

The Journal kept by my mother, Marguerite Mae Felt Gubler

October 4, 1978 she wrote: I have kept my Patriarchal Blessing tucked away in my private possessions for many years and I think it would be fitting to start my journal, which Charmayne and Kip gave to me, with a copy of my Patriarchal Blessing. They also gave one to Kenneth, Charmayne's father.

I was 16 years old when my MIA Teacher suggested that I get a Patriarchal Blessing. I told my Mother that I was going to get my Blessing and she said she would go with me. I had earned 75 cents from babysitting and I wanted to pay Patriarch Charles S. Hyde for it. Mother said she didn't think I had to pay for it, but I had earned the money myself and I wanted to pay for it.

It was an evening that my Mother and I walked a few blocks to Patriarch Hyde's home. His wife was sitting in the front room with him, and I remember a very lovely table lamp that was lit on their front room table. He laid his hands on my head and began to talk.

Dear Sister Marguerite Mae Felt, having been given authority of the Lord, I lay my hands upon your head and seal upon you this Patriarchal Blessing. You have been greatly blessed of the Lord in coming into the earth through an honorable parentage, an heir to the blessings and gifts of the Gospel. The Lord has been near unto you during your whole life. You have been preserved from evil, from sickness, and your guardian angels have been about you and preserved you from evils seen and unseen. The Lord through his Holy Spirit has touched the eyes of your understanding and given you knowledge of the truth, and when the servants of the Lord confirmed you a member of the Church and gave unto you the comfort of the Holy Ghost, that blessing has been with you through your whole life. That Spirit will enlighten your mind and quicken your comprehension of the truth, and open to you visions in the Field of Knowledge that will be for your blessings all the days of your life. In all your activities in the Church, that blessing will be with you. You shall be sustained in every responsibility which shall come to you. The Spirit of the Lord will make your path plain and the things you desire to teach and explain will become to you as an open book. Your tongue shall be loosened that you shall explain the Truths of the Gospel to be convincing to all who shall hear.

The Lord is mindful of you. You are one of the choice spirits reserved in the Heavens until this day that you might take an active part in the redemption of Zion and the building up of the Father's Kingdom.

Let your soul rejoice through the gifts and blessings and promises which the Lord has made unto you through his servants. Continue in faithfulness, seek the Lord in secret prayer, make known your desires unto him and he will hear your prayers, and grant you all blessings that you desire in righteousness.

You are one of the Daughters of Ephraim, an heir to the blessings and promises which God made unto his servant Abraham and his posterity forever. These promises and blessings are yours. You shall enjoy the blessings of the House of the Lord, and labor therein for the redemption of your kindred and many who desire to know the Lord, and are ready behind the veil awaiting their redemption.

I seal you up against the powers of evil and of temptation that the destroyer may have no power over you to tempt you further than you can stand. I seal upon you the promises that through your

faithfulness, you shall come forth with the redeemed of Zion and your loved ones, and all that God shall give you in the Morning of the First Resurrection; by the Authority of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

January 23, 1979

At this point I would like to remember some stories that my mother, Mae Edith Martin, told me.

When we moved down to First West, right next door to Grandma and Grandpa Felt, it seemed like it happened after much begging on Grandpa Felt's part to get us to move there. It was in 1918. It seemed that one evening when Dad was at Mutual or Block Teaching, Mother would tell us stories. Some of them were Indian stories, but they were the ones that Grandma Jensen had told her and her sister Myrtle.

When she would talk about herself, it would be about how her father, Frank A. Miller went away and never returned. There must have been much searching for him, but could not find his whereabouts. Her mother was very sad and heartbroken.

Edith Bergetta Jensen divorced Frank A. Miller on grounds of desertion, which also gave her more grief because she had loved him very much and she married Brigham Martin without ever finding if he was dead or alive. They were sealed in the Temple and the girls were sealed to Grandpa Martin.

Before she married Brigham Martin, she had to go to work to support her and her daughters. She became an accomplished cook in a hotel. On one occasion when Edith Bergetta Jensen had to be in the hotel kitchen to work through the evening, the girls had been put to bed upstairs for the night. Mae came down stairs in her nightgown calling for her mother. It was then that Brigham Martin took pity on the little child and went searching for the mother. People then declared that it was no place for a child so the plans were made to have the two girls, Mae and Myrtle go to stay with Grandmother Jensen. There they could go to school and help Grandmother Jensen work in the vegetable garden. Mother learned how to hand-paint china and she painted beautiful flowers on china.

It seems that when her mother married Frank A Miller, she was very happy with her daughters and her husband, whom she loved very much. As the story goes, Frank A. Miller left her and the daughters for reasons unknown and never returned nor left word of where he would be or where he was going. Edith Bergetta Jensen Miller now was the chief cook in the hotel and worked very hard to keep her daughters until she married Brigham Martin.

My mother, Edith Mae Martin, worked as a clerk in the Paris department store; also in the Aurbachs department store. She was working when she went and married Ernest William Felt. My father was the son of David Pile Felt and Adeline Spiers. My parent's first son died in infancy from pneumonia. His name was Richard William Felt. I was born two years later and Grandpa Martin had a sister, Martha Martin, who helped my mother with many things. Aunt Martha worked at ZCMI department store and helped Mother with her clothes and things. I can remember when we lived on Kensington Avenue. It was a

duplex apartment house and Aunt Martha would come and see us regularly every weekend. She always brought fresh bakery cakes from the ZCMI bakery and bananas.

January 30, 1979

My daughter-in-law Norma came and picked me up to go to Relief Society. The lesson was about Scotland. The first thing that they did was sing a song called "When a Body Meets a Body Coming Through the Rye." This little song reminded me of when I was six years old and I sang the song in my ballet class. I can remember singing the song and doing a dance with it for a program.

Also things were brought out in the lesson on Scotland that made me think about my Uncle Charlie who had been born in Scotland. He married my father's sister Renee Felt. They lived just two houses from us and many times they called me to babysit my younger cousins. The things that Uncle Charlie taught me about manners and being polite stayed with me all my life. At first he seemed very staunch and strict, but after I got to know him, he had much to teach the world. If I wanted to sing and play the piano, I was to get permission first and play and sing nothing but the music. His house was a house of order and everyone was to clean up after making their mess, and was complimented for doing well. He bought a radio before we did, and each Sunday night we would go there and listen to the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and the speakers on KSL. If we would sit there quietly and listen, we were rewarded with some Sweets candy. He worked at the Sweets Candy Company, and was also an accomplished baker and artist.

Uncle Charlie had a camera and he took pictures. He took pictures of my father's first automobile. It was black. He thought it was the best thing that ever was. It was his automobile. It was a used one, and he saved up some money to buy a brand new Model T Ford. This was even a greater thing. That Ford was his favorite subject.

We would all go for a ride on Sunday afternoon. He loved to drive it, and he would brag about going 30 miles an hour.

February 11, 1979

I can remember the Santa Claus party at the Kensington Ward that Dad took Paul and I to. They gave us a sack of candy. One night when it was summer and very hot with plenty of mosquitoes, Mother and Dad took me for a little walk. They left Paul home with Aunt Martha. We called her Aunt Mattie. I took my little china doll with me and we were going to walk over to see the Jordan River. The stars were all out and shining brightly so I was looking up to try and count the stars when I stumbled over the curb and fell down and broke my doll.

When Dad brought his brand new Model T Ford, he let Grandpa Felt have the old one. So now instead of Grandpa having to ride to work on his two-wheel bike, he could drive himself to work. His printing office was down town on the third floor of the Felt Building. You could always tell when Grandpa was coming home. You could hear him coming long before he finally appeared in the back yard coming so fast as it would go.

November 1, 1979

One day, Dad was showing Mother how to drive the car. He had it parked in the new garage that he built for the new car. So he was showing Mother how you turn the key on, put it into gear on step on the gas. So one morning when Mother decided to drive the car down town, she went out in the garage, did all the things that Dad had told her, and the car shot out through the back of the garage into Bishop Pershon's garage. There it stopped. We, we had to pay to fix the bishop's garage.

Mother had a job working two days a month at the Paris Department store when they had their month-end rummage sale. Grandmother Felt, who lived next door, said she would watch us. We were Paul, Bob, Kenny, Edythe and myself. I was 12 years old and had a favorite story book, Cinderella. One afternoon when Mother was working, I decided to take my story book and read. I climbed up into the apple tree in the backyard. After I had been reading for a while my mind must have started to wander because the first thing I knew I was toppling down out of the tree. I lit on a large branch which was about three feet from the ground. I lit straddling the thick branch and let out a scream that brought my Grandmother to the backdoor in a flash. She called the family doctor and from then on the family doctor was my good friend.

We lived on 8th South and First West from then on. I loved to help Mother on her spring cleaning. She had so many beautiful pieces of china that she had painted. Most everyone in Salt Lake burned coal for heat in the winter time. This made much black smoky air and it was hard to keep the walls and woodwork and other things in the house clean.

I graduated from Jefferson Grade School in the spring of 1928. I can truthfully say that I worked hard for the marks and credits that I got. I took home work almost every night, but I was never more than a C student.

South Junior High School was a lot more fun. Every year we had sewing or cooking. I kept right on with my dancing lessons. This gave me a chance to be in some of the assembly programs. Sometimes I had to go extra early to practice, but it was fun to have the kids wonder how I could do all those crazy tricks.

In 1930, I graduated from West High School. Again, I worked very hard and studied long but with no avail. I was never more than a C student. The only time I ever got more than a C average was when I got a B in biology. So then, dad thought maybe I could be a biologist.

May 1922

In May 1922, my father asked me if I wanted to be baptized as a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. I told him I really wanted to be baptized and he explained to me some things that I should know about it.

One day I jumped from the front porch railing and broke my left ankle. From then on my ankles were real weak and I was always spraining my ankles. I had to wear shoes that laced clear up my foot to support my ankles. One day I asked my father if could have a pretty pair of patent leather slippers like

the other girls. When he asked the doctor if it would be possible for me to wear such slippers, he said she must have some exercising each day to strengthen her ankles. He suggested dancing lessons.

Grandfather Felt had a Printing Office in the Felt Building downtown. He did job printing for many people in Salt Lake City. When Grandfather found out what the doctor said, he told Dad that he knew a dancing teacher and he would do printing for her and she could give dancing lessons. Her name was Miranda E. Matson. He arranged for me to take dancing lessons twice a week. I was always grateful to my Grandfather for allowing me this privilege. This gave me many opportunities to go out in the public and entertain. Her dancers were entertainers in many of the different wards, hospitals, benefits, school programs, recitals, and other social entertainments. I loved to dance, and my folks allowed me to do all the dancing I wanted to do.

Grandfather Felt had a two-wheel bicycle, and when my dancing lesson was over, I would go to his office on the third floor of the Felt Building and he would take me home on his bicycle. I would ride on the handlebars and I thought that was fun. I tried to do chores for Grandmother Felt to show my appreciation. I would give dancing lessons to all of my cousins and babysit my cousins. I would go to the store and buy buttermilk for him. He loved buttermilk.

As well as learning to dance, we had to learn to sew many different costumes. Mother bought a new electric sewing machine. She sewed many things and a lot of my costumes.

In 1928 I graduated from the Jefferson Grade School. Fanny Doctorman had been my best friend. One day when we were coming from school, we stopped to slide down a little hill. It had been snowing and there was frozen ice on the little hill. At first we just slid down on our feet. Then we decided maybe it would be more fun to sit down to slide down. Mother had made me a nice warm coat out of her old fur muffler. Sliding down on my seat was fun but it wore out the fur on the seat of my coat. Mother was sure mad.

When spring came, I got a pair of roller skates for my birthday. I managed to learn to skate and soon I was roller skating to school. When we received our report cards every month, we were supposed to take them home for our parents to look at them and then sign them, and the very next day, we were supposed to bring them back. That morning I was in such a hurry to get on my roller skates that I forgot my report card. Everyone had brought back their report card but me. The teacher decided that I would have the recess time to go home and get it. When I got to the street where I lived, I was skating so fast with my head down, and I rammed into the mailman. His canvas bag with all the mail went every which way. Poor guy. I guess I was in such a hurry that I didn't even help him pick it up. From then on, when the mailman saw me coming, he went out of his way to go way around the sidewalk.

In 1930 I attended West High School. I took typing and bookkeeping along with the other required subjects. I had a job in the cafeteria. This paid for my lunches, and when the school had their banquets, I waited on tables. This was the way I learned to get a job. When I graduated from high school, I had a few jobs waiting tables, and I worked in a dry cleaning shop for two years.

On one occasion when jobs were hard to find and many men were out of work, I got a job at the Roxy Theater. They had a vaudeville show there twice a day. I was pretty lucky to find a job someplace after I graduated from high school.

Uncle Ed and Aunt Bessie Lortz (sp?) moved to St. George, Utah, and there were operating a cafe. They called it the Dixie Cafe. In the summer, which was the busiest time of the year for them, they would take me to St. George to work in their cafe. This was a good experience. Georgia and I had fun together.

When I came home from St. George, my mother and I took a Home Nursing Course that was sponsored by the Metropolitan Life Insurance. The whole family had this insurance. It provided free nursing care for you and who was sick in your family. The course lasted six weeks. We met a lady Doctor Lingard. She used Vimedia products for her patients and she also taught us things that were valuable to us in taking care of ourselves.

In 1930 there was news that the stock market was going broke. It seemed that this started a terrible Depression. Many men were out of work but Dad was able to keep his job.

I had to walk 13 blocks to West High School. I had work in Rosedale, Utah packing cherries during the summer so I had earned enough money to buy my school clothes. Dad bought my school books for me. Sometimes in bad weather my folks gave me bus fare to go to West High, but most of the time I walked to have the money for girl things.

A lady friend in the ward gave me a job helping in the school cafeteria. I was glad because then I didn't have to bring my lunch.

Sometimes my Grandmother Felt paid me 25 cents for ironing for her or tending my little cousins. I guess a girl friend, Virginia Holt, told her parents that I didn't have any weather boots because one day a young man came to our front door and knocked. He said he was Virginia's brother and that he had a pair of boots for me. They just fit so I could wade through the snow to West High.

February 19, 1982

It has been some time since I have written in my Book of Remembrance. We are now living in the Hurricane 2nd ward in Hurricane, Utah. I was set apart to help the Relief Society Ladies in the Nursing Home. Relief Society has been the most wonderful thing that has happened to me. Today our lesson was on Broadening and Lengthening our Stride, and to strive for higher goals. Be more interested in Thy Daughters and Sons.

1. Use more patience and more doing.
2. Forgive and then try to do better.
3. Have more Faith and then work at it.
4. Have a desire to do good, and make it work.
5. Hope for better days. Broaden your Horizon.
6. Intelligence. Take time to pray.
7. Unselfishness. Talk to our Heavenly Father.
8. Be liberal and do not belittle anyone.

9. Sharing. Enjoy life more by sharing it.
10. Give. Giving and giving instead of pleasing your own desires.
11. Positive thinking is a good habit
12. Short range goal is for today and every day, then we could reach our long range goal.

In 1953, my husband George K. Gubler and I decided to see how we could make out raising black angus cows. With what farm land we had then in Lund, Nevada, We raised almost enough feed for the cows. Sometimes we had some left that we could sell.

Bret Hank was the official tax collector and I can remember having some very unpleasant conversations with him over our taxes. Every year they would raise the taxes. We felt like we were getting a raw deal because we were paying high taxes and our children were not getting an education. Then we purchased a home in St. George, Utah. There, George, Jack and Charmayne were enrolled in school.

We lived next door to Ruth Milne. Marsha Milne was her daughter and was the girlfriend that Charmayne could walk to school with. Charmayne was in kindergarten and her teacher told me that Charmayne called her grandma and she thought that was nice.

I went to work every week day at the Dixie Laundry. Grandma and Grandpa Gubler were living in part of the house doing temple work. Most of the time there was someone there when I went to work. Kenneth could not spend too much time with us because he had the cows to take care of and a job making a new road. Merrill and Ken flew down on weekends. Merrill had a Sesna plan. Wanona and their family were in St. George also. She worked at J.C. Pennys.

George had two years of high school. Jack had two years of junior high. Charmayne had a year of kindergarten and had started first grade in grade school. *(Actually I had kindergarten and a full year of first grade in St. George and had started second grade when we moved back to Lund.)*

I had a bad cold that made me quit my job so I took Charmayne and went back to Lund. I was happy to be back with my husband and Charmayne was also. Charmayne had a good start by going to kindergarten and it worked out real well at her first year of grade school in Lund. Margaret Oxborrow was her teacher. *(Clarification: Margaret taught both the first and second grades in the same class room. The Lund grade school only had four classrooms and eight grades. Margaret Oxborrow taught first and second grade. Karma Lewis taught third and fourth grade. Helen Gardner taught fifth and sixth grades. Lenore Perry taught seventh and eighth grades. But the year I was in the fifth grade, they decided there weren't enough students or funds or something for four teachers so I had Mrs. Lewis for the fifth grade, too. The sixth graders were taken into the Mrs. Perry's classroom.) I had Helen Gardener for sixth grade, then halfway through the year, we moved to Baker, Oregon.)*

January 21, 1983

1918. Kensington Avenue in Salt Lake City. The thing I remember about my father, Ernest William Felt was that he always wanted to take the children somewhere or wherever they were going. He wanted to carry one of the children, usually the eldest one because Mother had a baby buggy for the baby.

We lived on Kensington Avenue in one side of a duplex. They never had to worry much about a baby sitter because there were two nice girls next door who would take me to their house and dress me up. i

can remember that one of them going to get married and she wore a beautiful wedding gown and white shoes.

At Christmastime Dad took us to the ward house to the Santa Claus party and they gave us a sack of candy. Early the next morning I saw a rocking horse in the house.

Every weekend Aunt Mattie, Grandpa Martin's sister, would get on the streetcar and pay us a visit. We could see her get off the street car and walk down the street to our house. She always had a paper sack with fresh rolls and bananas from the ZCMI Bakery. Dad loved them.

After awhile when it began to be spring and summer, we would go for a walk in the evening. The mosquitoes would be fierce. They said it was because we were too close to the River Jordan. One night when Mom and Dad took me walking, I stumbled and fell on the sidewalk and broke my little doll. Of course Dad was sad for all the tears and said he would get me another.

it seemed like one of Aunt Mattie's gentleman friends would come and see us, and that was how we were able to have some nice photos taken of the family. Mother used to tell about him but I can't remember his name. When he came to visit, he would give us a pennies for candy.

Ernest William Felt's favorite song was Mexicali Rose. He loved music and so did Mother. They loved to waltz together. One day when Grandpa Felt came to see us, it seemed like a lot of talking. But before he left, Mother said that Grandpa Felt had persuaded us to move down on 828 South 1st West right next door to Grandma and Grandpa Felt. We were to buy the house but it needed a lot of fixing. Years after, when we had it all fixed up, Gledhills came back from California and wanted to take their house back but Mother would not hear of it.

In 1920, Dad asked if I wanted to be baptized. He explained to me all about the things I had been learning in Sunday school. I was positively sure that I wanted to be baptized.

I can remember that dad was very sure to do all the things that his Heavenly Father wished him to do. He was always a block teacher. One rainy night he put on his boots and raincoat and went to do his ward teaching. Mother thought he was crazy to go on such a night, but rainy nights in Salt lake City are not so bad when you have an umbrella.

if we couldn't get the things that we needed, Aunt Mattie saw to it that we did have it. But she never did get married.

Dad was always one to be fixing up around the house and yard and plumbing. Mother said he should have been a plumber instead of a printer because they made more money. Dad always paid his tithing first and poor Mom had to make do with what was left. I was sure lucky to have someone like Aunt Mattie because she was a seamstress at ZCMI ladies ready to wear. I remember a Brown Beaver hat that she gave to me one day when Mother took me up to the second floor of ZCMI. Also, the dresses that she got me for school. I had so many dresses when I went to high school that I was plain confused which one to wear in the morning.

Grandmother Felt used to try to help me in the way what to wear with what, and getting my hair fixed the night before. I guess Dad would get put out at me for being such a tomboy. Grandpa Felt did printing

jobs for the dance teacher, Miranda E. Matson, and she made an acrobatic dancer out of me. Dad would say, Marguerite spends more time on her head than she does on her feet.

Ernest William Felt was a Sunday School teacher for many years. First it was the teenagers then he was a Sunday School teacher for the adult class. Sunday was the Lord's Day but we never missed Sunday School and Sacrament meeting. Dad and Mother loved to go for a Sunday drive. So after a good Sunday dinner, off for a ride in the brand new Ford. Sometimes Grandma and Grandpa Felt would go with us. This time it just seemed like we would never get there. Pretty soon Grandma said, "Ern, where are you going?" he said he was going to Wyoming. It did not take much talking until Grandma Felt had persuaded him to turn around and go home. We arrived home a little before dark.

Grandpa Felt always stood at the door to shake hands with everyone when they came to meeting. Sometimes he played the organ.

There was a year when we had so much rain, when we were living on 1st West. It seemed like days and days that the rain water was up to the front porch. Looking outside we could see nothing but water. Days went by but no one went out of the house but Dad. He had to go to work. Somewhere along the way, someone loaned Dad a pair of hip boots. So he walked through the water to work. At a certain time of the day we could see Dad wading through the deep water from work. Harry Rosenthal usually sent him home with a package of meat from his store.

It seems that every time Dad had a big job to do around the yard and house, he would always get some of the Brethren of the 4th Ward, Pioneer Stake to help him. Whenever we needed to do some new wallpapering in the house, etc. Dad wanted to build a new garage for the new Ford. So he had plenty of helpers and soon a garage for the new black Ford. Uncle Charlie had a camera and he would take pictures of all the cousins and the new black Ford. One day I heard him tell Mother that she could drive it. She was telling him you put the key in and turn it on and step on the gas. So one morning she decided to drive the Ford down town. So she goes out into the garage and instead of the Ford going back out into the alley to stop, it just went across the alley into Bishop Pershon's garage. Bishop Pershon was very patient with Dad and told him to just repair his garage.

On Sunday when we made our usual Sunday ride, we went to Sandy, Utah. Grandpa wanted to see Aunt Vera and Uncle Arthur. Their oldest son had just returned home from his mission. While Arthur was on his mission he met a family in Oklahoma that was much interested in the Gospel. This family, Ed and Bessie Lortz, became his closest friends. They accepted the Gospel and sold all of their lovely furniture and home to go to Salt Lake City for the Gospel. They moved into a home across the street from us and it was a struggle for them to get back on their feet. They had run up a grocery bill up at the corner grocery and couldn't pay their bill. Dad paid their bill until Uncle Ed could get a job. They were just like relatives to us. They had 2 boys and 1 girl. We called them Uncle Ed and Aunt Bessie. Later he became a teacher at the University of Utah.

September 28, 1987

We had fun yesterday. Charmayne took us for a ride in the mountains to see the autumn leaves. Very beautiful. Chelsie made a picture for me. *(included between the pages of my mom's journal is the picture Chelsie drew. She was three years old. Also stuck between the pages is an old yellowed photo clipped from the newspaper. It is a little boy about two years old. Underneath the photo it says William Felt. My grandpa's name was Ernest William Felt. Looking at the photo, I can see a resemblance to my Grandpa*

*Felt (my mom's dad) so maybe it is him. When I knew him, Grandma Felt called him Ernest or Mr. Felt. They were very formal. Maybe he went by William when he was younger. I don't know.)*

Below is the last entry in my mother's journal. Most of it is blank pages. Makes me sad because I'm know she had lots more stories to tell. She doesn't say a word about how she went to Nevada during the Depression to dance in a club and it was there she met my dad. That's a great story which I will include. It just won't be in her own words.

This sounds like a continuation of her goal setting from the Relief Society lesson or perhaps a quote that she liked, or something she wrote herself. *Whether or not my mother wrote this herself or quoted someone else, it epitomizes her life.*

It is this last aspect of our self-evaluation. The effect of our lives on the lives of others that will help us understand why some of the common ordinary work of life should be valued so highly. Frequently it is the common place tasks we perform that have the greatest positive effects on the lives of others, as compared with the things that the world so often relates to greatness.

It appears to me that the kind of greatness of Father in Heaven would have us pursue is within the grasp of all who are within the Gospel net.

We have an unlimited number of opportunities to do the many simple and minor things that will ultimately make us great. To those who have their lives in service and sacrifice for their families, for others, and for the Lord, the best counsel I can give is to simply do more of the same.

October 31, 1980

I see the black clouds  
Now almost disappear,  
The north wind that was loud  
Begins slowly to veer,  
And after high tempest soon shall roll  
Fair weather to my fainting soul.

The black night shall not toss  
Nor for the long the storm rage,  
No man to carry the cross  
Is dealt to long ago;  
Delightful is yon rising dawn  
Promising soon a glorious morn.

I look across the hills  
Of my Father's house, and all  
The sunlight on the ground  
Whose grace sets me free;  
That in life's book my name is written  
And no man blots or cancels it.

And thou in the desert night  
I've wandered many a year

And often had to drink  
of the bitter cup despair;  
The yoke I suffered was my gain  
And not for nothing came that pain.

The burden on my back  
Pulled heaven down to earth.  
It sanctified for me  
A woe and grievous death.  
The wheel turned to my fervent prayer.  
The bittersweet bile was sweetened there.

The chastenings of heaven,  
Lashed by the Father's thong  
Are sweet like honey combs  
With healing breath and long  
By cross and grief, by tempest driven  
The saints are ripened into Heaven.

by William Williams in The Penguin Book of Welsh

Moses 8-24

Believe, believe and repent of your sins and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, even as our fathers, and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost that ye may have all things made manifest: and if ye do not this, the floods will come in upon you; nevertheless, they hearkened not.

On a separate sheet of genealogy paper my mother wrote the following under Important Events.

Before Charmayne was born, my mother called in the Elders to administer to me. As I was being administered to, I had a feeling come over me. It felt just like someone who was very strong, trying to pull my head back. I believe that it was the sickness and bad feelings that I had leaving my body.

I was set apart for the Sunday School Teacher for the Primary Class in Junior Sunday School, 15 August 1954 by Brother Lloyd Oxborrow. Many happy hours were spent in the Junior Sunday School. Our daughter Charmayne Gubler enjoyed it also and her attendance was almost 100%. George Ernest Gubler our oldest son was made a Teacher. 12 September 1954. On the 2 October 1954 I was set apart for a Genealogy teacher by Bro. Kelly Harrison.

We took the Primary children to do Baptisms for the dead to the St. George temple 28, April 1956. Later on we bought a home in St. George and took the children to school in Dixie.

George Ernest Gubler was made a Priest 21 May 1957 by Bishop Ray Schumtz. John Paul Gubler was made a teacher 9 Feb. 1958 by Bishop Ray Schmutz. Charmayne Gubler was baptized by her brother George and confirmed by her Grandfather Gubler.