

The Berry Patch

News & History of the Herbert & May Berry Family
Winter Issue, February 1994

President's message

by the president of our family organization, David Berry

Dear Family:

A happy 1994 to you all—this is the year of the BERRY FAMILY REUNION. It will be held June 28th -30th, the Tuesday, Wednesday, & Thursday immediately preceding the Whiting Reunion at the HOMESTEAD. The last reunion was marvelous and memorable, and this one will be even more so. It will be a lot of fun, as well as being educational and inspirational. There will be activities for all—children, teenagers, and adults. There will also be time to just relax and visit. Please get the dates on your calendar and plan now to come!

"...And he shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers. If it were not so, the whole earth would be utterly wasted at his coming." (Joseph Smith-History 1:39—quoted by Moroni to Joseph a little differently from how it appears in Malachi 4:6.)

This prophecy applies to genealogy and it gives us an important key that can help us to keep each individual family member "link" of the eternal Berry family "chain" intact. Each person in the extended Herbert and May Berry family is precious and greatly loved by countless family members on both sides of the veil—NONE must be lost in this great eternal family!

AS OUR HEARTS TURN TO AND REMEMBER OUR FATHERS (important key) we can gain special help, insight, and courage to live better lives in these exciting and perilous times. GRANDPA AND GRANDMA BERRY were warm, loving, stalwart people. They were strong and unwavering in the Gospel—they were the "salt of the earth." They raised seven wonderful children—EFFIE, MAREE, KAY, LEE, NORMA, HELEN AND DEAN. Each of them were, and are, likewise noble, strong, and valiant, each in his/her own special and unique way. What a blessing it is to remember the lives, stories, and teachings of those who have passed on and to be able to visit with and feel the strength of those who are still with us!

The BERRY REUNION—1994, will be a great opportunity to do that as we learn more about some of our "roots", the Herbert and May Berry family. It's exciting to be with uncles, aunts and cousins that we don't get to see nearly often enough. There is also a special strength and sense of belonging that comes for our children as they get acquainted with the large number of wonderful cousins that they have. It is not always easy to get to a reunion, but it is always SO WORTH the effort it takes to get there. We are a nationwide (even international) family, so, geographically, the reunion may be held occasionally at locations other than the Homestead. But it will be there for sure in 1994, so let's all come to that sacred spot and have a great and unforgettable time!

Love,

David Berry

Shower House Fund

Reunion time is beginning to peak over the horizon and I'm getting excited about the fun and visiting time that we all have to look forward to. The last Berry reunion was small in attendance, but the magic was still there. It was wonderful.

Many of you, because of the pressures of life, have been unable to attend the reunions held these last 44 years at the Homestead. It will be many years before the Berry Family is too big to meet at the Homestead. We encourage you all to join the family circle that last week of June, and lets have an unforgettable reunion in 1994!

We sent out letters two years ago asking for donations from all the families to help pay for the shower house, somewhere between \$38,000 and \$39,000. All who were at the last reunion know that it has changed life at the Homestead forever. There is no dirt in all the world like Homestead dirt. To stand in a hot shower at the foot of Sierra Trigo and wash that dirt off is an experience that cannot be described with the English language.

The May Berry family was given the opportunity of shouldering the bulk of the expense, because with it goes a choice of free land to build our own Berry Lodge, if we choose to do so. Jack Albert Brown has given his word to us on this matter.

Some of us felt that this was a good thing, and accepted the challenge of paying for the shower house. We felt the cost would not be a great burden on any one person if every family would pledge to send a small donation every month for two years until this next reunion. We had a pretty good response for about three months after the '92 reunion. I have sent to Jack Albert a total of \$3,060 that has trickled in this last eighteen months. I know that some have sent in donations directly to the Whiting Family as a result of a plea by the Whiting family. I do not have a record of that amount. But I do know that we are far from our goal.

There has been one young couple (with two small children and a husband struggling through night school) who have faithfully sent me \$10 a month since August '92. If every Berry family could commit with that kind of dedication, we would be able to fulfill our goal.

Please take another look at your budget and see what you can donate before the coming reunion. Even if it's \$5.00, it will be appreciated and get us closer to the mark. All donations are kept private and there is no need to feel embarrassed because of a small donation. **Please send Shower House donations to: Jeannine Larson, 289 North 2nd West, Snowflake, AZ 85937.**

For years, we of the Berry clan have asked the Uncles, "What can we do to help in the financial burden of the reunions? We have a chance now—I hope we can do it. They want to build more shower houses. But if they can't get the first one paid for, they may be discouraged about building more. LETS TAKE A SECOND LOOK AT THIS, BERRYS, AND SEE IF WE CAN SACRIFICE A LITTLE AND HELP IN SECURING THE FUTURE OF THE HOMESTEAD.

Jeannine Larson

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We're Back!

Many of you have wondered where *The Berry Patch* has been the past two years. Well, a few blessings and catastrophes have interfered with Editor Diana Rice's good intentions.

Unfortunately, the process of pulling together *The Berry Patch* has been a difficult thing to delegate. If the editor couldn't get to it, then all work came to a grinding halt.

Diana became very concerned when the circumstances in her life prevented her from keeping *The Berry Patch* going. Frustrated, she kept looking for a way to have *The Berry Patch* continue.

Technological advances have now made it possible to begin the establishment of a network of editors, all connected by either fax machine or modem, so that many can work on a given issue all at once, making it a manageable job for all. This issue, start to finish was completed in just under 3 weeks!

We thank all who made this issue possible, one we are proud of, with current news of the family, as well as history updates.

Randolph E. Fife

November 19, 1919 to November 14, 1992
Uncle Randy, Norma's husband, passed away after a long illness, which began with a silent gall bladder attack. By the time the doctors found the problem, he sustained severe injuries to numerous organs. His family was grateful for the five years

he fought his health problems, for it gave them quality time with him. He was able to participate in many family events, reunions, baby blessings, baptism, missionary farewells & homecomings, and holidays. It took the full five years to say goodbye, we miss him deeply. Thank you to all who called and sent letters, and we were very touched that Shawn Cooper was able to be there from the Berry Family.

Volunteer Workers Needed for Whiting Reunion

Whiting reunion committee chairmen were called last year, but they all are in need of some volunteers to help. The more people involved, the more fun it will be. The younger generation is especially encouraged to get involved. Contact Reunion Chairman Keith Brown, 9213 Orange St., Alta Loma, CA, 91701, phone 714-989-2370, or assistants, Joyce Packard, 865 W. 11th Pl., Mesa, AZ 85201, phone 602-834-0256, or Nancy Shultz, 203 Napoli Drive, Brea, CA 92621, phone 714-529-2863 to volunteer for yourself or another member of your family.

Who Gets the Berry Patch?

In order to cut down on expenses, we are no longer mailing to all addresses. If you have missionaries or single college-age children in your family, please duplicate your copy and send them *the Berry Patch*. We will continue to mail to families and adult singles.

Why isn't this magazine bound, or at least stapled?

Each issue comes ready to insert in a 3-ring binder. Please find a binder, if you haven't already, and begin storing these in the binder. Staples or paper clips rust over the years, so *The Berry Patch* has a better chance for long storage if it is stored in a binder.

COUSINS OPEN HOUSE

Cousins in the Salt Lake-American Fork-Orem-Provo area met at George and Steve Ward's place for a get-together after the BYU fireside Feb. 6th. It was a lot of fun: these will be held monthly, rotating location, always after the BYU firesides about 8 p.m.. Call Bonnie Middleton 224-5289. You are invited if you are in the area, you don't have to be a student, or even a certain age to attend.

Family Organization

President, David Berry
First vice-president, Joycell Cooper
Second vice-president, Elaine Ward
Secretary / Treasurer, Bonnie Middleton
Berry Patch Editor, Diana Rice
Historian, Louine Hunter
Historian, Randy Fife
Family Representatives:
Effie's family--Van Ellsworth
Maree's family--Janice Falls
Kay's family--Alan Berry
Lee's family--Eileen Luke
Norma's family--JoAnn Larsen
Helen's Family--Dixie Forsyth
Dean's family--Anna Wood

Effie's Family

Lynn and Jamie Ellsworth

Luke and Liz Ellsworth live in Yakima, Washington. Luke is an accountant there. They have two sons, **Isaac**, age 4, and **Nicholas**, age 2, and on 29 November, 1993 they had a daughter, **Emily**.

Effie and Brent Kitchen live in American Fork, Utah. Brent is an accountant working in Salt Lake City. Effie keeps busy with two boys, **Tyler**, age 3, and **Ryan**, age 1. She also takes care of a few other children in her home.

Esther and Lindsay Pugmire live in Tucson, Arizona. Lindsay is the director of Physical Therapy at a private clinic. Esther keeps busy at home with their two girls, **Kylee**, age 3, and **Ashley**, almost a year old.

Amy and Bob Eakins live in Janesville, Wisconsin. Bob recently graduated from BYU in Manufacturing Engineering. They are expecting their first baby in the middle of March. Amy works as a secretary, but plans to quit when the baby is born.

Paul and Kathy Ellsworth live in Provo, Utah. They were married last March. Paul works at a grocery store and Kathy works at a jewelry store at University Mall in Orem.

Susan Ellsworth has gone to BYU for two years, but is now going to school at BYU-Hawaii. She says she loves it there, I wonder why? A couple of days ago it was 80 degrees in Hawaii and -50 degrees (wind chill) in Wisconsin where Amy lives, that's a difference of 130 degrees!

Richard and Elaine Ward

Julie and Jon Hardy and their children visited Grandma and Grandma (**Richard and Elaine**) in Delaware during October. **Aimee** is age 6, **Jonathan** is age 4, and **Christina** is two.

Jenny was married to **Douglas Alan Pearson** on December 30 in the Washington D.C. temple. They are now living in Frankfurt, Germany, where he works for the Foreign Services/State Department.

George is at BYU with a major in International Relations—possibly changing to Pre-Med. He is teaching part-time at the M.T.C. He served a mission in the California Ventura Mission.

Steve, our most recent returned missionary, served in Australia, Perth Mission and has resumed his studies at BYU. He is majoring in Environmental Engineering.

Matthew just left the MTC and arrived at the California Sacramento Mission, Hmong language, on January 12. Jerry Roundy, who is his

Mission President, is quite possibly a Berry relative.

Melissa is in her second year at BYU. She is majoring in Horticulture, with a special interest in deaf-signing. When her twin, Matt, comes home from his mission, she would like to go on a deaf-signing mission.

Eric is in his junior year of High School. He enjoys playing basketball and has his Eagle Project finished. He enjoys his friendship with **Alexander Barabanov** from Moscow, Russia, who has been living with us these past two years and is attending High School in his senior year.

Pat & Evelyn Gwartney

are in Fredericksburg, Virginia. They relocated from Findlay, Ohio, in August '91. **Pat** works for the IRS in DC as a systems analyst. He is now on the Stake High Council at church.

Evelyn works as a secretary for the Department of Navy. She is RS Home Management leader.

Warren lives in Pell City, Alabama. He is a photographer and has a business in advertising and photography. **Nathan** has been a missionary in the Korea Puson Mission since January '93. He is happy to be there and has grown in many ways. **Sarah** is attending Ricks College in Rexburg Idaho. She is majoring in nursing. She has enjoyed college very much and has enjoyed acquiring many new friends. **Troy** is our aspiring 16 year old in many ways. He is in National Honor Society and got interested in singing and acting. He leads the national anthem for his school basketball games and landed the role of Teveya, the papa in "Fiddler on the Roof" for the Fredericksburg Players Theater. **Emily** is our eleven year old who is well adjusted in the friend department. She takes piano lessons and clarinet in school band. **Seth** is our sweet 7 year old. He likes T-ball and doesn't mind being bossed around by all the old siblings.

—Evelyn Gwartney

Maree's Family

Jack and Joycell Cooper

Jerome & Janice Falls

Since the last Berry reunion, the Falls family has grown. **Heather** married **Kalen Willard** in June of 1992 and just had their first child (our fifth grandchild) Dalton Charles Willard was born 11-11-93. They have just moved back to this area from Des Moines, IA and are currently looking for employment for Kalen.

Brenna married **Austin McMillen** on September 17, 1993. She just started spring semester at Southern Missouri State University and is applying for admittance to the nursing program there.

Amy had her second child (our fourth grandchild), a boy on September 6, 1992 and named him **Conner Jerome Garoutte**.

Garrett is still living down at the ranch and working for Jerome. He has been such a help to us. Garrett has not yet found Miss Right, so if anyone has any contacts or connections, please write to him.

Marlah is nearly 17 and a junior in high school. She is in her 12th year of dance, captain of the cheerleading squad, steady (though sometimes sleepy) seminary student, active in Young Women's and the last in the Falls family "pecking order." While there are certain advantages to being the youngest (like parents who have mellowed considerably) the down side is everyone older than you considers themselves "your elder" and doesn't mind handing out advice.

Brett is discovering the challenges of single parenting. His son (our first grandchild) lives with him and is a great source of joy to his dad.

I (Janice) am still in Stake Primary and love the work. We plan on a possible move sometime next year down to the ranch. We'll cross that bridge when it comes. Jerome is still busy in the cattle business and delights in being a grandfather.

Hope to see everyone at the Berry reunion this year. In this crazy world we live in, it is the gospel of Jesus Christ and family (including cousins) that keeps me anchored. Love to all!

—Janice Falls

Marty & Susan Cooper

have a four month old daughter, **Macalla**. Marty is Branch President in Clinton, Missouri, and is the Financial Planner for the city.

Shawn & Linda Cooper

live in Fair Oaks, California, a suburb of Sacramento. Their youngest, **Casey**, finished football and is playing basketball. His number one goal is to go to space camp this summer. Science is his thing.

Chris is on the high school basketball team, and enjoys that a lot. **Corey** continues as a successful competitive swimmer. She just made her Junior National cuts, so she'll be flying to North Dakota in March for a week to compete against other kids in the nation. She just got back from Seattle where she got her Juniors. Both Chris and Corey are busy with school, homework, and seminary, with not a whole lot of time left for anything else.

Linda teaches 6 aerobic classes a week, teaching at 3 different gyms. She recently was in a magazine ad for one of the gyms. She is also the office manager at a family therapy center. **Shawn** works in the news department for PG&E in San Francisco. He is running the basketball program for Church, and is

on the little league board (Casey will be Playing majors this year.)

—Linda Cooper

Marty & Susan Cooper

have a four month old daughter, **Macalla**. Marty is Branch President in Clinton, Missouri, and is the Financial Planner for the city of Clinton.

Lance & Cathy Cooper

are building a new home in the Las Vegas area, and are expecting TWINS! They have a son, **Dane**.

Rory and Angela Hubbard

are in the process of adopting a brother and a sister. Rory is the manager of a restaurant, Garfields. He found he could make more money in the restaurant business than he could teaching school.

Vaylene Cooper

is serving a mission in the Idaho Pocatello Mission. She is doing fine.

Jack and Joycell are feeling very good, and are as busy as they were when they were 35. He is the High Priest group leader, just released from the Stake High Council after many years. Joycell has just been released after 7 years as Education Counselor in the Stake Relief Society, and is now teaching Sunday School and says teaching the 16 and 17 year olds is the best assignment in the church!

—Joycell Cooper

Leilani Silvers

Wayne & Marilyn Barnes

are recovering from the holidays and almost back to the normal chaos that abounds in life.

They are also adjusting to parent hood—(in Abraham and Sarah fashion). **Bryan Austin Barnes** joined the family in December via adoption. He is a fat, happy baby and has brought much joy to our home. At 4 months of age, he is already the smartest, cutest, most gifted child ever born. His parents are sure he is going to go on a mission, get his M.D. and make a profound scientific discovery—all before his 8th birthday.

Wayne still works for G.E., but has gone to the day shift. It is a cut in pay, but makes family life much more 'normal'. He is executive secretary in our ward. **Marilynn** is in between callings and hiding in the back row each Sunday—there are several major positions open—she is hoping to be put in charge of the hymn books.

Kim and **Kelle** are still in Juneau. **Kellie** and **Mark** had their first child, a little boy, **Jerik**. All went well. Kellie's diabetes stayed in good control throughout the last 9 months, and there have been no complications.

Kim lost her job, (due to cut-backs) with the state, and is in the process of looking for another. She got to be with us at Christmas time, and is looking as beautiful as ever. Her little boy **Juston** is still staying

with Grandma and Grandpa (he was sure glad to see his mommy at Christmas time). He is a star A now, and has a great fan club. He had his first part in a Primary Program, and had to say "Temples are a sign of the true church." He pulled it off without a hitch, but didn't want to give up the microphone. A few weeks later, his Aunt Jenna was talking to him about how to react when strangers approach. After giving him detailed instructions on how to say "No" and scream and run, the following conversation took place:

Jenna: "Now, Juston, what do you say if a stranger asks you to go with them?"

Juston: "Temples are a sign of the true Church."

Jason is still in his apprentice program. He is really enjoying what he is doing (electrical stuff) but it keeps him from having much of a social life. We haven't seen him in a while. He is hoping to make it to the reunion.

Kara is still working hard on her teaching degree. She is student teaching and loving it. She has made the dean's list and impressed a lot of teachers she has worked with. On top of that, she and **John** take wonderful care of their little girl, **Kerry**, who gets cuter every day.

Jenna is working at Applebee's restaurant as a hostess—they love her there (it's her beauty and quick wit, that she gets from her mother.) She is engaged to **Ryan McKeel**, no exact date set yet. Ryan returned from his mission to Mexico 6 months ago, where, among his many experiences, he came home from tracing to find a boa constrictor under his bed—which he quickly dispatched with his machetti. He has a number of wallets and a pair of boots made from the remains. He is a great guy and the family loves him dearly (We don't dare not!)

—Marilynn Barnes

Markay Hamblin

now divorced, is living in Alaska working on his Masters Degree in School Administration.

David & Genette Largeant

are expecting their sixth baby in April. They have three girls and two boys.

Leo & Michelle Hamblin

have a new baby, **Sawyer**. They have two other sons, **Daniel** and **Tanner**, and a daughter, **Mallory**.

Tim & Victoria Hamblin

have a son, **Aaron** and are expecting a baby in April.

Daylynn and Lori Hamblin

have a 3 year old son, **Tyler Ripley Hamblin**.

—Genette Largeant

Keith & Jeannine Larson

The Keith Larson family is growing, growing, growing! **Shane** and **Adrienne Larson** are expecting in the fall. We are all very excited about our first born having a first born. Shane is at Logan State working on his masters in art illustration. Adrienne has a secretarial job at the university and enjoys her work, at least she did until she started leaning over the bathroom sink. Sweet **Emily** loves Logan and is very excited about having a new little baby in the house.

Troy and Jennifer Lynne

Larson have moved their family to Snowflake. They have three now, **Jessica**, 5, **Josie**, 3, and **Dallin**, 1, and number 4 is on the way. Troy works for a plumbing company located here in town, but spends a lot of his time doing jobs out on the reservation. Jennifer spends a lot of her time trying to keep up with three little blondes full of all the energy you could ever want.

Brian and Melinda Larson have moved to Orem. Brian is still working for Sears and trying to decide what he wants to settle down with for the rest of his life. Melinda keeps busy with her many dancing activities and raising three year old **Miranda** and one year old **Zachary**.

Darin and Angela Larson live in Salt Lake City and are expecting their second child. Their first, **Michael Keith** is just one year old, and their next is due next month. Darin is working in the granite vaults. It's a tough schedule, as he has to get up at 3 a.m. every morning to get to work. That means he has to go to bed at 8 p.m. every night. Just think of all the fun he misses out on. And Angela is is gearing up for that new one.

Jennifer and Kent Braddy live here in Snowflake. Kent works for the Snowflake School District. He keeps their computers in working order. They have a little girl, **Mara Elizabeth**, who just turned one last week. They love Snowflake and the country lifestyle here.

Amy and Tim Vogl have moved to Orem. They're still looking for that place and job that they can be happy with. I think most of us are still doing that. They have two children, **Matthew Dean**, who is four, our infamous little red-head, and **Ellse**, who is two.

Margaret and Chris Rogers live here in Snowflake, and are fixing up a quaint little country house that his grandparents gave them. It's going to be a lot of work, but we're all kind of excited about the project, because it's going to be so cute when it is finished.

Sara Larson is in Orem right now living with Amy and Tim. She went one semester to Eastern Arizona

College on a music scholarship. She was an excellent student, and did well, but decided college life wasn't for her, and is looking into some other things.

Matt Larson is a sophomore in high school, and is a good all around student. He is beginning to shine in athletics, and made the varsity basketball team this year. He has a deadly three-point shot, and it is exciting to watch him play.

Jared Larson is in eighth grade and is also doing extra well in basketball. He has been high point man in several games and has a mean rebound.

Keith is looking forward to the next four years of watching ball games. Actually, we all do. On game night, we grab popcorn, candy bars, and head for the gym.

We're also excited about the reunion. Hope everyone is circling that June date. Love you all.

—Jeannine Larson

Kay's Family

Elizabeth Berry and **Doug Berry** are getting along fine in Provo, at the condo complex where two of her sisters also live, but they surely miss the California sun in the winter months, but not the fires, earthquakes, floods, slides, and little things like that.

—Louine Hunter

David & Sharon Berry

Hello, our wonderful family. This has been a year of mostly ups for us. A real challenging year, and yet one of growth and change.

Our San Diego Temple was dedicated, and this was an opportunity to feel close to the angels and a real highlight in our lives. Sharon was able to sing in the temple choir, and we all felt a tremendous spirit there. **Julie, Stacey** and **Steve** were able to come from Utah and join our family for this dedication. It is wonderful to have a temple a few minutes away and enjoy this opportunity.

We have fixed up our home a bit by replacing tiles on the floors and counters. We also replaced windows, tiles, counters, and painted, and now have our home up for sale. We are getting tired of all these projects!

Dave has been busy with dental business and his real love, "Missionary work." He is getting tired of all the projects!

Sharon's Mother was able to spend a month here while we wrote Sharon's Father's life story. We were able to publish a beautiful book before Christmas, and Mom gave it out for her present to everyone.

Sharon had a delightful time in Utah with **Cindi**, waiting for little **Michael Watkins** to arrive. The baby was very late, so they had a great

time. Sharon stayed 10 days afterwards, and was there for the big engagement of **Stacey** to **Steve Smyth**. It was a great time to plan the wedding, and Sharon was happy to be away from all the projects!

Brian Watkins graduated from BYU Law School with multiple degrees. He took the bar in California and passed with flying colors. They bought a home in San Dimas, near Glendora, and he is with his father's law firm, which is a great opportunity. They have been so blessed. They have three darling children. Brian is in the Elders Quorum Presidency, and Cindy is in the Primary Presidency.

Julie and Kent Lundin live with their two children in Provo and love it there. They are so involved in their ward, with Kent in the Bishopric and Julie serving as Young Womens President. We really appreciated Kent helping to tear down and rebuild a deck. Thank goodness—we got some help with our projects! they had a lovely trip to Hawaii after Thanksgiving, and we loved having the children here for awhile.

Stacey and Steve Smyth were married in July in the San Diego Temple. Steve's family from Ireland came over for the big event, and we had such a great time with them. They are so delightful. Brother Smyth was able to help us with our Irish genealogy, so we have a few more names in the Wright and Foster lines, which we are doing the work for now. Steve will graduate with a MBA degree from BYU, and Stacey will graduate in Elementary Education this year. They love Provo, and will probably live there for awhile.

Michelle was able to come home from her mission in Porto Portugal (with Phil Brown as her Mission President) in time for Stacey's wedding, and helped so much in the preparation. She loves the Portuguese people and is so amazing as a missionary. Wherever we are she talks to people about the gospel and really spreads her testimony around. She is a great example—fearless! She is going to UVSC and is Relief Society President. She is a member of Latter Day Sounds, a musical organization which gives firesides in the Provo-Salt Lake area. She would love to be an EFY Counselor this summer, but she may try to get into BYU instead. No steady guys, but there seems to be a new one every month.

Mike had a great season playing football, and their team was number one all the way to Jack Murphy stadium, but they lost their last game. What a great team it was, and what a fun year it has been. He received his Eagle in August, and we are having his Court of Honor on February 13. Mike is in Showtime, and is developing his musical ability now.

He is applying to BYU Hawaii and Ricks for college next year, and has been a great "helper" with all the projects—especially being "keeper of the grounds."

Amy is the favorite Auntie with all her nieces and nephews. She is so great at entertaining them, and they all love her. She is in the 6th grade and is growing up so fast. She is no longer the youngest. We have a poodle pup named Mitzi, but her nickname is Popsie.

We think of you often, and hope you had a nice Christmas. This Christmas was wonderful for us. All the children and grandchildren were home, and we just had a great time. Dave was really surprised when I had everything ready December 23—no late nights wrapping, so we were able to enjoy each other and have a great time. We had Christmas Eve day and evening and half of Christmas day together. It was a fun family reunion. Kent made a painting easel for both families, and Cindy painted a city on heavy cotton material for each family, and they traded gifts for their children.

On Christmas Eve, our ward puts on a Live Nativity on the lawn in front of our church building. Our family participated in that. Steve and Stacey were Joseph and Mary, Mike and Kent were the Wiseguys. Our choir sang our favorite Christmas songs, and Michelle sang "Three Kings" and did missionary work in between. Cindy and Brian took care of the five grandchildren. Afterward, we went home and had our traditional cheese fondue and chocolate fondue. It was so good. Then we had our talent show and each one opened one present and then off to bed for the grandchildren, and even Amy stayed up and played Santa, filling the stockings and getting everything ready. Next morning, we all got up and opened presents and had a lovely time. We find so much joy in our family.

This year, my Mother has been quite sick and has decided to give up her condo in Provo, and come and live with each of her children for 3 months at a time. We are happy that she is still with us, and we have this opportunity to pay back the years she has sacrificed and loved us unconditionally. She and I will be writing her life story this year. Now this is the kind of project I like! We love you all and hope you come and see us this year. Have a great new year, and hope you don't have too many projects. We're not going to!

—Sharon Berry

John & Louine Hunter

are pleased to have **Scott, Kristy, Ryan, Meghan, and Chelsea** living with them while Scott finishes night law school in Ventura (while working full-time during the day), and **Bill** and **Matt** love having nieces and a

nephew on the premises. **Robert, Kenna, Rachel, and Mindy** are living in Salt Lake; **Steve, Tracy, Austin, Alexa** and the-new-one-expected-this-month are in San Jose, although they're trying to move to Ojai; **David, Amy, Haley, and Set** are in Provo; **Jim, Kathy, and Sarah** are in Provo; **Jeane, Tracy, and Josh** are in the Cincinnati area of Ohio and are expecting another-one-to-love in September; **Julene** is in Provo looking for a job as a medical secretary; and **Dan** is at BYU, planning to graduate in August.

Alan & Betty Berry

When **Betty** graduated from college this year, the faculty of her university unanimously voted her the outstanding art student, and she is now employed in the field of art advertising. **Alan** has been released as the bishop after many years, and is now on the High Council. **Gregis** a BYU student, **Patrick** is a missionary in Seattle, Washington, **Kristy** is a student at Ricks College, and **Jon** and **Tara** are straight A students at home.

—Louine Hunter

Dennis & Rosalee Byers

Rosalee was released from Young Woman's and is now the Assistant Homemaking leader at church. She started a new business called **Fit Kids**, an after school fitness-based program coupled with drug-free awareness for elementary school children. She has over 200 students enrolled. She is also the fitness director for Help Mates, a senior care company.

Tiffany and **Gene Pintor** are living in Lala, Hawaii, where Gene is serving in the Army as a computer system administrator and instructor, and is the Elders Quorum President the rest of the time. Tiffany says Gene chose to be transferred there so she could continue her education at BYU-Hawaii. She also works in the corporate offices at the Polynesian Cultural Center, and teaches Star A's in Primary.

Melanie Byers continues her education at Georgia State, while she works full time as a secretary.

Jeff Byers left Atlanta for a trial stay in Michigan this past summer. We love it, but he expects to return to Atlanta again in the spring. He has acquired the skill of a house painter while here, and learned that warehouse work isn't for him.

Preston Byers has put some good effort into school as well as hunting and fishing. He and **Preston** are have both become Eagle Scouts.

Brandon Byers is the team sports king of the family. He ran the 400 in track, played JV football, is currently on the freshman basketball team and is expected to play on the

varsity tennis team this coming spring. After he was awarded his Eagle Scout award, he took a trip to California on his own last summer.

For **Dennis**, the boating season was so-so, very little water skiing and no boat camping trips. Besides local hunting, the Big Guy went to Colorado for a three day hunt and helped drag his partner's buck for five hours, getting half a deer.

—Rosalee Byers & Louine Hunter

Lee's Family

Uncle Lee and Aunt Virginia are doing well and in good health in McLean, Virginia. Earlier this past year, they were fortunate to obtain the household live-in services of **Konjet**. She is a wonderful cook and helper to Uncle Lee and Aunt Virginia.

Jean Arbuckle

Eric is temporarily living at home after finishing up his M.B.A. He is working for a small company that teaches SAT prep classes and planning on getting married in October, 1994 in Norfolk, Virginia, to Yun Mi Kim.

Jeff and his wife **Patty** still live in Delaware. Jeff opened up his medical practice about 2 years ago and doing well. Their daughter **Jessica** just experienced her first Christmas. She is her grandmother's pride and joy. Jessica will soon be 1 year old.

Christi moved back to Northern Virginia from Omaha, Nebraska, about 1 1/2 years ago. She is working for a physician/researcher at Georgetown University as his office manager.

Steve and Judi Berry

are still alive and well in Fairfax, Virginia. Judi changed jobs about 6 months ago and is no longer working in Fairfax Jail. She is now working for Kaiser Permanente.

Michael is now the only child left at home. He is a junior (11th) at Fairfax High School. He works part time at Mrs. Fields Cookies, and doesn't even like cookies.

David is a freshman at BYU and living in Helaman Halls. He is majoring in Illustration, and playing on BYU's Lacrosse Team.

Annette is a junior at BYU. She is majoring in Social Work. Annette plans on serving in the Peace Corp after graduate school.

Stephanie will be graduating from BYU April 1994 in Physical Education. She is presently doing her student teaching. A week after Stephanie graduates from BYU, she will be getting married in the Washington DC Temple to Bret Snyder Fairbanks of Orange, CA.

Last fall, Stephanie was co-captain of BYU's Women's Soccer Team. Her team placed 2nd

nationally in non-NCAA intracollegiate college soccer league. It was a great way to end her collegiate soccer career.

Patricia Felsted

Pat is finishing her associates degree in Art at Salt Lake Community College. Patricia and Ray Felsted separated a year ago. Pat and her 5 children—**Ben, Brandon, Kirsten, Kelly, and Matthew** are living in Sandy, Utah.

Bob & Eileen Luke

This has been a good year for the Bob and Eileen Luke family in Washington.

Jennifer is in Brazil on a mission. She is serving in the Ribeirao Preto Brasil Mission. She is teaching and baptizing, which makes her happy. In every picture she sends home, she has a big smile. They have almost no other English speaking sisters on her mission, so she will probably always have Brazilian companions. She is doing well in the language, in fact she substitutes Portuguese words in our letters without realizing it.

Jullann is at BYU studying Illustration in the Design Department. Last spring she was able to travel to Europe with the BYU Art Study Abroad program. Her group traveled with several art professors and toured many of the great art museums learning about the art works and also drawing and painting many of the masterpieces. It was a wonderful opportunity for her.

Last year, Jullann lived next door to Julianne Larsen (JoAnn Fife Larsen's daughter) and they became good friends. They decided to room together this year and have had a great time as roomies. We have been excited to have her get to know some of her cousins and become good friends.

Jon is a senior and anxiously waiting to hear about school acceptance for next year. He has applied to both BYU and Ricks. Jon is into Karate. He runs around in these white pajamas, bare-foot in the rain and freezing weather—What ever!

Shannon is a junior and wishing she was a senior so she could go to school with all her friends next year. She is into fashion and clothes. She wears one outfit to seminary, changes, and wears another to school.

Missy is in eighth grade (our baby!) Last week she got contacts after wearing glasses for the last 8 years. It was an exciting change.

Eileen substitutes in the kids school district teaching mostly in the libraries. She occasionally shows up at their schools which embarrasses the kids. She is also very busy with her church callings.

Bob is very busy at work in his legal practice and puts in many hours

with his church calling. One night, he came home for dinner at 6:30 and the kids asked, "Why are you home?" That says it all. Please come by and visit if anyone makes it to Seattle, we love visitors.

—Eileen Luke

Norma's Family Roger & Diana Rice

Life just seems to flow from one challenge to another for us. Just after Diana sent out the 1992 Berry Patch, she was in charge of the Relief Society Sesquicentennial Celebration for her ward, which involved a large service project. Right after that, daughter, **Stephanie** returned home from her mission in the Texas Houston East Mission. Stephanie was asked to be the dance director for the Oakland Temple Pageant, summer of '92. It was the kind of assignment that ended up involving the entire family. **Michael, Anna, and Christopher** were dancers, **Roger** played the part of the Apostle Paul in the Pageant, and **Chris** had a small acting part. Diana sang in the balcony chorus.

As pageant began, Diana and JoAnn Larsen took **Cindy Rice** to the MTC to begin her mission in the Ohio Cleveland Mission.

The Oakland Temple Pageant was exciting and inspiring, and we felt very fortunate to be a part of it. Stephanie did a great job of pulling all the dancers together, and even helped with staging. Unfortunately, it was impossible for us to attend the Berry reunion, and we all missed you very much.

Immediately after pageant was over, we discovered we had termites, and launched into a massive project to fortify our house. We were afflicted with "While we're at it" syndrome, and ended up doing a lot of other projects along with the termite repairs.

In November, our beloved Father and Grandfather, **Randy Fife**, passed away. It was a time of both grief and joy—we were glad he was relieved of his suffering, and that he could be reunited with our mother after a 32 year separation!

We were very happy in December when our son **Michael** became engaged to **Emily Wilson**, and began planning the June wedding.

In February, 1993, Diana slipped on wet grass (don't walk in the rain to keep your fitness goals perfectly) and herniated a disc, the worst rupture her doctor had seen. It took months to assess the damage.

Two days before our son **Randy Rice** was scheduled to return home from his mission (on **Anna's** birthday,) Diana had her first operation, a lumbar laminectomy, levels 4 & 5. She missed all the festivities, but was

determined to recover in time for Michael and Emily's wedding in June. She did recover enough, but relapsed after being up all day for the wedding, and had to have the same surgery twice. (What an honor to have more disc tissue than most people have!) In between surgeries, She was correctly diagnosed over the phone by her sister Bonnie as having gall bladder problems, because Bonnie had just been through a gall bladder laproscopy. Yep, in less than three months time, Diana had three surgeries, two microscopic, and a laparoscopy. The family, and the church were wonderful during this stressful time, and we learned a lot about what our abilities are, and what a resource our friends and extended family are. It is also amazing what is now possible in medical care.

Quick updates: Stephanie is attending BYU, majoring in Dance Education, planning to graduate summer of 95. She teaches at the MTC, and is Relief Society President in her ward. Michael is majoring in Physics at BYU, and is a teaching assistant for the physics department. Emily is a violin major, scheduled to graduate this summer, just in time to welcome their first baby, due in August. Emily teaches violin, and performs extensively in her spare time. She plays fiddle at the Stagecoach in American Fork on most Fridays and Saturday evenings. This week she is playing a duet in the Provo tabernacle. Cindy arrived home in January from the Ohio Cleveland Mission, and is working full time, saving her money to return to BYU where she is majoring in elementary education. Randy, who returned last May from a sign language mission in New York and England, is attending BYU, working part-time, and serving as a counselor in the Elders Quorum. Anna Rice is finishing her senior year, and has applied to BYU and Ricks College for the fall. Christopher is a junior, and having a great season in wrestling. He is also dancing in Fiddler on the Roof. Brian, our youngest, is a cub scout, plays the cornet, and loves games, jokes, and magic. Roger is still working for EDS, and is an account manager for Viacom cable's computer services.

—Diana Rice

Barry & JoAnn Larsen

The biggest news is that **Elder David Larsen** returned home January 27. He had extended his mission for a month, he thought, but half way through the extension, he was assigned to escort a Sister from his mission to Salt Lake, because she was very ill and they were afraid for her life. David called JoAnn 15 minutes after Mission Headquarters in Salt Lake called to tell him of the plan. He was in shock, but JoAnn was

delighted. She also got to talk to President Lemos, David's mission president. President Lemos said he was very sad to have David leave, but that it was necessary. He also asked if JoAnn had any more sons she could send him. David has been a great missionary.

This fall at BYU, **Jullanne Larsen** was roommates with **Jullann Luke**, Eileen Berry Luke's daughter. They first met at the Berry Reunion five years ago, then ended up on the same floor of Deseret Towers their freshman year at BYU, and became good friends. Julianne (Larsen) has worked at marathon numbers of jobs the past 18 months to pay for a semester at the BYU Jerusalem Center. She left the first part of January, and is having a wonderful time in Jerusalem. She says it is beautiful, the city buildings are all built out of white stone because it is the law. Everyone, especially the shopkeepers, know who they are and call out "Mormons! Come! 50% discount!"

Keith Larsen was elected Student Body President of his High School. He has a 3.85 GPA and is just finishing up his Eagle Service Project. As if he wasn't busy enough, he also has been star player of his school's football team, and was chosen for all League team. Keith has his application in at BYU and is turning in one for Ricks. He has had several colleges after him to play football, but he would rather go to BYU or Ricks.

Brad Larsen is working two days a week unloading trucks. It is only a few hours each day, but it gives him a little money. Along with his mission savings, he is saving to go to BYU Especially for Youth with a friend.

Jared Larsen has finished his first semester of high school and did a good job. He has put a lot of hours in helping with his brother's eagle project. Hopefully he will be through with his own in a few months.

Barry has been very busy at work. He works for Brasher Auto Auction, working in the real estate investments section as well as working one day a week as an auctioneer. He is teaching Seminary for the fourth year, and is coaching the Young Mens' basketball team.

JoAnn has been her ward Relief Society President for almost five years. She recently installed all new tile counters in her kitchen, and according to Barry has become a computer nerd. Barry was astonished when she suggested they watch a computer software video to celebrate their anniversary.

—Diana Rice & JoAnn Larsen

Chuck & Bonnie Middleton
You may have heard about the large number of Lay-offs at Word Perfect in

Orem. Chuck felt confident about his job, but is still relieved to have "made the cuts" (many were terminated at every level) and is still "first string." Chuck headed the team who created Word Perfect for Windows 5.1 and 5.2. (which is the software that this issue is being printed with) He is a cubmaster in their ward. Bonnie is Stake Young Women's Secretary, and recently attended 7 ward conferences. Chuck and Bonnie have just completed (almost) a beautiful enlargement project on their home. Out of attic space, they had a lovely master bedroom suite built, complete with his and her desks, vaulted ceiling, chandelier, entertainment center featuring wrap around sound (with a sub woofer) dressing-room, and jacuzzi. It is so soundproof they installed a doorbell so their kids wouldn't pound or yell at the door. While they were at it, they added an upstairs laundry, added two children's bedrooms, redid the kitchen, enlarged the living room and created a separate dining room, then recarpeted the entire house. It is beautiful, and Bonnie says she'll never let another workman in!

Emily is soon going to graduate from the Bon Losee beauty school. She is famous for her haircuts. She plays the violin, and is quite a philosopher. Emily is very kind hearted, and often takes care of those in need of help. She plans to support herself as she attends college next year.

Chuck IV is a sophomore at BYU (thanks to many AP classes in high school). He has wonderful taste in literature, and will only listen to classical music. He also plays guitar. News Flash: Chuck received his mission call. on Friday, February 11. He is going to the Germany Munich Mission, and enters the MTC May 25.

Cathy is a Senior in high school, involved in everything, but especially Cross Country. She placed 21st in State finals for girls, then went on with her team to the Western States Regional meet sponsored by Footlocker, in Fresno California, and placed 10th.

Steven has been promised by his Uncle Brad Fife that he could go and spend some time with him in California this summer if Steven promised to improve his grades and treat Brad's sister (Bonnie) especially well. Steven has really endeavored to live up to those goals, even though he managed to lose all three of his snakes in the house, and only one has been found (a real thrill to Bonnie.)

Becky traveled to Australia last summer with a science youth group called People to People, a program started by President Eisenhower. She brought back many photos, made lots of friends and has seen

some pretty amazing animals! She plays the piano, saxophone, and violin.

Jenny plays the flute in 8th grade. Last summer, when her mom was in California helping Aunt Diana after her back surgery, Jenny ran the entire household. Even with the remodeling going on, the house was clean, laundry kept up, and meals were served on schedule. She likes to sew, and recently made a skirt, shorts, a tee-shirt, and a duffel bag.

Crystal just turned 6, and is beginning to enjoy reading and writing. Her written sentences are as articulate as her spoken words, but she does not add spaces between the words and her spelling is creative. Bonnie says it takes some study, but you can figure out exactly what she has written. A few weeks ago she decided on her own that she will not talk in Sacrament meeting, so now, she just writes everything down and passes notes. If someone whispers to her, she primly points to her paper to answer.

—Diana Rice

Randy & Christa Fife

have moved to Cedar Hills, Utah, near American Fork. Their home is located right at the mouth of American Fork canyon, slightly north of Mount Timpanogos. They decided life in Utah would be better for their children. Randy's job could not be transferred, but he is on a seven day on—seven day off schedule, and has become a long distance commuter. He still works for T.H.U.M.S. in Long Beach harbor, working daily twelve-hour shifts for a week. Then he has a week to spend with his family in Utah. It's an unusual arrangement, but Randy actually has more time to spend with his children than fathers on regular schedules do. And they all love life away from southern California. They sold their home in Westminster California, and moved to Utah last summer. They found a lovely spacious home that is very comfortable and even has more space in the attic and basement for any future needs.

Actually, their space requirements will be changing in the near future, for they are expecting their fifth child to arrive in May. **Christa**, even though experiencing extreme morning sickness, was very patient and resourceful throughout the challenges of the move. They were settled in time for Thanksgiving, even hosting Christa's family Thanksgiving feast, then having the Rice family visit that next week, and of course Christa, a very wonderful hostess, added all her own special touches to the festivities. Christa is looking forward to seeing their new yards in the spring. The former owners were avid gardeners who planted Sunset Magazine type

gardens all over the large lot. There are hundreds of bulbs waiting for spring, and many other types of flowers as well as fruit and shade trees.

Randy says low oil prices are hurting the oil industry because when oil prices dropped, no one noticed the 30 or 40 cents per gallon tax increase. Currently profits are only about \$2 per barrel on crude oil, when \$16 had been the norm. He feels the price of gasoline is going to sharply increase, and the general public isn't going to understand that they are suddenly feeling the tax and regulation costs, rather than an increase in oil industry costs.

Coban is almost first class in Scouting, and is patrol cook. He really enjoys living in Utah. Basketball is his current interest. Could his height have anything to do with it? (He is almost 5'10" and wears a size 12 shoe at twelve years of age.

Normandie, age 10, loves school, especially reading, writing and music. She is in a choir group that performs for local civic events and plays the piano. She is quite the organizer, and sees that the family has their scriptures each morning as they assemble for family scripture study. She is quick to see a need and take care of it.

Normandie has had mild epilepsy for several years and is on medication and responding well. Since the move to Utah, her seizures have almost completely disappeared.

Kayle was baptised on January, first, a perfect way to begin a new year! She loves school, and loves her new friends, especially in the neighborhood, but loves most of all to draw. She spends time every day sketching, unusual for an 8-year old. Kayle has always enjoyed dressing up in feminine outfits and likes to think about growing up and having boy friends and dating!

Courtney is their darling four-year-old, who has an extremely expressive face, and words to match. The family was returning from a wedding reception last week and everyone got in the car— all but Courtney, who was on the sidewalk, refusing to step on to the pavement without having someone help her. The parking lot was empty, but she had been trained to be cautious. Even with her parents' frequent permission, she refused to cross to the car by herself, just folding her arms, and looking back and forth for cars (there was clearly no traffic). Finally, Coban offered to brave the freezing cold to retrieve her. When Coban extended his hand to help her, she refused, explaining "I only hold hands with an adult!"

She has a tender heart. At her Grandpa Fife's services, Courtney didn't want to leave the side of the

casket because she didn't want to leave her grandpa. After the family prayer, the casket was to be closed and prepared to move into the Chapel for the funeral. As the family filed out past the casket, Courtney dived under the casket cart, and would not come out voluntarily!

However, the Courtney story destined for family history, folklore status, happened last year. Courtney overheard her mother scolding her sister, and heard Christa say, "Normandie, your attitude stinks." The next day, everyone was gathered having a discussion, and Courtney came into the room, sniffed dramatically, and declared, "I smell Normandie's attitude!"

--Diana Rice

Brad & Susanne Fife

We've experience a few rapid fire changes in the last few months. Brad was layed off in October from Hughes Aircraft. He had worked there 13 years. We had expected a lay off for a few years, so there was plenty of considering what we would do if--. When the day finally came, it wasn't so bad.

Brad immediately started to check opportunities and associations and contacts out. He prepared a resume and started going out on interviews. He actually had contacts calling him from the companies he had worked with over the years at Hughes. Brad was on a business trip for one company, scouting contacts he might have in Utah for their office there, and he got a call to meet with the CEO of another company to be notified he had a job with them also. He had to choose! He chose MST Trucking Company and we all felt good about his choice. He started work on Monday, October 4--his last day at Hughes had been Friday, October 1. We were so astounded he didn't even skip a beat. Brad received a severance package from Hughes and we decided we'd save it and see if we could put together a down for a house. Then Brad was requested to move closer to his new office. So we began the adventure of looking.

We had several areas to choose from that surrounded the area of his new office. Lots of new houses being built up in Riverside County. For two months, we went every weekend to look for houses. We were nervous we'd never be satisfied. It was too hard being almost forty and never owning a house yet--we told the realtor we'd probably never find what we wanted. She began to think so after two months also. Then she called one afternoon and explained she'd found our house. She'd been on a realtors' tour and excused herself to call us about a house she'd just seen. Now it was impossible for me to fight traffic and go see a house at 2:30 in the afternoon, so I

suggested Brad come after work to see the house she was so sure about.

Brad agreed, and went to see the house and signed the papers that night--before I even saw it! The next day I drove out to see it and put down our deposit. Brad knew too well after 8 weeks of looking, what we all wanted. The kids wanted a two story and a big yard--they got it! (Even a layed cement basketball court!) Brad wanted a big garage, big yard, 2 story and jacuzzi--he got it! The 3rd garage even opens through to the back yard for storage--the jacuzzi is covered by a gazebo. Susanne just wanted a house to make a home with 4 bedrooms. She got a huge master bedroom with a big oval tub, a beautiful view from the master bedroom balcony of the lake and hills and an inside laundry room! One of the bedrooms is down stairs with a large shower in the bathroom. There are two bathrooms upstairs with the other three bedrooms. The kitchen is very cute with a built in kitchen-nook table and lots of cupboard space. The house is right behind the Junior High School, so Jason just goes to school through our back yard gate. Karie's school is down the road and she gets to ride the bus.

Both kids are doing well at flowing along with the adjustments. We all talk about our feelings a lot. Our Chapel is brand new and both schools are new also. We feel like we're getting in on the beginning of a major growth area. We love seeing the stars at night and breathing fresh air, and nothing compares to the dawn over the hills. We have to drive a little further for shopping and errands, but we don't mind when we can enjoy the scenery along the way. We feel a chapter in our lives has closed and a new one is opening.

--Susanne Fife

Helen's Family

We have been living in Arizona for some time, now. We like the warm, sunny climate, and plan to keep our residence here. Our children are scattered, but we visit them from time to time. Ginny is expecting child number 11, and Paul's wife, Judy, is expecting number 8. This will bring the total to 56 grandchildren, and two great grandchildren. Pretty good for someone who had the slow start I had. I was 27 when we adopted Lane and 28 when we had Brian.

I have been busy with the work of *Fascinating Womanhood*, and still hope to bring its message to the world. New developments may make this possible. This past year I have rewritten my book, *The Fascinating Girl*, adapting it to single women of all ages and situations, and giving it a new title, *The Secrets of Winning*

Men. Then I created a new workbook with new illustrations. Just before Christmas I finished recording six audio tapes. A young woman in Beverly Hills has been trying to put together a TV infomercial on this subject, with these three items offered as a package. She is coming over from California to discuss our arrangements with each other and the possibilities of the show.

Aubrey and I have been asked to speak to a large church in Brooklyn N.Y. They have asked me to speak to 1000 women on the subject of *Fascinating Womanhood*. The next day, we will both speak to two different congregations. We think it important to make friends in the non-member world.

Life is busy, with challenges and rewards, but we are grateful for both. May God be with you.

--Aunt Helen

Dean's Family

Uncle Dean, & Beverly recently traveled to India for an extended trip, even visiting the Taj Mahal.

Anna & Bruce Wood and family have been having severe winter storms that keep the children home from school. However, their dog, Lady, a Golden Retriever, gave birth to 10 puppies recently, so there is plenty of entertainment!

Jon Berry is marketing his computer software.

Karen & Brent Mitterling are adding an addition on to their home. Their dog, Taco, is the father of Anna's dog's puppies.

Matt and Juana Berry are teaching English in Japan again.

Mark & Lynne' Berry have returned to California.

Brent & Laurlynn Berry have two boys, **Kendall** and new baby, **Kirk Randall Berry**.

--Anna Wood

News from Herbert's brother Elmer's family:

Mother (Marjorie Berry Lewellen) kept dreaming about Elbert and Maree Hamblin, so we decided to call Joycell. We had a good visit with her, and also Leilani, and since then she hasn't had that dream anymore. I took mother to the doctor Feb. 2. She has been having trouble breathing, having terrible headaches. The Dr. sent her for chest X-rays and a sonogram. Today they found a large lump on her left breast. The Dr. said she should have it taken care of at once, so they scheduled surgery for February 4.

--Lydia Berry

James and Annie Forever

By Marilyn Helf Barnes

It took a few moments to pin on my nurse's cap and check with the outgoing supervisor. Then I walked over to James, who had been eagerly waiting for my attention.

"Is there something you need? Are you in any pain?"

He beamed as I approached him. "Oh, no," he said. "I was just hoping you would be able to shave me today. The new girls don't seem to do it the way I like it."

I patted his arthritic, twisted hand. "I'm sorry, James. Several of the doctors are coming for patient rounds, and we have a new admission. I don't have time, but I'll get one of the more experienced aides to do it."

James's smile faded. "I understand," he said. I knew he really didn't, but I couldn't allow it to bother me. As a charge nurse in a 120-bed nursing home, I had little time for individual patients. Nurses' aides took care of the patients' basic needs and the medicine technician distributed the medication, so my one-to-one interaction with patients was limited.

In addition, I was a single mother, working the evening

shift part-time at a local hospital and attending classes at a nearby university.

My most important priority was meeting the needs of my five children, so I had eliminated unnecessary demands on my time and emotions. I gave my best at work, but at the end of the shift, worries about my patients were put in my locker with my cap.

Among my patients were James and his wife, Annie.

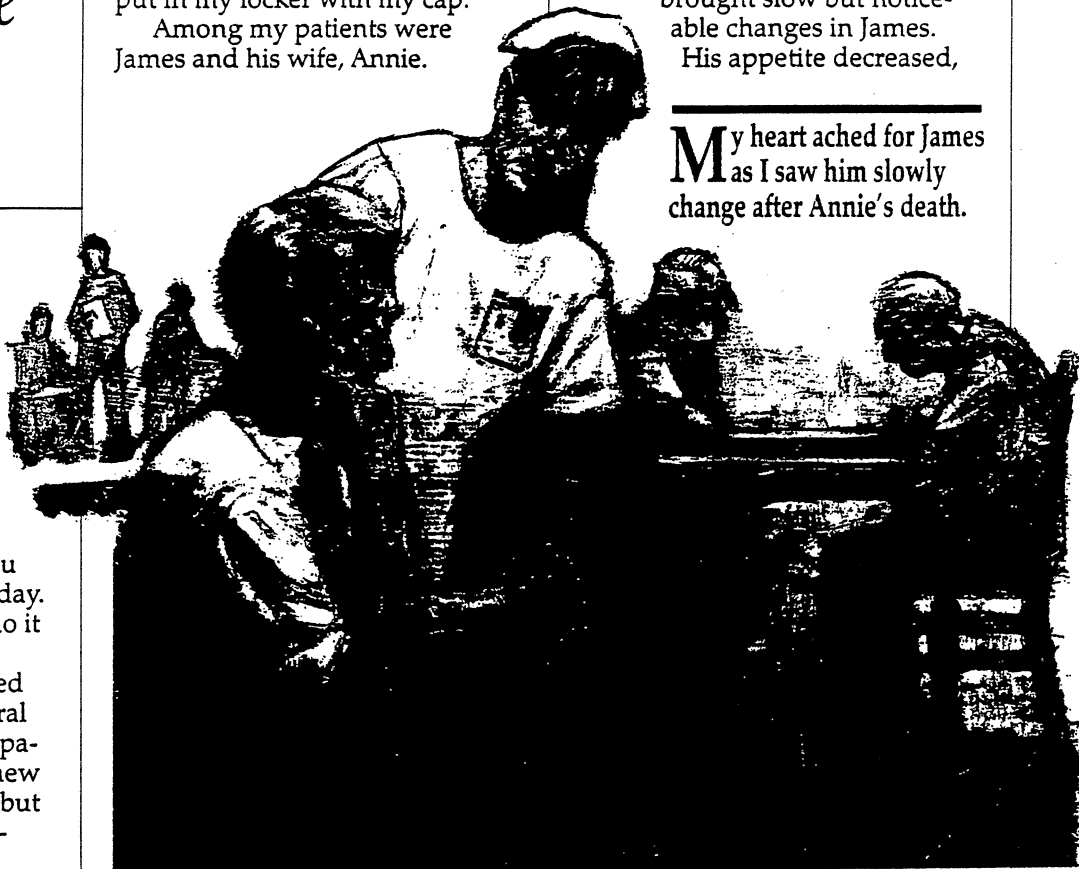
nursing-home checkers champ, he loved to sit by the nurses' station and visit with anyone who had time.

Some time later, Annie passed away. James was grief-stricken. In their sixty-five years of marriage, they had never spent an entire day apart from each other.

The next six months brought slow but noticeable changes in James.

His appetite decreased,

My heart ached for James as I saw him slowly change after Annie's death.



They had been in the facility for the last seven years. Sharing the same room, they were staff favorites.

Annie was frail and bedridden, often recognizing only James. James had no mental impairment but was a total invalid. Severe rheumatoid arthritis had kept him in a wheelchair for the last ten years. But he was pleasant, cheerful, and extremely grateful for small services rendered. The

and he didn't spend as much time at the nurses' station. Checker games no longer interested him. The nurses' aides frequently found him crying, but he refused to explain why.

One day I was changing a bandage on one of James's feet. The loneliness and grief in his eyes prompted me to ask how he was handling Annie's death. The tears began to flow and soon turned into sobs. I broke all my

self-imposed rules and put my arms around him. I held his shaking shoulders until he was able to speak.

He talked of Annie, of their son who died just two days after birth, of their life together. The memories flowed from the depths of his heart and soul. As I listened to his loneliness, my heart hurt. The thought crossed my mind that I was becoming too emotionally involved, but it quickly faded in the face of his anguish.

In spite of my strict policy against mixing work and religion, I found myself telling him about eternal families and assured him that Annie and their little son were happy and were waiting for him to rejoin them.

James was a religious man, but the concept of families being together forever was new to him. Yet he immediately grasped it and believed. He asked no specific questions; the simple truthfulness of what I explained was enough.

In the days that followed, I found myself trying to spend a few minutes each day with James. I learned more about his life with Annie and their children. He told me many of the stories over and over again, but for some reason I never tired of them.

Often, he would ask me to tell him again about eternal families. I realized my own testimony of that truth seemed to grow and strengthen each time I testified of it to him.

One day, James stopped the story he was telling me and said, "You love Jesus, don't you?" It was more of a statement than a question and caught me off guard. I had never mentioned my membership in the Church or spoken of the Savior. I nodded. "I knew you did," he

continued. "I can tell by the way you treat me."

Holding back the tears, I looked into the face of that sweet, kindly man and loved him in spite of my determination to never get involved.

About a month later—on my day off—James died. I cried when I found out, breaking yet another of my self-imposed rules. And the final rule I broke by attending his funeral.

I missed James a great deal, but knowing he was happy with Annie, I thought of him less and less as the months passed.

However, some time after his death, I suddenly began to think of James. I searched for the program from his funeral and was amazed to find it had been one year since his death—almost to the day. Into my mind and heart came a definite impression. James wanted me to send in his name so that baptism and temple ordinances could be performed in his and Annie's behalf.

I hesitated, thinking perhaps I was being led by my own personal desires, but the feelings persisted and intensified. Finally I filled out the forms, sending them along with a letter of explanation since James and I were unrelated. Once the forms were submitted, I felt a peaceful calm, and soon the thoughts of James faded.

A month later, I received a letter from the Family History Department informing me that permission had been granted for the work to be done and that the names would be sent to my family file at the Dallas Texas Temple. I wept at the news.

I wept again as I participated in the ordinance work for James and Annie. The most humbling and joyful moment came when I knelt at the altar in their behalf in order to allow them to be sealed

together, along with their son, for time and all eternity. Kneeling there, I recalled those sweet words, "You love Jesus, don't you?"

And I knew that James and Annie did, too. □

Marilynn Helf Barnes, a member of the Springfield Second Ward, Springfield Missouri Stake, serves as a stake missionary.

May & Herbert Berry: Their Child-Raising Years

by their daughter, Maree Berry Hamblin

My little sister Norma was born the 27th of February, 1917, at St. Johns Arizona. That same year, my parents, having just recovered from talking about the sinking of the Titanic in 1912, changed to long discussions about the great English hero called Lawrence of Arabia who had led the revolt against the Turks and had routed them from their long reign of terror over Arabia.

I was almost ten years old and would sit spellbound, listening to the old folks (we called anyone past their teens old) talk about world events. The bloody assassination of the Czar and his family had triggered the Russian Revolution, which resulted in the birth of communism. The events of 1917 changed the course of world history dramatically. It would never be the same again.

Norma was four months old when the United States declared war on Germany and rushed our boys to France. In those days there was no TV, no radio, and no outside news except the Sunday paper that Grandpa Whiting took. He kept us up on what was happening in the outside world. He could spot propaganda and kept everybody straight on that, for it was widespread and scary.

Evenings were spent with the family always talking, talking, talking about nothing but the war. The Uncles would come up to our house, or we would go down to hear what Grandpa had to say or had just read. The Germans were called Huns.

Being almost ten, and with my older sister, Effie, to keep me straight, I could understand very well what was going on. There was some consolation to hear them plan to retreat to the Homestead if the worst did happen. The Harris Cave was mentioned, if the Huns should come to get us, as a retreat from a retreat. That always made me feel good, as in those days, even people in St. Johns couldn't find the Homestead, let alone the Cave. It would be a difficult place for a strange wagon train to get to. For these were in a little lost valley that I thought only our family could find.

During 1917, our story hour changed from the classics and fairy tales that Mother told so well, to stories about the war. These would be true happenings of heroism, mostly about the French. Our boys, of course, led the list for heroism, and Generals Pershing and Haig were called of God, according to Mama.

But no matter how many stories Mama told us of the heroic deeds of the World War heroes, it didn't ease my worry. I didn't want Papa to be a hero of any kind. And to make things worse, Grandpa Whiting forgot all about those favorite stories of ours. Bricket Leg, Little Claus and Big Claus as well as the Wood Demon, were put to rest. In their place he told us about Kaiser Wilhelm and the Russian Revolution. The word communism had not yet been coined. He called them Bolsheviks. He could say the word with more hatred than could the great John Barrymore on stage.

Grandpa Whiting had it all pretty straight. We didn't touch much on the Russian history in school, even in college, so when I saw the movie, "Dr. Zhivago" about sixty years later, I recalled that Grandpa had told us all about that first attack on Red Square by the Bolsheviks. And the movie portrayed it just like he had told us it was.

I was old enough to realize the real dangers and the horrors that a war can bring. I knew also that it could happen anywhere. And, even though the big folks were always looking up scriptures for a measure of hope, someone would always bring up the counter-point that the word of God always depended on the righteousness of the people. And I had heard said many times, even before the war, that this was a very wicked world we were living in.

It seemed that the Lord must have helped in the planning of Norma's birth just to relieve the dark shadow that hung over us, the shadow that woke me up in the night and nagged at me during the day. She lit up my life like nothing else could have done. She was a sweet, sweet baby that seldom cried, and pretty as a picture.

Effie, Kay, Lee and I were all born in the little log cabin that Grandpa Berry had given our parents for a wedding present. But before Papa went to Chicago to study dentistry, he built in its place, a new cement brick house, and we were all very proud of it. It was in this new house that Norma was born.

Mama had really prepared everything for her coming. A new dining set from Sears, with fancy chairs, was round and sat upon lions claws. Everyone in town came to see it. She ordered a new rug for every room. The bed that Norma was born in was cast iron, painted white, with fancy curly cues on head and foot.

Papa made a chest for baby clothes and Mama lined it with white cloth printed with tiny rose buds. She also made a complete new set of baby clothes. We first four had worn out the ones she had made for Effie. Norma did wear the christening dress that we had all worn. It was very fancy with lace and tucks. But, I believe Mama cut it off, since long baby dresses suddenly went out of style, probably the war had caused the change.

Also, Norma was the first of the brood to be delivered by a real doctor. The first four had been brought forth by sweet little old Sister Sherwood, who had never heard of germs.

Uncle Frank did the honors, and as I remember, it was his first delivery, at least in St. Johns, for he was fresh out of medical school. Grandma Whiting assisted. She was impressed by the little white mattresses that Uncle Frank had directed Mama to make before her confinement, especially so they could be thrown away. These little pads were the first seen in St. Johns. The women who came to see the new baby marveled at them when Mama let them have a peek at her secret chest full.

Since neither Effie nor I had any idea as to their real function, we each borrowed one for our paper doll beds. It was some years later that I saw these little mattresses being sold over counters in little blue boxes in the big stores in California.

Before this time, I really didn't know much about such things, especially the period of waiting. The word pregnant wasn't used in polite society, and that meant in your own home either. "In a family way" was the only explanation I ever heard either of my parents use when referring to a pregnant woman, even after they were grandparents.

The Victorian era was still very much alive, and it didn't begin to die until well after the end of the first World

War. No lady would think of talking about having her baby, even to her best friends, until it had actually arrived. I saw Mama hide her sewing many times when her friends were at the door, since baby clothes would be a dead give-away. She never once mentioned the fact that she was expecting to us children. But somehow, I suspected something when Papa built a big fire in the potbellied store in their bedroom, then rushed us all down to Grandma Whiting's and Grandma rushed up to our house.

I don't remember when Kay was born. I do remember Lee. But when Mama uncovered his face, and Papa held me up to see him, I thought they were all fooling me, because they were laughing. And for a long time, I thought Mama had cousin Mabel in that bed, for I had had no idea of this coming event. But when Norma was born, I got the full impact of a new baby in the house, and I never recovered from the thrill of it. I was old enough to hold her and to really enjoy her. She lit up all of our lives.

Norma was about six months old when we moved to Prescott. Papa had passed the Arizona dental board and Dr. Blaine of Prescott, who was on the Dental Board, had watched him work during exams, and had offered him a permanent partnership. Papa rented us a beautiful house up on a hill that overlooked the whole city.

We loved this place with all its fine furniture, which included everything from silverware to linens, doilies, bedding, and leather tuft parlor seats. There was a nursery on the second floor. It was carpeted in pale green, with bookshelves all along one wall and stuffed with childrens' books. I spent hours there with Norma, showing her the pictures and letting her look out the windows and play on the three padded window seats. It was a delightful place to take and entertain a baby sister, especially if you loved your baby sister as much as I loved mine.

It was a cold winter that year, but Papa saw to it that the coal furnace was always glowing. Soon it was Christmas. Effie and I got our first ugly dolls from Santa that year, and Mama had a hard time explaining to us that Santa had always gotten Germany to help him make his dolls, but this year the war was on, and he had to depend on America. It didn't quite make sense to me, but I really began to appreciate my old dolls that were made in Germany. We soon had to play that our new dolls had the measles, since their faces spotted when we tried to wash them.

Norma got a teddy bear, the first we had ever seen. Mama explained that it was a new toy, and had been named in honor of Teddy Roosevelt, the great president and great hunter. During those days, everyone appreciated his killing all those terrible lions, bears, and tigers. We thought him a great hero even for just protecting us children from all those terrible wild animals.

One night, Papa decided to take Mama to the show. It was starring Ethel Barrymore, and she was considered too brazen for young eyes to behold. With Effie in charge, we kids decided to play Rook, our favorite game. Half way through one of many hands, we heard a terrible noise coming from the basement. We froze. I thought of Teddy Roosevelt. He hadn't gotten all the terrible animals after all. And the noise sounded just like a mountain lion. (We had never heard one, but our imaginations told us that it was the way lions should sound.) The sound continued.

Effie was the first to move. She slid off her chair and onto her knees. We all followed, and she said a very quick prayer. for our safety. Then she gave the command to get on our coats and meet her at the front

door. She ran upstairs to get Norma, who was asleep. I always admired her for that act of courage, since she didn't even take time to turn on the light. She met us at the front door and with Norma swathed in a heavy blanket, she lead the way to safety.

Safety was Papa--and Papa was at the movies with Mama--and that was a good twelve blocks away. But we made it, dragging our long shoe laces behind us. Effie wouldn't let us stop to lace our high-topped shoes.

When we reached the lighted theater, we were not so scared. Effie located our model T Ford, and we all climbed in, but not until we had gaped at the posters of the great Ethel Barrymore and her low-necked dresses. Mama always kept a flannel-lined quilt in the back seat of the car. Kay and Lee snuggled down and were soon asleep. Effie and I sat and wondered about the show that the Great Ethel was in, and hoped that some day we would be old enough to see one of her shows. Norma slept through the whole thing.

When Mama caught sight of her brood in the car, she almost lost her cool, for she thought the house had surely burned down, or something just as dreadful. But when we related our horror story, Papa laughed, then confessed that he should have told us that that very evening, Dr. Blaine had asked him to care for his hunting hound while he was away for a few days. I have never liked hound dogs since that night. And many times I wished that Teddy Roosevelt would rid the world of those terrible dogs that scare little children.

One day, Kay and Lee came down with the measles, and soon Norma followed. None of them seemed very sick, and soon they were all well again. But, Norma had a relapse, and became very, very sick. When her throat glands began to swell, the Doctor became really worried. He was also concerned that she might lose her hearing.

As soon as Papa came home from the office each day, he would take Norma in his arms and ask her where the little kittens were. She couldn't yet talk, and she was in a miserable condition with her throat swollen terribly, and her eyes watery with fever. But she would always smile at Papa and point to a long picture above the dining room entrance of six little kittens playing with a big ball of yarn. That picture was Papa's greatest comfort for as long as she would point, he knew she could still hear.

Days went on, and Norma still did not get better. The doctor stopped giving false hope. Mama only let her baby out of her arms when Papa came home.

When her baby kept getting worse, Mama just went to pieces, and Papa phoned Uncle Frank, who was still in St. Johns. Uncle Franks said he would do what he could, so Papa loaded us all in the car, and we moved hurriedly back to our St. Johns home. We left most of our things behind for Papa to store, for he was to return to work in Prescott, but would return to St. Johns as often as he could.

Grandma Whiting and one of the Uncles met us at Holbrook in the middle of the night. We stayed at a hotel that night, and Mama and Papa slept while Grandma walked the floor all night with Norma, giving them the first good night's sleep they had had in weeks.

When we arrived in St. Johns the next day, Uncle Frank took over. He spent hours, from then on, over Norma. He just wouldn't give her up. The whole town was praying for our little baby.

One day, Uncle Frank told Papa that he would have to operate, it was her only chance. Papa prepared Mama as best he could, and they all went down to Grandma Whiting's, where the surgery took place on the kitchen table. Mama wasn't allowed in the house, so she just walked and walked through the orchard and the garden

and the barnyard. I didn't dare speak to her, but it seemed like a long time before she went back in the house.

Since Norma survived the surgery, Uncle Frank was very hopeful for her recovery. I never asked if she had been given anesthetic, since chloroform was all they had, and I doubt she could have survived that in her weakened condition. I didn't want to know and Mama never mentioned it. The operation consisted of lancing under her throat in four different places. Uncle Frank did a real neat job, for the scars were barely visible. After the operation, Norma didn't cry any more. She slept most of the time for weeks, but we all felt she would soon be well like other babies.

We moved back to Prescott, into another house closer to town. It wasn't as fancy, but it was a lot handier for Mama to shop and for us kids to get to school.

We were somewhat back to a normal family life when the Spanish influenza swept through the nation. Mama was the first to come down with it. Schools closed. Everything else closed but the grocery store, and they were only open a few hours a day.

Papa moved all of our beds down in our big front room, where he made his hospital. Everyone in the family came down with the flu, but Papa. I guess the Lord wanted our family preserved, and Papa did a find job seeing to that.

Others were not as fortunate, for every day the big black hearse would drive past our house taking away our friends and neighbors. I was in the sixth grade by then, and had admired a very handsome big eighth grade boy from afar. He lived on our block, and I watched him play ball in the street many times, not daring to even speak to him. When Papa told me he had died, I couldn't imagine it. His death was very hard for me to bear.

Norma seemed to take the flu better than anyone had hoped. I had the lightest case, so was soon up to help Papa take care of the others.

One night about midnight, the siren went on. It just kept wailing away. Those old type of siren could really wail—they were always more scary than were the fires or other dangers. When the siren didn't stop, Papa got up, dressed, and went to town to find out what the matter was. Back then, you couldn't make a phone call after six p.m. He ran all the way back home to tell us that the war was over and the armistice had been signed. That day was called Armistice Day. Now called Veteran's day, it doesn't seem to mean much to kids these days, but it does to me. For I shall never, never forget that night and the joy and relief it meant to everyone old enough to realize what it meant to the whole world.

The flu began to wane. Norma had survived, but the doctor thought she was too frail, and told the folks that if they wanted a healthy child, they must move her to a milder climate. Within a month, Papa had located a practice partnership he could buy in Mesa, and we moved there. I had mixed emotions about leaving Prescott, school and all my friends. But knowing it might help my darling little sister, I just put it all behind me.

Within a few months after we moved to Mesa, with her baby showing definite signs of gaining strength, Mama began to be her old self again. Papa bought a little house with a big irrigation ditch in back and the biggest cottonwood tree in town. We kids spent the entire summer in the water under that tree. The house wasn't what we were used to, but we loved the informality of the place. Helen was born in this house.

The next year, Papa bought a house just two blocks from the new temple site. It was in this house that Dean was born.

Helen remembers those years well. *"When I was about five years old, I was walking home from kindergarten when I passed my cousin's house. Louise, about my age, was playing in a ditch bank. As she saw me, she called out, 'Hey, Helen, you mother just had a baby.' This was the first I knew anything about the expected baby. Women kept things so secret in those days. I went home to find the most adorable little round faced, pink-cheeked baby boy I had ever seen. This was Dean, my third brother, and the last in the family.*

"I had an almost perfect early childhood. We lived in a sturdy grey stone house...on a large lot with blackberries, pomegranets and chickens in the back yard. We kept a cow, Daisy, and grew a garden. Cousins lived just a block away. Everyone respected my father. He was a successful Dentist. Someone once said, 'If you can't get along with Herbert, you can't get along with anyone.'

"My mother was also good natured, optimistic, and pleasant, but more outgoing. She took charge of the family and was the parent we looked to for a yes or a no. She didn't make too many rules. She gave us a lot of freedom, but was extremely firm when it came to the important things. She demanded obedience. Although she never punished me, I grew up just knowing that I had better obey her. She never raised her voice. When she wanted to impress us or correct us, she came close to us and whispered. But in spite of this strictness, she gave us the freedom to do many things other children could not do. It was a kind of trust and confidence she had in her children that they had good sense.

"We attended the public swimming pools as a family, had picnics afterwards, plenty of watermelons, cantaloupes, grapes, dates and figs. My parents invited their friends over for Rook parties and they let me stay up late to watch the older folks play. There was plenty of homemade ice cream and plenty of fun."

In 1926, our parents sold out, and moved to Utah. Just before they moved, they stopped in St. Johns to attend my wedding. One month later, my husband and I saw them briefly when we went there to go through the temple. They were disenchanted with Utah and returned to Arizona, settling in Phoenix less than two years later. Here, they bought a big home on 13th street, built a duplex, and bought another one next door. Dad rented a beautiful suite of rooms on the 7th floor of the Luhrs building in downtown Phoenix, and his practice soon flourished.

Their first grandchild, my daughter, Joycell, was born. Kay went to Africa on a mission, Lee went to Brazil on his, and my husband and I went to Hawaii to assist the Mission President, serving as Mission Parents on the Island of Hawaii. It was 1929, the stock market crash took its toll, and then the country entered the long, dark depression.

By the time we returned from Hawaii with Joycell, and our second child, Leilani, Mother and Dad had reached the bottom, financially, and had lost everything they had. Dad traded his practice for one in Holbrook, and when I went down the first time to see them, they had rented an old warehouse behind Schusters' Store. They had partitioned it off for a combination office and home.

When I first saw them there, I hardly knew what to say. Here were my parents who had always had things going for them, dead broke without enough to rent decent living quarters. The front room was raw adobe with no windows. Mother was bend over a little stove, loaned to them by a relative. She was pulling out a big batch of

fresh bread, and the room smelled like home... 'Well, Mother, how are you. How do you feel about all that has happened?' She was tearing me off a chunk of hot bread and buttering it for me. As she handed it to me, she smiled and said, 'I feel just like a new bride. We're starting all over again. It feels kind of romantic.' A moment later, Dad came in. I asked him the same question. 'Well, its like a snake losing its old skin. It feels kinda good.'

Moving to Holbrook was especially hard on Norma, Helen and Dean. These last three children still living at home were hard put to adjust to living in an adobe cave on the wrong side of town, with Mother and Dad gone during the week in their traveling dental office. But they took it better than most would have done, and it wasn't long before Dad was on his financial feet again. But while they lived behind his first dental office in Holbrook, a very strange thing happened.

Norma and Helen were both very good and experienced at sewing their own clothes. Helen had made a dress when she was eight, and Norma was not much older when she made her first one. Neither of them were tempted to buy dresses. They loved designing and sewing their own. And, Mother had always let us girls have all of the material we could sew. We always had to finish a dress before we could buy cloth for the next one. At this particular time, together they had a very large closet stuffed full of lovely dresses, school, party, evening--they both had a nice collection of clothes that they had designed and made. Both had very good figures and were a joy to sew for in the first place. Mother had a special clothes closet built for them in the bedroom that they shared.

One day, the whole family had gone somewhere for the day. Upon their return, the girls couldn't believe what they saw. All of their clothes were hanging neatly on their hangars, but each one of those lovely dresses had been slashed to ribbons with a sharp knife. Mother called the sheriff, but the mystery was never solved. The only conclusion the sheriff could come to was that someone was jealous of the new competition in so small a town. However the whole thing never made sense to any of our family.

Effie went to school in Tempe, and at BYU. She attended Business College, where she became a secretary. She met Bill Ellsworth, who had been one of Kay's missionary companions, and they were married in 1934.

Just a few months later, Kay and Elizabeth were married. Lee and Virginia were married in 1936. Kay went to dental school, and Lee went to medical school.

Mother's health had never been good since the birth of her stillborn twins. When World War II was declared, Dad moved Mother to Lynwood, California so that she would be near her specialist.

There were many happy times in the house on Long Beach Boulevard they built next to Dad's dental office. Their house was a lovely place with deep red velvet drapes, Chinese rugs and plenty of room for guests. We all remember the Thanksgiving Dinner when we sat down to Mother's table, set with her best china and pink crystal, everything in place except the turkey. But when Dad went to do the honors, he found the bird was raw. Mother had forgotten to turn on the gas oven. Instead of going into hysterics, Mother laughed and sent to the corner shop for 30 hamburgers, 30 orders of fries and 30 milk shakes.

While they lived in Lynwood, the war was on in full force, Dean enlisted in the Navy, Lee joined the Medical Corps in the Army, Jack joined the Army and Jack and Joycell were married. Aubrey and Helen married, and

lived nearby while Aubrey was in dental college. Effie and Bill lived in San Bernardino. Norma worked as a secretary in Lynwood.

In 1947 our parents were called on a mission to the Central States, where Dad served as first counselor under his cousin and brother-in-law, Dr. Frank Brown. Mother served as supervisor of the mission YWMIA. By that time, Norma was married to Randy and Dean was back from the service, on his way to becoming a doctor.

Mother did more than her share of church work through the years. She had been Primary President in Mesa, Relief Society President in Phoenix, Holbrook and Lynwood. She often served in the MIA. Many came to her for counsel, and she gave freely of her time and talents.

Dad had been a missionary, a sheepman, a cowman, a teacher, a lumberman, and a dentist. He had been chased by Indians, and had ridden in the Pony Express. He had been the perfect husband and father. He had led a full life and had released thousands from pain.

My parents left a legacy of self-discipline, fond memories, and a sense of humor. Those qualities have built up my life.

FAMILY ADDRESSES - by family groups, with direct descendants first.

EFFIE'S FAMILY

Ellsworth, Lynn and Jamie	Box 776	Eager	AZ 85925 602-333-2962
Ellsworth, Luke and Liz	204 A North 72nd Avenue	Yakima	WA 98908 509-956-3474
Kitchen, Effie & Brent	37 North 800 East	American Fork	UT 84003 801-756-1689
Pugmire, Esther & Lindsay	9909 North Black Mesa Trail	Tucson	AZ 85741 602-579-7661
Eakins, Amy & Robert	1410 Morningside Drive #7	Janesville	WI 53546 608-755-1116
Ellsworth, Paul & Kathy	82 North 800 West	Provo	UT 84604 801-373-6715
Ellsworth, Susan	Box 1075 55-220 Kulanui Street	Laie	HI 96762 808-293-3221
Ellsworth, Gary & Charleene	P. O. Box 7074	Salt Lake City	UT 84120 804-964-8150
Ward Elaine & Richard	206 Haystack Lane	Wilmington	DE 19807 302-428-0725
Hardy, Julie & Jon	221 West 1260 South	Orem	UT 84058 801-226-3111
Pearson, Jenny & Doug	Unit 25202	APO	AE 09079
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Gwartney, Elder Nathan	Pohang PO Box 25	790-600 Korea	
Gwartney, Sarah	545 S. 2nd E. #503	Rexburg	ID 83440 208-359-5953

MAREE'S FAMILY

Cooper, Jack & Joycell	103 W. Main	Pierce City	MO 65723 417-476-5724
Falls, Janice & Jerome	500 Walnut	Pierce City	MO 65723 417-476-5494
Falls, Brett	500 Walnut	Pierce City	MO 65723
Willard, Heather & Dean	Rt. 1 Box 23	Crane	MO 65663 417-723-5583
Falls, Garrett	Rt. 1 Box 1247	Golden	MO 65658
Eakins, Amy & Robert	1410 Morningside Drive #7	Janesville	WI 53546 608-755-1116
McMillen, Brenna & Austin	Rt. 1 Box 568	Brookline	MO 65619 417-864-7275
Cooper, Marty & Susan	201 Stayton	Clinton	MO 65735 816-885-8009
Cooper, Shawn & Linda	7046 Lime Grove Way	Fair Oaks	CA 95628 916-863-7012
Cooper, Lance & Cathy	2911 Schaffer	Las Vegas	NV 89121
Hubbard, Angela & Rory	1514 Kentucky	Joplin	MO 64801 417-782-1206
Cooper, Sister Vaylene	1070 Hiline Road 320	Pocatello	ID 83201
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Helf, Kellie	P.O. Box 22136	Juneau	AK 99802
Helf, Kim	P. O. Box 34552	Juneau	AK 99803
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Hamblin, Leo & Michele	8648 S. 300 W.	Sandy	UT 84070 801-562-8856
Hamblin, Daylynn & Lori	5205 E. Courtland Blvd #400	Flagstaff	AZ 86004 602-527-3958
Hamblin, Tim & Victoria	Rt. 1 Box 98B	Inola	OK 74036 918-543-8496
Larson, Jeannine & Keith	289 North 2nd West	Snowflake	AZ 85937 602-536-4000
Larson, Shane & Adrienne	665 East 100 North (Apt. 4)	Logan	UT 84321 801-750-5029
Larson, Troy and Jennifer	289 North 2nd West	Snowflake	AZ 85937 602-536-4000
Braddy, Jennifer & Kent	289 N. 2nd West	Snowflake	AZ 85937 602-536-4000
Larson, Brian & Melinda	703 West 400 West	Orem	UT 84057 801-223-9567
Larson, Darin & Angela	221 North Street (Apt. C)	Salt Lake City	UT 84103 801-539-8616
Vogl, Amy & Tim	703 400 West	Orem	UT 84057 801-223-9567
Rogers, Margaret & Chris	289 North 2nd West	Snowflake	AZ 85937 602-536-4000

KAY'S FAMILY

Berry, Elizabeth H.	172 East 4635 North	Provo	UT 84604
Berry, David & Sharon	3554 Ryan Drive	Escondido	CA 92025 619-480-7379
Watkins, Cindy & Brian	610 Country Oak Road	San Dimas	CA 91773 909-592-1291
Lundin, Julie & Kent	345 W. 200 S.	Provo	UT 84601 801-373-8002
Smyth, Stacey & Stephen	141 South 500 West	Provo	UT 84601 801-371-0671
Berry, Michelle	1850 North University #313	Provo	UT 84604 801-371-6894
Hunter, Louine & John	1190 El Toro Road	Ojai	CA 93023 805-646-3240
Hunter, Robert & Kenna	2308 S. 2100 E.	Salt Lake City	UT 84109 801-583-3081

Hunter, Steve and Tracy	3318 Lucian Avenue	San Jose	CA 95127 408-259-6609
Hunter, Scott & Kristy	1190 El Toro Road	Ojai	CA 93023 805-654-0121
Hunter, David and Amy	443 West 700 North	Provo	UT 34604 801-374-1774
Hunter, Dan	75 North 1250 East	Provo	UT 84684 801-374-1187
Hunter, Jim & Kathy	851 North 600 West #5	Provo	UT 34604 801-374-1187
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Berry, Greg	783 North 200 East Apt. C	Provo	UT 84606
Berry, Elder Patrick	1335 Bel-red Road #103	Bellview	WA 98005
Berry, Kristie	129 Viking Drive #216	Rexburg	ID 83440
Byers, Rosalee & Dennis	648 Lake Drive	North Muskegon	MI 49445 616-744-6158
Pintor, Tiffany & Gene	55-054 Naupaka St, APO AP, 96319-3522	Laie	HI 96762
Byers, Melanie	200 Lenox Rd. N.E. #E 211	Atlanta	GA 30324
Byers, Jeff	648 Lake Drive	N. Muskegon	MI 49445 404-740-1477
Tanner, Julie	51 North 700 West	Orem	UT 84057
Tanner, Lisa	129 Viking Drive #216	Rexburg	ID 83440
Berry, Doug	172 East 4635 North	Provo	UT 84604
LEE'S FAMILY			
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Arbuckle, Jean	902 Banbury Court	McLean	VA 22102 703-821-8238
Arbuckle, Chris	604 N. Howard 403	Alexandria	VA 22304 703-823-8930
Arbuckle, Jeff & Patty	117 Central Avenue	Wilmington	DE 19720 302-994-0763
Arbuckle, Eric	902 Banbury Court	McLean	VA 22102 703-821-8238
Berry, Steve and Judi	5436 Ashleigh Road	Fairfax	VA 22030 703-815-3396
Berry, Stephanie	4 East 700 North 6	Provo	UT 84606 801-373-1742
Berry, Annette	758 East 900 North #109	Provo	UT 84606 801-375-2688
Berry, David L.	208-F Helaman Halls	Provo	UT 84604 801-371-5468
Felsted, Patricia	1387 East Longsdale	Sandy	UT 84070 801-571-1104
Luke, Bob & Eileen	6365 NE 193rd Place	Seattle	WA 98155 206-481-0764
Luke, Sister Jennifer	Rua7 deSetembro No590 2o Andar	14010-180Rib.Preto	SP Brasi
Luke, Juliann Luke	1849 North 200 West #333	Provo	UT 84604
NORMA'S FAMILY			
Rice, Diana & Roger	2047 Essenay Ave	Walnut Creek	CA 94596 510-939-3272
Rice, Stephanie	770 North University #4	Provo	UT 84606 801-374-9798
Rice, Michael & Emily	524 North 600 West	Provo	UT 84604 801-377-7921
Rice, Randy	1565 North University #123	Provo	UT 84604 801-370-2148
Larsen, Barry & JoAnn	5542 Fleetwood Drive	Citrus Heights	CA 95621 916-967-8391
Larsen, Julianne	P.O. Box 20218	Jerusalem 91196	Israel
Middleton, Bonnie & Chuck	173 East 1864 South	Orem	UT 84058 801-224-5289
Fife, Randy & Christa	4063 West 9880 North	Cedar Hills	UT 84063 801-785-0217
Fife, Brad & Susanne	29084 Palm View	Lake Elsinore	CA 92537 909-245-9861
HELEN'S FAMILY			
Andelin, Helen & Aubrey	P.O. Box 2918	Mesa	AZ 85234 602-545-9101
Andelin, Lane & Darlene	140 S. Jameston	Springfield	MO 65809 417-882-8407
Andelin, Brian	1700 East Lakeside Dr. #30	Gilbert	AZ 85234 602-892-7065
Andelin, Sister Karina	50 East North Temple Pouch	Salt Lake City	UT 84150
Andelin, Tami	1850 North University Apt 110	Provo	UT 84604
Andelin, Helena & Family	2553 Beverly Street	Salt Lake City	UT 84106
Forsyth, Dixie & Bob	475 E. Kingsbury	Springfield	MO 65809 417-882-8393
Torres, Matt & Tiffany	301 West 500 North	Logan	UT 84601
Hales, Kristine & Steve	13323-J Shepard Drive	Sterling	VA 20164 703-378-5853
Smith, Katie & Matt	970 West 700 North	Provo	UT 84601
Andelin, John & Cindy	RR #3, Box 626	Williston	ND 58801 701-774-0237
Leavitt, Ginny & Robert	Rt. 1, Box 592	Pierce City	MO 65723 417-476-5407
Andelin, Paul & Judy	Rt. 1 Box 953	Pierce City	MO 65723 901-837-2865
Saunders, Merilee & Craig	8626 E. Starlight Way	Scottsdale	AZ 85253 602-941-4802
DEAN'S FAMILY			
Berry, Dean & Beverly	2028 South Claremont	Fresno	CA 93727 209-251-2550
Wood, Anna & Bruce	11100 Burywood Lane	Reston	VA 22094 703-430-7321
Berry, Jonathan	1932 Meyer Place B-2	Costa Mesa	CA 92627 714-548-6624
Mitterling, Karen & Brent	Rt. 1 Box 926	Fort Trevorton	PA 17864
Berry, Matt & Juana	24 Ken 3jo6 chome 3-22 Apt 205	Nishi-Ku Sapporo	063 Japan
Berry, Mark & Lynne	2028 S. Claremont	Fresno	CA 93727
Berry, Brent & Laurlynn	2133 East Stanwick Road #12	Salt Lake City	UT 84121 801-942-1325
EXTENDED FAMILY			
Berry, Lydia, Leroy, Marjorie Lewellen	2910 N. 60th Drive	Phoenix	AZ 85033 602-247-2972
Berry, Lorna and Carolyn	2922 E. Willetta	Phoenix	AZ 85008 602-275-5310
Magee, Correnne	Box 1337	Snowflake	AZ 85937