



**WINN'S**



## ON THE ROAD WITH GARRY AND GLENDA

Let me introduce myself, I'm "Big Red"--a 1994 Plymouth Voyager. You might think it strange that I'm doing the talking for the Winn family, but as you'll see from the content of this year, it is really quite appropriate considering the number of miles I went with them. But let me go back just a bit before I became a member of the family. As of January 1994, my cousin, a light blue 1990 Plymouth Voyager was the Winn's family van. He watched (and participated in) the comings and goings prior to my arrival and I was able to have a brief conversation with "Blue" before he was retired. Blue filled me in on the following background:

During the week Mr. Winn arose at 5:30 a.m. and tried to rouse Grant, who usually showered around 6 a.m. They tried to leave for Seminary at 6:15, in his light blue 1989 Toyota Corolla, braving the dusty, or muddy or rutty dirt road. Mr. Winn (He'll ask you to call him Garry) was in charge of Seminary in his calling on the High Council, so some mornings he stayed at the Stake Center and sometimes he traveled to the Collette building in his supervisory capacity. He left from there to go to work in Menifee --Morrison Elementary to be exact--where he continues his 5th year as principal. He has watched his school grow steadily since it opened. His staff adores him, the kids clamor to him, and the parents admire him. He enjoys his work. Anywhere from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. he leaves work and gets home about 1/2 hr. later.

Grant also leaves Seminary and goes to school. He is not the principal of his school (yet) but still pretty much acts like he's in charge. He rides the bus home and usually arrives about 3:40 p.m.

Mrs. Winn and Genessa have tandem schedules because they both go to the same school. They get up about 6:30 a.m. and leave for school/work in "Blue" about 7:15, over the dirt road, through the surface streets to Monroe Elementary. Mrs. Winn (Glenda) is finishing up a year of teaching a 3/4 combination class and Genessa is in the last half of 5th grade in Mrs. Clifford's class. Genessa also doubles as a teacher's aide as she helps her mom every day before and after school. She grades papers, straightens the ever-messy book shelves, staples homework, designs bulletin boards, puts up and takes down papers. Whew! It's amazing she still has energy to get straight A's in school, take gymnastics and piano lessons and play the clarinet. They try to leave for home about 4 p.m., arriving about 4:20 p.m.

So that's about it for the Home Team. There's also the Away Team, comprised of Garrett who is attending BYU and is engaged to Heidi Sperry; Gentry, who just left to return to BYU in January, and Grayson, who left for his first semester at Ricks College.

Blue told me that the first part of the year was pretty calm with the Winn family reduced from 7 to 4. They even pretty much retired the old Plymouth Sapporro for the time being. Life started speeding up a bit in March when company began arriving. It was Great Grandma Johnson, Grandma and Grandpa Johnston down from Oregon. It was the







first time Great Grandma had been to the Winn's home in Riverside. She arrived in time to celebrate Glenda's birthday in March. She and Grandma joined with friends at school to celebrate. Glenda thought it was great to be able to have both Grandma and Great Grandma at school with her. They all piled in "Blue" to go pick oranges and grapefruit, which just tickled Great Grandma, and supplied them all with plenty of vitamin C. They took time to play games and one Family Home Evening, they reminisced about when each of them was 10 years old. All too soon, Great Grandma had to fly home. That didn't slow things down because the Winn's were planning two big events, A trip to Puerto Penasco, Mexico and a Wedding. That's where I came into the picture. Poor "Blue" was coughing and sputtering a lot. The diagnosis was not good. So down to the car lot he went, where Garry, Glenda and Grandpa found ME!--"Big Red". Now the fun really begins.

Getting ready for Spring Vacation to Mexico was.....interesting. To get into Mexico, one MUST have a birth certificate, visa, insurance, O+ blood, no prior convictions, and a sense of adventure (just kidding about the blood)! Grandma and Grandpa had to make some pretty slick maneuvers to get their birth certificates, which had been left in Oregon, and then the Winn's had to hustle to send away for theirs.

Then there's the problem with cars. Did you know you must have proof a car is yours even if you still owe on it? This was only complicated by their recent purchase of ME. The problem though was getting authorization to take the new car out of the country and waiting for verification to arrive from the finance company back east the week they needed to leave. What was really aggravating was the fact that all this documentation was not even asked for when they finally made it to the border.

Bumpity, Bump, curve and swerve, honk and pass, then finally...MEXICO...well the condo had a nice pool! They made some great buys on wood carvings! Hey, how about the farmacia (drug store)? Fishing was fine--Garry didn't get sick, hey, hey! The huge saguaros and other desert plants were awesome. Nobody got arrested and they all got through customs! And back home safe and sound. (More details in Vacation section)

With me not even a month old yet, I was on my way again. This time with Grandpa Johnston at the helm. Boy, the Winns must really trust this guy. It's off through Nevada and Utah and clear up to Rexburg Idaho to retrieve Grayson, from Ricks, and probably just as important was for me to retrieve all his STUFF. My sides ached for quite awhile after that. They stopped overnight at Great Grandma's and delivered some oranges to her. Then they stopped again for lunch with Gentry in Provo, as they headed home to Riverside.

Then back to the usual routine for awhile with a few added trips to order cakes and buy food, material for table clothes, etc. for the Open House, and consult with the decorator (Barbara Malmberg).





More fun was the trip to Utah for Garrett and Heidi's wedding. The Manti temple was so beautiful but not so beautiful as the lovely Heidi Sperry. I wished that she could be a passenger more often. (Details of trip in Wedding section).

I returned them home on Saturday, May 7th. Mother's Day was the next day and it was made extra special when the newlyweds took time off from their honeymoon to spend part of the day with Mom Winn.

May 14th was the Open House and I did a lot of toting for that. Everything from artificial trees, bird cages, candles, flowers, ivy, an arch, to table cloths, food and drink. It was refreshing to carry people again when that was over. I only had to take Garrett, Heidi and Gentry to the John Wayne airport for the flight back to Provo.

I thought I might get some rest, but it was not to be. Just two weeks later, on May 28th, Garry left for Provo once more. Not so happy an occasion this time, as he went to pick up Gentry, who was experiencing severe depression and needed to come home. I could tell it was a difficult time for everyone. I don't have any 'little vans' myself, you understand, but I think it must be pretty hard to watch your offspring suffer and feel like there's so little you can do. Old Sapporo took Gentry to counseling appointments and to get medication, but it really didn't help much. I'm happy to report that over time, Gentry picked himself up, got a good (but hard) job delivering sprinkler systems and earned enough money to return to BYU the next January. He also spent quite a lot of time dancing. He even performed at the Stake Fine Arts evening with several other dancers. He can really swing those girls around (and they love every minute of it).

Now around this time, Mrs. Winn was enjoying the fact that she had a student teacher, Joy Baker, who was really good and she got to be out of the classroom while Joy taught for about 4 weeks. That was a really nice rest after the rush of a wedding. It paid off for Joy also, because she ended up getting a job teaching in Menifee School District. (Inside recommendations do help.)

Everyone was breathing a sigh of relief when school got out in mid June, unfortunately, no one got to rest long. Grant started Summer School 3 days later and Genessa started attending 6th grade at Franklin Elementary, which was year-round. She went back July 1st. Garry never really got a break because his year-round school doesn't have any time to speak of between year end and beginning. Glenda thought she was going to have a nice break but then she got asked to do a Spelling Presentation for all the Elementary Principals in the District and ended up spending a good deal of time the rest of the summer giving presentations on the newly adopted Spelling Program to the year-round schools. The money was nice, but it was a lot of preparation, and not much appreciation. She also worked as a consultant for Morrison on her own spelling program. (More trips for the car...) And here I thought I would let my oil rest for the summer!





Grayson didn't help matters either, because he really was trying to take a break, but there was all that running around to every shop and mall to get him ready for his mission. I mean, "boilin' radiators! It was hot and all." They expected me to never complain. Then what does Grayson do but up and get a job carting around Japanese Exchange students and I was the lucky vehicle that he used.

There were a few days left for fun and frivolity, but they still involved my services. Like when I took Genessa, her friend, Elisa Cruz, and Glenda to Magic Mountain for the whole day and evening in August. It meant driving 2 hours each way and we didn't get back until midnight. Don't they know I don't like to drive at night? I guess they had fun. They sure were exhausted.

Then the family piled into go to the beach to visit the Hayes family July 23rd. They knew the Hayes in Monrovia--every since Grant and Shannon were just babies. It was a real eye opener to look at the difference between Grayson and Jason after all these years. I can tell ya, Jason would never be confused with a clean cut missionary, dread-locks and all. It really was nice to see old friends united, but I think the Winns were secretly thankful for their particular set of challenges at the moment, compared with the Hayes'.

August 3rd, we were on the road again, this time to San Diego where Grayson received his endowments in preparation to leave on his mission. (See Grayson's section for all the exciting before and after details.) What a great place to spend time. I could learn to like it in San Diego. From the parking lot, I noticed a special glow about Grayson as they emerged in the afternoon sun. He sure is a fine young man, I'll miss carting him around while he serves two years in Guatemala. Two years! I hope I'm not a trade-in by then...

I picked up Garrett at the airport Aug. 6, when he flew in for Grayson's farewell. They all went to church the next day and that night a lot full of cars joined me in the Winns driveway. Some sort of good bye party for Grayson, so I heard. I counted more than a hundred people through those doors. Late that night they began to pack me up again. Where to now? Only the odometer will tell.

We all slept soundly that night, but boy when they woke up did they rev the engine! Must have overslept their alarm. Reminded me of a scene out of Home Alone that I saw at a drive-in. They peeled rubber as they headed toward Ontario. They dropped Garrett off at the airport. (What's the deal? Does he think he's too good to ride in Big Red?) Anyhow, they then put several hundred more miles on me going to Utah, AGAIN. I was parked two nights at Larry and Carol Winns. The second night we took a short jaunt to a Mexican Resturaunt to celebrate Grayson's belated 19th birthday. The next day I parked in front of Heidi and Garrett Winn's. It made my bumper drool as I watched them gobble up the delicious lasagne lunch Heidi worked so hard to prepare for them and she even invited Grandma and Grandpa Johnston who had joined the Winns in Provo, after being in Idaho. I was moved to a parking lot, now, at the MTC. They





hugged and kissed a lot and took pictures. I wonder if my shiny bumper and bright red paint got in any of them? There was a sign: "Missionaries Enter Here"--that's the door they went in. I was glad to see some of them come back out. Grayson was missing, though, and there were a few misty eyes. Once the van doors shut, I heard comments about at least it wasn't raining when they came out, like the two previous times they had seen sons off here.

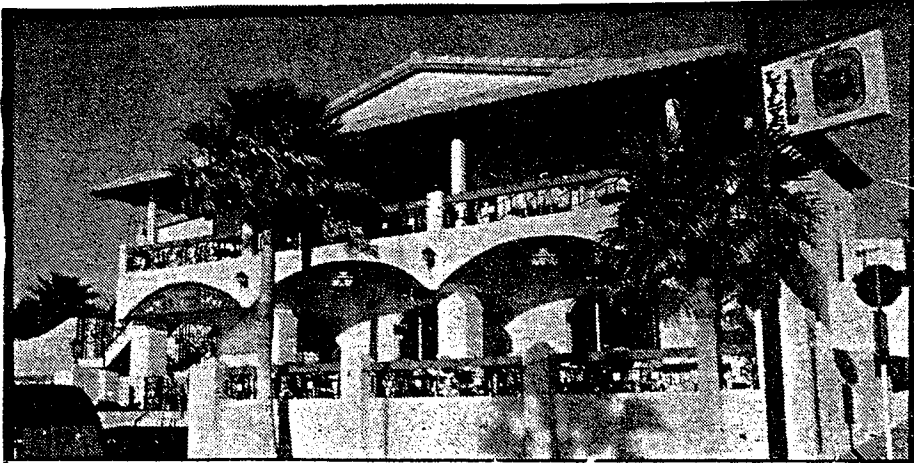
They turned the steering wheel sharp and headed north to Salt Lake City. Now they were acting like tourists. I got to rest my pistons next to the Johnston's car at the motel for two nights, but boy, during the day, they were off and running; out to breakfast, to the Beehive House, to the Planetarium, around temple square (at least they let the trolley do THAT trip), and back to the motel to swim. The Johnston car headed west on Aug. 19th and I headed south, back down to Orem once more. The next morning, with radiator running, they headed for home.

It wasn't long before everyone was back in the Naugahyde again. Glenda continued to take Genessa and Lisonbee's to school each morning until her school started Sept. 1st. Then Genessa had to go early in the morning and the Lisonbee's took her. She went there again after school. It had quieted down once more but just when I thought my tires would keep their tread, low and behold, I was being packed again.

It was Garry and Genessa this time, headed back up to Orem, Provo and Salt Lake City. (I wonder if they'll ever get tired of driving there?) They left on Oct. 15th with the goal of seeing Grayson off at the airport as he left for Guatemala. They got to meet his STUD companion, Elder Vargas and his family. They shared pizza, and had a general good, but short, time with him. They loaded him up with Christmas presents--in October? At least I was lighter on the trip home!

We hit the dirt road once again. You might say, I finally got into a rut. I didn't go on any more long trips for the rest of the year. Amazing! I continued to take Glenda to do Spelling presentations. One was even at Ramona High and it was for 23 grade schools and lasted all day long. There was always a few extra trips to church when there were ward parties, because now Glenda was not only the Home and Family Education Teacher in R.S., but also on the Activities Committee. There was the Who-Dun-It? night in October, and a fantastic Night in Bethlehem in December where everyone dressed in ancient garb and got a money bag to buy food and wise-men-type gifts. I didn't even mind going to the airport to pick up Heidi and Garrett when they came a couple of days after Christmas for a visit. Remember, I said I'd like that young lady to be a passenger more often. I'm sure you'll hear more about their visit in the next edition of THE BOOK.

For now, I'm just grateful for a purring engine, bright headlights, and a little time to rest my shocks. I guess I should be grateful for such a busy family, or they might have kept "Old Blue"...



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# "A TRIP TO PARADISE"

## *South of the Border*

THAT was the headline in the local tourist newspaper of Puerto Penasco. It mirrored the literature that we had received after finally securing reservations there for spring break. (It was one of the only places in the western hemisphere that was available.) We were so impressed by the information that we convinced Grandma and Grandpa into going with us. We even bought a new van before the trip. So Grant, Genessa, and the four 'big' people packed up the new red van and left for the border on Sat. April 9th. We arrived in El Centro, Calif. in late afternoon and decided to go over to Mexicali for a shopping trip. We were somewhat disappointed because it wasn't nearly as good as Tijuana and many of the medicines that Grandma was looking for weren't available, or not that cheap. After spending the night in a motel, we left for Mexico Sunday morning. We were impressed by the great variety of cactuses and Garry was very patient about stopping for pictures, both on the way there and on the way back.

We enjoyed a week of not having to answer the phone, being able to set our own schedule (that means sleeping in), lounging by the pool or beach or shopping/ bartering at the street-side 'tiendas'. We bought a good supply of carved wood sculptures--each more impressive than the last ( and usually cheaper) as well as very clever sea-shell characters.

Garry and Grant went deep sea fishing one day and actually caught some fish! We sampled a variety of Mexican dishes and seafood at local restaurants. The weather was beautiful, though not as hot as we thought it would be. It really was a lovely time. However, there were many aspects that didn't exactly match the literature. And we joked about our "luxurious accommodations" at the same time realizing that they certainly were luxurious compared to the rest of the village. We use the following article that was in that same newspaper to demonstrate the advertised vs. reality. The "realities" are in [brackets].

The Sea of Cortez is an ideal [for who or what?] setting for a memorable [definitely unforgettable] vacation or relaxing week-end getaway [for those who might be trying to run from the law?].







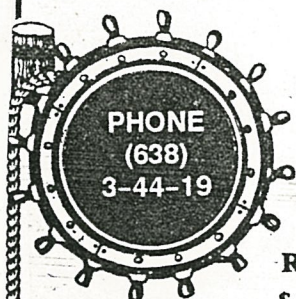
## Pompano's Fishing Charters

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• BOAT LAUNCHING • FULL TACKLE

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WE SELL FISHING LICENSES



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SNACKS

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BAIT

### Rate Per Person

\$ 35 Bottom fishing  
\$ 55 Bottom deep sea fishing  
\$ 15 Sight seeing

### Trip Duration

6 hrs.  
6 to 7 hrs.  
1 1/2 hrs.

### Size Limits

1/2 to 10 lbs.  
1/2 to 85 lbs.

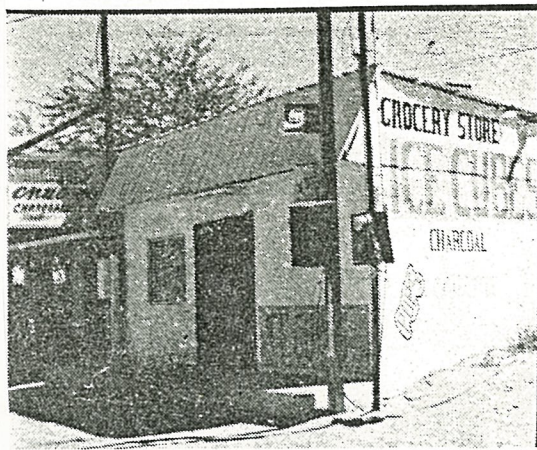


Located on Main Hwy #8 in Old Town Peñasco



'Reality'-- A local Grocery Store

## ABARROTES EL CRUZERO



### Grocery Store

- Ice Cubes
- Charcoal
- Soda Pop

**PHONE**  
**3-42-61**

on Cholla Bay Road  
Pto. Peñasco

Puerto Penasco or "Rocky Point" is a sleepy [almost dead] fishing village [slum] located approximately 60 miles from the Arizona/Mexico border. It is less than 5 hours from Phoenix and Tucson [Unless you get behind all the slow trailers on the 2-lane road] and is a long time favorite of Arizona and California residents [who live in the inner cities, or barrios, perhaps] and visitors. Rocky Point is quickly becoming the place to spend the winter for people from all over the country including folks from as far away as Alaska and Canada.

Several motels, hotels, [both loosely defined] and RV parks are located on the sandy beaches [which are full of broken glass, trash and rusty decaying fishing boats] that dot the Mexican Coastline. Lovely restaurants, large and small, [define large and small please?] guarantee fine food with the flavor of Mexico at it's best.

While you're visiting Rocky Point, you might consider deep sea fishing. The Sea of Cortez Charter Services has a 70' craft which accommodates 22 people and is equipped with central heat and air conditioning, bathroom, showers, a full galley with bar, walk-around deck, and crows nest.

[Below is the "craft" that Garry and Grant took. It boasted accommodations for 6, equipped with natural sea-breeze air-conditioning complete with canvas canopy. Instead of a full galley, you could enjoy your self-packed lunch and ice chest instead of a bar. There was 4 full feet of walking space between your assigned seat and a luxurious? port-a-potty open to the fresh ocean sea spray.]





We left Puerto Penasco on Friday, after hitting the shops for T-shirts again and some last minute attempts at bargains on jewelry, shells and carvings. We stayed in Yuma, Arizona and had a much appreciated dinner at Shoney's. We had a swimming pool at the motel which was a tad warmer than our Mexico one. We even noticed that the shower tiles were all in tact, and there were no broken windows in our rooms, AND the air-conditioning worked. We arrived back home on Saturday, April 16th. One thing's for sure, home looked pretty darn good by the end of that week. We would probably repeat that now famous Johnston family saying, "You have to chalk a lot up to recreation". And we did!



A FEW of our Mexican "Treasures"



*Mr. William L. Sperry  
and  
Mrs. Judith Sperry  
are pleased to announce the marriage  
of their daughter  
Heidi Sperry*

*to  
Mr. Garrett R. Winn  
son of Mr. and Mrs. Garry E. Winn  
Friday, the sixth day of May  
nineteen hundred and ninety-four*

*They will be sealed for time  
and all eternity  
in the Manti L.D.S. Temple*

*They request the pleasure of your company  
at one of the following:*

*Reception*

*Friday, May 6th*

*6:00 until 8:00 p.m.*

*The Bungalow*

*235 South 100 West  
Pleasant Grove, Utah*

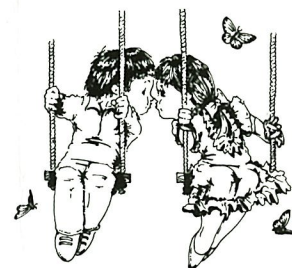
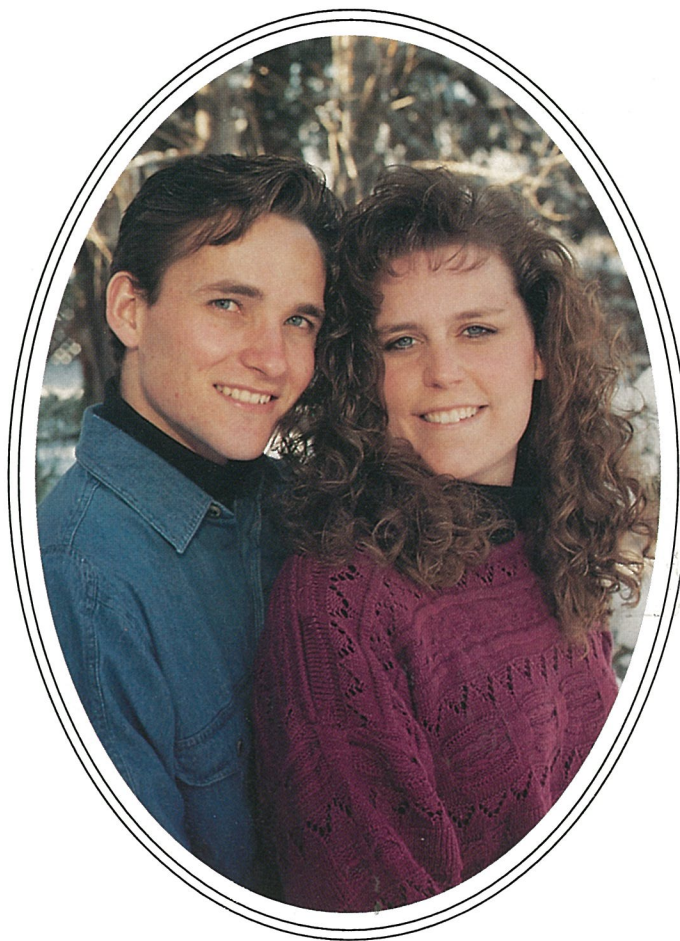
*Open House*

*Saturday, May 14th*

*7:00 until 9:00 p.m.*

*L.D.S. Church*

*16930 Via Los Caballeros St.  
Riverside, California*

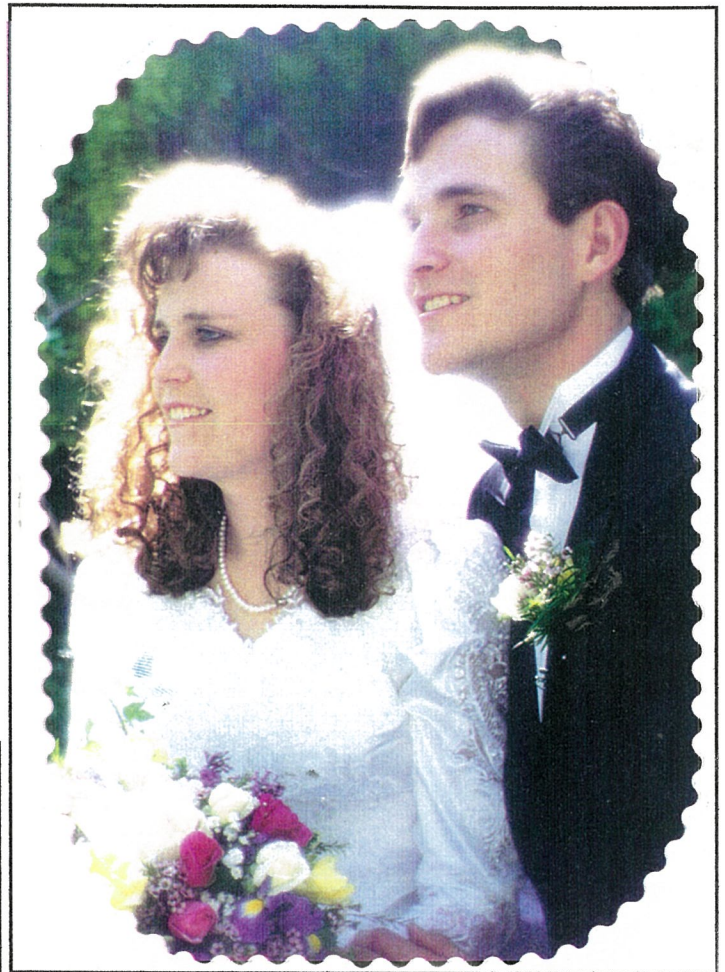
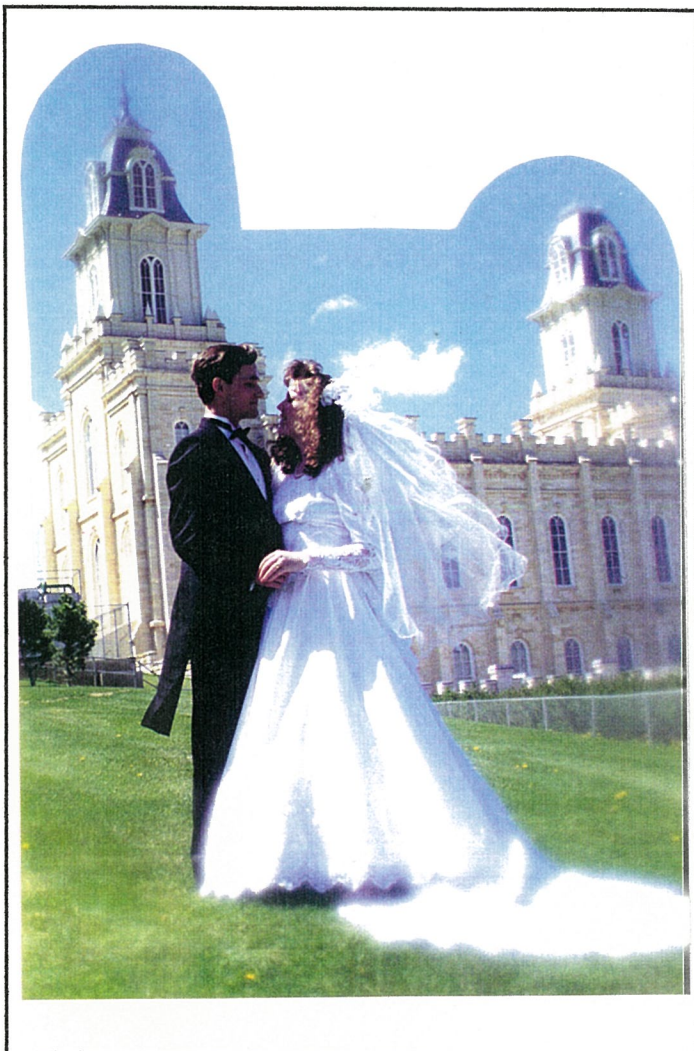


*I love you  
in big ways  
I love you  
in small ways,  
but most of all  
I'll love you  
for always*



## **--Garrett and Heidi-- Together at Last**

Garrett and Heidi were married in the Manti Temple on May 6th, 1994. The day dawned with spring in the air and turned into the picture perfect wedding day. They were surrounded by friends and family as they were sealed for time and all eternity in the very top sealing room (called the tower room) in the temple...the only trial being walking up the MANY flights of stairs to get there.



Their union was the end of an on-again-off -again courtship mentioned in last year's Johnstonian. Garrett had met Heidi when they were both at the MTC in 1991. She knew his cousin, Preston, and noticed his name tag said Elder Winn and asked if they were related. She was going to France on her mission (so was Preston) and Garrett was off to The Netherlands. They wrote for two years without ever going on a date. When Garrett came home in June of 1993, Heidi came out and stayed with us to "meet" Garrett at the plane. We fell in love with Heidi before Garrett even arrived. We did what we could to encourage the relationship without rushing it along. Garrett liked the encouragement but not the anti-rushing counsel. He proposed a month later. Heidi accepted and they planned a November wedding. As Garrett noted last

year, 10 days later she changed her mind and they both dated others. Then Garrett proposed again Dec. 31st/Jan. 1st and she accepted again. It had given them both time to know that it really was right.





Gentry had flown home before the wedding, so he got to ride with the rest of us back to Utah on Thursday, May 5th. We arrived in time to have a tux fitting for the guys and check on final arrangements. Heidi went to Manti with a girlfriend to spend the night. Garrett stayed

with Heidi's mom because they left very early in the morning. The Winns went with us and SannaRae Draper and Lujana Funk. My journal records, "I wondered if we'd find the temple. As we rounded the bend, there it was, half way up the mountain overlooking the valley. What a gorgeous sight." The ceremony was performed by a Bro. Johnson, and we had a sort of wedding line in the sealing room. There was such a sweet spirit. After the ceremony, there were many pictures to be taken and then we drove to Nephi for the wedding luncheon at Cedar Hollow. We had a lovely turkey dinner. Then back to Orem with a little time to rest and get ready before the reception in Pleasant Grove. It was so nice that it was catered and we didn't have to worry about a thing. It was a lovely garden setting and an end to a perfect day.

The newlyweds were off to Salt Lake City for that night and then caught a plane



to California the next day where they rented a car and went to the beach, Disneyland, and then stayed in our guest house Sat. night and went to church with us on Mother's Day.





Then they were off to Big Bear for the week and then to San Diego temple and Tijuana before returning to our guest house to get ready for the Open House on Saturday. We had lots of help from friends for that and it too was a lovely evening. After the Open House, we came home to watch Heidi and Garrett open their presents. We appreciated that night's sleep more than any in recent memory.

Then the hecticness was over almost all at once. Heidi's family left, Garrett and Heidi went to their basement apartment in Provo, Gentry flew with them back to his apartment. Grandma and Grandpa Johnston left not long after. It was then that we all took a collective sigh of relief. My journal reflected these final thoughts on this big event, "I am so grateful for Garrett and Heidi's obedience; that there was such a special spirit prepared for Garrett--because he is a very special young man." We were thrilled to have another "daughter" in the family, especially such a loving one.







# GENTRY

*I went to Winter semester at BYU in January after taking the Fall semester off. I enrolled in a dance class, Spanish class, and some general ed classes. I also took a psychology class as part of my major. By April I decided that I didn't want to have that major anymore, but I didn't know what I wanted to change it to. Also, while I was in school, I was working at Albertson's more than part-time. I feel that that was a lot of stress and hard work to juggle both school and work.*

*After Garrett & Heidi's wedding I went back to Utah and had a sort of breakdown. I wasn't emotionally fit to stay, so I went back to Californian and while I was there, I got some help and saw a psychologist and a psychiatrist. I tried medication for a time but didn't like the side effects. When September came, I still wasn't ready to go back to BYU. I gave myself some more healing time, and stayed home.*

*In July, my best friend, Temree went on her mission to Spain. She has been a real blessing in my life. Besides my parents, she has been a great support for me.*

*The last 3-4 months of the year, I was feeling much better and I got a job at an irrigation supply distribution warehouse. I drove a truck and delivered supplies & pipes to contractors. I was working full-time and then some, but I was able to save enough money for my living expenses for the up-coming semester at BYU in January.*

*I don't want to say much about this year, but it was a critical point in my life. I learned some things, mostly about myself, and it was a turning point in my life.*





# GRAYSON

After earning his fortune working hard in Utah from Sept. to Dec. of 1993, Grayson was now ready to start college life. In January, 1994 he left for Ricks with the Burks. They stopped in Provo to pick up most of his 'stuff'. He was very brave to go there having scheduling problems. He wrote, "The first day of classes of the winter semester was probably a lot different from most students; I had no classes scheduled. For the first two days I frantically fought to add classes and finally got my schedule. I kept it easy with English and math, volleyball, skiing choir, Pre-missionary and dance committee. I went to every dance every Friday and Saturday for free and all the formals too. I danced more in 4 months than I had my whole life." Now mind you, these classes are not to be confused with the notorious "underwater basket weaving" classes. He demonstrated his great writing skills in his English class where he was always pulling "A's" and having his papers raved about. He got all "A's" for the semester. All this brain work was taxing, but he still had time for play. One of his roommates was a friend from Riverside, Byron Link. He and Byron were well-known around campus. They had annoying habits like knocking on girls' apartment doors and introducing themselves to promote friendship and make them feel welcome!?!?! Grayson admits this was often driven by hunger since they got offered a lot of goodies that way. They also spent a fair amount of time jumping over the couch in their apartment (track team training?) But the hard landings were not appreciated by the people in the apartments below, nor by the landlord who had to replace a light fixture knocked out by their 'hurdle practice'.

All too soon it was time for Grayson to return home. Grandpa Johnston (who was in Calif.) was enlisted to drive the new red van up to Idaho to retrieve Grayson and all his STUFF! They even took a short detour and spent the night with Grandma Johnson in Grace. They took her some oranges and had a short, but nice visit. They also stopped in Provo and had lunch with Gentry before heading home. We really appreciated Grandpa's willingness to literally "go the extra mile" for us.

In June, a long overdue Eagle Court of Honor was held for several of the boys who had earned this rank but had not been presented it. This included Grayson, Todd Parker, Sam Job, Raymond Gibby and Michael Stenger. Thanks to the Parkers who helped motivate the rest of us, it was a very special night, as well as a unique experience to have 5 boys receive their Eagle the same night. We had to tease Grayson, though, because his newspaper photo looked more like a "mug-shot". For the Court of Honor, each boy had two tables and a backdrop for a display of awards, pictures, and memorabilia. Pres. Parker, Bishop McKell, and Bro. Hudgens all spoke and Grayson sang a beautiful patriotic medley which we compiled and Genessa accompanied him.

# Five Scouts now among the Eagles

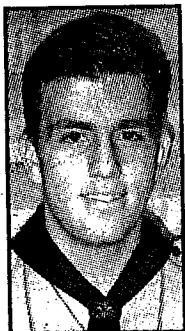
By Ann Imamura  
The Press-Enterprise

## RIVERSIDE

Five Riverside youths recently received the Boy Scouts' highest award: They became Eagle Scouts after completing dozens of hours of community service.

The young men had to earn 21 merit badges, pass an oral test and organize and supervise other Scouts while completing a community service project.

All of the Eagle Scouts were sponsored by Troop 360, Arlington Heights Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and Troop 860, Orange Crest Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.



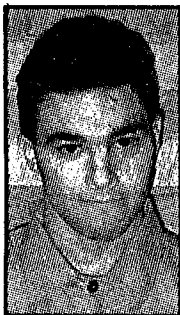
Gibby



Job

Raymond Gibby, 18, of Troop 360, installed a drinking fountain at the softball field next to the Latter-day Saints Riverside West Stake Center. The project took 64 hours to complete and required the help of 5 Scouts and 6 adults.

Sam Job, 17, of Troop 860, assisted the city of Riverside in the installation and renovation of picnic tables at Fairmount Park. The project took 110 hours to complete and the help of 21 Scouts and two



Parker

Todd Parker, 18, of Troop 360, assisted the Latter-day Saints Woodcrest Ward in the installation of a flag pole, and distributed educational material about proper flag care. His project took 114 hours to complete and required the assistance of 18 Scouts and 5 adults.

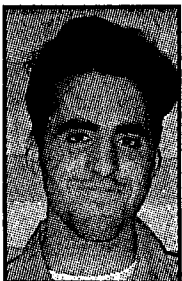
Mike Stenger, 17, of Troop 360, painted house numbers on street curbs, making them easier for city service workers and others to find. The project took 64 hours to complete and the help of six Scouts and four adults.

Grayson Winn, 18, of Troop 860, assisted the Fire Department in educating the community about fire prevention, which included supervising the distribution of reading materials. The project, which took 61 hours to complete, required the assistance of five Scouts and three adults.

All of the Scouts are graduates of Arlington High School and plan to go on a two-year mission for the Mormon Church immediately after their 19th birthdays. During the mission, the young men will talk to others about the church. After the missions, the boys plan to attend college.



Stenger



Winn

## EAGLE COURT OF HONOR

RAYMOND GIBBY  
SAMUEL JOB  
TODD PARKER  
MICHAEL STENGER  
GRAYSON WINN

June 11, 1994

Prelude Music

Genessa Winn

Welcome

Bishop Eldon McKell

Post Colors

Arlington Heights Ward Scouts

Opening Prayer

Bishop Glen Jensen

Call to Eagles Nest

Bishop Eldon McKell

Trail to Eagle

Orangecrest Ward Scouts

Speaker

The Rank of Eagle

Orvin Hudgens

Musical Number

Soloist: Grayson Winn  
Accompanist: Genessa Winn  
Patriotic Medley

Speaker

In Honor of These Eagles

Vern Parker

Challenges to Eagles

Darrell Gibby to Raymond Gibby  
Michael Mills to Samuel Job  
Darren Parker to Todd Parker  
Jason Stenger to Michael Stenger  
Gentry Winn to Grayson Winn

Remarks

Bishop Eldon McKell

Retire Colors

Arlington Heights Ward Scouts

Closing Prayer

Bishop Dennis Christensen

Postlude Music

Genessa Winn

Refreshments in Cultural Hall





Grayson also shared his musical talent, impromptu, at the semi-annual piano recital. It was Genessa's first time to play in the coveted LAST PLACE, but when Sis Byers saw Grayson there, she asked him if he would perform parts of his best pieces as sort of a command or encore performance. He went home, got some music and once again he "WOW-ed" the audience with his superb talent. It should not be overlooked that Genessa was extremely gracious to allow him to share the spotlight with her that night.

Grayson didn't get a full time job that summer, but he did earn some money by driving Japanese exchange students back and forth to their bus stop each day.

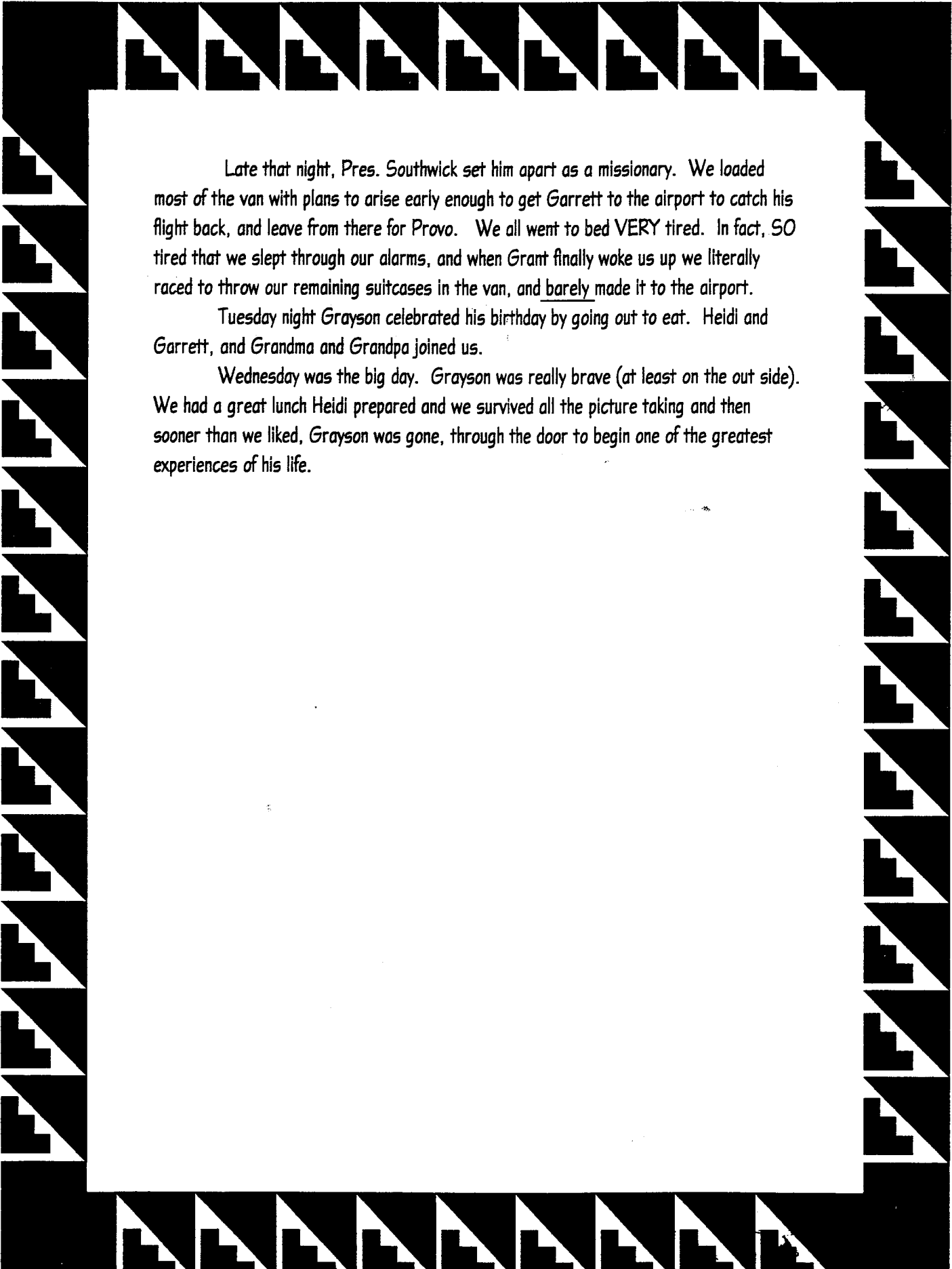
Grayson submitted his mission papers after the usual rounds of dentist visits, wisdom teeth extractions, physicals, etc. And, of course, there was the nail biting waiting period. This period lasted a little longer than usual because of the death of the prophet, Ezra Taft Benson. We wondered if Grayson did receive his letter during this time who would sign it? We didn't have to wonder for too long before Howard W. Hunter was sustained as the new prophet. Shortly after that, on Friday June 24th, he received his call. With visions of far off exotic lands, Grayson read quickly to the part that said, "Guatemala City North Mission". We grabbed the atlas and noted that this was very close to where Gentry served in Costa Rica. Then began the fun of shopping! Suits, pants, shirts, shoes, boots, (for the jungle) ties, socks etc., etc.

He also tried to get in as much time on the social scene as possible, as he had submitted his papers for his mission call. He attended lots of parties, dances, went to the beach and basically hung-out at all the not-spots. They had a farewell party for him, which we understand was more like a mourners 'wake' for all the girls...ha ha.

We were privileged to go with Grayson to the San Diego Temple on August 3rd, where he received his endowments. This beautiful new temple is fairly small and we received lots of personal attention which made the day even more special.

His Sacrament meeting 'farewell' was held on August 14th. Garrett flew out from Provo for this special occasion. Grant and Garrett spoke, Genessa played "Armies Helaman", Mom and Dad spoke, Byron sang a solo, and Grayson concluded. Everyone said it was one of the best missionary sacrament meetings ever. We had an Open House that evening and there were over 100 people there; very much a tribute to Grayson's friendly personality.





Late that night, Pres. Southwick set him apart as a missionary. We loaded most of the van with plans to arise early enough to get Garrett to the airport to catch his flight back, and leave from there for Provo. We all went to bed VERY tired. In fact, SO tired that we slept through our alarms, and when Grant finally woke us up we literally raced to throw our remaining suitcases in the van, and barely made it to the airport.

Tuesday night Grayson celebrated his birthday by going out to eat. Heidi and Garrett, and Grandma and Grandpa joined us.

Wednesday was the big day. Grayson was really brave (at least on the out side). We had a great lunch Heidi prepared and we survived all the picture taking and then sooner than we liked, Grayson was gone, through the door to begin one of the greatest experiences of his life.

## Grayson's Talk--Farewell

I would like to start with a scripture in 3rd Nephi 12: 2-3. (read) Humility is obviously an important trait we must have in order to live with our Heavenly Father again and to be able to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. As I have been preparing to go on my mission, I have heard and read many stories on how important humility is in mission work; it can make the difference between getting a door slammed in your face and bringing someone into the waters of baptism. It is important to show humility daily; at your work, around other people, with your family, and definitely in your prayers. Every day we should seek the help and guidance of our Heavenly Father with a humble and sincere heart. Without the help He, and my family, has given me I know I would not be standing here today as a representative of the Lord.

Like everyone else, I have had many struggles in my life, and I would like to share a story by Robert L. Simpson that really explains what I've gone through in my life.

Suppose you were standing on a beautiful green hill. Can you see the picture now? It is springtime. The grass is green; the trees are beautiful. The day is perfect. The temperature is just right. There is a gentle breeze blowing. You feel like the world is at your command. You are all alone on this hill. You see this beautiful, peaceful river as it winds around the hill. My, what a beautiful sight it is!

But as you turn around and look on the back side of the hill, you notice this beautiful, peaceful river drops over an abrupt waterfall and crashes onto some rocks at the bottom. Then all of a sudden you hear music. You hear voices. It sounds familiar. You look back, and right down there on that same river is a boat with about eight or ten of your friends. They are truly enjoying life as they allow the current to take them downstream. You say, "My isn't that delightful! How I would like to be with them!" There they are just drifting, not knowing where the river is going to take them.

The all of a sudden it dawns on you--the waterfall! The jagged rocks at the bottom! What are you going to do? Will you just fold your arms and say, "Now, this should be interesting. Let's see what happens here." You are not going to do that, are you? You are going to jump up and down; you are going to shout; you are going to get excited about it.

That is exactly what we do. We do a little jumping up and down, and we get excited, because we know where the jagged rocks and pitfalls are. Our prophets have told us, and continue to tell us, the things that we should do, as well as the areas to avoid, in order that we might get back into the presence of our Heavenly Father.

Unfortunately, for me the reason why this story relates to my life is because I was the one on the boat, just drifting, letting nature take its course. But it wasn't nature that was taking it's course, it was Satan, who was slowly pulling me down stream, closer and closer to the waterfall and the rocks. I look back on my life and can clearly see the times when I was on the boat. Those were the times in my life I was really struggling. I just wanted to be popular and have fun, but the fun I was having was taking me farther and farther away from Heavenly Father, who was standing on the shore with his arms stretched out to me, waiting and pleading for me to come back to him. But I ignored his prompting, I had my free-agency. There were times when I would have one foot on the shore and one foot on the boat. The people on the boat were begging me to come and the people on the shore were asking me what I really wanted in life. And I answered by placing my foot on the boat. Soon it became easier and easier just to stay on the boat, after all I was just having fun, and I could go back any time I wanted, or at least I thought I could. Satan places discouragement in our path back to shore, telling us we can't do it and to just give up and stay on the boat. And I almost started to believe him until I realized that the



river was leading to a waterfall. And when I looked to the shore I saw my family and church leaders, with tears in their eyes begging me to come back on shore. But the only way back was a little, rubber raft. I had already drifted into the white water though, and I wasn't sure if the raft or I could make it. But in I jumped as the people on shore encouraged me and while Satan tried to discourage me, but this time I wasn't going to let him win. And even though the raft tipped and I got a little scrapped, I still got back in and paddled towards shore. It was then that I learned how important prayer really is, because in between the boat and shore is a long, lonely stretch of rough water, and the only way back is through the love and charity of our Heavenly Father. When I finally reached the shore I was drenched, tired, bruised, and ashamed, but I had made it. And through the help of people like my grandparents, who took me in and put up with me for over 6 months, I had the support I needed to make it. Now when I am faced with struggles and find myself with one foot on the boat and one foot on shore, I answer the Lord by placing my foot back on shore.

But the hardest part in all this wasn't the ride in the raft, it was after I was on shore and I looked back on everything I had done. I felt ashamed and guilty, and I needed the help of my Bishop and the Lord to take away the pain. Sure I struggled and sinned and still made it back, but not everyone has the strength or encouragement from their family and others to make it to shore on the raft. Do you want to take that chance? Don't, it's not worth it. Stay on shore and resist the temptations of Satan. Even now I am still reminded of the things I have done and that really is the hardest part of repentance, it's hard to forget.

So when you find yourself stepping on the boat remember you may not be the only one you're hurting. And the person who made this all possible, our Savior, Jesus Christ, will still be on shore with tears in His eyes and his arms reaching for you as another one of his precious brothers or sisters joins the people on the boat, the boat that leads away from the Kingdom of heaven and towards the dungeons of Satan.

#### TESTIMONY

I would like to share one more short story before I close my talk. Before President Benson was a prophet, a man came into his office. He was a sweet spirited elderly man. He came in timidly and took a chair at the desk, and then he said: "Brother Benson, how old can a man be before he is too old to go on a mission?"

And he answered: "My good brother, I don't know that there is an upper age limit."

The elderly man said: "I have been on two missions, and I would like to go on one more before I pass away. I would like to go back to Oklahoma, where I served my second mission. Do you think I am too old?"

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Eighty-six but I would like to go once more before I die."

#### Closing Statements

## **Glenda's Talk for Grayson's Farewell**

**As you know, the topic for this month is humility, and I want you to know I feel very humble as I stand before you today. Even though this is the third time I have stood up here to send a son off on a mission, it does not really get easier. If anything, it gets harder. I think it is only AFTER you have gone through 2 years of separation, of anxiety, motherly concern, feeling so far away and sometimes helpless, that you realize what it really means to send a son on a mission. So indeed it is with great humility, that I turn my son over to the Lord for service to Him for the next 2 years.**

**Thorpe B. Isaacson once commented that we all live in a very busy world where there are so many things that tend to take our minds and our attention away from the things that are really worthwhile. That makes it harder to be humble. It is only by drawing close to the Lord and turning to him when we are discouraged that we will feel his strength.**

**In a general conference, Oscar A. Kirkham talked about touring the Canadian Mission and asking young missionaries what their greatest spiritual need was. He said that nearly all of them would answer, "To be HUMBLE, that's my need. To seek the Lord, to know the strength which comes when he is near."**

**I can testify that Grayson began doing this at a very early age, and on top of that, he was not ashamed of it. We moved out here just after Grays turned 8 and had been baptized. He started 3rd grade and was given the assignment to write about a time when you were frightened and then tell what made you feel safe again. This is what he wrote:**

**"Monday was my first day of school at Val Verde. I was scared because I didn't know who to give my lunch money to. I felt like crying but I didn't. I asked a yard duty teacher what to do with my lunch money. She said you give it to your teacher. I said "Whew!" But I was still scared. I didn't know what line I was supposed to be in, but God know what line. The yard duty teacher and God helped me not to be afraid."**

**It is that kind of humility and trust in God that Grayson will need to be a successful missionary. He probably won't need to ask him what line to go in, but I am absolutely sure he will need to ask him which houses to tract out, how to answer an investigator's question or perhaps ask for help as he learns the language. Also, considering what we've read about the food and water in Guatemala, instead of figuring out what to do with his lunch money it may be figuring out what things he can dare eat for lunch!**

**As some of you are aware, I have this rule that my children must have their life story albums caught up to date before they can leave on their missions. Believe me, this time it's been nip and tuck getting it finished. I even actually threatened to call the prophet and have Grayson call postponed if he didn't hurry up---thank goodness he believed me, because I have to admit I'm not sure I could have. Anyhow, while we were going through his school keepsake**



file box, we came across a school Journal assignment which I assume had something to do with daydreaming. He wrote it when he was in 7th grade. Those of you who have lived through a child during Jr. High will confirm that this is not always the age when children demonstrate sensitivity, humility or spirituality. I guess that's why this paper particularly touched my heart. He writes about a time when he was dreaming that he had been hit over the head with a bat ( I don't think I ever actually did that to him, but I probably threatened to at that age) Anyhow, he said he went unconscious and when he woke up he had forgotten his name, where he lived, and many other things. (I think he didn't use the word amnesia because he didn't know how to spell it) Then he writes:

...I dreamed that after this I didn't remember my religion and I became anti-mormon for no reason at all. This struck me hard and almost made me cry just to think about not being a mormon and I if I would ever become a Mormon again. If anybody would find me and try to convert me...and if I would accept it. I just hope I would make the right decision and become a Mormon. I just hope I don't ever forget that I am a Mormon!

Grayson, I hope you'll remember this as you enter the mission field, for surely there are many there who you knew in the pre-existence, who, just as if they had amnesia, have forgotten what they knew there. That will be your challenge for the next 24 months: to actively seek out and humbly ask the Lord to guide you to those spirits who you can teach, so that you can help them make the right decision to accept the gospel and Follow Christ. While you are serving in this capacity it will be very important that you NEVER ever forget that you're a mormon. The world is watching--especially the humble people of Guatemala.

According to D&C 12:8 , "... no one can assist in this work except he shall be humble and full of love, having faith, hope charity, being temperate in all things, whatsoever shall be entrusted to his care."

To this end I pray that Grayson will remember to be humble, to call upon the Lord for help and guidance, not leaning only on his own understanding; that he will remember what it might have felt like to wait to have someone find and convert you, and try to do likewise for others, and Never forget you're a mormon. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.





## *Excepts from Grayson's Letters*

### **MTC**

**Aug. 16** Wow! That probably describes pretty well my first day in the MTC. I have never been so happy in my entire life. As soon as I got here and stepped in my dorm room, I knew this was the right place.

**Aug. 23** We couldn't wait until Sunday because it would be our first chance to relax since we've been here. But it was not to be. After our priesthood meeting, we were supposed to have a 3 hour break, but Pres. Jeff's, our Bishop, called me to be District Leader! So instead of a 3 hour break, I had 3 hours of meetings. I know it said in my setting apart blessing that I would be a leader in my mission, but did it have to be so soon? P.S. My roommates and I decided that since we were not in our room except to sleep, we could put an ad in the paper to rent it out during the days. Cool, Huh?

**Aug. 28** Elder Vargas, my companion, is such a stud! He's just TOO nice! (ed. note: This was not the first nor the last time Grayson told us this. They were great friends).

**Sept. 3** I really am enjoying being here, but sometimes I feel like I don't have a testimony. I often sit in class wondering why I don't have as strong a testimony as everyone else. I want to know that everything is true, but I'm still not positive, but I think I have faith. I have had some real spiritual experiences since I've been here, but I just want to hear a voice or something tell me I'm here for the right reasons and that everything I'm learning is true. I guess I'm worried that I won't be an effective missionary, and I want to be the best missionary ever, next to Christ, of course.

**Sept. 14** Well, it's about 4:45 a.m. We got up early to do our laundry, even now the laundry room is almost full. Today is going to be an exciting day because The Prophet, Howard W. Hunter, is speaking at the MTC for a live broadcast to all the missionaries in the world. I get to sing in the choir so I already have a ticket. There's not enough room for 4,000 missionaries in the gym, so some have to watch in other rooms. The MTC is the greatest place to be!

**Sept. 20** I guess I didn't tell you guys that I'm famous now. I was on the film (prophet's broadcast). I didn't get to see it but my friends said that it showed me for quite awhile. Please try to keep the van mail to a minimum. I would have to say this is probably the best week I've had here. I felt the spirit so many times.

**Oct. 4** General Conference was really neat. I never thought I would be able to enjoy 8 hours of hearing speakers. I took notes so I could remember it all.





**Oct. 11** I bore my testimony (Sun.) for the first time. The reason I say that is because it's the first time I have had a testimony. My farewell testimony was actually a testimony of things I hoped to know, more than things I did know. I cried the whole time, but let me tell you, I have never felt better in my whole life. I really felt happy and more loved than at any other time, it's wonderful. I'm learning more and more every day. I did get my visa. I leave the MTC at 2 pm on Oct. 17th and should be at the SLC airport around 3 or 3:30.

## **GUATEMALA**

**Oct. 24** I'm in Guatemala! Can you believe it? I can surely say that this place is a lot different from Riverside; to quote a famous little girl: "I don't think we're in Kansas anymore!" When I arrived, I met the President and his wife and had breakfast at their house. Right now I'm assigned to El Molino in an area called Quintanal, probably the best area in the mission. God had his first baptism through me. The work is going strong.

**Oct. 31** This week we had 12 investigators and I got the opportunity of baptizing 3 people yesterday. One was Hector Galdamez, and after his baptism, I would see the change the gospel had made in his life. He seemed so much happier, and he looked so pure and clean. I have never seen something like the gospel change people's lives so rapidly and obviously. It just testifies to me the truthfulness of our church and the importance of my calling as a missionary. This is probably the hardest thing I've ever done in my life; every day I have trials, but also this is probably the only time in my life I have been so blessed with the spirit. One of the hardest things is waking up and taking a COLD shower. Our room is about the size of a master bedroom and a member family across from us cooks all our meals. We usually have black beans over bananas and Morcafe (mormon coffee) it tastes really, really, sick. Most people live in make-shift cinder-block houses, pretty small and dirty, about the size of a laundry or sewing room. It reminds me of the clubhouses we used to make in our backyard. I know the Lord strengthens me because there is no way I could walk for 12 hours a day and still be alive.

**Nov. 14** Most of the people here are golden investigators, but occasionally we get the 24kt gold family. We found one such family this week, familia Soto. After the first discussion they decided to get married AND baptized. They study the scriptures every night, use all the references and pray. It's really uplifting to find such a great family. I know the Lord prepares these people for us. This last week we went to a member's house to eat lunch and it was quite an experience. They gave us one of the favorite delicacies in Guatemala: COW'S TONGUES! I saw it sitting in my bowl with the tastebuds and everything and I thought of all the places that tongue had been. Obviously, I made it through and it actually wasn't too bad. It was kind of squishy and stringy and tasted a little like toast beef. Just to make sure I wouldn't get sick, when I got





home I took a double dose of toothpaste and Listerine. Life as a missionary is always exciting!

Nov. 22 I have to admit that this mission is a lot harder than I thought it would be. I have encountered adversities and trials that I have never faced before. I love all of you more than I ever thought I could and as I have been away from you in these short 3 months, I have realized how much I really miss you. I also never realized how important the gospel is and I feel bad that I ever took it so lightly. Teach Grant and Genessa to seek the Spirit and seek truth and light. Help them to feel and recognize the Spirit and follow it. It has changed my life and my desires. I love all my family, including all my extended family, especially Grandma and Grandpa. They never gave up and that made all the difference.

Nov. 28 I'm sitting in my room sweating because it's getting hotter and I don't think air-conditioners have been invented yet in Guatemala. I live in probably the richest part of Guatemala and still, they don't have carpet, air-conditioning, drinkable tap water, or other things we enjoy.

Dec. 5 I didn't tell you earlier because I didn't want you to worry, but I've been having some problems with my companion. He has broken more rules than I can count and one time said, "It's not a sin to break a rule." Last week I finally talked to the mission President and explained everything that happened. I wasn't sure how he would take it because I knew he and Elder Barrantes are really close, but he was very understanding. It is 11 am and at 1 pm Pres. Ramos is coming to give Elder Barrantes an emergency transfer, I will be getting a new companion. As you can see, I have continued to face many trials. Guess what? I got to try another wonderful Guatemalan delicacy. **BOILED COWS FEET!!!** Doesn't that sound good? I think I like beans and eggs more. Para siempre, Elder Winn: "The missionary with two left feet--one of them a cow's"

Dec. 19 By the time you get this letter, Christmas will have come and gone and we will have talked on the phone. It's so strange to look back on years past and think of the Christmas memories. I remember how we would communicate with walkie-talkies as the minutes ticked away like hours, sleepless little boys with thoughts of toys and candy, hoping for that special gift. Of early morning trips to mom and dad's room to see if it was time to go see what Santa had brought. But the memories that stick out the clearest are the memories of our family together sharing in the joy of the Christmas Spirit.

Dec. 26 I was so happy I finally got to talk to all of you on the phone. Thank again for making my Christmas the best ever! Feliz Navidad Y Prospero Ano Nuevo!





**Name:** GRAYSON JAMES WINN

**Birth date:** 4 AUGUST 1975

**Birthplace:** CAMP LEJEUNE, N.C.

## WHEN I WAS 10 YEARS OLD

**I lived...** in a little country home nestled in the heart of the orange groves in a little community called Woodcrest. The only means of entrance were dirt roads that sometimes became mud slides in the winter but provided plenty of space to ride our BMX bikes without fear of cars hitting us. During this time there were only two houses on our block, each with an acre of land and an abundance of room to build clubhouse out of scrap wood and play war games; it was a world of creativity and make-believe in a country hide-away in the middle of a huge city.

**I played...** in the fields and hills around my house, riding our bicycles or dressing up in my dad's old army clothes and playing war. We would build forts in our back yard and have mock wars or spend hours hiking up to a small mountain we called "flat-top" - everything we did was always creative and spontaneous. G.I. Joe was our hero!

**At home I...** spent a lot of my free time drawing and making things out of cardboard boxes. With scissors and tape I soon became the greatest architect the world had ever known. I'm sure my mom didn't enjoy all the messes I made, but there are some sacrifices you have to make when you have an architectural genius living in your home. I soon learned how to make space stations and fortresses for our G.I. Joe and Star Wars figures - I think we had the biggest collection out of all of our friends. As a family we would often spend time playing board games and watching videos from the Disney Channel, our favorite movie station at the time, and my brother and I became avid fans of a new futuristic cartoon called Robotech.

**At school I ...** also enjoyed drawing, but my favorite subjects were math and writing. Math became a puzzle of numbers and word problems that intrigued my creativity, and writing was a way of putting on paper ~~the~~<sup>my</sup> magnificent world of make-believe and imagination, a means of vicariously living my greatest dreams through the characters in the stories I wrote. As always my creativity became my main source of <sup>inspiration</sup> information.



**Things that were popular were...** skateboarding and riding BMX bikes; luckily my neighbor had a skateboard ramp to ride our skateboards, and we lived in the hills so there was plenty of room to ride our bicycles over miles of dirt trails. Also "G.I. Joe", an army cartoon character became a center of interest among young boys, as well as "Robotech", another cartoon based on a world of transformable planes and vehicles.

**We usually traveled by...** car; We had an old, green Dodge Aspen station wagon, and, even though I never wanted my friends to see me in it, it was a reliable source of transportation to my friends' houses, that is if the Chauffeur<sup>mom or dad</sup> was willing to drive.

### **Special events of my youth...**

In my younger years I had a unique fascination with fire. At the young age of 6 or 7, I believe it was, we filled a flower planter full of gasoline and lit it on fire in between our garage and our neighbor's garage. Well the seemingly harmless planter soon turned into a monstrous wall of fire. Our first reaction was to stomp it out, so my brother jumped on it. But as you can guess that only made the fire spread more and caught his shoes on fire. As we started throwing dirt on my brother's shoes as he pranced around in them, we realized we could do the same with the other fire,

So quickly we extinguished the scorching flames which had left an irremovable black stain on the side of our ~~garage~~<sup>garage</sup>. After that I don't remember too many other fire incidents except for the occasional ~~that~~ klemex box fires, ~~making~~ gas and oil bombs, and a few boy scout bon-fires that almost reached past the tops of the trees.

Later I learned to subdue my fetish for fire by using my endless world of creativity in constructing large fortresses and P.O.W. camps in our Backyard. My brothers and I would scavenge up wood from where ever we could find it, and, with a lot of nails from my dad's tool shed, a couple saws, and some hammers, we were able to erect, what to us seemed to be, a "full-fledge" army base and war grounds. My mother didn't like the fact that we would neglect our homework and spend all night outside, and father didn't like his tools turning into rusty pieces of useless metal, but it was all for a good cause, right?!?!?

As for us, the occasional hammer-smashed thumb or festering splinter was all worth it when the long awaited battle day arrived. We would invite all our good army friends, and they would join us in a full, long day of water-guns, sand which bags full of flour, and screaming and rolling on the ground as the sounds of war rang through the little community of Woodcrest. Those were years of innocence and imagination, where the only restrictions were limited to your amount of creativity - that back yard ~~was~~ has never been the same since.



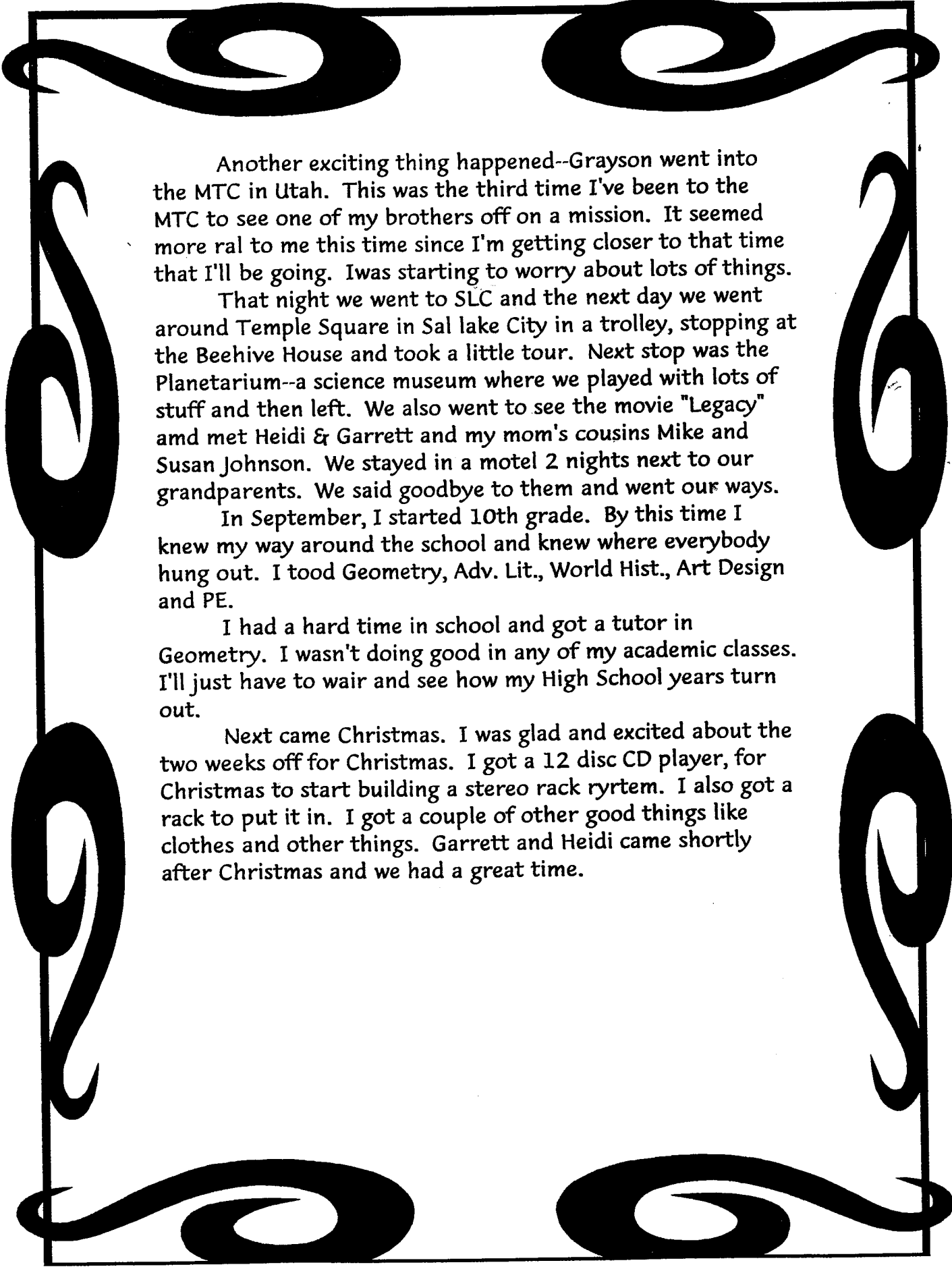
# GRANT

I was a Freshman at Arlington High School. I had my 15th birthday on January 30th. It was kind of a boring year for me. My calendar was feeling lonely.

Great Grandma Johnson came down to our house in Riverside for the first time, with Grandma and Grandpa Johnston. I cleaned up my room and we wallpapered and put curtains up so she could have a nice room to stay in. I moved into the big game room. We took her to pick oranges and grapefruit at a friend's house and I was amazed she didn't realize that grapefruit grew on trees. We had a family home evening and she told us about when she was 10 years old and other things about her childhood.

We went to Puerto Penasco, Mexico in April. Grandma and Grandpa went with us. I bought Ironwood carvings and seashell creations and a T-shirt. I swam at the pool and in the ocean. I climbed on a rusting old ship that was stranded on the shore. Dad and I went deep-sea fishing on a small boat with 6 people. They supplied the equipment and I caught the biggest fish, about 6 pounds. Everyone on the boat was jealous of my big fish. It was a long & treacherous ride back to shore (well sort of). Instead of getting sea sick, I got sick of the sea.

May 6th, something wonderful happened: my brother Garrett married Heidi Sperry now known as Heidi Winn. They were married in the Manti Temple. While they were getting sealed to each other, I waited in the waiting room with Genessa, Grayson, Gentry, Grandma Funk and the younger Sperry siblings. That night, we went to the reception and I was an usher. I took presents and signed people in. We went back to California and a week later had a reception. Garrett's not the only one that loves Heidi, I do too! It's good to have a big sister who teases me and 'rattles' with me--just like she does with Garrett too.



Another exciting thing happened--Grayson went into the MTC in Utah. This was the third time I've been to the MTC to see one of my brothers off on a mission. It seemed more real to me this time since I'm getting closer to that time that I'll be going. I was starting to worry about lots of things.

That night we went to SLC and the next day we went around Temple Square in Salt Lake City in a trolley, stopping at the Beehive House and took a little tour. Next stop was the Planetarium--a science museum where we played with lots of stuff and then left. We also went to see the movie "Legacy" and met Heidi & Garrett and my mom's cousins Mike and Susan Johnson. We stayed in a motel 2 nights next to our grandparents. We said goodbye to them and went our ways.

In September, I started 10th grade. By this time I knew my way around the school and knew where everybody hung out. I took Geometry, Adv. Lit., World Hist., Art Design and PE.

I had a hard time in school and got a tutor in Geometry. I wasn't doing good in any of my academic classes. I'll just have to wait and see how my High School years turn out.

Next came Christmas. I was glad and excited about the two weeks off for Christmas. I got a 12 disc CD player, for Christmas to start building a stereo rack system. I also got a rack to put it in. I got a couple of other good things like clothes and other things. Garrett and Heidi came shortly after Christmas and we had a great time.







# Genessa

I started out my year playing my December (93) recital song in Sacramento meeting on January 16th. My recital song was Valse Brillante op. 34 No. 2 On January 22nd, I performed my reflections contest song, The Gift of Love, in front of a BIG audience, about 600 people, which included the school board and Mayor. From writing that one song, I won 1st place at school, council, and 1st place at 23rd District where I played it again. Then I got Honorable Mention at state where my song competed with K-12th graders all over California. I also entered another song, My Gift of Music, but it only went to Council, and I entered the words to my song under literature and took 3rd place at Council.

In March, Great Grandma, Grandma and Grandpa stayed at our house. Great Grandma flew home from here. On April 7th, there was an Open House at my school, at which Grandma and Grandpa came. I was given flowers by the principal for my Reflections song winning. Soon after that, we went to Puerto Penasco, Mexico from April 9th to the 16th. I had fun shopping at all the different stores (or should I say stands?).

I was in a Shakespeare play on April 21-it was Macbeth. I had a small part, so small I didn't even have a speaking part.

On May 6th, I was a flower girl for Garrett & Heidi's wedding reception. I didn't really throw flowers or anything, I just greeted people, took their presents and had them sign in. For the Open House back in California, on May 14th, I played the piano for background music.







**You'd think by now, I'd be sick of playing musical instruments, but I still attended the band concert on June 1st, where I played the clarinet. There were a lot of kids there because it was for the whole District.**

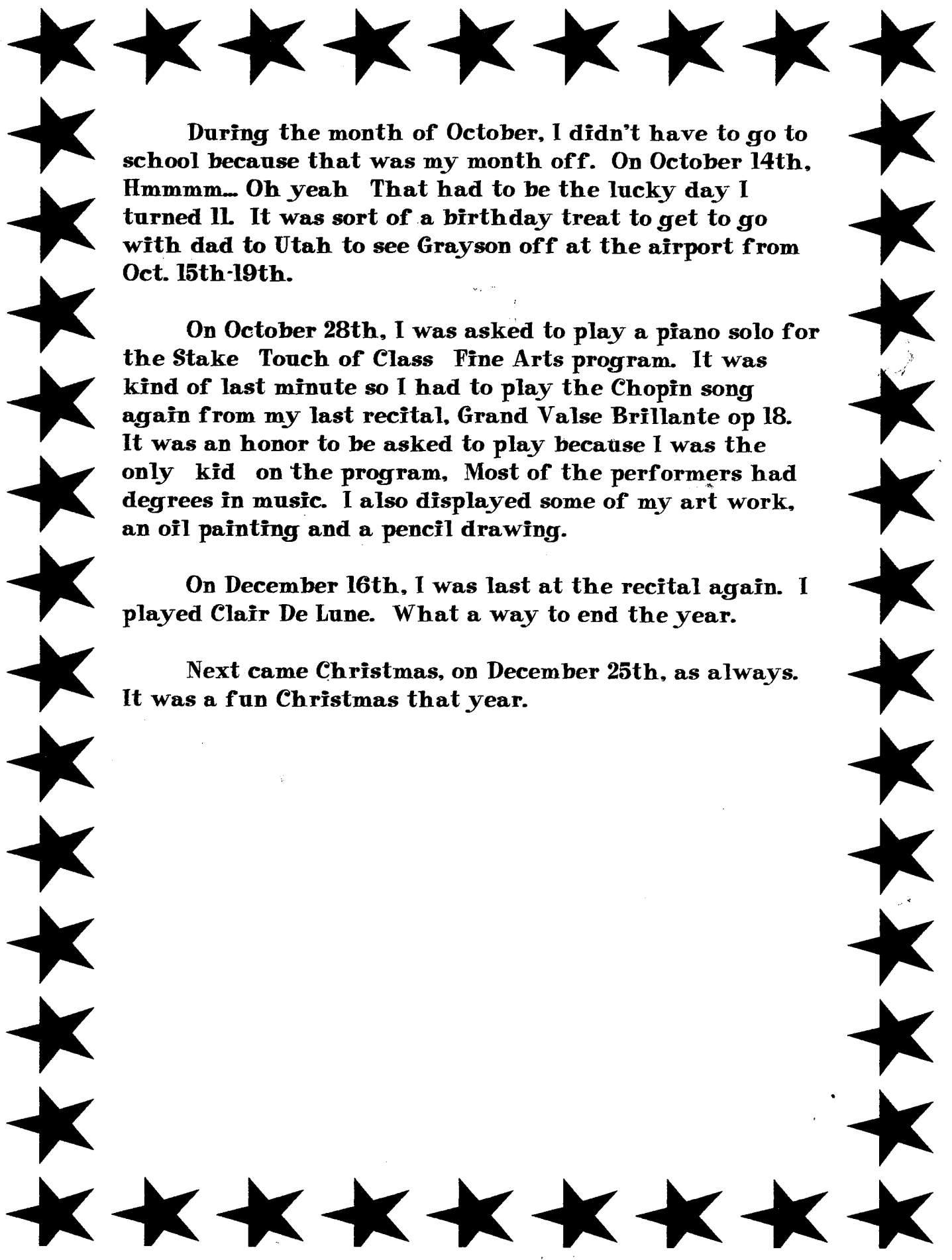
**On June 16th, Monroe had an awards assembly for my school where I got three awards. The next night was my piano recital. I got to be last for the first time, which made me happy. This time I played Grand Valse Brillante op. 18 by Chopin.**

**I finally started 6th grade at Franklin after 2 long weeks of summer (ha ha), because Franklin was a year-round school. I was on green track which started in July, and then had October, February, and June off. My teacher's name was Ms. Parr. During the summer, mom took my and the Lisonbees to school.**

**On July 27th, I went to Magic Mountain with my friend Elisa. Mom took us. It was pretty HOT, but it was a very fun and tiring day. I think we left about 10p.m.**

**My next event (as if I don't have enough already) was when I played the piano for Grayson's farewell. I played Armies of Helaman. Grayson went to the MTC and we also did some Salt Lake City sight seeing. We went places like the Beehive House and we also saw the movie Legacy. I like it alot. We stayed in a motel with Grandma and Grandpa. The motel had a spa and swimming pool which was very much enjoyed. I also wrote rules for the motel which made my grandparents laugh.**

**Starting in September, I went to the Lisonbee's house everyday after school while my mom was at work. Lisonbees are really my second family. I helped take care of JJ, and Katie and played with Liz (who was in my class, and Becca, and Rachel. I also started gymnastics at Sis. Fay's.**



**During the month of October, I didn't have to go to school because that was my month off. On October 14th, Hmmm... Oh yeah That had to be the lucky day I turned 11. It was sort of a birthday treat to get to go with dad to Utah to see Grayson off at the airport from Oct. 15th-19th.**

**On October 28th, I was asked to play a piano solo for the Stake Touch of Class Fine Arts program. It was kind of last minute so I had to play the Chopin song again from my last recital, Grand Valse Brillante op 18. It was an honor to be asked to play because I was the only kid on the program. Most of the performers had degrees in music. I also displayed some of my art work, an oil painting and a pencil drawing.**

**On December 16th, I was last at the recital again. I played Clair De Lune. What a way to end the year.**

**Next came Christmas, on December 25th, as always. It was a fun Christmas that year.**

*# moderato* A Gift of Love

1. The world is full of people, Each  
 2. The world is full of people, From

diff-erent and u-nique.  
 vill-a-ges and towns.

With spe-cial gifts and  
 In ev-'ry shade of

tal-ents, a thou-sand tongues we speak.  
 black and white, and yel-low, red or brown.

These lyrics were written with the idea that all the people in the world are so different. It seems these differences are often what causes problems. My gift to the world would be love which sees past the differences and could unite humanity.



# Bridge

We're young and old, We're large and small, Some  
 From small grass huts to grand cas-tles, From

Little flowers

strong, some weak, some short, some tall.  
 mod-est homes to poor hov-els.

Yes, we're diff 'rent,  
 Yes, we're diff 'rent,

but it's true, Love sees past the out-side view.  
 but you see, Love u-nites hu-man-i-ty.

Chorus (a tempo)

Handwritten musical notation for the first line of the chorus. The system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The treble staff contains a melody of quarter and eighth notes, with lyrics written below it. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment of quarter notes. The lyrics for this line are "If I could give the world a gift, I'd".

If I could give the world a gift, I'd

Handwritten musical notation for the second line of the chorus. The system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The treble staff continues the melody with lyrics written below it. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics for this line are "give it love and car - ing. I'd wrap it up with".

give it love and car - ing. I'd wrap it up with

Handwritten musical notation for the third line of the chorus. The system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The treble staff continues the melody with lyrics written below it. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics for this line are "hope and peace and lots of un - der - stand - ing.".

hope and peace and lots of un - der - stand - ing.

# My Gift of Music



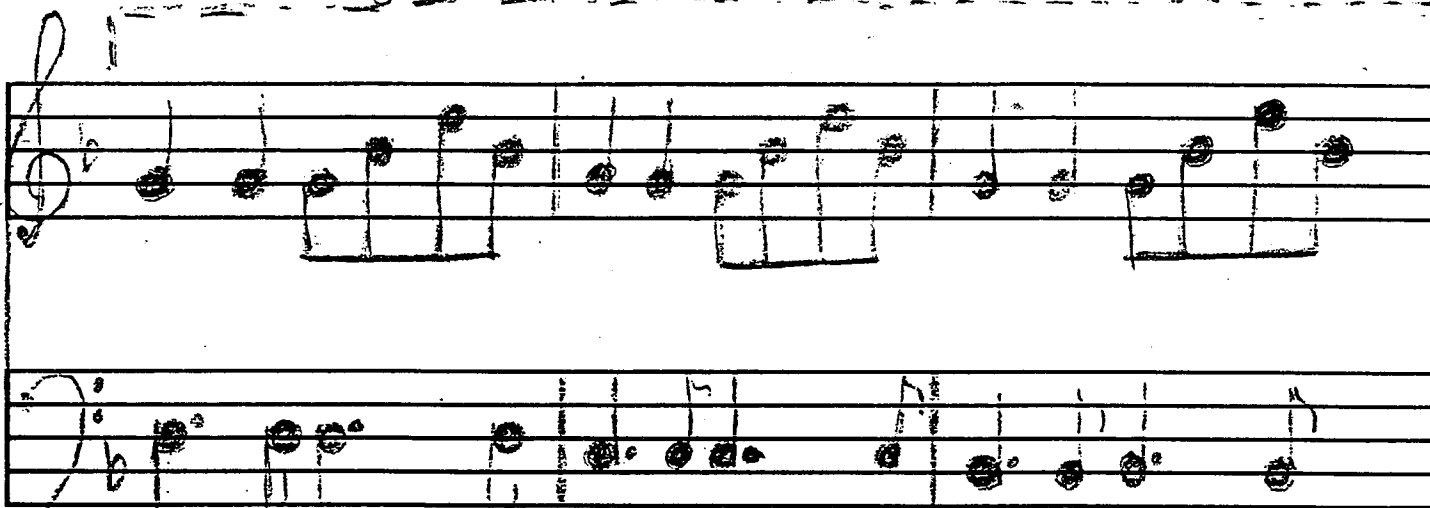
**OPTIONAL:** Please describe your entry: what instruments or techniques you used; what inspired you to produce this particular work, the subject matter, etc.

P: My mother always tells me that my music  
 45: is a gift. I wrote this light, happy song, and  
 recorded it on a keyboard, with a tone that reminds  
 me of children playing. I hope that if people listen to it, they  
 might be happy also.

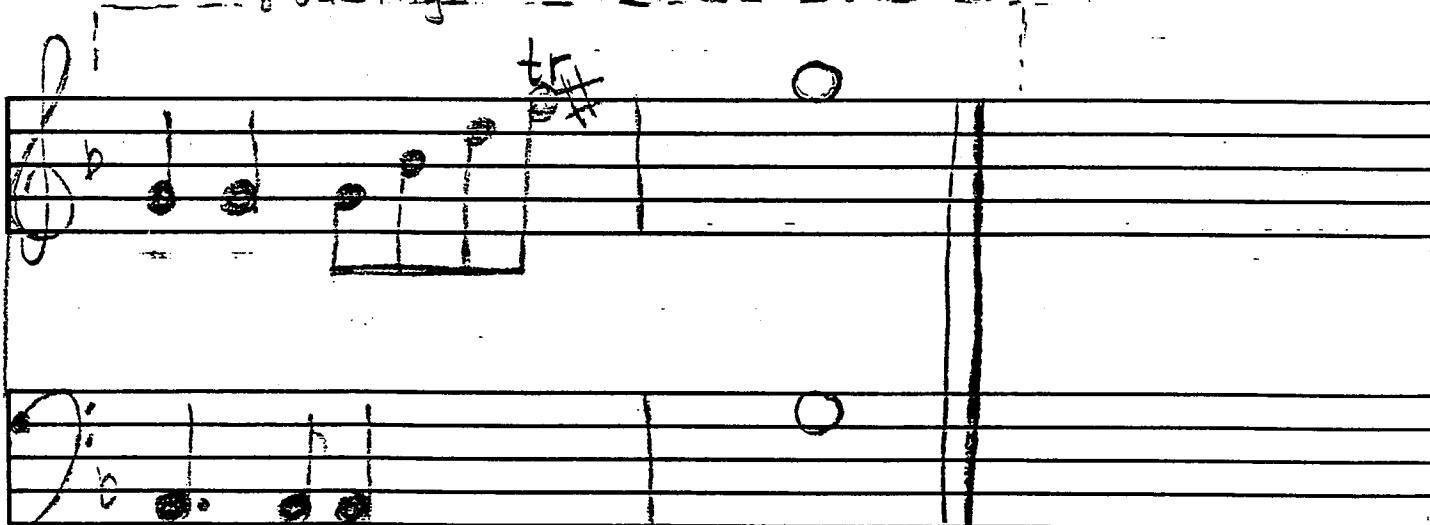




8va higher



8va higher



**Name:**

*Gaugher*

**Birth date:** February 17, 1948

**Birthplace:** Los Angeles, Ca.

## **WHEN I WAS 10 YEARS OLD...**

**I lived...**On Betty Lane in Las Vegas, Nevada. It was near Lake Mead Blvd. and Nellis Blvd, north of where the current LDS temple is today. The house was green stucco with a flat roof. My twin brother, Larry, and I shared a bed in a back room. It was an enclosed porch. I had 4 brothers and 2 sisters: Richard-14, Sandy-17 (married) Larry-10, Ronny-7 and Maridee-4.

**I played...**Marbles--I was good! I also played the flute-a-phone (recorder) in school. I also played baseball for the El Cortez Buccaneers. I was the catcher. Al and Dody Corbell coached the team. They had a great positive influence on my life. Al worked for the school district bus transportation and we bought an old bus and painted our pictures all over it. Lots of good memories.



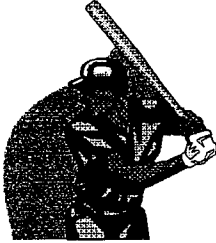
**At home I...**Played pool on a table my dad got from a friend who owned a bar that was being remodeled.

If we fought, dad would clear back the furniture in the living room and give us boxing gloves to settle it. We had a swamp cooler, and a wringer washing machine. We shot BB guns.

I remember listening to my dad and mom argue when he came home drunk and nothing left of his paycheck. We had a favorite place in the shed attached to the house that had an 'upstairs'. We used it like a clubhouse

I began playing summer baseball when I was 9 or 10. At 12, my parents were divorced. I worked in my dad's produce warehouse and delivered items to the Las Vegas hotels and restaurants. I also was a box boy. During the next 2 years I lived with the Hull family. At 14, my mother passed away and I joined the Church. That's when the Funk family connection really began. My brother Larry was dating their daughter Carol, who he eventually married. Larry lived with them from then on, I also lived with them for a time. At 16, I played summer baseball with the Senior league and was named "Most Valuable Player". 1965 was my senior year of High School. I lettered in baseball and received a scholarship to BYU.

From 1967 to 1969 I served in the Andes Mission in Peru, South America.





**Name:** Glenda Sue Johnston Winn

**Birth date:** March 20, 1951

**Birthplace:** Soda Springs, Idaho

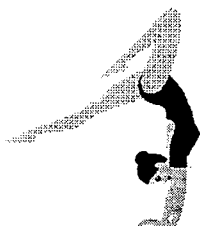
## WHEN I WAS 10 YEARS OLD...



**I lived...** On Hicks St. in Roseburg, Oregon, I had an older sister, Kathie, who was 13, and a younger brother, Steve, who was 3. We had a red, wood-frame house with a carport and a playhouse. There was a big field next door, a cemetery down the street and a corner store. I often went on errands there; the only thing I remember disliking about that was when I would buy cabbage instead of lettuce and I had to return it myself. Candy bars were a nickel, gum a penny. I remember going to the cemetery dump occasionally and bringing back odorous plastic flowers as a "present" for mommy. I know it rained a lot, but I just thought that was normal.



**I played....** mostly on the bars at school. I had to wear shorts underneath my skirts and dresses in order to do flips around the bars, because in those days girls weren't allowed to wear pants to school. I loved acrobatics and took tumbling for a while. I 'won' many headstand and handstand contests among peers during recess. I also loved animals, and therefore, bonded well with Arlene Salee because she had a horse, dog, cat, guinea pigs, ducks, rabbit and monkey (in the living room, no less!). We played Barbies, which was a fairly new product, and in the summers we played school--I usually insisted on being the teacher. We also picked blackberries, even voluntarily. The big field next door had three HUGE (by child standards) logs in it which had been abandoned there by an errant log truck. Those logs became clubhouses, sailing ships, giant horses, and fortresses of every form.



**At home I....**Had chores to do. Mainly I remember standing on a chair to do dishes at the sink--often fighting with Kathie (one washed, the other dried). I had to make my bed and keep my room clean. I had just gotten my own room about then because we added two bedrooms onto our house. It had a neat closet with 2 big drawers underneath. I loved to climb inside and put all my stuffed animals in there and play.

I liked to roller skate around the clothes line pole on the patio, ride my bike and hang by my heels on our oversized, dad-built, swing set. I watched TV. There weren't too many programs back then, but I remember "I love Lucy" and "The Wonderful World of Disney" on Sunday nights. .

Mom was always concerned that I eat a good breakfast. My least favorite was Oatmeal, my most favorite was French Toast.

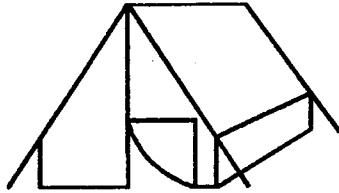
**At School....**I was finishing up 4th grade at Riverside Elementary with Mrs. Fleshman. I had my first male teacher for math and I loved it. I got an 'A' for getting perfect papers for a whole semester. Then I started 5th grade and had Mrs. Rogers. She loved to paddle kids and she proudly carried her paddle everywhere she went. Poor "Bernard" in my class had to grab his ankles in front of the class everyday to receive a swat or two...or ten. It really terrified me even though the only time I ever felt it was on my birthday. It was the year I got my first glasses. I played clarinet in the school orchestra, and loved P.E. I also remember sitting for an entire day, with most of the upper grade students, on the steps at the end of hall to watch the launching of the first manned space rocket around the world on TV (They brought in a TV for the occasion). I walked to and from school every day, through the field, over the railroad tracks, past the wood mill with the 'tipi' wood burner, and up Garden Valley Blvd.--usually with an umbrella in hand.

**Things that were popular were....**Hoola Hoops, Barbies, frilly dresses with lots of net petticoats.

**We usually traveled by....**car--a blue, 1959 Chevy Impala which we kept for over 12 years. I drove it in High school and it was the car we drove back to BYU when I started college in 1969.

## **Special events of my youth....I**

remember going rock hunting with my dad, and working together on a penny collection. We didn't have lots of money, but Christmas and birthdays were always very special. We went camping quite often, to Clay Creek and Diamond Lake. Mom had arthritis pretty bad during my



childhood, but always made sure I got to do special things. I know it was grueling to sit through the ballet, tap, Hawaiian, toe, and acrobatics lessons, but I loved them. I proudly remember being selected for "rally" in 6th grade (cheerleader, nowadays). I got the lead role in the school Operetta, was on the track

team, volleyball team and I also started taking piano lessons that year. We moved to Klamath Falls when I was in 7th grade, from there to Portland just after 9th grade, and then to Eugene after 10th grade. In Klamath Falls I was on the gymnastics team and went to County competition on the uneven parallel bars. It was in K. Falls that I won my first writing contest. When I was a senior, I took 5th year



Spanish and was assigned to teach 3 days a week at Silver Lea Elem. next door. It was a 5th grade class, and probably cemented my desire to become a teacher. I babysat all the time. In fact, I started babysitting when I was 8. My Laurel teacher, Sis. Barnwell, often had me stay a week or more with her 3 kids while they went on vacation. I went to BYU and majored in Elem. Ed, and instead got the famed MRS. degree 2 years later. (The teaching degree would have to wait 14 more years.)



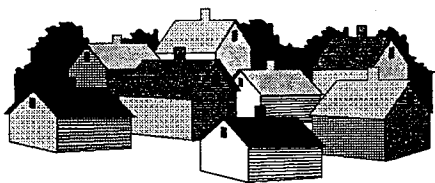


**Name:** GARRETT ROY WINN

**Birth date:** 14 FEBRUARY 1972

**Birthplace:** PROVO, UTAH

## **WHEN I WAS 10 YEARS OLD...**



**I lived...AT 223 N. CANYON IN MONROVIA, CALIFORNIA IN A FIFTY YEAR OLD HOUSE THAT BARELY SURVIVED FOUR "LITTLE ANGELS".**

**I REMEMBER THE BIG ABOVE GROUND SWIMMING POOL IN OUR BACKYARD--WE SPENT HOURS AND HOURS IN IT DURING THE SUMMERS. OF COURSE, I'LL NEVER FORGET THE BIG AVOCADO TREE WHERE DAD BUILT OUR CLUBHOUSE FOR US--A TWO-STORY ONE EVEN.**



**I played... DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS WITH MY BEST FRIEND, PHILIPP BLUME. I ALSO PLAYED ON HIS APPLE COMPUTER AND OUR ATARI SYSTEM--THE NEWEST AND BEST PRODUCTS OUT (AT THAT TIME). I WAS ON THE EMBLEM CLUB BASEBALL TEAM AND PLAYED THE VERY IMPORTANT POSITION OF FIRST BASE.**

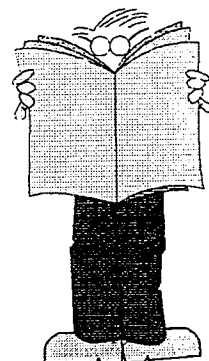


**At home I...DID HOMEWORK AND HELPED MOM BABYSIT MY 4TH GRADE TEACHER'S BABY BOY, "SCOOTER". I ALSO WATCHED LOTS OF TV. I WAS PROBABLY ALSO A NUISANCE TO MY PARENTS, BUT THAT COMES WITH THE TERRITORY OF**



**BEING TEN. I NEVER THOUGHT BUILDING FIRES IN THE BACKYARD, THROWING AVOCADOS INTO THE NEIGHBOR'S POOL, OR RUNNING AWAY TO THE PALM TREE A WHOLE FIVE HOUSES DOWN THE BLOCK WOULD BE THAT BAD.**

**ANYWAY, I SPENT ALOT OF TIME IN MY ROOM, EVEN VOLUNTARILY, READING. I WAS, AND AM TO THIS DAY, AN AVID READER--ANYTHING FROM BEVERLY CLEARY TO SCIENCE FICTION/FANTASY.**

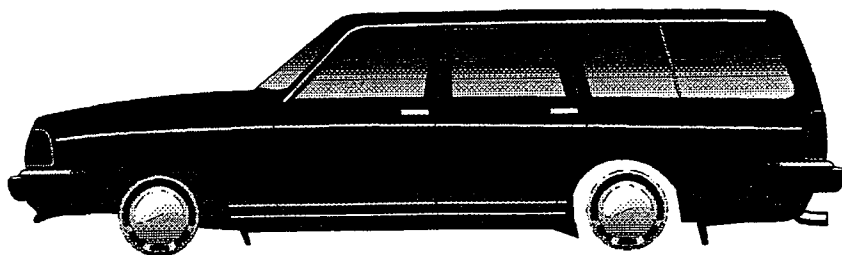


**At School...I HAD SO MANY SUBSTITUTES IN FOURTH GRADE THAT I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER WHAT I DID AT SCHOOL. I DO REMEMBER THAT MY "REAL" TEACHER, MRS. GOMEZ, GOT SICK AND COULDN'T TEACH ANY MORE. I HUNG OUT WITH MY FRIENDS, PHILIPP AND BUTCH ALOT, AND WE HAD FUN AS A CLUB, WITH SECRET CODES AND SUCH. I ALSO PLAYED THE VIOLIN AND WAS EVEN FIRST-CHAIR, PERFORMING SEVERAL DUETS AND QUARTETS. I WANTED TO BE A VIOLINIST WHEN I GREW UP, AS WELL AS A DOCTOR, A FATHER, A SCOUT LEADER, AND A BASEBALL PLAYER.**



**Things that were popular were... BASEBALL, FANTASY ROLE-PLAYING GAMES AND SCOOPY DOO CARTOONS.**

**We usually traveled by... A BIG GREEN STATION WAGON OR A YELLOW TOYOTA COROLLA STATION WAGON.**



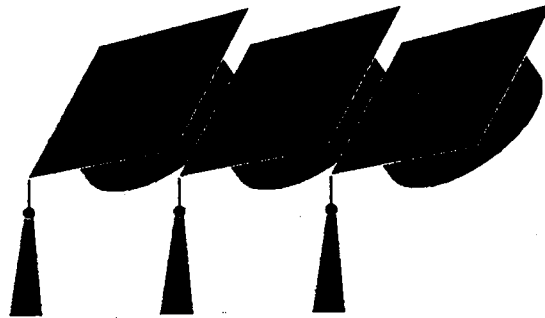
**Special events of my youth...**

**MARCH 30, 1980--I WAS BAPTIZED**

**1984--I RECEIVED THE PRIESTHOOD**

**1986--I BECAME AN EAGLE SCOUT**

**1990--I GRADUATED FROM HIGH SCHOOL AND WAS VALEDICTORIAN. I SPOKE AT COMMENCEMENT, AND RECEIVED 3 SCHOLARSHIPS.**



**1991--I STARTED MY MISSION TO HOLLAND**

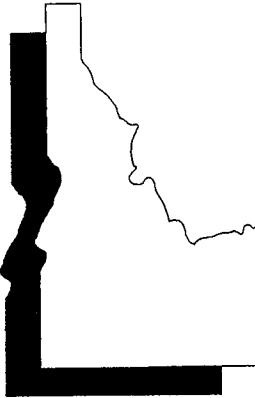


**AFTER 1991, I STARTED TO BECOME A MAN (ALTHOUGH I STILL DO HAVE RELAPSES)!**



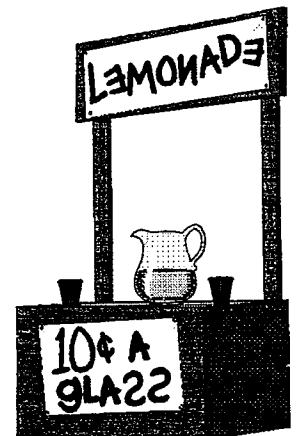
**Name:** Heidi Sperry Winn  
**Birth date:** May 20, 1970  
**Birthplace:** Boise, Id.

## WHEN I WAS 10 YEARS OLD...

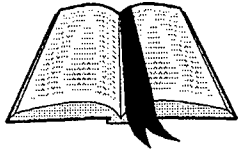


**I lived...** 4822 Maverick Way in Meridian, Idaho which is right next to Boise. I was attending my last year of school in Idaho. After my fifth grade year, we left for Utah where I attended 6th grade on. My family had just bought a house which we had built in a nice neighborhood. We had a few LDS neighbors with small children that I babysat quite frequently.

**I played...** Mostly with one friend. I met Wendy when I was in the first grade and we became inseparable soon after that. You never saw one of us without the other. We played store together, sold lemonade together, and caused many of our Sunday School teachers to leave the room crying. Though I had many friends come and go in my life, she is the only one who kept in touch with me after I moved--even to this day.



**At home I...** Was the mother. My mom said I was born a mother. There was never a day that went by that I didn't keep up with that role. Since my mother was working at the time, I took over her role as the heavy. I made sure that the dishes were done and that the house was clean, even if that meant yelling at the top of my lungs at my brothers & sisters to get it that way. I was known as the mean one and sometimes even told my mom what to do with her life. She often comments that she should have been MY daughter.



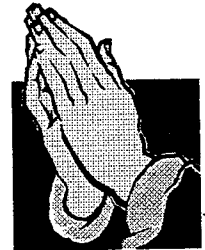
**At School....** I had a different role. I was interested in acting. In fifth grade, I tried out for the wicked witch in The Wizard of Oz and instead, made the role of Dorothy. I was SO excited. I also was the teachers pet for awhile, often receiving special privileges that other students didn't get. My favorite book was A Wrinkle In Time, which our teacher was reading to us.

**Things that were popular were....** Pop songs, i.e.: "Working 9 to 5" & "Your Kiss Is On My List" and TV shows like "Charlie's Angels" & "Chips" were a must see. Roller skates with 4 wheels were *it!*

**We usually traveled by....** Car--if at all. My mom was a stay at home type and often that is all we did. Family reunions consisted of spending the weekend with my grandparents in a happening place of Morland, Idaho, right outside of Blackfoot.

**Special events of my youth....** As a youth, I was somewhat of a Dr. Jeckyl and a Mr. Hyde. I was known for my maturity and for my faith, but I was also good at getting myself into trouble. In fifth grade, I told a lie which almost caused my teacher to lose her job.

On the other hand, I had the faith of a child. My parents and teachers were always amazed at my responses to questions and my choices in life. I was always a church goer and held callings even in my youth.



I was, at a time, very interested in school and I was put in special classes with other children on the same level, but in fourth grade, my grades severely dropped, after a certain incident in my life and I've had to work harder since.

I was baptized June 3, 1978 and it was a very happy and exciting day in my life, though I didn't fully understand the ordinance, I did realize that now I was an official member of the church I dearly loved.

**Name:** Grant Buckley Winn

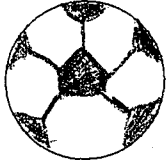
**Birth date:** January 30, 1979

**Birthplace:** Azusa, California

## **WHEN I WAS 10 YEARS OLD...**



**I lived...At 18210 Newman, Riverside, California. Our house was a one story house with 3 bedrooms and another being built in the garage. I was living with my mother, father and brothers Garrett, Gentry and Grayson along with my sister Genessa and a cat. We lived in the middle of orange groves out in the 'boonies'.**



**I played...Nation Ball at school during recess or sometimes I played 'unicorns' with the girls, which soon became boring. And most of the time I liked to swing on the swing set and teach people to do flips off the swing. That was my first year on the upper grade playground. At home I played with legos and lincoln logs or G.I. Joe figures.**

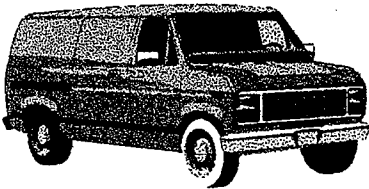
**At home I...Had jobs that we traded around with my three other brothers every week. I shared a room with Gentry and Garrett, which became very crowded. I had to be forced to do homework because I refused to do it because I had a rotten teacher, Mrs. Hartman. I helped build the add-on room in the garage. I got dropped off at the bus stop more than a mile from the house and sometimes walked home. The mud got pretty thick when it rained. I walked home 1 1/3 mile in the mud, up hill,(sometimes with no shoes)! Oh well. I also liked jumping on the trampoline and swimming when I could.**



**At School...I was finishing up 4th grade in Mrs. Hartman's class and boy was I glad! I wish she would have flown south for the winter, got lost and ended up at the North Pole—she was not on my good side, nor was I on hers. She was The Worst...she was Worse than The Worst...she was Brain Dead! It happens. UGH! Then there was summer, then 5th grade. My teacher, Mr. Benham, was much better than 4th. He didn't put me down. at least not that I can remember.**

**Things that were popular were...Hot Wheels (miniature cars) and Transformers cars and tanks and stuff that transformed into robots). Izod shirts were so cool with the cute little alligator on the front. Another cool thing was wearing high top tennis shoes with the laces undone.**

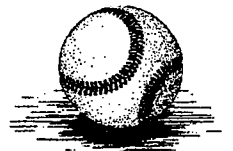
**Of course the cartoon craze was the little blue people called smurfs. Other toys I played with were our large set of legos, Lincoln Logs, and G.I. Joe Figures.**



**We usually traveled by...Blue Ox, our 13 passenger Dodge van (which was blue). It traveled back and forth through the orange groves to civilization a lot.**

**Probably more than I care to mention, I traveled by foot power, especially back and forth to the bus stop, through weeds, mud, rocks, dirt, you name it.**

**Special events of my youth...When I was 5 years old, I started kindergarten at Woodcrest Elementary school. At Christmas, I was in a play at school. I was an alien who came to earth at Christmas. When I was 6 & 7 years old, I played 'T'-Ball for the "A's". I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints when I turned 8 years old. I played baseball for the Royals when I was 8. I caught my first fish at Aspen Grove that year also. I played soccer from 9-12 years old. I first broke my arm at 11 years of age while skateboarding on a ramp. I was ordained a Deacon in the LDS Church**



**Name:** Genessa Sue Winn

**Birth date:** October 14, 1983

**Birthplace:** Fontana, California

## WHEN I WAS 10 YEARS OLD...



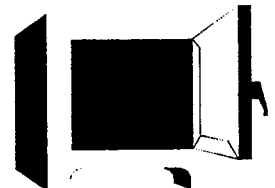
**I lived...**In a one story house in Riverside, California. The color of my house at this time is white with dark gray trim. It has four bedrooms and two and a half bathrooms. I live with my mom, my dad and Grant. Garrett, Grayson and Gentry are all in college.



**I played...**Kickback at school. We would get in two groups and take turns kicking the soccerball to the other team. I also played Sega Genesis (a T.V. video game) at home, whenever I got the chance. Sometimes I would play games with Grandpa and Grandma-like when they were visiting us in California. I also did gymnastics. I had originally started with Cheryl Bishoff then went to Jr. Elite, then in 5th grade I transferred to Debra Kaye Studios.



**At home I...**Had to empty the dishwasher a lot. Sometimes I would have to get my own dinner out of the freezer and cook it in the microwave. I also practiced the piano. I often jumped on the trampoline and watched T.V. My favorite



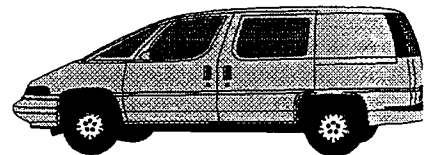
show was Full House. Other favorites were Home Improvement, Family Matters, Boy Meets World, Rescue 911 and Unsolved Mysteries. I also like to read Goosebump books (they're mysteries). I would have to get up early everyday and get ready for school fast because when I was in 5th grade I had to go to school with my mom to Monroe. We had to leave by 7:15. When I started 6th grade I went to a year-round school (Franklin) and in the summer I went straight to school, but in the fall I had to go to Lisonbee's first.



**At School I...**Liked to play sports like soccer, basketball, handball, volleyball, and kickback. My favorite subjects were History and Math. In 5th grade, I got a certificate for having one of the highest scores for the Physical Fitness Test. That year, I went from 5th grade to 6th grade and I changed schools, from Monroe to Franklin.

**Things that were popular...**Were collecting pogs. They were like old fashioned milk bottle caps that had designs on them. You had to try to win them from other people by flipping them over with a slammer. Other than that, video games were pretty popular.

**We usually traveled by...**Car. My family had a 1990 blue Chrysler mimi-van and two cars, a 1989 blue Toyota corolla and a 1983 blue Plymouth Sapporo. Or we could ride bikes to places that weren't very far away.





**Special Events of my Youth...** From Kindergarten on, I entered a fine arts contest through the school PTA called the Reflections Contest. At first I just wrote songs and entered them, later on, I also entered works in poetry and art. My music has gone the farthest, first place at the school, the council, 23rd district and then got Honorable mention at State three times. I've never gotten to Nation. I started taking piano lessons when I was 3 1/2. In school, I've gotten lots of academic awards and have pretty much always kept straight A's. That basically covers it for special events of my youth, but of course there's things like getting baptized and getting my first hair cut, (which didn't happen until I was like 5). I won't go through all that stuff.

