

REASON FOR BEING

I would look deep within
This living book I call Myself,
I would dust off the cover,
Lift it down from Life's high shelf;
Would delve deep into chapters
That long ago were closed,
And bring to light the secrets
Never honestly exposed.
I would study it for lessons
That should be recorded there.
I would test it for its value-
Is it honest? Is it fair?
I would search to find the answer
Why this book is on Life's shelf-
I would hope to find the reason
For this book I call Myself.

PERSONAL HISTORY OF MARIE BLACK LAWS DuVALL

By Marie DuVall

I am tending Dwight's three youngest boys, and they are so lately from our father in Heaven that I am becoming aware all over again of what Christ meant when He said, "Except ye become as little children," no guile no jealousy, no hate, no envy, no malice, no bitterness, no miserliness, just pure faith, trust, love and cheerfulness. So sad that as children get a little older the ugly things start to creep in until by the time we are grown, some of us are pretty nigh hopeless cases. There is, however, repentance and if I should ever make it to Heaven, it would not be Heaven to me without my family. So I am glad that families do increase, and I will do what I was asked to do in Legis Nigeris to help keep track of my family.

At the dinner table on Sunday, June 4, 1972, Vicky said to me, "Mom, I have an assignment for you. Okay?" She teaches in the stake and has asked me to help her before, and I've always volunteered my kids to help and they've always been good sports about it so I thought, well, turn about is fair play. So I spoke up at once and said, "Okay". Then Vic said it was for me to write a history of me as concerning the Black's and the Laws'. I said that I didn't know anything to write.

On Friday, the 9th of that week, we had a birthday party at Linda's for Roger, Rita, and Mary Brownlee, and as we all tried to find a place to sit I suddenly thought of June Laws. June's family was together on Thanksgiving in Monticello at Lurlene's house in 1937, and June said, "My hat used to cover my whole family and now there are 15 of us." So families do increase and it is well to keep track of them.

So here I am, Marie Black Laws DuVall, born in Blanding, San Juan County, Utah, on May 31, 1914 to David Patten and Theda Kartchner Black. I can say humbly and gratefully like Nephi of old, I was born of goodly parents and taught in the learning of my parents and have been greatly blessed of the Lord. We were poor but were blessed with necessities because none of us were afraid of hard work and we had a close bond of love that allowed us to share.

Bud bought me my first candy bar (I was 13) and I am sure

he could have used the nickel. We were willing to give any pennies we had to make up the 50 it took to send Bud and Frost to the dance. We would choose the hardest task -- not because it was our favorite, but so no one else would have to do it.

I remember two Christmases: Someone had cut a tree for a reason I do not remember. No one had what it took to put on a stand and decorate it so it leaned against the wall in a corner.

I received as a gift a small amount of hard tack candy and a 6-inch celluloid doll. The other -- Geneva had been in New Mexico working all summer and fall and with her usual willingness to share, spent her wages for a glorious occasion for the family. That beautiful doll. I still remember how it felt as I hugged it. As my family statistics are all on my family group sheet, I won't take time here to do that.

The roof leaked in the two-room house I was born in but we moved before I remember that. The first house I remember was called Westwater. I probably remember it only because of a couple of scares I had there. My half-brother, Alvin, jumped out at me from around the corner of the house after dark and gave such a blood curdling scream that I was literally paralyzed with fright. Next my sister, Geneva, was carrying me after dark and a huge dog jumped out at us.

I make an explanation here that will apply throughout the rest of my story. I do not remember my father from day to day, I'm sure the reason being his absence from home so much so I remember him only on special occasions. My next memory being one of those times.

Dad was going to a farm to work for the day, and I wanted to go with him. We lived in Wasel's house at the bottom of the hill then, and he was going up to Johnson Creek. I was told that I couldn't go, so I crawled under the load. When I thought surely we would be about there and I would have to stay, I came out from my hiding place all smiles only to discover that we were only several blocks from home and I was sent right back.

At this time I remember living in the brick house under the hill and I was in the first grade. David, my brother, was President of the student body in high school, and when it snowed he would climb the hill first and let me step in his tracks so it was easier for me to get to school. I had rheumatism that year and was flat on my back in pain for a month.

Dottie used to sneak me some honey occasionally, and I really appreciated this because I was denied sweets of any kind while I was ill.

We moved for one year into what is now known as the Charlie Sypes home, and I was in the second grade. My main memory of this year had to do with a school teacher, Mrs. Hayman. She always hit me on the hands with a yardstick because I **would**

write with my left hand. One morning I had only a holey sweater of my mother's to wear to school, and I poked along being late so I could take the sweater off in the hall before the other kids saw it. I was so cold when Mrs. Hayman scolded me for being late that I cried. When she came and found me so cold, she stood me by the radiator and warmed me, but that didn't make up for her humiliating me in front of the kids.

This was the beginning of an evil false pride which has been my cross to bear since.

When we moved in the Lunt home where the Black's service station now stands, my life really began because I was now old enough to begin to live every day rather than in memory spurts -- although, of course, I will put only a few things down from my every day living. We lived in this house until I married. (That's as far as I got because then I was sick and it seems to me that I was in bed the last time I started to write this and I don't know where I left off, so I guess I'll talk about my friends for a while).

The way I judge others against myself I think the word friend means something a little different to me than it does to most people. I have never had a friend, boy or girl, who was all to me. Not at any period of my life, because I like all people and also had a pity, should I say (I may think of a better word to use for that) but at least I had a heart and felt an empathy for people so I was like a friend to everyone. Even as a youngster I worried about the old, the infirm, the cripple, the unpopular, the poor, the unhappy, and believe it or not, even those who were not happy unless they had a real good cause to be happy.

In spite of all this caring for people in my heart, I only call a friend someone I knew I could trust. Not just depend on, but could completely trust in all ways -- no matter the occasion and even in spite of myself and even if I should fail them. So although I love many people in spite of themselves and expect them to love me, and in spite of using the word friend loosely to all those I admire, I can in my heart only say friend a few times.

I can also say, though, that I have hated no one and had very little malice to any individual. No man is an island I truly believe so I feel each man is my brother and I have, in spite of my definition of friend, tried to be good to people and to live by the Golden Rule.

I've always had a deep and honorable love for my three sets of parents and a lasting respect for my bothers and sisters, both by blood and by law. Above and beyond this I have an overactive sense of duty that has kept me tied literally to any responsibility that I felt was mine, real or imaginary, any I assumed or was given, and I have tried to live the Golden

Rule. In a way it has kept me on the right track, but in another way it has shown me a little of what hell is like. I have reached the conclusion that the Lord will not destroy the earth simple because the wicked are wicked, but because the good have a certain amount of indifference -- lacking in compassion with raw unconcern, selfishness, and pride and also eyes that do not see enough and ears that do not hear enough and profess a philosophy not lived enough. None intentionally bad, just thoughtless, which is in itself wrong.

I have an evil that has always tried to be my undoing -- an overly independent false pride. And now I have let it sour my life. How I have let it sour my life. I also have a natural goodness that so far has kept me from spoiling completely, and that is a natural, inherited, true, strong faith. I **know** that God lives!

After graduation from high school came marriage to most Blanding youths, but I hungered for more. That yearning to do something more with my life bugs me, but it still is a calling to which I failed miserably. Lack of funds kept me from mission or college so I went back another year to high school, sort of post-graduate work. Then I went to Salt Lake to work. However, homesickness drove me back to Blanding where I eventually married, and where I would have been content to stay forever except for this nagging desire to make something more than I was.

I have had two good marriages and five lovely children: Butch, Dede, Jiff Ann, Rita Roy, and Sun, the boy with the sunny hair, who inherited my weakness of not making themselves fulfill their potential.

When Asa was killed I left Blanding to work, and four years later married Pres and moved to Wyoming where we stayed four years then moved to Salt Lake.

I was sixteen when I was first called to take a job in Church. It was a big job that is extinct now so I will explain it a little bit. The title was called Play Leader in the Primary organization. Primary was divided into four groups, the younger children, the Zion's boys and girls, who were together, and then the older girls and the older boys. One day out of each month one group would have a short lesson and then go to the basement of the building for a fun session and the Play Leader took over with dances, games, races, skits, and this type of thing was what was conducted there.

I was next called to the Sunday school when the only lesson that was given was an outline in the Era. For instance, A and then under A came 1, 2, 3, etc., which gives you an idea of what to do but doesn't fill your lesson out and you have to fill these out in order to teach. I was seventeen years old

then.

I went Relief Society Teaching from the time I was married to the present time with the exception of four years we lived in Wyoming, and not one month in this time has my teaching ever been left undone. A few times I have had to call on help to get it done, but mostly it has been done by me.

I've taught Sunday School, Primary, and Mutual. I've been a Primary secretary, the first and second counselor of the Primary, second counselor in Relief Society, and Junior Sunday School Coordinator. I've belonged to the choir since I was sixteen years old and have gone to the singing mothers. I've been the Relief Society Magazine representative twice, the garment representative, and the Children's Friend representative. I was called on a Stake Mission, but when the President found out that I was expecting he refused to let me serve. I was called to be Primary President, but we were making plans to move so I declined the position. I never held a stake job, but I substituted many, many times as a stake leader.

I have been blessed with good health and a strong body. Most illnesses have been of my own making through foolishness or lack of will power. I have worked very hard all my life without accomplishing much because of poor judgment and lack of planning.

Everybody in town was my friend. We danced and partied and walked to school as a group. They came to my house and I went to theirs. A picnic at the reservoir meant all the kids in town of any age. Our pleasures were limited financially so we made our own fun, and I feel sure that we had more variety and more pure pleasure than youngsters do nowadays. Dancing was an inexpensive good sport and the whole town took part. Little dances (afternoon, kids), junior dances (early evening, juniors), and night dances for all. Old folks sitting on side lines watching the dancers. We held parties at our homes, games and whatever refreshments we could conjure -- popcorn, cookies and milk, toast and applesauce. In summer we went to the Blue Mountain in a wagon to gather berries. In winter we went to Recapture to coast down the hills. My favorite thing was to dance and dance and dance, but I loved a party and a hike and a horseback ride. I loved life, I loved nature. I worked in different homes in Blanding for 10¢ an hour and it kept me in dancing shoes.

I was a clerk in the Post Office in Blanding for several years. I helped Bud get into politics and I worked in the school lunch. After moving to Salt Lake I worked at the Walgreen Drug Store on South Temple and Main (southwest corner). When Dwight went on his mission I worked at the University Club on South Temple between State Street and second West.

It's not true of all people, but for most of us after a

certain number of years there is no getting out for what we have planned for our life and what we have made of ourself for the rest of our life.

My strongest belief is that if we endure long enough and keep the commandments, we will someday, somewhere find the courage and the will power to overcome and then we will reach our potential and this will free our conscience and finally we will find the personal peace that most so desperately seek and will find satisfaction with ourselves and thereby be on the proper humility level that we will all have to come to.

My happiest knowledge is that God, our Heavenly Father lives, and my earnest prayer is that me and mine will endure to the end.

My saddest thought is to endure a lifetime and never really learn how to live.

My consolation is the balm of work and the beauty of nature.

The following were questions that we asked mom.

Q: You said you didn't want to get married so you came to Salt Lake to work. Who came with you, where did you live, and what did you do? Why did you go back?

A: I came with Lawrence Wright in a model A Ford. We left Blanding at sunrise and we traveled until well after dark in order to get to Salt Lake. The cars traveled about 35 miles an hour on roads that were very poor at that time. I came up here and worked for a Doctor Goeltz. I worked in his home and there was another girl also from Germany who worked in his home.

She took care of the adults, and I took care of the children and this was all I did. I did the children's washing separately from the family's wash. I prepared the children's meals separately. They were never allowed to eat with the adults. I guess a governess would be a good name for it.

I loved the children. One was nine months and one was about 2 1/2. I'd take them for their walk every day, the baby in the stroller and the little girl holding my hand. Everything she'd see she'd say, "Oh, Oh," and I thought that was so cute.

I really loved those children. I didn't mind the job except that it left me with too much time on my hands. So after the children were in bed I'd go to the kitchen and talk to this German girl, and I was always willing to help her wash the dishes or finish up whatever she had to do. She thought this was real kind of me because it really wasn't required of me to do. I only stayed there about a month. I had a gang in Blanding that I was having a lot of fun with and I was a stranger here in a strange land, didn't like the city, and I got so homesick I just plain had to go back home.

Q: Where did they live?

A: They lived on 13th East and 2nd South, I think.

Q: How old were you when you took that job?

A: Probably 19.

Q: So you went home and stayed with Aunt Jane until when? When you got married?

A: Yes.

Q: When were you on the road camp?

A: We were on the road camp when I was a child. Summers we would go out to Cane Springs and worked there. Mother cooked for the men and we kids just played around and other foolish things. I got to thinking it would be fun to see what these men were eating once, like a kid will (I was probably 7 years old) so after the men had gone and before Mom came in to clear up the table, I went around and drained all their cups and a lot of them had had coffee. I thought to myself, man that sure is nasty. I wonder why anybody would want to eat anything like that.

There was a real small fellow there that worked hard I guess, but he had the biggest appetite of anybody I'd ever seen before or ever have seen since for such a small man, and we kids used to try to peek through the tent or anything we could come up with in order to watch this guy eat.

They had one tent for the dining area. There were long wooden tables and the plates were always set on the tables, because after supper the plates were washed and turned upside down on the tables to dry and after the breakfast dishes were done they were also turned upside down on the tables. This was so it wouldn't have to be a last minute job since there was such a big gang of men there to cook for.

I don't especially remember being much help to Mom, but I remember a lot of times some fun things with the horses. One day Dad took me with him on the wagon when he took the swill.

One of the camps raised pigs and all the other camps took the swill there to help feed these pigs. When we got over to this other camp, the cook there had baked a cake, and she gave me a piece. As we were going back I was sitting on the spring seat beside Dad and the swill bucket was right down here by my feet.

I had this cake in my hand and was enjoying it. A car went around us and honked (and cars were such an uncommon thing, we wouldn't see one for weeks at a time and you didn't expect one to be passing) and it scared me and I jumped so hard that I dropped my cake in the swill, and believe me, that was a tragedy.

One other time I went to meet the men as they were coming home from work. I just stopped one of the work horses, took hold of the rein, and put one foot up in the harness to jump up. The minute I did this the horse felt my weight and took off on a run to catch the other horses, and there I was just hanging onto these reins. I couldn't get on and I couldn't get loose. I was just a little kid and Dad saw my plight and came running back just like the hero in a movie. He caught the horse and stopped it until I could get off.

Q: Did he say anything to you?

A: Not that I remember. He didn't scold me if that's what you mean because he knew what had happened just from knowing horses.

There was one time when a girl and I were on a riding horse and she was in the saddle and I was behind. We'd been up to where the men were working to see them, and when we started back she wanted to go someplace I didn't want to go. I told her to let me off and she said, "I won't let you off, you're going to go with me." I said that I was not going with her and she said, "well, we'll see." Then she started the horse off in a lope. Well I just plain wasn't about to go with her and I didn't. I put my hands like this on the back of the saddle and raised myself up with the strength of my arms and then I jumped off that horse with it in a gallop. Of course it wasn't a big gallop like I thought or I might have been hurt, but at least the horse was hurrying right along when I jumped off and fell on the soft dirt there on the road. I just fell. I didn't roll or hurt me any.

Q: How old were you when they started these road camps? Were you born on the road camps?

A: I was seven the first I can remember, and we were on the road camp from then until I was thirteen.

Q: Why did you quit when you were thirteen?

A: Well, the roads around that area were pretty well caught up and my brother Dave got a contract for building a railroad down into a lumber yard and then a contract to deliver trees on this railroad down to the lumber mill. So Dad went out and worked with him, and they built roads around there and worked in the lumber. This is out in Beaver, Colorado, so we were still there until I was thirteen.

At this time, Dave had an Oldsmobile, I believe, and of course it wasn't what you'd think of nowadays if you think of an Oldsmobile. It just had one seat in it and the back was kind of like a pickup behind this one seat. There was no cover over it at all. This is what we traveled back and forth with when

we went to Blanding.

One day as we were going in this to Blanding, we got to the top of what we called Lover's Lane (it's hardly recognizable now the way the roads have been changed, the trees cut down) and we could see the lights of Blanding. The way the atmosphere was made the lights twinkle and since there were such few lights, you could almost count the twinkles. We used to call that music and think of it as a player piano how they tinkle when the sheet goes over the holes in the roll, and it was a thrilling sight. It would just warm our hearts whenever we'd see those lights because we knew after all these hours of slow travel we were finally home.

Once as we were going down this hill, I was so excited and was kicking and throwing my legs and lost one of my shoes. It flew out of the car and I never did bother to tell anyone until we got home. I thought this was once I'd get some new shoes. Believe me we didn't go barefoot out of pride or defiance, we went barefooted with tears in our eyes because it was embarrassing for us.

Q: Were your Church records always in Blanding?

A: My personal ones were. I have my confirmation and baptism.

Q: I mean your membership records.

A: My own personal one was always in Blanding.

Q: Didn't they move around as you moved around?

A: We just moved around in summers, just for a hundred miles or so.

Q: Then Blanding was your home and that is where you stayed all the time?

A: Blanding was our home base and our records were never sent out of there. In fact, there was no place for them to be sent because we only had a road camp that was just a base for men to work from. There was no place to keep a record. The men didn't work on Sunday, but to my own personal knowledge, I don't ever remember them holding church on Sunday either.

Q: Did you go to church regularly when you were in Blanding?

A: Yes.

Q: What did Grandpa do in winter when you were in Blanding?

A: I don't remember. He worked most of the winter. You know how it is down there, they never have snow until December and then sometimes not even then. Winters were always mild so I

can't remember that ever posing a problem.

Q: Did you ever have any particular feelings about the Church as a kid, not wanting to go?

A: I never remember ever objecting to the church. I remember making fun of a Sunday School teacher once and feeling bad about it because I did. She wasn't an attractive woman; she was kind of a funny little lady and just wasn't the kind of person that should have been teaching children. We did give her a terribly bad time which I always grieved about and thought how mean it was. I felt sorry for her and for that reason I always felt like she was my friend.

I can remember going to Sacrament Meeting, and although I did my share of talking and giggling like 14 year old girls do in Sacrament Meeting, still I always listened and enjoyed it.

I hear people tell about miraculous conversions and the wonderful things that happened to them to convert them to the Church, and I feel that the fact that I never needed that was just as great a miracle as any one of them ever had, because the faith of knowing the gospel's true has been a constant thing with me -- growing right along with my body. I don't ever remember having the least doubt or even questioning it in any way or ever questioning anything a teacher ever told me.

Q: When did you meet Dad the very first time?

A: Dot had a boyfriend called Willie, and we used to run around behind the lilac bushes and wait for Willie to pass so we could see him. I don't remember ever wondering where he came from or who he might belong to or anything, just all of a sudden there was Willie and that was all I knew or cared about. I was too busy with my own boyfriends and my own life, and I had a boyfriend.

Q: How old were you then?

A: Well, I was 14. I had a boyfriend and we were invited to a party. We went to this party together and left together, but there was a new boy there at the party that I'd never seen before and his name was Asa Laws. I found out later that he was Willie's brother. Now you can guess who Willie is.

The next day all the kids in town were teasing me because I had a date with me as I walked home and rest of the kids weren't especially dating. As I walked home they teased me saying you know that new boy that was to the party last night, he said he was going to marry you. I said no, because I already had a boyfriend. He had told them that "the girl at the party with too much lipstick on, I'm going to marry her -- you wait

and see if I don't.

It took him many and many a year to convince me. Some of the reasons were foolish and some were worthwhile. In the first place he didn't dance and my very life was dancing. I breathed it, I ate it, I dreamed it. I danced on the way to school and on the way home. I danced as I did my work. If there was a total, complete commitment to a thing, it was me to dancing.

There were two people in town I admired. One was a choir leader, Brother Mac. I loved to watch him lead the choir because of the sheer rhythm of his body. He didn't make a lot of motion and carry on a lot, but each movement that he did make, every time his body moved, it was pure rhythm. He told my mother that he came to the dances just to watch me dance because he had never seen a youngster with so much rhythm in their body and who kept so in time with everything. Coming from him I felt that was quite a compliment.

The other person was a lady who used to try and sit by my mother and she'd say, "Watch Marie, see her do that spin, see how she does that, isn't she cute to watch. Really, you have the cutest girl I've ever seen in my life, and I just come to the dances to watch her." But one day she said, "You know Sister Black, I think it's time Marie started wearing a bra."

My mother was so innocent. One day Bud came home from the store and asked Mom what Kotex was. She said, "Why, I don't know. Where did you ever see or hear of a thing like that." He said they had some over to the store and was wondering what it was. She said, "I don't have any idea. I've never heard of it before." That's how innocent my mother was, so how am I going to know anything.

Q: So that was the first episode. What happened after that? When did you see Willie's brother again?

A: I don't especially remember a time after that, any special time for quite a number of years, although I know he was always there. When the CC camp came into Blanding, Asa was made one of the supervisors.

Q: How old were you then?

A: I was probably 18 or 19 when the CC camp was brought in there and Asa was made supervisor. These CC boys weren't nice boys like we were used to having in Blanding and they caused a lot of heartache in Blanding. However, they were all dancers and would come to the dances and I would really enjoy dancing with them. But the next day Asa would cuss them and say, "You leave her alone, she's my girl. I'm going to marry her." Then the next time they wouldn't dance with me because they were big city guys and they believed what they heard. They thought

they were really treading on dangerous ground.

These CC boys were interesting in a lot of ways, but of course this is not about them except one other little experience.

Bud was up to the lumber mill and he came home with a load of lumber. We had a great big wooden gate on the north of the fence, and I was standing out there at the gate talking to two of the CC boys when Bud came home. He got down off the wagon and came over to open the gate and stood there looking them over. They slowly edged away and Bud finally got in his wagon and drove in the gate and went on down to the corral. The guys asked if that was really my brother. I said, "Yes, that's my brother." They said, "We'd better be careful around here. I'd sure hate to tangle with that guy."

As I was saying, Asa was in charge of these CC guys, and he would come to the dance and watch. Then he'd see me having a good time with these CC guys so he'd go out some place and get drunk. That was the reason it took so long for us to get together.

As you kids go through my personal things some year in the future, you'll find some writings of his in there about how he felt and how he was inclined to drink and smoke more when he was feeling bad. When we finally decided to get married, however, it was on the condition that he'd cut this out. It was hard for him to do, I guess. I guess he went through quite a bit.

Q: What changed your mind about him?

A: Probably a combination of a lot of things. In the first place, by now I was an old maid. All the other boys that I'd been friends with were married -- most of them, some were on missions. I had begun to realize by this time that I wasn't doing anything for the world. If it was my lot to be a housewife, I just as well get at it.

Q: You mentioned there were several reasons why you had trouble getting together and several reasons why you did get together. What were they?

A: Well, I say he drank and smoked and I couldn't go along with that, and every time he would see me having fun with someone else he'd go get drunk. That would make us more distant than ever so it was just a vicious circle. But he understood my feelings right from the first (and he says that in his writings) that I was plenty fair to him in warning him that the first time he ever dated me or gave any indication that he would like to date me more that I wasn't interested in a boy that would drink and smoke because that wasn't the way I was raised and had no intentions of living like that.

Q: What were the favorable things about him?

A: He was fun and he was a good boy. He was just as innocent and pure and clean when we got married as I was, and believe me, that was innocent. He was sincere and when he gave his word, that was it. He was quite a scriptorian. It was amazing how much of the scriptures he'd read. You kids have probably seen those little beaded things that he worked as he read the scriptures and put in each one of his books. Up there on the mountain when he was with those Mexican shepherders he spent all his spare time reading the gospel. He was quite versed in it.

He loved children. How he did love children. There wasn't a kid in town who didn't just worship him. We had what was called the little meeting, and he was the Bishop of the little meeting. Now this came because we had a thousand active people in it. This actually was the case, and there just plain wasn't room in that great big church for all of them. And of course with so many children, it really created a big confusion in Sacrament Meeting, so they sent all the children under the age of about 12 downstairs to hold their own private meeting. Sacrament was passed to them down there and they had their own meeting. Asa conducted the meetings and planned the parts that would be held there.

Q: Was this before you were married?

A: No, after we were married.

Q: This wasn't one of the things . . .

A: No, I mentioned his love for children and how sincere he was in what he pretended to be. He never beat around the bush about it. He didn't try to hide the fact from me that he'd been drunk or he didn't say he'd try to quit smoking and then not smoke in my presence or anything like that. He was completely above board.

He was so clever with his hands and his mind too. Anything he wanted to do he did. One of the astronauts that had been to the moon impressed me once by saying, "I am thoroughly convinced that anything man can conceive he can do." Well this fellow doesn't know about the gospel, but isn't that just the gospel. Anything a man can conceive he can do. Well this was Asa. He conceived a little cover over the pickup so we wouldn't be so uncomfortable as we traveled, and it was the forerunner of all these campers you see on pickups nowadays. If only we'd been smart enough to patent it.

He built his own house and didn't call in a plumber or an electrician or a painter. He did the whole thing. He was so good with his hands, he carved in wood with his hands, if the car was broken down he'd fix it and if he was stuck he knew how to get out of the mud. I don't know how he would get out

of the mud to this day, but somehow he'd fasten the front wheel to the back wheel. This made it pull against itself so it would pull him out of the mud. One time when we were stuck on a hill, he somehow backed the car up and got us out. This was the way he always was. If there was ever a problem he could solve it. This really impressed me.

Q: Where did you get married? First of all when did he ask you and when did you agree? Do you remember that?

A: I don't remember the first time he asked me. I do remember there were numerous times with always the same answer. Then one day we took June and Lou and Riddell Barton and Lurlene from Monticello (took their car and the whole Laws' tribe) and went down to Farmington, New Mexico because Fern had gone down there to visit Aunt Glad. We went to pick her up and Asa took me over to a dance in Farmington. After the dance we talked until way into the night, and I just kept saying the same thing: "Well, I'd marry you if you were the kind of a guy I wanted to marry, but you're just not and you just as well understand that. I will not marry you." He said, "If I quit smoking would you." I said, "That's a big IF. I can't say yes if you quit smoking, but if you quit smoking then what would you do." He said, "If I said I would quit smoking and quit, I'd quit." I said, "All right, if you quit smoking, I'll marry you." We then quit talking and went in.

I thought he'd gone to bed as I did, but the next morning when I got up I could see him way over across the river in the fields. He finally came into the house about the time breakfast was ready, and I asked him where he'd been. He said he was just out walking. I asked how long he'd been out there, and he said all night. He later told me about it. He just went in to where he was supposed to go to bed and then crawled out a window and went out and just walked all night cause he knew this was it. He'd finally reached the point we all reach sometime of what we want is here. Then he said he'd made up his mind. He was through with everything else, it was worth it to him. So this was just kind of an informal agreement then until we got back home.

When we got home there was a wedding dance in town that night. I don't know why I'd gone all out on my dress, but a lot of people accused me of trying to outshine the bride. I felt bad about it and could see that maybe that was what it looked like. I made all my own clothes, and I was quite a designer. I did have a beautiful dress on and it was the first time I had worn it.

After the dance we drove down to Brown's Canyon and parked there on the hill watching the moon come up and the thing was made official then. We decided to be married in October and to go to the Temple if he could get a recommend by then. I was 22 1/2.

Q: How old was Asa?

A: We were both born in May, and he was four years and one month older than I was.

Q: Did he get the temple recommend?

A: He went right in then and talked to Bishop Hans Bayless. The Bishop said, "I've always had a lot of respect for you Laws people as far as your word's concerned. I've grieved about you not being active in the Church; but if you tell me that you've quit smoking, why when the time's ready you come here again and talk to me." So we settled on an October 15 marriage date, which was really only about 6 weeks. The Bishop gave him his recommend when that six weeks was up. We came to the Salt Lake Temple to be married.

Q: Who came? Did the whole family come or did just the two of you?

A: Asa and I came alone as far as this was concerned. But in the meantime, Dot and Bill had lost their baby and they were pretty upset and kind of at loose ends not knowing what to do. So I said to Asa one day (and I have a picture of us standing out by the gate after the funeral discussing this), "Shall we ask Dot and Bill to go with us? It will kind of give them something to do to take their mind off the baby." He said, "I think that will be great, let's do." So we went in after the funeral and asked them if they'd like to come to Salt Lake with us. Asa had an old beat up, broken down car. It just had one seat in it with kind of a little pickup like thing on the back. The four of us came to Salt Lake in that one seat. We picked up Geneve on the way, and she came on to Salt Lake with us.

Q: Why didn't Grandpa and Grandma come up, or Asa's folks?

A. His folks had never been to the temple and hadn't even when they died. My folks probably didn't even get asked. There was probably no way to come. Nobody had any money to do anything with.

Q: What did Grandma think about your marriage?

A: My folks all liked him but they all objected to me marrying him because of the same objections I'd had, of course. That night when we came out of the temple, garments weren't prepared like they are now days. We had to do our own preparation, and I didn't know anything about it and neither did he. When it came to putting some marks in his garments, here was a man just in his underwear, and I was scared to death of him.

We were in a hotel, just we two, and Dot and Bill were in another

room down the hall a little ways. I told him to wait a minute and I went running down the hall and asked Dot to come and help me. When she came in there I said, "Here, you take care of him." So Dot stood there and took care of the marks in the garments of my new husband.

The next morning we went down to Provo and stayed at Geneve's a couple of days before we went on home. In Provo we shopped and bought a stove and a bed, and that's what we had to start life with. Dad had bought a little one room shack from the road camp and just had it sitting down by the corral. Dave and Mae had lived there a few years before that, and they had pulled it up by the house and kind of fixed it up and it was just sitting there empty. So Asa and I decided to live in this little house with just one room. It was really just in Mom's backyard. We lived there until he could get us a house started.

Q: Is that the house that Aunt Dot's in, the one he built?

A: Yes, where she is now. Asa bought the land and then bought two houses with two rooms that were put together just in a V-shape like our cabin is down there (if it were divided into two rooms) and was just about that size. He had Dee Black and Uncle Marl help him pull the house there, and then he put cement under it and lowered it.

We lived in these two rooms as he was fixing some more rooms on the back. He was doing it as he also held a full-time job in the daytime. He'd come home at night and we'd have dinner. Then we'd take a globe outside and I'd stir the cement while he put it where it belonged. The two of us did every stitch of that house. We tried to hire an Indian to dig the basement, but he wasn't much good and didn't last very long.

While we were working and trying to get it done, my mother had an operation on her eye and needed to have somebody tend her. Asa said I should go and tend her for a little while. I asked if he'd be all right and he said yes, so I came to Salt Lake and stayed with my mother.

This was the first time I was ever in an earthquake. I was sitting in a rocking chair by mother's bed reading to her. Her eyes were done up so she couldn't see. All at once the rocking chair started rocking sideways instead of rocking like a rocking chair should. All the dishes started to dance and rattle in the place, and we didn't know what it was.

I went downtown one day, and when I came back Dot and Asa were there. I said, "What on earth are you doing here?" He said he brought Dot up to stay with mother. I said, "Well, I thought I was here to stay with her". He then said, "You are, but I need you." I said I thought we'd already talked about it and he had suggested that I come. He said, "I don't know, I need you," so he had brought Dot and come to Salt Lake, left

her here, and took me home.

I'm not sure what day it was (I have the date someplace) but it was only about five days after I got back home that he was killed.

Q: Tell us about that briefly.

A: He was on night shift. They had three shifts - 8 to 4, 4 to 12, and 12 to 8.

Q: Was this close to Blanding?

A: Oh, maybe 20 miles. I'm not right sure, but it was out to Brushy Basin where they had a mine. He just loved that 4 o'clock shift cause in the first place, I didn't tick at him to take me to a dance. In the second place he could come home at 12 and sleep until 8. Then he'd have his eight hours sleep and that gave him from 8 until 4 to work on the house. But he had changed shifts and gone onto what they called the graveyard shift. I hated that shift because just as you were ready to settle down and go to bed and knew the whole night was ahead of you, then your man would leave and you'd be there alone at night and knew you would be until morning.

This night he had eaten dinner around 11 o'clock and I'd made his lunch and he'd gone to work. I finally went in and had gone to sleep. Somebody came to the door, and I looked up and it was him standing there all dressed just like he'd gone to work with his cap on and everything. I said, "What on earth are you doing back here so soon." Before he could answer me there was knock at the door. I got up and went to see who was at the door. Ross was standing there and said, "There's been an accident, Asa's been hurt." I said, "Where is he?" He said, "Well, he's right here. Shall I bring him in?" I said, "Yes", and turned to turn the bed down to make room for him to put Asa, and here Asa walked in. He had a sheet around him, draped kind of to cover him a little bit and that was all he had on. That was all he had on period, no skin.

Q: He walked in alone?

A: Yes

Q: He just disappeared before, just as the door knocked?

A: He disappeared when the knock was at the door. How he could walk in there under his own power I don't know. He said that he could stand that easier than he could stand to have anybody touch him.

His head had skin on it, his face still had skin on it, and yet when I tried to comb his hair in the casket, I couldn't because great tufts would come out. His skin was burned so bad even clear up to the top of his head, although he still

had skin on his face and on his feet where his big heavy shoes had protected him.

They said it was absolutely impossible for him to have gotten out of the mine, and yet when they found him he was just hanging with his top part out and just his legs still down in the mine.

Of course we have no way of knowing who lifted him out. They said he couldn't have gotten himself out -- there was absolutely no way he could have done it. There was only one other man working there, his cousin Ross. Ross said he kept thinking he heard somebody call, so he finally went to see what it was about. This is how he found Asa, and of course when they took his clothes off the skin all came off with the clothes.

Q: They brought him in and he walked under his own power?

A: He walked in under his own power and laid down on the bed. I could see that wouldn't do because he was chilling and there was no heat there. Ross went for Dad and Dad came and helped get some others to help. They moved the bed to the front room where the heater was so we could build a fire to warm him up. We called the doctor, of course. They finally decided the next morning to take him to the hospital and he lived until about one o'clock the next night. It was about 24 hours that he lived.

Q: They thought he was going to die then when they saw him?

A: I said to Doctor Bayless afterwards, "Why didn't you prepare me for this?" He said, "Marie, how could you look at him and not know." The warning I'd already had when he came in plus the fact of looking at him, I knew he couldn't possibly live. But I just thought that things like that don't happen to me, they always happen to somebody else.

Q: So he died at the hospital then?

A: Yes

Q: How old were you when he died?

A: I was 29. We were married 6 1/2 years.

Q: Did you ever think to yourself after that you wished you'd married him sooner than you did?

A: No, but I used to think to myself that I wished I'd have gone with him more often. He wanted me right by his side every second. If he went out to cut wood for the day, he'd want me to go, but I'd say no I have a house to keep - I have this and that to do, bread to mix, washing to do. I'd turn him down too much and that was the thing I used to fret about. It was wrong that I told him that, and yet he wouldn't allow

me to leave the kids.

One day when he was chopping wood for the fireplace, Dwight was asleep and I went up there to see him. He asked where Dwight was and I said he was sleeping. He said, "You go back to the house." I said, "I just barely put him down to sleep, I want to be up here with you." He said, "You go back there and stay until he wakes up." He wouldn't allow me to leave a child alone for a second.

He seemed to be able to sense things easily all the time. When Vell was real bad with cancer and they knew he was going to die, (then Lurlene died just suddenly) I phoned to Wyoming to tell him. He was at the dinner table when they told him he was wanted on the phone. He said, "Oh, my brother-in-law died." If Vell hadn't been so bad he would have at least wondered what had happened and thought it might have been some of his own, but because of the way things were, he just told the whole table full of men that his brother-in-law died.

Q: What was he doing in Wyoming?

A: Shearing sheep. He went up there in the spring to shear sheep.

Q: Did you go with him sometimes?

A: I went with him sometimes.

Q: Did you go after we were born?

A: I never did go after Theda was born. I took Dwight once.

Q: After Dad died and you had the funeral, what did you do?

A: I didn't do anything until school started. Then I worked in the school lunch all that winter as a helper preparing the lunches. When school was over in the spring, I came to Salt Lake and got a job at Walgreen's Drugstore and worked there for about 4 years.

Q: Was Grandma living up here when she had her eye operated on?

A: Yes

Q: How long had she been up here?

A: They moved up here really before Bud died, but they didn't stay very long because they weren't happy here. When Bud died they moved up here to stay, and remained here from then until Asa died. They came to Blanding that summer and stayed with me. Dad worked for Frost in the field and Mom stayed with me.

The next spring I needed to leave there. Asa had no insurance, and we didn't have any way of making a living or any way to feed you kids. I had to do something so I talked them into coming with me. We came up here and Dad got a job at Romney Lumber Company. I got a job at Walgreen's. Dad and I both worked night shifts so I could be with you kids most of the day. Mom just had to give you your dinner and put you to bed.

Mom got sick with inflamed arthritis and was real bad, so Geneve took her to her home along with you three kids. For that little while until Mom got better, you kids were all down there, but the rest of the time I had you with me.

In the meantime, Emma had been ticking at me all the time to come to Wyoming. She'd write every little while and say to come and visit them. I'd say I would sometime, but how could I go visit anybody with three kids, so I just kept putting her off. Finally she started talking about Presley and she'd say, "I've got a real good guy here I want you to meet and marry, so you come on out here. No reason for you not to marry Presley," and she just kept ticking at me until I finally agreed to go out on Thanksgiving. I believe it was a holiday and I took the bus and went out there. They met me at the bus station.

Q: Did you leave us with Grandma?

A: Yes, you stayed with my Dad and Mother in the apartment. I was just gone over the weekend, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. No, I was wrong there. It was in July when I went out because Pres took me to the rodeo, and we went to the dance that night.

Q: Was he there to meet you when you arrived?

A: No, but he came in and met me there and took me over to their folks who were living in town at the time. Now whether he knew I was going to be on the bus and that I'd come to town on purpose, I don't know. I don't ever remember him going to town before or since.

They took me out to the ranch and Pres was living down below the hill there. He dated me while I was there. He took me out several times, and when I came back he started writing to me. We wrote to each other all summer, and then in September Pres came out here and stayed a day or two. When he went back to Wyoming he kept writing to me. We finally decided to get married, so he came out at Christmas time and we got married and moved to Wyoming. We stayed there nearly four years.

Q: You didn't meet him when you were shearing sheep?

A: I'd met him at Dick's before that and at his place. In fact once when we were out there shearing, one of the DuVall family died and Mrs. DuVall wanted to know if I'd stay there

in her house for her with the little girls while she went to Iowa for the funeral. I tended Nellie and Dorothy, but of course Pres was there. He was doing chores and tending the sheep and doing whatever needed to be done around the place while his folks were gone. I cooked for him and stayed there in their house while they went to Iowa. So I guess I'd known Pres since 1937 and married him in 1947, no the last of 1946.

Q: Did you go on a honeymoon?

A: We were going to Mexico City. We had high hopes of doing this, but he was a little green country boy, and I was a little green country girl. By the time we got through all the Mexicans in New Mexico and Texas, we'd had it. We didn't want anymore of them, so we just went over into the first town in Mexico and fooled around for a couple of days. We then headed up through California and finished our vacation that way without ever going very far down in Mexico.

Q: Then you moved to Wyoming?

A: We were there nearly four years and it was a good life. We lived in Pres's folks' home all that time. You kids started school there. Dwight had been in the first grade here in Summer School on 5th East until Christmas. You other two kids started school in Wyoming. You had to ride the school bus. Hoyt drove it most of the time you kids rode it.

I was president of the American League Auxiliary, and I put so much more into it than those people out there were used to having put into anything. It was quite a disappointing experience for me. I'd been in Chugwater working on that all day and was headed home. I hit some black ice and skidded where the road went off. It turned the car over and wrecked it. It kind of shot me too.

I wasn't much good after that. Without having any counseling of any kind and without being wise enough to know within myself that I was just me wherever I went, I just figured that if I got away from things that irritated me I'd be much better off. So I came to Salt Lake and Pres followed me. We got a home and stayed here. In a lot of ways it's been good for us and in a lot of ways it's been bad.

I wonder about a lot of things in my life. If you could really know what is the right thing to do in your life. It seems like we should somehow, some way, be able to know what's right, but I never have had that ability for some reason. Whether I've lacked the humility or whether I've had this pride that keeps me from giving in to a knowledge of what's right, I don't know the reason but there has been many a time in my life when I've thought I wonder how it would have been if we'd have done differently. I don't dwell on that and criticize for that reason because what's done is done. I'm smart enough to know

that. But when I see something that has gone wrong, I can't help but wonder, well if I'd done this ten years ago would this bad thing today have happened.

Anyway it got Pres in the church and although he still grieves for Wyoming, I think he's happy with the church. He's always loved my family and been real good to all of them. I think he has appreciated his association with my parents and my brothers and sisters, and it's been a more full life for him that way than it would have been if we'd have just stayed on the ranch.

I certainly have had a better life. I'm not saying that this was necessary, I'm just saying that because I'm who and what I am, I've had a better life through this. There is no reason I couldn't have had a good one out there, all those people do.

As I say, they don't care about things. I wanted to have a party and they all laughed. They thought that was ridiculous. Nobody would go to a party, that was the silliest thing they ever heard of. But just the same, being me, I went ahead and spent dollars and dollars and weeks and weeks and planned so carefully. I had a Halloween party and made people costumes and they laughed. They weren't going to do any such thing. I pleaded with each one individually until I coaxed them into doing some little thing, even if it was just to put a paper sack over their head. I put a spook alley in the basement and they were all reluctant all the way through. Just the same they laughed and laughed and laughed and I had many of them tell me afterward that they'd never seen anything like it before. That was the most fun they'd ever had.

Q: Were Ken and Rita born after you moved back to Salt Lake?

A: Yes. We decided then that it was time that Pres should have some children of his own. He was going to church and being active in it. It seemed only right and fair. We had these two children, and I've always wished we'd have had one more. But anyway we didn't.

Pres was baptized and confirmed into the Church and then he went to the Temple. The night we were scheduled to go to the Temple, my folks came from Blanding to go with him. Also Geneve and the Provo people had come and it was such a big affair. We had such a nice thing planned, a celebration of this, and Rita got sick. She had pneumonia. She was so sick that I didn't even dare take her to the doctor. I had the doctor come to the house. He told me what to do and said, "You stand here right by her bed and don't you leave it." I said, "I'm scheduled at the Temple tonight. My husband's going to the Temple for his endowments." (This was a good LDS doctor and knew what I was talking about.) He said, "I'm sorry, you cannot go. You stand right here by her bed."

My sister Geneve was a nurse in her heart, in her mind, and in her feelings. Although she'd never had the opportunity to go to school or to learn about nursing, it was a natural thing with her. To this day she seems to have the ability to know what to do. She said, "If you'll let me, I'll stay here." So because of this occasion I went to the Temple with Pres that night to get his endowment and Geneve stood right by that crib until we got back, and it turned out all right. I was sure it would seeing that it was such a worthy project. Pres had a feeling about this all the time.

One time when we came here to visit Wilma who was real sick in the hospital, Pres asked me how she was. I said that she was a lot better this morning. He said, "Well, I knew she would be because I prayed for her last night." This was before he'd ever been baptized or joined the church.

He paid tithing from the first time he'd heard of it. I had a check coming in for a little while from the state, a little while after I was married to Pres. It was about \$80 a month and I paid tithing on that. He wanted to know why, and I explained the principle of tithing to him. He said, "Why don't you pay some more then. We have more money than that." I told him I was just paying tithing for me. He said, "Well we'll pay it for me then." So he paid tithing all the years we lived in Wyoming and after we moved here until he joined the church.

I don't supposed his folks approved of him joining the church, but they didn't give him a bad time. They just said it was nice that both members of the family should belong to the same church. It was more convenient and would cause less friction. That was their only comment about it.

Q: Has their work been done?

A: No, their work hasn't been done. One time I asked Roy about some names back in Iowa, if he'd get them for me, and he said, "I'm not going to get you names to take up to your Mormon Temple. We don't want them in there." I'm sure that he was sincere in his opinion and the way he saw it, but of course I know he didn't understand.

I know that some day their names will all be put in there, whether they want them in or not. Then if they do change their mind they'll have the opportunity to accept it, but they won't if the work isn't done. I hope someday we get busy and do their work, but because they weren't interested and didn't want it done, I haven't felt any rush about it.

I've thought a lot of times that maybe Grandpa would have been interested in the Church if it hadn't been for Grandma. She was kind of dyed in the wool in her opinions, and she wasn't the least bit interested. You couldn't even talk to her. One day she and I were sitting alone in the kitchen, just sitting

there peeling apples for a pie she was going to make, and I thought this would be a good time to talk to her.

I started to tell her about how I felt about Pres and how I felt that life should be a continuation of what it was here.

I thought she'd be real interested to listen or at least would politely listen, but right in the middle of one of my sentences she said, "Is that a cow over there on the hill?" I looked and there was a cow over there on the hill, and I knew that's what she was thinking about. I never did try to talk to her again.

I tried to talk to Roy quite a few times and he'd carry on quite an intelligent conversation. But he'd had a bad experience with the Mormon shepherders and he's say, "Yah, I know what you Mormon's believe in and I know how you live it." I asked if he felt the same way about me, and he said no. I said, "Can't you see then that there are bad Mormons as well as good ones. There are good and bad Catholics and good and bad Masons." He was all for Masons, but I don't believe he ever agreed with me there. I don't think he ever believed there was a bad Mason.

My personal opinion is that anything you come across there is going to be good and bad in it. I tried to show this to him, and I think he respected me and learned to love me and enjoy me as daughter-in-law. He'd had some bad experiences, like I say. In fact, one fellow was telling him about the Book of Mormon. Then he started to tell him about Joseph Smith's revelation and how Joseph wrote them down, (I'm sure he was talking about the Doctrine and Covenants) but Roy had it mixed up with the Book of Mormon. He said, "You can't tell me a book that you find and then keep adding to is the truth. There is something wrong if that book has to be added to."

I tried to explain the difference to him between the Doctrine and Covenants and the Book of Mormon, but these people who had never even studied the Bible and are not conscious of Christ and Christianity, don't understand Mormonism. For this reason I have learned to appreciate these missionaries who go to Africa and devote their life to teach heathens about Christianity.

My DuVall in-laws were honorable. If they gave their word there was no need of bringing a lawyer to have a deed signed.

Their word was just as good as any bond that could ever be enforced. They were conscious of their neighbors -- always willing to help anybody at anytime. They never spoke evil or ill about anybody. They were really honorable people.

This, though, was the thing that was shocking to me because as I was growing up I was taught that you had to be good. If you were good that was it. It came as a great shock to me to discover that people can be such good people, really honorable

people, and still not be touched by the spirit of the Lord. I guess that is what God means when He says the honorable men of the earth will inherit a kingdom.

Q: So then you moved to Salt Lake and had Ken and Rita, what other events bring us up to date.

A: After Pres' conversion we were very active in the North 21st Ward. In fact, I was much more active in this ward than in other wards for several reasons. In the first place we were there longer, and I was at the age of productivity. I wasn't too young to think that Relief Society was beyond me, and I wasn't too old to do all the work they could pile on me. Also, Pres was there backing me up. The four years previously there wasn't a church to go to.

They were our really productive years in the Church. Pres was in the Sunday School superintendency and in the Elder's Quorum Presidency so we were really very busy in the Church there.

I managed a couple of apartments for Dave that kept me busy too. We only had one car at the time, so I'd get on the street car for wherever we were going to go. One little incident with the street car that's so cute happened when we were going to town to do some shopping. I had sent you kids ahead holding Kenneth's hand and pushing Rita in the stroller. The bus came and I got held up on the phone or something, so when I rounded the corner to head down to the bus, you kids asked the bus driver to wait for me. The bus driver saw me coming and said he'd wait for me. I could see he was waiting so I started to run.

I always ran all my life until the last few years; and I just went on a dead run that whole street and jumped on the bus with one leap. That bus driver said, "Man you must have a good heart.

I wouldn't dare do a thing like that."

Q: Then why did you move?

A: That always gets us into quarrels and it doesn't really pay to go into things like that. We just couldn't agree on that place up there. We finally got out of it, which was a mistake, and got us a new home. We couldn't agree on it either and finally got out of it, which was also a mistake, and ended up here. The first house I ever lived in and didn't like the area or ward was this one. I felt like the people were not quite up to what I've always expected and what I've always found before. I'm sure this is partly me, but because it's the first time it's ever happened, I can't quite make myself accept all the blame. It looks like we're stuck here anyway and I'm trying to make the best of it.

I've worked in Sunday School both outside and substituting. Sunday School has been my entire work here except Relief Society garments and magazines.

Q: What are some of your goals now? You're what, 55?

A: I'm 58½ . It won't be long until I'm 60 and that seems old. It used to be old, but it isn't anymore. I wasn't near that 60 mark five years ago, but just suddenly I grew old. It was partly due to putting on a lot of unwanted, unnecessary weight. The other reason was from pushing myself too hard in work, plus guilty conscious along with all the rest of it. When I was working 12 and 14 hours a day, I didn't do for my family things I'd always done before all the rest of my life. Just all of a sudden I feel old. I don't run anymore and I don't sing like I used to.

Q: What do you want to do now for the rest of your life?

A: Well I don't want to do genealogy. I love to read and I've written much in my life. That was a talent I had if I ever had a talent, to express both facially and in written word. You kids have read one or two things enough to know that this is so. The little thing I wrote you on nature, this is the type of thing I did all during my school years, and I always took first place. Whenever there was an essay or book report or story to be written, I always won the prize. Book reports were always my special love. How I did love to do a book report. In spite of that, I never could interest myself in genealogy because it's a dead thing, I think. I really think that. It really is a dead issue. Now I know the value of it and I know how necessary it is and looking into the future it can't be called a dead issue. But that's how it strikes me and so I'm not interested in it. It isn't rewarding enough; I don't see enough results.

Q: You say you've always been gifted in writing. Have you ever considered writing children's books?

A: A fellow Asa was working for in Blanding built a home and he had Asa do a lot of the work. He was quite an old man and he was an author. Not a famous author, but he had had things published. He was interested in church history. When he came to Blanding and found out the rich lore that was there, he was absolutely fascinated with it. He went over and talked to Albert Lyman a lot and in their discussion found out that I was Dave Black's daughter. Well instantly he forgot about Albert Lyman and came to my place and hung around and he hung around.

We took him out to bridge and we just started off like young energetic folks will. He said wait a minute and we stopped to see what he had to say. He said that he was an old man but perfectly capable of making the trip. He wanted to do it but didn't want to be worn out and deprived of a beautiful day. He suggested that we take it easy and enjoy it. He taught me quite a lesson there.

We took his advice and slowed down instead of just hurrying along. We looked at rocks and trees and flowers and enjoyed this. When we went home he tried to pay us. We just hadn't been raised that way, and he hadn't been raised any other way, being born and raised in the city. He just couldn't fathom that we'd spend a whole day with an old man, spend our gas and our money, and fix a lunch for him, visit with him, and answer questions without taking any money to pay for it.

When he got home he sent me a whole set of encyclopedias. I'd never seen a set before out of the library. He said, "You're as welcome as the air you breathe. These are for you to do research. I know you feel that you're limited because of lack of education, but this will help you greatly. I charge you with writing the history of your father."

Q: You said you wanted to make an impression on the world. Seems to me like you've got a job right there.

A: You misinterpreted that. I didn't say I wanted to make an impression on the world, I wanted to contribute something.

Q: Okay, wouldn't it be something you could contribute?

A: Yes, except now it's too late. It's too late because all I could do is research what somebody else has already written. I was working at it, though, when he died. We didn't have modern, fancy machines, neither did we have typewriters nor shorthand. All of this had to be done long hand. In the meantime, Blaine was working in an office that had invented a little circle type of thing that would take off your voices, and he brought it to me. I had Dad talk into it.

Dad was a great one to just want to tell the Indian story, so he started right in and that's what most people had. But I said, "Dad, let's take it from the first. I'll ask questions and you answer them" I started back with his first memories. Then I asked him about songs and school teachers and this type of thing. I think I have a more complete history than anybody else has, but we hadn't finished it yet when he was killed. The machine was still sitting there with the record on.

Q: Okay, back to my question. Have you ever tried doing any children's books? How about a children's series on a western cowboy, Dave Black?

A: I've done a Dave Black type of thing and I've done about 15 chapters on it. It was years ago. It's a western-type thing with a hero.

Q: Was it kind of an historical-fiction type of story?

A: Well, it's not even historical really because I was so young that I wasn't really mindful of the historical type of thing at that time. It's really more of a novel like I had read -- something on the order of a wild Zane Grey type of thing more than anything else.

Q: Where is it?

A: In my papers in there.

Q: Why don't you dig it out and finish it now that you're not working so many shifts?

A: Then I wrote a story about Hawaii and Alaska and how they should join with us and how they should not compete but should learn to appreciate each other. That was when I was a kid in school, years and years and years before anybody ever dreamed of making them part of the United States.

Q: Getting back to the question, what are your goals and plans for the future?

A: Well, I'd like to work until I'm 62 if I can endure it that long. Since I'm into it that's helping me accomplish goals that are monetary, but goals just the same. I don't even pretend to put them first. I never have. But just the same, in this day and age they are necessary.

Security isn't necessary -- it isn't in this recent day and age because the government has made it out. They've made a substitute for security and they're allowing people to get off with it. But because I wasn't raised in this immediate day and age, to me security comes above all else except being good and enduring to the end.

Security comes next because of this fierce independence that I have. If I feel that I would be dependent on anybody or owe anybody anything (and I don't mean just money especially. I mean a favor or a kindness or anything), it would just simply be the undoing of me. My life has been dedicated to not. I'm not saying that I don't owe people anything because I don't look at things like other people. I'm saying that within myself I try to keep what I feel is even with the other guy. Now there's nothing noble about that, I'm not trying to put over there is. I'm just trying to say that security is one of my goals -- not to have money.

Q: What else besides security?

A: Well, like I say, I want to work until I'm 62. I feel that I've especially been neglectful of my grandchildren because ever since I've had them I've worked. They don't know me and don't enjoy me, and I don't know them or how to make them enjoy me because I don't know or understand them.

When I was a little kid and didn't have grandparents of my own, I was jealous when other children would talk about their grandparents. I don't know exactly what I was jealous of because I didn't know the feeling, but I always felt kind of hollow like maybe I wasn't in the same category they were in. I was missing something.

Since my grandchildren do have grandparents, I'd like to earn their respect if it's possible. I know in this day and age people don't feel with the reverence for age or authority or love or anything else like they used to. In as much as I could, I'd like to earn their respect and affection, which would take quite a bit of time.

Q: What else?

A: Nothing.

Q: Do you have any needs right now?

A: None that anybody can help me with.

Q: Do you have any you can help yourself with?

A: I've been working on it for quite a few years. And coming to this little part in here, it seems like there should be somebody -- some member of a family, some bishop, some doctor -- somebody that I could get help from in the ways that I can't help myself or that could teach me how to help myself.

Q: Except that you are too independent to ask?

A: No, I've never found that person that I could trust that much yet. Now as far as therapy is concerned, like they talk about psychiatrists, I'm afraid of those people. I'm not going to say that they're from the devil, but I think they stir up more problems than they ever cure. Now you take the movie star people who can afford to go to them. They do all their life. Their problems are not solved or they wouldn't still keep going there. These doctors say, "What did you feel guilty about when you were a child." They keep digging at them until finally they remember something they did when they were a little kid. Well that's not helping anybody to just give them another guilt feeling.

Q: What do you recommend a person do to solve a problem?

A: It can't be done easily and it can't be done in giant strides. It has to be done in little tiny steps. The very first step is to learn self-control. In my thinking of me and my problem it seems to me that that's what we all lack.

Now self-control is a small word, but it covers every field

there is. As small a thing as deciding whether this pair of shoes fits us or not when we go to the store, we've got to have control enough to know if we want this red pair of 7's or this green pair of 6½'s.

The next thing in control is up to the table. If we eat until we're actually miserable that in itself is not serious for that meal, but it shows a certain lack of control. Now these are on the very bottom rung. We can go right up that ladder in any phase of life. It involves the Word of Wisdom, it involves all of the commandments of God (and of course we think we keep them when we don't). We don't murder or steal or do some of those things and we think they're the big ones. But they're not stressed very much more in the commandments than some other things that we think are small things we do.

Now this is where self-control comes in, and I have finally reached a conclusion. I used to think by listening to my Sunday School teachers that if you grow up good you'll go to Heaven and that it was just that uncomplicated. But experience taught me that it is not uncomplicated. If you're good you're going to have your reward for being good, but you're not going to have a reward any more than what you earn. That's why we were put here. We already were good in keeping our first estate -- why didn't we stay there? The reason is there is something more for us to have. If we've got the guts to reach out and take it, it's ours. If we haven't, we won't have it -- not on this earth or on the next.

Every time we are unhappy, every time we feel miserable within ourselves it's from some lack of control somewhere in us. If we can't control ourselves, our own physical body, our own mental attitudes, our own spiritual actions, then how can we control our destiny?.

Now that's my long range goal, and I think I've gained on it. For quite a while I'll feel sort of satisfied and think things are coming along all right, then something will happen that will bring me up with a jolt and I'll realize that I'm too complacent about the whole thing.

When I look around me at the world now days with the people that don't even have any thoughts of self-control or any desire for self-control, I see that the main desire with 99% of the people, especially younger people, is immediate gratification. If I want to do this right now, I'm going to do it. I have my free agency and I can do what I want to do right now. If I don't want to do that, I'm not going to do it. The church has always said this and now the government says it -- **there are no strings tied to anybody.**

Like I said before, it won't be the wicked being wicked that will bring the earth to an end. I fully believe that because

we who try our best every day fall so far short of what we need to do.

Q: How does one develop self-control? Alone, or does one have a friend to help him?

A: If a person is fortunate enough to have help they're mighty blessed. But help usually comes in the form of advice and who's going to take advice from anybody. Nobody, until they reach the point where they are willing to say to themselves that's better than my way, will change.

Take a little old thing like baking a pie. Grandma DuVall would run and grab that pie out of the oven when it was half cooked, and I'd run and push it back in the oven because I didn't like an undone crust. She'd run and grab it out again because she didn't like burnt pie. I would not take her advice on a pie. I wouldn't bake a pie like Grandma DuVall wanted it, but I learned a lot of good things from her.

In the first place we've got to admit we're wrong. We'll say I know that's wrong but we don't do anything about it. Now right there instead of gaining any self-control we've gone down the ladder on it, haven't we. Can you see that? Do you understand that? If we give into a thing rather than climbing, we step down.

Q: So then what do we do?

A: Then we've got to make peace with ourselves. I'm not right sure how to do this because I haven't been able to do it yet. I don't have any more control over myself in a lot of ways than I did when I first realized this truth. I do in some ways and I'm still working on it and hope to always be able to.

If you can get help it is a wonderful thing because you can go to a doctor and he'll fit you with eyeglasses and then you can read. How wonderful that is. All you have to do is tell him you can't see and he'll fix it so you can. Well isn't that the simple way to do it? If you break your leg he'll put it in a cast and give you a crutch. But if something is wrong in your mind, I don't mean crazy or off the beam or anything else, I just mean what we've been talking about. How can anybody get in there and help you? There is just no way they can do it.

Q: Somebody can.

A: Somebody can. There are two people that can help you. You can help yourself. You were given that. The Lord granted you the right to choose. If there was no way that you could help yourself, that wouldn't be free agency would it? The Lord gave us the right to choose so we do have the power to help ourselves. If you get pneumonia it weaken your lungs a little

bit. If you go out and do something that you know is going to give you pneumonia again your lungs are finally going to be shot to where you don't have any, whereas the first bout might not have hurt you so much.

That's the way will power is. If we keep giving in to a thing, pretty soon we can't lick it. But of course there is still help -- fasting and prayer. That takes a mighty lot of humility. Every time we get rebellious and think things are wrong, that's when we quit praying instead of when we start like we should. The sad part about that is the Lord won't help us unless we ask him to. I don't mean he doesn't help us. He give us blessings that we're not worthy of all the time, but I mean if there is a certain issue involved. Satan is pulling on you for all he's worth, whereas the Lord says he'll let us choose. For that reason it's harder for us. Satan casts his vote and the Lord casts his vote, then we've got to cast the other vote. It's just really up to us.

Q: What would you think would be the very best advice you could give to all your descendants that may or may not read this testimony.

A: Well, in a very short word I'd say stay acquainted with the Lord so that when you need Him, He'll know you. Some people can get through life in a good way without the help of the Lord. DuVall's are a classic example of this. They were happy, contented, good, productive, and they contributed to the world. They didn't need the Lord to do what they had to do. I can't understand this for sure, why Satan wasn't pulling at them then. He seems to spend his energies on people who have certain goals in mind.

I got the history of the DuVall's by asking them questions and reluctantly they gave it to me. The last question I asked them was, "if you had your life to live over again, would you do anything any differently?" and they both said "No, we're completely satisfied." Those kind of people who can get through life that well without the help of the Lord are few and far between. It never comes to LDS people -- never. President McKay kept humble because he kept control of himself and kept in touch with the Lord. We who are having all these problems are so far out of class with President McKay need to keep in touch with Him more. That will be our only salvation.

Q: That's pretty good advice I would say.

A: It's good advice. I hope I can take it to heart.

Q: If you had your life to live over again, what thing would you change?

A: That's really a very interesting question. I partly covered that a while ago when I said, "If I'd done differently

I wonder if this would have been different." When you get to looking at it at that angle you'd be almost afraid to say you would change anything plus the fact that you'd still have your weaknesses and you'd still make mistakes, even if you did something different.

Q: You wouldn't make the same mistakes, you'd make a batch of new ones.

A: It wouldn't be the same mistakes, but we're all too much like the little cartoon of Pogo. They were having a New Year's party and said it was time to make resolutions. One little animal said, "Let's make some," and the other said, "No, I don't want to do that." They asked him, "Why, don't you have any faults?" He said, "Oh, I've got a lot of them, but I can't think of any I want to give up."

Q: There's not one thing that especially stands out in your mind that you'd like to go back and change?

A: No, I guess not as far as major things are concerned. I don't believe I would. I'd still marry daddy and I'd still marry daddy, both daddies. I was mighty fortunate, the Lord really blessed me that way in being able to have two husbands who were such good men. I'm not talking about marriages now especially. I'm just talking about pure, plain good men because that's half the battle right there. I think short of the obvious blessings, the ability to work and the strength to work and the know-how to work, plus the beauties of nature have been two of my greatest blessings.

I've always loved beautiful things. Not with it in mind to preserve them or to possess them, but just to enjoy. I'd like everybody to enjoy them and have them for everybody to enjoy.

I'm miserable if I'm not doing something. I've always appreciated that I'd been taught how to work and there was something for me to do, even though I was not taught how to organize and make my work amount to things. We kind of have to know a thing in order to teach it. A history teacher never goes out and teaches zoology., It just doesn't work that way. The way my mother grew up she taught me and I was taught in the knowledge of my fathers (as Nephi said). It's a cinch they didn't teach him anything they didn't know, nor did my parents teach me anything they didn't know. But it behooves each of us to use our eyes and our ears. If we did properly, each generation would become a little wiser and a little better and a little smarter and a little more accomplished.

Q: Do you think they have?

A: In some ways. I think the value of work has depreciated. I think the value of security and independence has depreciated. I think the value of knowledge has increased

along with knowledge itself -- an appreciation of knowledge. It didn't use to matter if you knew anything or not as long as you could do what came naturally all day. This day and age of today as far as styles are concerned really intrigue me. Always before in history there's been a definite pattern and you were either in or you were out. Today, although I don't approve, I'm certainly not offering any encouragement the way people act and dress. Still, I approve of the freedom to do it -- to go uptown like you are, to wear your hair the way you want to, to wear makeup, or not. There was a time when makeup didn't exist, then all of a sudden you had to wear makeup. You couldn't go out in public without makeup on.

Today is an age of freedom. If we understood the true word freedom, that our freedom ends where somebody else's begins, then we'd have it made. But the way freedom is understood nowadays it means to do what I want to do when I want to do it, that part of it's bad. This is going to be the undoing of the world.

It's doing away with morals, it's doing away with values of any kind. I think the very freedom itself has caused a lot of this. By that I mean freedom of press, freedom of speech, etc. the press makes too much issue of things. Just as a typical example, when they really held a disturbance of some kind, if nobody paid any attention to it, it wouldn't happen again. But when the press all gets there, then it turns into a mob and a riot and killings. The press feels that they have to go do this in order to give those people their freedom, to be fair to everybody.

Q: Do you think you can talk this long of these other six people?

A: No, I don't know that much about them. Who shall we start with?

Q: I don't think we should start on anybody now. I think we should get together another time.

A: I don't remember Grandpa Black at all and this one incident about his hair is all I even bothered to ask about him, except that at one time his was the most pretentious headstone in the cemetery.

We used to go up there and there was an old pine tree and this tall headstone by it. We all stood a little prouder and felt the kinship to him and were glad we belonged to William Morley just because of the headstone. I don't mean we felt proud that there could be a nice one afforded there. It was just out of pure respect, and so this headstone had always played a part in my life. I always look for it the first thing in the cemetery and the last few years I find you really have to hunt for it because there are so many big ones in there. You used

to see that as soon as you could see the cemetery. That plus the experience with his hair was all that I really knew about him. I don't remember him at all.

Grandma, his wife, Mariah, I knew some. I asked my dad one time if she were a stern woman and he said, "Why do you ask that?" I said I only remember her once and she was cross with me. He laughed and said she probably wasn't as cross as I remember, but she was a stern woman. He said she wasn't mean, neither was she light and airy. Everything with her was dead serious. That's all I know about her.

Q: Mariah what?

A: Hansen, Anna Mariah Hansen.

Q: What did she get mad at you for?

A: I asked her for a cookie and she wouldn't give it to me. She said I had no business to ask. If I wanted a cookie I could wait until it was offered to me. I think I was six years old and she died shortly after that. That's the only time I remember her at all, so anything I could say about her would be just what I've heard or what's written down on those records.

Q: Before you change the subject, you didn't put that story of Grandpa down on the mike.

A: I asked my mother how grandma handled his hair with it being long like that. Didn't everybody make fun of him. She said it wasn't really noticeable. Grandma would comb it every morning and she'd roll it up on her fingers and then pin it rolled up so that it was just really kind of tight up on his neck. She said unless you just looked at the back or knew he had long hair it wasn't noticeable.

Q: He probably wore it under his hat didn't he?

A: Yes, they always wore hats. He was red-headed and that was where the red hair comes from. We went over to Liberty Park to a Black reunion one time and there was 300 people over there to the reunion and 75 of them were red headed. When Kenneth was born we took him down to Uncle Will's one time. Aunt Min got out a lock of her sister's hair who had been a red head and wound it around in Kenneth's hair and we couldn't see it. We couldn't even tell the difference from it, so one of Grandpa's daughters, Aunt Rachael, was just the color of red head that Kenneth was when he was little, that penny copper color.

ILLUSION?
by Bernard Lydes

Could it be
That in the mirror of pride
I see
Nor really me,
But what I would like to be!

Such Lovely Things
by Henrik Ege

Such lovely things are yours and mine forever.
The peaceful stream. The murmur of the sea.
The far-off hills, aglow with purple heather.
Such lovely things, God made for you and me.

The lark in flight, upon an April morning.
The rolling downs. The sweetly scented air.
A starlit night. The glory of the dawning.
All these and more were made for us to share.

Such lovely things are yours and mine to cherish.
A field of corn. A weeping willow tree.
Sweet vales and hills, whose beauty ne'er shall
perish.
Such lovely things will surely ever be.
God made them all for you and me.

Her false pride and her love for nature were two things that
mother talked about often and they were mentioned again in her
autobiography

A Little Parable for Mothers
by Temple Bailey

The young Mother set her foot on the path of life. "Is the

way long?" she asked. And her guide said, "Yes. And the way is hard. And you will be old before you reach the end of it. But the end will be better than the beginning."

But the young Mother was happy, and she would not believe that anything could be better than these year. So she played with her children, and gathered flowers for them along the way, and bathed with them in the clear streams, and the sun shone of them, and life was good and the young Mother cried, "Nothing will ever be lovelier than this."

Then night came, and storm, and the path was dark, and the children shook with fear and cold, and the Mother drew them close and covered them with her mantle, and the children said, "Oh, Mother, we are not afraid for you are near and no harm can come." And the Mother said, "This is better than the brightness of day, for I have taught my children courage. Today, I have given them strength."

And the next day came strange clouds which darkened the earth -- clouds of war and hate and evil, and the children groped and stumbled, and the Mother said, "Look up. Lift your eyes to the light." And the children looked and saw above the clouds an Everlasting Glory, and it guided them and brought them beyond the darkness. And that night, the Mother said, "This is the best day of all, for I have shown my children God.'

And the days went on, and the weeks and the months and the years, and the Mother grew old, and she was little and bent. But her children were tall and strong and walked with courage. And when the way was hard, they helped their Mother, and when the way was rough, they lifted her, for she was as light as a feather, and at last they came to a hill, and beyond this hill they could see a shining road and golden gates flung wide.

And the Mother said, "I have reached the end of my journey. And now I know that the end is better than the beginning, for my children can walk alone, and their children after them"

And the children said, "You will always walk with us, Mother, even when you have gone through the gates."

And they stood and watched her as she went on alone, and the gates closed after her. And they said, "We cannot see her, but she is with us still. A Mother like ours is more than a memory. She is a Living Presence."

Julian Asa Laws, Jr.
Marie Black Laws DuVall

by Dwight Laws

The only thing I can remember about Dad is as a little boy I can remember him coming home with his lunch box and I would go through it and as I recall he would always leave a cookie for me. I also remember in the back of my mind one time somewhere where he was pulling, I think it was Theda and I up the hill on a sled so that we could slide back down. This sticks in my mind. The only other thing that sticks in my mind, and this is strange but I remember it, is at nighttime going out by those trees with him and I felt like I was really quite a man because I got to go out there and stand there with him and we both would take a leak. That's all I remember about Dad from personal experience.

Once as a little boy when mother took us out with a bunch of the relatives and I remember sitting on the side of the car there at Westwater when Kles got in it and turned the wheels lose and it went rolling down. It looked like it was going off the side but hit a tree. The only thing I remember about that experience was standing there and watching the frightened look on the face of some of the women in their slacks as they came running and screaming toward the car as it was rolling.

I also remember a time when a group of us were in the back of either Uncle Dave or Uncle Frost's truck coming home from a picnic party at Brown's Canyon. As we came around the corner Wilma was sitting on the lap of Greta or Floy and they fell off onto the road and were very badly scraped up and injured but Aldean or J.B. I can't remember who, jumped off the truck to try and run up and yell at the driver to stop and when he jumped and ran he was scraped up pretty badly too I think. The next incident I remember is Uncle Bill or somebody had a little red pickup, old model T type car and I remember us, I don't know why I remember these odd things, but I remember riding down Recapture in it. Of course, Mom was present on each of those occasions.

Next thing I remember is being in Salt Lake City and she went to the Walgreen Drug to work and I always remember her talking about a black man up there that was so nice to her. She told me the story of her first tip and when she got it it was a dollar or something. It was so much she didn't know what to do and so she went to her supervisor and just said she couldn't take that kind of money, it was against her conscious and so the guy said "Well, I'll help you out" and he took part of the tip.

I remember that she saved money and bought Theda and I some roller skates and how proud I was of those. They were keyed roller skates that you hooked on your shoes and we'd skate out in front of our house there on 5th South. I remember they were building a building right next door and the contractor there used to come over and play with me and thought I was

pretty neat and I thought he was pretty neat and he'd buy me a 7-up and boy was that neat. Mom I remember thanking him for being nice to us.

And then I remember all of a sudden there was a guy there that Mom would see and talk about and then the next thing I remember is where she and Presley were getting married at Uncle Frost's house. I remember they went to Mexico on their honeymoon and when they came back they had little chairs that had straw seats woven on them and those were so neat. I'm not sure whether Vicky had one or not, I think there were three of them. We played with those for years.

The next thing I remember is that we had moved to Wyoming and I loved it but I could sense that Mother was very nervous. Of course, as little children I didn't remember how much. One instance, when they called and Dad went off in a rush and the next thing I remember Mom was standing there at the old house, over the furnace grill, shivering and shaking. That was when she and you girls had rolled over in the car. I also remember her taking us to church and telling me about when Tex got up and bore his testimony. He was only 12 years old, and so to beat that I bore my testimony when I was 8 years old at my baptism. I was baptized by Aldean Washburn. I remember that Mom, even though she didn't believe in it, would take us to movies on Sundays because that was the only time that we would get to town and she wanted us kids to have a little recreation. I remember that she also wanted to be active in some kind of church so she would go the Baptist Church but they soon didn't like her because she would ask too many questions the minister couldn't answer. I remember one time when she presented (I'm not sure if it was ladies club or what) some research on the country Venezuela and for some reason that sticks in my mind how proud she was talking about Venezuela. And she made a flag for it and did those kind of things.

I could never understand it but it seems like there was some tension and I guess she was never really accepted in Wyoming (probably because of the Church) and that probably was on her nerves a lot and we had bad winters and as I look back on it now I'm sure she was terribly frightened for us kids because of the rattlesnakes. I remember she used to go out walking.

She told me a story once of when she approached an antelope.

She was out walking and they were so beautiful and she started to walking toward them and she was really pleased because the one didn't run so she decided to see how close she could get to it and all of a sudden it dawned on her as she was getting real close that this thing was probably a buck and probably very dangerous and might attack her and then she began to beat a retreat a very careful one and was quite frightened over that experience. It didn't attack her but that upset her quite badly.

I know she hated to leave the children and she never would and so she missed a lot of card playing and other types of parties. I remember the nights that we would gather around the chair and she would read us children stories that were out of the Bible. She lived for her children and everything she did was for her children. I remember that I had a special love for her and my motivation to do good was never because I believed the church was true at that age or because I was afraid of my mother. Its just that I wanted in the worst way to please my mother and so my actions were always determined by whether mom would be pleased. When she was pleased with me and proud of me, that was the most important thing in my life. As I look back on it now it was the way that she raised us and trained us and what she believed. I wish I were somehow able to treat my own children so that they wanted to do right just to please Heavenly Father and to please me. She seemed to have that knack. I very seldom remember her disciplining me. I remember one time when I wouldn't eat my meal they went to Cheyenne and left me home alone to eat it and there was a big piece of fat on it and I just couldn't force the fat down and so I finally hit on a plan and I stacked all the dirty plates on the table on top of it so she couldn't see it. Needless to say, that was ridiculous.

I remember how excited she was when members of the family would come out to Wyoming to spend the summer and I also remember one time when she (I didn't realize it nor did you) was taking the three of us kids back to Salt Lake. I guess she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. We stopped in Cheyenne for something and as we were starting to get in the car a man came up and asked her a question. Instead of answering it she just rudely turned and pushed you kids in the car and I was right behind her and I said, "Momma, why didn't you speak to that man?" and then I looked over at him and saw him stagger and instantly realized he was drunk and it frightened me so that I just gave her a big shove from behind into the car and then jumped in myself. I remember how pleased she was that Dutch and Kles came to spend some time with her. I remember the torment she used to go through because Presley wasn't a member of the Church and she felt his brothers and their families never really accepted her. I guess we'll never really know what she suffered because of her own feelings inside and never know what she really suffered by losing her husband and those things.

We came back to Salt Lake and lived with Grandma Black and then all of a sudden Dad came out to live with us. Remember how proud she was to get her home up on the avenues and how she worked hard to make it a nice place for us kids. She was very proud of that home, but always felt guilty because Pres had given up his things to come and live with us.

In one of the materials you have been collecting Aunt Nec and someone else said that mother never cried. I guess that was

mostly true but at one point when I was talking to her about different things and she had been suffering with the pain in her back (which at the time she didn't realize was the cancer that would kill her), I was sitting talking to her and she was talking about one of her children who had done something wrong. At one point Mother said "How could they do that?" And she said it in the way that she would talk when she was so flustered. And then all of a sudden, and it just shocked me cause I'd never seen it, she just burst into tears and cried. A loud, loud cry, and just sobbed, "How could they do that?" She cried for several minutes. I didn't know what to do because I'd never seen Mother cry either, but I can tell you that contrary to what those other documents said I know of at least once when my mother cried, and she cried out loud and unashamed. I'm sure that in her private moments, at least, she cried a great deal for the other children as well.

I remember one time on my paper route (I was kind of a poor paper boy because I would stop in the Ambassador Hotel and watch TV and I was late so many times I can't imagine how she put up with it) I was late, quite late, and I knew when I got home I was going to get the dickens and I tried to concoct a way to get out of it. I had been thinking a little bit about my own dad and wondering about him as I was walking home. When I got home, I think in kind of a devilish way, I said to Mom, "The reason I'm late is because I've been sitting and thinking about my Dad." That wasn't really the reason I was late but that's the excuse I used to keep from getting in trouble. It wasn't entirely a lie because on the way home I had been thinking a little bit about him. But anyway I used that for the excuse, and when I said that (Mother was standing over the dishes) I thought she was going to get mad at me. I'm sure she realized that was no reason for my being late. Instead of reprimanding me she cried again. Now she didn't cry out loud that time but tears came in her eyes and I could see, with her back turned to me, that she was crying. I had such an awful, awful guilt feeling come over me because I had made my mother cry by using kind of a lie to avoid getting in trouble and I had struck a very sensitive cord and for years afterward it just has made my heart ache to think I had used something so precious and dear and lovely to her as an excuse, and made my mother cry. So there is another time I know she cried. I resolved at that time that I would never again do anything to make my mother cry. Although subsequent events are such, that I know I did.

Mother was very proud when I went on my mission. She wrote me great letters on my mission and needless to say I wrote a few back. I never did respond with the kind of love that I should have, for the way that she treated me and took care of me.

She was very proud of little Kenny with his red hair. She was just so proud of him when he was born. I remember her

keeping Rita and Kenny warm by opening up the oven and turning it on so there would be heat and then she would go bathe them with the water on the oven lid. She took care of them that way. She loved family get togethers and she was proud of her parents and used to tell stories about them and looked after Grandma and Grandpa.

I can remember looking at her one time in Wyoming and thinking, she's 32 years old and Dad's 32 years old. I wonder what they looked like when they were young. I also remember having thoughts and looking at my mother and saying to myself. Is my mother beautiful? Is my mother ugly? And I was never able to decide in my own mind because all I knew is that I loved her. I've since thought about that, and looked at some of her pictures and I decided she was a beautiful woman, but whether she was or wasn't was irrelevant to me because I loved her. To me she was beautiful and she was perfect. It's kind of a funny thing. I could see a lot of faults in her and yet she was still perfect. Wouldn't it be great if we could feel that way about all mankind. That they are perfect and we love them and we look at them in such a way that we can't tell whether they're physically beautiful or not. We just know that we love them.

I don't know why she suffered so in her mind unless it was because she wanted much more than most human beings to do right. Because of that desire, to be so good and be so right, she was overwhelmed with the little short comings (things that the rest of us would just kind of shrug off.) I'm glad it's the Lord that has to judge. I somehow feel in spite of her imperfections she is going to come out with a mighty high ranking.

I know that she was proud of her new house on 39th South and she'd worked so hard to be able to get it and then was kind of heart broken when they had to move back in close to town so Dad could get to work.

I know that she enjoyed her work up at the University Club. I have another experience that isn't significant but it breaks my heart. One day when I was doing sales for KLM I was in a rush to get to an appointment to make a sale and I was just caught up in my work. As I was walking down Main Street just at the last moment I glanced over quite a crowd of people and going the other way was Mom apparently on a break from work or something. I was late so I just walked on by and thought I'll talk to her later. And I got down the street a ways and went toward my appointment. I started to thinking about it and I thought, "That was my mother." She was on the street and I didn't even say hello to her. It just broke my heart. I didn't go to my appointment. I just went home and thought about that and just felt so awful.

It's funny the little things that you do that you feel bad

about. When I had my tonsils out I remember laying on the bed right afterwards and I was still kind of groggy and my mother came up, (in Wyoming) and reached over in the bed to touch me with a loving hand but because I was in pain and feeling miserable I pushed her hand away. When I came out of the anesthesia it just upset me something terrible, and the rest of my life I remembered that I had done that to my mother. I think it probably affected me somehow I've never really forgiven myself for doing that. So it seems like in life silly little things can affect you.

Maybe these comments can express to you my love for her, and give you some more insight into her, from my point of view. She loved to sing and I remember "Oh What a Beautiful Morning" coming out of the kitchen or some of those other songs she would sing and she was always singing. And so we also were always singing and we just thought it was natural. I remember other people saying your mom always sings and is so happy and I thought, well big deal, so what, isn't everybody. It's only as I've gotten older that I am so amazed that someone like her would always be singing and I think what a wonderful thing it was.

Needless to say you well know of her love of nature. We could go nowhere or do nothing but what she wouldn't just open her mouth and in amazement say "Have you ever seen anything so gorgeous. Just look at that. Isn't that beautiful." Would carry on so. And I got my pilots license because one of the things I wanted to do was to take my mother and put her in a plane and fly her up above the mountains. She had stood on top of a few mountains and it had so impressed her and so inspired her and I wanted to take her in that plane and take her up above them and let her look hundred of miles in each direction because I knew she above all other people would be inspired and love it so. And it broke my heart that she was so afraid that she wouldn't do it. I promised to fly level and get a smooth day and go up in the morning and be careful, but her sickness from inner ear caused dizziness and that was such an awful feeling to her. She was afraid to trigger it even by flying. So I was never able to take her above the clouds and let her appreciate something that I know she would have appreciated more than any soul on earth. And in my travels as I have traveled around the world. Many times I've looked out the window and seen the sunset and the clouds as the plane rushes along at 500 miles an hour and I would see a great tropical island or a beautiful mountain peak or the Himalayans or the Amazon Jungles in South America and invariably when I see something beautiful I would think of mother and say, "Oh, I wish she could see it because she would appreciate it".

I remember one time flying from Colorado to Los Angeles and the flight took us directly over Moab and as I looked out the window the colored rocks in Moab were so beautiful and I looked

at it and I thought what a beautiful place to be born. And I thought back to my mother who must have laid in one of those little buildings and in that beautiful setting she gave birth to me with a great deal of pain and suffering because her brother had just died in the same hospital. And I remember giving a prayer of thanks to my Heavenly Father for my mother again as I flew over that beautiful place.

My mother had high hopes for me. She thought I was perfect and I'm sure she thought I was the kind of a person that would be a Bishop and a Stake President and a General Authority and a President of the United States and I've always had a guilt complex because I never really measured up to what she expected of me.

This tape probably tells more stories about me than about her but maybe you can get a feel for her by hearing of the relationship between us. She loved to dance and I thought it was silly. I didn't realize what she must have missed by marrying somebody that doesn't dance. It is kind of a shame because that was one of the things she found happiness in.

As I've looked through some of her things that she has collected that were precious to her, I recognize a special spirit from our Father in Heaven and I frankly admit being perplexed that He would have her come here and live in those kind of conditions and live a relatively common life with few experiences to cheer her up, have a lot of suffering and then to die so painfully. Could she not have been given a situation where she would have been a great leader among women or done great things in the Lord's vineyard? I don't understand it but I do accept His judgment and I think the reason He saw fit to have her live the life she lived will sometime be very clear and simple to understand, and we will give thanks for the life she lead.

She raised children that were extremely shy. I don't know why. Maybe it was because we had few experiences as children with other children being isolated on the ranch. I've wondered in my older age if maybe we were embarrassed because when she would see us do something cute she would laugh with joy. Or when we would do something, even fall down or stumble or say something wrong she would laugh because she thought it was so cute and adorable and maybe we as children were intimidated by being laughed at when we made mistakes. Even though it was full of love I wonder if maybe that made us shy.

I have another thing that I really felt terrible about. When mother was so sick and was in the hospital it was a painful and terrible experience for her but for me in my selfishness it was frustrating because I knew she wasn't going to get better and I'd go there each day and see her suffering and so I'm ashamed to admit I kept hoping that she'd hurry up and die. The sad part of that wasn't to relieve her of the suffering but it was to relieve me and my frustration and knowing that

that was going to happen to her and yet I had to each day wonder when and how long would this frustrating thing have to go on and I'm very ashamed of that experience. You've heard my talk at the funeral and the things that she said to me at the end and it was very simple and short and there wasn't any great expounding or great things that we talked about other than what I mentioned. I have no question as to the fact that she's been aware of each of us. And while she is undoubtedly busy taking care of more important things I think she finds heartache on the one hand and rejoicing on the other hand as she observes the things that we do wrong and then observes the things that we do right. While it may be an imagined thing in my mind or a guilty conscious trying to escape, I nevertheless have quite a conviction that in my own situation (since I've been trying to correct some greivous errors and mistakes) I seem to find a feeling of acceptance from my mother. It's hard to explain.

I don't feel guilty now about going up to the graveside and visiting with her. And . . . well, maybe that says it all. I have no doubt that she finds joy with our joy and sorrow with our sorrow.

After grandmother had died she once said she missed her mother and she wanted to be with her, and I thought well that's a curious thing. Here she's alive and Grandma's dead. Why would she want to go be with grandma? I find now, however, that in my reflections I am overcome with a strong desire from time to time to go see Mom and sit down with her and say to her, "Here's the things that you did that helped me, and here's where I failed on my own, and I love you and I want to be with you and so I'm going to try and order my life so that I will be worthy of such a blessing."

The strongest tribute I could pay to mother would be that I want to go be with her. I want to go sit in her light and I want to go listen to her sing and I want to go feel the peace that I had when I was in her presence.

Marie Black Laws DuVall

by Bill Timmins

I remember Marie from her visibility in the old North 21st Ward where I grew up and where my father was the first Bishop.

I can still recall that when Pres and Marie built a new home out past 39th South and sold their property on Fourth Avenue, that the Sunday the family was released from Church assignments in sacrament meeting left everyone a bit surprised at how many assignments the whole family held in the ward. I don't believe I've ever since seen a family move from a congregation that left such a hole, or had such an impact. Marie held several positions, Presley several, Dwight, Vicky, Theda, it all seems to me they were all involved in multiple assignments. But

I remember Marie being very visible in Church meetings all the time -- and that in the day when meetings were scattered all week long and all day Sunday. Pres was obviously in my Elder's Quorum Presidency, although I do not remember him well. Marie was highly regarded by the families in the Ward.

I have a vivid memory that once I kept Theda out late on a date. We drove up in front of the new home and parked in the car. We got there on time but I wouldn't let her go (she protested several times she had to get in the house, but I insisted and kept hugging her). Marie first turned the porch lights on, then on and off, then opened the door, then stood in the doorway, then came out for a bit, then came out to the car and got Theda. I thought "What a fuss budget" and was shocked the next day to find Theda was grounded (I think two weeks) because of the incident. I protested to Theda on the phone that she was either eighteen or nearly eighteen and her Mother couldn't "do that." I didn't know Theda or her mother. She stayed grounded the whole time.

Once I was talking with Marie and told her that I was a bit worried that Theda and I were "too much alike" to get married. I philosophized that a good marriage needed some distinct differences, and Theda and I seemed to like food, movies, music, everything about the same. Marie smiled at me and said, "Bill, just being a man and a woman is difference enough." That was very typical of her wit and profound wisdom.

My fondest memories of Marie center on the trips to the cabin in Blanding and other outings. Marie was a marvelous cook in a dutch oven. She could cook biscuits that would melt in your mouth. Her stews and other outdoor meals were something special. She would really take charge -- all the kids like Mont and Clark scurrying for firewood (had to be just the right sizes and everything), building the fire (she was very quick at starting a blaze even in a wind), banking the ashes, checked on cook time (she always seemed to know just how long it took to perfection), putting the fire out ("Mont bring another bucket of water from the creek and stir those ashes with the water"), and -- my clearest memory -- cleaning up afterwards (everyone would want to leave all the dishes, etc., but she wanted the mess cleaned up and dishes put away, then rest). I remember Marie in the cabin playing games with all of us until late at night, in the shadows of the lantern and fire. I remember her helping Theda check the kids little bodies for ticks (they'd disrobe behind a blanket) and helping to remove a few from scared little kids. I remember her brushing out her hair on the cold morning in the cabin -- after she made sure a fire was burning brightly. I remember her walking around outside the cabin with grandkids pointing out little things to them (she was always attracted by little flowers, or a bright color, or something unusual). She was always especially excited if a deer or other wild animal approached the cabin. We'd all be hushed and hurried out to

watch. There are lots of Marie's little touches still at the cabin -- the owl windchime, the knot of wood on the wall, the old garden fence surrounding "grandma's tree roots" from a fallen tree beyond the cabin porch. I remember her skillfully chopping firewood with the axe. I remember her carrying buckets of water. I recall her up by the beaver pond, always commenting on how pretty it was -- mornings, evenings, "see the big dragonflies", "what do you suppose is breaking the surface of the pond -- a fish?", and so forth.

On other camping trips at "Stinking Springs" and elsewhere I clearly recall her skill at preparation. Everything we would need seemed to have been packed earlier. She was really fun on outings. She knew how to have lots of fun when it was dusty, or windy, or just outdoorsy.

Some of my best memories are of holidays. Marie was a great one for parties. Vick and Sid had their wedding reception at our new home, as I remember. On all such occasions, Marie "presided". There is no other word for it. She was attentive to her guests, a great scheduler, a great cook never invisible to guests but never too attentive, always in charge so everyone felt comfortable, at home, and wanted, especially all the little children (and there were always many of them). She seemed to love giving parties. In fact, the holidays were always extra fun just because of Marie's parties. She was a traditionalist at Christmas, especially. There were just some things we always did -- "The Littlest Angel", a couple of Christmas songs, etc.

I worked for several years in the University Club building during the same years Marie went to work as a waitress at the Club. She parked a block away in a lot and entered the lobby in a black uniform with a light apron and little cap on. The first few times we saw each other (say, I was getting off the elevator as she was getting on) she was very hesitant about greeting me (I, in my suit with other "big" executives), so I asked her about it one day riding up together on the elevator. She told me she didn't want to embarrass me by having a waitress be seen talking to me. Good heavens! That was the last thought in my mind. So after that we'd chat whenever we crossed paths in that building. Once she even waited my table when a group took me to the Club for lunch (a very rare thing at that Club for me to be invited). We winked at each other several times and it was kind of fun. She was very good at her job, a real pro.

I remember when she took ill and died. I didn't see her much in the hospital. For various reasons Theda was with Marie the most. But I do remember her great courage. Having now been very sick myself and having now been hospitalized, I am even more respectful towards Marie. I do not recall her whining, or cursing, or being angry. She was accepting, and pleasant, and brave, and even joked and teased with guests

right up to the end. In fact, it seems to me that Marie was so true to herself at the very end of her long suffering that that was the real Marie herself.

Other memories of Marie are of her natural beauty as a woman. My young wife was a pretty woman herself, but I admired Marie's good looks. She had lovely legs. Even as an older woman with a more solid body she still kept her pretty legs. She took elegant care of her hair ("coifed" is the way I describe it). She often wore grubby clothes at the cabin or on campouts, but never looked dirty or messy. She was always a nice dresser and very feminine. I knew her more than fifteen years so watched her mature as well. When she was really dressed up she was a good looking woman.

I also recall Marie singing and humming little songs a lot. She seemed to be very musical as an inner person. I know she liked music. But she sang a lot and I remember hearing her softly singing a tune lots of times.

Marie Black Laws DuVall

by Theda Timmins

My mother and father were married only six and a half years before my father was killed in a mining accident. I was one and a half years old and do not remember my father at all.

The first vivid memory I have of my mother was in December, 1946 when she married Presley A. DuVall. I remember she was married in Uncle Frost and Aunt Lucille's frontroom in Blanding, Utah. I also remember that at that time Uncle Vet and Aunt Pose lived across the street.

My next memories are after we moved to Wyoming (Little Bear, about thirty miles north of Cheyenne). I remember when I started school my mother made all of my new clothes. She was an excellent seamstress, had good taste in clothing, designed the clothes she wore, and always looked beautiful in them.

She was sick in Wyoming and I guess from what I've heard it was nerves. She once said that just about every illness she had she brought on herself - so maybe it was nerves.

We moved back to Salt Lake in August 1949 and lived at Grandma Black's until we found a home on Fourth Avenue between "H" and "I" streets. She loved being outside and our home had a large yard. She was always out watering.

Every Monday morning I would get up early and help her with

the washing until school time. We always hung the clothes out on a clothes line. Our next door neighbor had a clothes line right across the fence and many times we met and talked while hanging out the clothes. Mother would always ask how she was and she always proceeded to tell us in depth of her pain and problems. When she asked Mom how she felt Mom always said "just fine". One day I asked her about it and she said "People only ask to be polite and no one really likes to hear about your aches, pains and problems." Besides she was a very private person. She never talked about herself to others. In fact, she never talked about anyone to other people.

She was a devout church member. She always had a church job and always did it well. She never missed doing her visiting teaching and many months she did it alone so that it got done. In one home she visited, the mother worked because the father was paralyzed from the neck down. Each month she would stop and visit with the father as a visiting teacher. It was a mutually satisfying experience. She walked everywhere, taking her children with her.

She served in the Primary presidency, was always teaching a class in one of the organizations, magazine representative in the Relief Society and garment representative (when you had to order garments through your ward). She always supported any church function and was always willing to go the extra mile.

All of my friends wanted to stop in my house on Monday nights as we walked home from school. Mom always baked bread on Monday's while she was doing the washing. The bread was just hot out of the oven about the time we would get home. She would give everyone a slice of hot bread with butter.

Mom never raised her voice and she was always singing. She never sang one whole song but just lines from a number of songs but she always sang. I often wondered if she even knew a complete song.

Mom would always lie down in the afternoons for a rest. We knew we were not to disturb her and we didn't. However, if she were awake we could talk with her so we would quietly (?) open the door just to look in and see if she was awake yet. She wasn't so we would quietly close the door and go away. I suppose as children we would do this two or three times in any given afternoon. What we never understood was she was just resting and with the opening and closing of the door several times she didn't get much rest. But we were really quiet.

Mom loved little children and when they did anything cute she would laugh for joy. Many are the times I would explain to my children that Grandma was not laughing at them, but because of them. I have regretted many times that my children were

not able to have my mother around as they grew up because of her love of nature, the gospel, people. She could have had a great influence on their lives, as she did mine.

Mother taught me to sew. She was an excellent seamstress and made all my clothes until I learned how to sew and then I made my own. She could always fix a pattern that was wrong; in fact, she would cut out a pattern from newspaper and I would use it. She made all her own clothes when she was growing up. I have seen pictures of some of them and they were all very stylish. She made her own patterns and styled her own clothes. There was always a new dress for those special occasions.

Mom made sure we all had music lessons. She loved music and tried to instill in each of us that same love. Some of us had a natural ability and some of us didn't.

She stayed in the home and raised her children. When Vicky was called on a mission she found a job as a waitress (she said it was the only thing she knew how to do) in a fancy dinner club. She seemed to really enjoy working and she worked up until her death.

She loved giving parties and always had the family "home for Christmas".

Mother loved nature and was always happy out in the wilds. When we bought some land on the Blue Mountains and built a cabin there she was always right in the middle of everything, doing more than her share and we let her because she was the mother. (I look back and think how unhelpful and unconcerned we were of taking our share). She loved the wild flowers and always told the grandchildren not to pick them. She thought they would all be picked so quickly with her tribe. Because she loved the flowers so much the grandchildren always wanted to pick them and give them to her. What a standoff! She would get up early and go out and sit quietly and observe the wild animals. Many mornings she would see deer coming to drink. Deer were her favorite animals. Her house was full of ceramic deer and deer motifs were on many articles throughout the house.

My mother always used to respond to me when I would criticize someone for something they had done "just because it wasn't done the way I would have done it didn't make it wrong." That helped to teach me to not judge other people and that there is more than one way to do a job.

When Bill and I, Dwight and Linda, and Ken and Rita went to Asia in 1973 Mom came out and tended my four children on weekends. We later learned she was sick all the time and spent a great deal of time vomiting. She had a bad pain in her left side and back that just wouldn't go away. Over the next six months she had open heart surgery because they said they

had to fix her heart first. Next they operated on her back and severed several nerves to relieve the pain. It didn't help and finally in early August they did exploratory surgery and found she had cancer and was clear full of it. The place of origin had been the pancreas. They sewed her back up and sent her home. (Dad) Presley stayed right by her bed taking care of her day and night. On the first of September we took her back to the L.D.S. hospital. On the third of September Dad called me at home in the late evening and told me to come to the hospital. He couldn't reach any of the rest of the family. I spent the next two or three hours in the hospital room talking with Dad about Mom and family. She seemed to be in acute pain but the nurses wouldn't give her a shot because the doctor had not left those instructions. When we insisted on the shot the nurse wasn't able to reach the doctor for some time. When the doctor finally called in and they gave her a pain shot she settled down. Almost immediately it seemed to me that mother would look at something or someone just above the bed and a little to her right and then shake her head "no". I wondered if she was telling someone she wasn't ready to leave yet but it was only a short time later that she died. The clock on the wall said 11:10 p.m. In the short time after the pain shot and before she died as her breathing was irregular and difficult I wanted to run from the room and the hospital and hide and yet I needed to stay there with her and will her to live. After her last breath the doctor came in and made us leave the room for a short time and then we were allowed back in. What could we do? Nothing. We left and went home to Dad's. All the way home I cried. I was glad that she was out of her pain but I was all alone and deserted.

Her funeral was held in Salt Lake and she was buried in the Blanding cemetary in San Juan County, Utah on the sixth of September.

When mother died it was hard to let go of her material possessions because that was the only tangible things left of her. The only things she took was her faith and good works. As the years have passed, these material things matter not and the things she taught us are what we cling to now.

Not until I became a mother did I understand how much my mother had sacrificed for me; not until I became a mother did I feel how hurt my mother was when I disobeyed; not until I became a mother did I know how proud my mother was when I achieved; not until I became a mother did I realize how much my mother loves me.

The following was a talk given by Theda on Mother's Day in the Holladay 27th Ward Sunday School program, May 11, 1986.

"Because it is so difficult for me to stand up in front of people and speak I was greatly tempted to say "no". Then I remembered that my mother had taught me to never say no to a church assignment or calling, no matter what the assignment or calling. This talk was prepared and given as a tribute to my mother for teaching me the way of righteousness. It made me a little bit better as a person and I love her for that."

There is a story about four clergymen who were discussing the merits of the various translations of the Bible. One liked the King James Version best because of its simple, beautiful English.

Another liked the American Revised Version best because it is more literal and comes nearer to the original Hebrew and Greek.

Still another liked Moffat's translation because of its up-to-date vocabulary.

him over to the Egyptian woman who named him Moses. To save his life she had to give him up but she did it because she loved him. She was his mother.

Ruth 1:16-17 And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: will I be Where thou diest, will I die, and there also, if buried: the Lord do so to me, and more ought but death part thee and me.

Ruth was speaking to Naomi who was her mother-in-law. Naomi was such an inspiration to both of her daughters-in-law that they would have followed her anywhere. However, Naomi encouraged them to go back to their mother's house. After a lot of urging Orpha embraced and kissed Naomi and sadly departed, but Ruth would not. What kind of a woman was Naomi? She inspired loyalty, devotion, trust and love in her daughters-in-law. She was concerned for them. She loved them. Maybe the feelings they had for her were the same ones President McKay expressed about his mother:

My mother! God bless you; your purity of soul; your faith, your tenderness, your watchful care, your supreme patience, your companionship and trust, your loyalty to the right, your help and inspiration to Father. Your unselfish devotion to us children -- these and every other virtue that contribute to ideal motherhood, I associate with you, My Mother!

I Samuel 1:11, 26-28 And she vowed a vow, and said, O Lord of hosts, if thou wilt indeed look on the affliction of thine handmaid, and remember me, and not forget thine handmaid, but wilt give unto thine handmaid a man child, then I will give him unto the Lord all the days of his life, and there shall no razor come upon his head.

Hannah, wife of Elkanah was barren. Each year during the celebration of the various feasts Hannah would go before the Tabernacle and pray for a son. On one of these occasions Hannah was so desparate that she made a promise to the Lord that if he would give her a son she would make him a Nazarite and dedicate him to the service of the Lord all the days of his life. She did conceive and bore a son whom she called Samuel. She raised him until he was mature enough and then she turned him over to the High Priest and he was consecrated to the service of God for the rest of his life.

And she said, O my lord, as thy soul

liveth, my lord, I am the woman that stood by thee
here, praying unto the Lord.
hath given For this child I prayed; and the Lord
me my petition which I asked of him:
Lord; as Therefore also I have lent him to the
the Lord. long as he liveth he shall be lent to
And he worshipped the Lord there.

Hannah made a promise which she kept but she also taught her son in righteousness and prepared him for his great mission. Maybe Samuel thought of his mother as did George Washington when he said:

"I attribute all my success in life to the moral, intellectual, and physical education which I received from my mother."

Or as Abraham Lincoln when he said of his step-mother:

"All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to my angel mother."

I Kings 3:26-27 Then spake the woman whose the living child was unto the king, for her bowels yearned upon her son, and she said, O my lord, give her the living child, and in no wise slay it. But the other said, Let it be neither mine nor thine, but divide it.

Two women had borne children on the same day but one of the children had died and now both of the women were claiming the living child was theirs. King Solomon seemed to have known the heart of a mother when he said, "Divide the living child in two and give half to the one, and half to the other." What mother could see her child destroyed., she would give it up first.

her the Then the king answered and said, Give
she is the living child, and in no wise slay it:
mother thereof.

Luke 1:30-31 And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favour with God. womb, And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy his name and bring forth a son, and shalt call JESUS.

A well-known Christmas song tells of the fulfillment of this promise:

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for his bed:

Mary was the Mother mild
Jesus Christ her little Child.

Mary loved that special Baby. She left her home and family and with Joseph fled into Egypt to save her Baby. But the end was inevitable and he was crucified. Mary's pain was great because she was his mother

But there was another mother:

Long, long ago, so old legends relate,
Two mothers once met at an old city gate:
"By the look in your eyes," said the one to the other,
"I see that you too, must have once been a mother."
"And by the blue-tinted veil on your hair, you too,
have known sorrow and deepest despair."
"Oh yes," she replied, "I once had a son. A sweet
little lad, full of laughter and fun. But tell of
your child."
"Oh I know he was blest from the moment I first held
him close to my breast.
And my heart almost burst with the joy of that day."
"Oh yes," said the other, "I felt the same way.
How often I shielded and spared him from pain,
And when he for others was so cruelly slain;
When they crucified him and they spat in his face,
How gladly would I have hung there in his place."
A moment of silence,
"Oh, then you are she,
The mother of Christ," and she fell on one knee.
But the blessed one raised her up, and drawing her
near,
Kissed from the cheek of the woman a tear.
"Tell me the name of the son you loved so,
That I may share with you, your grief and woe."
She lifted her eyes, looking straight at the other,
"He was Judas Iscariot, I am his mother."

2 Timothy 1:5 When I call to remembrance the unfeigned
faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in
thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice;
and I am persuaded that in thee also.

Paul was writing a letter to Timothy (son of a Greek father and a Jewish Mother). Timothy was perhaps Paul's most trusted and capable assistant. Can you image how proud Timothy's mother was of him that he had accepted the things she had taught him. How marvelous to be honored as a mother because of things a child does.

To My Son

Do you know that your soul is of my soul such a part,
That you seem to be fiber and core of my heart.
None other can pain me as you dear can do,
None other can please me or praise me as you.

Remember, the world will be quick in its blame
If shadow or stain ever darkens your name.
Like Mother, like son is the saying so true
The world will judge largely of Mother by you.

So, if yours is that task, if task it should be,
To force this proud world to do homage to me.
Be sure they will say when their verdict you've won,
She reaped as she sowed -- low, this is her son.

Today is Mother's day and we are honoring our Mothers with
flower, poems, books, dinners, telephone calls or any other
numerous things. These are beautiful sentiments but how much
nicer a gift if we live our lives so it is said of our mother
"She reaped as she sowed -- low, this is her son."

There are many of us without mothers living today. We would
tell the rest of you: not just today, but everyday, tell her
you love her. Do little things for her. Show her your
gratitude. Acknowledge her hand in your life. Be kind. But
be sure to tell her you love her.

I would like to read the following parable to you as a tribute
to my mother:

The young Mother set her foot on the path of life.
"Is the way long?" she asked. And her guide said,
"Yes. And the way is hard. And you will be old
before you reach the end of it. But the end will
be better than the beginning."

But the young Mother was happy, and she would not
believe that anything could be better than these
years. So she played with her children, and
gathered flowers for them along the way, and bathed
with them in the clear streams, and the sun shone
of them, and life was good and the young Mother
cried, "Nothing will ever be lovelier than this."

Then night came, and storm, and the path was dark,
and the children shook with fear and cold, and the
Mother drew them close and covered them with her
mantle, and the children said, "Oh, Mother, we are
not afraid for you are near and no harm can come."
And the Mother said, "This is better than the
brightness of day, for I have taught my children
courage. Today, I have given them strength."

And the next day came strange clouds which darkened

the earth -- clouds of war and hate and evil, and the children groped and stumbled, and the Mother said, "Look up. Lift your eyes to the light." And the children looked and saw above the clouds an Everlasting Glory, and it guided them and brought them beyond the darkness. And that night, the Mother said, "This is the best day of all, for I have shown my children God."

And the days went on, and the weeks and the months and the years, and the Mother grew old, and she was little and bent. But her children were tall and strong and walked with courage. And when the way was hard, they helped their Mother, and when the way was rough, they lifted her, for she was as light as a feather, and at last they came to a hill, and beyond this hill they could see a shining road and golden gates flung wide.

And the Mother said, "I have reached the end of my journey. And now I know that the end is better than the beginning, for my children can walk alone, and their children after them"

And the children said, "You will always walk with us, Mother, even when you have gone through the gates."

And they stood and watched her as she went on alone, and the gates closed after her. And they said, "We cannot see her, but she is with us still. A Mother like ours is more than a memory. She is a Living Presence."

As a mother, I would like to take this opportunity today, to publicly tell my children I love them. How proud I am of them. I am proud of their accomplishments; I am proud that they are trying to live the way that I have taught them is the right way, the way my mother taught me.

In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.