



Winn

THE CONTINUING SAGA OF THE WINN SOAP OPERA: 2001

The walls were painted, the new carpet laid, new tile floor in the kitchen, most of our boxes were unpacked and a few pictures were even hung. All our family began leaving for their various homes. Our old Newman house was beginning to feel like home again--except that it was very quiet! Garry, Genessa and I had started back to school and work. Andrea was living in back in the downstairs apartment with Aaron. We were happy to be close enough to see him frequently and help out. It was hard to believe that we would be celebrating his first birthday this month.

Children always grow up too fast, and you wonder where the time has gone. That's not exactly how it was with Aaron. We appreciated his very life and watched each new accomplishment with great joy and amazement. Here was a little boy who against all odds had survived a brain injury that had made him have seizures, caused him to be totally blind, partially paralyzed, and unable to breathe or eat on his own. Now he was running around everywhere--not just walking--running, learning, saying single words, investigating everything, laughing, and best of all, sharing his love with others through his big hugs and sloppy kisses. He had a special spirit emanating from him, which many others commented on.

Miracle is not a word we used lightly, but we have used it often since last April. It was truly the only explanation for what we were witnessing. We frequently discussed his special priesthood blessing, not only among ourselves but also with others at church and even at work. We knew for a certainty that when those many hands were laid on his tiny head full of drains, and tubes, he had been given a priesthood blessing which could have come from no one other than the Lord. I could never forget the tear-soaked crib sheet after the blessing--big tears, priesthood tears, then joined by the tears of everyone in the room that day. And we prayed, joined by countless others, for the days and months ahead. No, his healing wasn't instantaneous, but in some ways I suppose that helped us to keep appreciating each new step--literally and figuratively.

during the winter, on the northern California coast, where it is usually cold, windy and/or raining. Once we had survived that test of strength and endurance, we were allowed into the 'real' waiting room. Now at least our fingers and toes had time to thaw while we signed-in on two different clipboards, put down the passes we had filled out along with our ID, and wait some more while they slowly processed each visitor...one at a time.

This involved typing the names into a computer. There were 3 computers, but usually only 2 were being used at a time, and the guards who were using them must not have taken typing 101 in high school, or maybe they secretly had a contest going to see who could type the slowest and process the fewest number of people during their shift. Either way, it seemed that we always had to stand there forever. So we concluded that even though we had passed the strength and endurance tests, we also had to pass this test of patience. After they cleared us, we had to go outside again and wait for a bus. This time, there were only two benches, no line (first come first serve), and no canvas awning. Usually, the wait wasn't quite as long as the first two places, and sometimes, by then, it was later in the morning, so the sun might come out a little. Then the bus would finally come, the driver would saunter slowly from his bus to the 'real' waiting room to pick up passes for those who had cleared the first two hurdles. Unfortunately, sometimes the group numbered more than the seats on the bus, so we'd have to wait 'till it came back again, (and believe me, they were never in a hurry!)

Then came the test of obedience—wearing the right clothes. If someone wasn't wearing clothes the right color, length, fabric & sleeves, etc., they were dropped off at a nearby building where a service organization (Friends on the Outside) kept some clothes to change into. Sometimes the bus driver waited while they changed sometimes, he didn't. Grant spent time in both "North" and "South" Soledad, so we eventually got to see both sites. Upon arriving at either site, we now waited in another waiting room (at least it was indoors.) I think they typed something in those computers too, who knows? They eventually called our 'prisoner's name' (he was no longer our son as far as they were concerned), we went to the desk, removed all our jewelry, watches, rings, belts...anything metal, as well as our shoes and coats, in order to go have the privilege of going through a metal detector. Now the contraband test. If we successfully passed that invisible eye's inspection, we had our hand stamped with a stamp that could only be seen under their little ultra violet lamps. We got our ID's and passes back and were sent on our way to the visiting room. There, we had to give up our passes again, to be

Aaron Turns ONE!

So it was with excitement that we planned his 1st birthday party for Saturday, January 20th, the day after his birthday. Andrea got him a "Blue's Clues" cake with party favors and plates to match. Her parents joined us. After opening presents and playing with the new toys which included a covered 'kiddie pool' filled with plastic balls, Andrea undressed Aaron to ready him for the cake-on-the-face ritual. I guess someone forgot to instruct Aaron on the finer points of getting it all over himself, because he only wanted to use the 'dip-stick' finger method of tasting the cake. True, it wasn't Aaron's nature to like to get dirty, but didn't he know this was different? Andrea put his hand in his cake...he just held it up in the air, away from him. So after trying to show him how to grab a piece and put it in his mouth (unsuccessfully), she put his face in it. He did finally get into eating it, but he really wasn't thrilled with being all messy, so after pictures, he got a quick wash job, in the tub, and dressed again for more playtime. A milestone reached, an event celebrated, grandparents exhausted.

Later in January, Genessa went to the Winter Formal with Chris Woolery. Since they had dinner at the Mission Inn, we went to take pictures (along with all the other parents of the kids in the group!) It was one of those "look at me, I'm proud to be a parent" events. It was fun. The Mission Inn is such an impressive place. Genessa continued getting good grades, loving choir and enjoying her last few months of high school.

GRANT

As one would expect, our thoughts were never far from Grant. We were grateful that everyone in the family had gotten to visit him while he was still at County jail over the Christmas break (the month before.) Now, a little more than two weeks into the new year and I had to accept that he had already been sent to prison. Not jail...prison. That called up another round of strong emotions. There seemed to be a never-ending list of challenges that had to be faced. I had a hard time focusing on the blessings-though there were many. To me, it felt like each time I turned a corner, climbed one small hill or learned to accept a new level of humbleness, here was another trial to

daron
turns
1

Picture Perfect **1st**
Blues Clues Cake



2nd



3rd



4th



last



5th



Happy Birthday

Aaron

is 1



Wow
Presents!



Easter

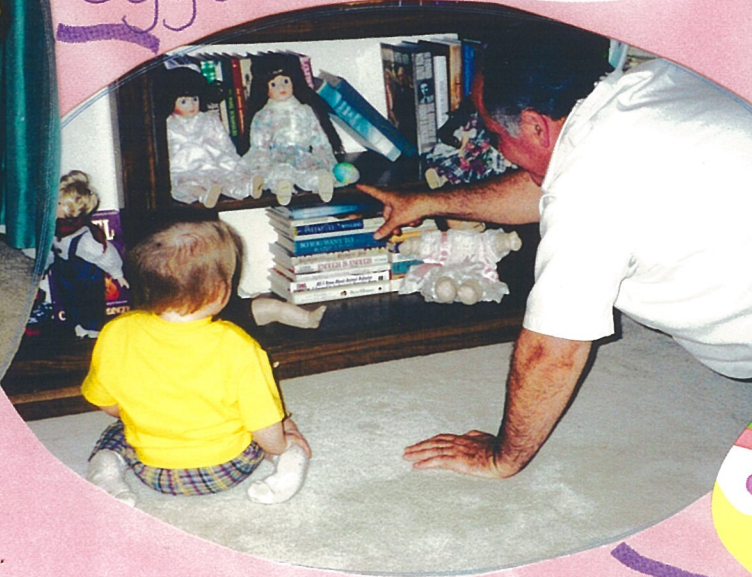
coloring eggs



after church



finding
eggs



overcome. I guess that most mothers never envision their child ending up in prison. And even in my most desperate moments of motherhood, I had never, ever entertained the thought that one of my children could ever sink to that depth; or that I would visit a son in prison. This was definitely the opposite of the "I'm proud to be a parent" moments we had experienced so many times before with each of our children, and most recently Genessa.

I felt I had no role models to go to for advice in this area. I mean, how many active LDS families go through this? (more than I thought) But I certainly didn't know any! If I had, would I have ever wanted to associate with them, or want my children around their children? You know, bad influences!?) I was definitely learning many gospel truths, such as "judge not, that ye be not judged." I wouldn't say this is the way I'd have chosen to learn it.....

Learning the Prison Visiting Process

The first visit to Soledad was very sobering, and somewhat overwhelming. We were very anxious to see Grant, "for real." In County Jail, our visits were 40 mins. on a phone, behind glass. Now we would actually get to spend the day with him, touch him, and hug him, for the first time since he had been locked up the previous April. We had received a long list of Do's and Don'ts to prepare us to get through security. We still had no idea what this process would involve. We could not possibly have been prepared for the sometimes rude, or at the least, uncaring, attitude of those who processed the visitors. It was easy to tell that this was a job they hated. We were careful to wear the right color of clothes (one of the biggest eliminators), and Garry had remember to bring a clear plastic bag for our ID and money (only \$1's, \$5's and quarters), leaving everything else but the car key, in the car. I will try to describe the visitation ritual:

The "real" waiting room at Soledad could only hold 10-20 people, so everyone was held outside before going in there to be 'processed' or cleared. Fortunately, we were dressed warmly, because it took us awhile to figure out which line we were supposed to be in. Then we had to stand in line, until we moved up far enough to sit on wooded slatted benches. When we got far enough along, we were given paper passes to fill out (all the basic info, you know). Now either you brought your own pen that you ended up donating to the prison because you weren't allowed to take it inside, or you tried to find, borrow, beg, barter for one, or wait to use the one pen the prison provided (if it wasn't lost by then. This all took place under a canvas awning. Now remember, our first few visits were

returned only when we left the facility. We showed them our stamp under their little lamp, and then they'd unlock the bars to go in. Whew! Hip hip hooray. Now we'd finally made it. That only took around 2 or 3 hours!!!!!!

But wait! Yes, wait...again. They have to call Grant to let him know he has visitors so he can come to the visiting room. *Sometimes* they called him when we checked into the first waiting room, sometimes not until we got to the visiting room. In the second case, it took an additional 20-30 minutes for him to make it over to see us. I won't go into the number of doors and guards he had to get by, strip searches he had to pass, etc. etc. (As far as I know, there were no underground tunnels, secret passwords, passages, or torture chambers to go through.) Just know that it wasn't a short, or easy process. O.K. Now we would actually see his cute little smiling face walking through the guarded door. (Remember, I'm his mom, so I can say that.)

I guess you could say we got somewhat used to the process, but it never ceased to be an ordeal. It was probably the easiest when he was moved to Central Soledad. That eliminated the bus ride to North or South, and we went straight to the metal detector/stamp and visiting room, from the first 'real' waiting room. Then sometimes it would only take an hour to an hour and a half. The visits themselves were always pleasant and even fun. There was always the excitement and challenge of choosing lunch from the food machines. Grant did enjoy it more than we did, since it was a time when he could choose to eat some things he never got served for meals. We always brought pictures to show him, and talked and talked and talked. Sometimes we would play scrabble. Each time we visited him, he seemed to have changed even more...for the better. He was studying, and working, and praying. Always we would wish he were closer, so we see him more often.

We were very relieved and grateful that Grant was actually having some positive experiences that first year in Soledad. He had been given a clerk position for a commanding officer. He did the job well, and enjoyed it. He didn't have to take a job, he actually *wanted* a job in order to be productive and to help pass the time more quickly. Heaven knows it wasn't for the pay—a whopping 40 cents per hour. It hadn't been that long ago that he "didn't really want to work," even for \$8-\$10 an hour. He would rather have played and partied. This was definitely a sign that he was growing and maturing. He took several classes including anger management and child development/parenting. He made some good friends, he had some great opportunities to discuss the gospel, gave out

some Books of Mormon and had several inmates join in the weekly Sunday services conducted by a wonderful High Councilman, Brother Romero. We were relieved that the horror stories we had heard about child abusers being beaten or killed in prison was not coming true for Grant. We were able to relax some, worry a little less, feeling that he was at least safe and comfortable for the time being. We were also very grateful for his spiritual turn-around, and his reliance on the Lord.

Back home, on the ranch, (well an acre is sort of a ranch isn't it?), things weren't going quite so well. Andrea had taken a turn for the worse. She had gotten her friend, Tami, to move in with her to help pay some utilities. She quit coming to church, she insisted we were spying on her, and eventually she and Tami decided to find another apartment and move in together. They found a very nice one in Canyon Crest, with a pool. She had a bedroom with a very large closet, which is where she put Aaron's crib (Until her mother threw a fit and insisted she move it out). The pool was within steps of her front door with no gate or railing. If the door were accidentally left open, he would no doubt walk out to explore.

We were understandably concerned. Andrea did have a job....well, it was hard to keep track of all of them, but one she had while she was there was as a delivery person for an escrow company. Aaron went to his babysitter in Moreno Valley, near Andrea's mom. From the time Andrea moved out until August is pretty much a blur of unpleasant confrontations, worries and fears about her and Aaron. I can't count how many different places she lived. Each time, it was really the same story. She had found the perfect place, it was going to work out great. This was going to be better than the last place...for a variety of reasons. And every time, it meant she had to pack up, and unpack everything she owned. As you might imagine, what she owned soon dwindled down to bare necessities, either because of things being stolen by roommates (seemed to happen every time) or because she had to give away things she couldn't transport. The first few moves were made with the help of moving vans, then trucks, then finally what could fit in her car and trunk. She went through times of being high on drugs, being homeless, running out of money, having her car broken into, and finally 'stolen'--be her drug-dealing friend who had co-signed the loan, Craig. During these times, she would bring Aaron to us begging us to take care of him.

Summarizing a part of this time might give you the view of the soap opera life she was leading, and pulling us into.

Soap Opera--Andrea Style

Andrea had 'earned' her step-grandfather's love and trust, through "actions and services" he desired. She successfully drove a wedge between her mom (Therese, or Terry) and step dad (Ernie) by telling him that she had had an affair with the young man across the street. Ernie proceeded to beat up Terry. She called the police. He went to jail. Andrea began living there, with her stepfather and his father (her step grandpa). She and her mom were not speaking. Terry decided she wanted all of 'her' stuff out of the house, so she asked the police to protect her so she could do this. She timed it such that when they came out, they also found drugs on him (no surprise), so they hauled him off to jail, and rehab. Of course Terry was furious with Andrea. Ernie apologized, and had a friend get him out on bail and then promised to go to rehab, for the 5th or 6th time? In the meantime, Terry had 'made friends' with a co-worker named Guy. He was sort of a para-legal at the Moreno Valley Chamber of Commerce where they both worked. He helped her file for divorce and move out into a hotel/apartment with Amber, Andrea's younger ½ sister. Now Ernie was furious, but had Andrea, and his father to side with him. Unfortunately, for Terry, Grandpa Cohen wasn't very happy with her by now and he felt sorry for his son. Now it was his name that actually appeared on the title of the house because when they moved there, both Ernie and Terry had active Hepatitis B, were very ill, even possibly dying (so they told us, anyhow.) Therefore, Grandpa Cohen had the house put in his name so it wouldn't appear on their assets and they could still qualify for welfare and medi-cal. For most of the 13 some years they lived there, they made the house payment. Exactly what constitutes "most" was somewhat up in the air. Nevertheless, no one argued that for the last several years, since they had gotten on their feet, and began working, they had definitely paid the mortgage and maintained the house in good condition. . Grandpa decided to put the house up for sale. But for a variety of reasons, I suppose, when the house sold Grandpa Cohen wouldn't give any of the profit from the sale to Terry. BUT, Andrea got \$10,000, and he split the rest with his son, Ernie. Now that certainly was a windfall for Andrea.

One might think this was the turning point she needed to get back on her feet, get her life together and be a responsible mother to

Aaron—but you would be wrong. Yes, she did use some \$6,000 of the money to go toward a new car. What happened to the rest of the \$4,000 is up for some speculation, though she admits a good portion of it went to partying, drugs, and living expenses so she didn't have to work. She moved in with her friend Christie & husband Greg & daughter Heidi who was just a little older than Aaron. Andrea had known her from high school. They were living in Ventura. It didn't take long for that living situation to go sour, as it always did with Andrea. According to Andrea, Greg would get drunk and yell and scream at Christie and Heidi, and start beating on Christie. Andrea was scared, so she called the police after several incidents. Where could she go? She moved in with her druggie friend Craig, of course. Now she had someone to take care of her, and supply crack cocaine for party times. But as everyone knows, history repeats itself, and that relationship went sour, too. Now she was really up the river without a paddle. Most of her money was gone, she had her car, but needed to make the payments, and get a job and a place to live. Ouch, real life encroaches. How come we seldom see soap opera characters at work, unless it's a hospital? She found past friends to take her in and kept moving from friend to friend. Her mom had still not forgiven her for breaking up her marriage, even though she had now moved in with Guy, (an ex-Mormon) and they were doing great! Her dad was out of jail, living with his druggie friend but working some. He had his own plumbing business, which at that time he was running out of his nice, new van purchased with grandpa Cohen's contribution. But then, according to Andrea and Ernie, Terry hired someone to steal and then 'torch' the van as retribution for Ernie not "sharing the wealth" from the house sale. Grandpa Cohen had moved to an apartment in L.A., and her sister, Amber, was still in high school, and living with Terry and Guy. So the only real family member left was her older sister Angela, but she and her husband and son had moved to New York to live with his parents while he awaited a kidney transplant. Angela comes back to Riverside to visit, ends up getting pregnant by another man while her husband is recovering for his transplant. (Now is this soap opera-ish enough for you?) I often said, no studio would buy this script because it's too unbelievable.

So....back to Andrea... she had run out of family to turn to, for money or a place to live (including us), and she was running out of old friends.

The timeline is a little fuzzy, and we're not clear about all the reasons

behind his actions, but he apparently Craig (who had co-signed for her on her car) was tired of making the payments for her without having any 'relationship benefits.' So he apparently got some friends to "repo" her car. After all, he figured that if he made a payment or two, he might as well have the car.

So Andrea calls me at school one day telling the secretary it is an emergency. She must talk to me immediately (even though I am in the middle of teaching) and explains that her car has been stolen. At that moment she suspected it was Craig, but was not certain. It had all her life's possessions in it—which, at this point in her life, consisted mainly of some toiletries, clothes and CD's. She needed to borrow her old blue car back. She had given it back to us for what she owed us in repairs on it. This meant that she had to come to school immediately, to get our house key, so she could get the car key, so she could get down to the police station and file a report and try to get her car back. It seemed strange that she could find someone to bring her over to the school and then take her to my house, but not to the police station?!?! It was just one of a thousand times her stories to us didn't add up. I don't know why I said, "Yes," except that I was very anxious to get her off the phone and regain control of my class, so I did. I figured I'd regret it, but luckily the only fallout this time was simply that we were once again involved in the muck and mire she so often found herself wallowing in. It was emotionally draining for us, but at least not financially draining this time, as she finally did get her car back. Her friend Christie's new boyfriend decided to help Andrea, and found out that it wasn't exactly legal for Craig to take the car. Somehow, (we didn't want to know how) he found out who Craig's parole officer was, called him, and he paid Craig a visit. That basically meant he could give the car back (actually to the dealer) or go to jail for parole violations. Andrea then got it back from the dealer.

Sweet Genessa

Somewhat surprisingly, we really did have some very happy and proud moments during this time, thanks to Genessa. We went to several choir concerts, where our "buttons were nearly bursting with pride" as we watched Genessa not only share her lovely voice by singing with the Chamber Singers, but accompany them and other choirs as well. This was a big part of her life, and not surprisingly, she received several awards at the annual Choir banquet.

It seemed like she was always running up to the front to receive more honors, and recognition. She started giving piano lessons for a few people, earning a little spending money, and she did a lot of babysitting.

Genessa had taken the ACT test and applied to BYU. She was thrilled when she got that ever-so-important acceptance letter. Certainly it was a great relief for Genessa, and another "parent pay-day" as Bishop McKell used to call them. Excitement was really beginning to build. Her senior year was passing all too quickly in some ways and interminably slow--for her-- in others.

Soon it was prom time. She was escorted by Jared Jones. It was in Long Beach, and their group filled two limousines. After prom was over, there were only a few more necessary traditions to make it to graduation, like the day at Disneyland, senior skip day, and Baccalaureate which was held at our stake center and she was asked to play for.

Garry had invited his brother Ron (and girlfriend, Patty) to come to the graduation, and they surprisingly accepted. It would be our first chance to meet Patty. It was a real pleasure and an unexpected missionary opportunity as well, as she ended up asking for a Book of Mormon. (Of course, we just happen to have an extra one.) They went with us to the ceremony, where we had a lot of "photo-ops" and we came home while Genessa partied. We truly appreciated that she was such a special young lady with high standards, which she had set for herself, not by anyone else. We seldom worried about her, no matter where she went, knowing she would try to make the best choices and avoid even the appearance of evil. What a relief this was during a time of questioning our success (or rather failures) with parenting. It helped us be able to say sincerely that we wouldn't take credit for all of the good things, and tried not to take responsibility for all the bad things. It's not an easy thing for a parent to do.

Johnston Family Reunion--2001

We felt fortunate to take some time off in July to go to our 1st Johnston Reunion in Oregon. Most of the details can be found in the Johnston section of this Family Book.



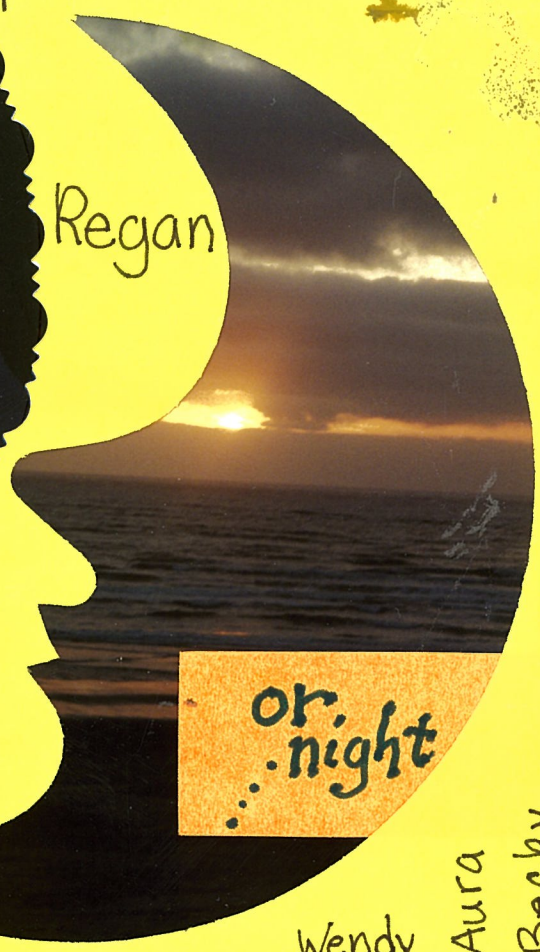


Aura



April

Regan



or
...night

Wendy Aura
Becky



Grandpa
Winn

F

U

N



Heather

April

Jordan

Nathan

Grayson

noon



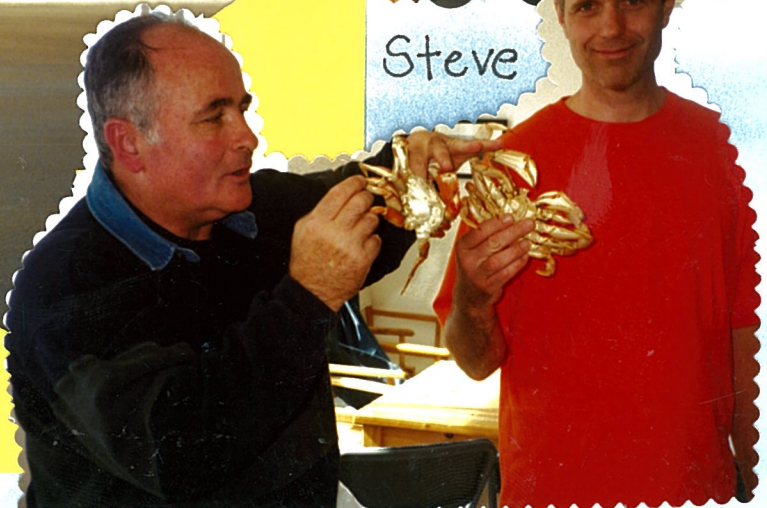
morning



chr
topher

Aura

Garry



Steve



W2TNS Basic Unit



W2TNS w/ th Grant + Gentry Messing



W2TNS w/ th grand children



W2TNS w/ th Grandma and Grandpa

The Brouhns w/ th Grandma + Grandpa



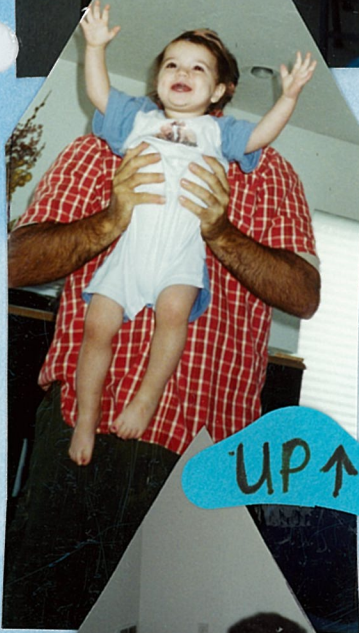
After graduation we left for the Johnston Family Reunion, an exciting event planned at *The Sandcastle*, south of Waldport on the Oregon coast. Steve's family came from Maryland, Glenda's family came from Riverside and Provo, and our family came from Livermore. Mom and Dad arranged it all and came from Eugene. It was a week of fun (interspersed with moments of anxiety when Grandpa and Drew had to make trips to the hospital). Most of the crabbing was done on a boat and yielded great taste treat for lunch. Grandpa made momentos for all and Kathie designed shirts with a *Wave* on them.

2001 Johnston Reunion

Taking Pictures of Grandkids



and
AWAY!



UP ↑



UP ↑



Reunion 2001



Our addition to this section was not a happy addition. Grayson and Becky were having serious marriage problems, and it was looking like divorce was in their future. This consumed a lot of my energy and emotion during what should have been a very relaxing time.

Cabo San Lucas--August 4-11

A high spot in the year of roller-coaster ups & downs, was planning, preparing, and going to Cabo San Lucas, Mexico. Garry writes about our great trip:

Graduation 'Way South of the Border!' It's not every high school graduate's dream to have their parents go along on their graduation trip...but in this case, Genessa at least got to bring her friend, Katie Jensen along (which probably made the trip bearable for Genessa).

It's a long commute from the airport to the resort town of Cabo San Lucas. It takes extra long, just to get out of the airport because each tourist has to be approached by somebody selling something. More often than not, it is an offer to attend any one of a million time-share promotions. We had been warned about these, but also told that you could get some good bargains by going to them, also. We took advantage of a couple of offers because there was always some discounted or free event as a reward. To our credit, we still got away from Cao without purchasing another time-share! Anyway, Genessa and Katie were good sports and they usually got a free meal for their patience.

It didn't take long for us to learn why it was so easy to get a time share there. The heat and humidity were nearly unbearable at times. While our visit was during 'hurricane season' we survived unscathed. We knew enough to only drink "agua Pura", but still Glenda got hold of something that landed her in bed. But hey, we found out that Mexican doctors weren't so bad, they made 'room-

calls'. You see we were fortunate enough to have a "doctor-in-the-house" at the hotel we were staying at near the marina. He gave her some antibiotics, anti-cramping, and anti-nausea pills, and she slowly came around to the point that she felt it might be O.K. if she lived.....

Our hotel had a wonderful view of the inland cove, where we could watch ships/boats going and coming, as well as smell the sea water, fish etc. (not the best part).

The night life, within walking distance of our hotel was supposed to be the real hot spot for tourists. We didn't take advantage of that party time. We found it convenient that the majority of tourist shops were just a few blocks away, too. We shopped for silver rings, necklaces, and other 'invaluable' trinkets. That seemed to consume much of our time--even when we didn't intend it to, such as when we were relaxing on the beach. We were constantly entertained by the vendors or the waiters in the restaurants. The peddlers were constantly 'begging' to show their wares, with promises of great deals. We had to sunbathe with our eyes closed to try to avoid them. The girls always seemed to attract a crowd. They were the center of focus for 'group' pictures with locals--often the waiters at the restaurants. At the Hard Rock Café the young ladies were surrounded. At the special Mexican restaurant, they got plenty of attention. At Mama's Lighthouse Italian place, they learned the fine art of napkin-folding from a small group of waiters who must have been a bit bored on an evening when there were few customers. Some of our other cuisine gave the girls an opportunity to try some new 'taste treats?' like ceviche (raw fish) and squid! Hey, you have to try it at least once. There always seemed to be an abundance of avocado dip, and a variety of tasty fruits, including fruit smoothies--especially appealing during the scorching days.

Amid the annoying time share presentations, we managed to fit in a cruise to a nearby bay where we got in some wonderful

snorkeling. Bright fish of every color encircled us, allowing us to 'brush' them gently. The day was gorgeous, the water warm and all together it was a special and unique experience.

Probably the biggest thrill, and the one that tested the nerves of Katie and Genessa, was going parasailing. They were extremely brave, didn't seem to bat an eye. They took some incredible pictures while they were high up in the air looking over the entire area. We figured it was as safe as hanging out in the streets, and definitely more memorable.

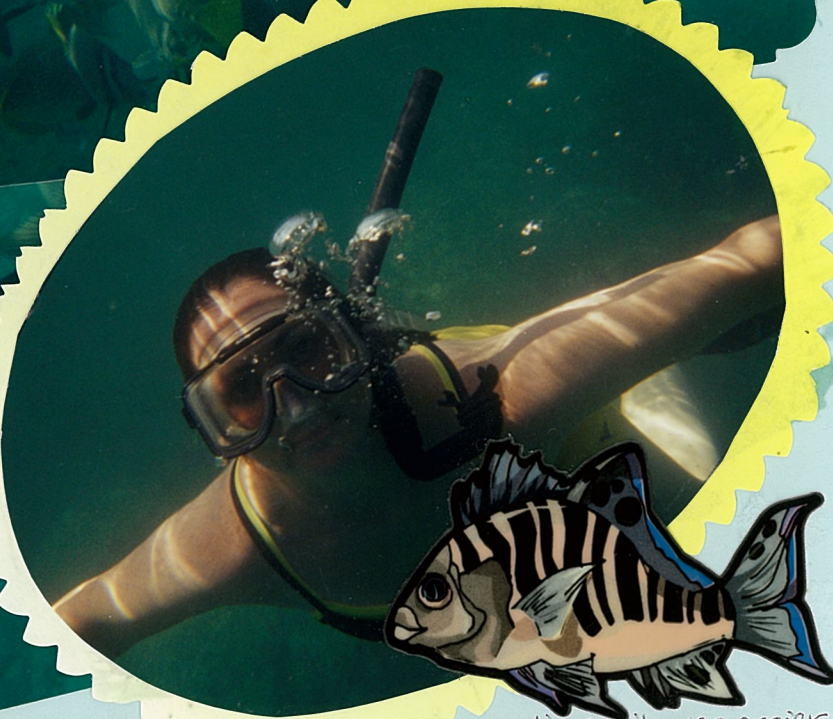
After scoping-out all the portable beauty parlors in Cabo, Genessa and Katie finally struck a bargain to get their hair braided. They wanted to do this near the end of the week so they could return to Riverside with their new hair-do's intact.

We really enjoyed providing Genessa a special graduation present that we could participate in also. She had worked hard, and sacrificed much during high school years. She certainly deserved a pleasant break. We returned home from our Cabo getaway, tired and hot, but cherishing fond memories of this unique opportunity and experience.

The current TV guru psychologist, Dr. Phil, talks about certain "defining moments" in our lives which affect who we are and who or what we will become. There was such a defining moment in my life during August of this year. As best I remember it (sitting here writing this 2 years later), the roller-coaster of emotions really started on a downhill ride from June, into July and August, as the requests for help from Andrea kept increasing in frequency. This was especially true in regards to caring for Aaron. Both Garry & I had discussed our frustration with this situation each time she dropped him off for indefinite periods of time. Of course we loved Aaron immeasurably, but this feeling of constantly being out of control of our own lives, never knowing when we would be called on to drop everything & take this little guy was pushing us into a situation we knew was not good for anyone involved. Little Aaron was living life as a yo-yo and we started seeing the effects of this, and the toll it was taking on his life. We knew there had to be a better way.



Mom & Genessa



Sometimes it was easier not to use the snorkel!!

The fish greed to pose for the camera



Ready...

Set...

Go!

Para-Sail with Nana



Katy



↑ Pictures Genessa took from the sky (the tip of Baja California)

→ Pacific Ocean



Sea of Cortez



On the boat... getting kind of nervous

Genessa & Katy getting their hair braided



so many choices to make...



the finished product



this costed \$15.00



Katy's costed \$20.00



Afterwards, we ate the Romeo & Juliet restaurant. The waiters made our caesar salads in front of us, which was quite a production!



A 'Defining Moment'

While we were on our vacation to Cabo, Andrea even called mom and dad Johnston (Aug. 9th) to see if she could track us down because of problems with her girlfriend's husband, Craig. This was based on her feeling that both she and Aaron's lives were in danger. Gratefully, mom and dad said they didn't know how to get in touch with us, but she'd have to wait until after we got home. That is exactly what she did. We flew into LAX, Saturday night, Aug. 11th at 11p.m., and she called *early* Sunday morning. She tried to explain what had happened this time (each story seemed more incredulous than the last) then she asked if she could come over and talk to us. Of course we could see the writing on the wall, and knew what she wanted. She came over, and yes, she did ask us to take care of Aaron for a couple of weeks....again. Immediately, I felt a surge of strength go through me, as I boldly told Andrea that we could not do that unless she gave us legal custody of Aaron. Furthermore, we would no longer be willing to keep Aaron overnight even for 1 night without legal custody from that day forth. I was sort of shocked at my words--which I suppose should have been the first hint that they were not coming solely from me. She accused us of trying to take her baby away from her. She became very angry and adamantly refused.

At first, I felt really good for standing up to her incessant demands for help, then it hit me...what if she had said O.K.? We would be starting all over again, raising a 2 year-old. Our whole world would change. What was I thinking? I reassured myself that having him all the time would be better than to be constantly worrying about when Andrea would call for help again, as well as worrying about where he was, and if he was O.K. when she wasn't calling.

Later, I worried that I had drawn a line in the sand that she would never cross. What if she never let us see Aaron again? What if she neglected him, or worse, abused or abandoned him, but we wouldn't know? What if --worse case scenario--he were to die? Perhaps while she was stoned and driving, or perhaps by one of her crazy druggie friends? As best I could, I put these thoughts aside and

focused on getting Genessa ready and packed for college--a big step in her life.

Genessa goes to College

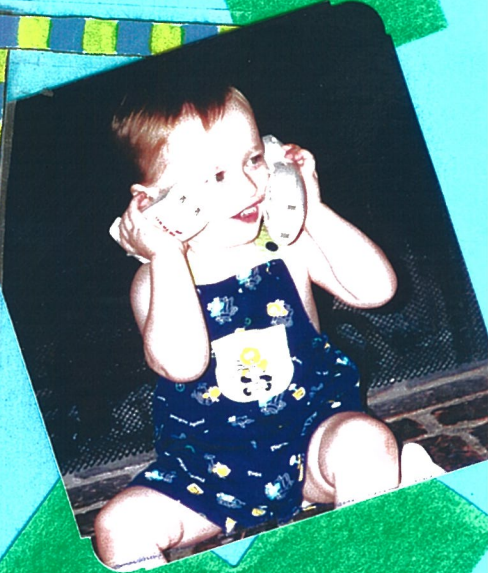
I got to drive her to Utah, as I was still off track. I was quite determined to make the trip a fun mother-daughter time together. This was mainly because I was trying to mitigate the guilt I felt over having ignored sweet Genessa during so many of the important, meaningful events, and moments of her junior and senior years because so much of my energy and emotions had been focused on Grant and the 'fallout' from his actions. I'll admit after I'd buried all the varied haunting "Andrea" ideas, I was actually relieved that she had said we couldn't have Aaron. Now I could focus on Genessa and visiting our other grandkids.

Genessa and I packed up and headed for Utah, ready for our adventure. We stayed with Garrett and Heidi, since Genessa couldn't get into her dorm yet. So I finally got to see their new house and see how cute it was already decorated. Of course we also had fun shopping, and shopping, and did I mention shopping? We seldom got tired of it, even while toting toddlers, too. Becky and Aura often joined us and we had a fun girls day out. I got to meet their new kitty and spend some time spoiling Regan and Kayleigh, all the while wondering if Heidi was going to deliver Winn #3 while I was there. (No such luck.) Heidi is an expert at spoiling people herself--even at 9 months along. So I was really enjoying every minute being there.

I said my goodbye's on Wednesday, August 22, without breaking down until I got on the road. Then I finally let it sink in that this was going to be the first of our real "empty nest" time. Why would I be sad about having more freedom than I'd had in the 30 years we'd been married? I had never, ever imagined that I would be one who would who be sad at this prospect. In fact, I had made it known that I was looking forward to this time of life! After all, I had never cried when my kids started kindergarten, graduated from high school, or even at their weddings. I didn't really understand why, but...I was sad. Perhaps, it was because I felt like such a failure and knew I didn't have another chance to raise them again. I put in a tape by Sherri Dew on trials, and cried and cried as I listened and drove. I went through a ton of tissue, since I had to keep wiping my eyes so I could see to drive.

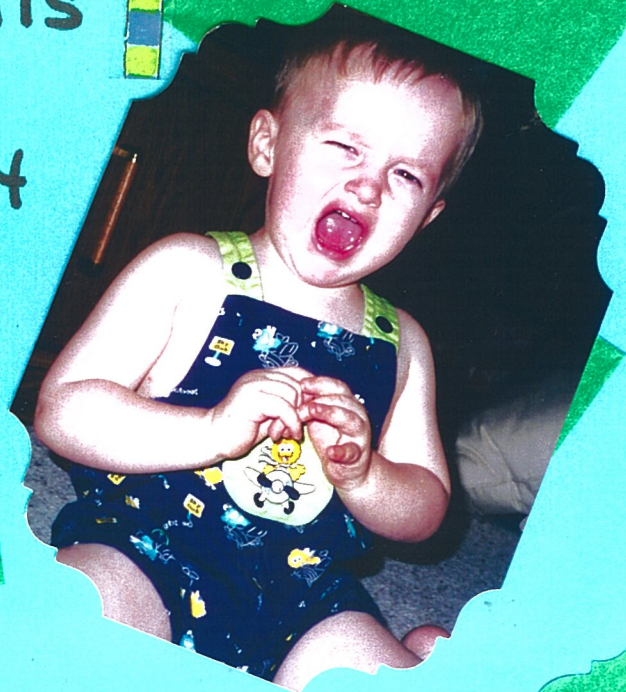
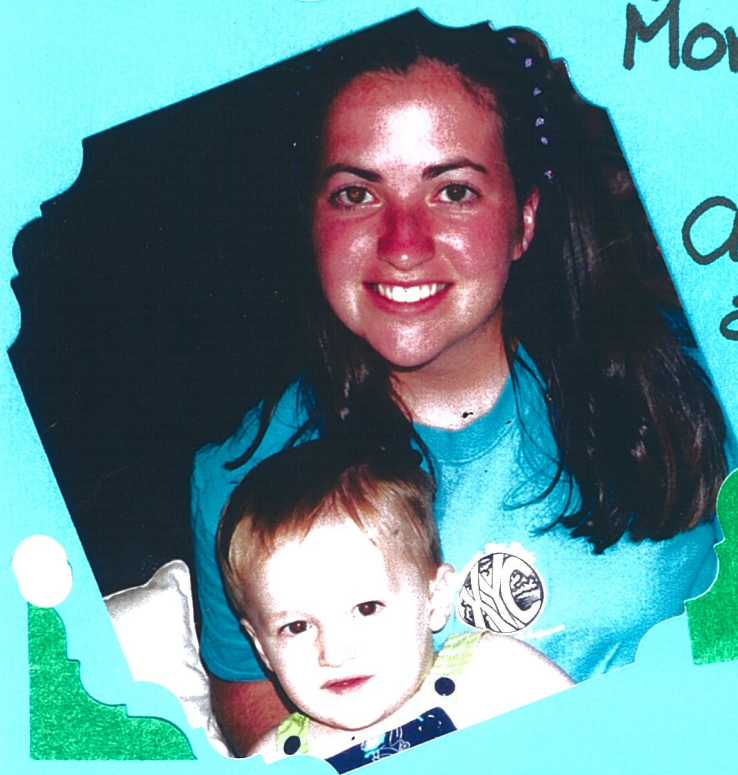


Aaron



Happy & Sad
Moments

August
2001



A visit
to
Next Page
with
Garrett

Grandkids
Galore
😊

Garrett R. Wi

Usability Engineer

TE
FAX
garret

NEXTpage



Utah-
August



By the time I reached Las Vegas, I was pretty much out of tears, and beginning to try looking on the bright side of empty nest time. I was going to be staying with my former college roommate, and long-time friend, Sharla Humphrey and family. Sharla is the kind of friend that I loved talking with. No matter how long it had been between our visits, it always seemed like it was just yesterday, and it took no time at all to catch up to the present.

I still remember that we were sitting in her guest room, and I had almost caught her up to date with my crazy life, when the phone rang. It was Garry. He spoke the words which made my mind do a 180. He said Andrea had called and said that she had agreed to give us legal custody of Aaron. Whew, that took my breath away for a moment, but then I said, "Good." We talked a little more, then I got off the phone a little dazed. Having Sharla to talk to at that time certainly cleared away any fantasies of how 'fun' it would be to have our grandson with us....long term. Sharla had just been telling me about having her daughter, 2 kids & husband, living with them while they got on their feet and could get a house. She had been very graphic of her description of what it is like to have kids running around, making noise, messing up the house, and whining and crying. She said she was just about crazy and most of the time, she was not even the one taking care of them! It's not that I didn't believe her, but still it didn't phase me. I surely didn't think I was super-woman, or could handle this with ease, but what I did know was, that this was what I was supposed to do, it was what was best for Aaron, AND that compared to worrying about him living in a destructive, dangerous, and unstable situation, the choice seemed clear.

So I awoke the next morning, praying that I would have the strength to step up to this new challenge. My drive from Vegas to Riverside seemed very short, since my mind was going 100+ MPH, (I hope the car wasn't).

Aaron Moves In

I think at first the only stressful things were being woken up in the night again. We hadn't had to deal with that on a daily basis for some 17 years. That meant sleep deprivation—my least favorite 'ailment'. Then there was working out babysitting, transportation, and scheduling. But we DID have fun with him. His smiles made it worth it. We rearranged the use of the bedrooms and set up a nursery. That was fun, as was getting out and playing with all the toys, (one of my

favorite things to do.) We adjusted slowly, learning something new everyday, or at least being reminded of what we knew before, and shown what we still didn't know. Aaron had definitely suffered from his unsettled life style, and displayed some unusual and disconcerting behaviors. We also weren't sure which, if any, of the symptoms might be related to his brain damage, and which were a result of the conditions he had been living in.

Baby Brandt Born-6th Grandchild

Only a few days after I left Utah, Heidi delivered their baby boy, Brandt Garrett Winn. Genessa was there to take care of the girls, and then she got to hold him when he was a few hours old. I was jealous. Getting pictures by computer helped....at least I could oh & ah over our newest grandchild, and only the 2nd boy!

Andrea had moved to Las Vegas, to get away from Craig, who had tried to get both her and her car back. She moved into an apartment with an old guy friend from high school and his brother. She would come out on weekends about once a month. Unfortunately, our house seemed to be simply a bed and breakfast for her. Somewhere where she could get good meals, safe sleep, and play with Aaron for a couple of hours, then go party with friends. She'd stay out nearly all night, then sleep late the next day. We finally had to refuse to let her stay with us when she visited Aaron. The visits grew farther apart.

Garrett and Heidi were kind enough to wait to bless Brandt until Genessa's birthday weekend, so we had double fun. We flew out and spent some time at their house, as well as with Grayson, Becky and Aura, and of course, Genessa. It turned out to be extremely cold during much of the time we were there. I reminded myself to appreciate California winters.

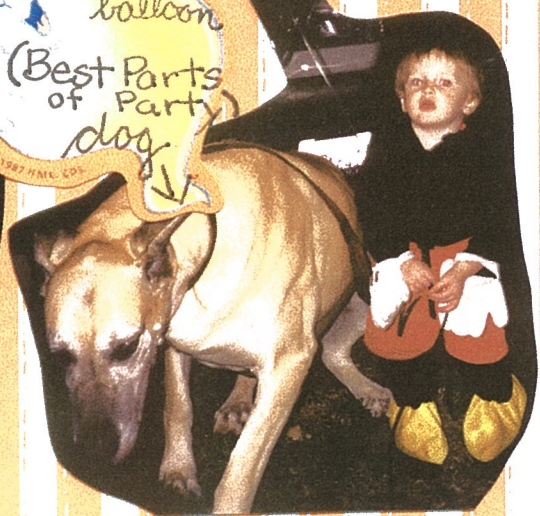
October was here and we were slowly adjusting to having a baby around the house, again. We looked forward to Halloween, and dressing up, and trick-or-treating. We spent Halloween night at the church trunk-or-treat party. Aaron was dressed as Mickey Mouse, one of his favorite characters. He quickly found the costume cumbersome and wanted most of it off. We knew



I'm Ready! Mickey and Minnie
Halloween
Umm good Aaron and Grandpa



Sucker balloon
(Best Parts of Party)
dog



Over the river and through the woods, to Utah we did



Nov.
2001

Thanksgiving

snow

snow

snow

garden

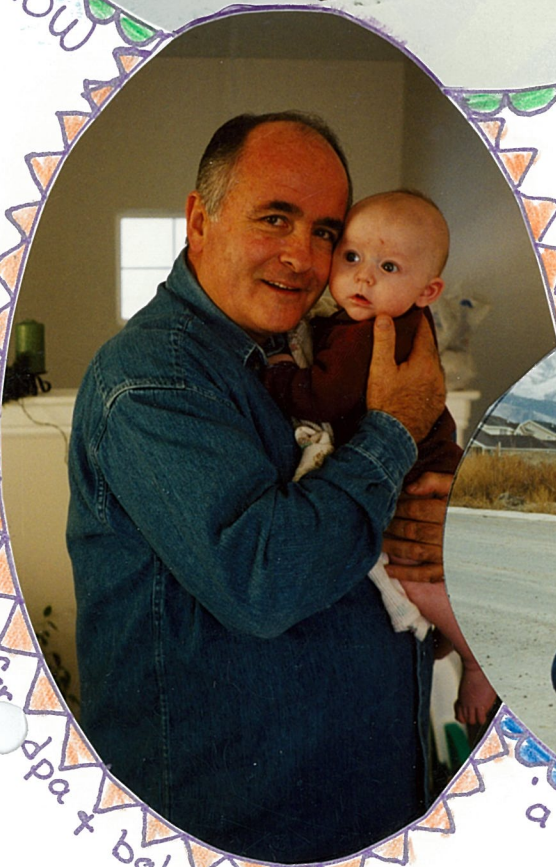
Bath Time

snow

toilet

Gr
dpa + baby Brandt

a very cold stroll with Grandpa



that was typical! He didn't like saying "trick or treat", and if they gave him candy, he'd try to give it back to them, he didn't want any in his little pumpkin. He wasn't too thrilled by anything scary, but he absolutely loved the huge dog one of the members brought, and he couldn't get enough of it, though it was more than twice as big as he was.

We had begun the legal paperwork to become Aaron's legal guardians. It was a stressful, and required volumes of papers to be filled out, turned in, corrected, turned in again, corrected again...fees to pay, signatures to get, legal hoops to jump through. But we did it.

We had our official 'day in court' for Aaron in early December. Andrea came back from Vegas to be there. I know it was difficult for all of us for different reasons. She was signing off her rights to have Aaron, and we were signing up for another round of parenthood.

I went through a sort of 'grieving' period, and had to suffer all the emotions connected with a loss. My loss was a loss of personal dreams, and career aspirations. A loss of time and opportunity to rebuild Garry and I's relationship--something I had looked forward to for years and years--once the kids were all gone. I grieved at having to relive our frustrations, and disagreements, over child-rearing. It felt as if I was having to raise Grant a second time. Aaron showed definite signs of ADHD, and certainly would have some sort of disabilities. I questioned whether I could really do this, even though I knew deep down that it was the only acceptable choice I could make. And there were times when I truly felt the Spirit holding me up, comforting me, and trying to give me hope for a brighter future instead of a dark tunnel with no light at the end.

December was at least a break from teaching, and I had time off to prepare for a fun Christmas and play with Aaron. Even so, he was still having a great deal of difficulty with changes or new environments. He did a lot of head banging, screaming and displayed violent tendencies, when he would hurt himself or others. Once we had guardianship, he was covered under my insurance, so I began going through the channels to have him see the needed specialists. That process was not easy, or quick, and it took a lot of time and energy. It was only the beginning of months and even years of assessments and evaluations.

I remember one weekend in December, when Terri (Andrea's mother) had taken Aaron Friday night until Saturday. Garry and I took the opportunity to begin decorating the house for Christmas. We got the family

room pretty well done. We were excited to bring Aaron home so he could play with all the stuffed bears and Santas and all the things that moved, rocked, jingled, or sang. We were sure he would be excited. That's not how it worked out at all. When we brought him in he had a total melt-down. It wasn't the way he had left it! We thought he would be O.K. with the change since it was in the same house. But, no, he screamed and cried and became hysterical and we had to take him out of the room. It took quite a while to get him used to it.

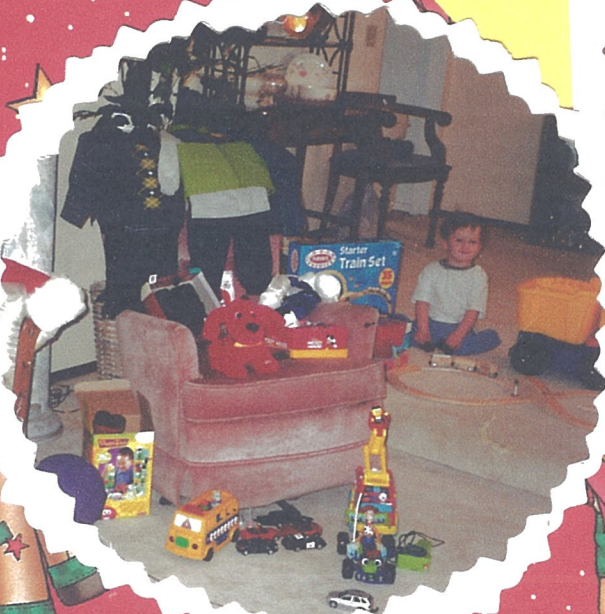
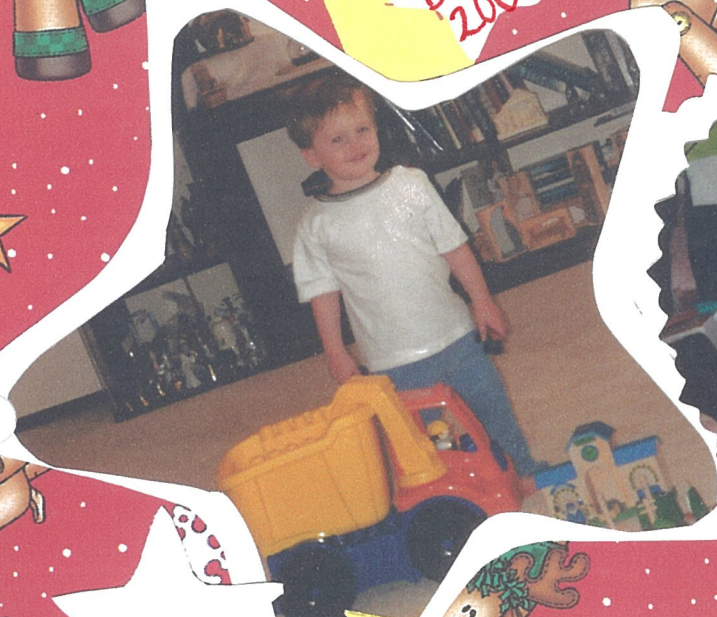
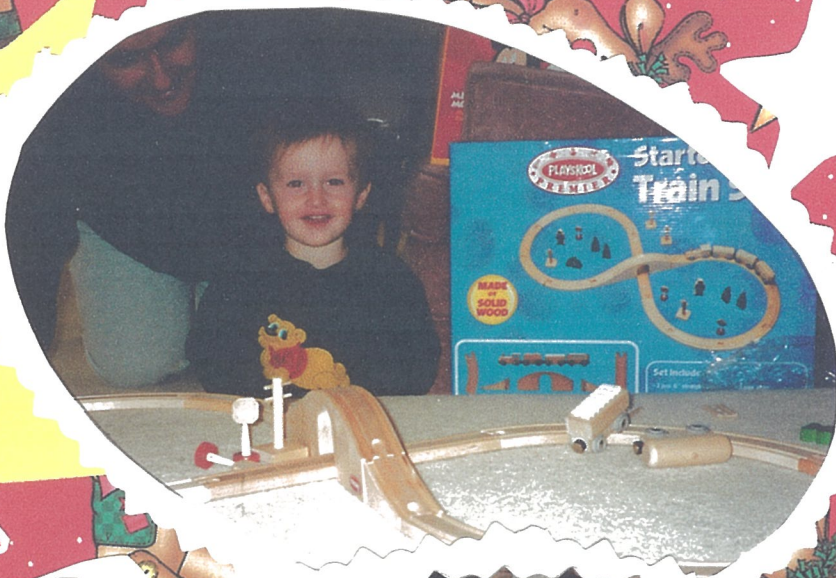
Christmas At Last

Genessa came home for Christmas with her stories of dorm life, dating, and trials of studying for tests. Aaron was very jealous of Genessa, so it was difficult to all be in the same room much. Genessa was so patient with him, and tried to win him over, but that was not to be for a while longer. Ron Winn and Patti came out to visit at Christmas. They were very sweet to Aaron, and Aaron even gave out some kisses and hugs to them (which, at this point in his life, he didn't usually do for strangers.) On Christmas Eve, we all went to see the lights of the Mission Inn. We had a modified (short) Family Home Evening, and once again, we got to play Santa. Genessa had the 'opportunity' to get her presents by going on a 'treasure hunt', to several of her friends' houses. It was certainly a different sort of gift acquisition process!

Aaron had a very difficult Christmas morning. Another 'new' experience for him. He had just got used to the Christmas tree and presents and lights, then we went and put out stockings and a bunch of toys, clothes, and stuff. It changed the way the living room looked. He cried and cried and just wanted to be held. He wouldn't look at any of his presents. We finally took him in the family room, comforted him enough to be calmed down and let him rest on the couch. He fell asleep. It took more than a day to show him his toys and presents, because we had to introduce them.

Aaron
and the
Christmas
Haul

Dec.
2001



Gentry & Corinne

2001 was our YEAR OF FIRSTS

Raelyn got to go to her first open house at the vet school.
She got to see and pet many animals.



We got our first dog--Topanga.
She is a Siberian Husky.



Gentry built her a deluxe dog mansion.



Our favorite activity to do with her is what we like to call the Texas bobsled. We would put Raelyn in a stroller; we would put on our roller blades; we would hook Topanga up to the stroller; then she would pull the stroller as someone steered it. We used this dog stroller-sled because there is no snow in Texas.



For Raelyn's first Easter we took
pictures of her in the Texas Blue Bonnets.

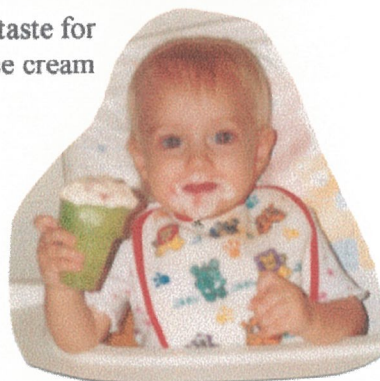


Corinne started her first clinical rotations
as part of her fourth year of vet school.

At Raelyn's first birthday she got taste of her first birthday cake.



Another first taste for Raelyn was ice cream in a cone.



Raelyn suffered her first head trauma after swimming, when she tripped on a towel.



Raelyn experienced her first firework display on the Fourth of July.



Raelyn went to her first birthday party-- for Nate Semadeni.



Raelyn began to make herself useful around the house by August. throwing away her diapers.



We took Raelyn on her first picnic in She got to play on the playground, and she loved the swing.



THE CAST

[Sept 18 - Oct 14]

Raelyn broke her arm by falling off the kitchen table.



lollipop for being good at the doctor



curlers-to accessorize



a bag, washcloth, and rubberbands to cover the cast while bathing



a sock to help keep the cast clean



snacks to distract her during the operation

the cast is now off and it is quite wet

scissors

chisel

hacksaw

She got used to having it on; so much so, that when it got wet and Gentry had to cut it off, she went through cast withdrawals.

In September and October, Corinne had to do an externship for one month as part of her fourth year of vet school. She chose to do it in Utah, so the whole family went along. While she slaved away at a clinic, Gentry slaved away in the yard of Corinne's sister. But all work and no play is bad, so we went to Hogle Zoo.



For Halloween, Raelyn was a penguin. She enjoyed going to the ward trunk-or-treat because she was able to walk around and trick-or-treat for the first time. Everyone thought that she was very cute and came away with quite a stash of candy.



Gentry finished his courses in Web design and Java.

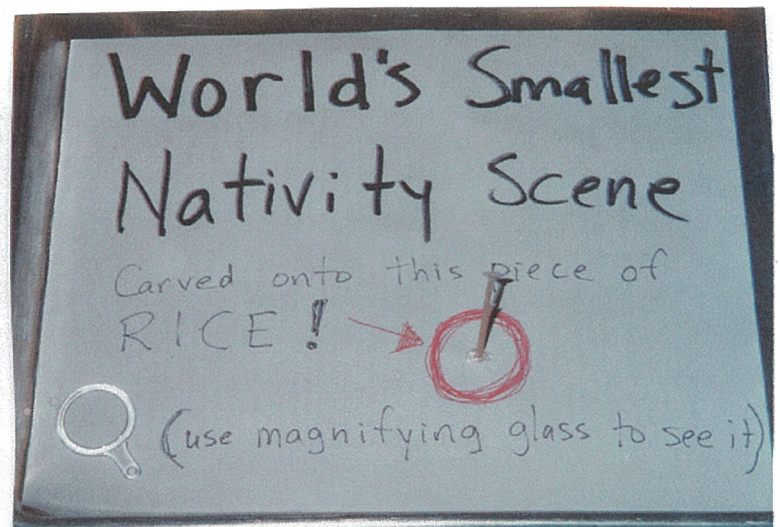
^{and?}
We celebrated our first
Christmas in Texas.



At the ward Christmas party, Raelyn got to sit on Santa's lap for the first time--she didn't really know what to make of him.



After the Christmas devotional, the stake allowed people to display their nativity scenes. There were many interesting and original scenes, but Gentry's topped them all. Words don't do them justice, you just need to look at the pictures and you'll know why.



The Year 2001 According to Genessa

(These are excerpts from my journal, but don't get too excited -- I left out the really good stuff)

January ~

(1/7/01): It's a weird feeling being back in this house again! I like it, though. I've been really busy since school started. We've had two Youth Conference meetings so far. I'm also starting to have more musical rehearsals. It's so fun! I never thought I would be involved in one, but I'm glad I am.

(1/21/01): I did finally finish my BYU application last weekend, so now I'll just have to wait for the outcome! I've had a ton of studying to do, which I have to squeeze in between musical practices and everything else.

(1/28/01): Midwinter was last night. We ate at the Mission Inn and then walked to the Riverside Municipal Auditorium where the dance was. I had Amanda Hanson do [my hair] and she is just awesome.

February ~

(2/11/01): I've had a great weekend! Yesterday I found out I got accepted into BYU! I'm really excited -- I know this is where I'm supposed to go, and not BYU-Idaho like I had previously wanted.

(2/18/01): I've had another very busy week -- musical practices are getting longer since it's this weekend! I'm so excited for it. Tonight, we had our Big Brother/Big Sister fireside where we paired them up with their parents. I'm really happy with the families, and I think it will work out great.

(2/25/01): Well we just got done with the musical! We had performances on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday night, February 22-24. I might actually get to be home once in a while now! It was a really good experience, and I met a lot of new people.

March ~

(3/4/01): This has been an awesome weekend! The committee decided we should use this Fast Sunday to have a special fast for help in planning Youth Conference. It was almost a 24-hour fast but I was hardly hungry at all. I've learned that when you fast properly, it is more than just skipping meals. We're sacrificing in order to receive spiritual guidance or direction. Fasting can actually strengthen us instead of make us weaker. I know that Youth Conference is going to be the way the Lord wants it because we have started out the right way, which is through prayer and fasting. I've grown to appreciate fasting; it's the least we can do in return for everything Christ has sacrificed for us.

(3/11/01): This has been such a busy week -- it was my Honor Choir weekend in Ontario, and the Solo Concert was Tuesday. Three girls from my school went [to Ontario]. Thursday morning before we left, we all practiced together with Mr. Lutz at the Solesbee's house and then he drove us to Ontario because he is the awesomest choir teacher ever! He even bought us lunch at the hotel. I had a good weekend despite the long practices and stuff. I certainly learned a lot from [my Women's Choir] director, William Hatcher.

(3/25/01): [Here's a good laugh!] My mom left for Oregon yesterday, and she's gonna be there two and a half weeks! How are we going to function without her? Actually, I know we'll be fine. And I know she needs to spend time with her parents, so I hope it's worthwhile for them.

April~

(4/8/01): I'm so excited for Youth Conference to start! Now we're just making last minute preparations and everything's going well. I found out that I am a finalist in a Bank of America Plaque Award Scholarship thing...I'm excited but really scared because I have to go to this thing in Ontario where we write an essay response to a question and present it, and we're judged on it. I've never done anything like this before, but I guess it will be one of those learning experiences.

(4/29/01): It never really hit me that Youth Conference is over -- I've been way too busy to notice any change in my schedule. But I do miss it a lot, even all the meetings. Friday the 20th was the Stake Missionary Fireside, "An Evening With Friends." I sang in the Young Women choir and played the piano for the eight hands "quartet," I guess you would call it, for "Stars and Stripes Forever." Sister Brady and I were on the 1st piano part, and Jessica Contreras and Sister Byers were on the 2nd part. It was really fun! This weekend was our choir concert with the Riverside Philharmonic. We had two performances at the Riverside Municipal Auditorium. We performed the whole Gloria work by Vivaldi.

May~

(5/6/01): On Friday, I had the Bank of America Achievement Awards finals competition at the Double Tree Hotel in Ontario. I did alright, but I felt so inadequate compared to everyone else! There were only 32 finalists from our region, so I felt honored to even be considered. I got honorable mention and \$500.00. Last week I got called to be Laurel class president for the short time I'll be here before going to college.

June~

(6/3/01): Tonight was Seminary graduation and they asked me to speak. My parent's couldn't come, though. They went to visit Grant this weekend, but that's okay with me because I want them to do that. I wish I could go! We had the choir banquet Wednesday at the Spaghetti Factory, and it was a lot of fun. I also got some awards that night which surprised me: I got the service award from Mr. Lutz, and my class voted me for the Most Inspirational award. I always thought Aimee would get [that] or something. I was also chosen as one of the four outstanding vocalists by the Riverside Unified School District. I learned you don't have to be able to sing well to get that award!

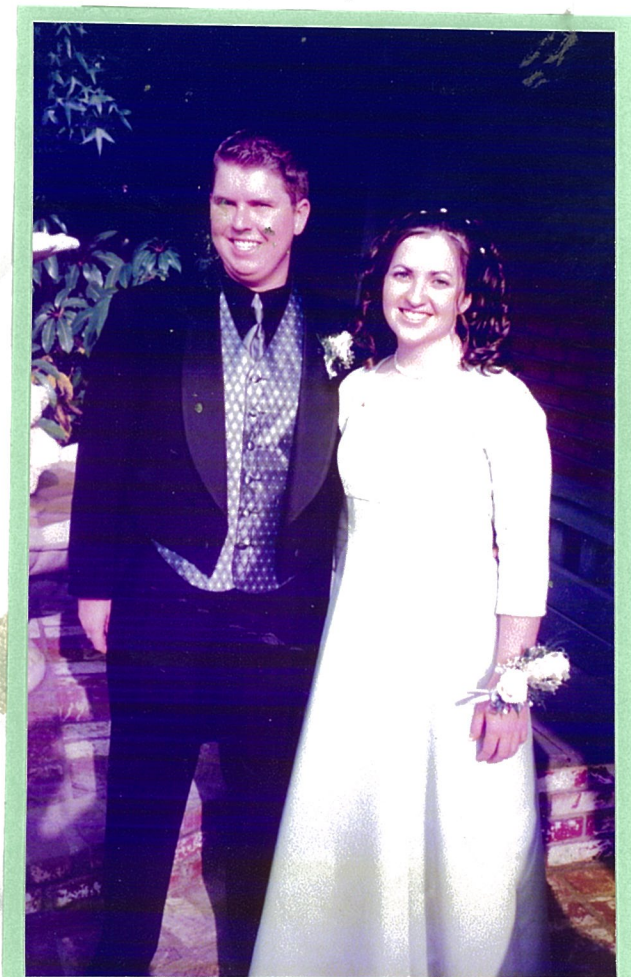
(6/10/01): What a crazy week this has been! It's finally starting to hit me that I'm graduating...I'm excited but I'm really gonna miss it for some reason. Senior Awards night was on Thursday, and I played the prelude music for that. It was a really nice program.

(6/17/01): I can't believe I'm graduated! There's no way I'm old enough. I got my Young Women Medallion Tuesday night along with Liz Lisonbee. It was a nice program, and I feel a lot better now that I'm done with Personal Progress! I tried to get as much of my

G F Z F S S A



Prom 2001: This year, our prom was at the Aquarium of the Pacific in Long Beach. I went with Jared Jones. We took two limos full of people and ate dinner at The Lighthouse.



I went to Midwinter with Chris Woolery in January. It was at the Riverside Municipal Auditorium, so we ate dinner at the Mission Inn and then walked to the dance.

I got the opportunity to play the piano for many choir concerts this year. This picture is from our last Spring Concert.



My Graduation!! I finally made it through high school and would soon be on to bigger and better things. The commencement exercises were held on June 14, 2001. Uncle Ron and Patti even came to attend it. This is my graduation announcement →

*Of the
Class of*

Arlington High School



2
0
0
1

In the airport
waiting to leave
for Cabo San Lucas



Genessa
& Katy

The
view from
our hotel
balcony



Our room
overlooked
the harbor



Our hotel swimming pool

Eating breakfast
before heading to
the beach

Snorkel Lunch Cruise



Santa Maria Bay—Bahia Santa Maria

Santa Maria Bay has it all...pink granite sand, tide pools, snorkeling, diving, swimming and sunbathing.



After a long boat ride (which made some of us seasick) we finally arrived at the beautiful Santa Maria Bay



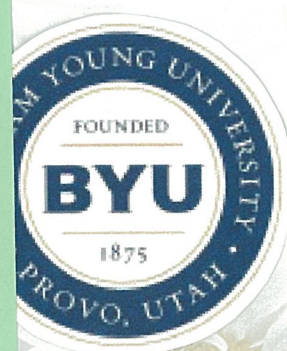
Where are all the fish??



Katy, Mom, and Genessa



Our vacation to Cabo San Lucas:
This was my graduation present, and I got to take Katy Jensen with me. We did many things while we were there, but the most exciting was parasailing! This was my first time going, and I loved it!



I started at BYU in the fall. My first semester was tons of fun, but also a lot of work. This is my dorm room in Deseret Towers. I lived in 606 T Hall with my awesome roommate, Emily Nield.

scrapbook done as I could so that I could display it.

(6/30/01): Girl's Camp ended today, and tomorrow I'm leaving for our family reunion in Oregon, so I figured I better write about camp before I forget everything! It was so much fun being a YCL 2 this year. The camp theme was "All For One and One For All." My day to plan was Thursday, so me, Katy, and Sister Simpson got to plan the whole day. I really learned a lot about being a leader; it's not about having power or being able to tell people what to do -- it's about service and being a good example.

July~

(7/13/01): The day after Girl's Camp, my mom and I flew to Oregon and my dad flew up the next day. Our family reunion was right on the coast near Waldport, and we rented a huge house called the Sandcastle. We did a lot of fun things while we were there, like going crabbing! It was so much fun, and we took home about seven crabs. I never thought I would touch live ones, but I did plenty of it! We also made sandcandles and had our own 4th of July fireworks show in the parking lot! And of course we played lots of games. I know I enjoyed it! Everyone left from Grandma and Grandpa's house at different times, but I stayed an extra week. I had a great time in Eugene. There were lots of raspberries to eat!

(7/29/01): This week we will mostly be getting ready for vacation! I'm so excited to go. It feels so weird that I'm finally going [to college], but I'm getting more and more excited about it. I'm still waiting to find out about my room mate and housing assignment. I can't wait to find out who my room mate will be.

September~ (Yeah, I didn't write anything in August...)

(9/1/01): Our vacation to Cabo San Lucas was August 4-11, and we had so much fun! I'm really glad Katy went with us because it never got boring! [Hey Mom and Dad -- I'm didn't mean to imply that it would have boring with just you guys!] We went parasailing, snorkeling, and did lots of shopping. The beaches were so beautiful. [Now, skipping ahead to college...] Today was the last day of Freshman Orientation at BYU and I've been having a blast! My room mate Emily Nield is so awesome! I don't think we've disagreed about anything yet! Living in dorms is so fun. I can't wait for my Book of Mormon class because John Bytheway is so awesome! Our ward is so cool, too. I'm so excited that I get to go here!

(9/11/01): I figured I should write in my journal today, because this will be an eventful day in history! A few hours ago, there was a terrorist bombing in New York and Washington D.C. I still can't believe this is all happening. I never thought I would experience something like this! I've been listening to the radio this morning, and my 10:00 class was canceled. There is talk that this might turn into a war. I'm just thankful to be where I am, and that we got to hear President Hinckley speak to us Sunday with an uplifting message to be optimistic no matter what happens.

October~

(10/16/01): I have been having such an awesome time here! October 6-7 was General

Conference, so I went to Garrett's house for that. It was very good, but President Bush interrupted one of the sessions with news about our invasion of Afghanistan. So we had to listen to Conference on the radio which was kind of unusual! I had the best birthday on Sunday -- first of all, it was Brandt's baby blessing, so my parents were up here and I got to see a lot of family. Afterwards, we all went to Garrett and Heidi's house for dinner. They are very brave for having so many people there! When I got back to my dorm that night, Emily and Erika had heart-attacked my room and it was so cute! Also, that night, Stephen asked me to Homecoming! I actually heard that he was going to (people aren't very good at keeping secrets), so it wasn't a total shock but I was so excited! The work is getting harder [in my classes] but I love it. Book of Mormon is still my favorite class. I've learned so much from Brother Bytheway, and every class period is just an awesome learning experience.

(10/20/01): I had such a great time [at Homecoming]! We had about nine couples there, and we had dinner and a dance. His cabin is so amazing! We all couldn't believe it. Everyone there was from our ward, so it was way fun. Stephen was a great date.

November~

(11/11/01): I went to Preference last night with Shawn, and we had a really good time. Crystal and David agreed to drive us around since none of us have cars. We had seven couples go with us, and we met a bunch more from our ward at the Thanksgiving Point dance. For dinner we went to Jerry's. It was a really fun place to eat. Shawn is an awesome guy and I had a lot of fun.

(11/20/01): In a little while, I'm going to Garrett's house for the week, since Thanksgiving is on Thursday. It will be such a nice break, and I'm so excited to see my parents and relatives!

December~

(12/3/01): Today was the most awesome day! We were supposed to have a quiz in Book of Mormon, so of course I'm trying to cram in all the information I can before class starts -- and Brother Bytheway tells us to get out a piece of paper and put our names on it, when Sheri Dew walks into the room! It turns out he asked her to be a guest speaker, and he just told us there was a quiz so we'd all be there. It was the neatest experience! I admire her so much. I found out last week that my song will be in the Songwriter's Showcase this Thursday, so I'm really excited for that.

(12/14/01): I'm done with classes for this semester! Finals start on Monday, so I have to do a lot of studying. But it will be so nice to go home for Christmas! On Monday, our ward went to Temple Square and saw The Testaments. It was so much fun!

(12/25/01): It's so nice to be home! Finals week went fine -- it wasn't as stressful as I expected. The first thing I did when I got home was laundry! Uncle Ron and Patti got to spend Christmas with us, so that's been fun. We went to see the lights at Mission Inn, and then had our usual program afterwards. My parents are getting more creative about opening presents...heaven forbid we ever open them normally! For the last four of my gifts, I had to go on a scavenger hunt -- not just in our house but to other people's houses! It was pretty funny.

I went to Homecoming in October with Stephen Ashton. We went to his cabin in Sundance for dinner and the dance. These are some of the girls who were there: → Carmen, Lindsey, Kendra, Adrienne, Robyn, Megan, and me.



We celebrated my 18th birthday at Garrett and Heidi's house because it was also the same day as Brandt's baby blessing!

This is Shawn Hammond and I at the Preference dance in November. We had dinner at Jerry's and went to the dance at Thanksgiving Point.



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...Cast...



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 Prince Dauntless Matt Smith
 Queen Aggravain Kira Sullivan
 King Sextimus Marcus DeLeon
 Lady Larken Nicole Marks
 Sir Harry Aaron White
 Minstrel Alan Felts
 Jester Robby Solesbee
 Wizard Khay Phetamphone
 Lady Rowena Nancy Kennedy
 Lady Merrill Amy Solesbee
 Lady Lucille Jeni Bradley
 Nightingale Leslie McNea
 Sir Luce Mike Lara
 Third Knight Wes Adkins
 Knight Mike Dellaro
 Ballet Princess Casey Roucher
 Ballet Prince Bryan Solomko
 Ballet Queen Megan Shaffer
 Ballet Dancer Karynne Ishino
 Ballet Dancer Stephanie Lawrence
 Lady Mabelle Kristin Kelley
 Lady Kristan Templeton



...Chorus...

J. R. Biggs
 Ryan Campbell
 Steven Dowding

Heather Gordon
 Ryan Patrick

Natalie Wheatley
 Genessa Winn
 Mat Valencia

The Wings of His Spirit

2 Nephi 4:20-35

lyrics and music by Genessa Winn

♩ = 70

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 70. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment includes chords and melodic lines in both the right and left hands.

1. I'm on my knees a - gain
2. I'll trust Him for all time

So far to tra - vel from where I've been. I've walked this road be
He'll walk be - side me, His hand in mine. I feel His pres - ence

-fore near. Through prayer I'll seek Him for - e - ver more. His
His arms sur - round me; there's no need to fear.

love will guide me through the dark and com-fort all my pain. I feel it as I bow my head and

Chorus:
call u - pon His name. U - pon the wings of His spi - rit I will fly a - way

up to the mount - ain ev - ery day. I will lift my voice up high and

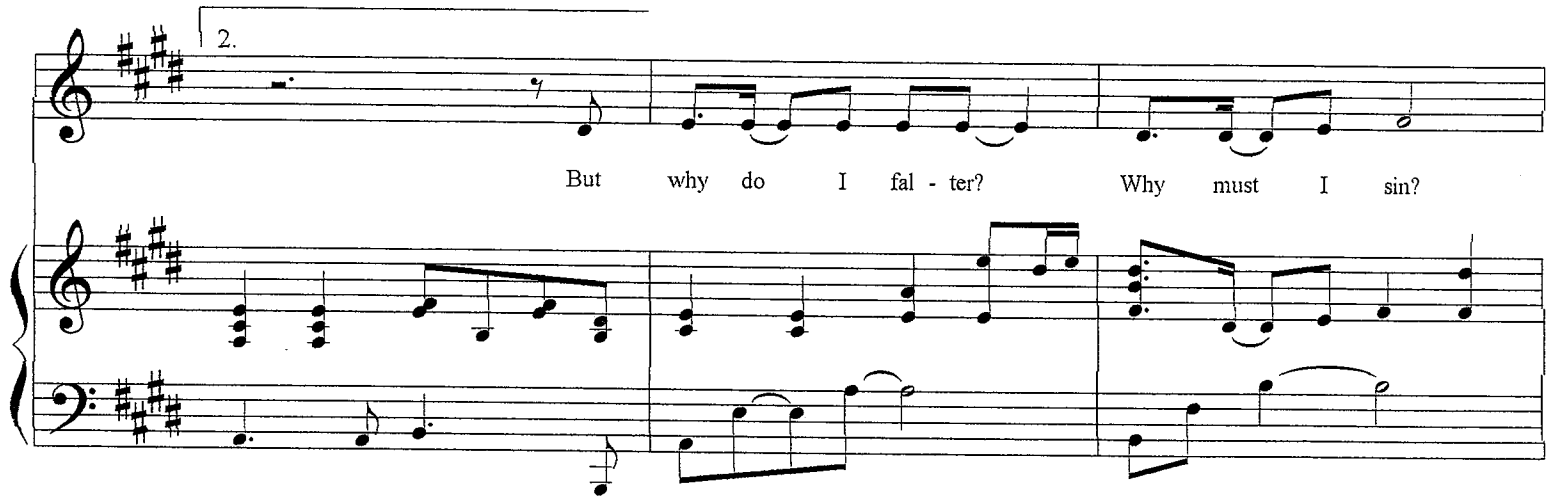
cry un - to Him. O, Lord car - ry me a - way.

1.



2.

But why do I fal - ter? Why must I sin?



I need His love and I want to know Him.



U-pon the



wings of His spi - rit I will fly a - way up to the mount - ain

ev - ery day I will lift my voice up high and cry un - to Him. O,

Lord, car - ry me a - way car - ry me a -

rit.

way.

8^{va}

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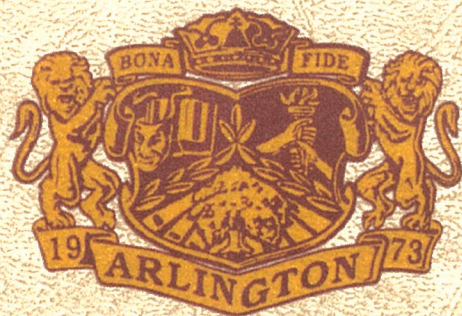


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DATE

T. H. C. H.
DIRECTOR

Mike Bode
PRINCIPAL

THE CALIFORNIA ALL-STATE HONOR CHOIRS

Saturday, March 10, 2001 - 3:45 p.m. - Ontario Convention Center

PROGRAM

WOMEN'S HONOR CHOIR

Dr. William Hatcher – conductor

Darlene Hatcher – accompanist

Instruments of Praise Allen Koepke

SBMP 156

Duo Seraphim..... Tomas Luis de Victoria

A Broude ABC 23

Two angels proclaimed, one to the other: Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts. All the earth is full of His glory.
There are three who give testimony in heaven: the Father, the Word, and the Holy Spirit, and these three are as one.
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts. All the earth is full of His Glory.

Laudamus Te René Clausen

Mark Foster MF920

We praise Thee, we adore Thee, we bless Thee, we glorify Thee.
We give thanks for Thy great glory. Lord God, King of heaven, God the Father all powerful.

Salut Printemps Claude Debussy

Choudens-Presser

Salute to spring, the young season. God sends His crown to the plains.
The ardent sap bubbles out and breaks its prison. The woods and fields are in bloom. An invisible world blossoms,
water pours over the rocks and says her clear song.
The scotchbloom makes the hill golden; upon the green grass the hawthorn pours the snow of its flowers.
All is freshness- love- light-, and from the earth rise songs and fragrances.

Reel a' Bouche Malcolm Dalglish

Malcolm Dalglish - Hammer Dulcimer

Hal leonard Colla Voce HL20-5

How do I love Thee?..... William Boland

Alliance 1/30

Gate, Gate..... Brian Tate

Earthsongs

Gone, gone, gone all the way over, everyone gone to the other shore, enlightenment, *svaha!*

Thank you for joining us for this special performance of the California All-State Honor Choirs. We are delighted to share with you the results of many hours of preparation and diligent work on the part of these talented young singers. We are also grateful to the many educators who have volunteered so much time this year in order to make this event a success.

The California All-State Honor Choir concert, a unique event sponsored by the American Choral Directors Association (ACDA), the Southern California Vocal Association (SCVA) and the California Music Educators Association (CMEA) features the 160 voice Mixed Choir and the 120 voice Women's chor. Singers for these choirs were selected from more than 1400 singers throughout the state through a rigorous audition process at the regional level. They have spent three days in intensive rehearsal here in Ontario in preparation for this gala concert.

Our distinguished conductors, Dr. Lynn Bielefelt and Dr. William Hatcher have brought our young musicians together with their dynamic energy and exciting repertoire. Enjoy the concert.

Certificate of Life Membership
California Scholarship Federation

Whereas Genessa Winn
a member of Chapter Number 258 of this Federation has been awarded
the seal of the Chapter on her diploma of graduation by reason of consistent
and superior Scholarship and Service this certificate of life membership is hereby
issued.

In witness whereof we have affixed our signatures and the Chapter seal
of the California Scholarship Federation



Given this fourteenth day of June
two thousand and one

Kathy Allen Marianne Montano
Chapter Adviser

Phil Bode
Principal
Arlington High School
School

The Riverside CA West Stake

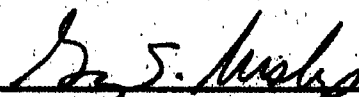

Recognizes

Genessa Winn
as a

**SEMI-ANNUAL MASTER
SCRIPTORIAN**

for the 2000-2001 school year

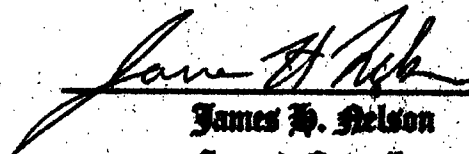
Witnessed this 3rd day of June, 2001



Gregory S. Bishop
Stake President



Bradley C. Albrechtsen
First Councilor



James H. Nelson
Second Councilor

