

THELMA BOYACK BRUNT

The Story of Her Life

By her own records and
Memories of family and friends

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Thelma Boyack Brunt Life Story (Part 1)

Her Birth 1910 – Birth of her 5th Child 1950

Recorded from her "Love Story Scrapbook" 1986 and other sources

1910. The Year of Haleys Comet.

In May all of the sleepy little town of Spanish Fork, Utah, was abuzz. There weren't any cars --- just horses and buggies for a joyful ride in the countryside or wagons and big work horses and a few ponies to take cattle to and from the farm.

Sarah and Ralph Boyack and their family of brothers and sisters had decided the comet was going to show across the skies in May of 1910. Many people of the east and around thought the tail of the comet would pass and touch the earth and would destroy the world. Many of the richer people had telescopes and instruments. This was the first time people committed suicide because of signs in the sky.

Thelma's home was in Spanish Fork and the Boyack farm was 10 or 15 miles away. Her Grandfather Boyack (James Boyack, Jr.) had built an adobe home on the farm which had a big flowing well. That's when he and her Grandmother (Margary Waterhouse) lived until they built the adobe home in town. Then the house on the farm was used more for tools and such and lumber added for more storage of the machinery. Thelma's Uncle Jim (James Alexander Boyack, oldest son of James' and Margary) owned the farm adjoining Ralph's. Ralph Banks Boyack and Sarah Elizabeth Morgan (Boyack) now lived in the house in town.

Thelma stated:

"My father was of Scottish ancestry and was born in Spanish Fork, in 1876. My mother was born in the year 1879, also in Spanish Fork. My father was a farmer and also ran a threshing machine, the only one in Spanish fork at that time. So, for a supplement to the farm income, he spent many long hard hours threshing the grain around that area each fall."

New Year's Eve 1910

On December 31, 1910, almost at the stroke of midnight, Thelma Boyack entered this world at the home of her parents, she was delivered by a beloved country doctor, Dr. Stoddard. She came into a loving home with devoted parents in the gospel.

Thelma tells of her birth:

This was December 31st in the year 1910 in the sleepy little town of Spanish Fork, Utah.

A chill was in the air; the snow glistened as it fell softly on the branches of the big, black, walnut tree and cedar tree that stood in the front yard. It was a tradition for the Boyack brothers and sisters to return to the family home for celebrating each New Year's Eve.

Inside was a cheerful fire in the fireplace and after the last Aunt and Uncle had hugged one another with goodbyes and blessings for a Happy New Year, they left their wish for a happy new year and a special blessing for the auburn haired, sweet and beautiful Sarah, who was about to give birth to another child. The front door of the big two-story adobe and frame house opened. The fond 'goodbyes' and 'thanks for the fun New Year's Eve party' were repeated as each couple put on their coats and prepared to go out into the snow and cold.

After the last guest had closed the door, the sweet voice of the mother of three (Elizabeth, Margary, and Edwin), said with a smile, "You'd better go for Dr. Stoddard, Ralph."

With a squeeze of the hand and a swift kiss on the forehead, Ralph was out of the door and into the flying, swirling snow. It took just a fleeting moment to go the four blocks to the sleepy little town's only doctor-- a gentleman in his fifties or perhaps sixties with white hair and a silvery-whiskered face. At this time of year, he could pass as St. Nick.

A knock on the door and the smiling gentleman stood there in his robe.

"I think the time has come, Doctor," said Ralph, "for our little New Year to come into the world."

"I'll be ready in just a few seconds, Ralph. I have been expecting you at any time. This baby could be our little new year," said the doctor.

In just minutes, the white-haired, neatly trimmed whiskered doctor was ready. Ralph had his sleigh and said he would take him home and bring him back.

"No, Ralph. I better take mine. It's won't take a moment to harness Dobbie as Sarah may need you at home later," the doctor replied.

So, in the soft, white glistening, beautiful wintery night the two men emerged from the comfortable brick home of the doctor and with a flip of the reins, the sleigh runners were gliding across the snow. It was a matter of minutes when they entered the Boyack home, where just a few hours before, a gay family New Year's party, a get together of uncles and aunts had taken place.

Sarah, a lovely, beautiful auburn-haired young mother (age 31) was in labor, but not frightened. She knew exactly what to expect and do. The older children, Beth, Margary, and Edwin, were long fast asleep in the upstairs bedroom.

As the doctor took charge and proceeded to count the time of each pain, he knew he needed the father's assistance in boiling water and getting a clean blanket to wrap the new little one in. Everything was ready and just before the chiming clock struck twelve o'clock midnight, there was a wee one held up by the heels and with a few pats on the back, a hearty cry escaped from the little one's lips. It was a healthy cry and Sarah sank back on her pillow exhausted, but relieved the baby was well and after examining each little finger and toe, she cuddled the baby in her arms. Sarah remarked with a smile, "She isn't a little New Year's baby, but almost . . . having been born just a few minutes before the midnight hour."

The doctor, with a weak smile, put his things back in his little black bag. Ralph fixed a glass of warm milk for his wife and walked the doctor to the door and made arrangements to pay some cash and the balance in wheat.

Going back into the bedroom he exclaimed, "Are you pleased, Sarah, that it's a girl? She really looks like a boy with no hair and really not as beautiful as our other three. I did need a son to help on the farm, along with Edwin, but perhaps she can help."

"Ralph," said Sarah. "I want to name her Thelma. Thelma . . . after the book Thelma, a beautiful Norwegian girl in the novel I just read. She has a little bit of white hair, and she may turn out as the girl in the book, I hope." (Reference: Thelma, Norwegian Princess by Marie Correlli, 1877)

There wasn't much sleep that night as mother and baby were restless. Bright and early the next morning after the fires in the kitchen and living room were remade, with more coal put on, the three children, Beth 10, Marge 8, and little Edwin 2, came in the room to see the new baby. They were delighted, even though Edwin had hoped for a brother.

A hired girl arrived to help fix the meals and help out for the rest of the holiday season. This was the beginning of a bright and glorious new year, January 1, 1911.

Each year the photographer would come from house to house and Sarah, thinking it would be a good way to get the pictures of her children, let them be taken. And each year they won. It was mostly an honor, but also *the winners* received a little gold locket.

Thelma, who was 1 ½ years now, had been taken (*her photo*), but there were others in that age group that were more beautiful. This little girl had no real hair, but a few little strands of what looked like cotton and just as white. She just wasn't the typical child, to sit or stand quiet to have a picture. Indeed, Sarah and Ralph had talked it over and decided she would grow up to be a good "boy" and help on the farm. Yet, she had many qualities that pointed toward being a lady.

It was decided that in the early spring, just after school was out, something had to be done. Thelma was called by her father to come help him in the summer kitchen. This was a lean-to onto the side of the granary they had built. This was a good-sized room *in which* to work and also put up fruit. It had a stove, and it kept the heat out of the *regular* kitchen in the summer.

Also, in the summer kitchen they all shined their shoes for every Sunday, and it was also a place to have the boys' hair cutting.

This day Thelma left her play and came to see what Father wanted. He had the stool all set up for cutting hair. A chill went down her back. He gently picked her up and began to explain. They had talked it over and decided he was going to cut it (*Thelma's hair*).

"You don't want to go the rest of your life being called Bishop Larsen's boy, do you? You are our little girl, and we love you. I have read where if you shave the head, the hair will come in as good as new and no need to go through life with no hair."

Thelma recalled:

"He put the shawl for cutting hair over my shoulders. My eyes got bigger and bigger, and I wanted to kick it off and run away, but by this time my head was covered with soap, put on by the old shaving brush they dropped in the mug for soap. The sharpening strap was long and when Dad held the mirror up for me to see – that face staring back at me! There I was, an ugly little girl, bald-headed.

How long to have it grow in? Just how was I going to face people? None of the girls in our neighborhood would play with me, I was sure."

Uncle George and his family had moved to Delta, Utah, a little southern community past Nephi. The West family had moved in their home, and they had children our ages. What would they think of me?

We never had photographers that we could go to. But they used to come around and the photographer would line all the children up, no matter how they looked. I know you've all seen that picture of me in a white dress, as dirty as could be, and no hair . . . I wore a hat that whole summer. My hair finally grew back in, curly and blond. And Dad said, "See, I told you it would work!" I've always been grateful for his persistence in making me do that.

I remember when Dad would go to the flour mill to take wheat to be ground into flour. I would sneak out and climb under the buggy seat (the back of the wagon would be filled with wheat). I would hide until we were out so far and then I'd pop up. Dad would say, "Oh! You want to drive the horses?" And I would answer, "Yes." My dad and I were such good pals. I always wore big overalls and was real thrilled about being a farmer's girl . . . I never did like housework too well.

We had a big arc-light out in front and all of us kids could play outside until nine o'clock, when the curfew rang. Then we all had to hurry home. Well, one time we all decided to have a wrestling match. I, of course, was in the ring with a boy. We were fighting it out and having a time, when all of a sudden I felt someone pull my ear so hard that I thought 'Oh!' And I looked up and there was Uncle Ralph Morgan (who was Mother's brother and the Bishop of our ward).

He took me by the ear into the house, sat me down hard on a chair and said, "Sarah, if you don't do something about this kid, she's going to grow up in reform school."

Thelma continues her story:

I was the fourth child in the family. They were expecting a boy. Being a farmer, Dad needed help on the farm, but they didn't have to worry long as I loved the good earth and spent many enjoyable days working on the farm thinning and hoeing the beets, putting up hay in the fall, chopping the tops from the beets and loading them to take them to the factory. I milked 7 to 9 cows each morning and took them five miles to the farm and still got back in time to walk to high school. And we always had a large garden and fruit trees at the farm that needed constant care.

There were new sisters and a brother born, however, before I had my hair all shaved off. Each one was born at home, in the same bedroom and Dr. Stoddard delivered us all. Elizabeth, Margary, brother Edwin, and myself. A year and half between us.

Then another beautiful, dark-haired girl born in the spring of the year in May. We named her Blanche.

Ed and I used to take the milk over to Grandma and Grandpa Morgan. Blanche never would go as she was afraid of the dark. I was never afraid of the dark—or anything else!

Another boy was sent for, and it made it off the bench in heaven. He had curly hair, not real dark, a light brown, and big black eyes. I thought he was the cutest baby I had ever seen. A boy baby, Fred Morgan. He was a darling and had big brown eyes, and I can remember Mother dressing him in white suits. His eyes would sparkle. He had a little temper, though, because when he didn't get his way, you knew it.

Mother had a big wicker buggy and at times when the baby would fuss and with all the home to keep up and cook, she would bring him out to me to watch, while we played our games.

One day a group of girls came over and we were having a game of jacks. We sat on the edge of the cement walk under the big black walnut tree and play for hours. This day, Mother brought him out and said, "Thelma, you have to watch Fred in the buggy. I have to do something. Now watch him real well." I told her that I would, but I was busy playing the jacks game. Fred kept throwing his toys and rattle out of the buggy and I kept putting them in and putting them in . . . but hardly looking at him. I was far gone in trying to win the game. When all at once one of the friends screamed as he fell and hit his head on the edge of the walk. He was unconscious and I thought I'd die. I thought that this was one time I was really going to get it. Mother came running. Fred was out cold. I was so frightened, all I could do was pray, "Please, I'll never do it again and I'll tend him every minute, just make him wake up."

Mother had rushed inside with him, and I followed. Mother was a good nurse, even though she had had no training, except at home. He was ok, but a big bump on his head. He often teased me and said that falling onto his head was what made him dingy. But he wasn't dingy. He was a wonderful brother.

When Fred was little he couldn't talk plainly. He just sort of grunted out his words. For "Edwin" he called him "big Nay" and for our friend over the fence, Theron West, he called him (little) Hay Hay. They weren't going to let him in school at age six, because of speech. And no matter how hard we as children tried to form our mouths to say the word . . . then we'd all burst out laughing.

A cousin of ours, Florence Rowe, was teaching first grade at the Rees school, just up from our home, or he wouldn't have made it. He learned fast, just knew he could get away with it and make us all laugh.

Ed and I were close. When we were kids, we'd thin beets together. We would be hard at work—until we found a bug. Ed would pull out his pocketknife and we'd dissect the bug to see what it looked like inside. I always thought Ed would become a doctor, thinking, 'Oh, fee, he's going to be the doctor and I'm going to be his nurse.'" Then all at once we'd hear a shout from the front of the farm saying, "Get to work! Stop that fooling around and get to work! We'd look up and there would be Dad, so we'd hurry up and go on our way and forget the bug . . . until the next time.

Another cold winter came, after harvesting the beets in the cold. I always went to the field but wasn't quite strong enough to top beets. They had to be jerked out of ground by one holding a big knife with a hook on the end. And then putting best ones over you knew and cutting the top off. Then throw the beets in a pile. Then a wagon would go between the two rows where the beets were, and we would throw them in the wagon. The wagon would then take them to the factory or in a place they had to weigh them and stack them into piles.

Mother was getting ready for Dr. Stoddard to come in January. I was so excited about the coming of this baby. I was 10 years old by now and knew I could be help to Mother, although Mother wasn't sure. Our whole lot was surrounded by a picket fence and a gate that banged when anyone came into the yard. Between the two big black walnut trees on the south side of our cement walk was a bar. An iron bar and Dad had fixed a swing. I wasn't afraid of heights; therefore, I could shimmy up the tree and walk across the bar, with no hands. All the kids in the neighborhood thought I was going to be a circus girl.

I could climb any of our fruit trees but would often get caught by my pants and tear a rip in them. Now I can see why Mother used to hug me and ask me not to do it. She said that "I might fall and break a bone or kill myself." That was all of it though. Now I understand how much mending was involved.

I also used to run around the yard on that little two by four board they nailed the picket posts onto. Everyone would scream and shout. Then Margary or Mother would see me, and it was short-lived, until they went back into the house. Margary always called me Nana or Nannie because she used to say I could do anything a goat could.

When we were in school, we heard the craziest stories about this headless ghost. It was all black and had white over it and you couldn't see its head. Everyone in school was frightened to death. Well, Mother, Dad, Don Peterson's parents, and another aunt and uncle all went to a church dance or party, leaving all the children at our house. Ed and Don were in charge. I was playing with Ester Jones, a friend of mine. We would write notes to Mae West (my next door neighbor friend) by the glass door of the kitchen, then run out and put them into her mailbox. As we were running back to the house, we heard the heavy gate bang and there were these heavy footsteps. We looked, and we couldn't believe our eyes. There was a ghost, just floating in the air! I began to knock and the door and scream, "Ed, let us in! Let us in!" No answer. We couldn't get anyone to answer. Esther just went hysterical and screamed and backed into the corner of the porch. I told her, "Don't worry, they'll let us in, they'll let us in!" And all the time the ghost was coming closer and closer. All at once I saw Esther go 'plop.' She had fainted dead away on that cement floor. I just stood there screaming. Ed heard me, finally, when he got close and threw the things off his head and came running and said, "Thelma, it's me. It's me!"

On Sunday, January 3, 1920, everyone was going to church. Mother was in her bedroom. Dad, Beth, Marge was hurrying us off. I usually was the first one on my way, but today was different. On Saturday we had talked about names for our newest little angel, around the supper table. We couldn't agree. So, as I was going poking on my way to Sunday School, the rest were a little way ahead. I saw Dr. Stoddard's buggy drive up and he got out and laid his black satchel on the ground. I knew our baby was in it and it must be going to be left today. He was the only doctor in town and had delivered all of us. I flew in the house and pleaded with Father . . . if it were a girl that she would be named Billy Sunday. He didn't promise but told me to run and catch up with my brother and sisters. This I did and jabbered all the way. The baby was in the Dr.'s satchel and it was going to be named Billy Sunday – boy or girl.

We couldn't wait for the classes to be over, and the Amens said, so we could all run home and see our newest member.

Mother was smiling and showed us the cutest little bundle wrapped in a cuddly soft, little pink blanket. A girl –

But come the first Sunday in February when we all went to church at 2 in the afternoon. And she was held by our father in the circle and given her blessing and name "Dorthella." When I quickly put my hands over my ears and shook my head. "No, no" until I felt a strong hand on top of my head to keep it still. I felt crushed. But heck, who can feel that way for long? When we got home from church, I got to hold her and call her Billy Sunday anyway. After a few weeks, it

didn't matter. I thought I was Dot's second mother. I wanted to bathe her, take care of her, do anything for her . . . but I always called her Billie Sunday when no one would hear me.

We were in the Spanish Fork third ward. It was on the corner of 6th North. A new brick one, but not too big. It still stands (1986) but has been remodeled into a big one now. Bishop Larsen of Swedish descent was our bishop. He had snow-white hair and was a very kind man.

By now my hair had grown in and was a soft, silk blonde as blonde, and it was curly, especially when I held my head under the steam coming from the kettle on the stove.

We had Sunday School at 10, then back to Sacrament meeting at 2 o'clock. I wasn't just sent to church (The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints), but Dad always went with us and held positions in the Sunday School. As I grew up, it was just the thing we did on Sundays. I don't recall never wanting to go, but I do remember I didn't always get the message intended because of an exciting conversation with a friend. After church we always had company -- some of the family dropping in at the old homestead (it had belonged to my Grandfather Boyack). Our special treats were homemade ice cream and a big bowl of home canned fruit in the center of the table and cake. The cake was my job to make on Saturday. Each of us girls had a special dish we cooked or made for our Sunday dinner on Saturday.

Our Saturdays were also spent polishing the silver, washing the painted kitchen chairs completely, sweeping and scrubbing the kitchen floors, and polishing the furniture, and Oh, yes, polishing the coal stove. No cleaning of bathrooms, though, as that was the man's job as it was an "outsider."

Tuesdays Mother had Relief Society, and after Relief Society, we had Primary. My Aunt Lilly Rowe was the President of Primary. About twice a year we'd have a big pageant or such and she always choose me for the leading player. It was a fun time of life.

Wednesdays we had religion classes where we would study more of the gospel. Kate B. Carter was Pres. Of this organization, and I loved her. The Carters lived down the street from us on 2nd West. They were in the blacksmith trade, and we'd have to pass by the blacksmith each time we go to Dale store on the corner of 4th North and Main. It was about the only store that carried everything. We children could take 1 egg and get a couple of big all-day suckers, or 2 eggs and get a package of gum. Helen Dale was my friend and classmate.

The Carters were wonderful neighbors and friends. She came from Iceland. (her father). Kate B. and Aussie (Austin) moved to Salt Lake when I was about 12. She later was made General President of the Daughters of Pioneers of the Central camp in Salt Lake City. Many years later, our paths crossed again in 1953 at a Daughter of Pioneer convention in Idaho Falls, and I was elected as vice-captain to our County chapter. (Bonneville County).

My grandmother, Margary Waterhouse Boyack, was a ward Relief Society president, and also my mother, Elizabeth Morgan Boyack.

The fun of those youthful days - making playhouses in the grape arbor or lilac bushes by Daddy's tool shop. Playing out on the street, which was on our corner of 400 N. playing "Run, Sheepie, Run," "Kick the Can," "Hide 'n Seek", or "Pretty or Ugly." About 15 neighborhood children would meet in the street as soon as supper was over and dishes were done, only to scamper to our homes when the curfew would ring loud and clear. The day would end with a short visit with Dad and seeing Mother just kneading her bread. She would stay up half of the night baking bread and reading her favorite books.

Oh! The fun of being a child again. My childhood was the happiest and most colorful. I would not take anything for it. Although I'm sure my mother was mortified at times with me, but she always laughed telling Annette and Carol about some of the so-called fun times.

It was early afternoon and dozens of neighborhood kids were over to our place. We made playhouses in the lilac bushes. We had them around the back and Dad's shop was right there, so we had the shop for one side of the house and the lilacs on the other side. In the spring it smelled so good, and, in the summer, it was cool. I always took Dorthella out and pretended she was my baby. Once in a while, I'd forget she was real and then with a loud cry, I would know she was for real. I felt I was her second mother. I would change and feed her, but I know it wasn't nearly as much as it seemed then.

This day everyone was under the grape arbor. I tried to hurry. I hadn't tied my shoes yet. They (the shoes) had five or six holes to lace, and long, black sox. Mother kept telling me to tie them up before I ran out. But when she wasn't looking, I slipped thru the screen door, softly closed it, not with the regular bang.

We played for a length of time, then decided to climb the fruit trees. We used to let the little calves out in that part of the yard. It was a way to keep the grass down and also good for the calves.

Part of the wire fence was done, and I decided I could get thru that easier and as I was trying to get one foot onto the wire to hold it down, I stepped on my shoelace that hadn't been tied. I fell. It was over 14 feet high.

I broke my arm in two places below my elbow and my elbow was protruding in my shoulder area. Pain, I screamed, cried that it would go away. I remembers that beautiful fan of my mother, and I wanted to shut my eyes and die, for I hadn't done as she'd told me to do – tie my shoelaces.

As a little child, I never would do what I was told, I suppose. All the kids were running around in our front yard, which was full of pear trees and a grape arbor. Mother told me to tie my shoe, and I told her I would 'in a minute.' There was a little fence no higher than about four inches that we were jumping over. I jumped over it, tripped on my shoelace, and fell, breaking my arm in four places. My elbow was sticking out of my shoulder. The next thing I knew, I woke up on our big kitchen table. Mother, Marge, and Beth were holding me down and old Doctor

Stoddard working on my arm and it hurting so bad, I couldn't stand it and screaming. Every little while, he'd put a piece of cotton to my nose and say, "Take a deep breath," which I was grateful to do. It was chloroform and it would make me pass out for a little longer so he could set my arm. No cast, as today. Just yanking and pulling until he got the elbow back in place. Fix the break and put two wooden splints from my neck to my wrist. Then after about three months, I had to carry a bucket of coal around, each week taking a piece out. Everyone on the block loved filling up the bucket, but I got even with them all later on.

Three years after Dorthella (Billie Sunday), Mother had Dr. Stoddard over again and left his last package from his black satchel. We all thought Mother too old to have a blessed event, but she and Dad were almost like their first, and we brothers and sisters were shouting that we would have the largest and youngest of families. She was born just 11 days after Mother's 50th birthday. Our Heavenly Father was good to us because in the beginning, Mother was not to have any children after Beth (Elizabeth) was born.

Dad didn't have it easy. The farm wasn't big, just enough for he and Ed, Fred, and we girls to help. Father was tall and handsome and had a good voice. He was always in the minstrels put on in our town. That was a group of men who would dress in black suits, white shirts, and red bow ties, black their faces, and talk like our blacks from the south . . . tell jokes and sing. I remember how proud I was and laughed until we cried. (Editor's note: Al Jolson "Blackface")

My oldest sister, Beth, was elite, charming and a good pie-maker. The only trouble that she ever got into that I remember was when she married Mark Christensen. Now, that isn't the trouble, but my dad didn't think that she should be marrying at that age; he wanted her to be a little older. Mark rode a motorcycle, played a banjo and was in a group. Dad didn't approve of that either. It wasn't that he didn't like Mark and he loved Mark's family. Beth was a lady, always. I don't remember her ever doing anything that wasn't exactly proper. I guess I didn't learn very much from her. I slept with her, and you'd think some of it would have rubbed off, but it didn't. I remember when Beth was going with Mark, she and I shared a room upstairs that had the little dormer window in front. Down below was the grape arbor. I used to sit up until after midnight, waiting for her to come home so I could spy on them. When she got married, I thought that my best friend in all the world had left me.

Marge was a lady also. I was always sort of jealous of Marge. She had rheumatic fever when she was little, so she never did have to do a whole lot (though she did do her share!). When she grew older, she and Ed would go to dances at the beautiful dance hall at the city park. Ed danced with Marge all the time and I thought, "Why don't you ever ask me?" I was a little upset; after all, Ed and I weren't really all that far apart in age! But Ed and Marge entered dance contests together and won them. They were both excellent dancers. Marge always had a big heart and loved life.

I had a marvelous childhood - happy and carefree - lots of friends and lots of hard work. But our folks taught us it was part of life and we had to make our own fun. I remember taking an egg or two to Dale's store on the corner of Main St. for candy. I loved to ride the horse down Main Street standing up on its bare back after my chores were done.

I attended the Reese school which was a new school for us about three blocks away. Then the Thurber School on Main Street the first Junior High school built in Spanish Fork. Our high school was also new and had the first seminaries in our school system. Dr. McGavin, a writer of many books, was my teacher, and also a dear friend. They were newly-weds and when they had their first baby, they put two names in a hat for her to be blessed—mine and one of my dearest friends (Allie). Allie's name was pulled out That was a highlight. Kate B. Carter was one of my religion teachers. She was a great woman and my dear friend until she died in 1977.

I was in plays and chorus and was vice president of my senior class. My favorite game was baseball and I pitched for the team.

Every morning and night while growing up at mealtimes, breakfast and supper, we turned our chairs with their backs to the table and knelt in family prayer. Dad always said the prayer until we got into our teens.

My father, for which I am grateful always, gave us great self-esteem, telling us how proud he was of we girls, even if we weren't Blue Bloods (a person of noble descent). He never convinced us we weren't. He was also the one who taught us manners at our table. We always had to say, "Please pass, excuse me" and not take more than we could eat on our plate. We were welcome to take seconds, but never waste. And if there was something left we were all eying up, we wanted, we always had to ask if anyone wanted it. If not, we could have it.

He was super on dress shoes shined and gave us all lessons in this type of thing. He always commented on how we looked.

I was baptized at the age of 8 and went thru Primary. Was chosen Queen for all the plays and parades. (My Aunt Lillie was the President).

Our clothes were usually sewed at home. Marge and Beth were our seamstresses. I remember High School. I would pick out some gingham for a dress and Marge would make it. I'd wear it and the next week there would be at least 2 girls in a dress just like mine. Dad used to say, "Don't be angry; be proud they wanted to look like you."

After Blanche was born, Dot took on the baby sitting. I helped on the farm a lot. I took the cows to the pasture each morning before school, the fall Dad got hurt on the thrashing machine he hadn't operated.

From early childhood, I would march out and climb in the wagon or buggy, when Dad was taking grain to the mill to be ground into flour. Then I would come out of hiding and he'd let me hold to the reins. A beautiful childhood. We had to all work.

At my age of 10, Dad and the men were going to the farm. A Wilson boy across the street from us helped on the farm and rode his horse each day. I had a few lessons in the saddle, and I wanted to ride "Nancy," our pony, to race him. After a little debating on whether I could do it or not, Dad put me on the horse, fixed the straps to fit my length of my legs, handed the reins to me and said, "There you go. You be master and show Nancy who's boss. I want you to be an Indian rider and don't you dare hold to the saddle horn. Wilson was waiting out in the road. We lined up and Dad said, "Go," and we went. I'll never forget that ride if I get to be 100 (I'm now 76). It was the most frightening thing I'd ever done. I felt like I was flying thru the air and wanted to grab something to hold onto, but I couldn't let Dad down. I won. I was so pleased when Dad and Ed drove up in the wagon. I know Wilson just let me win, but in my mind, I was going to be a rodeo girl.

Before long, everywhere I'd ride, they would cheer. Many of the farmers along our way would comment to Dad that I was the best in the west. I could even ride bareback and throw myself from side to side of the horse and back in position. I could stand up in the saddle and gallop. I got a little too smart for my britches once. I could get my horse so close to a few of the automobiles that I'd race them almost touching the auto. I did that to Uncle Ralph (Ralph David Morgan – 1882-1940), Mother's brother, who lived down a block from us. He was also our Bishop. He came into see us one evening and he told Mother he felt it his duty to let him know what I was doing because I was going to get killed, if I kept it up. That taught me to never do it again. But Mr. Willis James, another neighbor and father of one of my best younger friends, Blanche James, cheered me on and so I did a lot of riding.

I carried the American flag in 4th of July parades for three years. I could make Nancy stand on her hind legs and dance. It was a thrill. My greatest ambition was to be a rodeo rider.

I had many parts in all the ward plays and loved drama very much. I loved dancing and took all the classes of dance I could through high school and college. I was chosen Queen from our ward and missed being the Stake Queen because of my "forced smile." (One of the judges thought that my smile wasn't real). I always got compliment for my smile and teeth, but this judge thought I had spent days perfecting it. That's life! I had fun and was happy for my friend that won.

I graduated from high school and went on to BYU, 1928-29. At first I wanted to be a nurse and had all my papers filled out, but my parents didn't want me living in Salt Lake City. I had great, fun year at my first year at BYU (1928-29). I rode "The Orem" (the train that ran through Payson and Ogden) at first and then later got an apartment there. I decided to take a normal at the Y and ended up graduating in Elementary teaching. My most outstanding memories were the green bean caps we had to wear and the great devotionals and hearing

Pres. George Brimhall (Jennie Groberg's grandfather) when he gave his thoughts and advice to students.

In the summer, I worked in the first root beer stand in Spanish Fork, my first "official" job. I went to a special dance class with a friend of mine to Salt Lake each week during the summer.

In 1929-30, my second year at the "Y", I had several boys I was interested in: one on a mission and one on the football team, but I met Earl on a blind date. It was sort of a blind date, as we knew each other, but had a hard time meeting. There were about 1500 students then and about 15 cars and Earl had one of them. All the girls were looking in his direction . . . and besides, he was the best-looking, best dressed, and a returned missionary. What more could one ask? I sluffed two boys that weekend for him and went with him to a game and to Sacrament meeting. So, I guess it was love at first sight.

We met in October, but he left school after that first semester to go and work and learn the trade in his father's and partners Auto Parts business. He and Delbert Groberg had a good insurance business going after his mission, but before coming to school he sold out to Delbert.

It was a fun and exciting romance, but after he left for Idaho Falls to work, he got a sliver in his finger and had a very bad strep infection. There were no wonder drugs then and he nearly lost his arm and his life. I'll never forget the terrible train ride from Provo to Idaho Falls with his sister, Clarice. We were called to Idaho Falls because they didn't expect him to live. It took all spring and summer and most of the fall for him to gain his strength. We were married in the morning of October 21, 1931, in the Salt Lake Temple by President George Richards.

We went on our honeymoon and a party was given for us in Spanish Fork. And Mother and Daddy Brunt had planned an open house, a surprise to us.

I loved Idaho but missed our mts. (mountains). We bought the old Brunt home in the middle of the block on Canal. Lived next to Jenny and Delbert who lived on the corner of Canal and H St. And Opal and Noall in little house next to the folks.

We loved fixing up the old home. We lived upstairs and a Japanese family downstairs. We were in the old first ward, and dearly loved everyone there. The Hatches lived just thru the alley, and it wasn't long until Earl and John had a tennis court built in our back yard. The work involved in rolling it. Earl and Sonny Ulrich always took the championship for the city.

My first job in the church was a Primary teacher with Opal. I always appreciated her help in many things. Earl was Sunday School Superintendent and that lasted for many years. Then he was in the First Presidency of Seventies, stake Pres of YM. (Young Men), and in the bishopric with Bishop for 5 years. Superintendent of Sunday School again and also a Sunday teacher, and always a ward and home teacher.

I taught Primary, was Ward Drama leader (we won \$25 for our 1st Ward production) when Lynn McKinley was our Stake Drama leader. (Compiler's note: Lynn McKinley later became the "Golden Voice" at KSL, participated in Pasadena Playhouse, and ended his career as a teacher at BYU). Later I served as Primary counselor, stake drama leader, President of the MIA twice each for 3 year periods. I served as Relief Society President, a teacher for visiting teachers, social relations teacher for seven years, and Sunday School teacher of the 5 yr. olds, and I served as a visiting teacher.

In civic service, I was Eagle Rock Pres. and also County DUP (Daughters of Pioneers) President when our five counties published the book, "Irrigation in Idaho." We presented a pageant by the Snake River and Pres. Benson dedicated that beautiful monument depicting the first irrigation in Idaho. It took many months of going to Salt Lake to proofread and we worked closely with Pres. (Kate B.) Carter (my dear friend and religion teacher and neighbor in Spanish Fork).

We were blessed with 5 beautiful and devoted children to us and our Heavenly Father's Gospel plan. They are:

Therese Annette Brunt Taylor (b. July 26, 1932)

Carol Jean Brunt Call Jensen Platt (b. May 21, 1935)

Linda Kay James Brunt James (b. Dec. 27, 1941)

Gigi (Georgia) Brunt Whimpey Davis (b. Oct. 16, 1943)

George Boyack Brunt (b. June 6, 1950)

Our first little daughter we were so happy with. Dr. Hatch delivered and he and Earl decided she should have a French name. She was so dark and beautiful. (Earl had spent years in the French mission) and he and Dr. Hatch spoke in French. She was the only granddaughter on both sides of the family.

But from then on "George Brunt" was to be born for his grandfather's sake (who lived next door). So, each baby was named George until its birth. Carol was called George by her big sister, Ann, for several months. Although she didn't look like a boy with lots of beautiful black curly hair. We loved and enjoyed our girls, and they were all playmates and good friends. I remember very little quarreling among them ever. We did something special each day for a treat.

We built our new home at (520) G St. in 1939. Ann was in school and Carol 2 and 10 months younger. We had never seen anything so beautiful. We had bought unfinished furniture thru out and rubbed white paint in it and varnished it. We felt like we were at a beautiful motel.

We next had our Linda (on Dec. 27, 1941) during the holidays and Miss Underhill, the supervisor of nurses, came each day to bathe her. She lived at Mother Brunt's next door.

Gigi was next (on Oct. 16, 1943) and she was like a Georgia peach with curly black hair. So, we decided she'd be our boy and named her Georgia.

I was in constant conversation with our Father in Heaven, in concern for a son for an heir for his father and grandfather. Perhaps living next door, I felt a deep responsibility for Grandpa Brunt's interest in his name and heir. After going to Salt Lake for medical treatment and finding I could never carry another baby, I put my full trust in the Lord. I knew he had answered many prayers in my behalf and with faith and prayer, he could do it again.

Thru this pregnancy, I was mostly in bed. Couldn't do the many things I was used to doing. No church jobs. They were intravenously feeding me now and then. Ann was a senior in high school and Carol a Sophomore, and they did most of the work and cleaning. We decided to remodel, but I was worse, so I was in the one bedroom with bath.

Then on the 6th of June 1950, Dr. John (Hatch) delivered our son. George Boyack Brunt about 6 o'clock PM. Everyone on the block was out waiting for the answer. Earl went to the hospital window (the hospital was across the street and screamed out, "It's a boy!" The girls turned somersaults and that was the real beginning of our full earthly family, in hopes of going on to the eternities.

Thelma Boyack Brunt Life Story (Part 2)

Section A – Earl and Thelma's Story

Written in 1978

Beginning of a Beautiful Life Together as Mr. and Mrs. G. Earl Brunt

Earl and Thelma were married and sealed in the Salt Lake temple by President George Richards on October 21, 1931. .

Earl and Thelma went on their honeymoon to Southern Utah for a few days. A party was given for them in Spanish Fork and Mother and Dad Brunt had planned a surprise open house for them in Idaho Falls.

They bought the old Brunt house (where Earl was born) in the middle of the block on Canal Street. They lived next to Jennie and Delbert Groberg (a cousin) and Opal (Earl's sister) and Noall who lived in the little house next to their folks. They loved fixing up the old house. They lived upstairs and a Japanese family lived downstairs. They were in the old First Ward and dearly loved everyone there. The Hatches lived just through the alley, and it wasn't long until Earl and John Hatch had a tennis court built in their back yards. It was a clay type court and most of the work was in rolling it. Earl and his friend, Sonny Ulrich, always took the championship for the city during those early years.

Earl worked very hard and put in long hours building up the Auto Parts business and Thelma began to be very busy with their new family. She says, *"We were so happy with our first little daughter. Dr. H. Ray Hatch delivered her. Earl decided she should have a French name since she was so dark and beautiful. She was born on July 26, 1932, and was named Therese Annette. She was the only granddaughter on both sides of the family and was adored by all."*

From then on "George Brunt" was expected to be born for his Grandfather Brunt's sake who lived next door. So, each baby was called George until they were born. Carol was born next on May 21, 1935. We named her Carol Jean, but she was called George by her big sister for several months. She didn't look like a boy, however. She was very beautiful with lots of dark black, curly hair. We loved and enjoyed our little girls, and they were playmates and good friends. I remember very little quarreling among them ever. We always did something special each day for a treat."

"We built our new home at 520 "G" Street in 1939 at the end of Memorial Drive and across from the Snake River. It was in between Mother and Dad Brunt's and the Hatches. Ann was in school, and Carol was three. We had never seen anything so beautiful as our new home. We bought unfinished furniture throughout - rubbed white paint on it and varnished it. We felt like we were living in a beautiful motel."

We next had Linda Kay on December 27th, 1941, during the holidays. Each child seemed more beautiful. Miss Underhill, the supervisor of nurses, who lived at Mother Brunt's, came over each day to bathe and admire her. Two years and ten months later on October 16, 1944, Gigi was born. She was like a Georgia peach with her curly black hair. We decided she would have to be our boy, so we named her Georgia (later her nickname became Gigi.)"

Thelma continues, "I was still in constant conversation with our Father in Heaven, in concern for a son, an heir for his father and grandfather. Perhaps living next door made Grandpa Brunt's interest even greater. After going to Salt Lake to consult with doctors there, I learned that I could never carry another baby. I put my full trust in the Lord. I knew he had answered many prayers in my behalf before and with faith and prayer, He would do it again. Through this pregnancy, I was mostly in bed. I couldn't do the many things I was used to doing. They were intra-venously feeding me now and then. Ann was a senior in high school and Carol in the ninth grade and they did most of the work and cleaning. We had decided to remodel, and I got worse and was confined in the one bedroom with the bath. Then, on the 6th of June 1950, Dr. John Hatch delivered our son, George Boyack Brunt about 6:00 pm. Everyone on the block was out waiting for the answer. Earl went to the hospital window (the hospital was just across the street) and screamed, "It's a boy!" The girls turned summersaults and that was the real beginning of our full earthly family....in hopes of going on to the eternities.

We had a marvelous and spiritual growing up period. We had many youth parties at our home. We had special home evenings where the children would do the whole planning and invite the neighbors long before the church suggested it."

Thelma developed heart trouble in 1956 because of an enlarged heart from having rheumatic fever as a child and was quite ill for about 12 years. The only way the doctors knew how to treat it was to give her huge doses of penicillin in her bottom, which developed into abscessed pockets of infection. There were several times the family was called home, but she had a fighting spirit and was determined to get better and with the help of our Heavenly Father and many family prayers, she did.

Her first job in the church was primary teacher with Opal. She taught many classes in Primary, was ward drama leader and once won \$25 for the winning original play for their production. She was then primary counselor, stake drama leader, and president of the MIA (Mutual Improvement Association) twice for 3 year periods. Later she served as Relief Society president for several years, taught social relations for seven years, taught a 5-year old Sunday School class and was a visiting teacher for many, many years.

She was also the Eagle Rock Chapter president of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers and Bonneville County D.U.P. President when the five counties published the book, IRRIGATION IN IDAHO. It took many months of going to Salt Lake to proof-read and they worked closely with Kate B. Carter. They presented a pageant at the Snake River Park and President Ezra Taft Benson dedicated that beautiful monument depicting the first irrigation in Idaho.

Earl found time to be Sunday School Superintendent for many years. Then he was President of the Seventies, Stake President of the Young Men's MIA. He was in the Bishopric for five years with Bishop, and then Superintendent of the Sunday School again. He taught a Sunday School class and always was a ward or home teacher.

In 1978, Thelma wrote at the age of 68: "We are older now and live part time among the pines at our cabin at Macks and enjoy our children who come home every summer. This is their heritage. We winter in Hemet, California where we can go to our California-based children's homes. We are truly blessed to have children close who truly love us and want us. Our Heavenly Father has been so kind and merciful to us throughout our lives together - through sickness and health and we have many, many blessings and we give all the credit to Him with our love and lots of hard work."

Earl wrote: "This love has grown from our first date, and we have what we think is the most wonderful family in the world. We have the choicest sons-in-law and daughter-in-law a couple could have and fifteen of the most choice spirits (grandchildren) that the Lord has sent to bless our family. I want my family to know that I have a testimony of the Gospel and know that it is true and by all living up to its precepts, we will always be together as a family." (Earl)

1978. Earl and Thelma's children recalled some special memories of their family and parents

Annette: *I remember our old house on Canal . . . the ice box and the ice man delivering the ice . . . coughing every winter . . . moving downstairs to our large apartment . . . Dad playing Santa and peeking in the windows . . . our move to 520 G Street and feeling like I lived in a castle . . . Grandma and Grandpa living next door and Gramps coming over every night until Grandma had the dishes done . . . Dad putting in our new yard . . . the coal being delivered down the chute to the coal room . . . Mom baking a lot and having play parties with fresh cinnamon rolls . . . playing by the creek in the sand where the Temple now stands . . . going to the Ammon sand hills . . . waiting for Dad to come home for dinner, and finally starting and he would always come . . . going to Macks every summer, first in Grandpa and Grandma's cabin . . . Mom making me wear leggings to Riverside school and me hating it . . . playing in the snow or the fallen leaves on the way to school . . . being afraid of boys . . . going to Macks and going up the river in one of Grandpa's boats . . . riding old Ernie's horses . . . building our own cabin on the hill . . . taking showers from a bucket under a tree . . . riding the horses across the river, especially the one name Silver . . . remodeling our home and getting another bathroom and a fireplace . . . Dad handing me lemons in our bedroom downstairs to help me stop coughing . . . vacations at Long Beach . . . spending the summer at Warnicks (Aunt Clarice and Uncle Carl) . . . George being born . . . George's birth announcement that read, 'fishing opened on June 6th and look what we caught:' . . . going to college . . . meeting Les . . . getting married and having five great children – Brad, Teri, Doug, Jenn, and Kim.*

Carol: *Our home on Canal . . . our dog named Spot (I helped him run away so he wouldn't have to have a bath) . . . the tennis court . . . watching Dad play (I thought he was handsome) . . . homemade cinnamon rolls and play parties . . . moving into our new house and having our first meal there and feeling like we were having a party . . . Dad washing my hands in a sink I thought was made of precious metals . . . the war and Dad in the Civilian Patrol and me thinking he looked like a hero . . . when Pres. Roosevelt died , Mom was crying . . . Annette and I sharing a room together . . . her coughing (would she ever stop?) . . . Cute little Linda and dressing her up . . . I always thought Linda had two or three guardian angels as she enjoyed life but was oblivious to life's dangers . . . our dogs: Scotty, Honey, Fluffy, and Ringy . . . Gigi always eating her necklaces . . . the day George was born . . . Grandma and Grandpa living next door (at times I had four parents, but I loved them very much) . . . Grandma having us over on holidays . . . helping Grandpa prepare hor d'oeuvres in the basement on a barrel with a board on it as Grandma wouldn't let him mess the kitchen up when she was cooking . . . Macks Inn and pumping water from the well . . . horses . . . boats . . . thunder and lightning . . . vacation at Long Beach . . . Jerry Warnick waiting to be discovered in the drug store at Hollywood and Vine . . . Mom being sick . . . stake dances for teens and adults . . . going to the "Y" . . . marrying my high school boyfriend, Dick Call, and having three beautiful daughters, Lesli, Laura and Kasey.*

Linda: *Feeling proud to be a member of our family . . . walking thru the vacant lot on the way to church as a family . . . ice skating on the iced-over street between the Temple and the Snake River . . . having our Grandma and Grandpa Brunt visit us after our evening meal nearly each night . . . going with Dad to the Auto Parts and riding down the freight elevator (what fun!) . . . going shopping with Mom and stopping at the drug store for a special soda treat . . . picnics along the bank of the Snake River planned especially for us on sunny days . . . family nights with lots of fun and hot fudge sundaes . . . the big girls and the little girls (Gigi and I were the little girls) . . . two loving older sisters to look up to . . . the joy of guessing that mother's special surprise was that she was going to have another baby . . . the thrill we all shared when that baby turned out to be a boy . . . making mud pies . . . catching frogs . . . picking flowers . . . riding stick horses . . . washing in the river . . . hiking in the forest and many other things at our cabin . . . using an outhouse and water pump at first . . . bicycling to the farm . . . picking potatoes at the arm . . . going with Dad to see how the dry farm was doing . . . going out to see our horse, Prince, and riding him . . . knowing that our parents loved and cared for us more than anything else in the world . . . going to the "Y", . . . meeting Dick James . . . getting married and having Stacey and finally being able to have our Scott . . . enjoying our foster daughter, Diana, . . . (Later Addition) and then having our Matt.*

Gigi: Going to Macks in the summertime and playing in the yard of Grandpa and Grandma Brunt's first cabin at the top of the hill above the river . . . being at the river with Dad . . . finding beautiful wildflowers with Mom and having her point out the beauty of the forest . . . riding my tricycle around the block at about age 3 while waiting for Linda to come home for lunch . . . listening to the singing of the whippoorwill bird and dad telling me he was saying, "Georgia Brunt is a pretty little girl" and then when I admired the moon, Dad telling me it was my moon . . . sharing the bedroom by the back door with Linda and having fun in the closet with the slanted floor . . . putting a string down the middle of our bed to define my side and her side and mother encouraging us to help us keep the entire room clean together . . . Helping my mother when she was serving in the Relief Society at the homemaking meetings and dinners by working in the kitchen . . . Carefully taking meals mother sent me with to the widows around where we lived . . . Goldie, who was blind, thanking me and always feeling my face . . . Mom and Dad encouraging me to paint scenes on the front door and windows of our home at Christmas time . . . Living next door to Grandma and Grandpa Brunt and having him come over each evening telling us he had come to hear us say our prayers . . . the joy and excitement we all felt when George was born and the following confusion of use of the plural form of our names (resulting in Aunt Marge suggest they call me Gigi from a popular show of the era) . . . Having our "Uncle Dick" come to spend holidays with our families and the fascination of watching him smoking his cigars and blowing smoke rings, but loving that every Christmas he sent us pink grapefruit from Texas . . . Admiring my sister, Carol, when she went to fashion school and had her own TV show in Idaho Falls . . . Watching my two older sisters get married (Annette to Les and Carol to Dick) and thinking they were like princesses . . . Getting the book, *Swiss Family Robinson*, from Dick Call and getting hooked on reading . . . Wishing Linda and I were at the same junior high and high school together, but always being one year behind of that . . . Being so proud of my sister, Linda, with her singing during high school . . . Hanging out with and becoming an explorer with my little brother, George, and actually seeing a white buffalo together . . . No matter where we went, we always found someone who my Dad knew . . . admiring the dedicated extreme work ethic of my dad in doing his job and looking out for his extended family . . . always anticipating the question, 'Who is your dad and what does he do for a living?' asked by Dad to every date to went out with . . . Mom and Dad both supporting me and encouraging me in my junior high and high school activities and events . . . Going to BYU and loving learning there . . . meeting Bob Wimpey and having four precious children: Carol, David, Doug, and Mike. . . . (Later Addition) Feeling the support and love, even if at a distance, during the turbulent times of my first marriage and divorce . . . Feeling the support and love from Mom and Dad when I remarried to Tom Davis and gained six more children in my circle of care: Sherry, Adam, Kathrina, Heather, Thomas, and Andrew . . . Noting that my mother always had good and encouraging things to say about all the family members of mine and of my siblings and shared love with each . . .

Noting that my father took extra good care of my mother, especially in their later years and worried about each member of the family from the oldest child to the youngest grandchild (Interesting sidenote: He officially turned over that responsibility to me a few weeks before he passed when I inquired why he looked so worried, and offered to worry for him.)

George: I remember hearing many stories of my Grandfather Brunt from my Dad . . . and I remember my Grandpa Brunt well. I was only six years old when he died, but we were very close. I was his namesake. He was proud of me, and I was proud of him. . . I remember that he was a large man with very large hands. He was always smiling and jovial. He loved to tell stories and must have been very good at it. I remember him with pure white hair. It had a few curls and was very full . . . very much the way my Dad's is. . . . The night before Grandpa died I had a dream that he passed away while sitting in his big, blue chair. He talked to me in the dream, and I was comforted. The next morning at breakfast I told my parents of my dream. Dad went to work. Grandpa went downtown and made the regular daily rounds to check on his various businesses. Grandpa bought two steaks and brought them home for Grandma to cook. While she was preparing lunch, Grandpa sat in his blue chair and painlessly passed away. He had just called in to Grandma that his pulse had slowed to only 32 beats per minute. Since I had been prepared and comforted in my dream, it helped me to pray and to gain a strong and lasting testimony of life after death. . . After Grandpa died, we most always lived close to Grandma. That was a real joy in my young life. During the evenings after school, I would go over and visit with her. She loved each of us so much and always treated us special. . . . I was born to perhaps the finest parent alive upon the earth at the time. I say this because they very early instilled in me a desire to learn right from wrong and to do that which I felt to be right. My home was alive with the gospel and my first memories are those of my mother teaching me stories about the great prophets who have lived upon the earth. My father never ever spoke crossly or dealt unfairly with me or anyone else to my knowledge. The father remains the most important example and has never broken stride with his Christ-like example. I had a normal childhood and was interested in my family, my church, my schooling, music and skiing. At age nineteen came a mission call after a year and a half at BYU. After I was married to Leslie Harman, I obtained my BS degree and attended Pepperdine University School of Law. I graduated there in June 1977. Leslie and I have two children at this point, George and Erin. (Later Addition) Later followed by Ashley, Ryan, and John.

Thelma:

Now in 1978 we are older and live part time among the pines at our cabin at Macks and enjoy our children who come home every summer. It's their heritage. We winter in Hemet, California, where we can go to our children's homes. We are truly blessed to have children close who truly love us and want us. Our Heavenly Father has been so kind and merciful to us throughout our lives together—thru sickness and health and we have many, many blessings and we give all the credit to Him with our love and lots of hard work.

Earl:

This love has grown from our first date, and we have what we think is the most wonderful family in the world. We have the most choice sons-in-law and daughter-in-law a couple could have and sixteen of the most choice spirits that the Lord has sent to bless our family. I want my family to know that I have a testimony of the Gospel and know that it is true and by all living up to its precepts, we will always be together as a family.

Thelma Boyack Brunt Life Story (Part 2)

Section B – Thelma’s Story 1979-1992

The Rest of the Story

Summarized by Compiler, Gigi (daughter)

Including Journal Quotes Written by Thelma

August 1979

Thelma was experiencing pain between her shoulder and neck and finally visited Dr Hatch, who diagnosed it as a virus that had attached itself to a bone that she had broken and never healed properly (her fall over the fence because of an untied shoelace when she was 8 or 9). She received a shot into the joint and neck. Because Thelma had not followed up with the doctor, she continued to have shoulder pain on their upcoming trip, and was diagnosed with a frozen shoulder, and took therapy back in Hemet upon her return.

(August 1979-October 1979): Motorhome trip with good friends, Bette and Bob Pearl to visit historical places of the great U.S.A. Each couple had their own motorhome, but they traveled together and had a wonderful trip.

(Compiler notation: Entire trip journal has been copied with words and mementos and each child will have this on the Thelma USB stick, Christmas 2022.)

Select Journal Quotes - 1980

(March 1980): On March 26, 1980, at 2:05 PM., 9 lbs. the third one in Heaven made her grand entrance on to earth and our family. A daughter was born to George and Leslie.... Ashley. Erin their second daughter was sent to us, with her cunning little ways Jan 21, 1979. Earl and I were thrilled and took care of George H. and had a great time until Leslie felt like taking over.

(May 1980): On May 14, we drove up and checked the cabin and tree house and stayed overnight. Felt a slight tremor, then learned Mt. Helen, the crater in Wash. had blown ash all over and blew her lid off. Ruined a lake, killed several people. Something we have never dreamed of. A crater becoming active.

(June 1980): Jane and Tom Land whom we met at an automotive show in Atlantic City boardwalk and all back when Gigi was 3 yrs. old. The first time I had ever gone with Earl to a convention and also to leave my 4 girls. Alice came up and stayed with them. It was about 3 weeks before Christmas. She made doll clothes for me, and they were all happy. But poor Mommie. We happened to see Tom and Jane at a dinner and noticed they weren’t drinking or smoking. So, we sat by them, and a deep friendship has been together between us since. They are special people, not LDS but truly very Christian and compassionate couple. We wrote all the

time. They came out to see us at Macks. We finally got back to see them in 1974 with Bette and Bob and our tour of South. Stayed with them in Nashville and Memphis. Super-hot. Now they were in San Diego for an automotive convention (Tom stayed Auto Parts and owns several stores.) So, on June 4 we went to San Diego to have lunch and see them. They had family with them. A charming couple. Felt right at home with them.

(June 1980): On the 6th our George's 30th Birthday. We went to Orange to a surprise B.D. party Leslie was having for him. We all had a good time. 30 years. He has certainly been everything we could ever wish in a son. His true spirit of love and concern for others shines thru.

(June 1980): Linda was in hospital, and we stayed with Scott and Stacey. Our little miracle boy was born June 10th. Linda called right as soon as the baby was born. Dick you couldn't reach with 10 ft. pole. Two little boys. Then a frightening thing happened. Linda called as calm as could be and said something was wrong with the baby. All sorts of dark things had been in my mind thru the whole 9 months, but I had prayed hard. This time I prayed for strength to make it right. I felt the Lord's will. After all, we have had many difficult situations face us and felt if we pray then will you gain extra strength, and we were not better than others to go with his will. But it wasn't anything I dreamed up. He just had to be in incubator because of his breathing and lungs. But he was just there overnight and next day. Our thanks.

(June 17, 1980): I told Earl to get his sign painted, with birthdate on it. And we would go to the ocean and take his picture this year, instead of on the patio at Macks. Late afternoon around 5, we took off to take the picture and go to the shopping area to buy him some new slacks. We had fun at shopping and when I looked at my watch it was already 7 o'clock, the time the family and his sisters Zona, Clarice, and Al and Carl would be there for his surprise B.D. dinner. Carol and Kasey were doing the dinner and Kate and Linda were doing decorating and drink.

We got back to Linda and Dicks around 7:45 and the most beautiful picture met our eyes. Setting on the white davenport in the living room was Linda and Dick and Linda holding little Matt. I'll never forget.

Everyone was back in the dining room that you couldn't see from entrance hall, looking at Palos Verdes Estate with the view of the ocean. Earl hurried to the bathroom about the time the family was to yell "Surprise." After he came back, he walked over to talk with Linda and Dick to gaze fondly and proud at his new grandson. They all screamed, "Happy Birthday!" I have never seen anyone more surprised, although they wondered if we'd ever get there.

The table was so pretty and array of blossoms all colors. Carol had the nicest dinner. Cold meats, salads, etc. with a beautiful birthday cake. That night I think Earl must have realized how much he was loved. Even with only one surprise party.

(December 1980): It all seems too big a job to do Christmas, but I can do it. Got my nightshirts for the granddaughters all embroidered with their names in white on the red flannel shirt. They are cute. Got David, Doug, Mike, and George football ones, and Erin and Ashly the Santa Claus

PJ's with night cap. Also, Scott and Matt, so they could all match. It's been fun thru the years of getting the granddaughters their Christmas night gowns, to open Christmas Eve. I've done it since Teri and Lesli were little girls. Now each are married, and we have a great grandson and two great granddaughters.

(December 1980): The day came. We put everything in the car and went the day of 23rd to Ann's, so I could help with Christmas Eve dinner. We got word that Gigi and Bob and grands were coming to surprise us. We are so thrilled. The first time in 7 years we we'd all been together and of course, we had our belated son, Ron, of 25 years that he finally caught up with Carol again. They looked so happy and Lesli and little Katie. Included all of the other families and Clyde and Vera James.

Saturday I was ill in bed. Sunday morning, I heard them talking of Earl and Les going to Priesthood and the girls would join them at Sunday School. I felt better and determined I could go to church. I'd felt better. I went into bathroom and used the "Jon." Annette came in as I was attempting to wash my face. She said, "Mother, you don't look good." I don't remember anything more until I woke up in intensive care several hours later with oxygen and intravenous feeding for low blood pressure. I guess my blood pressure dropped out just like everything else in my body. Just like when one is dead. Thanks to good neighbors and paramedics and Annette, Jennifer and Kim. Kim had a humorous note with Dale Taylor (neighbor) when she asked him to call paramedics for her "Nana" and Dale turned to Barbara, his wife, and said, "I didn't know Taylors had a goat!" Then it came to him she meant me. Deal is head of Whittier Hospital and I really had red carpet treatment. This is my second time there. Five years before, I was in at the same time of year with blood clots in my inner vein in my right leg.

My, I had all the head scans x-rays etc. that anyone ever invented. Dye in my veins in my head and going to the heart. All clear. But my blood pressure would drop to danger point every time they would have me stand. Which they couldn't understand. Except the defective heart valve did something to cause it to drop. I was taking 3 different heart medications to get the heart in a normal beat. The doctors took Inderal, one medication I was taking 2 a day, away because it drops blood pressure and put me on another long-lasting, Quinivex morning and night instead of just night, and Gardosef at 2 o'clock afternoons. *(medications unclear)*

Dick and George gave me a blessing. I felt better and was able to go on with the examinations. I have always had faith I would heal and be ok. Years ago, in 1950 when I had a bout with hospitals, I always prayed, "please let me raise my little girls and my son." Then it became plain *he would* let me live to see our son on his mission. It was temple going these years. I was in and out of hospital. Heart station at U of U (*University of Utah*) thru faith and many, many prayers thru friends and family, I made it to see that young son go on his mission to the "Great Lakes Mission" with President Mark Benson, his mission president. We were blessed and so happy while he was serving for our Father in Heaven.

Then I prayed, "I am ready now, but I'd love to see him married in the temple," but I really thought I was selfish to ask for more. But I continued to keep well with my medication and taught Social Relations in Relief Society for 5 years. Loved it and being a visiting teacher. That's a whole other book.

Getting back, the Dr. released me from hospital because they needed all the beds due to flu. But I was to stay at Les and Ann's and call him if I needed him. He said it could happen the next day again as far as he knew. I was frightened. He gave me low pressure pills to take every day until it would stay up.

Select Journal Quotes from 1981

(May 1981): We took the Cadillac and stayed in motels etc. but expensive. Little America wanted \$69 for a room; ended up at Holiday Inn for \$45. Food poor and we surely don't like traveling that way. Arrived in Idaho Falls and lived in apartment for a couple of weeks.

I went to temple 3 times, once each week with Elena and Verna. It's a beautiful experience, just being in the Home of the Lord, with wonderful and thoughtful friends.

(July 1981 on trip to Europe with Carol and Ron to celebrate 50th Anniversary): We spent 3 days in Brussels, and I loved it. Cobblestone little streets going every which way while there in the square. They were celebrating the 1st day of Spring. All the name bands of Belgium playing in an old-fashioned bandstand. We had noticed several times all day.

Carol, Ron and we went out to eat at \$35 apiece. Thinking we were tired, they said they wanted to walk and so if we wanted to go back to hotel, we could.

We had to go through the square and the music was very good, and they were dancing. A young man offered me a seat on the front row. After a while, Earl was offered one. There were hundreds of people watching and listening. It was beautiful. I was wishing I was young again and out there, just as a good-looking young man of about 40 came over and leaned down and said something in French. Earl's head came right down, so I could even see him and answered for me in French. And the young man said, "Sorry" and walked away. I asked Earl what he said. "He wanted to dance with you." I could have hit him. It would have been fun. He told him my heart wouldn't let me.

(October 1981 – 50th Wedding Anniversary Party with Family): I had a pretty gold and off-white dress I could wear. Earl had his prune silk jacket and camel slacks. Annette did my hair on the 20th and Gigi and children drove from Orem, and Teri and little Willie came. Then it was a "Beehive."

I have never been so excited, yet half scared of what was taking place, but knew it would be beautiful, and it was as close to Heaven with a beautiful family as suppose I've ever been. A sit-down buffet at the Hacienda Country Club, Les's golf club of which he is a member.

George welcomed everyone and had blessing on the food. The dinner was good, but I was so excited I couldn't eat, looking at our beautiful family and relatives and friends.

Carol was in charge of the menu and there was soft music all evening. Then from Annette, Carol, Linda, Gigi, and George they presented to all. Our lives together from 1931 including pictures of all the Brunt's from Grandpa and Mother Brunt and Grandpa and Mother Boyack and all the fun times together with all of them. As each of our children were born and the growing up of each.

Each of the children worked together. George made arrangements for us to be picked up at Ann and Les'. A young man came to the door and asked for us. Escorted us out to a limousine car and drove us to the club. He stopped, and lights and corners were flashing, and we felt like movie stars. Ed, Rowene, Jim, and Louise drove down for it and Howard and Edna. I missed the rest of my family, my sisters Blanch, Dot, and Jeanne. I understand though. I just wanted to share our happiness with all our loved ones. Opal was missed as our sister on Earl's side of family. She was going to fly but was ill. After the pictures and history of our lives, Carol had spent the summer at library, looking up all the most important events that happened between 1931 and 1981. That history was given with our lives and pictures.

Annette began it all, by asking me just after I had begun feeling better when brought home from hospital what we wanted. She designed the invitation and spent the summer doing pictures.

We had pictures taken earlier at the club and inside of club (which didn't turn out). Grace Sandberg, my dear friend, took our pictures during the summer. Kim, Stacy, Kasey and Jenn read in parts a poem Jennifer Earl had composed in story form about us.

Then they all presented us with a memory album – clippings of what friends had to say about us. Gigi put that together. It brings tears, it's nice to know those things before one leaves this life. Also, a big album of all the pictures from when Earl and I first met to 1981.

I had a goal to make us a 50-year book in pictures, not knowing they were doing it.

Then all the grands and great grands presented us with a king-size quilt with all 18 grandchildren's pictures (photographs) on a white block tied at each corner with white yarn. Earl and I in the center picture sitting on patio at our beloved Macks Inn. The quilt is a blue print and little flowers and a big white ruffle all around edge. Included throw pillows of our 3 greats Willie, Kattie, and Laurie. Linda did the quilt.

It was a beautiful and wonderful evening and year.

Select Journal Quotes from 1982

(January 18): Laura had her baby, a girl on the 18th. Carol called that all was fine. 7 lbs. 8 oz. 21 inches long. She nursed. Took a cute picture of Laura holding her in bed. Ben with his greens and masks still on. She was so cute. She labored 24 hours. Just that her valve was hooked up wrong. Couldn't get oxygen and operation in time.

We left in motorhome for Huntington Beach. It was the warmest week ever on record. Beach was crowded. It's a state park and very clear. On Saturday we had Carol, Ron, Karen and Laurie to breakfast. Then Ron and Karen left for business. And I went with Carol and Laurie. We went to Laura's and Ben's for about two hours. Very nice apartment. Ben is so thoughtful.

The poems she wrote while pregnant were read by her mother "The Ocean," which was framed and given to me at Christmas. And another by a nephew of Ben's "What I want my child to be."

(March): On Friday we had visited with Margaret and Rob, and she felt faint and passed out around five in the kitchen in Rob's arms. Earl was trying to hold her too. The paramedics and all were here. Then Earl and I called their daughter and took Rob to the hospital and stayed with them till after eight. When the girls came, I was the only one with him, when the doctor came out and told him, "She is gone." Cry, cry, I'll miss her. Poor Rob; they were sweethearts. Saturday was quite a day of remembering.

(April): Hope we will always be close enough to see the same relationship in our family that we had with Daddy and Mother Brunt.

Annette gave me a clean hairdo. I don't know what I'd do without her. Hate the beauty shops.

(Summer): Wish all the children were here. Gramps made them all Western guns and painted them. I had some poster paints, and we had an Indian day. They cut jackets out of brown paper sacks. Their headdresses from Cody, Wyoming. Their mother helped them paint their bodies and faces even made necklaces around their neck. It was so cute. They played in yard and teepee all day... That teepee John and Francis made has been its worth its weight in gold. For all the tribes.

(Oct. 1982): Bette gave a big party at the ranch's for Bob's birthday. Had 26 people. Met at their home at five. Cocktails until seven. Bob brings me my cranberry and I think would kill anyone who offered me a drink. They are great friends. We have spent several trips together... cruises, in motorhomes. When they are with just with us, they never drink.

At the Washington DC Temple, Bob got all dressed up in a suit to take us to see it. We went through the visiting center and Bob thought we were going there, but our recommends had expired that month and he got very unhappy to think they wouldn't make an exception because he knows we are worthy after coming all that way. We spent the time going back to our motorhomes with problems of temples and no exceptions. We're so appreciative of his sweet

act. But now they are in with a motorhome group that do cocktails each night. It makes me sad. They are all Christian people and just don't think it's wrong,

Select Journal Quotes From 1983

Hawaii Trip with Adult Kids

(Wednesday, January 19): We all arrived about the same time for the morning rush. They made arrangements to all sit together. Boarded at eight. Gigi sat with us. It was a sight I'll never forget the faces and smiles. We were 3800 feet up and the flight was pleasant we had a tail wind. Played the game of guessing how many hours to half-way point. The winner got two full tickets back to Hawaii. We didn't make it with all our figuring. Played bingo. No winners. I looked out at clouds.

Landed in Honolulu about 3:00 a little late. The men got us leis – real flowers. They went to rent two station wagons. Who should hurry by at the airport while we were waiting for the men? Erma Faldmo. She came over and gave me a love. She was taking her tour to another island. She's super.

We got in cars and drove to Hilton on the beach. Beautiful. We all were assigned to our rooms. All super. Gigi shared our room with eyes big as saucers. All changed to their swimsuits and ran out on the beach swimming in the ocean. Found some coral.

We asked for a good place to eat, and the Chart House was suggested by several, so we just pulled our shorts over our swimsuits and went to dinner. The whole front of the dining area was all open with hanging plants. It was a harbor and lots of boats out in. The trade winds were just cool. The dinner was beautiful and good.

Dick, Linda, Gigi, and George and Leslie all walked down to a shopping area they had seen on our way in. The rest of us went back to the hotel. We stopped to visit in Les and Ann's room and had ice cream. A fun full day. I was surprised I could do it.

(Note: Thelma is 72 but with health challenges).

Hawaii changed in the 10 years before when we were here. Big high-rises all over. A chain link high fence down the center of Main Street with two lanes on both sides. We used to just cross the street to international marketplace, a big shopping center that covers over five streets. To bed around 10:30. Gigi came in around 12 or so. They had shopped, walked back on beach and had a great day.

(Thursday, January 20): Everyone was out on the beach trying for a suntan and swimming. Each had breakfast when they wanted. Earl and I had it later than the rest at the hotel patio right on the beach. It was a buffet and gee it was good. Only two dollars each.

Went for 2 mile walk on the beach. Some went shopping. Afternoon got the cars and saw the coast and parks and points of Honolulu I've never seen. Poly Highway saw parks and flowers on

the east shore. George's friend got us tickets for the Polynesian Cultural Center. We got there by 1 o'clock and saw all the cultural and the huts and took the canal right after the shows on the canoes. Beautiful just as I remembered it. Put flowers in our hair meaning married or single and we all had dinner there. Very good. The show which was so good. It's their biggest attraction on the island.

We also saw the temple and took pictures before we went to the center. Brother and Sister Osmond (Donny and Marie's parents) are in the visiting center. It was nice to meet them because of Ann and Les and Bill working so close with them. He had all good to say about Bill.

After the show, we came back to hotel tired, but still keyed up from the beauty of it all. A big day tomorrow snorkeling.

(Friday, January 21st): This is our busy day. They rented snorkels to go to a certain bay down by Diamondhead. All of them were up and gone by 8 o'clock except Ron, Carol, Earl, and me. We left and had breakfast at the Yum Yum tree, then went to the beach. We had a long walk down to the seashore.

We found our gang with the snorkels on out watching the fun and going as far as the coral reef. Gigi was having such fun and they all were. Even Dick, who doesn't like water that well. George had to go out further to discover, while I held my breath. Ron got his on and went on in. Carol and Earl and I didn't try it but had more fun watching. They bought hamburgers there for lunch. Then we rode a train to the top, where we had left our car.

Got in and was on our way to Pearl Harbor. The government had a parks system they opened in 1980. It showed the picture show of what happened December 7. Then take up out by boat to the Arizona, which was sunk with all her men on her. It was interesting because there was a man who was on another ship and was saved. He told stories with part of our party over on the Arizona while part of us took the boat back.

All want to see why Waimea Park and falls, also the big waves on the east coast. It was a little late, and a big day. but we went. It was a mile hike to see the falls, so we drove in park. Lush green. Started to rain a little. Drove up to see waves at Diamondhead. They were really big. Leslie and George got out to watch closer and two patrolmen called them back because they sometimes come in so close, they could be washed out. So, they came back, and he started back for the hotel, stopped for gas and George took over driving back to change Dick off.

Finally found our way to the hotel and George returned the snorkel gear and got Les and Dick's charge card back. We all went to dinner at the Great Wok for a birthday dinner for me-- that's what started this trip was Carol suggesting we have my birthday dinner in Hawaii because of the cheaper fares, ha! I had a strawberry Daiquiri set in front of me as a cake. We had a fun dinner, even if we had been going all day. A beautiful ending. We enjoy Gigi being in with us. Good night all.

(Sunday, January 23rd): This is the day the children fly back at 1:45 PM, but Dick and Linda, George and Leslie, and Earl and I, and Gigi went to sacrament meeting. Got back to hear the plane was two hours late, so we sat around the pool. George and Leslie decided to wait over with us until Monday. We took them to the plane. Hated to see them go, but happy George and Leslie were still with us. Turned in the one car. Ate at the Chart House again and rode around the city. Another beautiful special day. So happy we can be together in the eternities. I hope I can make it.

(January Sunday the 30th): Our last day the Sabbath. We know we can't find the church, get there by bus and back in time to catch our plane at 1:00. So, we decided to go in here for the services on the beach. Down on the beach there are lots of people sitting on mats and chairs and there was a preacher, a young man and then he'd sing religious songs. It was about Christ's life and how we should live like him. The singing was beautiful.

Going back to the Sunday before when the children left. We had a family prayer kneeling down in the circle in our room. Earl gave a beautiful father's prayer, and we all felt much more at peace.

(March 1983): I've always wanted to go on one (a mission) since George left and Pres. Davis asked us, but now Earl has too much business to take care of I can pray for them and cry a lot.

Blue Sunday. Had good intentions of going to church. Earl has a cold, so I sort of rested all day. Felt rotten, as always when I skipped church. Tomorrow I go have my sinuses opened up. So happy for a kind heavenly father to talk with. (March 20, 1983)

(April 1983): You should see all the time, if you get a chance, to watch the ocean waves where they are angry and calm. To watch the seagulls playing games in the sky. To see the ocean angry with storm and then in one hour peaceful and a big red sun sinking in its calm water. It's been a beautiful day in our little home on wheels.

Select Journal Quotes From 1984

(April 1984): We all got together for Easter at Ann and Les'. Almost all the grands and great grands were there. Even George and Leslie came. Avalon, Leslie's mother, is going to Germany and travel with an old friend. I am thrilled for her. And to have the children for our Easter.

On Saturday, George brought the children, and they colored two dozen eggs on our patio.

We all went to our different churches and then met for an Easter hunt for all the children and an egg throwing (raw egg) for all but the littlest. It was a sight and nice to get everyone up on things. And Leslie and George are seriously looking to buy a home. Dick and Linda are thinking of Santa Barbara for retiring (maybe).

(May 1984): Verna Rogers asked me to give the spiritual living lesson. My head is always plugged, and I can't talk right, but I said "yes", so I will. I have been pleading with my Father in heaven to help me run across my patriarchal blessing I had put in a safe place when we moved

from Hemet. I searched for it at Macks but can't find it. So, after I told Verna I would, I went to the bookshelves because I knew adversity. "These things will be for your own good." I picked up one (book) then my eyes still on "the little things." I picked it out, opened it up and there was my patriarchal blessing. It was a testimony to me. He showed me.

(June 1984): I thought we were going up to check cabin's, but Earl had made arrangements to meet LaVaun in the afternoon go to the farm. This is my last year of coming and staying shut in without a car or any way of getting around. I refuse. I hate it. This is my third summer of doing this dumb thing. I'm a glutton for punishment. Besides, it rained most the day. I repent of the above.

LaVaun and Ivanelle took us to dinner Tuesday night at Jake's . Ivanelle came over Wednesday and left me this note. We had lunch on Thursday, even though she had her tooth pulled, went to airport. She took me riding and seeing new houses in IF. It was a fun day. LaVaun and Earl spent the day doing business.

Closing out different accounts of different businesses this year of partnership with each other. Nolan's bill. Just lots of memories but very little money left in them. I think Earl is realizing that's behind him.

(August 1984 – Brunt Reunion in Provo): Next day went to the reunion meeting at Gates Hall. Went to the bookstore and ate over there. Visited around. So many there. Lavonne and Faldmos gave the history on the big screen of Elizabeth and William Burnett. Had an auction and a square dance. Carl was taken to the hospital with chest pain. Released. Down to his arms. Delbert and Jenny and John Groberg visited a long time with Gigi, George and Leslie. All went up to dorms and visited. Even Gigi got a room for her boys, and she stayed in with Mary Beth. It was neat. George and Leslie and children stayed there too. We visited all the families and went back to motorhome.

We got up at 7:30 and went to our testimonial at nine. A good group. I was so pleased and happy. Earl bore his testimony first to start off the families.

(October 1984): It rained all the way down, but in Provo it was a beautiful day. We listened on the radio to it. (Homecoming football game). They played Wyoming. I was so disappointed not to be there because it was at the Wyoming/BYU game 53 years ago that Earl brought my engagement ring back and slipped it on my finger as we were holding hands. I had given it back to him in August when I read a letter from a nurse who had been close to him while and after his hospital stay when he got strep in his arm from sucking a sliver out of his finger with his mouth. His arm burst open, and they had to tie off the main artery in his arm. Anyway, it brought back memories when they announced this game was the 54th time between BYU and Wyoming. We cheered and held our breath. It was a score for one and then the other. We won by three points.

(October 16): 41 years ago, I had our Georgia peach. The boys, Carol, and I decided to have a birthday dinner for her. They cleaned the house, and I did it all but mashed potatoes. Carol got an ice cream cake. We toasted her with 7-Up. Earlier Earl and I stopped at her school. Her class had a birthday surprise for her. They had 29 cupcakes with a lighted candle and a poster that said happy 29th birthday, Mrs. Whimpey. Had cupcakes and hot chocolate. The class gave her a dozen yellow roses and lots of other cute gifts. The other teachers all came by to wish her happy birthday. Our birthday dinner was fun. We gave her card and \$50 to help get her skis out.

(December 22): Kasey, Carol and I came up and got Gramps. When we got to Irvine and opened the door there was Laurie, Kate, Laura and Jerry, a young man she is going to marry in June. They had the cutest blooms hanging down the stairway and a big sign was above the fireplace saying, Welcome home Karen. Then we had a buffet dinner and enjoyed hearing of her experiences. She took the train and back packed into Israel, Italy, Greece and others.

Called Ann and Les is still sick. Has a fever again. Sunday is our Christmas Eve at Carol and Ron's, exciting. Gigi and Carol, Doug and Mike will be there. Linda, Dick, and boys. Earl and I went to sacrament meeting and Sunday school and came on home. Linda and Dick boys and Stacy are coming from Santa Barbara.

Everyone was there but George and Leslie's family. Ann stayed home because of Les being ill. Doug Taylor and Brad weren't there. Jennifer had her Doug to be married in the temple in March, for which we are so happy. Special. Laura and Jerry set their wedding for June 15. Kim was there with Bob who was also at Macks with her. Our dinner and evening were special. The girls each opened their nightgowns. Red and white stripes with real booties. Carol took my picture with them.

Dick and Linda and family came over to pick up their bundles from Santa and left for Santa Barbara about 12. Doug, Mike and Carol hung up their stockings and Gigi and I had a good time filling them. They forgot to leave anything for Santa to eat. After talking until late and holding onto Gigi . . . so pleased and happy to have them share Christmas. David, we miss him. He stayed with his dad.

Christmas morning was great. Boys were awake but we didn't have to get up too early. Gave Gigi and all sisters coats-- all wool got them at West in August.

Gave boys robes and ski passes. Carol, a sweater, and ___ to match. Also, this year at our family Christmas Eve, we had all eight granddaughters draw for a keepsake doll. Carol drew it this year. It's the doll made like the one I got when a child. It will be fun.

We drove over to see Ann and Les and saw all their Christmas. Les didn't look good. He's got pneumonia. He's always so happy at Christmas. It's too bad. We've spent most of our Christmas's for 15 years at Ann and Les'. Then we drove back and had one in Riviera in Idaho Falls. It rained all day.

(December 31): Linda called to have us come up to celebrate my 74th birthday, so on Monday we left. Got to Linda and Dick's new home and Hope Ranch. Vera. Dave and Carolyn and ___ were there. All of them had been working all day. It's the third day they have been in the home. Beautiful gray carpet. Carolyn had swept the black floor in kitchen. It was white.

They had a beautiful Chinese dinner in the formal dining room for me. Dick had ordered it and dished it up with beautiful chocolate ice cream cake, cards and gifts. So happy Stacy was here. Calls from all the girls and George and the next day New Year's and calls from Leslie Bodet. I adore her as I do them all, but I was touched. At midnight we had horns and beat pans outside. Like the year to we were in Sacramento. A wonderful end to 1984. Linda and Dick gave us their beautiful bedroom.

Select Journal Quotes From 1985

(January 3): We left 11 to come to Sunnyvale to see our littlest angel and his brother and sisters and mom and dad. Can't get there fast enough. We stopped in Solvang to get Danish cinnamon rolls. Now 1:58 PM and beautiful sunshiny day.

Got colder and cloudy as we got closer to Sunnyvale. Got lost again, spent one hour to find it. Some friends from Orange were there with their 10 children. Penny and Tom. Leslie had a good dinner ready. Our baby John was in his cradle asleep. Red hair and a beautiful skin. I have a cough that sounds worse than it is, so I was not getting too close to him, but dying to pick him up.

George showed a video of John's birth from the time Leslie left home until he was born, washed up and put in the nursery. Then their Christmas Eve morning and day. Grandma and Grandpa Harmon. It's a beautiful film. Their friends left and we went to bed.

George went to work at 7 AM. Came back at 11:00 and took Leslie and little John to the doctor for his first check up by his pediatrician. He has gained 1 pound and grown ½ inch. He changes overnight. George worked until 8:00 and Earl and I took the children out for chicken and brought some home for dad and mom. Watched the video that Ann and Les gave us for Christmas of our family. George made a copy of it.

(February 17): A most beautiful event was the blessing the name given to our little John Brunt by his father, George B Brunt, on Sunday, February 17, 1985. Both grandfathers and uncles were in the circle at the Harmon's home in Orange, except Uncle Dick James and Mark Harmon. It was a beautiful and spiritual as each grandparent bore their testimony.

(May 3): Linda, Dick and children came early Friday morning, and went to Salt Lake to get Vera. We were all up early Friday morning for the luncheon place in Provo. It overlooks the temple and BYU, but we were in a back room. There were about 40 there, Ed and Rowena and Louise, Opal and Noall came down and all our children and families were there. Vera came with Linda and Dick.

In the wedding at 3:30 PM. I got to help the bride dress. This time it was real. Gigi's first marriage to Bob was at the Maywood church. She was radiant. I hope there are no children that will mar that look. She's a great girl and mother. . .perhaps too good if that's possible.

There were about 35 to see them married. Jerry and Mary from Vegas old friends Connie and her parents. Bishop, stake president, and home teacher. The officiator was one of the men they had had a real experience with him in the temple one night and had met his wife. They all became good friends when they attended the temple. He gave them some excellent advice and they were married for eternity. She looked so pretty in her temple clothes and veil. After the temple and looking around the grounds and visiting and talking and taking pictures, Ann and George did video.

(May 19): Attended the first meeting held in the new Macks Inn church. A conventional church like the valleys. Made of native stone and brown and rust in the carpet, etc. Very pretty and warm. Met lots of old friends and new ones. Vance was our Sunday school teacher and he's good. Never thought of Vance doing that. We can be fooled easily.

(June 18): Annette called to tell us goodbye, and we all cried. Ron and Carol picked us up at 5 o'clock in their Blazer. Ron had a meeting at the hotel at the airport. The closer we got to LA the more overcast. Our tickets were for the Morris airline, a cheaper fare. We were to be there at 8:30 and departed at 15 to 9. We sent Carol home. Karen plans for a girl to ride to BYU with her and had followed us there. She is driving her VW, so Carol was riding with her leaving out for the next morning.

Our plane had a broken wheel, so it had to be fixed and we took off around 11. It was a long wait. A madhouse in Salt Lake airport. Got a Hilton shuttle before we could get our luggage. The shuttle left but told the taxi man to tell us he'd be back. I was having hard, fast and extra heartbeats. Felt tired and kinda sick. So, I told Earl to go ahead to see luggage claim and I would take my time at a slower pace. That worried him. So as a result, he rushed too fast. I could see what I had done, so then I tried to hurry to help.

By the time we got to the Hilton Earl was worn out going in the hotel. A door long iron arm dropped down and Earl ran right into it with his head. The baggage man lady at the desk and security man all came running. Earl sat down on the floor. They were concerned so they gave us the penthouse \$150 suite. A sitting room with wet bar and bath downstairs, a winding iron stairway up to a huge bedroom with a mammoth tub and it was all mirrored behind. It was overlooking the lake.

That's all we needed . . . to climb the stairs. I tried several pills trying to stop the pain and quiet down and could cried myself to sleep. Earl took a long bath in the tub, so he enjoyed it. Too bad it wasn't 20 years before.

(November): Our whole family except the Taylors spent Thanksgiving at Dick and Linda's in Santa Barbara. We took the motorhome up in a terrible rainstorm. George and Leslie and family, Ron and Carol and Kasey and friend Mike from BYU.

Gigi and Tom spent their first Thanksgiving at their home in Pleasant Grove. The best news yet. Carol moved back with Gigi and Tom. Doug went to live with David at Bob's. We all had such a good time. We missed Ann and Les' family. We spent so many wonderful thanksgivings at their home from Lompoc and Redlands and Hacienda Heights since all the children were little. Brad used to spend his summers with us at Macks. Annette always said the Lord knew I couldn't have any more children, so he sent them Brad to go with George. Brad's first and third birthdays were at our place. At his first birthday, we had his cake on our glass coffee table and we couldn't get him to go near it, to even blow out his candles. Because he had been taught there were things around the room, they didn't finger or pick up. I finally took him by the hand and showed him it was all right to blow. I blew to show. I said to him "it's your cake" and then he blew and put his little face down to get a bite. We all laughed and then he really went at it.

(December): . I love Christmas. The best time of year and also the hardest. Because I want to give everyone something and it's been so hard since 1956 when I had the bacteria on the heart and in bed. Earl doesn't enjoy shopping with me, and I really don't like him coming because he hurries me. I have given the granddaughters their Christmas nightgowns since Teri was about five. It's something I have always done. I just bought the boys PJs or robes, but sometimes I made the nightgowns. A labor of love. Sometimes I bought them and put lace around.

Our family Christmas party. Mother and Daddy Brunt's descendants. Over 60. We always have the Mary and Joseph play of birth of Jesus. It started when Teri was little enough to be an angel before Daddy and Mother Brunt passed on another mission. Since then, Clarice and Jerry also joined them. Bill and Amelia. Amelia just this 1986 January 18. Our Dick James told the story from Luke while the children acted out with help of Judy and Susan. We had a birthday dinner. Santa came in and a wonderful party.

Select Journal Quotes From 1986

(March 28): Our George. He was ordained to the priesthood by his father, our son George. They came to Harmon's to have it done so the three George's were together and also Grandpa Harmon. All our family were there except Gigi. I was ill but went for it.

Back to March 28 we got the motorhome a new tune-up and overhauled at the cost of \$2000 and packed for Arizona to we wanted to be there between Erin and George's birthday. It was raining and dark when we got off the freeway at Pleasanton. We made a wrong turn. We pulled into a far yard and were waiting for cars to be out of the way, when there was a big bang. We jerked forward and wondered what hit us. A speeding car of a fellow on the road on the same side as we were on to miss him. He plunged into us and took off the whole back of our motorhome. Earl called police on them.

(May-June): Our Karen is wearing a diamond. Mike is down here now working; going to married 29 September.

We have family night with Carol and Ron and girls and great grands. Kathy had baby boy. Laura in September, a boy. Jennifer and Doug had a boy. We were all at the naming and blessing of Brock.

Teri and Bill moved back to Southern California. Have a beautiful home in Irvine. She is expecting in July. A girl just hoping for. She and Laura said the other night at their family home evening, "Nana, please pray we have a boy; your prayers are really answered." The sweethearts. The evening was at Leslie's.

Our Stacy got a mission call to Ecuador. Her farewell was May 25 Earl and I drove up. Earl spoke at her farewell and Leslie and George took him to the airport to fly to Idaho.

I stayed with Ann and Les. Brock is to get his name and blessing tomorrow on Sunday, June 1, 1986. It was in the Hacienda Heights new chapel. Both families were there. Earl flew in and Carol and Ron picked him up. Brock was blessed in the same white suit as his father, Doug, was blessed in. Doug gave him a beautiful blessing. Doug Taylor and ___ were even there.

(July): We took on the project of making a bear tree for future generations of our family here at Macks. I had carried a pretty stump from the lake years ago. It's been at the edge of the cement patio. I thought it would work but after days of Earl trying to get the ants out, Earl thought of the old posts that held the porch of our old home on Canal. It was where all the Brunt children were born, except Opal. We bought the old home from Grandpa when we were first married. We lived upstairs, big kitchen, living room and bedroom and bath. It was a fun and a beautiful time in our lives. Japanese lived in the downstairs and ran an eating place. The odors that used to float upstairs.

Back to the post that held the front porch up. There were four of them. The hospital bought all the homes in that block about 1961 or 62. They were tearing them all down except Grandpas and ours and Hatches. We asked our friend, Arthur Morganegg, who at the time was still living in the Brunt home on the corner if he could get the post for us when they tore it down. He did, but most was taken before he got there. We got three of them (one with the old time street number still on 1055). Earl spent days working on it taking off several paint jobs. Even used a blowtorch on it. Then he varnished it and it's beautiful. He figured how to put it in the corner of the living room in the new addition and fix hooks for each couple and a platform on top with the bear I gave him for Christmas and the mama bear I had bought on the platform. Then I added the plush heart that he had left me with a note that he had written quotations. "I'm leaving my heart for you, Nana" Andy's note when they left after opening and cleaning both cabins. I was so thrilled at little things.

(August): George and Leslie and our grands came August 2 on Saturday night. We all went to church on fast Sunday. Opal bore her testimony. I did, and George and George H as well. It was

a thrill to me to hear both my young men bear truth of the gospel. I wanted a son so badly for Earl and I to carry on the Brunt name and to be a servant to our father in heaven in righteousness all his life. A great father and example to his children. Leslie is a great mother and good example for their beautiful children they gave to us.

(August 5): When it was time for the plane to leave and Stacy was saying her goodbyes. She had told her dad and was crying telling her mom. I stopped over and said, "Now Stacy, if it's going to be that hard to leave, I'll fly with you to California." She looked at me and said "no Nana, no." I secretly told all goodbye and slipped on the plane. I had a seat just in front of her. When she came on the plane carrying the heaviest duffel bag, she looked up seeing me and shouted "Nana, get off. This plane is taking off!" I smiled and the stewardess said, 'your grandmother is going to California too.' When Stacy got up to where I was sitting this girl sitting by me said, would you like to change seats with me and sit by your grandmother? She exchanged and we had a very special ride to California.

(August): We stopped to spend the afternoon with Teri. I called Carol and told her our baby is beautiful. Looks like her grandmother like Annette's did. A lot of dark hair and olive complexion. Terry just radiates. Stayed the weekend at Les and Ann's and I didn't believe I could really go like I am. Annette has a new typewriter I love. I can use it. The Brothers make from Price club. I had her pick me up one just for me \$166 is all. It's silent and all. I can now write letters while dad watches his beloved TV.

(August 14): On August 14 at 2:45 PM Mike and Karen picked me up to go to the temple with them. His mother also went with us. We went through the 6 o'clock session. I was Karen's escort and Martha the guest. Cards were pinned on us. We got to go in the room with at least 30 brides taking their endowments and here the matron of the temple explained the temple rules to them and also good advice. I can still hear George S. Richards advice to us. "Never go to bed angry with each other. Always kneel and hold hands across the bed and pray to your Father in Heaven. Be each other's best friends." That's a few.

I think I kept that advice even when I felt so helpless, thinking it wasn't my fault until that dreadful day and night in 1956 when I was stricken with endocardial system of the heart. I was to be an invalid the rest of my life and live in a wheelchair. After a number of years things changed. I was no longer the strong one, but always did the things impossible to some. For years I was on my knees more than standing up. I wanted to raise my son to be a great missionary for the Lord who had been so kind to let me have him, even if it meant almost 9 months in bed. Always be grateful to my girls Carol, Linda, and Gigi for the way they carried my responsibilities of the home. Annette was married but stayed and sat at my hospital bed at home until a month before Teri was too big to be born. That's a whole life story I will write someday the Lord willing.

(September): . Dr. Homer confirmed what Dr. Turley had told me. I wanted a second opinion. The macular did deterioration. Nothing they can do. I'll just see trees, but no leaves, but I am

so grateful I have had such good sight for the 75 years and the drops twice a day feel so good. I am so blessed.

(October): Annette called, and the card business is going. I hope she can make this work. It's a great idea if someone doesn't get hold of it and take it away from her. She has the back made up like a postcard with many sayings like Merry Christmas, Get well, etc. They have four in a packet. You buy them and use your own snapshot and peel off the back of the postcard and put your own picture on it. I'd surely buy them.

Also, we got a call from George, and he's been to Washington DC and taken George H with him. A great father and son thing to do. He's a great father, but he had a great example. I pray he can always be close to his family and teach the gospel to them in love and understanding with a degree of firmness for them to live morally clean.

We liked our week at Little Tree Inn. LaVaun came over to show Earl some farm checks he had collected and see us off. He looks so lost and almost cries when we leave. He said to me, "I've always loved you and I'd kiss you if he didn't mind." I said, "he won't care," and Earl looked around and said, "Heck no, go ahead," so he took hold of my face cup-shaped and gave me a big kiss and said thanks.

On our way to Pocatello, I mentioned Earl that I was surprised over that. He said if I might have something good enough to share, I share you. "Thanks" I said, Oh well, that's my man. He rarely knows. I am around except if he needs me.

(December): Gigi and Tom picked us up at 4:30 PM and we went to Salt Lake to see the lights for Christmas turn on in Temple Square. Thousands of people, little and big. It was the most beautiful and inspiring sight I've ever seen. Saw Mr. Kruger's Christmas with Jimmy Stewart for family home evening and many others. Choirs in tabernacle in such a beautiful and spiritual evening. Went to Snelgrove's on 21st and had hot fudge sundaes. Good and as crowded as ever. A night to remember.

Select Journal Quotes From 1987

(April): Our 20th grandson, born April 29 at 9:55 PM at Coastal Valley Hospital weighing 9 lbs. 10 oz. 21 inches long and I was there when he came from heaven, and took his first breath of life. It was the most spiritual closeness I have ever felt, and Leslie was a brick with just one scream. I took the video of the whole process. I am so grateful. Ann and Linda and all insisted. Gramps stayed home with the children.

Next morning George took Gramps and all the children up to see our new Ryan Joseph. That night the hospital gave a candlelight dinner for George and Leslie and baby in her room. We took children for Chicken Little's. George H took care of John and put him to bed. I got the house all straight and beds all changed with all washing done.

(May): The graduation was well done, and Carol looked beautiful with the garland around her neck as Honor Society. She gets half scholarship from BYU. Saw Bob and his family and Fern. Tom took the pictures. Carol visited about five minutes. She had to go to dinner with her dad, Bob, and family. Gigi and Tom were helping with the all night swim party. Had to be there at nine. Lots to do.

Came back to IF on Monday for eye appointment. Can't see as well. Cabin is really dark and poor light. I feel to find things. While in IF we picked up a light for me to read by my chair. Also, a fan light for the front room instead of the Mexican black light. Earl spent the day putting it up and is beautiful. Even though Earl will be 80 next week, he has all his old habits of figuring things out and then doing them. Helped me get our drapes upstairs and new blinds downstairs. The other one broke last year. We even got our waterbed all in shape and sleeping in our quite beautiful bedroom.

(June 17): The 17th the big day. Gigi and Tom made his wooden sign. Also, a wooden plaque with all the pictures she had of his life. Even took pictures of going in the dark to eat at West with pictures and party and put on. It's hanging in the living room over the back case in center of room. Gigi made the reservations for dinner. I had an ice cream cake for him with pine and ___ on it. His party was the dinner. Opal and Noall, Francis and John (he had flu), Tom and Gigi, Jesse, Earl and I. The waitress was a doll. She brought a birthday cake out. We all sang happy birthday, and she sealed it with a kiss. You should've seen his eyes and look on his face. A real thriller. We came back and opened presents-- a moving fish. It was a cute and fun, 80s tapes from all the children, tape player, a little one from Ron and Carol and bigger one from Dick and Linda. Our best news that Dick got home from the hospital and they called. A thyroid all remained. They said it's okay. Hope it stays that way. George and Leslie called from Paris. It was a thrill to climax the birthday.

(August 1987): The most beautiful day of year. All our families at a noon picnic at the Hope Ranch beach. That night we had a pizza supper at their ward church and a program from each of the 5 children's families. Bob Nixon told of Opal (Opal had him read a letter). Afterwards Earl greeted them all and told a little history of his father and mother. Mary Beth told about each of the Bill Brunt family. Their complete family were there. Judy Walburger told of Clarice's family and Steve Strong told of the Zona's family. Zona and Al stayed at the cabin at Macks Inn. Opal wasn't well enough to travel. After the meeting, they served hot fudge sundaes.

A beautiful day and honor to their Grandfather and Grandmother. Every occasion begins with prayer and closes with prayer.

Next day Saturday and the big BarBQ at the picnic grounds of Hope Ranch, beautiful area. I can't begin to describe "Dick" and his famous and so, so good BBQ tip beef. Salads, corn on cob, toss salads, garlic French bread, baked beans, drink, ice cream bars and Linda's famous brownies.

Then on beach until sundown. Several couples came up to see Linda and Dick's home and they were served more hot fudge sundaes. Everyone was so impressed. It was so well-organized – not a flaw. Karen and Mike helped so much. The members of our family that were there were: Annette and Les, Teri and Bill, Willie, Marcus, Whitney, Jennifer and little Brock. Gigi and Tom and family, Carol and friend, Mike, Tommy and Andy. George and Leslie and George, Erin, Ashly, John, and Ryan. Earl and I, Karen and Mike stayed with Dick and Linda. Rest had motel rooms. Carol and Ron and families were at Macks for all their vacations.

(August): We so enjoy Ann and Les. They are just the best friends anyone could have. And so, we always felt Les was a Son. Ann has to get back to her card business she dreamed up just a year ago now. Kmart gave her a big offer – One Hundred Thousand \$ worth. Kim is home now to help. She graduated from U Utah in June.

(September): Carol and Ron came. Stopped awhile and then went on to their new home and life in West Yellowstone. We stopped on our way to Cody, and it is beautiful place. The living part is so pretty. Wood throughout, beautiful. Fun to ride the elevator up and down to a big basement. They could have a cellar café down there or rolling skating rink. Office space. So big. How Ron ever thought that would fit in Pine Haven is a big mystery to me.

Had a pizza party for Carol and Ron a welcome with Strongs and Reeses. Then Carol had us all up on Sat. to a chicken dinner and showed them the mansion. They all loved it.

(September): I took my good jewelry Dad has given me for anniversaries through the years. All is precious, beautiful pieces and I took it all in to Leymaster's Jewelry and he is cleaning it and I will give to my 5 married gals for a memory Christmas. I got the cutest gift boxes at Jackson Christmas store when we drove over there last week. May have enough to give to our oldest granddaughters.

The beauty around us, everyone should know no man could create it. There has to be a God and master plan. I have finished the Book of Mormon, Old Testament and ½ through Doctrine and Covenants.

(October): I forgot, on Fri. the old club girls at the Pancake House had a luncheon for me. I took some more pictures. Lucille, Leona, Inez, Vel, Verna, Grace, Elena, Florence M., Christa, Ruby, me. Florence asked me if I'd take her picture alone someday soon. (I've been in touch with her). She wants it for paper, when she does, and she likes my pictures. She's too proud to go and have it done. Bless her. Cap has Alzheimer's. Count our blessings.

(October): We also saw Jerry and Twila Rogers up at Macks at church. I didn't recognize him. They were with the Jay Hammons. I've always like Jay and his wife, although there was friction between Bill (*Brunt*) and he. And Dad has respected him because of business dealings with him. How short life can be. At the meeting that morning before it started, he came over to me, looked me right in the eye and said, "Thelma, there's something I've wanted to say to you for a long time." I looked, and he said, "To me you are one of the greatest ladies I have ever met." I

said "Thanks, Jay." He said, "I'll never forget you," and walked over to his wife and Rogers. I just sat there, trying to remember just why he said such a beautiful thing to me. I really am pleased and humble someone can say that of me. I've always tried to be thoughtful and I've always like everyone. That's my joy and blessing.

Select Journal Quotes From 1988

(January): (At Bette and Bob Pearl's anniversary party in Hemet) This cocktail party, I don't understand why people have to drink to have fun and be able to talk to other people, but that's the way it is. But they make sure we get our 7 Up. They took about 32 to a French restaurant and it was beautiful and very good. We sat at table with Shawn, their granddaughter and boyfriend. Enjoyed it, it seemed like we were with Kasey and Mike.

(February): So grateful we still live close in California in the winter so I can do these things with our daughters and grands. Where will I be next winter? Still nothing sure. We are thinking of keeping our home here. It would be cheaper than rent or buying.

We had our missionaries to dinner. Elder McVaugh SL, and Elder Brady AZ. Brother Ricks, head of the Book of Mormon testimonies to give to families, came to pick them up. We got 10 hard back Books of Mormon. Now we have to write our testimony and put our picture in them. I then gave them back to Bro Ricks and he sends them to missions needing them. A great missionary program one can participate in

(April): It is Conference weekend, and we watched all sessions. Stacy came to see me. Karen and Mike went up to Gigi's for dinner Wednesday. Took Gigi and Tom and families, Carol and her boyfriend from Palos Verdes (Brian), Ron and Carol, Mike and Karen to Easter dinner at 5:30 after Conference. Mexican good. Carol and Ron left Monday. We left Tuesday after having dinner at Gigi and Toms. I always clean my plate up there.

St. George. Closed our house deal on Tues 5 April 1988. Paid \$35,000 down. Met with Barbara Jensen, a designer, and picked out carpet, grey blue, wallpaper, and sunscreens, fireplace facing, white with pillars, faced with the porcelain tile like kitchen. I think it will be beautiful. We face the green belt with palms and flowers. Sunny pool. Tennis courts and children's play and clubhouse.

Dad and I went down to Z.C.M.I. furniture here in St. George and picked out a davenport that will be right against wall in den and a new reclining chair in leather for Dad. A little over \$2,000. Dad is going all out. He picked them out. I approved. In other houses, we always picked out things on sale. (Never over \$300) It kind of frightened us spending all the money at 80 and 78 years old, but to listen to Dad, we're almost back in our 60's but get a little tired sooner. Ha! Ha!

(May): (Visit to Idaho Falls). We had a memory day. Went over to our old home site on Canal. Delbert is building the Susan Elizabeth Condos on that whole block. In memory of Earl's grandmother who had a little house on corner of the block (*Canal and H Street southwest*

corner) and Grandpa and Grandma Brunt's on the next corner. In the middle of block was the one Daddy Brunt had built. All the children were born there except Opal. He had added on, and it was a big house. When Earl and I were married, they sold it to us for very little. Annette and Carol were raised there until Annette was six, when we built our new home on G Street and end of Memorial Drive. Daddy Brunt owned the property. It was between Hatches and them.

We made the old home into 3 apartments and had 6 wonderful years there.

We thought our new home on G St. was the most beautiful in town. \$3,900.

(June): I am blue, I guess. Went to Turley, eye doctor, and ½ my macula is gone. I really am having a hard time getting used to not seeing, but gee, I can see, some never do. I am grateful.

(December): The next month, Dec., came in as a busy one. I had wrapped all their gifts to Utah and Carol and Ron's for Mike and Karen for them to take back with them. So that was behind me.

Earl and I shipped for all the rest in Calif. Brothers and sisters, friends etc. I wrapped them all. Had all George's family sweats shirts "Christ."

Baked 8 loaves banana bread. Several batches of cookies, Christmas pudding to take to Les.

We decorated our living room with the tree in the living room corner with our white lights and gold-pressed paper for tinsel. Blue bows. It was pretty.

We were both tired out, but alive with the spirit of Christmas I was. Earl was better this year though.

We went to a few parties, out to eat with friends, so we decided to have open house or a Christmas party. We invited the summer people at Macks Inn. The Bensons, Bingham, and our next-door neighbors, the Wrights. We served a complete buffet, and we cooked it all. Dad did the chicken wings and meatballs in his Mirro pressure cooker Annette gave us last Christmas. He decided to use it and it was fun to watch how excited he was after each. He did lemon chicken and a roast. He is a good chef. Cleans everything up as he goes. "I've trained him well" Ha!

We've had a lot of good spiritual meetings here in the ward. We met and had tithing settlement, which always makes you feel good.

Select Journal Quotes From 1989

(January): I pray someone, someday, will be able to touch the lives of all our grands who have strayed away from the church, so they can see it is the only way for true happiness, even though then sometimes it is hard. But you can always confide and ask in faith to your Father in Heaven.

(February): On the 16th of this February 1989, Earl bought a new Cadillac, and it has four doors. He told them when he's 87, he'll be back and buy another one in 1996. Hope he makes it! Ha!

It's awful to feel 40 and be 81 and 79! Get tired too quick.

Select Journal Quotes From 1990

(Dec.1990): We have always considered the husbands to be sons and Leslie our daughter. Nothing wrong with in-laws, but they don't belong in our family.

(Dec.1990): Dad suggested we kneel around the bed for a family prayer.

(Dec.1990): That one night was worth all the money in the world. I'd say thanks to the Lord and to my families.

Select Journal Quotes From 1991

(March 1991): If you stop and think about it, how blessed we are. Dad and I are so grateful for His great love for us. I sometimes break down and cry because of my failing sight and have such pain in my life. But then I realize a lot of people go through this and I am no better than they.

Select Journal Quotes From 1992

(May 12, 1992): I really don't know when I left off in this journal. I can't see where I am writing and stop by where I keep my finger.

(August 1992): *Shortly after the Brunt reunion . . . Carol Jean Brunt Platt and Ron Platt death*

August 13 about 9:30 PM. We had had a big fish fry on our back patio. George, Leslie, and family, Dick and Linda with Scott and Matt, Francis, Carol and Ron, Lauri and Kate (Carol brings the girls for the summer.) We tried to get them to stay and have dessert, and they thought they better get home. West Yellowstone for future record. We said our goodbyes with "I love you." She (*Carol*) came back several times to kiss and tell daddy, Earl, goodbye. About 10:25 we hear a siren of ambulances. It went on for half an hour. Dick went to Macks to see if he could tell what was happening.

Back seat. They weren't sure . . .

Dad and I went cold but tried not to think it possible. It happened to them. I tried to call, left a message on their answering machine. We can go to bed as always. Finally, we were persuaded to go to bed, but we couldn't sleep. We waited and I had an eerie feeling someone was in our room. Turning on the light, we saw George and Leslie, Linda, Dick, and Scott all kneeling around our bed and saying a prayer.

I realized I had just prayed all summer for her happiness while we were so helpless. We had said our good nights to a beautiful daughter. We had lost one of our greatest. We are pleased

and proud. She and Ron will have that eternal happiness. Pray we can all live worthy to be that eternal family. I pray that our Father in Heaven will be with Laurie and Kate. That they'll be well and normal again. I know there's more to be learned. May we all learn to teach and love a life of keeping the commandments of our Father in Heaven.

Compiler's Note:

Thelma Boyack Brunt (my mother) was very faithful in keeping records in forms of calendars, journals, and writing parts of her own life story. Her life story does not end here, but the progression of macular degeneration in her eyes made writing very difficult after this. She suffered from a form of Parkinson's disease (Shydragger syndrome) and the last five years of her life were difficult, but she always remained an incredibly positive person and had a firm testimony of the importance of love and family in her life with a dependence upon the Lord. We love you dearly, our mom and Nana, and look forward to being with you once more when we finish our own earthy journey.

OBITUARIES



Thelma Boyack Brunt

ST. GEORGE — Thelma Boyack Brunt, 86, died after a lingering illness, May 20, 1997, at the home of her daughter, from complications of Parkinson's disease. She suffered for years from this illness. She was bid farewell, for now, by her husband of 65 years, George Earl Brunt, and her children.

She was born in Spanish Fork on Dec. 31, 1910 to Ralph Banks Boyack and Sarah Elizabeth Morgan. She met her future husband, George Earl Brunt at BYU and married her sweetheart on Oct. 21, 1931 in the Salt Lake Temple. They have four daughters and one son. Their daughter Carol and husband Ron Platt preceded her in death in an auto collision involving a drunk driver.



She is survived by her husband: George Earl Brunt, and three daughters and one son: Annette (Les) Taylor of St. George, Linda (Richard) James of Santa Barbara, Calif., Georgia (Tom) Davis of Pleasant Grove and George (Leslie) Brunt of Plano, Texas.

She will also be greatly missed by her grandchildren: Brad Taylor, Teri Waite, Doug Taylor, Jennifer Sargent, Kim Bosco, Leslie Walker, Laura Peters, Karen Anderson, Stacey Hardester, Scott James, Matt James, Carol McAlpin, David Whimpey, Doug Whimpey, Mike Whimpey, George H. Brunt, Erin Brunt, Ashley Brunt, John Brunt, and Ryan Brunt; plus six step-grandchildren: Sherry, Adam, Trina, Heather, Thomas, and Andy. They also have 23 great-grandchildren.

Thelma was a very special lady. She was the ultimate hostess, always making everyone feel welcome and comfortable. She always served willingly in her many church callings throughout the years, and was active in Idaho Falls community affairs while living there. She served as



DUP president and Relief Society president for many years. Earl and Thelma lived in Idaho Falls most of their lives and after retirement, lived in Hemet and Laguna Hills, California and then in St. George. But the love of their lives was their family cabin in Mack's Inn, Idaho. Every summer of their lives, except the last few, they entertained family and friends in this beloved spot.

The family wishes to extend special thanks to her loved care-givers: Cindy Cannon, Nancy Brook, Shanna Simpson, Karma Lund, Sandy Home Health, and Castle Country Hospice.

Funeral services will be held in the Green Valley Stake Center on Valley View Drive in St. George, on Friday, May 23, 1997 at 11 a.m.

Friends and family may call at the Spilsbury & Beard Mortuary, St. George, Utah on Thursday from 7 to 8 p.m., and Friday one hour prior to services at the stake center. Graveside services will be held Saturday, May 24, 1997 at 2 p.m. in the Rose Hills Cemetery, Idaho Falls, Idaho, under the direction of Spilsbury & Beard Mortuary, St. George. 673-2454.



My first Christmas in Heaven

I've had my first Christmas in heaven,
A glorious, wonderful day.

I stood with the saints of the ages,
Who found Christ the truth and the way.

I sang with the heavenly choir,
Just think, I joined in to sing.

And Oh, what celestial music we

Brought to our Savior and King

We sang the glad songs of redemption,
How Jesus to Bethlehem came.

And how they call his name Jesus,

That all might be saved through this his name.

We sang once again with the angels,

The message they sent that last morn,

When shepherds first heard the glad story,

That Jesus, the Savior, was born.

Dear Ones, I wish you had been there,

No Christmas on earth could compare.

With all the rapture and glory,

We witnessed in heaven so fair.

You know how I always loved Christmas,

It seemed such a wonderful day.

With all my loved ones around me,

The children so happy and gay.

Yes, now I can see why I loved it, and

Oh, what a joy it will be.

When you and my loved ones are with me,

To share in the glories I see.

So dear ones on earth, here's my greeting

Look up 'til the day dawn appears.

Oh, what a Christmas awaits us,

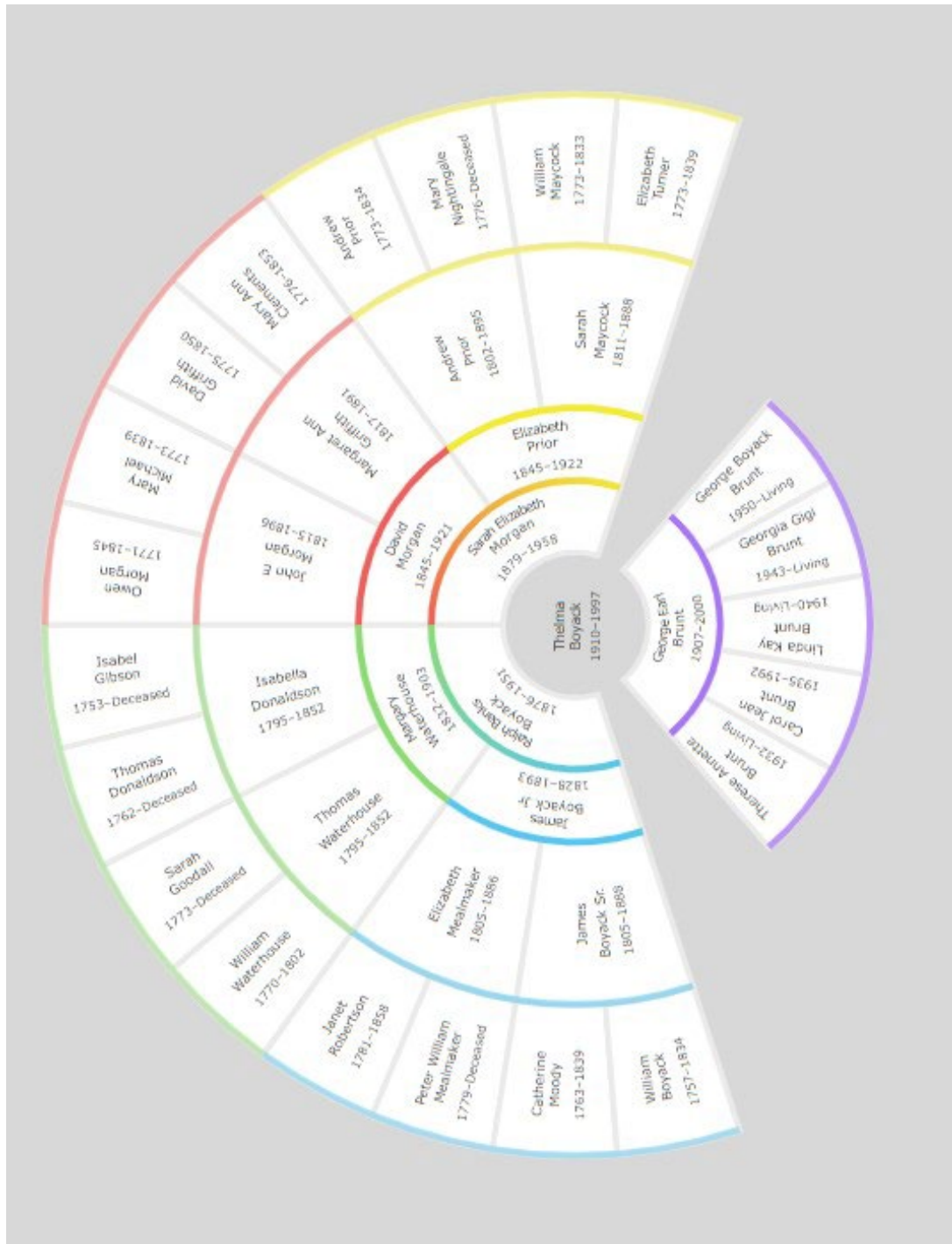
Beyond our parting of tears.

This beautiful poem (author unknown) with picture was put together by Linda as Dad was spending his first Christmas without Mom with Linda's family. So thoughtful and comforting!

Thelma Boyack Brunt Life Story (Part 3)

LASTING IMPRESSIONS

Who Were Her Ancestors and Family?



Thelma's grandfather, James Boyack, Jr., emigrated from Scotland to America in 1853 at the age of 25. Two years later, two important things happened: 1) His father, James Boyack, Sr. and wife, Elizabeth Mealmaker, emigrated from Scotland to Utah with their other eleven children. 2) James Boyack, Jr. met and married Margary Waterhouse. Their marriage produced six daughters and three sons, the youngest being Ralph Banks Boyack, who became Thelma's father. He married Sarah Elizabeth Morgan, and they had six daughters and two sons: Elizabeth, Margary, Ralph Edwin, Thelma, Blanche, Fred, Dorthella, and Jeanne.

Thelma spoke of her brothers and sisters:

Recorded at the Boyack Family Reunion on July 22, 1989

I'm touched, because all those memories come flooding back to me. Ed can't remember a thing about me, but I'll tell you, I was his shadow. He and I did things together .

First of all, I want to publicly let all the family know how much I love Ed and how much he's done for our family. It was true; Dad had all these troubles and Ed couldn't go on to school. So, it was he that quit school so the rest of us could have what education we wanted.

Our grandparents came to this country for the sake of religion; and they were sent down to Spanish Fork to farm. While reading Erastus Snow's history this winter, I take it that each family was given a 40-acre parcel as an inheritance. And my grandmother and grandfather built the little adobe house that is down on [the farm] now, which was turned into a toolshed. That's where they lived until they went into town and built a two-room adobe house, which was later added onto.

Beth was elite, charming and a good pie-maker. The only trouble she ever got into that I remember, was when she married Mark Christensen. Now, that isn't trouble, but my dad didn't think she should be marrying at that age; he wanted her to be a little older . Mark rode a motorcycle, played a banjo and was in a group. Dad didn't approve of that either, so he tried to get her not to marry Mark ...not that he didn't like him, he did. And he loved Mark's family.

Beth was a lady, always . I don't remember her doing anything that wasn't exactly proper. I guess I didn't learn very much from her...I slept with her, and you'd think some of it would have rubbed off, but it didn't.

I remember when Beth was going with Mark, she and I shared the room upstairs that has the little dormer window in front. Down below was the grape arbor. I used to sit until after midnight, waiting for her to come home so I could spy on them. When she got married, I thought that my best friend in all the world had left me.

I used to go to Salem all the time and stay with Beth and Mark. I was there when Keith was born.

I was over there one time when Keith and Bud came in and Beth said, "Okay, empty your pockets!" One of the boys (I think it was Bud ...) had a snake in his. Beth was always having the boys empty their pockets and take off their shoes before they came into the house.

Ed and I were close. When we were kids, we'd thin beets together. We would be hard at work, until we found a bug. Ed

would pull out his pocketknife and we'd dissect the bug to see what it looked like. I always thought that Ed would become a doctor. I thought, 11 Oh gee, he's going to be the doctor and I'm going to be his nurse .11 Then all at once we'd hear a shout from the front of the farm saying, 11 Get to work! Stop that fooling around and get to work!" We'd look up and there would be Dad. So, we'd hurry up and go on our way and forget the bug ... until the next time!

When I was nine, I was with Mother, who had Fred in the buggy, (it was a big wicker buggy) when someone came up and told us about Ed being struck by lightning. I had to wheel the buggy home, from about the library on down to Dalley's store. I just prayed so hard that everything would be all right . I was almost afraid to go in. We were all grateful

that Ed was okay, though he spent many years...not well. And my heart used to go out to him because I could run, I could climb trees, I could walk the picket fences just as fast as I could go. (I did everything a child shouldn't do, I guess ...)

In the beginning, when I was born, Mother and Dad had two beautiful daughters, Beth and Marge . They'd won beauty contests; they were the babies of the town. Then, of course, Ed was a darling boy. Then I came along . I had no hair. Dad wanted a boy ...There I was, looking like a boy and yet I was a girl. I grew up, until I was six, with no hair except for a few little cotton strands.

Just before I started school one time, Dad said, "I 've learned something that will make you pretty, I thought, "We11, good grief, I look okay! But he said, "You're not going to be Bishop Larsen's little girl anymore, you're going to be mine." So, I said, "What are we going to do?" Dad said, "We are taking you in and cutting your hair." And I thought, "What hair?"

We went into the summer kitchen (as we called it). He had the stool and all the barber shears and things to cut hair. I climbed on that stool; Dad put the cloth around me, and then I looked in the mirror and saw him getting his shaving brush out and his razor sharpened. I was almost ready to get out of there--quick! Dad said, "It won't hurt! I promise, it won't hurt." And he shaved my head -- bald! There I was, an ugly little girl, bald-headed.

We never had photographers that we could go to . But they used to come around and the photographer would line all the children up, no matter how they looked. I know you've all seen that picture of me in a white dress, as dirty as could be, and no hair. I wore a hat that whole summer. My hair finally grew back in, curly and blond. And Dad said, "See, I told you it would work!" I've always been grateful for his persistence in making me do that.

I remember when Dad would go to the flour mill to take wheat to be ground into flour. I would sneak out and climb under the buggy seat (the back of the wagon would be filled with wheat). I would hide until we were out so far and then I'd pop up. Dad would say, "O h! You want to drive the horses?" And I'd answer, "Yes!"

My Dad and I were such good pals. I always wore bib overalls and was real thrilled about being a farmer's girl ...I never did like housework too well .

As a little child, I never would do what I was told, I suppose. All the kids were running around in our front yard, which was full of pear trees and a grape arbor. Mother told me to tie my shoe and I told her I would, in a minute.

There was a little fence no higher than about four inches that we were jumping over. I jumped over it, tripped on my shoelace, and fell, breaking my arm in four places. My elbow was sticking out of my shoulder. I remember laying on the table while Dr. Stoddard was fixing it while Mother and Ed (I guess) held me down. They didn't put broken arms in casts in those days, they would splint it with two boards. For three months I had to carry a bucket of coal around with me--to straighten my arm. And believe me, all the neighborhood kids loved to put more rocks or coal into that bucket!

We had a big arc-light out in front and all of us kids could play outside until nine o'clock, when the curfew rang. Then we all had to hurry home. Well, one time, we all decided to have a wrestling match. I, of course, was in the ring with a boy. We were fighting it out and having a time, when all of the sudden I felt someone pull my ear so hard that I thought, "Oh!" And I looked up and there was Uncle Ralph Morgan (who was Mother's brother and the Bishop of our ward). He took me by the ear into the house, sat me down hard on a chair and said, "Sarah, if you don't do something about this kid , she's going to grow up in reform school!"

I was put in the saddle of our horse Nancy when I was about ten years old, and told, "Okay, you're racing ____ Wilson (! can't remember his first name) down to the farm. Dad told me, "And what's more, don't be an Indian and hold onto that saddle-horn. Don't ever let me see you hold onto that saddle-horn!"

They were following us down. And I won! (Or I thought so, anyway). Of course, now I know that he let me win, but I didn't know it then. And from then on, I was going to be a rodeo girl. I led all the parades on the 4th and 24th of July. I could make that horse stand up and dance on her back feet. There were farmers who said that I was the best rider they'd ever seen. Mr. Jones was the farmer who encouraged me to go on with the rodeo.

Another time I remember is "The Headless Ghost" story. When we were in school, we heard the craziest stories about this headless ghost. It was all black and had white over it and you couldn't see its head. Everyone in school was frightened to death. Well, Mother, Dad, Don Peterson's parents and another aunt and uncle all went to a church dance (or party}, leaving all the children at our house . Ed and Don were in charge. I was playing with Esther Jones, a friend of

mine. We would write notes to Mae West, (my next-door neighbor-friend) by the glass door of the kitchen, then run out and put them into the mailbox. As we were running back to the house, we heard the heavy gate bang and there were these heavy footsteps. We looked and we couldn't believe our eyes . There was a ghost, just floating in the air! I began to knock on the door and scream, "Ed, let us in! Let us in!" No answer . We couldn't get anyone to answer. Esther just went hysterical and screamed and backed into the corner of the porch. I told her, "Don't worry, they'll let us in, they'll let us in!" And all the time the ghost was coming closer and closer. All at once I saw Esther go "plop." She had fainted dead away on that cement floor. I just stood there screaming. Ed heard me, finally, when he got close and threw the thing off his head and came running and said, "Thelma, it's me, it's me!"

When Dot was born, it was on a Sunday . I remember Dr. Stoddard coming in his buggy. He was the only doctor in town, and he'd delivered all of us. Dad was trying to get us to hurry up and go to church. I kept going to back to the gate and I asked, "Dad, if it's a baby girl, can I name her Billie Sunday?" He told me "Yes" to get me out of his hair and on to church. When we got home from church, there was our Dot... but they wouldn't let me name her Billie Sunday, they insisted on Dorthella. I always thought that was the ugliest name. Billie Sunday would have been so much better! I thought that I was Dot's second mother. I wanted to bathe her, take care of her, do anything for her, but I always called her Billie Sunday when no one would hear me!

Marge was a lady also. I was always sort of jealous of Marge. She had rheumatic fever when she was little, so she never did have to do a whole lot (though she did her share). When she grew older, she and Ed would go to dances at the beautiful dance hall at the city park. Ed danced with Marge all the time and I thought, "Why don't you ever ask me?" I was a little upset; after all, Ed and I aren't really all that far apart in age! But Ed and Marge entered dance contests together and won them. They were really excellent dancers! Marge always had a big heart and loved life.

Jeanne was born after Mother was fifty, so she was just a little girl when I got married.

Ed and I used to take the milk over to Grandma and Grandpa Morgan. Blanche never would go because she was afraid of the dark. I was never afraid of the dark--or anything else!

Fred was a darling. He had big brown eyes, and I can remember Mother dressing him in white suits. His eyes would sparkle. He had a little temper though; when he didn't get his way, you knew it!

One day, when he was about 1½ years old, Mother brought him out and said, "Thelma, you have to watch Fred in the buggy. I have to do something. Now watch him real well!" I told her that I would; but I was busy playing jacks with two or three other girls from the neighborhood. Fred kept throwing his toys and rattle out of the buggy and I kept putting them in and putting them in... but not hardly looking at him. But then, all at once, I heard "kerplop!" He had fallen out of the buggy onto his head. He was unconscious and I thought I'd die...I thought that this was one time I was really going to get it. He came out of it, but Fred always said that falling

onto his head was what made him dingy. But he wasn't dingy . He was a wonderful, wonderful brother.

Fred came up to Idaho Falls and lived with Earl and me and he worked at Wards. We had more fun with Fred! He was a good tap-dancer and he'd have everyone in the apartments come over and he would teach them to dance. One of the ladies he worked with, Mabel, lived in our apartment complex. She would come over and give tap-dance lessons with Fred. One time they were just tapping away in the kitchen when all at once her husband walked in and accused Fred of having an affair with his wife! We had the darndest time trying to convince him that Fred was just a teenager; that they were just dancing.

Fred had a little temper; he'd say what he wanted to say when he felt like it... but he mellowed. He came to Mack's every year with Louise and his family. We always looked forward to their visits. I adored the ground that he walked on; well, I adored all my brothers and sisters.

You know, I had the most wonderful childhood in the whole world. I never would have traded it for anything.

LASTING IMPRESSIONS

SPECIAL MEMORIES OF THELMA BOYACK BRUNT

Thelma's Progeny and Their Impressions of Their Mother and Nana



Linda, Carol, Gigi, Annette, George

FAMILY OF THERESE ANNETTE BRUNT TAYLOR

Annette:

It's sometimes very hard to put down in words the memories of your mom. There are so many varied memories from so many stages of life, but her qualities are consistent with every stage, and I would like to mention some of these qualities from my point of view. They are also the traits that I have strived to obtain. When I think of my outlook on life, I know much of this came from my mom. I have not come close to some of them however (especially when it comes to sending letters and cards). The qualities I would like to share include, but not necessarily in order of importance are:

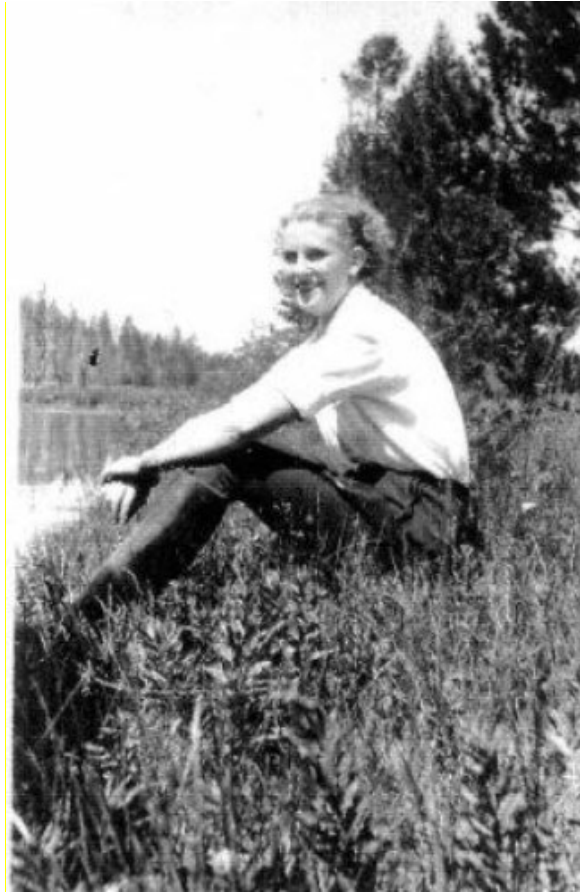
ATTRACTIVENESS: Mom liked to have her home, herself and her children look their best. She always looked young and beautiful. She liked things neat, in order and attractive. I was six and Carol three when we moved to the most beautiful new home on G Street. As we grew up there, she taught us how to work. When Carol and I were little, we were dressed in cute little dresses complete with gloves and hats. We were always encouraged to look our best. She had a flair for decorating. *** Our home was always neat and attractive. We were always proud to bring our friends home. She hated any clutter. We were taught how to clean, and we had to do it. Wood floors scrubbed and polished every week and even the broom closet had to be cleaned out once a week by one of us. Clutter just wasn't allowed . . . no shoes on the floor where you took them off, etc. . We were very proud of our work. She taught us to work and to play. *** She loved and appreciated nature's beauty and often had cut flowers on the tables of our home. *** She taught us that even if we didn't have a lot of money that we could always have fun and look good. She was a bargain hunter and always dressed us in the cutest clothes. She always looked fantastic whether she dressed for housework or for church or a party. She bought her clothes on a limited budget, but knew how to put clothes together so she always looked great. Of course, she had great posture and that stately look.

POSITIVE OUTLOOK: She loved to make everything fun and special. It didn't have to be a special day to do it . . . it might just be a 15 minute tea party or a little picnic on the river. We would go to the park, and it would always seem special. *** Getting ready and going to Macks was the most fun thing we did . . . the anticipation and planning was sometimes the most fun. *** She told us when we were little and after that we were special, as good as anyone else and we could do anything we wanted . . . no limits! She exemplified that in her own life as she became ill. She didn't give up and when asked how she felt, she usually said, "just fine." *** In the last few years, she really appreciated others' help very much and let them know how much she cared. Cindy, Nancy, and Shanna were very special caretakers during those times.

ULTIMATE HOSTESS AND FRIEND: Mom would go out of her way to make others feel comfortable by providing great meals and fun. Mom and Dad had a lot of life-long friends and also enjoyed getting together with their families. They entertained extended family and friends a lot at our Mack's cabin. *** She would always make sure that we all got presents and cards on our birthdays. She was the ultimate friend, also, by thinking of others and sending them cards on their special days. Even when she could no longer see or write cards, it was still of utmost importance that these cards be sent. Her friends, old and new, were very special to her.

HER LOVE FOR HER FAMILY: We all knew that she loved Dad and all of us children very much. And one of her passions was her love for all her grands. She was always interested in what they were doing, and she could often talk with them more as a friend than a 'Nana.' I've never seen her laugh more than when Stacey told us of her engagement. *** Christmas was such a special occasion for Mom. She loved the planning, shopping, wrapping, and decorating. They would travel with the car packed full of presents to spend the Christmas holidays with their families. Her last Christmas she had such a desire to get presents for all the grands and great grands. Cindy took her and Dad to Walmart where Cindy pushed Mom in her wheelchair—Mom pushed the cart and Dad followed with his walker. The cart was full of presents they had purchased.

Mom had so much fun that day, but was quite ill on Christmas Day. *** Through the years, Mom also helped those in need . . . taking many, many meals to those who needed a little extra boost. Grandmother Brunt lived next door for many years after our grandfather died, and Mom did a lot for her then. *** Mom loved Dad with all her heart, and I will never forget those last few hours. She looked at him with her big, blue eyes and communicated to him and us of her love. He said, "Thelma, you're telling me you love me, aren't you?" She nodded, yes. Her desire for her children and grands was to live a life they would be proud of . . . to make the right choices and to keep close to the Lord.



Brad Taylor:

Some of my first memories are with my Nana at the house in Idaho Falls. My Nana was always there for our visits, and I dimly remember an exciting birthday party and cake, outside after dark. I always looked forward to visiting Idaho and was so excited as a young boy to spend our summers with Nana (and George and Gramps, of course!) at Macks. The cabin was more of a log cabin in those days with these tippy log stools for us kids to sit on while having breakfast. Nana would be cooking up fried battered fish at the counter. Then we would go out to play while the fishermen, and even Nana, fished for the next day's breakfast. I don't remember if I got to go fishing with her, but I will always remember the picture that hung in the cabin. It was my Nana fly-fishing in the sunlight looking like a movie star. That is still what I think of when I remember her. She has that smile that warms every time it shines on you. We all miss that.



Brad Doug Nana Teri Grandpa Lesli

Teri Ann Taylor Kennedy:

My Nana, Thelma Boyack Brunt, was such a beautiful, wonderful and fun Nana. I believe that we named her that because I couldn't say banana and somehow it got transferred to nana and then I called her nana- if my memory is right on that any way. *** Nana was a beautiful woman and aged beautifully. Everyone would say I want to be just like your Nana when I get old. She had a great sense of humor too – I remember just laughing and laughing with her!!! I remember she would laugh so hard she would let out a little snort of a laugh. HA and we would all laugh even harder.***She also had strict rules and was very proper. She was very stately and always dressed beautifully. I remember that after a big meal at the cabin—I said to everyone at the table that “I was stuffed” and oh she looked at me very sternly and said, “don't you ever say that again- that is an insult after all the time and effort it took to make this meal” Boy, did I ever learn a lesson that day and never said it again. ***

Nana did have some health problems – I didn't ever really know what they were, but I know she suffered with those health issues.***I remember her and Grandpa showing up to our home for Christmas with a U-Haul – it was filled with presents!!! She loved to buy things at a good price – so she could always give us more. She always brought all the grandkids the same Christmas PJ's and we would take lots of pictures in them!***Oh, how I loved her and still do- I talk to her and ask her to watch over me often. She was a remarkable and very loving wife, mother and nana and so much more. I look forward to the day that I can hug and see her again.

I love you Nana Forever!

Douglas Cleon Taylor:

I remember how proud I was when I bought my special “Nana” a Christmas present one year. When my Mom dropped me off at “Pic & Save” for Christmas shopping (think I was 12), I had only 20 dollars. Within one hour I bought Mom & Dad, Brad, Teri, Jenn & Kim presents. If my memory serves me correctly, I still had enough money to buy Nana a present. I found a stuffed animal called a “Nanny Goat.” It was fluffy white with brown horns. I was overjoyed because I knew she’d really love it. We’ll she sure did! When we would visit her in IF then SG, she would have it placed on a shelf. I was so proud that I bought her something she liked!***Another story I remember, after she made us a nice dinner. Then I would say, I’m stuffed! Then she would say, “don’t say that!” I learned a lesson on manners here!***Speaking of cooking: She made the best trout breakfast...covered with flour and cooked in frying pan in the morning. So delicious! I was overwhelmed with warmth and joy from this.***Many other memories are so special to me with my beloved Nana. I always thought her to be a beautiful Nana (bun in her hair was so elegant) and remember she walked with her shoulders back and head held high exuding the ultimate in confidence. I loved her so much. She was so pleasant and kind. A warm special memory when I think of Nana.

Douglas Cleon Taylor
Richest Blessings!

Jennifer (Jenn Earl) Taylor Sargent:

Of course, all my memories of Nana are too many to put down here on paper, but I’ll start with the highlights. And I’m sure all the cousins will have this same one because everyone in California was so excited to see the trailer pull up behind gramps s car full of Christmas presents and the trailer wrapped in wrapping paper. Then of course Christmas Eve all the night gowns that Nana got for us girls. But my fondest memories were being at the cabin with Nana. She, along with mom would take us to get flowers picked up on Sawtelle and we would make placemats and bookmarks by pressing the flowers into a sealed paper. We would decorate rocks and one of the funnest things that we decorated was inner tubes to float down the river. I wish we had an Instagram then to show us all the fun things we painted on those tubes. Speaking of the river we were floating down in the big yellow raft and mom and Nana had made sandwiches for us and Nana had put butter on my honey sandwich, and I wouldn’t eat it because I don’t like butter on a sandwich . So, I got threatened by Nana that I was going in the river if I didn’t eat my sandwich, I didn’t eat, and she threw me in the river. I was about eight or nine years old. And she laughed and laughed and laughed so a little traumatic but a fun memory. When I was 12 me and Laura and Leslie got to go be with Nana and Gramps for two weeks by ourselves and we just had a blast but one memory is Nana and I got stuck in the back cabin Together and it was pouring buckets and we couldn’t make our way to the front cabin where Laura and Leslie and probably Gramps were so we just were sitting in the back cabin laughing and talking until the weather cleared and we could go to the front cabin. Another great memory was when I was in college I asked if I could go to the cabin with a roommate, but the cabin hadn’t been opened yet because it was just April and there was a ton of snow.

Gramps told me I could go get the key let myself in but there was no running water only power. So being 20 I thought no big deal we're doing it, we couldn't even get two blocks away from the cabin we had to park close to the post office and walk in dig down in the snow to get the key and let ourselves in the back cabin. Well since there was no running water that meant no toilets, so I just took a pot from the kitchen, and we used it for our P bucket in the night. We had no hot water, but I did my best to wash out the pot when we left. I left a note for Nana saying be sure to wash this out good before using again she called me and said Yeah I don't think we're using that pot silly ; I threw it away. I always felt bad about that, and I should've replaced it ha ha. Another fun comment that Nana made was when I was pregnant with my third Bailey I got a hernia in the area that men get hernias, and I met Nana and Gramps for dinner, and I was telling her about it, and she said well let me feel it, so she put her hand down kind of to the side of my crotch and she said, "my Lord, Jennifer you've got a ball"! we both cracked up and cracked up. My Nana always so glamorous and yet could get down dirty with the best of us . Being a fisherman Nana and I did go up the river we go to Weiders Bend and she would pull out her flyrod and cast so beautifully and always land a few brookies I don't know why I didn't ask her to teach me the art of the fly fish, but I watched in awe and continued on with my spinners. But it was an awesome and beautiful time to spend with her on the river just the two of us. It's kind of funny because there's a movie called Thelma and Louise and both of my grandmas are Thelma and Louise and I never had heard the name Thelma used ever until that movie came out and realized the connection. Anyways as I'm getting older the hair is going up a lot more and going into a Nana bun and I hope to have my gray hair go up in that Nana bun just like her who I idolized . She was one awesome Nana, and I can't wait to see her again! Jenn Earl --Earl...out

Readers check out Jenn's video tribute at this YouTube Link:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gy2nMZAQsdE&ab_channel=JennSargent

Kim Taylor Bosco:

You haven't fully lived if you didn't have the opportunity to know Nana, Thelma Brunt. She was a bigger than life type of person. She brought so much joy and excitement to my life. She had a special fun spirit that made the best times when she and Grandpa would visit! Those days were some of my best memories.***One bright memory I recall was that I really wanted an Easy bake oven for my birthday one year. My mother sensibly said no to that idea. Well, I was very disappointed. Nana came to the rescue and talked my mom into letting me get the oven. I felt so special that she made such a fuss over my birthday present.***Her laugh was contagious. I LOVED having my dear Nana and Grandpa come for Christmas and holidays. It was so wonderful when they would stay a few weeks with us. I miss Nana every day and feel very close to her daily

FAMILY OF CAROL JEAN BRUNT (CALL) PLATT



Our dear daughter, Carol Jean Platt, b. 21 May 1935 and called home to heaven on 13 August 1992, who waited until 20 May 1997 for Nana to come home and again celebrate with her.

Lesli Call Walker:

I remember Nana

I have been immersed in my memories of Nana since I received a request to contribute to a memory book about her. First off, I picture in my mind a beautiful blonde-haired woman with sparkling blue eyes. A woman who was full of adventure and who laughed so hard that at times she snorted.*** She was a proper lady. When I was young and we would go out together, she insisted that I behaved like a young lady should. If I got a little too rambunctious, she would take my hand and squeeze. Her squeeze would increase in intensity until I got the message.*** I was privileged to live across the street from Nana, Gramps and George in Idaho Falls for a while. My sister Laura and I would go to Nana's after school. Her home was immaculate and beautiful. She had a room that I loved to sit in for hours and admire the lace drape dolls that she had made, and the porcelain dolls that represented her daughters, each doing a different task that reflected their talents. Her home was warm and loving and felt like heaven.*** Summers at Macks Inn were magical. Gramps would work all week in Idaho Falls and come up on the weekends. There was no phone service at the cabin when we were little. Nana would make dinner and Gramps somehow would always show up Friday evening just in time to eat a delicious dinner. Nana was always up in the morning to make breakfast for everyone and made dinner every evening. She would turn the trout that we caught in the river into the most delectable meal. It was a strict rule that the fish were cleaned at the river before we brought them home to her. She would dredge them in flour and seasoning and fry them up to a crisp golden brown in bacon grease. We would pick the wild strawberries in the early summer and

bring them to Nana. She would make strawberry syrup out of them to put on her buttermilk pancakes for breakfast. The only time we were allowed into the kitchen was to help clean up. Nana always washed the dishes, and the kids were the dish dryers. You never gave a plate back to Nana that might have had a little food still on it. It was the dish dryers' job to make sure the dish was wiped and put away clean.*** Nana always had something for us to do. We would play cowboys and Indians wearing paper bags cut into vests and decorated with crayons. She would take us to West Yellowstone and outfit most of us with cowboy boots. I had to be the Indian because I couldn't fit my feet into the boots and ended up getting moccasins, which was fine with me because they always were beaded and beautiful. She would take us on picnics and along the way would tell us stories about the mountains and "history" of the area. There was one story about "Chief Sawtelle" and the great battle between his people and an invading tribe. As I got older the story was remarkably similar to one in the Book of Mormon. I loved listening to Nana's stories, and I still tell them to my children and grandchildren.*** Nana loved Christmas. She loved spending time with her family during the Christmas holidays. She started a tradition of gifting all of the grandchildren matching Christmas pajamas. We looked forward to opening our pajamas on Christmas eve and wearing them to bed.*** In closing my little reverie of Nana, I would like everyone to know what a good person she was. She was a disciple of Jesus Christ in every action. We were taught to keep the Sabbath holy. We were taught charity through her service to others. We were taught to have joy and celebrate what life had to offer. We knew that she loved us. Love you Nana and am looking forward to a reunion someday. XOXO

Laura Call Peterson:

Many of my memories are food memories, for starters Nana's buttermilk pancakes. They were so yummy just coming off the griddle nice and warm with a soft center. Her pancakes are the only ones I could eat a stack of.***Then there's all the trout Jenn and John Reese caught, and Nana would fry it up, nothing better than fresh caught trout, I always liked to watch Nana eat trout because she loved the crispy skin.***I looked forward to Sunday with Nana. She made roast beef, mashed potatoes and peas. Then I would mix it all together and turn it into beef stew. Nana would get a little upset that I mixed her fine Sunday dinner into beef stew. Her peanut brittle was the best. I've tried to make my brittle as great as Nana's, however it doesn't even compare.*** One of the best memories I know, and all the cousins remember is when Nana decided to show how to properly feed a bear. We watched intently to see how to do it, she rolled down the window holding a piece of something (probably bread), she caught the attention of one of the bears. It started walking toward her hand holding the bread and the bear was getting closer. She panicked and began to roll up the window, although she still held her hand outside and rolled the window up on her arm. No worries though, she got her arm back inside the car just in time, I believe she showed us how not to feed bears, it was a good learning experiment.***Another fun memory is when we would visit Nana and Gramps in Hemet CA. and Karen and I would ride their bicycle built for two.***Then there's the time when Gramps and Nana lived in Orange County, I'm thinking it was Laguna Niguel. She and mom hosted a bridal shower for me they did such a great job. I really appreciated all they did for me

that day. ***I believe that's when Nana discovered Pic N Save, she loved going to that store. I went there and found all these cute bears to hang on Nana's bear tree.***One more memory that just popped up. When I was little living in Idaho Falls across the street from Nana, I loved picking out sunglasses and giving them to Nana.***There are so many memories, I could write another few paragraphs, it's easy to have so many positive memories about a magnificent, beautiful woman, that I called Nana.

Karen Call Anderson:

Nana loved her grandchildren and was a great example to all of us. Not surprisingly, many of my favorite memories of Nana were during summers at Mack's. She made things fun and exciting!***One time, on yet another trip, through Yellowstone I was terrified that poor Nana was going to have her hand bitten off by a bear! Some of you will remember, but for those who are younger, when you first entered the park there were always bears lined up waiting to greet the tourists. We pulled over and Nana was teaching us how to feed the bears. Yes! I know, you're not supposed to feed the bears! All I can say is that it was a different time. Once Nana had a bear's attention, she opened the window just a crack and held out a treat. As the bear got close the plan was to drop it and close the window but plans aren't always executed perfectly. Remember I mentioned it was a different time? Automatic windows were still a newer feature in cars and Nana got the timing off. With the excitement of this magnificent creature approaching, Nana quickly pushed the button to raise the window but trapped her hand that was holding the treat. At this climatic point in the story, as a young granddaughter in the back of a station wagon, I must have shut my eyes because I'm uncertain if Nana dropped the treat and pulled her hand in while the bear was distracted, the most likely scenario, but maybe, just maybe the beast ate out of her hand! Our Nana! A fearless bear tamer. To be sure, there was a lot of laughter, looking back I know it was nervous laughter, but I love the spirit of fun adventure she shared with us.*** That is just one of many memories I have of Nana. Others include picking huckleberries and wildflowers and listening to her recount the legend of how Mount Sawtelle came to be shaped as a great Indian chief. It has always been a favorite of mine and I refuse to believe any other explanation. Nana said it and it must be true! That unwavering belief of a granddaughter in her Nana is also how she was able to convince me that I had my days mixed up and she was able to throw me the greatest surprise birthday party ever. Nana made simple times special and celebrations memorable.***Most profoundly, Nana made me feel loved and that I was valued. I believe each of her grandchildren know and share this same feeling. She in turn is loved and revered by her family. That is a beautiful legacy. One of which I am grateful and blessed to be a part.



FAMILY OF LINDA KAY BRUNT JAMES

Linda:



Special Memories of my Mother

Some of my favorite memories and stories about Mother are as follows: **Her favorite color:** was blue, but she loved all colors and used them without fear in her decorating schemes. For instance, she painted our front door hot pink and also our old fashioned black phone, way before color phones were even available or fashionable. **Her favorite scent:** was the fresh scent of pine, as we drove into the pines on our way to the cabins. **Her favorite holiday:** Christmas with Thanksgiving a runner-up. **Her favorite flowers:** Roses & wildflowers of Island Park. **Her favorite place:** Macks Inn cabins. **Her favorite person:** Her sweetheart & husband Earl **Her favorite books:** The Work & the Glory, & Jonathan Livingston Seagull **Her favorite Study:** The Standard Works **Her Favorite Activity:** Spending time with her husband, children & grandchildren at the cabins at Macks Inn. **One of Her Best Stories about growing up in Spanish Fork:** When she was a little girl, she was very much a "Tomboy". She preferred to accompany her dad out into the fields rather than stay home and help with the housework. One of her favorite pastimes was testing her balancing ability as she walked the picket fence which went around their yard. She spent many hours showing off her skills to her friends in spite of neighbors warning her mother that she was likely to fall and injure herself. As a little girl, her hair did not grow in as normal hair. It was more like white cotton balls. When she was six years old, her father asked her to sit on a stool outside in an area they called the "summer kitchen". He told her that he was going to shave off all of her hair, then when her new hair came in, it would be normal hair. She was obedient and trusting and had all her hair shaved off and later just like he said, her hair grew in blonde and looked beautiful. She loved to share the story about when she would lead the parades in Spanish Fork. She would ride her horse, "Nancy", standing up, while waving a big American Flag. She told us how Nancy would prance and dance down the street while she was riding her. One of my favorite stories is about when she gave her friend fair warning about taking the Lord's name in vain. Her friend wanted to accompany her on a ride out to the pastures to herd the cows back home for the evening. Along the way her friend took the Lord's name in vain. Mother told her not to do that in her presence. Her friend proceeded to make the same mistake the second time. Mother said to her, "If you do that one more time, I am going to push you off your horse." Her friend ignored mother's warning and the offending words spilled out of her mouth again. Mother reached over and pushed her off her horse and left her sitting on the grassy bank wondering what had just happened. **Her closest girlhood friends** were Ally and Shorty. **Her greatest Victory** was learning patience, humility, and faith during her trials of years of ill health. **Her greatest dream for the future:** is to

have her family and progenitors live worthy and righteous lives. She would like us to love and serve one another and develop a close relationship with our Heavenly Father and our Savior Jesus Christ, which will lead each of us back into His presence to have an eternal relationship with him and our loved ones.

Stacey James Hardester:

My Nana was a lady that was the essence of “Classy.” She was a lady, but knew how to be a little of everything. She was adventurous, beautiful, fashionable, funny, loving, feminine, a tom boy, spiritual, thoughtful, young at heart, giving . . . If only I can exemplify half the qualities and characteristics she had. She is truly an example to be proud of and one to aspire to be like!***It is amazing but the first memories I have of *My Nana* are of her being so beautiful and of her standing in the Snake River fishing. She definitely was the most beautiful fisherman I had ever seen! I remember being able to help dip the trout in flour back at the Macks Inn cabin before Nana would fry them. I felt so important being able to help. *** I will be forever grateful for Nana and Gramps making Macks Inn such a special place for all of us to visit. We truly were close as cousins and know each other better through our experiences at Macks. I know this was a dream of Nana’s . . . to have her family enjoy and love Macks like she did. I always loved to wake up at Macks and eat Nana’s ableskeevers with powdered sugar.***I’ll never forget when Nana and Gramps got a whole bunch of tire tubes and set up tables for all of us to paint designs and our names on the inner tubes. It was in the 70’s and so I remember everyone painting peace signs, flowers, and things like that. We would walk down to the river to float with the inner tubes balancing on our heads.***I always enjoyed walking to church and sitting in that beautiful “A” framed chapel looking out the big windows at the pines. Nana always went to church and that everyone else did too. *** The big fire pit between the cabins was the highlight of each night. Nana and Gramps would let Kasey (Karen) and I perform up on the roof of the front cabin. Nana always made a big deal out of our performances, and I always knew she was proud of us. She encouraged us to sing and dance and tell jokes. We were so thrilled to be the center of attention and be on “Stage” or should I say on “Roof.”***Like many of my cousins, I looked forward to placing peanuts out on the railing of the deck at the cabin. Nana had us all convinced that the squirrel that ate the peanuts was always the same one and his name was Toby. It wasn’t until I was older that I realized there were many “Tobys.”***One year, I glued a whole bunch of shells in the shape of a fish on a piece of wood. I was very excited to give it to Nana. When we went to Macks the next summer, I felt very special when Nana had hung it up at the cabin. She always treasured letters and homemade gifts. She was always so very appreciative. ***One memory that stands out in my mind was when my parents were in Europe. I was five years old and staying with Aunt Carol. Nana happened to be visiting, and I was missing my Mommy. I had gone to the bathroom to cry, and Nana came in. I remember her sitting down with me and telling me she missed Grandpa and crying with me. She said, “BooHoo...BooHoo..” It made me feel a lot better.***When I was about eight years old, Nana told me that she used to walk along the top of a fence like a “Nanny Goat.” I wanted to be just like her, and so I would walk on top of our fence in the backyard in Lake Forest, CA. Nana loved the ocean. I will never forget being able to fly down to San Diego with Kasey Call, and Stephanie Jensen to visit Nana and Gramps at Capri By the Sea. Nana would feed the seagulls from her patio and collect shells with us.*** Nana was so pretty and put together. I

was always proud to introduce her to my friends (especially boyfriends and so they would see what beautiful women the Brunts are!) Nana never looked like the “typical” grandma. She even turned heads. I remember watching men notice her and teasing her about it. She would laugh. Nana’s laugh . . . I loved making her laugh. She was always easy to make laugh and her laugh made me feel secure and joyful.***Nana supported her grandchildren in all we did. When I left on my mission to Ecuador, I bid everyone farewell at the Salt Lake City airport and boarded the plane. When I spotted my seat on the plane, guess who was sitting in the seat next door? Nana! She had surprised me and was flying with me to LAX airport where we had a layover.***I remember loving Christmas Eves because Nana would always buy all of us cousins matching pajamas to wear. It was like being part of a very special club. I am grateful she not only thought of traditions like that, but always followed through with them. I’ll always remember the cute gift toppers on her Christmas packages. She was so thoughtful and always remembered my birthday!***Even when she didn’t feel well in her last few years, she would call us periodically on the telephone. She was always wanting to know how we were doing and that she was thinking of us. Many times, she and Gramps would get our answering machine and she would leave the cutest messages. Many times, Gramps and she would both be on the line and at the end of the message she would say, “Earl, hang up” or “Earl, this is the machine.” It was priceless.***I appreciate the example of Nana’s dedication to the gospel of Jesus Christ and her family. She would often talk about the Relief Society lessons or church books she was listening to on tape. I admired her strong commitment to her marriage. One of the last times I saw her, I was sitting by her bed in the condo in St. George. She was talking about marriage and how happy she was that I married Grant. She continued to tell me how you have to work at making a marriage strong and that she and Gramps had their ups and down like all of us. She told me how worth it is to build a strong marriage that lasts forever by being committed to work out any problems that may arise. I could sense the strong love she and Gramps have for each other after 65 years together.***Nana had a radiant and warm smile. She smiled often. I was impressed that she managed to smile and had concern for others even when she wasn’t feeling well. Her faith was strong, and she was truly committed to making the best of her life to the very end. She endured with a positive attitude and never let go of her sense of humor. She could always laugh at herself to lighten up any given moment. She was both beautiful inside and outside until the very end and I know that she continues being beautiful.***I am sure she knows of our lives and is proud when we remember the lessons she taught us. I feel inspired to be a better person because of Nana and the example she was to me. I love you, Nana!

Scott James:

I have many great memories of Nana, but the most prolific ones are of her and Grandpa sitting on the back cabin porch at the cabin. They always seemed so at peace sitting there and looking out at the lives they had helped to build and shape. Even as they were getting older and unable to actively participate in the day to day runaround, they were always so good to ask us how our day was and how we spent it. Well versed in life at Mack’s, they were very aware of all the details...river terrain and other locations we thought only we had discovered. Nana had good fishing advice and would guide us on where the best fishing holes were on the river. She was always so approachable and loving towards us grandkids, memories of here will live on for years to come.

Matt James:

“The Bun”: The first thing I think of when remembering Nana is her hair. Whenever I saw Nana she wore her hair up in a bun, this bun was 3”-4” tall and 3” or so wide. I remember being able to easily find Nana while out in public by searching for the “Grandma” with a bun on her head. What I didn’t realize was how long Nana’s hair was. I can remember when Nana had lost a lot of her eyesight when she had cataracts that my Mom and aunts would need to help Nana do her hair. On a trip to visit Nana and Grandpa in their condo in St. George I can remember needing my Mom and walking into Nana and Grandpa’s bedroom and my Mom was helping Nana do her hair, it was the first time I had seen Nana with her hair down and I remember being so surprised at how long her hair was and how different she looked to be without her signature look with her bun.

“The Lassoed Trout and The Bear Pole : Nana and Grandpa had built (2) cabins in Mack’s Inn, Idaho that all of their children and grandchildren were able to come visit them every summer. The cabins being so close to the Snake River was world famous Rainbow Trout fishing. I loved to fish for trout while visiting Grandpa and Nana at the cabin. One of my favorite memories listening to Nana and Grandpa tell the story about how Grandpa on one occasion was fly fishing when he lassoed a rainbow trout by the tail! Apparently as his line was stretched out over the water a fish jumped out of the water and Grandpa pulled his line to set the fly, but instead of the fish eating the fly the fishing line whipped back wrapping itself around the tail of the fish! I can remember Nana laughing at this story along with all of us! This was such a cool story to me as I looked up to both Nana and Grandpa as great fishermen and I wanted to be as great as they were!

“The Family Tree”: Another memory of being at the cabin with Nana that I have is in the Grandparents cabin or “The Back Cabin” there was a tall wooden post covered in a ton of little stuffed bears. These bears were to represent all of Nana’s grandchildren. I can remember staring at this pole of stuffed animals trying to decide which bear Nana chose to represent me!

“Nana’s Pure Love”: Nana passed away when I was still fairly young being one of the younger grandchildren, but what is the most prominent feeling that I have when remembering Nana is Love. Nana always made me feel loved every time I was able to be with her. Nana had eyes that seemed to sparkle when she smiled at you and always gave us hugs and a kiss when she’d see you. I think every grandchild thought they were the most special grandchild! Nana loved her family and made sure we all knew it, I am grateful that she showed her love to us verbally, physically, and through her actions.

FAMILY OF GEORGIA Gigi BRUNT (WHIMPEY) DAVIS

Gigi:

My mother, my mom, my trusted friend. She's with me always; there is no end.

When I think of mother, I envision many happy, childhood memories: walks at Mack to gather bouquets of wildflowers to grace the table at the cabin and those of neighbors. Gathering wild strawberries at Macks and mother making jam; attending church just a block away each Sunday and coming home with anticipation for the traditional buttermilk pancake brunch (just off the griddle with lots of visiting as we waited for the hot ones.***I remember how many friends mother had. One group was her club named “Ameora Impara” which means “Still I am Learning.” About 20 ladies met once a month for book reviews, various lectures, and enjoying one another’s company and cooking.***Our house was always a house of order. It seems we naturally knew we all had responsibilities and we did many chores without complaint. She never raised her voice or had to ask us twice and used to say, “Cleanliness is next to Godliness.”***I remember the picnics of peanut butter/honey sandwiches with carrot sticks, punch and cake over on the banks of the Snake River. If it was windy, mom helped us make homemade kites to fly! I remember cookouts on our back patio on G Street. We had a cinder block fireplace there and often had our Grandpa and Grandma Brunt over. Tables were always set with a tablecloth and pretty centerpiece, even outside!***Mother never made an evening meal but that she shared a plate or two with one of the local widows or poor in our “1st Ward” neighborhood. Often I played ‘delivery girl,’ taking delicious food to those misfortunate “fortunates.” *** I remember women of various ages and positions coming to confide in my mom. She never broke their confidences, but non-judgmentally tried to help them in many ways.***She was an innovator. When all that existed were black telephones, she painted our tabletop phone a bright pink, and painted our front door the same color! No one did that then! She wasn’t afraid to stand up for a cause . . . when the mayor of Idaho Falls was going to tear out the beautiful pine trees, representing veterans on Memorial Drive (which was our front view from our home), she called in protest. He replied he was too busy to talk to her, and she replied she was too busy making homemade jam, but still taking time to care.***During the years when I was between 12-18 years old, Mother was ill from her rheumatic heart problems, and we nearly lost her three separate occasions. I hated watching her in pain. They treated it with huge penicillin shots in her rump, and they became abscesses. I would rub her down with lotion and she would beg me to rub harder, and then cry they hurt so much. She lost a lot of weight and we worried about her so much. I remember one time when we had a family prayer circle surrounding her hospital bed when they thought she was dying. There was an actual physical feeling of strength as Daddy said a powerful priesthood prayer. I think Heavenly Father allowed her an extension of time on earth as a result of that prayer and her perpetual faith.*** Mother was very patriotic and loved honoring the US flag. One of her joys was getting a very tall tree for a flagpole and planting it at the cabins at Macks so it could be seen above the other trees and cabins*** Mother was one of my best cheerleaders throughout my life. She always told me I could do anything. I felt a lot of self-confidence in pursuing many school activities and leadership positions during my growing up years. When I went through a painful divorce after 17 years and four children, she would call and tell me, “You can do this, Gigi. Pick yourself up,

learn from this, and go on to be better!” And I did! ***I’ll never forget the Pinochle games Tom and I played with the folks and Carol and Ron at Macks. She made the game fun by bidding so high, we thought we would surely lose. Her interplay with Dad as partners kept us giggling. When her eyesight began to dim, we bought larger numbered cards! Popcorn kept us going, and it is still one of my favorite snacks. *** The downhill trek . . it seems after about 1990 with Mother’s progressing illness of Shy-Drager (a form of Parkinson’s) and the loss of most of her eyesight and then dealing with the tragic loss of my sister, Carol, from a drunk driver, in 1992, her health deteriorated for the last 7 years of her life. Even though she felt terrible, could not see well, or maybe even did not have the desire to keep going . . . she did! She was still the one asking about, encouraging, worrying over others as if she were there to comfort us! *** One of my special memories was when she was in St. George, wheelchair-bound, mostly blind, and prone to fainting, when she insisted that I take her to a temple session. She made it through it, and I still have a photo of that occasion in my temple bag. I only regret that I wasn’t in the picture with her. I remember another time when she stood in church after insisting on going for the first hour, and fervently bore her testimony, and then collapsed into her chair. We all learned many examples from our mother, and she never dwindled in her faith in the Lord nor her faith in the goodness of those surrounding her. Thank you, Mom, for what you taught me.



Carol Whimpey McAlpin:

As a child, I remember looking forward to receiving my Christmas nightgown each year from Nana and Gramps. Since we lived in Utah, it was always fun to know I would be wearing the same nightgowns as my cousins in California.***As a teenager, I remember being envious that mosquitos could bit Nana at Macks, and she would never get a raised, itchy bump. I remember using Nana as my proof among my friends that you could spend hours out in the sun, and still have beautiful skin when you are older.***I was always proud of Nana and remember bragging to all my friends about her naturally blond, long hair. I remember being so amazed when she took her hair down one time at Aunt Ann’s. It went all the way down to her waist—she looked just like a young teenager! She was always so stylish and beautiful!***As a young adult, I will always treasure my memories of Nana. In May of 19979, Nana asked my mom to give me a

special gift for my wedding. It was a porcelain bride made by Nana's own hands, and wedding advice recorded on tape from both Nana and Gramps. The two gifts are priceless to me and will always remind me of them both. ***Nana was a great example of faith. Love, and dedication to both the Gospel and her family. I was impressed with her positive attitude as she struggled with her health. What she went through was not easy, but Nana endured life's hardships with dignity and taught us all what it means to endure to the end. I miss her greatly and hope to be with her and the rest of my family in the celestial kingdom someday.



David Robert Whimpey:

I have some wonderful memories of Nana. I have always felt of her love and concern for me as one of her grandsons. I have a Book of Mormon that I received from Nana and Gramps when I was eight years old and cherish their message written in the front cover. I still have the book to this day. They wrote, "This is your very own Book of Mormon. Read it often and you will know what your Father in Heaven wants you to do – All our Love and prayers for a long and happy life. Nana + Gramps." I love this!

It was always so fun arriving at the family cabins in Mack's Inn on summer vacations and being greeted by Nana and Gramps. Nana decorated the cabins with items and family photos that remind us about the importance of family and good traditions.

I have great memories of Nana preparing lunch for us to eat out on the back cabin porch. She would place sandwiches and chips on paper plates with plastic fish-shaped plate holders. I remember her placing nuts along the railing or windowsills hoping that Toby the squirrel would stop by for a snack as well. It was always great to be with Nana.

My greatest memories of Nana are found in the great example that she set for the family to follow. This is in dedication to both the gospel, her family, and to her eternal mate, Gramps. Her positive attitude never failed to turn bad times into good times. I know that at times she

was in great pain, but on the outside one would never have known; she would sit there with a warm smile on her face, her hair in a bun, and visit with the family. I have always felt loved and supported by Nana even though we didn't live near each other – she always made me feel welcomed and loved. Nana knitted me a blanket with dark brown and cream-colored yarn – I still have it today and it reminds me of Nanas warmth and love each time I see it. Nana will always have a special place in my heart!



Douglas B. Whimpey:

My Grandma Thelma, affectionately known as “Nana” by all of her grandkids, always preferred to be known as Nana instead of Grandma--she felt like Grandma sounded “old.” But she never acted old, even as she advanced in years. Her youthful smile and warm affection for her family always showed in everything she did. One memorable trait of Nana was that she was a truly classy woman, always sitting up straight, extremely well- groomed with her long flowing hair always up in a neat bun on the top of her head and speaking softly and kindly to all.

Nana created a Christmas tradition of sending pajamas to her grandkids; the one gift we were allowed to open on Christmas Eve so that we could wear our new pajamas to bed before the big Christmas morning. With each year's new set of pajamas so lovingly selected by Nana, I never found the heart to tell her that I HATED wearing pajamas, because she gave them with such kindness and care!

Nana lovingly shared her cabins at Mack's Inn—the location of countless childhood memories—with all of us, and that's where we could always count on sharing quality time with Nana every year for our summer vacations. She always made us feel welcome...until it came to entering

her kitchen! “Out of the kitchen!” she would remind me, but she was always thrilled to cook the fish we had just caught from the river when we brought them back to her.

I’ll never forget the day Nana passed. I was at Navy Officer Candidate School, which is similar to boot camp. My wife and I were expecting our first child that week, and the way I would get notification of the arrival of my daughter was via Red Cross message, typically delivered verbally from one of the Drill Instructors. It was a particularly tough training day when I was called aside with a much- anticipated Red Cross message! But instead of getting the joyful news of being a new father, I was told that my Nana had passed. Excitement immediately turned to grief! I had lost “my” Nana, and I struggled processing the news. Then about six hours later, I got pulled aside again, but this time with the happy news of the birth of my beautiful daughter Victoria. I still want to believe that their spirits somehow crossed and connected as one soul arrived and one departed this world. I’ll always miss Nana, but I am extremely grateful for the example of pure love she shared during our time together. And for how she shaped my own Mother into the incredible Mom that she is! Thank you, Nana!



Michael J. Whimpey:

My earliest memory of Nana was of a visit that she and Grandpa Brunt made to us here in Utah one year when I was probably around the age of six. Nana and Gramps were on their way from their winter home in Hemet, California to their summer cabin at Mack's Inn, Idaho. Since they were traveling in an RV, they decided to stay overnight at a campground on the Provo River near Utah Lake only 10 minutes from our home. I was fortunate to be invited to stay the night in the RV with them at the campground (the only one of my siblings that was lucky enough to have the opportunity to stay overnight with them as I recall). I was excited to do this and looked forward to an overnight adventure with my grandparents in the RV! My mom drove me down to the campground and, after a short visit with Nana & Gramps, she told us all good night and returned home. As it was now past dark and close to bedtime, Nana led me to the bathroom presumably so that I could brush my teeth and ready myself for bed. Instead, I was surprised to see that she had made me a little bed inside the tub of the RV! I was not at all pleased with this

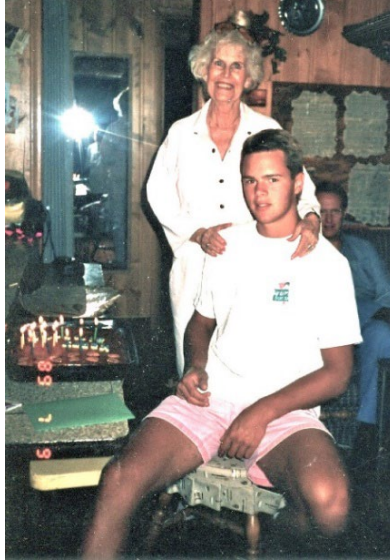
arrangement since I was certain the faucet would come on during the middle of the night and I would drown! I did not however question the setup and instead settled into my little bed. After a very terrified, restless night, I was very excited for the sun to rise and to get out of that little bed!

Another memory that I have of Nana occurred when I was in approximately the fourth grade. For several summers after my parents divorced and before my mom remarried, we took an annual summer trip to sunny southern California to spend time at the beach, Disneyland, and swim in Uncle Les and Aunt Ann's pool (and who can forget freshly squeezed lemonade and putting lemons in our hair to make it blonde so that we'd look like So. Cal surfer guys when we returned to Utah!). On one of these trips, Nana and Gramps happened to be in Southern California as well and so we were able to see them at Aunt Ann's house. One day, mom and Aunt Ann decided to help Nana wash her hair and restyle it. Now up until this time, I had only ever seen Nana with her characteristic bun on top of her head. So, I was very surprised when she walked out with her long straight hair hanging to the middle of her back! She looked so different from what I was accustomed to seeing my whole life that in my initial shock and surprise I blurted out that she looked like a witch! Luckily, Nana took my comment in good stride and wasn't offended. I was happy, however, to see her a little later with her hair back up in that unforgettable bun!

Several years later while I was in junior high school, our family was able to spend the Fourth of July at our cabin in Island Park. Being in junior high school and at a semi pyromaniac stage in my life similar to most teenage boys, I was let down that we would be in the forest and would probably not be able to light off fireworks. When Nana learned of my concern, she immediately went into the backroom of her cabin and emerged a few minutes later with a large bundle of bottle rockets! She told us that we could safely shoot bottle rockets into the river. A short time later, we were all down on the dock shooting fireworks into the river with Nana taking the lead!

Nana was always supportive of her grandchildren. From coming to bid me farewell at the airport when I departed to serve a church mission to traveling to Utah for my wedding, Nana and Gramps loved and supported their grandchildren! Nana also made visitors feel welcome and at home. While still dating, Annette and I had the opportunity to spend a few days at Mack's while Nana and Gramps were there. As the area around the fire pit and patio had not been swept and cleaned for some time, we spent a few minutes cleaning up one day while Nana & Gramps sat on the deck visiting with Francis. Nana was so impressed by this small act of service that she immediately praised Annette and welcomed her into our family as if she were her own!

Nana was such a caring, sweet person and I am truly grateful to have had the blessing to have had her as my grandmother!



Kathrina Davis MacDonald: *(representing the Davis children)*

Besides always feeling loved by Nana. The one memory that stands out to me was it was of her and gramps sitting on your couch, and I asked her what was the secret to a long and happy marriage like hers and gramps. She was so sweet and smiled and said, "It's not easy, It's a lot of hard work.. You have to work at it constantly. Sometimes you give more and sometimes the other person does but to keep it moving forward and being happy you have to continue to work at doing things together and helping each other, etc."

She was as beautiful and amazing on the inside as she was on the outside. My life is forever blessed to have known her and to have felt of her love and amazingly sweet spirit.



FAMILY OF GEORGE BOYACK BRUNT

George:

Thelma Boyack Brunt is my mother. She risked her own life to give me life. It took her 30 something years to recover her health in full after my birth. How can I adequately begin to express my love and appreciation for her. More, much more than that, she taught me the gospel of Jesus Christ, which has guided my life in every turn and is the reason for the happiness and joy in my life. She loved the scriptures and I do not think that there is an Old Testament story that she did not tell me in the first 8 years of my life. (She spent roughly half of that time in the Idaho Falls Hospital across the street from our home) She had high expectations for me. I remember her telling me that she had to be flat in her bed for the last several months of the time she was pregnant with me. She fervently prayed to God that He would let me live and if I was a boy, she would dedicate me to His service. Because of her promise to God, she always encouraged me to serve faithfully in every calling I had and to be prepared for any church service that might come to me. Her testimony was powerful and absolute, and I did not doubt, nor do I doubt to this day, that she knew the fullness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ was restored through the prophet Joseph Smith. She had an equally strong witness of the living prophets and apostles. How grateful I am for her witness and testimony. Though I have not kept all of the commandments all of the time, she taught me the importance of repentance, the importance of covenants, the importance of baptism and of correcting my course away from the world and toward the Savior. She loved the Savior with all of her heart. She loved her husband and her kids and grandkids with all of her heart.



She is a beautiful woman. My friends all thought she was the most beautiful woman they had seen. Though her blonde hair was below her waist, she almost always wore it in a bun on the top of her head. I remember being so surprised when she would ask me to brush her hair when I was very young at how long it really was. She was always youthful and in my teenage years would go exploring with me and often my sister Gigi in our Volkswagen bug. She loved Island Park and went there with us, often when her doctor advised her not to go to that high of an elevation. Those trips sometimes found her fainting. I remember one time we found her collapsed out by the clothesline behind the cabin and the ambulance had to come and take her

to the Idaho Falls hospital. My most fervent prayers as a boy were on her behalf and they were always answered, as she lived to be 86 and had relatively good health in her later years, compared to her 40s and 50s.

I will eternally love my Mother. Her qualities I recognize in my wife, who has a similar love for the Savior, for the prophets and apostles, for Joseph Smith and for her family. I see them in my children. I see that part of her in them. There are probably a lot of fun stories I could tell, but it is those qualities that I most treasure and that have made all the difference in my life.

From George's Journal May 18th, 1997

Today I spent the whole day with my mother. She has been very ill as a result of Shy Dragger Syndrome, a close relative of Parkinson's disease. She only weighs 89 pounds or less. She is suffering extreme pain from the stiffening of her back. Her eyesight has completely failed. Her little body cannot move, except the turning of her head. She and Father are in matching beds that are motorized. They are so precious together. He comes over to her bed often and gives her a tender kiss and they tell each other "I Love You".

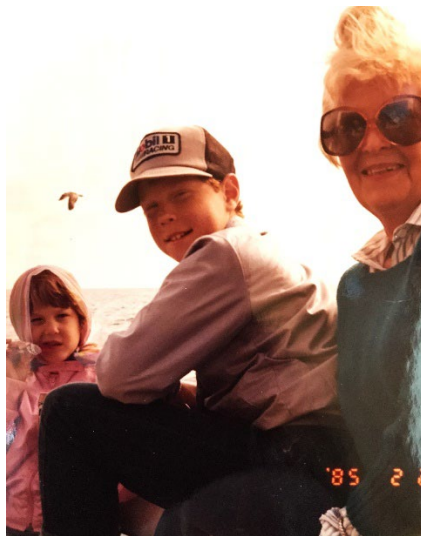
She can hardly speak. With great effort, she can whisper. Today I asked her if she would like to say a prayer with me. She whispered softly back, "I must pray constantly". Such a wonderful lesson taught at such a high price of energy. Later she told me, "I love you". (These were to be the last words I heard from her).

I gave her a blessing. I, speaking through the Priesthood, blessed her that Heavenly Father loved her and was pleased with her sojourn upon the earth. I promised her that through her temple marriage to Dad, the Savior of men will seek after her children and their children and gather them to His gospel and bring them safely home. I told her plainly, under the inspiration of the spirit, that her time in mortality was not yet, but close at hand. I blessed her with a knowledge of the love of her family."

George Harmon Brunt:

Nana was fun and kind and always made you feel special and important. My early memories are of visiting Nana and Gramps' mobile home in Hemet and playing on the organ they had there. I don't think either of them even played, but it was fun that they had it and let us make noise with it. She also taught me to play cards (go fish) there. Later we would visit them in Laguna, and I remember exploring tide pools with Nana. I also have great memories of New Year's eve/birthday parties at Aunt Anne's house. Regardless of where Nana and Gramps lived, they always showed up for special times in my life – birthdays and ordinances and graduations. She always expressed love and interest in what was happening, and she really cared that we do well in life - she wanted us to get good grades, avoid caffeinated beverages until we turned 12, prepare for serving missions, and finding good spouses. There was never any pressure, but her loving encouragement was inspiring and motivating. Up at Mack's she would organize games,

campfires, float trips, excursions to Yellowstone, and would make sure we were having fun. She had a zest for life that was contagious. One summer when I was in 2nd or 3rd grade, Nana and Gramps picked me up from our condo in Orange, and we drove all the way up to Mack's in their motor home. It was my first trip away from my mom and dad and little sisters, and it was so much fun spending that time with Nana. Another summer they took me to the rodeo in Cody and I remember being in awe of stories about Nana as a little girl doing tricks and riding bareback horses. Nana was classy and one-of-a-kind. I'm very grateful to have had such a loving grandmother who set an amazing example and put in so much effort to influence all of her family for good.



Much love, George H.

Erin Brunt Madsen:

I just love Nana so much! I have so many memories from my childhood and youth that involve Nana and Gramps. I loved when they came to visit us, and specifically remember the time they got into an accident in their motor home on their way to our house for my baptism. Thankfully, they were ok, but Dad had to go pick them up and help them deal with the damage to the motor home. I was so happy they were ok and that they were there for my baptism. I really loved whenever I got to ride in the motor home with them. I loved visiting them, and remember going to Hemet, Laguna Hills, and St. George to be with them. I also loved Nana's tradition of getting us grandkids Christmas pajamas every year. I looked forward to that every year (I still do—as my mom has carried on Nana's tradition). When I was maybe 7 or 8, Nana and Gramps took George and I on a whale watching boat. I remember feeling so grown up, and lucky that I got to go with them.

I can't think of memories of Nana without mentioning memories of her at the cabin. Mack's Inn was one of her very places, and mine too! She always gave us a dollar to pick something out at the Dollar Store in West. She always welcomed us and made sure we had a good time. I have so many memories of walking to the back cabin to visit with Nana—I can still picture her in her little

kitchen busily making some yummy food, or sitting on the porch visiting with family. I loved listening to her talk—hearing her stories and advice. I can remember hearing her bear her testimony of the Savior and His Gospel many times—specifically at the church there at Mack’s. They used to have a microphone they’d pass around for those who had a hard time walking up to the pulpit, and Nana would stand where she was and get the microphone and share her testimony. I loved singing for Nana, and was beyond touched when she asked me if I would sing “How Great Thou Art” at her funeral... it was just after they’d had a visit from their home teachers from St. George—they’d come up to Yellowstone and visited Nana and Gramps on their trip. We were all sitting in the back room of the cabin and their home teacher was playing a guitar. We sat around singing several songs and eventually sang, “How Great Thou Art.” After we were done, when I went I give her a kiss and say goodnight, she asked me to sing it one day at her funeral. I remember feeling so emotional, but telling her that I would. And less than 2 years later, I did... Nana was such a beautiful, regal woman. I’ve always looked up to her. I love being her granddaughter, and miss her so, so much. I’m so grateful to know, as I know she knew, that families can be together forever and that I’ll get to see again someday!



Ashley Brunt Henrie:

I remember always thinking Nana was beautiful. Her clothes were beautiful, her hair was beautiful, and all of her things were beautiful. I always loved looking at her things in her house. Everything always looked so clean and fancy and proper to me. My early memories of Nana are largely at the cabin. I remember her making us buttermilk pancakes and aebleskivers and preparing rainbow trout. I remember watching when Nana would take down her long hair and one of the aunts would brush it out and then put it back in her Nana bun. I remember sitting on the porch with her. I loved hearing stories of when she was young and could ride bareback on her horse and stand on it.

I looked forward to when Nana and Gramps would come stay with us for Christmas and we’d be with Nana for her birthday on New Year’s Eve. That always felt special. I always enjoyed visiting them in St. George. I enjoyed our chats and loved sitting by Nana and holding her hand. She always made me feel special. But most of all I remember how much Gramps loved her:)



John Brunt:

Nana passed when I was only 12 years old. I have fond memories of spending time with Nana on our annual trips up to the cabin. We would often stop at Nana and Gramps' St. George home as we were driving up to Macks for the summer. I remember she had quite poor eyesight so she would have us stand real close so she could say hello and chat with us. I knew then as I know now that she loved me and all her family dearly. I remember wanting to ride their tandem bike and looking at all of Nana's various "treasures" around their home. I remember a porcelain boy sitting on a pot and my Dad's baby shoes that had been dipped in bronze. I also remember her painting of Adam and Eve hanging in their bedroom. Up in Idaho, we would enjoy visiting her in the back cabin. She and Gramps would often sit on the patio while the grandchildren played nearby. One of Nana's most notable features was of course her iconic "Nana Bun." I still remember seeing her hair down for the first time and being in awe of how much long white hair she had. Nana was kind, caring, and fun. I am most grateful for how she raised my Dad, who because of his mother, is the faithful, patient, and kind man that I would like to emulate. Nana's unwavering testimony of the Savior and restored Gospel inspired and continue to inspire future generations. I wish I could talk to her now that I am grown and have kids of my own. I would love to hear her advice or feel of her deep love for me. I know because of Jesus Christ, that I will see her again. Until then, I will miss her and do my best to honor her memory.

Ryan Brunt:

Being the youngest grandchild, I had the least amount of time with Nana. But it also meant that I was the favorite. Not really, but Nana made me feel that way. Most of my memories of her are at family gatherings up at the cabin or in St. George. Nana had a dried apple doll in the back cabin that terrified me. I didn't say anything about it for a while because I knew that she liked it, but I eventually caved and told her how scary it was. The next day she had tucked it away somewhere without saying anything about it. It is a sweet reminder how she loved me despite my irrational fears. Another time, they came to visit us in California, and I remember wanting to show Nana my piano skills. I had none at age 5, and still have none, but I remember how she sat down by me and listened to me bang away on the keys, and tell me how much she loved it. I realize now how much patience she was showing, but also how very skilled she was at making people feel special. I have always enjoyed Nana's recipe for a happy family in the Cooking with the Cousins book. I love that she so thoughtfully crafted our family so we can continue to feel her love now and always.



To Nana and Gramps Family Readers:

Have you enjoyed reading all the fun memories about Nana? In 1992 she wrote the note below about starting a family newsletter. (Stacey was the spearhead). Unfortunately, the desire was greater than the effort, and her idea never got off the ground more than a month or so. She would have loved to have lived today with all the family news we get every day via social media and email. Please make an effort to keep in touch with one another in the various families herein, and grow the love she so desired to witness. Likely, she is still watching and waiting . . .

“We want to thank you for your willing and quick response to get a newsletter going. You’ll all live to see the day of importance of the combined families—of sisters and brothers and siblings. It can go on forever if we have the wish plus the desire to do so.

Now we know we will get news of you all every three months. Hearing about children, grandchildren and greats. What a more wonderful blessing of joy can one ask for? We love you all so much, each with their own thoughts and feelings, which is great! All unique ingredients making the staff of life. Our stories will be a tale of the Brunts and Boyacks— which when crossed with each other's family makes a perfect mix.

Gramps and I have had 60 years of bliss, anger, ecstasy and down in the dumps. But it is how you handle these problems that makes for true happiness. My way of getting us out of any unhappiness is first to pray, then think of others, write someone or turn on the radio and dance. Do the nicest things you can to enjoy together. We fell head over heels in love and we still are.



GRANDCHILDREN OF G. EARL BRUNT AND THELMA BOYACK BRUNT					
	First	Maiden	Married	Bd Year	Bd Date
1	Brad	Taylor		1953	3-Sep
2	Teri	Taylor	Kennedy	1956	28-Nov
3	Lesli	Call	Walker	1957	29-Aug
4	Doug	Taylor		1958	1-Jul
5	Laura	Call	Peters	1959	26-Jul
6	Jennifer	Taylor	Sargent	1960	31-Jan
7	Kim	Taylor	Bosco	1962	11-Jan
8	Sherry	Davis *	Carruth	1963	20-Aug
9	Stacey	James	Hardester	1965	2-Jan
10	Karen	Call	Anderson	1965	17-Aug
11	Adam	Davis *		1967	6-Dec
12	Carol	Whimpey	McAlpin	1969	19-Jan
13	David	Whimpey		1970	12-Dec
14	Kathrina	Davis *	MacDonald	1970	17-Dec
15	Heather	Davis *	Godfrey	1971	17-Dec
16	Doug	Whimpey		1972	7-Jan
17	Michael	Whimpey		1973	28-Jun
18	George H.	Brunt		1974	29-Mar
19	Thomas	Davis *		1974	11-Oct
20	Andrew	Davis *		1975	11-Oct
21	Scott	James		1976	11-Mar
22	Erin	Brunt	Madsen	1978	21-Jan
23	Ashley	Brunt	Henrie	1980	26-Mar
24	Matt	James		1980	10-Jun
25	John	Brunt		1984	20-Dec
26	Ryan	Brunt		1987	29-Apr

Key: * Step grands

GREAT GRANDCHILDREN OF GEORGE. EARL BRUNT AND THELMA BOYACK BRUNT						
	First	Maiden	Married		Bd Year	Bd Date
1	Jeannette	Kennedy*	Gordon	F	1971	4-Oct
2	Joyce	Walker*	Canning	F	1978	22-Dec
3	William	Waite		M	1979	22-Sep
4	Kristina	Walker*	Brown	F	1980	7-Feb
5	Laurie	Peters	Burk	F	1980	4-Aug
6	Katie	Walker		F	1980	8-Sep
7	Joey	Kennedy*		M	1981	26-Aug
8	William	Walker*		M	1981	13-Oct
9	Marcus	Waite		M	1982	17-Apr
10	Kortney	Strong*	Parkinson	F	1986	20-Apr
13	Brock	Sargent		M	1986	28-Apr
14	Whitney	Waite	Brader	F	1986	24-Jul
15	Amanda	Peters	Warr	F	1986	16-Sep
16	Brandyn	Sargent		F	1988	30-Jun
17	Ali	Strong*		F	1989	9-Apr
18	Gia	Bosco		F	1989	28-Nov
19	Kevin	Whimpey		M	1990	1-Jul
20	Kyle	Whimpey		M	1990	1-Jul
21	Zach	Deans*		M	1990	6-Oct
22	Page	Taylor		F	1990	30-Dec
23	Carolyn	Bosco		F	1992	24-Jan
24	Ashlie	Whitkamper*	Friday	F	1993	9-Apr
25	Joi	MacDonald*		F	1993	11-Apr
26	Rachel	Peters	Earley	F	1993	30-Apr
27	Kristin	Hardester		F	1993	11-May
28	Bailey	Sargent	Haslam	F	1993	19-May
29	David	Anderson		M	1994	15-Jul
30	Emily	Hardester	Dennis	F	1995	13-Oct
31	Isaiah	MacDonald*		M	1995	22-Nov
32	Christian	Peters		M	1996	15-Jun
33	Brady	Sargent		M	1996	10-Oct
34	Steven	Bosco		M	1996	13-Oct
35	Keefe	Courtney*		M	1996	25-Oct
36	Riley	Whimpey		M	1996	9-Nov
37	Enoch	Davis*		M	1997	19-Mar
38	Victoria	Whimpey		F	1997	20-May
39	Madelyn	Davis*	Jeong	F	1997	28-Oct
40	London	Taylor		M	1997	12-Dec
41	Alma	MacDonald*		M	1998	5-Sep
42	Donny	Bosco		M	1998	11-Sep

43	Faith	Davis*	Sorenson	F	1999	16-Feb
44	McKaiden	Carruth*		F	1999	12-Mar
45	Zachary	Hardester		M	1999	4-Aug
46	Curtis	Whimpey		M	1999	1-Sep
47	Christopher	Whimpey		M	1999	8-Dec
48	Marina	Davis*	Bryce	F	1999	30-Dec
49	Cassidy	McAlpin	Kohlert	F	2000	27-Feb
50	Tyler	Whimpey		M	2000	7-Mar
51	Joseph	MacDonald*		M	2000	11-Apr
52	Julia	Bosco		F	2000	7-Oct
53	Suzanne	Taylor		F	2001	17-Feb
54	George Dexter	Brunt		M	2001	7-Aug
55	Sarah	Whimpey		F	2002	15-May
56	Ashlyn	Whimpey		F	2002	16-Jul
57	Lilli	Brunt		F	2003	2-Apr
58	Isabel	Davis*		F	2003	11-Aug
59	Jocelyn	Davis*	Golding	F	2003	11-Aug
60	McKay	Hardester		M	2003	5-Dec
61	Weston	Henrie		M	2004	5-Jan
62	Kate	McAlpin		F	2004	7-Jun
63	Mercer	Brunt		M	2004	28-Aug
64	Brayden	James		M	2005	23-Jun
65	Brielle	Whimpey		F	2005	3-Nov
66	Brooklyn	McAlpin		F	2006	28-Apr
67	Rori	Brunt			2006	15-Jun
68	Luke	Henrie		M	2006	3-Aug
69	Olea	MacDonald*		F	2006	7-Nov
70	Ava	James		F	2007	21-Sep
71	Cade	Whimpey		M	2008	2-Apr
72	Micayla	James		F	2008	28-Nov
73	Chase	Whimpey		M	2009	12-Nov
74	Ammon	Davis*		M	2010	9-Feb
75	Kingston	James		M	2010	5-May
76	Colter	Henrie		M	2010	29-Dec
77	Avalon	Madsen		F	2012	31-Aug
78	Hazel	Brunt		F	2013	1-Mar
79	Sean	Whimpey		M	2013	13-Mar
80	Miles	Henrie		M	2013	24-Jul
81	Macie	James		F	2013	5-Nov
82	Claire	Brunt		F	2013	13-Nov
83	Eliana	Madsen		F	2015	5-Jan
84	Cora	Brunt		F	2015	6-Mar
85	Paityn	James		F	2015	17-May

86	Rose	Brunt		F	2016	12-Jul
87	Josie	Henrie		F	2016	16-Sep
88	Deacon	James		M	2016	19-Sep
89	James	Brunt		M	2019	24-Jan
90	Zoe	Brunt		F	2019	4-Dec
91	Jake	Henrie		M	2021	21-Jan
92	George	Brunt		M	2021	21-Oct
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A FEW MEMORIES FROM FRIENDS AND EXTENDED FAMILY

Leona and Mel Benson (Earl and Thelma's friends)

Thelma and I had such fun sharing experiences with George and Ledge (having them later in life). Thelma and Earl played the role of Godparents to Ledge.

Melba Brunt Lewis (Earl's first cousin)

Once you asked me to babysit Annette. You were living upstairs in the old house on Canal. How I admired your apartment! Thelma kept it clean, and everything was arranged so attractively. I could hardly wait to have a home like it.***Thanks for putting in the tennis court between our two houses. Hope you know I was on the girls tennis team at IFHS and won a letter in tennis due to the practice I got on that flower-lined court.***I remember, Thelma, you taking the lead in a MIA light opera at the ward. I thought you were terrific . . still remember the rose arbor you stood under to sing your last solo.*** I remember a ward skating party up at Riverside Gardens watching you skate arm in arm laughing and lovingly looking into each other's eyes. You were a wonderful example to me of what love and marriage should be.

Dorthella (Dot) Boyack (Thelma's sister)

Thelma, remember when we were little and our playhouse in the lilac tree when you would play mother and I was your daughter? I remember the way you would walk the picket fence and ride the horse standing up in the saddle just like you were in the circus . . you sure upset Uncle Ralph Morgan every time you'd do that stunt! When you starting working at the root beer stand, I was so proud of you. When you'd come home late and your feet would be cold, you'd ask me to get them warm.*** Remember when Beth and the kids lived in Salem, and you'd drive us up there in the old model T? You'd sit behind the wheel with so much confidence that I always knew I was safe.***When you went in Aunt Lillie's rose garden to pick some roses and Uncle Eph chased you off with his gun...***I remember when you went to college and met Earl, your love of your life. I remember when Annette was a baby and I stayed with you that year and went to school. I remember the time I went to school but didn't really as I was late and afraid to go in, so I came back home. I was home about ½ an hour when the "truant officer" came. She sure seemed scary at the time. Earl answered the door and told her I had a sore throat, and you were going to keep me home that day. When you did that for me, I really felt close to you and started to love you even more, Earl. I loved those big dill pickles you would bring Thelma and I from the meat store, and the way you always included me made me so happy.***I loved going to the cabin with you. It holds so many memories for us all. Thanks for being a special sister and brother.

Dan and Verna Hoopes (Earl and Thelma's friends)

Our friendship goes back so many years. You on G Street and we were on F Street when we first met. Our "Georges" were born close in time. Later when you were so sick we were all so worried and concerned. We all helped with Carol's wedding while you were lying in the hospital. After we moved to 8th Street, we went through the tragedy of losing our George. That time was easier because you were there when I needed you most. Then we ended up living across from each other at Riviera Circle. There we shared both joys and heartaches. What fun we had at your cabin, the trips we took, and long visits. We talked about events in our lives that we only shared with each other.



Allie B. Oberhansly (High School friend of Thelma)

Thelma was always so happy and fun. We had a threesome with Thelma, Darlene, and Allie). I remember we always had a special time on New Year's Eve, her birthday. Went to the dance with our dates, then to her home for a birthday supper. Her mother always made us welcome.***Thelma and I always had a great time at noon with her doing the Charleston and Lindy Hop up and the hall at school. Needless to say, we had an audience.***I remember when Thelma met Earl. We were at the BYU assembly. Some handsome young men went past us down the hall and Earl was one of them. Thelma pointed Earl out and said, "I'm going to marry him!"

Shorty (High School Friend of Thelma)

The days I treasure most was going to Thelma's home after the dance on New Year's Eve and having a big bowl of her mother's tasty chili and a large size slice of her delicious white cake covered with chocolate frosting with a steaming hot cup of cocoa. It was Thelma's birthday, and such a fun tradition!

Clarice Warnick (Earl's sister)

I remember when you first going together at the Y when Earl told me that he was going with a really sharp girl that he wanted me to meet. So, at the assembly, he took me back and there you were in a bright red outfit, and you looked so stunning, and you were so cute and thin and full of pep. I thought, "What a gal. I wonder if Earl will be able to win her?" This was because Earl had just got home from his mission and wasn't fully readjusted to social life. It took only a year and then the wedding and nine months later, Annette was born, the first granddaughter. Mother and Dad enjoyed her so much since they lived right next door.

Jeanne Boyack (Thelma's sister):

I was only 5 when Earl and Thelma got married. The summer after I graduated from high school I stayed with Earl and Thelma and worked at Woolworths. Thel and I would go bicycling in the evenings to lose weight and end up at a little café by the river and have a big piece of cherry pie a la mode. Then I spent a year with our older sister, Beth, in California and came to Idaho again. Thel and I went to a PTA meeting (we have laughed many times since about our experience). We bought each of us a pair of boots, hers gray and mine light brown made of a woolly, furry material. We made the long trek to the meeting through the snow, and they got so heavy! Then afterwards, we have to make the long trek back to the Auto Parts to meet Earl for dinner. When we got in the truck, we took those heavy boots off and went to a drive-in. I worked in Sun Valley and Earl and Thelma came to visit and had me to their home often. Once when either Gigi or George was a baby, Thel and I walked to town pushing the carriage, but we went in slacks all the way to Woolworths to get a bag of cashews. I think everyone was out that day all dressed up and here we were dressed like a couple of tramps. (*Note: Ladies didn't wear pants then*). Later when I married Ed (Snider) and lived in Idaho Falls, for about a year, Thelma and I would take turns treating each other to lunch every Wednesday. I think we ate every place there was to eat from Pocatello to Rexburg. After I married Jake, she and Earl were so good to his kids. And of course, they provided so many wonderful times at the Macks cabin!

Blanche Nixon (Thelma's sister):

Thelma and I slept in a bedroom off the kitchen that was so cold ice formed on the walls. We called it "Iceland." Thelma and I were Daddy's extra boys. We were the ones who worked in the fields blocking the beets. She could stand up with the hoe and cut out the width of the hoe between the beets, and then I crawled and pulled out the extra and left just one beet. While we worked, she would tell me about shows she had seen, and I kept up so as not to miss anything she said. Sometimes the weather was so cold and wet and snowy, we had a bonfire at the end of the row, 80 rods long, to dry out and get warm. Once, Thema got too close and burned her overall leg. A wonderful thing happened because Thelma married Earl. I came to Idaho Falls and stayed with them and met my sweetheart. (*Clyde Nixon – Clyde was a brother to Earl's sister, Opal's husband, Noall Nixon*)

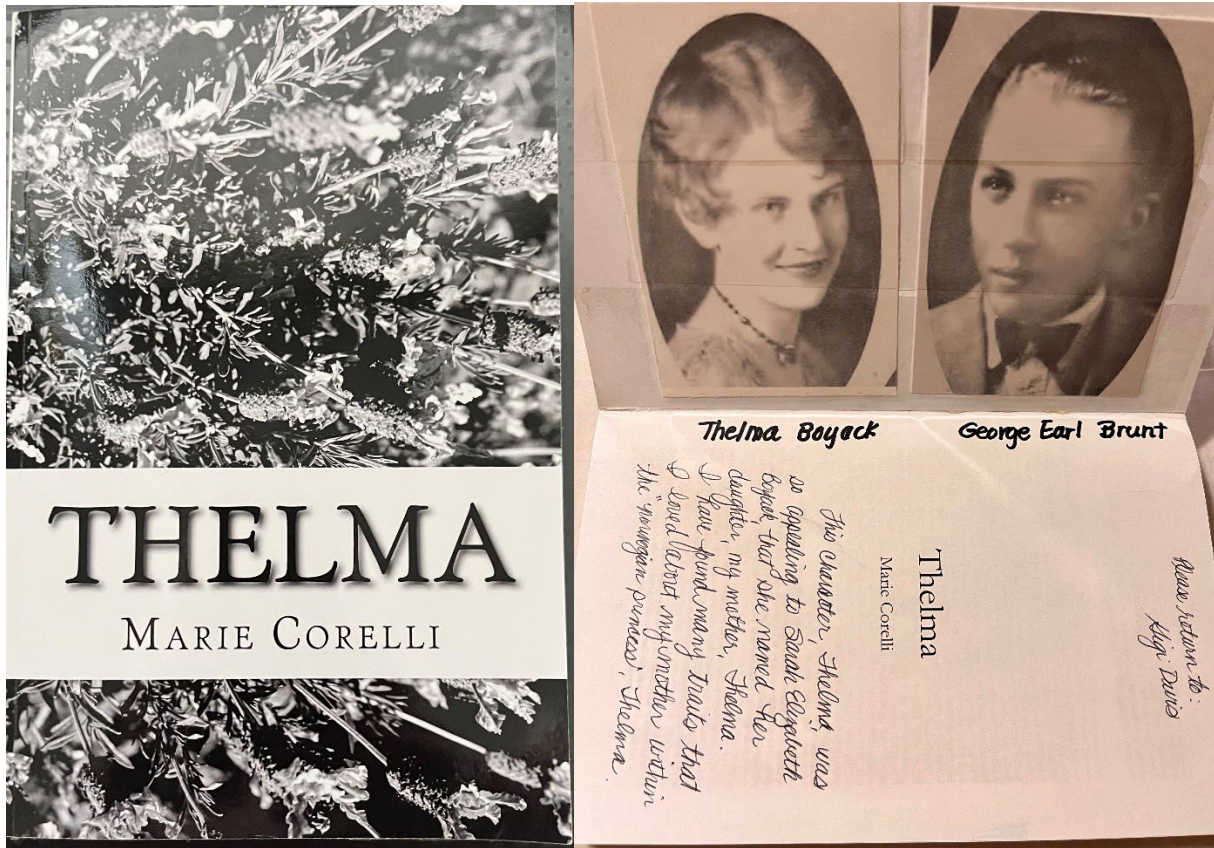
Bettie Coles (Earl's cousin):

During my senior year in high school, Thelma was the young ladies president in the MIA. It seemed we always left the chapel the same time. Thelma had such a cute laugh. I would spend all week looking up jokes to tell her. She would be laughing all the way home. Earl was always the great organizer of the neighborhood cousins. I was always impressed with the parties the cousins held at each other's homes.

LASTING IMPRESSIONS

Bits and Pieces

How Thelma got her name . . .



When Sarah Elizabeth Morgan Boyack was expecting her fourth child, she was reading a novel (as pictured above). Thelma is a romantic novel by British write, Marie Corelli, first published in 1887. It portrays the relationship between Thelma, a Norwegian princess, and the Englishman Sir Philip Errington. The character portrayed many qualities that Sarah admired and wanted in her daughter. Some of those are: “pureness of her profile,” “radiant health and beauty,” “golden-haired nymph of the Fjord,” “as fair as the sun and the sea,” “she’s a Sun-angel,” her smile had the effect of sudden sunshine,” “her voice was a pure as the ring of fine crystal—deep, liquid, and tender, with restrained passion in it,” “a grateful, even noble air,” “words were tender, penetrating tones, a musical voice,” “a smile in which a thousand radiating sunbeams seemed to quiver and sparkle,” “eyes had a way of looking

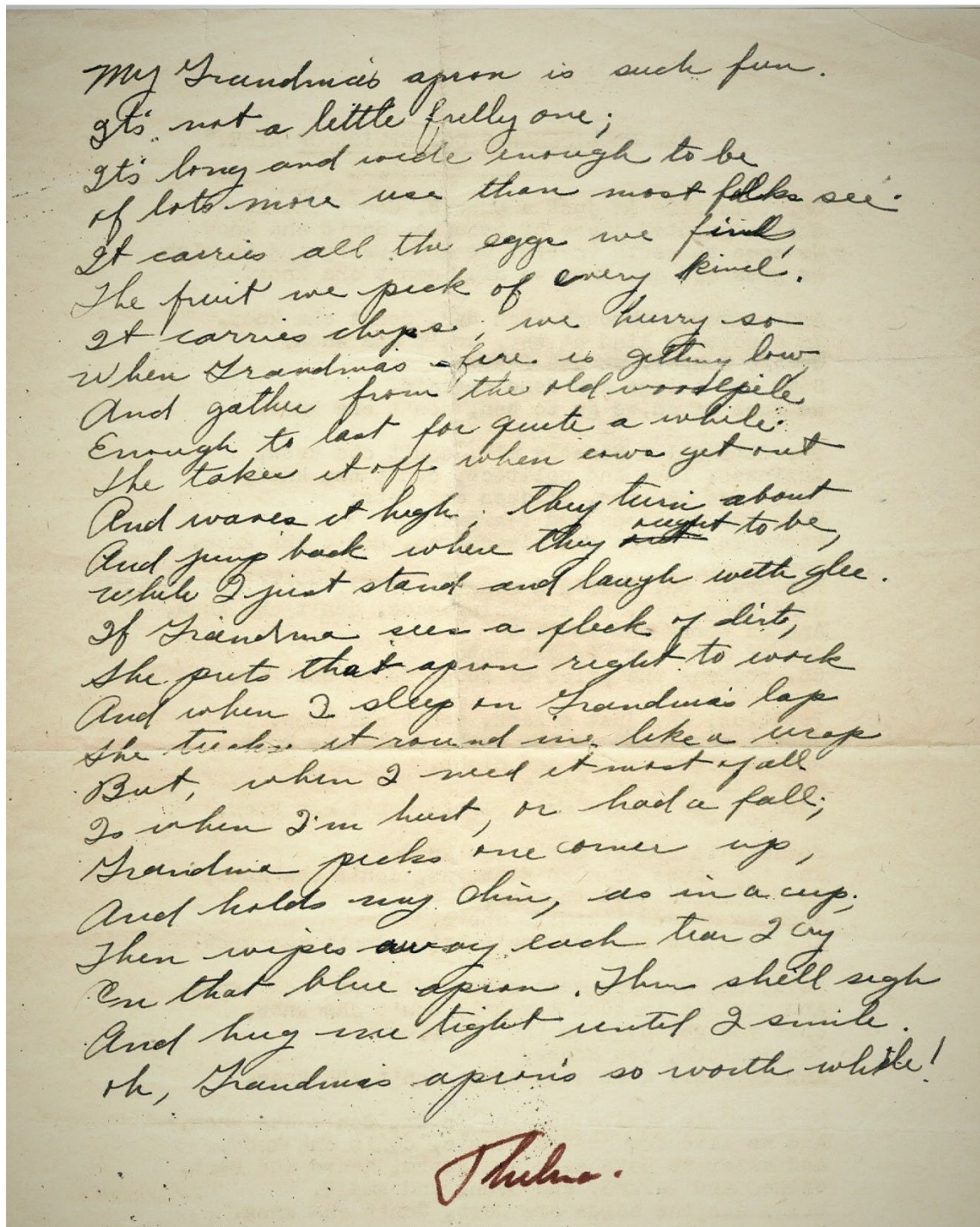
pensive even when she smiled," deep blue eyes had an intense dreamy light within them," "the most beautiful woman I ever saw," "beautiful—extraordinarily so," "her fair, pure face, the mirror of a fair, pure soul," "Thelma, the beautiful rose of the northern forest," "sound and sweet from head to heel—a clean mind in a wholesome body," "of a most superior intelligence—she had read more and thought more—and the dignified elegance of her manner, and bearing," "You must never say what is not true," she said, "It is wrong to deceive any one—even in a small matter," "listening with courteous patience to a long story," "Her voice is music itself. There is nothing she say, does, or looks,—that is not absolutely beautiful," "reverence a woman's beauty," "Thelma says nothing that she does not mean," "her smile had been brighter than the sunshine," "the house assumed an air of lighter and more tasteful elegance—flowers, always arranged by Thelma herself," "Nothing can ever make you vain (speaking to Thelma) . . . you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, but you are more than beautiful—you are good and pure and true," "a creature with the bodily loveliness of a goddess and the innocent soul of a child," "eyes looking into the sky . . . That is heaven looking into heaven," "pure, trusting, and utterly unsuspecting love," "she allowed the arrow to pierce and possibly wound her heart without showing any outward sign of discomposure," "It is wrong to begin a thing of importance, and not go through with it," "I do not think wealth is needful to make one happy But love—Ah! I could not live without it."

No wonder Elizabeth Sarah Boyack named our mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, "Thelma," as she wanted her to have many of the above qualities, and she did, indeed. As far as I know, no one has passed on this beautiful name to one of their children, but it is never too late!

LASTING IMPRESSIONS

Bits and Pieces

Thelma liked to write poetry. Here is one of her creations during her college years.





PHONE 410 RECEIPT 369 PARK AVE.

CINDERELLA SHOP
"THE STORE OF MAGIC VALUES"
IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO

No. 294 DATE 6-17 1946

RECEIVED FROM: Thelma Brunt

ADDRESS: _____

Two and 20/100 DOLLARS

THANK YOU

LAYAWAY		CHARGE	
AMT. OF LAYAWAY	AMT. OF CHARGE	AMOUNT PAID	AMOUNT PAID
12.43		2.00	
		10.93	
BALANCE DUE			

CUSTOMER'S COPY CINDERELLA SHOP BY MB

MADE BY THE POST-REGISTER CO., IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO

PHONE 410 RECEIPT 369 PARK AVE.

CINDERELLA SHOP
"THE STORE OF MAGIC VALUES"
IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO

No. 1417 DATE 9-25 1946

RECEIVED FROM: Thelma Brunt

ADDRESS: _____

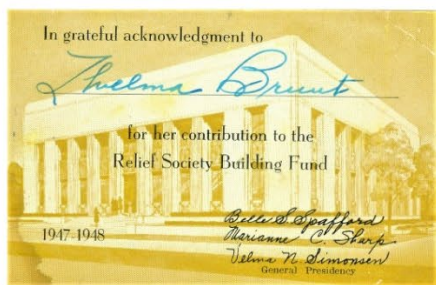
Three and 20/100 DOLLARS

THANK YOU

LAYAWAY		CHARGE	
AMT. OF LAYAWAY	AMT. OF CHARGE	AMOUNT PAID	AMOUNT PAID
3.50		1.00	
		2.50	
BALANCE DUE			

CUSTOMER'S COPY CINDERELLA SHOP BY MB

MADE BY THE POST-REGISTER CO., IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO



New Members Admitted to Gleaner Group

With formal ceremony approximately 40 girls were admitted into the First ward Gleaner Girls organization during the group's first "comradery" night held Tuesday evening at the L. D. S. tabernacle.

Officers of the group include Emma Jane Lee, president; Gladys Herbst, vice president, and Edna May Floyd, secretary.

The program began with music by Ardis Burtenshaw, followed by prayer by Naia Hansen. Mrs. Lavern Lamborn, class leader, gave the welcome talk. The remainder of the program included a talk on the symbolism of the Gleaner pin by Emma Lake; story of Ruth, taken from the Bible, Gladys Herbst; talk, "Gleaner Sheaf, and What It Should Mean to Each Gleaner Girl," Ardis Burtenshaw; short talk on Gleaner work, Mrs. Hannah Kelly, stake Gleaner leader; talk, Mrs. Thelma Brunt, ward Y. W. M. I. A. president.

After the program games were played under the direction of Edna May Floyd. Dainty refreshments were served in a color motif of gold and green.

Chairmen of the various committees included: decorations, Kathleen Jardine; invitations, Naia Hansen; games, Edna May Floyd; program, Ardis Burtenshaw; refreshments, Gladys Herbst.

This Certifies
Thelma Brunt
IS A MEMBER OF
THE RELIEF SOCIETY
of
THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
and annual membership dues of 66 cents for 1947-1948 in foreign currencies have been paid for the 1947-1948 membership year.

Emma 29th
STAKE OR MISSION WARD OR BRANCH
Oct 1970 D. Burtenshaw
DATE S44 2/70 SECRETARY-TREASURER

The Post-Register

East Idaho's Home Paper — First in News, Photos and Features
Idaho Falls, Idaho, Monday, January 30, 1956



IDAHO FALLS residents Monday were awaiting Tuesday evening's traditional Mother's March for the local girls' fund campaign, as they stood in the line of the parade. Ready to march Tuesday at 7 p. m. are these three Mothers' March leaders, left to right, Mrs. Earl Brunt, Mrs. A. J. Christensen, chairman of the March for the local girls' fund, and Mrs. Lee Williams. (Post-Register Staff Photo.)

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Temple Recommend

EXPIRES LAST DAY MAY '91

First name Thelma Initial B Last name Brunt

Ward/Branch Green Valley 2nd Unit number 194239

Stake/Mission St George Mt West Unit number 510408

Sex ☐ Male ☒ Female Birth (day-month) 31 Dec

Thelma's Poetry

To Thelma's father, Ralph Banks Boyack
Written in 1936, Thelma was 25 years old

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

Your age is sixty years today,
I always hope and sort of pray
That we have helped to make live
Happier to offset toil and strive.

That when I'm sort of old and sixty, to
I may have the joy the same as you
Of Children, good and clean of heart,
And done my duty and passed the mark.

We send our greetings four in all
And hope you hear their happiest call
Carol Jean, Annette, Earl and I
Hope they reach the clear blue sky.

Daddy, here's just a little poem I made up for
your greeting instead of a card.

Thelma
Earl -

To Thelma's mother, Sarah Elizabeth Boyack
Written about 1952-1955, and Thelma was
about 42-44 year old

Dear Mother,

Several years ago in June,
Our Daddy, first became a groom.
And you, a radiant blushing bride
Made a perfect pair, side by side.

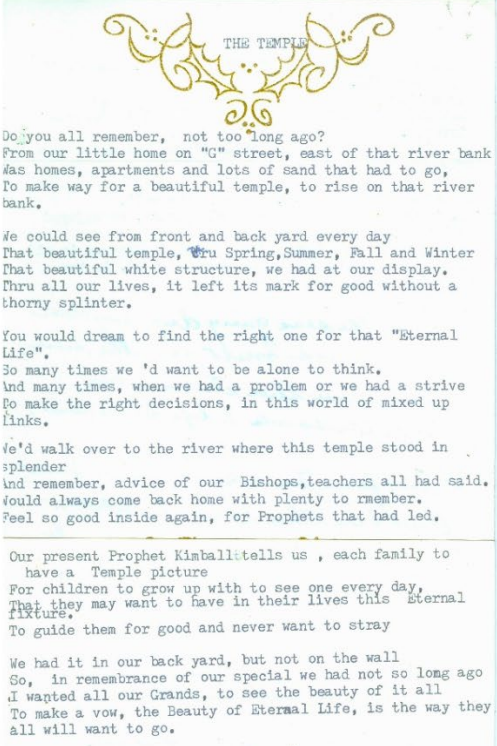
To that union God gave eight
To make that score, I'm a little late.
I look at you and burst with pride
And pray to God, our lives to guide.

That we may have the happy years
Like you and Dad, without some tears
Of sorrow, regret, but kindness show
To each other, until the light grows low.

Is hard to face anniversary days
Alone, without his loving gaze
But we know he loves you still
And watches over you at will.

We send our love and thanks to you
For choosing him and being true,
To God's commandments and having eight
And may we all, someday, his presence rate.

All our love,
Thelma and Earl and 4 & 1



Do you all remember, not too long ago?
From our little home on "G" street, east of that river bank
Was homes, apartments and lots of sand that had to go,
To make way for a beautiful temple, to rise on that river bank.

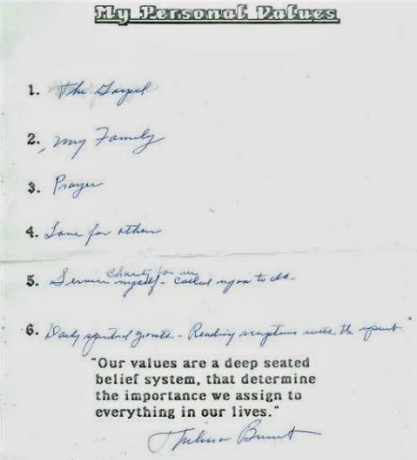
We could see from front and back yard every day
That beautiful temple, thru Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter
That beautiful white structure, we had at our display.
Thru all our lives, it left its mark for good without a
thorny splinter.

You would dream to find the right one for that "Eternal
Life".
So many times we 'd want to be alone to think.
And many times, when we had a problem or we had a strive
To make the right decisions, in this world of mixed up
links.

We'd walk over to the river where this temple stood in
splendor
And remember, advice of our Bishops, teachers all had said.
Would always come back home with plenty to remember.
Feel so good inside again, for Prophets that had led.

Our present Prophet Kimball tells us, each family to
have a Temple picture
For children to grow up with to see one every day,
That they may want to have in their lives this Eternal
fixture.
To guide them for good and never want to stray

We had it in our back yard, but not on the wall
So, in remembrance of our special we had not so long ago
I wanted all our Grands, to see the beauty of it all
To make a vow, the Beauty of Eternal Life, is the way they
all will want to go.



My Personal Values

1. The Lord
2. My Family
3. Prayer
4. Love for others
5. I serve myself. Cared my own to do.
6. Daily spiritual growth. - Reading scriptures, music, the spirit.

"Our values are a deep seated belief system, that determine the importance we assign to everything in our lives."

Thelma Burnett

Spiritual Experiences

4/19/97 (Thelma died 5/20/97 one month later)

Blessing given Thelma. Earl anointed. Son in law, Howard (Tom) Davis blessed:

Paraphrased:

I bless you that you will feel of the spirit that you may know of the love of your spouse and the faithfulness. He has had no other love except you and no mortal being has designs on him. He loves you even more in the spirit than in the mind. You and your spouse will live happily together as spirits eternally

I bless you with peace and comfort if you will listen to the Spirit of the Holy Ghost.

Afternote:

Tom felt a strong feeling, but did not say all. He felt Thelma has a very strong spirit. Father is calling her home, but she wants to stay. It is just her determined spirit that is keeping her here.

My love with you
I share
The love your
Father gave to me
On Anniversaries and
precious stones to
show me that He
cared -
That we could
and would become
an eternal family
Take care and
wear, enjoy as
much as I.
The love embedded
in each link of
silver or of gold
At times I shed
a tear and cried
within my heart
your fathers love
was told -

"A Red Red Rose"
By Robert Burns
To
O my love's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June,
O my love's like the melody
That's sweetly play'd in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I:
And I will love thee still, my dear
Till a' the seas gang dry

III Tell the seas gang dry, my dear
And the rocks melt with the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.
IV And fare thee well, my only love!
And fare thee well, a while
And I will come again, my dear
Though it were ten thousand miles.

Ward Record of Members
No. _____

Certificate of Baptism and Confirmation

This Certifies that Thelma Brunt
 Daughter of Ralph B Brunt and Lois E Morgan
 Born 31 Dec 1916 at Spanish Fork County _____ State of Nation
 was baptized July 6 - 1949 by Ralph B Brunt Elder or Priest
 and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, July 6 - 1949
 by Elder David J Evans
 Signed R B Morgan Bishop Signed Beck Clerk

Recorded in the _____ Book _____ Line _____




Thelma back row sixth from left



THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

Thelma B. Brunt is a member
 and has completed 599 hours of VOLUNTEER
11/1/72 SERVICE in the IDAHO FALLS
 L.D.S. HOSPITAL AUXILIARY.

Olive B Davis President
Phyllis E. Giffen President Elect
Marian L. Jorgensen Vice-President



Thelma

Remembrances

Christmas Traditions

1. Buying of Christmas trees. Around Dec. 15 to 20. All the family shopping for a tree, special candlelight dinner, Daddy making a stand for it. Next night trimming of tree. Popping corn and threading it to make garland. Each child given money to go to Kress's and buy her special ornament. Our swiss village under the tree with skiers and skaters from Germany. This evening included Daddy and Mother Brunt, Earl's parents who lived next door.
2. Preparing a Christmas box for a needy or widow of the ward; Homemade bread, cakes, cany, fruit and if a family, toys for children.
3. Christmas Eve – Dinner for family and always Grandpas and Grandmas and some of my family – a sister or brother from Utah. Reading of a Christmas story "The Littlest Angel", and playing of special Christmas music the children had help pick out. Later the story of the "Pink Angel" given by one the older girls (no boys right then).
4. After opening of gifts, Christmas day was spent going to our brothers and sisters homes and friends Wishing them "A Merry Christmas" (left as a heritage from my family).

After all our 5 were married and living in California (except for Gigi), traditions there included:

1. All of Earl's family – sisters and their children and their children. All met at a home, taking turns as families and we get together as one big family. Visit, serve dinner (Linda and Dicks church talks and served dinner to 80), program of the Birth of Jesus. An adult reads the story from Luke in the Bible opened to page. And all the little children act it out from Joseph and Mary, shepherds, wise men, angels, baby Jesus. It is so big now we have to meet at a club house in whose area is having the party. Now we all take cookies and candy and hostess and host serve a their favorite and drinks. Gifts are exchanged by numbers given out. A fun way. The party is opened and closed with prayers.
2. Our own families all get together for our traditional Christmas Eve dinner. The children put on a play pertaining to Christmas one of them have composed. Opening of 1 pk by children only. Nightgowns or PJ's for boys. Started it when our first granddaughter was born 24 years ago (Picture at Linda's). At one time we had 15. Used to make them. Used to give mothers Christmas robes. Too much too soon. Just grandchildren, unmarried ones now. Each Christmas I say, "Any Christmas thoughts?" "Nightgowns, Nana," is their reply.
3. One year was a memory Christmas giving each family a special tablecloth or place mats from France. Second year it was a china dish gift.

So, I find more joy in traditions we have built at Christmas, which is a living gift of love and not just at Christmas, but each day of the year for our families, which I pray can go on thru the eternities.

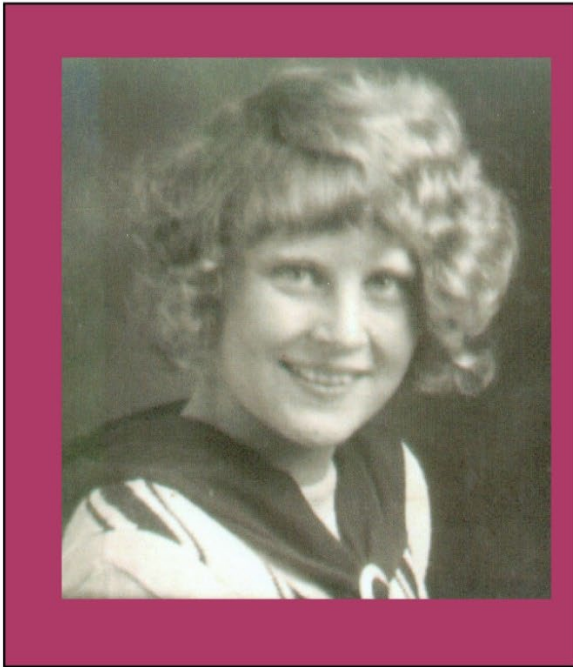
LASTING IMPRESSIONS

Photo Gallery



Thelma With Her Siblings

Ed, Elizabeth, Margary
Blanche, Fred, Thelma
Yet to join family: Dorthella and Jeanne



*Thelma
Easter
At Gigi's*

*Provo
1966*



*George Eart Brunt
Thelma Boyack Brunt
by Idaho Falls Riverbank
about 1962*

