



Nihil Sine Labore—Nothing Without Work

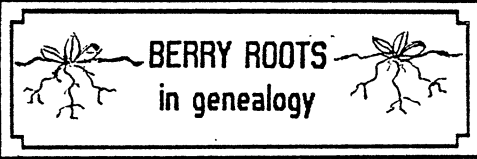
The Berry Patch

News & History of the Herbert & May Berry Family

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Spring Issue, May 1987



by Maree Berry Hamblin

It's hard to write about my grandparents, and make it short. There is so much I remember. I guess I was a very impressionable child. But it's a joy to report the Roundy genealogy. The records were kept and have survived so well in order.

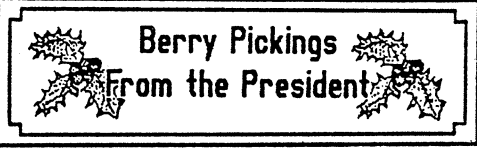
From what I hear back in these parts, those who have read the Berry Patch are catching afire with a desire to do their genealogy. I have asked Helen to give a full report on her experience with genealogy on a very recent trip she and Aubrey took out in Tennessee. I think Elijah had hold of their steering wheel.

Joseph Fielding Smith once said in a conference that every married couple should have a full account of their genealogy records, since they will never know when they might be called away from home, like Lehi was, and their children would never know their full lineage and heritage.

I believe that somehow we must make it possible that each one can do just that. Now that copy machines are a common thing, and it is easy to get things from Salt Lake City these days, we can each see which research has been done, and which hasn't.

Markay tells me that when he was on his mission, he took pictures of all the headstones in several little country graveyards in New York. He didn't know why, but he was interested in genealogy even as a kid. They weren't his people, so he sent them to Salt Lake. Later, when he went to BYU, and became a genealogy teacher over a group of students, they made a trip to the Genealogy Library in Salt Lake City. Someone wanted records from the same place Markay had made those pictures, and his pictures were carefully filed, the only records of any kind from those graveyards. Some get the idea that the church has microfilmed ALL records. They haven't.

Records seem VERY important to those in the spirit world. Usually, when someone dies and comes back, they report how busy everyone is up there and how they bring warnings to us to get things done on our genealogy.



Dear Family,
 Most of us try hard. As we raise children, the demands upon us compound and we try even harder. And then when we cannot seem to do all that we demand of ourselves, we feel guilty and become discouraged. We aren't perfect and don't seem anywhere close to perfection. I am beginning to feel that isn't so bad! Let me tell you why.

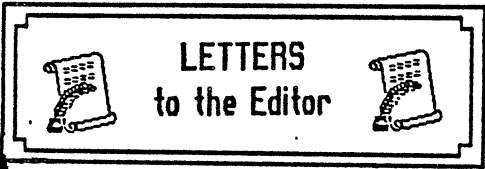
I recently was privileged (Beverly took me along) to hear Lowell Bennion speak. Amongst other things, he mentioned that he didn't think we ought to try too hard to be perfect in this life. The audience pressured him to enlighten, and he gave us five reasons, as follow:

1. We don't know what perfection is. It is outside our experience.
2. We are bound to fail to achieve perfection, and then we will feel guilty, and that is debilitating.
3. We might think we are succeeding, and become self-righteous, and that is dangerous.
4. I believe in the law of eternal progression; that life can be enriched throughout eternity. That is not compatible with perfection in this life.
5. People who try to become perfect become self-centered and self-absorbed. Twice the Savior taught that whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it.

Brother Bennion also told of a modern translation of Matthew 5:48, which he suggested, not as scripturally accurate, but for us to consider:

"Let there be no limit to your goodness, even as the goodness of God knows no bounds."

May God bless us in our imperfections and in our progress!
 Love, Uncle Dean



I received the Berry Patch this morning, and I sat right down and read every word of it, and I plan to get up early in the morning and go over it again! Love to all you beautiful nieces and nephews—
 Aunt Myn

...this morning I have been reading "The Berry Patch". Diana, I believe what you are doing is very important. It needs to be continued because it is important...
 Uncle Lee

I can't tell you how much we love "The Berry Patch." I've used so many stories in my Laurel class. I appreciate all of you efforts in putting it together for us.
 Janice Cooper Falls

We really enjoy "The Berry Patch." It also helps me to keep in contact with our large family... Lots of Berry Love—
 Genette Hamblin Largent

I really enjoy "The Berry Patch." Keep up the good work."
 Luke Ellsworth

Many thanks for your excellent work! (How do you do it?!)
 Patricia Berry Felsted

We love you all!
 Randy Berry Fife

Elder Berrys and Sisters

We would like all the returned missionaries in the family to write the funniest thing that happened to them on their mission, and the most spiritual. We could stockpile these anecdotes, and print them from time to time, space permitting. It will be hard to top Cindi Berry's tarantula story in the first issue of the Berry Patch, where she killed the giant spider with her hair spray.

Speaking of Cindi Berry, she writes: "Well things are pretty different here in Belize, and it's fun. Most of the people here speak English (although it does sound very different) and they also speak Spanish and Creole. Many people can speak 2 or 3 languages. We have been teaching in English, and it seems kind of strange, but I really like it. I'm a little tongue-tied sometimes because I'm so used to Spanish, but generally I can express myself better and I have a larger vocabulary. It's hard to pray in English. It feels strange, but I'll get used to it! This is the Carribean Sea, and it is a beautiful jade green color. All the dirt and sand here is white. Belize used to be British Honduras, but now it is an independent country. Belize has a reputation for being kind of tough, but that is changing, here in Corozal at least. Sunday we gave 11 discussions, and we have a goal of 8 baptisms for April. I'm excited to be here, and I love it. Missionary work is the best. I love you All!!!"

Address change: Sister Cindi Berry
P.O. Box 159
Corozal Belize

Julie Berry, newly of the Washington D.C. South Mission writes: "The most exciting part about this work is knowing that we are not alone! The Lord is by our side the entire time--this is his work--it really is!! I love it--it's hard, but with the Lord's help, it's a piece of cake. There is a lot of 'seed planting' here. We knock and knock and knock to place a Book of Mormon, and only find a few who are interested. We are beginning to see the fruits of our labors. We have about 6 investigators. There are many rejections and only a few who will listen. But those few make it so worthwhile. I love this work! President Benson's message to 'Flood the world with Book of Mormons' to draw out those who will listen, was so true. Our whole family has been given so much. Heavenly Father is counting on each member of our family to give--to share the gospel."

New Address: Sister Julie Berry
5756 Walnutwood Lane
Burke, Virginia 22015

During sacrament meeting, Andrew Leavitt, age 6, leaned over to his mother and said, "I wish we could fast-forward this." (Andrew is Ginny Leavitt's youngest son, and Helen Andelin's grandson).



By now, I hope you have all found a binder for the Berry Patch. File the history according to subject or family member. It is also a good idea to file in the same binder the Christmas newsletters your relatives and cousins sent during the holidays. These will be priceless in a few years, especially to the next generation--but only if they're organized and easy to find. Be sure they are dated and signed correctly. Joycell will have to either mend her ways or send a double!

The following article, written by Ed Anger in the Weekly World News June 28, 1983, took the words right out of my mouth:

LET'S GET THOSE LAZYPONE KIDS WORKING THIS SUMMER

When I look at the way today's kids spend their summers--lying around pools, smoking dope and playing video games--I get madder than a wet hen backing into a thornbush.

In my day there was only one reason that school let out--so the kids could go to work. Summer break meant break your back. Today's kids think school ends so you can have fun.

In my day, school ended in spring so we kids could help do the plowing and planting. If work on the farm was done--and that was almost never--we looked for jobs in stores or the lumber yards.

I guess that's why most of us kids liked school so much and studied hard--because when we were out of school we were working our behinds off.

A typical summer day for me and my friends began before dawn and ended at dusk. Most of the time I was so bushed I fell asleep right after dinner still wearing my work clothes.

Is it any wonder that we didn't get into trouble with drugs and girls--we were too exhausted!

Once in a while on a hot day, my cousin Billy Bob and I would skip lunch and sneak off for a quick plunge in the water hole before getting back to our chores.

And city kids worked, too.

Today, it's different--and I don't know why.

Some soft-headed parents act thrilled if their pampered kid mows the lawn, cleans his room, or takes care of his pets.

Now kids don't want to work. They think they deserve a break after school.

It's no surprise when these spoiled brats end up being just as lazy during the school year.

This country needs a national work program for kids--special camps set up in the cities and countryside where our youth go to work--doing the things our country needs.

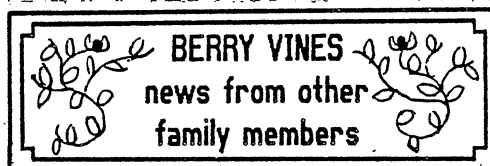
The one thing kids today don't need is a three-month break--breaks are for losers, not winners.

We'd better make up our minds to show kids how we built this great land--with real hard work and our tough bodies.

--Ed Anger

We kids broke our backs at the "Meadows" and the "Homestead." We spent our summers planting corn, digging potatoes, and hoeing weeds. We thought nothing of it because all of our friends were doing the same thing.

--Aunt Maree



Our family owes a huge debt of gratitude for the genealogical efforts of Lydia Berry. She has collected and shared many priceless bits of family history over the years, and we thank her for her unselfish efforts in tying us all together with the silken threads of love and understanding. She recently sent an update on her family:

Daddy [Herbert's brother Elmer] has been gone 13 years now. Mom [Marjorie, also affectionately known in the family as Herminal] has been married to John R. Lewellen for 11 years. We all live in the same house.

My brother, Leroy, worked for Arizona Hardware for 26 years, then Stapley sold out to another company. They let Leroy stay 3 more years, then let him go. He was out of work for 5 months, then he got a job working for Phoenix Transit, driving a bus.

I have been with the same company for 31 years, starting March 9, 1956. I have a few more years to go [for] its workman's compensation insurance.

Mother taught us to love all our relatives from the time we were small. I guess that's why we love them all so much.

Norman Heap, a son of Etta Berry Heap, read last issue's history pages as well as the rough draft of this issue, and wrote the following:

I was touched by Maree's remembrance of Grandpa Tom Berry. These words of hers set my spine atingle...I'm sure the Lord listened, as Grandpa was very close to heaven all his life, and during those prayers one got to know Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the Ten Tribes, Christ's apostles..."

You see, I spent seven years putting [my book] "Abraham Isaac and Jacob" together. It was published last December. Another book, entitled "The Twelve Sons of Israel" is in draft form. Perhaps it's Grandpa Berry's influence that moved me to put these books together.

I was thrilled, too, with Grandma Sarah Berry's patriarchal blessing, given in 1940 by Brother Rencher. [see the history pages in this issue] And to think the Lord told her "You have already earned your crown and your exaltation is fully assured unto you." That indeed is exciting.

Brother Rencher gave me my blessing in 1948. I was ordained a patriarch February 8, 1987 after having served as Bishop of the Oakgrove First Ward, Walnut Creek East Stake for five years and seven months.
—Norman L. Heap



Well, believe it or not, I was asked to do this column again! I can't decide whether or not it is because The Berry Patch is desperate for some real news, or what. But I've got some dark secrets I'm just dying to have pried out of me—

Markay Hamblin is supposedly teaching school near the Mexican border in Arizona. Actually, he is an undercover agent for the F.B.I. (That's Foney Baloney Investigator!) He tracks down every piece of baloney to test and see if it's foney. So far, he has met with tremendous success, but is so full of baloney that it's hard to carry out his duties. He teaches school as a front. His subjects are "How to Pick Your Nose In Public" (hard class to get a good grade in, Roger and Diana Rice's boys all flunked) and "How To Communicate With Squirrels." (He resigned when he began realizing that the squirrels understood him better than his students did!)

Alan Berry is hiding in the hill country of the Ozarks. The last we saw he and Betty was when they came to Stake Conference barefooted and grumbled because they had to leave their jugs at the door. Alan is still doing dental work but has been down at the mouth, lately. He complained when he had to do two crowns on a Possum, but they looked so good he began to advertise among the hound dogs and raccoons. He just built a new office and Betty cut the half moon on the front door and decorated it all herself!

Van Ellsworth is designing hotels for Marriott. That's Marriott Anderson in Ballybutton, Arizona. They had their grand opening last week and all the important people in the town turned out to pay tribute to their only hotel. It boasts of 6 rooms to rent upstairs, a dining room that holds 8, a kitchen and a foyer. It has one bathroom out back with a plentiful supply of Sears catalogs and corncocks. It has all the comforts of home, thanks to Van, and the thrilling thing is the running water he designed to run right inside the hotel. In fact, the stream goes right through the lobby, winds its way through the dining room and out the back door. Good boy, Van, you're going places. Sources informed me that Ed Benner left town because you ran him out of business. (If you kids don't know who Ed Benner is, ask your folks.)

Word has come to me that Anna Marie and Bruce Wood are moving again. Look, guys, if you can't keep your creditors from finding you, then just pay your bills! That way you won't have to move so much and can finally settle down. They bought a revival tent because it is so much more flexible than a home—when they move, they can just fold it up and steal away. Bruce is working in a scientific lab that is experimenting with ground hogs to see why they hog the ground so much. He is so good with them that he has trained 5 of them to hold onto each others' tails and play dead. That way, Anna has a fur neck piece she wears for glamorous occasions, then turns them loose when the event is over. They have overcome everything except the smell. One thing's for sure, Anna always has a seat at church, the concert or a show. Last time they went to the theater, she left her neck piece at home, but Bruce went with her so everyone still moved away! (Bruce invented a new deodorant—it doesn't take care of the smell, you just can't tell where it's coming from!)

Then there's Brad and Susanne Fife! The rumors are flying in their area. It seems that they took their kids to a House of Wax museum and Susanne melted before they finished their tour—we all thought

so much of her, too! She complained of feeling lumpy at the reunion, but I thought she was just kidding! then Brad got a job as a security guard at the warehouse of a toilet paper factory—it seems someone broke in and wiped the whole place clean! That wasn't the worst of it—Brad found out it was an inside job because someone wanted tickets to the bowl!

Shawn and Linda Cooper have become regular yuppies. Whenever we call them on the phone, everything is "yup!", "yup!" Shawn is practicing for a career in politics. He complains that someone has got to do something about the tax. Thumb tax, carpet tax, makes no difference. He also wants to have something done about social security. He says all socials should be secured, no matter what! Big-time wrestling will become the national sport, according to Lance, and he says once he has the American people in a strong-hold, he will have them pinned and up against the ropes! Linda is teaching swimming. Her star pupils have gone on to fame and fortune. Maybe you are familiar with some of them—

Carmichael Crocodile, star of that T.V miniseries "That's a Crock!"

Busty Beaver, she has the public's support and is a famous model for that Darn Hoover (or is it the Hoover Darn?) Otto Otter, from the hit musical "I Otter Notter Brought'r Daughter To The Slaughter!" (I don't know what he had to beef about!)

Then there's that woman in Alhambra who goes by the name of Aunt Myn! I can't tell all here since there are children reading this paper, but I will tell you this, she turned down an offer to be interviewed on the PTL club so she could sing, "Come, Come I Love You Only," to Sly Stalone in Rocky 5! She was given the role of Minnie Mooney, a down and out floozy who overcomes booze and drugs to beat Rocky in the ring and become the champion of the world. With that wild red hair and painted lips she was no match for Rocky. Aunt Myn hides out in her apartment, ignoring the autograph hounds and fans that haunt her building. More about this woman in later issues!

Well, that's all for now, folks, but remember, no member of the family is safe—nothing is sacred—no stone unturned to get the truth out in the open. So, until next time, this is Auntie Joycell saying, "Put the blame on Diana, boys, put the blame on Diana!"

"No snowflake in an avalanche ever feels responsible." —Stanislaw Lee

The Write Address 5/87

Family	Street	City	ST	Zip	Phone
Aubrey & Helen Andelin	P.O. Box 189	Pierce City	MO	65723	417-476-2034
Brian & Helena Andelin	11606 Henley	Houston	TX	77064	713-890-7737
John & Cindy Andelin	RR #3, Box 626	Williston	ND	58801	701-774-0237
Lane & Darlene Andelin	9515 Turtle Log Trail	Houston	TX	77064	713-890-5910
Paul & Judy Andelin	172 Los Padres	Camp Pendleton	CA	92055	619-430-0111
Eric Arbuckle	2201 Hampton Blvd. #A-1	Norfolk	VA	23517	804-625-2589
Gary & Jean Arbuckle	902 Banbury Court	McLean	VA	22102	703-821-8238
Jeff Arbuckle	Med. College of VA Sta. Box 1041	Richmond	VA	23298	804-272-8439
Alan & Betty Berry	P.O. Box 609	Seneca	MO	64865	417-776-3339
Beth Berry	841 Arcadia Ave.	Arcadia	CA	91006	818-445-7759
Brent Berry	735 North 400 East #21	Provo	UT	84601	801-375-5703
David & Sharon Berry	3554 Ryan Drive	Escondido	CA	92025	619-480-7379
Dean Berry	4975 E. Butler #150	Fresno	CA	93727	209-251-8118
Doug Berry	841 Arcadia Avenue	Arcadia	CA	91006	818-445-7759
H. Lee & Virginia E. Berry	1414 Laburnum St.	McLean	VA	22101	703-536-4769
Jonathan Berry	1932 Meyer Place B-2	Costa Mesa	CA	92627	714-548-6624
Julie Berry	5756 Walnutwood Lane	Burke	VA	22015	no phone
Leroy Berry	2910 North 60th Drive	Phoenix	AZ	85033	602-247-2972
Lydia Berry	2910 North 60th Dr.	Phoenix	AZ	85033	602-247-2972
Mark & Lynne' Berry	257 Broadway	Costa Mesa	CA	92627	714-645-4830
Matt Berry & Juana Amaguer	3331 East Sierra Madre Apt. B	Fresno	CA	93726	209-227-8983
Sister Cindi Berry	P.O. Box 159	Corozal, Belize			no phone
Steve and Judi Berry	4910 Heversham Ct.	Fairfax	VA	22032	703-425-6167
Dennis & Rosalee Byers	7650 Brigham Drive	Dunwoody	GA	30338	404-394-5804
Jack & Joycell Cooper	407 Elm	Pierce City	MO	65723	417-476-2413
Lance Cooper	3975 E. Dakota #209	Fresno	CA	93726	no phone
Marty & Susan Cooper	515 E. Eighth Street	Mesa	AZ	85203	602-964-3222
Shawn & Linda Cooper	4498 N. Cornelia #225	Fresno	CA	93722	209-275-5295
Valerie Leigh Cunningham	1030 S. Dobson Rd. #305	Mesa	AZ	85202	no phone
Esther Ellsworth	487 North 750 East	Provo	UT	84601	801-377-1847
Gary & Charleene Ellsworth	1409 Brownleaf	Richmond	VA	23225	804-226-4459
Luke Ellsworth	335 North 750 East	Provo	UT	84601	801-375-0312
Lynn and Jamie Ellsworth	Box 776	Eager	AZ	85925	602-333-2962
Van & Cheryl Ellsworth	9025 Brookford Road	Burke	VA	22015	703-569-0847
Brett Falls	8395 No. Peach	Clovis	CA	93612	no phone
Jerome & Janice Falls	500 Walnut	Pierce City	MO	65723	417-476-5494
Ray & Patricia Felsted	2301 Pacific Ave.	San Francisco	CA	94115	415-931-3205
Brad & Susanne Fife	8511 Kelso Drive	Huntington Beach	CA	92646	no phone
Randy & Barbara Fife	P. O. Box 2705-306	Huntington Beach	CA	92649	818-966-0307
Randy & Christa Fife	13342 Chestnut Street	Westminster	CA	92683	714-891-5037
Bob & Dixie Forsyth	Box 331, Rt. 2	Rogersville	MO	65742	417-882-9408
Pat & Evelyn Gwartney	5678 Worrrell	Ft. Worth	TX	76133	817-294-2963
Steve & Kristine Hales	12824 Melville Lane	Fairfax	VA	22033	703-378-5853
Daylynn & Tim Hamblin	6153 E. Ivy St.	Mesa	AZ	85205	602-985-7109
Leo & Michele Hamblin	6170 Panorama Drive	Idaho Falls	ID	83401	no phone
Maree B. Hamblin	503 Sixth Street	Monett	MO	65708	417-235-8435
Markay Hamblin	Box 681	Patagonia	AZ	85624	no phone
Jon & Julie Hardy	4A-154 Wymount Terrace	Provo	UT	84604	801-373-4737
Marilynn Helf	305 2nd Street	Monett	MO	65708	417-235-7845
Sally Higgins	Cassville City Hall	Cassville	MO	65625	no phone
Rory & Angela Hubbard	3625 W. Dunlap	Phoenix	AZ	85051	602-841-2571
Elder Danny Hunter	Ap #64 Malacatan, San Marcos	Guatemala, C.A.			no phone
Elder David Hunter	Apt. 556, Tegucigalpa,	Honduras, C.A.			no phone
John & Louine Hunter	1190 El Toro Road	Ojai	CA	93023	805-646-3240
Robert & Kenna Hunter	2440 Wilson Ave.	Salt Lake City	UT	84108	801-583-3081
Scott & Kristy Hunter	1351 North 380 West	Provo	UT	84604	801-377-5912
Steven Hunter	851 North 600 West #3	Provo	UT	84604	no listing
David & Genette Largeant	Rt. 1 Box 98A	Inola	OK	74036	918-543-2854
Barry & JoAnn Larsen	7006 Peachtree Ave.	Citrus Heights	CA	95621	916-723-6411
Brian Larson	2714 Creston Drive	Los Angeles	CA	90068	213-668-2192
Darin Larson	32 South 800 East #21	St. George	UT	84770	no phone
Jennifer Larson	32 South 800 East #15	St. George	UT	84770	no phone
Keith & Jeannine Larson	Box 709	Snowflake	AZ	85937	602-536-4000
Shane Larson	1001 N. Pasadena Apt. 11	Mesa	AZ	85201	602-835-5640
Troy Larson 527-69-0311	PSC Box 4005	Luke Air Force Bas	AZ	85309	no phone
Robert & Virginia Leavitt	Rt. 1, Box 592	Pierce City	MO	65723	417-476-5407
Marjorie Lewellen	2910 North 60th Street	Phoenix	AZ	85033	602-247-2972
Bob & Eileen Luke	21813 Second Ave. S.E.	Bothell	WA	98021	206-481-0764
Chuck & Bonnie Middleton	164 East 1700 South	Orem	UT	84057	801-224-5289
Brent & Karen Mitterling	2233 West 13400 South	Riverton	UT	84065	801-254-7181
Myn Priestly	1221 S. 8th	Alhambra	CA	91803	818-282-4218
Roger & Diana Rice	2047 Essenay Ave	Walnut Creek	CA	94596	415-939-3272
Craig & Merilee Saunders	3524 N. Miller Rd, #25	Scottsdale	AZ	85251	602-941-4802
David Silvers	503 Sixth Street	Monett	MO	65708	417-235-8435
Leilani Silvers	503 6th Street	Monett	MO	65708	417-235-8435
Wanda Joy Silvers	1030 S. Dobson Rd. # 305	Mesa	AZ	85202	no phone
Tres & Julie Tanner	31430 Oak Glen Road	Valley Center	CA	92082	619-749-2348
Jenny Ward	655 East 600 North #13	Provo	UT	84601	801-373-2927
Richard & Elaine Ward	206 Haystack Lane	Wilmington	DE	19807	302-428-0725
Bruce & Anna Wood	3553 Arches Court	Reno	NV	89509	702-826-6688

Effie's Family

Lynn and Jamie Ellsworth

It's true! Esther will be married on June 18th in the Jordan River Temple to Lindsay Pugmire from Utah. Lynn and Jamie will also celebrate their Silver Wedding anniversary in August. Since Uncle Lee and Aunt Virginia just celebrated their Golden, they were celebrating their twenty-fifth anniversary when Lynn and Jamie were married! Congratulations!

Gary and Charleene Ellsworth

Gary, Charleene and Zachary will be moving west to Tucson, where Gary has a new teaching position.

Richard and Elaine Ward

Julie and Jon are in Houston on vacation. Jenny's home from BYU and working at Chase Manhattan Bank. Our family will be going to New York City during spring break to celebrate Richard's Uncle George Romney's 80th birthday.

Van and Cheryl Ellsworth

Van's car caught on fire on the freeway, completely destroying it, but Van's okay. He was asked to be the architectural manager to design a Constitutional Park to be located near Disney World.

Pat and Evelyn Gwartney

Pat has changed computer companies and has started work in Findlay, Ohio. The family will move there when school's out.

Maree's Family

Maree is at the typewriter 12 hours a day, finishing off her western for the fourth draft. She has recently enrolled in a correspondence course from the Hollywood Scriptwriting Institution, backed by the California Department of Education. She has also joined ALMA, the Hollywood Latter-Day Saints Media Artists, who stage workshops with lectures by the greatest, such as Glenn Larson (Magnum P.I., Miami Vice, etc.) Maree lives too far away to attend the meetings, but can buy their tapes at cost, and receive their other goodies such as phone numbers and addresses of the Stars' and Producers' agents.

The Coopers

Jack and Joycell are their usual fascinating selves--Joycell more than Jack, of course. He surprised her and got her a Tandy 1000 computer and she has been going out of her mind ever since. It took her five years to learn how to work her electric typewriter, so you can imagine what the computer is doing to her!

Janice and Jerome Falls are surviving (if you call having 4

teenagers in the home surviving!) Heather, 19, is getting ready to go live with Marty and Suzi in Mesa. Brett, 20 is working in Fresno. Garrett, 16, is a Junior (and drives his mother wild!) Amy, 15, is in band and made the honor roll. Brenna, 13 and in 7th grade is a cheerleader and honor student. Mariah, 9, is in fourth grade and boss of the entire family. Janice works for Jack 3 days a week and an attorney 2 days. Jerome works cattle (his own) and is top salesman at the Diamond Cattle Sales Yard.

Marty and Suzi have two beautiful children (this is their grandmother speaking!) Chelsea is 4, and Chance is 1 & 1/2, and #3 is in the oven! Marty is working for his Masters at ASU, works part time for the Sheriff's department, and part time for Dr. Bruce Merrill from ASU who does surveys for political campaigns. Suzi is a secretary on campus and has her hands full. They recently moved into her parents' 4-bedroom home about a mile from the temple, since her parents have been called on a mission on Zambabie, South Africa, and asked them to look after their home while they are away.

Shawn and Linda are just about as busy. Shawn got promoted at PG&E in Fresno, which was great, but it put his office in Stockton, Ca. It means commuting every week. He stays in Stockton from Monday until Thursday night, then heads for home. They hate to move because the kids are doing so well in school and their sports activities--but time will tell. Linda is going to manage aerobic swim classes, which will be a great opportunity and a change from teaching small children how to swim. Chris, 8, is an honor student, plays soccer, baseball, basketball and anything else that is round and can be thrown, bounced or kicked! He comes up to his dad's shoulder (Shawn is 6'4") so I don't know how big he's going to be when he's 16. Corey is still winning swim meets and brings home ribbons, trophies and Wendy's gift certificates. Casey, 3, is something else--he has his folks buffaloed, but not his grandparents, because we had one just like him, (Shawn!)

Fresno State is now in spring training, so that takes care of Lance morning, noon and night. He is still being interviewed for various schools and hopes to get an offer worth taking soon. Kathy has enrolled in a Masters program for elementary teaching, and will be very good at working with children.

Angela and Rory are old married folk now, and have learned all about bills, insurance, dirty

dishes, laundry, and all the fun, romantic things that go along with married life. She works for a Cairo Practer, and loves it. He works for the freeway system. Sometimes he works nights and she works days, so they don't have much time to argue.

Vaylene is 15, and a freshman this year. She just got a part in the school play, Fame. She loves talking on the telephone, dancing, talking on the telephone, sunbathing, talking on the telephone, and friends. She studies once in a while if it is absolutely necessary. She also does well in Choir. The big thing in her life right now is that she made it in Driver's Ed this summer. So insurance rates are going to soar for those around Pierce City! And so ends a day in the life of that Soap Opera Family, "The Coopers!"--Joycell Cooper

The Silvers

Leilani is taking a correspondence course in "Doll Repair," with a "Doll Hospital" in mind. Research has been done by experts where they find a town of 5,000 people have 10,000 old dolls they haven't have had the heart to throw away, and seldom is there a doll hospital within 200 miles. Leilani's family is at the stage where they are located all over the map, doing a great variety of things:

Sallie is still working for the police department, and is seriously considering taking a course at Jefferson City, Missouri, to transfer into the FBI.

Wanda and Valerie are both in Mesa, Arizona, working at a rather swanky restaurant. They like it there, and have a nice apartment where they can walk to everything, including classes at the college.

Thomas lives at Anderson, Missouri, and has a job there, and comes home on holidays, and every third weekend.

David works at Tyson's, goes to night school, and is getting real serious about working Amway.

Anna May, a sophomore in high school, works at MacDonald's after school, and has set her sights on college in two more years.

Jacob is on the soccer team, and the coach has big hopes for him to really shine. Jacob is discovering that to get on the good side of his grandmother (Maree) he has to keep his grades up. No excuses.

Rebecca, in fifth grade, hasn't yet noticed boys, but believe me, they have noticed her. She has so many friends of both genders it's sometimes a problem for her

mother.

Lucinda goes steady with Larry Watson, from Colorado. He works nights, so her lonely evenings are spent at night school working towards a college degree, and in preparation for facing her cosmetic operation due this summer.

Marilynn Helf, Leilani's oldest, is an LP who works several nights at Aruora Hospital. She is studying for her RN, about a year from completion, and is the star with the old people. They love her and she loves them. The stories she can tell will soon surpass the Ed Benners. Like the dear old lady who, trying to be helpful, got up in the night and collected all the false teeth from the bedside tables, put them in a paper sack, and proudly delivered them to Marilyn to be soaked. Although it took hours and days, it is doubtful that everyone is yet wearing their originals.

The Helf twins, Kim and Kellie, are going their separate ways in careers. Kim, dedicated to nursing, has finished her first term and now works as a student nurse at Mt. Vernon. Wearing her smart uniform she looks like a young Florence Nightengale reincarnated. Kellie, the math wizzard of the family is following a different path to glory, and is presently working at Sears Outlet to save money to go to Dixie College, where she wants to rack up credits to pursue her dream of becoming an International Banker. More than she can fathom, her great grandmother (Maree) suggests that she also majors in international Law, so she'll have a chance against terrorists, and will be in a position to hook one of those handsome CIA men. The twins adore the opposite sex, and are too popular for their own good, but both are set on a glorious career, first. (Wanna bet?) We all know that love must go when it's called, no matter where it lights. However, their grandmother and mother are 100% behind their starlit ambitions.

Jason, Marilyn's only son, is a senior, works after school at MacDonald's, and has college in mind, even if girls do come first. But first of all, a mission. He seems to have no idea what he wants to be, besides a "Girl Watcher."

Kara, a sophomore, wants to be a school teacher (to her great-grandma's delight!) But it better be elementary, because any higher, and we're afraid her male students wouldn't be able to concentrate on the Bill of Rights or the Constitution.

Jenna, Marilyn's youngest, is in

eighth grade, and probably the brain of the family. With the cunning of a lawyer, the whispery voice of a little girl, and the vocabulary of a judge, she can convince you that it will really save you time and effort to pay her in advance for services rendered, such as vacuuming. That way, she explains, you won't have to worry a fig about money and the bookkeeping. You don't have the time or space for her 20-minute appeal, and although you know you're being conned, it works every time.

The Hamblins

Markay seems quite content teaching high school Math and Science at Patagonia, Arizona—many Catholics and no Mormons. He reports the Catholic Priest was grumbling to him about their baseball losses. "If it wasn't for those #**! Mormon teams, our boys would win every game."

Markay teaches Computer Science and has developed a real passion for their future. In fact, his mother is forbidding him to tell any one else his predictions as to the fulfillment of future prophesy, in relation to the computer. It would blow your mind away.

Markay's son, Leo, is listed as one of the top ten students at Ricks. This is his last year there and he will enroll at BYU next. His beautiful wife and little boy are first on his long list of priorities.

Markay's son Daylynn is the assistant manager of the ten-show movie house in Mesa. Around these long working hours he manages to take a full college course majoring in Movie Construction, of all things. It's about time someone with Whiting blood decided they could learn to produce shows. Hats off to Daylynn, following his own drummer.

Markay's youngest son, Timothy, spent the first semester at Ricks college. To earn money for his mission, he left Ricks and is now in St. George holding down two jobs and glad to be close to his cousins Jennifer and Darin Larson (Jeannie's). Timothy's Uncle Lawson Hamblin retired from the BYU faculty and lives in St. George, and is glad to get acquainted with nieces and nephews he didn't know he had.

Markay's only daughter, Genette, is happy being a Mom for their two little girls. Her husband, David Largent works in the computer division of a major airline. They are happy adjusting to the new ranch land they just bought.
--Maree Hamblin

The Larsons

Troy is now stationed at Luke Air Force Base in Phoenix for the next 2 1/2 years. He likes his work and is on a maintenance crew for the F-16, the newest and fastest jet in the sky!

Margaret will be graduating from 8th grade on May 21st, her 14th birthday!

Sara is the Arizona State champion Hoop-Shooter (free-throws) for girls 10-11 years old. She went to Las Vegas to compete in the semi-national finals, and came in third. Even though she lost out in Las Vegas, she had a great time!

Keith and I are still in the same rut as everyone else—struggling to pay the bills! We will be having some excitement here in Snowflake within the month, though. Our six wards are going to be divided into seven. Each ward will lose some and gain some. There will be 2-3 new bishoprics put in and several bishoprics losing counselors. So it's going to be a big shake-up all around. We're starting a new church house at the same time. Lots of excitement going on here!

Kay's Family

NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA, MISSOURI, GEORGIA, UTAH, QUATAMALA, BELIZE, HONDURAS, AND VIRGINIA***HELLO FROM THE A. K. BERRY CLAN

Mom and Doug

Mom has recently enrolled in an Arthur Murray Dance course, and really is getting good at ballroom dancing. She keeps very active and is happy serving others as usual. Doug is in charge of booking for his excellent band. Music anyone????

David and Sharon Berry

Our most recent news is the departure of our second daughter, Julie, on her mission to Washington D.C. South. She absolutely loves it. The first Sunday at her new ward, who should she meet but the Van and Cheryl Ellsworth in Burke, Virginia. Our family is everywhere! Cindi has been transferred to Belize, which used to be British Honduras, and she is really loving her mission. David Hunter has been the Assistant to the President there, and they enjoyed having Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners together, with their companions, carrying on the Berry tradition. They have a very fruitful mission, and it is an area being blessed by the gospel. Stacey will be graduating from High School this year, and she is going to Ricks next year. Michelle is going to be a junior next year, and she just made Varsity cheerleader. Mike is a catcher on a baseball team that usually wins, and Amy is

four, and she is in preschool three times a week to prepare for kindergarten next year. Dave has recently been called into our new ward's bishopric, and he has a dental practice in San Diego. Sharon teaches Family Education in R.S. and she started a toile painting class and just loves it. They all love Escondido and visitors!!!!!!

John and Louine Hunter

John and Louine are expecting to be grandparents in April and June, thanks to Scott and Kristy Hunter and Robert and Kenna Hunter. Steve is still looking for the perfect girl, and David and Danny are on their missions. Danny is in Guatemala. Jeannie is going to be a big senior in high school. Julienne made two baby quilts for her sisters-in-law Kenna and Kristy. The quilts were presented to the expectant mothers at a special dinner which Louine hosted for her children in Provo when she attended the Women's Conference at BYU. Matthew and Billy keep the Hunter house hopping.

Alan and Betty Berry

Recently Alan was in Palm Springs at a dental course. He will be adding orthodontia to his practice. Betty is adding aerobics to her interests, which also include being the Bishop's wife and teaching Seminary. Greg is on the track team and in Show Choir, where he occasionally sings solos. Patrick is the new drummer for the jazz band and loves wrestling. Kristie loves Girl Scouts, ballet, and clarinet. John loves piano and Cub Scouts, and he is the all-time 3rd grade math-relay winner at school. Tara loves everything and every one and is one of the top achievers in her class. As you can see, the Berrys are busy and loving every minute of life in Seneca, Missouri, especially this month when the DOGWOOD bloomed!!!!!!

Dennis and Rosalee Byers

We are so happy to hear from Atlanta that Dennis is now honorably employed (ending his early retirement) as Chief Financial Officer of "The Athlete's Foot." This is a blessing because now Rosalee can get a discount on aerobic shoes, which she wears out very fast teaching and directing the aerobics program one or two hours a day at a local fitness center. Tiffany, 21, is a junior at BYU, Melanie, 19, is working private duty as a nurse's aid, with plans of starting at a college in San Diego this summer. Jeff, 15, was recently certified in scuba diving, as were his dad and Melanie. Preston, 11, and Brandon, 8, continue to progress in scouting, and probably will enroll in a local swim team this summer. Rosie is Education Counselor in the

Ward, and Dennis is Executive Secretary.

Tres and Julie Tanner

The Tanners continue to lead busy lives in Valley Center, California. Tres enjoys his counseling practice in Escondido, and he continues to work enthusiastically on his newsletter project. Julie recently attended the BYU Woman's Conference, and she teaches Primary, sings in the ward choir, is a mother volunteer in kindergarten, participated in the roadshow, and chauffers the tribe around. Merrilee, 14, is having a great experience on the high school track team this year, and gets straight A's. She attends early morning seminary. Lisa Joy, 12, recently got her first pair of toe shoes. She is Beehive president, takes piano, enjoys Campfire activities, and she will be in "Romeo and Juliet" at school. Wendy Kay, 9, is a smiling third grader. She has started piano, and she enjoys her friendships and has fun with her Brownie troop. Benjamin Paul is an energetic, big-hearted 6 year old who enjoys kindergarten very much. Aundrea, 2, loves to play with her friends, and she looks forward all week to the church nursery.

Lee's Family

Uncle Lee and Aunt Virginia

Last year 1986 was a bad year, health wise. We each survived one surgical operation, but with no bad news such as cancer.

Now Aunt Virginia has been studied by Uncle Dean at his wonderful Eye Clinic in Fresno. He recommends cataract surgery, and we are now arranging for her operation. We are hopeful, although it seems to have left me crochety, but then you can all survive that.

--Uncle

Lee

Norma's Family

Roger and Diana Rice

The Rice family is, as usual, not quite ahead of the calendar. Activities such as wrestling, track, dance productions, mutual, and homework seem to keep things at a frantic pace. Diana is getting much joy out of working on the "Berry Patch", and her interest in family histories has deepened and intensified. In addition, she has many R.S. responsibilities, and is secretary of the high school PTA. About the only time the entire family is together is at the beginning and end of the day for family prayer.

Stephanie is traveling with our high school band to the Washington

D.C. area for the Apple Blossom festival in Winchester, Virginia. She is not in marching band (bassoons are awkward and heavy) but will be in wind ensemble competition. Their group will give a concert on the steps of the Capitol at 10:00 am April 28, if anyone in the area cares to attend! (We're not going to!) They will have a wonderful tour of the whole area, even squeezing in a trip to Williamsburg.

Anna Marie, age 11, got her braces off recently. This is the first time in five years that we have had no one in braces. We are the happiest about no little rubber bands ending up in strange places for a change. Anna has earned her own girls camp money!

Brian, age two, continues to be a delight. He crawled in bed with his parents at midnight one evening, and tossed and turned for several hours, unable to get comfortable. We had all been dozing fitfully. At 3 am, he sat up and said, "I'll be right back, I want to go get some pretzels!" Apparently he thought we would miss him. At that point, we woke up enough to return him to his rightful territory.

Barry and JoAnn Larsen

JoAnn graduated from the Correctional Officer Training Center in Galt, California. She had very high test scores, and really became physically fit. To graduate, they had to be able to do 30 mens pushups, 35 sit-ups, and run 2 1/2 miles in less than 30 minutes. She says that actually it was a lot like going to a Fat Farm, only she got paid! Her assignments at Folsom prison have so far not interfered with her church meetings, and she is home every day before the children arrive home from school. Her shift is 4:00 am to 12 noon. She supervises 6 inmates who work in one of the kitchens preparing breakfast and sack lunches. She says that kind of work is not much different than what she does at home.

All the Larsen children are doing very well at school. They are also excellent runners. Julianne and David are both on the junior high track team. Bradley and Keith were in an individually timed mile run for their elementary school. Most of the kids had run before Keith, age 11, had his turn. Bradley, age 9, had already run, and had the second fastest time thus far. When it was Keith's turn, Bradley said "Oh, I hope you get first place, Keith, and I'll have third!" And that is just how it happened. Keith, in fifth grade, ran even faster than all the sixth graders, to win first place, and Bradley, in third grade placed third for the

school. We are as proud of their sportsmanship as we are of their speed.

David has become a very good writer. He also is an excellent trumpet player, and is working on an entry for the science olympics.

Julianne sings in the school choir, and is a very busy babysitter. She has been babysitting for a large family with twin babies that are quite a handful, but she has been able to manage to give the mother some relief. It's one of those jobs that pays well, but the money is not worth it. She is doing it mainly as a service to the mother.

Jared, age 8, read in the funny papers where Garfield stays up all night watching TV and Jon says "I feel like such an unworthy parent." Two days later, during a hectic evening, Jared was rolling marbles off the counter and letting them bounce off the floor. His dad said, "Jared, you pick up every one of those marbles!" Jared just hung his head and said, "I feel like such an unworthy son." It sure lightened up the evening!

Chuck and Bonnie Middleton

Chuck is working for Word Perfect, a major computer software company. He really enjoys the creativity and challenge. He's been working overtime the past two months, overlapping two assignments at the same time because neither area could do without him. Bonnie has been walking daily in the University Mall since November. Now that the weather is nicer she is walking outdoors. It is really a pleasant habit, and several friends have joined her, exercising their mouths as well during their three miles.

Emily, age 13, chose to experiment with living cells and growing germs for a science project at school. She needed to buy petri dishes, and was told they were available at the BYU bookstore. There was no place to park, so Bonnie sent her in and stayed in the car. Emily was told that no petri dishes were available, and she found they were too expensive, anyway. They told her to check at the Science labs to see if any extras could be bought there. She went to the Science building, and a very kind instructor gave her the petri dishes she needed, already filled with agar, and he gave her instructions on how to conduct her experiment. She won third place in the school science fair and went to BYU for the county level competition. She spent the day at the county science fair, displaying her entry. It has been a lot of fun for Emily, but petri dishes are not a popular item with the rest of the family.

Chuck IV, age 12, is a new deacon. He represented his class in a spelling bee and in a chess tournament. He was the Knowledge Bowl team captain for his school in a team of five. Chuck answered all the questions for his team on the first round. The second round was a tie, and Chuck broke it. They lost out on the third round on a judge's technicality, so they felt they could have gone further!

Cathy, 11 won her class talent show, so she performed in the school talent show, with a clogging number she had choreographed herself. She also played a flutophone duet with another girl, when their class performed recently.

Steven, 9, has been working hard on his grades, and is working on a science fair project. He got his wolf award, and loves cub scouts.

Becky, 7, is outgoing and a good participator in class discussions. She is going through the joke syndrome. She is also a star UNO player. (Her mother won't play with her any more!)

Jenny, 6, is becoming a very good reader. She was hesitant at first, but once she decided you don't just go to school to play, she settled right down to work.

Brad and Susanne Fife

In March, Brad took his scouts on a 25 mile bike ride to a park and camped and spent the night and then they all rode home again, 25 more miles! One of his scouts' bike was a beach cruiser with low tires. He couldn't keep riding after half of the ride there, and Brad, being the good samaritan that he is, traded bikes with him. Brad almost hit the handlebars with his knees--what a ride. He was glad he ended up having to drive the supply truck home. Brad has just been released as scoutmaster. He has mixed feelings, but after five years in the scout program, he agrees that it is time for a "rest." But who knows what's ahead now!

Susanne and their son Jason have just finished a big stake musical production. Jason, 6, made a hit as one of the Lollipop Guild Boys in the Wizard of Oz segment. With every performance, Jason the munchkin, stole the show. He invited the whole neighborhood, and many friends and parents from school and his teachers from this year and last. All of them were non-members and very impressed with the entertainment and professionalism of the show.

Susanne was in the number from Funny Girl that was performed on roller skates. The song they sang

was "I'd rather be blue." They had purple costumes that had lavender tutu skirts with gold underskirts, grape corsages, big purple bows in back at the waist with more grapes, and roller derby hats with a tuft of netting in the back. It was comedy at its best!

Their family really loves softball. Jason practices and plays T-ball three times a week. Susanne practices and plays softball three times a week, with Brad coaching. Brad plays on two teams, work and church, every week, and tries to squeeze practices in somewhere between overtime and side jobs. Brad plays on the church A team and Susanne's brother Mike plays on the church B team, so their alliances are split!

Karie, 4, is learning her shapes in school, and Brad was helping her review by showing her various shapes. He shaped his fingers like a triangle and asked, "What shape is this?" Karie thought for a moment, and said, "A Hershey Kiss!"

Susanne has been having serious disc problems with her back for months. However, she has adroitly managed the problems without slowing down her schedule at all. Told to stay in bed for a week, she instead figured out how to protect her back and live with the pain, and managed to carry on her regular activities, even the rollerskating on stage for 8 performances. Ironically, after all the challenges she had been through with her back, she broke her toe (in two places) while standing at the bathroom sink, and had to miss her first softball game of the season. When she returned home from the doctor's after the toe injury, she heard Jason say "Karie, if you had broken your toe, you would have said those words, too!"

Helen's Family

Uncle Aubrey and Aunt Helen are kind of nomadic parents, living between their apartments in Pierce City, Missouri, and Houston, Texas. They love to visit their children spread all over the country, and all of their many grandchildren. As always, they keep alive the many goals and ideals which have been the very fabric of their lives. They continue to help many people through their books, classes, and lectures. They are a wonderful example to all who know them, and beloved by their children and grandchildren.

Lane and Darlene Andelin are enjoying life in Houston, Texas. They work together in their own type-setting business. It is a growing business and demands long

hours and hard work. Their oldest child, Amy (15) is helping by doing all the accounting on the computer. Michael (13) is excelling in gymnastics, recently winning first place awards in all events in a regional meet in Corpus Christi. Heather (10) and Brooke (8) and Laura (4) are very sweet girls, and they recently put on a surprise party for their neighbor's 12th wedding anniversary. They prepared food in the back yard, and really gave a treat to the surprised couple. Lane and Darlene are a very warm couple and have a gift of making friends wherever they go. They are very devoted to their children and to the church.

Brian and Helena Andelin still live in Houston, but have moved to a beautiful home on an acre lot with big, lovely shade trees. They really enjoy the room of the larger lot. The little boys Todd (8), Joseph (6), and Brian (2) have two little puppies they chase around that are almost as active as they are. The older children enjoy school and their music lessons. Karina (15) and Tami (14) play the violin and Clark (12) plays the drums, and Tanya (10) is on the piano. Brian and Helena are wonderful parents, instilling testimonies in their children at an early age. I remember Helena reading scripture stories to her tiny children when the oldest was pre-school age. The children have an unusual love of nature and the outdoors.

Bob and Dixie Forsyth of Rogersville, Missouri, are busier than ever and very happy working and raising their seven children. Tiffany (17) is finishing a semester of the BYU correspondence high school course. She is a bright student and enjoys completing her studies early in the day. She attends seminary and works at a nearby shopping mall. Bob continues to work at the Park Central Hospital counselling patients with alcohol and drug problems. Dixie plans on giving volunteer service to the local community hospital two days a week. She enjoys a women's scripture study group recently formed in her ward. She is an immaculate housekeeper and the most caring sister anyone could ask for.

Steve and Kristine Hales of Fairfax, Virginia, are enthused about a recently formed business. As well as their book-binding business, Steve is in a marketing business promoting the celebration of the bicentennial of the Constitution. Kristine is the cute, enthusiastic, bubbling girl she's always been. People are always amazed to find out she has nine children (ages 2-15.) She loves helping Steve, homemaking,

mingling in political circles, and belly dancing. The children are bright and lovely. The girls, Katie, Mindy, Jenny, and Natalie, enjoy horse-vaulting. That is gymnastics on horseback. Katie (14) has the lead in the school musical and wants to further her drama studies. Matthew enjoys seminary and his after school job at McDonalds. Jonathan loves scouting.

John and Cindy Andelin of Williston, North Dakota, have very busy and happy lives. John is a Pathologist. He is in the branch presidency and teaches seminary. He just finished building a beautiful workshop next to his house, where he can do woodworking to his heart's content. They held a branch "hoe-down" in the shop after its completion. Cindy is a beautiful mommy and works hard keeping up with their six active children. John and Cindy are going on a vacation to the British Isles next month with Dixie and Bob. They can hardly wait to go.

Robert and Ginny Leavitt have been in Pierce City Missouri for nearly seven years, and really enjoy farm life. The day before Easter, the poultry truck delivered 13,000 baby chicks to our farm. The children all help with the chores. Benjamin (13) milks the family cow and helps in the chicken house with his younger brothers Casey and Andrew. The girls are very sweet and helpful, too. Bonnie (11) plays the piano and Sara (9) plays the violin. Robert enjoys construction work and is presently supervising the building of an LDS chapel nearby. He was called to be the Bishop six months ago, two weeks before our seventh child was born. We love music, taking walks, picnics, playing baseball and having Family Home Evening.

Paul and Judy Andelin look forward to a move this summer near Memphis, Tennessee, where Paul will be finishing his 3 years of Medical Residency with the Navy. He wants to practice as a family doctor, perhaps in Southwest Missouri. Judy is a Primary President, and a very busy Mom of five beautiful children ages 1-8. Paul and Judy are very diligent about reading scriptures to their kids and the children love it. One night, Paul was tired and decided to put the kids in bed foregoing the reading ritual. The children began to chant, "Read us the scriptures, read us the scriptures!" Soon the phone rang and the next-door neighbor asked impatiently, "Will you please read your kids the scriptures?"

Craig and Merrilee Saunders were married last summer and are

living in Scottsdale, Arizona. They get to be close to Craig's family and see them quite often. Craig works at a hotel and also in computer science. Merilee works part time as a nurse. They love to travel. Last December they had a neat vacation to Europe. Merilee said she especially loved London. They recently went to Mexico, and to Michigan to visit family. They are expecting a baby in November and are very excited to become parents. Craig and Merilee are very friendly, happy and fun to be around. They love to get together with other couples they know in Mesa and Scottsdale.

-Ginny Leavitt

Dean's Family

Anna Marie and Bruce are expecting in August. This will be number three for the Woods. Bruce is presently working in L.A. while Anna's trying to sell their home in Reno.

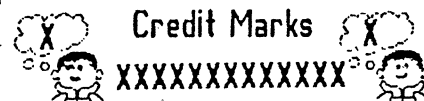
Jonathan is busy with work, scouts, and athletics. I'm sure girls are somewhere in there, too.

Karen and Brent are enjoying their new 5 month old baby, Justin. On May 21st they will have the opportunity to legalize the adoption. Soon after, Justin will be sealed and blessed.

Matt and Juana are leaving for Japan on May 20th to teach English classes to Japanese businessmen. They're looking forward to this opportunity.

Mark and Lynne are happily married now for over two months. Mark graduates in business this spring, and has landed a great job already.

Brent is heavy into finals these days. He's looking forward to a break in studies. He'll be living in Southern California during the summer to work and play volleyball.

**Credit Marks**
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Julie Berry (David's) recently began her mission to Washington D.C. South. Michelle Berry (David's) is a new Varsity Cheerleader. John Berry (Alan's) is the all-time 3rd grade math relay winner at his school. Dennis, Melanie and Jeff Byers (all Rosie's) were recently certified in scuba diving. Amy Andelin, age 15, (Lane's) does the accounting for her dad's business. Katie Hales (Kristine's) has the lead in the school musical.

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR: Our page numbering system became too cumbersome, so we are changing to consecutive dated numbering. That way, if you drop all your pages, you can figure out where they belong. If you file according to subject, you can just use the numbering as a way to make sure you have all of the pages for that subject. For example, the pages in this issue that are about Sarah Roundy Berry are numbered from 5/87 eleven to 5/87 twenty two. If those were scrambled, they could still be put back in order. The date will tell you which issue of the Berry Patch the article was originally printed in. We would like to emphasize that there is no copyright on our family magazine! We expect you to zerox whatever you would like for your children's benefit, and to pass on to any extended family members you may encounter.

My deepest thanks go to everyone who helped make this family magazine become a reality. Thank you to those who helped by contributing, by financial support, and by encouragement. I love our family, and helping compile the Berry Patch gives me a way to express my love for my mother, Norma Berry Fife. When I was a child, never having any money, I would always window-shop near Valentine's day, mentally picking out the biggest, fanciest box of chocolates for my mother. Of course, because she died when I was thirteen, I never got to give her even one box. But this is another kind of valentine, I hope the fanciest imaginable.

--Diana Rice



From the left, John Hunter, Alan Berry, David Berry, Mike Berry, and Merrilee Tanner all watching the scene below.



Clockwise from Margaret Larson wearing the Mickey Mouse shirt, is Christa Fife, Mike Rice, David Silvers, Randy Fife watching his 2 yr. old Normandie dance. Brian Larson, Amy Larson, Shawn Cooper and Janice Falls, with Christopher Cooper at their elbows, and Wanda Silvers and Luke Ellsworth in the foreground. Dancing was a favorite with all the cousins at the Berry Reunion 1986.

from the album of SARAH ROUNDY BERRY

Sarah's parents, Lorenzo Wesley Roundy and his good wife Priscilla Parish Roundy had been called from Centerville, Utah to settle southern Utah by Church authorities...Lorenzo was Bishop for many years, and many church authorities, relatives and friends stopped at the home of Bishop Roundy.



Lorenzo Wesley Roundy



Priscilla Parish Roundy

When Sarah was fifteen, her father drowned in the Colorado River while on an exploration trip in behalf of the church. This made it necessary for Sarah and her older sister, Fanny Jane, to work in the fields and do chores, as there were five younger children to care for. Her mother wove cloth for others and did oil-cloth paintings to help support the family.

Sarah and James Thomas Berry with their firstborn Herbert Alonzo Berry



Clockwise from James Thomas Berry (in beard) is Herbert, Zella, Sarah, Etta, Euphemia (Famie) and Oran. Elmer is in the center.



Sarah was President of the Relief Society, and always worked hard in order to have a nice place in which to meet. It was through Sarah's influence that her family held a family hour by lamp-light each morning where she read from the scriptures and the family sang a song and had family prayer before breakfast, while the whole wheat cereal was cooking on the stove.



The family of James Thomas and Sarah Roundy Berry: circling from left, Zella Berry Whiting, Euphemia Berry McCray, Elmer Leroy Berry, Herbert Alonzo Berry, Oron Waldo Berry, Etta Berry Heap, Sarah and James Thomas Berry. Sarah was one of the best mothers one could wish to have. We all knew her to be kind, gentle, and the most patient person I have ever known.
 --Etta B. Heap



The biggest accomplishment, in my opinion, my parents did was to do seven years of Temple work in the Mesa Temple. They hired some one to do the research to find the names for them to do. In all, they did over a thousand names each....They were very happy in their temple work and labored among some of the most faithful Saints God has on earth.
 --their daughter, Etta Berry Heap



Tom and Sarah grew up together, and were baptised the same day, by the same man. As teens, they fell madly in love and when they were old enough, were married in the St. George Temple.

**BIOGRAPHY AND ANCESTRY OF
SARAH ROUNDY BERRY**

by her granddaughter
Maree Berry Hamblin

It is believed that the Roundy name was originally de Rounde, of Norman/French extraction, and was revamped under English influence into Rounde, Roundey, and Roundy. According to the book the Roundy Family In America, by Everett Ellsworth Roundy (published in 1942) it seems that the Roundy family in America came from Ardennes, France, to the Isle of Guernsey in the English Channel, and from that locality migrated to Colonial America during the sixteen hundreds.

The first Roundy to come to America was Philip, believed to have been born on the Isle of Guernsey in the English Channel. He died in Salem, Massachusetts in 1678. Having spent their lives near the ocean, many of his descendants became captains of fishing vessels, mostly their own, as well as freight ships plying the oceans and the seven seas, trading with foreign countries around the world.

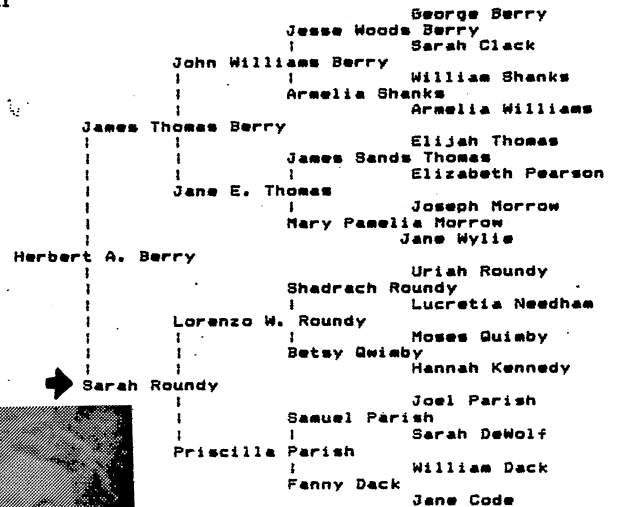
Captain George Collins, in his preface of the Roundy Genealogy (published in 1915) wrote:

There is no doubt he (Phillip) the first Roundy settler came to Salem Massachusetts between the years 1628 and 1640. The surname of Roundy appears in the records of London on, or prior to 1628. In the list of the Battle Abby recording of the names of the followers of William the Conqueror, coming to England from Normandy, (1066) appears the name of de Ronde, which was probably the original spelling of Roundy name and more than suggests the French or Norman origin of the family.

It is written also that the Roundys were breeders of cattle and thoroughbred horses. No doubt the cattle were of the Guernsey breed. It is interesting to note that generations later, Elmer Berry, Sarah Roundy Berry's second son, owned 13 Guernsey cows very early in his life. When he was mustered out of World War I, he went to Gilbert, Arizona where he bought 60 Guernsey cows and set up a dairy. An uncanny connection with his forefathers who, no doubt, had something to do with originating the breed to the point of having the cattle named in honor of the Isle in which their family lived.

Sarah Roundy was born 17 September, 1861, at Centerville, Utah, the same town in which the Berrys had settled. She met Tom when they were just eight years old, and he played with her brothers. One day, when Tom was about thirteen and visiting at the Roundys', having fun with the boys, Sarah's father came to the gate with his arms full. Tom saw his plight, and left his play to open and hold the gate. In return, her father, impressed that any boy that age would leave his play to exercise such courtesy, said, "Thomas, for a boy like you, I would give my daughter's hand in marriage." That statement may have given Tom the courage to ask in a few years, for Lorenzo Wesley Roundy was a man of power and accomplishment in the church as well as in Utah politics. But, Sarah's father didn't get to attend the wedding festivities. He was drowned in the big Colorado River while crossing on an errand for Brigham Young.

James Thomas and Sarah Berry were just nineteen when they married in the St. George Temple the 8th of October, 1880. One year later, they were called by



President John Taylor to go, along with two of the other Berry brothers, to settle in St. Johns, Arizona.

John Berry, who was single, and Bill and Rachel Berry traveled with Tom and Sarah from the Utah territory to St. Johns Arizona. Sarah had hair so long she could sit on it, but she cut her hair for the trip to Arizona. The trip took them three months, and "Little Sarah," never weighing more than 100 pounds, drove a four-horse team and covered-wagon all the way.

When they came to that awful dugway they called "Lee's Back Bone," because it looked like a man on his hands and knees, LITTLE SARAH called to BIG TOM, "I can't drive them over, I'm too scared." The dugway, cut from solid rock by Arizona prisoners, was so narrow they had to tie the water barrels on the open side. But, BIG TOM, only nineteen, and with just his brother John to help him, had 300 head of cattle and 200 horses to get safely down that treacherous road that dropped hundreds of feet straight down. He yelled back to his little bride, "Sarah! Just stand on the brake and let her go." And she did as she was told.

Grandma made a little dust broom of the hair she cut off on that trip. I remember using that little broom, but she never told me it was her hair. She wasted nothing.

In 1884, three years after they settled in St. Johns, LITTLE SARAH became so sick that BIG TOM took her to Holbrook, boarded a train, and went with her to seek her mother's help at Kanarraville, Utah. He left her there in her mother's care. When her brother first saw her, he said, in shock at her appearance, "Why have you come back, Sarah, to die?"

At that, Priscilla Roundy put everyone straight. "No. She hasn't come home to die. She has come home to get well and have a big strong baby." About five months later, my father, Herbert Alonzo was born. BIG TOM came back for Sarah and their baby about six months later. The baby grew up to be a foot-racer, never beaten. He was a man free from ailments and disease, the only person in the family to escape that deadly influenza epidemic of 1918.

In those days, pregnancies were never discussed, even with one's friends and relatives. The word itself was never spoken. The proper reference when everything became too evident to hide was, "She's in a family way." Grandma, too well mannered and prim to complain of her state of health with its symptoms, even to another woman, had had no idea that she was going to have a baby. Grandpa saved her life by taking things into his own hands and delivering her back to her mother, who was an established midwife and knew what to do.

It was two years before Sarah had another baby, a little girl they named Effie. My father remembered his little sister only slightly. Once they had stopped their team, so BIG TOM could get her a drink of cold water from a stream. He also remembered when her little body lay dead on their kitchen table. His uncle cut off one of her little blonde curls for Grandma. Grandma, with a red and black shawl wrapped around her shoulders, cried in the front seat of the buckboard all the way to the graveyard.

Sarah then gave birth to Zella, Elmer, Etta, Oron, Euphania, and Roundy, each about two years apart. Roundy lived only 16 days. Uncle Oron is the only one yet alive. He is 91 years old and lives in Salt Lake City.

Like most of the married women of that day, she loved Relief Society, and she never missed the meetings, even when she had to drive her one-horse buggy eight miles each way from "The Meadows" to St. Johns.

Another thing she looked forward to was the PIONEER'S DAY party they had every year for the original pioneers that settled St. Johns. Since no others were invited, I never got to attend one. I once asked Grandma what they did at those parties. She said, "Oh, we tell of our experiences coming from Utah, mostly the funny things. Then we laugh a lot." The whole town donated the best party foods, decorated, and then cleaned up afterward. There are no surviving Pioneers, now, but they still have the parties, inviting the next generation, now called "The Old Folks."

LITTLE SARAH was a good housekeeper, well organized. Her table was always well set, and meals were always on time. Her 100 piece set of dishes her husband had given her one birthday, she took to "the Meadows" every summer, setting her table, even there, with individual butter dishes, silver spoon holder, and glass spoon dish. The only differences between the Summer House and the Town House tablesettings were that the table at "the Meadows" was round, and Sarah, unable to tolerate flies, laid the plates and cups upside down. The family righted them after family prayer.

At the Town House, the family ate in the big country kitchen with the big wood stove in one corner and the fireplace on the east wall. The staircase led from the kitchen, where the girls occupied one bedroom and the boys had the other. The parlor, as in all pioneer houses, was dominated by the master's big bed, covered by the most intricate of patchwork quilts, and white, starched pillow cases with the usual four inches of crocheted edges. Two comfortable rocking chairs, a humped back trunk, lace curtains, and a beautiful high organ with a round padded stool, made an attractive room, with a feeling of homyness. There were large oval framed pictures of ancestors on the walls.

The parlor did not have an outside door. You entered from the outside through the kitchen, but the door faced the stairway, so it seemed like a little hall. By the back door of the kitchen was a high coat rack with a little drop box where combs

and brushes were kept. By the side was the wash stand and a huge bucket of water with a long-handled dipper. There was no running water or electricity.

Breakfast during those times was the big meal of the day. It had to be, with all that hard labor ahead. Supper was light, probably because everyone was too tired to chew much. At Grandma's table, they ate what they raised, not what they bought. Breakfast would start with hot mush, slathered in brown sugar and thick cow's cream. Then she'd serve crisp bacon or ham and eggs, served with barley coffee (barley scorched dark brown in a fry pan, then boiled for a time. It looked like modern day Postum, and was absolutely delicious served with honey as a sweetener and the thickest of cows cream.) Always on the table would be molasses, fresh butter, and wild grape jelly. And never, never did Sarah ever serve breakfast without her golden brown soda-biscuits, so light they would almost raise up to meet your hand, and the only part of breakfast she left in the oven to keep warm until BIG TOM'S long prayer had finally come to a close. It was a lovely time of the day, to be eating together, and watching the sun trying to come up enough for Sarah to blow out the morning lamps.

LITTLE SARAH could knit with four needles, crochet, and embroidery with the best of the women. But she also did "drawn work", now a lost art as is hairpin lace. The latter she made on a long, stout hairpin, with size 100 sewing thread, so fine they no longer sell it. Her hairpin lace was beautiful beyond any other handiwork. I don't know of another woman in St. Johns who could do hairpin lace, or ever tried to learn. Sarah always had something in her lap to work on at the end of the day's occupations.

I was in seventh grade when my Berry grandparents moved in two covered wagons and two four-horse teams to Gilbert, just a few miles from Mesa. By then all of their children were married but Uncle Elmer, who used his army muster-out pay to buy 60 purebred Guernsey milk cows and forty acres, with a dairy barn and house. They later moved to Mesa, to a farm near Hayden's old flour mill. It was there that a cow Sarah was milking, kicked her, breaking her hip.

She was rushed to the hospital, where she stayed for a while. She complained only to Dr. Frank Brown, when he went to visit her, that she was in great pain from bedsores. The neglect at the hospital infuriated him, and he insisted she come to our home where she could get decent care. This was summer, and there was no air conditioning. Effie and I gladly gave her our screen porch room. We happily moved out in the back yard under the fruit trees, where we could study the stars.

Sarah continued in such pain, that something had to be done. She couldn't turn over with her broken hip and the weight on that leg. So Dad (Sarah's son Herbert) crawled under the bed and spent hours cutting the wires of the springs and cut holes clear through the mattress to reach her posterior, which was a mass of puss getting ready for blood poisoning. There was no sulfa or penicillin then. Uncle Frank came twice a day to crawl under the bed and wash her sores with alcohol. It wasn't too long before Sarah was crocheting and reading church books. Everyone was so relieved, and Dad hired a widow woman to come sit by her bedside to keep her company. It was a terrible time for all of us, but I never heard Grandma complain. She cried, and only softly, when she thought no one could hear.

Her husband seldom left her side after this, and as they got older, they moved back to St. Johns, where their daughter, Aunt Zella could take care of them both. They lived in her little house just a block from town, and Grandma enjoyed all her old friends. By then, she was off her crutches, but her injured

hip had shrunken her leg, and for the remainder of her life, she wore a shoe with a four inch sole.

Unexpectedly, Aunt Zella died 29 September 1940. She was seemingly in good health, age 52, and it was a terrible shock to her parents.

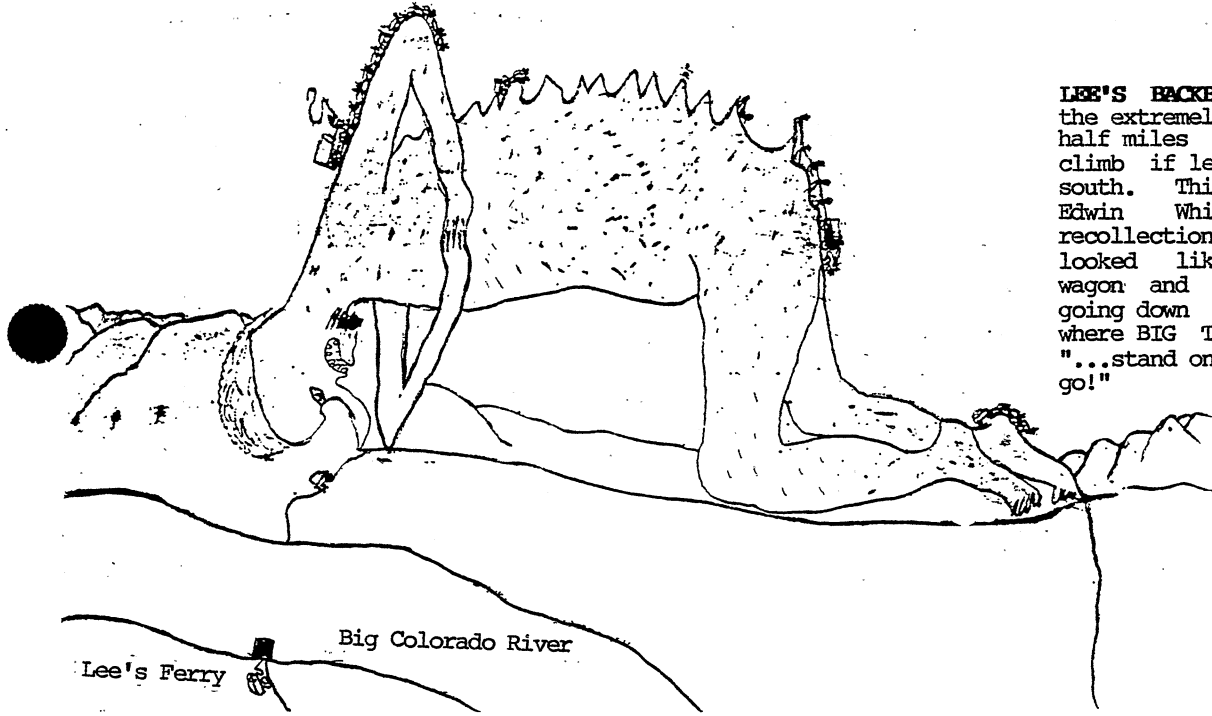
On May 28th, 1941, Grandma had a stroke. Uncle Elmer ran to Brother Leroy Gibbons, who came to help administer to her. His comment was impressive. "There is no one who deserves the Lord's help more than Sarah."

Sarah was never well after she broke her hip, although, from her journal notes, she seemed to have carried on her usual household chores up until the stroke, in spite of her injured hip. Dad came up and got Grandma and Grandpa and took them to Holbrook, where our family lived at that time. Dad had a little farm just out of town and he settled them there. He then paid Aunt Fanie's girls, Colleen and Anna, to come help them. As Grandma got worse, he got my sister, Norma, who had studied nursing, to stay with her. Norma was home from college, having injured her foot, and was on crutches. But when Grandma was dying, Norma couldn't take Grandpa's open grief as he watched his little Sarah slipping away from him. So Dad sent

Norma home and he cancelled his patients' dental appointments in order to sit with his father during those awful last days and nights. Sarah died 19 Sept 1941, and was buried in the St. Johns cemetery by the side of her two little ones who took a chunk of her heart with them when they died in infancy.

Grandpa stayed in St. Johns with Marjorie and Uncle Elmer, through his last days. Aunt Zella's death had been hard on Tom and Sarah, and the shock of their little great-grandson's kidnapping (Effie's firstborn, Lynn Ellsworth) had been an awful trial. Pearl Harbor had been bombed, and Uncle Elmer's wife, Marjorie, who was half German and half Hawaiian, couldn't find out if her family had been killed. Grandpa worried a lot about her not being able to find out. It wasn't long before Grandpa sent for Dad to come and get him. Marjorie says that when Dad came in to get BIG TOM, his father had shrunken so since Sarah's death, that Dad just picked him up in his arms and carried him out to the car. She says that when she placed a pillow under Grandpa's head, he was looking up at the ceiling of the car like he could see someone. Then she heard him say, "When are you going to come get me, Sarah?"

On 27 Dec 1941, Sarah must have come back for Grandpa, for he died just three months and five days after she left him.



LEE'S BACKBONE--the name given to the extremely rugged hill two and a half miles across that teams must climb if leaving the Ferry going south. This sketch was drawn by Edwin Whiting, and is his recollection of what the mountain looked like. Notice the tiny wagon and team in reverse order going down the backbone. This is where BIG TOM told SARAH BERRY to "...stand on the brake and let her go!"



HUSBAND		ROUNDY, Lorenzo Wesley		Husband		ROUNDY, Lorenzo Wesley		1819	
Born	18 June 1819	Place	Spartford, Indiana, N-Yr	Wife	(3) PARRISH, Priscilla	Ward	1.	NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTING RECORD	
Chr.		Place		Examined	2.	Herbert Alonzo BERRY		1216 So. 4th Street	
Mar.	22 Apr 1857	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Mission	East Los Angeles	Alhambra, Calif.			
Died	24 May 1876	Place	Lee's Ferry, Conn. Ariz						
HUSBAND'S FATHER		ROUNDY, Shadrack		HUSBAND'S MOTHER		WHITING, Adeline		(2) 29 Mar 1852 Wallace, Susannah	
OTHER WIVES		(1) 1 May							
WIFE		(3) PARRISH, Priscilla		FAMILY REPRESENTATIVE		BERRY, Herbert Alonzo		RELATION OF F.R. TO WIFE	
Born	20 Mar 1833	Place	Elizabethtown, Leeds.	RELATION OF F.R. TO HUSBAND		RELATION OF F.R. TO WIFE			
Chr.		Place							
Died	10 Aug 1914	Place	Venice, Sevier, Utah						
Bur.	13 Aug 1914	Place	Venice, Sevier, Utah						
WIFE'S FATHER		PARRISH, Samuel		WIFE'S MOTHER		DACE, Fanny			
WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS									
CHILDREN		WHEN BORN		WHERE BORN		DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE		WHEN DIED	
#	SEX	NAME (FULL NAME (FATHER'S SURNAME IN FULL) IN ORDER OF BIRTH SURNAME (CAPITALIZED))	DAY MONTH YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY	TO WHOM	DAY MONTH YEAR	WIFE
1	F	ROUNDY, Fanny Jane	21 Dec 1858	Centerville	Davis	Utah	29 Nov 1875	Lar 1946	1867
2	F	ROUNDY, Sarah	17 Sep 1861	"	"	"	5 Oct 1880	19 Sep 1941	June 1872
3	M	ROUNDY, Samuel H	24 Dec 1862	"	"	"	23 May 1940		5 Apr 1878
4	M	ROUNDY, Joel Jesse	30 Nov 1864	"	"	"	25 June 1949		12 Mar 1880
5	F	ROUNDY, Annie Isadore	1 June 1867	Kanarraville	Iron	Utah	10 Feb 1886		3 Oct 1883
6	M	ROUNDY, David Alonzo	5 Sep 1869	"	"	"	9 Aug 1870		3 Oct 1883
7	F	ROUNDY, Lydia Annis	16 June 1872	"	"	"	29 Oct 1880	18 July 1946	1880
8	M	ROUNDY, Heber Lorenzo	22 Aug 1875	"	"	"	(1) FOLLOWS, Elizabeth	26 July 1884	14 Apr 1926
SOURCES OF INFORMATION		1. Everett Ellsworth Roundy, Roundys of America, 1942, p 300.		OTHER MARRIAGES		#8 Heber, md (2) 27 Sep 1909 FROST, Elizabeth		NECESSARY EXPLANATION	
		2. Frank Esshom, Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah, 1915, p 1142.						Husb, Lorenzo Wesley Roundy, was drowned in the Colorado River near Lee's Ferry, Arizn. His body was never recovered.	
		3. Records of Jesse L. Warner, 960 W. 7 S., Salt Lake City, Utah.							
		4. L.D.S. Church records.							

SARAH ROUNDY BERRY
"I REMEMBER GRANDMA"
by her granddaughter, Maree Berry Hamblin

My sister, Effie, just two years older than me, was the first grandchild born to both the Whitings and the Berrys. She also had four living great-grandparents. I was the second grandchild born on the Berry side. We got a lot of attention from seven uncles and six aunts, counting both families.

In the summers, when we went up to the Whiting Homestead, there would be just Effie and me along with Uncle Eddie's son Farr Whiting, Aunt Martha's son Ray Brown, and my younger brother, Kay. The rest of the grandchildren were too young to leave their mothers or too little to dig potatoes and rutabagas, or to be trusted to jump over rattlesnakes to climb Sierra Trigo.

At "The Meadows," those same years, it would be just Effie and me, and Kay and Lee on occasion. We had only eight months of school, so we usually spent the first two summer months at "The Meadows", while the snow melted at the Homestead. And, Effie and I could never decide which place we liked best. If it hadn't been for the fact that they worked our behinds off during those summers, we would probably have turned out to be spoiled brats.

I remember Grandma Berry when she was in her forties, with not a gray hair, and her face as soft and smooth as a baby's thigh. She had a "sweet" beauty about her, angelic, I would say. I never saw her MAD at anything or anybody. I never heard her laugh loudly, but her little chuckle I can still hear when I am thinking about her. She was a soft ray of sunshine. Like all women of the day, she spent many hours at her sewing machine, making attractive dresses for her three daughters, until she taught them to make their own. Grandma didn't wear glasses, but seemed especially appreciative when I was there to thread her needles. The pay-off was that she then let me comb, brush, and fix her long, wavy, dark-auburn hair. Although she pulled it back severely in the morning, by night time, the little tendrils and curls had always worked themselves loose, giving her a most beautiful picture-book look.

Having no electricity, a daily task was to fill all coal-oil lamps, trim the wicks and wash and shine the chimneys, almost every day. Since there were so many other things higher in priority, these little jobs usually occurred in the evenings, called lamp lighting time. There was a song with the title, "When It's Lamp Lighting Time in Nebraska." This was the only time of day or night that I never liked. It was an odd time, scary almost. It was a gray time, when you could hardly distinguish people moving around. If the devil was about, it was at lamp lighting time. But when Grandma lit the lamps and that little flame shone out through that sparkling clean chimney, it seemed brighter than it really was. Maybe it was Grandma's gentle smile and little chuckle that made it so.

It was then that we had supper, a simple meal of big fat slices of home made bread and milk, along with Grandma's cheese, little green onions, and a big spoonful of wild grape jelly on the little butter dish. When green onions were not available, we ate dried onions, sliced thin, and soaked in vinegar and sugar. No one ever came to the table without washing up and serious hair combing. Grandpa took the longest time, wetting down and pushing at his beautiful beard.

When Effie and I got big enough to be of some help, we could hardly get ready fast enough when Uncle Elmer came by to take Effie and me to "The Meadows", for the late spring and early summer. Their summer home there was nothing but a simple one-room frame hut. But I loved it there. It was a long room with a double bed in each of the far corners. The floor was dirt, that was sprinkled down and swept clean by Aunt Fanie at least twice a day. The dirt became as hard as cement, and felt good and soothing to a little girl's bare feet. The big wood stove was right by the front door, where it was handy to throw the waste water out. A big round table stood to the side of the stove, and they always brought along the organ, for Aunt Fanie played it quite well by ear. Then Uncle Elmer brought his Victrola, with the silver-colored horn to make listening more clear. Us kids were supposed to do the winding after each record.

The porch consisted of poles, across which were piled cottonwood branches for shade. There was another table out there also, and was used when company couldn't all be accommodated at the table inside. Grandma couldn't abide a fly, so down there, she always had us set the table with the plates and cups turned upside down. We righted our own after morning prayers, which always took place kneeling at our chairs around the table. The cream pitcher was the same size as the one for milk, and she covered them both with cloth napkins. Fly spray had not been invented.

In early spring at the Town House, Grandma always raised asparagus behind her flowers in the front yard. It was then she served the tender stocks for supper, stocks that weren't there the day before. As a child, I considered their fast growth a miracle, and ate them with relish, as she served them under gobs of butter or cheese sauce. Sometimes when Grandpa ordered 'Lumpy Dick,' she would make a big pot of it. And in spite of its name, 'Lumpy Dick' tasted strangely very good.

I loved their Town House, and spent many happy days and nights there, especially when Mother would be busy at rehearsals of the Whiting Plays.

Old Brother Rencher, one of the original pioneers, was Bishop of St. Johns for forty years. Later, he became patriarch, and gave Grandma a blessing. Because it may be a boon for us all to try and improve our ways of life, or dispositions, and might whip up our industriousness along with helping us forget about complaining about anything, we have decided to print her blessing, her own revelation from the Lord, that you may get to know Sarah Roundy Berry even better, and try to follow in her righteous footsteps, so that we may all some day join her in a better land.



SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF
SARAH ROUNDY BERRY
by her daughter Etta Berry Heap

Sarah Roundy was born September 17, 1861 in Centerville, Utah. She was the second daughter of Lorenzo Wesley Roundy and Priscilla Parish Roundy. As a young girl, her health was very delicate, and many times she fainted away. Before her marriage, her mother took her to the St. George Temple. For her health, she received her endowments at this time, and soon her health was much improved. She was destined to withstand many hardships during the pioneer life that was to follow.

When Sarah was fifteen, her father was drowned in the Colorado River while on an exploration trip in behalf of the Church. This made it necessary for Sarah and her older sister, Fanny Jane, to work in the fields and do chores, as there were five younger children to care for. Her mother wove cloth for others and did oil-cloth paintings to help support the family.

Lorenzo Wesley Roundy and his good wife Priscilla Parish Roundy had been called from Centerville, Utah to settle southern Utah by Church Authorities. They went first to Kanab, but on account of Indian troubles, were called to Kanarra where Lorenzo was Bishop for many years. Many church authorities, relatives and friends stopped at the home of Bishop Roundy.

James Thomas Berry was born in Spanish Fork, Utah, March 22, 1861. The Berry family was also called by church authorities to settle Long Valley and later Kanarra for the same reason. It was at Kanarra that my mother met my father. They grew up together, were baptised the same day by the same man. Tom Berry fell madly in love with an attractive girl by the name of Sarah Roundy. When they were old enough, they were married in the St. George Temple October 8, 1880.

One year after the marriage of my parents they were called to settle St. Johns, Arizona, along with my father's brothers and sisters. Five families of the John Williams Berry family left in October 1880, and two other sisters came six years later.

While my father was busy driving the cattle and horses, my mother drove two span of horses, pulling two wagons on the entire trip. At times it was a frightening experience that became a nightmare as they drove down "Lee's Backbone" into the Colorado. The steep, winding road had been hacked out of the rock, and was scarcely wide enough for one wagon. One of the rear wagons tipped over on a curve. Some of the men righted the wagon, and with a lump in her throat, mother sat on the brakes and drove on. It was a long, tiresome trip for her. She even cut her thick, long, beautiful hair because she did not have time to take care of it. She later had a switch made from her hair.

After three months the Berrys turned their weary livestock loose at Concho Springs and arrived in St. Johns about the middle of January, 1882. They removed the covered wagon boxes from the running gears and placed them in a circle on the ground. They served as bedrooms, and the center place was made as comfortable as possible to cook and wash and do everything there was to do.

Each family took out for themselves and eventually had homes to live in. My parents had eight children. They raised six of these children: Herbert, Zella, Elmer, Etta, Oron, and Euphemia (Famie.) Effie the eldest daughter, and Roundy the youngest son died while young. I was born in a house my father built across the street from Uncle Bill's fine brick home. My father's other brothers also lived near us, so we cousins had a lot of fun together.

My mother was a beautiful seamstress and taught us girls to sew neatly. She loved beautiful handiwork and her children's clothes were adorned with it. When I was small, mother knit all the stockings for the family. Like all pioneer mothers, she did canning of vegetables and fruits, making preserves, making soap, curing and canning of meat and every thing necessary around the house. She never owned a washine machine until all her children were married.

My mother was President of the Relief Society and always worked hard in order to have a nice place in which to meet for the meetings along with the other officers of the organization. It was a big job to be President in those days. They made burial clothes for those who died, both young and old. Usually they called all the best seamstresses in the ward to help get the clothes ready. The best lace and trimmings available were used, and they were made neatly. One function of the Relief Society had always been to visit the sick, and there was plenty to do along this line. After the Salado dam went out in 1905, it took all the dams below it, including the Woodruff dam, and the people there were in more difficult circumstances than St. Johns, so the St. Johns Ward Relief Society donated \$125.00 to them at this time, while mother was the president of the Relief Society of the St. Johns ward.

It was through mother's influence that we as a family held a family hour by lamp-light each morning where she read from the scriptures and we sang a hymn and had family prayer before breakfast, while the whole wheat cereal was cooking on the wood stove. Mother was most faithful in attending all her church duties. I don't believe she ever missed Sunday School unless there was sickness in the home. Through all the years of hardship, she was known for her stalwart character, patience, kindness, and love for her family and fellowmen. She was devoted to her church and served it well.

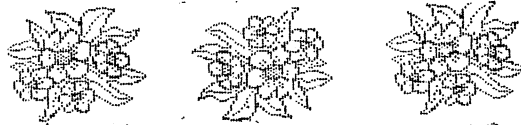
As she became older, her health became better until at the age of 58 she broke her hip. Since the same leg had been broken before, it was shorter than the other leg, crippling her for the rest of her life. She didn't walk for almost a year after this happened, but she never complained. She used a cane the rest of her life.

The biggest accomplishment, in my opinion, my parents did was to do seven years of Temple work in the Mesa Temple. They hired someone to do the research to find the names for them to do. In all, they did a thousand names each. They also took care of my sister, Zella, who was a partial invalid. They were very happy in their Temple work and labored among some of the most faithful Saints God has on the earth.

My parents came home a little earlier than usual that year to get out of the heat of the Valley. Just a short while after coming home in May, 1941, Mother had a stroke from which she never recovered. Her speech was paralyzed. She lived three months this way, and passed away September 19, 1941, just two days after her 80th birthday. She was buried in St. Johns cemetery among the people she loved so well.

At the funeral of my mother, Patriarch William David Rencher, who was a neighbor for years, was a speaker at the funeral and he said: "Sister Berry was one of the most Christ-like Spirits it has been my privilege to know." What a complement from a man of sterling quality. We all knew her to be kind, gentle and the most patient person I have ever known. May she rest in peace. She was one of the best mothers one could wish to have.

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING OF
SARAH BERRY



A blessing given by Patriarch William D. Rencher, on May 20, 1940, upon the head of Sarah Berry, daughter of Lorenzo Wesley Roundy and Priscilla Parish, born Sept. 17, 1861 in Centerville, Utah.

Dear Sister Berry: In the solemnity of this occasion and in humility, I lay my hands upon your head and seal upon you a patriarchal blessing. May this precious gift be abundantly manifested even now in your declining years. For my prayer is that you may be blessed with good health through the remaining days of your life. May your last days be in very deed your best days, rich in the outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord to give you comfort and heavenly joy.

Your posterity, even numerous at the present time, will be far more numerous in the future, and you will have descendants to the latest generation who will hear and honor the holy Priesthood and will be called faithful and great in the Church. Your sons and their descendants will shine in the Celestial Kingdom and you will have joy and comfort in them forever, both in and after the resurrection.

You will see your daughters, each reigning, in connection with a husband as a Queen and Priestess in the mansions of glory. They will be fully rewarded for all the trials and disappointments of this life; for all may be assured of a more glorious world to come.

Your heart's desires will be realized, for the Lord loves you for your integrity and your long life of purity and devotion. You have already earned your crown and your exaltation is fully assured unto you.

You will yet be endowed for many in the holy temple; and you will live as long as life may be desirable, ever basking in the love and confidence of and under the special blessings of the Lord. For he will continue to bless and protect you as he has always done in the past.

Your life is one of beauty, but in no wise to be compared with the glories and majesty of the lives to come. You will come forth in the morning of the first resurrection and the gift of eternal lives. In a state of perfection will be yours, for you will shine in youth and beauty, reigning a Queen and Priestess, in connection with your husband, over your posterity forever.

I seal these, with all your former blessings, upon your head, under the key of the Holy Patriarchal Priesthood, and in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Editor's note: One of Sarah's former blessings, mentioned in the above paragraph, was another Patriarchal blessing. Anyone who would like a copy of that blessing may request one from Diana Rice. Include a stamped, self-addressed envelope with the request.



THE WHITINGS, THE BERRYS
AND "THE MEADOWS"
by Myn Whiting Priestly

My Grandfather Isaacson was Bishop of the ward at "The Meadows" before there was a ward at St. Johns, and before I was born. Then the next Bishop was put in and "The Meadows" was included with the ward in St. Johns.

That was at the time when Billy the Kid had stayed there awhile. Grandma had made him hot biscuits to feed him. When he got on his horse and started to leave, he looked back and saw Grandma Isaacson's brand new tin tub hanging on the side of the house and he pulled out his gun and shot three holes in that new tub. Grandma never quite got over that.

It was a few years later when we had been in Utah where I had been born, that we came back to Arizona after Pa's illness. I was three. We had a farm at "The Meadows" and lived there summers, and so did Uncle Eck's family. That's about all I remember. It was here that a corn worm ate all over Arthur's chest. He was only a month old. He cried all night. Finally Ma undressed him and found that a big corn worm had eaten all over his chest. He still has the scars to add to the mad dog scars he got later, at the sawmill.

Now it was quite a lot of years later that James Thomas and Sarah Berry moved to "The Meadows." They had a farm and a small house. It seems like they had a tent on the side for the boys to sleep in.

My best friend all through my young life was their daughter, Fanie. I spent almost as much time in her home as I did in mine. She only lived one block away. We sat together, as all seats were then made for two. And I never sat with anyone else. Fanie (Euphemia) was my age, and was the closest friend I had until we were eighteen years old and she was married. She married young, but she always got better grades than I did. I went on to finish high school and two years of college, but she knew more than I did. I was quite lost for a while, I missed her so very much.

Anyway, I was acquainted with the Berrys all those younger years. One thing I could like to say since I was at their place so much, is that I never heard anyone upset, or unkind to each other. Of course Tom Berry was head of the house, and no one could doubt that, but they all seemed to like it that way.

The girls were all popular and had real nice friends. Elmer, too, I remember was always with the good boys and girls. I think Oren and his wife Maudie fell in love right away. She had moved with her family into St. Johns and started school, and she had a real smart brother, Henry. She had good grades, too. But the memory I have of her is always with Oren.

I expect there is plenty that could be told, but I have been away 56 years, and I am sure their family has accomplished many wonderful things. Two of the Berry family married into my Whiting family. Your Dad married my sister, May, and your Aunt Zella Berry married my brother, Ralph Whiting. I have very fond memories of the Berry family, especially Fanie, my girlhood best friend.

EXCERPTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF
SARAH ROUNDY BERRY
(written at ages 77, 78 & 79)

Introduction by Jeannine Larson

I recently had the pleasure of spending a couple of days with Lydia and LeRoy Berry and family. Lydia let me spend a few hours going through her records and pictures. I felt like I had opened a pirate's cave and found the treasure chest. It was wonderful. I ran across the journal entries of Sarah Roundy Berry. As I read them, as simple as they were, I felt her come alive in my mind. She was a real person, who went through daily trivia just like we do. Read these entries and you will begin to feel close to Grandma Sarah. You will begin to know her a bit more. Then, when you meet her someday in the future, she will not be a complete stranger.

Editor's note: This information was copied from the Diary with punctuation or spelling changed only for clarification. Names were sometimes added in brackets for identification, and the year was added to each entry for convenience of reference. The original book was given to Lydia Berry and is still in her possession.

Maree Berry Hamblin read and commented upon the excerpts, and we felt they were so helpful, that we print them side by side from Sarah's entries.

SARAH'S JOURNAL

April 1, 1938 Well Zella and I washed today. It is quite cold and windy. The fire feels pretty good. I churned and molded 2 lbs of butter. Father has been in bed all the afternoon reading Jacob Hamblin's book. Elmer went after wood today.

April 3, 1938 This is fast day. I went to Sunday School and Meeting. Father stayed in bed while I went to Sunday School and Meeting. Etta came in and stayed a while. She was too late for the first show. She stayed here until the second show, said she didn't get time to go only on Sunday. It was a quite a nice day in the forenoon and the wind blew in the afternoon.

April 5, 1938 Well I didn't get up quite so early this morning. Zella got up before I did. This morning [after] we had breakfast, I patched one of my dresses and read a few chapters in Jacob Hamblin's book. The wind is sure trying its self today. Hermina just came in and stayed a minute. They took the cast off from Leroy's feet today. They look pretty good, the Dr. said.

April 6, 1938 We had a surprise this morning. When we got up, the ground was covered with about 3 or 4 in. of snow and the wind had ceased blowing for one day. Sister Peterson died in the night last night. It still looks like we might have more snow to night. We have had our dinner and the work done up. Herminia has a hen hachen [hatching].

April 7, 1938 I got up this morning, made the 2 fires, got breakfast, done up the work, got ready and went to Sister Ammelia Peterson's funeral. Had it at half past 10 O'clock. they had nice services. I came home got dinner, and got Father up so he could eat his dinner. Zella went down to Platts to take [unclear]

April 9, 1938 This is Saturday. We were moving a stove from one room to the other so as to be more saving on wood. While we were in our mess, and such a dirty house, a returned missionary called in to see us and visited us a while. He had just left when we had Alice Johnson and Mrs Waters come to see us. We like to have callers come to see us, we think they do remember us.

April 10, 1938 This is Sunday morning. Zella has gone to Sunday School. I didn't go because I didn't have any stockings fit to wear. I went to Church at night to hear the returned missionary Cecil Negle. He spoke fine. (Heard from Father and myself.) Went up to Aunt Cynthia's this afternoon and stayed a while. Aunt Cynthia was feeling pretty good. John was there too.

April 20, 1938 Well, Zella and myself got up quite early this morning to wash. Thought we would beat

MAREE'S COMMENTARY

Only a woman's journal can reveal the real woman--what she did--her daily routine--her attitude toward that routine. I had never read this before and I think it is priceless. It will give your generation a look into a woman's everyday life in Sarah's time.

Zella is Sarah's second daughter. By this time, Zella's husband--Uncle Ralph Whiting had left her for another woman. It's a long story--neither to blame.

Etta is the daughter younger than Zella.

Uncle Elmer's wife Hermina is sometimes called Marjorie, her other name. Lydia and Leroy Berry are Uncle Elmer and Aunt Marjorie's children. Uncle Elmer is Herbert's brother.

The Petersons lived across the street from the Berrys. Sister Peterson was from Denmark, and Grandma Anna May Issacson Whiting knew her well from the United Order days. Grandma Whiting used to love to visit with her because they could talk in Danish.

They always used to say "make the fire" instead of "build the fire." That alone was a job because first the ashes had to be emptied, then you had to fuss with the kindling and blow your head off to get the fire started.

Although wood cost nothing, it was a job for a man to hitch up a team and go out of town ten miles into the cedar trees, then find the dead trees and cut them down, load them, haul them in, and chop them for firewood.

Aunt Cynthia was Sarah's husband's sister (also Uncle Frank Brown's mother.) John is Cynthia's husband, who had two wives--both James Thomas's sisters. This John may have been their son.

Ironing day was almost as bad as wash day, so many things had to be ironed. And I'm sure Sarah never had a washer of any kind. I doubt if she had an electric iron.

the wind. Got most of them out before the wind came up. We had quite a large washing, a three week wash. I have got the clothes folded and put away, all but the ones we Iron. I have got them sprinkled and ready to Iron tomorrow. Father is setting up on the bed.

April 21, 1938 This is Thursday. It is a Beautiful day. It seems like I ought to be planting garden. I have been ironing most of the day, but I finally got it done. Had dinner, then finished Ironing, then went down to Elmer's to stay with the baby while Elmer and Hermina went to see Jake Barth about renting his place across the river. Jane Eagar come in this evening to see us. I have got Father to bed I guess I will soon be [unclear]

April 22, 1938 Friday, another fine day and all is well. Had breakfast, got the work done. Zella went over to Etva Sornson's this afternoon to get some genealogy, Father went up to Aunt Cynthia's in the afternoon. Aunt Cynthia had a Mexican Lady cleaning house for her. Herbert and May come up to get their heifers, and got two of them.

April 24, 1938 Sunday morning, we had Breakfast, done up the work, got Zella and I ready, and went to Sunday School. Came home, had dinner. Alice Johnson came here from Sunday school and had dinner [with us]. It is quite pleasant today. Father and myself went down to Bro. Rencher's and had a visit with them a while, then went to Sister Whiting's and visited her a while. Then she took us for a little ride in her car, then brought us home.

April 28, 1938 Thursday, well have been finishing cleaning house today getting ready for Conference and doing some cooking. Zella is working again today up to Greers'. Father has gone over to Erzral to get a shave for Conference. I will have to go get my wood in for morning and have a bath this evening and get ready for Conference in the morning.

May 4, 1938 Wednesday. Herbert's Birthday. It has been quite a nice day. I planted some garden seeds: radish, lettuce, beets, Tomatoes. Lydia had a little party today on her Birthday and had about 19 little kids. She got quite a few presents. We sent Herbert a Birthday present, too. Zella has gone up to see if Aunt Cynthia is home. They took Sarah to Salt Lake City to the Dr. Brown.

May 9, 1938 Monday was quite a pleasant day. Hermina came and washed. Ora Heap came to see us to get Uncle J Berry's address. Orban Heap came to see us, wanted to get Alfred Berry's address and Frank Griffin's address. I also had the Relief Society Teachers. I have been working on my fancy work trying to get it done for the Bazaar. I went to the May Festival. Primary put it on, and was very fine indeed.

May 11, 1938 Wednesday, wash day. I had quite a big washing. I baked bread and made 2 pies, cleaned up the house some. It was quite a nice day in the morning. Herbert and May came in the evening and stayed a while. So today I will Iron this afternoon.

May 13, 1938 Friday I got up and built a fire and got Breakfast. I finished Ironing. Friday Father layed around all day. Effie's baby! was kidnaped this morning at about 4 O'clock while its Father and mother were asleep. When Bill woke up to cover the baby up, it was gone. They called the [unclear]

May 16, 1938 Monday Herbert and May came up last evening to talk to us about Effie's baby being kidnaped. They called the Police. They found it in a vacant house not far from where they were

It is so typical of Grandma that it was she we were all worried about, yet she only talks of Grandpa not feeling well. Grandma had broken her leg a few years before. She had to wear a shoe with a high cork sole. Her leg hurt her all the time. Yet she went on with her daily duties.

Jake Barth is the son of Soloman Barth, the old Jew who sold some of his land to the Mormons so they could move there. The gave him 760 American cows. Jane Eagar is James Thomas Berry's niece, and Uncle Frank Brown's sister.

Aunt Cynthia is the sister of James Thomas Berry, and first wife of John Brown.

Mother and Dad (May and Herbert) were living in Holbrook then.

Brother Rencher--one of the original pioneers, was bishop for forty years, and gave her her second Patriarchal blessing.

Ezral Thurber was the town barber. He married the daughter of Grandpa Whiting's brother, Charles. Charles had two wives, and the families just barely escaped Poncho Villa's outlaws who burned their town.

This Sarah was Uncle Frank Brown's sister named after Grandma. Dr. Brown was Uncle Frank Brown.

Ora Heap was Aunt Etta's eldest daughter (Sarah's granddaughter.) Orban is Etta's son (Sarah's grandson.) Alfred (another grandson) is Uncle Oren's son. Uncle Oren, (about 92) is still living. Grandma's "fancy work" as they called embroidery, was really fancy. She also used to make "hairpin lace" with nothing but regular sewing thread and a long hairpin. It was the most delicate and beautiful lace you could imagine. It's a lost art, probably because so few ever mastered it in the first place. She used size 100 sewing thread. I don't believe they make it that fine anymore.

Effie's baby was Lynn Ellsworth. We'll print that whole story in another issue.

staying. It was wrapped in an old blanket and still asleep. The mother about collapsed. [Sarah is referring to the kidnapping of Lynn Ellsworth. A detailed account will be printed in a future Berry Patch Issue.] Hermina is washing today. It was quite cloudy too, this morning.

May 17, 1938 Tuesday, today, is Relief Society day. I didn't get to go, for my leg hurt me so, I didn't think I could walk up there and back home again. Maree came to see us. She came down from the ranch to get her some things. She went back home. She had three children with her and they all looked well.

May 18, 1938 Wednesday Father didn't feel very good today. It was cloudy and looked stormy. We are having quite cold weather now. It seems almost like winter. It says [in the scriptures] the times and seasons will change [for the second coming] and it looks like it today, like they have changed already. Well let it come, the sooner the better, we are still here.

May 21, 1938 Saturday morning I had to clean my stove out this morning before I made a fire to get breakfast. We had mush, eggs, bread and butter and some fruit for breakfast, that was pretty good. I guess we wouldn't starve on that if we always had that much. Will close with much love, so good bye.

May 25, 1938 Wednesday was our wash day. We had quite a washing: one quilt and two pieces of a blanket besides our other clothes. I mopped the floor. We had dinner. I helped Hermina fix some clothes for her babies, and churned for them and us. Father sets out in the Sun now to help thaw the rheumatism out of his legs and back.

May 28, 1938 Saturday I got up at 6 o'clock, got breakfast washed up dishes, swept up the floors, baked bread, made two Lemon pies, got dinner, washed up the dishes, and mopped the floor, planted some quecumbers, and cleaned out the toilet. We got our checks today, \$45.00. Hermina, Lydia and Leroy came it to see us today. The wind has and is blowing today.

May 29, 1938 Sunday. Well this is Sunday, the day we should go to Sunday and meeting and try and serve the Lord. We must learn to serve him and keep his commandments. Herbert and May and Zella got back from Phoenix.

May 31, 1938 Tuesday I got up and built a fire and got breakfast, done up the dishes and the housework, and been patching some this morning. Father is up and has bought him some Lynamment from a peddler and bought a bottle of vinlia hand lotion. We have had dinner and it sure looks like it was going to rain. Father is having a sleep and just woke up.

June 1, 1938 Wednesday, the first of June. My oldest daughter's Birthday. She would of been 52 years old today. [her daughter Effie died at the age of a year and one month.] I hoed some in the garden today. My garden doesn't look very good, not very many of the things came up. But I am going to plant some of it over. It will be late but better late than ever. Father is sitting up on the bed. Henry Rabin, they found him dead in his bed this morning.

June 3, 1938 Friday, well we are able to be up this morning. It is a beautiful day. We have got the garden watered and got work done up. The mail has come. I got up at 5 O'clock this morning to work in the garden before we got the water on the garden. Zella made two pies for Sunday fast day.

This is the only place in her diary where she mentions her own pain.

This comment is interesting, because the pioneers never cared if you were pretty. That did not impress them. If you were fat and well that meant you were beautiful: they were happy that you were apt to live a while.

She not only still churned her own butter she also sold some.

In those days, you felt like bragging. (What is there now about housework to even feel much accomplishment?) For Grandma, the hardest part was hanging everything on the line, then gathering it all in, only to have to sprinkle and roll those items to be ironed.

To her, Lynamment and vinlia hand lotion were newsworthy.

My sister Effie was named after her.

In St. Johns, each family was given a water turn. The water came down through ditches that laced their way all through the town. When it was your turn, you lifted the headgate and turned in the water. Sometimes your turn might be at 2:00 a.m. If you missed it, your garden would surely die.

June 17, 1938 Friday morning, a day to work like all the rest of the time. Always plenty to do. We cooked beans today for dinner. We had the water this evening to water the garden. It gets pretty dry in a week. The winds blow so much, then it is quite warm. Father's in bed and I wish I was there. I think I will soon be there

Sunday the day of rest but didn't get much rest. We shouldn't have so much to do on the Sabbath day. We have had dinner. Now we can rest the afternoon until church time this evening, then be ready to go again to the Sacrament meeting. Had a good meeting, came home and went to bed

August 23 & 24, 1940 We had the Berry Reunion. Uncle Albert Berry brought Jane and Evelin Hales used to be they came from Utah. Aunt Rachel Berry and her three daughters, George Brown and his family were here. Gen Palmer, Oron Berry and his family were here, all but Alfred. They invited the oldest Pioneers that were here when we came. They all seemed to have a nice time all getting together. We hope we can have some more good times. I wish I could of went to the Roundy and Parrish Reunion this fall and had a good time and got acquainted.

September 17, 1940 This is my Birthday. I am 79 years old today, I am getting quite old. Etta came up and spent the day with me. She ate dinner with us. She bought a cake for dinner and we had carrot salade for dinner. She took Father, Hermina, Leroy and myself out to see if Father could find Dean's calf. We found it. Then Etta and I went to relief society. We helped quilt.

St. Johns used to give a yearly party to honor the original pioneers. By now, there weren't enough left, so they had begun to invite the next generation. Uncle Albert (we always called him Uncle Al) was Grandpa's brother, who did not settle in St. Johns, but stayed in Utah. Aunt Rachel was Grandpa's brother Bill's wife. Her 3 daughters were Jennie, Alice and Lavinia, all school teachers, and all important people in Arizona politics. Alfred is Oron's son, Grandma's grandson.

Relief Society was Grandma's only social life ever. During the summer, while at the Meadows, she would hitch up her horse and buggy and drive eight miles each way to attend Relief Society.

It is hard to realize that after this last entry, one year and five months later, Grandma was dead. Yet with her broken hip, her high-soled shoe, and sometimes her crutch under her arm, she was still doing her housework, her cooking, ironing, making and selling butter, and taking care of Grandpa, who had slowly developed rheumatism. Yet, she never wrote a word of complaint.

Aunt Zella died 29 Sept, 1940—just twelve days after this last entry. She and Grandma were very close, and her death may have affected Grandma beyond repair. Aunt Zella was a sweet, quiet person like Grandma. She was only 52 when she died. Never having any children of her own, she was alone when her adopted son Lester grew up and married. I was there when she died, and I saw Uncle Ralph break down and cry on Uncle Oron's shoulder. My husband agreed with me when I told him I knew Aunt Zella died of a broken heart.



SARAH ROUNDY BERRY



As a young mother

ELIJAH AT THE WHEEL

by Helen Berry Andelin

Did you know that our Berry roots came from Tennessee and Virginia? I am going to tell you about an experience that I think you will be interested in. It began way back in 1940 when I was on a mission in Knoxville, Tennessee, and noticed many Berry names in the phone book. The "Berry Funeral Home" caught my attention. I knew little about genealogy, but I was interested in family roots, so my companion and I went by to see them.

The owner of the funeral home was Fred Berry. I looked him over quite carefully. He had a Berry nose, a Berry shaped head, and thick, black hair like my father used to have. One thing strikingly different about him was that he had one brown eye and one blue eye. He had the Berry characteristic of being very pleasant.

He turned out to be very helpful. He took us to a Berry cemetery which was exclusively for Berrys. He also took us to see his uncle, Drury Berry, an aged gentleman who was confined to his bed. Uncle Drury was interested in family roots, and had the family records. What astounded me most was that the minute I walked in, I noticed a photograph on the mantle of someone who looked just like my grandfather, James Thomas Berry. It was unbelievable. The photo was of Uncle Drury's father. Well, Uncle Drury got out his family records, and I spent some time looking at them. The trouble was that I really didn't know just what I was looking for. We never did draw any connection, but it was interesting.

Now I will skip 45 years and tell you what happened about two weeks ago. I was visiting with Maree, Joycell, and Janice in Monett, Missouri. We were not visiting about genealogy, but about the Prophet's recent satellite broadcast on Woman's Role. He was telling women to come home from their typewriters and devote themselves to their families. One trend of thought among the four of us was that with the economic conditions, in some situations, this was impossible. Then I said, almost self-righteously, "the Lord giveth no commandment unto the children of men, save he prepare a way for them..." That seemed to silence everyone, and I prepared to leave.

Just as I was ready to leave, Maree brought up the subject of genealogy. "Can't you do something, Helen?" she asked. I was very silent. I knew that the very next morning, Aubrey and I were leaving for a convention in Gatlinburg, a resort town about 30 miles south of Knoxville. The whole scene of the Berry Funeral Home crossed my mind vividly. It seemed more than a coincidence that she would bring this up on this particular evening. Could Elijah be "at the wheel?"

The possibility that this could be, provoked me to tell them of my past experience at the Berry Funeral Home. But I also had some excuses. "What could I do now after all this time? The Berry Funeral Home probably does not exist anymore, and if it does, how could I locate it? We are just passing through. Besides, I am not prepared." About this time, Janice said, "the Lord giveth no commandment unto the children of men, save he prepare a way for them..." Well, this pricked my conscience, and put me in my place.

The next day, as we neared Knoxville, I knew I was going to have to think about the matter. I became quite negative again, saying "what can I do on such short notice," etc., etc. About this time, we got

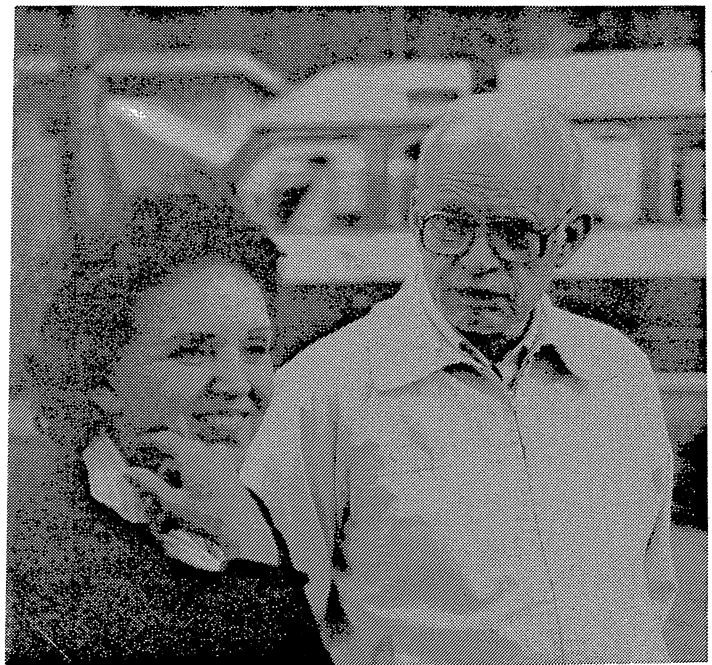
out a map to see just how to get to Gatlinburg, and noticed a bypass just this side of Knoxville. Now I had to make a decision. My human side got the upper hand, and I am ashamed to say we took the bypass. But the Lord must have anticipated my weaknesses, and I felt like Jonah a few miles down the road when we passed right by the Berry Funeral Home! "Turn around, we had better go back," I said to Aubrey. "This is no coincidence."

We went in and met Fred Berry Jr. He also looked like a Berry. He had that Berry nose, Berry head, and rather long eyelids. He was also very pleasant. He told us that he had recently attended an undertakers' convention and noticed a man standing in line to register. He could only see the back of his head, but thought to himself "That man has to be a Berry." He listened, and when this man came back to the desk he said his name was Berry.

When I explained to Fred my acquaintance with his father, he asked, "Did you remember anything unusual about my father's appearance?" "Yes," I said, "he had one brown eye and one blue eye." Well, Fred was impressed and knew I was for real. What I found out this time was that his brother, Edward, had spent his lifetime doing genealogy, and was in the process of writing a book about the Berry line when he died the fall of 1986.

Edward had traced the Berrys back to early 1700s into Virginia. His widow, Shirley, has the records. I am in touch with Shirley, have sent her pedigree charts and family group sheet of George Berry. If we can make a connection of our lines, Aubrey and I will make a trip back with a copy machine. I just know something is going to come of this. I hope you will all pray for me.

I know some of you have records which state George Berry's father is Bradley. There is doubt that this information is accurate. I have talked to Maree about this, and she says there is not enough supporting evidence. She thinks his father may have been Enoch Berry, but is not certain of this.



Helen and Aubrey Andelin 6/86

From time to time, we can fit in a few of the wonderful photographs Steve Berry took at the Berry 1986 reunion. Steve is willing to make copies, so make a list of the photos you'd like copies of, and we'll eventually print an order form. Many priceless old family photos have come to our attention, and we would like to have negatives of the best ones made and offer enlargements to the family, as well.



• BOOORRRNNNN A B-E-E-E-RY! The unforgettable talent of Karen Berry Mitterling, Anna Marie Berry Wood, Brent Berry and Jonathan Berry displayed at the Berry Reunion 1986 talent show.



OH, IT CAN'T BE TIME TO GO HOME ALREADY! Circling from left, Louine Hunter, Maree Hamblin, Helen Andelin, Aubrey Andelin, Susan Cooper, Chelsea Cooper, Jared Larson (Jeannie's) sitting by Jared Larsen (JoAnn's), Matt Hunter, Matthew Larson, and Christopher Cooper.