

# The Berry Patch

News & History of the Herbert & May Berry Family  
June 1995

## INDEX

Family News.....	2
Larsen news article.....	7
Hubbard news article.....	8
Herbert Berry, in his own words.....	9
Address List.....	15
Reunion Insert.....	tan pages
<b>Subscription envelope enclosed</b>	

## 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 newsletter yourself. We continue to mail to families and adult singles.

## Why isn't this magazine bound or even stapled?

Each issue comes ready to insert in a 3-ring binder. Enjoy each issue right after you have put it in your Binder!

## From the Editor

The final preparations for publishing our family news have pulled me back into the warmth and sunshine of my childhood as I study the personal writings of my Grandpa, Herbert Berry. I am amazed to learn new details about him, for example that Grandpa was delivered by his own grandmother, a mid-wife, and that he was kidnapped at age 4 and recued by his father, and that he learned to play his famous mandolin at age 10.

Some of the words echo as I remember hearing many of them

directly from Grandpa, and yet now that I am older, I notice so much more about this kind man who has influenced me so much. I notice how carefully he records the statistics of his family, each notation a beloved part of his heritage. His humor is laced throughout the paragraphs, as is his penchant for scientific detail.

In gathering family data, I get to speak with many members of Herbert and May Berry's family over the phone, several generations' worth. These are moments I cherish very much, and find hard to explain as my husband scans our phone bill. Yet, as much as I love the phone calls, letters mean even more to me.

As I type the family news, I am reminded of how interwoven our lives become when we care about each other, and take the time to stay in touch. My dear cousin Elaine Ward and I are startled to find that we have not only the past in common, but the present. We each have a son just starting summer school this month, and Eric and Chris are on the same floor of Deseret Towers (& together, they met Eileen Luke's daughter at orientation.) We each have weddings to plan this summer. We each have four return missionary children. We each will have four children at BYU this fall, and one at Ricks College. Our husbands are both High Priest Group Leaders. Elaine's son Matthew serves in a mission near my home, and I am thrilled to meet this fine young Elder who represents our family in the mission field. Elaine's son George and my daughter Stephanie began teaching the same day at the MTC, and recognize each other and become friends. These rich experiences shared experience come as a direct result of our efforts to write letters for our Berry Patch.

I think of my cousin Marilyn Barnes who I so admire, and who knows how to lift my spirits. Our friendship is nourished mostly by writing, with a few phone calls thrown in. We understand the adversities in each others' lives.

Frederick Waterman explains the value of family letters in the November 94 issue of Hemisphere magazine. He says, "Our letters are the cycle of life, births, school, jobs, marriages, grandchildren, retirement, and infirmities...this is our family history--a diary with annual entries.

"The 1990's aren't designed for reflection. There's too much to do with E-mail, faxes, and telephones to answer. But once a year, each relative has to slow down, pull off to the side, and look into the rear-view mirror for awhile. What has been done? What has been passed? What was missed on the way? And as we write about what we've seen, we end up telling who we are."

Let's keep on keeping in touch, by enjoying the Berry Reunion in August, and by continuing to update each other in The Berry Patch!

-Diana Rice

## THANK YOU TO:

**JoAnn Larsen**, for typing our history pages. **Roger Rice**, who helped put everything in the right places and added classy formatting touches. **Randy Fife** for locating and sending in the information on Herbert Berry. **Dave and Sharon Berry** for organizing the reunion information.

Everyone who contributed information for the family news section!

## **Effie's Family**

### **Lynn and Jamie Ellsworth:**

#### **Luke & Elizabeth Ellsworth**

1994 was a good year for us. In January, I accepted a great job offer as a bank auditor in Rock Springs, Wyoming, so in February, we packed up our things and moved to Rock Springs from Yakima, Washington. In June, we were able to buy our first home, in a quaint neighborhood that may soon be listed on the National Register of Historical Places. Liz is busily involved in being a stay-at-home Mom, a job she really loves most of the time. **Isaac** (5) started kindergarten this year, really loves it, and is beginning to read. **Nicholas** (3) recently graduated from Nursery to Primary, and **Emily** (1) is a busy toddler who can't resist our kitchen cupboards. We had a great summer this past year exploring the area around us, including the Wind River mountain range and the Flaming Gorge area.

#### **Lindsay & Esther Pugmire**

We just moved to St. George, Utah from Tucson, AZ. Lindsay is working as a Physical Therapist in Hurricane, UT. He is the P.T. Director at Zions Care Center. Esther stays busy being a mom, and she also does medical transcription in her home. **Kylie** is 4 1/2 and looks forward to kindergarten this fall. She loves to talk and play. She really misses her friends from Tucson but hopefully she'll make new friends here in St. George! **Ashley** turned two on March 20. She loves to tease her big sister and looks forward to potty training soon. (Well, maybe just her parents do.) **Marissa Rose** was born October 13, 1994. Her big accomplishment is rolling over. We look forward to having her sleep through the night. [this letter was written in February] We are trying to sell our home in Tucson. When that

happens, we hope to buy a home here in St. George!

#### **Richard & Elaine Ward**

are wondering how to stay afloat with 4 children attending BYU, and one on a mission! Tread steadily, I suppose. After serving as Relief Society President for 3 years, (minus 2 months) Elaine was released January 1. She started teaching Primary on the same day she was released (the 10 year olds). She is happy with her new calling. Richard is staying busy with his profession as a radiologist at the HMO Health Care Center in Newark, Delaware. He is the High Priest Group leader in our ward.

**Julie and Jon Hardy** had their 5th child on May 17th, 1994, **Benjamin Quinten Hardy**. Julie and Jon bought a cute little fixer-upper built in the 1930's in Spanish Fork, Utah. Jon, who is very handy, redid the electrical wiring that was antique. He made some interesting discoveries between the walls Jon is very involved in re-structuring the Cannon Center at Helaman Halls. Julie is happy to be a stay at home Mom. **Aimee** just completed 1st grade. **Christina** loves to sing. She sang a solo in Sacrament Meeting (at age 3). **Benjamin** brings lots of joy.

**Jenny and Doug Pearson** will soon be leaving the State Department in Frankfurt, Germany where he has also been teaching early morning seminary in their apartment. Jenny has been Young Women's President and secretary to the Church European Area Presidency there. They have enjoyed traveling around Europe on three day weekends. The Pearsons will move to Pittsburgh, where Doug will study law at DuCayne University.

**George Ward** is home from BYU for the summer, working as a waiter at 2

restaurants, one of which was built in the 1700s and has continually been in business since then. He is hoping to graduate from BYU in December, 1995. During the school year he teaches at the MTC and does volunteer Emergency work at the American Fork Hospital. He is majoring in international relations.

**Steven Ward** is also home from BYU and is employed as a driver for the Cancer Federation pick-up. This year he has been a Resident Assistant at Helaman Halls. It can be punishing work at times, but he mostly has enjoyed befriending those on his floor, one of whom is Alexander Barabanov, from Moscow, Russia, who lived with us for 2 years in Delaware. Steve is majoring in Civil Engineering.

**Melissa Ward** just completed spring semester at BYU and will soon be married to **Jason White** from Baltimore, Md. in the Washington D.C. Temple on July 15th. Melissa has been living with a super cousin, **Sarah Gwartney**. Melissa is in her third year of college and is majoring in Horticulture.

**Elder Matthew Ward** will miss his twin sister's wedding, as he is serving a mission in Sacramento California Hmong mission. The Hmongs are refugees from the Vietnam mountains. They were some of our greatest allies during the war in Vietnam. Matt says they are very humble--they treat the missionaries with great respect and appreciation. A recent highlight was a dinner appointment at Barry and JoAnn Larsen's home--lots of relatives were there because of **Elder Keith Larsen's** mission farewell. Thank you, Larsens, for your gracious hospitality.

**Eric Ward** is the seventh of the Ward kids to graduate from the same

High School. (School Officials say that is a first.) Eric was on the cross country team and the Senior Board, was in a play and worked part time getting ready for college. He got his Eagle, then he was off to BYU where he just started the summer term. He will have a brief intermission from his studies for Melissa's wedding.

### **Maree's Family**

#### **Jack & Joycell Cooper**

The bad news is that Jack and I are one year older--the good news is that he's 6 months older than me! There has been a lot going on in the Cooper Clan. We have been called to work in the Dallas Temple one week out of the month and a more wonderful calling we've never had. Jack is retiring from his practice, but our church callings and community projects doesn't leave much idle time. I've been asked by the Pierce City heads that be to write a melodrama about the founding of the town for Howdy Neighbor Days in August (a week before the reunion!) I accepted, but warned them that there would be no truth in it at all. My heroine is Penelope Pierce, who's father owns the railroad and loses the deeds to the land along the track to Lakin LaRue in a crooked card game. My hero is Carlton VonCity, and when they marry in the end that is how the town got the name of Pierce City! We are both in good health and, except for our bodies, feel like we are still 35. I'll give you a run down on the family in case they don't get around to writing. **Janice and Jerome Falls** are fine. She still works for attorney David Vandagriff and is Stake Primary President. Their kids are all close by except for **Amy** who married **Kyle Blade** in the San Diego Temple (he's from California) and then moved to Sandy, Utah. **Heather and Dean Willard** have a little son, **Dalton**. Heather is in the Aurora branch Relief Society. **Brenna and**

**Austin McMillin** live outside Springfield. **Brett Falls** lives with his little son in a little town near by. **Garrett Falls** is getting his affairs in order so he can start school. **Mariah Falls** graduated from high school in May. She was a cheerleader, on the student council and involved in all kinds of things that kids that age have the energy to do.

**Martin Cooper** is still the branch president in Clinton, Mo. He works for the city as Financial Planner, or something like that. His job is to entice industry to Clinton, and he's really been successful up to now. They had their 4th, a little girl, **Michaela Cooper**, over a year ago, and that makes 3 girls and 1 boy. **Susan Cooper** is going to school to get her degree in Education--she only had 3 semesters left and decided if she didn't get it now she never would. So, juggling college, 4 children, and helping her husband take care of the branch keeps her busy.

**Shawn and Linda Cooper** are in Sacramento, California. He works in San Luis Obispo as Public Relations Executive, and oversees all the information concerning the news media on the Mt. Diablo Nuclear Power Plant. He wears 3 beepers and is on call 24 hours a day--even when home on weekends. He's been on TV several times, and in the newspapers. Their three children are doing very well. **Chris Cooper** turned 17 in May, and has a 4.3 grade point average. He was on the varsity basketball team this year, and his lots of friends. **Corey Cooper**, 15, still excels in swimming, and while her grandparents think she will be in the Olympics someday, her parents just want her to get scholarships so she can pay her way through college. She is also a 4.0 student. **Casey Cooper**, 12, is great in football, good

in school, and is the social butterfly of the area. Everyone likes Casey--they just can't help it.

**Lance and Kathy Cooper** had twins in July, **Evan and Hannah**. and along with 4 year old **Dane**, they have a wonderful, if busy, little family. Lance works two jobs--teaching science at Chaparral High in Las Vegas, coaching and working nights at the Gold Coast Casino at the Reservation Desk in the Lobby. They are landscaping their new home so they can put it up for sale and have enough to build another home free and clear.

What can I tell you about **Angel and Rory Hubbard**? We have two of the cutest Russian grandsons you ever saw. (see page 8 of this issue of the Berry Patch) **Aaron and Jonah Hubbard**. Jonah just turned 6 this month and Aaron will be 6 in March. They are getting along well with English and are already speaking words and short sentences and seem to understand us quite well. I am Monique (grandmother) and Jack is Banilla (grandfather.) I know that leechy means "you stay right here" or "'I'll be right back." Poop, poop means "give me a kiss." (boy, I had a hard time with that one at first.) Da is "yes" so the first couple of weeks I found myself saying Da a lot because that's the only word I knew. The Hubbards came to live with us for 2 months until they found a house nearby to rent--so we were really able to bond with our new grandsons. One day Aaron came running up to me jabbering excitedly in Rumanian. (they are Russian, but the staff are Rumanian, so that's the language they speak!) I couldn't understand a word he said, but I said, "Da, Da." As he ran excitedly out of the room, I turned to Angel and said, "what was he saying?" She understands quite a bit of the language, but he was talking so fast she couldn't

understand either. She said, calmly, "I don't know, Mother, maybe he was asking you if he could burn the building down!" She is indeed fulfilled, and has settled into the role of Motherhood very well. Rory is PaPa, and it is fun to see them slip in the role of parenting as though it had always been. She feels badly about the 400 children she left behind in that one orphanage. When they are 6, they are sent inland and never seen again. They are unadoptable because they began training them to work in the fields and factories. These little boys were saved in the nick of time and they closed the borders almost immediately after she got out. As of now, no more adoptions from Moldava, at least for the present.

Well, **Vaylene Cooper** returned home from her mission in March. She was assigned to the Macon, Georgia mission in the beginning, but had such allergies, they had to transfer her to Pocatello, Idaho mission. She still had the allergies, but they were improved enough that she could function. Her new Mission President said, "Vaylene, why in the world did they send you here? This is the worst mission in the states for allergies!" She says she knows why she went on a mission. She says she will never regret making the decision to go on a mission because she's learned things she would never have learned any other way. One of the missionaries told Vaylene that Sister Orr, the President's wife, told them at another zone conference that, "when we send Sister Cooper to a new area, things pick up and they stay busy!" We are excited about the Reunion this year, and anxious to renew our love and friendships--hash over old memories and make new ones. See you in August!!

**Keith and Jeannine  
Larson's family  
Brian and Melinda Larson**

live in Orem Utah. Brian works in Salt Lake City at Impact International, Inc. a motivational life-training company. He loves his work and is committed to reaching out and making a difference in people's lives.

Melinda is loving being a wife, homemaker, and mother of three. She's been bouncing back from having #3 through teaching dance and choreographing musicals. In February, Melinda finished a children's musical "Cinderella" and then choreographed "Annie." She's also had recent offers from Nashville's "Opreyland" and possibly "Lagoon" in Utah to direct and choreograph shows and maybe do some performing on the side. We're excited about the future.

**Miranda Larson** is now 4. Just like Mommy, she loves her dance class. It's the most exciting part of the week for her. Primary is also a highlight. Her parents never know what to call her, because she chooses a different character to be each day. She could be Belle, Jasmine, Pollyanna, Heidi, or Ariel--when they don't know who she is, she'll set them straight. What an imagination!!! Daddy is busy finishing the basement so she can have an escape from her two little brothers. She loves to play Mommy, and she hugs everyone she sees.

**Zachary Larson** is almost 3. TV, Videos, Jungle Book, Elephants, The Lion King, Barney, any kind of animal are his favorites. He is still struggling with learning to talk, but he can sure sing. What a beautiful boy!

**Alex Larson** is our newest. He was born on November 19, 1994. He is growing rapidly. Alex looks like his Daddy's twin. Baby pictures are identical. He sleeps, he swings, he eats, he wets, and he gels changed.

What a life! He's extremely happy, always smiling. We love you all and are working towards being at the Reunion!

**Kay's Family**

**Alan and Betty Berry**

[editor's note: this letter was written promptly in February, so some facts may have changed] Alan, the husband. It's true that he's the father of five. He also served almost 9 years as a Bishop, which probably explains some of the deterioration. But lately he's been running around to various wards, not sitting with the family. He recently had a new roof put on his dental building that he's really proud of. In fact, it is the main topic of conversation in Seneca at the moment. Everyone comments on how wonderful it is, and we are happy to have given the town a new landmark ("to get to Cherry Avenue, first turn right at Dr. Berry's new roof.") Actually, it was a very expensive new roof of metal, so that it shouldn't have to be replaced when the next hailstorm with golf ball-sized hail blows through. Alan has gone through the usual 600 receptionists this year, but has been able to hang on with his terrific side assistant (daughter Kristie) not really, although she does work for him sometimes.

**Greg Berry**, number 1 son. Greg is still juggling BYU and two jobs, and trying not to damage one or the other while keeping them all going, as well as his social life, which he claims (claims) is taking a poor third. He is developing credibility with that, however, because during his break, his parents have endured a lecture or two on their eating habits, and have been educated on all the correctly healthful supplements (working in a health food store does not explain this, to my way of thinking, unless all

his junk food connections have been severed.)

**Patrick Berry**, number 2 son. Someone returned from a mission claiming to be Pat, but not looking like Pat. Am I supposed to believe that this, this, missionary looking type guy is my son? HA! This person sounding like Alan's brother Dave when he speaks, and looking slightly like the old Patrick, only not even coming close to fitting into any of Patrick's old clothes? Patrick (whoever this person is) will be attending Ricks soon, after working full time since he returned home. If anyone is interested in a Kirby vacuum, let us know.

**Kristie Berry** number 1 daughter. An adult woman attending Ricks most of the time, but occasionally coming home so she can clean our refrigerator and reorganize our cabinets and, as a byproduct, take all the leftover food back with her to Ricks. What a great help, because what would we do with food? In between giving the resident hunks at school a thrill, she attends classes that will someday get her to the goal of occupational therapist. She is really happy to have her brother (so he says) going back to college with her (of course no one really mentions that he'll have a CAR with him, which makes for a nice transportation system. She is readying her bribes, which would include some pretty good-looking roommates.) She was called to serve in the Relief Society Presidency in her ward, helping to explain her talent in relief, such as relieving her parents of any unwanted cash (and food.) She has not yet met THE ONE, although many have fallen by the wayside.

**Jon Berry**, number 3 son. He became an adult this year by passing through the rite all adult males dream of from the time they are infants:

obtaining a drivers license. His father was a little more thrilled than he was, because it meant he would no longer have to get up early to drive anyone to Neoshe to early morning seminary. Other signs of adulthood, working on Eagle, inheriting Greg's old position of being the only one able to operate the VCR so that we're dependent on him. Being the only one able to charge the video camera and operate it correctly. Going to Philmont last summer and keeping up (and ignoring the bears). Getting chosen for the English Debate Team to compete at the local college. Receiving a first place debate trophy. Getting his name and picture included in some national book of scholars. Getting his braces off. Becoming Mr. Handsome. Mellowing out.

**Tara Berry**, number 2 daughter. At 13, she likes to think she's an adult, but is hindered by the fact that she still likes to giggle with her girlfriends a little too often and pretty much still likes sports better than boys. She juggles like an adult, and seems to pretty much keep up in everything. She did fall a little behind in dance and gymnastics when she was plaything basketball, but still managed to qualify in level 7 gymnastics. In her dance recital this year, she danced point for the first time in public, but prefers jazz and tap anyway. As far as adult musical abilities are concerned, all I can say is she must be a pretty good artist (con) because her band teacher made her first chair clarinet. Her brothers would say that her major music talent is exhibited by mostly just singing every word that's ever been uttered in any song that ever plays on the radio, driving them nuts because they just want to listen to the song. She likes cheerleading, which she does the same time she plays basketball. (well, not the SAME time, but at all the OTHER games) but basketball

would win hands down if she had to choose.

**Betty Berry**. What can we say about perfection? Jon and Greg have nothing over on ME, accident wise. So far I've wrecked three cars in the driveway at least. The cars are all dented up, and I'm willing to admit that if someone parks behind me and I'm late for work, they better watch out. Of course, no one parks behind me anymore. In fact, they park in front of the neighbors. But I'm well liked. The teenagers at church like to have me as a teacher because I'm so good at making them feel superior. My bosses like me at work because they can pay me so cheaply. And people like me at home because I'm pretty much gone all of the time. I have actually graduated from school and am working at Leggett & Platt, a Fortune 500 Company. Mainly I just design brochures and ads (had an ad in a magazine this month), signs and pocket cards and stuff on the computer. My main function is just to drive Tara around to all her different activities.

### Lee's Family

This is a family on the move: **Steve and Judy Berry** have moved to Montecello, Utah. Jean is in Florida. Pat is in Virginia. Van and Patty Ellsworth have moved to quarters in Uncle Lee & Aunt Virginia's home, taking care of them. They're doing a great job, too, because both Uncle Lee and Aunt Virginia are feeling fine. **Bob Luke** was recently called as a Bishop. **Eileen** tells us that daughter **Julianne Luke** received her mission call to Durban South Africa and will be leaving in September.

Their son, **Elder Jon Luke** is in the MTC going to Rio De Janero Brazil, the third generation of Uncle Lee's family to serve in Brazil. His sister, **Jenni Luke** started teaching Portuguese at the MTC the same day

Jon went in, but they aren't assigned to the same class.

### Norma's Family

#### Chuck & Bonnie Middleton

The Middletons are experiencing a lost feeling these days. We have had 3 of our children leave home in only 8 months. Our two oldest, **Emily** and **Chuck IV** are on missions. Emily is serving in the Canada, Toronto Mission. Chuck IV left in May of 94 to serve in the Germany Munich Mission. **Cathy** is attending BYU, and working towards a semester in Israel next winter. We have 4 children at home still. **Steven**, 16, **Becky** 15, **Jenny**, 14, and **Crystal**, 6. Chuck III has managed to come through 3 major layoffs at work and is settling in at being a manager. Bonnie is involved in the Stake Young Women's Presidency. She really loves this job and feels so blessed. We love being by BYU and visiting with relatives. Love, the Middletons

### Helen's Family

#### Robert & Ginny Leavitt

and family are still residing on a farm near Pierce City Missouri. We feel so blessed to live next to Paul and Judy and family and Mom and Dad (Uncle Aubrey and Aunt Helen) are presently next door, too. We have a sort of utopia; our families do many activities together. The children have formed a society which they call "Farmville." It includes all who live here on the farm. There is a sheriff (**Danny**), rules and consequences, and a newspaper called "the Farmville Times." At this time there are 25 Farmville citizens. The children roam back and forth between houses and there is such a wonderful feeling of congeniality here.

**Benjamin Leavitt** Is our oldest child. (we have eleven children now.) He is serving a mission in Finland. This summer he will come home. His little brothers and sisters have changed so much and don't remember him much except that we speak of him so often. He loves his mission.

**Bonnie** (19) attended her first year of BYU and we missed her so much! **Sara** graduated early and had just completed her first semester of college at our local MSSC in Joplin. She takes violin lessons. **Casey**, 15, and **Andrew**, 13, are being home schooled, and help their dad Robert after school. Robert is a builder, and has really used the boys in recent months. **Lara**, 10, and **Camille**, 8, are doing wonderfully, as are **Tyler**, 6, **Samuel**, 4, and **Melanie**, 2. We had a new baby last year named **Paul Matthew**, now age 1.

### Dean's Family

#### Brent & Karen Mitterling

Here we are, and still alive! This past year has been full of excitement, wonder and amazement!

The excitement began with an interesting winter. Our ambitious plans for adding on a playroom kept dropping in priority as the colder weather days fast approached and greenhouse preparation became a crisis. Days were spent playing in cramped quarters when sub zero temperatures hit. (To be honest, Mother had cabin fever and was ready to join the Looney Tunes!) But we all survived (barely) and welcomed the warmer weather.

Then our excitement peaked on a two week vacation to California and Arizona (Utah was planned too, but had to be pitched when our rental car had free mileage for only two states. We decided eating for the next three

months was the most important. OH WELL! ) We were all so excited to embark on our first real vacation with the whole family. With leashes on the girls, car seats in hand, 10 bags of luggage, a backpack on every kid, 2 on every adult, the airlines better be ready! (Which by the way, they were not, and boy is that another story!) This is when the excitement turned into the wonder part. We wondered if we were absolutely crazy after the looks of horror on people's faces as they watched this exodus of people shuttling between planes. "Are they all yours?" "Impossible!" "No Way!" "Boy, You have your hands full!" "Are they triplets?" are only a few of the comments. We would kindly reply, "Yes, I'm glad they're our too!" or just simply smile.

When we arrived, we were exhausted, but after visiting family and friends, we felt rejuvenated, and after three years of confinement, we felt somehow connected with the real world. We actually went somewhere, and survived the trip.

We are truly amazed that we have conquered three + years and are amazed we have such beautiful children and wonderful, patient friends and family who understand why we don't write very often. We are very blessed to have the support of all of you. We have so Much to be grateful for! We love you all! See you at the reunion this summer!



# OUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Entertainment 3B  
Sports 4B

# B

## 'It was worth every penny'

### Couple beat odds, bring sons home

By Carol Stark  
Globe Staff Writer

PIERCE CITY, Mo. — Angel Hubbard said she nearly wept when she caught her first glimpse of the lights of the Tulsa airport on Thanksgiving eve.

The Pierce City woman had spent two days without sleep after three months in a foreign country. Her family's savings were depleted, and she wasn't even sure what day it was.

But Mrs. Hubbard remembers smiling as she stepped down from the plane to meet her husband. Her odyssey through orphanages and government offices was complete and this time she hadn't come home empty-handed.

Two small boys, gripped her waist as they climbed down from the plane and got their first look at America and their new father.

"I literally felt like I had given birth," said Mrs. Hubbard. Russian and Jonah, now called Aaron and Jonah by their adoptive American parents, reached their destination just in time to celebrate their first Christmas. Right now, the two Russian boys, both 5, had lived their entire lives in an orphanage in the small country of Moldova, a republic of the former Soviet Union.

And the Hubbards said if it hadn't been for their perseverance, coupled with favors from a few friends in high places, the two little boys would have already been destined to take their place among the labor warehouses of Moldova.

"We had already gone through numerous disappointments in our attempts to adopt. This time, I just wasn't going to give up without a fight," says Mrs. Hubbard. Hubbard, 32, and his wife, 29,

**"I found out through the interpreter that he wanted to know if I was his mother and if I had come to take him home. It nearly broke my heart."**

— Angel Hubbard

Media stories about adoptions gone awry made the couple nervous about adopting within the United States.

A friend of the couple had successfully adopted a baby from a Ukrainian orphanage and helped the Hubbards make connections with an adoption agency.

The paper work completed, the Hubbards were set to adopt two children from the Ukrainian orphanage two years ago when suddenly the government halted all adoptions.

"We were pretty well taxed at that point. We were so sure that we were finally going to get our children," Hubbard said.

The couple had lost several thousands of dollars, but renewed their efforts at a Moldovan orphanage. Mrs. Hubbard traveled to the country in April 1983, prepared to adopt two 17-month-old babies.

"I was overwhelmed by the terrible conditions at the orphanage. I stayed there for five weeks only to discover one day that another couple had adopted the babies," she says. The plight of the Moldovan orphans was not something the

older child.

"Each time it was the same story. The orphanages wouldn't cooperate. They kept telling me they had no children for adoption. There were 400 children in this orphanage, yet I was told that none of them could be adopted," says Mrs. Hubbard.

Not willing to take no for an answer, Mrs. Hubbard returned to the orphanage with a friend who worked for the United Nations. That opened a door to a room filled with cries of babies.

But before Mrs. Hubbard had time to walk into the room, a small boy came running over to her and pulled on her sleeve.

"I found out through the interpreter that he wanted to know if I was his mother and if I had come to take him home. It nearly broke my heart," she said.

Inquiring about the boy, Mrs. Hubbard was told that he had been diagnosed with epilepsy. While she was talking to the supervisor, the little boy came back with a smaller boy.

"He told me that was his best friend and wanted me to take them both home with me," she said.

Russian introduced Mrs. Hubbard to Jonah. The boys both looked much younger than their age.

"They were malnourished and had been put in a ward with disabled children. Emotionally, they were about 3 years old," said Mrs. Hubbard.

Ready to begin adoption proceedings, Mrs. Hubbard was told that it was time for a holiday and she would be unable to do anything until September.

"It was so hard to leave those two little boys. I could tell they thought I would never be coming back."



Angel and Rory Hubbard pose with their adopted sons Jonah and Aaron at their Pierce City home.

Globe/Charles Snow

adoption paper work had been prepared. Even worse, a call from the U.S. government came through informing her she was no longer eligible to adopt because her husband did not have enough life insurance and the couple didn't show enough money in savings.

After spending more than \$2,000 in telephone calls to the United States trying to get her affairs with her own government

in an interrogation room with the country's adoption commission, I was told that I could go to jail if I didn't cooperate," she said.

The next morning, the interrogations began again. "I think they could tell that I wasn't going to budge. My story didn't change. Finally, I think they just wanted to get rid of me," she said.

With the help of another friend, Mrs. Hubbard was able to charter a fight," she said. At home in Pierce City, the children, who speak Romanian, have learned to love chicken, shopping and new clothes. They also are infatuated by the television character Barney. "If that's what they like, they can watch all the Barney they want. It's a harmless show, and it has helped the boys speak English," Mrs. Hubbard said.

# Larsen home is center of activity

## Parents, kids all have busy schedules

By SHANA SMITH

UNION STAFF WRITER

Life in the Larsen family is anything short of busy. With five bustling children, parents Barry and JoAnn Larsen find themselves in a constant whirlwind of activities.

The kids — Juliann, 18; Keith, 16; Brad, 14; and Jared, 13 — are all very active at school, home and church. The oldest son, 19-year-old David, is off learning Portuguese for a two-year mission in Brazil.

The Larsen family was nominated by a neighbor for the family of the year honor sponsored by the Sacramento Family Service Agency. The Larsens were a finalist for the award.

Juliann, the only daughter, seems to surround herself in dai-

ly activities. As a senior at Del Campo High School, she is on the yearbook and video yearbook staffs. During fourth period every day, she signs to deaf students at Dewey Elementary School.

"I took a sign language class my junior year," says Juliann. Now she uses it to help others.

She also works a part-time job after school at a dentist's office to save money for college next year. She plans to attend Brigham Young University.

She and brother Keith attend the same school, which for some siblings might cause a stir. But not with these two. Just recently the two double-dated to a dance at school.

Keith is also active at school. He is currently the vice president of the sophomore class and participates on the track team.

Aside from school, he is working on his Eagle Scout project — designing a volleyball court that will be built at Del Campo.

Scouting is a way of life for all the boys in the family. Brad and Jared, who attend Will Rogers Junior High, are both active in the Scouts along with dad. They also play soccer and basketball. Brad's basketball team went 7-0 this season and came in second at the championship game.

The family spends a majority of its time attending athletic events. Every Saturday, the family goes to at least two of family members' games.

Apart from athletics, the family is also very active in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-



SHANA SMITH/photo

The Larsen family of Citrus Heights, from left: (front) Juliann, 18, and mom JoAnn; (back) Keith, 16; Brad, 14; Jared, 13; and dad Barry. Not pictured is son David, who is on a Mormon mission.

day Saints. The Larsens recently acted and helped in their church's "road show" — a mini-play put on mostly by teen-agers — in which each member of the family participated. Larsen was a main character, and even Mrs. Larsen helped in wardrobe.

The family enjoys the outdoors and picnicking. A family tradition is to have a picnic the Saturday before Easter.

Last year, the entire family decided to take up skiing. All have continued except for dad. But learning together is just one aspect this family is all about.

Caring is another.

To extend their warm and caring atmosphere, the Larsen family has taken in several youngsters. Jacob, 14, is currently living with the family. "He fits in great," says Mrs. Larsen.

Being the matriarch and homemaker is Mrs. Larsen's favorite job. She once left it, though, to work as a correctional officer at Folsom Prison.

"I like being a full-time mom," she said. "But a lot of the skills I learned as a homemaker were helpful."

After two years, she returned to her "full-time mom" job. She is also the president of the women's organization of her local church.

Larsen works as manager of the finance department for Brasher's Auto Auction. He also leads a seminary class every morning at 6:30 a.m. for the high school students at his church.

If you know of a family that is active in the community and that symbolizes a unique family, contact Shana Smith at 440-0537 or write in care of The Sacramento Union, 301 Capitol Mall, Sacramento, 95814.



## HERBERT ALONZO BERRY

### *A look back at his formative years*

I am starting this day, 14 of July 1966, at the age of 82, to compile some of the notes I have been writing for some time.

I like Nephi of old, was born of goodly parents. As my Father was a free hearted man he would divide his last dollar with any one who was in need. He always said he wanted to bore with big auger or not at all. He always had lots of friends especially among the Mexicans.

My Mother was a very quiet woman. She always had lots of friends, never complained and was a wonderful Mother.

I was born May 4, 1884, in Kanarraville, Iron Utah, at the home of my Grandmother Priscilla Parrish Roundy. My Parents lived in St Johns, Apache, Arizona and my Grandmother was a mid wife. I was blessed 12 May, 1884 by Myron Roundy, mother's half brother. I went to St Johns when I was six months of age. Father came up to pick us up. I suppose we went by train.

My oldest sister, Effie was born June 1, 1886. My first remembrance is about her and Grandmother Jane Elizabeth Thomas; Our family was traveling by team, and covered wagon to Snowflake, Arizona to visit Mother sister Aunt Fanny Jane Willis and family. We led a cow so the baby could have milk. Just east of Snowflake Grandmother got the baby a drink of water from Silver Creek. The next event was after Effie's death, her body was lying on the table and Uncle John M. Berry cut a lock of hair from her head. Then on the way to the cemetery Father and Mother were riding in the spring seat of the wagon and I was sitting in the back on the floor. Mother was crying

and she had a red and black checkered shawl around her shoulders. I don't remember any thing about the funeral.

Another event I remember was when I was about four years of age, a young fellow by the name of Tranor, came past our home driving a small bunch of ewes and lambs. He told Wiley Berry (my cousin) and me, he would give us each a lamb if we would go with him, so we did. He drove the sheep south of the town about two miles, in the cedars, to let them feed. Then he scared us by telling us that we couldn't have the lambs as he promised and that he was going to kill us. May be you think our parents weren't frightened when they missed us, they looked in every well in town. Then my Father noticed the sheep tracks going past our home, he followed them and soon found us. He paddled us both and put us on the horse behind him and we were soon home.

My Parents James Thomas and Sarah roundy Berry were married 8 Oct, 1880 in the St. George Temple and in 1881 they were called by President John Taylor to settle in St Johns Arizona. The following were called to St Johns; My Parents, Uncle John M. Berry (who was single), W.W Berry (Uncle Bill), his family consisting of Aunt Rachel and their two oldest Lavenia and Alice (at this time they are still living in Tempe, Arizona), Uncle Joe Hales and his family, Uncle John William Brown and his wives (Cynthia and Thurza Berry), Father's sisters. Then Uncle John Henry Willis whose wife was mother's sister, and Uncle George Ingram and his wife Nancy Armelia Berry (father's sister) also Wallace Wesley Roundy (Mother's half brother). These last three were called to Snowflake.

Three Berry Brothers drove three hundred head of cattle and two hundred head of horses to Arizona. They turned them loose on the range at Concho Springs just south of Concho and fifteen miles west from St Johns. They ranged mostly on the Black Ridge and south to Mud Springs.

As a youngster I used to ride with my Father, in the fall of the year, to round up the horses, bring them in to town and brand the colts. Often we would keep a bronco horse to break. By the way they didn't twist their ears as they mounted the bronco but they had a leather blind fastened to the bridle which was dropped over the horses eyes. He wouldn't make a move till the rider was in the saddle. The rider would reach over and raise the blind, then things began to happen. Many of the horses died from loco weed and others were stolen.

Grandfather John Williams Berry married first, 5 of April 1842 to Nancy Jane Bass (the same year that his father Jesse Woods Berry and family joined the L D S Church). They had a son Jesse David born 25 September 1843 and died 9 October 1943 in Wilson Co. Tenn. He married 2nd) 8 May 1851 my Grandmother Jane Elizabeth Thomas. By this marriage there were six sons and four daughters. (My father James Thomas Berry was the third son). He married 3rd) on the 25 of December 1859 Julia Ardence Hales and was sealed to her 1 Nov. 1862.

We used to call her Aunt Dena. She raised a girl named Julia Ricords, who was about my age. Aunt Dena and Grandfather Berry were on the under ground, as they used to call it. The U.S. Marshalls were hunting Polygamist's. Aunt Dena was living in St Johns, in the old log house that I [later] tore down and built one of the first cement homes [in place of]. She used to give Julia a cup of

tea to drink quite often and of course I had to have some also. When Father found out he filled a cup and put half sugar and turned it down me. Since then I can't stand the stuff. Maybe that's the reason I couldn't stand sena tea, which Mother used to give us for a laxative by holding my nose but it always came right back up.

My next sister Zella was born July 19, 1888 in St Johns. When she was small she used to like to play with dolls, and seemed like the Motherly type only to find in later years she couldn't have any children of her own. She married Ralph Eugene Whiting Oct. 3, 1911. They adopted two children. She also liked to play the guitar. She belonged to the Guitar club.

John Williams Berry made his last will and testament 24 Jan. 1890 (of which I have a copy). Soon after he became very ill. My Father, Uncle Bill and Wiley, and his oldest son went to Kanarraville to be with him. I can't understand why Father didn't take me with him, but he didn't. Grandfather passed away 12 Apr 1890. Father stayed about three months. Uncle Bill, Wiley, Aunt Cynthia Brown, John T., Francis Wiley and Jane all came on the train. We met them at Navajo. We, I mean Uncle John Brown, Mother, Zella and Me. (Mother had expected to meet Father there also). There was only one wagon so us kids had to walk most of the way. It took us two days. We arrived home 4 May 1890 on my 6th birthday.

My first Brother Elmer Leroy was born 22 Feb 1891 here in St Johns. As we grew up we used to play together. Elmer would help me when we went for fire wood. We would also help with the sheep during the lambing time.

I remember when I was about seven my Grandmother Priscilla Parrish Roundy visited us in St Johns. She gave me a silver dollar and told me that when she was seven years of age that she sat on the Prophet Joseph Smith's knee and that she know that he was a Prophet of the Lord.

I was baptized 5 May 1892 by E. E. Huff in an irrigation ditch. They shut off the head gate and backed the water until the water was deep enough. I was confirmed the same day by Erick Larson. One day when I was ordaining in the Los Angeles Temple, a man by the name of Huff was ordained. When I was through I remarked that a man by the name of Huff baptized me in St Johns Arizona in 1892. He said that was his father. He was called there but soon moved to Utah. There were hundreds who were called but didn't stay.

My next sister is Etta. She was born April 28, 1894 in St Johns.

When I was ten years of age my Mother gave me a mandolin. I took three lessons. I learned the fingerboard and now to my sorrow, I threw the notes away and have been playing by ear ever since.

Orin was my next brother. He was born 14 Feb 1896 in St Johns.

Uncle John M. Berry at the age of forty-five, moved back to Utah but never yet married. Then he met Maggie Condie from Cedar City Utah and they were married 20 September 1898 and came to Arizona for their honeymoon.

My last sister was named Euphemia. She was born 22 October 1898.

Father got itchy feet for Utah. Mother and the rest of the children went with Uncle John

and Aunt Maggie on the train to Kanarraville. I was 14 years when Father and I stayed to sell our farm to Uncle John William Brown and sold what cattle we had. About six months later we, with [a] man we called Grandpa Platt, left for Utah. We traveled light, a sack of grain, a few bales of hay, a sixty gallon barrel of water on the side of the wagon, a four horse team with my blue pony tied to one of the horses and two young mules following. It took us seventeen days to get to Kanarraville. I had a 44 winchester but all we saw was a lone coyote which I killed. Grandpa Platt had me scared before we reached the Colorado River. He told how bad it was to go over Lee's back bone. But when we arrived near the river we found a dug way had been built in a different place. When we saw the dug way I wasn't scared. It was quite scary as we could look about one thousand feet down to the river. The road was so narrow we had to take the barrel of water off which was on the side toward the bank. I took the team in front and drove them on ahead. When we arrived at the ferry I shot my gun to let the ferryman, Mr. Johnson know that we wanted to cross. He lived about a mile away. The ferry boat was attached to a cable and we were soon across.

We stayed there a few days to rest the horses and we also enjoyed it as the grapes were ripe. I mentioned my blue pony. He was the best horse I ever had. We hear a lot about quarter horses now days. They are fast and are trained to separate cattle from the herd. All the rider has to do is hang on. Well my blue pony was self trained. All I had to do was hang on. While at the ferry I traded my gun to an Indian for some blankets. The Indian sat on his honches and shot every cartridge at the side of the hill.

One day at noon we stopped at House Rock Springs. We could see a picket fence about

a half mile away. Father said that a family by the name of Whiting who had lived in St Johns for some time (one of the daughters was sick) and they were on their way to Utah. She died and was buried there at House Rock. I rode my pony to the graves and read the head stone, May Whiting. About six years later I married her niece Anna May Whiting.

We arrived in Kanarraville in due time. The children were coming and ran out to meet us. I remember how cute Oron looked with his new knee pants and blouse. Mother was living in Grandfather John Williams Berry's old brick home. We stayed there a month then moved to Benson Ward, Cache Valley.

While in Kanarraville Johnny Ingram, my cousin, and I had a lot of fun. I can remember we sat a trap by a dead pig, down the field and caught a coyote. I went with Uncle Al Berry up on the Kanarra mountain. They were moving their sheep off the mountain for the winter and as they were short about a hundred ewes, we hunted all day up near Mont Kolob and finally found the sheep on a rocky knoll. They were snowed in. We spent about two hours making a trail through the snow with the horses so we could get the sheep out on dry land. If we had a goat it would have been easy. The next morning we found about a dozen sheep with their throats cut either by a bob cat or a mountain lion.

Mother and the rest of the children went to Cache Valley by train and Father and I drove the team. When we left Logan to Benson, out in the middle of the valley the ground was wet and the wheels of the buggy would ball up so they couldn't turn. We had to chop off all the mud with the ax then make the team trot to keep the mud from forming again.

I and also Zella went to school which was on the banks of the Bear River. A man by the name of W. G. Reese was the teacher. He used to always have prayer and sing a song before starting classes. I can remember part of a song "little black bird in a tree, in the tree, in the tree, sing a song to me, sing about the farmers planting corn and beans, sing about harvest I know what that means," That's all I can remember. There were a lot of sloughs or swamps near the school which were frozen all winter. We had lots of fun there during recess and noon hour skating on the ice.

We lived in part of Uncle John and Aunt Maggie's house for almost a year.

I told about Johnny Ingram from Kanarraville. His parents were called to Snowflake to live the save time my parents were called to St Johns. Johnny's mother was father's sister. They moved back to Kanarraville and she had a baby and both died when Johnny was young. Of course his mother's estate went to Johnny. His father remarried a year after his wife's death. He married 19 Dec 1888 to Eliza Adeling Roundy (Mother's niece). Uncle Al Berry was his administrator, and lived in Logan so he could attend school there, so Johnny had to wear a duffy hat and a long tailed coat. He felt very uncomfortable in them. Johnny used to come to Benson Ward every Saturday so we could feed Uncle John Berry's sheep. We would fill a bob sled with hay and scatter it on the snow for the sheep. This lasted about six months of the year.

In the spring of 1900 I was sixteen. We left by team for Arizona. We had two wagons and one sheep wagon which had a stove, two beds and a table. Elmer rode with me in the covered wagon. I still had my blue pony. We stopped in Mapleton--where the Whitings lived. We stopped with Lars

Jensen's place on a ten acre place which Father was about to buy. We had bought his place in St Johns which we sold to Uncle John Brow. While in Mapleton Zella went to Whiting store and met May and Martha. We stayed here about ten days.

The Deseret News (I have the copy) told about a colony going to Big Horn Wyoming to settle. Anyway father got the urge to go to Big Horn. We went up through Echo Canyon to Evenston Wyoming then on to Kemmer where the second colony was organized on May 8, 1900. We were organized like the Pioneers with a captain over so many wagons. We traveled about 200 miles back on the old pioneer trail. We arrived in Big Horn 22 May 1900.

The only town near by was the town of Lovell. Down the river about twelve miles we crossed the river and stopped on the bench where the town of Byron now stands. A bowery was built where Church services were held. The Colonist soon started to build a canal to bring water from Shoshone River or as the Indians called Stinking river water. It took about three months to finish the canal. About this time the Burlington and Missouri Rail Road had finished a survey to make a line from Billings, Montana to Cody, Wyoming. This came just at the right time for the Colonists. Many of them took contracts to make road beds for the Rail Road. In fact my Father and about three other men contracted to do a mile of heavy grading, nearly half of it was a long deep cut around the side of the mountain. It took about nine months to finish the project. I remember we used to use a four horse team to plow in the deep cut. The wheel team was a large pair of mules which belong to us. I used a heavy line as a whip and I became so expert in throwing the line, I could make a large welt every time. As a result I soon lost my job with the mules.

When they were ready to blast with dynamite all teams and everybody were supposed to go about three hundred yards from the blasting. For some unknown reason I decided to not go so far. I stood up against the bank and thought I would be safe, but something made me run as fast as I could. It's a good thing I listened to the whispering of the Still Small Voice as a rock almost as large as my head landed in my tracks.

I will now tell about our camp. We chose a cove in the side of a mountain to make our camp, mainly to be protected from the weather and it was near our work. Down in the flat about 1/2 mile was a large pasture all fenced but a space out of the pasture was not fenced so the stock could get water. We watered our stock and hauled water for camp. During the summer the entire country was like a lawn, so we turned our horses out nights and it was my job to go after them about 4 A.M. One morning I came in without our big mules and David Lindsey's big team. I hunted for them for about three days but was unable to find them. We were afraid they were being held for ransom by robbers as some of the Colonists were having that experience. One day about noon I came to camp tired and hungry. After I had my meal I took a short nap and when I awoke, I told my Mother where the animals were. I had seen them just as plainly as I did a short time after. The animals had come to water and then had gone around the large pasture and were standing under a tree to shade themselves.

The track layers were laying the track so fast we finished one end of the cut as they were laying the track in the other. Then we were finished. We sold our outfit all but my blue pony. How I hated to part with him. We traded him to a Brother Crosby who had another family in Eagarville, Arizona, where

we were going. So we traded my pony for another horse in Arizona.

We went by train and we arrived in St Johns just a week after the Whitings. We had purchased a farm in Eagarville of about 160 acres which was a good home and a good farm.

When we first arrived in Eagarville, I was seventeen and back to school. But I didn't like it there so I prevailed on my parents to let me go down to St Johns to High School. There I met the Whitings, but I was so bashful that it almost spoiled the early part of my life.

As a young man I was a short distance foot racer. I loved the sport very much. I am going to make a confession now about my foot racing. I used to run the hundred yards and the two hundred yards. I ran the hundred yard dash with three weeks practice on a dirt track in 10 seconds flat. I ran several races with Alley Mineer but I never did my best but once. That was in the street by the Cash Store. He was in running clothes and I had all of my clothes on. The reason I did my best them was because Pete Peterson was betting me. It was a tie or even.

Mother had her last baby, Roundy. He was born 15 Mar 1903, in Eagar. He lived only about a week. He died 1 Apr 1903 and was buried in Eagarville.

While there Father obtained a contract of delivering the mail from Holbrook through St Johns and on the Eagarville. A fellow named Pas Slade and I drove the mail from St Johns to Eagar. One of us would go down and the other would come up the same day. The one in St Johns would have to wait for the Holbrook to come before he could leave for Eagarville. During the rainy

seasons the mail was late. That made us late in getting home.

In 1903, six of us boys from the St Johns Stake went to BYU, myself, Frank Brown (my cousin), Joy Patterson, Joseph Udall, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, the term of 1903-4. While there I wrote to May that I expected to become a Dentist some day. I still have some of the letters May wrote me while there. [Herbert left blanks in this paragraph probably intending to think of the names later]

I didn't get us enough nerve to propose to May till Jan 1 1905. We were returning from a picnic. I was driving the buggy. Frank and Martha were in the back seat. I asked May, "will you marry me?" She said "yes" so fast I dropped the one rein and nearly overturned the buggy.

So October 5, 1905 we were married in the Salt Lake Temple for time and all Eternity.





**WANTED**

**You**  
**to come to the Berry Reunion!**

**August 17th through 19th -- RLDS Ozark Campground**  
(see enclosed map)

Each family should register and pay NOW! The charge for this fabulous facility in Missouri is \$5 per person for daily use. Each person should pay a total of \$15 for the three day reunion. (nursing babies are exempt). Send your money now to:

**Bonnie and Chuck Middleton**  
**Berry Family Treasurers**  
**173 East 1864 South**  
**Orem, UT, 84058**

**Please note:** If finances are a problem for someone in your family, please try to help each other so that everyone can be there.

*The food expenses will be at cost, and you'll pay for them upon arrival.*

Family Colors:

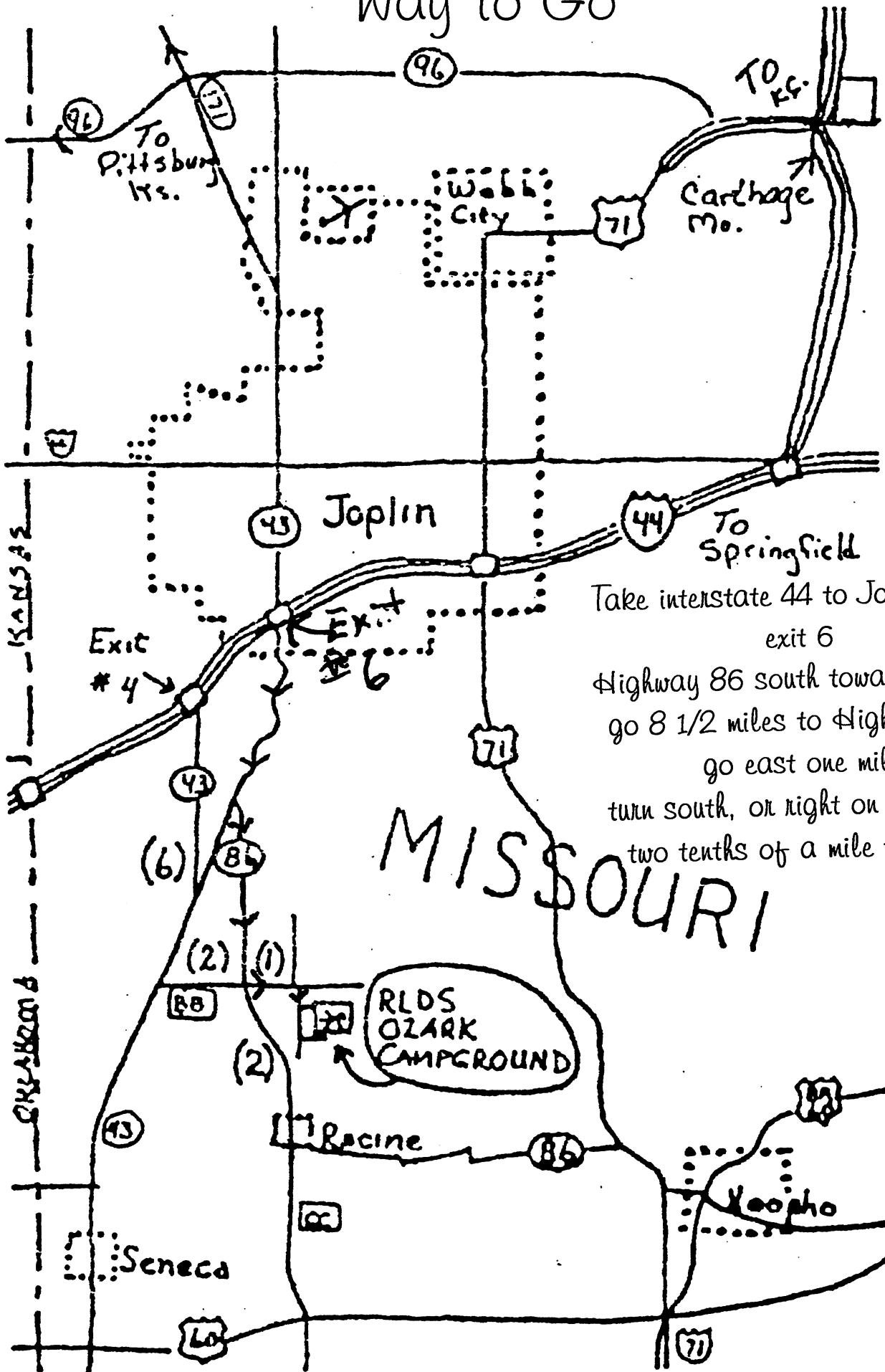
Because our family keeps growing, we want to identify each branch of the family tree by color. All youth activities will be color coordinated. Here are your colors:

Effie: ..... hot pink  
Maree: ..... red  
Kay: ..... dark green  
Lee: ..... orange

Norma: ..... purple  
Helen: ..... yellow  
Dean: ..... blue

Have fun with this. Keep it inexpensive and simple. Be creative. Encourage everyone to know their family line. There will be rewards for those who know every branch of the family tree.

# Way to Go



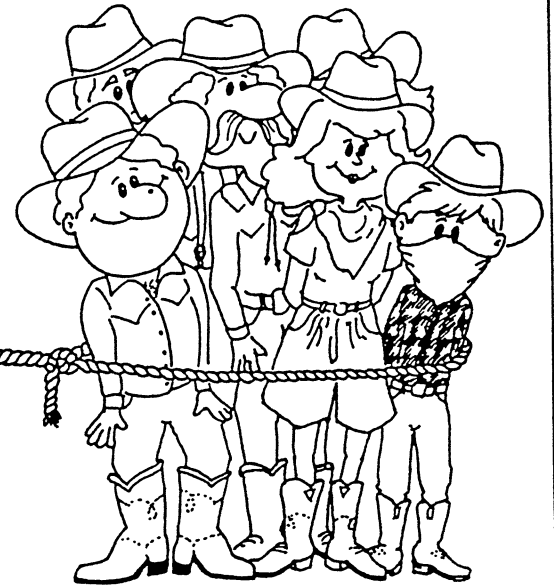
Take interstate 44 to Joplin, MO  
 exit 6  
 Highway 86 south toward Racine  
 go 8 1/2 miles to Highway BB  
 go east one mile  
 turn south, or right on dirt road  
 two tenths of a mile to Camp

MISSOURI

RLDS  
 OZARK  
 CAMPGROUND

## Circle the Calendar for the Berry Reunion August 17, 18 & 19!

The RLDS Ozark Campground has 37 cabins, 14 with air conditioners. There are 10 to 12 full RV hookups. The cabins are rustic, similar to Dinkey Creek's older cabins. There are cots, but bedding is need--sleeping bags or bed rolls. Contact Alan Berry if you need RV space, or want a cabin (417) 776-3339.



**You have to come!**

The facilities include a lodge, kitchen, amphitheatre, olympic-sized swimming pool, fenced in pre-school playground and nursery, 2 volleyball courts, a basketball standard, and a fishing pond. Joplin is 10 miles away, with easy access to laundromat and goodies. Look over the schedule, and decide what to pack, but don't forget the sunblock and insect repellent!

Assignments made to date:

### Chairmen

Elaine Ward .....	Adult Miniclasses
Anna Wood & Karen Mitterling.....	Children's Activities
Janice Falls .....	Food & Teenage Activities
Susan Cooper .....	Children's Talent Show
Alan Berry .....	Physical Facilities Coordinator
Bonnie & Chuck Middleton.....	Berry Family Treasurers
Diana Rice .....	Communications

Thank you to all who have accepted assignments. Please let these chairmen know how you would like to help with the above activities. For any other suggestions, contact Dave and Sharon Berry or Jack and Joycell Cooper.

Everyone prepare to participate in our Auction. The proceeds are to enable the ~~The Berry Patch~~ to continue. We would like each family to bring and/or buy an item of their choice to raise money to keep our family newsletter going.

*With Love and Anticipation, David Berry, Joycell Cooper and Elaine Ward,  
Reunion Committee*

# Family Reunion Activities

## Thursday, August 17th

- 8:00 to 9:30** Arrival and check in time for lodging assignments and pay for food.  
**10:00 am** Family Introductions meeting "BORN A BERRY:.. Each family is to take 5 min. and introduce yourselves in song, skit, or whatever  
**11:00 am** Teenage Activity (Janice Falls in charge) Children's Activity (Karen Mitterling and Anna Wood in charge)  
**12:30 pm** Lunch fixings provided  
**1:30 pm** Miniclasses (Elaine Ward in charge) plus various teenage and childrens activities sprinkled through the afternoon.  
**3:30 pm** Adult volleyball  
**5:00 pm** Dinner (serving and clean-up by family assignment.)  
Uncle Lee and Aunt Virginia's video  
**7:00 pm** Campfire program (Uncle Dean's family in charge)  
**9:00 pm** Dancing, all ages

## Friday, August 18th

- 8:00 am** Breakfast hour. (serving and clean-up by family assignment)  
**9:00 am** Auction to earn money for *The Berry Patch*. Please bring an item, handmade, or handy, large or small. We don't want this to be a burden, but we do need *The Berry Patch* to continue.  
**10:00 am** Miniclasses for teens and adults, Crafts for children (\$1.00 charge)  
**noon** Lunch fixings provided  
**1:00 pm** Children's Talent Show, ages 12 and under. (see Susan Cooper)  
**2:00 pm** Family Meeting "Strengthening and Unifying Families"  
**3:30 pm** Sugar Plum Tree Hike ages 5 and under (Joycell in charge) and family Treasure Hunt (Elaine Ward in charge) Various Sports  
**5:00 pm** Dinner (serving and clean-up by family assignment.)  
**7:00 pm** Family Program--*Life of Herbert and May* "Joycell & Co"  
**9:00 pm** Teenage & Adult Talent Show. Please share your talents with everyone. Bring tapes, costumes, artwork, etc. *Dance afterwards*

## Saturday, August 19th

- 8:00 am** Breakfast hour (serving and clean-up by family assignment.)  
**9:00 am** Fun and Games for all ages. (Aunt Helen's family in charge)  
Races, games and contests (yes, of course the flipper contest, and lots of others, too  
**12:30 pm** Lunch fixings provided until 1:30  
**2:00 pm** Testimony Meeting until 4:00  
**4:00 pm** Clean up cabins and pack cars  
**5:00 pm** Dinner Hour (serving and clean-up of dinner and camp by everyone. Everyone is on this committee. We want to leave the camp better than we found it. We need to be outta there by SUNDOWN!

# Registration Form

Please return this form, whether you are coming or not

- We are coming  
 We cannot Come

Name of family: \_\_\_\_\_

List names and ages of those who are coming \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Camp Fee: Total people X \$15 = \$\_\_\_\_.00

(the camp fee is for everyone, even if they stay elsewhere at night.)

Each family should pay camp fees ASAP.

Will you be spending the night at:

- The camp  
 A motel  
 Do you need an RV site (Call Alan Berry immediately if you do)

List names of children who want to participate in the Children's talent show:

List names of teens or adults who want to participate in the evening talent show.

Please send this form right away to:  
Bonnie and Chuck Middleton  
Berry Family Treasurers  
173 East 1864 South





## BERRY FAMILY ADDRESSES

06/26/95

Andelin & children, Helena, 2553 Beverly Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84106  
Andelin, Aubrey & Helen, P.O. Box 219, Pierce City, MO 65723  
Andelin, Brian, 1700 East Lakeside Dr. #30, Gilbert, AZ 85234, 602-892-7065  
Andelin, John & Cindy, RR #3, Box 626, Williston, ND 58801, 701-774-0237  
Andelin, Lane & Darlene, 140 S. Jameston, Springfield, MO 65809, 417-882-8407  
Andelin, Paul & Judy, Rt. 1 Box 953, Pierce City, MO 65723, 901-837-2865  
Arbuckle, Chris, 604 N. Howard 403, Alexandria, VA 22304, 703-823-8930  
Arbuckle, Eric & China, 1513 Lincoln Way #201, McLean, VA 22102  
Arbuckle, Jean, 908 King Blvd., Sun City Center, FL 33573  
Arbuckle, Jeff & Patty, 117 Central Avenue, Wilmington, DE 19720, 302-994-0763  
Barnes, Wayne & Marilyn, 2734 S. Rogers, Springfield, MO 65804, 417-889-1092  
Berry, Alan & Betty, P.O. Box 609, Seneca, MO 64865, 417-776-3339  
Berry, Brent & Laurlynn, 2133 East Stanwick Road #12, Salt Lake City, UT 84121, 801-942-1325  
Berry, Carolyn, 2922 E. Willetta, Phoenix, AZ 85008, 602-275-5310  
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Berry, Juana & Matt, 24 Ken 3j06 chome,3-22 Apt 205, Nishi-Ku Sapporo, 063  
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 Watson, Larry & Lucinda,  
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**Note the blank address notations by several names on this list. Do you have information that could update this list? Those with no address will not receive this issue of the Berry Patch.**