

The Winns
1995

GARRY & GLENDA'S WINNING WAYS IN '95

Bringing in 1995 in Style!

by Garry

Garrett and Heidi joined us for a New Year's kick off. We got up early on New



Year's Day and off to the Pasadena for the Rose Parade. It was chilly, but the sun did shine and a beautiful day followed. Poor Heidi was suffering from a sinus infection and was awfully brave to agree to go. Seating wasn't too bad although the crowd was large. The parade was gorgeous and extra special since I, Garry, was the Grand Marshall! Sure...dream on guys...Can't I fantasize a little?

Along with the New Year's festivities, we to to buy boxes...boxes of food and candy. It's always fun to see what surprises are buried in the bottom! Garrett and Heidi returned to Provo heavily laden--with candy.

BALTIMORE, HERE I COME

by Glenda

We were all greatly concerned about Mom's worsening health from the beginning of the year, but as her condition worsened, we also felt more and more helpless. Dad called me the morning of April 6th to tell me that Mom was in intensive care and on a respirator. I went to school that day, but had a very difficult time. Another 3rd grade teacher, Carol, really encouraged me to get on a plane and go see her. It was especially difficult not to listen to her because just three weeks earlier, I had attended Carol's mother's funeral--she had died of lung disease. I counseled with Garry and, as usual, he said he agreed that I should go and made all the travel arrangements. I took Friday off of school and left on Saturday. Timing is never good when it comes to a crisis, but I



have to say I think Mom timed it well because that was the beginning of my Spring Break. I got to stay the whole week without even writing sub plans.

The week was filled with many, many trips to the hospital (I even learned to drive there!), talking to doctors, trying to sort out the different opinions, and get in all the visiting time possible with Mom, Dad, Steve, Wendy and the kids. We had a few late night talks which reminded me of the olden days and I loved getting to know my nieces and nephew better. It was hard to see Christopher going downhill so fast and having so many difficulties. I couldn't imagine how hard this was on Steve and Wendy--- another helpless feeling. We went to church on Sunday, and I got to hear Wendy play a piano piece in Relief Society---that was so great. She is incredibly talented. On Monday, April 10th, Mom went in for a lung biopsy. She insisted that we not just wait around the hospital, since we wouldn't be able to see her all day. So after she went into surgery, we went to Fort McHenry on the way home. This was the site of the American Revolutionary War Battle during which the song : Star Spangled Banner was written.

the Smithsonian and met Steve for lunch. That seemed like a real treat. We came home and went to the hospital. They had just taken off the respirator and Mom was doing better.

That week I got to attend homemaking with Wendy and we decorated sugar scene eggs for Easter. I took mine to the hospital for Mom. Steve and Wendy were so sweet and accommodating. I'm sure it wasn't easy with all the hubbub, but they made me not only feel welcome, but even thanked me for coming. It was hard to leave even though Mom was doing much better and they had assured us that the outlook was good. I flew home on Saturday.

GLEND A LOOKS AT CHANGING JOBS

By Glenda

This year marked a big change for me in my profession. I was still teaching 3rd grade at Monroe, and feeling, at last, that I understood the curriculum, and yet becoming increasingly frustrated at the lack of quality teaching among our staff and even more

important, their attempts to squelch it in others. This was coupled with a principal who was sincere, but wishy-washy, and she wasn't appreciating my efforts as much as I felt she should.

In January, the district opened applications for the new elementary school being built near us, and I very nervously applied knowing that it would mean big changes, and I don't always do well with change. I finally convinced myself that

staying at Monroe would be worse than dealing with change. On February 6th, I received a call telling me that they wanted to interview me (I passed the paper-screening)



On Tuesday, we checked on Mom, she was on the respirator, so she couldn't talk but again had asked that we go do something while she recovered. We took a few hours to do a little sight-seeing. We took the train in to D.C. That was my first time on a 'subway'. We visited

then I spent the next 8 days filling out the application, answering essay questions and putting together a professional portfolio. On February 16th I had my interview (there were 67 others interviewed as well). The very next day, the district called and offered me a position teaching 4th grade. I accepted. The day after that, Susan Baltagi, the principal, called and asked me to be upper-grade team leader. I was quite stunned since I'd never taught upper grade (well a 3/4 doesn't exactly count), but I consented.

From then on it was sort of a whirlwind. I was still doing Spelling Presentations for several Elementary Schools, I was also doing portfolio presentations at Monroe, supervising a student teacher in my class and finishing out a year, when we started having school management meetings and night staff meetings for our new school--Tomas Rivera! We decided to have a potluck before each staff meeting, and despite the scheduling pressures, these were very fun times of getting to know new people, dreaming of how we wanted our new school to be and making plans to be the best staff ever. It was so great to be involved with others who shared my desire to strive for excellence. I was really proud to be part of such a dedicated and outstanding staff.

I spent several days the last week of school helping to write a book on implementing the RUSD Spelling plan with a couple of other people at the district office. At the same time, it was also no small task to pack up everything in my classroom and move it home to the guest house for the summer, but with a lot of family help, we did it. By this time, I was really looking

forward to having a vacation.

CHURCH CALLINGS CALL

By Garry

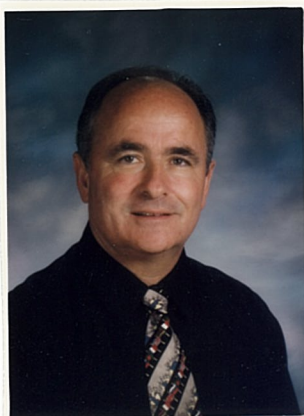
Both Garry and Glenda continued working hard in their respective callings. Garry's assignment as a High Councilman experienced constant change of duties though mainly focused around education. Garry continued to conduct the Know You Religion series in the stake and serve as representative for the seminary program. He enjoyed being assigned as High Councilman for 3 different wards in the stake.

Glenda was called as Primary chorister and continued to serve on the ward activities committee. She was responsible for planning the Ward Conference Dinner and program in April. She wrote the script and put together a slide show about temples, and arranged the speakers and musical numbers. The committee helped put the dinner part together and it all turned out beautifully. She was glad to have Grandpa be able to come to the ward Christmas Program "Night In Bethlehem" in December which she helped put on.

GARRY AND CHANGE

By Garry

In July, I had to say good bye to Morrison, my first school as a principal. After six years of personal and professional investment, it was difficult leaving the 'home front' to accept a new



assignment elsewhere in the district (Meniffee Elementary). There were lots of memories that come with opening a new school, selecting most of the staff, making a school that was recognized for its achievements and of course, all the students. Not to be out-done by celebrity roasts, I was 'roasted' by the 1st graduating class of 5th graders since most started at Chester W. Morrison Elementary School as kindergartners when the school opened. It was merciless, but classy! The staff was family and most difficult to leave, although I was not going very far. Many nice gifts and remembrances were shared.

Now the principal of the district's largest elementary school (1,100) and the one with the most special programs (like bilingual program), I started the year in July with my current assistant principal and a down-trodden staff. I decided I was just going to be myself and have confidence in the staff, that they would lift themselves up, and that they did during the first half of the year.

OREGON OR BUST

BY GLENDA

I had been looking forward to spending the summer in Oregon for many, many months. We had worked it out for Genessa to go up on May 25th since she was finishing up 6th grade on year-round green track which got out in May. Then Grant and I would join her in July. What we didn't count on was Drill Team try-outs for the new Junior High. Genessa desperately wanted to try out along with all her

friends. We paid extra to have her ticket changed so she could try out...and...she made it...but none of her friends did. She was still happy and more than ready to be off to Oregon on June 6th. (Genessa details their fun in her section)

Grant and I flew up on July 2nd. The next 5 weeks was filled with memory making experiences. The kids thought it was great to be in Oregon for the Fourth of July because they got to buy and light fireworks (illegal in California). They spent a good part of the day at the fireworks stand trying to decide how to make their dollars go the farthest. They



couldn't wait until it got dark--in fact I believe the video we took attests to the fact that they didn't. They orchestrated a fine show for us in the driveway. The only thing missing was the music. (Our singing wasn't an adequate substitute)

While we were there we got to see three shows: Apollo 13, Pocahontas, and Indian in the Cupboard; we went shopping for clothes a lot, hitting all the sales. Genessa was well into

the swing of things when we arrived and continued to go to gymnastics twice a week and go places with her friends, spending the night and going swimming. She even had a sleep-over at Grandma and Grandpa's house. Genessa also played a piano solo in Sacrament Meeting on the 23rd. Everyone was really impressed and her Grandparents were mighty proud of her.

We got to join the ward in a camp out at Clark Creek July 7th and 8th. We all had a good time, but Grant had the best time. It seems that scout camp was that week and so most of the boys were gone. You should have seen those girls go after Grant. It sort of reminded me of a movie scenario if he were the last man on earth?

Unfortunately, he was slowed down a bit the next Monday, when he sprained his ankle playing basketball at Emerald park with a group of guys from the ward. It not only interrupted his outings with friends, but slowed the work of helping Grandpa disassemble and move the big metal shed from the driveway to the corner of the backyard. We are glad to report that it finally did get done but we won't go into all the details! Grant got well enough to join in the daily basketball again and even substituted on a paper route for about a week. He got to go up to a lake with a group of guys, and to Lively Swim Center (Genessa and Kimberly went too).

We spent a fair amount of time getting ready for a Garage Sale. We got alot of things cleaned out and had a real good turn out both days (21st & 22nd). They still had to take a

load to the dump and D.I. but made quite a bit of money. We rewarded ourselves with dinner to the Timber Topper one night and Taco Time the next.

We also had a barbecue at Fern Ridge Dam on one of the hotter days, and it was nice and cool by the lake. The water was even swimmable. We celebrated the 24th of July by going to a ward picnic at Emerald Park.



They had some clever contests, including a paper airplane one. They also had a pioneer story time.

Another major time-consumer was what Grandma calls "donating time to the doctors." I really came to appreciate that phrase. We went to the specialist, the eye doctor, the lab, the pharmacy--and waited at all of them. I was very grateful that she was doing so much better than when I had last seen her at John Hopkins in Baltimore. It still wasn't easy to keep her spirits up while trying to go down on Cortisone. We used the time together to relive memories, video tape stories of treasures in the house, go on walks around the block, and finish her Family Book! We even bought a new word processor while Grandpa was on a

truck trip one weekend.

No trip to Oregon would be complete without picking berries. We certainly did our share. She kept the raspberry vines stripped and I don't think a single berry went to waste (but they did go to 'waist'). We went out to the 'farm' to pick strawberries. And had to have fresh strawberry pie, of course. We kept hoping that the blackberries would get ripe, and every time we went anywhere in the car,

Garry's father was hospitalized over several months, suffering from lung cancer. Richard [Dick] Ernest Winn died on August 26th with no fan fare, but perhaps the family that had been apart for so long found some comfort in the gatherings that occurred. A lesson, again, sadly portrayed and learned--don't put off resolving feelings on problems that may exist

between family members.

Tomorrow has its uncertainties.

SUMMER ENDS

by Glenda

The days of leisurely shopping, napping and talking were over. Time was ticking away. We were trying to get Grant in a new High School--Raincross, and get his driving permit, catch up on dental appointments,

move into my classroom and get it ready, having Genessa start Drill practice and still find time for a few outings to the beach and to dinner. We had a Monrovia reunion and we went to Las Vegas to see Gentry compete in a dance competition. We stayed with the Humphrey's and had a great time. Gentry did very well and it was my first time to see him really dance in competition. Grandpa got to come down on a truck trip the 24th, so we made him stay the



we kept our eyes peeled for ripening blackberries. We finally did get some, at one of Mom's friend's house; at least enough to say that we'd eaten fresh Oregon blackberries.

It was hard to leave and go back home, especially with the prospect of work and school looming in the foreground. We arrived home August 5th with Garry seemingly happy to have his family back again.

THE PASSING OF GARRY'S FATHER

By Garry

Early in 1995, Garry and family members made many trips to Las Vegas as

25th and go to the beach with us. We had a wonderful day soaking up the sun while the kids built a



sand castle/pit that attracted lots of other kids.

Gentry stayed home a couple of weeks before heading back to school on the 31st.

SEPTEMBER

by Glenda

September brought lots of changes for all of us. Grant started at the new high school, Raincross High, Genessa started at the new Junior High Amelia Earhart, and Mom started at the new elementary, Tomas Rivera. Garry had already started his new assignment in July at the 'old' elementary, Meniffee.

The next 4 months are sort of a blur for me. It was exciting, exhilarating, enjoyable but every so exhausting to be opening a new school. We felt lucky that most everything was done except for the carpeting, which they couldn't put down 'till December because the cement still had too high a moisture content. The Junior

High, next door, was not so lucky and had less than half the school finished when it was time to start. Even the part that was finished was

done wrong and they had to do lots of repairs and rebuilding with the kids there.

I loved the new school and my new room, decorated with fake palm trees and fishermen's nets, except for the fact that there was a movable wall between my class and the other 4th grade class and it wasn't sound-proof AT ALL. With no carpeting added to the fact that we each had 43 kids for the first 5 weeks of school, the noise was intolerable. I chose to move to an empty

classroom across the quad. So the family pitched in again and moved everything to my new room the first weekend in October.

Fall...School...Challenges

by Glenda

I knew this school year would be a challenge, but it didn't help when Susan asked me to go to

Literacy II training, in preparation to presenting the training to the staff next year. This meant going to class nearly every Tuesday night from October through February. I was also voted to be the teacher



representative on School Site Council, which meant another night meeting each month. This added to being upper grade team leader and planning new curriculum to teach 4th grade was a bit overwhelming. It was tempered only by the fact that I felt surrounded by fantastic teachers, and absolutely loved the new principal who was constantly was telling me I was doing a great job. This was quite a contrast to being at Monroe. It was also pretty exciting to be at a school where we had every teaching aid and book imaginable, with unlimited access to supplies and an office staff who waited on us like we were royalty. I tried to remind myself of these things frequently.

HO...HO...HO...HO...HOLIDAYS

by Glenda

As Thanksgiving approached, we tried to think of ways to make this holiday season a little more special. We decided to begin by going to see the lighting of the L.A. Temple lights on

Thanksgiving weekend. We went to cut our tree the next weekend, decorated it, and everyone got in the spirit of wrapping creative presents. It was so nice that Grandpa could manage another truck trip during December just in

time to go with me to my staff Christmas Party. Garry couldn't go because he had a PTA party the same night. It was great fun to get to tell Grandpa all about the teachers and other people there. He came again the next weekend, and this time he got to go to Genessa's piano recital, the ward Christmas Party and our Family Home Evening party with the Byers, Hanson's, Links, and Barbara Malmberg. The only thing that was sad was that we all wanted Grandma to be there too.

Garrett and Heidi joined us again for Christmas, which always makes it a special time. We went to see Christmas lights--though we had a little bit of a challenge finding them. We had our traditional Christmas Eve FHE, and especially enjoyed unwrapping the cleverly disguised Christmas presents. We can only guess what 1996 will hold.....



*****GENTRY EDWARD*****

From January to April I was at B.Y.U.. I was taking dance and Spanish classes. I also tried out for the Ballroom Dance Company and made it onto one of the back-up teams, and we performed locally a few times and at the university's ballroom dance concert. I competed for the first time at a novice level, with Angie Richards, and took my first crack at choreographing, too. At the team social, a Halloween theme, Garrett and I dressed up as the Marks Brothers, the honking guy and the cigar guy.

In June, after being home for a while, I decided to go to summer school, but it wasn't stressssful because I just took my first gold-level dance class, and a dance team class. During that time I would help Garrett with carpet laying whenever possible, and I was practicing dance a lot for a competition in Las Vegas. My

partner's name was Stephanie Lawrence. We choreographed all of our own routines, five latin dances. In August we competed in Vegas in three latin categories-- novice, pre-champion, and amateur (for the first time). It was very enjoyable and we danced well.



While in Vegas we stayed at our friends' ,the Humphreys', house. After that I went home with my parents, who had gone there to see me dance. Later that month grandpa J. came to Calif. and we hit the beach, where we played in the surf and sand. Speaking of sand... we dug a deep hole in it with a wall around it and could stand up inside--it was pretty deep.

In September I went back to school. I took some dance and Spanish classes, and was still on the dance team. We did some local performances, and around Christmas time the whole dance company performed for and danced with the senior citizens in the area. everyone had a great time. Also I competed with Christy Huffaker in the pre-champ and amateur latin. We worked hard all semester and choreographed three of our five routines. I also

competed with her for our class level. I competed in standard for the class level with Sandra, and for another class level with Wendy Shafer. When I came home for Christmas I decided to stay. I had an opportunity to find employment on a cruise ship(which ended up not panning-out). I didn't have a job all semester, so I needed to work and save some money if I was to go back to school. Also I needed time to decide whether or not to go back to school, and if I did what kind of direction was I going to take in the way of a major to prepare me for a career. I guess I needed time to get a new perspective on my life.





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ELDER GRAYSON WINN

(The following are excerpts from Grayson letters from 1995)

January 1--Feliz Ano Nuevo

I could have avoided a lot of pain and suffering had I learned to listen to the promptings of the Spirit and humble myself.

Elder Vargus' dad delivered to me packages from his family...a new tie, four pounds of fudge, cookies,cheezits, Butter Fingers, Snickers, plus 3-4 more pounds of candy!

Signed the Pillsbury Dough Elder

January 16

Chamelco is so green and beautiful! The people are poor but clean. Converts have to endure a lot of persecution from their own families and pastors. I finally had my first "hot water" shower. Sometimes I only get one every few days--not a pretty smell. We have been teaching a nineteen year old who disappeared two days before his baptismal date because family members and people from his parent's church got to him...this is really frustrating, but I'm still going to work hard despite the obstacles Satan places in my path.

February 6

Fransisco is found with God's help and is baptized. This is truly the work of the Lord.

Signed "El Gordito"

February 13

"Bug Collector"--I found an insect called "Palito" which means little stick, which can be deadly,...but I got it first!

February 20

Kekchi, Pokomchi,(Indian dialect) and zealots...communication can be impossible and rituals, such as the people of a church called New Jerusalem practice are strange. After the end of a discussion, a small group we were teaching began to start praying outloud, screaming and chanting. They also started to prophesy about the future...the spirit left and so did we!

February 27

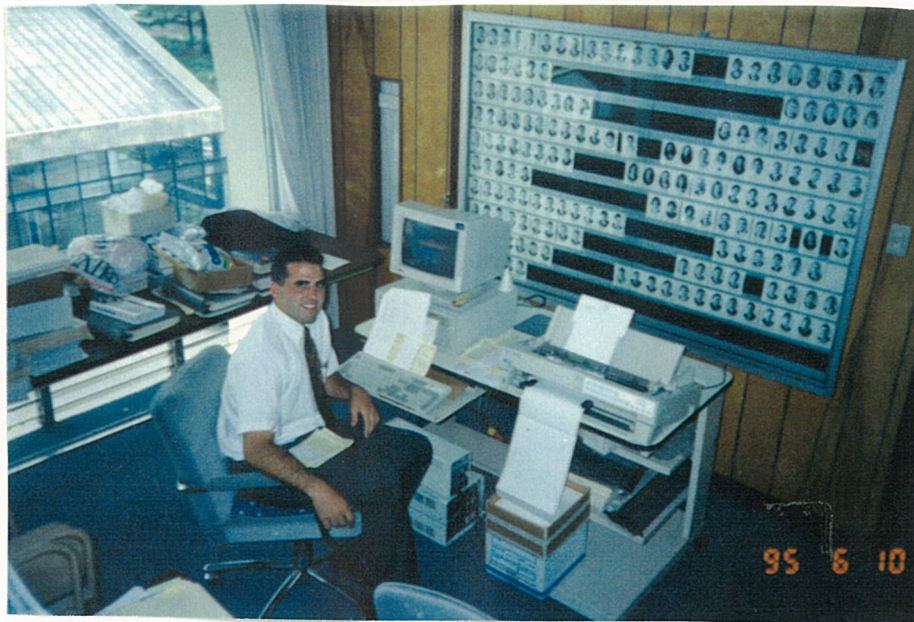
I've tried to serve, really hard, with diligence and exactness showing love to all, and trying to be an example by studying the scriptures effectively and learning the techniques to make me a better missionary. Then, Elder Wells, Area Presidency of California spoke at a conference on becoming an effective missionary, something I really needed!

March 6--Reflection

Why do missionaries think they can break the rules and still be successful as missionaries, yet appear to be happy?

Some of my most difficult challenges are my relationships with my companions. Sometimes it appears to be their laziness and feelings of superiority that offend me. Could it be my pride or lack of patience?

Things to do with corn,(a main staple in Chamelco), play frisbee with a corn tortilla!
Sacrilege!



March -- Becoming an office Elder

Importance of baptismal ordinance :Romans 6: 3-8 ...a symbol of the death and resurrection of Christ.

The "Aduanaz", my favorite place. Ha Ha Ha. This is a customs office where packages arriving are sent never to be seen again! It's worse than my bedroom. It's the Black Hole of Guatemalan mail.

Mission driver : Two rules. A. Don't hit anybody. B. Don't let anybody hit you. Grant should have been born here : no laws or speed limits ...heaven!

April

Great companion, Elder Smith. He's humble yet we have fun. We work really hard!

Busy, busy, busy. : Office work is full time yet we have to make time for missionary work. Long days, short nights, up early, trips to the airport, arrangements for missionaries, etc.

May

Marveled how the spirit helped a man with a drinking problem to gain the courage to get baptized.

June -- Two Amigos Restaurant

[Grayson made good use of his time to write his parents on the back of this restaurant table place mat.]

Miracle -- I found a needed birth certificate in a pile of thousands of unfiled papers after driving over an hour to Esquintla.

Got new mission van : 1995 Toyota, 15 passenger. Someone tried to break into it already.

Daily routine -- Up at 6 a.m., study 7-8 with companion, personal study 8-9, eat Cookie Crisp, then off to the office. Errands airport, office supplies, take people to doctor, pick up packages, send boxes, trips to temple, type up monthly newsletter, go to distribution center, write weekly mission history, eat lunch, leave office by 4:30, work in area 5:30 to 9:20, 9:30 p.m. home, follow up for next day's work.

New companion, McLeod. Now I'm A District leader, too.

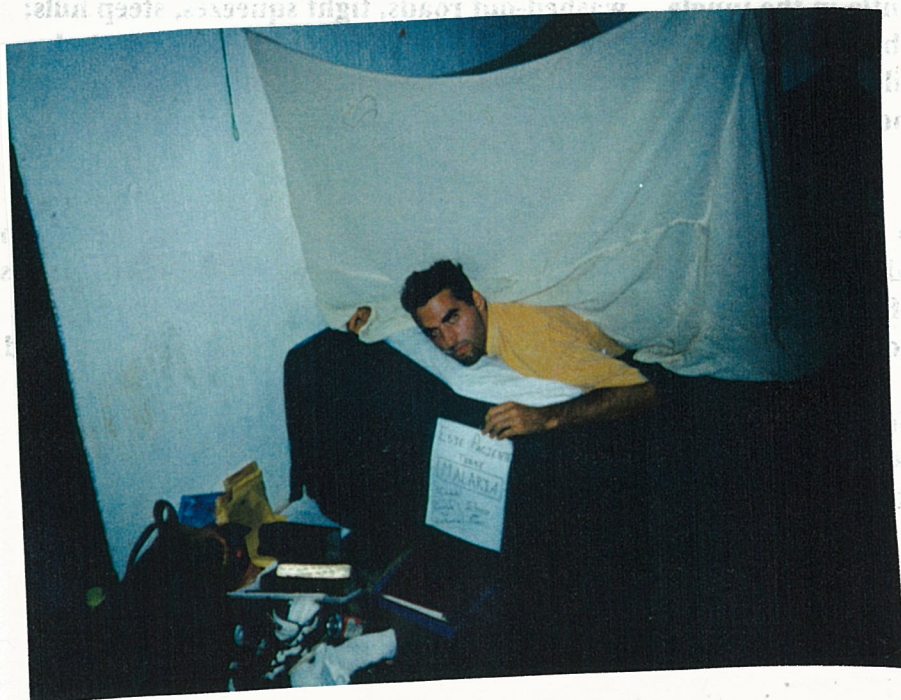
Adventurous trip to Chinantla in the jungle ... washed-out roads, tight squeezes, steep hills; we arrived! Search for municipal building, which had fallen into the river! Fortunately, the clerk took records home and after a while found what we needed. Returning, it began to rain. The roads got yucky as we started up hills and overhanging cliffs and waterfalls. The white van turned brown.

July

Another memorable trip to Cotyumalguapa. Our mission was to assist a paraplegic to obtain documents so he could get married before getting baptized. In the 106 heat, his failing body systems created quite a smell on the trip. But no obstacle was too great for this good brother. A caring, compassionate wife who had to sacrifice so much for him, greeted him on our return. This humbled me.

Big missionary work--teaching 60 police cadets at the National Police Academy all at one time! All 60 received a B of M and committed to read it.

Elder Vargas joins the office crew!



August

My 20th birthday, and I got the money from home. Hermana missionaries sing Happy Birthday at 6:30 am, and do a can can dance. Later, Sis. Black baked me a cake, vanilla-chocolate swirl with caramel flavor frosting. Sizzler for lunch--treat of Elder Vargas. I'm learning about trials and personal spirituality while still working in the office.

September

There are many blessing of missionary service. Elder Vargas' mom (in Utah) started taking the missionary lessons and is baptized! I want to be like Alma, an instrument in the Lord's hands as he leads and guides me. Bro. and Sis. Black, our mission office couple, left for home in Pomona, California.

[Grayson becomes a zone leader and is off to the jungle! Poptun, Peten] The jungle is green but...there's coral snakes, scorpions, tarantulas, and other wild creatures. We sleep under a bug net. There's gigantic mosquitoes, cold showers and Julio--our pet parrot. hot! hot! humid! hot! I've learned : don't stand on ant hills.

Elder Henniger and I played music to a congregation at the Principe de Paz Church.

October

We have long bumpy bus rides, then flights to the capital or Peten for our monthly conferences.

There was Irma, who surprised us by reading the B of M and taking notes, dropping her live-in boy friend even though she had no \$ or job and wanted to get baptized. We are really using members to help investigators and inactives.

November

From your Jungle Elder:

Irma gets baptized after some trials of her leaving and not finding her for while. Pres. Ramos emphasized how important it is to focus on the family--especially the head of the family, and to respect the people I teach and keep it plain and simple, don't argue and avoid contention.

Our Inter-zone planning and work with each other paid off. My first ride in a hollowed out log canoe resulted in finding a golden family. The father had a dream about 2 missionaries coming to teach him. Needless to say, they got baptized. I took my first trip to Tikal.

December

I'm going to have Christmas in the jungle--we bought lights for our room and we're going to decorate it. ----- I did have a bout with Malaria with 102 temperature, chills, pain and nausea, but it came and went. I'm looking forward to the call home on Christmas!

GRANT BUCKLEY

I guess I'll start out by telling you (the reader) about the New Year's parade. We arrived early on the morning of the 1st of January. We arrived to find out the party was the night



before and those people didn't want to wake up for the floats. They had their floats the night before, root **BEER** floats. They were pretty partied out, if you get my drift. The streets looked like a recycling center for glass bottles. I had the privilege of having Garrett & Heidi come with us, we played UNO till the floats started coming'.

I was finishing up my sophomore year in

high school but before that happened I had a run in with a gang from C.B.(Casablanca). The fight started because of a tennis ball. I hit a tennis ball over to where they were sitting at p.e., one of them picked it up and so I jokingly said give me the ball or I'll kill you. But it wouldn't have mattered what I said, they were looking for someone to clobber. They gave back the ball but were waiting for me to kill them, as if I was going to. I walked away thinking nothing of it, but to my surprise after class the guy that picked up the ball and a friend walked up to me and said, "Are you gonna kill me? Come on kill me.", repeatedly. One guy hit me in the jaw and I did not budge so he did not attempt again I simply walked away thinking that was the end. The two delinquents went to get reinforcements and when the p.e. bell rang they approached me, there were about twelve of them standing in a circle around me. One of the guys came up to me and started hitting me in the head as hard as he could, because of the fights I got in with my brothers and all the play fighting I was immune to pain. I just kept on walking to my next class. They didn't know what to think after that, so the next day they tried again but this time all twelve of them started hitting me, I simply stood there and took it a crowd formed and then a teacher came over and broke it up. When it was all over I had sustained a bruise on my left eyebrow, only one punch had gotten through my defense. This all happened



before spring break. When I got back from spring break I got sympathy from alot of girls and on top of that the people I got in the fight with apologized! I finished off the rest of the year without any problems except my grades, we'll talk about that later though.

Spring break was pretty good Youth Conference contributed to making it a fun and spiritual time. My youth conference parents were the Smiths, a young couple with a

couple kids. They live in Lasierra, I was not familiar with that area or the people but they are great people living there. I had the privilege of having a great, dear friend come with me to Y.C. his name is Brian Fugere. His parents got divorced and at the time were not members then Brian went to live with his dad and his new mother, who was a member. He went to Y.C. and had a wonderful spiritual experience. He gave a very



strong testimony and wanted to be baptized and later became a member of the church. His dad later got a job in Kansas so they moved I have only got one letter since then but he told me he was coming back for his senior year. I hope he does.

July 2nd I left for Oregon, When I arrived, there was alot for me to do I had to make some more friends and help Grandpa with some chores outside like cleaning and moving the shed across the yard. We did accomplish that goal and we were pleased when we did. I also helped get ready for a garage sale, we sold alot of old STUFF and also purchased alot of stuff at other garage sales. If we didn't like what we bought we sold it in are garage sale. I did make some friends, we did alot together, we went to lakes and played basketball alot and one time I fell and sprained my ankle which put me out of commission for a while. But I managed to get back into the swing of things.

My junior year I went to Rain Cross--an alternative school were I started electronics I'm still pursuing that field of expertise. I got my license to DRIVE (people crazy) on December 20 and I have been driving since. Garrett & Heidi came down for Christmas. When they were here we drove to Chino to look at all the Christmas lights there were a whole lot of people and alot of lights. For Christmas we wrapped the presents weird so the person would have some kind of clue to what there present was. I had alot of fun in '95 I hope '96 is the same way. 'Till we meet again.



GENESSA SUE

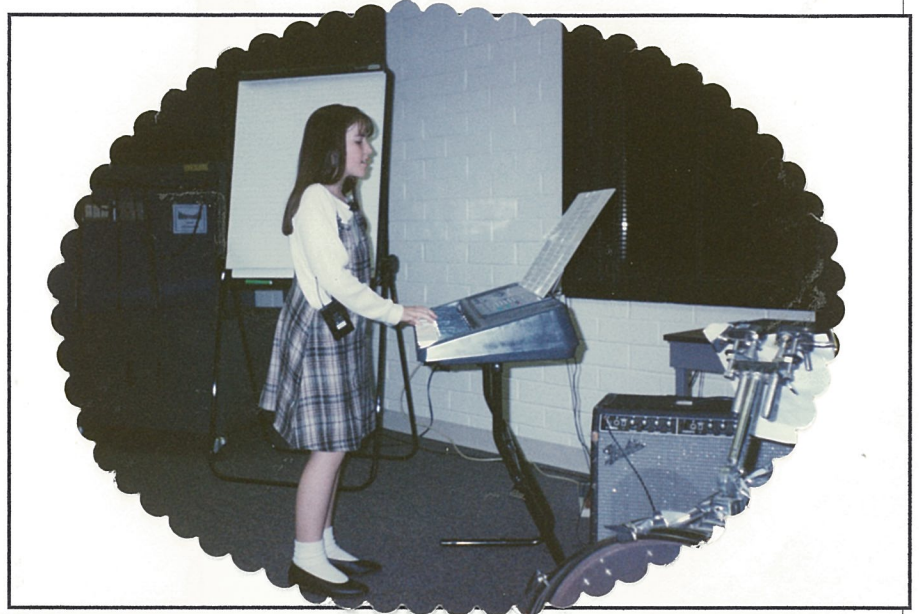
On January 1st, we went to the New Year's parade with Garrett and Heidi. We Played card games while we waited for it to start. Also, on the 20th, I went to the Reflections Contest awards night and performed the song that I wrote, "Hidden Treasures." I took first place at school, county, 23rd District and then Honorable Mention at state...AGAIN!

I took a pom-pom/drill team class with my friends Aimee and Kori in February, and in March participated in the Orange Parade. I didn't take any classes after the parade.

June was my last month of 6th grade. I couldn't attend the sixth grade graduation or the picnic because I went to Oregon for the summer. However, I postponed my trip there so I could try out for drill team in 7th grade. I found out I made it, so it was worth the wait to Oregon.

Before my brother and mom came, I was by myself with Grandma and Grandpa for almost a month. Some of the activities in Oregon included playing lots of games, making Mrs. Field's cookies and spending the night at friends' houses. It was fun being there because

they would do whatever I wanted. Grandma and I walked around the block every day and I became very educated, learning about the different types of flowers from Grandma. Every Tuesday, Grandpa took me grocery shopping with him. Of course we also watched "The Price is Right" and "Wheel of Fortune" every day. After Grant and my Mom came, we picked blackberries, went camping with their





ward, and enjoyed the spa often. Kristi Hill also came to the lake with us one night. I kept busy by taking gymnastics there, also. Kimberly Bevans and I went to Splash, an indoor pool with slides and diving boards. We all came home in July.

In August, Grandpa came down and we went to the beach. Grant and Gentry dug a big hole in the ground that was almost as tall as me. The only hard part was getting out of it, but we managed.



My first day of 7th grade was at the new middle school, Amelia Earhart. The school was only about halfway done when we got there, so it was pretty weird. We didn't have lockers, a gym, a cafeteria, a field, or much P.E. equipment. Plus, we only had two wings of classrooms. Teachers switched classrooms every day or shared them. They even had problems with the part that was built, and they had to tear things out--like the doorways--and redo them to meet the fire code. I didn't know what a real Junior High was like.

Since I turned twelve in October, I was released as the primary pianist. I started to go to Young women and mutual, also. On October 26th and 27th, I played the keyboard for the roadshow. One of the songs I wrote

myself. I got an award for the best musical score, but I had to give it back to the church because it wasn't really mine, it was just presented to me.

In December, my family went to see the L.A. Temple lights. There was also a performance by the choir.

At my Christmas recital, I played "Star Wars" and "Concerto in A Minor." This recital was split because there's so many students. I was given the coveted last place at my recital again.

Before Christmas, we had a party with the Byers and Sister Malmberg. We

exchanged presents and played games. Garrett and Heidi came for Christmas this time, so we had lots of presents.

