

Mom's 50 Question Life Sketch

My full name is Edna Marlene Black Nielson. My first name, Edna, is after my mother Edna Rae Winn Black. Marlene is a name my dad liked. My mother said Marlene was the name of an old girlfriend of my dad's which he would never confirm or deny!

My nickname most of my younger years was "Maunie". I'm not sure how my dad came up with that name. When I was in my teens and the rest of my dad's life he always called me Johnny. Maunie Just evolved into Johnny one day. All my dad's friends called me Maunie. my dad and his brothers owned a Standard (Chevron) Oil gas station. I loved to go hang out at the station with my dad. That's where I saw lots of my dad's friends. My mother's nickname for me was Cindy. I thought I always had to do more work than my brothers, plus in my teenage years my parents owned the gateway motel in Blanding so I had to help clean motel rooms on weekends and during summer. I told my mom one day that I was just like Cinderella because I worked all the time, so she started calling me Cindy! She called me that until the day she died.

I was born in Monticello UT on October 16th 1947. My parents lived in Blanding Utah, a small town 22 miles South of Monticello. October is deer hunting season in Utah and a very busy time for the gas station. Many hunters come from California, year after year to hunt in our area. My dad had to take my mom to the hospital on the 15th and waited all night for me to be born. Reluctantly my dad drove back to Blanding because there was no one to help uncle Glen (dad's brother) at the station. Mornings at the station were crazy with hunters. Dad had just got to the station around 8:00 AM and the hospital called to tell him he had a healthy baby girl and my mother was fine! My parents had been unable to have children so they were thrilled when I was born seven years after they married!

I was born and raised in Blanding UT my grandfather William Morley black was a polygamist living in the colonies (Pacheco) Mexico. When the Saints were driven out of Mexico my grandmother Rachel Lunt black was pregnant with my dad and he was born in Blanding where my great- great grandparents lived my grandparents stayed and raised their family there. Thus, my father came back to live there after a stint in the army during World War Two

Two of my dad's brothers and their big families were there William (Bill) And Glendon (Glenn) Black. Plus my grandparents Morley and Rachel Black.

I grew up in Blanding in a home my dad and his friend built by themselves. My dad actually dug the basement of the house with a shovel! He would work at his Standard Oil station all day and then dig the basement at night using car headlights. Him and mom borrowed \$200 from mom and dad so they could get appliances and cupboards for their kitchen. That was the only money that they had owed when the house was completed! Our home had two bedrooms plus a basement that was used as a bedroom for my brothers, a living room, kitchen, small dining area and one bathroom. We had plumbing electricity and a telephone was mounted on the kitchen wall. We shared our phone line with other neighbors. Often when you wanted to make a call, you had to wait until they were off the line. If you picked up the receiver to call and you got a busy signal if the busy signal continued for an hour or so you had to go over to the people you shared the phone line with and tell them to check their phone. Usually the receiver had been knocked off the holder of the phone.

I lived in that home until I was in 7th grade. My dad and his brother also owned a motel they had built next to their gas station. The gateway motel. They were paying my cousin Bruce and his wife to operate the motel. That motel was barely breaking Even so dad and his brother decided they would need to

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actually live there for the motel to be profitable. So mom and dad moved our family to the motel. I lived there until I left for college. I learned how to meet and talk to a lot of different kinds of people as I often worked at the front desk where customers came to rent a room. My mother was a wonderful homemaker. Our home was always clean. One thing I loved was my mother always decorated for the holidays. We always had a rocking chair and so to this day I still have to rock I personally don't know how you can live without a rocking chair in your home! Interesting side note, all my brothers have rocking chairs and love to rock. None of my children have rocking chairs!

My earliest childhood memory is probably going to my grandpa and grandma blacks every Sunday night because all our cousins that lived in Blanding came. We loved playing hide and seek. The girls were all make earrings out of hollyhocks (flowers).

My first brother was born 10 months after me. My parents had wanted children so much that when I was born after being married for seven years they were going to keep cooking! They named him Mark Kline. When he was Nine months old he began running a high fever. They took him to Monticello to the hospital and for unknown reasons he died the next day. My second brother is 2 years younger than me they named him Dale Kline. Dad was with mom during labor and delivery and said it was the worst experience of his life! Dell had asthma for a lot of his young life he and my mother spent a lot of hours in the rocking chair with my mother rocking and singing him to help him become so he could breathe Better. Dale grew out of the asthma later in life. He is and has always been very friendly and outgoing. He doesn't know a stranger! Dell used to hide my country western records. I loved Buck Owens and he couldn't stand for me to play that record. In 1952 my third brother was born they named him Clark Wynn. In 1955 my 4th brother Kirby was born I cried when my dad told me I had another brother. I wanted a sister so bad.

April 25th 1958 was one of the happiest days of my life I finally got a sister! My parents let me choose her name. Her name is Karen. She had almost black eyes. She was so cute and just perfect! When Karen was about nine months old and just learning to walk she started having seizures. Her little forehead was always bruised from falling. Dad made her a little helmet out of carpet to help protect her. The seizures increased even with medication. Finally doctors had mom and dad take her to Salt Lake City to test for a possible brain tumor. The tests removed spinal fluid from her ventricles her brain. They then filled the ventricles with air so they could get a clear X-ray. This was in the days before MRI's. When the test was finished she was left semi comatose and paralyzed from the waist down for the rest of her life. The doctors recommended that my parents take her to American fork UT where they had a facility for severely handicapped children. Mom and dad said no way and they brought her home. Our family doctor made-up a special formula for Karen and my mom and dad and later me fed her through a nasal gastric tube three times a day for the following ten years that she lived I was 11 year old when she was born and loved helping care for her she was like my live baby doll. After living semi come toast and paralyzed from the waist down, she was also bedridden. My dad got an old hospital bed and built legs that made it higher so it was much easier to care for her. She had beautiful dark brown eyes and brown hair. Every day my mother and I would bathe and dress her. She always had clothes and a pillow case to match. Her hair was always curled and with a cute barrette. We would exercise her arms and sit her in the corner of the couch. She continued to have seizures. We don't think she had sight but she definitely recognized her family's voices. She would light up with a big smile and move her arms with delight. Every noon when dad came home for lunch and as soon as he got home at night he would go talk to her little doll as he called her. He would exercise her legs. He would raise her legs up and down as he said to

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her here we go walking, walking, walking! Karen loved walks with her dad! She was the center of our family! All of us would go in her room several times during the day to love and talk to her. Grandma black (mom) was beyond a devoted, loving mother. She was her primary caregiver after I left for college in 1965. My mother was always cheerful and happy you would never know that she carried a heavy burden. She still had all her children home, cooked three meals a day. Around the motel, after school, I helped clean rooms if one of our maids was sick. I also always had a church job. My dad was a Bishop at the time for 10 years so he was not much help with things at home. I must say, I never heard my parents argue or disagree. They always seem to have a deep love and devotion for each other. A wonderful example for us. Karen had just turned 13 when she died from pneumonia. She had a beautiful complexion and never even a hint of a bedsore because mother's great care. All my brothers loved sports and played football and basketball for San Juan high school. They have always been supportive of each other and me period of course they all had nicknames too. Dale was "Mac". Klark was "Ole" and Kerby was "Manual". Dad called my mother "Brownie" and she called dad "Lovely". My brothers all worked at the gas station usually closing it at night. They mowed grass and pulled weeds around the motel. I don't remember them having many jobs. After all, I earned the name Cindy after Cinderella! My brother Dale married Marlene Murdoch. They had three children, misty, Brandon and Tia. Klark Married sandy, Katie and Tanya. He had six children. Brittany, Tess, Shelby and stepchildren Aaron, Jordan and Andrea. My nicknames for my brothers are Dale "Skelbsie", Klark "Drownie", Kerby "Houndie". We love doing a lot of things together now that were retired!

I loved playing games growing up. Kitty corner from our house was a basement that was dug up for our house and a big pile of dirt. We had a lot of kids in our neighborhood. It was set in stone that on Saturdays, summer days and after school as soon as your chores were done, we all met at the "hill". A house was never built there for many years. So we played Cowboys and Indians, had horny toads with strings around their necks, lots of pretend games with horny toads! A lot of sled riding and bike riding on the hill too. We would play there all day long!

I also played dolls. The Patterson's lived across the street and they had a little girl and four boys. Leanna was a year older than me. We played in her Playhouse in their basement and the stairs to the basement was our train. We took a lot of trips on our train with our dolls. My doll's name was Cooley. I totally loved her. In all truthfulness I was more tomboy than a girly girl. At night we played kick the can. My favorite toy was my tricycle. I wanted a trike so bad. My parents said I had to quit sucking my thumb at night to get a trike. So every night my mom would put nasty medicine on my thumb and then bandage it up. It took a few months, but on my 5th birthday I got my tricycle! I also loved my doll Cooley with her baby blanket and clothes.

I had many favorite things I like to do when I was young. Playing at the hill, riding bikes, cutting out paper dolls, playing with Cooley (my doll), and I loved going up to Blue Mountain for picnics on the 4th and 24th of July. Once a year we would drive to Santa Maria CA to see my grandpa and grandma Winn. My mother had two brothers and one sister. Uncle Aaron and Aunt Hannah didn't have children so I always stayed with them and was treated like royalty. I got to stay up late, watch TV, have lots of snacks and I learned to do ceramics. I love them dearly. The highlight of going to California was going to the beach. I love the beach to this day. It's peaceful and a place to clear my thoughts! As I got older I loved to go on Jeep rides with my dad. We went over some rugged beautiful country on Jeep trips. I love to go to Lake Powell with my dad. Mom would go but didn't love it. I learned to water ski there. I loved to lay out and suntan. I always had a great suntan in the summer. I worked hard on it! It shows now with all

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the sun abuse! I loved to drag main. Everyone drug Main. Living at the hotel which was on the drag route was real convenient because I always knew who was out dragging! I loved high school, cheer and pep rallies. When I was younger we had a drive-in movie. That was so fun. We also had an indoor theater and went to the matinee every Saturday afternoon for \$0.25. Every kid in town was there! We walked or rode our bikes everywhere. Rain or shine! I had an amazing life growing up in Blanding.

I had a lot of family chores! My mom kind of believed in boy and girl chores! It was expected that I always helped my mother with the cleaning, cooking, dishwashing, ironing, vacuuming and running the front desk. My brothers only inside job as far as I can remember was taking out the garbage! I also had to clean the gross bathrooms at the gas station for \$0.50 a day! This was my most hated job! My dad usually mowed the lawns at the motel, but occasionally when he was busy he would ask me to mow it. My dad was very meticulous about lawns and I was the only one of my siblings that could mow it to his satisfaction which really pleased me. I loved to please my dad!

I don't remember having an allowance. I made my "big bucks" babysitting for townspeople for \$0.25 an hour and cleaning the gas station restrooms for \$0.50 a day. I always paid my tithing and save the rest for something special (usually shoes or sandals).

I loved grade school. I went to the Blanding elementary school. I had wonderful teachers and lots of friends. One of my most memorable experiences was playing jacks at recess. There was to the part called "pick a cherry, eat a cherry call mom, throw the pit away". You would throw up the ball, scoop up the jack, put it up by your mouth, then put the jack back down by the time the ball bounced back down. Somehow, I swallowed the jack! It was stuck in my throat so I went to the drinking fountain and tried to swallow it. It didn't go down so I went to my teacher. I think I scared her! She gave me a hard hit on my back and the jack went flying out! We walked to school. Elementary school was on the South end of town. Junior high school is still the same building as today. Algebra was my worst subject. My favorite was home economics where I first learned to sow on a machine. When I was in 8th grade, my mother was frying spudnuts (Donuts) and I was holding my little sister Karen. Karen was just two years old and reached out and grabbed the handle on the doughnut fryer and all the hot grease poured down on to my right foot. It was a pretty bad burn and I wore a big bandage to school for about four months! I attended San Juan high school and Brigham Young University for college.

I always loved the pep rallies. The night before a football game we would build a huge bonfire, then hold hands in a circle around the bonfire, yell a lot of cheers together and then burn the opponents mascot. Then after, there would be a dance in the high school gym after. I played a lot of baseball in PE class which I liked. In high school I marched/danced in drill team. I was captain of the drill team one year, so I was responsible for making up the routines and choosing the music. I was a cheerleader my senior year. We started our own cheer with a "walf-whistle". I was the only one of the four cheerleaders that could whistle! I loved cheer and drill team. I was also voted as one of the athletic royalty which was an honor at the time as it was voted on only by the boy athletes in the high school. I also loved walking my boyfriend off the football field after a game! Big red poofy hairstyles were in during my high school days. I can't remember any particular clothes. I don't remember any childhood heroes. We didn't have a TV until I was a teenager.

I loved the songs my mother's used to sing when we were young. "Poor babies in the woods", "20 froggies went to school", "Little purple pansies", "my pigeon doors eye open wide" And so on. I loved country music, but none of my family did. Our neighbor used to always have country music playing and I

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played a lot with their daughter. I think that's how I grew to love it. I loved all the music from the 50s and 60s. I also sang in high school and church choir and really enjoyed both.

We never had any pets growing up.

Church as a kid was much different than now. Sunday school was in the morning. Sacrament meeting was around 6:00 or 7:00 PM. Primary and mutual were on separate weekdays. My dad was the Bishop of our ward for 10 years. Sunday evening we got to play with cousins and grandma black. Sundays were good days as far as I can remember! Mother always Fixed an extra nice dinner on Sunday.

Our local newspaper was the San Juan record. Everything was newsworthy! Even when you went out of town, who went with and who you saw. Also, if anyone came from out of town to visit you it made the San Juan record!

My friends growing up were mostly the neighbors until we moved to the motel when I was 13. The Pattersons, Johnsons, Lyman, Kecles and Black families were all daily friends at the hill. After we moved to the motel, Kathryn Nielson was my bestie until she got married and went to Provo UT to college. She lived about a block from the motel. We called each other "Sub". I don't know where that came from. You know me, if you're someone I'm close to or really like, I probably give you a nickname! I had a lot of good friends in high school too. My best friend in college was Turley Barker Martensen. I called her "Slicker". She always wet the sides of her short hair, slick them down and put Scotch tape on them so they would be straight when she woke up in the morning! We went through nursing school together and then moved to Monticello UT to work in the small hospital there as R.N.'s. we wanted to have a variety of nursing experiences before we moved to a bigger place to live. We still keep in touch with each other.

I remember the day president John F Kennedy was assassinated. The whole high school met in the gym to listen to what had happened, then school was excused for the rest of the day.

We always ate breakfast and dinner together as a family. For lunch we took and ate it at school lunch time. My mother always cooked wonderful meals. Well balanced and from scratch. I loved everything my mother cooked some of my most favorite are homemade breads, summer squash, potatoes and gravy, rice pudding, and Navajo tacos. We usually had a roast or fried chicken for Sunday dinner. Mealtimes were happy times. My dad didn't know anything about cooking!

Christmas was totally magic in our family. My mother loved Christmas. One of our most cherished parts of Christmas was getting a Christmas catalog from Sears and JC Penney's. We would spend hours looking at the toys in the catalog and choosing what we wanted for Christmas! By the time Christmas came, the catalogs were all dog eared and barely intact! We were total believers in Santa. We went up the mountain every year and picked out a Christmas tree and could hardly wait to decorate it! We always had silver icicles that were like 12 inch shiny strands of tinfoil, and bubble lights on our tree. Santa came to the church gym and we each sat on his lap and told him what we wanted and he gave each kid a sack with peanuts in a shell and a candy cane. That was a cherished treat! We each chose one of our socks, always trying to pick out the biggest one, and pinned it to the back of the couch for Santa to fill on Christmas Eve. On Christmas morning it was filled with an orange, nuts and Christmas candy. Later in the morning we went to our best friend's house to see what they got. Then a big Christmas dinner with Uncle Glenn and Uncle Bill's family. Birthdays were celebrated with a birthday party which are nothing like kids birthdays today! We played red Rover, hopscotch, I have a little doggy and he won't hit you,

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then opened the gifts the party friends brought you. We then sang happy birthday and blew out candles on the cake. Then each got cake and ice cream. One year my mother got her friend to dress up like a fortune teller. She told everyone their fortunes. It was the talk of the town. The only traditions I can remember was always loving Christmas. Thanksgiving dinner with extended family which we loved. Mom always made each person a Turkey out of gum drops and sat them at each plate. As a kid all that candy that was just yours was amazing. I continued this tradition with our kids. Now if I make them at Thanksgiving time grandkids don't even touch them. The world is so different today than when I was growing up. Here is a list of the major changes respect for older people then you and authority. If you did something disrespectful at a friend's house, your friend's mother would discipline you if needed and call your mom to let her know what you did and what she did and you knew a worse punishment would be waiting for you when you got home to your parents. No such thing as cell phones, computers, free TV or multiple channels. When you were out outdoors playing with friends you knew to go home when the street lights came on at dusk. You could ride your bike all over town even by yourself. Everyone loved our country and was proud to be an American. Patriotism was serious. People watched out for each other and were caring and compassionate whether they knew you or not. Eating out was very rare. Gas was \$0.20 a gallon. Regular sized candy bars were \$0.05, milkshake at the Dairy Queen was \$0.30. All TV stations signed off at midnight by playing the star spangled banner. You had to turn the TV on and off and change the channels by hand. No remote controls.

The oldest relative I remember was Orpha and Clarence Wynn. My mother, Edna's parents and my dad's parents Morley Larson and Rachel Lunt Black. My dad had 11 siblings. I knew all of them. His father Morley Larson was a polygamist in Mexico. When they were forced out of Mexico and came to Blanding in covered wagons, my grandfather's first wife Nellie took her 12 children and went on to live in Salt Lake City. Nellie, as she was called, new IT would be very difficult to support two wives and 24 children plus she wanted to live where her children had better education opportunities. I knew all 24 of my father's siblings. We had family reunions at least once a year. Plus my dad's brothers would come from northern Utah every year to hunt deer. Those were wonderful times to have us all sit around at our house, eat roasted pine nuts and parched corn and listened to their stories and memories! When I was 7 to 10 years old, my grandfather passed away from colon cancer. I used to spend the night with my grandma Black often. I love to stay with her. She would always let me wash her dishtowels so I could put them through the ringer. She had a scary dirt cellar where she kept bottled fruit and vegetables. It was full of cobwebs. I hated to go down there to get things for her. She always let me help her make Lye soap. She made it in a huge pot she boiled on a big fire outside. I can still remember the smell of that soap!

My great grandfather William Morley black was born in Ohio 1826. He and 11 other men formed a group each putting in \$100 and headed for the gold mines in California during the gold rush. They stopped in Salt Lake City UT to replenish their supplies. They had heard that the Mormons were wild and heathen people so the men were concerned about their safety. They had traveled 1400 miles and needed supplies and rest. They entered Salt Lake valley on July 24th and all the people were gathered under a big shade and we're celebrating their second year of being settled there. The Mormon people were very warm and welcoming. Not at all what the men expected. The next day was Sunday and William Morley was invited to go to church. There he listened to apostle John Taylor and was so touched by his message. He wanted to know more about the Mormons. Within a few days, the group of men he was with were rested and had supplies to head on to California. William Morley said he had lost all desire to pursue worldly gold. He told his group to go on without him. "He Had found his gold in the Mormon

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beliefs and people!" He was good friends with president Brigham Young and was an amazing man in helping build the Kingdom. He died in Blanding UT and is buried there. He had five wives and 31 children. He spent 25 years of his life in Pacheco Mexico because of polygamy. My father is a descendant of William Morley's third wife Marie Hansen Black 1840 to 1920.

There isn't a naming tradition that I know of in our family. However, my father Kline Black gave my first and second brothers the middle name Kline. Our first son is named after his father, Grant Kirk Nielson.

Stories that I know about my parents are this. My parents met in Santa Maria CA. My mother worked as a housekeeper and cook for a doctor and his wife. My mother was born and raised in Vernal UT. She had moved to California where her oldest sister lived to find a job. My father had moved to California from Blanding where he was born and raised. His sister Rita said he and his brother Bill could find work there in the cauliflower or sugar beet farms. My dad and uncle Bill wanted to go on a mission, but they knew they couldn't both afford to go. So, they flipped a coin. Uncle Bill got to go on a mission and dad would work to support him and the mission field. My parents, Kline and Edna met one night at a M-men and Glecners. (like mutual for older young adults). Dad offered to take mom home after the activity. Dad has always had a nice car, and to make it slicker he had taken off the running boards on the car and mom about "broke her neck" trying to get in his car! My dad has a great sense of humor. He got a big kick out of that. Mom didn't think it was so funny! However, dad was charming and won her love. They were so proud when they got married. They didn't have money to go clear to Salt Lake City, the closest temple, so their Bishop married them. they saved enough money to go through the Salt Lake temple a year later. Mom said their date night was a ride in dad's car and they would share a stick of gum! My parents had many of the difficult challenges of mortality, wanting children and not being able to have any for years, having two children die, building motel and gas station and working long hard hours to make successful businesses of both. Death of parents and siblings and an invalid child. Dad had several major health issues. Ruptured stomach ulcer, ruptured appendix, leukemia, severe chills and tremors. Mother was very healthy and always took care of everyone! One of my parents greatest joys were working in the Manti temple as workers and in the temple presidency. They were both devoted to the Lord and with keeping their covenants. I don't remember my parents ever being angry with each other. My mother never yelled at us. They were amazing, loving parents that taught us by example.

I have cooked a lot while raising our family. They are the same things my mother cooked but I don't have any specific recipes that were passed down.

My mother had a longer nose with a small hump in the middle she passed that to me and my brother Dale. My mothers side (Edna) said it was a characteristic of her mother's side (Orpha Winn). My dad was really good friends with our hometown doctor. One day I was at the gas station hanging out with my dad. Doctor Gibbons came by to chat with my dad and he just kept staring at me. Later that night, my dad told me that Doctor Gibbons said to him "Marlene is a really pretty girl, she just needs her nose fixed, and I know a good doctor in Salt Lake City". I ended up getting a rhinoplasty, which gave me no bump and a shorter nose. Some of our grandkids, nephews and nieces have this characteristic.

Heirlooms and memories. I have quite a few pictures of ancestors which I will try to add to this. I have a wooden mantle clock that my mother passed down to me. Her parents Clarence and Orpha Winn received it as a wedding gift. I also have my mother's journals and wedding ring. While we lived in the motel, the clock in the check-in room was a big clock shaped like a man's pocket watch my father (Kline) really liked that clock and I have it now. I also have a corner style China cabinet that my dad modified to

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be a gun cabinet I have my mother's old recipe box, apron she wore, Sugar and salt canisters and cake saver which all matched and that I grew up with. The China my parents received for their wedding. My brothers have things passed down from our dad (Kline) like journals, scriptures, army uniform and memorabilia.

After I graduated from BYU as a registered nurse, I wanted to work in the small hospital in Monticello UT. My dear friend and fellow graduate Turley Baker moved with me to Blanding where we lived in an apartment at the Gateway motel and commuted back and forth to the hospital which was 22 miles. The hospital administrator was worried about Turley and I driving back and forth during the winter because we worked the 3:00 to 11:00 PM shift, and the highway wasn't always graded of snow in the night. He said, "if I can find a place for you two to live would you move to Monticello?" He found us a basement apartment in Clyde and Bernice Nielson's home. There was no outside entrance so we had to go through the house to get to the basement. Grant was working with his brother, Steve Eager, as an electrician. We passed by each other once in a while in the hall. All I knew about him was that he was two years older than me. He was student body president. His senior year we had a student body council seminar with Monticello when I was a sophomore. That's my first encounter with him. He was very popular and an amazing athlete but he was kind of short! A couple of months after moving to Monticello I came back from running an errand and he was washing his car. We started talking "rival talk". Monticello and Blanding were major rivals and had been for years. I decided he was really cute and I wasn't taller than him. Since there was no movie theater in Monticello, our first date was the theater in Blanding. Although there are lots of couples in Blanding and Monticello where one person is from one town and another person is from the other and they are living happily ever after, it was a bit of an issue on deciding who was lowering their standards to be with who. My brothers, who were all still in high school, were totally disgusted when they found out I really liked this Monticello guy. Our dates must not have been very memorable because neither one of us can remember any specific date. Living in Monticello there wasn't a lot of options, plus dad was doing electrical work with his brother on the Indian Reservation near us so sometimes they stayed their overnight. I worked 3:00 to 11:00 PM at the hospital. We went to basketball games, the bowling alley and to Blanding for a movie. However I did find out that he was a good kisser. He met my 3 qualifiers for a husband. #1 he was a return missionary (he served his mission in England). #2, he had a cool car. #3 he was a great kisser. You can tell I had amazing requirements for an eternal marriage.

We're not really sure if dad really proposed to me. We talked about marriage and family and just assumed we would get married. We knew we loved each other. He doesn't think he ever asked my dad if he could marry me. We got married and the Salt Lake temple six months later. May 1st 1969. About a month before we got married, his brother Steve had moved his electrical business to Mesa AZ. Grant continued to work with him so I moved there to find us an apartment and get settled in with my new job as an RN at Mesa General Hospital. I was thinking I should be getting an engagement ring soon. We were invited to a San Juan reunion potluck one weekend (all the people from San Juan County that were there for Arizona winter weather). I was supposed to make a carrot salad. I got the carrots out of the fridge to grate them and on one of the carrots was my engagement ring. My first thought was someone lost their diamond when they were bagging these carrots. I was thrilled when dad said no it's for you. I imagined a nice romantic dinner and then a ride to overlook Phoenix and all the lights (Camelback Mountain) and then the ring, so I was totally blindsided by a diamond in a bag of carrots. After being married in the Salt Lake temple we had a lovely dinner with both of our families. We took Grant's brother, Rye's, Jeep and

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wanted to camp in some of the parks in Utah (Bryce Canyon, Zions). Our first night, we got to Reno NV. There was no place to stay. A big rodeo event was in town. We found one dumpy motel room. the weather was cold and wet that early in June so we headed to Lake Powell thinking it would be nice weather there. It wasn't so we went back to Monticello to his parents until our wedding reception a few days later in Blanding at the home of Dr and Mrs Gibbons. We packed all of our stuff and headed to our little apartment in Mesa.

My spouse is perfect for me! We have grown together through the trials and joys of life. He is a hard worker and has taught our children how to work. He is quiet and reserved and has always been very handsome! He doesn't like conflict and does not engage in lengthy discussions. He is very generous and giving to his family and anyone who needs little electrical favors. He continues to do those things that build and strengthen his testimony and our heavenly fathers Kingdom. He has always been the "wind beneath my wings" in the many church callings I've had. We love to do things together. We love to travel on land, air or sea. We loved serving two missions together. One to the Polynesian Cultural Center in Hawaii and one to Deseret Cattle and Citrus Ranch in St Cloud FL. Between our missions we were temple workers in the Mesa temple. He's the best companion! We love to ride razors and go in our toy hauler. I'm amazed how knowledgeable he is in making things work! I'm so grateful for the love and care and kindness he gives me.

Some keys to keeping a successful marriage are:

- a. keeping your covenants, keep the Lord in your triangle
- b. Being raised in similar areas and family style
- c. having similar interests
- d. each partner striving to give 100% to their marriage
- e. no secrets between each other
- f. having love and respect for each other's families
- g. serving each other. "What can I do to make him or her happy"
- h. putting faults and flaws on the side, not the focus
- i. always make sure that person knows how much you love them
- j. don't put your kids on a higher level than your spouse
- k. have date nights and reconnect time
- l. sit by each other in church

Our journey to becoming parents was difficult initially. After being married for a year we wanted to have a child. I got pregnant right away and had a miscarriage 3 months later. Initially we were thrilled then months later we were devastated but anxious to try again. Then began a heart wrenching cycle of no period and no pregnancy. After wanting a second opinion on what was going on, I was diagnosed with a low thyroid level. Doctor Chapman said we'll try thyroid pills for six months and if you are still not pregnant will start looking deeper. On the 6th month, I was pregnant with Tiffany. We were ecstatic! She was born October 31st 1972.

Then there are the rest of our children. When we were expecting Tiff we didn't know if we were having a boy or a girl. We decided we would name a boy after Grant and if we had a girl, Grant wants to name her Soni. I wasn't loving that name, but thought it was OK. When she was born, she didn't look like a Soni so we finally agreed to name her Tiffini. I have never seen a baby that looked so much like their dad but was a girl. She had a cute little round face and brown hair. She was perfect! Tiff's Middle name is Lin.

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We just thought Tiffini Lin Nielson sounded good. She was born October 31st 1972. After she was born and the nurses cleaned her up, they brought her to me in her little hospital bed and she had a mask on like The Lone Ranger wears made out of gauze and a big sign on her that said trick or treat. Dad brought me a big bouquet of baby pink roses. The only baby pink roses I've ever got. She was a wonderful content sweet baby. Our first son and second child was born August 15th 1974. We named him after his father Grant Kirk Nielson. he was a fussy little guy until at three months old. We finally figured out that he didn't tolerate lactose in the breast milk. We put him on lactose free formula and he was a new baby. I felt so bad that I couldn't continue to breastfeed him but was so happy that his little tummy was so much better. Our third child, a boy, was born two years later. August 20th 1976. He was a miserable pregnancy the last three months. We had moved back to Monticello by then. It was a hot summer with no air conditioning in our house and I was extra big with him I couldn't lie down to sleep because he had so much pressure on my diaphragm that I couldn't breathe. So I sweat and slept in a recliner every night with a fan blowing on me. When I went into labor with him I didn't want to go to the hospital too soon so I waited until I was sure I was in transition. When we got settled in labor, the nurse checked me and said you're about 6 centimeters. I couldn't tell by the strength and frequency of the contractions that I was close to delivery. I had taught an RN program for the College of eastern Utah a year prior. I told Grant, go find one of my students and have her come check me he did and I was completely dilated and ready to push. Everyone was flying around trying to get the labor room ready and get my doctor to the hospital. Dad got me changed into a hospital gown, found a stretcher, help me get in into a wheelchair and wheeled me to delivery. During all of this, the nurses are saying to me "don't push, don't push!" Dr. Goon Barely got his scrubs on and delivered our son. We named him Kameron Bart Nielson. I got hooked on a soap opera when I used to breastfeed Tiffany. They had an actor named Kameron and I really liked that name. We wanted a middle name. The lady I shared a postpartum room with had a child named Bart. we both like that so that's how we got his middle name. Our fourth child and third son was a surprise. Kam's pregnancy and delivery was a bit traumatic so I was not trying to get pregnant. I was breastfeeding Kam and had lost all my pregnancy weight so I tried on my "judging" Levis. I should have been able to fit in them but I couldn't even zip them. My good friend worked for my doctor so I called her to see if she would do a pregnancy test for me. I was positive! I was also panicked. I had a 6 month old baby at home and three others under 5. I got in for a doctor exam that afternoon and it was true. I was about 12 weeks pregnant. I was a little apprehensive through the whole pregnancy because of my birth experience with Kam. However, I had a great pregnancy and easier labor and delivery. We named him Kent Kline Nielson. He was born on November 18th 1977. Kent is after Grant's uncle that passed away and Kline is after my father. I have always been so grateful that heavenly father just slipped him into our family. After my difficult pregnancy and delivery with Kam, I might not have been brave enough to try again, but Kent restored my faith. Kade Mark Nielson Was our fifth child. He was our biggest baby at 9 pounds 15 ounces. Born May 20th 1981. Kade is a random name we had heard and liked. Mark is after my little brother that died when he was nine months old. He had my mother's dark skin color, big brown eyes and beautiful long dark eyelashes. When we were out and about I always got comments on how cute he was (he is still cute and handsome). He was a very content, happy baby. He has always had a lot to say ever since he learned to talk. My father (Kline) called him our little magpie. An event that happened with Kade was when I was laying on the couch about 5 in the morning in labor, Dad was sitting in his recliner and we were just waiting for labor to progress. The big light and ceiling fan dropped completely out of the ceiling and about scared us to death. He was the only child that my water broke in route to the hospital. Three years later we were expecting again. Our fifth son Kory Clyde Neilson was

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born December 4th 1984. Kory is a name we both liked and we were apparently going for "K" names. Clyde is after Grant's father. He was totally loved by his family. Most of his nights were restless and I would be up with him several times just rocking and consoling him. I think he may have known his life would be short and didn't have time to sleep. He passed away December 21st 1985. He was one year and 17 days old when he passed away. My brother Klark was having his wedding reception in our backyard. We had a travel trailer we needed to move to the side of our house so there would be more parking. I had been carrying items for the reception out of my car to the house and Kory was being my little helper. Klark decided to back the travel trailer into the side yard. Corey was right by me and our car. Suddenly he ran to the driveway and right behind the moving trailer. It all happened in the blink of an eye he had a little scrape on his forehead and was unconscious. The hospital was very close to where we lived (Mesa Lutheran). I cradled him in my arms and Klark raced us to the hospital. We drove to the ER Bay and ran straight into the ER (not through the administration area). He was diagnosed with severe head trauma with an eggshell skull fracture. He was Air Evac'ed to a trauma hospital in Phoenix. Dad and I stayed at the hospital all night. We were told by the doctors that there didn't appear to be any brain activity above the brainstem, but they would repeat the scan the next day after some of the swelling went down. The following day after the brain scan, the doctor said the scan revealed no activity above the brainstem and we had a decision to make whether or not to keep him on life support. Dad and I were taken to a private room to decide what to do. We had been home earlier that morning to comfort and pray with our children. Thank heavens my mother and father were there to take care of our sweet children and take care of the wedding reception later that day. Dad and I decided our sweet Kory's life was in the hands of our Heavenly Father. If we discontinued life support and he lived, we would devote ourselves to give him devoted love and care for as long as he lived. If we disconnected life support and he passed away we would accept that it was our Father's will and his plan for Kory. It was an incredibly hard decision. The nurses brought in a rocking chair and put our baby Kory into my arms. They turned off all the machines. Kory peacefully passed away within minutes. How anyone lives without the gospel and the knowledge of the plan of salvation in their lives and loses a child is beyond me. I have never felt such grief and sorrow and yet a comforting peace. We had Kory's viewing in our home. We wanted to bring him home one more time. We buried him December 24th 1985. The outpouring of love from our friends, neighbors and ward was incredible. At that time, we lived in our house on Hosick St. in Mesa. There was so much food and beautiful flower arrangements it was amazing. The day after Kory's funeral was Christmas Day. It was a beautiful day. We felt so much love in our home. Our focus was more on our saviors love and his gifts to us than our worldly gifts. After losing Kory our whole family wanted a baby, definitely not to replace him, but we all love babies and the joy they bring to a family. It took four miscarriages and five years to finally welcome our sixth son. We named him Ty Paydon Nielson. Born on March 1st 1989. Ty is after a good man and friend we knew in Monticello. We couldn't find another meaningful "K" name so we decided our first and last child's name would begin with a "T". Grant and I really liked a western movie called El Dorado. The good guy in the movie's name was Paydon. That's where Ty's middle name originated from. Ty was a total joy to our family. He loved his sister Tiffini so much. I think he was possibly supposed to be Tiffany's child but I begged Heavenly Father so long for one more child. He just said fine I'll send Ty to you and he will still be in the right family. His brothers were so onery to him. They were always teasing him. They loved him dearly but teenagers often are crazy with the way they "show love". One of my favorite stories of Ty; he was about 10 months old and we were in church. He was restless and cranky. My dear friend Jeanette Langford was sitting behind us. She leaned forward and said what's wrong with baby Ty? I told her he was ready for a nap and we had left his "silk n

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soft" at home. She knew Ty loved his silk and soft which was a big piece of one of my old silky nightgowns. Pretty soon she tapped me on the shoulder and handed me her slip. Ty Settled right down and went to sleep.

Our children have always had nicknames that I've given them. Sometimes they change or evolve through the years but for the past 20 years or more they have been the same.

Kirk – Shundee

Kam – Ricki

Kent – JJ

Kade – Swasie

Kory – Muffin

Ty – Beauty

Tiff – Chile

I have many proud parent moments, but here are a few of them that stand out:

- a. the births of each of our children
- b. baptisms of our children
- c. graduation from high school. It was amazing that our three middle boys made it. Our dear friend Sue Cottle was in Westwood admin. Without her it might have been impossible
- d. Boys receiving Eagle Scout awards
- e. seeing my boys bless and pass the sacrament
- f. attending our boys ball games
- g. attending Tiff's orchestra recitals
- h. watching Tiff perform in STARS drill teams when she was younger and pom and cheer at Westwood high school
- i. Attending our boys mission farewells and homecomings
- j. going to the temple for our children's first endowments and weddings
- k. Tiff's graduation from nursing school as an RN
- l. the birth of our grandchildren
- m. seeing our children respect their parents and others
- n. watching them parent their own children
- o. so proud that they love each other and love to be together
- p. grateful that they are all hard workers and are successful in supporting their families
- q. graduation from college for Tiff, Kirk, Ty
- r. Graduation from helicopter flight school for Kade

I'm proud of each of our children every time I see them.

Our family had many fun times at Campland on the Bay in California. Going to the beach in California when it was so cold and no one else was in the water. We had a lot of great times and memories from trips to Lake Powell. Great times with family and friends swimming in our pool. Going to Show Low and Pinetop to watch our boys play softball. Trips to the Williams cabin. Jeep and ATV rides in Sycamore

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Creek. Trips to Monticello and Blanding to visit grandparents. Rituals of throwing a penny over the bridge in Cameron AZ, both coming and going. This tradition continues today. Knowing the names of all the rock formations in monument valley. We always had a great time when we were doing something with our family. We did not let our children take their friends on our trips because we always felt like they were with their best friends, their brothers and sister. I think it worked. They have always had a lot of friends through life, but their best friends are their spouses and siblings.

My profession was a registered nurse. I graduated from BYU in Provo UT. I had completed my general classes for BYU. I wanted to be in physical therapy. I lived in a dorm on campus with five other girls. One of my roommates was applying for the nursing program. She persuaded me to see if I could get in the program with her. I had never thought about being a nurse, but it sounded good. I went to the College of Nursing and had all the right prerequisites and was accepted into the RN program. I loved the courses of study. We move to Salt Lake City and lived in a dorm attached to the LDS hospital. All our training and classes were in that hospital or primary Children's Hospital. Ironically my friend Carolyn who had talked me into nursing dropped out of the nursing program and got married. I found my niche though. It was a difficult program filled with tons of homework (nursing care plans) and no way to go anywhere if you didn't have a car. I had a lot of great friends there, but about three months before graduation I just felt like I couldn't do it anymore. I called my dad and told him I couldn't do school anymore and was coming home. It was a weekend, my dad said to me, "Jonny, you're not coming home. You're so close to graduation. You get down on your knees and your mom and I will fast and pray for you this weekend then we'll see". I hadn't really been active in the church the last several months. Their nursing students were supposed to be picked up by priesthood members every Sunday morning for a young adult ward on the university of Utah's campus. Half the time no one showed up, so it was easier for a bunch of us not to go. I knew something was missing in my life. I had noticed a church several blocks from the hospital so I decided I would walk there about 9:00 AM Sunday and take a chance there would be a ward of some kind. I walked into the Chapel and on the wall behind the pulpit was a big painting of the Savior and the children gathered around his knee. This is the same picture my father had picked out for our ward Chapel in Blanding when he was the Bishop. It was like a sign. I felt this overwhelming love and peace. The Saviors blue eyes were looking right at me. I could do nothing but cry. I totally felt the saviors love and understanding. It was almost tangible. I cried to the whole meeting and sobbed through the sacrament. I had no doubt in my mind that this was what I was missing and longing for. A relationship with my Savior. I felt such peace and confidence as I walked back to my dorm. This is my conversion day. There was not a shadow of a doubt in my mind that the gospel was true and I knew the savior knew who I was and cared. I have loved nursing since the day I had my first class. Nursing provided such a huge variety of nursing opportunities. Even in a small town there was a job. I worked in the ER, surgery, Med surgery and OB through my life. I became an ASPO certified Lamaze instructor. One of the first licensed childbirth instructors in Arizona. I first taught Lamaze class in our home. We would clear out all the furniture in our family room so the couples could be on the floor with their pillows. Grant would take all the kids to the backroom. The kids would come out to family room for the childbirth movie at the end of class. I don't think they really had a clue what was going on. The kids we had at the time were very young. Later I started teaching a few nights a week in the hospital. When Kam and Kent were on their missions they overlapped a year and I taught every night of the week and weekend at Baywood, Gateway, or Desert Samaritan hospital to keep them in the mission field. Their last 10 or so years of my nursing career I was the coordinator of maternal child health classes at Gateway Banner hospital. The hospital offered childbirth prep, sibling adjustment, baby care, daddy baby care, and breastfeeding

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classes and OB tours. I was responsible for class curriculum and staff. It was a wonderful job for a job. I had a lot of leeway for time off and classes taught. My peers seemed to have complete trust in me. We always had great class reviews which was rewarding. I have also worked for a cardiologist in Scottsdale for five years. The time we lived in Blanding and Monticello apartments 1975 to 1977 I was and nursing instructor for the College of eastern Utah. There were two of us instructors and 12 students. The classes were taught in Blanding and clinical was in Monticello at the hospital. It was a great experience. All twelve of our students graduated and passed the state board tests. I have used my nursing skills countless times with neighbors and friends and caring for my family and our parents. It's been the perfect career for me, although my family is my main career.

When I ponder the idea of the most valuable things I've learned from my parents I find that to be a difficult question paired there is so much. I think their example, the way they live their lives was key. If you watched their actions in daily life, you knew them and what was important to them.

I'm grateful that I had the opportunity to serve the Lord in numerous church callings and on two missions. Many times, with callings, I have felt overwhelmed and thought I couldn't do it. But when you're set apart and given the mantle for that calling, if you turn to the Lord it's amazing what he can do through you. I'm very proud of my precious children. They have all become caring, loving, responsible adults. They love the Lord, their parents, and each other. What could be better?

When asked what is the one thing you most want people to remember about you it would be this, if I knew you, I loved you! I love the Lord with all my heart and have no doubt that the gospel is true!