

**GROBERG FAMILY
BOOK**

Christmas 1977

Part 3 of 3

Our Marriages

"..if a man marry a wife by my word..my law, and by the new and everlasting covenant....shall inherit thrones, kingdoms, principalities, and powers, dominions..continuation of the seeds forever and ever..." (D. & C. 132)

"In the celestial glory there are three heavens or degrees; and in order to obtain the highest, a man must enter into the...new and everlasting covenant of marriage; and if he does not, he cannot obtain it. He may enter into the other but that is the end of his kingdom; he cannot have an increase." (D. & C. 131:1-4)

* * *

"Marriage is ordained of God for the love and care of children and that is the purpose of marriage..." (McKay)

"Temple marriage is a covenant that bridges death, transcends time, stretches unbreakable into eternity." (Kimball)

"Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it..Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord..as arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them.." (Psalms 127)

"The most important degree received on this earth is received if you raise a family in the Lord...If you will pay your tithing you will be able to care for all the children your Heavenly Father sends you." (Hartman Rector, Jr. at B.Y.U. Graduation)

The parents of the bride and groom

desire your presence

at the wedding party of

Alsina E. Brimhall

and

Lafayette H. Holbrook,

First Ward Social Hall, Provo City,

Wednesday, evening, May 15, 1901, 8:30 o'clock.

Married, May 15, 1901.

Salt Lake Temple.



**Ninety-first Annual
Commencement Convocation
Brigham Young University**

George Albert Smith Fieldhouse

Friday, May 27, 1966

*65 years
later*

LAFAYETTE H. AND ALSINA BRIMHALL HOLBROOK

JOSEPH F. SMITH FAMILY LIVING AWARD

Lafayette H. Holbrook and Alsina Brimhall Holbrook, now deceased, are most deserving of the Joseph F. Smith Family Living Award. They are the parents of eleven children, nine living, all of whom reflect their parents' sterling example in their own lives. A notable distinction is also theirs in that all nine children attended B.Y.U., where they met their life's companions; all have been married in the temple. The family, including in-laws, now totals more than 130 members. Of the many Holbrook grandchildren, thirty-four have attended B.Y.U.—ten this year. With one exception, where polio intervened, every eligible male in the family has filled or now is filling a mission for the Church.

Brother Holbrook attended Brigham Young Academy and obtained his early education there. During those years he met and married Alsina Brimhall, a daughter of George H. Brimhall, former president of B.Y.U. They lived in Provo, where they reared their family, centering their inter-

ests on their home and children. Brother and Sister Holbrook were always ardent supporters of B.Y.U. in its varying endeavors, academic and athletic, and because of parental encouragement the children became active, outstanding students.

Brother Holbrook is a member of the Karl G. Maeser Associates. Through the years he and Sister Holbrook have been generous benefactors of B.Y.U. For a number of years he has been associated with the mining industry. Now eighty-eight years old, Brother Holbrook lives in Salt Lake City, where he maintains his own home and enjoys the frequent visits of his family and friends.

For their many years of faithful Church service and uncompromising example, Brother Holbrook and his wife, posthumously, are worthy recipients of the Joseph F. Smith Family Living Award.

June 11, 1930



Julia + Mary + Jennie holding Elizabeth. Gloria yet to come - All beautiful princesses. Below: Jennie Delbert Julia + Bob. Sr. Blair

Our First Wedding



Reception For Young Couple

ONE of the most attractive wedding receptions of the month was given by Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Holbrook, Thursday evening in the First ward recreation hall, complimentary to their daughter, Jennie, and Delbert V. Groberg of Idaho Falls, Idaho, who were married in the Salt Lake temple Wednesday.

The beautiful rotunda of the meeting house was tastefully decorated with a profusion of pink and white roses and peonies, and baby breath, which were arranged in huge baskets. Small vases of rosebuds and baby breath stood on the mantles over the fireplaces, lending a pretty effect. Summer flowers, ferns and palms, in

jardinières, vases, baskets and wicker stands were employed in the effective decorative scheme of the reception hall. The same were placed in the windows, on the orchestra stand and about the room.

Claude Snow, of Provo, and Miss Virgie Mulner of Idaho Falls, greeted the guests, and in the receiving line were Mr. and Mrs. Holbrook, Mrs. George Brunt of Idaho Falls, Idaho, aunt of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. George Groberg and Mrs. Ellen Crowther of Ogden.

A charming gown of white georgette over white silk was worn by the pretty bride. Her long white tulle veil fit close to the back of her head, the shirring being covered by a spray of orange blossoms. A narrow band of white silk leaves held the veil in place. She carried a bouquet of calla lilies, white roses and baby breath, tied with white maline, from which hung pink satin streamers, to which pink and white sweet peas were attached.

Mrs. Le Roy Groberg, sister-in-law of the groom, was the matron of honor, Miss Caroline Eyring, and the Misses Mary and Ruth Holbrook, sisters of the bride, were the bridesmaids. Vera Groberg of Ogden, cousin of the groom, was the flower girl. Le Roy Groberg, brother of the groom, acted as best man.

Mrs. Groberg was gowned in an attractive yellow taffeta dress, flower trimmed, and dainty long pink taffeta frocks were worn by the bridesmaids. They each carried beautiful bouquets of pink and white sweet peas, roses and calla lilies, tied with blue maline. The flower girl was attired in a pretty white organdie creation, with blue satin ribbon trimmings. She carried a basket of pink and white sweet peas and roses.

J. William Knight was the master of ceremonies. The following splendid program was rendered: vocal solo, Elvis Terry; musical reading, Miss Eunice Bird; remarks, B. H. Roberts of Salt Lake, who was president of the Eastern States Mission field at the time the groom was laboring as missionary there; toast, "To the Bride," Dr. George H. Brimhall; toast, "To the Groom," Mrs. George Brunt; vocal solo, Miss Elsa Cook of Salt Lake, missionary friend of Mr. Groberg; oriental dance, Mrs. Mildred Lewis Hinckley.

Dancing was an enjoyable feature, the Palais Royale orchestra furnishing the music. Delicious refreshments were served to 300. A group of Cesta Ties social unit girls of the B. Y. U. presided in the refreshment room, and they were assisted in serving by the Misses Elaine and Helen Holbrook.

Numerous useful and beautiful gifts were received by the honor guests. The guests in attendance were from Provo, Salt Lake, Logan, Ogden, Idaho and Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. Groberg will spend their honeymoon visiting various places of interest in southern Utah. They will reside in Idaho Falls.

HOLBROOK CHOSEN VALEDICTORIAN



JENNIE HOLBROOK,

versatile Provo girl, has been chosen as valedictorian of the Brigham Young University graduating class of 1929. It is unusual for a girl to receive this honor and the announcement comes very appropriately on Girls' Day. Miss Holbrook's high scholastic standing and her participation in various school activities were used as a basis on which the choice was made.

Miss Holbrook is vice president of the senior class. She has been Dean Nuttall's secretary for the past three years, and in addition has taken an active part in dramatics.

Jennie Holbrook is a grand-daughter of President Emeritus Brimhall. Her paternal grandfather, Lafayette Holbrook is an ex-trustee of the Brigham Young University.

—A.W.S.—

Popular Provo Girl To Be Married

Announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Holbrook of Provo of the engagement of their daughter, Jennie, to Delbert C. Groberg, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John E. Groberg of Idaho Falls, Idaho.

The young couple will be married Wednesday, June 11, in the Salt Lake temple. A reception will be given in their honor the evening of Thursday, June 12, in the First ward recreation hall.

Both are former students of the Brigham Young university.



August 2, 1975

Dear Mom,

Thank you for the lovely roses. And thank you for the sweet pink dress for our sweet baby.

Sunday, April 26, 1970

The Post-Register, Idaho Falls, Idaho

Thank you for taking such excellent care of Arny, as well as helping me with my household duties - even making the "funny" quilt.

It has been a wonderful year.

I am glad for your example.

Love,
Mary Jane

Mr. and Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg, 2885 Redbarn Lane, announce the engagement of their daughter, Mary Jane, to Achim Fritzen, son of Mrs. Paul Nowak, Bonn, West Germany, and the late Johann Joseph Fritzen. Miss Groberg, an instructor at Kearns High School, Salt Lake City, Utah, is a graduate of BYU, received a master's degree from the University of Utah and served an LDS British mission. Fritzen, also a graduate of BYU, is an instructor at Skyline High School. A June 9 wedding.



Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Valentine Groberg

*request the pleasure of your company
at the wedding reception of their daughter*

Mary Jane

and

Mr. Achim Fritzen

on Tuesday, the ninth of June

nineteen hundred and seventy

from seven-thirty until ten-thirty o'clock

at their home

2885 Red Barn Lane

Idaho Falls, Idaho

Ceremony in the Idaho Falls Temple

Post Register Nuptial Promise

was affiliated with the Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority.

Groberg-Fritzen

Mrs. Achim Fritzen, is the former Miss Mary Jane Groberg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg of 2885 Red Barn Lane, whose marriage was solemnized in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple recently with President Parley Arave officiating. Fritzen is the son of Mrs. Paul Nowak of Bonn, Germany and the late Johann Joseph Fritzen.

Following the ceremony the newlyweds were feted at a wedding breakfast at the Stardust. The parents of the bride entertained guests at a reception in their home in the evening.

The bride's gown was designed and created by Mrs. Kenneth R. Neeley of Salt Lake City, Utah. It featured a fitted lace bodice with slender-lined organza skirt over white crepe with lace motifs applied on the skirt and a veil of illusion with a delicate tiara of seed pearls and orange blossoms.

She was attended by her sister, Mrs. Robert W. Blair of Provo, Utah, as matron of honor. Bridesmaids were Mrs. Barry J. Stratton (Beth Groberg), Miss Gloria Jean Groberg, Miss Darlene Bytheway and Miss Susan Neeley.

Acting as best man for his brother, was Bodo Fritzen. Us-hers were Richard H. Groberg, John H. Groberg, Delbert H. Groberg, Joseph H. Groberg, Lewis H. Groberg, George H. Blair. Groberg

Following was added to the account of the Fritzen Wedding:

Assisting also were: Margaret Jean Blair at the Guest Book - Vera Heninger with gifts - Bobby and Del Blair with everything - (especially yard and house before) Barbara with punch and whatever was needed.

At the luncheon Dick acted as M.C. - Beth sang: "Ich Lich Diebe" Gloria sang (with guitar accompaniment): "Portrait of My Love" and "Mary in the Morning" - Kim and Jenifer sang a song in German composed by their daddy, David. Achim's sister, Heimtraut Taylor (Relief Society President from St. Louis and mother of five small sons--) spoke and also Bodo (Achim's fine brother). David Nemelka, husband of Achim's sister Ingrid from Salt Lake, gave the blessing on the food. John, Dee, Joe, Lew, George all spoke briefly - it was hilarious --Time did not allow for others, i.e. Aunt Maud - as Achim's mother was calling from Germany so the bride and groom had to be at the phone by 4 p.m. What a wonderful family the Fritzens are.

There were about 50 to the Temple Ceremony - and about the same to the luncheon following. Out of town guests included: R.C. Anderson and his daughter, Jane Braithwaite, and her children; Rulon Dyes from Ogden, also Ellen, Chester and Jay Crowther and families and Ralph Dabbs - Charles Grobergs - Raymond and Esther Holbrook, Elaine and Cindy and Carolee Haymore - Mary H. Maxwell.

President Arave was especially wonderful and inspired - Father Holbrook's daughters all felt his joy at this occasion - one he had hoped to participate in before his passing - and we feel he did, anyways - Aunt Maude and Susan and Christy and her beautiful baby - Darlene Bytheway's sister, Sr. Webb, (Darlene and Mary Jane shared the same home - About 450 called at the Reception - all seemed extra happy - as we all were. It was cold and stormy outside but only outside - our home served the crowd well. Barbara's friends catered and decorated - So often Barbara is the one with the right answers.

200

Julia Groberg Will Be Temple Bride



WELL KNOWN local miss, Julia Gay Groberg, above, will become the bride of Robert Wallace Blair, in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple, Aug. 17. She is the daughter of local residents, Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Groberg.

The Delbert Groberg home on Twelfth St., was the setting this week for an announcement and trousseau tea telling of the engagement of the Groberg daughter, Julia Gay, to Robert Wallace Blair. He is the son of Mrs. Wallace Blair, Santa Barbara, Calif.

The couple will exchange vows Aug. 17 in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple. About 80 guests were present for the announcement event.

Attends BYU

Miss Groberg is a graduate of the local high school where she was well known for her dramatic and musical activities. At Brigham Young University she has been a member of Alpha Lambda Delta, Y Calcares, and White Keys, all scholastic and service organizations; also of Theta Alpha Phi, dramatic fraternity, the symphony orchestra, vice-chairman of Student Program Bureau, Banyan Personality, and MIA officer.

Blair is a graduate of the Santa Barbara High School. He has filled an LDS mission in Finland where he served as counselor to the president. He has attended Brigham Young University for three years and is president of the Campus Branch MIA. He is a part-time member of the language faculty and author of articles on Finland which have been featured in the school magazine.

The young couple plan to continue their education at Brigham Young University where they will both receive their bachelor's degree in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Valentine Groberg

announce the marriage of their daughter

Julia Gay

to

Mr. Robert Wallace Blair

on Tuesday, August the seventeenth

Nineteen hundred and fifty-four

Latter-day Saints Temple

Idaho Falls, Idaho

In an exquisite, original gown of nylon tulle and lace, Mrs. Robert Wallace Blair greeted her wedding reception guests this week at the home of her parents Mr. & Mrs. D.V. Groberg, 12th St. The couple was united in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple by Pres. Wm. L. Killpeck.

The bride is the former Julia Gay Groberg; Blair is the son of Mrs. Wallace Blair, Santa Barbara, Calif.

The gown worn by the bride was designed and made by her aunt, Mrs. Maude Neeley, Salt Lake City. The billowing skirt cascaded to the floor in half circles of tulle accented with lace medallions embossed in design. The bodice had rounded neckline with pontice sleeves and her short net veil was in pointed tiers. She carried white roses, encircling an orchid.

Sixty-three guests were present for the wedding luncheon at the Hotel Rogers, following the ceremony. The Grobergs were hosts for the event. Adorning the table were asters, gladiolas and lighted tapers.



Back: Nora, Mary, Julia, Bob, John H.
 Carol, Ruth (neph) Beth, Marilyn, Cindy, Carolyn
 + Gloria Jean.



At the evening reception vari-colored glads were set in large bouquets in the hall and on either side of the reception line were baskets of pure white gladioli with the center made of a white lattice entwined with white baby mums. Bridal attendants included: Mrs. Carolyn Shumway and Misses Mary Jane Groberg, Nora Mae Brown, Carol Maxwell, Marilyn Neeley and Ruth Anderson. Miss Groberg, maid of honor was in a gown of pale blue and the others in navy taffeta with white daisy trim and all had bouquets of white daisies and half wreaths of the same in their hair. All the gowns were patterned after the bride's dress. Flower girls were:

Elizabeth Groberg, Gloria Jean Groberg and Cynthia Shumway-in blue with pink pinocchio roses. Best man was John Holbrook Groberg. Refreshments were served in the garden. Program: Carolyn Shumway, Nora Mae Brown and Mrs. Don Ricks. Honeymoon in Jenny's Lake-bride wore autumn suit of light rust wool with matching accessories. They will make home in Provo where they will attend B.Y.U.



PLANNING A SEPT. 6 wedding in the Los Angeles LDS Temple are Jean Sabin and John Holbrook Groberg. Miss Sabin is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Merrill R. Sabin of North Hollywood, Calif., and the bridegroom-elect is the popular son of Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Groberg of 255 12th St.

John Groberg To Claim California Bride

Announcement of the approaching marriage of Jean Sabin to John Holbrook Groberg was made recently at a reception at the Sabin home in North Hollywood, Calif.

Miss Sabin is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Merrill R. Sabin and her fiance is the son of Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Groberg of 255 12th St.

The bride-elect is a graduate of Brigham Young University where she was affiliated with Phi Kappa Phi, national scholastic honor-

ary. She has been teaching school for the past year in Anaheim, Calif.

Mr. Groberg was graduated from the local high school and attended BYU where he was tapped for Phi Eta Sigma, honorary scholastic fraternity. He recently returned from an LDS Mission in the Tongan Islands.

After their wedding on Sept. 6 in the Los Angeles LDS Temple, the young couple plan to live in Provo, Utah, where Mr. Groberg will continue his studies at BYU.

to be honored at an open house reception in Idaho Falls are Mr. & Mrs. John Holbrook Groberg, who were married in the Los Angeles LDS Temple last week. Mr. Groberg is the son of Mr. and Mrs. D.V. Groberg. The bride is the former Jean Sabin, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Merrill R. Sabin of North Hollywood, Calif.

The parents of the bridegroom will host the couple at an open house reception at their home Sept. 20. Nuptial rites were pronounced by Pres. Benjamin Bowring of the Los Angeles Temple, in the presence of 35 relatives and close friends. A luncheon followed at which Mr. and Mrs. D.V. Groberg were hosts.

In the evening the young couple was honored at a reception in the North Hollywood LDS Stake Center hosted by the parents of the bride.

The bride wore an original creation of nylon tulle and lace, accented with lace medallions and tiny seed pearls. The bodice was fashioned of lace, with a round neckline and long, pointed sleeves. A flounce of tulle accented the front of the skirt. A lace bonnet-style cap held in place the elbow-length veil. She carried a bouquet of white jaffet orchids and stephanotis.

Matron of honor was Mrs. Robert Parsons (sister of the bride) with Gayle Cutler and Jeanine Nielsen as bridesmaids. All were attired in princess style gowns of pink taffeta and carried bouquets of maroon and pink. Julie Ann Berry served as flower girl.

Best man duties were performed by Richard Holbrook Groberg.

During the reception program an unusual note was created by the Kia Ngawari Club which sang Polynesian love songs.

The couple also received congratulatory cablegrams from friends in New Zealand and the Tongan Islands, (including the King of Tonga) After a honeymoon in Balboa Beach, Calif., the newlyweds will make a home in Provo, Utah where he will attend the Brigham Young University.



Sabins

*Mr. and Mrs. Merrill R. Sabin
announce the marriage of their daughter
Jean*

to

*Mr. John Holbrook Groberg
son of Mr. and Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg
of Idaho Falls, Idaho*

*and request the pleasure of your company
at a wedding reception
on Friday, the sixth day of September*

from eight until ten o'clock in the evening

10837 Collins Street

North Hollywood, California

Married in Los Angeles Temple



Bob - Julia - mom - Dad - Dick - Jean, John
George in front



David and Lorraine



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



Rith at far left - John H as best man - Lorraine's
parents at far right



*Mr. and Mrs. Willard Archer Cobby on Monday, the twenty-seventh of August
request the pleasure of your company
at the wedding reception of their daughter
Barbara Jean
and
Mr. Richard Holbrook Groberg*

*on Monday, the twenty-seventh of August
Nineteen hundred and sixty-two
from eight until ten o'clock in the evening.
Fourteen hundred two Wisconsin Avenue
Oceanside, California
Los Angeles Temple Wedding*



Miss Barbara Jean Colby is engaged to Richard Holbrook Groberg.

Barbara Jean Colby Will Become Bride

Announcement is made of the engagement and approaching marriage of Miss Barbara Jean Colby to Richard Holbrook Groberg.

Disclosing the nuptial news are parents of the bride-to-be, Mr. and Mrs. Willard A. Colby of Oceanside, Calif.

Parents of the prospective bridegroom are Mr. and Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg, Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Temple Rites

The betrothed couple are making plans for their marriage Aug. 25 in the Los Angeles Temple.

A wedding breakfast at the Versailles Room of the Beverly Hilton Hotel in Los Angeles will follow the rites. The families of the bridal couple will be hosts.

The couple will be further honored Aug. 27 at a reception at the home of the bride's parents. An open house will honor the newlyweds Sept. 7 in Idaho Falls.

Bride-Elect's School

The bride-elect is a graduate of Brigham Young University, where she was a member of Phi Chi Theta. She is currently doing graduate work at the Provo school.

Mr. Groberg is a senior at BYU where he affiliated with Athenian social unit. He has attended Ricks College and completed an LDS mission to Finland.

The Post-Register, Idaho Falls, Idaho

Thursday, September 6, 1962

Miss Barbara Jean Colby Marries Richard Groberg

Miss Barbara Jean Colby and Richard Holbrook Groberg exchanged wedding vows in a ceremony solemnized recently in the Los Angeles LDS Temple with President Benjamin Bowring officiating.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Archer Colby of Oceanside, Calif. and a graduate of Brigham Young University. Mr. Groberg's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg, 255 12th St. He is a senior at Brigham Young University and has fulfilled an LDS mission to Finland.

Following the ceremony, 34 close relatives feted the couple at a luncheon in the Versailles suite of the Beverly Hilton Hotel in Los Angeles.

The evening of Aug. 27 a reception honored the newlyweds in the garden of the bride's parents in Oceanside. As she greeted the guests the bride wore a gown of flowered brocade with an oval neckline and long pointed sleeves edged with pearls. The fitted

bodice tapered to a natural waist line which set off the bouffant floor-length skirt with a full chapel train. Her queen's crown topped a double pouf veil of illusion. She carried a cascade bouquet of phalae nopsis orchids, pink roses and stephanotis.

The attendants were her twin sister, Mrs. Robert Ward of Lansing, Mich., Miss Najine Brown of Oceanside, and the bridegroom's sister, Elizabeth Groberg, Idaho Falls. Their gowns were of azalea pink peau de soie featuring overskirts of organza. They each carried two giant white gladiolus formed as roses with leaves and stems of green velvet which reached the length of the skirts.

Attending the bridegroom as best man was his brother, John Groberg, Idaho Falls.

A pink and white decor was used throughout the garden. Framing the bridal couple as they received guests, was a large heart formed of white and pink gladiolus from which white satin streamers and

doves formed an arch for the wedding party.

Out of town guests attending the reception were Mrs. Thelma C. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Rouse Hinman, Mr. and Mrs. Louis C. Larch, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. John Hansen, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Hansen, Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Dahlquist, Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Brammer, Mrs. M. K. Henginger, Mrs. J. R. Hansen and Dr. and Mrs. A. K. Berry of the Los Angeles area. Miss Mary Jane Groberg and Mr. L. K. Holbrook, grandfather of the groom, of Salt Lake City, Utah; Mrs. Robert Blair of Provo, Utah; Mrs. Martel Marler, Idaho Falls; Lt. Colonel and Mrs. Carl Johnson of Logan, Utah.

Friday, the bridegroom's parents will honor the newlyweds with an open house reception at their home at 255 12th St.

Following the honeymoon to Yellowstone National Park the couple will make their home in Provo, Utah, while Mr. Groberg completes his schooling at Brigham Young University.



Miss Sharon Kay Nelson

Announcement Reveals Spring Wedding Plans

Plans for a May 15 wedding were announced this week by Mr. and Mrs. James D. Nelson, Roy, Utah, when they announced the engagement of their daughter, Sharon Kay, to Delbert Holbrook Groberg. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Valentine Groberg of 255 12th St.

The bride-elect is a graduate of Weber High School at Ogden, where she was selected as "Miss Typical Graduate." She has also worked as a secretary for an Aircraft company and at present is a sophomore at Brigham Young University.

Mr. Groberg is a graduate of the Idaho Falls High School where he was active in debate, music and student affairs and was Junior Class president.

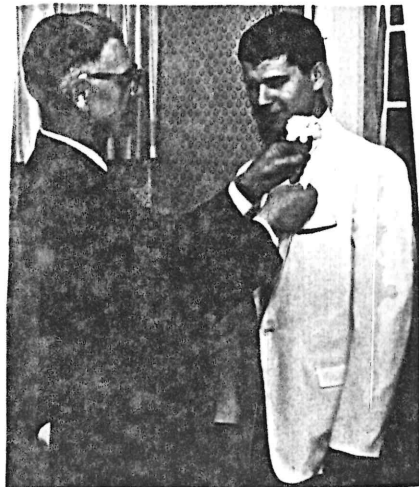
He has completed an LDS mission to Japan and at present is a student at Brigham Young University. He is studying civil engineering, preparatory to taking architectural training.

The wedding will take place at the Idaho Falls LDS Temple. The couple will be feted with

a luncheon following their marriage at the home of the groom's parents and an open house the same evening.

A wedding reception will be held at the Hain's House at Ogden, Utah, Saturday, May 16.

The couple plans to make their home in Provo where they will continue their studies at the university.



*Luncheon served
by 26 Ward (John's)
Relief Society -
Japanese -
Below (being served)
Bill + Amelia Branch
+ Maxine Steele*



Utah Miss Marries Idaho Falls Man

Miss Sharon Kay Nelson and Delbert Holbrook Groberg exchanged wedding vows in a ceremony solemnized Friday in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple with Pres. William L. Killpack officiating.

Parents of the newlyweds are Mr. and Mrs. James D. Nelson of Roy, Utah, and Mr. and Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg, 255 12th St.

Following the ceremony, 65 relatives and friends feted the couple at a luncheon in the 11th-22nd LDS Ward Church with a Japanese motif carried out in decorations, menu and serving. The bridegroom has completed an LDS mission to Japan.

In the evening, an open house honored the newlyweds at the Groberg residence and the parents of the bride further honored the couple at a reception Saturday at Hain's House in Ogden, Utah. A blue and green decor was used at both receptions.

For both occasions, the bride greeted guests in a gown of white organza over taffeta with a scooped neckline and long poned sleeves. The princess line of the bodice and the bouffant skirt which flowed from a large bow into a chapel length train, were accented with seed pearls, sequins and crystals.

Her queen's crown topped a double pouf of veil of illusion and she carried a cascade bouquet of white carnations and gladioli.

Matching bouquets were carried by the bride's attendants who were Miss Janis Stokes, maid of honor, and Misses Judy Larsen, Pam Fowler, Gerry Strong and Elizabeth Groberg, sister of the bridegroom, bridesmaids.

Miss Eileen Nelson acted as flower girl for her sister.

Acting as best man for his brother was David H. Groberg, Salt Lake City.

Ushers in Idaho Falls were brothers of the bridegroom, Richard H., John H., and Lewis H. Groberg, and brothers of the bride, Jim, Craig and Dee Nelson.

At the Ogden reception, Terry Jeffers and Arvid Mortensen assisted Jim Nelson and Lewis H. Groberg as ushers.

Out of town guests at the Idaho Falls reception included Mr. and Mrs. Keith Brown, Allen Berry, Gloria and Sylvia Haymore, L. H. Holbrook, Mr. and Mrs. Claud Anderson, James Nelson and Mrs. Mellie Underwood.

The newlyweds will live in Provo, Utah, where they are both students at Brigham Young University.

A June honeymoon is planned to Yellowstone Park and Mack's Inn.

The Post-Register, Idaho Falls, Idaho



Mrs. Delbert H. Groberg

Open House

Friday, the fifteenth of May

from seven-thirty until ten o'clock in the evening

Delbert V. Groberg residence

Two hundred fifty-five Twelfth Street

Idaho Falls, Idaho

In front
 of J. F.
 Temple -
 Grandpa
 Hollbrook
 with Dee
 and Grandpa
 Nelson with
 Sharon



With Dee's
 artistic
 guidance
 the 12th St.
 home was
 transformed
 into beauty
 in blue +
 green -
 Del Blair
 at left.



Almost stole
 the show!
 Nancy, Ma
 + Eileen
 (Sharon's
 friends)
 Kim, Jennette
 Sis and
 Lisa
 (front)



Idaho Falls Man Is Wed To Colorado Miss

In a recent wedding in the Salt Lake LDS Temple Miss Jeanne Pratt became the wife of Joseph H. Groberg. President S. Dilworth Young, of the council of 70 of the LDS Church performed the ceremony.

The new Mrs. Groberg is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claron U. Pratt, Littleton, Colo., and Groberg is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg, 2885 Red Barn Lane, Idaho Falls.

Following the ceremony the couple was feted at a luncheon at the Pioneer Room of the Ho-

tel Utah by the groom's parents. That evening the parents of the groom also honored the couple with an open house at their home on Red Barn Lane.

For the occasion the bride chose a gown of her own creation and carried a bouquet of white orchids and white stephanotis.

She was attended by her sister, Miss Sharon Pratt and by Miss Gloria Jean Groberg and Mrs. Beth Stratton, sisters of the groom. They wore floor length gowns in orange carrying white bouquets.

George H. Groberg acted as best man for his brother.

The mothers chose dresses in orange and olive green lace with white carnation corsages.

Out-of-town guests included Mr. and Mrs. Barry J. Stratton, Miss Margaret Jean Blair, Delbert W. Blair, Robert Pratt, and Steven Pratt.

On Sept. 20, the bride's parents honored the couple at a reception in Littleton, Colo., in their home, after which the newlyweds will leave for Chicago, Ill., where Groberg will enter law school at the University of Chicago and Mrs. Groberg will complete her senior year.



Mrs. Joseph Groberg

Pratt-Groberg

In a ceremony performed Friday in the Salt Lake Temple, Miss Jeanne Pratt and Joseph Holbrook Groberg exchanged wedding vows.

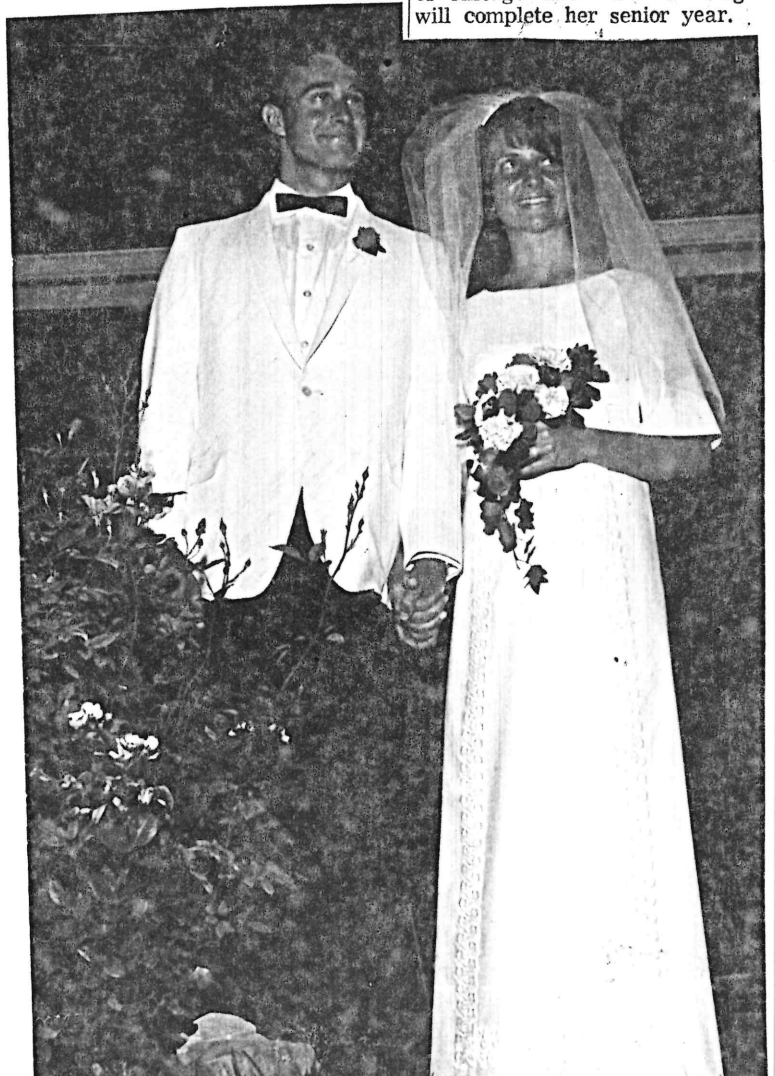
The bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg, Idaho Falls, Idaho, gave a wedding breakfast for the couple at Hotel Utah.

The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claron U. Pratt, Littleton, Colo. They will give a reception at their home Wednesday for the newlyweds.

Attending the bride will be Miss Sharon Pratt, Miss Linda Puryear, Miss Gloria Groberg and Mrs. Barry J. Stratton.

Assisting the bridegroom will be Delbert H. Groberg, Richard H. Groberg and George H. Groberg.

The bride has attended Brigham Young University. Her husband is a graduate of BYU and is attending the University of Chicago Law School. He has fulfilled an LDS Andes mission.



Mr. and Mrs. Claron U. Pratt
request the pleasure of your company
at the wedding reception of their daughter

Jeanne
and

Mr. Joseph Holbrook Groberg
son of Mr. and Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg
on Wednesday, the twentieth of September
from seven-thirty to nine-thirty in the evening
at 5502 South Franklin Lane
Littleton, Colorado

or at an open house in their honor
on Friday, the fifteenth of September
from seven-thirty to nine-thirty in the evening
2885 Red Barn Lane
Idaho Falls, Idaho

Married in Salt Lake Temple



Miss Elizabeth Groberg Is Wed In August LDS Temple Ceremony

The Post-Register, Idaho Falls, Idaho

Aug. 4 was the date of the wedding ceremony that united in marriage Miss Elizabeth Groberg and Barry J. Stratton. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg, 2885 Red Barn Lane, and the son of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Stratton, Boise, were married in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple by Pres. Parley A. Arave.

A reception honoring the couple was given in the home of the parents of the bride the same evening. A wedding luncheon followed the ceremony and was hosted by the parents of the bridegroom and held in the Stardust Restaurant.

An open house in their honor is also scheduled for Saturday and will be given by the bridegroom's parents at the Burton E. Petersen residence in Orem, Utah.

The bride wore a gown which she fashioned out of brocaded satin, and a veil of illusion which was attached to a headpiece of dainty white satin roses. She carried a bouquet of white roses and carnations.

Attending her sister as matron of honor was Mrs. Robert W. Blair. Bridesmaids were Gloria Jean Groberg, Jean Stratton, Karen Oiterson, Phyllis Crapo, Patricia Pehrson and Gloria Haymore. All wore olive green crepe gowns and carried talisman roses. Becky and Shelley Stratton served as flower girls.

Brother of the bridegroom, Allen Stratton, performed best man duties and ushers were brothers of the bride, Joseph H., George H., and Richard H., Groberg.

Out-of-town guests were L. H. Holbrook, grandfather of the bride, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Maude G. Neeley, aunt of the bride and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond B. Holbrook, aunt and uncle of the bride, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Sharon Groberg and Miss Mary Jane Groberg, Salt Lake City; Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Kofford, Ogden, Utah; and Dr. and Mrs. Winston Dahlquist, Boise.



Mrs. Barry J. Stratton

The bride was graduated from Idaho Falls High School and received her A.B. degree from Brigham Young University in May. She was active in music and has received special recognition in both places.

The couple will make their home in Orem, Utah where he will continue his studies in chemistry at BYU and she will act as a graduate assistant in voice study.

The bridegroom has also served an LDS mission in Germany.

*Mr. and Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg
request the pleasure of your company
at the wedding reception of their daughter
Elizabeth*

and

*Mr. Barry Johnson Stratton
son of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin V. Stratton
on Friday, the fourth of August
nineteen hundred and sixty-seven
from seven-thirty until ten-thirty o'clock
at their home*

*2885 Red Barn Lane
Idaho Falls, Idaho*

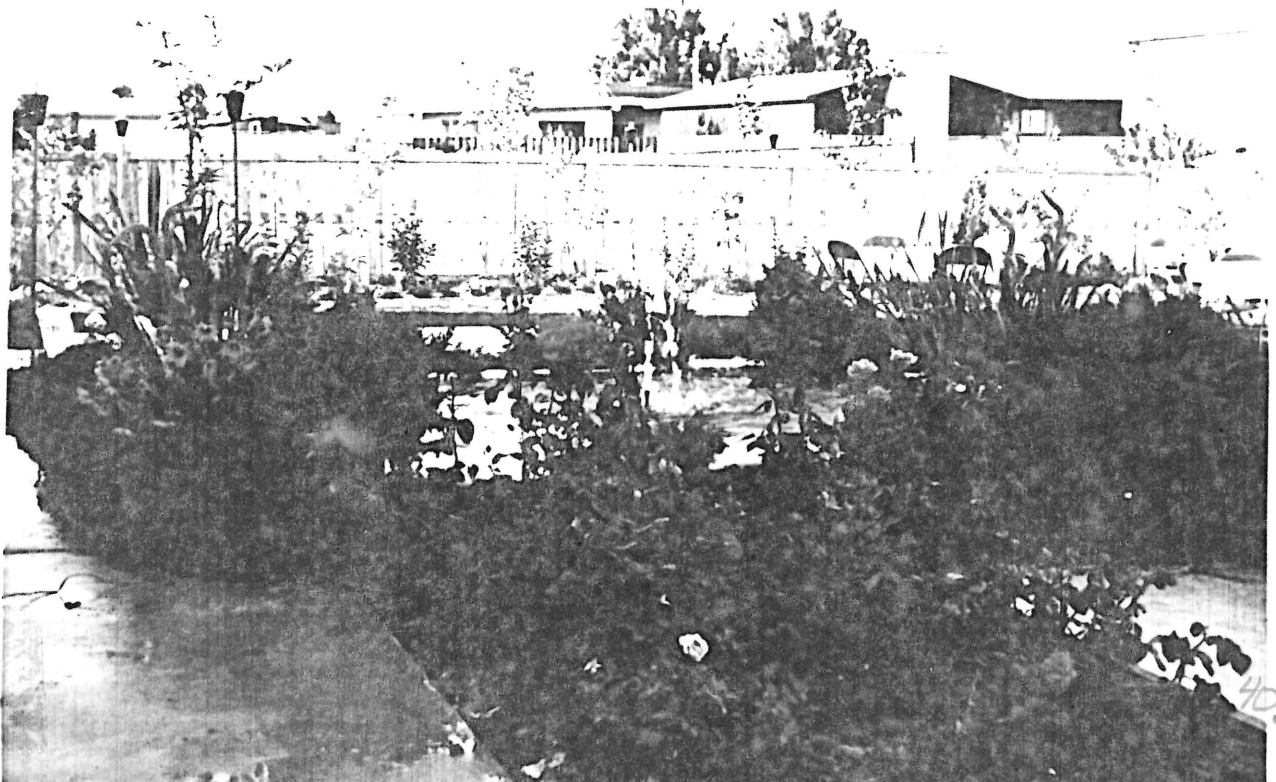
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TO MOTHER

I remember, about eight years ago, of giving you a promise for your birthday. I promised that I would never marry unless this marriage were in the temple. In retrospect, those 8 years seem so short and carefree yet I can remember often thinking that surely these must be the most difficult and long years. Each experience that was so "overwhelming" to me seemed to fall into its proper place after I had talked to you. And so, thru these years of preparation, fun, love, work, and thru the kind patience and guidance you gave me, my life is focusing quite clearly and my understanding of life is broadening now. Each day I realize how much you love me and in turn, how much I love you. I love life and its opportunities and love the gospel. I appreciate being alive and being born in such favorable conditions. I hope that now, as I fulfill that promise made eight years ago, that I will more fully comprehend my responsibility of being a wife and mother. I'm grateful for Barry and know that together we will make our home a reflection of our love for each other, our love for our parents, and our love for our Heavenly Father.

*for the reception our back
yard was transformed
into a fairylane of fountains
& flowers*





... "for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God."

Ruth 1:16

Marie Hansen
and
Lewis Holbrook Groberg
will begin their new life together
by being married for time and all eternity
in the Idaho Falls Temple
on March twenty-seventh,
nineteen hundred and seventy-six

Mr. and Mrs. Al Hansen
and
President and Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg
request the pleasure of your company
at an open house the evening of March 27
from 7:00 - 9:30 p.m.
Sweetheart Manor
810 East Sunnyside Road
Idaho Falls, Idaho
or
at a reception the evening of April 10
from 8:00 - 10:00 p.m.
Vale L.D.S. Ward Cultural Hall
Vale, Oregon

★ ★ ★ '76 ★ ★ ★

The Post-Register, Idaho Falls, Idaho, Sunday, Feb. 22, 1976

Marie Hansen to wed with Lewis H. Groberg

VALE, Ore. — Mr. and Mrs. Al Hansen of Vale, Ore., announce the engagement and forthcoming marriage of their daughter, Marie, to Lewis Holbrook Groberg, son of Mr. and Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg of 2885 Redbarn Lane.

The couple is planning a March 27 wedding in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple.

The bride-elect was graduat

ed from Brigham Young University and has completed an LDS mission to Ireland. She is employed as a teacher in District 93 at Lincoln.

Her fiance also was graduated from BYU and has filled an LDS mission in the Philippines. He is employed with an investment company.



"A Year of Beginnings"

Ceremony by Lew's father -



In front of Idaho Falls Temple doors!

Marie Hansen and Lewis Groberg were married March 27 in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple. The father of the groom, President Delbert Groberg performed the double ring ceremony. The witnesses included Alva Hansen and John Groberg.

The newlyweds are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Alva Hansen, Vale, and Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Groberg, Idaho Falls.

A wedding breakfast for 60 guests followed the ceremony. An open house for approximately 400 guests was held that evening at Sweetheart Manor. A reception was held in Vale at the Cultural Hall April 10.

For her wedding the bride chose a gown of white satin fashioned with a full train. White beads and lace decorated the bodice and bottom of the train. The headdress was three quarter length illusion beaded to match the dress. Her flowers were red roses and gardenias.

Using the theme "A Year of Beginning", the bride chose the bicentennial colors of red, white and blue.

Her attendants, Becky Ryskamp, Vanessa Johnson and Stephenie Groberg, all of Idaho Falls and her matron of honor, Judy Hansen, La Grande, all wore long dresses of light blue with white lace dickies at the throat. Their flowers were red roses. The mothers of the couple were wore identical long dresses of dark blue and had red rose and gardenia corsages.

Best man was Ronald Froerer, Vale.

The tables were decorated with red, white and blue table cloths with centerpieces of bride and groom dolls atop a vase filled with daisies. Wedding bells and two large mums decorated the trellis for the receiving line.

Helping with the reception were Donna Troy, La Grande, in charge of gifts. She was assisted by Susy and Jennifer Chandler.

Serving the wedding cake was Arvina Messinger. She was assisted by Arvina Messinger. She was assisted by Arlene Messinger, Joan Crummett, Shirley Blackburn, Aleen Hansen, Joan Ussing and Jeneal



at Sweetheart Manor reception in Idaho Falls: Dad, Mary & Al Hansen, Joe, George, Lew, Marie, Gloria, Mary Jane (Becky & Vanessa) In front: Stephanie, Kristin, Anna and Ann

IRISH GIGUE TO THE TUNE OF IRISH WASHERWOMAN for LEWIS AND MARIE, WEDDING LUNCHEON, MARCH 27, 1976 from MARY JANE FRITZEN. (GIVEN IN SONG TO THE DELIGHT OF ALL) (Marie and Mary Jane both filled missions in Ireland)

(As Lewis, the bachelor brother and uncle, moved back to Idaho Falls, we made good use of him:)

Oh, it's Lew, run this errand, and Lew run that errand,
And Lew, stop at Osco's, and Lew, drive the children,
And Lew, meet the airplane, & Lew mail this letter.
Oh, what will we do without Lew? Boo hoo hoo!

(Now that Lewis is head of his own house, we can imagine we hear behind the curtains of his happy home:)

Oh, Marie, cook my dinner, Marie, mend my sweater,
Marie, hear my story, Marie, write my letter,
Marie, praise my virtues, Marie, set my table.
Oh, what would I do without you, my love true?

Idaho Falls, Idaho

April 19, 1976

It must have been in January or early February that Dad and I returned from the Temple about 10:30 or so one night, very weary and eager to retire. As we walked into the house, there sat Lew, which was not unusual. It was always so good to see him briefly. He was now living in an apartment as we had plans to move but he came over very often, to do his laundry, get something, or just to visit. But this time things were different. Sitting by his side was a young lady, all smiles. Together, they were watching T.V.-the story of Chief Joseph (Mary Jane, years before, had produced a T.V. show on Chief Joseph here in I.F.) Even before Lew said, almost reluctantly taking his eyes from the excitement of the great Indian Chief's out-maneuvering the whites - "Oh, this is Marie" - I had recognized her as the girl --Finally, here she was! - just the way we'd hoped and prayed and knew she would be - a genuine Latter-day Saint, a happy, confident, radiant and beautiful spirit in a body to match her spirit. This was the first time I met Marie - and the first time Dad had met her but it seemed so natural and right to find her there by Lew's side - that it caused but a mild ripple - there she was, as we'd known she someday would be.

We visited but briefly, then explained we had to arise in just a few hours -hopefully rested enough to again return to our glorious assignment in the Temple - then we excused ourselves. But in a few moments I returned with the excuse ⁺ needed to iron some clean hankies. She volunteered to do it for me but I told her I needed the "exercise" - of course I wanted to get just a bit better acquainted - then I asked to be excused and expressed hope they would enjoy the rest of the show - a really good one - which I understand is unusual on T.V. (we never bother with T.V. except for Conference or news, etc.) .

It was no more than two weeks later, on Saturday, that Dad told me at the Temple (as we both rushed about - Saturday being a challenge) that Lew and Marie were going thru a session. Less than two hours later Dad and I were conferring with Presidents Nelson and McOmber in President Nelson's office when Lew and Marie came in, all smiles, wanted to speak to the President and

Matron of the Temple - really wanted to show them something - the diamond on her finger - left hand. They were surprised we weren't more surprised - This was our second contact with Marie but we knew all was 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: Mary and Al Hansen from Vale, Oregon - choice folks. Some stayed at Heningers, at David's and Dick's and John's - Joe's moved over to Redbarn Home after the big festivities and stayed extra days. Jon Hubble and Beth's boys did not come. It was indeed a time of gratitude and rejoicing. Sweetheart Manor took care of the luncheon and the reception. Sister Balmforth also made gowns for Jennie, Mary Jane, Gloria, Anny. Pictures will do the describing. Of course the Temple ceremony was the best and most important part of it all. Del Blair was on his mission in Ecuador and Margaret stayed in Denver. The sealing room was filled with family and bishops. Dad gave wise suggestions to all - family sealing is the highest blessing the priesthood can give on earth, the crowning ordinance of the Temple. As President Kimball requested, families should follow money-management rules given by Elder Ashton - remember all home problems stem from selfishness - note the marvelous promises (thru your faithfulness) in the actual ceremony, etc. There were tears of joy. As President of the Temple, Delbert married his own son. There were tears of joy. Prior to the ceremony, Dad invited all to stand and introduce themselves and a few make brief comments. I mentioned those on the other side of the val, my parents and dad's and especially Achim, and some of Marie's folks, etc. rejoicing with us, love we felt for each other was nothing compared to the love the Savior gave us which made all of this possible. Attending Marie in the Brides' instruction were her mother, Mary Jane, Julia, Jean, Jeanne, Beth, Donnie, Gloria. Great moments to unite forever.

At the luncheon Dick was the M.C. - delightful as he always is on such occasions. Huffakers from Vale (very close friends of the Hansens) were there and he gave

a "toast" Mary Jane's song (with picture) was exactly right, as was the song
Gloria Jean sang to another Irish Melody:

When I was courting Marie, my girl,
She ups and says to me:
Ah Lew, I would not marry ye, for all of China's tea -
I kissed her once, and I kissed her twice,
Then I kissed her three times three -
And after twenty minutes she sweetly said to me,
My Lew, my boy, My Lew, my boy,
Of course I'll marry ye -
I would not marry anyone else
For all of China's tea -
You may not be Tyr Connell's king
Or Desmond's earl, but gee--
You're a hobble de hoy, bundle of joy
A broth of a boy, my Lew!

So to the Temple we two did go
And wedded there were we
By Idaho's magic silver falls
That flow down to the sea -
And in her dress of purest white,
In the garden where snowflakes fell,
My Marie, with her arms around me
Whispered soft and low;
My Lew, my boy, my Lew, my boy
I'm glad I married ye -
I'd not have married anyone else
For all eternity -
You may not be Sean O'Casey, Bernard Show, or
James Joyce but gee -
You're a hobble de hoy, a bundle of joy,
A broth of a boy, my Lew!

* * * * *

As I recall, it was while we were enjoying the wedding reception at Sweetheart Manor, for Lew and Marie, that word came of the birth of a child to Marie's brother Lee, in Provo (teaches at B.Y.U.) They had thought it might be twins --all was well. We had known this was why they could not be to the wedding festivities, especially in the Temple.

After the Hansens and Dad and I were finally relaxed enough to retire here in the Temple President's home, some time after, the telephone rang --as usual, Delbert got to it first and answered. It was for the Hansens. It was about 2 a.m. It was sad news - and yet I think it was not too surprising to them - the small daughter of their son Dee, in Oregon, had passed away. This child

had been ill since birth, now about 18 months old. As I recall, she was in the hospital when the grandparents left for Idaho. It was uncertain as to her ever being able to have normal health - they felt heart-broken and we visited with them for quite some time - the folks they drove down from Vale with, came about 5 or 6 a.m. and they all left. They thought it best not to tell Lew and Marie but have them go ahead on their honeymoon, as planned. But about an hour later, Marie called, assuming they would not yet have left and wishing to tell them goodbye, etc. She broke down and cried too - the little child had been a joy as well as a challenge to all of them and hopes had been high - our Father at times gives us these experiences to help us grow and reach towards Him --everything is all right with the child now. We sent the parents, Dee and Judy, a copy of John's account of "Little Felila" down in Tonga, with its inspired message --they too felt it very timely.

I think it was about 5 a.m. that Sharon's mother called to say they had taken Sharon to the hospital but there was concern. Dee and the children had come to Lew and Marie's wedding with the understanding that all was well with Sharon and the morning they left, the doctor had advised the baby would not come for another two weeks or so. We finally located Dee at Heningers but his children were at David's. About 6 o'clock Sister Nelson (Sharon's mom) called again, Sharon had gone to the hospital with her sister Eileen - A 7-lb baby boy was here and all was well with both. Dee had not yet left, realizing he couldn't make it back before the baby came anyways - we all rejoiced - sleepy as we were! What a glory and privilege - As of today, we plan to go to the blessing and naming of little "Jared" the first Sunday in June. Originally it was planned for the first Sunday in May be we were unable to come then and Dee found it necessary to be in Japan so we look forward to June. Marriage - death - birth --all the big events - in such a short time - shook us up to the reality of knowing what is most important in life - and how intrinsic and essential a part of it all are our Heavenly Father and his Beloved Son - actually making all our joys possible.

We went to Vale, Oregon, on April 10, to a reception in the Ward Recreation hall there - done in Bicentennial colors - Stephanie went with us - what an intelligent, beautiful and special child she is and how we enjoyed her. She participated and helped with everything just as an adult would - only better. She was a "flower girl" -The folks at Vale were typical strong, hard-working, loyal, humble and wonderful people - those working close to the soil, and with dairies, etc. seem to have a wholesomeness others might envy- Marie's parents are choice people and we are grateful to understand better why she is so special and such a real Latter-day Saint, and that is what we desire above all else for our sons, of course, that their eternal companions have deep and living and functioning testimonies - love for the Lord and dedication to do all He asks - then we know the end result can be only joy and fulfillment.

Delbert and I were the speakers at Sacrament Meeting there and we enjoyed it very much. We were a bit extra weary, especially Jennie, but were blessed to do what we were expected to do. Often we forget it is really the Lord who makes all these wonderful blessings possible.



President Kimball, Lewis and Marie and I at Airport here

The Post-Register, Sunday, July 2, 1972

Groberg - Hubble

An Aug. 19 wedding in Idaho Falls LDS Temple is being planned by Gloria Jean Groberg and Jon Clyde Hubble.

Making the announcement of their daughter's engagement and marriage plans are Mr. and Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg, 2885 Redbarn Lane. Parents of the prospective bridegroom are Mr. and Mrs. Clyde W. Hubble of Muscatine, Iowa.

Miss Groberg is a graduate of Skyline High School and is now attending Brigham Young University where she plans to complete her studies in December.

Her fiancé has served a two year LDS mission in the Central Brazil and is also a student at BYU. They plan to reside in Provo, following their marriage.

RAIN WHICH DROVE OUR GUESTS
INSIDE FROM BEAUTIFUL GARDEN
ALSO PROVIDED AN EXQUISITE
RAINBOW-DIRECTLY ABOVE
GLO AND JON (right)

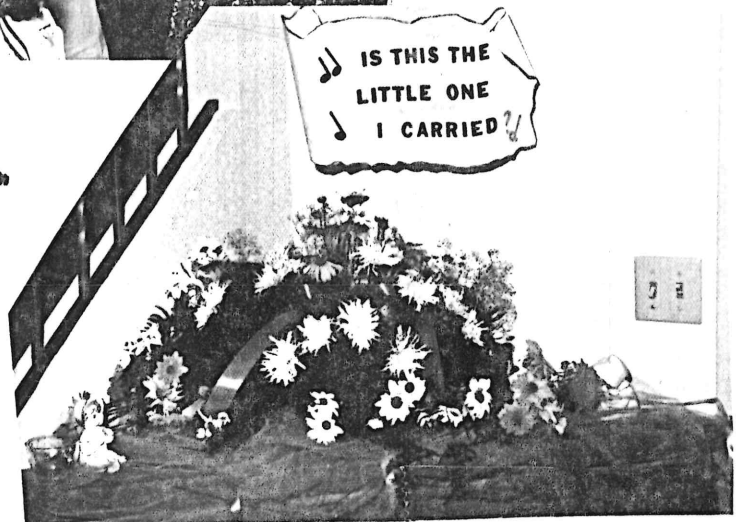
*see Annual
Reports
1972*



*at luncheon -
note picture
of Temple
in background
-
Large group
of relatives
came to
rejoice with
us*



Song - photo from
 "Fiddler on the Roof"
 basis of unique
 decorations -
 (Glo's ideas)



Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Valentine Groberg
 request the pleasure of your company
 at the wedding reception of their daughter
 Gloria Jean
 and
 Mr. Jon Clyde Hubble
 son of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde William Hubl
 of Muscatine, Iowa
 Saturday, the nineteenth day of August
 from seven-thirty until ten in the evening
 at their home
 2885 Redbarn Lane
 Idaho Falls, Idaho



Ceremony in
 Idaho Falls Temple
 Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Sai



Mary Jane - Anny + Achim

Gloria Jean Groberg Weds In LDS Temple

Miss Gloria Jean Groberg was recently united in marriage with Jon Clyde Hubble in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple with President Cecil E. Hart officiating.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg of 2885 Redbarn Lane and her bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Clyde Hubble of Muscatine, Iowa.

Following the wedding ceremony the couple was feted at a luncheon at the Royal Fork banquet room. In the evening a reception honored the newlyweds at the home of the bride's parents.

The bride greeted guests in a gown of soft voile and lace with flowing sleeves and skirt with a full length train. A lace and pearl tiara topped the double veil of illusion. In keeping with the yellow and green decor used throughout the home and garden, she carried a bouquet of yellow roses and petite white carnations.

Attending her sister as matron of honor was Mrs. Barry J. Stratton. Other attendants were Mrs. Tres Tanner of San Gabriel, Calif., Miss Margaret Jean Blair of Provo, Utah, Miss Kathy Appleton of Salem, Ore., and Miss Becky Heninger of Idaho Falls. Nieces of the bride, Angela, Stephanie, Gayle and Kristin Groberg, were flower girls.

Charles Hubble of Provo, Utah, was best man for his brother. Ushers were brothers of the bride Lewis H. John H., and Richard H. Groberg of Idaho Falls, Joseph H. Groberg of Denver, Colo., and Delbert H. Groberg of Tokyo, Japan. Also Dr. Robert W. Blair of Provo, Utah, Barry J. Stratton of Hot Springs, Ark., and Achim Fritzen of Idaho Falls.

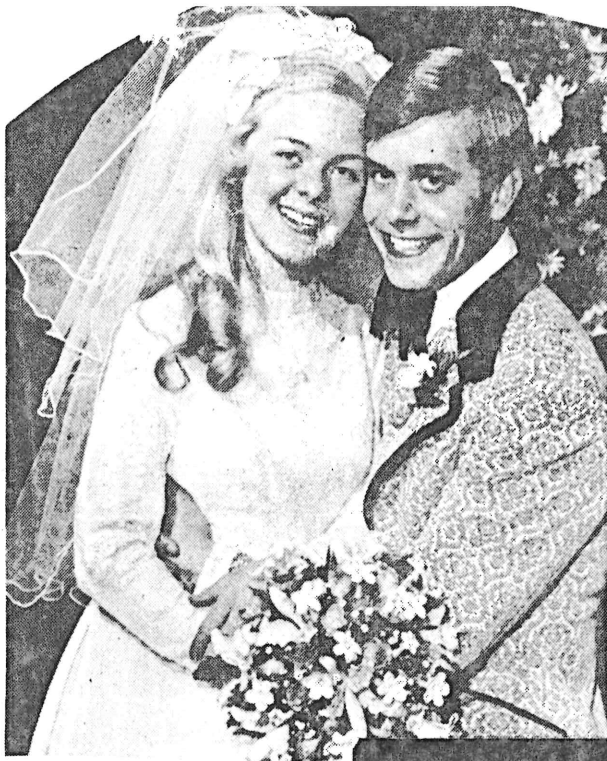
After a brief honeymoon to Island Park and Yellowstone the couple will live in Provo, Utah, where both plan to continue their studies at Brigham Young



Back row: Beth, Julie Perry, Becky Heninger - (friend), Markie
Front row: Stephanie, Kristin, Angela + Gayle



Groberg-Jensen



An April wedding is planned by Bonnie Gay Jensen and George Holbrook Groberg according to an announcement by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Jensen of La Crescenta.

The bridegroom-elect is the son of Mr. and Mrs. D.V. Groberg of Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Miss Jensen was graduated from Crescenta Valley High School which she represented as an American Field Service exchange student to Ecuador. She was a cheerleader and president of the International Club. The bride-elect is

currently enrolled in the nursing program at Brigham Young University where she is an honor student.

Her fiance was graduated from Skyline High School in Idaho Falls. He has served a two-year mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in South East Asia and is currently an honor student in pre-med at Brigham Young University.

The wedding is planned for the Los Angeles Temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Santa Monica.

Bonnie's mother made the Temple cake out of sugar cubes. Lighted inside & out -

Hubble, sister of the bridegroom. Miss Patrice Jones was maid of honor.

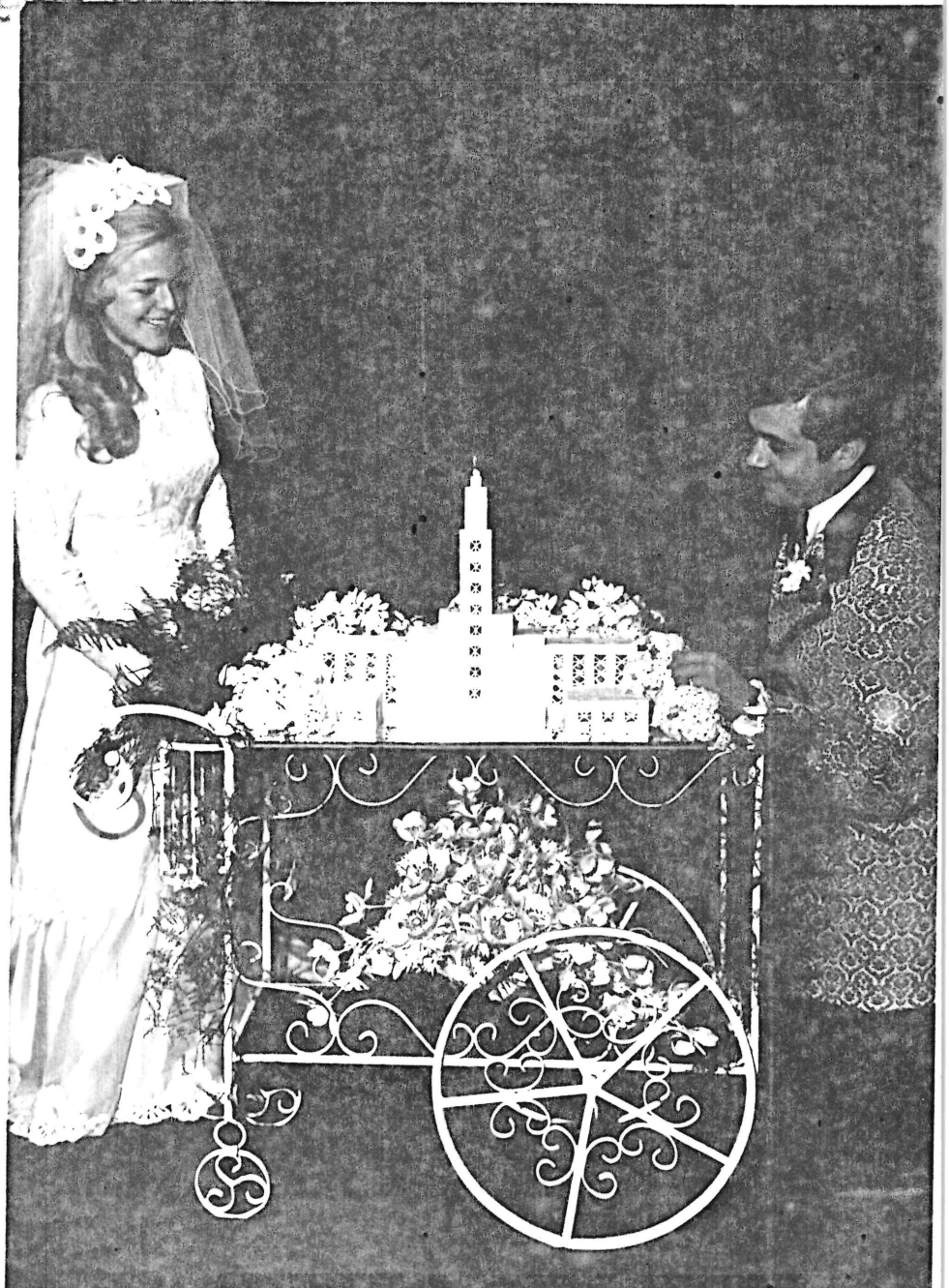
Lewis H. Growberg served as his brother's best man. Ushers were Carl H. Dahlquist, Tom Tecumsche, J. Christian Jensen and Cary M. Jensen, brothers of the bride, and John H. Groberg, brother of the bridegroom.

In the evening, approximately 800 guests feted the newlyweds at a reception at the La Crescenta Stake Center. Assisting were Mmes. Aubrey W. McCown, Boren T. Benton, William D. Jones, Serge B. Woodruff, Arthur B. Taube and Robert B. Sommer.

Mrs. Richard B. Sommer attended the guest book and Mrs. Gail Robinson assisted with decorations.

Out of state guests included Lewis H. Groberg of Tokyo, Japan; Mr. and Mrs. H. Groberg of Idaho Falls; Mrs. Joseph H. Groberg of Denver; Mr. and Mrs. Jon Hubble of Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. Garry Statton of Hot Springs, Ark.; Mrs. Arthur B. Taube of Glendale, Ariz.; Mr. and Mrs. Leslie T. Hintze and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie T. Hintze Jr. of Holladay, Utah.

A wedding dinner at Pike's Verdugo Oaks, hosted by the bridegroom's parents, preceded the reception. The bridal pair were also honored at an open house at the Groberg home in Idaho Falls.



Bonnie's
family at
left -

Lewis - Beth
Aloria and
Tom & Leticia
Secum
at right.

Bonnie's
mother
made
picture
below



Bonnie Gay Jensen and George Holbrook Groberg were married in a morning ceremony in the Los Angeles Temple of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, President Richard C. Stratford officiating.

The couple are at home in Provo, Utah, after a honeymoon at Catalina.

The bride, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Jensen of La Crescenta, is a student at Brigham Young University School. Before graduating from Crescenta Valley High School she was an American Field Service exchange student to Rio Bamba, Ecuador.

The bridegroom, son of Mr. and Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg of Idaho Falls, Idaho, filled a two-year mission in Indonesia for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. A graduate of Brigham Young University, he will enter medical school at the University of Colorado in September.

The former Miss Jensen wore a Victorian wedding dress of satapeau trimmed with peau d' ange lace. Her silk illusion veil was made by her grandmother, Mrs. Frank C. Winther, and she carried a cascade of orchids and miniature roses.

She was attended by Misses Mira Jones and Debbie Hadley, Mrs. James Olsen, Miss Julie Ann Jensen, her sister, and Mrs. Jon H.



IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO, APRIL 24, 1975.

We returned late last night from the glorious occasion of the Temple marriage of George H. and Bonnie Gay in the Los Angeles Temple. There were 45 happy loved ones in attendance. President Richard T. Stratford performed the ceremony under inspiration. Beth has asked us what we remembered and is compiling our remembrances to send to the newly-weds. President Stratford's wife was a schoolmate of mine at B.Y.U., Vera Calder, cousin to Aunt Esther Holbrook. We had a good visit. Present on our side of the family were: Dad and I, Lewis, Gloria, Beth, John and Jean, Jon Hubble, Jeanne (for Joe's family) Beth Berry, Ruth and Ray Brown, Helen and Carl Dahlquist, Lenore and Shirl Cornwall, Susan and David Egli, Kay and Nola Neeley, Tom and Leslie Tecumseh (our Indian foster son). If I recall others, I will add them.

Following the ceremony we went to Pike's restaurant at La Crescenta where others joined us: Scott and Helen Marie and Mary Lee Dahlquist and Carolyne, Bert and Melba Lewis, Louine B. Hunter. There were 72 at the luncheon, including several children. Dad was the M.C. and the program consisted of a song, "Temple of the Father" (Temple by the River music) sung by Joe and Glo Jensen, original song by the Jensen children, delightfully presented, original song by Bonnie's Aunt Trudy and Dick Summers, original song by Beth Stratton (words from thank-you poem by Bonnie) duet by Beth and Gloria, Tribute to the bride by her father, tribute to the groom by his mother and toast to the bride and groom by John H. Groberg, response by Bride and Groom.

The reception was such as only the Jensens could create and fulfill -large posters designed and made by Glo Jensen, expressed our understanding of the divine purpose and blessing of marriage, pictures of all family members, etc. A replica of the L.A. Temple made with sugar cubes and lighted inside, flanked with delicate white flowers and greenery, was a never-to-be-forgotten display of beauty, baskets of flowers suspended from the ceiling, repeated on each table, etc., impressed all. Over 700 attended, all full of smiles and joy. Wedding

cake was a gift from a baker friend. The entire reception was a tribute to the friendliness and friends of the Jensen family. The musical numbers given at the luncheon were repeated at the reception.

We had arrived by western Air on Friday and Saturday a.m. went thru the Temple with Bonnie and George for her endowments. A special joy was that Bonnie's Winther Grandparents (Marie and Frank) also went thru 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.

We went to see Jensens afterwards and had a fabulous dinner. That evening we all went to the home of Lenore and Shirl Cornwall to a "grocery shower and dinner". Over 40 were in attendance including: Thelma Brunt and her daughters: Annette, Carol; Clarice and Carl Warnick and Susan; Zona and Al Strong, the Gordon Garretts, all the family members with us on Tuesday who lived in the area, Gloria and Jon and Jeremy, Lewis, Dad and I. There were others who must be added for the sake of the record. Lenore and Shirl were the best possible hosts and also a blessing to Lewis who stayed with them. He had used their hospitality to house a Japanese girl he had met on the plane who needed overnight housing. Glo Jensen had brot them from the airport, Shirl had taken the girl back the next day. The Cornwalls also arranged a date for Lew with a young lady and purchased tickets for Lewis and gave him their car. Lewis had flown from Japan to be best man at the wedding. Cornwalls made several other trips to the airport for the events. No lovelier hosts could be found than Beth and Kay Berry who housed Dad and I, the Hubbles and Beth who came from Arkansas and the Hubbles came from Alabama. (Jon was interviewed for his residency for next year while in the area.) John and Jean stayed with the Roy Christensens and Jeanne with the Dahlquists. We heard Beth and Kay give an excellent presentation on the place of grandparents in the plan of the Church at their ward conference.

Dad and I had been invited to speak at the Sacrament Services of the ward where the Jensens live. Altho the ward had just been divided the week before,

the place was crowded. I didn't do as well as I had hoped to do because I had difficulty reading my notes. Still, because of the contents of the talk I will include a copy of it here. I will also try to get Delbert to add his talk here. His talk was great as usual and should be recorded. Bishop Moffatt was happy to know we were friends of President and Sister Harold Hillam, our Stake President and wife and a classmate of the Moffatts at dental school - both orthodontists. Sister Moffatt conducted the choir and it seemed almost more than a coincidence that the choir had prepared a song entitled: "Oh That I Were an angel" as I recited and stressed that particular scripture from Alma in my talk preceding the rendition. It appeared almost as if we had planned it that way but we knew nothing about what the other would do. We were happy that Trudy and Dick's parents were there and to all the festivities. Dick and his parents have not joined the Church yet.

The following will be: 1. The tribute given George at the luncheon, then the talk I gave at the Sacrament Meeting, then the talk Dad gave

(The above is in my Book of Remembrance. But for the Family History I am giving here only the tributes given George by his mother and Bonnie by her father - copies of the other talks are elsewhere.)

* * * * *

A TOAST TO BONNIE GAY (by her father, April 22, 1975)

Bonnie is our "peacemaker" and she was rightly named. The name Bonnie is derived from Bon which we all know means "good." Gay means happily excited. Do you know anyone more happily excited than Bonnie? Bonnie Gay, you truly are the personification of goodness and happiness.

A couple of years ago in March of '73 (Bonnie was in her Senior year at high school) her mother wrote her an informal letter. I would like to read a paragraph of that letter as part of Bonnie's toast. "The hard part in my writing to you, Bonnie - is not knowing what to say, it's knowing what not to say -because if I weren't careful, I'd probably say things like what an easy child you've been to teach and love. How compassionate and understanding you've been --since you were tiny. How choice it's been - that after hearing a beautiful song or poem, or watching a sunset - we can exchange a glance that says, "Oh yes - she understands" I guess the simple truth is - you are a fine, good, loving, kind person. It's been a joy and a blessing to be your mother. You have never given me cause to worry - or doubt you. Every day in many ways your actions have told Daddy and I - that you love us - and your Heavenly Father."

In that same month of '73 Bonnie was a Debutante and was presented at the Stake Debutante Ball. Sister Glenna McCown, Bonnie's Laurel teacher had all the fathers of her Laurels write them a letter. In my letter to Bonnie I made a list of words that described Bonnie. The first letter of each word if placed in vertical order would spell "The Goodness of Bonnie Gay." On this, Bonnie's wedding day, I would like to read for you these words that describe the Goodness of Bonnie Gay. She is a thrifty, happy, energetic, genuine, obedient, observant, dependable, noble, efficient, sweet, sincere, organized, friendly, benevolent, nimble, neat, intelligent, effervescent, gracious, amiable young lady. To this list may I add - UNSELFISH!

Bonnie wrote me a thank you note (as she always does) for the letter I wrote. In her note she mentioned her future plans which included attending B.Y.U. She also wrote these words: "and then I hope someday to marry a wonderful young man in the temple."

And here we are - honoring you and your wonderful young man after your temple marriage. Bonnie, you have always deserved the best - and now, with George, you have the best. May God continue to bless you both!"

* * * *

The last thing Bonnie's Grandpa Winther said to me at the airport (in front of his wife too) was: "I have known quite a few really fine and good women - great women in fact - my wife here, my two daughters (Bonnie's Mom is one), my wonderful mother, etc. But I want you to know, in my opinion, Bonnie tops them all --I mean, she really does stand at the top of the list - (pause for a heart-throb) She's just everything!"

Could there be a greater tribute?

* * * *

And this was included in a letter from the Jensens:

"A BIT OF VERSE"

This is a special thank you,
'Cause it's "thanks" for special things,
For two young people falling in love
And the "fallout" that it brings!

You see---when it comes to "in-laws"
You simply can't find any...
That compare -in goodness and love
To the Grobergs....Delbert and Jennie!

We're sure (because of countless deeds)
They've earned their "spot" in Heaven,
But the act that was their crowning deed,
Was "having number eleven"!!

By George....he was "something special"
And smart..There's just no doubt!
Just look at all he's accomplished --
And the girl that he picked out!

Much love, the "other"
In-Laws

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TRIBUTE GIVEN GEORGE AT HIS WEDDING LUNCHEON (AND HERS)

As I listen to the glad voices of all of you here today and as I wonder about the glad voices of others, unseen, unheard, but also here today, I recall gratefully and clearly, three voices I heard twenty-three years ago (lacking four days) three voices I heard April 26, 1952. The first voice was that of a newborn babe announcing to the world that they could relax and rejoice because he had made a safe landing, he was here! that healthy, vigorous, glorious wail nearly drowned out the second voice, the voice of Doctor West, as he gladly assured the parents: "A perfect boy!" The third voice was my own, saying simply but prophetically, "Oh, what a blessing!"

Now may I share some actual entries in some family records:

1953 - George and Gloria are very little still. They need more than anything to be loved and understood, loved and understood. They will develop into beautiful, strong, spiritually radiant children of God and will go about doing much good, blessing many.

October 18, 1955: George came in today and in his sweet, 3-year old voice said: "Mama, it's not raining now, it's just wind-ing." (We live in Idaho!)

April, 1956 - Easter Sunday - After Sunday School Elizabeth found George, nearly four now, in the closet, with a basket of candy easter eggs. She exclaimed, "Oh George, have you broken your fast?" He replied in a but slightly hesitating voice, "I sure have, I've broken it all to pieces!" His natural inclination to be totally and openly honest is a blessing.

As we drove along in the car, George pointed to some cat-tails growing at the side of the road and in an excited voice, cried, "Look, there's some weiners growing on sticks!"

March 23, 1957: George, in a serious voice, "Dad, can God make the devil die if he wants to?"

George came from Kate Curly Park and told us in an you-won't-believe-it voice that a picture came and got took of him and Mike going down the slide. Sure enough, it was on the front page of the paper the next day.

Mama took some new shoes out of the cedar chest for George, only to discover to her dismay we had waited so long they were nearly too small. But George put them on. Mama said, "George, do they feel all right?" George answered in a reassuring voice "They feel pretty good all right but not very good all right!"

September, 1958: George began school a week ago. Today he said in a sophisticated voice, "Three kids got translated to a different room today." Then putting a finger on a tooth at the back of his mouth, in a concerned, but non-complaining voice, "My six-year-old boulders really do hurt!"

Last night as he wrote Dick, he solemnly and manfully confided, "Dick, in fast meeting today, I buried my testimony!" Delight and wisdom of children, what blessings!

October 3, 1961: George is no longer a baby, although the youngest. At nine he has his own ideas and interests. His friends are choice and he is loyal to them. When he works with Lewis at delivering papers, mowing lawns, or cleaning the office, he does his share plus. He takes piano lessons from Mrs. Somers. At times he decides to quit but never quite does (Mom has found out how to side-track that kind of thinking for a while yet) The voice of the piano is good but not a s

loud and confident (nor as annoying to a certain neighbor) as the rythmic voice of his drums, nor as irresistible as, accompanying himself on the guitar, he lifts his own voice in songs, "and the vision that was planted in my brain, still remains, within the sounds of silence" (I sang, mimicing George) Not a hymn, but I thought: "The song of the righteous is a prayer unto me and it shall be answered with a blessing..."

This training for football, self-discipline, sportsmanship, willingness to sacrifice, to give it his all, will also prepare him for equal success in far more important callings --his mission call, his cell as a husband and father in an ideal home, many calls in his profession and Church. His wisdom is amazing for one of such tender years as 16. He is always loyal to standards and teachings of his Church and home, which are the same. As explorer president and as Teachers' Quorum President, he is the natural leader to those of his age. Bobby and Del Blair have set George up as their ideal as have others. The girls are beginning to more than smile on him and he is beginning to wonder if it might be all right to smile back, that is, if a certain girl comes into view (but this was before Bonnie) - He is anxious to get John Enoch here.

May, 1969: We find it wise to watch John Enoch closely all the time. George is his favorite pal and baby sitter and often changes, bathes, feeds and puts him to bed, both finding it a happy experience. George also gives him some work-outs. George is a blessing to John Enoch.

George and I are reading the Book of Mormon together after he goes to bed at night. He reads a chapter one night, then I read one the next. I suggested we could skip the wars but he strongly objected. In fact, he often says: "Let's read just one more just to see what happens next." I would remind him it was already way past time allotted so I would kiss him goodnight (big as he was) and turn off the light and slip out, only to notice when I returned upstairs, his light was on (I could see thru the cracks of the door) - he couldn't sleep without knowing the battle outcome --and hearing more of these "voices from the dust," whispering to the hearts of kindred spirits --this "marvelous work and a wonder" does indeed bring unspeakable blessings.

As Post Register carrier, his patient voice, trying to collect, as an Eagle Scout, his patriotic voice, as an officer at Boys' State, his politically-involved voice - all treasured, foretelling manhood and greater blessings-

September, 1968 - George returned last night, or rather this a.m. about 2:30 from Burley, Idaho where he made more than was ever dreamed of in the football game with Minico High. His team lost 14 to 12 but George not only was guard in the first string but grabbed the ball after others fumbled and took it roaring towards the touchdown goal. As President of Lettermen's Club, Recipient of Lineman of the Year Award, Secretary of the Priests' Quorum, etc., George amazes us - he is our youngest but already grown up. We would change nothing about him, just feel grateful. He was elected Snow King (winner of popularity contest) -He is reluctant to be photographed. While others acclaim him, his voice is silent about himself.

Moving pipes for Mel Brown Company or selling shoes at Hudson's, he determines his voice will never be heard in excuses nor false values. As he listens to some other voices he wishes they understood more as he understands but keeps his proper place, to be helpful. Versatile, involved, grasping opportunities, willing to pay full price, knowing the value of hard work, the reality of testimony, the blessing prayer, his future is assured. What a blessing!

1970: Family voices singing to welcome our Indian foster son, "Go my son, and get an education, go my son and lift your Indian nation" --later, George's

understanding and proud voice: "Tom, your Indian T.V. show was great and you were the real star. Let's go play basketball."

With Mom, Dad, Gloria and George wishing they had done it more often as George had urged, in Salmon River wilderness, before retiring to sleeping bags, their voices raised in prayer, giving thanks for blessings.

August 16, 1970: Voice of his father Patriarch speaking for the Lord in his Patriarchal Blessing (to sacred to include here)....

May, 1973: George writes faithfully from his mission in Indonesia. Sometimes we hear our mailman's voice, down the street, gladly calling: "A blue one for you today!" - George is the zone leader but studying Tamil on the side. He may go to India where they speak Tamil. Bob Blair says no one could learn Tamil in the short time George has left. Bob should know that George and the Lord are a team without limitation. It is like Christmas each week when his letter comes, -always bringing assurance that he is aware the Lord is in charge. He is growing in understanding and ability to do the will of the Lord in Indonesia. We have tried to send George some helpful Tamil language material, language spoken in Southern India, written in Sanskrit. Our prayers ascend for him and because of him daily.

August 31, 1973: I have been thinking of the tremendous blessings that have flowed to us since we began writing letters to our family missionaries and they to us, for the past 19 years, starting August 17, 1954 when John left for Tonga. Of course the missionary effort itself brings greater blessings than can be expressed but these letters help - over 2,000 letters have strengthened all. We copied those received from our missionaries and forwarded copies to rest of the family members. All seven sons and Mary Jane filled missions and only David in the United States. John said Elder Hinckley asked how come all our family were so superior in languages - Japanese, (Dee), Peruvian-Spanish (Joe), Finnish (Dick and Bob), Tongan (John), Indonesian-Tamil (George). John told him no special preparation in our home but Bob's influence felt, and sheer dedication and inspiration of the Lord - gift of tongues --David and Lew and Mary spoke only English but we feel there was the same dedication and inspiration available. (Our in-laws now include German (Barry), Brazilian Portuguese (Jon) and of course Achim taught German.

August 31, 1973: George writes he may be home soon altho there is still chance he can get another renewal on his visa to India where he was handpicked to go to India and help with some members who need to learn procedures and organizational - for greater blessings. Now George can work with Tamil-what blessings for all.

April, 1974: I was resting in our motel room, watching General Conference on T.V. when a knock came and in walked George with a girl friend named Bonnie Jensen from California. His voice was casual but extra happy as he introduced us. We visited. She wore proudly a hand-crocheted stole made by her Grandmother Winther (actually a substitute for the real one mistakenly taken by someone who had left this one) George brought her to have dinner with the family at Hotel Utah. I told Dad later that girl just walked into our lives and hearts as if she belonged. She did --his supreme blessing!

This morning in the Temple we heard voices, one voice of authority, opening visions, pronouncing blessings: Two voices, dearly beloved voices, softly making promises to each other, to God, and to eternity. When they kissed as man and wife, sweethearts forever, there were other voices, some struggling to be heard thru tears, but all glad voices, congratulating, loving, grateful. Again I wondered about the presence of others, unseen, voices unheard now,

voices of the past which once were heard, grandparents, great-grandparents-
and voices of the future which some time will be heard - children and grand-
children - but all glad voices - glad because of today.

As I said, ..Twenty-three years ago - lacking four days - I heard, grate-
fully and clearly, three voices - first, his voice - crying: "Rejoice, I'm
here!" -Second, the doctor's - "A perfect boy" - and my own voice, saying,
as I say again today but with deeper meaning and gratitude, "Oh what a blessing.

(this next entry was not given (except to George and Bonnie) - but will be
added here):

Often I yearn to spend hours lifting my heart in 'Father, dear father, I
thank thee! Often as I look at Gloria and George, our youngest, I overflow
with gratitude that we were blessed with two such choice and beautiful spirits.
They have everything! Their response to spiritual bidding flows so naturally
and joyfully --their future success and happiness seems assured. How we love
them and what constant strength and joy they are. Their precious testimonies
are growing almost faster than they are for gospel truths and blessings are
right at home with them, as are calls to be leaders and exemplars. More than
night and morning finds them on their knees. I wish all could be around
them and recipients of the sweetness and choiceness of spirit they radiate.
Dear Father, would we could thank thee for letting us have them--keep them
always near thee.'

Important!

As Dad and I flew from L.A. to Salt Lake we we decided to stop off and
try to see Bonnie's great-grandmother Winther - Lew and Glo and Jer went
on to Idaho Falls. Dee picked us up, went with us to the Winther residence
(with Del Del) and we visited "Bestamorro" - treasured experience indeed -
Her son played her song for us as she thought she could no longer sing it, -
but as he improvised varying arrangements of it, she joined in and sang
with real heart - so we really heard it all - and loved it. She told me how
she and her sister, whom she loved, worked setting type (printing) when the
song just came to her, words and music - not written down for some time but in
the Norwegian Hymn Book. She knew all about George and Bonnie Gay - deeply
happy - especially that her frank "who had always been such a good boy" had
now gone to the Temple and was sealed to wife and daughter Gloria and was to
baptize Darren, son of other daughter -She really rejoiced - kept saying
"Lord is so good to me" - made us promise to come again - I held her hands
thru it all - we were closer than friends.

Special Letters

"To Timothy, my dearly beloved son....
When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is
in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother..and thy
mother..in thee also...wherefore I put thee in remem-
brance that thou stir up the gift of God which is in thee...
for God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of
power and of love and of a sound mind..."

(2nd Epistle of Paul to Timothy 1:5-6)

"...after Moroni had received and had read Helaman's
epistle, he was exceedingly rejoiced...." (Alma 59)

"Behold..many called..few chosen..why?...hearts set so
much upon things of this world and aspire to the honors
of men, that they do not learn...rights of the Priesthood
inseparably connected with powers of heaven..controlled..
handled..only upon principles of righteousness....."

(Joseph Smith's letter to Saints while a
prisoner in Liberty Jail--D. & C. 121:34-6)

Officers of the Deseret Sunday School Union

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GEORGE REYNOLDS	First Asst. General Superintendent
DAVID O. MCKAY	Second Asst. General Superintendent
GEORGE D. PYPER	General Secretary
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Deseret Sunday School

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	Horace Cummings	

44 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

Union

Salt Lake City, Utah, June 11th, 1909

Elder John Groberg and Family,

Farr West, Utah

Dear Brethren and Sisters;

The General Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union desires to express to you its sympathy in your bereavement. In the death of your son and brother, Superintendent John E. Groberg, the Sunday School cause has lost a most devoted worker. As Superintendent of the Farr West school, he made an excellent record; as a stake worker in Weber his faithfulness was always manifest, and was frequently commented upon by his fellow workers; and as superintendent of the Bingham Stake Sunday Schools, his labors have been highly commendable. We recall with approval Brother Groberg's noble influence and energetic efforts in the Church at home and abroad, and we know that for labors well performed he will receive the approbation of our Heavenly Father.

In behalf of the General Sunday School Union Board, we extend to you our sympathy and good will. May our Father in Heaven be indeed a kind Father to the little children now left fatherless and motherless. God grant that they may be as pure in their lives and as faithful to their trusts as their father.

Respectfully

Your brethren in the Gospel

Joseph F. Smith

David O. McKay

Stephen L. Richards

General Superintendency
of Sunday Schools.

Dear Bro. Funnell!

How are things up

to my schedule of success as

for the following period.

De submitted to the Genl

(Volume 1. - "Not he reformer

succeeds in making a fortune,

and in so doing blunts the

natural affections of the heart,

and chases them from the love of

his fellows, can he want to be

truly successful; but the reformer

that those who know him best

shall lose him most; & that God,

who knows not only his deeds,

but also the inmost sentiments

of his heart, shall love him; &

such an one only - (Not that he

he may die in poverty - Can it be

dark indeed and of a truth, he

should be crowned with the

crowns of success"

With best wishes, Yours Brother,

Heber J. Grant

Dr. George W. Funnell

My dear George:

I accept this little book

with my love and blessings.

At least, I read and

was edified by a friend has an

added value, in my opinion,

and for this reason. The same

message was imparted in the

book as in my own copy.

With assurances of love

and confidence, I am,

Yours affectionately,

Heber J. Grant

Call Lake City,

April 8th 1846

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
HEBER J. GRANT, PRESIDENT
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

January 19, 1929.

Mr. Delbert Groberg
Brigham Young University
Provo, Utah.

Dear Brother:

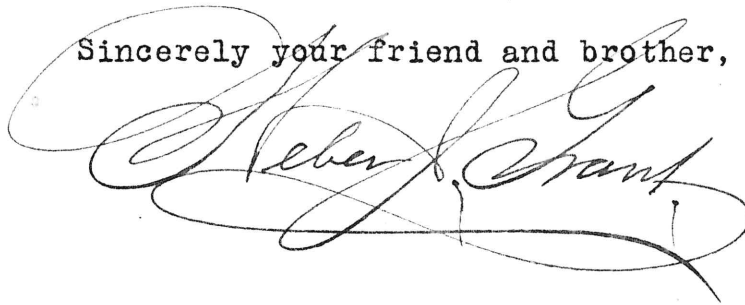
In recognition of your success in the oratorical contest on "Why Be Law Observing", I take pleasure in presenting you this copy of the Book of Mormon.

As a boy of fifteen I read carefully and prayerfully the Book of Mormon, and there came into my heart an abiding and firm testimony of its divinity. From that day to this its wonderful teachings have been a comfort, a blessing, and a guide to me.

I thank God from the bottom of my heart that I read the life of Nephi in my youth. I fell in love with him then, and his life has influenced mine for good more than that of any other character in ancient history, sacred or profane--save only the Redeemer of the world.

Wishing you success in the battle of life,

Sincerely your friend and brother,

A large, flowing handwritten signature in cursive script, which reads "Heber J. Grant". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed name.

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84143

SPENCER W. KIMBALL, PRESIDENT

October 30, 1975

President & Sister Delbert Groberg
Idaho Falls Temple
1000 Memorial Drive
Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401

Dear President & Sister Groberg:

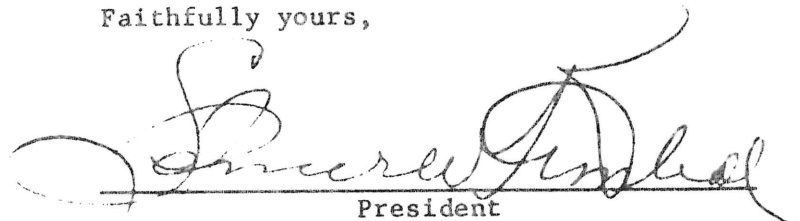
We returned home after a very delightful visit with you good folks in Idaho Falls this last weekend. Everything was so planned and organized that it just went off beautifully. We know that this is just an indication of the kind of leadership you are going to give to the Idaho Falls Temple during the next few years.

We are grateful to you for your hospitality and the privilege of staying at your lovely home and for the good food you provided to us. One of the highlights, of course, was the privilege of standing in the front room and meeting your wonderful family, group by group. What a joy they must be to you and what treasures you have, not only for this life but for the eternities. They are surely following the good example of their parents and grandparents.

We arrived home safely and have been very busy since. In a couple of days we will leave for Arizona and make a change in the temple presidency there. Whenever it comes time to change the leadership of one of the organizations, the Lord has prepared good people to step in and carry on the good work, thus the Church continues to grow and its members continue to grow with it as they heed the call and serve.

Sister Kimball joins in love and best wishes to you and your dear ones.

Faithfully yours,


President

Dear Dad & Mom

Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401
19 February, 1975

It is good to be in Idaho Falls again. Last Saturday, 15 February, 1975, I was released from the University Medical Center in Salt Lake City, Utah. For a few days I and the family stayed at Sharon's home. However, we had the opportunity to visit Ingrid's family and Omi. Mary Jane and Anny left for Idaho Falls by car with Achim's assistant principal. The assistant principal Dr. Titze visited during the long week and (Washington's Birthday) his folks and relatives in Salt Lake City. I flew home by plane. Ingrid and Omi brought me to the Salt Lake Airport.

I would like to say that I am feeling better now and slowly receiving my strength back. The operation went well without any complication. After a few days the doctors allowed and encouraged me to get out of the bed.

The attention I received and medical help that was provided were just excellent. The hematology department is the best in the world. The doctors were really dedicated to help me. They did everything humanly possible to find the solution to the existing problem. Their medical research was just excellent.

I would like to thank you very much for your love and interest you have shown me. We surely appreciated it very much. Thank you for the nice cards you have sent me to the hospital. It surely made my visit in the hospital easier. The many spoken prayers in my behalf were surely answered. The blessings I have received certainly speeded up my recovery. We all felt that we were blessed. At least we noticed the hand of our Heavenly Father. Well, Anny was glad to see her Daddy well again. Mary Jane is happy that we are together again home in Idaho Falls.

I hope that I will be appreciative to all the help and love I received as I was in the hospital. Thank you very much.

People visited me quite often and that was very nice. Various friends from Idaho Falls and Salt Lake City came to see me. In other words, I was spoiled.

As I was in the hospital some doctors spoke German to me.

Thank you again for your help, faith, love, and interest. Mary Jane would like to extend to you the same feeling.

Love,
Achim.

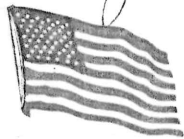
21. Febr. 1975 We certainly appreciated your great love and concern. Thank you very much for your faith & prayer.

The assembly today was great and impressive. Everyone was proud of Dad. It was a great honor to have had

Elder Tom Perry here as honor guest. We would like to say thank you for the luncheon, and for the invitation. Elder Perry is a good speaker. He spoke from the bottom of his heart. Very impressive were the flags from various times of history.

Thank you again for the help during Achim's illness. It was easy on it us, especially due to the original administration blessing Dad gave. Your attention to many matters while we were gone surely helped. Thanks again. The day at the Bicentennial activities was a wonderful choice experience. Love, Mary Jane

New Citizen Welcomed
to home of
Achim and Mary Jane
Zitzen



Happy birthday
Mother dear,
March 3, 1964

and wishes for
many more to
come home,

On Sep. 17th the U. S.
Constitution was signed,
in 1787.

On Sep. 17th, 1971,
I came to Earth
from Heaven.

Anny Elizabeth is my name,
And glad I am to be
Born on this anniversary
of God's law
To the land of the free.

Loisly
Germann
Hummel
on
card

fore-
shadow
ing
some-
thing
special
indeed!



Mary Jane

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84111

SPENCER W. KIMBALL, PRESIDENT

December 16, 1975

President and Sister Delbert Groberg
Idaho Falls Temple
1000 Memorial Drive
Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401

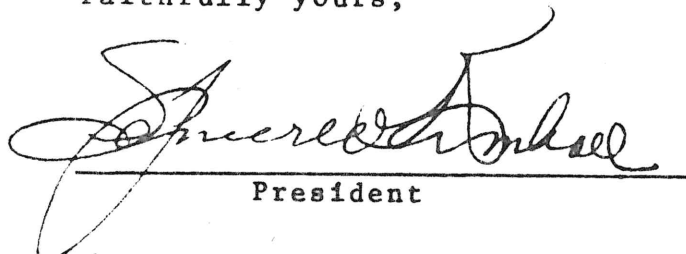
Dear Brother and Sister Groberg:

I was saddened indeed to learn of the sudden passing of your son-in-law. I recall with pleasure having met him when we were in Idaho Falls and know that he will be sorely missed by his little family.

It is comforting indeed to know how much strength the gospel can be to a family in these circumstances, and our prayers are with you and Mary and her little girls.

With our love and kindest wishes to you all,

Faithfully yours,



President



ACHIM FRITZEN

Born Oct. 26, 1934 at Frankfurt A/Main, Germany
Passed away Dec. 11, 1975 at Idaho Falls, Idaho

Family Prayer by President Delbert V. Groberg

Services at
IDAHO FALLS LDS 24th WARD CHAPEL
Monday, December 15, 1975 at 2:00 p.m.
Bishop Grant E. Collard, officiating — Assisted by
Counselors Steve E. Holtom and Phillip R. Roberts

Prelude and Postlude Organ Music Jan Holtom
24th Ward R. S. Chorus "The King of Glory"
Alta Hansen, director
Betty Roberts and Melva Stewart, accompanists
Invocation Dale Wells
Life Sketch David Nemelka
Speaker President John H. Groberg

"Silent Night"
was sung in German.
Taylors and Bodo
were snowed in so
R.B. Holbrook was
pallbearer and M.K.
Heninger also, and
gave the dedicatory
prayer

Skyline High School Chamber Choir
"He Watching over Israel"
Jerry Shively, director — Rhonda Lechelt, acc.
Speaker Dr. Robert W. Blair
Speaker Bishop Joseph H. Groberg
Remarks Bishop Grant E. Collard
Skyline High School Chamber Choir "Silent Night"
Benediction Jay M. Strong
Dedicatory Prayer Bodo Fritzen
Interment Fielding Memorial Park

PALLBEARERS (Brothers-in-Law and Brother)
James Boyack Lewis H. Groberg
Reed Taylor David H. Groberg
Delbert H. Groberg George H. Groberg
Richard H. Groberg Bodo Fritzen

HONORARY PALLBEARERS
Idaho Falls Stake Seventies Quorum

FLORAL ARRANGEMENTS
LDS 24th Ward Relief Society Presidency
Ruth Call, Vera Jackson, Maurine Wilhelmson

FLORAL BEARERS
Relief Society Members and Friends

Your kind expression of sympathy is more deeply appreciated than words of thanks can express.

Mrs. Achim Fritzen and Family
Mrs. Anny Elizabeth Nowak and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg and Family

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

DAVID O. M^cKAY, PRESIDENT

December 28, 1954

Mr. Delbert V. Groberg
599 Shoup Avenue
Idaho Falls, Idaho

Dear Brother Groberg:

We were pleased to receive your letter of December 22nd with which you enclosed your check for \$1,000.00 as a contribution to the Church.

We note it is your desire that the \$1,000.00 be divided into four equal contributions of \$250.00, to the erection of the temples in Switzerland, England and Los Angeles and to the Missionary Fund for use of a local missionary in the Tongan Mission. We appreciate this contribution and commend you for the faith and interest it evidences in the work of the Lord and you may be assured that the funds will be used for the purposes you suggest.

It is our prayer that the Lord will bless you for your faith and devotion.

Faithfully yours,

David O. McKay

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
OFFICE OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

January 18, 1956

Mr. Delbert V. Groberg
599 Shoup Avenue
Idaho Falls, Idaho

Dear Brother Groberg:

This will acknowledge your very kind and generous letter of December 29th enclosing a check for \$1000, the disposition of which you leave to President McKay, though you seem to indicate a preference that if it is entirely proper and convenient, the check be put into the fund to assist in building the New Zealand Temple.

The First Presidency sincerely thanks you for this generous gift, and President McKay especially appreciates your kindly words about himself and his work, and he expresses to you his grateful thanks therefor. His prayer and the prayer of all the First Presidency is that the Lord will continue to bless you and will give you joy in your generous spirit.

President McKay has decided that since you have indicated, as already stated, that you would like this money to go toward the erection of the temple in New Zealand, we are very happy to inform you that we shall make that disposition of the funds derived from the check.

We pray that the Lord will continue to bless you and give you joy in your work and the keenest satisfaction for having so liberally contributed to the erection of the temple in New Zealand.

With prayers in your behalf, and wishing you the compliments of the season, we are

Faithfully yours,

THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

By David O. McKay
Stephen L. Richards
Glenn B. Cook

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
OFFICE OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY
SALT LAKE CITY 11, UTAH

January 9, 1957

Mr. Delbert V. Groberg
255 - 12th St.
Idaho Falls, Idaho


Dear Brother Groberg:

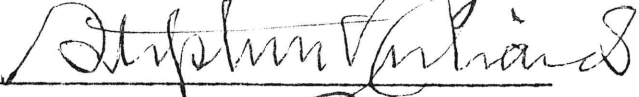
We acknowledge the receipt of your check for \$1,000.00 which you sent as a contribution from you and your family to be used for the "Joseph F. Smith Family Living Center at the Brigham Young University."

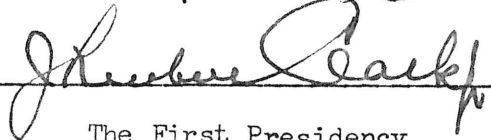
We appreciate this contribution and commend you for the faith and devotion it evidences in the work of the Lord. These funds will be turned over to the Brigham Young University to be used for the purpose you desire.

We pray that the Lord will continue to bless you and your family.

Faithfully yours,







The First Presidency

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

DAVID O. MCKAY, PRESIDENT

September 19, 1961

Dear Brother Groberg:

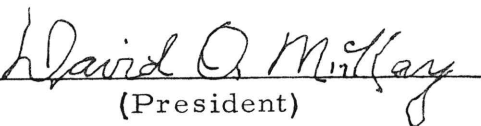
Thank you for your kind letter of September 7, 1961. It was thoughtful and gracious of you to remember my Natal Day. I am grateful for your expressions of faith and loyal support.

For the past several years, I have been prone to consider Old Age as a disagreeable, unwelcome trespasser, skulking along to claim any faculty that might show the strain and usage of the passing years; this year at eighty-eight I look upon him with a degree of compassion akin to appreciation. Indeed if it were not for "Old Age" I should not have seen seventy-five, or eighty, or eighty-five, and most assuredly not Eighty-eight.

Now I am content to let him walk by my side, but shall continue as long as possible to deny the demands of Old Age to take from me the good health Kind Providence still gives me.

Sister McKay, thankfully regaining her strength and activity, joins me in this expression of appreciation, and in sending to you and your family greetings and best wishes.

Cordially and sincerely,


(President)

President Delbert V. Groberg
South Idaho Falls Stake
255 - 12th Street
Idaho Falls, Idaho

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

50 EAST NORTH TEMPLE STREET

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84150

November 3, 1975

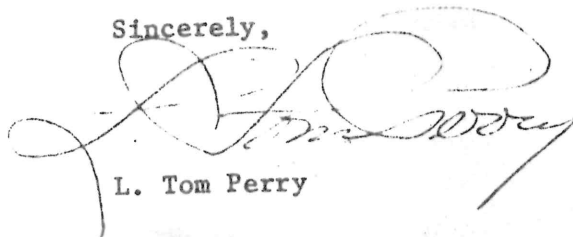
President and Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg
2885 Red Barn Lane
Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401

Dear President and Sister Groberg,

Let me offer my sincere congratulations to you on this great honor which has come to you to be President of the Idaho Falls temple. I know of no one who has prepared themselves more than you to receive such a great call.

May the Lord bless you in this great service.

Sincerely,



L. Tom Perry

LTP/chm

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

50 EAST NORTH TEMPLE STREET

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84150

August 24, 1977

President and Sister Delbert V. Groberg
1000 Memorial Drive
Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401

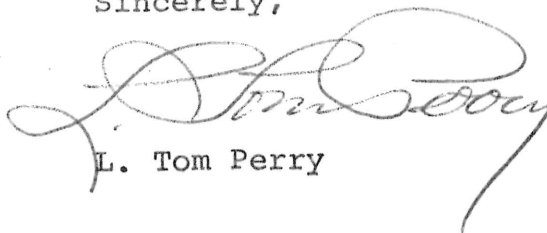
Dear President and Sister Groberg:

Barbara and I want to extend our sincere appreciation to you for the special treatment we received as guests in your home after the Prayer Circles for the Idaho Falls East and Idaho Falls Ammon Stakes. The dinner was delicious, and even more than that was the sweetness of your personalities and the warmth of your home. Thanks again for this privilege.

We revere our friendship with you and always think it is a great pleasure when we have an opportunity to enjoy your association.

May the Lord bless you always in His great service.

Sincerely,



L. Tom Perry

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

December 23, 1943

Bishop D. V. Groberg
255 12th Street
Idaho Falls, Idaho

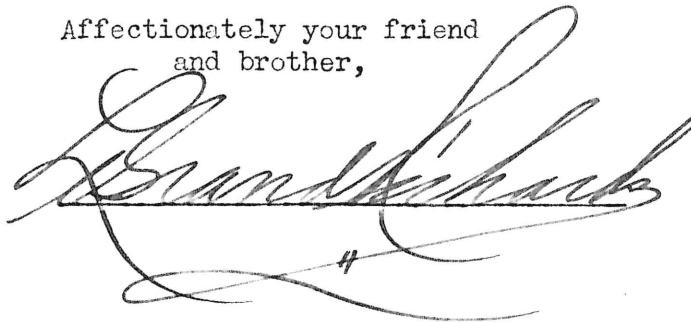
Dear Bishop Groberg,

Sister Richards and I are happy to acknowledge receipt of the box of selected Idaho potatoes. They certainly look wonderful, and we are saving them for special occasions and will remember you and thank you very, very much for your thoughtfulness.

This is typical of the little extra things you do along the way ^{which are} ~~and is~~ helping to make you an outstanding leader in the community.

May the choice blessings of the Lord attend you and your loved ones at this happy season of the year.

Affectionately your friend
and brother,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Howard Richards". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed name. It features a large, sweeping initial 'H' and a long, horizontal flourish that extends across the width of the signature.

A/a

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
OFFICE OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84111

January 24, 1969

Mr. Delbert V. Groberg
The D. V. Groberg Company
P. O. Box 2946
Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401

Dear Brother Groberg:

This will acknowledge your letter of January 17, 1969, with reference to your proposed visit to the Philippines and Tonga when you meet your son as he completes his mission. I do appreciate your sending me a copy of your travel schedule.

It's good to know that John Enoch is doing so well and that you will have a good report to take to his parents. I shall be pleased to have you convey my kindest regards and best wishes to your son and his family and to the good saints and others whom we met while we were there.

May I extend my very best wishes to you for a happy and enjoyable journey.

Yours sincerely,



N. Eldon Tanner

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE
47 E. SOUTH TEMPLE STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84111

April 14, 1969

Mr. Delbert V. Groberg
P.O. Box 2946
Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401

Dear Brother Groberg:

I was pleased for the opportunity of seeing you for a few moments on Monday morning following conference. We were rushing to a meeting which prevented a longer visit. It was a joy, however, to see little John Enoch.

While we were in Singapore, we also had the opportunity of attending Sunday School and Sacrament meeting. Apparently our impression was the same as yours, the spirit was most impressive.

I am returning the pictures of the construction projects in Singapore. While we were in Djarkata I talked with Peter Grimm about the constructions that is taking place in South East Asia. He is making some plans for some housing developments in Djarkata. During the time we were in Hong Kong, we drove up into the new territories and looked at the huge complexes which are under constructions in that area. It amazes me to see these developments.

At the present time I am preparing an itinerary for another mission visit to the South Pacific. I hope I am able to get into Tonga once more before your son is released.

Sincerely your brother,



Howard W. Hunter

HWH/rw
Attachments

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH
84601



ERNEST L. WILKINSON, PRESIDENT

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

March 2, 1971

(dic. Feb. 28)

Mrs. Jennie H. Groberg
2885 Redbarn Lane
Idaho Falls, Idaho

Dear Jennie,

I just had the pleasure today of reading the overstatement you made with respect to my accomplishments at the meeting of the Parents on February 6th.

I only wish that I could take the credit for all of the encomiums you placed on me, but the things that were accomplished at the BYU were accomplished by cooperation between the administration, the faculty and the students and in particular the judgments of the Board of Trustees.

I, of course, owe my beginnings and inspiration at the BYU to your Grandfather, George H. Brimhall, and I only hope that what I have done meets with his approval.

Thanks again for your overstating a situation. Alice and I love you and Delbert and we count you among our most sincere friends.

Cordially yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Ernest".

Ernest L. Wilkinson

ELW:af

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH



ERNEST L. WILKINSON, PRESIDENT

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

March 15, 1966

Mr. Lafayette Holbrook
1448 Browning Avenue
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Brother Holbrook:

Each year as a high-light of the commencement activities, Brigham Young University honors an outstanding citizen with the Joseph F. Smith Family Living Award. This award is bestowed upon an individual or couple who has made a unique contribution to successful homemaking and family life.

At the last meeting of our Board of Trustees, you were approved as the recipient of this award for 1966. It is a pleasure to inform you of this honor and to invite you to attend the Commencement Exercises Friday, May 27, 1966. The citation conferring the award would, of course, include a tribute to your wife.

Over the years, it has become traditional for the University to require that the recipients of the awards be in attendance when the awards are presented. If you can attend the Commencement Exercises, we will forward to you additional details as plans develop. If for some reason you will not be able to attend, will you please call me collect at my office, 374-1211, extension 2522? I will await your response.

Please accept my personal congratulations and the best wishes of the Board of Trustees, the students, and the faculty of the Brigham Young University.

Sincerely,


Ernest L. Wilkinson

ELW:ms

Salt Lake City, Utah
February 10, 1969

Dear Children:

Esther just offered to do something that gives me great joy and satisfaction. She said she would write a letter for me and make carbon copies so each member of the family would receive one. I can think of nothing that would give me more pleasure, because I receive so many wonderful letters from you and am unable to answer them.

You would be surprized if you knew how many times each day I think of each of you and how happy I am with your lives and accomplishments. In that respect, I think I am exceptionally fortunate as a father and grandfather. Nothing could be more compensating and sustaining in our lives when we can do so little for ourselves. I do want to thank all of you for giving me so much happiness in what you have thus-far been able to do and are now doing.

The award BYU gave your mother and me two years ago for "Family Living" is one that suits me better than any other. Nothing compares with the satisfaction that comes from the good life of each member of our family.

My prayer is that all of you will continue to shape your lives as you have in the past and as taught in our Latter Day Saints' Church and that there be peace, love and good will between all members of our family. I pray that you will find joy and satisfaction in this type of life and your united efforts in it will bring joy beyond comprehension.

My fondest wishes for you all.

Father Holbrook

(Father left an estate "trust fund" for family members to use in time of special need. Raymond Delbert and Alva administer it.) It has been needed & appreciated)

1448 Browning Avenue

Salt Lake City, Utah

December 1, 1963

Dear Jennie and Delbert:

I have talked over with some of our children the matter of making a small token distribution to the nine families of our children and they have approved it. For that purpose I have sold a stock at about a \$900.00 loss, but the price has gone from \$48.00 to \$18.00 and it will be partly offset by one that I sold at an even larger profit.

To eight members of the family I am making a token distribution of \$250.00 per family, and the balance for the other family, which I am sure meets the approval of all of you. This makes a total of \$2500.00.

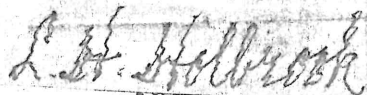
Kindly accept the enclosed check with love and appreciation of both Sina and myself, for she has been a full-time partner in anything we have had or saved.

If it meets with your approval I am sure both of us would like some of it distributed among your older children who would remember both of us, as you see fit, as a Christmas gift.

I hope to be able to make some later distribution but the future is in a measure uncertain. Most of it may be retained for those needing it in education.

With our love and appreciation for the lives you are living and what you have done.

Love,



P.S. I am sending a similar letter to the others.

Father

(Note from Jennie: Later, father gave each of us \$2000.00, and we used ours for the building of the "Holbrook Room" at Redbarn lane-- created entirely by Dee--design, intricate lighting effects, just right all the way - one of the real regrets was to leave this home because of this room. - Hardly got around to fully enjoying it...) He was so pleased that all our sons carried the name of Holbrook.

445

THESE LETTERS WERE WRITTEN BY ALSINA ELIZABETH BRIMHALL HOLBROOK AND PUT IN A BOX BY THE UTAH STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY WHEN SHE WAS A MEMBER OF ITS PRESIDENCY, TO BE OPENED FIFTY YEARS LATER - BUT THE BUILDING WAS TORN DOWN AND THE BOX OPENED THIRTY YEARS LATER AND THE LETTERS DISTRIBUTED. THEY ARE DATED: "AT HOME IN PROVO, UTAH, OCTOBER 9, 1930:

* * * * *

(We plan to copy all of them and give each a copy but not now..they are priceless! but for now just an introduction)

To those who have been our life's inspiration - our children: written for the very joy it gives me as in fancy I see smiles illumine your faces at the receipt of this letter.

...as memory takes you back even as far as the day upon which I write, think of father and mother as soul mates in a glad eternity, smiling at the climb we made. We will have a home for you and yours to come and make your joyous visits. We'll even be on hand to help you select a choice spot for your own dwelling places...If this sounds earthy, to me it is heavenly because it visions an association with you and yours.

Our Father will not permit any great harm to come to any of you for you are his children as well as ours. Your Kingdoms are unquestioned because you started them in the ^House of the Lord...

When this reaches you, no doubt we will be just full of desire to tell you many things. Your needs will be of great concern to us. If we have power to help put your petitions over, we will not fail. Present them to the Father, morning and night in your families and many times in secret through the day. What is wisdom in the Father will be granted you and what is not will be supplanted by a peace in your hearts.

Dearest children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren and more - Be true to your faith, live the gospel and remember the "Lord never requires anything of you that he does not prepare a means whereby you can accomplish it" - The art of glorious living here and throughout all eternity is within your reach.

Goodbye for a little while -

You see I take it for granted that papa and I will go where we want you to go - I trust it may be so. Father and Mother - with gratitude for the privilege.

Christmas - 1959.

Dear Gemmie and Delbert:

In the going to you I
this gift you are requested
with what was purchased
and used at your need -
ding reception.

Further investigation would
show also that most of the
sister's reception it was used
adding more value to it as
a reminder of cherished occa-
sions.
You were both "well bred"

and well bred."

It came about by your
following the teachings and
example of our Saviour.

The record of your reception
speaks many times of baby-
breath "for decoration."

You are still using it
but not exactly for decora-
tion - To you it is the
very essence of life eternal.
May your children
also be "well-bred" as you

With love -
Father and Mother.

26 Apr. 52

Dearest Wonderful Mother,
Daughter -

We are rejoicing with you &
praying you all we have of love
& faith in ^{the coming of} your new son -

The same story of recovery
and victory on every way are
for you as in ten times
past. There is no work so
great as you have done &
are doing -

How will love your
Mother -

Still feel you are the wife
of a great man -

AFTER RECEIVING WORD OF THE PASSING OF MY SISTER MARY MAXWELL, I AM AWARE OF ETERNA
VALUES AS I ADDRESS: MY BELOVED HUSBAND ON FATHER'S DAY -

JUNE 19, 1977 - FATHER'S DAY --SUNDAY

HAPPY FATHER'S DAY TO THE FATHER OF OUR ELEVEN PRECIOUS CHILDREN AND THE GRAND-
FATHER OF OUR FORTY-FIVE GRANDCHILDREN, WITH MORE TO COME. OUR PARENTHOOD IS,
OF COURSE THE GREATEST THING WE SHARE --THE WAY TO OUR ETERNAL JOYS TOGETHER -
I CANNOT IMAGINE A MORE IDEAL FATHER THAN YOU AND WHAT A STRENGTH AND PRIVILEGE
AND BLESSING IT HAS BEEN THRU THE YEARS TO WATCH YOUR FATHERHOOD IN ACTION --THE
FACT THAT ALL OF YOUR CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN LOVE YOU SO TRULY AND SEEK SUCH
FREQUENT COUNSEL FROM YOU MUST BE COMPLETE PROOF THAT YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER IS
VERY PLEASED WITH YOUR FATHERHOOD. BUT TODAY IS JUST THE BEGINNING AND THE
EFFECTS OF YOUR TEACHING AND YOUR EXAMPLE WILL BE MORE AND MORE MANIFEST BUT
YOU WILL CONTINUE TO BE THE WONDERFUL FATHER AND GRANDFATHER YOU ARE --AND MORE.
AS WE COMPLETE OUR FAMILY HISTORY (AND PERSONAL) FOR NEXT CHRISTMAS, WE WILL
DISCOVER HOW BASIC YOUR INSPIRED FATHERHOOD HAS BEEN TO ALL OUR SUCCESSES --
I SUPPOSE I HAVE TAKEN IT FOR GRANTED SO MUCH THAT I HAVE NOT ALWAYS EXPRESSED
THE DEEP LOVE AND GRATITUDE I FEEL TO YOU AND FOR YOU --TO HAVE ANY OTHER SPIRIT
AND LOVE AND EXAMPLE IN OUR HOME THAN YOUR SUPERB SPIRIT AND LOVE AND EXAMPLE
HAS NEVER BEEN CONSIDERED BUT RIGHT NOW AS I RECALL THE QUESTION: "WHAT WOULD
THE WORK OF THE LORD AND WE BE WITHOUT THE TEMPLES?" I SHOULD CONSIDER WHAT
WOULD MY LIFE AND MY EFFORTS BE WITHOUT YOU --UNTHINKABLE OF COURSE --FOR INDEED
WE ARE AND MUST CONTINUE TO BE AND INCREASE IN BEING, ONE, UNITED, TOGETHER--
THIS IS THE LORD'S WAY AND HOW BLESSED WE ARE TO HAVE IT ALSO OUR WAY.
HOW PROUD YOUR OWN FATHER MUST BE OF YOU --AND AS YOU RELATE JOHN'S IMPRESSIONS, I
OFTEN THINK OF YOURS --YOUR OWN FATHER'S APPROVAL AND LOVE AND GRATITUDE BECAUSE
OF YOU --AND GRANDFATHERS TOO -
AS IS TOO OFTEN THE CASE NOW, THERE SEEMS TO BE TOO LITTLE TIME TO WORK OUT
ADEQUATE EXPRESSION OF WHAT I REALLY FEEL --SUFFICE IT TO SAY --I HOPE TO BE
WORTHY TO BE YOUR ETERNAL COMPANION AND ABLE TO DO IN A PLEASING WAY, ALL WE
(YOU AND I) ARE ASKED BY THE LORD TO DO --NOTHING COULD BE MORE WONDERFUL.
AS I SAID SOME TIME AFTER GEORGE BLESSED OUR FAMILY AND IT WAS EVIDENT THERE WOULD
BE NO MORE --BUT NOW WE CAN LOOK FORWARD TO OUR ETERNAL PARENTHOOD TOGETHER --HAVING
SPIRIT CHILDREN --YOU AND I --IT MAKES ME TINGLE WITH JOY TO EVEN CATCH A GLIMPSE OF
YOUR LOVE AND EXAMPLE BECAUSE YOU WILL BE THEIR FATHER- JEN

Thinking of you
The whole day through
And just wanting you
to know it, too!

FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 17, 1973

DEAREST DAD,

AFTER OUR PRECIOUS VISIT LAST NIGHT ABOUT HOW WE'D HAVE TO MAKE EXALTATION IN THE CELESTIAL KINGDOM SO WE COULD HAVE CHILDREN --AND HOW WE SEE NOW THAT HAVING CHILDREN IS THE GREATEST BLESSING, THE GREATEST JOY, THE GREATEST OF EVERYTHING--AND THEN WE WONDERED WHAT OUR SPIRIT CHILDREN WOULD BE LIKE --AS CHOICE AS THE CHILDREN WE NOW HAVE --WOULD WE LOVE THEM AS MUCH--WHAT WOULD THEY LOOK LIKE? BE LIKE?

WHAT A GLORY AND WONDER TO LOOK FORWARD TO --CELESTIAL PARENTS OF SPIRIT CHILDREN --HOW LONG WOULD WE NEED TO WAIT BEFORE WE COULD HAVE CHILDREN AGAIN? SHARE THIS GREATEST OF ALL PRIVILEGES --LOOKING FORWARD TOGETHER TO THAT --AND TO BEING WITH OUR VERY OWN CHILDREN AND GRAND-CHILDREN AND GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN, ETC.

AND THEN THE PHONE RANG AND YOU WENT TO ANSWER IT AND I THOUGHT: "IT WILL BE EASY FOR DAD TO BE A CELESTIAL FATHER BECAUSE HE IS SUCH A GREAT FATHER NOW --WISE, INSPIRED, UNDERSTANDING, PATIENT, LOVING, EVERYTHING --WHAT A PRIVILEGE TO BE THE MOTHER OF HIS CHILDREN --AND WHAT A FUTURE TO LOOK FORWARD TO, WITH HIM --

HAPPY FATHER'S DAY - AND MANY ETERNITIES OF HAPPY DAYS BECAUSE YOU'RE THE FATHER --HOW DEEP AND GREAT MUST BE OUR HEAVENLY FATHER'S LOVE FOR US, HIS CHILDREN (AND HIS TRUST IN US) TO GIVE US SUCH A MARVELOUS PLAN *

Always, Jennie

(p.s. How tragic when some have not been taught in time by parents, why struggle, sacrifice, even suffering may be privileges to prepare us for Heavenly families--the need at times when it seems rough--to reach for help from Heavenly Father --that too is such a vital part of the preparation and JOY in it all - because we know!--the plan, the truth --)

MR./MRS. DELBERT V. GROBERG

144 2885 RED BARN LANE *Memorial*

IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO 83401

March 3-1977

Dearest "Jane" —

One of the greatest joys I can think of is to be with you at home, at work, at the Temple — and with our family — I honestly can't think of anything more enjoyable than what we are doing together —

I am so sincerely proud and grateful for you and all you are and for your love and wisdom and companionship I love you with all my heart, I always have and I always will —

Happy Birthday

Delbert



IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO — 1ST BICENTENNIAL COMMUNITY IN NW. U.S.A.

o my Dearest Jane

May - 19
1967

Whose feet are swift
to go the extra mile.

Whose love is true and
constant all the while

Whose countenance is
sweet as a new bride's smile.

This is another expression
of my love - for your file
I love you
Dad

May 19, 1975

Tonight I saw nobility with her queenly beauty, Presiding in the kitchen -
A meal all prepared for a beloved family - Every detail was ready,
Including the special lesson for Family Home Evening -
I called to remind the family that we were ready and waiting -
They had some illness and had forgotten.
With the table all set - and the food all prepared -
There just had to be a disappointment
All that extra work and preparation
But Mom just took the disappointment in her great big stride -
"And we had such a good lesson - I'll give it another time -
And I am so grateful to our loving family -
I just hope the children get well soon" -

We Are Proud of This Letter!

A Father Pays Tribute To Newspaperboys During National Newspaper Week



D. V. Groberg

THE D. V. GROBERG COMPANY REALTORS

P. O. BOX 2946 — IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO
PHONE JA 2-3571 — 841 OXFORD AVENUE

October 3, 1961

Mr. E. E. Huffman
Post-Register
333 North Yellowstone
Idaho Falls, Idaho

Dear Mr. Huffman:

It is with great pleasure that I add my tribute to hundreds of others when I say my hat's off to the newspaper carriers, especially to the Post-Register carriers. As the parent of six boys who have carried the Post-Register for a period of more than 10 years, I can say to other parents, sure, let your boy have a route. It's one of the finest character builders there is. It takes gumption, and plenty of it, to run a paper route.

One thing that appealed to my boys when they took the Post-Register route was that it never interfered with school, scout, church, and other activities. They had plenty of time to study after they came from their route, as well as to participate in all activities.

The boys did very well at school during the years they carried the paper. The boys have used the money earned to pay their expenses and have saved for special trips, further education, etc.

What better training for any boy than that? I am merely writing now what I have told dozens of others. Absolutely, let your boys have a route! Finest thing in the world, and many thanks to The Post-Register for giving them the opportunity for this splendid training.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed)

Delbert V. Groberg

A family newsletter from the Achim Fritzen Family.

390 Lincoln Drive
Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401
19 April, 1977

Dear Mom and Dad,
Dear Loved Ones,

Although it has been my custom to write personal letters, I feel today like writing a family letter and sending copies to many of you, with news of interest to the family.

This month of April has been the beginning of spring. It began with the wonderful Church conference, which we listened to on radio and television. And it was preceded with a visit with our brother John and his wife Jean, and a chance to get together with all the Idaho Falls families. I surely was glad to hear the inspirational talks, such as Brother McConkie's on scriptural and logical evidence for just one Church of Jesus Christ, Brother Benson's on prayer, Brother Packer's on justice and mercy, our part in the atonement; Brother Petersen and Bishop Petersen on how basic love is to gospel living. And the principle of Revelation, in the closing words of President Kimball, also his reading the song, "A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief." These were, of course, just a few examples of many inspirational talks, to confirm that the Church is guided by revelation.

Then the following Sunday was Easter, and to our surprise Mom and Dad decided to visit George and Bonnie in Denver, and to take us with them Saturday to Salt Lake. They suggested we might stay with Ingrid, while they flew to Denver for a two day visit with George and Bonnie. This worked out, so we were happy for the opportunity. The Easter Sunday meetings at Ingrid's ward, in which her family took part, were beautiful and satisfying to the soul. Ingrid followed up the visit with a nice letter. I went on good Friday to the cemetery and put some flowers on the grave.

Retracing back to some earlier events this year, there comes to mind the nice trip to Rexburg with Mom and Dad, who also took Aunt Maude and Aunt Vera, to be guests of the Ricks College studentbody, who had chosen Dad to deliver a lecture for their "Last Lecture" assembly series. Speakers are asked to say what they would say if this were their last lecture on earth. Dad had done much thoughtful preparation on the topic of Heavenly Messengers, which he admitted might have stepped beyond the last lecture to the one after the last. We also enjoyed there a luncheon with the wife of Ricks president Eyring, and other friends.

Retracing further back, to the days following Christmas, we were favored to be guests in Auburn, Washington, of Beth and Barry Stratton. There were many nice times there with their family, but one of the dearest remembered is Beth's making a jumper for me. I wear it often. Then last summer we visited the Boyacks in Harvard, near Boston. Among the continuing pleasant memories of that visit which continue to feed us, were our discussions,

For instance we talked about some literature. At the time Gerlinde was reading about the writer Tolstoy, and found him fascinating. Today, as I went to the library for an hour with the children, I picked out some books concerning the life of the Russian count, and also collections of his short stories, many of which are written for children. My particular favorite was one Mother used to recommend: "Where Love Is, There God Is," which is a beautiful illustration of the 25th chapter of Matthew. In connection with this, I have been preparing a program using family members, on the song which also illustrates one man's interpretation of the closing part of Matt. 25 in the Bible: "A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief." This song, which President Kimball quoted in full at the conclusion of conference, tells how one man gave solace to someone in need, and received the reward of Jesus, who taught, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren you have done it unto me...." So the program will include a recounting of how the song was used for comfort when the Prophet Joseph Smith asked John Taylor to sing it for him during the last hours in Carthage Jail. It will also include singing the song, and presenting it in other musical arrangements, including piano and flute, then retelling the story by Tolstoy, and reading the scripture referred to. It feels good to be creative. Joe said he will play variations on the piano of the hymn.

Other items of interest must include the visit in January of Omi, Achim's Mother, to our home in January. She also visited with other family members here.

Last spring David erected a new swing set in the back yard, which has been a real boon. Both children play on it often. The full day which David gave us for installing it (selecting it, removing the old swing set, etc.) was the kind of selfless service which pays great dividends. Another nice thing done for us, is Aunt Maude's bringing over books, which I so much enjoy reading to Anny. The latest is "The Little Old Woman Who Used Her Head." By the way, at the suggestion of some more experienced parents, I have acquiesced to Anny's requests to hear a story during mealtime. One of her favorites is page 10 in the last issue of The Friend. You will know why when you read it.

As we were in Salt Lake at Easter time, we stopped to see Sharon at their new home, and she took us on a tour through the home. I was impressed. Its beauty both of structure and decoration was so nice, and surely spoke favorably of Dee's gift or talent in furnishing and decorating, using his creativity. Is it ever lovely! I wished I could take Ingrid through with me.

Concerning the genealogy work, I am working on a history about Dad's Grandma Brunt, who came from New Zealand to Idaho, and reared her children in the faith, and also was mother to Aunt Maude, her granddaughter. When trying to understand how the family organization assists us to do our own genealogy work, I have pondered over the advantages of doing our own genealogy work, rather than paying to have it done. To explain, it seems to me that

you can understand how I mean, if I use an analogy, simply likening the genealogy work to the way Beth made me a jumper. When we got to Seattle, Beth said that for my Christmas present she was going to make me an item of clothing, of my own selection. I was pleased, and during the next few days we selected the style, fabric, and pattern, and Beth work industriously finishing it. She showed a real good concern for me in so doing. Many thanks. This could be compared to "Do-It-Yourself Genealogy." On the other hand, Ingrid sent us two pretty dresses for the girls for Easter. She accepted my thanks, saying that the dresses were from Omi, who had sent her money and asked her to make the selection and send them to us. I appreciated Ingrid for selecting them, wrapping and mailing them to us in time for Easter, and also appreciated Omi's kindness in buying them. This could be likened to paying money for someone else to do our genealogy. Of course we like both the ready-made dresses, and the homemade jumper. However I really believe that just as it is good for each of us sometimes to learn how to construct our own clothing, so it is also good for each of us who can (and that is probably ^{almost} all from teenagers up) to acquire the skills and habits of genealogy work. However this is entirely up to you. There seems to me a lot of merit to the plan of setting aside a regular time each week according to our particular situations, for our family records. Otherwise we may be perpetuating an attitude and habit which is undesirable, of not doing genealogy work. When our children see we really are interested, will they not be too?

I know of no better way effectively to teach (or to live) the Gospel than Priesthood Genealogy activity. It is akin to missionary work.

Now, back to news. There is so much wonderful news from each part of our family. For instance, Omi spent some of this spring keeping house for Bodo and tending his boys in Salzburg, Austria, while Bodo lectured at the university there, teaching German. For instance, Julie and Bob have moved into their new home, and they and each of their children are engaged in much important activity. I plan to visit them this summer. (Maybe this is their first warning about that.) For instance, there was a wonderful evening at the opera here last week, as the Texas Opera Company presented Mozart's light-hearted "Marriage of Figaro," providing for me a very nice night with Eileen Brunt and some other friends. For instance, the children and I visited Marie to see her new baby last Friday, for a special time. For instance, we are looking forward to Gloria's visit with her two little boys in May.

No wonder I feel like writing a general family letter, even though it must be published in large quantities for you all. Thanks to Dick for the good office copying machine which was used to make these copies. I want to add a personal note for each of you.

Love,
MaryJane

We love and admire you, now in your labors in the Temple.

Dec 21, 1974

1-
Dearest Jacks,

written in
hospital born
Dec. 15

When I begin to think of my blessings, I become so over whelmed that I convince myself I should think only superficially about things until I have better control over my emotions

Yet I know that this year my gift to my dear parents

2-
must be that of a grateful heart for blessings which are impossible for me to fully comprehend.

I am grateful to marvelous parents who understand the purpose and importance of life. Who understand and

example that the
first principle of
a meaningful life
is faith.

to understand the
importance of the

- 3 -

eternal family unit.

to give of themselves
with love and with
gratitude that they are
able.

to appreciate that
the miracle of Christmas
was - and is - the
birth of a child.

With love-gratitude

Julia

Bob, Ray, Nell, Bobby, Jennie, Lisa, Jim, Ben, Carolyn

June 25, 1965

Dear Dad,

This letter is meant to express my sincere thanks to you for all you mean to me and for all you have done for me. I appreciate the fact that you are always there and so willing to encourage me and to bless me with your faith and your prayers. This has always meant a great deal to me, the fact that you have faith in me. And I want you to know also that I appreciate the fact that you have given also of your substance in generous gifts, often in times of need.

you and the entire Groberg family are most precious to me. I thank the Lord that I am part of you. May He bless us always.

With love,

Bob

March 1, 1964

Dear Mom,

It is difficult to put in writing ones feeling for those who mean so much that they are practically life itself - You are certainly such a one - Vibrant - enthusiastic - always working hard.

Our family wishes to pay tribute to you on this your Birth day in three ways - First by my expressing a sons love to you - my mother. As Lincoln said "All that I am I owe to my mother." I repeat those words with deeper meaning every year. Second: By Jean & I as a family expressing our appreciation for you constant counsel, guidance & help - We often pray for our Father - Heavens guidance in many matters & feel that our prayers are answered in you many, many times.

Third by expressing the feeling of Nancy, Elizabeth & Mandyn & others "as they say," "O goody, we get to go to Grandma's."

How can we really express our appreciation? Only - these actions may you know of our love for you & of the influence of you life of service on our family.

With sincere love

John H. Sobers & family - 460

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
IDAHO FALLS TWENTY-SIXTH WARD BISHOPRIC
AMMON STAKE
IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO

June 10, 1964

Dear Mom + Dad,

Tomorrow is a great day! All great things have a start somewhere - & what a wonderful great & marvelous thing your life together has been - and what unfathomable promises the future holds.

I don't know how one expresses appreciation or shows love other than trying to say a few words, convey a few feelings & living as one hopes is correctly.

It is impossible to completely demonstrate in any of these ways that feeling that swells within me when I momentarily catch a glimpse of the fleeting - yet unreachable truth - that all I am I owe to you & in fact is yours.

I hope someday to understand these things better & to be more capable of expressing my love for you -

Sincerely yours Son,

John H. Gruberg

Mukialofa, Tonga
June 14, 1967

Dear Dad,

Even though Father's Day 1967 finds us several thousand miles apart, I am sure it finds us much closer in the bonds of love and appreciation.

I have been so impressed with the importance of true love in our lives. The only way we can have true love is by living fully the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and one of the real ways we learn to live the Gospel is thru the example of our parents.

The teachings of kindness and loyalty and steadfastness that you have lived will never die but ever be a monument to your dedication and your testimony.

I just want you to know on this Father's Day that as I learn more and feel more and see more

Clearly, the great gospel plan,
I also feel a deeper more humble
sense of love and appreciation
for your great devotion and
loyalty and example of righteousness.

I feel certain that as I do
learn more about the gospel (and
I hope to always be learning - as
all of us should every day) my
sense of love and appreciation for
you and your devoted life will like-
wise increase.

How important it is for us to
live the gospel fully. It is the only
way for lasting happiness.

How we want you to share fully
the experiences and joy we feel in this
present assignment in Tonga - It is
because of you that we are here so
you are part and parcel of all we
do and feel here.

Thanks for the wonderful start and
the superlative example of devotion and
loyalty you have always given. Love, John.

LETTER FROM JOHN - SEPTEMBER 26, 1968 (TONGA)

For quite some time we have been working with a real faithful family from Nuku'Alofa who have a little girl (18 months old) (Felila) who has hydroincephalitis) - (large, swollen head, etc.) - She seemed quite normal in her other functions. There was so much to go thru in the way of clearance, acceptance, letters to be written, etc., etc.

Finally, after months of preparation we received all the green lights. Two Tongan families in Salt Lake had met with the Primary people and agreed to accept full responsibility for the infant even if it meant years of out-patient care. The doctors had agreed on the possibility of her eventual recovery, the hospital (Primary) had accepted the case on a charity basis. Funds had been raised for her travel.

The Elders' Quotum in Nuku'Alofa had all united in a special fast and prayers. The Conference visitors had arranged their schedule to take her right to the hospital, etc.

Things happened so fast that I felt we just couldn't make it by the time the Conference people left but I didn't know how else we would get her there. This morning amidst lots of other pressing matters I just really had the feeling to take the extra time and effort to push the trip through. I got on the phone to Suva. The Consulate finally agreed on a visa waiver. The Airlines made the reservations, The passport people agreed to waive the normal regulations - and soon all was in order. It took time and effort and some expense but suddenly I realized that everyone was bending that extra effort to see that the dream could be realized.

Normally, I would have sent someone for the family to come in and sign the final waivers - but I felt I should personally go and see the Branch President. I located him in the early afternoon and explained all that had happened --how cooperative everyone was - how suddenly everything had fallen in place and on the morrow she would be on the way to the care we could not provide here.

He looked at me attentively - as though afraid to speak or believe what I

was saying - there had been so many hurdles, so many seemingly insurmountable obstacles -- now I assured him they were all gone --everything was set - believe me - I'm not kidding, etc. Then he quietly informed me that little Felila - when all the preparations were made --when the hearts of all had been stretched in love and compassion - when the goal of unity and selflessness had been achieved in so many hearts - when all had made the final commitment of others above self - during , or at the height of all this activity - little Felila had quietly and unobtrusively slipped away - gone to a better home - gone to truly receive better care than we could provide.

I was literally dumbfounded for a moment. Then without realizing what I was saying, I said, "How clear the Lord's plan - how pure the Father's love - I can hear him saying, 'Come home, little Felila - you have accomplished your purpose below. Hearts have been filled with love and tender care and concern. People have been made better as they have sincerely striven to help you - The faith and prayers of your parents - your Branch President - the Elders' Quorum and others - has been that you receive care that they cannot now provide. Come home my daughter - I have heard their prayers and answer them. You will receive the best care available anywhere - and be a blessing to all. Come home - how that these, your loved ones, have given their all."

Having fasted and prayed for something entirely different, I was truly touched. That wonderful Branch President - stalwart - faithful - true to his trust - I'll never forget the feeling - the composure - the face of assurance - of faith - of trust - and the acceptance of my words as from the Lord himself.

As I drove back over the dusty roads--with the bright sun beating on all around and the wind lazily tossing the palm leaves and quietly shifting the clouds above - I heard that voice over and over again - "Come home - little Felila --all is well - the help you need is here - the prayers of faith are answered - come home, little daughter."

I think you know that I have always been touched and greatly moved by the

passing of these innocent small ones. How grateful I am for this perfect assurance that there is reason - there is purpose - there is a plan for all these events.

Oh how important that we live as we should - that we likewise may hear that call - - "Come home, my son - you have done all you should among men."

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

TONGAN MISSION

Box 58 NUKUALOFA, TONGATAPU,

TONGA, FRIENDLY ISLANDS

November 6, 1966

*all things with
one n*

The Presiding Bishopric
47 East South Temple
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Brethren,

Enclosed find a check for \$1,000 for excess Fast Offerings from the Tongan Mission. Normally this letter would end here, but because of an experience I recently had I would like to add a little more. I hope it will not be out of place.

As you may or may not be aware, Tonga is one of the poorest countries (financially) in the world. The average wage rate is only around 12¢ per hour if you are lucky enough to have a job! Only around 3-5% of the population is gainfully employed. At a recent opening in the local Police Force paying about \$25 per month, 186 applicants vied for two positions.

With these figures in mind you will realize what a relatively great amount this \$1,000 is. However, it is not this fact so much as it is the true spirit of giving as epitomized by the following experience that has impressed me to write this letter.

Recently, while visiting one of the far distant islands that is very difficult to get to, I went late in the day to the home of one of the good widow sisters there.

When I first approached her hut (or more accurately, her hovel) the sun was still quite bright and I could not help but notice the stark poverty of her surroundings. It had been raining earlier. The mud and decay and the everpresent smell of drying fish was at first repulsive. But the warmth of a greeting with a fellow church member - especially after years of separation - together with tears of appreciation for the long awaited visit, soon pushed the unpleasantness of the surroundings temporarily into the background.

As we conversed in her fluid native tongue and she told of her love for and faith in the church and of all the blessings she had received, I could not help but think about her apparently miserable circumstances. I listened politely but all the while I kept struggling with the idea of what could be done to help her.

To: The Presiding Bishopric
Page 2

All sorts of ideas went through my mind, and I must have let my thoughts wander as I suddenly became aware that somewhere between phrases about blessings and poverty and service she had gone to her hut and was now returning with a small knotted rag. (It was black and very worn.)

Suddenly my mind seemed to fill with light and the words "fast offering" flooded in. I was so excited with the idea that had come so suddenly and so clearly as a stroke of lightning or a completed revelation that you can imagine my utter amazement and unpreparedness when she took a threepence (a coin worth about 3¢) from her rag and said softly, "Here is my Fast Offering....to help the poor."

I literally reeled under the unexpectedness of her words and just as literally gasped for enough breath to explain that Fast Offering was to help her, not for her to help others.

The explanation never came though for as I looked through misty eyes, first at the threepence then back at the good sister, the whole scene changed.

The hovel was a glowing mansion and the mud was gold. The smell of decay was a sweet rose perfume and as I gazed at the faithful, toothless sister clothed in rags of black - her haggard, wizened features suddenly became soft and beautiful in the warming glow of the setting sun.

The world seemed to stand still for a moment. Even the flames from the small fire she had started ceased their dancing. The smoke seemed no longer to drift, but to quietly listen. The breeze and the birds - indeed all of nature seemed to stop and listen as from the heavens the whole universe seemed filled with the reassuring words:

"Blessed are the Poor...for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

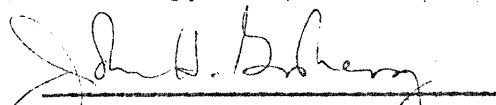
A golden glow poured from her sunken cheeks and I realized (with a slight start) that as the setting sun signaled the end of the day so it also told of the approaching end of her beautiful life of service.

I took the threepence, and as I write this check the whole experience once again fills my mind and I wonder, "How many threepences to make a thousand dollars?"

I have been a Bishop for several years and have seen lots of Fast Offering come and go, but never have I seen or felt such devotion and such faith. Spend it carefully.

Again: Enclosed find a check for \$1,000 ... from the "poorest" people on earth ... with love.

Sincerely,


President John H. Groberg

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Palmyra, New York

Dear Dee:

The past two months have surely gone fast. Let me tell you some of the highlights of it. I believe what I'll remember most is the bearing of about 300 testimonies in the Sacred Grove. Among them were John, Julia and myself. Also I'll never forget when I was called on to speak at one of the meetings at which there was around 480 present and they announced "David Groberg will now speak to us." Ezra Taft Benson came down from Washington to speak to us, altho he had to stay incognito all the time to avoid newspaper men. John and I had the opportunity to talk to him while he was eating. We were really impressed that he was so great and yet acted so humble and so common. Apostle Moyle also came and talked to us and told us some wonderful stories which I'll tell you when I get home.

While working with the pageant it seemed that miracles were a commonplace thing. One of the most definite ones was the case of rain. In the 12 years the pageant has been produced it has never rained during its production. On Saturday night it was really pouring both before and after the pageant and all around the pageant area during it, but not on the pageant. And boy, it really pours when it rains here. Of course we all did lots of fasting and praying to help bring this about.

Love,

David

DEAR DAD:

IT IS HARD TO SINGLE OUT A FEW THINGS YOU HAVE DONE FOR ME THE PAST 29 YEARS.

THANKS FOR BEING THE KIND OF DAD WHO IS WELL RESPECTED BY ALL WHO KNOW YOU AND FOR BEING SUCH A GOOD EXAMPLE TO ME. I HOPE I CAN ALWAYS BE AS TRUSTED AND RESPECTED AS YOU HAVE BEEN IN BUSINESS DEALINGS, CHURCH AND IN FAMILY - ETC.

HAPPY FATHER'S DAY

LOVE,
DICK

The Post-Register, Monday, May 22, 1972



REAL ESTATE salesmen who passed

the Idaho brokers' license examination

on right, Richard Groberg

4/19

Father's Day, 1967

Dear Dad,

I'll tell you what happened in Heaven that day, when they passed out the paper and told us to say, just what we wanted in Dad's down on earth, for it wouldn't be long till we'd get them (through birth). I wanted a good dad, so I wrote hard and fast, everything good from the first to the last. When most others had left I still was not done, (I wanted a good dad, not just anyone!).

When I thought I had everything, I ran to the line, to the place of departure, for it was just about time. Then, by mistake, my list was misplaced, and another boy took it, and so took my place. Then they asked for my list, and having no time, I scribbled four words on a small card of mine.

The boy with my list got a fine dad, I guess, but those four words on my list said:

"I want the best!!"

Love, Dee.

TO DAD:

It seemed hard to pray tonight
I was alone and felt a little afraid,
And the prayer-words just didn't seem to come;
Then I thought about you, Dad,
I thot of how I'd like to call you
And tell you about today,
I could see your face,--
You'd be so glad I called
You'd get Mom on the other line
And we'd talk about today and about tomorrow
I could hear your voice, I could feel your love

And somehow, it made praying
easier tonight --

* *

Beth Groberg Stratton

interac

INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION RESEARCH AND ANALYSIS CORPORATION

Suite 970, Kennecott Building • Salt Lake City, Utah 84133 • Tel: (801) 531-8488

October 28, 1975

Dear Mom and Dad,

We arrived home safely and much warmer with the heater going in the van. We couldn't find our guest from Colombia Sunday night, but we found that he changed his flight and stayed another day (Monday) so we had him out for supper Monday night and for home evening. He had been on the tours at temple square the day before so he showed quite a bit of interest in the church.

We all enjoyed our stay in Idaho Falls. We are certainly proud of you, Mom and Dad for your very special calling. We will have to make it a point to visit Idaho Falls a little more often and go through the temple there.

With regard to the couch, we were happy to do it and happy that we could get it there for the visit of President Kimball and President Romney. As far as the charge is concerned, I feel like the boy who promised his parents he would send them a bill for work he had done for them, and included the "credits" as well as the bill. Likewise you can consider the couch a small payment on account for the many credits built up over the years. For example:

Food and lodging for 20 years:	\$30,000.00
Medical and dental for 20 years:	\$8,000.00
Education and training (in many areas):	\$25,000.00
Misc. assistance in projects, business, etc.	<u>\$12,000.00</u>
Total itemized credits (this statement)	\$75,000.00

Again, we enjoyed doing the couch and were glad that we could bring it back in good time. I hope you can take it with you to the new home. If not, someone else will enjoy it.

Dad, I am enclosing a signed note along the lines we discussed. We are going to conclude the deal with the BYU press Friday. Did you see the article about Grant Harrison in the Church news Saturday?

Love, Dee

ASSOCIATION FOR ANCESTRAL RESEARCH

2163 Lorita Way
Sandy, Utah 84070

Dear

As discussed during our get together last Thanksgiving, the family organization for doing genealogical research has been established. We are currently applying for tax-exempt recognition from the IRS, and since we are complying with the regulations provided by the IRS, we do not anticipate any problems there.

The official name for tax purposes is Association for Ancestral Research. Of course, we can call it anything we want. The purpose of the association is to further genealogical research on our family lines. This will consist of several things such as finding out just where we stand at present, coordinating work to avoid duplicated effort, and where appropriate to hire research done. We will plan to have a meeting to discuss the association in more detail during the Thanksgiving holidays.

The association will receive income solely from membership fees and donations from the members. Membership fees will be \$10.00 per family and donations can be whatever the members wish to donate. (I have donated \$280 to get things started.) We are projecting a budget of about \$4,000.00 for 1977, and would appreciate donations generous enough to help us reach that figure.

The association is meant only to assist in furthering genealogical research and in no way limits or discourages work that individual members might want to do personally in the way of genealogical work. In fact, it should facilitate it by helping to avoid duplication of effort and coordinating the work.

If you have any questions, please don't hesitate to write.

Sincerely,

D. H. Groberg

UNDER DEE'S INSPIRED AND EFFICIENT DIRECTION WE ARE ORGANIZED
AND GOING FULL-STEAM AHEAD ON THIS GREAT AND IMPORTANT FAMILY RESPONSIBILITY
ON FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, THE IDAHO FALLS FAMILY MEMBERS MET TO GET
AN UP-TO-DATE REPORT AND ACCEPT FURTHER ASSIGNMENTS ON THIS RESEARCH.
"SEARCHING OUR AND DOING TEMPLE WORK FOR OUR OWN KINDRED DEAD IS REQUIRED
OF ALL--EVEN APOSTLES." ACHIM WAS A SUPERB EXAMPLE OF ONE WHO DID IT!

1977

472

Dear Dad,

Like 22 Christmas eve's at once, the night before your arrival in Lima was busy but so filled with excitement that I could have worked cheerfully all through it.

Reviewing now the thoughts that went through my head then, I can summarize with the following:

1. Coming was one of the two people whom I loved more than anyone in this world.

2. I would soon meet the man who held my admiration stronger and dearer than any other man.

3. I had completed my mission, and I would now meet the man that made it all possible: from my upbringing in the Church to the financial and moral advice and support in Peru.

Today I am still aware of the same feelings in me. I am thankful to be me and to have a most nearly perfect example of a father to guide me and others.

Love
Joe

June 16, 1967

Dad and
Joseph
-
South America



Dec. 26, 1975

Dear Mom & Dad,

Merry Christmas! We had a lovely one here - very white and full of wonder for Jason and Derik. We had a program and the kids sang while Barry played on his accordion and then Jason & Derik told us the Christmas story about Christ's birth. They even told about Samuel the Lamanite and gold, frankincense and myrrh!

We really have enjoyed the Book of Remembrance with the many pictures and memory items. It was fun to see the pictures of George & Bonnie's wedding. Thanks for it - it must have taken a lot of precious time to do that for all of us.

We've ^{often} thought of Mary & her two little girls and pray for her. It is good she is there in I. F. with you and other family members. We are

sorry to hear about Angela's accident at school. Is she at home yet? What an awful thing to have happen! Mary called on Saturday and also mentioned that Angela was in the hospital. It's good to have the communicating system with each other so we can unitedly communicate in prayer to our Heavenly Father during such times.

We love you and are proud of our wonderful families. Love, Beth



BARRY J. STRATTON

PERSONAL DATA

Box 212 Univ. Station Provo, Utah 84601 (801) 374-5204	Married (1967) 26 Years Old	Excellent Health 5' 11" 165 lbs.
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CAREER OBJECTIVE

Challenging responsibilities in management with emphasis on financial and systems analysis.

ACADEMIC TRAINING, ACHIEVEMENTS AND RECOGNITIONS

Candidate for an MBA, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah	May, 1971
Bachelor of Science in Chemistry, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah	May, 1969
Graduate with Honors designation	
Member: Honors Program, Brigham Young University	
Academic Interests:	
Computer Science (FORTRAN and COBOL Languages), Accounting, Corporate Finance, International Business	

WORK EXPERIENCE (Summer and Part-time)

Graduate Assistantship, College of Business, BYU	1970 - 1971
D. V. Groberg Company, (Real Estate and Appraising), Idaho Falls, Idaho	1968 - 1969
Brigham Young University Chemistry Department (Teacher's Aid, Help Section Instructor)	1967 - 1969
Licensed to sell Life and Health Insurance by the State of Utah	1968 - 1969
Browning Freight Lines, Boise, Idaho	1970

EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

Cadet Brigade Commander (Colonel) of Army ROTC Brigade, Brigham Young University	1968 - 1969
Vice-President of Public Relations, MBA Association	1970 - 1971
President: Brigham Young University Oratorio Choir	1967 - 1968
Member: American Chemical Society (ACS)	1970 -
Member: Professional Business Association (PBA)	1968 - 1969
Member of B.Y.U. 46th Ward Bishopric, L.D.S. Church	
Voluntary Missionary for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Germany (fluent in language)	1963 - 1966

References and additional information available through Brigham Young University Placement Center, Provo, Utah.

MILITARY EXPERIENCE

Commissioned 2nd Lt., Chemical Corps., U. S. Army	May, 1970
Distinguished Military Graduate Award, BYU Army ROTC	
Basic and Advanced Army ROTC Summer Camps, (Ft. Benning, Georgia and Ft. Lewis, Washington)	
Status: Educational delay of active duty	

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7/14/72

Dear Mom & Dad,

I just wanted to write you this note to tell you how grateful I am that you are my parents. I am so thankful for the way that you raised me. I am especially thankful for the testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ which both of you gave. I am so thankful for my childhood experiences. For being taught to attend Sunday school and sacrament meeting. For being taught to pray and to believe in our Father in Heaven.

I am so thankful for my other brothers and sisters who I had to grow up with. I am especially glad that you did not stop having kids after me but were able to have Glenn & George.

I am so thankful for being taught to attend primary. I am also thankful for being taught to pay my tithing. I am also thankful for being taught about the importance of baptism and the guidance of

the Holy Ghost. I am so thankful that I was taught about becoming a deacon. I am very grateful that dad attended priesthood meeting with me.

I am so thankful for all of the wonderful meals which Mother prepared for ^{our family} me when I was growing up. I am so thankful for all the faith which both of you had in me.

I am very grateful for being able to work. I am thankful for the welfare farm and the opportunity which I had of working on the welfare farm.

I am so grateful that dad decided to locate in Idaho Falls. I am so thankful for my friends which I had while I was growing up in Idaho Falls.

I am so grateful for Dad's calling as a stake patriarch. I am so grateful for his leadership.

I am so grateful for the opportunity as a youth of having a home with plenty of food and plenty of love and to take my friends too.

I am so thankful for the opportunity which I had of working on a paper route even in the bitter cold. I am so thankful that I had the opportunity of being a janitor at the office.

I am grateful for the desire which was instilled in my heart as a young boy to go on a mission. I am also grateful for the loyal support which each of you gave me as I served the Savior as a missionary.

I am grateful for being in a community where the Church is strong and I could attend church dances, church plays and involve myself in the scouting and exploring program of the church.

I am so grateful for this summer for the opportunity to go to Hawaii and guide these boys. I feel very definitely that the Savior needs people who have testimonies and who know how to work to guide young men as they prepare themselves for college and

Missions and service to God and
country.

I am grateful for the vision
which I have about life. I am
grateful for all the jobs and the
work which I have been able to
do in the church + in school and
in employment.

I feel very definitely that I will
be very successful in my chosen career.
I feel that I will be very successful
in marrying the right girl.

I have complete faith that God
is bound when we do what is his
will. I am grateful for one thought
which I heard in conference about
the fact that each of us can
contribute in a meaningful way.

I have been extremely busy
these past few weeks. I feel
that I am beginning to manage
my affairs much better.

Love,
Lewis

Near Dad,

Father's Day, 1967

It's hard to express what you mean to me, Dad. I've decided to just mention a few of your qualities that make you such a successful father and person.

Determination. Work always comes before play for you. You're determined to get important things done.

Excellence. You strive and obtain excellence in everything that you do.

Loving. You have a sincere love for everyone and that's why everyone loves you.

Busy. You're always busy doing good and worthwhile things.

Entertaining. You have just the right jokes for every occasion. You are so entertaining and fun.

Respected. You are the type of person and father that one can't help but to deeply respect you (even though I don't always show it.)

Testimony. I guess this is the key reason why you have all these other wonderful qualities. You have a strong testimony and you live it. Love,
Gloria

Dear Folks, Mon, April 18, 1977

How is the temple work coming along? Even when I was working full-time for the Lord (as a missionary) I never felt there was ~~enough~~ enough time in the day to accomplish everything that needed to be done.

Written
by
Jon

Last night we got a call from Lew and Marie. They mentioned something about a little girl coming to stay with them. It all sounded very exciting!

Those two pumpkins of ours are really turning into real, live boys. We're sure glad ~~it~~ it's Spring so they can get outside and tear up for a while. These four walls are just too close for them. Should be over it by the end of November.

Gloria has an announcement to make: The condition Jon described seems to result in sleepless nights & emotional ups & downs but also, from past experience, pleasant benefits (who knows, maybe even a girl this time).

Glo, Jon &

Fathers Day

Last night I had ~~1967~~

a party. Things which you did for me could really show love much more than words. You've done many things like you did last night,

(checking on a jeep) and coming to my baseball games. etc.

I've never seen ~~any~~ anyone liven up a conversation like you do. You have a joke for every occasion.

Even though I don't show it, ^(spelling) Deep down in I'm really grateful for you

Love ~~George~~ ~~George~~

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October 8, 1963

Happy Father's Day 1977!

Dear Son,

At the conclusion of the great Conference, "the best ever," I was impressed by the blessing given by Pres. McKay. I made the resolve to write to each of my sons and express my gratitude and love.

"Be the father of a man" still rings in my ears and swells in my heart, for I have the honor of being father of seven men. "I bless each member in all the world that you might have God's peace in your hearts, and in your homes everywhere."

My thoughts were also about my father, John Enoch Groberg, who died when I was three, but whose life and works have been a beacon light to me. He left me a heritage of faith in and love for the living prophets. Father was an associate of Pres. McKay both at Weber Academy and in the Weber Stake S.S. Every person I have talked to, who knew father, has told me how much he admired him and has encouraged me to try to be as good and noble as my father.

One day while eating dinner in President Hart's home with Pres. McKay, I noticed the soul-searching eyes of Pres. McKay had fastened upon my face. After a moment he said, "Brother Groberg, you look like your father." I have always wanted to be like him, for I want to be worthy to be the son of a noble father and worthy to be your father, the "father of a man." (poem quoted by Pres. McKay)

"We have never seen the Father here, but we have known the Son,
The finest type of manhood since the world was first begun,
And summing up the works of God, I write with reverent pen,
The greatest is the Son He sent to cheer the lives of men.

Through Him we learned the ways of God, and found the Father's love;
The Son it was who won us back to Him who reigns above.
The Lord did not come down Himself to prove to men His worth,
He sought our worship through the child He placed upon the earth.

How can I best express my life? Wherein does greatness lie?
How can I long remembrance win, since I am born to die?
Both fame and gold are selfish things; their charms may quickly flee,
But I'm the father of a boy who came to speak for me.

In him lies all I hope to be; his splendor shall be mine;
I shall have done man's greatest work if only he is fine.
If some day he shall help the world long after I am dead,
In all that men shall say of him my praises shall be said.

It matters not what I may win of fleeting gold or fame,
My hope of joy depends alone on what my boy shall claim.
My story must be told through him; for him I work and plan,
Man's greatest duty is to be the father of a man."
(Edgar A. Guest)

With love,
Dad
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Idaho Falls, Idaho

February 10, 1965

Dear family,

We are all so thrilled to have Joe and Dad safely home from a happy experience together and we up here are truly looking forward to seeing many of you this week-end. Because it looks as if we'll all be involved in a very busy schedule, we are sending you the following information:

1. There will be welcome for all of you (beds and food too) at one of the Grobergs or at Heningers.
2. We are setting up a Groberg Family Organization meeting at 1 p.m. Saturday, which must be out by 2:30 p.m. due to other meetings relating to conference here. Please plan to attend and please plan to be on time. Baby sitters will be provided.
3. Birthday dinner for Delbert V. will be at 5 p.m. at his home on Saturday. Everyone please come. Those who can stay for an informal family program, will have a big time. We hope the little kids will sing for us. How about it Kim and Jen and Nancy and Liz and Marilyn and Randy? - also the big kids! Please bring your flute, M.J. Everyone who wants to, is hereby invited to be on the program.
4. Sunday meetings as follows: Priesthood Meeting at 9 a.m. Sunday School at 10 a.m. Buffet luncheon at grandparents sharp at 1 p.m. because we must go early to get seats at the dedication of John's chapel at 2 p.m. Baby sitters are all provided for this 2 p.m. meeting but we will all plan to be there at least by 1:40 p.m. Baby sitters are also provided for the welcome home meeting for Joseph at 4:30 p.m. in the Third Ward. There will be room for all without anyone going early. There will be snacks and lunches for those planning on leaving immediately afterwards for Utah.

About the Family Council Meeting at 1 p.m. Saturday - we are asking that you be prepared with any questions on business affecting the family set-up. Dad asks that David give a song at this meeting as well as at the birthday party, please. Also we will all want to hear briefly from Joe and Dad.

Dad would appreciate comments from each (limit 2 minutes each) "What I can do to strengthen the family" - then the business.

Love to all,

Mother

Idaho Falls, Idaho

Oct. 19, 1965

Dear Elizabeth,

Thank you for the letter. It had such pretty and funny Hallowe'en pictures on it too. But I think I liked the way you signed your name, all different colors of crayon, the best.

Your great-great-great grandfather, Chandler Holbrook, was baptized and confirmed a member of the true Church on January 14, 1833, by Elders John P. Green and Aaron C. Lyon. They probably heard of the Church through a cousin, Mary Ann Angel (who later became a wife of Brigham Young).

Your great-great-great Grandfather Ira Nathaniel Hinckley learned about the gospel, along with his widowed mother, Lois Judd Hinckley (Erastus Nathaniel) in 1835. Elders Sherwood and John E. Page brought the glad tidings to them.

When he was 15 he heard the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, preach in the Grove at Nauvoo. (I think it was your 11th St. Gp, Thomas Hinckley, who was Governor of Plymouth Colony 1860 to 1892)

Thomas and Mary Morgan (her father founded the city of Wilton, New Hampshire)

Lovett, lived in Lowell (then known as Chelmsford), Mass., in 1820. Their son,

Thomas J. Lovett married Elizabeth Danse (?) had a close friend in a Mormon Washington

Missionary named George Wilkins. They named a son after him, George Wilkins

Lovett. Their daughter Catherine married this George Wilkins. They became your

great-great-great grandparents. One diary records that Thomas J. wanted to come to Salt Lake and join the Mormons but his wife objected so he did not. (I must get more facts here.)

Your great-great-great grandparents, Rachel Ann Meyer and George Washington Brimhall, joined the Church first. Rachel was Baptized April 17, 1846 at Logansport, Indiana.

Your great-great-great Grandfather, William Burnett, was baptized on 6 March, 1867

by Carl C. Asmussen, in New Zealand. His daughter, Susan Elizabeth, married

George Brunt in New Zealand. He had been baptized there. Elders & date unknown.

Johanna Larsson Groberg joined the Church in Stockholm, Sweden, around 1860-65.

Because you wrote me such a nice letter, I must find more facts for you.

Love, Grandma Groberg

Idaho Falls, Idaho

December 13, 1966

Dearest Dee,

We are especially happy to enclose a bonus in the amount of \$80 for the wonderful creative effort, planning and fulfilling of our Holbrook Room. We know the small details still undone will be cared for at your first convenience. Among other important affects, the room certainly sells you - and always gets elaborate comments--We hope to make real use of it during the Christmas season--

Last evening we attended our annual High Council -Stake Presidency - Patriarch--Christmas banquet and social --We sat across from Lorin and Lucille Anderson again--As we all visited together of course we had to give reports to all around us about our missionaries - then Lorin said: "The one I want to know about is the one that went to Japan - Dee - isn't it? He's the one I'm watching - he has everything, and I mean everything --to be truly great! - I've watched him, listened to him, observed what he creates, etc., -he'll surely be a mission president and more - Where is he now and what are his plans? Tell me all about Dee - He's the one I'm keeping my eyes on!" -

Well, I wasn't surprised of course--I have never hesitated in feeling you do have a very special and great mission in life - I think the problems and difficult decisions which must be made --are all the more evidence that this is true-- I mean your great potential and expectation--We are all tested, sometimes pretty roughly--but I'm sure you are being especially observed by those in key positions to call - and I'm certain that the basic principles of faith, etc., will be the important areas on which you will be expected to be fully prepared - faith, love, gratitude, loyalty, courtesy, friendliness, and never weakening in always being on top - keeping your vision of your mission clear, and clearer -And, naturally Sharon and Del will be a big part of it too--Sometimes it takes lots of prayer, lots of disciplined thinking and feeling, lots of humility and fasting and lots of spiritual reality, and lots of following what the truth and light dictate--lots of patience - and often inconvenience and disappointment-- Well, I know how many weaknesses I'm struggling with to be what I'm expected to be - and I assume others, with far greater abilities and callings, must have to cope with --

You can be certain our faith and prayers for all of you continue from our hearts--and our gratitude--

Love, Mother

You may know just what you are to do-I have found one quality that is essential to all who aspire-and succeed-and know they are where they are supposed to be - a growing love and interest in those about them--countenances lighting, words pouring out, acts following - love is the key word--and expression of it-inevitable--

Love, Mother

Idaho Falls, Idaho

March 8, 1971

Dear David,

This letter should reach you by March 12, your 35th birthday! We hope it will be a happy day for you and for yours. We are grateful that we were privileged to bring you into this mortal existence, beautiful, intelligent, pure, and with a calling from your pre-existent life to receive the priesthood of our Savior, and through its exercise, be a blessing to many. We are grateful we were privileged to love you and guard you and guide you and pray with you and for you and influence you for good during your formative years, and have many others do the same.

We are grateful for the joy and pride your Holbrook grandparents and your aunts and uncles and brothers and sisters took in you, sensing you were indeed capable of doing much good in the great work of our Heavenly Father for his children during this phase of their existence. Your Groberg grandparents, in the spirit world must have felt the same.

We are so grateful you were baptized by your wonderful father, confirmed by him and invited to have the constant companionship of the Holy Spirit, and that your father also rejoiced when he was privileged to ordain you to be a deacon, and then a teacher and then a priest and then an elder. What an expression of love and confidence was given you when you received your endowments in the Temple here, and a mission call to bring others to a knowledge of the most important truths in this world, for their joy and fulfillment, -then your sealing to Lorraine and then the birth of six precious children of our Heavenly Father into your home to be cared for and especially to be taught these beautiful and necessary truths --what blessings have been showered upon you, and what responsibility.

Our love and prayers for you continue, as do those of others who truly love you. I think prayers on the other side of the veil also continue.

Before too long, you may receive a small gift, a token of love - but real love needs no tokens - it is felt; it is of God; it pays any price, willingly, that your happiness may be earned and may be real and may be eternal.

Always,

Mother and Dad

Idaho Falls, Idaho

December 29, 1974.

Dear Family,

As we set our table each day with the exquisite new ware, we feel much like royalty - and it is called "every day" setting. We think, had we selected it ourselves, this is what we would have chosen, the white and gold seem so right, the shape, number, size, everything about it all, including the durable and appropriate "gold" glasses. And the best part of it all is that our very own children figured it out and purchased and presented it to us. Thank you very much, again and again. Come and share it with us as often as you can. It made our Christmas even happier.

Monday Morning

I just visited with Julia on the phone. She sounds a bit weary but in her usual manner assures us all is going well and the tiny girl is eating o.k. so is probably gaining and is a darling and loved by all and that things are progressing well. Bobby said they had purchased a sort of van or truck to travel in to Guatemala and were now working on their passports and would be on their way within a week or two. Julia and the three little ones and Jenette and Lisa will stay in Provo. They plan to be gone until August - Bob, Margaret, Del and Bobby - doing translation work in several Indian dialects - Book of Mormon, missionary lessons, some hymns, etc. They don't cherish the idea of being a separated family for so long but will see what happens. Bob is very happy about this new assignment and very prepared and a prince of a man.

We fly to L.A. this p.m. to meet Bonnie's folks and see if we pass inspection - Bonnie is the oldest child in her family and George is the youngest in ours and Bonnie's parents are younger than our oldest child - and her grandparents younger than we are.

Among recent and cherished memories are those of Julia, struggling after surgery, repeating over and over - "How blessed I am, how blessed I am - our little girl is here and o.k. The Doctor had warned me but I knew there was another child for us - it seemed a girl - we were to have her - the miracle of Christmas was the birth of a child. Oh, how blessed we are."

Thanks again for all you are and do, especially for being true Latter-day Saints, that we may grow together as an eternal family - rejoicing -

Always,
Mother and Dad G.

We can think of no more appropriate way to prepare for Christmas than to help this family prepare to welcome this beautiful little daughter, Carolyn (named after her Daddy's sister)

Idaho Falls, Idaho

June 24, 1975

Dearest Glo and Jon and Jer,

It won't be long now until Grandma will be with you and you will have the great blessing of a new baby straight from the presence of our Heavenly Father to bless your home and to be blessed by such choice parents and precious big brother. We do get lonesome for all of you but trust all is well with you and that you are guarding your health, eating properly, getting adequate rest, etc. -all of you, but at this special time- especially Mommy Glo.

How is school work coming Jon? When do you really have to be in Cal?

Dad and I are leaving in about three hours for Salt Lake for June Conference. We are going a day early to attend the wedding in the a.m. - June 25 - of Jonathan Neeley and his Lynette - we will be with them at the ceremony in the Temple and to the luncheon and to the reception at the bride's home in Orem but may be involved the next day when Maude holds her Open House.

Dad is to be one of the speakers at June Conference--on Saturday a.m. he will give a ten-minute presentation on ideas for Bicentennial observance--He is to represent the Western States and another Stake Chairman from Washington D.C. will represent the Eastern States. We plan to show slides, have Stephanie and Liz and others if they make it, wear their costumes and parade,-Steve Carr give a brief message from Thomas Jefferson, display a flag sown by Relief Society sisters and non-members (missionary project example) but mainly Dad's words in between will give the message. It is an honor for our Stake and especially for Dad.

Jean and Mary Jane are fine and getting eager. I think Peggy is also getting married tomorrow in the Salt Lake Temple but Jean will stay here--due July 10.

George and Bonnie are going to Denver Saturday to look over housing, school, etc., with Joe and family until Tuesday - Jeanne writes that Joe is a truly inspired Bishop - We're not surprised.

Barry and Beth send cards from Europe - happy ones.

We love you all -

Always,

Mother and Dad G.

JUNE 13, 1976

DEAREST FAMILY,

WE HAD THE FRITZENS AND THE LEWIS GROBERGS OVER TO DINNER AFTER WE ALL LISTENED TO OUR BELOVED PROPHET SPEAK TO THE VICTIMS OF THE FLOOD DISASTER IN THE REXBURG AREA. THE LOVE AND STRENGTH AND ENLARGED VISION HE EXPRESSED UNDER SUCH PURE INSPIRATION BLESSED ALL OF US. SEVERAL OF OUR FAMILY HAVE BEEN UP WORKING ON THE CLEAN-UP, ETC. THESE CHALLENGING EXPERIENCES ARE REVEALING ALSO AND WE SIMPLY MARVEL AT HOW THOUSANDS HAVE DROPPED EVERYTHING TO HELP THOSE IN NEED AND HOW THE GREAT HEART OF ALL RESPONDS IN SUCH LOVE AND EFFORT--OF COURSE THE MARVEL OF OUR CHURCH ORGANIZATION AND PROGRAM AND READINESS AMAZES ALL NON-MEMBERS. THE STAKES AROUND ARE ASSIGNED TO ONE WARD EACH AND THE FOLKS WORK UNDER SUCH DIFFICULT SITUATIONS BUT AS THEY MAYBE NEVER WORKED SO HARD BEFORE. WE ARE GRATEFUL FOR WHAT LEW AND MARIE AND DICK AND BARBARA AND JOHN AND JEAN AND OTHERS, HAVE DONE. MANY HERE HAVE OPENED HOMES TO THEIR NEIGHBORS IN NEED AND MANY WASH CLOTHING FROM MORNING UNTIL NIGHT, PROVIDE NECESSITIES, ETC. RICKS COLLEGE TURNED EVERYTHING OVER AT ONCE AND MANY ARE BEING HOUSED AND FED THERE. THERE ARE GREAT BLESSINGS IN THESE TRAGIC EXPERIENCES WHEN THE GOSPEL IS IN EVIDENCE. WE ALL WANT TO DO MORE BUT SOME OF US MUST CARRY ON IN SUCH MATTERS AS TEMPLE WORK SO THOSE IN SPECIAL NEED AT THIS TIME FEEL THE STRENGTH, THE DEEP SECURITY, THE ETERNALITY OF BLESSINGS AND THE PURE LOVE OF THE LORD AND HIS PEOPLE --WHAT STRENGTH AND UNITY IS IN EVIDENCE ALL AROUND. WE ARE ALL LEARNING AGAIN THAT THE THINGS OF REAL VALUE WILL CONTINUE ON IN SPITE OF ANY DISASTER, IF WE KEEP ON LIVING THE GOSPEL WITH GRATITUDE AND REJOICING. DAVID IS INVOLVED AS HEAD OF GOVERNMENT WELFARE FOR THIS REGION.

LAST SUNDAY WE WENT TO UTAH AND DAD WAS PRIVILEGED TO NAME AND BLESS BEAUTIFUL LITTLE JARED NELSON GROBERG. ASSISTING WERE: DEE, LEW, BOB BLAIR. WE ENJOYED BREAKING OUR FAST AT THE DEE GROBERG'S WHERE SHARON IN HER USUAL EFFICIENT AND LOVING WAY, PUT A TEMPTING MEAL BEFORE US. HER MOTHER AND SISTER AND BROTHER'S WIFE, SISTER'S HUSBAND AND THEIR NEW BABY GIRL, AND BROTHER'S SON, ALL JOINED WITH US --JOY ALL THE WAY. THERE IS SUCH A TRUE LATTER-DAY -

SAINT SPIRIT IN DEE'S HOME. LATER THAT EVENING HE ASKED ME WHERE HE SHOULD START ON ENLARGING OUR GENEALOGY PROGRAM--WE CHECKED HIS RECORDS AND I PROMISED TO CHECK MINE. THEN COMING HOME, (FOR WE WERE FASCINATED BY THE LITTLE FRITZEN LADIES AND THEIR MOTHER ALL THE WAY, BOTH WAYS) -MARY GAVE US IMPORTANT POINTERS ON OUR GENEALOGY RESPONSIBILITIES. SHE IS AN EXPERT GENEALOGIST AND WE HOPE TO USE MORE OF HER KNOW-HOW WITHOUT BURDENING HER TOO MUCH. THE LITTLE GIRLS WERE GREAT EVEN THO WE HAD TO DETOUR ABOUT 100 MILES EN ROUTE HOME -FLOOD PROBLEMS. WE SPENT MOST OF MONDAY WITH GENEALOGY HEADS IN SALT LAKE ON TEMPLE MATTERS.

I RESOLVED FOR YOUR FATHER'S DAY MESSAGE TO SEND YOU SOME GENEALOGY HELPS BUT THIS MAY BE A BIGGER PROJECT RIGHT NOW THAN I AM ABLE TO DO -THERE IS SUCH LIMITED TIME, AND WHILE THE PRECIOUS RECORDS ARE HERE IN THIS HOUSE, THEY ARE NOT YET ALL IN PLACES TO BE EASILY FOUND, I.E. DAD'S FOUR GENERATION SHEETS ARE NOT IN HIS BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE WHERE THEY SHOULD BE- BUT LITTLE BY LITTLE WE WILL BE HELPFUL TO YOU. DEE'S WISE CONCERN WAS THAT WE KNOW WHAT IS DONE SO THERE WILL NOT BE DUPLICATION OF EFFORT.

JOHN AND JEAN FLY TO HONOLULU WEDNESDAY A.M. FOR JOHN TO BE THE COMMENCEMENT SPEAKER AT THE COLLEGE IN LAIE AND THEN TO FIND A HOME TO MOVE INTO BY JULY 26th - JOE AND JEANNE WILL BE HERE TOMORROW EVENING TO FIRM UP SOME OF THEIR DECISIONS. WE HOPE TO HAVE AT LEAST THE JOHN GROBERGS TO HOME EVENING TO CELEBRATE JOHN'S BIRTHDAY AND PLAN ON INVITING OTHERS AROUND HERE FOR DICK'S IF WE CAN (JUNE 17 and 22).

WE HAD 13 WEDDINGS IN THE TEMPLE SATURDAY AND 17 ON FRIDAY BUT FAR LESS ATTENDING BOTH AS PATRONS AND OFFICIATORS --BUT THE BLESSINGS WENT ON AND PERHAPS OUR HEAVENLY FATHER SMILES A BIT AT US--FROM HIS VANTAGE POINT WHERE HE SEES FURTHER THAN DO WE.

AGAIN THE LORD CALLS JOHN'S FAMILY TO LIVE ELSEWHERE, AND AGAIN THEY RESPOND KNOWING THAT THE REASON THE LORD ASKS ANY OF US TO DO ANYTHING IS BECAUSE HE LOVES US AND WANTS TO BLESS US. THEY'LL PROBABLY HAVE SO MANY VISITORS FROM HERE THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO GET HOMESICK FOR ANY OF US. WHAT AN EXAMPLE THEY ARE TO KNOW WHAT THE LORD REQUIRES IS RIGHT-THO WE MAY NOT UNDERSTAND UNTIL LATER (JOSEPH SMITH)-THEY ACCEPT ALL CALLINGS WITH GRATITUDE AND JOY
DAD IS SPEAKING AT STAKE PRIESTHOOD MEETING- LOVE ALWAYS,

MOTHER & DAD G.

Idaho Falls, Idaho

July 26, 1975

Beloved Children,

Again we have special reason for rejoicing with the safe arrival of beautiful little Viki (meaning "Praise God" in Tonga) to John and Jean - She is a blessing to them and they will be a blessing to her. Heaven is closer and more real to all of us when these special occasions come our way. She and her mother are home now. Surely she brings Heaven itself with her and a new awareness of our Father's love for us and of the most important things in life - our families and the Gospel.

As I took over at John's this evening for a few hours and noted how prepared and happy all were to welcome this choicest of all blessings - I thot of something Dad and I have discussed several times, mentioned to some of you and want to mention to all of you. As these new little ones join our ranks, come here for their earth experience and testing, older ones move on to give their reports - Dad is a very "popular" funeral speaker and an excellent one - we have decided when we pass on (not for many years yet of course) we want our services to be given by our family - by you! We'll give you ample time to think about it, but you see, we want the best and that's you! There will be a bishop in charge of course, but prayers, life sketch, talks, music, etc., we want done by our own family members. We have visited with some of you already about this - no hurry and no worry now, but that's what we want - just imagine all the grandchildren singing together or Beth or Glo or Dave or any of you - and what an array of talent for talks, etc., and let's see, as for prayers, there will be family prayer, opening and closing, dedicatory and probably others and several could give brief talks --all the details we'll skip for a few years - it should be a time of rejoicing together as is this birth.

We love you all dearly and know if you do your utmost constantly to live all the Gospel you will get all you desire - joy and rejoicing with your loved ones. We're all fine. Del Blair thinks his farewell will be the last Sunday in August. When Mary's baby comes and all is well here, I will fly to Alabama hoping to be helpful there.

Always, Mom and Dad G.

When news of little Viki's safe arrival came to John Enoch, he put his arm around Tommy and quietly said: "We're getting way too many girls around here, Tom."

January 17, 1976

Dearest family,

Our scripture for this week - Elder Marion G. Romney's promise and prophecy:

"IF YOU WILL READ THE BOOK OF MORMON TOGETHER AS A FAMILY AND BY YOURSELVES AS PARENTS, CONTENTION WILL DEPART FROM YOUR HOMES, LOVE WILL INCREASE, AND YOUR ABILITY TO COUNSEL YOUR CHILDREN WILL INCREASE, AND YOUR CHILDREN WILL TAKE YOUR COUNSEL."

Dad gave this in his "instructions" to the grooms and also in a marriage here in the Temple and several have asked him for a copy of it, realizing it can be done and if that's all it takes - Reading the Book of Mormon together and individually --with such results - "Your children will take your counsel" that you have gained an increased ability to give - they want to take advantage of it right now.

Later

We're so glad Barbara called the office to report the great tidings that wee Brenda Marie has come to bless George and Bonnie. You'll all know about it before you receive this - 6 lbs. 11 ozs. 19" - January 17 - 8:45 a.m. Denver Rejoicing!

And if that isn't enough --here came Marie and Lew to the Temple and after going thru a session came to show us her diamond and be interviewed as prospective bride and groom! You'll love Marie and see how just right she is. We're so glad Lew waited for Marie and Marie waited for Lew. He's eager to make certain all who can come will come. They'll announce the date later but they're thinking of March. They want to check with all of you but first with Marie's folks who live in Vale, Oregon. Her father runs a dairy farm. Her brother, Lee Hansen, teaches at B.Y.U. She returned from a mission in Ireland several months ago and is teaching first grade here. She seems to really belong and again we are humbled by our blessings.

We have had a big and exciting day in the Temple, - exhausted but happy.

Love always, Mom and Dad G.

(The above may be of interest in your personal history for your Book of Remembrance, as is being emphasized now.)

Idaho Falls Temple

November 30, 1976

To Joe on your 34th birthday:

As we gratefully and with a deep feeling of love and humility, welcomed you to our home as a beautiful baby boy, our fifth son in a row and our seventh child, thirty four years ago today, with more gratitude and love and humility we now welcome you back to Idaho Falls, with your own beautiful family and your own ideal home.

We are aware, in a degree, of the sacrifice you have made to come at this time, leaving almost more than anyone should be expected to leave, but leaving every one built up and stronger because you had been there. There will be no end to the good you have done for others. And as a natural law responds with good for good and strength and growth coming to one who gives it to others, so you are now added upon and prepared for the new era where your love and example and service will continue to blossom and expand and become more perfect.

It is not for us to know all the feelings and concerns that attended the event of thirty-four years ago when you left your home and associates to come to our home as a precious bundle of love and joy. However, it is likely there were strong ties that were broken as a vast new estate was to be undertaken.

There are some similarities as well as some differences in your two arrivings--now, as then, you have brought a special sweet spirit and a boundless love and desire to do your full measure, regardless of sacrifice. Now, as then, you come willingly and because you are wanted, asked for, and needed. Now, different from then, you come knowing full well the ties and associations and happy conditions you have left and broken; now, more,

much more than then, you have brought with you as part and parcel of you, your family --Jeanne with her beauty of countenance and character, her talents and her devotion and loyalty, --the sweet and lovely little children adding joy and challenge and heaven on earth.

These and other similarities and differences, make this arriving extra, extra special and in a very meaningful way, add to the many reasons we were so thrilled and happy when you came to us 34 years ago today.

Love,

Mother and Dad

* * * * *

TO JOE AT 34 in '76

Thank you, Joe, for sharing with us
The counsel you gave to your ward.
You told them what they ought to do
Expressed in thoughts of deepest love
As given to you from Heaven above.
Your mother and I with one accord
Listened with care to every word.
Your thoughts were clear and firm and true,
We want to follow your counsel too.
You have brought joy and honor in every way
Since your arrival thirty-four years ago today
We are all here to serve and love and learn
And obtain the blessings that we earn.
Among the many things we still don't know
Is how we earned the joy of having Joe.

With our gratitude to you and Jeanne
and each of the children,

Mother and Dad

From Mother; The family prayer that President Tanner gave Saturday p.m. and President Kimball gave Sunday morning for us, perhaps the highlight of the entire experience--long-complete-sacred-never-to-be-forgotten-not possible to express in mere words--but, I will never be the same again...

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Idaho Falls Temple
1000 Memorial Drive
Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401

October 31, 1977

Delbert V. Groberg - President
Calvin D. McOmber - 1st Couns.
Willis G. Nelson - 2nd Couns.
Jennie H. Groberg - Matron
Lou Williams - Recorder

Your family letter this week.

from Dad:

Dear George and Bonnie and Brenda and Brenda's new little baby sister,

Congratulations on all of you being together and being so prepared and each being so "just right" in your positions. It is like a wonderful repeat of our family - and its a fact, you have as many children now as we had when our second child was born and the same number of girls- and also the same number of boys!

The picture came and little baby Gretchen is telling us "This entry into this world is an eye-opener and I want to study it out and be sure of myself before I comment further or before I break out into the happy smile that I have all ready to turn on" -

I think Gretchen is perfect. It will be good to hear a complete report and word on your plans to bless her. We don't like to miss any important event, but it seems we need to make some choices based on our responsibility and our actual available time, etc. We tried to call last night but no one answered so you must have been showing Gretchen to Denver-likely to a meeting.

As we measure days for special interest and wonderful association and instruction, I guess the past two days will stand out among the big ones! - President Kimball and President Tanner and Brother Haycock came to Idaho Falls on the 8:09 p.m. flight Saturday night, October 29th. Mom and I met them at the airport and brought them to our "Temple home"- We visited, gave each of them a room and had an evening meal - which we all enjoyed - had President Tanner give our family prayer and we all had a good night's sleep.

At 6:30 a.m. President Tanner and I took a morning walk around the Temple and I had Brother Haycock and President Tanner help pick ripe tomatoes from our up-side down plants that I pulled up and hung in tack in the garage.

At 7 a.m. President Kimball (who said he slept well until 5 a.m. and then got up and took a good shower and went back to bed and to sleep) was ready and we had a good breakfast and visit. President Tanner said, "If I were given my selection of the breakfast I wanted, it would be just exactly this one" - After breakfast, President Kimball and I had a few details to check and I asked President Tanner if he would like to go over them with us. He said "you and President Kimball and Brother Haycock can take care of that and I will help Sister Groberg with the dishes" - Then he said, "they know how to help with your work and I know how to help with the dishes" - I asked another question about our time schedule, to President Tanner, - he said: "Let's check with President Kimball" - such a beautiful respect and recognition-and as soon as President Kimball asked President Tanner what his counsel was on the subject, he gave it with all his heart. I asked President Kimball another question and he turned to President Tanner and said, "You have been a counselor to four Presidents of the Church - I would like to have your counsel on this" - he gave it forth-with and President Kimball said: "I really appreciate your feeling and opinion on the matter"-

We had a most interesting report from President and Sister McOmber on their recent short mission-visit to Czechoslovakia. It was remarkable to see how keen and how totally alert President Kimball was of every detail and of every area where more and additional information was needed. President Kimball was in Poland and in East Germany at the same time President and Sister McOmber were in Prague. It was a most exciting report on a people and a country where freedom has been taken away by a communistic government and where some members of the Church are remaining true and loyal even in the face of political regulations. It makes us feel sorry for them - as well as grateful for their faithfulness.

After the mission report and then some meetings away from our home -

President Kimball and President Tanner and I walked into our home. (It was about 2 p.m. and we had breakfast at 7 a.m.) President Kimball saw Mom in the dining room placing food on the table and said, "I hope Sister Groberg is not fixing food for us to eat" - and President Tanner said, "I hope she is!" then President Kimball quietly said to me, "It is good to have a faithful 1st counselor, who has the courage to correct you when you make a foolish statement." -

Naturally this was a big day --We are a day older and several ordinary days wiser - We wish you could have been here -

Love, -Dad G.

* * * * *

Mom would like to add a comment - It has been exciting to be doing all this cleaning and preparation (on the side) -but when we were all ready and ready to go to the Airport --we discovered the garage door refused to work so Dad jumped in my old car - which luckily was out in front --and rushed over to Joe's and got his --so we made it in time - It was wonderful to have Randy come in with his parents (we had run into them at the airport-- as David was returning from some important business meetings in northern Idaho) --later - on Sunday- President Kimball told Randy he should start preparing for his mission right now --He also said he had a grand-daughter named Stephanie and a grandson named Todd --Our Prophet was so quickly recognized at the Airport both coming and going, it was impossible for many to not know he was here -- Dad was a real master of the situation all the time --and a real friend to President Kimball and President Tanner - I thought you would enjoy this report Dad has just written as your family letter this week. Any chance of getting (quickly) a snapshot of Emily Leilani? -

Love, Mother G.

P.S. We are excited about the new findings on the Dunning line--thanks Dee Wonderful Jean reports John is really involved in Samoa-Conference-New Mission President -Temple, etc.

Our
Writings
Poetry
Music
Talks

"Now, what do we hear in the gospel which we have received? A voice of gladness! ...glad tidings of great joy...let your hearts rejoice and be exceedingly glad. Let the earth break forth into singing..."

(D. & C. 128)

"...if there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."

(13th Article of Faith)

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

For behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee and his glory shall be seen upon thee
And the Gentiles shall come to thy light and kings to the brightness of thy rising
Lift up thine eyes round about and see...."

(Isaiah 60:1)

"When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy..."

(Job 38:7)

"For Zion must increase in beauty...arise and put on her beautiful garments."

(D. & C. 82:14)

"The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handywork."

(Psalms 19:1)

"How could one ever portray in words and music and glories of the coming of the Father and the Son and the restoration of the doctrines and the Priesthood and the keys unless he were an inspired Latter-day Saint?...Inspired Saints will write great books and novels and biographies and plays...John Taylor said: "God expects Zion to become the praise and glory of the whole earth..!"

(President Kimball -Ensign July, 1977)

The image shows a musical score for a four-part setting of a hymn. It consists of four staves: two for the vocal parts (Soprano and Alto) and two for the piano accompaniment (Right and Left Hand). The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The vocal parts feature a simple, melodic line, while the piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving bass lines.



No. 5. 14 Staves (Medium)

M. M. COLE PUB. CO.

PRINTED IN U.S.

THE SONG OF THE TITHE-PAYER

By Dr. George H. Brimhall

Music by Jennie H. Gro

1.

Not mine to keep, not mine to spend,
 Not mine to give, not mine to lend--
 'Tis the Lord's part, 'tis the Lord's part--
 A tenth of all I gain.

2.

'Tis His to have, 'tis His to use,
 As He, not I, may think or choose;
 'Tis the Lord's part, 'tis the Lord's
 A tenth of all I gain.

3.

His part shall be the first and best
 Of all the ten with which I'm blessed;
 'Tis the Lord's part, 'tis the Lord's part,
 A tenth of all I gain.

1961 HOLIDAY GREETINGS! 1962

During the Christmas season of 1902 (December 24th) Father and Mother were married in the Logan L.D.S. Temple -- 1962 will be the 60th anniversary of their wedding.

Though Mother died May 12th, 1908, and Father on June 10th, 1909, today they have a posterity of over 50 descendants.

99 Ave. 29, '75

It seems timely to include the copy of one of Father's poems, written while a student at the School of Farr West in 1892 when he was 16 years old.

Over the years we have all marveled at how much our parents were able to accomplish in such a short time. We would like to all continue on, and we have the assurance "God will bless you if you only do the best you can!"

With love and gratitude,

*Robert Groberg
and family*
1D4H0 F4LLS, 1D4H0

DO THE BEST YOU CAN

Have you ever in your life-time
Had a task you could not do?
If you have---well, let me whisper
Just a few words unto you:
Try and always do your duty,
Try and carry out your plan;
But, if you can by no means do it---
Do the best you can!

Everybody can be doing
Something, if they only try;
Therefore, you should always try to
Do some good before you die.
Fulfill all that you have promised,
Take your part just like a man,
And no matter what your trade is---
Do the best you can!

Finish all that you have started,
Never from your duty shrink;
If your will will only help you,
You can do more than you think.
No matter what you are doing,
You will find it a good plan
To work with a will, and always
Do the best you can!

If you are young, and strong, and happy,
Try and make others happy too,
And always think that all you live for
Is the good that you can do.
Try to do what's right, and always
Do your duty like a man,
For God will bless you if you only
Do the best you can!

John E. Groberg

WHILE IN LOS ANGELES, FEBRUARY, 1957-

Our Valentines

(To My Wife - February 14)

When I got yours and you got mine,
You were my first real Valentine.
True love grew where thrills had been,
Eleven valentines since then
Joyfully beamed within our door;
Lovers vows, sweetest fruit bore.
Each new life like different arts,
Dances and plays upon our hearts.

Sweetheart mine, take my arm, hold tight.
Just you and I for one more night
Swing to their music in our dreams
Just enjoying our valentines.
Won't it be a glorious flight,
Greeting them all with pure delight.
While love and hope are still shining,
Tonight, -we'll go valentining.

* * *

Meditation (Feb.'27)

Have you ever stood at the dawn of day,
Watching the darkness fade slowly away;
Fully enjoying, oncoming dawning,
Glorious birth of another morning!
Revealing the marvels of creation
And wondering bowed in adoration.

Have you arisen with the peep of the sun,
Buoyant of heart, eagerly begun
The hum of work - life's activities;
Joyful quest--pursuit of victories,
Did well your part, till flickering light
Approved your work with a restful night.

Have you been tired, but happily said
"I did my best", and crawled into bed.
In that dream-land, felt a chilling blast,
The killing thot - today was my last -
Or assured of another dawning,
Restfully slept, prepared for morning.

Having children, did you never see
The sainted mother's sweet ecstasy,
Gladly giving all that she might bear
A new life, nor count the cost nor care.
In her great gift, animated sod,
Observed the attributes of a God.

Have you accepted these and not
known
The Masterful hand so plainly show
In this orderly regulation
Saw the Light, felt the inspiratio
Why the grope and wander in the
night?
Be grateful that God gave you a
light.

Routine and Age

Because May blooms from April showers,
The green endures in sheltered bowers,
In a sort of calenderic way
Must time and seasons hold despotic sway.

Must January stick to December,
As an established rotative thing,
Or can it with propriety mix
The wintry blasts with new-born spring

Do not the seasons all remind us,
In their mutacious passing away,
Glorious ~~spring~~s are not all bygone
Where hope and dreams continue to play

California Exuberance
(from winter trip)

Climate and flowers, ocean and bowers,
Optimism and options, all do their part
To fan my deepening ardor for "Cal".

The less intent with cunning and art,
You make it run faster--grow as well,
Up home, a nothing; down here, "a swell"-

Tickle the ego; start its ascent,
Give it new freedom, wings for an hour,
Pronto,-a basement becomes a top-heavy tower.

Who'd change this eminent, lofty affair,
For effacement, service, love, and care.
Better I, E'er the balloon mounts so high,
Its lost in an evanescent sky.

Midway--Maybe

Can we no longer onward go, without restraining fetters know?
Or are we still upward climbing, and the world its brightest shining?

Scant threads of silver warn us now; deep tracing lines fringe our brows,
Neuritis pains and rusty joints, the toll of years to often point.
Drooping head, hesitating stride, are well known signs of outgoing tide.

It matters not as years slip by, the dawn of each that comes and goes;
If still we love and laugh and cry, like little children sweethearts, beaux.
The veneer is but a frail coat, vehicle for identity,
The heart within directs the boat, charts our course thro eternity.

Life is gaged by victories won, not by cycles and setting sun,
The soul that wills is always young and breezes onward sails outflung,
Confident when this body dies, a better far will be its prize.

Dearest Jennie:



Your eyes are so blue,
And your heart is so true,
That they tell of a life full of love.

God sent you here
Our love hearts to cheer,
Through my sisters, whom I met above.

I thank Him each day - for you,
and I pray.

That your darlings, He will keep
From all harm,

That to you strength will be given
To guide them to Heaven,
and that He will grant them -
The like of your charm.

Aunt Jennie B. Knight.

Mar. 3. 1934.

(given at the funeral of Aunt Jennie B. Knight)
Provo, Utah, Died 31 Mar. 1957
(held at old Jesse Knight home, now Berg Mortuary)

Among my treasured letters is one which begins, "Dearly Beloved," and it ends "As ever, your Aunt Jennie."

I should like to address this message directly to Aunt Jennie and begin it with that same salutation, "Dearly Beloved --Aunt Jennie" --

At various times in the past, I **have** tried to create something lovely with words. Often, Aunt Jennie, I have come and asked you to listen to what I have written. It has always meant so much to me to please you and my poor attempts at writing always seemed to please you. This writing isn't as good as I want it to be. For this occasion I want it to be my very best but it isn't. You see, it is my heart that is speaking and words don't give it adequate expression. But you will be pleased and you will understand, Aunt Jennie. You have always understood the message of our hearts when our words failed. You will even want me to think my humble efforts are wonderful. You have always done that: lifted, encouraged, appreciated, inspired, made us think we were wonderful, --not only me, but all your adoring nieces and nephews and grand-nieces and nephews, and of course most of all your own children, your **splendid** sons and their lovely wives, and your beautiful grand-children.

In the great accomplishments of your life for which you are being remembered and honored today as missionary, scholar, builder, leader, servant, wife and mother, to these may I add another, a distinctive tho humble title, one, in my opinion, deserving a place near the top of the list--the title of Aunt Jennie. And may I represent a large, appreciative group whose lives you have helped to mold for good and who love you deeply--those of us who are privileged proudly tenderly, and gratefully to call you our Aunt Jennie.

At many times I have felt that you and I were very close to each other and that I was someone very special to you. I have really known that the other nieces and nephews felt the same way; they too felt very near and very important to you. And none of us has objected to the sharing of your love with the others; we have just marvelled at the great capacity of that love. So will you accept what I say today as if it came from all of us who call you Aunt Jennie?

Dearest Aunt Jennie, it was less than a week ago that I walked into your room, smoothed back your hair, kissed your cheek and whispered, "Its Jennie" (I have always been so proud that I carried your name). For a brief moment you opened your eyes, and with effort pulled yourself back into consciousness to say, "Jennie, how sweet you are." Then my husband took your hand to say hello and you again forced yourself out from the shadows of your semi-consciousness to say, "It is good to be together." He left, but I was privileged to keep vigil by your side for several hours. Other dear ones have watched by your side through many weeks and months of your illness, watched, worked, yearned, loved, and prayed.

For these few short hours I wanted to be all tenderness, skill, and wisdom in caring for you. My desire to relieve your distress, to help bear the burden of your inevitable passing, that desire was real and great. But as I ministered to you I found my ability, my efforts, and myself, not great at all, instead, small, oh so very small. Still, I believe you were happy that I was there. Some of the time you rested quite peacefully. When you stirred and motioned for help, I wiped your face, moved you a bit, spooned water or bits of nourishment into your mouth, fanned the air to ease your breathing, quietly sat by you and held your hand. At rare intervals you opened your eyes and briefly spoke to me--the words were faint and I had to lean down close to get them, but these words were you, and I repeat them. Once you said, "Jennie, the nurses are so good, so good." Another time you said, "Fern is so wonderful, and the others." Later you said, "Still here? try to rest an hour." To the last degree of consciousness you were first of all considerate of other's needs-- finding it hard to adjust to receiving for yourself after years and years of giving and giving had become such a part of you. Your concern over me and your asking me to "try to rest an hour," reminded me how just a few weeks before I had spent a night at your side in the hospital. You had been less at peace then and once after doing all I could to relieve the suffering, I had said, "Can't I do something else to help?" and you had answered, "Yes, dear, pray for the Lord to take me." And I had said, "All right, Aunt Jennie, but we will miss you very much." And I thought to myself, "we will miss the waiting bed, the cookie can always full, the doll in the drawer, our wonderful visits, but mostly we will miss the welcoming, open arms of our beloved Aunt Jennie and Uncle Will who always asked, "Can't we do a little more for you, just a little more?" Indeed we will miss you

Once you asked about my mother and you added, "She is the most perfect L.D.S. woman I know." I agreed with you. Aunt Jennie, I believe the beautiful love between you and my mother is an ideal many sisters might emulate. All these things I recalled as I sat by your side last Thursday afternoon. Once as I gently brushed your hair you said, "you are pretty in that dress" and I answered lightly, "I thought you'd like it" --then you smiled; hardly the smile that for so many years has brought quick responses of joy from so many, but you smiled.

My sister Helen called to speak to you briefly. You knew her and said, "The Lord bless you, dear."

Well, the relentless minutes of the afternoon ticked into hours which had to end with a grim finality. Uncle Mark and Sister Mangum came to take over and give again of their loving care for you. My time was up. I said, "Aunt Jennie, I must go now, good-bye." You answered, "I won't be seeing you again" (not in this life, I agreed to myself, but when you go on to the next, there will be a greater reason than ever for all of us to make ourselves worthy to see you and to be with you again.)

After a brief pause, again I said, "good-bye," and you whispered to me, "good-bye darling." Then I left. Three days later in Idaho Falls we learned of your peaceful passing and we were happy. We knew it was best. There are so many, loving you as we do, who have been waiting to welcome you home.

Aunt Jennie, several times during our afternoon together when you were not conscious at all, several times you called out, "Oh take me home, take me home, early" --and I wondered about it. The hours of my last visit with you are precious ones, and so are the few words you spoke to me,--the words "it is good to be together" Dear Aunt Jennie, to truly be together at some future time and place will be well worth the striving, --the words: "how sweet you are; how pretty you look" --Dear Aunt Jennie it is you who have helped so much to make us sweet and pretty, --the words, "everyone is so good" --Dear Aunt Jennie, it is because your eyes have seen and recognized that good in everyone, and your efforts have drawn that good forth and secured it, --the words, "the Lord bless you,"--Dear

Aunt Jennie, to that benediction of yours on us, we add, "Indeed, may the Lord bless us to better accomplish the good life as you have exemplified it, --and your words, "good-bye darling" --Dear Aunt Jennie, you have become such a vital, wonderful part of each of us that in our deep love and appreciation of you, may we echo those last words and say to you now, until we do see you again, "good-bye darling."

* * * * *

One Christmas we sent each family a "Prayer" bell with this little poem:

Happiness is a tinkling bell
Children hear on a hot summer day,
Announcing the ice-cream wagon
Is coming along their way.

Happiness is a laughing bell
Children hear on a cold winter day,
Announcing good old Santa Claus
Is near with his reindeers and sleigh.

Happiness is a call-to-prayer bell
Children hear in their home each day,
Once every morning and once every night,
Gathering the family to pray.

Inviting all to kneel together
And say to their Father above:
"We love thee! We thank thee!
"We'll do what you ask- we know that
You ask it, because of your love!"

Mother and Dad

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' e 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!
In their midst a love-note you see --

"In appreciation for your success-
These roses I offer --Mother."
And then you wonder if 'twas your success --
If praise should not go to another --

* * * * *

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!

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-months 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."

TO MY DAUGHTER

(a cycle)

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 new-born 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 want 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 new-born 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 begin 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 enoble and challenge,
And a purpose to waken and lift.

I shall unfold it in flowery phrase,
Add conflict to heighten its glow;
I shall garnish with grace and beauty,
Bind with rhythm and rhyme just so.

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 unprotested,
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 to me is poetry?

"I shall style it with loveliness"
Was the first thing 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 enoble 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, come day!"

I M A G I N A T I O N

(written for Lewis H. G.)

My little boy is just half-past-five,
But if you could hear him talk
You'd think him the queerest thing alive,
You might even get a shock!

He tips over the rocker and jumps on top,
Then whoops and yells to say,
"This jet plane is going too fast to stop,
You guys all get out of the way!"

Then quick as a wink he is out of the door,
But returns with his arms full of wood.
"I'm going to build jet planes for my big store,
Mommy, don't you think that will be good?"

A hammer and nails he takes from the shelf,
Then settles down to work on the floor,
"I'll make a jet plane my very own self,
And sell it in my very own store."

Then he stacks the lumber with utmost care,
And pounds in the nails with glee.
"This plane goes fifty hundred miles an hour,
And it's going to be bigger than me!"

He asks me for ideas as to what he should charge,
"A million? or twenty-thirteen?"
"My store in Alaska is really quite large,
My jet plane can easily be seen!"

"And I'll sell so many it won't be funny!
In my store there's just lots of room --
And I'll raise the price if I need more money -
Watch out now --here we go --zoo-co-co-co- oom!"

HE ALSO LIVED FOR US

Jennie Hallbrook

(2nd place winner in Church Public Speaking (Oratorical Contest)
Received award from Pres. Grant in S.L. Tabernacle.

When, like a heavy cloud of depressing darkness, the anguish and despair of death casts its shadow over the lives of men, their souls cry out for deliverance, that they might be freed from the over-whelming darkness; they plead for light, for truth. And how like a powerful, enlightening comforter comes back in answer the uplifting realization that death is not the end, merely a point of transition, that the soul they knew of that body now so cold before them, lives, that they shall meet their beloved again.

And for this comforting knowledge, this gift of unparalleled joy, their hearts go out in gratitude, their souls swell in thankfulness, --to whom? for what? No, not to a vague receptor of their pleas, then gratitude, but to an understanding individual, once like unto them, but now a God, a creator, yet still a brother. It is to Jesus Christ, He of Calvary, who "died that men might live, that the grave should not be the end."

Yes, he paid the supreme price of love; he died for us. But how often in the less stressing moments of life do we stop and think and appreciate that He also lived for us? When we read: "I am come that you might have life and have it abundantly" do we realize that His was the example of the "abundant" life, the pattern for us to follow? Do we realize that he lived so that we might more fully do so?

Through his death he vouchsafed to each of us a general salvation, a promise that we should live again after mortal death. Through his life he gave to each of us the possibility and desire of acquiring that which alone makes this "life after death" desirable --individual salvation. He pointed the way for us; He gave the exemplary life for us; He was our leader, not an unreal, unnatural, unattainable idea, but, as I see it, the excellent man with the perfection of those qualities we all strive for: love, charity, open-mindedness, strength, progressiveness-- (his in a state of godhood) And we find that through the effort we put forth to become like him do we realize this salvation, and we drink of that "well of living water" which Jesus referred to when, you remember, after traveling a long day's journey thru a burning desert, his eyes heavy, his feet tired, his lips parched, and his throat dry, he came to a well of cooling water and asked a woman who was drawing from it, for a drink. She gave him of

the water but wondered at his asking because He was a Jew and she a Samaritan. He thanked her and to her question answered: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life." And so he lived that we might partake of this everlasting water.

Christ, through his teachings, revealed for us an ideal life and as we ponder over this ideal life we recognize that his was the perfect example of it, that he embodied all the teachings he would have us follow. Even in his childhood he exemplified the principle of obedience. We all remember the incident where he disengaged himself from his parents and wandered into the temple, and his mother full of tender concern and anxiety, sought him there and found him teaching the wise men. As she gently chided him for being so neglectful of her feelings, he answered "Wist ye not that I be about my Father's business?" -- but nevertheless he got up and went with her, obediently.

This is emphasized a little later in his life when he went into the waters of baptism, not for the remission of his sins, (for he had none) but in obedience to the universal law that "all men should be born again of the water and of the spirit."

So complete and perfect was his living that we sometimes do not sense the full value of it. Of course we all accept Christ as the pre-eminent teacher but too often we overlook the full purport of his message. He said "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" and we say "I believe" and dutifully donate our offering for the care of the poor, which is very good, but how often do we hesitate to assist in, to commend, or at least refuse to condemn the accusing and wayward with the acknowledgement that "I, too, have made mistakes--perhaps I can help her."? When the multitude, intent upon stoning her who had sinned came to Christ for his approval, He said to them, as he indifferently wrote upon the sand, "He that is without sin shall cast the first stone." And when he looked up he saw only the woman there and Christ, full of charity ever, but condoning sin, never, said to her, "Go thy way and sin no more."

We must realize that to speak disrespectfully of or pass judgment on a neighbor at any time, perhaps in a chummy conversation with a friend, a fault we all admit, is disobeying his injunctions to "love one another as I have loved you" and "Judge not that ye be not judged." And too, it is failing to get the full benefit of the gift of Christ's life to us.

The concept of the ideal life as presented by Christ was so complete that it even embodied the common axiom "there is no time like the present" for He admonished us to "walk while ye have light lest darkness come upon you", "say not ye, there are yet four months and then cometh harvest, behold I say unto you, look upon the fields, for they are white already to harvest."

Let us take another example: Christ once said to his followers: "He that findeth his life shall lose it but he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it" and they did not understand his saying. But we know that the truth of the statement is proved in the lives of such men as Socrates, Galileo, Lincoln, for these men in seeking after truth forgot themselves, lost their lives in their work, in His work, but today they still live, not only in an actual spiritual state but in the hearts of those who reap the harvest of their efforts. And so should we find our lives in losing them in service to our fellow men and thus to Him who lives to prove that sincere joy is gained

only through doing for others.

When Christ said, "Yea, the time cometh that whosoever killeth you thinketh that he doeth God service and these things they will do unto you because they have not known the Father nor me" surely he assumed that they who are persecuted should forgive "seventy times seven" because of their superior knowledge. Even in this he did not fail to exemplify, for as he drained the last bitter cup while he hung upon the cross in agony of mortal pain, though with soul triumphant, he breathed his last breath into the whispered prayer; "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

These are but a few examples of this most perfect life. In his short existence of 33 years Christ established and exemplified laws and teachings which have formed the basis of centuries of civilization and human progress, and yet are being appreciated more fully today than ever before.

"I am the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me"
"And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish"
"If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love"
"These things I have spoken unto you that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world" - And might we not add, "You too may overcome the world; you also may gain salvation; you may become a God --if you follow my teachings for I came that "You might have life and have it abundantly."

And so we bow our heads in reverence to Him who died that we might live, but we lift our faces heavenward in glorious anticipation of joyful achievement and deep appreciation increasingly swells within us when we consider that not only did He die for us but He also lived for us.

MOTHER'S DAY --1976

DELBERT V. GROBERG

OF BLESSINGS

BLESSINGS THAT BRING THE GREATEST JOY
AND LAST THE LONGEST
ARE THOSE THAT COME TO US TOGETHER,
THEY ARE THE STRONGEST

ALL BLESSINGS THAT WE ARE GIVEN
THAT HAVE REAL MEANING
COME TO US FROM HEAVEN
APPROVED OF THE LORD

THEY COME FROM HEAVEN, IT IS TRUE,
TO BLESS OUR LIVES TOGETHER,
BUT THE WAY THEY COME
I NOW DISCOVER,
IS THROUGH YOU
MY SWEETHEART, WIFE--MOTHER.

THE ROUTE THAT BLESSINGS COME FROM
COME FROM HEAVEN
IS NOW CLEARLY AND
COMPLETELY GIVEN
THE LORD GIVES ALL BLESSINGS
IT IS TRUE
THEY COME FROM HIM
VIA --YOU!

MOTHERS DAY 1976

I LOVE YOU JENNIE, MOM, AND JANE
AS WE SHARE THE JOY THIS LIFE CONTAINS
I LOVE YOU GRANDMA, WIFE AND MOTHER,
AS WE COMBINE WITH ONE ANOTHER
TO SERVE THE LORD WITH MIND AND HEARTS
WITH ALL LIFE'S SUNSHINE, CLOUDS & RAIN
EACH THOT OF YOU IS A GLDD REFRAIN
THE BLESSINGS THAT YOU GIVE ARE REAL
THEY COMFORT, THEY SUSTAIN AND HEAL
ETERNAL JOY IS IN CONSTANT VIEW
BECAUSE YOU LOVE ME AND I LOVE YOU!

ON REACHING OUR 47th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

TIME MOVES BY AT A STEADY FLOW,
MINUTES AND HOURS COME AND GO
AND AS THEY PASS THEY SEEM TO SAY,
WE MAKE UP THE STRUCTURE OF EVERY DAY

THE DAYS AND WEEKS AND MONTHS FLY BY
WITHOUT GETTING PERMISSION OR ASKING US WHY
AND AS THEY GO THEY GIVE A LOUD CHEER,
HURRAH, HURRAH, FOR ANOTHER YEAR!

A YEAR BY ITSELF IS NOT VERY LONG
JUST A SKIP AND A JUMP AND A HAPPY SONG
BUT AS EACH ONE PASSES IT GIVES THE SCORE
THERE IS ONE LESS NOW AND NOT TOO MANY MORE

I THINK ABOUT HOW MUCH I HAVE TO DO
AS I SEE THE END COMING RIGHT INTO VIEW
WHEN I HOPE TO TRANSFER FROM HERE TO HEAVEN
AND MAKE MY YEARLY REPORT FOR THE LAST FORTY-SEVEN.

I AM GLAD FOR THE MINUTES AND HOURS TO COME
AND WILL USE EACH OF THEM WISELY, ONE BY ONE,
THEN I WONT BE TOO WORRIED AS THE MONTHS GO BY,
I'LL MAKE THEM COUNT IF I ONLY TRY

THE YEARS THAT ARE LEFT MAY BE QUITE A FEW,
AT LEAST ENOUGH TO DO ALL I NEED TO DO,
SO I'LL KEEP ON DOING UNTIL I AM THROUGH
AND I WISH THE SAME FOR YOU!

* * * * *

I AM SO GRATEFUL AND PLEASE
AND SO HAPPY WITH LIFE --
AND I OWE FOR THIS FEELING
TO MY WONDERFUL WIFE

WHOM I MARRIED IN THE TEMPLE
I AM PROUD TO SAY
JUST EXACTLY FORTY-SEVEN
YEARS AGO TODAY --

TIME HAS MADE HER MORE
PRECIOUS AND LOVELIER TOO
I LOVE MY DARLING, MY
SWEETHEART FOR SURE,
AND I WILL FOR FORTY SEVEN
TIMES FORTY-SEVEN
HUNDRED YEARS MORE!

THEN, IN OUR ETERNAL YOUTH
WHEN THIS EARTH IS TURNED INTO HEAVEN
WE'LL COUNT THE YEARS AND HAVE
THEM PRODUCE
LIKE THEY DID FOR THESE FIRST
FORTY-SEVEN!

* * * * *

I am recalling with sweet tears how once, a few months after our
honeymoon --Dad came home from work and I was feeling "low" - so he
was the innocent victim of my limited vision-- I said some things
between wee sobs that at a more rested time I wouldn't have said. He
listened but a moment --then replied: "Well --here I come home expecting
all sunshine and roses --and you cloud up and rain!" TYPICAL!
How can one do anything but love him?

(FOUND IN DAD'S DESK AS I CLEANED IT OUT - JUNE 12, 1974 -I.F.)

JOHN, JOHN, JOHN!
GRANDPA'S SON,
HE HAD FIVE GIRLS
THEN THE NEXT ONE
WAS JOHN, JOHN, JOHN,
GRANDPA'S GRANDSON.

*Dee
and*



HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN TOMMY,
A BOY WITH ALL SISTERS BUT ONE,
HE JOINED THE FAMILY TO BE A GOOD PAL
TO JOHN, JOHN, THE OLDER SON.

A POEM FOR JOHN ENOCH:

THERE ARE THREE BOYS IN OUR FAMILY,
MY DADDY, MY BROTHER TOMMY, AND ME,
WE ARE AS HAPPY
AS BOYS CAN BE

A POEM FOR TOMMY:

*Joe
at
about*

I HAVE SIX SISTERS
TO TAKE CARE OF ME,
AND ONLY ONE BROTHER,
I NEED A LOT OF TENDING
SO I CAN GROW UP TO BE
AS BIG AND FINE AS MY BROTHER JOHN
AND HAVE HIM PROUD OF ME.



TO THE FIRST OF MY SEVEN SONS:

WHEN YOU WERE BORN IN '34--
THE GREAT DEPRESSION WAS AT OUR DOOR
BUT I FELT MORE SECURE THAN I HAD BEFORE,
A MAN WITH A SON COULD NOT REMAIN POOR.
MY HOPES, MY DREAMS AND MY PLAN ALL GREW
FOR NOW THEY EXTENDED TO INCLUDE YOU TOO!

THERE'S A SPECIAL CALL THAT SEEMS TO COME
TO THE ONE WHO IS CHOSEN
TO BE THE FIRST SON.

18 months old -

Several years ago--I think it was 1973 or 1974--I heard a conference address by Elder Boyd K. Packer in which he related a story about a little boy who was running in a race and fell while running. Although he was embarrassed about falling, he got up again and finished the race. The point of the story was that falling was not near as serious as it would be to just lie there. As long as we get up each time we fall, we will be able to win.

I thought that the idea was so meaningful in everything we do. I resolved to try to put the thought down in poetry. I was traveling a lot at the time, and several months later while I was in Spain and Africa doing management training for Mobil Oil, I put the ideas down in the form of the poem "The Race." This was in late June 1974.

*Dad uses this
poem of Dee's
in talks*

[Handwritten signature]

Mar. 8, 1975

523

Sixteenth Annual Rose Service

of the

L. D. S. Third Ward

SOUTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE

* * *

Sunday, July 5, 1953 - 7:00 p. m.

L. D. S. Third Ward Chapel

* * *

"Roses bloom beneath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home."

* * *

Under the direction of the Bishopric:

B. L. HARRIS

LEONARD WARDEN

LORAN SUMMERS

HARRY BENHAM

* * *

DEISA C. HATCH, General Chairman

Congregational Singing, Page 170 "Love at Home"
John H. Groberg, Conducting

Invocation Delbert V. Groberg

F E A T U R I N G

THE D. V. GROBERG FAMILY

Delbert V. John H. Elizabeth
Jennie H. David H. Lewis H.
Mary Jane Richard H. Gloria Jean
Julia Gay Delbert H. George H.
Joseph H.

PRESENTING: A BOUQUET OF ROSES

Continuity Mary Jane
Painting Delbert H. (Dee)
(Copied from photographs of the following roses:
Rose Elfe, Goldlocks, Volcano, Enchantment, Better Times,
Independence, Voliant, Serenade, Peace, New Dawn, and White Swan)

— PART I —

Mighty Lok & Rose Stanton & Nevin
Flute - Mary Jane — Violin - Julia — Reading - Elizabeth

"Conversation" Jennie
Reading - Jennie

"Imagination" Jennie
Reading - Joseph

Swiss Lullaby Hopson
Piano - Elizabeth

Marines Hymn Schaum
Piano - Joseph

The Lord is My Shepherd Koschat
Ensemble
Piano - Jennie, Trombone - Richard, Clarinet - David,
french horn - John, Violin - Julia, Flute - Mary Jane.

— PART II —

Indian Love Call from Rose Marie Fritel
Clarinet - David, Trumpet - John

"Awakening" Mary Jane
Mary Jane

My Wild Irish Rose Olecht
Vocal - David and Julia

Romance from Concerto II Wieniawski
Violin - Julia

Kammenei Ostrow Rubinstein
Piano - John

Reading from "Family Portrait" Coffee and Cowan
Julia

Le Cygne (The Swan) Saint-Saens
The Last Rose of Summer Von Flowow
Flute - Mary Jane

Where'er You Walk (Aria from "Semele") Handel
"Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade,
Where'er you tread, the blushing flower's shall rise,
And all things flourish where'er you turn your eyes."

Paris Angelicus Franck
French Horn - John

Meditation Herman
Flute - Mary Jane, Violin - Julia

Benediction John H. Groberg

Prelude, "Rose Melodies", and accompaniment by Jennie

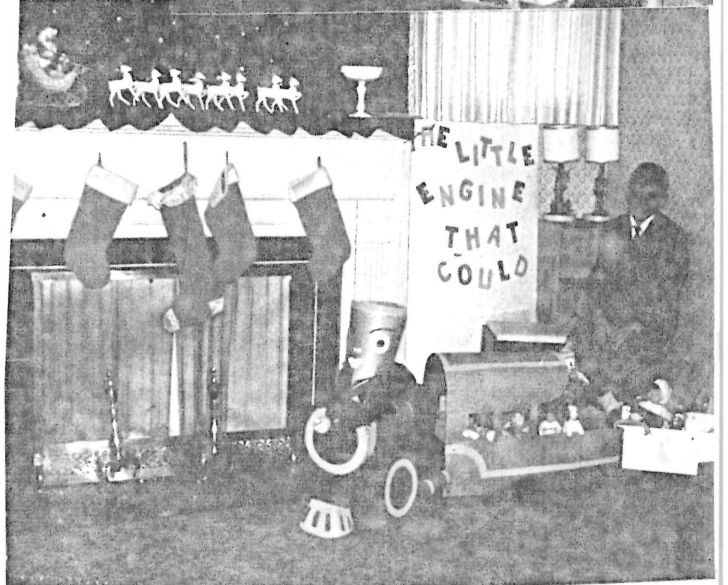
Postlude, "Claire de Lune" Debussy
Piano - David

— Floral Arrangements —

* * *

— Ushers —

MRS. A. D. THOMSON MRS. JOHN M. COLLETT
MARY KNIGHT - LOIS SCOTT - CAROL OBREY
GARY FOGG - LOIS BOYCE - LARRY DAY



Sample of our neighbor-
hood Christmas party-
activity - held at 12th
Street home and also
at Resbarn Lane Home

Aspen Grove, 1960

When I saw the Aspen foliage,
Amber, golden, crimson red,
Shrink in fluorescent splendor,
Emerging from the bounteous green,
Something whispered in my bosom,
"Tis unearned beauty's transient moment.
Pleasure has its opposite
Pain must somewhere lurk
Sweet and bitter walk together,
Rest must follow work.

The ecstasy of pure delight,
Reveling in the autumn woods
Was complemented soon by sounds
Of thunder, like a warning snarl;
Quickly calm was broke by storm,
In torrents fell the wind-blown rain.
Hard it knocked, then turned to hail;
Menacing/lightning flashed about.
Instead of a path a rushing stream
Marked the route we just had hiked.

Shoved by winds and pelted by rain,
We bolted down the muddy hill.
No more our thoughts of radiant beauty
Again we knew that nature's cycle
Of light and darkness, heat and cold,
Warm delight and cool discomfort
Combine to answer nature's law.

Mary Jane Groberg

A universal holiday — Christmas

A universal college — B. Y. U.

A universal greeting — Merry Christmas

A universal wish — May your dreams

come true.

In majesty and grace it stands
With stately pilars firm and true—
The Maeser building where preside
The leaders of our B. Y. U.

Verse—Mary Jane Groberg
Photo—Dr. Wayne B. Hale

Received by mother: January 10, 1956.

"And I actually thought they were rhinestones," exclaimed the young wife as she displayed her beautiful new watch to the admiring group.

"Yes," her husband joined, "the first thing she said was that she'd never seen such pretty rhinestones."

"I never dreamed he'd give me real diamonds," she added as a climax to the little conversation.

Real diamonds. How we value them! What woman, if she has one, will not make many a pretense just to call attention to it, knowing her audience will be impressed.

Real diamonds. What do we have that symbolizes love, radiance, endurance, crystal purity, and strength, more than diamonds?

I have some real diamonds - not the kind you see as you peer through the glass of the jeweler's window, but real just the same, and I'd like to show them off.

Last summer a young college student moved into a basement apartment. The family upstairs had heard a lot about him so were eager to meet him. In forensics he had brought many honors to his university, consistently winning intercollegiate meets, in extemporaneous speaking. They were surprised, upon meeting him, to learn he was small and so young looking he could easily have been mistaken for a high school boy. He early informed them he had sugar diabetis.

"Oh, don't worry. I take care of myself. I fix my own meals. I'm very careful of what I eat." With enthusiasm he related his profound interest in good foods, wholesome and fresh. With interest they listened, learning he had other serious ailments. To them food was for appetite, but to him, for life. He related how, when attending an eastern university he was stricken with nephritis, which, in addition to his diabetic condition, caused the

doctors to despair of his recovery. With zeal he studied the Word of Wisdom and prayed and acted. Today he is again in the hospital. To many he is just another rhinestone, but to others he is a real diamond. For what distinguishes a diamond like its strength? And what will develop strength more than struggle? And where is a greater struggle than for life?"

There is a young man who just entered the military service. An accomplished musician, he recently received a Master's degree in music. He has brought many honors to his school through his performance on the organ. Although slight and mild-appearing, he can, when seated at the organ, produce the strength to hold in captivity an audience of thousands, or to stir from its moorings, a hard heart. To be able to do this he has practiced diligently many hours daily for many years. Indeed it takes self discipline, but as a result, his own life is sweet and harmonic like an organ. Lost in the army routine, he may be no more distinctive than one rhinestone in rows of them. But he has the composition and endurance of a real diamond.

I know you will love to see this diamond. From childhood I watched her grow in charm and beauty. I saw her experience the death of her mother, then cheerfully and graciously carry on the activities of her home; saw her fall completely in love. I saw her marry her sweetheart. They decided to settle in their small home town to teach school, rather than accept the position offered on a university faculty. I saw her twice radiantly happy at the prospect of a new child. Twice I saw her heart break at the death of a wee infant. But I saw as well, the mourning of an entire community for her sorrows. So radiant is she that they love her and depend on her for their solace and courage. No rhinestone has that sparkle, only a real diamond.

Have you ever read a letter that calmed your soul? one that lovingly soothed your bruised heart and replaced fear and worry with understanding and faith? That's the kind of letter a young man writes. He is on a mission in the Tongan Islands. Do you know where that is? Few people do. His

companions are dark-skinned natives and God. None of them speaks English except what he's taught them. Just as Albert Schweitzer teaches and ministers to the natives in Africa, he teaches and with love, ministers to them. What wisdom he has gained! How the Tongans love and trust him. Communion with God and a life so dedicated, make his life as crystal pure as the diamond.

There is a woman I'd like you to meet. She's so sweet and lovely in appearance, you would probably never guess that she is the mother of eleven children. Though her physical strength is limited, yet her accomplishments are wonderful. A "rhinestone" might be lost in the routine of housekeeping, but now she has a consuming interest in writing a series of lessons on how to live the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the home. Many she has already studiously prepared. If you ask her how she manages to do it all, she will smile and explain she feels a great need for it. Determined in the right, prayerful and toiling to solve her problems, she possesses endurance, purity, and strength as genuine as the qualities of the diamond. And with honest service, she is able to radiate her influence to the lives of others as a glowing diamond.

To the young wife and her admiring friends, the diamond-studded watch was fine. And aren't fine jewels among the finer things of life? Even the Savior told the parable of the pearl of great price. With its qualities of radiance, endurance, strength and purity, and its symbolism of love, it is so fine we can compare it to certain souls of friends we have met.

Mary Jane Groberg

December 14, 1958

FLY OVER THE CLOUDS

Once a small plane zoomed up into the sky. It was a cloudy day and it soon found such heavy clouds, full of lightnings and thundering, that it couldn't maintain its course and crazily set down in a crash landing-defeated.

A second plane, a neat new airliner, ascended from a fine modern airport. It too encountered thick, heavy clouds which seriously obstructed all visibility, but in the midst of much lightning, it radioed to the airport and was immediately instructed to ascend to a high altitude, above the clouds. Doing so, it flew by instruments, making its trip easily and pleasantly. When he left the cockpit, the pilot wore a happy smile of relief that you've seen on the face of one who has accomplished something difficult. "Bad weather," he grinned, "How'd you do it?" a passenger asked. "We flew over the storm," he answered.

Fly over the clouds.

A young lady missionary was troubled in mind. The prince charming she dreamed of - would he wait for her? The thoughts, like dark clouds, obstructed her mind, threatening to defeat her as in a crash landing. But she radioed for help, or rather, she prayed earnestly for help. And the answer came, "Go higher." What is the highest realization of a romantic dream? Temple marriage. To her it seemed so distant, so high, and to elevate her mind to it required extra effort, power and heavy dependence on faith as the pilot relied on instruments. Some in the same storm had fallen, as a plane being forced down. Now instilled in her heart was a spiritual love for Temple marriage. And she taught it to the family of converts that day. And the family listened, feeling the beautiful spirit the Temple offers, and wanted to know more. The dreaded flight done, the storm left below, she smiled; she had found a safe course.

Fly over the clouds.

"To every man there openeth
A high way and a low,
The high soul climbeth the high way,
The low soul gropes the low,
And in between on misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro;
But to every man there openeth
A high way and a low,
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go."

What are examples of this? Occasionally someone hurts you. You can choose the low course and retaliate; the middle course and bear a grudge unhappily; or the high course, as Christ taught, to return good for evil.

In life it is true - there is always room on the top; the difficulty is to get through the crowd below.

"To every man there openeth a high way and a low
And every man decideth the way his soul shall go."

Let's keep in tune with God. One airman wrote: "God is my Co-Pilot."

Fly over the clouds.

The following is presented to Delbert Groberg as a Father's Day Tribute.

HOW CAN THE PRIESTHOOD IN THE HOME BE A BLESSING FOR THE FAMILY?

by Achim Fritzen,
Talk given in Sunday School, June 1, 1975

It is a very challenging question, and not easy to answer for me. The question stimulates you to think; it requires the person to hold a personal inventory.

Perhaps a personal experience will be helpful to share. My wife's father, Brother Groberg, who is the Patriarch in the South Stake in Idaho Falls, blessed his large family, and it is still a blessing for us. The humble observation I made was this--that he presides over his family. He has given directions, advice, and suggestions to his lovely children. Family prayers and family home evenings are great and wonderful blessings. The grandchildren enjoy visiting the grandparents very much. Scripture readings and Gospel discussions are delightful entertainment on Sundays, and of course on other days too. The keeping of the Sabbath Day holy is another guideline a father can give to his family.

The most impressive moment of my life, as I became acquainted with Mary Jane's parents, was that there was peace, happiness, joy and friendliness in the home. The father, holder of the priesthood, speaks in prayer with our Heavenly Father. Being loyal to the marriage covenants, loyal to the priesthood oath, and loyal to the leaders of the Church provides wonderful examples the young people can admire with pride, with honor, and with dignity.

The heavenly influence of a sympathetic father and understanding husband helps all of us to overcome our human weakness, our constant trial to master our appetites. The silent prayers of a father and mother give us the assurance to know that a Heavenly Father lives.

On various occasions the father has the opportunity to bless his children and wife. For example, the Priesthood holder is able to bless a sick person. This kind of prayer and blessing has far-reaching consequences. I still remember the Priesthood blessing of the home teacher Brother Jay Strong and my father-in-law pronounced as I was sick in the hospital. In the wonderful prayer my father-in-law gave the blessing that everything would be well. He also asked the Lord to guide, inspire and help the doctors to heal me. I was reminded to have faith in the Lord. My wife Mary Jane and my daughter Anny were blessed. There was no tremendous burden upon them. The Lord took care of them as I was in the hospital.

What can I do as a father today to bless my family? The answer is obvious. The father lives an exemplary life. The father presides over the family. He asks the Lord in daily family prayer to watch over the family, so that no sickness, no accident, no ill feeling, no sorrow will come. I also believe the father can bless his family to teach them to stay out of financial debt.

The wonderful blessing can be ours that father brings peace in the home. The peace in the home can be felt in the community. The community can bring happiness and joy to the state, and finally the spirit of the home will reach the whole United States and the whole world.

In comparison to all the political world problems, ugly wars, and selfish leaders in the world, the family members through the Priesthood are able to bring peace in the world.

My closing remark is to leave with you what President Harold B. Lee said at his closing remarks at the General Conference, April, 1973:

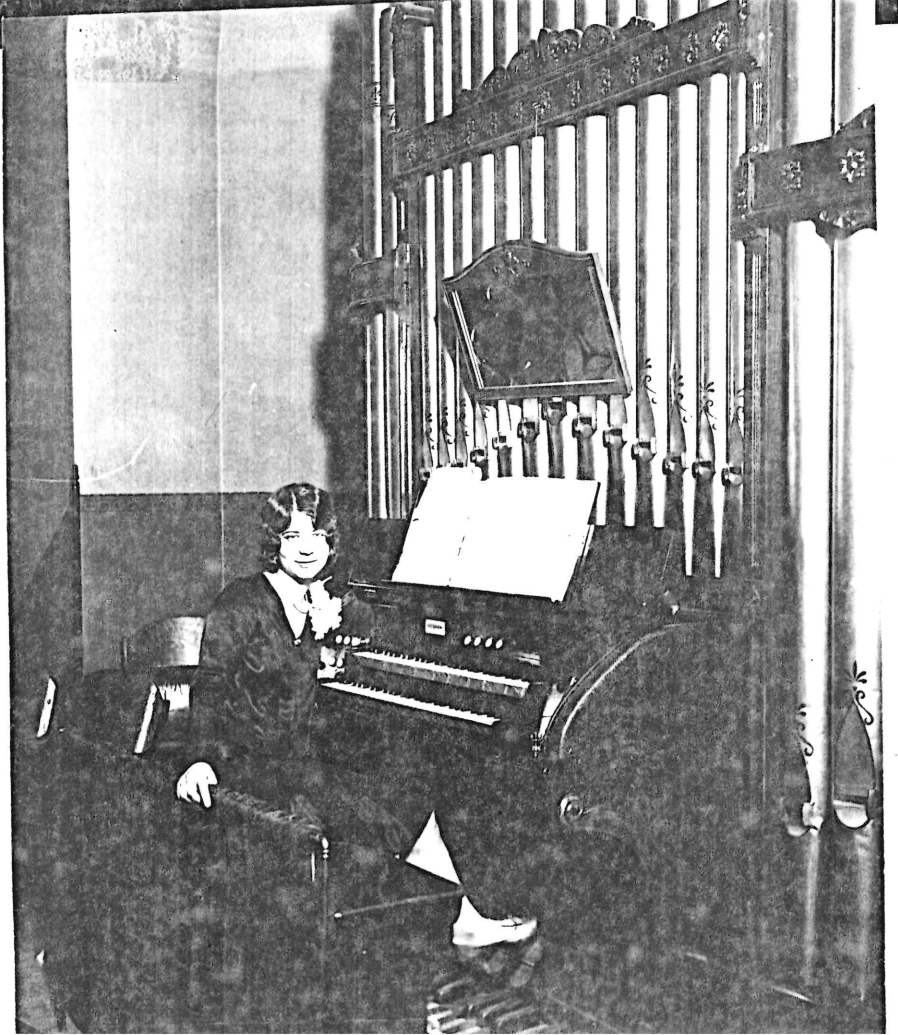
"There was never a time when we needed so much the strength and solidarity of the home."

With Love and Appreciation
Achim

534



Julia - violin ↑
 Mary Jane - flute
 David H - piano
 John H - trumpet
 —
 Jennie H. at pipe
 organ - Provs. 5th
 Ward - as college
 student



Feb. 14, 1960. . written on the 54th birthday of
Grandpa Delbert Valentine Groberg
To our dear little Delbert.

Precious little boy,

For three and one-half years now, you have been a great source of joy to us, your parents. When you were born (the first grandson on either side of the family) we knew you were a very choice little boy. We named you after each of your Grandfathers. We knew you would be proud of your name and that your Grandfathers would be honored to have such as you carry their names. We hoped (and still hope) that you would be like these noble men.

Now, we know that you have a contribution to make to this world---a contribution different than that which anyone else will make. We have no desire to have you duplicate or imitate anyone in the contributions which you make. We know that you are a precious child of God---a separate, individual personality. We want you to be just yourself. But there are some qualities, some virtues---which mark the difference between a happy, useful life and a sad, wasted one. These virtues a wise man will acquire.

When we named you Delbert, we hoped (and do always hope and pray) that you would be like your Grandfather Groberg in ~~several~~ ways in some very important ways. (I, of course, have never known your Grandfather Blair)

Let me name just a few.

Be patient---even long suffering when the need arises.

Don't make unthoughtful decisions.

Be firm---do not waver in your own decision for the right.

Be prayerful---then you will know the right

Be kind---kindness need not imply laxity.

Be industrious...love to work; work with a purpose.

Be unselfish. . . never be too busy for kind words, an encouraging smile, a helping hand or a consulatory letter.

Be Obedient. . no matter how learned or successful an individual, he is foolish who disobeys the Eternal laws of God.

Be Clean. . . only the pure can hold their heads high.
Only the pure can know and love the
truth.

Be Faithful. . With these other virtues, be faithful
and "endure to the end"

These are some of the virtues which you are obliged
to carry with your name. These are some of the vir-
tues which your Grandfather Groberg carries with
him always. These are some of the virtues which
bring him the respect and love of all with whom
he associates. These are some of the virtues which
make his life a happy and useful time.

Be wise, our little Delbert.

Your Mommy and Daddy

June 11, 1964

Dear Mother and Dad,

As I sat in church Sunday and listened to the testimonies of your friends
in the third ward---most of whom I knew not---my heart was bursting with
gratitude for the memories and beauties of my childhood days.

For a moment time flew backwards and I sensed the security and happiness
which were my constant companions.

I'm sure there was sin and ugliness in the world---but I remember none. Life
was beautiful, people were good--love and kindness were prevalent.

I have left the fantasy world of childhood---I accept reality with
gratefulness for life and its challenges. But I shall never forget the
lesson which my Mother and Father have lived and taught.

Life is beautiful

People are good

Love and kindness prevail

For this and so much more I shall always be most grateful

How much you have helped me grow

How much you have taught me

How much I love you.

Julia

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June 11, 1964

Dear Mother and Dad,

As I sat in Church Sunday and listened to the testimonies of your friends in the Third Ward --most of whom I knew not--my heart was bursting with gratitude for the memories and beauties of my childhood days. For a moment time flew backwards and I sensed the security and happiness which were my constant companions.

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People are good
Love and kindness prevail

For this and so much more I shall always be most grateful

How much you have helped me grow
How much you have taught me
How much I love you.

Julia

* * * * *

TO MOTHER --MOTHER'S DAY, 1976

'T WAS SUCH A LITTLE
LITTLE LASS THAT
GAZED UPON LIFE'S TRAIL

'T WAS SUCH A MIGHT,
MIGHTY MOUNT THAT
CHALLENGED HER NOT TO FAIL

'T WAS SUCH A TENDER,
TENDER HAND THAT
GUIDED HER ON THE WAY

'T WAS SUCH A LOVING,
LOVING HEART THAT
UNDERSTOOD THE CHILL

'T WAS SUCH A GREEDY
GREEDY STORM THAT
PUSHED HER DOWN THE HILL

'T WAS SUCH A PLEASANT,
PLEASANT MEADOW
THAT LET HER THINK AND REST

'T WAS SUCH A PRECIOUS,
PRECIOUS WORD THAT
INSPIRED HER TO RENEW
THE TEST.

'T WAS SUCH A SACRED,
SACRED VIEW, A WORLD
THAT WAS DISTILLED

'T WAS SUCH A PRICELESS,
PRICELESS GIFT, THE
FAMILY ETERNALLY SEALED

'T WAS SUCH A CAREFUL,
CAREFUL GUARDIAN THAT
STOOD BY HER DAY AND NIGHT

'T WAS SUCH A GRATEFUL
GRATEFUL DAUGHTER THAT
DISCERNED HER
GUIDING LIGHT--

MOTHER

With love,

Julia

50 Mother & Dad -
(a birthday letter)

a kiss mends a wound
a child notices the sun set
a little "elf" cleans the bathroom
a big brother lovingly cares for a
"wounded" little one.

A big sister willingly forgives
The house work is done in record time
A baby snuggles down on Mother's
shoulder - and sleeps
Little cowboy pretis a laugh with
"hucking Abner's dad."

A child's lovely thought is
is added to the prayer -

I think of my dear
parents. How many beautiful
memories they have. How many
more than I can^{not} know.

(2)

a child must be punished
the day's schedule is frustrated
the noise is unbearable
the ink is spilled

a child is ill

Company comes the house is
renting

the baby fusses most of
the night

a hundred things need to be
fixed

We are disappointed.

I think of my dear
parents. Over how many
difficulties they have
triumphed. How many
more than I can
yet know

(3)

The house is quiet -
The children sleep -
so beautiful
so sweet
so small.

I think of my dear
parents I hear
them say -

How grateful you should
be for such treasure -
Things are never too hard.

Have faith or love always
Get your rest.

I think of my parent
how patiently
how carefully
how lovingly

they are leading their
children on the road of life
How I love & appreciate
them-

How that I - with my
dear husband - and
little sons & daughters
I begin to understand
how much my parents know.

A very happy birthday -
Sweet Mother

and a related but
very happy one Daddy
dear.

With love
Jessie

Idaho Falls,
Idaho
1961



The Sleep of a Child

There is something beautiful
In the sleep of a child
The quiet peace
And that look so divine
So fresh from the presence
Of God above
Still shimmering + glowing
With the radiance of love
Are you thinking now
Of homes far away
Where you will guide me
Safely someday?

Oh, little daughter of mine
Hold fast my hand
And, in the beauty of thy sleep,
Soften my heart,
Strengthen my soul
Give me the love
That from thee freely flows
Help me in all ways
To see + to know
That through this love
To our Lord we'll go

Oh Little Daughter of mine
As I carry you now
To your waiting bed
So carry me
To our waiting head.

John H. Draberg

FRIEND TO FRIEND



By Elder John H. Groberg
of the First Quorum of the Seventy

I grew up in Idaho Falls, Idaho, where there are a number of big canals. One hot summer day when I was nine years old, I was hurrying to finish mowing the lawn so I could go swimming in the canal with my friends. But before I was through, my mother came outside and told me that she didn't want me to go swimming that day. Not long after Mother had talked to me, my friends came along and helped me finish my work. Then I disobeyed my mother and went to the canal with them anyway.

When we got to the canal, we floated on inner tubes and swam and had lots of fun. Even more fun was going over the check, a kind of dam in the canal. We would come floating along on our inner tubes and then drop over the check to be shot

rapidly forward as the water fell with great force over it. After a short ride below the check, we would get out of the canal, walk upstream a mile or so, and float down again.

One time my friends went ahead, and as I walked by the check I thought, *If it's fun going over in an inner tube, it'll be a lot more fun going over without the inner tube!*

I left the inner tube on the bank and jumped in. But when I realized how swift the current was, I knew I had made a mistake. The force of the water propelled me over the check. And instead of coming up as we did on our inner tubes, I just kept going down deeper and deeper. I thrashed and churned and tried to get out, but I couldn't. It seemed as though the devil had hold of my feet, pulling me down and laughing all the time. Soon my air began to run out.

I was desperate. I prayed with all my heart and promised our Father in heaven I would serve Him all of my life if He would just help me. I also told Him, before I passed out, that I was sorry for not obeying my mother.

When I opened my eyes, I

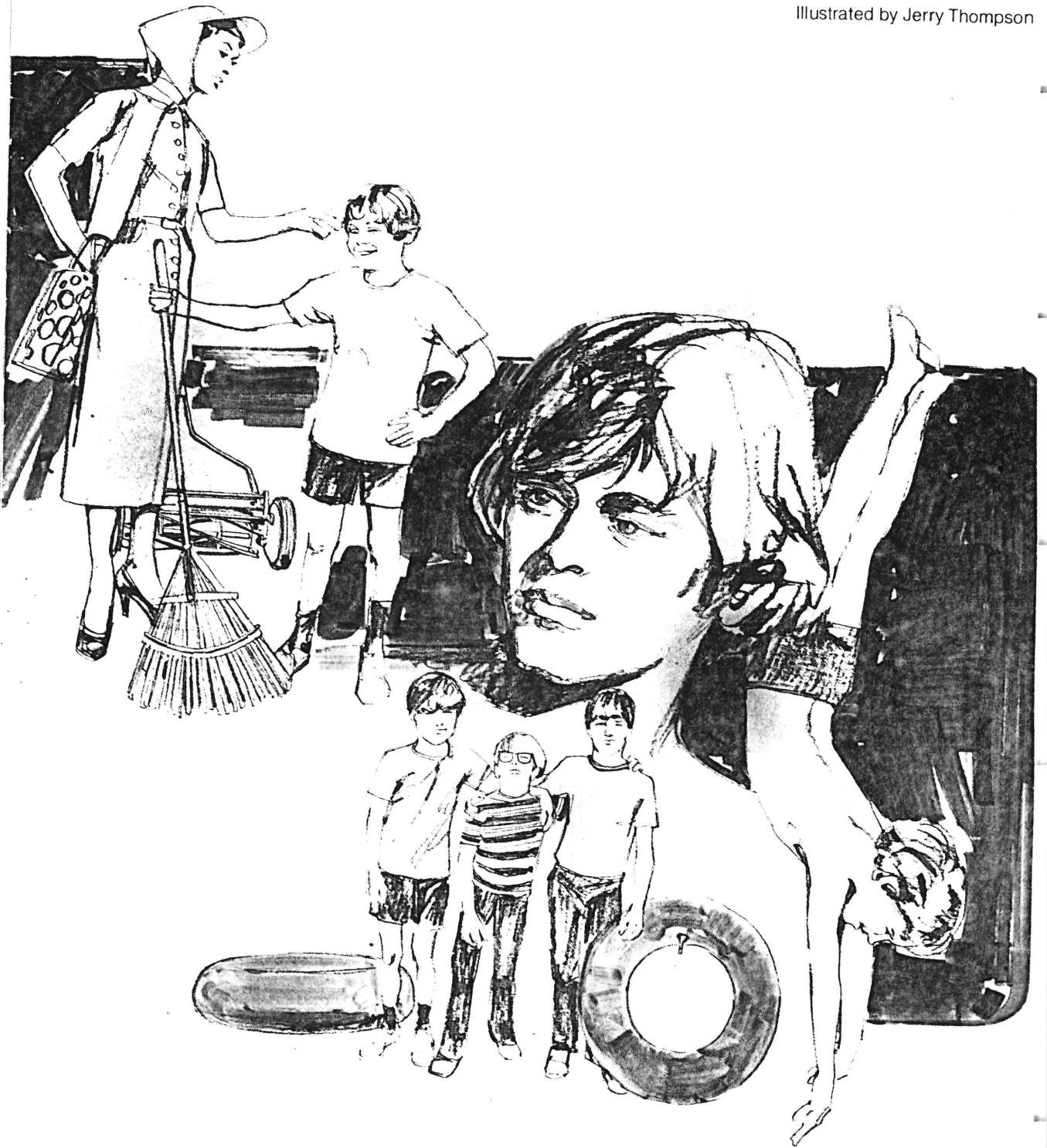
thought I was in heaven. I could see some green branches and leaves and could hear birds singing. I watched the white clouds move against a brilliant blue sky. It was beautiful. Thinking I had died, I closed my eyes again to thank my Father in heaven for bringing me to such a lovely place.

The next thing I remembered was water washing over my arms and chest. I opened my eyes and found that most of my body was in the slowly moving water of the canal, and my head was lodged on a large rock above the water on the bank. I was still alive! I closed my eyes and thanked my Heavenly Father for saving my life and promised Him I would always try to obey my mother.

Shortly after I climbed out, my friends came down the canal. They shouted at me and wanted to know where I had been. I only told them I didn't feel like swimming anymore that day and that I was going home because my mother needed me.

I have always been sorry that I didn't obey my mother that beautiful summer day in Idaho, but I am grateful that she taught me how to pray and to have faith in our Father in heaven. I know He hears our prayers.

Illustrated by Jerry Thompson






“There Is the Light”

by Elder John H. Groberg
of the First Quorum of the Seventy
Illustrated by Dale Kilbourn

March 1977

 As a young missionary I was assigned as a district president to administer the affairs of the Church and preach the gospel in a group of 15 small, scattered islands in the South Pacific. We traveled almost exclusively by sailboat and learned to rely not only on the winds and the currents of the usually friendly seas, but especially on the love of our Father in heaven, as we sailed week after week and month after month from island to island. It was a glorious time, full of the normal challenges of seasickness, becalmings, strange languages, foods, and customs. But mostly it was a time of spiritual closeness to our Father in heaven, whose love and goodness so far overshadowed any temporary pain or problems as to make the latter shrink into obscurity.

On one occasion we received word that a missionary was very ill on a somewhat distant island. The weather was threatening, but feeling responsible, and after prayer, we left to investigate the situation. Extra heavy seas slowed our progress, and it was late afternoon before we arrived. The missionary was indeed very

ill. Fervent prayer was followed by administration, during which the impression came very strongly to get him back to the hospital on the main island and to do it now!

The weather had deteriorated to the point of a small gale. The seas were heavy, the clouds were thick, the wind was fierce, the hour was late, and the sun was sinking rapidly, betokening a long black night ahead. But the impression was strong—“Get back now”—and one learns to obey the all-important promptings of the Spirit.

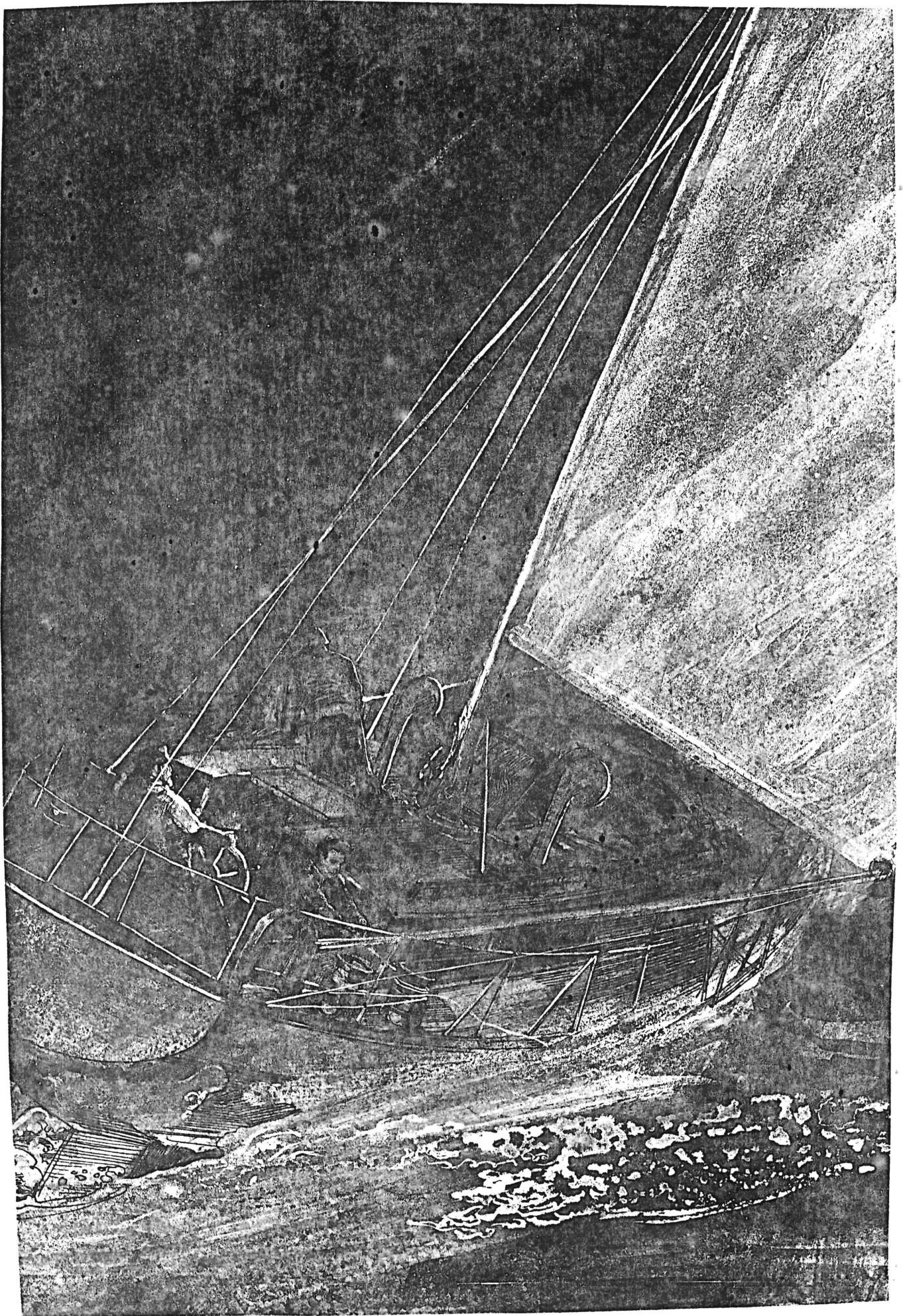
There was much concern expressed and much talk about the darkness, the storm, and the formidable reef with its extremely narrow openings to the harbor we were attempting to gain. Some found reason to stay behind; but soon eight persons, including an ill missionary, a very experienced captain, and a somewhat concerned district president, boarded the boat, and the spiritually prompted voyage to home base began.

No sooner had we made our commitment to the open seas than the intensity of the storm seemed to increase sevenfold.

The small gale now became a major storm. As the sun sank below the horizon, bringing with it darkness and gloom, so also did my spirit seem to sink into the darkness of doubt and apprehension. The thick clouds and driving rain increased: the blackness of our already dark universe—no stars, no moon, no rest, only turmoil of sea and body and mind and spirit. And as we toiled on through that fearsome night, I found my spirit communing with the spirit of the father of an afflicted child in the New Testament, as he exclaimed, “Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.” (Mark 9:24.) And He did, and He does, and He will. That I know.

As we rolled and tossed closer and closer to the reef, all eyes searched for the light that marked the opening—the only entry to our home. Where was it? The blackness of the night seemed to increase; the fierceness of the raging elements seemed to know no bounds. The rain slashed at our faces and tore at our eyes—eyes vainly searching for that life-giving light.

Then I heard the chilling sound of the waves crashing and



chewing against the reef! It was close—too close. Where was that light? Unless we hit the opening exactly, we would be smashed against the reef and ripped and torn by that thousand-toothed monster. It seemed that all the elements were savagely bent on our total destruction. Our eyes strained against the blackness, but we could not see the light.

Some began to whimper, others to moan and cry, and one or two even to scream in hysteria. At the height of this panic, when many were pleading to turn to the left or to the right, when the tumultuous elements all but forced us to abandon life and hope, I looked at the captain—and there I saw the face of calmness, the ageless face of wisdom and experience, as his eyes penetrated the darkness ahead. Quietly his weather-roughened lips parted, and without moving his fixed gaze and just perceptibly shifting the wheel, he breathed those life-giving words, "*Ko e Maama e!*" ("There is the light!")

I could not see the light, but the captain could see it. And I knew he could see it. Those eyes long experienced in ocean travel were not fooled by the madness of the storm nor were they influenced by the pleadings of those of lesser experience to turn to the left or to the right. And so with one last great swell we were hurtled through the opening and into calmer waters.

The roaring of the reef was now behind us. Its infamous plan of destruction had been foiled. We were in the protected harbor. We were home. Then and only then did we see through the darkness that one small light—exactly where the captain had said it was. Had we waited until we ourselves could see the light, we would have been dashed to pieces, shredded on the reef of unbelief. But trusting

in those experienced eyes, we lived.

And so the great lesson: There are those who, through years of experience and training, and by virtue of special divine callings, can see farther and better and more clearly—and can and will save us in those situations where serious injury or death, both spiritual and physical, would be upon us before we ourselves could see.

I sense in the world today an almost exact duplication of that voyage of nearly 20 years ago. We are in the midst of a major storm over moral values that will get worse before we arrive home.

As just one example: We hear much of the so-called problem of overpopulation, of the possible future horrors it could bring. We hear claim and counterclaim, fancied fact and interpolated figures; we hear the call for so-called "planned families," for "delayed families," for "free" abortions, for personal aggrandizement in many ways. Now it is true that we have a sick world on our hands that needs help—but in delivering that patient to help we must not listen to the calculated plan of this or that professor, or to the pleading of some group, or to the hysterical screaming of some faction, or to any combination of man-made philosophies, but only to the calm voice of the prophet as he says, "Have your families in a normal way; accept all the spirits the Lord sees fit to send you; do not delay your families; always be considerate of one another; have nothing to do with the sin of abortion." Therein is safety. He will guide us through this or any storm.

As I think back, I thank the Lord for that wonderful Polynesian captain who saved my life and the life of the sick missionary I was charged with. I am eternally grateful for his experience (much

of which, I am sure, was not pleasant). I am grateful for his wisdom, for his eyes, for his not yielding to the fury of the moment, but steadfastly holding the true course to safety.

I felt at the time that he was more than himself—he was more than the sum total of all of his experience. In some marvelous way at that moment of desperate need, he drew upon a power and a strength from generations of faithful, seagoing people that only those who know Polynesians well can begin to understand. My admiration and love for him and all other faithful descendants of father Lehi knows no bounds.

In like manner, and with even deeper meaning, I thank the Lord for our great prophet-leader of today. In our moment of great need the Lord has provided one tested and molded and trained and instructed and clothed with divine authority, who in addition to the total of all his experience, which is great, draws upon the strength and power of not only generations of faithful leaders but also of angels and of gods.

I bear testimony that I know that God lives. I know that our Father in heaven loves us. I know that Jesus is the Christ, the Savior of the world. I know that he is our personal Savior, that he is our Friend—and I know he is our Helper; he will help us each personally and individually as we merit that help.

I know that Joseph Smith is a prophet of God. I testify that in our day Spencer W. Kimball is the man whose eyes see the light that can and will save us and the world. When all about us are sinking in darkness and fear and despair, when destruction seems close and the raging fury of men and demons ensnares us in seemingly insoluble problems, listen as he calmly says, "There is the light. This is the way." ❏

On Accepting the Call

Elder John H. Groberg
Of the First Quorum of the Seventy

Four thoughts on entering the First Quorum of the Seventy



While I don't have a complete understanding of these things, I want to bear my testimony that I am sure we have at least as great a dependence upon them, if not more so, than they do upon us. We need to help one another. Our salvation depends upon it.

Thirdly, I would like to express my appreciation for all those who have been so kind and patient with me, to the leaders of the Church who I know have gritted their teeth at times and watched the errors I have made and yet have patiently led me and directed me. I hope and pray that I may be at least as kind and as patient with others, in whatever responsibility I am given, as they have been with me. I express appreciation to my wife and children, my parents, friends, and neighbors—no one could have finer neighbors than we do.

It was mentioned that we should

listen to our wives. They have qualities that we don't have. In many cases womanly intuition should be listened to. When we were preparing to come down, my wife said, "Now, were we supposed to get anything in to the paper?"

I said, "No, they said they have all the information they need."

She said, "I'll bet they get it wrong."

Sure enough, when we opened up the *Church News*, they had shorted us two children. For your information, we have a little Jennie Marie and a Viki Ann who came after Thomas, who was mentioned in the paper. I told Jean that I would set the record straight.

But I can't say in words my appreciation for my wife and my children. Maybe just this: that I love her—I always have, and I always will and our children also.

Lastly, I would like to bear my testimony that I know that our Father in heaven lives, and, maybe more importantly, I know that he loves us as his children. I know that Jesus is the Savior of the world. I know that he loves us. He is our friend, with all that that implies. He loves everyone. My particular experience has been more with the people of the islands. I would just like to say to the quiet, sweet-spirited people of the islands, my particular *Ofa Atiu* (heartfelt love). You have softened my soul, saved my life, showed me the meaning of sacrifice and love, and given the incomparable blessing of faith.

I know that Joseph Smith is a prophet of God, that President Kimball is a prophet of God. I bear this testimony in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

My dear brethren, on occasions such as this there is much to be felt, but little to be said. I feel it important that I say four things.

First of all, publicly and in the presence of the Lord and his servants, I wish to accept the invitation that President Kimball has extended to spend the rest of my life in the service of the Lord.

Secondly, I want to ask for your help. I recognize that I am weak and I need your help. As I have done some deep soul-searching over the last few days, I have come to the inescapable conclusion that many, if not most, of my so-called "accomplishments" have been much more the result of the efforts of others than they have of my own efforts.

We often hear of the need of our departed dead for us to go to the temple and do temple work for them, that is, we think of their dependence upon us.



New members of the First Quorum of the Seventy: left to right, Elder Carlos E. Asay, Elder M. Russell Ballard, Jr., Elder John H. Groberg, and Elder Jacob de Jager.

(Following is more beautiful than poetry and treasured indeed)

PART OF A TALK GIVEN BY DAVID H. GROBERG AT SEMINARY GRADUATION

MAY, 1953 --HE WAS PRESIDENT OF THE SEMINARY. (magnificently given)

My dear brothers and sisters, it is indeed an honor to address you at this time. I believe this is the largest audience I have ever addressed and I need the faith and prayers of every one and the help of the Lord so that I might not mar the wonderful spirit which is present with us this evening.

My topic is "Peace thru Prayer" - There was once a little orphan boy in the hospital for an operation. As he was wheeled into the operating room he said to the doctor: "Before you begin to operate, won't you please pray for me?" - The doctor, embarrassed, said, "I can't pray for you." The boy asked the others and received the same answer. Then he said: "If you can't pray for me, will you please wait while I pray for myself." They removed the sheet and he knelt on the operating table, bowed his head and said: "Heavenly Father, I am an orphan boy. I am awful sick. Won't you please make me well? Bless the doctor that he will operate right. If you make me well, I will try to grow up to be a good man. Thank you, Heavenly Father, for making me well." Then he lay down and said, "O.K. I'm ready." His doctor later said: "Never until I stood over that little boy have I felt the presence of God as I felt it then."

This child found perfect peace thru prayer. We can all find peace thru prayer. What is peace? Peace, to me, is a feeling of my soul being in harmony with the will of God. If we have this peace, no matter how much physical suffering we are subjected to, we will be happy. And we will be progressing toward a (next page missing-maybe David has it.) (last page continues:) ..If you had the blues or a problem too great to solve, what should you do? First, keep the commandments of God for He says, "I am bound when ye do what I say" then go to Him in humble prayer. He created you, He loves you, He knows what's best for you. And as you pray, you will have peace - and your problem, well, it wasn't so bad was it? -with a clear mind now you can solve it yourself. I challenge you to pray always and see if

it doesn't bring peace.

Christ is the Prince of Peace. He said: "Learn of me, and listen to my words, walk in the meekness of my spirit, and ye shall have peace in me" - To find peace thru prayer, know God. Read about Him; keep His commandments; and, brothers and sisters, pray to Him, and you will know Him and you will have peace in Him.

We are not victims of circumstance. It does do us good to plan for our future and even if the world conditions sometimes look awfully bad, we can have peace within. You know if everyone kept the commandments and loved his neighbor and prayed, there would be peace in the whole world.

I'd like to express my love and gratitude for my wonderful mother and father for teaching me to pray and I'd like to bear you my testimony - I know that God lives, that He hears and answers prayers.

I'd like to express my love and gratitude to the Seminary for its teachings, to my Church, and to my Heavenly Father for hearing and answering my prayers and giving me peace. And I do this humbly and in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

* * * * *

THIS NEXT IS A TALK DAVID GAVE ON MOTHER'S DAY (from his notations, it also may not be the finished product but so rich with truths that we share it here:)

HOW I CAN MAKE EVERY DAY A MOTHER'S DAY *

I think the answer for this would be relatively simple, it would be simply to make my mother happy. First let us consider why we should make our mothers happy. Since I am better acquainted with my mother, I am going to use her as the subject for both of the sub-topics of this talk which are: 1. Why I should make my mother happy and 2. How I can make my mother happy.

Now what I am going to say is not only for the ones who are living with their mothers but those who are mothers and fathers and those whose mothers have passed on for we all have one thing in common, namely we all have mothers and those whose mothers are no longer tied down with earthly care will have to be even more careful and mindful of your wonderful mothers

for she is not only aware of your actions but of your thoughts also.

Now my mother has lessons to prepare for classes she teaches, meals to prepare, house to clean, eight noisy, mischevious children to keep clean and clothed and to feed, to see that they get to bed on time. She has lessons to prepare for her classes and talks to prepare for Church, Priesthood meetings, etc. She puts on a program every week for our home and we call it Home Night. She attends Leadership Week and reads literature to improve her ability to help us. She outlines work for all her children that they may not be idle and that they may learn to work hard..She gives us opportunities for anything that is good; she goes without clothes, social functions, etc. that we might attend good concerts, obtain good doctor and dental care, that we might go to college and further education and that we might go on missions. She is willing and capable to sing duets with us, teach us piano, accompany not only our family but all who ask her to do so. She helps us prepare our school lessons, talks, any assignment. She has something to say or do that creates happiness within our minds when we are troubled. She is our motivating power. She is a perfect companion to my father. She is a hard worker and in the depth of her love she provides spiritual guidance that can not be matched anywhere, In truth, she is a true contribution to the divine purpose of motherhood.

Let me get a little personal - To my mother I not only owe my very existence but I also owe my accomplishments and any genuine high level happiness I get, to her. If I have ever done anything admirable or if I ever do anything in the future that is worthy of giving her credit - then the credit lies with the influence that,my mother indellibly impressed in my mind. When I look at the accomplishments and the strong characters of my older brother and sisters, I know that all good in them has one source - yes, it radiates from the divine substance of motherhood of which my mother is full-fledged and which substance contains the help of our Father in Heaven and the companionship of my wonderful father.

Some mothers spend a lot of money and time on themselves or in social entertainment or away working. But my mother accepts the full responsibility

of motherhood the way all true mothers should. The task you mothers have is the greatest task in the world; you are the greatest artist in the world. You have been given the responsibility of molding a character, to influence your child (who is nothing more nor less than a spirit child of God) -that has been put in your custody. Yes, my mother realizes that she is a co-worker with God himself and that she is given the responsibility of raising this potential God in the ways of Godhness -

So - Why Should I Make my Mother Happy? Because I owe it to her, because everything I am or hope to be, I owe to my wonderful mother, because of her sacrifice to give me life and for her interest in me, for introducing me in youth to the eternal truths that govern the universe. Yes, I owe her anything I can do to make her happy; if I take advantage of every opportunity to make her happy from now to the end of my life, I will still be deeply indebted to her.

Is there any doubt in any of your minds whether or not we should make our mothers happy? I know there isn't - so now I would like to tell you the theory I have established that I know will make my mother happy and you see if the same things will not make your mother happy:

To tell her you love her, to tell her she is wonderful; to thank her for giving you everything she has, to thank her for helping you every time she does - it is usually all the time, but most of all, thank her for injecting in you the true eternal principles, into your existence, and thank her for everything you do which is noble for you never do anything without using something which she has given you, whether it be material that is of physical substance or whether it be of knowledge or of mental substance - It will usually be spiritual.

I had a very remarkable experience of using her spiritual guidance, which, incidentally, cannot be separated by anything physical but only be a spiritual unworthiness of the wonderful gift. I was in New York, helping with the Hill Cummorah Pageant and although she was nearly 2,000 miles away, I could sense her presence as if she was standing next to me - the things which she had in-

jected into me when I was a very little child seemed to guide and direct me and to protect me. This guidance is as real as anything there is and we owe to our mothers for it.

Exert your efforts to do the things which will make her proud of you. You will be the best judge of what that would be.

These are the only ways I know of to partly repay her for the sacrifice, the pains, the hard work which she has contributed to my existence. To her I say: You are indeed a co-worker with God himself, and in your responsibility which is the greatest responsibility in the world - namely of molding the spirit child with the body you have given him, into a strong character, and eventually a God. You are doing a wonderful job..If some times we do things that are not worthy of your sustained influence, we are sorry and we will try to do what will make you proud of us.

We all love you more than we can express and when you are no longer with us physically, your spirit and influence will ever abide with us. Thank you for the things you have established in our minds, for the eternal righteous principles that you have taught us, thank you, mother, for everything. Now I know that we all have wonderful mothers, but I am a little partial.

May we all strive to make our mothers happy all the time for they are a most priceless possession. May we do everything we can to help them wash dishes, clean house, any job, without complaining, - and may we do the things which will make our mothers happy, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

* * * * *

The next few pages are in David's precious hand-writing--part of his personal history recorded when he was 16 - on a trip with his father and brothers John, Richard and Dee and friend, Larry Anderson, to Alaska -

My Personal Essay

Written by my
own hand of my
own life.

the condition of the world is that of a mixed up people - God is reigning over the earth in heaven as he has forever, and will forever. The year is 1952 B.C. It has only been a little over 100 years since God the Father and his son Jesus Christ appeared in a vision to a young man, Joseph Smith Sr. and in this vision bestowed the heavenly truths of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Saints.

over a million persons
have recieved this in
their hearts but because
of Satan the biggest
per cent of the people
havent recieved it
yet. the world is troubled
with liquor and narcotics &
wars and feuds - these
things are not of God
set, must be from
Satan - It will not
be ^{long} now before there will
be another war. I can
emagine how any one
who sees the whole
picture of life would
laugh laugh at mortals
for fighting among
themselves instead of
together against evil.
War only destroys
the works of the people
who fight - Air travel

is, however, bringing
the world closer -
the people of the N.
American continent
are very well educated
and I will soon
control the world, but
not through war, but
through God - I
write this diary for
a record of my life,
and not of the condition
of the world - I have
faith in God and have
a testimony that in
time - I humbly pray - will
be much strengthened -
Joseph Smith is the
true Prophet of God and
with this beautiful truth
I humbly seek the
fulness of the Gospel -
I love life and owe
my life to God, Blessed

be his name for in
him there is the suprem
good - there is Love in
its fulness - Blessed be
the name of the Father and
the Son and the Holy Ghost
- amen.

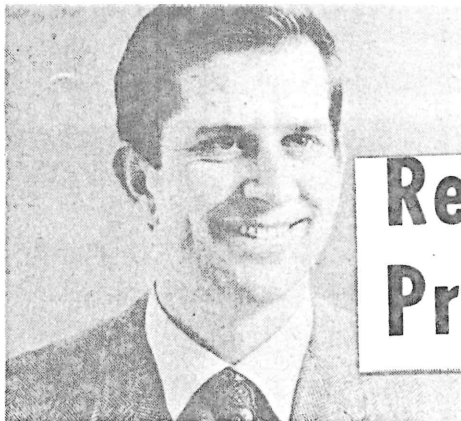
My life began 16 years
ago - David O. McKay
was the prophet seer and
revealer of the Church
of Jesus Christ of
 Latter Day Saints - I
am on a tour of
Alaska.

I David Holbrook
Hoberg being born of
Goodly parents, a
sound mind, and a
good body, ~~was~~
born on this earth
16 years ago in Idaho

falls. etc. During
the course of my life
I have traveled across
from the coast on the
west to the coast on
the east and from
the coast on the south
to the coast on the
north. I have seen
so many people - many
earthly wonders and
I found that all the
American Continent is
good - the land is solid -
the soil is fertile - I
am still young and
have much to learn - I
have a long life ahead
and in this book I
will show my progress
and whether it be
good or bad it will
be a forest record.
I was born in

the L. P. S. Hospital
to a mother - I made
her fourth child and
second boy - My mother
is a wonderful person,
she is a light and
a guide to all of us.
In her young school
days she was a
perfect student - the
valedictorian of her
class at the Brigham
Young University. I could
go on forever on her
life alone - Her friends
say she was near
perfect - Her task is
great for she has, from
her own body, begotten
11 bodies all given
spirits - yet her life
is noble and I can
only thank God for it -
My Father, a successful

business man is also
very noble and very
brave - his parents
went to paradise in
his childhood - he
had to be on his ^{own} ~~own~~
own from the beautiful
age of six - He married
my mother gave ~~her~~
her his name and
gave her more love and
true companionship than
I have ~~to~~ ever seen -
He goes about his
work in a manner
that cannot exist in
the ~~soul~~ ^{mind} of a mortal -
I believe that God
watches and helps
him because of his
goodness - He is
and an example to me
and to the world - I thank
God for his life -



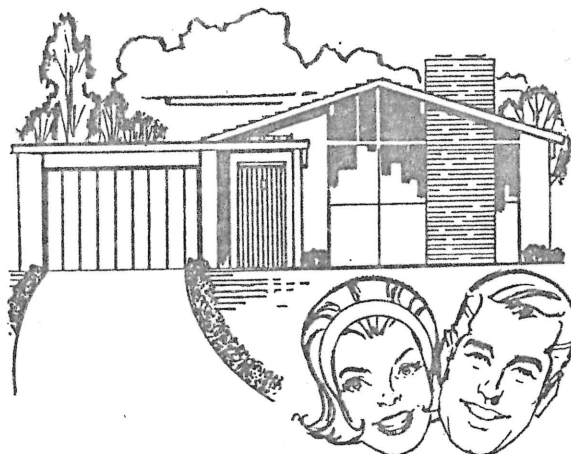
Realtor Profile

Richard H. Groberg, Vice-President for the Southeast District of the Idaho Association of Realtors, has been associated with the D.V. Groberg Company of Idaho Falls since 1963. Since that time, he has been very active in developing, both residential and commercial, selling, appraising and managing real properties. He believes and has worked for an orderly development in Idaho Falls. He has consummated many commercial transactions, including various fast food establishments and retail stores, often requiring zone changes.

He is the secretary and principal owner of G.H.G. Investment Company and is presently developing and building "Three Fountains of Idaho Falls", a new condominium community of 106 units, Woodruff Park, a residential development of about 130 lots, Linden Park Professional District with about 80 lots and Southwick Addition, an acreage development of 80 lots.

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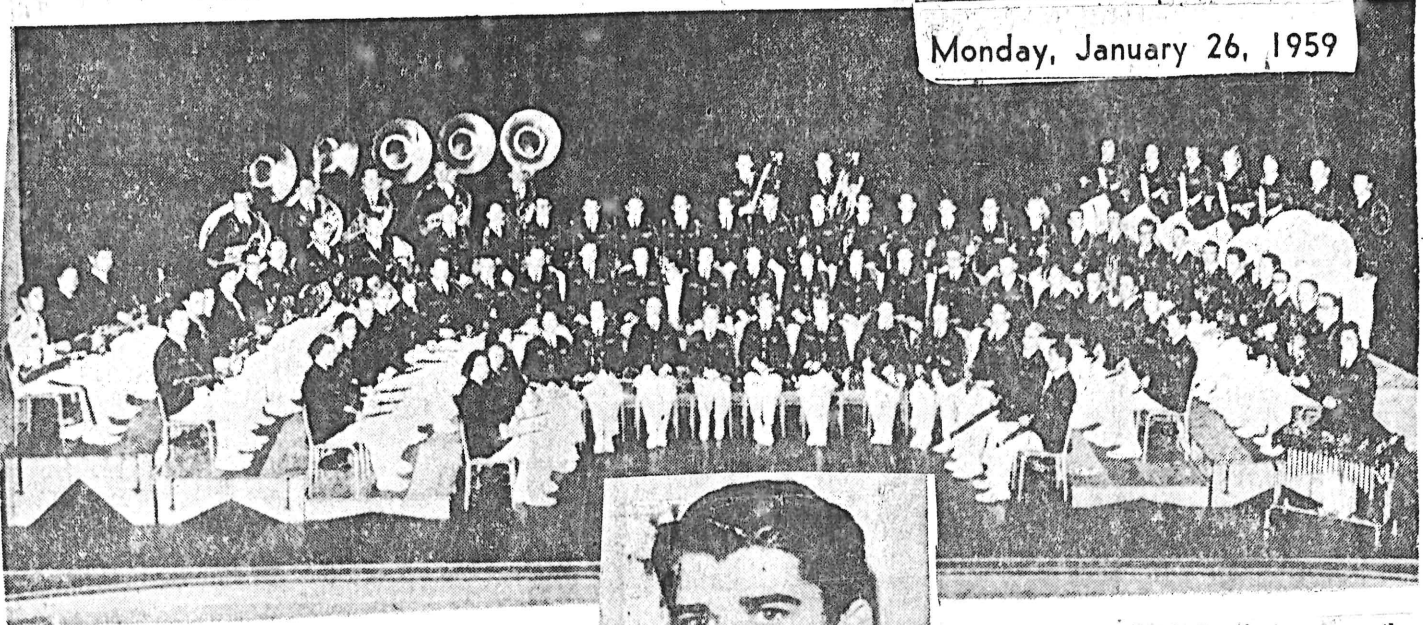


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ALL POISED FOR THE SIGN FROM DIRECTOR'S BATON

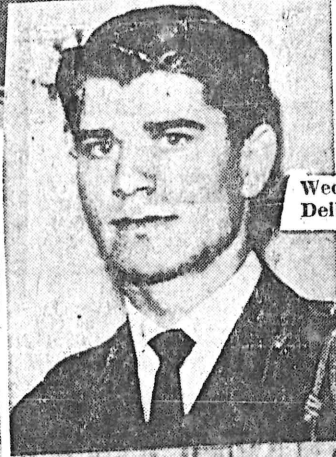
Monday, January 26, 1959



One of the features on the Wednesday concert will be the trombone soloist, Delbert Groberg, left. (Photo by Melville)

Sunday, October 12, 1958

The Post-Register



LOVE OF MUSIC and family participation in music is a way of life, as the family of Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Groberg, 255 12th St., will tell you. Every member of the well known family plays an instrument of his or her choice. Pictured above from left are Lewis, who plays trumpet; George, ukelele; Delbert H., trombone;

Elizabeth and Gloria Jean, piano; Joseph H., drums; Mary Jane, flute; and John H., french horn. Family members not pictured besides the parents are Julia Blair, violin; David H., clarinet; and Richard H., trombone. (Post-Register Staff Photo).

562

To Mom on Mother's Day.

May 5, 1976 - D.H. GROBERG

Your Grandmother

You spoke of her when I was very small
Of Grandma, who I hardly knew at all,
"A great, great woman who we all adore,
I wish you could have been around her more."
Thus telling of the heritage received
You'd fill my mind with many a noble deed
Within the life that Grandma lived, for us,
And how we're honor-bound to follow thus.

"Yes, she was there when each of you arrived,
(Without her help I may not have survived!)"
"She ne'er forgot a birthday while she lived,
And busy! Yes, but ne'er too much to give
A special note of praise, or thanks, or cheer
To each when needed; she was always there
Not just to us, but all your cousins, too!
Can you imagine all she had to do?"

"And loyal to her Maker all her days --
Th' epitome of love and Christian ways."
"Kind and gentle; thoughtful in every way.
An angel here on earth" you used to say.
"She lived for others in her every deed;
A teacher and an aid to those in need."
"Though loving all God's children great or small,
You Grandma loved her grandkids most of all."

But I, a grandchild, never understood
That Grandma was so different or so good.
My clouded vision only let me see
That when I wet my pants, she punished me!
You had to save her letters that I skipped
With shaky hand, not printed, but in script.
Yes, as a child, I couldn't understand
But as a father, now I think I can.

With Children of my own, I look again
Into the past and think of what you've been.
And to my children I repeat anew
The self-same words I've often heard from you:
"She's a great woman who we all adore;
I wish that you could be around her more."
"Her life is made of service for another;
"An angel here on earth, your Grandmother."

So now I understand at last your praise
When speaking of your mother in those days;
And of the plan eternal that is given
Which binds us here on earth as well's in heaven:
Our lives live on in deeds passed down
From mother to daughter; and child to child.
I see in you the greatness you admired
And through your life my children are inspired.

Through them your mother's deeds live on and on
As I speak of you and say to them:
"So kind and thoughtful; How we love her!
She's a great, great woman, your Grandmother!"

April, 4, 1976

Just an Orphan Boy

"I don't know how he'll turn out
This brother of Le Roi
No mom or dad to see him through
And discipline employ.
Fate has been unkind to him --
He's really, pretty coy --
I say, he won't turn out like most
He's just an orphan boy."

But mom and dad were always near
To teach and guard their boy
No evil could divert him nor
His confidence destroy
He grew in strength and power and love
And found a special joy
In serving man and loving God
This faithful orphan boy.

He's older now, and turning gray
But still in God's employ
A patriarch and president --
A temple vice roy,
Eleven children; all grown up --
A father's pride and joy;
And sadness faced with knowing peace:
The passing of Le Roi.

Few people know his life full well
What shows is a decoy
A humble man in his success
He's found a greater joy
Words weaken to do justice to
His life if we deploy
A hundredth part of noble deeds
Of "just an orphan boy."

I'd like to learn to be like him
Though not an orphan boy
I want to follow in his path
And find the self-same joy.
If fully I can't emulate
A part let me enjoy;
May God help me deserve the name
Of this great orphan boy.

D. H. Cochran

Several years ago--I think it was 1973 or 1974--I heard a conference address by Elder Boyd K. Packer in which he related a story about a little boy who was running in a race and fell while running. Although he was embarrassed about falling, he got up again and finished the race. The point of the story was that falling was not near as serious as it would be to just lie there. As long as we get up each time we fall, we will be able to win.

I thought that the idea was so meaningful in everything we do. I resolved to try to put the thought down in poetry. I was traveling a lot at the time, and several months later while I was in Spain and Africa doing management training for Mobil Oil, I put the ideas down in the form of the poem "The Race." This was in late June 1974.

D. H. Cochran
Mar. 8, 1977

THE RACE

Late June, 1974

I

"Quit! Give up! You're beaten!"
They shout at me and plead.
"There's just too much against you now.
This time you can't succeed!"

And as I start to hang my head
In front of failure's face
My downward fall is broken by
The memory of a race.

And hope refills my weakened will
As I recall that scene
For just the thought of that short race
Rejuvenates my being.

II

A children's race; young boys, young men
How I remember well.
Excitement, sure! But also fear.
It wasn't hard to tell.

They all lined up so full of hope
Each thought to win that race.
Or tie for first, or if not that
At least take second place.

And fathers watched from off the side
Each cheering for his son
And each boy hoped to show his dad
That he would be the one.

The whistle blew and off they went
Young hearts and hopes afire
To win and be the hero there
Was each young boy's desire

And one boy in particular
Whose dad was in the crowd
Was running near the lead and thought:
"My dad will be so proud!"

But as they speeded down the field
Across a shallow dip
The little boy who thought to win
Lost his step and slipped.

Trying hard to catch himself
His hands flew out to brace
And mid the laughter of the crowd
He fell flat on his face.

So down he fell and with him hope
--He couldn't win it now--
Embarrassed, sad, he only wished
To disappear somehow.

But as he fell his dad stood up
And showed his anxious face
Which to the boy so clearly said:
"Get up and win the race"

He quickly rose, no damage done.
--Behind a bit, that's all --
And ran with all his mind and might
To make up for his fall.

So anxious to restore himself
-- To catch up and to win --
His mind went faster than his legs:
He slipped and fell again!

He wished then he had quit before
With only one disgrace
"I'm hopeless as a runner, now;
I shouldn't try to race"

But in the laughing crowd he searched
And found his father's face
That steady look which said again:
"Get up and win the race!"

So up he jumped to try again
-- Ten yards behind the last --
"If I'm to gain those yards," he thought
"I've got to move real fast."

Exerting everything he had
He regained eight or ten
But trying so hard to catch the lead
He slipped and fell again!

Defeat! He lied there silently
-- A tear dropped from his eye --
"There's no sense running anymore"
"Three strikes; I'm out; Why try?"

The will to rise had disappeared
All hope had fled away
So far behind; so error prone
A loser all the way.

"I've lost, so what's the use," he thought
"I'll live with my disgrace"
But then he thought about his dad
Who soon he'd have to face.

"Get up." an echo sounded low
"Get up and take your place,
"You were not meant for failure here.
"Get up and win the race"

"With borrowed will get up" it said
"You haven't lost at all
"For winning is no more than this:
"To rise each time you fall."

So up he rose to run once more
And with a new commit
He resolved that win or lose
At least he wouldn't quit.

So far behind the others now,
-- The most he'd ever been --
Still he gave it all he had
And ran as though to win.

Three times he'd fallen, stumbling,
Three times he rose again
Too far behind to hope to win
He still ran to the end.

They cheered the winning runner
As he crossed the line first place,
Head high, and proud, and happy
No falling; no disgrace.

But when the fallen youngster
Crossed the line last place
The crowd gave him the greater cheer
For finishing the race.

And even though he came in last
With head bowed low, unproud,
You would have thought he won the race
To listen to the crowd.

And to his dad he sadly said
"I didn't do so well"
"To me, you won," his father said
"You rose each time you fell."

III

And now when things seem dark and hard
And difficult to face
The memory of that little boy
Helps me in my race.

For all of life is like that race
With ups and down and all
And all you have to do to win
Is rise each time you fall.

"Quit! Give up! You're beaten!"
They still shout in my face.
But another voice within me says:
"Get up and win the race!"

D. H. Groberg

D. H. Groberg
April 5, 1974
Chicago---S.L.C.

LEARNIN' RIGHT

There are many things that we're told are good
That we do at first only 'cause we should,
And often sacrifice what we wanted t' do
Just 'cause someone else teqls us to.

But doin' them long we soon realize
That "someone else" was pretty wise;
'Cause we find we enjoy doin' what we should've
More than doin' what we otherwise would've.

To those who've done it, it's a blessin'
To've finally learned this important lesson:
Since we learn to enjoy what we prolong
'T's better t'do right, than learn to like wrong.

July 14, 1974
Lisbon

THE WIND AND THE WAVES

The wind and the waves on a wild stormy night
Pounding the windows with all of their might
Threatening to break through that haven inside
Where friends are enjoying a meal side by side.

The howl of the wind; the roar of the sea
Ruling the seashore; moving so free
But just past the windows, their influence ends
They dare not disturb that small group of friends.

Dining and joking and watching the storm
Free from its menace; safe from its harm
Enjoying the evening because, not in spite
Of the wind and the waves on a wild stormy night.

D. H. Groberg
Bogota, Columbia

April 12, 1974

ON DEL'S EIGHTH BIRTHDAY

On the eighth birthday of our boy Del
A feeling inside me started to swell
And demanded expression
Of appreciation for our first little boy
Our Del Del.

So much I feel I have to say
Before my thoughts all flee away
Where shall I start?
Here: He's as fine a boy as you could want
Our Del Del.

He was so restless and active as a baby
And many times while feeling lazy
I played with him for hours
But I thought it was a waste of time--at least for me
If not Del Del.

"You'd better take the time" my wife would say,
"Cause if you don't, you know some day
He'll be grown and gone
And you'll regret the times you didn't stop to play
With Del Del."

Could eight years have passed away?
Why it seems like only yesterday
He was just a baby
Jumping to the bongos and learning Japanese kanjis.
Little Del Del.

And where have I been for these eight years
While Del Del's boyhood disappears?
Away--or else too busy
To take the time to notice that he's growing up
Young Del Del.

So often he has come to me
To ask for something or just to see
If I'd notice him and smile
And maybe share what I was doing with him
With Del Del.

But too many times I'd turn and say
"I'm too busy now, so go away!"
And he'd leave and play alone
And I'd use my time to do my "important" things
Without Del Del.

I wonder how I appear to him?
Am I strong and bright or weak and dim?
I wonder how I seem.
(He claims his dad's the smartest thing on earth
Ol' Del Del.)

When I was a boy on my dad's knee
I once saw through him what I would be
Someday, a father
With the responsibilities of a boy of my own
Like Del Del.

And I saw my dad once like I see Del
Just a young boy, but grown up well
To be a father
With his problems and cares no doubt, but skillfully hid
From his Del.

I never knew when I played with my dad
That he had any cares--he seemed so glad
To see me--anytime!
I should try to be more that way with my boy,
My Del Del.

But things I should have done, I often haven't
And I make mistakes even though I shouldn't
I must do better!
So I can become the example I ought to be
For Del Del.

But too busy planning and building tomorrow
I've finally realized to my sorrow
That it never comes
There's only today to draw pictures, build boats, and play
With Del Del.

And on his eighth birthday, where am I found?
Away, as usual, travelling around
On "important" business.
Since I can't be home, thank heaven for that good mom
Of Del Del's.

She takes such good care of the others and Del
Especially on his birthday--she remembers so well
(She has to remind me)
But I did buy a present--some old toy--and wrote a poem
For Del Del.

Del, I know you don't need a poem at all.
Nor a bike, or a boat or a rubber ball,
You need a father
To play with and to talk with and to be a pal
To Del Del.

So Happy Birthday! to our young man
I hope that the future will be as grand
As the past--or better!
And next time I'll be home to say my own Happy Birthday
To Del Del.

And someday, Del, you'll realize that I too
Am a person, who laughs and cries like you
But with more responsibility:
Responsibility to teach and guide and take care of
My Del Del.

But it won't be long, and it might be
You, Del Del, taking care of me--
Me and mommy.
And we'll help you with the boy on your knee
Your Del Del.

* * * *

Mid July, 1974
Spain and Angola

THE JOURNEY'S HARD

The Journey's hard but worth the stay
The end must justify the way
Though oft the way is but a test
To see who's worthy of the quest.

A young man rode for many days
To see and hold his love...

A trapper reached the trading post
So tired and worn and cold...

A young violinist practiced long
Preparing for the stage...

A mother suffered many months
To give birth to her son...

And each thought mid-way through the trial
"This journey's really hard"
But each knew where the end would lead
Each sought his own reward.

II

The easy roads which we select
May suddenly turn hard
And trying to retrace our steps
We find the way is barred.

A young boy took a cigarette
Encouraged by a friend...

Another took a dollar bill
That wasn't really his...

A father drove too fast one day
While thinking "just this once..."

And none knew where the road would lead
None looked around the bend
And each arrived a different place
From where he hoped to end.

III

The roads in life are numberless
Each leading its own way
And travelers who have chosen wrong
Oft end up in dismay.

Life consists of many roads
Some large, some small, some curved...

Before you choose a road to walk
Be sure of where it goes...

A handsome road with end unknown
Gives fools their just reward...

And when the way proves steep and hard
Be sure of its reward...

Each destination has its road
And each will finally stop
But strangely, though, the rocky paths
Most often reach the top.

IV

So choose your pathways carefully
Not by their look or fame
Nor by the numbers traveling there
Nor by the ease they claim.

Choose the way that you will go
By looking round the bends
And judge the road that you will take
By knowing where it ends.

(on his travels Dee has magnificently sketched each member of his precious and beautiful family, including himself. These "portraits" now hang in his lovely home..".he that receiveth light, and continueth in God, receiveth more light, and that light groweth brighter and brighter until the perfect day." (D&C 50:24)

JOSEPH:

What Life Is

Life is everything day and night, slow and fast,
short and tall, big and small
going on before

two eyes.

Life is everything busting and buzzing and
little things barely rustling
but caught by

two ears.

Life is pretty smells and foul ones and
harsh tastes and sweet ones
in the nose

and mouth.

Life is everything that's touchable,
within the grasp of
two hands,

one body.

Life is everything that runs across or
darts or swims or jumps and slips
or sleeps within

one mind.

Life is everything that plays about, passes by,
tugs away or nudges up to
one heart,

but mainly

Life is that which enters in.

* * * *

Returning one day from a long, long walk,
with the following we were confronted,

"Where have you been?"

Where?

We've been away, where only thoughts
can go - to a place quite plainly made
for wandering and wondering and searching
and yearning, and investigating the courses
and the sources of our feelings.....

(lest may be by both)

JOSEPH:

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

There was lightning in the sky tonight,
That made a hole in heaven's dark evening gown
Through which a man could see
A long, long way if he looked closely,
And was quick enough to see the things
 there were to see,
And smart enough to look for them.
There's light enough in one opening
 to see a billion miles or more,
A long, long way to look in less than
 second's time.

If the eye's on the light alone
 or on its peripheri,
The instant's gone and only a flash
Is registered in that man's memory.
But if the eye's on a distant spot
Suspected before the opening is made,
The instant of its parting is a vision
Which then is set with sure precision
 like a pure white,
Light-filled jewel in the studded plate of faith
That guards that man's heart or hope
 which sought the distant thing.

* * * * *

Love's First Moves

Who couldn't write a poem of poetry
or sing a song of singing
for love's a lift aloft to stay
where winter bells are ringing.

Who couldn't say a word of wisdom wise
or work a working day away
for love's away a wishing we
were with it for this day.

Who couldn't tie a tail to us
and send us up a flying
and let loose the moose that holds us here
and watch us keep on climbing.

What wonders would be welcome scenes
of wished for waiting dreams come true
and signs of others passed there too
now telling tales of love's first moves.

* * * * *

* * *

Easter, Christ, and
Christmas come
On steel, straight rails
Forged from the sun

Braced on crags of
Mountain tops and trees
Lit golden. Fresh thrown
With godly ease
The distance.

And aimed, to valley's
 lowest
Place, to run, to pierce
The gloom of nightheld
Earth.

So streaming trains of
Light, swift in
May fill with hope
Dark Earth, struck bright

* * * *

JOSEPH:

Poet's Preparation

First: I want to talk to a friendly flower And then: When all this asking's
Who will only blush and sway through,
When I look at it admiringly I'd like to write a
And say what I have to say. poem or two.
Little flower on a stem, how For knowing all this
Did you get color in your eyes? myself's no fun,
From old mother earth did you soak it up? Unless I tell it all
Is that where your secret lies? to you.
Or from your friend the sun above
Or from the blue, blue skies?
Tell me flower on a stem, how
Did you get color in your eyes?

Then: I want to talk to a big, big tree
Who will stand up straight and look at me
When I tell it what it ought to be.
Tree, so tall and big and firm
If you're so smart why can't you learn?
You've got to be much, much more firm.
How can you stand there so big and strong
And let all the world's mischiefs keep going on?
Why, with you right there no one ought to harm a hare
Or do a single thing that's wrong.
Look at me tree; why aren't you what you ought to be?

Then: I want to talk to a running stream and
Find out just what does all its gurgling mean.
You always look so peaceful, quiet, and serene.
But you're always, always mumbling.
Even when I throw a brick or stick
At you, you only splash and never scream,
Tell me how, with all we do
You just go on a gurgling.

Odds and Ends

Then: I want to talk to an evening breeze
And find out why it plays with all
The leaves. I'd think you'd spare
At least our little baby trees.
The way you tickle each one each night
And make them chuckle and rustle and sneeze.
Why you're the very hardest one to please,
When you must play with all our trees' leaves.

I love my home state
Idaho.
I love to feel its
Wind blow
(In my hair).
It makes me feel
Securely there.

And before

I'm through: I'd like to talk to at least one
Mountain top, and see what
Makes them such a pompous lot.

And: I'd like to talk to the golden moon
And learn how it makes the lovers swoon.
And ask the setting sun
Why it paints a picture in the sky each night
Only to erase it and quickly vanish from our sight.

Finally: I'd ask a star, why it stands so still
Away so far, twinkling shyly above us all
When suddenly it decides to fall.

JEANNE:

Earth gently rubs the sleep from her eyes,
Stretches her rocky form with a sigh,
Now, suddenly, rends the shade of night
And smiles as she turns her face to the sky--
to the warm, brilliant, joyful sunlit sky.

Ah, the glory of waking...
of seeing...
of living...
of working...
of giving...

And then pausing.

As the drapes of darkness again are hung,
A song of fulfillment by all Nature is sung,
The caress of a balmy breeze and view of a
pinkening sky are won,
Rewards sufficient for the work well done--
for the day well lived and the work well done.

The fading western peaks rise to meet the descending mist of clouds,
And that which has not life takes on power the live could not suppose.
For one brief moment a sliver of brilliant white reveals the throes
Of death, day's master cannot o'ercome; then darkness enshrouds
Sun's last straining rays as magnetic forces lock--not foes
Of light and life, but unknown partners, fulfilling each their roles.

If each could but recall the Hand in which he placed with faith his vows
Of eternal obedience and love, sun would cease to struggle
Against the inevitable fall of Night, but radiate in glory for his
allotted hours,
Knowing life is taken and given by that Power to whom all Nature bows.

* * * * *

Mother is a Queen with no need
for diamonds to show her majesty.
Beautiful, with no need for artificial
countenance.

A sweetheart who doesn't play
act to show her love.
A Friend without compromise to keep
her friendly status.

A Champion with no laurels
to show her winning life.
A Heroine with no need for praise to
illustrate her character

My mother is a lady without insincerity
in her graciousness,
And a wife without reservations to her
service

She is a saint without a bit of
forlorn piety,
And a virtuoso without vanity
in her work

In short she's a Scout
who never joined a troupe,

But rather, had her own.

(Happy Mother's Day from the
Chicago patrol

J.H.G. Patrol Leader
J.P.G. Assistant)

Discovery

Already four hours have stealthily fled
But the fifth, as she steals, steals me too from my bed--
Body so feverish and fine photons focusing before and behind
Displacing particular particles composing my mind,
And I wonder, when wakefulness wonderously wins,
Without effort or force, slumber's whimsical whims,
How, in long lapses of light, passion over ration
Endures, as though purpose and pattern its priority fashion.

For I walk from my room enveloped in peace,
Sensing, not thinking, aloneness soon cease,
And a very sweet image defies Einstein's Laws
As the ethereal conquers "tangible" masses and draws
In my mind a poem, yet without form
But with a request to be written--now, before morn.
And what is this flame that is kindled by calm?
A discovery - of love - lying dormant too long.

* * * * *

Two veils--between them...man,
Beyond them...God.
Or is it rather one veil...
To be twice rent;

From light, to light more glorious,
Through dark and dreary waste?

.....

O, how man pities self!
And blinds his soul to that straight and narrow beam
From veil, through dark, and back to veil --
A constant, steady stream.

Look! God a corner keeps uplifted
That all by Light might gain the door
And two spirits--God's and man's--become united
Before the veil we part once more.

And if the glimmer at first is weak,
Or even, at a glance, unseen--
Look again! Try harder!
Our eyes from darkness we must ween.

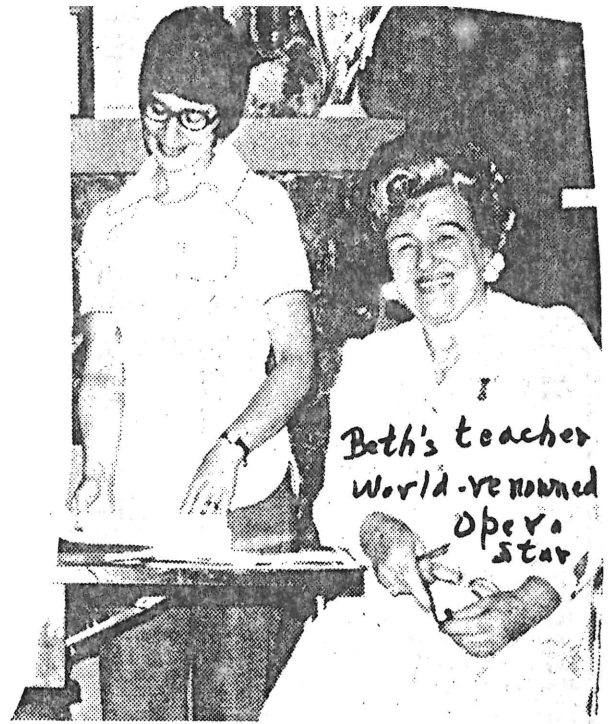
* * *

Odds and Ends

Sleds and sleighs
And skis and skates
The winter cold to woo,
But those were back
In Grandma's days
And now it's a Ski-doo!



*Julia on violin +
Mary on flute - playing
in Sacred Grove - 1942*

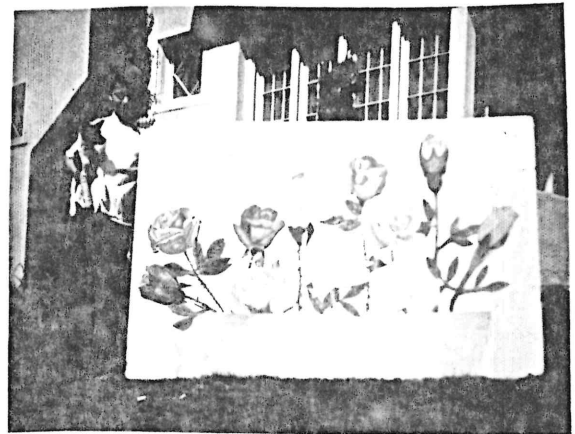


*Both's teacher
World-renowned
Opera
Star*

Registration is Ron Garner, left, new dean of instruction at GCCC, Dr. John Hughes, center, dean of the Division of Fine Arts at UALR, and Marjorie Lawrence, right, director of the workshop. Registering is Beth Stratton of Hot Springs.
(Photo by Steve Nichols)



*Donna has superb sense of
music - piano + vocal + equally
superb talent -*



*Dee painted in oil for
Rose Service - perfection*



David + music belong together



*David's family
popular singing group*

December, 1944

Each spirit seemed hesitant to
Leave their peaceful home that 28th day.
Best wishes were given and then
Elizabeth, with anxiety quite
Removed from the others,
Touched the

Veil, then opened it wide.

Groberg #8 — ah yes, then the others
Realized why she hadn't feared
Of leaving. A hush fell — A prayer rose.
"Bless her, protect her" whispered he.
Eternal seconds passed. Then the weary, but
Radiant father was told: "It's a
Girl."

June 18, 1967 Love, Beth

JUNE, 1967--by GEORGE H. G.

I've never seen a plant like a moss
One would never be missed if lost
They must all stand together to be realized
One alone couldn't be seen with the naked eyes
Oh I wish we could stand together
With our knowledge joined we could control the weather
Why can't we just join forces
And get rid of this war, poverty, riots and divorces.
Isn't it funny that moss lives together
And man can't do the same
Yet moss is a low form on earth
And man is here to reign!

Happy Birthday to Dad - 1975

- 1- Song by Jason & Derik
"Love Somebody, Yes I do"
- 2-3-4- Happy Birthday to Grandpa
by Jason
- 5- Happy Birthday to Grandpa
by Derik
"thank you for the popping things"
- 6- Jason
"Hi - Grandpa, I've got something to
tell you - - - -" Thank you
for my little blue car - - - -
there was snow here when my
Mom & Dad went bye-bye"
- 7- Derik
something about snowballs
Grandpa Groberg, etc.
(we were in
Memphis for the
opera)
- 8- O Mio Babbino Caro - by Beth
"O My beloved Daddy" from
Gianni Schicchi by Puccini
done with Jason & Derik in the room!
- 9- Sweetheart, sweetheart - by Beth
dedicated to Mom & Dad on Valentines Day
- 10- Barry's talk
- 11- Beth's talk

Program

I

Sonata Op. 13 in C Minor Beethoven
Grave Allegro
Adagio Contabile
Rondo

II

Scenes from Childhood Op. 15 Schumann
About Strange Lands and Peoples
Curious Story
Blindman's Bluff
Pleadin Child
Perfectly Contented
Important Event
Reverie
The Knight of the Rocking-Horse
Child Falling Asleep
The Poet Speaks

III

Etude Op. 25 No. 9 Chopin
Nocturne Op. 32 No. 1 in B Major Chopin
Valse Op. 42 in A Flat Chopin

Mr. and Mrs. Delbert W. Groberg
request the honor of your presence
at a Solo Recital presented by the
Somer's School of Music
and
featuring their daughter
Elizabeth Groberg

Saturday, June 22, 1963
8th Ward — 306 E. 20th
7:00 p.m.

Somers School of Music
presents

Miss Elizabeth Groberg
in
Piano Recital

Third Ward LDS. Chapel
306 E. 20 St.

Saturday, June 22, 1963
7 p.m.

Program

INTERMISSION

IV

Vocal Group

In Quelle Trine Morbide Puccini
The False Prophet Darow-Scott
Elizabeth Groberg
Accompanied by Mrs. D. V. Groberg

V

Praeludium Mendelssohn
Chant d'amour Op. 26 No. 3 Stojowski
The Lark Glinka-Balakirew

VI

Witches' Dance MacDowell
Polonaise Op. 46 No. 12 in E Minor MacDowell

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS AND COMMUNICATIONS

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

presents

BETH GROBERG, *soprano*

student of Margaret Woodward

assisted by Myrna Lynn South

in

PROGRAM

I

Solo Kantaten Buxtehude
Also hat Gott die Welt geliebet
Alleluia

Mel Stott, *first violin*
Dale Johnson, *second violin*
Dorothy Witt, *cello*
Walter Whipple, *organ*

SENIOR RECITAL

II

Brautlieder Cornelius
Ein Myrtenreis
Der Liebe Lohn
Vorabend
Erwachen
Aus dem hohen Lied
Erfüllung

INTERMISSION

III

Fleur des blés Debussy
Fantoches Debussy
De puis le jour, from *Louise* Charpentier

IV

El Alba Ginastera
Dame amor besos Obradors
Del cabello más sutil Obradors
Chiquitita la novia Obradors

V

Before My Window Rachmaninoff
Floods of Spring Rachmaninoff

7:00 p.m.
Wednesday, May 10, 1967

Madsen Recital Hall
Franklin S. Harris Fine Arts Hall

1966-67 Series No. 122



BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS AND COMMUNICATIONS

Department of Music

8:15 p.m.

March, 23 & 25, 1967

Gerrit de Jong, Jr., Concert Hall
Franklin S. Harris Fine Arts Center

ORPHEUS AND EURIDICE

by
Christoph Willibald Gluck

Orpheus	Clare Johnson
Euridice, his wife	Beth Groberg
Amor, God of Love	Lea Waddell
Blessed Spirit	Carol Keddington

sample ↗



Elizabeth
Groberg
Stratton



Student -
Mahtoric
Lawrence

Singing "Ah Fors Eh Lui"
Hot Springs from (sempre Libera)
La Traviata - July 1974

8:15 p.m.

Wednesday and Thursday, December 18, 19, 1968

de Jong Concert Hall
Harris Fine Arts Center

1968-69 Series No. 39-40

Winner of "Miss Congeniality"
piano + voice

AMAHL AND THE NIGHT VISITORS

an opera in one act
Words and Music by Gian-Carlo Menotti



CAST

Sample ->

Amahl (a crippled boy of about 12) Jeannie Prows

587

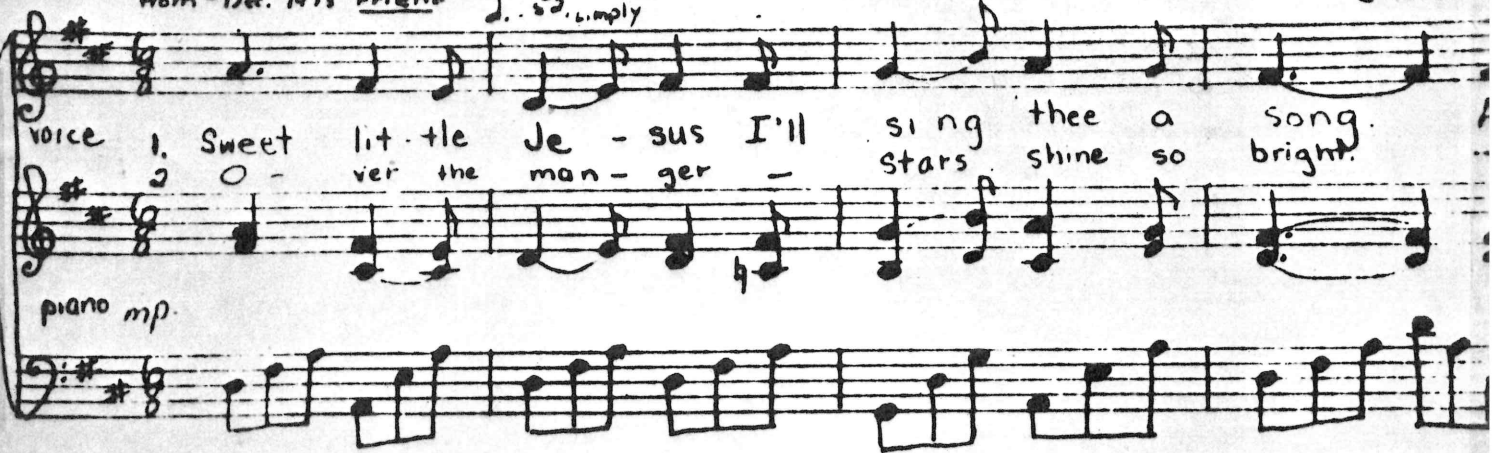
Words by: Selvig Paulson Russell
from Dec. 1978 Friend

Music by: Beth & Strahan

♩ = 50, simply

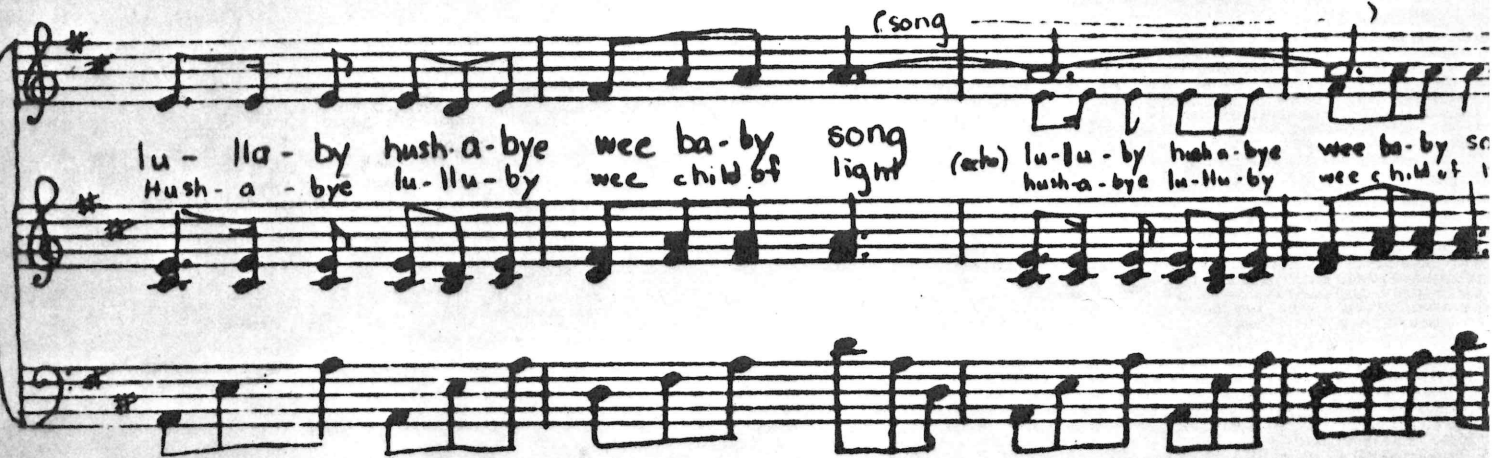
voice 1. Sweet lit-tle Je - sus I'll sing thee a song.
2. O - ver the man - ger - stars shine so bright.

piano mp.

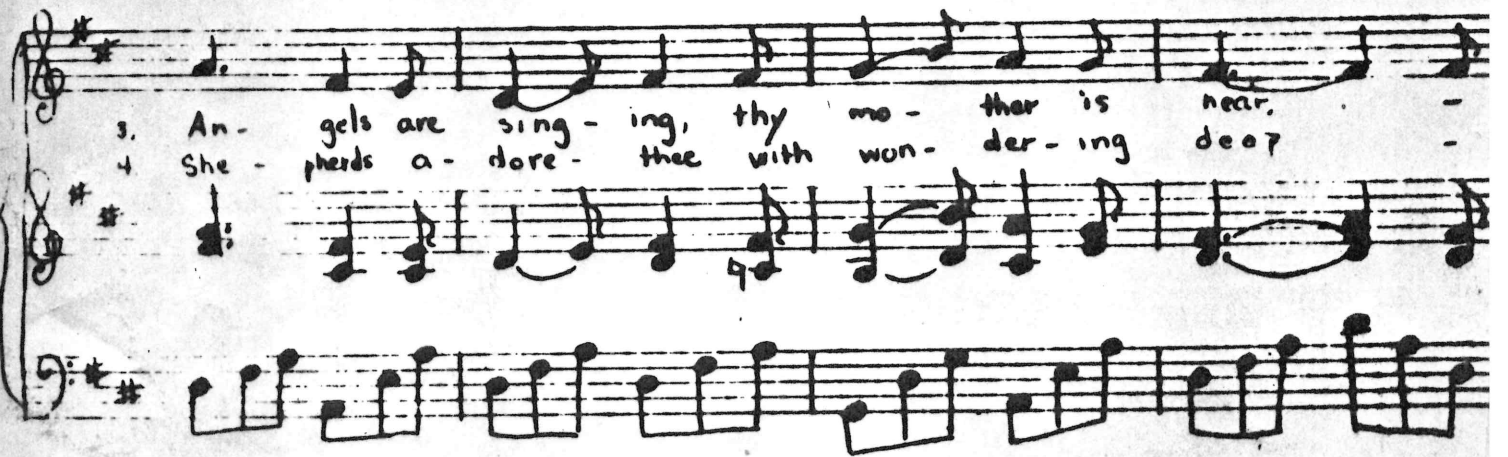


lu - lla - by hush - a - bye wee ba - by song
Hush - a - bye lu - lla - by wee child of light (c) lu - lla - by hush - a - bye wee ba - by so
hush - a - bye lu - lla - by wee child of 1

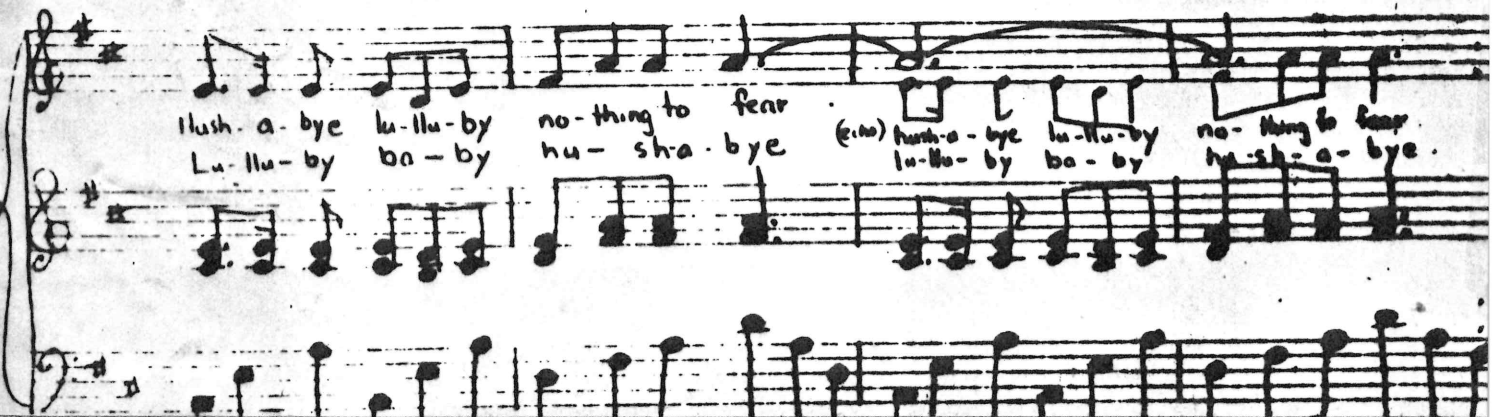
(c) song



3. An - gels are sing - ing, thy mo - ther is near,
4. She - pherds a - dore - thee with won - der - ing deep

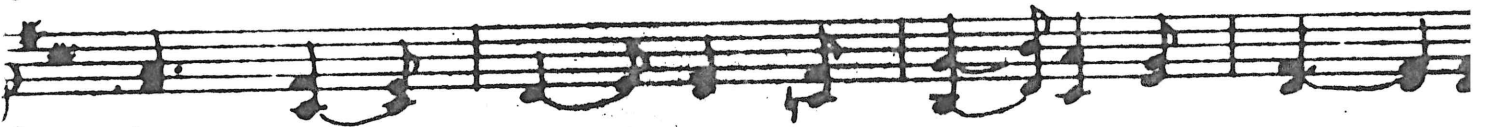


hush - a - bye lu - lla - by no - thing to fear
Lu - lla - by ba - by hu - sha - bye (c) hush - a - bye lu - lla - by no - thing to fear
lu - lla - by ba - by hu - sha - bye

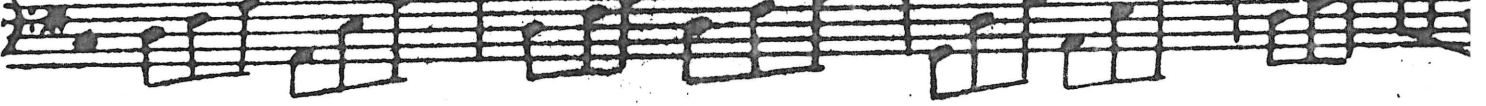




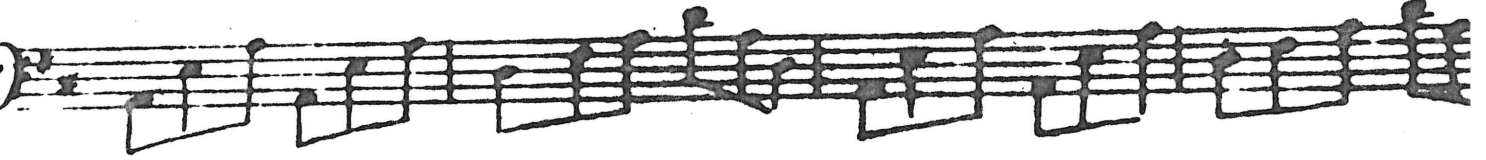
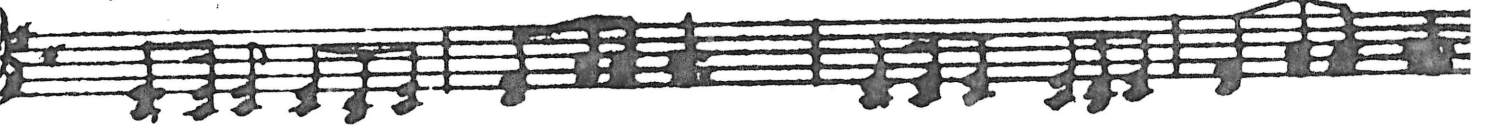
5. Ah ————— Ah ————— Ah —————



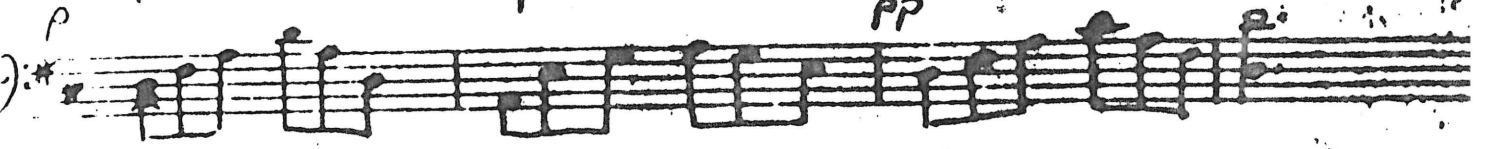
piano alone
or with instruments



Ah ————— Ah ————— Ah ————— Ah —————



p sleep *p* sleep *pp* sleep



Two Christmas thoughts set to music

Elizabeth-Ellan Lang
Andante

"Choose wisely"

Beth G. Stratton
on

mp Choose wise-ly then, each orn-a-ment and frost-ed tin-sel skein - For

The first system of musical notation for 'Choose wisely' consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics 'Choose wise-ly then, each orn-a-ment and frost-ed tin-sel skein - For' are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment starts with a bass clef and a 6/8 time signature, featuring a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

branch-es that have worn jew - els of gleam-ing moun-tain ri - tard - - - - - tain.

mf tenderly

The second system continues the musical notation. The vocal line includes dynamics like *mf* and *tenderly*, and phrasing slurs. The lyrics 'branch-es that have worn jew - els of gleam-ing moun-tain ri - tard - - - - - tain.' are written below. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

Isie Williams Chandler
Joyfully-marked rhythm

"We ring the bells"

Beth G. Stratton

mf We ring the bells on Christ-mas day-Oh why? Oh why? f To

The first system of musical notation for 'We ring the bells' features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics 'We ring the bells on Christ-mas day-Oh why? Oh why? To' are written below. The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a 4/4 time signature, using a simple, rhythmic accompaniment.

e - cho what the an-gels say on high! On high!

ff (p) *brava*

The second system continues the musical notation. The vocal line includes dynamics like *ff* and *(p)*, and phrasing slurs. The lyrics 'e - cho what the an-gels say on high! On high!' are written below. The piano accompaniment includes a *brava* marking and a final chord.

Peggy Hill

Moderato

Beth Groberg
Stratton

Handwritten musical notation for chimes, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes.

chimes -

Handwritten musical notation for piano accompaniment, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The accompaniment uses chords and eighth notes.

piano:

Handwritten musical notation for piano accompaniment, featuring a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The accompaniment uses chords and eighth notes.

Handwritten musical notation for voices, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is simple and follows the lyrics.

voices: All over the world at the end of day, Heavenly Fa-ther's children know

Handwritten musical notation for piano accompaniment, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The accompaniment uses chords and eighth notes.

piano:

Handwritten musical notation for piano accompaniment, featuring a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The accompaniment uses chords and eighth notes.

Handwritten musical notation for voices, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is simple and follows the lyrics.

down and pray Each say-ing thank-you in his own spe-cial way - say

Handwritten musical notation for piano accompaniment, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The accompaniment uses chords and eighth notes.

Handwritten musical notation for piano accompaniment, featuring a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The accompaniment uses chords and eighth notes.

Handwritten musical notation for voices, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is simple and follows the lyrics.

thank you in his own spe-cial way

Handwritten musical notation for piano accompaniment, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The accompaniment uses chords and eighth notes.

solo: F "Gra - cias, ma - lo, wir dan - ken dir" all
all voices: p

ov - er the world ten - der voi - ces hear. solo: Some say "tak"

oth - ers "Mer - ci" "O - Kau - sha shi - mas," We thank th.

Rit.

all voices: Our Hea - ven - ly Fa - ther hears them, He un - der - stands

A tempo

tongue. Our Heaven-ly Fa-ther Knows them, He-

The first system of the handwritten musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) with lyrics: "tongue. Our Heaven-ly Fa-ther Knows them, He-". The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the bottom staff in bass clef. The music is written in a simple, accessible style.

loves them, (chimes) loves them, (chimes) ev-ry one

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line includes the lyrics "loves them, (chimes) loves them, (chimes) ev-ry one". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and simple melodic lines. The word "chimes" is written in parentheses above the vocal line to indicate the instrumental texture.

Chimes -

The third system of the score features a vocal line with the lyrics "Chimes -". The piano accompaniment continues. The word "Chimes" is written below the vocal line, indicating the instrumental texture.

Moderato

A Christmas Song for 1974

Beth
Stratton

piano or organ mf

pedal normally throughout except for "chime effect" as marked.

Voice: Why - do the bells of Christ-mas ring?

mf

gva. =

pedal

Why do lit - tle child - ren sing? No - el, No.

mf

mf

el, No - el! Once a love - ly

p

p

shin- ing star Seen by sheph- erds from a -

Gen - tly moved un - til its light Made a man - gel

crescendo - - - - - *mf* - - - - -

cra - dle bright. There a dar - ling ba - by lay

- - - - - *ff* *mp*

Pil - lowed soft up - on the hay; And its mo - ther

crescendo - - - - -

sang and smiled: This is Christ, the ho - ly child."

Handwritten musical notation for the first system. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand treble clef staff and a left-hand bass clef staff. The piano part features a dotted line in the first measure, a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) in the second measure, and a dynamic marking of *mp* (mezzo-piano) in the third measure. The lyrics "sang and smiled: This is Christ, the ho - ly child." are written below the vocal staff.

So the bells for Christ-mas ring!

Handwritten musical notation for the second system. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) in the first measure, a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) in the third measure, and a dynamic marking of *8va* (octave) in the fourth measure. The lyrics "So the bells for Christ-mas ring!" are written below the vocal staff. A "pedal" marking is present in the bass staff of the fourth measure.

So the lit-tle child-ren sing, No-el, No-el.

Handwritten musical notation for the third system. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) in the first measure and a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) in the fifth measure. The lyrics "So the lit-tle child-ren sing, No-el, No-el." are written below the vocal staff.

el, No-el!

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The piano part includes dynamic markings of *ff* (fortissimo) and *FF* (fortissimo) in the second measure, and a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) in the fourth measure. A dynamic marking of *8va* (octave) is present in the fourth measure. The lyrics "el, No-el!" are written below the vocal staff. A "ritard -" (ritardando) marking is present in the piano part of the fourth measure. A "pedal" marking is present in the bass staff of the second measure.

The Post-Register

Idaho Falls, Idaho, Sunday, October 11, 1964

Harmony In The Family"

Program Of I.F.

Music Club

Given Amid

Japanese Garden

Mrs. D. V. Groberg, program chairman of the day, introduced Mr. and Mrs. Dee Groberg who used narrative dialogue to introduce the Japanese musical program of the day.

The Grobergs explained that the Japanese people are lovers of beauty and have great perception and sensitivity pertaining to things of nature which is expressed in their cultural life of music, dancing and other types of art. They also said that

many of the Japanese people have absorbed many of the Western styles in art, fusing the traditional with the western, resulting in a smooth blend.

The Grobergs introduced each number of the program with a Hiku, a three line verse. Mr. Groberg, who had spent several years in Japan, explained and demonstrated sounds of several musical instruments native to Japan which included the samisen, gongs and a drum. Demonstrating the Kotoa which dates back to ancient times was McArthur Whitelock.

Elisa Sealander and Cindy Marten, dance students of the Rasmussen School of Dance gave two traditional dance interpretations of the "Umbrella" and "Flower Dance." The students were taught the dances by Michiko Nirita Whipple, who also performed two classical dances called "Spring Rain" and "Bird Dance." She used fans, umbrellas and colored scarves to interpret the mood of the dances.

Mrs. Chizuko Nii, accompan-

ied by Mrs. Kay Chandler, presented two songs of the Japanese people. The program was completed with Mrs. Nii singing an ancient song 400 years old as Mrs. Whipple gave the interpre-



Of the 11 children of Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Groberg, 225 12th St., four are left at home, but that's enough for a family musicale either the jam style or classical style. Assisting her mother at the piano is Gloria, 14. Left to right around are, Lewis, age 16; George, 12, playing the drums and John, standing by his father.

LEWIS :

(Published in The Sprout Friday, December 22, 1961 as
winning poem - written February, 1960
Lewis was 13.)

The Sea

In the small yacht the baby cries,
The mother hides her mournful sighs,
But the father seems quite at ease,
He still tries to joke and tease,
And the sea goes onward never to cease.
The father who is stern and strong,
Thinks of the sea as a sinful wrong,
The storm comes in as a might breeze,
And shakes the timber and the trees,
And the sea goes onward never to cease,
Though life was merry up to then,
There is a time when life must end,
The sinking yacht takes mother and child.
The helpless father is nearly wild.
And the sea goes onward never to cease.

* * *

The Spider

The spider had need of a home
So a web he began spinning.
Like a bee inits honeycomb
He knew he was just beginning.
He no longer wished to roam,
Some prey he hoped to be winning.

His task was to reach the limb
And get there the bestest way,
But daylight was getting dim,
He was hungry and needed prey.
His chances to make it were slim,
To live he must do it this day.

He tried and tried again,
And did the work he determined to do,
And he taught this lesson to men:
Don't give up 'til you're through.
His web cost him effort and pain,
Your success will cost that too.

* * * *

To Lewis - 1962

Lewis is young and gay and free,
Lewis means more than the world to me.
Tall in body, in heart, in will,
Tall, and growing taller still.

His talents, tall now, to be taller thru years
He trumpets, composes, footballs, and cheers!
I have visions of Lewis, a man strong and true,
But even now his nobility of manhood shows thru.

(To Lewis-cont'd)

Each day he reads scriptures, counts
blessings, and prays
The guidance and light of the spirit
obeys.
Because he walks with choice youth today
They become choicer still in each way.

With problems provoking nearly all we
would do,
How grateful I am for my fifteen-year
Lew!

(Mother)

Mothers Day - May 9, 1976, by Marie

The Fringe Benefit

When I finally found Lew
It was quite a treat
I had looked hundred over
And I knew he couldn't be beat!

So when Lew said, "Will you?"
I said, "Yes - see - ee!"
I've looked them all over
And you are the one for me!"

"Well," I thought to myself,
"I've got quite the guy -
No girl could be luckier,"
Then his Mom caught my eye!

She was a great Lady
With not one little flaw
Any girl would want her
For a mother-in-law

Mom Groberg, you're a treasure
And I surely love you.
You're the best thing I got,
Of course, - next to Lew!

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.

Until finally the rose is in bloom.

And the Caretaker smiles

As it is cut off from the home stem

And grafted in with another.



The flowers.

by Gloria Jean

Go and observe them--

How they fly while holding still.

How can I read when there's music in my feet, a harp in my heart and
roses in my fingertips,

Little flutes tripping in and out of my nerves and a bassoon supporting
my back?

To hear it might be pleasant

But to read--they would kill me.

I am a violin of the highest fret,

A timpany of the mellowest reverberation.

If this is life I do love it.

But let me live.

I need to be protected.

I'm delicate like the orchid.

But I need to grow and unfold.

I'm restless like the rose.

What is time? What is wisdom? What is order--

When there are songs to sing,

When there are harps to pluck,

When there are orchestras to conduct?

When notes are ringing in my head,

And must be answered by my feet

And guided by my hands?

Everyone's an instrument in this great orchestra of life

And Father conducts our symphony.

I think in colors.

I think in notes and in instruments.

What are letters and words?

* * * * *

December 1970.

Flooded with memories

My heart leaps and throbs

Trying to escape its

confining enclosure.

Every little once in a while

I think I love you.

Every little once in a while

I really know I do.

I travel far, I travel wide

I travel 'til I'm at your side,

Near, near, near only you.

PERFECTION

I had decided nothing was perfect.
 Perfection wasn't.
 And I vowed to myself and to God
 That I would be satisfied.
 I would tear down my built-up hopes
 And be good instead of great.
 I would be normal, ordinary and uncontroversial
 Because perfection wasn't.

But one day as I was reading in Matthew
 A scripture warmed my hear.
 My mind began to think.
 My soul began to search.
 God had not heard my pessimistic prayer
 Because He told me:
 "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father
 which is in heaven is perfect."
 If God is, then perfection must be.

* * * * *

JIGGLY EMOTIONS

At times I feel like jello,
 Soft set and jiggly--
 Wondering about this and that,
 Feeling one way and then another.

I Love O's.

I try to put all my emotions together
 To become solid, firm and decisive,
 But all I can come up with is jello
 Soft set and jiggly.

They're so open and round,
 Simply curved and humbly plain,
 The perfection of the letters,
 The ultimate in sound.
 If letters could reach a perfect
 unity,
 I'm sure they would all be O's.

* * * * *

A WOMAN WILL GO WHERE SHE IS NEEDED

A woman will go where she is needed
 If she is true to her heart.
 She will be strong when strength is needed
 Whether she has it or not.

A woman will do what is needed
 If what is needed can be done.
 She will fight or die or live if needed
 Whatever must be done.

A woman will be what is needed
 If in any way she can.
 She will be diamond, emerald, or pearl if needed
 And sparkle pure and kind.

A woman will marry when she is needed
 If by a man she truly is
 She will run, leap, fly to
 him, if needed
 And forever be his.

A woman will love when it is needed
 If she has love to give out.
 She will cry, caress or comfort if needed
 And carry sunshine enroute.

GLORIA JEAN:

Prematurity

Overanxiously budding into a flower--
So excited to become
Unsatisfied with being;
Always a little ahead of itself--
Bright-eyed into the future galaxies of time!

A Friend

A touch of understanding--
A smile from the knowing heart,

Hope

Who's to say what the spring will bring?
The majesty of the hidden blossoms,
The steadfastness of the tender stems?
The faithful little leaves?

Helpfulness and patience
And appreciation for what you are

Efficiency and insight
To give you what you need,

And modesty and loyalty
To keep a friend like me.

The universe is unfolding, dear,
Each piece working together
And who's to say what the spring will bring?
Perhaps an orchid rose.

To be a Wife

To be a wife is the greatest calling above and beyond any
given to us in life.

It is a solemn duty and responsibility that no other person
on earth can perform but you.

It is the greatest joy God has ordained for you.

To be a wife is to love and be loved as no other person on
earth can and is.

* * * * *

GEORGE HOLBROOK:

(June, 1967)

I've never seen a plant like a moss
One would never be missed if lost
They must all stand together to be realized
One alone couldn't be seen with the naked eyes
Oh I wish we could stand together
With our knowledge joined we could control the weather
Why can't we just join forces
And get rid of this war, poverty, riots and divorces
Isn't it funny that moss lives together
And man can't do the same
Yet moss is a low form on earth
And man is here to reign.

GEORGE:

Changing America

America's amber waves of grain
Are hidden under the people's thots of shame.
"One nation under God," they say
And today it's thot a crime to pray.
Washington was often down on his knee
While Jefferson was praying for liberty
What has happened in the last hundred years?
The enemy inside is now one of our fears.

Silence

Have you ever listened to silence?
You can hear a heart beat in perfect sequence.
You can hear the sun send forth a ray.
You can hear a spider spinning away.
Silence is such a unique state.
Listening to things which don't even quake.

(the above written February 5, 1967)

* * * *

BONNIE:

(sent by Bonnie and George to Margaret for her birthday, June 7, 1975)

Happy birthday, our dear Margaret,
You're amazing for just 20 years.
We say "Watch out world, here she comes!"
Each day as your future nears.

May we say, dear Maggie, to you right now,
No matter how we may seem--
We think you're great and we love you,
And wish fulfillment for all of your "dreams."

We hope you always continue
As you are, just being your best,
For life will get fuller and richer
As you follow truth and your "quest".

The best thing about you, dear Maggie,
Is the more we know about you
Not only can you act the part,
You're Dulcinea, through and through!

GEORGE HOLBROOK:

To a Heavenly Mother

I was once said, I believe by my brother,
That no where on the earth could there be a better mother
One who works, who works, who works all the day
One who inspires and helps and taught us to pray
She never quits helping til the sun's final ray,
Shine through the horizon
Oh, how can I repay?

* * *

Dear George,

I've been asked to write a letter to you telling you about what makes you so special to me. I understand all the mothers of young men in your branch have been invited to do the same. I hope the message comes through in these lines. (to be heard for the first time at a social at B.Y.U)

Our youngest son is named George H.G.
But he signs it by adding "S.S."
I've often wondered just why that should be,
But to date I can only guess.

His letters come weekly to us without fail,
From mission or school or "away",
But we notice whenever we open his mail
"Love, George S.S." he will say.

He casually tells how he's helped those in need
But prefers that it be unknown
What it really cost him to be sure they succeed,
Cost paid by "S.S." alone.

As Lettermen President, Football or Snow King
Or learning Tamil or Malay,
Disciplined following through is one thing
That keeps "S.S." on top every way.

"S.S." sings of his love via drums or guitar,
And his listeners always adore,
As ski-er or student, or college-bowl star
"S.S." always gets winning score.

Though he wouldn't agree to what I now say
About "S.S." and what it stands for,
Don't you think it could mean SUPER SPECIAL - today?
SUPER SPECIAL--again --evermore?

SUPER SPECIAL because he has brought so much joy
To his parents and family and friends?
SUPER SPECIAL to be in his Father's employ,
A blessing which never ends?

In thoughts, words and acts, SUPER SPECIAL George rates,
His desires SUPER SPECIAL too,
SUPER SPECIAL his promises for he emulates
The Master -all his life thru.

HAPPY

MOTHER'S
DAY

MOM!

May

1977

Happy Mother's Day - dear Mother
(And we really mean it too!)

Since we've been parents for a year
We've learned a thing or two!

We've gained some understanding
and lots more appreciation

For all that parents go through -
We give praise and adoration.

But alas —

Our gift to you this Mother's Day
a few short words
will be:

"Please add another tiny
branch — to your growing
family tree!"

We love you,
Love,
George, Bonnie, Brenda & ?

May - 1977



606

We realize how important
all mothers really are,
and we're so glad that you're our Mom
we count our lucky star.



We wish that on this Mother's Day
a lovely gift we'd bought,
equal to our love and praise
befitting of this thought.

"BETTER"

Better are the flowers growing up high,
Better is the wind blowing blowing by,
Better is the sunshine shining in my eye.
Better is the rain falling from the sky
WHY?

Love

Elizabeth Groberg

THE END

BETTER
(On Repentance)

Better are the flowers
growing up high
Better is the wind
blowing blowing by
Better is the sunshine
shining in my eye
Better is the rain
falling from the sky
Why?

Written July 9, 1967
By Elizabeth Groberg
Age 6 1/2

Written at Nuku'alofa, Tonga
July 9, 1967
by Elizabeth Groberg
Age 6 1/2

To the World

I read of and saw wars--
They said they were everywhere.

I choked from pollution...
It seemed to have triumphed.

I wept for the sins of my brothers,
And tried to correct my own.

I saw my country's flag torn down,
As the Boy Scouts marched by.

I heard a preacher condemn and forgive
As he passed the collection plate....

These things I saw
When I left my gate
And entered you, world.

And I asked myself:
What is life for?

Then I saw a tiny babe
Reaching out for love.

Oh! World, look at this babe...
Look at this sweet and innocent child.

Will you rob him?
* * * * *

Prisoner

One man was locked in one small room--
Big enough for just that man,
And his file of problems.

When visitors were invited,
The quarters were so cramped,

That there was room for nothing--
But the large file of problems,
In this small room of self.

And the visitor hastily left.

Once, a secretary was hired,
For problems to be dictated to,

And then one day
A key was found,
Hidden in plain sight--

On Hypocrisy

One day I met two beautiful roses
One red with life and beauty,
The other red and beautiful--But false.

(It had been bought in a store,)
And was made by blundering human hands.

The real rose wilted in a day
As if to acknowledge its weakness.

The false rose stayed beautiful--
(It had nothing to lose.)

The roses remained
Side by side

One brown with realism
The other red without.

And I wondered which envied which.
* * * * *

A key to a room
Big enough for anyone
Who'd care to come.

The visitor left too hastily,
To locate the hidden key.

The secretary was taking notes--
Much too busy to find a door.

Others were locked in their own small
rooms,
Too busy to help a friend.

The man then saw,
That he who has the key
Has had it all his life....

The key's use unknown, unliked and
unused...

Kept hidden from sight--
Beneath the file of problems,
In this small room of self.

White Lilacs

The tree was barren--
 Coarse bark completely covered its branches.
 A bit of clean white snow remained--
 Holding the place for white lilacs.

The snow soon melted--
 (It was all a process.)
 And green leaves appeared,
 Preparing for white lilacs.

And then, the miracle of nature's beauty
 Began to sprout.
 The tiny buds blossomed,
 And soon we beheld white lilacs.

Some were picked--
 And soon turned brown.
 Others remained on the lilac tree's branches.
 Preparing...preparing...

And then again

The tree was barren
 Coarse bark completely covered its branches
 Clean white snow fell upon the tree
 Holding the place for white lilacs.

* * * *

A Day and a Night and a Day

Christ's gift to me
 Was death's new smile,
 And eternity rocking the empty cradle.

A feeling of joyful love of live
 With soft reverence for its serene peace.

Christ's gift to me
 Was the courage to confront the universe
 And wish end hope and prepare.

Christ's gift to me
 Was his loving hand
 Reaching out to remove my blindfold.

Christ's gift to me
 Was built in one small phrase
 In adding a "day" to a "day and a night."

To the Buried Soul

Reading the paper,
 I came to a page
 Announcing deaths.

I looked o're the names
 And thought
 "I wonder what his soul was like."
 And then my tears blotted out his
 picture.
 "What was your gift to the earth
 But a will, a grave and some tears?"

You are but a person--
 One of the billions of people
 Under the billions of stars
 Within the billions of galaxies...

Under...within...one of...under.within

But still, I beg you,
 I know but your name
 And your deathdate--
 Oh! don't leave yet--
 I don't know your soul...

And although we are
 But under and within,

You have a soul which is important to
 Ah! wait! I know but your name and
 your birthdate!"

AFTER SEEING A PICTURE OF GREAT GRANDMOTHER MAUD ELIZABETH BRUNT GROBERG

or "Your Mother's Day Poem!"

I would have called you
Great Grandmother
And your skin
Would have been
Spotted with age and lined
If you had not bartered life for life
And died from the birth of your child.

(Margaret was a little
older when this one
came)

(How it must have ached
To feel your belly
Stretched from birth and empty;
To hear your babe cry out the life
She had drawn from you and drained
And to be too weak to kiss the child
Or to sing a lullabye.
What pain your dying
Must have been.)

So now we two are young.
And you smile Mona Lisa love
On yellowing paper:
A wedding scene
With you and him
Worlds promised and sealed.

My mirror reflects your mouth,
Your quiet eyes, your brows.
My body is yours and other's renewed
Piece by piece by piece by love
And reborn in a world
Undreamed of
By you whose seed-bearing fruit
I am.

My womb is yet unswollen,
My body untried by love.
My children wait yet
In cells that are dormant...
But I've worlds without end within.

And with the past are you
Living in me for the future.
And our life will be sucked
And suckled
Till our children are like to
The sands of the seas:
By mortal men unnumbered.

We're promised and sealed.

(Happy Mother's Day, Mom. I
appreciate your patience with me
and your love. MJB)