

## Katherine Stirling Christensen

I was born November 30, 1925 at Leeds, Washington County, Utah. It was most likely on a cold crisp day. I was the fourth child of David and Annie Ethel Isom Stirling. The attending Physician was C. W. Woodbury; I don't know his given names. I was born at home in the old Stirling home that my Grandfather William Stirling had built in 1876. I was born on a Saturday. There is an old saying, "A child born on Saturday, hard at work." At the time I was born, my father was in the Cedar City Hospital with Typhoid Fever. Mother said he was there for three weeks. I had one brother and two sisters at the time. Charlene was born August 8, 1921, Thomas Eldon on November 7, 1922, and Florence on the April 26, 1924. Mother had 4 children all under the age of four. I'm sure she was a busy mother at this time. I was born on my Grandfather Isom's birthday and he wanted me to be named after his mother, Catherine Wolfe. I have always liked my name, maybe because it was after an ancestor.

I was blessed in the Leeds Ward by my father (also the bishop) on January 3, 1926. I was just a little over 14 months old when twin sisters were born on the February 12, 1927. They were born in Hurricane at Grandpa Isom's home. Mother said a Dr. Atkin from Kanab delivered them and after the first one was born he said, "My hell, there is another one!" They were given the names of Ilene and Elaine.

There were three younger brothers added to the family: David Leslie born the December 24, 1929, William Merrill born on the October 9, 1932, and Culbert Means on the August 11, 1935. This is the family I grew up with except for David Leslie, who was a little over 2 ½ years old when he was run over with a truck. It was during the peach harvest time when a truck was loaded for a cousin, Wilson Scott, to take to Cedar City. When it was leaving from our place David was run over. Mother has said she thought some of us older kids were watching him when the accident occurred. This was a great shock, especially to mother as she was expecting her eighth child. The two little boys born after this tragedy were a great comfort to her, and we were all excited for two little brothers.

The home I grew up in was a large red brick home with a lower and upper floor. It had three fireplaces to heat the house as well as the old blue wood and coal cook stove in the kitchen. We used to sleep upstairs where there were two bedrooms. In the winter it was pretty cold to go upstairs and get in bed so, at times, we would warm a brick on the cook stove and take it with us to warm our feet.

The stairs had a well-polished banister that kids slid down over the years. I know we used it a lot as it was the quickest way of getting down the stairs. The home is still in use today. My brother (Eldon) bought the home after Dad died, and remodeled a couple of rooms at the back for mother to use and added a bathroom also for her. He has kept it in good repair since he moved into it sometime in 1973, when it was in need of things done to it. Years ago the folks had a smaller porch built to replace the old worn out one. Eldon has made a new one that goes across the front of the house like the original did. He even made some of the spindles just like the original ones. This home was put on the Utah Historical Registry by mother some years ago and there is a plaque by the front door.

My father, David Stirling, was born on the July 23, 1885, in Leeds to William Stirling

and Sarah Ann Leany at their home. He was the twelfth of fourteen children. He was a farmer and rancher as he raised cattle, a lot of peaches, pears, alfalfa, sugar beets and sugar cane, with which he made sorghum in the fall. He was of medium height, lean, and had sandy colored hair. He was a kind and patient man who was always neat in appearance. He liked to joke with you, yet he was also a spiritual man. At some of the ward dances, he loved to dance the Schottische and the ladies liked him as a partner. Maybe that came from when he was younger and his family had a place they called the Stirling Hall. It was a building that his father had moved down from Silver Reef. It was used as a dance hall and a place for other entertainment. Mother has said, "When he was young he was in charge of keeping out any of those that may have been drinking and becoming rowdy." This building was later used as the home of his younger brother, Uncle Joe.

My mother, Annie Ethel Isom, was born on the September 19, 1896 at Mountain Dell, a little place about a mile north west of Virgin, Utah. She was the first child of Thomas Isom and Annie Hinton. They lived there about 7 or 8 years then moved down to La Verkin so the kids could go to school. They live there for a year or so, then Grandfather had a two room home built which was later used as a granary. He later had a larger home built as he eventually had 10 children. It was used as a hotel early on. Mother said, "There was always someone traveling through (some were sheep men) and stopping by for room and board."

Mother was a good homemaker; she did a lot of sewing for the family and was a good cook. As I think back, we ate mostly the things that we raised. We always had a big garden to eat from and all the fruit and meat that Dad raised. This was during the depression years and we didn't go to the store for many things, as I remember. Dad would trade for things at the store like sugar, flour and honey with fruit that he would peddle in the summer.

I was about 7 years old when I started school, because my birthday came in November. I went to school for the first 8 years at Leeds in a two room school building. Grandfather Stirling helped in getting this building moved down to Leeds from Silver Reef for the purpose of a school building. The rooms were fairly large rooms with the first 4 grades in the southwest room, and the four older grades in the Northeast room. In between the two rooms was the entry and eventually rest rooms. My first teacher was Winnie Tobler, who was a pretty and petite young lady from Washington. We loved her and I can still see her nice smile. She is the only one I remember in the first four grades. Back in those days we wore dresses to school. I think I still have a picture around of when I was in grade school. I also do remember in the winter time wearing long brown stockings that were held up with what we called a panty waist. I didn't like those! It was kind of like a vest and had garters to hold up the stockings; thank goodness when spring came so we didn't have to wear them. That was also the time of year we got a dose of sulfur and molasses to clean out our system. I guessing this was a cleansing process.

We played jump rope, Kick the Can, jacks, baseball, Flying Dutchmen, and other games during recess time. We spent a lot of time playing on a rock wall that was about 3 feet tall all along the back of the school yard.

When I got into the fifth grade, I went to the other classroom where Culbert Leany (my dad's cousin) was my first teacher. Some of the kids would give him a bad time. My next teacher,

Mr. Bert Sullivan, must have been stricter as kids never messed around with him. We would always go home for lunch time and come back for afternoon. I remember one day three of the boys went over to Guy Jolley's which was just east of the school. They were late getting back to school and when they did come in they smelled of skunk. Apparently, they had gone down to the chicken coop and got sprayed; needless to say, they didn't stay long. Mr. Sullivan sent them home.

I do remember Mr. Sullivan getting after me once. One of the boys that sat just across from me had teased me out at recess. He would call me, "Black cat with black fur", so I chased him but never caught up to him. When we got back in the classroom I hit him on the arm with my ruler and in doing so knocked the scab off where he had a smallpox vaccination. I did feel bad after doing it, but he never bothered me again.

Throughout my school years we always had plays that we would put on at Christmas and at the end of the year. I don't remember much about these productions, but I remember that we would go down to the Ward chapel and practice. This isn't something that you could do now days because there would be someone protesting about church and school! I do remember mother having to make costumes for these productions. I was a monkey in one play and she made the costume for me.

As I was growing up, we had to create our own entertainment. When I was real young we played a lot up back of Ethel McMullin's on what we called the Sand Hill. It was a reddish colored hill that we would slide down and made play houses at the bottom. We spent many hours there. In my teen years, kids would all gather in the lane between our place and George Olsen's where we would play kick the can, baseball and "Run Sheep Run" (a favorite of mine). We would often build a fire when it was cooler and this was our home base. We divided into two teams with each team having a captain. One captain would hide his team in the neighbor's back yard or barns and come back and draw a map as to where he left them. The other team would then go and try to find his team. If they were getting too close to where he had left them, he would yell, "Run Sheep Run". The first team back to home base was the one that got to hide the next time. We really had lots of fun with that game.

Some of the things we did were not always straight laced! I do remember at Valentine's we would play "Jerk the Valentine." A string was attached to a valentine and when the person went to pick it up we would give it a jerk or at times put sorghum or honey on the valentine. I also remember a group of boys playing cards up to a place we call the Log Cabin Inn. It was a place that belonged to Willard McMullin at the top of town. One night when we were peeking in on these boys, someone threw rotten egg gas in the window. The only one I can think of who would do this was Clive Hartman, who lived right next to this Inn and was not included by the other boys. He was a year or so older than we were and probably had it in for all of us. Carroll Tullis always reminds me of the time that Stewart Allen helped dad during the peach season. He had been pestering me, so one day when we came home for lunch I threw a peach as he got out of the truck and it knocked him down. So much for foolishness!

I was only about 6 or 7 years old when my sister, Florence, and I would go up to Cedar City and stay with Aunt Eleanor Scott and Aunt Ruth Porter, two of Dad's sisters, in the summer.

We would go up with Dad and since it wasn't that easy getting back home, we would stay a week or more. I do remember getting homesick. I have a picture around somewhere of me sitting in a little rocking chair at the back of Aunt Eleanor's place and holding a doll. Once I suppose I needed a haircut pretty bad because Jessie had a friend, Ronald Knell, cut my hair. He had been to Barber School, but it wouldn't have taken much know how, as he cut it in a Dutch Boy style which was straight across the front for my bangs and across the back. Aunt Eleanor lived on Third West and First North in Cedar City. I don't know why, but I remember some old dishes she had that I thought were so pretty; they were a pale yellow color and had flowers around the rims. She always had a garden and she had some beautiful dahlias and some of them were big large blooms. They had a milk cow and she would do the milking a lot of the time.

Aunt Ruth lived about a block over West of Aunt Eleanor's, so we would cut through the fields and ditches to go over to her place. They raised a lot of chickens for eggs and I remember her house always had the smell of chicken stewing on the stove; I didn't care for the smell. I do remember the red and black raspberries she had out back by her chicken coops and how good those were. She grew a beautiful row of sweet peas along the fence between her place and the neighbor's. They were all colors and had the most fragrant smell. The neighbors' name was Ronnow and they had a girl my age, Jean Ronnow, that we played with. It is strange how our paths have crossed as she married Howard Force and they lived in California until her husband retired, then they moved back to Modena where he had grown up.

As I was growing up, we helped a lot in the vegetable garden and in the fields, hoeing in the cane, which was used in making sorghum, and well as the sugar beets that they planted for the seed. Later in the summer we always helped with the peach harvest. This was a very busy time as we sorted the peaches that went into the baskets, and there were times that we had to pack them in layers in boxes. By the time the day was over you were ready to go home and get a shower because of the fuzz that you would get on you from the peaches. Dad didn't have a cherry orchard, but there were some in the area that did and they would hire us to pick the cherries. We would get 1 cent a pound and I did good if I could pick a 100 lb. in a morning, but we were glad for what we made. We would climb the trees and move around like a monkey. Also in the summertime we would set up a fruit stand in front of our place, and sell cherries and apricots. We would put them in small paper sacks and sell to the tourists going through, as the main road used to go right through town.

After I was through with school in Leeds, I rode the bus to St. George and started the 9th grade at the old Woodward Jr. High School. This was really a change for me, coming from a little town and going to St George, as I was so shy anyway. My 11<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> grades, we went over to where there the Dixie College had their classes. The class I liked the least was English. I could have excelled more in all my classes if I had just made a little more effort. When in the 11<sup>th</sup> grade I remember of going to Cedar City to model a dress in a fashion show.

I also belonged to a Piano Club and do remember playing a couple of times at recitals. As I look back I don't know how I ever got through those as we had to memorize our numbers. One of them was "Clare De Lune" and another was about 7 pages long. I looked at that recently and I could no way play it now.

I participated in sports, with baseball being my favorite. We rode the school bus back to the activities and basketball was a favorite. Football games were always played in the afternoon and I didn't care for it. I suppose it was because I didn't understand it. It wasn't until Stephen played that I was able to learn about football and like it.

When I first started school in St. George we would take our lunches from home, but we eventually started eating at the school lunches. Once when I wasn't looking, someone put some grapefruit juice in my milk. We exchanged butter from home at times for some of our lunches; can you imagine doing something like that now days!

In some of my LDS Seminary years, I had a teacher Mr Pearson H. Corbett. I remember him as being somewhat crippled, but he was good a good teacher. I have a book that he has written, *Jacob Hamblin, Peacemaker*. The day that I was to graduate from the 3rd year was a Sunday. I had gone to church meetings that day but later in the afternoon I became very ill and was unable to go. That was one time I remembered my father giving me a blessing and how much better I felt after. I broke out with red measles a day or so later, and back in those days a quarantine sign had to be posted at the gate of your home. I was able to go the next year my 4th year graduation. At my High School graduation, I don't remember for sure what most of the girls wore, but I do remember going up to Cedar City with my folks, where mother and I went looking for clothes and I got a suit that was teal blue. I really didn't feel too comfortable in it. Thank heavens the kids now days wear caps and gowns giving them all have the same attire.

I don't know if I want to want mention this escapade, but I will. It was during the war when I got out of school in 1944. Two of my girl-friends and I enrolled in a program to become nurses in Salt Lake. We lived in a home with other girls on 13th East by the University of Utah. We had classes and ate at a cafeteria there. It was here that I again came in contact with Jean Ronnow again, the girl I played with at Cedar City when I stayed at Aunt Ruth's. While we were in Salt Lake and wanted to go downtown we would ride a trolley car. My sisters, Charlene and Florence, both worked in Salt Lake at that time in a Defense Plant and they lived up in the Avenues. Well, my girlfriends and I, as well as Jean, only lasted the summer there. It was during that summer that Russell came up with Clifton Hulet to visit. I first met Russell when my cousins, Scott and Carroll Tullis, came down to Dixie in the summer and thought they would pick peaches for my dad. They and several other New Castle boys stayed in St George and came up to Leeds. This was in August of 1943 and we were in the process of harvesting the peaches. I don't think those guys lasted very long due to the heat and the fuzz which probably got to them pretty fast.

These boys did come down to Leeds again during that fall in Scott Tullis' old car they called a Taroplane, I have no idea what make it was. Scott, Russell and Clifton Hulet came down on a Sunday afternoon and I and two of my girlfriends rode up to Oak Grove with them. I remember how scared Clifton was when we were going back down as it was quite steep and the roads weren't that good. He got down on the floor and wouldn't look out when Scott said the brakes weren't working too good. They also came down several times and we went to Hurricane and Santa Clara to the open air dances. The one in Santa Clara was called the Santa Rosa.

I had decided I wasn't interested in Russell and didn't see him for some time. On

Christmas he sent me a gift which was a vanity set with a mirror, brush, comb, and a small bottle of perfume. Russell started coming down again in the spring of 1944. This was the year that I graduated from high school and then went up to Salt Lake.

When Russell and Clifton came up to Salt Lake for a couple of days that summer, I remember we went to Liberty Park one afternoon and took pictures. My friends and I came home about the end of August. Russell came down for the Dixie Roundup on the 10th of September. It was then that he asked me to marry him. No, he didn't get down on his knees to ask me, as that wasn't his makeup.

We didn't allow much time for getting together a wedding reception, although it wasn't as big a deal as it is nowadays. We didn't have pictures taken. My wedding dress was made by mother and it was pretty plain, but I didn't worry about things like that. I think as a child and young lady I didn't demand much as we didn't have much as I was growing up and I guess I was pretty naive when I was young.

We were married on the October 27, 1944 in the St George Temple. After the sealing at the Temple, we went up to the Quality Bakery and picked up apple pies for our Reception at the Leeds Ward Cultural Hall that night. I don't remember standing in a reception line that night, but we did have a dance and people were dancing and having a good time.

Some of Russell's friends came down from New Castle and during the evening took me and went over to Hurricane then back around to Leeds and let me off at the bottom of town. Katherine Gillies, Evelyn Harrison and Helen Beacham, who were New Castle girls, and Scott are the ones that took me. Norman Hulet and Warren Platt, who were home on furloughs from the service, and Clifton Hulet were to take Russell, but instead they stayed and ate apple pie and ice cream. After the reception some of the boys took us up to Silver Reef. They had another way back and left us in Russell's dad's car and took the keys. Russell was smart enough to put the car in neutral and push it and we coasted clear back down into Leeds. This was during the war and gas was rationed, so we stayed in Leeds that night, as did Russell's folks, then we came home the next day. That's enough of that!

We lived with Russell's folks for a short time while we fixed up two south rooms in the basement. We papered the southeast room and ordered some cabinets from Sears for our kitchen. The southwest room we used for our bedroom. At this time there was no electricity or running water in New Castle. We did have lights that run off a Delco system, and the bathroom facilities were down the lot about 50 yards, so everyone used a "thunder mug", a #3 tub for bathing, and a wash basin and mirror for primping. Those that read this these days haven't lived!!! I am glad I can laugh at this at this time.

We were still living in the basement when I became pregnant. I became very sick from fumes from a coal oil stove we used at times for cooking, and also while driving to Cedar City, since the road was up and down. I lost a lot of weight. It's a good thing you forget these times after your little one is born.

Our first child, Beverly Ann, was born on April 13, 1946 in the Cedar City hospital; Dr.

Reed Farnsworth was my doctor when each of my children were born. Beverly was a pretty baby and we were sure some "green horns" in knowing what to do. She was the first grandchild of my folks and also Russell's folks; therefore, she was really fussed over. We moved down to the farm in November or the first part of December of 1946, and Linda was due the following spring in May. I went up to Russell's folks place on April 18<sup>th</sup> and used his mother's treadle sewing machine to sew diapers. The next day, April 19, after Russell went out to the field (2 miles west of our place) on his horse, I started to have close contractions. Since we didn't have a telephone or a car, I put Beverly in her crib and just had to wait until Russell came home. He had to ride his horse up to his parents place to get the car and it wasn't long until we headed for Cedar City. It wasn't more than an hour until Linda was born. A little nurse named Dixie Thompson looked after her and fed her with an eye dropper and with her tender care saved her life. She stayed in the Cedar City Hospital for 3 weeks after I came home.

Our daughter Janice was born July 20, 1948 on her dad's 25th birthday. Since I never was long in labor, we set the day she would be born with our Doctor. She was born just a couple of hours after he had started me. I stayed there for 5 days and was back home. Janice was a good baby, and was easy to care for. Heavenly Father knew I needed an easy baby to care for with three little ones so close together

Our fourth and last child, a boy was born on 8 Nov. 1951 in Cedar City, and we named him Stephen Alonzo. At that time there was an LDS Apostle named Stephen L. Richards and I liked the name Stephen, so that is where he got his name. This pregnancy was a little different than with the girls as I was had problems with my blood pressure being slightly high and I seemed to have a lot of headaches. We survived the problems and were so thrilled for a boy in the family.

As I mentioned before, we moved down on the farm sometime the last of November or the first of December of 1946. We just fixed up the two south rooms at that time. Caine had started to do some work on the place after he had married Dorothy Thomas, a sister of Darwin Thomas. They didn't stay together and divorced soon after. Russell and I went ahead and moved down here. We were able to have power hooked up, as the valley received electricity in the spring of 1946. A fellow by the name of George Clove hooked up the power to our place.

There used to be a little porch on the northwest corner and a little cubby room that went into it from this corner where I had my wringer washer and tubs for rinsing. I used these for some years, and hung my clothes on lines just west of the house. There was also a door and porch out on the east side from the southeast room. That is the door we used to go down the lot about 50 feet to the outhouse. It wasn't a very pleasant thing in the wintertime. The old Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogs got used up there! We never did get a picture of that place!

The water system was being put in during 1948, which was the year Janice was born. We had hauled water in a big tank until we could hook into the water system. It was also that winter that we had so much snow and we were thankful to have running water. It had started to snow around Christmas time and it just kept snowing for some time. On the west side of the house there was a snow drift 3 feet or more high. Once, when I had hung out the diapers (gauze) which generally dried quite fast, they froze and before I knew it a little pup we had tore them off the

line just like paper. That winter Russell had a mare out in the field that had twin foals; she died along with the foals. Russell could ride right over the fence tops because the snow had drifted and was packed hard. We haven't had a winter like that since then and it will soon be 50 years.

As I look back now I wish I had written in a journal of some of the things that the kids did when they were little, but we always think we don't have time, and that time is lost forever.

I do remember that with Beverly we held her to get her to sleep and it was hard to get her down unless we did. Linda was 9 months old before she slept through the night as she would wake us up coughing and it would be sometime before I could get her back down; she was having problems with allergies back then. Janice was a good baby, I suppose she had to be with two other sisters that still seemed just like babies. We did have a time breaking Janice and Beverly from sucking their thumbs. Steve, being born in the fall and with winter coming on, seemed to have colds and he also had coughs so much of the time. As the girls were growing up, I would braid their hair in French Braids and for Sunday I would wrap their hair in ringlets with rags. I made some beautiful ringlets that way. It sounds crazy but it worked. Once I remember Beverly's bangs were getting so long that I tried cutting them. Since they didn't look too good, Russell decided to take over and the bangs got pretty short before he finished. I always had Georgia Harrison cut Steve's hair. Once he needed a haircut really bad and Georgia was in the hospital with pneumonia, so I tried cutting and it didn't look right and I would cry, so Russell tried and I would cry. You know, he did survive but wore a butch cut for years. That was the "in thing."

Russell's mother was always making dresses for the girls, as I did when they got a little older. I made shirts for Steve and Russell as we didn't go out and buy clothes back then. Now days, it is cheaper to buy them than to buy the material and make them.

As the kids were growing up we would go camping. We always went up to the reservoir for the first day of fishing and camp overnight, fish until noon the next day and come home and clean the fish we caught and cook some for dinner. I would freeze some for later. Deer season was a special time as we always would go up to the Deer Camp at night for the evening meal, then the kids and I came home. Later it got so that Russell didn't care for staying overnight. We have gone on Cedar mountain and camped and sometimes took just day trips. And one time we went out to Grand Canyon and we stayed a place where there were big pine trees, I remember that Warren and Bea Platt and their family also went. And one time we went up to Salt Lake and took the kids. I recall we went and visited an International Garden over on the west side somewhere, and the kids had fun swimming in the pool at the motel. Another time we went up into Wyoming with the Platt family and visited Old Faithful. We stayed in the park and I remember we had bears visit our camp in the night.

Our children started to leave home to go away for schooling. I'm sorry to say we hadn't done much planning to prepare for financial help, but we did help them all that we could to get into student housing and with food. The girls started college in Cedar City, and they were able to get student loans and worked for Professors to help with some of their expenses. Beverly only went the one year before she got married. Linda went two years in Cedar then finished at Utah State and Janice spent her four years at CSU. It was gratifying to see Beverly finish her schooling at UNLV in Las Vegas with honors after her children were older. Steve signed up for

the Utah National Guard just before he graduated from High School. Guess he wanted to get away from mom and dad, so that left us alone after 26 years of marriage. We were proud of our family and they are good kids; it was always good to have them come home. Soon they all married and started bringing their families home. I am not going to write about their families, as I have tried to write those things in my journals as they have happened.

Over the years we have been active in the church. I was a ward organist for quite a few years as our children were growing up, and was the Primary President in the early 1950's. At that time we had old chapel; it was about in the spot where our chapel is now and was heated with an old coal furnace that often smelled of smoke. We had some wooden benches we sat on and in the summertime they handed out fans to help keep us cool, as Sacrament Meeting started at 2.00 P.M. I was a Relief Society counselor about three different times. We used to have Relief Society on a Tuesday and Primary on a Wednesday afternoon. I have seen many changes over the years for the better. I also served as a counselor in the Young Women program with Mildred Tullis and have been a Primary teacher. All of these were rewarding experiences for me.

It was in 1969 that they began construction on the new chapel for the New Castle Ward. The Bishop at that time was Lister Woods with Russell Christensen and Melvin Gardner as counselors. I do remember as some of the finishing work was to be done by members and many of us spent many hours staining and varnishing the trim and doors throughout the building and cabinets in the library. Janice and I cleaned the brushes so they would be ready for the next day. The ward had spent many hours, years before, to help raise money for a new building. When it came time for the first dedication to take place in the spring of 1971, it had been a very rewarding experience.

Here it is now another new Century (2002) as I am trying to go ahead and write the things about the past 21 years since Russell has been gone. I am determined I need to finish up things that I want my family to have before I leave this existence. I'm not going to write here about Russell's death as I have written in detail in one of my journals, except it was a great shock to me and it has been hard, but through my faith I know that we will be together again in the next world and that keeps me going. As I write, I have tears but they are "Tears of Joy" in knowing that we were sealed for "Time and Eternity". What a comfort this is to us as members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

In the fall of 1987, I had the feeling that I should talk to our Bishop, Jim Tullis, and tell him that I was interested in serving a mission. So I told my family of my intentions and was soon filling out papers for the process. When I filled out the papers I put down that I was interested in genealogy. I worried about a proselyting mission and I knew I wasn't excited about tracting. When my call came I was down to Janice's in LaVerkin, because we as a family had decided to go down and help her in hauling away some trash. It was on a Saturday and when everyone was there Steve pulled out the letter from the Church. When I opened it up it said I was called to a Genealogy Mission in the "Los Angeles Southern California Mission". I was to be at the Mission Home in Provo on March 16, 1988.

This was such a special experience. The first two weeks we spent in instruction in studying the mission lessons and then the next two weeks we spent in Genealogy instruction at

the Harold B. Lee Library searching different type of records and recording our findings. My companion that I was assigned with when we entered the mission was Ella Openshaw, of Lindon, Utah. I ended up taking my car, and at the time, I did worry about driving in Los Angeles, but the Lord protected us as we traveled to and from our apartment to the Family History Center, which is right next to the Los Angeles Temple.

Some of my special experiences I have written in Journals. One is my trip to Scotland, to the area that my ancestors came from, and to England. I went with my brother, Merrill, his wife, Kathy, and her mother. And here on the October 27, 2005 I went with Steve and Deb to Kentucky to see Bret, Lesley and Nathan, Elliot and Emma Katherine. This was a trip of a life time as we traveled through the area of country where ancestors, the Scarces, Laneys, Walkers and Cooks, were during the early 1800's. I loved the area and have said, "Why did they leave here?" I do know it was their desire to be with the Latter-day Saints. They did suffer some hard times but as with us, these are things that make us grow and learn obedience.

In closing, I want to bear my testimony to my family of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I know that the restoration was brought about by a young boy, Joseph Smith, and that he was a true and living Prophet under the direction of our Savior, Jesus Christ; that Jesus Christ atoned for our sins and made it possible that we will live again; that we can be "Eternal Families" in our loving Heavenly Father's Kingdom if we keep his commandments and do those things that he would have us do. I am so grateful for my membership in the church and that Russell and I will be able to be together again with all of our loved ones. I am grateful that I have been able to serve in the church. I love my family so much and each little grandchild that comes along, and all of those that are yet to come, as well as my parents and siblings as well as for my ancestors that I have searched out. I pray that I am worthy of all my Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ have done for me. I love you all. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

With Love, Katherine Stirling Christensen