


The Berry Patch

News & History of the Herbert & May Berry Family
February 1998

 Our family is a circle of strength and love! Every birth, union, joy and crisis faced together makes us stronger

Dear Berry Family Members!

I don't know about anyone else, but I look at the date and find it nearly impossible to believe we're on the downhill slide toward the year 2000! I don't know about the rest of you, but Aunt Joycell still doesn't look a day over 50 years old (which means her daughter must still look about 30?) and Uncle Dean & Aunt Helen are now the GRANDMA & GRANDPA BERRY of this wonderful clan of ours.

All of us over 30 years old remember rolling tires from the top of Sierra Trigo - the uncles fixing pancakes on the outside grill - aunt Mynn, aunt Martha, aunt Elda & grandma Berry clucking over the cousins & grandchildren like proud mother hens - the famous "Flipper Contest" - the family plays - the family dances - uncle Dean spitting watermelon seeds further than anyone else in camp - the reunion when the monument to Farr & Virgil was dedicated - the ghost stories from Aunt Joycell - uncle Jack & uncle Keith creaming everyone (more than once) in pitching horseshoes.

While it is true our children do not have the same memories as we do of reunions, THEY HAVE THE SAME NEED TO BE THERE! Today as I listened to the discussion in our Gospel Doctrine class regarding the Abrahamic Covenant and the blessings promised to His posterity I had the sweetest witness that the Whiting Homestead is our family's PROMISED LAND!

Since we last met, we have lost uncle Lee (in the physical sense) and many more (in the spiritual sense). All are greatly missed. My favorite memory of uncle Lee is when I would see him and he would open up his arms, this wide, and just say "well - Janice! Come give me a hug." I can hear his voice just as plain today as if it were 35 years ago and I was on the front porch of his & aunt Virginia's Gingerbread House.

Dearest cousins - my point is this. It is a struggle, and a sacrifice and it takes money & effort to get there (more for some than others) - but I know that the homestead rekindles that love for family and heritage in our hearts - like no other place (with exception of the temple) on earth can. NO OTHER PLACE! A homestead experience is the best visual example of "Families Can Be Together Forever" our children will ever experience. We have just about 4 months left! If you have not already started, now is a great time to begin! Save all of your change - have a garage sale - collect aluminum cans - whatever it takes - I hope each of us will make every effort to get there.

As a family, we have been asked to fast for continued good weather for the Whiting Reunion. May I suggest that we fast for each other? I am asking that each of us unite, together, as the posterity of Herbert Alonzo Berry & May Whiting Berry, and ask the Lord to bless us, as the Berry family, in our efforts to meet again. If you have ample - maybe you could help a brother or sister, a cousin, a parent, get there. I am convinced that it is through this type of sacrifice the Lord will pour out His blessings upon us, as a family.

Thanks to all of those who have already accepted Reunion assignments. There are no words to describe the love I have for my Berry cousins & Whiting cousins. I know that I have been blessed beyond measure by being born to "goodly parents" who have shown me through love & laughter the importance of this great family of ours. May God bless each of us as we strive to return to His presence, as a FAMILY. We'll see you at the end of June!

Janice Cooper Falls, Daughter of Joycell Hamblin Cooper, Granddaughter of Maree Berry Hamblin, Great-granddaughter of May Whiting Berry, Great-great granddaughter of Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting



BERRY REUNION INFORMATION

June 30th through July 2 at the Whiting Homestead. (Whiting Reunion is July 3-5)

Janice Cooper Falls has done a wonderful job as Berry Family President. She has organized the reunion and arranged this schedule. Please let her know what your plans are. If you don't have an assignment, look over what you'd like to help with, and volunteer!

REGISTRATION COSTS: This fee covers the cost of the entire Berry reunion, & 8 meals.

Teens & Adults \$20.00.

Children under 12 \$15.00

User Fee \$20.00 per family

Please pay this by **May 20**. Send it to our family treasurer, Bonnie Middleton 173 East 1864 South, Orem, Ut. 84058. (Some have been making prepayments, and Bonnie has those.)

WHAT TO BRING: durable clothing, camping gear, first aid kit, folding chairs, snacks, sense of humor

DIRECTIONS: Hiway 60 from Showlow AZ towards Springerville. Turn off at mile post 372. Travel 3 miles on dirt road to Whiting Homestead Sign, turn right, travel 3 more miles and you are there.

SCHEDULE & ASSIGNMENT LIST

TUESDAY

8:00am	Registration (covered eating area) - Bonnie Middleton & Randy Fife
12:00pm	Lunch served (preparation & cleanup) - Effie's family
1:30pm	Adults (18 & over) Volleyball (coed) Lance Cooper & Brent Berry Visiting & story telling for the less ambitious
3:00 until	Service Project for Whiting Reunion at the Hometead
5:00pm	Uncle Jack & Marty Cooper
5:00pm	Dinner served (preparation & cleanup) - Maree's family
7:30pm	Family Talent Show - Susie Cooper & Michele Hamblin
10:30pm	Adult campfire by the cook shack (babies & small children to bed)
12:00am	Curfew for everyone! Please see that your entire family (especially preteens and teens) observe this. It is very difficult for parents camping with small children to have people running and making noise late at night.

WEDNESDAY

8:00am	Breakfast served (preparation & cleanup) - Kay's family
10:00am	Children's talent show - Cathy Cooper & Angela Hubbard
12:00pm	Lunch served - (preparation & cleanup) Norma's family
1:30pm	Horse Shoe Pitching - Uncle Jack & the Larson boys! Crafts (3-5 yrs.) - Uncle Kay's family Crafts (6-10 yrs.) - Maree's family
5:00pm	Dinner - (preparation & cleanup) - Dean's family
7:30pm	Program - Aunt Joycell
10:30	Teen activity - Brad Fife & JoAnn Larsen Adult campfire (little children in bed)
12:00am	Curfew

THURSDAY

8:00am	Breakfast served - (preparation & cleanup) - Lee's family
10:00am	plum fairy (young children 3 yrs. & over) Aunt Joycell & Vaylene contest - Alan Berry & David Berry
12:00pm	Lunch served (preparation & cleanup) - Helen's family
1:30pm	Family games & relays - The Falls girls & the Berry girls
3:00pm	Tour & history of Whiting's Old Saw Mill - Lynn Ellsworth & Markay Hamblin
5:00pm	Dinner served (preparation & cleanup) - Dean, Maree & Norma's families
7:00pm	Evening Program - The Dean Berry Family

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Special Thanks

Our tribute to Uncle Lee would not have been possible without the untiring efforts of Louine Berry Hunter. She is truly the family genealogist & archivist, and has contributed photographs and transcribed Steve and Dean Berry's talks given at Uncle Lee's funeral, as well as writing down her memories of Uncle Lee. We are only able to print selections of Louine's material about Uncle Lee in **The Berry Patch**. The entire collection will be on the Whiting family infobase CD ROM disk. If you have recollections about Uncle Lee that you would like to add, send them to Diana Rice, and they will be included on the CD ROM disk.

COME FOR THE BERRY AND STAY FOR THE WHITING

This year is especially important for Homestead attendance, since it is the 50th ANNIVERSARY of Whiting Reunions. I can hardly believe it!!!! My 2 earliest reunion memories of the homestead are Grandma Whiting's 90th birthday (when they put her on a burrow), and I remember Marilyn (Silvers) Barnes & I riding on the back of a donkey named garbage. I vividly remember someone "letting go of the rope or bridle" and this beast of burden walking over to the garbage can, or pit, (I don't remember which) and putting his head down to eat the garbage. Marilyn & I began to slide down the neck of that donkey like a flagpole, screaming & crying as loudly as we could. I don't recall the rescue - I just remember Marilyn grabbing on to the back of my pigtailed and pulling with all of her might (maybe that's why I was screaming so loud!). We must have been about four years old at the time?

Here is a tempting list of the Herbert & May Berry grandchildren that

are coming to the Whiting reunion: most of the Ellsworths, a lot of the Hamblins, all of the Fifes, many of the Berrys, and we have great hopes for the Andelins. Come, one and all and join us at the foot of Sierra Trigo for the reunions.

--Janice Falls

DID YOU GET THE WHITING REUNION INFO BY MAIL?

If not, and you are planning on coming to the Whiting Reunion, please write to Joyce Packard, 865 W. 11th Place, Mesa, AZ 85201 or call her at 602-834-0256. A wonderful information packet is available, and if you missed it, contact Joyce.

The Berry Patch

NOW ON-LINE

The Berry Patch now has its own Web Page on the Internet. Our Web Page address is <http://www.ccnnet.com/~r2d2>. Our E-Mail address is r2d2@ccnet.com.

COUSINS GET-TOGETHERS--FOR ANYONE WHO LIVES NEAR PROVO, UTAH

If you live in Provo-Salt Lake area, don't miss the cousins get-togethers held each Fast Sunday after the CES fireside broadcasts at the home of Bonnie & Chuck Middleton, 173 East 1864 South, Orem, UT 84058. If you need more information, phone Bonnie at 224-5289. The next gathering will be March 1, and everybody goes there directly after the CES fireside, typically arriving about 8:30. The Cousins get-together in April will be held Conference Sunday, April 5 at 7:00 p.m. Due to conference that day, there will not be a CES Fireside. If you're in the area, try and make it to that one, the last before the end of the semester.

INFOBASE UPDATE

The Whiting Infobase CD ROM, Introductory version, will be available at the Reunions. This test version, with the capacity to add and change, is available at the advance price of \$10. They will be \$15 at the reunions. Much Berry History is included. This is an essential tool for helping with the final version. To order, send \$10 to Diana Rice 2047 Esseny Avenue, Walnut Creek, CA 94596.

Berry Vines

Various and Sundry Tidbits On Aunt Martha's Family

by *Suzanne Carlson Labrum*

Aunt Martha and Uncle Frank have a posterity totaling 622 descendants!

Ruth Lewis is the oldest living member of Aunt Martha's family. She is 85. Lester and Louise have the longest marriage in the family, 59 years! Maurine Brown Startup has the most children--11. Annette Brown Eliason has 10. Dianne Startup Ingram has 11 children, combining her 4 and Carol Joy's 7. David Startlup has 13 children, including 5 stepchildren.

We have added 118 new people to our family in the last two and a half years. We have four sets of twins: Maurine Startup's DeAnne and Dianne, Linda Brown Blake's Hugh and Ronald, Carol Joy Startup Ingrahm's Jacob and Ryan, and David Startup's Alex and Lara.

We have approximately even amounts of families (about 50 each) in Utah and California. We have several families in Washington and Arizona. We also have family members living in Alaska, Colorado, Connecticut, Hawaii, Idaho, Iowa, Maine, Michigan, Missouri, Nevada, New York, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Japan and Saudi Arabia. We currently have 10 missionaries representing the Brown family. 12/97

Effie's Family

Lynn & Jamie's daughter Susan:

Hey out there! It's been a while since I've let you all know what I'm up to. I last sent a message in February 1996 and now here it is almost two years later. I ended up getting married in July of 1996 to a wonderful guy from New Zealand. I met him here at BYU-Hawaii and we were just friends for the longest time. But eventually it turned to love and we got hitched in July.



Susan & Jason Green

We currently live on the east coast of Oahu in a beautiful apartment overlooking the Pacific Ocean. My husband, **Jason**, works full-time for the Polynesian Cultural Center as a Database Administrator and Visual-Basic programmer. I work part-time for the Hawaii Temple and love every minute of it.

Anyway, is there any news about the Berry Reunion? Like is there going to be one this summer? If so, when are the dates? Jason and I will be flying over end of June so we want to hit it on the right dates. Let me know the latest news about the Berrys.

Love, Susan (Ellsworth) Green

Elaine & Richard Ward

Richard and I are living in Crisfield, Md. He is employed as the only Radiologist at the Hospital here. He is appreciated. He likes the slower pace, I'm trying to get used to it. I recognize change is important however, so I will do my best to stay busy and active. I was asked to help out in the Family History Center, I'm looking forward to that.

George and LeeAnn Ward are expecting #1 in April. They are currently living in our home in Wilmington, while George finishes graduate work in Economics at the University of Delaware.

Julie and Jon Hardy are busy raising a wonderful little family, in Spanish Fork, Utah. They are the "home base" for our college children who attend BYU.

Jenny and Doug Pearson are in Pittsburgh, Pa. Doug is attending law school at Duquesne University and will graduate in June. Jenny is working for a law firm, they both are busy in church callings as well.

Steve is in graduate school (Geology) at BYU, has been dating, he is hoping to be working for an oil company in Texas this summer.

Matt is also attending BYU, considering going to optometry school, he and Steve are roommates there.

Melissa and Jason White are expecting #2 at the end of July. Jason plans to go to graduate school at Utah State. His major is linguistics with

special skills in computer technology.

Eric is currently serving as a missionary in Asuncion, Paraguay with lots of enthusiasm and experiences. We are looking forward to having him home Dec. 1998.

Pat & Evelyn Gwartney

Pat is now a Bishop, and they enjoy their grandchildren!

Hi I'm Warren Gwartney, Evelyn Ellsworth Gwartney's oldest son. I thought I would send you a quick note about our family. Myself, my wife Andrea, Hayley (almost 4 years old), and Sophie (5 months old) live in Gaithersburg, Maryland. Our lives here are in the DC metro area keep a fast pace. I have been attending school working on an Information Systems degree. I work as a web developer for a video production house in a division that is working with video streaming of the Internet. Andrea stays busy at home with our girls. She also does some desktop publishing from home. Hayley is a Sunbeam this year and loves it enthusiastically. It is fun to see her little spirit learn and grow. Sophie was born October 1st at 9lbs. and 6oz. she mostly loves to smile and giggle especially with her big sister. She is a sweet, happy, perfect little angel. (what else can I say?) We hope that all is well with everyone and we look forward to being together at the reunion this Summer.



This is a picture of Sophie taken a few days after her birth.

Thank you and let us know if there is anything we can do. I was especially think I could probably lend a hand on the multimedia project in the video or audio area. If there is any video

that will be included. I would also be glad to work on any graphic presentations or just about anything. What package are you building the project in. (I have Asymetrix multimedia toolbook, although I haven't had a ton of time to really learn it.)

Sincerely Warren & Andrea Gwartney
[editor's note: you will definitely be hearing from us!]

Van & Patti Ellsworth

Patti and I are doing well and still living with Aunt Virginia in Virginia. Aunt Virginia is doing well and is generally in good health. I am still working for Bechtel Power Corp. and I am learning new CADD software and working in 3-dimension. Patti works at home and keeps herself busy with various projects of her own. We hope that we will be able to attend the reunion this year.

Mike and Kathryn are living in Salt lake City. Mike is going to graduate from the University inf Utah in June and is waiting to be accepted to a school to become a Physical Therapist. Kathryn works as a secretary at the U of U.

Traci was recently married to Joseph Palmer in January and they are living in Orem near the University Mall. Traci works for REI and Joseph is working with his family owned business.

Kerri graduated as a Xray Technician and is working at Fairfax Hospital and really enjoys what she is doing. She is doing better tah she expected and seems to have a bright future. She loves her work and plans to specialize someday.

Ryan is presently serving his mission in Las Vegas. He injured his knee playing football on P-day last November and had to have surgery. He tore his ACL and will have to have more surgery whem he is done with his mission. He has to use a knee brace but seems to be doing quite well. He was in Battle Mountain and recently returned to the Las Vegas Area.

Maree's Family

Jack and Joycell Cooper

Well...as to family news...where do I start? Jack and I moved to St. George

after our 2 year stint at the Dallas Temple. We loved the temple in Dallas and made life long friends with the Bassett's (Pres. & matron of the temple) and several others. It hold's special memories because Jack was ordained as a sealer by Elder Hales which was quite humbling for us. When our time was up we had the opportunity to come to St. George and stay at the ranch of old friends from Fresno, Ca. Dr. Charles and Betty Bingham. They had been called to Hanoi, Vietnam on a special mission to work with the oral surgeons in the hospital and teach English in their spare time. They wanted to know if we would consider watching the place while they were gone. We jumped at the chance since we had been coming here for 30 years deer hunting and it was like coming home. We fit right into the ward and it seems as though we've been here for years. We work two days a week in the temple (Wed. & Thur.), Jack as a sealer (the temple presidency got a letter from Pres. Hinckley reinstating him in this temple) and I work the line on Wed. and am a trainer on Thurs. We love the work and we love the workers. We keep awful busy. I thought you were supposed to slow down when you reached our age...either that or enter a rest home...but it seems we just get busier. I teach in Relief Society (which I really enjoy) and Jack is a counselor to our old Stake Pres. from Fresno, Mel Leavitt, who is the High Priest Group Leader. I also go to the Family History library on Mon. afternoons. I am putting on a melodrama for the ward the last of this month (the 27th)...and other then that not doing much else! When we first got here Jack had a really bad surgical experience with a kidney stone...well, not to be outdone I had to be rushed to the emergency room and have my gall bladder out!! Then last month Jack had a hernia repair...I told him that he wins...I'm not going to try and outdo him this time!!

One nice thing about getting old is that your chins finally cover your chest and you settle into one big lump! You take up jogging and end up with 30 lb knees! It takes 5 minutes to get out of bed...2 to roll out and 3 to straighten up!

By the time you put on your wig...slip in your teeth...polish up your glass eye...screw on your wooden leg... tune in your hearing aids...cinch your girdle up tight (gives your chins a shelf to rest themselves on!)...the day is almost over and it's time to take it all off and go back to bed!

Janice and Jerome are still in Missouri. Jerome in cattle and Janice working at a high powered job in Joplin. She is probably the best stake Primary President in the entire church and it boggles the mind the things she has come up with while visiting the wards for their conferences.

Marty and Susan are still in Clinton, Mo. She is teaching school and he just started a new job in Overland Park, Ks. a couple of hours from Clinton. He is in training right now (something to do with Computers) and so spends the week there and goes home on weekends. He is the Stake Mission President and so most of his Sundays are taken up visiting other units and speaking. Their children are growing up fast and doing well. He has been put over the display the state of Missouri is allowing the Mormon church to put in the capital building. What a marvelous opportunity for the church and Marty's job is to help it all come together...several famous artists and authors in the church...several general authorities...(I think Elder Faust is one)...The St. Louis temple president...the Regional Rep...The area Rep...etc. Marty's job is to introduce the governor and important politicians to the church authorities and all the stake presidents and their wives from the state of Missouri...it is a thrilling project...first a temple in Missouri and now this.

Shawn has been transferred to Washington DC and is over the News Media on the East Coast for PG&E. He and Linda fell in love with Virginia when they were back there a few years ago and feel like they have come home. Linda is teaching seminary in Sacramento and they decided to let Casey finish his first year of high school there.

Lance and Kathy are still in Las Vegas. They just sold their home in Henderson and are buying a larger one.

Kathy gave up teaching after the twins were born and although they have really had to tighten their belts it is wonderful to see how the children are reacting to having a full time mommy at home.

Angel and Rory moved to West Jordan last May. They really like it--they love the ward...the neighbor hood and being close to some cousins their age. The boys have adjusted well and think the snow is great.

Vaylene is up there and has been for several years since returning from her mission. Right now she is in the construction business and claims she can plumb a wall, go rafter hopping and lay tile and flooring as well as the next person. She is planning on going back to school as soon as she can.

--Joycell Cooper

Shawn & Linda Cooper

Shawn recently accepted a position with PG&E back East, and has begun the great coast-to-coast commute until June, when Linda and Casey will make the move to Virginia after Casey has finished his freshman year of high school. He just completed his first season of high school football and loved it. He kind of likes being the only child left at home--he does not have to fight for the bathroom, food on the table, nor control of the phone or CD player.

What makes Casey's life easier is that his sister Corey is a Freshman at Boston University. She is swimming for BU and has decided to major in communications. Corey likes Boston and the diversity it offers. She is only about three hours from her brother Chris, who is halfway through his second year at the United States Military Academy and enjoying it much more than his plebe year. Chris is leaning toward majoring in Economics/Finance. Chris will leave West Point this summer to go on a mission. (See photo on page 10)

--Linda Cooper

Janice & Jerome Falls

So much has happened in our family this year. So I will just touch briefly on the highlights.

Janice: Now starting her 6th year as Stake Primary President (convinced that the Lord is going to

make her stay there until she gets it right). Now that all of the kids are "almost" gone, she accepted a position as a staffing director with a company in Joplin, Missouri and loves it. Turned 50 years old last March and decided to not accept aging gracefully - therefore started aerobics at the "Y" three times a weekly. Upon starting was the oldest & fattest person in class. Is now only the oldest person in class.

Jerome: Finally bought a very nice farm in Missouri. He now spends most, if not all, of his spare time burning brush, mending fence, feeding cattle & watching eagles. He is still a Field Rep. for Joplin Regional Stockyards and knows just about every single farmer in Barry & Lawrence counties by name. Jerome's father passed away over a year ago. He was 98 years old and the first loss of a parent for either of us.

Brett: Is living in Flagstaff, Arizona working in construction. Brett has always loved the mountains and we imagine he probably sees Daylynn Hamblin once in awhile? He has two children, Brandon & Jarrika, whom we see often. Brandon is a soccer nut & Jarrika is Princess of the Barbie Doll collectors.

Heather (Falls) & Dean Willard live in Aurora & have two children. Dalton & Laney. Dalton loves to talk with his nana - that's me - on the telephone. Laney loves to help her mom and pester her big brother (especially during Sacramento Mtg.) Dean is the new Scout Master in the Aurora Ward and Heather is the new Nursery Leader.

Garrett married a beautiful young woman from Peru. Her name is Odile and we just love her. They were married last April and are expecting their first baby (boy) in July. Odile served a mission in her home country of Peru then moved to the states a couple of years ago. Garrett is back in school and working hard to pay for it. They are happy and living in Salt Lake City.

Amy (Falls) & Kyle Bladh live in Spanish Fork, Utah. This past few months have been very hard for them. Their oldest son, Cazden, was hit by a car while crossing Main Street in Spanish Fork. The driver is 17 years old

and just made a very foolish mistake. All other traffic was stopped to allow Amy & Caz to cross. The driver took the "only open lane" and just plowed on through. The results were quite harsh. Cazden spent several days in ICU at Mt. View Hospital in Payson then was transferred to Primary Children's Head Trauma Unit, where he spent several weeks. While in Primary Children's he came out of the coma and underwent extensive therapy for weeks. He is now at home with his brother Conner & his little sister, Raegan. Heather & her children flew out this past week and will stay with Amy & Kyle (& crew) to help with the transition. Amy must drive Cazden from Spanish Fork to Salt Lake (a nightmare with the Interstates under Olympic repair!) three times a week. The future looks promising and Cazden makes progress everyday.

We have learned a great deal about head injuries and discovered it is not at all like the movies - the patient doesn't just wake up, look around & ask "where am I?" Our family is so grateful for the power of prayer and our wonderful family (immediate and extended!)

Needless to say, Amy has her hands full but manages to keep smiling. Kyle has his nose to the grindstone with work, relieving Amy at the hospital and finishing his Microsoft Network Certification? (probably didn't say that right). Cazden will hopefully return to school next year, Conner can sing "Popcorn Popping On the Apricot Tree" & "Jingle Bells" to nana on the phone, and Raegan is affectionately referred to by her parents as "Princess Brat". The Lord has been so good to this little family, but the realities of life can sometimes hit us like a ton of bricks!

Brenna (Falls) & Austin McMillen are living in Billings, Missouri. Brenna works as an office manager for a local CPA and is loved by her boss! She has been going like crazy since it is tax season and looks forward to April 16th. She is also going to SMSU and was the Primary Chorister in the Aurora Ward. They have just moved to a new ward, which will mean a new calling. Austin drives for Pepsi Cola in

Springfield and continues to fly their vintage airplane for fun.

Mariah Falls has traveled half way around the world and back this past year. She spent the summer in Valdez, Alaska processing Salmon. While there she saw whales, sea lions, glaciers, and the beautiful vista for which Alaska is famous. She saved enough money to travel Europe for several weeks. She started in London (Heather & Brenna flew over and spent a week with her) and then traveled on to see 9 other countries which included the Czech Republic and the Vatican. She has been bit by the gypsy bug and loves travel. She will probably return to Alaska this summer.

We have had our share of trials and blessings these past few years . . . I think that's what is called "life's learning experiences!" The blessings far outweigh the trials and we are grateful. See you all at the homestead!

Markay's family

I'll give you an update on what I know of Markay's family. Leo and Michelle just bought a beautiful new home in the West Jordan area. Leo works for a power company (something like Shawn) and loves his job and feels guilty getting paid so well for it. They have 5 children. Timmy and his little family just moved to Salt Lake (they were starring in Oklahoma) and he has a good job and is doing well. Daylan is in Flagstaff with his little family and Jeanette and her family are still in Oklahoma on the outskirts of Tulsa. Markay lives in Salt Lake and makes more money driving a taxi than he ever did teaching school. He wonders why he didn't do this years ago!

--Joycell Cooper

Marilynn & Wayne Barnes

Jason and Stephanie Helf and family are doing well. Paige and Brianna are delighted with their new baby brother Braden. And like his sisters, Braden is a little doll.

Kellie, Mark and Jerick also are doing fine. Kellie is not working for the State at the present time but manages to keep very busy. Jerick is a cutie and keeps his parents on full alert at all times.

Kim and Juston are doing well also. Juston reports that his favorite class in school is recess.....hummmmmm sounds like a typical 8 yr. old response. He is totally into his skate board and trying to sharpen his skills every chance he gets.

Kara and John and Kerry are thriving in Kansas City. Kara's new job and responsibilities has her traveling more than she cares to.... with a new baby coming it is going to be a major challenge to co-ordinate everyone's schedules...but if anyone can do it, it is 'Ms Organization' her self, Kara T.

Jenna continues to love living in Salt Lake City. She works hard all day and tries to 'train' her German Shepherd puppy, "Wolvie" by night--he is in pre-school and is reportedly doing well. He already minds better than Jenna and her siblings ever did.....

Marilynn, Wayne and Bryan are plugging away. They have more things to do than ever get done but they keep trying. Wayne works for G.E. still. He and Bryan are home teaching partners, even though Bryan is only 4. Bryan takes it very seriously and even insisted on going along to give a blessing last week. This dedication is quite a contradiction to his 'restlessness' in church meetings. When scolded, not long ago, by his mother, and told he needs to try harder to be 'reverent' his response was a mournful, "But Mom, I can't be reverent, it makes me dizzy" (If I have told this before...leave it out). Marilynn is in the R.S. Presidency and teaches the two Brigham Young lessons each month. It is a lot to handle but also very fulfilling. The Barnes family loves being in the same ward as other relatives...Dixie and Bob and Lane and Darlene.....though shamefully we are all so busy we usually only see each other at church. We hope this news letter finds everyone well and happy.....or at least hanging on with conviction.

--Marilynn Barnes

Kay's Family

We have been in Fresno for one year, and are really liking our new area. We are close to the Sequoias, Yosemite, and

Bass and Shaver Lakes. We love the camping and hiking.

When Michael returned from his Colorado Denver North Mission in July, we all met him at the airport and spent a few days camping at Shaver Lake. It was a very special time for the family to be together and to hear about his missionary experiences and enjoy the spirit of his mission.

Cindy and Brian Watkins are in San Dimas with their five children. In November, Brian donated a kidney to his father, and both are doing very well.

Julie and Kent Lundin surprised us by moving from Missouri to Visalia and Kent has taken a position teaching business at the College of Sequoias. We love having them close by.

Stacey and Stephen Smyth bought a lovely home in Pleasant Grove, Utah, and love it there. Stephen loves his work in computer software. Michelle and Perry Mills are both in school--stress city in Provo. They bought a duplex in Provo and completely renovated it. It was so great to have them and their little Richelle in Fresno this summer.

Mike is at BYU and loving the life there. Amy is getting used to our new area and doing well in her new high school. She danced in a recital this summer and likes the piano too.

We have been thinking that living in this area is a lot like being on a mission. There are many missionary opportunities and activation work to be done here. Dave is Ward Mission Leader and Sharon is in the RS presidency. Dave enjoys practicing dentistry in the largest women's prison in the world, Chowchilla Women's Prison. After renewing her credential, Sharon started teaching Reading intervention in a local elementary school. It is a lot of fun. She is also a Pampered Chef consultant. We have so many blessings and we are so thankful for our memories of you. We love you all. Come see us. Love, Dave & Sharon

Lee's Family

Steve and Judi have moved again. In September, Judi began working at the School of Nursing at

BYU. She's teaching family nurse practitioner students and enjoying it very much. It's a real opportunity to pass along her clinical knowledge and practice style. Steve is still working on reference works; he has two projects almost completed, so we should see some results very soon.

Stephanie and Bret Fairbanks are still in Virginia. Bret is halfway through work on his masters in physical therapy at Marymount University. Their daughter Megan is 15 months old and is a delightful child. Stephanie is busy taking care of her and Eric and China Arbuckle's daughter Jordan.

Annette and Dustin Stewart have also moved to Northern Virginia. Annette is working on her masters in social work at Gallaudet University, where most classes are taught in sign language. Dustin is doing construction. They plan to return to Ogden, Utah, when she graduates in the spring of 1999. It has been wonderful to have Stephanie and Annette and their families in Northern Virginia because they visit their grandmother, Virginia, frequently--they have been a great source of support for her since Dad passed away.

David is still living in Ogden and working in construction. He hopes to continue with his art education in the near future.

Michael married Danielle Sedillo August 30, 1977 (Judi made her dress too). They are living in Phoenix. He's a salesman at Sears, which will be a lot nicer in the summer than construction was. Danielle is enjoying doing office work for a health care corporation. Both are making plans to go to school part time. --Steve Berry

Norma's Family

Brad & Susanne Fife

Brad is working in sales for the freight company he has been working for, for over four years. He drives from the office in Fontana to Long Beach, L.A. and Compton area every day. He is also Young Men's President. He has a lot of love for the youth and enjoys a close relationship with them. He was Vice President of the Football Booster Club this year and was elected President of the

Baseball Booster Club. When he can, he tries to get in a game of golf.

Susanne has been working in a part-time job with the Special Ed program at the Jr. High behind their house. She is still teaching seminary, early morning, for the fourth year. This year she has the Freshman class. It has so many rewards and gives her an opportunity to be close to the youth. Susanne's mother died in November, after suffering from Alzheimers disease for over 13 years.

Jason is a Junior in High School. He is immersed in advanced classes and jazz band and sports. He played quarterback for varsity football this season. His height was an advantage and he has a really good arm. He moved on to playing soccer, playing right halfback. In the spring he plays baseball, catcher, pitcher and 3rd base. He manages to keep a 4.0 gpa, and is assitant to the Bishop in the Priests Quorum.

Karie is a Freshman in High School. She was selected as Freshman representative in student government. She made the JV volleyball team and started on the front line. She started playing JV basketball, as a center, and was asked to finish the season playing varsity. She is just starting the swimming season. Karie also works hard on academics and is a very good student. She got braces this summer, and she feels they are interfering with her social life. Between dances, parties, practices and games, we don't see it.

--Susanne Fife

JoAnn & Barry Larsen

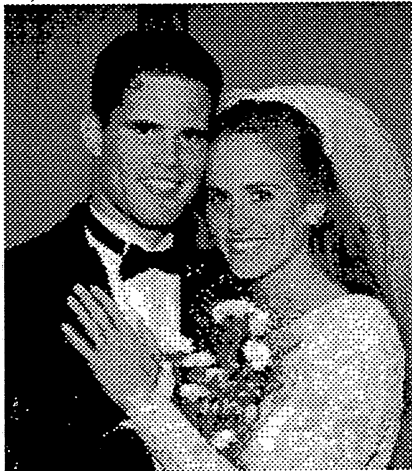
A lot has happened in the Larsen family since the last Berry Patch:

Keith Larsen returned home from his mission to the West Indies on June 12, 1997. He stayed at home and worked until fall when he started attending BYU again. It is wonderful having him home.

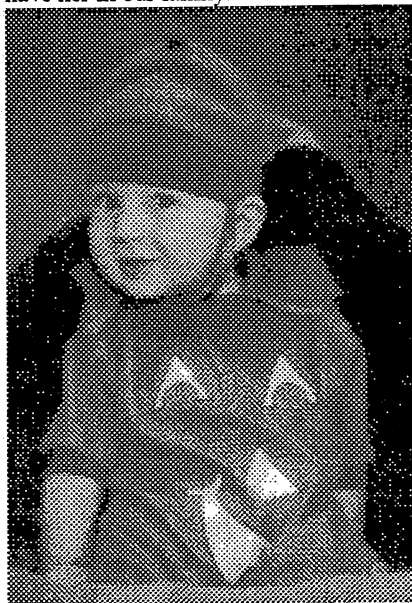
Bradley Larsen went to Ricks College for one semester and left for his mission to Dominican Republic, Santo Domingo East mission on January 15, 1997.

Jared Larsen went one semester at BYU and then left for his mission to

Ecuador, Guayaquil South on January 14, 1998



David Larsen married Tricia Tincher on August 17, 1996. She is a wonderful young woman and we are grateful to have her in our family.



Julianne and Kerry Muchleitein had a beautiful baby boy on May 24, 1997. Benjamin Joseph Muhlestein is our first grandchild! Boy this is fun! Julianne graduated from BYU in August of 1996 and Kerry received his masters from BYU in August of 1997. He will enter a doctorate program at UCLA in the fall of 1998.

--JoAnn Fife Larsen

Bonnie & Chuck Middleton

1997 was a big year for the Middleton family. Our son Chuck, was married Feb. 21, to Kimberly Laycock. Chuck (my husband) was called to be a

bishop of a BYU married ward in May. We had our first grandchild born on Oct. 23. A boy Tyler Brant Wilson, the son of Cathy and Brant Wilson. Those are the highlights.

We continue to have cousins parties after every CES fireside at our house. Everyone is welcome. At the last one, I got to visit with my namesake, Bonnie Leavitt. It is so wonderful to see cousins!

--Bonnie Middleton

Cathy and Brant Wilson

We attend a very small, struggling branch down here in south Texas. I was just called to be the Young Women's President. There are about 12 young women on the roll, but only one is active.

--Cathy Wilson

Roger & Diana Rice

Since the summer Roger was called to be High Priest Group Leader and Diana was called to be Relief Society President two years ago:

Anna earned an AA at Ricks, Cindy & Randy graduated from BYU, and Michael received a Masters degree in Physics and is now earning an MBA at BYU. Michael is also working on a project BYU & NASA are sponsoring, called the GoldHelox (nicknamed goldelocks) project. Two spouses, Jared Taylor and Debbie Rice, also graduated from BYU.

Anna and Chris were called to serve in Chile as missionaries. Anna has returned home from Chile Concepcion mission and is attending BYU. Chris will return home in June from Chile Osorno Mission,

Randy and Chris both were on BYU folk dance team tours. Randy made the traveling team, and gave it all up for love.

Randy married Debbie Palmer in the Mt. Timpanogos Temple just before Christmas, 1996.

Our 13 year old, Brian has grown 8 inches, and earned five ranks in scouting and 17 merit badges. He loves soccer, and has worked his way to center half-back. He is head photographer and the "computer expert" in journalism.

Michael and Emily Rice have two little red headed boys, Benson Michael (3), Joshua Dean Rice (2), and

are expecting their third in April.

Stephanie and Jared have a son, Jordan DeSpain Taylor, daughter Ashley Houston Taylor, and are expecting their 3rd in August.

Cindy and Aaron have a daughter, Miranda Catherine Case, whom they call Miri.

This makes 5 grandchildren for us and two on the way. In five years we have gone from a family of 9 to a family of 18.

--Diana Fife Rice

Dean's Family

See Anna & Bruce Wood's family photos on page 9. Read Jonathan & Lily's Wedding on page 11.

Helen's Family

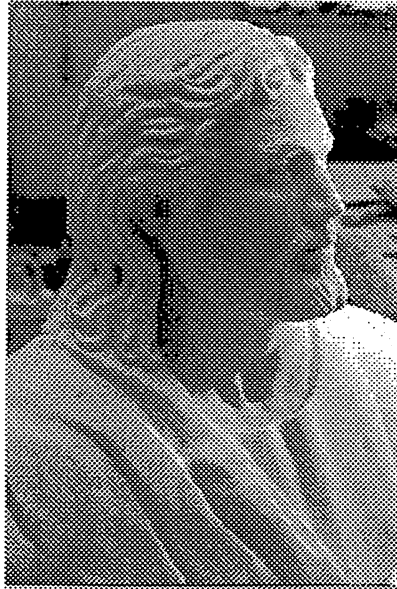
Generally speaking, our sons and daughters are engaged in faithfully, patiently and steadily raising their children-- a total of 58 grandchildren. They are doing a fine job!

--Helen Andelin

Dixie writes:

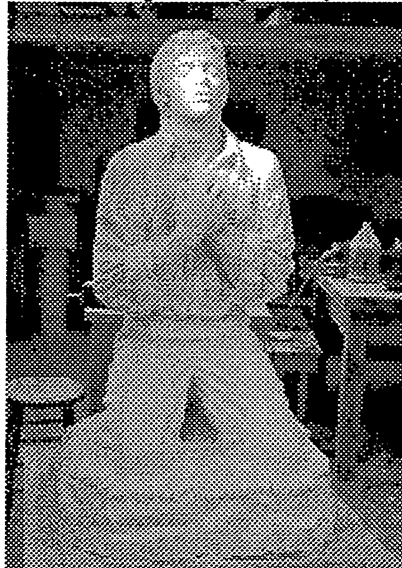
We have a new grandbaby. Lily Forsyth was born June 17 of '97. We have 3 grandkids so far. The oldest ones are boys Chandler and Gabriel and are my oldest daughter Tiffany's. I think you should know if you don't already, that my brother John is doing some rather major art work for the church. President Packer was so impressed, he invited John and his family to Salt Lake to meet with him, where he told John that A. he was going to be famous and B. his rendition of Christ was better than the Christ. Since then he has been working on and is nearly completed a life-size marble statue of the prophet Joseph in the grove. You should see it. People routinely say it moves them to tears. He is so amazing. You can imagine how Pres. Packer was shocked when he asked where John received his art training and John modestly replied, "nowhere--I taught myself".

--Dixie Andelin Forsyth



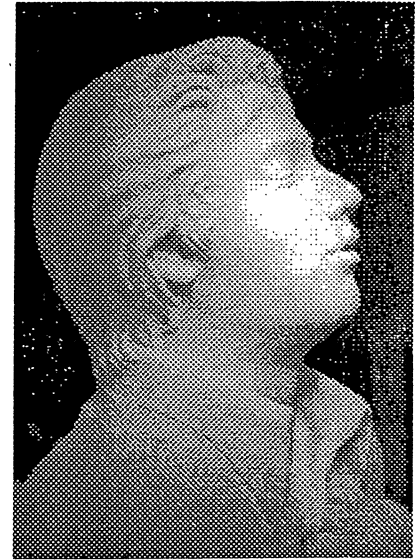
John & Cindy Andelin

John writes: I've included photos of two marble sculptures The bust of the Savior (life-size) was purchased by the Museum of Church History and Art last year. I have no knowledge as to where the piece will be displayed, and as far as I now it is somewhere in storage waiting to be placed. They have suggested that it might be placed either in the lobby of the Art Museum or in the visitors center at Winter Quarters. The marble sculpture of Joseph Smith's first prayer is entitled "The Dawning of a Brighter Day".

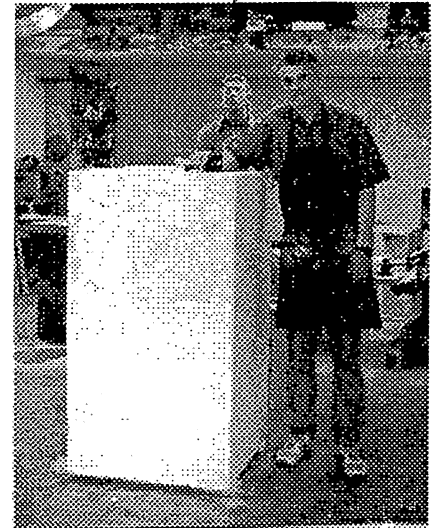


It is not yet finished but, as you can see, is nearing completion It is life-size and

was carved from a 4,430 lb. block of marble..



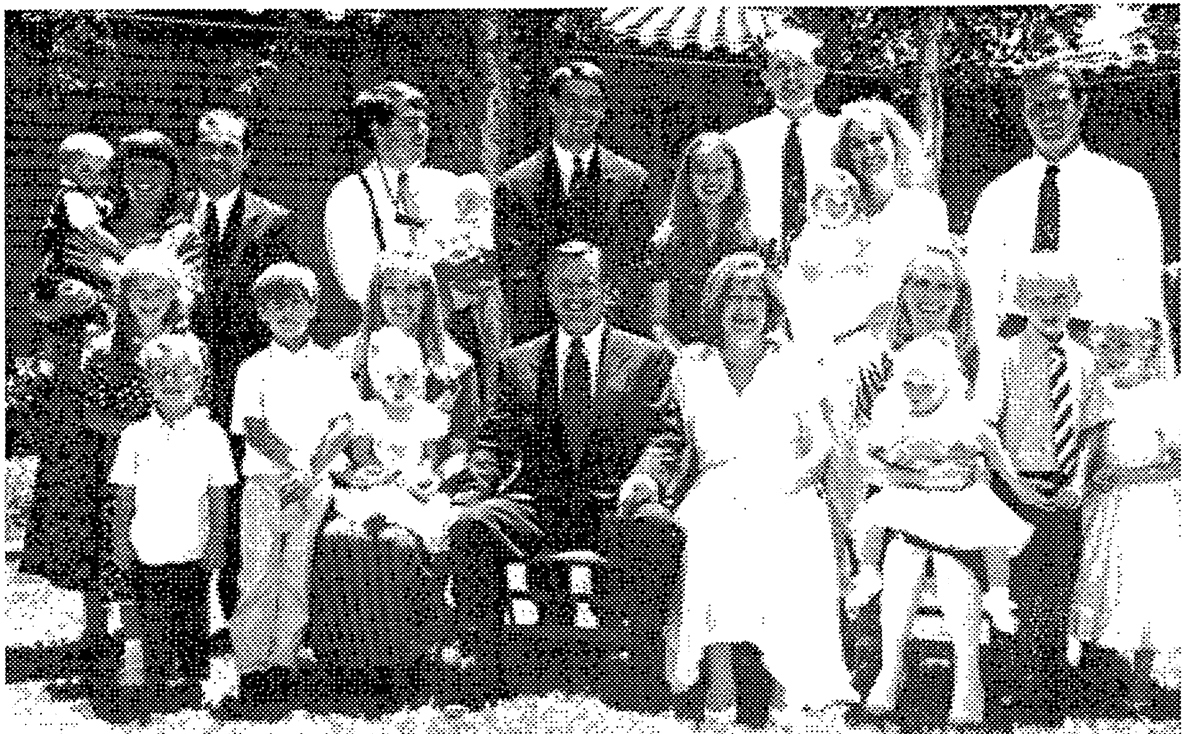
It is not a commissioned piece but is something I'm doing on my own. The Church has expressed strong interest in purchasing it ever since they saw photographs of the clay model about a year ago. I have been keeping in touch and they continue to show interest. I hope to hear from them within a couple of weeks, as I have just sent them prints, some of which are the same as the photos you see here. They have indicated that there is interest in placing the statue in the Palmyra



Here is a photo of me in my studio with the marble block I used to carve Joseph.. Note the clay model in the background. I obtained the block from a quarry in Colorado, shipped by flatbed truck.



Bruce and Anna Wood's family: from Joanna on the Bicycle, the Wood's dog, Lady, Joanna again, Sam, Jake, Bruce, Anna, Missy, on both sides of the collage, and then Jake again. photo inset is of Shawn & Linda Cooper's family, from left, Shawn, Chris, Linda, Casey, & Corey



Dave & Sharon Berry Family: the picture above was taken at Mike's homecoming talk, given in Escondido. These family pictures get out of date really fast. We have had two more angels from heaven since then. Stacey & Steve Smyth have another beautiful baby boy and Julie and Kent Lundin have a darling girl. This makes 12 grandchildren for us. Unbelievable!

Jonathan and Lily's Wedding

by Diana Fife Rice



Jonathan and Lily Berry married February 7, 1998

My sister JoAnn, my son Brian and I braved a storm, and drove to our brother Brad's house in Lake Elsinore the day before the wedding. Anna Wood and her four children were also staying at Brad's, so we had a warm welcome that night. We all dropped into bed early, after we figured out what time we had to wake up in order to be at the temple *on time* Saturday morning.

We awoke to perfect weather. It felt like a spring day. We all assembled at the temple, in one of the most light-filled dazzling sealing rooms I have ever seen. The San Diego temple is breathtakingly beautiful. We sat on gilt chairs, decorated in art-nouveau design. About half the room was windows, and in addition there was a full chandelier over the altar, and about eight matching sconces around the room. There were many walls because the room was octagonal shaped, one of the themes carried throughout the temple.

Uncle Dean sat in the witness chair on the side of the altar where he could best see Jonathan. Beverly sat next to the groom's chair. All in a row behind where the bride and groom would be, the siblings were seated: Mark and Lynn, Brent and Laurlynn, Karen and Brent Mitterling, and Anna Wood. JoAnn and I sat at the end of that row, and Brad and Susanne sat behind the siblings. Everyone was seated in such a way that I could see the groom's family at a glance. I didn't know anyone else in the room.

As we sat waiting, the room was filled with such a feeling of peace and joy. It was a spacious room, with about 40 seats, and yet lots of open space around the seating. Just before the bride and groom came into the room, the bride's mother, sister, and grandmother entered the room, and sat in a row beside the bride's chair. It was beautiful to see three generations of women together, filled with the happiness of the occasion. All of them are strikingly beautiful women, and there was a feeling of power and majesty in their countenances. I understand Lily's mother is an actress and also a drama coach. She has a son that is also an actor. But all three generations are unusually striking in appearance.

We waited for 15 minutes, silent and contemplative, excited and eager to see the bride and groom. I thought while I waited, of how fortunate I am to be part of this family, and of what an impact Uncle Dean and his children have had on my family over the years. They were absolutely Christlike during the dark days after I lost my mother. I don't know how I would have handled that time without the family--actually everyone in Fresno helped me and my siblings in those dark times, but Uncle Dean and his family went far beyond the second mile. Tender memories flooded my mind as I sat in that room.

There were many who would have liked to be there with us, but somehow, it just seemed like the love everyone feels for Jonathan and Lily, was there in the room, a clear, warm presence.

Suddenly, they appeared. Jonathan, movie-star handsome, looking the happiest I have ever seen him. Lily was dressed in a gorgeous wedding gown, and was radiantly, beautiful, enhanced by such a loving expression.

Lily sat down, and I could see her in profile with her mother, sister, and grandmother. It was a beautiful glimpse of womanhood at all stages of life, bound together as a family.

The sealer began to give his talk, and he was clear, kind, and friendly. His council was wise. Across the altar, the wedding couple looked deeply into each others eyes throughout the ceremony. The two were sealed as one in the eyes of the Lord.

A chuckle went through the room at the point where the mirrors analogy to

eternity was made, when the sealer said, "Do you know how long eternity is?" And Jonathan answered strongly in the affirmative! He had waited a long time for this day.

As we exited the room, there was a chance to hug the Bride and Groom. Then we all lined up and embraced each family member, a tender, lovely time. Stepping out into the corridor, we were treated to the sight of a beautiful atrium garden, and the blue sky. How fitting to be able to look right up into the heavens. The center of the temple on the top floor is a courtyard, and the large windows make it seem almost like you are outdoors.

We left for the elevators, and I had such a feeling of peace and happiness, just such an assurance that everything eventually will be all right. That feeling even intensified as we left the temple and met the waiting family members. Aunt Marion ran to JoAnn and I, it had been many years since we had seen her, and we embraced, cried, and laughed all at once.

Matt and Juana were there, too. The three of them had flown from Mexico, and driven from the border to be there. Aunt Marion and Matt are writing books, and Juana has become a full-time artist. They share a home in Zacatecas, Mexico.

We visited, we enjoyed each other, we met and fell in love with Brent and Laurlynn's three darling blonde children. Also there were grandchildren we already knew and loved: Karen and Brent Mitterling's oldest son Justin, three of Anna's children, Melissa, Joanna, and Sam. Brad's Karie had come with Melissa to help tend the children.

Anna's oldest, Jake, Brad's oldest, Jason, and my Brian had gone directly to the site of the impending open house to help with the set-up and food preparation.

We met some of Lily's family, and her two darling children, Amy (8) and John (6). Jon is going by Jonathan now, to keep John's identity clear. The children look like Berrys. In fact Joanna is a year younger than Amy, and they look like cousins. The children were dressed in wedding finery, and were eager for their mother and new father to join the rest of us outside.

Suddenly, they appeared, an absolutely stunning couple emerging from that glistening, opulent temple. Jonathan, was of course handsome in a tuxedo, and Lily was in an elaborately decorated, yet simply styled wedding dress. It had a pencil thin skirt, and a gorgeous train. She had a spray of flowers tucked in her hair, and

carried LILLIES of the valley tied in a satin bow. All the men of the wedding party had boutonnieres, so Brent's little boys very resourcefully picked their own out of a nearby flowerbed, and wore their pansies proudly.

The photographer was gifted, and skillfully maneuvered the family shots, and did many photos of the bride and groom with various parts of the family, and then many of the new family. The children were so entranced with Jonathan, and clearly adore him.

Lily's mother wore one of the prettiest chiffon formals I have ever seen. It was a periwinkle blue, with beautiful dimensional appliqués on the bodice, and circular flounces cascading in evenly spaced swirls around the dress to the mid-length hem. Just a beautiful dress.

The music at the open house was unforgettable. A harpist welcomed the guests. Aunt Marion sang "*Some Enchanted Evening*", a stringed quartet played throughout the afternoon, and another vocalist sang "*Make of Your Hearts One Heart*" at the end.

The home of Lily's parents is perched at the edge of a canyon, so it seems like you are off in the wilds, yet you are in a city. There were lovely views everywhere. It is clear that Lily's family has interests in drama, music, and catering. Hmmm. I am sure our families would all get along very well. Food was elaborate and tasty, (duck, scallops, shrimp, and shish kabobs, pasta salads, crudities and dip, fruit and chocolate mousse) and beautifully served.

Beverly was a strengthening, loving presence. She took snapshots throughout the day, and had arranged for a dinner for both families the night before. I was very impressed with how she treats Uncle Dean. She is a wonderful person.

The feelings of peace and happiness I felt in the sealing room, never left me. As we strolled around the grounds watching the photographer at work, I had an unshakable feeling that eventually all the incomprehensible things that happen will be sorted out. And the key to that success, along with the Gospel, is the deep and abiding love we all have for each other, regardless of our circumstances.

I have a strong conviction that the Savior will apply the necessary balm of Gilead to our family, and that we will all come to be together in a place of perfect peace and happiness, when we and our progenitors are reunited some day.

LIFE HISTORY OF HERBERT LEE BERRY

by his son, Steven Lee Berry
funeral address, January 24, 1997



My mother has pointed out that Dad had four great loves in his life -- his family, his Church, his country, and his profession of medicine.

Dad always said he could write his autobiography as a history of the twentieth century, because he had seen so many great developments in science and technology. I'll try to point out a few of the developments he witnessed.

Herbert Lee Berry was born July 7, 1912, in St. Johns, Arizona. His father was Herbert Alonzo Berry and his mother was Anna May Whiting. He was a descendant of Mormon pioneers, all of whom had joined the Church in its early years, crossed the plains, and been sent to colonize northern Arizona.

Dad was the fourth of seven children, two of whom are still living and are here today, his sister, Helen Andelin, and his brother, Dean Berry.

Dad's stories of his childhood were filled with warm memories of his parents and brothers and sisters. He especially enjoyed recalling hunting and fishing trips he took with his grandfather. They'd take some flour and some salt and a frying pan and head into the mountains.

Dad used to tell of the first car he ever saw. An uncle bought one and brought it home. One of Dad's cousins was allowed to ride in the

back and described how when they got going really fast the world turned to a blur. Years later Dad realized that it was an open car, and they didn't have enough goggles for the passengers.

Once Dad was outdoors with his grandfather (I believe) when the first airplane he had ever seen flew by, circled and landed in a field. They ran over and asked the pilot if they could help. He said no, his ground crew would be along in a minute. Sure enough, a truck drove up with gasoline, spare parts, and mechanics. That's how you flew in those days.

As a boy Dad had his tonsils removed, but at the time they did not have anaesthetic.

At the age of eighteen, Dad was called to serve a two-year mission to Brazil. At that time it was called the South American Mission. He was shipwrecked on the way, never met his mission president, and was on his own much of the time. He was the seventh missionary in Brazil. There are now more than twenty missions and a temple in that country.



After his return, he attended college at BYU for a year [and a half].

Dad's older brother, Kay, had a missionary companion in South Africa named Bill Ellsworth. He visited Kay after their mission -- met, fell in love with, and married Effie Berry, the sister of Kay and Dad. They moved to Washington, D. C.

Virginia Ellsworth went to live with her brother and his new wife while she worked in Washington. Dad went to visit his sister Effie where he met, courted, and fell in love with Bill's sister, Virginia. They were married in the Mesa, Arizona Temple September 16, 1936.

Mom and Dad moved to California, where he spent two years working at Safeway, then McDonnell Douglas, while attending Santa Monica Junior College and the University of Southern

California, studying pre-med. During this time (1938), their first child, Jean, was born.

While Dad was in college, he was on the wrestling team. He was never defeated.

In 1939 Dad began studying medicine at the University of Maryland in Baltimore. He used to tell us that at that time they were taught that the atom was the smallest particle of matter.

Dad was the only married student in his class. He earned some money by wrestling professionally, but when the dean heard about it he offered Dad financial assistance if he would stop.

Mom tended Jean during the day and worked nights when Dad was home studying. On Saturdays Dad would take Jean to class, where the other students would fuss over her.

When the United States entered World War II, all the medical students were drafted. They were sent to basic training, then allowed to continue with their studies, but in uniform.

In November 1943, Mom was ready to deliver their second child. Dad was in class when one of his professors walked in, held a baby up, and asked if that wasn't the ugliest baby they had ever seen. It was the first time Dad saw me.

A month later Dad graduated and we moved to San Diego, California, where he did two years of internship and surgical residency.



From left, Virginia, Lee, Elizabeth & Kay Berry

When he and another resident were assigned to the contagion ward, they discovered that on the previous rotation thirty-seven children had died of diphtheria. They looked at the records and decided the residents had waited too long to perform tracheotomies. They agreed not to wait until the child was in trouble to act. They did not lose a single child.

In December 1945 Dad was called to active duty, serving as a general surgeon in Wisconsin and Oklahoma.

Mom moved with the two children to her family home in Safford, Arizona, where Patricia was born a few months later.

In June 1946 Dad was honorably discharged, having attained the rank of first-lieutenant. However, he was placed in the Reserves.

We moved to Alhambra, California, where Dad began private practice. The next year Mom and Dad had a house built. Eileen was born in July 1947.

I remember at some point in that home Dad built a television set from a kit. It was the first one we had seen and the only one in the neighborhood. There was no programming yet on the new station, so we would sit in front of it and watch the test pattern -- of the Native American in a war bonnet.

About the same time Dad was working on the design for a rotary engine. He built one, but said he could never quite get it to work.

We were in Alhambra Ward, where Uncle Kay was bishop for awhile. Dad helped him with a project to install a stained glass window at the front of the chapel. It was the picture of Christ at the door which is on the front of the program.

Dad had an office built, but almost as soon as it was finished, in 1953, he was called to active duty because we were involved in the Korean War. This put a tremendous financial burden on Mom and Dad as he had to leave his practice and try to make payments on both a home and an office building.

This time Dad was in the newly created Air Force. He was assigned to the Strategic Air Command at March Air Force Base in southern California. He was sent to the School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas.

During training, Dad and several other doctors were put in a pressure chamber which was subjected to explosive decompression. One of his classmates died. The accident made him interested in the medical problems of high altitude flight, so he began to work on building a pressure suit while he served as a general surgeon in the Air Force. He was honorably discharged in 1955.

He returned to practice in Alhambra, but continued working for the Air Force as a consultant, working on the pressure suit problem. The Air Force was using the T-1 suit as the basis for developing a suit to maintain pressure. They couldn't use a full pressure suit because just like a balloon, a tube won't bend under pressure. He solved the problem by using corrugated tubes for the suit's joints.

Dad's sister Effie had died in 1948, leaving five children. Bill remarried, but was having financial difficulties. Bill and Effie Ellsworth's children were Lynn, Gary, Elaine, Van, and Evelyn. They are the blood nieces and nephew of both Mom and Dad, making them my double cousins.

Mom and Dad began to help out, taking some of the kids from time to time, finally taking the girls permanently. College assistance was given to all the kids; at one point there were five of us at BYU at the same time. We Berry children have always considered the Ellsworth kids like brothers and sisters.

In 1960, Dad received his boards in abdominal surgery.

About this time he became interested in the oil business, and for the rest of his life he actively ran a successful business besides his practice.

When I completed my mission to Brazil in 1965, Dad and Mom came down to tour his old mission and we returned together.

Dad was a natural teacher. Dinner was sacred, and he would often enthrall us with stories from history, explanations of scientific principles, or medical cases he had seen that day. I remember the man who was bright orange from living only on carrot juice, and the man who bathed half his body with infrared light for hours every day. He wanted to know which side Dad liked better because he was considering cooking the other side to match.

Once a child swallowed a safety pin. The x-rays showed it was in the stomach, open. Dad operated. He closed the safety pin through the stomach wall, slid it along into the appendix, then removed the appendix.

A boy from Church was mowing his lawn. He refilled the engine with gasoline while it was running. The explosion burned more than half his body. The family had little money, but Dad stayed at the boy's bedside until he pulled him through, then performed skin grafts until he was well. The boy went on to become a fine high school athlete. At the time the extent of his burns was considered fatal.

Dad's Aunt Myn (Whiting) Priestley, lived a few blocks away. She would take in unwed mothers and Dad would deliver the babies. Whenever a mother wanted to give her child up for adoption, Dad would place it in an LDS home. He kept track of many of the children, and the last time I saw his wallet he even had a few of their photos in it.

We took long vacations every summer. I don't know how we all fit in one car. Dad would lecture as we went, or lead us in singing "One Man Went to Mow." The trips were the highlights of our youth.

Dad always had a research project underway. He worked for many years on cancer research, but later became interested in creating artificial intestines and blood vessels, a result of his work on the space suit. He did work at the Huntington Memorial Research Center where he knew Linus Pauling.

For a long time we were in South Pasadena Ward, where Mom and Dad became close friends with Mildred Pettit and her husband. She wrote the music for "I Am a Child of God," which is why it is on the program.

A few years later, Mom and Dad had to leave the Los Angeles area to protect her health. They decided to return to the area where they had courted, and settled in McLean, Virginia.

In 1968 Dad became the Director of the Emergency Department at Arlington Hospital and was appointed Clinical Assistant Professor of Surgery at Georgetown University School of Medicine.

During this time Dad invented and patented a device for putting in sutures.

In 1971 Dad served for three months as an AMA volunteer in Saigon, South Vietnam.

When he returned he became the director of the Emergency Department of the Georgetown School of Medicine. While there he reduced the average waiting time from several hours to several minutes.

While living in McLean, Mom and Dad became interested in sailing and spent many hours sailing together on the Chesapeake Bay. They loved to head into the wind until the boat tipped enough to put one rail in the water, which terrified their much younger passengers.

Although he retired from full practice after a few years, in 1979 he took a six-month surgery review course at Harvard, then twice led groups of medical students to serve in the Cambodian refugee camps in Thailand.

Dad continued to run the oil business and continued to do research. In the past few years he was working on an approach to treating eating disorders and was working on getting patents.

Dad always had a short, catchy way of stating concept. I find myself quoting him very often. I will give you one that he used in counseling when he was in general practice. "If

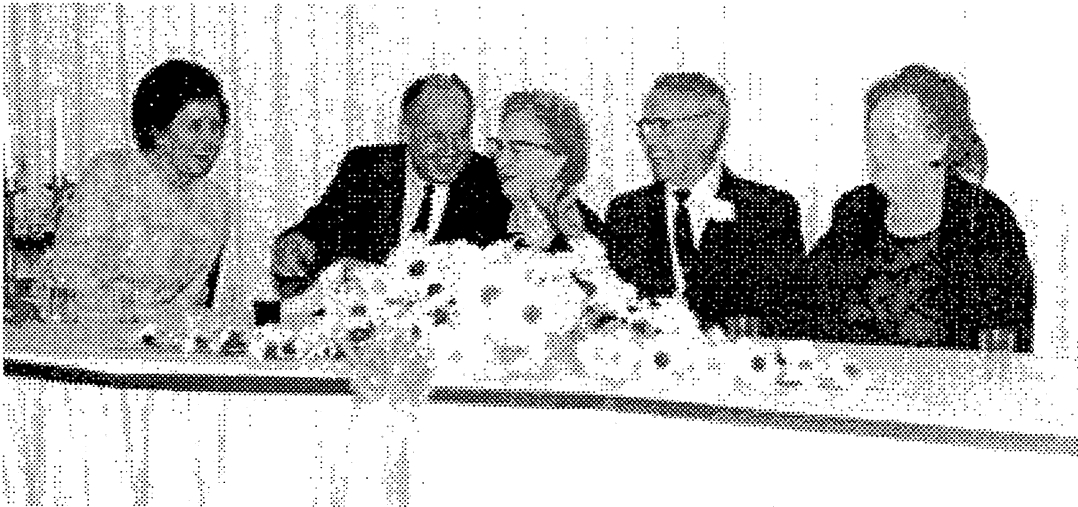
you're doing something that's making you unhappy, stop doing it." That may seem overly simplistic, but if you would take it seriously, it would solve most of life's problems.

Mom and Dad have four children, seventeen grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

Mom wanted me to tell you that she and Van were with Dad when he died, that he was very peaceful at the end, and that she was very comforted with the way he passed away.



Lee Berry at left, with his brother Kay and father Herbert. Three of his nephews are kneeling: from left, Lynn Ellsworth, David Berry, and Markay Hamblin.



From left, Virginia, Lee, Martha, & Herbert Berry and Myn Priestly

MEMORIES OF MY BROTHER, H. LEE BERRY

by F. Dean Berry
funeral address, January 24, 1997



Lee always regarded himself as the "swing man" of the family. He had two sisters and a brother older, and two sisters and a brother younger.

Family was always important to Lee and so, like many others, I was close to Lee from my earliest memories. Lee was thirteen years older than I, so he was gone from home by the time I was about five. From then on I got to be with him periodically. Yet it always seemed he was there.

The memories I would like to share with you are quite jumbled in time. From my childhood and as a grownup, for all of my life, Lee was always good to me, so I get mixed up on what was when. There was Arizona and California, Washington D.C., and McLean, Virginia. When I try to remember events, I have difficulty recalling, was that before or after he met Virginia? Before or after his medical school? Before or after the Air Force?

It is a tribute to the success of their marriage that I cannot always remember whether some event took place before or after Virginia came into the picture. She didn't require him to change, to divorce his family and his past. She bought into his persona and became a part of it. Lee was a loving and caring person, inventive, and intensely interested in the world. The grown up children and children of several generations liked to be around

him. He was fun. So that gets re-phrased -- Lee and Virginia were a loving and caring couple, interested in the world, and fun to be around. And so it became Lee and Virginia that I was close to.

Many here remember a frail old man, chronically ill, and looking like a wraith. I will forever remember Lee as young and vital. I see him walking around the house and up and down the stairs on his hands. I have an image of him driving up to the basket for a lay-up, easily out-jumping a taller defender. I see him as I did when I rode with him across the United States in a pickup truck, sleeping on straw borrowed from a friendly farmer, eating mostly ginger snaps or crackers and milk.

Lee was my hero! Not just because he brought me a toy steam engine and showed me how to fire it up. Not just for all the memories of picnics at Hidden Park. Not for the suit he bought me so I could look decent after my mission. Not for financing my honeymoon. Not for afternoons sailing in the Chesapeake. Not for loans to help me after med school. Those were generosity and kindnesses, but that doesn't make a hero.

When I was asked at age five what I wanted to be when I grew up, I said, "A doctor." I knew that Lee wanted to be a doctor. To this day, when I am asked what drew me toward medicine, I say, "That's what I always wanted to be." But I secretly know it was because I wanted to be just like Lee. Just last night, when I was introduced to people as Lee's brother, many said, "Oh, I can tell." And I get a little secret, inside thrill.

Most of us have worked at many different jobs at some time in our lives. Both Lee and our brother Kay hit the worst time to get an education - the Depression years. Mother and Father helped some, but they were into survival and couldn't do much. Both Kay and Lee had to work to pay their own way. Among other things, Kay had a malt shop in downtown L.A. Lee worked at many jobs. He told me recently that he still turns to classified ads to see what kinds of jobs are available.

I remember visiting Lee and Virginia in Santa Monica. He worked at Douglas Aircraft in the daytime and went to the university at night. Sometimes he took me, age twelve, with him. He took me to the library and found something suitable

for me to read while he went to his classes. If he were to have any chance at acceptance to medical school, he had to get good grades, day job or no day job. Family or no family. Kid brother or not. The pressures were enormous, yet he was still fun to be around.

I could tell you about the fishing trip to the White River. Can you believe he took a teenage sister, Helen, and a nine year old brother? And about the infamous game warden, by the name of Webb, who found us with way too many fish, and all undersized.

I remember helping go onto a private ranch in an old pickup truck to load beautiful petrified wood logs. Both Kay and Lee were involved in that enterprise. They used special disc saws and buffers to cut and polish the pieces to sell as book-ends. They gathered a fortune in petrified wood, but they were ahead of their time. Many years back I saw the logs stored in a palisade in Holbrook. Someone did well with it, but it wasn't Lee and Kay. [The stored petrified wood was stolen.]

Lee built a house once. I was eleven years old. He paid me \$.25 a day. I was overpaid, but he made me feel like an important part of the enterprise. The house still stands in Holbrook and still looks solid and nice. The roof will stand until the millennium. He managed, in the depression, to do what was necessary to get a loan, buy the property, and draw up the plans. I watched and helped, mixing the adobe and filling the forms. I saw him build the walls and helped raise them, saw him frame the roof, plumb, wire, lath, plaster, roof and finish. So far as I know, he had no significant prior experience. He was smart, resourceful, and strong.

Kay and I were more lanky. Lee was built like a wrestler. Which he was, at the Grand Arena in downtown L.A. He was paid \$25 per bout. I never got to go to a match, I don't think the clientele was suitable for a twelve year old, but I did get to watch him practice. I should say rehearse. Wrestling isn't that much different fifty years later. Lee played the role of the clean-cut underdog contender. One who fights fair. A hero.

When he was starting medical practice in Alhambra, he ran into one of his old promoters who tried to recruit him back into the ring, to be billed as the Masked Surgeon. He declined.

Lee liked to understand how things worked. And he could explain things. He could help you understand what made stars twinkle, or how a refrigerator works. He explained to me how

diamonds are made in the earth, and he decided to try it. He got hold of some kind of kiln and a rheostat and was working on making artificial diamonds. His principles were sound and workable, but after blowing all the circuits in the house and nearly electrocuting himself and our father, Mother put her foot down and that experiment was abandoned.

So here is this brother who is strong and graceful, an athlete, who is trying to work his way into an education, who can build a house, who can invent things. A man who had served a mission in Brazil, who had survived a shipwreck, who could walk up and down stairs on his hands. Why wouldn't he be a hero?

But there is also the matter of how he treated others, like me. He took me to his basketball games. How many teenagers would take a six-year-old brother to watch him play basketball? He took me to the beach. He hired me to help work on that house -- do you know how much help an eleven year old can be? He even took me along on a date once, with Virginia, no less. Talk about tolerating a kid brother!

I remember another time, in Arizona, looking for petrified wood, on a dirt road miles from a highway or any help. The truck bumper came half off -- the bolt had sheared off.

"Dean, find me some wire."

"What??? Where shall I look? There's no wire around here."

"You can always find some wire!" And I did. I found a piece of baling wire and we were soon on our way.

Unfortunately, later that day, the truck really broke down, and we walked to town. That was a long walk, the day was hot. We had no water. We walked along a canal bank toward Woodruff, for hours and he would not let me take a drink. "The water's contaminated."

"What does that mean?"

"It can make you sick, really sick, like typhoid." Discomfort was not an excuse to be foolish. And I learned a lot about typhoid, and about Grandpa Whiting, who had had the disease once.

Once I was left to stay alone at Uncle Earnest's house in L.A., for reasons I no longer remember, and it was essential that I wake at 6 a.m. in order to catch a bus to get somewhere I don't remember. There was no alarm clock and no phone. I was and still am a sleepy-head. "How will I wake up?"

"If you decide you have to do something, you can. Now just tell yourself you have to wake up at 6 a.m., and you will.

Now, those of you who knew our mother will recognize where that came from. "I've got to get up at 6 o'clock," etc. And I did. I woke at six o'clock and made the bus.

As a physician, he was superb. Soundly educated, sensible, sympathetic and empathic. I didn't really know how good he was until I had gone to medical school. He was the doctor you were always looking for. And the family found him. Uncles, aunts, cousins called on him, often from Arizona. Through all the times you heard about from Steve, he remained a physician of the highest caliber. On some of the occasions of family gatherings, most of us were unaware that he had spent the working day, and often the working night, dealing with illness and injury.

At the end of World War II, thousands of ships came into the West Coast. My little ship, an LSM, finally sailed to San Diego after more than two years overseas. We ran our ship up onto the beach in the fog and discharged our cargo. Then we backed off the beach and anchored in the harbor. In a crowded anchorage, small ships anchor in clusters. We were tied up alongside others, we were fifth of seven, side-by-side, like a row off sardines. I was off-watch and reading in my bunk where one of my shipmates yelled down from the deck and said, "Berry, your brother's here!"

I didn't believe him, but he said it was true, the last ship to starboard had sent a message. I ran topside and across the ships, jumping from the deck of one ship to the next, down onto the well-deck, up the other side, across to the next, etc. Finally, at the last ship, I saw the water taxi leaving, with no civilians aboard.

I asked the guard at the gangway if my brother was there and when he said, "No," I thought my shipmates had pulled one on me. "They went across," he added, so back I went. Lee and Maree and Joycell had gone the long way, down through the ship passageways while I had gone topside. I got back just as they arrived, and there was Lee. How did he know? I hadn't known what port we were putting in to until the day before.

He had been checking the job section of the classified ads and saw a Notice of Ship Arrivals. Our ship was not identified, but it said a convoy was arriving in San Diego, including LSM's. He got hold of the Harbor Master and

found where we were going to beach. He watched as we slid up onto the sand in the fog, but couldn't come near because of the unloading, and I had no idea there was anyone there. Then somehow, he found our anchorage and caught a water-taxi. What a homecoming for a sailor from the war -- Lee, Virginia, Maree, Joycell, Steve, Markay, Lynn, Mother and Father were there, and all because Lee was smart enough and cared enough to make it happen.

Lee loved family stories. Many told of incidents that could have been remembered with horror, but in true Whiting fashion, Lee could always find the humor.

There was a trip with Uncle Lynn, when Lee was only eight or nine. There were broken harnesses, runaway horses, thunder, lightning, and rain -- things that would terrify an eight or nine year old. But as Lee tells it, it was an adventure, not so much fun as it was funny.

I could tell you about the fishing trip to the White River, can you believe he took a teenage sister, Helen, and a nine year old brother? And about the infamous game warden, by the name of Webb, who found us with way too many fish, and all undersized...

Lee could tell about going with Grandpa Whiting, who was showing him how to trap muskrats. There was the story about how grandpa was showing him how to catch a skunk without getting sprayed. It almost worked, but not quite and Grandma wouldn't let them in the house when they came home.

I could tell about the time he convinced our parents that I should have the car for a day, to drive to school and around town. I had driven out on country roads before, but never in town. I was only fifteen and unlicensed. "Every boy should have a thrilling experience once in a while."

I could tell you about something that happened just last night, in the funeral home, that Lee would have loved to tell about.

I could tell you about the time when -- but not now. There are so many of those. What I will tell you is that I miss him.

I think we all feel a sorrow for Bill Cosby who tragically identified his murdered son as his hero. Lee is mine.

Donna Britt, a columnist, in the Washington Post on January 24th, wrote about the loss of her young brother. She was left with a feeling of "being in a hole, a deep, dark hole." I want to borrow her words:

It was before I knew there could be places in a human soul that yawn wide and deep and stretch for miles and yet seldom are visited. I describe my older brother as a place, rather than a person, because he stopped being a part of my exterior life twenty years ago. His death in 1977 hurled him into an inner landscape wholly unprepared for him. I spent so many months hurting there, so many years measuring and poking into and illuminating the hole his death blasted inside me that I thought I'd never rest.

I am grateful I don't have that. I'll miss my brother. But I got to see his life fulfilled, to know he was able to say some last endearing words to Virginia, and to leave us peacefully and prepared, and without violence.

I would like to end with the well-known analogy of an ocean voyage. We stand here on this shore, saying goodbye to Lee as he goes on to another shore where there are those waiting to greet him. Our mother, father, Effie, Maree, Kay, and Norma will welcome him and they will have a family get-together. They will laugh and talk and maybe get Grandpa Whiting to tell a story while Grandma sits with her sewing.

And maybe Lee will tell about the man who wandered into the wrong room in the mortuary last night and wondered when his friend Farley had shaved off his moustache.

And they'll all laugh about it, and someone will remember another when... That's family. That's Lee. That's my hero.

TRIBUTE TO LEE & VIRGINIA

Letter to Virginia, 1997,
from Louine Berry Hunter

I want you to know what dear memories I have of you and Uncle Lee. As a couple, you were such an inspiration to me. The memory I treasure most is the respectful way you always spoke to each other -- in soft heartfelt tones, without a trace of impatience, sarcasm, or anger. Just pure sweet communication in low volume, no matter how mundane the subject, or how bad the crisis. This memory will always be in my heart.

I remember how interested Uncle Lee was in new technology. I can still see him building, in your garage, the first TV set I'd ever seen. I was simply amazed that my own uncle was capable of such an undertaking. Night after night, in his spare time after a busy day of doctoring, he'd work on the TV, assembling and soldering together hundreds of wires and dozens of glass tubes -- and when he finished, it actually worked!

This brought us all into a new age. How excited we kids were as we sat in the garage watching those early black and white cartoons, newscasts, wrestling, commercials, or the test pattern -- which was practically the total TV menu. In the beginning TV was only on at night, and there was only one station, channel 5.

I remember when Uncle Lee bought the first wire recorder I'd ever heard of. We kids were allowed to use it and had such fun recording our voices, making up stories, and talking back and forth. Our own voices sounded so strange to us. I can't remember if the TV or the recorder came first, but we really thought we were part of the modern world, thanks to Uncle Lee.

When early computers were being invented and improved, Uncle Lee would speak of the wonders of coming computers and how eventually men would be able to ask the computer how to build a better one. New models would always be obsolete, he said.

When I was eight I traveled with Dad, Uncle Lee, and Aunt Norma to a Catholic hospital in San Diego, where I was treated for pneumonia for a week, just after penicillin was discovered. I was there so Uncle Lee could personally supervise my case. Aunt Norma stayed at your place so she could visit me daily in the hospital. Because she had younger children to care for, my mother was not able to accompany me. Dad quickly returned home, and to work, so Aunt Norma, Uncle Lee and nursing nuns were my only visitors. I did so look forward to Aunt Norma's visits. She bought me Anderson's fairy Tales, and read

stories from it each day. I still have that wonderful red book.

When I was well enough, I was brought to your home for another week or two of recuperation. I had been off my feet so long I had to learn to walk all over again, with Aunt Norma's help. Uncle Lee cleaned a lot of debris out of my ears so I could hear better. You were busy with household duties and small children; it must have been hard having two extra people there for so long.

One thing I loved about visits to San Diego was going to the beach. Uncle Lee was good to take time for beach outings with the family and visiting relatives. His enthusiasm made any outing fun. He always laughed a lot, spoke of interesting things, and was fun to be around.

Remember the family outing at Laguna Beach? Kay, Lee, Dean, and Jack had just discovered "skin diving," and had a jolly time snorkeling around in pursuit of unsuspecting fish with their little spring-spears, and caught a pile of strange looking specimens for us to examine. While the grownups did their thing, we kids had fun swimming, body-surfing, exploring the rocks, and building castles in the sand.

Then we all had a good picnic lunch, which included a couple of watermelons. When it was about time to clean up and go home, Uncle Lee announced to all the kids that he'd found a "treasure map" that showed a treasure buried in the sand -- very close to where we were! He directed us just where to dig and how deep, and we eagerly followed his directions. Sand flew everywhere as we threw ourselves into the fun. When the hole was very deep and just the right size, he gleefully ran over and dumped in all the watermelon rinds and trash! then covered it over with sand, laughing all the while! This saved us from hauling trash up the steep hillside path to the road. I always thought it was a clever way to solve a problem -- it didn't seem like we were working, and we all enjoyed his joke.

I remember how intrigued I was with your art work, especially the oil painting of pine trees you started on the family outing in the High Sierras. For a long time the unfinished picture sat on the tall dresser in your bedroom, safely out of reach of little hands who might smear the still wet paint. I looked at the painting each time I came to visit, to see if it was finished yet, and I remember how pleased I was about a year later when I saw it had been completed.

The painting also represented the sweet memory of an exciting week with our extended family -- trip that later became known as "the famous Mt. Tom fishing trip."

I also remember the blue ceramic Santa Claus plate you gave our family for Christmas one year, probably with cookies on it. I was intrigued that such a thing could be hand-created.

Mom remarked many years ago that Lee's patriarchal blessing stated he would marry someone "who would truly love him" (probably paraphrased), and she said with wonder and appreciation, "How true that has proved to be." You were always so loyal and devoted to Uncle Lee, through many difficult times, and your love and faith in him never wavered.

I don't remember you ever raising your voice or complaining about anything, even when you lived in temporary housing by the city dump after the war. There was a critical housing shortage in Alhambra and across the nation. Uncle Lee had a great office to come home to after the war -- but there was no place to live, until the emergency housing went up.

I remember how good you both were to those you took into your home, and there were many. I remember both your parents being there while you cared for them, Norma Jean sharing a room with her grandmother for a long time. Uncle Lee always respectfully called her "Sister Ellsworth."

When Aunt Effie was so sick she stayed with you. After she died you took in some of her children. Even after Uncle Bill remarried, the Ellsworth children stayed with your family one at a time, during their teen years, which gave them new experiences and helped them into adulthood. I know they always felt loved and wanted in your home, the home of their double cousins.

Then there was Ilsa Otto, the German woman from Brazil, who Uncle Lee sponsored into this country. She worked for Uncle Lee as his medical assistant for years, and later lived with Aunt Myn. Then Lee sponsored her relatives, a whole family from Brazil, and helped them get settled and

acquainted in this country, often including them in our extended family get-togethers. They probably lived with you too, for a time. There are probably others you helped along that I don't recall, or didn't even know about.

These memories of helping others along have had a profound impact on my own life -- helping me to follow your example in having an "open door policy," to share our blessings with others.

I remember Uncle Lee's willingness to serve as the emergency doctor at reunions and get-togethers. He even taught us preventive medicine with sanitation tips and advice on safety. We were always comforted not only by his presence but by the black bag he carried in the trunk of his car, even to the High Sierras. I remember him sewing up Markay's badly cut heel after stepping on a broken pop bottle while wading the mountain stream. His foot was cut to the bone and bleeding profusely, but Uncle Lee fixed him up just fine.

Sometimes we stayed on at the Homestead a couple of extra days, and I remember two bad accidents during these "after the party" times. Uncle Ray broke his arm while riding range, and I believe it was Uncle Lee who administered medical relief and got him to a hospital. Another time Johnny Whiting's horse had a bad fall, also out on the range, cutting a rip in his hide about a yard long. The beloved horse had no other apparent injuries, so a group of men transported the horse back to the Homestead in a truck, then tied it down and held it while Uncle Lee sewed him together again -- a picture I'll never forget!

In the Berry home the phone was always answered, and promptly. This was understood by everyone -- because one never knew when the call might be a medical emergency requiring Uncle Lee's immediate attention.

Aunt Virginia, you were always good to me, and I felt welcome in your home. These are just a few reasons why I will always have tender feelings for both of you, and cherish my memories.

H. Lee Berry, brother and uncle

kind, gentle, caring, gifted, affectionate, fun-loving, generous, healer

Lee was the ideal brother, in every way. He always made me feel that he really cared about me, was interested in me. Although he was eight years older he would talk to me-- on my level. That meant a lot to a young girl, just learning about life.

From a distance I admired him. He was handsome, charming, interesting and humorous. My cousins would argue who was handsomer, Kay or Lee. I could never quite decide. He would jokingly say, "I don't think I am handsome, but what is my opinion against millions of others."

Once he said, "When I grow up I am going to be a great opera singer. My name will be 'Lee's One Bum Lung, Yet can Sing.'" I laughed, told my girl friends and remembered it all these years. Up close I always listened to him. He had a way of explaining things, even scientific things, that a young person could easily understand. I remember the time he told me the way the Germans purified sewer water, pure enough to drink. He told me the entire routine.

Another time he carefully explained how to make diamonds by extreme pressures of heat. To prove it he built a metal container and was going to demonstrate how it could be done, but he received such a threatening electrical shock that my parents insisted he quit. I never doubted anything he said. And I understand that they now make small diamonds in exactly the same way he explained.

It was Lee that instilled in me a love for art. He taught me how to draw with pen and india ink. He also inspired a love for poetry, and gave me a little book of poems when I was thirteen years old. I still have it. I can see it this moment as I am writing. His influence over me has been tremendous! I loved him dearly. He was precious to me. My youth and childhood were much better because of him.

--Helen Berry Andelin

Uncle Lee and Aunt Virginia were my guardians when I was in high school. I was sent to live with them for those four years. It was an easy transition to make since I had always grown up under their influence. Uncle Lee is my mother's (Effie) brother. Aunt Virginia is my father's (Ray "Bill") sister. It made our families have a special bond.

Uncle Lee was very tolerant of me in my four teenage years. I'm sure there were times he felt helpless and frustrated because of the dysfunctional way I acted. He never once complained or criticized me. I remember times he would expound his advice, advice I later wished I would have taken. I knew he was right, I just didn't think any of it really applied to me at the time.

Uncle Lee was always a gentle kind of a soul. I knew he really cared about people. He had a lot of compassion for the less fortunate, all over the world. Dinner time was always an important event in the home. He talked about so many things that were interesting. He was so gifted at telling stories. The atmosphere was always relaxed, never rushed. Dinners lasted for quite a long time because we would sit around and listen to Uncle Lee tell us something about the world. I'll always remember Uncle Lee for that. I used to think he was the smartest person in the world. If you didn't know something, then just ask Uncle Lee. He would know the answer. Uncle Lee is one of the people in my life who has had the greatest influence on me.

--Evelyn Ellsworth Gwartney

Uncle Lee was so incredibly generous with his resources, his time, his wisdom. He and Aunt Virginia cared about Effie's kids, it showed all through our lives. The vacations we went on, I can't believe how we all fit, with no van or station wagon, just a regular car, and there were no complaints. Always, the favorite place to go with them was the Homestead, he made sure we had the reunion experience, I am forever grateful for that. As we would travel, he would point out geological formations, it was an education as well as a vacation. Sitting around the dinner table after dinner for an hour would be such an interesting part of the day. The wisdom and knowledge he shared with us was memorable and appreciated. Life for us, would have been so difficult without the love and gracious giving of Aunt Virginia and Uncle Lee. I loved it when he laughed, I loved the tenderness they shared as husband and wife. It was a great example to me.

--Elaine Ellsworth Ward

Uncle Lee was a wonderful uncle. I remember that he would always speak so kindly to

me, especially after my mother died. He would always ask me if I was doing okay. Even though I wasn't, it really was nice to have someone care. I was grateful that Uncle Lee would tell me things about my mother. I was grateful that he loved my mother.

At an early age, He would often tell me how important the gospel was. I knew that whenever I saw him, he would have important things to tell me.

When I was about 11 years old, Uncle Lee, gave me a physical and discovered that I had a heart murmur. I was so grateful that Uncle Lee could help me not worry about this. He followed my health until he was sure that I was okay. I will always be grateful to him for helping a little girl through a scary time.

--Bonnie Fife Middleton

Whenever I think of fun and laughter I think of Uncle Lee. Ever since I was a little girl I loved being around him, because he always treated me like he really was glad to see me. He always sang my favorite songs when I would hop upon his lap (couldn't do that today). "There's A Bull Frog In The Pond," and "One Man Went To Mow... Went to Mow The Meadow!" Then Uncle Kay would chime in with "Oh, That Strawberry Roan," and I was a captive audience.

Uncle Lee always made every subject so interesting and there wasn't much he didn't know something about. It seemed he could talk about any subject...he always answered all my questions and I thought he was the smartest man I had ever known. Not only that...but he was my Uncle too!

He and Aunt Virginia's home was always open to everyone and they were always calling Jack and I (when we were in dental school) and saying, "Come on, we want to take you out to dinner...or to a movie." Once they took us to Old Alvero Street in Old Los Angeles. What a fun night that was...he bought us each a plate of taquitos (my first) and we munched up and down the street. He bought us a newspaper with the news that was headlines on the day each of us was born. We went in and had a wonderful Mexican dinner with live entertainment.

I can't begin to tell you of all the fun times the family gathered at their house. I remember when we got a phone call to rush over to their new home in Alhambra and see their new TV set. We had never seen one, so we jumped in the car and high tailed it over to their house. We all gathered in their family room and crowded around their new set. The black & white picture was the clearest

we'd ever seen...but the screen was only about 7 inches! In the early days of T.V. the programs didn't start until 4 in the afternoon and that was a cooking class...Beanie and The Sea Sick Sea Serpent!

I remember visiting them when they lived in San Diego and he was serving his residency there. In fact, I went down there when I was 17 to have my tonsils out. Uncle Lee wouldn't take them out so he had a friend do it under a local anesthetic. It was a miserable experience and I could tell Uncle Lee was sorry he had decided to do it that way. When it was over he was going to take my back to his house and put me to bed. When we got on the elevator I fainted and just as I hit the floor the last thing I heard was his yelling..."Some body get a doctor!"

He delivered Janice and Marty. When he delivered Janice and things were getting critical (I was under chloroform) he said he kept telling me to push down when suddenly I stopped. He said, "Push, Joycell, push!" Then he told me in an exasperated voice, "you know what you did?" "No," I answered, because I really didn't. "You said in a loud, clear voice that echoed throughout the delivery room," "Not until you kiss me, Uncle Lee!" He said that I refused to cooperate until he had the nurse stand guard in case Janice shot out while he came around and kissed me on the cheek. Happy that my request was granted I then cooperated until Janice finally popped out into the world! When he came into my room a few hours later after I got my wits about me his first words were, "I guess you know you have ruined my reputation here in this hospital!" "Why," I asked. "Every nurse I pass in the halls now giggles and says, "Hi, Uncle Lee!"

--Joycell Hamblin Cooper

I have many vivid memories of the time that I lived with Grandma and Grandpa Berry in Lynwood. I am not certain what the occasion was, but it must have been a major holiday as the house was full of company, mostly family. I remember in particular the 'Uncles' were there. and a great deal of food preparation was going on.

At some time during the day, someone brought Grandma Berry a large tub of dry, red kidney beans. I remember playing in them and letting them run through my fingers as I picked up huge handfuls, being very carefully not to let any drop on the floor.

At one point, as Grandma Berry surried back and forth from the dining room to the kitchen, she looked over at me and said something to me

that would change the events of the day. She wagged her finger at me and said very firmly, "Now Marilyn, don't go putting any of those beans in your nose." Don't put any beans in my nose!!! Now there was a great idea and one that hadn't entered my mind until the admonition. The more I thought about the warning, the more enticing it became, until finally, I waited for an opportune moment when I was alone in the kitchen. Then quickly and deftly, as though I were a repeat offender, I stuffed two large red kidney beans up my tiny 3-year-old nostrils.

I had had every intention of getting them out of my nose before anyone came back in the room, but to my horror, found that they would not budge. The harder I tried to dislodge them, the further up my nose they went. Finally someone noticed my struggle and then the real fun began. Ofcourse I got the expected (and deserved) scolding, including the exasperated declaration from Grandma that she couldn't believe that I had done something she had just told me not to do. I didn't have the vocabulary or the where-with-all to explain that if she hadn't mentioned it I would have never thought of it on my own (at least at that moment).

I remember all the Uncles had to 'work' on my nose for what seemed like an eternity, poking prodding and scolding all at once. Finally, just as Grandpa Berry announced I would have to go to the hospital, Uncle Lee suggested that I blow out through my nose as hard as I could.....'one more time'. I did and the beans came flying out. It was announced that I was not going to be allowed near the beans again. The news didn't upset me much, for by the time, the beans had lost their appeal.

--Marilynn Cunningham Helf Barnes

When I was little Uncle Lee called me Penny because he said my hair was the color of a copper penny. It is amazing that I loved him to call me that because I was very sensitive about having red hair. In fact I can remember running home crying because someone called me "red". Somehow when Uncle Lee called me Penny, I felt loved and special.

When I was 6, Uncle Lee had Diana and I stay with them for about a week. The highlight for me was when Uncle Lee took all the kids to Disneyland. It was the first year it was open and we drove for a LONG time through nothing but orange groves. For years after, I was the only one of my friends who had gone to Disneyland. When my

family moved to that area about 6 years later, there were almost no orange groves to be found!

One time when I was about 8, I was with Uncle Lee and his family by myself. I don't remember the reason, but I do remember what we did. They had a huge glass jar filled with coins. It was their vacation money. Uncle Lee got down on the floor and dumped all of the money out. What fun we had counting all of the change into piles of \$1! I'm sure I almost had as much fun as when they went on that vacation. It was always fun just being in their home.

When my children were little and I was busy doing something when they were talking to me, they would sometimes take my face in between their hands and force me to look at them while they spoke. Uncle Lee never needed to have his face between anyone's hands! When I talked to Uncle Lee, he always gave me his full attention. He had a wonderful way of making me feel loved and important. I think he had a gift of making everyone around him feel that they were loved the very most.

I saw Uncle Lee and Aunt Virginia very little in the years after they moved to Virginia, but I always knew that they loved us and were concerned about us. When the earthquake hit the Oakland CA area in 1989, he called me in Sacramento to see how my sister Diana was, because she lived in the area. He was such a kind, caring man and truly Christlike in many ways. His love gave me an anchor through many years. I feel blessed to have Uncle Lee as my Uncle and I love him very much.

--JoAnn Fife Larsen

A very early memory of Uncle Lee is of having my tonsils out when I was three. We traveled from Gridley to Alhambra especially for the surgery. Uncle Lee explained to me that a friend of his was going to be the surgeon, but that he would assist. I had been fearful until I received that reassurance, and remember him holding my hand while the anesthesia took effect. The next thing I remember is seeing Uncle Lee's face, and hearing him tell me everything went just fine. The tender way in which he treated me for the several days I recovered at his home is still vivid in my memory, even though this happened 48 years ago. I have had four other operations in my life, and each time wished Uncle Lee could be there, and I went under anesthesia each time comforted by the memory of his hand being in mine.

My parents were very close to Aunt Virginia and Uncle Lee, and they were always eager to get together. They had such fun, enjoying

each other, talking a mile a minute, laughing, swapping stories. It was fun for the kids, too. I can remember every inch of their home, because we played everywhere and got into everything, and the adults didn't seem to notice. (I can still describe the basement, and the unusual place they stored their bottled fruits and jams, and I can tell you where they stored their empty pop bottles, and how impressive their dishwasher was, the first I had ever seen.) And I didn't know any other family that had their own playground-quality slide, or a sand box big enough for at least 6 kids to play happily in for hours.

Both Steve and Elaine spoke of Uncle Lee and Aunt Virginia's ability to pack a lot of kids and gear up and go on trips. One trip, "luggage" far outstretched the capacity of their 55 Buick's huge trunk. I was impressed as Uncle Lee patiently packed and repacked, getting as much in as possible. When it became clear that only priority gear could go, he insisted on finding room for Aunt Virginia's oil paints. That so impressed me. When everything was finally packed, he was unexpectedly called away to deliver a baby. The family, clearly having had this happen before, just settled in to favorite pursuits and waited it out. He was definitely worth waiting for.

Both Uncle Lee and Uncle Dean routinely packed their black medical bags along on any family outing. The list of casualties over the years was staggeringly long. We lived in an age without many emergency rooms, and even when available, most in the family could not really afford medical care. Uncle Lee and Uncle Dean served this family willingly, skillfully, lovingly, and without complaint.

Three months after my mother died, we had a reunion at Dinkey Creek, and I was in charge of my two little brothers. Brad, age 4, came down with a cough, and it worried me, so I took him to Uncle Lee and Uncle Dean. They reassured me, kept Brad, and sent me back to play with my cousins. Unbeknownst to me, Brad had developed a full-blown case of croup. I went off to the outdoor movies with the other teenagers. JoAnn tells me that the adults were all at the campfire, and Brad was settled into the cabin closest to the campfire. There was a sudden quiet in the conversation, and Brad gave out a cough and a gasp. Uncle Lee and Uncle Dean grabbed Brad, and rushed him to the kitchen where they improvised a steam tent. They gave him a priesthood blessing, and worked to

revive him, and help him to breathe. They were talking about sterilizing a knife for an emergency tracheotomy when Brad started to improve. Neither got much sleep that night. In the morning, when I realized what they had done for my brother, quite possibly saving his life, I was both comforted and inspired by the boundless love and deep affection I saw in the weary faces of my Uncles.

Those dinners at Uncle Lee's and Aunt Virginia's were legendary. The conversation flowed over myriad topics, politics, science, family stories, laced with humor. Often a pun contest would erupt, I can hear Uncle Lee's chuckle even now, as one after another would vie for the cleverest pun. An important part of the dinners was Aunt Virginia's food. In the summer, corn on the cob, fresh tomatoes, cold cuts, side dishes and of course watermelon, would come from the kitchen, seemingly effortlessly, and served with flair.

Aunt Virginia's porcelain ladies (which she crafted herself) displayed near the dining room were so beautiful. I remember marvelling at the way she had added porcelainized lace to the bodices and skirts. Some of her oil paintings hung on the walls as well.

Almost every fun memory I have of my teenage years is connected to Uncle Lee and Aunt Virginia and their generosity. Trips to Pacific Ocean Park, Disneyland, a beach house, Knott's Berry Farm, Catalina Island, the museum at the Huntington Estate, stake dances, camping at Dinkey Creek, shopping trips (Aunt Virginia bought me the only brandname outfit I owned as a teen,) many home-cooked meals, and quite a few at McDonalds and treats at Baskin Robbins (affectionately called 31 flavors by the Berry children) all were made possible by Uncle Lee and Aunt Virginia. Not only that, I stayed at their house several times during my teen aged years, for a week at a time.

I got to visit Uncle Lee about two months before he died. He was in a convalescent home, and as we walked in, I didn't recognize the person asleep in the hospital bed. Then Uncle Lee opened his eyes and gave me his unforgettable smile, and I felt the years and circumstances fall away. We visited, caught up on family news, laughed a little, and expressed our love. I tried to thank him, but words just couldn't convey my gratitude. I felt so blessed to be able to see him once more in this life. Uncle Lee, we love you.

--Diana Fife Rice

Herbert & May Berry Family Directory 2/26/98

Name	Address	Work	Home
Andelin, Aubrey & Helen.....	Rt. 1 Box 594, Pierce City MO 65723		
Andelin, Brian.....	725 S. Figueroa, IGI Suite 2400 City Bank Towers, Los Angeles CA 90016		
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 593, Pierce City MO 65723		417-476-2074
Arbuckle, Chris.....	317 N. Howard St. Apt 103, Alexandria VA 22304-2368		703-823-8930
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.....	9984 S. Orchard View Drive, South Jordan UT 84095		801-253-7532
Berry, David & Sharon.....	459 E. Pebble Beach Drive, Fresno CA 93720		209-434-4279
Berry, David L.....	1511 25th Street, Ogden UT 84401		801-621-3323
Berry, Dean & Beverly.....	1768 Glendon #1, Los Angeles CA 90024		310-470-9422
Berry, Doug.....	253 E. 4700 N., Provo UT 84604		801-224-7475
Berry, Greg.....	182 E. 800 N. #2, Provo UT 84606		
Berry, Jonathan & Lily.....	942 Windsor Creek Ct, Cardiff CA 92007		760-944-3424
Berry, Juana Almaguer & Matt.....	APDO Postal 3-98, Ofna Mexpost, 98064 Zacatecas, Zacatecas Mexico		52-492-2-57-28
Berry, Mark & Lynne.....	4797 Copperfield Circle, Granite Bay CA 95746		916-797-1957
Berry, Michael & Danielle.....	11821 No. 28th Drive, Apt. 192, Phoenix AZ 85029		602-866-8513
Berry, Mike.....	64 N. 160 W #9, Provo UT 84601		801-374-7312
Berry, Mrs. Elizabeth H.....	253 E. 4700, Provo UT 84604		801-224-7475
Berry, Patricia.....			540-786-4487
Berry, Steve and Judi.....	1290 Maple Lane, Provo UT 84604		801-812-3952
Berry, Virginia E.....	1414 Laburnum St., McLean VA 22101		703-536-4769
Byers, Brandon.....	673 W. 1200 S. #15, Orem UT 84058		
Byers, Dennis & Rosalee.....	648 Lake Drive, North Muskegon MI 49445		616-744-6158
Byers, Jeff.....	234 Huntcliff Village Ct., Dunwoody GA 30350		
Byers, Melanie.....	10110 Peachford Circle, Dunwoody GA 30338		770-458-3857
Byers, Preston.....	234 Huntcliff Village Ct., Dunwoody GA 30350		
Case, Aaron & Cindy.....	2092 West Carriage Avenue, Riverton UT 84065-5723		801-253-3913
Cooper, Lance & Cathy.....	1871 Hillsboro, Henderson NV 89014		702-434-3206
Cooper, Marty & Susan.....	194 NW 351, Clinton MO 65735		816-885-5123
Cooper, Shawn & Linda.....	7046 Lime Grove Way, Fair Oaks CA 95628		916-863-7012
Eakins, Robert and Amy.....	6000 Honeysuckle Circle, Pinson AL 35126		608-7551116
Ellsworth, Gary.....	P. O. Box 359, Spring City UT 84663		801-462-9302
Ellsworth, Kerri.....	4903 Old Well Road, Annandale VA 22003		703-425-6943
Ellsworth, Luke and Elizabeth.....	14 Wardell Ct., Rock Springs WY 82901-7248		307-362-5744
Ellsworth, Lynn and Jamie.....	Box 776, Eager AZ 85925		602-333-2962
Ellsworth, Mike & Kathryn.....	536 South 1000 East, Salt Lake City UT 84010		801-596-2750
Ellsworth, Paul & Kathy.....	3904 Cypress Avenue, Huntsville AL 35805		801-373-6715
Ellsworth, Van & Patti.....	1414 Laburnum, McLean VA 22101		703-534-6634
Fairbanks, Bret & Stephanie.....	8728 Wolf Trap Rd, Vienna VA 22182		703-242-2753
Falls, Jerome and Janice.....	500 Walnut St., Pierce City MO 65723		417-476-5494
Fife, Brad & Susanne.....	29084 Palm View St, Lake Elsinore CA 92530		909-245-9861
Fife, Randy & Christa.....	4063 West 9880 North, Cedar Hills UT 84062		801-785-0217
Forsyth, Bob & Dixie.....	4375 Kingsbury, Springfield MO 65809		417-882-8393
Green, Jason & Susan.....	55-054 Naupaka Street, Laie HI 96762		
Gwartney, Pat & Evelyn.....	6316 Wendover Court, Fredricksburg VA 22407-5061		540-786-6849
Hales, Steve & Kristine.....	Rt. 2 Box 318-D, Lovetsville VA 22080		703-378-5853
Hamblin, Daylynn & Lori.....	5250 E. Courtland Blvd #8, Flagstaff AZ 86004-8307		602-527-3958
Hamblin, Leo & Michele.....	8648 S. 300 W., Sandy UT 84070		801-562-8856
Hamblin, Tim & Victoria.....	Rt. 1 Box 98B, Inola OK 74036		918-543-8496
Hardy, Jon & Julie.....	891 N. 200 West, Spanish Fork UT 84660		801-798-1388
Helf, Jason & Stephanie.....	P.O. Box 20996, Juneau AK 99802		
Helf, Jenna.....	2138 S. 300 E., Salt Lake City UT 84115		
Hunter, Dan & Jenna.....	851 N 600 W #3, Provo UT 84684		801-375-2669
Hunter, David and Amy.....	610 S. Mohican Lane, Pleasant Grove UT 84062		801-796-8428
Hunter, Jim & Kathy.....	4069 Juniper Rd., Cedar Hills UT 84602		801-375-9064
Hunter, John & Louine.....	1190 El Toro Road, Ojai CA 93023		805-646-3240
Hunter, Matthew.....	65 N. 160 W. #9, Provo UT 84601		801-374-7312

Name	Address	Work	Home
Hunter, Robert & Kenna.....	2833 Sherwood Dr, Salt Lake City UT 84108		801-582-8889
Hunter, Scott & Kristy.....	209 Reddington Ct., Camarillo CA 93010		805-482-6125
Hunter, Steve and Tracy.....	1182 Olive Branch Lane, San Jose CA 95120		408-927-7981
Ibias, Kellie Helf.....	Box 22017, Juneau AK 99802		
Kitchen, Brent & Effie.....	37 North 800 East, American Fork UT 84003		801-756-1689
Largeant, David & Genette.....	Rt. 1 Box 98A, Inola OK 74036		918-543-2854
Larsen, Barry & JoAnn.....	5542 Fleetwood Drive, Citrus Heights CA 95621		916-967-8391
Larsen, David & Tricia.....	361 N 800 E #3, Provo UT 84606		801-375-0193
Larsen, Keith.....	348 North 800 East (basement), Provo, UT 84606		801-373-3011
Larson, Brian & Melinda.....	1148 North 1650 West #2, St. George UT 84770		801-656-2645
Larson, Darin & Angela.....	538 Catherine Street, Salt Lake City UT 84116		801-521-2532
Larson, Jeannine.....	303 E 100 N, Manti UT 84642		
Larson, Shane & Adrienne.....	30 West 490 South, P.O. Box 477, Richmond UT 84333		801-258-5529
Larson, Troy and Jennifer Lynn.....	972 N. State St., Preston ID 83262		208-852-0431
Leavitt, Robert & Ginny.....	Rt. 1, Box 592, Pierce City MO 65723		417-476-5407
Luke, Bob & Eileen.....	6365 NE 193rd Place, Seattle WA 98155		425-481-0764
Luke, Jon.....	1732 N. 450 W. #4-204, Provo UT 84604		
Luke, Juliann.....	650 N. 100 W. #3, Provo UT 84601		801-818-0879
Luke, Shannon.....	243 E. 400 N. #1, Provo UT 84606		801-377-7211
Lundin, Kent and Julie.....	306 S. Anderson Rd., Exeter CA 93221		801-373-8002
Middleton, Charles & Kimberly.....	353 E. 200 N. apt. 10, Provo UT 84606		801-356-3583
Middleton, Chuck & Bonnie.....	173 East 1864 South, Orem UT 84058		801-224-5289
Middleton, Emily.....	173 E. 1864 S, Orem UT 84058		801-224-5289
Mills, Perry & Michelle.....	707 E. 150 S., Provo UT 84606		
Mitterling, Brent & Karen.....	Rt. 3 Box 432, Lewisburg PA 17837		717-568-1898
Monarch, Mike & Julene.....	155 N. Singingwood #34, Orange CA 92869		714-639-4424
Muhlestein, Kerry & Julianne.....	5542 Fleetwood Drive, Citrus Heights CA 95621		916-967-8391
Palmer, Joseph & Traci.....	141 West 850 South #2, Orem UT		801-226-0482
Pearson, Doug & Jenny.....	439 Protective Place, Pittsburgh PA 15219		412-471-1625
Pickens, Kim Helf.....	P.O. Box 20996, Juneau AK 99802		
Pintor, Gene & Tiffany.....	6465-E Cooper Dr., Fort Lewis WA 98433-1232		
Pugmire, Lindsay & Esther.....	479 North 2200 East, St. George UT 84790		
Rice, Anna Marie.....	374 E 800 N, Provo UT 84606-1822		801-344-5283
Rice, Elder Christopher.....	Pouch, Chile Osorno Mission, Salt Lake City UT 84150-0001		
Rice, Michael & Emily	240 Wymount Terrace, Provo UT 84604		801-371-2257
Rice, Randy & Debbie.....	522 N 100 E, Orem UT 84057-4018		801-426-4996
Rice, Roger & Diana	2047 Essenay Ave, Walnut Creek CA 94596-2431		510-939-3272
Rogers, Chris & Margaret.....	261 S 300 W, Manti UT 84642		801-835-7647
Saunders, Craig & Merilee.....	8626 E. Starlight Way, Scottsdale AZ 85253		602-941-4802
Silvers, David.....	2034 West College, Springfield MO 65086		
Silvers, Leilani & family.....	Rt. 3, Box 171 #5, Monett Mo 65708		
Smyth, Stephen & Stacey.....	1212 S. 580 W., Orem UT 84658		801-221-8801
Stewart, Dustin & Annette.....	1127 No. Stuart St. apt. S-4, Arlington VA 22201		703-351-9109
Stricker, Marion.....	APDO Postal 3-98, Ofna. Mexpost, 98064 Zacatecas, Zacatecas Mexico		52-492-2-57-28
Tanner, Julie.....	51 North 700 West, Orem UT 84057		801-221-1930
Taylor, Jared & Stephanie.....	1738 Tucker Road, Hood River OR 97031		541-386-9414
Thayne, Tracy & Jeane.....	1180 S. 2600 E., Spanish Fork UT 84660		801-794-1859
Thompson, Michael & Merrilee.....	51 N. 700 West, Orem UT 84057		801-221-1930
Tinklepaugh, John & Kara.....	6242 N. Robinhood Lane, Kansas City MO 64151		
Vogl, Amy.....	445 E 500 S #A6, American Fork UT 84003		
Ward, George & LeeAnn.....	206 Haystack Lane, Wilmington DE 19807		302-428-0725
Ward, Richard & Elaine.....	P.O. Box 27, Crisfield MD 21817		410-968-2404
Ward, Stephen & Matt.....	735 N. 400 E. #30, Provo UT 84606		801-344-5272
Watkins, Brian and Cindy.....	610 Country Oak Road, San Dimas CA 91773		909-592-1291
White, Jason & Melissa.....	817 West Heather Lane, Provo UT 84150		
Willard, Kalen & Heather.....	Rt. 1 Box 233, Crane MO 65633		417-723-5583
Willson, Brant & Cathy.....	77 Santa Isabel # 5-7 Apt D-1, Laguna Vista TX 78578		801-224-5289
Wood, Bruce & Anna.....	11100 Burywood Lane, Reston VA 22094-1412		703-430-732