kids.

9.2 Sub for Santa

A great Christmas activity that emphasizes the real meaning of Christmas and how giving gives us joy.



9.3 Portraying the Christmas story
by the children or reading it from the scriptures.

Our first 7 children acting out the nativity

Brett's family continuing the tradition



9.4 Family Outing to find a Christmas tree.

We didn't go cut our own tree every year, but we did this year (1978). We were up in the mountains in the snow on this trip.

9.5 Extended family Christmas parties:

White elephant gifts and acting out the Christmas story



Birthday celebrations:

We only had big celebrations with more than just family for certain birthdays: 5th, 8th, and 12th.

Mom makes kid's favorite dinner and dessert - almost always pizza and punch.

Mom would decorate birthday cakes with cartoon characters.

Individual "dine-out" night at a restaurant of kid's choice.



Family Reunions (recently):

Michael and Francie Henry family
See the locations below in Addendum #3. Francie has two



traditions for the family reunions that continue. First is the tradition of giving something as a memento to each of the grandkids and sometimes to others. Most commonly, it was something she had made. Second: Grandma Francie has a traditional “bingo” game, with prizes for everyone which the grandkids look forward to.

Right: Bingo with Grandma,
Lake Tahoe - July 2006

Henry Family Awards Night

Mom and Dad gave children awards for outstanding accomplishments during the year.

Other Traditions

Singing “Sixteen Tons”

Tennessee Ernie Ford’s version of “Sixteen Tons” was a song I enjoyed singing. When I was young in Arizona, my Dad used to sing a song about a roan colored horse when we were traveling home from the mountains or desert. We kids loved it and used to encourage him to sing it on every trip. I liked that tradition and so on a trip coming home from camping, I decided to sing “Sixteen Tons”. I’m not a singer, but I would belt that song out. The kids liked it and began to ask me to sing it on our trips, so it became a favorite tradition that was required for our camping trips. At one of our family reunions, some of the kids wanted me to sing it, so I tried. Pretty soon they had all joined in. It was fun and a lot better than just me singing.

Extended Family “Get togethers”

Cousin basketball at our home during a short family get-together. Johan’s, Jerry’s, Rich’s, and our families represented. Shawna, Stuart, Spencer, Ronald, Brett, Brad, Erick, Russell, Gregg, and Drew



Trips to the Zoo

On the right: Brett, Russell, Gregg, Brad, Sandee, Erick





At the Sacramento Zoo with Sandee's, Gregg's, and Russell's families, plus David, Brad, and Jared



Visiting theme parks was popular with the kids.

On the right:

This is Marine World when we visited it in 1981. Seen here from left to right is Francie, Sandee, Erick, Brad, Russell, and Gregg.



Left: Brad, Gregg, David, and Me at Disneyland.

And lots of other fun stuff

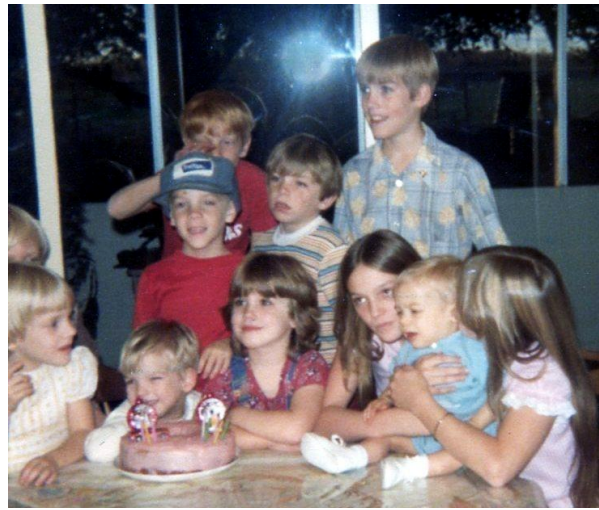
Giants baseball in San Francisco. Jared, me, David, Brett, Brad, Gregg, Sandee. We got there early to watch batting practice and watch all the home run balls



Lots of
cousins



— Kurt gives young cousins a ride.



Addendum #5: Apr. 2019–Mar. 2020 **I sealed four grandchildren in four different temples within a year, 2019-2020.**

Apr. 27, 2019
July 27, 2019
Aug. 17, 2019
Mar. 14, 2020

Evan Poff and Sharisse Bevan in Mt. Timpanogos Temple
Alexis Henry and Nicholas Powell in San Diego Temple
Natalie Poff and Trey Blackwell in Payson Temple
Tristen Henry and Shane Tongish in Jordan River Temple

Addendum #6:
July 2002

Family Reunions for Michael and Francie Henry family
Lightner Creek RV Park Durango, Colorado

July 2004	Three Peaks Lodge	St. Anthony, Idaho
July 2006	Stone Family Vacation Home	North Star, CA
July 2009	Michael & Francie Henry Home	Corning, CA
July 2011	Old Church Family Reunion Ctr.	Joseph, UT
July 2013	*Home-centered various places	Utah
July 2015	Old Church Family Reunion Ctr.	Joseph, UT
July 2017	Pine Valley Lodge	Pine Valley, UT
July 2019	Alton Lodge	Alton, UT
June/July 2021	Alton Lodge	Alton, UT (scheduled)

*Mike and Francie were on mission in Portugal.

Photos below were taken at a Bicentennial reunion at Dad and Naomi's place in Hyrum, Utah, on July 4, 1976. (This was a John Henry family reunion and is not listed above.)



Picture at right:
From bottom to top:
1st row: Gregg & Sandee;
2nd row: Russell & Erick;
3rd row: Mike, Francie, Brad



Dad's children's families were represented on this important date. July 4, 1976.

Photos of a few of our family reunions (see full list above):

**2004
3 Peaks Lodge
St. Anthony, ID**



**2011 (Left) & 2015
(Right)
The Old Church
Joseph, UT**



**2017
Pine Valley Lodge
Pine Valley, UT**

2019 Alton Lodge, Alton, UT



Addendum #7: Anderson California Stake and Us

Introduction: In 2018, President Webb asked each of us in the Anderson Stake to write a short statement about themselves and the Anderson California Stake to use to create a booklet dealing with the history of the Anderson Stake. I submitted the following and since it contains information about my life, I decided to include it in this project entitled “Scenes from my Life.”

“My name is Michael R. Henry. I was born in Phoenix, Arizona in September of 1939. There were many influences and decisions that were very influential in leading me to the Anderson California Stake of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I strongly believe that the things that occurred were not a coincidence. I believe that the Lord’s hand was very prevalent in events that led me to Corning. My mother’s health issue caused our family to move to Yuba City, CA from Phoenix, Arizona, when I was 10 years old. This move was instrumental in my family joining the Church and establishing a pattern of doing the Lord’s will. A few years later I served a wonderful mission in Brazil which has had a lifelong influence on my life. I also found my wonderful wife, Francie, in my stake. After graduating from Chico State College, I taught at Gridley High School for two years and coached basketball and baseball before going back to BYU for my master’s degree in Spanish. I also had the great opportunity to serve as an assistant basketball coach for BYU for two years. After finishing my master’s degree, I accepted a teaching/coaching job in Durango, Colorado. We loved it there, but the Lord entered our lives again which resulted in coming back to Gridley. This move put us into a position to make a move to Corning High School. After teaching and coaching for 9 years at Gridley High, I was hired as the vice-principal. This position put me into regular contact with the superintendent of Corning High School, Bud Gott. Again, the Lord’s influence created a situation during a basketball game with Corning which convinced Bud Gott that he wanted to hire me as vice-principal/athletic director at Corning High, but with the intention that when Bud retired in two years, I would take his role as superintendent/principal. That all occurred and brought us not only to Corning High, but also to the Corning Ward and the Anderson California Stake.



My wife and I along with 7 children moved into the Corning Ward in August of 1983. From the very first visit to the Corning Ward, we felt a great deal of love, happiness, and support from the members in the ward. Within a couple of weeks, I was called as the President of the Young Men's organization. I enjoyed a wonderful experience with the young men and the youth leaders. We started a practice of taking our young men on a camping experience each summer. This became a custom that has continued until the present. We also were able to develop good leadership training programs for our Y.M. and Y.W. In April of 1986, I was called to the High Council and developed a very strong bond of love and friendship with President Richard Ericson. I was assigned responsibility for the Spanish group that met with the Antelope Ward but had their own sacrament and some other meetings. I learned to love the members of the group. Years later, as I was serving as the bishop of the Corning Ward, we acquired the responsibility for the Spanish speakers in the stake. Having become acquainted with several of the members in Red Bluff was a good prep for starting our group in Corning. I also developed a wonderful positive feeling for the members in the Antelope Ward. That feeling continues until today. I still feel special positive feelings every time I attend the Antelope Ward.

In June of 1986, I was called to serve as the first counselor to President Verlund Spencer who was called to replace President Ericson as the second stake president of the Anderson California Stake. Douglas Pryde was called to serve as the second counselor and the three of us spent nine wonderful years serving together. These two brethren became my best friends as we met each Sunday morning at 6:00 a.m. and traveled together to all of the wards and to other locations for regional meetings. I learned so much from these spiritual giants. During this time, I made great friends throughout the stake as we worshipped with and taught and mingled with so many wonderful people. We always loved the association with the saints throughout the stake. Our favorite visit was usually when we traveled up to the Fall River Ward and it wasn't just because they fed us, but that didn't hurt.

After being released from the stake presidency, I was called to serve as the stake Young Men's president. This was one of three times that I served in this position and represents some of my fondest memories. I always enjoyed the association with the young men and young women of the stake. Our Y.M. outings for the older boys provided some great memories in several wonderful settings in the mountains. I made some great youth and adult friends in these outings.

I was called as bishop of the Corning Ward on July 1, 1998. I guess I didn't do it right the first time in Gridley, so they gave me another chance. I'm not sure I was any better. However, it was a choice experience to lead a ward with so many wonderful members. I learned so much from the members and I received great support during this critical time. The Lord truly blessed me and my family during this time of service.

I was released as bishop on Dec. 7, 2003 and immediately called as a counselor to Gordon Yates in the stake Young Men's. I developed a great love and respect for President Yates and Brother Daniel Boone as we served the youth of the stake. Then in June of 2006, I was called to replace President Yates when he was called to be the stake president. In this calling I was able to lead the planning for the first of our recent handcart treks. However, two weeks before it happened, we reported to the MTC in Provo in preparation for our full time mission to Florianópolis, Brazil.

June 11, 2007 – May 11, 2009 We spent 23 wonderful months serving a mission in Southern Brazil.

May 2009 – May 2012 – Served on stake high council/president of stake Young Men/led planning for another handcart trek

June 11, 2012 Entered MTC (three weeks before trek began) to prepare for an 18-month mission in Lisbon, Portugal working with the Perpetual Education Fund.

Dec. 11, 2013 – Arrived home /Pres. Yates released us and then gave me a letter calling me to be the stake patriarch—a very scary calling. I have enjoyed a great spiritual experience as I prepared for and have given patriarchal blessings to many youth and adults.

October 28, 2016 Called and set apart as a temple sealer by President Papa—a very humbling call and responsibility.”

.....

On the following page is a letter sent to our exiting stake presidency from Elder Jack H. Goaslind of the Seventy after our release and the call of a new presidency.

THE PRESIDENCY OF THE SEVENTY
47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84150

June 10, 1997

President Michael Raymond Henry
5132 North Houghton
Corning California 96021

Dear President Henry:

For several days I have pondered the accumulative number of years of service you, Presidents Spencer and Pryde have given to the Anderson California Stake. What an impressive record of labor for the good of others by three outstanding brethren. I want to commend you for your unwavering support, and your efforts to carry the work forward in your great stake.

I was grateful to be acquainted with your wonderful sweetheart and to feel of her sweet spirit. I hope you will express to her your knowledge and thanks that you could not have served as you have without her gracious and active support. It says something to me when the saints acknowledge the untiring efforts rendered by our wives as we serve. We simply could not carry out our duties in the same manner at all. Please pass along my sincere thanks to her for all she has done and will yet do in the kingdom. We love her!

As you look to the future, take a little time to enjoy being with your family and doing some of those things you have put off while serving others. And then be assured that you and Sister Henry yet have great works to do in behalf of Father's children. They love you and will look to you and your examples. You yet have testimony that needs to be shared and witnessed among those who love you. You will be a power for good wherever you serve. Willingly continue to give of that with which you have been blessed -- your gifts and talents and abilities.

May the Lord truly pour out His rich blessings upon you and yours. May you know how pleased He is with the accomplishments of this presidency. You have given of what you had, and He will not forget your works. God bless you to move forward with a perfect brightness of hope, and joy in the works you will yet do. We love you!

Sincerely, your brother,



Jack H Goaslind

Addendum #8: Medical History

Frances Peterson Henry

Tonsillectomy - Summer of 1959 before my senior year of high school

Hysterectomy - (cyst on ovary) - May 1988

Gallbladder surgery - June 2000

Shingles - November 2019

Leone Jensen Peterson

Pneumonia

Knee Surgery - February 1989

Stroke - April 1989

Arthritis

Parkinson's Disease

Phillip Peterson

Heart attack

Colon Cancer

Bladder Cancer

Michael Raymond Henry

Tonsillectomy - Before I was nine years old

Kidney Injury- 1958 (described in more detail in my story)

Pneumonia - 1978

Kidney Stones - 1978 + 2 more times

Knee Surgeries (2) - Right knee interior meniscus, cleanup cartilage

Shoulder Surgery- Replace ball with titanium on right shoulder - Jan 2019

Some high blood pressure and high cholesterol

Shingles - December 2017

Naomi Lita King Henry

Asthma

Emphysema

Migraine headaches

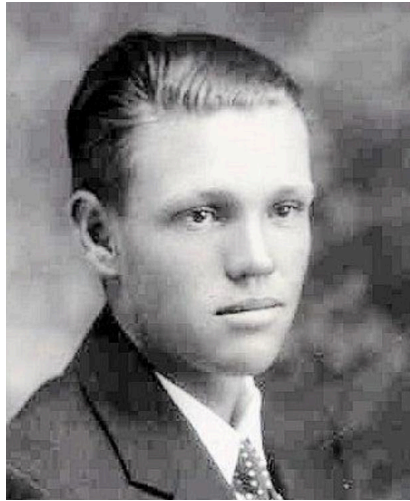
John Oliver Henry

Bad injury to leg due to auto accident which drove a piece of metal through his leg.

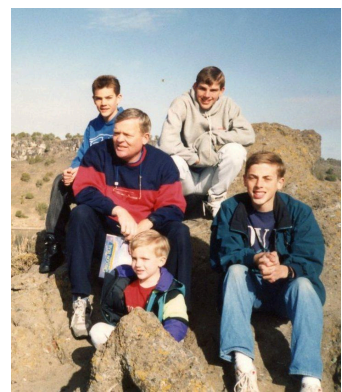
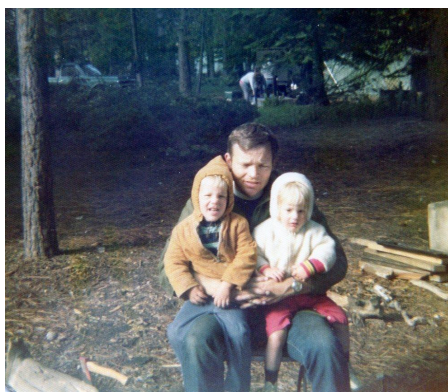
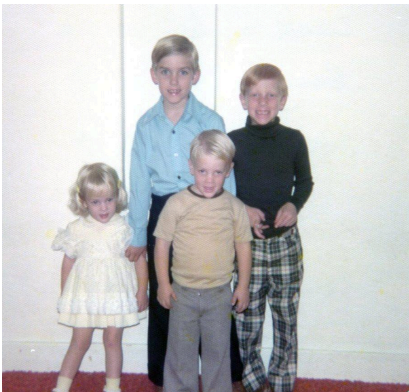
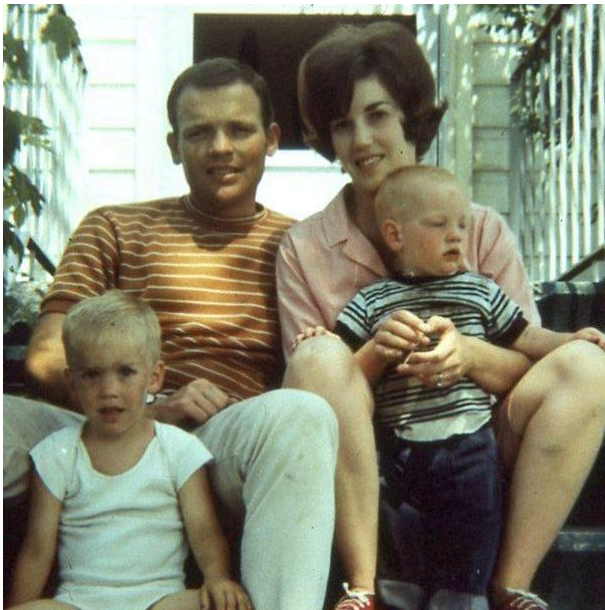
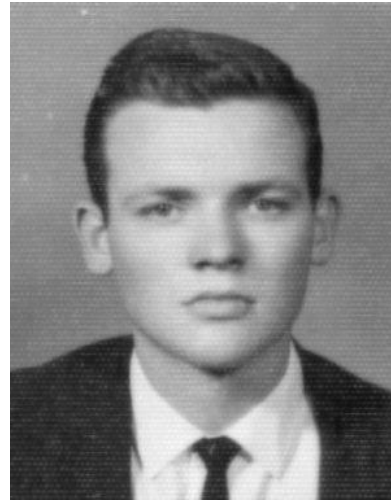
(Doctor wanted to amputate, but he wouldn't agree to it.) Played softball til he was 60.

Shingles on his face late in life which affected his right eyesight

Addendum #9: More family pictures



**Dad
and
me**



Addendum #10: My love for the outdoors and the mountains continues today



A couple of additional scenes from my life involving outdoor adventures:

A scary skunk experience

While living in Durango, Colorado in the summer of 1972, we decided to take advantage of the beautiful mountains and go on a short camping trip. We decided to go up the La Plata Canyon west of Durango. I had taken a drive up the canyon before in our Jeep and it was very pretty, so I wanted Francie to experience it. We drove up the Canyon until we found a camping spot. It was a pretty area and we found a good place to camp.

We did not, at that time, have a lot of camping equipment. We had acquired from Dan Patterson, our landlord and fellow teacher, an old tent and a few other things. The tent was a tripod tepee that was held up by a pole in the middle. (See picture of tent on page 142.) It was small and the five of us could barely all fit in it. When I laid down, my head was pressured against one side of the tent and my feet were pushing out on the other side of the tent. The tent door did not have a zipper, but was secured with a couple of drawstrings secured by a knot.

When it got dark and the fire burned down, we decided it was time for bed. We all squished into the small tent. About this time, an old recreational vehicle pulled into the campsite and parked up from us by about 50 feet. It was too late to have a talk with them and we noticed that they had a couple of dogs with them. I had barely gotten to sleep when the dogs began a terrible barking barrage. They woke us up, but we didn't worry too much. We believed they would soon quit barking and we would get some sleep. Then the breeze brought to us a distinctive smell of skunk spray. We immediately recognized it and understood why the dogs were barking. That recognition caused me to start to think of our tent door and how easy it would be for the skunk to enter in the very insecure opening. I took the clothes bag we had in the tent and put it in front of the door, but I was not very sure that it could keep a skunk out.

We attempted to go back to sleep but it was no use. We nervously waited for things to calm down. They had somewhat until all of a sudden something was jumping up on my feet that were poking the side of the tent out. I jumped just about as far as the crowded conditions allowed. In the tent there was not room to move my feet very far, but I got them away from the intruder. I did the best I could to block the door, but it wasn't very secure. As I lay there, trying to keep my feet from becoming a target, I was really startled when the beast jumped on my head on the other side of the tent.

I sat up to take away the skunk's target and just hoped that it would go away. I sat there for a long time and could hear him walking around outside the tent. It got a little quieter and I finally decided to see if I could see what was happening. I took my flashlight and opened the upper drawstring and stuck my head out to see if it was still there. I used the light and looked at the side where my head had been and there was nothing there. I then turned around and looked at the other side where my feet had been. There, frolicking around that side, was a really cute little brown puppy.

ATVs enter my life

A few years after we moved to Corning (I must have been about 50 years old), I began to have an interest in driving all-terrain vehicles. I purchased a used Honda 3-wheeler, which we found to be fun. We took it to the coast one time and rode it on the sand dunes at Mackerricher State Park with the families of Lenard and Johan and Jerry and Myrna. We did a lot of riding on it for quite a few years, mostly right here on our property. Gregg was very good on it. He liked to thrill the others by riding it around our back field on two wheels. That might have been the start of Gregg's love of riding ATVs and dirt bikes.

In the fall of 2005, when I could afford it, I purchased a new Manco 250 cc quad from Tractor Supply. It was full size, but was not a 4X4. I found, however, that it would go anywhere that I wanted to go. I'm very sure that there were lots of places it wouldn't go, but where I really didn't want to try anyway. One of the exciting things about riding a quad is to discover where it will go and where you want to go.

I wanted to explore the possibilities that it offered. I talked Brett into going with me in August of 2005. I borrowed a small trailer from Bill Skousen to haul the quad, and Brett and I headed out to an ATV recreation area at Davis Flat, west of Stoneyford. By the time we set up camp, it was too late to do much that night, so we cooked supper and went to bed. Brett was in a small tent, but I slept in the new Avalanche. I wasn't really familiar with the locking/unlocking system from inside yet which added a little excitement to the night. In the middle of the night, I needed to go to the bathroom. The alarm system had automatically been engaged when I locked the doors. To open the doors, I reached across the front seats and tried to deactivate the alarm. Unfortunately, I hit the wrong button and the alarm started sounding right in the middle of where a lot of people had been sleeping. It took me quite a while to get it shut off. I was really embarrassed.

After eating breakfast the next morning, I decided to take the first turn with the quad. I didn't know the area and so I wasn't able to give Brett a description of where I was going. This was my first trip on the quad. I did a little on a green (easy) trail and decided it was too tame. I then opted for a blue (moderate) trail that headed up onto the ridge above us. I was enjoying the ride, and the quad climbed all of the steep places and was performing well. Then it got to a steeper area, and I found that it continued to climb without difficulty. Then the quad and I got to an even steeper part. It was steep enough that I started leaning way forward in order to keep weight on the front axle so it wouldn't tip over backwards. I entered a cut out where there were about 2' to 3' banks on both sides of a 4' wide trail that suddenly got even steeper. I leaned a little further and then, all of a sudden, the engine died completely. Before I could act appropriately, the quad and I were going backwards down the hill. I recognized that if I hit the back brakes that I would tip over backwards. I decided to turn so that the quad would run into the 3-foot-wall and stop. Unfortunately, right where I turned was an area that the trail builders had cut out in order to let water escape. I was headed toward a cliff. I had to stop, so I stomped on the brakes. The quad tipped over straight backwards throwing me to the ground and rolling over the top of me. Fortunately, I had my helmet on because my head hit the ground hard and then I don't remember anything.

When I shortly woke up, I realized that the quad had rolled backwards over me and then landed on its wheels and ran off the cliff. It had become entangled with oak brush that covered the slope. It was hung up in the brush with the motor still running. It was fortunate that it was hung up in the brush because otherwise it would have been way down in the canyon

somewhere. I was able to reach and turn off the ignition. I then tried to pull the quad back up on the ledge. There was no way. I could not budge it because of the way it was entangled with the oak brush.

What could I do? My leg was hurting, but fortunately it was not broken. Brett was my only hope. He was a long ways away down the mountain and across to the campground. There was no traffic on this trail. All I could do was walk back and get Brett's help. I started limping back down the trail. It was so steep in places that I had to grab the oak brush at the side of the trail as I descended to not fall and roll down to the bottom. Before I reached the bottom of the hill, my Levis had rubbed my inner legs raw and that was really hurting. I struggled down the hill and after a long time finally arrived at the camp spot. Brett was really glad to see me because he was in a very bad spot. He had no idea where I was. It had been hours since I left for a short ride. I had the keys to the car in my pocket; so he could not go anywhere. There really wasn't anyone to ask for help as everyone was out riding. All he could do was wait and pray for help from above.

We decided to use the Avalanche and take a route for cars that would lead us to an intersection above where we left the quad. We climbed down the trail until we got to the quad. We tried several things, but there was no way we could budge the quad from its trap. We went back to camp and when some other men came back to camp, we talked them into going with us to help pull the quad out of its entanglement. Again, there was no way. We dejectedly took our new friends back to camp, loaded up, and went home, leaving our quad there on the mountain. At least it would be hard for anyone to steal it. I felt sorry for Brett. He had waited for hours, had tried to help me without any success, and never even got to ride on the quad.

As we drove home, we discussed the situation without having a lot of faith in any particular solution. There was no way a tow truck could reach the quad. None of our vehicles could fit down the trail. I decided to call Gregg when we got home to see if he had any ideas. When I talked to Gregg, he was very willing to do what he could to help. He said that Gary Stone, his father-in-law, had a mechanical "Mule" and volunteered to bring it up to pull the quad out of the brush and to a spot we could load it on a trailer. We also decided to bring some saws to cut the brush and free up the quad. I also borrowed a couple of hand winches. Jared also came with us. We met the next morning at the camp and drove up to the intersection above the spot where we hoped the quad was still located. Gregg drove the Mule down to the spot and we verified that the quad was still entangled in the oak brush. The first thing we did was to cut away the branches of oak brush that were entangled with the quad. That was not easy and required that we get down on our backs and bellies to reach the necessary limbs. Gregg, Brett, and I did most of this work. I also hooked up the hand winches and secured them by attaching them to a strong bush above. When we finally got the quad free from the entanglements, I was able to pull the quad out of the brush with the hand winches, and with some adjustments, onto a level spot by the trail.

The only real damage I could see to the quad was that the handlebar was bent down on one side. I was able to straighten it out by hand. It actually looked pretty good, so I decided to see if it would run. It fired right up and I decided to see if it would climb up the steep trail on its own. It took off and climbed up the trail with no problem. I later figured out that my Manco had a kill switch on the dash that I had leaned against as I leaned forward because of the steep hill. That is why the engine immediately died. That was not one of the Manco's better features. That

happened to me another time up near the Sierra Buttes, but it didn't bother me because I had learned the hard way what to do.

The real damage was discovered the next day, and it was not to the quad. It became very evident that not all of the brush that we had cut was regular oak brush. Both Brett and Gregg were covered in exposed areas with poison oak. Both of their faces were covered with the rash. I was blessed to have not caught it. I have several times thanked my father for passing on the genes that do not catch the nasty stuff. I wish I had passed them on to all of my children. Even though I have never caught it, I do not tempt it. You never know when things can change.

Two things became very evident on that trip. First, never travel alone in one vehicle on these kinds of trails. The second thing that became evident was how fortunate I was that I had not broken a leg or had some other kind of injury that would have prevented me from making it back to where Brett waited. The next day I examined the trail sign and it was very evident that there had not been anyone up or down that trail since I had suffered the accident.

I soon bought another quad so that I could always have someone accompany me on my trips. In 2006, I used the money I earned from my temporary position as principal of Maywood Middle School to buy a nice Suzuki 700 cc 4 X 4 quad which has proven very useful. I also bought and hooked up a power winch to help in difficult circumstances. It has served me well for many years and made me feel good about meeting the challenges of Maywood Middle School.

In 2015, I decided it would be good to have a side-by-side 4-wheeler so that Francie would go with me sometimes. In March of that year, I found one on Craigslist down near Fresno. Gregg went with me to travel down to see it. It was a good bargain, and I bought it. The previous owner had done several things to make it a nicer vehicle. It is a Kawasaki Teryx 750 and has been a real fun toy for me and the family.

Final Addendum:

My testimony of Jesus Christ and of His Gospel

by Michael Henry

After telling as much as I have about my life, my hope is that my life bears testimony that there is a God who loves me as an individual and who has given me an opportunity to lead my life in such a way as to prepare for and earn the right to live with my Father in Heaven and with my family for all eternity. I hope that my life bears testimony that without the Atonement of Jesus Christ that my life would have not had any eternal value. I hope that my life bears testimony that the Holy Ghost is absolutely essential for me to find the path through this life to encounter the way to eternal joy and happiness.

I bear my testimony that God does live, that we knew Him in the Spirit World before we came to Earth and that we made enough good choices there to be rewarded with the opportunity to come to Earth in order to prepare for and earn the right to return to Him for an eternal reward. I bear my testimony that Jesus Christ was selected in the pre-Earth life to come to Earth to suffer and die for us so that we might have the means to repent of our sins, misdeeds, and lack of honorable decisions and actions, in order to be blessed with the Lord's choicest blessings. I bear testimony that the Holy Ghost has consistently found the way to show me the right path to follow in order to qualify for an eternal reward.

I bear my testimony that one of the choicest of all of God's and Jesus Christ's blessings to us is that Jesus Christ acted for His Father when he designed the Plan of Salvation which is the only way for us to qualify for all of His blessings. I bear testimony that Jesus Christ acted for His Father when He established His Church, the Church of Jesus Christ. I bear my testimony that Jesus Christ acted for His Father when he directed the restoration of His Church, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, through the prophet, Joseph Smith. I bear my testimony that the Holy Ghost has always been here to help guide me when I open my heart to receive these marvelous blessings.

I know that these things are true. The spirit has testified to me on uncountable instances of their veracity. I know that the Lord wants us to act in such a way that we will be able to return and live with Him and with our wonderful families for all eternity. My greatest hope is that I will have an eternity of joy and happiness with Francie and my family. I know that the heavenly rewards that await each of us are infinitely greater than the cost for us to follow Him. I bear this testimony in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

