

Israelsen, Lorin Anderson

Nora Israelsen's Family Stories

**Nora Israelsen
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English: 1st Period

Israelsen, Lorin Andersen. 12 May 1940. Hyrum, Utah.
Personal Interview. Castle Dale, Utah. 18 April 1995.

Grandpa Israelsen was always such a big kidder. He would do anything for a good laugh. He was a short man with brown hair, and blue eyes, and although he liked to play jokes on people he was also a very serious man at times.

Grandma Israelsen loved music, and was usually a very relaxed person. She had very long light brown hair; it was so long that she would twist it up all around her head in many different designs. She was a very religious person, and believed in the Mormon church very much. Those were the only times that grandpa was serious; when it came to religion.

This story is the story of when they first met, told to my father, probably through glances and little glances over the table. Anyway this is the way love found it's way to them.

Dad had just returned from his mission. His brother John, having a Quoid heart, has done some scouting and had a girl picked out to get dad together with. John A & some associates had selected mother and were eagerly trying to get the two together, but dad & mom were quite uncooperative in the matter, and did everything they could to stay out of the situation that everyone wanted them to get into. Mostly just because it was somebody else that wanted them to do it.

They had a stake dance and in the process of the evening formed everyone in 2 big circles, men outside the circle, women inside. It was a "miner dance" and the two circles moved in opposite directions weaving in & out--left hand-right hand as they went around.

When dad & mother came together dad gave her hand a little extra squeeze. Mother thought, "Squeeze my hand will you, wait 'til we meet again." At the next meeting mother returned the hand squeeze.

That initiated the initial spark and by dance & or conversation on the sidelines, they became friends, and afterward started dating. It just had to happen with them not anyone else getting into the matter.

When John A and associates finally managed to introduce them, their response was, "Oh, yes we've already met," which disappointed the "Cupids", not being able to initiate the relationship.

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Lorin was raised on a dairy farm, and was always thinking of fun things he could do. He was average height and had blond hair and sparkling blue eyes. He loved hunting and most of the time he liked working on the farm. Sometimes things went slow. In this story you hear of how things went slow and very quickly changed.

Being raised on a farm, I from time to time had the assignment of herding cows. This particular time to keep them on the green alfalfa. For the most part this is a boring job.

One day my brother Leo and I were herding the cows on the highland farm. It was a hot summer day. We could feel the red hot sun touching our entire bodies. Things were slow and boring and we had difficulty keeping our minds on the job.

In the northwest there appeared a little cloud, dark and billowy. It didn't stay little though, it came in rapidly growing larger as it came---dark and menacing. It was as though it was a huge monster that grew and grew until it took up the sky. Suddenly it struck with rain & hail---balls the size of marbles. We hunkered down to decrease the body area from being belted, having no other shelter in the wide open field. The cows didn't have any more

protection thane we did, so they took off on the run trying to get out of the hail.

The boredom was all over, and we were off running as hard as we could to try to head them and get them back on safe alfalfa, although no alfalfa is safe with cattle running on it that way. As hard as we could run we could not head them and they were soon out in young green field where they shouldn't be. Fortunately dad came with other brothers and helped get them out of the field and on the way home.

I could remember the excitement of the day and when I got home and I told my mother all about my adventures.

I only wish that it hadn't ended. I was a little nervous when it was happening, and was glad to see my dad, but I just couldn't forget that feeling of everything relying on me. Of how important ~~and important~~ I was. I loved the feeling of the wind and hail in my hair and face. Running for only one purpose and knowing what that purpose was for. I will never forget that feeling. It was the first time that I really felt the importance of my job, and it always kept me going no matter how boring the job might have gotten.