



Building The Kingdom

At Home And Abroad

D. V. GROBERG FAMILY REUNION

JULY 20 - 22, 1984

Family Histories
of the
Children
of
Jennie Holbrook
&
Delbert Valentine
CAROBERG

A
D. V. Groberg

Family Book

Volume III

E X P L A N A T I O N

This book is a collection of family histories of the children of Jennie Holbrook and Delbert Valentine Groberg prepared by these children for the D.V. Groberg Family Reunion held at Ricks College campus July 20-22, 1984. It is designated as Volume III.

All families have received a copy of our "big" family reference book, designated as Volume I. They have also received several other family publications.

Jennie and Delbert are compiling a book to be designated as Volume II. It will give the history of their family since their marriage in the Salt Lake Temple on June 11, 1930 when they began "building their Kingdom at home." It will tell how they joyfully welcomed the eleven children that blessed their home and with them enjoyed home living in the light of the Restored Gospel, until these children left to establish Kingdoms of their own. All seven sons and one daughter (along with their father) served full-time missions - "building the Kingdom abroad."

Proper time sequence naturally places Volume II ahead of this Volume III.

May you children continue to record the happenings of your own family Kingdoms as the Lord requests that we all do.

" . . . THE RECORDS OF THE
FATHERS. . THE LORD MY GOD
PRESERVED IN MINE OWN HANDS
. . . AND I SHALL ENDEAVOR TO
WRITE SOME OF THESE THINGS
UPON THIS RECORD FOR THE BE -
NEFIT OF MY POSTERITY THAT
SHALL COME AFTER ME."

ABRAHAM 1:31

FOREWORD

We have counted each of our family and named you "one by one". It is indeed surprising (even amazing) "what (we and) the Lord have done."

When we were married fifty-four years ago, we were told we would be partners with the Lord in "Building the Kingdom" and that we would have joy and rejoicing in our posterity.

In Heaven and on earth the work of the Lord is carried out by families. Each member is a precious individual with potential of uniting in the Lord's way and "Building the Kingdom at Home and Abroad."

As you have married and started a branch within the family, you are still a vital part of the family. Your records and accomplishments add luster and fulfillment to the whole family.

The keeping of journals and being a record-keeping family, is strengthening to ourselves and provides a written plan for doing things that will help one another now and in the future. No one wants to weaken or destroy the family of which he is a part. Everyone wants to strengthen and improve his family.

It is proven that the more faithful we are at keeping our records and recording our experiences and our feelings, the closer we conform our lives to the way our Heavenly Father knows will bring us the greatest joy and fulfillment.

We thank you for what each has done and say "Just keep it up and you will continue to be a blessing to yourselves and to your families, and we promise you the Lord will bless you. This is really His work; as a family we are part of His work and are helping Build the Kingdom at home and abroad."

Abraham, whom the Lord called "the father of the faithful," - received records from the fathers that gave him guidance regarding the plans and purposes of creation. Realizing the great value of these records and information, Abraham said "I shall endeavor to write some of the things upon this record (his journal) for the benefit of my posterity that shall come after me." (Abr. 1:31-P. of G.P.)

We heartily suggest this is a good example for all of us to follow. It will add to the joy and rejoicing of our posterity.

Your mother and father love each of you and each of yours very much.

May we as family members, be good record-keepers for our own good and "for the benefit of our posterity."

With love,

Jennie H. Groberg
Dorothy Groberg
Dr. G. G. G.

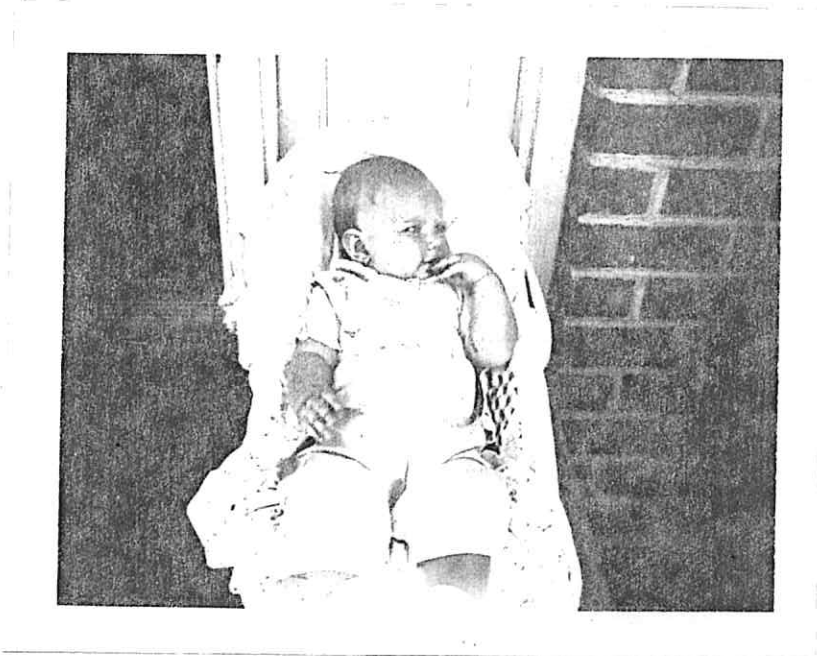
Idaho Falls, Idaho, U.S.A.
July 20, 1984

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Whitney with mother "Liz" - July 13, 1984



Baby girl Whitney Owens
born March 26, 1984 to
Karl S. Owens and Elizabeth Groberg Owens
Newest great grandchild

Just as our books go to the bindery
we are indeed happy to add pictures
of our newest family members.

Even though this picture of her is
inadequate, we are assured by her
parents and brother and sisters that
Pamela is a beautiful baby. She is
a special gift and blessing the Joe
Grobergs are bringing with them from
Peru. You will all be privileged to
see her in person even before you
see this account of her.

The picture was taken about
April 25, 1984, when she was 2 weeks old.



She is our newest grandchild. Welcome!
Precious Pam! We all love you.

Mary Jane Groberg

&

Achim

FRITZEN
FAMILY

Achim and Mary Jane Fritzen Family

When first married we recorded Achim's life story, which we published in 1971 and gave to our families for Christmas. It tells of Achim's parentage, life in Germany, the war, reading the Book of Mormon, baptism, emigration to Utah and first years there. Copies are also available in BYU Library and Salt Lake Genealogical Library. He testified, "God lives . . . and cares for his children."

Our courtship began when we met in 1969. I was employed as a teacher of high school journalism and English at Kearns (Utah) High School, and he taught German at Skyline High in Idaho Falls. We were meant for each other. We were both BYU graduates--his BA in 1963, mine in 1953. At BYU we had both taken part in scholastic-service units. He had crossed the ocean from Germany to New York in a great ocean liner in the fall of 1956 when I had crossed from New York to England on the "Queen Elizabeth" as a missionary. Returning in 1958 I taught two years at Bonneville High School, living in Idaho Falls. During this time Achim was laboring on the railroad crews in Utah-Nevada, and learning English. He entered BYU in 1960. That year I was prayerfully guided to find a position in Salt Lake City as Church News secretary for Henry Smith, editor. Achim wanted to major in accounting, but prayerfully changed to German. In Salt Lake I was taking part in music by singing in University of Utah Chorale, Sacre Dulce Chorus, and playing with Westminster Symphony. Living with many good roommates over the next ten years, I also studied toward MA at University of Utah. Achim's

brother Bodo emigrated and graduated from Utah State at Logan, and two sisters, Gerlinde and Heimtraut emigrated, married returned missionaries from Germany, both of whom earned their doctorates. His youngest sister Ingrid, the last to emigrate, married David Nemelka, also a German missionary, in 1962.

A friend encouraged Achim to seek a teaching position in Idaho Falls. Achim chose the city especially because of the temple. He taught first in the junior high and Idaho Falls High School, then transferred to the new Skyline High School when it opened. Altogether he taught eleven years by 1975.

I was ready to return to teaching in 1966 after six years with the Deseret News. Providentially I was placed at Kearns High School, because of my newspaper experience. It was Kearns High's first year. The newest, finest, and best equipped school in Utah's Granite School District, it was ideal. The new principal, Reed Wahlquist, Harvard-educated, returned missionary, interested in history and writing, in his 30s and single, was also conducive to my success. In 1968 my thesis was approved and I was awarded the Master's Degree with major in Speech (radio-television), and minor in English, with French as foreign language.

The summer of 1969 Achim attended the World Conference on Records in Salt Lake City. He did genealogy and temple work for his relatives. On 19 August, as he had completed an endowment session in the Idaho Falls Temple, a meeting naturally took place. That morning I too had been in the same session with my mother. When she saw Achim in the Celestial room she spoke to him, then introduced me, saying, "This is George's German teacher. . . ." He said his name

was Fritzen, and when Mother inquired about his family, he said, "I'm not married yet." When we returned home I made inquiries and then invited him to come for dinner. Other couples present were Beth and Barry, and Dick and Barbara, making just six. I cooked the meal and we visited about common interests, school and Germany.

The next week school resumed in Idaho Falls, and then I returned to West Jordan to begin the fourth year at Kearns. But Mom had told me about George's playing football, and that Herr Fritzen regularly took tickets at the games. So I returned to Idaho Falls in September to see the game. As Joe and Jeanne were also visiting from Denver, I invited Achim to play college bowl with us. Since he did not answer the telephone I took a note to his apartment. He was home and invited me in as he was preparing his Priesthood lesson. I felt comfortable; he accepted the invitation. After College Bowl Achim asked for my address and if he might write to me. Very pleased I responded, and soon he wrote for a dinner date in Salt Lake the first Saturday evening in October. Gladly I accepted. However this was the night of General Priesthood meeting. We changed our plans to include Priesthood meeting, then ate afterward in the Hotel Utah Sky Room. Already we cared for one another as good friends, and it was important to be honest. Priesthood was important to me. We then went to the British Mission reunion, and Achim was introduced as a stake missionary. Then at midnight he took the bus back home.

The next two months we wrote and dated either in Idaho Falls or Salt Lake, saying goodbye at the bus station. He wrote me for a

special date on Christmas Eve. How the miles flew as I happily drove the red Toyota to Idaho Falls! With tree, music, flowers, food, and gifts, he entertained me in his home that joyous eve. We also shared our testimonies of the Church. A gold bracelet was his token of love, and a note asking for a special date to attend the temple on a Saturday when I could arrange it. As the Salt Lake Temple was closed I made the date for 10 January at Manti. During the holidays we also visited Sun Valley in expectation of a future stay there, and on New Year's Eve we danced with love.

He took the bus to Salt Lake Friday night, met me, 10 January, and I drove my car to Manti on a snowy day. After the temple session, still within the temple he took my hand and asked me to marry him. All was sincere, so I responded with dignity although I could hear great bells chiming in my heart. It was spoken in the holy house of fasting and prayer. The engagement had been preceded by many beautiful letters. Many weeks before, the seeds of love were sowed, nourished and blossoming. Months before, my fingers had longed to write my signature with Love, which grew. One peaceful winter day while washing clothes in the Bytheway's home where I lived, I had sensed that I was beloved of him. Accepted. Myself. We announced our engagement to my cousin Jane Braithwaite, who fixed a special dinner at her Manti home. It was good to share the wonderful news with her, whom I had called on before and shared with her a precious love letter.

We next called on the Blairs in Provo, who heard our announcement gladly. By then we had set the date, when Achim wanted it, after school was out, 9 June, 1970. Next we told his sister Ingrid in Salt Lake and called my parents.

Our students were not kept in the dark. A few of mine were somewhat incredulous, expecting a diamond ring not a gold bracelet. Fortunately Barbara (Dick's wife) had taken a picture of us together. He wrote frequently that winter and spring. I learned patience, a boon. He was 35, I was 38.

Our wedding was attended by all the festivities and congratulations one could hope for. Achim's brother Bodo, his sisters Ingrid and Heimy attended, and we took pictures in front of the temple. We did sealings for his family right afterwards. Mom gave a lovely reception. We greeted lots of Achim's friends, as well as mine, then honeymooned to Sun Valley.

Besides parents, others playing an important part in the marriage included my Grandpa Holbrook, at whose home I had lived for a period in Salt Lake. Knowing him had prepared me for my future love who was to meet me just a week after Grandpa died. And Aunt Maude (Groberg Neeley), my dearest friend, at whose home I had also lived at an earlier period in Salt Lake. She sewed my wedding dress, which I still use as a temple dress. Darlene Bytheway, my roommate in West Jordan, and dear friend, was a bridesmaid.

The first year of marriage I substituted at Skyline High, and later taught homebound students. Soon we expected a baby. Although my husband was pleased he did not take it too seriously. One of my happiest days was in the spring of 1971, shopping for used baby furniture. When my next door neighbor said, "I saw you taking baby furniture into your house. Are you expecting company?" I glowed and answered, "Yes, in September." In another conversation, little Johnny (John Enoch Groberg), said, "Achim's your father."

"No," I smiled, "He's my husband."

Johnny thought a while, then said, "I know who Achim is--he's your friend!"

We rented an apartment in Provo at Wymount Terrace. Achim worked towards his Master's degree. Being pregnant, of course, was right in style there, and I took the prenatal course. I also took some BYU workshops. David and Ingrid gave me a gift of \$100.00 for the new baby, and with it I shopped for some good children's books. Later with my teachers retirement funds I bought a piano.

When Anny was born 17 September, 1971 in Idaho Falls Hospital, this was the happiest day of my life. It was preceded by more painful labor that I had anticipated, so I knew I had earned the reward when she was born. Mom had encouraged me, even crocheting me a pink shawl during the months before she was even expected. Doctors Kindred and Robison were former high school classmates. The hospital room was filled with flowers, friends, and baby gifts. Among Achim's best friends were Rick and Judy Davies and Rick's parents. As I was then reading Miracle at Philadelphia by Fleming, ^{Bowling} and Anny was born on Constitution Day, we sent out announcements likening the birth of our child to that miraculous document.

The Nemelkas came to see Anny blessed and named for her German grandmother, Anny Elizabeth. Mother, who had been helping me with washing for the newborn, then suffered from a painful viral infection that lasted at least two months, but in pain she came to the Sacrament Meeting. We soon bought a washer and the Nemelkas and Omi gave us a dryer. We lived in a duplex at 557 Linden Drive. I filled a scrapbook about "Wonderful Seventy-One(derful)! Gifts and cards came from Germany.

Christmas was special for Achim's family, and this year for me. We went to Nemelka's in Salt Lake. Achim's mother and her husband, Paul Nowak, came from Germany, and I took the baby to show to them and to my friends, particularly at Deseret News. "Look what Santa brought me for Christmas!"

Achim was glad to get back to teaching school, and with our combined income we paid off debts. The summer of 1972 we again went to BYU summer school, with our dear baby. Returning we moved temporarily into the basement at Redbarn Lane until our next home at 390 Lincoln Drive was vacant. John sold it to us on good terms. We moved in November. About this time Achim began teaching American History as well as German, and he took evening classes from Ricks College. He remarked to me seriously, "If I read all the students are supposed to read I would know a lot about American history." His European perspective was appreciated. He also gave some large-group lectures on cultural topics, such as Martin Luther, Charlemagne, and the Rhine. We worked together to make slides and tapes for his lectures. He was ever improving his teaching, but the degree came no closer. He often accompanied the teams on bus trips and continued taking tickets at dances and games. He was in charge of the Seventy's temple activity, and was released as stake missionary, but a responsible home teacher.

The highlight of 1973 was our trip to Germany, a realization of Achim's dream. He helped me pick out new clothes for the trip. Anny could go at the low rate before she was two. Was I ever nervous! When the flight was due to leave I became sick. Sweet Achim and his sister Ingrid forever endeared themselves to me as they patiently

waited with me in the airport restroom until minutes before takeoff when we boarded. I will always remember their kind patience.

Anny cried most all the way. Once there our troubles were over.

Anny slept at the airport in London. Omi met us at Cologne and took us to her apartment in a car driven by her friends. We had an elegant dinner with the two other guests at her home in Bad Godesberg.

The daily activities are easy to summarize. One day we four went to Rheidt to visit all of Achim's relatives there. It is remembered in a scrapbook with photos. Since then, most, if not all, of the older generation have died. Another day, two of Achim's school friends came for the evening. On several days Achim and I toured by boat and train, returning to sleep in Bad Godesberg each night. Omi tended Anny, whose favorite plaything seemed to be the old handbag filled with clothespins. We visited Cologne Cathedral, the Goethe house in Frankfurt, Beethoven house in Bonn, the Frankfort zoo and peace gardens, and special places in Bad Godesberg, including the castle and the river. We sailed down the Rhine on a ship, and walked along its banks. It was joyful!

The summer of 1974 Achim worked in Idaho Falls for the school district keeping up the lawns and gardens of the stadium and administration building. Anny was our pride and joy. As a baby she would sit propped up on the table, beside her Dad while he studied. And ^{she} should would play she too was editing her version of the ward bulletin, while I was editor of the "Spire." Three years old, she wrote beside me in her own spiral notebook, telephoned on her play phone, and read page by page from her magazine she called "The Spire." As a special project I perused through Grandma Holbrook's

papers at Mom's and compiled a list of their contents. We enjoyed John and Jean's children, and treasure the days when their parents left them in our care. Conference time was a special joy when we were responsible for these children. I wrote, "Happiness is sweet Jennie Marie and Viki."

Achim's stepfather died in Germany in November 1974 after a long illness. Achim grieved. Many things put a strain on him-- his mother's grief, the teachers' discontent and walkout, my concern with wanting to have another child. After a couple of mishaps I was fortunately able again to conceive. On 11 December Achim took me to his Honor Society banquet, as he was advisor. He was given a special recognition and a gift. But I was at first reluctant to accompany him to Salt Lake to be with his family during Christmas. After essential secret prayer I went. Achim was ill and downcast, concerned about his mother, heavy in his heart. I began embroidering a crewel picture for him. It hangs on our wall-- a Swiss village. Once we got to Salt Lake my heart was willing, and we had a good time. Bodo, Susy, and their two boys were there, as well as Omi and the Nemelkas. We celebrated Omi's birthday 1 January.

1975. On 19 January Achim became very ill and was hospitalized under the care of Dr. John L. Bingham. He was bleeding from nose, mouth, and in urine, and suffering severe pain. Dad and our home-teacher Jay Strong gave him a Priesthood blessing. Dad blessed him to have good doctors, that no evil would attend, and that we would have more children. We felt the fulfillment in the next days. At the recommendation of Dr. Harvey Hatch Achim was taken to Salt Lake to the University of Utah Medical Center. Dr. Hatch called me to say they have an excellent hematology department and specialize in rare blood diseases. He told me someday Achim's condition could

be fatal. Achim rode to Salt Lake with John and Jean who were going the next day. Anny and I joined him in a few days. We stayed at Aunt Maude's home. Achim, feeling better, was operated on for removal of spleen because the doctors studied his history and learned Ingrid had been treated similarly when she was twelve and she had been healed. His mother flew back from Boston with renewed good spirit. Elaine Haymore lent me her car. Anny played at Ingrid's. During the surgery we visited Genealogical Library and I did some work there. Achim received many cards and visitors. On 15 February he was released from the hospital. He wrote grateful letters to many in response to their interest, expressing to them his blessings. Then he returned to teaching. He was well until the next December.

I taught a Red Cross home nursing course through Relief Society, after taking the course. Achim became an out-patient, returning to the hospital every so often. We planned Easter as follows: shopping, going to temple, fixing a special Saturday dinner, and then Achim to hide an Easter basket Sunday morning for Anny. That spring we prepared for the new baby, and Mom and I hung the completed crewel in the living room in honor of Achim.

Rosy was born 31 July in the Idaho Falls Hospital. On 9 August Achim and I took the new baby to my 1949 class reunion. We received an award for the youngest baby, while others got the award for the most grandchildren. As I introduced my husband to my classmates and he met them we were very happy. We named the child Rosalee and Achim gave her a father's blessing, now recorded in both English and German in her book of remembrance. He had blessed Anny to do genealogy work, and Rosy to be a missionary, as they were infants.

In October my parents told us their secret: they were called to preside over the Idaho Falls Temple. I remember the occasion well. We were having family home evening following conference, and my parents' car stopped in the driveway. In a few minutes they came in and told about their conference trip to Salt Lake. "J Heslop of the Church News asked about you when he took our picture," Dad told me. When I asked him, "And why were you having your picture taken there?" he replied, "We thought you'd never ask." Then he said there are two special things--"We will preside at the temple, and President Kimball will stay overnight in our home, and he will meet our family." Aunt Maude and I helped clean the house on Redbarn Lane. We met with President Kimball and President Romney with other members of the Groberg family. In impressive sacred ceremonies Dad was installed 25 October, and Dad and Mom set apart. I thanked God for blessings, especially Achim, Anny and the baby Rosalee.

On 9 November I recorded, "I cannot but feel happy and content, blessed and grateful--satisfied, fulfilled as a mother." I enjoyed to breastfeed the baby. That week I received a personal witness of the spirit of peace in association with a death. We bought a tape recorder and recorded our Thanksgiving Home Evening, then spent Thanksgiving at John and Jean's. Achim arranged for us to have a family picture taken at the photographer's, and selected the proofs for printing for Christmas.

I was spiritually prepared for Achim's death, although it came quickly. He felt ill when he came home from school Monday, 8 December, so went to bed. He suffered increasing great pain in the night, so was taken to the hospital. I remained home with the baby and Anny.

The next morning Dr. Bingham called me and said he was in intensive care. I arranged for Anny to stay with a neighbor. Dad and Mom took bedding over to the temple president's home, where they would soon live, and we stayed there across from the hospital. The telephone was at first disconnected. I spent Achim's last hours alone with him, for which I am forever grateful. We spoke lasting words of love. Early in the morning of Thursday, 11 December, I was summoned to the hospital by a nightwatchman from the temple when he received the telephone message. He peacefully passed away at about 9 a.m. His mother and Ingrid arrived shortly afterward.

The funeral service was in the 24th Ward, with beautiful organ music and flowers so appropriate. He was buried in Fielding Memorial Cemetery. Many friends, including relatives of his and mine, expressed their kind sympathy. We recorded the services, including the significant song by Skyline Choir, "He watching over Israel slumbers not nor sleepeth." John was one of the speakers. As Achim's mother could not understand the words we later had it translated into German and copied for her and others. We thank Bob Blair and Heimy particularly for this. We also sent a copy of the funeral service transcribed with some notes from his life and the scriptures and a photo or two to our families the next Christmas.

After Achim died I wrote extensively in the journal the memories. In the spirit of peace, as well as writing steadily, I chose to slow down to contemplate and enjoy the timeless beauties rather than to keep busy. I memorized the Gettysburg Address, contemplating it in detail, "That from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave their last full measure of devotion. . . ." The family, the records of genealogy, the beautiful things at

home, books, garden, songs. I drew from the reservoir of literature. I thanked God for the children, and enjoyed them. There was good feeling in the spirit. Three times during the next two months Achim came to me in a dream with love, then left. Friends were beautifully kind. One gave me the assuring booklet, "Tragedy or Destiny," by Spencer W. Kimball. I remembered the certainty that our marriage was sealed because we had kept our covenants, including that of repentance. Mother had directed Anny to feel right about her father's death. Rosy was my delight, a nursing baby. Mom's and Dad's calling in the temple was a mutual blessing. I taught the four-year old "stars" in Primary. Anny was in the class. During a lesson on obeying parents, Anny responded, "I bring my daddy the paper, and sometimes when he doesn't ask me, I bring it anyway." A child said, "Her daddy is dead," to which I explained, "Anny remembers very well."

Rebecca Scoresby became Anny's best friend. Aunt Maude was still my best friend and confidante. She was a widow and retired school teacher. There were sorrows; Bodo was divorced in 1976 and Aunt Maude died in December, 1977. And there were joys. We celebrated the U. S. bicentennial. Dad was honored as grand marshall of the parade, gave the prayer at dedication of Intermountain Science Center (Intersec), and took charge of the interdenominational service in the Civic Auditorium. It was a beautiful experience to witness the Lamanite girl enacting in sign language the 'Lord's prayer,' but the speaker system malfunctioned and the sound of the song was lost. Then gradually the Negro chorus of the Church of the Solid Rock began and heartily sang the remainder of the song.

As Brunt family genealogist I was well occupied. We also had

a trip to Massachusetts on the invitation of Gerlinde and Jim Boyack, in the middle of July and first part of August. Rosy had her first birthday there. On the same flight John and Jean and family left for Hawaii. A special highlight of the visit with the Boyacks was the day at Plimouth Plantation, the restored Pilgrim colony. How appropriate to visit these historical places around Boston during the country's bicentennial year! We had a happy visit, then returned to our garden.

I memorized poetry, particularly Edgar Allen Poe's "Israfel." Also some of Robert Frost's, and presented selections at a ward Cultural night. My projects were fulfilling ones with great importance: Writing the history of Grandma Elizabeth Susan Burnett Brunt for the Brunt Family History which we published in 1978, and with which I worked with Robert Nixon, Hermine Barker, Opal, Maude, and Lavon, as well as other family representatives. Also I worked with community education, and helped organize and served on the Linden Park Community School Council, a term as president; I worked against the Equal Rights Amendment, as editor of a newsletter of Idaho Women Aware, after attending the unpleasant International Women's Year meet at Boise. I also did volunteer work in the school library and taught in community education. My main concern however was the approach to genealogy. How I wanted to share my understanding that genealogy was a "do-it-yourself" project, in the sense that each family had something to do. I wrote many chapters for this purpose. At this time families were turning over their responsibility to a "family genealogist," and not joining in the work. Much was let undone, and blessings unearned. In this same

spirit the Church during this period introduced the new four-generation program, to enable people really to take part and responsibility in genealogy work. This is a cause to which I took "increased devotion;" I was there right along. Not ^{just} endless pedigrees but also well-researched family group sheets of our close ancestors was the gift and the link "from you to your ancestors." I had learned this spirit from Achim who did genealogy gladly, sometimes for Saturday recreation, and before his marriage as a summer project with temple work. It was an understanding that I hoped to convey, for example is an effective teacher. I found the fourgeneration family group sheets provided the basis for a family history, the vital events in our lives.

Christmas 1976 I wrote: "Because of Anny's keen interest it was a merry one with tree, decorations. Because of Rosy I have felt happier than a child with a new doll. Because of others, I have felt grateful." We continued the tradition of 24 December celebration with dinner, honored guests, program and presents. We invited my parents for the occasion. This year I visited the Strattons in Auburn with my children after Christmas, but felt homesick for Achim's family on New Year's Eve, while appreciating the nice friendly gathering at Beth's and Barry's.

1977. Oni visited us from Germany. We flew to Salt Lake to see her, and later she came to Idaho Falls, and Mom gave a luncheon in her honor. Among nice acts of David's were installing our swing set and our traverse curtain rod. I wrote a lot and became very concerned about relationships among women, particularly with Relief Society sisters and with Mom. After attending the IWY meeting, which was shocking and awakening, I felt this understanding: "Better

to light one small candle than to curse the darkness." Many people do not live the Gospel only because they do not know the truth. As President David Hunter said in stake conference upon my return, (paraphrased) "Our enemies are not the people, but rather Satan and the powers of darkness." I have tried to associate with good women both within and with-out the Church. When the newspaper headlines read, "ERA Rescinded by Idaho Legislature," I wanted to ring loudly the victory bell and call all my friends with the good news. Later when Illinois defeated it, I again felt gratitude. As I was trying to develop self reliance, my philosophy of life and be myself, Aunt Maude died, and this triggered some seeds of negative thinking which have taken long to eradicate.

Conversations with the children:

Anny (after dragging Rosy home as per my instructions; making Rosy furious): "I'll try to get her feelings back together again."

Later: "She got her feelings back together again." Playing mailman with her friend, she asks, "Can you read scribbles?" The older playmate answers seriously, "No, can you?" When we went outside in the dark to turn off the water and a small field mouse darted past us, Anny said, hopefully, "Maybe a bee will sting it." One funny experience was our challenge to eradicate a hornests nest beside the patio gate. (We have tape recordings of the discussion with neighborhood children presenting their solutions.) One evening, Anny asked: "Where is Daddy?"

Mom: He's in Heaven, but we can't see it.

Anny: I can see Heaven when I go outside.

Mom: But you can't see Daddy.

Anny: (startled) Oh, is Daddy inside Heaven?

Rosy is learning to talk and transposes her sentences, such as, "Don't my blanket baby," which means, Don't use my baby's blanket."

The children have good times with their grandparents. One day we played spin the bottle with them and Grandpa did a push-up for his exercise when his turn came. Dad blessed me to "teach the children truly to understand the principles of the Gospel, be an example they can be proud of, as in music. Relax playing piano, find joy in service at home and among others, write, see the glorious future. Achim still can take interest in your family. Love and family are eternal." But my solace is in John's advice at the funeral, to cultivate "fortitude that others may find strength through you." and from other widows, who at the viewing told me, "it doesn't get easier."

Rosy's words for grandpa began with "Pa," then advanced to "Kwamkwa." Some more excerpts about the children: "Anny pleases me with her wholeheartedness. When she wanted to go to Church today with Grandma, she put on her coat and sat on the curb to wait." (Nov. 1977) When a neighbor of the Elders quorum called to pick me up for a ward Christmas social, he helped me on with my coat. Rosy said, "Bye bye Mama, Bye bye, Daddy."

My parents were on their way to Hawaii when Aunt Maude died. They came back early for the funeral. Maude had taught me lovely lessons, such as, "Are you charitable towards your mother?" Mom and Dad then enabled us to visit John and Jean's family in Honolulu. Two highlights were a visit to Church College of Hawaii where John spoke, and to the Polynesian Cultural Center, which John arranged. We also enjoyed the Grobergs' swimming pool, and their home and family.

When Uncle David came to fix Rosy's crib, Rosy said, about David who was bearded, "Lorraine got face on her." Rosy shouts

when she sees her grandpa's photo in the album: "I like my Grandpa! I like him!" Anny helps others. When six, in a typical manner, she prepared a surprise for family home evening--paper hats for everyone, a game to play, cakes baked of bread dough with frosting of butter and honey, served on china plates, with hot chocolate in little cups and saucers. The children danced like ballerinas in their ruffled slippers.

In community education I taught classes in writing personal history, writing family history, and journalism. Although there were differences among the family, I sang, "I'll praise his name that he has given me heritage and birth among the most beloved of heaven who dwell upon the earth." A class member said, "Record the things you want to be remembered for;" and, using Achim's example, I said, "Be charitable when you write your family history." How happy I was to complete the Brunt book!

A happy occasion was in the summer before Anny's seventh birthday when she learned to ride her bicycle, and exclaimed exuberantly, "I'm just bursting with flavor!" The words from a commercial, the emotion great. June 9, 1978 was a great joy. Not only was it a sweet wedding anniversary, but it was the day the Negroes first could receive the Priesthood. Even before Mom called with the news, I was singing in my heart, "Come unto Jesus from every nation, from every land and isle of the sea," and honoring the prophet with love. I worked at the hobby of photography and bought movie camera and projector. We held a Junior Junior Miss pageant in our backyard, with Jeanne and Lorraine and their girls assisting, and neighbors taking part. I wrote an article for Ensign about spending Sunday with some family history activities. It wasn't printed. But soon

afterward the Church came out with many such ideas when it announced the welcome new block scheduling. I have taken an interest in important current issues, and have written letters to the editor, which have been generally well received. I was employed in 1981 for about nine months by the Post Register writing Saturday weather and obituaries, and learned the word-processor-computer use. I went with a non-LDS friend to the Tabernacle Choir's 50th anniversary concert July 15, 1979. In 1980 we helped with the special Golden Wedding anniversary for Dad and Mom. I have spent many days at Ricks College Library, both doing family history research, and working on the temple book. The main thing is for each to gain his or her own testimony of the Church.

During the past few years as a Church calling I have worked as stake public communications director, and written many articles both for the local newspaper and for the Trumpet, a free enterprise monthly newspaper about the area LDS. I have also been stake Special Interest secretary, and happily appreciated that program. We have enjoyed many summer vacations, some at Provo, some at Macks Inn cabin.

I became very introspective and tried to solve my problems in vain by writing them down. However the Lord blessed me when encouragement was needed. On 11 September, 1980, I recorded:

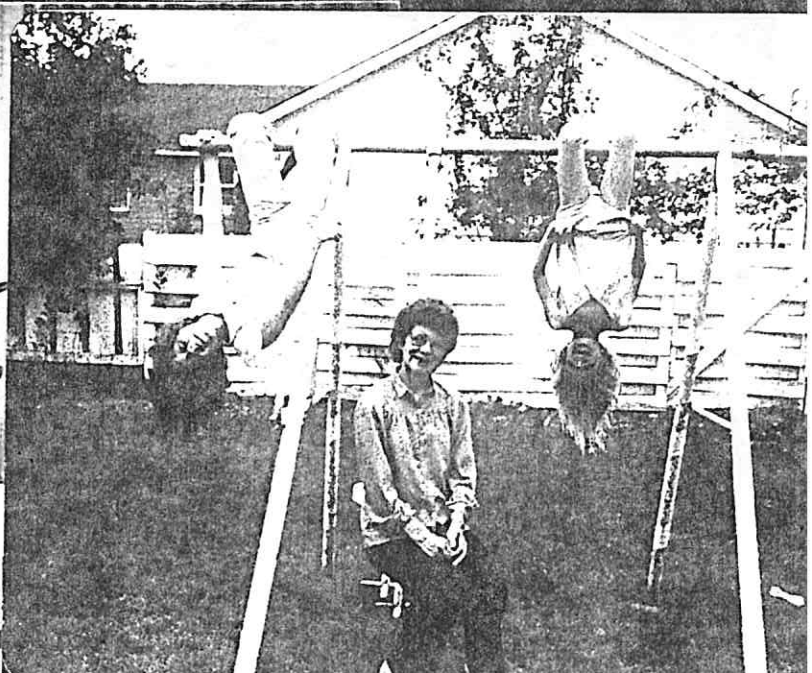
Today a letter came that gave my heart peace, from a student of one of my English classes at Kearns High more than ten years ago. I feel grateful for it, for her, and for the Restored Gospel. This was written by power of Holy Ghost, and was so received. This was a restoration of blessings, love lost, talents contained, spirits imprisoned, a type of the plan of salvation in a limited sense. As my heart was touched in healing, I radiated enough new-found joy that, as the girls obeyed me to unload fruit from the car trunk, Rosy exclaimed, "This is the funnest day!"

I know the Gospel is true, that it is restored to the earth through the instrumentality of Joseph Smith, that the Book of Mormon is true, that the Priesthood is on earth and directs the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." I compared the profound gratitude I felt to Julie Larsen for restoring my identity to me, to the gratitude to Joseph Smith for restoring the true Church so important to God.

When Dad and Mom were released from their temple calling, they traveled and continued to show an interest in many people, including the temple workers who dearly love them. Also Dad began writing the temple history and I worked with him closely. This has been a building and uplifting experience. I have worked closely with him and spent many hundreds of hours on it for four years. Finishing it seemed like the last stretch of a marathon, or the Olympics.

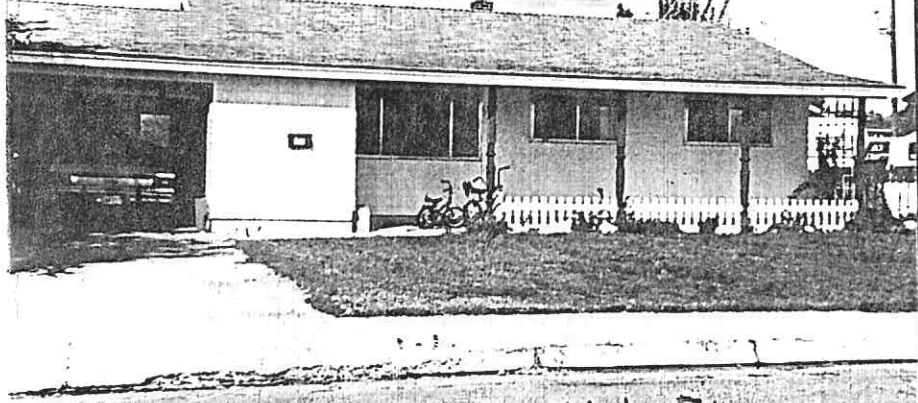
When sitting by her grandparents in conference (1982) little Rosy drew a picture of Grandpa and Grandma standing side by side, and then she wrote on it, "Grandpa and Grandma love each other. Yea!" Soon afterward Elder Elison, Regional Representative, spoke of the great love stories. He mentioned briefly "Romeo and Juliet," then pointed out President and Mrs. Kimball and Pres. and Mrs. McKay as examples, then said, "I am sure we have great love stories within our midst. There are President and Sister Groberg (indicating them). I expect they have a great love story." One characteristic of our family is that we love children. Anny is a baby sitter children enjoy as much as Mary Poppins. She assisted me with a nursery school one year and I assisted her with it another year. When I taught Primary nursery my girls were a great help to get it ready and to clean it up afterwards. The girls also profit from Relief Society, practicing sewing and cooking at home.

We have had many good and some bad experiences, although the little children are yet in the category of only good experiences. They have taken swimming lessons, ballet, and piano lessons, and Anny has taken 4-H in child care, sewing and cooking. She works well with other children, as when she and Rosy prepared a wonderful expression of love for Mother's Day this year, with dinner, decorations, program, gifts of flowers. Anny was recommended by her fourth grade teacher for advanced placement because, "She is the best student I have ever had." Because of Anny's good relationship with others in her classes she was not taken out, but given enrichment within. Rosy too performed right on the top in her basic tests, especially in reading, and when I visited her smiling Third Grade teacher, I could tell her, "We read the scriptures every day." Friends have been important. Anny's best friend has been Becky Scoresby, to whom she was ever loyal. Rosy has a lot of friends, and she is a special asset to our family in the mechanical talents, often fixing things. She likes building as with Legos, and playing with her doll, as well as playing school. My special friends were results of Special Interest activities. They include Yvonne Barrus, Maurine Wilhelmsen, and Rula Knight, among the singles, and Della Isle and Emma Rose Grimmet, neighbors and Relief Society sisters. My children have taken a particular interest in Sarah, Sam, and Rachel, Lewis and Marie's children. In 1984 I began as a charter member of the Sand Creek Camp, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, and lesson leader, a new avenue for friendship, study, and service.



Anny - Gr Gr Rosy

Mary Jane + girls - Fun in backyard



Home - 390 Lincoln Dr. Idaho Falls

Rosy

Julia Gay Croberg
&

Robert Wallace

BLAIR
FAMILY

THE BLAIRS

We could describe our family history by the cars we have had--all of which have been purchased second (or third or fourth) hand, partially rusty, noisy inside and out, temperamental, somewhat lacking in internal organization, but absolutely sturdy, even when poised as memorial monoliths on our back lawn, as was our Travel-all for years. There was the Studebaker (purchased from Carlyle Dahlquist) in 1957 which took us to Indiana for the first leg of Dad's doctoral program; the red-striped, white '62 "Greenbriar Van" which conveyed the 3 oldest Blairs and Mom and Dad to Yucatan in '64 where Dad worked on the analysis of the Maya Language; the series of stationwagons which provided marginal transportation for years and years--including the blue Datsun, whose engine lives on in Dell's green Datsun, and the International Travel-all which took us all to Guatemala in 1975; then the Buick, Bobby's gift to the family after his profitable employment in Alaska; the old schoolbus which housed us and our peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches as we trekked through the Eastern U.S. (including Liberty and Carthage, Illinois and Palmyra, New York) and Canada, and the little blue Chevette which took Dell and Kathleen on their honeymoon and almost, but not quite, returned them to Provo in time for their wedding reception.

Or we could divide the epochs of our history into the international adventures we have undertaken, from Dad's mission to Finland to our sojourns and missions to Central and South America, and to our most recent Oriental directions: Taiwan and Mainland China.

But our family history is better defined in terms of ourselves, who we are, what we are, and how we fit together.

The father of our family, Robert Wallace Blair, was born on September 25, 1930 in Santa Barbara, California, to Wallace and Marguerite Green Blair. He was athletic and fun-loving, played trombone in the concert and dance bands in high school, and had daily chores that included milking a goat and feeding pigs, chickens, rabbits and his horse Jupiter. He grew up in a home graced with noble parents who loved fine music and art and inculcated values of eternal worth in their children. On April 1, 1949 as a freshman at BYU he was called out of a class by his sister, Carolyn, and told: "Daddy died." A sudden heart attack had taken his 54-year old father. Our father is a deeply sensitive, emotional man, but restrained and private in his expressions. Young Bobby went alone to the funeral home at night and there, unseen, wept over the coffin of his father. When the tombstone was placed, the words engraved on it were: "Till we meet again."

Dad and Carolyn grew up in a large home in a rustic setting in Mission Oaks Lane near the Pacific Ocean. Perhaps it was this infinite expanse of rhythmically cresting and ebbing water that lured Dad to the nether regions of the world.

BOB AS A BABY



GUIDING CAROLYN'S HORSE



Hoping to serve a mission to Russia, he took up the study of Russian at BYU. But his call was not to the USSR. His blind cousin Alma Larsen who had given him his patriarchal blessing and declared that he would be an ambassador for Christ in many nations, said to him: "Bobby, I wish I could tell you that you will be called to the Norwegian Mission. I can only tell you you'll be called to a country close to Norway. Nine years later the call came. It was to Finland. So Dad traversed the waters of the North Sea to a new land, a new language, a new people, all of which he learned to love, and all of which profoundly influenced his life. Returning to BYU after his mission, he was called to serve in the Campus Branch MIA, where he met Mom, the Drama Director.

Young Julia Gay Groberg (born December 28, 1932) can be described as a "livewire." She was an accomplished violinist, a talented writer and a sought-after actress who played leading roles in plays at Idaho Falls High School and at BYU, including Amanda in Tennessee William's A Glass Menagerie and Martha in Arsenic and Old Lace. She was "Banyon Personality Coed at BYU" and active in all kinds of things.

The couple was married August 17, 1954 in the Idaho Falls Temple. Mom graduated in Speech (Drama) and English only a week before June 7, 1955 when Margaret Jean was born, wearing a sparse version of her Grandpa Blair's red hair. A year later, Delbert Wallace was born (Aug 11, 1956)--also with red hair. And thus began the Blair Family life in earnest. Robert Groberg Blair (Nov 7, 1958), Jenette (Mar 8, 1960) and Elizabeth, "Lisa" (Mar 29, 1961) were born within the next four years. Mommy Julie needed all the life and current she could muster with five children under six years of age!

Margaret grew to be the family romantic. She did a lot of daydreaming and learned to channel her feelings into the avenues her mother had tried before her: creative writing and creative dramatics. In the University School at Bloomington she was cast in the title role of Peter Pan. And her makeshift envelope of stories was so full it burst its staples when she left the school to go to Yucatan.

Dell developed into an introspective, private, independent boy. His independence led him one day, on his tricycle, to David and Lorraine Groberg's home, which he found unlocked and vacant. He entered, trike in tow, and spent the afternoon there, entertaining himself. Meanwhile his frantic parents, with ward members and policemen, checked irrigation

ditches and mountain paths. Dell, of course, was oblivious to the tremors his little journey had caused, and calmly rode his tricycle home when he got hungry.

Bobby could perhaps be designated the family jokester -- an energetic child who loved to make up funny stories, the humor of which improved considerably as he grew up. Bob showed himself to be a real extrovert. In Indiana he offered a used, crumpled kleenex to a new acquaintance, Keith Midgley (who, with his wife and 2 daughters quickly became great friends of the family), saying, "if you have a wunny nose, I have a kweenex." Bob himself considered amiability a vital characteristic, and stated that he loved his dad so much because "he is so fwriendly."

Jenette, called "Nenny" until her high school years, was the gentle one. Quiet and cuddly, she loved dolls and her baby sister, Lisa. Her classic "California girl" features -- beautifully bronzable skin, blonde hair and large, thick-lashed, sparkly blue eyes -- won her much attention.

Elizabeth (Lisa), often called "Doodle-bug," showed herself to be a bit of an iconoclast as she grew up. She was always rather fragile-looking, slender with large, hazel-brown eyes and light hair. But she grew tomboyish, developing a strong, athletic stride. She could be counted on to answer a remark like, "You know, girls shouldn't walk like that," with a quick, "I know, that's why I do it." The little tomboy was not, however, insensitive. She cried torrentously at the movie "Bambi."

These five children became the "first family." They went from the mountains of Provo to the pastel-tiled, cockroach-ridden "Hoosier Courts" of Bloomington, Indiana, to the Fairfax Apartments and YMCA pool in Chicago, and back again to Provo. They comprised the noisy, sometimes harmonious, sometimes cacophonous background to Dad's doctoral program in linguistics and subsequent BYU professorship. Mom's sporadic forays into the academic world seemed to help her maintain her sanity, and a beloved line of foreign students who lived with us and helped Mom keep the status quo--which she sometimes said was all she could manage.

In 1969 the second family began. The announcement of Mom's pregnancy, when Lisa was 8 years old and Margaret 14, was earthshaking. The children had regular discussions on appropriate names for their little sis-ter, which Margaret calculated would be perfectly timed to be a flower girl at her wedding.

Dad and Margaret were at Alta, Utah during the last months of Mom's pregnancy, where Dad was supervising a Peace Corps training program for Brazil and Margaret was serving as a bus girl, while studying Portuguese with the trainees. With only days remaining before Dad was due in Brazil, Mom went into labor.

She and Margaret had been re-organizing some bookshelves in the basement of the home at 980 Cedar when the pains began. Mom wasn't certain that the strange ripples of abdominal pain were labor, but decided to lie down. After a few moments, she instructed Margaret to discretely tell Dad -- without mentioning anything to "the kids." Dad was reading the

paper when Margaret approached him and whispered, "Mom thinks she might be in labor." He went to her at once and timed the pains, while Margaret made final preparations for Mom's hospital stay. Suddenly, Mom's bag of waters broke and labor began in earnest. Mom and Dad rushed to the hospital. Within two hours the phone rang at 980 and a familiar voice asked if James was there.

"James?" echoed Margaret, who had been anxiously waiting by the phone. "There's no James here."

"Well, he's here," replied Dad.

The exultant shout, "It's a boy!" was carried up and down Cedar Avenue by all the Blair kids.

But in the hospital, Mom's ordeal was not yet over. The birth had been fast, and Mom's blood pressure had soared to dangerous heights. An alarmed nurse had reported the ominously high numbers to the doctor and then repeated them, adding, "Doctor, did you hear me?"

The baby boy, upon its birth, was not breathing. Dr. Scott Wallace administered artificial respiration. Anxious moments passed before the infant responded. Then Mom, murmuring "thank you, thank you," was etherized. She awoke in the ICU -- blind. Two nurses attending her, monitoring her blood pressure, assured her continually in soft, soothing voices that everything was all right. Mom, completely helpless, knew that this simply was not true. She knew that something had gone wrong and she was very sick. She envisioned her own obituary: "of complications following childbirth..."

She was suffering from toxemia. The doctor had not been aware of her symptoms until she was in the delivery room. Little Jim, all six pounds of him, was fine. But Mom spent several frightening days in the ICU. Even after she regained her sight and equilibrium and was allowed to come home with her baby, bed rest was ordered for her. As always, Grandma Groberg came to help for a few days. Daddy had gone to an assignment in Brazil with the Peace Corps shortly after Jimmy's birth.

It soon became clear that Jim's auspicious beginnings were not forboding or symbolic of his future. They were just dramatic. Jim always appreciated dramatic entrances, such as: "I'm home!...Is that all there is to eat?"

Mom became pregnant again two years later. But this baby's entrance into mortality was heralded by a loved-one's unexpected departure: Carolyn Rachel Blair Shumway, Dad's only sibling, died of a heart attack on Nov 7, 1972. The Tabernacle Choir, which she had been a member for many years, sang at her funeral, ending with "God Be With You Til We Meet Again."

We were certain that the child Mom was carrying would be a girl, and it was understood she would be called Carolyn, after her aunt. On March 7, four months after Carolyn's death, Mom delivered a little boy. It was

suggested he be named Troy, but when Dad blessed him he gave him the name Benjamin Wallace, causing all the Blair kids to open their eyes and share startle glances. It took a while to call the new addition by his new name, but we all approved of it: Ben Wallace, Son of Wallace. The name became yet more appropriate as Ben sprouted red hair.

Carolyn Blair Shumway's namesake was born two years after Ben, the harbinger of her birth calling first upon Grandma Blair and beckoning her into the mystery.

We were able to care for Grandma in the last weeks of her life. Death came to her gently, only hours after she waved goodbye to Mom and Dad from her hospital bed in Provo where she had stayed during her last illness, living with us at 980 Cedar. And in another wing of the same hospital, on December 16, 1974, Carol was delivered by Caesarian section, completing the "second family" of the Blairs.

Mom still suffered from toxemia, and Carol's birth was supervised meticulously. But the trauma of the C-section and the complications of her toxemia apparently affected her breast milk. Carol dropped from nearly six pounds to four pounds eight ounces. For several weeks, she simply did not gain weight.

Dad had requested a Sabbatical leave for 1974-75 to help lay the groundwork for missionary work among the Indians of Guatemala and Ecuador. On January 12, 1975 he and the "first family" drove to Guatemala, setting up headquarters in the Cakchiquel town of Patzun where Margaret and Dell were called to serve as part-time missionaries, with the challenge to learn both Spanish and Cakchiquel. Mom with tiny Carolyn, Ben and Jim later joined us in Patzun.

Guatemala proved to be a prelude to other Blair adventures south of the border: Margaret returned twice to Guatemala--after the great earthquake of 1975 had devastated Central Guatemala, including Patzun, the Cakchiquel village where we had lived. She also spent some time in Mexico before her 1979 marriage to Angus Fox, and lived in Venezuela with Angus and daughter Kaila Corinne (23 November, 1980) for two years. Dell was called to serve a mission in Equador, where he labored in part among the Quichua-speaking Indians of Imbabura--his second call to missionary work among Indians. The last months of his mission he was given a special calling as a translator and worked with a native translator to get the Book of Mormon ready in Quichua.

In anticipation of his mission call, Bobby went to Alaska to earn money working on a crab-processing ship. On his return from Alaska he received his call to serve in Bolivia. From his experience in Guatemala he was ready to accept the difficult conditions of mission life in Bolivia. He served there with distinction. Two years after his return Jenette was called to the Bolivia Mission as a Welfare Service Missionary. The year before she left the Blairs took an eastern turn when Lisa spent a summer in Taiwan, and Mom, Dad and Carol went to Mainland China for a year. Lisa subsequently served her mission in Taiwan as a Welfare Service missionary, like her sister Jenette.

We all have learned to adjust to difficult external circumstances: strange food, unfamiliar customs and languages, foreign people (actually, we were usually the foreigners). We have never had much difficulty in making these transitions. We have iron stomachs and good linguistic abilities. But the years 1982-83 brought difficulties of an internal nature.

On September 25, 1982 (Dads birthday) Bob was taking tickets at the first BYU game in the new, expanded stadium. Unbeknownst to him the stops on the mammoth steel gates had not been placed. When he began to close the gate, it gained momentum and crashed down on his pelvis. Blood loss and organ damage was critical; he was not expected to survive.

Lisa, in the MTC training for her mission to Taiwan, was contacted by our bishop, John Beal, who told her the picture was not hopeless but was still critical. She was able to come to the hospital to see Bob several times before her departure.

Complications continued to keep Bob's condition precarious. On the day Lisa flew to Taiwan, he was transferred to the University of Utah Medical center. Daddy and Ben and Jim honked and waved at the ambulance as they passed it returning to Provo after seeing Lisa and her group off. Mama, Grandma and Grandpa Groberg and Carolyn went to the University of Utah Medical center to meet Bobby's ambulance there. He looked like a mummie when he arrived, wrapped and bound so that he couldn't move below his waist. He was in great pain but was a good sport. He was stable and so was put in the orthopedic ward. His room-mate was a marine sargeant who had cancer. Mama and Bobby spent the afternoon listening to the various doctors and interns explain what would be done, the risks, hopes, etc. Dr. Aaron Hoffman performed the surgery on October 9th, 1982. Complications ensued and Bobby spent the next ten days in ICU at the U of U Medical Center.

But Bobby had the faith of his family and the expertise of extremely competent doctors. He pulled through beautifully. The complications were not over, and his healing process was long and painful. Our family pulled together with him, Mom and Dad holding his hands for countless hours, the kids making frequent visits, reading him stories and telling him jokes and eating the candy which well-wishers brought. We were all overwhelmed with the kindness and concern of so many and once again began to understand the goodness and unselfishness of so many wonderful people. We will always realize that others have done much more for us than we could do for anyone.

The experience taught us all about the miraculous healing powers of love, faith, prayer, affection and humor. Bobby always kept his sense of humor. When he was being wheeled into the operating room for his seventh surgery in August, 1983, he winked at his dad, who had spent the summer in the hospital, and chuckled: "You know, Dad, people just come to the hospital for the hell of it!"

Bobby's recovery continued with consistent therapy and determination. His big ambition was to greet Jennie, as she returned from her mission in

Boliva. He was determined to stand and meet her with only the help of a cane, and he did. She burst into tears when she saw him. It was a teary, happy reunion. Jennie had had a wonderful and very challenging mission. She had given her all and had a couple of tasks she needed to complete before she felt she was released. One was arranging for medical help for a young girl who would soon die without it, another was expressing her deep feelings of the crying need for literacy programs in Bolivia. She had a deep understanding of big problems. She was offered a job at the MTC immediately, but declined it and returned to her nursing job at the Utah State Hospital. She has always been unusually generous with her means but still saved enough to meet her best friend and sister, Lisa, when she returned from Taiwan in February of 1984.

As Bobby was healing in the hospital, another kind of adversity was introduced into the family: the emotional trauma of divorce. Margaret, the great romantic, came home from Venezuela with daughter Kaila on May 28, 1983, and filed for a divorce within the month. Again the family pulled together to help her through this time.

The following summer, Dad's usually excellent health plummeted very suddenly. Diagnosed as acute pancreatitis, the same frightening illness Grandpa Groberg had had thirty-four years before, Daddy spent the summer on the fifth floor of the Utah Valley Medical Center. Dr. Markus Fulmer, who had been Bobby's chief surgeon there took over.

Daddy's hospital stay was lightened by several things, probably the nicest being having nurse Jennie and hospital-experienced Bobby watching over him. Bobby knew all the nurses and of course Dr. Fulmer was his good friend. But most importantly, Bobby knew what his dad was going through and what things were most helpful. Complications due to incipient diabetes dragged daddy's hospital stay to over a month.

On July 29, 1983, Daddy and Bobby, both looking pale and weak, but stable and happy, along with all other members of our immediate and extended family, gathered in the Jordon River Temple for the beautiful marriage of Dell and Kathleen Nauman. Grandpa Groberg performed the ceremony and it was a touch of heaven for all of us. We had met sweet Kathleen shortly after she returned from her mission in Germany and had come to see Bobby in the hospital in January. Mom told Dell that she was a very special girl and Dell should meet her. In spite of the fact that they missed the open house in Provo, due to the breakdown of the Chevette in Oregon, everything about their marriage seemed to give us the happy new lease we were all ready for.

Bobby had decided to go to Utah State University in Logan where Dell and Kathleen were attending school and working. Margaret decided that would be a good place for her. She felt she needed to be on her own and take care of herself and daughter. She got a job as secretary of the geology department at the University. It was a wonderful and fun job for her and although both she and Bobby suffered from the extremely cold winter of 1983-84, the Logan experience was rich and fun. Dell and Kathleen are still there and enjoying their work and school and friends. Dell directs the refugee language program and Kathleen works for the conference cen-

ter. We decided our family is maybe more Blair than Groberg, as Grandpa Blair attended USU and we don't know of any Grobergs who did. It has become an important place to all of us, not the least of the reasons being that it is just half-way between Idaho Falls and Provo.

On February 7th we made another trip to the SLC airport to put Jennie on the plane for her eagerly anticipated reunion with Lisa, who was completing her mission in Taiwan. They traveled all over Taiwan, staying with Lisa's native companions. Lisa had had only one American companion, her last companion whom she trained to take her place as head of welfare service in Taiwan. Lisa was thrilled with her mission. Her experience had been a very peaceful, happy one. Her mission president mentioned in his letter to us that he had always known that Lisa was sent to Taiwan at a special time with a special mission and she had performed this mission superbly. Lisa's whole attitude has been one of gratitude for her great opportunities and blessings. She said it was a perfect climax to her mission to have Jennie come and be her last companion as they traveled and visited and thought. What great sisters they are!

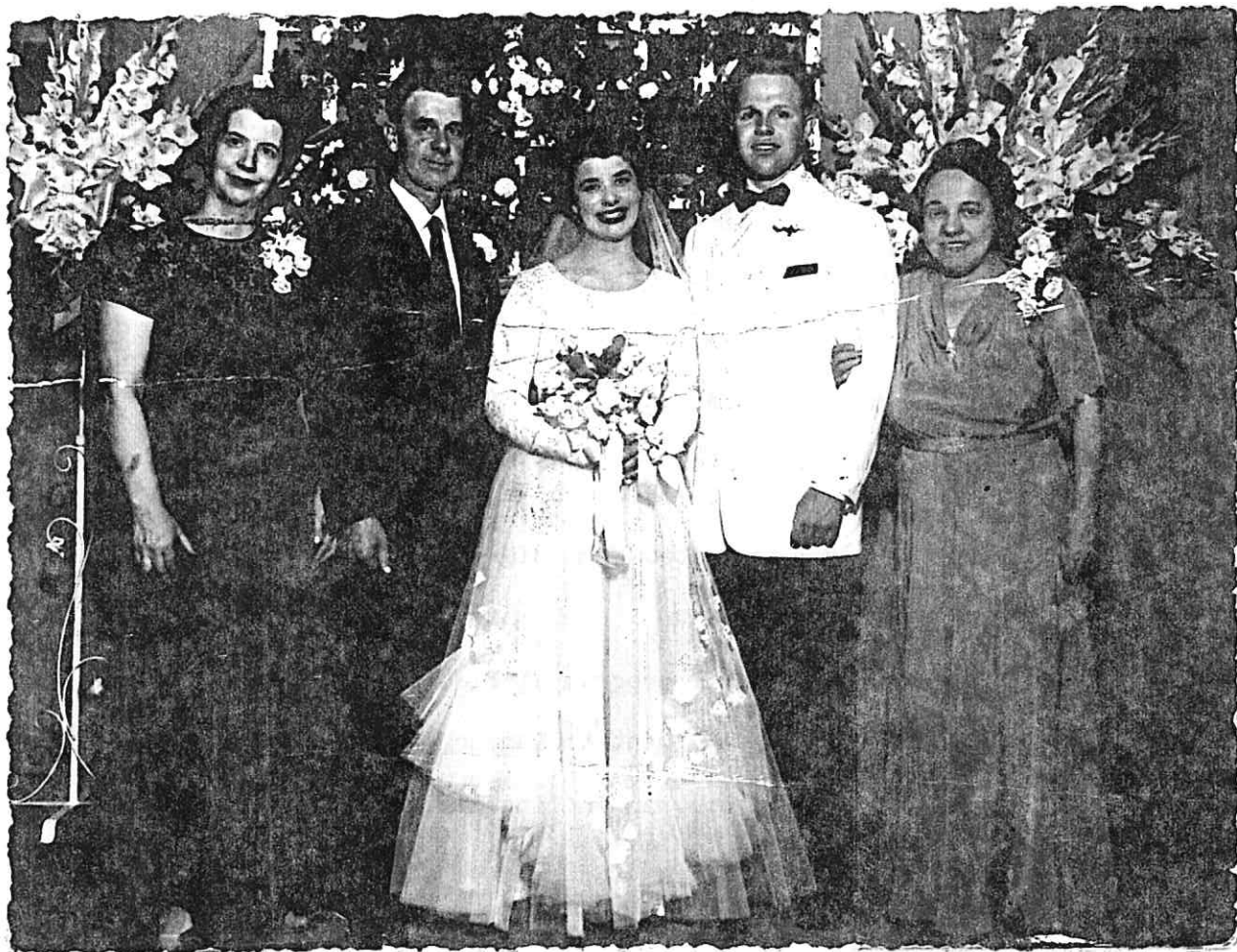
The year 1984 finds us all well and anxiously engaged. Dad jogs daily with Lisa and controls his diabetes by careful policing of his sugar intake. He continues to pursue his new projects in diverse places. His recently published book on language instruction has been well received. Mom is involved in the Primary and PTA and considered teacher emeritus of cultural refinement, often called upon to give a special lesson. She has been learning about computers most recently, and continues to take classes. Margaret is planning to complete her master's degree in English. Her writing has been published in several magazines, and she dreams of being an established free-lancer. Dell and Kathleen are expecting their first child. Dell, along with his ESL work, continues unusual artistic pursuits and enjoys being an independent thinker and a swim coach. Bobby studies at USU and is anticipating graduate work. His humor continues to delight us all. Jennie is completing her RN training through the advanced placement nursing in Salt Lake City. She just completed a stellar performance in her training in ICU at Holy Cross Hospital. Her gentle spirit has reached out to countless lonely souls and brought comfort and joy. She is a much respected nurse. Lisa is completing her degree in English at BYU. She is also teaching at the MTC. She seems to really enjoy just being herself. She is poised to take on the world, having already challenged Guatemala, Taiwan, Mainland China and of course, Provo.

The second family, Jim, Ben and Carol are proving themselves to be fine athletes. Jim in swimming, tennis, baseball and other sports, Ben in soccer, swimming, baseball, ping-pong and tennis, and Carol in dancing. Like his dad before him, Jim plays the trombone, and Ben and Carolyn are doing well on the piano

We are like our various cars in many ways. Observing us around our dinner table, one will typically find cheerful faces and second-hand clothing. We may be a bit stubborn, and there are certainly a few scratches and nicks in our family makeup, which give us distinctive personality. But despite our little problems, we are every bit as sturdy as any car we've ever owned, even if we don't seem to be going anywhere.

We bring experiences from around the globe to our family, and we each have emotional mementos from everyplace we've lived. So we are like the people of Guatemala, Equador, Bolivia, Venezuela, China and Taiwan.

But basically, we are just Bob, Julia, Margaret, Dell, Bobby, Jennie, Lisa, Jim, Ben and Carol. Each of us contributes in blending his colors in a ten-hue rainbow above whatever storms may be rising.



WEDDING RECEPTION PICTURE OF JULIA AND BOB WITH MOTHER AND DAD GROBERG
AND BOB'S MOTHER, MARGUERITE GREEN BLAIR

Robert Wallace Blair Family History

- 1930 Robert Wallace Blair born.
- 1932 Julia Groberg Blair born.
- 1940 RWB - Patriarchal blessing
- 1948 RWB - graduated from Santa Barbara High School
began college at BYU
- 1949 Wallace Blair, father of RWB died
- 1950-53 RWB - mission to Finland
- 1951 JGB - graduated from Idaho Falls High School
began college at BYU
- 1952 - George H. Groberg born
John H. Groberg joined JGB at BYU
JGB introduced John to Jean Sabin
- 1953 - RWB returned from mission to BYU, met JGB
- 1954 - RWB and JGB married in Idaho Falls Temple
Lived in Provo at 764 North 9th East
- 1955 - RWB and JGB graduated from BYU
Margaret born
- 1956 - Dell born
RWB continued M.A. program at BYU, taught freshman English
- 1957 - RWB finished M.A., went to Summer Institute of Linguistics at
University of Oklahoma
Began doctoral program in linguistics at Indiana University
John and Jean married
- 1958 - RWB, Joe, Dee, and Grandma Blair spent summer in Yucatan
Bobby born in Bloomington
- 1959 - Summer teaching English at I.U. to Fulbright scholars
Began working career as Instructor in English at BYU
- 1960 - Jennie born
- 1961 - Lisa born
Summer Linguistics Institute at University of Texas
- 1962 - Returned to Indiana University under National Defense Fellowship
to study Quechua and finish dissertation on Maya
- 1963 - JGB took classes at I.U.

Margaret and Dell at university school

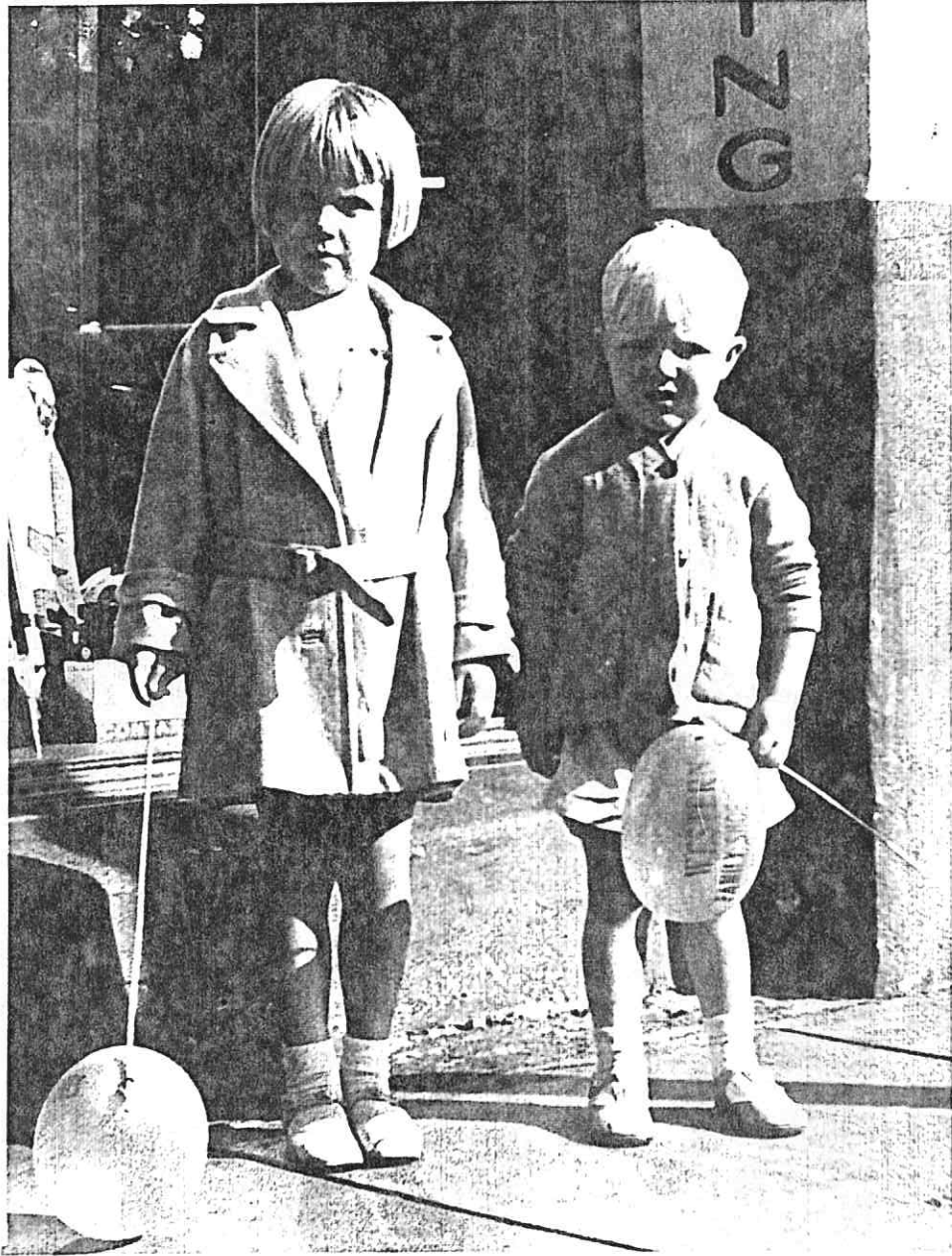
- 1964 - Finished doctoral program at I.U.
Blair Family (except Jenette and Lisa) with Elisabeth and Lewis went to Yucatan, then went to University of Chicago with Refugio Vermont at invitation of Norman McQuown to write a course in Maya
- 1965 - Lived in Chicago, swam at YMCA. Returned to BYU in fall.
- 1966 - Teaching in English Department at BYU. Abraham Juracan came to start work on Cakchiquel
- 1967 - Linguistics Program established at BYU. Peace Corps connection began with Cakchiquel work in Puerto Rico and Guatemala, then in Paraguay with D. H. Groberg and C. Ray Graham, returning with Carlos and Gladys Gomez.
- 1968 - Julia ~~taught~~ English at Farrer Junior High School
RWB with D. H. Groberg and the Gomezes taught Guarani for a Peace Corps training program at N. M. State U in Las Cruces.
- 1969 - with John Ball supervised Portuguese training program for Peace Corps at Alta, Utah and Feira de Santana, Brazil.
Jimmy born.
Daniel Mich and Manuel Tay at Woolsey House
- 1970 - DLI contract through Bonneville Research Corporation to develop intensive Japanese and Korean courses
Trips to Monterey, California; Julia's sunburn
- 1971 - Yacelga Family at Woolsey House, work with C. Eric Ott on Ecuadorian Quechua
- 1972 - Consulting with NW Education Laboratory in Portland. Attended Esperanto World Congress in Portland
- 1973 - Carolyn Blair Shumway died
- 1974 - Grandma Blair died, Carolyn born. Margaret graduated from Provo High School
- 1975 - Dell graduated from Provo High School, regional swim champ
Family went to Guatemala.
- 1976 - Dell's mission to Ecuador
- 1977 - Bobby graduated from Provo High School, regional swim champ, went to Alaska, Margaret went to Denver
- 1978 - Dell returned from Ecuador after 2-month extension on his mission.
Jenette graduated from PHS.
Bobby's mission to Bolivia. Margaret in Mexico with Dorothy.
Trip to Montreal.

- 1979 - Margaret graduated from BYU, married, taught ESL at Dixon
Lisa graduated from PHS.
- 1980 - Bobby returns from Bolivia Mission, enrolls at BYU, Lisa spent
summer in Taiwan, Golden Wedding Anniversary of the Grobergs,
Jenette received her LPN at Utah Technical College, Margaret
taught at Jewish school in Detroit, Bob, Julia and Carolyn went
to China.
- 1981 - Lisa joins family in China. All return home safely.
Jenette goes on mission to Bolivia
- 1982 - Bobby's accident. Lisa goes on mission to Taiwan.
- 1983 - Jenette returns from mission, works at State Hospital in Provo.
Margaret and Zory divorce. Dell and Kathleen marry. Dad's
summer in Utah Valley Hospital.
- 1984 - Lisa returns from mission, attends BYU, works at MTC. Jenette's
trip to meet Lisa in Taiwan, then continues nursing school in
SLC.

Note: The Blairs have always placed a high value on physical fitness. Swimming, running, and playing ball have been important pastimes. Athletic achievement has followed. Dell became a "legend"--at least in our family--when he wrested the winner's laurels unexpectedly from top competition in a regional championship swim meet in Pleasant Grove. The father of one of the losing swimmers, having just witnessed Dell glide past the others on the breaststroke leg of an individual medley race made the wry comment: "You say your son is a breastroker!?" Involvement in the "Third World" and in mission work has been of great significance in our lives. Dell led out in Ecuador, then Margaret in Guatemala and Mexico, and Bobby and Jen in Bolivia. And Bobby's accident has had great impact on the family, serving to teach all of us something of family love, of our dependence on one-another and on our gracious Father in Heaven. Music, drama, literature and art have played a major part in our lives. Bedtime stories, anecdotes related at the dinner table, family folklore preserved and valued, these have always been part of the Blair Family tradition. Attached are some writings that represent some of these things in our lives. Perhaps most precious are the letters sent from the mission field (which are not included) witnessing of the joy that comes from dedicated service in helping others find and make part of their lives the light of the Gospel.



Bob and Carolyn



Carolyn and Bob



1951



JUDIA GRADBERG PHOT. RING...

below: Beth + Marilyn + N.K. + Nora Mae + Mary Jane - Julia - Bob John H. Carol - Ruth A.K. below: Carolyn + Gloria



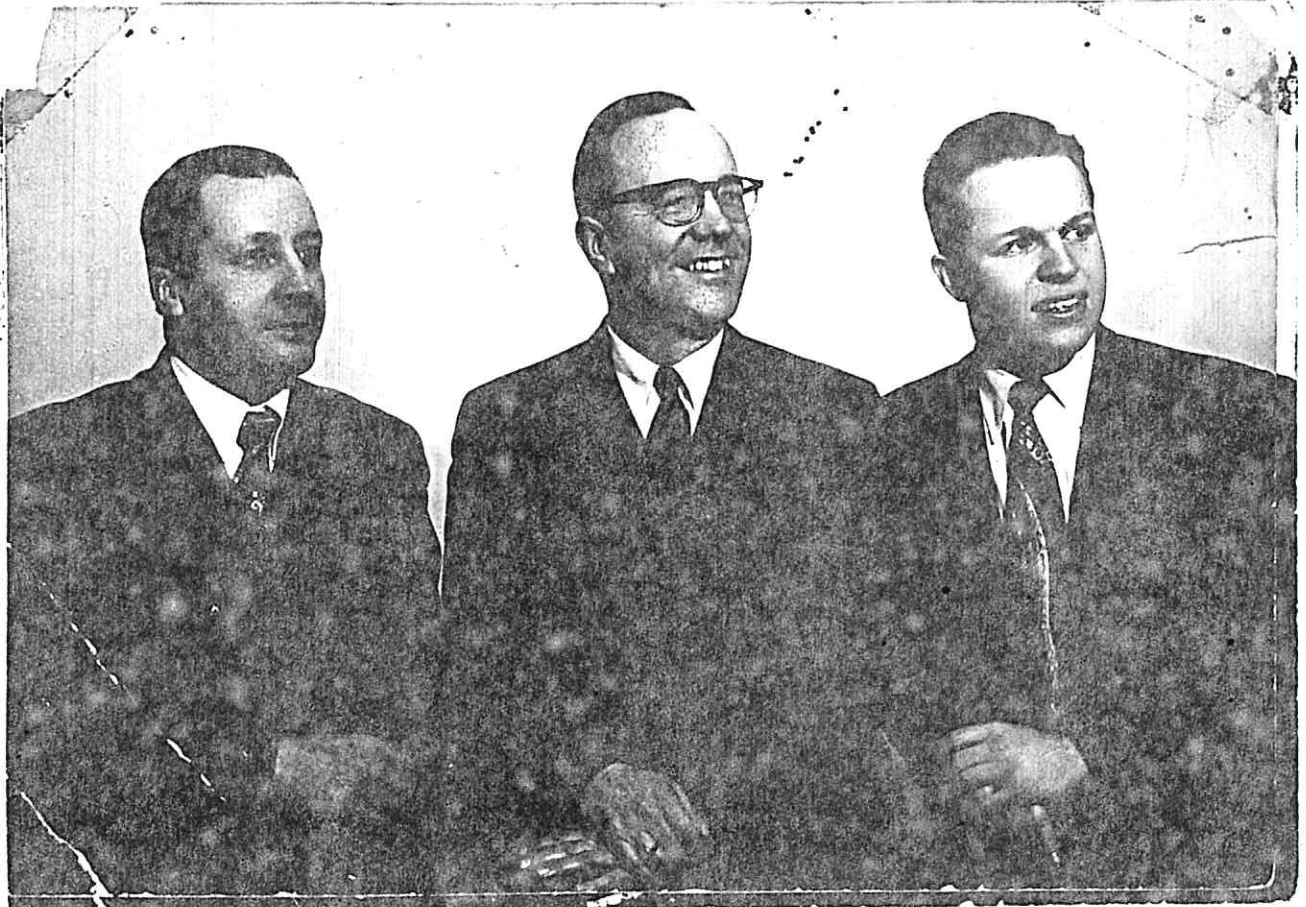
The Elders "Blair"



Missionary 1976-1978



Missionary 1978-80



Finnish Mission Presidency: Pres. Matis - Couns. Blair

English Teacher 1966



don mil



B.Y.U. Professor 1960

Margaret Del Bobby
41

Handwritten text along the right edge of the page, including the name 'Margaret Del Bobby' and the number '41'.



Our first baby



Our first grandchild



Margaret or
Meg or
Margyetchie

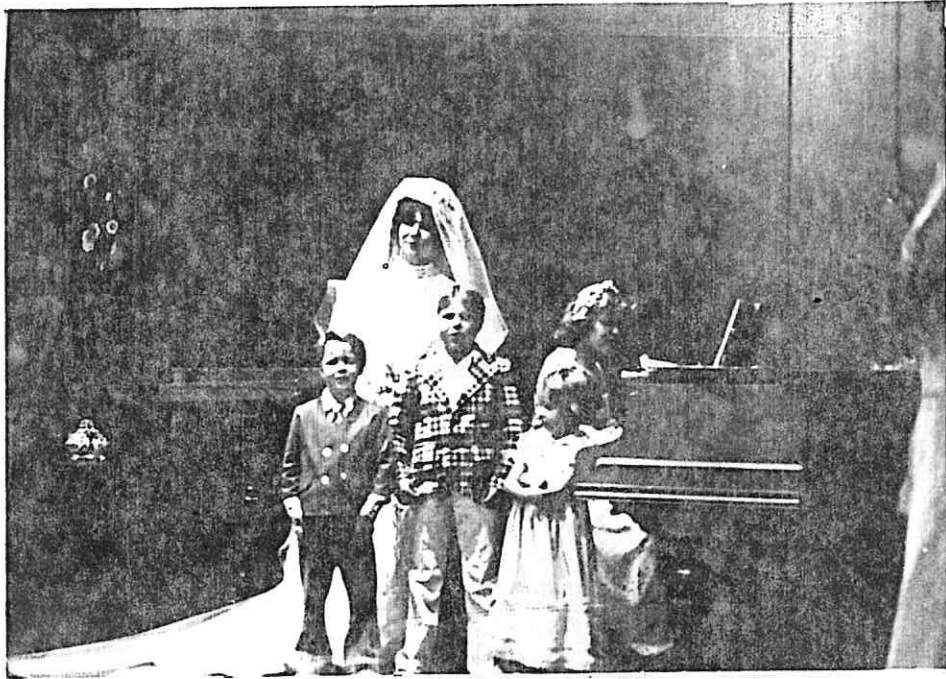


Meg a high school senior



Moa with Doll





family singers



H.H.A.



lovely "Margretchie"



soloist - Aunt Beth accompanying

Margaret Jean

*with her
baby Kaila*





DELBERT



WALLACE

BLAIR



GRANDMA GROBERG'S FIRST GRANDSON



WITH BOBBY AND MARGARET





DARLING "DELL"



HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR



DISCUSSING BOBBY'S ACCIDENT WITH DADDY AND LISA



FOUR DELBERTS :

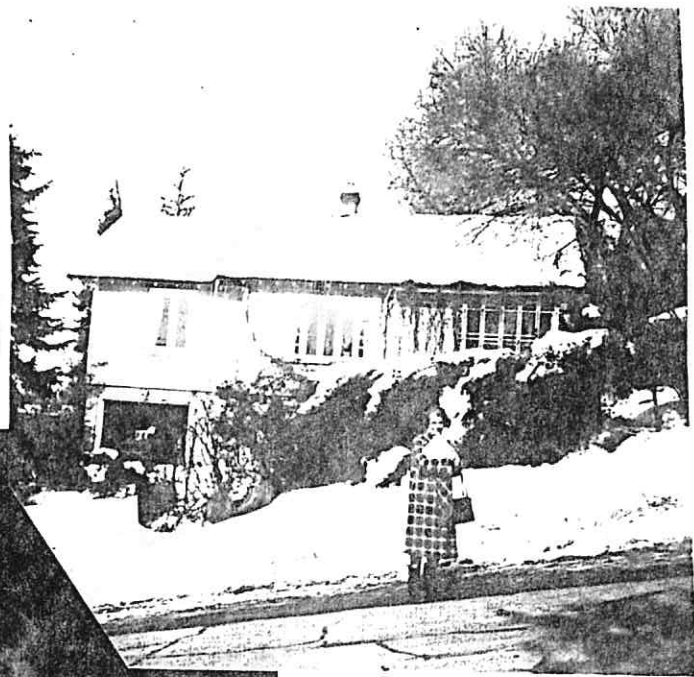
- DELBERT WALLACE BLAIR
- DELBERT JAMES GROBERG (baby)
- DELBERT HOLEROOK GROBERG
- DELBERT VALENTINE GROBERG (GR)



AT HOOSIER COURTS, BLOOMINGTON,
INDIANA -



WITH MARGARET 1976



Dell's & Kathleen's first
home-in Logan, Utah



DELL AND KATHLEEN
BLAIR- JUST
MARRIED



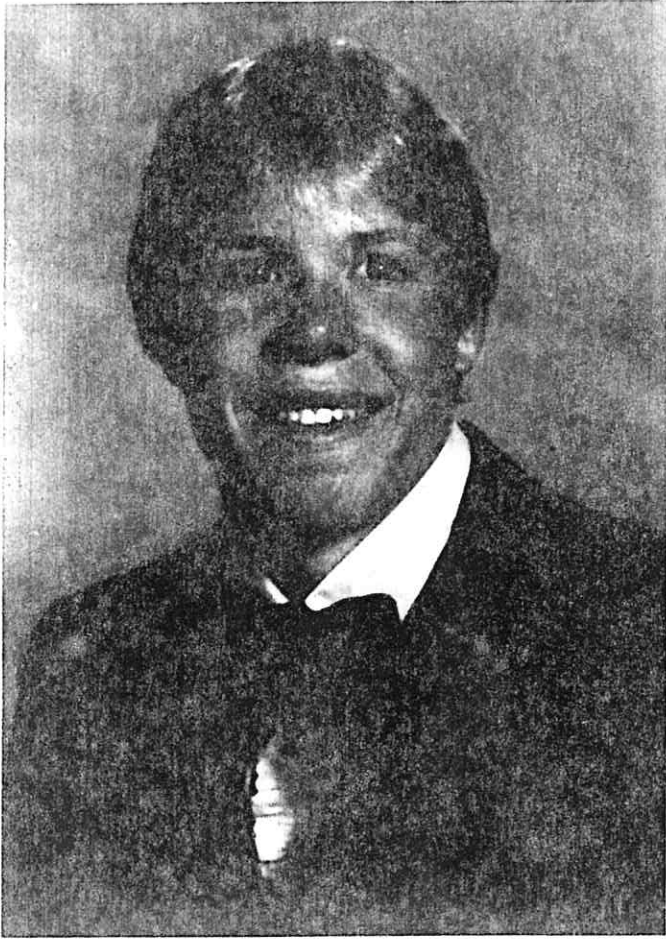
ROBERT GROBERG BLAIR

BOBBY



Hoosier Courts
Indiana





MISSIONARY 1978-80



outstanding
Athlete
Provo
High



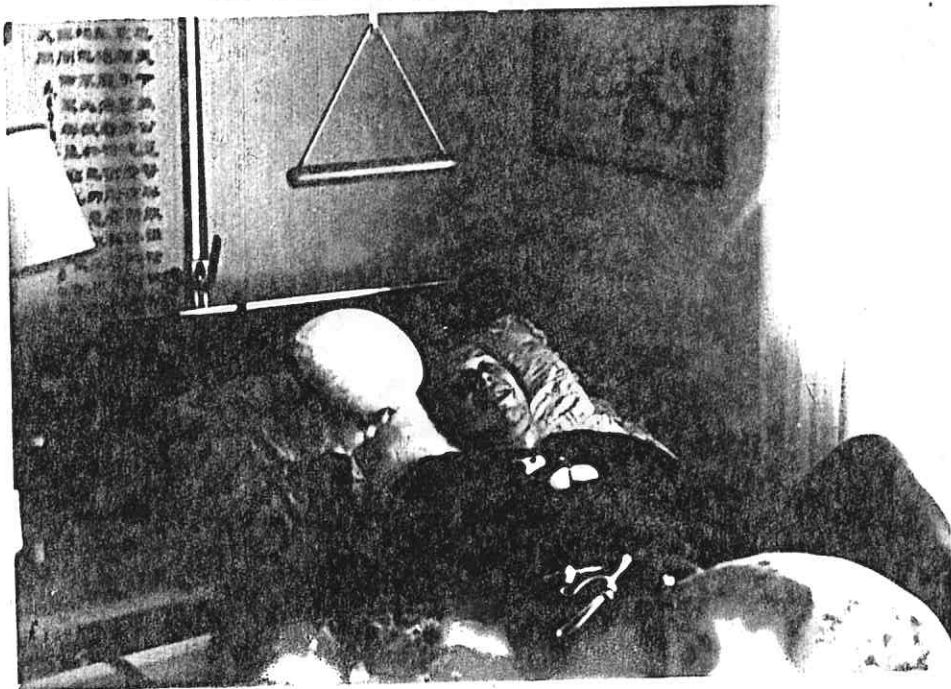
MISSIONARY IN BOLIVIA

HOSPITAL EXPERIENCE

ACCIDENT SEPTEMBER 25, 1981



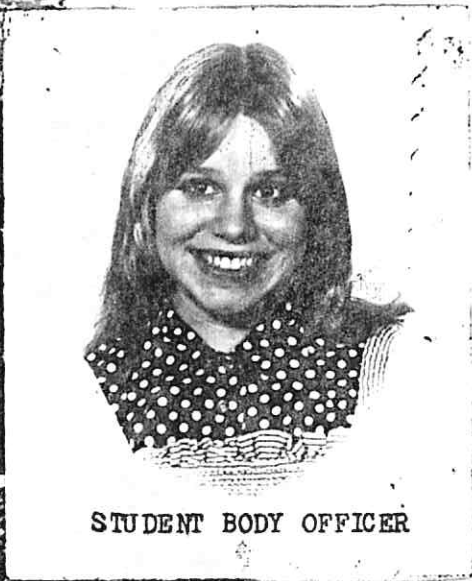
at INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - UNIVERSITY OF UTAH
HOSPITAL - OCTOBER 1982



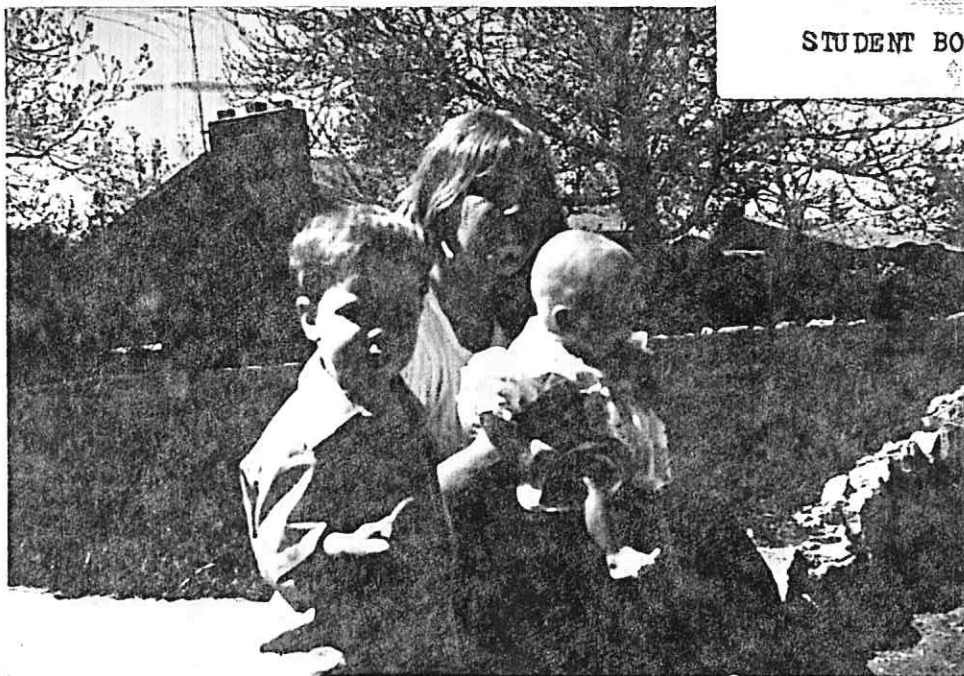
1082

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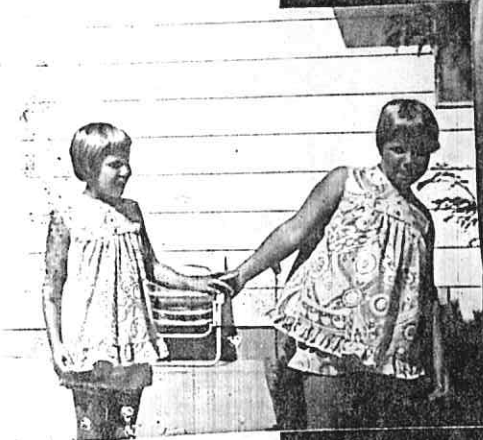
JENNETTE - - A SECOND MOTHER



STUDENT BODY OFFICER



Sisters



ELIZABETH "LISA" BLAIR.



OUR BABY FOR 8 YEARS



Lisa leaves for mission
in Taiwan 1982-4



Travel Chairman.
Farewell at S. S. Airport



In Taiwan



Lisa and Bijwang, companion

James Groberg Blair
"Jim"

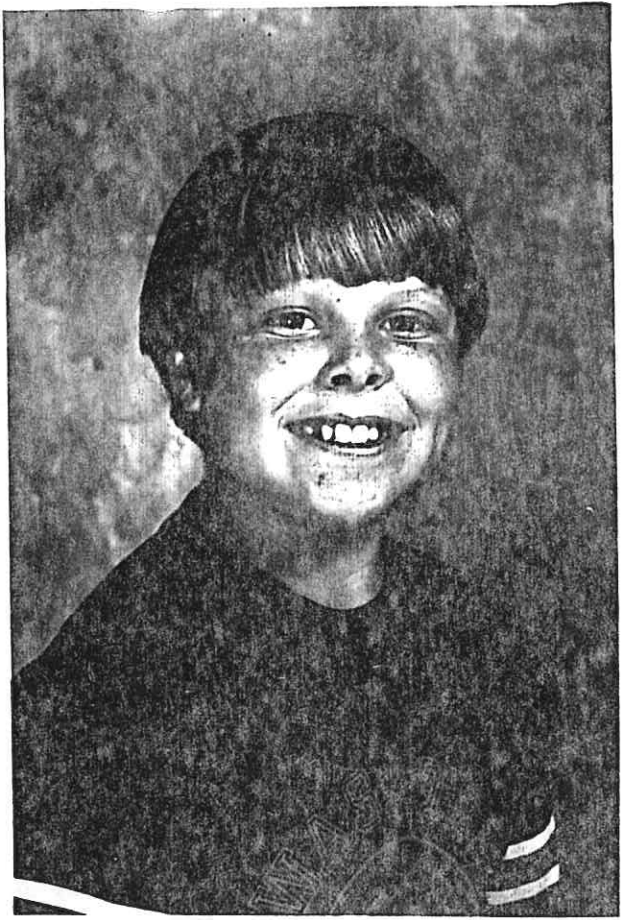


Our second
family

Ben's Big Brother

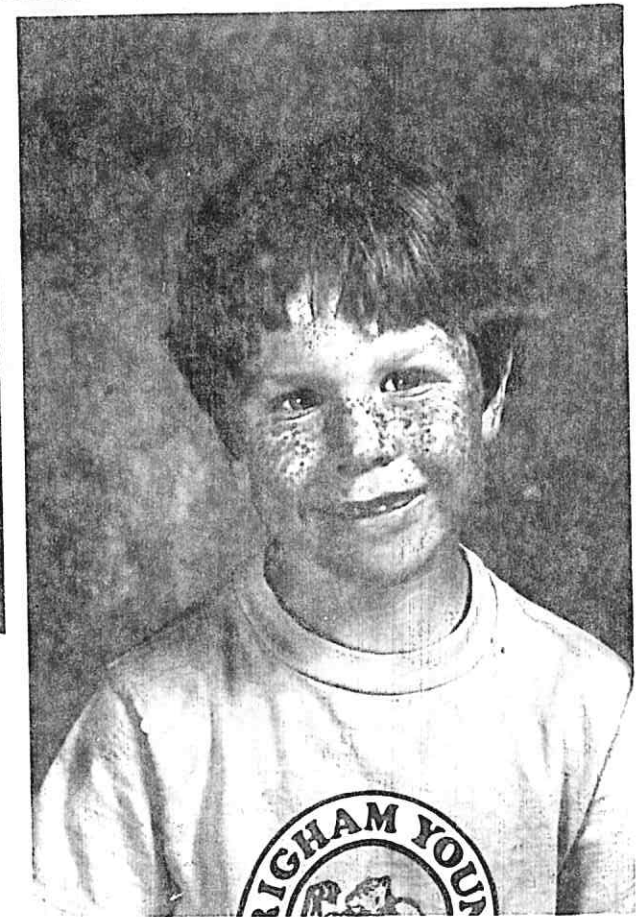
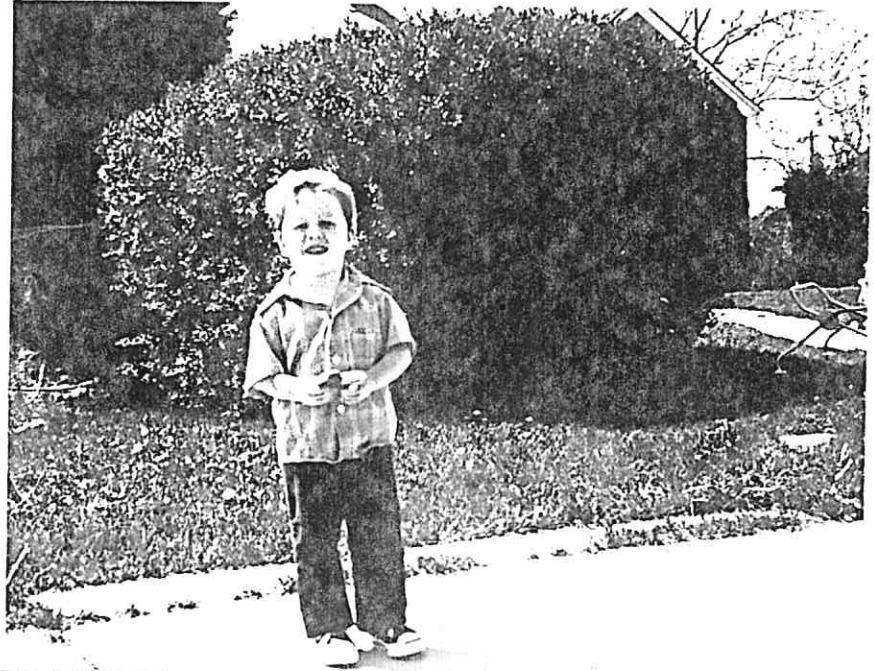


The three little Blairs



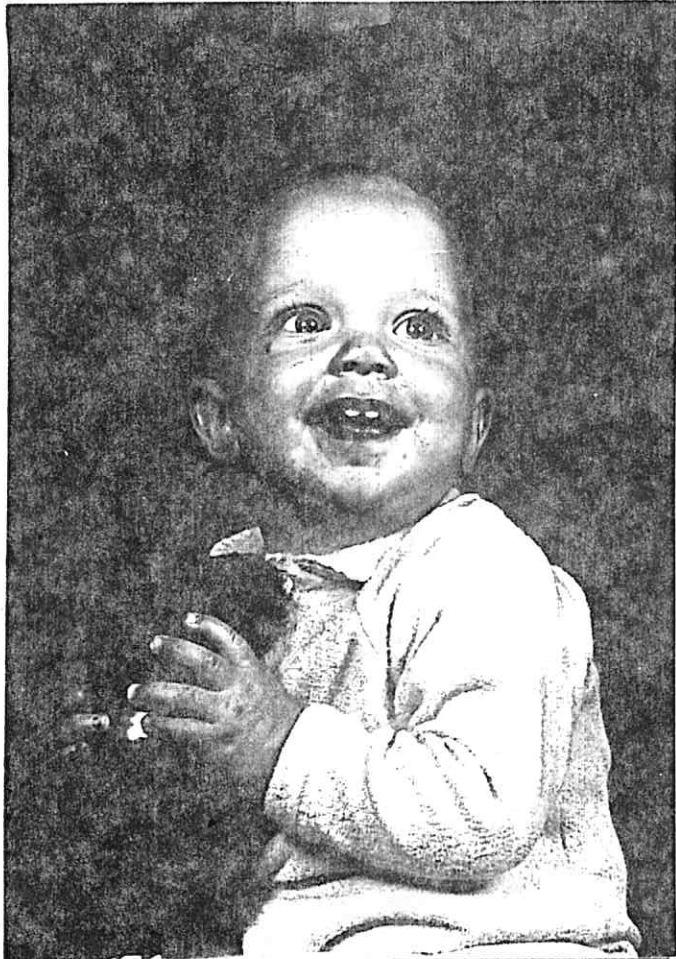
BENJAMIN WALLACE BLAIR

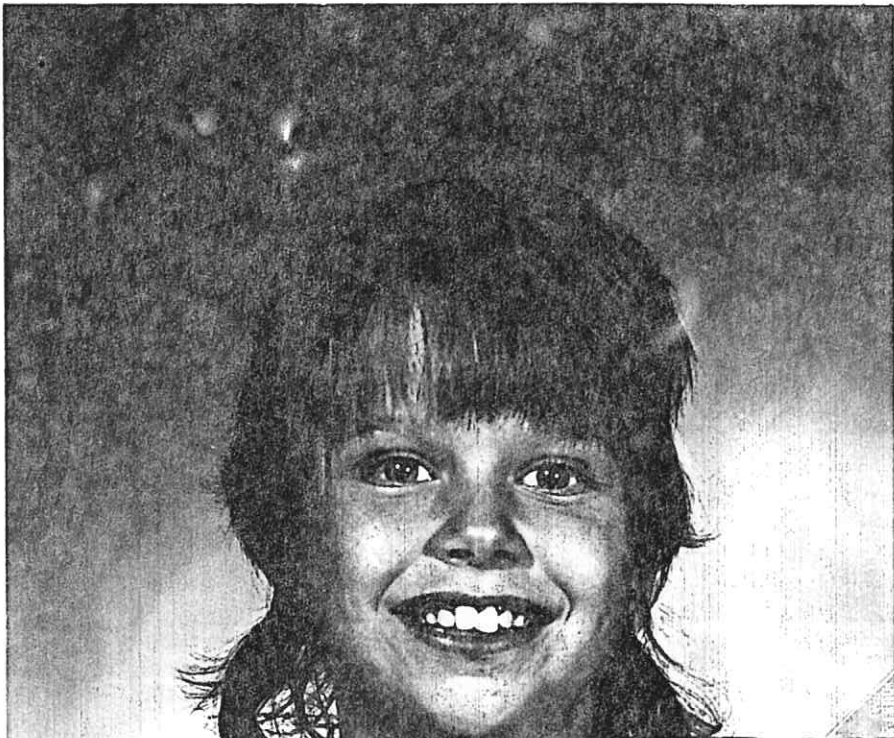
"BEN"





Carolyn Blair
(namesake of
Bob's sister)





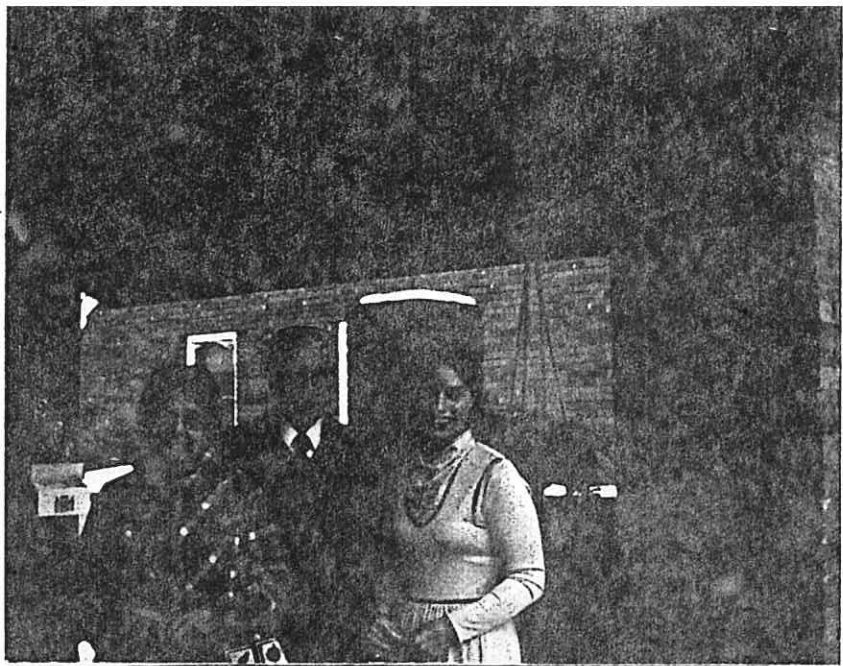


Genette - Sr. Melville, Companion



Leaving for Mission to Bolivia

RETURNED MISSIONARY
JENETTE WITH GRANDMA
AND GRANDPA 1983



DADDY'S HOSPITAL
STAY -
JUNE, JULY,
1983



DADDY'S HOSPITAL STAY
JUNE, JULY 1983

DADDY AND
BOBBY - SEPT.
1983



HANDS
Margaret Blair Fox

Bob's hands, accepting the tickets of the BYU football patrons, were large, tanned, muscular. It was September 25th, 1982. My brother Bob and his fellow ticket-takers stood by the mammoth steel gates of the newly expanded BYU stadium. This was the first game of the season.

After the Star-Spangled Banner was rendered, the ticket-takers were instructed to close one of the multi-ton gates. Bob's strong hands came around the steel. He pushed. The gate obediently rolled. But Bob's hands were not strong enough to govern its mass when it gained momentum and, unanchored through some tragic oversight, began to fall.

The ticket takers on both ends of the gate dived out of its way. Bob was in the middle;--there was no place for him to go. He dived too, trying to escape the unbearable weight, but it caught him, crashed into his pelvis, pinned him face down to the ground.

Paramedics already at the stadium were summoned. The scene they encountered was so gory they themselves were treated for shock upon conveying Bob to the Utah Valley Hospital Emergency Room.

A witness of the accident called our mother, told her a gate had fallen on Bob and that he was in the hospital. She, imagining the "gate" as no more than a chain-link fence, expected to find her son slightly bruised and dirty, not on the threshold of death.

A buzz of "it's the mother" went through the emergency room when she entered and asked for her son. A somber, young doctor emerged from one of the sterile rooms. "Your son is in extremely critical condition. I'm not certain he'll survive," he said.

Mom sank into a chair as the doctor explained the seriousness of Bob's condition: the pelvis was just dust in places; there was massive bleeding, internal and external; organ damage; extreme trauma. Mom's hands came to her eyes and she pressed her lids, trying futilely to push back the tears. She could not gain sufficient control to be allowed to see her son for nearly an hour.

Dad, who was attending the football game--and indeed had heard the ambulance sirens--was paged. At the same time two doctors at the game were paged. Dad ran all the way to the hospital and found his wife sobbing, barely able to manage the words, "Bobby's dying."

Dad was allowed to see his son briefly. He found a blue-white form seemingly suspended in a web of tubes and wires. Bob's hands had lost their tan. He moved his fingers in a feeble greeting and breathed, "Dad,...good to see ya."

Dad approached him. Bob's hands moved again, seemed to be trying to reach him.

These hands of Bob's had slashed through thousands of meters of water in countless swim meets, dribbled basketballs, volleyed tennis balls, climbed ropes and rocks, held scriptures for two years in the Bolivia-La Paz Mission. And now the strength of these hands was rapidly ebbing away. He tried to raise his arms. "Hug," he whispered.

Bob had always been the strong, independent, feisty athlete who had seemed to need nothing but a good workout to keep him happy. Affection--simply had not been his style. Ever.

"Hug," he repeated. Dad maneuvered around the tubes and took his son in his arms.

Later, with another elder, Dad placed his own hands on Bob's head and blessed him, ~~promised~~ promised him life.

Bob was taken to surgery--the first of several high-risk operations he was to undergo. My parents kept vigil at his bedside afterwards and held his hands in theirs.

In Bob's hospital room, words seemed hollow, almost heretical diversions from the truth of his suffering. This physical contact, these hand signals, became a new, transcendental form of communication, consummately evolved handshakes, as it were, symbolizing our entire family experience, our trials, our joys, our unity. Love, support, comfort were sent from fingertip to fingertip. A gentle squeeze made an eloquent "I love you." And the warmth conveyed from hand to head during the many priesthood blessings given Bob brought even messages from Heaven.

For weeks he lay immobilized in his hospital bed. Sometimes he would dream he was playing basketball or climbing a mountain, and then would awaken to the drugged nightmare of immobility. His weight rapidly dropped from 160 to 120 pounds. Operation followed operation, and complication followed complication. There were moments when he wanted to surrender to the beckoning, restful vision of death. Mom's and Dad's hands held him within the spectrum of life, however painful the prospect.

Finally, after weeks on his back, he was allowed to sit in a wheel chair. His atrophied muscles shot excruciating beams of pain through his body as he was helped from the bed to the chair. But the pain was an unavoidable part of this transition back into the world of movement--of freedom--and he knew that. Pain was the crosstread in the fabric of this whole experience. The little victories such as this transition from bed to wheel-chair, the little pieces of freedom won, were merely embroidery.

Dad, tears in his eyes, said, "I never thought I'd be happy to see my son in a wheelchair."

The hospital held church services each Sunday. As soon as he was able, Bob was wheeled down to the meeting room. There he folded his hands rev-

erently on his lap and partook of the bread and water, weeping in gratitude.

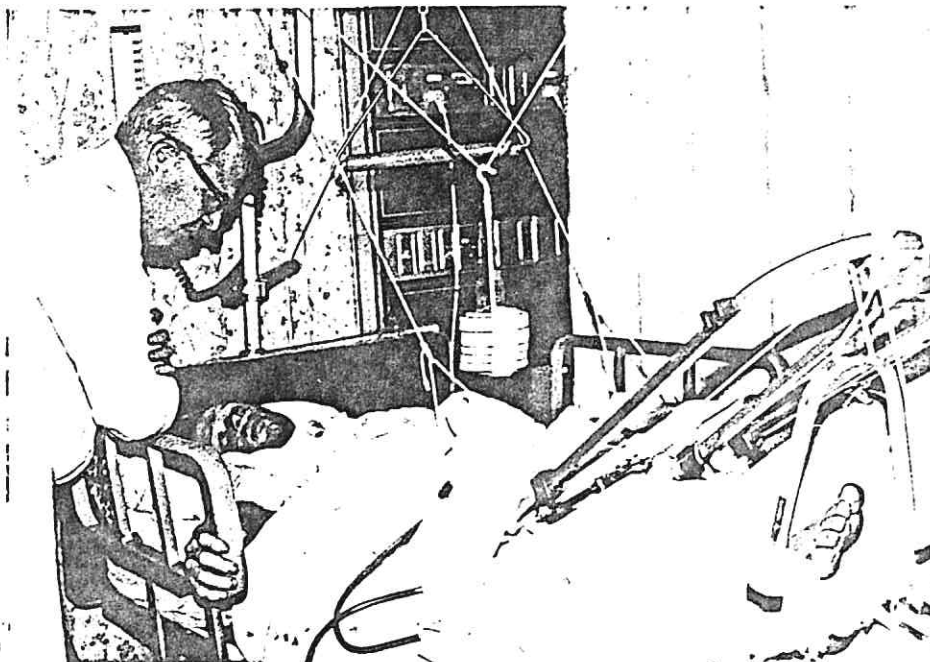
Sometimes the helping hands were not gentle, but firm, such as those which held onto Bob, supporting him as he took his first steps from his bedside with a walker.

After more weeks of excruciating physical therapy, Bob was able to move up to crutches. Another painful transition. When Bob would cry, Dad would automatically take his hand. Often Dad would weep himself, saying, "Soñ, if there were a way I could trade places with you, I would."

Nearly a year after the accident, Bob was able to graduate to a cane--even to take a few running steps.

At about the time Bob reached this stage of mobility, an acute attack of pancreatitis put Dad in the hospital and under the surgeon's knife. After the operation, all of our family went to Dad's hospital room, only a few doors down from Bob's old room. Bob, using his cane, limped to his moaning father and wordlessly took his hand. Dad squeezed Bob's hand in response. The message was complete.

I think of Bob's hands now and visualize another brother--an elder brother, who will act, as it were, as ticket-taker when the game is over and the victory won. He will stand by the gates which fell between mortality and immortality--the gates of Heaven. And will He not offer his hand (a strong, muscular, carpenter's hand) for us to see, to touch, to hold? The sign of the nail in his hand will testify of his empathy, his love, the truth of his atonement. And with his hand He will lead us through the gates, support us, bless us. For we, who were given tickets to mortality by virtue of our primeval choices--the return-trip portion of which He purchased for us with his own blood--are more than spectators or participants in this game. We are his handiwork.



Dad & Bob 65 Oct. 1987

My Twenty-fourth Birthday
Robert G. Blair

I caught the ball under the opposing teams basket and was immediately double-teamed as the defense had a full court press. I dribbled once with my right hand and then dribbled the ball behind my back while running left to escape the press. This move left the first two defenders "holding their jocks" as I raced to mid-court uncontested. I bounce-passed the ball to my wing guard and moved underneath the basket. Again two defenders double-teamed me, but I spun off the inside one and positioned myself underneath the basket with my back facing the basket. The ball came as a lofty "alley-oop" pass. Jumping, I caught it with both hands and while still in mid-air I swung my body around to face the basket and deftly shot the ball with my left hand. Rolling off my fingers the ball hit the glass in perfect rhythm and then elegantly swished through the basket for two points and the lead. I felt unstoppable as I raced back on defense.

"Wake up, Bobby," my dad whispered, "physical therapy starts in 45 minutes." My dream world slipped away and I opened my eyes into the nightmare of reality. I felt miserable with a relentless pain in both my left hip and abdomen. Nonetheless, I forced a smile and said, "G'morning, Dad." He smiled back and laid my breakfast of toast and orange juice on my bed. I wasn't hungry, but I forced down the juice and took a bit of the toast. Closing my eyes I prayed: "Thank you God for this day and for this food, and dear Lord I will do anything you want: I'll never miss church, I'll pay my tithing, but please let me walk again, under my own power. Amen."

I again opened my eyes and saw my father emptying the contents of my catheter (or plumbing) into a urinal. The catheter was a plastic bag the size of a floor tile. This bag was a part of me and was connected to my bladder and abdomen by means of a small rubber tube which allowed the urine to pass directly from my bladder into the catheter bag. Once this was emptied my dad unhooked it from my bedside and placed it on my stomach. This unhooking prevented the tube from pulling on my stomach while I dressed.

I was now ready to put on my sweatpants, the only pants I could wear because of my "plumbing." Dressing required perfect synchronization and teamwork between my father and myself. Dad began by slipping the sweats over my feet as I straightened my legs. This straightening I did with sheer determination and upper arm leverage. Once the sweats were over my feet and legs my dad lifted me just off the bed, and then dropped me. And while I was dropping he pulled the sweats up over my buttocks. I tied the sweats and my dad threw me a sweat shirt which I quickly pulled on, an easy task since there was nothing wrong with my upper body.

Sitting in bed I positioned my feet on the floor to await my first major task of the day: getting into my wheelchair. My dad pushed it up to my bed and stood behind it to brace it against my weight. Placing both

hands on the arm rests of the wheelchair and letting my catheter bag dangle from my abdomen, I lifted my legs off the floor using my upper arm strength and swung my body around on the chair. Letting go of the arm rests, I plopped down on the wheelchair. I was exhausted, but physical therapy started in 5 minutes, so my dad hurriedly slipped on my rubber shoes and threw a poncho over the wheelchair to hide my "plumbing." He then wheeled me down the stairs, bucking-bronco style, and finally out to the car. He lifted me into the car with only a moderate bit of ingenuity and teamwork, and we drove toward the hospital for my physical therapy.

It was a clear November day with college students walking to class as we drove. The all looked happy and carefree as they moved by. But I could only cry to myself as I thought of the days forever gone when my legs had carried me as carefree and painlessly as the legs of these students. My world had changed from "rose-colored" to what was now a prison on wheels with pain as my only companion. Now I thought only of yesterday and maybe of tomorrow, if my legs could be taught to walk again. I wanted somehow to escape the confines of reality and my crippled body and I dreamed of running, skipping and jumping once more. But I was quickly brought back to reality as my dad pulled into the hospital.

We arrived just after 9 a.m. and dad lifted me into the wheelchair to push me into the physical therapy area. Inside, the atmosphere was jovial, but I knew the joviality was only on the surface; underneath it was long hours of painful rehabilitation on legs so broken that the slightest touch sent stabbing incessant pain throughout my being. I dreaded physical therapy, but I also knew that if ever hoped to walk again, this would be the only way.

To begin therapy I was lifted into a hot whirlpool bath. This bath relieved my body weight from my hips and other protruding bones and muscles and seemed to drain away my pain and gloom. Its purpose was to loosen the joints in my legs so the physical therapists could twist and pull my legs more easily. But this bath also brought a flicker of hope into my barren existence: The heat eased my pain and made my existence almost bearable. I remained in this heated bath for about 10 minutes before being removed and told by my physical therapist that she would help me dress as soon as my colostomy was changed and cleaned up. My colostomy was nothing more than an airtight plastic bag that was attached to my large intestine or colon, having been surgically brought to the surface of my stomach. This colostomy, unlike my catheter, was painless and forced my feces to empty directly into the plastic bag. Its only setback was that the airtight plastic bag was never really airtight, and a certain aroma always encompassed me. But I thought only of walking again and ignored any minor problems with my colostomy.

When my colostomy was changed, my physical therapist came in and helped me dress. She was nice and helpful and always smiling, yet she was determined to have me do all that I could. Wheeling me out of the bathroom she helped me onto an 8' x 5' workout table, and handed me my socks, telling me to put them on. I nodded in painful anticipation and slipped my left hand under my left knee and lifted it; with my right hand I tried to flick the sock over my left foot, but everytime I'd stretch for

my foot my left hip would feel as if thousands of electrical volts were passing through it. I'd wince from this stabbing pain that would set me back and I'd have to start over. After about five minutes of this ordeal my physical therapist gave in and slipped on the socks. She then joked with me and I honestly laughed. I even told her a joke.

After this she made me lie on the table while she twisted my legs. I wanted to scream as this twisting felt like my legs were being torn off my body, one twist at a time. But I clenched my teeth and screamed only on the inside. She was a very demanding physical therapist, yet she made me feel I was her peer and not just a crippled boy. She cared about me and my thoughts, yet made me push myself to my limits.

After finishing the stretching exercises, she brought in a walker and told me to try walking. I placed my hands on the walkers handles and lifted myself until I stood erect, my weight being held by my arms. Lifting my right leg I stepped forward, then struggled to lift my left leg. Finally, with the help of my left arm I brought my left leg up to my right leg. Shifting a tiny bit of weight from my arms to my legs, I managed to hold my legs steady for a second before my left leg buckled under the pressure and I doubled over in pain. I gritted my teeth, but the tears filled my eyes as my physical therapist helped me back to my wheelchair. She smiled and said, "Next time." I nodded yes and began believing in her and in myself.

Arriving shortly after, my father wheeled me down to the hospital cafeteria for a malt to celebrate my 24th birthday. He looked very proud of me for taking a step, even if it was with a walker. But it was hard for him to see his 24 year-old boy fighting with all his strength, trying to do something so simple as to take a step. Yet we joked and laughed as we drank our malts. I could sense he felt my pain as well as my joy and wanted more than anything else to see me recover and to walk again. I felt content to just sit with my father and to laugh and cry with him. I wanted more than anything else for my dad to be proud of me.

Wheeling me out of the cafeteria, Dad helped me into the car. The trip home was silent, though we communicated with our warm affection. When we arrived home Dad helped me into the house and then carried me to my bed, pausing to smile and squeeze my hand. We talked briefly and he told me how proud he was of me, and that I was becoming a man. I smiled back and closed my eyes contentedly. I prayed: "Thank you God for my life. It is good. Thank you for my dad and help me to be worthy to be his son. And God, help me to walk again, but Thy will be done in all things. Amen.

With my eyes closed I drifted back to my basketball game.

A Welfare Sister's View
Jenette Blair
Bolivia Mission, 1982

The Elders knock on door after door in Bolivia. We call it "Toke'n Doors." Some people let them in, some do not. As Welfare missionaries, we do not "toke" a lot of doors, but we pass through many. That is what life is: doors--passageways into rooms or phases full of new experience.

When I first arrived in La Paz, Bolivia I felt as if I had stepped into a National Geographic magazine. My view was limited by the newness of the circumstances. The little "cholita" women with their full skirts, pastel shawls and derby hats took on a fairy-tale image--like little munchkins in holiday garb. It was different. The adobe homes built right up to the top of the mountains seemed mystically unreal. I saw them, but their concreteness did not seem to penetrate the door in my heart which blocked out thoughts of the reality of poverty, hunger, and lack of nearly everything. You see, I had never tasted any of these things, so I had no flavor to recall.

I spent the first few days settling into the 13,000 foot altitude and my M.T.C. Spanish. Sunday was to be my first real day. I would meet the members for the first time. We passed through the chapel doors and opened the doors of our heart as we prayed and worshiped our Heavenly Father together. We began to sing. The words were foreign but the tune was familiar: "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go, Dear Lord." I sang with energy and enthusiasm, recognizing a few words here and there. This song was about missionaries -- about me: "Over mountains"--here I was, right in the mountains. "I'll be what you want me to be." I was a missionary, a Welfare Service missionary.

The novelty of the new experience which I had entered into lost its illumination as the dreary darkened room of reality opened its heavy doors. The thickness of its air consumed the light of the Sabbath service. The barefoot "cholita" woman next to me was singing the words with zeal. I looked at her hymnbook. It was upside-down. Suddenly the charms of knowledge I had been given so freely and abundantly lost its ornamental quality.

The words of the song, I realized, were written for her and sung, perhaps, many years ago as she left the presence of our Father to enter a world that demanded from her a much greater sacrifice than I would ever know--a world filled with the bitterness of hunger, the pains of poverty and the bars of ignorance.

Suddenly she became the noble daughter and I the poor student with much to learn. My calling as a welfare sister became much less a sacrifice and much more a duty. I suppose it should have been funny to think that she was singing with the book upside-down but it was not. The amusement of the situation was quieted by the realization that for no greater deed of my own, my book was not.

I wanted to run and unlock all my doors of experience and knowledge and pile all into the room and onto her lap. No, that was foolish. I was to help her mold some keys of her own. She must open the doors herself.

After the meeting we asked the elders who the woman was. We wanted to meet her. They arranged a meeting. Wednesday afternoon we boarded a Micro-bus and headed for the "alto"--the highland plateau. The bus was crowded, the ride bumpy and uncomfortable as we slithered our way up the knotted roads to the village of Rio Seco. The elders led us to her home. It was one of those adobe dwellings that had seemed so quaint to me. The elders introduced us and then left.

We entered the small door of the little home. A clothesline had been strung across the room and two beds with torn and tattered spreads and a chair had been placed in the room. Pictures torn from the Book of Mormon and a couple of church posters, apparently given to her by the missionaries, were hung on the wall. The magical newness of the situation suddenly lost its wonderment, leaving a bitter taste in my mouth. The doors of reality were completely opened to me. I did not like what I saw. I wanted to close them up tight and forget, but I could not. This mud home belonged to my sister.

My companion began a light conversation of "How are you? How is your husband..." The dark shadows hid her eyes as she kept her head lowered during the conversation. The low whispered tones of her voice all seemed to add to the gloom. Ingeniously Sister Black came to the question: "Sister, would you like to learn to read?" Sister Choque lifted her head just an inch. Her eyes looked right at us. "Si, hermana." Sitting there she looked at us, her soft eyes gently penetrated my soul. I was a captive of her stare. With her eyes looking up, unshadowed, they were beautiful and full of potential. Sister, I thought, your eyes that today you see me with will someday look at inkmarks on a piece of paper and they will see meaning. Your eyes will be the most valuable tool of learning, for they will teach the greatest of all students, you.

I could go into detail of the lessons, frustrations and thrills of teaching literacy but it is sufficient to say the Sister Choque can now open the doors of the Scriptures and read. I suppose it is not such a great thing that most of us learned to read when we were still children. Hermana Choque always saw what I saw on a page. But she had not learned to take meaning from it, to understand it. In a way she was blind. What a miracle sight is. What horizons lie before her, if she will just look.

I visited Sister Choque last week. It had been six months since I had seen her. As we sat in her little home I remembered the dark gloom that only months before seemed to fill the home. Now it was light and pleasant. No furniture had changed. I chuckled. It was I who had been blind. I had looked at the funny blue prints of Bolivian culture and seen only what the untrained eye sees. I had to be taught the consonants of character, the vowels of individuality and the grammar of love that revealed their culture. I had bits and pieces of this but needed to learn to read what was before my eyes with the knowledge that we, you and

I, are children of God. What new horizons lie before
my new-found sight, if I but look.



Quilt dolls Jennie taught Relief
Society sisters to make
In Bolivia as welfare mission-
ary + nurse. Christmas dinner



EVENT NO. 54
Lisa Blair
Provo High School, 1977

The twenty-five yards of pool water seems distorted by the hundreds of people whipping their towels, playing cards, laughing and crying. I alienate myself from these surroundings. I envelope myself in a cocoon. I lower my head in deep concentration; I fold my hands lightly...but they are heavy against my stomach. All my expectations, hopes, and dreams are engulfed in my mind. My mind becomes my home. A blurred series of bare feet pass me. I am vaguely aware of noise; it all fuses together in a slow background beat. There are only two events left before my butterfly event. I am on a one-way road of no return.

"Event No. 53! Boys thirteen to fourteen: 100 yards butterfly....Last call."

The announcement penetrates, then registers. One more event, then mine. My middle churns. My pulse is a metronome. My arms tighten up like a wet towel being twisted to dry. I shake them. I shake one leg, then the other. My eyes focus on everything--yet I notice nothing. Familiar faces pass me, but I do not individualize them. I stay silent.

"First call! Event No. 54, 100 yards butterfly...girls fifteen to seventeen."

In a pensive daze I stumble to the table and receive my time card. For a fleeting instant I let the inevitable questions flash through my mind: Are all the hours, years, criticism, cold early morning workouts and damaged, bleached hair worth this one meet--this one race? These thoughts pound in my forehead. I become aware of my competitors sitting behind their blocks. I take my place. Mechanically I hand my damp, tattered time card to the timers. Behind me I hear the timers chuckle. I smile to myself. Somehow my cards always seem to end up crumpled. I glance at the starter. He is ready.

"Swimmers, are you ready Timers and judges, are you ready Swimmers on the blocks...Take your marks..."

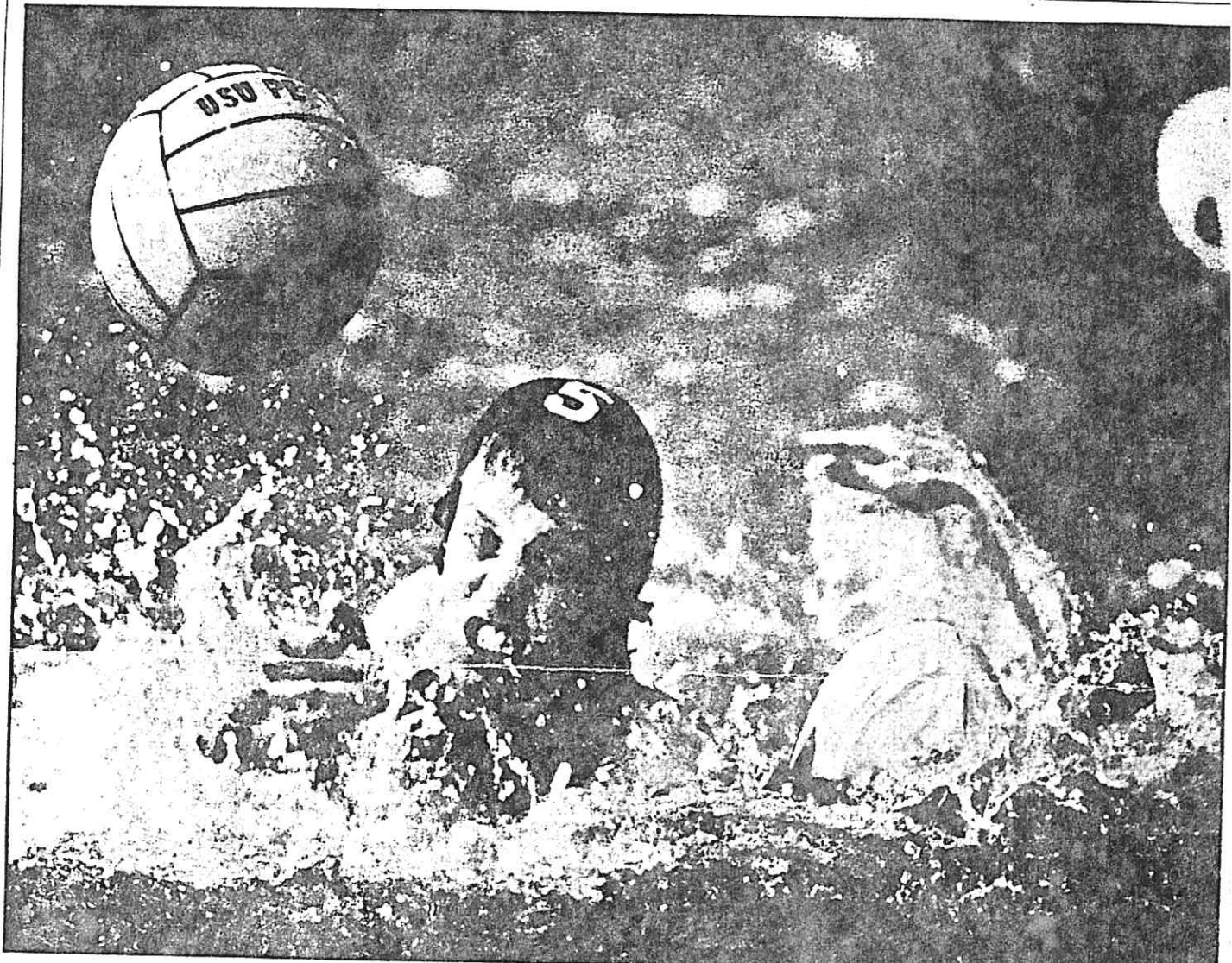
The whole race runs through my mind in instant "pre-play."

BANG!

Instinctively I leap from the block like a cougar springing at its prey. Then I hit the water. An inexplicable chill runs through me, a feeling of sanctity. It's as though I have studied for one single test. Then, the day of the test I am nervous--almost to a weakness. But, when the test is reality, I don't even have to think for the answers--they're just there! I become totally relaxed.

The water and I work together. We are friends. I am at home. I hear yelling. "Go!..Go!!..Go!!!" I smile to myself, relieving the tension; for I know I will not stop, I cannot. I am free! No churning stomach, no glazed eyes; just pure freedom. Freedom which I have earned. I see the wall, the prison door to stop my soul from soaring. I feel a strange, empty sadness. So much work for a finish, for that is where it all counts--the last ten yards.

My hands hit the wall. I cling tenaciously to the gutter. I breathe deeply. I am exhausted, drained and weak. Then I hear my time. New energy soars up and throughout my body. It was worth those long, long hours of work and all those stubborn dreams. It was worth that flash of fleeting freedom in that moment of utter exhaustion.



Competitive splashing around the HPER pool Dell, our first swimming champ

Paul Carter/Herald Journal

over. Over your — — — — —

Vital Statistics

Robert W. Blair, sealed 17 Aug, 1954; endowed June, 1950; born 25 Sep 1930 in Santa Barbara, California; blessed 21 Oct (or Nov or Dec??), 1930 by Wallace Blair (father); baptized 31 Dec, 1938 by Lavar Earl; confirmed 01 Jan, 1939 by Wallace Blair (father); deacon 04 Oct 1942 by Vernon Redford (cousin); teacher 25 Nov 45 by David Harris (missionary; priest 23 Nov 47 by William Hay; elder 04 Dec 49 by Keith M. Ray; seventy 24 or 29 Jan, 1969 in SLC by Dilworth S. Young; high priest 02 Apr, 1977 by John Christiansen (stake president).

Julia G. Groberg Blair, born 28 Dec, 1932 in Idaho Falls, Idaho; blessed 05 Mar, 1933 by D. V. Groberg (father); baptized 04 Jan, 1941 by Egbert R. Lindsay; confirmed 05 Jan, 1941 by D. V. Groberg; sealed 17 Aug, 1954.

Delbert Wallace Blair, born 11 Aug, 1956 in Provo, Utah; blessed 02 Sep, 1956 by RWB (father); baptized 05 Dec, 1964 by RWB; confirmed 06 Dec., 1964 by RWB; deacon 11 Aug, 1968 by RWB; teacher 16 Aug, 1970 by RWB; priest 27 Aug, 1972 by RWB; elder 11 Aug, 1974 by RWB; endowed 13 Aug, 1975 at Provo Temple; sealed Jul, 1983 at Jordan River Temple.

Robert Groberg Blair, born 07 Nov, 1958 in Bloomington, Indiana; blessed 07 Dec, 1958 by RWB; baptized 03 Dec, 1966 by RWB; confirmed 04 Dec, 1966 by RWB; deacon 22 Nov, 1970 by RWB; priest 10 Nov, 1974 by RWB; elder 22 Jan, 1978 by RWB; endowed 11 May, 1978 at Idaho Falls Temple.

Jenette Blair, born 08 Mar, 1960 in Provo, Utah; blessed 27 Mar, 1960 by RWB; baptized 30 Mar, 1968 by RWB; confirmed 31 Mar, 1968 by RWB; endowed 10 Oct, 1981 at Provo Temple.

Elizabeth Blair, born 29 Mar, 1961 in Provo, Utah; blessed 07 May, 1961 by RWB; baptized 03 May, 1969; confirmed 04 May, 1969; endowed 31 Jul, 1982 at Provo.

James Groberg Blair, born Aug 25, 1969 in Provo, Utah; blessed 28 Sep, 1969 by RWB; baptized 24 Sep, 1977 by RWB; confirmed 25 Sep, 1977 by RWB; deacon 30 Aug, 1981; teacher 28 Aug, 1983;

Benjamin Groberg Blair, born 7 Mar, 1973; blessed 01 Apr, 1973 by RWB; baptized 07 March, 1981 by RWB; confirmed 07 Mar, 1981 by RWB;

Carolyn Blair born 16 Dec, 1974 blessed 05 Jan, 1975 by RWB baptized 01 Jan, 1983 by Delbert W. Blair (brother) confirmed 01 Jan, 1983 by Robert G. Blair (brother)

The boards came down from its windows. Music filled it for the first time in 20 years. Through its faded red paint I could see, dimly, a cross.

By JULIA G. BLAIR, AS TOLD TO MARGARET BLAIR FOX

China was all foreign. Its blue mountains, sharp and steep as arrowheads, were different from Utah's familiar Squaw Peak, Mount Timpanogos, or Mount Nebo. Its verdant fields spread all around us. Placid water buffalo pulled strangely shaped plows through rice paddies. Pressed duck hung from communal rafters. Vendors peddled hot sweet potatoes or sugar cane juice.

To the Chinese, my husband and I were as foreign as moon rocks. Curious, they crowded around us: toothless, hobbling old women whose feet once had been bound; slender street vendors; commune farmers; cadres; all wearing nondescript blue uniforms that defined their Communist equality.

Some had heard that we were teachers, spending a year in Shandong, Jinan. Certainly we were not Chinese. And that left only one other category: foreign devils.

Though the People's Republic seeks to point its teeming population to the future, much we saw—ancestral temples, shrines, altars—were monuments to the past, tombs in both a real and a symbolic sense. Many lay in ruins.

We looked for churches, only to find that they had been turned into small factories, granaries, even apartments. Some were simply boarded up, abandoned, defaced. Through the faded red paint of one near the university I saw the dim outline of a cross.

As Americans in China, we were a novelty; as Christians, we were relics, a fact I realized as Christmas approached. My students had asked me to tell them about Christmas.

Where to begin? I'd been raised on the Christmas story. But my students were completely unfamiliar with Christian traditions. I began unsurely, speaking of the Nativity in the simplest words I knew. Gabriel. Mary. Elizabeth. Joseph. The star. Angels. Shepherds. The Wise Men. The Babe. The hopes and fears of all the years. Peace on earth, good will toward men . . .

The class stirred uneasily. "Do—do you really believe in God?" a student asked, his eyes hoping I would say No.

"I do," I said softly.

My generally quiet and polite class became a laughing mob, demanding with mawkish sarcasm: "Do you pray to Him?" "Does He answer your prayers?" "Where is He?" "Is He in your heart?" "Is He everywhere?" I stood, dismayed and silent, as the harangue ebbed to a self-conscious giggling and at last, a tense hush.

I spoke quietly. "In every way, I've found you to be the most gracious and hospitable people I've ever met. You've been misinformed if you've been taught it is proper to mock someone's beliefs. My belief in God and in Christianity—and Yes, in Christmas—is precious to me."

Oral examinations began the following week. These were personal tests, and I concluded each by asking the student if he had any questions. Almost invariably, the issue of religion came up again. But there was no derision this time.

A shy girl with stark features and a short, practical haircut shifted her eyes from my face to the floor as she said, "Please forgive us for our impolite behavior. We have been taught that religion is only for the uneducated and superstitious. We have been taught to laugh at it."

Even after I assured her there were no hard feelings, she remained seated, clearly nervous. "One more thing," she said, swallowing and instinctively glancing around. "My grandmother was a Christian." Another student revealed that he had a Christian uncle. Another had learned only within the past month that her mother was Christian.

I learned two lessons from the oral exams. First, religion was not a subject for open discussion. Second, the Christian schools that had trained Chinese of the pre-Communist era had left a legacy.

Christmas brought an unexpected gift: That little red, "crucified" church was resurrected. Its doors opened for the first time in twenty years. The boards came down from its windows. Music filled it once more. The Gang of Four was out of favor and out of office. A degree of religious tolerance had returned to China.

On Christmas Eve a crowd of very old and very young gathered in the church. Many of the old women wept. Once they had watched youth of the Red Guard throw rocks through the stained-glass windows, hack the organ and piano to pieces, and ravage the building.

Now, halting voices, long unused in public worship, searched for the words of the Lord's Prayer: "Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."

After twenty years of silence, there was music. I sang in English:

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight."

Never had the meaning of the words penetrated so deeply. Then there was the Christmas story, never told more feelingly.

Afterward, an old white-haired woman, her face wrinkled and wet with tears, told me: "We knew your parents, the missionaries. We welcome you."

She took my hand, and I nodded thanks. No, my parents were not missionaries in China. But in this moment I was not one person, but a nation; and this old Chinese Christian was a church that for years had waited and kept the faith. And at last we were one again.

That Christmas service in the little red church was one of China's many gifts to me, and the one I would return. To all my students, to all the toothless old women, the vendors, the cadres, the barefooted children—to all my friends in China I would give Christmas. And with it a prayer—that in thy dark streets may shine the everlasting light.

Margaret Blair Fox resides in Houston, Texas. Julia G. Blair is her mother.



In China

Sept.

1980

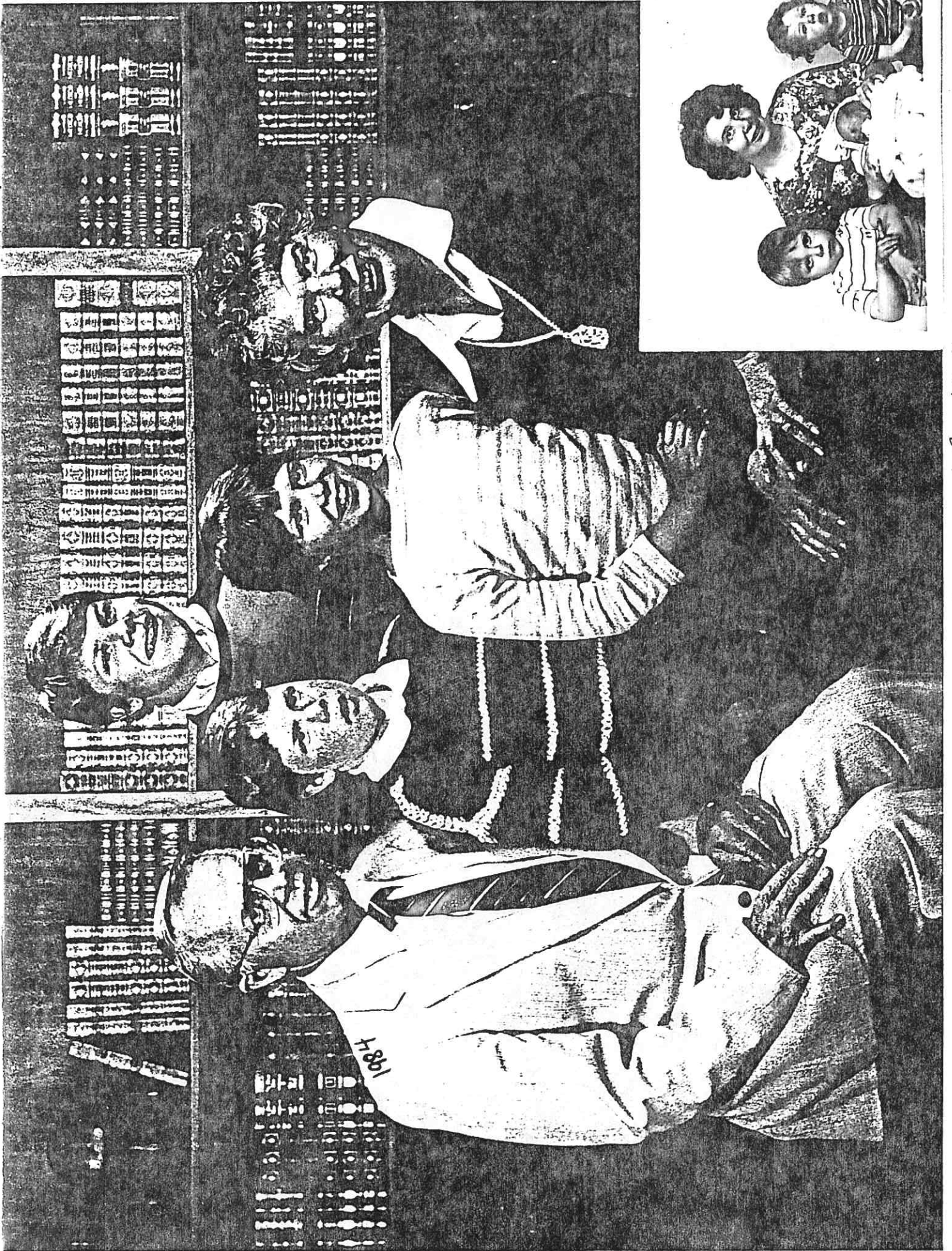
Below:

*Carolyn
with kinder-
garten friends*

China -

May - 1981

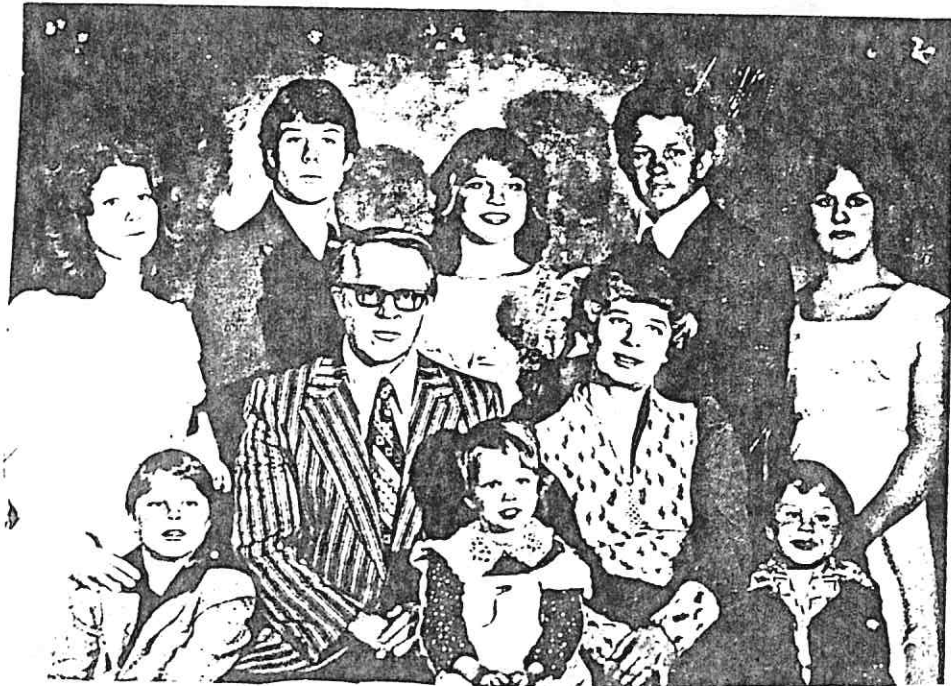




The "second" family 1984



1975- with Carolyn



Blair Clan 1978

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

ENTER ALL DATA IN THIS ORDER:
 DATES: 14 Apr 1794

NAMES: WATSON, John Henry
 PLACES: Sharon, Wndsr, Yrnm

To indicate that a child is an ancestor of the family representative, place an "X" behind the number pertaining to that child.

HUSBAND FOX, Angus Cannon III
 Born October 23, 1949 Place PATO, ANTIQUILA, COLOMBIA, SOUTH AMERICA
 Ch. AUGUST 21, 1979 Place IDAHO FALLS TEMPLE, IDAHO, USA
 Mar. _____ Place _____
 Died _____ Place _____
 Bur. HUSBAND'S FOX, Angus Cannon Jr. Place _____
 HUSBAND'S FATHER HUSBAND'S WHITE, Geraldine
 OTHER WIVES _____

WIFE BLAIR, Margaret Jean
 Born June 7, 1955 Place PROVO, UTAH, UTAH
 Ch. _____ Place _____
 Died _____ Place _____
 Bur. _____ Place _____
 WIFE'S FATHER WIFE'S GROBERG, Julia Gay
 MOTHER _____

CHILDREN	SEX	LIL Dech Child (Whether Living or Dead) in Order of Birth	SURNAME (CAPITALIZED)	GIVEN NAMES	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE TO WHOM	WHEN DIED	RELATION OF F.R. TO HUSBAND	RELATION OF F.R. TO WIFE	BAPTIZED (DATE)	ENDOWED (DATE)	SEALED (DATE)	SEALED (DATE)
					DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY								
1	F		FOX	Kaila Corinne	23	Nov.	1980	TUSTIN	ORANGE	CALIF.				WIFE	28 July 1963	April 14, 1968	Aug. 2, 1979	///
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SOURCES OF INFORMATION _____ OTHER MARRIAGES _____ NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS _____

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

ENTER ALL DATA IN THIS ORDER:
 NAMES: WATSON, John Henry
 DATES: 14 Apr 1794
 PLACES: Sharon, Wndsr, Vrmn
 To indicate that a child is an ancestor of the family representative, place an "X" behind the number pertaining to that child.

<p>HUSBAND <u>BLAIR, Delbert Wallace</u> Husband BLAIR, Delbert Wallace Born <u>11 August, 1956</u> Place <u>Provo, Utah, Utah, USA</u> Chr. _____ Place _____ Died <u>29 July, 1983</u> Place <u>Jordan River Temple, South Jordan, Utah, USA</u> Bur. _____ Place _____ HUSBAND'S HUSBANDS: <u>BLAIR, Robert Wallace</u> HUSBAND'S HUSBANDS: <u>GROBERG, Julia Gay</u> OTHER WIVES: _____ MOTHER: _____</p>										Word <u>1.</u> Examiners: <u>2.</u> State or Mission _____		NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTING RECORD _____																																																																																																																																			
<p>WIFE <u>NAUMANN, Kathleen</u> Wife NAUMANN, Kathleen Born <u>24 April 1960</u> Place <u>Brigham City, Box Elder, Utah</u> Chr. _____ Place _____ Died _____ Place _____ Bur. _____ Place _____ WIFE'S WIFE'S: <u>NAUMANN, John Robert</u> WIFE'S WIFE'S: <u>MORRELL, Ruth</u> OTHER WIVES: _____ MOTHER: _____</p>										Temple Ordinance Data BAPTIZED (DATE) _____ ENDOWED (DATE) _____ HUSBAND _____ WIFE _____ WIFE _____ HUSBAND _____		RELATION OF F.R. TO HUSBAND _____ RELATION OF F.R. TO WIFE _____ BAPTIZED (DATE) _____ ENDOWED (DATE) _____ HUSBAND _____ WIFE _____																																																																																																																																			
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Jean Sabin
&
John Holbrook

GROBERG
FAMILY

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE JOHN H. GROBERG FAMILY

Written in May 1984

John Holbrook Groberg and Jean Sabin were married on September 6, 1957, in the Los Angeles Temple with Pres. Benjamin Bowering officiating. This was the formal beginning of our family.

John had just returned from his mission to Tonga the end of June, and he and his father stopped in California on their way home. Then John visited with Jean even before his own family in Idaho Falls. It was easy to see that the feelings shared between John and Jean over the previous five years (two at BYU and three through letters to and from Tonga) were as strong, if not stronger, than ever.

Jean was invited to and attended John's welcome home in July as his fiancee. The actual date of the wedding was largely determined by Jean's father's working on the U-2 spy plane. This was a top secret plane, and he worked around the clock in locked quarters. September 6 was his first break.

We spent a brief honeymoon at Balboa (Lido Isle) and Laguna Beach after one of the Sabin's neighbors offered their beach home for the purpose. We also were able to go thru the temples in St. George and Manti, and enjoyed a few days at Jenny's Lake, Wyoming, and an open house in Idaho Falls before settling in at the duplex at 764 North 9th East in time for school at BYU. Bob and Julia Blair had just vacated the duplex prior to their going to school at Bloomington, Indiana.

John had two years left to graduate but decided to get it over with in one, so that year (including summer term) was very hectic. John was so used to eating fish in Tonga that it took time readjust to an American diet. Jean was faithful and did all she could to cook fish several times a week. When she became pregnant and had morning sickness, the smell of fish was a real test. She passed it well, but we also gradually dropped fish.

Jean taught school on a substitute basis and made enough money to buy the food. John had a part time accounting job, and with help from Dad we made ends meet.

We enjoyed the 13th Ward where John worked in the MIA and Jean in the Primary.

We repainted and re-wallpapered the duplex and tried to make it feel like home. We planned a trip to California to visit Jean's folks during the Christmas and New Years' break. However, just a few weeks before Christmas Bro. Gordon B. Hinckley (not then a General Authority)



Cousins Club - B.Y.U.

called and asked what John was planning for the holiday break. When told they were going to visit Jean's folks, Bro. Hinckley said that a recent assignment from the First Presidency would change that. He then asked John to spend that time in the Salt Lake Temple working on and memorizing a major part of the Tongan temple ceremony which was recorded and filmed and used for many years in the New Zealand Temple. Jean probably got an inkling of what was in store for the future. However, she did go to California with Grandma and Grandpa Groberg, and John joined her later for one or two days.

After promised credit for the Tongan language was rejected (because no one could give a test) it appeared that another year at BYU was needed. However, John was itching to get to work, so all stops were pulled and 34 hours were taken in a non-stop summer schedule, and graduation requirements were met by August of 1958.

We then moved to Idaho Falls where we rented an apartment (#18) at the old Avalon. It was located in the 6th Ward, and how we enjoyed our year there. John taught the Gospel Doctrine class, and both he and Jean worked in the mutual.

Nancy Jean was born in Idaho Falls on October 24, 1958. (Dr. Leavitt was our doctor and would end up delivering nine of our eleven children.) John was out trying to sell a house when Grandma Groberg took Jean to her regular doctor's appointment. He said for her to go straight to the hospital. John made the sale and got to the hospital before the baby was born (and has been able to be present for the birth of each of the children.)

We thoroughly enjoyed our year at Idaho Falls; but because of a good scholarship to Indiana University, we decided to go there for an MBA in the fall of 1959. We drove back, pulling a U-Haul trailer. We nearly got blown over by strong winds near Laramie, Wyoming, but finally made it. It was a beautiful and interesting drive. At one gas stop in Chicago, one of the attendants asked us how we could stand the winters in Idaho. We found out that they are worse in Indiana!

We moved into 9-5 Hoosier Courts, Bloomington, which had just been vacated by the Blairs. We went to an auction down in Kentucky and got a bed for \$7.00. It was our first "owned" bed and was worth the whole \$7.00 we paid for it.

School was a delight. The classes were challenging and the ward was wonderful. John taught the Gospel Doctrine class and was the scoutmaster, and Jean worked in MIA, Relief Society and genealogy.

We had lots of friends--many from BYU and others made there at I.U. We were able to help convert and baptize Gail Webster (and reactivate her husband, Rick) and had many other choice missionary experiences.

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 His 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. Drobny

The cultural and academic opportunities were truly outstanding, and we both enjoyed every minute at I.U. We did travel back by train to Idaho Falls during the Christmas break with then toddler Nancy. (The train broke down somewhere in Wyoming, and it was really cold, but they soon got it going again.) Jean's parents and little brother, John, came out for a visit; and together we had an enjoyable tour of Church and American history sights in the East.

We graduated from I.U. in August of 1960 with an MBA, and despite several excellent job offers in the East, we moved back to Idaho Falls. We bought a house at 1060 Orlin Drive and started to work again.

Elizabeth was born on October 6, 1960 in Idaho Falls.

We very much enjoyed the 26th Ward where we lived. John worked in the mutual again, and Jean through the years worked in Sunday School, Relief Society presidency, MIA presidency, Primary, and stake Relief Society board. At the end of November 1961 our stake was divided and our bishop, Harold Davis, was made stake president. John was interviewed by Elder Spencer W. Kimball to be a member of the stake mission presidency. He served there for just a few weeks when he was called to be bishop of the 26th Ward. (Elder Kimball's interview was really for bishop, but he had to then take the name back to the First Presidency before approval was given.)

Our ward met in the same building as Grandma and Grandpa Groberg's ward. On December 17th John and Jean asked Grandma and Grandpa Groberg if they wanted to come to church in the 26th Ward. They said they would be happy to watch Nancy and Liz at home for us, but when Pres. Davis said they might find the meeting interesting, they came and were there to raise their hands as John was sustained as bishop. It was a hectic time as we had to find another place to meet and hold tithing settlement and lay plans to build a new building as soon as possible. We started with around 500 members and grew to between 1100 and 1200 before we were divided nearly two years later.

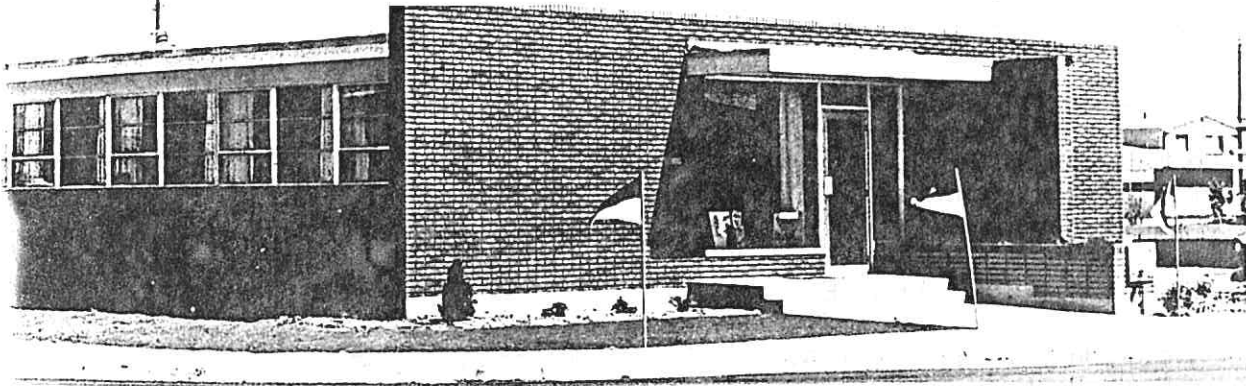
What a great opportunity to be a bishop--challenging, time consuming, and rewarding!

Marilyn was born on October 10, 1962 in Idaho Falls.

One Sunday John received a call at the bishop's office from a neighbor who told him that Liz had been running with some scissors and had fallen, and they had pierced an artery in her arm, and she was bleeding terribly. The neighbor had taken Jean and Liz to the hospital. John quickly terminated the meeting and got there to find that all was well. The Lord looks after those who try to help others.

The years from 1961 to 1966 were some of the most enjoyable years of our lives. Business was good, the ward was growing, our family was a

D. V. GROBERG COMPANY Office Building



Office building of the D V
Groberg Company at 1605 South
Woodruff



JOHN H. GROBERG



Liz



Marilyn 82

joy, we had wonderful friends and countless meaningful activities. We didn't ever want it to end. Our ward was divided in 1964, but John stayed as bishop of the 26th Ward.

Jane was born on October 11, 1964.

We moved into our brand new dream home that we had planned and designed and built at 1269 Homer Avenue in November of 1964 among almost hand-picked neighbors who could not have been more helpful. It was a glorious and busy time. We felt content to welcome grandchildren and to remain there always.

We took a trip with the Rod Smiths to Hawaii in the summer of 1965 "because we may never get there again." Little did we know.

Our ward chapel was built largely by our own ward members and was a source of joy and pride to all who worked on it. The Lord truly blessed us, and we were able to donate more money to the building fund than we had made just a year or two before. We started the building in 1963. The winter of 63-64 was one of the worst in Idaho Falls. It snowed in October, and we did not see the bare streets again until May. The Church Building Department encouraged us to close the project down and wait till spring, but John had had enough building experience to know that you always lose when you close a project down, so forward we went thru that terrible winter. Often the crews would spend half their time shoveling snow or chipping ice, but we got it built!

During these years, Jean mostly taught Relief Society and enjoyed being the bishop's wife. The 26th Ward building was finally finished and dedicated on February 14, 1965. The one assigned was Elder Gordon B. Hinckley. What a glorious time we had. He asked for a copy or transcript of the dedication service. We stayed up one whole night writing and typing to get it in the mail to him.

There was a feeling of deep content in the spring of 1966. Business was booming, the meeting house was dedicated, our new home was perfect, our family was well and growing (a new addition was expected in May,) we were close to loved ones, and it is hard to imagine how things could have been better. But the Lord knows and understands things that we don't, and so one day a special letter from Salt Lake City arrived. John had a sort of heavy feeling at work and left mid-afternoon to go home and see how Jean was. She was softly weeping and told John that nothing was physically wrong, but he had better read the mail from Salt Lake City, especially the one addressed to "Elder" John H. Groberg. He asked her what it said, and she replied she didn't know because she hadn't opened it, but she sensed something when she saw it.

Sure enough it was a call from Pres. McKay to serve as a mission president and report in Salt Lake City in mid June. John read the letter and then asked Jean, "How quickly can you have that baby?"

Churchmen In Idaho Fo

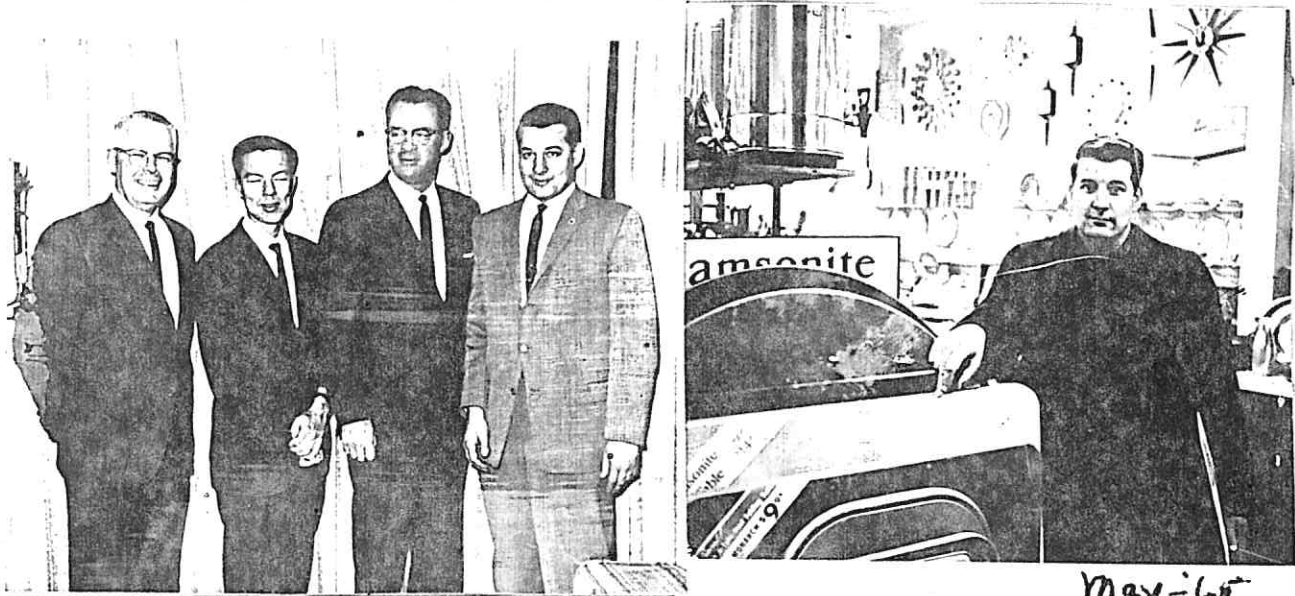
GROUNDBREAKING



MEMBERS OF THE bishopric of the Idaho Falls 26th LDS Ward bend their backs to turn the first earth to signal beginning of construction of a new \$302,000 chapel at 12th St. and Woodruff Ave. Taking part in the groundbreaking are, left to right,

Dan H. Stoddard, first counselor; John H. Groberg, bishop, and Ray Longhurst, second counselor. The ceremonies took place Thursday night and work began Friday morning. (Post-Register Staff Photo)





1965 Vice Pres. Idaho State Realtors



John and Jean with brother
Richard and wife Barbara and
John's parents.

Home at 1269 Homer in Idaho Falls



..... Below, Mrs. Joan Groberg, 1060 Orlin Dr., is teaching her two daughters, Nancy Jean, 3, and Elizabeth, 1, the arts of good grooming.



She asked, "Why?"

He replied, "Because we need to be in Salt Lake City in June to go on a mission."

The letter didn't say anything about telling others, so we kept it quiet. John hinted around to the stake president but could tell he didn't know anything. After about a week Orin Woodbury came up, and he and Dad came over to visit. Orin was talking openly about his call to preside over the Hawaii Mission. We had not seen his picture in the Church News so asked about how he knew and talked about it, etc. He replied that you are not to talk about the phone call (we received none) but once the letter came you could talk about it openly. Dad was so thrilled for Orin. Later when Orin left we got Dad aside and said, "Speaking of mission calls, read this."

It was a great thrill to start the movements necessary for this new adventure. The house was leased for three years, the business wound up or turned to others, John was released as bishop, passports and shots were obtained by all. (We knew by now we were going to Tonga.)

Gayle was born on May 16, 1966. (Her passport shows her baby picture with age as "1 day.") And when Gayle was five weeks old we left for Salt Lake City and the New Mission Presidents Seminar. Nancy was seven, Liz five, Marilyn three, Jane one, and Gayle six weeks old when we left for Tonga. Nancy especially didn't want to leave her friends, but the adventure was alluring to everyone.

The seminar was outstanding, and we felt that even if we didn't go on the mission the seminar was worth all the effort. John was set apart by Pres. Hugh B. Brown, and Jean by Elder Thomas S. Monson, who set her apart to serve as a missionary "in a foreign land," thus fulfilling a section of her patriarchal blessing given many years before.

The flight to Hawaii where we spent a few days and on to Fiji and over to Tonga was eventful and suspenseful. Liz spilled a glass of hot chocolate all over her new dress. The Pan Am stewardess cleaned her up, took her dress and washed it and dried it and had it on her clean and fresh after the all night flight. We have felt good towards Pan Am ever since then.

The years in Tonga could be a whole book in and of themselves, but for here just a brief listing of some of the major events.

After a few weeks John wanted to write to Salt Lake City and tell them to send a business agent to be mission president and let him go out and proselyte so overwhelming seemed the administrative load. (There were 11 districts, 123 branches, 3 countries, 6500 members, 200 or so missionaries; and it was all in the mission.) He, of course, did not write, and things smoothed out.



Mission farwell
1966



Jane & Gayle

The country of Tonga was still mourning the recent passing of Queen Salote and Prince Tungi was to be crowned the new King--Taufa'ahau Tupou IV. Nancy and Liz enrolled at the Liahona Side School. Later Marilyn went to kindergarten at Tonga High Side School and first grade at Liahona. Our last year there Jane attended the Mata'aho Kindergarten where she became quite fluent in speaking Tongan with her friends. She would switch immediately to English if we appeared on the scene. Baby Gayle made a hit with her white hair as she toured throughout the mission with Mom and Dad.

Special mention must be made of the events surrounding the birth of John Enoch. Grandma Groberg was in Tonga for the important event, and all seemed well as the supposedly healthy ten-pound boy arrived on March 17, 1968. But within a short time problems became apparent. He soon developed a horrible rash (infant impetigo) and started violent vomiting. He dehydrated terribly. As he grew weaker and weaker our anxiety increased. Many petitions to the Lord for his well being were made, but he continued to lose ground. Dr. Tapa, the head government medical officer, personally took his case but had limited diagnostic facilities. They were most concerned but were unable to help. After being up with him for three days and nights and trying to get some fluids down him with an eye dropper (to no avail,) it seemed that the end was near. The morning of the third day, a knock came at the door; and a Tongan messenger from the mission simply said, "President, we thought you would like to know that John Enoch will be okay, but you should take him to America." He informed us that all the members had fasted and prayed for him and had just broken their fast and had had it made known that he would be okay. What faith they have (the faith of many others was evident as well.) Elder Thomas S. Monson who had been in Tonga on mission business during part of this time had recommended that John Enoch be sent home if there were additional problems. John Enoch spent 48 hours (until the next plane out) in the "hospital" with an I.V. tube into his ankle to attempt to rehydrate him so he could make the trip to America. We got the necessary papers, and Jean and John and Grandma Groberg left for Fiji where John stayed but Jean and Grandma Groberg went on to Salt Lake City and the Primary Childrens Hospital where John E.'s problems were determined and rectified (also at the Utah Valley Hospital with Dr. Hatch.) The miracle happened and John E. was moved from death to life. At this writing he is a husky, healthy 16-year-old.

His condition was such that he had to stay in America. Jean stayed for two or three months; and then when it was determined that he would be okay, she returned to Tonga, leaving John E. in the loving care of Grandma and Grandpa Sabin for a while and then Grandma and Grandpa Groberg until we returned home. One interesting sidelight was a promise given to Jean in her patriarchal blessing that she would serve a mission in a foreign land and return home bearing her sheaves with her. As she brought John E. with her, a literal fulfillment of that promise took place.

John
Enoch
5 months



6

Grandpa Sabin - Gr. Grandpa Holbrook K - John Enoch
Gr. Ma Groberg

How we hated to leave Tonga after three years. So much had happened that would change our lives forever. Nancy was baptized in Ha'apai on December 17, 1966 and Liz also was baptized there on October 12, 1968.

We enjoyed a few family vacation-type trips to Fiji. We had such special helpers in various housegirls, cooks, counselors, assistants, drivers, workers, etc. that we could never thank them enough for all they did for us.

It was a sad day indeed when we bid farewell to Grandma and Grandpa and Uncle John Sabin (who had come down to visit Tonga and help us pack to move back) and Nancy and Liz and Marilyn on the S.S. Canberra bound for Honolulu. They flew from there to Salt Lake City. Jean and John and Jane and Gayle flew to Fiji, then to Tahiti, then home where we all rendezvoused in Salt Lake City and then flew together to Idaho Falls.

What a thrill to see John E. now nearly a year and a half old. But he didn't know us and wouldn't come to us but clung to Grandma and Grandpa Groberg. It was a difficult time as he contracted lots of problems from the bugs we brought with us, but over a period of time we weaned him away from Grandma and Grandpa Groberg and George.

We got settled in August and started back in business, neighborhood, school, church, etc. John served briefly on the high council and then in September he was called as a Regional Representative of the Twelve. His first assignment was regional meetings in Samoa and Tonga which called for his return on November 25th--the very day our next child was due. Some changes were made, and John arrived home about 11:00 p.m. on the 24th; and Susan was born in the early hours on November 25, 1969.

For the next six-and-one-half years John was commuting back and forth to the Pacific four to seven times per year, being gone two to three or more weeks at a time. On one occasion Pres. Kimball asked him to handle a special problem which John said "could take some time" to which Pres. Kimball said, "Yes, but tell your wife you won't be gone more than six months." (It turned out to be only two-plus months.)

During this period, Jean kept the home fires of love burning brightly. John often came home with muumuus for the girls and Jean and nearly every time they seemed to fit.

Thomas was born on July 13, 1971, and Jennie Marie arrived on October 26, 1973.

On two or three occasions Jean was able to accompany John on these regional meetings. One notable trip was while she was still nursing Jennie and we went with Sister Ardeth Kapp (and some others) to Samoa, Tonga, Rarotonga, and Tahiti, etc. Sister Kapp tended Jennie a lot and developed a close feeling that is still there.



Nancy

Gayle

Liz

Jane

Marilyn



Susan



Tom



Jennie Marie

During this period dozens of regional meetings and stake conferences were held. Many stakes were created in Tonga and Samoa. John went at various times with Elder Kimball, Elder Stapley, Elder Peterson, Elder Hunter, Elder Hinckley, Elder Monson, Elder Packer, and others.

Viki Ann was born on July 22, 1975, to bring our children to eight girls and two boys.

In the fall of 1975 Nancy was a senior in Idaho Falls High; Liz, a sophomore; Marilyn, in eighth grade; Jane, sixth; Gayle, fourth; and John E., second and Susan attended a private kindergarten. They attended Teresa Bunker Elementary and Clair E. Gail Junior High and Idaho Falls High School. Nancy was on the tennis team and did very well. She dated the student body president but was more interested in sports. They all did well in school and were active in the Church and had wonderful friends, etc. Jean continued largely in her Relief Society callings, had lots of good neighbors and friends, and kept the whole family fed and happy. The business was doing very well and our Three Fountains development after several years of slow movement was really taking off.

John was extended a release as Regional Representative near the end of 1975, and it looked like we might be altogether in a stable situation for the foreseeable future; but the Lord alone truly sees the future; and in March of 1976 John got a call from Pres. Kimball to come and visit him.

The call was issued to serve in the Seventies; (the First Quorum wasn't reconstituted for another six months) and on April 3, 1976, with the sustaining of the new Brethren (Elders Asay, Ballard, Groberg, and de Jager) our lives were changed again.

For our first assignment we were asked to move to Hawaii and supervise the work in the Pacific Islands. We again started the events necessary to accomplish this. Joe moved from Denver and bought the 1269 Homer Avenue home. We made a few trips to Hawaii to try to locate a home there, and school records and passports and other items were again processed.

We moved to Honolulu in late July of 1976. John and Jean went on a tour "down south" and Nancy watched the family. When we returned, Nancy left for school at BYU, and Liz and Marilyn registered at Kalani High (ninth grade was high school there.) Jane started at Kaimuki Junior High (but left to live with Beth and attend junior high in Auburn, Washington, for a while.) Gayle and John and Sue and Tom all started at Kahala Elementary. How everyone enjoyed the freedom from shoes and cold, etc.

The house we rented at 1045 Iiwi Street was very cramped, and Jean personally searched for several months before she found "the right one"

On Accepting the Call

Elder John H. Groberg
Of the First Quorum of the Seventy



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 Atū* (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.

Four thoughts on entering the First Quorum of the Seventy

THE ENSIGN/MAY 1976 39



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

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 Ball, Elder John H. Groberg, and Elder Jacob deJager.

at 4452 Aukai. It was a lovely place with a large swimming pool. Everyone learned to swim.

During this time our last child, Emily Leilani, was born on October 10, 1977. We had gone home for conference and were to return by October 10 as November 10 was Jean's due date. We visited Jane at Beth's place in Auburn, and things started to happen; so Emily was born in Renton, Washington, instead of Honolulu, Hawaii. All went well, and when she was four days old we returned to Hawaii.

Susan was baptized in the Honolulu Stake Center on November 26, 1977.

We took a family trip to Kona in July 1977. (John had to leave to help make the Kauai Stake, and when he got back Nancy had a terrible ear infection and Gayle had broken her arm.) Dick and Barbara came over for a while. We had an old six-door car we called the B.O.T. (Big Old Thing) and traveled all over the big island.

Again there were so many, many experiences in Hawaii that it is hard to list them all. We enjoyed a visit from Grandma and Grandpa Sabin (actually just a few months before Grandpa Sabin passed away.) We also had a brief visit from Grandma and Grandpa Groberg which was cut short because of the death of Grandpa Groberg's sister, Maude. Several friends and relatives visited while we were in Hawaii. The children enjoyed the outings--especially to Molokai that the ward had each summer. They all developed lots of friends and generally enjoyed the whole experience.

We had some new experiences, especially with the IWY in an unfavorable way with lots of threats and harrassment, but things turned out okay as Pres. Tanner promised us they would.

In July of 1978 we returned to Salt Lake City and purchased our present home at 1188 Sunset Drive in Bountiful. John was assigned to work in the Genealogical Department and given the areas of Arizona and Nevada to supervise.

Nancy and Liz were both at the "Y", and the others in either Oak Hills Elementary or Mill Creek Junior High or Bountiful High. We have found Bountiful a very fine place to live. We have a great ward and neighborhood. Jean taught Primary for one-and-a-half years and has been a den mother for about four-and-a-half years and enjoys the experience.

John was appointed chairman of the World Conference on Records which took place in 1980. We all helped on that and enjoyed it greatly.

At the ground breaking for the Jordan River Temple (at which John gave a prayer) Liz introduced us to Karl Owens. The spark was there and



Back[↑] of home 1188 Sunset Dr.



Emily

on November 20, 1979, in the Salt Lake Temple Karl and Liz were married for time and all eternity with John officiating.

Nancy graduated from BYU in April of 1980 and worked for a year at Murdock Travel. She met Stephen Tingey, and it wasn't long until the rightness of that companionship was evident. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple on August 12, 1981, again with John officiating.

Liz and Karl stayed at BYU until Karl graduated, then they moved to Arizona where Karl got his MBA from ASU. Liz finally graduated from BYU in the spring of 1983. During the year 1983 we had six in college (counting Nancy and Steve, Liz and Karl, Marilyn and Jane,) one in high school, two in junior high, and four in grade school (counting Emily in kindergarten.) Every one has their challenges and going to "back to school nights" for us was one of ours (as well as keeping up on all the activities.)

Our first grandchild is Tyler John Owens, born September 13, 1982 to Liz and Karl. Our second grandchild is Joseph Stephen Tingey, born March 11, 1983 to Nancy and Steve. Our third grandchild is Whitney Owens, born March 26, 1984 to Karl and Liz.

Marilyn and Matt Powell's romance started their senior year in high school when they were both French Horn players in the All-State and Mormon Youth Symphonies. It has matured over the years and culminated in their getting married on April 24, 1984, in the Salt Lake Temple with John again officiating.

Stephen has graduated from law school and is now working in Salt Lake City. Karl is working in Houston. Matt and Marilyn are still in school at BYU and he plans on law school next year. Jane worked for a year after one year at BYU, but plans to go to Ricks during 1984. Gayle has had a busy year being elected student body secretary, Girls State governor, homecoming queen attendant, member of madrigals, etc. She will start at BYU this fall.

John is in the tenth grade, is a priest, a good student, plays in the band, etc. Sue is in eighth grade, Tom in seventh and a deacon, Jennie in fifth, Viki in third, and Emily in the first grade. They all play the piano plus John the trumpet, Tom the clarinet and bassoon, Jennie the flute, and Gayle the guitar.

In the summer of 1983 we took the whole family (except the married ones) and spent a month in Tonga and Samoa and Fiji in connection with the temple open houses. We had an audience with the King and Queen who shook hands with each of the children. The feasts and dancing and singing, and especially being able to go thru the temple before it was dedicated, will long live in our memories. While we were there Viki turned eight and was baptized at Kala'au Beach, Tongatapu, on July 26, 1983.



Family at wedding of Liz and Karl



Stephen, Nancy and Joseph Tingey
98



Tyler John Owens

All of the children thru Sue have received their patriarchal blessings from Grandpa Groberg.

Over the years we have enjoyed vacations or outings at Aspen Grove; Macks Inn; Jackson, Wyoming, and other places. To celebrate our 25th Wedding Anniversary during the summer of 1982 we took the whole family (including the married ones) to Hawaii for a couple of weeks.

As of now we are all in good health and spirits and look forward to the D.V. Groberg Family Reunion in July 1984.



Marilyn and Matt
Just married

BRIEF LIFE SKETCH OF JEAN SABIN GROBERG

Merrill and Marie Sabin were giving a dinner party at their home in Payson, Utah. Their 20 month old daughter Marilyn Marie was toddling around enjoying the excitement when I decided to join the party as an un-invited guest. Perhaps you might call it my real birth-day party. I was born 30 August 1934 at home in Payson, Utah Co., Utah, the second child of Marie Elizabeth Huber and Merrill Rex Sabin. Our home (still existing on the Southeast corner of 2nd North and 4th East) was the home Mother grew up in as a child of Emma Hicks and Henry A. Huber. We enjoyed a happy rural life - even with the struggles of those depressed economic years. Daddy worked hard raising tomatoes, peas, sugar beets and grain. Mother worked beside him building a pleasant home for us and helping family, friends and neighbors.

A few early childhood memories include going to kindergarten at the Peteetneet School, picking violets that were blooming through the snow, visiting a widow Evans across the street, going to Grandma Sabin's in Salem and playing with cousins and swimming in the pond there. I also have fond memories of delicious dinners at "Aunt" Grace and "Uncle" Jack Oleson's pretty brick home in Payson, where my two favorite aunts - Deon and Dene - lived. They were young and beautiful and talented and would paint my fingernails for me. Grace and Jack had adopted the girls when mother and her brothers and sisters were orphaned and they filled the role of grandparents to us.

Our close friends and neighbors in Payson were the Edith and Heber Bauer family. They moved to California and took our "bosom buddy" Helen and her baby brother Boyd. How we missed them! The summer of 1940 we ventured across the desert in our Chevrolet to visit the Bauers. It turned out to be a rather "extended vacation" as Daddy found a job at Lockheed Aircraft Company in the maintenance department and we put down our family roots in Southern California.

We rented an apartment in Glendale, California where I attended first grade, then purchased a three bedroom "tract" home in Burbank, closer to Daddy's work. We soon found it was too close. As the war effort increased it was realized that Lockheed was a potential enemy target, camouflage began to cover much of the locality and the final straw was when the city installed a "smudge pot" right in front of our pretty white house! We sold the home having lived in it less than a year and moved to North Hollywood where we rented a one bedroom home located at 5653 Klump Ave.

There was a tiny one room guest cottage on the back of the yard. Marilyn and I called it "the play house" and we used it for our "private bedroom" much of the time. Other times we slept on a hide-a-bed in the living room. The eight years we lived there were happy growing years for girls and gardens. Our kindly Jewish landlord who lived next door shared a vacant lot to the North of us for a garden plot. Daddy and Mother worked diligently, and we tried to do our part, to grow delicious food for our table. I remember of being so proud that Daddy's corn was growing "high as an elephant's eye". There were two large apricot trees in the front yard that grew cots as large as peaches and we planted violets along the driveway. I did not like the cypress tree hedge nor the huge geranium bushes because they were always filled with spiders.

"Bosom Buddies" in kitchen of Vayson home
Marilyn Sabin, Helen Bauer, Jean Sabin



In front of "playhouse" - Klump St.



Jean
+
Marilyn
+
Boyd +
Helen
Bauer

We made many friends in the North Hollywood Ward who have influenced our lives through the years. The ward became home - the members like family. The church associations and activities were our social center. Daddy served many years in clerk and bishopric positions and Mother served in the Primary, Mutual and Relief Society. We felt the need to be an example of the believers to the many non-member friends and associates at school and were strengthened by having to stand up for our beliefs.

During these years I was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints on 5 September 1942 at the Glendale Ward, San Fernando Stake building, by Norman L. Jacobs. (In those days they were assigning Priesthood brethren to perform the ordinances. My father was certainly worthy and willing to do so, but it was someone else's turn.) I was confirmed a member of the true church on the following day in our North Hollywood Ward by Brother Richard L. Maxwell - one of the great teachers of the youth in our ward who had an impact for much good in my life.

I attended the Lankershim Elementary School from the last half of second grade through the sixth grade. During those World War II years we often had air-raid drills. The blinds were pulled on all the windows. We would huddle under our desks or in a central hallway with no windows until the "all-clear" siren would blow. At night when the sirens would sound we had to quickly turn off all our lights and stay indoors until the "black-out" was over. In the third grade we were taught to knit and spent time sitting in circles knitting afgan squares for the soldiers while our teacher would read to us. We had ration coupon books issued that had to be used to purchase certain scarce items.

For some of the war years Mother also had to go to work to help in the war effort. She did office work at Lockheed and Daddy had quickly moved from the maintenance department into production jobs. He became an expert cable splicer. I remember he would often bring home work and set up equipment to do splicing in our garage. I was fascinated watching his deft hands weave the wires together. One Christmas he gave us each a heart-shaped locket he had made of airplane window material with a tiny gold model of Lockheed's famous P-38 fighter plane inset into it. I wore it many years and have it still.

Daddy progressed in his work and moved into Experimental Development, known as "The Skunk Works". Here he was on the plumbing and controls crew connecting the controls the pilot uses to the parts of the airplane they manipulate. They built the first two models of each newly designed plane to be tested before they were put on the production line. He often worked on rigorous time schedules to meet government deadlines.

My sister Marilyn and I decided we would like to learn to play the violin. We took lessons from a Mr. Lawrence Carr. Marilyn was diligent and talented and progressed well. I struggled, having difficulty keeping my fingers in the right spots to stay in tune. Mr. Carr urged me to practice harder on my "intonation" and after sometime of my not practicing hard enough he finally suggested I try the piano instead. I did take part in the school orchestra for several years and with Marilyn occasionally played in Mr. Carr's own string group that he required his students to perform in for his Assembly of God church gatherings. I learned enough to really appreciate what goes into a well played violin or piano piece. After some time of not being any better at practicing the piano than I had the violin

and refusing to play for his church on Sundays, Mr. Carr quit coming to our lessons and thus ended my musical career. Years of experience later I am one of those who wishes I had paid the price then to have better developed musical abilities. I am glad our children have done much better and made music a real part of their lives. I do love music and enjoy singing and listening.

Marilyn continued on with her violin under a lovely LDS woman, Sybal Howard, and did become a very accomplished violinist and plays beautifully to this day. I will always be grateful to Marilyn for this as her violin played a major part in my eternal happiness, as will be mentioned later.

Our yearly vacations generally took the form of a trip from California to Utah to visit Grandma Nancy Jane Stone Sabin and other relatives in Salem and Payson. I have many choice memories of Grandma and happy times at her place. Grandpa Henry Sabin had died before my parents were married but remnants of the fabric of his hard working life were evident in the surroundings where he had lived and I had a great respect for him. I always wished I had been able to get to know all of my grandparents. I look forward to the time when I will. Grandma passed away when I was about 13 years old.

In 1947 we extended our usual trip to include a visit to Yellowstone National Park. We picked up Edith, Helen and Boyd Bauer in Provo to go with us. (Heber had contracted polio during the epidemic of 1943. His death was sudden and Edith returned to finish her degree and teach at the B.Y.U.) We also attended the centennial celebrations in Salt Lake City. I remember being a member of the crowd who viewed from a great distance back the dedication of the "This Is The Place" Monument in Emigration Canyon. This was my first occasion to see in person a prophet of God as President George Albert Smith dedicated the monument. I was thrilled!

Many happy family times were spent on shorter trips and outings - often shared with the Bauers or other friends, the Jim and Loretta Pratt family - to the beaches or mountains of California. As relatives or friends would come from out of state to visit we took them to see the sights of Southern California - Hollywood, Forrest Lawn, the Huntington Art Museum, Griffith Park Planetarium, the beach, etc., etc. My favorite place was Carpentaria Beach where we camped in what seemed to me a mountainous setting and walked to what seemed to me the smoothest sand and clearest sea one could ever hope to experience. I used to swim underwater with my eyes open! I have since experienced beautiful beaches and seas throughout the Pacific, but my love of the sea was started there.

I attended North Hollywood Jr. High. I was grateful for a few good friends who were members of the church. We were a very small minority but tried to give strength to each other. I was always grateful to have a beautiful and kind sister one and a half years ahead of me. It made those sensitive growing years easier. In my years at North Hollywood High School I especially appreciated this. Our school was quite large and had a strong "social clique" atmosphere. There were many social units sponsored by fraternities and sororities from the nearby colleges. The "in" or popular kids each affiliated with one particular social club or another. They wore sweaters or blazers denoting their particular attachments and had their "reserved" tables and spots to gather at lunchtime.

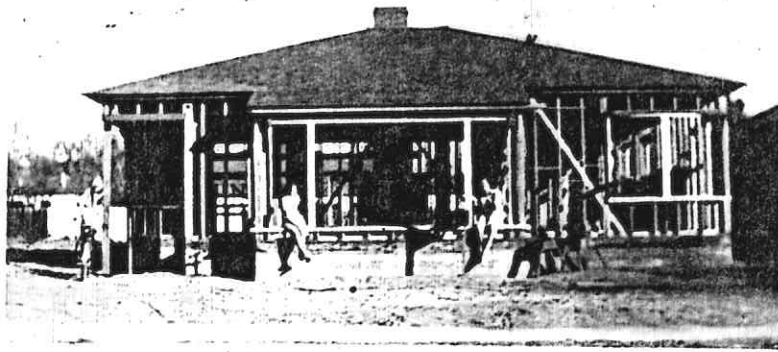
We LDS students clung together not wanting to join in with the type of activities many of the clubs were participating in. We wanted to organize in some way. We met together to make plans and called on Brother G. Byron Donne, who was then the director of the LDS Institute at the University of Southern California, for some counsel and direction. We submitted our ideas and desires to him the spring of my sophomore year. He said he would consider our needs and return with his counsel. Apparently at this same time there had been some preludes made into considering bringing the seminary program of the Church into Southern California and perhaps our group's desires helped to assure that the time was right. That fall of 1950 the North Hollywood Ward was one of five pilot programs to have early morning seminary. It was a great source of inspiration and strength to our group of youth. We had wonderful teachers and a tremendous spirit of love and unity among our group.

I should mention that after 8 years of paying rent and saving up money we built our "dream home" at 5738 Irvine Ave., in North Hollywood. We moved into this home in 1949 during my ninth grade year. Here we brought friends for food and fun and found peaceful refuge during the challenging teen-age years. Daddy and Mother did much of the work in building this home themselves. My parents have always shown by their example the value of good honest labor. Mother started making a beautiful hooked rug at the same time for the new home. It became an interesting contest to see what would be finished first. The home won! The rug was finished and held a place of honor in front of the hearth. It must have taken hundreds of hours. Mother started with white woolen material and dyed all the shades and tones of the many different colors. When dry the fabric was cut into narrow strips which were carefully pulled into loops with a hook through the holes of the burlap to "paint" the intricate floral pattern. I was thrilled when allowed to try my hand at hooking. It was a family project of certain heirloom quality.

I always enjoyed creating with my hands, knitting, sewing, etc., have filled many hours. I took five semesters of ceramics in high school and enjoyed the potter's wheel the most. School was fun and challenging and I tried to get good grades. Usually I succeeded. I was a member of the scholarship club and various service clubs. I also served as secretary of our senior class.

March 1, 1950 I received my Patriarchal Blessing from Lafayette Orme. This has been a great source of guidance and comfort to me ever since.

To help to "pay my way" in the world I did a lot of baby sitting and worked for some time as a "mother's helper" for a Mrs. Weiner, a Jewish lady with a two year old boy. During High School I worked part-time as a clerk in the hardware counter at the local Woolworth Store. During the summers of 1951, 1952, and 1953 Marilyn and I worked as counselors at the "Beverly Jacs and Jills", a private day camp in Studio City and Beverly Hills. Most of the children came from the wealthier homes of that area - their parents glad to have the kids out from under their feet during the summer. We taught swimming, arts and crafts, sports, etc. This was a great learning experience for me as well as a good source of money to save for going to college.



Building our new home
5738 Irvine Ave.



14½ years
Jean - 1948-9
9th grade

As a girl I used to spend hours looking through mother's year book, The Banyan, from her time at BYU. I always knew that is where I wanted to go to college. My sweet sister did, too. She decided to wait until we could go there together. She accepted a scholarship to U.S.C. and went there for 1½ years until I graduated from North Hollywood High School in June of 1952. That fall we went to BYU together as roommates. What a joy it was to have that special relationship as sisters and roommates. We lived in what was then called Campus Dorm (Knight-Mangum Hall) for the school year 1952-53. We roomed with a sweet and dear girl, Marilyn Tall from Rigby, Idaho. Audrey Megerian, an Armenian friend of her's was to have been our other roommate but was unable to get the funds to return to school that year. She did come visit us often and we became good friends.

After several weeks of school Marilyn was visiting with a friend Julia Groberg. They had met as they played their violins together in the BYU Symphony. Marilyn mentioned that she had a Freshman sister who had not yet been on a date since coming to the Y. Julia said that was also the case with her Freshman brother. So they proceeded to develop their plans for setting up a "blind date" for the Priesthood Ball - sponsored by the Student Branch on campus. I was reluctant to cooperate, but Marilyn Tall shared an aunt in common with the Grobergs and had been in their home in Idaho Falls. She was most encouraging about the qualities of this young man and his family so I agreed to the date. This was how I met John H. Groberg. I was impressed with his good qualities if not his dancing ability. We enjoyed a number of good times together that year.

I had dated but a few times during high school so I was having a marvelous time meeting and making friends and dated many fine young men during my four years at the BYU. The first year there Marilyn was chosen Dream Girl of Delta Phi (a returned missionary organization). She toured with their singing group giving talks and playing her violin. Thru her association with this group I also met many nice friends. I am convinced of the importance of young people making many friends and having a broad experience in dating many different people before making life determining decisions in selecting a mate.

I was called to serve in the Campus Branch as a teacher in the MIA and then as Age-Group Counselor to Barbara Benson (daughter of Elder Ezra Taft Benson). This was a great experience. Later I served as President of the MIA in the BYU Sixth Ward when the BYU Stake was organized. I also served two summer term stake missions in North Hollywood.

I will always be grateful to Mother and Daddy for making the privilege of attending BYU possible for me. I helped to pay tuition and costs with summer work and did earn a Lockheed Employees' Dependents scholarship that helped some. I worked a little during my freshman year as a clerk at a music store in Provo. The summer of 1954 I got a good paying job at Lockheed Aircraft delivering inter-plant mail. I drove around on a three-wheel Cushman motor scooter, taking hourly mail delivery and pick-up routes. The summer of 1955 I worked again at Lockheed as a file clerk.

Marilyn graduated from BYU on Friday, August 20, 1954 and married Robert E. Parsons, in the Salt Lake Temple, on August 23, 1954. Mother and Daddy gave a lovely reception for them in North Hollywood and shocked everyone as Mother wore a maternity smock for the occasion - the first time in twenty years. Marilyn and Bob moved to Dragerton, Utah, where he taught seminary for the next two years.



My sister Marilyn and her violin



Jean Sabin -B.Y.W. student

1955

I returned to BYU for fall semester. During the Christmas break I was thrilled to go along with Daddy as he drove Mother to Glendale to the hospital in the wee hours of the morning of December 21, 1954. I will always remember those anxious hours waiting in the "fathers' waiting area", and the deep feelings of gratitude that swelled within me as the word was received that my little brother was safely born and all was well with Mother. When a family counsel was held to choose a name I mentioned that I liked the name "John" and John Merrill Sabin was selected for the baby's name.

My sophomore, junior and senior years at the Y I lived in Heritage Halls. They were newly constructed and we were the first girls to live in Building 10 Apt. 109 (Alice R. Richards Hall). Through those years I had choice roommates, each one added special talents, testimony and personality to the group. The lessons learned together and friendships built have become a lasting part of my life. Not all at the same time, but overlapping in groups of six at a time these special sisters-in-spirit were: Marilyn Sabin, Marilyn Tall, Helen Bauer, Elsie Mae Patterson, Marilyn Ballard, Jeanine Nielson, Joyce Summerhays, Barbara Covey, Marilyn Brimhall and Janice Larsen.

During the winter and spring quarters of 1954 I started seeing John Groberg quite often. We found much of interest to share. He invited me to Idaho Falls on the weekend he was to have his missionary interview with the Stake President. Julia was taking Bob Blair and Mary Jane was going, too. That visit has become somewhat of an "historic landmark" in the family. When we parted at the end of spring quarter - I to California for the summer - John to Idaho Falls to prepare for leaving on his mission - our agreement was simply to keep in touch through letters.

That fall I had an increased desire to understand the Polynesians and with several of my roommates (Jeanine, Joyce, and Janice) I joined the Kia Ora Club on campus. We had great fun learning the songs and dances and customs of the Maori people. We practiced regularly with the group and went on many small trips entertaining at various functions as a part of the BYU program bureau. I worked as co-chairman for an assembly we put on in the Smith Fieldhouse to pay tribute to the life of Elder Matthew Cowley shortly after he passed away. (I have since been privileged to get to know his widow Sister Elva Cowley and count her a dear friend.) The end of my junior year the Kia Ora Club traveled through the Northern States Mission on tour and my senior year we participated in the National Folk Dance Festival in St. Louis, Mo. With these experiences we became very close as a group and I think my understanding was opened somewhat into the heart of the Polynesians. But the real love for them began to unfold as John shared some of his choice experiences gained as he lived and served among them. His letters, though usually written weeks or months before I would receive them always seemed to arrive on just the right day when I really needed the particular message he so beautifully expressed through sharing his thoughts and experiences with me.

I majored in Elementary Education with a minor in Art. I enjoyed all of my classes but especially the religion classes and several in political science from Stewart Grow. I joined the service clubs Y C's and my senior year the White Keys. My four years at BYU were full and fun and fulfilling and all I could ever have hoped them to be. And still my heart echoes the phrase "Our hearts are true to the BYU." I did my student teaching at the BYU training school in the 5th grade and in the Wasatch Elementary School in the first grade.



GRADUATION FROM

B.Y.U.

1956



MARILYN SABIN PARSONS and JEAN SABIN GROBERG

MERRILL SABIN -JOHN SABIN MARIE SABIN

New Era
Nov. 1981

PEREN-
NIAL



RA-

DI-

ANCE

JEAN · SABIN ·

GROBERG



"We wanted to organize; we wanted to have a club and wear a uniform, a blazer, and be official. We even got together and selected a name and colors for our club. We wanted something that all the LDS kids in our high school would want to be associated with, so we could be clearly identified as LDS."

As Jean Sabin Groberg continued her account of that period of time in her life, her enthusiasm increased. "The purpose of our club was going to be to strengthen each other and to look after each other. There were only 20 or 30 of us in a very large high school in southern California. We really wanted to have something like the institute, only for high school, so that we could be strong together."

With the growing desire that they each shared, she told of how a number of the youth

unitedly approached the institute director. He listened to them. Then he met with them to discuss their plans, their goals, and their desires for an LDS club on their high school campus. He heard their concerns and felt the intensity of their desire. He agreed to "see what could be done."

Sister Groberg recalled that after some time of anxious waiting, it was finally announced that they were to meet with the institute director. "Oh, it was just so exciting," she exclaimed. "We were told that the seminary would be coming to our area that next year. There had been no seminary available to us, and now we had the feeling that our interest and our initiative had helped to tip the balance in bringing seminary to southern California. At least we felt important, that we were part of the beginning. To be a seminary graduate was a goal we just wanted to attain," she explained.

Sister Groberg remembers with deep appreciation the closeness among the youth of her age in their ward. She gives thanks, in part, to the quiet, powerful influence of a humble, dedicated Sunday School teacher whose life and example

made a lasting impression. She explained: "Brother Richard Maxwell was our teacher. He was self-educated," she recalled. "He never knew his real name, his parents, or any of his ancestors. He had been raised in an orphanage. Someway in his wandering through life, he found the true church. He had such a beautiful testimony that the gospel was what life was all about, and he had a wonderful, understanding way with young people. He loved us," she declared, then continued with warmth in her voice: "He was able to teach and reach us in his own humble way."

When Brother Maxwell died of a heart attack, Jean, along with the other youth in the North Hollywood Ward still in their teens, felt so grateful for his life and his love and influence in their lives that they felt they had lost a dear friend. Sister Groberg remembered that her sister, Marilyn, was invited to speak at his funeral. "She went around to all his students to get their feelings for this humble, great man who had become such a friend to each of us. Our feeling for Brother Maxwell," Sister Groberg said, "was a very special thing."

These students felt a strong desire to express their appreciation for their friend and teacher. "It took some time after he died to collect the money" she recalled, "Several months I believe. We sponsored many projects. We took a little bit to all our

firesides and finally collected the money we needed. We wanted to buy a redwood tree. We all agreed that a redwood tree, when it grew up, would appropriately symbolize Brother Maxwell's great strength and stature." The youth were united in this special project. Someone was responsible for having a plaque made to place at the base of the tree, and others arranged for a fitting program. On the appointed date the members of Brother Maxwell's Sunday School class gathered together for this special memorial service. Together they planted the tree, which they knew would become in time a mighty redwood. This living tribute stands today tall and stately by the side of the chapel and a beautiful bronze plaque at its base reads, "In memory of Richard Maxwell, our beloved teacher whose example was like the redwood, tall and masterly."

Sister Groberg shared other memories about her high school friends. "There was always a surplus of girls," she remembered, and then added, "and I was never in the real dating circle. I hardly had any dates in high school, and you know how you'd feel. The day my older sister who was always an example for me turned 16, a young man called her up, and for four nights in a row a different boy called. It was like they had all been waiting for her to turn 16. It was so exciting. I thought that was the magical

thing: you turn 16 and you start dating. Well," Jean said, with emphasis, as though she was remembering it all over again, "it didn't happen when I turned 16." She paused a moment, reflecting on what must have been a very disappointing experience.

"And how did you survive that situation?" I asked.

"Oh, I had a lot of good girl friends, and we had a lot of fun" she said, then thoughtfully added, "I never feel badly if a girl doesn't have dates in high school. If you're just a little patient, you can still have a good time. I really had fun dating in college, a lot of fun."

Jean's older sister, Marilyn, played the violin in the orchestra at BYU. Sitting next to her was Julie Groberg, who also played the violin. It was the first semester, and these two girls shared many conversations. One day Julie and Marilyn got talking about their families. Julie spoke of her young brother who was a freshman and hadn't had a date since he arrived at BYU. Marilyn told of her sister, Jean, who was also a freshman and hadn't had a date yet either. "So, together, they cooked up this blind date arrangement and approached me," said Jean. "I didn't like the idea of a blind date, but our other roommate knew the Groberg family. She gave enthusiastic counsel that I shouldn't turn down this great

opportunity so I mustered up the courage. Her first date with John H. Groberg was only the beginning of what in time developed into a beautiful courtship. Five years it led to eternal marriage in the Los Angeles Temple. But she waited

first, while he served a mission in the Pacific Islands, she continued dating and enjoying the association of many friends. She was also diligent in keeping pace with his spiritual growth through study, active service in the Church, and keeping in touch with him through letters. Jean shared something about those letters that became even more important in later years. "His letters would come from so far away and would be written sometimes months ahead of the time he would finally find a boat to take them out. There would be times I would have a particular concern, and it seemed that I would get a letter from him just at the right time telling of an experience he had had or a lesson he had learned that held the very answer I needed. Often the letter had been written before the concern even existed, but it just seemed the timing was what it needed to be."

Thinking of their life together, Sister Groberg said, "I think I've always known since I knew what John was like that he would give his whole life and self to the gospel and the Church." Then she added with a tone of deep sincerity, "And that's what you really want."

About her feelings for having to share her husband's limited time with so many others she happily explained, "I've always wanted to have the priesthood be the guide in my home, and if you have the full blessings of the priesthood in your life, it's got to

come from one who is fully dedicated. The whole foundation and direction of our home is determined by that." She remembered when Brother Groberg served as a bishop: "No one realizes the time a bishop gives until you go through it. But you are still so much a part of it," she emphasized.

Sister Groberg remembered the first Sunday after her husband was sustained as bishop. For the longest time they drove through the streets of their ward boundaries, up and down each street. "We felt such a deep love and concern for everybody in those houses," she said. "It's just part of the calling that comes to a bishop and his wife, a very special feeling. It sort of feels empty now as you go up and down those same streets. You see the same houses, but it is different. That was a special blessing that came with the calling of a bishop and his wife."

left President and Sister Groberg were called to preside over the Tonga Mission when Gayle, their fifth daughter, was only six *weeks* ~~months~~ old. When they left, Jean, a young mother going into a strange land with five young children, expressed her feelings this way: "I had heard John talk through the years of these people—their great faith, their love, and their service—and I didn't have any worries. I was really excited about it." She summarized that period of their life by saying that it was more than a chapter, it was the whole theme of life. "It really doesn't matter where you are, the things that really count can be developed in any humble or great place."

Now, with a wonderful and talented family of 11 children,



Sister Groberg reflected on times Brother Groberg served as a Regional Representative of the Quorum of the Twelve to the Pacific Islands and was frequently gone great distances three weeks at a time. On one occasion a call from the prophet to Elder Groberg conveyed this message: "Tell your wife you won't be gone over six months on this special assignment (it turned out to be only two months), but we're not sure how long it will be." Of these times she spoke tenderly: "When your husband is giving his all, it doesn't separate you even while he is away. It really doesn't separate you. You are a part of it with him," she explained. "It was his letters," she said. And she had already developed a deep appreciation for his sensitive writing. "He would write such inspiring letters. His letters to us as a family had a profound influence on everything we did. They always have been such a strengthening influence," she emphasized. "He would share what he could of his experiences and then he would come home and the girls would look forward to their daddy coming back and telling them really special and inspiring things that had happened on his trip."

This devoted, unselfish wife and mother recalls gratefully how her husband would give her a blessing before leaving on

extended trips. "We did have a lot of times when there were answers to prayer and special things we were promised in those blessings." With conviction and gratitude, Sister Groberg bore testimony: "Even though he was not there, his influence was always there." Her dark brown eyes deeply set in a countenance of serenity and peace, Sister Groberg shared her simple faith: "I just know that you have to keep going on the path, no matter what comes along. I do know the only way things will work out is to follow the path that the Lord has set out. I've always had a testimony of the fact that Heavenly Father put each of us on this earth at the right time and in the right place for our greatest development." With her radiance bearing evidence of her unwavering faith, she added, "My parents taught me and I've come to know that it's up to us to face life with faith and just never give up, knowing that the things that are happening are for our good." ■

by Ardeth G. Kapp



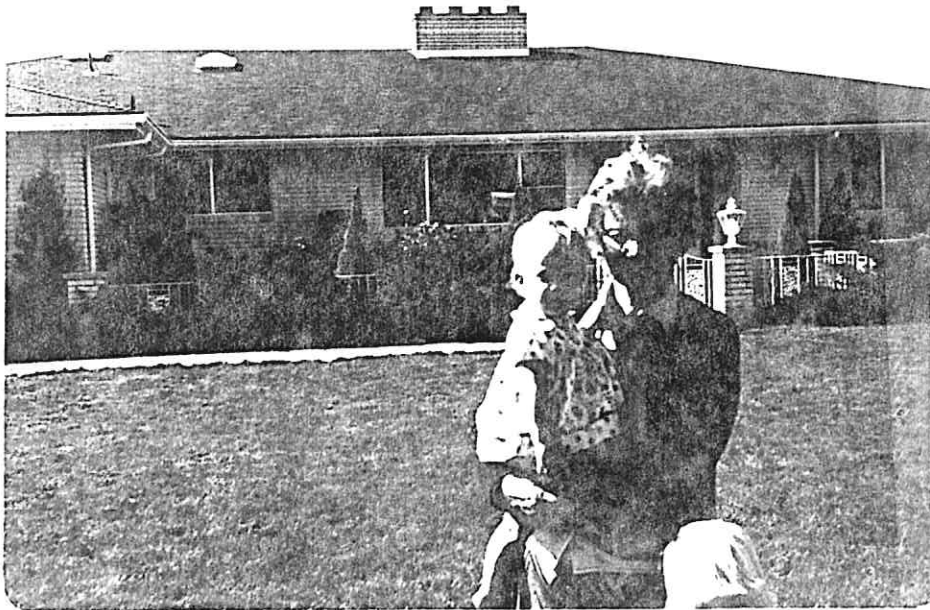


Karl and Liz Owens



Tyler John Owens

Reserved for a picture of Tyler's baby sister Whitney Owens.



Front of John + Jean's home. Grandma Groberg + Emily



Joseph Stephen Tingey

HUSBAND James Matthew POWELL
 Born 5 January 1962 Place Price, Carbon, Utah
 Chr. _____ Place _____
 Mar. 24 April 1984 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah (SL Temple)
 Died _____ Place _____
 Bur. _____ Place _____
HUSBAND'S FATHER James Leroy POWELL Place _____
HUSBAND'S MOTHER Mary Helen BUNNELL
OTHER WIVES _____

Husband James Matthew POWELL
 Wife Marilyn GROBERG

Wife Examiners: 1. _____ 2. _____
 State or Mission _____

NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTING SHEET _____

WIFE Marilyn GROBERG
 Born 10 October 1962 Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho
 Chr. _____ Place _____
 Died _____ Place _____
 Bur. _____ Place _____
WIFE'S FATHER John Holbrook GROBERG
WIFE'S MOTHER Jean SABIN

RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE
 FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR FILING ONLY YES NO
 DATE SUBMITTED TO GENERAL SOCIETY _____

SEX	CHILDREN	WHEN BORN	WHERE BORN	DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE	WHEN DIED	BAPTIZED	ENDOWED	SEATED
M	Let each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.	DAY MONTH YEAR	TOWN COUNTY STATE OR COUNTRY	TO WHOM	DAY MONTH YEAR	(Date)	(Date)	(Date)
1						HUSBAND	31 Jan 1970	31 Jan 1970
2						WIFE	31 Oct 1970	31 Oct 1970
3								
4								
5								
6								
7								
8								
9								
10								
11								

OTHER MARRIAGES

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

SEATED (Date) and THE WIFE TO HUSBAND SL
 CHILDREN TO PARENTS

Lorraine Herring
&
David Holbrook

GROBERG
FAMILY

LIFE HISTORY
DAVID H. GROBERG
June, 1984

I am living in Idaho Falls with my wife Lorraine and two children, Greg, age 17 and Kjerstin, age 13. We have three children attending college, Jennifer, Randy and Heather, and our oldest daughter is married and lives in Saudia Arabia with her one year old daughter, Kristi and her husband Robb Lewis. We live in just East of Idaho Falls in Ammon on a 2 1/2 acre ranchett in a home we built 12 years ago. We have a large garden, horses and cats and lots of trees.

I am working as a clinical psychologist in my own private practice, Lorraine is working with me part time and attending Idaho State Univesity. Lorraine's mother, Dale Herring lives with us about half of the year, and we have lots of visitors and friends, so our home is usually bustling with human activity.

This family history was written for the Delbert V. Groberg family reunion which is to be held in Rexburg, Idaho in July, 1984. This history will include a brief life sketch of David, Lorraine and each of their six children along with photographs and selected memories.

DAVID'S LIFE SKETCH:

One of my first memories was falling from my throne. I was King David or King Baby, because I was too small to walk. I had been carefully placed on a small throne of pillows, boxes, a chair, and a bed in our little home on 10th street in Idaho Falls. I was very high and possibly proud as the whole stack with me on top swayed and finally fell to the floor. Even though I was not injured, I must have learned an important lesson, "because I have never wanted to be King or be in high places.

I don't know if I can remember a lot of my early life or if I just reconstruct my life and refile it continually in modified form based on what my current attitudes and values are. I recently gave expert witness at a trial on the subject of hypnotically enhanced memory as a way of determining facts. I had given earlier testimony at a trial in London in 1970 on the same subject. Do we carry around a multi dimensional recording of all events in our lives? If so, how far back does in go, do we record and file even when we are asleep or in shock and how can we retrieve all this data? Maybe a better question is: Does it matter? For the purpose of this brief life sketch, I am willing to state that I am sure these events happened and that so much more has happened in my life that it would take thousands of

volumes to record just a small part of my life, or anyone's life.

When I was about five years old, I tumbled again. This time I fell out of the family car while we were zooming along the highway to visit relatives in Utah. I really worried mom and dad as I bounced along the pavement and was almost struck by another car. Again, I wasn't injured, but I have always been aware of the close connection between what happens to me and what members of my family feel. I have been acutely aware of how much concern and worry my parents have for each of their children and that those feelings are based on love and attachment that continues from generation to generation. I vividly remember watching my body bounce on the highway and also of an intense love and concern. I didn't return to my body fully until a doctor spanked me and made me cry.

My life has been a fantastic adventure of experience. I have lived both within and without safe confines and have spent a lot of my life on the edge. My childhood was mostly secure and happy. I felt a deep love for all members of my family, relatives, friends and the many people I knew in the 3rd Ward where I grew up in Idaho Falls. The same 3rd ward building where I ran the halls with little friends is now my office. It has become much smaller now. It has either shrunk or my memory fails me, because I am certain it was many times larger when I was a child.

My memories of my first 17 years in our 10th and 12th street homes are full of millions of details. Even though these events are covered in other places in this volume, I would like to record a few things here. Dad took some of us on some wonderful travel adventures. I love to remember the trip all the way up the Alcan highway to Alaska. Larry Anderson, my best childhood buddy went with us, and we saw wolves, the northern lights and caught huge fish. We also went on a trip all the way to New England in our new Oldsmobile. Smaller trips stand out also. I remember going to Grandma Lee's home and being treated to fresh home made doughnuts that still make my mouth water. I also remember my first experience with a girl friend. I was in the first grade and I loved another first grader because I thought the way she sat with her shoes bent against the legs of the desk in front of her was just too cute. She must have noticed me too, because 12 years later I talked to her without her knowing who I was. She had moved to Boise right after her first grade, and we accidentally sat together at a football game. When she discovered that I was from Idaho Falls, she told me about her boy friend, David Groberg, who used to give her saving stamps in the first grade. I don't know why I didn't say "that's me". I think it was because she had gained a lot of weight and I had another girl friend. Maybe I did say I am him, and the whole thing is a wrong memory!

43
5

When I was in the 10th grade I had a seventh grade sweetheart and was cheer leader in the Idaho Falls High School, which held classes in the old school that burned down on Boulevard and 5th street. That year, I changed alot. I became interested in music, debate, philosophy and politics. I didn't run for cheer king, because I wanted to be vice president and be taken more seriously, especially by the girls. I also wanted to be an athlete, and I wanted to be taller and stronger. I did succeed in becoming the first chair clarinetist in the orchestra, running the mile in 5 minutes and winning the state debate championship. I was defeated in my polical ambitions, although I was president of the LDS seminary during my senior year. Our class had moved into the new high school on 4th and Holmes Ave., when I graduated.

Mother was very special to me during these formative years. I wanted to please her and to be close to her, although I never felt I was good enough. I also felt very close to dad and always enjoyed doing things with him or just being with him. The only real trauma I can remember during those high school years was when dad was sick with acute pancreatitis. I had to drive home from the cabin because he was so sick, and we had to stop and see a doctor in Rigby, I believe. We all did alot of praying. Dad always said that his illness may have been a blessing because he was so aware and careful about his health and physical shape since that illness.

I was close to my brothers and sisters. We were a very active and close family, and there was a new baby every other year to keep us in a state of perpetual excitement.

My first two years at BYU were spent in anticipation of going on a mission. I was hoping to go on a mission to Germany because I wanted to learn German and had so much interest in the great writers, musicians, and scientists who were from that part of the world. I lived at 980 Cedar Ave with relatives. I was interested in music, acting and girls, and I was not very interested in college.

When I received my mission call to go to the Southern States headquartered in Atlanta, Georgia, I was a little disappointed. When I arrived in the mission home, I met Berkeley Bunker, the mission president and several of the missionaries. President Bunker was from Nevada and had served as a United States Senator prior to being called to be president of the Southern States Mission. He assigned me to serve as a junior companion to Elder John Willis in Orlando, Florida. I was in a state of wonder and probably shock when I was dropped off by the supervisor. Elder Willis was a good companion. He told me he did things differently

then the other missionaries. He said he did not do much door to door work, but that he worked primarily with referrals from branch members. He had the best record for baptisms in the mission, but he was very unorthodox. He was completely his own person and would not conform to any of the pressures that had me held firmly in subjection. Those first five or six months were so different than I had expected that I was thoroughly confused, home sick and a little resentful that I hadn't been sent to Germany as I had prayed so hard for before my mission call.

My mission experiences were varied and fascinating. I kept a detailed journal of my soul searching monologues. I was trying so hard to understand what was going on and what was truth. I was sent to work with German scientists who had been assigned to rocket research at the Redstone Arsenal near Huntsville, Alabama. Many of the families had been captured during the second world war and were brought to work with Wernar von Braun who was Hitler's rocket expert and now one of the leaders in developing American space technology. These Germans were brilliant and often totally disillusioned with religion because of their war experiences. I finally got to go to Germany last year with Lorraine for a three week vacation. I loved it just like I knew I would.

My spiritual struggle continued on my mission until I was asked to help with the mission home as mission secretary. I played the piano for president Bunker and helped him with the administration of the mission. I oriented new missionaries, published a monthly mission bulletin, took care of office and office staff and transported visitors. I particularly liked going to the airport and transporting the visiting general authorities to wherever they needed to go. The mission home was a lovely old southern mansion with a large well kept yard.

When my mission ended, I was sad to leave all my close friends and the places that I had learned to love and to feel at home in. But, I was also very happy to be coming home. I drove a pickup from Springfield, Illinois to Tremonton, Utah. That was a slow but adventurous way to come home. I had hoped to leave Atlanta and travel east all the way around the world as a merchant marine, but dad thought I better come home and report my mission to the 3rd ward first.

As I arrived in familiar country, my heart started to beat a little faster. I remember anticipating seeing the faces and being with my family and friends after so many months. As I approached Idaho Falls, I began to feel deep waves of happiness. When I recognized the familiar mountains and then specific buildings and trees, I felt so much joy I could hardly stand it. I was home again! Everybody was familiar and friendly.

MEETING LORRAINE:

I returned to BYU right after my mission. I was a much more serious student this time. I was very active in the LDS BYU branch, and I lived again at the family college home at 980 Cedar Ave. with my brothers and cousins. More important things were in store for me than schooling, social activities or relationships with my brothers and cousins.

Although it has been over 25 years since I first saw Lorraine at the library at BYU, I can see her as she was clearly in my mind's eye. This was an actual case of love at first sight. As soon as I saw her I wanted to know her. I was afraid I wouldn't see her again because BYU was so big and I hadn't seen her before that day. I wrote her a note, because I couldn't study. I addressed her by what I could see because I didn't know her name: "Dear beautiful eyes, blonde hair and yellow dress..." She answered my note saying that she didn't go out with boys she did not know. I did find out her name, address and phone number, and I took her to a concert. Now, 25 years later, she is still the most beautiful person I have ever seen and she hasn't changed very much from the first time I met her. We had a fun courtship. We met each other's families and dated for a few months and then were married on March 20, 1959, about one year after I had returned from my mission.

We continued to go to school after we were married. I was studying psychology and she was taking introductory classes as a freshman. Soon after we were married, I started my first full time job as a husband working as an attendant in the psychiatric hospital at nights. Lorraine became a mother and we have been real busy ever since going to school, working, and raising children. We hope to take a honeymoon one of these years, and maybe even decide what kind of lives we want to live together and even where we want to live. These last 25 years have gone by so rapidly, that I haven't had a chance to do all the fun things I always wanted to do with Lorraine. I am just happy we are both still young and healthy, so we might only be half way through our courtship. Mom and dad have sure had a long and healthy 2nd 25 years, and they seem to be moving into an even better 3rd 25 years together.

I graduated from BYU in 1960 and we moved to Salt Lake City with our precious little baby, Kimberly. I began to attend classes at the University of Utah and to work as an orderly again at nights at the VA Hospital on 12th avenue in SLC. I had to wait a quarter before I could be accepted into the doctoral training program in psychology, but once I got into that program, I started receiving financial aide, and I quit my night time job. I received both my master's and doctor's degrees from the University of Utah. Lorraine and I lived in four different apartments in SLC, and we had Jennifer, Randy, and Heather while I was completing my education. During the summer of 1961, we went to

Island Park and worked on the cabin. The next summer, 1962 we were in the Coast Guard for a special summer in Washington D.C., where we attended student seminars with several thousand other graduate students. Some of the speakers were: John F. Kennedy, Bobby Kennedy, Dean Rusk, and Adlai Stevenson. We returned to SLC and completed all the requirements for the doctoral degree with the exception of the dissertation by June of 1965. I had received a scholarship from the state of California, and was required to work at one of their state mental health institutions for two years. We traveled to most of the state hospitals in California and decided to make our next move to Sonoma, Calif., and to work at the state hospital there. We stayed in California for 7 years. Gregory and Kjerstin were born in the San Fransisco Bay area and I finally received by Ph.D. in 1967. Mother traveled to SLC to pick it up for me. I was a little tired of all my trips back to the university to meet with my committee, and I just stayed and worked the day they awarded the diplomas. That little gesture was so like mom, and I appreciate her so much for taking that trip all alone. We moved back to Idaho in 1972 and have lived with our six children near Idaho Falls since then. I have been very brief about the last 25 years, but will cover some aspects of that period below.

PLACES WE HAVE LIVED:

When we were first married, we lived in a small apartment in a motel complex south of Provo for about a month. It was very small but very cheap and available. Our next home was an apartment on 3rd West Street in Provo during the summer of 1959. John Hunter and his new wife Louine shared the same building in another apartment. Next we moved to our duplex on 9th East Street in Provo where we lived until we moved to SLC in the summer of 1960. Our next home was made in a basement apartment in the home of Rue Clegg in Holliday. He had a large estate with a small lake and two black swans and lots of white swans, ducks and other animals. We became friends with the Clegg family during the time he built the bridal veil falls tram in Provo canyon and then died suddenly of a heart attack. I remember many details of our lives in that apartment, but none more vivid than how much I loved Lorraine and our precious baby Kimberly. Kim liked to sleep with Lorraine, so we were a pretty cozy little family.

Our next move was to the university village next to the university campus. We moved into a new lovely and very inexpensive one bedroom apartment #301-A I believe. There were several hundred married students who shared common playgrounds, laundry facilities and friendships at the village apartments. I believe our best friends that year were Gary and Cozette Shirts.

After Randy and Jennifer were added to our family, we moved into apartment, # 212-B, and then into a home by Liberty Park on Denver Street. We lived next door to our landlords and they adopted us as part of their family. We also adopted Lorraine's cousin Sharmee Summerfrucht, a teenager who spent a year with us in our home at Denver Street. We also had an Indian girl who was supposedly pregnant placed in our home by the LDS social services. She only stayed a few weeks, because when Lorraine took her to visit her doctor, he informed us that she was an innocent teenager who had never even had a sexual contact with a man. She apparently wanted to leave the reservation and that was her ticket out. We had to send her home, even though we had accepted her as part of our family. This tendency to take in people and expand our family has continued throughout our married life. At one time, 1970 in Saratoga, we had seventeen extra people living with us! We stayed on Denver street for two years and added Heather to our growing family.

Our next home was in Sonoma, California. This was a beautiful three bedroom new tract home. We didn't have much furniture, but we began filling up the rooms with love and activity. I remember taking all four kids on my little Vespa motor scooter down the streets of Sonoma as I had in SLC. The California police put a quick stop to this practise. One passenger only, please, or have your license revoked! We still had alot of fun hiking and playing on the beach as a small but very adventurous and active family. Sonoma was in a beautiful valley north of San Francisco, close to redwood forests and the Jack London State Park. But my work took me to another hospital south of San Francisco, so after a year on Anza Court in Sonoma the six of us moved to Foster City, a pre-planned community literally dredged out of the Bay, just south of the San Francisco airport. We had canals for back streets and paths for children that never crossed the busy streets. Our home was a large three bedroom home of oriental architecture. The trees had a hard time growing in the salty soil made up mostly of lime and sea sediment, but for one year we enjoyed a type of california living which has become very popular and expensive. We took up daily swimming and sailing, and the children had lots of friends in Foster City.

We had to either move out or buy the garden home in Foster City after one year there, so we moved to Santa Clara, into a home much closer to my work. While we were in the Foster City home, Gregory was born. Althea Grundvig, a baby sitter and teenager from SLC, came to live with us, and help with the children. We were very happy in our Santa Clara home, but we became more and more interested in the beautiful area west of town in the communities of Saratoga and Los Gatos. We also wanted to buy instead of rent a home, and after alot of searching, we found a truly lovely old home on Williams Ave., in Saratoga.

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We all loved our Saratoga home which we had purchased from two ladies, retired school teachers who had lived together with their cat for ten years in the house before they sold it to us. They had planted many varieties of flowers, herbs and medicinal plants in every available spot on the grounds. That first year we were busy discovering all the unusual plants and trees as they went through their cycles. We had an almond tree and two huge fig trees, one of which had grafted on its trunk several varieties of figs. We also had a few varieties of citrus trees and two huge redwoods.

The previous owners had also left a black cat that stayed with us for almost a year. It used to climb a large tree near the front of the home and slip into the upstairs bedroom through a window and quietly go downstairs to have its special meal in the kitchen. This cat trained us to treat it just as it wanted. One day we heard that one of the two previous owners had died. That same day the cat left as was killed by a car. I still remember just before the lady left the cat with us, she asked that we care for it because... "it knew more than people know." This may have been a faulty memory or maybe just silly, but I find myself wondering what really happened between that cat and the dying woman, who had never married, and what role we played in the drama. It was soon after that that I rented a 35 acre estate in Los Gatos called the "cat's castle".

We did alot of remodeling in this Saratoga home. We made a rather unique apartment out of the garage. The kitchen was molded out of redwood planks over two feet thick, and the bedroom was a loft under a large skylight, and old barn wood covered some of the walls which was watered to keep the moss growing. Barn wood and old redwood shingles were uses to redo the house kitchen and bright california poppies covered the master bedroom walls as we went through each room and recreated the space a little nearer to our desires (Lorraine has usually been the most creative in these interior decorating projects). Kim and Robb went through this house last year 1 1/2 years after we had sold it. Kim reported that many of the changes we made are still part of the home and that we had the reputation of being the young hippie family that did so many interesting things to the house. This old house is now worth over a quarter of a million dollars and is even more beautiful than ever.

Our current home is a ranch style home built for us in 1973 by Fred Rupp and designed mainly by Lorraine. We did alot of the finish work ourselves, even including laying real bricks on the dining room floor and shingles on the inside living room wall. We had purchases about 60,000 used bricks when the old Eagle Rock school was torn down, and we used bricks on 6 inside walls, the floor and two fireplaces as well as on several other homes including the Dick Groberg home. We had a fire in this home in Dec. 1979 and completely remodeled the inside right afterwards.

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There are so many memories that come back to me when I direct my attention to the places we've lived. I wanted to write about the neighbors or the kids and their friends in each of our homes, but those memories, many of which are shared by Lorraine and the children, will have to be the subject of another part of this family history. Lorraine and I talk alot lately about our next home and our future. We wonder where we should live when the kids are gone. I have always loved Idaho Falls and felt that this was home. We have loved the other places we have lived also and will love our next home if we move. We don't feel that any of our six children will stay in Idaho Falls, and we would like to live in a town with a college, because most of us are either going to college or we want to go or teach or do research. Plans for our next move will solidify in the next months and years and we will be off again on a new adventure.

JOBS I'VE HELD:

I worked as a chain boy on a surveying crew for Dave Benton during the summers while going to high school and college. Before that I was the janitor at dad's office on the corner of Shoup and C street when his partners were Lew Larch, B.L. Harris and Howard Price, who I always thought was Will Rogers because his pictures were on the wall and on the calanders--just an error in my memory banks. I also worked part time at Dad Clay's garage cleaning cars and pumping gas when I was in high school.

When we were married in 1959, I was hired as a nurse's aide at the Utah State Hospital in Provo. I worked for three years at nights, mostly, at that hospital and the Salt Lake VA hospital as an orderly. I enjoyed those jobs, but after my second year in graduate school at the University of Utah I was given a three year paid internship as a psychology student at the SL VA hospital. I also received a two year scholarship from the state of California, so I quit my job as an orderly. John Grundvig and I went through the doctoral program and internship together. We were assigned to do research at the neuro psychology lab under the direction of Ted Beck. We spent almost two years doing research on sensory tests to detect specific brain injuries. I worked on changes in one's sense of balance and spatial orientation and John worked on smell. We built rooms full of equipment and tested each other, our families and friends, and veterans who had sustained brain injuries in wars. We both finally published our research and completed requirements for our doctoral dissertations with data we obtained in this lab.

I also worked as a clinical psychologist on a psychiatric ward and for the SL county mental health program under the directin of Norman Anderson. We traveled to Cedar City and St. George by private plane and saw people with emotional or mental problems once every other week. I had received my private pilot's license, so helped with the flying.

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In 1965 we moved to Sonoma, California where I worked as a staff psychologist for a large hospital housing about three thousand mentally retarded children and adults. My job was to teach nurses and other staff principles of behavior modification evaluate new residents and develop individual treatments plans on one of the large wards. This was my first full time job as a psychologist, but I was still writing my dissertation and trying to learn about my profession. I still remember many of the residents and still feel a fondness for those special people.

After one year in Sonoma, I transferred to another large state hospital in San Jose as a staff psychologist. I also worked one year there at Agnews State Mental Hospital while I completed my dissertation and received the doctorate. My next big project was to study for the state licensing exam. I successfully took the three day exam and became a licensed clinical psychologist with a Ph.D. My work at the mental hospital was mostly direct patient care. I was very upset by the practices of electro-convulsive shock treatment, heavy sedation and general patient abuse, but I enjoyed my work and after a year, I transferred to an outpatient mental health clinic. State money was being reallocated from in-patient hospital care to out-patient community mental health centers, and staff were being transferred along with the dollars.

Four partners and I started a part time private mental health clinic in Sunnyvale near to the community clinic where we were employed. We called this venture the Institute for Personal Growth. This clinic still exists in both Los Gatos and near Stanford. I worked for the county doing individual assessment and psychotherapy, teaching interns from Stanford, and developing family therapy programs for the school districts to help with the serious drug problem. My private venture was where most of my energy went, however. We had a big dream and loved to spin in out to each other in endless planning and gab sessions. We leased the old Wood estate in Los Gatos called the Cat's Castle, Lorraine's parents moved into an apartment on the estate and helped with the grounds, and I moved my office up to the castle into a large room with pillars and high ceilings. After a year of working together on this dream, I began to reevaluate my own professional future and decided I needed to learn more before I could teach, particularly about myself. So, I became involved in the study of new applied mental technologies. I went right to the edge or frontier in the human potential movement and started my own small private practice in Los Gatos and became involved in encounter groups, applied eastern philosophy and Scientology.

In 1972, we sold our beautiful Saratoga home and moved back to Idaho Falls and I began working for the state of Idaho as a psychologist for the child development center. I enjoyed being back in Idaho Falls and working again with the mentally retarded

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children and their families. I soon became involved with setting up a center for outpatient mental health services in the old Groberg office on Oxford street, and then Bob Decker, my supervisor was transferred to Nampa and I was asked to become the regional administrator for the state human services programs. This was a big turning point in my life, because I essentially gave up the practise of Psychology and became an administrator. I worked as regional director for seven years. I supervised about 150 professional people and had a budget of over 6 million dollars. We provided state human service programs in south eastern Idaho which were mandated by the state legislature. I spent alot of time working with the governor and the legislators from our part of the state. My job, on retrospect was very stressful and I spent much of my time in meetings and making hard decisions. I traveled alot, also, and learned to live out of a suitcase and survive in resteraunts eating on the run or while trying to hold a meeting. I was also chairman of the state board of psychology examiners during this period and traveled as a delegate from Idaho to New York, Washington, D.C., Chicago, San Fransisco, New Orleans, and Toronto. Earlier while still living in Saratoga I went to England as an expert witness. Travel has always been fun for me, but I got a little over-run on travel in Idaho for meetings.

My interest in psychology was strong when I was at the national convention associating the the profession's leaders. Back home, however, psychology was not so admired. I have never felt much interest or admiration for my profession from my family especially mom and dad. I know they have their reasons, but that is another chapter in the history.

After seven years, the legislature finally disbanned the regional offices, and some partners and I purchases the third ward building in May, 1981. I once again went back to work as a pychologist in private practise. My present offices are in the same rooms where I attended junior sunday school as a child. My clinic is called the community resource cēter, and I work with people with emotional or mental problems, supervise the professionals in the alcohol program, do forensic work for local attorneys and judges and evaluate nursing home residents. I learn alot from each client or each program and my professional activies keep me busy and challenged. I have a small staff and my best work moments are when Lorraine is here working with me.

I have been active on the board of directos of the United Way of Bonnaville and am currently president of the board, a position dad held in 1954. We meet several times a week and raise about \$600,000 for 24 service agencies.

We are all healthy and very happy and love you all.

LIFE HISTORY
LORRAINE GROBERG

When visiting the town of Elsinore, Utah recently, I was struck with how the town had changed over the years. It seemed so small and insignificant; yet when I was growing up there, it was the whole world--every person, house and tree had rich significance and every small thing discovered was infinitely beautiful. I was born there in a small frame house on August 8, 1940, and lived there for the first 10 years of my life. This small Southern Utah town was settled by Danish immigrants who were members of the Latter Day Saint Church. My mother's family were all Danish and my father's family originated in England, but they had lived in America since the 17th century. They also came to Elsinore in order to settle in a Mormon community. My great grandfather Herring had many wives. He was sent to England on a mission at age 40 and there met my great grandmother who was only 16 at the time. He married her and brought her to Elsinore with him. She was very tiny and petite but a strong and hardy pioneer who bore 14 children.

My father, Randall D. Herring, was 36 years old when I was born. All of my memories of him are filled with all that is good in life. He enjoyed beauty, wisdom, and close relationships. He adored both my sister Sonja and I, and bought us lovely clothes and dolls, read us stories at night, and never scolded us or hit us. Whenever we wanted to have a good, deep discussion about anything, he would always listen and comfort and share his wisdom. Both he and mother believed that little children should not be mistreated, so we grew up in a happy home where we were loved and cared for like two little princesses. Mother, Dale Christina Fautin, was so loving and tender and she had a wonderful sense of humor. In all my memories, she is pretty and smiling and I know in my heart that she believes in me and will do anything for me. I remember many nights calling her in the middle of the night because I was frightened, and she would always come and lay by me and rub my back. She went without nice things for many years while she was buying formals and nice school clothes for Sonja and I. She believed a woman should stay home with her family, and that is what she did. She was a very attentive and sensitive mother. She never forced me to do anything, but rather trusted my judgement as a controller of my own life. This is a quality I have been extremely grateful for as it created a very loving relationship and gave me confidence in my ability to handle my life and make my own decisions. Also I remember our home being clean and pretty. Mother washed the bedding often and it smelled like sunshine.

Sonja was one year older and was my companion in growing up. We played in my Aunt Myrtle's flower gardens and in her goldfish pond filled with waterlilies. We had tiny little dolls that became our water babies and a tiny metal stove that would really bake our current pies. Whenever she got something, I would also get the same thing only in a different color. I always looked up to her because she was older and did everything before me. I remember feeling amazed that she could go to school, and that she was such a good artist. We are still very close, good friends and

never think or say a cross word about the other. She married Daniel T. Buckner and has had six beautiful, healthy children.

My parents bought a beautiful stone home in Elsinore where we always had a big vegetable garden, flower garden and trees for tree houses. My young friends would come over to my house in their old wagon pulled by a horse and we would ride up in the foothills and have picnics. We were only eight or nine years old! On Thursday nights we would all go to the cultural hall at the church and watch movies for a dime and two pennies and hold hands with our boyfriends through the whole show. We rode horses alot and drove tractor for the farmers and played house in a marvelous playhouse, or sheep wagon, or tent--all equipped with little monkey stoves and beds. The Navaho Indians would come every year with their velvet dresses and silver jewelry and little papooses to work in the fields. They would sit down in the streets of town and eat pomegrants. I would try to talk to them and they would laugh because I couldn't understand Navajo.

My father ran the service station and cafe across from the church and I would run down there after school and practice riding my bike or roller skating with my friend Yvonne. I would usually eat supper at the cafe because Mom and Dad were there and they always had delicious food cooking.

When I was five, I had an acute attack of appendicitis. I remember my father holding on to my hand in the operating room while I went under the ether. Father said that sulfa was the new miracle drug they had just begun using, so they simply sprinkled it into the abdominal cavity. He left crying because he was afraid that I was going to die. Mother was right by my bed when I woke up and stayed with me constantly. She bought me a beautiful locket and read me lots of books. I was kept in bed so long that when I finally tried to walk, I couldn't. Mom and Dad held me up, and I walked between them until I grew strong enough to walk on my own.

The Elsinore school was small, so I was always in a class with sudents a year older. Sonja and I shared teachers, but she sat on one side of the classroom and I on the other. The school was a very old, beautiful stone building with a huge bell up in the belfry. We would race to school to ask the teacher if we could be the one to ring the school bell. It had to be rung by pulling on a very long rope. The weight was so great that it would lift our little bodies a few feet off the floor. It was exciting to be pulled up and down and hear that bell ring out across the whole town. I had some exceptional teachers who were very interested in art, poetry, dance, and public speaking.

My friends and teachers and I all cried when I moved from Elsinore to Pleasant Grove, Utah. Yvonne and I were crying and waving goodbye until we couldn't see eachother any more. We still stayed with eachother every summer until we were college roomates and I still call her and keep in touch with her.

My Grandma and Grandpa Fautin lived in Pleasant Grove as well as aunts and uncles and cousins, and they ran a big farm and fruit orchards there. Deanna, my cousin, and I built tree houses and strung ropes across the streams and climbed haystacks and apple trees. Grandma had fresh strawberries and cream and big butter cakes for all the grandchildren. It was a happy time for all the families to be together on that big farm. We would help take care of all the animals and could have animals of our own. I had a dog named Skipper and ducks and lambs. We lived in apartments and eventually bought our own home out in Lindon.

Dad worked at Geneva Steel Plant and took vacations every year with the family. We traveled all over the West together. I remember Dad was so inspired by the giant Sequoia trees and also the ocean; Mother always loved the desert. I remember how excited I was the first time I smelled the ocean, saw orange trees in California and ran through the painted sands of Arizona.

I did well in school and was always intensely interested in all my subjects. I was terribly, painfully shy with people, but I loved studying. It took tremendous courage to be in plays and sing in front of an audience or talk to groups of people, but I was in several plays and gave readings and sang solos. I served as Secretary of the Studentbody, was FFA Sweetheart, Cheerleader, member of the Pep Club, Queen of Sweetheart Dance, Editor of Paper, member of Drama, Choir, and Track Club and was an Honor Student. I was also selected as the senior with Most Outstanding Achievement. For graduation, I gave a speech titled, "An Ordered World Needs Ordered Individuals." I still strongly believe my main point which was that in order to rid the world of conflict each individual must work on himself--his own character and spirituality--and must never stop learning--being extremely aware of what is happening within himself and his environment and especially his relationships with other people.

During the summer after graduation I entered the Strawberry Day Queen Contest in Pleasant Grove. For my talent, I sang the song, "Singing in the Rain," & wore a long, white eyelet dress with a blue velvet ribbon and carried a blue parasol. It was a happy night, and I don't remember being very frightened even while singing, which was unusual. I was surprised and delighted to win the title. My official job from then on was to feed dignitaries the biggest strawberries you've ever seen and to ride on floats in the summer parades and wave at people. I was also expected to represent my city in the Miss Utah Pageant. We stayed at the Hotel Utah and were fed lovely meals, but I was so nervous, I couldn't eat anything and couldn't sleep for the three days I was there. I was happy when it was all over and I could concentrate on getting ready for college.

When I received the letter in the mail stating that I had been awarded a Leadership Scholarship to attend Brigham Young University I was elated. All of my friends were going there: Yvonne Barney, Maureen Merrill and my boyfriend, Paul Anderson.

Paul had been my only real boyfriend since I was fifteen. He was exceptional intellectually and physically, but I was mostly impressed by his character. He was kind and thoughtful to his family and to me. His father was my medical doctor and his mother was a college English and French professor. They treated me as their daughter and encouraged me in my achievements. I felt a great affection for them and was always comfortable and accepted in their home. Paul was Studentbody Vice-President of of BYU, and he helped me become a member of the Cougarette Marching Team.

As a Cougarette, I had to attend classes from six until eight every morning at the fieldhouse. This meant getting up at five and usually studying until midnight and sometimes studying all night. I was exhausted the whole first quarter. Also as a Cougarette, there was some traveling to other western cities where football and basketball games were being held, and we performed at all the home games in Provo. I wasn't too impressed by being a Cougarette, mostly because I was too easily intimidated by the girls who were rich, confident, older and who were very interested in playing social games.

I was very impressed, however, with a young man that I had met at the David O. McKay Library. He had handed me a small note inviting me to a piano concert, and I was really surprised and somewhat flattered by his forwardness. I couldn't say "Yes" to someone I didn't even know, so I told him I would have to be introduced. He immediately came up to me and introduced himself as David Groberg. I agreed to go to the concert with him and we enjoyed each other and went to several other social unit functions. He was a member of the Viking Social Unit on campus, and I was being rushed by Val Norn, O. S. Travata, and Cami Los Social Units. I liked his energy and his style and I especially liked the way he could write notes and the way he wrote songs and played them on the piano. He also had a confidence in himself and a sense of humor that was unparalleled by any man I had ever met. I soon came to love and trust him completely.

We both drove to Idaho Falls for Thanksgiving in order for me to meet his family. He had told me much about them and had expressed much love and respect for his mother and father. I stayed with Aunt Vera in her house on eleventh street. I liked his whole family. After only a short time it became evident that all activities were structured around the Church. It was the single most important governing principle in his family. I felt a rejection by his parents because my own parents had not been active in the Mormon Church and they were afraid that I had not been raised properly, even though I had been active in the church all my life. That was the first time in my life that I felt like the Mormon Church wasn't my best friend.

David and I returned to school and our studies until Christmas-time when we took a trip to Los Angeles and San Diego, California with David's brother, Dee, and his sister, Mary Jane. We had fun staying with cousins, going to Christmas parties, eating at interesting restaurants and visiting the Balboa Zoo. Dee told David that he thought I laughed too much and Mary thought I kissed and hugged David too much. I remember feeling embarrassed playing games in the car all the way there and back.

We continued dating during the next quarter of school and then David gave me a diamond ring and we were engaged to be married. I loved this handsome blue-eyed man very much, and I was excited about getting married. We were married on March 20, 1959. My parents gave us a beautiful pink and white reception in Orem, Utah and David's parents gave us an Open House in their home in Idaho Falls, Idaho. We appreciated the many friends and relatives from both sides of our families who came and brought us lovely gifts. We had our honeymoon in Salt Lake City, Utah at Covey's Little America, as we had to get right back for school.

We have been happily married for twenty-five years and have had six very wonderful children and many wonderful experiences and adventures together. We have been a very blessed family in innumerable ways and feel very grateful for all that we have.

I would like to write a short life-sketch on each of our children as they have been the main object of my attention for the last twenty-four years, but I would like to finish my own life-sketch by writing about my schooling, jobs and interests and those happenings that have made me sad and happy.

My college career came to a stand-still when I became pregnant with Kimberly and was too ill to sit in class any more. After she was born, I never felt as if I could comfortably leave her, and when we were separated for a little while, we both became anxious. I had one child after another--over a period of ten years, I was either pregnant or nursing a new baby. This was an extremely happy time for me. The children were precious and played well with each other, and I don't remember ever feeling overwhelmed or unhappy in my situation as a young mother. I did get upset when they were ill or injured which happened very seldom.

After Kjerstin was in school full-time, I passed the Idaho Realtor's Examination and worked as a realtor for three years at Shield Real Estate. I was originally going to work for Groberg Real Estate, but they had a policy of not hiring women. I was happy working for Shield and felt successful; I was pleasantly surprised that I could average around two thousand dollar a month for three years. I used the money to help Kimberly through college and also alot of it went

into the duplex apartments we were building on Cambridge Drive. When the real estate market fell very low, I worked at the Alpha Health Spa as a diet counselor and also as an aerobic exercise teacher for two years. When we bought the old third ward church and changed it to the Community Resource Center, I taught the exercise classes again combined with relaxation training and stress reduction, there at the Center. It was so good working with David. He had so much enthusiasm and energy for everything he undertook to do. I helped him with some of his clients, we held group therapy together, and I also learned how to handle a computer and did his accounting and billing.

In the winter of 1984, I attended Idaho State University full-time and took classes in philosophy, literature, psychology and aesthetics. I loved being back in school again even though it took a tremendous amount of my time. My professors were the most excellent I have ever had. They were primarily concerned with teaching students to be free and to have high ethical and moral values. All the classes were graduate classes and I did fine in them, so I feel encouraged to continue going to school.

I haven't chosen to spend a lot of time of some of my interests beyond the family, but I am hoping to in the years to come. I love art in all its forms: music, dance, theatre, painting, jewelry, pottery, poetry, decorating, and photography. I don't play any instrument well, but I love to sing and I love body movement in exercise or dance to music or in silence, as in yoga. David taught me how to play a little on the guitar and I have spent many hours singing and playing with him. I enjoy doing lost-wax-casting and making really fine jewelry. I also enjoy writing poetry and stories and doing oil and watercolor paintings.

Working with people and visiting with them and helping them if I can, is also something that I am extremely interested in. I have observed that people suffer tremendously from emotional and health problems that can be corrected quite simply. I'm interested in the impact that diet has on a person's life, and also the connection between the mind and the body. Presently I am interested in Holistic Health which considers the individual as a composite of mind, body and spirit which must function together harmoniously before one can have a fullfilled life.

I also enjoy the out-of-doors and being able to go hiking and canoeing and swimming and camping in the wilderness. In the winter I cross-country ski and I jog year around.

My traumatic moments were times when the children have been injured, when I have been in the hospital for surgery, when I've had a disagreement with David and when my father died of cancer. I had a hysterectomy when I was only thirty-four years old after

Dr. Leavitt had found that my ovaries were swollen. He was concerned about cancer; however, they were only filled with water and probably would have healed themselves. The only repercussion I have had is that my blood sugar has been slightly higher since the operation and I am not able to eat sweets and fatty foods.

David and I get along very well and seldom even get angry with one another, so when there is an argument I feel unhappy for about an hour and I cry and then it's over with and forgotten. Neither of us is a complainer and we usually see the bright or funny side of things rather than despairing.

I was overwhelmed when I found that my father had cancer and was approaching a difficult death. He was such a sweetheart, and I couldn't bear his suffering. Also I had a real fear of cancer because it seemed like such a horrid and final disease. Father was truly courageous to the very end and was always trying to console us, his family, in our sorrow even while he was dying. He wanted to be cremated and have his ashes placed on Kimberly Mountain in Utah where the wild columbines grow, so mother took his ashes up there and placed them by a large, old pine tree. I have less fear of death since he died; now I see death as the inevitable adventure into the unknown which we must all experience alone, and it is not dreaded but rather seen as a deeply mysterious and restful happening.

That which gives me the greatest joy in this life is touching or tuning into that which is the source of all love and goodness within ourselves. It can be called many different things, but the experience is the same within those who are aware of the presense of God. It is the source of all spiritual and religious life and is the most important aspect of living. I'm grateful for all the nurturing and loving that I have had and also the freedom to be able to find it within myself. I feel a great love for all peoples and I wish that we would not divide ourselves up into political and religious groups that foster war and conflict and egotism. There is enough alienation and division--it is time to end the loneliness we feel and to become a whole human race again, and to become whole within ourselves with the awareness of the love of God .

LIFE HISTORY
KIMBERLY GROBERG

Kimberly Groberg was born in Provo, Utah at the Utah Valley Hospital on December 1, 1959 during a light snowfall. There were no complications with her birth and she weighed seven pounds and six ounces. She was adorable in every way--alert, smiling, eager to eat and explore and learn. She nursed for one year and was quite chubby until she started walking at eleven months. We were living at 764 North 9th East in Provo when she was born. We named her after the Kimberly mountains in Utah.

We moved to Salt Lake City when she was about 9 months old. Kim loved looking at the swans at our apartment and going swimming and rides in her stroller. When she was a little over a year we moved into the University Villages and she would go out and play in the big playground with another child I was tending. That summer of 1961 we lived in the Avalon Apartments in Idaho Falls while Daddy David built the cabin in Island Park. Kim would walk down 12th Street to Grandma and Grandpa Groberg's house and eat watermelon and I would sew dresses for her.

When Jennifer was born, Kimberly was so concerned about the new baby. Whenever Jenny made a sound, she would pull on me & say "Hold you baby Mommy!" She was allergic to orange juice and would break-out in a rash behind her ears and her eyelids would get red and itch whenever she drank it or anything with too much Vit. C. It seemed especially bad when Jenny was born. She was very healthy otherwise. She did have her first accident at the Village when a friend slammed her finger in a door and she lost her nail. She cried only a few minutes, but I felt like I might faint. When we moved to a larger apartment at the Village, Kim shared her room with Jennifer. They were a couple of beautiful dolls. Kim liked music and she loved to dance. She would dance for hours if we watched and clapped. I used to sing to them at night when they went to sleep and Kim learned the songs so fast I was impressed. Bruce and Dianna Werner were her best friends and she liked to learn how to read with them.

We spent a summer in Greenbelt, Maryland when Kim was about 3 years old. I was pushing her in a swing that was quite high off the ground and holding Jennifer. She decided to jump out and fell on some rocky soil and cut her chin all the way through her lip. I carried her in one arm and Jen in the other and ran to the doctor and had it stitched up. It left quite a scar that was repaired again when she was sixteen by a plastic surgeon.

Her next home was on Denver Street in Salt Lake City, close to Liberty Park. I would load Kim, Jen and Randy in a big buggy and we would play in the park and do our shopping. Kim had a

nice girlfriend across the street and also a little puppy that her Daddy had brought home. She went to nursery school where Althea Grundvig was her teacher and later her babysitter. When Heather was born, she was the big sister to three babies and only four years old.

She started kindergarten when we were in Boyes Hot Springs in Northern California. We lived in a cute house and she and Jenny shared a pretty pink and white bedroom. We had a dog named snowball that she played with and she took ice-skating lessons in Santa Rosa once a week and went swimming once a week near Jack London's home. She had an ear infection that left water behind her eardrum. We took her to the eye and ear clinic in San Francisco and she was operated on to remove the fluid. It often causes deafness if it is not detected by a good doctor as she was in no pain or discomfort.

When we moved to Foster City, Calif., Kim had some good teachers at school and she was a very good student. David built a beautiful playhouse for the children in the back yard and a big part of Foster City was a playground. It was a planned community with large man-made waterways filled with ocean water where the children could swim and sail and wade or play in sand. We often took the children to San Francisco to the Golden Gate Park and the museums, zoos and aquariums because it was so close.

When we moved to Santa Clara, Shemet Carman Daly, who has remained her friend. At school, she especially liked her oriental teacher. After one year we bought an old home in Saratoga on Williams Avenue. There was a swimming pool close by where she took lessons again and she also finished grade school in Saratoga. Rhonda was her best friend and also remains a close friend. She liked shopping with Rhonda in the cute shops in Saratoga and buying ice cream cones. She had the mumps, chicken pox and a bout of poison oak, but otherwise was never sick.

When we moved to Idaho we stayed at the cabin on Warm Springs Road in Island Park. She had a fun summer picking strawberries and going to the musical plays. She could sing all the songs from the famous musicals. We moved to our beautiful new home in Ammon, Idaho in April of 1972. Kim began studying piano every day with Mrs. Sommers. She also studied ballet with Marilyn Perry and Jan Rasmussen. She graduated from Bonneville Junior High and Bonneville High School. She had been involved in Choir, Ski Club, Honeybees, Cheerleading and had been on the honor roll several times. She loved her cousins Nancy and Liz Groberg and Cathy and Barbara Buckner and spent time in their homes.

She attended Ricks College for one year and enjoyed it. Her boyfriend, Rob Lewis, was going to the University of Utah, so she transferred there and took some computer science and calculus classes. When she was tired of all the math, she transferred to Brigham Young University and took some lighter classes in piano and dance.

She and Rob became engaged and decided to get married in June 14, 1980, after his graduation from the University of Utah in Engineering. They were married in our home at 3350 Southwick Lane and Bishop Harlow McNamara was kind enough to memorize the whole ceremony that Kim had written. They honeymooned in Hawaii and then came back to Idaho Falls and lived in the Paul Street apartments for awhile and then later moved to Denver. Our whole family agree that Rob is an exceptionally good man. He is very wise and kind and loving to Kimberly. We accept him totally and with gratitude into our family. Rob got a job with the Army Corps of Engineers and they moved to Saudi Arabia and helped build King Khalad City. David and I traveled all over Europe with them in October of 1982. Kimberly came home in March of 1983 to have her first baby. Little Kristina was born on April 12, 1983 in the Idaho Falls, Riverview Hospital. Kristina stole our hearts away and we feel truly blessed to have her in our family. She traveled all the way around the world when she was only eight months old with her Mom and Dad and Grandma Lewis. Rob had an accident while playing baseball and broke his face bones. He had to have surgery to put on a mouthpiece and face brace. He lost 20 pounds after not being able to eat solid food for a couple of months. Our hearts are with him and we hear he is healing quickly.

Kimberly and Kristina will both be in Idaho Falls for the Groberg Family Reunion in July of 1984. We are anxiously waiting.

LIFE HISTORY
JENNIFER GROBERG

Jennifer Groberg was born on October 14, 1961 in the Salt Lake City, Utah LDS Hospital. Dr. Laura Daines was her doctor. I had been in false labor for 2 days so the doctor induced labor and Jennifer was born very quickly with her huge blue eyes wide open. She was a contented baby who slept alot. Kimberly carried her around and she never complained. Her first years were spent at the University Villages while her father went to school working on his psychology degree. She went across the United States when she was eight months old, and lived in Greenbelt, Maryland. She crawled on one foot and one knee and walked when she was 10 months old. When we moved to Denver Street, she went to pre-school and would fall asleep in class, even after a good nights sleep. She had alot of friends even at a very young age. An older girlfriend dropped her on the pavement and she cut her chin and had to have stitches. The nurses wrapped her up in a sheet and held her head so all she could do was spit at the doctor when he gave her shots.

In Boyes Hot Springs in California, she had a whole family of friends, especially some twin girls. She stepped on a nail and had to use crutches until it was healed. She went swimming once a week and was never afraid of water. She also took ice-skating lessons in Santa Rosa.

While living in Foster City, she started school and Mr. Mahoney was her kindergarten teacher. He was her favorite, and she called him "Mr. Mahoney Balony." He gave her awards for her poetry and paintings. She had cold sores quite often because she was allergic to orange juice and drank it every day. She loved going to the beaches and playing in the sand and water and talking to people.

In Saratoga, California, Jenney would go downtown often and visit with all the store owners. They all knew her and liked the little blue-eyed blond who was so friendly. She loved nice clothes and shoes and jewelry and when she had her heart set on something, she persisted in talking about it for days until she got it. She was a favorite with her teachers, even though she didn't show much interest in school work. She had confidence and a winning personality. She could talk her way out of awkward situations and was good verbally in an argument. Her best friends were Mary Gale McKuen, Allison McKenzie and Mary Jane Bronzwich.

While living in Idaho, Jenny has grown up to be a lovely woman. She has had a job since we first moved here; first as a baby-sitter at the Little People's Academy with Stephanie Johnson, second as a waitress with Cathy, her cousin, third as a

sales person at the Competition clothing store in the Mall, fourth as a hostess at the Sandpiper Restaurant and fifth as a nurse's aide and respiratory therapist at the hospital.

Jenny and our whole family suffered a real tragedy when we had a fire in our home and Tammy Jensen was overcome with smoke inhalation. David and I were moving Kim from the U of U to BYU right after Christmas and Tammy was sleeping overnight with Jennifer. They were sleeping downstairs when a fire broke out in the downstairs kitchen in the early morning. Tammy froze in the bedroom when she saw flames on the stairs, but Jenny ran up the stairs when she felt the oxygen giving out. They never discovered the cause of the fire. Jenny has had recurrent anxiety since that day.

She graduated from Bonneville High School in 1979, took some summer English classes from Ricks College and then went to BYU Hawaii for one semester. Her roommate was Lana Smith, Miss Navaho for the USA. She took marine biology and water sport classes taught in the ocean. When she came home she went back to New York City with Debbie Shults, our neighbor who was modeling there. She got a job at an exclusive dress shop and helped take care of Halley. She got homesick after 3 months and came home and worked at the hospital. She enrolled at ISU and got an apartment with Heather and Randy in Pocatello, and had a job at Bannock Memorial Hospital and the Sandpiper. She didn't study as much as she should, so the second year she cut down her work load and studied more. She was encouraged to study by her friend Kevin Pogue, who was a geology major at the university. They have been dating, mostly mountain climbing and rock climbing, for several months. Her major is in diatetics and she is currently an "A" student.

LIFE HISTORY
DAVID RANDALL GROBERG

David Randall Groberg was born on December 13, 1962 in the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah. He was an easy, uncomplicated birth and we were overjoyed when we realized that he was a boy--our first son. He is named after his father and his grandfather Herring. We brought him home to our house at 301 A University Village and his two sisters, Kimberly and Jennifer. A little boy could never have been loved more. He was kissed and hugged and fed constantly by everyone in the house. We devised all kinds of games and tricks to make him laugh; one was imitating every thing he did.

He was still a baby when we moved to Denver Street in Salt Lake. When he was old enough to stand up, his father would take him for rides on his Vespa motorscooter. We bought him a super nice wool coat and hat, and he looked like a distinguished little gentleman standing in front of the scooter. He was a little chubby and loved to eat. He wasn't fussy at all, and it was a complete pleasure raising him.

His first memories are of living in Boyes Hot Springs near Sonoma, California, where he caught huge frogs with his friends down by the creek. His friends were usually older than him because he was such a good little talker and loved adventure. He fell in love with the ocean the first time he experienced it--playing in the waves and sand all day if we would let him. He would stare at things for a long time and study them so we decided that he was bright and David began to call him, "Doctor Professor."

The thing that stands out most in his mind about Foster City is riding to the grocery store on a small sailboat and then sailing the sacks back home. What a way to shop! We bought him a train that he could sit on and shoot around with his feet, and he went all over the neighborhood and through the house on it. One day he came up to me and said that he had hurt his eye. On examining it, the pupil was out of shape, so I took him to an eye doctor who said that the eye had been punctured and some fluid had been lost. He was very concerned that Randy might lose his eye, so he gave him lots of anti-biotics. We reenacted the scene when we got home and found that he was trying to get some string off the wheels of his train with the sharp point of a drafting compass, and had somehow punctured his eye. We were very grateful that it healed well and he has had no vision problems.

When we were living in Santa Clara, Randy decided he wanted a harmonica for Christmas. He said, "Mom, I want a bananaca." "You want a what?" "A harnonica!" I don't know where he became

interested, but we did buy him one and he played it alot. Also, he asked me when we were going to salmon tail. I finally realized that he wanted to go to San Matao to a park. Another funny thing that I remember him saying is when I was washing his hair and he asked me if I had washed out all of the whipping cream yet. He was fascinated by little seeds and how big things could grow out of them. He wanted to know if there were house seeds and refridgerator seeds.

Randy has lots of memories of our house in Saratoga, California. We lived on a neat street for children because there was a swimming pool and creek on one end and an orchard and tractor yard on the other and lots of children in-between. Scott McKuen and Patrick Neal were his friends, they were active every minute of the day. They all had bikes and one day Randy decided that he would go straight down the hill to the creek on his new bike. He fell head-over-heels and really cut a gash in his forehead. He walked into the house drenched with blood and never cried a peep. I'm always the one who has to put my head between my legs, so I don't faint. He had the chicken pox and mumps, but wasn't very ill. He has enjoyed amazingly good health all of his life. He had a knack for swimming and diving and was always the best in his class. I was afraid to put his head underwater when he was a baby, but David ducked him right under in the bathtub and made him swim to him in the pool and Randy loved it. We had huge redwood trees in our backyard and Randy would climb clear to the top and look out over the tops of the houses. He startd school in Saratoga and had some very good teachers who thought he was great.

He was anxious to move to Idaho because he wanted to go fishing. Its amazing how boys have all their male instincts born into them. That was one of the first things he did with his Dad when he got to the cabin. They have a favorite fishing hole that they still use today. His love for the rugged outdoors began there in Island Park. Big Springs was like a crystal clear jewel as he floated between islands of flowers and birds. It must have seemed like paradise to a California boy. His greatest loves are still: hiking, fishing, duck and deer hunting, camping, canoeing and cross country skiing--activities that take him outdoors. He also is an excellent down-hill skier. His cousin, James Buckner, taught him how to fly fish.

The animals at our little farm were always an interest for him. He watched the baby horses being born and helped milk the goats. He had to dig a grave for his sheep that bloated on new grass and for lots of frozen baby rabbits. Dobie and Boogie were his dogs and he took good care of them. We have always had cats too and Randy has been attached to some of them.

In school, he was very shy and quiet and wasn't too

interested in lessons until he went to college. He was a member of the tennis team and went to Boise and won all his matches. He was also a member of the ski club every year and can do hot-dog skiing. He graduated one semester early from Bonneville High School and got a job and earned money for college and for his car which was a red Mercury Capri.

He was sad when his friend Jamie Davis died in a drowning accident, and was a pall bearer at the funeral. He also felt unhappy about Tammy Jensen's death in the fire at our house. The police department, and fire department both told me that Randy had acted with real courage in quickly getting help and re-entering the fire and pulling out a friend who was lost in the smoke and then entering again to try to help the firemen. He tried to get downstairs, but was driven back by the heat, so he whistled and yelled and woke up Jenny and Tammy. The cause of the fire was never determined.

He has loved the big trips he has taken with the family to Canada, which he considers to have some of the most breathtaking and awesome mountains in the world, and to Mexico with its warm water.

Randy has a real interest in the religions of the world and likes to study the Bible. He has suddenly become quite an avid reader in many areas of serious thought. He is studying engineering at the University of Idaho.

LIFE HISTORY
HEATHER GROBERG

Heather Groberg was born on December 31, 1962 in the Salt Lake City, Utah LDS Hospital. Mary Jane, her aunt, came over to watch the other children on this New Years Eve Night. She only weighed a little over six pounds. Her embilical cord had been just barely attached to the placenta during the whole pregnancy. She was a perfect baby. One nurse said she was the prettiest baby she had ever seen. She has hazel eyes and light brown hair. I was amazed at her strength and vitality even as a tiny baby. When she was on her hands and knees, she would kick her let super fast. It was comical. Sharman Sommerfrucht, my second cousin, came and stayed with us and helped take care of the house and children after she was born. We were living at 1001 Denver St.

In Boyes Hot Springs, California, Heather was only two years old and a sweet and gentle person. If the other kids were crying, she would run and get something for them to make them feel better. She never cried much. When she would wake up in the morning or from naps, she would stand up in the crib and call, "Mommie," until I came to get her. She would sit on my lap while I practiced the piano and sometimes danced. Mostly she wanted me to stop practicing. We would all sit around the Christmas tree and sing songs and she learned the words very fast and would sing too.

In Foster City, she went for a walk and got lost and a police officer found her and brought her back. Grandma Groberg and Gloria had just come to visit and I wasn't even aware that she was missing. She liked doing artiscic things with paints and crayons and watercolors, so I always kept a supply on the table.

When we moved to Santa Clara, Althea Grundvig came to live with us. She loved Heather and made her a purple velvet and white satin dress that was Heather's favorite dress. I made all the kids a new cosstume every Halloween and Heather always liked to be pretty rather than scarry. . . .

In Saratoga, California, she took swimming lessons and was a fearless and good swimmer. Her friend was Bernadette Pambianco whose family had rented our remodeled barn. She started school in Saratoga and was an excellent student. She learned how to read when she was five years old from flash cards and a phonics book I had. Sally Thorkildson came to live with us with her three kids, and they were also Heather's playmates. She was good to Greg and Kjerstin and helped me take care of them. She was balancing on the top of her bed post when she fell off and broke her arm. She was also injured when Greg threw a toy truck in a closet where whe was hiding and hit her in the eye and cut her eyelid.

When we moved into the cabin at Island Park, Idaho, in 1971, she was a happy little mountaineer who could walk a long distance and never complain. Our new home on Southwick Lane was very beautiful and Heather shared a room with Kjerstin. I would tuck her in bed every night and she would always say her prayers. She took piano lessons from Mrs. Sommers for a year and then quit but later took it up again in college. She also began gymnastic lessons and has won many, many ribbons. Dianna Kirkham was a good friend in jr. high and Lisa Calkins was a good high school friend. She managed her time well and was very active in school. She was a cheerleader, Queen of the Sweetheart Ball, honor student, and a member of the Ski Club and the French Club. She had a date for every dance and school occasion.

She wanted to travel, so she applied to be a Rotary Exchange Student and was accepted. She wanted to go to France, was told she would be in South Africa and ended up being in Santa Cruz, Bolivia in South America. She stayed with the Gutierrez family for one year. She learned to speak Spanish fluently and came home quite grown up. Laura Gutierrez stayed with us for a few months as an exchange student and we really loved her.

After she graduated from Bonneville High School, she taught gymnastics to little children at the recreation center. In the fall, she attendend ISU and lived in Pocatello with Jen and Ran. She met Fransisco Olbrich at the University where he was learning English. He had a degree in veterinary medicine from Brazil. They have been writing to eachother for several months.

Heather left ISU because it had no gymnastic team and entered Boise State in the fall of 1983 and became a member of the colligate competing team. Her training was going perfectly when she fell from the uneven parallel bar and tore her anterior carusha in her knee. She went to Hawaii after Christmas with the team before she had her knee operated on in January. The doctor spent five hours taking out broken cartilage and replacing the torn ligament with another in her leg. Her scar is about a foot long, but she is healing very well with the help of a physical therapist. She hopes to compete again in gymnastics. We moved her into a new apartment with Andy Saucerman who has been a good girlfriend and helper and roommate.

LIFE HISTORY
GREGORY GROBERG

Gregory Groberg was born on January 26, 1967 in the Kaiser Permanente Hospital in San Fransisco, California. The umbilical cord was wrapped around his neck, so he was born breech. The doctor had to cut the cord before he was born, putting his life at stake for a few minutes. He was a little blue and wouldn't breathe, so the doctor rubbed his back with alcohol and he really cried. He was born hungry.. He nursed alot and had to be fed with two spoons to make the food go in fast enough. He was our heaviest baby, as he weighed 8 pounds and 3 ounces. He has been very strong and resilient all his life with very few days of sickness, other than the chicken pox and mumps.

When he came home to our house in Foster City, he had his own bedroom next to Mom and Dad. It was a very modern home with rock floors and huge windows. It was landscaped with camillias and lilies of the nile and some trees that could live in salty soil. Greg used to like to be on the floor and skoot himself backwards underneath the bed. When we couldn't find him, we would look under a bed, and there was a smiling Gregory. His father nicknamed him, "Goobler the Bugler" because he would wake us up every morning like a bugle. The name, "Gooby" stuck with him for many years.

He doesn't remember any specific incidents until we were living in Saratoga. He was a frog catcher too, just like Randy. His frogs were the tiny variety and he would catch them by the hundreds and save them in our bathtub with a bit of water. We all remember that he hated clothes and much preferred to be nude and go shoeless. His best friends were Bernadette Pambianco and Shelley Neal. He went to the Montesorri Pre-School with them in the hills of Saratoga. The nuns taught the children how to do all the daily chores such as sweeping floors and pouring from a pitcher to a glass. It was an outstanding school and the children were all very happy. Greg had a little plane that he could sit on and skoot around outside, and he liked me to bring his food outside so he could eat on his plane.

There were so many trees around our house and they were filled with birds. Greg would motion to me that he wanted to go outside and hear the birds when he was just a baby. Later we got a classical musical piece that has some birds singing at the beginning; this is what Greg wanted me to play when it was time for his nap. He also liked "Peter and the Wolf." He climbed the giant fig trees and redwood trees in our yard, and liked sleeping in a tent underneath them with his friends.

When we came to Idaho, Greg remembers staying with Grandma and Grandpa Groberg and then going out to ride on Frolic, Grandpa's horse. He says that Heather got on and Frolic went wild. Grandma Groberg always had lots of good things to eat at her house and she was always planning nice parties for the grandchildren. Greg remembers lots of birthday dinners and presents and dollar bills for every year of his age--all from Grandma and Grandpa Groberg.

While we were at the cabin in Island Park, Greg would pick wild strawberries and huckleberries. He also remembers the musical plays and hearing them sing "Poor Jud is Dead." He likes fishing and the out-of-doors life at the cabin.

On Southwick Lane in Idaho Fall, Greg takes care of the lawns in the summer and helps in planting the gardens. He takes care of the animals, especially the little kittens. He will feed them and play with them and doctor them when they are sick. He use to milk the goats on cold winter mornings before he went to school, but he didn't like to drink the milk. He had a motorcycle that her use to herd the horses with and terrorize the neighborhood with noise. He and his good friend Lon Mc Namara spent many hours in the Ammon foothills on their bikes and also in his garage repairing them. Steve Boyce has also been a favorite friend to play music with and Todd Bohn was a school friend. Another good friend, Daryl, was killed with his girlfriend when he ran a stop sign and was hit by a truck. Greg and Steve were pall bearers at his funeral.

Greg was thirteen when he first began gymnastics. He was a natural and excelled very fast to being better than the coach. He has won numerous ribbons at several meets. He was the overall Best in the State after one year and the next year he went to regionals and placed fifth. While he was working out at Sports World in Pocatello, his hands slipped from the high bar and he flew 15 feet and hit the trampoline and fractured his skull and lacerated his face. He is still recuperating and says he wants to do gymnastics again.

He has gone from hating clothes and shoes to being very particular about them--they have to be clean and pressed and in-style. He also is conscious of eating for good health and takes care of his body. He is the tallest in the family now at 5 feet and 10 inches and still growing.

His greatest interest right now is playing the guitar and drums which he taught himself to play. He and his friends get together to play music and want to form a band. He just began guitar lessons at Chesbros.

LIFE HISTORY
KJERSTIN GROBERG

Kjerstin Groberg was born on August 3, 1970 in the Santa Clara Kaiser Permanente Hospital in California. She was born in the labor room with no one helping. I could hear her choking on the amnionic water on the bed and told David to pick her up. She was perfect in every way and her Dad gave her the nickname of La Perfecta or sometimes Perf. She had a pretty little face and hands. I took her home to our house on Williams Ave in Saratoga where all her brothers and sisters were eagerly waiting. We put her crib and a bed for me in the little sun-room. She nursed for about a year. Sally Thorkildsen helped take care of her and the house when she was tiny. I took her for a stroll in the buggy every day, so she could have lots of fresh air and sunshine. She went to Asilomar on the Pacific Ocean when she was only a few days old.

When we moved to the cabin, she slept by David and I on a mattress on the floor. She had fine, white-blond hair and we were wondering if it was ever going to get strong. She climbed chairs and fell down when she was learning to walk. There was a little cut on the back of her head that she would open up every time she fell.

Kjerstin and Heather shared a room in our beautiful new house on Southwick Lane in Idaho Falls, Idaho, and they slept in old-fashioned beds. Kjerstin's friends were Holly and April Garn and they took swimming and dancing lessons together. Kjerstin swam well when she was two and dared to jump off any diving board. She would do it as long as someone was there to catch her. She swam underwater continually and would only come up for a quick breath. She would swim to me and kiss me. We gave her the nickname of "Kissy." She was a loving and tender-hearted little girl.

She didn't like going to school and cried alot when she had to go. I found that the teacher was hitting her on the head when she came in late, so she was afraid to go to class. I moved her to the Willowtree Private School for the rest of the year and she was much happier. They went ice-skating twice a week and they had lots of field trips around town. She learned how to read and do math quickly, but she never really enjoyed school and didn't like doing homework.

She has had alot of fun with Halley Shults and Tricia Bird while she was in grade school. They rode horses and went to the cabin, had parties and jumped on the trampoline. Kjerstin broke her arm when she fell from Aunt Sonja's trampoline, but it has healed completely.

Kjerstin has excellent coordination and has done very well in drill team, cheerleading, gymnastics, ballet, jazz, and break-dancing. She has taken ballet from Marilyn Perry for the last three years and has excelled quickly and been in several productions.

Kimberly and Kjerstin flew to Los Angeles and met David and I and Mon and went to Disneyland and Mexico. She has also been on trips to Washington and Oregon and stayed with her Aunt Sonja in Spokane.

Anny Fritzen, her cousin, has been a good friend and Mary Jane, her Aunt, has arranged alot of fun things for the girls to dolike library and shopping trips and a beauty and talent contest and some parties.

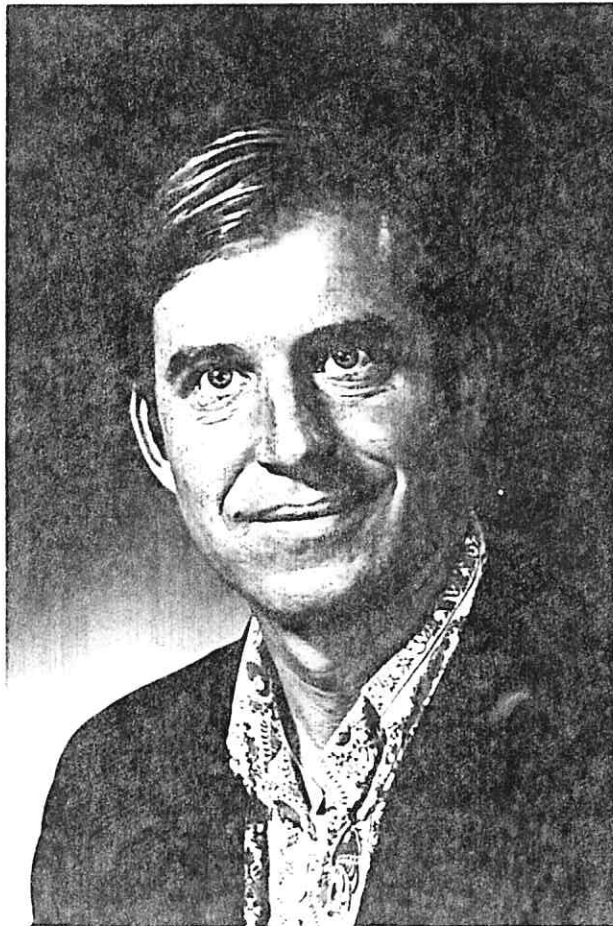
Kjerstin loves to sing and has a good sense of pitch and is able to memorize songs easily. She has sung at school and for family programs. Grandma and Grandpa Groberg have very nice Family Home Evenings, where Kjerstin get an opportunity to perform and develop her talents.

She has grown up quickly since turning thirteen and has many girl friends from our ward at church. Desiree, Janet, Sandy, Suzette and Kim are favorites now. The neighborhood friends all get together in the evening and play "Kick the Can." She likes to be in style with her clothes and haircuts and just recently had her hair cut short and bought a sack dress.

Kjerstin went with the ward mutual to BYU and stayed for a few days on campus and listened to talks and had a barbeque and went swimming. She had fun and enjoyed watching the girls from Salt Lake City dance. She is presently taking a break dancing class taught at our Community Resource Center and is doing well.



DAVID H. GROBERG



JOHN + DAVID



Lorraine Herring Groberg



Mom
+Dad
Herring



Dale Christina Fautin (Mom)



Randall D Herring (Dad)



Lotruine + Sonja



Riding bikes in Elsinore



149
KIMBERLY GROBERG




Jennifer Groberg



Randy
GROBERG



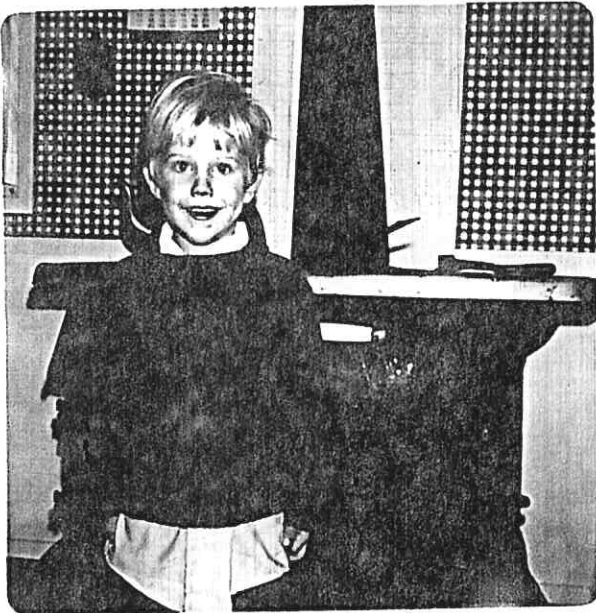


SL 33198 

Heather Groberg



*Gregory
Groberg*





KJERSTIN GROBERG





Kim and Rob Lewis



Kimberly + Kristina Lewis



David H. Groberg Family

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

ENTER ALL DATA IN THIS ORDER:
 DATES: 14 Apr 1794

NAMES: WATSON, John Henry
 PLACES: Sharon, Wndsr, Vrm

To indicate that a child is an ancestor of the family representative, place an "X" behind the number pertaining to that child.

HUSBAND GROBERG, David Holbrook

Born 12 March 1936 Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho **Wife** HERRING, Lorraine
 Chr. 26 April 1936 Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho Word 1
 Marr. 20 March 1959 Place Masquita, Clark, Nevada Examiners: 2
 Died _____ Place _____ Stake or Mission _____
 Bur. _____
 HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES _____
 FATHER _____
 MOTHER _____
 HUSBAND'S HOLBROOK, Jennie
 MOTHER _____

WIFE HERRING, Lorraine

Born 8 August 1910 Place Elsinore, Millard, Utah
 Chr. _____ Place _____
 Died _____ Place _____
 Bur. _____
 WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS _____
 FATHER _____
 MOTHER _____
 WIFE'S FATHER _____
 WIFE'S MOTHER _____
 WIFE'S MOTHER FAULTIN, Dale Christina

SEX	LIST EACH CHILD (Whether Living or Dead) in Order of Birth	CHILDREN	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE TO WHOM	WHEN DIED	RELATION OF P. N. TO HUSBAND	RELATION OF P. N. TO WIFE	TEMPLE ORDINANCE DATA	BAPTIZED (DATE)	ENDOWED (DATE)	SETTLED (Date & Temple)	WIFE TO HUSBAND
			DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY									
F	GROBERG, Kimberly	1	1	Dec	1959	Provo	Utah	Utah	11 June 1980			WIFE	25 Mar 1944	3 Apr 1956	8 Feb 1960	WIFE TO HUSBAND	
F	GROBERG, Jennifer	2	14	Oct	1961	Salt Lake	Salt Lake	Utah				HUSBAND	6 Mar 1949	8 Feb 1960		WIFE TO HUSBAND	
M	GROBERG, David Randall	3	13	Dec	1962	Salt Lake	Salt Lake	Utah				WIFE	4 Mar 1971			WIFE TO HUSBAND	
F	GROBERG, Heather	4	31	Dec	1963	Salt Lake	Salt Lake	Utah				HUSBAND	4 Mar 1971			WIFE TO HUSBAND	
M	GROBERG, Gregory	5	26	Jan	1967	San Mateo	Mateo	Clfrm				HUSBAND	25 Mar 1972			WIFE TO HUSBAND	
F	GROBERG, Kjerstin	6	3	Aug	1970	Saratoga	Snt Clr	Clfrm				HUSBAND	1 Feb 1975			WIFE TO HUSBAND	
		7															
		8															
		9															
		10															
		11															

SOURCES OF INFORMATION _____

OTHER MARRIAGES _____

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS _____

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

ENTER ALL DATA IN THIS ORDER:
 NAMES: WATSON, John Henry
 PLACES: Sharon, Wndsr, Vrm
 DATES: 14 Apr 1794
 To indicate that a child is an ancestor of the family representative, place an "X" behind the number pertaining to that child.

HUSBAND LEWIS, John Robin

Born 25 Nov. 1956 Place _____

Chr. 14 June, 1980 Place Idaho Falls, Bnnvl, Idaho

Mar. _____ Place _____

Did _____ Place _____

Buf. _____ Place _____

FATHER'S NAME LEWIS, John S.

MOTHER HUSBAND'S CONOVER, Carolyn

WIFE GROBERG, Kimberly

Born 1 Dec. 1959 Place Provo, Utah, Utah

Chr. _____ Place _____

Did _____ Place _____

Buf. _____ Place _____

FATHER'S NAME GROBERG, David Holdbrook

MOTHER _____

Husband LEWIS, John Robin
 Wife GROBERG, Kimberly

Word 1.

Examined: 2.

State of _____

Mission _____

NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTING RECORD

FAMILY REPRESENTATIVE

RELATION OF F.R. TO HUSBAND

RELATION OF F.R. TO WIFE

TEMPLE ORDINANCE DATA

BAPTIZED (DATE) _____ ENDOWED (DATE) _____

HUSBAND _____ WIFE _____

3 Dec. 1966

25 Mar. 1972

SEALED (Date & Temple)
 CHILDREN TO PARENTS

CHILDREN	SEX	DATE OF BIRTH	WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE TO WHOM	WHEN DIED
			TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY		
1	M	12 April 1983	Idaho Falls	Bnnvl	Idaho		
2	F						
3							
4							
5							
6							
7							
8							
9							
10							
11							

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

OTHER MARRIAGES

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

Barbara Jean Colby
&
Richard Holbrook

GROBERG
FAMILY



Richard H. Graberg



Barbara + twin sister Beverly + Mother



Barbara Colby Groberg

I was born in Los Angeles, California on April 5, 1941 to Willard and Ilda Hansen Colby. I am 3 minutes older than my twin sister, Beverly. My father was a pharmacist and owned several drug stores. When I was very young we moved to Santa Barbara, California where Bev and I started school.

When I was 8 we moved to Oceanside, California, a small town with a large U.S. Marine base, Camp Pendleton. We loved the beach and I was quite old before I realized that Oceanside wasn't the only place that had sunsets. I couldn't imagine what children did who didn't live near the ocean. We had lots of friends and parties and my dad and mom were very good about putting up with the antics of twin daughters.

We grew up in a small branch of the Church and I remember having our Sunday School class in the restroom of a Women's Club the Church rented. Bev and I played the piano and organ for Church, weddings and whatever was needed. We had only one other Mormon in our high school. But we had very nice friends and several later joined the Church.

Dad and Mom took us on several nice vacations because they weren't sure we would get there later in life. We went to Europe, the Caribbean, Mexico, Hawaii, etc. It was on our trip to Europe that our family first heard about the Grobergs from a Mrs. Charlesworth, who was a next door neighbor on 12th Street.

I graduated from Oceanside High School in 1958 and then went to BYU. My Sophomore year I went to Utah State and then back to the Y for my junior and senior years. I graduated from the Y in 1962 with a major in Business Education.

I met Richard at the beginning of my Senior year. We dated the whole year (mostly to sports events). It was easy to see what a great person he was. I was impressed right off. We were married August 25, 1962. He has really been a great husband and father.

Brief Life Sketch of Richard H. Groberg from 1962 to 1984
(Probably Not Brief Enough for Those Who Read It)

Barbara Jean Colby and I were married August 25, 1962 in the Los Angeles Temple by President Benjamin L. Bowring. The temple was open for weddings only. We were 13th of 42 that day. Barbara had completed her student teaching and graduated from BYU the previous May. I had one year left to get my degree in Business Management with a concentration in Finance and Banking.

One of the earliest recollections I have after our marriage happened the next day. We rented a motel near Disneyland and went to church in Fullerton the next day. Later that day I noticed my wallet was missing with all our money. We back tracked and found it untouched in the gutter at the church. This was several hours later. We were surely happy to find it. After a visit to Disneyland and an elegant reception at Colbys in Oceanside, California, we drove to Provo to find work for Barbara and register me in school. She worked as the Secretary for the Department of Zoology and made many lasting acquaintances.

We lived on Third North during my senior year in an apartment house. We still drive by occasionally. The apartment was partially furnished and cost \$70. including heat. We attended the Provo 5th Ward that year. I was in charge of an egg project we had. Each week we drove to the Payson area and candled and sorted eggs and then sold them to the people in the ward. It was a good experience in business.

I graduated from BYU in May 1963 with a Bachelor of Arts. We moved to Idaho Falls where we have been ever since. We moved into the Avalon apartments on South Boulevard for a short time until a new apartment was completed on St. Clair Road near 12th Street. This was located in the 26th Ward and John Groberg was the bishop. A house in rather poor condition was turned back to the company that winter. Barbara and I bought it and fixed it up to resale. This was in the 22nd Ward. The house was rather drafty and hard to heat and that winter was long and cold--one of the most severe. Barbara's folks visited us while we were living in this house on Cathryn. They had just completed a trip around the world and this was the coldest, most snow covered place they had been. They lived in Southern California and weren't used to such a long cold winter.

We planned and had constructed a nice three bedroom house at 2265 Richards Street in a new subdivision we were developing called Woodruff Park. This was in the 28th Ward which was later divided into the 31st Ward. We lived there 9 years at which time we built our present house in Heningers (Uncle Maurice and Aunt Vera) vacant lot on Azalea in 1974. We still live there and find it a nice neighborhood, one block to church and grammar school and about 1/2 mile to work.

We are parents of three children--Stephanie Ann was born November 22, 1966, 3 years to the day after the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. Richard Todd was born April 11, 1972 and Michael Andrew was born December 2, 1975.

Stephanie seems to have been rather grown up for some-time. She will be a Senior at Idaho Falls High School this year where she is Student Body Historian, Co-chairman for the homecoming activities, Honor Society member, an editor of the school annual and an all around good girl. Stephanie enjoys playing tennis and has won the State High School championship twice. She was a member of the winning girls doubles (with Jolene Bacca) as a freshman; nearly won as a Sophomore and teamed with Brian Sahr to win the mixed doubles as a junior. She was undefeated in all high school tennis this year.

She is a beautiful, talented girl who plans on attending BYU next year. She has thrilled her folks many times with her accomplishments and especially keeps her mother occupied with her many activities.

Todd is now 12. He has been a Deacon for 2 months. He was chosen as the Hope of America boy from his class. This award is based on leadership, attitude, scholarship, etc. He is very interested in athletics, including tennis, baseball, football, and basketball. He has won championships in all of these sports. I have had the opportunity to help coach him in some of these sports and Todd has always been more like an assistant coach rather than just a player. He looks up to Steph's boyfriend, Tom and also his cousin Colby. He is active in scouting and plans on attending the National Jamboree next year.

Mike is 8 and was baptized in December 1983. He is a pace student and also loves sports. He plays baseball, soccer and basketball and wants to get into tennis. He is very competitive. He likes to have friends over and likes to sleep over at his friends houses often. He is a cub scout and a super boy.

The Church has been a controlling part of our lives. I served as a ward clerk in the BYU 38th Ward when we were married. In Idaho Falls my church positions included: teaching in the Aaronic Priesthood, Superintendent of the MIA, Assistant Scout Master. On April 27, 1968, I was called and set apart as a Seventy by Elder Spencer W. Kimball who was a member of the Quorum of the Twelve. I can trace the line of Priesthood authority through him. Spencer W. Kimball was ordained by Heber J. Grant, who was ordained by George Q. Cannon, who was ordained by Brigham Young who was ordained by the Three Witnesses, who were ordained by Joseph Smith, who was ordained by Peter, James and John who were ordained by the Lord Jesus Christ.

Soon after being ordained a Seventy, I was called to the Presidency of the Quorum and then the President, where I served for several years. We had an enjoyable time doing missionary work and have many friends because of this. One of my counselors was Roger DeMordaunt who presently serves as President of our stake, Idaho Falls, Idaho Central Stake.

In September 1975 I was called as a High Councilor and ordained a High Priest on September 28, 1975 by President Harold H. Hillam. I am still serving on the High Council. Our present stake was formed in October 1983 and I am now the senior high councilor. We have six wards in the stake, Third, Eleventh, Twenty-Second, Twenty-sixth, Twenty-eighth, and Thirty-first. I have belonged to all of these wards except the 11th which was divided from the Third. At the present time I am assigned to the 11th Ward as their Advisor.

My calling as a High Councilor has given me many opportunities to serve. I have spoken many times at many places, supervised our softball diamonds, advised the stake mission work, had many ward assignments and supervised the physical facilities of the stake, among many other things.

There have been many meetings to attend and many programs to follow up on but I feel there has always been sufficient time to be involved with the family which is my most important calling as a father.

I have been motivated by my parents' dedication and activity in the Church and know this brings happiness. I carry a picture of President Kimball and President Romney with Dad and Mom to remind me of the priorities of our activities.

I took my Real Estate examination right after graduating from BYU and have been engaged in the real estate business since 1963.

I have had the opportunity to work with Dad, John and Joe in the business. The business has fluctuated from about 8 to over 40 people, depending on the economy and the building program. All times have been challenging. Some years have been better than others.

I have served in the local board as Secretary, Vice-President and President and also chairman of committees. In the state association I have been a director, vice-president and committee chairman and as a National Director for 3 years. The latter office required travel to Washington, D. C., Alaska, Georgia and Texas. I'm presently the Broker for D. V. Groberg Company. We own and manage some office buildings, apartments, condominiums and farms. We have a brokerage business and develop various types of subdivisions. It is always challenging. Sometimes the challenge seems to be survival as high interest rates have hit real estate very hard.

Barbara and I have traveled to Japan, Mexico, the Greek Islands, including Israel and Egypt. The family has traveled to Southern California and Hawaii.

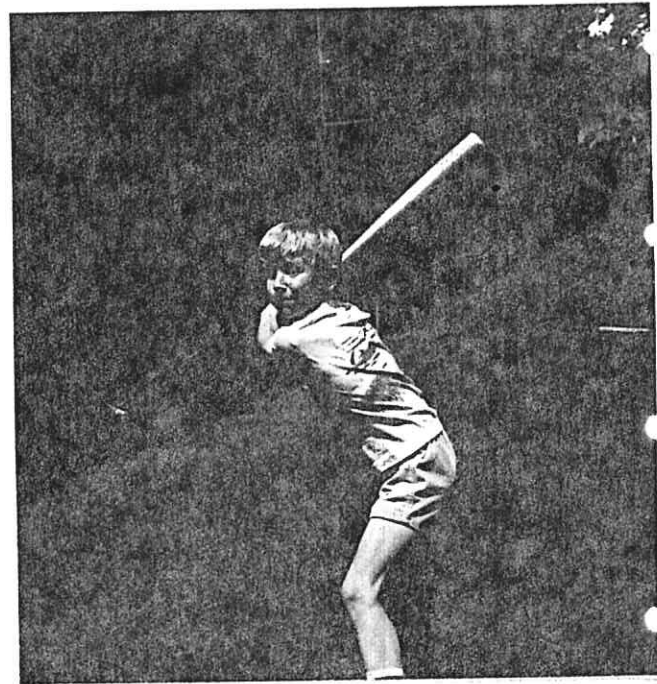
Members of our family enjoy and get along with each other most of the time and we are looking forward to the family reunion in July.



Stephanie - tennis



Todd - basketball



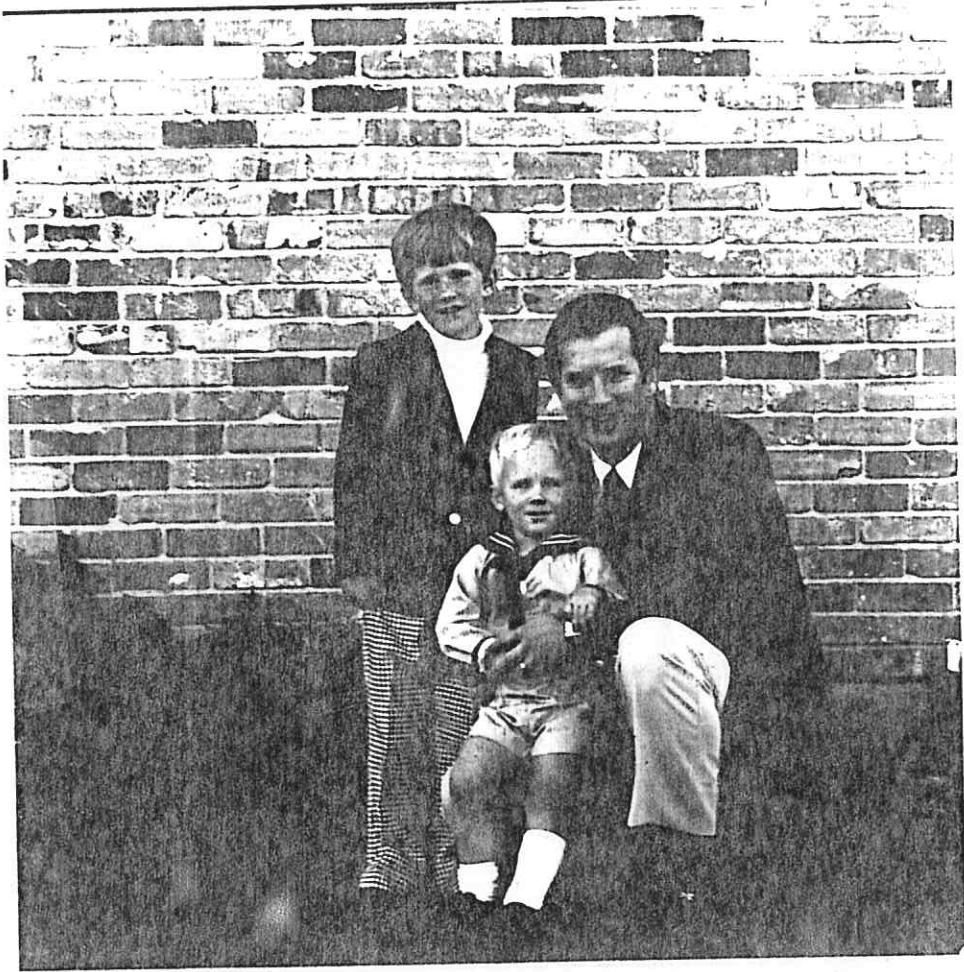
Mike - baseball



Michael, Stephanie and Todd



Todd - age 12



The Three Groberg Men



Michael - a



Todd - age 4



The Family



The Family Today

Sharon Kay Nelson

&

Delbert Holbrook

GROBERG
FAMILY

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE DELBERT H. GROBERG/SHARON N. GROBERG FAMILY

Written June, 1984

This is how our family is made up now, although it has taken twenty years to get where we are:

Father: Delbert Holbrook Groberg (born Dec. 3, 1940, Idaho Falls, Idaho)

Mother: Sharon Kay Nelson Groberg (born May 29, 1944, Independence, Kansas)

Children: Kari Lynn (died shortly after birth April 11, 1965); Delbert James (18); Angela (16); Tanya Kay (14); Geoffrey Nelson (11); Jared Nelson (8); Erik Nelson (7).

Our family began when we were married May 15, 1974 in the Idaho Falls Temple. We were both in school at Brigham Young University at the time and so we completed the year at school and then went on a honeymoon to California. Dee already owned a house at 1162 Briar Ave. in Provo, which was our first home. Dee had done a lot of unusual remodeling and decorating in the home and Sharon helped with some of the final painting. After the honeymoon, we went to Idaho Falls for the summer to work. This gave Sharon a chance to get better acquainted with the family there. Dee worked on doing repairs and remodeling of the Avalon Apartments that Dad (Grandpa) owned.

Dee finished school at BYU graduating with a B.A. in Asian Studies in the summer of 1965. We had our first child, Kari Lynn, while at the "Y". She was born April 11, 1965, but died only 1 hr. 28 minutes

later due to a major heart problem. Of course, this was a big disappointment to us, but we trusted that the Lord knew best what her mission on earth should be, and apparently, she needed only a brief stop here to gain a mortal body before returning home. Dee took an upholstery class in the evening at the "Y" during this time, which was to have a long lasting effect on our family. Dee also got a job during the last year at BYU writing materials for the then proposed Japanese section of the Language Training Mission. Pay was \$1.25 per hour.

Dee enrolled in architecture at Pocatello at Idaho State University and Sharon continued taking some classes. Del was born April 7, 1966 and we were thrilled to have a baby to care for and love. Dee was a stake missionary for the minorities (Japanese) there, we both worked on the ward newspaper, and Dee started an upholstery business to help support the family while he was in school. Our ward was a student ward of mainly young couples and Bishop Richard L. Olsen became a close friend. Sharon also taught Primary and was in the Relief Society presidency in that ward.

Dee became disillusioned about architecture and decided to go back into linguistics/anthropology/instructional design. We then moved to Orem, Utah where Dee entered graduate school. He was able to work closely with Bob Blair and they went together to Paraguay the summer of 1966 to learn Guarani in preparation of writing some materials for the Peace Corps. They also did some teaching for

the Peace Corp. in Las Cruces, New Mexico together over the Christmas holiday that year. Our family lived there for several weeks. Dee also did some work for the Defense Language Institute. Angela was born in Provo October 8, 1967. After receiving an M.A. in Applied Linguistics, Dee interviewed with several companies on the "Y" campus for job prospects and sent out resumes to many others--hoping in some way to use his Asian Studies background and his Japanese. He accepted a job offer with Mobil Oil Corporation that was exciting to us and which took us to Japan to live as a family for about four years. He was one of a select group of seven management trainees Mobil choose that year in a new program. Before leaving for Japan, Dee had a year of training and we lived in the New York, Boston, and Philadelphia areas. We really enjoyed our small branches of the church in each area and had a taste of what it felt like to live in the mission field. We became close to several families in a short period of time.

Our first home in Japan was in Kobe, a scenic city near the ocean. Dee managed around 20 service stations in that area. We arrived with babies Del and Angie during the rainy season, and since our dryer was broken and there were no disposable diapers, it seemed an endless scene of drying diapers and clothes for about 2 months. However, we were so happy to get settled after living in a hotel for almost 2 months in Tokyo and flying back and forth to that area looking for a house. It seemed that Del and Angie were good friends with all the maids and house-keeping people in the hotel

and some seemed sad to see us go and brought over little gifts for the kids, etc. The mission president in Kobe, Edward Okazaki, made Dee the mission language coordinator and that was such a blessing to our adjustment. We thoroughly enjoyed having the missionaries to our home often, and Sharon tried to always have a dessert ready, which they seemed to appreciate so much. Sharon also did some work in the mission Primary trying to help get Primary started in that area. Dee helped with the Mormon Pavilion at the World's Fair in 1970, and Tanya Kay was born to us that same year, March 7th. Grandma Groberg came over to help and we had a lot of fun showing her around since Tanya was about two weeks overdue when born.

We then moved to Tokyo where Dee was assigned to set up a language training center there at Mobil's headquarters. Later, he proposed establishing a training department of which he was made department manager. We were allowed a vacation to the states every summer. Sharon bought a home in Orem as an investment and also so we would have a place to stay when we came home each summer. We rented it out during the year. Shortly afterwards, the interest rates went up considerably. The summer of 1972, Sharon graduated from the "Y" in child development with the help of the Blairs, who did a lot of babysitting of Del, Angie, and Tanya while Sharon finished up her classes. Dee started a language company (Interac) about this time and Geoffrey was born in Tokyo, March 25, 1973.

Our move back to the states to New Jersey where Dee worked out of the corporate headquarters in New York City was a big decision. We were going to be assigned to live in New York and work in Libya, and the more DEe thought about where he would like to live and work, the more just about anywhere else except Libya seemed attractive. He felt he wanted to build his own company (Interac), although he greatly appreciated the experience and all he had learned while working for Mobil. Fan Adams, who he had worked with in Japan, however, hired him back to work for Mobil as a private consultant and he traveled around the world managing training in Africa, South America, Europe, and the Middle East--being gone about half the time from home. One year, he went around the world 11 times! Sharon felt sorry for herself being left alone with the kids so much of the time while Dee traveled until she went on a trip with him. WE lost our luggage after the first stop (Rome) and were in a remote part of Africa where clothes and toiletries were not available to buy. The hotels were bug-ridden and dirty and Sharon got a bit sick. Sharon's dad died while they were on the trip and communication were so bad, it took two days to get a phone call through to home. Although she left for home the first available flight, she missed his funeral due to the communications delay. We didn't see our bags until after we arrived home and many of our clothes were stolen. After that, she stayed home while Dee traveled and felt sorry for him. Dee was the Teacher's quorum advisor in their Mount Olympus ward and Sharon taught the Mia Maids in mutual. Jared was born March 28, 1976.

We decided around this time that we wanted a home with a bit of land and without the problem of so many hills. We bought a home in Sandy, Utah from the president of the Sandy Willowcreek Stake, Wayne Saunders. We also bought the vacant lot next door which gave us about an acre of land. The setting seemed so beautiful to us with the creek just over the backyard fence, many beautiful trees, and even a swimming pool! It is very private and quiet, but has the advantage of a nice neighborhood of kids in the front. In Sandy, under Bob Appgood's advice, Dee began some real estate investments, mainly in apartments. Bob was a big help in this and in doing our taxes. Dee kept Interac going and growing. Sharon worked in the mutual and Dee was the Elder's Quorum teacher. Three months before Jared was born, Angie was severely burned on her stomach and legs while making candles for a school project. The boy ahead of her tripped over the cord and the entire pot of hot wax spilled down her. She had second and third degree burns and was in the hospital about six weeks. She spent another month recuperating at home during which time a district school tutor came to the home. We were glad she had been a good student and didn't seem to get behind in school, but it was extremely difficult to see her suffer so much. She recently has had some plastic surgery done which has helped the scarring. 13 months after Jared was born it seemed a bit strange to be back in the LDS Hospital having another baby. Erik was born May 1, 1977. Having two babies so close together proved to be quite a challenge. They each needed most everything done for them, yet were on different eating and sleeping schedules and it seemed one was constantly in need of some attention and help.

One day a call came from Church headquarters asking for Delbert Holbrook Groberg, and when Dee confirmed that it was he speaking, the secretary asked him to hold the line for a minute while President Kimball came to the phone! Dee was thrilled beyond words to receive from our prophet a call to serve as a mission president. When Dee asked him if he could be told where the mission would be served, President Kimball replied, "I can't say for sure, but you do speak Japanese don't you?" On our mission, we both felt that every capability we had developed was put to good use and that we learned much from the experience and that our natural abilities were magnified. We were truly blessed as a mission (for two months we had over 1,000 baptisms each month) and we saw many wonderful people come into the church. We felt that our missionaries were some of the most capable ever sent out and we were thrilled at their successes and growth in the gospel. One of our greatest blessings was the close friendship we developed with our area supervisor, Elder Yoshihiko Kikuchi. He motivated, encouraged, and supported us continually. While we were serving, Dillon Inoue came over from the "Y" to do a study of the missions in Japan. He seemed particularly interested in our mission and wondered why it was unique. He actually went out and proselyted with the missionaries in the different missions and he told us that after observing and feeling and participating in the work with our missionaries, it was no longer a mystery to him why they were so successful. We have been a little disappointed that the study was never really finished and written up, but he was a great support to us while there, and especially when we came back home and faced

criticism for bringing in "too many people".

Coming home to the "real world" was quite an adjustment after being involved in such a wonderful work as missionary work. Dee had lost most of his apartments, his language company, and we faced huge debts without any income. We owe what was left to the countless hours Joe spent. It seemed overwhelming until one of our choice missionaries, Karl Bertagnole, came to work with Dee. They did upholstery work together and Bob Apgood got them into "trading furniture for different services and goods to "get by" until something better worked out. It didn't prove to be very productive, but at least they were able to turn the real estate around so that it wasn't so much of a drain. Dee and Karl worked together for about a year and a half and then Karl went back to Casper, Wyoming to help in his family's business. Dad Groberg was also a great help to us in counseling, making loans available, etc. Dee worked for a while with Roy Christensen, trying to get consulting work but nothing really came of the time and money spent, except that Dee was able to meet the president of Denny's restaurants, Vern Curtis. He would not hire them to do any work, but at a later time, Mr. Curtis hired Dee to do some consulting in the area of training and development. Things learned in the mission field became very valuable here. This work became even more rewarding when Dee was able to involve a long time friend, Roice Krueger, in the work.

Sharon's mother, Lois Nelson, died August of 1982 when a disease she had been battling, lupus, went out of control. This was a shock

to Sharon and her family and a great sadness, but Sharon was glad to have spent some time with her after our mission to let everyone get reacquainted.

Current callings in the Church find Dee involved in a special missionary assignment for this area with Elder Kikuchi (who has since moved to S.L.) as well as teaching the Young Adult Sunday School class in the ward. Sharon is in the Young Women's presidency and teaches the Beehives. She especially enjoyed having Tanya in her class for two years.

We look back on the experiences we have had together since starting a family in 1964 with wonder at the variety, uniqueness, and chances for growth we have seen. Certainly the birth^{and development} of each of our children has brought some of life's greatest learning experiences, joys, and challenges. We hope to love, teach, and prepare each one for the challenges and opportunities that await them--that they might be happy and fulfilled in life. We hope each of our children will deepen in appreciation of the great blessing it is to be a member of the Lord's true church as they continue their journey. We strive to be good examples to them, but know that as parents we have our weaknesses. WE hope they will be forgiving when misunderstandings arise and know that our intentions have been and always will be for their best good. We appreciate so much the examples for good we see in our extended families and hope to live lives worthy of their sacrifices and devotion. We have been richly blessed individually

and as a family and have many opportunities before us now and in the future to serve others, develop our capabilities and testimonies, and just enjoy life's many experiences and people.



*Sharon with parents 1945
James Dee Nelson - father
Lois Riley Nelson - mother*



about 2 yrs.



Due to an error of the Junior Staff of Scripto, the Typical Graduates were omitted. They are presented here as chosen by the Journalism Staff.

Weber High School



Jr. High



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.

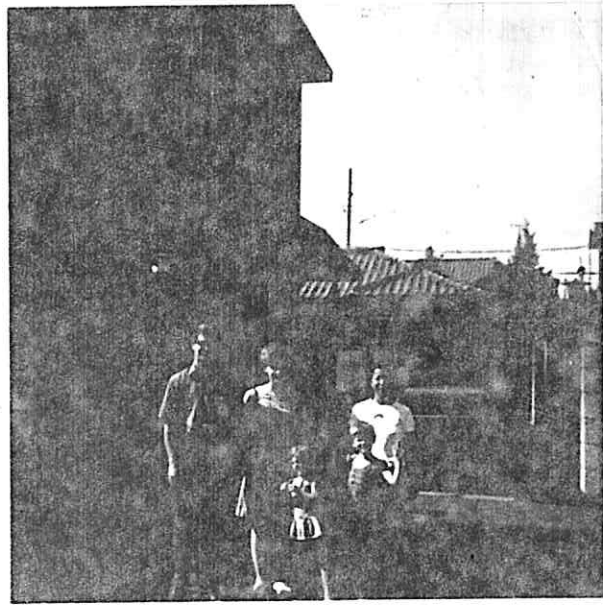


Those Attending People Ceremony:

I.H. Holbrook	Thelma Brunt
J.A. Nelson	Claude, Lucille Anderson
W.I. Killback	A.I. Gifford
Clara Brunt	B.J., Floy Harris
Mon, Dad Groberg	Wayne, Josephine Conrad
Mary Jane Groberg	Mel, Ruth Anderson
Julia Elair	Robert Parsons
John & Jean Groberg	Maureen Steele
Dick & Barbara Groberg	Maxine Steele
Bill & Amelia Brunt	Vera Heniger
Opal Nixon	Paul Thompson
Ky Nii	Elna, Don Loymaster
Dee & Sharon	missionary & mother



As Newlyweds 1964



Our home in Tokyo
when Dee worked
for Mobil Oil Co.
(1969-73)



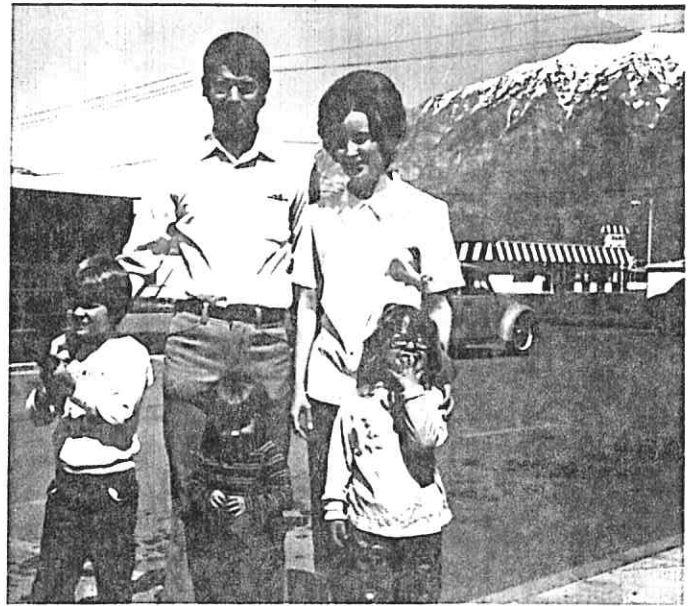
In Kobe, Japan mission office
Edward Okagaki - mission president



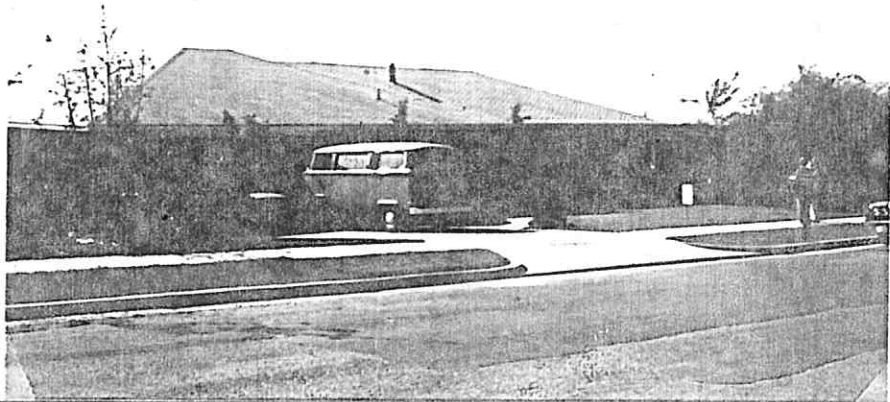
Our home in Orem



Graduated from "U" - 1973



Our home & family in Mt. Olympus area 1974-76



On trip in
Africa
with Dee



Pres. and Sister Delbert H. Groberg

DELBERT H. GROBERG

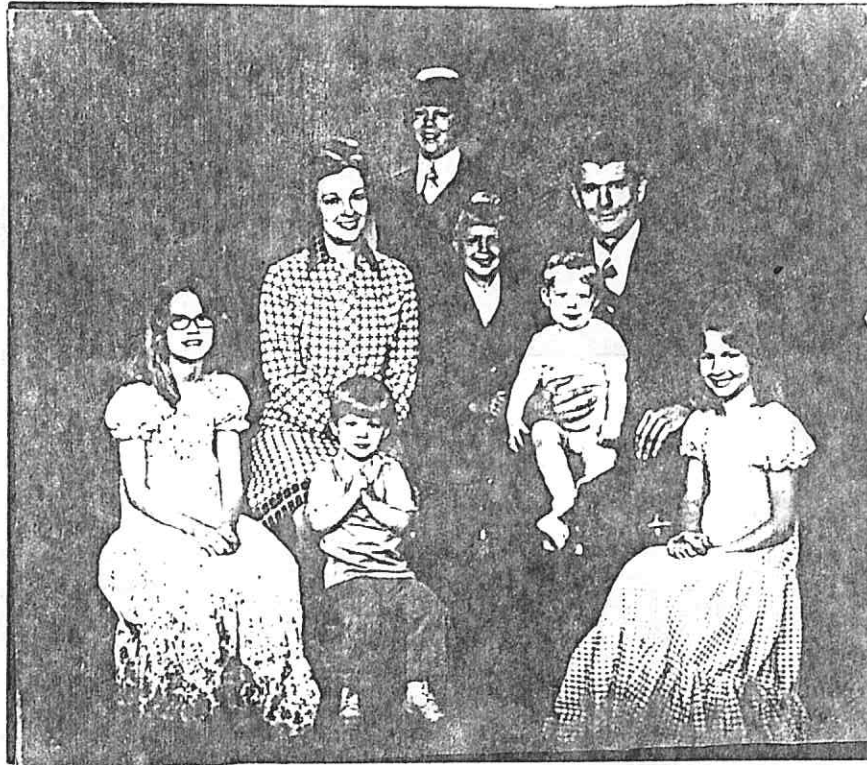
Delbert Holbrook (Dee) Groberg, 37, was born in Idaho Falls, Idaho, a son of Delbert V. and Jennie Holbrook Groberg. He married Sharon K. Nelson May 15, 1964, in the Idaho Falls Temple. They had seven children, six of whom are living.

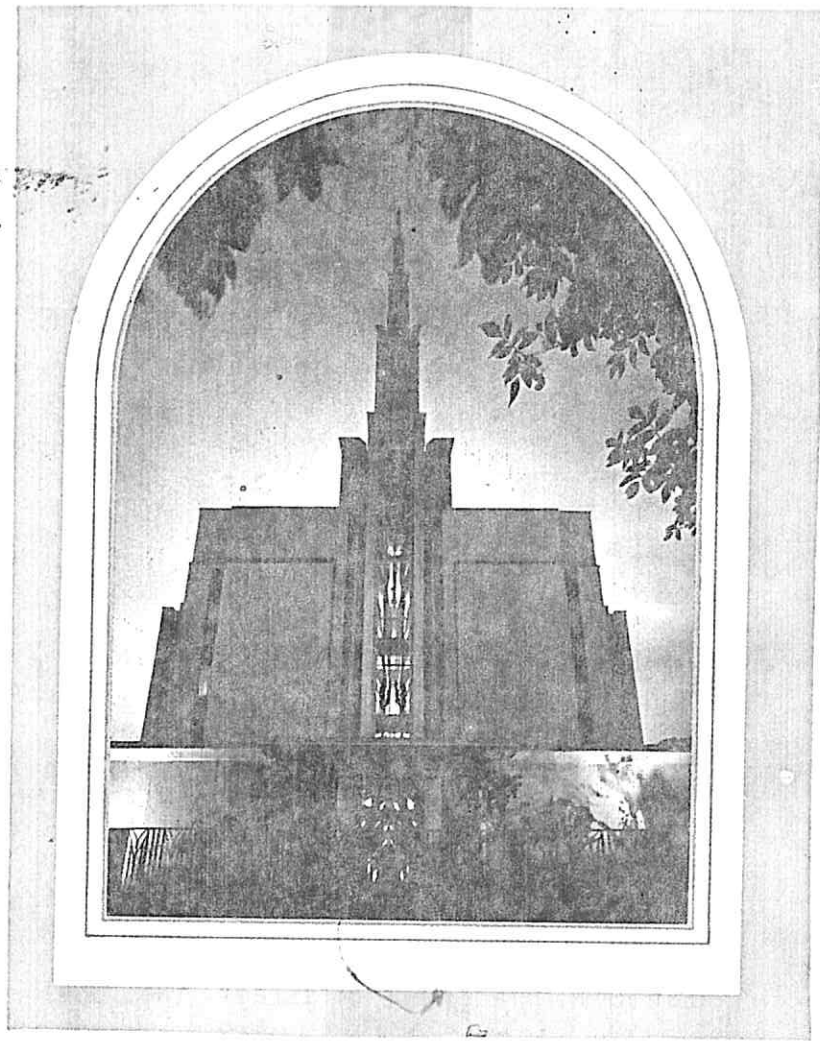
The Grobergs reside in the Sandy Utah Willowcreek Stake.

Pres. Groberg received his bachelor's and master's degrees from Brigham Young University, and he has been employed many years in language training. He is president of INTERAC, his own training company.

He served in the Northern Far East Mission (Japan) from 1960-63, and he was a YMMIA superintendent, district councilor, mission language coordinator for the Central Japan Mission, 1960-70, teachers quorum adviser, elders quorum instructor and director of a stake missionary preparation program.

Sister Groberg was born in Independence, Kan., to James D. and Lois Riley Nelson. She served as a Relief Society, YWMIA and Sunday School teacher, mission Primary counselor and Relief Society president's counselor.





*Tokyo Temple dedicated Oct. 27, 1980
A mission highlight*



Outside the Tokyo Temple

PROGRAM
TOKYO AREA CONFERENCE
Oct. 30, 1980 10:00-12:00

PRESIDING: President Spencer W. Kimball

CONDUCTING: (as arranged)

OPENING SONG: Hope of Israel (No. 64)

OPENING PRAYER: Elder David McKee (Tokyo North Mission)

(Messages from General Authorities as arranged)

REST HYMN: Ye Elders of Israel (No. 344)

(Additional messages as arranged)

SPECIAL MUSIC NUMBER: Onward! Follow the Prophet's Voice

(Additional messages as arranged)

CLOSING SONG: We Thank Thee O God for a Prophet (No. 196)

CLOSING PRAYER: Elder Robert Peterson (Nagoya Mission)

Chorister: Elder Mark Bybee (Tokyo South Mission)

Accompanist, Postlude and Prelude: Elder Mark
Anderson (Tokyo South Mission)

(sang in unison by missionaries of all Japanese missions at a special missionary meeting around the time the Temple was dedicated. President Kimball & many church leaders were there.)

ONWARD! FOLLOW THE PROPHET'S VOICE

D. H. Gröberg

MISSION SONG

J. Scott Miller

(our missionary)

1. The Tokyo South mission is a field that's white to-day. The people are pre-
 2. An en-sign to this na-tion that's what we'd like to be; To lead this peo-ple

pared to hear the words we have to say, By fol-low-ing the coun-sel of a
 back to God to live e-ter-nal-ly. We know the work is UR--GENT and the

pro-phet and a seer: Re-pen-tance, faith, good works and prayer will bring in
 time for it is NOW! We'll do what's not been done be-fore we'll sim-ply

thou-sands here. ON- WARD! Follow the Pro-phet's voice. Teach and tes-ti--fy each
 find out how.

day. Thou-sands wait to hear our words and we must find a way---

3. There's progress in our mission;
 conversions by the score.
 A temple now, a stake or two;
 and look, there's something more:
 A missionary army --
 a prophesy come true--
 To break the bamboo curtain down
 and teach the Chinese, too!

4. And when our mission's over
 and homeward we are bound,
 We'll still remember _____
 and friends that we have found--
 The lives we've seen grow brighter
 with the Gospel's light to guide;
 And living worthy through this life,
 we'll still be by their side.

THE RACE

By D. H. Groberg

"(became our mission poem)"

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.
O 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.
Go win and be the hero there
'Twas 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 lay there silently
--A tear dropped from his eye--
"There's no sense running any more;
"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 that 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'd won the race
To listen to the crowd.

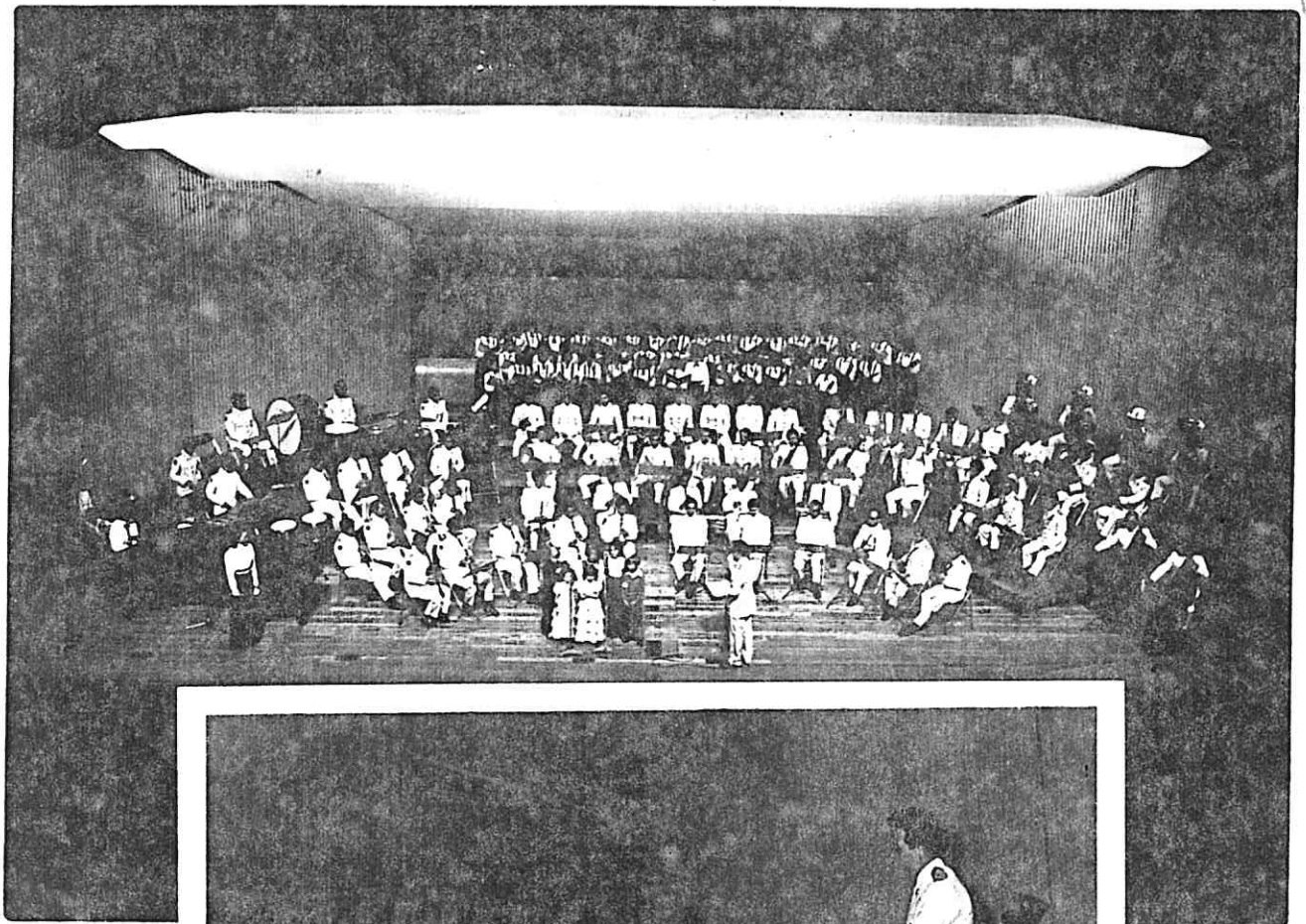
And to his dad he sadly said,
"I didn't do so well."
"To me, you won," his father said.
"You rose each time you fell."

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 downs 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!"



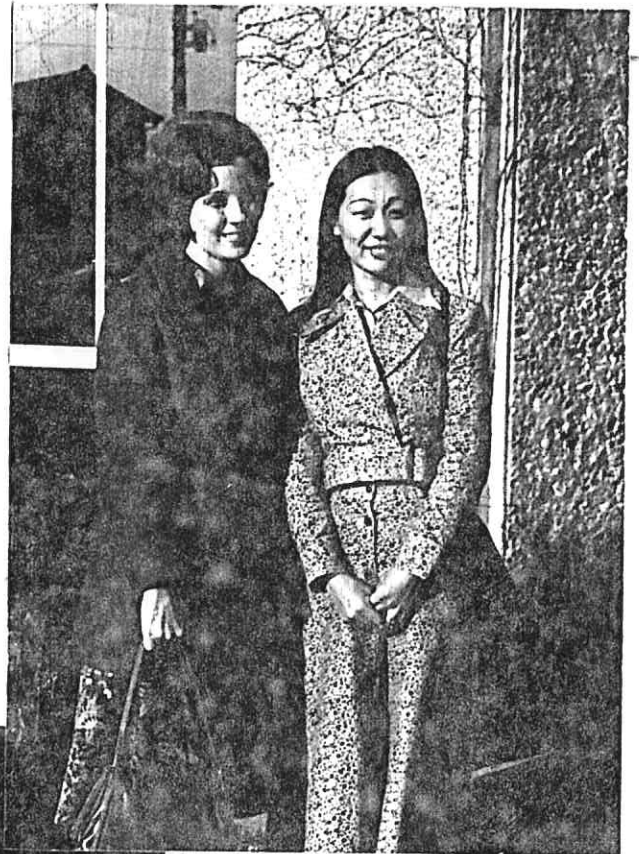
Geoff & Tanya represented America in interational
song fest and sang, "I Am a Child of God"
accompanied by national military band in Japan



Angie + Jani with new members



Dee + Sharon with Elder and Sister Kikuchi



Keiko Ikeda
(former babysitter/
helper - later
baptized)



- at Mickey Kishikawa's
baptism - she later
served a mission +
several friends she
converted also served
missions

On the Death of a Newborn - by John H. Groberg
written April 11, 1965

Oh love so sublime
And joy so sweet
How can one tell
to hear me now weep?
Yet hopes of the future
Assurance and trust
Make life worth living
Eternity from dust.
O little child
With spirit so sweet
So fresh from on high
So quick to retreat.
Soften my soul
With the faith from above
Give me assurance-
Give me God's love.
Help me to know
By thy breath-o so short
That all is in order
God's will-the report.

No lingering question
No haunting desire
But peaceful assurance
Grateful assurance
Of a plan far beyond
When again we shall meet
And continue our climb
To the stars of afar-
And hear thy sweet voice
n'er move to be stilled
And feel thy love-
So complete
So be thrilled
And know of thy care
And our Father's design.

Oh help me-my infant
to come to thee soon.
Guide me-direct me
Help me! I swoon
Help me to live
That our meeting may be
Glorious-
With honour-
And our love more complete.

As I move through this life
with its trials and defeats
Its sadness-its longing
It sounds
Its strange feats-
Help me my infant
to draw near unto thee
To live by the plan
thou meantest for me
That as the long days
move towards their planned end
I can-with thy spirit
Arise-
Transcend!

Wednesday, April 14, 1965

Kari L. Groberg

Graveside services for Kari Lynn Groberg, infant daughter of Delbert H. and Sharon Nelson Groberg, who died an hour and a half after birth Sunday, were conducted in the Provo Cemetery Monday afternoon.

Bishop Claude B. Duerden of the BYU Third LDS Ward officiated. The grave was dedicated by Patriarch Delbert V. Groberg, South Idaho Falls LDS Stake, grandfather. Remarks were given by Bishop John H. Groberg of the Idaho Falls LDS 22nd Ward. A vocal solo was sung by Elizabeth Groberg, a student at Brigham Young University.

Survivors are the parents and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James D. Nelson, Roy, Utah, and Mr. and Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg, Idaho Falls.

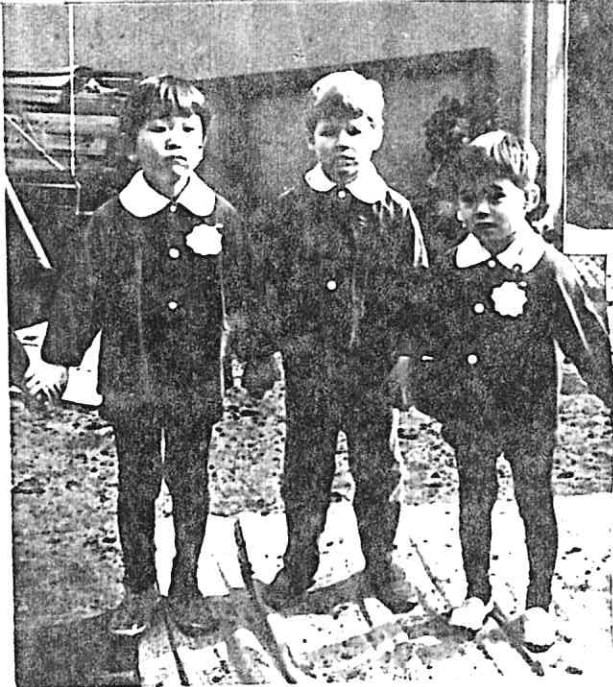
Delbert James Groberg

born 7 April 1966 in Pocatello, Idaho
blessed 8 May 1966 in " "
baptized 1 June 1974 in Oak Hills, New Jersey
confirmed 2 June 1974 " " "

ordained deacon 9 April 1978 in S.L.C., Ut.
" teacher April 1980 in Tokyo, Japan
" priest 11 April 1982 in S.L.C., Ut.
(all ordinations performed by father)

Del - avid outdoorsman and fisherman.

Has always been a good friend
and has many friends. Was very
fluent in Japanese as a young boy.
Has a good memory and speaking
voice. Is currently working with a
handyman doing small repairs and
landscaping. He will likely start
technical school this fall.



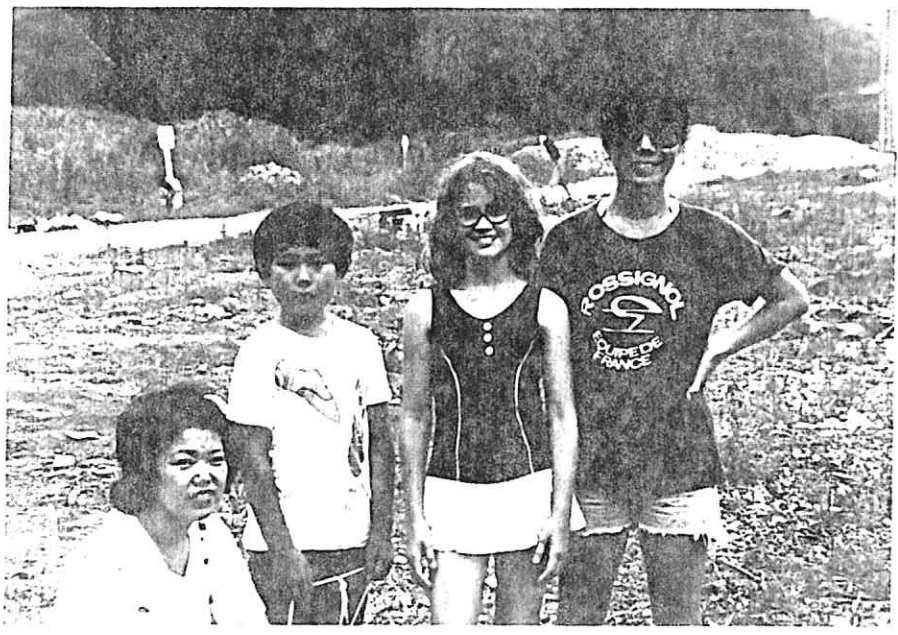
Del - 1970 -

Del 194

Angela Groberg

born 8 Oct. 1967 in Provo, Utah
blessed 5 Nov. 1967 in Provo, Utah
baptized 1 Nov. 1975 in S.L.C., Utah
confirmed 2 Nov. 1975 in " " } by father

"Angie" - full of enthusiasm, loves to be with her friends. She enjoys piano, is an excellent typist, and has recently been working for Dad summarizing books and typing notes on the computer (to be used in his work). She is currently working part-time at Grand Central and looks forward to being in "BABES" (Brighton High's pep club) next year as a senior. She has been a big help running errands for mom.

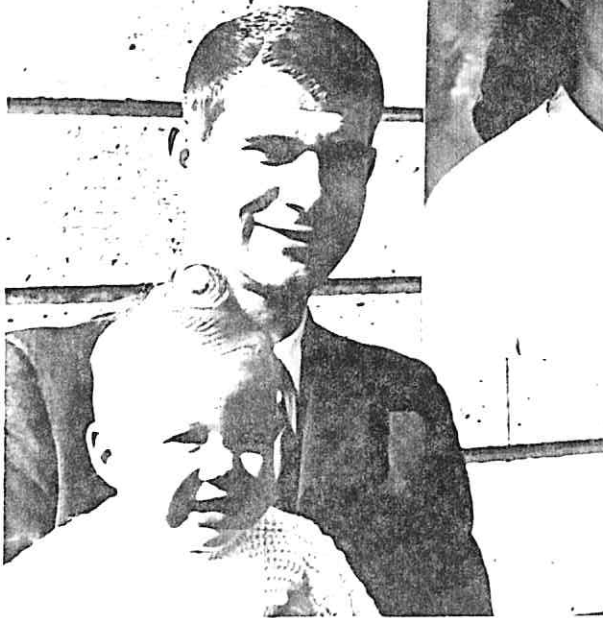


Angie 196

Tanya Kay Groberg

born 7 March 1970 in Kobe, Japan
blessed April 1970 in " " }
baptized 8 April 1978 in S.L.C., Ut. } by father
confirmed 9 April 1978 in " " }

"Tani" - lively, hard-worker, happy,
and energetic. She loves
gymnastics and speech, plays
the piano and flute, enjoyed
church softball and volleyball
(state champion). She has
always had very tender feelings.
She knows the way to her dad's
heart and can talk to him about
and into anything.



Tanya Kay

Geoffrey Nelson Groberg

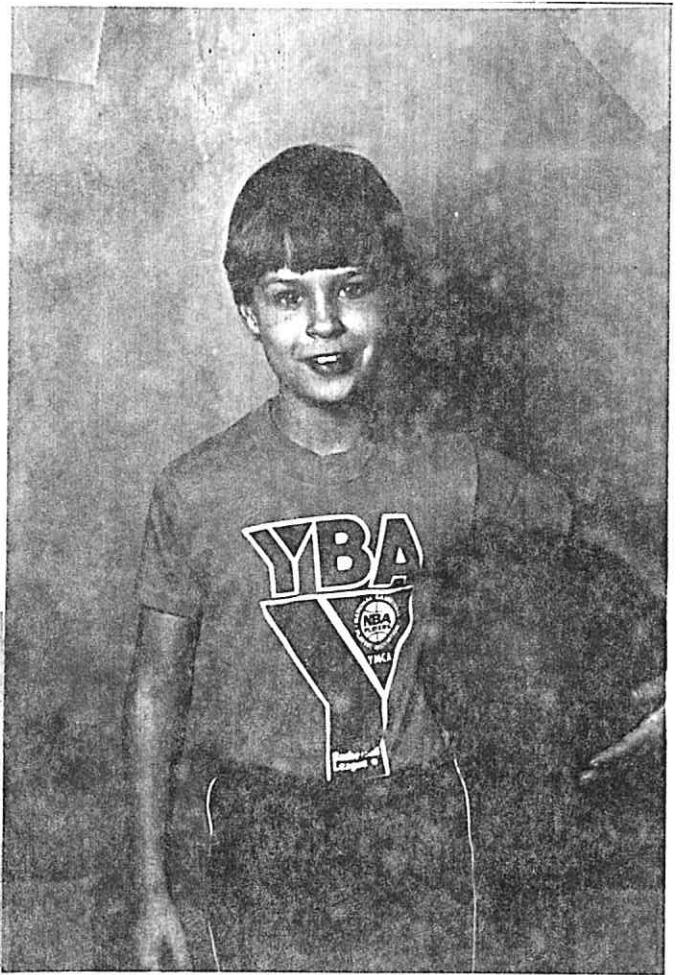
born 25 March 1973 in Tokyo, Japan

blessed April 1973 in " " } by father

baptized 26 April 1981 in Tokyo, Japan

confirmed 26 April 1981 in Tokyo, Japan

"Groff" - talented, sensitive towards others and their needs, smart, persevering, good sense of humor. He loves the computer, played flag football, and has many friends. He has developed skill in calligraphy, art, giving "chalk-talks", and plays the piano. He sang in a sextet group that is called on often to perform. He has had a lot of fun making his own movies with our video camera. Jared & Erik have learned many good things from him & he is patient with them.



no Geoffrey

Jared Nelson Groberg

born 28 March 1976 in S.L.C., Ut.

blessed 6 June, 1976 in " "

baptized 31 March 1984 in " "

confirmed 1 April 1984 in " "

} by father

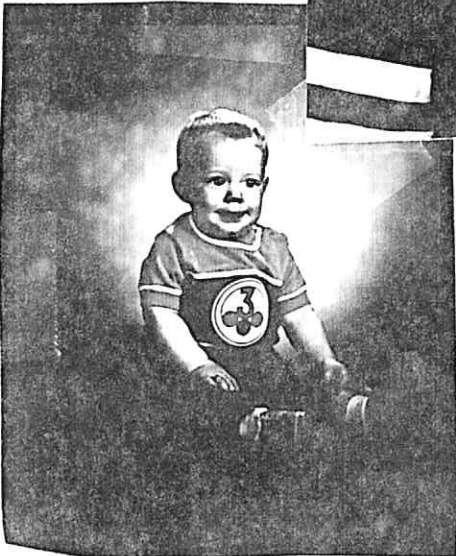
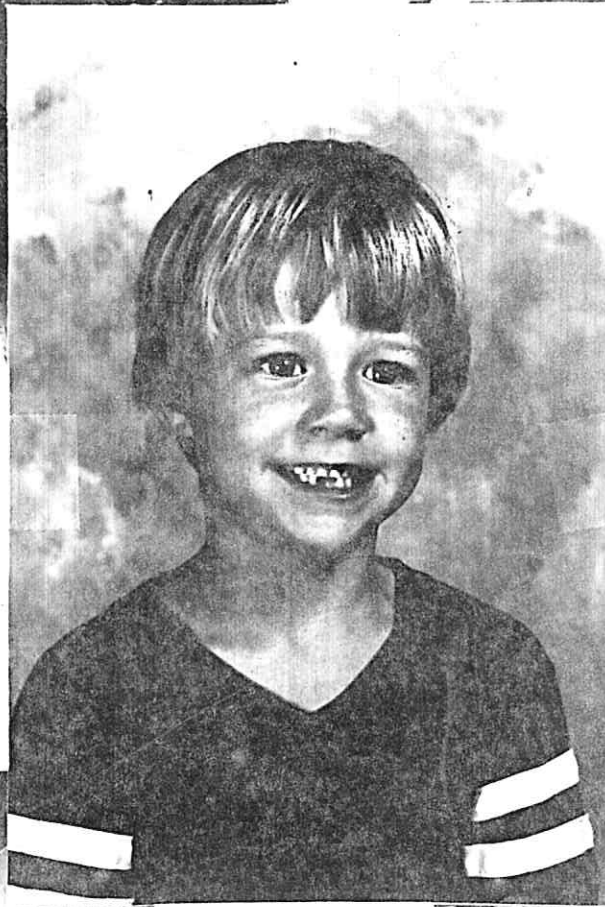
"Jaratanus" - born on President Kimball's birthday and recently baptized. He has a winning smile and is full of energy - a star player on his soccer team. He must have had a "guardian angel" as a baby & little boy. As a great escape artist he figured out how to undo a variety of locks on doors, climb out windows, stack chairs to reach a way out, etc. & kept his Japanese babysitters on their toes. He was lost several times (found by police once in a backyard near the train tracks [2 yrs old] having a good time & unaware of being lost.) He has irresistible big eyes with long lashes and gives wonderful talks from memory.



Erik Nelson Groberg

born 1 May 1977 in S.L.C., Ut . }
blessed 5 June 1977 in " " } by father

"Reeker" - blonde, blue-eyed and named after several other "Erik Grobergs". He is sensitive and tender-hearted and thinks deeply for his age. He is a conscientious student and good reader and still likes a lot of affection. He loves soccer and shines in his school singing programs. He has always been a wanderer at night, and morning often finds him asleep in some unusual place. He seems to prefer the floor to a bed.



204 Erik

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

ENTER ALL DATA IN THIS ORDER: DATES: 14 Apr 1794 NAMES: WATSON, John Henry PLACES: Sharon, Wndsr, Yrnm
To indicate that a child is an ancestor of the family representative, place an "X" behind the number pertaining to that child.

HUSBAND GROBERG, Delbert Holbrook
 Born 3 Dec. 1940 Place Idaho Falls, Bonnaville, Idaho
 Chr. 5 Jan. 1941 Place " " " " " "
 Mar. 15 May 1964 Place I.F. Temple, I.F. Idaho
 Died _____ Place _____

Husband GROBERG, Delbert Holbrook
 Wife NELSON, Sharon Kay
 Ward 1.
 Examiners: 2.
 State or Mission _____

HUSBAND'S FATHER GROBERG, Delbert Valentine HUSBAND'S MOTHER HUIBROOK, Jennie

WIFE NELSON, Sharon Kay
 Born 29 May, 1911 Place Independence, Matney, Kansas
 Chr. _____ Place _____
 Died _____ Place _____

Wife NELSON, Sharon Kay
 Temple Ordinance Date 23 Aug. 1960
 Baptized (Date) _____ Endowed (Date) _____
 Sealed (Date & Temple) 15 May 1964
 Children to Parents _____

No.	Sex	Full Birth Child (Whether Name of Dead in Order of Birth SURNAME (CAPITALIZED))	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE TO WHOM	WHEN DIED	RELATION OF F.R. TO HUSBAND	RELATION OF F.R. TO WIFE	TEMPLE ORDINANCE DATA	SEALED (Date & Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND
			DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY						
1	F	GROBERG, Kari Lynn	11	April	1965	Provo	UTH	UTAH	11 April 1965		child			
2	M	GROBERG, Delbert James	7	April	1966	Pocatello	BNK	Idh			1 June, 1974		BIC	
3	F	GROBERG, Angela	8	Oct	1967	Provo	Utah	Utah			1 Nov. 1975		BIC	
4	F	GROBERG, Tanya Kay	7	Mar	1970	Kobe-Shi	Hyogo-Ken	Japan			8 Apr 1978		BIC	
5	M	GROBERG, Geoffrey Nelson	25	Mar	1973	Tokyo		Japan			Mar. 1981		BIC	
6	M	GROBERG, Jared Nelson	28	March	1976	Salt Lake City	S.L.	Utah			Apr 1984		BIC	
7	M	GROBERG, Erik Nelson	1	May	1977	Sandy	S.L.	Utah					BIC	
8														
9														
10														
11														

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

OTHER MARRIAGES

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

Teanne Pratt
&
Joseph Holbrook

GROBERG
FAMILY

1

The Joseph H. Groberg family was formed on September 15, 1967, when Joseph Holbrook Groberg and Jeanne Pratt were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple by Elder S. Dillworth Young, member of the First Quorum of Seventy. No couple could have received more honor and love from family and friends. The Delbert Grobergs hosted an openhouse in our honor that evening in Idaho Falls. They offered us their cabin at Mack's Inn for a memorable honeymoon. Then, in the handsome Pontiac purchased from Dick Groberg, we drove to Denver, Colorado, where the Pratts gave us a gala reception.

Destination University of Chicago, we left Denver the next morning and travelled through Kansas and Missouri to the great Mississippi, where we immersed ourselves in scenes from Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn at Hannibal then toured historic Nauvoo and Carthage and continued to the quad-cities where we established a tradition of losing ourselves and ending up late at night at a particular sleazy little motel--the only one still open. The following day we drove across the state of Illinois, arriving at dusk in the legendary city of Chicago--duly awestruck at its size and extent--met by skyscraper-proportioned candybars (billboards) and confusing cloverleaf highways. But soon we located our housing, made life-long friends at church and in the Law School, and lived three interesting, adventurous, happy, and, hopefully, service-laden years. Joe served as home teacher to the Spanish-speaking members and Jeanne as Sunday School pianist and Beehive, then Laurel Advisor in the Universtiy Ward which met in a beautiful old home in the suburb called Beverly. Our third year, Joe served as Institute Director for the University of Chicago Students. Jeanne worked at a secretarial job on campus and completed requirements for her B.S. the first year and a half, returning to graduate from B.Y.U. in August of 1968. Joe studied law under the tutelage of such professors as Dallin Oaks, Soia Menchikoff, Robin Potts, and Grant Gillmore.

On February 18, 1969, in the early hours of a gray, foggy winter's day, within the massive gray walls of the Chicago Lying-In Hospital, our hopes and dreams were fulfilled. Kristin was born. In June of that year we took her with us to Seattle, Washington, where Joe clerked for a law firm for the summer months. In our third and last year back at the University of Chicago, we all travelled to Cincinnati, Ohio, for a job interview. When it was time to make a decision, however, Denver, and the firm Ireland, Stapleton, Pryor, and Holmes won out. For Jeanne, it was going home.

Before digging in to preparations for the Colorado Bar Exam and settling down to our life's work, we decided to indulge in a bit of educational adventure. Joe graduated in May of 1970, and we packed the Tempest with bare necessities and headed northeast: through Gary and South Bend, Indiana; Cleveland, Ohio; Buffalo, Niagara Falls, and Rochester, New York (where we visited James and Kathy Crapo). We crossed into Canada at the upper end of Lake Ontario near Thousand Islands and travelled up the great St. Lawrence River to Montreal, Trois Riviers, and finally Quebec City, which became home for nearly three months. It wasn't long enough to become fluent in French, but we spoke in Sacrament Meetings in the native tongue and participated with the faithful members and missionaries of the tiny branch and made one more tiny corner of the world ours.

We arrived in Denver in September, rented a home on Stuart Street in Lakewood, made friends and received callings in the 13th Ward of the Denver South Stake, began work at the law firm, and welcomed Anna Marie on October 11. Our cup continued to run over with blessings. In a few short weeks, it seemed, Kristin and Anna were buddies. Kristy had a knack for making her baby sister laugh--piling her crib high with toys and hopping in to play during naptime, or finding the baby powder and gaily dusting baby Anna from head to toe, delighting in the laughter it elicited.

The following September we bought our first house--on Cook Street in Denver--and transferred to the Denver 10th Ward, Denver Stake, where Joe was called to be, first, Teachers' Quorum Advisor (a calling he has enjoyed in every ward in which we have lived) and then Elders' Quorum President and, later, counselor to Bishop Lyle Eddington. Jeanne served as Primary Chorister, Young Women's President, and early morning seminary teacher. Kristin remembers that we were all spoiled in that neighborhood--by wonderful neighbors and church members.

Here, on September 22, 1973, Jonathan Pratt joined the family--welcomed with excitement and fanfare--and we all began to discover the world anew through the eyes of an eager, lively little boy.

The next fall Kristin began school at Slavens Elementary, about a seven block walk from our home. Anna and Jonathan and Jeanne would often accompany her, Jonny on Jeanne's back, and Anna holding one hand

3

while Kristin held the other. Anna saw what fun Kristin had in Mrs. Blomberg's kindergarden and longed for the day she could stay. We all still remember the day, a year later, when she received special dispensation to begin school a year early. She was one happy little girl and we rejoiced with her.

When Daddy Joe was away at work, Jeanne and the children always made their visits and ran their errands together--usually on Jeanne's antique bicycle which had been carefully preserved by her parents for the last 12 years. Jeanne pedaled, Kristin rode on the handlebars, Anna on the rear fender, and Jonathan on Jeanne's back. It was a great way to make friends!

Mickey joined the family about this time. The now aging but still much beloved Dalmation cross-breed had been Jeanne's childhood pet, cared for by the Pratt Grandparents for years since she left home for college and her own family. Now that we had a home with a fenced-in yard we could keep her again. Kristin, Anna, and Jonny remember her accompanying them as they took their first steps and rode their first tricycles.

When Jonathan was two, Anna five, and Kristin not quite seven, Joe was called to replace Bishop Eddington who had moved to Salt Lake City. At the same time, we decided to give private law practice a try and Joe left the firm to work from the office we fashioned in the basement of our home. Those were busy but beautiful months with the blessings that only a bishop and his family understand: love and special concern for all the individuals and families within our ward boundaries flowed from us and it was like the "bread cast upon the waters." During our years in the Denver 10th Ward, each of the children made his or her break from Mommy's lap to Jr. Sunday School; they gave their first talks, and they bore their first testimonies.

When Grandpa D.V. Groberg's call to the Idaho Falls Temple Presidency, in 1975, and Uncle John's call to the First Quorum of Seventy, in 1976, made our move to Idaho Falls necessary, there were tears shed. But we arrived in Idaho Falls in time for Halloween trick-or-treating and easily made the acquaintance of all our Homer Avenue neighbors and knew there could not be a better neighborhood in all the world.

On March 26, 1977, Kristin was baptized by her Daddy in the Idaho Falls 26th/29th Ward Building. It was an event highlighted by the attendance of

4

many of her aunts and uncles and cousins and her Grandma and Grandpa Groberg. Confirmation followed the next day, also by her daddy.

Joe served as Teachers' Quorum Advisor, Stake Young Men's President, and High Councilman while we lived in the 26th, and after its division, the 29th Wards of the Ammon West Stake. Jeanne was an advisor in the Young Women's program, Relief Society Education Counselor, Jr. Relief Society Coordinator, Counselor in the Primary Presidency, and Activity Committee Chairman. We both loved being close to the Temple again.

On November 4, 1978, Anna was baptized by her father in the 29th Ward font, sharing the occasion with her cousin, Kjerstin Groberg, whom Joe also was privileged to baptize. Grandma Groberg gave each of the girls a locket with a picture of the Savior inside to remember the commitments they made that day. They were confirmed the next day, Joe performing the ordinance for Anna, Grandpa Groberg for Kjerstin.

December 13, 1978, in answer to children's prayers, a lively black labrador pup bounded into our home and hearts. We named her Rowky, but as she grew in size and energy she earned the nickname the Black Torpedo. The neighborhood was terrorized. Neighborhood children dared one another to "enter the Groberg's backyard where Rowky lives," or "give Rowky Groberg a pat." She didn't bite and wasn't hostile--only uncontrollable in her leaps and affections! A favorite episode from the memoirs of Homer Avenue is the day Rowky escaped from our yard and visited the bishop's home, knocking over two-year old Rachel in the frontyard then tearing through the open front door of the house, up the stairs and onto Sister Georgia Hanks' big bed where she was resting with the new baby she had just brought home from the hospital!

January 16, 1981, we received a call at the house: Was Brother Joseph Groberg there? I gave the office telephone number. At lunch-time Joe arrived at the home asking if anyone had called for him. I said that a woman had called. I assumed she was a member of the Stake with a matter to discuss with a High Council member.

"It was President Romney's secretary," Joe stated.

"President Romney?" I only knew one President Romney. "Marion... G. ... Romney?" I asked doubtfully. He nodded his head.

"I just wanted to be sure I wasn't dreaming," he offered in explanation of his first question. "He asked if I was worthy and willing to preside over a mission. It isn't a call--just an interview. But if President Kimball issues the call, we are to be ready to leave at the end of June."

We had to say good-bye to Desiree Swan, our 10-year old Lamanite Placement "daughter" for two school years (September, 1979 - June, 1981). She transferred to the Dr. Ed Biddulph family, also of Idaho Falls.

And thus began three of the most wonderful years of our lives. From June 28, 1981, to July 1, 1984, we have lived in Lima, Peru, rejoicing in the fruits of the labors of the most prepared missionaries in all the world--in the faith and growth of the most prepared people in all the world.

Kristin, Anna, and Jonathan have attended the Franklin Delano Roosevelt American School, learning and contributing and earning awards in citizenship, scholarship, and sports. Kristin has taken piano lessons from the "notorious" Mrs. Muse Butler, and Anna and Jonathan have participated in the Suzuki violin program under the direction of Mrs. Marilyn O'Boyle.

On September 27, 1981, after the Limatambo Stake Conference, Jonathan was interviewed in Spanish by Bishop Alejandro Robles in preparation for his baptism and baptized by his father in the Limatambo chapel--the chapel his father had helped to build when he was a young missionary nineteen years earlier. Elder McCuiston, Elder Hermenegildo, and Elder Dean helped Joe in the confirmation.

April 11, 1984, our little Pamela was born--a miraculous gift from Heaven and answer to years of prayers. Though dark eyed and dark haired and arriving by "alternative route," she very much belongs.

On July 1, 1984, the stewardship for the Peru Lima South Mission will be transferred to President Dale H. Christensen and we will begin a new phase of our life's journey.



Married Salt Lake Temple



Kristin and Jeanne Quebec



Anna Marie



Anna - Kristin



Rosy - Jonathan



Jonathan - Anna

Kristin

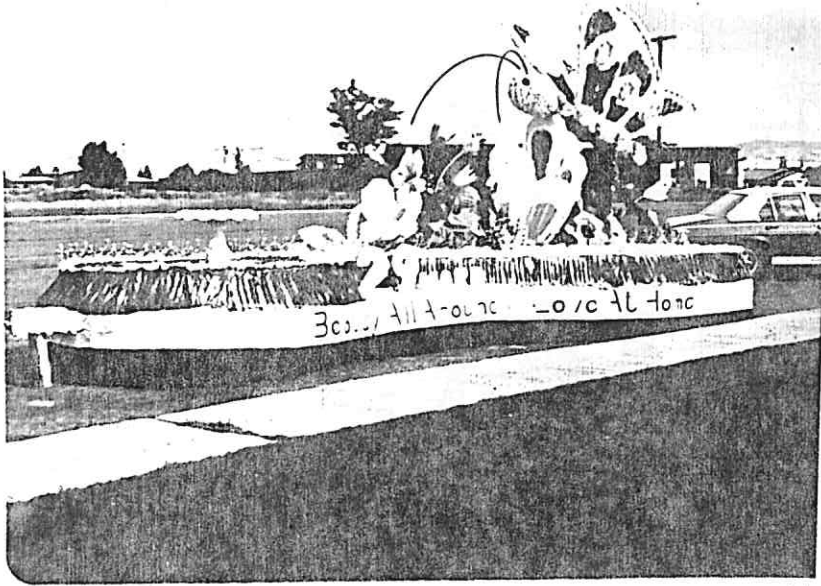


Joe - Jeanne - Jon - Kris - Anna



← Kris

← Anna



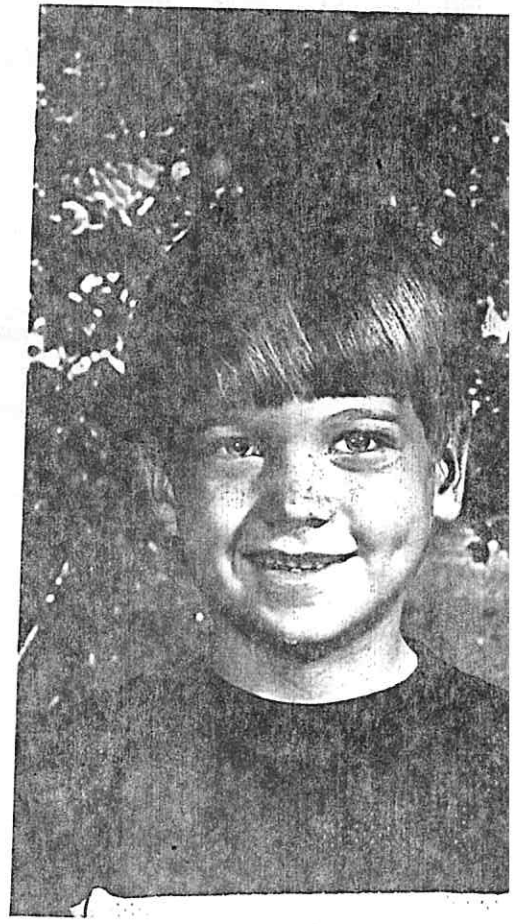
Winning Float - Children were part of it
Created by Jeannette



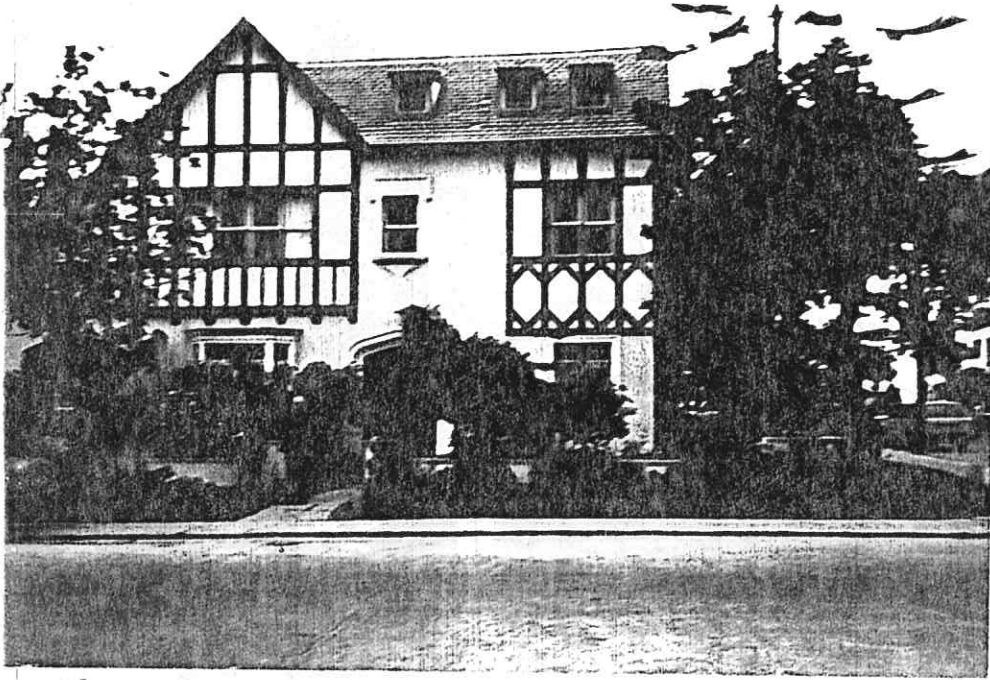
Leaving for Lima So. Mission - Gr. & Gr. Pratt



Kristin T. ...



Anna-Jon 1980



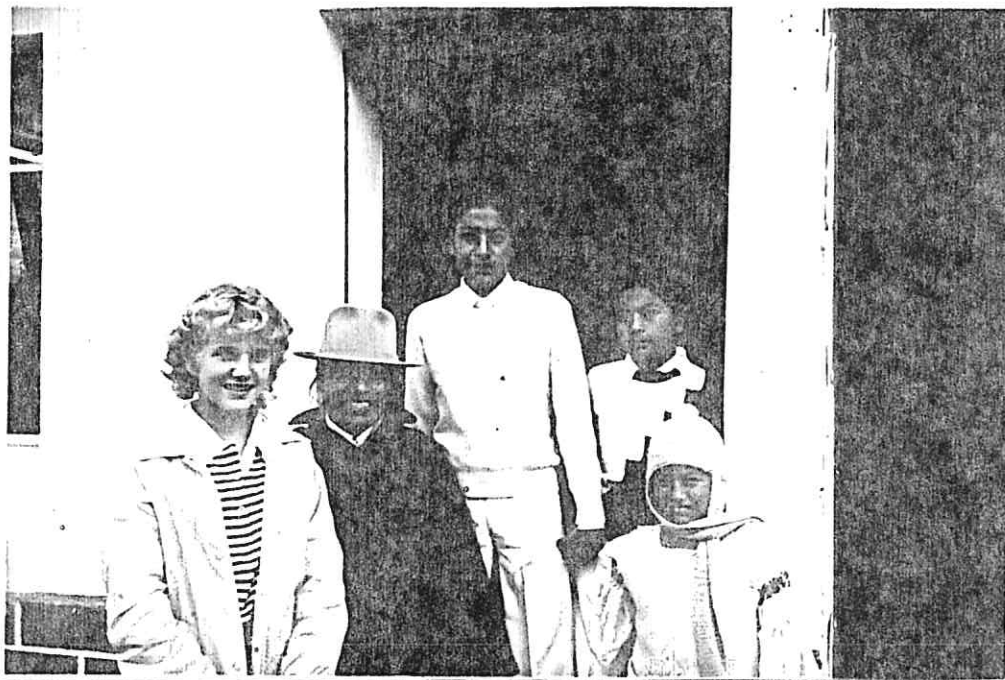
Lima, Peru South Mission Home



March 3, 1984
Lima market Gr. Groberg
Kristin - Jeanne



Joe with children - Lima
July 1983



← Anna with
Stake Pres.
Morales and
children -
Otavalo
Ecuador



Anna with
Patriarch
Totango and
Family - Also
Gr. + Gr. Groberg



Anna and
Gr. Groberg
Hill overlooking
Quito, Ecuador -
where Pres.
Kimball dedicated
Ecuador for
Preaching of
D + A C I

Number (surname, first, other(s))

GROBERG, KRISTIN

Male Female

Present address (use pencil)

LOS CEDROS 388 SAN ISIDRO, LIMA, PERU

Father (surname, first, other(s))

GROBERG, Joseph Holbrook

Mother (surname, first, other(s))

PRAATT, Jeanne

Date born (day, month, year)

18 Feb 1969

Place born (city, county, state, country)

Chicago, Cook, Illinois

Citizen of what nation

Event	Day	Month	Year	Priesthood holder	Event	Day	Month	Year	Priesthood holder or place
Initiated	30	Mar	1969	by GROBERG, Joseph H.	High pr.				by
Baptized	26	Mar	1977	by GROBERG, Joseph H.	Bishop				by
Confirmed	27	Mar	1977	by GROBERG, Joseph H.	Endow.				Temple
Sealed				by	Tem. mar.				Temple <input type="checkbox"/> Time only
Married				by	Civ. mar.				City County State
Ordained				by	Sealed				Temple
Assigned				by	Sld. to par.		BIC		Temple
Relinquished				by	Mission				Mission

Number (surname, first, other(s))

GROBERG, ANNA MARIE

Male Female

Present address (use pencil)

LOS CEDROS 388, SAN ISIDRO, LIMA, PERU

Father (surname, first, other(s))

GROBERG, Joseph Holbrook

Mother (surname, first, other(s))

PRAATT, Jeanne

Date born (day, month, year)

11 Oct 1970

Place born (city, county, state, country)

Denver, Denver, Colorado

Citizen of what nation

Event	Day	Month	Year	Priesthood holder	Event	Day	Month	Year	Priesthood holder or place
Initiated	06	Dec	1970	by GROBERG, Joseph Holbrook	High pr.				by
Baptized	04	Nov	1978	by GROBERG, Joseph Holbrook	Bishop				by
Confirmed	05	Nov	1978	by GROBERG, Joseph Holbrook	Endow.				Temple
Sealed				by	Tem. mar.				Temple <input type="checkbox"/> Time only
Married				by	Civ. mar.				City County State
Ordained				by	Sealed				Temple
Assigned				by	Sld. to par.		BIC		Temple
Relinquished				by	Mission				Mission

Number (surname, first, other(s))

GROBERG, JONATHAN PRATT

Male Female

Present address (use pencil)

LOS CEDROS 388, SAN ISIDRO, LIMA, PERU

Father (surname, first, other(s))

GROBERG, Joseph Holbrook

Mother (surname, first, other(s))

PRAATT, Jeanne

Date born (day, month, year)

22 Sep 1973

Place born (city, county, state, country)

Englewood, Arapahoe, Colorado

Citizen of what nation

Event	Day	Month	Year	Priesthood holder	Event	Day	Month	Year	Priesthood holder or place
Initiated	30	Sep	1973	by GROBERG, Joseph H.	High pr.				by
Baptized	27	Sep	1981	by GROBERG, Joseph H.	Bishop				by
Confirmed	27	Sep	1981	by GROBERG, Joseph H.	Endow.				Temple
Sealed				by	Tem. mar.				Temple <input type="checkbox"/> Time only
Married				by	Civ. mar.				City County State
Ordained				by	Sealed				Temple
Assigned				by	Sld. to par.		BIC		Temple
Relinquished				by	Mission				Mission

Member (surname, first, other(s))

GROBERG, JEANNE (Pratt)

Male Female

Current address (use pencil)

LOS CEDROS 388 SAN ISIDRO -LIMA, PERU

Father (surname, first, other(s))

PRATT, Claron Ure

Mother (surname, first, other(s))

REEVES, Virginia

Date born (day, month, year)

03 Mar 1947

Place born (city, county, state, country)

Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah

Citizen of what nation

Event	Day	Month	Year	Priesthood holder	Event	Day	Month	Year	Priesthood holder or place
Blessed	04	May	1947	by MOSS, Barr	High pr				by
Baptized	30	Apr	1955	by WEST, James D.	Bishop				by
Confirmed	01	May	1955	by VAN WOERKOM, J. Fred	Endow.	14	Sep	1967	SL Temple
Deacon				by	Tem. mar.	15	Sep	1967	SL Temple <input type="checkbox"/> Time only
Teacher				by	Civ. mar.				City County State
Priest				by	Sealed				Temple
Elder				by	Sld. to par.		BIC		Temple
Seventy				by	Mission				Mission

Spouse (surname, first, other(s))

GROBERG, Joseph Holbrook

Member Nonmember

Children of above marriage (continue on back)	Date born (day, month, year)	Place born	Spouse/Remarks
Kristin	18 Feb 1969	F	
Anna Marie	11 Oct 1970	F	
Jonathan Pratt	22 Sep 1973	M	

Member (surname, first, other(s))

GROBERG, JOSEPH HOLBROOK

Male Female

Current address (use pencil)

LOS CEDROS 388, SAN ISIDRO, LIMA, PERU

Father (surname, first, other(s))

GROBERG, Delbert Valentine

Mother (surname, first, other(s))

HOLBROOK, Jennie

Date born (day, month, year)

30 Nov 1942

Place born (city, county, state, country)

Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho

Citizen of what nation

Event	Day	Month	Year	Priesthood holder	Event	Day	Month	Year	Priesthood holder or place
Blessed	03	Jan	1943	by GROBERT, Delbert V.	High pr.	28	Jun	1973	by PLOEGER, H. John
Baptized	25	Nov	1950	by POULSEN, Guy Jr.	Bishop				by
Confirmed	03	Dec	1950	by GROBERG, Delbert V.	Endow.	08	Jun	1962	IF Temple
Deacon	26	Dec	1954	by GROBERG, Delbert V.	Tem. mar.	15	Sep	1967	SL Temple <input type="checkbox"/> Time only
Teacher	09	Dec	1956	by GROBERG, Delbert V.	Civ. mar.				City County State
Priest	07	Dec	1958	by GROBERG, Delbert V.	Sealed				Temple
Elder	29	Apr	1962	by GROBERG, Delbert V.	Sld. to par.		BIC		Temple
Seventy				by	Mission	1962			Andes Mission

Spouse (surname, first, other(s))

PRATT, Jeanne

Member Nonmember

Children of above marriage (continue on back)	Date born (day, month, year)	Place born	Spouse/Remarks
Kristin	18 Feb 1969	F	
Anna Marie	11 Oct 1970	F	
Jonathan Pratt	22 Sep 1973	M	

Elizabeth Groberg

&

Barry Johnson

SCRATTON
FAMILY

THE
Barry J.
Stratton



F
a
m
i
l
y

Barry bought business "Fireplace and Patio Shop" 1980.
Beth teaches 35 piano students weekly.

Beth spent many hours being teased by brothers, but finally graduated from "Lizard to Queen" in Miss I. F. Pageant.
Beth spent many hours practicing piano at Somers School of Music.

Beth played piano recital, 1963

Auburn, Washington Home from 1976-84

Barry and Beth married in I. F. temple, 1967

Rothschild, Wisconsin Home from 1975-76

Beth born 1944

Derik born, 1972

Bryan born, 1979

Barry born 1944

Jason born 1971

Barry and Beth met at BYU on a "blind date" and went to a dance, April, 1966.

Hot Springs, Arkansas - home from 1972-75. Barry served as Branch President. Beth studied opera from Marjorie Lawrence.

Barry worked on fruit farm while growing up. Eagle Scout at 16.

Barry and Beth graduated from BYU.

Beth starred in 3 operas at BYU.

Barry awarded highest rank in Army ROTC, Cadet Colonel.



Barry Johnson Stratton

Born: May 10, 1944, Provo, Utah

Baptized: May 25 1952

Endowed: June 28, 1963

Mission: South German

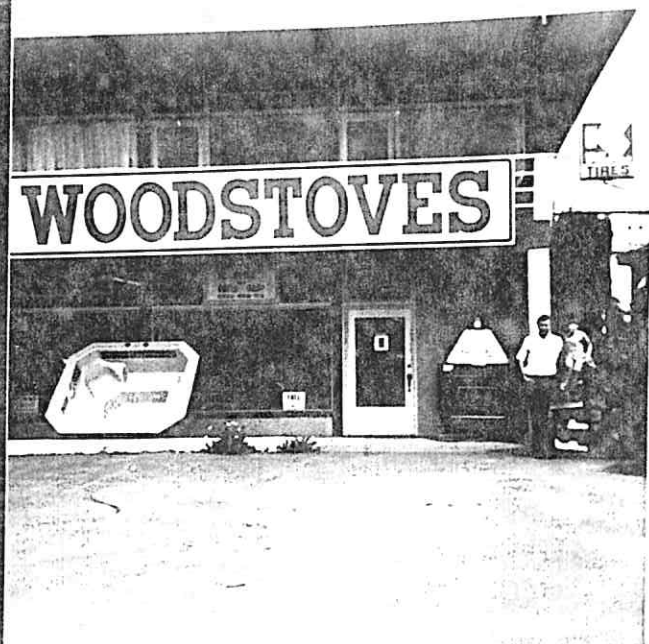
Married: Aug. 4, 1967

Education: Graduated from
Orem High School 1962;
from BYU 1969, B.S.
in Chemistry and 1971
M.B.A.

Military: Army ROTC and Captain,
Reserve National Guard

Career: Analyst, Weyerhaeuser Co., 7 years
Business man in Auburn Wa.
1979 to present.

Interests: Hiking, Camping,
Scouting, Coin collecting



Elizabeth (Beth) Groberg Stralton

Born: Dec. 28 1944, Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Baptized: Jan 3, 1953

Endowed: Aug. 3, 1967

Married: Aug 4, 1967

Idaho Falls Temple

Favorite saying:

"Life is like a piano... what you get out of it depends on how you play it."

Interests: Music, Gardening, Teaching, Embroidery

Career: Teacher of Piano and voice. Also Elementary Teacher but mostly Homemaker.

Education: Graduated from I.F. High School 1963 and from BYU 1967, B.A. Music.





Jason and
Derik in
Rothschild,
Wisconsin
1976.

"He ain't heavy! He's my
brother...."



Jason, Derik,
Bryan in
Auburn, Wa.
1984.

Jason Groberg Stratton

Born: March 30, 1971 in
Chula Vista, Calif.

Sealed: May 10, 1972 in
I.F. Temple

Baptized: May 5, 1979

Interests: Scouts, Trumpet,
Sports, Videos &
Computers, Reading

Funny Baby sayings:

1 year old: Whenever Jason
wants a candy he points
to the candy dish and
says: "Thank You!"

2 years old: Jason looked at his
Dad's eyes and said: "You
have doughnuts in your eyes!"

3 years old: Jason's explanation
for not eating his vegetables:

"I don't want to be
big and strong because
I would break the
ceiling!"

Jason - 13 years old



* Life
Scout

* Senior
Patrol Leader

* 1st chair
Trumpet

* Favorite
Babysitter

Derik Groberg Stratton

Born: August 23, 1972 in Tacoma, Wa.

Sealed: June 9, 1973 in the Provo Temple

Baptized: Sept. 7, 1980

Interests: Scouts, Sports,
Bike riding,
Juggling, organizing

Funny Baby Sayings:

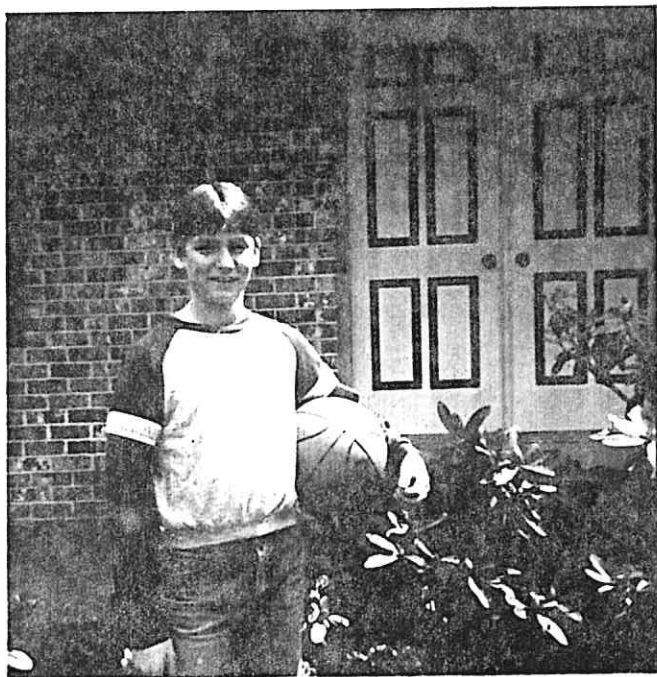
1 year old: Derik's most repeated words:
"My by self!"

2 years old: When we ate some fish we caught, Derik protested with: "Daddy, you cut the faces off the fish!"

3 years old: Derik told his Mom she could pet his teddy bear "because it wouldn't bite!"

8 years old: At his baptism interview, Derik was asked who the 3 members of the Godhead were. He nervously answered: "Peter, James & John!"

Derik - 11 years old!



- * 1st Class Scout
- * Straight A Student
- * Vice-Pres. of School
- * Outstanding Student of Year

Bryan Groberg Stratton

Born: April 24, 1979 in
Renton, Washington.

Interests: Books, "Star Wars," Stuffed
animals, creative play

Funny Baby Sayings:

1 year old: Whenever Bryan
wants his bottle he points
to the refrigerator and
asks: "Where is it?"

2 years old: Mom sang a
religious solo at church
and at the conclusion,
Bryan clapped and
yelled: "Yea — Mama!"

3 years old: After seeing a
picture of Jesus on the cross,
Bryan, full of love and
sympathy volunteered: "I'm
going to give Jesus some
fresh bubble gum!"

4 years old: We had a
Family Home Evening
and each was asked
what he was preparing
for in life. Bryan's
reply: "I'm preparing
for Atari!" (Video games)

Bryan - 5 years old



- * Mom's Helper
at home
- * Favorite playmate
of many friends
- * Star-A in
Primary
- * Best insect
collector in
family

THE FAR SIDE...



A PORTABLE
PIANO? WHATLL
SHE THINK
OF NEXT?

- HEE HEE

Barry
and
Beth

"for time and eternity"



Marie Hansen
&
Lewis Holbrook

GROBERG
FAMILY

LIFE HISTORY

MARIE HANSEN GROBERG

I was born on December 12, 1949 in Ontario, Oregon. My parents, Al Hansen and Mary Froerer Hansen lived on a farm 3 miles west of Vale, Oregon. My parents were both raised in Utah. My mother in Eden, and my father in Bear River area. They lived in Utah in their early married life, coming to Vale to farm around 1947. I was the third and last child. I was blessed February 5, 1950 by Vern Browning. I joined two brothers, Lee, 10 years old and Dee, nearly 2. Lee now lives in Orem, Utah. He has 9 children and teaches at B.Y.U. Dee lives in Boise, Idaho. He has 5 children (4 living) and is vice-president of Quisenberry's, a department store chain in Eastern Oregon and Western Idaho.

My early memories are a very happy and loving life on the little farm. We had sheep, chickens, horses, pigs and cows. My brother of two would play along by the stream in the meadow and up on the hill in the grove of trees where we would find all kinds of baby birds, including a nest of baby owls, that we watched daily until they grew old enough to fly away. We had a faithful dog who slept outside my window each night plus a mean buck sheep who would chase us to the roof of the chicken coop or the top of the wooden fence. Before the days of hay balers all the neighbors

would rotate through the farms using horses and derricks to put up huge stacks of loose hay. This would be pitched onto wagons in the winter and taken to the cows in the fields. We also had a pond where we made rafts and picked cat tails to color. We had huge willow trees and I spent many hours braiding the branches into crowns and necklaces. We had a gentle cow we would ride down from the pasture each night when we went to the fields to get the cows. I shall relate three experiences in which I feel my life was spared. One day I was going up the lane to the fields to call my Dad for lunch. As I passed the barn I saw the big black bull which had been locked in the barn awaiting his fate with the dead wagon. He was always mean, but he had gone mad and broken out of the stall and broken down the sliding doors which were the entrance to the calf pens. He was lifting the calves on his horns and throwing them onto the roof of the barn. He was pawing, snorting, and charging. I watched in amazement, completely entranced. Then I realized I should get help. I wondered whether to go on to the fields for my Dad or back to the house. I felt a definite decision to go back to the house on a dead run where my mother quickly called the saleyard and the wagon and men were there to load the mad bull and take him to his well deserved fate. Had I lingered longer or went up the path he could have seen me and killed me in an instant.

Earlier, when we had this same mean bull, my mother wouldn't allow us to go to the pasture to get the cows.

She had us stay at the house with very strick instructions not to come out of the yard. My brother and I had a fight and in my misery I ran bawling towards the barn and up into the cow lane. My mother could see that I and the bull were going to meet head on and there would not be time to run around the herd. She said a prayer and the bull turned off the path, walked down to the pond and drank just long enough for mother to run around the herd, get me to safety, and spank me soundly.

When I was around 3, my brother, Dee and I got polio. We were in the Nyssa Hospital. My brother was much sicker than I, but recovered with the loss of a few small muscles. I was not as sick, but lost the use of my legs. I was fitted with braces and came home for the weekend, I hated the braces and would try to take them off all the time. During the weekend I was given a priesthood blessing. When I returned to the hospital on Monday I could walk. Dr. Maulding just kept saying, "It's a miracle. It's a miracle." I went all through school with a girl who was crippled in this same epidemic and I always knew in my heart that except for the blessings of the gospel, which she didn't have, I would be experiencing her same trials and difficulties. I was baptized on January 4, 1958, by my father, in the Nyssa Stakehouse. I took piano lessons from Ruth Kapp who lived up on the hill from us. My parents sold the farm when I was 10 and we moved a few miles west to another farm. It was much more productive and easier to run but

I was devastated for quite awhile. My parents still reside on this farm. I went through the Vale Elementary School grades 1 through 8 and through Vale High, grades 9 - 12. I always did well in school and loved to read. I played the clarinet in the school band from grades 6 through 11. There was a boy who was always first chair in the band. I wanted to beat him so badly. I finally did and he got so mad he beat me over the head with his clarinet. I was in Letter-girls and the Pep Club. I graduated from Seminary in 1968, and the Institute in 1970. I received my Pat. Blessing from Orin Burgess in Parma, Idaho on February 10, 1967. This was a great spiritual experience for me and the memory has not dimmed.

When I graduated from High School in 1968, I received a scholarship to Treasure Valley Community College in Ontario, Oregon. There I made some of the choicest friends in fellow institute students and in my director Paul R. Searle, a great man who helped me gain a good solid foundation of testimony of the gospel through added knowledge. The gospel always has been a natural part of my life. It was never pressured upon us in anyway. I just lived such a happy childhood, without the pressure of material things or social pressures, that God was a natural part of life on the farm. I remember experiences with the Holy Ghost prompting me at a very young age. I sometimes wish that there could be a return to such an uncomplicated life with such pure, simple faith. I wish all my children could

have the experience of my early years.

In our institute I was named Girl of the Year in 1969, and was also an attendant on the Institute Sweetheart court. I graduated from T.V.C.C. in 1970 with an Assoc. of Arts. I financed my education by working at Quisenberry's and the corn cannery at Nyssa. We worked 7 days a week from 7 P.M. to 7 A.M. I transferred to B.Y.U. where I majored in Elementary Education. I graduated in May of 1972 and that fall went to teach in Randolph, Utah. Thus ensued a turbulent year. My roommate was killed in a car wreck, I had a broken engagement, I was constantly sick with the flue, I felt very isolated and the weather was 40 below zero, the wind blew constantly. I just couldn't settle down. However, I felt like I put in an excellent year in the classroom. Everyone was pleased with my teaching but I felt so unsettled in every other phase of my life. The next spring I came home to Vale and the Bishop asked me to go on a mission, in fact he relentlessly pursued the subject. Finally I received a personal witness that this was the right thing to do. After my mission, this same Bishop told me that he had called many missionaries but that I was different. He told me that he knew I was supposed to go for a special purpose. He had tears in his eyes as he told me he still didn't know the special purpose (maybe I did by now) but he had known that there was a special reason.

I was called to the Belfast Ireland mission. I was

endowed in the Ogden Temple November 8, 1973 and left on my mission a few days later. A very vivid impression stayed with me during the whole mission. It was the words of President Clyde Summerhayes as he said, "Sister Hansen, your special calling is to seek out families. This is not so for all of the missionaries, but this is so for you. You are to find the families." This statement was fulfilled. Many young singles were being baptized, but not families at the time. I always had my success with families. My companions and I were able to bring into the church three complete families. We were able to get along very well with the husband of one other sister we baptized. He joined the church shortly after my return home, so that made four complete families, all of which are very or semi-active today, for a total of 15 of their children who can be second generation church members at this date. This sounds small compared to the South American Missions, etc., but it was almost a miracle in Dublin in 1974 and 1975. I spent 17 months in Dublin and one month in Belfast and have alot of war stories to tell as a result. I won't relate these but suffice it to say that war is very devastating to the spiritual receptiveness of people. It seemed to be their focus and it was hard to get them off that track and on to something uplifting and beautiful, which is hard when you are surrounded by rubble, violence, death and constant uncertainty. My first convert was an elderly man, Elder Compton and I met on the train going from the mission home

in Belfast to our areas in Dublin. As we spent the day with him (he was a professor, Baptist, and lover of Ireland) he kept saying, "I have searched the world over (literally) and studied religions all my life to find the truth, but this is it, this is it." He was baptized about three months later. I shall relate one mission experience. I had my first family baptized in the North Zone of Dublin. Later on the father was greatly influenced by anti-Mormon Literature. I had known them for 15 months and greatly desired to talk to him before leaving Ireland. I hoped that by reminding him of his great spiritual conversion and the remission of sins he had experienced that his heart would be softened. We received permission from the Mission President to go to the other zone. We arrived and he was very arrogant and quite beligerent. We talked and it went nowhere and the minutes ticked by and I knew the last bus would be leaving in a short time. We sat in front of the fireplace, the soft light flickering about the room. There was a few moments of reflective silence in the room. Then I heard myself say, "Brother _____, you can make all the excuses you want to everyone else, but in the end you know that I know that you know the gospel is true." As the soft light flickered, tears welled up in his eyes, and as he wiped them away he said, "Yes, I know." The purpose of the visit had been achieved. He had remembered. His heart had been softened. He realized it was his own failings that had built his stumbling block. Now to make

the bus. We quickly said good-bye and ran. We made it at the last second, but in the center of town we had by minutes missed the last bus out to the South. Time to be in our flat was drawing close. No taxis came. We waited and waited. Finally a car with a lighted roof drove by. We hailed it and ran up only to find it was not a taxi. The young man inside asked where we were going and said he would take us anyway as he was going that way. I put one foot in (we had hitch-hiked often during the bus strike) and the spirit said, "Don't get in". So I took my foot out. My companion said, "Get in." She was rather annoyed at the whole excursion because she didn't have the same interest in it that I did. So, knowing better, I got in. Immediately we realized our folly as the man took off cursing, saying vile things and becoming very angry if we didn't answer all his questions promptly. I had no idea where he was going. In all my life he was the most wicked person I had ever come in contact with. I just prayed and prayed. After about 10 or 15 minutes he immediately changed. He said we were nice girls and took us home. He had undergone a transformation! We got out and I turned to the car window to thank him. He began cursing and drove off. In our room I knelt to give thanks for our prayers being answered and getting home safely and the distinct answer came, "You were saved not because of your prayers, but because of the prayers of your mother." This remains a testimony of the reality of prayer and the

advantage of having others pray for you when one is foolish
enough to disobey the promptings of the Spirit.

LIFE HISTORY

LEWIS & MARIE GROBERG FAMILY

I returned from my mission in May and found a job teaching first grade at Lincoln Elementary in Idaho Falls, Idaho. Here Lewis and I met up around every corner. We enjoyed a very uneventful courtship, which was very refreshing after all the ups and downs of the past few years for both of us. We were married on March 27, 1976 in the Idaho Falls Temple. We requested the Temple President to marry us and he managed to work us into his schedule since he was Lewis' father, Delbert V. Groberg. It was the most perfect beautiful day of my life. We called it "A year of Beginnings" since it was the Bicentennial, and it was the beginning of a new life for us. I taught school that first year and Lewis attended I.S.U. We rented a lovely home at 280 E. 18th Street. On April 11, 1977 our first child, Sarah Marie, was born. She was a beautiful baby. Sarah's middle name should have been "vitality" or "zest". She lives each day non-stop and looks at sleep as a necessary evil. She is now 7 and loves to dance, sing, dress-up, help, play, swim and ice skate and read. Lewis taught school for one year at Iona Elementary. He suffered nobly to the end of a difficult year and that next summer of 1978 decided to try his hand at life insurance. He signed up with Eldon Harker of Equitable Life of New York. Lewis has been

diligent and persistent in his work. Lewis was not a "flash in the pan" as so many agents are, but he has been persistent and diligent and has won the respect of his fellow life underwriters and his clients as he has been evidenced by much repeat business. In 1981 Lew was elected to the Board of Life Underwriters' Association. He moderated the Life Underwriter course for new agents and this year is in charge of membership and education. Lewis has won some campaigns and in 1983 became a member of the Million Dollar Round Table. We have enjoyed some nice trips as a result of his work. Lewis is the Assistant Manager in his office and is starting work on his C.L.U. Lewis loves to work in the garden and haul wood for our wood burning stove. Lewis was ordained a seventy in 1981 and is currently serving as a veil worker one afternoon a week at the temple.

Shortly after Sarah's birth we bought our first home at 155 E. 18th Street. We lived there until February of 1980 when we moved to our present home at 261 Croft Drive.

Samuel Lewis was born on June 26, 1978. He was a very cross baby but has grown into a sweet loving five year old. He taught himself to read at 5, loves to build things, and has lots of friends. Sam's kindergarten teacher said, "This will be a very short parent-teacher conference. What do you say about a child who is perfect?"

Rachel Mary joined our family on February 9, 1981. She is a joy to have around. Always cheerful and happy and very even tempered. Since our marriage, I have been

a full time Mom and have reaped the rewards in loving and obedient children. I have worked in various positions in the Primary and served as Missionary Activation Specialist in the Relief Society for three years. That was a great experience for our family, with Lew being a Seventy, to concentrate on missionary work. It brought us many new friends and opportunities to share the gospel. Currently I am serving on the Stake Relief Society Board and am expecting our fourth child the end of November.

We thank all of you for making our life richer, fuller, and more meaningful. We appreciate all help rendered to us by you, our extended family. We cherish the association of aunts, uncles, cousins and are especially grateful for the association of our children with four kind, loving, helpful, exemplary, grandparents. We are indebted forever to those of our ancestors who left the comforts and in some instances, the wealth of the world, to embrace the gospel, cross the seas, and experience pioneer hardships. We owe what we have today to them. May we always strive to repay this debt by sharing the gospel freely with others. Thanks to all who have helped to make the 1984 D. V. Groberg Missionary Family Reunion a success.



Parents - Al and Mary Hansen
around 1935 or 36



AUG 1963

Parents - Al and Mary Hansen
August 1963



Marie
as a
baby



Marie
2 years
old



Marie, Lee, and Dee
about 1953 on one of many
fishing trips.



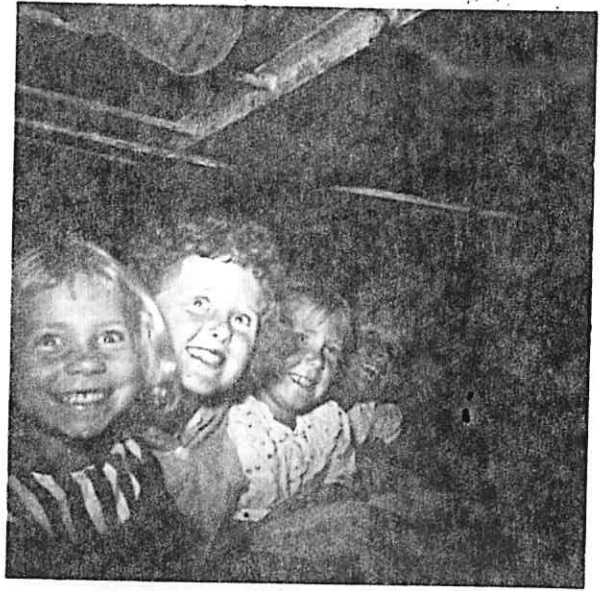
Marie and Dee
in backyard about 1955 or 56



Dad putting us on "Old Joe"
fall of 1950



Marie - 9 years old



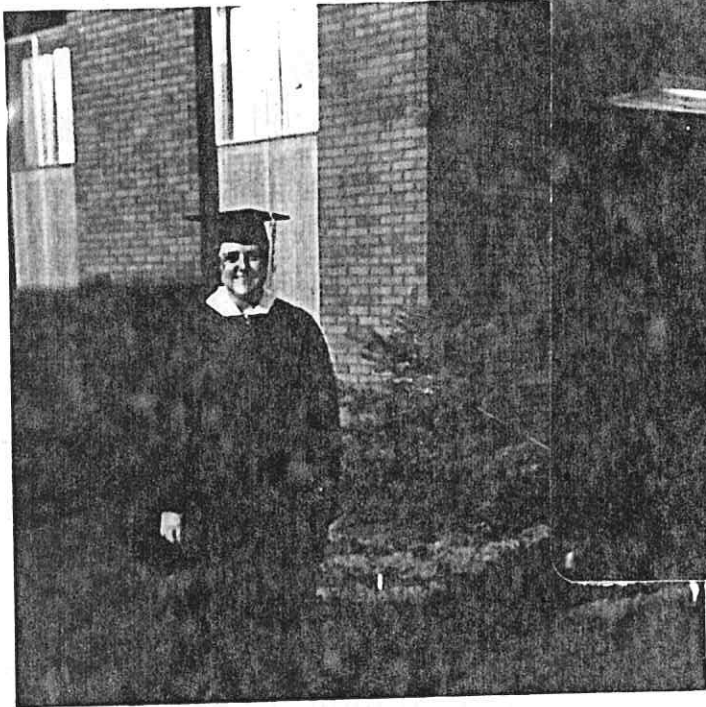
At big family reunion campout with Froerer cousins. Marie is the second from left with the curly hair.



Marie, High School Graduation, 1968



Dad, Mom, Lee, Dee, Marie, 1962



BYU Graduation- May 1972



Engagement Day
Jan. 1976



Wedding Day, Lew and Marie
Nov 27, 1976 "A Year of Beginnings"
272



Sarah Marie Groberg
6 $\frac{1}{2}$ years old Sept. 1983
243



Samuel Lewis Groberg
5 years old June 26, 1983

+



Rachel Mary Groberg
3 years old - Feb. 9, 1984
245

Gloria Jean Groberg
&
Jon Clyde

HUBBLE
FAMILY

LIFE HISTORY

JON C. HUBBLE

I started life in the usual way in 1950. I suppose the only unusual fact relating to this beginning was that it was on New Year's Day. A fact that undoubtedly made the IRS elated as much as my parents - although for different reasons. This occurred in Muscatine, Iowa and I am told that I was the first to be born in the county even though it was not early in the day.

My first recollection of life was standing in front of a calendar. For some reason I was able to understand a calendar before I was able to read. I had an acute interest in summer and I wanted to know when it was coming. I once asked my parents when we would go on a much-anticipated vacation. They told me it would be when the leaves are back on the trees. That didn't satisfy me. I pulled out the calendar and asked, "When?"

My interest in calendars probably had something to do with the fact that my older (by two years) brother, Charles, took delight in informing me that I was "just" a little brother. I was looking forward to the day when I would be older than he was.

Right before I entered Kindergarten at Jefferson Elementary School, we moved from Sycamore Street to Cedar Street. We were located across the street from Muscatine High School (now Central Junior High School). Jefferson Elementary was attached to the High School through the block. Therefore, I only had about half a block to go to grade school and I tripped across the street to go to High School. It was about five blocks to go to Junior High School - which was a few houses away from our old house on Sycamore Street. I used to be jealous of the kids that got to ride the bus to school. I thought it would be great fun. Maybe I had a deprived childhood because I always walked to and from school.

Most of the places I would go were within walking distance. Most of the schools, playgrounds, the downtown district, the YMCA and the Mississippi River were within walking distance. Church and Weed Park (named after the donor, not the plants) were not accessible by foot. Weed Park was the major park in the city where the municipal pool, baseball diamonds, duck lagoon, and zoo were located. I remember collecting acorns in great abundance at the park.

I was very active in the local YMCA and was a member of their leadership club. I enjoyed going to the swim and gym classes. During the winter they would have "Bean Feeds." We would buy a ticket and go upstairs to the banquet room and get hotdogs and potatoe chips. Afterwards we would sing songs and then go down to one of the "dark rooms" in the old part of the building and see a movie.

I also got "hooked" on Judo. We had a Japanese instructor who really made the sport come to life. I couldn't wait for school to be over so I could go down to the "Y" and practice Judo with my friends. We also had Judo contests locally and in the surrounding states. I did well in competition although I don't know where my memorabilia is now.

As I got older I worked for the YMCA. I taught swimming, gymnastics, and arts and crafts. Also, I was a day camp counselor during the summer. I liked sports in school and had a great dilemma in trying to mix organized school sports and working at the YMCA. I loved to do both and would frequently have to choose between the two. I would do as much as I could of both.

In High School my favorite sports were Football and wrestling. Iowa is famous for its wrestling. We would draw about half as many spectators as would the basketball games - quite a fete for a non-spectator sport.

Also during this time, I would work for my father at the store. Frequently during the Summer I would go to the store at 6:00 am and sweep the floors and stock the shelves. When it became hot and humid I particularly enjoyed stocking the walk-in cooler. Sometimes, it would just take a little longer than usual to finish my work.

When I was 10 and a half (to the day) I became the proud big brother to a little brother. This was a new experience to me. I had always been the baby. Now I wasn't. The only trouble with Andrew Mack coming was his timing. He was born on the day we were going to the carnival. I forgave him for that.

My parents were converts to the LDS church. I barely remember going to the Presbyterian (or was it Methodist?) church. Our little branch had meetings at the Hotel Muscatine. We built the first phase of our chapel when we had 39 members. I remember spending many an enjoyable night (when I was 10) at the chapel nailing boards, painting, and cleaning up. I felt I was really contributing. I was actually quite old before I discovered there was something different about being a Mormon. I thought everybody believed as I did - even my Jewish friends. I was shocked to learn that Jews didn't believe in Christ.

My first real experience away from home was in 1967 when I was 17. I answered a want ad for summer help in a trade magazine. I hopped on a bus and went off to a resort on Block Island, Rhode Island. This was a small island off the tip of Long Island. As luck would have it, my bus ticket got me as far as New York City. As I tried to board the bus to Point Judith, Rhode Island, I was told my ticket would have to be "validated." I had to roam around Grand Central Station looking for someone to validate my ticket. I even used one of the information phones to ask how to get the validation. I couldn't understand the woman who answered my question - but it didn't sound like she knew, anyway. Finally I found someone to validate my ticket and, after a stop-over in Connecticut and Providence, I found myself at Point Judith, Rhode Island.

The only problem with Point Judith was that it was just that - a point on the map from which an ocean-going ferry would sail - once a day - in the morning - and it was 8:00 p.m! Its interesting what you do when you have to. I found myself on an old sailor's couch that night, after listening to about four rendition's of the same sea stories.

The next day I boarded the ferry to Block Island and found myself doing all sorts of odd jobs getting the resort ready for the Summer season. People from the East would sail their yachts to the island for the weekend or for a week of pleasure - usually swimming and drinking.

I spent the Summer on Block Island as a deck hand and a life guard at the marina pool. As a deck hand I would help the boats dock - sometimes three and four abreast during the busy times. I met a lot of "interesting" people in those days and got a taste of the real world.

On the way back to Iowa I stopped a few days in New York City and stayed with one of my cousins. I learned to find my way around New York pretty well by riding the subway. I visited the United Nations, Wall Street, and Rockefeller Center. I attended a show at Radio City Music Hall and took a tour of the NBC studios. In those days, teenagers could ride airplanes for half fair on standby. I had my first (that I could remember) airplane ride on the way home, after getting "bumped" from my plane in Chicago.

After graduating from High School I worked at a factory where we grew bacteria and made them into vitamins and detergent additives - the ones that environmentalists didn't like. After the summer I attended BYU. I had been accepted at the University of Miami and was making plans to attend there, but because of persistent parents and a wise seminary teacher (seminary had just been instituted the previous year as an experimental program) I had changed my plans and went off to Provo.

I had never been to Utah before I left for BYU. I found Utah to be in stark contrast with the greenery of Iowa. In Utah, nothing was green unless it was irrigated. I wondered if I was going to survive. Somehow I did, and I even grew to like the desert and the mountains. I probably learned a thing or two at BYU that first year, too.

That summer I went back to Iowa and worked for H.J. Heinz making tin cans for soup. I didn't realize it at the time, but this was the last time I would live at home. After the summer I went back to Utah, but this time to enter the old missionary home on State Street in Salt Lake. After going through the Salt Lake Temple for the very first time, we got on a bus and went to Provo for nine weeks of intensive language training.

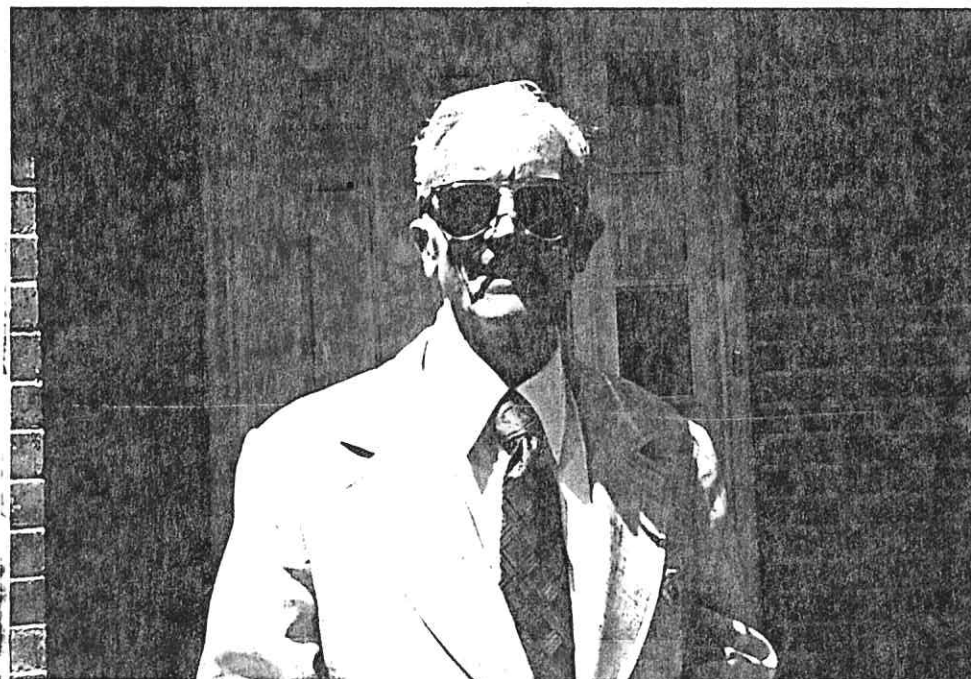
In November, 1969 I left the Salt Lake Airport in the freezing snow and 24 hours later landed in the summer heat of Brazil where I would spend the remainder of my two-year mission. It was a very fertile mission - one which I enjoyed and for which I still cherish the memories. There were times that I enjoyed a little less - like when at midnight, two hours after arrival, I was given a piece of paper with an address and told to go now to my first assignment (in the rain of course). But there were times that I enjoyed tremendously - like baptising a family with 10 children.

After my mission, I returned directly to BYU in order to continue my studies, at first in Zoology and later in Environmental Health. There, in our student ward, I met a certain Gloria Groberg with whom I was very impressed. Whom I asked for a date only to discover she had moved to Salt Lake to do student teaching four months previous. Our first date was on April Fool's Day, 1972. She didn't fool me. We were married August 19, 1972 in the Idaho Falls Temple.

Parents of Jon C. Hubble



Shirley Ruth Wintermute Hubble



Clyde William Hubble



19 August 1972 - Just married
Idaho Falls Temple



Grobergs at Wedding Luncheon



Gloria Jean D. + Jon C. - Hubble

THE JON HUBBLE FAMILY

The Jon Hubble Family began on August 19, 1972, in the Idaho Falls temple, as Jon and Gloria were married and sealed for time and eternity.

After a honeymoon to Jackson and Yellowstone, we both completed our schooling at Brigham Young University. Gloria was majoring in child development and family relationships. Looking back we can honestly say that many of the principles that she learned and brought home to practice on Jon have laid some important groundwork in our family relationships and communication patterns. Jon's major was in Health Sciences - Environmental Health and Hospital Administration.

While living in Provo, our first child, Jeremy Groberg, was born. Though he was a month over-due, we were at least happy that he came before the new year. He was born December 31, 1973. (He now says that he just wanted to celebrate his birthday close to Dad's - Jon's birthday is January 1.)

After Jon graduated from BYU, the three of us spent the summer in Idaho Falls and then to Birmingham, Alabama where Jon entered graduate school. We lived in University housing and really enjoyed our experience there. As part of Jon's program, he was required to do a residency which took us to Los Angeles, California. But first, just 2 weeks before our move, August 2, 1975 Travis Anders joined our family. Right after Travis was born, Jon left ahead to find a place for us to live in Los Angeles. Grandma Groberg came to help with the new baby and flew to California with us. Life was definitely more difficult with two little boys 19 months apart and a move across the country. Grandma's help was much needed and appreciated.

We enjoyed living closer to some of the relatives in California, and Jon's Mom and brother even came to visit us there and to see the sights which we enjoyed together.

After living in California for a year we moved to New Orleans, Louisiana where Jon had a job as Management Analyst with the Veterans Administration Hospital. New Orleans, we found, was a very unique city - more like a foreign country than another city in the United States. We enjoyed Mardi Gras and especially just meeting and getting to know all the interesting people there. But apparently, we had gypsy blood in us because in less than a year we were on the move again. This time we went to Temple, Texas -- to our first house and our first daughter.

Heather Ann was born December 3, 1977, in Temple, Texas. It was certainly nice to have a little girl join our family. Gloria was definitely feeling outnumbered and it seemed like a little sister brought out the tenderness in her big brothers.

We lived in Texas for a year and a half. This was almost settling down for us. We made some good friends there, some with whom we still correspond. We also became quite involved in missionary work as Jon was made a Seventy. Because the mission home was so far away, many of the missionaries would come to Jon, who was the ward mission leader, for advice and help, and I think also to play with the kids. They also hoped to get a good home-cooked meal. (We had to be careful in giving them meals because we didn't want to disappoint their future wives by depriving them of the opportunity of learning to cook for themselves!)

We were very thrilled to also be involved in bringing some very special people into the church in Texas. Indeed, the field was ripe, ready to harvest.

It was with mixed feelings that we left Texas and moved to Oklahoma City. We still had gypsy blood in us and the job opportunity for Jon was good, but we had grown quite fond of Texas.

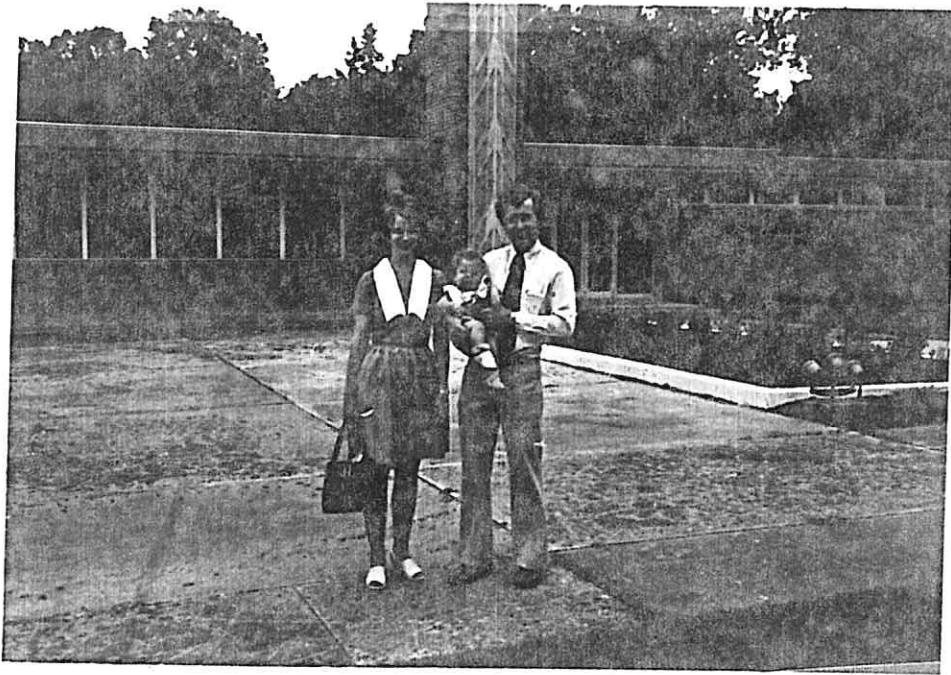
Back in an apartment, we stayed in Oklahoma City for a year. We were happy for the opportunity for Grandpa Groberg to come and visit Will Roger's birthplace, and memorial museum which was not far from where we lived, remembering what a fan of Will Rogers Dad has always been. We also made some special friends in OKC and grew and learned a lot from our experiences there. We were, by this time, getting a little tired of being on the move so much and we started feeling the need to establish roots somewhere. We were hoping to come and establish them in the West, probably in Utah or Idaho. However, an opportunity came to go to Washington, D.C. which we couldn't resist - so off we moved in the opposite direction, still feeling that somehow we would end up in the West.

Washington, D.C. proved to be a very good career experience for Jon and living in Sterling, Virginia, in our second house was also a good experience. Geffery Sterling was born here on September 10, 1980. Grandma and Grandpa Groberg came to visit right before he was born. Their help was very timely.

Jeremy and Travis both wanted to take Geffery to school for show and tell, so Gloria finally took him into both of their classes - much to their delight. We stayed in Virginia for nearly 2 and a half years and needless to say, it was the hardest of all to leave. We liked our house (although it was getting small because we were expecting another baby), had some good friends and loved all the cultural opportunities, but the opportunity to go West had finally come and we took advantage of it.

Jon received a position with Intermountain Health Care working at Primary Children's Medical Center and Alta View Hospital. We found a home in Bountiful, Utah, where we are currently living. Of all our moves, this was probably the hardest. By the time we finally got moved into our house, it was time for our new baby to be born. On August 13 (a Friday no less!), 1982, Tyler Jonathon (TJ) was born, just ten days after we moved into our house. Since living on Bountiful, we have enjoyed getting to know all of the Utah and Idaho family members better and enjoyed being here for weddings, visits and other family get-togethers.

Our life has been one of a lot of moves but from each one we gained much. We had opportunities we never would had had otherwise. And while it was often difficult and not always happy, we were always together and we learned from one another.



Jeremy
Groberg
Hubble



Feb 1977 Mardi Gras
New Orleans

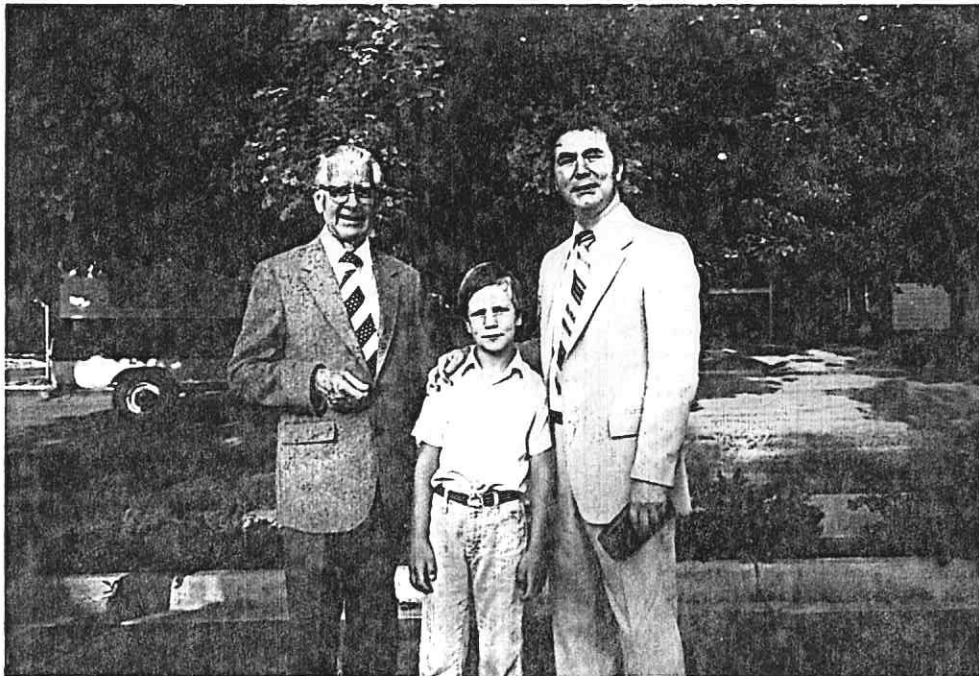
Travis

Anders

Hubbbs

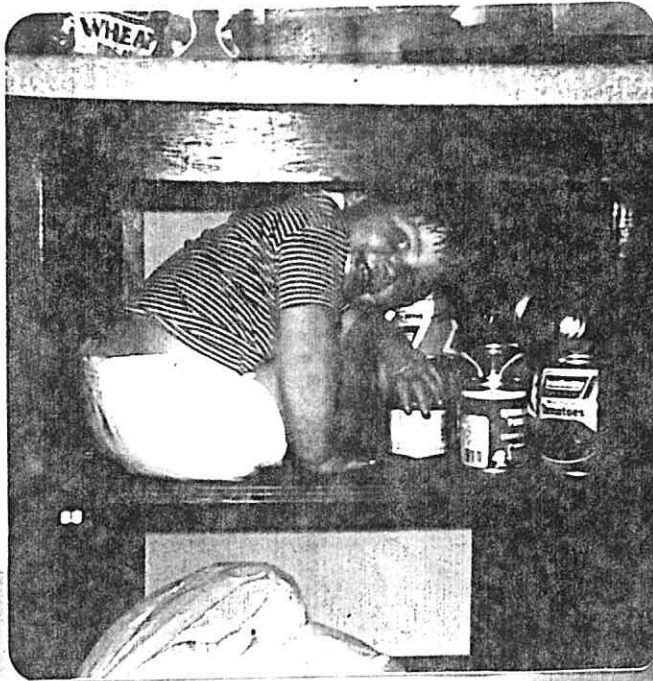


Fun in the tub
May-1976



Trav with Grandpa G. + Dad

Heather Ann Hubble



Shenandoah National Park
1981



with
GeFFery



with Groberg Grandparents



GeFFery
Sterling
Hubble

Heather + GeFFery
December 1980



Big
Brother
Jeremy

1981





Aug. 13
1982



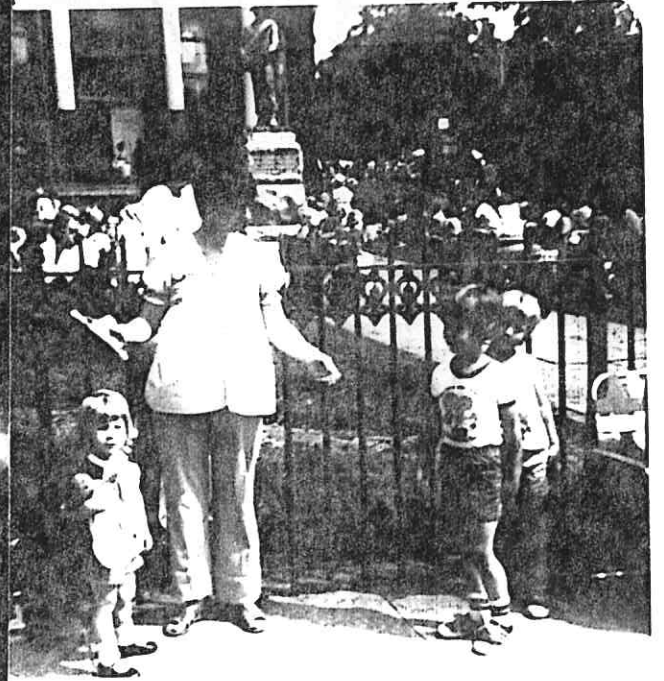
Tyler

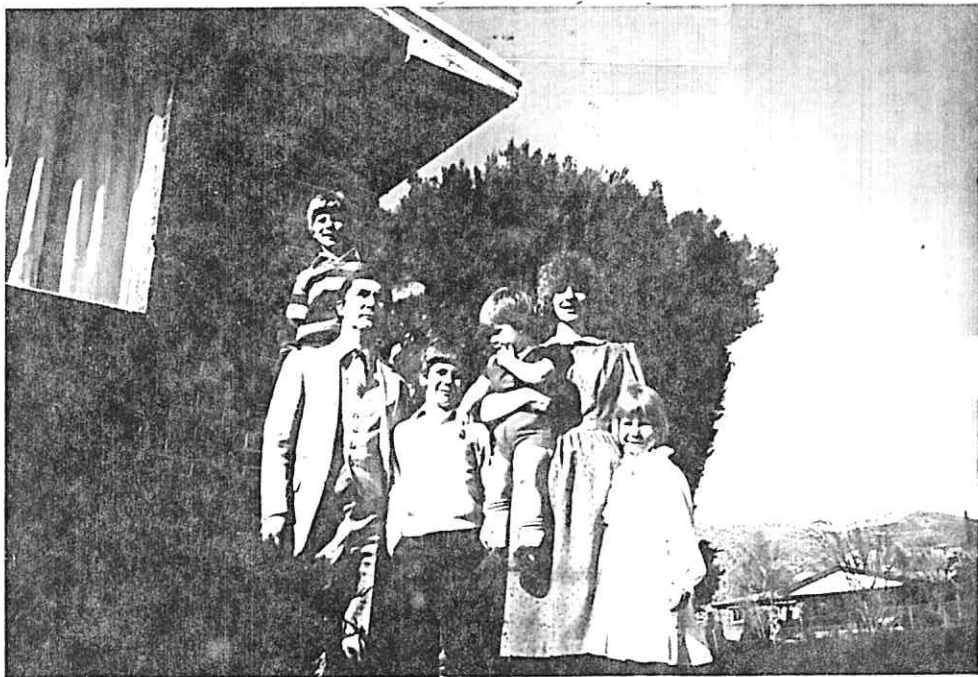
Jonathan

Hubble-

December

1982





Bonnie Gay Jensen

&

George Holbrook

GROBERG

FAMILY

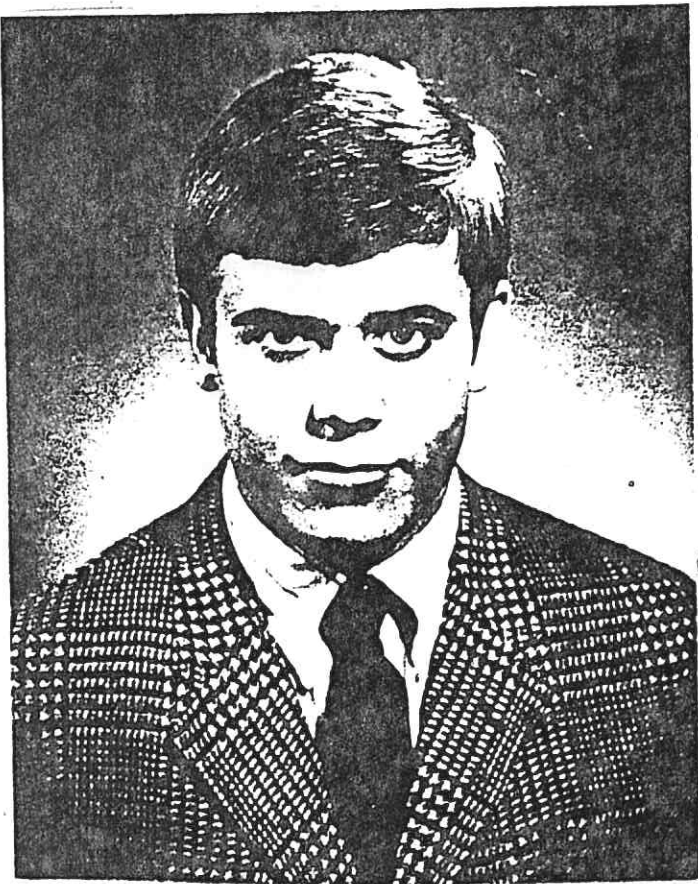
GEORGE H. GROBERG

I was born in Idaho Falls on April 26, 1952 to a large family. My memories of the event are vague and mostly from what others have told me. However, I must have been an adorable child because all four of our children are beautiful and the chances of all the good genes coming from Bonnie are almost impossible.

I do remember Kate Curley park and Beth opening up the umbrella in my face. Through gradeschool my memories are of tree huts, little league, backyard football, snowballs and lots of family and church. In junior high we had many scouting hikes in the summer, skiing in the winter and a paper route and drumming for the school band all year round. Through many of my misadventures I am sure I caused many worries for Mom and Dad.



In high school I guess mother and Dad had not had enough children so we were fortunate to have two additional brothers, John E. and Thomas Tecumseh. I tried to play football, baseball and wrestle in high school. Many of the family would attend the events as loyal fans and afterwards comment that at least we tried harder than anybody. I was elected president of the letterman's club and had quite a time raising money for sports equipment. I had a part time job at Hudsons Shoes and in the summer worked as a truck driver for Mel Brown Co.



George
+
John E.

Following family tradition and personal ambition I went to BYU for a year before my mission. Gloria, Lewis and I were there at the same time. Also several cousins so the cousins club kept alive.

Mother drove down to Provo one day in August to hand deliver a mission call. We were very pleased to get to serve in Indonesia. I left in September 1971 and spent most of the next two years in Java. Toward the end of the two years I was assigned to work in India. Arne Hallam and I spent about two months there. After coming home luckily Mom and Dad had a plan that I should go to BYU again and during the next year I met Bonnie and that is where this part ends and the next begins.

Elder Groberg
enroute
to Indonesia
meets brothers
John + Dee
in Tokyo
airport
1971





Born Feb. 9, 1955 in Salt Lake City, Utah, the oldest of six children of Joseph E. and Gloria Winther Jensen. The family moved to southern Calif. when I was 2 yrs old because Daddy was offered a teaching position at a Jr. High and could concurrently complete Masters studies in Secondary Ed. at Cal St. LA. The family never left Calif. residing in Montrose and La Crescenta. Early memories of family are happy, especially exciting was welcoming a



new brother or sister to the family. The family sang and performed together for clubs, bazaars, weddings and many church functions. I enjoyed school, in fact, cried if I had to miss it during the elementary years.

Jr. and High School years were filled with many activities at church and school: studies, clubs, seminary, music, cheerleading, gymnastics. The highlight of high school was spending a summer in

Riobamba, Ecuador as an exchange student with American Field Service. Following graduation from Crescenta Valley High School I attended BYU and studied Nursing. Working as a waitress during the summers helped pay for school. Also working as a Resident Assistant in the dorms during school helped. One day while studying in the library I met a most wonderful young man, George H. Groberg, and then life really began!



GEORGE & BONNIE

This family history relates the chronicles of the George H. Groberg family from 1975 until 1984. I had just completed a mission in southeast Asia and was attending BYU. Bonnie was in Nursing at BYU. After meeting, social life and academic life seemed to blend together and after several months of engagement we were married in the L.A. Temple on April 22, 1975.

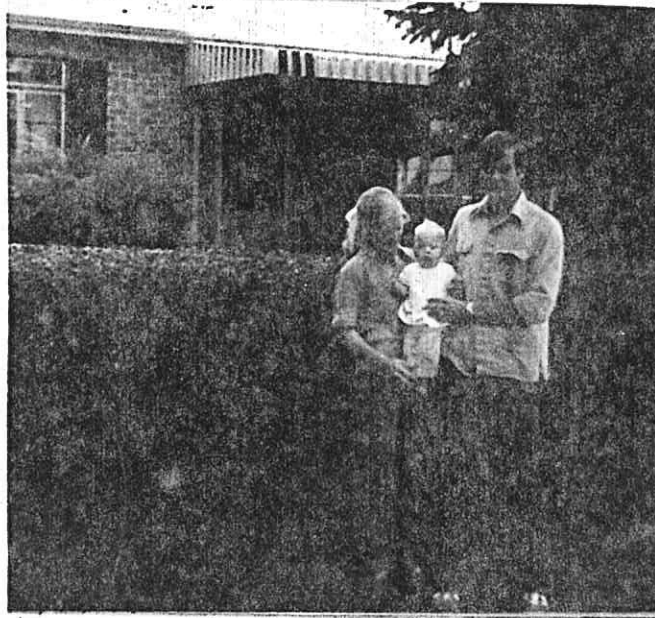
There was a brief three month stay in Orem during which time I worked for the Language Research Center.

We moved to Denver, CO in September 1975. We rented a nice apartment on 895 Dahlia St. Bonnie worked at nursing homes and a local hospital even though

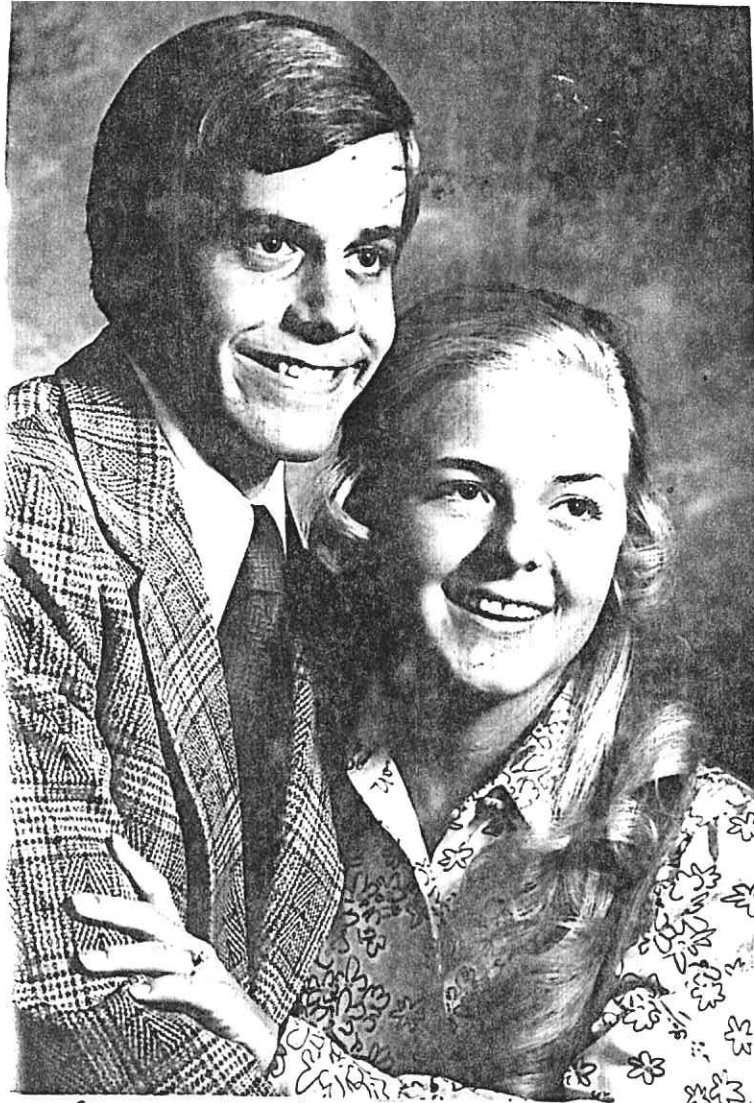
leaving BYU early had meant that she did not have her R.N. George became a full time student and retrospectively loved it.

On a winter day in January 1976 Bonnie delivered a beautiful baby girl whom we named Brenda. Grandma Jensen came to help and Grandpa and Grandma Groberg and Bonnie's brother came out for the blessing. We also had opportunity to get to know Margaret Blair and Joe and Jeanne during that first year in Denver.

Uncle Sam helped finance medical school so during the first summer in Denver we went to San Antonio, Texas



1200 Cherry St., Denver, COLORADO

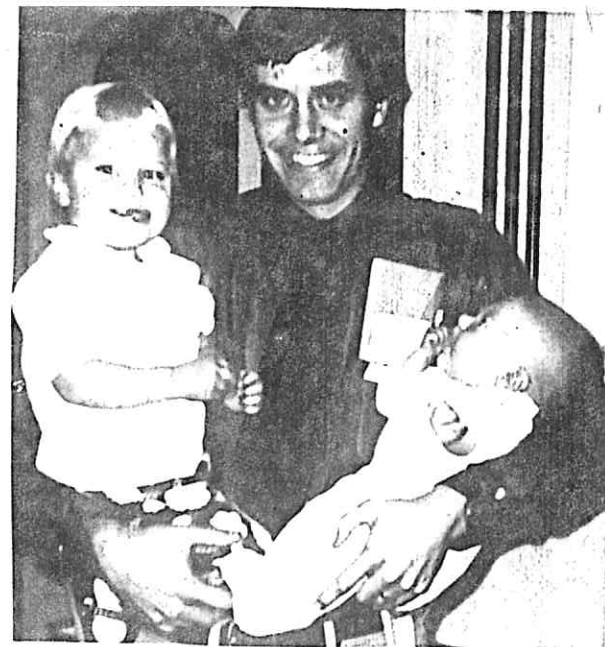


George + Bonnie 1975

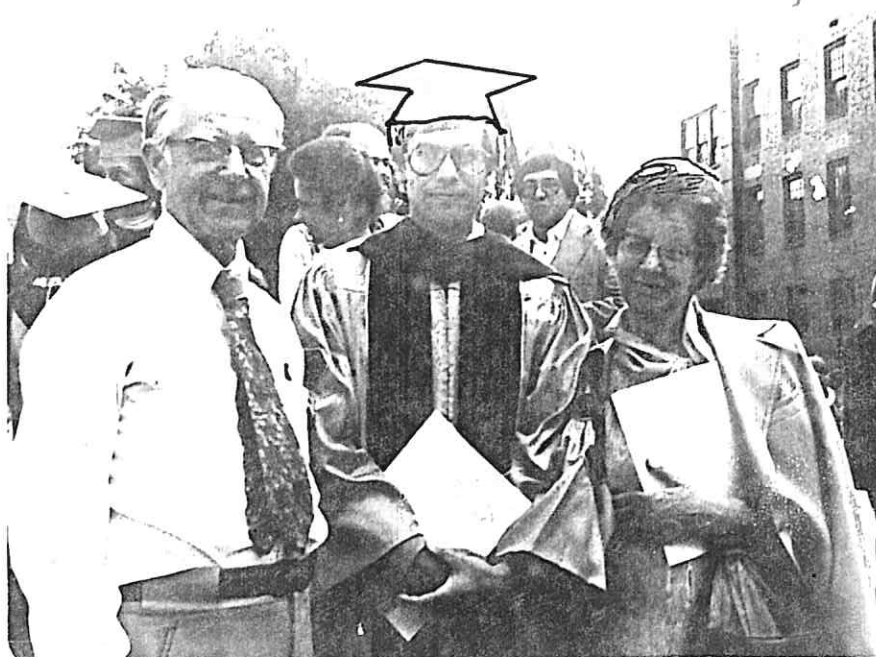
for a military medicine course. Upon returning to Denver we found having a baby had severely limited our housing opportunities. With help from Joe and Dad we bought the smallest house we could find. It was near to the medical center and across from a nice park. We stayed there for three years until I finished school.

On October 21, 1977 we added another beautiful little girl to the family, named Gretchen. At the end of the second year of school I began working part time in a lab at a hospital in South Denver. We kept busy at church serving in the Teachers quorum and in Primary. During the last two years of medical school I enjoyed every specialty but decided to do Pediatrics for reasons beyond me at the present. In 1979, just before med school graduation, we packed all our belongings in the garage and Bonnie and I left for a three-weeks vacation in Indonesia. Our little girls spent the time with the Jensens in California.

After returning we moved to San Antonio, Texas for pediatric residency training at Wilford Hall Medical Center. We bought a home in the Northwest corner of the city and settled in for what we thought would be three years to endure. However, we soon fell in love with San Antonio and our wonderful friends and neighbors. Work was extremely demanding and rewarding. We found an unexpected boon for Bonnie. The University of Texas accepted her in as a senior nursing student.

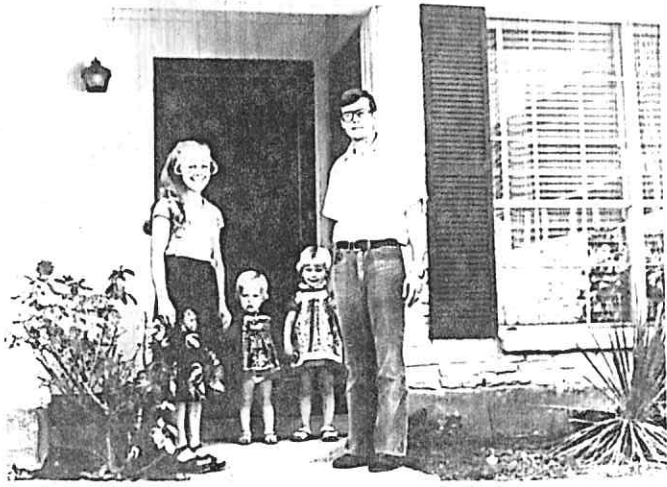


"Juggling 2 daughters + med school"



Pediatric Resident

← 1979 Graduation from University of Colorado, School of Medicine

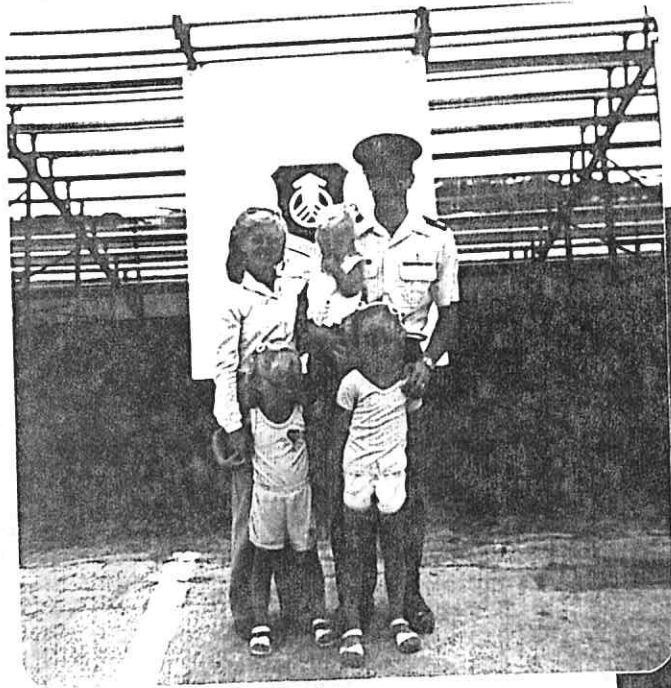


5411 White Cloud
San Antonio, Texas

So with all of the extra time on my hands after taking care of two young toddlers and a sleepy husband, Bonnie went to school. On December 12, 1980 she graduated with a Bachelors in Nursing. That was one of the happiest days of our lives, partly because of graduation but mostly because just four days earlier on the eighth of December Bonnie delivered another beautiful girl. We named her Heidi and she was our pride and joy.

We did some traveling during the time in San Antonio, some for professional reasons and some for pleasure. We visited Baltimore, Washington D.C., Houston and Corpus Christi. Medical transport flights took George to Saudi Arabia and several different bases.

George served as Branch president of the Lackland Branch and Bonnie served in ward and stake primary music. When it was time to leave San Antonio we really cherished the three years we had spent deep in the heart of Texas.



Capt. Groberg at residency
graduation
Lackland, AFIB 1982



Graduation + Heidi's birth
Dec. 1980

One of the catches when you take something from an Uncle such as Sam, is that eventually he asks for something in return. This became evident as we were assigned to go to the high desert of sunny, southern California to work at George Air Force Base. Professionally this was quite a change. I had been used to practicing with adequate personnel and sophisticated equipment. I learned and became a better doctor from the experience of practicing in a smaller community.



Blairs + Yali visit us at 15187 Arlette Dr
Victorville.

Shortly after arriving in Victorville we bought a large house with fruit trees and a beautiful landscaping. Laura, our fourth daughter, was born January 21, 1983. Our stay here has been a happy one. Bonnie's folks live just one and one-half hours away. We have enjoyed visits from several family members since we are on the road to the L.A. area. We have kept busy with Church work: financial clerk, Elder's quorum, Primary and roadshow.

George had the opportunity to attend several medical conferences and presented a research paper at a uniformed services conference in San Francisco. He was also selected as an Outstanding Young Men of America for 1983.



January 1983
Laura's birth



During a trip to the Washington D.C. area last fall, George was given the opportunity to apply for a teaching position at a larger medical center. That led to our present plans to move to Omaha this summer. We will be stationed at Offutt AFB which has a regional hospital and is affiliated with Creighton U.

This will be a chance to teach and practice a little more than is possible in Victorville.

The girls are excited to know they will have snowy winters. They are growing so fast.

Brenda, now 8 years old, was baptized and confirmed by her Dad and has received a good citizen award two times from her class this year. She is an excellent reader and takes piano lessons.

Gretchen, now 6 years old, enjoys Kindergarten and is already starting to read. She is creative and very independent. She had eye surgery last year and is doing well with her glasses.

Heidi, now 3 years old, our little angel enigma, is still challenged with speech development. She is slowly acquiring some oral language and some sign language too.

Laura, now 1½ years, tries really hard to keep up with her big sisters. She is a runner and a climber, a bundle of energy and joy.

the
George H.
Grobergs
1984 —



Bonnie's
family at
left -

Lewis - Beth
Dloria and
Tom & Leslie
Secumch
at right.

Bonnie's
mother
made
pasters
in 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.





Jensen clan



Winter Grandparents



Jensen parents Bonnie & J. Groberg parents

Bonnie and George



Family today on its way to
Omaha!



BRENDA



GRETCHEN



Heidi



Laura

GEORGE H. GROBERG -

Born April 26, 1952 at Idaho Falls, Idaho
Baptized April 30, 1960 - South Idaho Falls Stake House by father,
Delbert V. Groberg
Confirmed May 1, 1960--by father.

Deacon - April 26, 1964
Teacher - May 8, 1966
Priest - May 7, 1968
Elder - July 18, 1971

} All by father, D.V. Groberg
Eagle Scout

Endowed - Sept. 4, 1971 - Idaho Falls Temple

Graduated B.Y.U. with honors, Magna Cum Laude (attended B.Y.U. with
scholarships)

Mission - South East Asia - 1971 - 1973

Married to Bonnie Jensen of La Crescenta, California -April 22, 1975
in the Los Angeles Temple.

Attended Medical School in Denver, Colorado - 1975-1979 - graduated
May 1979 in top 25%

Lived in San Antonio, Texas, 1979-1982 and completed residency of
Pediatric specialty training.

Lived in Victorville, California 1982-1982--working as chief of pediatrics
(pediatrician) for the Air Force.

Church callings: Teachers Quorum Advisor, Branch President, Elders Quorum,
Financial Clerk

Professional: Pediatric Resident Organization President, Johnson Research Award
finalist, Chief of Pediatrics at George A.F.B., Board Certified Pediatrician,
and a 1983 Outstanding Young Man of America.



BONNIE JENSEN GROBERG:

Born February 9, 1955 at Salt Lake City, Utah
Baptized March 29, 1963 by father, Joseph E. Jensen in Glendale,
California Stake House.

A.F.S. foreign exchange student to Ecuador, Summer 1972

Endowed: April 19, 1975 - Los Angeles Temple

Married April 22, 1975 - Los Angeles Temple

Graduated with a Bachelors in Nursing from University of Texas
in 1980.

Church callings: Primary: counselor, inservice, stake and music,
Road Show director

Also P.T.A. work.

DAUGHTERS:

*Brenda Marie - Born January 17, 1976 in Denver, Colorado

Gretchen Gloria - Born October 21, 1977 in Denver, Colorado

Heidi Jane - Born December 8, 1980 in San Antonio, Texas

Laura Alsina - Born January 21, 1983 in Victorville, California

"Brenda baptized and confirmed by her father, George H. Groberg, on
February 4, 1984 in Apple Valley/Victorville
Ward House.



