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SEARCHABLE!

the WHICKERsnapper!



VOL V No. 2

a 'Forever Family' paper

February 1986

INTRODUCING . . .

Greetings to all you long-lost family members. You are receiving this complimentary copy of the long-standing tradition of the Ben R. Whicker family as the result of our desire to develop the strong bonds geographic considerations would otherwise render impossible.

We adopted this newsletter system about 5 years ago (tho' not in this format) to squelch the communication blackouts naturally resulting from the spread of our family from California to Louisiana. Many of you do not have the same problem with your immediate families. But we would very much like to maintain the close ties we had as youth with our cousins, aunts & uncles and to know more about your children.

The beauty of such a newsletter is that it provides the following advantages:

- a forum for family concerns
- a scrapbook of special events
- an expression of love

With these advantages come some responsibilities attached to those who participate:

- contribute regular news inputs and materials
- carry out special reporting assignments when asked
- provide suggestions for future issues

Now is that too much to ask in return for such a fine product? Throughout the rest of this issue you will discover the beauty and fun of such an endeavor. Please note that the one-sidedness of this issue will not be characteristic of future editions because YOU will each have inputs.

HAPPY VALENTINE'S
DAY





(This essay is shared that you all might understand the motives behind the career choices of B.R., T.L. and G.R.)

Craig, Colorado in October 1966. Pictured (c-w): B.R., Margaret, Marie, Ted, Maxine, Rhonda, Lois, Glenn, T.L., Chuck, Benj, Richard.

"I WANT TO BE AN AIR FORCE PILOT"

"I want to be an Air Force pilot when I grow up because it's fun and easy to do. Pilots don't need much school, they just have to learn numbers so they can read instruments. I guess they should be able to read maps so they can find their way if they are lost. Pilots should be brave so they won't be scared if it's foggy and they can't see or if a wing or motor falls off they should stay calm so they'll know what to do. Pilots have to have good eyes so they can see through clouds and they can't be afraid of lightning or thunder because they are closer to them than we are. The salary pilots make is another thing I like. They make more money than they can spend. This is because most people think airplane flying is dangerous except pilots don't because they know how easy it is. There isn't much I don't like, except ... I hope I don't get airsick because if I do I couldn't be a pilot and would have to go to work."

-- A Fifth Grader

NEWSLETTER NAMING CONTEST

ANNOUNCING . . . a splendiferous way to have your name put up in lights throughout the western states (including Louisiana!).

Just send the winning nomination for the name of this newsletter and receive a full front page article dedicated to your outstanding achievement in the upcoming fun-packed August issue. Here are the contest rules:

1. All entries must be post-marked no later than April 15th (just remember tax day).
2. The name should be original, uncopyrighted, with some meaning to us as a family.
3. Make it prudent enough that special, even sacred, experiences and thoughts would not be out of place within its pages and yet, not so serious that a joke or two couldn't be used.

In the May issue will appear a list of all entries for everyone to vote on. Instructions will be given then as to how to place your vote. The name with the most votes will become the name of our quarterly publication. GOOD LUCK!

COOK'S CREATIONS

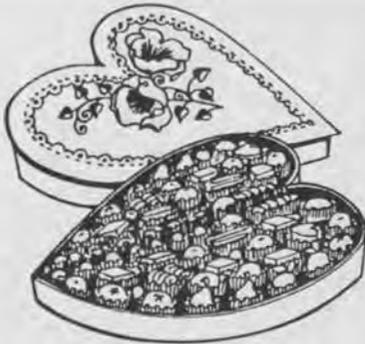
Carmel Cracker Jacks

Have - 6 quarts popped corn ready
in a large roasting pan.
Melt - 2 sticks margarine
Add - 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup white Karo
Bring to a Full boil for 3 1/2 to
4 minutes. Remove from heat and
Add - 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Pour carmel over popped corn and
stir well. Bake at 275 for 45
minutes to 1 hour, stirring every
15 minutes. (It will brown un-
evenly if not stirred regularly.)
Pour baked corn out on wax paper
to cool. Then ENJOY.

The Whicker clan loves this yummy
way to serve popcorn. We have
even stenciled large cans and
filled them to the brim with
Cracker Jacks and given them to
difficult-to-buy-for loved ones at
Christmas time. It also mails
well - John would love that hint!
Hope you enjoy this recipe as much
as we do!

-- Pamela S. Whicker



UPCOMING WEDDING



On 21 February, 1986 at 09:20,
Rachael Mae Whicker will take the
hand of Douglas Lamont Anderson in
marriage for time and all eternity
at the Salt Lake Temple.

Rache first saw Doug two or three
years ago when he was a popular
youth fireside speaker. Last
August, they got acquainted at a
church gathering, and things have
snowballed from there. The family
all met Doug during our reunion at
Thanksgiving in California. He
met all our standards (and believe
me, we looked him over CLOSE!) and
they were engaged on the 1st of
December.

Doug is 21 years old. (He shares
a birth date with his nephew-to-be
Cody). He served a mission for
the Church in Hong Kong, after
having been a member for just over
a year. He works at Nordstrom's
Dept. Store, and recently was
promoted to Head of Maintenance at
their SLC locale.

In tribute to he and Rachael we
share the words to a song she
wrote for him. Makes for a neat
Valentine theme song appropriate
for the month. (See page 4.)



Rachael & Doug at Thanksgiving



Chapel at Bowers, Del. where we moved in August, less than 3 months later.

THE TURNING POINT

(The following words were written by Ben R. Whicker at Dover, Del. after spending a night of prayer and scripture study.)

These were brought to my attention in my talk with the Lord on 27 May 1958.

1. From this day on we will be partners of God.

2. We will put our 10th in a special savings account only to be drawn out to help someone in need, with the specifications they tell no one who gave them the money and that they pay it back in some way to the Lord preferably by helping someone else in the same way with the same specifications; (when they are able). Our Church offerings will come from our money no matter how small.

3. We will recognize the fact that God is our partner in all that we do, and will have bed

time devotions with the children consisting of Bible stories and prayers.

4. We will not be ashamed of our partnership nor shall we try to force our will or religion on anyone else, only if someone asks us for help.

I pray to God that we may live up to all these things. I know this is a turning point in our lives.

- Ben R. Whicker



THE NEWSLETTER CONCEPT

Next issue (May) will be at the printers by 20 April and in the mail by 27 April. Each family should assign one person to represent them with a short letter about what's happening in their lives to keep everyone else up to date. Please send your contributions by the 1st of the month to give me time to put it all together. Type your letters if at all possible, keeping them within a 3 1/2" wide column. It will be printed in the form it arrives. It must also be restricted in length to the 11" height of a normal piece of type paper. The rest of the paper will be dedicated to topics of special interest to family members, such as this sample issue portrays. With this copy, for example, some of you will find stapled to the inside a sheet with a specific assignment for the next letter. If you get such a request, it too must be mailed by the same deadline as the family letters.

This process does take some funds, but will prove to be worth the expense as we build a family history to be proud of, while we create stronger bonds between us all. \$10 per family would cover the costs for this year's issues. Let me know if you think it a worthwhile endeavor.

I love you all. Send pictures too.

- Glenn



CURRENT ADDRESSES

Grandma & Grandpa B.A. Whicker
3050 F Road
Grand Jct., CO 81501

Ted & Maxine Albers
3054 F Road
Grand Jct., CO 81501

T.L. & Judy Albers
4517 B
USAF Academy, CO 80840

Don & Rhonda Davidson
Shannon
652 Highland Dr.
Clifton, CO 81520

Gale & Lois Norman
Box 812
Craig, CO 81625

Mike & Margaret Duzik
Shayne, Charlotte
P.O. Box 874
Hayden, CO 81639

Frank Duzik
3311 F 5/8 Rd.
Clifton, CO 81520

Joe & Marie Shaffer
David, Daniel
701 Haughey
Craig, CO 81625

Dan & Ruth Haskins
Emma, Flint, Keith
84721 W. Hwy 40
Craig, CO 81625

Richard & Andrea Norman
Heather, Jessica
Box 950
Craig, CO 81625

Grandma & Grandpa F.S. Clodfelter
1721 North 3rd St.
Grand Jct., CO 81501

Ben & Rea Whicker
Rachael, Fred & Ryanne
90 North 500 East
Kaysville, UT 84037

Curtis & Rea Jo Cloward
Mikelle, Marianne, Emily, Nathan
11851 Donna Lane
Garden Grove, CA 92640

Glenn & Pam Whicker
Camille, Taralyn, JamiAnn, Alison
3559 Dumosa Way
Beale AFB, CA 95903

Chuck & Diane Whicker
Julie, Rachael, Spencer, Solomon,
90 North 500 East
Kaysville, UT 84037
Kemarie

Benj & Connie Whicker
Cody, Benji, Misti, Sarah
445 West 820 North
Lehi, UT 84043

Jeff & Lynda Whicker
Alaina, Jennifer, Christopher
3251 Cottonwood Dr.
Bossier City, LA 71111

Elder John Whicker
3669 Bernice Dr. #5
Saginaw, MI 48601





Sometimes, I've feared - Will you leave me?
 Sometimes I've pled with your soul,
 Sometimes I've cried as I've been swept away
 In the fear that someday you'll go.

Sometimes I wonder - when did it happen?
 Sometimes I think - how can it be?
 But then I see your eyes whisper
 As I look inside you,
 "Babe, you're everything to me".

Babe, it's so hard just believin'
 Someone like you could love me.
 My love, my sweetheart, my best friend...
 Your love makes me feel so free!

A feeling so real and so beautiful
 The world told me couldn't be,
 But your eyes say to mine
 What the world doesn't know:
 "Babe, you're everything to me".

At times as a child I'd look upward
 And wish on a star way up high;
 Yet inside I feared - Would I always be lonely,
 My hopes held in stars in the sky?

Now you're here with me
 Your light shining bright -
 Brighter than my childhood star!
 Now my star's gone and my hopes lie in you...
 Can't you see what you really are?

A feeling so real and so beautiful
 The world told me couldn't be...
 But your eyes say to mine
 What the world doesn't know:
 "Babe, you're everything to me!"

We've learned and we've grown from each other
 Sweet trust now between us; a tie.
 It's not hard to see
 As you're looking at me
 Through a tear that I see in your eye.

Sometimes we're scared, we both wonder;
 We both have been hurt, Babe, I know.
 But the feelings I've felt
 Each time we have knelt
 Bring such peace and such love....
 Let it grow!

Babe, it's so hard just believin'
 Someone like you could love me
 My love, my sweetheart, my best friend;
 Your love makes me feel so free!

A feeling so real and so beautiful
 The world told me couldn't be
 But your eyes say to mine
 What the world doesn't know:
 "Babe, you're everything to me!"

- Rachael M. Whicker



- January 09 - Alison Whicker (1)
 15 - Ruth & Dan's 14th
 25 - Rhonda Davidson
 29 - Ben R. Whicker
- February 04 - Benj & Connie's 9th
 10 - Richard Norman
 18 - Fred S. Whicker (18)
 21 - Rache & Doug's 0th
 21 - Misty Whicker (4)
 27 - Rhonda & Don's 4th
- March 08 - Heather Norman (5)
 09 - Jeff Whicker
 10 - T.L. Albers
 13 - Marinne Cloward (8)
 15 - Glenn & Pam's 8th
 17 - Sarah Whicker (2)
 18 - Ruth Haskins
 25 - Edith M. Clodfelter
- April 04 - Ted & Maxine's 43rd
 12 - JamiAnn Whicker (3)
 13 - Beulah B. Whicker (83)
 13 - Don Davidson
 30 - Ben & Beulah's 65th

MYSTERY PERSON

This issue's mystery person comes complete with an elaborate clown costume. Can you tell us who it is? (See answer elsewhere on this page.)



DOGS AND CATS

Did you ever think, that if you had a cat;
Or even a dog so big and fat;
That you would feed them every day;
Or take them walking without delay?
Well, don't ever think that
Or persuade your dad,
Cause, oh, my golly and Egad!
You never keep your promise;
Oh, maybe for a week or so;
But thats the end; just ask me; I know!

- Rea Mae Clodfelter • Age 8



ANOTHER VALENTINE SUCCESS

This lovely couple was married on 31 July 1932 in Garden City, Kansas. He was just 20 years old at the time, and she a mere 17. So far things have worked out well though. As a Whicker clan, we're very proud to claim them as a great part of our heritage.



Grandma & Grandpa Clodfelter, 1982

She's Mikelle Cloward, first child
of Rea Jo and Curtis R. Cloward.
At age 9, she's become her little
brother Nathan's favorite person
in the world. Her teachers at
school also think she's tops. (As
do her aunts, uncles, cousins and
grandparents!)

Glenn R. Whicker
3559 Dumosa Way
Beale AFB, CA 95903
916-788-0141

FIRST CLASS MAIL



Grandpa Whicker with son Ben

To get his goodnight kiss,
He stood beside my chair one night,
And raised an eager face to me,
A face with love alight.

And as I gathered in my arms
The son God gave to me,
I thanked the lad for being good,
And hoped he'd always be.

His little arms crept around my neck,
And then I heard him say
Four simple words I shan't forget -
Four words that made me pray.

They turned a mirror on my soul,
On secrets no one knew.
They startled me, I hear them yet:
He said, "I'll be like you."

- Anonymous



DEADLINE:

Mail your newsletter assignment
no later than April 1st (no joke!)

THE LOVE KNOT



VOL I No. 1

"a tie that binds"

AUGUST 1986

The winner of our Newsletter Naming Contest is:

MARGARET ANITA NORMAN DUZIK

Margaret, long renowned for her imaginative creativity, came up with the new title of our publication, "THE LOVE KNOT - a Tie That Binds". For her good work, we present the following little known information concerning this eldest female-type cousin:

- She took a long time coming into this world. Her Grandma Whicker had to wait for two whole weeks after arriving to help the new mother before Margaret even showed her face! Says Grandma, "I guess she didn't want to face the world so soon!"



- She's never taken lessons, yet plays the piano beautifully, often accompanying her mother in church functions as they play a piano/organ duet.

- She sings very well, too, and seems to have a natural ear for music. With her sisters, she sings at church gatherings.

- She liked to swim when she was little.

- She was the first grand-daughter on the Whicker side of the family, and the first grandchild on the Norman side.

THE WINNER!!



Congratulations to our loved cousin Margaret. You mean alot to each of us. (You'll never know how many wives-to-be were held up to your image for comparision when certain young men in the family were searching!)



PERCEPTIONS

There is a famous experiment that goes along with this drawing. By first having you look at a similar sketch that emphasizes the "witch" features, you would most certainly interpret this drawing as a witch. But, if you were to first see yet a 3rd drawing that brings out the princess-like qualities - that's what you'd see in this picture.

The importance of this concept lies in the fact that you and I, as human beings, generally base our perceptions on personal experiences. Thus, what we perceive is often very different than another sees, **THOUGH THE NATURE OF THE THING REMAINS CONSTANT.** The view I have of the distance between Illinois and Salt Lake City at 600 mph differs greatly from what a pioneer from the 1800's perceived of the same trip. A child looks at the world around him and understands but a portion of the total.

When Christ performed his miracles - the people wondered. Some thought He was of the devil because they had never experienced anything like what they saw Him do. That the miracles were performed, there was no doubt. But how to explain it within the realm of their limited understanding was another question.

It is extremely important that we be humble enough to recognize that without a true "lens", we cannot comprehend things as they really are. Our limited perceptions will always tend to distort. We must find, and treasure, that true lens through which all things become clear.

I share with each of you my knowledge that those same miracles accomplished by the Savior are today



repeated for us time and time again. Let us not be guilty of the same infraction committed by those of old Jerusalem and deny that such could be the case simply because we have no previous experience upon which to base our understanding of such grand concepts. That we may all be willing to search out and abide by the truth - which does not and cannot change - is my prayer.

-- Glenn



EDGAR A. GUEST

HOME

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it
home,
A heap o' sun an' shadder, an' ye sometimes
have t' roam
Afore ye really 'preciate the things ye lef'
behind,
An' hunger fer 'em somehow, with 'em allus
on yer mind.
It don't make any differunce how rich ye get
t' be,
How much yer chairs an' tables cost, how great
yer luxury;
It ain't home t' ye, though it be the palace of a
king,
Until somehow yer soul is sort o' wrapped round
everything.

Home ain't a place that gold can buy or get up
in a minute;
Afore it's home there's got t' be a heap o' livin'
in it;
Within the walls there's got t' be some babies
born, and then
Right there ye've got t' bring 'em up t' women
good, an' men;
And gradjerly, as time goes on, ye find ye
wouldn't part

Clodfelters
Creed

With anything they ever used — they've grown
into yer heart:
The old high chairs, the playthings, too, the
little shoes they wore
Ye hoard; an' if ye could ye'd keep the thumb-
marks on the door.

Ye've got t' weep t' make it home, ye've got t'
sit an' sigh
An' watch beside a loved one's bed, an' know
that Death is nigh;
An' in the stillness o' the night t' see Death's
angel come,
An' close the eyes o' her that smiled, an' leave
her sweet voice dumb.
Fer these are scenes that grip the heart, an'
when yer tears are dried,
Ye find the home is dearer than it was, an'
sanctified;
An' tuggin' at ye always are the pleasant
memories
O' her that was an' is no more — ye can't escape
from these.

Ye've got t' sing an' dance fer years, ye've got
t' romp an' play,
An' learn t' love the things ye have by usin' 'em
each day;
Even the roses 'round the porch must blossom
year by year

Afore they 'come a part o' ye, suggestin'
someone dear
Who used t' love 'em long ago, an' trained 'em
jes' t' run
The way they do, so's they would get the early
mornin' sun;
Ye've got t' love each brick an' stone from
cellar up t' dome:
It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it
home.



COUSIN MEMORIES

My assignment- "tell an experience with Rhonda as a youth that you remember best". Let's see.. this is a family paper..young children will read this..THAT narrows things down!

I guess the experience that comes to mind is the time Rich & I learned that when you're taking a drive in the mountains with Rhonda, creeping along a crude path that passes for a road, and come upon a miniature lake of mud from previous rains in the middle of that road; DON'T be funny and say "HIT IT". We landed square in the middle of that huge puddle & could go nowhere- not forward, not backward. Upon further inspection, we found that we didn't have chains for the highway slick tires. So.. we began making a dry path for the tires with sticks- no go. When it became evident that we just might possibly be there awhile, Rhonda walked to the main road, waited for someone to come by, gave them Mom & Dad's phone #, and asked them to PLEASE call & tell them where we were. Then back to pushing & rocking the pick-up and piling twigs under the wheels. After several hours and no rescue, we decided we'd walk for help. Several miles to some kind peoples summer cabin (no phone) & a ride back in jeeps, we finally got pulled out, & headed home.

Back home, we found that Dad was out looking for us, had in fact made several trips looking for us in the wrong place because that important message was never phoned to them, Uncle Ted & Aunt Maxine were on their way from G.J. to help look. The sheriff's Dept. had been contacted but refused to help look after hearing our ages- 16,17, & 19 yrs.(they were sure we were at a movie or a party). What had started out as a beautiful day of exploring & fishing sure turned out different than we expected but it WAS unforgettable!

-- Ruth

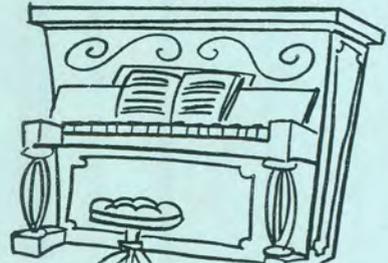


RICH & RHONDA
Williams Fork
1972

My Uncle, Richard Norman

I admire my Uncle Rich for many reasons. He's the youngest uncle I have, and for that reason he seems to be the easiest to relate to. I also admire him because, in my own opinion, he is a lot like myself. Not wishing to portray him as an ex-delinquent, (but) he has had many of the same problems and questions that I have, and has done a few of the things that I have done. I figure he could help me out with my troubles, and he has. Rich has many more admirable traits, but to me these are the most notable.

Frank Duzik



6-25-86

Dear Family,

The summer is moving right along. Mike has been doing his farming and some custom work. Frank doesn't have a paying job as yet, but he's been helping us and Mike's folks. It is hard to believe that he and John are no longer teenagers! He went with the Moffat County 4-H group on a "See Utah" tour this week.

Shayne has a job at an auto body repair and paint shop. He seems to enjoy it and has hopes of paying off his pickup before the end of the summer. He will be a senior this fall. Charlotte has been fixing meals, etc. so I can work outside. She's very happy to have a driver's permit. I've got a garden, but it seems to be a "slow grower". It has been pretty hot and dry.

We are all well. Hope you all are too.

Love to all,
Marg, Mike
Frank, Shayne
Charlotte



Dear Family Far and Wide,

Well, the Cloward family is on the move again, this time back to Utah, possibly for good (but who can ever say?). Curtis plans to go back to school and work swingshift this fall, and your dear (getting)old Rea Jo will be going back to work in SLC October 1st. We're going to live with Mom and Dad in Kaysville until a month or so after our 5th child (Jefferson King or Jenna Lynn - [or both? Oh NO!]) is born sometime this month, sparing me the necessity of moving for the third time in 4 months! Emily, Marianne, and Mikelle will enter the 2nd, 3rd and 4th grades, respectively, and Nathan at age almost-3 has great plans for laying waste to my home town, or at least the old homestead. I have no doubt as to his ability, either!

I can't tell you how much I love hearing about your lives in the newsletter. I love all of you, and it is fun to share the drawings, letters and so forth with our kids so they can know you too. Please keep it up! And Glenn, thanks for your creative and loving work.

'Til next time,

Rea Jo
& Family

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Elder Matthew John Whicker
1242 Haslett Rd. #B23
East Lansing, MI. 48823

Curtis & Rea Jo Cloward
59 So. 200 E.
Kaysville, UT 84037

Chuck Whicker
907 E. 3200 N.
Preston, ID 83263

BECAUSE I DIDN'T RECEIVE ALL THE PHOTOS NECESSARY FOR OUR SPECIAL NEWSLETTER INSERT, IT WILL HAVE TO BE POSTPONED TIL NEXT ISSUE. THOSE WHO HAVE NOT SENT IN THEIR WALLET-SIZED PHOTO, PLEASE DO SO ASAP. THIS WILL BE A VERY SPECIAL PART OF OUR PUBLICATION.

Did you know that T. L. Albers can play the banjo? I remember the year he got his first banjo. It was Christmas at G'ma (Beulah) and G'pa (Ben) Whicker's house at the trailer park in Clifton. I was so impressed that Teddy could learn the cords and fingering so easily and quickly. I wished (& still do) that I could pick it up so fast. Hey, Teddy, do you get to spend any time pickin' and grinnin'? You'd better not get rusty because you may be called on at any moment for a recital. Love you -- Your old(est) cousin,
Margaret



BEN RICHARD & TEDDY battling it out in an Indian lea wrestle



RYANNE, age 11 (going on 18!)

WHO ELSE?

(To my 8 brothers and sisters)

Who else has to abide by the very same rules
In forced by your mother and father?

Who else has to work in the very same house
And be an inlaw to each other's spouse?

Who else has to eat off the very same table
And helps you mature and be stable?

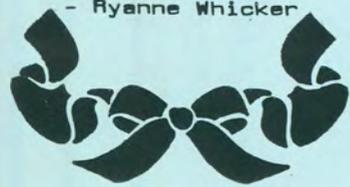


Who helps you to learn to work and play
And teaches you your religion and how to pray?

Who else has to be in at the very same time
And who else for each dollar pays the church a silver dime?

Who else but your sister or brother.

- Ryanne Whicker



Thinking of Rea Jo...

I remember the summer of 1970 when my family was living in Boulder, CO. We decided to take a vacation to Panama City, Florida where my brother, T. L., was stationed.

We invited my cousins Ruth Norman and Rea Jo Whicker to go along; Ruth would leave us in Tennessee to visit Marie and Joe Shaffer (and baby David), but Rea Jo would accompany us all the way.

On a hot day in June we set out in a rented camper atop the 1963 Ford pickup we had then. That truck had a lot of "play" in the steering, giving the sensation of weaving back and forth slightly to those riding in the camper (the 3 Musketeers, naturally). Fortunately, I don't recall any of us getting carsick - you don't forget things like that!

We 3 had a lot of fun engaging in "boy talk" along the way, waving at the best looking ones, bold in knowing they'd never be seen again! We were also afflicted nightly with the giggles, sometimes caused by curlers that seemed to magically turn into mice once the lights were out, and other times caused by the laughter itself.

We visited several interesting places along the way, including the Dwight Eisenhower museum in Abilene, Kansas and the Harry S. Truman museum in Independence, Missouri. I remember staying up half the night before one such visit in order to set my partly-dried hair so I'd look ravishing by morning (no blow dryers or electric curlers WAY back then). When I unrolled my hair next morning, it was as wet as the night before! I gave up and began wearing it in 2 braids.

After reaching Florida, Rea Jo and I spent a lot of time on the gorgeous white beaches where she acquired a very dark tan and I freckles, sunburn, frizzy hair and bangs that stuck out due to the clash between humidity and naturally curly hair. The water was beautiful, though. Turquoise waves washed against the white sand, and further out it was deep royal blue.

RJ seemed to have quite an interest in the native male population and had no trouble striking up a conversation with several (I have the pictures to prove it). I, on the other hand, was too

embarrassed and awkward to display such outgoing behavior, and instead developed an infatuation with the local clams, sea shells, and dried up jellyfish. One evening while walking on the beach I even found an arrowhead partly buried in the sand - I still have it! The beaches were alive with hordes of biting insects during the evening, though. Fingernails weren't as good for scratching as rubbing handfuls of sand on the affected areas of skin (classify that under "useful information").

After several days of playing on beaches during the day with the carefree abandon known only in youth, and gorging on seafood at night, we reluctantly began our trip home. On the way back we drove the Gulf Coast past Biloxi, Mississippi, where the devastation from a killer hurricane a few years earlier was still quite evident. We toured a battleship anchored in Mobile, Alabama, and spent a few hours in New Orleans. On the return trip through Abilene, Kansas, we spent a few of the night hours parked in a gas station lot (nothing but the best for us) while an incredible rainstorm raged outside.

The trip home was a bit more subdued since our idyll was coming to an end. But I'll always remember what a great time we had and what a treat it was to grow up with a close-knit group of cousins. Maybe when we're older with our own kids grown we can do something like it again, except we won't wave at the boys! I'll savor the thought...

Rhonda Albers Davidson



RHONDA & REA JO, June 1970
near Ft. Lauderdale, Florida



Dear Family,
The last time I wrote to any of you we were on our way home from California. We've covered a lot of ground since then. We're home only about two weeks and there was more than two weeks work staring us in the face. Everything I should have done last summer plus what I should have done while we were gadding about this winter.

Somehow we got ready to take Rea Mae on her research trip in the east. We were very fortunate as far as the weather goes. We were either ahead of the big ones or just behind them. Major stops are all I'm going to have room for. Our first one was Abilene, Kansas where President Eisenhower spent his childhood. We visited the memorial and Forrest thinks it is second only to Smithsonian but, of course, he hasn't seen that many. Rea Mae spent some time at the Center for Historical Research. Our next one was Columbia, Missouri. She found a research library at the University, we took some drives in the beautiful country and took a hike toward the Rock Bridge but it was too far for us so we had to turn back.

However it was nice and cool on the trail and hot hot hot on the outside. In St. Louis Rea Mae had a client who showed her where to find some of the records she wanted and also took all of us home with her to eat lunch.

In her refurbished old carriage house. We also visited the big arch and believe no picture does it justice for beauty. Rea Mae and I went to the top of it but Forrest felt it wasn't wise for him to try it. When I saw the little cubicle you ride in I knew he would never have made it, so I was glad he hadn't tried to come with us. Next stop was New Madrid, where they say they had one of the biggest earthquakes ever in the 1800's. Lots of inter-



AN AQUATIC MANEUVER

esting things to see and talk about and I feel sure Rea Mae picked up a good client there. We ate breakfast at the Home of the Throw rolls in Sikeston, Mo. Don't ever pass it up if you are in the area.

Then THE major stop in Bossier City, Louisiana. What a fun we had there. It was great watching the girls read and Christopher trying to immitate them. Lynda and Jeff are a model couple and it was nice to see how they cooper with one another. Wish there was room for details. Alaina's birthday party was fun fun fun.

They are a beautiful family as is all the others in our family.

Then it was the same old route home, thru Oklahoma and Kansas to visit relatives. We got home on the 1st and did some laundry and began packing directly from the motorhome to ride home with Rea Mae the next morning. We stayed thru the 4th and came home on the train on the 5th. Everything was still here to do and each thing seems to need immediate attention. I was so sick with diahrea the afternoon we got here I couldn't even get unpacked. I feel good now and am slowly getting partly caught up but it will be months before I will see light. Love you all so much,

Gina C.



From the Davidsons:

Don has been working as Assistant Director of Security at the GJ Hilton since May (nice title, but bucks would be better). He's working full-time during the summer and will work part-time when school resumes in August. If he quits the job (for reasons too complex, multi-faceted, interrelated and boring to mention here) he will be Director of Student Employment at the college student center (a job that proves there IS a lower paying outfit in GJ than the Hilton). Other than work for pay, Don's spent time polishing an article for the Fall issue of Journal of the Western Slope (a Mesa College publication) about the early history of the Grand Valley Canal (it's existed since 1882). He also recently gave a slide show and talk on the same subject for the Museum of Western Colorado. In May, Don was also awarded the Aspinall Foundation Scholarship for the 1986-87 school year.

Rhonda is continuing to work part-time as a sub. rural mail carrier. She is now familiar with 3 routes ("knows" is too strong a word) and enjoys the job. In June she had an opportunity to become a full-time carrier in Dolores, CO, but the "cons" outweighed the "pros" so she turned it down. Hopefully a similar chance will arise in the next 2 years or so. Recently, all the mail carriers moved temporarily to the mail-handling facility west of town so that uranium mill tailings could be removed from under the downtown office. That's undoubtedly of little interest to you, but the topic needed to be introduced somehow. The Davidson property has been surveyed and the garage foundation was found to be "hot." The property will probably undergo a removal project as well in the next 6 months to a year.

Shannon will be 2 on August 8 and is really a neat little kid in spite of occasional bouts of "terrible twoness" (screeching, arm-flapping, rolling on floor). She enjoys teasing, especially blowing on exposed skin (followed by giggles). Her favorite thing (besides animals) is "sish" (outside), spending a good portion of time there or trying to get there. She also likes "helping" with cooking or the dishes, blocks, and swings.

| | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|----|
| August | 5 - Diane H. Whicker | |
| | 8 - Rea Jo W. Cloward | |
| | 8 - Shannon Davidson: | 2 |
| | 11 - Connie Whicker | |
| | 17 - Emily Cloward: | 7 |
| | 19 - Benjamin M. Whicker | |
| September | 21 - Nathan Cloward: | 3 |
| | 30 - Shayne Duzik: | 18 |
| | 13 - Andrea Norman | |
| | 18 - Emma Haskins: | 13 |
| October | 26 - Keith Haskins: | 7 |
| | 28 - Gale & Lois' 42nd | |
| | 13 - Jennifer Whicker: | 3 |
| | 15 - Margaret Duzik | |
| | 16 - Theodore A. Albers | |
| | 21 - Lynda Whicker | |
| | 24 - Pamela S. Whicker | |
| 26 - Racheel Whicker: | 5 | |
| 28 - Jessica Norman: | 3 | |



6/29/86

Hi Family,

Summertime is so busy it's hard to find time to sit down & write even a little!

Emma & Flint have both attended Camp Christian already this summer which they enjoyed very much. They are now taking swimming lessons- Keith will take swimming lessons later in the summer.

Dan did get a summertime job, anyway. He is working at the fairgrounds doing whatever needs doing- mowing, keeping the arena in good shape, cleaning the buildings, etc. We have planted a large garden & both Dan & I work in it.

I have been helping my G'ma Norman 3 days a week doing things she is no longer able to do.

Dan is still roping. He is entered in 2 Rodeos over the July 4th weekend. We hope also to join some of the family up at Albers cabin near Meeker that same weekend.

Love you all,
Beth Whicker & Family

NEWSBITS:

* Rea Jo and Curtis gave birth to a strapping young man, Jefferson King Cloward. Named for Grandma (Beulah) Whicker's father, he promises to carry on a strong heritage.



* Chuck is to remarry on the 9th of August to Carmaletta Allen. We extend our best wishes to them.

Hi Y'all!

We have really enjoyed the first two editions of the newsletter. I apologize that neither Lynda nor I realized that we are all supposed to submit a letter; we thought only the special assignments were to be printed.

We've been living in the South for about 3 1/2 years now. We started out in Biloxi, MS. right after I finished basic training. We were there for 8 months of technical training and then came to Bossier City, LA. We have enjoyed making many friendships with southern people and coming to learn first hand what the term "Southern hospitality" really means, but we both look forward to returning to the West sometime next year. We miss the mountains, the cooler weather, and most of all the ability to return home for reunions, holidays, weddings, and other important occasions. Once I do separate from the Air Force I plan to continue working in the maintenance of computers and associated equipment.

We presently have 2 girls and 1 boy and one more on the way with an ETA of November 14. Right now our oldest girl Alaina is 4, Jenni is 2 and Christopher is 1.

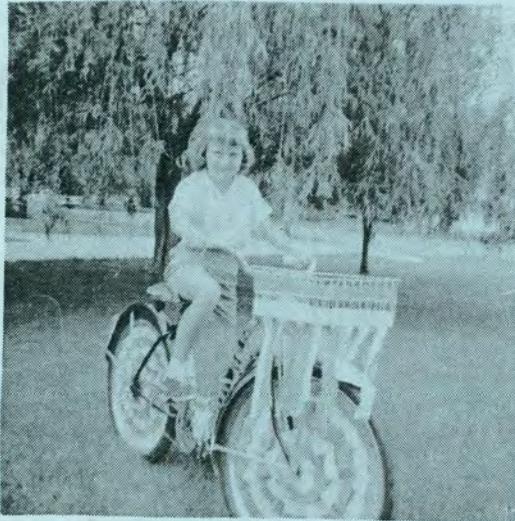
During the week of Alaina's 4th Birthday and our 5th anniversary we were privileged to have G'ma & G'pa Clodfelter and Mom come to visit us in the motorhome, and Dad even made it down here for a few days during that time. It was such a thrill for us to be in the presence of so many relatives without driving 3 days to get to them!

We hope all of you are well and happy! Our thanks to Glenn for producing this newsletter and to the rest of you for participating. Hearing from all of you is the highlight of our month! Take care!
Sincerely,
Jeff & Lynda Whicker



EDITOR'S NOTE:

Thanks to those who have sent in contributions - and the rest of you, please take the time to let us know how you're doing. Remember, just because you don't get a specific assignment doesn't mean you can't contribute anything you think would be interesting and useful to the family. Pictures, of course, are very fun for every-



This mystery person is the eldest of four children. She was obviously a very pretty little gal, complete with freckles. She loved to ice-skate, worked hard in school, and later made fame as a college graduate in fashion merchandising. She's been a full time missionary, the mother of twins, and happens to be a very wonderful wife!

Dear Family;

2 Aug '86

We've been experiencing what can be termed: "The Summer of Childhood Diseases". Right after school got out in June, we went to see Rea Jo & Curtis and take the girls to Disneyland. Our first night out, Camille came down with a fever which later turned out to be scarlet fever. So she missed out on Disneyland - what a disappointment! Then, three weeks ago, JamiAnn came down with chicken pox - and we've been in that cycle since. Right now Alison has them quite bad. We're hoping to go to Utah for a visit the middle of August - hopefully the twins will either get them right away and be over with 'em by then, or else they'll wait til we get home!

The girls are anxious to start school again - and JamiAnn can't wait to get into preschool. We just got her registered this week.

We love you each so much. Thanks for being a part of our lives.

Glenn, Pam, Camille, Taralyn,
JamiAnn & Alison

Next-of-Kin

MORE NEWSBITS:

* Jeff was recently promoted directly from Senior Airman to Staff Sergeant, a step very seldom accomplished. The normal "buck" sergeant rank between the two was skipped due to high scoring on the promotion test. CONGRATULATIONS!!

* Our favorite missionary, John, serving in Michigan (note the new address), has reached his HUMP mark. Such is the missionary term for the halfway point of his 2 year service.

The following tribute was written by the B. R. Whicker children's great-great grandfather, Augustus A. Cone, to his wife, Ellen (Ella) Melissa Armstrong. These two were my Dad's mother's parents. The beautiful handwriting in which it was done is indeed unique, but the most striking thing about it to me is the fantastic example for their descendants and others -- concerning marriage. Their life was so much harder, physically, than ours! But it seemed to only lend to the bond and unity of their marriage. I pray that we all might consider this our relentless goal marriage that is real, deep and strong.

Liberty
1886-1986



USA 22



FIRST CLASS MAIL

Glenn R. Whicker
3559 Dumosa Way
Beale AFB, CA 95903

The WHICKER dudes
90 No. 500 East
Kaysville, UT 84037

Ellen M. Armitage
was born in Perry, Lake Co
Ohio, May 16, 1850. She was
reared by christian parents
united with the W. E. Church
when but a child, also
the Church of God, her
people constituting it.

She was married to
Augustus A. Cone Nov. 17, 1869
by John Robison. There has
never been one single waver-
ing doubt between us
in regard to our fidel-
ity to our marriage vows.

She departed this life
July 28, 1898 and joined the
church triumphant
aged 48 yrs 2 mo 12 da. Seven
years ago she was sancti-
fied and since that time
has lived a holy life.

To say she was a kind
loving wife and mother
but faintly expressed it.
She leaves a mother,
brother, sister, husband
two sons, and two daugh-
ter and a host of her
friends to mourn her loss
although we mourn not
as those who have no
hope. Augustus A. Cone

THE LOVE KNOT



VOL I No. 2

"a tie that binds"

NOVEMBER 1986

There is so much to say today;
I don't know where to start.
How can I begin to tell
The thanks that fill my heart?
Should I begin with family,
Or love or joy or sunlight,
Or peace or health or happiness,
Or home or birds or stars at night?
For all these things—and many more—
I thank Thee, Father dear.
But most of all I thank Thee
For always being near.

By June Swanson



Happy Thanksgiving

Howdy, Fambly:

I am very honored that I have the opportunity to send the main message for the newsletter during this Thanksgiving season. Guess what the subject will be???

Thanksgiving! What a joyful time of year. How much happier would everybody in the world be if they would just take a little time and count their blessings. The blessing we all share on this earth, no matter where we live, is the gift of life itself, with an opportunity to come to this beautiful earth the Lord prepared for us, obtain our bodies and learn to live our lives in such a way as to return to our Heavenly Father's Kingdom as complete families..if we will but obey a few commandments that He has given us through the scriptures handed down to us through his apostles and prophets.

I would just like to list some of the blessings that I'm thankful for always! but am much more aware of at this time of year, and especially this year.

First of all, I'm thankful for the good parents I was blessed with who taught me and my two beautiful sisters right principles from the cradle. I'm very thankful for those sisters, too! I'm thankful for the time I was able to spend with our grandparents Whicker in Lay. The opportunity to observe them each evening as they read the scriptures then kneit in prayer before retiring.

Their example meant much to me later in my life as we started raising a young family in a very rough environment.

I'm thankful to be living in this country where we are governed by a Constitution that was inspired of God. I'm sure I appreciate this more than many people as I have seen so much more of the world than most. Believe me, there is no other place on earth that enjoys the freedoms we enjoy, but unfortunately, we take them for granted. We must always be on guard to only elect men into office who will uphold this divinely inspired Constitution.

I'm grateful to be on the earth at this time in history. Granted there are many pitfalls and temptations available for us, but we are living in the latter days and have an opportunity to help prepare the world for the thousand years of peace, or the Millenium, that has been prophesied from the beginning of recorded history.

I'm thankful that I've been able to make a living all these years for my little family; hopefully, I'll be able to till they're all raised. Looks like this new airline may turn out O.K. I feel very fortunate to have only been out of work two months during my life since a child, and that was when we first moved to Grand Junction when I was 14 years old, who could ask for anything more? I am especially thankful this year to have a job. Many of my friends I've worked with for some 20 years are unemployed right now.

I'm thankful for my beautiful wife, children and "handful" of grandchildren. I would that all of my children and grandchildren might learn to love work. Whether one loves his job matters not, as long as one loves to work. It is better to shovel garbage than to be idle.

Just a little more explanation as to the need for us to live the commandments. We all know that we gain our salvation only through the grace of God and the atonement of Jesus Christ. A free gift that no person deserves or could gain for himself. Yet, since we have received this gift, it brings certain responsibilities with it...such as obeying the commandments that Christ gave us. For instance, in Matthew 5:48..in fact, most of that chapter is full of requirements that Christ gave His followers in order for them to receive a fullness of joy in this life as well as the next. The



ressurrection was a free gift, without which all existence would be futile; but if we intend to live with our Heavenly Father and His son Jesus Christ after this life, we have been given many commandments to follow to the point that eventually we have to become perfect, even as our Father in Heaven. As the Saviour said, "In my Father's house are many mansions.." In other words, there is a place prepared for all, but for me and my house, I prefer to live where Heavenly Father and Christ abide.

These scriptures sound to me as though we have our work cut out for us. Fortunately for me, anyway, part of the atonement (which I don't full understand yet) is the gift of repentance. According to the scriptures, only a few men have attained perfection in this life and all of them, save Christ only, had shortcomings that they weren't yet aware of; however, they were called perfect by Christ as they had proven themselves willing to obey every commandment as they became aware of them, and they had endured to the end. A couple of the perfect men



spoken of in the scriptures were Noah and Moses. We know they weren't perfect in the way Jesus was, but they were perfect as far as the light and knowledge they possessed and were always striving to get more light and knowledge, (which is also one of the commandments!) When they discovered through prayer and study that they were doing something contrary to the will of their Heavenly Father, they were willing to immediately repent, that is, feel sorrow, make recompense where possible, then never do it again. Thus, they were still perfect in the sight of God. If all would study to show themselves approved as Christ commanded them, then through this study put these steps into practice, that is, recognizing the sin, feeling regret and sorrow, make recompense if possible and not repeat the sin, all could achieve the goal of perfection in the eyes of our Saviour, as mentioned in Matthew...Christ, of course, being the only perfect man to walk on this earth in the complete sense. Christ, one who never needed to repent, thus qualifying Him to make the sacrifice for us all, the greatest blessing and gift throughout all of eternity, our very salvation.

I hope I haven't bored you all with my rambling; just wanted all to know how thankful I am for the opportunity to live my life at this time, at this place and especially for the atonement of Jesus Christ, with the opportunity to return to our Father's presence, and our Saviour's presence.

I'm thankful for all of you!

Ben Re

- November 01 - David Shaffer (18)
 07 - Cody Whicker (8)
 07 - Douglas Anderson
 11 - Lois Norman
 15 - Forrest Clodfelter
 17 - Christopher Whicker (2)
 20 - Mikelle Cloward (10)
 22 - RYANNE Whicker (12)
 26 - Gale Norman
 29 - Benjamin A. Whicker (88)
- December 06 - Rea C. Whicker
 11 - Curtis Cloward
 12 - Spencer Whicker (4)
 19 - F. Solomon Whicker (3)
 27 - Joe Shaffer
 27 - Joe & Marie's 20th
 27 - Ben & Rea's 35th
 29 - Richard & Andrea's 7th
- January 09 - Alison Whicker (2)
 15 - Ruth & Dan's 15th
 25 - Rhonda Davidson
 29 - Ben R. Whicker
- February 04 - Benj & Connie's 9th
 09 - Daniel Trent Haskins (11)*
 09 - Nellie Lavon Whicker (64)*
 10 - Richard Norman
 18 - Fred Whicker (18)
 21 - Misti Whicker (5)
 21 - Doug & Rachael's 1st
 27 - Don & Rhonda's 5th





What Do We Have To Be Thankful For?

Why I'm Thankful For My Education
By
Maxine Albers

I remember my first day of school and the excitement of beginning to learn to read and write. How I loved my teacher!

I think I always appreciated the fact that my education was possible only because my parents were willing to make special sacrifices. You see, they moved into town when I was ready to go to high school. Dad couldn't find a job for quite some time so Mother worked very hard at a nursing home to keep food on the table and Dad learned to bake bread and keep the home fires burning.

Since high school I graduated from Central Business College in Denver and have managed to complete three years of college by taking courses one or two at a time while working to help my husband earn three degrees and going full time for one year in Boulder.

I must admit that I have learned far more in my various jobs than I ever learned in formal school situations. All of my jobs provided opportunities to learn, especially my present position. I consider it a privilege to have had this wonderful opportunity to learn so much in such a variety of areas and at the same time serve the people in my community. Life is a great education and I am thankful for all I have learned because I believe it has helped me to be more understanding and hopefully a better citizen and family member.

Perhaps when we have to work to attain an education or any other goal we really learn to be more thankful than we are when things are handed to us. Although I do not have a college degree, my dream is to eventually get

one so I can join my husband and my children all of whom have college degrees!

Remember, it is so exciting to learn and we should all learn as much as possible every day of our lives -- our lives and those around us are enriched so much as a result!



Glenn asked me to write my reasons as to why I'm thankful for God. I am thankful for God because I've had the chance to enjoy a life that has included good health & the senses needed to appreciate the beauty & pleasures of His creation. I'm thankful I was born in a country that has provided us all the freedom to worship Him as we see fit. I am thankful that this freedom has provided the circumstances & the people who taught me of His love for us. Through that love, & our acceptance of it, we are given the opportunity of having everlasting life, and sharing with Him in things beyond our human understanding. I am thankful for His "grace" that makes eternal life available to all through faith & belief in His Son, Jesus Christ, even though none of us, of our own doing, are worthy.

- Gale Norman



Grandma's Corner



The Love Knot "A tie that binds" is very appropriate for the newsletter. May we all do our part to make it successful, a labor of love experience for everyone. I appreciate the time and energy Glenn is taking out of his busy schedule to do this.

I thought I would like to briefly record some memories of Ben's and my lives together.

I grew up around Jasper and Lamar, Missouri and Ben grew up near Center-ville and Moravia, Iowa. We met at Ben's Uncle Pearl Whicker's home the morning after Ben moved to Missouri from Iowa. My brother Johnie and I had stopped by to pick up Eva Whicker who walked to school with us almost every day. When I walked in the door I saw Ben for the first time. He was sitting at the breakfast table. I can still see that sweet grin; little did I realize he would become my husband!

We started dating September 29, 1919 before I started teaching. Ben was 21 and I was 16 years old. All during our dating years, horse and buggy was our means of travel. Ben bought a new rubber-tired buggy after we started dating and I was the lucky and only girl friend to ride in it. We went to church 1-1/2 miles distance but most of the time he spent taking me to and from my school which was 17-1/2 miles each way, a long tiresome ride and especially for him going home. I always took our supper and we ate in the dining room where I boarded and then visited a short time there before he had to leave. We sang a big part of the distance with the moon and stars shining down upon us.

My school was out the middle of April, I was 18 on April 13, 1921 and we were married the 30th of April in Jasper, Missouri at the Methodist parsonage "Until death do us part." On November 19, 1959 we were sealed together for Time and Eternity in the House of the Lord Manti Temple.

We had very little money or assets when we started out, but we had each other, our good health and ambition to improve ourselves and financial status, and we had hope that all would go well with us. Together we would build a nice little house and make of it "A Home" where joy and love would abide.

We were truly a happy young couple, our home was blest by the arrival of a darling baby daughter Nellie Lavon on February 9, 1922. She was with us 5 days when she was called to her eternal home. Our dreams were shattered and hearts wounded. Then less than two months later my Mother passed away in her sleep also.



Maxine was born in Carthage, Mo. on July 1, 1924 and Lois 16 months later on November 11, 1925. Soon thereafter we moved from Missouri to Colorado where we homesteaded in Moffat County and Ben Richard was born near Maybell, Colorado on January 29, 1933.

Grandpa and I have seen many changes since we were married over 65 years ago. We had few household conveniences. There was no power driven farm equipment when we started out. Preparing the ground and putting in the crops was done with horse power - an important animal. You might say we were living in the "Era of the Horse." We never dreamed we would live to see, via T-V, a vehicle land on the moon and a man walk upon it!

Ben and I always had a lot of love and respect for each other which I believe are necessary ingredients if couples are to have a successful relationship. In looking back over the years, I feel we did not communicate with each other as we should have in the beginning. However, in later years we did and I have felt we cheated ourselves by not discovering

the importance of talking things out together early on in our marriage.

A closing thought consisting of four short sentences which might be well for all of us to practice with our loved ones. They are: "I love you." "I am sorry, please forgive me." "I forgive you." "Thank you."

Thank you all for listening.

Love,

Grandmother
Beulah Whicker



Clodfelters Creed

Dear Family:

Glenn had the idea that some of the things I used to lose weight might help someone in other problem areas of life.

Count the cost of sticking to your commitment: When you are working toward your goal you are working against the god of this world. He is forever goading you to give up or do the opposite. In many cases you will have to expect ridicule. Read Luke 9:57-62.

Stay alert to the little hindrances satan slips in. Don't forget the influences you may have on others, especially your loved ones. Read Romans 13:11-14. I found fun things that were good for me to do whenever temptation was too strong. A special food or day was observed once a week, at least. I was able to lose 75 pounds and 42 inches in 14 months. Then I was able to read 2 Timothy 7 and rejoice.

The verse certainly doesn't pertain to a reducing diet, but that is what we all want in the long run and it helps to realize this and think of it often.

I have been on many diets and weight loss plans in the last 40

years. Some of them were too rigid and some called for much more food than I wanted, and I could not stay with them. The best one I was ever on was Overeaters Anonymous, patterned after AA. It taught me to rely on a higher power, which I should have known long before that!

I believe I can stay on this program the rest of my life and the weight will stay off better than with the fast loss plans. I have lost the terrible craving for sugar and second servings. Most of this time was during an illness which eliminated activity, so I didn't get any exercise. I saw to it that I ate a balanced diet with all four food groups each day.

FUN FOODS: To satisfy the craving for a crunchy snack, I ate a handful of peanuts every afternoon. This also provided the protein I did not get because I ate so little meat.

Every Saturday night for my evening meal I had all I wanted of my problem fod (ice cream), popcorn and hard cheese. The only thing I completely denied myself was sugar and white bread. These two fun things helped me to stay with my commitment.

I think supplements are important and I used them faithfully. Thanksgiving and Christmas were no problem for me at all last year. I knew one helping of pie or candy would not be enough and I would be more uncomfortable if I ate them than if I didn't take the first bite.

This year Thanksgiving means more than ever to me. I am so grateful for the Lord's help in this matter and that I can expect to stay healthier for as long as He lets me stay on earth.

Love, Grandma Mae

Note: Grandma has promised us a picture of her for the next issue which will show the fruits of her "labor" and of the important lessons she has learned.





er Family,
 We were surprised, & pleased of
 arse, to discover that Margaret had
 a the newsletter naming contest -
 pecially since she hadn't mentioned
 t she had submitted an entry. We've
 ally enjoyed each issue & compliment
 enn on his efforts.

I wonder if everyone had as much
 fficulty in getting "mug shots" of
 ir families as this particular
 nch of the family had. But everyone
 perated beautifully even though
 y had just walked in from an ex-
 isting day of work, backed against
 wall, and shot!

ainy weather in this part of the
 ntry has slowed fall work to a
 ndstill, with much left to be done
 ore winter. We had an unusually
 d garden this year - we even had
 e tomatoes by July 4. I did quite
 bit of canning & freezing vegetables
 a result of all our watering, weed-
 and spraving for bugs.

uch love to all,

Lois & Gale



Hi everyone!

How is everything going
 with all you Westerners? We
 are finally beginning to feel a
 little bit of fall in the air
 here. The temperatures have
 been in the low 70's but are
 expected to go back up to the
 high 80's in a few days.

Our lives have been fairly
 routine the past few months.

I've been trying to get a
 resume typed up and Lynda has
 been readying herself for the
 baby. Both of our two girls
 are convinced they will soon
 have another brother, while
 both parents are bracing
 themselves for another girl!
 We'd be just as happy with a
 girl as we would a boy, but
 Alaina and Jenni will have a
 hard time accepting a girl. If
 it is a girl, they'll probably
 think I'm just kidding with
 them and go right on refering
 to her as "Randy", until she
 comes home from the hospital
 and they see proof.

We hope all of you are
 well and happy. Take care!

Love,

Jeff, Lynda, and family

The designer of this family tree is Ronald Lee
 Johnson. All of the B. R. Whicker family is well
 acquainted with this special young man, and some
 of the rest of you know him, also. For those of
 you that don't, we would like you to meet our own
 personal family photographer, wallpaperer, painter,
 artist and very good friend. We consider him an
 adopted son and brother, and we love him very much.



TALISON

JAMIANN

MIKELLE

JEFFERSON

CAMILLE

MARINNE

TAMILY

TARALYN

HEATHER

NATHAN

TREA JOE CURTIS

CLOWARD

KEMARIE

GLENN & PAM

Due in Jan

RACHAEL

JULIE

SOLOMON

SPENCER

DOUG & RACHAEL

ANDERSON

DIANE

CHUCK & CARMAN

MISTI

TRYANN

BENJI

BEN & CONNIE

CODY

SARAH

BEN & REA WHICKER

JEFFLYNDA

ALAINA

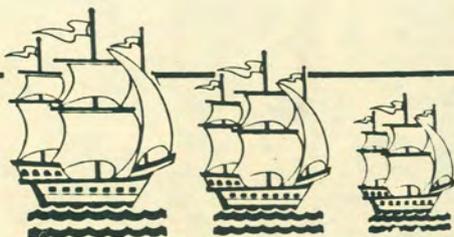
JENNIFER

JES. CLODFELTER

Due any minute

CHRISTOPHER

OYTHE



10/22/86

Dear Family,

I'm afraid I about missed the deadline but I'm confident that with the postal "zip" service this will arrive with, perhaps, moments to spare! The main reason I waited so long to write this was because I was sure something newsworthy would happen..Well, I'll be, my type-writer just broke!!

One thing Mike and I do want you to know..the pictures of us in the project Glenn has don't do us justice. If you don't believe it, come see us for yourself!

Mike finally got the last of his barley cut Oct. 20. He had been doing some custom cutting for some guys up here at Hayden. He also got his winter wheat planted.

I hauled wheat for Jack Stehle for about 8 days earlier this fall-besides hauling our own in and some of Dad's and Mom's.

Frank didn't go to Mesa this fall. He farmed for a guy up here. He had to overhaul his car engine this fall too.

Shayn's job at the auto body shop fizzled out soon after school ended. He seems to be enjoying his senior year of high school - something most seniors do.

Charlotte likes school pretty well this year too. She wants to play basketball again this year, but she's already having trouble with her knee.

I was very pleased to have "The Love Knot" chosen as the name for the family newspaper. Thank you.

We hope everyone has a wonderful Thanksgiving and a Joyous Christmas season.

Love to all,
The Duziks

Dear family;

In September I was privileged to be invited to Grand Junction for a special program at Northeast Christian Church. My ever-young father was to sing a solo at the founders day Program, and he was going to sing a song that we had played and sung together during the early history of NE.

I enjoyed practicing with my dear Daddy once again. The night of the program, he approached the microphone, spoke a few words of memories pertaining to the development of the church, then announced his song, adding "If you hear my voice crack or I forget the words, just remember you will be 75 someday, too!"

Suddenly, I was amazed. This man, who hadn't sung publicly for many years, was SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD, and he was going to sing a solo!

It was absolutely beautiful, with ne'er a stumble. Afterwards, the congregation applauded while he turned to replace the mike in its stand. As I stood up and he turned back to return to his seat, we both had a surprise facing us -- everyone in the room was on their feet, indicating their appreciation by a standing ovation! It was an experience I'll not forget.

Happy Thanksgiving and Merry Christmas to you all!

- Rea Mae Clodfelter Whicker





October 10, 1986

Hello, everyone! This is our first contribution to the quarterly because the first issue I didn't understand that we were all supposed to write, and the second one, I just plum forgot! So I'm excited to have remembered this time!

Doug and I have just moved into a beautiful house in East Layton. We will be there house-sitting until the first of May while the owners escape the cold winter in Arizona. We are very excited at the chance we will have to save money, especially with this new little one coming into our family in three months!

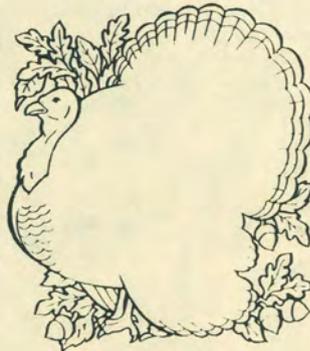
I am very much enjoying my time expecting this baby. Feeling the baby move all around and kick is something that never gets old to me ... I love it just as much every time. I've seen so many women go through pregnancies, but never until now have I realized what a complete miracle it is! We are both very happy, and even more in love than when we got married. Infact, more in love than a month ago, or even a week ago.

Doug is really into his work, and doing a super job! I don't think Nordstrom has a better employee anywhere in the contry! He is such a responsible person, and never stops going the extra 203 miles! He really teaches me a lot about responsibility, since that is an area I've a lot to learn about. Nordstrom just loves him, and I know he will advance in the company real fast! He's been there for a year and already been promoted twice, which is unheard of. Nordstrom is an excellent company, with opportunities galore for people like Doug. For the responsible, hardworking, serious person, Nordstrom is the place to build a career. But unless you are all of those things, it's not the place to even consider! I'm very proud of my hubby ... he's one good man. I'm so thankful to have found

him. I know his kind are practically extinct now.

Hope all is well with everyone! Would love to see you all. What ever happened to our family reunions, anyway?!

Rachael and Doug



Just an update on the Shaffers. We have had an enjoyable summer - not nearly as demanding as usual (no big projects perhaps is why).

The garden (and canning or freezing!) is finished except for a few hardy vegetables. Joe's been working on the snow machines already. He and Daniel are ready for winter I think. David has an 8 hour job six days a week (after 5 hours of school on weekdays). He also sold his '59 GMC pickup and bought a pretty '79 Plymouth Horizon.

Daniel kept busy with odd jobs this summer, and I notice since the May letter he has continued to grow. Now he is 5'11" and David is about 5'9", so when you see their pictures, you'll know how much you aren't seeing!

David's hunt with some friends was not successful. Daniel filled his license, and Joe will try his luck next season. We all like to get out but anymore we don't all like to shoot.

Love,
The Shaffers



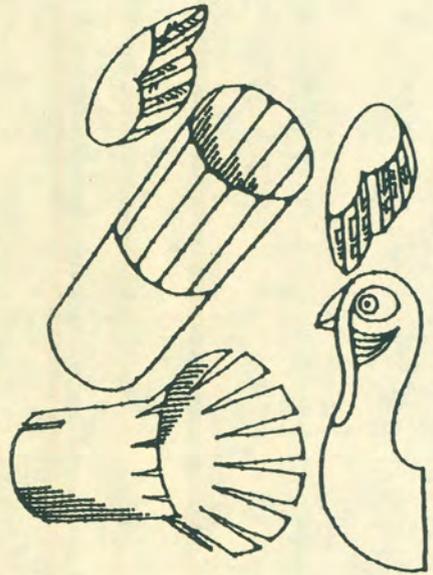
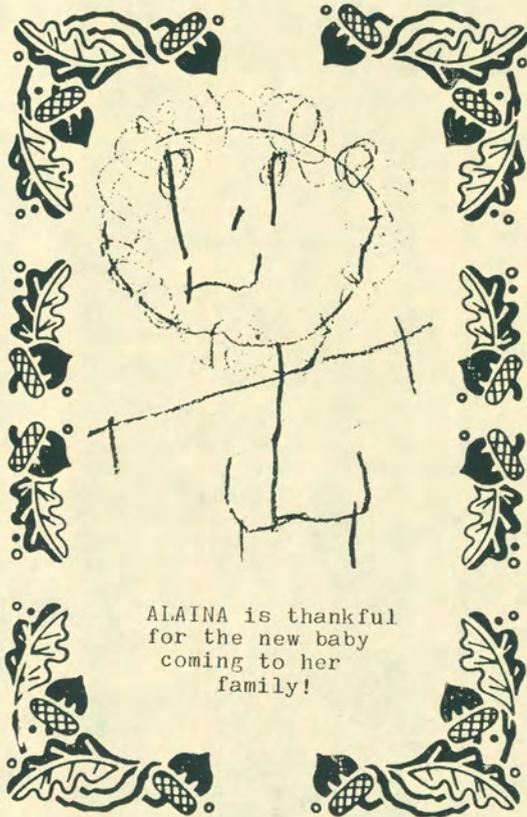
Dear Family;

Looking forward to Halloween the night after tomorrow - I've got 2 clowns, 1 pumpkin and a witch! I must say, life as a kid is fun!

We've enjoyed visits from Mom, Dad and Benj in the last month or so, and are looking forward to visits from Pam's family for Thanksgiving. Her sister Jalyn just had a baby on the 27th - the first grandson for her parents! (Gives us hope - maybe there is a boy up there somewhere for us!)

Hope you are all doing well. We think alot about you, and love to read about your doings in the LOVE KNOT. Keep on progressin'!!!

Glenn, Pam and 4 girls



Turkey Place Cards

You will need: 5" long cardboard tube, pencil, scissors, lightweight cardboard, glue, poster paints, and place card.

Draw a line around center of tube. Start on one end and cut to this center line. Repeat cut every 1/2" around tube. On end of each strip cut a point, then bend strip slightly outward for turkey's tail feathers. Cut head with attached neck and wings from cardboard, then paint (see illustration). Also paint body and tail. Cut slit in turkey's body and insert neck (see illustration). Glue wings low on body to help balance turkey. Cut slit in beak to hold place card.

Dear Family;

This is your long-lost brother, son, grandson, cousin, uncle, nephew and brother-in-law speaking at ya.

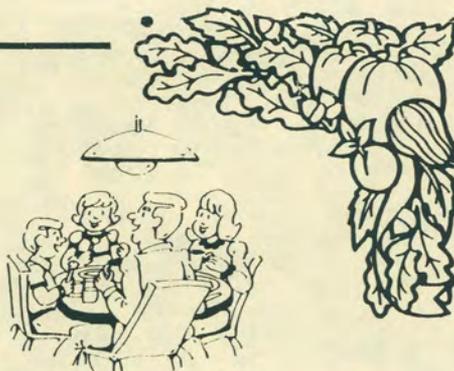
I'm still enjoying my mission in Michigan VERY much. Right now I'm in Sturgis, just 2 minutes from the Indiana border.

I've learned an awful lot since I've been out here. A lot about human relations; living with people and getting along. I've had 8 companions and all of them were different personalities.

But more importantly, I've learned a lot about the gospel plan.

I want you ALL (cousins, aunts, brothers, sisters, etc.) that I want us all together with Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ after this mortal trial of our faith is over. And the only way to do that is through Christ. He already did the hard part for us -- the part we couldn't have done for ourselves. But no one is forcing us into heaven. We have to "look at the serpent of brass". (Numbers 21:6-9) In that story the way was prepared for them to be saved from the bites of these serpents, but by no means were any of them forced to be saved. It had to be their choice, their own doing, to take advantage of the way prepared.

Of course, this was a symbolic story. The fiery flying serpents bites were sins. They kill you. You'll never be able to live with your Father in Heaven again unless they're cured, or payed for. Christ did this for us. He is the serpent of brass in the story, that we must look to in order to be saved from sin. But as illustrated in the story, not everyone was saved! Probably because they had no faith...they might not have believed it would save them. Then there might have been a few who believed it would,



but that still didn't save them. They had to do something with their faith, they had to act in or with their faith by looking. Just the same, God has given us a way to take part in Christ's atonement. Things we must do. Of course, faith is the first thing, because we won't even look at the rest without faith.

In Acts 2:36-40 a lot of people showed this faith; about 3,000 people. They asked "What should we do?" The apostles answered "Repent and be baptized," which are the next two things we do to look to Christ. Then they received the Gift of the Holy Ghost, the final step in accepting Christ.

It's so comforting to know of Christ. The Holy Ghost bears witness of all these things, and I'm thankful for that witness.

I love you all and thank you for your support and prayers. I look forward to seeing all of you again!

Love, John

NEW ADDRESSES:

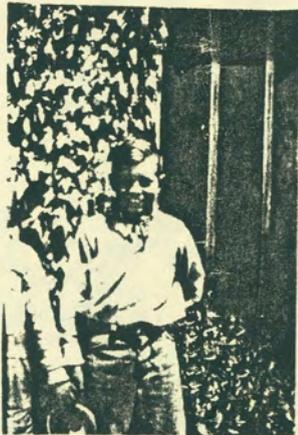
Elder M. John Whicker
115 1/2 Jean Ave.
Sturgis, MI 49091

Doug & Rachael Anderson
2458 East Gentile
Layton, UT 84041

From G'ma C: Since some of you have heard from us we have made a few changes in our vehicle set-up. We traded the LTD for a new Oldsmobile 98, let Connie take the Dodge4 Colt, and have ordered a new mini-class A Allegro motorhome and traded the Appolo on that.

Our new mh won't be here for another five weeks so at the moment we have only one vehicle. We are taking good care of it too.

When Uncle Merle was here he helped Grandpa install a garage door opener so we never leave it out even for a little while.



mystery
person
per 3

This handsome mystery person was the second of three sons. Among his numerous and varied abilities is an outstanding musical talent. He is the father of four and still wears a big smile!

Gale Norman

From G pa "C". I always appreciate the letters our family supplies for the "Family Letter" although I do not often express that appreciation. The last issue contained Jeff's June, 1986 letter that really says a lot.

He expresses a real concept of "Faith" and its critical importance to all of us - - at the same time, reminding us that "Faith" (alone) is not a magical formula - - it requires us to make deliberate (thoughtful) decisions, and then comes the all important follow thru of our own actions that proves our FAITH - our Faith in Jesus Christ and His promised salvation.

These thoughts Jeff supplied reinforced the fact that, since God gave us a mind with which to make decisions, we are remiss and insulting God if we expect Him to take care of the things that He expects us to handle and cope with, with this mind, and energy He has already given us.

Well, my intent was good, anyway, although I may not have said it as it should have been said.



ANSWER to the last puzzle:
"backstroke"



The following is part of a letter about John Jefferson King, written by Grandma Whicker at the time of Jefferson King Cloward's birth in July of 1986 and sent to little Jefferson's parents. Rea Jo wanted to share it with all of you.



John Jefferson King was born October 14, 1873 in Appanoose Co., Iowa. He was 19 years and Mama 17 years when they married.

Other "well-to-do" farmers liked to lease their land to him because he was a good farmer and well-liked by friends and neighbors.

They used horses instead of tractors in those days. Wheat thrashing time was rather exciting...neighbors exchanged work so as not to put out cash to hire crews. Because we often had more acreage in wheat we had to hire some help also.

I always enjoyed helping and especially waiting tables, really one big long table made to seat about 20-25 men. Mama was considered an excellent cook.

Papa loved horses; he cared for them very well...but he could get angry with a stubborn or balky one. He was good at training them. He trusted people, took them at their word and when he was selling or trading he would say "I'll tell you for a fact", and then tell them what he didn't like about the horse and if they were blemished.

My father was a quiet spoken man. I never heard him laugh out loud; but when highly amused, he would smile and give a little chuckle. He was a kind man. The last time my dad visited was in 1947 when we lived on Orchard Mesa. As he was leaving, he bade me goodbye and said, "Beulah, you've been a good girl. You never

ever gave your Mother or me any cause to worry." I have considered that the nicest compliment he could have given me. He wasn't one to speak flattering words.

As long as I can remember we had nice homes, as most farm homes go in the country. We were comfortable, had as good and sometimes better clothes than the average in surrounding areas. We always had good and plenty of food. Not many luxuries and no modern conveniences. I remember in the winter neighbors would get together at someone's home. Everyone helped pay for the oysters, crackers, pickles and whatever, and they called it an Oyster Supper! Good oyster soup.

I feel that I owe a special debt of gratitude to my Father for being one of the Best of fathers. Papa never got to attend school beyond maybe the 4th or 5th grade. I wish I had inquired about his early childhood while Grandma King was alive. Not one of her four sons drank or used tobacco. That was rare in that part of the country where they grew up as young men. Papa was a good man, a godly man, a hard worker, a friendly person and a law-abiding citizen.

Shortly before Papa died, Marion tucked him in bed for the night. Papa said to him: "Goodnight, Marion. We'll see you in the morning...if not, I'll meet you in Heaven."





FIRST CLASS MAIL

The Curtis Cloward Family
59 So. 200 East
Kaysville, UT 84037

Glenn R. Whicker
3559 Dumosa Way
Beale AFB, CA 95903
916-788-0141



FRED STEWART WHICKER, Age 2



EDITOR'S NOTES

Thank you all for helping make this newsletter idea go. The next issue will come out on 1 March, 1987. It is important that you give me a full month to prepare the thing, especially if you want any pictures in it, as the process involved in getting photos ready is quite involved. So, contributions will be due 1 February. Since that is so far away, I will wait until 1 January to mail out assignments - that way it will give you each one full month to get your assignments in and will be fresh in your memories. By skipping one month this time, we will hit different holidays and themes next year than this year.

THE LOVE KNOT



VOL || No. 1

"a tie that binds"

March '87

"No man is an island,
No man stands alone.
Each man's joy is joy to me;
Each man's grief is my own.

"We need one another,
So I will defend
Each man as my brother -
Each man as my friend."



This popular song speaks of a universal law we can term, "Interdependency". In science, this law is understood well. Plants and animals, for instance, are mutually dependent upon each other. Through exhalation, animals provide the carbon that plants need to make the sugar that becomes their food. Plants, in return, provide the oxygen necessary to sustain animal life. One without the other could not live.

Much more important is the application of this law to our relationship as a FAMILY. We are dependent upon each other in more ways than we might realize. And the lives that are sustained through this interdependency are eternal rather than temporal. Some of the forms our interdependency takes are found in these scriptures:

1) the man and wife are mutually dependent (1 Cor. 11:11).

2) we are essential to our ancestors, just as they are indispensable to us (Hebrews 11:40; Doctrine & Covenants 128:15; Malachi 4:6).

3) the rich need the poor just as much as the poor need the rich (Deuteronomy 15:7-11; Proverbs 28:27; Doctrine & Covenants 104:16).

4) we're all dependent on Christ our brother (John 3:17; Acts 4:12).

The dependency of the newborn upon his parents is obvious - but what parental needs are filled by the child? That the poor need the rich to survive is plainly seen - but why do the rich need the poor? We are of course in debt to our

ancestors for the heritage they left us, but for what do they depend on us today?

Surprisingly, the word, FAMILY, comes from the Latin 'famulus', which means, 'servant'. In that sense the answer to the above questions starts to form. For, by caring for the small child; by helping the poor; by serving our ancestors through revealed ordinances, we are developing within ourselves the characteristics that will bring us the greatest joy. Christ's words in Matthew 5:48, "Be ye therefore perfect...", are translated from the Greek as, "Become fully developed". And we develop by the service we render, the same as He did. It is interesting to note that none of the saving Priesthood ordinances can be performed to oneself: you can't baptize yourself; you can't give yourself a blessing, or ordain yourself to an office. You can't visit yourself when you're sick, just as you cannot lift yourself off the ground. Service thus becomes a key to salvation: we can't save ourselves, but we can help save others through our service. They in turn, help save us. God works His miracles most often through the normal workings of His everyday servants. And "when ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." (Matt. 25:40).

If there were no poor, no babies, no sick, no FAMILIES - on whom would we exercise service and thus develop our potential? WE NEED EACH OTHER TO LIVE -
----- ETERNALLY.

- Glenn R. Whicker

Family

to

Family



February 9, 1987

Dear Family,

I have been trying to get this letter on its way for over a week and now I'm late. I'll send it anyway with the hopes it will get there in time to be included.

We had a wonderful Christmas with our family, T.L., Judy, Rhonda, Don, Shannon and Mother joined us. Mother and I joined Daddy for Christmas dinner at the Nursing Home on the 22nd and I decorated up a little tree for his room and we opened his packages early also. I would have loved to have had Daddy here but I wasn't feeling up to par and we need a van capable of carrying him in his wheelchair since it is almost impossible to get him in the car.

Ted and I drove to the ranch a week ago this last week end. We drove the Toyota (4-wheel) up to where we turn into our road. Then we put on our new cross country skis and skied into the cabin. We got our skis, boots and poles for Christmas. I think we are going to enjoy them. However, you should have had a camera to record our antics trying to get over the fence with our skis on. My left foot slipped and went north, down I went and my right foot was straight up in the air! Ted got one foot across the fence and wound up with one ski pointed north on the west side of the fence and the other pointed south on the east side of the fence! I always get so tickled that I'm useless and Ted isn't much better, but we had fun. I'm anxious to go again.

T.L. and Judy were here this last week end for less than 24 hours. They brought a little filly over to leave here and picked up three mares from a doctor in town who raises Appaloosas and took them back to the Springs. They manage to keep very busy with their jobs and Judy with her horses and T.L. coaching basketball.

Rhonda, Don and Shannon are here frequently. Rhonda is still working part-time and Don is doing great in school. Shannon keeps us entertained with her talking. The other day she went to put on her shoes and I was about to help her when she said, "No help, I really good at this." She loves her Great Grandmother and calls her Gaw Gaw.

I have a trip to Washington D.C. next week to attend a Seminar for 100 people. Attendees were invited special and I was one of two county commissioners in the nation to be invited.

Ted manages to keep busy with his own projects and picking up the loose ends for the rest of the family.

We've had colds and coughs but nothing serious. Really have been fairly lucky with so much flu in the area. Hope you are all well and happy.

Love to all,

Aunt Maxine and Uncle Ted

P.S. Pritikin Ted no have cold at all. tea

2-9-87

Dear Family;

I just got transferred. I knew it was coming, so I was waiting to send my contribution to the LOVE KNOT. But I'm not going to be able to get it there in time now, because the 10th is the deadline. I couldn't write until now (P-Day), because from Canada it would take weeks to get there, and on P-Day we go across the border to mail stuff. So there's my excuse.

There's really nothing else to say! I just got here two days ago. Things are going great.

See you in 6!

Love, John
(new address within)



2-6-87

My Dear Ones:

To hear from, or have you visit me makes my days brighter and hard days bearable. I would like to do the same for you. Often times I lack the ability and self confidence to do and say the things I wish. My wish for you and yours is the BEST life has to offer. Its up to each one to work for the best in life for self and family.

As you know, I spend much time all alone with my thoughts. I think about the past and wonder about the future of my entire family; our 3 children, 15 grandchildren, 44 G.G. children and all our inlaws and their families.

Our time (or life) is the duration of our mortal existence on this planet Earth. Is it limited? I think not - it continues to go on and on. It reaches into the eons of time, a period consisting of 3 eras: (1) things as they were;



T-38 at 41,000 feet over Michigan

(2) things as they are now, and (3) things as they are yet to be. How are we spending our time today, and how will we be spending it tomorrow? Yesterday is only a memory.

Work toward self improvement; discipline self and be obedient to the laws of God and country. You can't undo what has already been done.

Never give up Hope. We can begin each new day, one day at a time. There are lessons to be learned. We are responsible for our own actions. We seldom stand still - we either progress or digress, whichever we choose to do. We, for the most part, are the Master of our own Destiny.

You have been endowed by your Creator and Parents with good minds and bodies. Please take good care of them. You know to eat, drink and exercise properly. Keep them clean; discard anything that would defile or destroy either or both the mind and the body.

Have faith in God, faith in yourself and family. May we all endure to the end of this our mortal existence and work with Love in our hearts and minds toward Peace and Good Will to people everywhere is my prayer.

Love and Prayers Forever to
Each and All,
Grandmother Beulah



Howdy, Ya All!

I just returned from the Louisville (Kentuck) 1st Ward Conference. The speakers were very good. The Bishop, in his talk, emphasized the need for us to get our priorities straight and review what the prophets have been telling us to do for the last several years to prepare for the Second Coming.

- A) Do you all have your years supply in?
- B) Are you paying your tithing, which will help you manage to take care of A)?
- C) Are all being chaste, both in deed and thought?
- D) Are we all showing love to one another as well as to all of our Heavenly Father's children?
- E) Are we all doing all we can to stop the deterioration of the morals, etc., of our wonderful country? Such as voting in every election and writing to our representatives and senators to let them know if we feel they are keeping their oath to uphold the Constitution?

If we are not doing these things, maybe we had better start reviewing our priorities too, huh?

We don't know how much time we have to prepare for the Second Coming. We do know some terrible things are going to happen before that event. Why not, as a family, work toward tithing another 10% out of the 90% that the Lord leaves for us? We can use that to get our food storage in, water storage, etc. Then we can think of how we'll stay warm if our economy collapses and we either have no money to pay for fuel or there is no fuel to pay for. Maybe we should give up some of the things we really want and maybe even things we think we need and get this stuff taken care of. We are trying to get all we can in at our house. Let's all think about this and send in any

suggestions you might have to me. I personally have been working on a water storage facility in my mind for a long time. It will keep fresh water on hand continually. I still haven't figured out a couple of small problems, like weight support and freezing, but my idea is a good one.

Well, enough for now. I love you all. Hope to be announcing my baptism date quite soon. Will let you know. You are all invited, if you can make it.

Love,
Ben R.



NEWSBITS:

In our last newsletter, you probably noticed 2 immediate openings in our FAMILY TREE. Well, we are happy to report that both slots have satisfactorily been filled.

Jelyn Whicker was born on 9 November 1986. Cleverly named for her parents JEFF and LYNda, she proves once again that they don't make many boys upstairs anymore!

Christian Douglas Anderson almost became the First entry of the New Year, starting out right on 1 January 1987. Rachael and Doug have been initiated very well now into the ranks of parenthood, having already been challenged with a bit of jaundice and pneumonia.

WELCOME TO THE NEWCOMERS!!!!

P.S. Further applications are not being accepted. Apply no later than March 31 for acceptance this calendar year.

mystery person

JAN 78



Emily Jo Cloward, 8
"MY FAVORITE THING"



Today's mystery person got his start somewhere between the making of the Corvair and the V.W. Rabbit. He is not overly tall, nor short; likes to wrestle and "tinker" with cars and gadgets. He does quite well in school and is already registered at an institute for higher learning. His G'pa owes his slim, trim build to this person since he was told long ago while filling his plate, "That's enuf, G'pa, that's enuf".

Marinne Cloward,
almost 9!

1. I love Jefferson
because he's my brother 2. and because he's funny when he stands up and falls down.



free

From *free*, an Anglo-Saxon word for "dear" or "beloved": first applied to small children, i.e., to those in the household who were not slaves; closely related to *friend* (*freond*), whose original meaning was "loving one."

MYSTERY PERSON: David Wade Shaffer on his 1st birthday.



- March 08 - Heather Norman (6)
 09 - Jeff Whicker
 10 - Ted L. Albers
 13 - MarInne Cloward (9)
 15 - Glenn & Pam's 9th
 17 - Sarah Whicker (3)
 18 - Ruth Haskins
 25 - Edythe M. Clodfelter (72)
- April 04 - Ted & Maxine's 44th
 12 - JamiAnn Whicker (4)
 13 - Don Davidson
 13 - Beulah Whicker (84)
 30 - Ben & Beulah's 66th
- May 04 - BenJl Whicker (7)
 06 - DanteI Shaffer (16)
 11 - Mike Duzik
 13 - Chuck Whicker
 23 - Julie Whicker (7)
 26 - Dan Haskins
 29 - Flint Haskins (11)



Heather Norman, almost 6!



DORMI
 A Lullaby by Curtis Cloward
 (1978)

Dormi, dormi, dormi
 Dormi tranquilla bambina.
 La notte già sta vicina,
 E l'ora di sogni è qua.
 Gli angeli di cielo ti guardano,
 E Dio ti protegge;
 E tutte le stelle ti cantono
 Un canto di amor!

Dormi, dormi, dormi
 Quanto ti amo, piccina!
 Bambina di Dio . . .
 Bambina d'amor . . .
 Dormi, dormi, dormi.

DORMI
 (A Loose Translation)
 by RJ Cloward

Sleep, sleep, sleep
 Sleep tranquilly, my child.
 The night is drawing near
 And the hour of sleep is nigh.
 The angels of heaven watch over you,
 And God protects you;
 And the stars of heaven sing for you
 A song of love!

Sleep, sleep, sleep
 Oh how I love you, my darling!
 Child of God . . .
 Child of love . . .
 Sleep, sleep, sleep.

Dear Everyone:

Wowdy, ya'll! Once again, this quarterly newsletter done snuck right up on me! Hope this makes it in time.

Wow! What a different way of life Doug and I live since the last issue. I had absolutely NO idea what changes a baby make in a couple's lives! No one on earth could have prepared me for motherhood. I know, because I know some people tried! But, there are some things a person just can't grasp until experience comes along to teach them. But oh...what beautiful new feelings we have been experiencing! Along w/some frustration, I must admit! (Especially at night!)

This little Christian Douglas Anderson is absolutely the most adorable little person I've ever seen! We are having so much fun feeling these new kinds of feelings of love that we never knew before. He is such a sweetie. I'm so glad he's a boy! Through the whole pregnancy I was POSITIVE he was a girl! But I was certainly not favoring a girl over a boy... I just felt like he was a girl. But I'm glad he's a boy. Of course, by now I can't imagine it being any other way!) But see, since Doug has never known his father, the name Anderson (his mother's maiden name) was given to him, rather than his father's name. Well, it just so happens that Doug's grandfather Anderson has no sons or brothers: therefore, had Doug been given any other name, that particular line of Andersons would have ended with his Grandfather. So Doug's always had a certain pride in having the Anderson name and being able to carry it down. And now, he's even extra proud since he has a son to carry it on! He even explained the whole thing to Christian the other day! (I don't think he knew I was listening!)

Life is going great! Sleep would be a nice luxury, but other than that...we're doing fantastic. It sure is nice to see Dad more often now. He's usually home for two weeks at a time. I'm so glad we live close. We are able to spend time with both sets of parents often, and that means a lot to us.

Hope everyone is well! Would LOVE to see our extended family! Are we ever all going to get together again? Thanks to all for your cards and thoughts when little Christian was born. We love you all.

Love,
Doug, Rache
and Christian

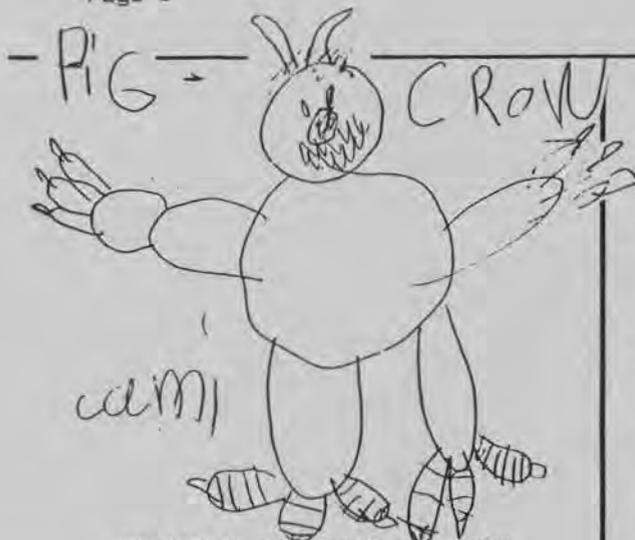


Dear Family,

We've enjoyed having a mild winter this year. On New Year's day, Joe, David and I went to Black Mtn. to go snowmobiling with friends. Soon after we started we had an accident in which I broke my leg. Tomorrow I should get a walking cast, so I'm improving. My family has done very well keeping the household running (which I greatly appreciate).

Joe has begun a correspondence course so he can finish earning his associate degree in electronics. David has had two weeks off work and wrestling with a badly sprained thumb. He will participate in his last district wrestling tournament next week-end. He's also done well in D.E.C.A. (distributive education) competition this year. Daniel just got his learner's permit so we now have another driver! He took 1st place in the 145# weight class at the Jr. Varsity district wrestling tournament this week-end. I've done some sewing and knitting and have missed being outside.

Love to you all,
Marie (The Shaffers)

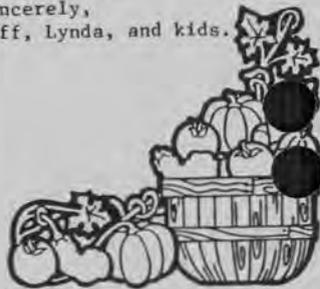


THE GANG OF THE MONSTER-JUNK PARTY
By Camille Whicker, age 6

Once upon a time Purple Bob was dancing all the way to the Monster-Junk Party. Pig-crow came along and said, "Can I go too?" And he was jumping rope all the way there. And then Big Toad came along and asked if he could come too, with his ice cream cones. And then Green Snip came along and scared them. Then Snip asked if he could go too. Then Big Red Dude came along and blew the horn into their ears and said, "Can I come along to the Monster-Junk Party? Yellow Roller Skater came along and said, "Can I roller skate there too?" And they got there at the Junk Party. And they ate cake and played games and popped balloons and got Candy.

pedigree

From the French phrase *pied de grue*, or "crane's foot": a three-line mark (∧) appearing in the intricate, hand-lettered genealogical charts prepared by monks in the Middle Ages.



Dear Family,

Hi! How was everyone's Christmas? Our's was just great! We want to thank all those of you who sent cards, letters, and presents to us. I'm sorry I'm so bad at sending cards and writing thank you letters. I really intended to do better this year, but once again my good intentions did not motivate me to action.

We appreciated everything, of course, but one thing that really touched me was the beautiful pictures of G'ma & G'pa Whicker that Aunt Maxinne and Uncle Ted sent. Thank you so much.

I have been actively looking for employment since the first part of Nov. I'll be getting out of the Air Force no later than April 26 and it sure seems to be coming fast! So far the only real lead we have is with a company called NCR. They make a lot of the scanners you see at grocery stores and the Automatic teller machines you see at banks. They do a lot of other stuff too. We aren't sure yet if they will be hiring us but one of the managers has shown quite a bit of interest. So we have high hopes that we will get the job before I become unemployed in April. We will be moving to El Paso, TX if it does come through. At least that's a little further West!

We had another baby girl last Nov. Normally I would have mentioned that first but I forgot that it's been so long since the last "Loveknot" came out. She is a real cutie, and was named JeLyn for "JEff" and LYnda. She and her mother are both fiem. (fine, fine.)

Adios for now. We love you all and hope to be seeing many of you later on this year. Take care.

Sincerely,
Jeff, Lynda, and kids.

Dear WAN People,

I hope you're not really wan! Happy 1987! Hope you're all having a good year and that it keeps getting better.

Our family is doing well. We found a house to rent in Fruit Heights (as we jokingly say, a suburb of metropolitan Kaysville). It's a great old house, and best of all, it's on three acres (all for the price of a great old house)! It came with 4 hens and a rooster, and we soon acquired a black labrador puppy to "protect" us. His name is Sampson (according to the kids' pronunciation) and he's well loved.

Curtis is working swingshift and I'm working days so we hardly see each other. He's home with the boys (who are the world's most adorable completely opposite-looking brothers!) during the day, for now, but will soon be back in school. My job is WONDERFUL; I couldn't ask for a better opportunity or atmosphere than I have here with the Franklin Institute, a time management seminar and product company.

Our '76 Comet finally died, so we bought a '76 Gran Torino which, I fear, was already in its death throes. But hopefully it will last awhile!

The girls are great and I want to have a family reunion so we can all see each other before my generation is old and the next generation is having babies! I love hearing about your lives but it just ain't enough. What shall we do? I love you!

Rea J



Love-Knot puzzle: "evil intent"

Dear Love-Knot Families:

Here in Kaysville, Utah, things are going fine! We have a new grandson, as you all probably know by now. Christian Douglas Anderson was born on New Year's Day, too late for a tax deduction and too late for the Baby of the Year...although he certainly is the baby of the year in OUR eyes! (Thus far, anyway!) He is a cute little, dark headed guy who looks a lot like his Daddy right now. He has had some problems...jaundice bad enough to return to the hospital just two days after he was released; a "hip click" which makes it necessary for him to wear a brace-sling contraption to keep his little hips in a certain position until the hip sockets have firmed up enough to hold the hips in place properly; and now he has a terrible infection in his sinuses and tonsils which is going to require some antibiotics.....and he's only a month old! I feel so sorry for him and for all of them. Sleep has probably become one of their top priorities these days!

Life is wonderful! Our family has been so blessed. I feel that I never express enough gratitude to the Giver, no matter how many times I thank Him. I guess my life needs to be the real evidence of gratitude, and I hope I can make it so.

We love you all, think of you often, and LOVE to read your letters in the Love Knot!

Love,
Rea



Dear Family,

Hi Everybody! I'm a total blank sitting in front of this piece of blank paper!

Dan finally got a job. He is working for the City of Craig road and bridge department. He likes it pretty well and we're very thankful for a steady job.

Emma had a tonsilectomy in January. She's finally healed up now and doing great. We're ALL glad to have that behind us. It's a pretty tough way to get a steady diet of ice-cream and popsicles.

Hope you're all "wintering well"!

Love you all,

Dan, Ruth, Emma, Flint & Keith Haskins



Dear Family,

Well, the deadline crept up on me again. Glenn is probably getting very tired of trying to work my delinquent letter into the format.

Good news! Mike got a full-time, permanent job. He is now employed by Moffat County road & bridge. He started Jan. 5. Happy New Year!!

Frank went back down to Mesa College. He is living with John in Al & Roberta's house. He should have enough credits to graduate at the end of this semester (but he didn't get all the prerequisite work done early enough to actually graduate). Shayne is getting anxious to graduate from Hayden High School on June 5. He is working extra hard this year. Charlotte has Solo and Ensemble in Walden Feb. 10. She is playing in a saxophone quintet (we got a sneak preview at a concert last Tuesday).

We have had a fairly mild winter and are really enjoying it.

Happy Easter to all.

Love,
The Duziks

Hi Everyone,

Well contrary to what every one probably believes we are still around, and here's the proof, we are finally writing.

Andi is working at the Craig Chiropractic Clinic part time.

I have 'nt worked since October, Well.. that's not real accurate, but Andi won't pay me for kidsitting. HA!

I'm hoping to get a call from one of the coal mines for a job. They had 15 job openings, and last I heard there were between 3 & 4 hundred people applied. Otherwise it's a long wait till road oil starts moving, possibly in May.

Heather is enjoying her 1ST year at school, and seems to be doing real well. She also goes to a dance and gym class once a week, I'm no expert on dancing, but, if energy spent bouncing around the house is an indication, she is doing Great!

Jessica is wanting to go to school now too. She enjoys Sunday School and lets everyone know that it is her school. I don't think I'll let her go to school though, because she is to good of help around the house.

Glenn & everyone we really enjoy the paper.

LOVE YOU ALL

Rich, Andi, Heather, & Jessi

NEW ADDRESSES:

CURTIS & REA JO CLOWARD
112 So. 1300 East
Fruit Heights, UT 8403735

ELDER M. JOHN WHICKER
152 Estelle
Sault Ste Marie, ONT
Canada P5C2C5

Dear Family,

The deadline is arriving & I can't think of anything to write.

We're having an unusually mild winter for northwest Colorado & we surely aren't complaining. Since I'm not working I've done a few of the things that I've wanted to do, such as "knitting a simple vest". With instruction, encouragement, & arm twisting from Marie I'm about to get it finished. Depending on how it turns out, I might even wear it. About every thing has happened that could happen, I think. Gale, in response to my statement that at least I'd learned a lot, figured that I'd learned enough not to attempt to clothe myself in this manner. Such nerve!

Gale has spent a lot of time working on our hitherto neglected vehicles and has had a couple small jobs for others.

Love you all,
Lois & Gale

Dear Family;

Yesterday I officially put in my application to Fly the U-2 spy plane. It was a long, hard decision, but Pam and I both felt it was the best option open to us. If I get accepted (it involves many interviews and at least two trial flights in the bird), we could very well be on our way to England after 5 months of training. So we're looking forward to some mighty big changes within the next year. My actual commitment to the Air Force is up in October of this year, and right now is a super time to get hired by the major airlines, but that just didn't feel right to us as we sought direction. Who really knows why? Someday I'm sure we'll understand completely.

We watched Camille and Taralyn perform in a singing program put on by the 1st Grade Friday. It was heart-warming to watch them as they enthusiastically expressed their talents. This morning we had a family portrait taken, and it looks like JamiAnn has grown up quite a bit - her smiles looked real this time rather than pasted on! Alison left her smile at home I'm afraid!

We love you all - thanks for your participation in this newsletter. It makes our family seem closer even with the many miles between us. And Richard, we are so glad to know you and your family are alive. Has anyone heard the fate of the T.L. Albers clan?

Love, Glenn, Pam,
Camille, Taralyn
JamiAnn & Alison



"THE COUSINS"
at Craig, 1972?

*PLEASE REMEMBER YOUR \$10 per FAMILY FOR NEWSLETTER COSTS FOR 1987.

*SEND MORE PICTURES! THEY'RE GREAT!

FIRST CLASS MAIL

Glenn R. Whicker
3559 Dumosa Way
Beale AFB, CA 95903
916-788-0141



Grandparents Whicker
circa 1970

A PLAQUE HANGING ON THE WALL
OF GRANDPA WHICKER'S HOME

Dear Friend -

As you are standing there
So once did I.
I shared a special love with someone -
My family and my friends.
I laughed, I cried, I ran, I walked
in the sun and the rain.
I gave everything I knew how
In the best way I could.

Now I am the captive
Of a decaying body -
My mind plays tricks on me.
God bless you for your kindness
In caring for me.
I pray the same kindness you
share with me
Will be returned to you when
you are as old as I.

If I am mean and say unkind things -
Forgive me.
As I am not used to being like this.
If only my lips would obey and speak
the things in my heart.

- Anonymous

THE LOVE KNOT



VOL // No. 2

"a tie that binds"

JUNE 1987

FATHER

You're the head of our whole family,
You see to all our needs.
You listen and you hear with love;
You smile and praise good deeds.

You shoulder your own heavy loads,
And share our burdens too.
Armed with Patriarchal power.
God blesses us through you.

Your strong hands hold
our smaller ones -
When calming childish
fears;
Or touch to gently
reassure
And wipe away our
tears.

As you walk forth in
righteousness,
We want to follow you;
And on our knees we
humbly pray
To God, just as you do.

We're walking in your
footsteps,
Secure in loving care.
God bless you fathers, every one,
Is our most humble prayer.

- Author Unknown



WHAT GOD HATH DONE

God took the strength of the mighty oak,
The steadfastness of the mountains tall,
The warmth of the rising sun -
He used them one and all.

He took endurance from the hardy pine,
Love vast as the rolling sea,
Peace from the mountain stream,
And the heart of the dogwood tree.

He took from spring her promise,
From summer the beauty of life,
Courage from the winter's
struggle,
And added faith to meet the
strife.

He took the soul of the
twilight hour,
The rich mellowness of the fall,
The depth of the quiet lake,
And the mystery of the wild
bird's call.

A FATHER God molded from
these things
To lead each home aright,
Down the path the Saviour trod,
Out of darkness into light.

- Jean Jones



Dear Daddy...

A TRIBUTE TO MY DAD

By
Maxine Albers

I wish I were good at putting my thoughts down because what I feel in my heart about my Dad I know I cannot adequately express.

I remember Daddy as a quiet, soft-spoken man who never laid a hand on me, but when he spoke I did his bidding. Somehow I was afraid to disobey because I guess I thought he would carry out punishment if necessary. Although Mother had to be the disciplinarian (because she was with us more and punishment was to be carried out quickly), Daddy always cooperated and we knew he backed Mother and she backed his decisions as well. We sure didn't get by with playing one against the other!

When our family moved into Craig so we girls could attend high school, Daddy was unemployed for some time and Mother had to go to work. Daddy took over the house chores and the cooking at home. As I think back about those days, I admire Dad so much because he learned to bake bread and do much of what was then considered to be womens' work. I am sure the role reversal was equally hard for Mother and Daddy and I will always be grateful for their love and sacrifice. In any case, Daddy rolled up his sleeves, learned the new duties and never ever complained.

Daddy was very much a family man though he never expressed his feelings verbally a lot, I always felt very close to him. He was clean both physically and morally and as steady as a rock. He worked hard and was a good provider. He didn't spend his money foolishly and really didn't spend on himself at all. As I remember, he turned his checks over to Mother who took care of the bills and did most of the buying for the family.

No one could have a more wonderful Dad than ours and now that he is suffering from Alzheimers I can't tell you how heart breaking it is to see him slowly waste away. Most who suffer from this disease become angry and mean, but most of the time he remains sweet and kind as always. That is why he is one of the favorites of the staff in the nursing home.

Daddy often looks up and when he sees me he smiles his lovely little smile - I treasure those moments. I remember his beautiful blue eyes, now faded and sunken, his sweet smile and the times when we used to get tickled about something and laugh until the tears ran! I never heard my Dad utter a swear word. I don't suppose many daughters can say that about their Dads.

The greatest blessing a girl could have is to have a Dad like mine. My prayer is that he still knows how much I have always loved, admired and respected him.



I have thought and thought about how I could give an adequate tribute to dear Father in this issue of Love Not. My vocabulary and creative abilities are not sufficient, it seems, to say what I feel in my heart!

I once read that a father is the guy who with all the snapshots in his wallet where the money used to be.....that's my Daddy! I once read that it is in giving, not in seeking gifts, that we find our quest.....that's my Daddy. I have known no other person in my life who has the ability to give in such a manner that the recipient feels that he may have actually done Daddy a much needed favor by accepting the gift!

Those are the things that immediately come into our minds when we think of my Daddy....along with "lectures" that we all come to cherish and appreciate (as we finally begin to mature!). But I want to talk about something else.....

I want to tell you of his honesty, his cleanliness, his integrity. I want to pay tribute to a man from whom I have NEVER heard a single word more vain than "doggone". Profanity, as far as I know, has never gone forth from his mouth.

I want to tell you that my Father is human and yet his love for his wife, child and son-in-law and for all of his grand-children and great-grandchildren seems to be a little more than human.

Love you, Daddy....thank you.

You give love, and love to your life will flow,

A strength in your utmost need!

You have faith, and scores of hearts will show

Our faith in your word and deed.

*Lovey
Rea Mae*



FORREST S. CLODFELTER, 1986



DANIEL SHAFER'S TRIBUTE TO HIS DAD!



Some memories of my father,
ORA SOLOMON CLODFELTER

by F. S. Clodfelter

Dad was a hard working farmer in eastern Kansas. His parents brot their family from Indiana when Dad was a small lad. They settled southeast of Belle Plaine, Ks. The old homestead farm is still in the family, with one of my cousins farming it, altho in a different way than when the farm power was from horses and mules; and cows furnished the milk, and butter, and cheese. Eggs were NOT bot at the store, nor beef, nor sausage, nor fruit, nor vegetables. I mention these for a point: Cash was not prevalent nor always the medium of exchange. Barter and trading of grown products were as good as cash in many, many ways. Dad and Mother, by the time I came around, lived on (and were buying on mortgage)*** 80 acres 3 miles west and 1 1/2 mile south of Udall, Ks., something like 3 miles NE of their old homestead (Dads), but across the Arkansas River which we forded many times, with horse and wagon (that was our 'van!!! Now about that Dad: A farm is one of the most dangerous places in the world, what with high windmills to repair and oil: High silos to fall off of, and the

Dad's the best mechanic in the Universe as far as I'm concerned. He does not claim to know everything about cars, though.

He's kind, cool, sometimes wierd as in funny!

My Dad does not care what the world thinks of him or his family. He loves to work, and sometimes we have to tell him to stop working, especially when he's working on cars.

He's an all around great dude!

Fred S. Whicker

Alison
Whicker
with
her
grandpa.



steam or gasoline engines to run the hazzardous threshers or ensilage cutters or grain grinders - all open and receptive to inadvertently misplaced hands. (Federal laws at that time did not stress safe mfg. of machinery) Dad was a three time victim of unsafe farm equipment. Before I can remember, Dad climbed the wet wooden windmill ladder in the barnyard to see if the cows in the far pasture of G-dads 80 acres, had been 'spoofed' by the lightning and wind and thunder of the just-passed storm. At the top he turned to look back over his shoulder and foot slipped off the step and he managed to keep his balance while falling and landed on both feet, jarring his ankles until he never was able to walk properly again. Then when I

was about 8 or 9, Dad and Leslie, who was 11 years older than I, and one of our cousins were doing custom silo filling at a neighbors farm, and the corn had had a very good growing year, producing 14 ft. stalks. The three-horse corn binders which were cutting the crop made only one strand binding - - around a 14' bundle!!! This allowed the stalks to tangle and make a very difficult bundle to feed into the cutter. Dad was trying to force the bundle butts into the feed rolls when a doubled stalk caught his right elbow and forced his right hand into the blades, cutting off his right hand just above the wrist. I tell this to lead up to what kind of a man Dad was: He immediately grabbed the spurting artery with his left hand to try to stop the excessive bleeding and held it while, (1) Others got a Model "T" Ford started and in their hurry to rush Dad to Mulvane (12 miles away) to the Hospital, forgot to check the gas., so about 2 miles up the road they ran out of gas. A stranger came by and took the driver back to the farm where they had been working, got another car, came after Dad and continued to the hospital. ALL THIS TIME DAD HAD BEEN HOLDING THE ARTERY. When he came out from under the chloroform, the very first thing he said to Mother, was, "Mary, somehow we are going to still give those kids of ours (4) an education." Follow-thru is a very important virtue. Dad and Mother managed to keep the farm, and moved to Winfield, Ks. so Leslie and Verna could go to Southwestern College and Almeda and I to grade, Jr. High and High School. This plan required more "guts" than I think I would have had had I been the parent. We had no truck or trailer so after getting a milk cow to Winfield, I remember how Dad would

fasten a rope to the frame of the "T" Ford, lay the rope ends out to the side on the ground, pile hay on the ropes, then cinch the rope ends up to the top's frame and haul the alfalfa to Winfield so we could have milk. A poor mans way, certainly, EXCEPT, he was not a poor man, except cash-wise.

Just one more point this time. In the very first column of this I inserted those *** - - about that mortgage on the farm. In that day you just did NOT borrow money openly as today. I remember that once or twice a year, Dad would go to Udall, take care of farm purchases etc. until he could see that there were a minimum of farmers (people) on the street then he would go into the bank, and when no other customers were present he would go into the back room, (the Presidents office) and make a mortgage payment.

Indebtedness was not something that was deliberately publicized, in that day. How much better off today, would we be had we stuck to more of a "pay as you go" We wouldn't be to the position of possible national monetary collapse.

Glenn, sorry that this took so much space to say only a part of what I could tell about Dad - - and Mother. They were quite a pair - - I just regret that I was unaware of just how great a pair of ancestors you all have - - when I was a kid. We get so soon old and so late smart. Dad wanted to teach us to think!

So he made us figure out:

If a dog and a collar
Cost a dime and a dollar
And the dog cost a dollar more
than the collar.

How much did each cost?

I just had to throw that in for posterity. Thanks for listening.

Grandpa Fred A Rintoul

My father was 36 years old before he started his family and I was his first. I guess I'll have to admit that he spoiled me a little but he was good at spoiling. Grandma was quite spoiled too.

Grandpa accepted Christ as his savior at one time but he never attended church from the time I can remember. However I never knew a man who lived more according to Christian principles. I seem to recall a few times in my very early life that he lost his temper but not after I was a small child. Giving was his greatest attribute. He was never happier than when he had a gift for someone. My older sister, Helen, who was his step-child used to call him Mr. Christmas because he made such a big deal of Christmas. He was always for the underdog and worked for most of the black and Mexican people in Garden City. At that time it was hard to get anyone to go into the homes of those people as your history books will tell you.

Even tho he didn't go to church he did some redecorating for the church or the parsonage every year. And he did the same thing for the black church and they all loved him so much. When Grandma died, the members brought lots of food to him and the rest of the family didn't know any of them.

I must have inherited my vagabond nature from him for he loved to travel and would ride as long as anyone would take him, never shutting his eyes for fear he would miss something. When we were small and needed attention in the night it was always Daddy who got up with us. I do not remember mother getting up unless it took two to take care of us such as when all four of us had the whooping

cough. Daddy always said his worst nightmares raising all of us was buying shoes and whooping cough.

My Daddy was so tender hearted he couldn't punish us but he really believed it should be done. He would say to mother, "That kid needs a spanking." and expect her to do it. One little story to help explain his teasing nature. He hated soup. He said it wasn't food. One day when he was in the hospital on a liquid diet, they brought him a bowl of soup. After the nurse had gone way down the hall, he called out loudly to her.

When she returned to see what he wanted, he said, "Look, there's noodle in there." The nurses all learned to love him and every one of them had to kiss him goodbye when he left.

He loved all kinds of sports and always felt badly that at least one of his two boys didn't participate in them. Oh, he wasn't perfect but I loved him so much and I'm not telling his faults because his worst one was generosity.

Grandma Mae



I'm supposed to write about dad, and just bring out his highlights. Believe me, that is impossible, as there isn't enough time or paper. It would be easier to bring out "lowlights", because all I'd have to do is sign my name.

I'll stumble through a few words about Dad, but his biggest highlight has been his whole life, and the way it has affected his family, and probably anyone else who got to know him.

Dad's patience with kids is something I really admire. It's not just his grandkids, but other people's kids, including those over 20 years old. The only time I've seen Dad lose patience is when someone is repeatedly inconsiderate, (generally mellow), or with some inanimate object (volatile-especially when speaking Yanmar).

Whenever I need help, Dad is always ready to pitch in. If it's a personal problem he may just make suggestions or relate it to his own experience, but with little guidance; he will let you make your own decision. He always seems interested in any project you might have going and will offer his time and/or his equipment to make the task easier. For him, giving the shirt off his back, is just a good way to start.

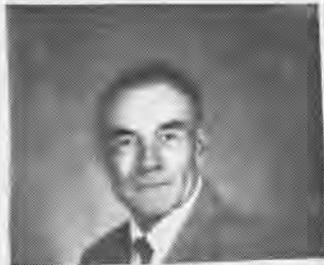
Dad has great respect for others' feelings and opinions. He won't force his opinion on anyone, but will try to help anyone who needs or wants it, even people I believe don't deserve the time of day. If Dad doesn't have anything good to say to or about someone, he is generally silent. But I've never seen him turn away from helping anyone who needs it.

When it comes to work, I can work up a sweat just laying in bed and thinking about what Dad does in one day. Not only is he a hard worker, but he's somewhat of a perfectionist too. When he works on something (mechanicing or whatever) he looks past the symptom to try to find the real cause of the problem. He always does his best, because he has pride in all his work and hates to see work come back to be done again. I know the kind of work he does, and compared to most people, he's awfully hard to beat.

Dad hasn't completely figured out what an eight-hour workday is. Mainly he believes that when the stores are open, he'd better get his paying done then - then he can settle down and get to work.

I haven't done justice to Dad with what I've written here. We rarely express verbally our praise to each other. It's just something we can feel, and know is real. I can't corner the words I need to describe him, but think about everything you LOVE, RESPECT, and want to be, and you'll be coming close to what my DAD is.

Rich Norman



focus

The Latin word for "hearth": symbol of home to the ancient Roman family and site of a shrine to the household gods, who were honored with wine and cakes; hence, a center of attention or, in science, the point at which light rays converge.

I don't know why, but back when I was small
I had two friends who stood out more than all.
It seemed to me the one was like the other.
I knew them as my Daddy, and my Father.

My Daddy wasn't like the kind of dads you often see
For it seemed to me his very life was lived just for me.
So you can understand me when I tell you what I've said,
That my Dad was like my Father and my Father like my Dad
In the eyes of one so young as I when I was but a lad.

No, I could not see the one without the other,
For my Daddy was the image of my Father.
My Daddy and my Father, they were one.
How blessed I was to be their little son.

I knew there was a difference 'tween the two, there had to be,
For my Father lived in heaven and my Daddy lived with me.
But when Daddy always prayed at my side so reverently
He made me feel my Father, too, was always close to me.

And whenever I was chastized by my Daddy's stinging hand,
I never felt but what my father made the same demand.
And when Daddy always read to me and held me in his arms
I could not help but feel my Father's love so pure and warm.

No, I could not see the one without the other,
For my Daddy was the image of my Father.
My Daddy and my Father, they were one.
How blessed I was to be their little son.

Then came the awful day when I thought that I could see
My Daddy and my Father almost seemed to disagree.
But quickly came my comfort when I heard my Daddy cry!
The fault is mine, for God is true; a sinful man am I.

I knew then that my Daddy did not really disagree,
It's just he was not happy 'cause my Father was not pleased.

And now I sit and ponder.....

If my Daddy had been angry and rebelled against my Father
By insisting that his sin was not a sin,
I would have had to choose to follow one or else the other,
And what an awful choice it might have been.

How painful is the thought, for I revered them both, you see.
To follow one without the other seemed impossible to me.

Well, I saw a long repentance, for my Daddy was in chains.
And he expressed his sorrow while his misery remained.
But through it all, I never really felt I had to choose
Between Daddy and my Father; keep the one, the other lose,

For my Daddy left no room to think
That the cup he was required to drink
Was anything but evidence
Of Father's good and loving sense

And now that I have grown from boy to man
I think that I can see my Father's hand.
For if my soul is honest, I cannot help but see
That the weakness in my Daddy was present, too, in me.

For there were times when visions of my Daddy's consternation
Were all that kept my weakness from succumbing to temptation.
And even as it is, my weakness more than just annoyed me,
When in my pride I felt unloved, it almost destroyed me.

And if my Dad had given forth excuses for his sin,
I might have just believed him and in greater darkness been.

And so I see that through my Daddy's suffering and pain,
I was preserved, in great degree, from suffering the same.
For well I know this weakness was in me before my birth,
And it was wisdom in our God that I be Dad's son on earth.

For as the saying goes, two birds killed with but one stone,
My Daddy's grand deliverance has brought about my own.

And I still can't see the one without the other,
For my Daddy is the image of my Father.
My Daddy and my Father, they are fast becoming one,
And how blessed I am, as always, to be their little son.

*Come now, and let us reason together,
saith the Lord: though your sins be as
scarlet, they shall be as white as snow;
though they be red like crimson, they
shall be as wool. Isaiah 1:18*



- June 13 - Stephen Whicker (8)*
19 - M. John Whicker (21)
20 - Alaina Whicker (5)
20 - Jeff & Lynda's 6th
22 - Frank Duzik (21)
22 - Kemarie Whicker (2)
24 - Judy Albers
- July 1 - Maxine Albers
1 - Glenn Whicker
8 - Rachael M. Anderson
17 - Charlotte Duzik (17)
17 - Marie Shaffer
18 - Curtis & Rea Jo's 12th
- 19 - Camille Whicker (7)
19 - Taralyn Whicker (7)
22 - Jefferson Cloward (1)
31 - Forrest & Edythe Mae's 55th
- August 5 - Diane Whicker
8 - Rea Jo Whicker
8 - Shannon Davidson (3)
11 - Connie Whicker
17 - Emily Cloward (8)
19 - Benjamin Mark Whicker
21 - Nathan Cloward (4)
30 - Shayne Duzik (19)

I Love my Dad very much
he does a lot with
me. I Play with him
I Love my Dad very
much.
Cody



30 May 1987

Dear Family,

We have moved to a new office building and have no power to anything that produces typewriting so you'll have to bear with me.

Our life goes on... My job is a great blessing, but I do miss my kids. I'm working into sales and hope to eventually have a more flexible schedule by developing my career along those lines.

Samson the Labrador Pup is living elsewhere now - after he killed the 3rd hen, we realized he needed the kind of training we had no time to give.

Many of you may know that Curtis and I are being divorced. It is something which is very painful, of course, and I never thought it would happen in my life. I ask you to please remember my family in your prayers... The children are doing fairly well because they are able to see alot of Curtis so the transition has been gradual for them. But it is a slow process, and I need so much wisdom in dealing with them. I want their happiness and security.

I love you all. It's a funny life - so, so hard and yet very full with beauty. Keep smiling - D

Dear Family;

Alot of excitement in our lives since last newsletter! Dad was rebaptized into the Church after a long, hard process. We all got to be involved with that great miracle, and it has increased our understanding and appreciation for the Atonement of our Saviour. We're very grateful to have witnessed this long-awaited recovery, and are glad G'ma Whicker, G'padres Clodfelter and Aunt Maxine and Uncle Ted could come share the moment with us.

My interview for U-2's went well, and I was accepted to start training on July 6th (at least, that's the latest date - its changed 4 times already!). But, because of manning, we won't make it to England til July '88. Until then, I'll just continue to fly out of here. I'm pretty excited about it, as its quite an interesting mission and an unusual plane. Besides that, I have Uncle Ted's sanction on the deal!

We're all fine - looking forward to Disneyland on June 16th. We have to go because last year Camille got scarlet fever and didn't get to. We love you all. And a HAPPY FATHER'S DAY to all you Dads and Grand-dads and other handsome men out there!

Love,
Glenn, Pam, Camille
Taralyn, JamiAnn & Alison



22 May 1987

Dear Family;

We're teaching a few exciting people right now. This guy named Rich, he's a young college student and he really feels like the church is where it's at, but doesn't feel ready to make the commitment right now. He also has a fiancée who is bitter toward religion, because her mother forced it on them as kids, and she had a lot of bad experiences concerning 'church'. So he (Rich) really wants to take it slow with her. But we see them often and are getting to be good friends - a most important step.

Mr. Heibeck is really excited about the gospel. He's always been a religious man, but never understood everything about it. Now he's studying the Book of Mormon and the Bible really hard and it's helping him a lot. He has a wife and three sons. I'm sure we'll be sharing the gospel with them also. He got married when he was 17, his wife 16; he's about 35 now and has worked really hard all his life. Now he's concerned about his three teenaged sons because they don't have the responsibilities he did at their age, which kept him humble. But as an outsider I can see that they are great kids and I'm sure they'll accept the gospel. I still haven't met his wife.

We're also teaching the Heibeck's next door neighbors, the Kjolhede's (KoLHeD). They're also very open-minded and religious-minded.

As I come to the close of my mission, I find that I need more and more support. And knowing what great support I've received up to now, and the great family unity we all feel, I'm sure I'll get all I need. And to show my appreciation, I'm going to take the 3rd most supportive family member out for a steak dinner and a movie of their choice, as soon as I get a job and a day off.* I say the 3rd most supportive because Mom & Dad can't be beat. But Mom or Dad can ALSO be the 3rd most supportive. The winner will be determined by number of letters received from each individual postmarked after June 1st. All recipients of this newsletter eligible.

I want you all to know that I'm grateful for all you've done for me out here. I can feel your prayers and concern. Nothing could pay that back.

I love and am looking forward to seeing you ALL.

Love, John

If winner lives over four hours away it will be as soon as I can plan a vacation! People to beat in contest (judging from past): 1. Mom 2. Dad 3. G'ma Whicker 4. Ronald 5. Glenn

My new address: 208 East State #2
St. Johns, MI 48879



May 21, 1987

Dear Family,

We're all fine here. David graduates the 31st of May. (Can't believe it!) Daniel just got his driver's license. It happens so fast and even though we know its going to, its hard to believe.

We plan to take a week vacation and fly to Washington D.C. in June! Getting very anxious. Daniel and I have never flown in a big plane, so that will be new to us. David flew for the first time about a month ago. He placed in the top 6 in the state DECA competition, so got to go to the national competition in automobile servicing. It was held in New Orleans. He didn't place there but really enjoyed it anyway.

We've had a beautiful, early spring this year - we're at least a half month ahead (according to blooming things!) Mom and Dad have a good deal of their farming done (and Marg and Mike too.)

Love, Marie & 3

Dear Family,

This may be too late to get in the paper, but if it is, it won't be much loss.

Gale and I took a vacation - were gone a few days over two weeks! We've never done that before, but we really had a wonderful time. We spent a week down around the Moab, Utah area and saw so many interesting things there. Gale's brother and wife, Forrest and Betty, had taken their camper too and we did our sight-seeing together. Then we returned our camper to G. Jct. and they went on home. Then Gale and I went on to Flagstaff and spent another week. There is so much to see around there, and we had such a lovely place to stay. Rich, Andi and the girls came down and spent a few days with us, so we ran around the countryside together and had such a lovely time.

Now Gale is busily trying to get his farming done and was going great guns when it started to rain every day, and hasn't let up yet. He's so near done, so shouldn't take too long if he can just get a few dry days.

Love to All, Lois and Gale



Howdy, Ya'All:

Well, I am late again...hope this can still get in the June Love Knot. This has been a particularly busy Spring for us, though quite exciting.

I was very happy to have such a large part of our family here the middle of April when I was re-baptized. Wish you all could have made it, but as large a group as we are getting to be, that would be virtually impossible in this busy world we live in. Not only were all of our kids here except for our John, who was doing something

more important right now, but we were blessed with the presence of my Mother, Rea's parents and also Ted and Max! Grandma Rea was quite concerned at one time that at least one of the 20 grandchildren that were right at the edge of the font might fall in with Jeff and I! Guess it was quite a sight from that side.

Our other venture is the Day Care Center that Mom and I bought 1 1/2 blocks from our house. It was quite run down, so we have been really busy. There are two apartments besides the Day Care section. Rachael, Doug and Christian are in the basement apartment, and Connie and Rache will be our first 2 employees and hopefully, we'll need more help soon. That will mean we are making it! So far, it has been all outgo with very little income! Please favor us with your prayers.

Since it is Father's Day season, I'd like you all to know what great fathers I have...Ben A. Whicker and Forrest S. Clodfelter. They have both been great examples to me, but have helped me in many other ways, too. I think it is quite a tribute to both of them that I have never and don't think anyone else has ever heard one word of profanity from either of them. It is my goal to someday reach their level of knowledge, understanding and perfection in this life; of course, when and if I do, they will still have progressed beyond this point they are now, so I'll still have further to go to be like them! Eternal progression is a marvelous concept.

Well, I've gotta go. Love you all!

B.R., Papa Dad, Grandpa Fixit

(Take your pick!)

Corner

This year is the Bicentennial of our Divinely inspired Constitution. In this issue and the next two 1987 issues, some interesting facts will be presented through questions and answers concerning this great document. They are taken from a fantastic study book on the Constitution, called *The Making of America*. If anyone is interested in obtaining a copy, let me know. I personally feel that it should be in every home in America, and should be studied!

Q:(1) What ancient group of people was Thomas Jefferson referring to when he said, "it is from these people that we claim the honor of being descended and whose political principles and form of government we have assumed"?

Q: On June 28, 1787, Benjamin Franklin made a plea to the members of the Constitutional Convention. What did he wish them to do?

A:(1) The Anglo-Saxons, who had a very efficient form of representative government copied after that of ancient Israel. The founders were fascinated with the amazing and successful distribution of powers displayed by the government of the Israelites, which was devised by God through Moses.

A:(2) His plea was for prayer. This is a portion of his famous speech:

"I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth -- that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow

cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, sir, in the sacred writings, that 'except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little partial, local interests, our projects will be confounded and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword down to future ages. And, what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, or conquest.

"I, therefore, beg leave to move: That hereafter prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business, and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service."

It is sadly interesting to note that the "clergy" of the city would not consent to do this service without pay, and since the Convention did not have any money this plea was not approved. Sad, too, that at that time, it was not considered proper for anyone other than the "clergy" to offer prayers.....as if they would be any less effective coming from the lips of any sincere Convention member!





GRANDPA 'FIXIT' AND GRANDMA
WEE CARE OPEN HOUSE
May 16, 1987

Wee Care opens

KAYSVILLE — A new day-care center has opened in Kaysville.

The Wee Care Children's Center at 344 E. 200 N. is owned by Ben and Rea Whicker of Kaysville and will be run by Connie Whicker who has had 10 years of day-care experience, and Rachel Anderson.

The state-licensed center is a family business that Mrs. Whicker feels the public needs. The center cares for infants from 3 months old through preschoolers.

The service will be available from 6:30 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. daily. Arrangements are being made for getting kindergarten

The 2,000-square-foot facility



Reading a book to Benjamin Whicker is has 10 years of day-care experience. The Wee Care manager Connie Whicker, who new center recently opened in Kaysville.

is well equipped with both indoor and outdoor equipment. There are swings, tricycles and a sandpile, puzzles, books, blocks

and other learning equipment. Language skills, number skills, large and small muscle skills, art, cooking, science and

math, will all be taught. Anyone interested in learning more about the school may call Wee Care at 544-7020.

FIRST CLASS MAIL

Glenn R. Whicker
3559 Dumosa Way
Beale AFB, CA 95903
916-788-0141



LABOR DAY, 1965
Whicker's Trailer Court

Walk a little plainer Daddy,
said a little boy so frail.
I'm following in your footsteps
and I don't want to fail.

Sometimes your steps are very plain,
sometimes they are hard to see
So walk a little plainer Daddy,
for you are leading me.

I know that once you walked this way
many years ago
And what you did along the way
I'd really like to know.

For sometimes when I am tempted,
I don't know what to do
So walk a little plainer Daddy,
for I must follow you.

Some day when I'm grown up,
you are like I want to be
Then I will have a little boy,
who will want to follow me.

And I would want to lead him right
and help him to be true
So walk a little plainer Daddy,
for we must follow you.

- Anonymous

THE LOVE KNOT



VOL 2 No.3

"a tie that binds"

SEPT 1987

THE BIRTH OF A NATION by Ronald Reagan



There is a legend about the day of our Nation's birth in the little hall in Philadelphia, a day on which debate had raged for hours. The men gathered there were honorable men hard-pressed by a king who had flouted the very laws they were willing to obey. Even so, to sign the Declaration of Independence was such an irretrievable act that the walls resounded with the words "treason, the gallows, the headsman's axe," and the issue remained in doubt.

The legend says that at that point a man rose and spoke. He is described as not a young man, but one who had to summon all his energy for an impassioned plea. He cited the grievances that had brought them to this moment and finally, his voice falling, he said, "They may turn every tree into a gallows, every hole into a grave, and yet the words of that parchment can never die. To the mechanic in the workshop, they will speak hope; to the slave in the mines, freedom. Sign that parch-

ment. Sign if the next moment the noose is around your neck, for that parchment will be the textbook of freedom, the Bible of the rights of man forever."

He fell back exhausted. The fifty-six delegates, swept up by his eloquence, rushed forward and signed that document destined to be as immortal as a work of man can be. When they turned to thank him for his timely oratory, he was not to be found, nor could any be found who knew who he was or how he had come in or gone out through the locked and guarded doors.



IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF THE
BICENTENNIAL OF OUR INSPIRED CONSTITUTION

ADVENTURES IN Love

Page 2



August 14, 1987

By: Grandma (Beulah) Whicker

One of the funniest dates I had with your grandpa Benjamin A. Whicker occured on a Sunday afternoon as he took me to my school 17-1/2 miles from home. A whirlwind passed over taking my Sunday "go to meetin" hat with it. Ben gave me the lines and he rushed back to retrieve it.

His high-spirited horse turned to the right side of the buggy. I was fearful the buggy would be overturned, or that the shaft (which held him inside would break) so I pulled on the lines as hard as I could to get him lined up and headed up the road, then he ran away with me. I pulled with all my strength while Ben ran behind trying to catch up with me with my hat in his hand! In retrospect those swift action moments seemed longer than they actually were.

When Ben got back, which took a while, I felt relieved when he got hold of the reins. Neither of us were too badly shaken up but we had a good laugh about the scene we had just made.

After Ben and I were married he and Papa traded horses - I think they didn't want me to drive Prince any more.

And so we lived happily ever after!

My most memorable date with Margaret was to an after (football) game dance called the "Peppermint Twist". It was probably the coldest, snowiest night of the year. My Dad had to drive us to the game and pick us up after the dance. It was over around midnight. All the other kids were going home and the school chaperones were locking doors and shutting off lights - but no ride for Marg and me. So, Marg in her fancy dress and light coat and me in slacks and top coat started to walk downtown in a blizzard!! After we had walked about half way we decided that we should really wait around the school since that was where our ride was supposed to meet us... so, we walked, talked (and froze) back up to the High School. My father finally came to pick us up, I was convinced Marg would never go out with me again, ending a beautiful relationship, because you see, it was our first (and probably last) date.

mike



Margaret, T.L. & Marie
Spring, 1952

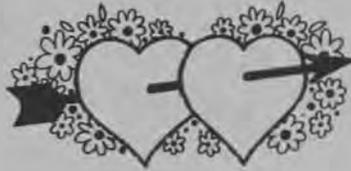
I have been assigned to write about my most memorable date with Jeff. There have been many, but I believe the MOST memorable dealt with communication.

Before we were married and after doing what has become traditional, by that I mean spending money on a movie, we went back to my home and for several hours became really acquainted. We talked and opened up to each other like I had never done before. It was even more meaningful because we #1 weren't spending money, #2 didn't feel like we had to be or had to entertain each other, and #3 we were talking about something we knew most of - ourselves. It was really special because I found out even more about myself than I had known and I learned how to analyze parts of my personality.

By far the most important times in marriage as well as life are those times when all barriers and drawn-up walls are pushed aside and we speak to each other heart to heart. But the secret, too, is found in the next few days. With Jeff there has NEVER been any sarcasm or any belittling of those secrets I shared. I respect and honor him as one of the greatest men on earth. I love and cherish him and am SO grateful for the opportunity I had six years ago to join hands with him in marriage for time and all eternity. I LOVE this family so much for the acceptance you have all shown to me. I'm grateful my children are part of you all and that they are -- Whickers.

May God bless you all and I hope I pray that we will all keep the communication lines open.

Love to you!
Lynda



Dear Family,

I am going to attempt a brief recollection of my most memorable time I have spent with my wife Rachael. In doing this I find immediately some obstacles. One is that I have a poor memory. Another is that I am very inarticulate. Another is how shall I define memorable? Still another is how personal shall I get?

There is the time we spent in the back seat of the car on the way home from California. We kept our cool; Fred was driving. There is our first date when I went to her house to talk and perhaps go out for a piece of pie. I was wearing old jeans that were high waters, leather moccasins, and a tee shirt. Upon arriving Rachael informs me that she forgot that she has a wedding reception she needs to attend and spent an hour trying to get me to walk through a formal line dressed as I was. I asked her mother if she was for real. She attended the reception alone.

This one I can't forget. It was around our fourth date. We went in the mountains for family night, and cooked smores (smorfs?). Had a nice time. Then when everything quieted down I accidentally farted, handling it with a very adroit "oops".

The time that most stands in memory is when I had been thinking of marriage, and watched her hug her father with a smile. Seeing that smile with those eyes sweeter than all I decided that I wanted Rachael my friend, to be my wife, and eternal companion.

- Doug Anderson

8/15/87
2000L

Hi Ya All;

Wow! What an assignment this turned out to be! When Glenn first told me about it, I thought what a snap it would be as a couple of instances immediately popped into my mind. The assignment, by the way, is to tell about Mom and our most memorable date. On further reflection I realized that we are still on, hopefully in the middle, of our first and most memorable date -- that I can remember, at any rate. So I'll just hit some highlights that stand out in my mind of this memorable date. Mom doesn't remember at least one of these high spots.

Our date began, in my mind anyway, sometime during the summer of 1944 at a Christian Church Adult Camp on Grand Mesa. I had turned 11 in January and Mom would be turning 10 yrs. old the following December. I was rather bored with the whole thing till I spotted the dark little Mexican? girl with pigtails named Rio, or something like that. She seemed to be kinda sweet on some little wimp of a kid from Pueblo, so I proceeded to challenge him to every type contest of masculinity I could think of. I raced him to the top of the mountain, beat him in many foot races, out wrestled him and proved in every instance that he had not yet reached near the point of manhood that I had attained! Of course, the fact that he was a year or so younger had very little to do with the results. this is one of the instances, I'm VERY sorry to say, that my wife doesn't even remember! What a terrible waste of time and energy!

What I want to say is that I knew at that time that she was for me. I was still too bashful to talk to her one on one, but I had our preacher's sister-in-law get her address from her mother, which I carried in my wallet till we moved

From Craig to Grand Jct. the summer of 1947.

The next most memorable moment was when she finally put me out of my misery in a movie and grabbed my hand. I honestly suspect I would have had a heart attack soon if she hadn't taken it. I'd been trying to get up the nerve to hold her hand for a couple of dates, but could only get my hand so far before I'd chicken out. My heart beating all the time like I'd just ran 3 miles. Then sometime later, after several dates planning, I finally kissed her under a street light on White Ave. on the way walking home from a movie. Talk about lights and bells! My knees were so wobbly I'm sure she had to hold me up all the rest of the way to her house - so much for masculinity! I was like warm butter in her hands from then on. Of course all this was in our extreme youth. We've had many memorable experiences in our life together. I'll never forget the full feeling of joy I felt when we were sealed as a family for time and all eternity in the Temple; when the Temple workers brought our 5 children, all in white, into the sealing room to kneel at the altar with us. Sometimes happiness can be so intense it is almost unbearable. Then that evening, G'pa & G'ma Whicker took the kids and let Mom and I relive and discuss that moment alone together. That meant alot to us at the time as we didn't get much time together, alone, in those days.

Then, not many months ago, Mom and I were blessed with over a month that I was able to stay home. We were granted the blessing of receiving the healing grace of Jesus Christ in our lives to heal weaknesses and partake of the gift of repentance and miracle of forgiveness in our lives. Something we had been wanting and seeking for a long time. We had decided it would take a long time for all to be healed, but that it would be worth

the effort even if it couldn't be completely accomplished in this lifetime. When all was over completely and virtually overnight, we were stunned. I am still awed by the wonder of it all.

Mom and I were discussing our lives a few years ago, when things weren't even close to perfect, and we decided that in spite, or maybe because of all the problems we had encountered in this life, we certainly could never say life had been boring. Every moment has been exciting during this date with Mom. I don't remember asking her for this date, but I'm sure glad I did! I'm sure the most memorable moment is yet to come, when, at the resurrection of the just, I take her hand and raise her from her resting place to spend the rest of eternity as a family with our Heavenly Father and His Son Jesus Christ in the Celestial Kingdom.

When I think of all the progress Mom and I have made together, I stand in wonder at how Heavenly Father presents us the opportunities to grow. I'm sure Mom and I both could have had successful lives with someone else; however, I doubt seriously they would have been as exciting, and I'm sure we wouldn't have learned as much as we have TOGETHER.

My love for Mom, which was almost overpowering as a teenager, is even deeper now after 40(?) years. Fortunately, my heart has slowed down or it would have exploded years ago.

Hope this isn't too long and/or too boring. Just want you all to know our most memorable date is still in progress and it's a BLAST! (By the way, the name turned out to be Rea. Close, anyway.)

Love To All,
Ben R.



"Rio", and her 1st daughter,
"Rio José"!

Sometime during the late summer of 1946, the Ted Albers', Lois & I (Teddy being the only child at the time) went on a week-end camping trip to Whiskey Park above Columbine, CO. Shortly before dark, we had our camping gear loaded into our two 1937 Plymouth gutless wonders. After exiting Hwy 40 at Elk River, 10 mi. west of Steamboat, & mutually agreeing on the correct route (in the dark) at each fork in the dirt road towards Columbine, at about 9:30 PM we arrived at a well-marked intersection indicating we were 2 mi. from Steamboat, having made an almost complete circle in our wanderings. We were all amazed that we could all have agreed on the route and all be wrong! We backtracked, deciding to squander our money on a nice cabin with Gertrude Juel at Columbine. At around 11 PM when we arrived there, Columbine appeared deserted, so we spent the remainder of the night curled up in the seats of the cars. Probably Teddy was the only comfortable one of the party (at that time he didn't take up much room). In the wee small hours before daylight, we headed on to Whiskey Park. After pushing the cars up the hills, over the rocks, filling in ditches, scraping off various & sundry parts from beneath the cars, leaving a trail of muffler & tailpipes on the highest rocks, we arrived at a really beautiful campsite. We established a complete-



ly comfortable campground (as only Ted Albers could), ate breakfast and finally headed for the stream to fish. Ted & Max displayed the proper technique of approaching the beaver dams undetected from the lower side, carefully casting enticements to the fish-but to no avail. Lois & I, on the other hand, floundered through tall grass & willow runs to the beaver dams, & plopped in large worms, laughing & splashing, & frantically yanking out fish. Soon we all noticed dark storm clouds rolling in & knowing we all had to be at work Monday morning & realizing that if it rained we might be marooned there for several days, we hastily dismantled our beautifully set-up camp, stuffed it in the cars & high-tailed it to better roads. We decided at Clark we could make it out even if it did rain, so we stopped & went fishing there. We caught a large number of trout ranging from 5 to 7 or 8". While posing proudly for pictures with our string of fish we were warned by a fellow fisherman that it was illegal to keep fish under 7" (the bulk of our catch), so after eating the evidence of our crime, sun-burned, dirty, and well-rested(?) we headed for home.

- Gale Norman



The times at the shack we lived in where Forrest taught school seems to stand out in my mind. That was about the time Betty McDonald wrote "The Egg and I" and I couldn't help but think that if I could write as cleverly as she, I could write a better book than hers. First there were the days we spent building the shack on the school ground. In August in Kansas it is hot hot hot and miserable. There was no such thing as air conditioning and the only place we had to relax was in the school building. The flies swarmed around and chewed on you when you were trying to rest. We ate vienna sausages and bread. There was no ice and we didn't even think about pop as it was too expensive. All this tried the patience of young marrieds and there were the inevitable spats over minor problems.

Then there was the day we papered the single board walls. I remember that there were several little disagreements and the heat and mugginess didn't make it any easier. There was no insulation or inside wall and the boards did not come completely together on the inside.

We worked hard all day and again the "young couple syndrome" hounded us but we were so pleased when it was done and that it looked so nice. Oh, there were a lot of laughs also and all in all it was a fun project. We heaved a sigh of relief and got ready to go into town. Just as we were about to close the door on it, there began pops and cracks like firecrackers going off. I am a paper hanger's daughter and I did know that you have to cover such cracks with stripping of some kind before you paper it. I just didn't think of it when we papered our wall. Every crack popped open and ruined our beautiful job. We lived with it that winter because we had neither the time or the money to do it over.



The next year we decided to improve our home a little and we went thru the project of nailing used filter cloths from the sugar factory up for an inside wall. They were 4'x8', cost us a dime apiece and had greasy spots here and there. The project was not unlike the ones the year before. Now we were somewhat insulated. By the way, the lumber bill for our first home, nails and all was \$62.62. Income \$440/year! While living in this 10'x16' shack, we had our baby girl, ran out or ran from the dust storms, I learned to drive and we bought our first car, a four cylinder 1923 Chevy for \$85. Each of these experiences is a story in itself and there's no room for all of them.
Grandma & Grandpa C.

26 August 1987

This is tough duty!

Glenn issued me an assignment this time for the "Love Knot" and after thinking about it for a second I came up with an answer to the question "What is my first impression of the Albers family or T.L. and my most memorable experience?" Well, my impression of the Albers family is an absolute feeling of unconditional acceptance. The effort that Ted and Maxine have put out on my behalf is something just short of incredible and very much appreciated by both of us, but especially me. I thank them for everything they have done, and hope to someday be able to repay them with the same kind of unselfish and caring attitude.

As for T.L. and myself, we seem to be on a continuous adventure. I was born and raised in southern California and since I met T.L. I have discovered that not only does the world not revolve around Southern Cal, most of the world isn't like it at all! My fondest memories these days are of the frequent trips we are able to take. We have been all over the United States either showing horses, or playing basketball. We were fortunate enough to take some overseas trips with the Armed Forces All Stars and spent 17 days in Senegal, a third world country on the west coast of Africa. That was my first trip overseas, and what an eye-opener. This past December we were able to spend two weeks in Brussels, Belgium and also travel to Holland and Luxembourg. T.L. has also managed trips to Algeria, Germany, and South America that for one reason or another I had to live through in pictures.

I did put some reasonable amount of effort into thinking of a most memorable experience, but there are just too many. I thank the Lord for the opportunities I have been given and look forward to the many yet to come.

Judy

TEDDY AS A KID



When Adam was exiled from the Garden of Eden, he was promised a redemption would be made for his fall. That redemption came 4,000 years later.

When Christ lived upon the earth, he promised that although His Church would fall away, it would someday be restored in its fulness. That restoration was almost 2,000 years in coming.

Because of Abraham's great service and allegiance to the Lord, he was promised that he would be father to a great nation. It was not until he was 100 years old that a son was given him to make that promise possible. "And so, after he had patiently endured, he obtained the promise (Heb. 6:15)."

That the Lord is bound by His word is made clear throughout the scriptures. His promises to us are not to be taken lightly, for they are certain to come about in EVERY instance. "...there hath not failed one word of all his good promise, which he hath promised..." (1 Kings 8:56. See also Joshua 21:45; Matt. 24:35).

We have before us countless experiences recorded in the journals we know as scripture that certify the Lord's fulfillment of His words of promise. As followers of Christ, there can be no doubting His reliability in carrying out that portion of His word that has not yet come to pass. Neither can there be uncertainty in the fact that He will accomplish His part of the bargain in each of the individual covenants we make with Him. And the beauty of it is that we don't have to wait 4,000 or 2,000 years, nor do we have to reach 100 years of age. For the Lord has given us, as participants in the last days, this special promise:

"For I will fulfill my promises which I have made unto the children of men, that I will do unto them WHILE THEY ARE IN THE FLESH --" (2 Nephi 10:17).

We have the promises, given before the world began (Titus 1:2), the greatest of which is that of eternal life to those who honestly and humbly seek the saving truth. We have the past record of the Lord's dependability in carrying out His promises. Is our personal faith sufficient to act upon those promises; to do what He asks in exchange for the glorious blessings involved; to be one of the "few" that find fruition to that great promise?

"I the Lord am bound when ye do what I say; but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise." (Doctrine & Covenants 82:10).

I add my witness that He is true to His word, and pray that the LOVE KNOT that ties us together on this earth will bind us in that eternal family unit we seek.

The PROMISE says it can be done.



Family to Family

August 18, 1987

Dear Everyone:

I have been gadding about since I last wrote in the Love Knot. I just re-read the last issue (June) in which I failed to contribute. I enjoyed reading again from cover to cover. It is a great joy for me to hear from all who write in; but I can't help feeling disappointed when one or several fail to respond. If I counted correctly at least six (not including myself) did not write last time. I generally do write and occasionally write a note or so to each of my grandchildren.

At any rate I appreciated getting to attend the special event and seeing Ben and Rea and all their children (except John and I hope to see him soon) and my Whicker grand and great grandchildren. That meant so much to me.

Last week I visited Gale and Lois. Spent a week and two days with them and got to see my four Norman grandchildren and their children - my great grandchildren. I enjoyed that very much. Everyone was so busy, didn't see any of them very long. Got to be with Rich, Andi and little girls the longest that I ever have I believe. Andi invited Lois, Gale, G'ma Norman and me to dinner one evening when Rich was off work. We had a delicious meal. I also got to attend the CYC group services in which David, Daniel and Emma had leading parts. Also all the Duziks, Haskins, Shaffers and Normans were present. That was a special treat to me.

Doug, Rachael and little Christian visited us in Craig while I was there. Most of the Norman families were there one evening for a picnic (Joe and Marie were in Grand Junction where they had taken a load of hay) and the Duziks were helping Mike's parents celebrate their 46th (I think) anniversary. I enjoyed every minute and I think everybody did. I especially appreciated every one being so congenial even though the rain came pouring down during the barbeque. It slacked up later so some ate outside but most ate in the house.

And this week I was privileged to see T.L. and Judy, Rhonda, Don and Shannon and of course T.E. and Max.

I believe that we are a unique family by having our three children's in-laws as special friends before and since they were married - the Albers, the Normans and the Clodfelters!

In the next issue of the Love Knot, if I may, I would like to write a story of that little house beside the road where we as a family made our abode.

Love to each of you,

Ima Beulah

Mother and Grandmother
Beulah Whicker



How are you all? We are doing fine. Getting Heather ready to go to school again! It was a real short summer it seems.

We really look forward to the letter and really enjoy everyone's input.

I just found out where Beale AFB was. Last spring I hauled cows from California to Colorado and Wyoming. I got messed up in Sacramento and took 80 head of cows on a scenic tour through a residential area!

We will try to be a little better about being on time. We are on a little more "normal" schedule nowadays, so possibly we can do better.

Take care. Love,

Rich, Andi, Heather & Jessica



Clockwise, starting from top:

Pioneer stock at its finest,
the Richard G. Norman family.

Those Duziks raise 'em tough!

The dreaded haircut. Note the
determined, mean look on the
barber's face! Watch out Fred!

Dear Family,

Seems lonesome here this evening since our families left for Colorado Springs this afternoon. T. L. and Judy came over last evening to attend a horse sale so they weren't here very long. Rhonda, Don and Shannon also left this afternoon to visit the relatives in Colorado Springs. Both families were going via Montrose and Gunnison.

Ted is out spraying the apples - hopefully this will be the last time he has to do that unpleasant task. We are planning to remove all but a few trees (will leave enough for our personal use) this fall after the apples are picked. Because we don't get a crop every year we never make any money - in fact we have supported the project with our other income so it doesn't make good sense to continue, especially after I quit working.

I have been busy traveling around. The first part of June I attended a National Association of County Officials' (NACO) Agricultural and Rural Affairs Steering Committee meeting of which I am chairman, in Des Moines, Iowa. The meeting was very interesting and productive.

In July I attended NACO's annual conference in Indianapolis, Indiana. Rhonda and Shannon joined me a day later and we got to fly home together. Shannon was excited about the "big airplane" ride. We enjoyed what sight-seeing we got to do. Our opening session was at the Indianapolis Speedway where we saw a race put on especially for our group. We also toured the Hoosier Dome which is really something to see.

Mother, Ted and I spent the 4th of July weekend at Craig with Lois and Gale. Besides doing some haying we got to watch a magnificent fireworks display. We sat out near the street in front of their house and the rockets were set off at the fairgrounds. They would explode almost directly overhead - was the most beautiful we have ever seen!

A couple of weeks ago Mother, Shannon, Ted and I drove to Craig for the week end and left Mother up there. Coming home Shannon got to whining and complaining that her knee hurt. Her Grandpa Albers won't allow the whining so he said, "Now just stop that whining, we don't want to listen to that all the way home." She really pays attention to him so she straightened right up and said, "Well, what am I going to do with my leg?"

I was selected as one of the 10 outstanding county officials of the year by the National Conference of Republican County Officials at the NACO Conference. Really surprised me since I knew nothing about it until I received a letter congratulating me.

This month continues to be busy. I went to Collbran yesterday to be in their parade. On the 18th (Tuesday) I will be welcoming Governor Romer and introducing him at a breakfast up on the Monument and on the 26th of this month I will be talking to a group of health care workers at the Vets' Hospital.

Ted is busy running back and forth between the ranch and Craig and just about has my kitchen finished in the garage so I can do my canning out there. With all the irrigating, hay hauling, spraying and weed cutting you can see that he manages to keep very busy also.

Daddy has had cellulitis in his right hand and it isn't cleared up yet. He still eats good and is usually in a good mood.

Looking forward to the next edition of the Love Knot.

Love to all,

The ALBERS

Shannon & Ted

BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES THIS QUARTER

| | | |
|-----------|----|---------------------------|
| September | 13 | Andrea Norman |
| | 18 | Emma Haskins (15) |
| | 26 | Keith Haskins (8) |
| | 28 | Gale & Lois' 43rd |
| October | 13 | Jennifer Whicker (4) |
| | 15 | Margaret Duzik |
| | 16 | Ted E. Albers |
| | 21 | Lynda Whicker |
| | 24 | Pamela Whicker |
| | 26 | Rachael Whicker (6) |
| | 28 | Jessica (4) |
| November | 1 | David Shaffer (19) |
| | 6 | Mike & Marg's 22nd? |
| | 7 | Doug Anderson |
| | 7 | Gody Whicker (9) |
| | 9 | JeLyn Whicker (1) |
| | 11 | Lois Norman |
| | 15 | Forrest Clodfelter (75!) |
| | 17 | Christopher Whicker (3) |
| | 20 | Mikelle Cloward (11) |
| | 22 | Ryanne Whicker (13) |
| | 26 | Gale Norman |
| | 29 | Benjamin A. Whicker (89!) |



TARALYN

This is me
in 2nd Grade

TARALYN WHICKER, Age 7

5 Sept 87

Dear Family;

Emily Jo is being baptized today by her Grandpa Cloward. She's real excited. Her Grandma Whicker brought her a brand new dress for the occasion.

The girls just started school and really enjoy it. Nathan goes to the Wee Care Day Care Center, and says he has found a new love in his life there (and this time it's not his cousin Sarah).

We're thinking of moving to Salt Lake to be closer to work. So if anyone wants my chickens, this is the last week they're up for grabs!

We love you all, and are grateful for your loving support. We all need each other!

Love,
RJ and kids

(These words represent Rea Jo's thoughts as transliterated by brother Glenn over the phone. Not the approved method of newsletter contributions, but available in a pinch!)

MYSTERY PERSON

This happy little dude has been a favorite of everyone with his many and unusual talents. Besides his ability to walk on his hands, ride a unicycle and do backwards flips without assistance (even at age 31!), he writes very beautiful and sensitive music that can melt anyones heart. He's a natural with kids too.



CHARLES FOREST WHICKER

HEADTEN

ANSWER TO March '87 PUZZLE:
"Sudden AFTerthought"



February 27, 1982

Dear Family,

Our summer is flying by. We should be harvesting before this next edition comes out.

Mother accompanied Max, Ted & Shannon to Craig Aug. 1 and she spent till the 10th with us. We enjoyed having her here. While she was here Rachel, Doug & baby came to visit. I think Doug's first impression must have been a shock. They didn't know we had moved from the ranch, & after Rachel waded through waist-high "lawn" to the house, I guess she began to suspect we no longer lived there. Then they found us in the hayfield where Gale, Ted & I had just finished loading a trailer with hay - & she didn't think she knew us - in our sloppy straw hats, shirttails out, dusty & dirty! But, it was us!

Most of our family managed to get here at some time while they were here..

Gale & I took Mother home Mon. the 10th and spent 2 nights in Jct. with her, Ted & Max, and got to see Dad for awhile on Tues. afternoon.

We are having rain and more rain so aren't harvesting. Did some last week - got rained out. We're sure anxious to get going again. I'm harvesting garden today, but sure got wet out picking beans and peas. I have more beans than I want, but don't want them to go to waste. Maybe I can find someone who wants them.

Love you all,
Lois & Gale

31 August 1987
Monday, 0630L

Dear Family;

Things have been rolling around here. We went home to greet John as he returned from his mission early this month. I left Pam and the kids there with her mother, and spent 2 weeks "batching it". (Starving, in practical terms!) Then I went back and got her last week. Now we're back to normal, with school starting this morning. Camille & Taralyn are excited about 2nd grade, and little JamiAnn is absolutely enthralled about pre-school. What joy there is in learning! Alison will continue to entertain her mother here at home. She's a sweetheart!

I soloed in the U-2 mid-month, and really am enjoying it. It's an exciting job, and quite a challenge to land the dern plane. Actually, that's a misstatement, because it's easy enough to land, but once you touch down the trouble begins. It doesn't have a tricycle type landing gear, so while you're rolling down the runway you have to balance the wings continually with the ailerons - like riding a bicycle! Quite different than my experience in the past.

Nothing much to report otherwise. We love each one of you, and appreciate your letters and support for this project.

Glenn, Pam,
Cami, Tara, Jamie & Alison



Dearest Family All:

Summer has been wonderful, busy, hectic and fun! We got our beloved son home from his mission on August 8, and that will always be a precious memory...the airport scene with eighteen little nieces & nephews lined up for him to see the second he walked thru the door from the plane! They all sang a little song that they learned in Primary called "I'm So Glad When Daddy Comes Home", but they changed the wording to "I'm So Glad When Johnny Comes Home!" Of course, they only got that one line out before they had to all start hugging and kissing him! It was a touching sight. A little hard for Mom, at least, to wait until all 18 of them got thru before she got a turn!

Grandma and Grandpa C. visited with us for a few days before John returned, and stayed for about 5 days after he got home. It was so nice to have them. I think they got some important looking done, looking forward to the time when they feel they can move over here to be closer to us. We are all looking forward to that day!

I want you all to know how much I appreciate you. I do wish we could see more of you! Life has been so good to us, hasn't it? I especially appreciate my dear, dear husband. Truly he has manifested the "mighty change" thru Christ's atonement, spoken of in the scriptures (Alma 5:14). He is a great pillar of strength to all of us.

Come see us, everybody!

*Love,
Ann-Marie*

Aug 18, 1987
Tuesday

Dear Family;

Today we start cutting wheat. WED: Second day of cutting. We're three days into harvest. FRI: It rained today. I may get this written after all! By the way, we have the highest yields ever - unfortunately the protein is low and the price is terrible! Dad is running the combine and Mom is hauling with their truck.

May 1 we moved to a place about 4 miles SE of Craig. We have 5 A with a large modular-type house on a full basement, a barn and chicken house. There's also a mobile home hookup. We have plenty of fixin' to do but we really enjoy the space (and even the work!).

Shayne graduated in June. He and Frank planned to go to Mesa this fall, but due to their poor financial status they'll have to wait until the 1st of the year.

Choc starts her senior year in Craig on Tues. the 25th. She had a good job with the Craig Parks and Rec this summer.

Frank has been a carpenter's helper for a couple weeks, and he and Shayne put up some hay - but other than that they haven't been able to find jobs.

I've got some chickens, 2 guineas and 1 duck. The garden is finally coming on, but it may be too late. The nights are getting pretty chilly - low 30's already. Will try to be a bit more "newsy" next letter - hope to have a little more time.

Love to ALL!

Marq, Mike, FW, MS & GM



**Glenn R. Whicker
3559 Dumosa Way
Beale AFB, CA 95903
916-788-0141**

FIRST CLASS MAIL



Grandma Beulah Whicker's 1st Grade School Class (1909, we believe). She's the little girl on the front row, far right. Dark hair; notice the part of her name, 'Beulah', written at bottom of the picture.

New (or previously unreported) Addresses.

Mike & Margaret Duzik
1679 MC R 35
Craig, CO 81625

Connie Whicker
340 E. 200 No.
Kaysville, UT 84037

Doug & Rachael Anderson
340 E. 200 No.
Kaysville, UT 84037

Rea Jo Cloward
112 So. 1300 E.
Fruit Heights, UT 84037

Curtis Cloward
59 So. 200 E.
Kaysville, UT 84037

Chuck & Carmelita Whicker
90 No. 500 E.
Kaysville, UT 84037

Diane Whicker
511 No. 1000 E.
Drem, UT 846

THE LOVE KNOT



VOL 2 No. 4

"a tie that binds" DECEMBER 1987

THE OLD BISCUIT CUTTER

The old biscuit cutter
is worn out at last
And into the ditch
it will have to be cast
The biscuit it's cut
would fill many a pan
For it worked for my boys
'til they grew to be men.
But now, its sharp edge
is battered and turned,
And it's useless for aught
can't even be burned
But Mother looks at it,
and thinks of her boys
And how it cut biscuit
through sorrow and joys.
But now they are gone,
she longs for them yet.
And sometimes with teardrops
her lashes are wet.
And she looks at the cutter
'twas made from a can,
And wonders, alas!
when she'll see them again.
How well they liked biscuit,
when flakey and brown -
They thought them much better
than bread made in town.
So they ate and they grew
and then went away
And the old biscuit cutter
still lasts 'til today.
But now she's been forced
a new one to make,
But this old one looks best
for old times sake.
So, we all, worn and battered
will soon run life's span
Like the old biscuit cutter
that was made of a can.
By Emma Dretta Royer Whicker

Of Christmas Past

I've done quite well, I must confess,
To ward off Christmas loneliness.
I've mailed surprises many miles
To start those special-morning smiles.
I've packed some food and clothes & toys
For less-than-lucky girls and boys.

I've sprinkled goodies on the snow
To feed small creatures we both know
A service held by candlelight
Renewed my heart thiswinter night.
I've helped to decorate our tree;
The house glows warm for you and me.

With you beside me lost in sleep,
My life is full, my love runs deep.
Yet memory stirs a dream long gone;
I listen this December dawn
For childish whispers on the 'stair,
For tiny steps no longer there.

By Barbara Yerbury Filan



I was 9 and had lost my little-girl beauty. Surrounded by younger brothers, lost in a world of trucks and baseballs with only a hula hoop to claim as part of my very own realm, I felt anything but feminine. And then, on Christmas morning, a package brought home by my Daddy ... a silk kimono from his travels overseas. It was all bright yellow and orange flowers and I had never felt anything so fine. I was transformed when I wore it ... I caught a glimpse of woman in the mirror which usually held an awkward and gangling little girl. It was hard to believe that kimono was meant for me, but I began to learn then that my Dad saw me as a beautiful young lady, and always would . . .

And then I was 16, full of turmoil and yet sure there was something unique and worthwhile building inside of me, waiting to blossom at some undisclosed time in the future . . . and that no one truly knew me. And there, on Christmas morning, was an awkwardly wrapped present that could only be a poster, rolled up and labeled "With love from Mom and Dad." I opened it, expecting a picture of a puppy or a landscape, and found . . . a watercolor (my favorite art medium) of a girl in jeans (my favorite attire) walking barefoot (I hate(d) shoes) at the edge of the sea (my dream place), with her hands in her pockets and a tiny little, contemplative smile on her pretty face. And the caption read, "IN THE DEPTHS OF MY SOUL, THERE IS A WORDLESS SONG." I looked at my Mom, who had hand-chosen this gift, and knew that someone did understand me . . . or at least wanted to. But even so, I think she was surprised by the tears in my eyes.

Our gifts carry a message, and the message is the only thing that matters, because the message is the spirit of the Christmas season . . . and that is love.



David Shaffer, 1969, Tennessee

I thought I'd tell about our first Christmas away from "home". Joe was attending the Navy school for Electronics at the base in Millington, Tenn. Our tree that year was made from small branches of a green-leaved bush in the yard stuck into a styrofoam form. We decorated it and put the gifts underneath the table it sat on. The tree was placed in the large living-diningroom area that we kept closed off most of the year. On Christmas morning we heated the room and then took David (then 14 months) in to see the tree. He was quite fascinated of course which certainly made his parents' day and our Christmas away from home ha
Marie





THE LITTLE HOUSE BESIDE THE ROAD
WHERE WE AS A FAMILY MADE OUR ABODE

This little house beside the road was actually located on the main highway (U.S. Highway 40) at that time. The highway came through Craig straight east to Hayden and beyond. What made this little house so special to me? Because it was the first and last house that we as a family of five had ever lived in that we owned - it was our very own!

Those four years were a happy time as were the ones before and after where we lived. It was not the little four-room house (un-modern) that made it into a happy home, it was the five people who lived in it, with love and concern for each other. B. R. was four years old, Lois almost 12 ready for 8th grade and Maxine 13 ready for high school. Our aim in moving into Craig was to send our kids to high school and we hoped Ben could find work! We had peace and harmony in our little home.

Having moved from a big house in the country to this little house, we were very crowded. Ben put some kind of composition or celotex on the walls to make it look better and make it warmer for the winter and painted it. We were located just outside the east Craig city limits.

The first winter was a little rough. Ben didn't find work as we had hoped, until spring (too much snow and cold weather). In the spring he went to work as carpenter helper with a local building contractor. In the meantime, I went to work at the local nursing home - long hard hours for \$1.00 a day and my room and board. The owner also took in maternity cases. I didn't get to go home for 5-1/2 weeks. Ben and Ben Richard visited a few minutes two or three times.

Ben learned to make cornbread and light bread with Maxine's help. I had told him how to make bread pudding which he decided to make one day. All three kids and Dad too were looking forward to supper that evening. When the girls stepped into the house, they caught the aroma of it. It looked and smelled so good to them - but no one could eat it. He had used salt instead of sugar!

In the largest of the four rooms we had an upright piano, large dining table and other

necessary furnishings. Ben bought a nice piano at a sale with the girls' money they had received from the sale of their registered white face hereford calf. We had no room at first for a couch to open up into a bed. We soon exchanged the big dining room table for a drop leaf table which gave us considerably more room, it seemed.

A lot of things happened during the short four years we as a complete family of five lived there and the rest of the ten years we three lived there. We had a lot of company of all ages. Our teenage daughters often had their Christian Endeavor and school friends come to visit. All loved music and many evenings the little house fairly shook as they all gathered around the piano, some playing guitars, banjos and violins. They would sing and dance until time for all to get home. Ben and I didn't get much sleep while that was going on since there were only drapes separating our bedroom from the front room. But we didn't mind because it was "music to our ears" knowing they all were having so much good clean fun.

Ben helped build the West Theater, his first big carpenter job in Craig. He was gone from home for three months one time working on a new theater in Mitchell, Nebraska. Before school started I drove the kids over to visit him for a week. That was the first time I had ever driven over Berthoud Pass. We had a flat tire going up the pass. I appreciated the kind fellow who stopped to help us.

The first Christmas in our little home in Craig brings back memories. A few days before Christmas we were all five seated around the big table in rather a quiet but happy mood when Ben Richard blurted out: "Oops! I almost 'whispered' about daddy's jacket like I did Mama's overboots!" Three of us thought it was funny, but Lois got up very quietly went around the table and gave her brother a swat. We were surprised. I don't think he cried or really realized for a while what he had done. Maxine didn't laugh much though as she too understood how hard it was to keep quiet at Christmas time!

Another fun time for me was when I heard how strict ?? a disciplinarian Ben was when I was working at the nursing home. The girls got the "giggles" after they had gone to bed. Ben told them to "cut it out" several times. The harder they tried the worse they giggled. He goes into their room looking mad with hand raised up to swat them, but the girls could not

control themselves and burst out laughing in his face. He weakened - and laughed with them and they didn't get punished.

We always had several families who lived in the country who came to our house when they had doctor appointments or who would stay a few days after surgery. One young woman (I didn't really know her, but knew her husband), came unannounced and was in our bed when we came home from church. Another lady came to be with me one day as she was sick and couldn't be left alone. She got worse and was there three or four days.

Maxine was only with us four years when she went to Denver soon after graduation to attend Central Business College on a scholarship. She had been working for the telephone company in Craig during most of her senior year. While attending business college she worked for her room and board and upon graduating immediately began several years of secretarial work. Had we known when she left home then that she would not be living with us any more, it would have hurt even more than it did. She took with her a lot of sunshine she radiated from our humble little home.

For a short time, Ben ran the Tabb Dairy milk route in Craig. It was an early morning route and B. R. was his helper carrying full bottles to houses and picking up the empty ones. A customer gave him a kitten which he loved very much but he had bad luck with pets. When the kitten died, he very tenderly wrapped it up and placed it in a shoe box and buried it in the little grave he had dug for it. Lois, Ben and I attended the burial with him. We all felt sorry about it and for him mostly. We all shed tears.

We left the little house for a while in 1942 when Ben was on a defense job building Camp Carson in Colorado Springs. It was nice to be with Ben but when school started we moved to Denver so B. R. could attend school there and Maxine came to live with us. Lois and I attended Emily Griffiths Opportunity School. She had received a four year scholarship to Loretta Heights College but didn't use it. When we moved back to our little Craig home she came back to Craig and went to work at the Texas Refinery. About seven months after Ted and Maxine were married, Ted was sent overseas. Maxine came back to Craig and bought a nice little white house across our driveway east of us. She and Lois lived there

and Ted Loren soon joined them. With Lois gone now we missed her sunshine also, but we were very happy to have them close by. Gale came home on a furlough and Lois and he were married. They only had nine days together and he was sent overseas also.

World War II days cast a lot of shadows on many homes. Many homes were broken because of casualties and a lot by divorces. Ted was gone 26 months and T. L. was 21 months old when his dad first saw him. Gale was gone 17 or 18 months. Those were long separations, lot of adjustments for both husbands and wives. It wasn't an easy adjustment for any of our four and there were tears shed I am sure especially where a little child was involved. After that length of time they must have seemed like strangers to each other. As parents we were very much concerned and prayed for their happiness in their own homes they were starting to build together. I can't help saying these many years later that, after witnessing their lives together, I am truly proud and most thankful our girls were brave little young soldiers with their husbands for love of their country and their God. The faith in Him seeing them through was the tie then and now which has and will keep the tie that binds forever.

A while after T. L. was born Maxine went to work at the Texas Refinery also. I was glad to take care of T. L. He was a happy and good natured little fellow to care for. Grandpa, Uncle Ben and Grandma all enjoyed him when he was with us. His Mother and Auntie Lois enjoyed him all other times. They were like two "old hens" hovering over one baby chick.

We had Gene and Josie's baby, Nellie Josephine's funeral services in our little home. She looked darling in the little white dress I bought for her (I hadn't had the privilege of getting one for our baby Nellie Lavon). They looked so much alike - like two little angels.

B. R., Ben and I continued to live in the little home until 1947. We moved to Grand Junction - B. R. was now ready for high school. The other two had been gone for some time from the little home nest and we now had B. R. left. He was a joy and lots of fun as Maxine and Lois had been - all were easy to live with.

I remember the first Christmas all of us spent together after we moved from Craig when Max, Ted., T. L., Lois, Gale and Margaret came.. B. R. stayed home to baby sit Margaret who was

about 2-1/2 months old. The rest of us attended the Christmas program at the First Christian Church in Grand Junction.

Lois and Gale bought our little home in 1949 after we had moved to Grand Junction in 1947. It has been in the family 50 years - 1937 when we bought it to the present 1987. Margaret Anita Norman was born while they were at Grandpa and Grandma Norman's ranch. I don't remember just when they moved into the little house, but I remember all four kids living there when they were small. Lois Marie, Ruth Maxine and Richard Gale were born when they lived there. I was there at the time or shortly thereafter each time all four were born. I believe each one of them have lived there for short periods of time after they were grown.

In December 1955, just before Richard Gale was born and when Rhonda Gayle was 11 months old we gathered at the little home to celebrate Christmas. Ben, B. R. and I came from Grand Junction; Ted, Maxine, Ted Loren and Rhonda Gayle came from Boulder; Emily and Howard Norman (Gale's parents) and Amos and Clara Albers (Ted's parents) from Craig were there. With Lois, Gale, Margaret, Marie and Ruth there were 16 in all. I am not sure but Gale's brother Forrest and his wife Betty may have been there also, I just can't recall. They had cleaned out the garage and besides having a wonderful feast we all had fun trying out the new toys and playing games!

It is still a little four-room house, but a lot of changes have been made both inside and outside. Ben and Floyd (my baby brother) built the kitchen cabinets and the cinder block garage. Ben also built the chicken house. Lois and Gale made their bedroom smaller to have a bathroom built in. Ben came up from Grand Junction to do carpenter work and also built shelves in the front room. Ben and Floyd also moved the screened in porch from the south side of the house to the east side. I am not sure if they put glass windows in or if someone else did.

Ruth, Dan and their four lived there 8 years I think. Baby Trent was born and died while they lived there. Ruth and Dan did finishing work inside and made a room for Emma out of the porch. They also improved the back garden plot and raised some fabulous gardens during their time there. Lois and Gale have continued with the beautiful gardens since they returned.

Most, if not all, of Ben and Kea Mae's children have visited Lois and Gale or some of their kids in the little house. Had we as a family of five thought we couldn't be content and happy because we couldn't have a nice home and things (like the Jones') we would have been miserable and unhappy. We would have missed out on a lot of joy and fun while we were all together.

That little house (home) beside the road was to family and many friends a refuge in sickness, in need and a sanctuary for many. It was a beacon of light and hope. It was a welcome shelter to Lois and Gale when they were driven out of their house at the Wand Ranch by the big flood.

Our Eternal Love,

To our three children and their families



From Mother, Dad, Grandparents

Beulah Whicker

Beulah and Ben Whicker



THE CRAIG HOME -
CELEBRATING 50 YEARS SERVICE TO OUR FAMILY

SMALL MIRACLES

During this season it is appropriate to review the meaning of the power and glory of Christ in our lives. We have the record of His mighty works as Jehovah of the Old Testament; His many miracles as the mortal Jesus of Nazareth; and the depth of compassion shown the people of this continent after His resurrection. We talk of these things - we bear testimonies of His divinity. In all our praises to His mighty power, do we find ourselves guilty of the same oversight made by the Jews in "looking beyond the mark" (see Jacob 4:14)? Do we look for magnificent manifestations of His power, or are we willing to believe just as strongly even though His power be shown through the plain and normal progress of our lives?

There is much, much more we can accomplish with our faith than we as a family generally do with it. As Fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, children, brothers and sisters, there is alot of room for creativity and innovation in bringing about good solid Gospel results. Many of these feats will be subtle and go unnoticed by the masses, yet their impact on the eternal salvation of the people involved will be no less miraculous than if a lame man were made to walk.

"...by small and simple things are great things brought to pass...and by very small means the Lord...bringeth about the salvation of many souls" (Alma 37:6,7).

"Wherefore, be not weary in well-doing...out of small things proceedeth that which is great" (D&C 64:33. See also 1 Nephi 16:29; 2 Kings 5:13; Ether 3:5; James 3:4).

Miracles have not ceased, nor will they ever. Many miracles can be effected by the faith of righteous men and women as they depend upon the Lord in accomplishing their divine purpose. This month, many throughout the world have called upon their imaginations to come up with ways to spread their faith around through

From USA TODAY, 2 Dec '87

TOP GUN, NO SON: The old Air Force legend that "top guns" have fewer sons may be true, apparently because of their exposure to high gravity forces, a geneticist reports in *Aviation, Space and Environmental Medicine*. Dr. Bertis Little of the University of Texas Southwestern Medical Center in Dallas, found that a group of Air Force "top gun" pilots and astronauts fathered more daughters than sons. 60-40; normal ratio is 50-50.

I knew there was a good explanation!



sharing the Christmas spirit with those who have need. Who knows what far-reaching impression these small acts of love might have?

Let us all commit ourselves to greater effort in utilizing our God-given talents in performing small miracles in the lives of those around us by pleading with the Saviour for greater power to do His will throughout the entire coming year. All that we do has great impact, though we may not immediately see the outcome.

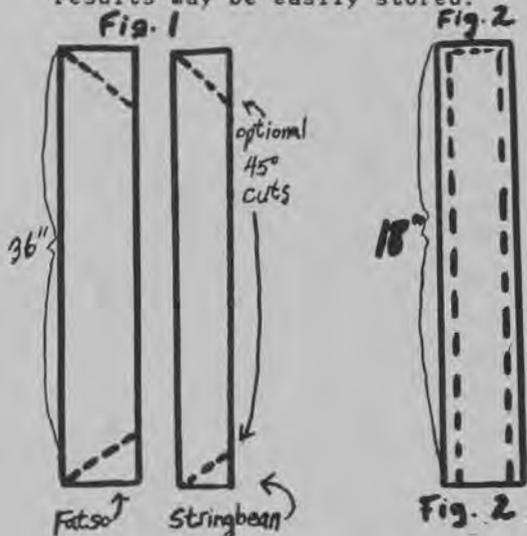
"Behold also the ships, which though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth" (James 3:4).

May the Lord's choicest blessings be upon each of you as we celebrate the most glorious even of all ages - the birth of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

- Glenn

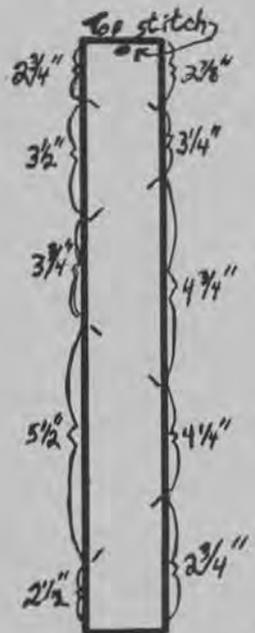
If any of you are like my mother, the thought of tearing perfectly good wrapping paper is bad enough, but the thought of ripping up perfectly good ribbons is painful. The problem with saving ribbons though is that they are bulky and tend to get smashed during eleven months of storage! So here is a way to make bows "magically" appear from 2 flat ribbons which can be easily stored.

First, take one yard each of fat ribbon and skinny ribbon. The skinny ribbon should be about 1/2 to 3/4 of the width of the fat ribbon. (See fig. 1) Fold fatso and stringbean in half, and center stringbean inside of fatso. (See fig. 2) Now make small stitches according to the pattern in figure 3. Note: The stitches should only go through fatso, and not stringbean, except for the top stitch. So you have effectively encased stringbean inside fatso and attached them only at the top. Now pull the free ends of stringbean apart from each other and a bow will appear! Tape the ends tightly to the package so it will keep it's form, then after using, pull on the top and bottom of fatso and the flat ribbon that results may be easily stored.



September's Answer
"HALF-HEARTED"

Fig. 3
(Distances are not critical)



JEFF



Dear Family,

Nov. 28, 1987

What a pleasure and blessing it has been to receive the Love Knot every few weeks and to have some sight of the current lives of those cousins, aunts, uncles, and grand-parents who have been such an important part of my youth, each contributing to the fact that my life was begun with many rich and teaching experiences. May I share some of the memories that come to my mind?

First of all, I remember my cousin Richard, who was always such a gentleman around women from the beginning, while I was a loud and boisterous show-off, seeking attention always in a selfish way. I remember how Richard and Glenn always seemed to enjoy hanging around each other while understandably seeking occasional refuge from the immaturity of their little brother/cousin who continually sought them out. It appears that from the beginning of my life I have been surrounded and inspired by boys right close to my own age whose characters were further developed along the lines of unselfishness and thoughtfulness. And though many who have known me would say that I am a slow learner along these lines, I must say that I have been wise in choosing the kind of men and boys I wanted to take after. And now, after I have suffered many failures because of my immaturity, and the growth and wisdom that has come to me from it, I wonder if my childhood cousins still perceive me as they remember me. One thing the Love Knot has certainly done for me is to help me see and realize that each of those "children" I once knew and loved so well are now some of the most honorable men and women of the earth, not hardened by the burdens of adult life, but softened in their hearts, made more compassionate, loving, and resolute in their responsibilities.

I remember so well the reverent feelings I had towards my female Norman cousins, who always made me feel so special. One particular experience stands out in my mind. I must have been very small at the time, but I went to church with the Normans (and I believe it was during a family reunion), and I fell asleep during the preaching. When I began to wake up half-way through the meeting, I realized that someone had my head in her lap and was softly stroking my hair. I opened my eyes just for an instant to see who it was so I could revel in the glory without making her think I was waking up. It was Marie. And I remember specifically hoping that the meeting would never end.

I remember my two Albers cousins. Both Ted and Rhonda were teasers, a lot like myself, only sometimes we didn't get along too well because I didn't like being teased. I felt it was my role to be the teaser, and these two were constantly trying to rob me of my role.

I'll never forget the big adventure cousin Teddy took us on when he led us to a platform that hung out over the railroad tracks. When the train came by and passed underneath us I was convinced by the strong vibrations of the platform that it would give way any second and we would all tumble onto the speeding train.

In recent years I have on occasion had the opportunity to spend a little time with Rhonda, long enough to recognize what a sincere, sensitive, beautiful woman she has become. But I yearn to have a chance to get to know my big brother cousin, Ted, again. What kind of a man has he become? I say thank you, Ted, for the memories you have afforded me; and God bless you.

My aunts (all two of them) have always been a soft and inconspicuous influence for good in my life. But naturally, as a youth it was my uncles, grandpas and dad that I had my eye on more than those of the opposite sex, because they were known and accepted to my unconscious mind as my role models. Uncle Gale fit almost perfectly my image of true masculinity, with his muscular arms, trim body, keen eyes, and cowboy voice. I have come to realize what an influence he has been to me, more than I could have recognized until recently. How fortunate it is for a boy to see in a man the qualities of manliness while at the same time seeing in that same man a sort of quiet humility, a brotherly fatherliness, not prone to revel in his strength, but more prone to use his strength in the fulfillment of every-day family duties. That's my uncle Gale. The strong man. The family man. The humble servant of all. If heaven possesses all such men, I want to be there.

The influence of my uncle Ted was reserved to take hold of me much later in my life. As a youth, I must admit I simply did not know him. I don't remember that he ever made his presence too obvious. Maybe he was asleep most of the time, I just don't remember! But later, when he was able to do that which I have found to be so terribly hard to do, when once he discovered the truth regarding the laws of health, my respect for him was born. I have tried many times, and I continue even now to try living the same dietary laws, knowing and believing that such would strengthen my weak and skinny body and lengthen my life. The cravings of the flesh are so strongly attached to old eating habits, as I have experienced, so I can appreciate the sacrifice which uncle Ted had to endure to make such an incredible change so suddenly. He's just another example of man's God-given capacity to choose his own fate through obedience and self-discipline.

These are the thoughts that have come to my mind. I am grateful to be of the same blood as my good and humble relatives. Each one of you has become great in your own quiet way, bearing evidence of the goodness that God who is raising us. The feeling I have burning in my bosom is that we will all be gratefully amazed when we meet each other on the other side of the veil and discover what a glorious work our Father in Heaven did, to mold our characters through the trials and fires of our mortal probation on this earth. God bless you all, my noble relatives; I love you as I love the Father who brings us up. May we continue to increase in our power to please Him, I pray.

I also found the words to a poem that I have been looking for for a very long time. Using the regular words for "Bless This House" as a basis, my own mother made the changes she felt were appropriate for this song to be sung as a prayer at our wedding in 1951. Since that wedding occurred 36 years ago this month, I am sending this poem to you, too.

BLESS THIS HOME

Bless this home, O Lord we pray
 Make it safe by night and day.
 Bless the two who strive to be
 All that thou wouldst't have them be.
 When far cares upon them fall
 Let thy peace be over all
 Bless the home that it may prove
 Ever open to joy and love.

Bless them both and be with them
 Keep them pure and free from sin.
 Bless them as they work for Thee,
 Bringing others they love to see.
 Keep them close within Thy care
 May they call to them in prayer.
 Bless them both that they may be,
 Fit, oh Lord, to dwell with Thee.
 Bless us all that one day we
 May dwell, O Lord, with Thee
 -Edythe Mae Clodfelter



- | | |
|------------|----------------------------|
| December 6 | Rea Mae Whicker |
| 11 | Curtis Cloward |
| 12 | Spencer Whicker (5) |
| 19 | F. Solomon Whicker (4) |
| 27 | Joe Shaffer |
| 27 | Joe & Marie's 21st |
| 27 | Ben & Rea's 36th |
| 29 | Rich & Andrea's 6th |
| January 1 | Christian Anderson (1) |
| 9 | Alison Whicker (3) |
| 15 | Ruth & Dan's 16th |
| 25 | Rhonda |
| 29 | Ben R. |
| February 9 | Daniel Trent (13) |
| 9 | Nellie Lavon (would be 66) |
| 10 | Richard |
| 18 | Fred (19) |
| 21 | Doug & Rachael's 2nd |
| 21 | Misty (6) |
| 27 | Don & Rhonda's 6th |
| March 8 | Heather Norman (7) |
| 9 | Jeff Whicker |
| 10 | T.L. Albers |
| 13 | Marinne Cloward (10) |
| 15 | Glenn & Pam's 10th |
| 17 | Sarah Whicker (4) |
| 18 | Ruth Haskins |
| 25 | Edythe Mae Clodfelter (73) |





Hi Ya All:

11/22/87
1430L

I'm sitting in the west window of my 4th floor room, trying to soak up some sun. I've been freezing ever since I first got out of bed this morning. It was only 20 according to the bank; but believe me - 20 in Louisville, Kentucky, is at least as bad or worse than 0 at home.

I attended all 3 church meetings here today. Seemed like there were more people at Sacrament meeting than usual. I've only missed 3 or 4 Sundays in over a year, and those were all due to company business.

Our little airline was completely taken over by UPS on the 24th of August. It has been, and is kind of a painful process as they think they know all there is about the transportation business, yet they know little to nothing about the airline industry. Unless the pay turns out to be exceptional I am not going to be willing to stick with them till they learn. I'm going to be making some calls this week to other companies.

Today is our Beulah Rynne's birthday. It's hard for us to believe our youngest is a teenager already. She has always (nearly always!) been a real joy to have around; however, during the last couple of months a little scary! I used to think the fairer sex were

their scariest (looking) when they first got up in the morning. But have you noticed what they can accomplish with their hair lately after they've worked on it for an hour or so? Frightening is all I can or am gonna say . . .

I got to see my first snow Friday night about midnight in Pittsburg. They probably had 4-5 inches and it was still snowin' and blowin'. We were only on the ground a little over 1/2 hour. Fortunately it was cold enough we didn't have to de-ice. Glad we didn't need any fuel or we would have probably iced up.

The Day Care is gradually picking up. It should be supporting itself soon. Sure hope it gets a bit less demanding on Mom's time soon, too. Grandmas should be able to sit back and relax once in awhile.

Well, this is the season to celebrate the birth of our Savior Jesus Christ. I trust that we are all praying daily for His early return. With Satan's present power I fear there will be no righteous left if He doesn't come quickly.

I love you all. Hopefully we will get around to seeing you all in person sometime this winter when, and if, I get my vacation.

JEFF, BENJI MARK, CAT, CHUCK
Centerville, UT, 1965

BEN R.

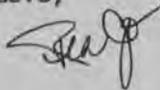


Merry Christmas!!

Every time a new Love Knot arrives, I love you guys all so much and am determined to write and tell you how much your letters and essays mean to me. But I'm so slow! This newsletter has increased my love for each of you and rekindled feelings that have always been there and I believe I have the most wonderful extended family in the world. Years may go by without our seeing each other physically, but you are such an important part of my life and I want my children to have the chance to know you as I do.

We have moved to a 3-bedroom townhouse in SLC and love it. The move has greatly simplified my hectic life. Mikelle is getting much needed braces next month and has, at 11, begun her babysitting career for an employer whose initials are RJC. Marinne is following her Mom's footsteps and reading grown-up books (A Tree Grows in Brooklyn, one of my favorites) at 9. Emily finally lost her first top tooth at 8-1/2 and is a little cynical about the Tooth Fairy! Nathan is starting a 2-morning-a-week preschool and drawing pictures of himself and Daddy with his printed name on them, and Jefferson dances around the house in a very comical fashion and hugs his brother as he falls asleep at night and we just love him a bunch.

I should tell you that my employer gave me a half-month's salary today as a Christmas bonus, and that is why Mikelle is getting her braces next month. I am feeling so grateful for my blessings this Christmas season, and wish you all the warmest holiday ever. Love,




Dear Family,

Merry Christmas to everyone! Hope you are all enjoying this holiday season.

It's exciting for us to think that we might see some serious snowfall this year. Our children have only seen 1/2" or so down South. So they think this last snowfall we had was "lots and lots" of snow but it was only 2 or 3 inches. A true winter storm hasn't hit yet. We're looking forward to one.

Lynda has been working on a ceramic nativity set that she poured while we were in Louisiana. She's done such a neat job. Several pieces were broken up sometime after our move here. We moved it almost 2,000 miles without incident then broke it after we arrived. But she painstakingly put the pieces together using more mud, then fired them, and it worked. Her skill at painting these things is nothing less than professional. Once they are all painted we intend to put them under the tree and keep the presents somewhere else until Santa comes, hopefully that way we can better keep our children's minds on the true meaning of Christmas and not on the selfish part.

Hope all of you enjoy a meaningful Christmas this year. Take care!

Love,
Jeff, Lynda, and foursome.



Dear Family:

Dear Family:

17 December 1987

The reason I wrote about miracles this month is because we just had one! Pam had been scheduled for surgery to remove a fibroid tumor on the 7th. On the 3rd, after having taken medication for a month to try to reduce the growth, the dr. found no reduction and gave the go-ahead for the surgery. However, because of my Russian trip (which I'll tell you about in a minute), we rescheduled the operation for the 14th. When she went in for the pre-op exam on the 11th, the mass was completely gone! The dr. was quite surprised, and had to take another sonogram to assure himself that it indeed was gone. So, no surgery! Boy, are we all delighted! We appreciate all your prayers in her behalf, because we ascribe it to nothing short of a miracle.

So, now we're going to go to Utah for our last Christmas before our England tour - and everyone's excited about that. I finish U-2 training next Wednesday, and certify the first week in January. I'll won't go to Korea now till the 29th of February, returning April 15th - and we have to be in England no later than May 31st. A lot of activity, for sure!

Camille and Taralyn have each learned a Christmas carol on the piano, to perform at the ward party tomorrow night. They're doing very well - must have inherited some of it from their Grandma Whicker. JamiAnn is enjoying a neighborhood preschool - I caught her giggling in her sleep the other night, a good sign.

She must be pretty satisfied with life! We call Alison, "Tigger", due to her incessant jumping around the house, much like Christopher Robbins stuffed animal. She is always joyful and fun.

We love you all! NERRY CHRISTMAS!!

Love, Glenn, Pam, Camille,
Taralyn, JamiAnn & Alison

(P.S. See elsewhere in this issue for a report of my trip to Cuba on a Soviet a/c.)



I just want to tell you all Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. So many blessings are ours, and those are the things that are important to remember as life goes on day by day. I am so thankful for each of you and your contribution to our happiness and joy in life.

Ben R. had a really bad spell with his back the Sunday before Thanksgiving, as most of you know, but it was just a nerve pinched between two vertebrae, evidently as he got down from the door in his hotel that night. The Dr. thinks that he must have twisted a certain way just as he got down, giving the vertebrae a chance to go back together before the nerve could move out of the way. He is without pain again now, but is only hanging once a day, and I don't think he plans to hang again in his hotel unless he can find a backswing to keep there in the storage room.

I have just finished talking to Glenn on the phone...he called for my birthday. The call was clear from Gander AFB, Greenland, so it was pretty special! Of course, it would have been special anyway, just to hear from him no matter where he was! Benj also called me this morning, and that always means so much to me.

John has moved in with Benj for awhile, at least. He got a job in Mill Creek Canyon, which is quite a ways from Kaysville, so he decided it would be better to live there and only have 10 miles to drive to work instead of 30 or 35. He works at washing dishes at the moment, for a hotel, but thinks it will grow into something else with the same hotel in a little while. He plans to go to the University of Utah for the winter quarter.

Fred will leave us on December 29th to go to Basic Training. His shoulder is doing D.K. now and he has completed his requirements for his diploma, so everything is all set. He is pretty excited.

I love you all so much!

Love,
Rea Mae

Dear Family:

13

Here it is Thanksgiving time again! We plan to join the rest of the Norman clan at Marg and Mike's home for turkey and trimmin's.

I started a new job at one of the elementary schools working with a severely handicapped boy. He is 5 yrs. old, deaf, has cerebral palsy (can't walk or crawl), is mentally retarded and is just getting some sight. I work at getting him used to a routine and teaching him signals (he's learned 2). It's very challenging and I really enjoy it!

Dan did real well with his roping this summer. He won 1st at the annual Steamboat Rodeo, then won consistently at the weekly rodeos in Steamboat so he was named the best team roper of the year- won 2 silver buckles, as well as money prizes.

Flint & Keith have been practicing with the kids choir for the Christmas play at church (along with cousin Heather). All 3 have speaking parts & are doing real well with the singing. The kids Choir is also presenting a special song the 6th of Dec. for the church service & Emma is accompanying them on her flute. Emma and I are also busy learning the Christmas Cantata.

Hope your holidays are Happy and Safe & we wish you all much happiness in the New Year!

MUCH LOVE!!

Ruth, Dan,
Emma, Flint,
& Keith Haskins



MARGIE, RICH, MARIE, RUTH
Christmas, 1959

Dear Family,

We have a poem & picture to send along for this issue if there is room. I've always loved this poem even before it applied to us. This picture of our kids has always been special too. This particular Christmas was kinda lean at our house (and at the time I guess I thought we didn't have much for our kids), but the funny part is - it is a Christmas all the kids remember as being special! The truth of it is that we had everything we needed and much of what we wanted.

Thanksgiving day all our children and families are planning to go to Marg & Mike's nice, roomy home for dinner. We all are sharing in providing & preparing the food, so it should be easy on everyone and lots of fun.

We wish all of you a joyful holiday season, surrounded by your loved ones.

Love to all,

Lois & Gale

(poem on page 1)

Dearest Family,

This will have to be short because time is running out and I have been under the weather - can't seem to shake this cold or whatever it is! But I wanted to write a few lines recalling some Christmas celebrations we have shared with our families.

As a small child I particularly remember when we lived on the homestead south of Juniper Springs. Mother had gotten a pair of socks and a handkerchief for Daddy and we girls were so excited about the "surprise" that we finally coaxed Mother into letting us in on the surprise with the vow that we would never tell Daddy. But he hadn't much more than gotten in the house when I jumped up off the little chair I was sitting on and spilled the beans in one quick breath!! I did that more than once over the years - somehow the excitement was just too much to keep. Poor Lois was always so disgusted with me. I think it was that same year that Mother had made us some mittens out of mattress ticking material. Christmas evening we had a bonfire burning and as I threw in a stick to feed the fire my glove flew in with it and got burned up. I was crushed!

Another wonderful Christmas was the first Christmas after Ben Richard was born. Mr. Dalby (our landlord) sent our packages early and they were stored under Mother and Dad's bed. We girls spent a lot of time on our stomachs shaking and holding the packages trying to guess what was in them. Lois and I got a guitar and B. R. got a beautiful, warm snow suit. I think that was the year that Harold Johnson got us each a large doll.

Rubber dolls were all the rage when we lived on the Williams place after moving from Mr. Dalby's place. The folks got us each one and a doll carriage to go with them! What I remember from that time on was all the games we played together as a family. Card games and dominos were favorites inside and skiing on Dad's big long wooden skis was a favorite outdoor sport. One time the three of us got on his skis (B. R. was pretty small) and we fell off and he simply had disappeared. I thought we had killed him and was frantically digging trying to find him when he raised up with a big grin - not the least bit worried!

One year when we lived in Meeker everyone came that is, B. R., Rea, Rea Jo; Lois, Gale, Margaret, Marie, Ruth; Mother and Dad. Rea Jo and Ruth were babies. Margaret scared us all half to death by running a very high temperature and having to be rushed to the new hospital emergency room in Meeker. We all had a great time anyway. We always played games such as "Pounce" a very fast card game and Charades.

The Christmas spent with Lois and Gale in Craig in 1955 was a very enjoyable time also. And a few years ago when Ted's and my family were here and Mother, Dad, Lois, Gale, Richard, Marie, Joe and their boys joined us. We danced, played games, ate and visited to our hearts content.

The last couple of years have been fun preparing for as our own little granddaughter Shannon Gayle helped decorate the tree and was excited about her gifts. Every Christmas is special to me because it is family time and the memories are so precious. These are just some of the times that came to my mind as I sat down to write this evening. Aren't you glad this was a "short note"?

May God bless you all and keep you safe and happy as the New Year rolls around.

Love to all,

Maxine and Ted
Maxine and Ted



I had the chance to act as a safety escort on a Soviet Il-76 aircraft bringing some of Gorbachev's equipment out of Washington, D.C. after the Summit. The Soviet crew picked us (there were 12 U.S. crewmembers involved) up at Gander, Newfoundland, and we dead-headed with them to Havana, Cuba. Spent 2 nights with a full day between, where I had ample opportunity to use my Spanish. It was a marvelous experience, to say the least. I learned that the Soviets are, indeed, human beings - in fact, they were very polite. I've listed some of the interesting things I noticed on the trip:

- reason given by Soviet for 6 page newspaper, "Pravda"
- "we don't have time to sit around reading news all day like you Americans. They just put in the important points." When shared NEW YORK TIMES with them, amazed at size. Got to movie section (10 pages long) and asked, "Is that all you do is watch movies?" Should have answered: "Yeah, when we're not reading newspapers!"
- loud airplane - not one of them used earplugs. Must be alot of hearing loss!
- they must not trust the Cubans. After parking, Soviets put seal on engine cowlings to discover any tampering.
- Cubans like Americans - hate Soviets. Call them "dirty Americans without money".
- Cuban peso worthless - they won't even accept them from us - must pay in US\$. When I tried to pay for meal in pesos, waiter said, "Ah, that's water! Need dollars!" Official exchange (arbitrarily set by gov't) = \$1.33 per 1 peso. Street value of \$1 = 20 pesos. VISA/Mastercard not accepted - US companies will not pay Cuba! Traveler's checks - same thing. Not a tourist's paradise!
- TV, radio had nothing but propaganda all hours of day. Billboards throughout town saying things like, "Senores Imperialistas - don't think we have any fear of you!", showing Uncle Sam growling, with Fidel standing defiantly. Humorous!
- Jose Marti Int'l airport - trash all over, making for easy jet engine damage; wiring for taxiway lighting above ground - just laying exposed; RR track actually CROSSES runway midfield!

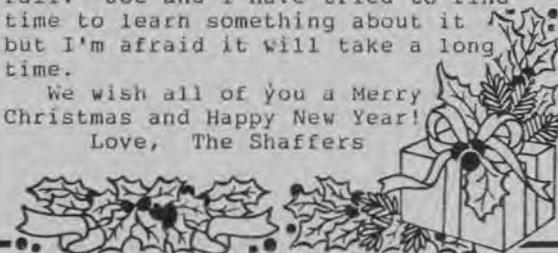
Dear Family,

Since I missed writing a note in the last Love Knot it's hard to remember what has happened. The boys both worked at Chapman's Automotive this summer. Daniel is still working there. He goes to school until 1 p.m.-then to work until 3-wrestling til 5-back to work til approx. 7 p.m. He wrestles varsity at his 1st match. And apparently keeping busy is good for him-he was on the honor roll for the 1st time.

David is in Denver living with a friend from Craig. They both are taking electronics at DIT and work at Sears after school. He is really enjoying his independence & is doing great. He will come home for 2 days at Thanksgiving (his 1st trip home since beginning in Sept.)

We purchased a used computer this fall. Joe and I have tried to find time to learn something about it but I'm afraid it will take a long time.

We wish all of you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!
Love, The Shaffers



- got lotsa pictures of plane - though civilian AEROFLOT markings, had gun turret in tail. When asked about it, told "so engineer can visually check flap position"! Political officer on board stymied my picture taking - rest of crew didn't mind at all.
- two foreign languages get mixed up - kept saying, "Si", when I should have said, "Da". Same brain slot!
- fed me drink made from cranberry jam - just add hot water - delicious!

Many other interesting things. I've got pictures if we ever get together. Looks like I might be getting many opportunities to do this - which means I'll eventually get into Moscow - with the INF treaty allowing so many on-sight verification inspections. Anytime a Soviet aircraft on a gov't mission comes into U.S. airspace, requires U.S. pilot to be on board.

Found they have extensive organization to promote religion within Russia. Am sending for a book smuggled out called, "Christ in the Soviet Union". Pretty exciting!

Glenn R. Whicker
3559 Dumosa Way
Beale AFB, CA 95903
916-788-0141

MERRY
CHRISTMAS

FIRST CLASS MAIL



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CRAIG HOME
(see article by G'na Whicker inside)

Changes of Address

Sea Cloward
3793 Camelot Village Ct.
Salt Lake City, UT 84119

Chuck & Carmen Whicker
3430 Lincoln Ave.
Ogden, UT 84401

Doug & Rachael Anderson
453 E. 1500 So.
Bountiful, UT 84017

Benjamin Whicker
207 No. Sun Arbor Terrace #1202
Salt Lake City, UT 84116

Ben R. Whicker (when on trips)
c/o Royce Inn
1921 Bishop Lane
Louisville, KY 40218
UPS Crew: Hold For Arrival
(Phone: (502)456-4411)

THE LOVE KNOT



VOL 3 No.1

"a tie that binds" April 1988

SPEAK THY MIND, O MAN, AND HEAR THE MIND OF THY NEIGHBOR

Back in the days of our founding fathers who took part in the forming of this great nation, the practice of debate was considered an effective means for discovering truth and bringing to light erroneous ideas which could reap disappointment. The authors of the Constitution of the United States spent many hours and days and weeks debating over those principles they felt should be included in that great document. Each participant had prepared himself through deep searching and study of previous governments in order to try and discover the virtues and fallacies of the same. These noble men were motivated by their unselfish desire to become united in their conclusions. They were prayerful men who diligently sought the inspiration of heaven, ever cognizant of their dependance on the Father of mankind.

In those days, two subjects were looked upon as the most important of all other subjects; indeed, most of those early americans perceived the two subjects as if they were not two, but different aspects of the same subject. The two subjects were politics and religion. Not only was it considered a privilege, but a responsibility to hear and be heard regarding these two sacred topics. The Bible was a great influence among the people in those days, and it generally served as the basis of their discussions.

The purpose of debate was not to show any superiority of one or the other opponent involved, but to provide a tool for educating and enlightening the people, to assist one another in discerning truth from error. It was not such an uncommon thing for one or the other opponent to convert over to the opposite view before the debate was over, without shame or embarrassment. What beautiful humility! What dedication to the cause of unselfish truth!

Unfortunately, public opinion regarding the use of debate as a tool for learning seems to have changed drastically over the years, especially when it comes to the two subjects previously mentioned: politics and religion. The saying now goes abroad: "There are two things you should never discuss if you wish to keep your friends. Religion and politics." How sad it is that this new philosophy seems to have taken root even in many of the most humble and honorable men of the earth, as if they were ashamed or afraid to face any conflict of opinion in their friends and relatives. Have we lost faith in one another? Do we somehow feel we could no longer respect one another if we were to discuss our differences? Have we lost faith that our Father in heaven can direct our discussions for our mutual benefit and enlightenment? Shall we embrace this new philosophy which forbids the discussion of the two most sacred and important subjects to be considered by man? What other subjects can possibly have greater effects on the happiness or misery of mankind than religion and politics?

Speak thy mind, O man! And hear the mind of thy neighbor! Speak in humility and with a desire to bless. Hear in humility and with a desire to understand. I pray, let not the honorable and honest men and women of the earth be silenced because of their fear of offending those they love, for we can be assured that the wicked and selfish people of the earth will never cease to speak their minds! Above all, speak and hear concerning those two greatest of all subjects: Politics and Religion!



GRANDPARENTS!

MEMORIES

- A TRIBUTE

Some of my favorite memories of G'ma and G'pa (Beulah and Ben) Whicker include: Marie and I getting to ride the Wilderness Transit bus to Clifton "all by ourselves" and having G'ma waiting for us by the highway that ran in front of the trailer court. After spending the first night which always included a bout of homesickness at bedtime, we were ready for a week of fun! The "around home" activities included playing in the wonderful courtyard with the little "stream" and bridge, walking to the store for a bubble gum cigar or other treat, and on occasion we were sent on urgent business to pick up a few groceries, and most enjoyable was "dressing up". One time in particular I remember that G'ma fixed us up in gauzy curtains. We lovely ladies had purses and jewelry. By the way, we knew we were lovely ladies because we felt like it and more importantly, G'ma told us so, and we know she meant it. On one evening after G'pa got home from work we'd "help" him churn ice cream. Oh! Can't you just taste that wonderful, creamy, frozen delight? (If I think real hard about it I can almost "freeze up".) Our "town treats" included going shopping for a surprise for the rest of the family, an afternoon at the zoo and pool, and an evening at the amusement park (which was preceded by an absolutely wasted afternoon of "resting". I imagine we'd have been more refreshed by evening if we'd played all day instead of working so hard at getting some rest!) G'pa and G'ma - you have always made me feel very special. I'm sure that each of your grands and greats have been made to feel that we are the "favorite". Thank you for a lifetime of love and good example from each of us.

Marg

Hi everyone!!

My most memorable experience with my grandparents was in 1986. We went to Snake River located out in the middle of nowhere - a desert with a river flowing through it. One hot day when we were there (the Shaffer 4, Norman 2 and Duzik 5) the kids talked their parents and grandparents into wading the river. Everyone except the grandparents had their swimming clothes on and was ready to go. While wading the river grandma and grandpa were holding hands and pulling their pant legs up with the other hand (trying to keep them from getting wet). It has been a long time since I have seen older people holding hands, especially them. After they got across we were all playing on the slick mud and getting all muddy, and having a lot of fun doing it. The river has a sandy bottom and it was fun to run across it. After we finished playing in the mud we found a deeper place to clean the mud off and swim a bit. It was a nice quiet place to spend with the family and especially the grandparents. It is great to have my grandparents because they are such fun to be around. They proved that they are still young enough to do this kind of stuff and enjoy doing it. Grandma and Grandpa Norman are the "greatest" grandparents this kid could ever have.

Love Ya all

Shayne

HAPPY
EASTER !!





Shayne, Mike, Marg, David, Gale,
Lois, Charlotte, Joe - Sept '85

David, (Mike behind), Marg, Shayne,
Lois, Choc, Gale, Joe - Sept '86



4
Dearest Family:

I have always felt sorry for children who are deprived the companionship of grandparents. I had the privilege of knowing and loving three grandparents. Grandpa King (John Jefferson King, my Mother's dad), and Grandma and Grandpa Whicker (Harlan and Emma Whicker, my Dad's parents).

How exciting it was anticipating a visit from them or better yet getting to spend some time with them! Grandparents seem to have more time to visit or even play games than parents do.

I remember more about my Grandma I suppose because being a girl I spent more time with her. Grandma Whicker loved to sing hymns and I can still hear her sweet strong voice. Grandma and Grandpa always took turns reading the Scriptures every evening before retiring. After the reading we all knelt for prayers. I loved to have her tell us stories of my Daddy and his brothers and sisters when they were little.

Grandma, Lois, Dorothy Mae (our cousin just 6 months older than I) and I used to get the giggles and laugh until tears rolled down our cheeks. Our grandparents never layed a hand on us for punishment but one time I thought sure Grandma would. We three girls were churning butter. The cream was in a can and we were taking turns shaking it. Of course we got to playing around and Grandma had told us in a nice way to quit goofing around but we just couldn't contain ourselves. Next thing we knew we accidentally dropped the can! Out rolled the cream (almost butter) all over the kitchen floor. The floor was a wood floor and was very porous since it was not a real hard wood floor. You can imagine the greasy mess. In fact the wood just absorbed the grease to such an extent I expect the spot never did completely disappear. Grandma was quite disgusted and I remember being pretty scared and so sorry to have caused her such trouble. We had a time trying to clean up the mess and I think Grandma wound up helping us.

Grandma and Grandpa Whicker both had a good sense of humor. Grandpa was not very talkative. They lived fairly close to us as we grew up and we always looked forward to Thanksgiving when all the Whicker clan gathered for dinner.

Grandpa King was a very quiet person. He also had a great sense of humor. I can still hear his quiet chuckles when he got tickled about something. Uncle Johnie loved to tease him and he was such a good sport. Although he never lived close by, after we moved to Colorado when I was 3 years old, he did visit us several times. We also visited him a couple of times and I remember well with love each occasion. He was a delight to have around.

Ted was very young when the only grandparent he ever knew was around. He remembers he was a small wirey man with a bit of an Irish brogue. He was friendly but a little cocky and always wore a vest. That was his Mother's father, Grandpa William Maloney.

Hope you are all well and happy. I just returned from 4 days in Washington D.C. I am always happy to get home.

Love to all

Maxine & Ted
Maxine and Ted

P.S. Having grandparents is great, being one is even greater!



Grandma Max!

Two different years Ben and I spent one month each year doing Temple work searching for our genealogy at Mesa, Arizona and Los Angeles, California.

I found to my surprise in Mesa Genealogy Library that my mother's grandmother's father was a Tyler who was a descendant of Walter (Wat) Tyler from Kent England. Wat Tyler was the principal of the first revolt of the common people. He flashed into the light of history known as the Peasants Revolt (1381) or Wat Tyler's Rebellion, the first great struggle of labor against capital. It anticipated the fierce social struggle in Germany. All of the above about Wat Tyler I found in a set of Compton's Encyclopedia. I have a lot more on Wat Tyler.

I have chosen to tell you about my 5th great grandfather, Job Tyler. His many descendants over part of three centuries wanted to honor him by a fitting monument - a memorial dedicated to him at the 6th Tyler reunion held in this country on September 4, 1901. My mother (and two sons and of course my father) could have attended that memorial had she known about it. We all can be included as his descendants since 1901. Following is the information I found:

JOB TYLER, THE IMMIGRANT

Job Tyler was born about 1619, as in a deposition of 1659, his age is stated as "about 40 years." The tradition is that he was a native of Shropshire, England. The first known of Job Tyler in this country may be found in the Rhode Island Collections, p. 92 as follows: "Inhabitants admitted to the Towne of Nieuport since the 20th of the 3rd 1638-Job Tyler." Job Tyler is said to have been found in Andover, Mass. by the first colonist there, a solitary squatter, about 1693-40. A few years later he was in Roxbury, Mass. On Nov. 1, 1646 he bought land from Lambert Genry at Roxbury. (Dedham Town Records) "1646, Month 1, day 28. A little infant son, also a twin of Job Tyler died." (Roxbury Church Records.) He soon returned to Andover, for Mar. 5, 1650, "Job Tyler of Andover mortgaged property there to John Godfrey. 1650-Job's mortgage mentioned in Boxford History, also Andover Rec Bk IV, p. 8.

Job was a true descendant of that primal irrepressible family rebel, Wat Tyler, Kentish Man, of England. He seemed to be in and out of court most of his time for one thing or another. Job must, however, have possessed some of the graces of human nature, for his shortcomings were readily condoned.

5

On the following "Dec 1st," he is "on the list," helping to confirm (in his humble way) Rev. Joseph Emerson, the first settled minister of Mendon. After this date we hear no more of Job's controversies. In 1676 the birth of one of his grandchildren was recorded in Roxbury, and he may have returned there on account of King Phillip's War, as Mendon was burned and the inhabitants fled. "When the outbreak of King Phillip's war came, everybody buried the pewter plates and brass kettles in the swamps and loaded the horses with precious feather beds and children and simply 'akedaddled' to safety.

In these old records we thus have a word-picture of this ancestor of a long line of Tylers, such as hardly has been found of any other American immigrant. Professor Henry M. Tyler, who dedicated Job's memorial has said of him: "He was rude, self-asserting and a striking personality. Not to be left out of account in the forces which were to possess the land." There are but few highlights in the picture; the shadows are all there. He did not, as Prof. Tyler said, "learn prudence very fast, but he was himself. He had a good deal of individuality and he gave utterance to it at times with more vigor than grace. He did not shape his words to suit sensitive ears. He resented dictation and found it hard to restrain himself from what he wanted to do through any prudential policy." Yet, when you shall read hereafter what manner of men his sons and grandsons were and what they stood for in all the places where they lived, as you come down through the years, generation by generation and see what thousands of his descendants have stood for in their homes and before the public, in peace and in war, as pioneers and as dwellers in the cities, you will realize that there must have been good stock in the old man; and he trained a family to be useful and honorable in the communities where they dwelt. Superstitious, willful, hot-tempered, independent and self-reliant Job Tyler lives and breathes in this record nearly 3 centuries after his time. He did not have saints to live with; were all the truth known it would be seen that he was on a par with a large portion of his neighbors. The Puritan iron rule, which made no allowances for any man, met a sturdy opposition in this possible descendant of Wat Tyler of England and it is not too late to determine whether or not he was always justified.

6
From this canvas there gazes steadily out, not an ideal but a very real personage, and an out and out Yankee type.

It has been suggested that the progenitor of so many thousands of men and women, covering the greater part of 3 centuries which have passed since the early voyager set his foot (the first permanent one) upon Andover soil, should be honored by some fitting monument, since none was in existence. Accordingly, in response to written appeal, numbers of the clan joined their "mites" to thus honor their forbearer and the memorial was dedicated at the 6th Tyler Reunion, Sept. 4, 1901. The spot selected was beside the grave of the immigrant's eldest son, Moses, whose ancient slate slab with its legend of "1727" has survived with wonderful completeness. Here, under a giant evergreen upon a cubic yard of cement and cobble stones which was brought just to the surface of the ground, was placed a large hard-grained boulder, brought from the old Tyler farm (now known as Woods place,) 4 miles distant in West Boxford; a homestead which has known Tyler blood and heirship uninterruptedly from the first generation, when it was acquired from the Indians, to the present day. Upon the boulder was securely riveted a bronze tablet cast in Boston, which bears the following legend:

IN MEMORIAM JOB TYLER
IMMIGRANT FIRST SETTLER
ANDOVER ABOUT MDCXXXIX
BORN MDCXIX DIED MDCC

Dedicated by his whole clan, Sept. 4, 1901.
The dedicatory address was delivered by Professor Henry M. Tyler, of Smith College.

Note: Submitted by Beulah B. King Whicker
The material has been copied just as it appears in the article I have.



Grandma Emma Oretta Boyer Whicker
and
Grandpa Harley Lester Whicker

REMEMBERING MY GRANDPARENTS

My memory has never been the greatest when it comes to recalling specific events; however, I do have precious memories of my grandparents Whicker & Grandpa King. I loved getting to go to see G'Ma & G'Pa Whicker after they moved to Colo. and spend a night or two with them. It was always a special event - we didn't go places or do the things that today we might consider to be exciting and memorable. What I remember are the "feelings" of enjoyment - playing dominoes at the kitchen table by the light of a kerosene lamp, & having to add up my own score - counting dots one by one was a no-no. Sometimes I'd rather have been lazy, but it was good for me & I loved to play with them. I remember Grandma insisting that I learn to use a thimble when I sewed. I wanted to sew, but I could handle a needle so much better without the thimble, or so I thought. Now, of course, I'm glad she insisted as it's far easier to put a needle through a couple thicknesses of denim with the aid of that little metal helper. I can remember Grandma singing. I can still hear her voice - & I can still see her hands as she patted out biscuit dough or turned the pages of her Bible. She & G'pa took turns at Bible reading before retiring at night & before we knelt at our chairs for prayer. I remember the way they perched their reading glasses on their noses so they could look out over the top of them. We had lots of fun, we laughed a lot & G'ma could giggle as well as us kids. G'pa once took me to see the coal mine they had when they lived at Lay. It had a large opening & the first area was quite large. I do remember the coal cars & the hugeness of it, but mostly I remember keeping an eye on the opening where we came in, & where I hoped very soon to go back out. I probably wasn't as appreciative of their operation as I should have been. Grandparents are really special people. Ours weren't able to do a lot for us or give us lots of things, but they gave us the knowledge that we were really worthwhile, important & loved. I never knew my Grandma King as she died before us kids were born

and I think I missed a lot because of that. However, we did get to go visit G'pa King a couple times & he occasionally came out to Colo. to visit us, which was a real event. We loved having him, though his visits always seemed too short & far apart. Missouri was a long way off & people couldn't make trips very often in those days. My G'pa King was always so kind & gentle. He had to take a lot of teasing from Uncle Johnie and Uncle Floyd too, which he took with good humor. One example was Uncle Johnie's favorite expression, "biled egg" in mimicry of Grandpa's way of saying "boiled". His children all loved him so much too. I particularly remember when he was visiting us when we lived on the Davis place. Ben R. was still quite small, but he was always wanting G'pa King to go outdoors with him to "get a fresh air". I think that our Missouri G'pa thought the Colorado air was indeed fresh!

My happy childhood included a wonderful, loving relationship with my grandparents.

Lois Norman



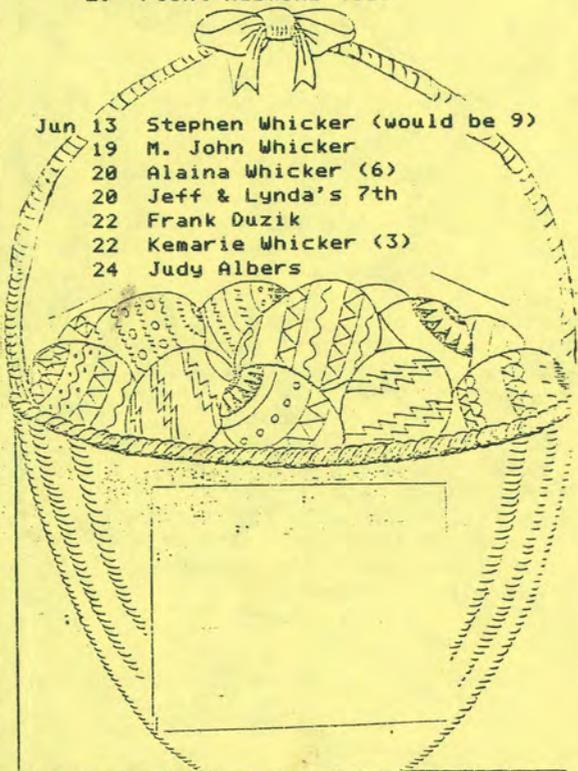
Jeff & Lynda Whicker
101 E. 1300 So.
(P.O. Box 367)
Garland, UT 84312

Glenn & Pam Whicker
Box 5119
APO, NY 09238
(after 6 May)



- Apr 4 Ted & Maxine's 45th!
- 12 JamiAnn Whicker (5)
- 13 Beulah Whicker (85!)
- 13 Donald Davidson
- 30 Ben & Beulah's 67th!

- May 4 Benji Whicker (8)
- 6 Daniel Shaffer (17)
- 11 Mike Duzik
- 13 Charles Whicker
- 23 Julie Whicker (8)
- 26 Dan Haskins
- 29 Flint Haskins (12)



One of my special memories as a child was of going to stay several days with our Whicker grandparents in Grand Jct. Simple events (playing dress-up, sleeping downstairs in the "apartment", watching the marbles roll down the red wooden tracks) as well as more unusual ones (riding Shetland ponies at the amusement park, shopping downtown where I started my "horse collection") were so much fun. All these things have become even more special as I grew up and learned of the effort Grandpa and especially Grandma went to for us. Unique memories of their home by the overpass were also the rumble of trains passing, smell of roses, heat on alkali ground, the trinkle of the mossy creek under the little cement bridge, terraced flower garden, a big black divan, the hollow sound of the steps out onto the porch. All these things are linked with my precious grandparents. I'm thankful for their love and their patience (through times of homesickness, etc.), and for the good memories they gave to me.

Marie

I remember once when I spent the night with Grandma and Grandpa Norman. We went out to the Darnell place while Grandma was farming. I had just gotten done mowing lawns all day and we headed out at about 4:00 O'clock. We got out there and I rode on the "cat" with Grandpa for a while. When we were done he let me run the "beast". It was a blast!! We ate supper in their little camper trailer and "hit the rack". In the morning Grandpa started farming. And I just played around the place. We left the farm and came back into town. But to wrap it up in a neat little package, it was a lot of fun.

Dari S.



Benjamin A., Nellie V., Sylvia J.,
F. Eugene, F. Irene, Ralph V. Whicker

I wonder if everyone had as much trouble remembering anything specific I'd done with my grandparents. Here in condensed form are some of my memories. Grandma Whicker- when I was a little girl I remember her being a busy person(I could say that about all my g'parents) but when I visited she made special plans- miniature golf was so much fun, she gave me manicures and I also remember a time when she and I made some jewelry together.

Grandpa Whicker- I must have been a little older, a teenager probably. G'pa built a fantastic rabbit hutch for our rabbits. I remember visiting with him while he worked and discussing algebra (which I must have been struggling with). He said although his schooling had never gotten too far, he had learned alot through his daily working and used algebra without ever having been taught it.

Grandpa Norman died when I was about 5 yrs. old. My memory of him has gotten really vague but I remember how much I loved him and how sad I was when he died.

Grandma Norman- one of my best memories is how amazed I was as a

little girl at how often she would make popcorn balls just because I wanted her to. I can still picture those great big WHITE popcorn balls.

I feel very fortunate that I've gotten to know 3 of my g'parents as an adult. I remember when I first began to realize what outstanding people they all are. I was rather shocked to find that some peoples g'parents were... well, not the way I had come to think g'parents should be (like mine, of course) and how I hope to be.

Ruth Haskins

I remember when I go spend the night with Grandma & Grampa. Grandma let's me pick my own cereal. She plays games with me after we eat and she usually cooks something special. Grampa shows me new things all the time. He showed me parts of the tractor & he showed me how to drive a three wheeler. They are very special people.

Flint Haskins

My earliest grandparent joys come from our trips to Colorado from Delaware.

We always knew we were close when we saw the road parallel the Colorado river. What joy in anticipation!

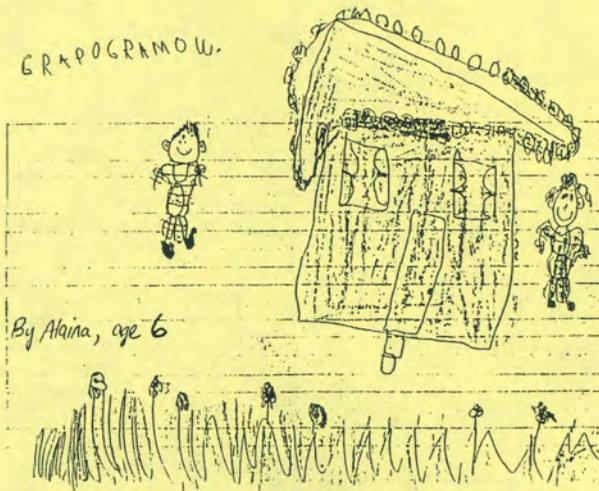
I remember very clearly sliding down G'padres Clodfelter's cellar door at their old place where ForMay Ave. now is. And the smell of that tree in the front yard - which to this day brings back those memories. Colorado smells like that tree to me. I recall G'pa helping Rea Jo make little wooden cars for us boys to play with. Theres a story about the cars, but I've forgotten it!

Later in life it became a real treat to go with G'padres C. on a camping trip. I remember one in particular where Jeff and I got to go. It was the first time I'd ever tasted freshly caught, cleaned and cooked trout. I was sold! I had never tasted anything better.

All these are sweet memories of Grand Parents I have grown to love and respect all the more through the years. Thank you all 4 for being the kind of people you are!

Allen

GRANDPARENTS



This infor concerns Forrest Clod felter's mother's parents. Rea Mae can tell you about the genealogy. All I will try to relate are the things I knew about my grandfather Cone (Augustus A.). Grandmother Cone died when my mother was a young girl, consequently much of the household cares fell to mother and her sister (Aunt "Luie" to us kids) They had to take care of Uncle Fred A. Cone, the youngest of four children. Uncle Ashley A., the oldest must have spent most of his efforts on the farm with grandpa, both in Ohio and after they came to Belle Plain, Kansas (just south of Wichita). By the time I first knew Grandpa Cone, he had purchases 160 acres of good farm land just a mile west of the Cowley County line in Sumner County, Kansas - - 3 miles west and $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Udall, Kansas and $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the Arkansas River. He had made a deal with my Dad and Mother to sell 80 acres of that farm to them at a good price if they would make a home for him for his remaining days. I know it was not a gift, for I remember going to Udall to the Bank of Commerce with Dad about twice a year for some reason which was kept a secret from me and from all neighbors and town's people. Later in life I found out that the secrecy was because he was making those trips to make payments on the farm mortgage. You see, mortgages were not as popular as today - - in fact it was an embarrassment to have a mortgage.

At the time I never caught on to why Dad would take care of all other needs of the trip first and then about noon when the number of people on the street were at a minimum, he would go into the bank - not to a teller but into the back room where the president worked, leaving me up front in a heavy wooden chair. Then we would board the wagon of corn we had taken to the mill to have ground, and head for home. Grandpa

Cone kept the west 80 on which he built a nice large two-story barn and a small granary. He was a lover of GOOD dogs, breeding some top Collie purebreds. Our dogs (mutts) were something to bring disgust to him. He was a very serious man, and I remember times when something that was funny, especially to Almeda and me (she was about three years older than I) would bring a single expression of "KIDS!" from him. But he was always kind to us - just wasn't the playing type. He planted a 20-acre orchard against the east side of his 80, and just south of the barn that sat on the northeast corner. It was 29 rows with 29 trees in each row. The major part of the trees were Winesaps, with fewer of Grimes Golden, Blacktwig, McIntosh, and Stamen Winesaps. Grandpa Cone never lived to see his orchard in peak production, as he died when I was about 9 or 10, at Winfield. That was the only time he was ever in a hospital, to my knowledge. He had fallen from the loft of his barn onto a metal half-bushel that was setting upside down at the foot of the permanent ladder to the loft, to serve as a first step assist. He fell on the edge of the bottom and broke some ribs. Very soon after he had to go to the hospital, they found cancer that brought about an end to his earthly stay.

I'll have to tell you an amusing incident brought about by G'pa Cone's strong distaste for "mutt" dogs. We kids owned a little short legged "mutt" of a dog that was, as is frequently the case, so very unusually smart for a dog - more so than many highly bred animals. That fact did not make G'pa Cone think he was so special, and so one day Mother happened to tell him that she was sure that Jingles would protect us kids from strangers. His response was one of his favorite ones - "Oh, Bosh". so Mother dared

Rea Mae's Grandpa Washington Clodfelter
and siblings:
(front, left to right) Ivan R., Eva L.,
(middle) Emstead G., G'ma Lavina Harmon,

G'pa Cone to put a long, high collared coat and an old wide brim hat in a sack and carry them down the road until out of site of Jingles, then put them on, pulling the coat up around his face and the slouch hat down over his eyes. The total arrangement was to hide G'pa cone's white beard. He then walked back towards the house with stooped shoulders and an uneven gait so Jingles wouldn't recognize him. Grandpa was sure he would do nothing.

Well, as he approached the long driveway, Jingles, who was just outside the kitchen door, saw the stranger and did not like his looks, went tearing out the driveway and charged up and attacked G'pa Cone. But, luckily his teeth set on the heavy coat and stayed there with Jingles trying to shake the daylights out of things. Finally G'pa Cone decided the dog was too tenacious and called out to Mother, "Call off your dog." I understand that there was never much conversation about this dog henceforth. (Jingles was black and white, just a little shorter and some inch or so higher than Rea Mae's "Peaches").

I'll have to take up a whole issue (another one) of the "Love-Knot" about Jingles. You asked for it!!!!!! Forrest Clodfelter

Forrest Clodfelter



The California Whicker girls enjoying their Great Grandparents Clodfelter - 1986



G'pa Washington, Cora Laoda,
(back) Florence, J. Carson, Vilando R.,
E. Dennison and W. Gertrude

GRANDMA ADAMS

Grandma Maggie Adams was the only grandparent I ever knew. We know almost nothing of her ancestry because she was an orphan and all she could tell us was that she remembered being traded from one family to the other. They would use her as a maid and chore girl until they thought they could not afford to feed her any longer and then they would give her to someone else for a while. She had no idea what her maiden name was but ended up using the name of Harris. I wish we had questioned her more while she was alive.

I'm sure she could have told us a lot of stories that we never heard.

After she married and had six children, her husband walked out on her and none of us ever saw him. He lived in Washington state and died within a month of when Grandma did but he never came back to Kansas again.

She raised the six children by herself on a sandy unproductive farm near Raymond, Kansas. My mother was the eldest and helped by sewing out for other people.

After my mother was married,

Grandma ran a boarding house in Chase, Kansas and while my mother was a widow, she helped take care of my two half-sisters until mother remarried. I don't know how long she worked after that but by the time I remember her she frequently came to our house for short periods of time and we loved her dearly.

I have no idea what she lived on. There was no Social Security then and the only alternative they had if they had no savings was what was called the "poor farm" and she didn't go there.

That was a terrible disgrace in those days. When she was in her seventies, she married her first husband's brother after his wife died. She was so happy and one time when my sister and I visited in their home for a few days she remarked to her husband, "Oh, Oliver doesn't it make you feel young to have children in the house." We had always called him Uncle and now, of course he was our grandpa so we called him Uncle grandpa. He loved it. They didn't have very long together but it was a very happy two years.

After that, Grandma began noticing a sore on her heel that wouldn't heal, later diagnosed as cancer.

She tried many many remedies that people suggested to her but it never healed. We couldn't see that it was spreading and the doctors said it was because there was very little blood flow in the heel. Finally one day she was standing at her big window looking at her beloved flower garden when she fell. Her leg had broken clear in two between the knee and the hip. Her body was honeycombed with the cancer. She only lived two weeks after that Her hair didn't turn gray until that last two weeks. She lived a hard life but must have been a hardy soul. Rea Mae knew her Great Grandmother Adams. She was about three years old when she died. She called her "little" Grandma because she was so tiny. She was not "great" as in "big".

A lesson I learned from Grandma about how to treat old people was to let them feel useful. I was trying to be good to her and took several tasks from her and she cried and said, "They just won't let me do anything any more!"

Edythe Mae Clodfelter



Lois, Ben R., Benji Mark, G'pa Whicker
on trip to Missouri (see story next pg.)

Hi family;

I've started to write this letter twice now. Its a pretty tough assignment for me, but I guess I'll just do the best I can.

I'm supposed to write about a special experience I've had with my grandparents but I have a terrible memory of all things. My childhood is in bits and pieces and I have feelings from the past more than details.

I do remember the trip I took to Missouri with Aunt Lois and G'ma & G'pa Whicker. Lots of long talks because we spent some time snowbound in a motel. We also spent some time off the road in a snow drift - and being just sixteen and confident, I felt that had G'pa let me drive it wouldn't have happened, but he didn't have much confidence in me yet. What he didn't realize was that even though I was young I probably had more practice at driving out of control than he did!

Anyway, I was going to say that I think one of the best things our grandparents did for us was making the family united with love and kinship for each other. Another big plus they've taught us is to be kind and considerate to other people. To do unto others as you would have them do unto you. This was a good trip to see these principles in action, as I met my great Uncle Floyd and was amazed that there was a male counterpart to my Grandma Whicker! I'll never forget the feelings which flowed from them to me and it gave me a desire to be like them forever. I met many other members of the family - all radiating with the same type of kindness and family unity.

Other families have such a hard time just remembering who their 1st cousins are and I realize that I only have six cousins but I believe even if they were more

numerous and even with my brain damage, we would have been close.

I gotta tell you one last bit of the Missouri story though, cause it is prominent in my memory.

I thought at the time I could surely whip my old man in a wrestling match at Uncle Floyd's house, cause I'd been letting him win as of late at home. I wanted to show off to my great heavyweight boxer-type Uncle, so there would be no holding back on Dad this time. I was confused, and will never forget Grandma and her brother standing there with their hands clasped and 'ooing and ahing' nervously as we began our match.

Each verbal warning from Uncle Floyd to be careful so similar to G'ma's familiar tones, I couldn't believe it. It confused me coming from an ex-heavyweight fighter, was used to it from G'ma, and it amused G'pa about as much as it did my Dad! I assured them I would be careful not to hurt him, and we began to wrestle.

I easily hoisted Dad several times, but I guess I was a little too careful with him, cause every time I tried to slam him down on the ground, he somehow padded his own fall by landing on my head! (Thank heavens - I could have been hurt!)

The King siblings were picture-perfect though and I'll never forget it.

If more people could have just a portion of the thoughtful consideration of other's opinions, feelings and circumstances that our people do, I believe the world would be visably a much much better place to live.

My grandparents are all so special to me that even though I don't recall all my recollections clearly, I do get a very warm feeling in my heart every time those little bits and pieces scramble through my head, and I want all four to know I love, respect and appreciate them an outrageous heck of a lot.

Buy



Dear Family,
 We just got back from two days in Denver. We went over as Farm Bureau reps from Moffat County to call at the Capitol. We did this for the first time last year and it is an enjoyable experience. People from several western slope counties went. Some of us had the opportunity of sitting in on the House session & some on the Senate session. We had lunch with 3 of our legislators & had a chance to visit with them and air our views and hear theirs. We also got to see David who is attending college in Denver. He came to our motel and we visited a couple hours. We had a good trip - nice weather and dry roads - in February!

We haven't accomplished much this winter. We've spent quite a bit of time getting our income tax info gathered up & put together for our CPA. We've also tried to set up our bookkeeping a little more efficiently (we hope). We've had lots of snow this winter & it is just now getting warm enough for it to settle some and even melt a little. A herd of elk have decided to make the WAND place their winter headquarters. We have anywhere from 30 to 200 there at times. Occasionally they come to the top of the hill to eat with the horses, but spend most of their time on the meadows.

Love you all,
 Gale & Lois

Just a quick update on the Shafers. Daniel made it to the state competition for DECA this year. He is making a gun cabinet in his woodworking class. David is doing well in school. He's had less hours of work since Christmas so has been looking for some odd jobs or whatever to help out. Joe and I have been working on building an upstairs bathroom. It is mostly finished now and certainly great to have! That's all for now.

Love,
 Joe, Marie, Dave & Dan

Dear Family,

It is Monday March 7, 1988. We have had several spring-like days - but today it is snowing, and blowing, and it's purty cold! Yesterday before church we put on light jackets and walked on dry road and now, 24 hours later we would need coats, hats, gloves & snowboots - Springtime in the Rockies!!

A couple weeks ago Mom and Marie helped me re-cover the cushions from the camper. I then made new curtains - and it looks so nice! I'm rather proud of our work.

If there isn't a lot of snow during spring break we plan to go camping for a few days. (If it is snowing we will have to stay home because Mike will have to keep his county roads open.)

Frank got some reloading dies for Christmas and now he has a complete outfit. He, Mike and Shayne have been spending time in the basement getting things set up and working.

We are all well. Hope that you all are too.

Love you!

Marg, Mike, Frank, Shayne, & Chor

Well, I have graduated from Basic Training (March 4, 1988). I have reported to A.I.T. I am training to be a Light-Wheeled Vehicle Mechanic (63B).

I have lost alot of weight. Twenty five pounds since I left home for Basic and A.I.T.

Dad and I are spending my weekend pass in New Jersey and its great to see family.

I miss the mountains very much.

Walter Rucker

Hi Ya All:

Well here it is. Another quarter of a year has passed again. Time for the LOVE KNOT. I can hardly wait to hear from you all.

Private Fred Whicker and I just checked into the Quality Inn here in Bordentown (New Jersey) awhile ago. Fred just graduated from Army Basic Training today at Fort Dix. His Company graduated at 0900 this morning. By the time I rented a car and arrived it was 1130. It's a good thing I didn't get there any earlier though as I had to wait around til about 1630 for him to get into his new outfit and processed. I was getting rather tired of waiting around.

U.P.S. Air is going through a lot of growing pains. It's almost like going back 20 yrs. or so in the operation of the DC-8.

I let it bother me a bit at first; but have decided that this Co. won't go broke even if they do make a lot of costly mistakes so there is no need to worry about it. I'm just gonna be greatful that I have a good job. A year from August I'll be back to the pay I was making when TransAmerica closed down. We received our last pay raise there in 1983, but I'm still not complaining.

For quite some time I had decided I'd never get back to that good a job again.

We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of Rachael & Doug's new baby. Guess it could happen anytime.

We are still struggling along at the Day Care. We have our moments of discouragement; but we still feel confident that we did the right thing and it will start to break even soon.

We had a real nice visit with G'pa & G'ma Clodfelter last week. Seems like the week went awfully fast though.

I finally got my retirement from TransAmerica so we finally have our debts caught up and arranged

so we can live on our present income. What a relief it is!

The Lord has really blessed us; in fact, the loss of my job at TransAmerica, I can see now, has been one of the best things to ever happen to me. At least it helped me get my priorities straight.

It is so good to be living the right kind of life once again.

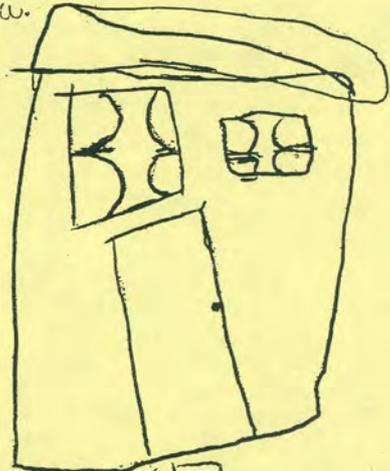
My main goal now is to strive to learn how to live my life as Christ would if He were living my life. I find that my appreciation of my fellow man is growing by leaps and bounds as I read and study the scriptures daily. It would be a completely different world if all would study the word of the Lord at least 15 minutes per day. I highly recommend it to all.

Well, guess I'll close for now.

Hope to get over to Colo. one of these days soon. Sure did enjoy the New Year when all 3 of us kids got to be at the folks together.

Bar R

GRAMOGROW.



By Jennifer, age 4



to everyone!

It's been a good year so far for our family. Hope each of you can say the same.

We just finished one of the most hectic, yet very enjoyable, vacations of our lives. I took 4 days off from Thiekol, sandwiched on both sides of a weekend, giving us 6 days of fun and games. For four of those days we went to see Glenn and Pam and their family.

(Two days of driving and two days of visiting!) In spite of the fact that the actual visiting time was so short we still had a very memorable stay. The highlights of the trip for me were the visit to Glenn's work to see the SR-71, the U-2, and the space suit, and also the trip all of us took to "Marine World-Africa USA"! I'm sure the children will always remember getting splashed on by a killer whale and watching those wacky sea lions do their skit! This kid will certainly never forget it. After coming home from California we still had two days of vacation left but we blew it all moving to a new place. Now we have lots more room and lots less spendable money! Oh well, there's always a trade off. It is good to have the room though.

It turns out that the timing of our little vacation was ideal. After planning the trip I learned that I may be going to Florida on March 7th or 8th for 6 weeks. So our time together may have preceded 6 weeks of separation. Yuck! All that sun & sea, Disney World & Epcot center, free hotel room, and **NO FAMILY** to share it with.

It'll be a bite. I won't actually get a lot of sight-seeing time anyway, so even if we had the money to fly the rest of the family down there with me Lynda would have to take full charge of the kids most of the time, so I'm not sure it would be worth it to her. I sure don't look forward to working day in and day out at a job I'm not real fond of and then having no

family around to cheer me up. I've honestly considered saying no to the trip but the phrase "tough economy" keeps coming to my head, reminding me of the need to hold on to this job! Oh well, it will probably be a memorable experience anyway. In retrospect, that is.

I guess I don't have much more to say, amazingly enough. Take care!

Love,

Jeff, Lynda, & family



ANNOUNCEMENT:

JEFFREY COLTEN ANDERSON was born to Douglas and Rachael Anderson on 10 March 1988 at 10:36 p.m. at the Utah University Hospital in SLC. He weighed 6 lbs. 10 ozs., has reddish blond hair (not quite as much as Christian had) and light skin like Doug's, so they may have their blue-eyed one too! Everything went well, and the mother is recovering well.

CONGRATULATIONS!!

20 March 1988
Sunday, 20:22
Osan AB, Korea

17

Hola Familia,

Having used the sum total of my Spanish in greeting, I shall have to continue this letter in Ameri-glish. Or would you rather I not, seeing the mood I am in?

Don't have much to report except that after two weeks of wearing shorts and t-shirts my children have forced me to get the winter clothes back out of storage (yes, I too jumped the gun!) so they will not freeze to death in this blizzardy weather.

My job is going well . . . I'm now Team Assistant to a great guy who is one of the company's top salesmen and trainers. When I started last January there were 60 employees; by Christmas, 120; within 5 years they plan on 1,000 people and 9 buildings (they're erecting the 2nd now -- we moved into the 1st in May). So I should have a little seniority by then, huh?! It's a good place to be.

The kids and I are planning on a vacation this summer to Colorado, hopefully. Anyone care to come along for the ride so I don't go bananas as the Lone Adult? Just think! A free vacation! And at the end . . . a room reserved just for you in the Psychiatric Ward! I am just kidding. These kids are great, and I love them alot and appreciate all their help in making this family run (almost) smoothly.

Looking forward to seeing some or all of you this summer, and introducing the kids to the glories of summer in Colorado!

Love,

Sean and Sprouts



Dear All;

I feel very grateful for each of you tonight, having just read through all your contributions for this issue.

A week ago Saturday, I had a real scare: my engine flamed out at altitude on my 2nd operational sortie. I've had flameouts before, but when you only have one engine in the first place, it tends to get your attention real quick!

And, being unfamiliar with the territory, the adrenalin really came in handy. I did a flameout landing at Kung Nang AB on the east coast of South Korea.

Also went to the DMZ (Demilitarized Zone) on a tour. We got to actually step into communist North Korea inside their negotiating room, complete with NK guards peering at us through the window. What deception accompanies their system!

Only a few feet from either side of the DMZ are 2 Korean villages - one on the North and one on the South. The South village has about 240 poor inhabitants, farmers. The North village has tall, beautiful modern buildings, and is in sight of the southern village. They have loudspeakers that constantly spit out propaganda trying to convince the South Koreans to come over and live in their city of plenty. The truth of the matter is that the North city is really just shells of bldgs - and no one actually lives there!

Each night ALL the lights come on at the same instant!

At the Joint Security Area (JSA) where they do all the negotiations, we have sort of an administration building on the South, and they have one on the North. Theirs is exactly 1 meter taller and 1 meter wider than ours, to show superiority. HOWEVER, their building is really no building at all, because its only 13 feet deep!

Just a facade - you can't tell its only that deep looking at it from our vantage point. Amazing, isn't it?

Sean, Pam and the Whickerettes

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Former New Jersey Governor Charles Edison tells this story of his legendary father, Thomas A. Edison: On the night of December 9, 1914 a fire struck Edison Industries virtually destroying it. Thomas Edison lost 2 million dollars and much of his life's work that night. \$238,000 worth of insurance was far too short.

The son was 24; Thomas was 67.

The son frantically looked for his father. When he found him he was standing watching the fire, his face ruddy with the glow, his white hair blown in the December wind.

Young Edison retelling the story said, "My heart ached for him.

He was 67 - no longer a young man - everything was going up in flames. He spotted me, 'Charles' he shouted, 'Where's your mother?'

'I don't know, Dad,' I said. 'find her' he bade me. 'Bring her here. She will never see anything like this again as long as she lives!'

Next morning Thomas Edison surveying the charred embers of his hopes and dreams; "There is value in disaster. All our mistakes are burned up. Thank God we can start anew."

Three weeks after the fire his firm delivered its first phonograph."

Failure just isn't on the Christian agenda! Setbacks, temporary dislocations and losses may occur, but they are never failures. God, who is able, lives in us, "now unto Him that is able to do immeasurably more than we ask or imagine, according to that power that works in us." Ephesians 3:20.

This month's mystery person is actually two! They're blood-brothers who love each other very much (almost always). They're both very good baseball players. For short, we call the one on the left, "Big Slugger", and the one on the right, "Little Slugger". They have 2 lovely sisters, and they're very good helpers to their Mom.



Samuel Cody Whicker, 9

mystery
person



Benjamin Clark Whicker, 8

All have had experience with garbled communication. If I were to whisper a simple phrase to Pam, and she passed it on to Jeff who passed it on to Rich, etc., etc., all the way through the family, an entirely new thought would likely emerge at the end. Spouses have great potential for miscommunication because of unexpressed assumptions. Countries often misinterpret one another due to language and custom barriers. My fascination with linguistics has shown me that though a beautiful tool, human language is far from perfect.

Why is communication so difficult and inaccurate? Is there no way to insure accuracy?

Thankfully, there is. It is through the great Communicator - the Holy Ghost.

The Holy Ghost has been given the mission of spreading truth.

He accomplishes this by constantly emitting ALL truth. As a great radio antenna sends its signals in all directions as waves, so the Holy Spirit sends all truth in all directions all the time.

The receiver must be tuned in to the particular frequency in order to decode the message. There are many instances of different prophets in scripture receiving exactly the same vision. How could that be? Because the Holy Ghost is constantly transmitting that vision of truth, and ANYONE who is tuned in will receive the same, unchanged truth. Consider this statement by Sterling W. Sill:

"Anciently, men communicated with each other by means of pictures. Now we usually use words to express thought, but we still think in pictures. If someone tells us his experience, we can understand it best when in our mind's eye we can actually see him doing it. John didn't just get the facts about the judgement, he actually saw it as it will someday take place. Then he transmitted these ideas to us in words, so that we could reconstruct the picture in our own minds. How well we develop this mental picturing power will largely determine our future."

As someone speaks in an effort to express mental pictures, the only way for that thought to be properly reconstructed in the mind of the receiver is for the Holy Ghost to step in and assist in that reconstruction. Thus, when we read scripture or listen to a living prophet, we are actually the benefactors of revelation on two accords - 1st, the revelation from the Lord given to His servants, and 2nd, the revelation given us through the Holy Ghost by which we accurately reconstruct (and thus comprehend) that which is being delivered. This is no less than 'modern' revelation.

That same Spirit, if it is found within our hearts and homes, helps diminish misunderstandings and enhance bonds between spouses, family members, nations - and pure communication takes place. Hopefully, that Spirit has been a part of the increased communication we have established through the medium of the LOVE KNOT. Truth has been iterated within these pages.

As witness of some of the greatest truths ever to be spoken by the power of the Holy Ghost, I have been commissioned to share with you, my family, saving truths that have gone unnoticed by many. In future editions of the LOVE KNOT you will find more specific utterances of these eternal, unchanging truths. The intent is to share and grow together by drawing upon the words of the Great Communicator that we may all see clearly and act upon what God has done, as expressed in Isaiah 55:10,11. I pray with all my heart that there will be no offense taken, for none is intended.

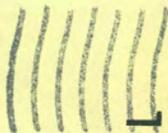
But that there will be open, sincere minds asking in God's name for these truths to be understood fully by the power of the Holy Ghost.

This is important, and I think you all know it is. Margaret was inspired in coming up with the name of our newsletter - THE LOVE KNOT, "a tie that binds". In order for that binding to be complete, these topics must be presented. You will recognize them as doctrine of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (see John 7:16-18), for which I do not apologize. Just please consider them without prejudgement and pray for guidance that the Holy Ghost will help you accurately reconstruct in your minds the truths offered. The resulting joy of this pure communication will be great. Please trust that it is God's will these things be exchanged, and that my authority as spokesman is not self-assumed, but rather I am following some very specific instructions. This effort is endorsed 100% by my Dad, Ben R. Whicker, as Patriarch of my family.

I have been straightforward in expressing my intentions, and request your personal feedback on the matter.

-Glenn

Large



MAIL



FIRST CLASS

THE BEN R. WHICKER FAMILY
90 North 500 East
Kaysville, UT 84037

Glenn R. Whicker
3559 Dumosa Way
Beale AFB, CA 95903
916-788-0141

WHAT WENT WRONG?

This is the story of four people
Everybody, Somebody, Anybody and
Nobody.

There was an important job to
be done and Everybody was sure
that Somebody would do it.
Anybody could have done it, but
Nobody did it.

Somebody got angry because it
was Everybody's job.
Everybody thought that Somebody
would do it.

But Nobody asked Anybody.
It ended up that the job wasn't
done, and Everybody blamed Every-
body, when actually Nobody asked
Anybody.



My family will in the process
of moving overseas for the next
couple of months, so this is
the only assignment notice you'
get for the July issue. Due
by 15 June at our APO England
address given in this issue,
the topic will be, "AMERICA".

Anyone who wants to submit
words, drawings, or whatever
on that subject or any other,
you are elected! And don't
forget your "Family-to-Family"
entry.

1988 Subscription Rate:
Still only \$10.00!!

THE LOVE KNOT



VOL 3 NO 2

"a tie that binds"

JUNE 1988

THE FOLLOWING ENTRIES WERE TAKEN FROM:
A Dictionary of British Surnames, by
P.H. Reaney (London, 1958). Others
to follow in later editions.

HASKINS

Askin, Askins, Astin, Astins, Ashken, Haskin, Haskins, Hasking, Haskings, Hastin, Hasins; *Asketinus filius* Od 1163 DC (L); *Robertus filius Astin* 1219 AssY; *Hosinus caretarius* 1223 Pat (Y); *John Astin* 1230 P (D); *Hugh Astyn* 1297 AssY; *John Asketyr*, *William Hastin* 1317 AssK; *John Haskyn* 1524 SRSf; *John Askin* 1674 HTSf. A Norman form of ON *Áskettill*, v. ASHKETTLÉ, ASKELL.

NORMAN

Norman, Normand: (i) *Norman*, *Normannus* 1066 DB; *Nordman* 1066-70 Bury (Sf); *Norman* c1113 Burton (Staffs); *Normannus* 1230 P (Ha); *Reginaldus filius Normandi* 1220 Cur (Ess); *Hugo*, *William Norman* 1171 P (W), 1185 Templars (Herts); *Robert Norhman* 1279 RH (O); *William Northeman* 1301 SRY. OE *Nordmann* 'dweller in the North, Scandinavian, especially a Norwegian', recorded as a personal name from the second half of the 10th century and fairly common in 1066. (ii) *John Normand* c1216 Calv (Y); *John le Norman*, *Nicholas le Normand* 1221 AssWa; *Alexander le Normaunt* 1273 RH (L). OFr *Normand*, *Normant* 'a Norman'.

WHICKER

Wicker, Wickers, Wheeker, Whicker: *Walter le Wykere* 1225 AssSo; *Henry Wyker* Hy 3 Gubb (L); *Thomas Whicker* 1581 Oxon (D). 'Dweller or worker at the dairy-farm' (OE *wic*), cf. *wich*.

Wich, Wych, Weech, Woetch, Wick, Wicke, Wickes, Wicks, Wix, Wike, Wyke, Wykes, Weekes, Weeks, Whick: *Alueredus de Uuica* 1084 GeldR (So); *Goscelin del Wich* 1184 P (Wo); *Jordan de la Wike* 1194 Cur (Gl); *Robert de la Wyk* 1248 FFEs; *Nicholas Atnewyche* 1270 AssSo; *William Wiche* c1280 ERO (Ess); *Thomas Wickes* 1302 ib.; *Roger atte Wykes* 1327 SRSO; *Thomas atte Wike* 1327 SRSx; *William Wyxe* ib.; *John Weekes* 1571 Bardsley. OE *wic*, primarily 'dwelling-place, abode', then 'village, hamlet, town', was later used of a dairy-farm, as in *Cowick*, *Gatwick* (goat-farm), *Oxwick*, *Shapwick* (sheep-farm), *Butterwick*, *Chiswick* (cheese-farm), and in this sense the simple *wick* was very common in the 13th and 14th centuries and survived in common use in Essex as late as 1729 when we read of 'a wick or dairy of 20 cows' at *St Osyth*. The surname may derive from *Wix* (Essex) or any of the many places named *Wick*, *Wyke* or *Week* (a south-western, particularly Devon, form), or it may denote a dweller near or a worker at a dairy-farm. The final *-s* is a plural form, cf. *WICKEN*. There seem to be no certain examples of the palatalized form (*Wich*) surviving in the uncompounded place-name but the form certainly existed and may survive as a surname. Camden refers to 'making cheese of ewes' milk in their little dairy houses or huts [in Canvey Island] built for that purpose, which they call Wickes'. *Wich*, *Wyck*, *Weech* and *Weetch*, may also, and, probably usually, mean 'dweller by the wych-elm' (OE *wice*), as at *Weach Barton* (Devon) and *Wychstreet* in *Woking* (Surrey).

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

INDEPENDENCE DAY

"We're Off! to see....America!"

This morning early before I got up, I was trying to think of what I could write about "America", and at the same time I was thinking about what I needed to do to get ready to leave on vacation. That gave me the idea that I could write about the privilege of travel that we enjoy in our land. We can just decide where we want to go, and when, & how we are going to travel - we don't have to ask the permission of our government. When we come to the state line, we wouldn't even know it if the highway signs didn't look a bit different, and it's possible to even miss the state line marker if we're gazing in the wrong direction - no hassle to enter another state. Our country has such a variety of scenic wonders and if we have the time and the money for travel it is ours to enjoy.

I appreciate all the well-known freedoms, such as freedom of speech, religions, etc., but added to these is the very real blessing of freedom of movement or whatever it might be called.

Just as evil can invade our individual lives, it can invade our country, so that we need to be vigilant to protect the good in our country.

When we fly to a distant city, drive to a neighboring town, go to visit grandparents, or just a walk through the countryside, let's rejoice in this simple freedom, and thank God for the numberless blessings we enjoy in our America!

Lois N.

**LIBERTY &
JUSTICE
FOR ALL!!**



MYSTERY PERSONS

3



ANNIVERSARIES

June 30 - Carmen Whicker
July 1 - Maxine Alber's
1 - Glenn Whicker
8 - Rachael H. Anderson
17 - Charlotte Duzik (18)
17 - Marie Shaffer
19 - Camille Whicker (8)
19 - Taralyn Whicker (8)
22 - Jefferson Cloward (2)
31 - Forrest + Edythe Mae's 56th

August 5 - Diane Hair
8 - Rea Jo Cloward
8 - Shannon Davidson (4)
9 - Chuck + Carmen's 2nd
11 - Connie Whicker
17 - Emily Cloward (9)
19 - Benjamin Mark Whicker
21 - Nathan Cloward (5)
30 - Shayne Duzik (20)

Sept. 13 - Andrea Norman
18 - Emma Haskins (16)
25 - Ronald Johnson
26 - Keith Haskins (9)
28 - Gale + Lois' 44th

1981 'SIST & ENIATE
GAIN & LOIS 1988

BIRTHDAYS

CONGRATULATIONS TO RICH + ANDREA
NORMAN
FROUD PARENTS OF:

CODY GALE NORMAN

born 5 May 1988 !!!



FAMILY TO FAMILY



Dear Families;
June 13, 1988

It gives me great pleasure to have this opportunity to hear from each and every one who write in the family LOVE KNOT. I can't help feeling disappointed when a few so seldom write. I know everyone is very busy. I am also trying to do whatever I attempt to do. I don't know how long I will be mentally or physically able to write.

I am here with Max and Ted temporarily. The Dr. and Maxine think I need to gain weight. I weighed 106 1/2 lbs. on her (Dr's) scales. Lost too much in short time.

I have something to tell you all about Grandpa Ben A. Maxine and I went to see him after we left the Dr.'s office. He was at his best. When we were ready to leave, Maxine said to him, "Kiss Mother, we must leave now." He gave me the sweetest kiss right on the lips, then smiled and winked at me. I know he was absolutely his old self at that moment. I shall always remember that as one of the happiest moments of my life.

Glenn, Carl, B.R. and I visited him just before they left for Utah.

I enjoyed every minute I had to be with them.

Shannon seems to realize my weakness and gives me support to lead me with her little hands. She gives me so many tender hugs and kisses. That too, is a delight to my soul. The only little great-grandchild that I have nearby.

Love to each and every one who reads this and of course, to any of them who may not.

God Bless +be with you all until we meet again through this channel.

P.S. Maxine has her wrist-hand in a cast from fall yesterday.

*Grandma B.B.D.
Grandpa Love also,*

6/16/88

Dear Family,

Mom said this was due yesterday. Perhaps all the interruptions are part of the reason I haven't gotten this written. I was just interrupted again. Marg came by & is getting ready for their vacation. She tried on some new shorts & just can't get used to the new styles. She said, "It looks like you fell through an umbrella".

Seems we've been busy, but I don't know what we've accomplished. Daniel has changed jobs. He is mowing lawns in our area for the subdivision developer - so there are quite a few. But he has lots more free time (which we're all glad of). David will have a week's break beginning the 17th of June. Then he goes straight through till Christmas and will be finished.

We plan a trip to Oregon (Joe's brother lives there) and to Calif. (to show Daniel where he was born) from July 1-10, so I should have more to write about next time.

Love, The Shaffers



RYANNE & EMMA

Dear LOVEKNOT,

Wow, I can't believe how fast time flies. Seems like the days drag on forever but the months whiz by in a flash.

Since the last issue of this newsletter my wife and I moved into our new home. We'd been looking for some time but were always disappointed in what the realtor showed us so we gave up and found a larger place to rent. Once we stepped into the door of this house, we knew we wanted to buy it, even though we had moved into a new apartment just 2 1/2 months prior. We are very happy about the decision and are extremely happy to have settled down. We have moved 14 times in the almost 7 years that we've been married.

We have been babysitting Rachael and Doug's two boys for the last little while. It's been a blast because our youngest, JaLyn, is about the same age as their oldest, Christian, and those two have a real personality conflict. Watching them interact with each other can be funny at times. JaLyn just loves the baby though, and I'm glad she has this chance to have an aunt in her home, cause she ain't got no other! She treats him with a lot of tenderness and doesn't seem to be jealous of the extra attention he gets.

This same baby that I've just been talking about has been diagnosed as having cystic fibrosis. He also had about 40%

less blood in his system than he needed so he went in last night and had a blood transfusion. I hope Rachael doesn't mind me telling you this; she's so busy with her work and seeing the baby at the hospital that I kind of doubt she'll get around to writing. And the baby could use all of your prayers.

I've been recalled to active duty in the Air Force! Can you believe it? What's going on in the world that requires mobilization? The preceding thoughts were exactly what went through my mind when I read the orders, but boy was I relieved when I read further. The active duty will only last for one day. I guess it's just some sort of exercise to give the boys in Washington some idea of how many of the inactive reservists could actually be counted on to show up! Kinda had me going for a minute there.

We hope all of you are well and enjoying life. We appreciate Glenn for producing this newsletter and also all those who participate in it. It has given us a lot of pleasure to hear of your memories and your present happenings.

LOVE,

Jeff & Lynda Whicker

Woudy Ya'all; 6-18-88,
1800 hrs.

I can't believe another quarter of the year has passed and it is LOVE KNOT time again. Time sure passes fast when you're busy having fun! Boy are we busy!

The day care business that we were worrying about being too slow for so long hit us all at once. We weren't as prepared as we should have been for such a sudden increase. We were expecting things to slow down after school let out; much to our surprise it increased tremendously. In fact, we've been within one of capacity a couple of times. Now we find we must get some more playground equipment, etc. right now!

The celebration of our independence as a free country is almost upon us once again. I wish that you all could have the experience of visiting as many different countries as I've had over the years. It really helps one realize how inspired our forefathers were when they drafted our Constitution and set up this government. It is imperative that we work to elect men who will uphold this document and stop this slide into socialism that we are experiencing. We all need to realize that the only reason the socialist societies have survived up to now is due to the generosity of our people and government bailing them out periodically. No one will be here to bail us out when we get in over our heads - thus the economy of the whole world will have to collapse.

It may be my imagination but I have never come back into the United States that I haven't noticed a difference even from the air, especially if I've been gone for some time. There are some beautiful areas all over the world. The Black Forest in Germany, the island of New Guinea, just to name a couple, yet the green of America is prettier. The American Continent even smells cleaner,

especially after a rain. Believe it or not there are areas in the world that smell terrible after a rain shower. I think it's because they've been heavily populated for so long. I really noticed that all over North Africa.

Tomorrow is Father's Day. I may try to call my Dad on the phone. I'm sure he won't be able to talk to me, but hopefully he will know it is me and that I'm thinking of him and love him. I hope someday to be as good a man as he is.

We would like to have all of you pray for our little grandson Colten. As you may or may not know, he has been diagnosed as having cystic fibrosis. We know that if it is the Lord's will that he can be Healed. His parents need our prayers also. It has been quite noticeable just lately that all was not well with him. He was so white and not growing very fast.

Well, I guess that's about it for this time. I love you all very much. Hang in there and keep on progressing.

Love
Dad R



6/16/88

Dear Family,

Rich is still working for the county. He has four 10-hour days so he has an extra day on the weekend. We have been working a lot in our garden and yard, trying real hard to get our yard in good shape.

I think we will be spending a lot of time up at Quaker Mtn. this summer as there is so much to do up there. We'll also plan to get in our winter wood supply from up there.

Our son, Cody Gale was born May 5, at Steamboat Spgs. He weighed 6#, 6 oz. & was 19-3/4 " long. He is really doing good, and lately has been getting me up only once during the night. For a while I felt like a zombie. Rich weighed with him on the bathroom scales & figured he must weigh about 11#

The girls will be taking swimming lessons this summer and will attend Vacation Bible School for a week.

Rich says the baby is spoiled for his mommy as he can be crying & when I take him, he quiets down.

We aren't going anywhere this summer. Rich's vacation time will probably be spent up at the mountain doing some work, but it's nice up there & we enjoy it.

Love, Rich, Andi & 3 kids



Dear Family,

Goodness - it's Love Knot time in. We're having very hot, dry windy weather here. If we don't get some good rains very soon, our crops will not make it. Mike planted all spring grain this year and it still looks fairly good, but..

Lots has happened in the past few months. Shayne got a job with the City of Craig Parks & Rec. Dept. He has his own particular park to care for; mowing, trimming, watering, fixing baseball diamonds etc. He enjoys his work & his pay check. He got his pickup paid off.

Frank has a job with T&H Parts- a local NAPA store. He does just about everything-stocking parts, deliveries, & works the counter. He likes his job too -he is challenged by figuring out what a customer needs & then finding it for them.

We have built new fence around our place-sure looks better. Now Shayne can put his horse out here.

Charlotte still works part time at the Marj Marr Shop. Her only complaint is that she doesn't get enough hours.

Charlotte & Shayne both went to the Moffat Co. Jr/Sr Prom. Char went with Shayne Jakins (one of the Duzik cousins friends) & Michael Shayne went with Dana McIntyre from Maybell. About 5:00 P.M. Jacque Duzik called to ask Shayne if he could take this girl to the Prom, so within four hours he was all set up. He & Char each had a nice time too.

On may 29, Charlotte graduated from high school! It sure surprised Mike & me to see our "baby" graduate. She is going to school in Greeley & plans to go into Fashion Merchandising. She was awarded a scholarship from DECA.

Mike & I are leaving Fri. with Dad & Mom for Kansas. Mike wants to help Dad's Uncles with their harvest. We'll be in Ness City & then take a trip to Hutchinson to see my G'pa Norman's sister, Harriett Burnett. The kids will stay here and do the chores and watering.

We're having a busy & enjoyable summer. Hope yours is as good.

Love Always, Marg, Mike, F,S,C.

8

Dear Family;
June 1988

We made a successful move to England, and are enjoying it a bunch. What a beautiful country! I guess we hit it during the right season - the weather's been great. They say we've seen all there is of summer by now though! While I've got you here, let me extend an open, honest and sincere invitation to anyone in the family for free board and lodging 40 minutes from downtown London for up to a month at a time. Really, if ever you planned on seeing England, better take up this offer before it expires in May 1991.

It's been fun to see all the history around here. We've been to London once as a family, riding on the double-decker busses, the 'underground' (subway in American talk), viewing the London Bridge (the real one's in Arizona now), and the Houses of Parliament. We've been 'punting' on the Cans River (canoeing), and witnessed the townspeople playing the 300+ year old bells in the old church nearby. Just a fascinating place to be.

Even so, there's no place like America! I went in to a local kiosk the other night to buy a newspaper. "Oh, no, we're not allowed to sell them here, 'cuz there's a bookstore just a block away. Of course, he's closed right now." That was a surprise! In taking some International Relations courses in Cambridge recently, I've learned just how much influence the US has in the world - its amazing. According to these British professors, we're looked at as the moral influence in international law and commerce. Other countries feel very strapped to pleasing the US in order to make any progress in their own industries. That Airbus crash in France the other day, for example, has everyone here afraid that it will keep our FAA from issuing an airworthiness certificate to what is supposed to be a revolutionary aircraft - and if the FAA doesn't issue it, the whole idea will be destroyed.

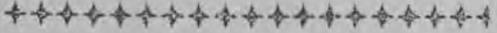
I am very thankful for the country to which we belong, and for this chance to see a different angle on just what our blessings are.

We love you all very much.
Thanks for being a part of the LOVE KNOT.

Shawn + Pam
+ 4



BENJAMIN J. WHICKER
FAMILY, (L TO R): HARLEN
EDWARD, PEARL, GEORGE,
JOHN, OSA, ROBERT,
LYDIA, BENJAMIN, CINDY



6/15/88

Dear Family,

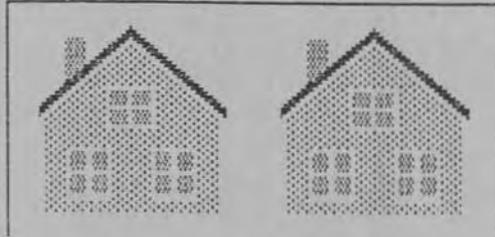
If my dear Mother hadn't called yesterday, I wouldn't have thought of the deadline for our Love Knot. I couldn't believe it was time for it again! I thought the other one just came out about a month ago!

Of course, you have already probably heard that Rich and Andi had a baby boy May 5. His name is Cody Gale. In the past month he has really grown. He started out at 6#6oz. We all think he is pretty nice. Heather tries to "mother" him a lot and Jessi does some too.

We are planning a trip to Kan. & are leaving tomorrow. It will be hot we are sure, but Mike has wanted to see a Kansas harvest, so that's the way he will spend his vacation and they asked us to go along. Gale has lots of relatives back there so we'll see them too. We are kinda caught up with the farming for a bit. The Haskins kids plan to keep our garden & lawns watered for us. We are really having a dry spell - & pretty hot.

Love, Lois & Gale





Wreckers?

I watched them tearing a building down,
 A gang of men in our busy town;
 With a ho-heave-ho and a lusty yell
 They swung a beam and a side wall fell.
 I asked the foreman, "Are these men skilled
 As the men you'd hire if you had to build?"
 He gave a laugh and said, "No indeed!
 Just common labor is all I need;
 I can easily wreck in a day or two
 What builders have taken a year to do."
 I thought to myself as I went my way,
 Which of these roles have I tried to play?
 Am I the builder who works with care,
 Measuring life by the rule and square?
 Am I shaping by deeds to a well-laid plan,
 Patiently doing the best I can?
 Or am I a wrecker who walks the town
 Only content with tearing down?

-Author unknown-



If you or I were to travel unfamiliar country roads in need of directions, we would very willingly accept input from a perfect stranger who had been over the roads before. And if, at a certain point, he advised us to take the less traveled of two choices, we would undoubtedly trust his counsel because of his experience.

Life is a journey over unknown territory, yet it is our privilege to take today with one who has been over the road, who has that broader vision and see clearly the results of a path open to us. Are we as wise in following his direction as we would be the well-traveled stranger's? I speak of the LIVING Prophet of God, Ezra Taft Benson.

Now, I would like to concentrate on that word, LIVING. As a family, as a country, as a world, we believe in prophets. The concept is not unfamiliar. Mohammed was viewed as a prophet to much of the world's population. The whole Christian world believes in Abraham, Moses, Isaiah, John the Baptist and Peter as prophets. To expand that understanding to the acceptance of LIVING prophets is a natural next step. After all, the people during the time of Abraham, for example, believed in a living prophet. "For to him that is joined to all the LIVING there is hope: for a living dog is better than a dead lion" (Eccles. 9:4).

The word LIFE invokes meanings of "lively, full of energy, alert, up-to-date, of present interest, burning or glowing, still in use, charged with a current" (Webster's Int'l Dict.). All these give vitality and produce progress. James teaches that faith without works is dead; that the body without the spirit is dead (James 2:20,26). And so, a people led by dead prophets lacks life in its fullest sense. "It is an easy thing to believe in dead prophets, but it is a greater thing to believe in the living prophets" (Marion G. Romney, Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ).

Let me illustrate the importance of living oracles by using an example familiar to Dad and Teddy. Every mission I fly has as its goal the successful arrival at a specific destination. I need guidance along the route in order to hit that point, and that guidance available by either using: (1) an inertial navigation system (INS), a computer which continuously updates my position in relation to the desired flightpath, or, (2) a method called "dead-reckoning". It's called DEAD-reckoning for a very good reason - it has no life. It does not constantly update, and leaves me as the pilot to trust only the flight plan I did on the ground the day before. I start out with a true enough direction, but winds come along and blow me off course. THERE ARE ALWAYS WINDS, and they come from different directions and at different speeds each day. I'm expected to be as far as 7 miles off course by the end of my flight using dead-reckoning; using the INS, I'll be exactly on target.

In this flight of life, with its desired destination of God's presence, shall we use the INS of the living, breathing prophet who gives us constant inputs from the living Christ that relate to the specific winds of the day? Or shall we dead-reckon by using solely the writings of dead prophets - who lead with power the people of their own day? As great as those men were and are, their writings are not sufficient for us in these latter-days. Aha for example, did not receive the instructions on how to build the ark. Neither did Abraham receive the details for leading the children of Israel out of Egypt. Said President John Taylor:

"The Bible is good; the Book of Mormon is good and the Doctrine and Covenants, AS LANDMARKS. Those books are good for precedent, and investigation, and for developing certain laws and principles. But they do not, they cannot, touch every case required to be adjudicated and set in order.

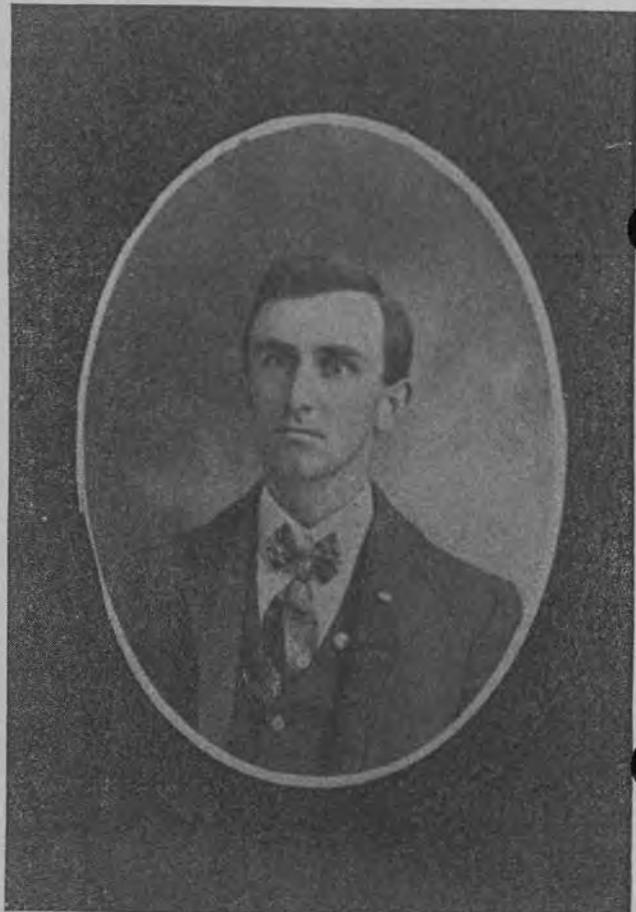
"We require a living tree - a living fountain - living intelligence, proceeding from the living priesthood in heaven, through the living priesthood on earth. From the time the Adam first received a communication from God, to the time that John, on the Isle of Patmos, received his communication, or Joseph Smith had the heavens opened up to him, it always required new revelations, adapted to the peculiar circumstances in which the churches or individuals were placed."

In speaking of Christ, the angels asked Mary at the tomb, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" (Luke 24:5). And so we worship the LIVING Christ who is "up-to-date, of present interest, still in use" - the Christ who speaks and interacts with us through living prophets, as He has always done. Why would He warn against false prophets if there were to be no true prophets in the last days (see Matt 24:11)? It is one of Satan's most blinding lies to get the world to believe that Christ no longer provides that LIVING water He promised (John 4:10), through LIVING prophets to a LIVING church. I testify to you that Ezra Taft Benson the Prophet through whom Christ Himself speaks to the world today to provide that constant guidance we so desperately need. As a family who loves Christ, let us not commit the error the Jews anciently by rejecting the fountain of LIVING waters (Jer. 2:13).

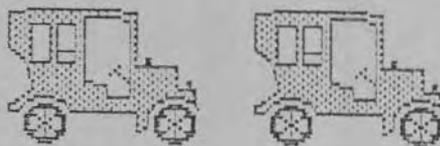
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GRANDPA FRED RINTOUL,
AGE 18
EDYTHE MAE'S FATHER



1988 SUBSCRIPTION RATE:
\$10.00 PER FAMILY

THE LOVE KNOT

VOL 3 No. 3 "a tie that binds" OCTOBER 1988

MYSTERY GIRLS

I realize its hard to mistake these two! Friends from the start, they each have at least one little girl of their own now, learning the art of femininity from the fine examples of their mothers.

The one on the right is the first girl I ever kissed, and the one on the left is the first girl outside my immediate family I ever kissed! They're both still as loveable as you see them here on Rhonda's 5th birthday, 25 January 1960. (She's the one on the left, by the way, with Rea Jo on the right.)



R ~~mystery person~~

I think the years go too darn fast. It's fun having daughters who are almost teenagers! The hairspray cost alone, however, is staggering.

I love you all very much. Some of my best memories are with you guys-- and some of the best future memories, too, I hope.

May Heavenly Father continue to bless you all.

Love,



BIRTHDAYS & ANNIVERSARIES

- | | |
|------------|---------------------------|
| October 13 | Jennifer Whicker (5) |
| 15 | Margaret Duzik |
| 16 | Ted Albers |
| 21 | Lynda Whicker |
| 24 | Pamela Whicker |
| 26 | Rachael Whicker (7) |
| 28 | Jessica Norman (5) |
| November 1 | David Shaffer (20) |
| 6 | Mike & Marg's 24th? |
| 7 | Douglas Anderson |
| 7 | Cody Whicker (10) |
| 9 | Jelyn Whicker (2) |
| 11 | Lois Norman |
| 15 | Forrest Clodfelter (76!) |
| 17 | Christopher Whicker (4) |
| 20 | Mikelle Cloward (12) |
| 22 | Ryanne Whicker (14) |
| 26 | Gale Norman |
| 29 | Benjamin A. Whicker (90!) |
| December 6 | Rea Mae Whicker |
| 11 | Curtis Cloward |
| 12 | Spencer Whicker (6) |
| 19 | F. Solomon Whicker (5) |
| 27 | Joe Shaffer |
| 27 | Joe & Marie's 22nd! |
| 27 | Ben & Rea's 37th! |
| 29 | Rich & Andrea's 7th! |

Rea Mae
Ly
Whicker

"It's a funny thing about life...If you refuse to accept anything but the best, you very often get it."
- Somerset Maugham



Richard Whicker was born to Chuck and Carmelita sometime since the last LOVE KNOT. (I'm sorry I don't have the date.) Welcome to this world, little guy!

Dearest Families:

The highlight of my life since last writing to the Love Knot was, of course, my trip to England, and Scotland. It was simply perfect in every way! The weather was beautiful, but even if it had been raining all the time as I understand it does sometimes, it wouldn't have mattered! Just being there with our little Glenn & Pam family, and able to see the places that my great-grandfather David Rintoul lived and went to church and where his Mother did the family shopping. ..nothing could have marred that other than an earthquake!

I highly recommend that all of you try to make a trip over there while Glenn and Pam are there! They are absolutely wonderful hosts, and they love having someone from home there! They are happy there, though, I think. They lead a very busy life and a pretty stressful one, at least in Glenn's work. They are already so popular among the little people in their little town, because they have family nights every week, and because they are involved with their girls activities. Some of us don't realize that that is not the "norm" in the world today! The most important thing we could possibly do, but many times almost ignored by the parents! Strange ducks, aren't we?

It is so busy here since I got home that I don't know if I will ever catch up, but it was well worth it!

The hard part of the last three months has been finding out that little Colten has cystic fibrosis, and watching him suffer, as well as his Mommy and Daddy. He has been in the hospital twice since then, and had to have one whole unit of blood. Of course, he takes much, much medication and enzymes. The medication, though, is actually vitamins and oils and iron. His milk is extra strength for the added calories. I personally don't agree with the oil and milk treatment, since they both cause even more mucus, and mucus is the main problem with a cystic fibrosis patient. I'm sure someday that they will know how to treat it and it will probably even have a cure.

We sure do love you all! Please keep writing!

Love,
Rea



Rachael Mae Whicker Anderson, (at age 7?), as always with her angelic smile.

I particularly love this little girl, 'cause she was my 10th birthday present.

She has many talents: speed typist, beautiful, full of faith, dedicated mother, artist, friend. We're glad to have her as an enduring part of this LOVE KNOT chain.

Gw

Dear Family,

3

I guess the big news is that we have fallen in love--all of us, including the children! The lucky fellow's name is Keith Tyree and here are the stats: He's from Ohio (so he talks "funny"), lives in Texas, is a good carpenter (as were both our grandpas), and he's 41 and a lifelong bachelor (what a catch!). The 1st thing I noticed about him was a sparkle in his eye; the 2nd was that I loved dancing with him. It's been getting better+ since.



Grandma Mae with little Christian. 1987

He is moving to SLC next month. We planned to be married Oct. 15 but I don't know if we can put it together that soon. The kids love Keith. I enjoy watching them together. He's looking for work here--permanent or just something to tide him over 'til he establishes his reputation & can be self-employed. Neither of us likes winter, so we've discussed moving to the G.J. area. Please keep your eyes and ears open.

My job is going great. I'm now selling seminars--it's scary but exhilarating. Eventually I'll be able to live wherever & still be employed with Franklin. In the meantime I'm soaking up all the training & positive thinking I can here at corp. HQ.

My 4 oldest kids have begun the new school year--last year was tough but this new school has a completely different atmosphere. Nathan rides the big bus to k-garten with his sisters & rides home alone (gulp) every day. Jefferson misses him, & I think the years go too darn fast. It's fun having daughters who are almost teenagers! The hairspray cost alone, however, is staggering.

I love you all very much. Some of my best memories are with you guys--and some of the best future memories, too, I hope.

May Heavenly Father continue to bless you all.

Love,

CONGRATULATIONS:

On 23 September, John Whicker and Katrina Jensen joined hands for eternity in marriage. Good Luck!



Richard Whicker was born to Chuck and Carmelita sometime since the last LOVE KNOT. (I'm sorry I don't have the date.)
Welcome to this world, little guy!

Hi Everybody: 9/01/88

Right at the moment I can hardly think of anything worth saying.

I have been on vacation? since the 20th of last month; however I've been pretty busy.

I worked a couple of evenings out at the welfare farm on the tomatoes, made a few repairs a the Day Care, fixed a few things on the vehicles around here. Now that I'm trying to record what I've been doing it doesn't seem like I've accomplished much so I don't understand why I feel like I've been so rushed.

The Day Care is going great now.

Things really picked up right after school let out so we were a little concerned about school starting again. But it has even been better since it started; in fact we are full up for the year unless some drop out by moving or something.

Maybe we can even get some of our money back we've plunked into the place now as during the school year it takes less teachers than it does during the summer due to the ages not being so diversified.

We are very grateful that it is doing so well. In fact this is the month that we had decided to close it down if it wasn't breaking even way last spring.

G'pa and G'ma Clodfelter are visiting us this week. They got back from their Alaskan cruise last Sat. We sure have been enjoying them.

Last night G'pa, G'ma, Mom and I took John, Katrina and her parents out to dinner. Katrina sure has a nice family.

My job at UPS is getting better. They are gradually learning about airlines. I'm still instructing practically every trip; in fact I have only been in my seat about 3 or 4 times since February.

I just had my check ride in the simulator before my vacation and I was just too close to the panel. I needed to be sitting across the cockpit where I'm used to observing things lately.

Mom sure did enjoy her trip to England and Scotland. She's been doubly busy since she returned though. I missed her terribly even though I was on the road the whole time except the week-ends.

It was hard for me to put her on that

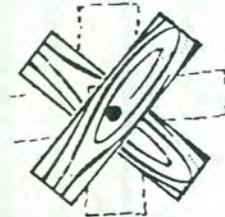
airplane and watch her take-off too. Somehow it seemed backwards to me. She always sends me off on airplanes and she's here at home waiting for me!

Well, guess I'd better get busy. I slept in kind of late this morning. I need to touch up a couple of parking lot dings on the doors of the Toyota. Just had it painted in July.

We are all happy here and still learning more each day. Remember to "THINK HAPPY THOUGHTS" and "FAMILIES ARE FOREVER!"

LOVE YA
Drew R

With only one witness, many lines of interpretation can be drawn:



(Thus, the hundreds of differing Christian churches today.)

A 2nd witness "nails down" the truth, as it can only be interpreted along one strait and narrow line:



In Matthew 18:20, the Lord states that where two or three are gathered, there He will be also. Why two or three? In order to understand the significance of those numbers, we need to take a look at the scriptural law of witnesses.

In the Old Testament, this law pertained to witness against sin (see Deuteronomy 17:6). No one could be convicted of having committed a serious transgression without at least two independent witnesses.

In the New Testament, that same Mosaic requirement was transferred to the new mandate to preach Christ's gospel to the entire world - in missionary pairs of two (Mark 6:7). The reason still the same: "In the mouth of 2 or 3 witnesses will every word be established" (Matt. 18:16; 2 Cor. 13:1). As in today's courts of law, God does not expect His intelligent children to evaluate His word from just one source. Perhaps the requirement for two or three witnesses stems naturally from the fact that the Godhead itself is made up of three separate Beings who jointly bear record (1 John 5:7).

Ezekial prophesied long ago that in the last days before the return of Christ, the law of witnesses would come into play in a very significant way. Read Ezekial 37:15-19. In bringing together the records or 'sticks' of two separate tribes of Israel - Judah and Ephraim - both of which testify strongly of Christ's divinity, the law of witnesses would be fulfilled. Becoming one in the hands of God, these two records would work jointly in culminating the great latter-day work of establishing an "everlasting covenant" (verse 26).

We know the stick of Judah to be the Holy Bible. As a family, we have all come to love and honor its precious witness. But what of this other record that is to become one with the Bible and provide the required 2nd witness? If it were to be found, would not it be considered as precious a find as the 1st witness? And serve to increase our testimonies and love of Christ?

Listen to the words of Joseph, the brother of Judah, found in this other witness. You'll find it interesting that the 2nd testifies of the 1st just the same as the 1st testifies of the 2nd - thus becoming truly one:

"Wherefore, the fruit of thy loins shall write; and the fruit of the loins of Judah shall write; and that which shall be written by the fruit of thy loins, and also that which shall be written by the fruit of the loins of Judah, shall grow together, unto the...knowledge of my covenants, saith the Lord (2 Nephi 3:12).

The most beautiful part of this 2nd witness, The Book of Mormon, is the record of Christ's visit to the western hemisphere shortly after His resurrection. In speaking to the people here, His own words establish the truth of this witness:

"And verily I say unto you, that ye are they of whom I said: Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd...ye have both heard my voice, and seen me; and ye are my sheep, and ye are numbered among those whom the Father hath given me" (3 Nephi 15:21,24; compare John 10:16).

I give my solemn witness that these are indeed the words of The Shepherd. That this 2nd witness is an essential part of God's plan of teaching us His Gospel. Just as meetings of 2 or more are blessed with His spirit, the testimony of 2 separate nations in the Bible and the Book of Mormon will bless you and I more abundantly.

I pray we can all receive this additional witness with the thankfulness with which we have received the first. In the name of Jesus Christ.

My Dear Loved Knots; 9-7-88
 As usual I enjoyed hearing from each one that wrote last time. Much has happened since the last. G'pa and I are about the same. My getting around is a bit more difficult.

I hope I can remember who I've seen. First, Irene came and spend 2 days and nights. I was showing her the pictures of G'pa Harlan and the letters he had written to us about their wedding and also about his dad's father, Benjamin J. Whicker's obituary. We were both sitting side by side straining our eyes trying to read whatever we had in our own hands. We got tickled at the picture we were making. She is a little dear.

That is the longest visit we ever had for many years. It was usually a brief "Hello & Goodbye".

Lois stayed with me, and watched over me while Ted, Maxine, Rhonda, Dan and Shannon were on vacation in California.

Shannon's 4th birthday was there on Aug. 8th - same day as Rea Jo's. Lois brought some vegetables from her garden and froze several bunches. She also did some extra cleaning, besides we had a good time. It was fun for me.

This past Labor Day, John and his fiancée Katrina Jensen surprised me Sat. They were a tired and hungry little couple. I really enjoyed them and also getting to meet Katrina. Maybe John will write in the Love Knot telling about their upcoming events for the future. B.R. came in later with G'pa and G'ma C. We 3 went to Church together. I appreciated that.

B.R. went with them up to Craig. They, John and Katrina, left after a short stay. B.R. came back with T.E. and Max Monday evening.

Tuesday and Wed., we just visited, looked at scrapbook and photo albums. We went to see Dad. He was asleep in wheel chair. We tried to awaken him. Finally Don brought a washcloth and I washed his eyes and face, got a drink for him. He drank it and another later by me holding the drinking cup.

He often will hold it himself. He smiled at B.R., kissed him and did the same to me, but was too sleepy. Max let us use her car, so I picked up my medicines etc. while we had use of it.

Ted went to Craig to help do some work on the dike - they are hiring someone

to give instructions. I don't know exactly what his part is to do.

Maxine had us to have supper with her last night. The Fix-it Man from Kaysville fixed my screen door; the wind had it almost off its hinges.

I have been staying almost altogether at Max and Ted's home. The Dr. and Maxine think I should not be alone.

She, my Dr, says they are trying to keep me out of the Nursing Home, which I truly want also. They want me to eat three times with snacks in between.

She called me yesterday saying she would give her OK. Maxine agreed with Dr. that I could stay there at nights and here in the daytime, but she said that Maxine should have the 'say-so' about any change that might occur. I surely did appreciate getting to stay here during the day. I can at least try to do a few extra things here with some (small) degree of independence.

I'm concerned that this may make more responsibility and work for Maxine - goodness knows she doesn't need that!

Nobody could be better to me than she and Ted have been. I love and appreciate all they have and still do for me.

Time to quit. B.R. just returned from taking Max to work. Stopped at G'pa C's for a short chat with them.

They took B.R. and me out to eat yesterday. E.M.'s brother, wife, and sister Martha are visiting them. Sure enjoyed our meal and seeing them.

I've intended to write to Ronald to thank him for his contribution and the beautiful design he made for the "WHICKERsnapper" of the B.R. and R.M.'s home.

God bless each and all.

P.S. We are going to see G'pa now.

Linn B B W

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| <p>© PH.D. M.A. B.S.</p> |
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Dear LoveKnot,

We have had a great summer this year. One of the highlights was our vacation, but as always there were too many things to do in too little time.

We started out by visiting our Grand Junction relatives. That particular part of our vacation was just too short, that's all there is to it. We had an enjoyable visit though. Spent Sunday morning going to church with the Clodfelters where we heard an exceptionally good sermon. Then we visited with G'ma Whicker and a few of the Alber's clan for the rest of the day. When we went to see G'pa Whicker Alaina was the first one to recognize him. He was sitting in the visitor's room and Alaina noticed him immediately upon walking in the door. At first I thought she was mistaken, but then I saw him from a different angle and could tell she was right.

Sure would have been nice to stay longer and visit with others Colorado relatives, some of whom I have't seen for years. But Lynda's father's family was having a reunion later that week and she saw cousins she hasn't seen since early childhood. (They're worse at having reunions than we are!)

My shop at work is going through a 35% reduction in force. I'm safe for now, but I may end up being forcibly transferred to another shop. That could be a blessing or a curse. There are an awfully lot of crummy jobs at Thiokol, one of which is mine but some of which are even worse than that. But there are a few good ones too. Maybe I'll get lucky.

Not much else to say. Hope all of you are doing well. Take care!

Love,

*John Lynda
for us*

Dear Family;

23 Sept 1988

We've had some great times lately with the visits of Mom and Benj and his kids. It was like going on a treasure hunt, searching for the Rintoul house near Kinross, Scotland. I don't think I've ever had that much fun nor that kind of a neat feeling before. And it was the best visit I've had with my dear mother since I lived at home.

Thanks for coming, all of you.

And the rest of you LOVE KNOT subscribe are invited to partake of free room and board while visiting beautiful England

We're moving into our new house in Peterborough on the 7th of October.

Given 2 weeks after to settle in, we'll be ready for you anytime up to May 1991.

I found a Russian lady who teaches her native language about 1/2 mile from our new home, so I'll be getting some real training - something I've looked for for 10 years now. I'm quite excited to become fluent.

Pam struck it rich while Mom was here helping with genealogical research - she found the records from the place here Tims line is from, filled with information! Since Mom left, we've gone to Warwick itself to search the records, and had a very enjoyable time thinking about the people who make up her and our children's roots.

Sorry we missed hearing from so many of you this time. Living 5,000 miles away from family has intensified this desire to stay in touch with ya'll!

We truly do love each of you, and hope to hear from you next time.

Hope all's well with each of you.

Remember to...

KEEP ON PROGRESSING



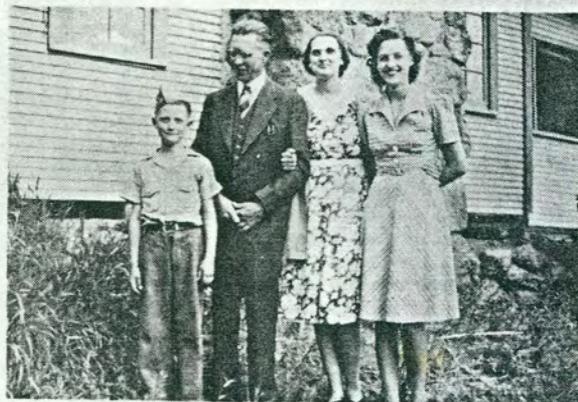
" 3 degrees below zero "



FIRST CLASS MAIL

*The Whickers
90 No. 500 East
Hayville, UT 84037*

GLENN R. WHICKER
BOX 5119
APO, NY 09338



B.R., Grandpa, Grandma, Lois

DID YOU KNOW?

- Teddy completed 20 years (more?) of active duty to our country in the United States Air Force last month.

Besides being a T-38 Instructor Pilot, he served as a faculty member teaching Physics at the Air Force Academy, and most recently worked with the recently formed Space Command. Well Done!

- Chuck recently participated in Songwriter's Festival and was definitely one of the two top performers. He has made a professional quality tape in hopes of finding a way to share his talent.



ASSIGNMENT: Please fill out the attached questionnaire and return to me ASAP

Results will be tabulated and used in the January 1989 issue of THE LOVE KNOT. (Photocopy for additional family members so we hear from everyone.)

Next issue's theme will be: GOALS.

Have you ever experienced the thrill of setting and attaining an important goal? Let us hear about it! Due 24 December. (Just include your LOVE KNOT input with your Christmas card!)

THE LOVE KNOT



VOL 4 NO.1 "a tie that binds" JANUARY 1989



T.L., Grandpa Harlan
Whicker & Rhonda. 1955

The person who makes a success of living is the one who sees his goal steadily and aims for it unswervingly. That is dedication.

- Cecil B. De Mille



It's not enough to be busy... the question is: What are we busy about?

- Henry David Thoreau

"I love you, Mother," said little [John];
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, Mother," said rosy Nell.
"I love you better than tongue can tell;"
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, Mother," said little Fan;
"Today I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she fetched the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, Mother," again they said,
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that Mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

- Joy Allison

Frank, Shayne & Charlotte Duzik
2921 17th Avenue
Greeley, CO 80603

T.L. & Judy Albers
P.O. Box 16782
Colorado Springs, CO 80935

John & Katrina Whicker
666 Casanova Ave. #19
Monterey, CA 93940

ASSIGNMENT:

HOME: WE COME FROM A LONG LINE OF LOVE.
Tell us a special story from your parents,
grandparents, etc. that showed a great deal
of love toward someone. Due 20 March.



GOALS

Bear LOVE KNOWS:

1-1-89

This new year Carmaletta and I have set goals together. We are determined to make two major changes in our habits; (1) to budget every cent of our income and be good stewards with all we receive, and (2) to use all of our time, even every moment of every day, wisely, with our priorities set according to our responsibilities towards our children and each other first. Already we feel greatly blessed to feel ourselves taking control of our lives and increasing in the principle of faith. We plan to have our next baby at home and are diligently preparing, both by study and by obedience, for that beautiful event. How beautiful and uplifting our lives have become to us as we have learned to concentrate on the constant development and increase of ever soul in our little family. We are beginning to sense a level of peace and happiness previously unknown to us.

Love to all,

Chad

Dear Family; Jan 1, 1989

Chuck and I have been studying about childbirth and about the herbs. We enjoy studying the subject. It gives us a chance to learn about different things together. Chuck has taken a great interest in wheatgrass juicing and sprout juicing.

I am going to go to school to get some training that I have needed for a long time. The training includes homemaking skills and other things.

You may as well know I am expecting another baby. We are very excited to see how much we can improve on this pregnancy by learning about herbs and diet.

We had a nice Christmas. Chuck is excited about getting organized with his new Franklin Planner. We are busy setting goals. Chuck has been working on his songs. He has written about 3 more songs. I think they are really uplifting songs. He has got other goals set in that area.

The babies are growing up so fast. Jack, our oldest boy, is walking. We are now trying to potty-train him. He is doing well. He is trying to talk by saying little words like "hi", and "kitty". Richard, our 5 month-old baby, crawls. He is starting to stand up, but he holds on to things. He already holds his bottle. We think Richard is adorable. Both our boys are special to us. They are so beautiful.

We love you all,

Carmaletta

GET WELL



UNCLE TED!!

Dearest Families:

A lot has happened in our lives since the last Love Knot. Most of it, I'm afraid, is not the very best of news!

In November, we did make a trip over to Grand Junction to see the Great-Grandparents Whicker and Clodfelter, and Lois and Gale were there helping take care of Grandma W., so we got to see them, too. That was an especially nice added bonus! It has been a very long time since we saw them, it seems.

On Nov. 22, our baby girl turned 14! It seems so impossible. One more teenager to raise, and we will be able to go on a mission! (If the Lord is willing, which I feel sure He is.)

My Daddy went into the hospital with another attack of what they had diagnosed as diverticulitis. Tests determined that that had never been the problem, although a blockage is the problem, and so the treatment is really the same. He is doing fine now, being very careful with his diet. I will be glad when they get moved over here!

On the 1st day of December, Ryanne and her classmates in gym class were sweating and wanted the window opened. Ryanne decided to volunteer, but the window was stuck, and she finally hit it to try and get it open. As she did so, the glass broke and sharp, heavy pieces of it went everywhere...including in and through her inside right forearm. It opened up her arm in a gash about $\frac{1}{2}$ " deep, two inches long and almost 2" wide. She damaged a small nerve, but Dr. said she was really lucky, because she just missed a major artery and a large nerve.

Not wanting her to get all of the attention (ha!) and needing a rest, I slipped on the ice on Dec. 6 and sustained a concussion and lost a lot of blood. My scalp split open in a spot adjacent to the point of impact and they sewed that

up with only five stitches, but I have had some complications with an opening below the stitches. Dizziness was and remains my worst problem, and was the main reason they kept me in the hospital for three days. I feel that I am doing good now, and am almost as smart as I was before the accident...maybe more so at least about walking on the ice!

On Thanksgiving Day, we spent some time with Uncle Ted at the VA hospital here in Salt Lake City. We are so glad he is doing better, and since that did happen, we were glad it was here in Salt Lake that they brought him! Maxine was at the hospital with him almost constantly, and she even made the trip up to Layton to visit me while I was hospitalized.

My folks were here for Christmas, and we had a wonderful visit. They left on the 30th, not able to see the New Year in with us because of the oncoming storm that was announced on TV, and which did indeed manifest itself, but not until late on the afternoon of the 31st.

Sorry this is so long; Glenn is free to cut any of it out that he would like to!

Love,

Ree Mae



GOALSMY GOAL

My most precious goal doesn't take long to tell about because it was accomplished with very little effort from myself.

From the night of December 6, 1934, I prayed that my little girl would grow up to be a STRONG Christian and my emphasis was always on STRONG. Of course, the Lord was eternally by our side and Grandpa was always there beside me.

I'll let you all be the judge of the success of that goal. Never in all her life did I feel any doubts. I did my best but I didn't know enough to accomplish that goal until I was at least fifty and she was raising her own brood by that time and doing a fantastic job of it.

The only thing I take credit for is that I tried to show her the right way and then allowed her to take on that responsibility of doing it that way. She was very angry with me one time when she wanted to go home from Sunday School and not stay for church.

Her friends were all going home.

I merely suggested to her that she knew the importance of the communion service and that she make up her own mind. She wanted me to have the responsibility on my shoulders. She stayed for church

Grandma Clodfelter



This mystery person is a real cutie. She is very energetic and loves attention! She is kind and loving and always seems to be sensitive to other's needs. She's lived in Utah all her life - that is until she married a military man! WHO IS SHE?



KATRINA WHICKER
M. John's new wife

Here's one for ya: Camille was enjoying the icing on the end of one of Alison's birthday cake candles when she discovered the burnt wick would make marks on her napkin.

She proceeded to write her name and exclaimed: "Look, Mom - this is how they used to write by candle light in the olden days, isn't it?"

**CORRECTION:**

John & Katrina were not married on the 23rd of September as stated last issue, but on October 7, 1988. My mistake!

Dec. 17, 1988

PAGE 5

Deares't Family,

There doesn't seem to be enough time in the day to get to letter writing! Life became more complicated on September 17th when Mother fell and sprained her back and had to spend two days in the hospital. She is doing fairly well now though she is so very frail. It takes two hours to get her up, dressed, washed and breakfast over each morning. She does manage to walk with her walker but is very slow and shaky. It is really hard to see your parents fail the way Mother and Daddy have the last few years!

On November 22nd things really felt like they were falling apart when Ted had a serious heart attack. He was flown to Salt Lake City on Thanksgiving Day (24th) and we were there until Dec. 8th when he was flown back to the V.A. hospital in G.J. We brought him home on the 15th and he seems to be doing very well. All our kids were with us during the very critical time. I stayed with him day and night almost all of the time. I did stay at B.R.'s three nights. My sister and brother have been so wonderful helping out on both ends - Lois and Gale here and B.R. and Rea in Salt Lake City. Teddy and Rhonda and their spouses have been a real comfort and help as well. Ted will be recuperating for six months, if everything goes well, then he is probably going to have to have some by-pass surgery. We are just facing one day at a time.

I dispense 35 pills a day to Mother and Ted. I keep looking over my shoulder thinking the State, the County or both will be after me to get a nursing home license, a day care license of both! Ha!

Everything will ease up around here when I get retired on the 10th of January. In the meantime I can't leave these two alone at all. You know how it is - they just can't be trusted. Ha!

Teddy retired the end of November and he and Judy are both working in the private sector for Wyle Laboratories in Colorado Springs. They are still living on the Academy but will be moving within the next 30 days or so.

Don is teaching in the high school at Fruita and has a very heavy schedule for a brand new teacher. He is also assistant coach for the girls basketball team. Rhonda is still with the post office. Her schedule is rather hectic since she goes to work so early. Shannon is very busy most of the time. Last night she was playing with her dolls. She got them all put to bed then came and got me. She said, "Nanny come in and see - I have everything very well organized." She really is a joy for her grandparents. She brought a small rock to her grand father in the hospital and made him a special "get well" card which he treasures.

Glenn, I am sorry I just don't have time to respond as I would like to your assignment just now. If you followed me around a day or two I think you would understand and perhaps you do anyway. When I have a moment I seem to want to just sit and read and not think a lot.

We will have the best Christmas ever because our little family is still together. How thankful we are! May God bless each of you in special ways and let us all remember to give Him the praise.

Love you,

Maxine and Ted

Maxine and Ted

P.S. I like this little poem

"Do we forget the simple things that make our life worthwhile, the grace of a flowing tear, the tenderness of a smile?
We tend to dwell on problems that each day seems to bring, Is there nothing better to recall, have we forgotten everything?
Stop now and remember some memories you've stored away, Something worth recalling to make a better day."

Howdy:

11/15/88

I've been doing alot of thinking about the assignment we were given for this issue of the LOVE KNOT. Now that I'm writing I hope I have it straight in my mind.

First of all I believe we are supposed to tell where we were 10 years ago versus where we are today. Ten years ago I was very discouraged. I wasn't living the kind of life I wanted to live or that I believed in; but I was trapped by my own weaknesses, trying diligently for short periods to overcome them on my own with nothing but failures to show for my efforts time after time. Since discouragement is such a powerful tool, Satan was dishing it out to me by the bucketsfull. Almost convincing me, in my mind, at times that it was useless to keep trying. Another half-truth as nearly all of his arguments, which make it so difficult for many of us mortals to distinguish between Satan's desires for us and the truth. It was true because it was useless for me to try on my own as the Lord gave me those weaknesses purposely so that I would turn to Him and learn to rely on Him so he could trun them, the weaknesses, into my strongest attributes (Hebrews 11:34; Jacob 4:7; Ether 12:27). Just as an aside here: I was a little angry with the Lord when I first realized that he gave me my weaknesses on purpose; of course, my anger was short-lived when I realized why: especially when I started to feel the effects of turning my problems over to the Lord and relying totally on Him. The feeling of freedom and release from guilt is so ecstatic it is beyond explanation, and it is free through the grace of our Savior, Jesus Christ! (2 Nephi 2:4). We must be careful, however, to not take this gift for granted and say once saved always saved. We must strive diligently to continue our progress and to serve the Lord to the end of our probation here on the earth or we can end up wrose off than we were before (Matt. 12:43-45; Luke 11:24-26). It is a free gift but it takes effort to hang on to it! Its like the rope in the water that a drowning man finds. the rope is a free gift that he did nothing to receive,

yet the rope can't save him even then unless he makes the effort to pull himself ashore.

I guess I kind of got off the track a bit there...sorrü. No I'm not. What I was saying is that while I wasn't exactly setting goals 10 years ago due to being so discouraged, I did have hope. I never gave up the desire to find my way back. I think maybe hope is in a sense setting a goal even though you don't put it down on paper; however, things happen much faster if you commit your goals to paper and review them frequently so that all your actions in the interim are focused on achieving that long-term goal. I want you all to know that I have finally realized that hope, goal, that I had 10 years ago. I am back to the life I love. The joy and gratitude I feel makes all the pain, confusion and sorrow worthwhile. I have many new goals now iwth the return of our whole family to the presence of our Heavenly Father being foremost in my mind (long-term). Mom and I are trying to get our finances in order, hoping I can retire in approx. 5 years so that we can go on a mission, wherever we might be called (medium-range). I am anxiously looking forward to the time, in the near future, I hope; that Mom and I can work frequently together in the Temple, have all our blessings restored and our complete family sealed together for time and eternity. I'm so grateful to live at a time when this power and authority is once again on the earth (Matt. 16:19; 18:18; D&C 127:7; 128:8 and 132:46).

Two years ago my goal was to someday attain the rea-relationship (editor pun) with my little wife that we had in our youth. I was sure at the time that this was a long-long term goal with no hopes of realization till the next life; yet the memory of that love and closeness, which had kept me hoping all those years, was strong enough to desire that goal even though things might be pretty miserable the rest of this life. After I turned all over to the Lord through constant prayer, committed myself to living all the commandments I knew, plus any I would learn of through my daily scripture studies and accepted the Lord's

During the past several years, I have had many occasions to learn about the deeper meaning of the virtue and emotion that we so simplistically label with one little four letter word... love.

What I have learned, I know, has been through the Spirit. I know each of us has learned by that source in the course of our lives, though perhaps some of us have not realized that such a great thing was taking place in our lives.

The basis for all that I have learned (during my adult life) about love is a short statement that is contained in the Bible. We all know it...we have all heard it over and over...however, I doubt that many people understand the full impact of it:

"GOD IS LOVE"

There is infinitely more meaning here than just that God loves us. It is just as absolute as any other equation; Two and two = four; that is unchangeable. Four also = two plus two! God = Love; Love is God. The two cannot be separated. If you feel real love for anyone, that feeling is God, and will, of course, be sanctioned by Him!

I cannot express all of the things I have learned about this all-encompassing gift. The strength of my conviction concerning the things the Spirit has taught me cannot be equalled by any other source of knowledge. I would like the opportunity to share with you, thru the Love Knot, some of the facets of my learning experience. Perhaps I won't be able to tell you anything that seems new at all... if not, please just bear with me!

May I say, as I close this introduction to my favorite subject, that each and every one of you have, in some way or many ways, contributed to my "research" on Love! Your own characters and values have enlightened and broadened the spectrum of my understanding. Thank you, for

those experiences and the growth that has come have combined the caring and mercy that I received from a loving Heavenly Father to literally save my many times.

I love you all so much

Lee Mae

Dear Ones,

12/16/

It was -20' here morning! We have some snow probably 5 or 6 inches. It is hard to know for because we had lots of all night Wednesday.

We are again a family of five. The kids are all home from Greeley for the Christmas break. Tonight we have plans to decorate the house and the tree. It will become a special time together. We have a special supper, listen to Christmas music, etc.

Christmas Eve we will spend with the Normans. Christmas morning we will have breakfast with the Duzik's.

We have many, many blessings and have recently been made more aware of some of them. We are happy to have the "FAMILY" we have grandparents, parents, sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles, and cousins. Each of you is special and we want you to know we love you!

May God bless you with health, peace, and love in 1989.

Mary Mike

Frank, Shayne, Charlat

Dec. 17 1988

Dears,

So many changes have taken place in our lives the last ten years over which we had no control, I knew we were at the point of making another change. We could not keep up with the work caring for fruit trees, lawn, garden, etc. There seemed to be no other choice. I sought the children's advice as to what we should or could do and when.

They understood that we needed to make a change. Before that I had inquired about small apartments which the landlord would keep up. I wanted my first priority to be that Ben and I would be able to stay together, my second was to live where we could have our children and grand children visit us and third I wanted to be able to go to church. All three children told what they could do. B.R. thought their next door neighbor would sell her place and that she would sell to them; Lois told us about the new Senior Citizen Center in Craig. It was the best arrangement of any I knew about here in Grand Junction. Maxine said they would fix up the little house for us here next to them which they did. As we thought when we bought our home on Highland Drive, we would be there the rest of our lives, and we thought when we moved into the little house next to Max and Ted that it would be our last home.

Ben has been in the Palisade Nursing Home 4-1/2 years. We enjoyed living in the little house - our last home to be together. Maxine and Ted have been so wonderful to us both. All three of our children, their spouses and grand children and their entire families have as well. We've had a good life together with all of our families. We can't make any plans for the future. Life here is temporary - earthly possessions are perishable. The future is so uncertain, but I hope that it is the Lord's Will that we will have lived worthy to inherit the mansion that He has prepared for us and all

our families and friends when they have completed the course. May we all endure to the end with Faith Hope and Charity (love) - the greatest of these is love.

Since I started this Ted has had a serious heart attack. It has been a bad time for everyone. So many friends have made calls to inquire about him. He has kept in pretty good spirits and looks good according to B.R.'s calls to us.

I am planning to release myself from Maxine's caring for me. Ted has got to be her first priority. Ted has been so great to help make my life better and more pleasant.

Later - Maxine went to work will bring Ted home this morning. Rhonda went to work at 5:30 a.m. She took Shannon to the baby-sitters. Ted was brought home Thursday a.m. the 15th. He wanted me to be here when he got home.

Everything has changed again. No one seems to think I should move this time of year especially so I will be staying here with Max and Ted. Mike and Margaret had prepared a room for me in their home and I am so grateful to them for wanting to take me! Ted was worried about my making the change too. I wanted to put myself in the Palisade Nursing Home. Maxine had to tell her Dad the decision to put him there and it was so hard for her to do. I can't put any more on her. She is trying to get someone to stay here with Ted and me while she goes to work. She will be through on January 10th.

Seasons Greeting and love to all,



*Mom & Dad
Beulah Whicker*

Mother and Grandmother
Beulah Whicker

P.S. Dad (Ben) is very frail also but has been quite alert lately when the family goes to see him.

NOTE: I think Mother started this before Ted's attack, but I have dated it today. (Max)

Dear LoveKnot

How was everyone's Christmas? Ours was just great! We've had a lot of snow, reasonable temperatures, and plenty of fun, memorable times together as a family.

I was transferred to a different dept. out at work, and although I wasn't happy about it at first it has turned out to be a blessing in disguise. The people who remained in my old department are in serious danger of being layed off right now, because the re-design of the shuttle's boosters has been completed and there are no more tests scheduled. I am now in the department that produces rather than tests the motors, so it appears I will be safe for a few years. Funny now something that seemed so terrible to me at first has turned into such a blessing.

I'm glad this month's theme is on goals, 'cause that's something I've never done right. I've set goals, but I've never written them down. So when Glenn's postcard came asking if I had arrived at where I intended to be by now, I had no idea. I'm sure that I did not reach my goals as far as education is concerned, but in other areas of my life my goals were either non-existent or so vague that I've completely forgotten them. I intend to do better from now on; Lynda and I have set some long range goals, and our whole family has set some short term goals. All are written down this time, and I'll bet that in itself will help us attain them. They are also very realistic goals, and worthwhile, so we feel like we are going somewhere with our daily lives rather than just drifting, and it's a good feeling. We're anxious to hear everyone's ideas and thoughts on goals.

We hope you all enjoyed the Holiday season and wish you the best for this new year!

Love,

Lynda &

Dear LOVE KNOT,

Katrina and I are in Utah right now for Christmas vacation. We're having lots of fun. The snow is getting pretty deep. We'll have a very white Christmas.

Katrina and I are very happy together. I couldn't have picked a better companion. California is pretty nice, although kind of far away. It's a good preparation for going overseas, since Katrina hasn't ever been away from home before, which she's handling surprisingly well, I might add.

I start school January 6 or 16. I've got myself pretty psyched to study hard and I feel real good about it. (Editor's note: he's studying Russian in the Army.)

Monte Hilton (my best friend) was married last Tuesday. After the reception, myself and one of my friends followed Monte and Lisa to their hotel. We waited for them to check in, then carefully followed them up to their room. We saw what room they went into. Then at about 11:45 we called the Pizza Runner (they had a special going on), and ordered 2 large pizzas, and told them to deliver it to Monte and Lisa's room. Afterward I felt kind of bad about the whole prank, because I remembered that they would be staying in OUR apartment in Cal. for 1 week on their honeymoon! I hope Monte doesn't do anything too cruel to our apt.

We both love all of you,

John + Kat



JAMIAN WHICKER
Age 5

JUST

PUZZLE-GRAM



We need objectives. We need focus and direction. Most of all, we need the sense of accomplishment that comes from achieving what we set out to do... it's important to make plans, even if we decide to change them, so that at least for the moment we know where we're going and we can have a sense of progress. In the long run, it's frustrating, not liberating, to be like the airline pilot who radios, "I have good news and bad news. The good news is that I'm making excellent time. The bad news is that I'm lost!" Or, putting it another way, a sailor without a destination cannot hope for a favorable wind.

- Leon Tee, M.D.

| | | |
|----------|----|---------------------------|
| January | 1 | Christian Anderson (2) |
| | 9 | Alison Whicker (4) |
| | 15 | Ruth & Dan's 17th |
| | 25 | Rhonda A. Davidson |
| | 29 | Ben R. Whicker |
| February | 9 | Daniel Trent Shaffer (14) |
| | 9 | Nellie Lavon Whicker |
| | 10 | Richard Norman |
| | 18 | Fred Whicker (20) |
| | 21 | Misty Whicker (7) |
| | 27 | Don & Rhonda's 7th |
| March | 8 | Heather Norman (8) |
| | 9 | Jeffrey Whicker |
| | 10 | Ted L. Albers |
| | 10 | J. Colten Anderson (1) |
| | 13 | Marinne Cloward (11) |
| | 15 | Glenn & Pam's 11th |
| | 17 | Sarah Whicker (5) |
| | 18 | Ruth N. Haskins |
| | 25 | Eduthe M. Clogfelter (24) |

21 Dec 88

Dear Glenn and family

We don't seem to have time for anything these days. T.L. retired on 30 Nov and we've been so busy working we haven't even had time to move off base. Of course Ted's illness was in there too and so our poor planning really showed up then. I hope all is well with you over the big ocean. Our new address is: P.O. BOX 16782 Colorado Springs, CO 80935

We've both been working for Wyle Laboratories since September. T.L. is teaching a Joint Space Fundamentals Course and likes it quite a big. Still looking for something over Grand Junction way. Maybe the airlines? I quit federal service to work on the outside for a while too. I was a GS 6 secretary and that's all there was going to be until I retired 38 years from now. I already had 10 in and thought it would be a good time to get out while the getting was good. We'll see if I made the right decision.

Merry Christmas to you all. We had tried to see you when we were there in August, but I guess on the days we were available you weren't. I think your mom was there at the same time and you were probably out seeing the english hillsides. We did have a wonderful time and hope to come back soon since my brother is stationed at Lakenheath and lives in Newmarket.

Love
Judy & T.L.

FIRST CLASS MAIL

GLENN R. WHICKER
BOX 5119
APO, NY 09238



JamiAnn Whicker, age 2

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Ok, so this is late! Thanks for all your support this issue - its great! (Notice how early my Dad's letter came this time - now that's efficiency!) I've had two school papers due in the last 2 weeks, so this has had to wait til now. I hope no one's losing faith in this medium of communication. If there are things you'd like to see added, deleted or otherwise changed, let me know, please. We desperately need everyone's creative input to make it as fun and fulfilling as possible. Anyone have any good ideas for contests, spotlites, heritage stories, ANYTHING? Feel free to send it in (Grandma Clodfelter is a good example of how to do it - she's sent in alot of good stuff!). This should be a good way for us to better know each other, our ancestors, and for our children to know us in future years. THE DIVERSITY OF TALENTS, INTERESTS, AND VIEWPOINTS that exist between us will make it so much more interesting and valuable than if left one-sided. I vote we make it a point to insert great VIGOR into this publication as a family-wide endeavor during 1989. Let's hear your vote!

- Glenn

(P.S. Please register your vote with the standard \$10 annual subscription!)



THE LOVE KNOT



UOL 4 NO 2 "A TIE THAT BINDS" APRIL 1989

*The Most Creative Job,
In The World*

Ar, Ambles,
taste
fashion
decorating
recreation
education
transportation
psychology
romance
cuisine
designing
literature
medicine
handicraft
art
horticulture
economics
government
community relations
pediatrics
geriatrics
entertainment
maintenance
purchasing
direct mail
law
accounting
religion
energy
and management.

*Anyone who can
handle all those
has to be somebody special.
She is.*

She's a homemaker?

BIRTHDAYS & ANNIVERSARIES

APRIL 4 Ted & Maxine's 46th
12 JamiAnn Whicker (6)
13 Donald Davidson
13 Beulah Whicker (86)
30 Ben & Beulah's 68th

MAY 4 Benji C. Whicker (9)
5 Cody Gale Norman (1)
6 Daniel Shaffer (18)
11 Mike Duzik
13 Charles Whicker
23 Julie Whicker (9)
26 Dan Haskins
29 Flint Haskins (13)

JUNE 13 Stephen Whicker*
19 M. John Whicker
20 Alaina Whicker (7)
20 Jeff & Lynda's 8th
22 Frank Duzik
22 Kemarie Whicker (4)
24 Judy Albers
30 Carmelita Whicker

HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY!!

"HI" ya all:

Why is it so hard to get started writing a letter and so hard to quit writing?

Since I last wrote I have been very sick, was in the hospital due to low sodium this time. The last time I was low on potassium. They had to give me sodium through the veins. But as of this writing I am much better. The last antibiotic they gave me cleared up my urinary infection.

Today I actually walked out to look at the horses and most of you know how far that is from the house. For the present I am free from the catheter which makes it much better for me.

Grandpa Ben A. has been quite sick but seems to be much better. The doctor called one evening saying she was afraid he was going into pneumonia. She said that would be the way he would go. She didn't know if this would be the time or not; the reason she was concerned was because his temperature kept going up even after tylenol. It got up to 102.8° before they got it under control. I have been to see him 3 times lately and will go again soon if I continue to be as well as I am just now.

B.R. called me last Sunday from Ontario and I got to talk to John and Katrina also since they had spent the weekend with him. That day Hattie (my cousin in Tulsa, Oklahoma) also called and they were having a blizzard there - something very unusual and it was minus 17 degrees. She said she was thankful for her warm house. Then T.L. called to talk to his Dad & Mother and he always remembers me. B.R. is so good to call me every Sunday. I worry about the high telephone bills, but I surely enjoy and appreciate hearing from him.

Lois and Gale spent a week here a couple of weeks ago helping care for me. Lois and maybe Gale will be back on the 19th to stay while Maxine attends some meetings in Denver on the 20th, 21st and 22nd of this month.

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I must quit now. I enjoy the Love Knot very much. Those of you who see each other often or call each other often probably don't or can't appreciate it like I do. Thank you all who participate in this effort.

Lots of Love to all,

B. B. W.

Grandma B.B.W. and
Grandpa B.A.W.

March 12, 1989

Dear Family,

I thought the days would be longer when I retired but it seems they are as short as ever and I cannot get everything done I think I should.

Although both Ted and Mother have been back in the hospital since we last wrote, both are home and feeling rather good at the present time. I was beginning to think the two of them would never be feeling good at the same time! Ha! I think the lovely warm weather must be helping!

All of our kids were here today for a short while. T.L. and Judy on their way back from Las Vegas and Rhonda and Don returned from Denver. The Fruita Girls Basketball team took State this year and Don is assisting the coach. Shannon stayed with Grandma and Grandpa because she was invited to her friend's birthday party on Saturday and didn't want to miss that celebration. She was so good - we really enjoyed her. She loves to help Great Grandma and is usually very gentle with her. They seem to enjoy each other a lot. T.L. and Judy met her folks and her sister in Las Vegas so got to visit some with them. They also received some Medallion for the performance of one of their horses in international competition I think it was.

I have to attend a meeting in Denver on Tuesday and some other meetings there next week - Monday through Wednesday. I plan to drive

over both times. I am hoping Ted will feel like going over next week. He still feels insecure about getting that far away from home.

Ted, Mother and I really enjoyed Lois and Gale's visit a couple of weeks ago. Both of them gave us a lift. Gale did the chores while he was here and also did various other jobs that needed attention around here. Of course, Lois is always good help inside.

We can hardly believe how much better Mother is. She was almost helpless after her hospital stay this last time. She was too weak to feed herself. She finally got so she could do that but I had to take her breakfast to her in bed before she made any effort toward getting up or she would become ill from the effort. She is now able to get up, dress herself (mostly) and come to breakfast as well as to the other meals!

I too appreciate the efforts you all make to get the Love Knot done and mailed to all of us. It seems that letter writing is a big burden any more and I used to love to write. Maybe I'm just lazy. Anyway, thanks so much for your efforts.

Love always,

Maxine and Ted
Maxine and Ted



GRANDPA & GRANDMA HARLON & EMMA WHICKER

Dear Family,

Dec. 1988

3

David will graduate from DIT (Denver) on Dec. 23rd with an Associate Degree in Electronics. He has worked at Sears Automotive along with attending school but will take vacation from work and spend the holidays at home.

Daniel has begun his wrestling season very well this year with 10 wins (9 of them pins, & 1 technical pin), and 3 losses. He is still in Deca this year and works afternoons at Yampa Auto Body Shop. He went hunting this year and got a big 3-pt. buck.

Joe also got a deer, a smaller 4-pt. buck. He was more pleased with the pickup we got. It is a 1985 Chevy 3/4 T. diesel (with running boards, he adds). He took a camera course and took Daniel's Senior pictures. (They are quite good).

We have only about 4" of snow so far but have gone snow machining 3 times already since the mountains have quite a bit more.

Marie took a computer class and really enjoyed it. Now she needs time to use what she learned so she can remember some of it. She is still teaching the 5th grade Sunday School class for half a year. This year she sang with the choir in the Christmas Cantata.

We all hope you have a happy Holiday Season. God bless you through the new year.

Joe, Marie, Dave,
and Dan Shaffer



Howdy All:

2 20 89

Ever since the last LOVE KNOT when we received our assignment to write something about our grandparents I've had many enjoyable moments thinking of them. Unfortunately I never knew my Grandma King as she went the way of all the earth before any of us were born. I was only around Grandpa King a few times, but I always had a good time with him. What I remembered most about him was that our parents always seemed to keep our house even hotter than normal when Grandpa visited us at Craig. Due to the heat I had to have alot of "fresh air", so I would con Grandpa into going out with me. he would bundle up and I would go out in my shirt sleeves (if my mother didn't catch me)! He always called me the "Fresh Air Kid". Grandpa King was always very gentle and soft spoken. His completely white hair was beautiful. His son, my Uncle Marion, was almost his exact image as I recall.

I was blessed by being able to see my grandparents Whicker frequently as they lived in Lay, Colorado when we lived in Craig and Grand Junction. I was even able to stay a few days with them alone a few times. It was their example that led me to introduce daily family prayer into our family and made me aware of the need for daily scripture reading. Sitting in their plain but comfortable home every evening taking turns reading, then getting on our knees while Grandpa or Grandma led us in humble prayer thanking our Heavenly Father for his many blessings and asking for His guidance each minute of every day.

I remember sitting with Grandpa watching a single cylinder gasoline engine hooked to a water pump operate one day. It had an open crankcase and each time the crankshaft rotated it dipped down in the oil for lubrication. The engine had a huge, heavy flywheel - thus it only fired when it slowed to a certain RPM determined by a flyweight governor. It had no muffler, so was very loud when it fired. It would pop, then go several revolutions, then pop-pop, coast more, then pop again. Grandpa and I sat there for a long, long time. I was mesmerized, almost hypnotized by that little engine. I had to know how it worked. I'm sure I questioned him at

length; however, I didn't learn about flywheels and flyweight governors till some time later.

Grandpa was not too well adapted to modern machinery, even though he had been a blacksmith most of his life. I used to get a charge out of riding with him in their 1936 Ford. Once, I remember him driving all the way to Lay from Craig at 50-60 MPH in second gear. I was only 8 or 9 year old and wanted to tell him he had forgotten to shift into high gear, but was afraid it might embarrass him, so we went 20 miles with that little V-8 screaming! My Dad and I got alot of laughs out of that after I told him.

I don't remember Grandpa Whicker ever raising his voice either. He was a gentle man. Once, when I was 12 or 13, we were digging a septic tank at our house in Craig. Somehow Grandpa and I ended up doing it together. I was going to show him what a good and fast worker I was, so I told him we would each throw our dirt one direction. By noon I was very proud, as my pile was considerably bigger than



Grandpa's. Of course, he was quite old, I told myself. We ate a bite of lunch, then G'pa laid down on the floor and slept soundly for 15 minutes. Somehow, after eating and a short nap, I had trouble getting back up to speed - in fact, by dark G'pa's pile was at least twice as big as mine! Aver impressive lesson on picking a speed you can stay with all day instead of hurrying and burning yourself out. He would have been between 65-70 at that time; actually, that doesn't seem very old to me now!

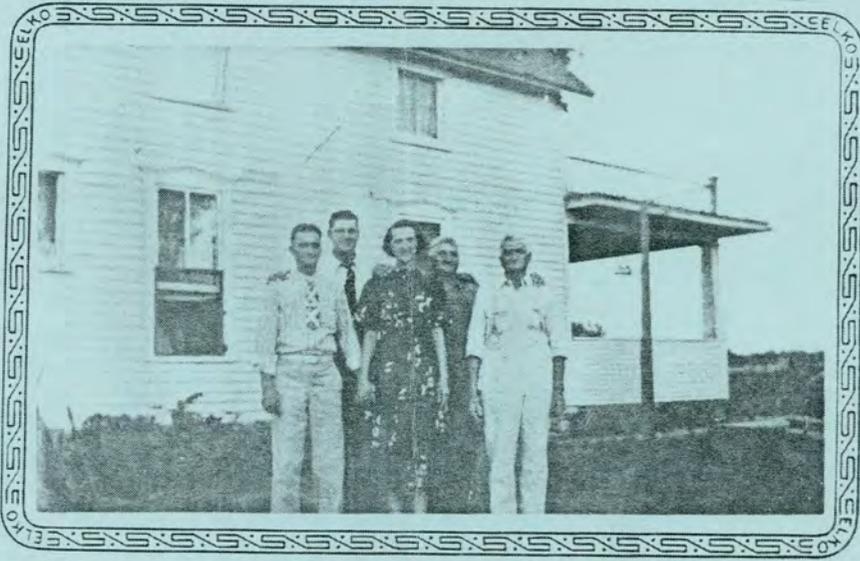
I remember several things about my G'ma Whicker. She always kept her hair in a bun on the back of her head. I was astounded while staying with them one evening when she took her hair down and started brushing it. It reached to her knees, and she brushed it good every night. It was beautiful. I don't believe it had ever been cut in her life. G'ma was 2 years older than G'pa. They were raised on adjacent farms, so she knew him as a baby and used to tell me about holding his hand and leading him around when he was first learning to walk. You could tell she had loved him from the very

first. We later found in doing our genealogy that they both had the same Grand father Boyer - 2nd cousins, I believe.

G'ma was quiet and easy-going until she sensed danger to one of her loved ones. On one of my visits to Lay, I was walking up the path from Uncle Ralph's, dreaming, (as was my habit at that age), when I stepped on something soft. I stopped, looked down and found I had stepped on a snattlerake about 2 inches behind his head. I guess he hadn't been looking either; anyway, my next step was about 10 feet up the trail! I went and told G'ma what had happened; she grabbed a hoe on her way past the garden. That poor snake found out what enmity between his seed and our Mother Eve's see meant! I felt kinda sorry for him. She just kept chopping long after he quit caring!

I have a desire for our lives to slow down where we can spend some quality, lazy time with each of our grandchildren, as I was able to spend with mine. I really enjoyed every minute I ever spent with my grandparents. I hope that Mom and I can represent stability to our grandchildren as well as our grandparents did to us.

Looking forward once again to hearing from all of you in the LOVE KNOT. BR.



THE KINGS
Johnie, Floyd, Beulah, Marion & G'pa Harley

PORTRAIT PEDIGREE
OF THE PROGENITORS OF
THE LOVE KNOT FAMILIES



BENJAMIN JAMES WHICKER



HARLON LESTER WHICKER
Born: 17 Jan 1878
Appanoose County, Iowa
Died: 2 Jan 1963



LYDIA BOYER



BENJAMIN ARCHIE WHICKER
Born: 29 Nov 1898
Appanoose County, Iowa

Married:
26 Jan 1898



SOLOMON GREENBERRY BOYER



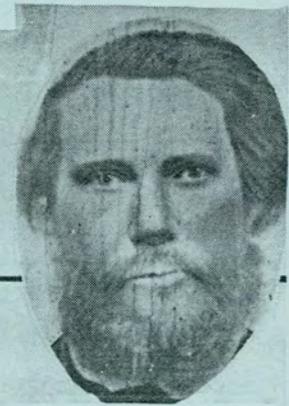
EMMA ORETTA BOYER
Born: 2 Sept 1876
Appanoose County, Iowa
Died: 6 Nov 1954



SARAH JANE BURNS

—Married:—
30 April 1921

WE COME FROM A LONG LINE OF LOVE



MARSHALL KING



JOHN JEFFERSON KING
Born: 14 Oct 1873
Putnam Co., Iowa
Died: 11 May 1949



MINERVA McCLURE



BEULAH BLANCHE KING
Born: 13 April 1903
Barton County, Missouri

Married:
20 April 1892



JAMES WILLIAM HYDER



DORA AGNES HYDER
Born: 10 April 1875
Lynn County, Kansas
Died : 11 April 1922



ANNA HAVERLY

A MOTHER'S LOVE
-by Charles F. Whicker

I stood before the gallows with the multitude who came
To see the execution of a criminal of fame,
Whose wicked deeds were published forth for all the world to see.
And now he stood behind the noose as quiet as could be.

I moved a little closer, for I thought I saw a tear.
Perhaps he was afraid to die, thought I, with death so near.
But nay, 'twas not the fear of death that caused the man to cry.
His dying words would soon permit no room to wonder why.

For when the crowd was finally bade to hush their mocking noise,
These words he spake in reverence, with humility and poise:

"MOTHER....I'M SORRY....I LOVE YOU...."

And now the crowd stood silent, for his words were not expected.
And I wondered, was his mother here, or had she been protected
From partaking of a cup no loving mother ought to drink?
When from the crowd a feeble voice caused every heart to sink:

"OH, MY BABY....I LOVE YOU TOO!"

And suddenly I wished that I had never come to see
The thing that in a moment caused my stricken heart to bleed.
Nay, I never shall forget the desperation, the despair,
The anguish, born in silence, by most all who gathered there.

For I had come to witness what I thought would entertain,
But after what had happened I would never feel the same.

Late that night, when sleep had finally closed my weary eyes,
I dreamed a dream that caused my sorry heart begin to rise.
For in my dream I stood amidst a vast and glorious throng,
It must have been a multitude at least ten billion strong!

And somehow every soul was soon enabled to behold
The judgment bar of God, of which I'd learned from days of old.
A name was called, and soon a man stepped up to face the bar.
His handsome face was marred by guilty conscience, like a scar.

And suddenly I recognized that fearful, sorry face
Of him who stood before the Lord his judgment to embrace.
It was the face I'd seen on earth that awful, fateful day;
The same it was whose death I'd seen for crimes he'd had to pay.

His judgment was not slow, for he confessed his sins in tears.
And gently spake the Savior, to alleviate his fears:
"My child," said He, thou didst not live for mercy while on earth,
Though countless times I called thee, in my knowledge of thy worth.

"And greater mercy would I give than that which thou hast gained,
But mercy given carelessly would only add to shame.
For mercy is for changing men from filthy into clean;
'Tis not for men who, choosing filth, their filthiness to screen.

"Thou knowest that I cherish thee and still desire thy love,
But where I am thou canst not come, for all is clean above."

On bended knee, the man responded, sorrow on his face:
I'm glad the test is over, Lord, for now I know my place.
And I should like to serve Thee, if I may, from lower sphere,
Where Thou art not, but where Thy Spirit dries the bitter tear.

"For I have proved myself unfit to rule in places high.
Nor do I want such burden, Lord, I will not now deny.
For well I know that only those perfected are prepared
To hold the weighty blessings men like me could never bear.

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"And now, oh Lord, there's one more thing I meekly ask of Thee.
Since filthiness and weaknesses must now remain with me,
Wilt Thou cause my sins be understood, my soul be loved
By those with whom Thou sendest me as well as those above?"

"For I do not desire to work with those who love me not.
The hatred I endured on earth let not be now my lot!"
Then the Lord, in meekness, said, "I've worked out thy defence,
And none shall feel more loved than thou when I shall send thee hence."

Then called the Lord a woman's name, who stepped forth from the throng.
Her eyes were like unearthly fire; her hair was white and long.
Her face was bathed in beauty as she gently kissed the other;
And to my surprise, I recognized the woman was his mother!

The woman turned to speak her heart to all, for all to hear.
The brightness of her beauty shown to beckon every ear.
She told about that man who, while on earth, had been her boy,
About when he was little and the growth he'd caused, the joy.

She told about the basic goodness in his troubled soul.
And when she spoke about his sins she said that all should know
That in the heat of battle men were often prone to sin,
And earth had been a battlefield for all the sons of men.

"Shall we," said she, "belittle every soldier boy who fell?
Or shall we praise their efforts, heal their wounds, and bid them well?
I want to show with clarity for every soul to see
That every sin my boy has done has been deception's fee.

"For earth and hell and flesh combined to turn my boy corrupt,
And he was not as strong as some; I tried to bear him up."
And then her eyes, in sadness, softened on her lowly son:
"If he had put his faith in God, he surely would have won,

"But now the battle's over and my boy has learned his place.
He's satisfied that God is just; his life was not a waste,
For he will not be placed again upon the battle front.
He knows his limitations now, and all that he could want

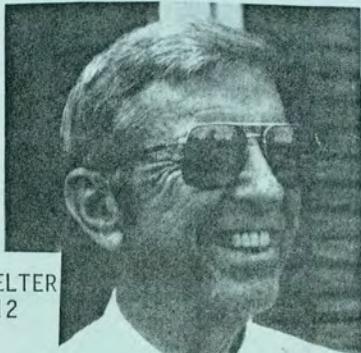
"Is to serve the God who loves him and whose faithfulness is free."
And suddenly the woman's voice arose in mighty plea:
"And now to all the creatures of our God, I ask of you,
Despise ye not this fallen child, for he is priceless too!"

And then the vast and glorious host arose as with one heart,
And every hand applauded as they watched the man depart.
And every eye was filled with tears of sorrow and of joy
And every heart was swollen for that mother's little boy!

Then I awoke, my pillow wet with tears that I had shed.
Where once my heart was broken I felt comforted instead.
I pondered long upon the glorious vision I had seen.
There seemed no room for question as to what it all could mean.

For I would never see a hardened sinner quite the same,
Nor would I see mortality as just a fighting game;
For now I felt that every soul, both wicked, weak, and good
Would bow the knee and know that his is cherished, understood

And by His love, our God would win the willing heart of all.
And surely none would be forever broken by the Fall!



FORREST SOLOMON CLODFELTER
Born: 15 November 1912
Udall County, Kansas

Married:
31 July 1932

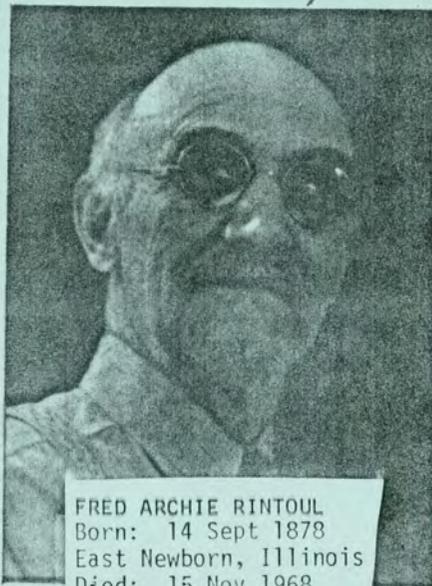


EDITH MAY RINTOUL
Born: 25 March 1915
Chase, Rice, Kansas

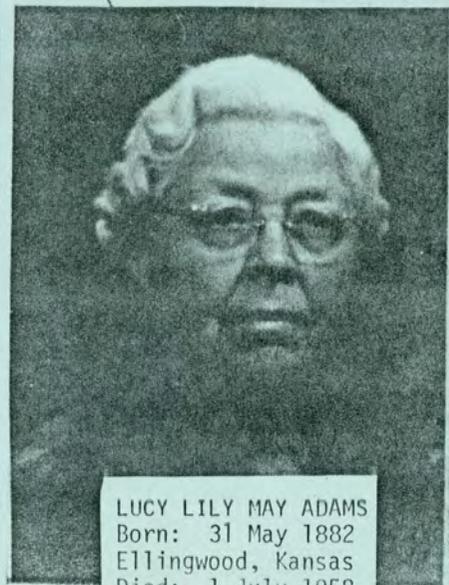
MARY ELLA CONE
Born: 7 August 1878
Perry, Lake, Ohio
Died: 25 May 1955



ORA SOLOMON CLODFELTER
Born: 1 July 1875
Portland Mills, Indiana
Married:
27 Sept 1899
Died: 25 May 1955



FRED ARCHIE RINTOUL
Born: 14 Sept 1878
East Newborn, Illinois
Died: 15 Nov 1968



LUCY LILY MAY ADAMS
Born: 31 May 1882
Ellingwood, Kansas
Died: 1 July 1958

Dear Family,

I did contribute to the last Love Knot, but weeks later I received it back stamped "not known at this address" or some such message from the postal service. I had taken the address off a Love knot, but it was one number off on the zip code. So, you didn't get it, but you didn't miss much.

After 2 weeks at home, I am down here in G. J. again for 4 days while Max is in Denver. I arrived last eve and she left early this morning. Gale stayed home this time, not only to try to get a few things done prior to the spring rush, but also to see about his Mother. He goes every morning & fixes her breakfast, sees that she eats & cleans up. Then he goes back in the early eve to see that all is well before time for her to go to bed. The 3 girls each go in 1 day a week & cook meals for her, clean her house, do grocery shopping, laundry & oversee her bathing & shampoo her hair. We feel like we're taking chances by leaving her in her home, but it would distress her terribly if she had to make a move, & we're sure she'd be completely disoriented anywhere else.

Since I've already, in an earlier Love Knot, written about my grandparents, I'll try to write just a bit about Gale's grandparents from what he's told me & hope I get it right. He never knew his grandfathers. He does have one memory of his step-grandfather Rufenacht (who was the brother of his real grandpa) & he said in that memory, his grandfather scared him. He was a tiny boy at the time. He had climbed up on a tractor & was pretending to drive it when his step-grandpa appeared, & he thought that his grandpa was mad at him for being on the tractor. He thinks now that probably he wasn't mad, but Gale really didn't know him and perhaps a deep voice from a stranger, no matter how friendly, might have frightened him. His grandmothers both lived to old age & he knew them both. In fact, I had the opportunity of seeing them

11



several times myself. Both of them were short in stature. Grandma Viola (Norman) Rowse was nearly blind when I knew her. She was a jolly person & lived into her 90's. Gale tells about when she was quite old, dancing the Schottische with his Dad (Howard). If you've ever danced it, you know it is rather strenuous. By the way, Gale's Dad also taught it to me, & it is fun to do. Grandma Josephine Rufenacht was quite stockily built, but she had a really beautiful face. She had pierced ears (unusual during her time) & always wore earrings. She had the dark coloring (black eyes, black hair & olive skin) of the Rufenacht's, and since they are French Canadian I'm sure she had some American Indian blood. Mom Norman has the same high cheekbones & dark coloring. Both of these grandmothers were darlings. Since they lived in Kansas, Gale didn't have a lot of opportunity to be with them, though they both managed to make some trips to Colorado and the Norman's made a few trips to Kansas also. We need to take time to search through Mom Norman's pictures to see if we can find some pictures to send at some later time. Sorry we don't have them for this issue.

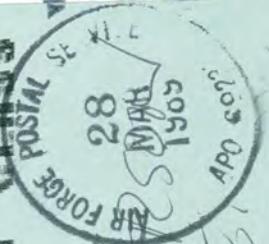
Love to all of you,
Gale and Lois

From Jeff:

...I am going to finish a BS degree in computer science. My goal is to finish in 2 years or less, and I do believe I have found a realistic way to do that...another exciting thing that just came up is that Thiokol came out with a new career advancement plan in which we are eligible to bid for other jobs after 18 months with the company instead of 24. So I am now qualified to bid for a programming job, and that fits right in with my goals. Thiokol is also breaking away from Morton Salt, and the memo that announced the spin-off said that it would create more opportunities for advancement while the changes were being made. So with a little luck, I could be a programmer real soon and a degreed programmer in a few years! I would sure love that.

**GLENN WHICKER
BOX 5119
APO, NY 09238**

FIRST CLASS



*RACHE ANDERSON
90 No. 500 E.
Keaysville, VT 84037*

...he had the fun of having Racheal and her two boys, Christian and Colten, visit for 12 days last month. It was nice to see someone from home, and to get to know a couple of our nephews/cousins/sister a little better. Rache found out what its like to step back a few years in technology! I think she was rather surprised, but she did adapt well to the driving on the left. I was quite impressed with her talent in that regard!

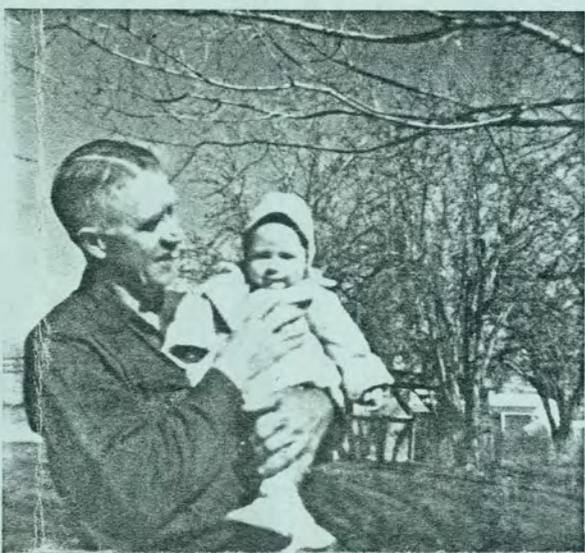
In about 4 weeks they'll start resurfacing the runway at Alconbury, so I'll be gone to an alternate base up north during the weeks - it'll be about a 6 month effort. Not looking forward to being away from the family that much. That was the whole reason we moved to England in the first place - to avoid that kind of lengthy separation. But at least I will be able to come home each weekend. Plus, we're supposed to get every 4th week back at Alconbury to keep up on paperwork, etc.

Pam continues to work hard on her family history. We're hoping her Mom and sister will make it out here this spring so we can go look at the area where all their maternal ancestry came from.

The girls are all progressing in their schooling, and rather enjoying themselves here. Its turning real springy - like when we first arrived. Seems to be pretty nice from April through mid October around these parts. Like one long spring-time!

We love you all. Thanks for your participation in this issue. Hope you're all getting along OK. *Glenn + Pam*

Benjamin Archie & Benjamin Mark



"The quality goes in before the name goes on..."

Thank for the letter!

THE LOVE KNOT



VOL 4 No. 3

"a tie that binds"

JULY 1989

Intended for last newsletter...

Dear Families:

March 1989

I'm probably too late again!
It seems to roll around so much
faster than I think it will!

I've lost my notes for my ideas
about love, and don't have time
to re-figure and think about it
right now, so I'll have to fore-
go that project for this issue.

We have a lot going on around
here, as usual. I hope to go to
England in May, if everything
works out, and my folks are hop-
ing to move over here about that
time, I think, or a little later.

Rachael is living with us for
awhile, as she is the sole sup-
port and caregiver for her sons.
We are enjoying watching them
grow and learn! Christian was
two years old on New Year's Day,
and he knows every letter of the
alphabet very well! If he asks
you what one is (which he loves
to do in a very teacherly fashion)
and you say it wrong, he firmly
but kindly says "No, Grandma," and
proceeds to tell you the right
answer!

Ryenne is in school track and is
taking private lessons in gymnas-
tics, and has just finished basket-
ball for the season. I wish I was
in as good a shape as she is in!

Fred is still working for the school
district and seems to enjoy it. He
works on cars a lot, too!

Hope everything is going well for
all of our Love Knot families!

*Love,
Red Whicker*

BIRTHDAYS & ANNIVERSARIES

| | | |
|-----------|----|-----------------------------|
| JULY | 01 | Maxine Albers |
| | 01 | Glenn Whicker |
| | 03 | Richard Whicker (1) |
| | 08 | Rachael Anderson |
| | 17 | Marie Shaffer |
| | 17 | Charlotte Duzik (19) |
| | 19 | Camille Whicker (9) |
| | 19 | Taralyn Whicker (9) |
| | 22 | Jefferson Cloward (3) |
| | 31 | Forrest & Edythe Mae's 57th |
| AUGUST | 05 | Diane Campbell |
| | 08 | Rea Jo Cloward |
| | 08 | Shannon Davidson (5) |
| | 09 | Chuck & Carmelita's 3rd |
| | 11 | Connie Whicker |
| | 17 | Emily Cloward (10) |
| | 19 | Benjamin M. Whicker |
| | 21 | Nathan Cloward (6) |
| | 30 | Shayne Duzik (21) |
| SEPTEMBER | 13 | Andrea Norman |
| | 18 | Emma Haskins (16) |
| | 25 | Ron Johnson |
| | 26 | Keith Haskins (10) |
| | 28 | Gale & Lois' 45th! |



Dear Love Knotters,

Thanks for all the letters and cards sent to me for my birthday, Mother's Day etc. It's always wonderful to hear from you.

I am attempting to write a little history of the only grandparent I was privileged to see & be with. I thought it might be of interest to all my grandchildren.

My dear little grandmother, Nancy Minerva McClure married my grandfather, Marshall King. She was born near Centerville, Iowa to John Jefferson McClure & Priscilla Cates. Grandfather Marshall King died in 1903, the year I was born. She was a slender little person. If you remember seeing Whistler's picture of his mother, you can have some idea of what she looked like. She was a very plain little person. After her husband died, she & their youngest son, Edward, lived on the King home place. My mother's bro. who knew the Kings said that they moved from Iowa into Putnam Co. Missouri in a covered wagon. If I'd known then what I learned later, I could have gotten all the information I needed direct from her.

My grandmother lived on the King place for a number of years before her son Edward was killed while putting up hay. The upright piece on the hayrack broke when the team ran away & he was run over and killed. I remember that very well. The dress that she wore to the funeral was black Saffeta. After Uncle Ed's death she made her home with her sons - most of the time with Uncle Ben King, the eldest. Ben's wife had died & left 3 children, probably 6, 8, & 10 years old judging by their pictures. Mae, the oldest, was glad to have her grandma there, as she helped rear the children. A few years later, Uncle Ben married again. They had a little girl named Ruby. She is still living & in good health. She is several years younger than me. Mae was really a home person, loved to keep house & cook & seemed to enjoy her role in the family. I imagine she was 30 or more when she married. Little Ruby loved her

older sister like a mother. Grandmother had successfully filled her role as mother and Grandmother. When she was at our house, I felt like I was in 7th heaven. Women didn't have careers in those days. I loved to comb & fix her hair. I pinned it up after making a figure on the back of her neck which was different from the knot which she usually wore.

Grandma & Grandpa Marshall King had 8 children, four daughters & four sons - my father being one of them. I am thankful that not one of their sons or daughters used tobacco or alcohol in any form. I think that is a good record for any family. Either one or both habits have made so much unhappiness & broken homes, & mental & emotional suffering to both themselves & family.

I decided to put myself in the Nursing Home. Ted had been improving so much, but the last 2 weeks he hasn't felt very good a lot of the time. Maxine doesn't need any extra work or responsibility. I have been thinking it isn't fair for me to be here and take up so much of her time and energy. Ted is able to get around so that is a help. But they need time to be alone & enjoy their declining years together. I can't conscientiously put the stress & strain on them that I am now. They have been wonderful to me; I couldn't get more loving care anywhere than Maxine has given me. I know that she and Lois & Ben Richard all would not choose this for me, but I feel it is best & I'm sure that they can see it is too.

Lots of Love to All,
Mother & Grandmother Beulah





BENJAMIN MARK & CONNIE WHICKER REMARRIED

On Friday, 12 May 1989, Benj and Connie were remarried in Kaysville, Utah. What a joy it is to see them back together where they belong! They honeymooned in England. We all wish them the very best!



Dear Families;

First of all, I want to apologize for not getting out any reminders for this LOVE KNOT. Actually, I did send out cards to all the Coloradoans, but they all came back to me because I had put them on index cards too small for the postal regulations. Silly me. By the time they got back to me, it was too late to bother trying again. Sorry.

I've been spending weekdays up here at RAF Sculthorpe while the runway at Alconbury is being resurfaced. Gets kinda lonely, but I do have my schoolwork and such to keep me busy.

Pam and the girls leave next Tuesday for Utah, and I'll meet them there the first week in August. Our plans are to go to Colorado the 14th and 15th of August, so we hope to see many of you - I don't think I've seen some of you for 10 years or more. How can that be?

We love you all much. Please keep in touch!

Sean + Pam



Grandparents Whicker
151 East 3rd
Palisade Nursing Home
Palisade, CO 81526

Grandparents Clodfelter
290 No. 500 W.
Bountiful, UT 84087

Chuck's kids:
Diane Campbell
1334 Ponderosa Lane
West Jordan, UT 84088

Benjamin M. Whicker
340 E. 200 No.
Kaysville, UT 84037



We hope that this edition of the LOVEKNOT finds all of you happy and enjoying the summer.

Our family has just bought a new tent for our camping trip this year. We've never really had quite enough room for all of us plus gear in our little four man tent, as you can imagine. That coupled with the fact that it leaks unless you treat it with a special sealant every year convinced us that it was time for a new one. Tents that are big enough for a family of six are a little hard to come by so we bought one that is expandable. By that I mean that you can zip another tent just like it or a smaller bedroom tent to it. My wife bought a bedroom tent with a stove hole ready or ready now.

As you know we appreciate what great outdoorsmen we were. Lynda and I decided to use it on our 4th anniversary. We made arrangements for Lynda's brother and his wife to take our side, then

we took off to a beautiful mountain campground and pitched our nice new tent. We went up the day after the temperature had risen above 100 degrees for the first time this year. But wouldn't you know that it was freezing on our anniversary! Sounds like our kind of luck, doesn't it? I don't literally mean freezing, but it was cold! So we decided what the heck and came home! We would've come home early enough to catch a movie if we had just come when the idea was first discussed, but Lynda had to comment on what parties we were being so my pride got in the way and we stayed on for another couple of hours. I guess by then my pride had frozen to death so we came back anyway. It was about 100, though. We stayed up long enough to look a Dutch oven dinner and play a few games.

We have managed to produce a pretty good little garden this

Dearest Families:

June 1989

An eventful week has just passed...my folks sold their house in Grand Junction and need to be out of it by July 12th at the latest....Chuck got his fingers in the way of a skill saw and cut two fingers (index and middle) almost completely off, severing the bone and joint in one finger and most of the bone in the other, having to have a two hour repair job and we don't know if he will have all movement restored. He had to have a bone graft from his wrist to make the index finger long enough. That happened on his little boy's (Jack's) 2nd birthday, June 7th, and on June 9th, Carmen gave birth to a beautiful little girl, 8½ lbs., 21½ inches long, named Mary Elizabeth. She has coal black hair all over her head, about 2 inches long!

Five minutes before she was born, another girl was killed on the roller coaster at Lagoon, the second fatal injury in the 102 years they have been in operation, and both deaths happened in five weeks time! Sad. She stood up on the seat, evidently, because her restraining bar was still fastened in place and she couldn't have stood up on the floor without removing it. Either challenging death, or else perhaps she meant to do it. She fell 35 feet.

Life and death....kind of what this "veil of tears" is all about, isn't it? Interesting. 34 years ago, my grandfather was killed in a tornado five weeks before his 80th birthday. ON his 80th birthday, our oldest son was born! We couldn't have presented the world with a son more worthy to fill the place of a kind, humble and loving man!!

Love you all, and think of all of you so often.

Lee Mae

year. It's our first attempt, and being the city slicking, non-outdoorsmen that we are, we've had a few crop failures. But for the most part it's doing pretty good and we've already had lots of beet beans. In a few more days we'll have some peas also. It has been fun for us.

Have a great summer, everyone! We're looking forward to hearing about some of your adventures in the LoveKast!

Sincerely,

JP + Lynda

MYSTERY PERSON



This only-child has the distinction of having produced 37 descendants already in her short 54 years of life thus far. She's a great musician (plays organ in Church); writer (writes a newspaper column monthly); researcher (searches pedigrees professionally); and businesswoman (runs a Day Care).

Most of all, she's a great mother, grandmother, wife, daughter, niece and friend! We all love her very much (and what a cutie!)



ORA SOLOMON CLODFELTER
& MARY ELLA CONE

I remember my grandparents Clodfelter always reading the scriptures in the evenings together. I remember when we just had our one little baby girl, and I was so eager to get to see all of my grandparents to show them our precious new addition...we drove all night from Wichita Falls to Udall, Kansas, to see Grandma and Grandpa C. first. (We couldn't afford to stop anywhere and rest...we always drove straight through, no matter how long the trip was!) When I knocked on the door of my grandparents' house in Udall, Ben kept Res Jo in the car as she was sleeping, and we weren't sure anyone was awake in the house. When Grandma C. opened the door and saw ONLY ME, she didn't even say "hi", just "Where's my baby?", looking past me out to the car! Res Jo was the only one of our children to ever see these great-grandparents, as they were killed in the tornado a little over a month before Glenn was born.

I remember my Grandpa Rintoul when his son-in-law, my Uncle Charles, was killed in an automobile accident in 1949. Grandpa never really showed emotion too much, and especially not affection. But the death of his little girl's husband was a real shock to him, and must have worried him a lot. It brought out some of the softness that was there down deep inside. I remember he was laying on the couch one day while we were there for the funeral, and I could see that he was hurting. I was 14 years old. I went over and sat down on the floor beside him, and put my hand on his. Much to my surprise, he grabbed my hand and held on very tightly. I sat there for such a long time, not wanting to move and break the spell. Not one word was spoken by either of us, but it was a beautiful experience for me.

Hi All: 5/11/89 2145L
Louisville, KY

I feel that it is almost time for another LOVE KNOT. I don't believe we were given any particular assignment for this month's letter. My heart is filled with gratitude when I think of anyone in our family. Every one of you has had a tremendous and positive effect on my life.

While I had always loved babies from my earliest memories, Ted Loren and Margaret, my first nephew and niece, completely did me in. I knew from their births that I wanted as many children as possible. I realized that while some of the tasks required in taking care of babies were not too enjoyable, the positive far outweighed the negative. I can't imagine anybody having neater nieces and nephews than I have been blessed with. Then we come to the outin-laws. Who could possibly have any better brothers than Ted and Gale? They have both been a strong influence for good in my life.

I am so grateful for all of you. Thanks for sharing this life with me.

We finally got all of our tax in by the end of April. We didn't have to worry about the deadline as both the federal and state owed us refunds. The Day Care has been carrying its own load, cash-flow wise, lately.

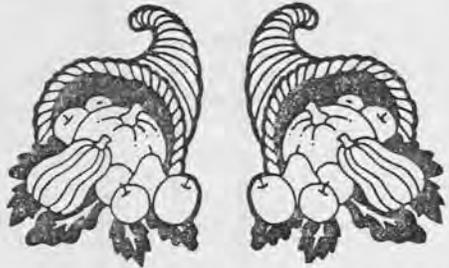
We are real pleased about that. Connie has done such a great job. All of the children and their parents think she is the greatest day care operator in the world, as we do.

As some of you know, I have done alot of studying during the last 3 years, besides the sporadic studying I had done previously during my life.

I have learned some things about love and gratitude and forgiveness that I would like to share with everyone in the world, if they were ready to listen. In my mind, love and gratitude are inseparably connected anymore.

How can one love without being grateful, or how can one be grateful without feeling love?

I've spent quite alot of time in my prayers the last few years asking Heavenl Father to fill my heart with the love of Christ, which is love, or charity toward all men. When I realized that this request had been granted, I found that I had received a bonus with it.



I not only feel love toward ALL men, but I feel a tremendous gratitude for all that has happened to me in this life and that is happening to me now; along with this love and gratitude I find it easy to forgive anybody for anything they may do tome or anyone else. I realize that I am not in a judgement seat, thus I can leave judgement up to the Law and the Lord. What I am trying to convey with this communication is that when we can achieve this point in our lives we are completely free!

No man can have any control over us no matter what he does. He can physically abuse us, malign us to the point of death, but if we are filled with the love of Christ, we can remain serene throughout the ordeal, truly feel love toward him and forgive him even while or before he harms us physically.

The truth is we are commanded by Jesus Christ to love all men, to thank Heavenly Father in the name of Christ for our blessings and to forgive ALL men of their shortcomings. If we follow Christ's example and become His disciples, we will be free. See John 8:30-32. I can't help but chuckle at the frustration of those who were trying so hard to break the Lords' spirit by all their abuse, even to the point of crucifixion, when all He showed toward them was love and forgiveness. I'm sure He was even grateful that they were making it possible for Him to complete His mission here on the earth. What a perfect example to emulate! My goal in life is to become like our Elder Brother Jesus Christ - a true son of God. See 1 John 3:1-3 and Moroni 7:48.

I love you all. Hope to see you all soon. Wouldn't it be nice if we could have a family reunion of at least those out here in the West soon? Would any of you be interested?

Bea R



ANNOUNCING...

the birth of Mary Elizabeth Whicker to Chuck and Carmelita on 9 June 1989. Just before her birth, Chuch severely cut two of his fingers on a skill saw. Now he won't have to change dirty diapers!

GRANDPARENTS WHICKER REUNITED

Maxine and I got mother moved to the nursing home on Monday evening, May 22, 1989. Believe me, we had agonized over it, and I know that the evening before (Sun.) Mother had felt pretty "empty" as she put it. However, when we got to the home, everyone was so upbeat & friendly that we all three perked up and we didn't feel the distress that we were expecting at leaving mother there. She seemed to feel content - and that just made everything better. I know she will have down times, and we will too, but just to know that she isn't grieving over the change in her life means so much to me. Max and I both had a bad time that night after we got home and saw her empty room, and all the things that she couldn't take along and I still can't quite get over it, but as I said, the actual taking her there and leaving her there didn't turn out to be the agony that I had expected. I know many people were praying for us, and I believe that got us through it so well.

I think Daddy even kind of knows that she is going to be there. He acted very cheerful and tried to talk, and he chuckled once when I hugged him and told him that Mother was going to be living right there in the same building with him and that he would be able to see her every day. When Max and I went by on Tuesday (at noon) they were sitting in the dining room, wheelchairs facing each other, holding hands. They looked so cute & precious.

Just thought you might want to know a little about it. I'm in a rush (as usual I guess) or I could go into more detail, but want to get this ready to mail.

Love,

Chuck Lee

**GLENN WHICKER
BOX 5119
APO, NY 09238**

FIRST CLASS MAIL



SHANNON GAYLE DAVIDSON on Kiva Man.
July 1987 at Uranium Downs

Next newsletter I'd like to do as a tribute to Grandpa Ben A. Whicker. Contributions will be due to me by September 15th. We need pictures of him at all stages of life. Especially one of him in his carpenter's garb. We'd really like to hear from Rhonda, Ted, Ruth, Chuck, Benj, John, Fred and RYanne, as we haven't heard from you for so long! Write a short quip about why you admired your Grandpa W.



THE LOVE KNOT



VOL 4 No. 4

"a tie that binds"

Nov 1989



Angels

By Rachael Anderson



He's promised through the ages
Angels watching o're His sheep
To bless us with His perfect love
And in His safety keep

I've read of angels glowing
In their flowing robes of white
As they proclaim God's messages
His power, love and might

I've lately dreamed of meeting
A being sent from God above
Hoping he could calm my heart
And fill my soul with love

Hoping he would rescue me
From the pool of great despair
I felt that I was drowning in
Not believing God was there

So many times I wondered why
God sent no one for me
"Where are those angels now?" I thought
Then scoffed, "They'll never be!"

So in my selfish anger
In my bitter tears of pain,
I turned my back and looked away
To nothing; all in vain



It was in my darkest moments
When I thought my God had lied
Slowly withering in my heart
My spirit nearly died

Angels? Love? Is that what He'd said?
Did He promise me guidance and light?
Desperately, I looked once again
No angels were in sight

Then early one morning it happened to me
When I finally opened my eyes ...
An angel stood and smiled at me
He must have heard my cries!

His countenance; bright and glowing!
Love filled his eyes with light!
To see him filled my heart with joy
He lifted my soul to such height!

All I could do was look at him
And bask in the love that I felt
Realizing God never failed me;
For His angel before me knelt

And as he knelt down beside my bed
He took my hand with a tug
Then ever so tender, I heard his voice say
"Mommie, gimme a hug."



Dearest Family,

Grandpa and I are still doing as well as can be expected. I am walking with my walker to the dining room and back once a day and also take a few shorter runs each day.

Grandpa fell out of his wheelchair and cut his forehead and under his left eye. They were just skin deep but he was so black and blue! It is pretty well healed now.

I am extra careful with my walker. Don't want to fall another time. Max was here yesterday evening, brought some pictures for us to see. Ben R. called a while ago as he does every week (on Sundays). Also talked with Lois at Craig.

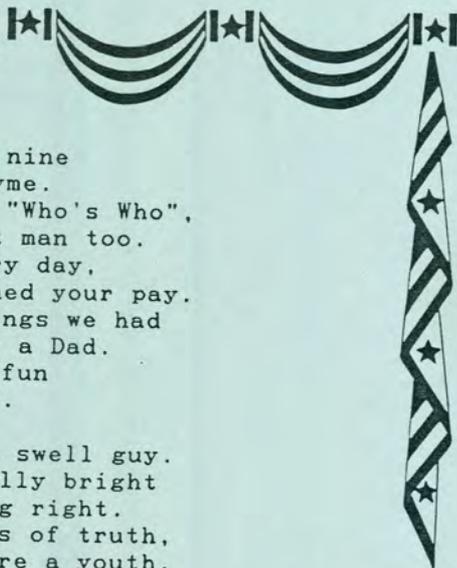
Goodbye and love to each and everyone. I appreciate each member of our families more each day. Forever yours, Mom, Beulah B.



POP

By Ben R. Whicker

(written in San Diego in 1982)



My Pop's eighty four on November twenty nine
So I'm gonna celebrate with a little rhyme.
The world isn't aware for you're not in "Who's Who",
But like our forefathers you are a great man too.
You raised your family, worked hard every day,
Through rain, sleet and snow always earned your pay.
I didn't then appreciate the many blessings we had
Till all of a sudden one day, I too, was a Dad.
While being a father is certainly great fun
Making a living does keep one on the run.
To be like my Dad I continually try
Now that I realize you were, and are one swell guy.
Your advise when I did something not really bright
Was - anything worth doing is worth doing right.
I'm not sure where you learned these bits of truth,
But suspect from your Father when you were a youth.
Now I'm a father and fully appreciate your care,
And with my children your wisdom try to share.
I've traveled a bunch this whole world round,
And believe me, a better Father is not to be found.
I love you, Pop. Many blessings I've had -
One of the greatest, though, is having you for my Dad!
I'm glad you picked Mom for your ever-loving wife.
Thanks for the start you gave the girls and I in this life.

Dearest Family,

Here I am late again, I think. Just a note to let you all know that we are all fine at the moment. Mother and Daddy seem to be better than they have been in the recent past. Ted is doing remarkably well. He has an appointment to see Dr. Thorne in Salt Lake on the 10th of this month. I am anxious to hear what he has to say this time.

I have decided to send the material I wrote to honor Mother which will appear in the program being prepared for a dinner the Colo. Women's Foundation is having on October 25, along with a picture of Mother. There will be many women so honored. I am hoping they can include all of my article but they may have to do some editing depending on the amount of space they have. Anyway, I thought you all might like to have a copy.

A LOVING TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER, BEULAH B. (KING) WHICKER by Maxine (Whicker) Albers

Beulah B. King was born, a breach baby, on April 13, 1903, the only girl in a family of five children. She was married to my father, Ben Whicker on April 30, 1921 when she was barely 18 years of age. The first two years of her marriage were saddened by the death of her mother and then her firstborn. I was born in 1924 and 16 months later my sister was born even though Mother had been warned by her doctor that she should have an abortion as she probably would not live through the birth. Afterwards, Mother's health continued to deteriorate and in 1927 upon the advice of her doctor our family moved to Colorado. This frail lady had already proved her ability to overcome obstacles, but more were to be overcome in the years ahead.

Mother was a pioneer lady in her own right for she left all her family and friends to homestead in Moffat County, Colorado. It would be six long years before she would set foot in her Dad's home again. How lonely it must have been for Mother as she often would not see another human being (other than her own little family) for three and four months at a time. Little did I know how lonely she must have been because it was a very happy time for me and my little sister. Mother spent a lot of time singing to us, playing records on an old phonograph and reading us stories. She never complained as she made life pleasant for us in a cabin 12' x 14' with no conveniences whatsoever.

I remember that no matter how tired Mother was she would still walk the mile and a half back to the school so we could attend some school function, then wait for us and walk back home with us. Our home, though small was neat and clean and always open to our friends. I remember how hard she worked to help keep me in high school. She worked at the local rest home for the elderly, caring for 5 patients. She also did all the house cleaning chores and cooked all their meals on an old coal stove. All of that and more for which she received \$1.00 per day and her own room and board! I remember the long days she worked one summer when she fixed two meals and a lunch for 11 men who were working on the state highway. Again, with no modern conveniences, not even water in the house. She baked 9 loaves of bread from scratch every day, besides caring for a large garden. My brother was born the last of January after that busy summer! I remember many other things over the years too many to mention here. How happy I am that she enjoyed a nice modern home the last half of her life.

Mother, though strict and deeply religious, has a wonderful sense of humor and that with her cooperative and positive attitude endears her to those around her. Thank you Mother dear, for your loving care, your high standards and for the wonderful example you set for us.

I have one special memory
The very dearest of all other
Ever since I can remember
I remember loving my Mother.

Love to all,

Maxine and Ted



Howdy All; 10/02/89

Time has slipped by so fast this summer. I can't believe I am already late getting this contribution into the LOVE KNOT! Guess I'll start about the first of June.

We visited G'ma and G'pa Whicker the last week in May. G'ma was, and still is, very happy at the nursing home. G'pa has seemed more alert and aware of what's going on this summer too.

Chuck cut the fingers on his right hand very severely in June. Fortunately they have healed and though still a bit stiff, he can play his guitar as well as ever.

I've had really enjoyable trips this summer - been doing mostly Honolulu turns out of Ontario, CA. with 24 hours in Honolulu. We have some neighbors on a mission over there so I get to see them frequently. Their apartment is only 6 blocks from the hotel we stay in. He is a giant of a man at only 5 ft. or less.

On the 24th of June I had an appointment with Elder Melchin of the 2nd Quorum of Seventies. My blessings were all restored. I immediately went to the Bishop and Stake President and got my Temple recommend. It was all quite a surprise to me. I was expecting it to take some time yet.

Mom, Rye, Marianne and I went out to visit John and Katrina, arriving there on the 25th. We had a very enjoyable time. We left their house the 29th. Mom hurt her foot just before we got in the car. Later proved to have a broken bone behind her "pinky" toe. At the intersection of Calif. Hwy 1 and 96, a lady ran a stop sign. Since a big semi truck was making a right turn, she was not visible to me till too late. I almost make it around in front of her but caught her left front fender with the right front of the Toyota. Fortunately, no one was hurt, but both cars were totaled. We had an adventure getting home on the bus, etc. Her insurance covered all the expenses and paid us top book price for the Toyota. We had hoped to go to the Oakland Temple while in Calif., but it is closed for remodeling for a year. On the 17th of July, I took Fred's '69 Lincoln to get some exhaust work done for him. When pulling out of Master Muffler in Layton, I looked both directions, then pulled out to turn left. I hadn't seen a little Pontiac 6000 - I guess due to the construction barricades they had to the north. Anyway, a lady in the Pontiac caught me in the left front fender doing 50 MPH or better. About the same type scenario as in Calif. only the roles were reversed and she hit me square at the left front tire. The impact rocked the engine, breaking the mount and opening the throttle wide open, so all of a sudden I was peeling out, having made a 45 degree turn to the right. I finally, being dazed, got the ignition shut off, but it just kept peeling, as the radiator hoses had come off too, and it was dieseling. It was a WILD ride for awhile. Finally stopped as I nosed it into the fence. 2 more cars totaled! I was scared to death for the lady in the Pontiac for a few hours. Her seat belt stretched enough that her chest was quite sore for a few days, and she had to have 2 stitches in her knee. I thought I was okay till later in the day. I had my left shoulder joint separated. I'm hoping to be okay but may still have to have it repaired. I only missed one Honolulu turn so we were really blessed. I have had more pain, except that first day, the last month than I did the first month.

I only made one turn-around in August and took my annual check-ride, then took the rest of the month off for my vacation.

We had such a good time at BYU from the 21st of August through 25th. Glenn, Pam, Mom, Rye, her friend Susan and I all attended each day. It was great and we plan to go again next year.

When the insurance paid off on the Toyota, we bought a 1981 Ford LTD with 105,000 less miles than the Toyota had for less than we received. It is a real nice car and to tell the truth, it is good to be back in a big car. With those 2 accidents behind me, I'll take the big car any day! There wasn't much left of that Pontiac after tangling with that Lincoln. I hadn't scratched a fender in 33 1/2 years, but sure did make up for lost time in a hurry, huh? Someone was watching over us all though. We feel really blessed that no one was hurt seriously.

I have been to the Temple several times lately. Went to the L.A. Temple with John and Katrina, the Jordan River with Mom and the Rosier's, the Provo with Glenn, Pam, and Mom, and the Ogden with Mom and our ward. I hope we can go at least twice a month from now on, but we have been so busy and rushed, it seems.

We were really concerned about our G'ma Whicker in August, but she seems to be doing really well - in fact, I can't tell any difference in her speech. We just saw both G'ma and G'pa the 27th and 28th of Sept. Max, Mom and I took G'ma for a ride up Unaweep Canyon. It was a bit early for the fall colors at that low altitude. We ate at Kentucky Fried as G'ma got really hungry.

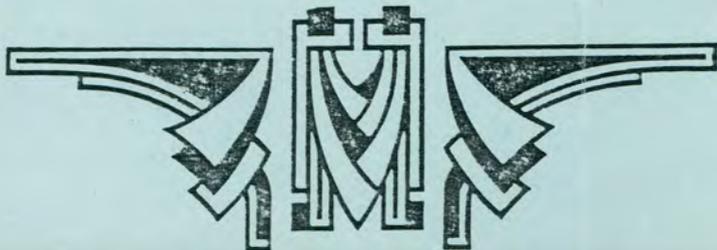
I met Mom in Oklahoma City Friday night, the 22nd. We met her folks in Winfield, Kansas the next day. We got to see many of her relatives in Oklahoma and Kansas including her Aunt Helen, who is in a nursing home at Montezuma. I was so pleased that she recognized me, as I hadn't seen her for over 9 years.

I didn't get the Honolulu trips I was hoping for for the next 2 months. I'll be flying Ontario, Dallas, Albuquerque, Ontario each weekday, every other week. I have to head for Ontario this afternoon, so guess I'd better get packed.

We all need to count our many blessings and express our gratitude, often, to our Heavenly Father. In spite of the problems I've had in this life, I feel grateful for them, as I know they were given to me especially to help me grow and progress to become more like our Lord. They were and are my special problems, and I wouldn't trade with anybody. Everybody else's seem much more difficult to me.

I love you all, and am looking forward to the next LOVE KNOT. Hope to hear some news from each of ya'all.

Love
Love R



Dear Knots: 15 October 1989

How are you all? We're all settled back into the routine of a normal life, after having enjoyed the whole month of August back home in Utah, California and Colorado. That was certainly a refreshing repose at the midway point of our 3 year tour in England. This is such a beautiful country, but I certainly could not put up with the socialistic government for very long. These poor people are taxed so heavily - its easy to understand why our porefathers left to come to America!

Pam is extremely busy teaching the local women many of the home-making skills that are much less prevalent here than in the States. We're also trying to get the rest of our home painted and decorated to prepare it for resale in a little over a year.

Just three more weeks of our deployment to RAF Sculthorpe! It will be very nice to be able to come home from work every night - its been a long 6 months of disruption from our normal manner of living. But we've survived okay.

Hopefully you'll all have time during the Christmas holidays to drop a line for the next LOVE KNOT. I'd like to have everything in by the 15th of January, so if you mail it by the 3rd, it'll get here by then. And no harm's done by mailing even earlier! Old news is much better than no news.

We love you all - have a wonderful autumn and holidays! You mean alot to us.

Love,
Alexa, Pam +
hoodlums

Birthdays & Anniver- saries



- October 13 Jennifer Whicker (6)
15 Margaret Duzik
16 Ted E. Albers - 68!
21 Lynda Whicker
24 Pamela Whicker
26 Rachael Whicker (8)
28 Jessica Norman (6)
- November 1 David Shaffer (21)
6 Mike and Marg's ---rd!
7 Douglas Anderson
7 Cody Whicker (11)
9 Jelyn Whicker (3)
11 Lois Norman - 64!
15 Forrest Clodfelter-77!
17 Christopher Whicker(5)
20 Mikelle Cloward (13)
22 RYanne Whicker (15)
26 Gale Norman - 67!
29 Benjamin A. Whicker-91!
- December 6 Rea M. Whicker - 55!
11 Curtis Cloward
12 Spencer Whicker (7)
19 F. Solomon Whicker (6)
27 Joe Shaffer
27 Joe & Marie's 23rd!
27 Ben & Rea's 38th!
29 Rich & Andrea's 8th!
- January 1 Christian Anderson (3)
9 Alison Whicker (5)
15 Ruth & Dan's 18th!
25 Rhonda Davidson
29 Ben R. Whicker - 57!

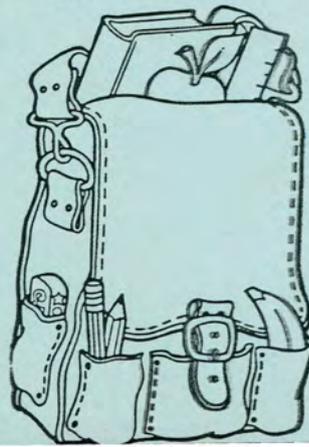
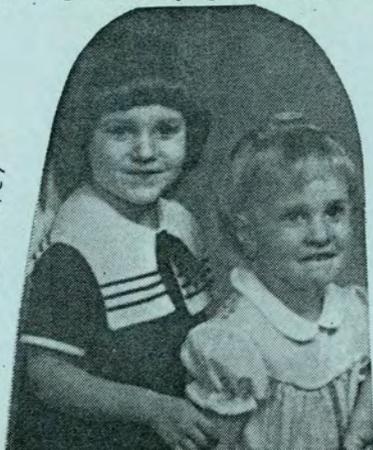
Written and composed by: Alaina Ione Whicker
June 15, 1989 age 6

Summer time is a fun time. There's
 ma. ny things to do. You can
 go to La. goon. You can
 buy a bal. loon. You can
 sing a hap. py tune.

Alaina

This is a little song that Alaina composed (she's only been taking piano lessons for about two months!) and she did the music and the words...she said she wants to sell them and make money for their vacation, which they went on today! I think grandparents and all had probably purchased about 10 copies at \$1 apiece.

Alaina + Jennifer



**GLENN WHICKER
BOX 5119
APO, NY 09238**



*Grandparents CRODIFERTER
290 No. 500 W.
Bountiful, UT 84087*

*Milantini
dligopin
Senormin*

Editor's Note:

As you can see, I'm running out of photos to use in our newsletter. If any of you have a supply of family related pictures, please see about having them "half-toned" (also called "PMTs" at your local printers. That way, you won't have to worry about losing your originals - you can half-tone a composite of photos taped to one 8 1/2" X 11" sheet for approx. \$5.00. (Ask for a 100-line screen). Thanks for your support!



The Man/The Boy

A man stands and fights where he meets the enemy, knowing that his single contribution of the moment is vital to the welfare of the entire nation (or family) which he protects. A boy has grander dreams: to slay dozens, hundreds at a time--but first, he has to find the perfect vantage point from which to fight. So while the man wages the battle, the boy is off looking for the spot which will suit him best. In his mind, the boy is most noble and will one day be a hero. But to the watching masses, he is simply a frightened child . . . running away.

by RJC

I've seen this phenomenon so often in myself and others!

What # is your apartment?

THE LOVE KNOT



VOL 5 No. 1 "a tie that binds" FEBR 1990

INTENDED FOR LAST NEWSLETTER...

Dear Family,

Mother called several days ago and told me that it was time for the Love Knot. I hope that I'm not too late, but if I am, I'll try to get it in next time. There really isn't much news anyway.

Our summer has gone so fast - when it gets to be October in this country we know that winter is breathing down our necks. Gale has finished his fall farm work. Our wheat and oat harvest didn't amount to much, but at that, we didn't do as bad as quite a few others, though our average yield was just a bit over half what it's been for several years. No wonder though, as we went through most of the growing season with no rain, hot, and high winds. Don't even know how crops survive. As usual with farmers, we think "next year" will be better. We have several projects that we really want to take care of out at the farm before it gets too cold or snowy to do them. No snow yet, but some nights pretty cold now.

Gale and I started spending each night with his mother on Aug. 28. She gets along pretty well by herself during the day. We get her breakfast, do up dishes & see that she gets cleaned up and ready for the day. She wandered outside one night & didn't know where she was, so that's when we started staying there. She still gets up during the night and raids the cookie jar & frig. but hasn't tried to leave the house. In fact, for this past week she hasn't been doing so much getting up & wandering around. Maybe she feels a little more secure with us being there at night.

It was a treat for me to get to see cousin Dorothy Mae & her husband in Aug. and also Aunt Nellie & her daughter, Lee Ann & a granddaughter and Aunt Irene. That's when Mother had landed in the

hospital. I was so glad that Mother improved enough to be able to visit some with them all. I think it was awfully hard for Aunt Nellie to see Dad in the condition he's in, but she was sure that he knew her the morning before she left.

Hunting season has started and we see a lot of deer out our way. We saw 7 bucks crossing the county road the other evening when we were returning to town.

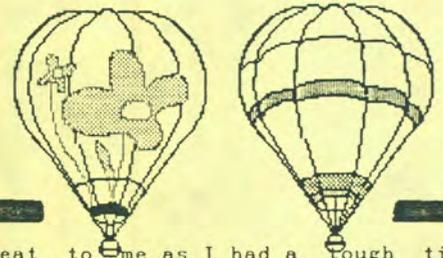
News is scarce as you can see.

Love to you all,
Gale and Lois



AUNT MAXINE... IN HER SPORTY DAYS

From Our Ship To Yours



Hi All: 4 December 1989

Time passes so rapidly. It's hard to believe it is once again LOVE KNOT time. Much has happened during the last 3 months in our neck of the woods. Arrangements have been made for the Naylor's, Connie's family, to lease our Day Care property so that the Hug-A-Day Center can continue to operate uninterrupted with Connie still the Director. Mom and I are very pleased with the development and extend to them our best wishes and pray they will do well and prosper. We are very relieved to be out from under the responsibility and constant deadlines that dealing with government agencies and a business require. The Day Care has been full for some time now and has been paying its own way, pretty much, all this year. I'm sure if they are willing to watch their budget closely they can even do better. They take over Jan 1st.

Mom and I had the privilege of spending 2 full days and 3 nights up at Battlement Mesa with Max, Ted, Lois and Gale in November. What a great time we had! What a joy it is to have such a compatible, peaceful family. It was so good just to forget all responsibilities for a couple of days and relax. We played parlor games, ping-pong, pool, swam and talked. There is no good reason why our generation can't slow down enough to get together like that more frequently now. I, for one, think we ought to just make time for get-togethers like this at least twice a year. We also need to be considering a family reunion soon. If we could put one together this next summer we might still be able to have G'ma Whicker spend some time with us.

I had a pretty rough schedule during October and November with extremely long duty days while out on the road. Last week it was really starting to catch up to me. Starting today I have a much easier schedule. I felt real fortunate this morning - we showed up for our trip at 0430 after getting up at 0300 to find out that our trip was canceled. So we got to come back and sleep in. It seemed

great to come as I had a tough time rolling out at 0300. Now maybe I'm caught up enough to stay ahead the next 2 weeks on this easy run. In my youth I wondered why they had such restrictive duty and flight time rules on flyers. Now I realize, and am grateful, that they were written for us "middle-aged" ladies and gentlemen. I don't recover as quickly as I used to from a week of 14-15 hours duty with only 6 hours rest per night as I did when younger.

My bride will be 55 years old in a couple of days. I am always astounded at how blessed I've always been, deserving or not. It was 45 years ago this summer when I first saw my mate and as unusual as it may sound, I knew her immediately. I didn't realize, of course, that she wasn't yet perfect; in fact, I was astounded a few years later, that her eyes had not yet been opened at that time. She didn't even remember seeing me there, the big brawny 11 year old boy who out-ran, out-wrestled, and out-climbed that little 9 year old she kept playing with. I thought she didn't react to my winning ways because she was shy! Anyway, I'm so grateful for our life together. We have learned alot and had great fun together. We are looking forward to the day that I never have to leave home again without her. It gets harder for me to leave every trip. I'm grateful to have always had a good job to make an adequate living, but traveling all the time has given us a few problems to overcome. We sure do have a good time when we are together. It's a real crack-up watching someone get a bit forgetful when you yourself have a photographic memory! (That lasts about 30 seconds.) We've had a few hilarious experiences lately, like locking 2 sets of keys in the car and having to drive 20 miles (round trip) to get another key!

I'm also very grateful for the families of our youth. Max, Lois and I were especially blessed to come from the family we were born into.



HAPPY

RACHAEL'S FAVORITE POEM:

I choose to live by choice, not by chance.
To make changes, not excuses.
To be motivated, not manipulative.
To be useful, not used.
To excel, not compete.
I choose self-esteem, not self pity.
I choose to listen to the inner voice,
Not the random opinion of others.

-Benjamin Franklin

VALENTINE'S

This handsome young man is a mature 6 years old, and has just joined Cub Scouts. You oughta see him in uniform! He's heavy into Lego building and can make anything by following the instruction manual. He's also fascinated with calculators and is a good, good reader. A natural at soccer, and a fast talker, this kid really makes the grade!



NEWSBITS:

- * John graduated from his year-long training in the Russian language and is now in Texas getting indoctrinated into the secret world of intelligence (artificial, no doubt!)
- * Chuck has written two new songs that the rest of the family really must hear. He entered a statewide songwriters contest in January, as well as performing in the State Penitentiary in December. They wanted to keep him in prison - he was called back for an encore more than once!

NEWSBITS

Howdy, y'all!

Glenn asked me to write this time and tell you about some things that have been happening lately in my efforts to do something with my songs. I've got to admit, things are starting to get pretty exciting. First of all, all those of you who have received a tape of my songs for this christmas, be aware of the fact that it was my parents' idea to send it to you. It is only a demo tape and each song was recorded after ten o'clock at night when I don't function too well. My voice is out of tune all over the place on that tape and I never intended it to be sent to anyone except to professionals who might be able to take the ideas and make them into really neat-sounding songs.

But I do hope I may have the opportunity some day of performing in front of you all when I have a couple of good microphones to sing behind and at a time of day when I have plenty of energy. It seems that when I have one microphone right up to my guitar strings and one right up to my mouth I can relax and do a much better job. Something clicks inside my head when I can get behind those microphones, and they take away all nervousness that is hard for me to get rid of when I try to sing without them, even if it's just in front of my family.

The other night I went and performed along with about eight other amateur performers at the Utah State Prison for the Prison Christmas Program. I was so completely relaxed and the spirit was so strong, my audience was laughing and cheering one moment and sober and somewhat tearful the next. When I went to go off stage they shouted almost in unison for me to sing some more, and the director gave me permission to go ahead. I ended up playing and singing twice as many songs as the program originally had me planned to perform. It was a great experience and I felt tremendous love towards those boys in the prison. I am going to return soon (Jan 12th) to perform again, only this time it will be just me alone on the stage for about an hour. I'll be playing some songs that aren't my own, such as "Daddy's Hands" and "Thank God for Kids", but most of the songs will be my own. Last performance they really seemed to love "Home Girl" the best. They were hootin' and hallerin' all the way through it. But they also got a real laugh out of "Christmas Deeds" and they pretty much liked everything I believe. At least I could tell by looking in their eyes that I had their undivided attention.

I've finally started college now and am really enjoying it. Surprisingly enough, my most interesting subject is Political Science, a subject I thought would be boring and uninteresting. My major is spanish, but I may end up changing it soon. I am also enjoying Physics a great deal, although the math is rather difficult for this phylosophical mind of mine. My least favorite subject is turning out to be spanish, though it is the easiest.

My little family is doing great and I'm deeply grateful for them. They are the foundation of all my accomplishments, and I feel deeply cherished by that God who gave me them. May He continue to bless you all and fulfill all your needs and desires as He seems to be doing for me.

Chuck

I'm sure I would never have survived had I been raised under the environment that many kids are exposed to today. I honestly am amazed at how resilient some kids have to be to not only survive, but become useful, stable adults.

We are extremely blessed to have Mom's parents living in our area now. What a wonderful ancestry she has too! Mom found that the Clodfelters and Whickers lived in the same area of No. Carolina many generations ago during the infancy of this republic. G'pa, G'ma, Mom and I try to get together every Weds. evening; of course I miss half of them while working, but I think Mom goes whether

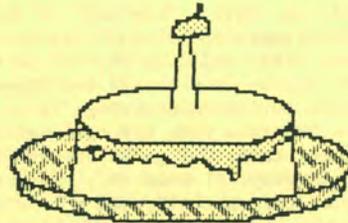
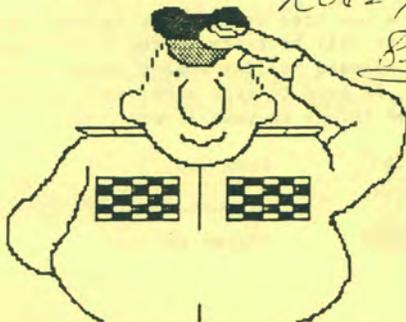
I'm there or not. It has been many years since we've lived close to either of our parents, so we really are enjoying this opportunity. G'ma just had a new left knee installed last Tuesday. She had a couple of really tough days but seems to be doing nicely now. She seems a bit apprehensive about having the other one replaced right now but hopefully this one will be so improved she will want the other one to work as well as it does.

I'm still having a few problems with my shoulder. I may get it fixed next quarter if I can bid my trips for enough time off.

Well, "Knot-heads," I mean, "Love Knots," I hope you are all happy and well. I hope we can all get together in the near future. It seems like a long time since I've seen some of you. I'm very grateful for each of you and happy to be in this family.

LOVE YA ALL.

Sh. R.



ANNIVERSARIES and BIRTHDAYS

FEBRUARY

- 10 Richard NORMAN (34)
- 15 Katrina WHICKER (?)
- 18 Fred WHICKER (21)
- 21 Misti WHICKER (8)
- 27 Don & Rhonda DAVIDSON (8)

MARCH

- 08 Heather NORMAN (9)
- 09 Jeff WHICKER (31)
- 10 Colten ANDERSON (2)
- 10 T.L. ALBERS (46)
- 13 Marinne CLOWARD (12)
- 15 Glenn & Pam WHICKER (12)
- 17 Sarah WHICKER (6)
- 18 Ruth HASKINS (37)
- 25 Eythe Mae CLODFELTER (75)

APRIL

- 04 Ted & Maxine ALBERS (47)
- 12 JamiAnn WHICKER (7)
- 13 Beulah WHICKER (87)
- 13 Don DAVIDSON (33)
- 30 Ben & Beulah WHICKER (69)

MAY

- 04 Benji WHICKER (10)
- 05 Cody NORMAN (2)
- 06 Daniel SHAFFER (19)
- 11 Mike DUZIK (44)
- 13 Chuck WHICKER (34)
- 23 Julie WHICKER (10)
- 26 Dan HASKINS (38)
- 29 Flint HASKINS (14)

Nov. 29, 1989

Dear Love Knots:

We all, as far as I know had a lovely Thanksgiving. Ben and I ate together at a card table in the Activity Room here. Maxine came and fed Ben. I appreciated that as I didn't want him to eat at the feeding table. They had him shaved and all cleaned up nicely. Max and Ted took Teddy and Judy out to eat at the Holiday Inn and Rhonda and Shannon drove to Colorado Springs to be with Don. Max has them take her car when they take longer trips. I guess Shannon slept most of the way. I know they enjoyed getting to be together. It was a lovely day.

Ruth, my roommate and I have been sick and I guess many residents in the Valley have had the same thing.

Ben has had a bladder infection but is getting better. Note: Daddy seems to be recovered from that infection and has really been very alert here lately. 12-11-89

I received a tape from Glenn. His voice was so plain. They all sang some songs and I really enjoyed hearing from all of them. He sent the machine so that I can both listen and make recordings.

Today is Dad's birthday - he is 91 years old! Maxine had to go to Denver fro some meetings today. She came by and checked on us before she left.



Love to each and all

B. B. W.
Grandma Beulah

12-12-89

Dear Loved Ones:

I can hardly imagine that another year is just about gone! This has been a good year for us even though many obstacles have been in our paths. We are all still together for which we are thankful and we are learning to just live one day at a time enjoying our many blessings.

One of the highlights of the year was spending some time up at Battlement Mesa with Lois, Gale, B.R. and Rea. The facilities there are very nice and we had free access to all of them except the golfing. We took advantage of the swimming pool which is really nice. Ted could get his walking in by walking inside on the balcony above the large gymnasium. You should have seen we girls play pool - we made some fantastic shots! I hope we will get together again before we all get so old we can't travel. They also had some great trails for walking outdoors. We also played games like a bunch of kids, but it was great fun.

Shannon came in the other day and wanted to know which of the horses were "split" to ride. Her Mother tried to explain that broke when used with reference to horses had a different meaning than she was used to using it.

Mother and Daddy are both good as of this date. I went in to check on Daddy last night after he had been put to bed. He opened his eyes and smiled at me. I gave him a drink of water and he seemed to appreciate it. Mother did more walking than usual yesterday. She went out to the lobby where they were decorating the trees and got to hand some of the things to the girls as they needed them. She seemed to feel very good last night because she got to participate. She called this morning and said she was going down to the Activity Room - I don't know what was going on but I am delighted that she is getting interested in something.

Ted continues to be doing very well. I hope he won't over-do but he wants to keep busy and maybe it is just as well - it is hard to know.

We will have Ted L., Rhonda, Don, Shannon and Mother here for Christmas. Judy will be joining her family in Lancaster, California as her brother who is with the military in England will be home so their entire family will be home for Christmas. I am hoping that Lois and Gale may be able to join us as well. Anyone else who could join us would be welcome.

We have our tree up and that is about all. I suppose we will be ready by the 25th! We wish you all a blessed holiday season and a wonderful New Year! Be good to each other and concentrate on the good things in your lives.



Love you,

Maxine and Ted
Maxine and Ted



Dear LoveKnot.

It has been a *very* short 1989 but a happy one for us in this home. It's hard to believe that a whole decade is coming to a close! It seems as if I've spent my whole life in the 80's and never known any other time. Life was so different in the 70's and so much less fulfilling that it's like it was another life! I hope that the New Year and the new decade brings each of you happiness in your individual and family life!

We have been busy doing a little bit of construction in our house. We were in desperate need for a coat closet, not only for coats but for more shelf space. So we put one up in our living room and it turned out pretty nice considering the builders didn't have a lot of experience at carpentry. It was kind of a humbling experience when we got to putting the moulding around the edges. I simply could not figure out how to cut the proper 45 degree angle to make it work right. I found out how to cut lots of different 45 degree angles, but none of them were the right ones and that stuff is expensive! So Lynda came to the rescue and used her more geometrically inclined mind to save the day!

We are having an extremely dry winter so far compared with last year and last year was not enough to bring the water table up to normal. Sure hope we get some more soon so we don't have to ration water again like we did two years ago.

We wish each of you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Love,
JFK & Lynda
& family

Happy 1990!

Hi everybody. Glenn asked me to write about my 1989 highlight. I gave this assignment serious thought, and in the final analysis I must say that, due to the fact that 1989 was one incredibly tough year, my highlight was hearing the clock strike 12 on the night of December 31st, and knowing I MADE IT! To have survived in a state of familial health, and with most of my wits still about me (i.e., Dad, Uncle Ted and Fred), is cause for celebration in my book.

Christmas was so fun with my kids. Our new Nintendo game has generated alot of friendly banter between uncoordinated mother and video whiz children as the former makes a fool of herself in front of the screen evening after evening.

Benj organized a spur-of-the-moment cousin party at my house the last of December, including Chuck's 5 oldest kids, Benj's, Jeff & Lynda and kids, Rachael & hers, and me and mine. We had a riot. All 25 of us!

For various reasons, I couldn't get the mortgage loan for the house so we're moving across the street on February 1. It's turning out alright, and my family will still have all the same benefits and actually I'll be paying less, although not owning the home of course. You can reach us at:

4433 Dunraven Drive
West Valley, Utah 84120
(801) 967-5688

Love you all and hope to see you this summer!



January 11, 1990

Dear Families,

Miracles never cease . . . it is me! Rachael Mae. I only have a few minutes, as I am on my lunch half-hour, so this will be fairly short, depending on how fast my fingers work in the next few minutes.

Life is going good! Christian, Colten and I moved out of mom and dad's house this last week after living with them for the last 10 months. I feel wonderful about it, and I am positive that mom and dad are very relieved! I am not an easy person to live with, and add two little boys under the age of three to me and you can pretty much plan on pure chaos!! The family has been absolute wonderful putting up with us, and I am truly grateful. I would not have made it through this past year without all of the support and patience of mom and dad! And the support from everyone else has been absolutely incredible as well. I really truly love you all!

We now live in a two-bedroom little house in Kaysville. It actually is turning out to be quite darling if I do say so myself! I love it, the kids love it, my relationship with the kids is improving daily, etc. I guess they just really feel like this house is definitely their own turf, and they somehow pick up on the fact that I feel better or something . . . I don't know. All I know is that the difference is very definite! We're on our own, it feels good, and I am happy!

Colten is doing good, as far as his Cystic Fibrosis. We have actually been very lucky this last year! It broke my heart when I took him to the clinic last month before Christmas and asked the head CF nurse how many CF kids they had up on the pediatric floor and she told me there were 14 kids up there! I felt very lucky when she told me that, to have my Coltie with me at Christmas time! He is such a doll . . . always happy and sparkley . . . especially sparkley when he succeeds in getting a reaction from his big brother after doing something terribly mean to him, then running away. I tell you, I have never seen anything like it! The teasing that my little almost 2 year old does seems to me that it takes quite a bit of scheming and consideration before taking place. He amazes me! He infuriates Christian. But Christian is starting to learn to fend for himself, now that I finally realized that I need to quit rescuing him and let them both work things out themselves sometimes. THAT'S even more fun to watch!

I really need to go. I was thinking of what I could share that would reflect what I have learned in 1989 more than anything else. This is a quote that I have adopted as my "creed". . . it is exactly how I am striving to live, and it is my experiences of 1989 that have brought me to this point. I love you all . . . be happy, and I really hope we have a reunion in 1990!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Let's just do it!

Love you all -

SEE PAGE #3

Rachael (Christian + Colten 100%)

Thanks to those of you who sent letters at Christmas! It's nice to hear about your families.

This has been a hard year for Joe's family. His mother broke her hip in January. She stayed with us for a while, then was at her own home (but needed much care). She is now in the Valley View Manor Nursing Home. Joe's father died in May after being back and forth between the nursing home and Veteran's Hospital.

We've been snowmobiling a few times this winter. This is Joe's favorite recreation now. Joe's employer, Colo-Ute Elec., has had financial trouble so things are up in the air for him.

David is in Denver, enjoying his work at Nelowet Business Machines where he sets up and repairs Mita Copiers. He also has a special girlfriend, Shannon Kuss.

Daniel placed 3rd in districts this spring, wrestling at 160 #. The 1st and 2nd place winners over him placed 1st and 2nd at State. He got the award for the most pins at his school, a total of 19 pins out of 23 matches. Daniel graduated this spring. He worked at Yampa Auto Body, where he also spent much time doing body work and painting the '76 GMC (which he bought from us earlier this year). He started this spring quarter at Platte Valley Bible College in Scottsbluff, Nebr.

With Daniel gone, Mrs. Shaffer in the home, and Lois & Gale staying full time with Grandma Norman, Marie has suddenly found herself with some extra time. She hasn't decided what direction to take yet.

Love, Joe, Marie, Dave, Dan



Rhonda

RHONDA'S WINTER WANDERLAND



**RUTH, RICH, RHON
CRAIG RANCH**



Dear Family,

While I have the typewriter out and am thinking about it, I'll get this written.

I've been wrapping Christmas gifts today and am about finished. We have a tiny tree in our tiny livingroom and it is so cute - almost perfect shaped. Sure doesn't take many decorations.

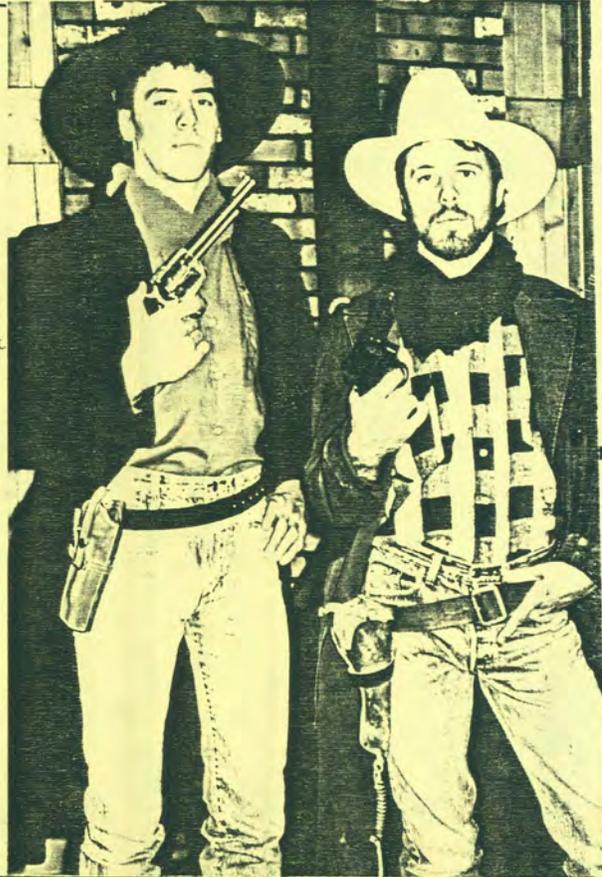
Our families are supposed to have the Christmas eve program at the church, and we will practice again tonight. So far, we have never all of us been there at the same time. Hope we can have at least one practice all together.

Gale and I have been staying every night with his mother since Aug. 28. Marg & Marie took over for us early in Nov. so we spent 10 days at Battlement Mesa with Max & Ted and Ben R. & Rea. A real treat, and a really great place. Gale's brother & wife live there so we were with them some too.

Snow has finally come to stay, I think. We have about 6 or 8 inches we think, and the last few nights it snows just a bit more, so there's been shoveling to do. We bought us a "new" Ram Charger awhile back. Actually it is an '85, but is pretty nice. It's been a lot of miles though - we just hope it will go a whole lot more. We are enjoying it.

Hope everyone had a Merry Christmas (since you won't get this until after Christmas), and we wish you all a very Happy New Year!

Love to all,
Lois and Gale



DAVID, DANIEL, JOE
SHANNON KUSS,
MARIE, GLADYS D.
THANKSGIVING '89



INSPIRATIONAL MESSAGE

from Ben R.

Well, the time is almost upon us again where we celebrate the birth of our Savior, Jesus Christ. We need to all just try and imagine what the world would be like by now if it were not for His teachings and the example of His life. Even before His birth the most stabilizing influence in the world were the peoples who prophesied of His coming and strived to live the Law of Moses. He has been the greatest influence for righteousness on the earth from the very beginning of time. He gave us the greatest gift possible through the atonement. An opportunity to return to our Father in Heaven's presence: like Him, a true son of God. I am truly grateful for the example of our Lord and hope that we will all strive diligently to become like Him, filled with His love toward all mankind, that we may be judged worthy to sit with the Lord on the right hand of Heavenly Father on that final judgment day. It is my desire and the Lord's, that there be no empty seats for our family on that day. We all have the opportunity and ability to achieve this goal as sons and daughters of Heavenly Father if we continually search the scriptures and seek to follow all of His commandments as we continue to learn more truths through our study. I know that the Lord yet has much more to give us as we progress and become capable of understanding further light and knowledge. Indeed we thus far have only been given the basics, the 'milk'. There is much more to come for us as we are able to understand the 'meat' (see 1Cor. 3:2 and Heb. 5:13-14.) Many of the prophets have been allowed to learn truths that they were forbidden to record because the masses were yet unable to understand. These truths must still be learned at some time by all who hope to live in the presence of the Lord and our Heavenly Father.

Let us all continue to seek wisdom and truth throughout our lives, for "happy is the man that findeth wisdom and the man that getteth understanding" (Prov. 3:13.)

Dear Knots: 21 Jan 1989

HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY to all you beautiful people out there! All's well here in England - it's almost time to start planting the garden. Lots of exciting things are happening at work in the near future: in Feb. I get to fly a TR-1 from here to New York; in March, I go to California to upgrade in the two-seat model; and, it looks extremely possible that we might be leaving England 6 months early in order for me to get the school slot at the Defense Language Institute (learning Russian) that I've dreamed of for 8 years! We really would not mind leaving here a bit early. It's been fun, but not that fun, if you want to mean.

Pam is getting to be a real whiz on this computer as she tries to do her church callings - she's now in the presidency of our children's group (Primary). Camille is progressing well on her piano; Taralyn's becoming quite an artist; JamiAnn is the confirmed TOP of her class in reading (when Pam visited her class last week during reading time, she overheard many of the children saying, "wow, look at Jamie - she's on the ORANGE book already!" She's the only one that's achieved that level so far.) And Alison is well on her way to being a great reader too.

We really enjoy hearing from all of you. Thanks for your participation. There are now 92 living entries on our birthday/anniversary list - its getting to the point where we'll have to have a reunion just to meet one another! I'm sure I wouldn't recognize any of my cousins children, either because I've never met them, or because they've grown so much since we were together. I vote we get one going real soon. Please let us know what you're up to so we can keep our KNOT unified.

Love,
Alison
& Pam

**GLENN WHICKER
BOX 5119
APO, NY 09238**



FIRST CLASS MAIL

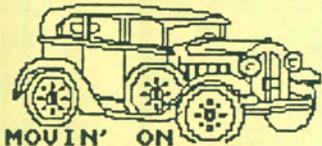
CLODFELTER Grandma & Grandp
290 No. 500 West Apt. #105
Bountiful, UT 84010

EDITOR'S NOTE:

I'm only going to try to do three issues this year, in hopes that those will be of better quality. So, please put down these deadlines on your calendars:

JUNE - inputs rec'd by 15 May
Theme: Kids (and Adults) Say
the Darnedest Things!
OCT - inputs rec'd by 15 Sept.
Theme: My Most Memorable
Vacation or Trip
FEB 1991 - rec'd by 15 Jan 1991
Theme: The Stumbling Block
That Became My Great-
est Stepping Stone

The whole world knows the great wisdom and creativity that exists within the LOVE KNOT readership. So I expect some GREAT participation since you're getting this much advance notice! Please remember that PICTURES add tremendously. They will all be returned unharmed.



MOVIN' ON

Grandparents Clodfelter
290 No. 500 West #105
Bountiful, UT 84010

Rea Jo Cloward
4433 Dunraven Dr.
West Valley, UT 84120

Rachael Mae Whicker
670 No. Main
Kaysville, UT 84037

John & Katrina Whicker
P.O. Box 6772
Goodfellow AFB, TX 76908

Benj Mark Whicker
4000 So. Redwood Rd.
Apt #1134
West Valley City, UT
84123



THE LOVE KNOT



VOL. 5

NO. 2 "a tie that binds"

JUNE 1990

SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE

What does it mean?

Not many years ago the Supreme Court of the United States declared that prayer in our public schools is unconstitutional. I was in my early high school years then, and the effect of the ruling on my particular school was that we ceased the practice of opening our assemblies with prayer. However, we continued to open our graduation ceremonies with prayer, and for a few years we got away with it. Now the ACLU is threatening to sue any school that includes prayer in their graduation ceremony this year.

The response from our Utah schools has been a brave one. Out of the ten school districts that were asked by our local tv news station whether or not they intended to go ahead with the usual prayer in their ceremony, eight of them responded with a yes.

No, the question has not yet been settled here in Utah despite legal threats, and for good reason. The Supreme Court's decision sounded reasonable for a while because it was made in the name of religious freedom. But now people are waking up to its effects, and are coming to realize what freedom of religion really consists of.

There are two factors that need to be understood in order to grasp the full meaning of religious freedom in this country. First, there is no such thing as a philosophy that is not religious in nature, for every philosophy contains the scientifically unprovable. This means that atheism, agnosticism, humanism, darwinism, capitalism, communism, socialism, liberalism, conservatism, and individualism are just as much religions as protestantism, catholicism, and mormonism.

Second, there is no such thing as a man or woman who has no religion. Everyone has a basic philosophy that they choose to live by, whether it is a very personal philosophy or a wide-spread one. All religions include worship, but not all include the worship of God. That which we deem to be the greatest source of happiness is the thing that we worship; it is the thing that we fanatically trust and seek after before all else. For some, it is their own intellect. For others, it might be sex or money or power. **EVERYONE HAS A RELIGION.** Every philosophy is a religion.

With these two important factors in mind, we can see why it is that whenever government tries to legislate against any peaceful

CONSTITUTION CORNER

By Chuck



religious practice, it is, by the very nature of the act, establishing the opponent religion. When the Supreme Court ruled against prayer in public schools, it was establishing a crucial doctrine of the atheist religion. The custom of school prayer was not established by government power, but by culture. Culture cannot be legislated against. If it is to be changed, it should be changed by voluntary conversion, not government power.

The whole reasoning of the "no prayer" proponents is incomplete. They base their whole argument on the assumption that the right to abstain from prayer is somehow being violated where public prayer exists. Yet those who don't want to participate are in no way forced; they are only expected to be polite and wait for thirty seconds in order for religious freedom to go unhindered. They don't seem to realize that the idea of abstaining from public prayer is just as much a religious philosophy as engaging in it. It is wrong to use government power to promote either philosophy.

If I lived in a community wherein the majority are atheist, I would think it absurd to try and get government to make a law forcing them to embrace any part of my religion. At the same time I would do all in my power to persuade the majority to believe in God, believe in prayer, and practice it publicly as well as in secret. This method would not be interfering with anyone's religious freedom.

The founding fathers understood these principles. They understood that all philosophy is of a religious nature, and that's why they adamantly preached against government getting involved in education or welfare. They knew that such involvement would gradually create a government-sponsored religious philosophy, and so it has. Today our public schools are forced to ban some philosophies in their teaching, while others they are forced to include in their teaching.

The founding fathers knew that true religion must exist in government in order for freedom to be preserved. They are the ones who initiated the custom of opening congressional sessions with prayer. They had nothing against religion in government, but they were adamantly against government getting involved in officially establishing one religion over the other by the power of legislation, except in those cases where one's religion is an immediate endangerment to society.



Hi, everybody! Since it's been so long since I last wrote, I thought maybe I'd bring everybody up to date on the kids. Emma is about to finish her soph. year in H.S. Her main interest has been the school swim team. She intends to compete this summer also. Flint is finishing 8th grade & will go on to H.S. next fall. He is in track right now which he enjoys. Keith is finishing 4th grade. He enjoys about any sport & is a good athlete. He's gotten really interested in roping lately.

We've all been busy with spring things lately. End of school activities as well as branding and roping.

As far as the Love Knot theme- I think the funniest thing any of our kids said was something Flint said when he was pretty small. It was the "Dukes of Hazzard" era. At the time we were in the farm equip. business and I often took the kids to the shop while I helped Mom with the books or whatever. One day Duke Duzik came into the shop and was talking to Dad or Dan, & Flint (who was too short to see over the counter) asked who was there. I looked up and said "Oh, it's Duke". Flint hurried around the counter to see for himself but was back pretty quick. "That's not Duke," he said. "Yes it is," I replied. "Then why isn't he saying 'Yee-haw! Yee-haw!'" Flint asked.

Well everybody, have a good summer!

Much love,
Ruth, Dan
Emma, Flint, & Keith



BENJI-MARI, REA JO, RUTH, RICHARD,
JEFF & CHUCI, LABOR DAY 1969,
SHADY REST TRAILER PARK



Chuck & Carmelita Whicker
563 36th St.
Ogden, UT 84404

Rachael & Dan Lindsay
301 No. Main #188
Layton, UT 84041

May 14, 1990

Dear Love Knots:

Of course I am running late but hopefully this will arrive in time to be included. Seems like it is always like Grand Central Station around this place.

April was especially busy for me. I made three trips into Denver and Colorado Springs and spent the equivalent of one week away from home in Denver. Then I spent two nights in Ogden, Utah attending an Altrusa workshop the 27th and 28th. Every group I am appointed to had a meeting. Some of them were back to back or I would have had even more trips!

I have been trying to think of some things our kids have said and I am so sorry I didn't write down some of them because one just can't remember them after all these years even though at the time you think you will never forget. So, the moral of the story is to jot down all the cute remarks while you remember them.

Mother told the one Teddy said that I do remember well. He talked so early and I remember one sentence he said before his Daddy came home when Teddy was 21 months old. So he was less than 21 months old when he scratched himself. When it started to bleed he ran to me and said, "Mommy I blooded myself." Rhonda got into some candy before supper one time then ran and hid in the closet. I finally went looking for her. When I called she finally answered with a very full mouth. "I'm not in the closet Mother." There she was with her little mouth bulging out on both sides. (She was about 3)

On August 1st just before Shannon's third birthday, Ted, Shannon and I took Grandma Whicker to Craig so she could spend some time with Lois and Gale. While in Craig that week end Shannon ran a temperature - had a sore throat and just generally felt bad. She got to feeling better by Monday morning when we started home. Somewhere between Rifle and Junction Shannon began to whine saying first her head hurt, then her knee, leg, etc. After so long a time Grandpa Ted said, "Now just quit the whining, we've had enough of that." She straightened right up and said, "Well, what am I going to do with my leg?"

In september 1989 (I didn't record the day) Ted was babysitting Shannon. She came in to

where Ted was. Shannon was all dressed up in a pair of my old nylons pulled up to her neck and an old bra draped across over one shoulder and under the other arm and said, "Poppy, I'm disguised as a woman."

Now for one on Mother. I walked into the nursing home not long ago after Mother had already gone to the diningroom so I went on down where she was. Mother was having a rather heated discussion with the lady at the next table. Mother didn't know I was standing behind her and the conversation went like this:

Other Lady: (looking at Mother's walker) "That's my walker!"

Mother: "No, that's my walker."

Lady: "It belongs to me," as she tried to move it over to her table.

Mother: (Grabs walker and hangs on) "It does no such thing!"

Lady: "Now, listen, my son paid a big price for that walker and I'm going to take it."

Mother: (Still holding on) "What's wrong with you anyway, every time you see a walker you think it's yours."

Then enter the nurse, Dallas, who tells the lady that the walker belongs to Beulah, etc., etc.

Mother looked up at Dallas and said, "I know 'a soft answer turneth away wrath' but I just didn't want to take the time."

I thought Dallas would explode she was so tickled. I don't think she thought Beulah would ever hold up for herself. I wanted to get this little episode recorded before I forgot it.

Everyone here is fine at the moment for which I am most thankful. Ted and I will soon be going up to the ranch and after June we hope to be able to stay up a week or two at a time

Love to all,

Maxine and Ted

Maxine and Ted

Daybees Mother

I have never been able to recall many of the cute things our kids have said even though at the time I was sure I'd never forget. I regret not writing them down. One of the few things I can recall at the moment concerns Margaret. She was always pretending to be "Daybees Mother" & often put on some garb & informed us she was Daybees mother. One time as she was dressed for the role, I took her picture. When we got the picture back, we showed it to her & she was highly insulted - her vision of Daybees mother must have been entirely different. One day I needed a few groceries & didn't have the car. At that time there was a store up by Fortification bridge & I was going to walk up there. She wanted to go along, though I'd intended to leave her with G'ma Albers next door. Finally, at her insistence & against my better judgment, (it was quite a walk & her legs were very short), I told her she could go, BUT she'd have to walk all the way, AND I didn't want her to complain about being tired. Yes, she could walk, & of course she wouldn't complain or want to be carried. All went well - we got there, got the groceries & were on our way home. Pretty soon I heard her mumbling to herself rather quietly, so I asked her what she was saying. She looked way up at me with her big brown eyes & said with a sigh, "I was just telling Daybees, 'Ain't ya kinda poohed?'" Mommy's heart kind of melted, but she did make it home on her own little, tired, short legs.

Lois

5/10/90

Dear Family,

Seems like we've been very busy, but nothing much to write about. Gale has been farming and has all the crops in and is now ready to start summer fallowing. I seem to spend my time cooking, cleaning, paying bill working with the ladies group in the church & digging a few weeds. I've had quite a hassle with Mom Norman's bills and insurance since her hospitalization in January. After she fell and broke 5 ribs Jan. 4, Gale & I stayed with her day and night until Feb. 13 when we put her in a nursing home in Meeker.

She seemed to really go downhill after we



GRANDPARENTS WHILKER, DATE UNKNOWN

put her there, but we were both getting completely worn out caring for her day & night. She began to get pretty difficult to care for - One of us had to be awake at all times & keep an eye on her & still try to do the things that had to be done. She hasn't been very responsive at all since since she's been in the home - She scarcely eats at all, doesn't read (and she did a lot of that when we were caring for her), and can't seem to respond to our trying to visit with her.

I'd sure like to go to see the folks over Mother's Day if we can possibly get things in shape to leave. Haven't been down there since in February.

There's not much use in taking up space with this chatter. Looking forward to getting the new Love Knot.

Love to All,
Lois & Gale



GRANDPA



B. R.

IT TAKES ONE TO HAVE ONE!



GLENN, RICHARD, REA JO, RUTH, RHONDA, Craig-1967?

Dear LoveKnot,

How is everyone? We've been doing great and are happy that Spring is here. It's still a little cold but it's fun to plan vacations and camping trips and gardens and etc. etc.

Since this issue is dealing with kids who say the darndest things I for once have plenty to say! I hope I don't get carried away and bore anyone but I think kids are cute and love to keep a record of the funny things that come out of their mouths. Here are just a few of my favorites!

I think JeLyn, our 3 year old, had just had a primary lesson on how Heavenly Father made our bodies for us when this happened. She very sweetly began her prayer by asking Him to bless our ears, eyes, noses, and bums!

Jenni, our 6 year old, reminded me of myself and my brothers when she pulled this one. Alaina had just been hurt by falling, and she was holding the hurt part of her anatomy while Jenni sat there and laughed. When Alaina caught her breath she yelled, "It's not funny!" to which Jenni very calmly replied, "Alaina, I know. But it looked funny!"

Christopher, our 5 year old and only boy, has an inquisitive mind and once asked me how the telephone works. I explained that voices are changed into electricity by the phones and then the wire carries the electricity to the next phone where it changes the electricity back into sound. So the next day he gives the following lecture to his mom without giving any indication that he knew he had mispronounced something. "Your voice goes into the fella tone and then through some wires that go into the other guy's fella tone and" He never did catch on to why Lynda thought it was so funny.

Christopher, although a little cutie, has also been a royal pain in the neck many times, and when he and Alaina, our 7 year old and oldest

child, get all riled up it is impossible to handle both of them together. In his prayers one day he felt a little bad about how rotten he and big sis had been so he said, in a sweet, repentant voice, "Bless us not to drive mom crazy like me and Alaina did tonight."

Just one more, and this one really cracked me up at the time. I guess I should be hesitant to tell this because it shows how far I have to go in learning how to be a good father. Christopher had the extreme misfortune one day of getting me boiling mad while in the bathtub with nothing but his birthday suit on. I grabbed a belt and spanked him quite a bit softer than I would have if he had been dressed. In fact he probably would've been worse off if I hadn't had a belt at all because I was terribly conscious of the lunacy of using a belt on a bare bottom. Anyway, Jenni saw my anger and just started to scream and cry. When it was all over she was crying harder than he was and so I asked her if she knew why she was crying when she hadn't even been spanked. While continuing to sob she said, "Christopher is my only brother and you spanked him with a bare bum on the belt!"

We hope all of you are doing well and enjoying life. Looking forward to reading your letters!

Love,

M. Lynda, & Family



JOHNNY, FRED, AND RACHE AS YOUNGSTERS

Howdy, KNOTS: 4/11/90, 0400Z
We are presently at 33,000 ft. enroute from Phoenix to Louisville, I've been planning to get this written for some time but it seems like I'm always too busy at home, or trying to get my sleep when I'm on a trip. Since all my clocks look like they are near the optimum readings, I'll take a break and visit you all.

We have been very busy since the last LOVE KNOT. We did get the Day Care leased out, but are just now beginning to feel a bit less pressure. Closing a business down is more complicated than we expected. There are still bills from the last months operation with no cash flow from the business to pay them. Then there are still the employee and income taxes to finish up. We turned the taxes over to our tax man the other day, so that is about over except for the signing. Due to that above expenses I've been working all the extra days I can.

We bought a house in Ogden in March for rental property. It was an estate. We think we got a very good deal. Chuck and Carmeletta are renting it from us.

I flew from Ontario, CA to Honolulu and back for the last 3 months. I really enjoyed that run. I was hoping to continue it indefinitely, but they messed the bid lines up so bad this quarter that I had to bid this trip. While going to Hawaii I

could go to the Temple there about 8 times per month. I really have missed that so far this month. I did do a session in Atlanta on one of my empty days in Louisville and on the day I had in Dallas I spent several hours and did 3 sessions. I may not be able to do that every trip, however, as the transportation is a big problem in Dallas.

I have been called as a Stake Missionary. We have a correlation meeting every Weds. night. Thus far I haven't been home on one Weds. and I won't be for the rest of this month the way it looks; in fact with this schedule I'll miss every meeting for this whole 3 months til the end of June.

Mom and Ryanne are looking forward to their European trip in July and August. I'm hoping to jump seat over and join them for part of the time.....getting rough, so guess I'll quit awhile.

I have been trying to think of some of our kids youthful wisdom. Without looking at some of the old journals Mom used to keep I probably will have a problem remembering many. I'm sure she will come up with a bunch though. One of the ones I remember most vividly is when we were on our way to Colorado one time in our old '56 Lincoln. We had the back of the back seat laid down just behind the front seats - making it into a long bed that stretched clear into the trunk. Our luggage was behind us in a one wheel trailer. We were cruising along late at night. Glenn, Benj. Mom and I were the only ones awake. Glenn was singing (?). In



GET BETTER! RY-RY!!

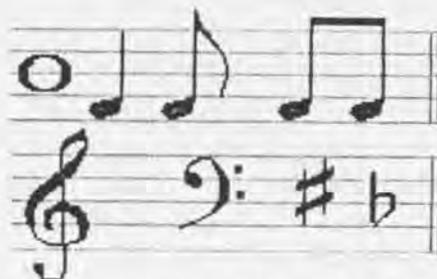


those days, he had much difficulty carrying a tune or this wouldn't be funny at all. Pretty soon Benj said to his mother, "Glenn sang all the kids to sleep. I'm not asleep yet but I sure am getting tired!" Mo and I about folded up laughing. Neither one of the boys realized why we thought that so funny. I must report though, that Glenn worked very hard and overcame that lack of talent and is now a very good singer.

Then there was the time that G'ma Whicker was telling Rachael, who I think was under 3 yrs, how happy we were that she came to our family. Rachael sighed and said, "I know. I thought I was never going to get here!" G'ma said it kinda gave her chills to think that maybe little children remember more about their pre-existence than we realize. I have been so blessed that no matter what could happen to me at this point I would be obligated to still be grateful for the rest of my life. I've already had it better than most people ever have in a life time. I hope things continue to go well, but I couldn't complain if they didn't.

I just can't imagine what my life would have been like if we hadn't had a large family. I've enjoyed my jobs and career, but that has been just icing on the cake. It is great to enjoy your work, but no one will remember me very long no matter how good a job I do; in fact, the company won't miss a lick when I leave. The only things we do of any lasting value in this life have to do with family. There is no greater purpose in life. I'm extremely grateful for not only our children, but for all of our extended family. You have all con-

tributed greatly to my growth and progress. If it hadn't been for Ted Loren I might not have realized how much I wanted a bunch of children. He was a great influence in my life. As all of my nieces and nephews have



been. Have you ever thought of the gratitude we owe to our forebears who took the gamble of moving to a new strange land, looking for a better life? We have so much in this country that those before us did all the work to provide for us.

I have finally decided to become a co-pilot after all these years. This is the first place I've ever worked that I will not have to take a pay cut. I'm really kind of excited! I don't know yet just when I start my training [Ed note: he'll be in training from approx. May 22 Jun 22], but the effective date is July 1st. That just means when the new pay starts, which is the same for me. If I were

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those days, he had much difficulty carrying a tune or this wouldn't be funny at all. Pretty soon Benj said to his mother, "Glenn sang all the kids to sleep. I'm not asleep yet but I sure am getting tired!" Mo and I about folded up laughing. Neither one of the boys realized why we thought that so funny. I must report though, that Glenn worked very hard and overcame that lack of talent and is now a very good singer.

Then there was the time that G'ma Whicker was telling Rachael, who I think was under 3 yrs, how happy we were that she came to our family. Rachael sighed and said, "I know. I thought I was never going to get here!" G'ma said it kinda gave her chills to think that maybe little children remember more about their pre-existence than we realize. I have been so blessed that no matter what could happen to me at this point I would be obligated to still be grateful for the rest of my life. I've already had it better than most people ever have in a life time. I hope things continue to go well, but I couldn't complain if they didn't.

I just can't imagine what my life would have been like if we hadn't had a large family. I've enjoyed my jobs and career, but that has been just icing on the cake. It is great to enjoy your work, but no one will remember me very long no matter how good a job I do; in fact, the company won't miss a lick when I leave. The only things we do of any lasting value in this life have to do with family. There is no greater purpose in life. I'm extremely grateful for not only our children, but for all of our extended family. You have all con-

tributed greatly to my growth and progress. If it hadn't been for Ted Loren I might not have realized how much I wanted a bunch of children. He was a great influence in my life. As all of my nieces and nephews have



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This mystery kid is the 5th of five beautiful kids belonging to a beautiful woman. He is *extremely* independent. He loves his Mommy and sisters, but his big brother is his biggest pal. Don't get on this dude's wrong side - he'll let you know where you stand!

never change, so we will never be subjected to flying reserve, which is unbearable with this company. There was a rumor for awhile that UPS might buy Federal Express. Both companies have denied it, and I'm pretty sure it won't happen. First of all, FedX just bought Flying Tigers a short while back. UPS backed out on buying Tigers due to Tigers' tremendous debt load. FedX is in trouble trying to service that debt they inherited. Why would UPS want the debt any more now than 2 years ago? If FedX goes under from that debt UPS could just step in to fill the vacuum without all the merger problems, etc. Another thing: UPS is not a public stock co. as FedX is. I don't think UPS has the money to buy off all the stockholders, and I don't think they would give up the advantages of being a privately owned company. I don't think it will ever happen. We are picking up 6 DC-8-73s from FedX. They inherited them from Tigers. They are the old DC-8s I used to fly at Trans America. The highest time DC-8s in the world (stretches, that is.) But they probably have the lowest cycles (takeoffs and landings), as TransAmerica used them almost exclusively on international flights. I hope they are still in as good a shape as they were before. We are less than an hour out of Louisville, so guess I'll close for now. If some more sayings of the kids pop into my mind before press time, I'll forward them.

I love you all, forever.
Your son, brother, Uncle, Dad & G'pa

BEN R.



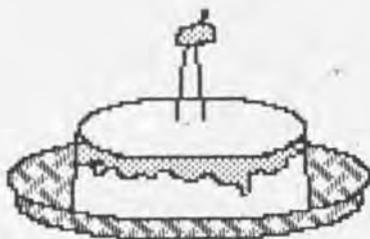
JEFFERSON CLOWARD

NEWSBITS:

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We have some indication that Rachael Mae Whicker married a CIA Special Agent Dan Lindsey on Sat., May 19, 1990. No further details yet available!!!





ANNIVERSARIES and BIRTHDAYS

JUNE

- 07 Jack WHICKER (3)
- 09 Mary WHICKER (1)
- 19 M. John WHICKER (24)
- 20 Jeff & Lynda WHICKER'S 9th!
- 20 Alaina WHICKER (8)
- 22 Kemarie WHICKER (5)
- 22 Frank DUZIK (24)
- 24 Judy ALBERS (29)
- 30 Carmelita WHICKER (?)

JULY

- 01 Maxine ALBERS (66)
- 01 Glenn WHICKER (35)
- 03 Richard WHICKER (2)
- 08 Rachael M. WHICKER (25)
- 17 Marie SHAFFER (41)
- 17 Charlotte DUZIK (20)
- 19 Taralyn WHICKER (10)
- 19 Camille WHICKER (10)
- 22 Jefferson CLOWARD (4)
- 31 Forrest & Edythe
CLODFELTER'S 58th!

AUGUST

- 05 Diane CAMPBELL (30)
- 08 Shannon DAVIDSON (6)
- 08 Rea Jo CLOWARD (37)
- 09 Chuck & Carmen WHICKER'S 4th!
- 11 Connie WHICKER (33)
- 17 Emily CLOWARD (11)
- 19 Benj Mark WHICKER (33)
- 21 Nathan CLOWARD (7)
- 30 Shayne DUZIK (22)

SEPTEMBER

- 13 Andrea NORMAN (31)
- 18 Emma HASKINS (17)
- 25 Ron JOHNSON (33)
- 26 Keith HASKINS (11)
- 28 Gale & Lois NORMAN'S 46th!

Dear Knot heads;

20 May 1990

It's been really good to hear from so many of you the last couple of issues! Thanks for all the funny blurbs this time too. Here's a few of our favorites:

CAMILLE: "Does Turkey (the country) celebrate Thanksgiving?" (turning Alison's birthday candle upside down and writing her name on the napkin with the burnt wick): "This is how they used to write by candlelight in the olden days, isn't it?"

TARALYN: (talking about her cousin Colten's inability to digest food, due to cystic fibrosis): "Why, does it go down the wrong tube?" Tara's main talent is being a good influence on others. When one of her friends started swearing, she took a firm stance, and, pointing her finger at him, said: "Tony, I'm gonna teach you some manners!" What else could the guy say, but, "OK!"

JAMIANN: (with a mischievous twinkle in her eye): "Do cats know cows have milk?" (filling out pedigree chart, and finding that her Mother was born in the 1950s): "Wow. Mom, you oughta be *dead* by now!"

"Why do you have to go jogging, Dad?" (I explain that its because my tummy is getting a little too big.) "Well at least its *low-fat*!"

ALISON: "Mommy, my nose gets all stuffy 'cause it wants you to sleep with me." "Are bananas made out of eggs and butter?"

We love our children so much! Its gotta be the best job in the world take an unmolded spirit and give it chance to enjoy the thrill of existence - thank you all for adding to my childhood experience, and providing me with many of the memories that form the foundation that holds me up and propels me forward. We send our love and warm wishes to each of you!

GLENN + PAM

May 11, 1940

17

Dear Love Knot;

This is probably the most peaceful and happy time of my existence since my youth. My little family and I are into a house that is actually big enough for our needs, plus for the first time we are enjoying the luxury of a yard to play in! Thanks to my parents, who bought this house for us to rent from them while I'm going to school.

School is turning out to be a good experience for me, though it is somewhat of a drudgery sometimes. I still wish they didn't have required classes. There is so much of what they teach in the area of philosophy that I don't believe, but it has been fun getting involved in little debates here and there. My feelings towards my professors and fellow students are pure, and I believe they sense that I truly like them, so whenever I argue a point with them they rarely have a tendency to become offended. Most often it is done with laughter, and always in utter friendliness. There is nothing sinful about a man being wrong in his opinion, yet an incorrect idea is always something that will eventually cause suffering, so I feel we should speak out for those principles we feel are correct and important for happiness to endure.

I have been greatly surprised by the response I have gotten from my school newspaper. Despite the fact that the school is very liberal in its teachings, they have printed several articles that I've submitted as letters to the editor. For a while we had this little debate going on the question of whether or not prayer should be allowed in the graduation ceremony. There were many letters offered against the practice, but my letters were the only ones in favor of the practice, so they had to print mine in order to present both sides of the issue. It was great! I would love to challenge somebody to a public debate on the topic because I feel that debate can be a valuable instrument in helping people decide for themselves which side to take.

Carmaletta is doing just fine. She is so happy to be back with some of her close friends here is Ogden. And my children are very happy to have a big yard to play in. I have them pretty well trained about going out in the street. Whenever they lose a ball or something in the street, they always come inside and ask me or their mother to go get it for them. They are at the stage where they love to wrestle with me and are just learning to get along well enough to wrestle with each other too. Little Richie gets tired of that pretty fast, though, so when he's had enough and Jack won't let him get away, he pinches his brother until he gets the message.

Little Mary is about as lazy and content a child as I've ever seen. She's nearly a year old and hasn't yet made any effort to crawl! I'm not too worried, though. I don't think it's because of lack of ability, just lack of interest. As long as she has something within reach to play with she's happy to

remain where she is! She's been playing this little game with me alot lately. She deliberately knocks her head against mine until I respond with an "ouch!" and then she laughs. Like her brothers, she loves to be tossed up and down and trusts her daddy implicitly. You should see some of the maneuvers and tricks I can do with my boys! Some people think it's dangerous, but they just don't know how perfectly coordinated I am!

I've been taking my kids everywhere on my bicycle (it's a 12-speed). I have made a double seat in the back, and when I want to take all three kids plus a couple of neighbor kids I have a little cart that I built to hook up to my bike and I pull them around in it. They love it and if they get sleepy during the long hauls they can just curl up and go to sleep in it. Who needs a money-hogging car? Answer: My legs.

So, as you can see, things are going quite well for the time being. I have performed my songs for the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, and they have asked me back to perform for a bigger group of them on the 19th of June. "Grandma's Song" seems to be the number one hit when my audience is comprised of elderly people. They also love "Farmboy's Heaven" and "Seasons Come, Seasons Go" and "Home Girl". I've developed a new song just last week that I'm sure you'll all like. It's a story song entitled "Rosy Cheeks and Long Brown Braids."

Well, I hope to see you all someday soon. I'll be anxious to hear from you!

Love, Chuck



REMEMBER THE OLD WHITE CHAIR AT THE TRAILER COURT?
THIS SHOWS THE BOY COUSINS IN ACTION, WHILE HAIRCUTS
GO ON IN THE BACKGROUND

May 14, 1990

My beloved family:

This is the day after Mother's Day. Yesterday was a beautiful day for me. Lois and Gale came down on Saturday and stopped by for a visit. Sunday morning B. R. called and then Maxine and Lois came and picked me up and took me to Maxine's. Before we left the home here Maxine brought Ben to my room. He smiled and was exceptionally alert so we all enjoyed being with him for a while. Oh yes, Shannon came with them and Ben always brightens up when she appears.

We had a good dinner, then I napped for a couple of hours. Later we had a snack before Lois and Gale left for Craig and Maxine brought me back and put me to bed. Frankie Duzik spent the day with us too. Teddy called in the afternoon and visited with Maxine and me. I enjoyed my visit with him so much. He hadn't remembered that Grandpa had helped build Camp Carson during World War II. He told me that he had recently taken one of his classes out there.

I remember the first Christmas we spent in Grand Junction after we had moved from Craig. We invited both girls and their families to spend it with us which they did. That was in 1947 so Teddy was three years old. Teddy was riding somewhere with Grandpa and me. He was sitting in the middle. I spoke to Grandpa about the way he was driving and of course Grandpa never appreciated having a "back seat driver!" Anyway, Teddy sidled up close to Ben looked up at him and said, "Wait 'till you get home Grandpa and then say it easy!" I think we both forget all about the driving at that point.

When we lived in Denver right after we had moved from Missouri, we were renting what were called terrace apartments (apartments all in a row). Other families lived on either side of us. On one side lived a gentleman who was always very helpful to others. I must have mentioned to Ben that I thought he was a nice man. One day he was passing back of our apartment close to our open window. Maxine (barely three years old) ran over to the window and shouted to him, "My Mommy likes you!" I could have sunk through the floor. I always wondered what kind of a woman he thought I must be! Surely he didn't think I put her up to that!

One of the most precious gifts I ever received was from Lois before she started to school. Maxine was in the 1st grade so when Mother's Day came she brought me a gift and a card she had made at school. Lois was not to be outdone. She scurried outside and came back and presented me with a rather plain rock about the size of a small egg. I kept it for years but now I don't know what became of it.

Then, the best known quote of B.R.'s was at the dinner table one evening just before Christmas (the only year I think that Maxine hadn't managed to "spill the beans") when B.R. started to say something then clapped his hand over his mouth as he said, "Oops I almost 'whispered' about Dad's coat like I did about Mom's boots."

I hope this finds all of you in good health.

Love Always,

Mother and Maxine

Mother and G'ma Beulah



GRANDMA'S MOUNTAIN NEVER CHANGES!

Dear Knots of Love,

When trying to think of things people have said I couldn't come up with any great, outstanding remark, so I decided to record memorable (to me) quotes that different members of my family are noted for. Maybe it will be a little bit entertaining.
My Father: When ask if he was tired: "Tired? No, never tired. Maybe a little weary but never tired."

And: "There shouldn't be such a thing as a fever thermometer in a home." He thought parents used them too readily and made their kids sick. He should have been a psychologist.

Mother: When making an error on a child's garment she was making: "Oh, well, no one will see it on a galloping horse." Kids were too active to worry about a little botch in their clothes!

Helen: "Bless their little pointed heads." She had many sayings but this one is typical. She loved kids but had strange ways of expressing it.

Merle: When the family was discussing how much better he talked than I did. (I was 18 months older). I said, "I bet he can't say sew-chine." He says, "sewing-chine." And the ing was very precise.

Martha: Upon returning home one day and at three years of age having not said a word in her life, a complete sentence, "We are home."

And when warning the little dog about turning up her nose at her food, "Tiny, some other little come along doggie and eat it."

Rea Mae: After her Dad had said grace and our little dog caused us to snicker during the prayer, Looking up to heaven, "Just forget it, it wasn't any good anyway."

Rea Jo: Entering in to prayer time in her Sunday School class (about 3 years of age) "Heavenly Father, thank you for spinach because it is good for us."

Grandma Mae

5/15/90

Dear Families,

Good grief! I just about missed the deadline again. I don't know what I do - but it seems to keep me in a permanent state of semi-consciousness. I won't even attempt to bring you up to date since the last letter.

Frank and Shayne have completed one more year at college - Mesa State. Shayne went over to Greeley yesterday to visit Char for a couple days before he starts work at the City Parks Dept. Frank has to finish out this week at the Dodge dealership and then he too will be back in Craig for the summer. He hopes to go back to work at T&H Parts. They will both be going back to college this fall.

Charlotte will graduate from Aims Community College on June 8. We all hope to get to go over for that happy event. She will work at J.C. Penney 'til the end of this month, and also finish out her work study.

We are all well. Mike and I have the same ole routine, but hope to break out of the rut one of these days. It is always good to hear about all the going on in the family.

Love you all!!!

Nyirg, Mike
& FW, MS & CM

One evening when Frank was about 3 years old he went in to talk to Mike while he was taking a bath. Mike asked him if it wasn't about his bedtime, to which Frank replied "No." Mike then asked him what time he went to bed and Frank said "Ten minutes after I want to".

MAD



RUTHIE, 1969

Final Note: I got the job! I'll be
running the Soviet Flight escort program from
Jan '91!

Reunion or Bust!! ... in 1991

We've thought about it, talked about it, dreamed of it, even tasted it - but it hain't happened yet. So, I'd like to propose a LOVE KNOT Reunion for sometime in 1991. Why don't we make it democratic and vote on it? Please fill out the attached postcard and mail back to me. I'll tabulate the result in the next issue, and we'll go from there. THANX!!

NEXT ISSUE: inputs by 15 Sept.
"My Most MEMORABLE TRIP"

special offer:

Anyone who contributes \$10.00 to the maintenance of this publication for the coming year will receive free of charge a professionally recorded tape of Charmin' Chuck's finest music.

This offer only lasts until October 1, '90 the date of our next issue.



Believe you me - it's good!

GLENN WHICKER
BOX 5119
APO, NY 09238

THE LOVE KNOT



VOL V NO 3

"a tie that binds"

OCTOBER 1990

THE LESSON

- by Rea C. Whicker

"Father, my precious son is suffering too much for me to bear. I must help him!"

"I know. It's hard. My Son suffered also. But I looked on, even knowing that I could cease His suffering by My power and My will."

"Oh, please, please, could you give me that power also?"

"I could, my child. But of course you would then need to take upon yourself the burdens which weigh so heavily upon his shoulders."

"Oh, gladly! He is so young, so good! He does not deserve such burdens! He is not accustomed to them! They would not be quite so heavy for me."

"And how would you have him ever become accustomed to the pain which teaches joy at its own level; how shall he learn the true brightness of My Light if he knows not the darkness of the absence of that Light?"

"But he could learn -- later, when he is near me, that I may pull him close to me and comfort and encourage him, and help him to understand."

"My daughter, have you forgotten so quickly? Do you not remember the lesson you deemed the most important one in your life?"

"Oh...yes...you mean the experience You gave me that taught me that each soul must reach that point somewhere where he depends on Thee; on Thee alone, and completely."

"That's right, child. Your son (and my son, you must remember)

needs me now. He seeks me earnestly than ever before. I will pull him near to Me and I will comfort and encourage him, and he will then understand. I will never fail him, if he continues to seek Me. Now, would you yet desire to remove this Gethsemane from his life?"

"Could I just bear a part of his burden, then?"

"If you insist, my child. But you are seeking to take the growth and joy from him and make it yours."

"Oh, no, Father! I would not deny him the beauty of growth and joy!"

"You have not understood. How long will you remain a child? Joy follows pain; growth follows suffering. You cannot take the first without denying him the second. What do you desire?"

"Father, forgive me in my weakness. Wilt thou, then, bar Satan from his soul, and lend him strength and light to find his way?"

"Whenever he asks, my child. Whenever he asks."



INSIDE:

- How a coin-flip affected YOUR life!
- The Joy that is Fred ...
- Family Reunion dates
- Ruth Comes to Utah
- Max & Ted's First Night

2 MY MOST MEMORABLE TRIP



Dear Love-Knot:

One of my favorite vacations, or rather, trips, was a trip that Ben R. and I made to San Antonio, Texas in February of 1969. We were on a special mission; to bring home a little baby boy to be a part of our family for the rest of eternity!-

It was a scary trip in some ways, and I hadn't expected it to be such a neat experience as we drove to San Antonio, because I was quite apprehensive about whether I could be as good a mother to this little boy who was not born of my womb, as I at least hoped I was to my own flesh and blood. But the element that I hadn't considered was the unity that we felt in our "mission"...both of us being absolutely sure that this was what we wanted to do, and both of us being totally concerned about the well-being of this new little human being that was being entrusted to us! Our focus was on the eternal welfare of someone whom we already loved, although we hadn't even seen him yet! There was no thought of self-interest in our hearts, even amid the apprehension. I believe that was the thing that created the joy we experienced during this trip.

When we reached San Antonio, we went right to the hospital where the little boy lay in his clear bassinette that looked like all the others in the room. But the little boy didn't look like all the others.....he looked like MY BABY! I was overwhelmed with gratitude that we would soon take him home with us.

The next morning, we were allowed to walk out of the hospital with him in our arms. He snuggled down, trusting in our care completely, and enjoyed our walk to the car. We drove a few short blocks, and stopped at a drug store for some disposable diapers. While Ben R. was in the store, I stayed in the car holding and looking at our new little one. Suddenly, tears streamed down my face. I prayed that nothing would ever mar this baby's feeling secure and loved. Could I be what he needed? Doubt filled my heart for a few minutes. Should we take him back, let him be placed in an orphanage to go to someone more worthy and capable than we were? At the very thought, my arms tightened their hold on my baby, and I knew that as long as I was alive, no one else would ever take him from me.

We brought our baby home, and once again the trip was peaceful and our hearts were filled with joy and gratitude. His little cheeks bounced with the jostle of the ride. As we watched him together throughout that trip, he was born of our love and unity, born to us.

When we reached home, 7 little brothers and sisters sat in a circle here in the room that is now my office. He was placed in Rea Jo's arms first, and then handed around and around, wonder and awe and excitement in each child's eyes as they claimed him for their very own instantly. Now there were nine united hearts pulling him into our family circle!

I have always continued to pray that I could be a good mother to our son, Fred, as well as our other children. I certainly haven't always succeeded! But that trip was filled with absolute joy, and will always be a big favorite for me!

Rea

September 14, 1990

3

Deares't Family,

I enjoyed Glenn's tape so very much telling of his trip from England to Germany, France, Italy, etc. I could just envision the ship they were on and his van as they all travelled about Europe. Hearing all their voices meant an awful lot to me. I want to say "hello" to the English lady who has been your substitute grandmother while you are there. I would very much like to meet her.

I have been feeling pretty well except for my arthritis which acts up on occasion. Dad seems to be remarkably well and knows us a lot of the time. It is such a joy when he recognizes me - he lifts his eyebrows and gives me a big smile - that just means the world to me.

Several trips were very memorable and enjoyable but perhaps the most memorable one for us was when Ben, Maxine, Lois and I moved from Missouri to Colorado. The doctor thought I should go to a dryer climate so we needed to leave the damp Missouri climate. The night before we left we stayed all night with Grandparents Whicker (Ben's folks, Harlan and Emma). I will never forget the feeling of sadness we felt as we knew the next night we would be somewhere on our way "out west."

We left Jasper, Missouri in June 1927. We were driving an "Overland 90," I don't know what year it was. The doors had no glass but the car could be closed up by snapping in panels with isin-glass a rather transparent material that could be seen through (barely) and looked like modern day plastic. We had very little money and what we couldn't take with us such as extra bedding, clothes, etc. was later sent to us in a big wooden box. (We used the wood in the box to make a table for our homestead cabin back of Juniper Mountain.) I never did get to have my sewing machine and my organ. The sewing machine was given to me after Mama died and my Dad had given me the organ for my 15th birthday. I have always regretted not getting them out here.

We spent the first night in a U-Smile Trailer Camp in Kansas City. I don't recall all the places we stayed on our way, but Ellis and Ellsworth, Kansas were two places where we pitched our tent in the town parks. We had canned soup and other prepared foods we had brought with us. I remember how much fun the

with Dad playing on the playground equipment in the park at Ellsworth.

Our first night in Colorado was spent at Wild Horse and what a wild night it was! The wind blew (we thought we were going to lose the tent) and the rain came down in torrents. Ben and I were worried wondering what in the world we had gotten ourselves into. But the girls were as happy and secure as they could be because they had their mother and daddy and each other. That was all that mattered to them. They didn't know that their daddy didn't have a job, that we had hardly any money and didn't know where we were going for sure!

When we arrived at Limon, Colorado we didn't know which direction to go - toward Colo. Springs or toward Denver. Ben flipped a silver dollar - heads we would go to Denver, tails to Colo. Spgs! Heads it was so we proceeded on toward Denver. Soon after Limon we saw what we thought were horrible huge storm clouds which turned out to be the Rocky Mountains. What a sight to behold - we couldn't believe our eyes!

We found an apartment in Denver on Curtis Street. They were called terrace apartments and were managed by Clara and Amos Albers-also from Missouri. They had three little boys, Lee, Vernon and Teddy. They were so good to us and we became life long friends. That Thanksgiving we put our meals together. Teddy had the mumps and Maxine and Lois played by his bedside all day long. They didn't get the mumps but I did!

Later when we moved to Western Colo. and crossed the great divide on a narrow mud road it was quite an adventure for we flatlanders. It is hard to describe one's feelings when leaving loved ones for places unknown. The West as we called Arizona and Colorado was sparsely settled and having little money and no job to go to was exciting to say the least. We didn't know a soul which makes one feel pretty much lost.

I wrote a history for Lois on her 60th birthday entitled "Reflections". Maxine typed it and had it bound for me. B.k. Maxine and Lois each has a copy.

Maxine has been a power of strength for me. She sees about all our needs and is still taking care of us even though we are in the nursing home now. She has been more like a mother than a daughter to both Ben and me.

I am looking forward to the time when Ben and I can be together when there won't be any illnesses or things to separate us anymore.

Love to all,
Bessie
Mother and Grandmother
Beulah

September 14, 1990

Dear Loved Ones All,

I am so sorry to be so late with this but I expect if you had been following me around lately you would be exhausted. Ha! I hope this gets there in time to be included. I am especially wanting Mother's story to get there. It took us quite a while to get it all down as you can imagine.

First of all, everyone here is fine; in fact better than usual. Ted has been working hard and thinks he feels better all the time. I think he over does it sometimes but I can't seem to control him.

I have taken many trips and it seems each one turns out to be an adventure in one way or another. I guess the most memorable one was when I drove to North Carolina from Denver, Colorado to get married during World War II. Mother and Ted's Mother, Clara Albers went with me. We started out with a bang one afternoon from Albers' home in Denver. The first thing I did was back up rather abruptly and ram a car parked behind me. I can still see Dad Albers laughing and saying I couldn't get away from the house without a problem, how in the world was I going to make it all the way across the nation! That was just the beginning of our problems.

We only got as far as Burlington, Colo. the first night. We had to stop fairly early because Mother was getting sick. She was starting to get a bad cold and I doctored her up good trying to keep her on her feet so we could proceed. She felt some better the next morning so we started out. I was driving Ted's green 1936 Plymouth. Our next goal was to get to Jefferson City so that I could pick up a copy of my birth certificate which I had to have to get married in No. Carolina.

As I recall we had to get there before noon on a Saturday. We got there O.K. only to discover that they didn't keep the Court House open until noon on Saturdays as they did in Colorado. We felt we couldn't wait around until Mon. so we decided to go on. Since my Mother was with me we felt she could testify to my birth. I don't remember how many days we were on the road but we had several adventures on the way. In Kentucky there had been some floods and the road was closed so we had to make a 200 mile detour. When we got to Charlotte North Carolina we stopped to do some last minute shopping. We locked ourselves out of the car. (Oh, yes, we got lost in St. Louis and had a heck of a time finding how to get out of the place still heading toward No. Carolina.)

We finally arrived in Carolina Beach where Ted had rented a room for us to live in. We didn't have our marriage license and for some reason couldn't get to the office before they closed so the man was kind enough to give me the instructions to find his home and he would have everything there so we could pick up our license since we were going to be married the next day which happened to be a Sunday. Anyway, I took most of the information down by shorthand and in my great excitement could not read most of it. We had fun trying to find his place which we finally did because I had remembered that there was a yard with a high fence around it and his house was close by! I felt so silly! The license was purchased and Vernon, Ted's brother arrived Sunday by bus. He got there fairly early and when we discovered we didn't have any flowers he volunteered to drive back into Wilmington to get the flowers. We were married Sunday afternoon - the first marriage in a new little First Christian Church. The Minister had been very ill and this was his first Sunday back on the job and I was half afraid he would faint before he finished the ceremony. Of course, Ted couldn't get the wedding ring on - how scary! Immediately after the service we went to eat. We picked out a nice restaurant and Mother was going to buy the dinner for everyone. We posed for pictures outside the chosen restaurant. When we went inside they had run out of food so we had to hunt up another place. Mother was going to leave immediately on the bus which she did after we had eaten.

Mom Albers was going to ride with us - Ted, Vernon and me as far as Annapolis where she was to visit her brother Carl. We were taking Vern back to his camp in Virginia. The three of us started out and during the evening (after dark) the car broke down! Vernon had to stand out and thumb a ride into the next town to get a part and Ted and I spent our first night sitting in a broken down car with his mother! Not many young girls can say they spent their first night of marriage in a car with their mother-in-law. We finally got everyone deposited and wound up in Raleigh, North Carolina where we had had a reservation made at a hotel. When we arrived there our room was not ready and we had to wait several hours. We had had no sleep and were just dead tired. We only had four days for our honeymoon so we had to hurry back to Carolina Beach. Ted Stayed on base during the week and spent the week ends with me in that little room. I had to eat all my meals out since there were no cooking facilities.

I think our marriage has been a lot smoother than it started out to be. Ha!

I must run now. Ted and I are going to go to Craig now to build some more fence. Lois will probably wonder what has happened to us. She knows that we are always late though. Ted says she and I are pretty good fence builders. He had better say that or he might find himself without us.

Take care everyone. The suggested dates in June, 1991 for the Reunion is fine for us as far as we can tell. We would appreciate having it in Grand Junction so Mother could attend some of the activities if at all possible.

Love,

Maxine and Ted

Maxine and Ted



Next Knots:

- My Most Embarrassing Moment
Due by 15 January, 1991.
- How My Spouse and I Met
Due by April 15, 1991.
(This issue will also include all final details of the Reunion.)



Sept. 12, 1990

Dear Knots - Knotesses,

We are having beautiful fall weather here. Very warm days and cool nights. In fact for the past two mornings it has been rather chilly. The wheat and other grain is almost all harvested. The last of the hay is being put up, and the gardens are getting dry. The geese are veering around, and the blackbirds are gathering in noisy gangs. I believe it is my favorite season of the year. Do you suppose it is because I was born in the fall?

We've not had any major projects this summer that I can think of at the moment. Mike is getting the wiring put in the shed. He says he is not an electrician, but he does an above average job (his uncle even said so).

Frank is working as a groundskeeper for the school district here in Craig during the day, then he goes out to do some haying for Mike's brother until dark thirty. I don't know if he is going back to college this year or not.

Shayne went down to Mesa State for his last semester. He is staying in the dorm this fall. He seems to like it pretty well, except for the fact that he doesn't have enough to do. I think he is going to be bugging Uncle Ted & Aunt Maxine about something to do.

Charlotte is working full time at J. C. Penney now. She was recently given her own department - lingerie. She would like to get in to the company management training program.

The Ladies Mite Society of the church had an ice cream social and sing along Monday night - a building fund benefit. We had a pretty fair turn out, and LOTS of homemade ice cream and toppings. Everyone seems to enjoy these socials.

In July we all went down to Sonora Texas to attend Mike's Nephew's wedding. It was a quick trip down and back; Frank and Charlotte did go with a group on a quick trip in to Mexico.

Hope all are well and happy. Always great to hear about all the goings on.

Love so all - She Mike Maxine

CAMPER & POTATO CHIPS TRIP

When our family was growing up we never had many opportunities for vacation trips but one that is my most memorable is a 10 day trip to Mesa Verde and Trappers Lake in about 1961 or '62. Gale built a top for our old Chev. pickup for this particular trip. Since there were six of us, someone (several) had to ride in the rear at all times. We went prepared to set up a tent and also some sleep in the pickup & we cooked most of our meals so took along groceries too.

It was rather a "laid back" vacation because we didn't have to be at any certain place at a set time so we took some side trips if we took a notion. We went down through Ouray and over the Million Dollar highway to Silverton, Durango and on to Mesa Verde. None of us had ever seen the Cliff Dwellings and it was a real thrill. We had planned to spend 2 nights at the Park so had left our tent set up for the second night. When we got back that eve we found that the tent was full of sand and we had to take everything out and remove the sand, so while we were at it, we just packed everything back in the pickup and went to Mancos and spent the night.

Then we went up to Trappers for a few days, doing a little fishing and just absorbing the cool and enjoying the scenery.

I guess nothing very exciting happened, but it was very special to us all. When we'd bought groceries for the trip, we got a HUGE sack of potato chips (which at that time was a rare treat for us). The kids always had to crawl out over the boxes of groceries and junk, so there had been lots of knees and feet in and over those boxes before we got home. When we unpacked at home, we still had our huge sack of potato chips, unopened, but they had changed form by then and were mostly crumbs! I never did exactly know what we were saving them for.

This is an especially happy memory because we were all together, everyone was congenial and pleasant and everyone seemed to enjoy the whole trip. When I think back about it, I appreciate the many hours Gale spent on building the little camper - we all got in on the excitement of seeing it being built, and I also appreciate the fact that our older

kids didn't feel it was beneath their dignity to crawl in and out of a home-built camper and would feel like it was a special event. I didn't mention this, but we also went down to Aztec, N. Mex. and saw the Indian ruins there too.

Lois and Gale



Dear Family,

I'll send just a note along with my contribution to Love Knot. I talked to Ruthie today and she won't be able to get anything sent in this time. They have been really busy since their move. She wanted me to give you their new address. It is: Rte. 2, Box 142, Randlett, Utah, 84063.

Gale and I have kept really busy this summer. We're beginning to see a little light at the end of the tunnel. He has more farm work to do and hasn't drilled any grain for next year yet. We'll have to get some more moisture before he does. He also needs to build a dam for Ray & Sally Haskins and he has a tractor that he has to work on for another farmer. All of this hopefully before winter sets in. We got through harvest in record time (for us) as the weather cooperated. We also got the hay put up, with Marie's help, without rain. Max and Ted have been up several times and spent days working on fence at the Wand place hoping to get it ready to rent pasture.

We Love you All,

Lois and Gale

When I thought of my most memorable trip' the first thing that came to mind was our Norman family trip to Mesa Verde. It was a very special time together & I'll never forget it but I think it might get written about by others so ... My other memorable trip was when we 4 Shaffers went to Washington D.C. It was Joe's dream since school days to go to the Smithsonian so we decided to take our kids before they left home. It was quite exciting. It was Daniel's & my first time on an

Dear LoveKnot,

airliner - great. Then we got to
 Dulles Airport & things quit going
 so well. There was no shuttle as
 we'd been told so we took a WILD
 ride in a cab to our FANCY hotel.
 After obvious uncertainties as
 small town Hicks we finally made
 it to our room. I felt like crying
 & we all felt like going home &
 would have if we had felt able to
 do it. After a bit of recuperation
 we went on a walk. We were close
 to the Capitol so walked over
 there. After seeing how beautiful
 the area is & seeing from a
 distance some places we planned to
 visit we decided to stay after
 all. Well..we didn't have nearly
 enough time there. It is
 overwhelming to think of all the
 knowledge gathered there - history
 made right there. All we saw &
 learned wasn't even a drop in the
 bucket to what is available just
 there. We did learn one thing we
 won't forget - it is a LONG WAY to
 walk from the Capitol to Arlington
 Cemetery taking in all the sights
 along the way in one day! We even
 found a fossil rock from
 Wamsutter, WY (a small town)
 where Joe lived as a boy) in the
 same room as the Hope Diamond. We
 did really enjoy our trip but of
 course it is always nice to get
 back home. Even Denver seemed
 slow-paced after D.C. & people say
 Colorado instead of Colorando!

As for news at the
 Shaffers...The big event coming up
 on Oct. 20th is David's marriage
 to Shannon Kuss. They will live in
 Lakewood. She will graduate from
 college next spring & they are
 both working in the area. Daniel
 is back at Platte Valley Bible
 College this yr. Joe & I are
 trying to do a few small
 woodworking projects. & I'm doing a
 little oil painting.

Love,
 Joe + Marie

We have had a wonderful summer
 and hope that each of you can say
 the same. It's hard to see the
 winter come and take away all the
 opportunity for fun, but then
 again, we really need a heavy
 winter snowfall this year.

I can remember a lot of
 vacations but none in detail, so
 it's hard to put a finger on one of
 them as my most memorable. A
 typical vacation of my childhood
 was a family trip to see all the
 relatives in Colorado. Some of my
 best memories come from these
 vacations but they are spread over
 several years. Sleeping in G'ma &
 G'pa's Clodfelter's camper or
 motorhome (whichever they had at
 the time) was always a thrill for a
 young boy. So was G'ma Whicker's
 insistence on taking us to the
 kiddie park whenever we visited
 her.

In Craig, I remember very well
 Richard's scooter. That was a
 blast. I also remember traveling
 extremely fast in a truck across an
 alfalfa (or whatever) field. We
 hit a ditch and bounced up to the
 ceiling of the cab, laughed our
 heads off, and kept going. That
 had to cause some damage. Did
 Uncle Gale ever find out? I also
 remember a pond where some young
 boys who had forgotten their
 swimming suits used their good 'ol
 American ingenuity to find a means
 to-go swimming anyway! But maybe I
 should've kept that a secret. Oh
 well, it would've come out in
 Judgment Day anyway!

This year's vacation was a 4
 day camp out in the Uintah
 mountains. It is memorable to me
 not only because of the fact that
 it is so recent but also because
 it was the smoothest, most peaceful
 and relaxing camp that we have had
 ever since we became parents. It
 was a beautiful spot, it rained
 only during the night while we were
 in the tent, and we were with the
 families of two of my best friends
 whom I haven't seen much of since
 High School days.

We hope each of you are doing
 well. Take care
 Joe & Marie



Love-Knot, Sept. 1990

Howdy All:

When we first received the assignment for the newsletter, I thought it would be a breeze, then after some thought I realized I've had a lot of memorable trips. Then when Mom chose hers I was robbed of one of the more remarkable ones, so now I have decided to present you with two, one of which was just taken last week and the other has spanned a number of years.

My Most Memorable Trip(s)

Sunday morning, the 2nd day of September, 1990, Benjamin M. called to inform us that he was leaving that afternoon for a 2 day trip to California in his diesel. He mentioned that he had tried to interest one of his kids in going, but they didn't want to go this time. On the spur of the moment I decided if he could wait until after our church was out at 1700 hrs. I would go with him. We finally got out of 9LC by 1845 hrs. and headed for the city of Industry. I guess we did use the sleeper a little each direction, but we spent many hours just talking. I can't remember ever having such a good visit with Benj since he has been grown. I could easily see that he has kept all the fine qualities that he always had as a little boy. I am very pleased to have him as my son. I'm sure the trip was memorable for him, too. He must have noticed, as I did, how much better those gears fit in the transmission on the way back home than they did on the way down to California! (Of course, everyone knows I've always been a fair mechanic, so no one should be surprised!) As far as I know the truck is still operating! They (the trucks) are somewhat improved from those I used to ride over to Denver and back to Craig in when I was 13 years old or so. They belonged to Eads & Shira (is that spelled right, Gale?) Anyway, it was a lot of fun. I hope Benj enjoyed it half as much as I did. Trucking is also a lot of work! Makes me appreciate my job even more. Thanks, Benj. If you think the transmission, and you, can take it I'll try it again sometime soon!

Well, kids, here goes. I am rapidly becoming an old man now, and I'm sure many young people look at me and exclaim "Wow! I'll bet that old man has a lot of miles on him!" Well, I do. As any older person, I have many "experience" miles behind me, and in my case, I have many literal miles also. Since this is a family eistle, I can truthfully say I have many more miles on me than any of you and quite possibly, more than all of you put together! Now with that bit of information and a buck, I can guarantee that most places in the world you can buy a soda pop.

Experience (mileage) is really of no value in this life unless we accomplish something and continue to move forward or progress; thus my most memorable trip has little to do with the many miles I have logged over the face of the world we live on. Those miles were only logged as I was making a living for our family.

My most memorable trip began some time back, which seems a rather short time to us older soaks but would seem like ages to you younger ones. The world was not a whole lot different from our world today. There were a few subtle differences; there wasn't any TV...just staticky radios. The cars all had fenders and running boards..do you know what

those are? We seldom saw an airplane; in fact, if one was heard everybody ran outside to scan the sky for a glimpse of it. No one would have thought of filing suit against the operator or making them maneuver dramatically right after take-off because of noise pollution...and they were noisy! People still had basically the same desires, though; the desire to be physically comfortable and to be loved.

I was one of the most fortunate beings as I began this most memorable trip. From my earliest memories I knew I was loved, if not adored. I only had to look into the eyes of my Mommy and Daddy to see that I was loved unconditionally. Then there were my two older sisters who made me feel that I was the greatest, even though I loved to tease them from the very beginning. I can't imagine anybody starting life with any greater feeling of security than I had. I'm sure that I as much older than most before I was aware that there were and are forces in the world that don't have my best interests in mind. All of my relatives (grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins and the many friends of our family) seemed to like me. I was one happy little guy! There were little setbacks once in awhile, but it seemed to me then, and still does, that I could accomplish most anything I set my mind to.

The first part of this trip was a real breeze. I was on smooth roads in a brand new computerized vehicle. The computer had had only positive inputs from the beginning of operations. Computer virus was still a term for my future. If the computer acted up at all it was still very easy to access the Master computer and almost as quickly as thought, I could get the glitch corrected. As a whole the vehicle I've traveled in has been very reliable throughout the years; really quite trouble free! (Of course, we all know the value of choosing reliable manufacturers for our vehicles, who have a proven track record down through the years.) The computer, too, has proven to be rather reliable though very susceptible, for a period of time, to the viruses that appear on this old world. When one fails for any period, to stay connected to the Master computer, the vehicle can take us miles off course as it continues to travel. If it isn't brought back on course very quickly, eventually it will take us to our destruction. Now this computer was designed by an absolutely Perfect Builder, and will operate perfectly if connected to the Master. It may appear to be able to operate quite efficiently for a period of time even while sustaining a poor connection, but soon it will be obvious that operations are becoming less and less productive - the connection must be repaired by following carefully the instructions written by the Builder.

If the computer becomes affected by a "virus", only the Master has the ability to eradicate the virus completely and restore the computer to full operation, as though the virus had never existed. The vehicle may have a few scars, due to the natural consequences of straying off course for awhile, thus sustaining a few jarring collisions; however, they too will show less with the passage of time and healing. Someday, of course, no matter how good we have treated this vehicle, it will wear out and fail us. The computer will still be viable and if still connected to the Master, better than ever. Due to this long trip, the memorable banks of the computer will be filled with vast volumes of knowledge and experience; not yet the amount the master contains, but much nearer than when the journey began. In fact, if all the infection has truly been wiped out and the connection the Master is still perfect,

it is now ready to continue the journey in a brand new, perfect vehicle that looks much like the old, but without the old battle scars or dents.

I'm still having my Most Memorable Trip, and so are you! I hope that you are enjoying yours more and more each day as I am. I am so thankful for my Master, because without Him my trip would have turned into an uncontrolled disaster. If we stay in tune with our Heavenly Father, keep His commandments (programs) and keep our connection with Him in good shape through prayer, He will, through the atonement and grace of Jesus Christ, keep our programming virus free. He will keep us on the right track, progressing toward perfection as we were commanded to do by the Savior. Thus, by hanging tight to the iron rod (scriptures), we can eventually return to our Heavenly Father on the right hand of His Son, Jesus Christ, with our families for all eternity!

Love Ya All,
B.O.R.

Love Knot:

Since we missed the last Love Knot, we'll bring you up to date.

John graduated from Defense Language Institute December 14th, and we moved from California at that time. We took leave and spent Christmas vacation with both families.

After the holidays, John flew to San Angelo, TX for more training. Dad Whicker drove me down two weeks later. We were in San Angelo until John graduated on March 29, and then we headed for Utah once again.

John spent a couple of days saying goodbye to both families, then he headed for Ft. Devens, Massachusetts. I later flew to Mass. and then John graduated from Ft. Devens on June 11. We saw some of the historical sites there.

I flew to England on June 26 to visit Glenn and family. John flew to Germany two days later. I stayed with them for 3 weeks while John was in Germany looking for an apartment for us.

We are now living in Frankfurt, Germany, assigned to the 533d MI BN. Germany is a beautiful country. We have done a little traveling and hope to do more. I'm currently looking for a job. It is very expensive to live here. We'll be here for two years until June '92.



We're planning on coming home for a visit next year. Both families have plans and we're hoping to arrange them during the same month.

We miss you all and hope to see you soon. Congrats, everyone who's expecting! Maybe we'll have some good news for the next edition.

Love, John & Katrina



MOUIN' ON

DAVIDSON, Don & Rhonda
1262 Amsterdam Dr.
Colorado Spgs, CO 80907

HASKINS, Dan & Ruth
Rte. 2, Box 142
kandlett, UT 84063

WHICKER, John & Katrina
Box 265, 533rd MI BN
APO, NY 09039

WHICKER, Chuck & Carmalotta
563 36th St.
Ogden, UT 84401

WHICKER, Capt. Glenn R.
528-88-9617
9 SRW/OL-CH
APO, NY 09017

Dear Family: 24 Sep '90

Life's been pretty full lately and there's alot to tell you: first of all, Pam's pregnant! Due at the end of March. That's pretty surprising, since we thought we were finished having children, but it looks like we get one more chance for a boy.

We had to move from our house in Peterborough, and now live in a much nicer home closer to the base. It was a sad situation, to have to move when we know we'll be moving back to the States in just 8 months - but it couldn't be helped. Its turning out nicely, though, because the girls can now go to an American school (without having to be gone from 7am - 4:30 pm due to bus travel). The British school they've been in for the last two years just was not up to par. They'll catch up ok, but it is already proving to be a little difficult in the math and science area - and even in English. Cami, for instance, had never been taught the parts of speech, and she's in 5th grade!

We're also much closer to the clinic and hospital, so that will help during the pregnancy. Especially since I'm going to be gone for the next two months on a temporary duty assignment. I leave on the 17th of October and return the 19th of December. At least I'll make Christmas at home! If any of you feel inclined to write me while I'm away, please do. (The address is in the Movin' On column.) I don't much look forward to this TDY because its going to be so long, and there won't be many of the comforts of home that you usually have on a TDY. Guess it'll give me lots of time to study my Russian lessons! And that's something I desperately need to do so I can have some level of ability by the time I get to Washington, D.C. in June. I'm supposed to be able to speak to the Soviets by then - and I'm a long way off yet.

Thank each of you for your inputs - I think the stories in this issue are some of the most heartwarming of

all.

Love, Glenn, Pam and girls

BIRTHDAYS and ANNIVERSARIES

OCTOBER

- 07 John & Katrina WHICKER's 2nd!
- 13 Jennifer WHICKER (7)
- 15 Margaret DUZIK
- 16 Ted A. ALBERS
- 21 Lynda WHICKER
- 24 Pamela WHICKER
- 26 Racheael WHICKER
- 28 Jessica NORMAN (7)



NOVEMBER

- 01 David SHAFFER
- 06 Mike & Marg DUZIK's 30th
- 07 Cody WHICKER (12)
- 09 JeLyn WHICKER (4)
- 11 Lois NORMAN
- 15 Forrest CLODFELTER (78)
- 17 Christopher WHICKER (6)
- 20 Mikelle CLOWARD (14)
- 22 RYANNE WHICKER (sweet 16)
- 26 Gale NORMAN
- 29 Benjamin A. WHICKER (92)

DECEMBER

- 06 Rea Mae WHICKER
- 11 Curtis CLOWARD
- 12 Spencer WHICKER (8)
- 19 F. Solomon WHICKER (8)
- 27 Ben & Rea WHICKER's 1st
- 27 Joe & Marie SHAFFER
- 27 Joe SHAFFER
- 29 Rich & Andrea NORMAN

JANUARY

- 01 Christian ANDERSON
- 09 Alison WHICKER (6)
- 15 Ruth & Dan HASKINS
- 25 Rhonda DAVIDSON
- 29 Ben R. WHICKER

FIRST CLASS MAIL

GLENN WHICKER
BOX 5119
APO, NY 09238

To Be Wed

David Shaffer
to Shannon Russ.
October 20th-



In the Works:



Rachael, due in February 1991
Pamela, due in March 1991
Carmaletta, due in Spring 1991

Reunion or Bust!!
... in 1991

Dates: 13, 14, 15 June
Place: G. J., Colorado
(or therabouts!)
Honcho: Aunt Max

Yessirreeee! Its on, and yur all invited! Please make plans now to come to the first magic W-A-N-D party in decades! Grand Jct. area was decided upon so that Grandma Whicker can attend part of the activities. The dates were decided upon to be most convenient for the farmers in the family and us overseas military types. Head Honcho was chosen because of her unique qualifications. Please be prepared to respond to her calls to any of the various committees that will make this thing a success!

the
WHICKERsnapper!



Baby # 5 a 'Forever Family' paper **31 March 91**

PRESENTING:



LYNDSEY
"Bunny" for short

a beautiful little girl that looks much like the rest of her sisters. Glenn got to be there through the whole process, and even got to cut the cord, for a brand new experience! Little Bunny started crying even before she was completely out of the womb, which kinda scares us! But she's a lovely little gal, and her sisters absolutely adore her. They're planning on doing ALL the work so Mommy won't have to do anything at all once she gets home. We'll see how long that lasts. Thanks to you all for your prayers and help during this pregnancy...we've been so blessed with your friendship. And for any of you worried about us, don't. We've entirely given up the thought of ever having a boy! The Whicker name will have to be propagated through Glenn's many brothers. WE'RE HAPPY!!!!!!

It finally happened! The Whicker family has held true to the faith, and upheld its specialty in producing girls! After 3 days of unsuccessful tries at having a normal birth, the doctors gave up and delivered little Lyndsey by casaerean section at 1:38 p.m. Eastern Standard Time on Sunday, the 31st of March, 1991. Pam has been recovering beautifully, and will come home from the hospital on Thursday, 4 April. She was a real trooper throughout the process. The results of her efforts are

Born: Easter
Length: 20"
Weight: 8 lbs.
1/2 oz.



ATLANTIC CROSSING

We made it safely to the New World, arriving in Washington, District of Columbia, on 1 February 1991. The crossing was very comfortable on a Pan Am 747. No one was sick, which is a very unusual accomplishment. We did hit some pretty horrendous turbulence over Iceland that made for some tense moments. Camille thought we were set for certain doom! But, it passed.

After spending 10 days in two motel rooms at the Toll Bar Lodge in Sawtry, England, we were happy to get into a two room temporary facility at Ft. Belvoir, Virginia, that had a little kitchenette. We stayed there for 20 days, for a total of one full month living out of suit cases! Needless to say, it got old!

We are very grateful to have found a nice home, with more space than we've ever had in our lives before. It has four bedrooms, a family room, living room and dining room, a garage and unfinished basement. We love it. The yard (garden, as you Brits say!) is very large, and fenced, with a swing and sandbox for the kids. We now have PLENTY of space for visitors, and a couple of extra beds. So anyone who needs a place to stay while in this area is WELCOME! Our phone number is 703-730-0454.



MOSCOW ON THE

WORLD'S LARGEST AIRCRAFT



Glenn finally got a lifelong dream fulfilled by being sent to Moscow, USSR, on official U.S. business. He boarded an AN-225, the world's largest aircraft, to escort the Soviet aircrew into Hartford, Connecticut, to pick up supplies being donated by the U.S. to the charity relief, "Children of Chernobyl." Known to NATO as the 'Cossack', the AN-225 was built primarily to transport the Soviet space shuttle piggy-back style. Its wingspan is 68' longer than the largest U.S. aircraft, the C-5 Galaxy; its 28' longer, and can carry 1.3 MILLION pounds of cargo, as compared to the 837,000 pounds the Galaxy can carry. It actually flies very nicely - I got to hand fly it myself for about 20 minutes! The thing is huge! When we drove up to it, I couldn't quite believe my eyes.

As impressive as the airplane was, the city of Moscow was quite depressive. As much as I've studied about it, and imagined it, I wasn't prepared for the bleakness of the experience. We all need to pray that these good people will one day soon gain the basic freedoms you and I take so much for granted. They will then blossom into a great society. Said Elder John A. Widstoe in August of 1932:

"There is more of the blood of Israel in Western Russia than all the rest of Europe put together. And when the time comes to do missionary work there, the people will come into the church by the thousands. Whole villages and towns will join the church in groups."

That day is dawning, but there will be a lot of pain to endure in the transition from a communist society to a truly free system. We pray for their success.

THANKS

As a family, we'd like to express our deep gratitude to all of our friends in England, both British and American, for their love, support and friendship during our tour there. We gained a new understanding by living in your culture and sharing your lovely country. Thanks for taking us into your hearts and homes - for making our 3 years in England the best overall experience of any of our moves thus far. Each of you so unselfishly gave to us, and we hope one day to be able to return to you, in some measure, the good you did for us. We'll never forget:

- the first taste of English mustard!
- roundabouts!
- the old country churches & bells
- driving in downtown London with our van! (we made it without a scratch)
- West End musicals
- sugar beet aroma
- the roadshow
- flymo's
- haggis
- squash
- no enforced speed limit
- Primary
- 220 volts/50 cycles
- 3-wheeled cars
- Boxing day
- the airing cupboard
- the fens and the Fenns
- the underground
- Yorkshire pudding
- Cambridge University
- song practice with Ronnie
- radiators
- our English Grandma
- the wind
- Guy Fawkes day
- double-decker buses
- Christmas 'crackers'
- rape weed
- punting
- flyovers and lay-bys
- separate hot/cold water taps

- brass rubbings
- parish records
- beds and breakfasts
- the sterling exchange rate
- the fog
- the dogs
- TV, Road, waterpipe, poll, and petrol taxes
- "Oi!"
- the Temple trips
- Sid's rhubarb candy

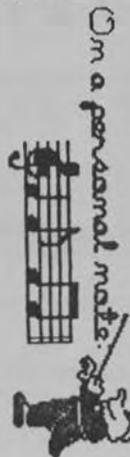
It was a better education for our children than possible elsewhere. And our hearts will always be full as we remember not only our English heritage through ancestors, but our English experience with each of you. THANK YOU! WE LOVE YOU ALL!! (And be prepared: I'll be at your door step one day when you least expect it!

DEVON DELIGHT

The weekend before we left England, half of the family had the chance to go down to Devonshire to search out some Whicker family roots. We had received information leading us to that area just the month before, and so were determined to visit while we had the chance. Our efforts were rewarded beyond our wildest dreams, as we found not only the area where the Whicker line came from, but the actual house where they lived in the 1400s! Its Knowle Farm near Colyton, and its still inhabited by a Denning family. What a thrill it was to walk into the very house where my early ancestors lived and worked! You can't imagine what a sense of joy it gave me to make such a find. It had been one of my biggest goals for our stay in England to find out how us Whickers got from England to America. The goal was met at this last possible moment. Thomas Whicker left from Topsham, Devon, in September of 1685. He settled in Virginia, very near to where we're now living. So now we know! No wonder England was such a good experience - we's one of ya'll!

Glenn R. Whicker
13462 Photo Dr.
Dale City, VA 22193
(703)730-0454

FIRST CLASS MAIL



THE
LOVE KNOT



VOL 6 NO. 1 "a tie that binds" MARCH 1990



BENJAMIN ARCHIE WHICKER

29 Nov 1898 - 1 Nov 1990

(shown in April 1921, his wedding month)

**TO EVERYTHING
THERE IS A SEASON;**



... a time to be born



Grandpa, age 2 1/2, June 1901

Benjamin A. Whicker

BORN

November 29, 1898
Centerville, Iowa

ENTERED INTO REST
November 1, 1990
Palisade, Colorado

SERVICES

2:00 P.M. Saturday
November 3, 1990
Church of Jesus Christ
of Latter-day Saints
Grand Junction, Colorado

OFFICIATING

Paul Bowen

PRELUDE & POSTLUDE MUSIC

Organist: Virginia Ranzenberger

CASKET BEARERS

Ted L. Albers Richard G. Norman
Ben R. Whicker Benjamin M. Whicker
Fred S. Whicker Jeffrey P. Whicker

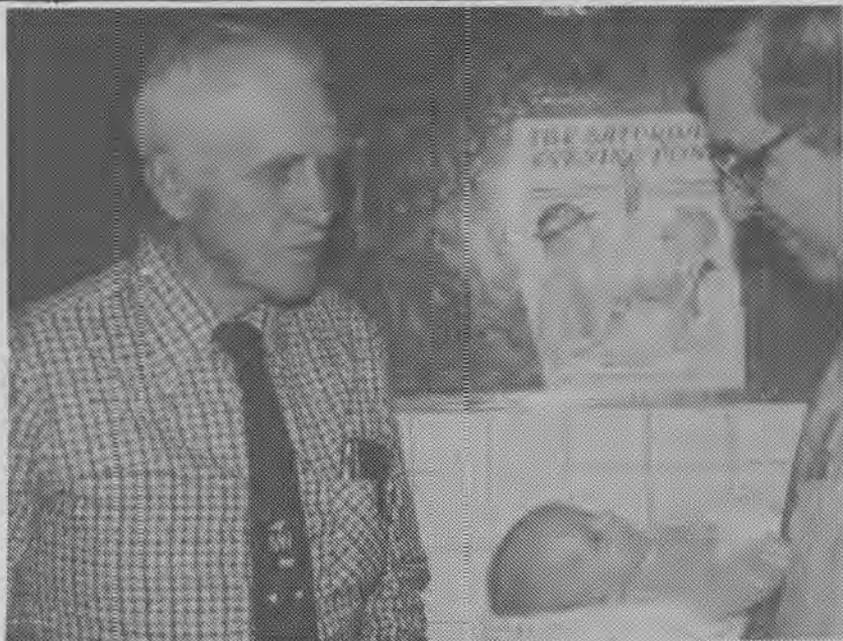
ORDER OF SERVICE

| | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Family Prayer: | Ben R. Whicker |
| Opening Remarks: | Paul Bowen |
| Invocation: | Jeff Whicker |
| Song: | "In The Garden" |
| Eulogy: | Lois Norman |
| Speaker: | Douglas Roper |
| Song: | "How Great Thou Art" |
| Family Remarks: | Ted L. Albers and Maxine Albers |
| Congregational Hymn #166: | "Abide With Me" |
| Benediction: | Ben R. Whicker |
| Vocalist: | Brent Christensen |
| Accompanist: | Virginia Ranzenberger |

CONCLUDING SERVICES

Memorial Gardens Cemetery
Grand Junction, Colorado

Grave Dedication: Clyde Gardner



Grandpas with John (I think)



July 1969 with a grandchild!

Memorial Address for Benjamin A. Whicker
Saturday, November 3, 1990 - Doug Roper

My dear Brothers and Sisters,

It is indeed a pleasure and an honor to speak a few words today.

The mystery of death, although a time of sorrow, provides a special opportunity to reflect upon the meaning and importance of life. When we lose a loved one, our hearts naturally seek to receive an understanding of God and Heaven.

In order for us to fully understand and comprehend death is vital that we learn the divine nature of our mortal life. Much like the expectations and goals that our parents, teachers and employers have of us, so our Father in Heaven also has a very glorious future planned for us.

Before we came to this earth, we lived with our Father in Heaven as his spirit children. We did not have bodies of flesh and blood although our features looked the same. We loved our Father and wanted to become like him. In order to do this however it was necessary that we have physical experiences that would allow us to learn and walk by faith.

Why? Because we did not understand what pain or pleasure was. We could not comprehend what hot homemade bread from grandma's stove with strawberry freezer jam tasted like. We did not know the pleasure of embracing a newborn babe or comprehend the childhood pleasures of skipping rocks and hopscotch. We could not feel the joy little boys feel stuffing their pockets completely full of insignificant objects like, a rabbits foot, pocket knife, piece of string, two baseball cards, bubble gum, assorted rocks and other "neat" stuff. I suspect we couldn't quite grasp the delight of our first adolescent kiss or the embarrassment that we would feel when teased about it.

Could we understand the importance of mortality if we couldn't experience the pain of childbirth. No! In fact it is pain and suffering, disappointment and sorrow that help us to recognize joy and happiness, accomplishment and satisfaction.

For these glorious reasons the Lord taught the prophet Nephi "Men are that they might have joy!" The prophets have made it very clear that our Father in Heaven has declared his work and glory is to bring to pass the immortality and Eternal life of man.

When we recognize that this earth life is a probationary period during which we prepare to meet God again, it helps us to recognize the importance of the choices and decisions we make. Because He loves us, God has given us commandments for this purpose. Commandments do not restrain us, nor are they meant to make us unhappy. The truth is the Lord gave them because they are the map or the directions of what we must do to return to His presence and to truly have joy in this life. When we keep the commandments we avoid pain and suffering.

Ben demonstrated not only a deep and abiding love for his wife, family and friends but also for his Lord and Savior. He demonstrated this in both cases, not only by his words but by his actions. His dear loving wife and daughters expressed to me how Ben was a gentle man, who did not show anger. In fact they told of a time when Beulah was ill and he was forced to tend the children. Apparently, they were being rambunctious and after he asked them to stop, and they continued, he raised his hand in force. The children not accustomed to this laughed and he sat on the bed and laughed with and embraced them.

Beulah said he always had a smile on his face and liked to play tricks on her. One time he hid her car and would not confess until she was quite excited.

Ben loved the Lord and taught reverence by his very actions. Beulah commented that she never in their sixty-nine years together, heard him swear or use the Lord's name in vain. He was however guilty of the nefarious phrase "Dad Gummit and Dad Burnit" and people sometimes made him "Mad in the Face."

An accomplished carpenter, he was responsible for much of the finish work at our Stake Center. A deed enjoyed by most of us here.

After joining the Church he and Beulah were sealed for Time and All Eternity. They truly understood that the promises of the temple are made effective by how they live their lives. And by how they learned to love each other.

Memorial Address continued

Beulah told me how much she loved Ben and how he loved her. As I spoke to her and gazed into her eyes I did not hear the expressions of a woman in her late eighties. I felt the strong, passionate and tender expressions of a young bride tempered and refined by years of maturity. Oh how she misses her Eternal companion.

Brother and Sisters the Plan of Salvation is simple. If you wish to understand it, look to this dear couple for an example. They searched for and listened to the words of the Savior and followed His teachings. They taught us so simply how Celestial marriage can be a reality. By practicing it on earth. If you want to be together with your family forever, start now.

A dear friend, Sister Syvilla Johansen penned the following verse:

A special man has left us
He could be called gentle Ben
He's one the Lord loved dearly
He'll have angels to welcome him

He's been married to his special lady
For nearly seventy years
They were still like high school sweethearts
These wonderful compatible dears

His life has not always been easy
Hard work was a way of life
He took a homestead in Colorado
Because of the health of his wife

They lived in the land of Missouri
And there lost there first little one
But God would send them two other lassies
And later would give them a son

He shared the talents God gave them
To help others who were in need
He and Beulah were always there
To do an unheralded deed

Fate was to rob him of memory
And leave him helpless and frail
Still Beulah was ever near him
Her love for him never failed

May he go to prepare her a mansion
That their love will go on forever
For they have an eternal promise
That they will live always together

We feel it an honor and privilege
To have known this gentle Ben
And we'll look forward to the time
When we'll know him once again

Because of the mercy of our Savior
Jesus Christ we will all enjoy the blessings
of the resurrection. The judgement
we receive in that glorious day will
depend on us. Let us follow the Savior
and live our lives abundantly as our dear
friend Ben Whicker.

I testify that we may live together as
families with our Father in Heaven if we
heed his counsel.

In the name of Jesus Christ, AMEN.

* * *

... a time to build up



Grandpa, age 4 1/2 with
sister Nellie, 2 yrs., 1903



Grandpa and Grandma, 30 April 1956
35th Wedding Anniversary

MY DAD: By Ben R.

Now I would like to spend a little time talking about my Dad- Grandpa Ben A. Whicker to many of you.

As you know there was quite an age spread between my Dad and me, in fact it turns out to be almost exactly the same as between Fred and me. I always knew my Dad was a great man, but somehow some of the other men in my life seemed more exciting and the type I thought I would like to emulate. I thought Uncle Floyd to be about the strongest man in the world and I spent a lot of time trying to condition myself to be a boxer. I still think Uncle Floyd was a fine man and worthy of much respect; but now that I am older I realize, and have for some time, that I have never known any man during my lifetime more worthy of emulation than Dad.

I understand from others that knew Dad in his younger years, that he possibly had as much of a temper as I did early on; however I never remember him getting angry other than saying that something made him "Mad in the face". I know that I gave him many opportunities to get angry. He was the calmest, coolest man I've ever known and for many years I've been attempting to follow in his steps in this respect.

He was also a very good instructor, to the point of almost letting one go too far before taking over or correcting a protegee. I remember many times getting in some real binds while learning to drive. Dad was usually sitting clear over next to the right door pretending to be asleep. One time when I was only about 10 Years old we were coming from Lay to Craig in an old 34 Chevy with Knee Action Suspension. Since practically all those old chevy's overheated during the summer we usually kicked it out of gear and coasted down all the hills of any length. This day Dad was asleep? as usual, I put it in neutral on a long

7

hill that had a fairly sharp left turn at the bottom. We got up to about 70 mph on the way down which wasn't a bit too fast to take a normal corner of that magnitude in a normal car; however I found out that neither were normal. The corner was quite washboarded. That and the Knee Action almost did me in. The front end started bouncing and walking toward the right shoulder. I would have been much better off had I put the car back in gear before the corner but after I got in I was much too busy to do anything but try to get it on around. I was doing the best I could but just as the road was straightening out I just barely hit the gravel on the shoulder with both tires, of course that gravel hitting the fenders made a lot of noise. If we had gone off the road right there we would probably have rolled many times as there was quite an embankment, Dad just opened his eyes long enough to note where we were and make the comment "Took that one a little fast didn't you son?"

Somehow that method of teaching was the very best for me, I learned much more, and quicker, than if he had yelled and preached to me. I have tried to follow his example with my students over the years and have found it to be a better way. The only problem was that if other instructors were having problems with a student they usually gave them to me, thus I got more than my share of the slow students; of course that made me appreciate the faster students all the more when I got one.

I appreciate the example that my Dad was in the way he treated others particularly my Mother. The only times I ever remember him acting the least bit exasperated with her were a few times when he thought he would have to replace the right floorboard of the car because Mom was pushing so hard on her imaginary brake over there. He always showed his love toward her, though seldom verbally in the earlier years. Dad would always willingly help Mom around the house during my teenage years, at least. They both got their share of kidding one another when they were working together around the house or in the yard. I heard them many times scuffling and laughing upstairs when I had my room downstairs there at the trailer court.

The only time I thought that Dad might be in danger because he had gone a little too far was the time he cut off all of my hair. Mom's eyes flashed fire for a moment or two when she looked up and saw what he had done; of course Dad got my permission before he did the deed.

Dad had the patience of Job. I'm sure that I haven't achieved his level along that line yet. I'll always remember the time that I completely dismantled the engine of our old "29" Chevy pickup, laying all the pistons, rods, distributor and head out on some boards laid across two saw horses. I didn't realize that I would have to have all new gaskets to put it back together, thus costing some money. I was also unaware, at that time, that the distributor had to be installed in a certain way (timed). When Dad got home he wandered over under the shade tree where I had been working, looked things over and ask me if I could get it all back together. I told him sure, much more confident than I felt, I'm sure. He then went and bought me a new gasket set. I got it all back together with some coaching from him, but most of the time he just left me on my own. He would just check my progress once in awhile. When I got to the point of installing the distributor he taught me how to find top dead center on #1 cylinder, then after we got it started how to time it. I'm sure I didn't have that kind of patience till very recently, if yet.

I'm very pleased with the type language our Father always used. As far as I know no one ever heard Dad use any profanity. Not many wives or children can say that about the head of their homes. I know that I never heard anything like that from his Dad either; so father's keep that in mind; that sons emulate their fathers.

Dad was always a good provider and worked very hard all his life. I expect that the hardest job he ever had was when we first moved to Craig and he couldn't find a job for an extended period of time. Mom worked at the local rest home many hours a day so Dad had to do all the housework, cooking and looking after us kids as well as looking for a job almost every day too. He actually got to be a pretty good cook. My kids can testify that I have done a good job of

following his footsteps along that line as I make great graham cracker omelets! Earlier I alluded to the fact that Dad wasn't very demonstrative in his younger years. In fact I don't remember him even telling me he loved me when I was still at home; however there was never any doubt in my mind that he did. After I had been in the Air Force awhile and before we had any children I had determined that in one respect anyway I wanted to become like my Uncle Floyd. Uncle Floyd had always been very affectionate toward all of his family, in fact when he had been away awhile he always even gave my Dad a hug and kiss which embarrassed Dad some, I believe. Uncle Floyd never worried about people thinking he was a sissy or anything, of course he was big and strong enough to whip a bear with a stick. I decided that I was going to emulate him in this respect so the first time I came home from the Air Force on leave when my Dad stuck out his hand to shake mine I just ignored it went on in and gave him a hug and kiss on the cheek. He was a little surprised, I'm sure, but he returned it and from that day on he was much more demonstrative toward everyone it seemed to me. It is hard to break the old habit of being reserved for most people, especially when it has run in a family for generations. I know it took some effort on my part for several years whether it appeared so, to others, or not. I am so grateful for that particular decision as Dad and I were so close after that, thus I have no regrets. I told him as often as possible how much I loved him, as he did me.

Dad and I didn't get to work very much together though I remember every time with much fondness. I got to go on the job with him a few times before I started working for other people at about 9 years of age. I remember walking on ceiling joist helping him tear down some houses in Bear River (I think that was the name of the deserted town) I know I thought I was pretty big and Dad told me I was as much help as any man would have been. I'm sure that may have been a slight exaggeration but it sure made me feel good. Then I remember us cleaning ditch a couple of times there at the trailer court. All of the neighborhood would go out to do the job as a community project. One time I had a date so I wanted to get it over with as soon as possible. Most of the guys seemed more interested in leaning on their shovels and visiting than working so I suggested to Dad that we just do our share and get out of there. We cleaned over half of the ditch in less than an hour told the other guys goodbye and left. Dad made some comment to the fact that we could accomplish more than all the rest of those people put together in half the time. He always tried to make me feel 10 feet tall and that I could accomplish anything.

When we bought this house he came over to finish up 3 upstairs bedrooms and the upstairs bathroom. We got to work some together then when I got home from work.

Well this is getting quite long but hopefully you can tell I am very pleased to have had Ben A. Whicker for my father. I'm sure he was the very best father for me there could have been and he is a man that few people could go wrong trying to emulate.

Ya all keep on thinking happy thoughts, read your scriptures daily and don't forget to express your gratitude for the many blessings we all enjoy in this wonderful country.





Grandpa with Daniel & David

A Message to the Congregation

By

His Grandson Ted L. Albers

We do not gather here for Benjamin Archie Whicker. His struggle has been resolved ... as described in a situation similar to this nearly two thousand years ago:

"Let not your hearts be troubled ... In my father's house are many rooms ... I go to prepare a place for you ... I will come again and will take you to myself, that where I am, you may be also."

So we do not gather for GRANDPA WHICKER. We gather for OURSELVES. For each of us individually. We gather to reconcile with-in ourselves ... to do, each of us, what we must do to come to terms with his rise to the "house with many rooms" ...

- . Perhaps just to let him go ... or
- . To rejoice in where he's gone ... or
- . To re-affirm - before witnesses - that we LOVED him ... that WE LOVE HIM.

We do what we must do as individuals:

- . B.R.'s family prayers here ...
- . LOIS reading the Eulogy ...
- . MAXINE'S TRIBUTE to her DADDY ...
- . GLENN'S call from Saudi Arabia ...
- . REA JO'S testimonial ...

But we gather TOGETHER, I suppose, to pool our seemingly feeble efforts in the hope that somehow, our combined grieving will be enough.

As for one of my INDIVIDUAL efforts, I choose to tell you a story. Perhaps you have one like it ... or maybe you can latch on to the spirit of this one.

It was the summer of 1953, I believe. I was visiting the grandparents for a week or two. As the oldest grandchild, I got in on all the good deals first.

Anyway, Grandpa Whicker and I decided to climb Mt. Garfield one day. We had noticed what looked to be a trail angling up toward a break in the cliffs from the west. We drove to the foot of the hills west of the mountain and found the trail quite easily.

Grandpa led. And on the way up, I remember coming to a number of silt slides which covered the trail. If you stepped on the loose dirt, it would carry you off the narrow trail and onto the steep, slick hillside where we imagined we would go sliding and tumbling to the bottom. So Grandpa led. And when we came to the silt slides, he would grab my left hand with his right; then step ahead with his left foot to paw the loose silt out of the trail. We proceeded this way, one step at a time until we were back onto solid footing.

Eventually we made our way up through the break in the cliffs to work our way up the "back" side of the mountain. I remember being surprised that the top of Mt. Garfield is not flat the way Grand Mesa is or the way I imagined it to be when I viewed the cliffs from the grandparents' Home Trailer Court in Clifton. Instead, the top edge of the cliffs as viewed from Clifton are the highest points, and the back side of the mountain slopes downward and away from the Grand Valley.

As we approached the top, we trembled at the sight of the entire Grand Valley opening up before us. And near the edge of the cliff we encountered a marker typical of the kind climbers erect at the scenes of their conquests. I remember being a little surprised that as many times as I had studied Mt. Garfield, I had never detected the marker from down below. And though I really don't remember accurate details about it, I do recall impressions I had. It was shaped something like a cross and it was fairly thin - perhaps like a four or five inch pipe or post, sticking up about the height of a tall man it seemed. It appeared to be well anchored, and I imagined the marker would withstand great winds and last a very long time.

Gazing past the edge of the cliff, I felt the butterflies of acrophobia - the fear of great heights, a condition I have carried with me to this very day. But my fear is a sufficiently mild case that I felt strong enough, perhaps even compelled to crawl to the edge of the cliff and hang my head over to see directly below. So I did - while Grandpa held my ankles. If I slipped, he would save me. Lying prone there, I heard the strong wind slowly carving the face of the mountain. Several eagles were gliding through the eddies, and molded into one of the ledges on the otherwise sheer face of the cliff, I spotted an eagle's nest.

Grandpa wanted to crawl up to the edge too, so I held his ankles. If he slipped, I would go with him.

On the way back we worked our way past several rock slides he had so carefully supervised our way through on the climb up. At one such obstacle he gave me some freedom. We separated and selected our own routes; he went high and I went low. Those rock slides seemed dangerous and we proceeded gently. The boulders were not all on solid ground. If either of us

dislodged one of them, we could start a serious avalanche. It occurred to me that I should have gone high. For a while we lost sight of each other, but we maintained constant voice contact to reassure each other and to discuss strategy. I know we spooked ourselves more than once before we made it safely back down.

That was a ...GREAT... DAY... .

It was an all time classic example of how a grandfather and grandson should spend some time. Ane now, more than 37 years later, I'm still amazed how that one day - half a day, really - has always expanded to occupy so much of my soul. But I guess that's the way it has been with Grandpa's whole life, because knowing him enriched all of what I am.

Over the years I've looked up to the top of Mt. Garfield hundreds of times - from all over the valley. And I've always remembered that climb. Yet in all that time, try as I might, I had never been able to see the marker up there with my naked eye - even after they built I-70 close to the base. I don't recall ever seeing that marker with my naked eye --- until last Sunday.

We had delivered some hay to the folks and were on our way back to the ranch to pick up some horses. Driving past Mt. Garfield I looked toward the top once again ... only this time, I saw it. I choose not to attribute the sight to my developing farsightedness; rather, the sun shone from a perfect angle. No matter the reason, the marker glowed clearly to me with the hint of a golden hue - and I felt compelled to REMEMBER. I looked up four times on the way by, and each time the marker stood clearly visible. Four times I beheld that marker and REMEMBERED. Then exactly four days later, Grandpa drifted off into his sweet sleep... .

So that's my story. I have done one of the things that I must do. And as we spend other emotional treasures here today and offer our tears, I think perhaps we all approach a prediction made many years ago:

"...And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be

Message continued

no more death. Neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things shall pass away."

A Message to the Congregation
By
His Granddaughter Rea Jo Cloward

(Note: Since I haven't been able to see Rea Jo in person as planned and, therefore, do not have a copy of her exact message, I can only try to give you a general idea of her message. BMA)

Rea Jo marvelled at the rapport between Grandpa and the young grandchildren. She recalled one particular occasion when her daughter Emilie was visiting Grandpa in the nursing home and how as Emilie wheeled him down the corridor they seemed to understand each other, even though Grandpa could say no words. The special relationship was a joy to behold. Grandpa always smiled and responded when the young ones visited him.

... a time to lose



Playing Yahtzee
at 3054 F Road

WHAT GRANDPA MEANS TO ME

On 1 July 1955, I took upon myself the name Whicker. It gave me a reputation to live up to, because with it came a long heritage of honorable men and women who stood for integrity and virtue. Of course, I didn't recognize my responsibility to build upon that heritage until much later in life. I didn't realize that by the mere fact of having had Grandfathers who blazed trails of trustworthiness before me, I had so much the advantage over the rest of the world.

In January of this year, two short months after the passing of Grandpa, I made a visit to Devonshire England where I found the roots of the Whicker name back to the early 1500's. Together, my daughters and I walked the land these early ancestors farmed, and toured the house in which they lived. It was the high of my life! It gave me a deep appreciation for the sacrifices and example of generations past.

Yes, I'm grateful to Grandpa for giving me his good name. And I promise to build upon it and pass on to my descendants an appreciation for his part in their lives. Family bonds are eternal; we'll always need each other. And our family is more extensive than we might think.

Eight years after receiving Grandpa's name, I took upon myself a name with even deeper implications: I was baptized a disciple of Jesus Christ. His heritage is now intertwined with my ancestry, and my responsibilities are greatly expanded. The implications of such a relationship are only now becoming clear to me. But I have a clear pattern to follow. I know what it means to take upon oneself a worthy name: I took Grandpa's 35 years ago.
- Glenn



Grandpa at Maxine's, 1982



F Road, July 1982



Grandparents W. and
at Lois' & Gale's place
in Rifle, CO in 1952



Grandpas Clodfelter & Whicker
Celebrating together



Golden Wedding Anniversary

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The effects of the Gulf War have been widespread: one has been the delay in getting this issue out. I would like to thank Aunt Maxine for the great amount of work she did in getting materials together for this tribute to G'pa. Too bad the mail system in Europe was so bogged down with *Desert Storm* that her stuff took 6 weeks to find me! Of course, part of that was our move, too. Thanks also to Dad, Ben R., for his pictures that added tremendously to this issue.

Thankfully, the war ended quickly, and we hope to have John home and with us at the reunion in June. The next LOVE KNOT will be a simple sheet with the final details of the reunion. Then we can have an issue with your photos and impressions of the reunion set for 1 September, with one final issue this year on 1 December. We'll save the topic, How My Spouse and I Met for the Dec. issue.

GW

... a time to sew



1918 Back row, left to right:
Aunt Nellie, G'pa, Uncle Glen, Aunt Sylvia
Front row, left to right:
Uncle Ralph, G'ma Emma, Aunt Irene
Uncle Eugene, Grandpa Harlan

A tribute to

GRANDPA WHICKER
Nov 29, 1898-Nov 1, 1990

by John

I don't remember as much as some of the older grandkids, or the ones that may have lived closer, spending more time with Grandpa. I do remember the anticipation of seeing Grandma and Grandpa Whicker as we made trips to Colorado, and how much fun I always knew we would have at their house. I remember having fun with Grandpa playing games such as Domino's, Parcheze, and rolling the marbles down the thingamajig he made.

I don't remember Grandpa ever getting mad and yelling. I think he must have had great control over his speech and emotions. The only time I remember him saying anything seemingly harsh to me was when he got me to stop sucking my thumb. He simply said, "When are you going to stop that, anyway?". I never knew it bugged anybody, and I didn't want Grandpa to think I was a baby, so I never put my thumb in my mouth again! And maybe one other time when I was making skid marks all over his car port. But I don't remember him ever getting angry. From the stories I've heard from Dad, I don't think Grandpa had trouble controlling his temper. Dad did some pretty wild stuff when he was a teen, and the stories always end with Grandpa acting in a calm way, or maybe even laughing. I think he was looked up to by everyone, and had earned everyone's respect, so never had a need to get angry in order to get his points across. In fact, he had so much control over his speech, that Grandma never remembers him ever using a cuss word!

I remember him showing off in his new car, I think it was a Ford Torino or something like that, taking off pretty fast down 1st North in Kaysville. That must be a Whicker thing! I remember him acting funny and making us laugh.

I think he hated to sit around doing nothing. I remember him working all day out in his garden. And when there were no more weeds he'd go out to the ditch and chop the heads off craw dads. I loved watching him hunt craw dads! He told me he couldn't let them get too numerous, and I always thought that was just an excuse to tell Grandma, so we could have some fun. But come to think of it, I guess they could have clogged the irrigation outlets or something. Anyway, I remember after his health wasn't so good anymore, they had a hard time keeping him from working too hard. He'd have to come in the house, and he'd get real frustrated because he wasn't done for the day!

I know he was a great example to turn out such great children as my Dad and two Aunts. I know how Dad looks up to Grandpa's example, and always talks about what a great man he is. It's an example that will be in force for generations as I follow my Dad's example, and my kids follow my example and so on. I'm sure I owe my good upbringing and the happy life that I have now to the choices Grandpa made in his life. As my patriarchal blessing states, "Many things that you are...you owe to others, those who have preceded you in your family - your progenitors."

Like I said at the first, I don't know you as well as some of the other grandkids, but I know your fruits, Grandpa. And I look forward to getting to know you better in the next life!

Eulogy for Benjamin A. Whicker
Given by his daughter, Lois Whicker Norman

Benjamin A. Whicker of Palisade died Thursday in Palisades Nursing Home. He was 91 years old. He was a carpenter most of his life. He homesteaded and farmed in Moffat County before moving to the Grand Valley.

Mr. Whicker was born on November 29, 1898 to Harlan L. and Emma Oretta Boyer Whicker in Center-ville, Iowa, where he spent his childhood and attended school. He married Beulah B. King on April 30, 1921 in Jasper, Missouri. He moved from Craig to the Clifton area in 1947.

Mr. Whicker was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in Grand Junction. He enjoyed reading and traveling. He was a past member of the International Order of Oddfellows in Craig. He served briefly in the U.S. Army during World War I.

Survivors include his wife of Palisade; a son, Ben Richard Whicker of Kayaville, Utah; two daughters, Maxine Albers of Grand Junction, and Lois Norman of Craig; two brothers, Eugene Whicker of Clifton and Ralph Whicker of Vernal, Utah; two sisters, Nellie Heckman of Iowa, and Irene DeLambert of Wyoming; 15 grandchildren and 38 great-grandchildren. A daughter, two brothers and two sisters are deceased.

These are just facts about my Dad containing only a few paragraphs, but they don't tell you anything about his character or personality. Some of you possibly never knew my Dad until Alzheimer's disease began to take his memory and finally his speech and his ability to care for himself. But many of you knew him as a confident and capably person and a good and steadfast friend.

He loved all his family - his wife (our dear mother), and his children. He loved his parents and his brothers and sisters. When grandchildren and finally great-grandchildren arrived, they were included in this circle of love. And believe me, he was loved in return.

He and mother provided us with a home and a childhood that was happy - not because we had so many material things, but because we all loved each other and because we had fun together. This delight in being together has continued through the years.

Dad was raised in a Christian home; he was a

Christian; he had a Christian wife and together they raised a Christian family. We are all proud to be a part of his family.

In closing I want to quote from the gospel of John, Ch. 14, vs. 1-3. "Let no your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also".

We are secure in the knowledge that although he has left us for awhile, he is now with our heavenly Father and our Savior, Jesus Christ.

* * *

... a time to plant



The family, 1940, near Eagle

A Tribute to My Dad
By
Maxine Albers

I wish I were good at putting my thoughts down because what I feel in my heart about my Dad I know I cannot adequately express.

I remember Daddy as a quiet, soft-spoken man who never laid a hand on me, but when he spoke I did his bidding. Somehow I was afraid to disobey because I guess I thought he would carry out punishment if necessary. Although Mother had to be the disciplinarian (because she was with us more and punishment was to be carried out quickly), Daddy always cooperated and we knew he backed Mother and she backed his decisions as well. We sure didn't get by with playing one against the other!

When our family moved into Craig so we girls could attend high school, Daddy was employed for some time and Mother had to work. Daddy took over the house chores and the cooking at home. As I think back about those days, I admire Dad so much because he learned to bake bread and do much of what was then considered to be womens' work. One day we returned from school to find that he had made bread pudding - it smelled delicious and we could hardly wait to eat it, but lo and behold he had sweetened it with salt! I am sure the role reversal was equally hard for Mother and Daddy and I will always be grateful for their

love and sacrifices. In any case, Daddy rolled up his sleeves, learned the new duties and never ever complained.

Daddy was very much a family man though he never expressed his feelings verbally a lot, I always felt very close to him. He was clean both physically and morally and as steady as a rock. He worked hard and was a good provider. He didn't spend his money foolishly and really didn't spend on himself at all. As I remember, he turned his checks over to Mother who took care of the bills and did most of the buying for the family.

No one could have had a more wonderful Dad than ours. Though he suffered from Alzheimer's these last years, he remained sweet natured. When he could no longer speak to me he often looked up when he saw me and smiled his lovely smile. I will always treasure those moments. I remember his beautiful blue eyes, his sweet smiles and the times when we used to get tickled about something and laugh until the tears ran! I never heard my Dad utter a swear word. (Not even gosh or darn) I don't suppose many daughters can say that about their Dads!

I am especially grateful for having had the privilege of caring for you these last years. I am thankful for your love and especially for the good example you set for all of us. I LOVE YOU DADDY.

In closing I want all of us to remember that, "This is the day that the Lord hath made, let us rejoice and be glad in it."



THANK YOU JOHN FOR
YOUR FAITHFUL SERVICE
TO OUR COUNTRY
IN OPERATION
DESERT STORM

United States
of America



Grandpa & Grandma
Homestead Days, ca. 1930



my most EMBARRASSING moment:



2 Jan. 1991

Howdy Knot Heads:

Well 1991 is here and 2000 will be here before we know it. It is unbelievable how fast time passes.

"....I...began to be old.....the time passed away with us and also our lives passed away like as it were a dream....." Jacob 7:26.

Glenn ask for our most embarrassing experience for this edition of the Love Knot. Mine is so embarrassing that I hope my telling it doesn't embarrass any of you too much. It was particularly upsetting for a 17 year old, which I was when it happened.

We were in our first class of the day at good old Central High my senior year. The class room was in one of those small buildings south of the main building. The subject, of all things, was physiology. We were in the lower room which was slightly below ground level. About half way through the class the fire bell sounded, I was pretty sure it was only a drill, as we had them quite frequently, so always the gentleman I held back to be the last one out of the building. There was a very nice looking, though quite large, young lady directly in front of me. She was wearing one of those wool pullover sweaters that were very popular at the time. Just as we were nearing the steps up out of the room she fainted. Knowing that she was at least as heavy as myself I just wrapped my arms around her waist, planning to just lay her down on the floor gently....Well much to my chagrin she just slipped right on through that sweater and everything else. I was frantically trying to get everything back where it belonged when Coach Smeltzer, our basketball coach and also the physiology teacher, came back into the room to check why he didn't have enough students outside and ask "What are you doing Whicker"? I didn't bother to answer as I thought it was pretty obvious! After I got everything back in order Coach recruited another boy from the class and with one of us on each end we carried her up to the hom-ec room. She revived a short time later and was back to class, I doubt seriously that she knows what happened to this day. Only two of us knew and I can assure you that I never told her.

Love Ya All
Brother, Uncle, Son,
Father and Grandfather

Ben R. (B. O. R.)

Grandma Mae!

I have a faint recollection of having written this story once before. I hope it wasn't for the Love Knot. I wouldn't want to bore you with it twice. Try to remember how you felt about the opposite sex when you were seven years old. Even if you liked someone a lot, you wouldn't want anyone to see you close to him. Well, when I was seven, I went to a one-room school in which there were eight grades.

The 7th and 8th graders were adults as far as I was concerned and they liked to tease us little guys. Every morning and also at noon we were required to line up outside the building and march in to our seats. As soon as the line formed, we were under strict rule to stay quiet and at attention. A little boy who was always ahead of me was easy to talk to and Harold and I usually had something to whisper about while in line. One day the teacher told us that if we didn't stop whispering she would make us sit together. We didn't think she would really do such a terrible thing so the next day we were whispering in line again. When we got into the building she came to our desks and told me to sit over with Harold I still didn't believe her but she meant it and I sat over there as she said. Then she told him to ask me if I liked to whisper.

I said, "yes" and she told us to whisper that back and forth the rest of the afternoon. Those days our afternoon was from 1:00 to 4:00 so it was longer than it is now. We sat there and whispered until recess time at which time the teacher gave us three minutes to go to the outdoor toilet and get a drink and when we returned we reversed the question and answer so that I was asking Harold and he had to answer "yes" until 4:00 P.M. Remember the older kids were in the back of the room and they

included my older sister who had a big time with the situation along with her cohorts. To top that all off, it was Friday afternoon when the teacher's brother came to take her home for the weekend. And he also sat in the back of the room to observe which didn't help me a bit. After school was almost the worst because I had to face the whole school on the way home. And there was a good amount of teasing by everyone. Then there was another thing yet for me to go through. The teacher lived at our house and, of course, she and her brother had to come there to pick up her things she needed to take home with her.

They probably didn't even think any more about it but I thought they would and it was terribly embarrassing for me to face them.

It was a memorable afternoon. Years later when I was in the 8th grade and was in a city school where there were only two grades, I had to sit with a boy for writing and passing notes. That didn't bother me a bit. I wonder what the difference was?

Dear LOVE KNOTS; 3 March 1991

We're so glad to be back in the States! Its the little things that make America so nice - like a showerhead with real pressure; no tax on a lawn sprinkler; gasoline for just over \$1; and a garbage disposal! Wouldn't trade the experience for anything, but its nice to be home. Especially now that we'll be able to have the baby here. Because of war responsibilities, the U.S. military hospital at RAF Lakenheath wasn't delivering babies, and we would have had to go out on the British economy. Ask Rachael about our faith in the British hospitals... Pam is doing very well. We're all looking forward to this new arrival.

One of my most embarrassing moments was while I was serving on the high council of our Church in England. I was assigned to speak to a Ward 90 miles from where we

Dear Family,

Hah there from Jayexuss! I'm settled in with 3 boxes as my dresser, a sleeping bag as my bed, a rented car & a full schedule of seminars beginning this week. I'm comfy except that I miss my kiddos!

Rachael, Dan & family are living with the kids at our house, & seem to be having a pretty good time. I hope my kids still want to live with me by month's end!

I teach in TX, OK, LA, TN and KS over the next couple of months. I'll be seeing places I've never seen before! I find this part of the U.S. to be very beautiful.

In 9th grade, my good friend Diane was mistress of the drill team. She gave me the privilege of playing the drumbeat during an important half-time march. I considered this my one chance for popularity & schoolwide fame. A boy who loved to torment me began piling grass on the two drums as I beat them, & in my nervousness, I just pounded harder & harder. Soon the drum-sticks cracked, & then broke, & of course my "playing" suffered. As I tried to keep the rhythm going, I could see the drill team out on the field in a state of utter confusion, marching into each other & going every which way. I could hear Diane hissing my name like a swear word over & over! & I knew my one shot at popularity in Jr. High School was more than lost: it was annihilated.

To this day, that drum rhythm is available to me at any time, any place, usually when I am nervous. Some memories just never die, no matter how much you want them to! (My friendship with Diane died that day out there on the field. Luckily, we grew up and renewed it.)

Here's praying for continued growth & progress as individuals & families... & peace internationally.

*Love always,
Pam*

lived. Since it was to be an all day affair, I took the opportunity to spend some time alone with Alison, my youngest. She was 3. We sat on the stand together, and I explained to her that I was going to have to get up and give a talk soon - that she'd have to sit there quietly, and not to get up with me. She nodded her head in total comprehension and agreed to the terms of the deal. In the middle of my speech, I kept hearing a raucous behind me, but kept on speaking so as to not detract from the spirit of what I was trying to say. It got too distracting, however, so I finally turned to see what was going on. There was my little angel, standing in the choir seats, happily swinging her sweater back and forth across the pew in front of her, with her thumb firmly planted in her mouth! Now, what do I do? Thankfully, the Bishop's wife saw the predicament and quietly walked up and took Alison down to sit with her. Whew! I wonder if my talk on fatherhood had any effect that day!

Love, Glenn + Pam + girls

Dear Love Knots,

Now to tell about my most embarrassing moment. My goodness, I have had so many I hardly know which one to tell. Ha!

I guess the one that stands out the most happened soon after we moved into Craig. We were country girls residing in the "big city of Craig," and we were as green as grass about relating to strangers. Anyway, Lois, Dorothy Mae (our cousin just 6 months older than I) and I wanted to go into the local department store to look at the pretty things. Of course, we didn't have a cent to spend so we planned what we would say when the clerk asked, "May I help you?" You have to realize how hard it was to

muster the courage to even speak to strangers much less converse with them. I'm sure it is difficult for any of you to imagine how intimidated we felt in this strange new environment. I was always elected to be the spokesman for the three of us so it was decided that I would respond by saying, "No thank you we're just looking around." Needless to say I said that short sentence over and over in my mind so that I wouldn't forget it at the critical moment. We entered the store and a nice lady approached us and said with a smile, "Good morning girls" and I said, "No thank you we're just looking around." The look on Lois' and D.M.'s faces made me realize I'd goofed and we made a hasty retreat! How embarrassing!!

Another one happened during my tenure as Mesa County Commissioner. It was during the height of the boom and the President of one of the large coal companies who was officed in Denver came to Grand Junction. He took me to lunch to discuss how the county and his company could work together to address some of the problems faced by the county. I was really explaining just what some of the problems were and what I thought could and should be done, etc. - when all of a sudden the left lens in my glasses came lose and hit my nose and just hung there. He looked so startled and I thought for a minute I was going to lose all control and embarrass myself even more by laughing hysterically. Thank goodness, I recovered without making a nut of myself and he was a real gentleman. Everything went on as if nothing had happened. I am sure glad Lois and/or Rea Mae weren't there - I'm sure we would have broke up the meeting laughing!

We have been in a deep freeze here. Finally got between 6 and 8 inches of snow yesterday so it warmed up a bit. Was still 30° at 8:30 tonight. We're really getting fed up with the cold and would like to go south but find it hard to break away. I have too many intrusa responsibilities yet this year as Past President. Next year won't be so bad.

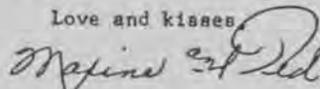
Ted is having a lot of pain in his arms. I think he is having bursitis and this weather contributes to the problem. Otherwise all is well and we are thankful for our many blessings.

We are so thankful Glenn is safely home with

his little family and our prayers and thoughts are with John and Fred as they serve our country and we pray for their safe return soon.

Hope this finds you all well and happy. Until next time -

Love and kisses



Maxine and Ted

Dearest Family,

I am pretty well settled in my new home in the Bethesda Care Center and am liking it very well. I like it better because it is closer to Maxine and she is here almost every day.

B.R. came and spent 3 days here and the weather was warm enough for me to check out and spend the time with him at Max and Ted's.

Lois and Gale surprised me by coming down Christmas. Christmas morning they, Max and Ted brought all the packages and opened them in the nice lounge here at the Care Center.

Since just before Christmas it has been too cold for me to even consider going outside. We have about 6 or 8 inches of snow on the ground now.

I want Glenn to know how much I appreciated his calling me the evening before Grandpa's funeral. It was a great comfort to me. Also the plant from his family is still brightening up my room. The prayer rug arrived before Christmas. I like it so much and have it hanging on the wall in my room. Thank you for thinking of me.

I also want to thank Teddy and let him know how happy he made me when he gave his talk at Grandpa's services. It was special and I haven't had a chance to tell him so.

I look forward to hearing about each and every one of you. Let us all be true and faithful and endure to the end.

Love always,



Mom and Grandma Beulah



January 5, 1991

Dear Family,

This portion of my letter has to do with our family reunion June 13-16, 1991. I have made reservations at Battlement Mesa and need to hear from all of you as soon as possible.

I have reserved facilities as follows:
Four units with 2 bedrooms and 2 baths
Ten units with 2 bedrooms and one bath

Where one family is involved I thought one bath would be acceptable; but where two couples are sharing a unit I thought two baths were needed. The prices, of course, have increased since we were there over a year ago. If the bedrooms are like the ones we have been in, there is one regular size bed and one king size bed and a couch that does not open up but one person could sleep on it as is if we take some extra bedding.

Here is how I think it could work. The following families I thought could get by with one bath: Margaret, Marie, Ruth, Rich, Rea Jo, Glenn, Chuck, Benji, Jeff and Rachel (I just now thought about David Shaffer being married so I will have to reserve a unit with two baths for Marie's family - that will make 9 one bath units and 5 two bath units). Two families sharing a unit with 2 bedrooms and 2 baths are as follows: T.L., Judy, Rhonda, Don and Shannon; Lois, Gale, B.R., Rea and Fred; Forrest, Edythe Mae, John & Katrina; Maxine, Ted, Mother and Ryanne.

One bath unit is \$55.00 per day
Two bath unit is \$64.00 per day
START SAVING YOUR MONEY NOW!

The rooms are now reserved for checking in on the 13th and checking out on the 16th - three nights. We will have the use of the recreation facilities as long as we don't interfere with the regular scheduled activities but there are times when the pool for instance is available for open swimming, same with the pool tables, handball courts, etc. And of course the outdoors is beautiful up there.

I think we would want to have at least one meal together in the community room and we can have that catered. We might have picnics where we just have pot luck - everyone supplying a couple of dishes. It will be warm here by then. Maybe you would rather not have a

catered meal. I don't know the cost but it probably wouldn't be prohibitive. Now to recap what I need to know. Every family please answer the following questions:

1. When will you arrive?
2. Is one bath enough for your family unit?
3. Please itemize any changes you wish to make for your family.
4. Which meal should we have catered and on which day if we decide to do that?

We don't want to have to pay for a unit three nights if you can only be here two nights, for instance.

As soon as I hear from you, I'll go up to Battlement Mesa and make any changes needed and finalize everything I possibly can. They are holding 14 units now and are not requiring a deposit. They are very nice to work with.

Please respond soon. In the event some of you do not have my address at your fingertips, here it is; sit right down and drop me a note. Thanks.

Aunt Maxine Albers
3054 F Road
Grand Junction, Co. 81504

Reunion or Bust!!
... in 1991

Thursday, 13 June
- Sunday, 16 June
make your inputs
NOW !!

PLEASE PREPARE A FAMILY TALENT
TO SHARE AT THE REUNION.

NEWSBITS:

Ben R. Whicker ordained an High Priest in the LDS Church, 20 January 1991.

Now waiting: Katrina and John expect their first baby sometime this fall! CONGRATULATIONS!!

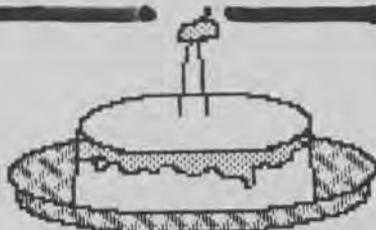
Rea Jo promoted to Seminar Leader with FRANKLIN Institute. She and her family now in Dallas, Texas, as their lives pick up momentum!

Misti broke her leg in a sledding accident in December. She's now recuperating, and in great spirits. What a gal!

CARMEN AND CHUCK WELCOME NEW ARRIVAL: JOHN JOSEPH WHICKER, born 23 Nov 1990. CONGRATS!!

CORRECTION: Rachael is due in April, not February as announced last newsletter. Hang in there!

Glenn finally got his life-long dream of going to Moscow this month. Now he wonders why he ever wanted to go! He flew as an escort on world's largest a/c - the AN-225.



ANNIVERSARIES and BIRTHDAYS

FEBRUARY

- 10 Richard NORMAN, 1956
- 15 Katrina WHICKER,
- 18 Fred WHICKER, 1969
- 21 Misti WHICKER, 1982
- 27 Don & Rhonda DAVIDSON, 1982

MARCH

- 08 Heather NORMAN, 1981
- 09 Jeff WHICKER, 1959
- 10 Colten ANDERSON, 1988
- 10 T.L. ALBERS, 1944
- 13 Marinne CLOWARD, 1978
- 15 Glenn & Pam WHICKER, 1978
- 17 Sarah WHICKER, 1984
- 18 Ruth HASKINS, 1953
- 25 Eythe Mae CLODFELTER, 1915

APRIL

- 04 Ted & Maxine ALBERS, 1943
- 12 JamiAnn WHICKER, 1983
- 13 Beulah WHICKER, 1903
- 13 Don DAVIDSON, 1957
- 30 Ben & Beulah WHICKER, 1921

MAY

- 04 Benji WHICKER, 1980
- 05 Cody NORMAN, 1988
- 06 Daniel SHAFFER, 1971
- 11 Mike DUZIK, 1946
- 13 Chuck WHICKER, 1956
- 23 Julie WHICKER, 1980
- 26 Dan HASKINS, 1952
- 29 Flint HASKINS, 1976

JUNE

- 07 Jack WHICKER, 1987
- 09 Mary WHICKER, 1989
- 19 M. John WHICKER, 1966
- 20 Jeff & Lynda WHICKER, 1981
- 20 Alaina WHICKER, 1982
- 22 Kemarie WHICKER, 1985
- 22 Frank DUZIK, 1966
- 24 Judy ALBERS, 1961
- 30 Carmelita WHICKER,

JULY

- 01 Maxine ALBERS, 1924
- 01 Glenn WHICKER, 1955
- 03 Richard WHICKER, 1988
- 08 Rachael M. WHICKER, 1965
- 17 Marie SHAFFER, 1949
- 17 Charlotte DUZIK, 1970
- 19 Taralyn WHICKER, 1980
- 19 Camille WHICKER, 1980
- 22 Jefferson CLOWARD, 1986
- 31 Forrest & Edythe CLODFELTER, 1932

AUGUST

- 05 Diane CAMPBELL, 1960
- 08 Shannon DAVIDSON, 1984
- 08 Rea Jo CLOWARD, 1953
- 09 Chuck & Carmen WHICKER, 1986
- 11 Connie WHICKER, 1957
- 17 Emily CLOWARD, 1979
- 19 Benj Mark WHICKER, 1957
- 21 Nathan CLOWARD, 1983
- 30 Shayne DUZIK, 1968

FIRST CLASS MAIL

**Glenn R. Whicker
13462 Photo Dr.
Dale City, VA 22193
(703)730-0454**



**We love you, Grandpa,
and we WILL see you again!
= from all us LOVE KNOTTERS**



MOVIN' ON

**Rea Cloward & Kids
2010 Candle Court
Grapevine, TX 76051**

**John Whicker
Operation Desert Storm
A Co. 533rd MI BN
APO, NY 09760-0320**

**Fred Whicker
194th SPT Co.
75th SPT BN
Fort Knox, KY 40121**

**Grandma Beulah Whicker
Bethesda Nursing Home
2825 Patterson Rd.
Grand Jct., CO 81504
(303) 245-0835**

**Glenn & Pam Whicker
13462 Photo Dr.
Dale City, VA 22193**

THE LOVE KNOT



Vol. VI, No. 2

"a tie that binds"

September 1991

"LET'S SING A TIE THAT BINDS
OUR HEARTS IN CHRISTIAN LOVE;
THE FELLOWSHIP OF KINDRED HEARTS,
IS LIKE TO THAT ABOVE."

The
E.A. Whicker Family

REUNION

1991

Forming a large circle at the end of the talent show, holding hands and singing that little hymn, symbolized the value of the whole endeavor. In the middle of all the events of the second day of the reunion, a small little girl named JamiAnn innocently asked, "Daddy, when is the reunion?" A seemingly odd question to be asked at that stage of the game. But the answer came later that same day. It could be said that the REUNION happened at the moment we all joined hands that night - because for the first time ever, the union of ALL (except Pam, Lyndsey, Fred, John, Katrina & Brennen) our hearts was made physical by the linking of our hands. No doubt the



Grandma The Beautiful

coming together of the planets that evening was a heavenly sign of approbation of the unique unity we share as a family. THANK YOU, AUNT MAXINE & UNCLE TED, FOR PUTTING IT ALL TOGETHER!

- Glenn

TALENT SHOW AT WHICKER REUNION
BATTLEMENT MESA, COLORADO - ACTIVITY CENTER 6 - 9 P.M.

JUNE 15, 1991

PROGRAM

1. Grandma Whicker (Beulah) - Harmonica solos "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder" and "Red Wing"
2. Jeff's girls, Alaina and Jennifer each played a piano solo
3. Glenn and his girls, Tara, Cami, JamiAnn and Alison sang and danced, "The First Man You Remember"
4. Benj, Connie, Cody, Benji, Misti and Sarah sang and acted out a Rap, words of which are found on another page herein
5. Chuck - Solos - "Big Mama" and "The Man"



6. Chuck and Ryanne - Chuck's latest and best: "The Greatest Battle" and another one
(Chuck accompanied himself and the duet on the guitar)
7. Gale and granddaughter Heather - violin duet with Lois on guitar
8. Rea Jo, Mikelle, Marinne, Emily, Nathan and Jefferson - Sang a Rap composed by Rea Jo
9. Forrest Clodfelter - Sang a Solo, "They Found Him In The Temple"
10. Edythe Mae Clodfelter - Reading "A Dutchman's Answer"
11. Lois and Gale's entire family including grandchildren sang "Fly Away", accompanied by Gale, Rich and Daniel
12. B.R. and Rea sang a duet, "True Friends"
13. Lois and Gale's entire family danced, "Oh, Johnnie, accompanied by Gale and called by Lois
14. Maxine and Ted's entire family including granddaughter demonstrated the movements of some of our sun's planets and how they line up every three to four hundred years. After which everyone stepped outside to actually observe the planets. Even Grandma finally located them!

Dearest Family, Sept 12, 1991

I'm sorry to be so late - hope this arrives in time to be included. We are all fine here in Grand Junction and hope everyone else is as well.

We have had company almost constantly since the last of July. We sure enjoyed Dorothy Mae's visit the last half of August. She is a very special cousin. For those of you who don't know, she is Uncle Glenn's daughter and is close to my age.

I was so pleased with our reunion and enjoyed it thoroughly. I thought the talent show was great and am including the program. Glenn, I think you can fill in the blanks. I hope between us we have it down so it can be in the "Love Knot" to keep as a record. The fact that mother could attend and enjoy the reunion was a highlight. Also, I think it is quite remarkable that a family that big is so congenial.

I am enclosing the pictures I had in my camera. You can use whichever ones you wish. If anyone wants copies, please let me know and I will have some finished and send them later.

I'm getting ready to go read some to Mother this p.m. Tomorrow we will go to ceramics. I have been taking her since they go into the shopping center near Clifton. She enjoys that activity a lot and it is good for her to get out.

We are still having rain!! We finally got the haying finished at the ranch but can't get the third cutting done here. Wherever we go to hay it rains and rains! The countryside is beautifully green and the wild flowers were gorgeous and abundant this year as a result of all the moisture.

Rea Jo and Larry will be married on Saturday. We sure wish them every happiness and success as they join their

families.

Until next time, take care and God Bless.

Love to all,

MAXINE & TED

P.S. When Dorothy was here, Lois, Gale, D.M., Mother and I all rode up to the Colorado National Monument. We all enjoyed that scenic trip alot.

Next Knots:

Since this one is so late, let's wait til January for the next issue. Send your inputs in (with your Christmas card to us!) by 15 December, and I'll be able to work on it during the holidays. **THEME: THE GREATEST MAN OR WOMAN YOU HAVE KNOWN PERSONALLY, AND WHAT MADE THEM GREAT.**

\$10.00/yr.



Maxine, Ben R.,
Lois and G'ma W.

Frank giving Jessica a piggy-back!

August 29, 1991

Howdy Knot(head)s:

Boy hasn't the last six months gone fast? So much has happened. While I missed the Love Knot this summer, it was replaced by a great reunion.

I was quite amazed at how much talent there is in this family. It seemed to me that all of the skits, etc., were well thought out and performed almost to perfection.

I got over to see Grandma Whicker, my Mom, for a little while the 16th and 17th. Had an extra bonus that I hadn't expected. Dorothy Mae was visiting at Max and Ted's. It had been a long time since I'd seen her. She still looks just the same as always, she is one of those people that never change.

Mom, Ry and I attended the BYU Education Week in Provo last week. It was a great week, as usual. This is the third year in a row that I have taken my vacation during that period of time. I intend to try and make it every year as it is such an uplifting experience. When you get my age you need all the help you can get so anytime somebody will give me a lift, I'll take it!

Mom has kept me pretty busy during this vacation when we've been home. I finally got our garage cleaned up. We could actually get a couple of cars in it if need be. G-pa C. was a big help on that project. I hauled two full loads of trash to the dump. Can you believe there were three complete engines in there in various stages of teardown. After I got the truck pretty well loaded with trash, I put those engines on the very back to take to the salvage yard. If it had been night the headlights would have pointed pretty high.

We are down to one vehicle now and it sure is a mess. We actually end up driving at least a third more than when we have two. If we both need a car one of us has to take the other one where they want to go then do what we need and go pick the other one up. Guess I'll have to go pickup shopping the next time I'm home.

Hope you are all well and above all happy. I sure wish everybody in the world could be as happy as I am.

It was so good to see all of you at the reunion. What are you going to do next year for Talent Night? I'm really looking forward to seeing you all again.

Well, a lot has happened since the last Love Knot, but it would take far too much space to cover it all. The most important events in my lives has been the birth of my more Grand Daughter and two Grand Sons. Pam has had a rough time since Lyndsey's birth, but seems to be on the mend now.

John has returned from Germany. He was in Utah just long enough to load up his family and belongings, spend 2 nights then head for Louisiana. He stopped in Colorado enroute to see G-ma Whicker. We were all pleased that he got to come back to the States a couple of months sooner than he had expected. It is amazing how much little Brennen had grown in just 6 weeks. John could hardly believe it.

Well, Mom informs me that this is probably getting too long so guess I'll quit for now. Love you all a bunch and feel very honored to be a member of this family. B.O.R.

B.O.R.

August 29, 1991

Dearest Families:

I want to let you know how much it meant to me, and to all of our little family, to be able to see all of you and have a few days to get to know you all again, or in the case of some of you...I could say get to know you for the first time since you became adults! I have come to have a great appreciation and understanding for the environment, attitudes and values created in us by this little society which we call family. I believe that every time we have an experience such as the reunion, our lives are either reshaped or enlarged or both, to some degree. Your lives, your intelligences, your love and caring... they have all been shared with us because we are in this wonderful family unit.

In a much greater sense, we are part of our Heavenly Father's family, here to learn what a family is all about, so that we can contribute with our full potential to His family beyond the veil!

I think we did a terrific job in the way of percentages...if I have my figures anywhere near straight, we had less than 6% missing! With all the divers jobs and residences we have, I feel that was almost unbelievable!



**Rea Mae kissing
grandchild Alison**

It was so nice to have my folks and the Vernon Albers' and Forrest Normans, too. Thanks to every one of you for making our family's lives more pleasant and joyful with your individual contribution!

We love all of you and wish you the very best of what is good until we have the privilege of meeting again!

Love, Rea

Well Family,

How are you all? We're doing pretty good. I got a new job! Now more long road hauls. I'll be working local, straight 7A.M. to 3:30 P.M., Monday through Friday. I'm really going to like it! I just have to finish out my last 2 weeks.

Cody started Jr. High this year. We went to his back to school night with him and found out he has some of my old teachers. He started playing the clarinet this year. This is great! He already had a 7th grade dance and unlike his dad he asked 2 girls to dance slow dances!

Benji is in the 6th grade the oldest in grade school. This year he gets to serve lunch, be hall monitor, play the teachers in a baseball game, and enjoy tormenting all younger students. Benji is also playing soccer and doing fantastic.

Misti is in the 4th grade where all the major reports start. 4th grade county reports, 5th grade State reports, and 6th grade country reports. She'll do great. She's a straight A student. Her leg is healing real well but still no sports till February of '92.

Sarah is in the 2nd grade

and loving it. Her biggest goal, she says, this year is learning how to read faster. She, along with the other 3 kids, is taking piano lessons from G'ma Whicker and enjoying it.

We really enjoyed the family reunion. Thanks to all involved who put it together. It was fantastic. We sure felt G'pa Whicker's spirit in the prayer dad offered at the park. We really enjoyed the talent show. Everyone did excellent! G'ma Whicker, we loved your harmonica. We think you're the best! Thanks so much from the bottom of our hearts for the strong example you and G'pa set for each of us.

We cried through Glenn & girls dance and Chuck's songs, learned a lot with Alber's presentation, laughed with Jo's family rap & Max & Lois's hanging the frames. Loved the family closeness with the dance from the Norman's and enjoyed all the songs & piano playing from the Whickers, Clodfelters, Lindsey's, and died of embarrassment with our rap.

Speaking of our rap, Glenn wanted us to send the words to it and here they are.

Thanks to you all! We love you!

Benj & Family

B. R. laughing with G'ma



Marinne, Sarah, Misti,
Emily is back



DO I HAVE
A CHOICE?

Connie, Cody, Benj,
Benji, Misti, Sarah

We're the Whicker posse
and we got a rap for you,
We hope that you enjoy it
it's the best that we can do.

Lately we've had freedom
and our country on our mind
Cause of all the men and
women who've put life upon the
line.

We're a well traveled
family who agrees that on this
earth,

There's no better place to
live than the country of our
birth!

CHORUS

Ben: Ras Chi Chi Ras
(Breath)

Cody: Whoo Chi Chi Who Who

Misti: Clap/Whistle

Benji: Pits/Whistle

Connie: Pop/Clap

While we speak our minds,
you may think we're full of
humor;

But what we got to shout

about is serious as a tumor!

Freedom and family, both
in such a land

We want to thank you all
who've put freedom in our hand;
The enemies of the allies
didn't have a single prayer

When in World War II they
sent our Uncles Ted and Gale
there.

Ben Richard flew for Uncle
Sam when he was just a teen,

And Teddy's brains and
skills were used to keep the
peace dream.

Joe served in the Navy; he
had his part to do

'Ol Dan was in the Army of
the Red White and Blue.

Jeff did time in the Air
Force, though he learned while
he made bucks,

He had to do it way down
South where skeeters turn to
ducks!

Saddam just ain't as
bright as some, and wanted a
big name;

That didn't sound like
western fun, just a Mid-East
game -

So Glenn and pals took to
the air so we would not waste
time,

'Cause all had friends and
family there and lives were on
the line:

Good people like our Uncle
John who had a baby bakin'

But didn't have to cross
the line because of trucks a
breakin'.

What we had was plenty,
but what made Hussein resign

Was he heard that Fred was
droolin' just to see some
fightin' time!

And now before we end this
thing, we'd like to thank the
others -

For every soldier needs
support from siblings, Dads,
and Mothers.

We know this is a talent
show but they asked us to be in
it:

We had to rap - can't sing
a note; just hope you'll soon
forget it!

August 22, 1991

Dear Family,

I've been getting a lot of "nudging" from my big brother to get this in for the Love Knot! He's the boss! Besides, I want to.

The Lindsey Clan are all doing fine! Dan was layed off from his job about three weeks ago and so he has been out on the job market again...something neither of us were very excited about. We decided that I would look for work also, because I don't have to be as picky as Dan does...since we feel it's time for him to really look and FIND a job to retire from. Anyway, he was offered a raise to go back to his previous position a week ago, so that's where he is again. We don't know that it will last forever...but it is certainly better than being unemployed and he will still be looking for his "big opportunity" on the side. Meanwhile, I have kept looking for work because we feel a real need to get out of debt and into a house. We really feel strongly about being in a house by the time Buddy starts school next year. Who's to say what the future brings, but we would like to be stable enough by then to be able to keep from moving our family to different "homes." So...to make a short story even shorter, I have been hired by a large national CPA Firm in Phoenix. I am their new Executive Tax Secretary! I am real surprised I got the job. I knew I had the skills they were asking for, but not the experience. In my interview they asked me what I knew about CPA firms. I honestly answered, "Absolutely nothing". I went through three hours of interviewing and testing. I walked out of there that day feeling like I had never attended school in my life! So I'm not sure why they hired me...I know they had narrowed it down to me and two others before they hired me. Either the other two candidates were totally unqualified so they felt like they had to hire me, or I impressed them in some other way besides my test results! I don't know, but I do know that I am very grateful for the opportunity! I know I can do the job...I just don't see how they can know that.

CJ is soooooo big! Nobody can believe he's only 4 1/2 months old! He's such a little sweetheart. He ADORES his daddy the very best, and lights up when he sees him. I took Colten to the Cystic Fibrosis Center in Phoenix today, and he is doing just fine! He still isn't absorbing his food very well...but they were glad to see he is still maintaining his weight and not falling out of the growth curve. We weren't surprised since he eats like an elephant! He may not absorb it all (or he'd BE an elephant), but he absorbs enough to keep him from being malnourished. That's why he is constantly starving. In the morning when he wakes up he is so incredibly fussy and whiny...it drives us crazy. But by the time he's gone a whole night without food, he is almost ravenously hungry and until he gets that first couple bites of food...look out! Some people can't function and are bears until they've had their coffee...Colten's like that till he has his food!

Buddy is ready for school, and he still has to wait a year. He wrote his first sentence without any help! Blew my mind. He wrote, "BUDDY LUVS MOMY AN DAD". He sounded out the words himself, quietly in the corner. We couldn't believe it. He's always amazing us that way, you'd think we'd get used to it! He sure is growing up...and cute as a bug too!

We really enjoyed the reunion! Dan was glad to get to meet more of my extended family. It was sure fun. I got some great pictures! I'm sending most of them to whoever is in them. I got a fantastic one of Aunt Lois...I'm sending it to Glenn hoping he will somehow fit it in this edition of the Love Knot. Aunt Lois...you may not like it very much...but I think it's adorable! Still love me, kay?

I want to express gratitude to Aunt Maxine and Uncle Ted for being so giving to my Granny! You've always taken such good care of her and it means so much to me, I just want you to know. Grandma, you looked absolutely beautiful. I've always thought you are such a pretty lady! I'm so glad you were able to be at the reunion, I feel like you are the star of our reunions! I'm sending Glenn a picture or two of you also.

Sure do love you all! I loved seeing you and I really hope it's not another thirteen years until we do that again! Thank you, Aunt Max, for putting it all together! You needn't be the one to have all that responsibility again. There's plenty of us to take over the hard work!

Love Always,

Rachael

Since each family is allotted only a certain amount of space, I will only write a few lines to compensate for my wife's SHORT NOVEL!

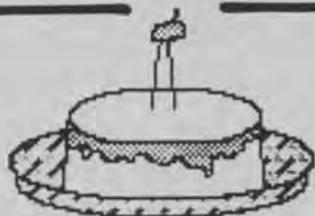
I just wanted to thank everyone for accepting me so quickly and unconditionally. It has been very nice to feel like one of the family from the very start. It is very rare to find such a wonderful wife and children but even more of a rarity to have such a wonderful extended family. Thanks again.

Dan

HOW DID I
END UP HERE?



Nathan, Alison, Jamie, Tara
Camille, Glenn watching the raquet



ANNIVERSARIES and BIRTHDAYS

SEPTEMBER

- 13 Andrea NORMAN 1959
18 Emma HASKINS 1973
25 Ron JOHNSON 1957
26 Keith HASKINS 1979
28 Gale & Lois NORMAN 1944

OCTOBER

- 07 John & Katrina WHICKER 1988
13 Jennifer WHICKER 1983
15 Margaret DUZIK 1947
16 Ted A. ALBERS 1921
21 Lynda WHICKER 1959
24 Pamela WHICKER 1951
26 Rachael WHICKER 1981
28 Jessica NORMAN 1983

NOVEMBER

- 01 David SHAFFER 1968
06 Mike & Marg DUZIK 1965
07 Cody WHICKER 1978
09 JeLyn WHICKER 1986
11 Lois NORMAN 1925
15 Forrest CLODFELTER 1912
17 Christopher WHICKER 1984
20 Mikelle CLOWARD 1976
22 Ryanne WHICKER 1974
23 John Joseph WHICKER 1990
26 Gale NORMAN 1922
29 Benjamin A. WHICKER 1898

DECEMBER

- 06 Rea Mae WHICKER 1934
11 Curtis CLOWARD 1952
12 Spencer WHICKER 1982
19 F. Solomon WHICKER 1983
27 Ben & Rea WHICKER 1951
27 Joe & Marie SHAFFER 1966
27 Joe SHAFFER 1948
29 Rich & Andrea NORMAN 1981



Sarah, Alison & Shannon



NEWLY ARRIVED:

- Colby Jake Lindsey was born to Dan and Rachael Lindsey on 9 April 1991. He's a real corker! His brothers (and parents) love him to death.

- Lyndsey Whicker was born to Glenn and Pam on Easter Sunday, March 31, 1991. She was blessed on the same day as her older sister, JamiAnn, was baptized: 20 April 1991.

- Brennen John Whicker was born to John and Katrina on 2 July 1991 weighing over 8#! CONGRATULATIONS!!



Frank, Charlotte & Shaune
behind their padres,
Mike and Margaret



Ryanne, Benj, Rea, B. R.,
Glenn, G' ma, Jo



T.L. TRYING to beat Judy at pong



G' ma at G' pa's grave



The ENTIRE B.R. Whicker Clan w/G'na

Hi Everyone!

We had a great summer as a family this year. Hated to see it end but at the same time it is exciting to have the kids back in school and learning again. All three of ours who are in school have terrific teachers this year plus an incentive system to keep them trying their best. There seems to be something about a structured learning environment that just seems to help make them more happy children.

It was so good to have the opportunity of seeing everyone this summer. We had a very enjoyable experience and hope it can be repeated a little more often than it has in the past. Incidentally, just to help lay the discussion to rest, the last family reunion we had was 10 years ago in June of 1981. The reason I know that is because Lynda and I were on our honeymoon at the time and we graciously declined the offer to come join the fun in Craig! Perhaps it wasn't as well attended as this one, I don't know since I wasn't there, but it was a family

reunion with an awful lot of the relatives present. Even though 10 years ago is a little more recent than some of us were thinking, it still is a shame that it took us that long to get together again!

I'm still loving my job at JB's Restaurants. It's not a great place to eat but the IS (Information Systems) department is a great place to work. We just hired a new IS Director who is very sharp and is determined to get us all sorts of new hardware and software products to keep us on the very cutting edge of the technology! He has an uphill battle to fight with management because they hate to spend money on improvements that don't show an immediate benefit, but I think he will eventually show them that it pays to keep up with the times in this fast moving world.

We hope all of you are well and happy! Thanks for the fun time this summer; we'll always cherish the memory.

Sincerely,

Jeff & Lynda & kids

Dear Famby; 22 Sep 91

We're just getting settled again here in New Llano, LA. We're buying a 3 bedroom house with 1 1/2 baths and a fairly large mortgage.

We just recently got back together as a family again after a 5 1/2 month separation followed immediately by another 6 week separation! Hopefully, that'll be it for the separations, but we're not counting our chickens yet, with the latest Saddam/Bush conflict. My new unit (5th Infantry Division), is one of the units on alert ready to go back there.

Brennen John Whicker was born July 2nd! John was able to be there for the delivery before going back to Germany for 6 weeks. He was 8 lbs. 2 oz. and 20 1/2" long. He's getting so big and strong, and outgrowing alot of his clothes already. He has a very pleasant personality and we sure love him!

We moved last month here to Louisiana - John came from Frankfurt to Salt Lake City to pick me and Brennen up, then we drove to Ft. Polk via Grand Jct. and Dallas. We enjoyed the visit with G'ma and Rea Jo, Larry and kids. Sorry we missed you, Aunt Maxine and Uncle Ted.

Its great to be in our own place after living for 3 weeks in hotels/motels. We've been in our house for a week, and are still unpacking boxes. (Our current address is found elsewhere in this newsletter.)

Life in Louisiana is different! Some of our friends couldn't believe we had never seen a cockroach before, besides the cartoons on Raid commercials! I don't think I'll ever get used to them. Sometimes its difficult to understand the southern accent here; they all sound like Jed Clampett. We're truly having fun! Love, John, Katrina & Brennen
P.S. ARE YA'LL HAVIN' FUN YET?

Dear LoveKnotters: May 1, 1991

Well, I bet that I would never write, but I have!

Things in the Army are going good. Everything here is a head game. In the States, that is; from what I hear, overseas things are different. I start a driving job for the ROTC program May 22, and I hope to learn from it. I work in a Motorpool right now. I am 3rd shop mechanic - not an organizational mechanic like I was in the Reserves. I am learning things every day that I didn't in the Reserves. The Army is making me deal with people. My new roommate is black. Doug is really cool. I'm glad to have him as a roomy!

Everyone thinks I'm weird here. I thought that it was normal to wear cowboy boots with shorts - bright blue, Hawaiian shorts! I do not understand why they think I'm weird ... boots are comfortable just the same with shorts as anything else ... so why not?

My attitude is improving daily.

By the way, Benj, I want to go to the Westerner Club to learn how to dance. I want to learn how to Texas Two-Step and do the Western Swing and all that, O.K.?

Days later:

I found out today that I'm going to be out in the field a lot, for that ROTC thing, working with cadets.

By now I'm sure you all know that I can't make it for the family reunion. Too many people in the Company are on leave in June.

So, what's everybody up to? If ya'll are ever in Kentucky near Ft. Knox, drop on by! This Fort and the whole state is boring. Worst of all is NO MOUNTAINS! What are things coming to - no mountains to chill in! Something's wrong with that!

Later, FRED



This is a BEAUTIFUL photo in color
Rhonda, Maxine, Ted, Judy, Teddy, Don, G'ma W., and Shannon

Glenn dancing w/daughter Taralyn



LOVE YOU, GRANDMA!



Richard & Andrea,
Heather, Jessica
little Cody, and G'ma



The ENTIRE Norman Clan with G'ma!

Dear Family; 24 Sep 1991
Just a month late with this issue! We sure enjoyed the reunion - thanks to Aunt Maxine and Uncle Ted for all their work at putting it together. It went so smoothly, and it was SO nice to see all of you again. For me, it had been over 10 years since I'd seen any of the Normans. Funny thing is - you all still look the same!

Life's crazy-busy around here as usual. I've been going on a trip with the Soviets about every week. That's alot of fun, but it gets old to be on the road so much. Have had some real nice talks with many of the crewmembers about their feelings toward the changes in their country. Every one of them is happy to see what's happening - almost all like Yeltsin better than Gorbachev. Most have resigned their Communist Party membership, and they speak about inner religious feelings that they've had to suppress for so long. They're very good people. Its nice to see them get some more of the freedoms that we take so much for granted.

Pam is still struggling with her recovery from the c-section. By the time you receive this, it will have been 6 full months since the operation, and she still has a 2" open wound. We've given up on doctors, and are just caring for it at home - except when it gets infected, then we go back to the Dr. She's holding up well, but very anxious to see the end of the line. They've done immune testing on her, but haven't found anything out of order. Don't know what to do anymore, but pray and fast.

The girls are enjoying school tremendously. Cami is playing the violin; Tara the flute. Jamie is in Brownie's, and thinks its great to have something special that's just her

own. Alison, in 1st grade, can read very well, even hard words from the scriptures! Right now, Camille has Fifth's Disease, which I guess is a rather new childhood malady. At least I hadn't heard of it til just a couple of years ago. Its a virus that causes fatigue and a rash all over the body. But, we consider ourselves lucky - we didn't have any sickness (other than Pam's) all summer! Baby Lyndsey continues to keep us all in stitches most of the time. She came at a great time for the older girls to learn something about motherhood!

We love you all. Thanks for your love in return - we felt it at the reunion. Let's get together again before next century, eh? *Glenn + Pam*

NEWSBITS:

- Last Love Knot was mistakenly dated March 1990. Please pencil in a '1' where the '0' is! My computer made that mistake! :)
- Rea Jo married Larry Richie on 14 September 1991 in Grapevine, Texas. CONGRATULATIONS!
- Glenn was selected for promotion to Major, effective summer 1992.



Larry & Rea Richie & kids
673 Heatherwood
write to: P.O. Box 2043
Grapevine, TX 76051
817-481-4079

John & Katrina Whicker
415 Ash St.
New Llano, LA 71461
318-238-5865

New phone for Benj & Con:
801-546-1049

FIRST CLASS MAIL

**Glenn R. Whicker
13462 Photo Dr.
Dale City, VA 22193
(703)730-0454**



**Tourist in awe at
our family size!
(actually Lois,
caught by Rachael)**



**Tara, Cami, Alison,
Jamie with G'ma W**

the
WHICKERsnapper!



Volumes of Fun!

"a 'Forever Family' paper"

January 1992

We didn't get any news out for the Christmas season, for which we apologize deeply. So many of you sent your holiday greetings, and it was really hard for us to think you might be thinking we'd forgotten ya'll. We hadn't - so here's the newsletter we've been trying to put together for over a month now! Thank you all for being more timely than than us! We LOVED hearing from you! We wish you all the best in 1992. Our memories of 1991 will be forever special to us: our wonderful friends in England; the move back to the States; the birth of Lyndsey; Pam's ordeal in healing from the Caesarean-section; Glenn's many trips around the world with the (former) Soviets; the abolition of the USSR. Its been so fast-paced that we're hardly sure where the year went!

Right now we're finishing the basement in our house, so we'll have plenty of room for anyone who wants to come see the Capital of our Nation. (With two fold-out sofas, you won't even have to use the floor! Pam's a great cook, so we might even feed ya too.)

HAVE A
HAPPY NEW
YEAR 92

Baby Lyndsey is a great blessing to us. She's been a sort of guinea pig for the older girls to learn on - how to be mothers! At nine months, she's standing well on her own, and trying her best to form words. A very happy little gal!



(counterclockwise)
Glenn, holding Lyndsey, (6 months);
Pam; Alison, (6); JamiAnn, (8);
Taralyn, (11); Camille, (11)
24 August 1991

TRAVELIN' MAN

Glenn had the chance to make three trips to the Soviet Union while it still was the Soviet Union this year. The first, in March, was to Moscow, and was such a quick turn-around that not much was seen. The second trip to Moscow, in November, was much more eventful. He saw the refuse from the barricades around the Russian "White House," where Boris Yeltsin had made his fame during the August coup attempt. Below is a photo of him standing in front of Gary Powers' U-2 wreckage, which can still be found inside the National Military Museum. Probably the first U-2 pilot to ever see the wreckage since Gary himself! That was a real highlight.

The third trip was in December to Khavarobsk (the 'k' is silent). He got stuck there for awhile, due to the severe fuel

shortage they're undergoing, but was thankfully able to get out due to Evergreen Airlines - they allowed him and his buddy to 'jumpseat' to safety, all the way back to New York. Thank you, Evergreen!

Now that we have 12 countries to deal with instead of one, Glenn hopes to be able to get an attache slot to one of the new states. It could perhaps happen pretty quickly, depending on how sincere President Bush was in saying that he would "move quickly" to establish full diplomatic relations with six of those republics.

From 6 January to 12 February 1992, Glenn will be away from home getting checked out in the C-21 Learjet. He's very excited about flying again, after exactly one year's abstinence. (Flying as an escort is **not** the same as being in control!) He was also selected for promotion to Major.



RECOVERY AT LAST!

Some of you may not have been fully aware of Pam's extreme difficulty recovering from the delivery of Lyndsey. The birth took place on 31 March 1991 (Easter Day). Her incision kept on getting infected, which caused

at least four 'debrisments,' cutting away of the bad tissue. At one point she was in the intensive care unit being treated for toxic shock. That was pretty scary stuff! The Doctors said they had never seen such a case of difficulty healing - the wound did not close entirely until 30



November - exactly 8 months after the birth! She fought infections for that entire time, and was not out of danger until it sealed, though she began to feel much better beginning the first of October.

Needless to say, we're all feeling very blessed to have our mother/wife around, and in good health finally! We've had **so much** help along the way, from family members (both of our mothers and Pam's sister came to spend time helping out); from a wonderful new ward who hardly knew us, yet brought in weeks worth of food, babysitting and prayers; and of course, from the Lord.

Otherwise, Pam is anxiously looking forward to her own sewing area in the basement, where, for the first time in her life, she can have a small area dedicated to the seamstress in her! She plans a 10 day visit to Utah in March, alone with just the baby.

"growing...Growing...GROAN!!

Having five daughters around makes for an interesting life. The older 4 are into hair, combs, brushes, curlers, hair spray,

bows, etc. right now. They had their first 'perms' this fall (see photo below), and thought themselves queens.

Camille and Taralyn are now in Middle School (what we used to call Junior High), and really enjoying it. They're doing very well, too. Camille has taken up the violin, and continues to practice her piano on the side. Taralyn likes the flute, and has already caught up with 2nd year students because of her interest and frequent practicing. JamiAnn started piano lessons, and enjoys it. But her favorite thing to call her very own is her membership in **Brownies**. She doesn't have to compete with her older sisters, since they're not members! Alison excels in her reading, as has JamiAnn. In first grade, she already reads the scriptures much better than many adults I know! And she's always the cheerful, smiling one around here. Pure joy. A few weeks back she was going around the house singing, "I love it, I love it, I **love** it!" When asked what she loved, she promptly replied,

LIFE!!

Very characteristic!!

Glenn R. Whicker
13462 Photo Dr.
Dale City, VA 22193
(703)730-0454

FIRST CLASS MAIL

4





Vol. VII, No. 1

"a tie that binds"

January 1992

GOING TO THE DOCTOR

How often have we referred to God, our Father, as the Great Physician? We are generally thinking of one who heals our bodies.

God will not look you over for medals, degrees, or diplomas, but for scars. In order to acquire scars we have to be healed. In order to be healed we must have had a wound, like an incision. Yes, a Great Physician heals, but a Great Physician also performs surgery!

It is when God is performing His surgery on us that we cry out. "I don't need this surgery. I'm really not that sick." But our Great Physician needs no second opinion. He gently lowers us on the operating table called: "Life," and reaches for His instrument—a friend, parent, spouse, or child perhaps. Then, according to His surgery schedule, He performs the needed procedure.

We cry, "But, Lord, I think so and so should have this operation." He proceeds without a word. "But, Lord, could I please have an anesthetic? It is so painful. I don't think I can bear it by myself." He answers, "Peace I give you. Not as the world gives but only as I can give you. My grace is sufficient for you. I have given you the Great Comforter. Remember my promise - it will never be more than you can bear." Oh, what blessed anesthetic!

Beloved child of God, what surgery is God Performing in your life? Is it a possession-ectomy, a spouse-ectomy, a health-ectomy? What is He removing from your life to make you see Him as your only need? Whatever it may be, claim His promises. Endure the pain of healing. Accept your crown of reward when God can exclaim, "My child, what lovely scars you have!"

FROM GRANDMA CLODFELTER



HEROES

All right, I've been mulling over this long enough. The problem isn't thinking of someone I look up to, but deciding which one to write about. Being one of the younger kids in our family has allowed me to watch my older brothers as I grow up. And I have seen alot of great things in all of them, not to mention sisters, aunts, uncles, cousins and grandparents. But for this letter, I'm going to talk about my brothers. I remember always feeling loved by my big brothers. One thing that has always stuck in my mind is the way they would sing to me at bedtime. I remember asking them to sing to me quite a few times. Once at Grandma W's at Christmas, laying in the hide-a-bed, (this memory is a strong one), I think all four older brothers tucked us in and sang the requests of Rachael and I, laughing when they were off tune or forgot the words. I felt so loved and included. I knew I was a part of something great. I knew I was loved by all my older siblings; they did a wonderful job of expressing that. Rea Jo used to sing to me too, and send me cards from college, or wherever she went after she left.

I looked up to Glenn when he went on his mission, and couldn't wait to do that. He was always so nice to everybody, and I liked that about him. I wanted to be strong like Chuck, and ply with children like him. He's always

understood kids. I looked up to the way Benj was nice to everyone, and tried to make everyone confident. I think he sees potential in everyone; he sees the real person, the child of God. I remember looking up to Jeff for the hard worker he was. He kept the lawn and yard up at home, worked hard at his full-time job. I wanted to have muscles like his and work hard. He seemed like the scholar too. I remember seeing pretty complicated books and computations in his room. He was always studying or working, but still included me in on outings with his friends.

I wish I would've been a better example to my younger brother and sister (and Rache). It seems like I picked more fights with them than anything, although in my latter teens, I have alot of good-time memories about all of them.

I looked up to all my brothers and sisters, for many different reasons. But one reason is common: they all made me feel loved and showed love to others. As I saw this, I knew it was right, and that is the thing I looked up to the most.

M. John Whicker



HERE'S REA MAE'S HERO EARNING A LIVING IN THE COCKPIT: BEN RICHARD

Dear Love Knots:

I don't have time for fancy words or thoughts, because I have procrastinated too long! But it doesn't take long for me to choose who one of my heroes is...although I have a lot of them!

This hero is my favorite hero. He is my husband, but more than that, he is my best friend, and my knight with a shining heart. He honors me by honoring the Lord in every word he speaks and every deed he does. He not only gives me complete independence whenever I want it, but he supports me in every goal and desire. Should I stumble or err, which is often, he lovingly and cheerfully "catches" me. There is no guile in him, a quality SO rare. He does not criticize anyone for anything.....(unless they honk their horn or neglect to put on their seat belts!) His heart is especially softened by those who are bound by the chains of sin, and he longs to be of any assistance possible to those individuals.

His language is pure, a characteristic almost extinct among men.

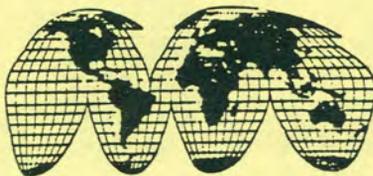
This is not a description of the man I married, although he was a good man then, too. The hero I live with now was born as the result of one basic ingredient: He prays sincerely and studies daily to truly know the Lord, and his commit-

ment is absolute to do whatever the Lord wants him to do whenever he wants him to do it and wherever he wants him to do it, regardless of the sacrifice, inconvenience or cost. We all must come face to face with that kind of commitment sometime in our lives, I believe. I am so grateful for my hero friend husband!

Love, Rea Mae



SOME OF JOHN'S HEROES, WHILE THEY YET SANG TOGETHER!



He's great with a riddle,
Gives priceless advice;
Done well with his money -
Can sniff a good price.

He's fun to converse with,
He's quick in the head.
Knows more 'bout this world
Than he's ever said.

I've kept him in mind
As I've developed and grown;
He's been an example
I'm glad to have known.

But one thing's been lackin'
For years end-on-end:
Can't remember that joke
'Bout how much to spend:

"If a dog and a dollar
Could be bought for a dime,
How much would it take
To make it a rhyme?"

Wait, let me see,
Is that how it goes?
I've heard it for years -
You'd think I'd still knows.

Maybe its more like this:

"If you added a dime
To a crisp and clean dollar,
Would it be quite enough
To make your dog foller?"



A GRANDCHILD'S BEST FRIEND

Grandpa "Collar-Feller"



Cant'think now for sure -
I know I'll remember.
Just give me a chance
Ta return from my slumber . . .

"How many thin dimes
Are found in a dollar?
I surely don't know -
Go ask that dog in a collar!"

Now, that's more like it:
I knew it'd come back.
But something's not quite right,
It's just a bit off-track.

"If a dog and a collar
Cost a dime and a dollar,
And the dog cost a dollar,
 more than the collar,
How much did the collar cost?"

I think that's got it,
But can't tell quite for sure
'Cause as often as he told it
I never learned the answer!"



A FAMILY OF HEROES: FORREST,
EDYTHE MAE & REA MAE

Dear Family,

Katrina and I are doing great. Brennen is just about to crawl; he goes backwards right now! He is constantly smiling and laughing! He and John can go on laughing non-stop! Everyone we meet loves Brennen. The Elders go crazy over him and call him, "little twerp." He's not a twerp, yet. Things are going great for this family.

John has been called as the Sunday School Secretary, and I've been called to teach the 12/13 year olds. We're enjoying our callings. We have the Elders over alot and really have a good time with them.

John has started Russian language classes again. He is really enjoying himself once again! He's going to be taking the Defense Language Aptitude Test again soon.

Louisiana is a very interesting state! We're getting used to the accent. We are so happy to be together as a family once again, and anxiously awaiting the day we get to return to Utah for good!

Hope everyone's holiday season was wonderful!

Love, John,

Katrina and Brennen

ROSES IS RED AND TEXAS SKY'S BLUE
WE CLOWARDS & RICHEY'S ARE WRITING TO YOU
AND, FEARFUL YOU DIDN'T APPRECIATE LAST SUMMER'S RAP,
I VOW NOT TO STOP THIS 'TIL I HEAR SOMEONE CLAP!
WE ALL ARE HAPPY THOUGH THE LAND BE AFLOOD,
AND OUR FAVORITE BIKE TRAILS AWASH IN THE MUD.
LARRY'S DAUGHTER, RENEE, HAS MOVED TO OUR HOME
WITH HER DOG AND HER CAT, WHO WE HOPE WILL NOT ROAM.
WE GOT A PIANO AT LONG-AWAITED LAST,
SO NOW EM'SPAYING OFF-KEY (ON PURPOSE!) CAN GET TO KEL FAST.
OUR NEW YEAR'S EVE WITH 9 CHILDREN WAS SPENT
PLAYING TABOO & GUESSTURES - HOW THE ENERGY WENT!
TO UTAH I'VE FLOWN 3 MONTHS IN A ROW,
WORKING, & SHEDDING A TEAR WHEN I GO;
BUT TEXAS IS RIGHT WHERE WE ALL WANT TO BE
AND WE HOPE YOU'LL COME SEE US. LOVE, REA RICHEY.
(& LARRY, R, K, M, E, N & J)
S.W.A.K. TIMES 63

First of all, both of my parents. When I think of my childhood, I feel a warm glow & memories that tug at my heart. Love was in our home - our parents loved us, we loved them, & we loved each other. As we have grown older that feeling has always been there. I think we all worked hard; we were taught the value & satisfaction of work. We were taught cooperation, respect for others & so many things that were taught not so much by lecture, but by practice-a way of life. So the greatest influence were my parents, & included in this circle of caring were my 3 grandparents I was privileged to know.

Many of our church people when I was younger made a great impression on me - Ruth Dunn (dear friend still), Mrs. Hazel Morris, Mrs. Thorpe & others too.

In these later years, one other person has emerged as a "great", an example of Christian service. She is very quiet & never seeks the spotlight - never performs or speaks to a large group, but she is so willing to do the jobs that require labor. She works in the ladies group, always doing her share & more. She is either up to her elbows in dishwater, fixing & serving the punch at all our fellowships (& always last to eat), cooking, baking and serving for sales, taking into her home people who are needing a place to stay overnight or even weeks & months, being generous with her smiles, hugs & words of encouragement as well as her money, and transporting those without transportation both within & without the church. Though her children & grands are grown, she supports with her attendance & help the young people's & children's programs. Her name is Gladys Murphy, a native of Moffat County. I salute all the ones mentioned above and am thankful for their good examples to me and many others.

Lois Norman

Dear Family,

"It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas, everywhere you go..." We plan to be with mother this year. Max and Ted have generously offered their home for us to use, so we will bring mother there for a few days. I think it will be great! and we're looking forward to it. Bethesda Care Center is having a Christmas party for families of the residents tonight, and we decided that we would run down for that. I don't think that mother knows we are coming.

We had our family with us for Thanksgiving (all 22 of us) and really had a wonderful day. Everyone brought part of the meal (as it turned out, it was about 3 meals), so it was relatively easy for everyone. We are so thankful that we have a place large enough to accommodate the whole gang. We even had time for games - one game that we really all got involved in was Scatter-gories. My brain has a way of switching off just when I need it, but it is a lot of fun & laughs. The younger kids enjoyed playing out in the snow and made us a pretty elegant snowman. Since we have had some thawing days, he has shriveled to an icy lump.

We hope that all of you have a great Christmas, and God's richest blessings in the new year!

We love you all,
Gale & Lois

Regarding the picture in the last Love Knot, Rachel, WHAT was I doing - singing maybe???



THE WORLD'S MOST IMPORTANT HERO:
OUR SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST.

Hi Love Knotters: 12-10-91
Anchorage, Alaska

I have been rather apprehensive about this assignment, as I couldn't figure a way to choose one hero in my life. I hope my solution will be acceptable and that I will be able to communicate my thoughts successfully.

Many people have influenced my life greatly. You will find that you know most of them, if not all, quite well, as they are mostly from our extended family.

As Patience was one of my weakest gifts, early in my life I always looked up to my Dad and his Dad, Ben A. and Harlan Whicker. It seemed to me that they both had the patience of Job. the gift of Generosity is ingrained inmost of us in this family, but I particularly think of Beulah Whicker, Floyd King, who was a big her of mine, and of course, Max and Ted Albers. They were, and are, always giving of themselves to care for others. The gift of Stability, always being there as steady as a rock, brings to mind Lois, Gale, their whole family, and G'pa and G'ma Clodfelter with unwavering Loyalty to all. When I think of Cheerfulness, I always think of Uncle John King, who was in pain every moment his whole life, and Uncle Glenn and Ralph when I saw them during their last days in mortality. Then we have those who seek after the gift of Knowledge, which brings to mind the whole Albers clan in particular. One of the greatest gifts that this family possesses in abundance is the ability to Forgive. We all need to remember that Forgiveness is a first and necessary step in repentance. Once again, our extended family is tops along this line, but for me, I have to put my dear wife and our children at the top of this list. It has been wonderful, and a lot of fun to have her as a

companion and help-meet for the last 40 years.

Now we come t the greatest gift of all: Charity, "the pure love of Christ" toward all mankind. We all know the importance of this virtue, and I'm sure we are all progressing toward perfection in Love along this line. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal . . ." Note the complete 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians.

I'm sure you have noticed by now that I haven't mentioned everybody by name in this epistle. I hope no one will take offense. As I said, all of us have many of these qualities. I'm going to list these qualities, or gifts, previously mentioned and underlined: PATIENCE, GENEROSITY, LOYALTY, CHEERFULNESS, KNOWLEDGE, FORGIVENESS, CHARITY (LOVE). Now - who do we know who has all these qualities, in abundance, to perfection? Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ! Isn't it amazing: if you take the best attributes of everyone in this extended family, and put them into one person, you would have a person with all the qualities of the Savior, who was and is, perfect. All men have some of the light of Christ within them. He commanded us to follow and be like Him, to become perfect, even as our (His) Father in Heaven is perfect. (See Matthew 5:48; 3 Nephi 12:48)

I think its great to belong to a family so blessed with Christlike examples that we can observe, first-hand, daily. I for one wouldn't trade places with anyone I've ever known, or known of, in this world throughout its history. I'm grateful to be me, on earth at this time, and to be a member of this eternal family. I love you all, eternally..

-- BoR

December 12, 1991

Dear Family,

This is a dreary day in Grand Junction. The sun hasn't shown all day but so far no snow.

We're supposed to write about someone who has been a great influence in our lives. I am thinking about my double cousin, Hattie Hyder. Her Father was my Mother's brother and her Mother was my Father's sister, thus we are double cousins. We grew up together and she is two years older than I. (I think that is correct - it might be only one year). Her birthday is April 11 and mine is April 13.

Hattie was always so capable and was always around to help. She was a great comfort and so supportive when Ben and I lost our baby Nellie Lavon. She has always been there when anyone in the family faced a crisis. She was someone I could and did confide in. She had high moral standards and I looked up to her. She was a great example for me and I'm sure she was for all our families. She is the last one left of her immediate family and I am the last one left in mine.

I got to spend a couple days with Maxine and Ted during Thanksgiving. Teddy and Judy were there too so we had a nice visit and lots of good food. I feel Maxine and Ted have had so much responsibility looking after me, I think they need a vacation away from me. So, I am glad they are going to Colorado Springs for Christmas and Lois and Gale plan to come down here while they are gone. I guess I will spend the time with them at Maxine's. She says she has my room all ready for me.

Ben Richard calls me every Sunday when he is at home and he has called me from Alaska and Honolulu. I am very fortunate to have three caring children.

I have been thinking about Ben so much lately. In some ways it seems like he has been gone longer than a year and in other ways it doesn't seem very long at all. I'm looking forward to the time I can see him again and be with him.

I hope we will all remember that we're celebrating Christ's birthday on Christmas Day and I hope that the spirit of peace and goodwill toward mankind will stay with each one throughout the New Year!

Love Always,

Bulah - Grandma

December 14, 1991

Dear Family,

I'll try to get this off today for sure. Seems this time of the year our schedules get even more hectic, but I really think I'm ahead of schedule and will be able to relax for a while before Christmas. Ted and I plan to drive to Colorado Springs on a nice day prior to Christmas and come back sometime after that when the weather is nice. So for the first time in our lives, I think, we won't have deadlines we think we have to meet!

Ted is feeling quite well most of the time and Mother is doing really well. She keeps doing her exercises and walks a little by herself every day. Ted continues to observe his rigid diet and I just keep doing everything I can to facilitate their needs and keep them on track!

Many people have influenced my life a lot. Of course, my parents were the greatest guide during my most formative years, but I think my husband has been the greatest influence for many years. He has always been supportive and years before the women's movement began he used to worry about the fact that women were paid much less than their male counterparts. I guess I had always just taken it for granted that that was the way it was and there wasn't anything I could do about it. When he worked at the CEA all the departments except one were headed by men. The lady was being paid several thousand dollars less than the others, including Ted. He went to bat for her and with the help of another young fellow who agreed with him, they got her salary up to where it should have been. As a result she received a much better retirement than she otherwise would have had.

Of course, I have known Ted ever since I was three years old so over the years I have admired, respected and finally loved him dearly. I hope he doesn't get a big head when he reads this! All of my families have been good influences on my life. Outsiders never influenced me much. I always knew somehow that my family had my welfare in their hearts and my peers did not over the long run.

I must run now - we're putting together a stand that rotates to put Mother's new T-V on. We got her some headphones and had

her T-V retrofitted so she can plug them in and listen without bothering her roommate. We're going to surprise her this afternoon. I can hardly wait!

May the Spirit of Christmas remain with each of you during 1992.

Love you dearly,

Mafine



Hi Everybody!

We hope all of you had a wonderful Christmas! Ours was great. Lynda and I went to JB's Company Christmas party and won a 13 inch color TV with remote. Next year we hope to win the remote VCR! :)

I'm still LOVING my new job. I have nightmares almost every night about Thiokol. Yukk! Lynda is still running a Daycare operation at home. Also Yukk, but I sure appreciate her willingness to do it!

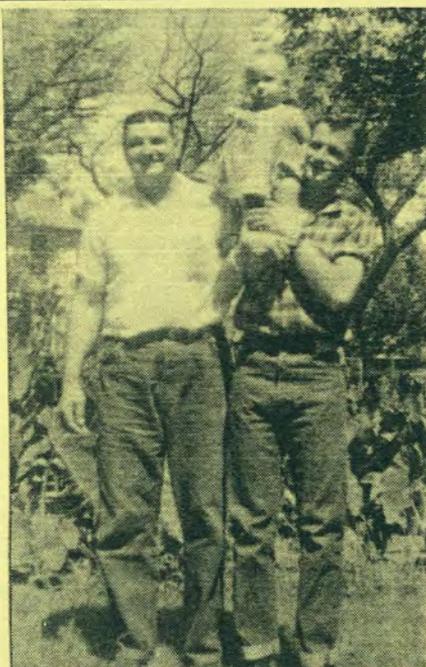
Alaina is getting braces, Jenni is getting smart, Christopher is getting tough, and JeLyn is getting spoiled. Not my fault. None of it.

Sorry I'm so terrible about writing decent letters. I do enjoy reading all of your letters and I thank Glenn for his efforts at this.

Happy New Year to each of you!

Love,

Jeff



TWO OF BEN R'S HEROES: UNCLE FLOYD KING & HIS OWN DAUGHTER RJ

Corrections:

PLEASE MAKE THE FOLLOWING CHANGES TO THE LAST ISSUE:

Forrest Clodfelter's birth: 1911
Joe & Marie's anniversary: 1967
Rich & Andi's anniversary: 1979
Larry & Rea's last name: Richey

TO WRAP UP THE RAP:

after, "We want to thank you all who've put freedom in our hand:," please add:

WWI was ended when they heard that he was comin'

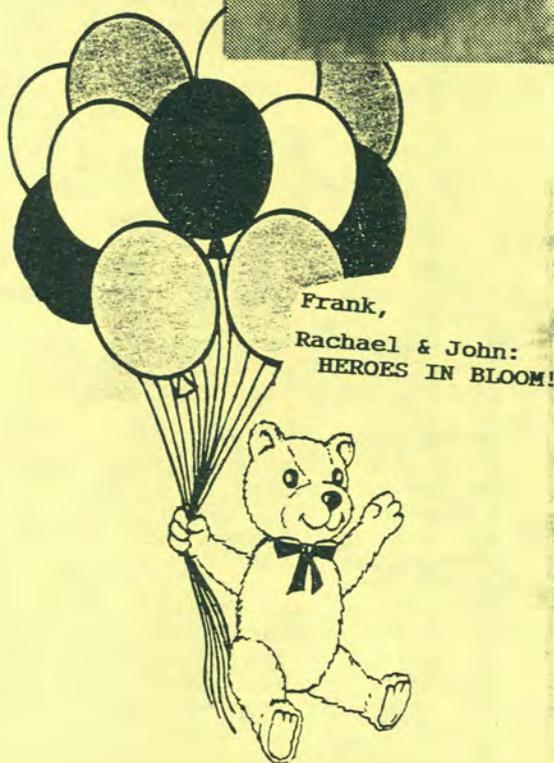
WHO?

Benjamin A. was on his way, so the bad guys started runnin'!

So sorry for all the mistakes -
Please do keep me honest!



(Intended for last) Sept. 28, 1991



Our Dear Family,

I may be too late with our contribution to Love Knot. This has been a busy, fleeting summer.

We, and all our families, thoroughly enjoyed the family reunion. It was such a good place for all the "kids", old and young, with so much to do.

One of the highlights was the Talent Show. How fabulous it was that such a large percentage participated and each group did a great job! Where else could you find such a large group of people that were such good sports as to be willing to participate. I don't know if I could say what I enjoyed most, but at the top of the list I'd have to put Mother's harmonica playing. I not only could see and hear her playing the songs she chose for her performance, but also could visualize her and Daddy playing together in years gone by. It was a super treat. But so were all the rest - and what a variety of talent!

We certainly appreciate the effort it took for some to get there, and wish it had been possible for everyone to make it. Everyone seemed to delight in everyone else's company, and isn't that a blessing?

With Our Love,
Gale and Lois



BEN R. SURROUNDED BY GREATNESS,
SISTERS MAXINE & LOIS



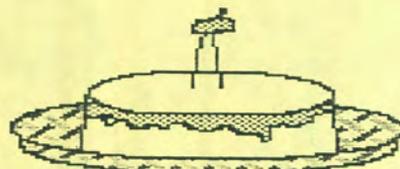
GRANDPARENTS WHICKER WITH THEIR CHILDREN AND SPOUSES
AT LOIS & GALE'S 25th ANNIVERSARY

Since I am blessed with so many really great people in my family & among my friends I couldn't choose one as the greatest. I thought about their shared outstanding qualities & came up with a list of them. The greater of the great truly put God first in their lives & give Him control. They weren't born with all the good qualities they possess & attribute them as a gift from God. This gives me the hope that some day I might be able to show some of these qualities myself.

They put others before themselves and are unselfish. They share generously and without question all they have - whether rich or poor. They have a willingness to slave (that's the word I want because there is no pay for all the hard hours of work they put in) for others. They are considerate of others, trying to understand them without being judgmental, always patient & kind. They are basically happy even through hard times, showing a good sense of humor when others would show anger or disgust. They encourage & uplift others. They have self-control & are faithful in all things. Perhaps the most important quality & one so hard to have in our world - a pure heart is theirs.

News from our family lightly touched on... (hopefully lightly enough)... This fall Joe & I went on a trip to OR where his bro. Tom & Karen took us sightseeing in WA & also took us sailing. We went thru Glacier Park, down to Helena to see his bro. Bob & family. Then we went to NE & Denver to see our kids. Dave & Shan went to Los Angeles area for their 1st anniversary. Daniel completes 2 yrs. of Bible college this Dec.

Love you, Marie, Joe + kids



ANNIVERSARIES and BIRTHDAYS

JANUARY

| | |
|----|-------------------------|
| 01 | Christian Anderson 1987 |
| 09 | Alison Whicker 1985 |
| 15 | Ruth & Dan Haskins 1972 |
| 25 | Rhonda Davidson 1955 |
| 25 | Dan Lindsey |
| 29 | Ben R. Whicker 1933 |

FEBRUARY

| | |
|----|----------------------|
| 10 | Richard Norman 1956 |
| 15 | Katrina Whicker |
| 18 | Fred S. Whicker 1969 |
| 21 | Misti Whicker 1982 |
| 27 | Don & Rhonda 1982 |

MARCH

| | |
|----|---------------------------|
| 08 | Heather Norman 1981 |
| 09 | Jeff Whicker 1959 |
| 10 | T.L. Albers 1944 |
| 10 | Colten Anderson 1988 |
| 13 | Marinne Cloward 1978 |
| 15 | Glenn & Pam Whicker 1978 |
| 17 | Sarah Whicker 1984 |
| 18 | Ruth Haskins 1953 |
| 25 | Edythe M. Clodfelter 1915 |

APRIL

| | |
|----|---------------------------|
| 04 | Ted & Maxine Albers 1943 |
| 12 | JamiAnn Whicker 1983 |
| 13 | Beulah Whicker 1903 |
| 13 | Don Davidson 1957 |
| 30 | Ben & Beulah Whicker 1921 |

Dear Family:

4 Jan 92

HAPPY NEW YEAR!! We started the New Year right, with a fire in our Family Room: the guys who are finishing our basement for us laid a hot, illuminated light bulb in the unfinished ceiling for about an hour to get it out of the way while they put sheetrock mud around the fixture. Well, you can guess the rest: the bulb got hot enough to ignite the floor of our second level, right in the middle of our family room! So at 11pm, we had a little fire going. It turned out well - I mean, better than it could have been. All we have to show for the experience is a 2" diameter hole in the room, with a 2' X 3' square of carpet ripped up and water-soaked. We're counting our blessings. We could have lost everything.

I leave tomorrow for 5 weeks of C-21 Learjet training; two weeks in Dallas for simulators, then 3 weeks at Scott AFB in St. Louis, for actual flying. It'll be nice to be flying again, but 5 weeks away from home isn't my idea of a good time. My Russian escort job may dry up in the next couple of months, since there is no USSR anymore! So getting this flying training right now is pretty valuable.

The big, big news, however, is that Pam's incision finally healed on 1 December, exactly 8 months after Lyndsey's birth. That was an ordeal, I'll tell you! But all's well now, and we appreciate all your prayers in her behalf. We won't be trying that trick anymore.

As far as heroes, go, one of

mine is characterized in the poem enclosed "Grandpa Collar-feller." He just celebrated his 80th birthday in November, and has always been to me a great example. Thankfully, there are many of you reading this who also fit into my category of HERO. Thanks for your important place in our lives.

Adapted from Rea Jo's phone message: **MAKE IT A GOOD YEAR!**

Love, Glenn, Pam &
The Whickerettes



Quote: "The love of my life. Taken about the time I was learning to walk! In the same state, but 35 years apart."



Face of Larry Richey
Words of Rea Richey





Dear Families -

We are having our snow rearranged by nature this morning. I thought it was placed correctly - but not so. Ruth said it is perfectly calm down at her house. Hmm.

Rich, Andi & kids chopped down our Christmas tree for us - but it is still outside collecting snow and frost. I just started on the Christmas cards this morning - which is quite unusual for me - I generally think to buy them soon after Christmas and then figure - "why send 'em this late", and "I'll never find these for next year". So I do save on postage that way. Well, so much for THAT tradition!

We are all okay. But everyone is missing the little girl we had as a foster child for a while. She is half Cheyenne Indian & is now 10 months old. The evening before Thanksgiving her mother picked her up from here, & took her, her brother & sister to the reservation in Montana. The kids were not supposed to be with their dad or grandfather by order of the court. Now they are with both of them. I just can't let it go - I am so concerned about them.

We had a nice Thanksgiving with all the Normans at Dad's & Mom's. (Fortunately we didn't know of Angel's illegal trip to Montana 'til late evening.)

Today we're meeting down at Ruth's to plan our Christmas Eve celebration.

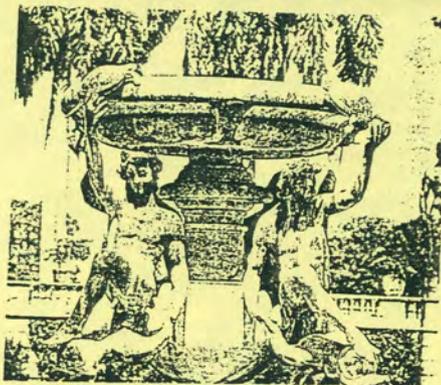
We all enjoyed our family reunion this spring. It was wonderful to get acquainted or re-acquainted with most of the family. Did miss those of you who were unable to come.

Mike & I celebrated our 25th anniversary (which was Nov. 6 '90) with his mother & wife and his Dad's & Mom's 50th on July 27. We had a lot of food, special friends & family and good music to dance to. The night was beautiful & we certainly enjoyed it. Now we have passed our 26th anniversary.

I'm more certain than ever that I chose the right man (or did he choose me?).

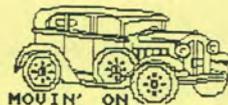
We wish you all a special Holiday season and Peace, Health & Happiness in 1992. Oh yeah, and few 'bout some Prosperity too - while we're at it?!

Love So All
Marty Mike, Shayne
Chelotte, Hank



P.S. from Marg: We heard that Angel and her brother and sister are in protective custody - not sure where; don't know if they will be returned to Craig. For your records - this is a prayer that had a timely and positive answer!

=====



Don & Rhonda Davidson
3825 Valkyrie
Colorado Spgs., CO 80907

Dan & Ruth Haskins
4050 East Hwy 40
Craig, CO 81625

Just in case you want to visit,
Uncle Gale and Aunt Lois want you
to have their street address,
besides their mailing (Box 812):

Gale & Lois Norman
1489 Barclay Street
Craig, CO 81625

Dan & Rachael Lindsey
6599 E. Thomas Rd. #1151
Scottsdale, AZ 85251



ONE OF GLENN'S HEROES WAS FRANCIS GARY POWERS, SHOT DOWN OVER RUSSIA IN 1960. HERE HE IS RECENTLY STANDING IN FRONT OF POWERS' U-2 WRECKAGE IN THE MILITARY MUSEUM IN MOSCOW DECEMBER 1991.



A BROTHERHOOD OF HEROES:
UNCLE RALPH, GRANDPA WHICKER AND
UNCLE GENE, JULY 1972

Glenn R. Whicker
13462 Photo Dr.
Dale City, VA 22193
(703)730-0454

FIRST CLASS MAIL

Ben & Rea Whicker, Padres
90 No. 500 East

Kaysville, UT 84037



29
USA



EDITOR'S NOTE: Don't know who sent this in, but as a tribute to our more elderly heroes (and others of us who might be beginning to relate!) in the family, thought you might enjoy:

Remember old folks are worth a fortune, with silver in their hair, gold in their teeth, stones in their kidneys, lead in their feet, and gas in their stomachs. I have become a little older since I saw you last and a few changes have come into my life since then. Frankly, I have become quite a frivolous old gal. I am seeing five gentlemen every day. As soon as I wake up, Will Power helps me get out of bed. Then I go to see John. Then Charlie Horse comes along, and when he is here he takes alot of time and attention. When he leaves, Arthur Ritis shows up and stays the rest of the day. He doesn't like to stay in one place very long, so he takes me from joint to joint. After such a busy day I'm really tired and glad to go to bed with Ben Gay. What a life!

P.S. The Preacher came to call the other day. He said at my age I should be thinking about the here after. I told him, oh, I do all the time. No matter where I am, in the parlor, upstairs, in the kitchen or down in the basement I ask myself now..."What am I here after?"

Next Knots:

Entries due 1 April 1992.
Topic: "I Saw God's Hand When..." Thank you all for your entries this month. I need more pictures, more ideas for themes, etc. Thanks also to those who have sent in their subscription.

THE LOVE KNOT



Vol. VII, No. 2

"a tie that binds"

April 1992



NELLIE VIOLET WHICKER HECKMAN AND HER SISTER FLORENCE IRENE WHICKER DELAMBERT, GRANDPA BEN A. WHICKER'S REMAINING SISTERS. SUMMER 1992.

"The whole reason for the creation of all the worlds, the minerals, the plants, the animals - everything, was to support the purpose of family relationships. These relationships make up the highest effort we can partake of."

- Elder Boyd K. Packer,
Quorum of the 12 Apostles

Inside: 

- The first person in the family to have a building named for him
- How Richard the lion parted
- Grandma writes the soaps

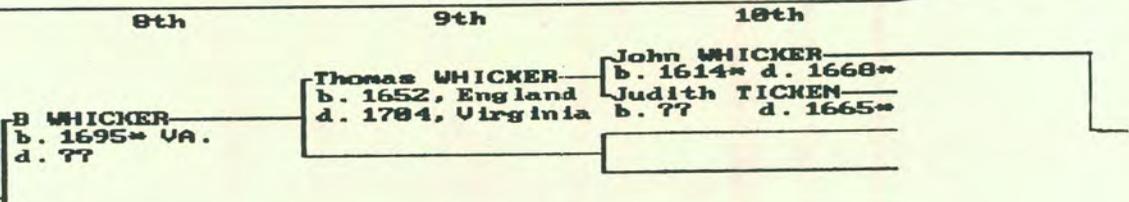
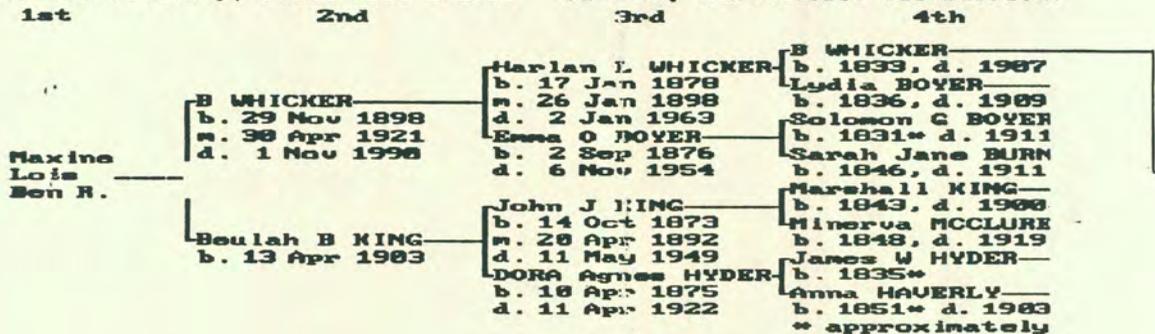
On the 19th of January, I visited Aunt Nellie, Grandpa Ben Whicker's eldest sister (her birthday is the same as Grandma Beulah King Whicker's, and she'll be 91 years old on 13 April!) She was a delight to talk to - as sharp as a tack. Her son, Harold Heckman, and his wife, Marian, were wonderful hosts, too (I had my first authentic Reuben sandwich there - delicious!) For the next few issues, I'll be sharing some of the stories Aunt Nellie told. Here is the first:

Nellie and Beulah were very good friends. Besides sharing the same birth date, two years apart, they both kinda liked Benjamin Archie - though in different ways! One memory is a double date in Walnut Creek, Missouri. Nellie, Frank (Heckman), Ben and Beulah went skating. During the course of the activity, Frank tore a hole

in the seat of his pants. Ben and Frank disappeared for a few minutes into the woods, where Ben readily fixed Frank up with safety pins!

When Nellie was offered all three teaching positions she had applied for, she shared the wealth with her family and friend. She gave one of the jobs to Beulah, another to Sylvia(?), and kept the third. While walking home together one evening, Nellie and Beulah found a neighborhood house burning. The parents of two small babies had been out milking the cows, and all stood by helplessly as the fire destroyed all they had. By the time they came upon the scene, the fire was burning too fiercely to save the children.

Ben and Beulah's first child, Nellie Lavon, was named after Aunt Nellie because she was born the same day Aunt Nellie was married!



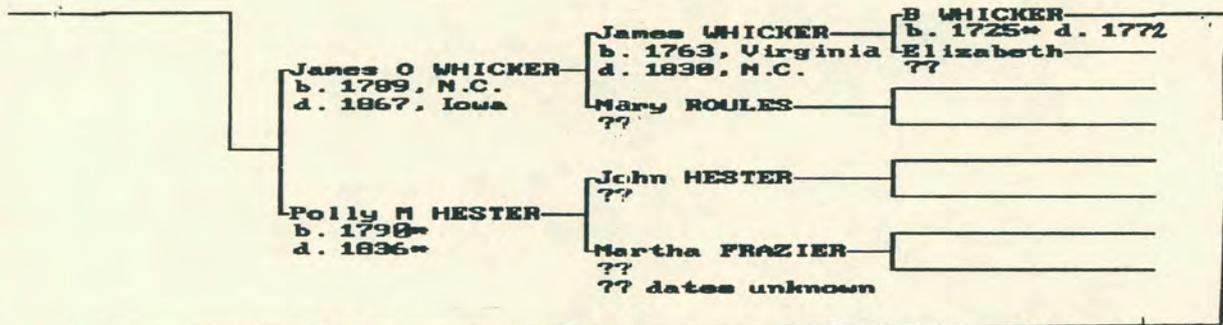


THIS ANCIENT WHICKER HOME STILL STANDS IN COLYTON, DEVON, ENGLAND

5th

6th

7th

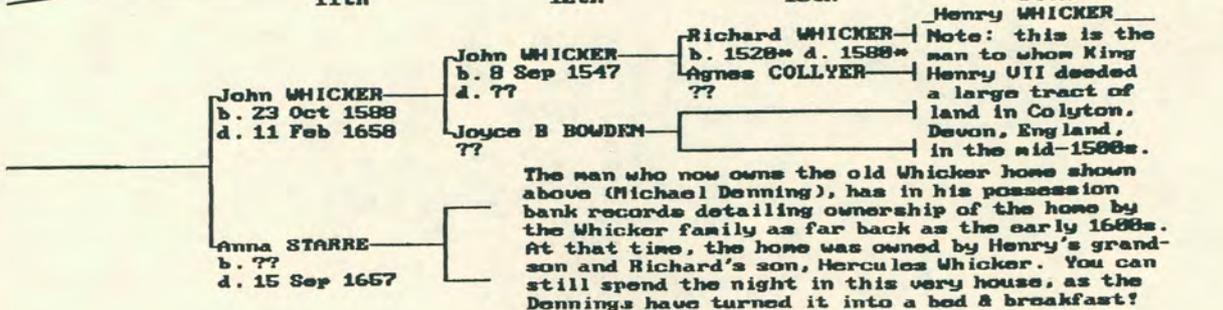


11th

12th

13th

14th



There are many types of healing through which the Hand of God is manifest. Christ was the Great Physician. Luke, a physician himself, expressed deep feeling for the noble healing profession. His account of the Savior's life focuses on the act of healing. He showed how both physical and spiritual healing were integrated in the mission of our Lord. Some of the ailments he mentions as covered by Christ's power are: brokenheartedness; spiritual blindness; spiritual captivity; spiritual bruises. Then, Luke gives us the key to receiving that healing power in our lives. Your blood or your blessings don't matter; only your faith in Him makes His complete healing power available.

The Germanic root of the word, 'heal,' means, 'whole.' From that root comes other meaningful words such as 'health' and, '(w)holy.' Translating that root into Latin, we get, 'sano,' from which are derived the words, 'sane; 'sanitary'; 'sancti-

fied'; and, 'saint.' When all areas of our lives come together in completeness, through Christ's atonement, we are made WHOLE, or HOLY; clean, or SANITARY; and are thus SAINTS of the Living God!



EENJI MARK, RICHARD, CHUCK,
RICHARD'S COUSIN DAN, GLENN



JOHN, KATRINA AND BRENNEN WHICKER, DALLAS TX, JANUARY 18, 1992



I saw the hand of God when . . .

Hi LoveKnotters: 9 Feb. 1992

The assignment "I saw the hand of God when...". I find it difficult to pin it down to just one instance. Many times, unfortunately, I was not aware of Heavenly Father's hand in certain affairs at the moment, but on further reflection and maturation I realized his influence with great gratitude in my heart. I will only mention a few that particularly stand out in my mind. First of all I'm fully convinced that the Lord had a hand in my recognizing my life's companion the very first time I laid eyes on her even at the tender age of 12 years. I tell Mom sometimes that that was my first revelation!

At the births of every one of our children I recognized the Hand of God. I was always amazed at how anything so tiny could be so perfect. I was especially aware

of the miracle as I got to watch the birth of Benj. And then even be in the room when Rachael and John were born. I was also very aware and grateful of His influence when we were able to pick Fred up in San Antonio.

Then there have been the times that I have been the recipient of miracles preserving my very life. Actually my birth and the healthy body I've been blessed with was a miracle and the answer to many prayers, according to my Mother the esteemed G-Gma Whicker. Early on I've had the story told me of my G-Ma Whicker suddenly feeling the necessity of looking in on me while I was napping when only a few days old. She found that I had slipped through the bars of my crib and was hanging by my head, choking.

I'll never forget the time a few weeks before Rache was born that I was in a Martin 202 that went through a complete roll in IFR weather without the vertical gyro tumbling, thus we still knew which way was up after the maneuver. This was supposed to be an impossibility with that gyro system; they were only good for a 65 degree bank. I know that I thought I was done for and was quite upset that I wasn't going to get to see our new baby.

There have been many times in my life that I have been aware of the intervention of the Hand of God and probably many that I have not yet recognized. I am very grateful for his influence in all of our lives and I try to always express that gratitude during my communications with him.

Well I promised not to let this get too long so guess I'll sign off for now.

I love you all a bunch. I am so grateful for all of our Family, those here now, those to come, and those who came before and have already gone on.

B.R.

Deares't Family, March 22, 1992

We are to tell about a time or times when we felt God's hand in our lives.

God has worked miracles in my life many times. I have been at death's door several times but the Lord didn't see fit to take me.

When we lived in Missouri, the doctors told Ben he should take me to a higher and dryer climate so we started out West. When we got to Denver I soon became very sick and to make things more complicated I was pregnant. When I was taken to the hospital I hardly knew what I was doing or what the doctors were doing. They assured me they were doing what was best for me and they performed an abortion which nearly killed me. I had such a high temperature which is, as I understand it, the reason I have been unable to run a temperature since and that has made it difficult for me to fight infections on my own. Surely God had a hand in healing me. At this same time Ben was suffering from ulcers. They pumped his stomach while I was hospitalized but he came to see me every day. We were so thankful for Clara and Amos Albers who took care of our little girls while we were ill. We were living in an apartment where they were the managers and they were so wonderful to us.

I got to go home on our 7th wedding anniversary and Ben came and got me in a brand new car which his boss had let him have to come and get me. He was working at Saunders Drive-It Yourself System. I guess I was supposed to live to raise my little girls and to later have a little son. I was so happy to get well enough to raise my own little family, I just couldn't imagine anyone else doing that!

I have so many blessings I

can hardly count them. I feel our entire family has been richly blessed and we should all be thankful.

They treat me so nice here at the nursing home. I am going to ceramics again. They hadn't been doing that for a while so I am glad we are getting to do that again.

I was asked to participate in the Third Ward Relief Society Sesquicentennial Celebration on the 19th. The program was patterned after a radio talk show where we were asked questions and we responded. We all had a delicious dinner first and then had the program. B.R., Lois, Gale, Ted and Maxine also attended. B.R. and Max got me up on the stage in my wheelchair so I was comfortable for the interview. I really enjoyed seeing some of my old friends. I had such a nice visit with my family while they were all here and was so delighted to have them come.

I appreciated so much getting the tape from Glenn recently where the girls played their instruments and sang. That was a great treat for me.

Maxine and I just got back from the church services they have here at the Center.

It looks like it's going to be a beautiful day here although there is supposed to be a snow storm coming in today.

Ben R. has already called me and the Elders will be in this afternoon to bring me the Sacrament.

I'm looking forward to receiving the next Love Knot. I love you all dearly,

Grandma Beulah

Deares't Love Knots, March 29

March is almost gone which means one fourth of this year has elapsed. I have always had a problem with motion sickness and I'm afraid if these years keep

going faster and faster I may get sick!

I don't know if you all know that our kids gave us a trip to Europe for Christmas. Ted L. and Judy plan to go with us to take care of all the details so all we have to do is to relax and enjoy! However Ted doesn't feel comfortable leaving for a long trip yet so-- we're going to take a trip here in the United States leaving shortly after May 4th. We are going to be celebrating Judy's graduation so I hope we will go some place where she would like to go. I am really looking forward to it. The European trip will be undertaken later. Hopefully Ted will feel confident after having taken this trip.

I have felt God's hand in my life many times. I think it is always present but I was most aware of it at three particular important times in my life. First was during World War II when I first gave my burdens to my Heavenly Father and learned not to worry about things over which I have no control. Then when my children were born I felt His presence. There is nothing to describe that feeling, you will just have to trust me.

Rhonda, Don and Shannon were here during their spring vacation this past week. They have their house here sold if all goes as planned. That will be a big relief to all of us. They left here about 6:30 p.m. yesterday (Saturday) and didn't get home until 3:00 a.m. They were delayed two hours in Vail because the pass was closed as a result of an accident which had to be cleared away. We got rain here but there was a lot of snow in the mountains.

Teddy had planned to come over to pick up the horses but decided to wait because of the weather. I'm sure glad he waited. He plans to come on Tuesday or Wednesday this week. It will be a

whirlwind trip as he plans to come over and return the same day. He and Judy are more than busy; they have deadlines to meet with his work and her classes. I'll be glad when they can slow down a bit. We'll all be ready for a vacation!

I was in Washington D.C. the first part of March. I got to go as a member of the University of Colorado Extension Advisory Council. It was a good Seminar. While there we went on a night bus tour of Washington and attended a dinner theater where the food was delicious. The play was also very good - it was "The Music Man." We traveled between storms. It snowed in Denver closing the airport after we left and we met the snow storm in Cleveland on our way back. I was glad to get out of Cleveland before the storm got worse!

We manage to keep busy around here. Ted is doing his income tax which takes forever it seems. I hope he finishes up before midnight the 15th because the College is having a Ted and Maxine Albers Day on the 15th. They will name a small building after him and will have a brunch afterwards. They are also establishing a Scholarship Trust Fund in our names which will be nice.

Hope you are all in good health and spirits.

Love to all, Maxine and Ted



GRANDMA
ON
STAGE

Dear Love Knots, March 21, 1992

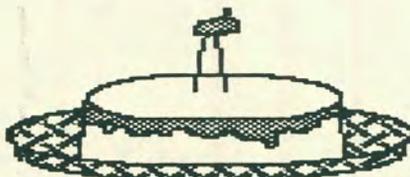
This has been a busy winter for us. We have gotten ourselves so involved with Farm Bureau and have attended two meetings on the eastern slope - Colo. Spgs. in December and Denver early this month, as well as our regular meetings here in Craig and one in Meeker. We also go to square dancing each week and I think this week we will go twice - there are two square dance clubs in Craig and the other club has been wanting us to come to dance with them, so we plan to go tonight.

We just got back last evening from Grand Junction. Mother was in a program at the LDS church celebrating the sesquicentennial of the Relief Society. She did so well with her part and she looked so nice and seemed to stand the "night out" very well. We three kids were very proud of her and she seemed to appreciate us all being there - Gale and Ted were there too. Rea M. didn't get to come although she had planned to. As usual we enjoyed so much being together.

Our assignment this time was "I Saw God's Hand when..". It would take pages to recount the times when we feel that God had things in hand - because they were entirely out of our hands and control. Those of us who have raised our families to adulthood have seen the hand of God at work so many times - how else could we ever get our children raised? Various ones in our immediate family have survived with no ill-effects car wrecks, getting run over, falling in deep water, broken bones etc. as well as the full quota of sickness, but all of these things turned out well. God be praised!

Love to you all,

Gale and Lois



ANNIVERSARIES and BIRTHDAYS

MAY

| | | | |
|----|--------|---------|------|
| 04 | Benji | WHICKER | 1980 |
| 05 | Cody | NORMAN | 1988 |
| 06 | Daniel | SHAFFER | 1971 |
| 11 | Mike | DUZIK | 1946 |
| 13 | Chuck | WHICKER | 1956 |
| 23 | Julie | WHICKER | 1980 |
| 26 | Dan | HASKINS | 1952 |
| 29 | Flint | HASKINS | 1976 |
| 07 | Jack | WHICKER | 1987 |

JUNE

| | | | |
|----|--------------|---------|------|
| 09 | Larry | RICHEY | 1947 |
| 09 | Mary | WHICKER | 1989 |
| 19 | M. John | WHICKER | 1966 |
| 20 | Jeff & Lynda | WHICKER | 1981 |
| 20 | Alaina | WHICKER | 1982 |
| 22 | Kemarie | WHICKER | 1985 |
| 22 | Frank | DUZIK | 1966 |
| 24 | Judy | ALBERS | 1961 |
| 30 | Carmelita | WHICKER | |

JULY

| | | | |
|----|--------------------|------------|------|
| 01 | Maxine | ALBERS | 1924 |
| 01 | Glenn | WHICKER | 1955 |
| 01 | Brennen John | WHICKER | 1991 |
| 03 | Richard | WHICKER | 1988 |
| 08 | Rachael M. | WHICKER | 1965 |
| 17 | Marie | SHAFFER | 1949 |
| 17 | Charlotte | DUZIK | 1970 |
| 19 | Taralyn | WHICKER | 1980 |
| 19 | Camille | WHICKER | 1980 |
| 22 | Jefferson | CLOWARD | 1986 |
| 31 | Forrest & Edythe M | CLODFFLTER | 1932 |

(There are now 83 of us receiving
this newsletter! Wow!!)



IN CASE YOU WERE WONDERING, THIS IS HOW RICHARD, THE LION PARTED

Hi Everyone, March 21, 1992

Hope everyone is doing O.K. We seem to have survived the winter fairly well here. We did some snowmachining even though the snow seemed to test our ability & patience. Early in March some friends brought Troy Aikman (from the Dallas Cowboys) up here and we took him snowmachining at Quaker Mtn. and California Park. We all really enjoyed meeting him, and he seemed to enjoy himself too.

I have been Lion hunting with some friends for the past couple of winters. In mid-January I finally got mine. We tracked him for 13 miles before we finally caught up to him. He was eight feet long, but only weighed 130 lbs. We are having a rug mount made of him. I really enjoyed learning how to hunt them, and the chase, but I don't think I'll ever take one again, for sport, myself.

The girls are doing great in school and in our church youth choir, called the Joyful Noisemakers. Cody has been going to pre-school one day a week. Andi says his high point is to carry his lunchpail out the door. Just give him 10 or 15 more years of that!

Andi has been painting & wallpapering some rooms this winter. She has the kitchen & girls' room done, & has the bathrooms yet to do.

It's been real nice & the snow has cleared off. It makes us think we need to work in the yard. But it's only March, so we might as well wait. Maybe we'll put it off till Nov. when it gets covered again.

Looks like I tried to make up for 2 or 3 years without writing, in one letter. Sorry.

Love ya all,

Rich, Andi & kids Norman



ANGEL ON HALLOWEEN, 1991, AT THE DUZIK HOME

Dear Family, March 31, 1992

I just realized that it is time to get another Love Knot ready to send. Boy! does time go quickly! It is no wonder that I don't seem to accomplish much in a day - the minutes are shortened.

It is ironic that the subject Glenn chose for our special assignment this time should be "I Saw God's Hand When..." Angel, the little Cheyenne Indian girl that I wrote about in the last letter, has departed this earthly life in a tragic way. She was still up on the reservation and we learned that last week she was abused; on Friday the 27 she was taken off life support because she was brain dead. She died of "shaken baby syndrome". She was also sexually abused before the physical abuse. Angel had her first birthday on February 15. She had quite an impact on all our lives for the short time she was here. We all miss her terribly.

But, we all believe the Lord took her home so she would be preserved for eternity. Although she had to suffer for a while here on earth, she is now safe - and we know that God loves her so much more than we possibly could. Life for most of the Indians is not good, and her chances of having "normal" life on the reservation, or even off of it, were very slim. God blessed our entire family with her presence, and I thank Him for His love, grace, and mercy.

I knew that I would go on and on about the baby, but I did control my urge to tell everything that is in my heart. Oh! she was so precious!

One more thing on the subject of Angel before I move on. This last Sunday after church we (the Norman crew) adjourned to the parking lot where the Duzik part of the group was presented with two columbine plants and a little

rabbit figurine for the garden. We won't have a grave we can visit, but we will have a peace that is set apart in memory of Angel. (I see the hand of God in the kind and loving acts of family and friends nearly every day.)

My daffodils started blooming yesterday. They are rather brave, because I'm not positive that spring has sprung. We have had some spring-like weather - rain sleet, snow, thunder/lightning, sunshine, wind. You know - Colorado stuff. We really didn't have very much snow this winter, so it will probably be time to get the garden hose out and start on the lawns before too long. Up on this hill we really don't need all that much snow, but the rain sure is welcome. Things do pretty well up here except when there is a lot of wind. We get wind here when there is none in town.

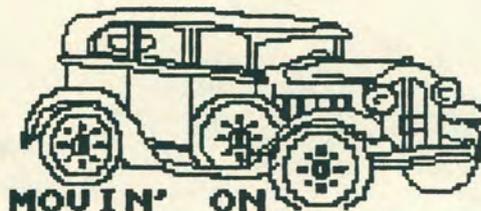
We went to the Sweeney estate sale last weekend; helped part of Friday with the selling. Saturday we bought an old oak dresser with a beveled glass mirror. Now I get to strip it and refinish it. Wow!! If I ever get the paint off of it I think it will be pretty. They have this stripper that is water soluble, so I'm gonna do all the work in the driveway and then I can just hose the goop off.

Everyone here has been pretty healthy this winter. Of course there has been a sniffle or two here and there, but nothing serious. Hope all at your house are well.

I helped Mom sort through a bunch of books at Sweeney's today. I have never seen so many books in a private collection! I'd better finish up here so I can get some laundry, etc. done before everyone gets home from work.

You are all so special to me, and I love you each so very much. May God continue His blessings in our lives.

With Love Always, Marg & Mike



John & Katrina Whicker
5339 C Evans St.
Ft. Polk, LA 71459

Dan & Rache Lindsey
90 No. 500 East
Kaysville, UT 84037

NEWSBITS:

- Rachael and Dan will be sealed together for time and all eternity in the Logan LDS Temple on 19 May 1992. They've been waiting for a long time for this great blessing. All of us share in your joy as you make this sacred covenant.

- Sarah, Benj and Connie's youngest, will be baptized a member of the LDS Church on 11 April 1992 by her grandfather, Ben R. Whicker. Way to go, Sarah!



NEWLY ARRIVED:

Michael Mark Whicker born to Chuck and Carmelita Whicker on 30 March 1992. Over 8# and in great health, the birth showed evidence of a second fetus that had died early in the pregnancy. The mother is recovering well. CONGRATULATIONS!!

I'm sure everyone has heard this story before but it is a true account of Gods hand affecting my life profoundly. I will never deny or even rationalize my belief that a miracle happened to me and mine because of Gods love for us or perhaps for a purpose yet unknown. Whatever His reason, I am truly grateful that this miracle did happen.

My memory is sketchy about some things, but it was a Sunday morning. The Sunday before my dads birthday about Jan. 25th 1981. We had discussed walking up to mom and dads house to have a kind of birthday get together, but Benji had a fever. We weren't sure if we should but I think we had decided that maybe the fresh air would do him some good. We only lived one and a half blocks away.. I was changing his diaper to get him ready and noticed he was real lethargic. Normally he made plenty of noise and had been whimpering earlier. I put him in the bean bag chair and mentioned the fact that he was being so quiet and still to Connie. A few minutes later when she came to pick him up and put his coat on to leave he just arched his back real far and she noticed one eye was open and one was closed. He hadn't really cried all morning but had been completely quiet for some time. Connie screamed at me to come look and when I did I peeled back the lid to the right eye. The sight was really scary. His eye bulged out of his head and was dilated completely! When I took my finger and moved it across his field of vision his left eye followed but his right stared straight ahead. I rushed to the phone and called Doc Warden who said **DON'T BOTHER MEETING ME AT THE OFFICE, JUST GET TO THE EMERGENCY ROOM AS QUICK AS YOU CAN.** We did!

By the time we got there, only a matter of minutes later,

there was so much pressure in his head that we thought that right eye would just pop out of his head! Doc Warden had already called in a special pediatrician. He said that this is serious and I'm not qualified enough to deal with this.

From the hospital we called my home teaching companion Rodney Hill and Benji's uncle Jeff Whicker and asked them to come to the hospital and administer a Priesthood Blessing on Benji. I did not feel worthy to do it myself nor did I feel the strength or faith needed but I had a great deal of hope and like Doctor Warden I wanted those most qualified to attend to my precious son. Jeff had not been off his mission long and I knew Rodney Hill well enough to believe he had much faith and was worthy to will the power of the Priesthood.

While Jeff and Bro. Hill were enroute Dr. Krammer and Dr. Warden called Connie and I into a little room to chat. They told us that Benji definitely had meningitis and that it was very advanced and was advancing so rapidly that we should be prepared for the worst. They said that there was a strong possibility that he would die and that we should prepare for that but that if he did live he would most likely be retarded, deaf, blind, or any combination of the above.

They called in Life Flight from Salt Lake and the helicopter started towards Layton to pick him up and fly him to Primary Children's Hospital in Salt Lake City.

It's really kind of strange but I had been thinking about such things a lot prior to that. I guess I'd thought about the possibility of losing one of my boys ever since Cody was born and each time I had to admit to myself that I just could no way handle it. I knew that the heart break would surely kill me. Well now that the

doctor seemed so sure I might lose Benji I really had to look hard at what life might be like without him. Some how I received strength enough to believe that I could live without him and comfort that Benji had possibly performed all that God wanted him to on this earth and he would be happy in God's Kingdom if he died. I really did accept that possibility, something I was so sure I could never do. I was sure then that there was life after death and that we all fit into God's eternal plan, that He was our Father and wanted our happiness just as I wanted Benji to be happy. I felt selfish for thinking that I could not go on if I lost one of my two boys.

Meanwhile Bro. Hill and Jeff arrived and administered to Benji. I don't remember what was said in the blessing, but I remembered feeling like all would be well.

Connie was down in admitting at the time but there was such an urgency that we didn't wait for her to attend. She remembers when I walked out of the room where the blessing took place that I was crying and that I hugged her and said that everything is going to be all right. She then asked Bro. Hill what was said in the blessing and he told her that he would be just fine, that we just had to have patience and faith and let it run its course.

Immediately after that Dr. Kramer (the specialist) told us to come look at Benji's eye. The swelling had gone down and was almost normal. The helicopter had not yet arrived!

We raced the chopper to Salt Lake and were almost neck in neck but lost anyway. After a while, after many doctors had looked him over, they once again called on us to talk. Dr. Kramer said that no one could explain what had happened, that none of the many doctors had ever seen meningitis

symptoms such as Benji had, just disappear! Dr. Kramer told us that he knew how it happened, that it was a miracle but the other doctors were dumbfounded. A miracle had happened and they did not know how to explain it to the many students who they had gathered to see Benji, who they thought was such a prime example of spinal meningitis in the late stages!

He was in the hospital 14 days. One or both of us were always with him. He was miserable for sure but would look up and see us fretting and give us a smile just to let us know he was still our same little Benji, it seemed.

Even after that they told us it may take quite a while for him to walk again and that he would have to relearn. He was 8 mos. old when he went in. About 5 days after he went in he was walking around the parents big easy chair with an I.V. still hooked to his little head. The Doctors and nurses couldn't believe he had strength enough to support himself.

One day a nurse asked Connie if she knew a man in the hospital. It was Dr. Kramer, so of course Connie knew him and told her so. She reported to Connie that although his responsibility to Benji had been terminated on Benji's arrival to Primary Children's that he had been there every day to check on Benji's progress.

I think he must have been pretty intrigued because 11 years later as Connie was going down the elevator from visiting Misti and her broken leg, she ran into Dr. Kramer. He did not remember a name but asked Connie if she wasn't the one who had the little boy with meningitis about 10 years ago~! Connie replied to the affirmative and told him his name was Benji. Dr. Kramer asked how he was doing and said he'd like to see Benji. Connie told him that Benji was racing down the

stairs trying to beat the elevator and that she would bring him back upstairs to Pediatrics to meet him. Dr. Krammer was in visiting with Misti when Connie brought Benji in and they shook hands and Benji was introduced. Dr. Krammer asked He's the one with the bad eye wasn't he? Connie said yes. Dr. Krammer said yeah that was one sick little boy, I'll never forget that one.

Benji now walks and talks in his sleep a little more than the other kids and I but we all do it at times. He definitely talks more than any of us but other than that he is very normal and super healthy! He is very intelligent, gets great grades and see's and hears all that he wants to just like any other kid his age!

He has given us so much joy I again can't imagine life with out him and am so grateful we were spared that experience. I do believe that God lives and hears and answers our prayers. I believe He is involved in our lives and loves us as we love our children only much greater.

I apologize if my story took some work to get through but I couldn't shorten it cause it means too much to me.

I'm sure I will find that I left too much out as it is to do it justice that is, but for now this will have to do.

We love you all.

Benj and Connie

On January 21, 1991 I broke my right femur bone (which is my thigh bone), and ended up in the hospital with my leg in traction. After 1 month it was time for me to go have surgery, and have the pin taken out of my knee and a body cast from my chest to my toe put on. I was scared so we had my home teachers come over and give me a blessing. I felt a lot better. All of a sudden the bed was there to wheel me down to surgery. Then I got scared all over again.

My mom walked down to surgery with me. Then they wouldn't let her go any further, and I was really scared. Then they put me to sleep. (This all happened right after Great Grandpa Whicker died.) Then I saw great Grandpa Whicker and my Great Grandpa & Grandma Naylor (Who I've never seen before) and I felt much better. They held my hands through the whole surgery. They helped me feel really safe.

I know that in the blessing it said that I would be protected and I know that Heavenly Father sent my Great Grandpa Whicker and my Great Grandma & Grandpa Naylor to help me feel comfortable. I know it is sure hard to have Great G'pa Whicker gone, but I'm sure glad he was there to help me through my surgery.

I believe in Heavenly Father & Jesus and I know that They help us every single day. And I'm thankful for them. Love, Misti

THIS IS ALISON WHICKER, FOLLOWING

THE EXAMPLE OF HER GREAT AUNT LOIS

(see Sept 1991 issue, last page)



Dear Family:

Hi from the Texans. We are all doing well, working hard, growing up, and loving you from afar.

I know this contribution is late... I have a story from my life about a hero, and wisdom, which came in a small package. Years ago, at about age 14, I believed I was very homely. Mom, Dad, grandparents, and the occasional friend, aunt, or uncle, assured me I was pretty, but what were they going to say? "We love you, honey, and you're a dog," or, "You have my nose and your Mom's mouth and we're both quite attractive people. Who could've KNOWN?" I didn't think my loved ones liars; I simply thought them kind... and blind.

The kids at school found my Achille's heel, my fear about my appearance, and pursued my flagging self-confidence with zeal. One really rough day, I stayed strong 'til I got home from school, where I complained tearfully to my family. They could only try to comfort me-- in the end, I tucked those harsh memories away in some safe place as I'd done many times before.

The very next afternoon, I came home from school to find an envelope awaiting me with the mail. Addressed to "Miss Rea Whicker," entirely typewritten and bearing a few minor spelling errors, the note spoke of my beauty and goodness and was signed, "Your Secret Admirer "

Reading that note many times over, I pondered who the sender could possibly be. It was great to know that someone "out there" was thinking kind thoughts about me. The next day, getting ready for school, I stopped for an extra moment before the mirror. Did I glimpse then a blossoming prettiness? Well, if my secret admirer saw it... Yes! There it was! I saw the possibility, and I walked to school with a new and tentative confidence.

When classmates teased me that day, they found a cheerfully unwilling victim. My admirer was lurking somewhere near, I knew. Perhaps he would reveal himself someday, but just knowing he existed made me want to be the good person he saw. I wondered if he was one of my tormentors, caught in the role and not knowing how to escape. I began to look more deeply into others, and more deeply into myself, and I did find goodness there... in all of us.

It was not until weeks later that, rereading that sweet note, it suddenly dawned on me that the typewritten e's were all raised and filled in--just like on our typewriter at home. Scrutinizing the envelope for the dozenth time, I realized there was no postmark, and oh! it even lacked a stamp. Somehow, I knew then who my secret admirer was, and I went straight to my brother Markie, then 10 years old. He confessed to writing the note. My sadness at being teased had hurt him, so, with a child's wisdom, he gave me something no one else had succeeded in giving, despite their best efforts. Markie showed me a vision--his loving, hopeful vision of the person I could be. As that vision became more and more real to me, I had accepted it and begun immediately to bring my behavior into harmony with what he saw, and now I saw as well.

We have the ability to create the vision of our best selves within us--the person we most want to become. Our Lord has been good in bequeathing us scripture which creates, in searing, touching words and images, the vision of future places we want to travel, and places we do not.

And now behold,... have ye spiritually been born of God? Have ye received his image in your countenances? Have ye experienced this mighty change in your hearts?

Do ye exercise faith in the redemption of him who created you? Do you look forward with an eye of faith, and view this mortal body raised in immortality... to stand before God to be judged according to the deeds which have been done in the mortal body?

... can you imagine to yourselves that ye hear the voice of the Lord, saying unto you, in that day: Come unto me ye blessed, for behold, your works have been the works of righteousness upon the face of the earth?

(Alma 5:14-16)

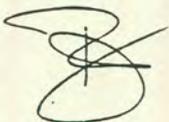
When we see ourselves beautiful, and cleansed through Christ and worthy to stand before God and feel His arms around us, welcoming-- when we really see that vision, our behavior will come into line. The vision comes first. It always will. I know that now, and I'm very thankful because I do look forward, as you do, to that reunion with our Father in Heaven, and I believe it will be.

But I didn't understand all this then. I was "just" an awkward, hurting child. My faith still developing, I needed help. And someone was good enough to creatively fill that role.

How many awkward, hurting children surround us! awaiting a glimpse of hope, the chance to see themselves reflected in our eyes as the child of God we know them to be. I hope to create a vision of worth in those whose lives I touch. When they see what I see--when it becomes real to them and is accepted by them--there is greatly enhanced opportunity for them to bring their behavior into harmony with that positive expectation. What great power we have, to hold each person as a fragile flower and love them for who they really are.

Everytime we do this, we travel a little further along the road toward realizing our own potential. Thank you, Benjamin Markie Whicker, for helping me begin to learn this concept at a very young age. How wonderful to travel this life with so many loved ones, near and distant, who despite wrinkles and warts and advancing age, see us as we really are deep down inside, and as we can become, and hope that we will live up to it.

Thanks, Benj! I love you all.





THE RINTOUL FAMILY AT AUNT EDITH'S 1ST WEDDING (EDYTHE MAE'S ANCESTOR) IN 1902; STANDING L-R: ROSELYN, CORA, BILL, CLARK, MINISTER GRIFFITH, FRANK CAMPBELL, MARY CORNWELL, MATTIE, GEORGE BUZZ, CHARLIE BUZZ, NINEVAH BUZZ (LAST TWO UNIDENTIFIED). SITTING: GRANDMA MARTHA RINTOUL, GRANDPA DAVID RINTOUL, HARRY GREEN, EDITH MOWERY, SARAH CAMPBELL, WILL CAMPBELL

**GRANDMA TRIES TO WRITE
SCRIPTS FOR THE SOAPS**

I found this letter in my file the other day and I thought the family might be interested in the fact that I tried to do my part in stopping the progress of the "new morality" which was setting a foothold on TV at that time in 1972.

To CBS:

I am concerned about the almost complete takeover of the "new morality" in your shows, especially the soap operas. I would like to suggest that there is still a large percentage of people who believe in the "Old Morality" and the Bible which is the answer to all our problems. I think that percentage should be represented if your stories are to be realistic. I would suggest that a good Bible scholar who has studied Greek and biblical history be acquired as a consultant and that in this manner thrilling stories of a nature new to your stories be brought into them. There is nothing more thrilling than new conversion, nor more tense than the process of teaching

and not knowing from one minute to the next if your prospect is going to be able to overcome his sinful ways, nor more heartbreaking than a backslider. And I am sure that the new approach would be so refreshing you would receive many many approvals from your listeners. As of now you are giving the impression that everyone is accepting the new morality and this simply is not true. To make Amy Britton seem to be the one who is wrong to have caused Kevin to be unfaithful because he was so frustrated he had to have an affair or for Valerie to accept that fact is very nauseating to me and to many others I know. In "As the World Turns" you are bringing out an "old fashioned" marriage but you are making it seem pure sentimentality instead of instituted by God. I believe there should be someone in your stories who is a "Practical" Christian and who brings out Christian principles. Even though we may be a very small part of this world, we are there and no group of citizens is complete without us. Marriage is not just a custom made by man - it was instituted by God. Christ

brought about monogamy. Divorce is only justified by adultery. This may be terribly old-fashioned but we who love the Lord still believe it is true and must be abided by. As you can tell, I am a New Testament Christian but I would welcome the Jewish beliefs in your stories too. Anything to bring a little Bible into those stories without making it sound "sick", which is what you have done with the only such thing I have seen in any of the stories. I am referring to the fanatic in "Where the Heart Is" who seems to know nothing of the forgiveness and Hope in Christ. I want to see at least the same percentage of "OLD-FASHIONED" PRACTICAL people as do exist today. We are not "kooks". We know that the moral life is the best, happiest and most practical way of life and I resent your giving the impression that our way does not exist any more. So, come on, give us a good representation. If you have writ-

ers that amount to anything at all they can make the stories as thrilling as the things they are writing now for there are all the emotions you ever want to put into a story. I hope I have challenged you sufficiently and that I can look forward to seeing something NEW.

As you know the communists told us many years ago that they would break us by breaking down the Family Unit and this is a large part of their plan. Please prove to us that we can rely on your network to work against this plan. Many times I have heard that the networks are working with the Communists and I do so want to believe differently. What a Scoop you would have on the other networks. No doubt they would hasten to follow your example for you would gain viewers with this new approach.

Well, I may have been pretty naive but I tried.

- Grandma Mae



GALE, GRANDPA WHICKER, LOIS; RUTH, RICHARD, MARIE, MARGARET

I SAW THE HAND OF GOD WHEN.....

It was April of 1964. Due to a very sudden inspiration, B.R. had decided that we would not be re-enlisting in the Air Force as he had planned, and we had taken our kids and cats (6 of them) and our belongings and headed for Colorado. There was no job waiting, and of course, we left our insurance behind when we signed out of the Air Force!

The incident took place out at the Whicker's Trailer Court house. Grandma Whicker had started to cook supper, and had put a skillet on the stove to heat, with a little lard in it. Something had demanded her attention, evidently, at that point, and she left the kitchen. When I walked into the kitchen, I saw that the lard was very hot, but before I could move it from the heat, it burst into flame. I grabbed pot holders and lifted it from the burner so that I could take it outside and put it out without filling the room with smoke and possibly catching the wooden cupboard above the stove on fire. As I backed out of the screen door, I had trouble getting the handle to release with my elbow. When it finally did release, I had too much weight on the door, and I very suddenly was outside on the porch...on my sitter! In the process, the burning grease had been literally poured onto my foot. It hurt badly at first, but soon, to my amazement, the pain was all but gone! I held it under the cold water for a few moments, but it just didn't hurt hardly at all. No knowing the characteristics of a 3rd degree burn, I thought that my miracle was the lack of pain! I was very thankful...and went my way for about 36 hours, as I remember it, thinking the incident was ended. Most of you probably know what happened then..the feeling

began to be very noticeable, and was soon so excruciating that I could not sit still and I certainly couldn't rest at all. I believe that Grandpa and Grandma Clodfelter offered to pay for a doctor visit for us, as we had no money, and B.R. hadn't found a job as yet.

The doctor only took a moment to inspect the wound before telling us that I would definitely have to have a skin graft. He said it just would never heal, and there was great danger of an infection until it did heal. I remember feeling terribly down, because we simply didn't have any money for anything, and especially not for an operation of that sort! I was furious with myself for being so foolish the day I got burned.

We went back to the little cabin at Whicker's court, where we were staying, and I remember crying quite a bit, both from pain and from feeling blue. Grandpa Whicker asked if I would like to have him and B.R. administer to me and I was so grateful! I will admit that right at that point, getting rid of the pain was the motivation for my gratitude; I knew that Priesthood blessings were meant for the purpose of bestowing the Lord's blessings upon His children, and I felt sure that my pain would be lessened.

How small was my faith! I had no idea that what actually happened would occur!

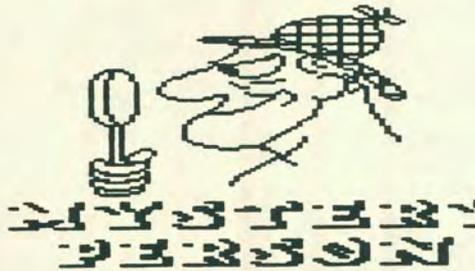
In the blessing, Grandpa Whicker felt inspired to tell me that my pain would subside sufficiently so that I could rest that night. And then he said that the Lord loved me, and that I would be blessed according to what was best for me, concerning the operation. I was relieved, thinking ... "O.K., we'll manage. We'll get through this O.K., and somehow repay the ex-

penses." It gave me a great sense of peace.

The Dr. had asked us to call him for final instructions before leaving for the hospital. When we did, he unexpectedly said that he needed to look at my foot once more, to verify in his mind the procedure that he wanted to use, or something to that effect. So we went to his office. He unwrapped the sanitation covering that he had placed there, and began to look at the wound again. Suddenly, he said "%-###^!!! You have new skin growing there! This is incredible!"

The realization of what had actually happened immediately came over me, and of course, B.R. What was "best" for me at this time was that the Lord would take care of the healing, and I would not have to have the operation at all! The Doctor was completely amazed and baffled at what had happened, but we didn't explain to him, because it didn't appear that he was probably at the point in his life where he would understand if we DID tell him! Although I did have some pain through the healing process, I never had as much pain again as I had just previous to Dad Whicker's blessing (or rather, the Lord's blessing through Dad Whicker). It is not possible for me to express in words how grateful I was. It is also impossible for me to explain what this taught me, and how it has affected my life in the ensuing years. It is only one of the many incidents that have been a part of my mortal experience that make absolute my knowledge that God lives and wants to be very involved with our lives, if we will only ask. Physical healing is so un-complicated for Him, and yet so amazing to us that we tend to doubt! As I said before...how small has been my faith!

Love, Rea



This is a real cowboy, but he isn't wearing a cowboy hat! Instead, he's probably getting ready for his next encounter with his children/nieces/nephews!!



FORREST CLODFELTER, GRADUATION, 1929

Dear Family; 5 April 1992

Its been very inspiring to read each of your inputs to this issue. Its obvious that there exists a lot of faith in God amongst us 'knotters.

I too am very grateful for the hand of God in our lives. His power is constantly being manifest - we recognize only a small portion of what He does in our behalf. Many of the instances when I have been aware of His hand are too personal or too drawn-out to be shared in this format. But I have come to know Christ as the Master Healer. As a family, we'll always be grateful for the time when Pam's ovarian tumor dissolved completely after a Priesthood blessing just hours before she was to be admitted into the hospital for surgery in December 1987. The doctors were stymied, but there was no doubt in our minds what had occurred.

We finished our basement, and are enjoying the extra room it gives us. It turned out rather well, but was much more costly in both time and dollars than we had anticipated. However, you can benefit by it, by getting free lodging whenever you want to come visit the D.C. area!

Lyndsey walks now, and is a blast to have around. Pam just got called as Primary President, so if I'm ever out on a trip on a Sunday, she'll have to find someone to care for the baby during Church! The twins are learning to play softball, and that's become a fun family activity lately. They're also learning the skills needed to attend their first girl's camp this summer. JamiAnn's enjoying Brownies; and Alison just plain enjoys life!

I got a chance to actually takeoff and land the AN-124 recently on a trip between Mexico, N.C., and France. I was very surprised that the Russian Captain allowed me that privilege, and

even more surprised to see what a nice handling aircraft it is! I made some good friends that trip.

We all love you so much!
Thanks for your nice letters.

-Glenn, Pam and the Whickerettes
(The mystery man is Mike Duzik)



EMMA ORETTA BOYER
AND HER YOUNGER SISTER ELLA

Glenn R. Whicker
13462 Photo Dr.
Dale City, VA 22193
(703)730-0454

*Barb'sdale AFB
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Fri. or Sat.
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Ben & Rea Whicker, Padres
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Addressed to the addressee only



HARLON LESTER WHICKER
AND EMMA ORETTA BOYER

Next Knots:

Entries due 1 July 1992.

Topic: "My Most Fearful Moment (and How I Coped)" You will notice that I 'scanned' some of your entries into my computer, so they may not appear in exactly the same format as your original. This is to save me time and to allow me to manipulate the format of the newsletter more easily. Please forgive if inadvertent changes were made, as the scanner sometimes misreads a letter or a punctuation sign. However, my spell-checker should have caught most of those. The scanner works best with dark typewritten print. Please keep your entries to less than a 2-column page.

dz

THE LOVE KNOT



Vol. VII, No. 3

"a tie that binds"

August 1992



ANNIVERSARIES and BIRTHDAYS

August

- 05 Diane Campbell 1960
- 08 Rea Jo Richey 1953
- 08 Shannon Davidson 1984
- 09 Chuck & Carmen 1986
- 11 Connie Whicker 1957
- 17 Emilie Jo Cloward 1979
- 19 Benji Mark Whicker 1957
- 21 Nathan Cloward 1983
- 30 Shayne Duzik 1968

September

- 13 Andrea Norman 1959
- 18 Emma Haskins 1973
- 25 Ron Johnson 1957
- 26 Keith Haskins 1979
- 28 Gale & Lois 1944

October

- 07 John & Katrina 1988
- 13 Jennifer Whicker 1983
- 15 Margaret Duzik 1947
- 16 Ted A. Albers 1921
- 21 Lynda Whicker 1959
- 24 Pamela Whicker 1951
- 26 Rachael Whicker 1981
- 28 Jessica Norman 1983

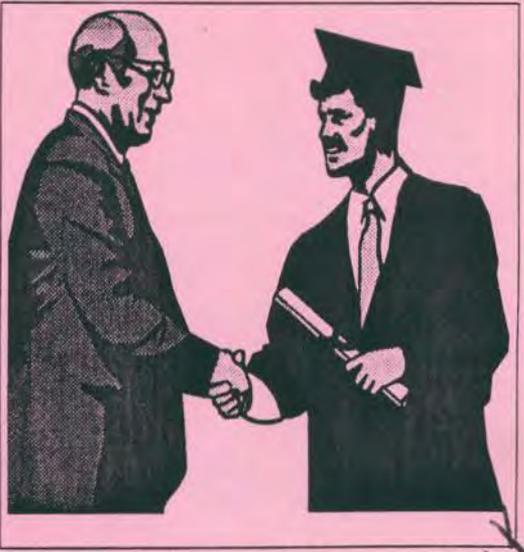
NEWS NOTES

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- Ryanne plans to marry Shannon on 23 November 1992. Best of luck!

- Fred was promoted in May. Felicitations!

- Jeffrey Paul received his baccalaureate degree in June after many long evenings of study and sacrifice. Congratulations to both him and his lovely wife, Lynda, for enduring the ordeal!



16 July 1992

Howdy All:

Here it is time for the Love Knot again and this time I am late. Believe it or not I'm usually ahead of time.

As I recall the assignment was to relate our greatest fear and how we coped with it. I had to do a lot of thinking as I honestly Don't remember ever having too fears in my life, I'm sure, due to the fact that I always felt so secure in the love of my family.

I then remembered the afternoon I came home from the Base right after the whole family had gotten to Dover, Delaware. I was so happy for them to be back with me as I had been there for a little while ahead of them. We just had the four of them at the time. Rea Jo was not yet five years old. When I got out of the car Jo Jo met me all excited to tell about all the new friends she had made in the neighborhood since we had moved into that home. She was so excited she used some very graphic language she had innocently picked up from those new friends. I ask her if she knew what any of those words meant and she naturally said no; but that her friends and their parents used them all the time. I patiently explained to her that we didn't use those words in our home and if she learned any more new words that she didn't know, to please ask us if they were okay before she tried them out. She readily agreed to do so..She was such a cuty!

That night I couldn't sleep. It dawned on me what a huge responsibility a father had in this modern world trying to lead his children down the right path. I finally got up and paced the floor for several hours then realized that it was probably time for me to get on my knees for the first time in several years. I spent most of the night in that position really begging for help as I felt completely helpless. Finally I felt a bit of relief and some hope that maybe with the Lord's help I might be able to handle the job of being a Father. I read quit a bit in the scriptures then and felt that there were several things we needed to change in our lives immediately. I put them down on paper that night, before I could forget them, and showed them to Mom the next morning. She has saved that original piece of paper all these years.

I don't know if Glenn can get a copy of the original in the Love Knot or not. I'll send it that way anyway and if He can't he can type it out for the publication.

We did pretty well on most of my proposed changes but we had no idea where to put our tithing at the time. We saved it up over a long period then as I recall some emergency came up and we used it; however the missionaries came to our home less than a year later and since then we have known where

our tithing needed to go. I am very grateful for the comfort and knowledge I received that night so long ago. It started me back to the kind of life I had been brought up to live. Though I've made many drastic errors in my life since, I've learned valuable lessons from each. I wish I had been smarter and learned some of those lessons from others mistakes but regardless I am very grateful for every lesson I,ve learned.

Everything is going great in our lives here in Utah. We have much to be grateful for. My job has turned out to be far better than I ever expected it to be. Transamerica Airlines closing down, while painful and expensive at the time, has turned out to be one of our greatest blessings. Looks like, if things stay fairly stable, that we will be able to retire sometime in 1995 when I'm 62 years old. It wouldn't be too bad if I had to stay till I'm 65 but we definitely plan to quit in 3 years.

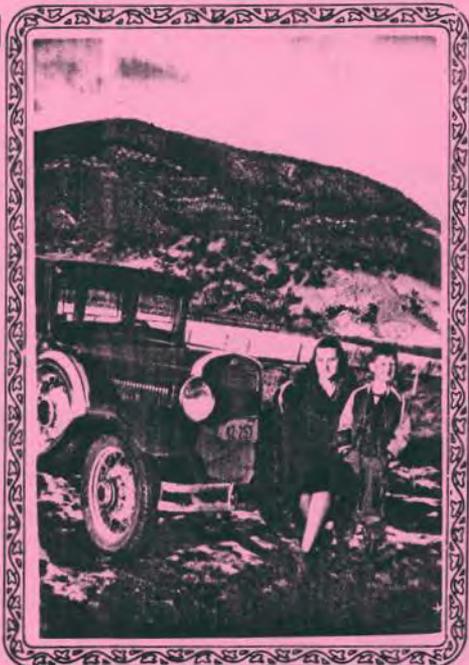
Well I love you all and pray daily for all your well being and happiness. Lets all, always remember who you are!

B.O.R.

B.O.R.

Your son, bro. unc. in-law, pop.

Beulah and son Ben



Jo-Jo, Glenn, Chuck
on Dad's Harley
in Delaware

These ~~is~~ were brought to my attention in my talk with the Lord on 27 May 1958

1. From This Day on we will be PARTNERS of God
2. We will ~~sp~~ put out 10¢ in A SPECIAL savings account only to be drawn out to help someone in need with the specification they tell NO ONE who gave them the money + that they pay it back in some way to the Lord preferably by helping someone else in the same way with the same specifications. ^(when they are able) our Church offerings will come from ^(no matter how small) our money
3. We will Recognize the fact that God is our Partner ^{in all that we do} + have Bedtime devotions with the children consisting of Bible stories + Prayers
4. We will NOT Be ashamed of our Partnership nor shall we try to force our will or Religion on anyone else, only if someone asks us for help.

I Pray to God that we may live up to all these things. I ~~do~~ know this is a turning point in our lives.

Ben R. Whicker



Alaina's monkey

I don't know that this is my worst fear...I think of that as being things that might happen to my children and grandchildren, that will affect them eternally. But as a child, water was really scary to me. I was such a tomboy and acrobat and very agile (believe it or not!) and nothing dangerous along those lines scared me at all, but WATER was frightening because of the possibility of not being able to breathe when I wanted to.

One summer when I was about 7 or 8, I think, I had the opportunity to take swimming lessons. I eagerly registered for the lessons, thinking maybe I could conquer this fear. However, when the day came for the first lesson, I was petrified. Pride kept me from announcing that fear to my parents, so I went off to the pool, ostensibly excited. When the teacher asked us to put our heads under water, I froze, --- and then THAWED AND RAN!!!!

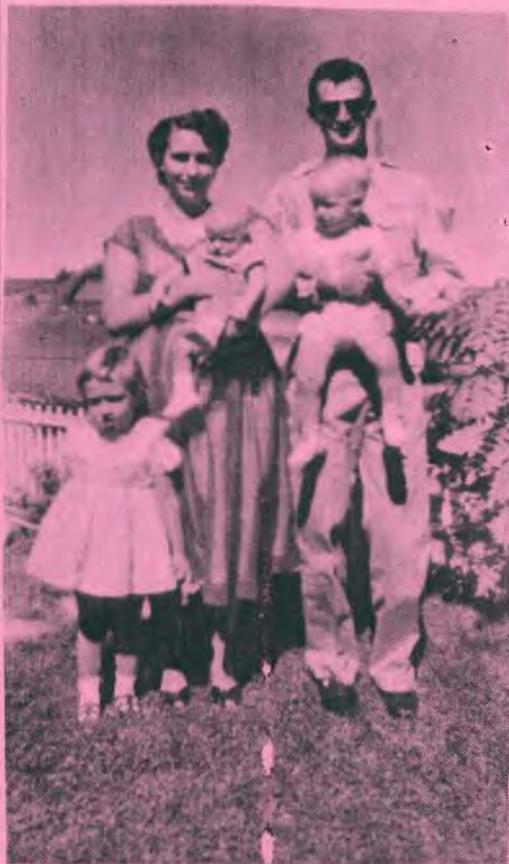
Agonizing about what to tell my parents, I simply waited until the class should have been over, then went home. I calmly announced to my mother that I wasn't going anymore, because the teacher had told us we had to have a swimming cap, and I didn't have one and knew we couldn't afford one. I thought that would take care of the whole thing! (I "handled" my fear with deceit!)

I was too young to realize that, of course, my mother would call the teacher and discuss the situation with her! I was not forced to continue the lessons, but I learned something that guided my life from then on: lying has consequences that are far worse than the original admission would have been! I honestly believe that one experience converted me to the simple life of

telling the for that blessing!

Love you all so much. I would like to record in this document, for our posterity, my appreciation for Maxine and Ted and their selfless and loving care for our dear Grandma Whicker. I know they do it out of love, but I also know Max sacrifices much time and energy in doing so, and since the rest of us aren't there to share the care-giving (which we all wish we could do), I just want everyone to know how much it means to us. Thanks, Max and Ted!

Love, Mom, Grandma, Aunt,
Sister, Daughter!



Ben & Rea with
first three kids

FAMOUS QUOTE:

"Least said is easiest mended."

Lydia Boyer Whicker
(as quoted by Nellie)

+++++

In our 2nd installment of Aunt Nellie's memories of the early days of Ben R. and Beulah King Whicker, we'll pass on two quickies:

The first deals with Ben's brother, Glen. (He spelled his name with only one 'n', unlike the editor of this paper!) He liked to play with his slingshot, as did his brother Ben. While practicing one day, he didn't see his mother coming around the corner of the house, and let go a stone with such speed as to whirrrrrr through the air. As David did Goliath, this stone hit its mark perfectly: the head of his own mother! She dropped like a rock; the kids all thought he had killed her! But, alas, she survived to get revenge.

The second story also involves a slingshot, only this time it was young Benjamin Archie at the controls. He was upset be-

cause a "mean lady," whose house happened to lie directly along the straight line between Ben's home and the school he had to walk to each day. He had tried unsuccessfully many times to shorten his walk by cutting through her farm land, but she always caught him and scolded him for such ingenuity. So, he decided he would get back at her. Standing in the public roadway, completely off her land, he one day stopped to carry out his planned revenge. With slingshot in hand, he chose a small rock that balanced well in the sling of his weapon, took careful aim, and let loose. The stone traveled true, striking the target squarely - the lady's rooster lay dead in the yard!

His pride at having done so well was short-lived, however. Can you imagine? His dear mother somehow found out about the escape, and forced young Ben to accompany her to that "mean lady's" home, where he had to give up some of his hard-earned money to pay for the dead bird.

And to top it all off - he still had to walk that extra distance around her farm every day!

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Sylvia, Nellie, Irene,
Ben, Harlan, Ralph,
Glen and Eugene





JamiAnn, our little
Brownie Scout!

My Dear Family: 31 July 1992

Many of you already know about our momentous decision to separate from the Air Force. Boy, what a hard one that one was! Having recently been selected for promotion to Major, it didn't seem to make much sense to leave now, especially when I have enjoyed my association with the military so much. But, for some unexplained reason, I felt compelled that now was the time to make the move. I have yet to find out exactly why, though I have some good indications. Its been a real "leap of faith." I have my applications in with some of the airlines now that I finally got my Airline Transport Pilot license. For some reason, I don't feel certain that's where I'll end up though. We're seriously looking into going into business for ourselves. May stay here in Virginia; may move back West. We'd love to do the later, but we can't do it without employment!

This is a very short LOVE KNOT since I received only two

entries. Sorry I missed sending out reminder notices this time! With this big transition happening in our lives, there were just too many other things floating between brain cells.

Hope you are all well and happy. Cami and Tara went to their first summer camp last week, and thoroughly enjoyed it. They also got to get their ears pierced now that they're 12, a promise we made to them many years ago. Jamie will go to her second overnight camp next weekend with Brownies. She's becoming the pro camper in the family! Alison is anxious to join Brownies in the fall. Lyndsey is trying her darnedest to talk, though most of its still just jiberish. Pam has been babysitting to help us get our finances back in shape before we change jobs. I sure appreciate her efforts along those lines!

Be good and happy, and lets see some good inputs for the next issue!

Love, Glenn, Pam &
The Whickerettes



- Rachael and Dan Lindsey purchased and moved into a new house at:

1198 No. 200 W.
Layton, UT 84041.
Phone: (801)543-1919.

Dan was also recently promoted to Sales Manager of radio station KQR in Salt Lake City. Good Job!

- Great Grandma Whicker will be moving back in with Aunt Maxine and Uncle Ted, effective in August. Thanks for all you do for her, Albers!

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Next Knots:

Entries due 1 October 1992, for publication 1 November. (In my old age, I need a whole month to put this thing together!) Topic: "The Hardest Job I Ever Done." As this issue was so short, let's make the next one the best ever. I'm hoping to get to see Aunt Nellie, Grandpa Whicker's sister, again this week, so we'll have some great photos to show. I hope to have a new job by mid October, so do please get your entries in quickly so I can have this published by mid-month, to be able to concentrate on whatever training lies in my future...

Glenn R. Whicker
13462 Photo Dr.
Dale City, VA 22193
(703)730-0454



Vol 7 Number 4

"a tie that binds"

November 1992

Aunts Nellie and Irene Tell More Stories:

I had the chance to visit Aunt Nellie in Centerville, Iowa, again in August. This time was a special treat too, because Aunt Irene was there visiting! We went through pictures, some of which appear in this issue. Thanks for sharing this "good stuff" with us! Here is another installment in their memories of days gone by:

1909 was a very difficult year as Ben, Nellie, Glen and Sylvia learned the dread of death. (Irene, Gene, nor Ralph were alive yet.) In March of that year, their Grandmother Lydia Boyer died. Just four months later, the twins Forrest and Lydia whom they had grown to love dearly, both took ill and died the same day, 27 July. They called Forrest, "Frosty," and he went to the grave with great notches of his hair still missing - thanks to Glen's earlier escapades with a pair of scissors! The mood must have continued for awhile after these deaths, as the kids' mother, Emma Boyer Whicker, was also very ill at the time. Nellie remembers talking things over with Ben about what they would do if their Mother died also. Between them, they made a

fact that they wouldn't stay with their Dad if he remarried. Thankfully, they never had to follow through with that determination, as their dear Mother lived for another 45 years!

Newsbits:

- Ryanne has begun a year-long beauty course in Bountiful. (Not that she needs to learn anything about how to be beautiful!)

- Little Michael Mark Whicker broke his femur bone at the tender age of 6 months. He should get his cast off the first week in November. Lynda has been doing a superb job of caring for him.

Inside:

*Frosty's Hairdresser
The Pipe That Smoked Benj
The Wyoming Duziks
Dan's Drag in Pennsylvania*

THE HARDEST THING I EVER DONE !

Dearest Family: October 7, 1992

It is nice to be writing to you again. I hope you are all well and happy as I am here. I am treated as a very special guest here with Maxine and Ted. They spoil me but I rather enjoy it. I have been here since the 28th of July. B.R. continues to call me every Sunday.

Rhonda, Don, and Shannon, 1985
(Sorry about the sideways presentation!)



He has called me from Hawaii and Alaska as well as from different places in the States. It seems like he called from Korea one time but I'm not sure about that. I sure appreciate his calls, they mean a lot to me. One of my nurses from Bethesda stopped by to see me the other day and the Activity Director called to see how I was. I am looking forward to seeing Rhonda and Shannon this week end. They are coming over during the Columbus Holiday. Maxine takes me with her in the car quite a bit and that is a special treat. We went to Palisade a while back. Sometimes we go shopping at K Mart. They have wheel chairs there so I use one of theirs and we don't have to bother with mine. I bought a pretty white sweater with the \$20.00 that Margaret Duzik sent me last summer. God Bless and keep you until we meet again,

Love to all,

Grandma Beulah

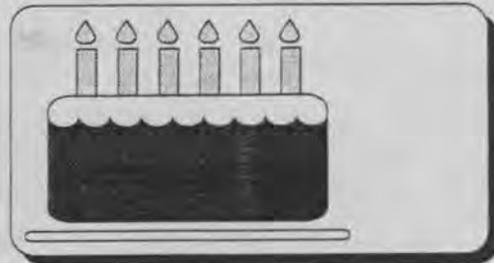
Dear Family, 10/15/92
Sorry we've been so neglectful in writing for the Loveknot because it is so much fun to get it and read everyone's letters. I've tried to think what the hardest thing is I've ever done, which isn't easy, but one of the most difficult things I've ever done, I guess, (or maybe it's because it's fresher in my mind), is closing down our business. It's distressing to work so hard for almost 10 years and not make a ``go'' of it in spite of all of our efforts. We all felt so frustrated as we knew our customers needed a dealer in town to supply their needs for parts and service, and we also felt that the company had policies that made it almost



Uncle Gale with his fancy tractor

impossible for a small dealer to survive. When we returned new parts to the company, we got only a portion of the amount we'd paid for them, and were responsible for the freight to return them. We could only return certain parts and the rest we were stuck with. There were many things that would only bore you and is past history, but in any case it hurt us terribly financially. In fact it was almost as difficult to get out of the business as it was to stay in. Glenn, perhaps this answers your question as to how it is to be in business for yourself, although perhaps if the Ag economy had been better and interest rates lower (they went up past 20%) we'd have a different experience to relate. We all rather enjoyed working with the public and got to know some very nice people, so it certainly wasn't all bad. Everyone here is O.K. and busy. Lots yet to do before winter sets in and that could happen about any time.

Love to all, Lois and Gale



November

- 01 David SHAFFER 1968
- 06 Mike & Marg DUZIK 1965
- 07 Cody WHICKER 1978
- 09 JeLyn WHICKER 1986
- 11 Lois NORMAN 1925
- 15 Forrest CLODFELTER 1911
- 17 Christopher WHICKER 1984
- 20 Mikelle CLOWARD 1976
- 21 RYANNE & SHANNON 1992
- 22 RYANNE WHICKER 1974
- 23 John Joseph WHICKER 1990
- 26 Gale NORMAN 1922
- 29 Benjamin A. WHICKER 1898

December

- 06 Rea Mae WHICKER 1934
- 11 Curtis CLOWARD 1952
- 12 Spencer WHICKER 1982
- 19 F. Solomon WHICKER 1983
- 27 Ben & Rea WHICKER 1951
- 27 Joe & Marie SHAFFER 1967
- 27 Joe SHAFFER 1948
- 29 Rich & Andrea NORMAN 1979

January

- 01 Christian ANDERSON 1987
- 09 Alison WHICKER 1985
- 15 Ruth & Dan HASKINS 1972
- 25 Rhonda DAVIDSON 1955
- 25 Dan LINDSEY 19??
- 29 Ben R. WHICKER 1933

Dear Families;

10-12-92

Well, it is past time for the letters to be in, and I'm just getting around to mine. Isn't that about par? The size of the Duzik family in Craig has made some changes back and forth in the last few months. On July 2 we were joined by a little guy named Chico. He was a victim of neglect and possible abuse. He is now eleven months old and making all sorts of progress. He is a real smart kid, and cute to boot. He has dark hair and blue/gray eyes. His mom looks like an eskimo, so his coloring is quite different from hers. We really don't know how long he will be with us, but we're pretty sure it will be until December, at the least.

Charlotte got a job and moved to Cheyenne, Wyoming in mid August. She works at the Cole Department store as a sales clerk, etc. She is now also helping Mr. Cole with the grounds maintenance at the Cole Shopping Center. She rarely has time off, but since she is trying to get caught up financially it is working out very well. She seems to be very happy up there.

Frank has gone back to college. He is taking mechanical engineering at the University of Wyoming in Laramie. He moved up there August 31 and classes started on Sept. 2. He is living in the dorm (a first for him - he lived in a university apartment when he was in Logan).

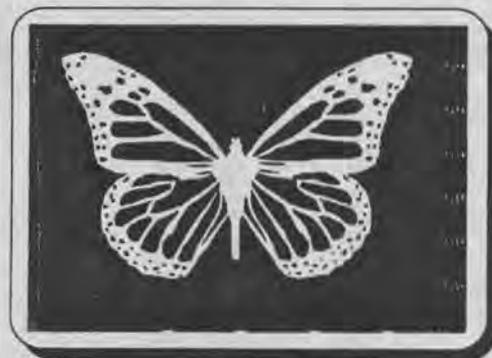
We went camping one time this summer, and that was over Labor Day weekend. The whole Norman crew was up near Seedhouse (North of Steamboat) at one time or another - except for Emma. It rained a good deal of the time, but we all expect that if Ruth and Dan are going to be involved in the campout!!

The Duzik 5 and Chico went to Cheyenne Frontier Days this year. Went to a rodeo and a night show - Tanya Tucker and Travis Tritt. It was a fun weekend.

We've had snow already this year, but

just lately we have had beautiful sunny days, even though the sun doesn't have much warmth to it. Don't know where the summer wet - I'm really not ready to face winter. Hope all had a pleasant summer and that the next few months will be great ones for you. Am very anxious to get the Love Knot and learn all the news!!
Love to each one,

Marg + Mike



Dear Family:

I almost forgot to get something written again! We've had a very busy summer! Emma graduated in the spring. She is now attending Mesa College. She plans to get a Bachelor of Science in Nursing (and yes, she sees Albers Hall every day). She makes frequent trips back to Craig to see her boyfriend, Blu (and us occasionally). Flint is in his junior year of H.S. He is involved in Future Farmers of America and his teacher tells me he is one of the best welders. He was great help around the place this summer with haying and fencing, etc. He is working at the Holiday Inn as a busboy. Keith is in the 7th grade and loves sports. He just recently made the decision to accept Christ as his Savior and was baptized here in the river by friend and youth minister, Jim Wickenkamp.

Dan has had a really tough time finding

work this past year. He finally went to work in Pennsylvania dismantling a huge dragline. He worked out there for 6 weeks. Then they hauled the pieces back here to a mine 25 miles from Craig where they are welding it back together. They work long hours every day but Sunday. This job should last through Feb. then he'll start looking again. I guess most of you know that we are living down at WAND and leasing the place. We've been working on the house, fences, etc. I think it will be a good deal for us and for WANT. We have a place to live, have pasture for our animals, and raise hay and WAND is getting our labor as we work to improve the house and land. Do come visit if you have a chance.

Much love to all!

Dan, Ruth, Emma, Flint, Keith

(Editor's note: For those of you not familiar with the acronym, "WAND," it stands for, "Whicker, Albers, Norman Development.")



Uncle Ted, Aunt Maxine & Teddy

Dear Love Knots:

October 6, 1992

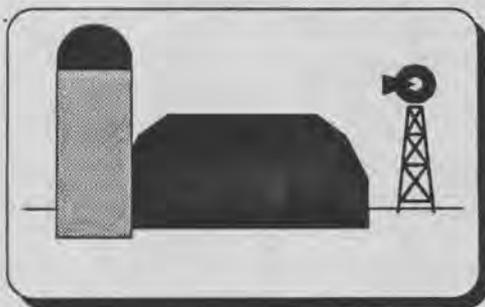
This is a beautiful fall day in Grand Junction. I can hardly believe that we are into the last quarter of 1992! Ted is about to finish up his apple business and this will be the last year since we are taking them all out. It is just too much of a hassle with all the houses around us now, we don't like to spray, etc. Also, with working up at the Meeker place we need to cut down on our responsibilities down here. We should get a smaller place here so we could spend more time at the ranch. Mother seems really happy to get out of the Nursing Home. She told me one night that she "wasn't afraid anymore." She had never complained, in fact made us think she was perfectly happy but I think now that she wasn't. Bless her heart - she has told me numerous times how happy she is. She is like a little child a lot of the time. I think she had a mini-stroke in the night a while back. She was perfectly fine when she went to bed but the next morning she couldn't control her right leg. She hasn't regained yet all she had gained since moving here, but we're exercising every day and she can at least control her leg now. She continues to be quite weak though. I haven't told her my suspicions because I'm afraid she will worry. Ted and I joined Paul and Frank Hertzog, Darrel Benson and their wives and Johnny Ten Eyck the 1st of August up at Craig for a reunion of the boys for the first time in about 30 years. When they were boys they formed the "Maybell Sheep Company" which was sold to Paul after World War II. We took two cars and drove around their old stomping grounds - went to Browns Park and Lilly Park then came back to Craig and had dinner at the Holiday Inn. Lois and Gale joined us for dinner. Then the middle of August we went to Craig to attend my High School Class Reunion. So, August was a busy time. Ted was haying up at the ranch between rain storms. With all the rain this year the country has been unusually beautiful.

This last Thursday Ted and I drove over to Colorado Springs and Denver to take some apples to our kids, Uncle Vernon and Margie Shaffer. We left here at 6:45 p.m. on Thursday and were back home by 5:15 p.m. on Friday. The weather was great. Glenwood Canyon will soon be completely finished. The big tunnel is open coming west. I think they are about a year ahead of schedule. Driving to Denver will soon be a cinch. Our kids are fine but more than busy. Teddy and Judy still work with their horses and just sold one of their 3 year old fillies for \$27,500. Can you imagine anyone paying that much for a horse for their daughter to ride and show?

Rhonda, Don and Shannon are busy too. Shannon is really involved - she takes ballet and piano (key board) lessons, belongs to a computer club, a physical education club, attends a Christian Young Peoples Group each Wednesday and plays soccer. She was the her last week. She and one other girl are the only girls on the team and they were playing a team of all boys. The score was 0 - 0 and in the last few seconds of the game Shannon kicked a goal! She was pretty excited - she and her Dad went by where Rhonda was working to share the excitement with her.

Always good to see you all. B.R., Rea, Benji, Connie, John, Katrina, Joe, Marie, Emma, Forrest and Edythe Mae have been here since last we wrote. Lois & Gale come whenever they have a little time.

Love to all, Maxine and Ted



Hi Love Knotters: 10-01-92

Can you believe that this year is 3/4 gone? "Time's sure fun when you're flyin'," or, "Time sure flies when you're havin' fun."

Either way life is slipping by pretty fast for me. I've finally had to admit, to myself, that I'm not going to accomplish everything I had hoped to in one life time. Now I have to think about priorities and try to accomplish those on top first.

I talked to Glenn on the phone last night. One of my questions was the assignment for this month which he informed me was to be on "The Hardest Thing I Ever DONE." This is another tough one for me, as after a deed or project is done, it never seems hard anymore, to me at least. I guess I'd have to say the hardest project I've ever taken on is being a father, and since November of 1990, becoming the patriarch of such a great family. Incidentally, this is one thing we do in this life that is never DONE. This is an eternal calling in which your responsibility never ends. This is a little scary, at times, but also brings great joy. I might add that it also helps in setting the above-mentioned priorities. If families were not eternal, this life would truly be wasted, as nothing else we acquire from this world, other than knowledge, can be taken with us. I'm so grateful for the knowledge I have gained in this life, particularly the knowledge that "Families Can Be Forever." I ask for guidance daily that I might carry out my duties as a member of this family in a way pleasing to our Father in Heaven.

I love you all eternally,
Your Son, Bro, Uncle, Nephew,
Husband, Father and OUTLAW,
B.O.R.

21 October 1992 Dear Knots:

Its been great to hear from so many of you this time! Thanks for sharing your lives with us. Like Dad, I've felt pretty lucky my whole life, and haven't had it too hard at all. And like Aunt Lois, perhaps the thing I'll mention as the most difficult event in my life is influenced by its recency. But I would be hard-pressed to think of anything that was tougher than my resignation as a regular USAF officer last April (effective 31 December). In a logical sense, its still pretty difficult for me to understand just why I was impressed to do such a thing:

the economy is pretty tough, and it is going to be next to impossible to find work that will pay as well or provide such good benefits. I'd made all my promotions on time, and it looked pretty bright for the future. But as you all believe in a Hand more

knowing than our own, you'll understand when I say that I was guided in this decision. I could never have done it otherwise, and even with that guidance, my faith is not so strong as to be able to follow through with it blindly. I racked my brain for days on end trying to understand; and even when I had received a sure answer that it was right, I still stood for a few minutes outside that separations office in the Pentagon with the paperwork, reluctant to hand it in. You needn't feel bad for me, though. I did leave with half a retirement for half a career.

It was just hard to give up such a good job, especially when there were no other job offers at the time I had to make the decision. (There still are no job offers, come to think of it!) We'll probably end up in Utah no later than June. I'm considering getting into a printing & graphics business. (That's why I asked Aunt Lois and Uncle Gale to share some of their experience in that regard.)

We love you all dearly. Thanks for your love and support. Good luck to all you Duziks and Haskins going to college! Its a great way to go! Love,
Glenn & Pam



Gpa C with his twin grands, Cami & Tara

October 4, 1992
Dear LKnotters:
First my "Hardest" thing story! Actually, this isn't my very hardest, but might be refreshing for all of you to hear something besides philosophy and testimony from me, so I have decided to tell you a funny story. At the time it happened

it was definitely the hardest thing I had ever gone through, but that was because I wasn't old enough yet, at that time, to have gone through very much at all! I was in the 2nd or 3rd grade, and we lived in Pueblo, Colorado. I loved school and was a very good reader. However, I didn't have much confidence among my peers, because it always seemed to me that I was somehow "different" in a very obvious way...like maybe I had toenails growing out of my forehead for all to see! At any rate, this particular day, we were taking turns to go up in front of the class to read aloud. As a friend of mine

was finishing her turn, I raised my hand to ask if I could be excused to go to the bathroom. The teacher looked delighted as she said, "Good, Rea Mae, you come up and read for us now!" I was too em- barrased to tell her that I wasn't raising my hand for that purpose, so there was nothing left to do but go ahead and attempt to finish my reading turn before leaving the classroom. I had only read a few sentences, though, before it became suddenly evident that I wasn't going to have the ability to wait! I knew that I simply had to leave, so I just put down my book, said "Excuse me" and started down the aisle to the exit at the rear of the room.

A pair of male twins who had long been my personal tormentors sat across the aisle from each other, one on each side of my exit pathway. Whether it was preplanned or they just were accustomed to simultaneous evil

thoughts, I'll never know. They both stuck their feet out as I came close to their desks, and in my hurry I couldn't stop soon enough. I not only crashed face first in front of everybody....my bladder immediately gave way! Never have I been so humiliated, I don't believe! I stood up, crying, and ran out of the room and out of the school, down the street and crying into the arms and safety of my mother.

Now for the hard part. I HAD ABSOLUTELY NO INTENTION OF RETURNING TO SCHOOL....EVER!! I was amazed and appalled that my folks would consider sending me back to the sure torture

awaiting me there! But, send me they did..(they were completely unfeeling about the whole thing, I decided!) Surprisingly, nothing was ever said to remind me of the situation, and I lived through it and on into adulthood!! As for the news of our family...you probably all know about little Michael's broken leg. Jeff's little girl, Jenny, was carrying him down the stairs, and slipped on the bottom step and fell. Evidently, she landed on his thigh, and broke his femur bone. It has now been 9 days, and he is finally doing better.

Ryanne has started to Beauty College, 8 hours a day, five days a week. Then she works the other day of the week, and has only Sundays free. It is a grueling schedule, but it only last a year instead of three or four years, so I think (and she thinks) it will be worth it. We had a wonderful time when Glenn was here looking for a job. We all hope so much that he finds something near here, of course.

However, we also know the Lord is guiding him, and whatever is best is what we want the very most.

My folks left for their fall trip last Tuesday and will be gone for about six weeks. They'll go to Colorado, Kansas and Oklahoma to visit relatives.

- Rea Mae

"Men do not climb above their own ideals. They often fall short of them, but never climb above them." - David O. McKay



Lynda with Alaina, Dallas TX, 1982

September 24, 1992

To whom this concerns and doesn't:

I have to admit that I am totally lost as to why you would want to hear about any jobs I have done. I am complying in the hope that I am not missing something and that this is what I am supposed to do. When you ask a simple question, you do not always get a simple answer. Especially from a simple person with an Employment History as long as the "Dumb Blonde" joke list. The hardest job I have ever done physically, would probably have taken about 1/8th of a mile long and it was a Friday. I was furious with myself so I went to work on Saturday without telling anybody, and working in high wind and heavy rain I single-handedly dug



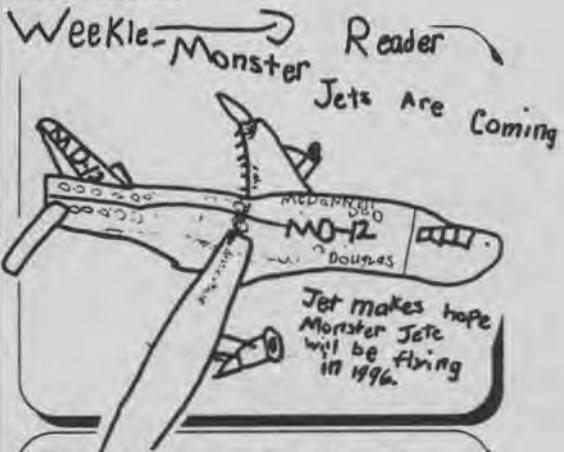
Benj-Man

up and re-routed that pipeline. This involved a lot of hand work as well as backhoe work and about 20 trips on and off the hoe and in and out of the trench, per ten foot section of pipe. I was very tired and muddy that night but all was right come Monday, and no one could believe that I did it alone. There have been jobs that have been harder in other ways though, so to be thorough I'll mention a couple.

The most monotonous would probably be Delta Airlines Reservations. This I did for almost two years. Because of the capability of so much crossing the mind in so short of a time, as in a dream that lasts only a few

seconds but seems to have lasted for minutes or even hours, so much went through my mind and in front of my eyes in a 3 minute phone call at Delta, that it seemed at least 10 minutes long. This was the only job I have ever had the luxury of working only 8 hours but it seemed more like 18.

I worked as a Night Security Officer at a Fred Meyers store once, and then would work as a Janitor at the same place during the day. That was my most demeaning job and therefore hardest in that respect. But I think the hardest thing I have ever really had to do was not demeaning, monotonous or physically hard. It was hard on the spirit. That was when, as a Cop, I had to personally serve a Death Notice. At these



Christopher Whicker (Jeff & Lynda's kid), continues the above photo with this caption:

"A new kind of jet is on the way. Some people call it a monster jet! It is bigger than other aiplanes. Monster jets will carry more than 500 peopel. [They] have many things that most other airplanes don't have. They have two floors. There is a TV and a Telephone at aver seat! The jets have rooms where people can eat. Thay have exercie rooms TOO!

times, just placing one foot in front of the other, in the direction of accomplishing this task, was about as hard as anything else I have ever done.

I am sorry if I missed the boat. I do want to participate in this great newsletter but sure feel inadequate at this time. I would like to just say hi to everyone while I'm writing and tell everyone how much my family and I enjoyed our trip to Grand Jct. and Craig this last July. Thanks for all the hospi-tality! The Albers and Normans are still the greatest after all these years! I am really proud to be related to all of you char-acters with the abundance of character.

Love

you all, Benj.

Dear Love Knot,

The hardest job that I can think of that I've ever done was shoveling and hauling the left over dirt from Grma and Grpa's retaining wall. We had to shovel all the dirt into wheelbarrows, then take it over to the other side of the garage and dump it out. After we did that and we were all done we had to level it out. It was hard cause it took a lot of energy and muscle and was very tiring. It was pretty far around to where we dumped the dirt. Afterwards, I ached but it felt great to have it done.

Love, Benji

Dear Family,

The hardest job I have ever done was the kitchen. It is hard because I have to hand wash! I wouldn't mind if it was with the dishwasher but I hate doing them by hand. It is also hard because everybody throws everything of theirs in there and I have to clean it up! I have to sweep, vacuum, mop and feed the dog. Also, wash off the counters. Plus I have to make the kids dinner about every day!

Love, Misti

... That which we persist in doing becomes easier; not that the nature of the thing changes, but the ability to do has increased."

George Albert Smith



MOVIN' ON:

Charlotte Duzik
1310 Logan Ave.
Cheyenne, WY 82001
(307)637-7577

Frank Duzik
McIntyre Hall #617
Laramie, WY 82070
(307)777-8015

Emma Haskins
Tolman 303
1140 Texas Ave.
Grand Jct., CO 81501



This is a picture of Grandpa Harlan Whicker taken with his friend, Oscar G. Woodward, in about 1901, when they were building H.L.'s parents a house on Buzzard Creek. Oscar married Grandpa's little sister, Anna Boyer.

Aunt Nellie also told me another story about Maxine: One time, when BR was a baby, Maxine helped Nellie pick strawberries. The day was real hot, and as the perspiration dripped, little Max said, "*I'm feding in the face!*" Guess she was a hard worker from the day she was born!

Thank you, Aunt Nellie, for all these good tidbits and the pictures. More forthcoming in future issues of *The Love Knot*.



Grandpa John Jefferson King next to his daughter, Beulah and her husband, Ben. Further right is Grandma Emma Boyer Whicker and Grandpa H.L. Whicker. Anyone know the other couple?

First Class Mail

Glenn R. Whicker
13462 Photo Drive
Dale City, VA 22193



Grandparents Ben and Beulah Whicker
with their daughters Maxine and Lois

Next Knots:

The theme will be:

"Sibling Harmony/Rivalry."

Tell us a story about how you related to one of your brothers or sisters in a specific instance. We'd especially like to hear from you 3rd generation children - the great grands of Ben A. and Beulah. I know there are some funny (and perhaps some inspiring) stories out there, so let's get them in by 10 January for a 1 February publication.

Still looking for suggestions for future topics, and especially for PHOTOS!

Subscription: \$10.00/year

The WHICKERsnapper

Volume # Issue No.

"A Forever Family Publication"

Christmas 1992

ADIOS, AIR FORCE:

The biggest memory of this most unusual Christmas season will be the termination of our Air Force career. After over 12 years serving the country, Major Glenn will become Mr. Glenn effective 1 January 1993. Its honestly the hardest thing I've ever done in my life. The Air Force has been extremely good to us. The idea to get out would never have come up if it hadn't been for a little "prodding" from the Man upstairs. (And a significant incentive from



the Air Force to effectively give us half a retirement for half a career.)

We're really not entirely sure what the Lord has in mind for us at the moment. Late last month, we were within an hour of signing papers to purchase a small printing business in Salt Lake City when we found a serious problem with the financial statements of the place. So then we started the process of buying a similar place up in Logan, Utah, where Pam is from, and where both of us went to college. The guy up there wasn't extremely animated to sell, and was asking too much money! But we thought we could get him down to reasonableness. However, four days ago, he withdrew his business from the market - and its not even for sale now! We were very confused by the move. There remains one other business in SLC that we're looking at. If it doesn't work out, it may well be that we'll try to stay right here where we are and find employment in the Washington DC area. However, it seems that there is good reason for us to return to our native Utah -and that's most likely where we'll end up. (Can't afford this Virginia house payment unless we find a real good job!) If you don't get further word, consider our address as shown on this letter!

Something will work out in the very near future. (We could use your prayers too!)

HONORS

Camille again achieved high enough grades to make the Honor Roll at her Jr. High School. It doesn't come easy for her, but she applies herself and does consistently well. She also works hard to make progress in her violin as well as to continue to take piano lessons. As one of the favorite babysitters in the area, she has plenty of opportunity to make a little cash on the side too. She serves as 1st counselor in the Beehive presidency. Camille's most famous quote, uttered at the tender age of 8: "Dad, if you swallow when you're upside down, will the food go to your stomach or your brain?" (I couldn't swear to it, but I think she stays up late some nights experimenting.)



The Whicker clan in a Holiday happy mood!

JamiAnn, Camille, Taralyn
Alison, Lyndsey

THE BABYSITTER CLUB



JamiAnn just joined the ranks of family wage earners, as she had her first paid babysitting job last night. At less than 10 years old, she's over a year younger than her older sisters were when they joined the club.

Jamie moved up to the

Junior Girl Scouts this year. Instead of a brown outfit, she now looks super smart in a bright green uniform. She's a top performer in school and an extremely good helper around the house. Her best saying through the years came when she was 5 years old, sincerely expressing to her mother: "I hope you live til you die..." Jamie's come up with so many good ones I've got to share just one more: after eyeing a calf feeding from its mother, she got a twinkle in her eye and said: "Mom, do cats know that cows have milk?"

TERRIBLE TWO'S START EARLY



Lyndsey, our 20 month old tyrant whom most of you have never met, started her screechy, squawking tantrum stage a bit before most. She's such a doll much of the time, but as soon as you cross her in any way, you'll hear about it! Don't think we've ever had one quite so rambunctious as this little gal. And to think she was such a perfect child until 3 weeks ago! We really do enjoy her, though. She mimics everything said and done by her older sisters, and will be a fast learner.

MUSICAL CHAIRS



Taralyn's ability in flute has expanded to the point of being selected as second chair in her 7th grade band. She can make that thing sing like a beautiful bird, and really seems to enjoy it. She also won a school poster contest on combating

shoplifting. Her theme: "Don't let shoplifting steal your freedom!" We'll find out tomorrow how far her entry went in the regional contest. Taralyn also served as 2nd counselor in the Beehive presidency in the Church's Young Women's organization. Tara, at age 10, said: "The Spirit feels like a bell inside of me." She's a very sensitive young woman.

STONE SOUP



Alison, now in 2nd grade, recently starred in a cute children's play entitled, "Stone Soup." She's come out of her shell quite a bit in the last year, and doesn't find new situations as

fearful as they once were to her. In reviewing some of our home videos of our time in England, we were all shocked to hear just how much of a British accent Ali had! It was so cute - none of us realized it had even been so pronounced! She could have passed for an English maiden easily! Alison's most famous question, age 3: "Are banana's made out of eggs and butter?"

PRIMARY PRESIDENT

After her horrible ordeal last year recovering from giving birth to Lyndsey, Pam has had a wonderful, healthful year. Early in the year, she was called as Primary President, and has enjoyed the challenge and the opportunity to serve. She's a born teacher, so this calling has been a great chance to apply those skills to helping the children gain an understanding of Christ's gospel. She's excited about the prospect of moving back to Utah, as she's been ever faithful to her husband's roaming nature for the past 15 years of marriage! However, she, and all of us, are extremely grateful for the experiences we've gained by living in so many places with the Air Force. And especially, for having met and shared time with you!

May the Lord bless each of you in your efforts to become what God has intended for you. We love you all dearly.



On a More Personal Note:

Glenn & Pam Whicker
13462 Photo Drive
Dale City, VA 22193

First Class Mail

P.S.

We made a couple of
fun trips this year -
one to the Hill
Cumorah pageant in
Palmyra, New York.
It was a great
experience. Another
to Disney World in
Orlando, Florida
with Pam's parents
and her sister,
Tamra. Can you
imagine 10 of us
in our van for
2 days down &
one long day back?
A lot of memories!

THE LOVE KNOT



Vol. VIII, No. 1

"a tie that binds"

February 1993

From Rea Jo to Chuck, May 1990:

Roses are read
And violets are blue,
You're a fast runner
And that's lucky for you!

Because if I'd caught you
Back when you were seven
you'd be having your birthday
Parties in heaven!

But someone was watching
From up there and knew
There were some great things
You needed to do.

For as music pours forth
From your good heart and soul
And children are touched
By love that is whole;

The difference you make
In the world here today
Makes me glad you were faster
As you ran away!

I love you, my brother,
And am thankful that we
Could be siblings on earth
And through eternity.

=====
Chuck's Response:

Violets are blue,
Roses are pink,

The story you told
Wasn't quite like you think!

I wasn't age seven -
You're wrong about that;
I think I was nine,
Maybe eight and a half.

And it wasn't just swiftness
That saved me from you;
It was power of mind,
And intellect too!

I knew you were quick
With your legs and your feet,
So I made up a plan
To avoid my defeat.

In one micro-second,
I planned my defense,
And I headed my feet
Towards the barbed wire fence!

I dashed through the yard
In the blackness of night
With you hot on my heels,
Your mean eyes full of fight!

And with quick coordination
That's hard to describe,
I slid under that fence
In a smooth, daring dive!

And there's the true story,
Believe it or not,
Of how, with great skill,
My deliverance was wrought!

NOTE: The mother of the two combatants inserts here the fact that Chuck didn't mention that Rea Jo ran right into that fence and has a couple of deep scars to prove it!

Siblings: Sweet and Sour

Dear Loveknot: (from Chuck)

Nearly three years ago, when Rachael and Dan were just getting married, Rea Jo came for the wedding. It was near my birthday, and Rea Jo gave me a little poem she had made up describing a memorable experience in Centerville back when she was twelve and I was nine. The poem spoke of one of those times when I had made her angry and she had chased me out into the night and injured herself by running full speed into a barbed-wire fence. The smart aleck I was and always have been, I had to write a poem of my own in response. This poem exchange gave me a great sense of satisfaction, probably more than Rea Jo will ever know, for the simple reason that it had been so many years since I was able to be so "playful" with my big sister. When we were young I remember Rea Jo was such a playful gal, and so witty and funny (though at times she was also formidable!). The pressures and great responsibilities of life have long since changed this tendency in each of us, and it felt so good to my soul to return to that kind of witty play fullness for a few brief moments.

- Chuck

I don't have any siblings, so this will be sweet and short! Things are going so well around here, I couldn't even begin to count all of our blessings! We will be going over to Grand Junction on the 25th to stay with Grandma Whicker while Max and Ted go to Denver. I believe it is. Sure am looking forward to that, except I'm a little scared to cook for her, since I'm not used to what she likes and how she likes it. I guess I'll find out!

We had Spencer and Rachael here for a week while their Mom and Don went to California for some computer seminar or something. We had planned to have Kemarie and Solomon, too, but they got strep throat and couldn't expose all these Northern Utah cousins. We hope to have them some other time.

Thanks to Benj and Connie's organizing abilities, we got a large portrait of 22 of our 32 grandchildren for Christmas! It is 11 x 14 and that is plenty small for all those little faces to show up good! Then the other 10 (5 in Texas and 5 in Virginia) sent me their pictures separately, and Ben was able to find frames that matched for all three pictures. They really look nice together. Chuck and Carmen and Rache and Dan and Jeff and Lynde and John and Katrina all brought their kids for the picture, and Benj and Connie brought theirs, of course, and they also went down to West Jordan to get Chuck's first five children so they could be in it.

I hear that our eldest child was in town that day and supposed to get there, but she was so transfixed with the opportunity to go shopping

G'pa C., Rea Mae, friends
Leonard Ellis and Juanita.



with her mother that she forgot about the appointment! That's O.K., Jo, I enjoyed the shopping trip, too!!

I can't wait to read all of these sibling letters!

Love, Rea Mae

Dear Love Knots,

It's amazing that a family could have so much sibling rivalry and harmony both. (it's amazing that a family could have so much siblings!), and yet I am hard pressed to think of a particular tale to tell about it.

When it came to rivalry, Chuck was th main figure in my young life. I never really tried to compete with Chuck on most things. I did try to follow him at a not too disrepectable distance on some.

In my teenage years Chuck and I did become a pretty good wrestling match though. I remember one time Chuck and I had five minutes to spare before we had to leave for the church and an MIA (youth) meeting. We spent it by wrestling on th front lawn for 45 minutes nonstop, trying to prove each could pin the other. We didn't stop till we couldn't move and we both lie prone on

the ground. We were soaked in sweat and grass but if one of us could have lifted a muscle, that one of us would have rolled on top of the other and won the match. I knew that the girls I had hoped to see that night would really be impressed by my recently acquired odor and appearance, but I was ridiculously happy anyway and felt as close as I could be to my brother at that time. My friendships with all my brothers and sisters are strong because of the good and the bad times. Chuck and I had some fierce fights as well as good times together, but even the bad times concluded with understanding and love and a stronger bond after hurts had healed. I could not compete with Chuck in things requiring motor skills but I know that I developed quicker, and more than I would have without him and my other brothers.

A boy becomes a man,
if he lives that long,
thanks a lot to his brothers,
cause they made him strong.

Brothers can break your nose
throw you down to the grass,
crack your jaw
and bust your donkey

But when times are bad
or you come to trouble
count on your brother
to respond on the double.

And when the pain is over
before wounds are healed
love is secure
and a bond is sealed.

But sibling rivalry?
not with six or more,
at mom and dad's house
it was called gang war!

Love, BENJ

Dear Love knot.

This letter is about sibling rivalry and harmony both. Cody and Benji were planning to sell their nintendo for 100 dollars. Sarah and I wanted to buy it. Because we had been saving up money, but we didn't have enough money. Even when we put our money together

We had some money, but it was for Christmas. So we talked them into lowering the price to 75 dollars. The dickering became heated and intense at times and lasted quite a while. They did lower the price, but because we had worked so hard and saved so long for our money, once they did lower the price we almost chickened out again.

Now we play with it all the time. We think it is very fun. Now we all are happy, because we stay out of the boy's room, and they stay out of our room.

Well, Got to go Bye! Love
You All, MISTI WHICKER



Shannon Richison and Ryanne
were married 21 November 1992.
New address herein.

I saw you today,
Dear sister of mine-
Tho I'm in Utah
And you're in Grapevine.

I reported to beauty school,
Sat in a chair
For a classmate to do
My nails, face and hair.

When my hair had been done,
She then worked on my face-
But those weren't
the right colors
So I told her with grace

She insisted I needed
A look more defined
So my eyes she enhanced,
And my lips she outlined.

The colors of fuschia,
And green on my eyes
I just knew I would look
Like a rainbow surprise.

But when she was done
She said, "You're Beautiful"
(I said, "Yah, sure")
Then I looked in the mirror-
And my gosh, there you were!

I was so surprised
I always knew you were pretty
But your colors on me
I thot would be hiddi - {ous}!!

So now I'll admit,
You knew what you were doing-
When you wore lipstick so bright
Tho at the time, I was boo-ing!

- Ryanne Richison

MISTI



Dear Family. 1/19/93

As usual I let the deadline sneak up on me, and appreciate Ben R.'s call to remind me. As usual, when I'm faced with having to think of something to write my mind is a blank, but I did at least get something written altho I know there are surely more brother-sister happenings that would have been more interesting because it seems like we spent our childhood having so much fun. I know we worked, and at times we worked pretty hard, but most of our work was enjoyable because we shared the work. I always felt sorry for kids that had to do all the dishes by themselves, for instance, or make beds, or do chores (although I liked the outdoor chores), because we had someone to share the work with and could have fun doing it.

We had our share of spats too, but were really the best o



Chuck, Jeff, Rea Jo, Benj. Glenn

friends. I am glad I can look back on my childhood as a near-perfect time. I sometimes think it was the lack of extra money that contributed to our having to be resourceful both in our work and our play & resulted in our enjoyment, & when we were able to do something special or have some treat, it was truly an even since it wasn't an everyday occurrence.

At the risk of sounding "preachy" I'd like to say that we have almost forgotten the joy of anticipation, in our seeking for instant gratification. Our world has changed, some it for the better, and much of it not so good. I am thankful, though, that I think all of our families have the right values and are striving to be, and teaching their children to become, worthwhile adults in a time when outside influences are working against them.

We love all of you.
Gale & Lois



Maxine & Lois with their Dad

January 18, 1993

The following information is from Grandma Beulah Whicker. She has some difficulty remembering dates, but she thinks her family was born as follows: The first child born to her parents, John Jefferson King and Dora Agnes (Hyder) King was a girl who died. Mother doesn't remember how old she was or if she was still-born. The next child was Uncle Roy born around 1895, next Uncle Marion born about 1897 then came Mother in 1903, Uncle John in 1909 and Uncle Floyd in about 1913. That gives you an idea where Mother was in relation to her brothers. Following is her story:

I idolized my older brothers Roy and Marion and was always tagging along after them. Once when Roy and some of his buddies were going out to the barns I was following close behind when Roy turned around and said, "Where are you going little tomboy." I was crushed, I thought being a tomboy was pretty bad.

I remember getting in an argument with Marion one time. He was bossing me around so I told him, "You're not my boss I don't have to mind anyone." He said, "Oh, yes you do, you have to mind papa and mama!" I said, "Oh no I don't, they can't make me do anything!" He must have felt very disgusted with me.

Johnnie was always such a tease that I was inclined to think he brought most of his troubles on himself. One time though after he had been teasing some older boys they hurt him and made him cry. That made me mad so I got after them and told them they should be ashamed of themselves because they were so much older and bigger than he was! It did Johnnie so much good to have his big sister take up for him. He began to brag about that his sister could whip anybody! When Johnnie was little he was told that Dr. Knott had brought me so he announced to everyone that his big sister looked just like Dr. Knott.

My best friend was a Catholic girl who also had several brothers. One time Johnnie and I were walking home from school together and my friends brothers were walking along with a bunch of us when Johnnie said, "They're just Catholics! I don't know if they heard or not but I sure hoped they hadn't."

Love to all,

Grandma Beulah

P.S. I always thought Mother's little sister was born between her and Uncle Marion but she says it was their first-born. Do any of you remember for sure? I thought maybe she is getting it mixed up with her first-born.

Dear Love Knots:

Little brothers can embarrass big sisters and be as innocent as bunnies. One time Hubert Spurgin came at our house (he was about 5 or 6 years older than I and I never cared for him as much as he appeared to care for me). Anyway something was said in the course of our conversation and B.R. overhearing us said "But Max I thought you loved him." I wanted to do something drastic like fall through the floor or maybe shake my little brother but needless to say I could do neither.

I was always trying to get my work done so I could play or whatever else I had planned. It seemed both my little sister and brother would frequently delay me in some way. Once I was supposed to give B.R. a bath and when I got everything ready he was no where to be found. I searched around and finally in desperation I stood in the doorway and shouted "I see you young man now you get in here right now" or words to that effect when I heard this little giggle behind me and a little voice, "You said you saw me Max." He was hidden behind the cook stove. I think it was and he was so tickled because he had tricked me he just couldn't keep quiet!

I always felt I was a lot older than Lois while she didn't always feel a lot younger. She got so she thought she should get to do everything that I did. Mother was pretty good about letting me have a few special privileges that weren't extended to Lois until she was a year older. For quite a while I got by with bossing Lois around - she would go along with whatever I wanted but then one day she decided she was going to be the Mom and I could be the Daddy. That was a big shock to me but what was really frustrating to me was that every time I had a pain or anything she would be suffering from the same thing!

Mostly though, I remember happy times our family had together. Lois and I had great imaginations and I remember when we lived on Charlie Johnson's place we were playing like we were little orphans with out our parents and we got so carried away with our make belief story that we both got/crying because we felt so sorry for those orphans!

Love Ya,

Maxine

G. Parents Clodfelter



I can't remember any very specific incidents with my siblings. We must have had our little squabbles since we were normal kids but the only thing I remember along that line was that Martha liked to tease me by poking her toes into the flesh of my legs after she found out that I am extremely tender there and it hurt terribly. Also, when she got upset with me she would scratch me under my tongue. I have no idea why I couldn't keep her from doing it. Maybe because I was such a meek little girl.

The most I remember about any one of them is about Merle. He was always a scrawny, sickly little boy and I worried a lot about him. We discovered in our adult life that everyone in the family thought he wouldn't live long but none of us mentioned it. When he was about six years old he was playing that he was a maintenance man working on telephone wires. He used the clothesline prop to climb up to the wire and when he got to the top, the pole slipped and he fell from the highest point and broke his arm. He had the pain but no one knows how much agony I was going through. Of course, as this was the custom those days, Mama called the doctor to our house. We were three and a half miles from town and it took a very long time for him to get there. When he did, he was not help to me at all because he made Merle scream to the top of his lungs when he set the arm, and I was ready to

beat him up for hurting Merle more than he already was hurting.

When we started to school he was so small and the other kids teased him a lot. Instead of playing with the girls, I spent most of my time peering around the corner of the building, watching to see that no one hurt him.

At the age of seven, Daddy took him to a Chiropractor in another town once a week. The doctor treated him and put him on a diet of brown bread and milk and pumpkin seeds only. We knew nothing about vitamins then, but it was actually a source of vitamin B and that is the nerve vitamin as we know now. There was no such thing as shelled pumpkin seeds, and before long we kids all leaned to love them even if it did take a lot of time to shell them. No one else in our town, Hollywood, Kansas, had heard of such a thing. Then we moved to Burdett, Kansas, and Merle got worse again.

He would get so nervous in penmanship class that he couldn't control his pen and would scribble all over the page. The teacher would have me take him home. I don't know how many times this happened but I was always so glad to get him home to Mama.

One day he found a little chicken and it became a real pet to him, finally growing into a huge rooster. When we moved to Montezuma, we had the rooster and the cat in cages in the trailer behind a model-T touring car with all eight of the family and a dog in it. I don't think you guys can possibly imagine what a sight that was!

The dog had tangled with a skunk once before we stopped in a little town. He was barking

and the rooster was crowing at the same time and we all remember it as being very hilarious. As I write it, it sounds a lot like descriptions of the Okies going to California during the depression.

In Montezuma, the rooster became a nuisance because he wouldn't stay out of the neighbor's toilets! So Merle had to sell him. It was a pitiful picture watching him walk to town with his rooster on his shoulder, crying as he went. Again, I had about all I could take.

In a year we moved to Sublette and Merle became a little livelier and a little spunkier and one day he actually defied Mama to punish him for something and we could hardly believe our eyes.

Another two years and we moved to Garden City. I became interested in boys about that time, and I guess we weren't so close for a while. Merle was drafted into the army after he graduated but he didn't pass the physical. He had been working in a steamy dairy plant and they told him to get outdoors. So he and Vivian moved to a farm. Merle began gaining weight and his face was ruddy. He looked a lot like Santa Claus. We sorta lost touch during the years we were raising our families. Oh, I don't mean that. We just weren't as close for a few years. He became so dear to me, however, that I loved him more and more. He rarely got upset about anything, knowing everything would come out all right in the end. He had a rare sense of humor, spent a lot of time helping others, and we became closer and closer and I loved him so much. A few years ago, he started having medical problems again, and it was very

hard to have him first lose his sight. He was that way for a year and kept his sense of humor all through it. He and Vivian visited us that year and every morning they were here we spent about two hours with me reading to him, for he loved to read and couldn't get a book written by a mutual friend on tape. When he died, it was the greatest shock of my life. I had lost two siblings before that and it simply didn't hurt like it did when I lost Merle. He was 74. I am 18 months older than him.

Grandma Mae

=====

Experiences of Forrest and older brother, Leslie Clodfelter. Because Leslie was eleven years older than I, we did not get to do many things together before Leslie left home to teach school, but one of the "fun" things that I do remember was going fishing with him and two of my older cousins on the Arkansas River 1/4 mile west of our farm, 4 1/2 miles southwest of Udall, Kansas. I do not remember Mother having to badger Leslie to take me along, but I do know now that I was too young to do the under-the-bank fishing the older ones were doing so I was assigned the dubious pleasure of holding the top of the gunny-sack in which their catches were placed, keeping the fish alive by dragging the sack in shallow water along the edge of the far side of the stream. I must not have thought that was a lot of fun for I never asked to go "fishing" with him again.

About 1930 Leslie was needing help to move his household goods to Garden City, Kansas, where he was to teach Physics in high school. Poor

people have poor ways, so we loaded Leslie's furniture, etc. into his model-T touring car and Pat's (brother-in-law) model-T pickup and a live stock trailer, with antique (almost) wheels with demountable rims. After loading, we placed the touring car, which I drove, in the lead with a strong rope tied between the car and the pickup and trailer. To keep from snapping and breaking the rope when the two cars varied in speed momentarily, and the rope became taut again as the front car picked up speed, we placed a sizable "bit" in the rope, with two heaving truck tire inner tubes spanning the "bite" loop, thereby absorbing the shock. It really worked fine. Our first problem was trying to find a tire which was an unusual size to replace a blown-out trailer tire. Thank goodness Wichita was much smaller than now, but even then it took until well towards evening to find our needed tire.

As we headed west toward Garden City at about 30 mph at best, we were troubled in steering the Fords because of a strong south plains wind. (Keep in mind one fact here: the south wind was from our left plus the fact that the then narrow blacktop road was very rounded or crowned for rain water drainage.) The strong south wind prevailed all the way. We arrived at Leslie's hoe about 2:00 AM, removed a mattress from the load and slept until about 6:00 AM, then unloaded the furniture and headed south to Liberal, arriving there about 2:00 PM. The strong win that day was from the east, our left again, causing the need for us to steer against it constantly. On arrival at Uncle Ivan Clod-

alters, we ate dinner (farm term) and I went to bed until Aunt Katie had supper ready. After eating I asked where I could sleep, intending to really catch up on lost "shut-eye"; but cousins Wayne and Reva said, "No, we have a party to go to tonight and we want you to go with us." I was so tired I could not really enjoy the party, in fact, I don't remember too much about it.

The next morning, early, Leslie and I headed back to Wichita, Udall and home. This day we had a cold, strong north wind (again from our left). It was cold enough, we had to put the side curtains on our cars, making all the more surface for that north wind to push against. I was so tired and sleepy I would, from time to time, start to doze off and with the left hand wind, I always started drifting with the wind towards the right ditch. When I did this Leslie would brake his pickup slightly and the abnormal stress on the rope slowed me down and sent the message to "wake up." It is a good thing he could do that, I am sure.

At that time the road leading from the west, while still a few miles from Wichita, took a 90 degree left turn for one mile, then another 90 degree turn back to the east to take us into Wichita on West Douglas. Leslie told me later that I had made those two turns and the one mile between them in a perfect manner, but I did not remember them. I was awakened by the city lights in Wichita. Nor do I remember at all the trip from Wichita to the farm. At home the next morning I noticed the front right tires on the two vehicles were worn smooth on the right edges of the tread -- from the

and pressure and the resulting pressure we placed on the steering wheel, turning left all the 590 miles!

- Grandpa C.

=====

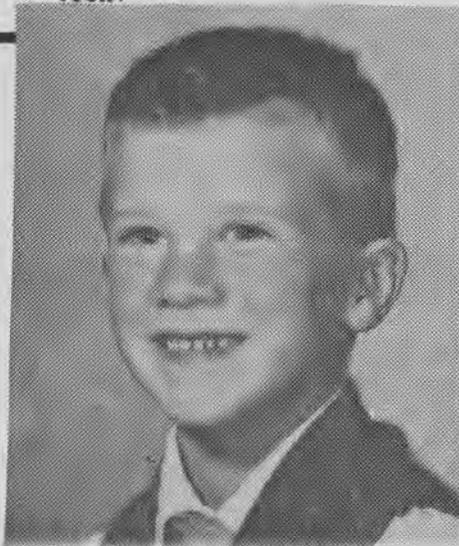
NEWSBITS:

- Rea Jo and Larry will be sealed in the Dallas Temple on February 20th, after a long wait. They are very excited to receive this most sacred ordinance that will bind them for not just time, but for all eternity. Congratulations!

- Fred announced he will be going to Korea for a 12 month tour of duty with the U.S. Army starting in September. (He hopes to move it up to July or so, as he's had enough of Kentucky already!) Keep us posted, Fred.

- Carmaleta has begun studying at a School for the Blind. She's very excited about learning Braille, typing, etc., and LOVES IT! Her school address appears in the MOVIN' ON section.

Fred us a kid



July 29, 1992

Shannon Davidson made a hat out of a foil pie tin and put it on G'ina





Jeffrey Paul



Four Generations: Edythe Mae, Rea Mae, Rea Jo, G'ma Rintoul

Dear LoveKnotters,

Hi! It has been way too long since we have participated in this newsletter. We enjoy reading it but just don't seem to make the time for contributing to it like we should. We apologize for our slothful letter writing and thank each of you for participating.

We are doing well currently. Haven't had any of the colds and flu yet this season, knock on wood, but there has been a little bit of laryngitis on Lynda's part. She shouts at us and we whisper back. Personally I think it's great, but Lynda is getting tired of it.

I guess some of my most vivid memories of time spent with my siblings is of our hunting trips. I said vivid memories, and I suppose they are good memories too, but I must admit their vividness has more to do with the discomfort experienced than with the good times. I loved, and do love,

the outdoors and camping. But we never had enough sleeping bags, or a big enough tent, or other camping supplies such as cooking equipment and food! I remember one night spent in a 3 man tent with Dad, Glenn, Chuck, Benj, myself, and I believe John, though I'm not sure about him. The warm ones were being squished, and the ones who could breathe freely were freezing. As you can imagine, we didn't sleep all night but we had a good time talking and laughing. And Benj got a deer that year, so the experience certainly had its merits. Still, I would probably not even remember it if we hadn't been so darn miserable!

I'm sure I will think of numerable experiences that I would like to relate after I send this, but right now I'm drawing a blank. We love all of you and hope all is well. Take care.

Love, Jeff, Lynda, & family

Howdy: 13 January 1993

I have trouble believing how fast time passes. When I used to think of the turn of the century and how old I would be, it seemed a long way off - almost beyond comprehension. Now it is just around the corner and I am 60 years old already.

I have many tales to tell about me and my sisters, but first I want to express my gratitude to all and especially to our Heavenly Father for having been born into a functional family full of love for one another and the Lord.

Probably one of my earliest memories with my sisters occurred on the Williams place. I was only 2 or 3 years old. I already enjoyed both of my sisters and I believe I hid, partially anyway, figured out how to appreciate their different personalities.

It was a beautiful Colorado winter day. We had received a lot of powdery snow the night before, so the girls decided to do some skiing. We only had 1 pair of skis, I guess; anyway, we were all 3 going to go down that long hill (long?) on the same skis at the same time. Maxine was driving and Lois was the caboose, with me between them. I thought it was great fun, but was completely secure and felt safe 'cause I was with my big sisters. We started down that hill, doing fine, when Maxine started letting those skis get a bit far apart. I remember looking down at my feet and realizing that I couldn't stretch much further, but I still knew I'd be okay 'cause Lois was right behind me holding me between them. Finally, the skis got so wide my weight just pushed them wider and they were beyond

recovery. We plowed in.

I vividly remember laying under the snow, seeing light above. I was just about to call out for some help when I realized I was completely hidden, as Maxine was in a panic, hollering, "Where is B.R.? We've got to find B.R.!" I don't remember the exact words, of course, but as soon as I knew I was hidden, I tried to be as quiet as possible while Lois, in her calm way, tried to reassure Maxine that I would be all right. The way they found me was because I got the giggles listening to the 2 of them. Lois calm, and Maxine in a panic. I always enjoyed them so much, and I just loved to put one over on Max.

I remember one other short story with Maxine after we moved to Craig. She was going to give me a bath in the kitchen. She got me all roady, then turned her back for awhile, so I hid behind the kitchen stove, being very quiet. She started calling for me, then went to the kitchen door, looked out in the deep weeds by the garage, and said, "Now you get 1 her right now Ben Richard; I see you out in those weeds!" So once again she found me because I couldn't keep from giggling. What a great family we were! What security! No doubt ever in my mind that I was love. I wish all little boys in this world could feel the love that I've always been blessed to feel from my family. The beautiful part about true love, charity, or the love of Christ, is that you know that love lasts forever, even though we are not always worthy of such devotion.

I'm so grateful for all the lessons I've been allowed to learn in this life and the love that I knew was there from

my family and the Lord. No matter how horrible my mistakes were, I knew they still loved me and were praying for my recovery. I hope that all of our much larger current family realize that I love them all with this same enduring love which I completely unconditional.

Thanks again to a wonderful family and the unforgettable memories. I only hope that our children have as many happy memories as I do.

Love, B.O.R.

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Hi! 24 Jan 1993

I remember a one day hunting trip where Dad drove Benj and I (and maybe another) up in some quite snowy mountains in the Lincoln. Dad wanted to nap in the car while Benj and I walked a ways further than the car could get, where Benj was certain there would be plentiful game. (You know, in all my times hunting with him, I've never so much as seen a deer!) As boys will do, we got sidetracked when we found a frozen pond that looked perfect for ice skating. Being the less adventurous of the two, I let Benj test the strength of the ice first. Soon, he was having a grand time sliding back and forth - all the way into the middle, so I finally decided it was holding well enough it could probably support both of us. No sooner had I gotten 2 feet into it when we heard a loud "CRAAACCKK!!" and I saw Benj go down in the middle, with cracks shooting out like lightning toward my position! I hurried to scramble back to shore, but was too slow. Man, was that water COLD! After we caught our breath, the laughter

than ensued was part disbelief in our own stupidity, and part nervous recognition of the predicament we were in - wet to the bone in sub-zero weather, and a mile or so back to the car! After running the equivalent of a block, I finally slowed to a walk, thinking we would be okay if we hadn't died yet. But Benj would have nothing of it: he forced me to keep running, saying we would become permanent fixtures of the mountainside if we didn't get to the warm car fast. I finally went along with him, and have since thought he probably saved me from getting pneumonia if not my life.

When we got to the car, Dad turned the heater up and made us strip down and ride home stark naked! If that isn't a vulnerable feeling! I've always thought that when and if I ever have to survive in the wild, I'd want Benj to be there with me...

Hope you're all well and happy. I start next week working full time with the Air Force Reserves on a project declassifying POW/MIA and other documents. Should be quite interesting. So we're staying right here at least til summer. Still looking for a more permanent solution.

Benj + Mom

My favorite photo of sister "George" watching TV!



1/5/82



Johnnie, Freddy, and Rachey

Dear LoveKnotters: Jan 26, 1993

When we received the assignment for this edition of Love Knot, the first thing I thought of was back at the end of 1987 -- November, to be exact. I was 8 months pregnant with Colten, my second, and Christian was only 10 months old. The pregnancy was a surprise, and the responsibility was overwhelming to my then husband. To my complete shock, and I must say, naivete, I very suddenly found myself alone.

Being totally unprepared for anything like this, my emotions began to rule, and my physical body suffered because of this. I didn't eat, wanted to sleep constantly, but found that I couldn't sleep when I did have the opportunity. For a limited time, I honestly didn't care if I lived or died. The only thing that kept me even somewhat going, was my 10 month old baby who seemed, even then, to be very sensitive to my moods. It seemed he almost felt a responsibility to "make" me feel happy, always being

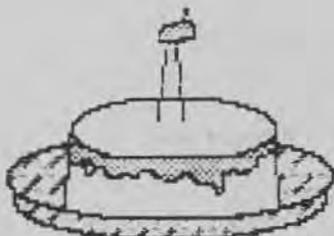
silly and turning into a little clown when I was in my most desperate moods. I didn't want to be comforted, I wanted to be allowed to be miserable, so I kept my door locked for a few days, and didn't answer the phone much. You can imagine the potential damage I was doing to my unborn child by not eating. I literally went 3 and 4 days at a time with nothing.

Well, one morning, I was awakened by the smell of eggs and bacon. I also heard the happy sounds of Christian coming from the kitchen. I knew that my door had been locked, and so I ran in there, and there was my brother John cooking away...

The table was set for me to set right down and eat. He didn't even ask me if I wanted to, he just told me to! I had absolutely nothing in the fridge except some baby food, and nothing in the cupboard except rice cereal and formula, so he had gone to the store and everything. I don't recall how he told me he got into my apartment. He knew I was not answering the phone much, and somehow, he knew that I wasn't eating, and so he came and took care of me that day!

I don't think he's ever known how much that meant to me. He didn't make me talk about things, he didn't ask me questions about how I was feeling, he was just THERE, and if I wanted to talk, he would listen. It was the exact kind of company and friend I needed right then! I will never forget that, ever! Thank you, John, so much!

We're all very happy and doing well. I feel like the luckiest woman in the world to be so blessed. I have so much! Love to each of you,
Rachael and family



ANNIVERSARIES and BIRTHDAYS

February

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| | | |
|-----------------|----------|------|
| 10 Richard | NORMAN | 1956 |
| 15 Katrina | WHICKER | |
| 18 Fred | WHICKER | 1969 |
| 21 Misti | WHICKER | 1982 |
| 27 Don & Rhonda | DAVIDSON | 1982 |

March

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| | | |
|-----------------|------------|------|
| 08 Heather | NORMAN | 1981 |
| 09 Jeff | WHICKER | 1959 |
| 10 Colten | ANDERSON | 1988 |
| 10 T.L. | ALBERS | 1944 |
| 13 Marinne | CLOWARD | 1978 |
| 15 Glenn & Pam | WHICKER | 1978 |
| 17 Sarah | WHICKER | 1984 |
| 18 Ruth | HASKINS | 1953 |
| 25 Edythe Mae | CLODFELTER | 1915 |
| 30 Michael Mark | WHICKER | 1992 |
| 31 Lyndsey | WHICKER | 1991 |

April

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| | | |
|-----------------|----------|------|
| 04 Ted & Maxine | ALBERS | 1943 |
| 09 Colby Jake | LINDSEY | 1991 |
| 12 JamiAnn | WHICKER | 1983 |
| 13 Beulah | WHICKER | 1903 |
| 13 Don | DAVIDSON | 1957 |
| 31 Lyndsey | WHICKER | 1991 |

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August 1972 from Grandpa Benjamin A. Whicker to his grandsons Glenn and Chuck, who were picking pineapple in Hawaii for the summer:

Your being homesick re-

minds me of when I went to northwestern Iowa to pick corn.

Of course it wasn't as far away as you are but it took longer to get there and back than your trip; had to change trains twice, so we rode three trains each way.

By we, I meant Frank Heckman, who is my brother-in-law, (first and oldest one) & I.

We worked out in the country, & most week ends we walked in to Pierson, a small town.

I had relatives there & we stayed there once & awhile. One week ended when it was too wet, we went to my older cousin's that was a logger, & helped cut wood on a large buzz saw.

We stayed all nite one nite at least, & I was in front of the bed & lying on my left side & it was cold & Frank was back of me, also on his left side, and my hair was pretty long & I wore it combed straight back, & it sorta got over my face, so I threw my head back real hard to get the hair off of my face & hit Frank's nose & boy did the blood...

I almost died laughing, but we had a mess to clean up, & after we got back in bed a while, I just burst out laughing, & then I'd laugh again; took some time to get to sleep! Frank is a good guy, & he & I never had a hard word for each other, which is pretty good for over 30 years.

I start back to work at the College in one week & 2 days. I'll be glad to get to work again, as Grandma works me too hard at home. (Salt that a little, please.)

Well, one doesn't know much he can't write much, huh?

Love & blessing on you,
Grandad Whicker

NOTE: This is Maxine again. I just looked in my Book of Remembrance and can correct some of the information in Mother's letter about her family. Uncle Roy was born in 1893, the little sister that died was born in 1894, Uncle Marion in 1896, Mother in 1903, Uncle John in 1909 and Uncle Floyd in 1915. The little sister lived to be seven weeks old (that is not shown in my book, but listening to a tape made by Mother some years ago she mentioned her age at death). Her name was Edna Bell.

I wanted to get this information right since some of our relatives down the road may only have this publication as a reference.

"A DREAM"

One night a little boy said,
"Good night" to his mom and went to bed.
He started to dream about a positive place,
And realized at once that he knew no face.
So he started to walk around
And stared at what he found.
He saw a country living together
Where unity survived and not bad weather.
Suddenly he woke up
And saw his mother holding a cup.
He said, "Where did that come from?
I've never seen it before."
And then she sat it down on the floor.
He picked it up into his hand
And looked at the words they said, "Positive Land".
He couldn't believe what h had seen.
It was just like a make-believe screen.
He thought about that beautiful place
And every single little face.
He thought about all that was in it,
And said, "Right here I will begin it."
He worked and worked as hard as he could,
He chopped down trees and shaped the wood.
He made a sign that said, "Positive House",
And all started to do it including his mouse.
All of a sudden from the place he was staying
He saw some little children playing.
From the looks on their faces and smiles in rounds
He remembered his dream of "Positive Land" where happiness
abounds.
He made the world full of better places.
He gave to the poor, you now should see their faces.
We, too, should follow his plans,
And take bright and valiant stands.
We can make the world a "Positive Land".
It's up to us and the way we stand.

The King Family
with G'ma in the center



Poem by Alaina Whicker, Age 10:



Jan 19, 1993

One day when we were living on the Williams place, the Dan Booten family came to spend the day with us. Minnie May was about the age of Max & I and there were younger children more nearly B.R.'s age. One of our favorite places to play was in the bottom of a gulch near our house. There was so much nice sand all up & down the gulch, so we could build roads, make tunnels & mountains & spend hours at pretending. It was the building of the extensive network of roads that mostly intrigued me, more than playing after they were built. Of course, this is where we took our company that day, & we were having so much fun - lots of laughing & hollering, which the folks could hear from the house. In the midst of all this fun, we heard a bellowing, and looked up to see Eicher's mean bull which had gotten through the fence.

Luckily the one bank of the gully was really steep so

we 3 bigger girls grabbed the smaller kids & scrambled up the bank as far as we could get, screaming at the top of our lungs. It was hard to keep our footing on the steep slope, & it also seemed like forever before someone heard us & came to our rescue. Both sets of parents had ggg us, but momentarily at least, thought we were still just laughing and having fun. When they did look out & saw the bull menacing us, it didn't take long for our Dads to get over the yard fence & to the rescue.

I don't remember much more about it except that the bull wasn't content to stay below us - he went around where he could get above us - but it was too steep to come down. I can remember the folks kinda laughing about it later & saying that Dan Booten seldom moved very fast, but that day he almost sailed over the yard fence.

Lois Norman



Camille & Taralyn trying to get a peek of their new baby sister JamiAnn in the hospital nursery



Grandpa W. with Maxine & Lois

December 14, 1992

Dear Love Knoters,

Perhaps I am most qualified to answer the Editor's question, "Anyone know the other couple?" And, while I have contact, I'd like to introduce a new agenda item.

In the November 1992 Love Knot, the question was raised about the identity of the "other couple" in a picture shown on the next-to-last page. Actually, only five of the eight people shown were identified, so there is also a third mystery person - a small boy reclining on the ground in front of the others. If you will compare the boy's countenance to that of the lad shown with the graduate and his lovely companion on an earlier page, you may discern a likeness so great as to appear almost identical. Both are, of course, Ted L. Albers.

With respect to the other couple, the lady was the subject of a letter in a previous issue of Love Knot. She is Clara Elizabeth (Maloney) Albers, daughter of William and Caroline (Schlieker) Maloney and paternal grandmother of Ted L. and Rhonda. The gentleman is her husband, Emil Wilhelm Friedrich Christopher Claus Albers (more commonly known as Amos W. Albers), son of Hermann and Anna (Priestmeyer) Albers and grandfather of T.L. and R.G. Mother was born July 13, 1889 in California (Moniteau County), Missouri and died in Memorial Hospital, Craig, Colorado, on June 2, 1969. My father was born in Stover (Morgan County), Missouri on June 2, 1892 and died at Julia Temple Center, Englewood, Colorado on July 8, 1964. Both are buried in Chapel Hill Cemetery, Denver, Colo.

Now let me change subjects. For longer than I like to admit, I have been increasingly disturbed by the downgrading of many of our treasured American values. In the context of a kind of apathetic attitude of permissiveness on the part of many, perhaps most, of us, this decline has reached alarming proportions. We may lament to each other, "has the world lost its sanity?" and we may behave reasonably ourselves, but for the most part we haven't actively indicated our outrage at this condition. Perhaps the time has come to join in speaking out, not with overly-zealous outbursts that might be counter productive, but with strong voices of reason and clarity, and actions to back them up. This week's Meeker Herald

contains a letter to the editor, apparently originally printed in an Apache Junction, Arizona newspaper, written by one Lorraine Donnan. I'm enclosing a copy. I hope you have room to print it and that it will challenge the thinking of the Kn readers. As the letter implies we all could expand greatly on the thoughts expressed and still not say everything that needs to be said.

Best wishes and HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

Uncle Ted

Theodore E. (Uncle Ted) Albers

Dear Editor:

America is a relatively young country, but must we continue to be immature?

We conduct political campaigns and politics generally with the grace and dignity of a bunch of 8-year olds on a playground, but with less honesty.

We spend much money and expend much rhetoric trying to stop the use of destructive drugs, then we elect a known drug user by putting his face on a U.S. postage stamp.

We have the quaint notion that passing all sorts of anti-gun laws will keep guns out of the hands of criminals.

We continue to weaken the character of one segment of society by not requiring work or public service of able-bodied people receiving public funds.

We tolerate, even admire, the Hollywood mentality of violence and sex, and we have the audacity to ridicule those who speak out against it.

We have a juvenile obsession with sports, so we give huge greed-and-ego sums of money to professional athletes, instead of reasonable pay for the entertainment they provide.

We marry without commitment and divorce impulsively, with little regard for the children involved.

We no longer distinguish love from lust, so we kill the babies that result from indiscriminate sexual activity and call it "choice." We seem unable to acknowledge that an intelligent, responsible choice can be made, and

should be made, before conception.

We tolerate all sorts of deterioration in the courts, schools, churches and even our homes with the excuse that "times have changed."

The list could go on. In our childish pursuit of pleasure and instant gratification, in our greed and political ambition, we ignore the values of those who founded the country and laid down the rules for its development.

Why can't we grow up?

Lorraine Donnan
Apache Junction

Dear Family,

I am one issue behind but I am going to write about the "hardest thing I ever did" which was the subject for last issue.

While I was serving as a Mesa County Commissioner, the Commissioners voted to fire our County Planning Director. The vote was unanimous and since I was Chairman of the Board at the time, I had to break the bad news to the Planning Director. To make matters worse for me, he was a former boss of mine when I worked in the Planning Department in Boulder, Colorado. I really dreaded that meeting but somehow I got through it and the fellow and his wife are still our friends. I pointed out his strengths, that he would no doubt find something else where he would excell and that even though at that moment everything seemed dismal, he would very likely look back on it as a blessing since he was being freed of a very stressful situation. He still stops by to see us when he is in town and he did go on to find a very satisfying position.

We are getting along very well. Mother seems to be thriving. Since leaving the nursing home the last of July, she has gained 14-1/2 pounds and is now taking 10 less pills each day. She gets a bladder infection periodically and is taking medicine now. I think she is getting rid of it as she seems to be much more alert.

We were alone for Thanksgiving since Teddy and Judy were unable to come as they had planned. They plan to spend Christmas with Judy's family in California and will stop here going and coming, weather permitting.

Rhonda, Don and Shannon plan to be here for Christmas. Shannon will spend most of her vacation with us. I'm anxious for her arrival. We plan to decorate our tree and do other creative things around the house. We will do some baking also.

I'm actually fairly well prepared. Almost all shipping is done and all packages mailed! Can't believe I'm this far along.

Guess I'd better stop - getting these letters typed and mailed means I can relax and enjoy the Christmas season.

Love to each and everyone,

Maxine
Maxine

Dearest Family,

I want to send a short note to let you know I am getting along fine and that I am happy here with Maxine and Ted.

This is a beautiful day in this part of Colorado. I like to sit in the sun room. Maxine fixed up a corner where I can work on ceramics. I don't see well and need close supervision but I enjoy working at it anyway. It is so nice and light in that room.

When the weather is warm enough Maxine takes me with her to run errands and grocery shopping. They have a wheel chair at the grocery store so she doesn't have to load and unload mine. When we go to lunch we just take my walker.

Always trust in the Lord, "Trust and obey for there's no other way" - that is a line in an old hymn which I have always liked.

Lois and Gale came down three weeks ago and B.R. and Rea were here last week. I am always happy to see them.

God Bless you all,

Love Always,
Dr. and Linda
Bessie
Mother & Grandma
Ruth

FIRST CLASS MAIL

Glenn R. Whicker
13462 Photo Dr.
Dale City, VA 22193
(703)730-0454



Grandpa Clodfelter
(are these the winded tires?)



Carmelela's address at school:
0732 So. 400 East #2085
Salt Lake City, UT 84111
(801)359-4329
SALT LAKE SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND

John, Katrina & Brennan Whicker
555 W. 400 No. #47
Centerville, UT 84014
(801)299-1326

Ryanne and Shannon Richison
453 W. 1500 So. #608
Bountiful, UT 84010
(801)298-3717



Next Knots:

Theme: MY FAVORITE TEACHER, AND WHAT HE/SHE TAUGHT ME..
Due 15 April 1993. And thank you all for the great response to this issue. What ideas do you have for future themes?

THE LOVE KNOT



Volume 8, Number 2

"a tie that binds"

May 1993

*I've dreamed many dreams that never came true
I've seen them vanish with dawn.*

But enough of my dreams have come true -

Thank God

To keep me dreaming on.

*I've prayed many prayers when no answer came
Though I waited patiently and long.*

Enough of my prayers have been answered -

Thank God

To keep me praying on.

*I've sowed many seeds that fell by the way
For the birds to feed upon.*

*But I've held enough golden sheaves in my arms
To keep me sowing on.*

*I've trusted many a friend that failed
When I needed them most, they were gone.*

But enough of my friends have been true blue

To keep me trusting on.

*I've drained the cup of disappointment and pain
I've gone many days without song.*

*But I've sipped enough nectar from the roses of life
To make me want to live on.*

(This poem was a favorite of Rev. Robert W. Sharp, the husband of Verma Hodgfeller Sharp, Grandpa Hodgfeller's sister. It was written by an Oklahoma lady whose name Uncle Bob couldn't remember.)

INSIDE:

-  Why Wyoming beckons
-  A Teacher's Eternal Influence
-  Who Pulled A Pum-Pum



A Study In The Role of a Father (Chuck)

Dear LoveKnotters:

April 18

First, I want to tell you about my favorite teacher in school. His name was Mr. Borne and he taught my physics class. I did well in that class through most of its phases, and so I suppose Mr. Borne became aware during those good times that I was at least half way intelligent, and that I did put forth some effort to learn, and that I

enjoyed learning. (Going to school, for me, was always fun. I never considered it drudgery IF I had my assignments done and felt

prepared for the new day's challenges. If I had procrastinated, I always felt really queasy inside my tummy!)

Sometime during my junior year came the section on electricity in Mr. Borne's class. It seems that this subject sets my brain into utter chaos at the first mention of the very word, and thus it has always been! But I had great confidence in Mr. Borne's ability to teach me the mysterious principles involved in the flow of electricity, and I was determined to learn well and rid myself of this confusion.

I listened. I read. I valiantly attempted to accomplish each assignment. I performed the experiments under Mr. Borne's watchful and kind supervision. But I knew, as soon as I looked at the final test paper, that all was lost. The questions seemed to be written in English, but most of the blanks remained before me, jeering in their emptiness.

When my test was returned to me, the expected big capital "F" was at the top. My heart sank. I had one "C" in my school years, and that was in the dreary subject of Geography (which I dearly love at this point in my life!) and I had cried forlornly at that sad occasion. How was I going to endure a failing grade?

Report card time. An "A" in band. An "A+" in shorthand and typing. An "A" in algebra. An "A" in Latin. An "A-" in English Literature. But in

Physics.....WHAT?...another "A"??? Oh, how I wanted to just leave it at that! Mr. Borne had made a mistake, and it was wonderfully soothing just to have my report card unblemished! After school was out that day, and no one was around, I gathered the courage to enter Mr. Borne's room, and told him of his error.

My Favorite Teacher



As I looked at his gentle, caring smile, he said, "There is no mistake. Your grade is based on your effort.

Somehow I know that you will not be going into any field requiring a knowledge of electricity, and I appreciate your effort."

I still get tears in my eyes when I think of that story. A rare and wonderful teacher, with the true spirit of the great responsibility of teaching. He taught me something much more important than expertise in electricity...he taught me that if I did my best, my work was acceptable. He also taught me a lot about love, and the depth of that lesson came more and more with time, and continued long after he had left this life. He cared about all of us kids, and wanted to do HIS best for us.

We are all doing very well...so excited about Spring! Sometimes it is

really hard for us to imagine that this life is real, it is so wonderful! Among all of our blessings, three great ones stand out to me at this moment...my father and mother being still with us, and having the privilege of having Grandma Whicker with us for NINETY YEARS! I do hope we all take time to count our blessings every day because there are so many things that we don't even recognize as blessings, simply because we have never been without them!

Love you all! Rea

Dear Family,

April 15

Time marches on (and drags me along behind!). I just cannot believe that it is time for another Love Knot (and I didn't even contribute last time). I'm certain a lot of things have happened in the past six months, but I can guarantee you I won't be able to recall but a few.

Let's see...six months, that makes it...hmm, October. Okay. October. That means that in this family only one got any older, & of course you can probably guess that by the memory lapses. That last that should not have been that, it should have been who.

We still have Chico (Buddy), for a while longer anyway. He is really a go getter, and this ole gal has trouble go gettin'!

Frank is finishing up the semester in Laramie. I'm not sure of his plans for the summer - except for working, of course. his last final test is on May 7.

Shayne is working for the city parks still. His plan is to marry a really sweet young lady in June. The invitations are addressed and waiting to be dropped in the mail. For you who may be able to make plans for June still ... the event is June 12 (Sat.) in Craig. I was wondering if it would be possible to have a family picnic on Sunday with all those who were able to come. Just a kind of "bring what you have and let's visit" type picnic.

Charlotte has moved in to a new apartment in Cheyenne. I will try to remember to include her address. She is working at the department store for a while longer. When the weather improves she will be doing all the lawns, etc. at the Mall. She enjoys the outside work.

Mike is wanting to start farming again. He has looked in to an opportunity in the Cheyenne area. We haven't made a final decision yet, but we're gonna have to get it done soon. It is exciting, but rather frightening too. Pray that the decision we make is the best one.

We hope all of our "best friends" (you) are well. Do hope to see many, if not all of you in June.

Love always, Marg, Mike & crew



Dear Family,

25 April 1993

Hi from one of the most beautiful places to be in Springtime. First, thanks to all who wrote in the last

issue of the L.K. Those stories about siblings were SO ENJOYABLE, we really treasured reading every one.

I couldn't come up with a favorite teacher but found a quality consistent among them all -- and that was the constant expression of faith in me even at times when I wasn't showing much potential. The gift of being able to look beyond a person's behavior and see who they really are is one I hope to gain through the Spirit, for I believe that when the Spirit flows thru us we are more likely to touch, and to teach, another person. I'm thankful to have had many teachers who had this gift, from my parents and grandparents on forward.

On the newsy side: Mikelle, Marianne, Emilie and I were able to fly to D.C. in March to visit Glenn, Pam & girls. We landed the evening the "Blizzard of the Decade" was predicted, got safely to their home, and remained inside for 2.5 days during what was later called the "Blizzard of the Century." We didn't miss the sight-seeing because we had such a blast, all 10 of us females to Glenn! It was great to get to know the Whicker girls better but now we miss them even more.

My girls and I even got to drive up to NYC (something I hope never to repeat) to see "*Les Miserables*" on Broadway. The play was wonderful. NY is for crazy people.

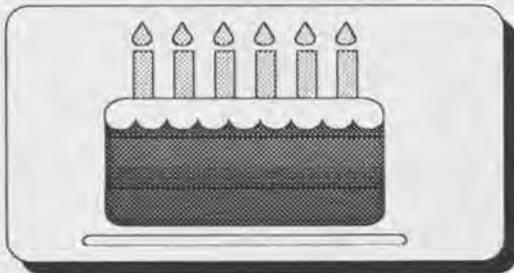
Nathan, Jefferson & I used even more of my frequent flier miles to go to Disneyland a couple of weeks ago, and there we met Jeff, Lynda & Family. Two days of Disneyland! Zounds. It's enough to kill a grownup off. We had a great time, the kids swam alot and even got to play *Red Light Green Light* on the beach, and it was great to see those Whickers, too. Interesting for me to return to that place I left 7 years ago at what felt like a very dark time, with the boy who was then my baby and the boy who was then in my womb, and feel the gratitude of knowing that we made it through and are now safe, thanks to all we have been blessed with and a little hard work to boot.

I'm cutting back to teaching only 3 days a week from here on out, Tuesday through Thursday, and it is becoming more local. I think Dad and Teddy and Aunt Maxine and anyone who travels alot in their jobs are amazing. It wears me out.

Larry and I are doing great, and when he can take some time off work (self-employed, he pushes himself pretty hard), maybe we'll get him on a vacation too!

Love you all very, very much. Remember to put your face really close to a beautiful flower this Spring, and breath deeply.

Love, Rea Jo



Birthdays and Anniversaries

May

| | |
|----------------------------|------|
| 04 Benjamin Clark WHICKER | 1980 |
| 05 Cody Gale NORMAN | 1988 |
| 06 Daniel Lane SHAFFER | 1971 |
| 11 Michael Jess DUZIK | 1946 |
| 13 Charles Forrest WHICKER | 1956 |
| 19 Rache & Dan LINDSEY | 1990 |
| 23 Julie Diane WHICKER | 1980 |
| 26 Guy Daniel HASKINS | 1952 |
| 29 Timothy Flint HASKINS | 1976 |

June

| | |
|--------------------------------|------|
| 07 Jack Haywood WHICKER | 1987 |
| 09 Larry RICHEY | 1947 |
| 09 Mary Elizabeth WHICKER | 1989 |
| 19 Matthew John WHICKER | 1966 |
| 20 Jeff & Lynda WHICKER | 1981 |
| 20 Alaina Ione WHICKER | 1982 |
| 22 Kemarie Ann WHICKER | 1985 |
| 22 Frank DUZIK | 1966 |
| 24 Judy Ann Bergner ALBERS | 1961 |
| 30 Carmaletta M. Allen WHICKER | 1968 |

July

| | |
|---------------------------------|------|
| 01 Beulah Maxine Whicker ALBERS | 1924 |
| 01 Glenn Richard WHICKER | 1955 |
| 02 Brennen John WHICKER | 1991 |
| 03 Richard Paul WHICKER | 1988 |
| 08 Rachael Mae Whicker LINDSEY | 1965 |
| 17 Lois Marie Norman SHAFFER | 1949 |
| 17 Charlotte DUZIK | 1970 |
| 19 Camille WHICKER | 1980 |
| 19 Taralyn WHICKER | 1980 |
| 22 Jefferson King CLOWARD | 1986 |
| 31 F. S. & Edythe M. CLODFELTER | 1932 |



MOUJN' ON:

Charlotte Duzik
608 E. 17th, Apt. C
Cheyenne, WY 82001
(307)637-7577

Dear Knot-heads;

28 April 1993

Probably the most influential teacher of mine was my ninth grade English teacher, Mr. Cook. I think Rea Jo had him too. Not only was he fun, making an otherwise boring subject to life, he showed respect and faith in the backward, shy boy that I was at the time. It was his duty to recommend those in his class that should go to advanced English in the tenth grade, and although my performance in the class was not quite up to that level, he knew all my friends were being recommended. He was sensitive enough to my needs to ask if I thought I could handle the extra load so as to be able to stick with my group of friends. I'll never forget the feeling of being important to someone outside my family - I had considered myself a nobody prior.

Uncle Ted had the same effect on me.

President of a University, I looked up to him greatly. Every time we visited, he pulled me aside at some point and told me that he saw great potential in me. It always surprised me, because I couldn't see that in myself. Though I had great dreams, I had a hard time believing they were more than just dreams. But Uncle Ted helped me understand that dreams are what engender accomplishment. Because of that extra effort to go out of his way to encourage me, I can easily understand how he rose to such heights in the field of education. He knows how to *inspire*, that is, breathe life, into a person. I'm sure Teddy's teaching ability comes partly from his father's example. My job is going well. So far I've declassified many Vietnam POW/MIA files, some Cold War U.S. reconnaissance aircraft shoot-downs by the Soviets

and been associated with the Gulf War declassification effort. Pretty interesting. We may soon be doing much more, such as U-2 and SR-71 projects.

Pam and the girls voted to let our neighbors give us an above-ground pool for the back yard. All we have to pay for is the installation. Wouldn't you know it: just to install it will cost precisely the amount we had saved up to come home to Utah this summer. So, we're letting people visit us this year - Mom, Dad, G'padres C.; Benj, Con and family; and Rache & Dan have already made plans to come out. And Rea Jo and her girls already visited. I'll miss my 20 year High School reunion, but if I hadn't been willing to go to office, I guess I shouldn't have put it up for a vote!

We love you all muchly. Thanks for writing - it means a lot to those of us separated by thousands of miles.

Love,
Glenn and Pam

Dear Love Knot,
I hope that Glenn delays printing long enough for this letter. The due date snuck up and past me again. Sorry Glenn, I'll make it quick.

I don't know who my

favorite teacher in school was. I know that the best teachers I have had have been my immediate family. Because of the great examples they have set mainly. It appears that I have not learned a lot from them, because I am not as organized or successful as most of them, but I really do admire them and learn from them. It is my goal to be more like them, and someday it may happen. I have been learning.

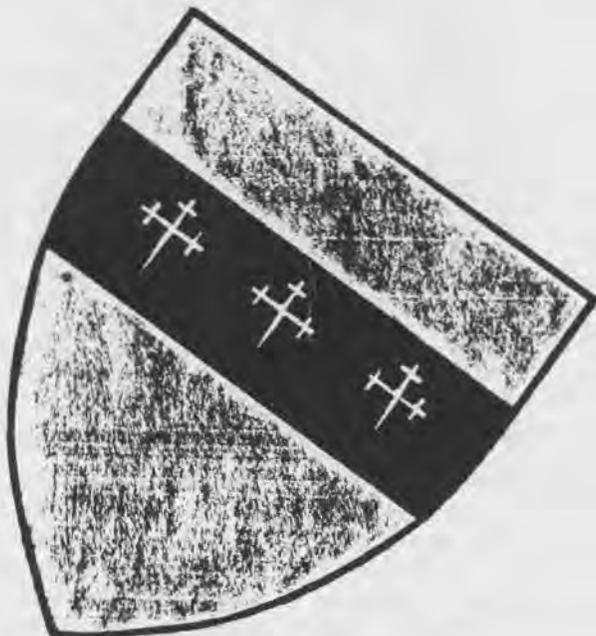
Not only have I learned from my parents and siblings, but also from my Grandparents, Aunts and the great men they married, as well as the sons and daughters they bore. I am truly amazed at what fine people you all are, what fine people you all married and what fine children you have born.

There could never be better teachers or teachers with more power than that of our own families and I have the best there is. I am very pleased and proud to belong here. It is my hope that my children, that all of us, will always remember that we all have people that look up to us and that we are teaching by example all the time. Kids will all become idols, aunts and uncles, parents and grandparents, so I hope you all live your lives accordingly and do a better job of teaching by example than I have been.

Thanks to all of you for being such great people.

Love, Benj

Whicker



Whicker Family Crest and Shield,



Dear Love Knotters,

Just like it was terribly hard to talk about only one sibling experience in the last issue, it is hard to talk about only one favorite teacher in this one! I have three. I've decided to mention each one anyway!

Looking back on my school experiences, one teacher comes immediately to mind. Mrs. Allen was my kindergarten teacher. You may think that kindergarten is a bit early to remember, but for me it is very clear! Mrs. Allen made it that way with the way she taught. Of

course I don't remember the daily routine that she may have had us doing, but there are things I remember about her that even now as I think of them, it makes my heart smile! I remember that it was through her that I realized for the first time what my Dad did for a job; why he was gone a lot! We were reading a book about airplanes and she mentioned that my Dad flew airplanes. I was just as thrilled and amazed as all the other kids! I'm sure I had been told over and over again from family members, but for some reason it never clicked until then. She must have noticed the surprise in my eyes, as she gently said, "Rachael, that is why your Daddy is gone from home sometimes. Did you know that?" I felt a sense of relief as for the first time I understood the whole thing. I don't think that I had been stewing over Dad being gone a lot or anything, but it was like the whole picture just sort of fell together right then.

Then there were the chicken eggs that we had underneath a lamp in our room. We watched them through the whole incubation time. She would hold them underneath lights and we could see the "shadow" or outline of the little chick. And wouldn't you know it, my class lucked out because they happened to hatch during our class time! I distinctly remember sitting in a circle around

them, watching them all hatch. Then, for a couple of weeks after that, we were able to watch how those little chicks changed as they grew! We would sit in a circle and watch the chicks in the middle of us. It was absolutely wonderful to my little five year old mind!

I saw Mrs. Allen at RYANNE'S wedding. She recognized me immediately. She's quite old now, but I talked and talked to her. I told her she was such a wonderful teacher, and that I could remember so

many things about kindergarten that have stuck with me through all these years. She hugged me and thanked me, and got a tear in her eye. She's taught and touched so many children in her life. It must do her heart good to hear that a pot of those things stuck with them into their adulthood! I'll always love her dearly and cherish these memories and many more.

My next favorite teacher was my seventh grade English teacher, Mr. Dean. This is one I can't explain. I don't know why I admired him so much, it was just something that I felt very deeply. As I look back, I see that he exhibited much integrity. His teaching skills were such that I was always enthralled in what he

was teaching, and the bell rang much too soon almost every single day! In February of my seventh grade year, he announced to all his students that he was going in for surgery on his heart, and that he would be gone for awhile. I remember so well that he actually expressed his love for us. Two days later I received a phone call from my real good friend, and learned that Mr. Dean had died during surgery. We both cried together on the phone, and the next day at



Lois & Maxine in front of log house where B.R. was born (Nellie thinks!)

school, there were students in tears everywhere for most of the day as they learned the news. All of his students loved him so much! We realized that he must have had a strong feeling that he might die, because of the way he expressed his love to us that last day, and also because he had written a poem to all of his students; the Principal read it to the student body over the intercom the day after he died. It was a beautiful poem; full of love and humor. Telling us not to be sad, but to just always be honest in our lives and to work hard in school, etc. I tried to find a copy of the poem, but couldn't. I'll always remember Mr. Dean. I've thought of him many times and I know that he is the kind of man that is doing good work where he is now!

Then in my junior year in high school, I had the most wonderful experience in seminary! It was a year full of spiritual growth for me, and I often wish I could go back for just a day and experience it again. Brother Tew was my instructor, and he was a man that is a lot like my big brother, Glenn. Every single student in that class was someone who WANTED to be there, WANTED to learn, WANTED to study the scriptures. The spirit was always so strong in that

class, and I felt such regret when I had to leave it to go to my next class. (Of course, the next class being Algebra didn't help any!)

Brother Tew has such a talent with being able to incorporate humor into his teaching while he was, at the same time, so spiritual. That was the perfect combo for me, I really absorb things better with that combination.

At the end of the year, I felt such a desire to maintain contact with Brother Tew and his wife, whom we had become acquainted with a little bit during the year at various seminary activities. I was sad to realize that nine months of my life would be all I would be

associated with this couple! Little did I know that I would marry Doug Anderson later, a boy who at that time lived with the Tew's! So, when Doug and I got together, it was neat for me to be able to associate with them again! This time it was more on a friendship level, and the Tew's turned out to be some of the best friends I have ever, ever had! Over the years I have developed a very special friendship with the Tew family, and I am so grateful! Brother Tew taught me a lot that year in seminary, but I would have to say that associating with them and their five kids over the last few years has taught me

much, much more! I adore that family, and I hope Dan and I can provide a similar home life for our children as they are for theirs. They are exceptional!

Love, Rachael



Oscar & Anna Boyer Woodward

Stories from Aunt Nellie

Benjamin Archie's kid sister.

In 1918, the family move to Missouri on account of mother's health - she had lung trouble. We went to see Uncle Pearl (Harlan's brother) there, and mother liked the climate because it was so warm. Dad Harlan worked as a blacksmith and farmed. Mom never did like Missouri, as she missed home.

Mom's half-brother, Uncle Silas Boyer, was one day playing in the sand near a creek. He heard a "splash" and went over to the

bridge to find a drunken man who had fallen off the bridge into the water! He went home to get his parents to have them come out and help.

The house where our twin brother and sister, Lydia Fern and Forrest Henderson Whicker, were born, remained standing just north of Rathburn (Iowa) until the summer of 1991 when it burned down. The well is still there, with a tree growing out of it, but there are no buildings left.

My Aunt Anna Boyer Woodward (see photo, previous page) lost her only daughter, Lillian, at age 18. In her grief, she wrote this poem to her.

- Nellie Whicker Heckman (As told to Glenn Whicker during our visit in January of 1992.)

In Memory of Lillian

*I am thinking today of the days that are gone,
In our once happy home 'neath the trees.
But today I am dreaming all sad and alone
As I list to the soft sighing breeze.*

*Then, Lillian was with us, her bright cheery smile.
As she flitted about the old place.
Like a bright flash of sunlight, (she singing the while),
Drove the lines from each careworn face.*

*Now returning from school when the day's work is past,
I can hear her quick step on the walk,
See the shining gray eyes 'neath the little red hat,
Hear her dear voice in bright happy talk.*

*Then the tasks seemed so light, all through the long day.
As we worked side by side and planned
For the future so bright. Ah! Who could say
In that future, all alone I would stand.*

*When the day's work was ended and our boys came home,
Lamps were lighted and supper work a'er.
Around the piano their young voices were joined
In the sweet songs we now hear no more.*

*When the music is over and evening prayers said,
Again flashes that bright smile so rare
As we hear "good night mamma," "good night dad,"
As she cheerily runs up the stairs.*

*Ah, yes. The night came, as it came to our hearts,
When the light of those gray eyes died out,
But the morning will come, as it came to us then
When the Lord shall descend with a shout.*

*When the "Dead in Christ" shall arise from the
grave,
And "Together with those who remain,"
Will be "caught up in the air to meet the Lord"
Then we'll know how our loss was her gain.*

*Yes, Dear Little Lillian, though our hearts may be
sad
We would not your sweet spirit recall
To the sorrow and sin we must meet here on earth,
For we know Death will come to us all.*

*So we'll strive to live, while we stay here below,
So our Savior will be pleased to say,
"Come up higher" and we'll hear his "Well done,"
When we greet you at the "Dawn of the Day."*

-Mamma

Rea Jo and Glenn, March 1993





1943



1993

Look what love can do! Maxine and Ted, then and now.

NEWSBITS:

* Ted and Maxine Albers will celebrate their Golden Wedding Anniversary on Sunday, May 23rd, from 2 - 5 pm at The Ramada Inn in Grand Junction, Colorado. (Thanks to Rhonda for the photos above.)

* Shayne Duzik will be marrying in Craig on 12 June. Marg would like anyone who

can come to a family picnic the next day, Sunday.

* For those of you who were at Ryanne's wedding, you should know that the beautiful song that was sung was written by none other than Grandma Mae! It has a timely message about families and homes, and I'll try to get a copy of it for a future issue of the LOVE KNOT.

I've had a terrible time trying to pick a favorite teacher. I attended my first 4 grades in the Maybell school and had 3 different teachers - Anna Clark Maudlin, Minnie Hertzog, & Margaret Owens. I loved them all & tried in some ways to imitate them. They must have given me a good start because I always loved school. Probably some things about our small one-room schoolhouses would be foreign to our children & certainly our grandchildren so I will tell a few things I can bring to mind.

We always had several grades in each school, & since we were all in the same room, each grade as the teacher called for them, had to "pass to class" - meaning, for instance, the first grade, when called, passed to the front of the room to take seats on a bench near the teacher for recitation. The rest of the classes remained at their desks studying or completing assignments until they were called. Teachers must have had quite a task teaching many grades & every subject in each grade.

When we were dismissed for recess or lunch, it was done in an orderly manner. We first put away our books, pencils, etc. in our desks (no lockers then) sat



quietly until the teacher told us to "turn; stand' and pass", meaning we all turned together in our seats with our feet in the aisle; stood up & then passed out of the room by rows. This was kind of regimented I guess, but students were required to conduct themselves in an orderly manner in the school building.

During recess & lunchtime we could really let off steam & we played hard & thoroughly enjoyed our play time. We did not have a lot of equipment. In Maybell we had swings & teeter-totters. We played a lot of "Anti-Over" where one group of kids stood on one side of the school building & an equal number on the other side &

tossed a ball over the building, calling "Anti-Over" as it was thrown, so the other side would know it was coming. If no one caught the ball, they tossed it back, again calling "Anit-over". When the ball was caught, that side came running around the building trying to



Left: Maybell School; Above: Antelope School

tag a member of the opposite team - the opposing team never knew who had the ball, so it wasn't easy to know who to run from. If you were tagged, you became a part of the team that tagged you. If no one was tagged, the game continued with the groups having switched sides of the building.

We got lots of throwing, catching & running practice. We played lots of running games, such as Pum-Pum Pull-away, Last Couple Out, etc. We also usually had a long rope for jump rope, with everyone but the rope handlers jumping - "going through school", "high water", "hot pepper" - the last two being a good way to eliminate some of the better jumpers.

At Antelope school I think our only playground equipment was a small ball (for Anti-over, catch, or keep-away) a large ball for dodge ball, & a jump rope, but what fun we had. Of course, many games we played required no equipment at all. Gale's memories of his school days in the one-room schoolhouse pretty well coincide with mine. It was fun to live through, and it is fun to look back on.

- Love, Lois & Gale

(From Ben R.)

When I think of great teachers many if not most of my acquaintances jump into my mind, as I've learned something from practically everyone I've encountered in this voyage of life. The teachers that have taught me the most, of course, are members and friends of our own family. I will mention here a few of them. My Grandparents, my wonderful Parents, Sisters, Out-laws, Aunts and Uncles etc. My Dad was one of the most patient teachers I ever enjoyed though very quiet and unassuming. He had the patience of Job when he was dealing with me. I suspect that he was very much like his Father in that regard. Sadly, patience was never one of my strong points in my relationship with my own children. If the greatest gift a father can give to his children is to LOVE their Mother, which I believe is true, then my Father was a master teacher!

My absolute favorite teacher is the one who's influence caused all those mentioned above to be such great examples of good for me my entire life; as a matter of fact any teachers of good throughout history have received their inspiration from this source. The life of Jesus Christ has had more impact on civilization than any individual in the history of the world, without a doubt. All of our culture is based on Judeo Christian principles. Even the largest single religion of the world, Islam, accepts Jesus Christ as a great prophet right along side of their prophet Mohammed; in fact it is probable that if the Christian leaders at the time of Mohammed had been a bit more compassionate toward infidels, as they considered the Arabs at that time, that all of Islam would be Christian today.

If we hold any hope for our present civilization we must take a stand against those who are out to destroy all of these righteous principles that this great western culture is based upon. Hollywood as an example is seemingly doing all in it's power to break down the very foundations of what has made this country great. How long has it been since you have seen or heard of a movie that has done anything but ridicule the family unit, religion and patriotism? We must take a stand and quit supporting the type of thing. While polls show that 54% of our population are opposed to the profanity, sex and violence portrayed in their movies they, the people, continue to view them just because that is about all they are being offered. It is imperative that we quit financing this garbage through our

patronage or this sacrilege will continue to get ever worse. We, the people, are responsible. The producers would never continue to produce a product that wouldn't sell. We just continue to accept worse things a little bit at a time till unawares, to many, the content of these movies is completely out of hand.

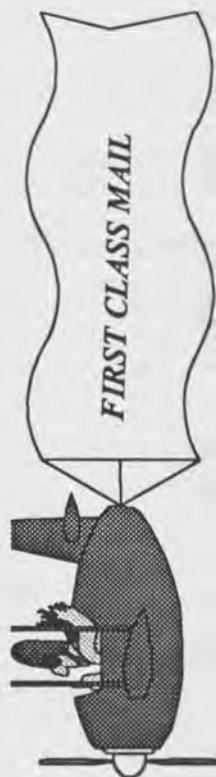
If anything is presented a degree at a time it is very easy to not realize a change is taking place. If you raise the temperature of ones bath water 1 degree each 10 minutes how will the person in the tub know when to scream? We seem to have become completely lethargic in our criticism of these great evils being presented to us on every side by not only the movie industry but the media in general. What ever happened to good news? Aren't there still people out there who would like to hear something positive once in awhile? If there are they had better get on the ball and demand it; otherwise we are going to sink so far into the mire that there will be no hope for this generation. I for one refuse to put up with this garbage. I will not allow myself to be exposed to profanity, sexual misbehavior, unpatriotic concepts during my recreation. If any of this Anti-Family, Anti-Religion, Anti-Country garbage comes on, even on T.V. I immediately shut it off. If I should happen to go to a movie that supports such I will walk out and demand my money back, if there was no prior indication that such things would be involved.



We must take a stand on these items. What the world needs is leadership. We as Christians will be held accountable if we don't take a stand and take it soon! Our children and grand children are being led gently down to destruction one degree at a time. We need to speak our minds at every opportunity. Many are on our side but are victims of this lethargy and only need to be awakened to the danger to become our allies.

The next time you are out in public like a bus or sitting in the lobby of a hotel look around you and think about all of those strangers as fellow space travelers. We are all essential to one another while on this voyage. We all are contributing to the environment that we all live in. When I look at people in this way I have a great feeling of compassion and love for every one of them. We are all truly brothers and sisters. We are trapped here on this space machine so we just as well cooperate and try to make each of our journeys as enjoyable a possible. Well I've got to get up early in the morning so I'd better quit for now. I love you all and appreciate the contribution of you all in my education during my stay on this earth.

B.O.R.

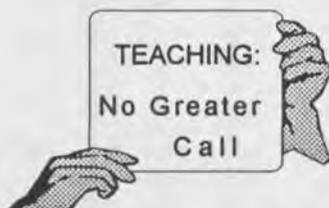


Pam, in salute to life!

Next Knot:

Due 15 July. I can't think of a good topic, so we'll go for pot-luck this time. Maybe some of you have something you've wanted to tell us about that's never fit our stated theme. So, feel free! (Actually, you never need to feel like you're restricted to the theme; its intended only to help stimulate memories.)

Thanks to everyone for participating. Keep those letters and pictures coming!



Major Glenn R. Whicker
13462 Photo Drive
Dale City, VA 22193

W

My Aunt Anna Boyer Woodward (see photo, previous page) lost her only daughter, Lillian, at age 18. In her grief, she wrote this poem to her.

- Nellie Whicker Heckman (As told to Glenn Whicker during our visit in January of 1992.)

In Memory of Lillian

*I am thinking today of the days that are gone,
In our once happy home 'neath the trees.
But today I am dreaming all sad and alone
As I list to the soft sighing breeze.*

*Then, Lillian was with us, her bright cheery smile.
As she flitted about the old place.
Like a bright flash of sunlight, (she singing the while),
Drove the lines from each careworn face.*

*Now returning from school when the day's work is past,
I can hear her quick step on the walk,
See the shining gray eyes 'neath the little red hat,
Hear her dear voice in bright happy talk.*

*Then the tasks seemed so light, all through the long day.
As we worked side by side and planned
For the future so bright. Ah! Who could say
In that future, all alone I would stand.*

*When the day's work was ended and our boys came home,
Lamps were lighted and supper work o'er.
Around the piano their young voices were joined
In the sweet songs we now hear no more.*

*When the music is over and evening prayers said,
Again flashes that bright smile so rare
As we hear "good night mamma," "good night dad,"
As she cheerily runs up the stairs.*

*Ah, yes. The night came, as it came to our hearts,
When the light of those gray eyes died out,
But the morning will come, as it came to us then
When the Lord shall descend with a shout.*

*When the "Dead in Christ" shall arise from the
grave,
And "Together with those who remain,"
Will be "caught up in the air to meet the Lord"
Then we'll know how our loss was her gain.*

*Yes, Dear Little Lillian, though our hearts may be
sad
We would not your sweet spirit recall
To the sorrow and sin we must meet here on earth,
For we know Death will come to us all.*

*So we'll strive to live, while we stay here below,
So our Savior will be pleased to say,
"Come up higher" and we'll hear his "Well done,"
When we greet you at the "Dawn of the Day."*

-Mamma

Rea Jo and Glenn, March 1993





Vol IX No. 3

"a tie that binds"

October 1993

"Sursum Corda"

There are two days in every week about which we should not worry, two days which should be kept free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is YESTERDAY - with its mistakes and cares, its faults and blunders, its aches and pains. YESTERDAY has passed forever beyond our control.

All the money in the world cannot bring back YESTERDAY. We cannot undo a single act we performed; we cannot erase a single word we said . . . YESTERDAY is gone.

The other day we should not worry about is TOMORROW - with its possible adversaries, its burdens, its large promise and poor performance TOMORROW is also beyond our immediate control.

TOMORROW'S sun will rise, either in splendor or behind a mask of clouds - but it will rise. Until it does, we have no stake in TOMORROW for it is as yet unborn.

This leaves only one day . . . TODAY. Any man can fight the battle of just one day. It is

only when you and I add the burdens of those two awful eternities . . . YESTERDAY and TOMORROW that we break down.

It is not the experience of TODAY that drives men mad - it is remorse of bitterness for something which happened YESTERDAY and the dread of what TOMORROW may bring.

LET US THEREFORE, LIVE BUT ONE DAY
AT A TIME!

Announcing:

Rhonda & Don Davidson and daughter Shannon, proudly announce the birth of their son/brother:

**Brian James
Davidson**

Born 16 August 1993



Way to go, Team!

Hi all - 7-16-93

I'll make this quick so I can get it sent today - only one day late. We're all okay.

We had a great time at the wedding. It was a beautiful ceremony and the reception was a lot of fun. G'ma Whicker got to come and participate. (Thank you A. Maxine + U. Ted!) T.L. worked things around and got to be there too! We didn't get to spend much time with anyone, but I really enjoyed seeing everyone!

Shayne and Shelley are living at 1679 Rd. 35, Craig 81625. The wheat will probably be ready to cut here in a couple weeks. It looks good - if we don't get any more hail.

Sorry I haven't contributed much to the Love Knot. I hope to get better.

Love You All, Marg, Mike + "Buddy"

Duzik
Update:
9-27-93

I really don't remember what I wrote earlier, so hope I don't repeat myself! Probably told you that Mike is hauling fuel in the Cheyenne area and up near Wright Wyo. He likes it pretty well.

There was a termination of parental rights hearing for Chico (or Buddy as we call him) last week.

He is now eligible for adoption. And who do you suppose, after having him in the family for 15 of the 22 mos. of his life, will try to adopt him? That's right folks! We, (or maybe I'd better just speak for myself) I feel like I'm way too old to start over, but we just can't let "one of our own" go now can we? I worry for him cuz he's gonna have parents who are the age of

his friends' grandparents! We all need lots of prayers...please. Will keep you posted.
Better go - this is getting long!

Love you, Marg, etc.

Our Dear Family,

7/14/93

We got a letter from Marg reminding us that it is Love Knot time again. Since I don't have a subject thought up to write about, I just decided I'd send this one that I wrote about my most embarrassing moment. I sent it to you, Glenn, but got it back as it said the forwarding time had expired, even though they had your new (& present) address on the same sticker.

We are having a strange summer, but we can be thankful we've had nothing like the Midwest. It has

been so windy every afternoon we just get sick of it and it's hard to keep enough water on the yard & garden. So far the crops are making it. Last evening we did get a little rain here in town, and the night before Ruth &

Dan got rain out on the river - got their hay wet that was down.



Shayne & Shelley Duzik; 12 June 1993

Hope they can get it put up without a lot of rain damage. Doesn't take much rain to stop the haying.

Gale has gotten to go fishing three times with a friend from Arizona, Bill Eads, and they've caught their limit each time - in a very short while. They have gone to Freeman Reservoir up by Black Mountain so it isn't even very far.

I'm going to Grand Jct. this week-end to stay with Mother while Max & Ted go to his army reunion. We're expecting Mark, Connie & family about that time, so hope I get home before they get here. Gale will be here and the rest of the Craig families I guess, so they'll get to see them, at least. I'm looking forward to having a couple days with Mother.

Love to all, Gale + Lois

Love Knotters,

9/22/93

Hi! Hope this Love Knot finds everyone happy and well!

First of all, congratulations Don, Rhonda and Shannon! A little boy will bring a whole new meaning to the words, "messy," "loud," "rough," etc. I can't say this from experience, since I have no girls, but I've heard raising a boy is completely different than raising a girl. So when you find out if its true, let me know! I'm very happy for you guys!

Life here in Layton, Utah, is very good! We took a family vacation, our first ever, to the Oregon coast. It was absolutely BEAUTIFUL, + I am now officially in love w/ Oregon! We lucked out, w/ 4 out of 4 sunny days. There's a small town north-east of Portland called "Colton." It's a town of 3000 people. Boy, would I love to raise my boys in a town like that! We stayed in Dan's aunt's house there, and it sits on 25 acres of land. So its like their "yard" is "the woods" as Buddy says. Do you know that Buddy and Colten would play out in those "woods" for hours, never once asking if they had Nintendo, or wanting to watch t.v.?! For those two boys, that is amazing! They loved all that land!

They saw squirrels every where, and they played Hide + Seek, pretended they were hunting, found little "hideouts" everywhere, etc. Boy, there is so much beautiful land in that town, just waiting to be purchased, get some horses on it, a house, etc. (Sigh!) It was so incredible. Anyway, we all really enjoyed being together. It was so good for us as a family to just do it, + see the ocean (one of Buddy's criteria), see a "real volcano," etc. (Mt. Hood; old volcano, but what the kids don't know...)

Dan is doing so well at his job! He absolutely loves it, + it loves him too! We're so grateful to finally have fantastic insurance that takes care of Colten's needs wonderfully. Things are really going well for us. Dan has worked so dang hard to get us some financial stability, + it's finally paying off! He's quite the determined man. Quite the committed man.

Christian loves 1st grade, and Colten of course loves kindergarten! The afternoons are just C.J. and me, which is strange, and C.J. really misses them and eagerly runs to hug them whey they come through our front door after school!

I hope you're all happy, and I hope we see each other before I'm in my next decade! (30's are coming, you know!)

Love to all, Rachael + family

Dear Fambily,

August 10, 1993

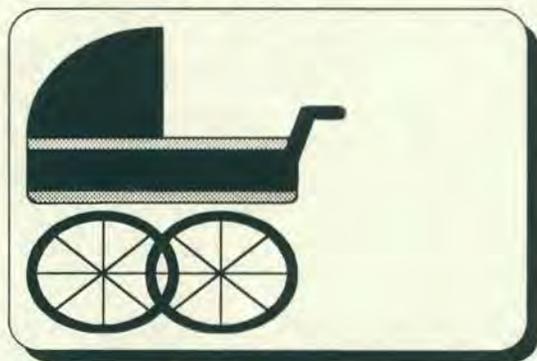
How ya'll doin'? All is well with us! We now live in Layton, in a trailer that we are buying. It is double-wide and very roomy! We have two extra bedrooms, and a nice sized yard for a trailer. We feel very blessed to be so settled at such a young age. Shannon is working with a masonry company laying brick, and I have been working at Red Lobster, but am hoping to get some children to babysit in our home full time.

We are enjoying living so close to our church - we used to have to drive about thirty miles, (which sometimes was as an excuse). But now we live less than a mile! No more excuses! I love it. We have made some really good friends, and that helps to have people that are strong in the Lord by your side to help you keep on your knees! I have joined the choir, which is a lot of fun - Although we are not a typical Baptist choir! In that there are only about 10 of us, and only four or five can carry a tune! But we're getting better, and having fun doing it. After all, when you're singing for the Lord, it's not your voice he listens to, but your heart.

Well, guess I better go for now. Sure miss and love you all! Congrats Rhonda, Don and Shannon on your new little addition! I can't wait until we have another family reunion like the one in Mesa - I think my Shannon will pass out when he sees how huge our family really is!

Love Always, Shannon + Rynne Richison

P.S. My due date is April 9th!



MOVIN' ON . . .

Marg & Mike Duzik & Chico
Box 101
Hillsdale, WY 82060-0101

Shayne & Shelley Duzik
1679 Rd. 35
Craig, CO 81625

John & Katrina Whicker
251 Freemont
Layton, UT 84041
(801)776-6103

Ryanne & Shannon Richison
555 N. 400 W. #47
Centerville, UT 84014

Dear Love-Knotters:

I am so glad Glenn has given us a second chance for getting these letters in! What a busy life!

I want to say a heartfelt thanks to Glenn for doing these Love Knot letters all these 10 years. Did you all realize it has been that long? He has been so diligent, even in the face of our neglect in sending contributions for him to work with, pictures for him to publish, etc. He has always been a very goal oriented person, much more so than his mother, so my admiration for him is great! Of course, I realize that most of you probably think I am prejudiced! However, I was in his home for a week last month, and was impressed all over again at what a good father and husband he is. Like Chuck's song says, (THE SOLDIER) a simple family man that is skilled within the walls of his own home is the very bravest and best kind of soldier there is. What great victories we would have in this old world if all men understood that!

Our trip to Virginia via Kansas relatives, Oklahoma relatives, Missouri relatives and Kentucky son, was such a high for me! And then, while at Glenn's house, we had the low of our trip when my Dad ended up in the hospital for four days, having lost blood over a period of time, very slowly, but gradually building up a deficit to such extent that he became extremely weak and it was scary. The Drs. there in Virginia were good, the personnel at the (Potomac) hospital were really caring, and he felt much better when he came back to Glenn's house,

although he wasn't normal until after we had been back in Utah for a few days, I don't think.

Visiting Dover, Delaware and the house we owned on Bowers Beach was probably the most tender experience of the trip. Our little family's roots are deep there . . . spiritual roots . . . because that is where we worked and asked and studied, and received the clear and beautiful answer regarding the restoration of Christ's gospel. Many of my dreams over the years have involved that little house, because of the precious gift we received while we lived there. It was the first time I had visited there in 29 years, since we left in 1964. It was great!

Our trip back home from Virginia involved seeing much of the Mormon Trail through Ohio, Iowa and Missouri and Nebraska. We also saw more relatives . . . the Heckmans in Centerville and Omaha. My Mom got to feeling more and more tired as we proceeded toward home, so we just came on home, leaving the Mormon Trail, after Omaha. We were anxious to get home, too. A month away is more than we've ever tried before!

In Ohio, we were able to visit my Dad's mother's birthplace, and to see his great-grandfather's and great-grandmother's tombstones, Salmon and Mary Colwell Cone. He never knew them, because his grandfather migrated to Kansas and that was where my Dad was born. We also found Mary Colwell's parent's names and where they came from and some of her siblings' names. That may not sound "fun" to most of you, but I thought it was great, since none of the records that I have looked at over the years have given me a clue about her family!

Love to all. We think about each of you often, and pray for your well being and for peace in your lives.

Love, Rea Mae

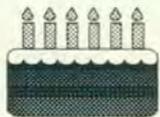
Dear All;

24 October 1993

Pam's birthday today, and I'm stuck in Montgomery, Alabama, preparing for a big conference down here at Air University. She's doing her Primary Sacrament Presentation today too, so its a real hectic day for her! My job's going well - have things lined up for the next couple of years, anyway. Was in Moscow during coup attempt on 4 October. Quite the experience!

Hope all of you are well. One of these days, we'll make it back west to see some of you. Rachael, whenever you're ready to plan another reunion, let us all know! We love you each.

Glenn, Pam and the Whickerettes



Birthdays and Anniversaries

August

| | | |
|----|------------------------|------|
| 05 | Diane Campbell | 1968 |
| 08 | Shannon Gayle Davidson | 1984 |
| 08 | Rea Jo Richey | 1953 |
| 11 | Connie Jean Whicker | 1957 |
| 17 | Emilie Jo Cloward | 1979 |
| 19 | Benjamin Mark Whicker | 1957 |
| 21 | Nathan Curtis Cloward | 1983 |
| 30 | Shayne Duzik | 1968 |

September

| | | |
|----|-----------------------|------|
| | Andrea Dawn Norman | 1959 |
| 14 | Rea Jo & Larry Richey | 1991 |
| 18 | Emma Dawn Haskins | 1973 |
| 25 | Ron Johnson | 1957 |
| 26 | Douglas Keith Haskins | 1979 |
| 28 | Gale & Lois Norman | 1944 |

October

| | | |
|----|------------------------|------|
| 07 | John & Katrina Whicker | 1988 |
| 13 | Jennifer Lyn Whicker | 1983 |
| 15 | Margaret Norman Duzik | 1947 |
| 16 | Theodore Earl Albers | 1921 |
| 24 | Pamela Stones Whicker | 1951 |
| 26 | Rachael Marie Whicker | 1981 |
| 28 | Jessica Ann Norman | 1983 |

November

| | | |
|----|------------------------|------|
| 01 | David Wade Shaffer | 1968 |
| 06 | Mike & Marg Duzik | 1965 |
| | Samuel Cody Whicker | 1978 |
| | JeLyn Whicker | 1986 |
| 11 | Lois Norman Whicker | 1925 |
| 15 | Forrest S. Clodfelter | 1911 |
| 17 | Christopher C. Whicker | 1984 |
| 20 | Mikelle Cloward | 1976 |
| 22 | Beulah Ryanne Whicker | 1974 |
| 23 | John Joseph Whicker | 1990 |
| 26 | Howard Gale Norman | 1922 |

29 Benjamin A. Whicker 1898

December

| | | |
|----|-------------------------|------|
| 06 | Rea Mae Whicker | 1934 |
| 11 | Curtis Ray Cloward | 1952 |
| 12 | Spencer Carlos Whicker | 1982 |
| 19 | Forrest Solomon Whicker | 1983 |
| 27 | Ben & Rea Whicker | 1951 |
| 27 | Joe & Marie Shaffer | 1967 |
| 27 | Joseph David Shaffer | 1948 |
| 29 | Rich & Andrea Norman | 1979 |

January

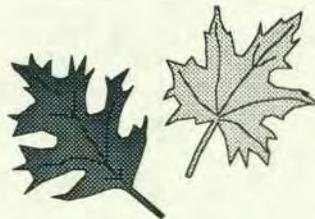
| | | |
|----|-----------------------|------|
| 01 | Christian D. Anderson | 1987 |
| 09 | Alison Whicker | 1985 |
| 15 | Ruth & Dan Haskins | 1972 |
| 25 | Rhonda Gayle Davidson | 1955 |
| 29 | Ben Richard Whicker | 1933 |

February

| | | |
|----|-----------------------|------|
| 04 | Benj & Connie Whicker | 1977 |
| 10 | Richard Gale Norman | 1956 |
| 15 | Katrina Gaye Whicker | 1968 |
| 18 | Fred Stewart Whicker | 1969 |
| 21 | Misti Roxanne Whicker | 1982 |
| 27 | Don & Rhonda Davidson | 1982 |

March

| | | |
|----|-------------------------|------|
| 08 | Heather Dawn Norman | 1981 |
| 09 | Jeffrey Paul Whicker | 1959 |
| 10 | Jeffrey Colten Anderson | 1988 |
| 10 | Ted Loren Albers | 1944 |
| 13 | Rachel Marianne Cloward | 1978 |
| 15 | Glenn & Pam Whicker | 1978 |
| 17 | Sarah Jean Whicker | 1984 |
| 18 | Ruth Maxine Haskins | 1953 |
| 25 | Edythe Mae Clodfelter | 1915 |
| 30 | Michael Mark Whicker | 1992 |
| 31 | Lyndsey Whicker | 1991 |



Hey everyone!

10 Sept 93

Yes it is us. We are going to write this time and mail it.

We apologize to Glenn and everyone for not writing as faithfully as we should. John's excuse is he's a terrible letter writer and Katrina is still burned out from writing to John every day while he was in Saudi + Germany for 8 months.

John has taken the summer off from school and worked a couple of roof jobs with Chuck. John really enjoyed his summer job. He's decided to continue school and got into the field of communications with an emphasis on journalism. We just hope he can get registered for fall quarter because he decided a little late. He is enjoying his job as a security officer.

Brennen is becoming such a big boy. He had his 2nd birthday in July and we went to the zoo and spent the day there. He had a great time! He really enjoys cars, trains, planes, 101 Dalmatians and Beauty + the Beast.

We just set up bunk beds in his new dinosaur room + he is thrilled. He climbs on the top bunk + throws everything on the floor then climbs down again.

Katrina is doing great. having fun playing mommy + being home with Brennen.

Kat's been going to the doctor + taking clomid but no success yet so John has decided to wait until December to continue with the clomid, because its getting to expensive paying for insurance monthly + then paying doctor bills on top of that. December will be six months we've had the insurance + the infertility will be covered. At that time we'll start a double dosage of the clomid. That gives us a 20% chance of twins. Kat has twins in her line + so do Whickers, or so I understand. So hopefully by the new year we'll have news.

We've been out of the military a year now + we're enjoying ourselves very much. It is a whole new life + we can make our own choices. We're glad we're home to stay for now. Things are going great for us at the moment.

Hope everyone is doing great! Congratulations Don, Rhonda + Shannon.

love all: John, Kat + Brennen

Dear LoveKnot,

23 Sept 93

Hi! How is everyone? We are doing great but are having an extremely busy fall. Our four kids are doing great in school and glad to be in class. All of them are in full time school for the first time this year. We have a 6th, 4th, 3rd, and 1st grader. Lynda still has the 2 extra boys at home during the day, plus PLENTY of day care children. So as you can imagine, she is busy as usual. Somehow she maintains a pretty good attitude about all of it, but her wimpy husband still complains occasionally.

I quit JB's Restaurants just over six months ago. I went to work for a company called "Health Benefits America". They are a consulting firm for some of the largest companies in America, and they have quite a lead on everyone in this field because of the varied and new technologies they employ to serve their clients. I have a great deal more of a potential with them than JB's could have ever offered (not really), but more importantly, I can continue to learn modern methods of programming because they have invested in the modern tools. I am really excited about the company but they do have the drawbacks of being very busy during the Fall when most of their clients are going through open enrollment for health benefits.

Not to much else to say. We hope all of you are healthy and happy! Take care.

Love,

Jeff, Lynda, & family

"Pray in your families unto the Father, always in my name, that your wives and your children may be blessed." 3 Ne. 18:21

Dear Love Knotters,

9/30 approaches and so I write. It's Sunday evening and Emilie and I are in my bedroom; she's reading the last Whickersnapper and we're listening to the track from "Les Miserables", music my eldest 4 never seem to become tired of. Sunday is so peaceful once we get the rush of the morning past. Our kids started school on August 18, seems rather early to me. Jefferson is in 2nd, Nathan in 5th, and the girls are in 9th, 10th, and 11th grades respectively. I'm traveling only about once a week, and teaching 3-4 times so that leaves me time to also be Mom and homemaker and I love it. Full-time work would be better, but we're very thankful to have as much time together as we do.

We were thrilled to have Benj, Connie and their brood stay with us a few days in July. They did the Six Flags thing (B & C are so brave; they took 8 children with them--incl. 4 of mine) and swam in our pool, and were honored to listen to most of a story Uncle Benj had written to entertain his kids on the trip. Then they drove to OK City (Sarah & I flew; they brought Nathan, who then flew back with me) and attended one of my seminars. My best critique ever: "You're GOOD, Aunt Jo!" from Misti. I'll remember that one probably longest of any.

We're coming to Colo/Utah at Christmas-time, hoping to stop in GJ on our way up (around 12/19) and in Craig on our way back (around 1/1 or 2). We're all looking so forward to being home with our loved ones, and to playing in the snow! (except me. I don't like it.) Hope to see as many of you as possible.

Nathan is on a street hockey team, JKC is playing soccer again, Emilie has finally agreed to take piano lessons, hallelujah. Kel and Rin are both going for their driver's licenses, and our lives are really changing. We love you all and hope you remember that always. Hugs!

RJ & Family



AN EMBARRASSING (Minutes l-o-n-g) MOMENT

One of my most embarrassing moments occurred in church one Sunday morning. If you're going to pull a boo-boo, it just as well be in front of a crowd - right? I was in the choir at the front of the church. We had stood to sing a congregational song before the offering prayer and passing the offering baskets. After the prayer is said, the people are all seated & the deacons pass the baskets. One of the new deacons was to say the prayer that morning & because I was in the front row of the choir on the elevated platform, and standing of course, I noticed that the deacon had put his written prayer in his basket to read it. I knew he wasn't going to pass his prayer around with the basket, so I was wondering how he was going to manage it. Well, he managed quite well as he just lifted it out & put it in his coat pocket - to my relief - & went with the other men about their business. In slow motion, my mind finally returned to me. Everyone was seated - that is, except me. There I stood all alone & very conspicuous with all the choir seated around me! Needless to say I sank into my chair feeling very stupid - but true to my nature, also very tickled. I made the mistake of catching the eye of one of my friends out in the congregation, which didn't help my battle against the giggles as she was having the same battle too. After the services I asked the gal who was sitting next to me in the choir, why she didn't tug on my skirt or something to get me to sit down, and she very seriously said, "Well, I thought maybe you were going to sing a solo or something." The moral to this story is: Let the deacons solve their own problems!

Lois Norman

Hi Family,

28 Sept 93

Sorry we haven't participated for so long. Seems to get easier all the time! The fall colors are beautiful right now. Wonderful place to live. Joe & I are doing a little remodeling (again). Moved our boiler, water heater, & water softener out of the kitchen & bathroom to the garage. Now we have an ugly corner in the kitchen to fix. We also had a 'freak' wind blow 30' of roof off our 70' building. What a sight that was at first! We have been trying for over 2 wks to get a

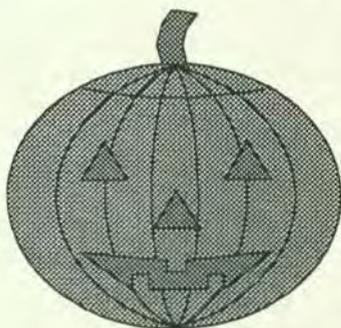
contractor to do that work for us. Need to learn patience, I guess.

David & Shannon have been wanting to get out of Denver so have been looking for work as far away as Albuquerque. The hunt has slowed for the winter. Meanwhile they have their home & yard looking great.

Daniel is back in school - his senior year. He took his internship as a youth minister in Vernal, UT this summer. He will go there once a month during school & full-time when he graduates next spring. He really runs himself ragged but I think he enjoys most of it.

Today is Mom & Dad's 49th anniversary - lots of years! Hope each one of you are well.

Joe & Maria



Dear Love-Knot Family:

This letter is being written on May 3, 1993, so may have some old news by the time you all get it!

What to write? Carpal tunnel surgery on my right wrist. I appreciate the excellent Dr. Hess' accuracy of surgery and a 2" scar that is almost invisible! But that is not the most important blessing among our many, for which I want to say "Thank You, God."

In Grand Junction, old age and retirement were gradually causing loss of contact with many previous friends. Those previous contacts were very important to us, especially in that we had no family there. At retirement in 1976, our leasing out of our home and going on a six year "Service and Fun" program to our Church Children's Homes, Retirement Homes and Bible Colleges brought on the initial loss of contact with Western Colorado friends, co-workers and church friends.

By 1989 we realized that our need for regular family attention as we would become more decrepit would place an impossible load on our only daughter, son-in-law and grandchildren . . . and, if we are fortunate enough to be around for any extended time, our great grandchildren. You all know

all of the above, but I had to write a preamble to my important part of this letter, which is:

Our move to Bountiful, Utah in 1989 just 10-11 miles from Rea Mae and Ben R. at Kaysville, was a lot of work, but the most profitable move of our married life. What with Ben R.'s flying responsibilities, we don't get to see him except weekends and vacation times, but I say no other mother-in-law or father-in-law ever had as high a percentage of a son-in-law's free time and attention as do we. How kind!

Even with Rea Mae's busy days and nights, the requirements on her time for her genealogy work, her church responsibilities and helping her kids and GRAND-kids, she finds daily time for us. I never saw a "girl" (58 yrs.!) that could cover so much territory, involving so many different areas of service and love each day.

And I don't want to forget the constant expressions of love and help from our grandchildren. We are certainly blessed in so many, many ways. Thank you, God!

Love, Grandpa C.

Next Knot:

There will only be one more regularly scheduled issue of the Love Knot. It has been very enjoyable producing the newsletter for the last 9 years, and I certainly appreciate everyone's support. I hope the 20 or so issues will serve as a good resource to anyone who wants to know anything about our family in the future - because we are a very unique group! I will occasionally do special issues to add to the collection.

Please do not send any more subscription checks. Thanks to those of you who just sent in some money. I'll use that to produce the last special issue, due 28 February. Let's make a real effort to make it a

TRIBUTE TO GRANDMA BEULAH WHICKER

Lots of photos, stories and memories of the grand lady will help make this the absolute best issue ever. Sit down right now and put together your plan for submitting: don't wait til the deadline!

THE LOVE KNOT



Vol 10 Issue #1

a tie that binds

April 1994



A Tribute to Beulah Blanche Whicker
on her 91st Birthday

The LORD rewarded me according to my righteousness; according to the cleanness of my hands hath he recompensed me.

For I have kept the ways of the LORD, and have not wickedly departed from my God.

For all his judgments were before me, and I did not put away his statutes from me.

I was also upright before him, and I kept myself from mine iniquity.

Therefore hath the LORD recompensed me according to my righteousness, according to the cleanness of my hands in his eyesight.

(OldT: Psalms 18:20-24)



Beulah Blanche King Whicker with her
namesake: Beulah Ryanne Whicker
Richison, November 1993

Dear LoveKnotters,

Howdy! How is everyone? We're doing great. My in-home daycare is full, and his masonry crew has worked straight through the winter - which was a blessing. This was his first winter with this crew and we weren't sure how they would handle the weather.

Speaking of the weather, today is absolutely beautiful! Yesterday was freezing and today is 61 degrees! (November 28, 1994) We all have Spring fever - the doors are all open and it feels great!

My memories of Grandma range from Kiddy-Land to dominoes and croquet to HUGE meals waiting for us when we would come to visit from Utah. One special trip that jumps out in my mind was one Fred & I took together when I was fifteen. We laughed and munched all the way there, eating much more junk food than Mom would have approved! We arrived around midnight, sleepy and rather sick from too many potato chips and candy. Grandma welcomed us with hugs and kisses - along with a kitchen table PILED with food! We glanced at each other with a smile, then sat down to eat. I don't believe I have ever eaten so much or ever will again! But there's nothing we wouldn't have eaten for our Grandma!

Grandma has always been a very big example to me. She holds a very big place in my heart, and she will live on in all our hearts long after she's gone. I am proud to be her namesake. I love you, Grandma! How did I end up with the two neatest Grandma's in the world?

Love to all,

Ryanne Richison

RYANNE + G'MA LONG AGO →

Dear Family,

Here are some of my memories of Great Grandma Whicker. I remember her telling me stories and showing me pictures. I remember the story of Aunt Lois and Aunt Maxine when she sewed the tops of their pajamas together and they had a race and they were trying to put them on. But they were putting their heads in their armholes and they couldn't find their head holes! I like that story because it was funny. I laughed the whole time that she told it!

I love her very much and I wish that I could see her more often and spend more time with her. She is fun to be with. She is always smiling and her smiles make me smile all the time. Whenever I remember the memories about her it makes me have a happy day.

Love, Sarah



Beulah Blanche King Whicker

A Tribute

What a lady!! As I attempt to write some of my thoughts and recollections of Grandma I realize that most of my memories will be shared by many, if not all of my cousins. Maybe not a particular incident, but one similar to it.

I feel privileged to be one of the older grandkids because I've been allowed to know Grandma nearly half her life. Of course, Grandma makes each one of us feel as if we were her "favorite". That is just one of her special traits. Another is her belief that we are good people. She is short on criticism and long on praise.

One of my earliest memories is one of Grandma "having time" to spend with me. I know she was very busy with the work of keeping a home for a working husband, and running a trailer park and rentals on the side, but I never felt as if she was too busy. There were times when Grandma would drag out clothes and hats and purses for us to dress up in. We would have "tea parties", and Grandma would just sit and visit with us like we were real people. There were trips to the zoo, a special day to go swimming, and another to go downtown and shop.

Grandma has always been wise, but she never pushed her advice or views. She has a gentle way of guiding

rather than leading; followed by assurances that you will do the right thing. Grandma may have doubts about our abilities to do certain things, but it was never outwardly obvious. (I feel sure that there were many times Grandma doubted the "wisdom" of my decisions and yet kept her doubts to herself - and probably prayed double time that the Lord would get me through another situation.)

I compliment Grandma Whicker on the quality of her family. She has honest, hardworking, caring, God-fearing children. They in turn have raised children who, although not perfect either, are trying to live a life that is acceptable to both their Lord God, and their Grandmother. I pray that we will be able to pass the "goodness" of our Grandma Whicker on to our children and grandchildren.

In closing I want each of you to know that I feel blessed by being a part of this family. I love you each dearly. May God bless you with His love, wisdom and peace.

*Margaret
Delmer Duzick*



2 Jan. 1994

Beulah Blanche King Whicker:

Our Mother, Grandmother and Great Grandmother was born April 13th 1903 in Jasper, Missouri. What a great day that was in the history of this family.

Though Mother had a difficult time with her health most of her life she still managed to be a very good mother to 3 children and an exemplary wife to our father.

While this couple Ben and Beulah never had a many material possessions we children never were aware that we were poor as we felt so much love from our parents and each other. I never remember feeling any contention in our home in my life except for a few minutes after Mom noticed Dad had cut all my hair off right down to the scalp. I was quite concerned for my dad's health for a few seconds after Mom looked up and saw me. I had never seen such a look in her eyes before, or since.

Mom was quite a disciplinarian though if she felt that one of her children had been wronged in any she was very tenacious at righting the wrong.

The thought never once crossed my mind in my life that I might not be loved. Mom's discipline though strict and seemingly rather harsh, at times, was always administered out of a great deal of concern for my well being and usually out of a fear that I might come to some harm due to my boyish antics. She was one of the most accomplished worriers I've ever known, though I believe that she has pretty much overcome that attribute at this point in her life (almost 91 yrs old).

Mom and Dad both were both great ones to help those in need. We frequently had guests in our home that were complete strangers to us though they were usually introduced to us by some of Dad's family. This was especially true after the girls left home at a young age. Often these people were sick and just needed some rest and care for a short period of time.

When Mom had to make the living for us before I was of school age I usually got to go to work with her. I remember it was very important that I not cause any trouble for her so she could get her work done. She instilled a feeling of responsibility at that young age. I felt I was a big man and contributing to the welfare of the family.

Some of my most enjoyable memories of our parents was after I was in High School when they had the Trailer Court in Clifton, Colo. I remember their good natured scuffling, laughing and playing upstairs in the evening when I stayed downstairs. I was well aware of how much they loved and appreciated each other. I always hoped to have such a happy relationship when I grew up. They were

a wonderful example, a blessing that I am very grateful for.

The words just don't exist, in my vocabulary at any rate, for me to express the gratitude I have to our Heavenly Father for sending me to the family that I was born in. I'm sure that I could never have survived in a contentious atmosphere. I never witnessed an argument between our parents and few between my sisters. I have never even heard of anyone else who has been so blessed during their childhood.

Since I got the last Love Knot contribution in late, everybody will probably be tired of hearing from me by the time they read them both so I think I'll quit for now.

Thanks a lot Glenn for your many years of editing this medium of communication for our wonderful extended family. I hope we can still have something comparable once in awhile. It is so easy for families this big to lose contact with one another in these busy times.

Love to All

B.A.R.
B.A.R.



←1940? The B.A. Whicker family on Pike's Peak

↑
1942

December 16, 1993

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There were also the infamous DOMINOS! Now I know you all have created those memories with them also. I was young, and details are vague, but you can bet that the times Grandma and/or Grandpa got the giggles stand out in my mind! I got the biggest kick out of seeing such an "old lady" and "old man" sit at their kitchen table and laugh until their stomachs hurt and tears streamed down their faces! I LOVED that. I saw that many times, and I remember it well. It meant a lot to me. Perhaps that is partially why I am now married to a man who enjoys laughter as much as I do, and there isn't a day that goes by that we haven't laughed together; I mean really laughed! Of course, he's usually the one that produces the wit, which evokes the laughter ... but hey ... I'm TRYING to learn how to be funny! I've actually made him burst into laughter, stomach-hurting, tears streaming laughter, TWICE now in the last four years! I'm feeling pretty hopeful.

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Rachael



Emilie Jo Cloward; Taralyn Whicker; Marinne Cloward; Mikelle Cloward; Camille Whicker; March 1993 - The Great Virginia Blizzard

March 2, 1994

8

Dear Love Knots,

First of all, thanks to Glenn for publishing the Love Knot these many years. We really have appreciated your wonderful work even though I am afraid we have not expressed our feelings to you.

1993 was an eventful year for us and a year that I experienced a lot of pain before finally discovering what the trouble was.

I started having problems with my arms and shoulders in February and was treated for bursitis and in August had surgery on my left shoulder to remove a spur, but nothing helped - finally the last of December discovered I had polymyalgia rheumatica (inflammation of the muscles) and am now recovering quite satisfactorily. If it is any consolation, this usually attacks healthy people!

On April 4th we were married 50 years and on May 23rd our kids honored us by having a big celebration at the Ramada Inn here in Grand Junction. Many of you were there and we wish all of you could have been. The room was just beautiful, a delicious cake and other goodies were served and pictures and other personal items were on display. We were chauffeured to the party in a 1949 Dodge and brought back home in a 1993 Limousine. Many friends came including out of state relatives and friends. We were delighted to see everyone and thank our kids Ted L., Judy, Rhonda and Don for such a gala affair. It couldn't have been nicer. We're now involved in getting everything in a scrapbook for safe keeping.

In June, Ted's old Army Group had their 50 year reunion, the first time they had gotten together since the end of World War II. They met at Battlement Mesa and it was good to see everyone again.

Then, the other big event of the year was the arrival of our baby grandson, Brian born on August 16th.

Ted and I closed up our house and went to Colorado Springs on November 14 and stayed until January 9, 1994. During the week Ted stayed with Ted Loren while

I stayed at Rhonda's and took care of Brian when Rhonda returned to work. On week ends I went to T.L.'s to get rested up for the next week. We really enjoyed being with our families there.

Grandma Whicker sends her love to each and everyone of you. She is doing very well. She stayed with Lois and Gale while we were in the Springs. We appreciated their help so much. We brought Mother home on the 17th of January. On occasion I take her up to the Senior Day Care Center located just 1/2 mile from here and she enjoys that a lot although she doesn't want to go more than once each week. I think it is the getting there and back which she sometimes dreads.

Ted's current project is working with a task force to get the authority for Mesa State College to offer graduate courses. I am involved as a co-chair of a steering committee to raise funds to build a new Museum building. Both are exciting and challenging projects. So, you see, we manage to keep busy.

We are all getting along fine and I am feeling better than I have felt for a year. Hope all are well and happy.

We love you all dearly,

Maxine, Ted and Beulah

Maxine, Ted and Beulah

P.S. Not many couples who have been married 50 years can say that their first grade teacher attended that celebration. Anna Maudlin came (she is in very good health) - she was my first teacher and was Ted's third grade teacher. We both had her for three years:



Maxine, Gma, Ben R., Gpa, Lois
Denver, circa 1942

WHAT CHRISTMAS REALLY MEANS

by Alaina Ione Whicker

It's not the things you get on Christmas day
It's not the way you smile and play
It's not only relatives visiting us
It's the birth of our Savior, Jesus
Long, long ago on an unknown special day.

There was a couple, moving on their way
The woman was pregnant, heavy with a child.
They looked for an inn that was quiet and mild,
But none could they find on that long ago night.
But a stable stood by, awaiting the sight.

Then the child was born and laid in a manger.
Three wise men came by, no longer a stranger
They brought him frankincense and muhr.
He was a king without a robe and fur.

The child grew up and became a man.
He was very wise and knew God's plan.
He suffered and bled and died for us,
That wonderful man they called Jesus.

That's what Christmas is all about -
We should think of Jesus without a doubt.
Christmas is more than Santa, presents and the tree;
It's Jesus Christ and what he did for you and me.



"Halfway Skating"

The back of this photo has handwritten:
"eulahBay and enBay"





It was summer. I was young, and Grandma was straightening their bedroom early one morning while I looked on. We were talking, as we liked to do, and perhaps I even offered to help make their bed. Something made her notice my hands. She took them in hers, commented on how youthful and smooth they were, and then we held our hands up in front of us to compare. Hers were so strong! and mine so small in comparison. I recall that hers showed some signs of wear -- she would have been about 60 years of age. I thought about all the work and service Grandma's hands had done and would still do, and then there was for me a remarkable, peaceful realization that as once upon a time, Grandma's hands had looked like mine did now, at 10, so one day would my hands look like hers at 60. In that moment, I recognized as best my age would allow that my living had hinged upon her living, upon her work, and that of my other forebears. I began to sense that I was a link in a chain of strong, good, hard-working people and that I could become like them.

Thirty years have gone by since that day. Grandma has been an example to me in many ways. She taught me to listen for the birds that sing in the mornings, and at all times in my life those songs, recognized as gifts from God, have brought me joy and a feeling of gratitude. Her graciousness in aging, and her still-sharp wit

which reveals the feisty girl inside, her great love for Grandpa, and her faith in a Father whose purpose she has trusted herself to even though she might will things differently, all are qualities I admire. And everytime I am privileged to see Grandma again, she greets me in words left over from childhood, in a voice much aged but so very sweet to the little girl who resides in me. All my grandparents give me that ongoing gift -- seeing me as the very best I will ever be, which makes me determined to live up to their expectations.

Where Grandma's hands were once so strong, they are now small and delicate, but the years have brought them and her an incredible beauty, a lightness which glows through her fragile skin and fills the room around her. All her children and "outlaws" love to serve Grandma in many ways, and her daughters also serve as manicurists, a sort of testament to their appreciation of all the love those hands have evidenced in their lives. I live thousands of miles away, and sometimes years go by without my being in the same room physically with Grandma, but our hearts cannot be separated by miles, and I feel her close to me, always. Often I think of that day when I was 10 and Grandma was 60, as I watch my own hands perform their work. They are showing some signs of wear. And I like it.

Tea X

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Love, Rachael

Maxine & Lois with their Parents





Congratulations

John got his Private Pilot license...



Dear Family:

I hope we can get this to Glenn in time to have it in the Love Knot. I feel bad for having contributed so little to it.

We were able to visit Grandma Whicker a few weeks ago at her activity center. It always amazes me to see how pleasant she remains, even though her physical condition deteriorates. She was listening to the piano with a slight smile on her face when we entered the room to visit. We enjoyed talking to her for a while, then had to leave. It was such a short visit that we're going to try to get out there again soon. WE LOVE YOU GRANDMA!

Brennen is communicating more and more, although most of it is still sound effects! He can repeat most of the alphabet as we point to the letters and say them for him. He enjoys being around his cousins, and is getting sick and tired of being the only kid in the house!

Katrina is hanging in there as I spend so much time out of the house at school and work. She's getting sick and tired of being the only adult in the house! She really does make sacrifices in order for me to get through school sometime in the next few years.

I obtained my private pilot certificate a couple of weeks ago, and am working on my instrument rating now. I hope to have my commercial and twin engine ratings by next fall/winter so I can go back to Weber State and finish my degree. Then I'll be ready for the anticipated professional pilot shortage in two or three years. I want to thank Mom and Dad for their help with getting my training. It would be a much longer road without their help.

We hope to see you all soon. Maybe we will have another reunion before too long, and this time we'll be sure to make it.

Love,

John, Kat & Brennen

Dear Love Knot, 2/8/94

Thanks for the easy assignment.

Remembering, or just thinking about Grandma, always fills me with joy. I have just been laid over in San Diego for the second day in a row. It's depressing 'cause I hardly ever get laid over anymore. Never for two days. It cheers me up to have this to do.

I'll try to keep it short, and squelch my normal tendency to be so long-winded.

It was partially the fact that I saw a little of Grandma in my wife, that I asked her to marry me. Immediately, Connie fell in love with her, and now, in the years that we have been together, she has come to love Grandma as much as I do and can hardly talk about her without a joyful tear in her eye. I think that Grandma affects most people that way, and cannot imagine anyone ever meeting her and not realizing what a great woman she is.

From the time I was too little to remember, I'm sure that the influence she has had on me was constant. I know that it is still with me every day. She taught me how to wash behind my ears, (and a few other places). She taught me how to brush my teeth. These techniques are still with me today, and I think of them often as I perform them.

She taught me to hold my shoulders back, and walk with my head up straight. Not only by talking to me and demonstrating it physically, but by always teaching correct principles and values in both word and deed.

She and Grandpa gave me my first pair of cowboy boots, and when I wore them out quickly by walking with my feet pointed outward, and on the inside of my foot, she worked and worked with me to get me the habit of walking with my feet pointed forward. She also got me to walk on the outside edge of my feet, which I did consciously for so long that it became part of my nature and I no longer wear out my shoes that way.

She constantly told me that I had "such a good physique." I always felt so skinny and small, except when she was around. She made me want to take care of my body by saying that, and she made me believe it, giving me much needed confidence.

She took good care of my body by cooking those great meals, and talking to me about how important it was to watch what I eat, to eat enough, but not too much. She even talked

about how important exercise is! All values that I have carried with me, sometimes not living by exactly, but always important to me, even when I did not stop to realize just why.

It makes me happy to realize what a big part Grandma played in instilling these values in me.



**Grandpa King, Beulah, Ben, G'ma
Emma and G'pa Harlan Whicker, and
Who??
(Kid on ground looks like Teddy)**

The most important thing that she did for me though, I think, is make the "Golden Rule," the number one most important rule to live

Now I'm not saying that other people did not influence me in these things, but Grandma sure played a big part in all of them. She was so considerate of other people, not just their needs, but their very feelings. She constantly put herself in other people's shoes. An ability that few people have, but one that is so important, that I think everyone should have. I believe this is partly because of Grandma's words and example that rule is the most important rule of all. If we all lived that rule, there would need no others because they all fit within it.

There have been times when I have failed to live the Golden Rule, but it has always been of utmost importance to me, and I have always tried to be considerate of other's feelings, and tried to imagine myself in other's shoes. And I have always wondered why there are so few others in this world who do the same. Could it be that few people of this world were lucky enough to have a Grandma like mine? Of course that's it!

There has never been a grander Grandma. Everything she asked, everything she said, and everything she did meant so much to me, that it all stuck. None of it can ever be ignored, and she will live with me, in me, forever.

Love, BNCW

Dear Love Knot,

Some of the memories that I have of great Grandma Whicker are all the stories that she has told me, the songs she sang, and the pictures she has shown us.

One of the stories that I have remembered and enjoyed listening to, was the story of Aunt Lois and Aunt Maxine and their fight-gowns. It tells me that grandma was not only a great, loving, worrying, yet stern mother, but had a good sense of humor also.

I am glad that she is my Grandma and that I could go see her and listen to her tell us her stories.

Love, Benji

Dear Persons,

I never knew her as well as I would have liked, because most of what I know about her has been told to me by others as well as herself, the stories. I feel like I know a lot about her though, because of those stories, and feel proud to be her grandson.

Much of my lifetime, Grandma has seemed weak and frail by appearance, but when you get to know her you realize that she is a very strong, beautiful woman.

Even though I haven't been able to be around her very long, I feel very close to her and like I have known her all her life.

I am very glad that I am her great-grandson because it gives me a good feeling to know that I have such a good family background.

I love her very much and would like to thank her for putting up with my Grandpa and letting him live so that I could!

Gotta go watch the All-Star game now, so see ya! Bye.

Love, Cody

Dear Family,

I'm excited to write about Grandma Whicker. She's my heroine. From the first time I met her I felt a deep heart to heart love for her.

My Grandma Naylor passed away 12 days after I was born, so I never got to know her. But through all the stories told to me of her, I felt I knew her, and that she was my best friend. All through my growing up years I never wanted to do anything wrong because I never wanted to do anything wrong because I never wanted to let her down or cause shame to her name. I also knew that she was watching me and I wanted her to be proud of me. I was told that she was a very sweet, gentle, loving, caring and organized mother and wife, and yet I have also been told that she never had to say anything twice and that what she said, went. That she was very strong minded and strong willed. I always felt cheated that I never got to see her and talk with her.

The I met Ben and went to Colorado and met this person that I had heard about my whole life. When our eyes first met I felt like I knew her. The more she talked and the more she did things, the more I knew she was this person I longed for my whole life. I loved everything about her. Her smile, the gentle way she did everything. The stories of her childhood and the stories of her life with her husband and her children.

I loved the smell of her home, the home cooked meals, the comfortable, secure feeling you felt as you crawled into her freshly made beds. But the thing that I love the most about

Grandma was the genuine love and compassion that she and Grandpa had for each other. They truly have shown me a great example to follow.

We all know that they loved and cherished each other dearly, and still do, and that they can't wait to be in each others arms again. Grandma has shown me that you can grow old gracefully and with dignity.

I love how she is always up and dressed gorgeous every day. I just am so thankful that she has been in my life and I am able to tell her THANK YOU from the deepest part of my heart. Grandma, you are awesome! Thank you.

I love you ALL.....thanks for being who you are and allowing me to know you..

Love Ya, Connie



The Young Couple

Dear LoveKnot, 12 December 1993

We hope this issue of the LoveKnot finds each of you enjoying the Holiday Season! We just had our first real snowfall for the winter, so it looks like we'll have a White Christmas and we're glad for it. Things were looking pretty muddy and brown until this morning.

Everyone here is doing well. A few of us have had a short, mild run-in with this winter's flu but nothing serious at all yet. Some of the neighbors and school classmates have really been hit hard already, so we are counting our blessing and crossing our fingers. (And yes, Uncle Ted, we are *trying* to eat right, but we just aren't quite ready for the really strict stuff yet!)

I believe the theme is about G'ma Whicker this time. I just want to say that my memories of her will always be cherished ones. She is such a loving person, and one who makes a person, and one who makes a person glad to be around her. She always showed such concern about everyone else's welfare in a million little ways that added up to make it impossible for anyone to doubt her love for them. For instance, I don't think I ever got away from her house in the early hours of the day without being fed a breakfast complete with orange slices and a lecture on how good citrus fruits are for one's health! She even taught me how to brush my teeth once when I was too young to do it right consistently but too old to appreciate her effort. But I remembered, because a few years later when a dentist came to our grade school and asked if anyone knew the proper method of brushing teeth I



In Denver, 1929

raised my hand and found myself quoting what I remembered G'ma saying. I truly love her and hope that she knows I think of her more than I call/write/visit her, by a long shot.

We hope each of you have a wonderful Christmas season and best wishes for the New Year!

Love, Jeff, Lynda, & family

One quality about Grandma that I haven't mentioned before, but really admire, is her ability to tease without hurting anyone. Teasing

has always seemed like a sign of acceptance and affection if given in the correct way and Grandma seems to have a knack for that! She also has a talent for encouraging us to do good in ways that I would love to be able to copy. Somehow it was always easier to accept any advice on being good from G'ma than from parents. And you could count on praise for anything small or great that she knew about (and probably things she didn't know about!)

During our college days, Grandma and Grandpa were busy but not too busy to babysit David while Joe and I went to school. Grandpa and baby David loved to "bump" heads! I also want to mention another fond memory during those days. One day on our way back to Craig we decided to have a picnic with G'ma and G'pa. Nothing special, probably sandwiches and no definite spot in mind, we just went. Well, by the time we got to the canyon that leads to Powderhorn Ski area we were desperate so just started up it & quickly turned off. There we all hurriedly ate our lunch as we backed up into the sagebrush. The wind decided to blow the dirt around, it got chilly (no coats), and it rained some. But it was a fun time & now a special memory, because a "game" couple helped to make it so.

Shaffer family news is...hard to come by actually! Joe and I bought a new Pontiac Grand Prix, red and quite loaded. Quite fun! We took it on a 6 day vacation to parts of Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico in February. Joe will soon (hopefully) start a new job at the power plant as a planner/scheduler for the instrument shop. David and Shannon are soon going to put a bedroom, bathroom and laundry room in their unfinished basement. Sounds like they plan to stay there for awhile longer, huh? Daniel went on another trip into Mexico in February. He should graduate this May, on his birthday, & then go to his job as youth minister in Vernal, UT. We hope everyone is doing well. A big thanks to Glenn for all the Love-Knots - we appreciate all the work!

Love, Marie

Dear Love Knot,

These are some of the memories that I have of Grandma that I am very fond of. I always have loved her paintings, all the stories she has told me and especially her wonderful songs that she has sung.

My favorite story is of how she sewed the necks of the nightgowns of Aunt Lois and Aunt Maxine. Then she told them to have a race to see who could get their pajamas on first. Of course they had a really hard time putting them on. They both thought that the other one was winning the race so they tried all the harder to get their necks through. This gave Grandma and Grandpa a good laugh and has also given us kids a good laugh, too!

I love her sweet voice, her loving and kind ways, and her smile. I miss not seeing her more and wish I could live closer to her.

Love, Misti



owdy Knotheads:

15

It sounds like this may be the last Love Knot for some time to come. What a wonderful tool it has been for keeping our family in contact. I, for one, want to extend my heartfelt thanks to Glenn for his constant efforts while living a much busier private life than any of us can probably imagine, and doing an exemplary job of it, too. I might add.

I still continue to learn more and more as I progress through this life. I stand amazed that an "old goat" like me can continue to learn at such a rapid rate, and how as you learn something new there is just that much more you are capable of learning. I just wish I had the gift of teaching that many of you enjoy so that I could present some of these things to others in a way that would be easy to understand. What a gift to be an accomplished teacher such as Ted, T. L. Don and Glenn, to just name a few. We all, of course, can teach by example, which to many students is the best way. But standing before a class and holding their interest while offering some knowledge is a great gift.

I think I mentioned in my last communication a yardstick for determining if an act or lifestyle was right or wrong by deciding what would happen to a society if a majority or all embraced this conduct. I think I probably alluded to the 2 most publicized of the day, abortion and homosexuality. Either one of which if measured against this premise would bring the total collapse of our civilization in one short generation. All society's have failed shortly after reaching "0" population growth, and must, as there is no way the economy can go any further but down. In short order it is back to "survival of the fittest", too busy surviving for education, thus back to the cave virtually overnight to rediscover that freedom only comes through obedience to law. All successful society's have come to the same basic conclusions that certain laws are required to be truly free. In the Judeo-Christian world they are known as the basic Ten Commandments. While those are not all the laws that were received they were the start or beginning of several great civilizations to prepare them for even higher laws that provided for greater knowledge and freedom. It is amazing to me how closely the teachings of Mohammed and Buddha paralleled the Judeo-Christian teachings. It is unfortunate that they gave their leaders like the Ayatollah Komeini and Saddam Hussein who seek only power and lead many away from the truths contained in their own writings such as the Koran. Just as power or money seeking Jews and Christians have led their people astray many times throughout history. It is imperative that we learn for ourselves, correct principles through study, meditation, prayer and yes, revelation. If anyone has been taught that there is no more revelation I can, and do, testify to you all that this is a false teaching and from Satan himself! Satan has and will continue to deceive good men, and women, so that they will unwittingly and gently lead their followers to destruction. There have been times throughout history that due to the iniquity of men that there has been no Revelation for a period of time, such as when Samuel was called as a Prophet. There was no open vision at that time. 1 Sam 3 tells us this fact, and how it was restored at that time...through several attempts by the Lord. Then, of course, we are all familiar with the Dark Ages and the terrible atrocities perpetrated in the name of Christianity. The scriptures abound with the testimonies of those who received personal revelation after Christ

returned to his Heavenly Father. Paul also indicates that we all can seek and receive personal revelation for our own testimonies. There are many scriptures pertaining to this. One of the plainest is Eph 1:17-18. Then one of my favorites James 1:5. I hope that some, at any rate, will look these scriptures up. Here are some more: John 10:4,5; 14:21; 16:12-14; 1 Cor. 12:7-11; Now just one from the Book of Mormon 9:7-10:

"And again, I speak unto you who deny the revelations of God, and say that they are done away, that there are no revelations, nor prophecies, nor gifts, nor healing, nor speaking with tongues; and the interpretations of tongues;

"Behold I say unto you, he that denieth these things knoweth not the gospel of Christ; yea, he has not read the scriptures; if so, he does not understand them.

"For do we not read that God is the same yesterday, today, and forever, and in Him there is no variability neither shadow of changing?

"And now, if ye have imagined up unto yourselves a God who doth vary, in whom there is shadow of changing, then have ye imagined up unto yourselves a God who is not a God of miracles."

Now I would like to expound some other ways that we can distinguish between truth and error that just popped into my mind a couple of days ago.

IF YOUR LIFE IS FILLED WITH:

THE RESULTS ARE:

Christlike (Unconditional) Love.....Joy
 Truth (Principles).....Understanding
 Understanding & True Knowledge.....Freedom,
 Confidence
 Freedom.....Choices (Agency)
 Faith.....Works
 Works.....Christlike Love
 i.e. Repentance, service, obedience to law,
 "and let us not be weary in well doing: for in
 due season we shall reap, if we faint not."
 Galatians 6:9. also see 2 Thes. 3:13.

IF YOUR CONDUCT IS INFLUENCED BY:.....THE RESULT IS:

Worldly (Conditional) Love.....Disappointment/Anger
 IgnoranceDoubt
 Doubt.....Fear
 Fear.....Anger
 Anger.....Resentment/Hate
 Hate.....Misery/Error
 Error in Choices.....Loss of Freedom,
 Loss of Agency
 Addictions would fit here; i.e., pornography,
 drugs, tobacco, lust (for anything).

Note: Why do men continue to preach that freedom is the ability to do



anything you want, when as soon as you break a law of God, you are giving up your freedom...either through addiction or not being able to reverse the consequence of your choice. For instance, abortion. If you choose to let the life continue there are still options, such as keeping the baby or adoption. When abortion is the choice, all options cease. Your freedom is lost because your choice is irreversible.

There are a number of acts with the same result: Murder, suicide, etc. Up until you make those irreversible choices, you still retain your free will. After the erroneous choice is made, you are enslaved by the consequences, (though freedom from the guilt is certainly available through the Atonement of the Savior.) The possibility of addiction or irreversible consequences is a good measuring stick to use whenever a choice is eminent.

It is my prayer that all in this Family will use their influence to help the world understand that freedom only comes with responsibility and obedience to God's law. Help the masses realize that irreversible choices bring only slavery.

I have become aware recently of what worship is, or should be. True worship is emulation. The worlds view, in general, is that to worship is to just believe. Belief is only the first step which requires little effort, then comes discipleship which is following or as I've learned, emulation which is to become like the one you first believed in. The devils themselves believe (James 2:19) so is that enough? No...He wants us to become as He is, true sons and daughters of our Father in heaven (perfect) or progressing toward perfection - Matt 5:48 & 3 Nephi 12:48. Now my favorite scriptures and I will close. 1 John 2:28 thru 1 John 3:1-3. The whole chapter is fantastic. Also see Moroni 7:46-48.

I hope I have not bored or offended anyone. My main desire in life is for all of our Family to attain the same degree of happiness that I have found. It has not been an easy road that has brought me to this high level of joy and I would that others could learn from my mistakes and not have to experience all of the same bumps personally; however I can truly testify that whatever it takes to bring this joy and love of Christ into ones heart is worth the effort and those who do find it will count every trial as a blessing from the Lord, no matter how difficult; a blessing designed to bring them to Christ through implementing the Atonement of the Savior in their lives.

I Love you all - Forever,

B.O.R.
B.O.R.



**HAPPY
EASTER**

Dearest Family,

I am really going to miss having the Love Knot, but I want to express my deepest appreciation to Glenn for all the work he has put into publishing, it these past years. I know the rest of us haven't always cooperated the best and at times have just plain forgotten to get our items in to him. I do hope that occasionally we will still have an issue just to keep in touch.

We now have a new little adopted grandson, Geoffrey Layne Duzik. The adoption was finalized Jan. 19, 1994 and we are happy for all of them. Now our Cody will have a boy cousin fairly close to his own age.

We have had a pretty mild winter so far. Today we are getting a taste of winter though, with some wind and snow, but also some rain and sunshine. I guess it's more like spring in Craig as it was melting when we got up this morning.

I had some qualms about it, but I did go with Gale on the snowmobiles out to our farm. I was really nervous at first, but all went well (except I got stuck once) & I began to relax and really did enjoy it. I guess we'll probably go again one of these days when it's not too cold or isn't stormy.

We're all fine here. Will really be looking forward to this last issue.

Love to all of you,

Love & Gale

Maxine, Grandpa Ben, Grandma Beulah, Ben R., Lois W.A.N.D. Ranch, 1968



When Glenn said he wanted us to write a tribute to Grandma Whicker I figured he must have come up with an excess amount of paper to use. I know if we all tried to write all we could remember, it would take weeks to read it. But, where to start!!?

Any person who could move from her "home" to this country with a young family at that time, had to have a lot of courage & faith in God to carry through with it. But I know it was her faith that has carried her & her family through everything she has done. She gave us all an example, and a goal to aim for. I hope we can all reach it. I know she believes we can.

I don't believe I know of any family as big, and spread out as hers is, that is as close or willing to help each other. Lets all stay that way, & try to teach our own individual family's to do the same.

I hope someday to have kids & grandkids that think as much of me as I think of my Grandma. (Even half as much would be great!)

This is by no means all I could write but I think everyone who receives this letter will be in the same dilemma, trying to figure where to cut off the letter

Thanks for the example you gave your kids and they have passed to there own.

We all love you, Rich, Andrea, & kids Norman



Grandmas Whicker and Norman, with Margaret and Marie, 1949

MY MAN'S MOM

Amid the men who could have been her son,
 The one she raised stands tall.
 Why? Was it the switchings, as he claims?
 I don't think so! That's not the right call.

Was it the love in her eyes as he sat by her side?
 Many Moms have loved, praised, cared for..and yet
 Their children grow up failing short of the mark;
 Insensitive, selfish, wanting whatever they can get.

How much I owe to his mother, for her love was real
 It taught him HOW to love, HOW to grow the right way!
 HOW to be tender, yet a real man...a man of fine steel.

Because she knew of a God above
 And taught him to head right that way,
 And if he got a bit off the track,
 She taught him that he could get right back!

If her love was firm, so was her hand!
 Integrity and responsibility were the fruit.
 Thanks, Mom, for all you have done
 In the lives of all the rest of us, too.

We've loved you and learned from you
 Partaken of your food, your lectures and your care!
 Far reaching and eternal your influence will be
 As yours and Dad's testimonies and lives we all share!

Love,

Rea Mae



Rea, B.R., and G'ma in front of the trailer park in Clifton

February 8, 1994

Dear Family,

Frank got a new computer, so I decided I'd try it out on you. Aren't you the lucky ones?! I am very "computer illiterate"; therefore this may be quite an undertaking.

We were supposed to get a purty good snowstorm last night and today, but the snow hasn't started yet, and the wind even quit by morning. If we don't get more snow before winter is over we are going to need a LOT of rain this summer. We have had many, many days of temperatures below zero in the morning, and temperatures that never get above freezing during the day.

We added a child to our family. Geoffrey Layne officially joined the Duzik family on January 19, 1994. His aunts and uncles gave a party for him at the church last Thursday to introduce him to the church family. It was very nice. We had pizza before the party started. There was cake, cookies, punch, coffee, mints and nuts. The fellowship hall was decorated with balloons. Bud had a great time. He was so wound up!!

I'm certainly going to miss the letters from family in the Loveknot. I do thank Glenn for doing such a terrific job all these years. I am rather ashamed of myself for not contributing like I

should have. Maybe we could try to have an annual edition so we could catch up on family events.

Charlotte is moving back from Cheyenne. She hasn't decided where she is going to live. It depends on where she finds a job. Grand Junction and Craig are being considered right now.

I'd better close for now and get started on the "Grandma Whicker Tribute".

Please know that we love you all so very much. As I said, we'll miss these visits.

Love Always,

*Marg, Mike
or Buddy*



G'ma Whicker with Marie and Margaret at E. Victory, Craig 1950 or '51

As I try to write a tribute to my mother it occurs to me that we have begun to think of Mother as an older woman, which of course it is, but I decided to record some things about her younger days. As children we rarely think of our parents as "young" but in most cases they certainly are young when we first know them. I of course knew my mother and remember her and events since I was about 3 years old; however for some reason I happen to remember when she got to be 29 years old, at least it was the first time I was aware of her age.

By the time she was in her early 20's she had experienced much personal grief; the loss of her mother, her first-born baby, and her brother. She had left her father & two younger brothers & another older brother and come to Colorado with Daddy & her two little girls. They'd never been out here before, didn't really know what to expect; they knew they couldn't just turn around and run home again, nor could they call home if, or when they got homesick or when things went wrong. They were ON THEIR OWN in the strictest sense. I have so many dear memories of them both - some of them just sketches. I remember when we lived on the homestead that Mother would take Maxine & I up in her lap and read to us. How I loved that & I have a clear memory of looking up into her face as she read & I can still see what she looked like - BLUE eyes, BLACK hair, SMOOTH skin. Although I always took it for granted I felt so secure in the love & protection of my parents. Times were hard, there was little money or conveniences for them, consequently just good hard WORK is what got us by. However we always had fun. On the homestead Mother started working with Maxine helping her get started reading (I believe it was) & she rewarded Max's progress by making a little doll quilt for her. She couldn't bear not giving me something too I guess, because she cleaned up a little Mercurochrome bottle which had a little dauber built into the lid, and gave it to me. It about brings a tear to my eyes now - not for me, because I was delighted with it - but for a young mother who had no money to buy the things she'd have loved to give to her family.

Later our little home in Craiy came to be the stopping off spot for friends & relatives. I still don't know how we managed for room when several times people who were sick came to have Mother room & board them and take care of them. As we only had two extremely small bedrooms & no bathroom, & with the 5 of us, it had to be crowded to say the least. We did have electricity then, but until after Max & I were gone from home, Mother still had to use a coal stove for cooking & carry water from the well. What a joy when she got her new electric stove & new cupboards built in her kitchen!

One especially nice memory was the summer after I graduated when Daddy was doing defense work in Colo. Spgs., I spent part of the summer with the folks & Ben R. I arrived as I was coming down with the mumps so was sick for awhile, but I had Mother to care for me. Mother and I had some wonderful times together. We even went out in the beautiful countryside and did some drawing and painting. We both remember that with pleasure. A little later in Denver she and I both attended classes at the Emily Griffith Opportunity School and we both enjoyed that.

Mother has always been a devoted grandmother to all her grandchildren and they loved to go spend time with both her and Daddy and they always showed the kids such a good time.

As dearly as she loved her husband, children & grandchildren, & still does, they weren't her only interest as she never neglected her friends, her extended family or her church, and had many interests outside of the family & home. Her interests & activities have of necessity changed in the past few years because she is dependent upon others to do things for her and take her places, but she is still a social person and loves to be involved. Her body has grown weak, but her spirit is still going strong.

I love you, Mother; I always have; I always will!

Your Daughter, Lois Margaret

Lois Margaret

2/94

DEAR FAMILY:

22

Hello everyone. I have put this off too long so I m going to have to quickly put down some of my thoughts about Grandma W.

I remember trips to Grand Jct. as a little girl, traveling down on the bus to stay with G'pa and G'ma. While in G.J. Grandma would make everything so special. I have memories of making jewelry, going to the miniature golf course and playing in the yard at the trailer park. I loved the little bridge with the water running under it. It was especially fun when cousins were there to play with.

Later, when I was grown up and married, I enjoyed taking my little ones to visit. G'ma always tried to make it a relaxing time, and it was nice to have her worrying over me, insisting that I shouldn't work so hard. She also seemed convinced that my children were absolutely wonderful, something every young mother loves to hear but unfortunately doesn't hear too often.

Because G'ma has always seemed to think so highly of me, I have always felt that I really needed to try to live up to that image she claims to have of me. I also have always felt reassured and comforted because I know that G'ma was always praying for me and my family. G'ma has a special ability to make us each one feel as though we are the most special person and at the same time never showing favoritism.

I hope to be alot like my G'ma Whicker. I would like to be a "prayer warrior" as she is. I would like to be a confidence builder to my friends and family. I hope that I can continue to try new experiences and learn new things as she has. G'ma has been and still is a wonderful example to all of us. I love her with all my heart.

*Love to all!
Rich & family*

FRANK + NELLIE WHICKER
HECKMAN, BEN + BEULAH
1918

2/21/94

Hi Everybody

We hope this finds everybody in good health

Andi & I are just finishing our vacation. We had some friends from Ochopee FL. come visit. We took them snowmobiling around California park & Hahns Peak. I think they enjoyed it. I do know it was a different experience for them. They want us to come to Florida, and they will take us fishing and on an overnight air boat trip (He does that kind of thing for a living) It sure sounds great, but is still expensive just getting our family there.

Last May Andi got a new job. She is the baliff for the county and district courts here in Craig. She only averages two or three sessions per month But she really enjoys it, and it leaves her time for her other activillies. Her biggest problem is when people she knows have to serve on the jury, which is every time in a small town like this. Mom and Marie have served on a jury, and Mike and Charlotte Duzik were near misses. I bet if I ever get called they will have to let me off, (or get me for contempt), because the baliff will never be able to swear me in without laughing, or at least keep a straightface.

Heather went out for cross country earlier this year, and is now playing volley ball. She is doing well in both, and in fact is on the "A" team in volley ball. this last quarter in school she got one B and therest were A's.

Jessica is in choir at her school, and in Joyful Noisemakers at the church. She enjoys them both, and is doing well in school also.

We put Cody in pre-school again this year. He is finally setting down, and is learning what he needs to. It's pretty hard to keep his attention unless it deals with something with an engine.

I'm still working for the county. Nuff said.

Love to all of you,
Rich, Andi, Heather, Jessi, & Cody





Grandma & Grandpa as they remain in my memory



65th Wedding Anniversary at Palisade Nursing Home, Clifton, CO (1986)



Wedding Anniversary, 30 April 1971



At the gravesite of her loving husband, 1991



Back: Lois, Marie, Joe
Front: Gale, Maxine, G'pa & G'ma W., Daniel
1978?

Dear Family,

It has been very enjoyable doing the LOVE KNOT for the past few years. Thank you all for all the support. We've learned a lot about each other and the good people whose heritage we share. We should plan another reunion - perhaps in Utah or Craig this time - in the next year or two. Rache, you volunteered once to head up such a project...does that offer still stand?

My memories of this beautiful woman, our G'ma, are varied. Every time I smell a certain type of facial cleanser, it reminds me of the house at the trailer park (Beauty Counselor products were plentiful in her home at that time!) Homemade ice cream was a treat, as was the marble gravity thing G'pa made. Cat willows in the lower part of the trailer court were fun to gather, a trip to the corner service station for candy or milk was an adventure, and watching the trains go by

so close was great fun. When we used to travel from Delaware, we'd get so excited as soon as we were paralleling the Colorado River, because we knew we were close to G'ma's house then! And later, coming from Utah, we'd play games to see who could see "Grandma's

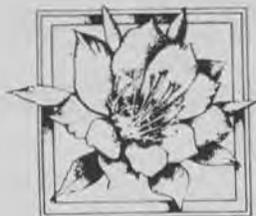


Mt. Garfield
"Grandma's Mountain"

Mountain" first. Such a sense of sweet anticipation.

Grandma's ability to instill a sense of goodness and self-confidence in her grandchildren is a phenomenal gift. Always proper, she was concerned with teaching her progenitors the correct way to conduct themselves in all situations. That influence has spread to her 66 direct descendants (thus far), and will have an eternal effect on us all. Thanks, Grandma, for the Grand Lady that you are!

Love, Glenn & Pam



RIDDLE ANSWER:

John & Katrina due in October; will be BR & Rea's 34th grandchild!



Announcements:

Geoffrey Layne Duzik,
adopted 19 Jan 1994.

RIDDLE:

*Now stop and think,
You Love Knot readers,
The time has come
To use your thinkers
For 34 is on the way
Oct 19 the supposed day.*

*What's to happen?
Who will arrive?
Who will precede # 35?
Who's responsible, and
Who's to blame?
Even better yet,
What will be the name?*

By Benjamin M. Whicker

**Ben & Beulah, taken by
Nellie at Ruth's (who's Ruth?)**



VALUE



10

ANNIVERSARY SALE

Trade at Traders' and Save—Prices Effective to and Including May 10th

Stokely's
BABY FOODS
CORRECTLY SEASONED



USE YOUR DOCTOR'S ADVICE... BABY DESERVES THE BENEFIT OF HIS ADVICE

| | | | |
|-------------------|----------------|------------|-----|
| Sredless | Grapefruit | 10 Lbs | 29c |
| New White | Onions | 4 Lbs | 15c |
| No. 1 Gano | Apples | 10 Lbs | 39c |
| Calif. Full Juice | Oranges | 10 Lbs | 29c |
| | Lettuce | Large Head | 6c |
| Reg. 10c Jar | Salad Dressing | | 5c |



FOLGERS COFFEE

Mr. Allen will serve Coffee at Traders' Saturday. Even if you miss it at the moment, it will be waiting for you. It is just getting the reputation of Garden City and trade territory come real value and quality service. When you want quality for so at low prices, stop at TRADERS. Headquarters for Folgers' Coffee.

| | | |
|----------------|--------------|---------------------------|
| Gal. Glass Jar | Apple Butter | 49c |
| Gal. Glass Jar | Dill Pickles | 49c |
| Finy Kernel | Libby Corn | No. 2 Can 10c |
| | Rinso | Giant Box 49c |
| | Bread | Garden City Large Loaf 5c |
| O. Joy | Tomato Juice | Tall Can 5c |

We brought in a truckload from Arkansas for this big event.

FRESH RIPE STRAWBERRIES

2 Qt. Boxes 33c

| | | | |
|---------------|---------------------|-------------|-----|
| ew Potatoes | Calif White | 10 Lbs | 25c |
| uffed Wheat | or Rice 7 1/2c Size | 3 Lg. pkgs. | 10c |
| alad Dressing | or Spread Wishmore | Qt. Jar | 15c |

Royal Pudding

Fine for Making Ice Cream

4 Pkgs. 15c

| | | | |
|-----------------------|----------|-----------------|-----|
| Vienna Sausage | Armour's | 4 Cans | 25c |
| Summer Drink | | 3 8 oz. Bottles | 25c |

| | | |
|----------------------------|------------------|---------------|
| Swift's Milk | Large Can | 5c |
| K. C. Baking Powder | 2 1/2c. Can | 15c |
| Jam | Assorted Flavors | 4 Lb. Jar 39c |

Tip Top Loaf

3 One Pound Cans 25c

We will serve samples of this product in our store all day SATURDAY

Super Suds

Large Blue Box 17c

| | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|-----|
| Corn Flakes | 2 Pkgs. | 15c |
| Cake Flour | Per Pkg. | 23c |
| Pear-T-Jell | 3 Pkgs. | 10c |
| Pirunes | 4 Lbs. | 19c |
| Coffee | Del Monte Lb. Can | 19c |
| Candy Kisses | Qt. | 10c |
| Pirunes | No. 10 Can | 25c |
| Apricots | No. 10 Can | 39c |
| SHREDDED WHEAT | 3 Pkgs. | 25c |
| Pork & Beans | 3 No. 2 1/2 Cans | 25c |

| | | | |
|--|--------------|---------|---|
| Winchester's Tenderized Picnic Hams | Per Lb. | 14 1/2c | We will serve this ham all day Saturday |
| Cheese Kraft-American | 2 Lb. Box | 39c | |
| Pure Lard | Pkg. or Bulk | Per Lb. | 6 1/2c |
| P. Nut Butter | 2 Lbs. | 19c | |
| Cod Fish | 1 Lb. Pkg. | 15c | |
| Oleo Kraft Parkay Reg. 10c | 1 Lb. | 25c | |
| Beef Steak Chuck Cuts | Per Lb. | 19c | |
| Chickens | | | |
| 1 POST BRAN | Bulk | 21c | With Mickey Mouse Bowl FREE |
| 1 GRAPENUT FLAKES | For | | |
| Bacon Squares | Per Lb. | 8 1/2c | |
| Sausage Pure Pork | Per Lb. | 9c | |
| Cheese Cheddar | Per Lb. | 10c | |
| Sliced Bacon | Per Lb. | 10c | |
| Swiss Steak Choice | Per Lb. | 19c | |
| Slab Bacon No. 1 Sugar Cured | Per Lb. | 19c | |
| Fully Dressed Frying Size | each | 42c | |

| | | | |
|----------------------------|--------------|---------|--------|
| Br. Sugar Powdered | In 2 lb. Bag | Per Lb. | 5 1/2c |
| Flour Old Homestead | 48 Lb. Bag | | \$1.09 |
| Rice Blue Rose | 10 Lbs. | | 45c |
| Macaroni Bulk | 5 Lbs. | | 25c |
| Crackers Graham | 2 Lb. Box | | 13c |
| Ritz Crackers | 1 Lb. Box | | 19c |
| Cleanser Lighthouse | 3 Cans | | 10c |
| Tea Orange Pekoe | 1 Lb. Pkg. | | 29c |
| Harvey's Gum | 4 Pkgs. | | 10c |
| Prince Albert | 1 Lb. Can | | 59c |

Morton's Salt

Iodized

2 Pkgs. 19c

Marble or Balloon Free

IN OUR STORE ON SATURDAY, MAY 6, WE WILL GIVE **FREE!** To all children: Gardiner's ice cream bars and Jolly Gulps if children are accompanied by their parents.

WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO LIMIT QUANTITIES

Palmolive Soap

5c

TRADER'S CASH FOOD STORE

"WE LEAD—OTHERS FOLLOW"

Forrest Clodfelter (Grandpa "C") worked in Traders in 1936, for \$15.00 a week, (Garden City, Kansas) This is when Rex MacWhicker was 2 years old.