

The Johnstonian

1981

Families are Forever



Garry, Glenda, April, Kathie, Winslow,
Denzil, Neva, Steve, Maxine, Glen,
Grayson, Gentry, Heather, Jordan, Garrett, Grant.

Johnson's Past and Present

George Darrill Johnson, son of John Peter Johnson and Mabelle Ann Whitehead was born September 3, 1908 in Thatcher, Idaho. He was the youngest of six sons and 5 brothers. He lived in Thatcher, Idaho. He married Mable Thomas daughter of Howard and Anna Turner.

The Johnson's

He was a position as a Sunday School superintendent. He was a position as organist since the age of 8 years and is currently (1976) the Sunday School Organist.

We lived on the family farm which we later bought from Darrill's father in 1936. There was a winter to Grace for 3 years and also has hauled milk for Glen and Swiss. In 1963 we sold our farm to Glen Allen and moved to Grace. We bought Jr. Johnson's home.



It was a very long time for me to get back to the farm. In the winter time I make a trip to the farm. I was sick. It was a very long time for me to get back to the farm. I was sick. It was a very long time for me to get back to the farm.

I went down the coast which was stormy but fun. Then went to this's for Thanksgiving. Steve and Claudia, Mary and family were there. I was really something special we will never forget. When we got back to Eugene the next day we went to Portland to see Bill and the team play. We also saw Edith.

Maxine and Glen were so wonderful to us. We had such great times. They had a birthday party for me, (I think the only one I ever had). Jan, Randy and Craig and some friends of Maxine's were too. The house was decorated from pillar to post; everything was so beautiful.

Johnson's - Past and Present

George Denzil Johnson, son of Nels Peter Johnson and Minnie Ann Whitehead was born September 3, 1908 in Thatcher, Idaho. He was the youngest of 2 sisters and 5 brothers. He lived in Niter and Thatcher. He married Neva Thomas daughter of Howard and Annie May Turner Thomas in the Logan L.D.S. Temple.

We held many positions in the church including MIA president, and counselor to Sunday School superintendant. Neva held a position as organist since the age of 8 years and is currently (1976) the Sunday School Organist.

We lived on the family farm which we later bought from Denzil's father in 1936. There have been many hard times, but Denzil worked at many other things such as working in a warehouse for the 'spuds' and cutting grain for other people. He drove the first school bus from Niter to Grace for 5 years and also has hauled milk for Gem Valley Swiss. In 1963 we sold our farm to Glen Allen and Wesley Hubbard and moved to Grace. We bought Jr. Rasmussen's home. Then we installed a laundromat which was a real success which we sold in 1974 to Don and Barbara Jewett.

We are retired and are living in Blanch Whitehead's home which we bought in 1973. With the help of our boys and their wives, we remodeled it. We love it very much. We rent three apartments in the house next door.

In the fall of 1976 our children made it possible for us to celebrate our 50 years of marriage which was so very wonderful. The children were all here.

In the year 1980 it was my (Neva's) year to have 4 major operations. I nearly lost my life. But with faith and prayers from all the family and friends, my life was spared. Our children were so wonderful to us. Maxine called my nearly every day and Glen was great. They came to see me not long after his heart attack. I was so thank 1 to see them. In January 1981, Maxine Glen and Steve came out. They were taking Steve back to school so we went with them to see Sophie, Clyde and Glenn and their families. Then we took Steve to Provo. Grandpa caught cold and in two days we were sick. It was a bad time for us all but we did get better after a while. In the winter time I make quilts so I made one for each one of my families. It was the least I could do for all they had done for us. In the fall of '81 we went with Maxine and Glen to Eugene after they had been to Ogden for Sophies funeral. Then we went down the coast which was stormy but fun. Then went to Kathia's for Thanksgiving. Steve and Glenda, Garry and family were there. I was really something special we will never forget. When we got back to Eugene the next day we went to Portland to see Phil and the team play. We also saw Edith.

Maxine and Glen were so wonderful to us. We had such great times. They had a birthday party for me, (I think the only one I ever had). Jan, Randy and Craig and some friends of Maxine's came too. The house was decorated from pillar to post; everything was so beautiful.

We came home January 14, 1982 to a lot of snow. Howard, Florance and Lance came to Pocatello to get us. We enjoyed ourselves a lot but it was good to be home. Maxine took us to Portland to get on the Plane. Since we came home, I have made 4 big quilts and 3 baby ones.

We are grateful for our wonderful children. They have been taught to work and are very successful in their respective fields. Maxine May Johnston and husband Glen, live in Eugene, Oregon. Living close to the church. Both work in their respective jobs. They have 3 children and 7 grandchildren. Howard Denzil Johnson and wife Florence live in Grace, Idaho. Living close to the church. They have four children and 6 grandchildren.

Glenn Thomas Johnson and wife Carol live in Salt Lake City where he is co-owner of Utah Sprocket Co. They have 3 daughters. Clyde David Johnson and wife Kathleen live in Kaysville, Utah. They have 2 boys and 1 girl and 1 grandchild. He is Head parts man at Rick Warner Ford and many things he does in other departments.

Philip Donald Johnson and wife Ann live in Chicago. He is Assist. coach of the Chicago Bulls. They live close to the church. They have 2 boys.

At this time, 1981, we have 15 grandchildren and 14 great grandchildren and four more expected.

We have raised a good garden even tho I didn't feel too good last year, but with the help of a wonderful husband at my side we did a lot of things.

Sophia Belkis Johnston



Every 41 has no more than 10 years of life

and the only way to live is to live
and the only way to live is to live



Sophia Bellis Sofinsson



1927



25 yrs - 1933 - 28 yrs



taken by the Bamberg

1920 13 yrs old



Puddy



Aug.
1947

SOPHIA BELLIS JOHNSTON

Sophia Bellis Johnston was born in Buckley, England Feb. 8, 1907, the youngest of 9 children. She, with her father William Bellis and other members of her family sailed on the S.S. Ivernia arriving at Boston, Massachusetts November 17, 1910. They settled in Paris, Idaho, arriving there January 1911, joining other members of her family that emigrated earlier. She applied for and was granted her citizenship November 6, 1935.

Money was very scarce for the family. Sophia told a story of one Christmas when some people gave them an orange and she kept hers until it spoiled...it was such a thrill to actually have an orange. Sophia did not have nice clothes while going to school and being big for her age was often dressed in older ladies clothes. This really helped give her the feeling of inferiority she carried all her life. When she was a child she fell into Bear Lake and came up under a boat and almost drowned. She had a tremendous fear of water the rest of her life. At an early age she did house work for people in Montpelier, Idaho. She lived at the Barretts for many years, helping raise John and Margene as well as cook and keep house. She moved to Ogden, Utah in her early thirties and was housemaid for Brownings, Andersons and several prominate families in Ogden.

She and George Johnston were married January 4, 1945 in Ogden and moved into a little house on Kiesel. Sophia had a dog named Pudge that she loved very much. Pudge was an old dog when she and George were married and he died a couple of years later. Then they had a dog named Trixie. Sophia always had such a great love for animals. Glen was in the Service when they were married so he came home from the wars to a step-mother, but not the type you read about in fairy tales.

Shortly after they were married they began to build a two bedroom house on the lot where they were living. George became quite ill with a skin eruption on his legs and asthma and was unable to hold a steady job. Sophia worked for Anders, Parker and Dr. Stranguist. George did remodeling and small carpenter jobs. They finally completed their house in 1948 although they had lived in it a year and half. They sold it in 1949 and moved into a garage on the property at 3745 Orchard. They began building another house. George was very ill and it was with great difficulty that he finished the house. They finished it about 1952 although they were living in it much before that. Sophia was mostly working for Parkers at this time, working there about three days a week



APR • 61



• AUG 70



and bringing home laundry to do by hand and ironing into the late hours of the night. We were having financial problems at that time and they helped fix up the garage and move into it in Novemeber 1952 so we could pay our rent money to buy a corner lot near them, hoping to build our own house in the near future. They were so kind to us and although they had very little they shared what they had with us. Kathie was 5 and Glenda was 2. Sophia spent many happy hours with them and truly loved them.

When we were first married the only apartment we could find was an unfurnished duplex. We had no money and no furniture or dishes. Sophia and George had very little themselves but they shared with us and helped us set up housekeeping.

George had a kidney removed in 1953 and it was cancer but they thought they had removed it all. He never did fully recuperate from the operation and gradually got more disabled. Sophia worked all this time as well as take care of him with much patience and understanding. It was a very difficult time for her as there was no one near to help since we had moved to Roseburg, Oregon in April 1953. George died March 5, 1955.

Sophia lived alone for a while but was very lonely and about two years later her sister Rhoda Crawford moved in with her until about 1976 when she went to live with her daughter as she was too ill for Sophia to take care of. Sophia had a serious heart attack about 1968 and another about 1974 and she suffered from Angina after that. She continued to work as much as she could and did not quit working for Parkers until about 1977.

Sophia was baptised Nov. 23, 1956 and her membership in the church was a real joy to her, especially after she was not working every day and could go to Relief Society and her other meetings more regularly. She was so thrilled when she was called to be a visiting teacher. She called us long distance to tell us of her new responsibility and she was very dilligent in that calling. She was known as the best cook in the ward and whenever she took a dish to a church function she used only the best ingredients and her gourmet recipes.

She was the leaning post in her family and was there when any of them needed her, both emotionally and financially. She was the one that buried Tom, (Marthas son), Martha, Millie, Bill and Jack. She spent two years visiting Jack in a nursing home, many times walking several blocks and riding the bus in all kinds of weather. Before he was in

September 23, 1976



— Associated Press Wirephoto

Goodby George

WINSTON, Ore., — George, the camel, is dead at the age of 29 — equal to about 100 years in human terms — of

pneumonia and problems of old age. George was a favorite of crowds at the wildlife safari where he spent his last years.



August 1976



the nursing home she often took Sunday dinner to him, walking about 1½ miles as the buses often didn't run on Sunday.

We coaxed Sophia out to visit us a few times and one of the highlights of one visit was a trip to the Wildlife Safari. She was thoroughly delighted with all the animals from George the camel to the goats in the petting corral. Another special time was when she met Georges first wife Ada in Portland, which she had wanted to do for years. She also loved the ocean and visits to the coast.

I loved Sophia. She was very self sacrificing and it was difficult to do things for her or give her things because she never felt she deserved them. She was so kind to us all the years I knew her but the especially touching times were when we were in need and they shared what they had, helping whenever they could.

Written by Maxine Johnston
Daughter in Law

MEMORIES OF SOPHIE

BY

GLEN

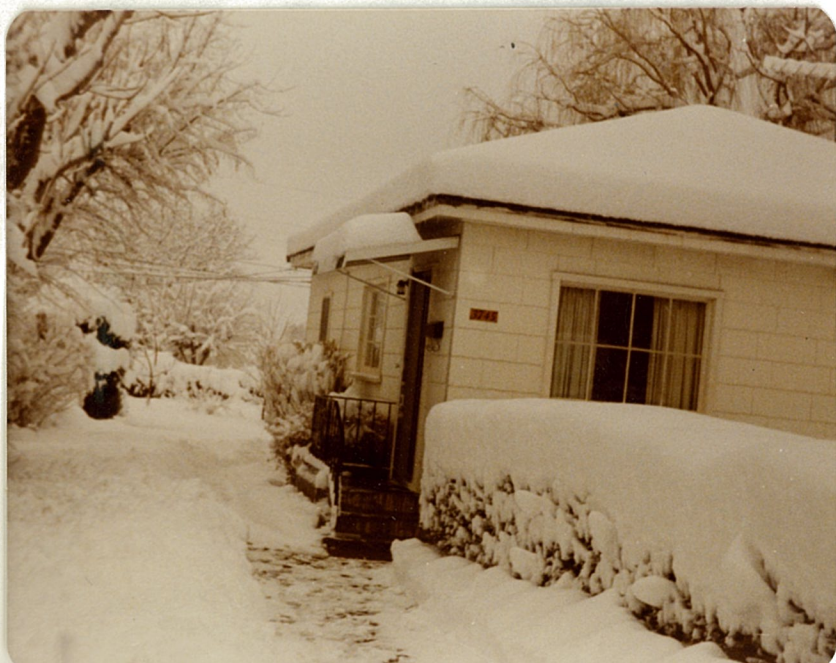
My first memories of Sophie began when I came home on leave from the Navy during World War II. Dad and Sophie hadn't been married very long. When Dad introduced us I remember Sophie reminded me of a shy little school girl. She bent her head down, looked over the top of those thick glasses and smiled with the funny little smile of hers. As far as I was concerned we became instant friends, with her it took a little longer but we did become friends.

I also remember how she loved her little dog Pudge. Dad thoughtlessly used to cuss that dog and when he did she would really become upset and it was about the only thing she would really stand up and fight for.

Our first dinner together was something else. Of course Sophies' dinners were always good. This day was no exception. We were both trying to please each other. The main dish was some sort of fish. The piece I was served still had the skin on it. I didn't care for fish then but I ate it. In fact, I even ate the skin in order to keep from offending her. When I swallowed, it was about all I could handle and it was even too much for Sophie. She turned ashen and said I wasn't supposed to eat the skin. When I told her I ate it because I didn't want her to think I didn't like her cooking we both had a good laugh and that was the real beginning of our friendship.



Aug. 1976 - George's 2 Wives



Tribute to Sophia Johnston

Remarks from the Funeral Service held November 7, 1981
by Steven Johnston

Sophia Johnston, my grandmother, was born in Buckley, England; a town located a few miles outside of Liverpool. When she was eight years old she immigrated with her family to America. The youngest of eight children, Grandma learned the value of hard work at an early age. She began working as a housekeeper when she was about ten years old and continued in that profession until she retired. Grandma took her work seriously. She was diligent and loyal. Her service, however, was not limited only to her employers. Others who knew her, also knew her as someone who was compassionate and who enjoyed serving others. Not too long ago, she was asked to be a visiting teacher in her church. As a visiting teacher, she was responsible to visit, make friends with, and look after, other women of the church. Grandma was very excited to be a visiting teacher and loved the women she had been assigned to visit. Sometimes a visiting teacher's assignment (or shall we say route) is changed. She is assigned to visit a new group of people. I have been told by Mrs. Gipson that when Grandma's route was changed she didn't stop visiting the sisters whom she was no longer assigned to visit. Instead, she visited them as regularly as those whom she was assigned to visit.

Grandma also loved and served her family members. She was a loving mother, and I can attest to the fact that she was a super grandmother as well. In her later years she spent a great deal of her time taking care of her brothers and sisters. For example, when her brother Jack was ill, grandma spent numberless hours riding the bus to the rest home where he was staying, visiting him and then returning home on the bus again.

In addition to her service to employers and family, grandma also loved and made friends with children and animals. She made several contributions for the research of children's diseases and made donations to the wildlife fund. I think it was common knowledge among the children in her neighborhood that her house could be successfully "trick-or-treated" even if it wasn't Halloween. Animals in the area also seemed to sense grandma's soft heart. She always fed a few, and sometimes several, dogs and cats other than her own.

The last act of grandma's life seems typical of her loving, serving attitude. She walked to the store and purchased several kinds of cat food and some dog food for a dog that she had seen; a dog that she thought looked hungry.

Grandma never wanted to be a burden to others. Perhaps her accidental death, sad as it is, is God's blessing in answer to her desires. One of Grandma's poems, which I think may have been a favorite, also expresses her desire not to cause hardship or sorrow for others.

Sophia & George Aug 1947

IMMORTALITY

Do not stand at my grave and weep - - -
I am not there. I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awake in the morning's hush,
I am the swift unflinching rush
Of quiet birds in circling flight.
I am the soft star-shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry . . .
I am not there. I did not die.

--Author Unknown



Knowing Grandma, I feel that it was her desire that we, whom she left, be not overly distraught at her passing. One of her grandsons, Gentry Winn, was told of grandma's death and responded, "that's the bad news, that we don't get to see her now. The good news is that she'll get to see all her friends up there." I think that is the attitude grandma would like all of us to have.

Shortly after I learned of her death, I was talking about grandma with my roommate; I told him I was really excited for her because I knew, as I know now, and as one of her favorite poems indicated, that she continues to live. And I feel she continues to love and serve others as she did so beautifully in this life.



Sophia & George Aug. 1947

by Kathie

Memories...

One of the first things I remember memorizing was "thirty-seven-fourty-five Orchard"...the house number where Grandpa George and Grandma Sophie lived...and where we lived in their garage for a time. I guess I was taught it so that if I ever got lost I could find my way, or have someone help me find my way back...but it served a greater use; I never had to look up the address during my college years and after, when I wrote to Grandma Sophie!

When I went through the stage of "running away from home" I didn't have far to run--about 15 yards--to find a soft heart and sympathetic ear. Sophie was always willing to take sides with the underdog (or in her case, undercat) or the little guy (or in my case, little girl). I don't know if my memory is correct, but I don't recall ever feeling that Sophie was angry or upset with me; which makes absolutely no comment about my behavior and tremendous comment about her loving heart.

She always wanted to give--and made you feel you were doing a service by accepting. People often give children a trinket or candy to take home after a visit, but Sophie didn't stop with children. There was always something--a jar of jam, a book, a pin, a lamp. But more than the gifts, she gave many of life's lessons. It was always a treat to me to hear her tell of her trip to this country, and even to hear of the hardships she endured and those experiences which made her what she was. I am sure my experiences with her were part of what made me feel I had come home when I went to England. That was an uncanny feeling, and through the whole summer I just kept wishing I could somehow have persuaded her to come with me.

Part of my love for Sophie came from the knowledge that she needed me. Her burdens were greater than I think I could bear... but I feel that at least a few times we helped lighten the load. In a letter written early in 1980 she wrote:

This worrying about being a bother to people has always worried me. Still does--as all three of my sisters are housebound cripples--I'm lucky so far. Hope I can continue to take care of myself.

Thank you for everything...I have George to thank for Glen and Edith--and their familys(sic)--who could ask for more? Thank you for sharing your life with me...

This world was not kind to her, even in the manner of her death--but the swiftness and timing may have been a kindness, after all.

She always doubted her claim to grandmotherhood--but let the record be clear on my part, Kathleen Johnston Brough claims as her paternal grandmother, Sophia Bellis Johnston!

--- by Kathie



Memories...

Grandma Sophie--even saying the name brings back many pleasant memories. Admittedly I do not recall much about the years before we moved to Oregon so my memories consist mainly of our visits there and her visits with us. They are memories like eating strawberries from her strawberry patch beside her house, loving to play with all the kittens, cats, and dogs that frequented her house, her delicious cooking--especially her macaroni and cheese which unlike ours was made with a creamy sauce instead of milk and chunks of cheese. I recall also that she seemed to love to clean house, she was always spiffing up something, and I thought it so funny that she mopped the floor by hand with her knees perfectly straight. I also thought she had a pretty neat bathroom since it had TWO doors.

There was never any doubt in my mind that the saying about dogs and children being the best judge of character--both loved Sophie; along with a host of others, like cats, friends, neighbors, employers etc.

There are a couple of words that in my mind characterize Grandma Sophie perfectly: compassionate and generous. She hated to see people or animals suffer and would do everything in her power to help, and as I compare her to many of her contemporaries I think it quite special that she seemed untouched by worldly things. She lived a simple life and would give most anything she had away. Now this always made buying her gifts most difficult, because her greatest treasures were things you made or pictures or such. I think how much easier it must have been to leave this earth with no ties to her possessions. I feel her only regret would have been if her passing had made us sad or inconvenienced someone...

Her letters were always replete with other peoples problems and needs, the weather--which she always had to contend with since she never drove--and even her opinions about current events. She liked to read and could talk to just about anyone on a variety of topics.

I loved Grandma Sophie--for her strength, her example, and for her great love for us. Her life touched so many others, I can certainly imagine her bustling around straightening 'the kingdom' up there, and seeking out those who may need any help (especially any animals...) Surely the happiness she brought to my life is being put to good use by our Father in Heaven, for she lived perfectly the Relief Society motto: Charity Never Faileth.



... by Glenda

The Sofnsfor's



Johnstons Journeys ~ '81

New Year's Day, 1981 found us on the road to Grace, Idaho...Steve, Glen and Maxine. We arrived there January 2, and were grateful for the good dry roads. It was so good to see Mother and Dad looking so well considering the long illness Mother had had in 1980.



It snowed January 3 about 3 inches, just enough to give us a renewal of the Christmas Spirit and more fun to take the Christmas decorations down. Monday we drove to Ogden to see Sophia and took her with us to Clyde's. We all went to dinner with Glen and Carol.



Sophia had planned to go to BYU with us to take Steve back to school, but didn't feel well so Mother and Dad went with us. They stayed at Clyde's and we stayed at Sophia's until Wed. afternoon when we then headed back to Grace.



By Friday everyone was sick and we all went to the doctor where we were diagnosed as having the Hong Kong flu. Glen and Maxine came to Eugene taking turns driving and laying ill in the back seat. We were in bed a week after getting home. Mother had a light case but Daddy was ill for weeks. Maxine started a long delayed project of overhauling the living room in March, which began with new carpet. Jan Short, her cousin, came over and helped her wallpaper which turned out to be quite a project, especially when the store only ordered half enough paper and it took two weeks to get the second half. It was worth all the work, though, when we were able to put the first oak wall unit in the room in July and finally the second one in September. We started working on them in April and enjoyed the challenge they presented and the joy of seeing them completed.

April 24th we left for our vacation. Steve had arrived at Kathie's from school so it was great to see him as well as Kathie's family. Steve, Glen and Maxine went on to Monrovia to see Glenda.







We had a great visit there. We took everyone (except Grant) to Disneyland. Went on all the trips and rides our bodies could stand. Grayson was limited to some of the slower rides but finally prevailed upon his Mom to let him ride a scary one. She asked him if he was sure he wanted to go and he said, "Yes, if it gets too scary I will close my eyes and if that doesn't help I'll just say a little prayer".

Glen and Maxine went to Universal Studios where "Jaws" came up out of the water to scare us and we saw giant props used in the picture "The Incredible Shrinking Woman". We visited with the family until May 6, left Steve at Glenda's to go to Las Vegas for Danny Royal's wedding.





We traveled up Highway 1, enjoying the scenery. We stopped at Carmel and admired all the creative things they sell there. Then we stopped at Castroville at the giant Artichoke where our taste buds were overwhelmed with french fried artichoke hearts. We stopped to visit Don and Kay Ainge in San Jose--had a delightful visit with them and a gourmet Mexican dinner at the Acapulco.



When we got to Kathie's she had fresh strawberry pie waiting for us, so it was a day of gastronomical delights. A few days later we went to Mountain View for Maxine's birthday dinner at the Mongolian Barbeque. Heather and Jordan were so excited about having a birthday girl and to have Grandma there for Mothers Day too.



The summer was spent landscaping the front yard. First, hauling dozens of wheelbarrow loads of bark-o-mulch. We had a sprinkler system installed with a computer control that is still a mystery since we have not yet received a book of instructions. We put railroad ties to divide and raise the garden area and by September, when the back yard lawn was planted, we felt a real sense of accomplishment. We had also increased our muscle power by leaps and bounds.

During the summer we shared our home with a young woman,, Lavella Hubert, who needed a place to stay while going to summer school. We enjoyed her company as well as feeling we had helped her.

We had some special company in the summer. Marie Royal stayed with us and Fuller came for a few days and we enjoyed our visit with Marie's mother also. Kay Ainge came to visit a few times and Don came twice. We were so glad to see old friends--we miss them all so much.

Maxine did lots of canning and drying, especially cherries, (which were in rich abundance) and we seemed to be blessed with them wherever we went. Cliff and Gladys Pearson sent us home with pounds and pounds of them and our neighbors gave us the bounty of their tree. Plums were in good supply on our tree and they were also dried and enjoyed.

Glen had to go to Oakland on business in July so he took a few extra days and went to Kathie's to visit. Glen felt so strong when he got home from all that Grandfather loving, that he was lifting heavy things at work and injured his back--which involved several visits to the doctor.

We had a chance to trade cars the last of July. We borrowed the car for a trial trip to Bend. Stayed at a nice motel with a swimming pool and enjoyed a great relaxing weekend. Decided we loved the car and bought it; a 1977 Oldsmobile with so many extras Glen said if you cough it will whip out a kleenex for you. The lights have a delay so you can get into the house before they go off, variable windshield wipers, cruise control, telescoping and tilt steering wheel and a terrific stereo system, lights flash & "beeps" sound if you don't keep enough gas & water in it or forget to fasten your seat belt, leave the keys in or forget to turn your lights off. It is gunmetal gray with blue velvet seats.

We had a garage sale on the hottest weekend in history. It was 105° Saturday when we had the sale so it wasn't too successful. Sunday was 108° which broke all records. Then we had 4 days in a row over 100 degrees which also broke records.

Steve came home the middle of August from Kathie's. We three went to the coast at Winchester Bay where Glen and Steve went salmon fishing and Steve caught an 11 pound Chinook which was super delicious. We went on down to Bandon and stayed, where we were lucky enough to be when there was a super low tide and we were able to see the star fish and sea anenomes in great abundance.



We had been swimming pretty regularly, although Glen's swimming had been curtailed because of his back. In September, Maxine swam 3/4 mile in 47 minutes, (which is slow for most) but the best she had ever done. In October she got her 50 mile card for swimming 50 miles since we started swimming after Glen's heart attack.

Maxine took a carload of youth to the Seattle temple in September where they met three vans of youth that had left earlier. In the evening they got separated from the vans and only had an address and phone number to find their way to the place in a neighboring community where they were supposed to stay. It was raining and dark and being entirely unfamiliar with Seattle it was frightening. Everyone was praying and we turned off on exactly the right exit, after traveling several miles, to start ourselves in the right direction. It was a spiritual experience to have our prayers answered in such a direct way, as was the testimony meeting with the youth and helping with the baptisms in the temple.



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In great abundance, and sea anemones and the star fish and we were able to see a super low tide to be when there were lucky enough stayed, where we to London and we went on down super delicious. Chinook which was caught an 11 pound fishing and Steve Steve went salmon where Glen and Winchester Bay the coast at We then went to August from Kathlamet the middle of Steve came home row over 100 Sunday was 10 105° Saturday We had a

We had a car for a trip and enjoyed and bought it you enough it delay as you understood with wheel and a if you don't seat belt, is its gunmetal

It was a swimming the car if a and your

Bob and Marie Ruoff from Los Angeles came to visit us and ordered some more of Glen's handiwork for their Christmas gifts.

In October we installed rain gutters on the shop which makes it look really finished. It was nice to have it completed as it was an unusually wet fall.

The middle of October, Maxine had an opportunity to drive to Kathie's with Roma Roderick. It was a delightful trip and was a good opportunity to get better acquainted with Heather, Jordan and April and try out some new Grandmother skills, as well as enjoy Kathie and Winslow.



Glen had been experiencing chest pains for several weeks, so on October 23, he went into Sacred Heart Hospital for an Angiogram. A decision reached only after talking it over with several people and praying about it since there was some risk in having it done. We were so happy we decided to go ahead with it as the doctor found no new problems with his heart. He still has the scar tissue from the previous attack but it is well healed and he has no new narrowing of the arteries. We were truly in a celebrating mood when we heard that. It seemed as if the weight of the world had been lifted off our shoulders.

The last of October was spent getting the car and house ready for the expected visit by Mother and Dad Johnson who planned to fly out the middle of November.

On November 2, a neighbor of Sophia's called to say she had been hit by a car and killed. Such a shock. Maxine flew back to take care of the funeral arrangements and Glen drove out a few days later since pressure at work wouldn't allow him to leave immediately, and be gone so long. Steve picked up Maxine at the airport and stayed with her at Sophia's Tuesday night then went back to school. By Friday, everyone was in Ogden. Glen, Kathie, Glenda and Steve. The funeral was held Saturday. All the many friends, neighbors, and family, both Sophia's and ours, made a sad experience tolerable. We were especially grateful for the ward members and the support they gave us in making so many decisions.



Our stress was increased by having to wait for an appraiser before we could complete our packing; but at last that was done. We were surprised at the value of the pieces of furniture Sophia had collected over the years and were pleased that we could each have a few pieces to add to our homes to remember her by. Despite the stress and grief, the true spirit of love and concern was evident throughout the entire time and was a special experience in and of itself. We worked hard and were able to get things taken care of by Tuesday November 10.

We started home after picking up Maxine's Mother and Dad at Brigham City where Howard had brought them to meet us. We drove in a beautiful moonlit night to Mountain Home where we thankfully laid our bodies down to rest for a while. The next morning, Glen went into the wrong motel room by mistake, after the occupants opened the locked door. He had knocked, they asked who it was and he said, "Me!" He walked in, thought Maxine was back in bed and asked why. A gravelly voice made him realize he was in the wrong room and he made a hasty retreat. We laughed about that all the way home. We had good weather until we left Bend and then was in a terrible rain storm all the rest of the way.





Our stress was relieved by having to wait for an appraiser before we could complete our business. At least that was done. We were surprised at the value of the pieces of furniture Sophia had collected over the years and were pleased that we could each have a few pieces to add to our homes to remember her by. Despite the stress and grief, the true spirit of love and concern was evident throughout the entire time and was a special experience in and of itself. We worked hard and were able to get things taken care of by Tuesday November 10.

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realize he was in the wrong room and he made a hasty retreat. We laughed about that all the way home. We had good weather until we left Bend and then was in a terrible rain storm all the rest of the way.

We were home a week and a half and then left for our long planned Thanksgiving vacation. We went down the coast trying to escape the rain, but not succeeding very often. We stayed at Gold Beach, Eureka and Santa Rose. Had a good time but a wet one. Went through the Redwoods and enjoyed their giant beauty. Glen bought some burls to make clocks. We stopped at the Oakland Temple where we were sealed in 1970.

We stayed at one of Kathie's friends' house who was gone for the holidays which was very nice except for a broken bed and a clock radio that went crazy.

It was cold and rainy most of the time we were in Livermore but it was warm and cozy at Kathie's where love abounded. Steve flew in Wednesday. Mother and Dad, Glen and Maxine picked him up and we all went to Chinatown for lunch. A fun experience.

Glenda, Garry and family arrived that night and we were a big happy family for the rest of the time. Kathie and Winslow had bought their Christmas present early, which was a TV camera and recorder; so there were priceless interviews of everyone. It was a precious time, and on Thanksgiving we had many things to thank our Heavenly Father for.



We took the opportunity to exchange our Christmas gifts to save postage. So we carried brightly wrapped packages in both directions. Jeanne, Christy and Brenda Barrett came over to visit. It was the fourth time Garrett and Christy had been together since they were babies. So much fun. We left on Saturday and drove straight home.



Then Sunday we drove to Portland, picked up Edith and went to the Trailblazer/Chicago Bulls pro-basketball game. It was good to see Phil and he seemed glad to see all of us.

Then it was back to work and try to pick up all the pieces after being gone so long. Maxine supervised the ward Christmas party, which included a play that Kathie had written from true stories. It was about sharing and Maxine was so touched by it she took her ceramic Christmas tree to a friend from work that wasn't going to have a tree this year. It was fun to have Maxine's parents with us to see the decorating of the tree, the nativity set and the enlarged snow village. Maxine had finished several new pieces at her ceramic classes as well as the long sought camel for the nativity set. Next year promises to be even better as Glen bought an HO train set for the village.

We were so glad to have Steve home for the holidays. We had a surprise birthday party for Mother on the 20th. She said it was the first one she had had guests come to. Several of our friends came as well as Jan and Randy, and she was really surprised. Steve had been caroling with friends and they sang Happy Birthday to her, too.

December was a rainy month--rained all but 4 days--which was disappointing since we had hoped the weather would show the folks what a nice place it was in the winter. But Daddy did such a good job of keeping the fire going and both of their sweet spirits made sunshine in the house. Christmas Eve was spent in our traditional way of delivering goodies to special friends then coming back for a Family Home Evening which Steve planned. Evelyn Arneson joined us which was special too. Christmas Day was a bountious harvest of gifts. Mother and Dad were surprised with their stereo, the gift from all their children.



The year was complete with a New Years Eve party, including Glen's birthday, which was held at our house as a prefunction for the New Years Eve Dance with some staying to play games and visit. Throughout the stay of Mother and Dad, Linda and Russ Bevans were very attentive and we have especially enjoyed their company. Daddy even consented to go over there for a visit on Christmas Day.



It has been a special year. We have been so blessed with material blessings in this time of terrible economy. Unemployment is so high and we are grateful for our jobs. Glen delights in working in his woodshop and Maxine is still enjoying ceramics. Maxine's health is better than it has been for years. She was able to quit taking aspirin entirely and her arthritis is quiet. The swimming has been a great help in strengthening both of us. Glen's sister Edith, has had a hard time recuperating from her auto accident November 1980, but it is some better now. Alan Theriault, our foster son visits us again occasionally and is doing better than last year. We have agonized and empathized over some deep problems of some of our friends, but in some cases it has strengthened our friendships. There have been stresses and problems, but the Lord through prayers, has helped us make decisions and sustain us. We are grateful for the Gospel and all the blessings we receive because of it. We try to help further the Lord's work by being active and serving where we are called. Glen is still Chairman of the Scout Committee and Maxine is still Chairman of the Activities Committee. We are thankful for our family and all the kind things they do to let us know they care. We love them very much.

