



Nihil Sine Labore—Nothing Without Work

The Berry Patch

News & History of the Herbert & May Berry Family .

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We thank JoAnn Larsen for her service as Berry Patch treasurer. She has done a wonderful job for four years, keeping us financially afloat. Our new Treasurer is Bonnie Middleton. You will be hearing from Bonnie, because she will be directly billing you early in 1991. Expect the notice, and save up \$10 for next year's subscription.

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Berry Pickings From the President

Uncle Dean was asked to comment about the situation in the Middle East. He replied, "If anyone thinks they understand Arabs, they are in trouble!"

Uncle Dean also would like everyone to know that a video tape of Aunt Myn's funeral is available to borrow. If anyone would like to see the video, please contact Janice Falls. An audio tape of Aunt Maree's funeral is also available, and for that, please contact Joycell Cooper.

DO YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS????



(Look for the answer on page 9)

OPERATION DESERT SHIELD

Sgt. Troy Larson is the only family member that we know of who has been called into the military action in the Middle East. We are sending 3 address labels with each Berry Patch, to make it easier for everyone in the family to write to Troy. If you would like more labels, please contact Diana Rice. Troy's home address is listed on the Address page, but his military address is:

Sgt. Troy Larson 527-69-0311
Operation Desert Shield
388 TSW 388 AGS
421 AMU Deployed
APO New York, NY 09871

Jason Helf, the only other family member currently in the service, has not been assigned to overseas service, but his address is:

Airman Jason Helf
PSC Box 3046
Grandforks AFB, ND 58204

WHY THIS ISSUE IS LATE!

You may have noticed that there was no May or August issue of the Berry Patch. As editor, I feel strongly that adhering to deadlines is the best way to keep publishing successfully. In the past, if an article was delayed, I just substituted something else and kept the Berry Patch on schedule. However, I ran into problems when I tried being

both editor and writer. I became immersed in my writing, and didn't have time to edit.

It didn't help to have the emotion-packed subject I was working on be my mother's life story. Norma Berry Fife's story is one that has taken thirty years for me to get around to writing, so by comparison, we are fortunate that it only took me six months of serious work to complete.

I would like to thank the many people who helped me, proof-read, sent pictures, and wrote down their memories of Norma. Special thanks go to Ruth Lewis, Lenore Suman, Maree Hamblin, Lee Berry, Joycell Cooper, Elaine Ward, Louine Hunter, and Jeannine Larson.

--Diana Rice

NEWS FLASH!

Just as the BP went to press, Marilyn Helf announced she is going to marry Wayne Barnes October 11. The wedding will be at the Falls' home & Bishop Robert Leavitt is officiating.

November Berry Patch On Schedule

Even though you are receiving this issue in October, you will receive the next issue of the BP in November. Look for Maree Hamblin's biography on Herbert and May Berry, and many of the Edwin Whiting folktales like The Little Girl Who Fell Down The Well, and The Little Red Men.

Scotia in the Halifax, Canada Mission. Greg Berry is in the Los Angeles mission. Stacey Berry is in the Dublin, Ireland Mission. Mike Rice is in the Morristown, New Jersey Mission. Stephanie Rice is in the Houston Texas East Mission. We have several going very soon.!



By Her Royal Highness, the Regal Queen of Gossip, Auntie Joycell

Well, relatives, the time has come once again for the profound pearls of wisdom, found in my writings. Did you see the announcement on CNN news that my Henscratchings have been nominated for the Nobel Piece Prize? (That's Henry Nobel's Pizza Piece Contest for the writings with the most crust!) I have been approached by a company to have my column made into a screen play. I was excited until I found out that they meant window screens for insects to play on! Anyway, I am getting famous, so far my words of wisdom have been made into door mats, bird cage liners, recycled toilet paper (I hate being the butt of a joke! It completely wipes me out!) and shredded confetti. (Eat your heart out, Steve Berry and Uncle Dean.) Now, for the latest dirt--

Troy Larson booked a tour of Saudi Arabia with the Aladdin Lamp Travel Agency. Jennifer begged to go, but he said there was only enough money for him to go first class, so she stayed home. He flew on a luxury flight, and so far has not been disappointed.

He is staying in a suite at the Arabian Nights Marriott Pink Marble Palace Air-Conditioned Hotel.

Breakfast in bed, and a stretch limo at his beck and call is not bad. He tried the golf course, but couldn't get out of the sand traps! He spends a lot of time lounging by the pool at the oasis, entertained by beautiful belly dancers (that's where I got my start, so that shows the shape these lovely ladies are in!) and Harem girls dressed in sheer veils and cooling his brow with peacock fans. He says he really enjoys the breeze from the Peacocks, but their screaming gets on his nerves. Seems they object to being swung back and forth upside down in the air! He says it's a man's paradise. So much so there are now over 150,000 men vacationing there without their families!

The favorite fashion is olive green, and the beach wear looks almost like a uniform. Should catch on in the USA before long, Troy predicts. He feasts constantly on delicious items like juicy dark frosted purple grapes, succulent iced melons, barbecued goats eyes in tongue gravy, mush mush rice (you let the rice sit for a few days in the desert heat before eating it.)

Toothpaste is unknown. You can clean your teeth just by swishing the sand around in your mouth, or better yet, smiling widely, letting the wind hit your teeth full blast. It's called sand blasting over here, and it works wonders, Troy says. He's been over there a month, and already is on his third layer of enamel.

He has had dinner with the Crown Prince Scoobiedo, and the Prince has agreed to rearrange



Elder Berrys and Sisters

We currently have six missionaries representing the Herbert and May Berry family. George Ward is in the California Ventura Mission. Michael Ellsworth is in Nova

the sand dunes to make the place more attractive to tourists. Troy has hit a gold mine in selling sand boxes to the natives. So far, he has sold 30,000 and has orders pouring in from Iraq, Iran, Egypt and Jordan. He should become a Sand Box Tycoon, Jen.

This is a deep military secret, and it is to the best interest in the safety of our beloved country that you not repeat this to another living soul (so Uncle Dean's OK). A top CIA agent informed Troy that Saddam Hussein grew his moustache because President Bush called him a bare-faced liar!

Kathy and Lance Cooper are enjoying their new little son, Dane Sullivan. They had expected a baby, but got a moose instead, but thank goodness his nose is like his mother's. Kathy said the birth was painful, since he came out with a volley ball in his hands!

Kathy enjoyed her first year of teaching, especially after she discovered a wonderful way to discipline her class. (Lots of rope to hang them each from the ceiling by their wrists and a wide piece of sticky tape for their mouths.) However, she found it best not to remove the tape too often, else by the end of the day, they resembled little Umbangies. The Board of Education is so enthused, they are adapting the idea throughout the schools in Nevada. I always said Nevada had a lot of swingers. Vaylene is going to live with Lance and Kathy and take care of little Dane from 7:30 a.m. until 1:30 p.m. after which she will get a job and work afternoons and early evenings.

Betty Berry, (Alan's wife)

is the new Stake Primary President. She has been campaigning for this position for the last 6 months and finally, through bribes, cheating, clawing, threatening, plus lots of speaking engagements, she finally got the majority popular vote. Janice is her first counselor, and they are going to revolutionize Primary with sweeping changes and old rules thrown out and new ones brought up to date. For instance, there will be (1) entrance fees for each member (2) Monthly dues to be paid each month or the member will be dropped from the roles (3) Uniforms will be worn by both boys and girls (4) Children and teachers will stand at attention and salute each time a member of the Presidency enters or leaves (5) A substantial increase in salaries for the presidency. Betty informed me her wages aren't that much more than when she was just an ordinary ward primary president. (6) a limo and driver at their disposal at all times (7) Time and a half for overtime, with 2 week paid vacation each year and all holidays paid (8) Autographs will be limited to just once a month.

Betty is making a mistake going back to get her teachers degree. She can make much more pursuing a career in Primary. With both her salaries as a Bishop's wife and as Stake Primary President, plus Alan's salary as Bishop, they should be able to retire within a year!

My spies tell me Keith and Jeanie are about finished with their little dental lab. They have added a bedroom, bath and basement, and sold their mobile home. You ask, "is it small?" Well--Keith can only do one

crown at a time, standing sideways. None of the walls had enough space to put a window, so the builder left a large crack in the door for fresh air. It poses a problem if Keith raises his arms (for all of us!) so he has learned to work with his arms at his sides (and when things get hairy, it's the pits!) At first, it was hard to carve, glue, cast and shape, however, he discovered he has very flexible toes.

The bedroom is roomier since they built the shelves on the walls for the kids to sleep on and, to save space, they built the breakfast bar in the kitchen on the outside of the house so Jeannie just hands the plates through the window. It really works well on sunny days, but it's not so hot during thunderstorms. The basement is to store all the money they have left over after bills are paid each month!

Uncle Lee is doing great. Since the oil prices have risen, he's been in touch with OPEC and agreed to be their advisor from here on in. He's debating on resuming his tennis lessons with Jimmy Connors, and sailing on the Queen Mary, or perhaps just buying the Queen Mary! (The last time Jack took me on a cruise it was really exciting, except it's a lot harder dressing for dinner in a canoe than in the Queen Mary!)

News from Gary and Norma Jean Arbuckle is that since their son Jeff graduated from Medical school, he's become quite a cut up and keeps everyone in stitches!

They say Brent Berry's new bride Laurlyn is really cute. Especially when she gets her glass eye, wooden leg, wig and dentures in place. I hear

she's really a knock out. (Brent hit the floor three times before he learned how to defend himself.) Welcome to the family, Laurlyn. If you are as cute as your picture, I may have some competition in the years to come. (They said that about Liz Taylor, but I never did have to worry!)

Diana and Roger Rice are looking for a place to bury their money. With two on missions, two in college, and three in orthodontics, it just isn't enough. Can anyone help them find ways to spend their extra money?

Lane and Darlene Andelin are moving to Missouri from Houston, Texas. They heard how the economy was booming up in this area, and he decided to go back to school and get his doctorate so he can just coast. Darlene is going to take up art and making crafts. The crafts are OK, but art is married, Darlene, so that's out!

John Hunter wants to move from his El Toro address, but Louine says that's a lot of bull, and they are going to stay right where they are. John complains that the canvas on the sides of the tent house are getting shabby, but Louine recycled them into a judge's robe, and he is quite content. It is hard to sit in, but the court is used to him standing and yelling most of the time, anyway.

Richard and Elaine Ward took all their children and grandchildren to China on an extended vacation. I say extended because what their children didn't know is that their parents had bought them all one-way tickets. Ha So, Richard and Elaine--vellie clever, vellie clever!

Well, the wit is running low (shut up, Roger!)

JUST MARRIED



Tracy & Jeane Hunter Thayne



Tim & Victoria Hoemann Hamblin

Effie's Family

Van's son, Elder Michael Ellsworth entered the Missionary Training Center September 19. He will soon be going to the Halifax Canada Mission in Nova Scotia!

Elaine and Richard Ward's daughter, Jenny is in Taiwan, teaching English.

Lynn and Jamie Ellsworth had 4 children marry within 2 1/2 years, and they now top that record by announcing that they have had three grandchildren born in a year. Luke and Liz' son Isaac Ellsworth is a year old. Brent and Effie's son Tyler Paul Kitchen was born May 22. Lindsay and Esther's daughter, Kylie Nichol Pugmire was born July 19.

Maree's Family

Markay & Dottye Hamblin

Yes, you read that correctly! Markay married Dottye Smith last month, and they are living in Mesa. Aunt Helen introduced them several years ago because she knew they had so many interests in common.

Leo Hamblin graduated from college last spring and is teaching high school in Sandy, Utah for a year. His wife Michele is expecting their third child.

Genette and David Largeant have 2 daughters and 2 sons. Andrea, Kirsten, Jason, & Garrett keep their mother busy. Besides a full-time airline job, David farms and is Priest Quorum Advisor.

Daylynn and Lori Hamblin still live in Midvale, Utah. Daylynn is getting good grades, working on his degree in history. Graduate plans

include making the best films ever created!

Tim Hamblin returned from his mission in New York in the spring. He married Victoria Hoemann in August in the Manti temple.

Jack & Joycell Cooper are grandparents again! Lance and Cathy have a son, Dane Sullivan Cooper!

Keith & Jeannine Larson

Shane is living the tedious life of holding down a full-time job and carrying a full school load at Logan--Utah State. He's working towards an Art major, and should be through in a couple of years.

Troy was shipped out about the 24th of August to Saudi Arabia. He is on the Persian Gulf. He is a crew chief for the F-16 fighter jet. (Air Force.) The only word we've gotten from his so far is that it is not fun! They dig bunkers in 129 degree heat from 7:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. Life is very boring and the only entertainment they get is letters and packages from home! How about it, family???? We're praying and fasting for peace. His time in the military is up in October, but if war breaks out, there's not much hope for his scheduled release.

Troy has a wife and two beautiful little daughters at home in Utah, and they are already pretty homesick for him! Troy and Jennifer Lynn's second daughter was born May 16, and they named her Josie Ann.

Brian and Melinda are expecting their first child in December. They are both enrolled at BYU, and working on the side. Brian works for Sears as a trainer, and loves his work. Melinda is on the

dance staff at BYU. One of her responsibilities is train the "Young Ambassadors," of which she was a member herself for three years.

Darin has moved to Salt Lake City. He is working in the Church Office Building, in the finance department. He is a member of the Mormon Youth Choir, so if you thought you saw someone last conference that looked like Darin Larson--you were right! This fall he is attending the University of Utah part time.

Jennifer Maree is in Orem, working as a nanny for Kim and Mark Lanham, two of the best ballet dance instructors BYU has ever had. Even though the Lanhams have 4 children under the age of 3, they are wonderful to work for. Jennifer is taking evening classes.

Amy and Tim enjoy their cute little red-headed boy, Matthew Dean Vogl. They recently moved to Salt Lake, where Tim is carrying a full school load at U. of U., in R.O.T.C., and managing a Pizza Hut in his spare time!

Margaret and Sara have both been invited to join the Silver Creek Symphony. Margaret, a senior, plays violin, and Sara, a sophomore, plays cello. Sara can pitch a ball with more speed than most of us will ever see in this life. She made the High School Varsity Softball team as a back-up pitcher when she was a freshman, which is a rare accomplishment in Snowflake.

Matthew has just been elected Seventh Grade Class President. He is a deacon, plays the saxophone, and is following in Sara's athletic skills. He is a left-handed pitcher in the Snowflake Little League.

Jared is starting the 5th grade. He keeps the family frustrated with his 1001 questions every day. He loves playing basketball and baseball and has begun to learn to play the Saxophone.

Keith and Jeannie are teaching the Merrie Miss A-Blazer B class in Primary, and it's a no-stress, peaceful job! They need it, because they are adding more chapters in their book on how to build an adobe house! Keith has spent a year perfecting the art of making mud bricks! The basement concrete work is all completed, and what will eventually be Keith's office has walls, a roof and a subfloor. They are without windows, doors, or plumbing, but hope to be able to move the family in by the first of November.

Kay's Family

Elizabeth Berry has made the big move to Provo, where she has a condominium in the same complex as two sisters, and some other in-law relatives and friends. Mom reports that she is thrilled with her ward and her neighbors--finds them to be friendly, welcoming and stimulating.

Out of over 200 kids, Michelle made "Showtime" at Ricks. To audition, she had to sing and dance and go for interviews and survive five days of casting cuts. Showtime is Ricks' touring group. This year, they are going to Florida.

Cindy and Brian Watkins are expecting their second baby March 31st.

Stacey has been in Newcastle, Galway County, Eire,

Ireland for the first four months of her mission.

Michael is over six feet tall, and on the freshman football team.

Amy is taking ballet.

Sharon, Cindy, Julie, and Michelle enjoyed BYU education week together.

David and Sharon are looking forward to two weeks in Israel in October. They are going on a "Don Black" Tour (Sharon's brother-in-law) with Sharon's mom, brother and sisters and their spouses.

Lee's Family

Aunt Virginia writes:

Lee's doctors call him their miracle patient. Every step of the way, the percentage for recovery has been against him. The location, the type of cancer, and the encroachment. The valiant surgery, the facing chemotherapy, the struggle for survival was something only someone who knows the determination of Lee Berry can understand.

We are now in the last quarter of the third year without a recurrence. He is still "fragile." But Lee is so optimistic that he went out and bought a whole new wardrobe.

I want to thank all of you who prayed for us--who called and expressed concern. We felt it as a great wave of love. We could not have gotten through this without the help of our children and Van.

We are now enjoying a gift of time. We especially enjoy watching our Grandchildren grow up. We see "bits and pieces" of us, but mostly they are their individual selves.

Jean and Gary are doing

well.

Christina lives in Omaha. She has her own business called "Express Typing." Her Doran is in insurance.

Jeff is in his second year residency. He is engaged to a nurse named Pattie. He is at the same hospital as Richard Ward.

Eric--poor Eric--he lives on the beach. He is working on his MBA at his alma mater, Old Dominion College at Norfolk. He has two part-time jobs, teaching assistant and Captain of a sightseeing boat, and is engaged to the beautiful Jennifer.

Steve and Judi have just moved into a new home. They have to shout to find each other.

Stephanie is in her second year at BYU. She is on the soccer team--watch for her.

Annette is a senior and she is "No Wallflower."

The boys are adjusting to a new school.

Patricia and Raymond survived the earthquake with some trauma and a lot of broken glass. They are looking with longing at the realistic reawakening in Texas.

The children are growing fast.

Eileen and Bob still love Seattle. The first little bird has left the nest. Jennifer is at BYU. The four at home are busy with activities and sports and school and church.

Norma's Family

Randy & Christa Fife organized Christa's family reunion in June, and held it at Dinkey Creek. They are a very energetic couple, who manage to keep ahead of the challenges of

raising children, and still accomplish many creative and service goals. Randy has been working diligently on the Genealogy Computer Program created by the church, and is finding that even his own brothers and sisters don't have their immediate family facts straight!

Christa is a wonderful party-planner. Coban's birthday party had a pirate theme complete with buried treasure. It was held at the beach, and the decorations were so good passersby kept walking off with the real coconuts, shells, nets and fruit Christa had put up for the party! There were many clever ideas, but one of the best was that she held a party for the kids, had their parents pick them up, and then turned around and had another party right afterwards, with all of the Southern California families invited.

Randy and Christa's trip to Dinkey Creek made all the rest of us desire to gather there, too, so later on in the summer we had a Fife reunion on the cabin side of Dinkey Creek. It was so much fun! We hadn't been back since the Berry Reunions in the early seventies. It still seems the same, which makes me wonder why so many environmentalists are worried about people enjoying the outdoors.

Brad & Susanne Fife

were a big part of why our reunion was successful. Theirs was the central cabin, so it just seemed like everything revolved around them. Of course the fact that Brad built huge bonfires every night, and had a fishing tackle box full of candy had a little to do with it, but I suspect it would have been a favorite hang-out

even if their cabin had been on the outskirts and they had come with no candy! They love and are loved by their nieces and nephews.

Susanne taught all the mothers at the reunion how to make darling wooden angels, and we even learned to tole paint!

Bonnie & Chuck Middleton

practically had to move mountains and jump buildings in a single bound to get to Dinkey Creek. (OK a slight exaggeration, but they had to go over a lot of mountains, took two vans to get all their children and luggage in, and got separated right at the beginning of the trip, so they each drove six hundred miles worried about the other car!) Girls Camp for them was the same week, so Emily & Cathy stayed with their California cousins for a few extra weeks so that they could attend girls camp together.

We all agreed to cook separately because we were in the cabins, but Bonnie is such a great cook, somehow half the camp ate at the Middleton cabin.

JoAnn & Barry Larson

had to use super-human effort to get to Dinkey Creek, too. Barry had to work most of the week, so they also drove up in two cars! JoAnn amazed us all with a solar oven she made from heavy glass and a cardboard box. It worked, and yet the weather never seemed to be very hot. JoAnn says the oven will work on any day that has enough hours of sunlight, regardless of the temperature!

The teenage hub of the reunion revolved around the Larson cabin--it was wall-to-wall girls, a week long slumber party, except when everyone was

watching the movies Uncle Roger brought, then the population in that cabin doubled.

One of the best parts of the reunion was that all of the younger members of the family ran around together, either all in one group, or the girls or the boys. Everyone was included regardless of age.

Roger & Diana Rice

had many drastic changes this summer. After touring Canada and the Eastern United States with the BYU Folkdancers, Stephanie entered the MTC August 22. She is now in Lake Charles, Louisiana, the very outer boundary of the Houston Texas East mission. Mike is in Upper Montclair, New Jersey. Cindy & Randy are both attending BYU. This makes an expensive tally: 2 on missions, 2 in college, and 3 at home (all three at home are in orthodontia.) We turn off lights, recycle, bicycle, avoid the mall, and have never been happier!

Helen's Family

Aubrey and Helen had planned a reunion last summer for their children and grandchildren. After learning about Judy's and Ginny's expected babies in July, they decided to call it off. They teenage grandchildren were so disappointed that they planned a reunion of their own! Amy Andelin, Lane's oldest, took charge and organized a Teenage Mini-reunion. Communications through a family newsletter, The Cousin's Connection, Amy relayed messages and gathered information concerning the reunion and soon it was all

organized.

Lane and Darlene agreed that it could be at their home in Houston, and Grandpa offered to help with expenses. It was so successful that one cousin, **Ben Leavitt**, said it was the best time he had in his entire life. There was 100% attendance (19 teenagers ranging from ages 13 to 19.) **Kristine and Steve** had the most attending from one family--five! They visited amusement parks, went to the beach, attended their church meetings, and had a testimony meeting at Family Home Evening. But as many of the cousins later commented, the most fun was to sit around Uncle Lane and Aunt Darlene's living room and visit. Before the week long reunion ended, the cousins made a scrapbook for Grandma and Grandpa.

It was a reunion long to be remembered, and even though the Andelins are planning a regular reunion for all ages next year, the Teenage Cousins want to continue to have "cousin reunions" any year the adults don't pull through!

Lane and Darlene have some exciting things happening in their family. Lane is going to school and getting his degree in counseling. As a result, the family is moving to Springfield, Missouri. Lane has already begun his studies, and the family will join him as soon as some business is taken care of. All of us in Missouri are so thrilled to have Lane and his family here!

Brian and Helena are moving into a new home this month. It will be convenient to Brian's law practice and the family is very excited about the new home.

Dixie and Bob are now Grandparents! **Tiffany and Eric**

now have a little boy, **Chandler David Gonze**, born April 7 (Tiffany's birthday!) Tiffany and Eric have moved to Las Vegas. Eric is going to school and working. **Melissa** is at BYU and really enjoying it.

Kristine and Steve are doing fine in Fairfax, VA. **Katie and Mindy** are in a singing and drama group dedicated to helping other teens. The group presents "Just Say No to drugs, alcohol, sex and suicide." Kristine is still homeschooling her eight children at home, and **Matthew** is attending Ricks College. In his "spare time" Steve is studying Arabic.

Ginny and Robert had a beautiful baby boy born July 16. They named him **Samuel Aubrey Leavitt**. He is their ninth child. The family is thrilled with him, and as you can imagine, he gets lots of attention. Ginny is teaching her four oldest school at home.

John and Cindy recently returned from a vacation to Hawaii. They took their whole family (seven children) and had a wonderful time. John was recently set apart as branch president in the Williston, North Dakota branch.

Paul and Judy had a beautiful daughter born July 2. Her name is **Hannah Maree Andelin** and she is their sixth child. When she was a month old, Judy and Paul moved to Missouri. Paul is practicing medicine in family practice at Aurora Missouri. They are so happy to be settled at last, and Ginny and Robert are especially glad to have them live so near. Robert built them a home near on the farm.

Merilee and Craig are doing fine. Merilee is working part time as a nurse, and Craig has his own business with vending

machines, stocking snack items. They enjoy Brenna (3) and Haley (8 months). Merilee is flying out to Missouri to visit the family in October.

Dean's Family

Uncle Dean

We are happy to announce that WEDDING BELLS are jingling, after a nation-wide search of eleven years, 7 of those years in serious courtship, for Uncle Dean and Beverly Shaw, who plan to be married in December. Other details will follow in the November Berry Patch!

Brent & Laurlyn Berry

Howdy. After years of the dating game, I finally found my wife. Pulled her from the volleyball court to the altar.

We've been living happily in Costa Mesa since the beginning of August, and we're enjoying having the family and beach so close.

Laurlyn hasn't been razzed by Aunt Joycell yet--so our marriage is still intact. However, she has met Lance, and everything is still OK.

We're working hard and planning on making our way to the next reunion so Laurlyn can meet all those Born-a-Berrys.

Jon Berry

After 2 years of 18 hour days of work, I am ready to market my fumigated financial software program. It's perfect, and bug-free.

Matt, my accomplice, is helping with the manual and marketing. And Shane Larson sent us a rough sketch which was so good we used it in our first ad.

The program, which runs on

IBM compatible computers is called Tree Based because of its tree structured approach. A tree structure, sometimes called "outline structural," gives you both the whole picture and the details of your financial state and allows you to work with all accounts simultaneously (no need to flip-flop from screen to screen to enter transactions.

Other features include reports, reconciling, auto-entries, registers, forecasting, stocks, budgeting, and more.

Anyone interested may call Jon or Matt at 714-642-5387.

Karen and Brent Mitterling

We're still in Pennsylvania. Justin is almost 4, and Jason is 1 year old now.

We have been marketing our watermelon crop and we are up to our necks in watermelons. We will not eat another one as long as we live!!

We went to Pageant again--which we absolutely enjoy.

Most exciting was Jason being sealed to us in July after a long ordeal involving red tape. He is now ours forever.

Juana & Matt Berry

are enjoying life in Costa Mesa. Juana is working in a Vocational Counseling Center, and Matt is helping Jon with the manual and marketing.

Mark & Lynne'

have a new addition to their family, another boy, **Trenton Sterling Berry**. He weighed in at 8 pounds 14 ounces and was 20 inches long. He eats like a Berry! Gaining 2 pounds and growing 2 inches in only 2 weeks! (Future volleyball player.) Both mom and baby are doing wonderfully. **Austin** is

happy to have a little brother.

Anna & Bruce Wood

have decided that true confessions are an absolute must. It's true--we have come up with the PERFECT BABY this time. **JoAnna Wood** was born in May. She sleeps at the right time, eats at the right time, smiles and squeals hysterically, which sends us all into a frenzy of delight. She was worth the 9 months of you-know-what to get her here. She's an angel from heaven, sent to complete a beautiful family circle for us.

She also balances out Mr. Sam whom we have nicknamed "The Wild Thing" behind his back. We catch "The Wild Thing" on top of book shelves, climbing over and under fences, trees, anything that goes straight up. We are on our guard constantly because he bounces and pounces onto anything (including family members.) A real Calvin & Hobbs adventure in our home. He is not shy, either. He'll run into any playground yelling, "Look, I'm here! It's me everybody. I'm Sam!"

And then there's dress N dazzle **Melissa** who is in 3rd grade this year. She has drill sergeant Mrs. Cornejo for her teacher (Jake had her last year.) Melissa plays soccer for her first year, and is amazingly quick and aggressive (I can brag a little, right?) She plays on the Goalbusters team. She makes us chuckle between being on the one hand aggressively competitive in sports and on the other so completely into what we call "dress and dazzle."

Jake the Snake tried out for waterpolo a couple of weeks ago and made the team without having to spend a year first on the swim team. The coach said

he was "definitely a strong swimmer." His first practice was pure lap swimming and after 25 laps, I was sure Jake was going to quit. I prepared myself to hear those words, when I realized he was saying, "It was fun!" I continue to be amazed or amused. Jake is being hometaught this year, and it has proved to be a very good decision, benefitting us both. We are thoroughly enjoying it. (My house is always a wreck, as a consequence, but it's worth it.)

Bruce still commutes to L.A. We don't see a whole lot of him during the week. I'm not sure if we mentioned before that he is Chief Underwriter for Cal Fed Bank.

As for myself, I am on a rigid training schedule. I sprint from the kitchen, to piles of dirty (ugh) laundry, to dirty diapers and back to the kitchen again. Sometimes I even find a minute to sit down.

I'm thrilled about being Stake Campcrafter Leader--it's a wonderful opportunity that affords me the chance to do some of the things I enjoy the very most.

We look forward to seeing all of you at the next reunion.

Answer to:
DO YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS????????

The picture on page 1 is
MAY WHITING BERRY

Explaining about the photo, Aunt Maree said, "I remember this dress. It was a beautiful green, that matched the ostrich feathers on her hat."

Briton plowed first half-acre in valley

BY GLEN M. LEONARD Director, Museum of Church History and Art

■ This is another in a series of vignettes about artifacts and items being included in the new Church history exhibit at the Museum of Church History and Art. The exhibit will be opened in late spring.

It may have been a steady team of oxen that gave William Carter a place in Church history as the man who plowed the first half-acre in the Salt Lake Valley, beginning at noon on July 23, 1847.

As Carter told it, he was only one of three from the vanguard company who had plows that historic Friday morning.

In addition to Carter, Shadrach Roundy and George W. Brown rigged up plows to turn the sod. They met at a five-acre plat, staked off by others of the Pioneers late that morning, northeast of the campsite. The plot was located near present State Street between Second and Third South.

Had Carter deferred to age, Roundy, a 58-year-old Vermont native and Church member since the winter of 1830-31, would have received the honors. Had

youth been given preference, 20-year-old Brown, an Ohio native who had joined the Church at Nauvoo just four years earlier, would have become Utah's first Mormon plowman.

But claiming the credit for launching agriculture in the new settlement was apparently not on anyone's mind. Carter, a 26-year-old English convert of 1840, would be first because the others tried and failed.

That's how Carter remembered it. He said that both Roundy and Brown broke the wooden beam on their plows as they attempted to cut into the hard, gravelly loam. Before they could repair their plows and return, Carter had turned a half-acre of virgin sod.

The steady pull of his team cut through the firm turf without snagging the plow and snapping the beam by which the plow was pulled along.

By the end of the day, the threesome had plowed 2½ acres. They continued on Saturday, July 24, and by the time Brigham Young arrived in camp, 15 minutes before noon, George A. Smith had

work most of the week. To rest the teams, they had worked four-hour shifts from 4 a.m. to 8 p.m.

By July 31, workers had 52 acres under cultivation. They plowed and planted another 30 acres the following week. Then, the plowing and planting stopped. The men turned their attention to making adobes and hauling logs for houses in the fortress that would become their winter home.

Carter's historic plow followed him to St. George in late 1861, where he was called as one of the pioneers. In February 1862, he scratched a ditch, the first furrow in that area, to mark a campsite for the wagons.

In 1888, the first plowman of Salt Lake and St. George received a ribbon acknowledging his accomplishment in plowing the first half acre in 1847.

Not many years afterward, the old Deseret Museum acquired the commemorative ribbon and the iron moldboard, all that remained of Carter's famous iron plow.

These early reminders of the importance of agriculture to the first Latter-day Saint settlers in Utah will be included in a display in the new Church history exhibit, "A Covenant Restored." The exhibit will open in late spring at the Museum of Church History and Art, just west of Temple Square.

The concern of the 1847 pioneers in getting crops planted was to preserve the seed they had brought with them, and, if possible, to get a crop that fall.

That first week's plowings established three farm plots. The first was the five-acre plot, expanded to eight acres to include corn and beans. A larger, 35-acre farm plot was planted to buckwheat, corn and oats. The third was a 10-acre garden plot about two miles southeast of the camp. In it, the pioneers sowed garden seeds.

Because of the warm July weather, several thundershowers, and the irrigation water turned onto the plots, the corn and beans sprouted rapidly and could be seen above ground in the first plot by the time the third was planted.

Irrigation of the first plots began almost immediately. While Carter and his associates turned sod, other men diverted water from City Creek to soften the soil and moisten the seed.



Church Archives Photo

William Carter, shown in 1893 photo at his home in St. George, Utah, did the first plowing after the Pioneers reached the valley of the Great Salt Lake in 1847.

b planted the first potatoes.

The plowing continued on Monday, July 26. By late afternoon, sowers had planted three acres of potatoes, plus peas and beans, and were planting four acres of early corn. The next day, Burr Frost set up a forge. With the help of

carpenters, he rigged up additional plows.

After eight days in the valley, Stephen Markham was able to report that 13 plows and three harrows had been at

Continued on C

CHURCH NEWS • WEEK ENDING MARCH 10, 1990—5

THE ANSWER CAME TO ME PLAIN AND SIMPLE

by Bonnie Fife Middleton, Super Mom of Seven

Wednesday, September 6, 1989. The day began at 5:45 a.m. First I woke everyone up. Then I rushed downstairs to start the morning routine by fixing breakfast. Lunches came next, seven of them, with different requests, and of course the older children would die if a name got on their lunch sack, so it was rather tricky to get things in the right sack. I hurried to comb two of the girls' hair, being extra careful on the one who had gotten stitches on her head a week before. Of course there was the usual "I need money for such and such class," and "Mom, could you please finish calling the girls in my MIA-maid class and ask their moms a little-known fact about them by tonight at 6:00." And "remind Dad that he said he would help me on the computer game for Mutual."

8:00 a.m. and everyone except the baby and one son who leaves at 9:20 had gone. I thought how nice it would be to make dinner early (this was a fluke, believe me), so I started dinner and popped into the shower while my son watched the baby before he had to leave for school. When I was drying my hair, my son brought the baby to my room and left for school early (what nerve!) I finished getting ready while the baby made a mess, played in the toilet paper and begged for makeup. (18 months old is really pushing it to wear makeup.) I finished making dinner, loaded the dishwasher, picked up the house, did the laundry, did some errands, treated myself to a hamburger, and got home at 11:30, just in time to let my son in for lunch. By this time, I was feeling pretty proud of myself. I fed the baby lunch too, and scooted my son back to school.

At 12:15, the son who had just left, called from school to tell me that today was the last day to return his book order that he wanted more than life itself. I wrote a check and as I put the baby into the van, I remembered that a friend was coming to borrow the van at 12:30. Well, I just made a run for it, and luckily my friend was a few minutes late. At 1:00 I put the baby down for a nap, and decided to make a nice dessert for dinner, and I even made a treat for after school. I continued the laundry and other housework. At 3:30, two of my girls had to go shopping.

We rushed to find a pair of jeans shorts and a shirt and shoes for gym. At 4:45, we dashed home so my soccer daughter could change before her game. As I was leaving, the daughter who needed

the mothers' little known facts, wanted to know if I had called all of them. I had gotten all but two. She also had forgotten that she was to bring punch and cups to Mutual. A son really had to have a compass and a protractor in order to do his math homework, otherwise he'd just have to play!

We got to the soccer game at 5:03. She was a little late, so I stayed long enough to make her feel better and see her play a little. I ran to the store (I'd run in there only this morning, but I'd better keep running) and bought the punch and cups, the compass and protractor and arrived home at 5:30 to find a daughter trying to hold herself together because her father had not gotten home yet to help her on the computer. At 5:45 her father arrived, at which time I quizzed him about being late. (Poor man, he probably felt like going back to work, but no such luxury could be afforded.) He managed the computer game then rushed off to pick up our soccer player. Meanwhile, a mother called to ask if I know of anyone who could help her sew dance festival costumes. I felt the sting of pain, thinking of the costumes I have yet to sew for my children.

At 6:00 I quickly changed and left for my interview. The Bishop's counselor wanted to know how I felt about being called to be (excuse me, as I am writing this, my baby got the lid of the diaper pail off, you know, the kind that is supposed to be child proof, so I had to clean her up, and put back all the soiled diapers) now I was saying--oh yes, would I accept a Primary calling? I of course said yes. We got to the High School Open House late, but we listened to the speech on self-esteem (not what I really wanted to hear. I needed to hear waves crashing on the beach and soothing music). We met all of our daughters' teachers, and made it home by 9:00.

Longing for bed, I still had to hem the gym clothes we'd bought. But the owner wasn't home from dance practice yet. We had family prayers and I waited up for her, but she needed to talk. At 10:30 we decided to hem the clothes in the morning. Before going to bed, I locked the doors, put out the cat, put more clothes in the wash and folded some. As I put my head on my pillow, I wondered why we mothers put ourselves through days like this. The answer came to me, plain and simple: LOVE. The last thing I remember was thinking what to have for breakfast.

Andelin, Aubrey & Helen	P.O. Box 2918	Mesa, AZ 85204	602-464-1085
Andelin, Brian & Helena	1717 Oak Harbor Dr.	Gilbert, AZ	602-892-7065
Andelin, John & Cindy	RR #3, Box 626	Williston, ND 58801	701-774-0237
Andelin, Lane & Darlene	9515 Turtle Log Trail	Houston, TX 77064	713-890-5910
Andelin, Paul & Judy	Rt. 1 Box 953	Pierce City, MO 65723	901-837-2865
Arbuckle, Chris	13202 W. River Road	Omaha, NE 68112	402-453-7122
Arbuckle, Eric	722 W. Ocean View Avenue	Norfolk, VA 23503	804-588-1761
Arbuckle, Gary & Jean	902 Banbury Court	McLean, VA 22102	703-821-8238
Arbuckle, Jeff	117 Central Avenue	Wilmington, DE 19720	302-994-0152
Berry, Alan & Betty	P.O. Box 609	Seneca, MD 64865	417-776-3339
Berry, Beth	172 East 4635 North	Provo, UT 84604	
Berry, Brent & Laurlynn	1555 Mesa Verde Drive East	Costa Mesa, CA 92626	714-546-2516
Berry, David & Sharon	3554 Ryan Drive	Escondido, CA 92025	619-480-3739
Berry, Dean	4975 E. Butler #150	Fresno, CA 93727	209-251-8118
Berry, Doug	172 East 4635 North	Provo, UT 84604	
Berry, Elder Greg	1581 East Temple Way	Los Angeles, CA 90024	
Berry, H. Lee & Virginia E.	1414 Laburnum St.	McLean, VA 22101	703-536-4769
Berry, Jonathan	1932 Meyer Place B-2	Costa Mesa, CA 92627	714-548-6624
Berry, Juana & Matt	1300 Adams Avenue 3-C	Costa Mesa, CA 92626	714-957-8418
Berry, Leroy	2910 North 60th Drive	Phoenix, AZ 85033	602-247-2972
Berry, Lorna & Carolyn	2922 E. Willetta	Phoenix, AZ 85008	602-275-5310
Berry, Lydia	2910 North 60th Dr.	Phoenix, AZ 85033	602-247-2972
Berry, Mark & Lynne'	26006 Via Pera	Mission Viejo, CA 92691	714-454-2918
Berry, Michelle	Heritage Manor #320	Rexburg, ID 83440	
Berry, Sister Stacey	The Willows, Finglas Road	Glashevin, Dublin 11, Ireland	
Berry, Stephanie	300 East 584 North #5	Provo, UT 84604	801-371-4076
Berry, Steve & Judi	5436 Ashleigh Road	Fairfax, VA 22030	703-425-6167
Byers, Dennis & Rosalee	648 Lake Drive	North Muskegon, MI 49445	
Byers, Jeff	1216 Rosemont Parkway	Roswell, GE 30076	
Byers, Melanie	3122 Greenhouse Parkway	Alpharetta, GE 30076	
Byers, Tiffany	974 West 600 South #7C	Provo, UT 84601	
Cooper, Jack & Joycell	407 Elm	Pierce City, MO 65723	417-476-5387
Cooper, Lance & Cathy	2711 Schaffer CR	Las Vegas, NV 89121	
Cooper, Marty & Susan	521 East Ottawa Court	Springfield, MO 65807	417-883-6753
Cooper, Shawn & Linda	3532 Dutchway	Carmichael, CA 95608	916-944-2295
Cunningham, Valerie	1303 E. Sycamore	Monett, MO 65708	
Eakins, Robert & Amy	1048 S. 160 E. Virginia Circle	Orem, UT 84057	801-222-9525
Ellsworth, Elder Mike	Commerce Bldg, 73 Tacoma Dr #202	Dartmouth, NS B2W 3Y6, Canada	
Ellsworth, Gary & Charleene	Box 103	Loa, UT 84747	804-226-4459
Ellsworth, Luke & Liz	5C-305 South Wymount Terrace	Provo, UT 84604	801-371-2795
Ellsworth, Lynn & Jamie	Box 776	Eager, AZ 85925	602-333-2962
Ellsworth, Tracy, Kerry & Ryan	9025 Brookford Road	Burke, VA 22015	
Ellsworth, Van	1414 Laburnum Street	McLean, VA 22101	703-536-4769
Falls, Brett	Rt. 2	Purdy, MO 65734	
Falls, Heather	4316 Tiffany Lane	Joplin, MO 64801	
Falls, Jerome & Janice	500 Walnut	Pierce City, MO 65723	417-476-5494
Felsted, Ray & Patricia	99 James Avenue	Atherton, CA 94025	415-327-6951
Fife, Brad & Susanne	8511 Kelso Drive	Huntington Beach, CA 92646	714-964-7562
Fife, Randy & Barbara	100 Union Avenue #31	Campbell, CA 95008	408-377-0290
Fife, Randy & Christa	13342 Chestnut Street	Westminster, CA 92683	714-891-5037
Forsyth, Bob & Dixie	Box 331, Rt. 2	Rogersville, MO 65742	417-882-9408
Forsyth, Mellissa	155 Wells Hall	Provo, UT 84604	
Garoutte, Fred & Amy	500 Walnut	Pierce City, MO 65723	
Gonze, Eric & Tiffany	4024 Paul Robarts Ct.	Las Vegas, NV 89102	
Gwartney, Pat & Evelyn	1700 West View Drive	Findlay, OH 45840	419-423-0063
Hales, Matthew	146 South 100 West	Rexburg, ID 83440	208-356-4177
Hales, Steve & Kristine	12824 Melville Lane	Fairfax, VA 22033	703-378-5653
Hamblin, Daylynn & Lori	7815 Candlestick Lane #108	Midvale, UT 84047	801-566-5807
Hamblin, Leo & Michele	445 East 500 South Apt. B12	American Fork, UT 84003	801-756-4625
Hamblin, Markay & Dotty	1002 West 6th Street	Mesa, AZ 85201	
Hamblin, Tim & Victoria	445 East 500 South Apt. B12	American Fork, UT 84003	
Hardy, Jon & Julie	221 West 1260 South	Orem, UT 84058	801-226-3111
Helf, Airman Jason	PSC Box 3046	Grandforks AFB, ND 58204	701-594-2376
Helf, Kim	3264 Mendenhall Loop #20	Juneau, AK 99801	
Helf, Marilynn	2020 East Bennett Apt. 8-5	Springfield, MO 65804	417-886-8789
Higgins, Sally	Rt. 3 Box 197 A	Monett, MO 65708	417-235-5892
Hubbard, Rory & Angela	705 Elm	Pierce City, MO 65723	417-476-5723
Hunter, Dan	851 North 600 West #5	Provo, UT 84604	
Hunter, David & Amy	445 West 500 North #5	Provo, UT 84606	801-373-2908
Hunter, Jeane	871 N. 600 W. #1	Provo, UT 84604	801-377-1181
Hunter, Jim	1190 El Toro Road	Ojai, CA 93023	805-646-3240
Hunter, John & Louine	1190 El Toro Road	Ojai, CA 93023	805-646-3240
Hunter, Robert & Kenna	2100 East 2308 South	Salt Lake City, UT 84109	801-583-3081
Hunter, Scott & Kristy	6500 Telephone Road #302	Ventura, CA 93003	805-654-0121
Hunter, Steve & Tracy	3318 Lucian Avenue	San Jose, CA 95127	408-259-6609
Kitchen, Brent & Effie	1052 S. 160 E. Virginia Circle	Orem, UT 84057	801-226-8493
Largeant, David & Genette	Rt. 1 Box 98A	Inola, OK 74036	918-543-2854
Larsen, Barry & JoAnn	5542 Fleetwood Drive	Citrus Heights, CA 95621	916-967-8391
Larson, Brian & Melinda	4 D 228 Wymont Terrace	Provo, UT 84604	801-371-2510
Larson, Darin	49 South 800 East #27	Salt Lake City, UT 84102	801-359-3435
Larson, Jennifer	1918 North 90 West	Orem, UT 84057	801-222-9035
Larson, Keith & Jeannine	Box 709	Snowflake, AZ 85937	602-536-4000
Larson, Shane	620 E. 100 N #1	Logan, UT 84321	801-753-0242
Larson, Sgt. Troy 527-69-0311	388 TSW 388 AGS, 421 AMU Deployed	APD New York, NY 09853	
Larson, Troy & Jennifer	2177 W. 1700 S.	Syracuse, UT 84057	801-825-8801
Leavitt, Robert & Virginia	Rt. 1, Box 592	Pierce City, MO 65723	417-476-5407
Lewellen, Marjorie	2910 North 60th Street	Phoenix, AZ 85033	602-247-2972
Luke, Bob & Eileen	6365 NE 193rd Place	Seattle, WA 98155	
Luke, Jennifer	U-609 Deseret Towers	Provo, UT 84604	801-371-4013
Lundin, Kent & Julie	389 W. 200 S.	Provo, UT 84601	801-373-8002
Magee, Correnne	Box 1337	Snowflake, AZ 85937	
Mahana, John & Wanda	Box 152	Metz, Mo 64765	
Middleton, Chuck & Bonnie	173 East 1864 South	Orem, UT 84058	801-224-5289
Mitterling, Brent & Karen	Rt. 1 Box 926	Fort Trevorton, PA 17864	
Pugmire, Lindsay & Esther	240 21st Avenue South #34	Birmingham, AL 35205	205-251-3672
Rice, Cindy	195 East 600 North #36	Provo, UT 84606	801-377-5377
Rice, Elder Mike	2 Ridgedale Ave. #210	Cedar Knolls, NJ 07927	
Rice, Randy	R-419 Deseret Towers	Provo, UT 84604	801-371-3518
Rice, Roger & Diana	2047 Essenay Ave	Walnut Creek, CA 94596	415-939-3272
Rice, Sister Stephanie	820 South Friendswood Drive, #100	Friendswood, TX 77546	
Saunders, Craig & Merilee	8626 E. Starlight Way	Scottsdale, AZ 85253	602-941-4802
Silvers, David	1303 E. Sycamore Street	Monett, MO 65708	
Silvers, Leilani	Box 152	Metz, MO 64765	417-235-8435
Tanner, Tres & Julie	31430 Oak Glen Road	Valley Center, CA 92082	619-749-2348
Thayne, Jeane & Tracy	649 North 800 West	Provo, UT 84604	
Thorne, Robert & Kellie	3264 Mendenhall Loop #20	Juneau, AK 99801	
Vogl, Tim & Amy	49 South 800 East #27	Salt Lake City, UT 84102	801-359-3435
Ward, George	260 Maple Court #120	Ventura, CA 93003	
Ward, Jenny	Chyan Long St. #11-2F	Chungli, Taiwan	
Ward, Richard & Elaine	206 Haystack Lane	Wilmington, DE 19807	302-428-0725
Watkins, Brian & Cindy	650 N. 1092 W.	Provo, UT 84601	801-375-1705
Watson, Larry & Lucinda	505 Fifth Street	Monett, MO 65708	
Wilhelm, Ora	Box 725	St. Johns, AZ 85936	
Wood, Bruce & Anna	6451 E. Shady Valley Lane	Anaheim Hills, CA 92807	714-998-4625

NORMA BERRY FIFE

Biographical Sketch



"Mama, we've got to start saying funny things, so we can laugh and tell our children when we grow up!" --Norma Berry, preschooler

The Beginnings

When Herbert Berry finished dental school in Chicago in 1916, he rejoined his wife and four children, Effie, Maree, Kay, & Lee in Arizona, where May had been teaching school in Alpine. He moved his family into a nice cement block house in St. Johns while he prepared for the dentistry examination. Their fifth child, Norma, was born in that house February 27, 1917. She was 5 years younger than Lee, and was such a welcome baby! Aunt Myn said "Norma was born smiling." She was such a good and adored baby. May dressed her so cute, as she did all of her children. My first memory of her was when she was wearing a beautiful crocheted cap with great big bows over her ears. Aunt Elda made that cap for her. Aunt Elda said she always enjoyed tending Norma, she was such a good baby. Aunt Myn said from the time she was a little girl, she was a ray of sunshine whenever she entered a room. She loved and was interested in everyone, and was loved in return. RBL

Welcoming the Baby

These were exciting times for Effie and me. All during her pregnancy, Mama had fussed with the furnishings, all from Sears Roebuck, the only source available. For the parlor, Mama ordered a lovely rug with huge yellow roses in the corners, two rocking chairs, and a curved glass bookcase. For the dining room, she chose a rug like the one in the parlor, except the roses were red. Women came from all over town to see our extra large dining table, round with claw feet, accommodating chairs to match, and I have yet to see another one as attractive or lovely.

The girls and boys rooms as well as the upstairs were furnished with our old furniture. But Mama ordered a new bed in the master bedroom, and I can see it as well today as I did the first day Papa set it up. It was white iron with all the fancy curlicues, and with the new white bedspread with fringed edges, it was really something to show off to my friends. I don't think Mama ever prepared as well for any other of her babies as she did for Norma. Perhaps this kept her mind off the horrors of World War I. She had to make a brand new set of clothes, since the four of us had worn the others away. The big baby buggy she had bought and used for four babies,

with the green silk parasol, had worn out also. She bought a new wicker buggy with a wicker hood. It was the first in St. Johns and big enough to hold Lee at the foot end. When we left St. Johns, Mama gave the buggy to Aunt Famie who raised all of her children with it.

Papa made a chest for the coming baby in which to store all the pretty things Mama was making. And Mama made that chest the talk of the town by covering the inside with pale pink satin, even the little till Papa had made for all the little things like safety pins and stockings. The outside and the lid Mama covered with a white soft material scattered with tiny pink rosebuds. She shirred the material around the front, back, and sides. It was so enchanting I decided to remember everything about it. Sure enough, I did, and made one exactly like it for my own baby, Joycell, even down to the big pink bow that draped over the handle that opened it. MBH

NO. 14

CERTIFICATE OF BLESSING

NAME Norma Berry
FATHER Herbert A Berry
MOTHER May Whiting
BORN Feb 27 1917
AT St Johns, Arizona
BLESSED May 13 1917
BY Chas P. Anderson
ENTERED IN RECORD OF MEMBERS NO. 544
SIGNED Geo E. Wright CLERK

Afraid she would not survive

After Herbert took the dentistry exam, he was offered a job in Prescott, so they moved there in 1917. When Norma was about a year old, she had complications from the measles which caused infected glands behind her ears to become so enlarged that they had to be lanced. She was so ill by the time Dr. Frank Brown, Herbert's cousin and close friend, arrived, they were afraid she would not survive the night. While Herbert held her, Frank performed emergency surgery, and the



incisions released such pressure that fluids shot to the ceiling. She immediately began to improve, but she suffered problems for several months. The only lasting result of the experience was two permanent scars behind her ears. DFR

When Norma was small, her mother wanted to send her to the store for bread. Norma hesitated and said, "I'm afraid of that big dog." May assured her the dog wouldn't bite her. Norma said, "But I'm afraid he will taste me!" RBL

Everybody liked Norma from the first day of school. She was a quiet but noticeable person,

well mannered, energetic, and intelligent. She was always neat and clean and dressed in the most darling clothes that fit so attractively she looked like a grown-up model. She was even striking in the black bloomers and white blouse which were required for our track meets once each month. She was a grateful person, too, for I can remember her saying how proud and thankful she was that her mother was able to sew her clothes. She was very good at reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history and spelling, but her specialty was memorizing and reciting poetry. These talents were not all of Norma's abilities, for she was very talented in athletics, evidently from an early age. She seemed to excel in all she participated in--anything requiring strength, skill or speed, she had it. Her running was fast and smooth. She always outran every kid in the lower grades.

Tuesdays at 4:15 pm we went to the old academy for Primary. As soon as the bell rang, we were dismissed and most of the girls ran on down to the church. Regardless of how fast we ran, we'd always find Norma waiting at the iron gate on the Southeast corner of the church yard. Being a fast runner would give Norma a chance to rest before we got there, so she held the gate open for us and we walked very slowly up the long path to the church house, huffing, puffing, and panting, trying to catch our breath before going into the chapel.

Norma is in the back row, third from right:



I shall never forget the morning she was sitting beside me in church. The Mother's Day program was to follow the Sacrament service. When her part was announced, she looked at me and smiled. I smiled and patting her hand said, "Don't be afraid." She had not told me she had been asked to be on the program. That was her style, she never bragged or boasted, but she could do everything perfectly.

As she stood up and walked away from me, I thought, "what a pretty dress she has on for Mothers Day." The Bishop had her stand on a box at the side of the pulpit. She stood and said, "Good morning. The author of this poem, "Somebody's Mother" is unknown--but it is a story in verse which could happen at any street corner at any time. It is not only dedicated to mothers and grandmothers, but to everyone in this room." Then she recited:

Somebody's Mother

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray, And bent with the chill of the winter's day. The street was wet with a recent snow, And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long, Alone, uncared for, amid the throng Of human beings who passed her by, Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout, Glad in the freedom of "school let out" Came the boys, like a flock of sheep, Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray, Hastened the children on their way; Nor offered a helping hand to her, So meek, so timid, afraid to stir, Lest the carriage wheels or the horses feet Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop, The gayest laddie of all the group; He paused beside her, and whispered low, "I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm She placed, and so, without hurt or harm, He guided her trembling feet along, Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went, His young heart happy and well content. "She's somebody's mother, boys, you know, For all she's old and poor and slow.

And I hope some fellow will lend a hand To help my mother, you understand, If ever she's poor, and old and gray When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed her head In her

home that night, and the prayer she said, Was "God be kind to that noble boy, Who is somebody's son, and pride and joy." LNS and HBL



I am quite sure she was in the 4th grade in 1925 when she recited that poem. She did a beautiful job as usual. When she sat down, I gave her a hug and I noticed she, too, had tears in her eyes. LNS

The Mesa Years

Helen and Dean were born in Mesa. The Browns moved to Salt Lake five times. In 1926, the Berrys moved too. May had a miscarriage and lost twins. She felt very sad, but she also developed kidney trouble, and over the years never recovered. It was what finally caused her death in 1955. RBL

May and Herbert suffered a severe financial loss in the early twenties. I mention this because some of their moving here and there would seem unreasonable if you were not aware of that.

This family disaster occurred a year or two after we arrived in Mesa. There was a world-wide cotton shortage after World War I, which lasted a year or two. We bought two 40-acre cotton farms. One was in the southwest part of Mesa and the other in Gilbert, not far away. Frank and Martha Brown bought two 40-acre farms alongside ours, and used the same sales contracts. When cotton prices returned to normal, the cotton production could not make the payments, and the farms were repossessed. However, under the contracts they had signed, they had guaranteed repayment of all of the money, even though the land went back to the seller. Failure to repay would mean bankruptcy and our folks would not accept that. Consequently, their prosperity was drained away while they struggled for 10 years to repay the debt. HLB

Marjorie Berry said, "When I came from Hawaii [before marrying Norma's Uncle Elmer] May and Herbert Berry lived on Fillmore in Phoenix in a 3 story house. Helen, Norma, and I slept in the basement. Every night when I went to bed, I noticed Norma was always on her knees, praying on the cold, hard basement floor. She was about 15, and that really impressed me." [See "Spiritual Blessings" page 33 in this issue.]



When her sister Effie fell ill while trying to run a boarding house and care for her baby Lynn, Norma worked side by side with Lee's future wife, Virginia, keeping the boarding house running. During another time of illness, in December of 1943, Effie wrote to her husband's

parents, "Norma brought us out [of the hospital] and stayed all day and mopped the floors, cleaned woodwork, and got everything all done up for me."

Norma was the tallest of the girls in her family, about 5 feet 10 inches. She had many friends, because she was so cheerful and kind. She didn't speak unkindly to or about people. She had a disposition a lot like her mother's and Effie's. Aunt Myn said Effie was more interested in ideas and Norma was interested in people. She loved people, and most people remembered that she was always so glad to see them. Aunt Elda said she could enjoy little things more than most people. She was unselfish and didn't worry too much about earthly things. She was happy and pleasant, not finding fault or talking about people. She was an accomplished stenographer, seamstress and cook. She had beautiful feminine features and looked stunning when she dressed up. RBL



High School

Norma was unaware of her ability to sing until she was a senior in high school. In chorus, the director suddenly stopped the music and demanded, "Who sang that high note?" Not wanting to admit it, Norma thought maybe her note was off-key. The director persisted, and Norma became a soloist.

She also followed the dramatic tradition began by her Grandfather Whiting. She and her brother Lee were in one of the Whiting plays, "The Family Upstairs," and a M.I.A. play, "Friend of the Family." She was Myra Conklin in "The Black Ace," the senior class play.

Phoenicians To Study Here



—Photo by Russell.

Misses Norma and Helen Berry

Among the girls who will attend Phoenix Union high school this year will be the Misses Norma and Helen Berry, daughters of Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Berry, 517 North 13th street. The young women have been attending the Powell School for Girls in Washington, D. C. Miss Helen Berry was assistant editor of the Powell Echo and Miss Norma Berry was active in art circles at the school.

Her closest friends were three boys, and they went everywhere together: Phil Dana, King Udall, and Wendel Noble. They were such good friends. Aunt Myn asked her once why she liked Wendel Noble

the best and she said, "I guess you like the one who likes you best." RBL

Norma had received clear directions in her patriarchal blessing concerning the man she was to marry, and even though Wendel Noble proposed several times, she did not feel he was the one referred to in her blessing. DFR

During her teen years, Norma's parents bought The Forest Motel in Holbrook. All the children were married except Norma, Helen and Dean. Norma worked hard at the motel. Her mother was seriously ill during those years, but Norma was a whiz, like her mother, at getting things done. Aunt Myn and Aunt Elda said, "they could move mountains when they got started." The biggest problem was ironing all those sheets, so they thought up a new plan. They hung out a sign, "Sundried Sheets," and hung them all on lines close together. Norma was the child always at Herbert and May's side helping them all the time in their financial and health problems. She was always so good to them. RB

Norma had the ability to treat everyone as if they were her best friend, because they were. Elizabeth Berry said, "She was and still is my favorite in-law." Virginia Berry said, "Norma was my best friend. I'm not sure I was hers, but she was mine." Correnne McCray Magee said, "Norma always gave me the feeling that we were very close cousins. I felt she was the only friend who really knew me. She would treat the poorest or the queen equally well as guests in her home. She made every visitor feel welcome and happy." DFR

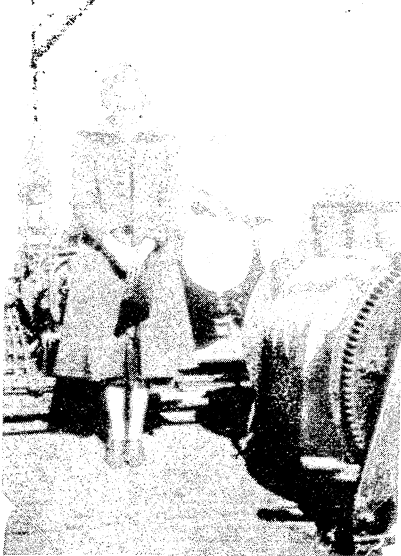
Another close cousin, Louine Brown [Shields] had been chosen to be the "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi." Louine was excited, but worried about what to wear to her coronation at the Sweetheart Ball. She had no money to make or buy a dress. A surprise package arrived by mail. Norma had sewn a beautiful white formal for her.

*Come monday to my party
For I'll be sweet sixteen
Come at seven, stay till eleven
and we'll eat and play between.*

*Norma Berry
517 north 13th street*

Serving a Mission

It was from Holbrook that Norma got her mission call to go to the Southern States Mission based in Atlanta, Georgia. President LeGrande Richards was her first mission president, followed by Merrill D. Clayson. She filled a good mission and helped many people.



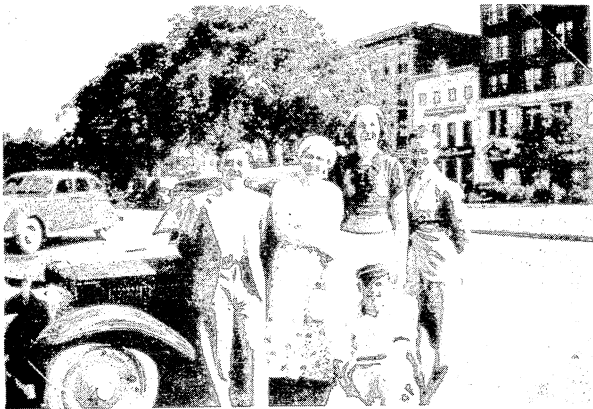
Norma aboard a southern river boat



Norma saw that the South was still deeply scarred from the Civil War.



Life was very harsh for the poor



The tallest missionary with the biggest smile!



Norma on an oxcart ride between President Clayson and an unidentified Elder.



And yet the rich still lived in splendor.

After her mission she went to Salt Lake and stayed with Aunt Myn, her sister Helen and 5 other cousins, and was going to school. But she decided to back to Holbrook and help her sister Maree get the Motel back into condition to sell it. RBL

Courtship & Marriage

In 1942, Norma went to the Washington D.C. area where her brother Lee was going to medical school, and lived with his family in Baltimore Maryland for awhile, so that she could go to school. It was at church there that she met Randy Fife, who was in the service, stationed nearby. She waited for him for more than three years while he was overseas in Africa and Italy. They were married shortly after the war was over. RBL [See Courtship & Romance article, page 25 in this issue]

After marrying in the Salt Lake Temple, they moved to Gridley, California. Randy decided to follow in his father's footsteps, got his contractor's license and went into the construction business. He went into partnership with two other friends. The post-war building boom kept Fife and Stoddard Construction Company busy building government buildings, schools, and commercial buildings. They built houses whenever there was a lull between larger contracts.

All of Randy's family lived in Gridley. Soon, some of Norma's family moved there, too. Maree moved there with Jeannine and Markay, and built the Markay Motel. Ronald and Helen and family and Nathel and Russell and Rusty lived nearby, too.

Aunt Elda said that from the time Nathel was a baby, Norma took a special interest in Nathel, and as she grew older they played together. They both married men from Gridley, and became especially close when their husbands worked together in construction, and in their church assignments. Norma and Nathel put on programs together, and worked side by side feeding the men who worked on the new meetinghouse every Saturday for several years. RBL

As newlyweds, Norma and Randy were in a dance festival for the Gridley stake. They also danced in floor shows for the Gold and Green balls for several years. At that time, the Gold and Green Ball was an elaborate event, with beautiful sets on stage for the "royalty" to be presented at the ball. In 1947, Norma was in charge of the queen presentation.

By the time Diana was born, they were into a home of their own. Their second house was a fixer-upper, a bachelor apartment built over a garage, but they tore it apart and turned it into a nice two bedroom home by the time their second daughter, JoAnn arrived.

Loren Stoddard produced a big stage show entitled "From Broadway to Harlem." Norma was very involved. The Gridley Herald reported "...A packed house greeted the chorus on its initial

appearance, and the show was voted one of the best ever presented here. New songs and novelty numbers have been added, including ten lively chorus girls."

Norma, Maree and Nathel were part of the "lively chorus girls numbers". One featured the girls in black face, holding mammy dolls, singing a medley of black folk songs like "Mammy, how I love ya" and "If I knowed ya was a comin, I'd have baked a cake!" Another memorable number was a beach scene where the girls in old fashioned swimming costumes sang and danced "By the sea, by the sea, by the beautiful sea!"

April 22, 1951, when the new prophet and president of the church, David O. McKay dedicated the Gridley Chapel, Norma Fife and Nathel Burdick sang an Obligato Duet with the choir. (Randy, being chairman of the building committee, was one of the speakers.) DMR

Visitors from out of town came to see the Gridley families. Nieces and nephews didn't need much coaxing to stay even longer than their parents did. Ronald, Maree, and Norma took this opportunity of living close to each other to collaborate on establishing "The Whiting Tree," at a time when family publications were unusual.

There was a recession that was hard on the construction business, so Randy and Norma moved their business to Tucson, Arizona in 1951. The Burdicks moved there also, and they kept up their close relationship. RBL



The Tucson Years

The Fifes arrived in Tucson with more bravery than money, and Uncle Eddie helped them by giving them a rent-free place to stay while they got established. Randy found a partially built subdivision that was in foreclosure, and finished and sold the units, proving his ability to others in the community. Soon he was building many tracts of homes because the area was growing very rapidly. The work was plentiful, but profits were low, and Norma kept the books and helped with the paperwork and financing details.

Norma loved drama enough to tackle directing, and in both Gridley and Tucson, she directed "The Family Upstairs." An entry in the History of Gridley states, "...The Family Upstairs was produced in the Memorial Hall around 1947, and directed by Norma Fife. The play was well received, and had a cast which included Nathel Burdick, ...and Randy Fife."

Together, Norma and Randy produced "The Hollywood Show" in Tucson, as another building fundraiser. Pat O'Brien, a Hollywood star, flew to Tucson to emcee the show. The program featured the Arizona Boy's Chorus, Reggie Rymal, The Four Octaves, Rose Bascom, Ollie O'Toole, a sketch with Pat O'Brien and his wife called "Meet the Missus," Moore and Morrell, Connie Powell, Jeanne Determann, Charles Pickard, and Mr. William Farnum, Dean of the American Theatre, delivered Anthony's Oration from Julius Caesar. DMR

Bonnie was born almost two years after they moved to Tucson. Their first son, Randolph Berry Fife was born shortly after they moved into a brand new home Randy built on Craycraft. For about a year, Maree and family lived right next door in a house with the same floor plan in reverse. Norma was Relief Society President, and Randy was the chairman of the building committee. DFR

They realized they needed help and hired two teenagers from Mexico to help with child care and housework. Stella stayed for about a year, joined the church, and then married. Maria Pauda also joined the church, but got involved in a bad relationship. Randy and Norma helped her through a pregnancy, paid the all medical expenses, and helped her keep her baby. She stayed about three years, then returned to her family in Mexico.

Norma and Randy were both very outgoing. One party they had in Tucson illustrates their social style and creativity. They met their dinner guests at the door, pretending they had gotten the date mixed up and that they weren't ready for the party. "Oh! What are you here for?" they'd tease

as they opened the door.

Each guest was invited to draw a slip of paper out of a fishbowl and follow the written directions as they were drawn. One said, "Go in the kitchen, put on an apron, and draw again." All of the tasks of preparing and serving dinner were randomly drawn. The table was set, a few dishes at a time, while various parts of the dinner were being stirred, chopped, or assembled. A few crazy assignments added to the gaiety, like "go find your wife and give her a big kiss" or "entertain the group with a quartet sing-along." Everyone enthusiastically joined the fun, and the party lasted until 3 a.m. DFR

Even though Norma loved fun and jokes and pranks, she had a hard time telling a joke or anecdote without ruining the punch line, which sometimes was funnier. Joycell remembers one time at a family gathering, Norma was sent to call the Uncles inside for dinner. She tried several times, but couldn't get their attention. Exasperated, she said, loudly, "You can lead a horse to drink, but you can't make him water!"

May Berry's health was getting worse, and Norma begged her parents to stay with her, so they moved to Tucson. Norma took good care of her mother. It was a difficult time with business pressures and the worry about her mother's health and comfort, and Norma was again pregnant. The day after Bradley James Fife was born, his grandmother, May, died in the same hospital.

May had wanted to be buried near her daughter Effie in California, so the funeral was in California. Norma insisted on attending the funeral, so Randy made a bed in the back of their station wagon for Norma and the baby, and they drove to California. Wendel Noble sang and spoke at May's funeral. After he sang, he said, "I have admired this family for years and I love their daughter." After the services, he went down and kissed Norma. RBL



The Fresno Years

The Fifes moved to Fresno in 1956 where Randy established a Swimming Pool business, Patio Pools. The economy of Fresno in the fifties was based upon the success or failure of the grape crop for any given year. Randy soon realized that he had started a business in a slow year. Eventually, he sold his first pool, and began developing a clientele.

Norma enjoyed living near Helen and Joycell and Dean and Effie's family. Any excuse was used for the Fresno families to get together, about 35 people. Those were unforgettable gatherings! The biggest events were the camping trips at Dinkey Creek, where everyone spent a week in the Sierras above Fresno. There were also picnics at Rhoeding Park, Christmas parties, swimming parties at Blakeley's, and a really terrific Halloween party at the Andelin's. Often, everyone just got together and visited. If any of the family came from out of town the crowd grew even larger, but that didn't matter. If the location was a house, the extras just squeezed in! DMR

continued to juggle running a home, raising children, doing all the paperwork for Randy's business, operating her own catering business part time, and serving in the church. DFR

Norma sewed many of her children's clothes. She made special dresses for her daughters every Christmas and Easter, and for most Stake Conferences. (Consequently, Stake conference was eagerly anticipated by her children.)



One Eastertime, her three-year-old son, Randy, stood by the machine sobbing as she made the girls' fancy dresses. He wanted her to make something for him to wear, too! The next Christmas, she produced little sailor suits of navy gabardine for Randy and Bradley, trimmed with braid and complete with white sailor hats.

She and Helen would consult with each other on difficult or urgent sewing projects. Once they even turned out a crepe paper Carmen Miranda outfit for Aubrey to wear in a bishopric skit, complete with a ruffled rhumba skirt and stuffed paper bananas, apples, pears and grapes for his headpiece! DFR

Elaine Ellsworth Ward says, "Being with Aunt Norma was like basking in the sunshine. Every nook and cranny of her home had sunshine in it when she was there. I remember her wit and wisdom, her love and support of Uncle Randy, her love for her children, her love and acceptance of me, her warm hugs. But most of all, I remember her cheerful disposition and her laughter. Gloominess was not part of her positive attitude. My world was a better place because she made me feel important. I love her, and I still miss her."

The swimming pool business was quite slow, and Ray Brown arranged to have them build a pool club in Indio, California. They borrowed Maree's little trailer so that Randy would have temporary quarters while he supervised construction, and Norma went with him to get things started there. They were going to take their two little sons with them, and as they were packed up and ready to leave, Marion, Dean's wife, insisted that she take care of the boys for the few days Norma planned to be gone. Marion was really inspired to do that. RBL



Norma was tickled and proud to have her family. She was a good and loving mother. Her patience never ran out. As I see her in my memory, it is always with a smile. Aunt Elda said the greatest gift Edwin and Anna Maria Whiting gave to their posterity was to have common horse sense and the ability to get along with other people, and Norma had that in abundance. RBL

Throughout their marriage, Norma and Randy struggled financially. Norma would often say, "Even though we do not have money, we have every thing that we need to be happy--each other!" She

The Accident

Norma and Randy were nearly to Bakersfield when they had car problems. Randy thought they were running out of gas, so he pulled off the road a short distance from a bridge. Just as he was walking back over the bridge with a can of gas, a large truck and rig passed him going in the same direction. Suddenly the truck veered over the center line and hit the car, crushing it, and then continued down the embankment, killing the driver. Randy saw the whole thing happen and ran to the wreckage managing to pull his unconscious wife from the twisted, crushed car. Her injuries were so severe there was no way she could have survived the accident. She died in his arms in the ambulance. Had Randy B. and Bradley gone with them, they would surely have been killed, too.

Randy insisted on being the one to tell the children of the tragedy, and by the time he was able to travel back to Fresno that afternoon, much of the extended family was already enroute to

Fresno. The shock of her death hit everyone who knew her, and many can still recall exactly what they were doing when they heard the sad news. The entire family of both Norma and Randy gathered and rallied in support. The funeral was so large that the crowd extended back to the end of the cultural hall. The services were delayed because Maree had to fly in from Hawaii, and her plane had been late. After the funeral in Fresno, Norma was buried in Gridley in a beautiful peaceful little country cemetery. She died at age 43, and left a young family. Bradley was four, Randy was five, Bonnie was seven, JoAnn was ten, and Diana was thirteen. Within hours, Dean and Marion had decided that they would help with the children while Randy, who was devastated, sorted out the details of his life. The Berrys had found a home the year before at such a good price they couldn't refuse it, even though it was larger than they needed. In just a few days they made room for all five of the Fife children. DFR



—Associated Press Wirephoto.

AFTERMATH OF VIOLENT TRUCK-AUTO CRASH ON BRIDGE APPROACH NEAR BAKERSFIELD

... two were killed when car was knocked off bridge and truck followed, tearing out 50 feet of rail

Newspaper photo of the wreckage

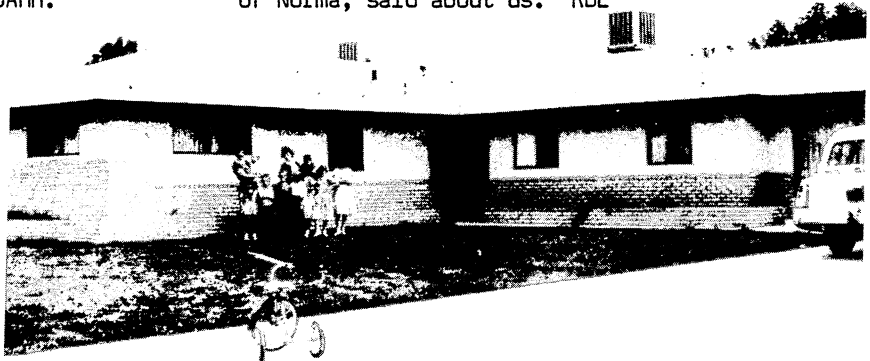
SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER, May 5, 1960

Randy left for Indio right after the burial to finish the pool club project. Dean and Marion, with the number of children suddenly doubled from five to ten in their household, were superb in ministering to the needs of Norma and Randy's traumatized, children. They even welcomed the two Fife family dogs when they already had one of their own. Dean and Marion were in their early thirties, with Dean not long out of medical school, still establishing his career. Marion had just had their fifth baby, and their oldest child was seven. They literally set aside their own goals and ambitions to sustain the Fife family during the very difficult first year of adjustment. DFR



Back row left, Aunt Marion holding Mark, Diana holding Matthew. Front row left, Karen, Brad, Randy, Jon, Bonnie, Anna Marie, and JoAnn.

Dean & Marion Berry's home & family, 1960. The trike was in constant use!



Contributors to this article:
 RBL--Ruth Brown Lewis, cousin
 LNS--Lenore Nielsen Suman, childhood best friend
 MBH--Maree Berry Hamblin, sister
 HLB--H. Lee Berry, brother
 DFR--Diana Fife Rice, daughter

Both Norma's and Randy's family generously helped the children, suddenly bereft of both parents. Randy's mother, Mabel, came for six months to help the combined household manage meals and laundry. Many contributed money for necessities, even making it possible to hire Mrs. Dwyer, who cleaned twice a week, and gave Marion a "day off" occasionally. There are no adequate words to explain the magnificent way Marion and Dean provided a secure and loving home. They went miles beyond kindness. When all the little boys wallowed in irrigation mud in a nearby orchard, Marion just hosed them off. Marion taxied Diana to Mutual, and play practices, Dean helped JoAnn with her science report (on the human eye). And when she needed a moment alone Marion, just sent everyone outside with a platter of watermelon. Many others helped, too. Jack Cooper did a considerable amount of dental work, at no charge. And the love and faith and prayers of many, eased and soothed the children's lives. DFR

Randy married Barbara Seymour in December of 1961. Widowed during the Korean war, she raised her sons, John, Lew, and Doug alone for ten years before she met Randy. The years have been filled with challenges, but Norma's children have been sustained by the training their mother gave them, the feeling of how families are supposed to be, with love for each other, and a family togetherness. Norma left many of us with a very warm spot in our hearts, and I expect when our turn comes, she will greet us with as much warmth and love as she did here, and I am sure that the Lord welcomed her into the eternities. My life is richer for having known Norma. I wish all of us could have the kindly and loving thoughts we have of Norma, said about us. RBL

Postscript from Ruth Brown Lewis: Let me add that I have felt for years that someone should write something about Norma. When I was in California one time, Aunt Elda and Aunt Myn and Maurine and Maydene were together, so we wrote what we could remember.



TO NORMA

by Maree Berry Hamblin

The sun has lost its splendor,
The nightingale its song,
The ocean's lost its majesty,
Sweet sister, since you've gone.

The flowers have lost their sweet perfume,
The beach its warmth and glow.
The rain has lost its rhythm,
Norma, did you really have to go?

I walk alone in silence,
My bare feet in the sand,
I try piecing things together,
So I might better understand.

I sit awhile in wonder,
At God's mysterious ways.
My heart and soul feel your loss
As my tears mix with the waves.

In seeking some consolation,
I walk among the trees
But there is only sorrow there,
Even in the gentlest breeze.

I gaze up at the palm leaves,
In anguish and despair,
I know that when I go back home,
Your sweet presence will not be there.

And now amidst the mourning
I've got to try and feel
That you have gone, not in a dream,
But your absence now is real.

On my knees I find consolation
And clearly coming through,
Is a message from the heavens,
That all is well with you.

In my selfish, mortal state,
And the pain I now embrace,
I'm forgetting you're with the others
In a much, much better place.

I thank Heavenly Father for his mercy,
I thank him for our birth,
And that once we're both with him again,
We'll be sisters, just like on earth.

Norma Berry Fife: Romance and Marriage

UNCLE RANDY, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO MARRY MY AUNT NORMA?

by Randolph E. Fife and Diana Fife Rice

During the summer of 1942 Corporal Randy Fife was stationed at Ft. George G. Mead, in Maryland. The military base was halfway between Washington D.C. and Baltimore, Maryland. Randy wanted to attend church in Washington D.C., and the bus was his only means of transportation. After having about ten overloaded Washington D. C. buses pass him by, he noticed the ones going to Baltimore were almost empty. Tired of waiting for a seat, he decided that he would take the next space available in either direction.

He went to Baltimore to church, and he met Lee Berry at the door. Lee was in the bishopric, and invited Randy and 5 or 6 other servicemen to dinner at his home after church. "My wife is an excellent pie baker," he added.

Randy asked Lee if he was related to Helen Berry, a sister missionary he met while on his mission. "Yes," Lee had confirmed, "my sister Helen served in the East Central States mission".

As he sat down in the chapel, Randy noticed Norma directing the music. "She looked vaguely familiar, but I didn't think I had met her," he said.

When Randy went to dinner after church, he was introduced to Lee and Helen's sister, Norma. As soon as he heard her name, he realized why he had wondered if he had met the Sunday School chorister before. She had seemed familiar because a fellow missionary named Preston Adair had displayed photos of Norma, and had been head over heels in love with her. Preston had bragged that they were "unofficially engaged."

When Randy asked Norma if she was going to marry Preston, she said, "Don't kid yourself. I'm not about to. I am writing to him, though."

The next Sunday, Randy returned to Baltimore, and again was invited to dinner at Lee and Virginia's. This time, there were no other servicemen. Norma had arranged for only a certain one to be invited. The Sunday dinner invitations continued throughout the summer.

Norma soon invited Randy to a Mutual hayride. This date signaled the beginning of their long courtship. They enjoyed being together, and found they had much in common. Both had experienced an ideal early life--lots of love and parents who loved each other. They had already been given the

better things in life under the care of loving parents. Each had served a mission, Norma to the Southern States, and Randy to the East Central States.

When Randy saw fireflies during the hayride, he was reminded of a southern custom he had seen on his mission. He caught two fireflies and, as he had seen children do many times in North Carolina, placed the luminous lights on Norma's earlobes. They made beautiful earrings. The others on the hayride were impressed with this romantic gesture, for in the darkness, Norma's earrings gleamed like sparkling diamonds.

Lee and Virginia's little four year old, Norma Jean, watched the growing friendship with great interest. She loved to sit between Norma and Randy whenever possible. One day, to everyone's embarrassment, she blurted out, "Uncle Randy, when are you going to marry my Aunt Norma?"



Randy & Jean, the Berry apartment, Baltimore

Letters from Norma to her Soldier

January 11, 1943

Dearest Randy:

I believe this is the hardest letter I have ever tried to write, no doubt because I feel it is impossible to write what I really feel. As a result, I have put it off for several days until it will no doubt be late getting to you.

Randy I heard about your Father shortly after it happened, through a friend of Helen's and her husband Aubrey. They live in the Adams Ward and this girl seems to know you rather well. It was through her that I found out. I don't even know her name.

I can't even try to tell you how I felt. The greatest thing I felt was my loss for not having known him. From the first time I knew you and you used to tell me things about your father. I admired him and was sorry because I had never met him. Remember last Xmas time when you told me about the time you hung your borrowed hip boot sock and how your father reacted. And then when Calvin wanted the bicycle how your Father surprised him. Right then I wanted to know him, to be well liked by him.

What I am trying to tell you is, that although I have not yet had the privilege of meeting your Father, I admire and respect him for the things I have heard about him.

I worried about you receiving the news telling of your great loss. I felt that your being so far from home would make it so hard for you that perhaps you might become bitter. The thing I've always so much admired about you, is your cheerful disposition and strong personality. I just couldn't bear the thought of that being dimmed or changed and I know your Father would not want it so.

You must know how relieved I was to hear how wonderful you are taking it. When you said you had been reading the scriptures I knew you were taking it as you should. I realize there is nothing I can say to help you, but I can say I am proud of you for the strength you have shown and your strong courage at a time like this.

When I sent the marbles I didn't dream it would put so many thumbs out of condition.

By the way, I really am going to haunt you for opening your package before the 25th. What will I do with you. Imagine opening packages weeks before Xmas. No surprise at all. I'll bet Santa was mad. Anyway, just you wait until next year. I'll get even.

Guess what! Some one has gone a little crazy because I have been asked to be M.I.A. President.

Photo: Norma & Randy or is it Randy & Norma?

As their romance grew, Norma pressed for commitment, but Randy knew he would be overseas until the war was over, assigned to work in the signal corps, often working on the front lines of battle. He was unwilling to take the chance of leaving a widow. Near the end of the summer, because nothing was happening with the relationship, Norma returned to her parents home in California. She was also troubled by the difference in their ages. She had learned Randy was almost 3 years younger! Soon, Lee called her and said, "For gosh sakes, Norma, come back out here!" She returned to Baltimore the month before Randy was shipped out overseas.



Norma & the coral necklace Randy sent from Europe

Its the middle of the season but our President has resigned because of her health. And I don't know nothing. They'll be sorry.

I will really be busy now with working in the office, home, M.I.A. and three music lessons per week besides choir and a sunday school class. But I am thankful I am busy or the time would surely drag.

Let me know if you receive this letter in good time. I much rather write airmail but if you don't get them V-Mail is better than none. Be sure and let me know. Be good, take care of yourself and hurry home. My Love, Norma

January 17, 1944

Dearest Randy:

For the past week we have had a great deal of liquid Sunshine. But its been warm so that's really the most important thing.

I have been thinking about you more than usual lately. Perhaps its due to my not receiving a letter from you for about three weeks. That's very unusual. But then I can't complain because I receive your letters much better than you do mine.

Randy, despite all the terrible things happening each day and all the suffering and sorrow, life is wonderful. I realize I don't sacrifice at all. Randy I feel sometimes as if I were nothing but a leech. Doing nothing at all to speed victory. Here you are giving everything. Living like you have to. Eating like you do and all that goes with it, saying nothing of the danger and risks you are taking. You make me feel very proud at knowing you but you also make me feel ashamed of myself.

I work, yes, and I work hard but that isn't it. I couldn't be idle and be happy. But what I mean is I am doing nothing to help you. I have seriously been thinking of going into Nursing or some branch of the service. Now don't laugh. I am serious. I could join some office but some how that hardly fills the bill as I feel about that important helping Dad, as he really needs me.

Guess the only thing that would make me feel I was helping a little would be to take up nursing. Perhaps I could help some one a little. But a class doesn't start until September so I have awhile to decide.

Now I don't mean to trouble you with my worries, but it does sort of help to talk to you even though it is in a letter. I am not dissatisfied, only in my not doing enough.

Grandmother is here with us for a while. She says to say hello. So hello.

Lee was here over the week-end. He certainly thinks a lot of you and is very interested in all I hear from you. He is doing very well in San Diego. They seem to like him almost as much as he likes it there. He is certainly having a great deal of experience. Sometimes I wonder if he hasn't too big a heart for that work as some things he sees nearly get him down. But he certainly has his heart in all he does. Of course I am prejudiced but I think he is almost Perfect and I think just as much of Virginia.

My oldest Brother, Kay and his wife Elizabeth have a new daughter. It seems like I am always telling you about someone of my family and I can't remember whether or not I have ever told you about them before or not. We have a large family now and getting larger. I now have 6 nephews and 7 nieces. They are really something. Wish you knew all of my family. They are really quite a bunch. I know you would like them all.

I know my letters are rather confusing as I write what I think. You don't have to read them if you don't want to.

May the Lord bless and keep you Randy. Some day before long He will sent you home. My love Norma. P.S. I will send some pictures soon. Are they allowed?

January 7, 1945

My Dearest Randy:

Well did you or did you not open your Xmas packages? You could at least have told me. I have a feeling I am going to get to choke you after all.

Yes I remembered that other Xmas. Of course I didn't need to be reminded. You see I often think of that day. You don't know probably how much that meant to me too. My morale was pretty low too as I thought I had already told you goodbye for the last time. So when I opened the door it was you smile that brought out the Sun on a dreary afternoon. And as to the kisses, well-----.

I am very glad my package arrive in time and that you liked them. Getting them ready was the nicest part of this Xmas. By the way don't worry about using all that soap. You can just smell it if you like. I don't like cold weather either.

I read your letter, I mean the part about the gum to Jeanie and she was so proud. When Mother came home she [Jeannie] asked me to read about her part of the letter. She was so cute about it. Then she tells everyone she sent her Randy some [gum] too, and he gave it to another little orphan girl. I don't know what she will do when she realizes she doesn't have a Randy, because she is

so sincere in it. She is always saving things to send him. The other day she filled the mail box with things for him and then cried all day because someone took them out.

Calvin told me you are a chorister at heart so I won't believe all you say. You probably sing solos every Sunday now. So prepare to sing for me soon.

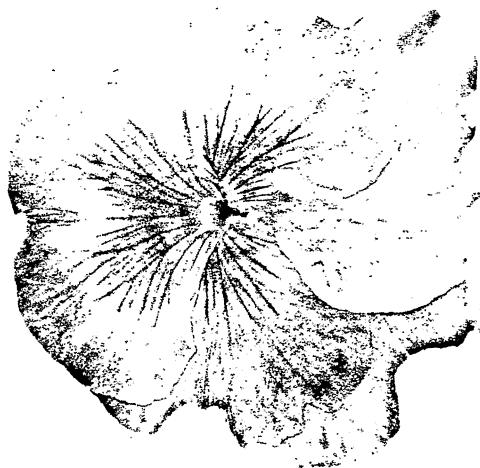
Evidently you aren't getting all my mail. Guess I'll have to start V-Mail again even tho I hate it.

I guess it is hard to return after a 40 day furlough. But you hadn't better refuse one if you get it. I still think you will be coming home before too long. I have a lot of faith. You have been gone so long. It will be two years the end of the month. And I remember you as if it were yesterday. Yet it seems forever.

You asked about some snapshots you sent about three months ago. I received some sometime ago, of you by a Foxhole, In Rome and on your cot. Are those the ones? I wrote right back and told you how I love them. In fact I mentioned them in at least three letters. I look at them almost daily. By the way you better send the pictures you had taken in Florence or I will get you mixed with another Soldier. That's a threat. So you better send it and I hope its a large one.

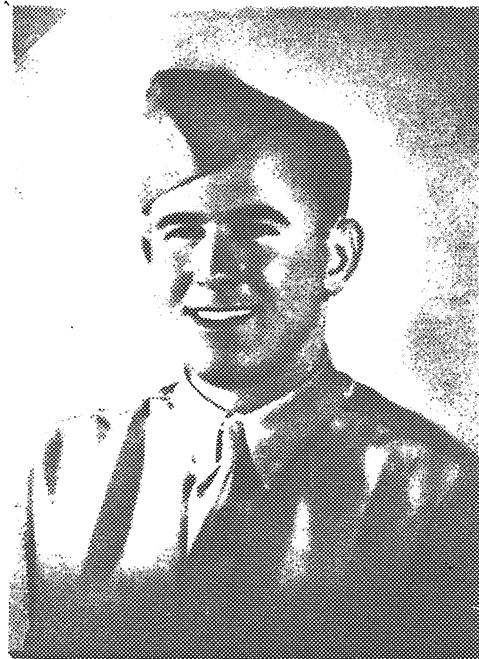
By the way do you have to request everything that is sent to you? I have a phonograph record if you still have the phonograph in your tent. Would you like it. Its not very good so if I send it don't let anyone hear it but you. You don't have to ask for it if you don't want it. It won't hurt my feelings at all.

I am enclosing a flower I picked sometime ago. In one of your letters you mentioned the beautiful Calif. flowers and I saw this beautiful pansy and picked it for you.



Preston Adair is fine, but very homesick. I told you before he is in India. He seems to be rather depressed. Wish he had your marvelous disposition and out look.

I too am longing to put our memories in storage and be together. Again. May God bless and keep you safe. I think of you always My love Norma



The War is Over!

After dating for one summer, Randy thought he was in love. But after 3 years and 21 days of letter writing, he knew he was in love.

When he was released from the service, he went home to Gridley, arriving home October 9, 1945. After a brief visit with his family, he removed his uniform, bought a sports coat and slacks, and immediately got on a train to L.A. to see Norma.

Norma was to meet him at Union Station in downtown L.A. She had never seen Randy out of uniform. As she was scanning the crowd, Randy walked right past her without saying hello, then slipped around behind her and grabbed her into his arms. "How did you get by me?" she exclaimed.

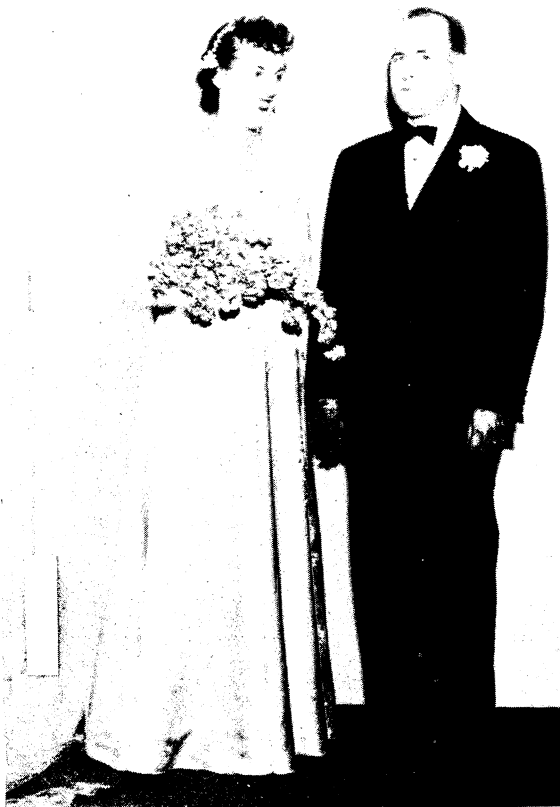
Randy visited at Norma's parents' home in Lynwood for a couple of weeks. He slept in the laundry room. Norma and Randy went out every night. Her brother Kay knew a diamond broker, and helped Randy arrange to buy a diamond ring. Randy got the biggest one he could afford, and spent his entire mustering-out pay, \$400 on a beautiful solitaire tiffany-cut diamond set in gold.

He proposed, she accepted, and then she said "Let's go tell Lee!" They drove to San Diego

where Lee and Virginia were now living, and pretended nothing was new. They talked and laughed and visited and all the while, Norma was using her left hand in every gesture, trying to get Lee's attention. Finally he noticed the ring, and was so pleased he keeled right over on the floor. He called for Virginia, and they all rejoiced.

This long courtship had a very short engagement. Wedding plans were quickly made. Ray Lewis was the best man, and Randy borrowed Ray's tuxedo. Geraldine, Elma, Nathel and Louine Brown, Joycell Hamblin, Maydeane Brown and Randy's sister Mabel were bridesmaids.

Before the war, Norma had felt impressed to buy a bolt of white satin and put it away for the future. During the war years, when production of all non-war items was given low priority, satin became impossible to purchase. When Helen was preparing for her wedding, Norma gave her sister the material she had put away, and she and Helen made Helen's wedding dress. It was floor length, with traditional sleeves and covered buttons held by satin loops down the back and along the sleeves, and yards of material in the skirt. It was Norma's turn to wear the dress. Later, her niece Joycell, and several of her sisters-in-law were also married in that dress!



Randy and his mother, Mabel, took the train from northern California to Salt Lake City. They met the Berry family there. On the 25th of November, 1945, Norma and Randy were married in the Salt Lake Temple. Aunt Myn had arranged for a close friend, Elder Mark E. Petersen, to officiate at the wedding.

The newlyweds spent the night in a new hotel on State Street (about 10th or 12th street and with a large A-frame sign.)

In this post-war period, gas rationing had ended, so there was plenty of gas, but auto production completely stopped for the years 1942-46, so cars were very scarce. Mabel Fife had been invited to ride to L.A. in the Berry's car. The parents were all ready to leave early the next morning and picked the newlyweds up promptly at 6:00 a.m.

Married less than 24 hours, the bride and groom found themselves traveling to California with both mothers, and her father. It was a two day journey, so they drove straight through to Barstow and spent the night at the Ray Hotel, owned and operated by Norma's sister and brother-in-law, Effie and Bill Ellsworth.

After their arrival in L.A., Norma's father, Herbert, loaned them his DeSoto for their honeymoon. Just before they were to leave for Gridley, Randy's Uncle Ike asked them to take a car to cousin Clyde in Sacramento. As long as they were doing that, Randy's mother Mabel and sister Mabel came along for the ride. Randy's mother didn't drive, but his 18 year old sister did, so Randy and Norma were alone part of the time. Both cars were loaded with gifts, including a cedar chest. They had a system of flashing lights to communicate. Mabel, excited at driving an automatic shift for the first time, forgot to release the emergency brake. Randy and a truck driver both tried to signal for her to pull over, but she had not looked in the rearview mirror. Smelling smoke, she finally did pull over, and Randy and the truck driver were ready with fire extinguishers, and were able to take care of the flaming brakes. The passengers and wedding presents were saved!

After the reception in Gridley, one week after their wedding, Norma and Randy finally slipped away for their honeymoon. They drove to San Francisco and ate in the "Backyard" restaurant. They went to Carmel and stayed three days before heading back to Los Angeles.

An ex-serviceman, after enduring the uncertainty and lack of choice in the military for so many years of war, can't plan for even the next

day. Randy was in no hurry to decide what to do for the future. Norma had saved \$1,000, Dean had given them a wedding present of \$100, and they stayed with her parents, so they had a little time to think, to begin to dream, and to plan for their future.

They decided to go back to Gridley to live with Randy's mother until they got established. Everyone was worried about them, but after being separated by war for 3 years, Norma and Randy were happy, deeply in love, and not worried at all.

Mabel Fife's large home was filled with newly married children. She still had two young children at home, but three of her grown children had married and needed places to stay while they established themselves. Joe and Loren Stoddard, Gwen and John Bushman and daughter Daphne, joined Randy and Norma. Soon all three couples were expecting babies. Post-war exuberance filled the home. It was like a party all the time as the returning soldiers relaxed and slowly reentered civilian life.

You are cordially invited to attend a Welcome Home

Reception in honor of

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph E. Fife

Saturday Evening, December 15, 1945

at 8:00 o'clock

L. D. S. Auditorium, Gridley California

Mrs. Randolph W. Fife and Family

Norma would often playfully punch Randy's shoulder and tease him about waiting until after the war to marry. "How could anyone be so dumb," she would say, "We are so happy, why didn't we get married sooner!"



Herbert & May, Mabel Fife Ray Lewis, Randy & Norma

Elma, Louine, Geraldine, Joycell, Nathel, Maydene



Louine

MEMORIES OF AUNT NORMA

by Louine Berry Hunter

When I was eight, I had pneumonia and Uncle Lee decided that I should be hospitalized in San Diego where he was in medical training at the time, so he could sort of supervise my case. Because my mother was sick at the time--perhaps pregnant--she couldn't go with me, so Aunt Norma volunteered to go with me so that I would have someone to visit me everyday and so I wouldn't feel alone.

She came every day during visiting hours. She bought me a book, Anderson's Fairy Tales, (which I still have) and read to me from the book and showed me the pretty pictures. Once when she came for visiting hours, I was asleep, but I woke up briefly enough to know that she was there. She encouraged me to go back to sleep and I did, thinking I'd wake up in just a few minutes. I was so disappointed to wake up again later to find that I had slept clear through visiting hours and missed her visit and story!

When I was well enough to go home from the hospital, I went to Uncle Lee and Aunt Virginia's home for about two weeks, to continue my recuperation. Aunt Norma was there for me all that time--carrying me back and forth to the bathroom and giving me whatever care I needed. Aunt Norma was an angel to me, and I felt comfortable around her.

Later, when I was ten, Alan and David and I spent three or four months in Gridley with Aunt Norma and Uncle Randy, due to my mother again being sick. Aunt Norma had again volunteered to care for us. Diana was a baby at the time.

Aunt Norma and Uncle Randy drove us from Southern California to Gridley. Aunt Norma had cleared out the two upstairs bedrooms and the boys shared one and I had the other. It was so much fun. We found pheasant eggs and tried unsuccessfully to hatch them on top of the refrigerator. I remember planting a little garden all by myself, and knowing nothing about gardening, I plunged enthusiastically ahead with my little project. I don't remember growing anything in it--I just remember what fun I had out there with my hoe and shovel, trying to make furrows. Aunt Norma bought me a pair of white sandals on a shopping trip to Sacramento that I thought were the prettiest in the world. I think



Norma

I was more thrilled over those shoes than any I have had before or since.

I remember going to Oroville with lots of relatives to a Chinese restaurant someone had "discovered." We all went there to have their outstanding chow mein (with crispy noodles). Although I 'd never heard of chow mein before that day, I still remember how good it tasted, and how much fun it was to be there with all those relatives, laughing and having a good time, and praising the wonderful chow mein. Nathel and Russell Burdick were also living in Gridley at that time and were no doubt part of the dinner group.

Aunt Maree lived a few blocks away, and we continually walked back and forth to play with Leilani, Markay, and Jeannie. I remember that I went barefoot all summer and seldom remembered to wear shoes on our trek to Aunt Maree's house. That was always a mistake because the asphalt road was blistering hot, and soft from the heat. I soon had blistered feet as I tried to dash from one spot of shade to another. But I never learned and repeated my mistake all summer.

At Aunt Maree's house, our chief plaything was a huge airplane-size inner tube, which two of us would jump on at a time, trying to bounce off the other in continuing competitions that kept us entertained for hours at a time. Another recreation was strolling through the cow pastures next door to get to the canal. We very carefully picked our way through the low voltage barbed wire fences to go swimming in the canal.

Another strong memory I have is of the loving relationship Uncle Randy and Aunt Norma shared, never bickering, always speaking in kind tones, laughing a lot, and enjoying each other. They were both so good natured. I remember that Aunt Norma always got up in the morning to fix breakfast for Uncle Randy, and because he was in construction and left about daybreak or before, it was true devotion in my eyes. It was a picture of marriage that I never forgot, and silently vowed that I wanted to give that same support to my husband, when I married. And I did, too, until John gave up breakfast entirely a few years ago.

NORMA HAD THE POWER OF LOVE

by Jeannine Hamblin Larson

My first memories of Aunt Norma were in 1943. I was 3 years old. Mother had just returned from Alaska after divorcing Dad, and we went to Holbrook where my mother and Aunt Norma ran the Forest Motel for Grandma and Grandpa Berry. After a few months the Motel was sold and we all moved to Lynwood, California, where Grandpa was starting a new dental practice.

Right after Norma and Randy were married, they came to our ranch in Ettawanda, San Bernardino County, and spent a few days. We laughed for years after about how all "Randy and Norma could do was sit and stare at each other across the table." Mother couldn't get them to eat or anything. They were so love-sick that they really were sick!

Our little family followed the Fifes to Gridley, California and eventually to Tucson, Arizona. I spent almost as much time at Aunt Norma's house as I did my Mother's.

When Aunt Norma came to visit, I never wanted to miss a word. She was so fun and laughed and joked so easily about everything that I couldn't stand the thoughts of missing anything. If I was out playing, I left whatever I was doing and ran in to be with Aunt Norma. I always had the feeling that I was really the most important person in the world to her, and that she loved me best. The funny thing was, everyone that ever knew her felt the same way.

I remember the marvelous candies, enchiladas, and "angel puff" cookies that Aunt Norma used to make. She was the best cook in the family. My memories of Norma are always associated with food and eating because she was such a great cook. But there was one food that I associate with Norma more than any other, and it was a food that she never did cook. To this day, I have never been able to eat a piece of watermelon without thinking of Norma. No one loved watermelon more than she did. Norma would eat carefully every little morsel of the melon except the heart. She loved the heart, and she always saved it for last. So many times, her brother Dean or Jack Cooper would snatch the heart away, just as she was getting ready to plunge her fork into it. I would get so mad and feel so sorry for her, but Norma never showed anger. She always laughed.

Keith and I were living in Mesa, Arizona, and Shane, our first baby, was 3 months old. I was

playing with Shane in our tiny front room when Aunt Nell Whiting came over and told me that Aunt Norma had been killed. I'm sure she didn't realize the depth of my feelings nor did I let her know. But I sat there after she left and stared at the wall. I felt as if my soul had just been ripped apart. I never did let go and cry and mourn as I should have. Maybe that's why I still carry so much grief today. I can't let it go.

A Visitor With A Message

For weeks after the funeral, Aunt Norma was constantly on my mind and in my heart. One afternoon, after I cleaned the house and had the baby down for a nap, I laid down on the bed. I didn't really fall asleep, but I was just about to doze off. Suddenly I heard a buzz in my ear, and felt such a strange sensation that it scared me. I felt myself almost turning in a whirlpool of sensation. I knew that Norma was there beside me and that she wanted to tell me something. I was so scared that inwardly I said to myself, "No, I'm not ready for this kind of thing." After a few moments, the room was empty and quiet and the presence of Norma was gone.

Several months later, I was talking to Joycell and I began to tell her about this experience. She turned white and stopped me. She had experienced the same thing on the same day and at the same time in the afternoon. (Around 2:00 pm.) [JoAnn, age 10 that same summer, was afraid for weeks of sleeping by herself because she felt her mother would appear to her.]

Norma did appear to Janice Cooper [Falls] and delivered a message to the family. That message was to "tell the family to do their genealogy." A message that we have not obeyed yet, I might add, and one which weighs upon me heavily. We have something that few families on earth have, and I know we will be judged severely if we don't appreciate it and support it.

I know that the power of love Aunt Norma had came from a higher source. It was a gift. A gift that we should all long for and work and pray for.



Norma, Leilani, Markey & Jeannine

Norma Berry Fife

SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS

by Diana Fife Rice

A dream or vision

When Norma was about fifteen, she had a very unusual dream. It was such a sacred experience that she very seldom talked about it. She only retold the events of the dream to a few people, and never wrote it down. It was so sacred to her that she could not bear for the dream to be laughed at, or ridiculed in any way. For that reason, it is only generally referred to here.

After she woke up from the dream, she felt very ill, but went to school without saying anything to anyone. Her pulse was racing, and she felt very hot. Her teacher noticed that she was sick, and sent her home. When her parents saw her, they ran to her and asked what was the matter. She sat down with them and explained the whole dream. She described a sequence very similar to present day accounts of near-death experiences. She then described a room she had been taken to, full of busy people dressed in white. Her parents asked her what kind of clothing the people were wearing, and she perfectly described temple clothing, which she had never seen before.

She had always been quick to understand spiritual matters, but this dream seemed to give her a deeper understanding of her purpose in life. Her patriarchal blessing confirmed this. "Your faith is such that you shall receive inspirations from the eternal world, that you shall know beforehand occurrences that shall come to pass. You shall be known far and near for the Testimony that you have received of the Lord and his works" she was told by J.F. Nash, patriarch. In the weeks before her accidental death, she prepared her family in many ways for what was to come.

Teachings of the Spirit

One of the things I miss most about my mother is her spiritual strength. Stories from the scriptures came alive as she told them. I can still remember special times we shared as she taught of Noah and the Ark, Daniel and the Lion's Den, Adam and Eve, Ruth, Jacob and Esau, Joseph and the Coat of Many Colors, the tower of Babel. She retold these scriptural accounts as if they were events in the lives of family members. Tenderness and great spiritual energy filled the room when we discussed these people from the Bible. Her feelings about Christ were direct,

loving and very emotional. I felt His power and majesty during gospel discussions with Mother.

She taught me the plan of salvation, explaining in detail how each degree of glory would house those who were prepared for that glory. Her description of the hereafter made me long for that time when we could all live with Christ if we were prepared. She explained that those who did not live worthy of the Celestial Kingdom would be unable to visit those who lived in the higher kingdom, but that those who were Celestial beings could visit anyone they wanted to! I saw clearly in a positive way how beautiful and kind and fair the plan of salvation is.

She loved the scriptures, loved her mission experiences, and loved all of the precepts of the gospel. I remember how eagerly she prepared to go to October Conference in 1953. Then, when she returned home, she glowed as she related all of the exciting experiences she had, even seeing the living prophet, David O. McKay!

She studied and followed her patriarchal blessings. Her father wrote across one "Read this carefully, Norma, it will give you courage." She carefully considered her blessings, even where she was told about her future companion. The blessing given to her by J. F. Nash said, "At times you seem to remember some things that occurred before you came to the earth. You shall know your companion to be one who was your companion over there, with whom your life shall be a happy one upon the earth." Norma refused several proposals from dear friends she cared about deeply but did not recognize as the companion referred to in her patriarchal blessing. Even when she reached the end of her twenties still unmarried she held firm and waited to recognize her eternal companion. Later, she often told her children that it was definitely worth the wait.

Her excitement about the gospel of Jesus Christ kindled the beginnings of my own understanding and love for Christ. I never heard a single negative thing about the church or anyone in it come from my mother's lips. She spoke of love, repentance, obedience and commitment passionately, and with great conviction. I have never doubted any of her teachings, and her spirituality has blessed me all of my life.

Norma Berry Fife:

STRENGTH AND HONOUR ARE HER CLOTHING

by Diana Fife Rice

Norma Berry Fife's life would make an interesting case history psychologically. She was one of the middle children in a large family. Her parents were under great financial stress during most of her youth. She was an ordinary student, but all of her siblings achieved high academic success. She married at age 28, during a time when the label "old maid" was in common usage.

When she married, her husband Randy, newly returned from 3 years of war, tried to put the horrible experiences aside, and started his own business. She worked side by side with him as she endured difficult pregnancies and faced the pressures known only to working mothers: never enough time to do everything, juggling priorities, endless office work and house work, struggling with serious health problems, feeling guilt and worry about her children. In addition, Norma was deeply concerned about her extended family problems: The health of her loved ones and especially the fate of her motherless nieces and nephews.

She had enjoyed riding horses during her youth in Arizona. In her late teens she was thrown from a horse and injured her back. She never fully recovered from the injury, and back pain became an almost constant companion for the next twenty years. She compensated, learned to protect and strengthen her back, but could never eliminate the pain. Her daughters remember Norma routinely going about her duties fighting severe back pain, sometimes so severe that unbidden tears would stream down her cheeks as she worked. Seldom would she give in to the pain enough to rest. She did not complain, but the pain was too great to hide successfully. The first thought ten-year-old JoAnn had when she was informed of the death of her mother was, "Now she will be free of pain."

Norma was twenty nine when she had her first pregnancy, and although this was a fulfillment of hopes and dreams, it was also a tremendous physical challenge. She became very ill, and dangerously dehydrated. She had to travel back to her parents in Lynwood where she was admitted to a hospital for intravenous care. Her other

pregnancies were not quite so difficult, but she always endured "morning sickness." Listing those circumstances of Norma's life does not begin to explain the essence of it. She loved life, and people and fun. She had been given so much love by her family that she had unshakable self-confidence and self respect. Norma had an intuition about people. She also had a wonderful sense of direction. It is said that she could awake from a nap in the car and immediately tell if the driver was on course. She put herself 100% into whatever project was at hand, and was not afraid to risk failure.

Her religious convictions, nurtured by righteous parents, deepened by personal revelation and heightened by serving a mission, held her together through challenge after challenge. She often expressed her love. She had a very tender heart, and eased her own burdens by serving others. Even in the last few pressure-ridden months before her death, she found time to throw a family party, doing all of the cooking, and enjoying the fun.

She refused to let her challenges overshadow what she considered to be her greatest blessings: being a daughter, sister, aunt, wife, and mother. Norma never accomplished what the world considers success. She and Randy only had 14 years together. She did not get to participate very long in her children's lives. Yet she had a profound effect on those who knew and loved her. Even though she did not witness most of the major family events, she shaped her children's futures by precept, and guided by example.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies...She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household...Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come...In her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also...a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised...and let her own works praise her in the gates."

Proverbs 31