

Tribute
to
NEVA H. SMITH
on her
75th Birthday

13 March 1997







Happy Birthday



1922
The milk delivered in 26¢
Kings cost less than \$10
was \$5.99

Readers Digest Began 1922
King Tut's tomb opened
20 ton Meteor landed in Virginia

Born 1922
Judy Garland
Charles Bronson
Norman Lear
Mozak Rabin

Grandma · Mother · Sister · Aunt

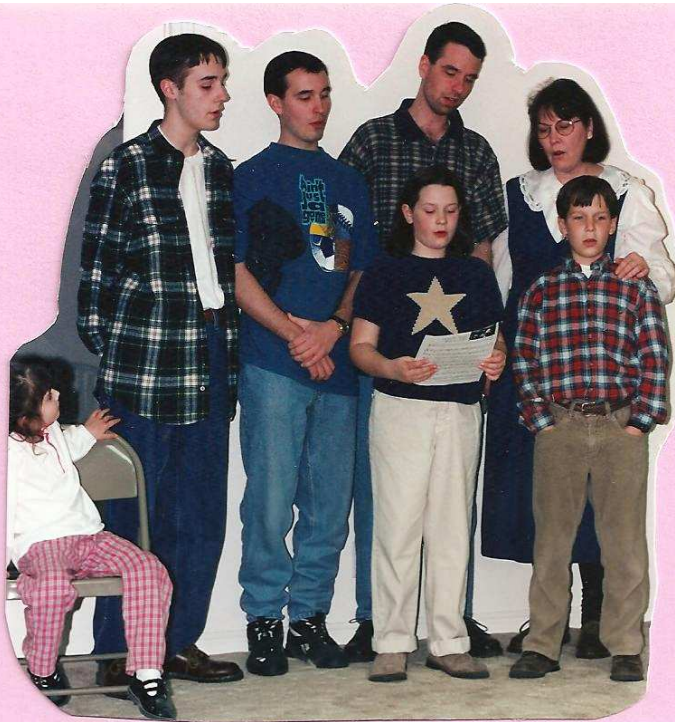


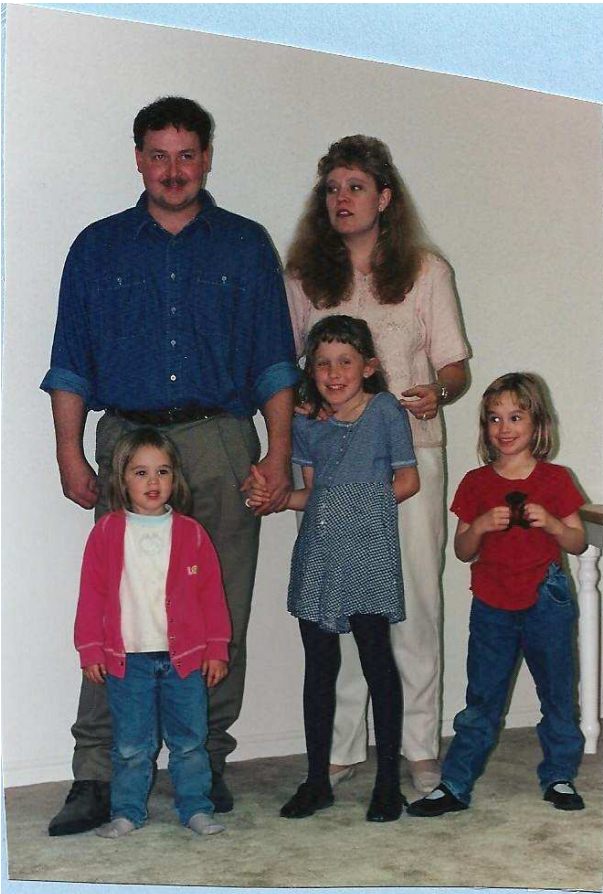


















STEVEN

A Tribute to Neva H. Smith
by her son, Steven

A half a century of trying to remember good things should not be hard, however, my ability to remember events over the past fifty years has changed; the difficulty in remembering even a telephone number at times becomes suspect. Putting into words past youthful experiences are even more difficult; I suppose that is why we are encouraged to keep journals. When Aunt Lavina asked each of us to write down some of our favorite memories in way of a tribute to Mother, I thought, what a great ideal. I just wished I had thought of it myself. One of the most inspiring things that happened during the days that followed Lavina's request, was the rapid pace at which events of the past began to come back. Again, another reason for writing a personal history at a younger age.

My Early Years

One of the earliest memories I have of Mother, is the time I finally decided to quit sucking my thumb and she said, "I was finally growing up." I believe it was on my forth birthday, and I knew that it would be difficult but I received nothing but encouragement from her, she even acquiesced to the point of letting me do grown up things. Later, because I was so good at taking naps, she allowed me to watch grown up shows like *One Step Beyond*, and *The Twilight Zone*. The time I brought a girl friend home from elementary school, even now, makes me wonder how as a parent, I would react if one of our boys did the same. She in her humble way, did not make a big deal of it, and of course the infatuation withered, and I once again returned to do "young boy things." As I look back on my early years, Mothers ability to take a dollar and stretch it to its limit is a product of her generation and a tribute to her upbringing. At times, I thought that she may be spending more on gas than saving a few dollars here and there; however, I have since learned differently, a dollar of gasolene during those years was twenty-five cents. Another thing I credit her upbringing, was for her fairness; I was never aware that she had a favorite son or daughter as we growing up, however, I did feel I was special, and suspect all the children felt the same. She had a gift of making all of us feel like we were her favorites, which is a gift that few mothers have. As I look back on my youth, I see a loving and caring Mother that felt inadequate at times, but willing to do anything for her children, even defend them if necessary. I did feel she was too strict at times but because of that strictness, I did the right thing most of the time. I believe my generation (the baby boomers) did the right thing because we did not want to embarrass or hurt the family name. We sure have not progressed very far when you look at the young people of today. Another thing that impressed me was Mother's ability to swim. As a young boy I was surprised that she could swim as well as Dad. Most of my friends mothers did not do what we called "boy things," even to this day, I feel I wanted to learn to swim by watching Mother & Dad. The trips to Saratoga were events that I remember well. As I look back on my adolescent years, I see mostly good times and remember very few of the bad times. Our swim in the canal was one that I will always remember (only those involved will know how it turned out) and I look to it as a learning experience. When I think of you Mother, I must admit that I had many learning experiences with your tutelage and even though I did not do everything you wanted me to do, I did understand the difference between right and wrong. As I paraphrase the scripture, bring up a child up in the ways of the Lord and he will not falter. Mother, you can be assured that you taught me the difference from right and wrong and you will not be held accountable for my mistakes.

As a Teenager

I believe one of the most difficult things to endure as a Mother is a teenage son, I know this by being one and seeing several go through it; I feel nothing but admiration for mothers who endure the pain of raising teenagers. Mother, I admire you for your tenacity and determination in rearing us. Most mothers, and Mother you are not an exception, must have learned how to pray intently in the preexistence, maintaining that ability even after the Vail was drawn. When it comes to experiencing teenage children (especially boys) prayer is a necessity. I know that you must have had a prayer in your heart every waking moment when we were young. Mother, the times I let you down must have been devastating to you, and all I can say is, "I am truly sorry." Another special gift Mother was blessed with was that of loyalty. She was always loyal to her friends, peers, church associates, and especially her children. I remember quite well how Mother came to my defense (on several occasions) when I was falsely accused. She would have been a good defense lawyer because on a couple of those occasions, I was indeed the guilty party and she defended me even though I did not tell her the truth. I did learn an important lesson, when one lie is told several other will follow. Once again, I was blessed to have you as a Mother and your teaching methods must have worked because I did not turn out too bad. Two of my closest friends I thought, had great (letting their sons get away with too much) mothers. Look at them today, I felt they had the perfect mothers because they allowed their boys the freedom to do just about anything they wanted. Perhaps they would have turned out that way anyway, but I know if I was given that kind of freedom things would have turned out different in my life.

As an Adult

Mother, as I have matured (I still have not sucked my thumb) I realize how important you are and were in my life. I very much have enjoyed our talks over the past three years (they have been less frequent lately) and wished that I had learned to talk with you like that earlier on in my childhood. I know the Lord continues to give me trials; I still say to myself when a decision has to be made, "what would Mother do," unfortunately I do not always do what you, or the only other important woman in my life would do. In closing let me quote a poem that gives you a glimpse of what I might have been as a child with an adult mind.

Tell me, tell me, smiling child,
What the past is like to thee?
"An autumn evening soft and mild
With a wind that signs mournfully."

Tell me, what is the present hour?
"A green and flowery spray
Where a young bird sits gathering its power
To mount and fly away."

And what is the future, happy one?
"A sea beneath a cloudless sun;
A mighty, glorious, dazzling sea
Stretching into infinity."

Emily Bronte

Mother, to close this tribute I have to tell you that I have grown closer to you since retiring from active duty than any other time in my life. I will never be able to repay you in this life for all you have done for me, and want you to know how much I love you. There was a time last year that all of us felt you would not be with us much longer, and were we ever glad we were wrong.

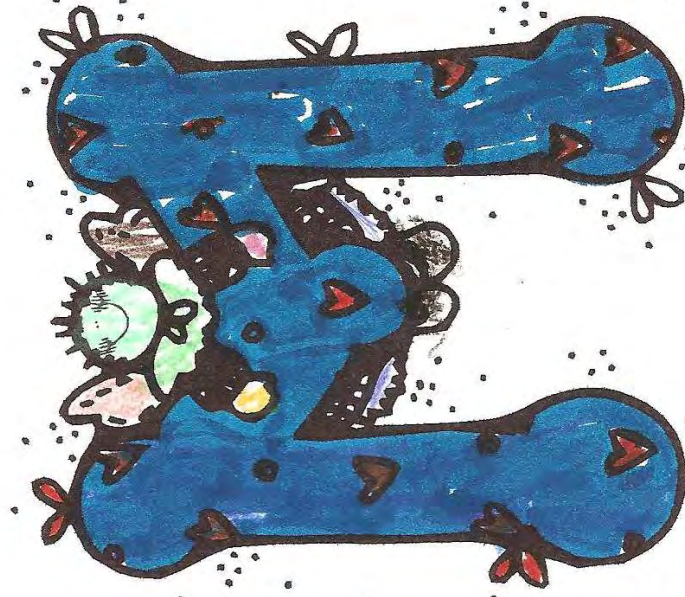
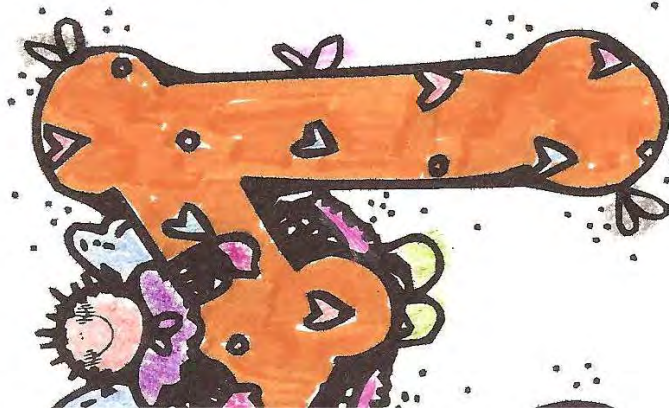
Your Loving Son, Steven

पुनर्वि



XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOX

We love you

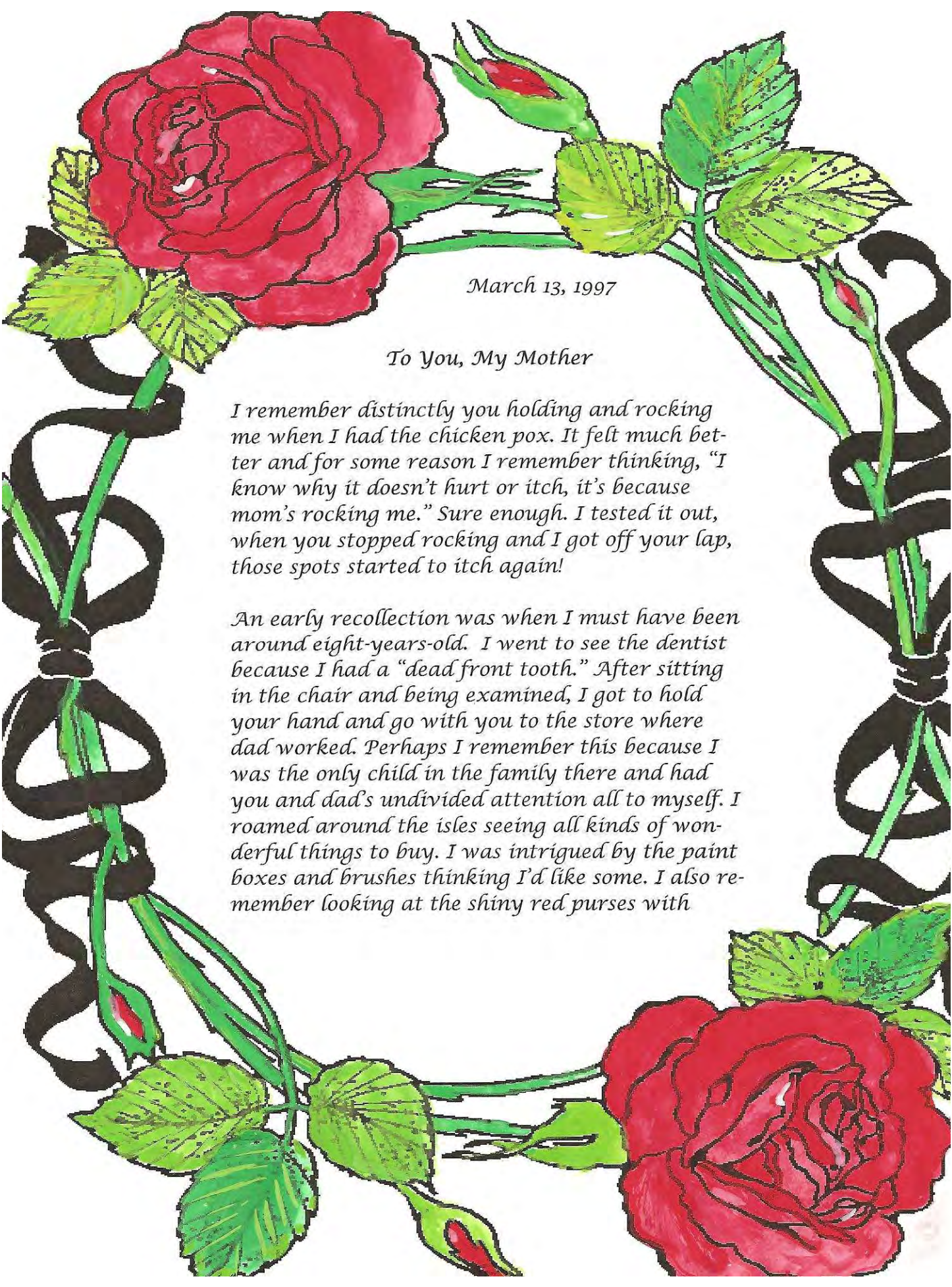


A vertical, abstract drawing on a white background. On the left side, a thick, dark brown vertical line runs from the top to the bottom. To the right of this line, there is a series of colorful, blocky, and somewhat irregular shapes arranged vertically. These shapes resemble stylized letters or characters. From top to bottom, the colors are: pink, blue, pink, red, green, pink, red, green, blue, red, and green. Each shape has small black dots or marks on its edges, giving it a hand-drawn, textured appearance. Wavy lines and small black dots are scattered around the shapes, particularly near the top and bottom. The overall style is whimsical and artistic.

A vertical decorative border on the right side of the page. It features a dark brown vertical line. To the left of this line is a string of red hearts with black outlines, some of which are partially cut off. To the right of the line are four stylized hearts arranged vertically. The hearts are colored light blue, yellow, light blue, and yellow from top to bottom. Each heart has a dashed black outline and is surrounded by small red dots and black squiggly lines.

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SHIRLEY



March 13, 1997

To You, My Mother

I remember distinctly you holding and rocking me when I had the chicken pox. It felt much better and for some reason I remember thinking, "I know why it doesn't hurt or itch, it's because mom's rocking me." Sure enough. I tested it out, when you stopped rocking and I got off your lap, those spots started to itch again!

An early recollection was when I must have been around eight-years-old. I went to see the dentist because I had a "dead front tooth." After sitting in the chair and being examined, I got to hold your hand and go with you to the store where dad worked. Perhaps I remember this because I was the only child in the family there and had you and dad's undivided attention all to myself. I roamed around the isles seeing all kinds of wonderful things to buy. I was intrigued by the paint boxes and brushes thinking I'd like some. I also remember looking at the shiny red purses with

shoulder straps. I was told I could choose one and remember feeling so special wearing it over my shoulder. I think you gave me a handkerchief to put in it so it wouldn't be empty.

One time I remember going shopping in Sugarhouse when we lived in Salt Lake. I remember telling you that I liked to grocery shop and often got to go along to help. I think back now and realized it was because I liked being with you more than the fact that I liked to shop because I never liked going by myself after I learned to drive. On this particular shopping trip a couple of the kids were there, maybe Wilma and Barbara. We were on our way back home when we ran out of gas. You were either expecting Bryan or David, but I remember thinking how brave you were when a police officer helped us out. When we arrived home safe and sound, you actually "cried" with relief...after he left. Now I know why. I didn't then.

I have a "big picture" of our home in Granger and the warm feelings being in that kitchen smelling, tasting, having prayers around the large, white, metal kitchen table. We would color and play on top and even take "naps" underneath. I remember asking, "When are we going to eat," and hearing, "After daddy gets home." I would press my face against the cool window and look out to see the headlights turning several streets away wishing these were the ones that would certainly turn onto our street. I would hold my breath until finally our car lights would be the ones to pull into the driveway.

When I had my "slight" concussion from the bike accident, I remember having horrible, reoccurring nightmares. After you lay down beside me I was able to fall asleep feeling safe and secure.

I remember watching you comb your long hair and get ready in your black dress with the yellow ribbons running through the belt loops to go on a date with dad. I remember how pretty you looked, especially when you got all dressed up.

You never seemed to get tired of listening to me play the piano or all of us practice our songs before a performance. How endless those piano lessons must have seemed with all of us. You said, "Just learn to play the hymns and then you can quit." How wise...after learning the

hymns I didn't want to stop learning more.

I remember our fun time traveling to California with you, Dad, Roger, Steven, Wilma, and Grandpa Smith to visit Willmores, Disneyland, and Knots Berry Farm. We even got to sleep outside under the stars on the warm desert sand.

I remember you being our MIA president. I realize now why the bishop called you. It was because of your administrative abilities and skills developed from running a family/home. You and Dad were our stake M-men and Gleaner leaders always including everyone in our home and letting us "do our thing" whether it be games, dances, or parties. Now I know of the energy it took, the selfless sacrifices made. Back then, I didn't even have a clue.

Lessons I've Learned

I remember you patiently teaching me to knit. I didn't start out with something small, it was a gold colored sweater starting at the neck. You probably knitted more than I trying to recapture all my dropped stitches. Even though it was a bit stretchy, I was so proud of that sweater I actually wore it.

I learned how to sew hems on handkerchiefs recycled from Dad's white shirts. Even now I can do a pretty good hem. I have learned the value of the phrase, "Don't throw out by the teaspoon what your husband brings home by the cup."

I learned how to cook going step by step asking, "What comes next," while you were sewing or ironing on the Ironrite. I learned the value of making good use of my time.

I've learned patience. I've learned nurturing instinctively from you when you rocked and cuddled me as your tiny, new baby girl. These early, mother memories are a well of loving feelings I draw from to fill my life with comfort and love.

I love you Mom,

Shirley

WILMA



"I REMEMBER MAMA"

If I were a poet, I might be able to say this with a flare. If I were a writer I might be able to find great words. But because I am neither, I will try to write with the simple words of a loving and caring daughter.

As I think about the influence that Mom has had on me over the years, a flood of memories come to mind.

I remember Mom teaching me to work. Cleaning the venetian blinds in the Kitchen in our Granger home. Scrubbing and waxing the hardwood floors. I don't know of the exact circumstance, but I remember handing out flyers for a shoe store and being paid with a pair of shoes. I don't remember how old I was, but I think it was the first time I had ever had my foot measured and of owning a pair of new shoes.

I also remember ironing on the Ironrite. I can't say that ironing was my favorite thing to do. I actually dislike ironing to this day but I did learn to do it. Which is a skill I have put to much use.

I remember "saving stuff" in my closet. Mom would tell us to clean out our closet and so we would take everything out (Shirley, me, Wanda and Pam) pile it on the floor, throw a few things away then put it all back. Later when we moved to our Salt Lake home I remember doing the laundry in the old ringer washer and hanging laundry on the line. I remember washing the walls in the upstairs bedroom while Mom and Dad scraped the calamine off the walls. Then the painting. I remember picking pears and canning pears. I remember cleaning and vacuuming the livingroom and dinning room. All of this helped me when I got married and started my own home. I remember calling Mom on the phone and asking her how she made her spaghetti. How she made her jam and jelly and porkchop with dressing.

One memory that I will always be grateful for is the opportunity that we had to sing as family. The sacrifice that must have gone into it. The time and money for lesson. Those memories are always ones I recall with fondness and thankfulness. Making us practice, sitting listening to me as I practiced the piano. Staying behind with younger siblings when we went to sing. Not being able to go with us. Staying behind and only hearing about it from us when we came home. I also remember going to the Tabernacle on Temple Square to the Utah Symphony Saturday morning concerts. I loved going. That is where learned to love classical and symphonic music. I remember being bored at first because the pieces were a little long. But I would play games to see if I could sit still and not move

for 5 min. at a time. Each time I went I got better at it until one day I started loving it. I still do love going to hear the Utah Symphony play. I also remember, Mom would drive me to the city bus stop, I would ride it into Salt Lake and have a violin lesson (I think they were free lessons when you rented an instrument). Then I would walk from the music store up to Dad's work at the Building Department and ride home with him. I loved that walk. I don't think it would be safe now to do that, But I sure loved walking the streets and seeing all the stores, and buildings. As I sit here writing about this experience I can't help think what it must have cost in dollars and cents but I know these were invaluable experiences and ones I will never forget.

One of the fondest memories I have is Mom sitting in the hall outside our bedroom doors and reading to us. I know that was the beginning of my love for books. I loved to make up things, I know I was an imaginary child. I would dream and make up all kinds of stuff. Books helped me enlarge my imagination. I remember going to the branch library (I think on 33rd South) We still pass it when we go to Keith's sisters house) and the old Salt Lake Library (down stairs what is now the Hansen Planetarium) before the new one was built. I remember Mom dropping me off, I would spend at least an hour (which was a long time for a child) looking for my books. I remember always being surprised to see Mom come to pick me up and glad she let me stay so long. I never waited for her. I'm sure she had to wait for me. I would start at the A's and work my way over to the Z's almost everytime I went. That way I could be able to touch and see almost every book and see if I missed any good ones from the last time I was there. I remember when I got old enough to move to the adult books I felt glad but missed that time in the children's section. I guess that is why I still love reading children's books. I still I look for books when I am in a new library by moving up and down each isle. I browse the whole place before I pick my books. I know that influence from Mom to read and enjoy books is probably my most precious memory.

I will always remember Mom's homemade bread. I loved the scones she would make with her bread dough. I did the same thing when I learned to make bread. I would always keep out bread dough and make scones. I will never know how she did all that cooking, day after day, week after week, year after year. I remember the homemade pizza. The rich chocolate pudding cake that she made for parties. Barbara Jean said she remembers her favorite time to eat at Grandma's house was when she had beans and ham, and homemade bread. She fixes that for her own family.

I remember Mom taking the time to teach me or "let" me quilt on

her quilts. I know I will never develop the fine stitches she has but I know I have a love for quilting that comes from her. I will carry on the tradition she has taught me because I know she loves it so much. I also will pass it on because she taught me to do that. Any sewing I do comes from her example. I remember the many miles of rolled hems I did on dish towels, handkerchiefs etc. that I learned to do because Mom required me to do my share. I have that skill still to this day and I am always quite proud of my "rolled hems". I know she encouraged and provided the means to help me learn to embroidery which is my favorite handwork.

Working outside in the yard is one area I haven't always enjoyed until recent year. But I learned that work was important and that the feel of a job well done is very satisfying. When I go out side to work in my yard or garden and see the plants and flowers and beauty of nature I often think of Mom and her love of plants and nature. How she has influenced me to want things to be beautiful.

I will always remember the worried feeling I felt when Mom was so sick during the spring before my marriage. I wanted her to be at my wedding and she was so close to death. I remember fasting for her and the miracle that followed. Her recovery and subsequent attendance at my wedding. I also remember her saying to me. "Wilma, I will always give you advise if you want it. I will give it to you if you ask." She has pretty well stuck to that. I have always appreciated that insight into my personality.

One thing about Mom that I want to add is that she is very modest and will not take credit for what she does. It is like Barbara Jean said, "I don't remember specific things about Grandma except her being in the background willing to help me if I needed help." Mom is a person that would rather influence quietly in the background than out in the open where everyone can see. She is not a person that feels comfortable with loud acclaim and fanfare. That has had a very subtle influence on me. I have come to appreciate her more and more as the years have passed. Especially since I became a wife and mother. As I have faced challenges it behooves me to remember how Mom faced her challenges with courage and determination. Mom is a strong spirit. She has had to face things all her life that I wonder how she has done it. She is still the loving caring person I remember as a child, but see through more mature eyes I realize that the influence I feel from her will always be felt strongly now and into the eternities. She has taught me "stick-to-it" no matter how hard it is. She has taught me the value of work. She has shared with me her testimony of the gospel in so many ways that I am strong because of it. She taught me that being a wife and mother was a wonderful job. So that when the world

challenged women, told us that we needed a career outside the home in order to feel fulfilled as a women, I could honestly say that my life as a wife and mother was more important than a carrer. As I have worked outside my home for quite a few years now I still find great satisfaction with my home and family. I love being there and never find it boring. I have so much that needs to be done and so much I WANT to do there that I am never bored with it.

When I have faced challenges with my own children, I remember the challenges she faced and still face with her own and know that I can still go forward with faith and love. I will never be able to repay her for the influence she has had on me. She wouldn't want repayment I know. But by following her example of enduring each crisis with faith and renewed resolve to do what is right I can let her know I did learn from her example.

I know words are never enough but I want to close this rather long epistle with "I love you Mom".

WANDA

Neva Almira Harper Smith

From The Donald & Wanda Wood Family

March 13, 1997

As a family we sat down and wrote our memories of Grandma. We are compiling them in order to celebrate her 75th birthday. Her are our thoughts:

Wanda's

In my Treasures of truth book I have one word that described her to me as a teenager and still applies today, ***understandable***. A character trait I tried and still try to emulate. To this day 75 years later for her, and 45 years later for me, she still has that quality. The following are events from childhood in section by where we lived.

Granger:

One of my earliest memories of Granger is how mom needed to recycle. We didn't even know the word, but she knew the concept. She knew even before scientists, that what you take from the earth you needed to put back. She had a compost pile for organic material and a big can to burn paper products. The compost was used as fertilizer for a garden in which we pulled weeds.



Another earlier memory was concerning school. At the end of 2nd grade my teacher told mom that my reading skills were way below her expected level. I was in the lowest reading group. I wanted to play tetherball more than learn to read. She took me to the Library and made me read every day all summer long. Not only did I make the top reading class by 3rd grade but I developed a love for reading.

She loved to read. She read to us as a family. I remember laying on the back of the couch and looking over her shoulder, following along as she read, Little Women. She read many books to us but, I remember Little Women and Just David the best.

Even today you can find her reading anything she can get her hands on. She has books lined up on every bare wall in her apartment today. In all off her homes she had books and books and books.

While we still lived in Granger one of my memories had to do with North Carolina. Mom's father was ill and Wendell and I travel with Mom, Aunt Lavina and Grandpa Smith to be there when Grandpa died. I don't know if they knew he would die but he did while we were there. I remember our first night at his house we were just bedding down for the night and mom and Aunt Lavina were having a loud whispering conversation in the corner of the bedroom I was to sleep in. I did really know what they were saying but they were pointing to the door that led to the outside and mom was very upset. I remember Grandpa Smith went over to find out what all the ruckus was about and he went over to the door and started laughing. It turned out that mom and Aunt Lavina thought there were snakes in the house. The lighting was poor in the old house and Grandpa Harper had placed rags in the cracks of the door to keep outside air from coming in. Both Mom and Aunt Lavina thought the rags were snakes.

Salt Lake City, 11th East

One of my first memories of Salt Lake is remodeling the house. We scraped layers and layers of calcimine off the upstairs bedrooms and added a bathroom. I remember Mom put her sewing machine in an L shaped closet with a window.

I remember the dinning room. We never had a room just for eating before. It was fun having parties and dinners in it. I remember the dinning room table was used for a cutting place as genealogy table as well.

I remember the seven pear trees in the back yard. Pears were hard to pick so mom invented a pear picker. She had us attach a can the size of a big pear to the end of a long stick and we were able to reach the top of the tree with this stick.

She also invented pear butter. She thought, if you can make apple butter we ought to be able to make pear butter. It was my favorite jam or jelly.

Orem:

Mom loved the new house, especially the picture view of the mountains, watching the BYU fireworks from the deck and the two stoves in the kitchen. We had been spoiled with a big dinning room in the previous house so we had to build on a little so we could accommodate such a large family.

Another memory was garter snake that had found its way into our Orem home. Mom was so afraid of snakes that she would not come upstairs until someone found it and threw it out.

My most recent impressive memory came when I had same day surgery just before she had her open heart surgery. Don was in the hospital and I was scheduled for same day surgery. She came down to help me out. We were able to have more than just a physical help for each other. We became good friends. It was a wonderful yet crazy time. Here is where understanding was at its best.

Don's

One of Don's memories is concerning a lemon pie he ate at our Orem home. He said it was so sour that he knows his mouth pulled all the way back to his ears. I knew mom was frugal with things but I thought all pies tasted that way. I didn't know until that day that she rarely used the recipes recommended amount.

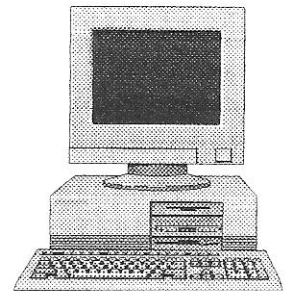
He also remembers Bryan making cookies and mixing the flour and the sugar ingredients. Mom, being the frugal person she was didn't want them to go to waste so she used them in the bread she made by drying them out and crushing them up for the salt in the bread. He found a chocolate chip in a slice of bread he was eating after the cookie incident.

Don tell's how mom apologize for not teaching me how to cook on our wedding day. There is a discrepancy between the story tellers but even if I could or couldn't cook it didn't matter. I would have had to relearn because Don had such a finicky appetite.

Jacob's

Grandma saves everything. She doesn't waste anything. She kind. He remembers Alan showing her a snake and her screaming get that out of here. He remember's living in her house while she was on her mission.

One time he was playing with Christopher and Mikila downstairs. They were playing a game where you try to find a way to look dead as realistic as possible. Mikila got some catsup from the refrigerator and smeared it all over her. She got in a lot of trouble by grandma and her mother. They really made a mess all over the kitchen.

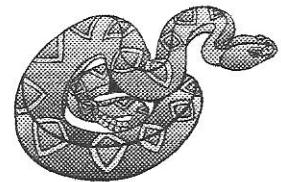


Eric's

Eric remembers her big house with so many rooms. He liked to play games with her and still does. He remembers the electric fence that was around the yard to keep the horses from eating the grass. When he touched the fence for the first time he told grandma and his mother that he felt his bones melting.

He also remembers grandma letting him interview her for his school project. It was a very informative interview about her childhood.

Eric likes to write grandma on her E-mail. He thinks she should write more than he does as he enjoys getting mail from her. It has been a fun way for him to communicate with her.



PAM

A TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER —
Neva Almira Harper Smith

How can words express the rich heritage you have given to me and to my family? At this time we are especially grateful that you are still alive so that our children can continue to know you, learn from you, and build strong bonds with you. We love it when you come to visit because you bring the love only a grandmother and mother has. Each visit brings new things to learn.

I'm eternally grateful for teaching me a love of family record-keeping. I remember as a young child how I loved going to the genealogy library with you. That love you planted in my heart is still there to this day. You taught me to love learning and along with that a love of books. As a result, you had a big influence on my decision to be a teacher.

I appreciate the many sacrifices you have made on behalf that I know about and that I don't know about. I know you sacrificed so much by having so many children. Thanks for providing such a nurturing environment. I feel so blessed with all you and Dad provided for us as children. I've met few

people who have been so richly blessed. Thank you for the sacrifices made in allowing us to have music lessons. The gift of music you allowed me to develop continues to touch many people's lives. What I am most grateful for is the value system you gave me by teaching me from the beginning of this earth life the truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I see daily how blessed my children are to have this rich gospel heritage. Thank you for living the gospel and for being such a wonderful example to me and to my family.

Love,

Pam

Dear Mom,

Congratulations on this wonderful occasion of your 75th birthday. I wanted to ~~take this opportunity to~~ tell you how much I've enjoyed having you in our home and being in your home during these past 17 years that I have known you.

I've enjoyed the wonderful times playing Scrabble and other word games with you. We enjoyed our conversations together about the many wonders and mysteries of life. And I look forward to more Scrabble games and stimulating conversation with you at our continued visits.

May the Lord continue to bless you and watch over you.

Love,
Vicki

Dear Grandma,

All right. Since this isn't an e-mail, I suppose I will make sure to correct punctuation. Well, just wanted to wish you happy birthday! I think this is part of some kind of present for you from someone (I seem to have forgotten). I was going to just compose a poem for you, since I'm big on poetry, but the poem seemed so short and stuff that I decided to write a quick note to you too. Here's the poem:

A Quilt
In the winter
A nice warm Quilt
In the summer
A nice cool Quilt
A beautiful blue Quilt.
Given to me
by my Grandmother.

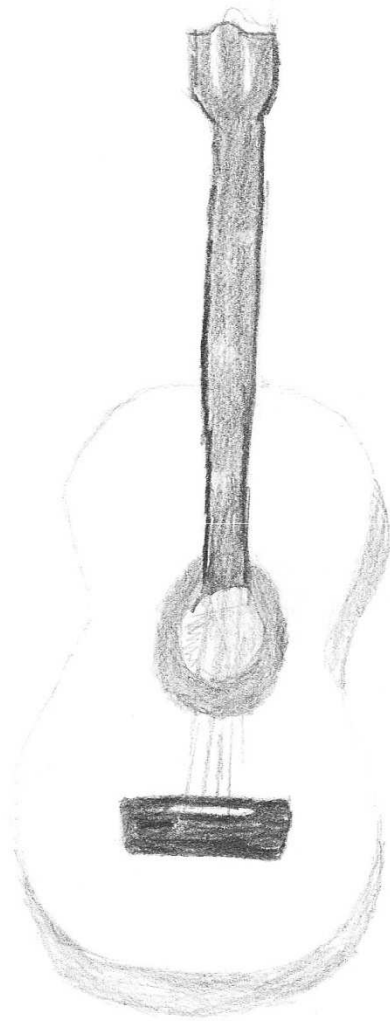
P.S. If you want more poetry, ask me by email and I will try and send some.

Love Ross

P.S. It didn't look so short on the computer. I'll make sure to send some more poem-birthday presents through email. I just couldn't think of much to say, since I 'talk' to you almost every day now.

P.P.S. Have a very Happy Birthday!

P.P.P.S. With all these extra notes I've made this look longer. Hooray!



Walter W. W. W.

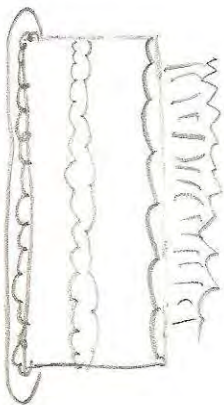
ABOUT YOU, AKE.



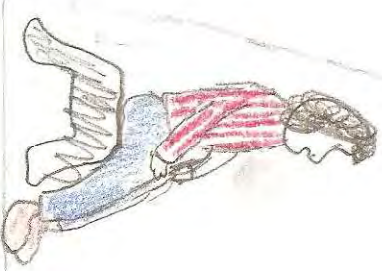
CROSSWORD
PUZZLES



PUZZLES



HAPPY
BIRTHDAY!



SPECIAL TIME



Rebecca
Verner

I LIKE IT WHEN
You put together



PUZZLES WITH me
FROM CHRISTY WERNER

DE ah

GRANDMA

TAKE YOU

FOR THE

PLEASE LETTING GRANDMA

IN

TIMOTHY

GRANDMA
SMITH

TO: GRAM
FROM: MIT/MOT
y

WENDELL

BECKY

Memories from the Johnson's

I always wondered how my mother could do all she had to do in a day. She had 12 children. That can be a lot of work. I appreciated it even more as I grew older and had 5 children of my own. I will remember my mother for her ability to get a lot of things done in one day.

I remember Mom was always saving things. Plastic bags, boxes, paper bags, tie twists, left over bread (for bread crumbs) I remember some unusual meat loaves made from them. I know one time she made a rug out of plastic bread wrappers. She always saved things she said, "because you never know when you never know when you will need it."

Danny has a joke that we need a U-Haul when ever we go to Mom's because she is always giving us things. I have to admit I have learned to save some things, I do save bread crumbs and the bottom of the cereal boxes that no one wants to eat and those crumbs make for some interesting meat loaves or so my children tell me. I remember thinking Mom was crazy to have a compost that she threw out scraps of food, peelings leaves grass clippings, and she would have us throw them in the garden. ~~Now~~ now people sell stuff like that to people for their gardens. Mom was smart.

I always think of Mom's green thumb. It seemed she could make anything grow. She had the best and greenest house plants. I remember her aloe vera plants the most. She would pick them and put the juice on our burns. I always soothed the burns.

I remember when I was 11 years old and Mom took me to the doctor because I had a very sore knee. The doctors had my Mom take me to the hospital. It took a while to figure out what I had but they finally figured that I had Rheumatic Fever. I remember Mom coming to see me a lot while I was in the Hospital for 3 months. I remember she had a birthday party there for me, in the hospital because I couldn't go home.

Mom taught me how to work. We had a print shop that she taught me to collate books, stack paper. We also had work to do at home. I learned to cook a lot by watching Mom. I don't remember cooking much until I was older. I do remember watching her and learning.

Mom taught me to sew. I used to cut the patterns out of the material, and then Mom would sew them up and then she would let me sew a little here and there. I remember how I learned to sew straight by hemming around hankies that she would make. Mom would sew most of my dresses. I don't recall ever getting a store bought dress until my high school graduation. She made many other things for me. I especially think of Mom's Quilting. I loved her star quilts, the way she could put scraps together and never buying any material, the colors always coordinated. I remember her having a quilt up a lot in the family room down stairs. We had a lot of fun playing house and things under the quilts while they were up. Mom taught me to quilt by; first I learned to thread the needles for her. And then trying to take small stitches. My stitches were never small like hers were.

I know Mom taught me to knit, crochet, and embroidery. Things which I enjoy doing today. Mom gave me a sewing machine for a wedding present. A great gift that I used alot.

I learned to garden from Mom. We had a four-H garden at the Stanley's that I remember planting and weeding alot. I learned there is a certain way to plant corn, beans, peas, potatoes Etc.

I learned to love to read from Mom. She read to us alot. One of the books I remember Mom read to me was "Elsie Densmore."

Love Becky

I remember going to Grandma's, she always has candy that she would give us. I liked it when we go to her apartment, I liked to push the button on the elevator. I liked Grandma's crackers and peanut butter on them. I like it when Grandma gives me hugs and kissed when ever she see's me. Grandma gave me a doll with red hair and it has on a wedding dress. It is old. Grandma gave me some dress up cloths that I like. She gave me some old hats and dresses that my friends and I like to dress up in. Grandma made me a quilt. The quilt is blue with little girls dancing around. I like it alot. Grandma made me a tape that she reads a story about a little girl named Jenny, I like to listen to it as I go to sleep. I like to go to Grandmas and play with her puzzles, my favorite is "where is Waldo."

Love Cali

I remember doing a interview on her recently that I had to do for school, on what she remembers about the great depression. We like to go to Grandma's after we go to the Jazz games. I like to look over her balcony in her an apartment and use her boncullars and watch for airplanes taking off and landing. When Grandma lived in her house in Orem we would walk in the irrigation ditch buy the side of the house in the summer. I liked seeing the horses that lived in the field. One day my mom tells me about the time Eric and I touched the electric fence and I was shocked. I don't remember it. I liked it when Grandma would read to me from her many books that she had.

I remember in Grandmas house in Orem she would let us get on our sleeping bag and slid down the stairs. And one time I slid and hit my head and got a bump that was a s big as a golf ball. Grandma kissed my head better.

Love Nicholas

I remember Grandma hated snakes. Grandma would tell us that she would pay us a dollar for every snake that we could catch. When she lived in her house in Orem. One

day we watched "Indiana Jones" and we told her to come in to the room. It was her favorite part. It was the part where Indiana Jones fell into the snake pit. She screamed and ran from the room. We thought it was funny.

I liked to play in the irrigation ditch by the side of her house in the summer to cool off. Jacob and I liked to go down the ditch and Gary and Allan would tell us not to go all the way down because there was a big dog at the end. We didn't believe them and went all the way down and there was a big dog that barked at us so we got out and ran back up because we were so scared.

In Grandmas house in Orem in the family room there was a big beam that we played basketball on and would try to jam the ball.

Love David

Grandma is always giving us books. Grandma gave me a long pillow that she made that I sleep with and take with me everywhere. Grandma likes to send us for a walk so she can talk to my Mom. I like to play with Grandma's big rubber ball. Every time I got to her house it gets bigger. We like to bounce it around her apartment.

I remember the electric fence at her old house. We sometimes threw things at it to see what it would do. I like to swim in the irrigation ditch. It was fun. Grandma would let us borrow her books and take them home and then we would bring them back and she would give us another one. I liked to play with her puzzles. My favorite one to put together was "Where is Waldo".

I remember when I interviewed Grandma for school about the great depression. She told me a lot of stories. One that I liked was when she said there were a lot of people that ran out of food, and because Grandma's family had a farm, People would come to them with baskets and they would give them food. I always like Grandmas stories she makes them interesting.

Love Paul

BARBARA

My Childhood Memories Of My Mother . . .

by your Tenth child Barbara

The earliest memories I have
of you mother, is your voice.

I can close my eyes and hear
your voice in my mind.

Rocking and Mom are
synonymous.

I remember standing on
the side of the rocking chair
as you held David or Bryan,
as you sang:

Rock a Bye, Don't you Cry...
How Much is That Doggie
in the Window...

I also remember you
reading to me from
the rocking chair:

Little Lost Kitten
Hop on Pop

I also remember
you singing "Where is
Thumbkin"

and "Fly away Jack".

Often in Church I can hear your voice
singing, "Love at Home", "We Thank Thee O God for a
Prophet", "I Stand all amazed", as I sing these
songs even to this day.



Rocking chair you
were born in!
me after Dave was born!

I have memories of attending church and you using your hanky to make people, and my favorite, "Baby" in a cradle, when we were bored.



I never realized what talent you had until I was a mother myself. You are very creative. You made many things for me I didn't appreciate at the time but now I cherish all of them.

You made many dresses for me, some I liked more than others.



ONE OF MY MOST FAVORITES

I remember wearing this one a lot. You also made dresses I wore to my school dances. The "STAR" dress was one I loved.

I didn't realize at the time that sewing and quilting is an art. But now that I have attempted both, as well as crocheting and knitting, I know they are.

I remember the only show you watching was "AS THE WORLD TURNS", But never did you watch it without having some sewing project to work on. I remember the big rag rug you made and I was very sad we left it, when we moved to Orem.

The endless quilts you made... How Many? Yes - My Mother is very talented.



along with Rocking and Mom, is Love... This is what I have learned the most from you. It wasn't so much the words you used but by your example.

I remember you rubbing my stomach when I was sick or had cramps. How many meals did you fix not only for your own children but others too. I never remember you saying no when asked if a friend could stay for dinner.

Some of my favorite meals were: your pizza, meatloaf, Sunday roast, and who could forget your bread and scones. All of these I feel were made with love.



How many Christmas's? How did you ever buy for all of us, and still be sane. One of my most memorable presents was the white monkey who's head moved when the tail was wiggled. Santa had forgotten to put it on my chair, and you took me to your room to give it to me. I loved monkey's and that made it a little more personable.

You have helped my testimony of the church to grow over the years. You are a true and great example of someone with the gift of "FAITH". I hope some day I can have as much faith as you.



Last but not least, thank you for teaching me to pray and to be thankful for all my blessings. I know I could never get through life without knowing how to pray.



I am glad I was blessed with a Mother who has given me memories that are good... I am grateful I have things that surround me that also remind me of her. It is not what the value is, but knowing and feeling the love of the person who made and gave them to me.



Thank you Mother for all you have done and are still doing for me.
I Love You !



To Grandma Love always
Holly



DAVID

Memories of Neva Smith
By David Smith Family
February 26, 1997

Memories of Mom

David: One of my earliest and happiest memories of my Mom is her rocking in her rocking chair, the one with the wide legs. Bryan would be on one side and I on the other riding on the legs of the chair as she rocked. We would pretend to be firemen or pilots flying or whatever our imaginations could come up with, its a very vivid and fond memory.

One of the great lessons I learned from Mom was doing a job right. There were many times as a kid, whether it was cleaning the bathroom, vacuuming or weeding the garden, she would check my work and if it was a shoddy job as it usually was, she would tell me what I had to do it right. Sometimes she would have to remind me several times and she would say "it would be easier if I just did it myself" and it probably would have but I will always appreciate her desire for me to do a job right for myself, hopefully I can teach this to my Kids.

Some of my most vivid and happiest memories of Mom were: her reactions to Bryans famous 'salt cookies', her going to college in 'her later years', Going with her for several years to "BYU Education Week", and her coming to watch me play little league baseball and church basketball. One thing I remember Mom & Dad coming and supporting me in was a play that I was "just a stage hand" in they came and watched even though I wasn't actually in the play, I'll always remember and appreciate this.

Tammy: Some of the things I love most about my mother-in-law are her sense of humor, her love of learning, her good-natured disposition, her appreciation of art and culture, her strength and character. I admire so many things about her; some of which, are her homemaking skills as well as her ability to love and nurture. I appreciate her example of thrift and frugality; invaluable qualities for a homemaker to have. I enjoy our visits with "mom". I feel quite comfortable referring to her that way, because she has always treated me pretty much like a daughter. I enjoy hearing stories of her childhood, and the way she always just seems to know what my children will like! She has also helped me learn some things about myself, and helped me to better understand why it is so important for me, as a parent to set clear limits for my children. She is a wonderful person and I love her lots!

Kaitlin: I remember when grandma and grandpa met mom and dad and me at the hospital when mom had Amanda. They took me home with them.

Amanda and Shayna: We like to visit grandma and ride on the elevator and take out her garbage out and put it down the garbage shoot.

BRYAN

Memories of My Mother

by

Bryan Dee Smith

My earliest memories of my mother are fond, happy ones. I remember time spent in the kitchen helping her cook. Learning to measure flour in a cup by filling the cup, then cutting the top with a knife. We cooked cookies, bread, pies, and other things. Of course, now that my children help me cook, I realize how much "help" I really was.

She always encouraged me in my schoolwork. She made me feel good about myself, and how well I did. She was there to help me learn words from spelling lists, help with math, science, and other subjects. I remember time spent reading with her. How she had time to read to child number 12 I will never know. I remember Mother always loved to read. Listening to her talk of books she read had an affect on my desire to read. In seventh grade, I remember reading (at Mom's encouragement) and discussing *Les Miserable* with her. Twenty years later, Tina and I discussed it in detail as she read it in preparation to see the musical. Amazingly, I remembered much of the book. Reading and writing have always come easily for me, and I have Mom to thank for that strength.

Mother taught me to listen. I could always count on her to be home after school. Busy as she was, she would listen to my thoughts about what was important to me. I remember a time when we stayed up late into the night talking about my personality, and how I interacted with others. Before long, others in the family heard us talking and joined us.

I will never know, or understand how my Mother was able to keep an orderly house, and have dinner ready when Dad returned home from work, when there were always so many demands on her time. Dinner was always a time for us to sit together and talk about the days activities.

I remember many hours spent working beside her, folding clothes, ironing, doing dishes, and more. At the time, I would have rather been playing, but now I know she was patiently teaching me to work. On one occasion, after trying again and again to get me to perform a task, Mother said in exasperation, "It would be easier if I just did it myself". I always wondered why some parents did all the work, and did not teach their children about work. I thought parents would need or want their children to help in order to accomplish the many tasks required in a home. I now understand that it is more difficult to teach young ones to work than to do it all yourself. While my friends were watching Saturday morning cartoons, Mother would be after David and I to mow the lawn, pull weeds, and do what seemed an endless list of chores. I remember working in the garden, learning to plant and watch things grow. To this day, I enjoy having a garden and watching it grow. Because my Mother taught me how to work, I am happier when I work, because I receive the satisfaction of having accomplished something. I do not enjoy being idle.

"Beat the tar out of you" and "wring your neck" are phrases of exasperation only a parent can understand. Despite the sharp words of discipline and at times the "wooden

spoon" used on deserving back sides of two young mischievous boys, I always knew that Mother loved us. Mother taught us to respect others by giving us respect. Even at a young age, I knew Mothers words were not idle words. She allowed us to receive both natural and logical consequences, often which, I am sure were more difficult for her than for us.

"By their fruits ye shall know them" is a principle that can often be applied to families, and parents of families. Our family members are a reflection of our parents, and the love we feel for one another, and the service we render for one another is evidence of parents that taught and showed us examples of Christ-like love. Even though we all have our challenges, our parents are shining examples for us all to follow.

Above all, I always new Mother had an appreciation and love for the gospel, a testimony of its truthfulness, and a desire to serve. Although I had to find those things out for myself, thanks to her example, I was already a long way down the road to a testimony before I knew it. It was easy to stay on that road rather than turn back. Positive habits had been developed, examples had been set, and I knew I wanted to follow that example. Although I am far from reaching the end of the road, I know the way. At times I have found myself off the road, but it seems a short distance back, and not too difficult to return.

It is not hard for me to understand why I will always love my mother.

CAROL

Happy Birthday Mother Smith

When Lavina called me to be included in this very special mission for Neva's 75th birthday, I considered the invitation an honor. I've always considered it my good luck, or rather good destiny, to be apart of the extended Smith family. Before Lavina called, I had been doing some spiritual reading and the topic of the reading, I realized, was synonymous with Neva Harper Smith. The topic was unconditional compassion. Two words that had brought Neva to mind as I was reading it over. The article said we are all given gifts from God when we are born and unconditionalness and compassion are two very special gifts. Babies accept each other as they are and cry when other babies cry, even though they don't know why they're crying but they have true compassion. Many lose these gifts along life's way but not so for Neva.

The first time I met Neva and the Smiths, it had been about a year since I had lost my own dear, sweet mother - Gertrude Kathryn Mc Lellan Albregts. I was feeling, but for Roger, very orphaned. My father, whom we had been separated from for years, was still alive then, and we were on our way to see him the first time I met Neva, Theron and the family. I was filled with excitement for Roger but fearful that I might not be accepted since I was not LDS. There was so much emotion at that first meeting, so I stood in the background with tears in my eyes as Roger renewed bonds with his

2.

mam, dad and siblings. My fears were soon put to rest as everyone greeted me with a warm acceptance.

Neva looked me right in the eyes and I felt her unconditional warm immediately. During that first visit, Neva made me feel like I was again part of a family. It was easy to see where Roger got his ability to accept people unconditionally and to show compassion no matter the circumstance or situation. It was amazing to me that so much positive energy radiated from this woman who had raised so many children. It was evident in the short time we stayed that Neva had passed her special qualities on to her children. Warmth radiated all around the house. It was a wonderful experience. From that meeting to the present, I have often bragged to other friends who complain about in-laws, of how lucky I was and am to have a really great mother-in-law who help fill a void of emptiness I felt after losing my mother.

I have truly enjoyed talks with Neva. She is always full of positive ideas and suggestions. Neva's always supportive but never imposing thoughts on others. I greatly appreciate Neva's insight, helpful ideas and inner courage. She helped me to understand and grow closer to my husband.

3.

She opened up the gaps that Roger kept inside and helped me know more about how he came to be the person he was. Roger was my true soul-mate and a great deal of the person I loved was the way he was, I can see, mostly because of Neva. Roger's constant craving for knowledge & know was instilled by Neva and Roger passed some of that on to Andrew. Many of the things I admired about Roger, I am sure, were passed down to him from his mother.

I will always be grateful for Neva, not just for the way she raised Roger who was the joy in my life, and not just for her unconditional acceptance, but also for the love, compassion and support she has given me and the help so freely in our time of need. Even through her loss and pain she came to my aid as she would for her own children. That unconditional support has been unending. Caring is part of mothering but Neva excels in caring as she extends it to others. She is truly one of God's special people - A temple of God - not a coathouse.

Some people create fantastic buildings, marvelous cures, or great works of art by which they are remembered. But Neva has given this world something it needs much more to survive - Children and grandchildren who

4.

are caring, unconditional, concerned human beings. That is something we need a lot more of to make this world a better place for all.

I know you love quotes, Neva. - Let me sum up in one of my favorite quotes what you've meant in my life.

"There is no better exercise for one's heart than to have lifted up someone else!" -

I know Andrew always wants to visit grandma Neva. Even though it has been over four years, I know he won't ever forget the way you talked softly and slowly, pet his head when he couldn't sleep after Roger passed. I know I stood there feeling sad but grateful you were there and I'll never forget that support.

Happy 75th Birthday. May the Happiness you've given others return to you tenfold. Our Love and Gratitude to you on your special day. I'm glad you touched our lives.

May you have many more happy, healthy years to come. Please know you are loved, cared about and greatly needed beyond immediate family. You have made a difference in the lives of many. I am proud to be the daughter-in-law of Neva Harber Smith. Our love, Carol Ann, Eric & Andrew

WINNIE

WINIFRED MORSE MCLACHLAN

2609 KEDDINGTON LANE
SALT LAKE CITY, UT 84111 7-4562
(801) 278-2230
FAX:

1

**Happy Birthday, Neva
March 15, 1997
Dedicated to Neva Harper Smith and Lavina Harper**

Lavina requested that I write my memories for Neva's birthday, but I am writing about both of you since I met the two of you at the same time, and I cannot think of one without the other. We met 55 years ago this coming October at a fireside in the East Orange Ward in New Jersey. It was 1942, and World War II dominated the news. You came from Nahunta, North Carolina, to work at the Office of Dependency Benefits in Newark, New Jersey. That office prepared and mailed support checks to the dependents of those serving in the United States Armed Forces.

I was a Presbyterian from Bloomfield, New Jersey who had just graduated from high school and was beginning my studies in nursing at the State Teachers' College in Jersey City. A few years earlier, I read the Book of Mormon, and through prayer had gained a testimony of its truth. Since I made an agreement with my parents not to be baptized until I was twenty-one, I was not yet a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, but was trying to reach that goal. It was rather difficult, because it took an hour and three buses to travel from my home to the East Orange chapel, and then another hour to return home again which was rather a lonesome journey by myself twice on Sunday.

Meeting the two of you was a great boon to that journey and my goal. You boarded on the home of Mrs. Peters in East Orange, not far from the pathway of my bus. You befriended me and eased my pathway to baptism in the Church on 5 August 1945. Without you, I doubt I would have succeeded.

Mother and Dad did not welcome my association with the Church, but they liked and admired you girls, and welcomed you to our home. They never worried when I spent the night with you or we traveled to New York City, ten miles away, to go sightseeing. We attended Stake Conference in the Manhattan Ward, then lunched at Horn and Hardart's Automat, or ate our packed lunch in Central Park. We toured the museums, rode the subway and the ferry, and had a wonderful time together. We talked about everything and were generally in agreement about it all.

When Theron Smith finished his mission in North Carolina, he came to East Orange to see you Neva, and he proposed to you. You thought he should not be thinking about such things until he finished his mission. This led me to believe you cared nothing about him, but I was wrong. He traveled home by train, and Lavina kept me posted on his numerous telephone calls to you, that he had sent you money to come to Utah to meet

his parents, and finally that you were going. That was in June 1944. You spent a week in Utah and during that week, you married Theron in the Salt Lake Temple. Then Theron went into the army, and you returned to New Jersey. My mother and I gave you a bridal shower and invited people from the East Orange Ward. When Theron got settled in an Army Post in California, you left New Jersey to join him.

Now it was Lavina and I. In the Fall of 1944 I started as a student nurse at Jersey City Medical Center. My roommate was Jeanne Lindner, another good friend I met at college who also did not smoke or drink. On June 16, 1945 I celebrated my twenty-first birthday and was baptized on August 5th. The war came to an end shortly thereafter. Change is part of life. You Lavina announced that you felt your life was at a stalemate, you wanted to make some changes so you could progress. You resigned your position in Newark, and returned home to North Carolina where you enrolled at Eastern Carolina Teachers' College. I certainly missed you, and once again attended church alone. Life was different without you, but I was kept so busy with my studies at the Medical Center, I had very little time to worry about it. Jeanne was a good friend and roommate, and occasionally went to Church with me although she never took any interest in it.

After Theron went overseas to the Philippines, you Neva lived in Salt Lake City with the Smiths where your first-born Roger arrived in September 1945. The following year you brought Roger to visit your family in North Carolina and introduced him to his grandparents. I took the train to Wilson, North Carolina, where you met me at the depot. Being rather dumb about Southern trains, I rode down in one of the cars reserved for Blacks. I wondered where the lighter skinned people all were. When I returned home, you saw to it I was lodged in the proper car, a custom now thankfully ended. I spent several days with you and enjoyed chatting with your wonderful family and standing on the fence to pick delicious mulberries from the trees over the pig sty. We visited the dormitory of East Carolina Teachers College, and picked up Lavina for the week-end. It was a wonderful renewal of our friendship.

Following my graduation from Jersey City Medical Center and State Teachers College in 1947, I worked in the hospital until the end of March 1948. Then I resigned, and began my great adventure to the West, which set the mode for my future life. I traveled by Greyhound bus to Salt Lake City where you and Theron lived with your two children, Roger and Steven. I arrived on April 2nd. The bonus of the trip was attending April Conference, a wonderful experience. This would not have been possible without you and Theron. Theron was now another good friend added to my list of wonderful people.

After spending ten days with you, I took the bus to Modesto, California to visit my mother's sister Mae Swope Miller. My aunts, uncles, and cousins showed me the sights in California. About the middle of June, I returned to Salt Lake City. While there in April, I applied and was interviewed for a nursing position at the Veteran's Hospital, LDS Hospital, and the Salt Lake County Health Department. On my return, you, Neva, informed me the Veteran's Hospital wanted me to telephone them. They had a job for me beginning the next day. At this point I was not sure whether I wanted to go home to New Jersey or stay. Your cousin Shirley offered to share her living quarters with me. I

decided I may as well try it out, and moved in with Shirley and another girl in Aunt Lizzie Schoppe's house on Alameda Avenue. I started working at the Veteran's Hospital on Twelfth Avenue. I loved the beauty of Salt Lake City and living close to the Church, but I missed home, my parents and my dear sister Mary Ellen. In August Mrs. Rawson, the supervisor of the public health and school nurses at the Salt Lake County Health Department called to offer me a job beginning on September 1, 1948, but I had to promise not to return to New Jersey until the schools closed the following June. I would be a school nurse in the public schools in Granite School District, and would have to learn to drive a car which Salt Lake County supplied. After long walks and much thought and prayer, and a good talk with you and Theron while you were hospitalized with a new baby, Shirley, I accepted.

The following summer Lavina came to Utah and to my delight accepted a position teaching in Granite School District. We shared a room in the home of Jacob and Houkje Van der Hyde who had just moved to 82 R Street on the Avenues. Converts from Holland, they lived in New Jersey and attended the East Orange Ward until they moved to Salt Lake City in 1949, and bought a home. You received your endowments in the Temple, then accompanied me when I received mine in August 1949. We attended the Twenty-seventh Ward church services and had much fun at the MIA meetings and parties, sleigh rides and dances. In the evenings when no activities were scheduled, we embroidered the new Temple aprons we were making. It is during this time that I started going out with Jim McLachlan. After I treated him rather coolly, but was too shy to mend the damage, it was you who saved the romance by leaving him a message to call me. An action which led to our marriage in the Salt Lake Temple, August 18, 1950. Neva was my Matron of Honor and you the Maid of Honor at our wedding reception in the Van der Hyde home.

The two of you helped me lay a foundation for a lasting membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, so that I became a true Latter Day Saint. After my marriage to Jim McLachlan, he took over from there. Happily my marriage was not the end of our friendship. Jim enjoys your friendship as well. Neva and Theron moved to Granger about a mile from us, and our children grew up knowing each other and playing together. After Mother and I prepared a book about her Swope family, Theron guided us through its preparation and published it for us. Your children and ours collated the pages under your guidance and leadership. Thank you Neva and Theron for your love and friendship.

Lavina moved to Laie, Hawaii, but our friendship endured by correspondence. We visited you in December 1985 with Neva and Theron, and again in January 1987. It was wonderful to be with you again, and share in the glorious paradise you lived in while teaching at BYU Hawaii. You saw to it we were well-entertained. Thank you Lavina for being such a wonderful friend all these years.

Now you both live in apartments at 185 North West Temple. Our friendship is still strong and comforting, and you provide the strength that I need when I am weak.

I thank our Heavenly Father for placing you in East Orange at the time when I needed you desperately. Knowing you was the medicine I required to help me follow the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and it was sweet, not bitter. As I write this, I see and understand that the Lord watched over me and provided me with the strength to sustain myself as long as I did His will, and nudged me back when I did not. I hope I have been as good a friend to you as you have been to me. May God bless you both and me and be with us as we finish the Course so we can arrive in His Kingdom and praise His Name together forever. Amen

JACKIE

March 1997

Dear Neva,

What a privilege to
be to your special Birthday.

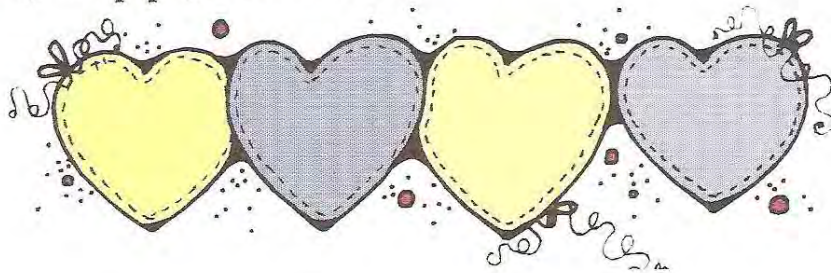
You will never know
what a difference meeting
your family made in my life.

and I don't believe it was an accident. The Gospel,
music, family, and people from other places in the
world became more important to me. I became a
better person for having you, Theron, your sweet
sister, Cavina and especially Shirley in my life.

Had a young girl not invited another young girl to
MLA 35+ years ago I would not have had the great
learning experiences I had, espsecially the
Hawaiian adventure, which was a great time for
lessons learned for me..

THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING

I love you! Happy Birthday



Jackie
Bush-Bless

