AURORA JENSEN

Person #3 on chart #2

Aurora or Ora, as everyone who knows her calls her, is a good woman. She is kind, generous and sympathetic to all she meets. She loves life, and makes it more worth while for those with whom she comes in contact. She is patient enough to have taught her own children, several neighbor's children, and some of the grandchildren, to knit, crochet, and embroidery. To bring joy, comfort, a little happiness, or a bit of sunshine to others is her aim. She is one to whom you can speak in confidence, and not have that confidence betrayed. She is honest, true and God fearing. As I write this, there are yet many of my personal thoughts of mother, too dear, too deep, to find adequate words of expression. My greatest desire, and aim in life is to try to be like her as much as possible, in thought, word and deed. To be the kind of mother to my children that she is to me.

Aurora Jensen drew her first breath of life in Manti, Utah. It was a crisp spring morning, the 20th day of April 1888. She was born of goodly parents, Jens Marius Jensen and Christina Marie Anderson. They were immigrants from Denmark, who left home, family and friends to make a new life, in a new land, for a new religion, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Their first home was a small log cabin similar to those of all the early pioneers. Later Grandfather Jensen built a four room adobe house, with a concrete basement. He worked as a maker of adobe brick for many years in Manti. Two sons, Marius and Corneilius joined their parents in welcoming this tiny baby sister, How joyful they were! How proud!

No common name would do for this tiny, wiggling beauty. So many great names were thought of, but they were all to common, to plain, for this special little girl. Their thoughts turned back to Denmark, to some of the loveliest things they had left behind, the flowering fields, the blue skies, the northern lights--of course--the Aurora Borealis, the most breath-taking of all the lovely things they could remember. So their very special little girl was named Aurora, the loveliest name her parents new.

She kicked, cooed, romped and played until soon another special little girl joined this happy home. Ingaborg Irene, a sister, a life companion for Aurora. Her name too was chosen with great care, for she was named for a famous Danish Queen.

Happy years rolled by for the Jensens. Mother looks back on those years now and these are snatches of scenes photographed in her mind so long ago.

As a toddler, Ora loved to play and paddle in the swift and rather deep ditch that ran by their place. Scoldings to stop her were to no avail. A concerned Mother began to think frantically for a cure of this water fever. So between her and a neighbor, Ora was pushed "accidentally" into the icy water. Of course, she was immediately rescued, wet and screaming. After that the ditch held no great charm for Ora.

Even lovely little girls like Ora sometimes get naughty, and even loving Mothers sometimes have to punish. So mother sent daughter looking for a stick worthy to administer the needed whacks in the proper place. Ora searched long and wide for the thinnest, softest stick available, one to hurt the least if she must go through this ordeal. After awhile she returned with a long slender green willow, and was greatly surprised that such a small, innocent looking willow could sting so much.

But, Ora loved her mother even so, for when she was sick Ora took a dust cloth and began to shine the carved and polished furniture. Soon she was dusting all the wrought iron carvings of her mother's precious sewing machine. When suddenly she heard, "Why Ora, what a lazy girl you are to sit on the floor and dust." This rebuke my mother never forgot.

A mothers loving hands, and that same machine created a pretty dress, for a pretty little Ora. It was black sateen with white roses printed on it. How proud Aurora was to strut down to town in the black sateen. The steps of the Presbyterian Church seemed like the best place to show off such a beautiful creation. She was in seventh heaven until a man passing by told her she had better go home and wait for Sunday. How embarrassing!

In those days eggs were money. Aurora's sweet tooth began to long for candy. So she persuaded her mother to give her an egg or two to go to the general store for the delicious candy. Her mother tied the eggs safely in a bright red handkerchief, and away went a happy little girl for some candy. On her return home, she met a little boy who was

also on his way for candy. He had broken his eggs, and was feeling so badly. Ora linked her arm in his, and together they went to tell the sad experience to gentle Sister Jensen. She kindly wiped away the boys tears, tied some more eggs safely in the red hanky, and two happy children returned to town for more candy.

Christmas! Of course we can all remember our child-hood Christmas'. At the Jensens, gayety prevailed. The tree was brought in and decorated. Aunts, Uncles and cousins began to arrive. On that joyous Christmas Eve, Santa or Kris Kringle passed out presents to everyone from the tree.

Carefree joy was soon to be marred. Aurora's mother grew sick and pale. The doctors in Manti were not enough. She was went to Provo for special treatment, but this too failed. Aurora remembered the telegram they received telling of her mothers death, this was in the year 1894. Aurora was 6, Irene was 4. Sorrow, indeed had befallen this happy home.

Aurora remembers the black walnut coffin her dear mother was laid to rest in. The final services for her were held in the South Ward Meeting House in Manti. Aurora remembers someone holding her up to view her mother for the last time.

But, life must go on, and no one realized this more than dear Brother Jensen. Two boys half grown, two little girls almost babies. He must be father, and mother both now. A good neighbor was kind enough to care for tiny Irene that first sad year, but Ora was big, she was six. While father and brothers were away to work she stayed at home, locked in to keep her safe. The dishes were her responsibility. This was a long and lonely year, endurable only because there was no other solution.

The next year was better for Ora, for Irene was back home to keep her company. After dishes were done they could amuse themselves about the house, for the door was still locked for safety. One day, when they had grown tired of the usual pass-times they decided to make honey candy. They got down the big black skillet, and placed it on the red hot stove. Soon the golden honey was boiling fiercely. "Do you 'spose it is done?" wondered Irene. "Maybe if you stuck your finger in it?" so Ora did. Oh! how it pained. Oh how the honey stuck, and burned deeper. Oh! how the poor girl screamed. A kind lady passing by came to the window to see what was the matter. Of course the doors were locked, so the lady instructed them to open the window, and bring her some soda, and a cloth for a bandage. She gave first aid to the throbbing burn. Then went her way, leaving the girls alone once more to wait for evening and their fathers return.

Such were the childhood days of my mother. They were hard, and in these modern days of plenty, it seems incredible that two little girls could survive under such care. Here and now I would like to say that no matter how it seemed, or how great the burden, my beloved Grandpa Jensen did the best he could. At times he may have seemed hard, and stern, but this I know was only to be kind. He loved his family more than life itself, and desired to teach his children to prepare well for life. This he did very well. His four living children are proof of this. They are all fine, noble, courageous people. As I have said before, there is no one I know who has led a better more useful life than my mother. One that is dedicated to helping others. Uncle Roy (Marius), Uncle Neil (Corneilius) and Aunt Irene, also have lived the same. So I must pay tribute to their dear father. He taught them

well, by example, for he also lived a life of kindness, honesty, hard work and service to others.

As Aurora grew older, she helped stack "dobies" in the adobe yard. She learned to knit, and did lots of it, for it was disastrous in the eyes of her father to be idle.

Mother is mostly self-educated. So far as her formal education, she went to school as far as the 6th grade, but never did finish this grade. Her teachers were Orvanda Whitbeck, Millie Keller, Louise Keller, Ethel Nielson, Frank Killpack, and William Anderson.

She remembers her first trip to Salt Lake City. She went to see the parade celebrating 50 years since the arrival of the Mormon pioneers in Utah.

Mother began working for people in their homes at the age of 12. The first place she worked was at the home of Joe Monk. He had a family of four. Mrs. Monk was sick in bed. Mother was required to do all the house work, the family wash, ironing, scrub four large wooden floors, and feed the pigs, all for 25 cents a week. She disliked working here, and only stayed three weeks.

Her dad felt inadequate in teaching the homemaking skills to his girls. That is why he urged them to work in the homes of other women, that they might learn from them the things their own dear Mother could never teach them.

She next went to work for L.F. Becker. Here she received 75 cents per week. This place was a very pleasant place, and the work was much easier. This family had four children.

Next she worked for Milton Burns, for as long as they needed her help. Then she would go back to Beckers, then back again to Burns, each as they needed her help. This she did for two years.

She also worked for Frank Killpack, John Hogaard and at the Tuttle Hotel. She was now sweet 16, ready to seek her fortune out in the world. So she went to Provo, Utah about 80 miles north of Manti. Here she went to work for Burt Thurman and family. She worked here for eleven months.

By now the blossom of her life was beginning to unfold into the beautiful flower of pure and sweet young womanhood. In August of 1904 she returned to Manti for a little vacation, and to join in the celebration for the Veterans of the Black Hawk Indian War. People came from all parts of Utah for this big celebration, which lasted three days and nights. Exciting events were planned for each minute of all three days and nights. Unaware, as she was, her participation in this very celebration was to lead to her life's greatest decision.

Among the crowd for the gay celebration was a lovely lady from Emery, Silva Beal and her handsome young son, Parley Henningson. While his mother enjoyed herself visiting and renewing old acquaintances, Parley joined the jubilant teenager's who were celebrating. Through them he was briefly introduced to my Mother, Aurora Jensen. Then they went their separate ways.

Later on in the day, Ora was walking one direction, Parley the other. As they passed their eyes met. That certain look was exchanged and truly it was love at first sight. They joined together then in the teenage events of the remaining celebration, bicycling, dancing and etc.. Finally, the magical three days ended. Aurora returned to Provo, and Parley to Emery.

Letters sailed back and forth. When the weather broke next spring, Parley could be parted from Ora no longer. So he journeyed to Provo, and brought her back to Manti where he proposed. She accepted for she knew this love was deep and real.

They were married in Manti, March 15, 1905, by Bishop Louis Kjair. Each of their families were jubilant over the happy union. Grandpa Jensen wanted to have a big wedding party. Mother didn't understand his plans, therefore she refused to let him do this for her. Had she known how he planned to do it, she would have been thrilled. As only a few words were spoken, and each misunderstood the other, so both felt bad. But, it didn't dampen Mother's spirits for long. For Daddy had been staying with his Father "Chris" Henningson, and this jubilant family had a big party inviting their many friends and relatives.

Mother had not planned on getting married, therefore she hadn't brought her belongings with her from Provo. So, after they were married, the next morning at noon she boarded the train for Provo, and Daddy hitched up for Sterling. They both returned to Manti the next day better prepared to begin married life.

With family and friends they partied, and celebrated for three more days. Then they started off for their new home in a wagon, loaded with the first Watkins Products to come to Emery County. Daddy was bringing them to a man in Emery. This rough trip from Sterling through Salina Canyon took one week. For mother, who was unaccustomed to camping out, it was quite an adventure.

Perhaps I should state here that my Dad was born, the 12th day of October 1883, in Sterling, Utah. He was born to Silva Funk and Christian Parley Henningson. They had one more child, a daughter, Mary who latter married Peter Scow. The marriage of Christian and Silva lasted only until my dad was about six. His mother, Silva, later married Ira Allen Beal. Four more children were born to them. Willie and Millie who were twins and died in infancy. Ira Jr. and Macel were the other two. Ira Jr. later married Mothers sister Irene and Macel married Frank Howard, then later Charles Dykes.

Grandma and Grandpa Beal lived in Emery in a frame house built by Ira Beal himself. It has stood these many years and by modern additions Mother is still living very comfortably in it. The first summer, and most of the summers in Mother and Daddy's early marriage was spent in gardening and farming.

The first winter Dad drove mail for Sam William's. He would leave Emery at 5 a.m., getting a fresh team in each town. An average trip took 12 hours, but if things went bad it sometime took up to 24 hours per trip. His wages were $30 a month.

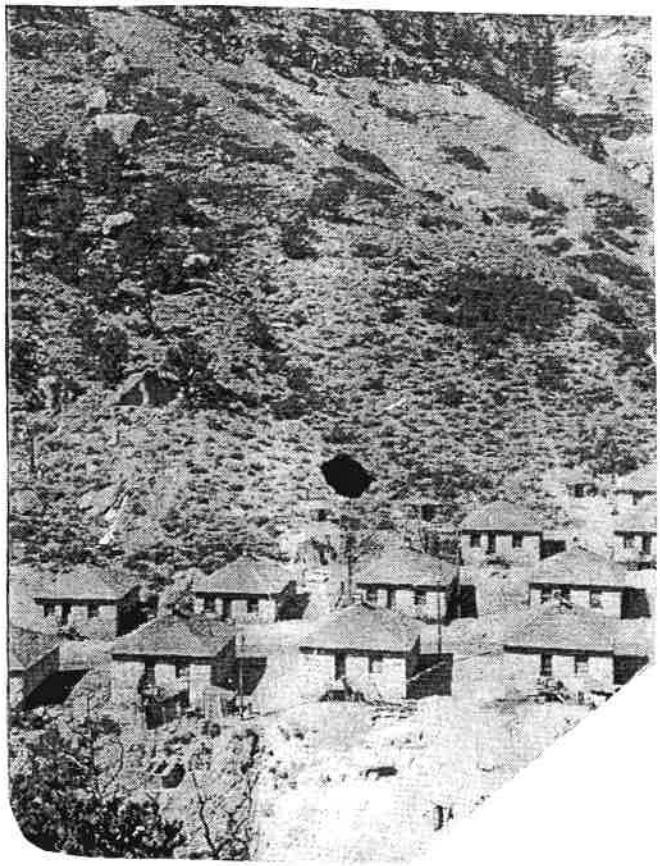
Dad jokingly considered himself, "Jack of all Trades, Master of None." He was a blacksmith, farmer and did various odd jobs, the pay for which was in produce, grain and hay, more often than cash.

When Lola was born he hauled oil well equipment to Last Chance on the desert. He was a number one salesman. He sold sewing machines and automobiles in the late 1920's and early 1930's. He opened the first ice cream parlor in Emery in the old school building in 1906. In 1908 he sold ice cream from a tent. He also sold ice cream from the old post office building. Together they ran a cafe in the building now known as Eldreds, then known as Beal Garage. Donna Vee was born in Peacocks store which at that time they were running as a cafe.

Beal Garage

He was a good house painter, plasterer, and was a born mechanic. He ran a garage in 1916 and 1917, and loved automobiles all his life. His first car was a second hand one purchased in 1911 or 1912. It cost him a buggy, a team, a 2 year old heifer, a load of hay and about $500 cash. In it he took Mother for a "wild" ride to Price at the unbelievable speed of 35 miles per hour. This was to be a ride she'd never forget, and she hasn't. Dad was seldom without a car from that time on. His last car he bought new, a 1936 Ford! How thrilled we all were with this beautiful green auto.

Mother and Dad moved frequently. They lived various places in Emery, then to Huntington. From 1918 to 1920 they moved to Carbon County to work for the mines. Dad worked in the hoist house. They lived in Emery during the 1920's and returned to Spring



Uptown Section of
Spring Canyon "1930"

Canyon in 1930. During these years Dad fired the boiler that ran the tipple, and heated the civic building. This he did until his death on September 9, 1938. Mother was forced then to return to the old home in Emery. In spite of all this moving all their children were born in Emery, except the one still born, which was born in Huntington.

Legrand and Lola Henningson

Their family consists of the following children, Legrand W. born May 3, 1906, Monta Quintin born May 12, 1908, Lola May born May 14, 1910, Esta Lee born September 26, 1914, Marsdon J. born April 14, 1917, Lois Mary born December 1, 1924, and Donna Vee born April 25, 1928.

Our family life, as I remember it was always a happy life. Mother and Dad were kind and understanding parents. We always felt very secure in our home. I never remember of Mother and Dad uttering a cross or unkind word to one another. If they had a disagreement, I never knew of it. I loved my home life, and can think of really no unhappy experience in our childhood home. With the exception of the death of my father and grandma who lived with us so much.

Mardson J. Henningson (Jake)
Josephine Neilson
Spring Canyon "1918"
The tent on the right was were
Mother lived

After the death of my father, Mother and I seemed to grow even closer together. She was always a sympathetic listener, and one in whom you could confide. She has great wisdom in solving our daily problems. Even now, life seems so much brighter and simpler after a visit with her. She always had a great compassion for the less fortunate, a trait that I and my children seem to have inherited. However, mother has always gone the second mile with her compassion, and always seemed to have some spiritual, or temporal tidbit to cheer them and make their cross easier to bear.

Mother lived alone for five years. She supported Donna Vee and me by working as a supervisor and cook for the school hot lunch, also by supervising a mattress making project. Mother's life was lonely and hard for her these five years. But brighter days were ahead.

On August 26, 1943 she married George W. Pearson, a friend and neighbor in Spring Canyon. Mother had been living in the old home in Emery while she was alone. She moved to Spring Canyon again for a couple of years until they decided to fix up, and modernize the old place in Emery, living there to try their hand at raising chickens. Later the chickens have been exchanged for sheep.

Today Mother and Pa Pearson, (I've always affectionately called him "Pa") have a lovely and comfortable life together. I have always been pleased with their marriage. Neither have tried to step in the lives of we children on either side, and take our own dad's or mother's place. Speaking for myself, I will say that Pa has been as kind, as generous and protective, as any man could be. He has provided the luxuries of life for Mother, and seen to it that her later years have not been lacking. My children love and respect their Grandpa Pearson, for he has earned that love by his kindness, and goodness to them. I believe the Pearson children feel much the same about Mother. Somewhere in the great beyond, I am sure their former loving mates are looking on with approval.

A great part of mother's life has been spent doing church work. Her first job in the church after she was married was secretary and treasurer of the Y.W.M.I.A. about the

year 1909. About 1920 or 1921 she accepted her first job teaching Primary under the direction of Primary President Letty Petty and later Luella Christensen. She next taught the Seagull girls under President Mabel Jensen for approximately 8 to 10 years. In Spring Canyon, President Zella Bearnson called her to be Trailbuilder teacher in 1930. She was also a teacher under Fan Lindstrom and Emily Stones. She was next called to be a counselor working with President Ursel Ostler.

In January 1934, it looked as if poor health was to halt Mothers church work. For she was severely stricken by a cerebral hemorrhage. It started by a pain in the eye on Friday. On Saturday she was able to do nothing, and on Sunday the full impact of the stroke hit. Mother was in serious condition. Bishop Carlson had asked her to be president of the Primary. This seemed impossible for her to do in her present condition. The Bishop promised her if she would accept this calling, and fulfill it to the best of her ability, the Lord would bless her, and raise her from her bed of affliction. Mother accepted this calling and great promise. Although at first she had to be driven in a car to church, and carried up the steps. She grew steadily stronger until she was restored to excellent health. She has been blessed with really good health ever since.

She served as President of the Primary from the spring of 1934 until she had to move to Emery, in February of 1939. She had for her counselors Ethel Larsen and Leona Mower. Soon after returning to Emery she taught the Zion's boys and girls class. Pearle Keele was president at this time. On the 27th of April 1941, she was again called to be President, this time of the Emery Ward Primary. She was set apart for this calling the 4th of May 1941. She served in this capacity until her marriage in August of 1942.

One of Mother's primary classes' in Emery

In addition to her Primary work, she has been a Relief Society visiting teacher for 31 years. She also has served on the Relief Society Serving Committee for years, both in Spring Canyon and Emery.

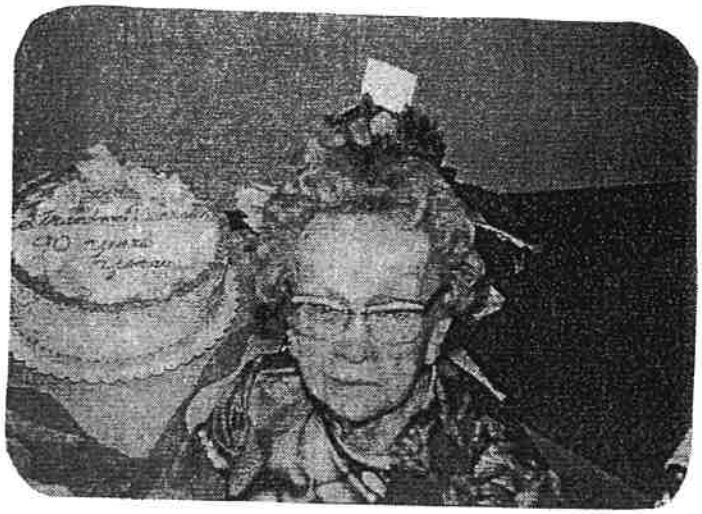
On the 25th of September 1954, she and Pa were called to be chairmen of the Emery Ward Genealogy Committee. They have served very well in this capacity, and have extended the spirit of the work to all their family.

Mother has lived a choice life. One filled with activity and service to others. She has always gone about her tasks cheerfully and uncomplainingly. Today at the age of 72 she is still in remarkable health, and is yet very active in both mind and body. I attribute this to her untiring devotion to others, and her interest and participation in modern progress. Mother has lived her life well and above all else has taught me the truth of the lines of the following verse:

I dreamed I saw my dear old Mother kissing me good-bye
Although her heart was breaking and a tear shown in her eye,
She whispered, boy, don't let our parting grieve you any more,
But just remember this is what God made all mothers for"
To watch over you when a baby
To sing you to sleep with her song
To try to be near you, to comfort and cheer you
To teach you the right from the wrong
To do all she can to make you a man
And over a million things more
To sigh for you, cry for you,
Yes, even die for you.
That's what God made mothers for.

I pray that I have learned her lessons well, and can be just the kind of a mother she is, to my own dear children.

Oh, Mother you are a most wonderful Mother. I am so grateful to be your daughter, I am so grateful to have had such a sweet, close, relationship with you all my life. My life time ambition has always been that I could follow your sweet example and be a Mother, Just Like You!



We had a party for Mother on her 90th birthday. What a party we had. We held it in the 16th Ward Cultural Hall. 150 of her family were there. Mark J. Christensen, Nedra's son was her 100th Great Grandson. He was born on this 90th birthday. Many people came from the ward to congratulate her. We compiled a huge scrap book with pictures, and writing from each of her children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, in-laws and step children. It is a great book.

This is a picture of Mother and me watching a 24th of July Parade. A clown had just passed by and made her a balloon crown. Mother had fun and was a good sport then as always. Clarence Taylor is the man on the right of Mother. He has been our home teacher for 6 years. He and his companion were here at home with us when Mother passed away. My memories of Mother are infinite and eternal.

Mother received a certificate of appreciation for 47 years of Visiting Teaching. This certificate of service is only one small token, or reminder of all the love, and service mother performed while on earth.

Her life was dedicated to the service of the Lord, to her family, to her neighbors, and to all man kind. Her love, and compassion reached out to all who knew her. She lightened the burden of many, and never complained, or grumbled when her own load was heavy to bear.

Surely she is crowned with a crown of jewels, that she laid up in heaven. She sought not for earthly riches, but for the Kingdom of God.

This picture was taken in Spring Canyon. The houses you see were in the section that was called Tent Town. The mine tram ran across the bridge behind the people.

This is a picture of the cast of a Winning M.I.A. Drama, that mother was in. She had a good time being in it. She received a lapel pin in recognition of her excellence.

This is a picture of Mother, and Grandpa Pearson. I am glad that they were able to have many years of companionship, and happiness. At first they lived in Spring Canyon until he retired (2 or 3 years). Then they moved to Emery, and fixed up the old house. They raised chickens, sheep, and a nice garden. They loved fishing, visiting families, going to church and the temple together.

This is their little dog Rebel. He was a cute little pet, that brought them both hours of fun, and enjoyment. Donna Vee gave him to them.

Mother and Pa Pearson were living in Spring Canyon when Paul was born. In fact, I was living with them, because Clair was in the Navy at the time. This picture is on their back porch, in the up town section of Spring Canyon. They lived in one of 60 rock houses in this better part of town.

Before my Dad died we were living in one of these houses built down by the Tipple. It was across the road from the school, church and bakery. Mother moved to Emery in February 1939, after Daddies death in September 1938. She was left penniless, because social security had just began. She was given a lump sum of only $250. She moved to Emery, working on a mattress making project as a supervisor. She later worked as supervisor of the school lunch in Emery. She made $30 per month, which was later raised to $60. Those were hard times for Mother.

She married George Pearson on August 26, 1943. They lived in Spring Canyon until a year before he retired. She then moved to Emery, about 1944 to start a chicken business, so they would have something when he retired. While he was still working she carried the load with the chickens. After several years they gave up on the chickens, raising a garden, and a few sheep.

They enjoyed life together in the town, and the ward. Mother took care of Sister Wickman until her death. She received some money for this service. She had cared for her for years as a loving neighbor. Grandpa was Justice of the Peace for quite a while.

They were enjoying activity in the church and contributed to the building of this chapel. They were co-chairman of the Genealogy Committee.

This is a picture of our good old neighbor Les Collier, holding Donald. Mother was very kind and good to him and his mother, Sister Wickman. She would often take them dinner, do their wash, as well as visit.

Shortly after Dee Lana was born Donna Vee was stricken with severe rheumatoid arthritis. She was often not able to care for Donald and Dee Lana. Al and Donna moved to South America with the oil wells. The children had to stay with Mother again. She loved them, and raised them as she would her own. They loved her and were happy.

Much of their testimony of the gospel was gained while living there. Also Grandpa Pearson was very special to them. They loved him and he them.

A Primary Parade in Emery
Nancy Rogers, Aris Sorensen
Dee Lana, and Donald Stovall

Al Stovall, Mother,
Donald, and Dee Lana Stovall

Mother and me soon after her hip was healed

In February 1967, Mother had the ends of her big toes taken off by Dr. Chapman, because she had so much trouble with ingrown toe nails. She and Grandpa were staying here while she recuperated. Just a few days after she got home, she slipped as she opened the front door. She fell onto the front porch, breaking her left hip. Dr. Chapman did surgery on her putting a pin in her hip. She got along just great. She had lots of spirit and determination. She walked with a walker in just 4 days, and was out of the hospital in 2 weeks.

Grandpa's age was taking its toll on him. When Mothers hip was better they went to Emery again and also to California.

That fall she came back up, and had the pin removed. Then they returned back home. By December, Grandpa had become so difficult to take care of that they moved in with us, so I could help. They spent the early Spring in California. We had an 80th birthday celebration for Mother while in California. Then we brought them to Emery for a big open house for her birthday. After that they lived with us except for a yearly visit to California.

In the Fall of 1970 Grandpa became very hard to take care of because of his age, and personality. Mother was on the verge of a breakdown, because of the stress. All the family in California thought it best that he be put in a rest home. Donna Vee and Lola brought him back here. We put him in a nice rest home in Provo.

This nearly broke his heart, Mother's and mine too. This was indeed the saddest, and hardest thing I have ever had anything to do with. It seemed the only solution at that time. I have thought since, that perhaps we could have kept him here if we had known better how to care for him. I wish now we had. I hope that he understands we did the best we could, or knew how to at that time. Also, we were pressured by others that this was the best to do. I can still see his sad, lonely eyes with such a betrayed look. Even though we visited there every other day he never seemed to change that look. He steadily, and gradually went down hill becoming nothing but skin, and bones, until he died in October 1972.

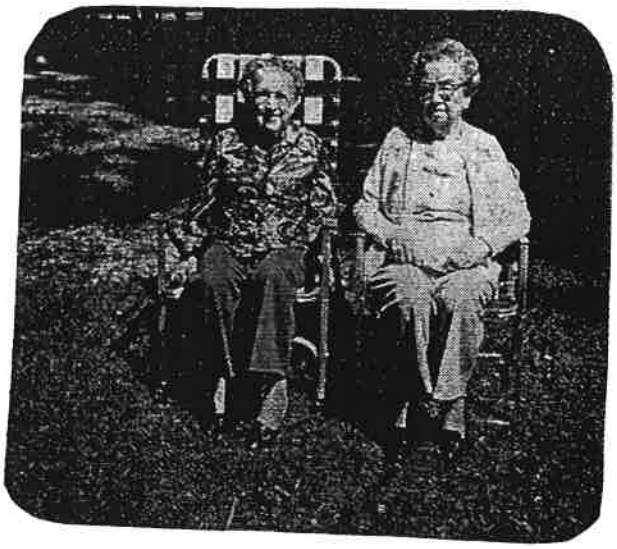
Mother shortly after Grandpa's death

These are two years of my life that I wish I had done better. I prayed from then on that I would be able to care for Mother, and never have to put her in a rest home. I am so grateful to God that he blessed me, Mother and Clair, so that we were able to keep her here in our home, until she was finally called to her Heavenly Home on 28th of April 1981.

Mother had some healthy years left, after Grandpa died. For the most part she made her home here with us. She took some very nice trips to Oregon, California, Hawaii and Alaska. She had some wonderful times with us, endearing her to everyone.

In the Spring of 1966 Donna Vee became critically ill. We didn't think she would live. They sent for Mother to come quickly. Grandpa wasn't very well, so he stayed here with us. When Mother had been gone about a week, Grandpa had some sort of spell, or a small stroke on Easter Sunday. He lost control of some of his body functions, and couldn't walk. Esta Lee had been to Salt Lake, and stopped in Sunday night. We decided to take Grandpa to Price, to see Dr. Wright Monday morning. We also took Esta Lee to Price, to her car, so she could drive home. We got little satisfaction from Dr. Wright, however he said we could take Grandpa to Dr. Dayton (another U.M.W. doctor) in Provo. So we bade my dear sister Esta Lee good-bye beside her car. We went home, and she went to Emery. Wednesday morning Grandpa was much worse. We took him to Provo, and Dr. Dayton put him in the hospital. Although he was very sick the doctor didn't know what was the matter.

Can you imagine our shock and disbelief as we came home that afternoon, and our children greeted us with the unbelievable news that Esta Lee was in the Price hospital in a coma. She was not expected to live. We hurried down there, and sat by her bedside watching as her life slowly ebbed from her body. Her spirit left her body around 4 a.m. Thursday morning. How peacefully she passed away. How unbelievably crushing it was to Homer, her children, who were all there except Ora Lee, and us. She had been so well just 2 days before. Even though she had been sick all her life.



Mother and Aunt Irene had a wonderful trip to Oregon to visit Art and Mabel Allen. This is a picture of them in Allen's yard.

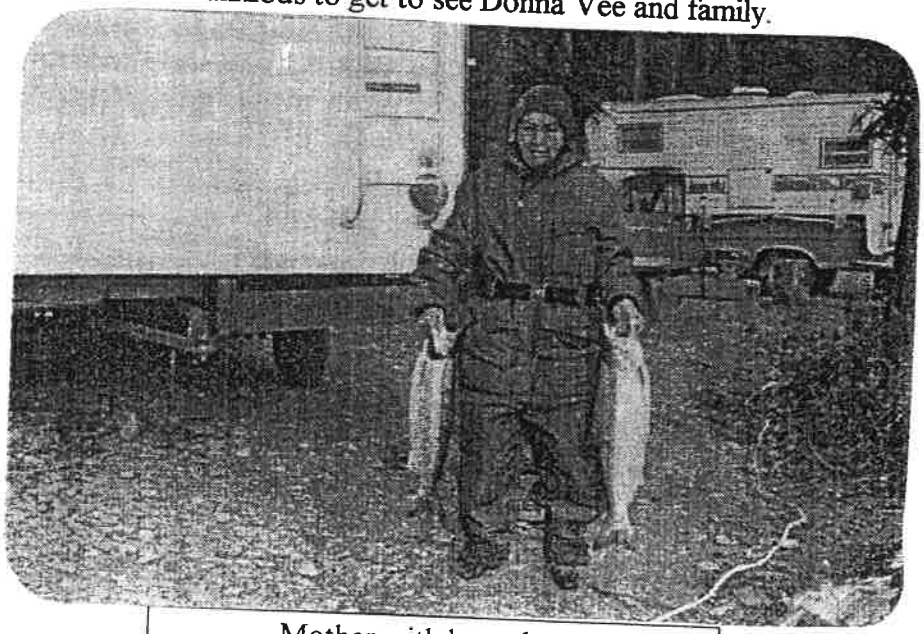
Mother always enjoyed a trip. Whether it was a long trip to a far away place, or just a picnic, trip to the mall, or down to the egg farm. She was always game for fun and enjoyed people. She was always kind and friendly to everyone and everyone enjoyed her company.

When she was home her home was open to family and friends. Whether they came for a long visit, or a short one. She made them welcome with a good hot meal, usually chicken dinner. She could make Danish Dumplings to melt in your mouth, and Danish Sweet soup that was the family's favorite.

Mother was a very spiritual person who lived by prayer and faith. She loved to attend church, and is the best example of righteous living that I could possibly have had. She not only quietly taught me the gospel by stories, and example, but she lived honorable, honestly and spiritually as she taught.

In the summer of 1973 Mother and Lola realized the dream of a life time. Donna Vee was living in Anchorage, Alaska. So, Lola and Mother flew up there for a nice visit. They stopped in Hawaii for a couple of days, and saw the sights there. Mother wasn't to impressed with Hawaii, because she was so anxious to get to see Donna Vee and family.

They all had a wonderful time visiting, and sight seeing. They had some wonderful fishing trips. As you can see by the pictures they were very successful catching some good sized salmon. After the fishing trip they canned the salmon and mother brought some home to all of us.



Mother with her salmon

Lola and her salmon

They really had a great trip and a lot of fun. Donna Vee, was well enough at first to enjoy them. Lola had to go home in two weeks, but Mother wanted to stay longer. It's good she did because Donna Vee got sick, then fell and broke her shoulder. This put her into a coma. She was also suffering from "Lupus" a blood disease relating to arthritis and the medication she took. As heart breaking as it was Mother, she was so glad to be there with Donna Vee in her last agonizing days and hours. Donna Vee passed away September 19, 1973 in Anchorage, Alaska. They held a funeral for her up there then they brought her to Emery, Utah for burial. This was her desire to be buried in Emery.

I was in the hospital at the time of her death. I had had surgery. I was very anxious to get out of the hospital in order to go to her funeral. I got home the day before her funeral. Our family went to Emery in the white van, so I could lay down most of the way. I felt all right during the funeral. Judy, Steven's wife had come with Lola and Anna Mae for the funeral. It was a very nice funeral, but very sad. Donna Vee had suffered so much with arthritis and many side effects from the medication she had to take.

When Donna was in her young teens she was judged the healthiest girl in Emery County 4-H. Ironically right after Dee Lana was born she was stricken with rheumatoid arthritis that ravaged that healthy beautiful body from a robust 145 lbs to a mere 89 lbs in one year. What pain and anguish she suffered all the rest of her life. At least twice before she came very near to death. Although she was young just 45, she probably welcomed the blessed relief. As pain racked as she was for many years she complained very little. She kept herself looking very beautiful and was always the life of the party. I still miss her so much.

Mother's sorrows were not yet at an end. Monta was stricken with cancer in 1974 or 1975. He had many operations, and harsh treatments. His body was racked, tortured and mutilated in an effort to stop this vicious disease. From September 1977 until his death in December 1977 he had four operations. After the third one they didn't even sew him up. Although he was in so much pain he was always such a wonderful person to be around. He never complained nor felt sorry for himself. Mother wasn't too well at this time, but she was heart broken to see her son suffer so much.

I always had a great love for Monta and his dear wife Tempie. They always were such a happy couple to be around. They loved to go fishing up to Joe's Valley, and spent many happy times up there. We had a couple of happy campouts with them.

Monta was 16 years older than me, but he was almost like a second Father to me. He and Tempi were always doing special things for Donna Vee and me when we were

little. We stayed at their house often, as we were growing up on the ranch, when I was very small.

Monta found Clair a job at the Foundry so we could get married. He and Tempie were so good to us that first year when we were living in Salt Lake. I treasure their many visits here and the fun times we had.

Lois's First Grade Class Mrs. Kheim Teacher
Second row fourth from left