

**Tributes to Sons,
Poetry, and
Special Writings**

By

Jennie H. Groberg



Happy Birthday to John Holbrook Groberg

June 17, 1978 - but written and sent to
him while on his first mission about

1955

Joel 2:28-9: "...I will pour out my spirit..and your sons and your daughters will prophesy...upon the servants and upon the handmaids..will I pour out my spirit ..your young men shall see visions..."
* * * * *

John is a mighty one (and always has been), going forth in Thy power and his own worthiness, to the ends of the earth to fulfill in majesty Thy great works to Thy children. His strength is in Thee; his handsome, kingly manhood kept adequate to respond in full preparation to Thine every call.

As he goes forth in Thy power and in his own magnanimous love for Thee and Thine, he trembles with great desire to serve Thee wholly, whether it be to succor Thy smallest, lowliest, most uncertain child (knowing all are loved and all are needy) or whether it be to press forward heavily laden with vast responsibility of hoping, hungering, wondering, "other sheep."

John is a mighty one, conceived in Thy favor, nurtured with unknown watch-care in all needed influence sent forth from Thy presence. For he was to come into this life strong and mighty. Humble and sweet at first, and still, but always with power. No wincing under the stress, the torturous demands that the awakening, the strength, the readiness required, to be completely his.

Quietly he walks forth at times; quietly, but firmly and surely, head bowed in communion, in acquiescence. Thunderously he strides forth at times, head lifted high in praise, in exultation, in a far, clear, full-toned call.

No little thoughts his, no feelings small, no words but from Thy promptings, no acts (whether seen or unknown) but what are directed and fulfilled in the sureness of his great, radiant, all-encompassing testimony, his sure knowledge that it is Thee he represents. His dedication complete, his devotion full, his understanding clear, his eye kept single to Thy glory,--he goes forth from the dawn of his preparation into the sunlight of masterful accomplishment, into the sunlight of Thine accomplishment through him. In his awareness of great strength, knowing not itself, he bows in humility in gratitude. His understanding, given him rightly, would probe and penetrate eternity. Because he feels Thou hast need of him, his only concern always his own worthiness.

John is a mighty one. And I, of more common clay; I, all weakness, stand in awe in the shadows of his sunlight, and I look into his sunlight, hesitating to sense or touch his greatness, but within me gratitude, humility, and joy overflow, and I, his mother, weep.

mil Jean had just spoken and I stood up and said now they could all see how lovely and precious she really was and to learn more about her they could just turn to their current "New Era" (showed it) and look at the painting of her and read about her - I said the most important thing John ever did was to take Jean to the temple and claim her as his eternal sweetheart and companion. They had presented us with 11 children and I had heard John say they had 11 children, all boys except for 9 girls.

My beloved young brothers and sisters --see you as future bishops, stake president, General Authorities - Relief Society, Primary, MIA presidents --but most important of all future mothers and fathers in true L.D.S. homes --

Asked if they didn't think Brother Rowberry was taking a big risk to have his mother introduce him --especially risky for our son John --but risk lessened when he said no more than 10 minutes --all glance at the clock and if I went one second over 10 minutes they were to stand up and I would sit down--better still if they got thru listening before I got thru talking they could stand up and I would sit down. (I know you're hear to listen to our son John-not his mother)

Now we are in Christmas season --I glanced thru my journal--christmas time 44 years ago when our son John was about 2½ and gave what was his first public address--spoke at our Christmas family night--(forerunner of Family Home Evening)--His big sisters (one of them here tonight--Mary Jane)--had carefully taught him to say a Christmas poem - "Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, eating his Christmas pie--

He stuck in his thumb and pulled out a plum and said
What a big boy am I."

They had rehearsed him thoroughly and expected super performance so you can image their chagrin - and hillarity when our son John stood up and recited -

"Little Jack Horner--Little Jack Horner (urging from sisters so he went on..)

"Little Jack Horner sat (another long pause (urging from sisters..)

Then he finally remembered --and with a big smile said:

"Little Jack Horner sat in his Christmas pie!"

I also read in my journal of another Christmas about two years later -our son John was four years old then and his doting dad took him on a trip on a train--proud as dad's are over their first sons--he was not surprised that a fellow passenger on the train was also intrigued by the charm of this young lad. Dad carefully listened and recorded the following conversation between John and this fellow passenger:

"Aren't you afraid Santa will miss you leaving home such a few days before Christmas?"

(John) "We figured that all out and we're coming back in two days for Christmas."

"You're a pretty smart boy. What do you plan to be when you grow up?"

(John) "A farms"(farmer)

Man: "And what will you raise on your farm?"

(John) "All kinds of animals."

Man: "All kinds?"

(John) "Maybe not elephants or giraffes"

Man: "But you ought to have giraffes - they'd help get hay off the top of the stack."

John: "I could easy get up and shovel it off."

Man: "What would you shovel hay with?"

John: "A shovel I guess."

Man: "You have quite a lot to learn to be a farmer."

John: "Yes I know. I have to go to college."

Man: "You have a pretty good vocabulary for a four-year old."

John: "Yes, I know. I have some popcorn too. Want some?"

Well, with such ability to reason and express himself we were not surprised when he became the seminary president in high school and he and his partner won state debating championship. But before that, while still in Jr. High--
Once at our stake conference John was helping usher -during the meeting the visiting

Jennie's talk to introduce John

authority asked the stake president to call on a young person to come and speak and he called on John --no previous notice at all --My heart did a flip-flop but not the heart of our son John - He just marched to the stand and gave an eloquent discourse from King Benjamin's address in first part of Mosiah--if we serve Lord with all our hearts, minds, strengths--still be unprofitable servants --I wasn't the only one very impressed with our son John.

About this time he was selected to be the drum major for the Jr. H. band--already tall and handsome they crowned his head with a very imposing hat (demonstrate) you know --and with his scepter in hand (demonstrate) John was impressive indeed--leading that band--all dressed up--marching in a big parade. But as I watched, I couldn't understand why everyone else in that Jr. High band was out of step with the music--all others --except the drum major--our son John --

About that time--age 13--he received his Eagle Scout award--and about seven years later when he was called to serve as a missionary in the Tongah Islands--her royal majesty Queen Salotte - reluctant to admit another Mormon Elder--already had three--reluctant until she heard he was an Eagle Scout --then she admitted him --You eagle scouters--or prospective ones--remember that --

From Missionary to Mission President to Reg. Rep. to area supervisor as a Gen. Auth. the area grew from 3,000 members to a present 24,000--

1. For a moment, will you please help me with a little experiment. All of you think of someone - a person whom you would like to emulate--a sort of model for you--one who always acts and speaks and appears--appropriately attired--well groomed--appears and is a real Mormon --an example--a model for you.
2. Now think again of a person--who is a real friend--really listens and understands--warm and available --and so aware of all the good things about you that you wonder if you have anything else but good--you just want to be around that person all the time.
3. Now think of a person who has been or is your teacher--so full of inspiration and wisdom and ability and love --that the teaching always lifts you --you are eager to do your part--anything asked --wish the class wouldn't end--wonder if that way you feel is the way folks felt when they were around the Savior -
4. Now think of a speaker who so captivates and holds the attention of all present that they are oblivious to all else --seems to have a power beyond himself--you know of priesthood power and you know those who go to Temple are endowed with power--but this power is in action--and yet you are aware that he is putting, very realistically putting your responsibility for your problems right in your lap--and while it makes you squirm a bit --you're glad he has because you know and he knows that you and the Lord can and will solve the problems correctly--you're eager to get going--

Now I want you to somehow --magically --put those four people you've thought of all together--shake them all up and make one person of them--one person out of your model--true friend, great teacher, powerful speaker--and you come out with one person--And now let's imagine I've picked up all these one-persons and shake them up and put them all together and come out with one person--and what do you think I come up with? One person--and who do you think that one person is? Our son John-- We, in our family, love and appreciate him as a son, brother, husband, father-- My husband was once asked how he felt about--well, what was said, about being the father of three mission presidents and one a Gen. Auth--and he said: "I feel just as I did when they were born--very humble and very grateful. and as I listened I thought if Joseph and Lucy Mack Smith were asked how they felt about their son Joseph or if Andrew and Olive Woolley Kimball were asked how they felt about their son Spender-- if they very likely wouldn't also say--"We feel very humble and very grateful." Brothers and sisters, We feel very humble and very grateful to present to you--our son John."

(My hope is still that the vision I saw might become reality- I have told him about it.)

TO DAVID ON HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY

from Mother-March 1957

David is beloved - beloved of others as others are beloved of him -beloved of those whose needs he champions - a punished child, a misunderstood brother, a spiritually drowsy friend.

David's presence is magic. "David's here!" means leaping hearts, quickened pulses - means running steps, eager arms, laughing kisses; means gay speech and sparkles in children's eyes; means away with drabness and welcome to vibrant, zestful living; means love has entered, in company with joy.

David loves life, loves the challenge of its choices; loves the mystery of its hidden treasures; loves the freedom of its open calls; loves the beauty of its truths - its truths simple and accepted, -its truths not yet understood --seen only through the eyes of faith, the pure eyes of faith - patience holding the key to unlock the clearer vision, waiting lest the sight be injured, waiting until the eyes are ready, ready for the sunlight, the brilliant, glorious sunlight of greater truths revealed.

David loves life and by the magic spell of his own great love of life, he lifts others to love life, to know also that life is good, life is beauty, life is joy. For David loves people - big ones, little ones; - happy ones, sad ones; strones ones-week ones.

David gives song and from everywhere melody schoes, inviting to happiness. David gives smiles and smiles become his answers, lighting inner joys, shared and understood. David gives radiance and from all about radiance responds, drawn out to meet its kind, dismissing gloom. David gives words, words of fun and frolic; words of wit and wisdom; words of hope and trust. And words come back in answer - grateful words of gladness, firm words of resolution, binding words of promise.

And in the song, the smiles, the radiance, and also in the words, David gives a message, a needed, wondrous message, - For all must have the privilege; all must hear the message, that all may know its glory, its truths, its joys, its love.

David can be trusted (greater than to be loved!)--so when hands in need reach out to him, begging solace for their sorrow, strength to bear their pain, answers for their problems, guidance for their living, forgiveness for their wrongs, assurance they are loved --he reaches out his hands to them, reaches out to lift, to comfort, to support, to help, reaches out, eager to give - with so much to give and so many in need of the giving - willing to pay, pay fully and gladly, whatever the cost might be - that he might give what is needed.

And as David thus reaches out to others, unseen hands reach out to David, steady-ing, sustaining, strengthening, for

David is beloved, beloved of others as others are beloved of him. But most of all beloved by the One who authors love, the One who knows best its great cost. And this One who stands by knows, knows the heart, the hope, the promise. Knows all and allows, - allows the testing and the tempting, the confusion and the mists, allows the refining in the fire, the burning, threatening fire, -knows that it is needed for David to be ready, ready for the greater calling, ready for the greater strivings, greater service, greater love. This One who stands by knows, knows when doubts obscure the vision, when bewilderment is pain. And at times his grip is tightened, as from lostness he pulls and anchors, anchors to the security of his matchless, boundless love. Faith supplants doubt, then comes understanding, awareness, feeling, believing, then knowins, and in the knowing, peace, sweet peace, blessed peace. Grateful and ready, David stands, while the whispered message breathes assurance to each fibre of his being. Humbly he listens and hears, without words, "Dearly beloved..." *Inspiration left before I finished but I lamely finished on my own. Years later I found I was not the one at fault. 245*

TO OUR SON, RICHARD HOLBROOK GROBERG -JUNE 22, 1978

(First Happy Birthday June 22, 1938)

* * * *

Richard is PRECIOUS..

pure gold (in symbol)-or sterling - or platinum...
but much, much more
always has been -
always will be - increasingly PRECIOUS

a stalwart..never hesitating..

solid
loyal
true
right

PRECIOUS - - clear thru

unflinching - no matter what the

need
the challenge
the cost

or

the disappointment
square on - all there
ready
proved.

Richard is PRECIOUS - recalling the words of the Lord thru his
Patriarch father -

only for him and his
too sacred for others

words such as:

"rightful heir..lineage..
worthiness"

"character..will shine bright"

"sound mind..strong heart"

"callings..high..Priesthood

"The Lord is mindful of his PRECIOUS gifts and blessings
with which you are endowed"

"..the honest in heart will rejoice and call you
blessed...."

Richard is PRECIOUS

his wisdom, called forth naturally from depths
of truths within - undoctored - unadorned - pure
priceless

PRECIOUS truths. He knows:

"..the Spirit speaketh the truth..wherefore it speaketh
of things as they really are and
of things as they really will be" ...truths..thru Richard
and his expression of these truths --matching them
...unexcelled

....the Spirit..always comfortable with him..
and thru him

inspiring countless others,
observers..listeners...
to increased

light
truth
strength
their own fulfillment
for eternity

Richard is PRECIOUS

patient but unswerving
tolerant but immovable
loving but insistent
understanding but uncompromising
encouraging but resolute
in the Lord's work..his own the same

properly placing transient values in transient places *like*
gifted to season all with delightful, wise humor

Richard is PRECIOUS

a jewel
of supreme value - for more than
endurance..
for top quality
and
for a crown
like another crown

"..in that day shall the Lord of hosts be for
a crown of glory and for a diadem of beauty"(Isa.28:5)

a jewel
fathering other jewels
to become likewise PRECIOUS
their mother jewel equally
PRECIOUS

a jewel..our families and others in tune
treasure..
give great gratitude for

Our Lord also
promising:

"And they shall be mine, sayeth the
Lord of hosts, in that day
when I make up my jewels and
I will spare them as a man
spareth his own son that
serveth him"
(Mal. 3:17)

Indeed

Richard is PRECIOUS

HAPPY BIRTHDAY -
MOTHER AND DAD G.
(written by mother)

TO DEE - IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO, DECEMBER 1, 1960 5 a.m.

by Mother

My dear, gifted son:

As the "gift" month dawned, my sleep was disturbed by an urgent call to get your birthday letter off at once.

My mind and my heart have been reminiscing over the past twenty years since first I heard your tiny cry and cuddled your wee form to me. Joy and gratitude for you, a precious gift from our Heavenly Father, fully dispelled any shadows I had just gone thru to help bring you safely to your earthly mission.

I knew that your father and I could give you all our Heavenly Father wanted us to give you if we stayed close enough to Him. But I did not then fully realize how gifted our new "gift" was. However, I sensed it more and more as your darling baby figure took on a lovable boyish form, then unfolded into handsome youth, and finally emerged into beautiful, strong manhood. So today I write:

Delbert is gifted, endowed from on high - He is gifted with talents, varied and many - art, music, speech, composition, creativity--

Barely out of childhood - a Michelangelo, covering our walls with beauty captured in colored oils by his budding genius and persistent effort--

Later - fashioning his own intricate designs into treasured possessions of many who proudly display their leathercraft, executed by his untiring hands, sweat, and sacrifice -

Then skillfully drawing plans, guiding color, material, workmanship, principles, to unfold in utility and beauty of his own rooms - no child to be placated but an architect in embryo!

Again - after making time and his trombone serve him, filling the air and the hearts of those who listened with musical tones never to be forgotten, but held high, inviting others to also excel, -

Chalk talks - essays - languages - orations - mottoes, dramatics - poetry - debating, - scholarship ---

He is gifted with leadership, friends, admirers, brothers --all anxious to follow as he leads, - efficiency, planning, correctness, accomplishment --his pass-words. Student council, class president, chairman, candidate, scout mayor, awards, priesthood quorums, missionary - Integrity, experience, spirituality, all playing part in his preparation.

He is gifted with intelligence - solving his own problems, making his own decisions, seeking his own high level, content only with the best.

He is gifted with loyalty -to home, to friends, to himself, to God.

He is gifted with testimony, most precious and treasured - his greatest desire to magnify each calling, always to be worthy of the gifts and of the Giver.

Dear Father,

To thy children now he comes -

His tongue to speak thy truth
His hands to bless with thy power
His mind to enlighten through thy light
His spirit, glorified by thine, radiating thy message -

Their need -
His heart loving, but reaching for thy higher love,
His trust in Thee and Thy Son, the Greatest of all Gifts - -

Thou who knowest him best, who has endowed him thus, whose purposes he is
trying to fulfill --

Accept our gratitude for him, Thy gift to us - make us more worthy of
him and what he desires to become, - make us more worthy of Thy
trust in us, - of all Thy gifts to us --

* * * * *

IMPORTANT NOTE:

I HAVE PLANNED BUT NOT YET WRITTEN THE FOLLOWING:

LEWIS IS ROYAL

GEORGE IS A BLESSING

MARYJANE IS NOBLE

JULIA GAY IS JOY

ELIZABETH IS A LIGHT

GLORIA JEAN IS BEAUTY

JOSEPH IS CHOSEN

by Mother

"Many are called but 'Joseph' is CHOSEN --CHOSEN as was his great ancestor, Abraham... "CHOSEN before thou wast born"...and to come through Abraham - Isaac - Israel - and Joseph of old - royal lineage --to help fulfill the promise - "in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed" -

to be of the "CHOSEN generation - a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light.."

CHOSEN because "he does not walk in darkness at noon-day" but in the bright sunlight of full gospel living -

Joseph is CHOSEN as is Jeanne CHOSEN --eternal companions --as witnesses from the spirit world have so confirmed - happy witnesses - rejoicing in their posterity -- of nearer kin -

CHOSEN because they have learned this one lesson and live it: "that the rights of the priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of Heaven..controlled and handled only upon the principles of righteousness...power and influence maintained by virtue of the priesthood are: by persuasion..by long-suffering, by gentleness and meekness and by love unfeigned; by kindness and pure knowledge..without hypocrisy and without guile...reproving .with sharpness when moved upon by the Holy Ghost and then showing forth afterwards an increase of love...full of charity towards all men...letting virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly --thy confidence waxing strong in the presence of God..the doctrines of the priesthood distilling upon thy soul as the dews from heaven the Holy Ghost thy constant companion ..thy scepter an unchanging scepter of righteousness and truth..thy dominion an everlasting dominion, without compulsory means..flowing unto thee forever and ever." --because you are CHOSEN.

CHOSEN, as the spirit dictated to his Patriarch father and continued to a humbly grateful Dad -

CHOSEN for "high positions of leadership" --"a great and important mission" "DIVINE" "great opportunity - great responsibility" --CHOSEN to "continue in the resurrection to carry on in the work that you love so much in this life"

CHOSEN -and "blessed with faith and vision..and discernment..and health and strength of body and mind and direction of the Holy Ghost...a special sweet spirit and a boundless love and desire to do..full measure, regardless of sacrifice..knowing you are wanted..asked for..needed"

"to succor the weak, lift up the hands which hang down, and strengthen the feeble knees"

Compassion in his eyes and acts - - beauty in his countenance and character --

"blessed with desires - devotion- birthright-priesthood-honoring all calls-growing in understanding and power of priesthood..confirmed in vision and fulfillment "love - example - service will continue to blossom and expand and become more perfect."

Those nearest him - a youngest brother attesting: "Joe is different-- when Bishop Joseph talks to his ward, his heart talks to their hearts and they want to do all he asks"

Many rejoice because Joseph is CHOSEN - "HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN..WHICH WAS MY BELOVED AND CHOSEN FROM THE BEGINNING" --has great need of others who are CHOSEN -like Joseph.

We likewise rejoice because our Joseph is CHOSEN.

Feb. 3, 1988- Idaho Falls, Idaho --just a comment about this
tribute - Dad and I just re-read these tributes --

The reason the passage from D& C. 121 -is included --(one reason)
is because when Joe was in his early teens - the following happened:
Dee came rushing home from school on a Wed., I think.-said he had to
earn \$5 by Friday a.m. for something (we knew it was unwise to just
give them needed money -much better to have them earn it) - He was
overly involved as was his nature --had no extra time for special
work, etc. I recalled that a few weeks prior to this Pres. Stephen
L. Richards had quoted the last 12 or so verses of Sec. 121 -and
said it was the constitution of the Priesthood and of the home and
asked all Priesthood bearers to memorize it -- So I told Dee is he
would memorize those 12 verses I would give him the \$5 - Friday a.m.
(maybe Thurs. p.m.) he recited the words perfectly and rec. the \$5-
Joe overheard all this and asked if I really gave Dee \$5 for memorizing
those verses and I said yes and he then asked, sweetly but openly as
usual if I would do him the same favor. I probably hesitated briefly
(\$5 was a lot in those days) but then realized what a blessing it
would be also to him to memorize those verses so I said yes he too
could have \$5 for memorizing those verses. A day or two later he re-
ported he was ready to recite the verses. I listened with my heart
also as he too said them perfectly. I then handed him the \$5 - He
smiled - shook his head and said: 'Mom - I don't want that money--
I can't take it --You see, as I memorized those verses I realized
those verses were what I wanted to live by the rest of my life --
it would not be right for me to take money for it --I really can't"
(or words to that effect.)

Divine may be most important word

Idaho Falls, Idaho

September 18, 1967

Joe and Joanne were married in the Salt Lake Temple on September 15, 1967. I thought I had recorded the following but at present cannot locate my writing of it and it should be on record. It was such a happy experience, and so natural, for two or three days, and at times afterwards also, to feel the presence of my great-grandfather Ira N. Hinckley and also of Brother Parley P. Pratt (Jeanne's great-grandfather). They were both so happy, full of rejoicing, it must be because of Joe and Jeanne. Grandpa Hinckley was so warm and loving and wonderful --I had never tried to picture how he would be but now I knew. He was younger than in his pictures, but still that same loving, understanding, strengthening way and I loved him so much. Brother Pratt was -- well, just the way he actually is - so strong and so sensitive and expressive. The two are rather different but still with the one-ness of all who have such strong testimonies of our Savior and of truth - so happy together. I just wanted to stay close to my Grandfather Hinckley. Joseph has many of his qualities - a natural leadership way, a great and enduring calling preparedness - readiness - knowing of it - awareness - greatness - gratitude - a special way to touch people so they want to do whatever you ask and you want to ask only what is given you by the Holy Spirit to ask -- It is a choice privilege indeed to know people, such as these great men -spiritually - It will really be something to get to know Grandfather Hinckley personally in the years to come - after this experience - and I have a deep desire to also know Elder Pratt personally and rejoice with him in Jeanne and her eternal companion.

What a blessing it has been to have Joseph and Elizabeth both with us this summer --I marvel at both of them! -so far ahead of me in every way! so ready and chosen for their callings - What blessings to all who know them- Indeed our treasures for eternity - May we be worthy of them. If they have flaws I have not been aware of them. Indeed, Grandpa Brimhall, "Parenthood is on the road to Godhood"- May we deserve its sweet joys and blessings.

August 2, 1965

Dearest Joe,

My expression of gratitude for your diary is long over-due. I hope to re-read it soon. (It is an honor to be invited to share it with you.) May I comment on the one item near the end wherein you mention about my sensing your desire regarding our coming to South America. Dad and I had discussed this several times but it seemed --facing realistic facts--that money was difficult to obtain for such a trip at that time--and there were other good reasons why we decided we should not attempt such --But I guess neither of us felt relaxed about the decision (so often I find Dad has had similar impressions and feelings to mine, but ~~sure~~ we don't always mention them to each other at the time) --Well, precious son, it was not a strange experience, for I have been blessed with similar ones before, but it was a true and simple one that as I prayed one evening it was made known to me very clearly and again simply, that you were not only unhappy but strongly objecting to our decision to not come, and that your feelings were right, that we were to go to South America--at least Dad. It is not something one embellishes --it simply happened that I was privileged to know that our decision must be reversed. So I casually told Dad, casually but without question, that he at least must go to South America--that you wanted it that way, and that your desires were right -- I'm sure he had had a similar impression so he determined to go --But there is *and did go.*

July, 1981 - From mother again:

When it is Dad's turn to give our prayer, night or morning, I listen closely and wish you could all do likewise --

This morning he prayed beautifully - in the special way he is blessed to do - that all our children, grandchildren, etc. would have the opportunity to really sacrifice as well as to really serve in building the kingdom - that they may really know the depth of joy that comes only from so doing - also that they would sense their greatest calling was to build the Kingdom first in their own homes - then follow thru constantly but lovingly, with their children - help them get the spirit, live the truths - rejoice in sacrificing --

This is too sacred for any but you to hear about - but oh so real and so important - those prayers of your father for you all -

Mr. and Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg
827 Linden Place
Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401

SEPTEMBER 13, 1990

DEAR LEWIS,

AT VARIOUS TIMES IN THE PAST I HAVE WRITTEN A SPECIAL TRIBUTE TO EACH OF OUR SONS. YOU HAVE MAYBE READ ONE OR TWO OF THEM. SOMETIME AGO I WROTE ONE TO YOU BUT DID NOT COMPLETE IT AT THE TIME. I RE-READ IT RECENTLY AND DECIDED TO FINISH IT. OF COURSE, ALL OF THESE TRIBUTES ARE JUST HOME-MADE- FROM THE HEART- NOT ESPECIALLY LITERARY. FROM THE EXCELLENT ARTICLES WE READ IN THE POST REGISTER BY LEW GROBERG - YOU WILL KNOW THESE TRIBUTES (INCLUDING YOURS) MAY NOT SAY IT IN THE BEST WAY BUT STILL WE HOPE THEY FIND A HAPPY RESPONSE IN THE HEARTS OF THOSE TO WHOM THEY ARE WRITTEN. SO HERE GOES YOURS:

* * * * *

LEWIS IS ROYAL - REGAL - KINGLY - NOT YET FULLY ARRIVED (NOR IS ANY OF US) - BUT UNFOLDING - BLOSSOMING - MAJESTICALLY - ROYALLY - TO BECOME - HEAD OF A KINGDOM - CO-RULER - OF A KINGDOM - HIS AND HERS - AN EVERLASTING DOMINION. BEFORE HE WAS OURS - IN HIS HEAVENLY HOME HE WAS LOVED, APPRECIATED, PREPARED FOR HIS SPECIAL MISSION - CALLED - ORDAINED - THEN SENT TO US - BECOMING OURS - AN IMPORTANT, BELOVED PART OF OURS - ALWAYS - THESE WORDS ARE FOR HIM - TO HIM: "YE ARE A CHOSEN GENERATION - A ROYAL PRIEST-HOOD - AN HOLY NATION (A FAMILY FIRST) A PECULIAR PEOPLE (PECULIAR MEANING PRESERVED AS A SPECIAL POSSESSION WITH A SPECIAL MISSION) - - AND WHY? "WHY? "THAT YE SHOULD SHOW FORTH THE PRAISES OF HIM WHO HATH CALLED YOU OUT OF DARKNESS INTO HIS MARVELOUS LIGHT" - IT IS NATURAL FOR LEWIS TO GIVE WHOLE-SOUL RESPONSE TO "THOU SHALT ALSO BE A CROWN OF GLORY IN THE HAND OF THE LORD AND A ROYAL DIADEM"(SYMBOLIC

OF REGAL POWER - POWER TO FEEL, TO THINK, TO SAY, TO DO, TO BE, - ONLY THAT WHICH LIFTS, STRENGTHENS, BLESSES - OTHERS - ESPECIALLY HIS OWN. SYMBOLIC ALSO OF KINGLY DIGNITY - NEVER STOOPS TO FEELINGS, THOUGHTS, WORDS, ACTS - THAT MIGHT BE LESS THAN WOULD MERIT THE APPROVING SMILE OF THE KING OF KINGS -

INCREASING HIS ABILITY TO DISCIPLINE SELF, TO STRUGGLE, TO SACRIFICE, THAT HE MIGHT BETTER BLESS AND SERVE OTHERS - BY LISTENING, BY LOVING, BY LIFTING THEM.

LEWIS HONORS, MAGNIFIES, HIS PRIESTHOOD - ALWAYS AWARE THAT ITS POWER AND INFLUENCE IS BY "PERSUASION, BY LONG-SUFFERING, BY GENTLENESS AND MEEKNESS, AND BY LOVE UNFEIGNED - BY KINDNESS AND PURE KNOWLEDGE....REPROVING BE-TIMES WITH SHARPNESS WHEN MOVED UPON BY THE HOLY GHOST AND THEN SHOWING AFTERWARDS AN INCREASE OF LOVE TOWARD HIM WHOM THOU HAST REPROVED....THAT HE (OR SHE) MAY KNOW THAT THY FAITHFULNESS IS STRONGER THAN THE CORDS OF DEATH....."

LEWIS HAS BEEN BLESSED BY THE LORD WITH AN EQUAL PARTNER - A QUEEN - UNITED WITH HIM - DEDICATED WITH HIM - TO SERVING THE LORD - GIVING THEIR ALL TO BUILDING THE LORD'S KINGDOM (AND THEIRS) FIRST AND ALWAYS IN THEIR OWN HEARTS AND HOME - THRU LOVE EXPRESSED NATURALLY BECAUSE IT IS THERE - CONSTANTLY - IN THAT - IN WORD - IN DEEDS. "IF YE ARE NOT ONE YE ARE NOT MINE" - ALREADY THEIR KINGDOM IS ENLARGED TO INCLUDE A ROYAL PRINCE AND FOUR ROYAL PRINCESSES - ALL PRECIOUS CHILDREN OF HEAVENLY PARENTS FIRST - THEN OF KING LEWIS AND QUEEN MARIE - BOUND TOGETHER IN LOVE - FOR EACH OTHER - AND TOGETHER LOVE FOR THEIR OWN, FOR HEAVENLY FATHER, FOR HIS BELOVED SON - OUR SAVIOR -

LOVE ALWAYS FROM A GRATEFUL MOTHER,

Lew, as you faithfully do your part all the promises in your Patriarchal Blessing will be fulfilled. Copy enclosed.

GEORGE IS A BLESSING

an unfinished tribute by mother for
George's 30th Birthday 1982

George is a BLESSING---planned by the Father BEFORE and FOR and AFTER this earthlife-

George was sent forth from the presence of Heavenly Parents to be a BLESSING--
first to us and to our home, then to his eternal companion (his supreme BLESSING)
and their home - then to countless others --on and on and on - to be a BLESSING to
all whom he would touch.

Sent forth to be a BLESSING after first being endowed with many BLESSINGS--the
Father rejoicing in His child - (who became ours)--His child who is likewise loving,
kind, wise, able - a very special child, George --secure in his faith, strong in
his desires - constant in his testimony - superb in his dedication, in his willing-
ness (even eagerness) to pay the price, whatever it was--to be prepared to BLESS--
humble in his honors, always at peace with the Spirit, always aware first of the
needs of others -before his own --spiced with delightful wit - dependable, inspired,-
totally, openly honest --human-heart understanding and warmth-- always an example--

Examples: Recorded - Idaho Falls - December 18, 1973: "George returned from BYU
last evening, a week early because of his grades. He is a top student, but the
greater thing about him is his attitude, his desires to be prepared for what the
Lord wants him to do, his faith, his love, his continual thoughtfulness for others.
He returned from his Indonesia-India mission in September just one week after school
started. He has been staying with the Blairs. They realize what a BLESSING he is
to them...

"We feel he is guided by the Holy Spirit and consequently makes the right decisions.
It is wonderful to be around him and listen to him. We are now getting a better
understanding of the BLESSINGS of his mission..I was really touched this a.m. when
he confided in me that for the past five years his prayers have been: 1. that he
would be humble and deserving of his blessings; 2. that his eternal companion to-be
would be prepared and inspired; 3. that his beloved sister Gloria's health would
be o.k. (Glo had a period when she was struggling, due to a severe bladder in-
fection, etc. but is happily married and eagerly awaiting the birth of her first
baby--she and her husband are among the promising 'great'. ~~and capable, many people~~
that it would give him especial joy if Lew (who is just as choicé and capable, as
yet unmarried and at times concerned about that and other things)--would find in
him one who could be a real brother, heart-felt interest and desire and actions.

"Played some Christmas tapes he had made in Bogor--(mentioned how one part took
about one hundred hours for George to translate. He said at the last devotional
assembly at the Y Elder Hanks related a story which he (George) had translated and
used in that Christmas program in Bogor --Program also had translation of "Miracle
at midnight" told by Glo at our family Storyland Christmas program for our friends
and neighbors, several years ago. We are all strengthened and BLESSED because
of the special spirit George brings to our home. "

Examples: "May 28-Indonesia. The Indonesians are of many different types, the poor,
dirty ones, the very rich ones, the little children, the 'Tukang' etc. I'm sitting
in a little eating stall right now just watching all the smiles go by. Even tho
they are in darkness concerning many things, yet they are in light concerning
others. They are helpful one to another. They laugh at clean humor and make gri-
mace at off-colored talk...Love, S.S. George."

October 1972- Echo Asia: (George District & Group Leader at Bogor, Indonesia)
"Make a joyful noise...and serve the Lord with gladness.." tells us a secret that

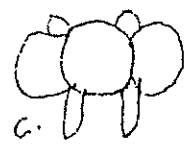
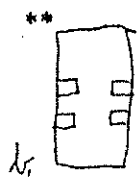
few of us appreciate, that is, that the Lord wants us to be happy. Man is that he might have joy..." That is God's entire plan for us.

"The Lord wants us to be happy on this world. Often we, in looking for happiness, are fooled by thinking happiness is a new car or happiness is a circus. But to God happiness is not a chuckle; God intended for us a deeper happiness. Doesn't it make you happy to see and enjoy this beautiful world, to experience the warm radiance from the love of friends and family, to study and grow in spiritual and physical knowledge--these and many other things are given by God to us so we could experience happiness on this earth.

"The Lord wants us to be happy in an eternal sense also. He gives us commandments to help us attain eternal happiness, that is eternal life in the Celestial Kingdom. Often people don't understand the purpose of commandments and consider them trials rather than blessings, burdens rather than chances to grow. We should teach people to happily pay their tithing, happily obey the word of wisdom and happily obey the other commandments, 'to serve the Lord with gladness' because in the end it is all for their own happiness.

The Lord wants us to be happy. Everything he gives us is ultimately for our own personal happiness...." (by George) "

Example: November 3, 1974 - (Texas) Here I am missing school, spending hundreds of dollars for interviews which do not even guarantee acceptance..But as it is, since I am this far along in applying I'm going to try my best to finish it out..If I don't get in, I will have wasted a lot of money and time (and pride) but even that won't be the end of the world. Love to all. Ask Del if he can guess what these are:XX Uncle Pork."



- a. Mexican with sombrero riding a bicycle
- b. A Panda bear climbing on the other side of the tree.
- c. I don't know!

Example - May 3, 1981: "We were called in to the office of the Stake President and George was called to be the Branch President of the Lackland Branch. (Texas)- After being sustained in the Sacrament Service, the out-going Branch President, incoming first counselor and George were asked to bear their testimonies. The others' testimonies and comments were fine--but George's were wonderful (humorous, straightforward, organized and sincere) He spoke of three things most important to him: 1.family 2. gospel (believed in inspired leaders and hope they were 'inspired' for this call) 3. nation - good thots to servicemen about serving Lord and country...We were all very proud and know he'll do a great job." *George's letter*

Example: Explorer President, Teachers' Quorum President, Sec. Priest's Quorum-Eagle Scout, Boys State--ideal for others - love of scriptures -unspeakable BLESSINGS-- testimony -- Creating a course in Indonesia and instructing at LTM --football--John Enoch--Tom Tecumseh--as Joseph Smith on float in parade--talents--talents--talents--

What a BLESSING!

BLESSINGS given to George by his earthly father, September 11, 1970-George leaving for college:

"..you are much like Nephi. It is natural for you to want to do the things that the Lord wants you to do. I BLESS you....as you become better acquainted with him that you will be impressed with his faith, his loyalty, his unwavering desire to do the things the Lord wanted him to do. He was also loyal and faithful and grateful to his parents. He set an example then and has been an example to many others since. Even Prophets

** 10 Years, I forgot--Dad -I don't know if I'll get in or not and I don't know if I get accepted or rejected, it m...at stir some feelings...If I get accepted or rejected, I'd like to keep it to ourselves somewhat, no need in publishing it to anybody...."

have said Nephi was their example. You too are an example to many.

Study the various commandments and revelations the Lord has given for the care of the body, for the strength and capacity and endurance of your body and mind, for the spiritual growth and BLESSING of yourself and others. The Lord has revealed many precious truths these last days. You will understand with inspiration and revelation the things that are not good for man and you will be grateful for the 89th Section which gives the Word of Wisdom..Inquire of the Lord when you feel you need to be counseled.

"I BLESS you to have an awareness of the love we have for you--our thoughts of you are thoughts of love and thoughts of confidence that you will find joy in being able to do many things that need to be done and be given the ability and the strength to be prepared for the time when it will be especially up to you...

I seal this BLESSING upon your head with love and with assurance that they are beautifully received in the spirit in which they are given.

* * * * *

A few days ago as I hurriedly glanced through several years of my journals searching for something I did not find - I ran across a message from my mother which said:

“Jennie - I am thinking about the series of lessons you were working on in the '50's - 'Home Living in the Light of the Gospel' - I think you called them. How I hope you complete some of them enough to make them available before you become too old to do so as you desire” - Mother dies July 26, 1960.

WHAT A MOTHER

(written for my mother when I was in my teens)

She watches the sunbeams play 'round your face
Attempting to open your eyes;
On your forehead she then gently places a kiss,
"My dear, 'tis time to arise!"

You hurriedly dress and powder and primp,
Appearances, to you, count most.
You snatch for a crust - when before you is placed
An egg-a-la-mode on hot toast!

At noon you can't eat - must finish your dress,
But hunger returns when she states,
"I did it this morning - here is your lunch" -
And you feast from the choicest of plates" -

At evening she walks with you up to school,
Encouraging you on the way;
Then comes your part - my you're glad that she's there!
It's over! You've won! Hip, Hip, Hooray!

And then you return to your own bedroom
Exultant with triumph and glee;
There on the dresser - a bouquet of flowers!

TRANSITION

(thank you to David when he chose the right)

Tonight I lost my little boy,
My little lad so dear,
So full of adventure and mischief and fun,
So free from care and fear.

Tonight Temptation met my lad,
The fray was quick-tempered and hot,
But Temptation slinked from the battlefield
When my boy firmly said: "I will not!"

Tonight my very heart held its breath,
As only a mother's heart can –
Tonight I lost my little boy –
But I found instead – A MAN!

MAYBE 'T WAS GEORGIE WOULDN'T SLEEP AGAIN
AND KEPT ME UP HALF OF THE NIGHT;
MAYBE 'T WAS THE KIDS LEFT THEIR BEDS UNMADE
AND THEIR ROOMS A DISHEARTENING SIGHT;

MAYBE 'T WAS CAUSE LEWIE BROKE HIS GLASSES AGAIN
AND GLORY WROTE WITH CRAYON ON THE WALL;
MAYBE 'T WAS THE HIRED HELP DIDN'T COME
AND I JUST COULDN'T DO IT ALL - - -

AT ANY RATE WHEN THEY CAME HOME AT NOON TO EAT LUNCH
AND STARTED TO TEASE AND TO FRET,
I JUST SIMPLY SCOLDED 'TIL I FINALLY BLEW UP,
DISCOURAGED, WEARY, UPSET -

THE BOYS SLIPPED OUT QUIETLY AND WENT BACK TO SCHOOL
BUT BETH SAW THE MAIL ON THE PORCH
AND HESITANT, BUT HOPEFUL, SHE GAVE IT TO ME
AND I OPENED A LETTER FROM YOU.

IT SAID: "DEAREST MOTHER, I'VE BEEN THINKING TODAY
WHAT A WONDERFUL PERSON YOU ARE;
I'D LIKE TO PATTERN MY LIFE AFTER YOURS
FOR YOU ARE MY GUIDING STAR!"

FULFILLMENT

(To my daughter)

The bouquet was placed by my hospital bed,
Breaking a white stillness;
Each dainty, pink bud
Knowing perfection;
And I,
Knowing delight
In the sheer loveliness offered -
Until I gently lifted the cover
Where my newborn daughter lay,
And I thought:
"Yes, roses, you are lovely,
But is she not lovelier?"

You laughed aloud,
Cut a tooth,
Crawled,
Took a step,
Began to talk.

The evening knew peace where we walked,
I, slowly, matching tiny steps.
Sunset flooded the western sky
With a soft glory,
Color tones and blended hues
Viewing for perfection,
And I knowing ecstasy
In the sight -
Until, looking down, I saw you:
Eyes blue as evening sky,
Hair pure gold as sun's parting rays,
Lips rosy as day's last colors,
And I thought:
Yes, sunset, you are lovely,
But is she not lovelier?"

You dressed your dolls,
Jumped the rope,
Danced,
Started school,
And grew.

The night was full of wonder
Where I waited your return.
A symphony renowned
Filled the room with magic, –
And I,
Catching breath,
Knew music's charm unexcelled,
Until you entered, –
Music spilling forth in your laughter,
Rhythm, unbidden, lightly tapping from your feet,
Harmony expressed in your every graceful move,
And I thought:
"Yes, symphony, you are lovely,
But is she not lovelier?"

You went to college,
Studied hard,
Dated,
Saw his smile,
And fell in love.

The Temple rites fulfilled, and more,
All heart's desire,
The wedding an expression of exquisite artistry:
Flowers in sweet bouquets,
Sunset hues attiring maidens,
Symphony in gentle music, –
And I, seeing you arrayed in bridal gown,
Knew joy and tears, and more:
Knew that the loveliness about me
But guessed at deeper beauty
Of what is really you:
Dreams, thoughts, words, and deeds,
And I thought:
"Yes, wedding, you are lovely,
But is she not lovelier?"

You began a home,
Cooked and sewed,
Loved,
Laughed and prayed,
And sensed a promise –

From My garden I gathered today
A basket of lovely rosebuds;
And I wondered if, when ----

The bouquet is placed by your hospital bed,
Breaking a white stillness,
Each dainty pink bud
Knowing perfection,
And you,
Knowing delight
In the sheer loveliness offered,
Will gently lift the cover
Where your newborn daughter lies,
And think:
“Yes, roses, you are lovely,
But is she not lovelier?”

POETRY

(Written December 14, 1951)

I would be a poet!
For within urge and yearning abide,
Persisting, pervading, possessing,
And will not be denied.

I would be a poet!
Would take these thoughts unfettered
And with words, controlling close,
Make them aptly clothed and lettered.

I would be a poet!
So the morrow I carefully plan
To wake and claim my hour
'Ere demanding duty can . . .

Through the night the ideas crowd
My restless, weary mind,
Pacified only with promise,
That expression soon they'll find.

Then with dawn I quickly dress,
Take pencil and pad, prepared so
To catch illusive, vagrant thoughts,
My poem in embryo!

But first I stop and ponder:
Now before I began to create,
Is it not wise to consider
Of what stuff shall my poem be, innate?

What style? What theme? What pattern?
For what purpose shall it exist?
To convey its basic message
What artifices call to assist?

I shall style it with loveliness,
For a pattern take life, our best gift,
Choose a theme to enable and challenge,
And a purpose to waken and lift.

I shall conceal a message for heart food,
In light manner ground it in truth,
Intertwine it with wisdom and love,
Humbly touch it with Heaven and God.

And when it is all completed
Those who might see it shall say,
"This poem is a masterpiece
That you have created today!"

But e'en while desire is warm,
And I soar in creative delight,
Comes a call from a tiny bed,
My babe bidding farewell to night!

I slip pad and pencil away,
The poem will just have to wait,
For my wee daughter's hungry cry
Says her breakfast is already late.

The others soon tumble down,
Tousled and noisy and sweet,
In the hustle and bustle which follow,
There is no time for even regret.

"Mom, what's my work for today?"
"Mom, I helped Lewie not fall!"
"Mom, hear me play this again."
"Mom, c'mere, this won't work at all!"

And so it goes all the day,
A family in action real,
In the caravan of life,
I'm the hub of a fast-turning wheel!

But there are moments to hold and treasure,
A confidence precious and rare,
Or the music that Johnny played
Before our family prayer.

So hours slip away unprotected,
And once more they're all fast asleep.
I cover and kiss each good night,
Too weary even to weep.

So I would be a poet!
Ruefully I creep towards my bed;
Just dues should exhaustion demand,
But sleep from my eyes has fled.

From depths within comes a query?
"Is it wisdom dictating when I
Choose duty my life to control,
While frail talents struggle or die?"

To the question comes answer in full,
Like a soothing, healing balm;
Slowly, in stillness, but sure,
Bringing back peace and calm.

My mind and heart seem illumined
That my very soul might see,
A poet? I ask myself,
Just what is to me, poetry?

"I shall style it with loveliness"
Was the first think that I said.
Look at that golden-haired darling
Now fast asleep in her bed.

"A pattern of life" I wanted?
I've eleven life-living dears!
"A theme to enable and challenge!"
I'm molding their lives thru the years.

"A garnish of grace and beauty?"
My dancing six-year-old's face,
"Add conflict to heighten its glow!"
Even bickering and scuffs have their place!

A message concealed for heart food"?
The gospel they're learning to know,
"In light manner ground it in truth"?
As they live it, they'll love it so.

"Intertwine it with wisdom and love"?
My teaching today fits in here.
"Humbly touch it with Heaven and God"?
That Bethlehem tale, to them, so dear.

Then I hold my breath in awe,
Overwhelmed with reality!
In this simple, daily living,
Am I building poetry?

I would be a poet!
Still on my knees I pray:
"Father, in this poem of ours
Guide me so well each day

That it will unfold in glory
According to thy plan and time:
That someone thru it might see
Our masterpiece sublime."

Enraptured I crawl into bed,
My sleepy eyes close as I say,
"A magnificent thought for a poem!
I must write it down, some day!"

CONVERSATION

(When Gloria Jean was one and a half)

My Psychology teacher once told me,
When we studied about tiny tots,
That until they had words to think them,
Babies could not think thoughts.

I wonder if he had a little girl
Just turning a year and a half.
If so, he could never have meant it,
The very thought quite makes me laugh.

I have an eighteen-month daughter
Who has no real words to say,
And yet how we visit together,
She tells me her thoughts all the day.

When she opened her eyes this morning
And her smile filled the room with heaven,
She said (without words) "Oh, I'm happy!
Will breakfast be ready by seven?"

I answered, "You darling, you sweetness!
We'll wash you and slip on a dress."
She listened to words which I spoke
And thanked me with one wee caress.

It was nearly a half-hour later,
Her breakfast had been quite delayed,
When I heard her call with impatience,
"I'm so hungry!" - but not a word said.

So I fixed her up in her high chair
With orange juice, toast, and the rest -
She ate with delight what she wanted,
And refused with disdain all the rest.

She said, "Give me more of that egg,
But take this, it just makes me choke!"
I did just as she had requested,
Yet not a word had she spoke.

Then she joined the other children
As they played outside on the walk,
She assured me it really was fun,
With wordless, contented talk.

Then little brother took from her
A very favorite toy.
Oh my what a scolding she gave him -
She no longer chattered with joy.

After while they came into the kitchen,
And I heard a terrible crash.
She screamed that she needed her mama
And believe you me I made a dash.

My appearance dispelled her alark.
She quickly took hold of my hand,
"Just see what has happened" she pointed
Knowing well I would understand.

I assured her it didn't matter
Just so she'd been out of the way.
As she helped me clean up the ruins
She didn't have too much to say.

Then she asked for a drink of water,
Urged me to get it right now!
She really forgot to thank me,
But don't think she didn't know how!

After her lunch she informed me
She wanted to go back to bed,
I tidied her up for her nap
'Cause I understood what she said.

With her dolly snuggled she slept
And as I watched where she lay
My mind was o'erflooded with thoughts,
But I had no words at all to say.

That Psychology teacher who told me
When we studied about tiny tots,
That until they had words to think them,
Babies could not think thoughts -

He just ought to forget his learning
And open his eyes and see,
I know very well he is wrong,
'Cause my baby talks thoughts to me."

February, 1983

Dear Family,

As I was going through one of our boxes recently, I came across a Happiness Is poem I had written some time ago. I liked the idea and decided to add a few verses.

Happiness is Dad
watching my little ones while I mailed my letter to Dr. Barlow
sending quiz letters to Jeremy
personal letters of love and encouragement
truly exemplifying that first and great commandment
(as well as most effective way of doing things)
Love one another.

Happiness is Mom
being sensitive to my need for some free time and rest
spending quality time with Heather and Geff as only a
Grandma can
always helping at the birth of a new baby
knowing each grandchild well (and considering the number,
that's no small task)
an earthly mother by whose life we can come to know
to some degree
what our Heavenly Mother must surely be.

Happiness is Mary
asking if it's all right if she and the kids put together
our Sunday dinner
cheerfully cleaning the basement
talking about writing, scriptures and women's conferences.

Happiness is Julia
helping to ease our transition from Virginia to Utah
while in Provo
lending us a stroller, a Monopoly game, and understanding
sharing hospitality and good food at open houses and parties.

Happiness is John
seeing him in the grocery store with his little ones
and again at home babysitting while Jean attended
Relief Society homemaking meeting
a man with a great calling
yes, indeed--a father.

Happiness is David
showing us through his new office building
being impressed with the concept of a higher level of wellnes
thinking of another David who asked long ago "Is there not
a cause?" (I Samuel 17:29)
and answering for my brother, David,
"Yes, indeed, for there are many who suffer and there is
much to be done."

Happiness is Dick
helping move our cedar chest from the office into our car
arranging for us to get our piano
how much joy it has brought already.

Happiness is Dee
driving us all over Bountiful and then some
determined to find just the right house for us
and finally succeeding through diligent persistence.

Happiness is Joe
though far away, memories of kindness, brotherly love
and compassion linger
a noble soul, well named.

Happiness is Beth
weeding our flower garden because it needed to be done
helping the boys collect magnolia seeds to save for the spring
sharing with us her beautiful music.

Happiness is Lewis
always real--a great friend!
going to Church with him and his family in Idaho Falls
feeling very glad he's my brother.

Happiness is George
Dr. Groberg
my "little" brother with much to look up to
memories of teen talks, tiddly winks and football games.

Happiness is being part of a family of such unique brothers
and sisters.

Love,

Love is Like a Rose

Love is like a rose
Its petals begin to unfold slowly
But they are always turning into something
More beautiful
More refined
More majestic

Each little petal adds to the beauty
And fragrance
And warmth
And heart-felt emotion
And as delicate as it is
It is given thorns
To protect it from insensitive hands
Who might try to damage it

Mr. and Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg

827 Linden Drive

Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401

FEBRUARY 14, 1986

TO DELBERT VALENTINE GROBERG

on the eightieth anniversary of his birth

and to his posterity

* * * *

1906 - Eighty years since you bid "goodbye" to your Heavenly Parents
and smiled "hello" to your earthly ones -- all four soon to-
gether - - - joyfully

Sharing you,
Watching you,
Trusting you,
Loving you.....and
Rejoicing in you -

1930 - Wherever and whenever you were - families - more families; -
friends - more friends - blessed because of you - happier be-
cause of you - - - joyfully

Sharing you,
Watching you,
Trusting you,
Loving you.....and
Rejoicing in you -

Adam in his Garden of Eden, alone, -without Eve - was unable
to go forward and accomplish his greatest mission so the Lord
gave Eve to Adam -

Delbert in his Garden of Successes, alone, - without his Eve,
was unable to go forward and accomplish his greatest mission,
so the Lord gave Jennie to Delbert - the two to become one - one
in the Lord and one through the Lord - one forever - -

1986 - Together through our earth-time years the eyes of our under-
standing have opened wider and wider so now we begin to see in
grateful reality what we were to first see with the pure eyes
of faith - and how we rejoice - together -

Together to see -

Looking backwards-

blessings too numerous to count - too great to comprehend -
 preparation blessings for even greater blessings -

blessings of a precious, privileged, promising posterity -
 a posterity who also know and love and serve the Lord -
 a posterity who also cherish the blessings and responsi-
 bilities of the light and truths and joys of the Re-
 stored Gospel -

a precious posterity - of immeasurable eternal value and
 more - a posterity of many and many more yet to come -

a privileged posterity - to gladly give their all and more
 to building His Kingdom on earth, first in their own
 hearts and homes -

a promising posterity - of the covenant - and of great
 callings - with growth and greater callings --

a posterity to know you, therefore to be - joyfully

Sharing you,
 Watching you,
 Trusting you,
 Loving you,.....and
 Rejoicing in you -

Future - Together to see

Looking forward - -beyond earth-time years - a future -
 beckoning with assuring, happy welcome -

A future so promising, so natural, so right, so welcome,
 so fulfilling, so joyful, so glorious - - one to share
 with those we love most - gone before and yet to come -
 to share - in eternity - when time is no longer - when we,
 with Heavenly Parents will be joyfully

Sharing you,
 Watching you,
 Trusting you,
 Loving you.....and
 Rejoicing in you - our posterity -

* * * * *

With greatest love and gratitude to my eternal companion, father of
 our children, grandfather and great-grandfather of their children and
 their children's children - on and on --

Jennie