



HISTORY OF MAURINE ELISON TOLMAN BIRTH AND PRESCHOOL DAYS

BIRTH AND PRESCHOOL DAYS

At 3:35 P.M. on a cold winter day, 24th of December 1919, I entered this mortal world being born of goodly parents, Marvin William Elison and Leone Coolbear Elison. I was born in the home my parents were renting in the Groveland area northwest of Blackfoot, Idaho. I was delivered by our country doctor, W. W. Beck and weighed just five pounds. I was the second child in the family and had an older brother, Lavon.

We didn't have many of the conveniences of life in my younger years as my father worked as a farm laborer. Many times in the winter he would take a wagon pulled by a team of horses and go to the lavas to get cedar wood to burn as fuel. The lavas are the rock formations and cedar trees we now drive through on Interstate Fifteen going north out of Blackfoot. A few years after my birth, we moved to Aberdeen, Idaho, where my sister, Naomi, was born. My brother and

I were sent to an aunt's place to await her arrival. We were happy when we learned we had a baby sister. Later our family grew to include two more boys, Lewis and Doyle. It was after our family moved back to Groveland that I remember my preschool days.

My grandfather, William Elison and grandmother, Margaret Elida Callister Elison, lived down the road from us about a half mile. Whenever I got the chance I would walk there to play in the big apple orchard or to go up and down the stairs in their two story red brick house. The only recollection I have of my grandfather was that he wore a bear skin coat and would throw me up in the air. He died when I was real young. One day I was walking to their place and four dogs from a neighbor's yard surrounded me, barking loudly. I was terrified. After being rescued, it was discovered I had been bitten. I have had a horror of barking dogs since that time.

Before school age our family doctor came to our house in Groveland to remove some tonsils. My aunt and uncle had theirs removed first. My brother and I were running around outside the house, trying to peek underneath the pulled blind on the window to see what was going on. There was a big kettle on the kitchen stove boiling the instruments to be used. The patient was laid on the big round wooden dining table. After my brother had his removed, it was my turn.



Figure 1 Maurine Elison

All I remember was a terribly sore throat and being given ice cream to eat. The medical profession would be horrified today if such a procedure was done. Another incident that occurred on this farm was when my brother accidentally dropped a horseshoe on my head from the shed he was playing on. This required stitches and medical care.

Our home was very plainly furnished with only the necessary furniture, a black kitchen cook stove, a table, chairs, beds, etc. The kitchen stove had a reservoir at the end to put water in to heat. We bathed in a round wash tub that was put in front of the stove so we could keep warm. One of the luxuries we had was a windup Edison phonograph. I loved to listen to the records. My two favorites were "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" and "I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen" Our lighting consisted of a single light globe hanging down in the middle of the room. We may have been poor according to worldly standards, but we were a happy family and had plenty of good food to eat from the garden, canning, milk from a cow, eggs from chickens and meat from animals dad raised.

One Christmas Evening, at an age when we were beginning to doubt the reality of Santa Claus, we were giving our parents a bad time. A knock came on the door. Three small children were shocked to see Old Saint Nick He gave us treats and left. The next morning my sister and I both had dolls. Our socks were filled with nuts, candy and an orange. His visit was also a surprise to our parents.

One of our summer pleasures was a visit from mother's brother and his wife who lived in California, Uncle Alvin and Aunt Ida. They had only one child, an adopted daughter. They would bring us treats. We would go on a picnic and celebrate the 4th and 24th of July. The wards and stakes always celebrated these holidays with country rodeos, children's races, concession stands, ball games and fireworks in the evening.

SCHOOL DAY YEARS

I started school in the first grade in Groveland, but shortly thereafter my father bought a farm on Riverton Road out west of Blackfoot about three miles. This home was a considerable improvement over the one we had moved from. It had three bedrooms, an inside bathroom, furnace heat, a full basement and a large enclosed back porch. The farm gave me many happy hours of pleasant exploring. Some distance from the house, the farm land dropped down a steep hill and bordered the Blackfoot River. We moved in the early spring in a sleigh as the snow drifts were as high as the fence posts on both sides of the road.

I was enrolled in the Irving School in Blackfoot. The building was a two story red brick with steep steps. Our bus driver, or I should say teamster, would pick the children up in the morning in a wagon bus pulled by horses. His route covered about ten miles out in the country. In the winter he used a sleigh. These were fun times and although the temperatures got really cold in the winter, we were comfortable wrapped in blankets. We had to take sack lunches. Some of the children were given milk to drink during the recess time and were made to rest. Although I thought I was healthy, I was considered one of these students and felt abused. It was in one of my grade school years that there was an epidemic of smallpox. I contacted this disease. My mother isolated me in a room by myself so the rest of the family would not be exposed. We were quarantined for a time. However, I fared better than some of the kids and had no complications.

My fourth year of school was upsetting for me. There were so many in our grade that a few students were transferred to the Central School across the tracks. I was one of these. Adjusting to new friends was difficult but one of the things I enjoyed was the spelling and arithmetic matches held between the fourth grade rooms.

To have a birthday party was a rare occasion and when I was around eleven I asked my mother if I could have a party. She didn't give me much encouragement. Money was just not available for these things. One of the boys at school told me my mother was planning a surprise party for me. I was so upset at him. I had to act surprised. The day arrived. Mother had a lovely dinner prepared and the table was set extra nice. Now looking back, I know my parents really loved me and sacrificed much to give me some of the little extra things.

The summer before I was to enter Junior High School we moved again into Blackfoot. Dad bought a small lot, poured a basement and had a house moved onto the foundation. It was at this time that mother's father, David Coolbear, came to live with us from Morgan, Utah. He was over ninety years of age. Dad built him a small log house by us to live in. It was at this time mother contracted typhoid fever and was very sick all summer.. She was exposed to it by grandfather who was later discovered to be a carrier of the disease. During the summer other family members became ill. I had most of the work to do. One day as I was washing, my dress caught in one of the machine parts that was exposed. My mother was close by and ripped the dress off or I could have been seriously hurt. It was just before school started in the fall when I became sick. My father took me and my brother to a doctor in Pocatello. He treated us and I was able to start school just two weeks late.

One of the highlights for me in Junior High was to be selected to play basketball. I made the second team in the seventh grade and was on the first team in eighth grade. We traveled to compete with other schools in the district, sometimes at night and they would serve us a meal. In the tournament at the end of the season, in the final game I fouled out. I felt real upset.

After grandfather died my mother received a small inheritance from his estate. Mother always wanted a fur coat, but she bought a cloth one and on Christmas morning my sister and I both received a wristwatch which was a luxury for us.

It was in January, probably during my freshman year in High School, when dad and mother went to Detroit, Michigan, to buy a new car. While they were gone we had a lot of snow and cold weather. They were gone longer than planned. My brother and I took care of the family. I remember trying to make bread. I put it on top of the stove in a pan to raise and burned the bottom of the dough and had to throw it out.

It was while living here that we had the pleasure of having the Apostle Melvin J. Ballard in our home for breakfast, one morning prior to Stake Conference and kneeling around the table in prayer with him. My father was the Stake Mission President or President of the Seventies. This was a rare privilege. As long as I can remember dad and mother always took us to church, had family prayer, taught us the principles of the gospel and lived the commandments. I am so grateful for my heritage and have always tried to honor the name I was blessed with. I was blessed and given my name 1 February, 1920, by Abraham J. Hansen and was baptized a member of the church the

4th of February, 1928, by my father and confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, 5th of February, 1928, by Orson Manwaring.

In May of 1937, I graduated from the Blackfoot Seminary program. I also received a diploma for two years of seminary taken in Junior High. On May 19, 1938, I graduated from the Blackfoot High School. This was a day I had long looked forward to. In school and through church activity many friendships were made but this is the time that as friends each go their separate ways, your life changes. I thought it would be nice to have a rest from school and studies, but after a few weeks at home I became restless. The two summers before I had done housework. I only made three dollars a week the first summer and four dollars the next year, but was able to have money to spend and buy my own clothes. My brother was on a mission so I knew my parents couldn't help me much with schooling. They took me to Salt Lake Business College. I worked for my board and room, taking care of three small children, one a baby and doing housework after school for a couple who lived up on the avenues. Three months after I had been there, I rode the Bamburger railway to Logan to meet my family for an Elison reunion. I didn't think I was homesick but the closer I got to Logan the more the tears fell. I was happy to see my family again.

After a few months the Salt Lake Business College closed and I transferred to the L. D. S. Business College. Here the programs were much more formal with more students. I had to really study. In June of 1939 I returned home to find work having completed most of my requirements for graduation. My grades were good and I now felt that I was qualified for employment. While in Salt Lake I had many enjoyable experiences. I enjoyed the city every Thursday afternoon, which was my day off.

It was while living in Salt Lake that I had a desire to receive my patriarchal blessing. Because my church recommend was not in Salt Lake I obtained permission to get my blessing from the General Church Patriarch, George F. Richards. The blessing he gave me November 28, 1938, at that time was just what I needed to plan for the future and have faith to so live that I might obtain the promised blessings.

He said: "Dear Sister, you are here to form ties and relationships, also which are to be perpetuated throughout the eternity, May the Lord bless you and I bless you that in due time the Lord may provide for you a husband and companion in life who will be worthy of you, who can hold the holy priesthood in worthiness, to whom you can be in every sense of the word a helpmate in all things of mutual interest to you and to him, with whom you can live congenially and happily."

Looking back now this promised blessing has been fulfilled to the letter. Wendell has been a companion I have looked up to and has sustained me throughout my life. He has always been faithful to me, our family and to his God.

Another great promise in this blessing was. "May the Lord bless you with a strong body. May the organs of your body function normally for your health and for the preservation of your life. May your mind be invigorated and your memory retentive, that you may store up knowledge that will be of use to you and use that knowledge with all the faculties of your mind, powers, for the blessing

of others, for the advancement of the work of the Lord upon the earth."

Although I have had a few life threatening things happen, I have been blessed with a complete recovery and rebounded back to good health. I have tried to serve the Lord all the days of my life and thank him for a good mind.

At the end of the blessing he said: "I seal you up against the evil power until the day of redemption with power to overcome the weaknesses of the flesh and to walk before mankind with your head erect and have a joyful countenance and a clear conscience that your course of life is approved of the Lord." I am far from perfect but I do know that when you try to do what is right you are happier.

EMPLOYMENT. FUN DAYS. WAR DAYS

Upon my return from Salt Lake, I was employed by Lorenzo R. Thomas, a well known attorney at law for one dollar a day. It was impossible then to get a job without experience that paid good. My boss was the President of Rotary International Club and therefore, was gone from the office a good deal of the time. After my work was done I just answered the phone, read and did a lot of embroidering. I did, however, get some good experience and it was about a year later that I was hired by C. C. Anderson Stores Company. I was the office head, doing all the bookkeeping and cashier work. I enjoyed this work a lot and especially the people I worked with. It did require some long hours especially at the end of the month when the reports were due. An older southern woman was in charge of the women's ready-to-wear department. It was located upstairs where my office was. I would listen to her tell the customers how charming they looked in whatever they tried on and then after they were gone she would remark to me how awful they looked. Since that time I have been unswayed by store clerk's opinions.

It was while I was working here that the Japanese dropped the terrible bombs on Pearl Harbor starting World War Two. One of my classmates from high school was killed in the attack on the 7th of December, 1941. The next four years were a terrible nightmare. All the boys were drafted. Some I went to school with were killed or hurt. Jobs opened up and wages jumped. Coupons were issued to buy scarce items, gas, sugar, etc. The missionaries were all called out of foreign countries. My brother left Sweden and it was a relief to us when we got word he had arrived safely.

I was getting restless again. I tried to quit my job several times, but my boss would call Boise, the head office, and then offer me more money. He complimented me by saying that I had an organized mind and this quality was hard to find in an employee. I even filled out papers to work in Washington, D. C. and was all ready to go. He discouraged me again. I was making ninety dollars a month.

It was sometime in 1942 when I did quit my job. Through a clerk who worked in the store, I was hired by her son to work for Cotant Trucking Company in Pocatello. I boarded with a family I knew. They had three girls, one my age but didn't belong to our church. A short time later my cousin, Reava, moved to Pocatello and together we rented a small apartment. From this trucking company I went to work for Garrett Freightlines who bought them out. Later I worked for the

Eastern Idaho Production Association.

During the four years I lived in Pocatello, I would take the bus home almost every weekend. I was on the Stake Sunday School Board and I felt like I would like to keep this calling. During the war we would only meet every three months with the wards because of gas rationing. Up to this time I never had the luxury of owning a car. I would walk from the east side of the city where we lived morning, noon and night, under the underpass to the west side where I worked. Every evening I walked to wherever I wanted to go for entertainment.

I dated quite a bit as I served as a U.S.O. hostess several times a week. We would go to the Club House where the servicemen would congregate for refreshments, to play games, dance or just talk. We would also take buses out to the army base for dances. I met many from all over the United States, whose lives had been disrupted by war. This was a time when one felt life was on hold. There was no permanency to living. Friendships were fleeting, here today and gone tomorrow. It seemed like the war would last forever.

While I was in Pocatello my mother had a serious illness. When she was a child the dentist put something in her nose for some problem. This substance was decaying, had to be removed and her nose rebuilt. Dad took her to the Mayo Clinic for several operations and skin grafts. I tried to go home as often as possible to help out. One day was particularly upsetting. Dad wired grandmother that he was coming home and to meet him at the train station. She assumed mother had died. We were all at the station waiting for Dad to arrive. It was a big relief to learn that mother was fine and he just came home for a break.

It was on August 14, 1945, that the glad news of the Japanese surrender came over the radio. I can remember that no one worked that day but just listened to the new reports and talked. The atom bomb dropped on Japan brought about their surrender. It was not until later that we realized the terrible destruction, loss of lives and the suffering this invention caused. The news of the next several months was heart warming and we felt now that our loved one would be safe and coming home.

War is a terrible thing. I just hope and pray that none of our posterity will have to experience it. We know, however, that according to prophecy there will be other conflicts until the Savior comes again to rule as King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Many faith promoting stories came out of the war. Many were protected from harm. The important thing is to just live the gospel and have faith and everything will turn out as it should.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

The bishop of the Eleventh Ward in Pocatello asked my cousin and I to work in the MIA, which is the Young Women's program today. I became the MIA Maid teacher. It was here one evening, after Wendell returned from his mission, I heard him talk. I told my cousin then that somehow I felt he was the one I would like to marry. I



Figure 2 Wendell and Maurine

had been praying about this matter for sometime and I knew the Lord answers prayers, but his timetable for things to occur is hard to comprehend to our impatient minds. At this time nothing happened. Wendell enlisted in the Marine Corp. and was sent overseas. Although I dated others I never could get him off my mind. I never heard or saw him again for three years.

After the treaty was signed, instead of being sent home his group was sent to Japan for one year to help in the occupational efforts. It wasn't until sometime in July of 1946 that he again set foot in this country.

It was the 10th of September of this year at a Mutual opening social and dance that I met Wendell. Unlike the first time I saw him, now everything was right. The spirit whispered to him that I was the one to be his wife. After several dances together, there was no question in my mind. Our courtship was short but fun. We went dancing a lot. Our car was an army jeep with a Model A Ford cab that was fitted on the top.

I took Wendell to Blackfoot one day to meet my parents. This is always a time of concern because you want your parent's approval. In private I asked my father what his opinion was of him. His reply was that he must be alright as fussy as I had been all my life. Wendell's mother was not too impressed with me. She told him she thought I was too thin to be able to bear healthy children. I am sure her opinion didn't change much after I put salt in the whipping cream instead of sugar for a cake. I was trying to be useful. We always kept our sugar in a cup so I just assumed I had sugar without tasting it. After a short three month's courtship, we were married December 3, 1946, in the Idaho Falls Temple by President David Smith. Our fathers were the witnesses.

It is interesting to look back now. As officiators in the Idaho Falls Temple we have just been a part of the Fiftieth Temple Jubilee Year, 1995. It is something we would not have dreamed could happen to us when we were married. After the Temple ceremony we went to the Roger's Hotel in Idaho Falls and had dinner with our parents. We stayed there for a short honeymoon. Wendell gave me roses. We went bowling, etc. Mother and dad gave us a reception and dance. I still have some treasured gifts I received then, fifty years later.

OUR FIRST HOME

Wendell was working with his brothers on a partnership basis. They were operating a meat market in town and had a dairy and farms out south of the city. After our honeymoon, we spent the rest of the week fixing up a small house on one of the farms. We painted, papered and cleaned. Neither of us had hung paper before. The walls were uneven. The paper had to be matched. It was a disaster. Wendell said he would never paper a house again and he hasn't, but I couldn't guess the many



Figure 3 Swim Dairy south of Pocatello, Idaho

gallons of paint I have used.

I quit my job at the Eastern Idaho P.C.A. Wendell told me he would do the supporting of our family even if he had to dig ditches. It was a matter of a man's pride then to provide a living for his family. We had a cute three room house and was comfortable with the furniture we bought. We were happy. Wendell's mother insisted that I go to Relief Society with her and learn the skill of quilting. I am thankful to her for this. Sewing, which I learned to love in Home Economics in High School, and quilting have been my most favorite hobbies throughout my life.

After returning from a short trip to Salt Lake in June of 1947, we decided we did not want to continue in the partnership with his brothers. I knew their financial standing as they borrowed from the P.C.A. We wanted to have complete control over our lives. We left after seven months with the jeep car, three cows, a steer and one farm trailer.

Over the weekend we went to Blackfoot to see my parents. While there my husband got a job at the Central Meat Market as a meat cutter. My father had a partly finished basement house he had built for my sister and her husband on an acre and one-third lot. They had moved out. He offered this place to us for two thousand dollars on whatever terms we could meet. We made this our second home and moved in July of 1947. We worked hard to make this place livable and attractive. Water was put in the house, closets built, a cesspool completed and we planted a lawn and put sidewalks in. While we were paying on this place my former boss got Wendell's permission for me to work in the office in Blackfoot part time which helped our finances out. Wendell also changed jobs on January 1st, 1948, going out west of Blackfoot to Hopkins Packing Meat Plant where he made more money. We felt the first time since our marriage that we had a home of our own.

CHILDREN AND EXPERIENCES IN BLACKFOOT



Figure 4 Pam Tolman

Our first baby, Pamela, was born February 17, 1949. This winter was a good old fashioned one with a lot of snow and wind. Although we lived only a short distance from the maternity hospital, Wendell took me out on a sleigh a few days before she was born to stay with my mother who lived just across the street from the Old Colonial Inn that was made into a hospital. I stayed in the hospital for at least a week. I don't think my bill altogether was over two hundred dollars. To return home with our first baby was a wonderful feeling. We had wanted a baby for sometime. My brother built a gable roof on our home while I was in the hospital. He had to walk and carry the lumber through the field as the snow was so deep.

My dad sold us a new Plymouth car and during the summer we enjoyed a trip to Afton, Wyoming where Wendell's Uncle Osborn lived. We took his mother, father and an aunt with us. I can remember going to a beautiful lake on top of a mountain where we fished from a boat. It was at this time when I knew our second child was on the way. This was quite a surprise as we had waited over two years for Pamela. We were very happy with our little six month old daughter and we looked forward to another addition in the spring. Life was busy taking care of our home, baby and church

callings. I can't remember a time when we did not hold responsibilities in the church and we were blessed for our efforts. Pamela started to walk when she was only nine months old. She would walk around the walls and furniture. One day she touched the oil burning stove and burned the palm of her hand. Luckily it wasn't too serious. At this time my mother and father were staying with us. They were in the process of building a new home and dad fell and broke his leg.



Figure 5 Tom Tolman

Our second child decided to come into the world on a Sunday evening. I can remember, after walking up and down the halls of the hospital all day, that the nurse called our doctor, Merrill Packer, to the hospital. He missed his speaking engagement in our ward for Sacrament meeting. Our son, Thomas Wendell, was delivered on March 19, 1950. We were delighted to have a son. I would like to mention here how thoughtful and kind my husband was at the birth of each one of our children. Before each delivery he administered to me and blessed me that all would go well and that our children would be normal and healthy. This was a great comfort. Wendell was always there and sent me flowers afterwards. The closeness a couple feels at the birth of a child cannot be felt in any other experience. The creation and birth of a baby is a miracle, a divine gift from our Heavenly Father.

When I went to the doctor for my six-week checkup, I was given a rude shock. I had, had for sometime an enlarged thyroid gland in the right side of my neck. A doctor in Pocatello told me it was nothing to worry about unless it bothered me. I had no pain or discomfort of any kind. Now a small lump appeared on my neck. The doctor noticed it and said it should be operated on immediately as it could be a malignancy. It would have been easy to ignore the doctor's counsel. I felt good. We did not have the money and I had two babies to care for, just thirteen months apart. Wendell said we should go ahead with the operation. Mother took my babies although she did not feel well. I entered the hospital on the 4th of July, 1950 and had the gland removed the next day. A sample of the tissue was sent to Boise to be tested. I was informed before leaving the hospital that the growth was malignant.

I felt like my world was falling apart. I had looked forward to marriage much longer than most girls. I now had a devoted husband who I loved very much and two adorable children. It had been fun to work together as husband and wife to make a home for our family. Now I didn't know how much longer I would be permitted to live. Before going to the hospital the first time, I was given a blessing by our Stake Patriarch, George Clark, for whom I had taken some blessings in shorthand. He blessed me that the disease would be driven out of my body from the top of my head to the soles of my feet. The Elders who visited the hospital each evening, after surgery, also blessed me. It was comforting to me as they said almost the exact words of my first blessing. I had faith. I prayed to my Father in Heaven and promised him if it was his will to let me have my health and strength again, I would serve him in whatever callings that came to me, support my husband in his priesthood callings and teach and live the gospel principles. The doctor advised me that a second operation was necessary to remove all the tissue around the diseased gland. This was so that if there were any cancer cells left they wouldn't have anything to grow on. I had the operation a month later. After this it was necessary to drive to Idaho Falls five times a week for x-ray treatments on my neck. This

was a trying time in our lives but the Lord blessed us exceedingly. I completely recovered. We were able to pay off the two thousand dollars hospital and doctor bills.

When I came out of the hospital the first time, my dad and mother were waiting for me with my babies. I was so happy to see them I started to cry. Dad asked me not to shed tears as mother had been so upset. Looking back now as a grandmother, I understand how my mother must have worried. It takes life experiences to realize how much parents desire and pray for their children's happiness. My recovery was fast although it took nearly three years to again regain my full strength, but I was taking care of my family and happy that I could do so.

We were meeting as a ward in the Stake Tabernacle while the Third and Fifth ward building was being constructed. At a meeting held there to divide the two wards, as we were leaving to go to the new chapel, my husband was asked to meet with a high counselor prior to the meeting. I took my babies and waited for him. At the meeting he was sustained as first counselor to Bishop Clarence C. Cox on November 19, 1950, in the new Fifth Ward. As my husband served, we grew to love the people and had many spiritual experiences. It was, however, quite a chore for me to handle my two babies, taking care of them all day and then to be left alone many times in the evening. I spent most of my time in the halls during meetings trying to keep them quiet. I did my share of complaining, but can see the fruits of endurance. Habit of going to church was formed for our children and now as I see my children teaching their children, I realize the value of trying to keep the commandments.

Now we wanted a better home for our family. With the improvements we had made on our basement home, it sold on June 5, 1951, and we received enough from the sale to move forward with our plans. We rented a basement apartment from friends in the ward and bought land just about a block away on Center Street. With the help of a neighbor who was a carpenter my husband built us a small log house, putting in eight or nine hours each day on his regular job and then working half the night on the house. This was a busy summer. On November 15, 1951, we moved into our home. It required a lot of work the next spring and summer, putting in lawn and flowers. We also build a log garage.

Something happened while living here that gave us a good deal of worry. One day I was working in the yard. Pamela was playing near by. I turned around and found her on the ground passed out and her eyes rolling. It frightened me. I picked her up, carried her into the house, wiped her face off with cold water and she finally came around. It was hot so at this time I thought the heat might have caused her to pass out. The same thing happened to her a week later, so we took her to the doctor for a thorough examination. He could not find anything wrong but sent us to the State Hospital South to test her on some kind of a machine. This test also showed no irregularity in her head, but the spells continued about once a month. She was examined also by a doctor in Pocatello who found nothing. They concluded that it could be the beginning of eplipse. We had her administered to several times. We had faith that she would be alright. A naturopathic doctor we took her to said her problem was worms, which we treated her for. These spells occurred between the age of three to five. After she turned five, no more spells happened. I again know that we were blessed from a higher source than physical man and that our faith and prayers in her behalf were answered.

After my cancer operation the doctor advised me not to get pregnant. After two years, I felt good and we wanted to have more children. I consulted the doctor again and he said there was no reason why I could not have a normal baby. Our third child named Jean, was born the 1st of November, 1952, in the new Bingham Memorial Hospital. She was a joy to have and a special spot in our home. My husband was somewhat unhappy in his work and wanted to get something for himself where he could be more independent. After praying about it, we listed our home for sale with a real estate agent. It was sold on the 23rd of April, 1953, after being in it less than two years. An older couple bought it and paid cash. While we were looking for a small farm we could afford, we moved into a little white house on dad's farm that belonged to my brother. He was at this time in Korea serving in the army and his wife had gone back to Canada to be with her parents. We rented this house for six weeks and then moved to a farm we purchased in the Riverton area south of Blackfoot, July 1, 1953.



Figure 6 Jean Tolman

It was a good feeling to again be settled, but we again had a lot of work to do. The couple we bought the house from both smoked. Even after a complete painting job we were aware of this odor. We have always liked things nice. Every place we lived in we improved. Again we worked as a family both inside and outside to beautify our home. The children had fun on the farm with plenty of places to explore and especially in the large apple orchard. My husband still worked for wages but felt we had a little more security by accumulating some livestock. The money from wages was used to start farming so we were hard pressed. One year most of the farm land was flooded with water from the Blackfoot River. We had leased the land to a neighbor who planted potatoes on the 20th of June. However, that year we realized more profit than in previous years trying to farm it ourselves.

We belonged in the Riverton Ward. About a year after we moved, the Stake was divided. The bishop of our ward was put on the High Council. Wendell was sustained the 19th of September, 1954, as bishop of the ward. I did quite a bit of worrying and praying about our children as most of the responsibility for their care and training was left up to me. Wendell's time was well taken up with his work, the farm, and now the ward's concerns.

About three A.M. on the 27th of April, 1955, the little spirit of our fourth baby decided it was time to come to earth. Around seven A.M. our third daughter, Annette, was born. She was very active even as a baby. She ran almost before she learned to walk and has always tried to be the first in whatever she attempted to do. As a baby I couldn't even cuddle her.

After Annette's birth, I had a hard time to recover emotionally. I felt something was wrong with me

physically although examinations showed I was in good health. I felt I had cancer again. My sister who lived across the street from us offered to tend my children. Wendell took me on a trip to Salt Lake to attend



General Conference meetings, then on to Manti where we went to the Tolman

Figure 7 Annette Tolman

Temple. We then drove to Mesa, Arizona, to visit Wendell's cousin, Jaren. On the way we looked at the map and found a road we thought would be a short cut. The road was rough. We broke our oil pan and had to be towed into a town. We have found out, there are no short cuts in life that pay off in the long run. After going through the Mesa and St. George temples, we returned home after ten days. I was homesick to see my children again. I finally pulled out of my depression. It was the closest I have ever come to a nervous breakdown.

During the five years we lived on the farm I was really tied down. To have time to spare was just a dream of mine, to have time to read, sew or quilt, how time flies.. Each period of life has its duties and rewards. When a period of time is passed you cannot relive your experiences again. Take time now to enjoy each season of your life. Take time to enjoy your children while you still have them at home. Take time to be with them. They will remember the happy times you spend together more than having all the luxuries of life.



Figure 8 Ellen Tolman

Our fifth child and fourth daughter, Ellen, was born the 23rd of July, 1957. She was a plump happy baby and a joy to our family. Wendell's parents were living in Pocatello and would often go to the Temple in Idaho Falls and then stop off at our place. Our two older children remember them vaguely. Grandpa Tolman died in January of 1955 and Grandma Tolman died in December of 1957. Grandma Tolman stayed with my children when Ellen was born.

It was while we were living in Riverton that an insurance agent, a good member of the church and a life long friend, approached us to buy insurance. We told him that it was impossible to carry insurance and pay tithing, too. He intimated that we should consider buying insurance as it was a priority. I told him that paying tithing was the best insurance policy we could have. The Lord has blessed us. We have always been able to pay our obligations.

In 1957 Wendell was working in the Kesler Store meat department. He wasn't happy working for wages and wanted to work just for himself. While conversing with a salesman one day he learned of a country store for sale in Lewisville, Idaho. Being anxious to see it, we drove there and visited with the owner. Wendell could see a lot of potential in this business. The Stake President advised him to buy it if he could improve himself. He felt guilty leaving the ward as they were in the process of building a new church. We would have the money if we could sell the farm. My father said he would buy it if he could sell his place. This involved a three way transaction. We prayed about this move and felt it was right. There were many problems involved in all of these deals and it looked like some of them would fall through. I can look back now and see the Lord's hand in blessing us. After some delay, all transactions fell into place. We received \$8,000 in cash. We were able to improve each place we lived in and sold each time for a profit. Our hard work and improvements we made on each home we owned paid off and we felt compensated for our efforts. It took all of Wendell's salary just to support our growing family.

LIFE IN LEWISVILLE

On the 7th of April, 1958, we moved into a run down place across from the store that we purchased cheap along with the store. The store was a lumber building about one hundred feet long with cold storage lockers and a run down meat department and equipment. The place we moved into also had a long lumber building running to the road that had been a store at one time. The house part was simply rooms added onto the back. It wasn't much of a house, but there was plenty of rooms. We had a lot of work to do. We again cleaned, painted and hauled many loads of junk off both places. I was amused the first time we had Home Teachers come. One of them sized up the front room and said how nice and comfortable it looked. I know he was expecting to see a mess. I have always prided myself on trying to keep my home clean and attractive. It can be done with very little money and a lot of hard work.

My father and mother moved into the farm house with plans to remodel to make it as nice as the one they built and sold. Wendell traveled to Riverton each Sunday until he was released on the 4th of May. For the first time in our married life, I think Wendell was completely happy in his work. As a family we were able to work together. Our best times have been as a family working and achieving in all things of mutual interest. Pamela and Tom were enrolled in school. Within a short time we had enough money to buy a piano and a television set. All we had after we concluded the sale was two hundred dollars for change in the cash register. Through careful management, a lot of hard work and the blessings of the Lord, we paid the business off in eight years.

Two very sad things occurred shortly after we moved. My grandmother, who mother was taking care of, died and was buried on the Friday after we first opened our business on Monday. Being a very spiritual person, she knew the day she would die and told my parents before elapsing into a coma.

I regret not going to her funeral. She was a great lady and had a strong testimony of the gospel. About a month later dad called and told me mother had had a bad stroke, which left her completely paralyzed on her right side and was unable to talk. This was a stunning blow. We visited her as often as possible but being many miles away and having a small family to take care of, store and church responsibilities, I did not do for them as much as I wanted to. I would feel so blue and then go to see mother. She would smile even as she sat in her wheelchair and I would go away feeling better. As long as I can remember mother always played the music in ward and stake meetings and accompanied others who sang. She, too, was very spiritual and left me a good example to try and follow.



Figure 9 Carol Tolman

On April 7, 1960, our last baby, a girl we named Carol, was delivered at the maternity home in Rigby. Dr. Aldon Tall, who lived right next door, was the one who helped bring her into the world. She was the easiest of all my children to raise with all the rest of the family around to help tend and teach her. My first visitor in the hospital was my mother in her wheelchair. She always seemed to have a special love for Carol and at this time indicated through facial expressions what a beautiful baby she was.

Shortly after Carol was born I was called to be the President of the Primary. I only served for a short time. President George Christensen met

with Wendell and told him he had been called to serve as bishop of the Lewisville First Ward. This again brought many changes in our life. We were new residents. Some of the old timers resented Wendell being called to this position. However, they learned to love and respect him. His first Sunday to preside was upsetting. Tom got sick Saturday night. We took him to the hospital and he had his appendix removed Sunday morning. His first counselor's wife took our children and he had the responsibility of conducting that day. Annette, while playing ball with their children got hit in the head and had to have some stitches in one eye. It happened in the afternoon. I held many church callings while Wendell was bishop, Secretary of the Relief Society for six years, Stake MIA Beehive instructor and along with other responsibilities tried to support my husband in his many labors of love. He was sustained as bishop on January 8, 1961, and served until September 24, 1967.

Just four years after we moved to Lewisville, Wendell decided it was time to build a nice home for his family, one they could be proud to bring their friends home to. We bought a building lot on the west side of the store for nine hundred dollars. Wendell tore down the old building in front of where we were living and used the lumber in our house. Through careful planning and his many hours of working, we started to build. A good friend in the ward loaned us the money at six percent interest. I think we borrowed twelve thousand dollars altogether. Someone said to me, "Aren't you afraid that it will be a long time before you finish your home, doing the work yourselves?" I answered that I knew as soon as Wendell got started, it wouldn't take long. I knew from experience that once a project was stated, he would work on it day and night until it was finished. Some professional help was hired but Wendell worked along with them. I painted the entire house upstairs and down with at least four coats of paint. We stated to build in the spring and moved in July 13, 1962. Although we didn't have all the things we would have liked, we have added improvements each year and beautified our home. The loan was paid off in a few years and we received our deed. We had an impressive Family Home Evening in July of 1974, when Wendell dedicated our home for the enjoyment of our family and that righteousness would prevail therein. We have tried to make our home a place where the spirit of the Lord could be felt.

To work together in our own business made it possible for us to get away once in a while for a few days. We took Carol, who wasn't in school yet, to stay with my father in Blackfoot in April of 1965 and headed for General Conference in Salt Lake. At this time all the bishops were given tickets to attend the sessions. Dad left Carol with her grandmother while he left for a short time to do chores. Carol tried to talk to her grandmother but she didn't respond in any way. She quickly found dad and told him something was wrong. Mother had, had another massive stroke. We were contacted and immediately returned just a few hours before mother died. She couldn't walk or talk for seven years but taught us all how to cope with adversity.

The Indian replacement program was being stressed when Wendell was bishop. It wasn't easy to find families who were willing to take an Indian student into their home. As head of the ward, Wendell thought we should set the example. Our children accepted our decision and offered to help. We signed the necessary papers and in the fall of 1965 picked up Sammy Bigfoot on the bus from Lame Deer, Montana. He was a shy sixteen year old Cheyenne. We later learned that the missionaries had just baptized him before coming. He had consented so that he would be eligible for this program. Consequently, he knew very little about the gospel.

This was a learning and adjusting experience for all of us as well as for Sammy. He had to learn our way of life as well as the teachings of the gospel. His traditional Indian culture was challenging and irritating for me. However, Tom, who was his same age, took him under his wing and helped him both at home and school. He learned the gospel mainly by our example and going with us to our meetings. He was a good boy and I like to think that when he lived with us he gained a desire to achieve in life. He participated in school sports. In the fall when the students were released for two weeks to work in the potato harvest, he worked with Tom and was taught to pay tithing from his earnings.

Sammy returned the next year, but in the 1967-68 school year we made the decision not to sponsor him again as it was Tom's senior year and we knew our family wouldn't all be together much longer. I wondered if we had made the right decision. Sammy was disappointed, but he went to live with a family in Washington. There he graduated from High School and then went to BYU enlisting in their Indian Program. He met Dolores Subia in college, an Indian girl convert from Oklahoma. They were married the 9th of May, 1970 in Provo. We attended their marriage and later they were sealed in the Provo Temple. After that we only heard from them rarely, but he finished college in Billings, Montana, was active in the church, driving to Lame Deer each Sunday to work with his own people. They had three children. Indian culture was Sammy's downfall. We got a call one day from his wife. Discouraged about something, he took a drink, ran a stop sign and was killed. We saw his wife and children a couple of times. She was working to get a master's degree in physiology. Maybe Sammy was needed to teach his people on the other side. I feel like the time he was with us was when he learned much about the gospel and what he wanted to accomplish in life.

SPECIAL CHURCH CALLINGS

Upon Wendell's release from being bishop he told me it was my turn to hold a presiding position. I just laughed at him, but Bishop Gale Clement called me to be the Relief Society President. This was a challenge as I hadn't done executive work for a number of years. With the help of good counselors, a lot of time, preparation and prayer, this proved to be a gratifying calling. I learned much and was grateful for the knowledge and experience I had gained when I was secretary of this organization.

In June of 1970, my husband and I were asked to meet with President Henry D. Pieper. I was nervous. I felt I knew what he wanted as the former Stake Relief Society President had resigned. I had learned to love my ward position and didn't want to be released. I told my husband of my feelings as we were driving to the Stake office and hoped my feelings were wrong. President Pieper told me that I had been chosen to be the new Relief Society President. I felt a great burden was on my shoulders, but accepted with humility. I then went home and cried for a week.

During the summer I felt overwhelmed as I learned of the many facets I would be responsible for in this calling. It was a difficult task to select counselors but after prayer and fasting, two names kept coming to me. I was not well acquainted with either one personally, but Verba Hancock and Ellen Whatcott proved to be just the ones I enjoyed working with and shouldered much of the responsibility.

On August 16, 1970, we were sustained and shortly thereafter was set apart. President Pieper promised me if I would be humble and seek the help of the Lord I would be given the ability and health necessary to do this work. He counseled me to just be myself. At this time our Stake consisted of fourteen wards. We went north forty miles to Dubois and northwest to Terreton and Montevieu. We visited the wards monthly even in the winter without accident or mishap. Many lasting friendships were made with the sisters and the experiences we had far outweighed the time involved, work and effort.

One of the joys was the opportunity of going to the General Relief Society conference in Salt Lake with all the board members for four consecutive years. We chartered a bus along with other stake boards in the vicinity and stayed in the Hotel Utah in dormitory type rooms as one big family which helped us grow closer. The meetings and homemaking displays gave us many ideas to take back to the wards. I also had the privilege to meet Sister Belle S. Spafford the General Relief Society President and other board members at the reception they hosted.

Many changes occurred in the stake as well as in the Relief Society programs during the time we served. The old Rigby tabernacle was torn down and a new stake building constructed. It was our responsibility to move all the Relief Society supplies and accumulated storage out of the old building. We stored it in the Garment Center. When we moved into the new building we again moved our supplies back and with the help of the Fifth ward presidency had the opportunity to decorate our new R. S. room.

I had the responsibility to manage and oversee the Garment Distribution Center part of the time. Old Relief Society programs that were discontinued had to be taught to the wards. Paid nurseries were done away with. All financial support was to be handled by the ward. We no longer had to prepare for bazaars to raise money. The Relief Society magazine was discontinued and the young adult and special interest groups were organized. Sunday meetings were held for those who could not attend during the week.

Although I did not feel capable to fill this calling, I know that I was inspired continually. Together we accomplished the work and for me I learned to love all the sisters on the board and in the wards. The responsibility became a labor of love. It was in March of 1973 that the stake was divided and President Pieper was released. Max Groom was sustained as the new Stake President and he asked me to stay on for awhile. Now there were seven wards. Half of our boards members were in the new Roberts Stake. It was our stake's responsibility to conduct the Regional Relief Society meeting held in Rexburg in August of 1974. This was the crowning event of my tenure. Afterward I received a telephone call from the brethren in Salt Lake thanking us for the excellent program and arrangements. We were released August 18, 1974.

I was sustained as the Spiritual Living teacher in the ward September 15, 1974. I know that the callings we are given to serve in the church are for our advancement and good as well as for those we serve. It develops our character and we gain experience and knowledge. The blessings we gain far outweigh the time we give. It has taken me many years to realize that all the church programs are for our advancement and good. By disciplining ourselves to keep the commandments we form habits of celestial value.

I don't know if it is a talent or not, but I have enjoyed piecing and quilting quilts. From the time we moved to Lewisville until the ward bazaars were discontinued, I made a big quilt or helped with one each year and always donated a baby quilt. It was rewarding to me to see my efforts rewarded by receiving some of the highest bids for the articles I embroidered or quilted. In 1976 when we celebrated the 200th anniversary of the founding of our country, I made a red, white and blue quilt for the bazaar that year. I think this quilt sold for around four hundred dollars and was bought by Dorothy Walker.

OUR CHILDREN



Figure 10 ~~Carol~~, Annette, Jean, Maurine, Carol, Wendell, Pam, Tom
Ellen

During the time our children were home our lives revolved around them, their schooling, friends and achievements. It would therefore be hard to write a history without telling about their lives. It has been a learning experience for me to help them grow and develop physically, spiritually and mentally. Each child is different and special. I have had much joy and happiness in raising our family.

Pamela graduated from the Rigby High School and the seminary program in the class of 1967. In her senior year she participated in the Miss Jefferson County pageant. She gave a reading for her talent and was chosen as one of the five finalists. She was a member of the Troyette Marching club and involved in other school activities. Upon graduation she enrolled at Ricks College and in the spring of 1968 received a one year secretarial diploma. During High School she dated Richard L. Jones and had her first date with him around the time my mother died. She worked as a secretary for two years and waited for Richard to fill a mission. When he arrived back from England where

he served, after a short courtship, they were married in the Idaho Falls Temple on May 10, 1969. Pam did most of the sewing on her wedding gown and I made red taffeta dresses for each of her sisters who stood in the line. A lovely reception was held the same evening in the First and Fourth Ward cultural hall as our Lewisville building was being remodeled.

Tom graduated from the Rigby High School in May of 1968. He was a good student and especially in mathematics. He graduated also from the seminary program and was always faithful in his priesthood duties earning his Duty to God award. He attended BYU in Provo for one year and then was called to serve a mission in Northern Germany. He filled an honorable mission and after returning again enrolled at BYU. He left on his mission in June of 1969 and returned in June of 1971. He received his endowments in the Idaho Falls Temple the same day Pam got married. He met Shellie Christofferson in the fall from Vallejo, California. She graduated in the spring and they were married in the Oakland Temple, April 7, 1972. We enjoyed a trip to California for the first time to attend their wedding and reception held the same evening. Our four younger daughters went with us. Shellie's dad drove into San Francisco to give us a tour of the city. Wendell tried to follow him in our car. We saw the ocean, China town, the fish markets and drove back over the Golden Gate bridge at five o'clock when everyone was going home from work. This was an experience we long remembered. The reception in California was really nice. They served a delicious meal. About a week later an open house was held for them in Lewisville. Shellie worked and helped put Tom through school. He graduated from BYU with a degree in horticulture April 19, 1974.

When Tom was taking driving lessons, he coaxed his dad to take the station wagon down to the service station to get some inner tubes pumped up. We had a swimming outing planned. On the way home, he decided to go around the block, stargazed at some heavy equipment and chopped off a telegraph pole. The car was bent. We didn't go swimming. Telegraph service was disrupted to Fresh Pack for a couple of days. They were nice about it and called to see if Tom was hurt. Outside of a few mishaps, Tom was a joy to raise.

Jean was a happy, special child who always tried to help others and was aware of their feelings. She was an outstanding student. Her special high school honor was being chosen to represent the school as a delegate to Girl's State at Nampa in her junior year. She was also on the Troyette marching team. She was chosen to be one of the speakers at the Baccalaureate service and graduated from the Rigby High School as an honor student on the 26th of May, 1971. Upon graduation she enrolled at Ricks College. Her special interest was homemaking and decorating which she has always been good at, being an excellent cook. While at college, through a roommate she met Kelly Dick from Idaho Falls. After a few dates, I asked Jean if she was getting serious. She just laughed and assured me they were just good friends. Shortly thereafter, she came home from a date with an engagement ring. Their short courtship ended in marriage November 1, 1972 in the Ogden Temple as the Idaho Falls Temple was closed for remodeling. Again I did a lot of sewing for this marriage and the reception that followed a few days later. Jean worked while in school clerking at a grocery store. Kelly, who had not had any college, decided he wanted a degree. He and Jean, working and sacrificing together, accomplished his goal by receiving his doctorate degree ten years later.

Annette has been an especially active child all her life. It was as though she thought she wouldn't have time to accomplish all the things she wanted to do. Consequently, we have had to be on our

toes to keep up with her. She always wanted to be first in whatever she did. In the ninth grade, the band teacher wanted her to play the flute. He told her she could work her way through college playing it. She rebelled. She wanted to play the drums. We gave in and traded the flute in that Jean had played on a set of drums. Before the year was up, she was invited to play for the Troyettes in a contest drilling in Butte, Montana. She played in the High School pep band, at ball games and for the Troyettes all three high school years. She also played a drum solo for a number in the Miss Rigby High School pageant and was chosen "Miss Congeniality", November 27, 1971. She was voted activity leader her senior year and graduated with honors, May 25, 1973. Playing the drums proved to be an excellent outlet for Annette's energy and proved also to be a good source of income for her college years.

During her summer vacation after her junior year, she had the opportunity of traveling with a bus load of students and adults back to New York. They attended the Hill Cumorah pageant and visited other historical and church history places. In the fall of 1973 she enrolled at Ricks College for a year and then transferred to ISU the next year. Sports of any kind was her main interest. She played on the girl's basketball team while at ISU. She loved to ski. In August of 1976 she enrolled at BYU to complete her senior year, graduating with a bachelor's degree in physical education, December of 1977.

Annette surprised us by saying she would like to go on a mission. We were thrilled and gladly took over the payments on her car. We knew we would be blessed by supporting her. She was called to the Tallahassee, Florida mission, entering the MTC in Provo in May, 1979. She was honorably released a year and a half later. Upon her return she returned to school to do student teaching and eventually was hired to teach physical education in the Marsh Valley School District. Annette has been blessed with many talents.

Ellen was our happy child, slow and relaxed, just the opposite of Annette's personality. Her school days progressed with few problems. She developed from a chubby child and teenager into a nice looking young lady. She was content in the elementary grades to just learn, but in High School she wanted to become involved in many activities. As a result in her senior year, she didn't have time to rest. She was president of her Laurel class in the new Young Women's program in church. In school she held offices in the Honor Society, Girl's Glee Club and a Secretarial Club. She went to Ricks College to compete in a shorthand contest. She also graduated with honors in May of 1975.

After graduation she had the opportunity of going to Hawaii for ten days with her singing group from high school to compete in a national competition and they won recognition. This was a thrill for her. Also she competed in the Miss Rigby High School pageant playing a piano solo for her number. She entered not so much to win as for the experience. She earned a one year secretarial certificate from Ricks College, April 23, 1976. In High School Ellen dated Mark Fillmore, a boy who had moved to Rigby from Heber, Utah. He filled a mission in Birmingham, England. After college Ellen was hired by an attorney in Idaho Falls. Mark arrived home, June 11, 1977, and Ellen met him at the airport. They became engaged July 16th, which was not a surprise to us. They planned an October wedding. This was a hectic time for me as Pam was staying with us awaiting the arrival of her fourth baby Her doctor lived in Rexburg. They had moved to Rocks Springs. Aaron decided to come into the world on September 26th. With a lot of prior planning and sewing,

I was ready for the wedding. Mark and Ellen were married in the Idaho Falls Temple on October 21, 1977 and a lovely reception was held that evening.

Carol, our youngest, was the easiest child I had to raise. She was an exceptionally good child and if I had somewhere to go, I would take her to the store where she would entertain herself under Wendell's watchful eye. In the first grade she was chosen to be in an experimental class for a new reading program. At Christmas time she was reading and spelling words that amazed me. In church she was chosen to be the first president of the Beehive class under the new women's program. She was chosen in her high school sophomore year to be a member of the Troyette Marching team. During this and the next two years, the team earned many awards. We went with her to a number of competitions and balls games. In the Miss Rigby High School pageant she was a contestant, November 19, 1977, playing a piano number for her talent. A trip to Mexico for ten days the last of December and the first of January her senior year with the Spanish class was a thrill for her. In May of 1978, at seminary graduation, she was one of the speakers and graduated from High School, 24th of May with high honors. She enrolled at Ricks College in the fall and completed her two years there on scholarships. She also worked part time and was on the AWS Council. At women's week we enjoyed a talk by Barbara Smith, General Relief Society President and luncheon. After graduation Carol had the privilege of going to New York and participating in the Hill Cumorah Pageant in July. Carol was given a full scholarship at BYU enrolling there in the fall.

In September of 1981 she met Kevin Jennings from Phoenix, Arizona, who was working in Provo. I tried to tell her not to rush into anything, but before I knew it, they were engaged and planned a December wedding. Again I went to work making her wedding dress and all the bride's maid dresses plus dresses for the granddaughters. The wedding was performed in the Idaho Falls Temple, December 19, 1981, with all the married kids present and Annette, except Richard. A lovely reception was held in our ward building that evening and another one in Phoenix on the 30th. As I was preparing for the Lewisville reception, I slipped on the ice turning my ankle. Consequently I was miserable for both receptions. When we were returning from Arizona, we ran into a lot of ice and snow after leaving St. George and had to stay all night at Cedar City. We followed a snow plow the next morning into Lehi and finally made it to Orem and then home. I made Kevin promise that he would have Carol graduate. Shortly after their marriage, Kevin went to Phoenix to work. Carol followed a month later. She did graduate, however, taking her last examination the night before Lara-Jill, her first child, was born.

Raising our family has been my joy and pride. It took all of my time when they were home. We tried to give them every advantage. All of them learned to play the piano and graduated from the church's seminary program. This helped give them a good knowledge and testimony of the gospel. As each one left home and established their own homes, we have had the opportunity to make many trips to Utah, Wyoming, California, Arizona, Kansas and Oregon. As a family we have had many reunions in Lewisville both for vacations and holidays. I have tried to help all my daughters at the birth of our grandchildren and at other times of sickness or needs. It has been with humble pride in our hearts as we have had the opportunity to witness grandchildren's blessings, baptisms, advancement and ordinations in the priesthood, go on missions, graduate from high school, sealing of marriages, etc.

As I read my journals, I was constantly cooking big dinners and sewing for school clothes, grandchildren for Christmas and birthday presents. Each of my children received at least three quilts when they were married and one quilt for grandchildren when they graduated from High School. I must mention a family tradition. When we would get together, we loved to play games, but especially rummy which was the grandchildren's favorite. A spirit of competition seemed to prevail. If they could beat grandma they were extremely happy. Anyway, we always have had a lot of fun together, but I hope they will remember their grandmother for something more worthwhile. I love each one for who they are individually.

OTHER EXPERIENCES AND CALLINGS

My dad died, May 5, 1976. On March 5th we were in St. George and attended a Temple session with him at that time. He and his wife, Geneive, went to Payson to attend a family get-to-gather with his brothers and sisters although Dad was feeling poorly then. He ended up in the Payson Hospital with pneumonia and was transferred to the intensive unit in Salt Lake. I went down and stayed all night but left to come home when Doyle arrived. The tributes given at his funeral gave me a deeper pride in my heritage. I could always go to him for counsel and advice. As mother had died ten years earlier, I felt a special comfort to have him around.

When the Teton dam broke June 5, 1976, it made me realize just how fast a catastrophe can occur. We were blessed by not being flooded, but were warned to prepare for the worst. The kids were asked to get food from the store for us to be prepared if we had to move to higher ground. It amused us later when we found out they had packed only cookies, candy and pop. Friends helped us move all our grain storage upstairs. As we listened to the instructions being given on the radio, we locked the store and then went to Idaho Falls for awhile, but later returned after the waters went around us. We helped the victims in many ways, by preparing food, making quilts and cleaning. I washed one lady's material storage. I put my wringer washer outside on the lawn. To get the mud out took several washings. This experience gave us pause to count our blessings and to realize just how fast things can change. We are depended upon the Lord for all that we have and all that we are.

We feel blessed to have lived long enough to have witnessed marvelous changes in the church. The revelation on the priesthood on June 9, 1978, giving priesthood blessings to all worthy males regardless of color or race, thrilled me and helped me to realize we are living in the last days.

With all our children gone from home, we decided to make some badly needed improvements on our home. My oven unit in the stove went out in December of 1977. For Christmas we bought a new stove and refrigerator, gold colored and the stove had a solid top. In July of 1978 we bought a new sofa and drapes for the living room. On the outside we had our patio roofed and cement blocks laid half way up. In May of 1979 we had the old cement driveway and garage floor torn up, hauled away and new cement was poured. I started to house clean in the fall. I used fourteen gallons of paint upstairs and down. New carpet was laid upstairs and linoleum in the kitchen, utility and bath rooms. The big project, however, was the new cupboards we had built at a cost of \$2300. When we built our home we could not afford the best. I have always liked things in order and clean. I was gratified at the completion of this project.

I have always kept busy in one church calling or another. I had been teaching a ward genealogy class and was also working at the Ricks College Genealogical library as a helper plus assignments in the Relief Society. I was overwhelmed when we were asked to meet with President Groberg of the Idaho Falls Temple. He said we had been called to work in the Temple as officiators. We were set apart, April 17, 1979 and started learning all we had to do. At that time we worked on Tuesdays from five A.M. in the morning until three-thirty in the afternoon. We also went back on Wednesday evening from five P.M. until ten P.M. or after. Temple work has always been enjoyable and important to us. We have also tried to go at least once a week for an endowment session. I have never worked so hard or got so tired in any other church calling, but have felt great joy and peace while serving there. A special bond of love has been felt for the brethren and sisters I have served with. We are still Temple officiators and have been except for the two years we were gone on our mission.

On November 23, 1979, we had a very spiritual experience. We were in Provo and had to return home for the funeral of W. S. Erickson. Wendell, Carol and I had our morning prayers asking for the Lord's protection on our way home. We left around 6:30 A.M. so we would have plenty of time. A light snow had fallen. We didn't think the roads were icy. Wendell was driving about forty-five miles an hour. Suddenly about three miles from the point of the mountain, the car went into a spin, crossed the distance between the two freeways, cut the fence wires and went down a twenty foot or more embankment. We landed upright on a secondary road. Carol and I never moved in our seats. We had no seat belts on. Wendell drove back onto the freeway and we drove home. This was a miracle. I know Heavenly Father heard our prayers that morning. The dent in the head light cover of the car, the deep wire scratches on the windshield and across the top of the car was a constant reminder for me to count my blessings. Wendell arrived home in time to do his part on the funeral program but drove slow the rest of the way home.

Several changes in the church programs affected our lives. In March of 1980, all the church meetings were held on a three hour block plan on Sundays. This was a change we liked. It gave us more time to be with family and more week day time. Prior to this we would go to Sunday School in the morning, Sacrament meeting in the evening on Sunday and the other auxiliary meetings were held during the week. We were also changed from the Rigby Stake to the new Menan Stake which was organized on March 29, 1980, with Garth Hall as President.

I had a spiritual experience at the Temple this year. I did the initiatory work for a sister going through for her own endowments. She noticed my name tag. Later she told another officiator she would like to talk to me. She asked if I was Annette's mother. When I said yes, she was quite emotional. She was taught the gospel by Annette in the mission field and joined the church. This was no coincident. I am sure the Lord wanted me to be where I was assigned at that time.

Another time I felt I was prompted by the spirit. Wendell and I decided we would invest \$5,000 with a professor who Kelly knew at BYU. We were promised high returns on our money. We drove quite a ways to his house. He explained the returns to us. We got the papers to sign and came home feeling good about the deal and was to send the money back. That night I had a bad dream. Wendell was in trouble and I couldn't find him. I was traveling on the same road we had been on the day before. I woke up and aroused Wendell. The next day we took the papers to our lawyer. She

advised us against it. We could have lost not only our original investment but they could have come back on us for more money. It was a high risk gamble. I know the dream was a warning to me.

Raising a family is quite an experience. You are happy when your children are happy and heart strings are broken when they are suffering. One day Tom called and couldn't talk for crying. He was changing Christopher, just a baby. He had fallen off the table, breaking a leg in two places. He healed but memories remain. I know just how he felt.

TOLMAN MERC---STORE YEARS

From the time we moved to Lewisville and went into business, we tried to make our store neat, clean and a place where people would like to come to shop. We all worked together as a family. As the children got old enough, they worked earning money for their personal needs. This was a blessing for them and also taught them how to work. I took over the bookkeeping and banking from day one. Over the years this responsibility became quite burdensome as taxes, workmen's compensation, increased deductions in social security, food stamps, sales taxes and other government regulations were imposed on small businesses. In spite of this, through careful budgeting and wise buying of stock, we were always able to pay our bills and make a living for our family. As our family started to leave home, I worked more hours at the store, filling out orders, stocking shelves, clerking and wrapping meat.

The Lewisville one hundred year centennial was celebrated in 1982. A book was written and published on the history of the village by Joyce Lindstrom. Wendell's accomplishments were included in the book. A parade was held in July. Our float, I thought, well represented our business. It was a trailer decorated with orange and white streamers, grass on the bottom, bales of hay and a large cardboard cow in the middle. Wendell stood by a butcher block, knife in hand and had an apron on with the lettering thereon reading "World's Best Butcher". On the side of the trailer it read "Farm to Freezer". Two little girls threw candy to the audience from a barrel. We enjoyed a talent show and roast beef dinner later on. Patrick and Ty were with us three weeks that summer.

Over the years we built up a good business, especially in butchering and meat wrapping. Wendell's reputation for meat cutting was known throughout the area. We hated to think of retiring, but for all things there is a season. The business had provided us with the groceries we needed, money to raise and educate our family. It had filled our purposes. It was time for a change.

Richard and Pam wanted to move back to Idaho where Richard could be closer to his parents so he could help them out. After talking it over with our family, Wendell offered to train Richard in meat cutting and then sell them the business. They arrived in Lewisville in September. We had papers drawn up by our attorney for them to take over on July 1, 1983, and we filed for social security. I was concerned about how everything would work out, but we received much more than I thought we would.

Change is always frustrating. Richard had a hard time learning to cut meat as he was left handed and Wendell could not train him as he had to do it, but Richard taught himself and was successful. About a year after we returned from our mission, he told Wendell he did not want the business. He

had had an operation on his wrist making it hard for him to cut meat. The store had served their purposes for the time being. While we were gone, they built and furnished a new home. We felt bad, but could see that the store income was uncertain. Times were changing. The stock was low. We closed the business and resold it again, but didn't realize any profit as they sold out all the remaining stock and all of our meat equipment before turning it back to us. We finally sold the building for \$10,000. It took over half of that amount to pay the back taxes and to do a few minor repairs.

This was the final chapter of our business life. We always paid our tithing and the Lord blessed us. As I look back on my life, I know that I can trust the Lord and his promised blessings by trying to keep his commandments.

CALGARY. CANADA MISSION

The Stake President asked us, when we got our recommends for the Temple signed, if we were ready to go on a mission. When we turned the store over to Richard and Pam, we began to process our papers. Our mission call came on January 28, 1984, to serve in the Calgary, Canada Mission. We were to be in the Mission Home March 21st. Wendell was assigned to be the Director of the Visitor's Center located in front of the Alberta Temple in Cardston. I was a little disappointed. I didn't want to go to a colder climate and I wanted to preach the gospel. I found out the Lord knew best. This mission proved to be a very enlightening experience.

On March the 18th we had our Sacrament meeting testimonial. All our family was home and the children and grandchildren put on the program. I couldn't keep the tears back, especially when the grandchildren sang, "Grandpa and Grandma are Going on a Mission". A large crowd attended. We received \$930 dollars contributions toward our mission. About one hundred family members, relatives and friends met at our home afterwards for dinner.

We checked into the Missionary Training Center in Provo on the 21st of March. I passed the ten page script we were given to memorize. Our orientation also included a trip to the Salt Lake Visitor's Center. I enjoyed all the training and meetings at the MTC but would have been happier had I not caught the flu bug that was going the rounds there. However, I was given a blessing and was able to leave for our field of labor on the 4th of April. The couple we were replacing wanted to leave early so we did not spend our full time in Provo.

We rented a house from Sister Hattie Jensen for \$175 per month. We were again blessed. This was her home completely furnished. She was in a rest type home where all the meals were prepared but wanted to keep her house for her children. We were to keep it up and do the yard work. It was less than a block from the Visitor's Center, so we saved much on gas. We were given a three hour orientation by the couple we were replacing and then we were on our own. We went to Calgary to meet with President and Sister Melvin C. Green who took us out to dinner. Their instructions to us were to just run the Center the way we wanted. Elder and Sister Roy Marsaw, another missionary couple from Ottawa, Ontario, arrived in May to help us during the summer.

The Visitor's Center consisted of two buildings located on each side of the walkway leading to the Temple located outside of big steel gates. The buildings were quite run down. We did a lot of

cleaning, bought new drapes and furniture with the consent of the Mission President. On one side films were shown to visitors and in the other building were large pictures displays we used as we explained about the Temple and some of our beliefs using the script we had memorized. My special responsibilities was to write letters, order pamphlets, Book of Mormons and to fill out the reports. The first thing I did was to organize the office, go through and straighten out the files and get a little order to everything.

The center was an attraction for many interesting people in the summertime of every race, religion and from all over the world. It was an educational experience for me to converse with them and try to explain the doctrines of our religion. I remember particularly a couple from Japan, a boy from Poland, one from Russia, a Muslim family from India, people on a tour bus from Germany, a group of Chinese students and a Jewish couple from Israel, plus many others from all parts of Canada and the United States. Many filled out referral cards to have the missionaries. Because we were in the Visitor Center it was an easy way to teach the gospel as the people came to us, but I felt bad that we couldn't follow through with those who seemed interested and teach them the gospel. I am sure, however, that we laid a good foundation for the missionaries who might contact them later. It would have been nice for me to know what happened to the beautiful dark haired girl from Calgary who spoke five languages, the director of fine arts in Baniff who was desperate to find out the purpose of life and who took one of all our pamphlets, scriptures and bought other church books, a doctor and his wife from Sherborn, Mass., who all signed cards to have the missionaries call on them.

On our preparation day we enjoyed seeing some of Canada and visited friends. We went to the Calgary stampede with senior citizens on a bus, drove to Baniff and Lake Louise, took our kids who came to see us to Waterton Park. Annette, Mark, Ellen and family and Kelly, Jean and family, visited the Hutterite colony and toured the Don Remington carriage collection in Cardston.

We made many choice friends, talked in almost all the wards and other places. We had our landlady and her sister to dinner many times, fed the missionaries and was invited into many homes. We kept busy. When it was slow at the center, we read. I read all the scriptures through at least twice and many more books from Sister Jensen's library. We also had permission to attend the Temple when we were not working.

As I bore witness of Jesus Christ and the Prophet Joseph Smith and explained other church principles, my testimony increased, my appreciation of my heritage and of having been born into a Latter-day Saint family deepened and I gained a greater empathy for all of our Heavenly Father's children.

When we returned home, we went to see President Hall to get our formal release. He just turned to Wendell and asked if he was ready for another calling. He said they had waited until our return and that he had been called to be the Patriarch in the Menan Idaho Stake. I was surprised, but Wendell had been warned by the spirit. Again I was given the responsibility of helping by doing the typing.

We reported our mission October 13, 1985, in the Grant ward chapel as our old Lewisville ward building was torn down when we were in Canada. A new one was being constructed. Wendell was sustained in Stake conference October 20, 1985. I had planned on making a den out of the little bedroom upstairs while in the mission field by putting a bookcase in front of the closet. I must have been inspired as this made a lovely room for Wendell to use for his blessings. At the same time I had a china closet built and bought a nice set of china. I felt extravagant, but this was something I had always wanted.

I had planned on going on another mission after we had been home for awhile. Several times I mentioned this to the Stake President, but he just reminded me that we were on a mission. I guess I am doing what the Lord wants me to do.

CHURCH SERVICE DURING RETIREMENT YEARS

After our mission a good deal of my time has been spent in church service. After my husband's patriarchal calling, it was my responsibility to have our home presentable at all times and available to those desiring blessings. I also tried to type the blessings perfectly, but didn't all the time. I have typed well over five hundred to date. Because of Wendell's calling, we were invited to meet with the visiting brethren who came to our Stake Conferences prior to the Saturday evening meeting. On March 22, 1986, I was honored by Elder Marvin J. Ashton who asked if I would sit by him at the luncheon prior to the meeting. At this conference the Stake was reorganized with Lyle Taylor being sustained as the new Stake President.

The last of July we attended meetings in our new church building. It was dedicated on November 2, 1986. We were again called to be Temple officiators on March 14, 1986, by Temple President Rheam Jones, having taken two years off for our mission. It was a privilege to take the part of Eve on cast for many years before our Temple was remodeled and the film installed in the summer of 1992. Temple work has been a blessing to us in our retirement years. While on trips and for other occasions we have taken the opportunity to visit all the Temples in the west. My association with those I have served with over the years has been a choice experience. We have mingled together in our Temple assignments, socials, devotionals and for personal events in many of their lives. It is hard for me to write a history without mentioning Wendell's special callings. It was a thrill for me to be asked to go with him to Salt Lake on April 7, 1989, to meet with President Howard W. Hunter. He was called to be a sealer in the Idaho Falls Temple and was at that time set apart by President Hunter. It was a humbling experience for me to converse with him and to be in his presence. I have had the opportunity to witness many special sealings Wendell has performed for our own grandchildren, relatives and many others.

I was called to be the Relief Society historian, a position I held until I completed the history and brought it up to date. This involved many hours in the Historical Department in Salt Lake going over ward records filed there. When I was the Stake Relief Society President, the former President brought me a box full of papers and said the Stake history was in the material contained therein. She stated she did not have the time to keep it up. When I was released I presented the new president with a history book up to date. This was accomplished with the help of my two good counselors. I do not like to leave projects unfinished for the church or personal things.

At the beginning of 1993 I was asked to teach the Gospel Doctrine class in Sunday School. Although I liked to teach, this frightened me, but proved to be a blessing. I had to study. Lessons were on the Doctrine and Covenants. I learned much about church history. I felt rewarded when many class members complimented me on my lessons. Due to my broken bones sustained in February of 1994, I asked to be released.

I have always tried to support my husband in his callings and to be a righteous example to others. It made me feel very humble at one time when we were being interviewed by the Stake President for a new Temple recommend when he remarked that we were an ideal couple. I know I am far from perfect, but the gospel teachings have been a guide for me to try and live by.

SPECIAL TRIPS

I have never been on a tour or gone to a foreign country except Canada and just over the border into Mexico. However, we did come close to going to Israel with Wendell's niece and her husband who were to be the tour guides. We paid our down payment, got our passports and conditioned ourselves for the adventure. The trip was cancelled when the guides were invited to be instructors at the BYU Center in Jerusalem the summer of 1988. After that I had no desire to go.

It would be impractical to write about all the trips we have taken to see our children and grandchildren on different occasions but they are all recorded in my journals. A big part of our lives have been seeing our children and grandchildren accomplish the things they desire. It has been a choice opportunity to go see them in their new homes, in different states, as they have changed employment. I have tried to help out at the birth of each new grandchild, tend their families when parents went to conventions or other places, and give help and comfort in times of sickness. I have enjoyed seeing many different parts of our country. I will mention just a few of our special trips.

After our mission we took four weeks the first of the year to visit the Fillmores in West Jordan, the Dicks in Orem and then to Yuma to see Tom and family. They had moved from Brawley, California and Tom was employed to be a manager of a new seed company. We also drove to Salton Sea in California to visit some friends we had made in the mission field. We drove to Mesa to see the Jennings who had bought a new home there. Arizona in January is delightful. The citric fruit is at their best and the dates are delicious. I particularly enjoyed walking around the citric orchards. In October we went to Derby, Kansas. Mark, Ellen's husband, had accepted a job at Boeing Aircraft Factory in Wichita in April. On another trip to Kansas in April of 1988, we stopped in Orem to see Kelly, Jean's husband, receive his doctorate degree from BYU. We then drove to Derby to be with Ellen and help her as Jared was born April 20th. As we drove home we went by way of Vernal, Utah and gained an education about dinosaurs.

In September of 1988 we again wanted to go back to Canada. We left on the 19th. It was interesting to see the head of the Missouri River in Great Falls, Montana, and to again see all of our friends in Cardston. We went from there to Baniff, saw beautiful Lake Louise, Jasper Park, with snow still on the lower elevations and then drove through British Columbia, with its majestic green mountains and clear blue waters. We toured the city of Vancouver in a bus and then took the ferry to Victoria. We lost our way when we tried to find the ferry dock but were fortunate enough to get

there just in time. We were the last car to drive onto the ferry. As we again took a tour bus in Victoria and saw the ocean and other sites, I marveled at the beauty in this world, and especially when we enjoyed walking through the Butchart Gardens with its gorgeous flowers and shrubs. After leaving Victoria, we again took the ferry for a four hour ride into Seattle. The relaxing ferry ride was something I remember with fondness. At Seattle, Wendell's nephew, Ed Reese, met us at the boat landing. He jumped in the driver's seat and took us to their home. We ate fresh salmon saw the boat docks, the city and went through the Seattle Temple.

On another trip to Kansas in October of 1989, we took the opportunity to see some of our Church's historical places. When I taught the Doctrine and Covenants in Sunday School, it meant more to me as I remembered Independence, Missouri, Keo-kuk, Iowa, Liberty jail, Far West, Adam-ondi-ahman, Cartage jail and to climax it of, Nauvoo, Illinois. We stayed two nights in a nice Bed and Breakfast house overlooking the Mississippi River. As we toured the different buildings and saw the industry of the pioneers, my heart was softened when I saw what they gave up to remain faithful to the gospel. I learned that two of my great grandfathers had owned property there. I could almost relive with them their preparations and sacrifices as they gave everything up to come west. I appreciated more my heritage and the blessings they made possible for me.

The Fillmores moved from Kansas to Oregon in December of 1989. Mark accepted a job in Medford. Many times we have traveled there taking different routes. We have driven through the California redwoods, saw the ocean beaches, visited the Portland Temple and saw the Cascade mountains in winter and in the summertime. We also traveled through Wyoming many times when the Jones lived in Rock Springs and Cheyenne before our retirement years. Last year, as we traveled the main freeways through Montana, we marveled at the beautiful greenery everywhere. I do not envy others who travel abroad, but feel blessed to have seen the beauty of this country and God's creations together with my husband.

FAMILY REUNIONS

For many years Wendell's father's families have held annual reunions when all got together for at least a couple of days. It started out when all our children were younger and the cousins had a ball. Many years Wendell and I were in charge of the food for the meals. When our children got married and the grandchildren were older, we felt that it was important to start our own reunions so the cousins could get closer to one another. All our children and grandchildren have lived in different states and only see one another on special occasions.

After taking it over with our children, it was decided we would try and get together every two years with those who could come realizing that things wouldn't always work out for everyone to attend. Kelly and Jean hosted our first one arranging for a large cabin in Hobble Creek Canyon out of Springville, Utah. The cabin had enough bedrooms for everyone, plenty of bathrooms, a convenient kitchen and dining area. All came but the Fillmores. There was a big pool table, a golf course close by and places to fish. Each family was assigned to prepare a meal. The cousins had fun together and wanted to return again the next year. The first one was held the 30th of July, 1986 and we returned for two more days the next year.

Kevin and Carol made arrangements for the next one, May 27, 1989, at the Lewisville park and shelter prior to Patrick's testimonial the next day for his mission. All attended but Tom, Shellie and family. The kids enjoyed water games and other activities and of course, plenty of food. Planning this reunion to coincide with the sacrament meeting for Patrick's testimonial held the next day prior to his departure for his San Antonio Mission, made it possible for more family members to attend.

July 1, 1991, Mark and Ellen planned the reunion. They reserved cabins for us in Camp Applegate located in the Cascade mountains about an hour drive from Eagle Point. It was a beautiful spot by a lake where we all enjoyed boating, fishing, etc. All the family was present except Patrick. He had returned from his mission but was in Alaska working. We took Annette with us on this trip and left about a week before. We took a train ride at Fort Bragg, California, drove through the redwoods and saw other interesting sites along the ocean.

June 23th and 24th of 1993, we gathered as a family in Driggs, Idaho. Annette reserved rooms for us in a motel with a swimming pool. The cousins really took advantage of going swimming. In the evening we drove to Victor, had a delicious Dutch oven chicken dinner and then viewed a melodrama at Pierres Playhouse. This proved to be a fun time together.

Last summer, the 19th through the 21st of June 1995, Tom and Shellie rented for us individual cabins for each family at a beautiful resort by a lake in Big Bear Lake, California, high up in the mountains. There was a big swimming pool, boating, fishing and outdoor facilities for cooking. We took advantage of all these things. We did, however, miss those who could not come. The Jennings, with twins, our last two granddaughters not quite a year old, felt they were still too young for such an adventure. We also missed the Dicks and all of our married grandchildren. We realize as our children have married children of their own, their first priority is for them to get together. This is the way it should be, but as long as we are alive I hope they will remember their grandparents. We love all our posterity and hope they will stay close and support each other in happy times as well as in times of sorrow.

SICKNESS AND HEALTH

All my life I have had good health, born healthy children and been able to work. However, as the body ages, small trials come as a part of life. A doctor's checkup after my mission revealed I had an over active thyroid, probably due to the operation I had after Tom was born. By taking medication for it and high blood pressure, I have been comfortably able to work and do what I wanted to accomplish in life.

On the 15th of February, 1994, as I was going through a Temple session, my rubber soled shoe evidently clung to the heavy carpet and I fell hard on my right arm. With difficulty I finished the session and an officiator helped me dress. Wendell took me to the hospital emergency room and they said my arm was broken. They put it in a sling as the broken bone was too high up to set. A week later, I was home sitting in a big chair. The phone rang. I was napping. Automatically, I tried to jump up before getting my balance. With my broken arm, I fell on my ankles breaking both bones in my right ankle. After surgery I spent most of the summer healing bones. My dear husband was a great nurse, so patient and kind. I couldn't have made it without him.

I never felt so helpless, but as soon as I began to heal, I kept myself busy. I embroidered, quilted a baby quilt and tied a big heavy denim quilt while I was in a wheelchair. These few months gave me time to contemplate my many blessings. It also made me realize and have empathy for others who have more serious problems to deal with. I was grateful for the scriptures and spent many hours reading. I was well enough by July 1st to go with my husband and help out the Jennings at the birth of our last two grandchildren, twins, Natalie Jo and Emilie Jean. Of course, Wendell did most of the work. I am so proud of the choice spirits the Lord has permitted to come into our family. We have twenty four grandchildren, one great granddaughter and more on the way.

January of 1996 looked like a banner year. We had high hopes of celebrating all year our fiftieth year

together. In January I had the flu and on the night of the 20th fainted as I was getting ready for bed. I

vomited blood towards morning. The weather was horrible. All church meetings were cancelled that day. Wendell took me to the Rexburg Hospital. They gave me blood transfusions for bleeding ulcers while trying to get a specialist. Monday they transferred me in a helicopter to the Eastern Idaho Regional Medical Center in Idaho Falls. I was operated on to stop the bleeding. After taking heavy medication for seven days, another stomach scope taken in March revealed that all the bacteria causing the ulcers had been killed. I don't know why these things happen, but I suppose it is to keep me humble and to acknowledge the Lord's hand in all things.

SUMMARY

This is still going to be a banner year. I have so much to look forward to. I wish I could record all the special days Wendell and I have spent with our children and grandchildren, the comfort and peace we have felt while serving in the Temple and the many hours we have spent beautifying our yard and home. All this is recorded in detail in our journals kept since 1976. My whole life has revolved around my husband, family and the church. The Lord has blessed me with all the experiences I have had to develop my character and to have love and compassion for others.

I know that Heavenly Father has not sent us to this earth to live in darkness. We belong to his true church. We have the scriptures and prophets, seers and revelators, who give us guidance continually. By keeping his commandments and serving our fellow men is the only sure path to happiness. This I know, through seventy six years of life's experiences. I love my posterity and want all of us to be together hereafter.



Figure 12 Basement house



Figure 11 Early family picture



Figure 13 Tom Mission Picture



Figure 14 typist Wendell



Figure 15 Tom & Shellie

of Miss Pamela Lehman, Lewisville, to Richard L. Jones of Rigby, son of Bishop and Mrs. Lawrence I. Jones, is being announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wendell L. Tolman. The bride elect is a graduate of Rigby High School and Ricks College. Jones is a graduate of Rigby High School and has attended Ricks College. He recently returned from a LDS mission in England. He is locally employed. The couple are planning a spring wedding in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple.



Figure 16 Pam Engagement



Figure 17 Jean & Kelly Wedding



Figure 18 Pam Graduation