



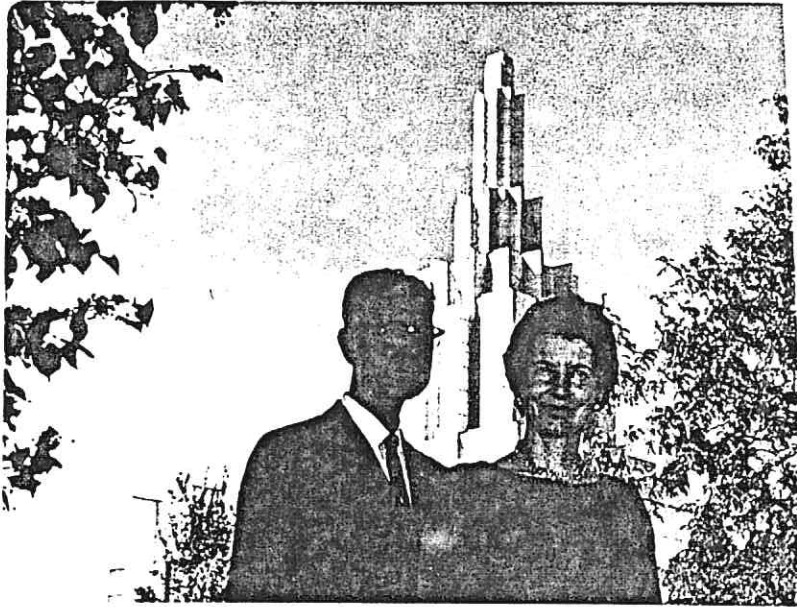
Maudie E. Brunt + John Enoch Groberg



Lafayette Hinckley + Aelsina Kimball
Hallowbrook



Delbert V. + Jennie H. Groberg
June 11, 1930

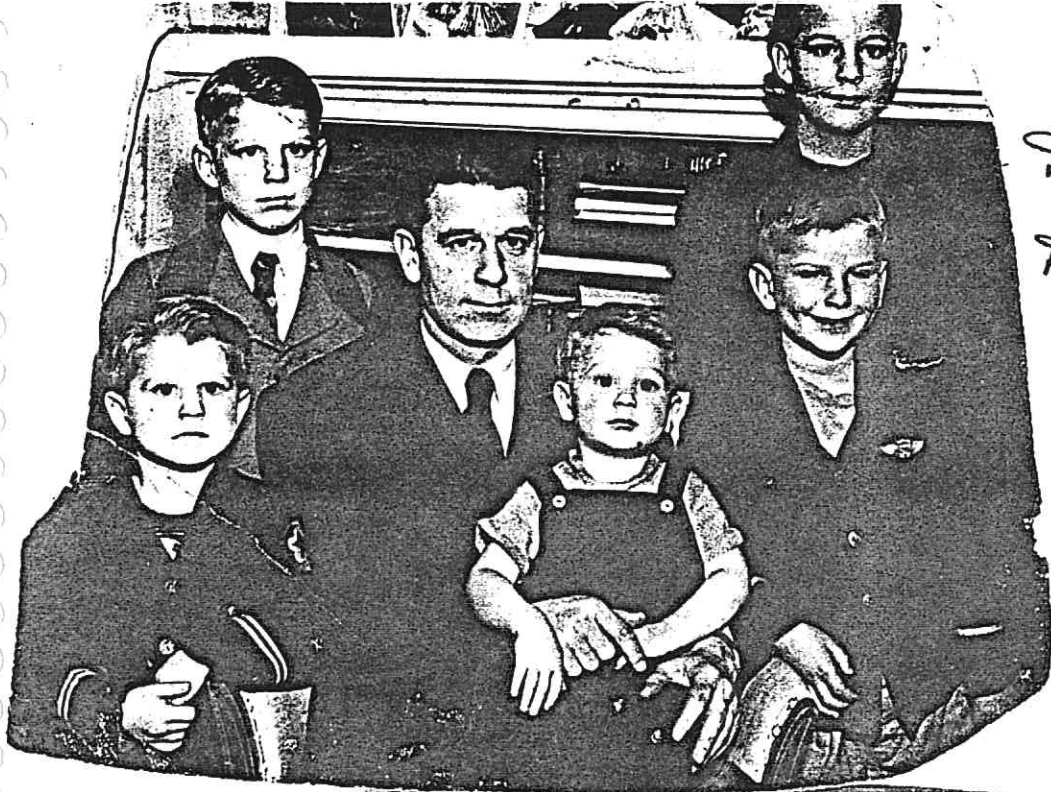


Delbert V. + Jennie H. Groberg



Jennie H. Groberg
(Matron I. F. Zemple)
Pres. Marion G. Romney
Delbert V. Groberg
(Pres. Zemple)
Pres. Spencer W. Kimball

Oct. 26, 1975



John H. G.
Richard H.
David H.
Delbert H.
Delbert v. holding
Joseph H.



Julia Gay John H.
Mary Jane
David H.
Delbert H.
Richard H.

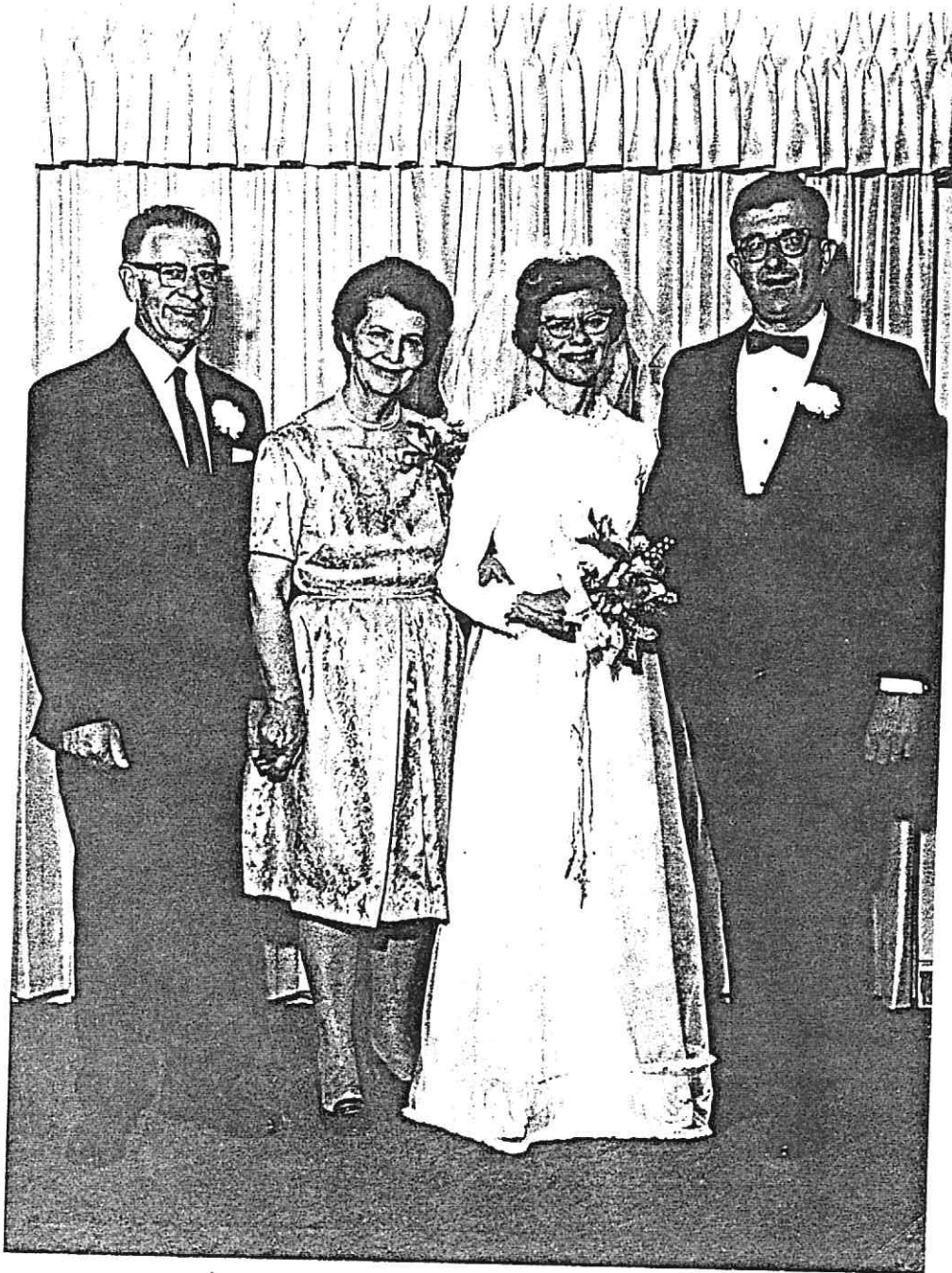


all eleven in order of age George H. - pillow

MEMORIES OF HOME



255 - 12th St. Idaho Falls



Albert V. & Jennie - Mary Jane & Achim
Droberg Fritzen

MARY JANE

"When Mary Jane was born...I felt my mother praying for me, praying for me to be given the needed strength. It was so real, and strength slowly seemed to seep into me..When my father told her the next day that there was a telegram from Idaho Falls, Mother merely asked him whether it was a girl or a boy. She already knew the baby was born and I was fine."

"As we left the Temple, I kept puzzling over that name. But it wasn't until rather late that night that it all tumbled into place - - why that was the name given me years before... the name of the one who was to become the eternal sweetheart of our precious Mary Jane. He, too, had been waiting."

Twelfth Street Memories, by Mary Jane

When I was in about 4th grade, my family moved from 10th to 255-12th Street. The new home, formerly built by C. R. Crowley, was still in the Third Ward. It contained about 12 rooms, and had previously been rented as several apartments, I was told. However it was barely big enough for all the present and future Grobergs. I lived there for about eight years until I graduated from high school and went on to B.Y.U. Later my parents moved to a new home at 2885 Redbarn Lane.

Outside in the front was a large cottonwood tree, which had to be cut down within a few years as it cracked the sidewalk with its roots. To the side of the house were bushes, including a large snowball bush on the east. Further east towards the rear was a little pie cherry tree, and in the back was a fine yellow transparent apple tree. However it was removed in order to build on another room. Two more trees in the backyard provided climbing for us, and housed robins' nests for us to see. A small garage was at the end of a driveway east of the house. During part of our stay there, we had a beautiful rose garden west of the garage, and I remember lying on the grass and gazing up at the beautiful roses. However this was replaced with a cement patio. As John became old enough, he led out in building a redwood fence in the back between our yard and the alley. In the days before the apple tree was cut down, I remember relaxing in its shade one Sunday afternoon and painting some wooden napkin holders I had designed.

We children played croquet with our friends on the east lawn, and staged neighborhood tournaments.

From the front porch, we entered into a "sunroom," a small entry room with drawers and hangers for wraps, with windows along two sides. There was another front door, but it was usually blocked by the piano.

The adjoining living room was furnished with comfortable couches and soft chairs. We had a seldom-used fireplace, sometimes with a couch in front of it. The home was heated by coal furnace. I remember learning to play the flute standing in front of the heat register, blowing the mouthpiece while my father read and mother relaxed on the sofa.

Next was the dining room with its big table and chairs and at least one china closet as well as a buffet. At a particular lunchtime Dad sat at the head of the table, and mother served and sat at the other end. On this day, little Joseph sitting at his father's right wiggles a lot, and Dad, controlling his annoyance, says, "Do you know why Joe wiggles so much? It is because his spirit is still too big for his little body." Mother has been to the Temple playing the organ during the morning, and while the others eat, she relates the story of the lovely brides in the Temple meeting. The children then return to school, Dad to work, and Mother finishes alone, the little ones near.

The smell of baking bread will welcome the children home from school. The kitchen has in its center a low table with linoleum-covered top, especially built sturdily for use both as a children's activity table, and a kitchen utility table. We will eat in the kitchen this evening, and mother calls to a child, "Run downstairs and bring up six cans of soup, and three cans of fruit cocktail." (Afterwards John will get another can of fruit cocktail to eat at bedtime.) The growing boys consume dozens of slices of toast for breakfast among them.

Returning from high school by the back door, we enter the enclosed porch where Mother washes. Her wringer machine often was in motion as she rinsed diapers, running them through the ringer, and prepared clothes for me to hang on the outside lines when I got home from school. I enjoyed that job. Mother would often have piles of clothing folded and sorted for the children to take upstairs. I helped tend the children, of course.

For a time a large horizontal deep freezer sat in the backporch, its end protruding outside. Later a special entry way was cut, and it was moved downstairs.

A small bathroom led from the back porch. The new room was constructed in the rear where the appletree had been. It contained a double bed which folded up into the wall with closet-like doors in front of it. I remember Mother often ironing there and sewing. When Dee went to Japan, she listened to Japanese tapes while she ironed. When more convenient, with a new baby, she and Dad slept there; otherwise they usually slept upstairs.

From the kitchen was a hallway and small area where the piano stood, and the stairs leading upstairs. To the left upstairs was the girls' room with twin Hollywood-style beds with pink satin quilted headboards. Ahead was the parents' bedroom with a double bed and crib. The boys' bedroom was next. While occupied it had many contraptions, such as electrical warning devices to keep intruders out, and there were hiding places under the bed for comic books. The bathroom was filled with splashes. Beside it was a small area with sink, which could have been previously a kitchenette, but was now an extra bedroom. Two small rooms above the porch in back were used as needed for sleep, study, or viewing television. There was never much space nor time to be idle, but the space was full, and the time was full, and the home was very much alive.



Julia Guy Groberg + Robert Wallace
Blair

Julia Gay

"James Groberg Blair joined that happy circle on August 25, 1969. He is another very special spirit as will his baby sister be. I saw them both very clearly before he was even conceived-- and told Julia so. I look at him and do not feel surprised at his looks, just grateful for the confirmation."

"When I first saw Julia, she was struggling, swollen and flushed, and with three different tubes attached, catheter, intravenous feeding, and one related to the incision (caesarian) . I felt great need of added strength and help for her but knew her promise. I also knew just before she left for the hospital, on Monday P.M., her handsome and great 18-year old son, Del, anointed her, and her wonderful husband, and remarkable father of their children, administered to her "by the power and authority of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood which we hold..." and Margaret and I both wept, feeling far more reality than just words-- the power and authority of that priesthood seemed to quietly fill the room..."

My Memories of Home - By Julia

For the world, 1940 was infamous. Hitler's armies were carrying out their savage orders, and the thoughts of all Americans were turned to the gloomy possibility that, perhaps, World War I had not been the "war to end all wars." For me, nearly eight years old, 1940 was full of romantic uniforms and bright promises.

Dee was born, and I was preparing to be baptized.

Though Dad had planned to perform the ordinance, I was baptized, early in 1941, by Robert L. Egbert, a young priest from Lincoln. He had been asked to help with the ordinances, and, since there was no one for him to baptize, Dad asked him to baptize me.

I met Brother Egbert's wife long after I was married. She said that one of the first things her husband had told her was that Brother Groberg had let him baptize his daughter. The trust and respect Dad had shown for him had been a beautiful and significant influence in his life.

The Sunday I was confirmed, Dee was blessed. It was also the day, I believe, of the funeral of Great Grandfather Holbrook. I remember knowing that I was a part of significant happenings.

And "significant happenings" were hardly limited to our household. On Sunday, December 7, 1941, I went with Daddy and the other children to Aunt Vi and Uncle Will Steel's home. Always, in the past, Aunt Vi had been delighted to see us. She would hug us and Uncle Will would tickle us. There was always the smell of hot bread. This Sunday, however, things

were different. The Steeles were glued to the radio. They shushed us and told us to run outside. Only later did we realize that their son, Kaye, an air force officer, was at Pearl Harbor. The words on the radio were the solemn announcement of F.D.R.: Pearl Harbor has been bombed.

How horrifying this, and subsequent announcements, surely were to those old enough to understand their tragic implications. Even a child could not help but be touched with some awesome sense of gravity during the special Fast meeting prayers for the members of our ward missing in action. Brother Chandler shook the chapel walls with his powerful and frightening voice as he declared his fear and love for his sons. There was a huge framed picture of all the service men from our ward. The top row held memorial pictures of all who had been killed. I remember playing the violin at memorial services. I remember going with Dad, who was bishop during the war, to see the young boys off to the army, the day after they finished High School. I remember one mother weeping: they are just babies.

These were the hard, pathetic consequences of war, too terrible and faraway to keep us kids from dreaming great dreams and playing great games.

I used to hope the war would last at least until I got married. I couldn't imagine anything so unromantic as marrying a civilian! And the neighborhood war games contributed to the glamorous interpretation of those years.

Using the great tree in our back yard as our bomb, we would play "Bombs over Tokyo." The original crew was designated by mutual consent. No one would dare challenge Eleanore Allen and Gary Davis as co-captains. They, in turn, positioned

the neighborhood gang with great ingenuity. There was some democracy to it, as each had to show his dexterity and resilience in racing to the top of the tree, and then descending, as with a parachute. (Unfortunately, our plane was always shot down, and we had to bail out.) I was devastated when positions were announced, though, for I was to be merely a nurse, and ride at the base of the tree. I now knew the excruciating pain of failure. Imagine! A summer of being the "dud" of the crew! Mary and John were given honorable positions! But, thanks to the infamous Groberg spunk, I refused to be defeated. At the crack of dawn each morning, I would get up and practice climbing that tree. I became intimately acquainted with the positions and spread of its branches, and the courseness of its bark. With steady hand and determined clutch, I called to play all my dreams of soaring to the top of that mighty bomber with grace, ease and confidence.

There was a problem, however. An acceptable crew member had to be able to not only climb into the bomber, but to bail out within a split second of the captain's order. This was where little Dee proved invaluable. I volunteered to watch him each afternoon. Then, with sneaky, childish innocence, I took him for a buggy stroll, and let him nap in a strategic place, so that I could brace myself on the buggy as I completed my hurl from the tree. Miraculously, we both survived, and I don't think anyone ever suspected that I had a friend in enemy territory.

Feeling competent at last, I placed a shy request that a challenge try-out be held for new positions on the crew.

The co-captains positions were never in jeopardy, but everyone else's were! My request was granted. The competitors took their places, and the order to climb was given. To everyone's amazement, I was the first to the top of the tree!

The joy of success tingled through my tired muscles as, ceremoniously, I was given the position of ariel gunner, at the very top of the tree. To me, the proud promotion could not have been equaled by a 21-gun salute.

I have no idea how long those games lasted. I just know that I learned I could do the impossible. And I'm sure that this was Dee's first introduction to the name, "Tokyo." It certainly was his first experience in providing help to a starry-eyed American paratrooper, who had just survived a most intensive training.

When I think of those years now, as a mother of draft-age sons myself, the oblivious intensity of my childish strivings touches me, and makes me shudder.

I wonder if Mom and Dad shudder as they recall some of the hardest times of their lives: the throngs of demanding children, sickness, Dad's untimely brush with death, the passing on of beloved friends and relatives. Yet, all those trials, like Brother Chandler's agonized testimony, finally echo softly under the happy sounds we produced as a family: each of us aware that there was a war out there -- a universal war-- but racing still to secure our places on the family tree. In the highest positions. And Mom and Dad were our constant, unchanging commanders and co-captains.



share a happy moment with you. Thanks for your
 inspiration. Ota hongo'ia 'Otaua ka tani to Kimoua to telenyeta.

September 6, 1957

John Holbrook & Jean Sabin Groberg,

Jennie & Delbert
 George H.

Richard H.

Jean Sabin → John H.
 → Groberg

John Holbrook

" As John was enroute to his first mission... I felt an impression that it would be well for me to pray for him... I returned home and knelt by the bed and plead with our Heavenly Father to give special notice to John, that if he needed something special, to please grant it to him...It was some time later when I learned that John had been very ill at that time, on a small "freighter"... He was given strength to get from his cot and to administer and to pass the sacrament to himself."

"He, the doctor, said it simply, just as it seemed he should-- John Enoch's ureters were indeed unbelievably, yes, miraculously cooperating with nature-- no surgery now, and time would tell if some would be needed later, but certainly not that which he had predicted..."

"Today I feel that there is still another, perhaps greater, call for John, even though his mission call, his call to be a Bishop, his call to preside over the Tonga Misis on, his many calls, were great-- but perhaps each a preparation for an even greater, or higher, or more demanding one."

MEMORIES OF HOME

John H. Groberg

My first recollections are of our 10th Street home. I especially remember a pair of corduroy trousers Mom made for me. I was so proud of them. I must have worn them everyday to school. I remember one day of returning from East Side School and walking by two ladies near our home. (They were probably visiting teachers.) As I passed them I heard them say to each other something to this effect. "The poor little Groberg boy - only has one pair of trousers to wear, etc."

I don't remember exactly what happened but as I recall I turned and said, "I like my trousers 'cause Mom made them!" and ran on home without looking back.

I also remember of having fights with the Compton kids through the alley and of David Pratt and I locking Roger Compton up one noon. I remember of going to Kindergarten and eating graham crackers and milk and taking naps. I remember of the newsboys yelling, "Waxtra, Waxtra, war in Europe, German Planes are bombing Poland."

I remember Dad coming home with some real butter and all of us feeling it to be such a treat. I also remember playing at Kate Curly park and especially of feeling warm and loved and secure at home.

I remember when we moved to 12th Street. It seemed like such a big house and there was no end to the number of rooms we could explore. I remember of finding a BB gun in the house and hiding it. I went to a birthday party and got some balloons. How anxious I was to get home and shoot the balloons - but low and behold someone had found my hiding place and no gun was to be found.

I can remember of running through the house with all doors open. We could go from the living room to the music room to the kitchen to the dining room to the living room and round and round. I remember of chasing David once and getting close enough to kick him. I wound up and kicked but missed David and hit the door and broke my toe. David was the first to console as has always been his tender nature.

I remember the fresh baked bread and of Mom giving us a whole loaf to just tear apart and eat with butter and honey, etc. I remember of Mom making special meals for Dee and as I saw it "always spoiling the little kids." I remember of Mom always putting nuts in everything - Jello - soup - bread - salads, etc.

I remember of searching high and low for stashed candy or Christmas presents. Once David and I found some candy. We re-hid it and then I had to go someplace. When I returned I couldn't find the candy anyplace. I looked and looked. I finally got some others to help me look for David as he as well as the candy was missing. Finally I heard a small chewing sound. There were two doors from the music room, one to the hall and one to the living room. When

both doors were opened at the same time (which was most of the time) they came together and made a perfect hiding place. I pushed one back and sure enough there sat David - with a near empty sack of candy. He grinned like a Cheshire cat and looked so triumphant.

I remember of sitting on the stairs in my pajamas and hearing Mom play "To the Spring" and thinking that she was the loveliest lady and probably the world's best piano player. I remember going to Sommers' School of Music. How we dreaded getting Mr. Sommers - but we all learned at least the rudiments of piano.

I remember of climbing up our big tree in the back yard and swaying with the breeze as it seemed to talk to me of far away places and beautiful feelings.

Most of all I remember a home full of warmth and love. I remember family prayers and family trips and going to church together and of always feeling I had a real home.



Lorraine Herring + David H. Grobner

David Holbrook

"I always wanted to name one of my sons 'David.'" (The name means 'beloved.')

"David was christened 'David Holbrook' and at the close of the meeting Mary, who had been holding in as long as she could, said, 'Daddy, you didn't say Groberg; now people will think he is one of the little Holbrook kids.'"

"David made an "airplane" and came in, excited: "Mom, this airplane went so high it touched Jesus' house!"

I asked if he broke any windows. "Course not." (silence, thinking) "I guess Jesus really just lives in the air, doesn't he?" Tonight, after a "talking to" for misdeeds, I heard prayers something like this. (David) Bless Dee so he won't grow up to be naughty like me. Bless me not to eat Julia's candy anymore."

"David gave ideas and lead out in a discussion on a family reunion -- the group suggested that plans go forward now for celebrating the golden wedding anniversary of Delbert V. and Jennie H. in 1930..c."

MEMORIES OF THE D. V. GROBERG HOME AND ACTIVITIES
By David H. Groberg

Every time I consider my childhood and the Groberg homes on 10th Street and 12th Street, I am full of love, nostalgia and gratitude for my parents, brothers and sisters, and all our friends and relatives.

Some of my very earliest memories are of vacations and trips that we took as a family. I remember going to Salt Lake in an old Nash that was new to us and visiting Mother's Grandma Holbrook. She was always interested in each of us great grandchildren and was an excellent hostess. I remember having feelings of being in the presence of a very cultured and accomplished woman.

We also spent a lot of time when I was a child with Uncle Will and Aunt Jenny Knight. As children we had to be very careful not to be too wild because they had such nice things in the home but we could always count on fresh apples from the orchard and other good things to eat.

Speaking of eating, one of my very favorite memories was going to "Grandma and Grandpa" Lee's house. We children would watch Grandpa Lee harness up his large draft horse for farm work while Grandma Lee, on her large woodburning stove would fix fresh donuts and other inexplicably good treats for the children.

When we moved to 12th Street, I was about 5 years old and, over the years, we built a large treehouse in our back yard elm tree. A large maple tree was next to the elm. We would climb up to the very top of the maple tree and the branches would drop down into the treehouse delivering us safely on to the platform.

We had many dogs which I loved and cared for. There was Pepper, who died tragically in a fishing boat, Gulliver, Jefferson, etc.

Dad took us on several long trips--one to the east coast and one to Alaska and many, many short fishing trips and camping trips.

Grandma Holbrook was always in our house caring for the children when Mother was in the hospital having a new baby. It was a big event for each child when they would catch up in height to Grandma Holbrook, usually in the early teenage years. All my memories of Grandma Holbrook are accompanied with feelings of admiration and love. She was so energetic and interested in all of us and we could feel her concern and love.

When I was a teenager, I began experimenting with independence. Mother always waited up to say good night and to discuss the evenings away from home. Our home was always filled with excitement and activities. We had many simultaneous study and music lessons and projects going on and the church was always the top consideration in all decisions.



Barbara Jean Colby + Richard H. Groberg

Richard Holbrook

"Richard was with Barbara during the birth (of Michael Andrew)... Richard gave him a very special blessing (typical of the way he does everything). "This child has so recently come from Thy presence, and is now in our care as his earthly parents, so delicate and so precious. Please help us in our great responsibility to care for him in the proper way and in the things he must know and do, that he may return to Thy presence..."

A picture to cherish:

Dick in the middle with Joe and Dee on each side, all on tummies and Dick reads to them from Happy Book each night for awhile, and then we find them asleep, and Joe is put in his own bed, where he seldom stays all night...

Dick is John's paper-boy helper -- loyal and true, even in snow to his knees!

My memories of home are many and diverse. Most are centered in the 12th Street house.

Sports was often the nucleus of activity. We played basketball in the back yard and also through the slots above the doors upstairs. The latter gave us good training for the low ceiling in the Third Ward gym.

We enjoyed playing "steal the bacon" using the cherry tree as an obstacle, also baseball with always the fear of losing the ball in Mrs. Charlesworth's yard. We engaged in other sports such as croquet, long jumping, high jumping, pole vaulting which Dad participated in and then the big event--the swinging rope act. David was to swing from tree to tree; once we had to return the neighborhood children's money when the act didn't go on.

Trips are a fond memory.

We made many trips to Salt Lake City and Provo--stopping in McCammon for the world's best water, then Ogden and then to our destination. Often we were late getting off as Dad couldn't get away as scheduled so we all waited impatiently in the car on C Street. The east coast trip and the Alaskan trip are memorable and also the trips to Island Park and the Salmon wilderness area. Sometimes as we concluded a fishing trip we'd stop at a hatchery so we could return with some fish.

As I think back when we were growing up, the predominant feeling is how church-oriented our family was. All of us were treated as winners and church activities were prevalent--in fact it was a good example of the gospel in action.

Usually we were led to church by the older members of the family but sometimes firmly encouraged; in any event we practically always attended. The more I study the scriptures and listen to the Church leaders advise on how to live the gospel the more I realize how harmonious with the gospel our upbringing was.

Our leaders now encourage us to work hard, hold family home evenings, plant gardens, etc. We did these things at home.

I remember the various gardens, the pig farm, the chicken farm and the pigeon farm.

Family Home Evening was regularly held even though it wasn't emphasized like it is now. Many times our friends were invited to stay for Family Home Evening rather than picking us up as they had planned.

Mom had various signs on the living room mantle reminding and encouraging us--one still sticks in my mind (D.Y.C. 88:1242. . . retire to thy bed early, that ye may not be weary; arise early, that your minds may be invigorated."

Today when faced with decisions in raising our children, I often think "what did my parents do in similar situations?" Usually I can recall something which was tried and it was always in harmony with correct principles.

Thanks Mom and Dad for teaching us by example and instructions the things of eternal nature which we must do to remain as a family forever.

We'll do our best (we know we must succeed) to raise our children the same way.

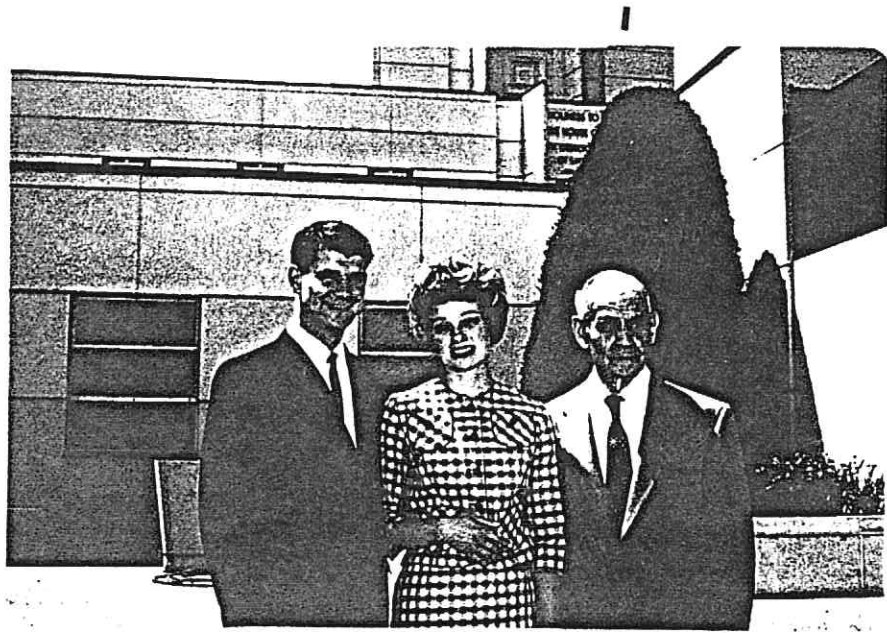
Happy 20th Anniversary and many more.

We luv you.

David and Lorraine



Mother - Alaina B. Holbrook + Father L. H. Holbrook



Delbert H. +

Sharon Kay Nelson

Droberg

with L.H. Holbrook

Dee's grandpa

Delbert Holbrook

"Dee must have been at least a Sophomore in High School when he rushed in to tell me he had to earn \$5. at once... I pondered but a moment, then recalled President Stephen L. Richards giving a General Conference talk on the last 13 verses of Section 121-- about the Priesthood-- and saying all priesthood bearers should memorize them. So, I told Dee if he'd memorize those verses I'd give him the \$5. He did."

"I remember going downstairs and kneeling by the furnace and pouring out my heart on behalf of Dee, and pleading with our Heavenly Father that Dee would be blessed to accomplish all he desired. I felt impelled to really pray for him. As I prayed for him, I felt that instead of my prayers going to "heaven", they were being air-waved (or something) right directly to Dee... Sometime later, he told us...of wondering if his prayers were getting thru, when there on his table...were two letters, one from Mom, and one from Dad. (Dad had felt imprlled, while at his office, to stop everything and write Dee...). Then, about this time, he had been trying to pray, but couldn't seem to get thru, when it seemed to him that his mother was talking directly to him..."

"It was so rightly Sharon. It simply was Sharon. When Dee called to say he was going to marry Sharon... I was not at all surprised."

One thing I remember is when I was in the sixth grade. Miss Gill, who was our music teacher for singing, gave me a "U" which meant that I was flunking because I couldn't sing very well. She would ask each of us to sing and sometimes we were afraid and didn't do so well. Mommy went to school and asked her about it and she said that she had to give so many A's, B's, D's, U's, etc. In quizzing her, Mom found out that she didn't even know who I was.

I used to always make things. I'd make brackets out of metal and wrap leather lace around them and sell them to mom and dad. I then graduated to leatherwork and oil paintings. Even when I was in college, I made furniture and Mom and Dad were my main purchasers and this helped me earn extra money and also develop talents and even vocations.

I also remember one time when I always wanted to build huts in our back yard. The big boys built a tree hut in one of the trees, and so I built a tree hut in the other tree. One day I fell out of it onto my head and broke out some teeth. Then, the big boys built a hut in the ground by digging a hole and half submerging the hut. Joe and I used to get out there and play in it and build fires in it. One day it burned down with Joe in it! Luckily, I went and got Mom and we got him out in time. Another time, we got in the garage through a back window and built a fire with a bunch of newspapers and old magazines. We liked to cook eggs and eat them. One day, Joe got in there by himself and started a fire. When the fire got out of control, he started throwing newspapers and magazines on top of it to try to put it out. There was smoke coming out and Dick was coming home from his paper route and so he forced open the garage door and there was Joe in there throwing newspapers and magazines on top of it, trying to put it out!

One day, Dad brought home a big log cabin and put it in the back yard to keep us from digging holes and making forts. But I got between the two garages--ours and Mrs. Sternki's--and began digging a big hole, scattering the dirt from the hole up and down the alley with a little dirt scattered on top of a piece of plywood over the hole so no one would suspect. (Maybe in those days I thought I was a mole.) But I got caught and it sure was hard to round up enough dirt which I had scattered up and down the alley for weeks to fill in the hole.

One thing that I remember the most is my paper routes. After getting my papers downtown, sometimes instead of going straight home, I would stop off at Dad's office and he would take me home. Sometimes he would be busy with people and I would never get home until late and I would be so mad! But now that I've grown up I realize that there are a lot of conflicts when you try to please everyone and you just can't always stop and break away.

I used to think my parents were cruel to allow me to even have my paper route in the winter. As I would trudge through the snow, freeze to death, etc. I used to think constantly that it was cruel of them to allow their own son to go through this type of "torture". One day in particular, I was up delivering my papers on the 400 block of 12th Street and I had to make it back to do "ward teaching" that night. (I must have been 14 or so.) It was sub-zero weather and as I finished the paper route, in order to make it back in time to do the "ward teaching", I had to run all the way back. I didn't have a hat over my head or ears and I just went directly to my ward teaching partner's house and we went directly ward teaching. I was sitting there in the chair at

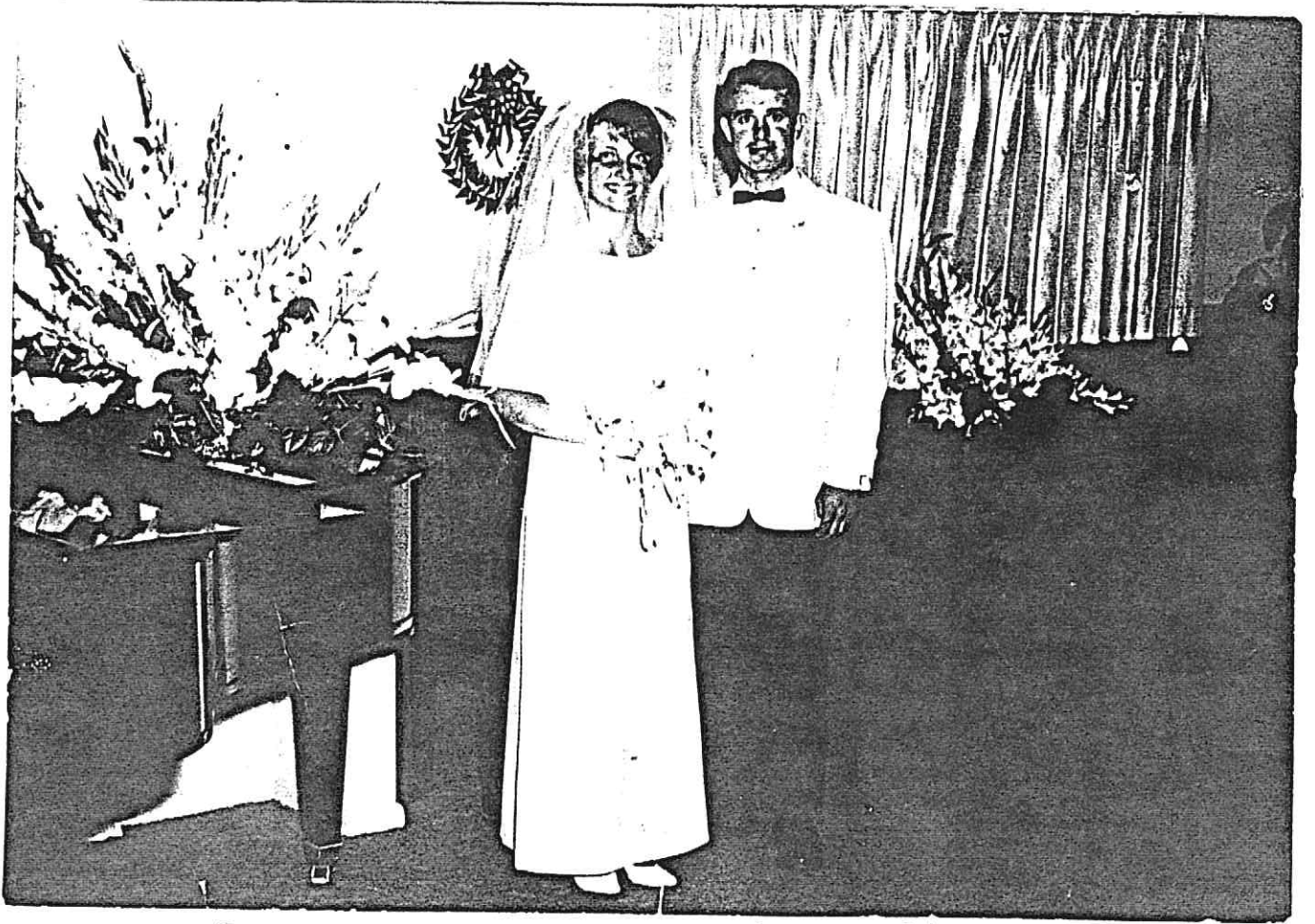
that family's house and I reached up to feel my ears because they seemed so cold. They were frozen solid! Just like a wet dish rag left outside, frozen. I bent my ear a little bit and it stayed bent! They didn't hurt at the time, but when they started thawing out, they started hurting very bad and I was afraid that they were frostbitten. I had heard that things that were frostbitten would fall off, so I worried for weeks that my ears would fall off and I didn't dare say anything to anybody because I was afraid that they might have my ears amputated. They hurt for weeks and I think that when they were frozen and I bent them, that I broke all the blood vessels or something. Anyway, they didn't fall off. Having the paper route and having the responsibility of doing something hard was really a good thing and it helped me learn to stick to things and not give up even when the going gets hard. (I still think I should have dressed warmer, though.)

Dad used to take me to Heise Hot Springs when I was working on my swimming merit badge. I was afraid of swimming because I couldn't swim and all the other boys could. But I used to hound Dad into taking me up to practice. (I'm sure it must have been very inconvenient for him.) By the end of the season, I found that I was one of the best swimmers, and I got my swimming and life saving merit badges.

In high school, I played trombone solo with a band accompaniment: Rhimskey Korsakoff's concerto for trombone and band. It had a very high range--4 octaves--and I had one real high "F" note that I had a hard time hitting. (A few times in practice, I had been able to hit it.) It came right at the end of the solo, and at the real performance, I tried to hit it four or five times, but I just couldn't make it. I had to just go on to the next part, which was a slow part. Joe made the comment afterwards that it sounded real sad, as though everyone was sorry I had missed the high note.

Once when I was growing up, I took Dad's car and we used to go out by the Ammon highway to see how fast we could get the car to go. We had an old Oldsmobile, which was very powerful. We would get going over 120 m.p.h., which was extremely dangerous but we didn't think much about it at the time. Once when I was doing this alone, I was heading towards the Ammon highway, with the car's speedometer resting on 120. Then I realized that the Ammon highway was coming up really soon and I slammed on the brakes, but I was going so fast that it hardly phased the car. I was afraid I would have just a terrible accident on the busy Ammon highway. It just so happened that when I zoomed across the highway, no cars were coming at the moment, and I made it safely across. I never told anyone about the incident at the time.

Another incident was when I was in high school and Dad hired Terry Jeffers and me to tear down an old barn out of the St. Claire road. We didn't know how to do it so we started by ripping all the sides off with the roof left on. Then Terry got up on the roof and I got on top of the eaves inside to try to rip the roof off. There were beams about 16" or 24" on the center inside. Since all the walls were off and just the four posts were holding it up, the whole structure started to fall. Terry jumped off and warned me so I crouched down on the floor with my back up as the whole building came tumbling down and smashed over me. It scratched me a little bit, but as I raised up after it was all over, I found that the beams had gone one on either side of my shoulders and I was right in the middle! Had I been off to one side or the other, I probably would have been killed instantly. These were two instances where I feel that the Lord protected me where I could have otherwise easily been killed.



Jeanne Pratt + Joseph H. Groberg

Joseph Holbrook

"Tickled pink to be here!"

"Must I hush the telling of the glories ahead for these beloved people-- but as always, in the Father's wisdom-- there will be the necessary testings and overcomings -- experiences from which we grow and become prepared and must have, even though it seems Joe and Jeanne are always prepared...At present they plan to work for a law firm in Denver... I doubt you are aware of the greatness of this blessing, but someday you will know. They are loyal, and guided, constantly."

"George said, 'Dad, have you noticed a change that's come over Joe? He's always been great, but, as bishop, when he talks to those people, it's as though he communicates heart to heart with them...'"

(at a football game in Provo-- upon seeing Joe with Jeanne-- Mother to Dad:)" Dad, did you notice the girl Joe's with?"

"I didn't pay much attention." "Well, you'd better pay attention, because that's the girl Joe's going to marry."

MEMORIES OF 12th STREET

Joseph

MY EARLY SCHOOLING

I followed a few steps behind Dee. He wouldn't let me pass the alley between 11th and 12th on Lee. I was probably three. He was five. The alley was the line. If I went further, I got it. Somehow one day I made it to the basement kindergarten on Lee, up close to Central. The teacher either didn't notice or didn't mind. During class I used the wrong colors on a picture of a ball. J. C. Hart yelled, "Joey can't color," pointing at my picture. I was humiliated. I repeated kindergarten two years later and went on to the first grade at Eastside. Throughout those times Dick was my friend. Years later I learned we were both color blind.

OUR YARD

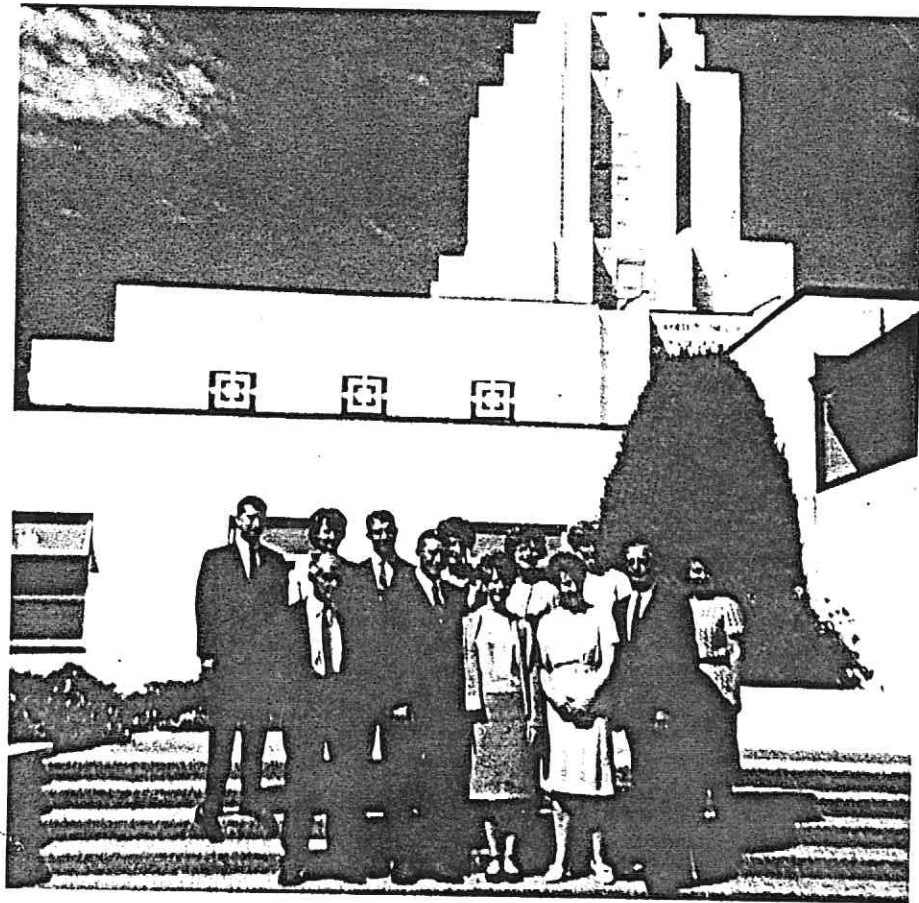
We had a tree house in our backyard. It was without beginning and without end—always worked on and never finished. It sometimes served as a refuge from annoyed neighbors and an occasional officer of the law sent by them.

A baseball diamond stretched from the fence against Charlesworth's (home plate) to Sternke's backyard (center field). Over Allen's garage was a home run. A football field ran north and south on the east side of the house. A friend of one of the older kids kicked a football the length of the field and across 12th Street. We exclaimed, "That was a kick!" His next effort crossed 12th and went through a picture window on the other side. "That was a kick and a half!" he replied.

A beautiful pie cherry tree stood at one end of the football field. I once shot an innocent pie-cherry-eating robin with my bow and arrow. I was stunned by my unexpected success and crushed by the loss of that little life.

OTHER MEMORIES

The Relief Society Nursery, Mom coming home with baby Lewis, watching the Oldsmobile leave for Alaska, the trip east to get our '55 blue Chevy station wagon, Dick's smoke bomb, Dee's trombone concerto, ball games at Kate Curley Park, sledding behind the car, musical programs for the neighbors, and family prayer.



Barry J. Stratton +
Elizabeth D. with
family members after
marriage in D. F. Temple

Elizabeth

"Miss Congeniality"

After Dick and John administered to me (I really needed help as the pain pills had not taken effect soon enough)... I determined to force my thoughts on the blessing and its promises, etc., and I felt sort of lifted above the pain... and my thoughts were held there by the most beautiful recollections, precious scriptures. .. I could hear and see again Beth singing, "Come ye Blessed" and Glo singing, "How Beautiful Upon the Mountains" , and George saying, "Don't compromise!"

"Elizabeth will be four in one month. Today she said (after watching Mary carefully put on her hose,) "Oh, Mary, you have a leak in your sock."

Julia (on her birthday present, Dec. 28, 1944:) "If it's a boy, I don't want it!"

Memories: Elizabeth planting marigolds for the reception... "Our back yard was transformed into a fairyland of fountains and flowers."

Announcement prior to 'Fiddler on the Roof': from a "Mother to be."

MEMORIES
by Beth G. Stratton

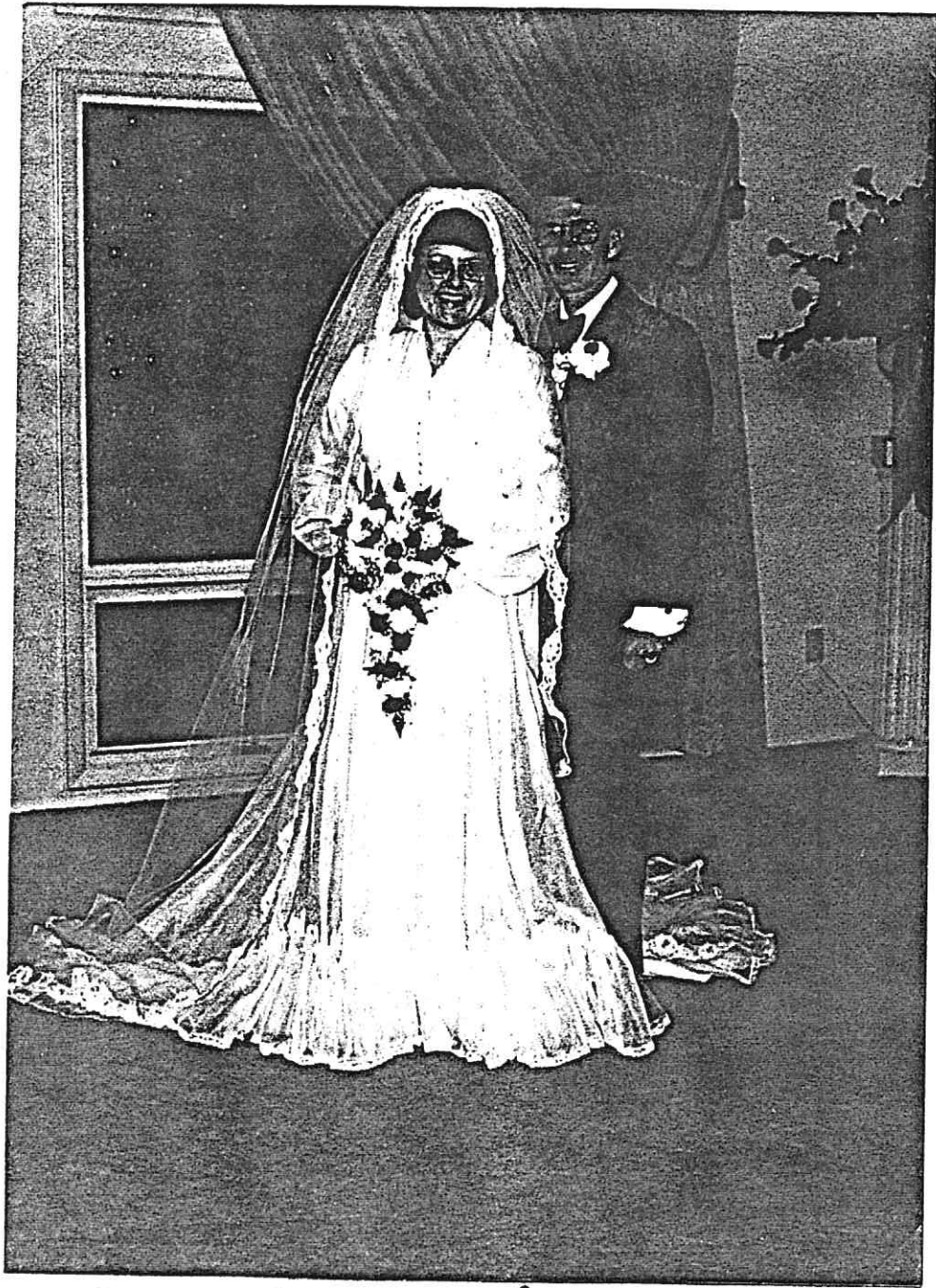
I have a strong feeling of security as I recall my first 18 years of life. All 18 were spent in one home, 255 12th Street, and were very happy years. On 12th Street, I knew each home; which ones took the Post Register, who the Mormon families were, and where the best places to trick-or-treat were. (The Fogg's were always good for a candy bar on Halloween.) It seemed life was pretty simple with time to pick the flowers in the alley and make dancing skirts out of them, time to play baseball (even with the risk of having the ball go into Mrs. Charlesworth's beautiful but rather treacherous garden), time to turn cartwheels down the sidewalk, and on cold winter days, time to sit on the heater vent and just plain be warm.

But my most vivid memories are of Christmas. I loved to have the piano room and living room completely re-arranged to make room for the Christmas tree and decorations. Maybe it was a physical witness to me, who lived in a world of practicing the piano, that indeed the piano was not the most important thing in life.....for on this once a year occasion, it had to take a back seat to the Christmas tree. Every Christmas that lovely Baldwin Grand had to leave its place of honor and move into a corner in the living room and in its place was put the Christmas tree. On Sunday mornings in December Mother used to play the chimes in the Third Ward and I loved to hear them ringing and bring music and beauty to Christmas. The Kiwanis Christmas party, big brothers and sisters coming home from college, that long, long line up (oldest to youngest) upstairs before we could come down stairs on Christmas morning; and I must confess, I still do remember that infamous Christmas when some big brothers took my Christmas candy and put coal in my stocking instead. ~~I truly had a joyous childhood!~~

Mother put such beauty into the outside lights for Christmas. I came home from college my Freshman year and was so excited to see the beautiful blue lights decorating the whole outside of our home. Christmas is still my favorite time of the year!



Beth and Barry



Marie Hansen & Lewis H.
Groberg

Lewis Holbrook

"Lewis is our missionary in the Philippines, but plans to return to us about the first of the year, 1969. He has had to struggle to reach for his blessings, but, as always, finds the rewards of greater strength and growth and preparation for more responsibilities. Our prayers and love are often sent his way. We often humbly marvel at the promises expressed in his Patriarchal Blessing, given by his father to him..."

"Dad met Lewis in the Philippines at the completion of Lew's mission. They toured together. Here is one of our great sons -- Lewis-- watching him unfold challenges us to do our part well."

"All the family came to Idaho Falls for the big day of March 27th. We took quarters at the Temple President's home-- where Marie's parents were our guests...Dad gave wise suggestions to all -- family sealing is the highest blessing the priesthood can give on earth, the crowning ordinance of the Temple... There were tears of joy. As President of the Temple, Delbert married his own son..."



Gloria Jean D. + Jon C. Hubble

Gloria Jean

"An exquisite rainbow--directly above Glo and Jon"

"Gloria Jean -- even to write her name fills me with beauty-- which she is -- and love and joy and gratitude. She created a dance to a song, "This little Rose" (words by Emily Dickinson, Glo's special friend). She made her own orchid formal to dance it in. She sang the song herself, accompanied herself on tape (made ahead) with mother a humble substitute when needed. As she presented it to me the first time -- in costume- with the orchid rose from our backyard garden-- I was unable to move or say what I felt. It was too lovely, too sort of perfect for mere words. Another picture indelibly impressed on memory. How grateful I am in the knowledge that our Father loves her so dearly and watches over her, and listens to her and answers...."

"When Gloria was 3 years old, she was with us, visiting at our Cedar Street home in Provo, and amidst all the excitement, she disappeared. Our alarm mounted as we searched the neighborhood. No little blonde beauty about. A canal was one block away! We finally called the police... We now asked all the family to come in to the living room, and we petitioned our Heavenly Father for special help... After that united prayer, our spirits had indeed mounted. Soon we saw a police car driving up, and in it was a policeman with a big grin, because at his side was a very happy little 3-year-old girl...Prayers of petition and gratitude..."

MEMORIES OF HOME

I was born on January 19, 1950 in Idaho Falls, Idaho. The following Fast Sunday I was to be given a name and blessing. I am told that Dad asked that I be the last baby blessed in order to give the family time to decide on a name for me. Gloria Jean was the name finally chosen.

Being the 10th of 11 children and having 6 older brothers, I endured a lot of teasing in my growing up years, particularly from Joe and Dee as I recall. It was always reassuring to have Mom verify that I really was not a bean (Gloria Jean, the human bean) or a frog (that seemed to be the favorite) or any of the other things I was teasingly called.

Lewis and George and I enjoyed a pretty good friendship. Lew and I did some teasing of our own; popping George's favorite ball, scaring him with an umbrella etc. But especially as we got older George and I became better friends. A favorite thing was having "teen talks". We also enjoyed Mom and Dad's bedtime stories. Recently when we were visiting, we were still able to recite a poem by Walter de la Mare that had been a favorite of ours as youngsters.

It was also nice to have a sister at home. Beth and I used to make May Day baskets for various neighbors, putting them on their porches and then running to hide. When Beth went to college I was always very anxious to hear about all her adventures and really looked forward to when I would go.

My older brothers and sisters I did not have a chance to get to know as well at home but joined in the excitement of their missions and weddings.

Of course Christmases, birthdays and other holidays were well celebrated and meaningful. Family trips were also very special to me.

As with all the family I was encouraged to develop my musical talents. For many years daily piano lessons were a part of my life. And whenever Dad picked me up from a piano lesson (especially on days we got stars), I could always count on him to sing "Stars and steel guitars".

One Christmas Mom and Dad surprised George and me with a guitar. I took several lessons and really enjoyed it. One of the first songs I learned was "Try to Remember".

It was a special experience to have my father give me my Patriarchal Blessing when I was 16. It has often been a source of comfort and strength to me.

Also around the time I was 16, we moved to a new house in another part of town. This also put us in another ward and I enjoyed other friendships and experiences. This home was on Red Barn Lane and there actually was a red barn close by. It was fun when people came to visit to show them the red barn and try to convince them that was where we now lived.

As a youth I was always impressed by the beauty and serenity of the Idaho Falls temple and would enjoy driving by it, thinking about the time I would go there to be married. When I did it was as special as I had anticipated. When Mom and Dad were given their calling as President and Matron of this special temple I thought this was also very fitting. I'm sure they have added much to the beauty and serenity of the Idaho Falls temple.



Bonnie Jensen +
George H. -
Droberg

Jennie H. + Delbert V. -
Droberg

George Holbrook

"George was a fine reader, but not very old when he and I decided to read the Book of Mormon together, at bedtime... 'But it's getting late-- we'll finish tomorrow...' 'I just want to know what happened!' 'Not tonight!'- and I kissed him goodnight, only to discover when I came back upstairs, his light was still on. He was finding out what the outcome of the battle was. We went through the entire Book of Mormon, and then, after a brief rest, we did it again!"

"George is the favorite of John Enoch, and often changes, bathes, feeds and puts him to bed, both finding it a happy experience. He also gives him some good workouts."

"When things were at the peak of discomfort (following severe throat problems), I thought of our beloved youngest son, and determined no matter what, I had to make it. Anything else would be too hard on him."

"We arrived by Western on Friday, and Saturday went through the Temple with Bonnie and George for her endowments. A special joy was that Bonnie's Winther Grandparents also went through the Temple for the first time, and were sealed, and Glo Winther Jensen was sealed to them. Glo insists that George's influence had finally consummated this hope."

Memories of Home - By George

I remember realizing, in High School, that most people did not have big families. And a family of eleven children was practically unheard of! As I learned about over-population and all the world problems, which seemed to be directly attributable to large families, I confronted Mom with the declaration, "You know, you had too many children."

I remember my surprise when, smiling, she replied, "You're right, George. I should have stopped at ten!"