

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

family song &  
Mom's typewriter


Gloria & John Hubble  
3610 Iroquois Trail  
Temple, TX 76504

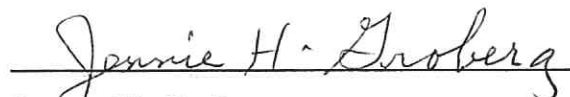
This is the year of our 65th wedding anniversary. The B.Y.U. gave us a citation which we felt was for all our family. As one means of observing this and assuring each of our children participating, we are distributing the enclosed gift to each of you. It is provided under the provision of the Internal Revenue Act that family funds can be distributed without the funds being considered income so you will not pay any income tax on this as the tax has already been paid.

We have turned everything over to the Living Trust which we will handle ourselves as long as we can and have appointed John, Dick and Joe to be trustees for the handling of the estate afterwards. There are provisions for additional trustees to be appointed in case of need.

We love and admire each of you and know you will use this distribution in an appropriate way.

With love,  
Mom and Dad

  
Delbert V. Groberg

  
Jennie H. Groberg

## FAMILY SONG

### VERSE 1:

Left alone in the world the little boy climbs to the  
top of an old apple tree.  
Did the sky open up for you little boy as you wondered  
what your future would be?  
A vision of us and the love of your life  
the perfect wife, so pure and so true  
waiting for you, waiting for you.  
We are your dream come true.

### REFRAIN:

What do you see from the old apple tree?  
Was there love in the air?  
Were there children everywhere?  
You dreamed the dream that we share with each other.  
We love you so our Father and Mother.

### VERSE 2:

Little girl all adorned in curls secure in the world.  
What was the song in your heart?  
Was the melody sweet as it sang of the life you were  
going to start?  
A song of us and the love of your life  
the perfect man so pure and so true  
waiting for you, waiting for you.  
We are your dream come true.

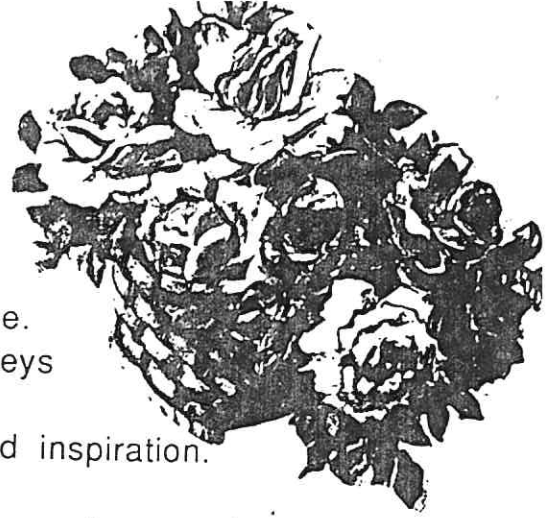
### VERSE 3:

Visions and songs have a way of unfolding as  
babes are born and constantly growing.  
We'll be honest and true in all that we do.  
The love in our hearts we'll forever be sowing.  
The little ones look a lot like you.  
They all climb apple trees too.  
We all feel at home in your love ever new.  
We will always make your dream come true.

## Mom's Typewriter

We love the solid, antique firmness of your marks  
Pressed color, conveying love, concern, faith, gratitude.  
The pulse of energy from Mother's fingers press your keys  
And record the pulse of her life.  
Her record: etchings of determination, appreciation and inspiration.  
Your sound was our encore lullaby.  
Papers and poems and lessons and notes and reminders and suggestions  
and letters and histories and jokes and projects and congratulations and  
appreciations and concerns and reactions and encouragements and ...  
All come to us from you.

You're a dear old friend .



# [F] Jennie's Typewriter

Beth G. Stratton

Handwritten musical score for 'Jennie's Typewriter' in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The score consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes various musical notations such as rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings. The lyrics are: '1- I'm an old type-writer but a hap-py one. Lots of 2- Ty- ping ty- ping type type type. work to do, the let-ters must be done! So far I've not been traded for an Ty- ping ty- ping type type type. Typ ping ty- ping Ap-ple Two! Just me and Jennie ty- ping "How do you do!" last [me and Jennie typing the gos-pel is true: time me and Jennie ty- ping how I love you] type type type ty- ping ty- ping type type type!

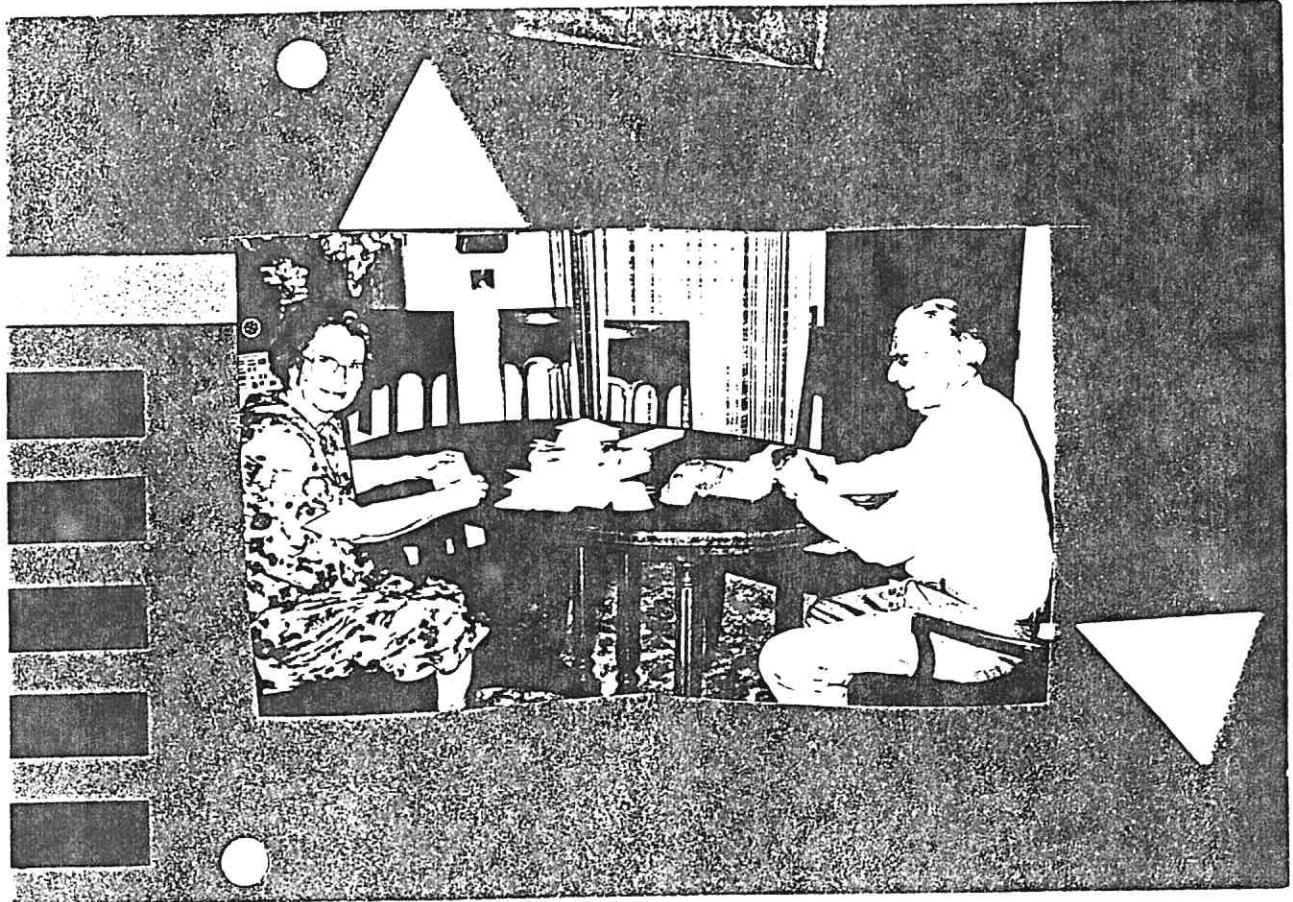
Sing 1, Sing 2, then sing 1+2 together then add extra part softer + slower at the end.

## Lyrics:

I'm an old typewriter but a happy one.  
 Lots of work to do; the letters must be done!  
 So far I've not been traded for an Apple Two!  
 Just me and Jennie typing "How do you do!"

last time add:

Me and Jennie typing "the gospel is true!"  
 Me and Jennie typing "how I love you!"



Envelopes and envelopes and envelopes.  
Inside is carried their determined smile (Mom's and Dad's)  
No sympathy unexpressed.  
No question unanswered.  
No thoughtful act ignored.  
No honor unproclaimed (except their own).  
No remembrance forgotten.  
No birth, baptism, or calling unheralded.  
Each need attended.  
Each person given the power of importance.



No tired spirit, she. No uncertain will,  
Over and over and over and again and again --  
And we know her. We know her solid faith.  
Happiness is her habit.  
Fear and confusion are her enemies.  
We follow the steady glow of her faith.  
Our children can follow and theirs and theirs and theirs.  
She is a keeper and a maker of records and of hope.

What joy we feel when we see in the mail  
Dad's familiar and beautiful penmanship.  
We are assured:  
He has received our message.  
He is thinking of us.  
He was wondering about us.  
He was reminded of us.  
He sat down and wrote to us -- one by one.

