

A Credit Mark In The Berry Patch

News and History of the Herbert and May Berry Family

THE CREDIT MARK OR THE BERRY PATCH?

by Anna Wood

Shall we call our family paper the Credit Mark or the Berry Patch? Though we had originally entitled our paper "The Credit Mark," Aunt Maree writes the following:

"...I can't help being sentimental about Kay. Not long before he got sick, he wanted to get a family magazine going. He wanted to name it 'The Berry Patch,' then have a section for achievers we could call 'The Credit Mark.' (For graduations, awards, poetry, etc.)"

We like it, and agree that it would be nice to call it the Berry Patch with a special section entitled the Credit Mark.

But how about you? Which would you prefer? We are putting it to a family vote. Send your vote in right away to:

Diana Rice
2047 Essenay Ave.
Walnut Creek, CA 94596



SUBSCRIPTION POLICY

Every member of the family that we have an address for will receive a quarterly copy of the Berry Patch. We are suggesting a subscription fee of \$9.00 per year. You may send more or less. This is truly a non-profit organization! Please send your subscription fee to our Berry Patch Treasurer:

JoAnn Larsen
7006 Peachtree Avenue
Citrus Heights, CA 95621

FROM THE EDITOR

We are very happy to present to you this issue of our Credit Mark in the Berry Patch. Our family publication will be published quarterly, so expect to receive copies in November, February, May, and August each year. Our family reporters did a wonderful job of turning in their articles. Please be supportive of your family representative by sending your news to them. Also notify them of address or phone number changes. It is helpful to have missionary stories and news of our college students sent along separately so that we can include them in the CranBerry and ElderBerry columns.

We are very pleased with our format. Each issue will come to you unbound, punched and ready to be stored in a three-ring binder. (Each family is responsible for obtaining their own binder!)

Fall Issue, November 1986

The publication is divided into two parts: Current News, and History & Genealogy.

The current news section will be numbered by date and page. The History & Genealogy section will be numbered by title and number. The article about the 1986 Berry reunion, for example, is numbered Reunion 1986 1 through Reunion 1986 3 because that is the essence of the title, and there are three pages of that report.

We hope you enjoy this flexibility. Each section may be filed according to preference. Some may want to keep a section of their binder for each of the members of the Herbert & May Berry Family. Uncle Kay's life sketch might prompt others to write their memories of him, and when these are printed, they would be filed in the same section. We will print another installment of May Berry's missionary journal in our winter issue, and as we print additional excerpts, they can be filed next to this issue's recollection of the first Whiting reunion.

Looseleaf pages are very convenient to zerox. You may wish to file an article in more than one category. For example, Uncle Dean's account of his boyhood visit to the Hopis might be filed in a Dean Berry file, and a Sacred Family Experiences file. Extra copies of the phone and address page are easy to duplicate.

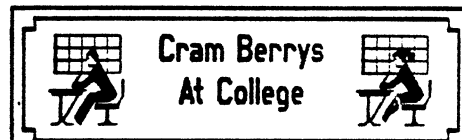
Some may not want to keep the current news sections permanently, and may wish to eventually discard those pages. (A word of caution however: current news does eventually become history!)

We most warmly thank all those who have helped to make this issue possible. Make this YOUR publication. Please give us any suggestions or comments as to ways to make this publication better serve our family's needs!

Editorial Staff

Dean Berry.....Berry Family President
Diana Rice.....Editor
Anna Marie Wood.....Associate Editor
Steven Berry.....Photographer
Lynn Ellsworth.....Genealogist
Jeannine Larson.....Historian
Elaine Ward.....Effie's Family
Jeannine Larson.....Maree's Family
David Berry.....Kay's Family
Steven Berry.....Lee's Family
Diana Rice.....Norma's Family
Helen Andelin.....Helen's Family
Karen Mitterling.....Dean's Family
Maree Hamblin.....Columnist
Roger Rice.....Publisher
JoAnn Larsen.....Treasurer

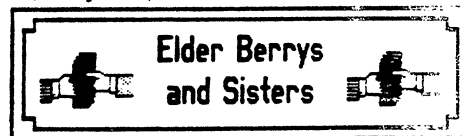
11/86 one



Jeff Arbuckle (Jean's) is in his second year of medical school at the Medical College of Virginia. Eric Arbuckle (Jean's) is attending college at Old Dominion in Norfolk, Virginia. Effie Ellsworth (Lynn's) is attending Mesa Community College. Jeannine Larson (Maree's) is attending Northland Pioneer College. Kim Helf (Marilyn's) is attending nursing school in Mt. Vernon, Missouri. Leo Hamblin (Markay's) and his wife Michele are Berry Marrieds attending Ricks College, commuting from Idaho Falls. JoAnn (Norma's) and Barry Larsen should be considered Berry Berry married students. This August, Barry entered McGeorge School of Law in Sacramento. JoAnn and Barry and their five children have settled in nearby Citrus Heights for the next three years.

BYU single students this year are: Brent Berry (Dean's), Julie Berry (David's), Tiffany Byers (Rosie's), Jenny Ward (Elaine's), and Luke and Effie Ellsworth (both Lynn's). Scott and Kristy Hunter, and Julie and Jon Hardy (Elaine's) are the BYU Berry Marrieds.

Julie Berry loves BYU. She's a junior majoring in English. She's also on her ward woman's football team. She made a touchdown last game. Tiffany Byers is living in University Villa, too and is in the same ward as Julie. They love being so close. Jenny Ward is a sophomore at BYU majoring in Fashion Design. Luke Ellsworth is majoring in engineering. Esther Ellsworth is majoring in special education.



Heraana Cynthia Berry (David's) is near San Pedro, Honduras. When she moved to a larger city recently, she had her first hot shower after 4 months. That's a lot of cold showers! She woke up one morning to see a tarantula climbing up her side of the wall. She killed it with her hair spray. She has seen heartbreaking poverty, but she has 13 or 15 baptisms and loves being there. Heavenly Father has blessed her with her Spanish.

David Hunter (Louine's) is also in the same Mission. He has been transferred to the Mission Home to be Zone Leader in

Tequicigalpa. They both love this great people. Hondurans are very short, so both Cindi and David are the blond giants. David is working such long hours that he "decided to just turn over his free agency to the Lord"—and works on P-day, too! Elder L. Tom Perry recently visited with David, and after he returned, told David's grandfather that he can be very proud of his grandson, for he is "setting that mission on fire!"

Elder Darin Larson is serving in the Dallas Texas Mission. His parents will be leaving November 25 to go pick him up. Elder Larson reports of his great love for the people in the Dallas Mission area. He has had some beautiful conversions and feels a great love for the Lord's work. He says that the hardest time of his mission was during the Berry reunion. He knew how much fun everyone was having and hated to miss it all. He said that it was a great temptation to choose the 18 month mission and be home for the reunion. Elder Larson served seven months as the mission secretary in Dallas. It was a great experience in developing organizational skills and leadership. He plans on going to Dixie college this coming January.

Danny Hunter just received his mission call to the Guatemala Indian Mission. After having his farewell October 26 at 1:00 pm, he enters the MTC November 5th.



Aunt Maree's Attic

TEACH THE CHILDREN

That Christmas Eve, I thought I heard weeping. I arose from my bed and went to seek the one whose tears I had heard. There in front of the tree I saw Santa holding an ornament and tears glistening in his eyes. His voice was soft but his plea was intense. "Teach the children—they seem to have forgotten. It's not me whose birth is celebrated on this day, but our Saviors.

Please teach the children that the ornaments on the tree represent the gifts of love the wise men brought the wee Christ Child. The beautiful star that is traditionally placed at the top of the tree is like the one of old that led the shepherds to the new-born baby, and there the magnificent star rested above the manger.

Teach the children that the carols we sing to neighbors and friends, are representative of the angels singing praises and glory to God on the night of his birth.

Teach the children that the colors of Red and Green are symbols of Christ's mission. Red, the color of Christ's blood he spilt for us, and green, everlasting life. The candy cane is red and white, again, red for his sacrifice and white for his purity.

He paused for a moment as he plugged in the lights of our Christmas tree. He seemed to enjoy the brightness it added to the room. "Teach the children," he began again, "that the bright lights that adorn roof tops and trees only remind us of Christ's message and of Him who is the Light of the World.

"Oh, please teach the children that the gifts that are given we give to one another because Christ said, 'When ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'" He smiled as he placed a few more gifts under the tree, and I think I heard a chuckle escape his lips. "Teach the children that I, Santa, represent giving, love and hope. Hope that everyone will live good righteous lives. For just as I reward them for being good boys and girls, Christ's blessings and rewards are greater than the eye or heart can imagine." His final words were simple yet so sincere, he uttered them silently almost as if in prayer. "And, please teach the children to worship Christ and not me."

Sadly Santa put back on his cap and laid the last gift under the tree. Turning aside, he was gone in a wink. But the message I heard that night was deeply imprinted within my soul, and I knelt and thanked my Creator for the birth, the wondrous birth of my Savior. --Author unknown

AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE

With the household in a panic, Marilyn Helf, phoned the veterinarian:

"Our pug pup just ate a tube of super glue, and we can't get his mouth open."

The Vet responded: "He, he, ha, ha, Bring him, heh heh, to the office. Oh, ho, ho, he he!"

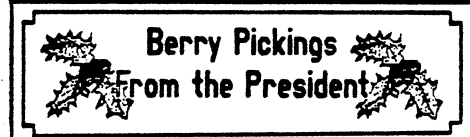
At the Vet's office, Marilyn stood by, worrying about the bill. The kids continued their fearful crying. And the Vet never quit laughing.

A MATTER OF PRAYER by Susanne Fife

We have a special testimony of prayer we would like to share with all of you. In August, 1986, Brad survived a week of Scout Camp at Camp Cherry Valley on Catalina Island—just barely. He thoroughly enjoyed having his nephew, Randy Rice and with his senior patrol leader along for leadership and support. But some of the younger boys in the troop were another story, a never-ending story of frustration and amazement that some 12-year-old boys could act the way they did. By day two, Brad was already feeling he would swap his car troubles at home for the bad food and conditions at camp. He felt he could accomplish anything after making it through seven days at scout camp. The worst part of all was that after 6 days of hard work, he didn't get the 7th day to rest or the pleasure of seeing any great creation for his efforts.

While Brad was at the scout camp, he began feeling very ill, and his symptoms worsened in the damp air. His assistant came home sick two days early and told us about Brad even being more sick than he was. We felt helpless because we couldn't communicate with the camp. We decided to have family prayer. We knelt together and asked the Lord to bless Brad's health and to help him be well under the circumstance of giving service to the scouts. We all felt much better and were able to sleep soundly that evening. When Brad returned home, he looked quite well. He said he had gone to sleep Thursday night in a lot of pain. He could not swallow and had white pox on his throat. But by Friday morning, they had disappeared and he felt much stronger. We had had our special family prayer on Thursday evening. We are so grateful for the power of prayer and for the blessings of service to others.

Reprinted below is an article from the Southern California newspaper, *the Sentinel*. Aren't we lucky that she really is our "Aunt Myn"?



Berry Pickings From the President

by Dean Berry

There was a time when I was troubled, and maybe a little embarrassed at reunions when we talked about what a wonderful family we were. I have now seen the light! It is out from under the bushel. We ARE a wonderful family and we are wonderful people. Perhaps not quite up to Enoch yet; maybe if we all lived in the same city—or at the Homestead—But then, we wouldn't have a Reunion to look forward to.

We need to keep in touch. We have dedicated people who are willing to do the hard work, let's keep them informed so they can pass the word to us all.

I once found myself in the waters of the Philippine Sea with neither land nor ship in sight. On another occasion, somewhere between Holbrook and St. Johns, alone and miles from a road. Again, in the Arabian desert, and many other places, I wondered, "How did I get here? What am I doing in this place. How am I going to get out of this trouble?" It seems to me that I should be regarding my daily existence in the same light. What I am doing today and tomorrow are just as meaningful and influential as those special, more exciting occasions were. The time that most of you shared with me at the foot of Sierra Trigo was a reminder of the good and solid, reliable, and important parts of life. I knew very well how I got there, what I was doing there, but I didn't want to get out of it. I look forward to the next one.

Alhambra's 'Aunt Myn' receives award

by Ericson Jones / Special to the Sentinel
M YN Whitting Priestley of the Alhambra Ward recently received the Los Angeles East Stake's Serendipity Award.

The award, presented Aug. 24, recognizes outstanding service to family, the Church and the community.

"Aunt Myn," as Sister Priestley is known throughout the Southland, was born in Utah in 1899.

Music has continued to be an important part of Sister Priestley's life. She sang professionally in New York with her husband and has been involved in many Southland dance and music festivals.

Sister Priestley, bedridden for five

years because of a heart condition, has only one child, Donald.

After her husband died on their 17th wedding anniversary, Sister Priestley and her son move to Alhambra, where she ran a motel and an apartment building.

Sister Priestley's affinity for working with young people brought her the affectionate title of Aunt Myn. She has taken in unwed mothers at her own expense and helped place their babies for adoption.

She has been a popular speaker at conferences and conventions and has been honored by her stake, family and the California-Utah Women.



Myn Priestley

Effie's Family

Lynn and Jamie Ellsworth live in Eger, Arizona. Lynn is the manager of the county records department for Apache county. He is High Priest group leader. Jamie is a teachers' aide and a Primary worker. They have six children. Luke, an Eagle scout, served his mission in Italy. Effie is a student at Mesa Community College. Ester is at BYU majoring in special education. Amy is a junior in high school. Paul is advancing towards his Eagle award. Their youngest, Susan, is in 8th grade.

Gary and Charleene Ellsworth live in Richmond, Virginia, where Gary teaches computer science and Spanish. He is Gospel Doctrine teacher, and Charleene is Homemaking Counselor. Their son, Zachary, is two.

Elaine and Richard Ward live in Wilmington, Delaware. They are the parents of seven children. Richard is a Diagnostic Radiologist at St. Francis Hospital. He is first counselor in the Stake Presidency of the only stake in Delaware. Elaine is a busy homemaker, and Homemaking Counselor in Relief Society. Their oldest daughter, Julie and her husband Jon Hardy are college students. Julie gave birth to their first child, Carl Edward Hardy July 30, 1986. The baby was two and a half months premature, and died August 26 after a valiant struggle for life. Jenny Ward is a student at BYU. She is majoring in fashion design. George plays alto sax in the #1 high school marching band in the state! Steve is in 9th grade and advancing toward Eagle. The twins, Matthew and Melissa, are in seventh grade. Eric is in 4th grade.

Van and Cheryl Ellsworth live in Burke, Virginia. Van is an architect, manager of his division at Marriott Corporation. He has been promoted three times in the 18 months he has worked there. He designs hotel lobbies. Cheryl works as a secretary at Fairfax Hospital. She coaches the young women's basketball team. They have four children. Mike is an Eagle Scout. He is the most valuable line backer on his high school football team. Their daughters, Tracey and Kerri, are lovely, outstanding young women. Ryan is a soccer star.

Evelyn and Pat Gwartney live in Fort Worth, Texas. Pat is a manager for Tandy Corporation. He is first counselor in the bishopric. Evelyn is a busy, busy mom. She is Mother Education teacher in Relief Society, and a teacher in Joy School, a cooperative pre-school program. She is a supportive and talented wife and mother. Warren is a sophomore in high school, and an Eagle Scout. Nathan is in 8th grade, and a Life Scout. Sarah, their 6th grader is a great dancer. Troy is a good student and a computer whiz. Emily, at age 4, is a vivacious and creative dancer. Their new baby boy, Seth, was born August 1, 1986, weighing 9 pounds 8 ounces!

--Elaine Ward

Maree's Family

Aunt Maree still continues to spend her hours at the typewriter. She has so many ideas in her head that it's hard for her to know which project to work on each day. But we hope that her *Kish Koo-man* will be ready for publication before the year is over.

Leilani is still working at the Camden Rest Home, but has been through a bad sick spell. Leilani and her children Lucinda, Anna May, Jacob and Becky live in Monett with Aunt Maree in the "Blue Castle."

Marilyn Helf (Leilani's oldest) lives about four blocks away from the "Blue Castle." She is working double shift between Monett and Aurora as a nurse. Marilyn's daughter Kim is attending nursing school in Mount Vernon and is getting straight A's. (Is that a family trait?) Kim's twin, Kelly, is living with Keith and Jeannine in Snowflake. Kelly is working at Sears and saving money to attend BYU in January. Marilyn still has her son Jason, and daughters Kara and Jenna home with her.

Valerie Cunningham and Wanda Silvers (Leilani's second and third) are living in Mesa and working together at an excellent family restaurant near the Fiesta Mall in Mesa.

Sally Higgins (Leilani's 5th) is working as a police dispatcher in Cassville, Missouri. The last time I saw Sally, in June, she had lost about 40 pounds and looked so good that I don't think she should be allowed to come to the reunions! [But Jeannie is out-voted. Come, anyway, Sally!]

Joycell's bunch is growing and progressing all over the country. Janice (Joycell's 1st) is working two jobs. She runs her father's dental office for three days and spends three days working for a lawyer in Monett, David Vandagriff. Jerome is working at the Diamond Cattle Yard and doing real estate on the side. Heather, (Janice's 2nd) is working two jobs to save money for a car and to go to college. Hopefully, she will be able to go to Ricks soon. Amy (Janice's 4th) was Freshman Homecoming attendant at high school.

Shawn (Joycell's 3rd) has been transferred to Stockton, California. He works in Public Relations for PG&E. They are still living in Fresno, though. Chris (Shawn's first) is having great success on the soccer team. Cory (Shawn's second) is gaining a reputation as a young swimmer with exceptional ability.

Lance (Joycell's 4th) is assistant football coach at Fresno State. The fact that they won the California Bowl last year shows that he must be doing his job!

Angela (Joycell's 5th) will be getting married December 6th to Rory Hubbard, the young man she brought to the reunion. If he can survive a reunion, he'll fit into the family just fine.

Valene (Joycell's 6th) was just elected Freshman representative for the Pep Club. She is on her way to fame and glory!

Markay has accepted a teaching position at the Patagonia High School in Patagonia, Arizona. It is located about 15 miles above the Mexican border, below Tucson in a beautiful rain valley. The movie Oklahoma was filmed there years ago. Markay reports that he loves the school. He has all the history classes and coaches the boys baseball team. Genette (Markay's oldest) and David Largeant are living in Owasso, Oklahoma, where David works for the airlines in their computer department. Leo (Markay's 2nd) and his wife Michelle and their baby son are at Ricks college. Daylynn (Markay's 3rd) is living in Mesa and working as an assistant manager for a large theater complex. Tim (Markay's 4th) is also working in Mesa in a car dealership. Both brothers live with their Mom, Laree.

Keith and Jeannine's family is hopping all over the place, too. Shane continues to work for the Niven Marketing group in Scottsdale, as a commercial artist. He's doing well and will be flying off to Chicago soon for more training. Troy (Jeannie's 2nd) flew off to Texas on September 26th to join the Air Force. He's going into the pilot training program. He will be in San Antonio for six weeks basic training and then receive his assignment for location. I guess I had better give a report of Brian's experience in New York since so many were so involved in talking about it at the reunion. Brian said that it was a good learning experience and that there were both positive and very negative things that happened. He was offered three contracts, but only one was a positive, sure thing. One of two of the very best commercial modeling agencies in New York offered him a contract and assured him of work if he would move out there in two weeks. After coming home and lots of thoughtful consideration, he decided that he wasn't ready for it. He had some excellent experiences, talking at great length with one of Ford's top models. He saw a lot of "politics" and negative action going on. He is now in California working at Disneyland Hotel to pay the bills while he works on some things trying the big time again. Darin (Jeannie's 4th) will be coming home from the Dallas Texas Mission on December 10. I don't know about him, but we are all getting a little trunk. He has had a wonderful mission. Jennifer (Jeannie's 5th) is working in Snowflake and saving money for college in January. Amy (Jeannie's 6th) is a junior and active in Loboettes (poa's). Amy went to a Poa camp in Flagstaff in August. There were 500 girls attending from Arizona and New Mexico. Amy was one of 40 girls chosen All-American. She flew to San Diego October 10th to perform at the Raiders game on October 12. Keith (Jeannie's hubby) is teaching junior high, driving school bus, coaching junior high football, driving feed truck at night and making dentures on the side. Anybody have any suggestions as to what he can do in his free time? I got my baby in school this year and went down and enrolled in college. The White Mountain has a Northland Pioneer College with over 4,000 students enrolled.

Some of the classes will transfer to N.A.U. in Flagstaff. I should be able to have my teaching degree in about two years. There are times though that I wish I could take my brain out, hang it on the line and beat it like an old rug to get it functioning again. I have four hours of Geology, three hours of Algebra and three hours of Federal and State Government. All I can say is, IT HAD BETTER BE WORTH IT!

--Jeannine Larson

Kay's Family

Aunt Beth writes: 1986 has brought many changes and challenges into my life. Changes such as: from married to single, from living in a large family home for 35 years to life in a small apartment with its feeling of "temporary." Change of cities from San Gabriel to Arcadia with new neighborhoods, people and shopping areas. Change of ward from Las Flores, Pasadena Stake to West Arcadia, Arcadia Stake. From financial dependence to coping with life in the business world, with its weighty decisions and almost daily problems to figure out. To be honest--I'm struggling, but I'll make it.

I find joy in family, friends, going to the temple, the many blessings of the gospel, letters and cards and knowing people care, in my ward calling as assistant compassionate service leader, and frequent visits with Aunt Myn. My special comfort is knowing that I am sealed for eternity to a wonderful husband and companion and the ever present happy memories of our life together. If Kay could add a message to the Credit Mark from his "vantage point" I think he would say: "the gospel is true; families are important, stay close and love one another."

He truly loved the Berry family and enjoyed their association above all others. I, too, share this love and if you would "make my day" drop me a note or come visit.

I am grateful for Doug's association. I learn much from him. Recently I commented that President Benson was really stressing that the membership of the church read the Book of Mormon. He said we have not been diligent in doing this and that we need to repent. Quickly repenting, I suggested to Doug that we follow our Prophet's counsel and read from the Book of Mormon daily. He said, "Mom, I have read the Book of Mormon twelve times." I was amazed! No wonder he has ready answers to gospel questions.

I should mention that I had a delightful Tour this summer. It was a sixteen day trip to Church History and American Heritage sights. So, you can figure out where that would be.

It was great to see so many of you at the Reunion and enjoy your dynamic personalities--either from afar or up close. You are a great family, ever involved in doing good and sharing your talents. I am proud to be associated with you.

Love, Beth Berry and Doug

Tres and Julie Tanner

Tres and Julie Tanner are having a busy year with their five children. Merilee (13) has

started seminary and high school and especially enjoys her drama class. She is a straight A student and graduated from junior high as outstanding student of her class. She is President of her Beehive class. Lisa Joy (12) has started junior high, and keeps busy with Campfire Girls, ballet, and piano, and is an excellent student. Wendy Kay (8) loves her 3rd grade class and enjoys gymnastics, dance and Brownies. Benjamin Paul (5) is really enjoying his kindergarten class and soccer. Andrea (2) keeps everyone happy at home with her budding vocabulary and bubbling personality. Julie is enjoying being a parent volunteer in Benjamin's kindergarten class and teaching the Merrie Miss class in Primary. Tres continues to be busy with his counseling practice and Newsletter project. He is Elder's quorum instructor. Their family goal this fall is to start a winter garden and to acquire a dog to share their 2 acres in Valley Center.

David and Sharon Berry

The David Berry family wants to remind everyone that we've moved to Escondido. (It means Hidden Valley.) We love the rolling hills and the close proximity to beaches and San Diego. We love it here, and love to have visitors. (What happened to you Lynn and Jamie?) We've been waiting all summer for you to come and see us. It's not too late! We've moved out of the sacg and love to breathe beautiful clean air and see the stars at night.

Our high school girls, Stacey and Michelle, are active in seminary and music. They love to study with the phone stuck to their ears. Michelle will be 16 this month. Watch out, world! Mike is on a great soccer team and is getting his Arrow of Light in Webelos in November. Amy just started Joy School, a wonderful parent pre-school co-op. Sharon is busy in Relief Society as Mother Education leader and Dave is a counselor in the High Priest quorum presidency. Our ward is great. We loved getting together at the reunion this summer.

Hunter Happenings

John teaches seminary and is Young Men's President in our ward. This is his sixteenth year as Municipal Court Judge--and about the same for seminary. Louine is a Primary counselor. She is a garage-sale decorator, having fun constantly moving things about to re-arrange and re-do.

Robert, the oldest Hunter son and his wife, Kenna live in Salt Lake City. Robert is Elders Quorum President, and manager of a branch of First Security Bank. He has just started night school twice a week, which will result in a Masters' Degree from BYU in Executive Training. Kenna is the assistant Manager at *The Gap*, a fashion store in Salt Lake.

Steven, 25, is working in San Jose. He is training for his own Shake Roof Preservation business, which he will begin after 6 more months at BYU, where he will graduate in Business Management in June.

Scott and Kristy's big news is that they are expecting in May. That will make firsts all around--their first baby, our first grandchild, and Mom's first great-grandchild. All our children will be aunts and uncles for the first time. Scott

is a junior at BYU. Kristy is the Office Manager at the Waterford Testing Center. They teach the four-year-old Primary class together.

David is having a wonderful mission in Honduras, where he is presently a zone leader. He works such long hours that he decided to just turn over his free agency to the Lord and work on P-day, too! His Grandpa Hunter recently reported that Elder Tom Perry had recently visited with David and told him that he can be very proud of his grandson, for he is "setting that mission on fire!"

Danny has just received his mission call to the Guatemala Indian Mission--working with Mayan Indians there. He is very pleased and excited. He enters the MTC on November 5.

Jim is our high school senior. He works faithfully at the Ojai Frostie, and has just started a small business with a friend of making custom-made skateboards. They just make the boards, the customers provide the wheels. They have many customers waiting.

Jeane is a junior, and a cheerleader. During the spring, she becomes the female star of the track team. On the Board of Track Records, prominently displayed at the football field, Jeane's is the first of two names on the board. She holds the school record for the 100 yard dash and the 220. She is also 1/2 inch away from the school record in high jump.

Julene is our eighth grader. She is also a track star on the city team and excels in the same events as Jeane. Last season she had a bad season due to shin splints, which kept her from participating at all. She is known for her sweet personality and her many friends.

Matthew is our 5th grader. He likes to play soccer, baseball, track, and flag football. He is cheerful and fun to have around. He is an excellent communicator, telling "it all" to his Mom.

Billy seems to know that his mission on earth is to cheer up his Mother, and he works hard at it all the time. Everyone likes Billy. He has lots of friends and his teachers love him, too. He's a second grader this year.

Alan and Betty Berry

We are enjoying being in Missouri. We miss being nearer to the relatives, but we love the area and the people here. Alan enjoys being bishop, and it has been a good experience for the whole family. His dental practice is doing well. Betty is teaching early morning seminary, and going to aerobics. Greg, a junior in high school, is seminary president, and he is in the honors choir and the swing choir at school. Patrick plays the drums and is getting his braces off (a big thing in his life.) Christy takes dance, piano, and plays the clarinet. Jonathan is taking the piano and loves 3rd grade. Tara is taking dance, too, and is singing solos. She loves life, and like every family's baby, she is adored. The dog, Foxey, holds us all together--she thinks she is the boss.

Rosalee and Dennis Byers

We have been in Atlanta, Georgia for two years now. Rosie is head of aerobics at a fitness center and is a counselor in the Relief Society. Dennis is temporarily retired and is the ward executive secretary. The company was sold, and the officers were replaced, one of which was Dennis. He plays lots of tennis. Tiffany, in her 3rd year at BYU, is in pre-nursing and is playing touch football. Melanie is living with her Byers grandparents where she is a nursing aid in a rest home. Jeffery has recovered nicely from a perforated appendix earlier this summer. He spent thirteen days in the hospital. Preston is playing soccer and was on the swim team this summer. Brandon was also on the swim team this summer. Brandon and Preston, entered the county swim meet, representing the top 10% of the swimmers, and they placed very well in several of the events.

--David Berry

Lee's Family

Lee and Virginia Berry live in McLean, Virginia, where they celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on October 16, 1986. A golden anniversary in this day and age is quite an accomplishment.

Lee is still very active in business with his son, Steven. He has just finished supporting the writing of an autobiography by a Cambodian refugee who is a physician. Lee is also working on a major writing project of his own in the area of diet and nutrition.

Virginia is recovering from major surgery. The illness that prevented her from attending the family reunion turned out to be gallbladder trouble, so it was removed in early October. She is doing very well.

Jean and Gary Arbuckle

Jean and Gary live in Great Falls, Virginia. Jean is going through a premature mid-life crisis. She has a Ph.D in human behavior and has been doing marriage counseling, but is cutting back on her practice to give her time to do dried flower arranging. She sells them through shops and at craft fairs and is loving it.

Gary is still practicing dentistry. He's the president of the Northern Virginia Dental Society. He recently attended his dental class's twenty-fifth reunion. After hearing about the people who have left dentistry, had divorces, or committed suicide, he's decided he's doing pretty well.

Cristy lives in Alexandria, Virginia, and is in charge of press relations for Elizabeth Dole, the Secretary of the Department of Transportation. When there's a crisis, she has to work late nights, but loves her job.

Jeff is in his second year of medical school at the Medical College of Virginia in Richmond. He's finally getting to see warm bodies instead of cold ones. Jean says he's been playing doctor for years anyway, so they might as well make it legal.

Eric just got his license to captain commercial boats up to 1,000 tons. He passed with high marks on his first try--it takes several tries for most. He's attending college at Old Dominion in Norfolk, Virginia. He loves that area because of the town, boating and the beaches.

Steve & Judi Berry

Steve and Judi live in Fairfax, Virginia. Steve is in business with his father. In his spare time, he coaches his son David's soccer team, is the ward executive secretary, and is starting to do wedding photography. He was having back trouble last year, but is so much better that he has been able to build a deck on the back of the house (with help from Judi, Van Ellsworth and Gary Arbuckle).

Judi is a nurse practitioner. She works part time, doing health physicals and giving primary care at a walk-in clinic. She's also a cubaaster. In her leisure time, she travels the many roads of Northern Virginia transporting her kids to their numerous activities--Mom's Taxi Service.

Stephanie is a tenth-grader, loves seminary (she's a master scripture chaser), and plays select soccer. She was a star on her high school junior varsity soccer team last year. This year she also plans to go out for basketball. She got her braces off last month and now her dad has to chase the boys away.

Annette is an eighth-grader. She's a whiz at math. She plays select soccer and basketball. She holds her school's record for going with the most boys in one week.

David is in sixth grade. He's an excellent student and a fine soccer player. He just got his Cub Scout Arrow of Light and moved up to Boy Scouts. He's an excellent artist and loves playing computer games.

Michael is a fourth-grader. He's a bright student and is learning how to study. He plays soccer and has just started taking karate lessons. He's also a Cub Scout.

Pat & Ray Felsted

Pat and Ray live in downtown San Francisco with their five children. They own several apartment houses, which keeps them busy with many leaky toilets. They recently traveled with their children in a motor home to visit Eileen and Bob and their family in Seattle.

Pat has turned out to be a very good businesswoman. She manages their apartments, keeping them rented, and supervises their maintenance. Pat chases her five children, who keep her so busy she doesn't realize it's hard work.

Ray has been extremely successful in real estate, accumulating substantial properties which he and Pat own. He now works for a firm which specializes in running a relocation service for companies which transfer employees frequently.

Their five children are Benjamin, 8, Brandon, 6, Kirsten, 4, Kelly, 3, and Matthew, almost 1.

Eileen & Bob Luke

Eileen and Bob live in Pothell, Washington. Eileen is enjoying her first year of having all her children off to school. She is secretary of the junior high school PTA and is the second counselor in the Primary.

Bob is putting in 14-hour days practicing law in North Seattle. He also coaches his daughter Melissa's soccer team.

Jenny is in the ninth grade. She's in her third year in the honors program. One of her honors electives is French, which she enjoys. Jenny also is keeping busy with babysitting, a paper route, and helping coach Melissa's soccer team.

Julian is experiencing the joys and frustrations of the 7th grade. She is in the honors program. After school she keeps busy with babysitting, a paper route, and helping coach Melissa's team.

Jonathan is in the 5th grade. He was just elected to the student council. He's a star player on his soccer team. He has started early morning band playing the trumpet. His father says all the dogs in the neighborhood howl when he practices.

Shannon is busy in the 4th grade. She's a forward on her soccer team.

Melissa enjoys the 1st grade. She's having fun on her soccer team, the Lightning Bolts.

--Steven Berry

Norma's Family

Norma's branch of the family would like to express our thanks and appreciation to Jeannie Larson and the committee that organized the Berry reunion and made such fantastic memories possible. We all enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. Diana Rice felt like it was a step back into her childhood. Except all those good-looking teens were the children of the cousins she had such great times with twenty years ago.

We have to modestly point out that our branch of the Berry vine collected our share of the honors. Susanne, Christa, and Randy Fife did very well in the horseshoe tournament. Michael Rice won the teen flipper trophy. In the Sierra Trigo 3000 meter marathon, Barry Larsen took first place in his division. Randy Rice took second and David Larsen took third in their division, Keith Larsen (JoAnn's son, not Jeannie's husband) took first in his division, Bradley Larsen took first in his division, Jared Larsen took seventh in his group (which had the largest number of participants, the under 8 category.) In the girls division, Anna Marie Rice took second in her division, and Julianne Larsen not only won first place in her age group, but won the second place trophy for the entire women's category. Christopher Rice, Jason and Susanne Fife also completed the marathon. Keith Larsen and Christopher Rice came in second in the water balloon toss. Their balloon was dropped at least twice and rolled around on the grass without breaking. Anna Marie Rice and Julianne Larsen were in the children's talent show, performing a

gymnastics dance. JoAnn Larsen and Diana Rice gave their once in a lifetime duet performance at the Berry talent show, with JoAnn playing the guitar. And Susanne gave an unforgettable performance as the town floozy in Joycell's melodrama. Our families were not even off the dirt road leading to the highway before everyone had unanimously voted to come again in two years!

R. E. FIFE just returned from a business trip to Europe. He was able to spend a weekend in Paris with his brother, James, who is the Mission President there. Randy's wife, BARBARA is substitute teaching this year.

CHUCK AND BONNIE MIDDLETON and family had a busy summer filled with trips to Lagoon and water slides, swimming, craft projects, theater participation, library excursions, and canning. In and around all that, two of their children had minor surgeries a week apart. Back to school signaled a major change for Bonnie, with all six children in school all day, for the first time. She felt blue the first day, and hasn't had time to think about it since. She quickly realized just how much she could get done in a day, and how rested she could feel when her children came home from school. Chuck enjoys his job at Word Perfect, an Dream Software Company where he has been working for four months. It has been an eye opener for Bonnie to see just how devoted Utah is (meaning BYU fans) to football. The Stadium is always full. Church meetings, etc. are changed to leave the football times free. Chuck's mother, a Relief Society President in Provo, said that once a funeral was changed in her ward so that it wasn't conflicting with the game. Everywhere you shop during a game, it is on the radio and service is slow during tense moments of the games. Much to Bonnie's surprise, she has become one of those fans! This is a tough year to become fanatic, Bonnie!

BARRY AND JOANN LAPSEN have completed their move from their farm in Marsing Idaho, to Sacramento area in California where Barry is attending McGeorge School of Law. They are renting a nice four bedroom home while they sell their home in Idaho. Their five children are all great helpers, doing more than their share of the packing, not complaining during relocation, and quickly settling into new schools and finding new friends. Barry is really enjoying Law School, although it requires long hours of study. He has been known to work on a paper until 4:00 am and then get back up at 6:30 to finish it! JoAnn is still looking for a good job and has several good possibilities. They like their new ward, and are happy with the way things are turning out. David, their 13-year-old son completed his eagle project before they left Idaho this summer, putting up chemical labeling and warning signs on the storage facilities for each farmer in the area. The signs will help the fire department quickly identify the type of fire they are dealing with. Julianne, 12, is in their stake's production of *The Music Man*.

ROGER AND DIANA RICE's family had a lively time this summer. Five of their children attended six different camps. Randy, Cindy, and Stephanie all participated in the

Oakland Temple Pageant, and it was a fantastic experience for all three. Randy and Cindy were in the balcony chorus, and began weekly rehearsals in February preparing for the pageant and the end of July. Stephanie was one of the dancers, and she did very well. The parents were properly blasé about the whole thing, and restrained themselves by only attending five or six times. As wonderfully as Stephanie danced, her missionary efforts were even more impressive. She had fifteen members of her high school dance class and her teacher attend the Pageant! Stephanie and Cindy received their patriarchal blessings September 7. Each blessing was exactly right for each daughter. We felt such spiritual closeness and peace as we listened together to what our loving Heavenly Parents have in store for our children. It was like receiving additional blessings of our own, because what blesses children also blesses parents. Cindy's lineage is not from Ephraim. Does anyone know of another family member who has been declared from the house of Judah? The Rices would be very interested to know. Michael is one of five male cheerleaders at his high school, and we are proud of the way he has handled a very tricky situation with upset football players. Anna Marie is in Middle School, this year, in the sixth grade. Christopher, age 9, is busy with cub scouts and beginning coronet. Our two-year old Brian continues to be an exasperating, challenging delight. He wants to say all our prayers for us, and is so cute we have a hard time making him take his turn. We just finished a three-year study of the Book of Mormon, and are marking and reading it all over again, at President Benson's suggestion. Hopefully our second trip through will be a little faster!

When RANDY AND CHRISTA FIFE'S son, Coban, had his fifth birthday, he had a party and invited his whole Primary class. But all he really cared about was whether his cousin Jason (Brad and Susanne's) could come or not. He really loves Jason. Normandie, age two, felt left out of the birthday festivities, and appropriated one of Coban's workbooks, figuring everything with Sesame Street on it matched her room decor and belonged to her. One night she caught Coban and Christa working on the Sesame Street book, and she was shocked. Her hand went to her hip, out came the lower lip, and she reclaimed what she felt was rightfully hers.

Coban loves his kindergarten class, and insisted on walking home from school by himself. Randy decided to let him, but found himself waiting in the street by the house on the first day. Coban was quite excited that he had walked home by himself. The next day, Christa had to go to school, and met Coban coming out of class. Coban saw Christa, and got really mad. Christa apologized because she had to come to the office and she asked him if it was ok if she walked home with him. And he said no, and turned around and started walking away. He stopped and said, "Well, its ok today, but DON'T DO IT TOMORROW!" Several weeks later, Christa again had to go to the school. The night before, she carefully explained, and asked if she could walk with him to school. He sighed, clearly disappointed, put his hands on his hips, and said, "I guess so, a

man's gotta do what a man's gotta do!"

Randy was transferred to an office job just before THUMS, the oil company he works for, began laying off their production crews because of the drop in gasoline prices. He is doing really well there, learning to work with a computer very quickly. The office staff has come to depend on the expertise he developed in the field. Christa has been working with a friend on a small business for color and fashion coordination. She has done a wonderful job of redecorating their home.

BRAD AND SUSANNE had more than their share of troubles this summer. Susanne writes: Throughout July, we have been experiencing a jinx. It began with our attempt to attend the family reunions. We got to the R.E. Fife reunion for one evening and the next day, began our nightmare of car troubles. After we returned from visiting with the family, and enjoying the interaction between our children and their cousins, we were awakened by a phone call in the middle of the night. It was my brother telling me that our truck had broken down. Brad took our Rabbit to rescue my brother and just as he stopped to pick him up, something went wrong with the clutch or linkage on the VW. My brother and Brad limped home in the Rabbit. The truck needed a filter and they had to go back and get it the next day. We finally purchased a filter on Monday evening. But my brother needed to go to work Monday morning, so he took the old car that Mom and Dad had let him use. (But it was having radiator problems.) Mike got home from work and the radiator had run dry because of a leak and he was afraid the engine block was broken.

"Brad was on vacation [time] because we had intended to leave Sunday for the Berry reunion. We got the truck a filter, and Mike had transportation to work. But Brad and I had no transportation to the reunion. Dad decided to lend us his car, and we finally left on Thursday morning and because of this, my brother was able to go with us to Arizona. We were grateful for our car, but everytime we stopped, the car had to be jumped. After repeating the "can-you-help-me-jump-our-car" scene too many times, we stopped in Phoenix and got a new battery. We enjoyed the rest of the trip until we missed the turnoff to the Whiting Homestead. It began to rain, and so we turned on the windshield wiper and then the lights began to dim and the wipers were struggling to work, and we thought we would be stranded on the road all night. After checking three exit roads, and they were all wrong, we didn't know how long we'd have power in the car. We turned off the wipers and had our lights on high beam. At last we found the right exit and crept our way along the dirt road. We stopped at the dance to see if anyone we knew might be there. But of course we didn't turn off the engine. It seemed like a dozen big guys came out of nowhere. They guided us to a campsite, pitched our tent, and within minutes our family was set for the night. The moment we turned off the engine of our borrowed car, it died and would not turn over. But we were just glad to be there."

"The reunion was everything we could have

imagined. Karie and Jason were in seventh heaven playing with their cousins and having so many places to play without supervision. Our jinx did follow us, however, because it rained all day Friday. And of course we were prepared for hot, blistering days. So we layered on our tee-shirts, and it was OK, with plastic tarps and garbage bags as raincoats.

"Our visit with family members we had not seen in so long was very enjoyable. We got caught up on news, sharing many laughs and more than anything, got the shot in the arm of love that we so needed after our trials to get there. We are very blessed to have so many stories of trials, inspiration and fun from our family members. Each story, even if it's heard many times before, still carries the same impact."

One Sunday Jason and Karie took the Sacrament with their left hands. Susanne was trying to explain the importance of using their right hands. She then turned to Karie and asked, "Karie, do you know which is your right hand?" Karie responded by lifting her right hand. Then she added, "and this is my wrong hand." Susanne tried not to laugh, and said, "Oh Karie, that is your left hand." And Karie said, "Then where is my wrong hand?"

Five-year-old Jason has proved that he is as serious about soccer as he is going to kindergarten. When he was introduced to his teacher at orientation, he hesitated, then blurted out an apology and a hope that she might excuse him from school on Mondays because that is when he practices soccer.

--Diana Rice

Helen's Family

We all share a great concern for the children of this family. There are things going on in the world today which could be perils to our children. We all need to be more concerned, dedicated parents to withstand the negative influences and inadequacies of today's world.

Are we all aware of Secular Humanism? It is a very subtle, satanic philosophy which is infiltrating into our school systems and other institutions, and taking hold of the minds of our youth. It is anti-Christian in its teaching, but taught in such a subtle way that this danger is not recognized. Those who advocate it are working with dedication to "take hold of the minds of our youth" while innocent parents are uninformed, or, if they do know, frequently respond with apathy. It seems that the "princes of darkness" are more diligent than the princes of light." If you would like to be more informed, please write to me [Helen Andelin] and I can recommend a couple of books or a short article I have published.

Lane and Darlene Andelin are the parents of Amy, Michael, Heather, Brooke and Laura. They live in Houston, Texas, where Lane works in Graphic arts and type setting.

Brian and Helena Andelin are the parents of Karina, Tami, Clark, Tanya, Todd, Joseph, and Brian. They also live in Houston, Texas, and Brian is a printer.

Dixie and Bob Forsyth are the parents of Tiffany, Melissa, John, Richard (Andy), Amanda, Gina, and Cherry. They live in Rogersville, Missouri, where Bob is a counselor in alcohol and drug abuse.

Kristine and Steve Hales are the parents of Matthew, Kathryn, Melinda, Jennifer, Jonathan, Natalie, Jillyn, Karen, and Megan. They live in Fairfax, Virginia, where Steve is a bookbinder.

John and Cindy Andelin are the parents of Emily, Sam, Wendy, Robert, Jeffrey, and Sarah. They live in Williston, North Dakota and John is a Pathologist.

Virginia and Robert Leavitt are the parents of Benjamin, Bonnie, Sara, Casey, Andrew, and Lara, and are expecting their seventh child as this goes to press. They live in Pierce City, Missouri, where Robert works in construction.

Paul and Judy Andelin are the parents of Jessica, Daniel, Scott, Crystal, and Benjamin. They live at Camp Pendleton, California, where Paul is a Medical resident.

Merilee and Craig Saunders married last spring, and are living in Scottsdale, Arizona. Craig works in computer science.

ANDELIN GRANDCHILDREN SPOTLIGHTS

Michael Andelin (Lane's oldest son) age 12, is making rapid strides in gymnastics. He has a large collection of blue ribbons. He has entered finals in Texas, and is aiming for the World Olympics as soon as he turns 18.

Casey Leavitt (Virginia's) age 7, has gone into the egg business and is making a killing. The story goes that he caught a lot of strays left over from his father's chicken business, rigged up his own cage and through diligence has a regular stream of customers. We expect great things of Casey, who seems a natural born business entrepreneur

Karina Andelin, (Brian's) age 13, has first seat in the honor orchestra (violin.) About this same time she placed first in the Home Economics baking contest (for her cinnamon rolls) and fourth place in sewing.

--Helen Andelin

Dean's Family

Anna and Bruce Wood are living in sin city (Reno, Nevada.) They are learning to love their surroundings of sage brush and real live cowboys. Bruce is moving up in the world. No one will be surprised when he becomes the next president of the Maumbausa region of Uganda. Anna's encore from her smash hit, "Born a Berry" is to run in the St. George marathon changing the lyrics to "Born to be Crazy."

Jonathan, our professional bachelor is alive and well, breaking hearts in Newport Beach. Jon's next project is to be the first aerospace engineer to orbit Neptune in 60 days. (But really, Jon, you can find girls

here, too.)

Karen and Brent Mitterling are busy and happy. Brent is busy keeping Sandy City Parks (Utah) at their prime. His next feat is to solve, once and for all, the Sahara Desert weed crisis. Karen is also running in the St. George marathon, but her motivation is a time to think of ways to recycle the gum from her students' desks.

Matthew is busy counting money at Guarantee Savings in Fresno, California. He's rolling in the dough. (It's too bad he can't keep it.) Matt and Juana (his girlfriend) have devised a new armored transport device. They've installed bullet-proof spokes on their bicycles. (They come in handy when traveling dangerously across the street to the bank.)

Mark is alive and kicking. Why kicking, you ask? Because on February 7th, he kicks the bucket, I mean, is getting married. Lynnae, his fiance, is busy with wedding plans. Her greatest challenge is finding big enough shoe sizes for her new brothers-in-law.

--Karen Mitterling

A NOTE TO THE FAMILY REPORTERS

Our deadline for the next issue is New Years' Day. Please mail your articles to Anna Wood so that she receives them January 1, 1987.

We are planning to publish a FAMILY DIRECTORY as a companion guide to the Phone and Address List published this quarter. Please compile and send us a list of family groups in your family with correct spelling and birthdays of parents and children.

As you compile your family news, please keep in mind the following suggestions:

1. Please read what you wrote last time before you begin, so that the same information will not be reprinted.
2. Include anything you think will be of general interest: Experiences, feelings, cute things the children say and do, hobbies, problems the family could help with, publicity, recognition and personal opinion can and should be included.
3. Ask others in your family unit what they would like to contribute or have printed. POSTSCRIPTS

The experiences of the editors while assembling this issue have been notable. The reporters were prompt, the data was quickly entered into the computer, all seemed to be going very smoothly. A few technical decisions had to be made, and after a little struggle, things seemed to be right. Then it came time to print the address list. Diana thought it would be a good idea to include phone numbers, since so many had been sent in anyway. To her chagrin, she found that long distance information isn't free anymore, and she got a bill to prove it! Finally it was ready to print out. One list skipped Norma's whole family. One listed everyone after Aunt Maree as living at her same address! (Now that is a housefull!) One scrambled all the phone numbers. Once the entire list got accidentally erased, and it took Roger Rice half the night to recall it back without its little directory code. Finally, after checking and cross-checking, we've got it right (we think--please send corrections for next time.) After all the ups and downs, we can say, whole heartedly, it was worth it!

Berry Family Addresses

Phone	Name	Address	City	St	Zip
417-476-2034	Aubrey & Helen Andelin	P.O. Box 219	Pierce City	MO	65723
713-890-7737	Brian & Helena Andelin	11606 Menley	Houston	TX	77064
701-774-0237	John & Cindy Andelin	RR #3, Box 626	Williston	ND	58801
713-890-5910	Lane & Darlene Andelin	9515 Turtle Log Trail	Houston	TX	77064
619-430-0111	Paul & Judy Andelin	172 Los Padres	Camp Pendleton	CA	92055
703-823-8848	Cris Arbuckle	4474 Raleigh Avenue #403	Alexandria	VA	22304
804-625-2589	Eric Arbuckle	2201 Hampton Blvd. #A-1	Norfolk	VA	23517
703-821-8238	Gary & Jean Arbuckle	902 Banbury Court	McLean	VA	22102
804-272-8439	Jeff Arbuckle	Med. College of VA Sta. Box 1041	Richmond	VA	23298
417-776-3339	Alan & Betty Berry	P.O. Box 609	Seneca	MO	64865
818-445-7759	Beth Berry	841 Arcadia Ave.	Arcadia	CA	91006
801-375-5703	Brent Berry	735 North 400 East #21	Provo	UT	84601
619-480-7379	David & Sharon Berry	3554 Ryan Drive	Escondido	CA	92025
209-251-8118	Dean Berry	4975 E. Butler #150	Fresno	CA	93727
818-445-7759	Doug Berry	841 Arcadia Avenue	Arcadia	CA	91006
no phone	Herwana Cynthia Berry	Apt 856 San Pedro Sula, Cortes	Honduras, C.A.		
703-536-4769	H. Lee & Virginia E. Berry	1414 Laburnum St.	McLean	VA	22101
714-646-6625	Jon Berry	38 Seabird Court	Newport Beach	CA	92663
602-247-2972	Leroy & Lydia Berry	2910 North 60th Dr.	Phoenix	AZ	85033
714-650-3253	Mark Berry	120 1/2 46th Street	Newport Beach	CA	92663
209-227-8983	Matt Berry	3331 East Sierra Madre Apt. B	Fresno	CA	93726
703-425-6167	Steve and Judi Berry	4910 Heversham Ct.	Fairfax	VA	22032
404-394-5804	Dennis & Rosalee Byers	7650 Brigham Drive	Dunwoody	GA	30338
602-821-2153	Angela Cooper C/O Martin Cooper	1400 N. Alma School Rd. #142	Chandler	AZ	85224
417-476-2413	Jack & Joycell Cooper	407 Elm	Pierce City	MO	65723
no phone	Lance Cooper	3975 E. Dakota #209	Fresno	CA	93726
602-821-2153	Martin & Susan Cooper	1400 N. Alma School Rd. #142	Chandler	AZ	85224
209-275-5295	Shawn & Linda Cooper	4498 N. Cornelia #225	Fresno	CA	93722
no phone	Valerie Cunningham	1030 S. Dobson Rd. #305	Mesa	AZ	85202
801-377-1847	Esther Ellsworth	487 North 750 East	Provo	UT	84601
804-226-4459	Gary & Charleene Ellsworth	1409 Brownleaf	Richmond	VA	23225
801-375-0312	Luke Ellsworth	335 North 750 East	Provo	UT	84601
602-333-2962	Lynn and Jamie Ellsworth	Box 776	Eager	AZ	85925
703-569-0847	Van & Cheryl Ellsworth	9025 Brookford Road	Burke	VA	22015
417-476-5494	Jerome & Janice Falls	500 Walnut	Pierce City	MO	65723
415-931-3205	Ray & Patricia Felsted	2301 Pacific Ave.	San Francisco	CA	94115
714-968-6850	Brad & Susanne Fife	8511 Kelso Drive	Huntington Beach	CA	92646
818-966-0307	Randy & Barbara Fife	P. O. Box 2705-306	Huntington Beach	CA	92649
714-891-5037	Randy & Christa Fife	13342 Chestnut Street	Westminster	CA	92683
417-882-9408	Bob & Dixie Forsyth	Box 331, Rt. 2	Rogersville	MO	65742
817-294-2963	Pat & Evelyn Gwartney	5678 Worrrell	Ft. Worth	TX	76133
703-378-5853	Steve & Kristine Hales	12824 Melville Lane	Fairfax	VA	22033
602-985-7109	Daylynn & Tim Hamblin	6153 E. Ivy St.	Mesa	AZ	85205
no phone	Leo & Michele Hamblin	6170 Panorama Drive	Idaho Falls	ID	83401
417-235-8435	Maree B. Hamblin	503 6th Street	Monett	MO	65708
no phone	Markay Hamblin	Box 681	Patagonia	AZ	85624
801-373-4737	Jon & Julie Hardy	4A-154 Wymount Terrace	Provo	UT	84604
417-235-7845	Marilyn Helf	305 2nd Street	Monett	MO	65708
no phone	Sally Higgins	Cassville City Hall	Cassville	MO	65625
no phone	Elder David Hunter	A.P. #4 La Ceiba Atlantica	Honduras, C.A.		
805-646-3240	John & Louine Hunter	1190 El Toro Road	Ojai	CA	93023
801-583-3081	Robert & Kenna Hunter	4440 Wilson Ave.	Salt Lake City	UT	84108
801-377-5912	Scott & Kristy Hunter	484 S. 500 E.	Provo	UT	84601
408-249-9959	Steven Hunter	4291 Norwalk Dr. #V108	San Jose	CA	95129
918-272-3175	David & Genette Largeant	11681 E. 80th N. Apt BB	Owasso	OK	74055
916-723-6411	Barry & JoAnn Larsen	7006 Peachtree Ave.	Citrus Heights	CA	95621
213-668-2192	Brian Larson	1870 N. Rodney Dr. # 3	Los Angeles	CA	90027
no phone	Elder Darin Larson	6142 Fisher Rd. #143	Dallas	TX	75214
602-536-4000	Keith & Jeannine Larson	Box 709	Snowflake	AZ	85937
602-835-5640	Shane Larson	1001 N. Pasadena Apt. 11	Mesa	AZ	85201
no phone	Troy Larson 527-69-0311	PFC #4, SQ #3743, flight 505	Lackland AFB	TX	78236
417-476-5407	Robert & Virginia Leavitt	Rt. 1, Box 592	Pierce City	MO	65723
206-481-0764	Bob & Eileen Luke	21813 Second Ave. S.E.	Bothell	WA	98011
801-224-5289	Chuck & Bonnie Middleton	164 East 1700 South	Drew	UT	84057
801-254-7181	Brent & Karen Mitterling	2233 West 13400 South	Riverton	UT	84065
818-282-4218	Myn Priestly	1221 S. 8th	Alhambra	CA	91803
415-939-3272	Roger & Diana Rice	2047 Esseny Ave	Walnut Creek	CA	94596
602-941-4802	Craig & Merilee Saunders	3524 N. Miller Rd, #25	Scottsdale	AZ	85251
417-235-8435	Leilani Silvers	503 6th Street	Monett	MO	65708
no phone	Wanda Silvers	1030 S. Dobson Rd. # 305	Mesa	AZ	85202
619-749-2348	Tres & Julie Tanner	31430 Oak Glen Road	Valley Center	CA	92082
801-373-2927	Jenny Ward	655 East 600 North #13	Provo	UT	84601
302-428-0725	Richard & Elaine Ward	206 Haystack Lane	Wilmington	DE	19807
702-826-6688	Bruce & Anna Wood	3553 Arches Court	Reno	NV	89509

REMEMBRANCES OF THE 1986 BERRY REUNION
by Jeanine Larson

I don't think I would sound even the least prejudiced to report that the 1986 Berry Reunion was one of the best. Families came in spite of problems and obstacles. We saw many who had not been to the homestead in years. It was wonderful to experience the gathering of Herbert and May Berry's family.

I am not going to give details and time schedules and exact facts about the reunion. My brain is not in a very exact channel these days. But I feel it is important that we record the feelings and memories of this 1986 reunion.

The reunion officially opened July 1, 1986. Only Christmas Eve can compare with the excitement of seeing loved ones drive into the homestead and set up camp in these old familiar surroundings. We don't recognize cars as we used to in the olden days. We have to wait until they get close enough to see the whites of their eyes. When families pile out, the children are strangers to us for a few moments, but we know the faces of our own generations. The bodies may be wider, the hair grayer, but the love is always stronger than ever.

This reunion was especially sweet because we knew we were going to see loved ones that we had not seen for several years. The spirits of Effie, Kay, and Norma were especially strong because their children were there.

We won't forget how impressed we were to see Lynn Ellsworth and his kids march into camp after an 18 mile trek from their home in Eager. Not bad for a young man in his 50's. Lynn went on to win the Whiting race in his age division later in the week. Murray for physical fitness!

Elaine Ward and her children flew from Delaware. Evelyn and Pat Gwartney and their family drove from Ft. Worth Texas, with a new baby due the following month. It takes great sacrifice for families to come but we know that the experience of the reunion pays them in full.

There is no question that one of the strongest memories of this reunion will be Aunt Maree's teepee. It was pure entertainment just to stick your head in every 30 minutes to see each new bunch that had settled in. I'm still angry at myself that I did not arrange to have a tape recorder going 24 hours a day in that teepee. History was taking place!

Roger Rice did get some excellent footage of Aunt Maree telling Ed Benner stories. I don't know if we will be able to watch it though. Roger was laughing so hard that the film is guaranteed to make the viewer seasick. The strange thing was that Roger had already heard all those Ed Benner stories. Being a member of this family, I really think he should have more control than that. The least Diana can do is to put a "caution: Take Dramamine before viewing" label on the video. [Diana says, "even stranger, the video turned out with very little shaking. Perhaps Roger and Aunt Maree were laughing in synchronization, and cancelled out the film motion!"]

Joycell and Jack Cooper, Janice Falls, and Marilyn Helf all drove out from Missouri in separate vehicles, and with their children. Marilyn's car drove into Snowflake coughing, sputtering, belching and leaking oil. It spent the reunion time in the hospital in Holbrook. The mechanics all placed their hats over their hearts and uttered the same diagnosis, "I wouldn't let my wife drive around the block in this." Marilyn piled her kids into the car and drove 1,000 miles back to Missouri! It's another testimony to me that the Lord wants us at these reunions and He will do all He can to help us.

Shawn and Linda Cooper drove from Fresno with their family. Lance Cooper flew in from Fresno. Susan Cooper brought her two babies and her parents up from Mesa, and Angela Cooper brought her fiance with her from Mesa. We remember the help we received from Susan Cooper's parents. They were there at every turn, to help with meals and babysitting or whatever. Thank you Brother and Sister Lloyd Malone.

The young will not forget the fun of treasure hunts, bear hunts and parades and stories and climbing Sierra Trigo. We will always remember the delight and enchantment of watching the smallest children in camp follow Aunt Joycell out into the forest to find the Sugar Plum Tree. We listened with wonderment as we learned of the "potato mounds," the fairy hotel, and the stage where the little people dance at night. It was a wonderful moment when the children looked up and saw the Sugar Plum Tree high on that ledge, shimmering with candy and surrounded by a field of lollipops. Children and adults waddled back into camp with pockets, hands and mouths full. I'm afraid there were a few sugar highs that day.

Markay Hamblin arrived from Alaska and had his own little reunion with his children. Genette and David Largeant drove with their family from Oklahoma. Leo and Michele Hamblin came from Rexburg, Idaho with their new little baby son. And Daylynn and Tim Hamblin drove up from Mesa.

Keith and Jeannine Larson were there with all of their family except their missionary, Darin. They traveled all the way from Snowflake, Arizona!

It was wonderful to see Aunt Elizabeth and all her children. I'm sure Uncle Kay was proud of the sacrifices they made to get there. Louine and John Hunter came from Ojai, California with all their bunch. David and Sharon were there from Escondido, California. Alan and Betty came from Seneca, Missouri. Julie and Tres Tanner were there from Valley Center, California. All came with their families and wonderful smiles that only Uncle Kay's bunch can give us. It was great to visit with Doug Berry and really get acquainted with him for the first time.

We felt especially blessed to have a professional photographer in our midst! I will be eternally grateful for the pictures that Steve Berry took at the 1982 reunion in Missouri. Steve and Judi Berry drove out from Fairfax, Virginia with their

children and Steve spent most of his reunion time peeking around corners, into tent flaps, and hiding behind trees waiting for that perfect shot.

We were all thrilled to see Eileen and Bob Luke come from Bothell, Washington. Eileen reminds me so much of Aunt Virginia, Alan reminds me of Uncle Kay and Diana is so like her mother Norma, that sometimes I feel like the first generation is starting all over again.

I know that Norma is grateful that her children were so well represented. Diana and Roger Rice came from Walnut Creek, California, with their car load of kids. JoAnn and Barry Larsen drove from Marsing, Idaho with a full car load. Randy and Christa Fife arrived from Huntington Beach, California with their van they customized themselves, loaded to the gills. and last, but never least in Aunt Norma's group, Brad and Susanne Fife staggered in late Thursday night. We were all grateful that they made it, even if it was for such a short time.

It was wonderful to see Helen and Aubrey home from their mission to Australia. Even though their children were not able to be there because of other important family commitments, we know that we will be seeing them all in the future. We missed them.

Dean Berry's caravan included Anna and Bruce Wood from Reno, Nevada, Karen and Brent Mitterling from Riverton, Utah, Jon Berry from Newport Beach, California, and Brent Berry from Los Angeles, California. We will never forget that melodious rendition that Anna, Karen, Jon and Brent gave us with such sensitivity and feeling. What was it now? BOOOOOOOOrn a-a BE-E-Ry. Truly destined to go in history as a classic.

We will not forget the volleyball games with Brent Berry leading us all to victory. There are no losers in a Berry game. The only losers are those who don't participate. Between hysterical laughs, jokes and showing off, we managed to make a few points. Who did the Berrys get their athletic ability from--Grandpa or Grandma? I know that Grandpa was a champion runner, but was Grandma Berry an athlete in her youth? Will one of the first generation let us know?

We will not forget such a display of talent on Thursday night as we had at the family program. Remember David Lee Berry reciting a poem to his father, Steve? Melissa Ward and Sara Gwartney's "Three ways to Look Your Best" act, David and Julianne Larsen's wonderful song "Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better." Sarah Gwartney tap dancing to "If You're Gonna Live in Texas, You've Got to Have a Fiddle in the Band." Sara Larson and Jenna Helf with their "Mighty Midget" act, Chelsie Cooper finally singing after much persuasion. Keith, Jack and Troy doing a little pickin and blowin. Lance Cooper with his magnificent imitation of Stevie Wonder. JoAnn Larsen and Diana Rice singing "I might have had riches". The Berry kids whom I've already mentioned with their rip-roaring delivery of "Born-a-a Be-e-rry." And Brian Larson stirring up all the teenagers with "Foot Loose."

We will not forget Uncle Dean's wonderful story of childhood and memories of Grandma and Grandpa and Arizona. We will always cherish Aunt Maree standing at the pulpit and telling her memories of Grandma and Grandpa. They may not realize it, but it is a great blessing for the younger generations to be able to sit and listen to Aunt Maree, Aunt Helen, and Uncle Dean speak of history. These are moments that get us through this life. These are the experiences that give us comfort, love and a determination to be a better people.

Then after the program came the most fun of all. It was time for the young in heart to dance. There is nothing like a dance with the cousins. The fun and laughter cannot be duplicated at any other dance in the world. The memories of family dances go back to the summer of 1953. (Sounds like the name of a movie!) That was the year that Uncle Eddie sent out word to all the teenagers to come to the homestead a week early. They were going to build a recreation hall and everyone was invited to help. I remember spending about four hours on the roof, nailing on shingles. I carried brick for the fireplace and ran errands for anyone that needed me. It was a wonderful time. We had our first family dance at that reunion. I was only 13, but I danced with every male cousin there.

In those days, we had a live family band with music from the 40's and a few old favorites played often. The girls always brought their very best dresses to wear, with crinolines so stiff that we could stand them in the corner of our tents. Times have changed, haven't they?

I get a feeling of security and comfort when I sit in that old recreation hall and watch everyone dancing the night away. We are all there together, safe from the world and its headaches. I wish sometimes that we could freeze time and wrap that blanket of love and warmth around us, never to be disturbed again.

We will not forget the delightfully decorated walls of our beloved out-houses. The challenge of trying to hold our breath long enough to read all the hysterical literature donated by Joycell Cooper.

We will always remember the feelings of relief as we tucked the last child into a dirty bedroll and settled by the evening campfire. At that moment each mother was beginning to wonder if it really was all worth it or not. But much to our delight, Tres Tanner brought us back to the reality and joy of what a reunion is for, with his rendition of "The Camel Song." What more can I say?

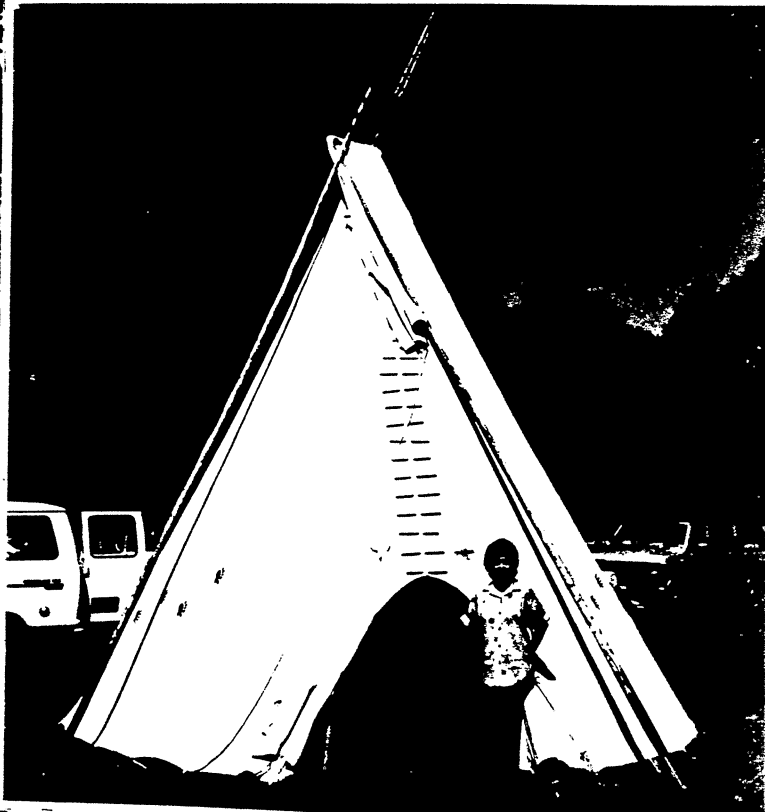
We will remember the testimony meeting on Friday morning as tears flowed, new commitments to family were made, and love grew stronger between us. We are grateful to Sharon Berry for the beautiful choir she directed. We are grateful to all who bore testimonies of family and of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is at this meeting that we feel the spirits of those loved ones who have passed on. We miss them and we love them. And



The Sugar Plum Tree, high on a ledge, shimmering with candy, and surrounded by a field of lollipops.

we hope to pass that love on to our children. It is important that we think of them often and that the things that we do in our lives reflect our desire to be with them again.

The time spent at the homestead is always an emotional roller-coaster. Especially for the parents. The sanitation problems, the fatigue, the wet, dirty bedrolls, the constant walking here and there to accomplish some small task, the crying babies in the cold night, they all represent the opposition of mortality. But just as one moment we are in the depths of despair, the next moment will be filled with pure joy. All of the negative experiences we have at the Homestead allow us to pay the price for the happiness we experience there. It is a price that I will always be eager and willing to pay.



Above:
Marilyn Helf is standing by Marie Hamblin's teepee, the heart and pivotal point of camp.



Left:
Inside the teepee, the Chief Squaw and her court. Counter clockwise from Aunt Maree, Karen Mitterling, Aunt Helen Andelin, Louine Hunter, Betty Berry, Judi Berry, Amy Falls, Jocell Cooper.

HISTORY OF THE FIRST WHITING REUNION

by Maree Berry Hamblin

Uncle Eddie had planned the whole reunion, and all others were just as enthusiastic. But Uncle Frank, who was President of the Central States Mission, and Dad, who was his first counselor, would not leave their vast responsibilities, and said no. But they would consider letting Mother and Aunt Martha come. Uncle Eddie, not satisfied, drove to Salt Lake City to approach President George Albert Smith. It wasn't hard to get his consent, for Uncle Eddie reminded him of the sermon President Smith had delivered at Grandpa's funeral.

His closing words at the funeral had been:

"What has been said of this family must be treasured by them. No university in all the world could grant a diploma to cover the virtues that this man has portrayed in his life. We have referred to his accomplishments, and wonderful tribute has been paid to the family who looked to him; but I would like to say that the good woman who sits here who has survived him, is entitled to all the credit that this man is entitled to, for his family who wouldn't have been reared without her help.

"But they were called on a mission (first to the united order with their parents. Second to settle in Arizona when they were married.) If no more had happened at Brigham City than the union of Brother Whiting and his wife and the posterity that followed him, the mission was fulfilled. So next Thursday, when I stand on that ground, it will be sacred to me because of the lives of those who give their lives that the message of God would be understood.

"While your Mother lives, be good to her. Try to take the place of her husband. Life will be as bright as it has been to her if you will do your part. As long as she lives, meet together once a year, if you can, under the roof-tree where she resides, and recount to yourselves the virtues and incidents of the life of the man you love as your father. And, if you do this, petty things will not come between you, but you will love one another and the joy that has filled your lives heretofore and the life of this good man and his wife, will come to you and be with you always." -- This quote is from May Whiting Berry's journal.

President Smith not only consented to Uncle Eddie's plea, but said, "Your family Reunion is more important I'll notify them myself." And he did. Every one of the children and their families gathered for that first reunion, including the missionary Browns and Berrys.

In her recollection of the reunion, Mother seemed to be directing her account more to Dean than anyone else. Dean was on a mission to Denmark. He was her baby, and she missed him terribly.

President George Albert Smith



REMEMBRANCES OF THE FIRST WHITING REUNION

by May Whiting Berry

June 30, 1948

A Day In The Mission Field

Perhaps I should say, "A Day Out Of The Mission Field," because we returned last night from the Whiting Reunion. It was such a success, and on such a big scale, I feel like I'm lost in getting started to give you a clear picture. No doubt you will all have different views and impressions, so hope you will let me read any other reports that are written.

You know, when we began to get near the old Homestead, I began to get what my children call "Butterflies." The old Sierra Trigo, the mountain that hedges one side of the homestead, brought back so many memories--of Effie and Maree climbing with their little scarlet red dresses I made so they wouldn't get lost; and of Lee about four, when rolled down the knoll, then cried because Kay still likes Sierra Trigo; and of Pa and Lynn and the potato patch and all.

But the picture changed as soon as we drove into the gate at the Homestead. It struck us all so funny, and we just laughed and cried together. There stood the old house where we used to live, now almost beyond recall, where the children slept in the attic. But, the funny sight was what came into view just beyond the old house. Dean, you remember the old house, I think. Well, just beyond the old house was a row of tents, nice army-sized tents they had built up with boards halfway up, with two full beds in each tent and electric lights in each one. On the front of each tent was a name such as KAY, then EFFIE one the next, then MAREE, etc. for each of our married kids, then Martha's, Earnest's, etc. In the middle of this little tent city stood four beautiful modern homes--not the old rough mountain mill houses we were used to seeing, but nice white frame houses, with running water and electricity, etc. One was Ralph's, one Arthur's, one Earnest's and one Eddie's. Farr and Virgil had built one together.

We were guests in Arthur's and slept in a fine bed between joining bedrooms. Art asked us to go riding with him before we unpacked. So we got in the "Half Track" they had bought from the army. About 25 of us sat around the sides. Everything went fine until Art started, real fast, toward a good-sized pine tree. Minnie and I thought he must be intending to see how suddenly he could stop, as he had Grandpa in the front with him. She, like all of us, began to give vent to her feelings in the form of a squeal--just as we knocked the pine tree over and went right on.

Another thing I did before I unpacked was to run for my Kodak when I saw forty saddles hanging on a pole line (horizontally) between two trees, down by the corral. I'll send you the picture, Dean.

Next morning it was like a carnival while we all (including such as Diana and other three-year-olds) climbed the corral fence to get a good look at the cowboy who was hired to lasso

and saddle all the horses. you see, this was the morning of the "Bear Hunt." Uncle Eddie had hired a man from Albuquerque to come with his hunting dogs and tree a bear. He paid the man \$100. Out of the forty hunters, only four girls went. There were Maree, Norma, Joycell, and Melba. The men were Randy, Gene, Kay, Lee, Ray Brown, and others. Eddie led the procession, as they started single file. They did have a wonderful time, but it turned out more like a fox hunt, because the dogs picked up the trail of the bear several times, but couldn't tree it like Eddie planned. But, they did have a lot of fun when they broke up to chase it. Eddie paid \$135 for the outfit he had on, a very fancy suit, with braid something like Leo Carrillo wears.

Then, in the afternoon was the baseball game. It was between the Whiting Boys and the Whiting Girls (children.) At first our side hesitated, but Ray Lewis soon pepped them up and got a team organized. Our side included Kay, Randy, Gene, Aubrey, Jack Cooper, Markay, Russell, Jack Brown, and Uncle Albert. Well, Jack Cooper pitched, Markay on first base, and Russell was catcher. To make a long story short, our side won, 26 to 2. But Uncle Earnest said we had nothing to crow about, because our pitcher, Jack Cooper, and Markay and Russell won the game (two in-laws and a grandson.) However, I reminded him that Kay had knocked five home runs.

Before I forget it, I'll tell you about the cooking and the food. You see, for two or three months the Whiting Boys deserted all their other business to a certain degree, and spent it all on the Homestead, building and buying things. They built the houses, and they found and bought the army tents, together with all those beds that went in each tent. Then Art and Earnest got a piece of steel, about an inch thick, and four feet wide and six long. For two days they polished it, then built around it with bricks, one end open for wood. Next they built a nice little house over it, on two sides, and a roof. Then they were ready for action.

Each morning at 6:00 a.m. they were ready and rung the bell for everyone to come. All you had to bring was your plate and cup and utensils. They each had a pitcher of pancake batter, and could cover that grill in just minutes. Five minutes and dozens of cakes were turned and a beautiful brown. A five gallon can of syrup and plenty of butter were there also, along with hot cocoa or postum. The complete line was fed without delay, and we had to take some pictures again.

Then at about 4:00 p.m. Eddie, and Ralph proceeded to cook steaks. And such delicious steak you could never hope to find in town. They had killed a choice, fat calf, cut it into steaks and ground meat. They had a long row of bake ovens, with a brick side to hold in the fire. While Ralph and Eddie dropped in those piles of steaks, as a neighboring dude ranch had brought their own equipment and cook who proceeded to make hot biscuits in another place over hot ashes. So all you had to do was pass by the steaks with your plate, then go by the baked potatoes and beans, then the hot biscuits--and you'll never guess how it all tasted until you try it sometime.



Eddie Whiting in his fancy suit with the braid, something like Leo Carrillo wore, that he bought for \$135 especially for this first Whiting reunion, 1948.

Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you, at noon the entire top of the grill was covered with that delicious ground beef in the form of hamburgers, and the rolls were there and all the trimmings. But the little job they left for me came near ending in a disgrace for me. My brothers had told me a month early that they wanted me to bake square bread, because I had cooked bread in a bake oven for our family when I was sixteen years old--all the way from Utah to Arizona. I felt a little dubious about it, so I got Sister Pope, one of our Relief Society Presidents in the Mission field, to give me her recipe, for her famous hot rolls. She told me the secret was to stir it stiff with a spoon, but to add no flour when I mix it out. I did exactly as she said, putting warm grease on my hands to keep it from sticking, which I did.

That was the day they all went to Harris Cave, and some claim they went clear to the end, a thing that had never been done before that we've heard. Anyhow, I went on with the bread. I put one pound of yeast to twenty five pounds of flour. It all came up fine. Then it came time to put each little roll out on the table to raise. It didn't work. The dough struck the table and stuck. The cool breeze chilled it. Suddenly I noticed that the big grill was still warm from the morning hot cakes. I got my warm grease and proceeded to pinch off little pieces of the sticky dough. Suddenly, I had an audience, each one telling me that my way would never do. I got convinced that it wouldn't either, but it just had to go on. I told them what Sister Pope had said, and I went on.

By then I had sticky dough all over my hands and the table and it seemed like even in my ears. Then here came the crowd from the Harris Cave. Eddie and Daddy were the first to come in on horse back. Eddie took one look and said, "May, what are you going to do with that?" I said, "Feed it to the hounds, and I'm not going to cook it for them, either." So Eddie got excited, and Daddy got some bake ovens full of hot grease. The roll dough had risen by then and was just ready to be molded. But, Daddy suggested deep frying instead, and we started dropping in little globs of dough about half the size of a regular roll. In just minutes they came out cooked through, light as a feather and a golden brown. What pleased me was they stole the line from the Dude Ranch cook's baking powder biscuits that were heavenly indeed. Everyone said they had never tasted anything so good. Neither had I. The big mistake paid off, and everyone came back for refills. Believe me, I was the star of the evening for a while. (Mother called them Dough Dogs because they were ragged in shape, and swam around in the hot grease.)

There is so much to tell about, I can't quite decide whether to tell it all in this letter, or make two parts of it. I'll tell you about the fireworks. Everyone had firecrackers and all kinds of fireworks. First, about 11:00 p.m. that night, Ralph shot a Roman candle. It sailed off in the air, as usual, but all of a sudden it lit almost to the top of Sierra Trigo, and instantly a fire sprang out like a streak of lightning. Everyone was horrified. It was so dry that summer that the forest rangers had warned us to be extra careful, and we had been careful to watch all camp fires and all. But no one realized that a disaster like that could happen. Markay, Lynn, David, and some of the other

young teenagers reached the fire in nothing flat, and it was soon under control.

But Daddy got the scare of his life when the "Half Track" took two of our precious sons and sons-in-law, with no roadway, and hit for the top of Sierra Trigo. You remember how terribly steep it is. But, when they started back, they came down at the rate of at least 50 miles an hour. They came so fast that when they hit a boulder they started to tip over, but it settled back. I think Daddy aged fast for a few minutes. Lee said, when he was safely down, that he was sure glad on the way down that he had just renewed his insurance policy.

Ralph built a big play pen out of chicken wire nailed around a big grove of trees, so we wouldn't have to worry about the little ones. The children all gathered around while he was building it. But as soon as he had finished and left, they all left too, and you couldn't hire one to stay in there. They were all like Diana, just wanted to be free to run from one tree to another, and climb in the "Half Track" pretending it was taking them somewhere, or down watching the horses. Aunt Elda said she believed Diana had more fun than anyone at the reunion.

Well, Friday night was the first program. Uncle Eddie gave his famous "St. Peter." Uncle Earnest sang his "Old Si Hubbard," and each gave something typical of the old stories and songs. Aunt Myn sang "Young Bung Yer Eye," and Martha and I sang "A Little Old Woman That I've Heard Tell." You remember it, Dean. We had long black skirts on with little red petticoats up to our knees, and we danced as we sang. As we came to the verse that says, "Along came a tailor, his name was Stout, he cut her petticoats all about. He cut her petticoats up to her knees, and left the little woman in the cold to freeze." We dropped the long black skirts and stood there shivering and dancing until they got quite enough and we could go on. I'll send you some pictures. I'll finish this next week. Mother

Aunt Maree adds this 1986 post script: Mother and Aunt Martha, born and raised through the Victorian period, were too naive to see the slight risqué hint to this song. And, believe it or not, neither did the M.I.A. Committee in Salt Lake who put the Songs For Young People together. This song was in that old M.I.A song book. I've seen it there. Effie and I talked about this, but neither of us wanted to mention it because it was so much fun to watch Mother and Aunt Martha do it. In all innocence, it was great comedy the way they interpreted it.



THE SAME SACRED STORY

by Dean Berry

Indian tribes have inhabited Northeastern Arizona for centuries. The Apache and Navajo were relative latecomers and lived by hunting and raiding. They referred to the Hopi as "the ancient one." The Hopi were and are farmers, scratching a living out of some of the driest, scantiest soil in the world, absolutely dependent on the July-August rains of the high desert country to the North and West of St. Johns and Holbrook. Springs usually supplied only enough water for household use.

Their homes were built of stone, pueblo-style, in eleven villages atop three high mesas, desert buttes which had been thrust upward a thousand feet above the farms and reached by narrow, easily-defended trails. Men and boys went down to the fields in the mornings, worked all day, then climbed the torturing trails again in the evenings. They often ran both ways, in preparation for the marathon-type races which were part of their yearly festivals. Women carried water daily to their cisterns on the mesa tops. These people believed in being industrious.

They also believed in prayers to Massua, the Great Spirit and Only True God. They were taught by their fathers to be righteous and to be peaceful. They were to be strong, but were never to make war.

Never a large tribe, they numbered some eight thousand at the time of the American Revolution. Because of their mesa tops, they were able to withstand raids by Navajos and Utes. But three years of famine and disease reduced them to fewer than a thousand by 1780. They have never fully recovered from those years of drought, and to this day number fewer than five thousand.

Hopi legends said to expect their white brother to return from the West, but not to trust the white man from the East. Franciscan and Jesuit missionaries failed to win converts during a hundred years of proselyting. Jacob Hamblin and a group of Mormons first approached them from the West, crossing the Colorado River from territory forbidden to the Hopi by their beliefs. Mormon missionaries since that time have always been welcomed and there have been many conversions, many of them notable.

Many of you know of Gene Flake, a Mormon from Snowflake who was a missionary to the Indians during much of his life. In about 1937, he arranged a meeting with the Hopi. As an act of diplomacy, the entire High Council of Snowflake Stake was invited. This was an act of diplomacy, for in the Hopi religion there was also a High Council. I cannot recall which village it was, but it was on a mesa-top. Father was on the High Council. He took me with him. I was twelve years old--a brand-new Deacon.

I do not remember the trip, but I do remember the climb up the trail. I remember especially the meeting. We were led to a "room" which was open on one side. Their "priests" sat with backs to the wall and our with backs to the open. I stood behind my elders, as did a number of Indian boys, all as solemn as if in church, which I believe was the case. When introductions were over, there were prayers by representatives of each group, and translations both ways. Several members of the High Council made short speeches, but anything they said is lost to my memory.

They were overshadowed by a picture of Gene Flake standing in strength and dignity, holding a Book of Mormon in one hand. He spoke Navajo well, but not Hopi, so I was able to hear every word as spoken by the interpreter. He emphasized his words with universally-understood Indian gestures, using his left hand.

He told them that the book he held told the story of the plan of life, made before birth, and that it spoke of their ancestors, who once were white and came from across the ocean. (The interpreter, who had never seen the ocean, had some difficulty with this word, but when he described it, the old men nodded their heads in understanding.) He told them of quarrels amongst brothers which resulted in their becoming two separate peoples, one fair-skinned, the other dark, and of a great war resulting in the deaths of the whites. He told them of a white brother to us all who visited their fathers many generations before and who had promised to return. He finished by pointing to the book in his hand and saying, "This is the book of your people and of our religion."

There was a silence, and then a discussion among the men of the Indian High Council. There was a muted argument, and finally silence again as a younger man left the chamber and descended into a Kiva (an underground ceremonial chamber.) The silence remained until he returned with a tablet of stone which he reverently placed in the hands of the tribal spokesman. He held it and said, "This is our book. It tells the same story as yours."

The stone was handed carefully to Elder Flake. He and each member of the Stake High Council was allowed to hold and examine it. Of course, I was not permitted to touch it, but I saw it closely and clearly over father's shoulder. It was about 8 by 16 by 1 1/2 inches, of polished, light-colored, yellowish stone. All edges and corners were smooth and slightly rounded. Its "squaring" seemed perfect. It was hard stone of a type I have never seen in Arizona. It seemed to glow, but I believe this was because it was translucent. In one quadrant of the flat surface was what appeared to be a map, and it seemed to me that this portion was a different color than the rest. The remainder of all six flat surfaces was covered with symbols. They were precise, simple marks, not even remotely resembling the sun-animal-tent writings found on flat rocks all through Arizona and New Mexico. This tablet was very ancient and precious to these people. It might be as if we had one of the gold plates of Nephi, kept in the Holy of Holies, and only shown to people who had a recommend.

This incident was brought to my mind when I read of this or a similar stone in an article in the Improvement Era (Nov, 1963.) It was shown to Jacob Hamblin in 1858 by Tuba Hopi Chief of the Clan of the Water and the Corn.

I have seen Hopi ceremonial dress and ritual. I have seen their sacred Snake Dance, with live rattlesnakes. I watched their 20 mile race, with the men running up the last, brutal thousand-foot climb. But an outstanding memory of my boyhood was the dramatic moment of seeing two books, each held by a dignified man, and each telling the same sacred story of the origin of the American Indian.



LIFE SKETCH OF ALONZO KAY BERRY

by Louine Berry Hunter

My parents raised six children, and every one of us would like to speak at our father's funeral because we all want to tell you about our remarkable and beloved father. Due to our seniority, David and I are the lucky ones, but we speak for the others as well.

Several years ago, Dad wrote in his personal history, "In the year 1910, Haley's comet appeared in the vicinity of our earth. This mysterious phenomenon is the only such dependable visitor that we have. Our scientists tell us that it appears every 76 years, right on schedule. It was visible all over, but no place was it more spectacular than in northern Arizona, especially over St. Johns. I was too young to remember it, but in later years my father gave me a vivid description of it. It will visit our earth again in 1986. This time I am going to have a long, first-hand look at it. In that same year, 1910, another great event took place--Alonzo Kay Berry was born." Just a few days ago he was telling us about this in his own words and then he added, "I want to live until January 1, 1986, so I can come in and go out with Haley's comet!"

The third child and first son, he was always proud of the fact that like Abraham Lincoln, he was born in a log cabin. He was the son of two school teachers, Herbert Alonzo Berry and Anna May Whiting. When he was four years old, and the number of children had increased to four with the birth of Lee, his father and mother did an unheard of thing in Arizona. They left, with their children, on a train arriving in Chicago four days later, where Grandpa enrolled in dental school. The young couple closed their ears to remarks of family and friends who thought they had lost their minds. "What do you need more education for? You've already graduated from the academy!" But a year or two before graduation, money ran low, and Grandpa returned to Alpine, Arizona where she taught school for a year in a one room school house in the coldest part of Arizona. Every morning, Grandpa carried Lee through the snow to the baby sitter's house before school. But she dared not trust her whirlwind of a son, Kay, to anyone but herself. So she took him to school with her, as well as his two older sisters, Effie and Maree. Calling up all of her motherly talent to teach her students with Kay in the room, on the first day of school, she spread a soft and furry rug in front of the fireplace and told him that if he ever got off that rug for any reason, he could never come to school again. He seemed to know that would be an unbearable punishment, for he enjoyed the attentions of the students, and he did a remarkable thing. He settled down on the rug and seemed to sleep the winter away in front of the fireplace.

At the end of the fourth year of dental school, Herbert's and May's joint dream that began during courtship days, came true, and Herbert became a dentist. Dad and his brothers, Lee and Dean, both doctors, all agree that they never would have had the courage to break out of the Arizona lifestyle and become dentists and doctors, if their father had not done it before them.

Dad had a wonderful childhood, surrounded by six brothers and sisters, loving parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins

by the dozens. Although the family lived in many places in Arizona, Dad always considered his beloved St. Johns to be home.

Noraa, Helen, and Dean completed the family circle, and Grandpa regularly quoted to her children from a book brought home one day by their father, He Can Who Thinks He Can. She quoted from the book until it became an integral part of their personalities. It was a vehicle which helped to shape their lives. In recent years, when this information came to light, my mother said, "I always wondered where Kay and all his brothers and sisters got their indestructible egos and self-confidence. I've never met another family like them. They're all that way!"

When our father was seven, he sold newspapers on the corner to passing cars, and it is said that he yelled "Pa-a-per" so loudly that his father could hear him in his dental office a block and a half away. That same year, he sold the "Saturday Evening Post" door to door.

When he was ten, he dreamed of owning a new bicycle. After much praying for the bicycle of his dreams, the answer to his prayer seemed to be that if he wanted that bicycle, he would have to work for it. He then acquired a paper route out in the country that was 16 miles long, round trip. He talked the bicycle owner into letting him buy the bike for a small down payment and a promise to pay him part of every paycheck. He got the bike, and in his personal history he tells an exciting tale of his adventures as a country paper boy while being chased by hobos and vicious dogs in the early morning chill.

During his four years in high school, he attended four different high schools in four years. His brother Lee says that he attended six different high schools in four years. But a turning point in Dad's life came when he attended Provo High School. Without mentioning it to anyone in the family, he entered the famous Haroon Oratorical Contest, prepared the speech without any help, and won the contest! His family was speechless when he told them what he had done! It was the beginning of a lifelong interest in public speaking and teaching, and was followed by debate classes as well.

In his junior year, something happened that set him apart from other men, and will simply amaze you. All during my life, I have seen a picture in his photo album of him and his sister, Maree, both dressed in fancy clothes. Recently, Aunt Maree sent me a copy of the same picture and told me the story behind it. He asked her, a freshman at Tempe College, to be his date for his junior prom! Are you amazed yet? She says that although several girls were broken hearted because he didn't ask them, it turned out to be a good move for him. She was a good dancer and had taught him how to dance, and they spent the evening making quite a splash with their fancy dancing and laughing and having a marvelous time. Mom says that he was always proud to be seen with Maree because she was so cute and popular and had so much personality.

For his senior year, he returned to St. Johns where he lived with his grandparents. He was a quarterback and captain of the football team and also played baseball, track, and soccer. He appeared in school and community and family theatrical productions as well.

When he was eighteen, he received his patriarchal blessing, which told him that he would travel over land and sea to preach the gospel, and that he would go in peace and return in safety. Shortly thereafter, he received his mission call to faraway South Africa. At his farewell, he tried to reassure the audience of his safety by saying that his patriarchal blessing told him that he would "Go in safety and return in pieces." They sure laughed at his mistake.

In South Africa, my father experienced what must have been the most colorful 2 1/2 years ever spent by a missionary in the history of the church. His accounts of his missionary days, and his unforgettable trip home which completed a trip around the world, will entertain his posterity for generations.

Upon returning home from his mission, he worked for his uncles, the Whiting brothers, while his brother Lee served a mission in Brazil. While on his mission, Lee sent Kay a poem that so touched my heart when I recently found it among Dad's things. I want to share just one verse out of five with you. I thought it was a beautiful thing to see how a boy of nineteen could feel so deeply about his brother that he would write a poem to him, expressing his love and his inner-most feelings.

Dear Kay:
Somehow I've managed to git along
Without yu brother uv mine,
Whistlin' us workin and singin a song
I seee tu git along fine.
I cun stand the winter un fall all right
Seilin' un doin my part,
But when summer cums 'round I have to fight
The tears, since we're apart.
In the other months it isn't so bad
Und I git by some way,
But ever' year when the blossoms bloom out
I think uv our boyhood days.

He then goes on to talk about memories of their summers together, mentioning eating green apples, hunting rabbits, making flippers, traps and stilts, mules, honeybees, plowin', howin', and harvestin', Grandma's preserves and homemade bread. He then concludes by repeating the verse I just read to you which concludes with:

In the other months it isn't so bad
Und I git by some way,
But ever' year when the blossoms bloom out
I think us our boyhood days.

It was in St. Johns that Dad met our Mother. She had come to
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spend a few weeks with her sister, Ruth, who had recently married his cousin, Ray. She then returned to Provo to go to BYU, which prompted him to enroll also. Their courtship blossomed that year. At the end of the year, he was elected President of the sophomore class, and she was elected Vice-president. He was a Gold Bricker, and she was a Cesta Ti. Before returning home, he took her up to a lovely spot in Provo canyon and proposed to her and then asked her father for her hand in marriage. He worked that next year instead of returning to BYU, and they were married September 26, 1934, in the Salt Lake Temple.

Dad wrote in his personal history in recent years that she was the "only woman in the world who could make my life complete." Mom wrote in her personal history that as they walked out of the temple and she looked up at him, she thought to herself, "Just think, he's mine forever and ever." "I still feel that way," she continued.

They started married life with \$300, a borrowed car, and some wedding presents and headed for California. His first venture was as a gas station attendant in L.A. He soon bought the gas station, worked it for two years, and sold it at a profit. He then opened up a very successful malt shop called "It's the Berries Malt Shop." One day he read in the newspaper that it was the last year that USC would accept dental students who had one year of college. The next year it would require two. He went down the next day and enrolled.

When he graduated four years later, they had two children, David and Louine. After graduation, they rented a house in Alhambra and Dad joined Fred Bringham in a dental practice. A few years later, he bought a small house on Garfield Avenue which he remodeled into a dental office. The office was remodeled and added-to several times, and he enjoyed forty years as a dentist, missing only four days due to illness, in forty years. He really loved being a dentist, and my sisters and I enjoyed being his part-time dental assistants during our teen-age and young adult years.

At Alhambra ward, he soon became a counselor to Bishop Julius Madsen. Later, he became the Bishop. At home, two more babies, Alan and Rosie, were born when we lived in our first home which he bought for \$6,000. When I was twelve, we moved into the San Gabriel home where my parents lived for 37 years. Julie and Doug were born in San Gabriel. It was during this period that the stake was split, and my Father became a counselor in the new Pasadena Stake Presidency, to President Howard W. Hunter. Our father loved and respected him so much that he gave his youngest son, Doug, the middle name of Howard. Several years later, I married his son, John, and now the two grandfathers share ten grandchildren. When Dad was released from the Stake Presidency, he served for many years on the High Council, was a Sunday School teacher, always a Home Teacher, and was eighteen years a Patriarch.

He was active in community and civic life as well. He was on the Board of Directors of the Alhambra Chamber of Commerce, a member of Toastmasters, and among other things, was a founder of two

banks. He also had a long fascination with coins, and in later years won several national trophies for his displays.

In 1984, our parents celebrated their 50th year of marriage with a three-day family celebration that included a trip to Catalina for all of their posterity. When I wrote to his sister, Maree, for information about Dad's early years, preparing for that celebration, I received a 40 page manuscript complete with dozens of labeled pictures. It was entitled, "To My Brother Kay, Who Lit Up My Life." It was as if, when she received my letter she sat right down and began writing and had the time of her life doing it. After three months of fun and writing, she mailed it to me. I was overwhelmed! Her stories of my father and their homelife fascinated me so much that I stayed up all night reading it. The next night my sister Julie did the same thing.

One of the legacies my father left us was his love for women. He dearly loved his mother. In his journal, he wrote, "Only God knows how much I loved her." His love for his grandmother and his sisters was also inspiring. My sisters and I believe that these are the reasons that he always treated women with such loving kindness and respect. We see it in the way he treated us and the way he treated our mother. One of the greatest things he did for us was to love our mother, and to treat her like he loved her, daily singing her praises to us and showering her with compliments, and going out of his way to accommodate her wishes. Mom recently told us at a small family gathering in September, before we knew he was seriously ill, that when she had recently asked him to do something for her, he had replied, "Beth, the greatest joy in my life is to make you happy." A few days ago he said to us, "Mom has been just like an angel, taking care of me night and day, night and day!"

His love extended to his brothers, his sons, his friends, his dental patients, and his many other relatives, and to his

grandchildren. His love for us, his posterity, is one of the guiding lights in our lives. We all knew how much he loved us, and that he would support us in any way possible. We wanted him to be proud of us and that desire has shaped our lives and actions and always will. A few days ago he said, "I have 31 grandchildren, and every one of them loves me!" He knew that because he has gone out of his way to make a special friend out of each one.

He was such a good family leader, making any gathering more fun by his presence because he planned ahead ways that would make the event more memorable, and he came prepared. Daddy, wherever you are, it doesn't really matter that you can no longer put your arms around us. You embraced us so warmly so many times that we have only to think of your warm embrace to feel your arms around us again, and that will carry us through.

He bore his testimony to us many times through the years, at home, at church, at family reunions, and throughout his illness. He wrote in his personal history, "Like the Apostle Paul, I hope and pray that I can 'fight the good fight and endure to the end.' And this he has surely done. I hope it is proper to share with you part of a very special blessing that his dear friend and home teacher, Jack McEwan gave to him on the morning he died. Brother McEwan said in the prayer that he felt the Lord would ratify anything that was said, and went on to say that his salvation was assured, and then essentially dedicated him to his eternal glory. He also gave our mother a very beautiful blessing. Dad died a short time later, leaving a legacy of faith, love and laughter. That we, who were so privileged to know him may go and do likewise, is my prayer....."

Funeral Remarks by Louine Berry Hunter, January 4, 1986, West Arcadia Ward, 12:00 noon.

