

THE WINNS



2000

2000--A New Millenium

For most of the world, the year 2000 marked the beginning of a new century. New Year's Eve celebrations were elaborate and bigger than ever. Some predicted the end of the world, while others looked forward to a new beginning, a fresh start or renewal.

For us, (Garry and Glenda), it was all of these, and more. More of everything. More happiness, and joy, more gratitude and hope, but also more sorrow, and pain, and anguish and fear. Most of these feelings and events revolved around Grant and Andrea, and their soon-to-be born son, Aaron. This is really his story, a story of miracles and faith.

As I remember, December 31, 1999, wasn't exactly the best New Year's Eve I've had. We took Genessa and went to Eugene for Christmas, and planned on being at Brough's for a few days on the way home. Genessa was excited about the prospect of going to the dance with her cousins. However, while in Oregon, Grandpa had gotten pneumonia, and I was right behind him in symptoms. By the time we got to Brough's I felt lousy, and we ended up coming home early and I was in bed, miserable, when the new century come rolling in.

Grant and Andrea had spent Christmas in their apartment (the downstairs of our rental), and they were anxious for us to return. But all too soon, it was back to work and school. We had planned a baby shower for them in January, as their baby was due before the end of the month. The shower was very well attended, though admittedly it was a unique combination of ward members and her friends and family. I wouldn't say they exactly fit together, and it was a bit awkward--sort of like oil and water, I just couldn't get them to mix. Nevertheless, they got tons of clothes, blankets, diapers, toys, and other baby equipment. We were now ready for HIM.



Baby Shower
for
Aaron
January 2000

Now, I was a witness to their first sonogram, at which they were told they were having a boy. But Andrea was still hesitant to believe it since I had told her about the 'spell' (curse?) I had put on all my future daughter-in-laws, whenever, or whoever, they might be. They were to have only GIRLS. Andrea really wanted a boy, though, and was quite proud that she and Grant had avoided the curse. We all said it actually made perfect sense since both sets of parents had deemed them rebellious to any parental commands. Garrett had obeyed, and had two darling little girls, but then Garrett was always very obedient...

As with all 1st time mothers, Andrea felt she was going to burst if he wasn't born soon. Her O.B. doctor had told her he was big enough, and wanted to induce, then changed his mind and decided to wait 'till he got back over the weekend. They went in the morning of the 18th. I took the day off work, filled with anticipation, as Andrea had asked me to be with her during labor. Well, at first nothing much happened. Finally labor pains, but after being in labor for hours and hours, still no progress. They told her she could either go home and try again later, or keep the IV for the night. She chose the latter, but by the next morning, they decided the baby

was too big, so they did a C-section. We were worried, and she was especially upset. All along, she had told us that she had two things she wanted, a natural birth and a normal baby. Nevertheless, she said to go ahead, and little Aaron Grant Winn was born on January 19, 2000. His daddy, Grant, handed him to me in the newborn nursery, not even an hour old. I decided this was a LOT more fun than having one myself. Andrea recovered remarkable fast. She was determined to nurse, and even though Aaron got jaundice, she persisted, and after a day or so extra in the hospital, they were both released.

He was a cute little thing, and we loved just watching his every movement. His funny faces, his yawning and stretching. Garry and I took turns spoiling him. We were more than happy to babysit so Grant and Andrea could have some time to rest and be together. It felt so good to see them forming their own little family. We thought Andrea was a god-send. She loved us and we adored her. She seemed to be able to make Grant appreciate us--which was a new experience for us. They made Family Home Evenings purposeful, and fun. Grant was working through his repentance process with the bishop, and Andrea was like a sponge, always listening, and learning about the church. She said she wanted to get baptized, but wanted to wait until Grant could do it. We watched the opening of a rose (or as the bishop liked to say--a diamond in the rough), as Andrea bloomed into a warm and caring mother. We had often said she was like a ray of sunshine whenever she came through the door, and Aaron seemed to increase that radiance even more. She loved to take him places, to show him off, because everyone always made such a fuss over what a cute baby he was. Of course, I had to agree, because he looked an awfully lot like Grant--and he was a real cutie. He also possessed the same charm Grant had. It would draw people to him. Others would comment about what a special spirit Aaron seemed to be. It certainly seemed he was a blessing for our entire family.

Proud Papa

It's a boy

Grandmas

Adoring

It's a boy It's a boy

Jan. 19
2000

Community Hospital It's a boy

Moreno Valley

Aaron
Grant
Winn

It's a boy

He's here!
It's a boy



Grant's Birthday

Jan.

2000



Let's
See... I'm...
21 now!

Whoopee!



Oh!
Boy!

Oh!
Boy!

When he was about 6 weeks old, Andrea came over crying. She had Aaron in arms. He had several bruises and bumps. She told us that she had left him with Grant, and Grant told her he had placed him on the couch, went into the bathroom and Aaron had fallen on the floor. Andrea did not believe his explanation, and took him to her parents house to get their opinion. They said they thought she had reason to be concerned, and that it looked like he had been abused. So there she sat, asking us our opinion. There are so many "if only's" in this story, but this was perhaps the first big one. If only we had been able to believe it. We couldn't. Garry and I remembered all too well the myriad of bumps and bruises our boys got. It didn't seem to be an unreasonable explanation. She was hesitant to bring him to church that Sunday, fearing what people might think. We assured her that anyone who had had kids would understand, accidents DO happen.

Over the course of the next several weeks, we continually checked Aaron for bumps and bruises, and found none. All seemed well until he started getting 'sick'. Mainly throwing up. Andrea took him to the doctor, several times. Each time they had a new explanation. He needed a change in formula, she shouldn't have been feeding him cereal so young, he had allergies, he had the flu. It was really puzzling though, because it was never very consistent. He would do fine for several days, then start throwing up every feeding for a day or two. Nothing we tried seemed to make any difference. We were all getting pretty

worried. They took him to emergency, they sent him home with more medicine and advice.

Then near the end of March, we were leaving for Utah to bless Aura Leigh, Grayson and Becky's baby girl who had been born on February 3...just a couple of weeks after Aaron. We had worked and worked to figure out a way to have them both blessed at the same time, because we wanted Grandma and Grandpa Johnston to be here for the blessing. Finally it worked out that Grayson's Fast Sunday was going to be the last Sunday in March, because of General Conference the first Sunday in April. Our ward was having Fast Sunday after conference. So we were spending a week in Utah (the first week of my month off track), but Genessa had to stay home and go to school. We arrived to find Grayson and Becky's new, old, house in rather a shambles. It seems her family had been there several days before us, and they'd torn out the whole kitchen. There were cabinets and drawers and dishes and food everywhere. As one who knows Garry might expect, he let no grass grow under his feet. He got right to work helping Grayson install a new wood plank floor. That evening, Andrea called and said that the doctor had ordered abdominal tests, to see if Aaron needed surgery. They were pretty sure he was going to have it the next day. We were concerned, but since we had gone through that surgery when Grayson was 9 weeks old, we knew the feeling of relief to finally have the throwing up solved. So while we were concerned, we were also glad that they were getting some attention for Aaron's problem.

Garry and Grayson kept pounding away at the floor. We stayed up 'till midnight...I think that's actually when we ate. Becky and I had gone to the store to get supplies for the family gathering (dinner) the next day, and I picked up some Albertson's chicken. It wasn't a very long night, and they were up banging away again. Between putting in the floor, and having both us and Becky's family there, it was a challenge to get anything done. We did remember we had come to see Aura blessed....and we got to do that.....barely. There were a few obstacles to go around and over and under, but we did it. We did think it rather odd that the bishop would have the whole congregation sit and wait until all the family was there. It was 20-30 minutes. We had to admit, it was going to be a memorable day. Carol and Larry graciously volunteered to have the family dinner at their house (realizing it would be rather difficult at a house without a kitchen)! We had create-a-potato, but it took a while for everyone to get there, so we had a late dinner.

We kept thinking we would hear from Grant and Andrea, but with everything so hectic, we didn't worry too much. When we finally did talk to them, they told us that the doctors had decided it wasn't pyloric stenosis, or at least it wasn't bad enough to operate. I was actually more worried then, because I knew that meant continued problems. We kept in contact all week, with no real news. When we arrived home, Aaron seemed to be doing O.K. I do remember thinking how different he and Aura were, especially the shape of their heads. Aaron had a large protruding forehead, and Aura's head was petite and long, rather than wide. It was kind of hard getting used to looking at Aaron again--he looked so different. I don't remember exactly when and how much he threw up that next week, but I do remember that Garry and I watched him Friday night, so Grant and Andrea could go out together. He was pretty fussy, and not very interactive. I kept holding things in

PRETTY

Oh

Pop



4-3-00
Aura's
Blessing
Day



LOOKS LIKE MAMA!

Grayson and
Rebecca Winn
are proud to
announce the
birth of their
new baby girl

Aura Leigh Winn

Born: February 3, 2000
Weight: 7 lbs. 9 oz.
Length: 19 inches



One Month



Happy
Girl





Grandpa Winn & Aura

Sweet
Aura
Leigh
Winn
♡



Lunch after
'Blessing' at Harry
& Carol's house in
Orem.



Proud Papa



Aura



Glenda

Garry

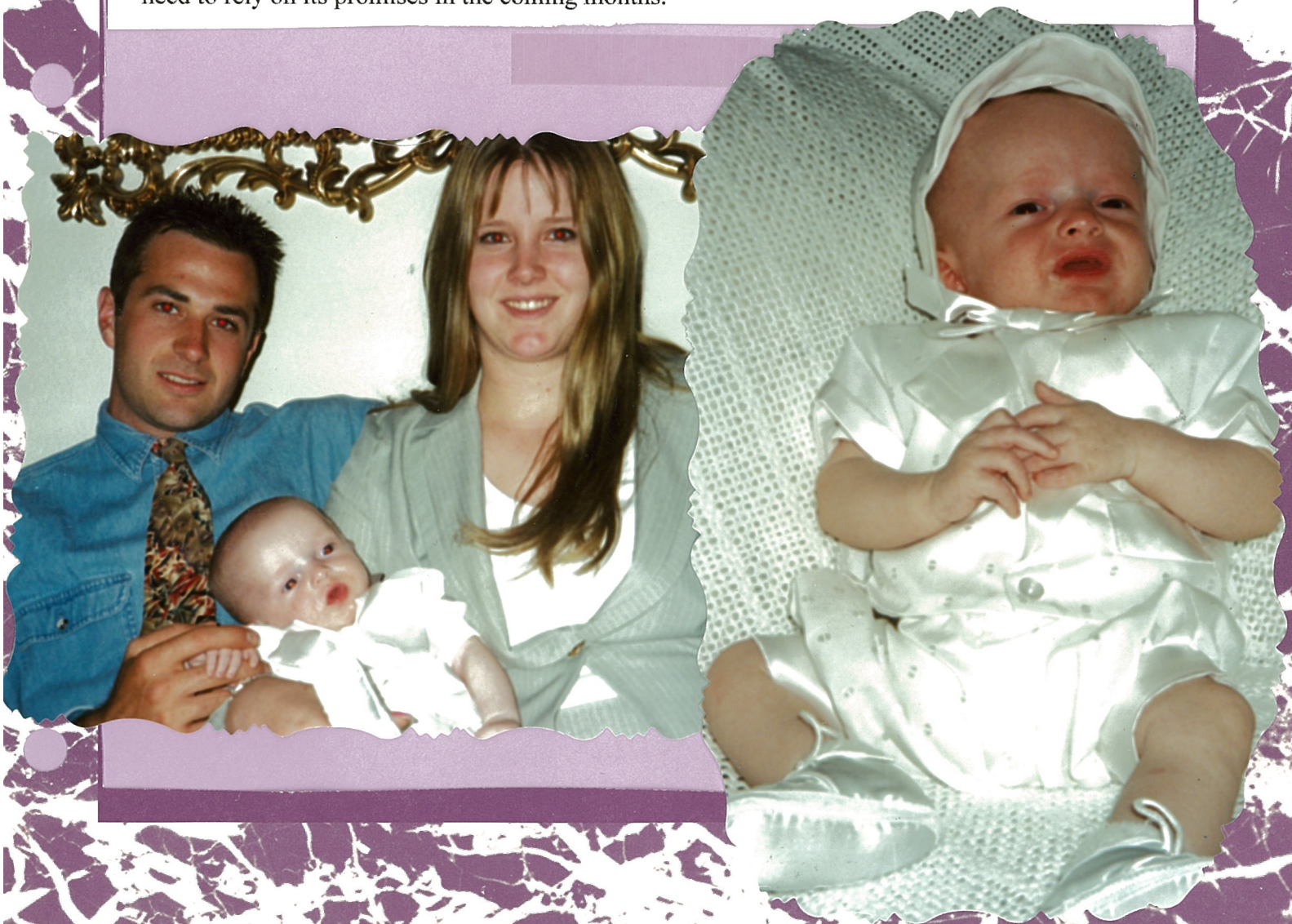
Carol

Harry

front of him, trying to get him to track with his eyes, but he wouldn't. He didn't blink when I brought my hand quickly toward his eyes. I knew that he should blink, and he certainly should be tracking. I knew he had been before. I remarked to Garry that it seemed as if Aaron was blind. He agreed that it didn't seem normal, and when Grant and Andrea came to pick him up, we asked if they'd noticed anything unusual about his vision. They said they hadn't. We didn't want to scare them, but asked them to check periodically.

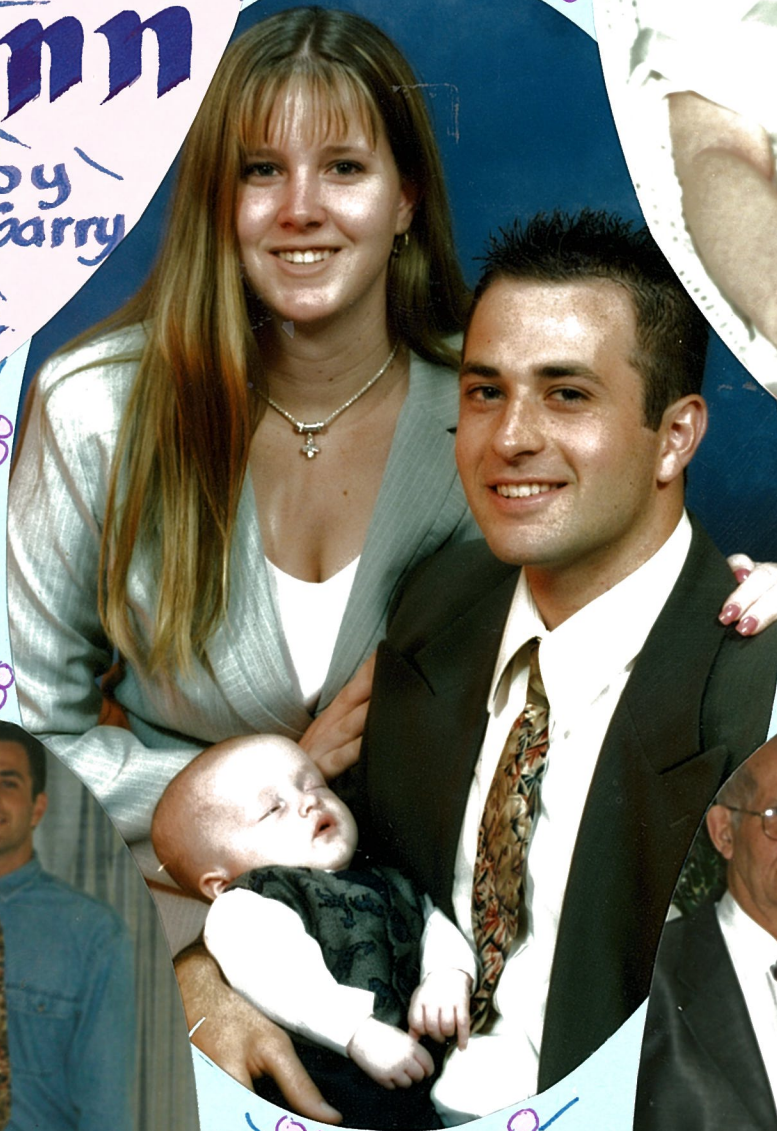
The next day was Saturday. Grandma and Grandpa came down from Oregon to be here for Aaron's blessing. Grant and Andrea took Aaron to the mall that day to get their picture taken. Aaron was still not feeling good, had thrown up, and was real fussy. They just couldn't get him to be happy and smile. They came over that night and Andrea was complaining that Grant had said "I hate you," to Aaron when he wouldn't 'cooperate'. We thought she was making a mountain out of a molehill. Another "if only..." moment.

Sunday, April 9th was very nice. Aaron looked so cute in his white suit. Garry gave him his name and blessing. I was a little puzzled because he didn't say hardly any of the usual things in his blessing. Nothing about being raised in the church, nothing about a mission, or being married in the temple. In fact, it seemed that he just kept saying that he would be blessed with health, and would grow up healthy and strong, and he said what a joy he was to those who knew him on earth. Neither of us knew how prophetic that blessing was, or how much we would need to rely on its promises in the coming months.



Daron Grant Winn

blessed by
grandpa Garry
Winn
April 9th



Four
Generations

Monday was Family Home Evening. I had prepared a lesson on Appreciating Parents. It bothered me that Andrea couldn't think of anything good to say about her parents--no matter how much we prodded or encouraged. We pointed out that Grandpa J and Garry had less than ideal families, and were neglected and abandoned, yet they could still find things to appreciate. Aaron was fussy. He'd thrown up earlier, and Grant tried to put him to sleep, then I tried, but finally Grandma J was able to rock him to sleep. I didn't sleep well that night.

The next day, Tuesday the 11th, Grandma J and I went shopping, since I was still off track from school. Early that evening, Andrea called and said something was wrong with Aaron. He wouldn't eat, and he was acting strange. I told her to bring him over. She came right over, and it was obvious that something was very wrong. He couldn't move his left arm or leg very well, his right and left hands were different temperatures, he couldn't suck his pacifier, and he had a high pitched cry. He looked very pale...almost greenish gray. Grandma J told Andrea to call her doctor, then Andrea and I took him to Emergency at Moreno Valley Community Hospital--the same place he had been 2 times in the last 2 weeks for vomiting. This time they did an EEG and it was abnormal. They kept asking us if he had fallen or hit his head recently. They did seem very concerned. His heart rate was low and his breathing irregular. They decided to transfer him by ambulance, to the Regional Medical Center, not far away. We followed in the car. Garry brought Grant to the hospital and it seemed like they took forever to get him admitted. They just observed him for a couple of hours. It was frustrating. Finally at 2 a.m., they took him up to pediatric ICU. Little did we know that he would end up staying there for many weeks.

They had called a pediatric neurologist but he just conferred with the nurses on the phone, gave them instructions and said he would come in the next morning. So we thought we'd better go home and get some sleep. Only later would we find out that the nurses didn't think he would live through the night. They certainly hadn't told us.

Andrea and her Mom went to the hospital early the next day, Wednesday the 12th, and I came in before noon. The eye specialist was there with some very strange device, looking into Aaron's eyes. Andrea was not doing well. Her Mom took me aside and told me that if they found hemorrhages, that meant he had been shaken. And of course she added, "by Grant." Moments later, the diagnosis was confirmed: Shaken Baby Syndrome. I'd heard of it but knew few details, other than it could be fatal. But Aaron was alive, and surely that meant he would recover. They were debating if and when to take him in for brain surgery to remove the fluid that was pressing on the brain. More specialists came, and Aaron got worse. He was having seizures quite often by then, it was really hard to watch. He was paralyzed on his left side, he was on IV's, and under heat lamps. He couldn't maintain his body temperature, his heart rate was slow, and he was breathing with the aid of a ventilator, and.... he was blind. I remember being told that he might die, or that even with the surgery, he would still have brain damage and may not ever get better than he was then. I really couldn't comprehend it, and I didn't want to think about it. I just kept thinking they should hurry up and do the surgery, then it would be all right. They finally did do it that afternoon, around 3 p.m. I think. He was in the operating room for an hour and a half. I was numb. Andrea was crying and Grant was trying to console her and Andrea's parents were accusatory and cold toward Grant and us. The hospital had called in Social Services because it had been deemed a child abuse case. We were interviewed, and asked if we could take Aaron, if it were necessary, and if we would have any objections to the other grandparents having him. Everyone said they would do whatever it took, and we would work together to help Aaron any way we could. We never really imagined that we would have to take custody...

Finally the doctor came out and told us Aaron was in recovery and it would be a little while before the sedation would wear off and he would be back in his room. We waited. We finally got to see him. His head was wrapped in yards of gauze, he had two tubes coming out of his head with egg-shaped receptacles at each end. We could see that these were filling with blood and fluid. We were told that they had made two incisions through his skull, along his front hairline. They inserted drains, which were then taken out farther back on his head. We were told later, that when the surgeon made the first incision, there was so much pressure built up that it shot a stream of fluid all the way across the operating room. Not the best visual picture one would want to remember. Little Aaron was attached to dozens of tubes, lines, with monitors everywhere. They said they had him on 2 anti-seizure medications. He looked so tiny and helpless, but I thought he looked better. I was trying to be optimistic. Doctors and nurses were everywhere, but our eyes were fixed on Aaron. Suddenly the monitors started going off and he began seizing. It was a devastating moment for me. It seemed all my hope was suddenly drained out of me and I began sobbing. It was really the first time I had really let down. I felt hopeless. Andrea comforted me and kept saying that everything was going to be O.K., but I didn't believe it.

They finally got his medications adjusted to where he wasn't having seizures anymore.

The next day they took him off the ventilator and he was breathing on his own. But we still didn't know how much he would be negatively affected by the brain damage.

It was Thursday, and things were improving little by little. At least he wasn't getting worse. Grandma and Grandpa J. got to come to the hospital to see him. Later, that afternoon the police were called in and we all had to go down to the police station and give statements. That was a horrible experience. Waiting and waiting and waiting for no reason. We didn't see Grant, but later found out that they had driven him over to their apartment and took pictures of everything. It was late, we hadn't eaten, we were all getting rather cranky, but we all cooperated and all fingers pointed towards Grant. They took him to jail late that night. He was charged with 2 counts of child abuse, and bail was set at \$15,000. Garry paid \$750 up front, with another \$750 due later that month, and bailed him out the next day.

From then on, the days are a blur of hospital visits, taking turns spending the night there, eating in the hospital cafeteria, waiting for test results and continually watching Aaron for any signs of improvement. Aaron was being fed through a tube to his stomach, and he still had his drainage tubes in, so we couldn't hold him.

We looked into hiring a lawyer, found out that it would be \$7,000 - \$10,000 just to take him up through the preliminary hearing--not even a trial. We debated whether a public defender would serve us well. Days went by. I had to start back to school. I didn't want to, but in some ways I was glad to have something else to think about all day. I still spent hours at the hospital after work.

Delta Air Lines

WINN/GLENDA

NOT TRANSFERABLE

DAY/DATE

FLIGHT

STATUS

CARRIER/VENDOR

CITY

TIME

SEA

29JUL00 1288

OK

DELTA AIR LINES

LV ORANGE-COUNTY

135P 30

DALLAS/FTWORTH

633P

SAT 29JUL00

602

OK

DELTA AIR

DALLAS/FTWORTH

715P

AUSTIN

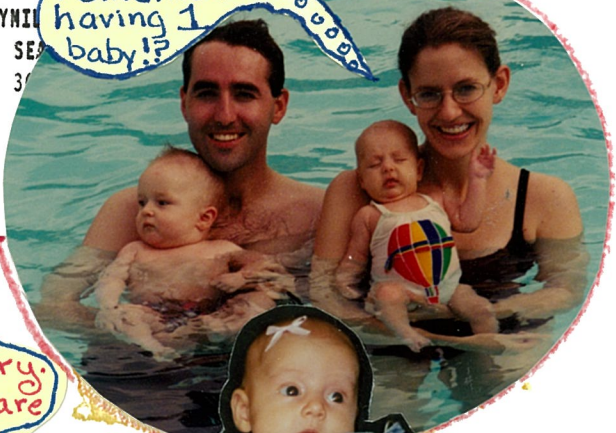
814P

ETKT PASSENGER IT

DATE/PLACE OF ISSUE 08JUL00

SKYNI

Uh...
I only
remember
having 1
baby!?



Don't worry,
I'll take care
of you.

Who's
that sittin'
on my
BACK?



Corinne
suggested
I take
Araron for
a walk...
...good
idea, until
it "poured."



Grandma & Raelyn ~ Sun.

July 29th
Aug. 9th

College
Station



Good bye ~
Austin Airport

Biggest
Burritos
Ever!



Happy Birthday



FR
WORLD BU
STEPS TO CREATE YOUR
FREEBIRDS BURRITO







Christmas with the WInns!



December 24, 2000

Becky & Grayson
Auraleigh

Heidi & Garrett
Kayleigh Regan

Andrea Gentry & Corinne
Aaron Raelyn

Genessa

Garry & Maxine & Glen
Winn Johnston

Glenida
Winn



Marmalade
Court
Riverside
California

CHRISTMAS

WELCOME



Garry Maxine
Grayson
2000

Glen Glenda
Garrett

Becky



Aura

Regan



Kayleigh

Genessa
Andrea



Aaron



Corinne



Raelyn

Gentry

S M I L E ?



December 24, 2000

The
End

THE WINNERS

Garrett & Heidi



2000

2000

January:

This year, Regan decides that she wants her birthday party to be at McDonald's. Mom and Dad are ecstatic as they won't have to cook, clean, or worry about breakages this year.



February, March:

Although the locals say that the winter weather hasn't been nearly that bad for the past 2 years, it is still bitterly cold and icy. Heidi drives into a ditch (not purposefully) when she loses control of the truck. Luckily, nobody is hurt, they are able to get AAA to haul it out of the ditch, and the truck is fine (except for a flat tire). However, Regan won't let her mom live it down and constantly asks where it happened and why she did it and if she will do it again.



April:

Things at IBM aren't going as well as Garrett hoped. He doesn't like the politics and the pay raise was middling. IBM isn't doing that well as a company either, and Garrett is kind of tired of the temperature extremes. So, he starts looking around for other job opportunities.



Coincidentally, he gets a call from an old mission companion who also worked at IBM. However, this friend had just quit IBM to work for a Utah-based internet startup company. The friend invites Garrett to apply for a job.

Grandma and Grandpa Johnston come for a quick visit (even though it's out of the way). They enjoy seeing some Minnesota sites. But, they complain that now Garrett is going to be moving, and they could have visited Utah lots easier than having to find a place to fill Grandma's oxygen tank in the middle of Illinois.



May:

The whole family goes to Utah for a little vacation. Garrett interviews with NextPage and likes what he sees. He has a very good feeling about it, and would like to move back to Utah. Heidi has just started to like it in Minnesota and doesn't really want to leave. Regan and Kayleigh don't want to leave their friends. But, Garrett accepts and they make preparations to sell the house and pack everything up again.



The Day family (Heidi's sister and her family) come out for a surprise visit. Of course, they planned it before Garrett thought of moving the family back to Utah. So, now Garrett is also in trouble with the Day's since they could have saved all that money. But, they do have a fun time seeing Minnesota's sites and going to the Mall of America.

June, July:

Garrett leaves IBM and starts work at NextPage on June 20th. They fly him out for a week of training, then fly him back to Minnesota so he can get more packing and house selling done.

Garrett and Heidi (and several friends) clean up the house, fix stuff, and paint the exterior of the house, which proves to be a HUGE job. The finished product is a little bluer than they expected, but it works and looks lots better anyway.



Kayleigh's first birthday gets kind of lost in the shuffle, but they make it up later.



Meanwhile, Garrett has to go back to work, leaving Heidi and the kids to sell the house on their own. The very day he gets ready to drive back to Utah, they give away Jezzy to a nice family who just bought a farm. So, both Heidi and the girls get a double whammie of saying goodbye. It is not easy saying goodbye, and they'll miss dad a little as well.

But, before he leaves, Garrett gives them each a priesthood blessing. Heidi is told to be patient as the house will be sold within a month! Seems like wishful thinking, but they hope for the best.



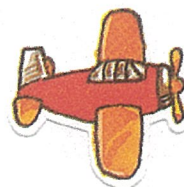
In Utah, Garrett has been looking for a house for them. He makes an offer on the very house that Heidi first lived in when her family moved to Utah, but the offer is too low for the sellers. So, he looks elsewhere, and finds a great little community in Eagle Mountain (about 8 miles west of Lehi). It's a housing development called the Ranches, and they can build their own home for a really great price. Garrett puts the money down and holds the lot (pending Heidi's approval, of course).



August:

Garrett really enjoys the new job.

California Winns come out to Utah for a visit. They're surprised to see Kayleigh, who flew out the day before with a friend from Minnesota who had to go to Seminary Teacher training. They have a good time, and Kayleigh is definitely glad to see her dad again. They missed each other a lot.



Lots of nibbles on the house, but no real takers through the first couple weeks of the month.

Heidi's sister, JoDee goes out to help pack and to be with Heidi. JoDee's husband joins them for the final week. They tour all over Minnesota and get to see lots of great sites. JoDee and Nate bring back Kayleigh and Regan to Utah since the house will be selling soon.

The end of the month, the house becomes the hottest selling item in Minnesota! Heidi gets 2 fairly legitimate offers. We're so excited, we don't care that we'll be making about \$20,000 from the sale because of equity and appreciation.

The 2 offers finally settle down to 1 serious buyer who gives us everything we need and wants to move in right away.

Garrett flies out to Minnesota one last time, leaving the girls with their aunts, and really gets to work on packing and getting everything organized.



He holds a grand old yard sale (Mom Winn would be proud), and they rake in some much needed spending money for the trip back to Utah.

September:

2nd--the house is sold, everything is finalized, and Garrett and Heidi begin the long journey back to Utah.

But, instead of going straight back, they take advantage of the time away from the kids, and make it a sightseeing expedition. They take the "scenic" route and the "hysterical" sites for places like Nauvoo and Carthage in Illinois. The Nauvoo temple is looking almost done and



very beautiful. They also go to Hannibal, Missouri (birthplace of Mark Twain, of course), Independence, Far West, and Adam-ondi-Ahman, among others. They stop in Denver, Colorado to spend the night with some friends who had moved recently from Minnesota. All in all, it was a great trip, and Heidi really liked seeing all the church history sites. It makes the Doctrine and Covenants really come alive.



October:

Garrett and Heidi and family travel to California for Garrett's 10-year High School Reunion. It was nice to see some old friends and to reminisce. Heidi was definitely the best looking person there, though, so Garrett looked like he was pretty cool!

Since they were in California, they also took the opportunity to relieve Mom Winn of her old Dining Room set. They loaded it into the back of a borrowed pickup and drove everything back to Utah.



November:

Garrett and Heidi spent most of their free time and some not so free time this month working on the new house. They had a builder working on it, but they also opted on getting some sweat equity by building their own deck, painting the interior of the house (2-tone, no less), and putting in the carpet, vinyl in the bathrooms, and tile in the entry and kitchen. It equated to lots and lots of work and effort that makes the home a bit more their own.

December:

Despite promises of getting the house done in November, they weren't able to close on the house until the second week of December. It was frustrating, to say the least. It was even more frustrating when they found out that the final inspection hadn't even happened yet. They considered renegeing on the house and making the builder eat it--because of all the problems they were having. But, everything got worked out and the builder made a few concessions that helps ease Garrett and Heidi's minds.

Happy
Holidays!

So, on that note, the whole family left for California for Christmas. It was great to be able to spend time with the whole family, including the Johnston grandparents. It was hectic though, too, because the Mom and Dad Winn had decided to move back into the Newman



house. It needed lots of fixing up and the other house had to be packed up. So, Garrett put in some new carpet, despite feeling rather sick, and everyone worked on getting them moved in by the end of the month.

Of course, Garrett and Heidi were worn out from all this, and weren't particularly looking forward to doing their own moving and unpacking in the next few days, but we all had fun spending time together.

THE WINNYS

Gentry & Corinne



2000

CORINNE, GENTRY AND RAELYN

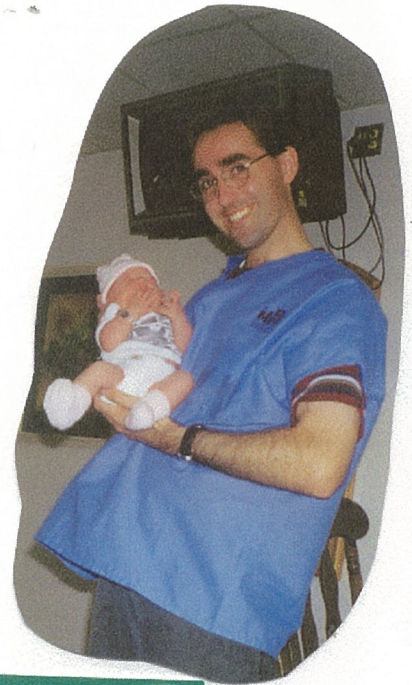
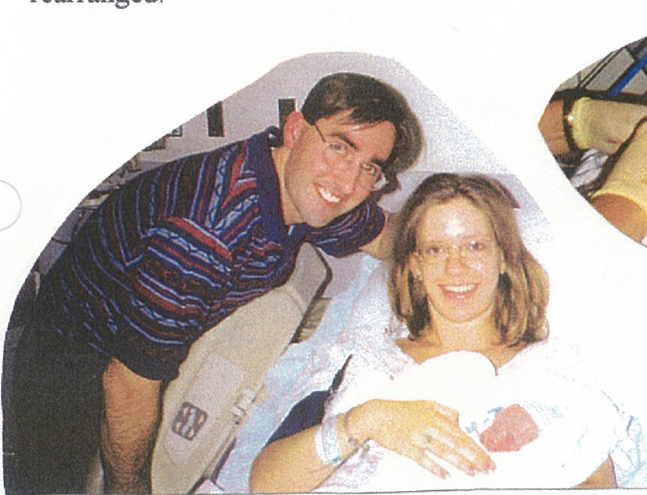
We celebrated the New Millennium in Brigham City then went back to Texas. In Primary, Gentry took over as the 10-12 year-old boys teacher, while Corinne stayed with the girls.

We had our ultrasound in January. Some were placing bets that we would have twins and others bet on the gender. But there was just one and we couldn't tell what gender.

Corinne started the second semester of her second year of vet school. It's rumored to be the toughest semester and she found out why. She had some fun labs where she drew blood from a dog, and experienced real surgery on a rabbit.

Gentry went on two camp outs with the 11-year-old scouts—one in April and one in September. The boys worked on some requirements and were taught important scouting skills by their fearless leader.

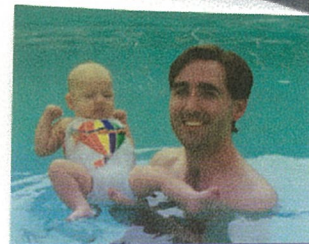
Corinne had two baby showers—one from peers at school and one from ward members. We raked in the presents! We spent quite a bit of time getting the house ready for our new arrival—setting up a crib, getting a stroller, attending child birth class, getting clothes, and preparing the house by rearranging what needed to be rearranged.



Raelyn Joyce Winn was born on June 13th. Thus began her life of "firsts".



first bath



first swim

Corinne's mom visited for a while, then in August mother Winn came for a visit with cousin Aaron.

In July, Corinne's family came out to Texas for Raelyn's blessing.



the crib project



the stroller, carrier,
car seat, etc...



(One of Corinne's sisters found this blessing dress for Raelyn in Utah. It's beautiful!)

Wow, a cherry
cheese cake AND
a new daughter—
That's the way to
celebrate my birthday!



Corinne's third year started in August(half way done!). She had a full semester of doing surgeries on live animals. Exciting!

Doctor Winn →
Medicine
Woman



For Halloween, We made a turtle costume for Raelyn and went to the ward's trunk-or-treat party. She was the cutest little thing there!

Christmas was spent in California and Utah. In California, our time was spent getting ready for the move from the Marmalade home to the Newman home.



Christmas in California

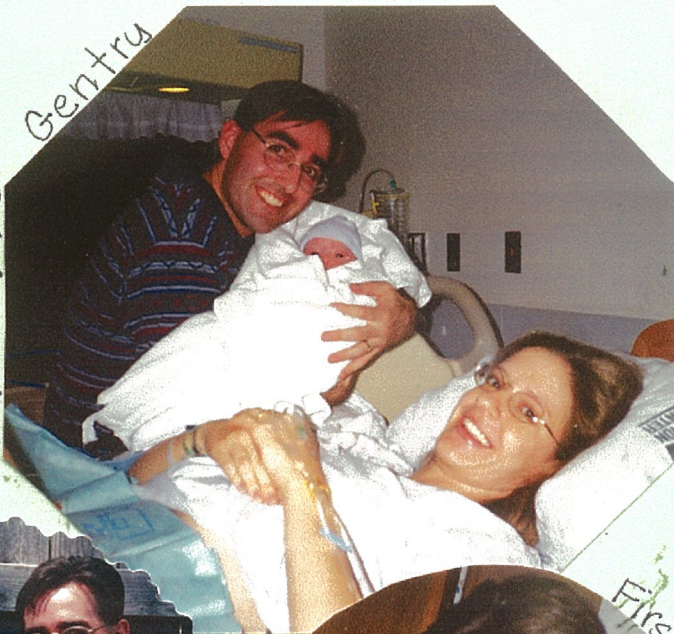


Christmas in Utah



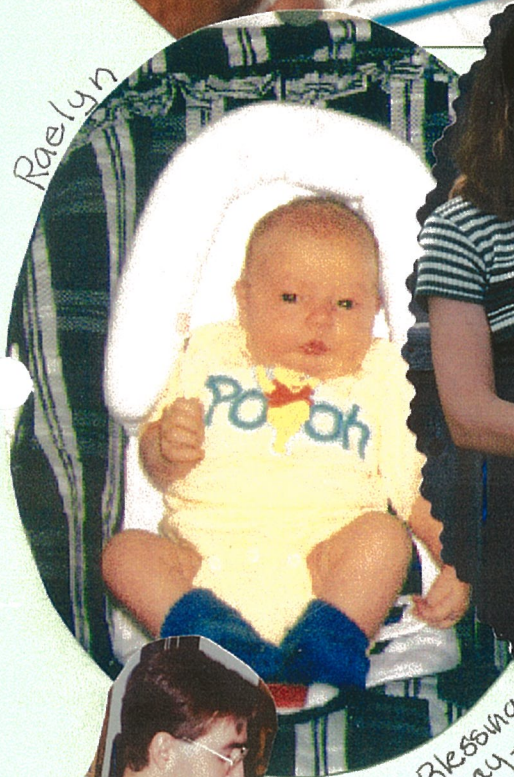
Raelyn

RECEIVED



Gentry

Corinne



Raelyn



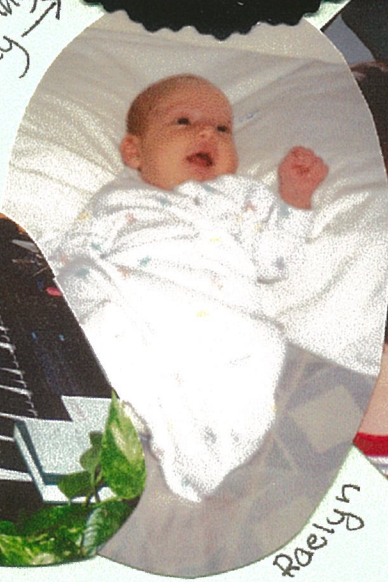
Blessing Day



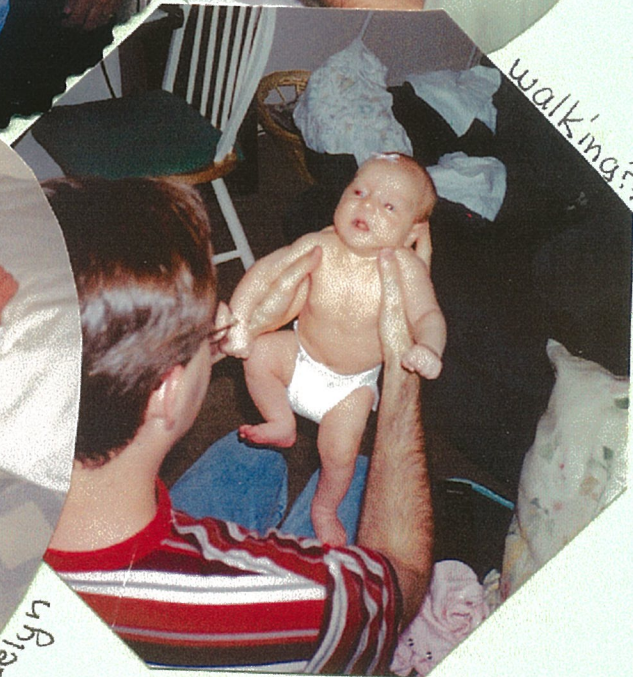
First Bath



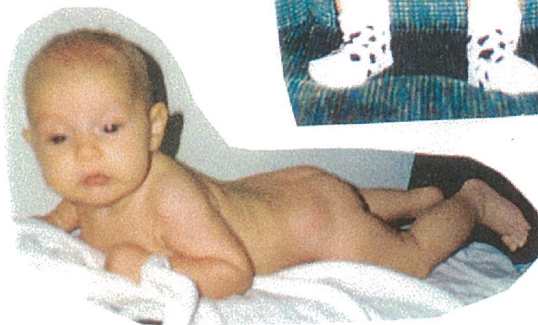
First to MUSIC



Raelyn



walking??



Raelyn

Random shots
3-6 months old



Genessa

(Winn!?!)



2000

March 31 - April 2 2000:

I got to go to San Francisco (again!), but this time I went to be the accompanist for our Treble Choir. So I took the same exact trip as the year before, but it was still fun!



January 2001:

My first formal dance! This Midwinter was held at the Double Tree Hotel in Ontario, and I went with Job Jones - not pictured here, sorry ...

April 6 - 11 2000

Right after I got back from San Francisco, we had a trip to the East Coast for our Chamber Singers and Show Choir. It was my first time going there, and it was a blast! We stayed with families in Pennsylvania and traveled to many places, including New York. I also got to see Uncle Steve's family for a few hours in Washington D.C.!





June 19-24 2000:

Especially For Youth was the most awesome week of my life! We stayed in the dorms at BYU and participated in activities and got to hear from great speakers all week. These are just the girls from my fleet -- we're all dressed up for the awards banquet where I got 3rd place in the art contest! I didn't know Utah could be so fun!



April 29 2000:

Eric Brookhouser took me to my Junior Prom. We ate dinner at cask n' cleaver and then went to the dance in the Galaxy Theater in Costa Mesa.



August 21-26 2000:

This year my mom got to come to Girl's camp, but I don't know if she enjoys it as much as I do! I was a Youth Camp Leader this year, which was really fun. Only one more year of camp left! :)

