

NICHOLE'S FAMILY STORIES

Nichole Madsen

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Carter's first period English

Madsen Gary J. 7 December 1948. Logan, Utah. Personal Interview. Castle Dale, Utah. 11 April 1995.

At my grandmother Madsen's Funeral, one of the speakers told a story about one of her many charity projects. This was the first time I had ever heard this story, but later talked to my father about it.

You can obviously tell what might make an elderly women nervous, opening her door and finding, in pretty packaging, some of the most elaborate candies, (undoubtedly homemade), that shes seen in years.

If you were in the same position, an old widow, you probably would have reacted in the same way. Possibly letting your imagination run wild, and picture yourself choking uncontrollably, and then dieing from a rare form of food poisoning.

So what was the solution. There is of course only one, and with a sigh, she handed the delicate wonder over to her dog. Which excepted it gratefully, for it very rarely was allowed such a treat. The poor old lady half expected to see the dumb, but trusting dog to fall over dead with in ten minutes, but with no such luck. The dog survived, but the woman felt terrible.

It wasn't until years later that she, and all the others that had found the same kind of surprises on their doorsteps in the middle of the night, found out the true source of the unexpected treats.

This "candy making phantom", was none other than my grandmother Madsen. She was no doubt a wonderful chief, and over the years had sponsored many of her kids activities,

these little outings ranged from scouting, to band and basketball trips. She did this by making these almost impossible candies, like easter and christmas sweets. Huge solid chocolate eggs, or other goodies filled, and covered with chocolate and fudge.

Maybe her wonderfully creative side show in her cooking, was fed by her artistic self. She spent hours painting ceramics, or porcelain. This artist was also passed down to my father, who paints, and carves beautifully. I am very grateful for the example my grandmother was to me in teaching me how to be proud of, and how to share my talents for the benefits of others.

Madsen Gary J. 7 December 1948. Logan, Utah. Personal Interview. Castle Dale, Utah. 11 April 1995.

Gertrude Madsen lived in Logan, Utah in a small brick house, and raised eight children. She went through many ^{trials} ~~traits~~ in her life, most of them caused by my father, who was her second child.

My grandmother Madsen has always loved gardening, and the outdoors. For most of my fathers life they were pretty poor. My grandfather was only a small salesman, not to mention the eight children they had to raise.

My father was second to the oldest, Ray being his older brother by two years. Their favorite thing to do, when they weren't the working on the farm or doing chores, was to watch television. Their favorite show was Tarzan.

They loved this show, and would very rarely miss a chance to watch it. Just seeing that brave man catch tigers, and other wonderful savage beasts, just thrilled them to no end.

But not only was this show instant entertainment, it also caused much role playing time as they mimicked this famous show. In one episode of this role playing, they set out to catch themselves one of those killer tigers, they had seen so much about.

And where else was the perfect place, but of course, their mothers precious garden. The garden had fabulous soil, with a very good supply of ^{clay} ~~soil~~ that made the tiger pit easy to dig.

When the three feet deep, two feet wide, pit was completed, the two Tarzan twins carefully covered the pit

with leaves and such until you couldn't even tell the forbidden hole from the rest of the garden.

This all could have been innocent enough, but the boys accidentally forgot to ask permission. All still could have gone well, but before the tiger even had a chance to be tricked and trapped, one more of those dangerous beasts, the boys mother. She can prowling out to work in her garden.

This none suspecting victim soon found out the danger in the unseen, as she fell straight into the present her two sons had left her.

As she tripped into the middle of their handiwork, almost breaking, but only seriously spraining. She shouted for the two undeniable culprits, who in due time would wish for a hole of their own.

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Gertrude Madsen was a wonderful woman, with many, many talents. She loved her family very much, and proved it in all her sacrifices.

My grandmother Madsen was a very ~~hard~~ strong-willed, hardworking person. She raised nine kids, later only eight, because one of her young daughters died when she was only nine years old. Plus, she also ran a farm, and raised a family lovingly.

She endured much through her life, but yet managed to keep a sense of humor. She also loved to shop. Any bargain, it didn't matter whether she needed the product or not, she would just have to buy. Once she even bought five hundred bottle openers, just because they were a good deal.

Some of her, and my fathers, favorite memories were of sitting around the table and playing hours and hours of games of cards. Most of their lives the family was poor, and this was one of their most treasured forms of entertainment, that has been passed on to my family who also enjoys many types of card games.

My grandmother was also a fabulous cook, and not only perfected, but also invented many recipes. Her favorite thing to make, or create, were casseroles. In this area she would follow no rules, and anything, and everything handy at the time was thrown into these masterpieces. Some of these creations would fail miserably, but others seemed to turn out very nice.

Another of her favorite past times was gardening.

In which she not only grew fruits and vegetables, but also had an endless supply of wonderful, blooming flowers. On many of our family visits, we would find her out weeding in some patch of her well earned paradise. And most of the time, our efforts to help her would end up in all out water fights.

These are only some of the very many facts about my grandmother. She was a loving, kind, and wonderful person, and I will forever look up, and envy her with the most earnest gratitude.