

Mary Dye Brown

Three months after graduation I married Lionel Brown, who had grown up in Cottonwood Heights. (near Salt Lake City) We had first met in 1959, when my oldest brother married his oldest sister. We were married for forty-nine years, and then he passed away in 2013 from complications of diabetes. During those 49 years, we had nine children, (five boys, four girls) 29 grandchildren, and six great-grands! A lot has happened since then. Now I have 23 biological greats, plus two bonus great-grandchildren and a bonus granddaughter. (Brought to the marriage) When you add in the spouses, Christmas and Thanksgiving dinners at my house are crowded, noisy, chaotic, so much fun, and not to be missed! My husband once remarked, "We may not have done everything right, but all of our kids LIKE each other, so we did something right!" I'm very grateful that all nine of my kids live within 45 minutes of my house, so we're able to get together quite often, and re-live memories, eat well, and laugh a lot!

We've lived in Utah for most of the 60 years since 1964. We also lived in Elko, Nevada for two years. After living in Cottonwood Heights for twenty-five years, we moved to Bountiful, and built a new home there. That's where I'll be when someone wants to contact me for the next class reunion.

I was a stay-at-home mom for most of the thirty-seven years I was raising kids, but I've also worked as a waitress, a cook, a seamstress, a store clerk, and a library clerk. For the past ten years, I've been volunteering in the kitchen and manning the front desk at our local senior activity center. I also enjoy line dancing there three days a week. Our friend, Judy Van Wagoner Rice often joins me for the fun. She's the key to the friendship chain that has kept a few of us classmates in touch over the years. Thanks to her and Facebook, I've been able to communicate occasionally with Marie Johnson Miller, Kathleen Otteson Mauger, Paulette Hansen Kelly and Vee Brasher Guymon. Maryla Mortensen Adams was part of our chain, but sadly, that link is gone now.

My husband was a truck driver, and once in a while I was able to go with him. I've been in twenty-five of the fifty states, including Alaska and Hawaii.

(Not in the truck) 😊 I've been on five cruises; three in the Caribbean, (Puerto Rico, Dominican Republic, Haiti, Bahamas, Jamaica, Mexico, The Grand Cayman, Barbados, Honduras, Belize, St Kitts, Antigua, and St. Thomas) I've also traveled to Canada, England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, and France. I hope to visit a few more countries while I'm still mostly able-bodied. I've always been healthy, but a couple of years ago I fell and injured both knees. Now arthritis has set in, so it's difficult to do stairs, but with the help of a cane, I did a lot of them in Europe last summer!

Everyone in my family is also blessed with good health, so I'm one of the lucky ones who's never had to endure the loss of one of my descendants. Some of my siblings have passed, but I still have three brothers and four sisters. We get together every few months to catch up and remember the good times we had growing up in Emery County.

Thanks to our dedicated teachers, we got a good education in our small-town schools. Mrs. Jane McClenahan is the reason I'm somewhat able to keep up in this tech-driven world. If I hadn't learned to type, I couldn't have worked at JC Penny Catalog Center putting in orders. (Even that's obsolete now, but computers are here to stay.) Mrs. Ruth Guymon taught me how to write a legible, cohesive report, and I've received many compliments for my writings. (Letters, histories, poems & contracts) I haven't needed to use the shorthand skills she taught me, but I could still recognize enough words to get the gist of an old paper I ran onto recently. Mr. Var Lynn Peacock helped me to find that science can be interesting! (Geology) He also took me to the foreign language competition at BYU, where I earned the highest-place ribbon (purple) for my Spanish-speaking ability. (Don't ask me to do it now, though.)

I can't believe our grandchildren are not being taught things like cursive... and telling time on a clock that isn't digital! After seeing my kids graduate with more than five hundred other students, I consider myself lucky to have gone to a small school. I look forward to attending my class reunions, while they aren't even interested in theirs. This is my story, and I can't wait to read all of yours!