
“I Remember When”

Personal History of Paul E. Felt



Born: Jan. 29, 2916

Died: Feb. 9, 1999

Contents

1	Preface	1
1.1	Acknowledgments	2
1.2	Editorial Note	3
2	Brief Personal History of Paul E. Felt	5
2.1	Brief Personal History of Paul E. Felt	5
2.2	Updating Personal History	37
3	Four Generations	39
3.1	Ernest William Felt	39
3.2	Edith Mae Martin	46
3.3	David Pile Felt	55
3.4	Mary Louise Pile	58
3.5	Nathaniel Henry Felt	61
3.6	George Speirs	66
4	My Childhood and Youth 1916-1937	69
4.1	Happiness is the Creation of Pleasant Memories	69
4.2	Bamberger Train	73
4.3	A Happy Getaway on the Union Pacific Railroad	73
4.4	Fourth Ward and Pioneer Stake	74
4.5	My Dad's Model A Ford	75
4.6	Our Scoutmaster, Clyde Weeks	75
4.7	Clyde Weeks Sr. and World War II	76
4.8	Temple Square	76
4.9	Jefferson School	77
4.10	South High School	78
4.11	Speech Clinic - University of Utah	78
4.12	An Unusual Trip to Iowa City, Iowa	80

4.13	A Call To Serve A Mission	82
4.14	A Visit With Our Stake Patriarch - Brother Charles S. Hyde	83
4.15	Utah Poultry	83
4.16	Paul Felt, a Budding Thespian	84
4.17	My Years As A Scout	84
4.18	Purse Snatcher	84
4.19	The Deseret News and The Salt Lake Tribune	85
4.20	The Joys of the Sabbath Day	85
4.21	White Bunny	86
4.22	When The Circus Came To Town	87
4.23	National Wrestling Matches	87
4.24	Grower's Market	87
4.25	Dusenberry	88
4.26	Pure Tithe Payer	88
4.27	Family Prayer	88
4.28	Felt Building	89
4.29	Our Neighborhood Library	89
4.30	Kick The Can	89
4.31	Mr. Doctorman And His Cows	90
5	Central States Mission 1937-39	91
5.1	Two Lost Years	91
5.2	One Foot In And One Foot Out	93
5.3	Excerpt from Youthful Diary: My Troubled Heart	93
5.4	My Twentieth Birthday, January 29th, 1937	93
5.5	Salt Lake City Mission Home	94
5.6	Two Salt Lake Homes Burned To The Ground	94
5.7	Dodge City, Kansas	95
5.8	Be Quick To Praise But Slow To Criticize	96
5.9	My First Baptism	96
5.10	A Sweet Lady In A Rest Home	97
5.11	All I Want Is Your Friendship	97
5.12	Oh I Wish I Could Believe What You've Just Shared With Me	98
5.13	Performing My First Civil Marriage	98
5.14	Pursue A Steady Course	99
5.15	I'm Not Worthy, I Can't Bless My Own Son	99
5.16	Ephraim, Our Mission Car	99
5.17	Turning Point in my Life	100

6	BYU - Student Years 1939-1942	101
6.1	Three Love Affairs	101
6.2	Delta Phi	103
6.3	Mask Club	104
6.4	Matinee Dances Each Wednesday in the Women's Gym . . .	104
6.5	My first formal date with Afton Harris	105
6.6	Student Body President	108
6.7	BYU Defeats the University of Utah in Football	109
6.8	Pearl Harbor - World War II	110
6.9	Employment at Geneva Steel	112
6.10	Midshipman School - Northwestern University	112
6.11	Saltair	113
6.12	Dean Wesley P. Lloyd	113
6.13	Graduation from BYU	114
7	World War II 1942-1946	115
7.1	My Life as a Midshipman	115
7.2	Ensign Paul E. Felt	117
7.3	My First Assignment as a Naval Officer	117
7.4	Point Loma, San Diego, California	117
7.5	My Child Bride Arrives	121
7.6	Ward and Stake Activity	124
7.7	Patriarchal Blessing for Afton Harris Felt	124
7.8	A Letter Requesting Overseas Duty	125
7.9	Good Music and Pictures	126
7.10	Ensign Felt Boards the USS Silverbell in New Guinea	126
7.11	Ensign Felt's First Assignment is Diving Officer	127
7.12	An Army Colonel Notifies us that the USS Silverbell will be Receiving Some Special Gifts	128
7.13	The Lost Stolen Jeep	128
7.14	Thievery in Office Quarters	128
7.15	Mormon Meetings in the Philippines	129
7.16	Paul, You're a Father	129
7.17	A Japanese Holding My Young Son Paul Jr.	130
7.18	D-Day End of War	130
7.19	Opportunity to be a Lieutenant Commander	131
7.20	USS Silverbell Arrives in San Francisco	131
7.21	Death Row, Utah State Prison	132
7.22	Alcoholics Anonymous	133

8	Logan Seminary 1946-1950	135
8.1	The World of Business or the Church Education System . . .	135
8.2	Our First New Home	136
8.3	Father O'Halloran and Father Valine	137
8.4	A Call to the High Council	138
8.5	A Call to a Bishopric	138
8.6	Wearever and Electrolux Vacuum	139
8.7	Birth of John and Yvonne	139
8.8	Weekly Temple Visits	140
8.9	Four Wonderful Years in Logan	141
9	Granite Seminary Salt Lake City, Utah 1950-1952	143
9.1	A Surprising Move to Salt Lake	143
9.2	Another Bishopric Opportunity	144
9.3	Jimmy Moss	144
9.4	Elmer and Thelma Strong	144
9.5	Paul and Afton now have a New Year's Eve Baby	145
9.6	Paul and Afton Purchase a Four-plex	146
9.7	Another Call from Commissioner Franklin L. West	148
10	University of Alberta Institute 1952-1954	151
10.1	Major Move to Edmonton, Alberta, Canada	151
10.2	Crossing the Border into Canada	152
10.3	Dedication of the University of Alberta Institute	154
10.4	All of our Children are Broncos	155
10.5	A Call at Midnight for Reverend Felt	156
10.6	Elder Hugh B. Brown	156
10.7	Wednesday Evening Institute Class	157
10.8	Puckachee	157
10.9	A Call from William E. Berrett	158
11	Southern Utah University - Institute 1954-1957	159
11.1	Another Move Cedar City	159
11.2	Tourest Motel, Nephi, Utah	160
11.3	Organization of the Cedar Institute Ward	161
11.4	Ross Fillmore	162
11.5	Our son Larry Born in Cedar City	164
11.6	Our Daughter Yvonne Falls Out of our Car	164
11.7	Seeburg Music Machine	165
11.8	Call to Stake Presidency	165

11.9	The Birth of Another Son, Ronald Grimshaw Felt	166
11.10	St. George Temple	166
11.11	Our New Home in Cedar City	167
12	BYU Student Coordinator 1957-1961	169
12.1	Sale of Our Cedar City Home and Purchase of our First Home in Provo	169
12.2	Accountable to Dean Lloyd and President Wilkinson	170
12.3	Ernest L. Wilkinson Student Body Union	171
12.4	BYU Victory Bell	172
12.5	Tausig Social Unit and Playboy Magazine	173
12.6	Student Body Leaders and Visit to Different Campuses for Athletic Events	173
12.7	BYU and Bob Hope	174
12.8	BYU Weekly Assemblies	174
12.9	Social Units Terminated	174
12.10	Sam, our Boxer Dog, and the Mailman	176
12.11	Our Second Home in Provo	176
12.12	Rex Lee, Student Body President	178
12.13	Schwinn Bike	178
12.14	Coin-Op Laundry	179
13	Director of Indian Affairs BYU 1963-1971	181
13.1	Call From President Earl C. Crockett, Academic Vice Pres- ident, BYU	181
13.2	A Call From Elder Packer	184
13.3	BYU American Indian Program and Janie Thompson	186
13.4	Go My Son	186
13.5	House of Jacob	188
13.6	Weekly Meeting With President Kimball and the Lamanite Committee	188
13.7	American Indian Institute Services and Research	189
13.8	American Indian Week	189
13.9	Whoop-di-do the Gospel's True!	190
13.10	President Wilkinson and Ute Tribe Appreciation Day	190
13.11	Windy Felt Stewart	191
13.12	A Shield and a Protection	192
13.13	Special People in a Special Program	194
13.14	Brother and Sister Reed Kohler, Midway, Utah	194
13.15	Bible Lands Tour	195

14 Mission President - Southwest Indian Mission 1971-74	201
14.1 A Call From President Nathan Eldon Tanner of the First Presidency	201
14.2 A Church Service Call is Really a Family Call	202
14.3 A Letter from Elder LeGrand Richards of the Quorum of the Twelve	203
14.4 President Kimball and his Magnificent Obsession	205
14.5 New Mexico-Arizona Mission	205
14.6 Hallmark of a Mormon Missionary	205
14.7 Controlling Thoughts	206
14.8 Serve the Lord Without Offending the Devil	207
14.9 Every Time I Look into the Eyes of a Navajo it's Like Looking into the Eyes of Christ	208
14.10 Elder Boyd K. Packer and Pure Testimony	208
14.11 Our Children and Missionary Zone Conferences	209
14.12 Warriors of the Son	209
14.13 Uniform System for Teaching Families	210
14.14 Mission Couples	214
14.15 Early Morning Telephone Call from a Newly Called Missionary Couple	215
14.16 A Valiant Couple Who Had Served One Mission and Already Been Extended	216
14.17 The Power of Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ	217
14.18 Words of Wisdom President Paul E. Felt	218
14.19 Words of Wisdom Sister M. Afton Felt	222
15 BYU College of Religion 1974-1981	223
15.1 Reception for Steve and Marilyn	223
15.2 An Invitation to Teach in the College of Religion - BYU	224
15.3 Bleeding Ulcer	225
15.4 Afton and Tic-douloureux	228
15.5 Language Training Mission - President Max L. Pinegar	229
15.6 Teton Dam Flood	230
15.7 Pres. Pinegar and a Call from Elder Packer	231
15.8 My Call as a Temple Sealer	231
16 Israel Semester Abroad January 8 - June 17 1980	233
16.1 Israel Semester Abroad—A Dream Come True	233
16.2 Ronald Felt and Tracy Hallmark Find Their True Love in Israel	236

16.3	Israel District Presidency	236
16.4	Who Are These Beautiful People?	237
16.5	The Garden Tomb	238
16.6	Elder LeGrand Richards and the Jordan River	238
16.7	Masada	238
16.8	Mount Sinai	239
16.9	The Winter Storm in Jerusalem	240
17	Retirement Years 1981-1999	243
17.1	The Golden Years	243
17.2	Part-time Teaching–BYU	245
17.3	Another Call to Serve in the Missionary Training Center	245
17.4	BYU Alumni and Emeritus Association	247
17.5	My Obsession With Cars	249
17.6	U.S.S. Silverbell Reunions	250
17.7	Growing Older	250
17.8	A Wonderful Life	251
17.9	Our Financial Investments	251
17.10	Attending the Temple	252
17.11	Athletics	252
17.12	Living Will and Trust	253
17.13	Hip Hip Hooray–Hallelujah	253
18	The Temple–House of the Lord 1982-1997	257
18.1	Three Love Affairs	257
18.2	A Call From President A. Theodore Tuttle	257
18.3	President Hinckley and Temples	259
18.4	Finding a Baby in a Dumpster	260
18.5	Time is the Coin of Life	260
18.6	Temple Quotes	261
19	Missionary Training Center 1974-1989	265
19.1	A Call From President Max L. Pinegar	265
19.2	Angels Round About to Bear You Up	266
19.3	Pressure Cooker	266
19.4	Devotionals	267
19.5	Official Declaration	267
19.6	Calls and Releases	267
19.7	Tell Me and I’ll Forget	268

19.8	The Lord Requires Total Commitment and Total Effort Sustained Always in the Face of Opposition, Disappointment and Sometimes Despair	269
19.9	George D. Durrant	269
19.10	The Power of Missionary Work	270
19.11	Mom, Is He Really a Prophet?	272
19.12	Horse Picture	272
19.13	When Your Priorities Are Out of Order, You Lose Power	274
19.14	I Love You	275
19.15	A Tear Upon My Cheek	275
19.16	How Many is One?	276
19.17	When Nature Wants a Man	277
19.18	The Book of Mormon Another Testament of Christ	279
20	Hawaii Temple Visitors' Center 1989-1991	281
20.1	A Visit With a General Authority, Elder Sackley	281
20.2	Discussing This New Call With Our Family	283
20.3	Our Final Devotional at the Missionary Training Center	284
20.4	Our Arrival in Hawaii	284
20.5	It Shows in Your Face	285
20.6	I Have Never Felt What I am now Sensing and Experiencing. What is it?	286
20.7	Apostate Mormons who call themselves the Godmakers	287
20.8	A Polynesian Heart	288
20.9	Eat a Live Frog First Thing in the Morning	288
20.10	Three Nephites	289
21	Our Eternal Family 1943-1997	291
21.1	June 1st, 1943—A Day Never to be Forgotten	291
21.2	The Founding of the Family is as Sacred as the Founding of the Church	293
21.3	Dedication of Homes	294
21.4	Father, the Natural Patriarch in the Home	295
21.5	Your Children Always Come Out Smiling and Happy	295
21.6	Contention and Anger is one of Satan's Powerful Tools	296
21.7	I Have No Greater Joy Than To Know That My Children Walk in Truth	298
21.8	How Do I Love Thee	299
21.9	The Paul E. and M. Afton Felt Family Certificate of Merit	299
21.10	Happiness is a Home Made Product	299

21.11 My Family, My Fortune	300
21.12 Man and Woman, Noble Pair	301
21.13 Happiness is Right Now	302
21.14 The Only True Peace and Happiness	304
21.15 No Vacant Chairs	304
21.16 Terrible to be Lost but Great to be Found	306
21.17 Come Listen to a Prophet's Voice	307
22 Our Sons and Daughters 1944-1962	311
22.1 Paul and Lynne	311
22.2 John and Jackie	314
22.3 Lamar and Yvonne	314
22.4 Steve and Marilyn	315
22.5 Jessie and Sam	316
22.6 John and Kathleen	318
22.7 Larry and Deanne	319
22.8 Ronald and Tracy	320
22.9 Tammy and Kirk	320
22.10 Tom and Stephanie	322
22.11 Betty Naomi	324
22.12 Windy Stewart Felt	324
23 Our Grandchildren	327
23.1 Letters received during illness	328
23.1.1 Poem by Nikki	328
23.1.2 Letter from Shaun	334
23.2 Letter from Tammy	334
23.3 Hugs Are Available Here	334
23.4 More Letters from Our Grandchildren	336
23.4.1 Letter from Stephanie	336
23.4.2 Letter from Troy	336
23.4.3 Letter from Justin	336
23.4.4 Letter from Stacey	337
23.4.5 Letter from Jill	337
23.4.6 Letter from Collette	337
23.4.7 Letter from Katie	338
23.4.8 Letter from Camille	338
23.4.9 Letter from Elysse	338
23.4.10 Letter from McKay	338
23.4.11 Letter from Jason	338

23.4.12	Story by Charla	339
23.4.13	Letter from Tess	339
23.4.14	Letter from Melissa	339
23.4.15	Letter from Travis	339
23.4.16	Letter from Jenaca	339
23.4.17	Letter from Spencer	339
23.4.18	Talk by Wyatt	340
23.4.19	Letter from Johnny	340
23.4.20	Mission letter from Chaske	340
23.4.21	Letter from Robert and Katherine	341
23.4.22	Letter from Mark and Becky	341
24	Family Reunions and Family Letters	343
24.1	Family Reunions	343
24.2	Family Letters	344
24.2.1	Letter to Afton on our Thirtieth Wedding Anniversary	344
24.2.2	Letter to Afton on our Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary	362
24.2.3	Tribute from Paul Jr. to his parents	365
24.2.4	Tribute from John to his parents	365
24.2.5	Tribute from Yvonne to her parents	366
24.2.6	Tribute from Marilyn to her parents	366
24.2.7	Tribute from O'Larry to his parents	367
24.2.8	Tribute from Ron to his mother	367
24.2.9	Tribute from Jesse to her mother	368
24.2.10	Tribute from Kathleen to her mother	369
24.2.11	Tribute from Tom to his mother	370
24.2.12	Tribute from Tammy to her mother	371
24.2.13	Tribute from Windy to her mother	372
24.2.14	A SONG OF TRIBUTE to Paul and Afton Felt by DeAnne Felt	372
24.2.15	Tribute from Paul to his wife Afton	373
25	Behold Your Little Ones	375
25.1	What is More Precious Than A Child?	375
25.2	First Presidency Proclamation	378
25.3	The Family:A Proclamation to the World	378
25.4	A Little Child Shall Lead Us	380
25.5	Elder Maxwell's stories	380
25.6	Thoughts for our Grandchildren	382
25.7	101 Ways to Praise Your Child	383

25.8 Teach Your Children the Divinity Within 384

26 Spiritual Gifts 387

26.1 Spiritual Gifts 387

26.2 Seek the Spirit of the Lord 389

27 The Gift of the Holy Ghost 391

27.1 The Gift of the Holy Ghost 391

27.2 Building a Fire 394

27.3 The Holy Ghost 395

28 One Liners 397

29 Afterthoughts, Memories of Roses in December 407

29.1 I Remember When 407

29.2 Personal Journals 408

29.3 Elder Glen Rudd shared a sacred experience with President
Kimball that took place in the Sacred Grove. 409

29.4 Shouldn't the Bible be Re-written? 410

29.5 All I Need is the Gospel 411

29.6 Smokey the Bear and Holy the Ghost 411

29.7 Guardian Angels 411

29.8 Be Good and Do Good 412

29.9 Adversary (Satan) and Contention 413

29.10 Will I Be Happy 414

29.11 Work, work, work 414

29.12 Lo, Children are an Heritage to the Lord 415

29.13 The Fix-It Lady 416

29.14 How Soon Do You Need to Know? 417

29.15 A Believing Heart 418

29.16 Do You Really Know the Savior? 419

29.17 The Power of Pure Testimony 420

29.18 Almost Thou Persuadest Me To Be a Mormon 423

29.19 I've Made up my Mind 424

29.20 Read and Ponder the Scriptures 425

29.21 Are You Listening? 426

29.22 Giving Priesthood Blessings 427

29.23 Love Notes 428

29.24 Quick to Praise, Slow to Criticize 429

29.25 How Prayers Are Answered 429

29.26	How Do You Measure the Worth of a Kindly Deed?	431
29.27	Books that Shape the Earth	431
29.28	Salt Lake City–World Capital of Religions	432
29.29	Kids Want What They Want When They Want It	433
29.30	General Conference, October 1997	434
29.31	Be a Spendthrift in Love	435
29.32	Purge Ourselves of Pride	436
29.33	Random Acts of Kindness	437
29.34	Prepare for the Second Coming of Christ	438
29.35	The Riches of Gratitude	439
29.36	An Interview with Brigham Young	440
29.37	President Harold B. Lee	441
29.38	Plain Talk About Drugs	442
29.39	Families Can Be Together Forever	443
30	In Retrospect, Going Home and Testimony	447
30.1	Editorial Note	451
31	Paul E. Felt’s Funeral	455
31.1	Program Overview	455
31.2	Program	456
31.2.1	Welcome, Bishop Clark	456
31.2.2	(Family Prayer) Paul Felt Jr.	457
31.2.3	(Indian Feather Ceremony) Grant Williams	457
31.2.4	(Opening Prayer) Marilyn Felt Forsyth	458
31.2.5	Acknowledgement of Elder Glenn L. Rudd	458
31.2.6	(Obituary) Jessie Felt Allman	458
31.2.7	Musical Selection “Go My Son”	460
31.2.8	Ron G. Felt	461
31.2.9	Larry H. Felt	464
31.2.10	Tammy Williams, Tribute from the Grandchildren	465
31.2.11	Musical Selection “We Will Hold On Together”	467
31.2.12	Yvonne Jordon	467
31.2.13	Kathleen Covey	467
31.2.14	M. Afton Felt	470
31.2.15	“A Letter to my Grandchildren ”	471
31.2.16	“How Great Thou Art”	472
31.2.17	(Closing Remark) Bishop Clark	473
31.2.18	(Closing Prayer) Tom E. Felt	473
31.2.19	(Dedication of Grave) John M. Felt	474

31.3	Remarks from Family Members	474
31.3.1	Paul. Felt Jr.	474
31.3.2	Lynne Felt	476
31.3.3	Yvonne Felt Jordan	477
31.3.4	Marilynn Felt Forsyth	477
31.3.5	Steve Forsyth	479
31.3.6	Mail that Afton sent To Ron	479
31.3.7	Jessie Felt Allman	480
31.3.8	Stephanie Ellen Forsyth (Granddaughter)	481
31.3.9	Stacey Forsyth (Granddaughter)	483
31.3.10	David Felt Jordan (Grandson)	483
31.3.11	Julie Weight Jordan (Granddaughter)	483
31.3.12	Justin C. Forsyth (Grandson)	484
31.3.13	Kathleen Felt Covey	484
31.3.14	Tammy Felt Williams	485
31.3.15	Kirk Williams	485
31.3.16	Jodie Marie Felt Robinson (Granddaughter)	485
31.3.17	Collette Covey (Granddaughter)	487
32	Index and Lists of Persons, Places and Quotes	489
	Subjects Index	490
	Biographical Index	496
	Family Members	500
	People (not family)	506
	Places	510
	Quotes	511

List of Figures

2.1	The Paul and Afton Felt Family, 1963	32
2.2	The Ernest and Mae Felt Family, later years; From Left to Right: Marguerite, Edith Mae, Ernest; Back Left to Right: Paul, Ken, Edith, Robert Felt, Ernest William (Father)!PhotosFelt, Marguerite Mae (Sister)!PhotosFelt, Edith Mae Martin (Mother)!PhotosFelt, Robert B. (Brother)!Photos Felt, Kenneth (Brother)!Photo	33
3.1	Ernest Williams Felt, later years Felt, Ernest William (Father)!Photos	40
3.2	Edith Mae Martin Felt and Ernest Williams Felt, newlyweds Felt, Edith Mae Martin (Mother)!Photos Felt, Ernest William (Father)!Photos	42
3.3	Edith Mae Martin, youth Felt, Edith Mae Martin (Mother)!Photos	47
3.4	Edith Mae Martin Felt, later years Felt, Edith Mae Martin (Mother)!Photos	54
3.5	David Pile Felt Felt, David Pile (Paternal Grandfather)!Photo	56
3.6	Adeline Speirs Speirs, Adeline Harris (Paternal Grandmother)!Photo	57
3.7	Mary Louise Pile Pile, Mary Louise!Photo	59
3.8	Nathaniel Henry Felt Felt, Nathaniel Henry!Photo	62
4.1	Paul Ernest Felt, infant	70
4.2	Paul Ernest and Robert Brigham Felt Felt, Robert B. (Brother)!Photos	71
4.3	The Ernest and E. Mae Felt Family, Approx. 1921	72
4.4	Paul Ernest Felt, High School	79
5.1	Paul Ernest Felt, Central States Mission	92
6.1	Paul Ernest Felt, BYU Student Body President	102
6.2	Paul Felt, around time of marriage	106

6.3	Afton Harris, around time of marriage Felt, Martha Afton (Wife)!Photos	107
7.1	Paul Felt, Naval Officer	116
7.2	Ensign Felt	118
7.3	Paul and Afton Felt, Newlyweds Felt, Martha Afton (Wife)!Photos	122
7.4	1st year Honyemooon in San Diego	123
9.1	The Growing Felt Family	147
9.2	The Growing Felt Family	148
12.1	1455 Fir Circle, Provo, Utah (This home was bought in 1957)	177
13.1	The Paul and Afton Felt Family, Approx: 1965. Back Left to Right: Jessie with Yvonne, Paul Jr., John, Paul and Tom, Mom and Tammy and O'Larry; Middle: Kathleen and Marilyn; Front: Ronald Allman, Jessie Felt (Daughter)!PhotosJordan, Yvonne Felt (Daughter)!PhotosFelt, Paul Jr. (Son)!PhotosFelt, John (Son)!PhotosFelt, Tom Elwood (Son)!PhotosFelt, Martha Afton (Wife)!PhotosWilliams, Tammy Felt (Daughter)!PhotosFelt, O'Larry (Son)!PhotosCovey, Kathleen Felt (Daughter)!PhotosForsyth, Marilyn Felt (Daughter)!PhotosFelt, Ronald Grimshaw (Son)!Photos	182
13.2	Father of the Year in Provo, Utah, Approx: 1966; Left to Right: Margaret and Paul, Marilyn, O'Larry, Mom and Kathleen, Dad, Tammy, Jessie, Yvonne, Windy, with Tom and Ron sitting in the front Felt, Paul Jr. (Son)!Photos Watt, Margaret!PhotosForsyth, Marilyn Felt (Daughter)!PhotosFelt, O'Larry (Son)!PhotosCovey, Kathleen Felt (Daughter)!PhotosFelt, Martha Afton (Wife)!PhotosWilliams, Tammy Felt (Daughter)!PhotosAllman, Jessie Felt (Daughter)!PhotosJordan, Yvonne Felt (Daughter)!PhotosStewart, Mildred 'Windy' Felt (Daughter)!PhotosFelt, Tom Elwood (Son)!PhotosFelt, Ronald Grimshaw (Son)!Photos	193
13.3	Paul and Afton, 25th Wedding Anniversary	196
13.4	The Felt Family, 1968	197
13.5	Afton and her girls, 1968	198
13.6	Paul and his boys, 1968	199
14.1	SouthWest Indian Mission President	204
14.2	The Mission Home In Holbrook, Arizona	210

14.3	President Felt at his desk	211
14.4	President and Sister Felt Felt, Martha Afton (Wife)!Photos .	212
14.5	President and Sister Felt with a leather wall-hanging Felt, Martha Afton (Wife)!Photos	213
15.1	Felt Family 1975, Approx: 1975	226
15.2	Felt Family, Approx: 1975	227
16.1	Israel Semester Abroad	234
16.2	Paul and Afton in Egypt	235
17.1	Paul and Afton at Hobble Creek	254
17.2	Completed Hobble Creek Cabin	255
20.1	President and Sister Felt, Hawaii Visitor Center Presidents .	282
22.1	Felt Family, 1987	312
22.2	“And this is our joy,” Paul and Afton with their Children Felt, John (Son)!PhotosAllman, Jessie Felt (Daughter)!PhotosFelt, Tom Elwood (Son)!PhotosWilliams, Tammy Felt (Daughter)!PhotosFelt, Ronald Grimshaw (Son)!PhotosForsyth, Marilyn Felt (Daugh- ter)!PhotosCovey, Kathleen Felt (Daughter)!PhotosJordan, Yvonne Felt (Daughter)!PhotosStewart, Mildred ‘Windy’ Felt (Daugh- ter)!PhotosFelt, Paul Jr. (Son)!PhotosFelt, Martha Afton (Wife)!PhotosFelt, O’Larry (Son)!Photos	313
23.1	Family Picture Montage 1	329
23.2	Family Picture Montage 2	330
23.3	Family Picture Montage 3	331
23.4	Family Picture Montage 4	332
23.5	Family Picture Montage 5	333
24.1	Family Reunion at Fish Lake, 1990	345
24.2	Family Reunion at Rocking R Ranch, 1991	346
24.3	Family Reunion at Ricks College, 1993	347
24.4	Granddaughters as BYU Cheerleaders	348
24.5	A few grandchildren as teenagers; (Amanda) Tess Felt, Jes- sica Felt, Travis Williams	349
24.6	Christmas	350
24.7	Christmas	351

24.8	Afton with a few granddaughters; Jenaca Williams, Stacey Forsyth and Collette Covey	352
24.9	A few grandsons at a reunion; Jordan Comstock, Jacob Covey, Spencer Williams	353
24.10	The “Big Me’s” and the “Little Me’s”, Elysse, Melissa, Stacey, Jenaca, Collette; Faithe, Anna, Bria, Whitney	354
24.11	Granddaughters; Melissa, Stacey, Tess, Jenaca, Elysse	355
24.12	Afton with her two oldest granddaughters, Jodi Felt Robinson and Becky Jordan Comstock	356
24.13	Forsyth kids with Grandparents	357
24.14	Grandkids in a convertible	358
29.1	Felt Children, 2008	445
30.1	Paul and Afton, 50th Wedding Anniversary Felt, Martha Afton (Wife)!Photos	452
30.2	Paul and Afton Portrait. Ron commissioned Cloy Kent to paint this in approximately 1996. Felt, Martha Afton (Wife)!Photos	453

1

Preface

For many years I've known that I must write my personal history. Procrastination, which is the thief of time, overcame me and allowed me to let years go by with doing little or nothing. However, one redeeming factor is the fact that over the years I've accumulated hundreds and hundreds of quotes and fortunately have filed so many of these great items that one day could become a part of my personal history. I have finally determined to take some action and thus heed the admonition of the prophets to keep journals and keep records. I have kept a personal journal for years. While on my first mission, I did keep a journal but upon my return home I did nothing more with journals until we were serving as Directors at the Hawaiian Temple Visitor's Center.

The major turning point that motivated me to undertake my personal history came about as a result of a visit I had with Glen Rudd, who had just been released from the Second Quorum of Seventy. He shared with me his personal history and the format he used. Unlike most personal histories, his appealed to me. In a six month period I have virtually completed my personal history. This could not have happened without divine assistance. This is one of many scriptures that gave me great hope and comfort: "Let the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you." (John 14:26) Reading and pondering that scripture gave me great hope.

The title of my history is "I Remember When." The Lord has opened my mind and heart to the point where I have recalled far more important incidents in my life which I had long since buried in the past. My concern and anxiety was to remember, remember. As I have pondered that since

the term “remember, remember” is frequently used in the scriptures. The Lord has opened my mind and enabled me to recall important incidents in my life that otherwise would have been lost.

I have prayed much about getting help and assistance in my personal history. A few weeks ago I asked our son Ron to give me a blessing. A number of the family were present and he gave a remarkable blessing, which again renewed my hope. It is my modest belief and conviction that I have not only pulled together so many important incidents concerning my life and which are of great importance to me and I trust to the family also, but included in this whole personal history are some of the spiritual and historical highlights of my life. This book will enable them also to use many of the quotes that I have used and relate some of the great experiences of my life, and of course experiences of my life are entwined with memories of my wife and my family and our dear friends whose numbers far exceed what I can even count.

I trust each family member will read, ponder and pray about the contents of this personal history. I trust all of you will be prompted to be more diligent in your own personal history. Bear in mind that what you record will be available to your posterity. No one can measure the impact for good that these personal histories of each family member will have upon their posterity.

Remember what President Kimball said: “Do it!” Then later he added: “Do it now!”

1.1 Acknowledgments

I want to thank Hazel Dunsmore for the many years she has been my secretary, beginning when I first served at the MTC until now. She has been an inspired help all of these years and now with caring devotion she has prepared this manuscript of my personal history. Without her I could not have completed this project.

Thanks to our son Ron, who gave me a blessing after a serious illness. He blessed me with the power to remember and said that this would be “a labor of love.”

My dear wife Afton encouraged me throughout the whole process. I thank her for her contributions, especially her work on the final editing.

1.2 Editorial Note

This edition of the history was edited by Wyatt Felt (grandson) and Tammy Williams (daughter).

2

Brief Personal History of Paul E. Felt

2.1 Brief Personal History of Paul E. Felt

I was born in Salt Lake City, January 29, 1916, the second child of Ernest William and Mae Martin Felt. My other brothers and sisters, in order of their age, are—Marguerite Felt, Richard Felt (deceased), Robert B. Felt, Kenneth Felt, and Edythe Felt.

When I was about three years old my family moved and purchased a home at 828 South 100 West. We resided in the Fourth Ward, which was a part of the Pioneer Stake. Our bishop was William F. Perschon a convert to the Church who resided directly behind us on Jefferson Street. Our stake president was at that time, I believe, the youngest stake president in the Church, Harold B. Lee. Living directly north of us on First West were my father's parents, Grandma and Grandpa David Pile Felt. Grandfather was a printer officed in the Felt Building in downtown Salt Lake.

Grandpa Felt was everything a grandfather should be for grandchildren. I have such pleasant memories of visiting him often in his place of business in the Felt Building where he would provide a number of activities for his visiting grandchildren and their friends. He did printing for one or two local theaters in town and was thus able to provide us with free theater tickets. The theater we used to go to the most frequently was the old Star Theater located at State Street and First South. Some of my very happy memories revolve around going to a show after purchasing 5 cents worth of lemon drops and then proudly presenting our free guest tickets to the management at the theater.

Living two homes further north were Uncle Charlie and Aunt Renee. Aunt Renee was a sister of my father. Her husband was a dignified Englishman and a convert to the Church from England. Their children consisted of Norman, Melba, Vernon, Eldon and Edward. Norman was the nearest my age, and I recall some pleasant inter-family association with him and the other children. I recall many a pleasant activity as we would gather in one of our homes, more particularly Grandma and Grandpa's home at 826 South 100 West. Even back in those years that section of Salt Lake was "the other side of the tracks." In fact, the old Bambuger train would pass our house many times during the night and evening. It was always an object of much interest for the children. Often the train would be going so slowly that we could run alongside and often grab the train and take a free ride.

Across the street from us was another German family—Kasper Fetzer—also converts to the Church. The father and sons later established one of the most productive, highly recognized cabinet and fixture shops known as Fetzer Cabinet and Fixture. The father, Kasper Fetzer, became a patriarch and his sons became mission presidents and regional representatives.

Since Grandpa Felt was a printer, it became an easy thing for my father to follow in his father's footsteps, which he did. His first place of employment that I recall was the Gardner Printing Company, which was located on 200 South and West Temple. During the Depression of the 30's, he was discharged, but soon found employment with the Rocky Mountain Bank Note Company located on West Temple and Sixth South. In my boyhood I had paper routes for both the Deseret News and the Salt Lake Tribune. My papers were dropped off at the corner of the Rocky Mountain Bank Note Company, so I often walked into Dad's place of business to exchange greetings.

Dad's employer and boss was a Jewish man but not a member of the Church. However, he was always so friendly with us as he visited with Dad and was very good to Dad through the many years that Dad worked for him. I remember the customers to whom I would deliver the papers always seemed to be so unusually kind and friendly. We used to collect once a week, which was 15 cents, or the monthly fee, 65 cents. On one of my early morning paper routes located on 8th West there was a bakery. Often I would go there and purchase some newly-baked good. In addition to the fresh ones that I would purchase, they would often give me day-old goods for little or nothing. I remember a favorite purchase also was a Milky Way bar considerably the size of the bar they provide today which could be had for 5 cents. Hamburgers were 5 cents apiece. Occasionally when we felt particularly affluent we would go to a place on Main Street and about

5th South known as Hap's Hamburgers, and for 10 cents we could get a hamburger that surpasses anything that could be had for any price today. Located near Hap's Hamburgers was also an ice cream shop known as the White Bunny. I recall being able to purchase all we could eat for 15 cents. I remember saving some of my money towards the purchase of an electric "Mixmaster" for my mother which happily presented to her on a special Mother's Day.

Life in the Fourth Ward was always enjoyable and constituted the hub of activity for Mother and Dad and the family. Among my close friends was Charlie Perschon, the son of the bishop; Alfred Bissel; Harold Haight; and Don Bridge. In addition to being a great bishop, Bishop Perschon loved youth. I remember his counselors, Albert J. Cope and Phillip Jensen, who also extended themselves in looking after the youth of the ward. A scoutmaster, Dan Hammon, and a priest group advisor, Brother Howard, stand out in my memory. Another scoutmaster serving with Dan Hammond was Theodore Burton, now a member of the First Quorum of Seventy. Later friends who came to have a great bearing in my life were Sam and Glen Rudd. After I grew older and graduated from youthful paper routes, I obtained employment at the Utah Poultry through my friendship with Sam and Glen Rudd. Mr. Charles P. Rudd, father of Sam and Glen Rudd, was the manager of the Live Poultry Processing Plant on East 7th South. For years, especially during the summer while I was in my senior years at high school and freshman year at the University of Utah, I drove a delivery truck that would take freshly killed and feathered chickens to restaurants and grocery stores. After completing my route, I would join the crew on the table that feathered the chickens. I have very pleasant memories of delivering the chickens to the different restaurants and meat markets. Many of the chefs and cooks would give me an extra piece of pie when I would bring their order. There was only one place on my route that I had some fear of going to, and that was bog meat market on East 2nd South known as Wirthlin's Meat Market. The owner and manager was a man by the name of Joseph F. Wirthlin, who later became the Presiding Bishop of the Church. He would always carefully require me to re-weigh the order upon delivery. Since the order was so large, it would seem that I would always come out with less than we had weighed at the time I left the processing plant. indexpeoplePerschon, William F. (Bishop)

I have both pleasant and unpleasant memories of my elementary, Junior high and high school. Through my elementary years I attended the Jefferson School on 11th South and West Temple. A large, gruff, imposing man known as Mr. Garff was the principal. A few of the other teachers seemed to

frighten me also.

Through all of these years—elementary, junior high, and high school and the first year at the University of Utah and up to and including my mission—I had a speech impediment. I stuttered. In my social and casual relationships I didn't seem to have much of a problem, but in any formal setting such as a classroom or Church, I was always overcome with fear and in my attempts to speak could not get said what I wanted. This caused no end of humiliation and heartache.

Following my elementary school years, I went to the South Junior High School on State Street and 13th South and then finished at the newly-erected South High School on State Street and 17th South. Although in some respects I seemed to be a natural student since I seemed to read a great deal, I didn't achieve too well scholastically.

Following high school graduation, I was not able to register at the University of Utah because of my grades. An assistant principal, an older lady, seemed to take a special interest in me. She apparently saw something of my potential beyond what was reflected in my grades. She personally interceded for me and was able to get me registered at the University of Utah.

I finished my freshman year at the University of Utah, during which time I was taking some special speech therapy from a Miss Mary Webster to help me in my stuttering. At her recommendation, I obtained authorization to attend the most respected speech pathology center in the United States at the State University of Iowa in Iowa City. I spent a semester there, not only in class work but also in the speech center. My memories of Iowa City and the State University of Iowa bring back periods of loneliness and little achievement. I encountered, also, students in social situations that really tested and tried me in terms of high Mormon standards that I had been taught at home. I was glad to return home and resume my education at the University of Utah, following which I prepared for my mission. Upon my return from my mission I registered at Brigham Young University. Before pursuing my Brigham Young years, I want to recapture some other vivid memories of my younger years in the Fourth Ward.

I remember so well the happy association we enjoyed with neighbors and friends, all of very modest means. My brother Bob and I went in to the rabbit and pigeon business. I remember one evening going over to a Jewish neighbor two doors south who had milk cows to get a little hay for my rabbits I don't recall whether I went there intending to ask for some. At any rate, I do remember well taking some hay and apparently leaving some droppings along the way. Early the next morning, which remember

was Sunday, a knock came on the door. Standing there was Mr. Doctorman telling my father that someone had stolen some hay and he followed the droppings over to my rabbit pen. Mr. Doctorman in a very kindly way said that we were welcome to the hay but he would appreciate us asking him for it in an honest manner.

I remember also a family living south of Doctormans whose name was Hangers. They were in the painting and decorating business and had a large barn. We used to enjoy climbing on the roof of that barn as well as the one directly next to us. I remember picking apples from our neighbors' yards and then sitting on the roof and eating green apples until often we would get a real stomachache.

One of the frequent games we would play as children is kick the can. Behind our home running through all of the large city blocks in a good part of Salt Lake City were alleys. That game provided hours and hours of fun for all of us.

I have pleasant memories of Sabbath days. My family, together with the families around us, would take us all to church. I remember often coming home from some of the long but enjoyable meetings and then visiting and chatting in the back with our friends.

I remember my father purchasing one of the first Model T Fords. What an occasion that was! We were the talk of the neighborhood. Dad attempted to teach Mother how to drive the car, and she was doing quite well until she attempted to drive the car in the garage one evening and failed to negotiate a turn and bashed the fender of the car as she was attempting get into the garage. Through the balance of her life she never again attempted to drive.

A neighbor further down the street had a Pierce Arrow which, of course, was a big luxury car. My only recollection of that car is it sitting in the garage. Seldom did it get out on the road. The bishop had a 1927 black Buick which was also a topic of conversation and a thing of beauty .

One of the highlights for any boy was to get the family car. It was a problem, however, to purchase gasoline. Unwisely and mischievously the bishop's son and I began siphoning gas from his own father's car. One time just before a Sunday evening Sacrament service in anticipation of an evening drive, we siphoned gas from the bishop's black Buick to put in the car that we had arranged for that evening's activity. As young priests, Charlie and I were both seated at the Sacrament table. As I looked at him, I noticed a white mark around his lips where the gas had made some marks. He told me I had the same evidence and marks on my mouth. At that point each of us began to burp a little from having swallowed a little gas, and the fumes

drifted up to Bishop Perschon who was seated on the stand. He was aware that his gas tank was being siphoned, but he did not know who was stealing the gas until that afternoon as the gas fumes reached him and he looked down and saw two of his priests. Immediately he knew where the source of his stolen gas was. I remember so well him nodding and smiling as he looked at us.

Young men went on missions at age 19 as they do today. However, at that time, I was so caught up and preoccupied with my work at the University of Utah I resisted the efforts of Bishop Perschon to get me on a mission. Two years went by before I finally responded to the mission call. Meanwhile, Bishop Perschon never at any time lost a meaningful contact and maintained a very wonderful relationship with me. During those years I drifted into some inactive non-member relationships which could have robbed me of my mission if I hadn't been for the persistence of Bishop Perschon and other great advisors and teachers in the old Fourth Ward. President Lee also made it a point to encourage me towards a mission commitment.

Finally, in May 1937, my farewell was scheduled. As I look back now on those critical two years from 19 to 21, I know a mission would never have developed had it not been for the kindly perseverance of Bishop Perschon, President Lee, and my own parents. I kept a journal during those two years from 19 to 21 which reflect something of the emptiness and unhappy years because of my refusal to respond to a church call.

While in the Salt Lake City Mission Home, I became well acquainted with the mission parents, Brother and Sister J. Wiley Sessions. Later this great couple served in the Department of Religion at BYU where I became actively involved with them following my mission when I was a student at BYU.

During my time at the Mission Home I have a vivid memory of walking with my companion in town and hearing a couple of "newsies" shouting, "Two Salt Lake homes burn to the ground." The picture on the front page caught my eye as I recognized my own mother and home in the pictures. At that time I learned one of the two homes was our home. As I made contact with Mother, she threw her arms around me and said, "Paul, this will not mean you won't go on a mission. We don't have the insurance, but you will still go on your mission." Such was the faith of Mother and Dad.

Another memory I have of the Mission Home is slipping out after hours one evening to rendezvous with a girlfriend. Upon my return to the mission home, crawling through the window, I was met by Brother Sessions. Because of that episode he wrote my mission president before my arrival, President Elias S. Woodruff, to warn him of some problems he may have with Elder

Felt.

Because of that letter, shortly after my arrival I was assigned with an Elder Ellsworth Ray who was four years my junior and who took me out under assignment from the mission president to “humble Elder Felt” on an assignment “without purse or script.” Elder Ray and I developed a beautiful companionship. Many years later when I was called to preside over a mission, it was my privilege to call Elder Ellsworth Ray, who was my senior companion, to serve as one of my counselors in the mission presidency.

When we were instructed to go without any money, I decided that to be on the safe side I had best tuck a \$1 bill into the sole of my shoe. After we had been out a day or two with little or no food, I finally confessed to my senior companion that I did have a dollar bill. He scolded me for lack of faith, but we readily spent the money and two hungry missionaries ate some rich goodies with the dollar. That evening we slept in a hay stack. At that point the blessings came more generously to us and I don’t believe for the balance of the two or three weeks we were without a good bed and some meals. That experience did “humble” Elder Felt.

This experience, together with an experience with the great Branch President in Dodge City, Kansas, by the name of Jerry Bybee, is some of my happiest mission memories. Brother and Sister Bybee proved to be one of the great and faith promoting influences in my mission. He was manager of a local Woolworth’s store and served in the struggling Dodge City Branch which met on the upper floor of an old building which the night before was used by one of the local civic clubs. It was necessary to clean the area out of beer cans and cigarette stubs, etc., before we held our meetings. Sister Bybee was an outstanding singer. Because of that fact and the influence and stature of President Bybee, in Dodge City we were able to hold a weekly radio broadcast in the interest of our missionary work.

After six glorious months in Dodge City, I was assigned to Hutchinson, Kansas, with another great companion with whom I enjoy a good friendship even today, H. Frederic Johnson. Residing in Hutchinson was another exceptional couple who served as branch president, George P. Clay. These people extended unusual friendship and kindnesses to us, which have carried over through the years. I can’t recall a year through the intervening 40 years that Sister Clay has not sent me a birthday card.

From Hutchinson, Kansas, I was called to serve as a district president over the West Kansas District. My mission proved to be a major turning point in my life. I remember well as my mission was drawing to an end pleading with the Lord in prayer that somehow He would make it possible for me to be always meaningfully involved in the Church. That prayer has

been magnificently answered.

Returning from my mission in the late spring of 1939, I made preparation to transfer to Brigham Young University. Brigham Young University, like my mission, proved those influences and friendships which further stabilized me in a Mormon pattern of life. I affiliated with the returned missionary organization known as Delta Phi. In the spring of the school year, I was nominated and elected president of that organization. In my speech class I became acquainted with Dr. Earl T. Pardoe and his lovely wife, Kathryn Pardoe, who were the principal faculty members in dramatic productions. Under their influence I was able to be involved in their programs and to participate in some outstanding productions at BYU.

In my junior year I was nominated for student body president and elected by an overwhelming majority. It was during my junior year that I met a young freshman, Afton Harris . I believe my first contact with Afton was at a student government activity where I was responsible for distribution of some student government material at a table on the campus. My next memory of Afton was the matinee dance which was held weekly at BYU and was a favorite out-of-class activity for all students. Each matinee dance I would make it a point to dance with this lovely freshman . I learned she was from Salt Lake City and asked her if I could call on her when I was in Salt Lake. Afton gave me her address as 1400 East 21st South, but did not tell me she was the daughter of the Utah State Prison Warden. I asked for a date, and as I drove to 1400 East 21st South in my father's Model A Ford, I could not find a residence by that number. The nearest thing to it was the State Prison, so I drove into the high, chain link fence area and asked a guard where 1400 East 21st South was. He inquired what my name was and when I told him, he said, "We are expecting you. Come in."

Over the years as I have related this story, I have indicated that I met my wife in prison. Meanwhile, Afton Harris left BYU and registered in a nurse's training program at the Holy Cross Hospital. We dated for a few months, which was then during my senior year at BYU. That was a crucial year because that marked the commencement of World War II.

Although I was in my senior year and student body president when the war broke out—December 7, 1941—I felt moved out of some good patriotism, to enlist and volunteer. While my papers were being processed and anticipating an early termination from my senior year to get into the war, I visited my mission president, kindly and beloved Elias S. Woodruff, who had then been released from his mission and was employed at the Deseret News. When I told him that I had volunteered, he scolded me and said perhaps it would have been best if I had waited to be drafted so that I could have

at least finished my senior year and thus be of more value to my country. I told him I had already enlisted and I didn't know how to stop the enlistment process. He said, "I just happen to be the director of the Selective Services area that includes Provo, and I will see if I can intercept it." He did and then counseled me to get back to BYU and resume my education.

I did, and after being on campus for only a month or two we were visited by teams of officers from the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps seeking officer candidates. I applied for the Naval Air Corps. The glamour and appeal of the Air Corps was such that many of us wanted to go into that branch of the service. I did not pass the physical examination because of astigmatism in my eyes. I then memorized the chart and went back. I passed every part of the physical examination and went through the eye chart so fast that the examining officer became suspicious and then placed another eye chart, whereupon he accused me of memorizing the chart. He uttered some profanities that I won't record and told me to be satisfied with being a deck officer. I then made application for the Naval Deck Training Program and was accepted and cleared to complete my senior year at BYU.

Following graduation in the spring of 1942, I found employment at the U.S. Steel plant which was under construction. I worked there until I was issued orders to report to the U.S. Naval Reserve Training Program at the Northwestern University in Chicago, Illinois. My first 30 days consisted of some rigorous training which eliminated a good many of the candidates. At the completion of my first 30 days, I was given a Midshipman's rating and then underwent some further intensive training which consisted of in-depth demanding work in gunnery, seamanship, and navigation. Here again, candidates were being eliminated and washed out every week. One of my very dear and close friends was dismissed 30 days before the completion of the program. With the help of the Lord and much faith and prayers, I survived the program and in March 1943 was commissioned an Ensign in the United States Navy. Among all of my achievements, I count this as one of the most appreciated and prized because I worked so hard to obtain it.

After receiving my commission I was assigned some additional special training in communications at the Section Base in San Diego. I was given five days leave. I went home proudly displaying my single Ensign gold stripe and a naval officer's uniform. I remember calling on Mother in her place of employment at Deseret Mortuary. What a joy and thrill it was to see her and to feel her pride in her son serving the country as a Naval officer. My other two brothers, Bob and Kenneth, also were serving in the Army at the time.

During my short leave before reporting for duty at the Section Base,

I resumed my association with Afton. At that time, I gave her my Naval officer's pin which was a kind of "engagement to be engaged." One afternoon we walked through Memory Grove in northern Salt Lake. As we were seated by the stream that meanders through Memory Grove, I leaned over to kiss Afton and my officer's Ensign cap fell into the water. I had to jump in to retrieve my hat, while Afton was laughing on the shore.

After only a couple of months in communication school, during which time there had been an exchange of several letters between Afton and me, I concluded that she was the girl I wanted to marry. Without informing her by letter of my intentions, I did go to my commanding officer and asked him for enough leave to go home and get married. I remember his gruff reply, "Felt, don't you know there's a war on? We are only giving emergency leaves." I replied something to the effect that I could be a more effective officer if I were married and felt and plead for a brief leave. Thereupon he said, "All right, Felt, we'll give you an emergency leave."

During that hurried leave I finalized the engagement and near the end of the 10 day leave I pressed for a hurried marriage. Afton's father was not anxious to see me and stayed away so he wouldn't be available. Her mother came to me and told me not to worry; she would take care of John. I was then able to see him and receive his consent.

With the full cooperation of bishops and stake presidents and Harold B. Lee, who was then a young member of the Quorum of the Twelve, we were married in the Salt Lake Temple on June 1, 1943. My wife and I treasure the memory of our temple marriage. Previous to the marriage, President Lee gave us some priceless, unhurried counsel which we have often recalled and attempted to follow over the years.

Following our marriage during the hurried 10 day leave, I then reported for my duty station again at the Section Base in San Diego. My wife followed ten days later. Since it was necessary for me to leave the day following our marriage, our reunion ten days later is still a treasured memory. I was able to locate a lovely little apartment at 1942 La Jolla Street. My duty assignment was an Executive Officer of a stationary entry vessel which required 24 hours on duty and 24 hours off duty. Although my duty required only the 24 hours, each 24 hours seemed like an eternity. Anticipating my 24 hours off and then coming home seemed like heaven itself. When my 24 hours duty was completed I would board a small launch that would take me to a bus stop and then the bus would take me to a hill only two blocks from the apartment. I remember so well running up the hill.

At that time there was one stake in San Diego, and the ward in which we resided was the Hillcrest Ward. Our bishop was Brazee Hawkins. He

was so friendly and sympathetic with service men, particularly those newly married. At our request he made it possible for us to do our ward teaching together. I remember also I would often take my wife with me to priesthood meeting. Before long we were assigned as stake Gleaner and Men leaders.

It was while we were living in San Diego that Afton received a beautiful patriarchal blessing which gave us some assurance that we could look forward to a large family that would “honor and bring eternal glory” to our eternal union. Contrary to some of our friends, we had concluded we wanted to have children as soon as the Lord would bless us with children. Before long, we learned that Afton was expecting.

I still had some gnawing feelings and unfulfillment about spending the war “Stateside.” I felt that in order to really do my part as a Naval officer I should be overseas where the action was. Since the Navy hadn’t voluntarily assigned me overseas, I made application for a new assignment overseas. Before long, I received orders that assigned me to the USS Silverbell, which I was instructed to pick up overseas.

We now faced the prospect of an extended separation further complicated with the hazards of war and combat duty. Later my wife confided in me that she was hurt and puzzled over my eagerness to get overseas and become more actively involved the war rather than patiently wait for the Navy to elect to send me overseas. It certainly was not a question of my love for my lovely wife, for I felt then as I do now that no one held a more perfect love for a wife than I did for sweet Afton. Furthermore, the excitement of our first child was another good reason why I should stay stateside as long as I could. Nonetheless, I felt a patriotic duty to become more fully involved in the war effort, thus my decision to request overseas duty.

Arrangements were made for Afton to reside with her parents in the Warden’s Quarters at the State Prison in Salt Lake City. I was assigned passage on the USS Cape Esperance, a small aircraft vessel. After a few weeks en route to an unknown destination we finally arrive in the Solomon Islands where I was able to board the vessel to which I had been assigned, the USS Silverbell.

This vessel was designed to tend and repair nets that were stretched across different harbors to protect the harbor from submarine attack. Since there was limited involvement in that kind of service, they also used the vessel and the crew as a salvage vessel. The latter assignment consisted of following the invasion fleets into different landings and then clearing the harbor of sunken small craft and planes. Another related activity consisted of the training of a shallow water diving team to change the propellers under water of small vessels that were damaged when they were making an invasion

and landing. Normally the changing of propellers would be done in a dry dock vessel, but since they were so scarce in the area they converted us to this kind of work.

When I reported abroad I was introduced to a Captain Berg who was the skipper of the vessel and Executive Officer Lt. Butler. I was assigned as Communication Officer and also given additional duties as a Diving Officer. Inasmuch as I had no training in this field, I was assigned to a submarine tender for intensive training in shallow water diving. I didn't particularly seek this assignment, but I was tactfully informed by the Skipper, Capt. Berg, that the junior officers were expected to volunteer for this kind of duty. Our function for several months then was charged with the responsibility of keeping harbors clear of sunken small craft such as small vessels and planes and also changing propellers under water. I was happily surprised to learn that this kind of duty paid some extra stipend when we were diving and working in combatant areas. During my time on the Silverbell, which lasted about 15 months, we were always in a combatant area, so I was always happy to receive some additional pay for the diving work.

I remained overseas until the end of the war. Meanwhile, my lovely wife gave birth to our first child and son, whom we named Paul Jr. I did not learn of his birth until about six weeks after the event. Because of our involvement in the invasion of the Philippines, our mail accumulated over many weeks. One day our skipper sent me over to a mail ship to bring in our accumulated bundle of mail. I vividly remember frantically going through all my letters until I finally found one from Dad which informed me in part, "Mother and I have just visited the hospital where we saw your lovely wife and your new son."

During the war rotation leaves were given about every 158 days. I was due for a rotation leave. Before the leave was processed, however, the war ended. All of us naturally were eager to get home. Priority for going home was determined by a system of points which one accumulated as a result of length of time overseas. Since I was eligible for rotation leave, I made application to get home as soon as possible.

Meanwhile, we learned that the USS Silverbell would be decommissioned in San Francisco. This was good news for all of us aboard ship. Therefore, each of us requested permission to remain on board the ship and sail home, rather than seek passage on another ship.

Shortly before our scheduled departure for San Francisco, we had some new orders informing us that our ship would be decommissioned in Hong Kong, China. Immediately we submitted orders for a release and assignment to another ship so we could get home. Finally the Commanding Officer of

the fleet reconsidered and authorized our ship to sail to San Francisco for decommissioning stateside.

While my overseas assignment seemed endless—actually only 15 months—we did enjoy frequent letters from each other when the mail was able to get through. Each of us made a point to write daily. Mail call aboard ship was the highlight of my overseas experience. Fortunately, Afton was able to live with her parents who extended uncommon care to her. Mother and Dad, also residing in Salt Lake City, often visited Afton and our young son, Paul.

Finally, the USS Silverbell arrived in San Francisco a few days before Christmas 1945. Earlier letters and wires alerted my wife to this fact, so Afton made arrangements to meet me in San Francisco. Bob Olson, a brother-in-law who was residing in Salt Lake City at the time, offered to drive Afton to San Francisco to stay with LaVerne until such time as my ship arrived.

In our letters we determined that we should meet at the Claremont Hotel in Oakland, California. Unfortunately, neither of us was aware of the fact that there was a Claremont not only in San Francisco, but also in Berkeley, California. The confusion just about aborted our scheduled reunion, but fortunately providence led us to the hotel and we were reunited without much delay or complication.

What a glorious homecoming! It was not only a reunion of two young people very much in love who had been separated for some 17 months, but it would also be an opportunity for me to see my young son for the first time. When I reached for my son he burst into tears and would have nothing to do with me. It required a few days before I won his confidence.

Meanwhile, Afton and I were able to find Navy housing that was modestly furnished. With Christmas only a few days away, we searched for a Christmas tree and some decorations. Finally, we located a tree but could not purchase any decoration. Nevertheless, it was a Christmas to remember—reunited with my lovely wife and getting acquainted with my new son. It was a never to be forgotten experience.

With the war ended and the young Paul E. Felt family now reunited, we faced the task of determining a vocational or professional course to pursue and also an area in which we could establish our home. We had such wonderful memories of San Diego that we tentatively decided that we would begin our post-war years in San Diego. During the war I had corresponded with a prefabricated home industry and had made some tentative arrangements to seek a dealership in San Diego. Before finalizing that situation, however, we concluded to drive home and visit our respective families and

friends and then return to San Diego.

While we were in Salt Lake I did make inquiry with the Church Department of Education about possible employment. Previous to the war I had given some positive thoughts about pursuing that as a professional career. Accordingly, I made an appointment with Dr. Franklin West, who was the Commissioner of Education for the Church.

In the course of my visit with Dr. West, I told him frankly of my other interest in San Diego, whereupon he extended an offer to me to teach seminary in Logan, Utah. He also reminded me that since this was an earlier consideration and even fond dream, which perhaps I should at least give it a year's "trial run" before I made a decision to go into the business world. When we prayerfully considered this matter, we concluded to accept the offer as a seminary teacher in Logan. We have never regretted this decision. Church Education has provided us with some wonderful years and great experiences which included six years in Seminaries, five years in Institutes, and the remaining years at Brigham Young University.

When we determined that we were going to Logan, we began looking for a place to live. It was our intent to rent, but we could find nothing available so we then elected to have a home built. Meanwhile, we were able to obtain temporary housing in a little rental above the Catholic Church in Logan. Meanwhile, Mr. L. B. Anderson, a local builder, built us a 2 bedroom home at 530 West 4th North, complete with a basement apartment for \$6,100. For a period of four or five months we resided in our little apartment above the Catholic parish. Two Catholic priests were Father O'Halloran and Father Lavine.

Although purchasing a home seemed to be a huge financial gamble, we felt fortunate moving in that direction because of the inflation of home values that have continued since then and over the years. With our meager annual salary of \$2,000, it would have been difficult to meet the payments if it weren't for the income from the basement apartment and the summer work I obtained selling vacuums.

We moved into the basement apartment while the home was being finished. We were living here when our second son was born, John Martin Felt, on October 4, 1946.

We soon cultivated many dear friends in that choice neighborhood and wonderful ward. Our good neighbors and friends to the east, also a released Naval Officer and practicing dentist, made possible many joint visits and ventures. We have maintained friendships with them, along with others, over the years.

After only a few months into the school year, I was called to serve in the

High Council of the Cache Stake. L. Tom Perry, father of L. Tom Perry, Jr., now in the Quorum of the Twelve, was the Stake President. My call to the High Council was pretty much of a surprise. I do recall a telephone inquiry from somebody asking if I was going to be at conference the following day. I assured them I would be, not realizing that there would be any call to leadership. During the conference I heard my name sustained as a member of the High Council.

After serving only about 6 weeks, I was approached by our wonderful bishop, R. Owen Yeates, to serve as his first counselor in the bishopric. It was Elder Matthew Cowley of the Council of the Twelve who ordained me and set me apart as a High Councilman and only 6 weeks later I was released and then sustained and set apart as a counselor to Bishop Yeates by a newly-called assistant to the Twelve, Elder Marion G. Romney.

For the remaining $3\frac{1}{2}$ years in Logan, my family and I enjoyed some treasured experiences in the 17th Ward in the Cache Stake. Among some of those cherished memories was the frequent association with our neighbors and the bishopric and regular visits to the temple. We also have pleasant memories of heavy snowfall and thus many enjoyable winter activities. Our neighbor would often come to our home with a horse-drawn sleigh and take the family for a ride through the west part of Logan. We have a wealth of pictures and memories of these activities, together with other ward outings that provides many happy memories.

Another treasured memory is the friendship we developed with L. B. Anderson, the builder of our home. He and his wife did not have any of their own children, but seemed to pour out their love on our children. Our boys, Paul and John, became very attached to L. B. Anderson, and in those early years he taught them to use the hammer and screwdriver—so well that at one time John had everything in screws in apart.

Our first daughter and third child, Yvonne, was born 4 February 1948. On this particular day the snow was falling very heavily. When it became necessary to rush Afton to the hospital, I quickly closed the suitcase carrying her personal effects and ran out the door. Just before we got in the car the suitcase flew open and all the contents fell out on the driveway. Because of the stress of our departure and hurried arrival at the hospital, the nurses thought this was our first child.

These three young children were always in tow, and Afton recalls a comment of a ward member, “Can you imagine Afton Felt without three children holding on to her skirt?” That certainly was the image and picture of our years in Logan. It also proved to be the pattern for the next 18 years, sincere our total children number seven daughters and five sons, with one adoption

and one deceased. Small children in tow were pretty much a part of our life for the first two decades.

Another treasured name and friend in Logan that we should make special mention of is Brother Moses Jorgensen. Brother Jorgensen resided in our ward and only a few blocks east of us on 4th North. Occasionally we would invite him to dinner. He shared a number of faith promoting experiences with us. He proved to be an inspiration and an example for us in our growing family.

When the war ended I had the option of resigning my commission or retaining a Naval Reserve status with the Navy. I chose the latter, which made it possible for me to enjoy a two week Naval Reserve tour which made it possible for me to receive full Navy pay and allowances for a two week period and also to qualify for continued Navy affiliation and eventual retirement.

In the summer of 1949 there was an opportunity for a Navy tour into the Middle East which also held out a possibility of touring the Holy Land. Since I was teaching Seminary, which seemed like a golden opportunity to visit the places “where Jesus walked” and thus provide an invaluable onheround experience for my Seminary class.

At the time Afton was pregnant, which should have suggested a delay of such an extended absence. In my desire to enjoy a completely paid trip to the Holy Land, I ignored promptings and inclinations not to go. When my orders finally arrived, I noted with some concern that I was assigned to the USS Hades. I didn't have a very good feeling about that. But I dismissed those feelings and went ahead to make preparations to undertake the tour.

Normally Reserve Navy personnel could fly back to their station on Army or Navy flights. I went to Hill Field, confident that I could find a flight that would take me to Norfolk, Virginia, where I was to board my ship. After waiting many hours without any success, I finally boarded a Greyhound bus and rode night and day to the point of departure at Norfolk, Virginia. Upon my arrival the ship had just moved out to sea, without me boarding the vessel. Finally I was able to press into service a motor launch that took me out before the vessel had gone many miles. Needless to say, the captain was quite distressed when I reported aboard so late.

After several weeks we finally arrived at Haifa, where we were all hoping to get a few days leave which would make it possible for us to visit some of the Holy Land sights. The following day the skipper announced that all leaves were suspended because of Israel and Arab hostilities which had resulted in the death of some American sailors.

Since I was not able to get ashore, I then took steps to return home.

Letters from Afton confirmed the fact that there was some problem in connection with this pregnancy. After much delay and difficulty, I was finally able to board a ship, and after a few weeks arrived once again at the East Coast. I immediately called home to find how the situation was with my expectant wife. Her mother answered the phone and informed me that there was a premature birth of a baby girl who lived only a few minutes. Fortunately, the baby was born alive; thus, we were able to perform a proper burial and retain her as a member of our eternal family. We named her Betty Naomi. She was born July 31, 1949.

Another memory of our Logan years was the purchase of our first new car. The dealer for the Hudson agency resided in our ward. Although our means were very limited, over the years one of my luxuries has been a new car. This one was a beautiful black chrome Hudson car which was a thing of beauty and a source of great pride for me. My dear wife, who had to make our meager means stretch, registered a mild protest. One day when Afton was discussing this matter with her mother, her mother wisely counseled her, “Now, Afton. Your husband is a good man. He doesn’t smoke, he doesn’t drink, and he doesn’t run around with other women. You let him have his cars.” For us, over the years, we have always managed to have a good car, even when our financial picture did not justify it.

In the spring of 1950, after four wonderful years in Logan, we had a telephone call from Dr. West informing us that we were being reassigned to the Granite Seminary in Salt Lake City. Accordingly, we put our home on the market and then began looking for a home in Salt Lake. Meanwhile, we had invested in an old four-plex in a rundown portion of Salt Lake City. We resided in one of the units until such time as we were able to negotiate for a home near the area where I would be teaching. Finally we were able to obtain a lovely home using our new Hudson—still a later vintage than the black Hudson previously mentioned—as a down payment. Our new home was located at 1737 East 3045 South, Salt Lake City. This placed us in the boundaries of the Kenwood Ward and the Wilford Stake.

We hadn’t been in our new home and ward very long before Afton was called as the Primary President and I was called to serve as second counselor to another great bishop, J. Marlow White. Leaving Logan was like leaving heaven, but we soon learned that in Church you can readily make new friends and establish roots and involvement that make for rewarding and happy living.

Another great reward that we enjoyed in Salt Lake City was living close to both of our parents—John E. and Ellen Harris, Afton’s parents, and Earnest and Mae Felt, my parents. Our three children would now be

able to have rewarding and regular associations with grandparents, which has always proved to be a great blessing to them.

During our second year in Salt Lake, our second daughter, Marilyn, was born. She is our New Year's Eve baby. She was born December 31, 1951.

During the spring of 1952, I came home ill from Seminary. I was rushed to the hospital with appendicitis. A few hours before my departure to the hospital I had a call from Dr. Franklin L. West and was informed that I was being assigned as the first director of the institute at Edmonton, Alberta, at the University of Alberta.

Leaving Kenwood Ward and our choice neighborhood seemed to be another replay of our departure in Logan where we left choice and treasured friends. But we were confident that we would be able to establish ourselves happily in another new area as we had done previously.

We knew very little about Edmonton, Alberta, but soon learned that it was a thriving, rapidly growing metropolitan area and that housing would be difficult to secure. We concluded to purchase a house trailer not only to assist us in traveling this long distance with our family, but also to provide interim housing for the summer and until we could secure something in Edmonton. We purchased an International Travel-all and a very old house trailer. En route to Edmonton, which was a distance of about 1100 miles, we enjoyed some side trips and thus were able to combine business with pleasure. In Butte, Montana, we stopped by the edge of a river to bathe. After we got the children bathed, I returned to the trailer with the children, then went back to get Afton and found that she was having difficulty getting up the bank. Apparently she had lost the bar of soap and reached to get it and tumbled into the shallow river. Fortunately, I was able to quickly retrieve her.

It was exciting to go through customs and finally get into Canada. Almost immediately we felt the warmth and friendliness of the Canadian people. We soon learned to love these great people dearly. When we arrived in Edmonton, we learned that the institute building was still under construction and would likely be a few months into the school year before it was completed.

Once again, we began a search for a home as we had in Logan, then in Salt Lake, and in Edmonton. Finally we found and purchased a lovely home not too far from the University of Alberta campus and thus the Institute of Religion where I would be spending the next two years.

Soon we met our branch president, Nathan Eldon Tanner, who was a prominent government figure in the Province of Alberta and throughout

the Dominion of Canada. He was Minister of Lands and Mines in the government and highly respected and known far and wide. President Tanner invited me to share his office in the Edmonton Chapel, a large and newly-completed building, then part of a district in the Western Canadian mission, while the institute building was being completed. I shared his office and was able to hold some classes in the incomplete institute building.

While the number of LDS students at the University of Alberta wasn't very great, nevertheless we were able to attract the attention of virtually all of them. While my Seminary years in Logan and Salt Lake were happy ones, I soon learned that teaching in the institute, thus being involved with students on a college level, was much more challenging and rewarding. During the first school year, I was able to organize a branch which included Priesthood meeting, Sunday School, Sacrament meeting, and later Relief Society and MIA. This program, which we were able to expand in a later institute assignment in Cedar City, Utah, proved to be the pattern and the beginning of a Churchwide program which caused the Brethren to establish wards and stakes in many of the institutes throughout the Church.

In Edmonton, as it was in Logan and Salt Lake City, our life revolved around the Church. We had purchased a large home. One of our neighbors was a Mr. and Mrs. Varge Gilchrist. We soon learned that he was a member but his wife was not. She was an inveterate coffee drinker and chain smoker. Neighbors invited us all to dinner. Afton was able to cultivate a friendship with Ethel, and before long she joined the Church. Today her husband is a patriarch in the Church.

We naively assumed that all we needed to do was to telephone the moving van company in Salt Lake and our home furnishings would be immediately sent to us. We soon learned, however, that they don't respond very quickly. We moved our mattresses and hot plate into the home without our additional furnishings for three weeks.

One day after the school year had begun I had a telephone call from Afton telling me the good news that the van was out in front of our home with our furniture. I dropped everything and drove home and looked longingly at the furniture in the van. I assumed that all I had to do was sign the invoice and have the furniture moved in, but I was informed that no furniture could be moved into the home until such time as the invoice amounting to \$675 was either paid in cash or by a certified check. I had neither, whereupon the driver closed the doors of the van. I plead with him to give me a little time to obtain the money or get permission of his manager to accept our credit.

He told me it would do no good but did give me the name of a man who

I could visit with. He further assured me he would wait for 30 minutes. I immediately drove into the heart of Edmonton to the office of the van and storage company. As I entered the office the secretary was very reluctant to let me in to talk to the manager. She finally admitted me, however, and as I walked in I found a very unfriendly man. He asked me what I wanted. When I stated my business he asked me what my name was and what brought me to Edmonton. I told him I was here under assignment of the LDS Church, whereupon he asked me if I knew N. E. Tanner. I said, "I certainly do. He's my Branch President." He then invited me to sit down and proceeded to interview me. He asked me if I kept the Word of Wisdom, to which I answered, "Yes". He wanted to know if I was a full tithe payer. I said, "Yes." He then told me of some very pleasant associations he had with N.E. Tanner over the years on the Edmonton Boy Scout Council and followed it up with this unexpected statement as he was drawing heavily on a cigar: "Anybody who is a friend of N. E. Tanner and who is so devoted to his church should be worth the risk of a loan." He then asked me how much I needed. I then told him the amount of the invoice. He then wrote out a personal check in the amount of \$675 and asked me when I could pay it back. Later I had occasion to relate this experience to President Tanner. There have been few incidents over the years when President Tanner has related this experience.

While in Edmonton, my full church service time was at the institute serving as the advisor to our Edmonton Institute Branch. Afton was called as the Primary President in the Second Branch.

Among the many rich experiences in Edmonton was the dedication of the institute. Previous to the dedication it was our privilege to have him and Hugh B. Brown, who was also living in Edmonton at the time, as the attorney for a large oil corporation, at our home for dinner. Naturally, Afton was deeply concerned and nervous over having these important people at our home for dinner. Brother Lee put his arm around her and said, "Little girl, all I need is some bread and milk." With that sweet gesture, Afton was able to move forward and prepare a lovely dinner for these important guests, not only including Harold B. Lee and Hugh B. Brown and President Tanner and his wife, but also William E. Barrett who was there for the dedication.

It was while we were in Edmonton that Hugh B. Brown was called as an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve. Brother Brown had taken an early retirement from BYU to come to Edmonton in response to an opportunity to serve as the legal counsel for a large oil firm. Since he was such an outstanding teacher, he taught not only the Sunday School at the Edmonton branches, but also at our Institute Sunday School.

Since the school year at Edmonton was only from September to early April, we had several months each summer where I was able to return to Salt Lake City to complete my master's degree at the University of Utah.

It was during this time we also purchase a motel in Nephi, Utah. Brother A. Theodore Tuttle, who had been one of the administrators under William E. Barrett in the Church School System, also had an interest in the motel. During that summer while Ted and I were in an in-service training school at BYU for Seminary and Institute personnel, we had a long distance telephone call informing us the motel was on fire. As Brother Tuttle and I hurriedly drove to Nephi, we inquired from each other about the status of the insurance. As we drove into Nephi, we saw a large group of people gathered around the motel with all of the furnishings sitting out on the lawn. Good neighbors had carried it all out. The fire department had contained the fire, but considerable damage had been done. While Brother Tuttle and I were reviewing the damage, our insurance agent, who was also the manager of the bank where we had our motel deposit, informed us that he had increased the coverage on the last renewal because he felt we didn't realize the value of the motel. Fortunately, therefore, we were covered and were able to make the necessary restoration of the motel.

After two years in Edmonton, we learned early in the spring that we were being reassigned to the Institute in Cedar City. With the stress of the demands for completing the master's degree, followed by the distressing fire and the heavy work required to get the motel in shape again, together with the move to Cedar City, I developed a case of shingles. A good doctor in Cedar City, Paul K. Edmunds, and his family with whom we became fast friends, provided excellent medical care which soon remedied the situation.

Once again we faced the challenge of finding a place to live. We were unable to buy a home until such time as we had sold our home in Edmonton, so we looked for rentals. We first resided in a basement rental and rented a large old home while a new home was being built for us.

Once again we found the challenge of the institute very rewarding. With the experience of a branch in Edmonton, I was able to move forward and expand a small Sunday program that had been operating there for the past two years. We were also able to appreciably increase the enrolment.

Often we would drive to Salt Lake City for General Conference. On one of those trips as we were returning from an April conference, Afton and I were seated in the front seat with the children in the back of the car. While driving at a pretty rapid pace, our daughter Yvonne, thinking she was rolling down the window to throw out some bubble gum, opened the door of the

Chrysler automobile, whose doors were hinged at the back. As soon as the door was opened, a gust of wind caught the door and yanked Yvonne out of the car. I could see her from our rear view window rolling down the highway like a tire.

Going at such a speed—about 70 miles an hour—and on a busy highway, we were understandably panicked. I quickly stopped the car and then ran back and picked her up before any other cars passed. While hurriedly driving back to Nephi, Yvonne was in great pain as we rushed to the hospital. Yvonne then asked if we could pray as a family, which we did, while en route to the hospital, whereupon she settled quietly down for the thirty minute drive.

A doctor was available and promptly examined her and marveled at the minimal damage. Apart from road burns and a deep cut in her head and a mild concussion, there was no other injury. The doctor indicated the fact that she rolled was perhaps the thing that saved her life. We know also that it was a kind Providence who smiled upon us.

O'Larry Harris, our third son, was born in Cedar City, July 13, 1955. Each of our children has come very rapidly once the birth pains commenced. O'Larry followed that same pattern. Afton had a dream a few nights before the birth of how this would occur. The details of the birth occurred very much as she had dreamed it would happen.

One of the highlights of this period of our life was the 50th wedding anniversary of Grandpa and Grandma Harris. All of the family gathered for this Golden Wedding Anniversary. It proved to be an outstanding family affair with the children coming from many different places to honor Grandma and Grandpa Harris. We have priceless pictures and memories of this great event which occurred September 6, 1956.

Early in our marriage we concluded that we would, insofar as possible, purchase and live in our own home. Once again in Cedar City it was not easy to buy a home, so it was necessary to bring in a builder from Salt Lake City to build us a home.

During our third year in Cedar City I was honored by a call to serve as Second Counselor to President Elwood Corey in the Cedar Stake, which was the only stake at that time serving that area. While I only served a few months previous to my assignment to BYU, it was a glorious few months with President Elwood Corey and the great stake officers. Later we name one of our sons after Elwood Corey.

In the spring of 1957 I received a call from President Wilkinson inviting me to come to Provo to discuss an assignment at BYU. At the time, Afton was carrying Ronald, in the early months of her pregnancy. The assignment was to serve as a student coordinator under the Dean of Students. Once

gain it would be necessary to pull up our roots and reestablish ourselves in a new community.

Our years in Cedar City, like our other places of residence, were wonderful, beautiful years. It was difficult to leave. The fact that I had been serving as a counselor to President Corey in Cedar Stake for only three months, together with the fact that we had just moved into a new home for six or eight months made it more difficult than ever to leave Cedar City.

Another possible complication was the fact that my wife was in the midst of a difficult pregnancy. Complications in connection with the pregnancy and childbirth, for the exception of our premature Betty Naomi, were not common with my wife. Each month there seemed to be some real complications develop, so much so that our doctor indicated to both Afton and me that we may not have this baby and it would be our last.

Because of this deep concern for Afton and the baby, we sought a blessing from our ward teachers. (At that time they were referred to as “ward teachers”).

Because of the delay in the birth of the baby, Dr. Williams thought it best if the baby be taken Cesarean. Accordingly, Afton entered the hospital for the C-section. During the night the baby came naturally. Dr. Williams, an LDS doctor and a man of faith, anticipating some complications in the birth, instructed me to stand by the delivery room with the consecrated oil in hand. He then informed me that if he was not able to handle the situation with all of his medical expertise he would invite me in to perform an administration. This good doctor, like us, had been fasting and praying for divine help in this birth. After several minutes, Dr. Williams invited me in to assist him in the administration. He had the baby by its feet and it was very apparent that there were deep complications because the baby was a dark, unnatural color. He later informed us the cord had been wrapped around the neck of the baby several times, which obstructed the breathing. Just before we were to perform the administration, the baby cried out and Dr. Williams said, “Everything is all right now.”

Reassured with the promise Brother Grimshaw had given us, Afton and I have continued to allow the children to come as the Lord would send them to us, which was made possible additional children beyond Ronald, each birth which without complication.

My new assignment at BYU required me to be available at BYU though the summer months. My family remained in Cedar City while I spent each week in Provo and returned on weekends. With the birth of Ronald now it was possible for us to make the move to Provo.

Once again it would be necessary to sell a home to obtain another one.

Fortunately, we were able to secure a large, beautiful home in Provo with a small down payment. It was near the campus, so we were able to rent to 12 boys, which made it possible for us to repay the down payment and also meet the high monthly payments.

As Coordinator of Student Affairs at BYU, under the direction of Dean of Students, I was involved in a multitude of campus activities. One of the assignments that naturally fell to me each year was to serve as faculty chairman of homecoming.

It was during the fall of 1958 in the midst of another homecoming that another daughter, our 8th child, Jessie L., was born, November 1, 1958. She was named after her great grandmother Harris.

Once again my Church service call was away from my home ward and stake, serving in a campus stake. BYU, just a year previous to our arrival, had organized their first campus stake. I was called as the Stake Sunday School superintendent. Afton, once again, was called to serve in the Primary presidency of the Provo 8th Ward.

Paul, our oldest son, and John, our second son, were now teenagers needing the experience of responsible work opportunities. State and federal law did not allow them to be employed at their young age, so we had to generate some work opportunities of our own. We purchased a power “rotoiller” and put an ad in the paper for custom work. John and Paul received a number of calls to custom till yards and gardens. In Cedar City they had learned the value of work through paper routes and selling doughnuts from door to door and also delivering movie schedules each month that gave them free movie tickets.

Our home, yard, ward and schools provided a wealth of activity and involvement. It was at this time we purchased our first tandem bike. We put a child’s seat on the back and a seat on the front, which made it possible for Afton and me to ride with two of the children. Paul and John had bikes of their own, Larry had a tricycle, and so Jessie and Ron, small enough to occupy the seats on the tandem, would make it possible for us to take a family bike trip.

It was during this period we began looking for some further employment opportunities for our growing and expanding family, and we looked into the possibility of purchasing a coin-operated laundry. Our justification for this venture was primarily to provide employment opportunities for the family. However, another motive was to supplement what appeared to us to be a meager income for our large family. We purchased a Westinghouse coin operated business near the downtown business section of Provo. This proved to be a good investment, along with ample opportunities for the boys to

work.

About a year after this investment, coin operated dry cleaning was introduced, which came on with great impact. Encouraged with the success of this business, further strengthened by coin operated dry cleaning, we made additional investments in other locations—one in Provo, one in American Fork, one in Richfield, and one in Salt Lake. It soon became evident that our rapid expansion was uninspired, and therefore, unwise. Looking after all of these business interests created conflicts in time demands in the family, my professional work at BYU, as well as in my Church service calls in the BYU stake. Further complication developed when the rapid appeal for coin operated dry cleaning soon suddenly made a reversal. The market quickly became saturated. We not only faced the dilemma of conflict of interest and priorities, but also the saturated market soon threw us into near bankruptcy. We had great difficulty in meeting the time demands of all the businesses as well as the relentless payments that came due monthly.

We suddenly found ourselves in some extreme difficulties—time demands, inability to meet financial obligations, and a host of other attendant ills and complications. In this extremity we struggled to give priority to our family, to our professional work, and to the Church service calls. Furthermore, we always kept current on our “tithes and offerings.” We also made it a point to remit a full and honest sales tax and income tax. We were also pleading with the Lord for intercession and blessings to guide us through these difficult days. An unpleasant but constant consideration was taking out bankruptcy. The Lord heard our prayers and made possible some reassurance and help in the following manner.

Early one morning I was awakened out of a deep sleep and a very vivid dream. I saw vividly in my mind’s eye the scripture in Section 121 where the Lord interceded with the Prophet Joseph Smith in one of his extremities in Liberty Prison when he said, “My son, peace be unto thy soul. Thine adversity and thine affliction shall be but a small moment. And if thou endure it well, God shall exalt thee on high; thou shall triumph over all thy foes. Thy friends do stand by thee, and they shall hail thee again with warm hearts and friendly hands.” I immediately awakened Afton and informed her of that veritable revelation. Immediately the assurance came to us that this was the answer to our prayers. We would receive help in pulling ourselves out of this extreme difficulty that I, through some unwise investments, had plunged ourselves into.

In a matter of days and weeks some remarkable things happened. One of the five stores was sold before it was completed. We had already closed another store but we were still obligated for a long-term, demanding lease

payment. The landlord unexpectedly released us from the lease. A former student of mine at the University of Alberta who was pursuing his doctorate work at BYU assumed the obligations of our store in American Fork. This proved not only a boon to us, but also a stroke of good fortune for him because he was able to keep the machines in repair and develop a business that made it possible for him to complete his graduate work and then later sell the business for a substantial profit.

We were able to retain the other two stores and manage them with some profit until such time as each of them was sold. The Lord abundantly blessed us once again. It also proved to be a real learning experience in governing us on our future business interests.

We continued to rent some of our facilities in our family home for students. Because of its proximity to campus, it seemed wise for us to consider purchasing another home and utilizing this home just for rentals. A large, lovely home again close to campus became available. We were able to acquire this on our terms and made the move the very week Afton delivered another one of our lovely daughters, Kathleen, on November 30, 1960. At the date of this writing we have occupied this excellent residence for 18 years. This move placed us in the Oak Hills 2nd Ward where we have resided these many years. Afton has continued to serve in different Church service calls in Primary, Relief Society, MIA, etc. The children likewise have all been involved in positions of trust and responsibility. With the exception of a few months, my Church service calls have all been on campus or at the Language Training Center which later became the Missionary Training Center.

When Paul Ernest, our eldest son, turned 18, he faced the reality of the draft. He elected to join the U.S. Coast Guard and serve six months, thus meeting the conditions of compulsory military service. He took his training in the San Francisco area for six months.

It was during this period that Afton became pregnant again. Early in the pregnancy she shared with me the fact that this seemed to be a different pregnancy than the previous ones. She then concluded we were going to have twins. I believed her, but our good doctor did not. He chided her by telling her, "All you women often think you are going to have twins." and once again told her it would likely be a single birth. She finally persuaded him to X-ray, and much to his surprise twins were confirmed. Needless to say, there was great excitement, not only in our immediate family, but with Grandma and Grandpa Harris and Grandma and Grandpa Felt.

As we make reference to our parents, our children's grandparents, we should insert that over the years we have always maintained a beautiful relationship with our parents. Their influence has been particularly influential

in the lives of the children. We soon learned that a vital part of the expanding, growing experience for children is involvement with grandparents. Our parents have encouraged us with our large family and have been thrilled with each pregnancy and each birth. The prospect of twins, however, proved to be an additional dimension of joy for them as well as us.

The remarkable vigor and health of my wife through these pregnancies, particularly as she carried the twins, confirmed again for us the blessing of Brother Grimshaw when he assured us there would be no complications in childbirth if we permitted the children to come that the Lord had for us.

During the seventh month of the pregnancy when my wife was carrying the twins, we elected to take our annual family vacation to northern California so that we could visit our oldest son, Paul, while he was serving his six months in the Coast Guard. We not only were able to visit our son, but also visit Afton's sisters LaVerne and Mary and brother Robert and their families. It was another delightful and memorable family vacation. Our slides and pictures of this vacation are often enjoyed by the family.

After we returned from this vacation, our twins were born—September 1, 1963, at the Utah Valley Hospital. Our family doctor was Dr. Kartchner, whose associate was Dr. Webster. When twins were born it was the custom for both doctors to be present. On the Sunday evening they were born, I hurried my wife to the hospital, for what I knew would be a hurried delivery because this has been her pattern through all of our family. I retired restlessly and with great excitement into the room where fathers normally wait. Because I was assured this time my wife would be delivering twins. I was under some uncommon stress, and therefore, instead of quietly waiting, I was pacing the room. There was a young man casually smoking a cigarette also waiting for the announcement of his child. He, noting the tension with me, asked if that was my first child. I said, “No, my wife and I are expecting twins which will make eleven for us.”

Soon I heard the familiar voice of Dr. Webster calling down the corridor from the delivery room. “Paul, No. 1 is here and he's a winner: Paul, No. 2 is here, and she's jumping out of the crib.” Everyone was excited, but not nearly as much as Grandpa Harris, who called our attention to the fact that while there had been twins in both lines of the family, these would be the first in the last two generations.

The winter of 1963-4 was a hard, cold winter with much snow. Grandpa Harris was still vigorously involved in a number of things and deriving great joy from his Church service call as High Priest group leader in the ward, as well as pursuing his private business interests and thoroughly enjoying his grandchildren.



Figure 2.1: The Paul and Afton Felt Family 1963; From Left to Right: O'Larry, Jessie, Marilynn holding Tammy, Yvonne holding Tom, Kathleen and Ronald; Back: John, Afton and Paul, Paul Jr.



Figure 2.2: The Ernest and Mae Felt Family, later years; From Left to Right: Marguerite, Edith Mae, Ernest; Back Left to Right: Paul, Ken, Edith, Robert

It was not generally known by the family that at this time he was having periodic minor strokes that would cause him to go unconscious for a brief period. Always he would brush it off and commit those who were aware of these things not to share this information with other members. Apparently anticipating that he may be taken, he made it a point to extend himself in visits and service and good deeds to all of the immediate family and others in the neighborhood and in the ward. Some reference was made to the need of a family history. He discussed at great lengths the many exciting chapters of his life, which Afton made note of, which is now reflected in their history.

Despite the warnings of the occasional strokes and shortness of breath, he still continued to be vigorously involved in many things. One morning, on February 13th, 1964, he was shoveling the heavy snowfall from the walks and driveway. Following this activity, he went to the attorney to pick up some final closing papers on the sale of a second home they had on west Third South in Provo. He personally delivered the contracts to the German lady who had purchased their home. While he was standing at the door he experienced another stroke. He asked if it would be possible to come in and sit down and catch his breath. Within minutes he had fallen off the chair and was gone. His passing was quick, void of any pain and suffering.

At this writing, Grandma Harris is still alive, living in the same family home in her 92nd year. Her daughters and one son who reside in Provo have over the years provided uncommon care and attention to this aged, wonderful lady.

The twins, Tom and Tammy, were six weeks old when Paul, our oldest son, received his call to serve his mission in South Australia. He had a great mission and learned to deeply love the people. Near the end of his mission he met a lovely native Australian who was finishing her mission also, by the name of Margaret Watt. Each of them had a special spiritual experience which seemed to confirm for them that theirs was a providential match.

A few months following his mission, Paul and Margaret became engaged and then married a short time later. They resided in Provo and Salt Lake, where Paul completed some training in accounting and then moved to Australia where they have resided since. Each of them has been very active in the Church. About six years ago Paul was called to the High Council and then a second counselor in the Presidency, following which he became first counselor, and then 30 days later was called as stake president. Paul was engaged in accounting work for several years and then transferred into real estate and land development, where he now owns and operates his own business.

When Paul Jr., had been on his mission a few months, I had an invi-

tation to meet with President Crockett with reference to a new assignment at the University. I learned from President Crockett, who the Academic Vice President at the University was, that the Missionary Committee of the Church, together with the University, was extending to me a new professional call as the Director of Indian Affairs at BYU. This assignment included a directorship of the Institute of American Indian Services and Research, as well as the Indian Education Department, providing curriculum for Indian students at BYU. This assignment kept me busy and happy for some 8 years,

Shortly after this call to serve in the BYU Indian Education program, we met Mildred Tso, a Navajo student. While my housing office was attempting to locate her in some suitable student accommodations, I invited her to stay with us. That brief stay extended into a much longer visit. Since Afton needed some help in the home with our large family, we invited Mildred to remain with us and provide some help for her board and room. We soon found that she fit in so well with our family that we extended the invitation to remain indefinitely.

After remaining with us a few years, we discussed with her the possibility of an adoption and a sealing to the family. We had previously learned that her natural parents were deceased and that she longed for some identification with a family. Following some prayerful consideration and a priesthood blessing, we together decided that we would begin adoption and sealing procedures. Mildred's coming into our home and family now made possible the even dozen that my wife and I had talked about and dreamed about over the years.

Following a few years of service as a BYU Sunday School superintendent, I was called as bishop of the BYU 28th Ward. Later in a reorganization of some wards in the stake I was released from the BYU 28th Ward and installed as a bishop of the 15th Ward, where a number of Lamanite students were located. About this time John, our second son, received his call to serve in the Northern Indian Mission. John, like Paul, had a highly successful mission. When he left he was dating a non-member girl from Price, Utah. Since she was a Catholic, we had some reservations about this relationship, but during John's mission Jackie received the missionary discussions and joined the Church. She then came to BYU as a student.

John and Jackie were married following his return from his mission, January 28, 1968. Jackie's mother, a Catholic, along with her husband, who was a Mormon, has been very supportive of Jackie's decision to become a Mormon. In fact, previous to their marriage she said to Jackie as they passed the Salt Lake Temple, "One of these days you will be in there getting

married. That is the only way I want it. If you are going to be a Mormon, be a good one. I'll be waiting outside for you." We have been grateful to her for her beautiful attitude.

Yvonne, our oldest daughter, met and courted Randal Lamar Jordan, a convert to the Church. They were married in the Manti Temple April 4, 1968. They have three children, their first being twins, a boy and a girl, followed by another boy. Randy the twin boy, suffered a severe head injury and passed away when six months old. Following graduation, Lamar taught history and coached football and wrestling in a high school in Virginia. Later he realized a boyhood dream when he was accepted as an agent in the FBI. He and Yvonne are residing in Chicago where he is an FBI agent. Among the 350 agents in Chicago, he is one of the five who is on a special SWAT team, three of whom are LDS.

Marilynn married Steven Forsyth July 19, 1974, in the Provo Temple. He is now with Exxon Corporation as a lawyer.

Our Navajo daughter, Mildred—now called Windy, a name given her by her Lamanite friends which has remained with her to this day—was courted by several boys, both Lamanite and non-Lamanite. Because of a father's blessing I gave her assuring her that she would find happiness in a Lamanite marriage, she waited a long time before the right man came along. His name is Charlie Stewart, a full-blood Oglala-Sioux Indian, a product of the Church placement program and also a returned missionary. They were married May 28, 1976, and presently have two boys. Charlie teaches seminary on the Pine Ridge Reservation and serves as District President in the mission.

In the summer of 1969 Afton and I, along with several other BYU couples, had the great privilege of spending nine weeks touring the Middle East, with three weeks in Israel and a week in European countries. We were reluctant to leave our family for such a long period, but after carefully considering the matter and counseling with the bishop, we felt assured that all would be well in our absence. Elder LeGrand Richards of the Quorum of the Twelve spent a week with us while we were in Israel. During our absence our Lamanite daughter Mildred, together with the other older children, handled matters unusually well in the family. Our homecoming was something we'll always remember. The family met us at the airport with a streamer, "Welcome home Mom and Dad," and then found other similar sweet gestures as we walked into our family home in Provo.

Great and appreciated Church service calls had been the pattern of our life over the years, particularly during our married years. Perhaps the greatest and most moving call came early in April 1971 when a telephone call from President Tanner asked if I knew of any reason why I shouldn't be

called to preside over the Southwest Indian Mission. When this call was finalized, we immediately involved the family in careful preparation. At the outset we were assured that we should make this a family venture of service. Those three years from July 1, 1971 to July 1, 1974, provided us with some of the greatest spiritual experiences of our entire life. Each member of the family realized a growth that has stabilized us further in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In November 1972 the mission was realigned by the First Presidency and became a fully integrated mission and renamed the New Mexico-Arizona Mission.

2.2 Updating Personal History

Our full-time mission from 1971 to 1974 included not only Afton and me, but also seven of our twelve children. Shortly before our mission came to an end, we received a letter from BYU informing us that we would be able to resume our employment at BYU in the Fall of 1974. I was assigned to the College of Religion. After only one year and two months into the school year of 19756, I was invited to meet with President Earl Crockett, who was the Academic Vice President with President Wilkinson as the President. I was informed that the Board of Trustees was calling me to serve as Director of Indian Affairs at BYU. I would be directly accountable to President Wilkinson. Normally, when a faculty member is called, he is accountable first to a Department Chairman and then a Dean. At that point in time the Board of Trustees were anxious to move forward on an accelerated Indian program. Elsewhere in my personal history I have given more detail on the years I spent as Director of Indian Affairs.

After twelve years as Director of Indian Affairs I was then reinstated in the College of Religion. I was able to teach in the Department of Religion for six years, at which time I retired in 1981. The year before I retired I was called as a sealer in the Provo Temple. Following my retirement from BYU I taught part-time until 1988.

Following retirement in 1986 Afton and I were called as full-time missionaries at the Missionary Training Center. We served as full-time missionaries under President Durrant for two years and only six months with President Pinegar. Serving with President Durrant and President Pinegar enable me to serve under four presidents of the MTC—President Max Pinegar, President Joe J. Christensen (now in the First Quorum of Seventy), President George D. Durrant and President Ed Pinegar. After serving only six months with President Pinegar, Afton and I were called on a full-time mission as

Director of the Hawaii Temple Visitors Center.

With those church service calls, together with our family, we have managed to keep very, very busy. While we are professionally retired, for committed and involved Mormons there really is no retirement! We have always relished and enjoyed keeping very busy with many things but always giving family priority.

S. Dilworth Young, who was retired, said, “Mormons don’t retire, they just re-tread!”

3

Four Generations

3.1 Ernest William Felt

Life Story of Ernest William Felt 1891-1972 (compiled from memories written by his children)

Ernest William Felt was born in Provo, Utah on January 1, 1891 to David Pile and Adeline Harris Felt. He was one of seven children. Six of his brothers and sisters grew to adulthood. They later moved to Salt Lake City, where his father had an office in the Felt building. Ernest was the fourth child. Frances Vernon was the eldest, and then Vera Adeline, then David Clyde, and then Ernest. George was next, but he died a few hours after his birth, then Renee Lola, and the youngest Norma Louise.

His father had a store in Provo where he sold organs, books and sewing machines. His father filled a mission for the Church and was gone for two years while the children were little. While he was on his mission they lived next door to the Reynolds Hotel, and the workers from the hotel would take left over food from the restaurant over to the family each night. Renee was about five, Ernest was about eight and Norma was a baby. Their mother would sell butter, subscriptions to papers and magazines to help support the family.

When Ernest was about sixteen his mother was in the hospital and his dad purchased a beautiful hat and dress and laid it on the foot of the bed, and he said, "I know you will get well so you can wear this." Ernest's mother was a beautiful woman and always dressed well and looked elegant.

Every Monday at noon they would visit their Grandma Silver and she would have lunch for them. She had a little store and lived across the street from the school. Ernest would pay Renee a quarter to make his bed



Figure 3.1: Ernest Williams Felt, later years

and to teach him to dance. They attended Washington School and West High School in Salt Lake City, Utah. He was baptized August 7, 1899 by his Father, David Pile Felt, and confirmed August 7, by George R. Hill. His sister Renee said that Ernest and her other big brothers would always protect her at school. It was thought that he served in the army during World War I. However, after he passed away and when his daughter Edythe tried to locate Military Records they couldn't locate a record of his service.

There was a place on North Temple Street in Salt Lake City where young people would gather and dance and enjoy the time together. It was here that Ernest met Edith Mae Martin. Ernest asked one of the ushers to introduce them and he asked her to dance. They began spending a lot of time together. They dated about a year and on October 18, 1911 they decided to marry secretly for Ernest was still only 20 years old and didn't feel he could get permission to marry. They were married by Reverend Elmer L. Goshen that evening.

Ernest and Mae had six children. Richard, their first born, was born in St. Mark's hospital in Salt Lake City on September 28th, 1912. When he was six days old Aunt Matt was visiting with Mae and as they let them go into the nursery to see the babies she went in and Richard was over by an open window with no clothes on. Aunt Matt asked who was supposed to be taking care of her niece's baby and one of the nurses or workers said, "Oh I forgot him." He died of pneumonia at six days old. Mae would never have another child in the hospital, the rest were all born at home. The second child was Marguerite Mae, born April 10th, 1914. Paul Ernest was born Jan 29th, 1916 and Robert Brigham was born July 3rd, 1918, on Mae's twenty-seventh birthday, Kenneth Frederick was born September 16, 1921. Edythe Myrtle was born April 16, 1926.

Ernest and Mae entered the Salt Lake Temple on Feb 19th, 1914 for their endowments and sealing of baby Richard. Mae never got over the loss of Richard. Many people thought she should sue the hospital, but she said it wouldn't bring their baby back.

Ernest worked as a printer for Gardner Printing for many years, then for the Rocky Mountain Bank Note Company, and later for the Deseret News. When he retired he went to Welfare Square in Salt Lake and was in charge of the print shop there.

One day his father came to visit them and told the house next to them was for sale and wanted them to consider buying it. It needed a lot of fixing up but neither of them was afraid of work. They bought the home at 828 South 100 West and made many improvements on it. One time when he was fixing the roof, he fell off. Lucky for him there were bushes at the side



Figure 3.2: Edith Mae Martin Felt and Ernest Williams Felt, newlyweds

of the home that broke his fall. He got up and walked into the house.

When the children turned eight years old he taught each of them why it was important for them to be baptized and told them they would be official members of the Church. He was always a devoted member of the Church and wanted to do the things Heavenly Father expected him to do. He was always a block teacher and would go out in all kinds of weather to make his visits. He taught Sunday School to teenagers and later was the Gospel Doctrine teacher and served as a ward clerk and on the High Council in the Pioneer Stake.

Ernest was a printer all his life and learned this trade from his father. He was never without a job, and made an adequate living for his family. There were not many luxuries, but the family's needs were always met. He was paid on Friday afternoons and the first thing he did was walk to the Bishops home and pay his tithing. At one time his bishop said, "Ernest Felt is a pure tithe payer." The family always had everything they needed and Ernest believed it was because he paid an honest tithe. He would often take Edythe with him and go to the meat market to buy the meat for the week. One day after being paid, as he walked home, someone knocked him down and took his money. When he arrived home all bruised and hurt with no money, he was just grateful to be home, but Mae was so upset she never got over worrying about him walking home with his pay and would be so relieved to have him walk in the door safe.

It was during the Depression and friends across the street ran up a grocery bill and couldn't pay it. Ernest paid the bill until the father, who the children called "Uncle Ed" could find a job. Marguerite was old enough to remember this time.

Dad took Paul with him one day and he bought a Model T Ford. He could have any color he wanted as long as it was black! He treasured this car that he paid \$500 for and soon realized he needed a garage to keep it in. He built a garage on the back of his lot and the doors faced the alley that was in the center of the block. Now he had a place to park his beautiful car. He was so proud of this car and on Sunday afternoons he would take the family for a drive, sometimes taking his parents along to and visiting friends and relatives.

One day Dad told Mother that she should drive the car down town. He was telling her how you put the key in and turn the key and step on the gas. One morning Mother decided to take the Ford downtown. She went in to the garage and got in the Ford by herself and turned the key and stepped on the gas. The car went outside the alley and through into Bishop Perschon's garage. It was lucky there was no one in his garage. Dad felt really bad

about it, because Bishop Perschon was such a good friend and helpful to him. However, he said just to repair the garage and everything would be fine.

One time when Robert was very ill with Pneumonia, the doctor suggested they take him to the canyon by the running water. He thought this might help him cough and relieve the congestion. The family went to the canyon and lived in a tent for a week. It did help Bob and he came home well.

Ernest loved a parade and even when he got older he would go to Provo to the Fourth of July Parade and encourage the family to gather in Salt Lake for the 24th of July Parade in honor of the Pioneers entering the Salt Lake Valley. He loved to take the grandchildren for ice cream cones. Usually it was Paul and Afton's children because they were the family that lived close in Provo. When they would be visiting the children it wouldn't be long before he would say, "I must take Mrs. Felt home, she's tired." She would protest that she wasn't tired, but they would go home. The family knew who was tired and restless and who used "Mrs. Felt" for the excuse.

Ernest loved to attend the family reunions they had been having for years and years and he did much of the research and typing of family histories, and everyone received a copy. These family reunions were fun and exciting for all.

During the last three months of his life he lived in Salem, Oregon with his daughter, Edythe and her husband Fred and youngest daughter, Lisa. A few interesting things happened during this time. One day when he was visiting with Edythe he said, "I think Mae will be happy here with you." Paul and Afton received a letter from Dad while they were in Arizona and Paul was Mission President. He wrote: "I want you to know what a good woman your Mother is." Then he wrote how much he loved her.

While he was in the hospital a couple of days before his death, Fred and Edythe were taking Mae to visit him. When they entered the room Ernest said to the nurse, "I could hear this angel's footsteps all the way down the hall, isn't she beautiful?" While they were still there he looked up at Fred and said, "Mother is a beautiful, good woman, and you have one just like her."

He was always studying his scriptures and Church magazines, the newspaper and Life and Time. He can always be remembered sitting in his rocking chair and reading. He never seemed to be just sitting still. The only real wish he ever had was for his children and grandchildren to be faithful in the Church with strong testimonies, that he could spend eternities with them.

Before World War II and for quite a few years, Ernest and Mae would go

to the Coconut Grove on both Tuesday and Saturday. Tuesday was waltz night and Saturday was a little bit of everything. They would also take in a movie on Friday night. Later they changed the movie time to Saturday afternoons. They never sat still for long.

The three boys, Paul, Bob and Kenny, all served in the service in World War II. Paul was an Ensign in the Navy, Bob was in the Infantry, and Kenny in the Hospital Corp. Mae worked at the Defense Depot during the war. They answered the call to open their home to others working the war effort and rented their bedroom out.

In 1960, Ernest was very ill in the hospital with prostate cancer. He had surgery, and the doctor told Mae to tell the children to come home. However, he survived the surgery and lived another ten years after that. Mae said the doctor told her if he hadn't had such a good heart he would never have made it.

Ernest was of the old school where the man handled all the affairs and the money. Mae would save money out of her grocery money and go to sales. Many times Edythe went with her. The sales were really sales in those days. She would get there about half an hour early and stand at the door. All the doors were packed with people. The sales were so good that you could usually only pick up one item because in a half an hour everything would be gone. She would send Edythe to one place and she would go to another, and they always did very well. She also went to many auctions, and Edythe would go with her because she was the youngest and the only one home for quite a few years. Mae would always get something because she would get there early and she could really run up and down the aisles and up the stairs. Nothing lazy about her, she never did walk slowly.

In 1965, Ernest and Mae purchased a home near the cemetery, and Mae would often walk up there to see all of the beautiful flowers. She had walked so much when they lived on 1st West and missed her neighbors there. She found now she could walk in the cemetery without a lot of cars passing and enjoy being outdoors.

Ernest worked at the Deseret News up until April 1970 and he hurt his hand in the printing press. After this Mae and Ernest, Bob and Dru drove to Salem to visit Edythe and Fred. While there he was so restless they couldn't wait to get home. They left on a Sunday, Mother's Day, kind of all of a sudden, and Mae was upset and so was Dru because it wasn't a very long visit. At this time Edythe told them that they wanted them to come and live with them, and they wanted them to for a long time. The family realized later that the reason he was in such a hurry to get home was that he couldn't see a life without a job to go to and he was afraid he would not

be able to work again. He was right; he never went to work again.

On Mae's birthday—July 3rd, 1972, Edythe called to wish mother Happy Birthday. Ern answered the phone and sounded so old and tired. His cancer had been bothering him again after he had been cancer free for a while. Edythe asked if he was ready to come and live with them. Apparently he had been sick from some bad food. Fred and Edythe left early the next morning and drove to Salt Lake. They packed up what they needed and put Ernest to bed in the camper and left right away. Fred was afraid that they would change their minds.

While in Salem, Ernest couldn't get out to church much and his doctor never did send of his medical records, even though they were requested by the doctor in Salem. It appeared he was doing pretty well until he had to have some tests run. A few weeks before he passed away he started going downhill pretty fast. Edythe and her family did everything they could, but he kept going downhill. Finally the doctor put him in the hospital. While in the hospital, Edythe, Fred and Mae were walking down the hall to Ernest's room and when they walked in Ernest said to a nurse, "Isn't she an angel, I could hear her walking all the way down the hall." He was always studying his scriptures, books, the paper, Time and Life magazines and couldn't seem to get enough reading.

He would always admonish his children to stay close to the Church and he had a strong testimony of the Gospel, and was a very good, honest, faithful man. A couple of weeks before Ernest died he said to his daughter, Edythe, "I think your mother will be happy here." He died in Salem, Oregon, in his daughter's home at 4481 Jones Road, S.E., Salem, Oregon on September 20, 1972.

3.2 Edith Mae Martin

The Life Story of Edith Mae Martin (written in her own words, October 1958)

I was born in Murray, Salt Lake County, Utah, on the 3rd of July 1891, in my Grandmother Jensen's home. I have been told that when I was born I wasn't expected to live so they blessed me in the home. (There was never a record made). My mother was Edith Begetta Jensen, and my father was Frank A. Miller, I never knew my Father. He left my Mother with two little girls, me and Myrtle. He was a traveling salesman from back East, and he sold Bibles. They were divorced on the grounds of desertion. (I have tried many methods of finding information on my Father, including fasting and



Figure 3.3: Edith Mae Martin, youth

praying, but thus far have never met with any success.)

My mother worked at Walker's Hotel in Salt Lake City as the head cook and my sister and I lived with Grandma until my Mother married Brigham Martin in 1898. My sister Myrtle and I were always dressed alike and many people thought we were twins. We both had real light blonde hair and Myrtle had brown eyes and I had blue eyes. I was two years older than my sister. Many times people would say, "Which is Mae and which is Myrtle?"

When Grandpa Jensen passed away and left Grandma with three sons and two daughters to take care of and still my Grandmother took Myrtle and I into her home to live with them. MY Great Grandmother, Anna Lucile Fransen, also lived with us and she was bedridden. We had a heavy strap fastened to the ceiling that she would raise up and turn over with.

I remember one time when we were visiting some relatives in Ephraim, I fell down the basement stairs and my Mother was frightened, for she thought I had been killed. It was dark and the stairs seemed awfully scary.

My Grandmother gave Mother and Dad a home, but when they divorced and didn't use the home my Aunt Minnie and Uncle Christ (Aunt Minnie was Mother's oldest sister) bought the home. My cousins, Maud, Reho, Orland, and Edith, Elmer, and Phonse, were my first and favorite playmates. They seemed like my own brothers and sisters, they were so close and I loved them so much. Every Sunday we would make ice cream. We would put the ice cream in a bucket and then put the bucket in a large container of ice. Then we would turn the bucket of ice cream around and around then when it got too hard to turn we would cover the ice cream container with ice and leave it until it was frozen enough to eat.

We would take a short cut through the woods to school. School was a mile and a half away. On this trip to school we would go near an old house, that the children said a witch lived in, and as we would go by her house she would scream and it would scare us to death, and we would run like we had seen and heard a ghost.

When we wanted any candy or material for a doll dress, Grandma would give us some eggs and we would walk a mile to the store and exchange the eggs for merchandise. I never saw money until we moved to Salt Lake City.

When the thrashers would come to work, Grandma would cook for a week getting ready for them and there was always plenty of food for everyone. When the wheat was harvested it would be put into sacks and every tenth sack went for tithing.

Our beds were made with a straw mattress and a mattress filled with

goose feathers on top of that. These beds were really soft. My uncles would put a lot of straw on the floor and then Grandma would put the carpet she had woven over the straw. Grandma made our shoes and the soles would be an inch thick. These shoes were made of old overalls or other cloth, and we would wear these to play in or for around the house and then on Sunday we would have store clothes to wear.

One time my Mother took me to the hotel where she worked in Salt Lake City and put me to bed in a pretty room upstairs. When I awoke in the morning and found she was gone (she was downstairs cooking breakfast) I started to cry and walked down a lot of stairs and woke up all the people in the hotel. I remember Mother telling me I would have to go back to Grandma's. As little as I was I wanted to stay with my Mother, but Myrtle seemed to be happier with Grandma.

My mother was acquainted with my stepfather before she married my father. My stepfather was Brigham Martin, son of Edward Martin, Captain of a company of pioneers that arrived in Salt Lake November 30, 1856. "Uncle Brig" as my sister and I used to call him, would often come to South Cottonwood in his hack. He was the last man in Salt Lake City to drive his hack and two teams of horses in the streets. He would bring us dolls and doll buggies, dishes, etc. before my Mother and he were married, and Myrtle and I sure loved him. I was seven and a half years old when they married.

My little sister was born on the 10th of May, 1900. I lived close to the Franklin School, but wasn't able to go to school very often because my Mother was ill and I would have to stay home and take care of Marie. When Marie was eighteen months old she came down with Black Diphtheria and as they didn't know what to do for this disease she died. I had Diphtheria at the same time and the Doctor said I got Bright's Disease as a result of the Diphtheria. I remember my body being all swollen and I could hardly see. I can remember having to take a dose of Epsom Salts every morning, and Mother would give me a piece of chocolate candy after because of the awful taste of the Epsom Salts. Mother would put me in a big tub with a heavy quilt covering me with nothing but my face showing. This was torture to me, but the Doctor said that it was the good care that Mother had given me that had saved my life.

There was so much sorrow and heartache in our home after Marie died that we moved from our home into another one at 30 South First West in the Fourteenth Ward. Myrtle and I had many happy experiences in this ward. We attended school, and Primary, Sunday School, and Religion Classes, and they had a special sewing class and they would have large boxes of small

pieces of material that we would make doll dresses and piece together for quilts.

After the loss of Marie my Mother grieved so very much and was so ill. Daddy would call doctor after doctor, but there was only one that gave her any relief at all—this was Dr. Gamble in the Templeton Building. Whenever Daddy would call him, he would get on his bicycle and he would be over in about ten minutes. Bishop Taylor gave my mother a blessing and told her that soon as she was well he would give her a recommend to go to the Temple and get her endowments, but she never moved from her bed. She told Daddy that he had been a wonderful husband and father and that she wanted her girls to be sealed to him.

One faith promoting experience I will never forget happened during my Mother's illness. My Aunt Matt use to give me a dollar a month for taking her breakfast up to her every Sunday morning. I would go to Church and pay my ten cents tithing and then we would bear our testimony in our Sunday School class. On this special day I fasted and paid my tithing and bore my testimony and when I went home I went upstairs and knelt down to pray and I asked my Heavenly Father to make my Mother well. It seemed I was so close to the Lord. I never did tell my Mother what I had done, but I had never seen such a change in her. She said how wonderful she felt and she ate a nice dinner and sat up in bed. This lasted for several days. However, the Lord never willed that she stay with us and she passed away on the 14th of April, 1909. (I can never remember a time when I didn't pray before going to bed. My sister would jump into bed and tell me to be sure and say a prayer for her too.) It was a sad parting and we all felt so lost and alone.

Our windows were always filled with beautiful flowers, and on Mother's last day on earth she reminded me to water the flowers. My Grandmother came to stay with us for a long time and then Daddy's sister, Aunt Mattie came to live with us.

When we got older and started going to parties and out with boy friends, Daddy sure worried about us. He would rest on the couch and not go to bed until we were home. He would say, "Your Mother wants me to take good care of you girls, so don't stay out too late." We used to go to the Odeon Dance Hall on North Temple across from the Genealogical Library. I met Ernest there. They had an usher at this dance that would introduce the boys and girls. The boys would pick the girl they wanted to meet, then the usher would go to the girl and ask her if she wanted to meet the boy and she would either say yes or no and the usher would act accordingly.

Ernest and I went together for a year and then decided to get married without telling anyone. We got our license that afternoon and those evenings

went to Reverend Goshen and were married. This was on the 18th of October, 1911. We were married three months before we told anyone. Ernest told his Dad and his Dad was working in the business department of the Deseret News at the time. He ran a front page news article and picture of Ernest and me. This was in the Deseret News on the 11th of January, 1912. The headlines read, "Wedding Secret is Out, Guarded for Months." Under this were our picture and name and the following article: Ernest W. Felt and Miss Mae Martin give friends surprise. Ernest W. Felt and his bride stole the proverbial on numerous friends to the extent of three months, but the friends were not hesitant in coming forward with hearty congratulations when the young folk's secret was revealed yesterday. Mr. Felt and Miss Mae Martin were married on October 18, the Rev. Elmer Goshen, pastor of the First Congregational Church, performing the ceremony. The bride is the daughter of Brigham Martin, and the bridegroom the son of D. D. Felt. Mr. and Mrs. Felt will make their home with Mr. Felt's Grandmother, Dr. Mary P. Silver, No. 65 Peach Street."

I never knew this was going to be in the paper and I was on the bus going to work at Walker Brothers on the morning this was published. There was a man sitting in front of me reading the morning paper and he had it open to the front page and I was shocked to see our picture with the story staring me in the face. Needless to say I didn't go to work that morning or ever again except to get my pay check. We were both twenty when we married and Ernest was not of age. I feel that if my Mother had been alive and I could have talked wedding plans over with her, that I would have waited and we would have been married in the temple in the first place instead of waiting until we had been married a little over two years.

Our first home was with Ernest's grandmother—Dr. Mary P. Silver. We lived in a little room just off Grandma's Pioneer home. This room had a monkey stove, a table and chairs and a rocking chair, and our bedroom was up some stairs into an attic that wasn't finished, even the stairs didn't have any banisters. We were in this place two or three months.

We were living in a house in Margetts Court on 4th East when our first baby was born, on the 28th of September, 1912. He was born in St. Mark's Hospital and died when he was six days old. Aunt Matt came to visit me in the hospital and she thought she heard the baby crying and she went into the nursery (they let them go right in the nursery then) and Richard was lying by the open window with nothing on and was crying. When Aunt Matt went to see the nurse and asked her who was supposed to be taking care of her niece's baby, the nurse said, "Oh, I forgot him."

Just a little over a year after Richard was born we went to the Salt Lake

Temple for our endowments and sealing and had Richard sealed to us. All of my children with the exception of Richard were born at home. We have been blessed with six children—two girls and four boys. They were all normal births except my last confinement with Edythe which was a difficult forced, breech labor.

We had many incidents of sickness and accidents where we had to call on our Heavenly Father for help. When Bobby was about two years old he had whooping cough. I can remember one night when I was lying down with Bobby beside me and my Mother came to me and said that he was an awfully sick baby. I felt her presence there in the room but when I turned I couldn't see her. We called the child specialist the next day and he said that Bobby had Pneumonia in one lung and that we would have to keep it from going into the other lung. He said our only chance was to take him up to the canyon around the running water, and this would cause him to start coughing and relieve the congestion. We went up the canyon and lived in a tent about a week. He was up throwing rocks into the water the morning after our first night up there.

When Kenneth was eight months old he had Tubercular Spinal Meningitis. His throat was paralyzed and he couldn't swallow and his bowels wouldn't move, and his head was tipped to one side. We called in two doctors and they both said there was no hope for him. We called another doctor on the phone and he asked us the symptoms and when I told him he said there wasn't anything he could do. We called Brother Loercher in to administer to him. He gave him a blessing in French, and he was going to translate it for me, but he never did. He said that as soon as he came up on the porch he knew Kenneth was going to live. The doctor said it was the second miracle he had seen in his practice.

When Kenneth was ten he narrowly escaped death when he was playing around some box cars and a wire with which he was playing came in contact with 1500 volt live trolley wire. He was sent to Salt Lake General Hospital with severe first degree burns on his chest, neck, head, and arms. His boy friend Mark Eldredge quickly extinguished the flames that enveloped Kenny's head and shoulders. The police told the papers that Mark was responsible for saving his life. He did this by slapping the flames with his hands.

Until my last child was born I had never been very active in Church except in my childhood. After Edythe was born I worked in the Primary as a teacher and counselor and worked in this organization for fifteen years. I was also a visiting teacher and magazine representative in the Relief Society. I also helped them get workers to go to Welfare Square on the different

welfare projects. I worked on the Girls program in Mutual. I have worked in ward genealogical work and on the Stake Genealogical Committee.

Paul was called on a mission to the Central States Mission in April 1937. He had just left the morning of April 26, 1937 for the mission home when a fire that swept three homes, including ours, took place. It happened around eight o'clock in the morning. There were no occupants of any of the homes injured, but Edythe and Kenneth were still in bed and I had to wake them to get them out of the house. Edythe looked out of her bedroom window and saw Grandpa's house on fire and had to run in her pajamas outside. The fire started in the upstairs bedroom of Grandpa's house next door to ours. A bed caught fire; we were told it was from a cigarette. The neighbors were preparing breakfast when another neighbor told them their roof was ablaze. Our house was estimated at \$1,500 damage to the house and \$500 to contents. We had a dog called Ticker and when the house started to burn he put his tail between his legs and ran down the street and didn't show up for days. People were just wonderful to us at this time. Ever so many offered assistance. We moved over to Charles Rudd's house and stayed until we could move back into our own house. We were over there around two months.

In October 1941 Ernest took sick in the night and Dr. Alexander wanted him to go to the hospital. He had a ruptured appendix. He wouldn't go to the hospital that night and when the doctor came in the morning he made him go. The appendix had ruptured about fifteen hours before he was operated on and gangrene had set in and he caught Pneumonia. Dr. Alexander said there wasn't much hope for him but through faith and prayers and having him administered to he recovered.

During World War II I worked at the Defense Plant and at the Deseret Mortuary. All three of our sons were in World War II. Paul was an Ensign in the Navy, Bob was in the Infantry and Kenneth was in the Hospital Corp, and they all served overseas.

For the last fifteen years I have received more enjoyment and comfort out of genealogical work and going to the temple than any other thing I have ever done. There have been times in the last few years when I have been ill, and worried, but I have never felt closer to my Father in Heaven than I have these last few years that I have been actively engaged in genealogical and temple work, and with all my children away from home it fills my hours with happiness and peace that would otherwise be very lonely.



Figure 3.4: Edith Mae Martin Felt, later years

3.3 David Pile Felt

David Pile Felt was born August 7, 1860 in Salt Lake City, a son of Nathaniel Henry and Mary Louise Pile. He was one of three children born to this union. He attended school in the District School and attended the University of Utah.

He was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when he was eight years old. He honored his priesthood and was active in the Church all of his life. He was happy in his home with his mother and his brother Nathaniel Henry Jr. and his sister, Mary Adelia—who they called Dell. His mother was the third wife of his father, so he wasn't always in the home with them. Both his father and mother had beautiful voices so music was in their home.

In 1882 he met and fell in love with Adeline Speirs, a daughter of George and Adeline Harris Speirs. They were married in the Endowment House later that year and lived in Salt Lake City for a year then moved to Provo. There he worked in a book and stationery and music business. They lived in the Third Ward where he served as chorister and other callings.

In 1885 he entered the journalistic field by issuing a monthly publication, the "Utah Industrialist," which he continues with for two years. In 1887 he and his brother N. H. Felt purchased the weekly newspaper "Manti Sentinel" at that time the only paper in Sanpete County, but retained it only a short time. In 1895 he again entered the newspaper field by buying the "Springville Independent," which enterprise he continued until he left for a mission to the Southern States.

While on his mission he labored in Georgia and Tennessee where he was the editor on the "Southern Star" (that later became the "Liahona"). On his return home he moved his family to Salt Lake City and was the chorister in each ward they lived in. He was president of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association in the 23rd Ward. He worked for the Deseret News and when the Church had the Juvenile Instructor, he was the advertising representative of it and of the other church publications. He was elected president of the Utah Press Association and served as such for seven terms.

He established the Davis County Argus in 1903 for six years until he opened his own printing business and publishing business in the Felt Building, name in honor of the late Charles B. Felt, one of his brothers. At this time they were living in the Pioneer Stake in the 4th Ward and his son, William Ernest lived next door to them. He would give his grandchildren tickets to go to the Star Theater to see the movies and he always had lemon



Figure 3.5: David Pile Felt



Figure 3.6: Adeline Speirs

drops to give to them. Each of his grandchildren has fond memories of going to the Felt Building to see him.

Adeline died on the 10th of March, 1931 in the Salt Lake Hospital. He later married Annora Marsh Civich, a granddaughter of Thomas B. Marsh, of early Church history. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple. He died after a brief illness on January 22, 1937.

3.4 Mary Louise Pile

A brief history re-written from an earlier script of unknown authorship

Way back in 1835, on July 27th, at Medford, Sommerset, England, a blueyed girl was born, destined to become a Utah Pioneer of outstanding but inconspicuous importance; her name was Mary Louise Pile, a daughter of Alexander and Sarah Clark Pile, of Bath, England. Mr. Pile was a member of the Town Council.

The little girl developed a wonderful personality of natural energy and intellectual ability; keen to learn everything she could by insight, passionate inquiry into all high ideals—with deep interest in religion.

When she was about 14 years of age, the Mormon missionaries visited her hometown with their alluring teachings of the truths as expounded by Elder Dorr P. Curdis. He was among the first to turn her attention to the Gospel and convert her to its merits. Much against her parent's wishes she attended the meetings. She employed her charming voice in singing the hymns of the new dispensation. Imbibing with zest and enthusiasm every tone as taught her by the Mormon Elders. This created an estrangement with the family, resulting in Mary being driven from the home of her parents. On the 2nd day of August, 1849 she was baptized by Elder Abraham Merchant at Bath, England.

About this time the new convert met a lady of high rank known as Lady Fairbush, who invited the discouraged girl into her mansion. She not only gave her a home but installed her as a companion, replacing a daughter who had recently died. Lady Fairbush took great pains to teach the girl many new things that enhanced her natural character pointing her to a marvelous future. She also changed her rather formal name of Mary to that of "Polly." This name followed her though her life among her intimate friends.

An incident of remarkable confirmation of Polly's faith occurred when she became dangerously ill at her new home. Every possible care was given by physicians and nursing, and when at a crisis the Elders were called in to administer to her, which resulted in a marvelous healing and immediate



Figure 3.7: Mary Louise Pile

recovery.

When about 17 years of age, with a party of converts under Elder Dorr P. Curdis, and chaperoned by William J. Silver and family, she embarked on the SS Gondola leaving Liverpool, England on February 4, 1854. They arrived in New York on March 18th after 43 days at sea. Soon after arrival at mission headquarters she was given a position as helper. Here she met Elder Nathaniel H. Felt whom she later married.

Polly had now become a beautiful girl with lovely brown hair, a generous mouth which curved easily into smiles or compassion. She had strength in the firm chin and keen interest in her new surroundings. All combining to make her popular and finding her way in the world and meeting the many adversities that were her future heritage. This splendid young woman arrived in Salt Lake City with the A. G. Smoot caravan. Herself driving a buggy across the plains and arriving November 9, 1856.

Immediately upon her advent in the valley, with her indefatigable energy, she secured employment at the home of T. B. H. Stenhouse, whose wife was an expert milliner where Polly soon learned the art of a first class artisan, still maintaining her devotion to religious duties and participating in local affairs.

Among her friends and close associates were Brigham Young and family, Heber C. Kimball family, James Cummings family, and T. B. H. Stenhouse family. Their children were lifelong friends. They remembered her as "Aunt Polly" with deep reverence.

On December 7, 1856 she married Nathaniel H. Felt and became the mother of David Pile, Nathaniel Henry, and Mary Adelia (Young). All her children have served as missionaries.

She became an enthusiastic member of the Tabernacle Choir under Charlie Thomas and also George Carless. Subsequently she was appointed leader of the Salt Lake Stake Relief Society Choir where she served 14 years. Among her prominent associates were Eliza R. Snow, Emilline B. Wells, Bashebe Smith, Isabella Horne, Lizza Thomas Edwards and many others.

On October 12, 1870 she married her old friend William J. Silver formerly of England. With this union she bore a son William P. Silver and a little girl, May, who drowned when about 3 years of age.

Soon after this marriage she took up a deep study of homeopathy and later became a doctor, receiving her certificate to practice. Here her range of usefulness became extended to thousands who remember her as Dr. or "Dear Aunt Mary." Her special forte being to minister to women and children. With authority from the Church to wash and anoint the sick with particular reference to prospective mothers.

In her home life she maintained the same enthusiastic devotion to her religion, training her children as a true mother should. All of her children were married in the Holy Temple. Her home, though humble, was the Mecca for hundreds who assembled to get advice, gather flowers from her bounteous garden and fruit from her abundant trees. Always a cheery welcome from "Aunt Mary" for everyone.

In all these years she always found time to attend to her duties in the Church, Relief Society and lead in social functions, temple work, Stake and ward activities.

This illustrious pioneer died May 11, 1912 at her modest home at 65 Peach Street. A most impressive service was held in the 19th Ward meeting-house where eloquent tributes were offered by President Charles W. Penrose and other prominent speakers. They told of her outstanding qualities and attributes. Twenty years later in 1932, reference was made of the event in the Deseret News titled "20 Years Ago."

3.5 Nathaniel Henry Felt

from the LDS Biographical Encyclopedia, Vol. II by Andrew Jenson

Nathaniel Henry Felt, a prominent Elder in the Church, a successful missionary and one of Utah's earliest legislators, was born February 6, 1816, at Salem, Essex County, Massachusetts, the son of Nathaniel Felt and Hannah Reeves. He was the youngest of twelve children. The father, a merchant trader with the West Indies, died when Nathaniel was seven years old, leaving his family in straitened circumstances, having lost his property, even to his family home, through misfortune in business. He had an unusually liberal disposition and a conscientious desire to satisfy every claim made against him and the firm of which he was a member.

Nathaniel attended the common schools of his native place, and before and after school hours acted as errand boy for a draper and tailor's establishment. He was not robust but full of ambition to gain a collegiate education. He worked hard in that direction, but owing to the reduced circumstances of the family, had to abandon his purpose just as he was about to enter the high school and was apprenticed to a tailor at Lynn, five miles from Salem. He was then fifteen years of age.

Six months before attaining his majority, and through the help of his only surviving brother, he bought out an establishment in Salem and was soon employing twenty hands. He increased his means by some fortunate ventures in the African and China trade, it being the intention of himself



Figure 3.8: Nathaniel Henry Felt

and brother to found a commercial business. He also became interested in military matters, joining the Divisionary Corps of Independent Cadets, which was organized with the Boston cadets in colonial times under British rule. Under their charter they were required to wear scarlet coats, and were entitled to the right of line in parade, much to the annoyance of several volunteer organizations.

Through his musical interests Nathaniel became acquainted with Miss Eliza Ann Preston, a member of another of the old New England families, whom he married on the third day of October, 1839.

His mother's family was divided in religious beliefs, but he, though often solicited to do so, would not identify himself with any of the popular churches. After carefully investigating "Mormonism" however, he was converted and baptized a Latter-day Saint. His wife also joined the Church.

In the winter of 1843 he was appointed president of the Salem Branch. During this period he became acquainted with such men as Brigham Young, Orson Pratt and Heber C. Kimball, who were frequent and welcome visitors at his home. They left it the morning that word was received of the martyrdom of the Prophet and the Patriarch, Joseph and Hyrum Smith. He had been advised by President Young to remain at Salem for the present, but as the clouds gathered around Nauvoo, and the mobs grew more threatening, he determined to join the main body of the Church at that place. Accordingly, on the 5th day of June 1845, after closing out his business at a great sacrifice, he with his wife and son, Joseph Henry, set out for Nauvoo. There he entered into business and continued his labors in the ministry, being ordained one of the presidents of the 29th quorum of seventy.

Meantime the completion of the Nauvoo Temple was being hurried on, and his baggage, having arrived from Salem by way of New Orleans, some of his furniture such as carpets, tables, chairs, sofa and mirrors, were used to furnish the sacred house preparatory to the performance of ordinances therein. He took part in the defense of Nauvoo and was under fire as well as on regular guard duty. Through overexertion in assisting the remnant of his coeligionists across the Mississippi, after the departure of the vanguard, which he was preparing to follow up, he was taken down with fever and ague, and his physical condition became such that he was counseled to take his wife, then almost an invalid, to St. Louis and postpone his journey to the West. Accordingly he turned over his wagon outfit to John Taylor, one of the Twelve Apostles, and with his wife and two sons proceeded to St. Louis, arriving there early in November.

February 14, 1847, he was appointed president of the St. Louis Conference, then numbering from seven to ten thousand Latter-day Saints, and

the only organized conference in the United States, St. Louis was not only the gathering place of the Saints driven from Nauvoo, where they went to remain until a more permanent place was selected by the pioneers, but it became the outfitting point for those traveling westward, and also where the missionaries, still sent out by the Church, looked for and received substantial assistance to take them on their journey both going and returning. At that point the immigrating Saints were received from foreign lands, by water from New Orleans, and there secured their outfits for the crossing of the plains. Upon Nathaniel H. Felt devolved almost entirely the duty of advising these immigrants, purchasing outfits and supplies for them, and chartering the necessary steamboats to take them to Kanesville. It was almost a matter of congratulation with him that no accident occurred to and no scourge prevailed on any of the vessels thus engaged by him. There were instances, however, in which steamboats were secured by other persons, contrary to his advice. In one of these instances, as soon as he learned of it, he went to the wharf and urged the Saints to come ashore, telling them the boat was unsafe. Many took his advice, while others remained on board. The steamer had hardly left her moorings when she blew up, several lives being lost and much baggage destroyed.

At St. Louis President Felt opened a correspondence with Colonel Thomas L. Kane, who afterwards mediated between Utah and the Federal Government.

Included in the St. Louis Conference were the branches of Alton and Gravois; the latter being his special pride. There were gathered the coal miners, sturdy, reliable men, such as John Sharp, Adam Sharp, Adam Hunter and others.

In 1848 President Felt took his family on a visit to their old home in Massachusetts where he was received kindly by friends and relatives, and every inducement offered him but without avail, to induce him to give up "Mormonism" and remain. After his return to St. Louis the city was visited by that terrible scourge, the cholera. Every morning was heard the "dead wagon" as it passed around, the awful cry, "Bring out your dead." Accompanying these wagons were immune, who would enter, take the corpses, sometimes without preparation, to the vehicles, and thence to the cemetery, where they were buried in trenches, hundreds at a time. The president of the branch was constantly called for by the afflicted people. He responded by visiting, administering and comforting them, scarcely taking time to eat or sleep. While many thousands of the citizens died, and many of the Saints were attacked, not one of the latter died through this scourge at that time. During the great fire that followed, not one of the Saints was burned out,

although, as in the case of President Felt, the fire came right up to their houses. He lived in a frame building, and the fire, skipping it destroyed a brick building opposite. The conflagration, while it swept away much property, was looked upon as a great scavenger, which purified the city after the plague.

In the Spring of 1850 the Felt family consisting of the father, mother, two sons and an infant daughter, started for Salt Lake City, escorted as far as Council Bluffs by Ballou's band discoursing sweet music in their honor. At the Bluffs, with two wagons, four yoke of oxen and two cows, they joined Heywood and Woolley's Church merchandise train, which arrived at their destination on the 6th of October. They located on upper Main Street, just opposite President Heber C. Kimball's residence, which is still (at the time this article was written) the old family homestead. During the winter, they lived in wagons and tents, and in the spring, they built an adobe house of two rooms.

Brother Felt's appointment as Alderman of Great Salt Lake City came January 9, 1851, from Governor Brigham Young, under the charter incorporating the city. Later, he was elected Alderman from the Third Municipal Ward which he represented for years. In August 1851, he was elected to the House of Representatives in the first Legislature of the Territory of Utah. In both Territorial and City governments, he served on many important committees, receiving dignitaries from the East, arranging for memorial services on the day of President Lincoln's funeral. He also took preliminary steps for establishing the water and lighting systems of the municipality.

Nor was he idle in ecclesiastical matters. In 1851 he was appointed a traveling Bishop and as such visited nearly all the settlements and towns in Utah, instructing the Ward Bishops relative to tithing methods, records, reports, etc. In the militia he was commissioned by Governor Young, April 12, 1852, chaplain on the general staff of the Legion, with the rank of Colonel. He had previously accompanied George A. Smith to Little Salt Lake Valley where they laid out the town of Parowan.

The winter of 1854 found him in New York City, assisting John Taylor to establish the paper known as "The Mormon" and laboring in emigration matters. During this mission, in company with Apostle Taylor and Delegate Bernhisel, he called on President Franklin Pierce, in Washington, D. C. At this time the President made the following statement relative to his recent appointment of Colonel Steptoe to succeed Brigham Young as Governor of Utah. He said "Gentlemen, you are well acquainted with the immense outside pressure that popular prejudice has arrayed against your people. This obliges me as Chief Magistrate to make some show in responding to it,

so I have appointed Colonel Steptoe as Governor of Utah; but you will readily conceive that Colonel Steptoe, holding an honorable position in the United States army, will not be willing to resign that position for the uncertain tenure of a four years Governorship of that distant Territory.”

Elder Felt returned to Salt Lake City in October 1856. Having secured Government contracts to furnish supplies for the troops at Camp Floyd, he now engaged in the grain and produce business, with David R. Allen, establishing stores in Salt Lake City, Nephi, and Ephraim. In the years 1865, he was on a mission in Great Britain where he labored in the office of the “Millennial Star” and later as pastor of the London district. From November 1869 until May 1870, he was a missionary to the New England States, laboring principally in his native State, Massachusetts. For a long period he was a member of the high Council and was actively engaged in public affairs, both State and Church, until 1873, when he was stricken with a severe illness, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered. During the remaining years he acted as a home missionary and contributed various articles to the press.

He died January 27, 1887, leaving a posterity of eight sons, five daughters and sixteen grandchildren. He was the husband of three wives—Eliza Ann Preston who died June 19, 1875; Sarah Strange and Mary Louisa Pile whom he married respectively March 17, 1854 and December 7, 1856. In addition to his first wife, two sons and two daughters preceded him into the great beyond.

3.6 George Speirs

Compiled and written by Ernest W. Felt, a grandson

George Speirs was a pioneer of Utah, born at Bridgewater, Beaver County, Pennsylvania on November 6, 1836. His father—Thomas Speirs and his mother—Mary Cochran, joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and then went to join other members and settled in Nauvoo, Illinois in 1839.

Seven years of George’s boyhood were spent here. It was a time of rapid growth of the area and for Nauvoo. He was there at the time of the martyrdom of the prophet Joseph Smith and the desecration of the Temple by the mob that finally drove the Mormons from the city in 1846. His family started West spending a year in Montrose, and then went on to Winter Quarters where they spent the winter of 1847. He and his brothers and sister were able to attend school that year in a log building erected

under the direction of President Brigham Young. Eli B. Kelsey was their teacher.

They left Winter Quarters in July 1848 to begin their journey to Salt Lake Valley. George was able to help drive the teams. They saw many buffalo and other wild animals and passed through Indian villages, mostly Sioux, but were not molested by them. His brother Adam said in fact they were treated better by the Indians than they were by so-called Christians that they had left behind. They arrived in the Salt Lake Valley October 17, 1848, the year following the settlement of the original pioneers. The family began immediately gathering logs from the canyons with which to build shelter for the coming winter, which finally consisted of log side and a canvas top. The canvas was from the tent they had brought along with them. The canvas was covered with willows. George was 12 years old when he came to Utah with his parents.

George and his brothers helped their father Thomas Speirs build a blacksmith shop of logs they brought from the canyons and he spent the next several years helping in the shop and attending school in the Old Council House. He loved to explore and whenever he could he would be out exploring the surrounding valleys and canyons. The home he grew up in was on the corner of Sixth South Eighth East in the Tenth Ward.

In the spring of 1854, after taking an active part in exploring the great west, he was called along with Silas S. Smith, Eli Bell, Ward E. Pack, Simpson W. Molem, John R. Young, W. W. Cluff and Joseph F. Smith to go on a mission to the Hawaiian Islands. He helped in planning the trip over the desert region and they started their journey to the Pacific Coast, which lasted six weeks. They worked in the wheat fields of California until they earned enough to pay their passage to the Islands. They took passage on the clipper "Vaquero" which left San Francisco harbor September 8, 1854, arriving in Honolulu November 13, 1854.

George was on his mission in Hawaii for approximately four years. He soon learned the language; he loved the people and became a very capable missionary. On February 11, 1861 George married Adeline Pamila Harris, whose family had come to Utah from England and were also converts of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and had also endured many of the same hardships. The marriage took place in the Endowment House in Salt Lake.

George and Adeline had eight children—Adeline, George, Thomas, Mary, Lucy, Annie, Jessie and William. All of their children grew to maturity and married and had families. George built a home for his family in the Tenth Ward on the corner of 5th South and 7th East. During the early years of his

married life he was in partnership with George Pope. They opened a rock quarry in the small canyon south of Emigration Canyon of which they held possession until the early 1990's. ,

In the year of 1905, on the occasion of the reunion of the "Trailblazers," George, along with some of the other men who were still alive, were honored guests of Senator William S. Clark. They were taken by train over the "Salt Lake Route" now known as the Union Pacific Route which was the rail they blazed to California fifty years before. They were given the best hotel accommodations in Los Angeles and were treated royally by the railroad company.

In 1904 George was made custodian of the old abandoned Copper Plant on the Jordan River near 10th North, where he established his residence, remaining there until his death on March 1911. His wife died on October 6, 1896. All eight of his children and twenty six grandchildren survived him at the time of his death. "A man of honor—his word as good as his bond" was a fitting tribute paid him by Brother Charles A. Simon, an old friend and neighbor.

4

My Childhood and Youth 1916-1937

4.1 Happiness is the Creation of Pleasant Memories

As I look back on my childhood I can recall a multitude of choice experiences. On one occasion President Kimball said, “What is the price of happiness. One might be surprised at the simplicity of the answer. The treasure house of happiness is unlocked to those who live the gospel of Jesus Christ in its purity and its simplicity.” Because my parents lived the gospel of Jesus Christ in its “purity and simplicity” ours was a happy home. In addition to a happy home our neighborhood by and large consisted of active Mormon families. Our bishop, a German convert to the Church, Bishop William F. Perschon, lived immediately behind us separated only by an alley that divided the homes. Alleys back in those years were a common thing, today they are not. Immediately north of us my grandparents lived, and two houses down was another family member, my father’s sister and her husband and their family. Because of the frequent “get togethers” of our family, together with the great blessings of our ward family, it made it possible for virtually each day and each week, and especially each Sabbath day, to be very treasured happy experiences.

Today our three Church meetings are consolidated and thus back to back meetings. During my childhood we had separate meetings. Priesthood was held at 8:00 am for one hour and after this meeting the men would go home to get their family and return for a 10:00 am Sunday School which would usually last for an hour and a half. On Sunday evening the family



Figure 4.1: Paul Ernest Felt, infant



Figure 4.2: Paul Ernest and Robert Brigham Felt



Figure 4.3: The Ernest and E. Mae Felt Family, Approx. 1921; Back Left to Right: Ernest William Felt, Marguerite Mae, Edith Mae; Front Left to Right: Paul Ernest and Robert Brigham

would return for a Sacrament meeting that would be held at 6:00 or 7:00 pm for one to one and a half hours. Relief Society was held on Tuesday morning and one day a month the ladies would have lunch and have a work day in the afternoon where they did quilting and other projects. Primary was on Tuesday afternoon right after school. MIA or Mutual was held Tuesday evening. Among the many memories that come to mind, is my mother bearing her testimony. Invariably she would be so moved by the spirit that she would choke up and shed some tears. For virtually all of our family members, we have inherited the same tear ducts that mother had. Her testimony always registered in my heart that my mother had a deep testimony of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ. My father was the faithful ward clerk.

4.2 Bamberger Train

Our home was on 828 South 100 West. For many years, indeed all of the years that I resided as a child and as a youth in my parent's home, the Bamberger train was a thing of joy, especially for the children. Many of the adults became deeply concerned about the danger and also the noise of the train at night that would disturb our sleep. Neither of those problems were a concern to me. Whenever the Bamberger train would come, virtually all the children on the block would run out to see the train. Nearly always it would go very slowly, I suppose for safety purposes. Because of that fact, it was possible for us to "hook a ride." The engineer was usually not aware of it, or if he was he seldom made any effort to get us off the train.

Our neighbors across the street, the Fetzer family, owned a huge cabinet making business. Then, and through many years, "Fetzer Cabinet and Fixture" built the pews and much of the oak work that went into chapels. A friend of one of their sons who joined us in riding the Bamberger fell under the tracks and was killed. Needless to say, this put great caution and fear on the part of parents about the dangers of that train.

4.3 A Happy Getaway on the Union Pacific Railroad

Many people young and old would hitchhike rides on the Union Pacific. Because of my interest and love for trains a non-member friend of mine named Carl Rother and I undertook several of these journeys. One day Carl and I decided we would hitch a ride on a Union Pacific and let it take us wherever

it was going. I don't recall getting permission from my parents but I'm sure we did because we were gone for several days.

We were able to board a train that was loaded with a lot of lumber. During the day it was very warm, but as night came on we had to nestle down between some of the logs and lumber. In the course of the night's travel the lumber had shifted enough so that we could not get ourselves out from under the lumber. Needless to say, this was very frightening. But after much prayer and effort we were finally able to pull ourselves out. As I remember the train stopped in Reno, Nevada. We spent a few hours there walking the streets and then boarded the next train out. This train put out a lot of black smoke and when we arrived at some community in Southern California, we got off the train and much to our surprise we both looked like colored people. It caused us some laughter and for us was more humorous than damaging. Prior to leaving Salt Lake we did purchase some neck ties which we intended to sell in order to provide us with the means to feed ourselves. I don't recall much in terms of selling the ties, but we must have because we did have enough money to buy something to eat. After a day or so we boarded another train which took us back to Salt Lake City.

Since those early experiences with trains they have always been a real interest in my life. Following our marriage with the many children we had, a Christmas never went by but what we didn't have wind-up trains and electric trains. When we were in Cedar City two of our sons, Paul and John, came to us before Christmas and wondered if it would be possible for us to get an electric train instead of a wind-up train. We entered into an arrangement whereby we would pay half if they would pay half.

4.4 Fourth Ward and Pioneer Stake

Over the years Afton and our family have lived in many different wards and stakes. For me the Fourth Ward and Pioneer Stake stand out in my memory as a true extended "refuge and defense." As a child and a youth, I learned that a ward and a stake, especially the ward because of the intimacy and close relationship of people, was a beautiful refuge and a haven of peace and joy. Our young stake president in his early thirties was President Harold B. Lee, who at that time was one of the Commissioners on the Salt Lake City Council. From Bishop Perschon and President Lee I learned in my early childhood and youth that these indeed were men of God, men whom anyone could go to for help and aid. Both Bishop Perschon and Harold B. Lee, while they did look after the interests of all the people, nonetheless

each of them had a special interest and commitment to the youth. Over my childhood and youthful years I came to know and love intimately these two great men.

4.5 My Dad's Model A Ford

All my life cars have been almost an obsession with me. Charlie Perschon was the son of Bishop William F. Perschon, whose father owned an impressive black Buick. My father had a Model A Ford. On occasion, following much pleading, we would be able to get access to one of the cars. Always the problem seemed to be buying the gasoline. On one occasion neither of us had the money to buy gasoline and so together we entered into a plan which proved to be almost a disaster. We decided we were going to have to steal and siphon some gas. We went over to the Bishop's home and cut a garden hose and then proceeded to siphon gas from the Bishop's black Buick. Siphoning gas with a hose is not an easy task! In the process, each of us would experience much of the gas upon our mouth. We did however get the gas and went on our joy ride. This happened to be a Sabbath day and so while we were in our sacrament meeting, both sitting at the sacrament table, we looked at each other and not only noticed our mouths white, but there was also a distinct aroma of gas that was smelled and detected by not only those around us, but which drifted up to the level where Bishop Perschon was sitting. Because we swallowed some of the gas we burped and in burping the gas fumes drifted up to the Bishop. He looked down at these two priests, one of which was his son, and nodded his head and smiled. What he was telling us was that he knew the source and the people who had siphoned his gas. .

4.6 Our Scoutmaster, Clyde Weeks

Clyde Weeks and his wife were some of our heroes and models. They were young and quite an impressive looking couple. He was a sergeant in the army and while he lived in our ward, his duty and job was at Fort Douglas. On one occasion when we were apparently unable to get access to our parents' cars, we decided that we would borrow not steal but borrow our scoutmaster's car. It may have been the key was left in the ignition or we jumped the wires, I don't know, but at any rate we did borrow Clyde Week's car and drove it, not any great distance, but in the neighborhood where we were able to share with some of our friends outside of the ward and stake our

very impressive car. When we completed our “outing” we didn’t have the nerve to bring it back to the home of Clyde Weeks but left it a couple of blocks away. We were sure the police would find it and return it to him which they did. We were very careful not to damage the car. The car was returned to Clyde Weeks but neither of us had the courage to ever confess this bad deed.

It was many years later when we lived in Provo, Utah that Clyde Weeks, following his retirement, was employed at BYU in the fundraising and development office. At the appropriate time, I did confess to him and his wife and asked if they remembered a time when the car was stolen in the Fourth Ward. They did, and then I confessed that we stole the car. I made a late apology and sought his forgiveness. They laughed and put their arms around me to assure me that there were no bad feelings.

4.7 Clyde Weeks Sr. and World War II

During World War II, Clyde Weeks, who in the Fourth Ward was a sergeant, was now a high ranking army officer. He served in the European Area and while there he suffered some serious wounds which not only left him partially physically impaired, but also he suffered an emotional breakdown. Upon his return home he was given a priesthood blessing by either President Lee or Bishop Perschon where he was assured that he would make a complete recovery from his wounds and the emotional and health impairment. There was a complete recovery. His son, Clyde Jr., was in the Marine Corps and served valiantly also and he, like his father, sustained some wounds. He recovered and has lived a very productive life with his wife and rather large family.

4.8 Temple Square

Our home at 828 South 100 West was only eight-and-a-half blocks from Temple Square. Both my father and mother made it a point to take us to Temple Square often. As a young child I seemed to sense and feel something very special about Temple Square, so much so that in my later years I’ve come to conclude that in my lifetime I’ve had three love affairs. The first was Temple Square, the second was BYU and the third was the love affair with my impressive and wonderful wife. I have vivid recall and pleasant memories about going to Priesthood meeting with my father during General Conference. We would always go early to get a seat and would always sit

in the balcony. When President Grant and the other General Authorities came to occupy their seats on the stand, my father would identify all of these brethren by name. As he did this in my heart of hearts I came to know that these were very special men.

As a young child and youth I would see the guides on Temple Square conduct their tours. As I watched them and occasionally attended those tours I soon came to desire and dream of the time when I might be a guide on Temple Square. Following my mission I did make application to the Director of Temple Square who was then Elder Richard L. Evans of the First Council of Seventy. His assistant was a young man teaching seminary at West High School Elder Marion D. Hanks. I did have an opportunity to serve for a short time as a guide on Temple Square. I remember my first tour always began at the Temple Square Visitors Center which was then located on the south end of the square. The guides then left the Bureau Center and went to the Seagull Monument, following which they went into the Assembly Hall. As I followed that tour with my small group of tourists, we went to the Seagull monument and then walked into the rear of the Assembly Hall where a tour was just beginning to leave. I remember one of the tourists inquired of the guide about bishops. She said she had been in Salt Lake for several days and have never seen a Mormon bishop. The guide then called a custodian who was dusting the benches near where our group was and invited him up to the front of the Assembly Hall. She introduced him as a Mormon bishop. I'm sure it was a little shock to the tourists to see that a Mormon bishop was a custodian in the Assembly Hall.

4.9 Jefferson School

Jefferson School was my elementary school. Walking to Jefferson School took about twenty or thirty minutes. From my earliest childhood and well into my youth I stuttered. I never overcame my stuttering until I went on my mission. Because of this speech impediment school and classes were always a fearful matter for me. The principal of the Jefferson Elementary School was a Mr. Clark, a very tall and fearsome looking and acting man. Fortunately my teacher, Miss Bair, was very pleasant and accommodating. I hardly ever attempted to participate in any discussions.

My first fist fight occurred while a pupil at Jefferson School. I don't recall the details but I do know I had an encounter with one of the pupils who challenged me to a fight. We agreed to meet after school at a given designation. I didn't do very well in that fight. In fact I was so beaten

that friends seemed to come to my rescue. That experience didn't help me to build any self-confidence. All through my elementary, junior high and high school I was a very shy person. Apparently because of some unpleasant experiences in those different grades I chose not to attend any class reunions to which we were invited.

4.10 South High School

High school, during the years I attended in the mid-thirties, was in the midst of the Depression. Ralph Backman was our principal. He was a good and kindly man but I never had any face to face relationships with him. The assistant principal was a Miss Dyer. With my stuttering and speech impediment I did have visits with her regarding some of my classes. She on occasion would seek me out and give me a lot of good counsel and encouragement. She made some inquiries and learned that there was a speech correction department at the University of Utah. Because of my very poor grades I was not able to get in to the University of Utah. Miss Dyer took me personally to the Registrations Office at the University of Utah and persuaded them to permit me to enroll as a Freshman. She convinced the Registrar that I would be a good student.

4.11 Speech Clinic - University of Utah

Miss Mary Webster was the Director of the Speech Clinic at the University of Utah. In addition to my enrollment in that clinic, I was also able to register for a few Freshman classes. One reason for that is the fact that the classes were larger and I didn't have to participate in the class discussions unless I chose to.

After my Freshman year at the University of Utah Miss Webster informed me of a highly recognized speech clinic at the State University of Iowa in Iowa City. She had made contact with the Director of that program and made arrangements for me to be a part of their program. As I remember it was a Dr. Travis who was the Director of that clinic. I will make further reference to my experiences at the State University of Iowa in another entry.

My classes at the University of Utah proved to be very enjoyable. It was during my time at the U of U that I began keeping a personal journal. This proved to be a very enjoyable and rewarding task. I soon learned that a journal, like a prayer, provides an emotional and intellectual and spiritual

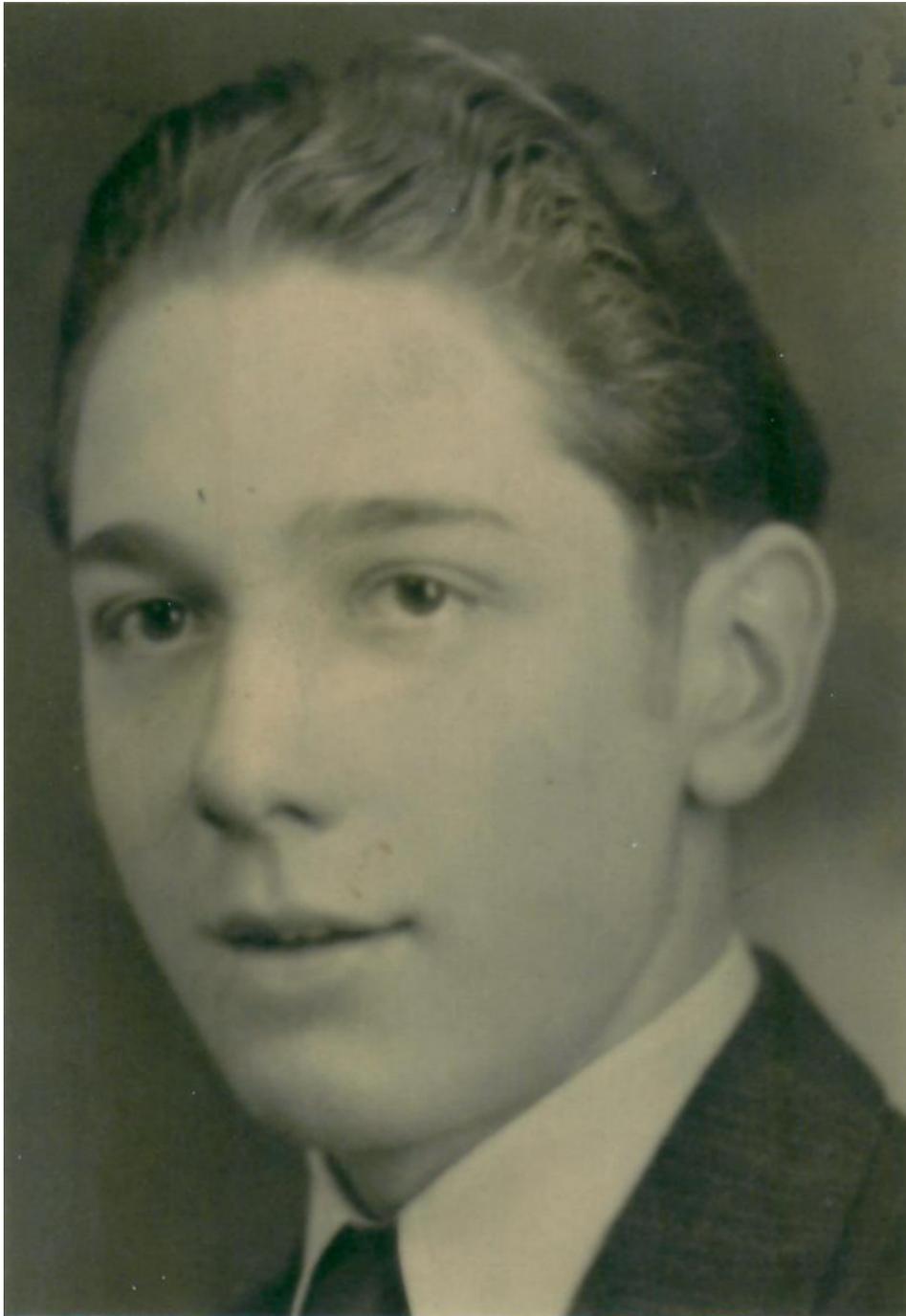


Figure 4.4: Paul Ernest Felt, High School

outlet. My journal enabled me to put together some true priorities and to achieve a higher level of happy living.

My daily walk to the University of Utah took almost an hour, but I never disliked the walk to the campus and the walk home. I remember buying a white sweater with a block “U” on it. I would often wear that sweater as I walked around the neighborhood and downtown which is only a few blocks.

4.12 An Unusual Trip to Iowa City, Iowa

Mary Webster, the director of the Speech Clinic at the University of Utah, called Dr. Travis at the State university of Iowa who was in charge of their speech clinic. When arrangements had been made for me to register for not only classes, but also to be a part of the speech clinic, I then explored possible means by which I could get to Iowa City.

The approximate year this occurred was 1933 or 1935, and this of course was in the midst of a deep depression. I decided to run a classified ad to find some private transportation that would be available. Back in those years, when a person wanted to get anywhere in the United States they would run a classified ad and then negotiate the cost with the people driving there. After a few days following the classified ad I received a phone call from a lady who needed some help in driving her car, which would take her to Virginia. She assured me that en route we could go by Iowa City. The lady was a young mother in her late thirties who was traveling with a young daughter. The arrangement that we made was that my driving would pay the cost for my transportation to Iowa City.

Near the middle of the first day of our departure, it became evident that she was an alcoholic. She insisted on stopping often at different bars where she could get a drink. When she was under the influence of alcohol, she would get a little out of control. She made some very obvious advances to me, which was an embarrassment to me and to her daughter. Occasionally when we would stop at a bar she would insist that I come in with her and often there was some dancing taking place. She insisted that I dance with her, which I didn't like at all. After a few days, we arrived in Iowa City and I was certainly relieved to leave this well-intentioned but very unscrupulous lady. It seems to me that I did get their address and I wrote a letter to her daughter. I don't recall her answering the letter or having any further contact with this party.

I was able to find a small apartment on Iowa Street. I remember the number was 925 Iowa Street. When Lamar and Yvonne were living in Chicago,

Afton and I drove out to visit them (in a fairly new Mercedes as I recall). We stopped in Iowa City and I was able to find the home where I lived.

My experiences in Iowa City were a mix of happy experiences and very unpleasant experiences. I did register for a couple of classes which I didn't seem to handle very well. I spent most of my time in the speech clinic. There were two Mormons who were working on their Ph.D.'s in speech pathology, one of which was Dr. Alonzo Morley, who later became the director of the speech clinic at BYU. There was also a man, whose name escapes me, who later became the director of the speech clinic at the University of Utah.

The underlying principle and therapy for overcoming stuttering was to undergo experiences where you were able to talk in some very frightening situations, such as standing on a street corner and engaging strangers in a conversation, and also holding what in Mormon missionary terminology would be "street meetings." Every day, I, with others in the same predicament that I was in, would engage strangers in conversation and then get on a soap box and give a speech. I did make some improvement, but I was by no means free of my stuttering. It was necessary for me to obtain a job to meet my room and board. I was able to get a job washing dishes at a large, local hotel. It was during my time on the job that I had my first taste of coffee. I disliked it, so I didn't let this become a common practice.

I came for the fall semester and was there through the Christmas holidays. Among the few people I met at the university was a Negro who was completing his doctorate. I reluctantly agreed to go home with him for the holidays. He was a very warm and personable person. Upon reaching his home I was impressed with his parents and the very nice home in which they lived. He showed me his bedroom which had a double bed and informed me that I would be sharing the bedroom with him. All my life up to that point I had never slept with any other person, including my brothers. The first night I didn't rest well at all. I was a little disturbed over the fact that he wanted to talk and he wanted to hold hands. The second and third night he made some overtures which made it very clear to me that he was homosexual. At that stage in my life I knew very little about this matter. In fact, it wasn't until he carefully explained to me that he preferred men to women that I understood. Once I learned this awful situation, I left and found other lodging. When we returned to the university he continued to make approaches which I rejected. He even wrote me a letter after I arrived home in Salt Lake. In the letter he tried to describe how a person of his nature could enjoy relationships with both male and female. Needless to say, I did not return his letter. With that experience, I was able to quickly recognize any homosexual advances and was smart enough to quickly distance myself

from such people.

4.13 A Call To Serve A Mission

Prior to my nineteenth year, my bishop, William F. Perschon, and stake president, Harold B. Lee, had counseled with me about a mission. From my early childhood my parents had discussed this matter and encouraged me to prepare myself for a mission. Because of my parents and my bishop and stake president, I had determined well before I was nineteen that I would go on a mission. However, upon my return from the State University of Iowa I renrolled at the University of Utah. For the first time in my academic life education on a college level became very attractive and intriguing, so much so that I rationalized and postponed my mission. Needless to say this was a disappointment to both my parents and my priesthood leaders. I assured them that I would go, but for the time being I elected to get some training at the University of Utah.

During the next two years both Bishop Perschon, President Lee and my parents, urged me to make a decision about the mission. On two or three occasions I did yield whereupon it was announced by the bishop that I would soon be leaving on a mission. But each time it came down to the finalization of a mission I allowed myself to procrastinate and delay the mission. In a recent visit with Elder Glenn Rudd of the Second Quorum of Seventy, who resided in my ward at that time, he called my attention to the fact that he remembered that two year period when Paul Felt couldn't be persuaded to commit to a mission call.

Early in the Spring of 1937 when I was twenty-one, I made it clear to my parents and priesthood leaders that I was ready for the mission call to be processed. Once the official call came I wrote a letter to President Heber J. Grant, who was the president of the Church, and told him of my mission call and of my speech impediment problem. I was hoping that the letter would prompt him to invite me in to meet him. This did not happen, but I did get a personal letter from President Grant where he thanked me for the letter, commended me for my decision to go on a mission, and assured me that my name was mentioned in the meetings of the First Presidency.

4.14 A Visit With Our Stake Patriarch - Brother Charles S. Hyde

Brother Hyde, our patriarch, was our Sunday School teacher. It was while I attended his classes that I felt, almost for the first time, the power of the Holy Ghost touching my heart as he presented our weekly lesson.

I remember prior to my mission farewell, I made an appointment with Brother Hyde for a personal visit. In the course of our visit he offered to give me a priesthood blessing. I remember that in the blessing he told me that I had the gift of being a peacemaker. I would have had him give me my patriarchal blessing, but my parents had already taken me for my patriarchal blessing in my very early teen years.

4.15 Utah Poultry

Prior to my mission I was employed as a delivery boy for the Utah Poultry. Utah Poultry was managed by Charles P. Rudd, the father of a boyhood friend, Sam Rudd and his younger brother Glen. This poultry plant was only a block from our Fourth Ward. My wage was twenty-five cents an hour. I spent each day delivering chickens to restaurants and hotels.

I remember on occasion when I would load up my halfon truck with chickens for delivery, Charles P. Rudd would say, “Now Paul, drive like hell but don’t break the speed limit.” Among the many places I would deliver chickens was to the Wirthlin Meat Market, the manager/owner was Joseph B. Wirthlin, who later became the Presiding Bishop of the Church. Presently his son, Joseph B. Wirthlin Jr., is a member of the Quorum of the Twelve. Brother Wirthlin was a man that frightened me. When I would come in with his chickens he would insist on weighing them on a small scale. After he had weighed all of the chickens it would always be a little short of the poundage we were charging him. When you weigh chickens separately and then take in the fact that en route they lose a little of the moisture, it is understandable why they would weigh a little less. Nearly every time I delivered those chickens, I would have to change the invoice to less than what he was being charged.

One of the highlights delivering chickens was that frequently in the restaurants and hotels the chef and cooks would offer me either a piece of pie or a whole pie.

4.16 Paul Felt, a Budding Thespian

Through my entire childhood and youthful years, and indeed throughout my entire life, I have always had a great love and regard for wards and the different divine programs that are a part of every ward. MIA was always a delight for me and my friends. I remember singing “Shall the Youth of Zion Falter.”

My drama teacher in MIA was a professional actress and teacher at the University. I was able to participate in several ward drama productions. On one occasion I was involved in a scene where I was given a sandwich to eat and some of the people in the cast had put cardboard in the sandwich. When I tried to eat the sandwich, I couldn’t get through the cardboard, whereupon there was raucous laughter which was finally subdued by our drama director.

4.17 My Years As A Scout

My scout master was Theodore Burton, who later became a member of the First Quorum of Seventy. An interesting experience with my scoutmaster Theodore Burton involved me crawling out a basement window and leaving early from our troop meeting. Needless to say my scoutmaster kindly scolded me.

4.18 Purse Snatcher

During my employment with Utah Poultry, Mr. Charles P. Rudd, the manager, asked me if I would go back to Detroit and pick up a new truck for him. My transportation to Detroit was a Greyhound bus. Advance arrangements had been made for me to pick up the truck, so there was no problem in obtaining it. This was a delightful assignment and opportunity for me. I’ve always loved cars and loved to drive. I hadn’t been on the road long on my return trip when I picked up a hitchhiker. Back in those years, picking up hitchhikers was a common practice for all of us. He turned out to be a young man about my age and said he was just anxious to get away from home and so was perfectly content to stay with me en route to Salt Lake City. He, like me, had very little financial means. We ate very modestly and stayed in low cost motels.

Each evening he would leave with the understanding he was just going out for a walk. I noticed each evening he came home he seemed to have more

money. My questions to him regarding where he was getting the money were avoided. I got very suspicious and so along about the second or third evening I followed him without him being aware that I was there. From a short distance, I was able to observe that he was snatching purses from a women walking alone. When I confronted him with this fact, he didn't deny it but he said he wouldn't be doing it any more. Once we got to Salt Lake I introduced him to my boss and he asked him for a job. Mr. Rudd gave him a job plucking chickens. After a few days we noticed in the paper that a purse snatcher had been arrested. It turned out to be the person who accompanied me home from Detroit. He was arrested and following his arrest he was given the option of going to a detention home or leaving the state. He chose the latter.

4.19 The Deseret News and The Salt Lake Tribune

When I was about sixteen or seventeen I had two paper routes. Since the Tribune was delivered in the morning and the Deseret News in the evening, I was able to hold down both jobs. Back in those years we not only had to deliver the paper, but we also had to collect each week. The cost of the Deseret News was fifteen cents a week or sixty-five cents a month. I can't remember the cost of the Tribune, but it was probably very near the cost of the Deseret News. I picked up my Deseret News papers on the corner where the Rocky Mountain Bank Note Company was on West Temple and 6th South. Since my father was a printer there I would often come early and visit him before going out to get my papers and deliver them.

With the money I made on both paper routes I remember one time I purchased my mother a small electric Mixmaster. Needless to say it was a joy for her and a joy for me to give it to her.

4.20 The Joys of the Sabbath Day

Someone has wisely said, "A world without a Sabbath is like a summer without flowers, a man without a smile, a homestead without a garden." All my life beginning in my childhood and youth I learned to love each Sabbath day. I don't ever remember a time in my life when the Sabbath day wasn't anticipated and enjoyed. I enjoyed the different meetings we were able to attend each Sabbath day.

I have pleasant memories of the different things we as children and youth used to engage in for fun and memories. All of this was made possible because my parents, and by and large our neighbors, properly observed the Sabbath day. As the years unfolded I came to realize that when one properly observes the Sabbath day, it not only brings blessings for that day, but also prepares one to better utilize and enjoy the remaining days of any given week.

The heart and soul of an enjoyable Sabbath begins as one attends the prescribed meetings. My memories of the Fourth Ward are very vivid in my memory bank. One memory that comes to mind is our recreational hall in the Fourth Ward. As a child I remember the large potellied wood and coal stove which generated heat. For many years, well into my adult years, we would occasionally drive through the old neighborhood and pass the Fourth Ward.

As the years moved on, the Fourth Ward Building had to be abandoned. After it had served its usefulness for church needs, it was sold to another religious group. However, after a few years the Protestant Church which purchased it sold it to a commercial venture. Prior to the time that it was utilized for commercial purposes, some satanic group had illegally begun using the building. When we learned of these developments I, along with other old Fourth Warders such as Arthur J. Sperry and Thomas S. Monson (who was in our stake), chose to go down there and walk through the building once again and pick up some items which would keep alive our memories of the Fourth Ward. We were advised to go during daylight hours because at night it was dangerous. I remember Afton and I driving there about 5:00 pm and there to our pleasant surprise was Arthur J. Sperry. We all walked through the building and picked out things we wanted. Large items we had to purchase. Afton and I purchased a chest of drawers that now occupies one of the rooms in our present home. We were also able to get some of the large nails that were used in the construction of the building. It was a joy to walk through the different rooms, including the Scout room on the ground floor.

4.21 White Bunny

Among all the many desserts that were available to us, one of my preferred items was ice cream. Throughout my life ice cream has always been something I've preferred above all other desserts. Since our home in Provo, Utah is near the BYU Dairy we have always been able to keep ice cream on hand.

We buy it in three gallon containers. Family and friends are always aware of the fact that they can always get good ice cream at the Felts.

A favorite place that we used to go as young people was the ice cream parlor known as the “White Bunny.” There, we could not only get ice cream, but also milk shakes. A large milk shake cost a nickel. For fifteen cents you could get all the ice cream you could eat.

4.22 When The Circus Came To Town

Each year a circus would find its way to Salt Lake. Fortunately, they utilized what had come to be known as Walker’s Field which was only two blocks east of where we lived. Prior to the circus they would promote and advertise it by walking the elephants and the caged lions and the clowns up and down different streets. All the children in the neighborhood would gather and follow the circus people and their animals to Walker’s Field where they would erect their huge tents. Often we locals would be able to volunteer our services as they erected the tent and different concessions stands and thereby get free tickets.

Another important function that Walker’s Field provided for us was a playground. It was there that I first learned to enjoy softball, baseball and football. The latter was the most enjoyable for me because I seemed to have skills there more so than in any other sport. I have pleasant memories of recalling people watching on the sidelines as Paul Felt would run for a touchdown.

4.23 National Wrestling Matches

Near Walker’s Field was a large building known as the McKeller Arena. Here wrestlers of different weights and prominence would come to Salt Lake. A local wrestler of great fame was a man by the name of Ira Dern. For about fifteen cents one could gain admission into one of these wrestling matches.

4.24 Grower’s Market

A few blocks north of us there was a place known as Grower’s Market. Farmers and merchants would bring their produce early each morning. Mother used to help us as we would get a wagon and walk up to Grower’s Market and buy different items such as tomatoes and apples and celery and etc., and then in turn walk through the neighborhood and sell our products.

Very near the Grower's Market was a dairy where we used to be able to get a gallon of skimmed milk for five cents. Often Mother would send us there to get the milk or buttermilk or eggs.

4.25 Dusenberry

In my youth a deluxe classic car much like the Mercedes and the Cadillac in our day was the Dusenberry car. One of our neighbors two doors north of us on First West had a new Dusenberry. I don't ever remember, however, him driving the car. He always kept it in the garage. On occasion we would knock on his door and ask for permission to see the car. He would gladly accommodate us and point out the different features of this car. Today a Dusenberry is a costly classic.

4.26 Pure Tithe Payer

Our neighbor immediately west of us was the home of our great bishop, William F. Perschon. One of his sons, Charlie, was about my age and we spent much time together in our childhood and youth. Both of us went on missions about the same time, he to Germany where he later presided as the mission president, and I to the Central States mission.

A few years ago as Charlie and I had occasion to meet and recall many memories surrounding the Fourth Ward he told me that he remembered my father every Friday evening knocking on their door to give Bishop Perschon his tithing and fast offerings. Charlie referred to my father as a "pure tithe payer." As I look back on my father and mother I can only remember the outstanding example of true discipleship and true members of the Church.

4.27 Family Prayer

While our parents always lived very exemplary lives we were not having family prayers. On one occasion I remember bringing up the matter and I recall also that after the matter was discussed my father said, "Thank you for that suggestion. We will begin having family prayers." I remember that became an everyday practice in my home.

Among all the years of my childhood and youth I can only recall one time when my father spanked me.

4.28 Felt Building

My grandfather was by profession and trade a printer, as was my own father. His office was in the Felt Building on South Main between Third and Fourth South. Often my friends and I would walk to the Felt Building to visit Grandpa Felt. Visiting him was always a joy. He always had lemon drops and other candy good bits for us. In addition to these goodies he would also give us tickets to the Star Theater. The Star Theater was on First South and State Street. As a printer for them he was able to get some free tickets which he generously shared with his grandchildren. We would not only get a free pass to the Star Theater but we would get some goodies to munch on while we were there. In those days they would not only have a main feature, but they would also have a segment of a movie which would end and then continue the following week.

Another memory of the Felt Building is the fact that often when we would go to visit Grandpa Felt we would climb the fire exit steps up to the top of the building. The Felt Building was probably about twelve or fifteen stories high. We would get on top of the building and look down on the street and walks. On occasion we used to bring light bulbs with us and drop them on the sidewalk where they would pop when they hit the cement.

Over the years I have been back to the Felt Building and walked through it. Recently it came up for sale again. I tried to get some information about the cost but was unable to do so.

4.29 Our Neighborhood Library

All of my life I have been an avid reader. We had a small library on Eighth West, which was only a few blocks from our home. There was also the larger library on State Street and South Temple. Presently there is a planetarium that occupies that building. I have pleasant memories of walking to the library and checking out books to read. Some of my favorite were the Tarzan books. While I was delivering my papers the library was near where my route was so I was able to pick up a book while passing out my papers.

4.30 Kick The Can

One of the favorite sports in our childhood was setting up cans and kicking them. In our neighborhood as in many neighborhoods in Salt Lake years

ago there was an alley separating the two rows of homes on a given street. It was in the alley where we used to play kickhean.

4.31 Mr. Doctorman And His Cows

Our neighbor two doors to the south were a Jewish family and thus not members of the Church. My brother Bob and I used to raise rabbits. Later Bob also raised fighting roosters. During those years I don't remember any rabbit pellets but I do remember we used to buy little bundles of hay for our rabbits. On one occasion we ran out of hay and we remembered that our neighbor, Mr. Doctorman had cows. One day Bob and I went over and got a big armload of hay and carried it to our home. A few hours after that escapade there was a knock on our door and there stood Mr. Doctorman. He said, "I believe you boys have been stealing my hay. I followed the trail of hay from my barn over to your house." We admitted our folly and apologized and promised never to do it again. We did keep our promise.

5

Central States Mission 1937-39

5.1 Two Lost Years

During my late teen years, about 1935 to 1937, there were less than 500 missionaries out in the field. These were the Depression years which was the factor that led to fewer missionaries. I can't remember a time in my life as a child and a youth when I didn't plan to go on a mission. I attribute that resolve to my noble, exemplary parents and some great priesthood leaders, especially my bishop, William F. Perschon, and stake president, Harold B. Lee. As I neared my nineteenth year my resolve to go was still firm. However, when it became a real serious question whether or not to go, regrettably I rationalized and postponed my mission for two years. During those two years I was a student at the University of Utah and one of my rationalizations was that I chose to complete a year or two of my university work before I left on my mission. As I look back on those years I refer to them as "two lost years" and highs and lows in terms of my feelings towards myself and my life.

Prior to the decision to postpone my mission I'm sure I had a testimony and conviction of the divinity of the Church. I will be forever indebted and grateful to my parents, Bishop Perschon, President Lee, and many great teachers for that testimony.

One incident that does stand out is when my father would take me to a Priesthood Meeting in connection with General Conference. We would always go early and sit up in the balcony where we had a clear view of the podium and the impressive Brethren. I have a warm recall of my father



Figure 5.1: Paul Ernest Felt, Central States Mission

identifying by name the different General Authorities that came in and took their places. When he would identify them by name, especially President Grant, I came to know then that they were men of God.

5.2 One Foot In And One Foot Out

I have in my youthful journal a little essay that reflects my state of mind as a result of postponing my mission. I include this in my personal history. The title is “My Troubled Heart.” Throughout this two year period of delay and frustration my parents and my good bishop and stake president would make general and frequent inquiry as to when I would be going on my mission. As I recall my reply was, “I’m going, but not yet.” It became a common joke among my friends, together with some of the adults in the ward, that “Paul keeps postponing his farewell. When is he going to make up his mind and go on a mission?”

5.3 Excerpt from Youthful Diary: My Troubled Heart

When life seems to me empty and perplexing and black shadows thus fall on my way and unanswerable queries loom up before me and this inevitable question of why me? rises up demanding an answer. And when the power of the emptiness of my heart hits me. And when as a result of these queries I find myself floundering aimlessly about as a ship in a fog. And when failing to get satisfaction from my own interpretive thought ramblings. I turn to my Diary. And thus even though I seldom if ever get complete solutions to my problems. Yet I also have a warm satisfaction of having aired my pent up feelings. And so this Book is mute, but speaking when I speak, and silent when I do not, shall act as my dumb inanimate guide and confidante who shall hear all of my whims, complaints and queries. Until some other shall see fit to clarify and focus on my eyes and mind on those fundamental truths that emancipate a man from his limitations and ignorance.

5.4 My Twentieth Birthday, January 29th, 1937

My entry in my journal on that birthday is a rather lengthy one entitled “My Book of Life.” Shortly after that journal entry I made a firm decision to go on a mission, following which my papers were submitted. My mission

farewell was a joy and a relief to myself, to my parents, priesthood leaders, and perhaps many in the ward.

5.5 Salt Lake City Mission Home

I entered the mission home April 26th, 1937. Looking back at my journal entries I see my time at the mission home was at least two weeks. President J. Wiley Sessions and his wife, two lovely and impressive people, presided over the mission home. When I returned from my mission he was Chairman of the Religion Department at BYU.

Even though I had made a resolve to go on a mission and to perform well, I apparently and regrettably carried some of my pre-mission thoughts and practices with me while in the mission home. Prior to finalizing my mission call and farewell there were two young ladies that I was deeply interested in and was dating. I don't remember their last names, but I do remember their first names and quite a bit about each of them. One was Dixie, an active sweet member of the Church. The other was Josephine, a non-member whom I had met at the University of Utah. I allowed some of the things that seem to preoccupy me prior to coming on a mission to take over. On two different occasions I slipped out of the mission home at night, having made a telephone appointment first with Dixie and then with Josephine. The second time, as I was crawling through a window to get into the mission home, I found President J. Wiley Sessions confronting me. Needless to say, it was a deep embarrassment. Apparently at that stage in my life and thinking, my only regret was that I got caught. I hasten to add that while what I did was wrong, nothing of any immoral nature occurred with either Dixie or Josephine.

5.6 Two Salt Lake Homes Burned To The Ground

During my time in the mission home, as we were returning from lunch one day we heard a newspaper boy cry out, "Extra! Extra! Two Salt Lake homes burned to the ground!" Back in those years when there was any unusual news item an extra paper was published and the paper boys would stand out on the street calling out, "Extra. Extra." I walked over to the paper boy and saw the picture on the front page, which looked very familiar. So, I purchased the paper and then went back to the mission home to get permission to go home. Naturally, it was quickly granted. When I arrived at our home, I saw Mother walking around attempting to pick up anything of

value that had survived the fire. As she saw me, she threw her arms around me and said, “Son, you’re still going on your mission.” I then inquired about our dog and Mother said, “That dog has left and I don’t think we’ll ever see it again.” She was right, the dog never came back home. Fortunately we did have some insurance, but my father had lost the policy. However, the insurance company confirmed the fact that we were covered, so we did get enough insurance money to restore the home.

The home next to us was owned by my father’s father—my grandfather. Upon careful inquiry by the fire department we learned that a young man had fallen asleep in Grandpa’s home while he was smoking. The cigarette started the fire on a pillow and bed sheet.

5.7 Dodge City, Kansas

My first field of labor was in Dodge City, Kansas. We had a small branch in Dodge City the president of which was Jerry Bybee, manager of the local Kress store. My first companion was Elder Ellsworth Ray. He had been out about a year and was then eighteen years of age, having come on his mission when he was seventeen. As junior companion Elder Felt was twenty-one. Elder Ray was a great senior companion. When our mission president, President Woodruff, assigned Elder Ray as my senior companion, he was informed by the mission president that Elder Felt had some problems at the mission home. President J. Wiley Sessions wrote a letter to President Woodruff telling him of some of my problems in the mission home and instructed him, I suppose, to make sure that Elder Felt gets some good training early on. President Woodruff informed Elder Ray that he and I were to spend our first few weeks in the mission traveling without purse or scrip.

Back in those years going with purse or scrip was not an uncommon practice. We did take our scriptures with us, but we did not take any money. We relied entirely upon the people we contacted for our lodging and our meals. The first few days were very difficult. The first night we slept out in a haystack. We had little success in getting lodging or meals. After the second and third day, I had to confess to Elder Ray that I had brought with me a dollar bill. I had stuffed it in my shoe. I then suggested that we go over to the local restaurant and spend the dollar and get a good meal. At that time a dollar would buy a good meal for two people. He wouldn’t allow it and following his reprimand and my repentance things began working out much better for us. During the entire few weeks we were out we were able

to find good lodging and met many good people who fed us well, many of whom listened to our message.

Between my great senior companion, together with a great branch president, Jerry Bybee and his lovely wife Nelly Bybee, Elder Felt soon developed into a committed, hardworking missionary. At that point in my mission I came to feel deeply the joy and the rewards of worthy hard working missionaries.

One of the delightful activities that we had in Dodge City, thanks to Brother and Sister Bybee, was a weekly radio program. President and Sister Bybee were not only great members of the Church but they were really talented singers. The missionaries in Dodge City would prepare a religious message while President and Sister Bybee would sing an opening or a closing hymn. Needless to say, we always looked forward to that time each week.

5.8 Be Quick To Praise But Slow To Criticize

Elder Felt was now a highly motivated, hardworking missionary. I came to love every aspect of the mission, including tracting.

Missionaries write weekly letters to their mission president. One letter that I wrote to the mission president without consulting with my senior companion or the branch president was to make some recommendations on changes in the branch. I let President Woodruff know in my letter that we had a great branch president, but our Relief Society President needed to be released. She was not getting the job done and she was too critical of many things. A few days after I sent that letter I received a very sweet letter from President Woodruff which in essence said something like this: “Dear Elder Felt, I commend you for your diligent work as a missionary. Your senior companion has reported that you are doing well. However, I must remind you that as missionaries we do not have any direct involvement in the management of the branches and the districts, which rests with the mission president, the district president and the branch president.” He then said, “Elder Felt I have learned over the years that one should be ‘quick to praise and slow to criticize.’” I kept that letter for many years.

5.9 My First Baptism

Upon my arrival in Dodge City I soon learned that there was a man that the missionaries had tracted out who had read the Book of Mormon thirty-two times. He was an older gentleman who lived alone. When we weren’t

having much success in our tracting, it was always a joy for us to go to visit this good man whereupon he would always review with us some of the great stories in the Book of Mormon.

He lived in a very modest home that was not well kept. He refused to come to any of our meetings. After several weeks we finally committed him to baptism. We scheduled his baptism and the font was very, very cold. Elder Ray had me baptize him and as I immersed him in the water he came up swearing! My district president who was present said, "Elder Felt, put him down again." I then turned to this good brother and told him that I was going to baptize him again and he'd better not come up swearing...he didn't. He was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church but never came to any meetings.

5.10 A Sweet Lady In A Rest Home

For all missionaries finding people with whom you can visit and teach is always something one seeks for out of which comes some real joy. When we couldn't find people in our daily tracting we would often go back to this good sister in the rest home who always welcomed visitors. She was suffering from severe ailments that caused much pain. Following one such visit I asked my senior companion (this may not have been Elder Ray) if it wouldn't be well to give her a priesthood blessing. We asked and she readily agreed to have us do so. However, we determined that we would first make some preparations and then come back to perform the blessing. I mistakenly asked my senior companion to let me seal the anointing. I then wrote down and memorized a blessing that I was going to give her, which included as I remember a restoration of her health. When we went back my senior companion anointed her and I sealed the anointing and then I was overcome with a "stupor of thought." I couldn't remember a thing I had written down and memorized and had a very bad feeling. I learned on that occasion, we must prepare and wait upon the Lord to inspire the blessing that we should give.

5.11 All I Want Is Your Friendship

After about six months in Dodge City I was transferred to Hutchinson, Kansas. Prior to leaving I made it a point to visit with President and Sister Bybee during which time I made it clear to them of my deep love for them. They did more for me in my early months in the mission field, along with

Elder Ray, that made it possible for me to finally qualify and achieve a faith and a testimony that was heaven itself. President and Sister Bybee and I embraced and expressed our love to each other and once again I expressed my love and appreciation to them and said, “Isn’t there something I could do or give you for all that you’ve given me?” President Bybee looked me in the eye and said, “Dear Elder Felt, all I want is your friendship.” The true friends that we make in our service to others brings blessings beyond measure.

5.12 Oh I Wish I Could Believe What You’ve Just Shared With Me

Hitchhiking was a common practice in virtually all the missions, especially in the United States. We carried with us what we called a “stick grip” which was a metal briefcase. We would put in bold print on the stick grip “Mormon Missionaries.” Seldom did we have to wait very long before we got a ride.

On one occasion when we were hitchhiking a large impressive car stopped. There was a lone, single, older man who was driving. When we would get a ride we would always make a tactful approach to start a discussion concerning our message. On this occasion I felt impressed to share with him something about our temples and our eternal marriages that take place in the temple. He was listening very intently and when we got to the place we were going he stopped and then turned to me and said, “What you have taught me is beautiful. Oh I wish I could believe it. Just prior to picking up you two young men I buried my wife in a funeral service.” With that comment once again we reaffirmed what we had taught him and bore our testimonies to him. He shook his head in disbelief saying again, “I wish I could believe this.”

5.13 Performing My First Civil Marriage

As a missionary we have legal authority to perform civil marriages. It is necessary to get the permission of your mission president before performing the ceremony.

One of our member families had a daughter who was going to be married and they asked me to perform the marriage. In our missionary handbook we have the outline of the marriage ceremony. I memorized it and was in the process of performing the marriage. When I came to the point where I was to unite them as husband and wife until death do they part, I mistakenly

inserted my name as the groom! Needless to say everybody was laughing about that and I had to repeat the whole marriage ceremony.

5.14 Pursue A Steady Course

Early in my mission someone shared with me a quotation of Joseph Smith. Over the years I've had occasion to ponder and use it many times. In fact, I've memorized it. The prophet Joseph Smith on one occasion said, "Go in all meekness and sobriety and preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified... This I deliver by way of commandment and those who do not will pull down persecution upon their heads. This I pronounce as a prophecy."

5.15 I'm Not Worthy, I Can't Bless My Own Son

A branch president invited my companion and me late one evening to assist him in a blessing. One of the branch members was manager of the Skaggs store. He called the branch president to tell him that his young son was critically ill and he wanted us to give him a blessing. The branch president followed the regular procedure and had me anoint him and then asked the father to perform the sealing. Upon that request the father broke down in tears and said, "I'm not worthy, I cannot participate in that blessing." He then seemed to lose complete control of himself because he walked over to a near wall and seemed to bang his head on the wall crying, "I'm not worthy. I'm not worthy."

Once things settled down then President Bybee sealed the anointing.

5.16 Ephraim, Our Mission Car

Following my appointment as district president we were able to drive cars. I'd saved money enough to purchase an old two door Chevrolet. It was an old car and very cheap. We loosened the bolts on the passenger seat, because sometimes when we were driving one of us would want to sleep. Because of its age and poor care, the car always gave us problems. For that reason we chose to call it Ephraim. Ephraim, you will remember was one of the rebellious sons of Joseph.

As district president we would often take our lady missionaries to their appointments. Often we would have problems with the car which for the most part we were able to correct. Our mission car came to attract a lot of attention but it did serve its purpose for us.

On one occasion when our mission president visited with us we invited him to drive with us in the car, which he agreed to. He sat in the front seat next to me. I was driving and my companion was in the back seat. As I started and put it in low gear it jumped out so quickly that the seat fell backwards and our mission president fell back also with his feet in the air. There was a little laughter and much apologizing from my companion and me to our great mission president. When he learned that on occasion we were taking lady missionaries, he told us never to let the lady missionaries ride in that car. As my mission was drawing to a close President Woodruff allowed me to drive my car home, which I did.

5.17 Turning Point in my Life

Prior to my departure I was recalling many of the great experiences of my mission. Certainly this two year mission was a major turning point in my life. For the first time in my life I had a firm faith and a deep conviction and testimony of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ. My two years were pure joy. I have a treasure of memories that I often recall about my mission. I remember as I was recalling and meditating upon these matters, I not only ended my mission with deep expressions of appreciation to the Lord for these marvelous two years, I then petitioned the Lord and pleaded that the balance of my life would be spent in service. Such service can always be given, not only through the many church service calls that are part of our Mormon lifestyle, but also in reaching out on our own to help and lift and bless those in need. That prayer has been remarkably answered. Ever since my first mission I have never been without some church service call. As I move into my senior years I find my wife and I reaching out and helping and lifting others, which always brings great joy and peace into our lives.

6

BYU - Student Years 1939-1942

6.1 Three Love Affairs

During my adult life I feel that I have had three major love affairs. One, Temple Square in Salt Lake City, two, BYU and three, Afton Harris (my eternal companion).

As my Central States mission was drawing to an end I enjoyed a final interview with my mission president, President Elias S. Woodruff. I had come to deeply love and respect my mission president. During one of my final interviews he made an inquiry regarding what my professional or vocational goals were. I frankly admitted I hadn't settled on any one role. He encouraged me to give prayerful consideration to Church Education. He also, as I remember, encouraged me to go to BYU. Prior to my mission I had completed two years at the University of Utah. Because of my great love for the gospel and the Church it was very obvious that my choice should be BYU. With that in mind I went to Provo, Utah and fell in love with the campus and the few students attending summer school. I found an apartment and then began looking for employment.

The state and the nation were still struggling and recovering from the midhirties deep depression. I learned that there was a mining operation on the east bench between Provo and Springville. I was able to find employment that provided work through the week which enabled me not only to meet my financial needs in terms of room and board, but also to save some money for my tuition at BYU.

BYU was a relatively small university, nonetheless the origin and history



PAUL FELT, student body president. Super politician . . . returned missionary . . . boxer . . . fine organizer . . . owner of splendid personality. Managed student affairs with smooth, professional confidence and efficiency . . . was stabilizing force in council . . . official go-between in student-faculty affairs. Will be missed.

Figure 6.1: Paul Ernest Felt, BYU Student Body President

of BYU had already covered many years. During the early years at BYU when Karl G. Maeser, a German convert to the Church, was the president it was located on South University Avenue. After many years, a campus was built on University Avenue with 500 North and 400 North and 100 East making up the lower campus. There was also what was referred to as the “upper campus” which included the Heber J. Grant Library, the Maeser Building and the Brimhall Building. During those years our classes included both the lower and the upper campus. The walk from lower campus to the upper campus took only ten to twelve minutes. The lower campus buildings not only provided classrooms for a number of classes and departments, but also included a modest bookstore and an assembly hall where our weekly devotionals and student body assemblies were held, together with the drama productions taught and produced by an outstanding husband and wife team, Dr. Earl Pardoe and Katherine Pardoe.

The spirit and atmosphere at BYU far exceeded in terms of warmth and fellowship in contrast to what I experienced at the University of Utah and the few months I spent at the State University of Iowa in Iowa City. Making friends was very easy. There was not only a warmth and an outgoing spirit among all of the students, but the same spirit and warmth was reflected and extended by the entire faculty as well. My love affair with BYU was a memorable process. Each passing year has increased my love and regard for BYU. At that time the school year consisted of three quarters and a modest summer term. The total student body in a given school year was about 2,500 to 3,000 students. For the past fifteen or more years there has been a ceiling on enrollment at BYU of 30,000.

It would be difficult to identify all the great blessings I have derived from BYU over the years. BYU is the extended academic arm of the Church and is a reflection in terms of spirit and comradely of what we enjoy in the Church. I like the scripture designation that refers to the Church as “a defense and a refuge.” BYU has proven to be a defense and a refuge for me and thousands and tens of thousands of others.

6.2 Delta Phi

I soon learned there was a very active, highly respected, returned missionary organization on campus known as Delta Phi. Years prior to my arrival at BYU the Church Educational System organized a program for returned missionaries, not only on BYU campus, but also at the University of Utah, Utah State University and other universities where there was a significant enroll-

ment of return Mormon missionaries. Later there was also an organization for return lady missionaries.

We met weekly on the lower campus, which provided an opportunity to become acquainted with many great people. Mid-way through the fall quarter there were elections held for Delta Phi officers. I was nominated as a candidate for president and, much to my surprise, I was elected president of Delta Phi on the BYU campus. Affiliation with this organization made it possible to sustain our great love for the missionary program of the Church. Our faculty sponsor for Delta Phi was Professor J. Wiley Sessions, who was the President of the Missionary Training Center in Salt Lake when I went on my mission. In addition to weekly meetings, we had firesides along with social activities. Delta Phi provided for us not only social and religious needs, but also brought into our lives what the wards and stakes now provide for BYU students. The Church Educational System also provided organizations for both young men and young women known as Lambda Delta Sigma. Delta Phi and Lambda Delta Sigma, together with an offcampus ward known as the Manor View Ward, met our religious needs and also provided us wholesome activities as we were pursuing our academic goals.

6.3 Mask Club

During my pre-mission teen years in the Fourth Ward, Pioneer Stake, I enjoyed dramatic productions and roadshows. At BYU I met Dr. Earl Pardoe and his beautiful wife, Katherine. They invited me to join the Mask Club, which consisted of a number of BYU students interested in the dramatic arts. After a few months into the school year, I was invited to compete for a role in a Shakespearean play, "Twelfth Night." In that production there were twins, I was the male and Gwen Johnson was the female twin. That was my first dramatic production at BYU. In my senior year I was cast as male lead in "Two on an Island."

6.4 Matinee Dances Each Wednesday in the Women's Gym

Among the many activities provided for the student body, which was under the direction of student government, was a weekly matinee dance held each Wednesday from 4:00 to 5:30 pm in the Women's Gym. Students came each Wednesday in great numbers. There was a student body orchestra, together with one or two faculty members to oversee the dance. Professor Elmer

Miller made sure that the music and the dancing met BYU and Church standards.

I believe the admission was fifteen cents per person. Once you came to the dance and paid that modest price, you were also given a dance program. The practice that was followed all of the years I was at BYU was that we would make it a point to schedule dances with different students. Seldom did you dance more than once with the same person. On occasion during a dance it was encouraged and practice to exchange dances by tapping a person on the shoulder. Dr. Elmer Miller, the faculty sponsor, was responsible for making sure the dances were modest and proper. Anybody who danced too closely or otherwise out of order would be tapped on the shoulder and reminded of the standards we observed.

During our early fall quarter, prior to the official commencement of classes, the student body officers provided tables and pamphlets setting forth some of the campus activities. It was on that occasion where I met a beautiful freshman student by the name of Afton Harris. On that occasion it was simply a very short interaction, enough so however that I was deeply impressed and remembered her name and as I recall I invited her to come to our matinee dances. It was on those Wednesday afternoons that I got better acquainted with Afton Harris who later became my eternal companion.

6.5 My first formal date with Afton Harris

Afton left BYU to attend Nursing School at the Holy Cross Hospital in Salt Lake City and I lost track of her. It was some seven months later that I again met her at a “Y Say” dance at Saltair. We were both with dates and we traded dances. I made a date with her for the next evening which was Sunday whereupon she gave me her address in Salt Lake City. With the information she gave me regarding her residence she spelled out for me the fact that the address of her home was 1400 East 2100 South, Salt Lake City. Since my home was also in Salt Lake, I was able to use my father’s Model A Ford, which was a single seat coupe with a back rumble seat. Driving that was always a great privilege.

As I drove east on 2100 South looking for 1400 East the only thing I could find with that address was the Utah State Prison. (Presently the Utah State Prison is out at the Point of the Mountain but back in those years, it was at 1400 East 2100 South.) When I couldn’t find the residence I thought perhaps Afton had either “stood me up” or she had forgotten the date and time. I did drive into the State Prison yard and there standing at



Figure 6.2: Paul Felt, around time of marriage



Figure 6.3: Afton Harris, around time of marriage

a great chain link fence was a prison guard. I inquired of him where 1400 East 2100 South was. He then asked me my name to which I responded and he said he was expecting me! On further inquiry I learned that Afton's father was the warden of the State Prison and her parents and some of the unmarried children lived in the warden's residence. On occasion I facetiously have referred to the fact that I met my wife in prison and courted her while she was in prison!

6.6 Student Body President

In the spring of each year all universities, including BYU, elect their student body officers. I came to BYU in my junior year following my return from my mission. In the fall of that school year I was elected Delta Phi President and participated in some student body functions and affairs that apparently made it possible for my name and reputation to be widely known across campus. I was approached by a number of students and encouraged to run for student body president. I was happily surprised that I was well-known enough that I should be considered to be a candidate.

Ray Hanks, a prominent student on campus and a cheerleader, persuaded me that I should give it a try. As I recall my campaign manager was Ray Hanks assisted by some other well-known students such as Kenneth Porter and Eldon Ricks. As I remember there were primary elections and then the finalists, consisting of only two candidates, completed the election process. I survived the primary elections and therefore I was eligible to run in the final elections. The two candidates for student body president were Dean Gardner and I. The opposition, Dean Gardner, was an outstanding athlete in both basketball and football. Both Dean and I were also members of Blue Key, a prominent student organization. Blue Key emphasized BYU activities and academics and it was a real honor to be a member.

Since BYU in those early years had classes and student body activities both on the lower campus and the upper campus one of the major activities for the election process consisted of a student body assembly on the lower campus. Each of the candidates was introduced by their campaign manager, following which there was a response from the candidates. At that time virtually all of the students attended the three assemblies each week. Monday's assembly was known as the forum where prominent professional people spoke. Wednesday we had a religious devotional and on Friday we had the student body assembly. Each of those assemblies was well attended. During my student years, these were held in the Pardoe theater on the lower

6.7. *BYU DEFEATS THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH IN FOOTBALL*109

campus. In later years when I came to BYU as a faculty member they were held in the George Albert Smith Field house.

Both in my student years and in my early faculty years in the fifties, there was a high percentage of the students who participated and voted in the student body elections. As I recall, approximately seventy plus percent participated both in my student years and in my early years at BYU in the fifties.

I remember during the campaign my campaign committee had many posters and many students participating in different activities promoting their candidate. One of the posters that was widely used on both the lower and upper campus was “Let your influence be felt. Vote for Felt.” As students moved from the lower campus to the upper campus there was a stream between the lower and upper campus and there were ducks carrying a little poster. On the back of the duck was a small sign “Vote for Felt.” In my judgment, one of the few miracles in my life was the fact that I was able to be elected by a significant margin.

Early in the school year of 1941 and 1942, I was invited in to the office of President Franklin S. Harris who was the president of the University. During my first visit with him and later he assured me that his door was open and as student body president I was invited and welcome to come and counsel with him at any time. His office was in the Maeser Building on the upper campus and the elected body officers had their offices in the same building on ground floor of that building. The vice president was Amy Cox, the secretary was Senella Fagg and Social Chairman was Ron Henricksen. Our senior class president was George Hill, who later became a member of the Second Quorum of the Seventy.

6.7 BYU Defeats the University of Utah in Football

Over the years BYU and the University of Utah have always had a very vigorous competition in all sports. Over a twenty year period University defeated BYU each year except for one tie game. During the school year of '41 and '42 BYU won their first game. Since then, except for the last few years, BYU has continued to defeat the University of Utah. Recently there was a period of three years where the University of Utah won, but last year BYU defeated them by a major score.

Prior to the game, the student government, together with our many, many students, went to Salt Lake for the game. We had scheduled the

Hotel Utah for a major pre-game rally. Hundreds and hundreds of students gathered at the Hotel Utah where we enjoyed a tremendous motivational rally. We then walked or rode up to the University of Utah Stadium for the game. The totally unexpected victory caused a great turmoil. Our students rushed down to the field and tore down the goalpost. Needless to say, I, as student body president, was right in the heart of the whole activity. The called the Fire Department out and were spraying large streams of water on us to break up the activity. In addition to BYU students there were a lot of University of Utah students trying to oppose and block our efforts to pull down the goalpost.

Some University students identified me as the student body president, which prompted a few of them to grab me and pull off my pants. The BYU students then walked with me into the dressing room while I put on a pair of football pants. After thirty or forty minutes they finally brought everything under control. I never did recover the pants they removed so I went home to my mother and father in Salt Lake wearing University of Utah football pants. They asked where I'd been and I told them we had just completed a great game with the University of Utah and they needed another man so they put me on the team, which of course was a falsehood. Nonetheless for a few minutes my dear mother believed me.

6.8 Pearl Harbor - World War II

My senior year, while I was serving as student body president, was a year of many memories and remarkable experiences.

One of these was the declaration of World War II. At the time I was living in the home of Jerry and Nellie Bybee, whom I had met on my mission as a young man in the Central States Mission. He was our branch president in Dodge City and we kept up a friendship and relationship until both of them passed away.

December 7th 1941 was a Sunday. As I was returning from our meetings from the Manuva Ward, Jerry Bybee, my friend and landlord, was running down the street shouting, "Pearl Harbor has been attacked. We are at war."

Back in those years the patriotism of all people was at an unusually high level. That attribute of patriotism was shared by many. Without consulting my parents or my priesthood leaders I enlisted in the army. I then of course informed my parents and the appropriate people at BYU. Fortunately I also made it a point to inform my mission president, President Elias S. Woodruff,

who had been released and was now working at the Deseret News.

When I informed him of this fact he chided and in a way scolded me saying something like this, “Elder Felt I commend you for your patriotism and desire to help your country, but don’t you think you would be of greater value to your country if you completed your senior year and then made yourself available for the draft.” I then told him I had already enlisted and it was probably too late to recall it. He then said, “Fortunately, I happen to be the director of the Selective Service and I’ll see what I can do.”

A couple of days later he called me and told me that he was able to intercept my application and had it withdrawn. That made it possible for me to complete my senior year.

A couple of months after the official declaration of World War II we had teams of people come from the Army, the Navy, the Coast Guard and the Air Force recruiting candidates for officer training. I scheduled an interview first with the Air Force. The Air Force has always been the dream branch of the service and I felt that I could best serve there. I passed everything except for the eye examination. I then went back and unbeknown to the people in the office I memorized the chart and came back the next day and quickly went through the whole eye chart.

Apparently, I went through it so rapidly the examiner could tell that I had memorized it whereupon he put out another chart which I failed. I then went to the group that was conducting selections for the Navy and was accepted. As President Woodruff advised me, they were perfectly willing and indeed encouraged me to complete my senior year. I was therefore able to discharge my responsibilities as student body president and complete everything I needed to enter the Navy Midshipman program. When the Navy examined my transcript they informed me I needed to get three more courses in Math. Over the years I had always avoided taking any Math or Algebra classes because they were the most difficult for me. Included in my classes for my spring quarter were three math classes, all from the same teacher. They were so demanding and difficult for me I allowed myself to undergo some cheating. Having some misgivings about it, I went to the teacher and informed him that I had cheated on the exam. He said, “I thought you did, but I said nothing about it.” He commended me for coming to him. I’m sure my performances in the classes were nothing more than a “C” or a “C’ or less. However, when he finalized the grade he gave me a “B” in each class.

6.9 Employment at Geneva Steel

When I was accepted in the Navy Midshipman Officer Training program I assumed I would be called up following the end of the school year. When they hadn't called me, I then was able to get employment at Geneva Steel. Geneva Steel, a huge steel plant, was under construction at that time. My job was from eight in the evening until six the next morning. The construction stage was excavating and preparing the foundation. In the excavation there would be large bodies of water that needed to be drained out. They had machines which sucked out all the water and drained it beyond the excavation where they were planning to build. I had approximately ten machines to keep fueled and in operating condition. Every couple of hours I would make sure they were all properly operating, then I was able to study, read or sleep I chose the latter and made arrangements with another man who was on the job doing other work to wake me up if I went beyond a given time limit. On occasion my friends, both boy and girl friends, would visit me on the job.

6.10 Midshipman School - Northwestern University

Early in November of 1942 I was informed I should report to Northwestern University where I would undergo four months of intensive training. The first month my designation was a Seaman. When that month was completed, then the final three months I was referred to and addressed as a Midshipman.

Prior to going others who had participated in these programs told me it was an intense, demanding program. Those who did survive the program were occasionally referred to as "Ninety day wonders." The first month was Seaman, the final three months was Midshipman. We were housed in a dormitory at Northwestern University. Our conversations utilized navy terms—rather than floors we called them decks. There were examinations Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Each exam was almost the equivalent of the final exams I had been acquainted with in my university studies. There was considerable harassment and sometimes abusive treatments of Seaman and Midshipman by the Officer ranks. During examinations there were naval officers all over monitoring and watching to make sure there was no cheating. Each Saturday afternoon they would post the scores of the examination for that week. Those who failed were not informed privately, but one of the officers would march down the hall calling out "Muster all Bilgeers, musters

all Bilgeers” (the latter being a navy term). Needless to say, those were four terrible months for all of us.

The Northwestern University was near the Lake Michigan shore. I had a private room and I would walk each evening over to the lakeshore. I spent many intense fervent moments with the Lord pleading for help in this demanding, almost torturous program.

Among the many who were expelled during this time was one of my very dear friends. He later re-entered the program and passed and kept up his naval reserve following the end of World War II and became a full Captain which is the equivalent of a Colonel.

6.11 Saltair

Among the many student body activities the student government undertook included an occasional dance at Saltair I wanted to take Afton, but if my memory serves me correctly she already had a date so I took someone else. While at Saltair I did see Afton with her date. He, like me and perhaps others, was trying to cultivate Afton’s favor and good will. We were pleasantly surprised to find Richard Lyman, a member of the Quorum of Twelve, at Saltair. He took time to visit with some students including myself as the student body president.

Needless to say, having a member of the Twelve visit with you was a very impressive experience. During my lifetime there has only been one member of the Twelve who was excommunicated and it happened to be the one that visited us at Saltair. A lesson that I learned, as did many others, was that one can never rise to such heights that he cannot fall. The true test and measure of mortality is obedience and enduring to the end.

6.12 Dean Wesley P. Lloyd

Every university campus has a dean of students. It was our good fortune to have Dean Lloyd, one of the great people at BYU and in the Church, serve as Dean of Students. As the student body leader both in my junior year and senior year I was able to enjoy many contacts with Dean Lloyd.

Many years later while I was serving as Institute Director at Cedar City, Dean Lloyd called me and invited me to meet with him in the lobby of the Hotel Utah. On that occasion he discussed with me the fact that they were searching for a Director and Coordinator of Student Affairs at BYU and informed me that I was one of the candidates being considered.

6.13 Graduation from BYU

One of my great experiences and joys was to graduate from BYU with a Bachelor's degree. My mother and father and a host of friends were present in connection with the commencement graduation exercises. Some time prior to Graduation, Dean Lloyd and many student body leaders and other friends enjoyed a dinner. I believe that was the first time my father and mother were both present in connection with some of the programs and activities during my senior year while I served as student body president. One of the pictures that I treasure concerning my BYU years is a picture of me in my graduation cap and gown with mother by my side and Dean Garrett De Jong between us. My student years at BYU are a very significant chapter in my life.

7

World War II 1942-1946

7.1 My Life as a Midshipman

While I was serving as a counselor to President Max Pinegar in the Missionary Training Center, President Pinegar would occasionally let the newly arrived missionaries realize that their time in the MTC would be very intense and demanding. In connection with that President Pinegar referred to the MTC as a pressure cooker and that the missionaries better come out well done!

The Officer Training Program during World War II was equally as intense and somewhat longer. One of the factors that made our time in Midshipman School more pleasant was the overall good people in Chicago. Normally, large cities don't have many people that reach out to help one another but because of the war a marvelous transformation occurred among all the people in Chicago. For example, all the servicemen, regardless of what branch of the service or what brought them to Chicago, were treated like kings and royalty. We never had to pay cab fare. When we needed a ride we'd stand at the curb and a cab would quickly drive up and take us to our destination and never require any money. Also, another wonderful feature of these good people during the war years was that each weekend on a large bulletin board there were scores and scores of people who were inviting the Midshipman to their homes. All we needed to do was call the party who was extending this invitation and then we would go to their home and enjoy a great dinner. More often than not they would pick us up and deliver us back to the University.



Figure 7.1: Paul Felt, Naval Officer

7.2 Ensign Paul E. Felt

Our long awaited graduation day arrived. Early in March of 1943, I, along with perhaps two hundred midshipman, was to receive my commission. We would no longer wear our Midshipman uniform; we would wear an officer's uniform with a single gold stripe prominently displayed on one shoulder, together with the officer's cap. An impressive graduation ceremony was provided. At the end of the ceremony we all stood up and threw our caps in the air.

(As I dictate this I recall that when a new temple is dedicated we stand and give the Hallelujah shout. It was my privilege to participate in such a dedication only a few months ago at the Mount Timpanogos Temple.)

7.3 My First Assignment as a Naval Officer

Before leaving Northwestern University all of us received our new assignments. I was assigned to serve as an Executive Officer aboard a very small gate vessel in San Diego. Prior to my arrival in San Diego I was given a couple of days leave in Salt Lake City.

On that visit home I learned that my mother was employed at the Deseret Mortuary in Salt Lake City. Our greeting and embrace was a very emotional one. Following her employment at the Mortuary and throughout the balance of the World War II years she worked in an ammunition depot. My dear mother and father had the great honor of having their three sons serving in World War II, all of us serving overseas.

During my limited time before reporting for duty in San Diego I made contact with Afton Harris who later became my wife and also two or three other girlfriends whom I had great respect and affection for.

Patriotism and high regard for each branch of the service was widely held and manifested by all people. I must admit that I personally was very grateful and righteously proud to wear a service uniform. Another factor that made this so rewarding to me was the fact that never in my life has I worked harder for academic degrees than my time at Northwestern.

7.4 Point Loma, San Diego, California

During the war throughout the United States and wherever the war was moving forward the different harbors needed protection from submarine attacks from the enemy. Point Loma, being a crucial harbor was protected



Figure 7.2: U.S. Navy Ensign Paul E. Felt graduated from Northwestern University of Chicago Mar. 1943

by a huge gate with a stationery vessel near the gate. The personnel compliment consisted of two officers, the captain and the executive officer, and about fifteen seaman of different ranks.

The captain and I alternated as the duty officer which consisted of twenty-four hours on duty and twenty-four hours off duty. Nearby we had the officer barracks where I lived. In addition to my duty aboard the gate vessel I was also given some communication training in addition to what I had received at Northwestern.

During my time assigned to the gate vessel I was writing regularly to my parents and a few friends and two or three girlfriends, one of which was Afton Harris. Fortunately, there was a stake in San Diego and several wards. The bishop of the ward that I attended was Bishop Brazee. The stake president I recall as being President Johnson. I looked forward to the meetings in the ward and the stake and in so doing quickly acquired many friends including several who were in the service. It was there that I met Sam Allman Sr., the father of our son-in-law Sam Allman. I also met for the first time a John Boud, who was a chaplain at the navy base.

After several weeks in San Diego I finally reached a stage that was preceded by much prayer. I decided to seek some leave time to return to Salt Lake and undertake an intense courtship with Afton. Prior to leaving Salt Lake after my commission I did give Afton my Delta Phi pin which was something of an engagement to be engaged. In our exchange of letters each of us was making some reference to a possible engagement. After careful thought and prayer I went to the commanding officer who was responsible for all of the activity on that navy base and sought five days leave.

When I was ushered into his office and informed him of the purpose of my visit and then asked him for five days leave he quickly said, "Felt, don't you know there's a war on?" I said "Yes." "The only leaves we are giving are emergency leaves." I then explained to him that I thought mine was an emergency. I explained to him that I wanted to go home and consummate a courtship and engagement and a marriage. After several seconds of silence he finally agreed to give me a five day leave. Fortunately, military people, especially officers, were able to hitch rides on military flights so I was able to catch a flight to Hill Air Force Base in Ogden. I believe my arrival was a surprise to my family and also to Afton, the one to whom I was going to give some concentrated effort. At the outset it was my intention to just finalize an engagement and then perhaps set a time when we could be married. Once Afton and I got together and discussed this whole matter, it didn't take long for us to finalize an engagement. At that time I didn't have a ring to give her but she was wearing my Delta Phi pin. As we prayerfully discussed matters

further we decided to see if we couldn't finalize the marriage somewhere within those five days.

I met with my bishop, Arthur J. Sperry, and Afton met with her bishop. Somehow we managed to also take time to tour Temple Square and go up to Memory Grove. While we were in Memory Grove we attempted to cross a little creek. I was dressed in my uniform and Afton was holding on to my arm. My officer's cap fell in the stream and as I recall Afton was able to retrieve it and give it back to me. Following our meetings with the bishops, we then met with our stake presidents (mine was Harold B. Lee) to get our temple recommend and a recommend for a temple sealing. When I think back of all that we compressed within that five day period it was nothing short of a miracle. Then began a series of many miracles that have occurred in our lives since our marriage.

Everything seemed to fall into place beautifully. At that time President Lee was a junior member of the Quorum of Twelve. We were able to schedule him to marry us a day before my return to San Diego. Our parents and other family members and a few friends were present at our temple sealing. The counsel given at the sealing performed by President Lee is a vivid memory that we often recall. Following the sealing President Lee reached out and put one arm around me and the other arm around Afton. As I recall he kissed her on the cheek and asked, "You love this man don't you?" She said, "I do." He turned to me and said, "Paul it is very evident that you love this beautiful girl. I want to promise both of you as you remember the covenants you have taken in the temple this day your love for each other will increase and grow year by year." At that time I didn't know how I could love her more than I did that day and yet he said our love for each other would increase and that it has.

Following the sealing Afton's parents provided a great dinner for us. After the dinner we enjoyed an evening in the Hotel Newhouse and early the next morning I went to Hill Air Force Base and traveled back to San Diego.

I must insert another little episode in this whole accelerated courtship and marriage. Once Afton and I determined we were going to be married it was my responsibility to seek the permission of her parents. I sought out her mother and her mother was very pleased and quickly agreed. Then I asked if I could see her husband who at that time was a warden in the State Prison. Frankly I was a little scared of him and I told my future mother-in-law that in-as-much as his daughter was in nurses training if he wanted her to complete the course it might be difficult to get his permission. I did ask for his permission but he brushed me off. I then reported the situation

back to his wife and she said, “Paul, you let me take care of John. Go ahead with your plans.” Afton’s relationship with my parents and my relationship with her parents has been nothing short of heaven. My father and mother manifested such great love for my sweet young wife and Afton’s parents have always been great friends of mine.

Following the release of my father-in-law, Johnny Harris, as warden, it was my privilege to work with him during a few summer months as we were selling storm doors and windows.

7.5 My Child Bride Arrives

Following our sealing under the hands of President Harold B. Lee in the Salt Lake Temple, it was necessary that I leave early the next day. Afton remained home in Salt Lake for a week or ten days to get released from her nursing duties then preparations were made for her arrival in San Diego to join her husband. Needless to say these were very long, anxious days for her husband.

Finally, I received a telephone call and letter assuring me she was leaving on the train and would be arriving in San Diego. The train made a major stop in Los Angeles and thus she needed help for there were so many trying to get the connecting train. Train depots were crowded and it was difficult for her to make the needed connection which would get her to San Diego. When she didn’t arrive on schedule, I called the Shore Patrol in Los Angeles and had them page Afton Harris Felt. This they did and got her on the appropriate transportation and assured me she would be there shortly.

Upon her arrival, we went to our modest apartment at 1942 La Jolla Avenue. I remember I insisted on carrying her over the threshold. Her much anticipated arrival marked the beginning of what turned out to be a ten month honeymoon. My schedule for duty on the gate vessel was twenty-four hours on duty and twenty-four hours off duty. That meant that every other day Afton and I had twenty-four hours together alternating with twenty-four hours’ absence. Our home on La Jolla Avenue required one to climb up a rather steep hill. Once my duty hours were over I hurried home and literally ran up the hill to meet my much loved child bride. I say child bride because I’m seven years older than Afton. She was twenty and I was twenty-seven.



Figure 7.3: Paul and Afton Felt, Newlyweds



Figure 7.4: Paul and Afton's 1st year Honeymoon while Paul was stationed in San Diego with the Navy

7.6 Ward and Stake Activity

Prior to Afton's arrival I had already been attending our ward in the Hillcrest Stake. Our bishop was Brazee Hawkins. Our stake president was President Johnson. Shortly after Afton's arrival our church service calls were as President of the Young Men and the Young Women. We also enjoyed weekly dances. The Hillcrest Ward, as is the case in wards all over the world, provided for Afton and me a host of friends, which in a way is a home away from home.

All of our married life Afton and I have wanted to be together on all occasions. Some meetings did separate a husband and wife such as Relief Society for the sisters and Priesthood for the men. For the first week or two I insisted that she come to Priesthood meeting with me. Needless to say this was a little embarrassing for her, and caused much chuckling amongst some of the members. In sacrament meeting on occasion Afton and I would get a little too chummy and affectionate, which was noted by Bishop Hawkins. I can see him now, in my mind's eye, looking down at us and smiling.

It was such a complete and happy heaven sent marriage neither of us were homesick. All this together with the ward involvement made for a complete and happy life together. Even today Afton and I can't be apart very long. In any setting we always seek each other out and sit together.

7.7 Patriarchal Blessing for Afton Harris Felt

After her arrival I learned that Afton hadn't yet received her patriarchal blessing. We sought out the stake patriarch and made an appointment for her. I made mention of this blessing because among the many great promises that were given to her by the patriarch was the fact that she would have a large and devoted family and posterity. It said that all of them would hold her in great regard and love. That portion of her patriarchal blessing has certainly come to pass.

In our courting days and shortly after her arrival in San Diego, we discussed at great length our desires and hope for a large family. Afton seems to recall that on one occasion when we finally did get around to being serious in our time together I let her know that it was my desire to have a large family. All of this began for me while I was in the mission field where I met the outstanding family of George and Dorothy Clay in Hutchinson, Kansas. As a young missionary I spent much time with this large family and determined then that the Lord willing, and my wife willing, we would

have a large family. In our discussion and in our prayers we made it a point to let the Lord know that we would be willing to have the children he chose to send us. Because of that hope and resolve between us there was no question about delaying children. In the midst of a terrible world war, logic and mind might suggest that you delay family until the war was over. Our hearts told us differently and when we were almost ready to celebrate our first anniversary we found out we were expecting. Our oldest son, Paul Jr., was born while I was overseas. In my absence our son proved to be a great joy for my wife, my parents, and Afton's parents. We knew we had done the right thing.

7.8 A Letter Requesting Overseas Duty

After several months in San Diego I let my wife know that I didn't want to spend the war years in the United States. I then discussed with her the fact that I was going to send a letter requesting overseas duty. I'm sure she had some reservations, but as always once the matter was considered and mutually agreed upon, we supported each other.

In a matter of a few weeks a letter arrived assigning me to a ship designated the USS Silverbell which was somewhere in the Pacific, the whereabouts were not disclosed to me. The letter included a date for my departure, informing me that I would board a small aircraft ship that would take me to an unknown destination where I would board my ship the USS Silverbell. My departure and our separation were filled with some very tender moments. We agreed to write virtually every day. When I boarded the ship I knew it would be many days, indeed a few weeks, before I would receive a letter.

When I was assigned my officer quarters I found that another Ensign Officer shared the quarters with me. The first morning following boarding the ship the evening before I felt a letter in one of my pockets as I was putting on my clothes; a letter from my dear wife. Under those circumstances my first thought was to search all of my clothes to get them all, I refrained from doing that but virtually every day or every other day I would find a note tucked away. Needless to say my fellow shipmate was very envious of the mail I was getting!

7.9 Good Music and Pictures

Upon my arrival in San Diego as a lone unmarried officer I tried to wisely utilize my time. Fortunately the availability of the Hillcrest ward took a good part of my free time. At that time Frank Sinatra was an extremely popular young singer. I began buying and collecting records, not only of Frank Sinatra, but other recognized singers together with a lot of popular music of the day, along with religious music such as the Tabernacle Choir, and other music.

All of our family has pleasant memories of the fact that beginning early each morning Afton and I would put on good music. Our children would wake up listening to good music. That music would be playing either all day or part of the day every day. Occasionally our neighbors would comment on the fact that they could hear music resounding from the Felt home. In addition to good music, which continues today, we also remembered the counsel of the Brethren, notably President Kimball, to place good pictures throughout your home. Today, as always, we have an excellent selection of pictures which include different pictures of the temples, and BYU, and two impressive pictures of the Sacred Grove. Since that tradition and practice started in San Diego, throughout the balance of our life good music and good pictures have always been a part of our home environment. Since all of our children spent a good part of their time on the phone, we would place a picture of the temple by the phone. That practice was one of many things that made it possible for all of our children to be sealed in one of the temples.

Music and carefully selected pictures made my Navy quarters much more pleasant while I patiently waited for the time when my wife could share these cultural values with me.

7.10 Ensign Felt Boards the USS Silverbell in New Guinea

After what seemed a long time we finally arrived in New Guinea. Afton's letters, which I found tucked away in different pieces of my clothing, made the trip much more enjoyable. Prior to my departure Afton and I promised each other we would write to each other daily. When I boarded the USS Silverbell I was greeted by the skipper, Captain Berg, who invited me to come down to the officer's quarters where I would meet the other officers and later be introduced to the crew.

7.11. *ENSIGN FELT'S FIRST ASSIGNMENT IS DIVING OFFICER*127

Once we were seated and introductions made, the captain then ordered beer for all of us. At that point I should have gently informed him that I didn't drink beer. I failed my first test. I did not let him know what my standards were with respect to alcoholic beverages. The next few minutes were very stressful. I remember taking a little sip of the beer following which Captain Berg said something about me not finishing my beer. It wasn't until then that I told him it was not a part of my standards. Over the years I have keenly regretted that I didn't take a more courageous stand.

7.11 Ensign Felt's First Assignment is Diving Officer

Prior to boarding the USS Silverbell I had received a few months training in San Diego in communications. The primary function of the USS Silverbell serving in combat zones was to keep the harbors clear of small sunken craft and other objects which would make the entry and departure of ships hazardous. Another function that we served was to change propellers of small landing craft while they were still on the water. Normally when any repairs had to be made to any ship, such as a propeller or any underwater damage, they would go into a ship called a dry dock. There was such a backlog of repairs for ships at the huge dry dock that the admiral in the area converted our ship into a diving ship which would make repairs and replacement of propellers while the ship was in the water.

I was then sent to a two or three week diving course which was provided by a submarine tender. For the first several months that was my assignment. When a ship would come in for a propeller repair or other repair the diving officer would put the necessary gear on and then dive down and examine what was needed in order to replace the propeller or replace a damaged portion of the ship.

One of advantage of being a diving officer in combatant areas was the fact that there would be some additional pay beyond one's salary. In addition to the diving officer, there were six or eight Seaman who did the bulk of the work. When we were in San Diego we were assigned a building assessment for a projected new chapel. We still owed much of that assessment. My diving officer's pay made it possible for that to be quickly paid off.

7.12 An Army Colonel Notifies us that the USS Silverbell will be Receiving Some Special Gifts

During the time I was serving as the diving officer an army colonel came aboard and informed us that when they were making a landing they lost a very costly tank. He said it would be a real embarrassment for him if he was not able to retrieve it. We went to work and were able to locate it and pull it ashore and thus make it possible for him to take it back where it was supposed to be assigned.

A few days after we assisted him on this project a small vessel that he was aboard came along side. A huge assortment of jackets, pants, sweaters and shoes were dropped on the vessel. The Colonel said "This is a small remembrance for your assistance in retrieving the tank."

7.13 The Lost Stolen Jeep

The USS Silverbell did not qualify for a jeep. Overseas, a jeep was a very scarce and much coveted item. For our small vessel to get a jeep was a real windfall. It enabled us not only to get around different bases, but also we could sometimes use it on an open day. Anyone who used the jeep was very careful to make sure it was properly secured when they had finished with it. In spite of the chains and locks on the jeep, our jeep was stolen. We reported it to the security and police of both the army and the navy, but they could not locate it. We received a report that someone had seen our jeep being used by a large LST (Landing Ship Tank). The captain and crew of the LST denied knowing anything about a stolen jeep. On a hunch, we insisted we be allowed to send a diver to go down and see if it was tied to the bottom of their ship. They resisted this proposal but we insisted that it be done. The diver did locate the jeep and we were able to retrieve it.

7.14 Thievery in Office Quarters

When I was not aboard ship, it was my privilege to share the officers' quarters near Point Loma. During the approximate two months that I lived there prior to Afton joining me, I lived with a number of other recently commissioned officers who, like me, were undergoing additional training. On occasion all the officers would be called out for any special announcements or information that needed to be conveyed to the many officers. The matter of business for this particular today involved some theft that had

been occurring in some of our quarters. Unbeknown to all of the residents in the officer's quarters, there was a scheme to capture the offenders and convict the people who were stealing money and other important personal items. Our commanding officer reported again their concern and invited all of us to hold out our hands. They then came around with a substance which would cause one's hands to turn green and identify the person who had been stealing. Among the many lined up there was one person whose hands and wrists turned green. That person was asked to stand in front of the whole group, whereupon the commanding officer charged this man with the theft. The money and other items were painted and once a person picked them his hands were turned green. I'm not aware of what happened to the young officer, but needless to say, there was no more theft among our group.

7.15 Mormon Meetings in the Philippines

Whenever we arrived at a new destination I always made inquiry concerning Mormon meetings. There were few places that we were during my approximately year-and-half overseas where we were not able to find a small group of Mormons who met weekly. In addition to inquiries we would often see signs setting forth the time and place of Mormon meetings. Prior to my departure from San Diego I was set apart as a Mormon Group Leader and was thus authorized to organize a group if one didn't exist.

During my many months overseas there were a few places we visited that I wasn't able to share meetings and thus almost weekly partake of the sacrament. In addition to attending these modest, inspirational meetings I always made it a point to be very diligent in my daily prayers and scripture reading. I always made it clear to my associates and new friends something about my membership in the Mormon Church.

7.16 Paul, You're a Father

When I left San Diego for my overseas assignment my sweet wife was about four months pregnant. In combatant areas mail was very scarce. It was not uncommon for us to go weeks without any letters. In my own mind and journal I had record of approximately when Afton would be giving birth to our first child. Nine months had passed by four or five weeks before I finally got some mail. When we were informed we had bundles of mail over on our tender ship (a tender ship is one that looks after a certain number of vessels).

The captain sent me and another officer over to get it. We pulled aside the tender ship and the bag of mail was dropped in to our motor launch.

En route back I was going through the mail feverishly picking out the letters addressed to me. I opened one which came from my father. In the letter he said, "Paul, your mother and I have just returned from the hospital where we saw your beautiful son Paul Jr." Afton and I had decided on a name for a boy or a girl before I left. If it were a boy we would name him Shelby. When the letter said, "We have just been to the hospital to see your wife and young son Paul Jr." I was a bit confused! I had a friend read the letter and he turned to me and said, "Paul, you damn fool. Don't you know what it means? You're a father!"

7.17 A Japanese Holding My Young Son Paul Jr.

In one of the letters from Afton was a picture of what looked like a Japanese man holding our young son Paul Jr. At the time I received the letter we were engaged in a fierce war with the Japanese and here was a Japanese man holding my son. For a few minutes I became very angry. Our whole training taught us to hate and destroy Japanese and here was a Japanese holding my young son. At the time Afton was living in the warden's quarters at the State prison. This man was their house boy. (I learned later that he was actually a Korean). Over the many weeks and months that Afton was living there my son and this Asian man had a warm relationship. It took me some time to reconcile myself to this situation.

7.18 D-Day End of War

Among the many messages that our ship received none was more happily enjoyed than the announcement of Day and World War II was over. Some few months prior to the end of the war in the Pacific we learned of the end of the war in Europe. Now the war had also ended involving the Japanese people. Upon learning of this all the ships in the harbor and everyone ashore were firing off all kinds of shells and bombs. Had the war not ended then I would have been eligible for what they called an "R&R" (a rotation and recreation trip home).

A few days after this announcement we received word that USS Silverbell would be decommissioned in Hong Kong. Our new skipper, Captain Butler, discussed it with all of us whereupon we all made a plea to see if we couldn't decommission the ship in San Francisco. Had they insisted we take the ship

to Hong Kong and then leave for our respective homes, our arrival home would have been delayed by several months. Our plea to be decommissioned in San Francisco was approved and changed. Needless to say, we were all very happy over this matter.

7.19 Opportunity to be a Lieutenant Commander

At the end of the war I was a Lieutenant senior grade, which is the equivalent of a Captain in the army. An invitation to increase my rank from Lieutenant Senior Grade to Lieutenant Commander, which is the equivalent of a Major in the army, was sent to me. In this letter the Commandant invited me to stay on active duty for an indefinite time in which case they would immediately commission me as a Lieutenant Commander. It didn't take me very long to make a decision on this matter. I let them know I appreciated this offer but that I would prefer to be released as soon as possible. Upon my return home I did keep up my Naval Reserve Office status however. We would have monthly meetings at a given place wherever we lived. There would be a full day's pay for attending that monthly meeting. In addition to these monthly meetings we also had an annual two week training period aboard some ship or some base nearest our home.

My longtime friend and associate A. Theodore Tuttle was an officer in the Marine Corps. Early in his time in the service he transferred from a line officer to a chaplain. He and his wife and Afton and I would make every effort to have our annual two week reserve time spent together. Ted Tuttle and his wife Marne and Afton and I became close friends at BYU. This annual reserve activity enabled us to keep our much appreciated friendship.

7.20 USS Silverbell Arrives in San Francisco

When the Commandant approved us to decommission our ship in San Francisco, all members aboard let their spouses and family know when they would be arriving in San Francisco. By way of letters Afton and I agreed to meet on a given date and time in the Claremont Hotel in San Francisco. We arrived there about mid-december and went immediately to the Claremont but I could not find my wife. I waited thinking that she would just be late, but after a considerable waiting period I checked the classified pages and discovered that not only was there a Claremont Hotel in San Francisco, but

there was also one in Oakland. I hurried over to the Claremont in Oakland and there I found my dear wife.

Words can never express the joy and excitement of being together and reunited after these many months of separation. I would not only be meeting my dear wife after a long separation, but I would also be able to see my young son who was now about fifteen months old. When I reached out to him he started to cry. It took me a few hours for him to warm up to his newfound father. Later Afton told me that on one occasion when they were walking in town an officer approached them and Paul Jr. walked up to him and said, "Daddy, daddy."

Upon the arrival of Afton and my son we began to make preparations for a little Christmas. Because of the decommissioning of our ship it was necessary to remain in San Francisco for a few weeks. We went searching for a Christmas tree and finally found a scrubby little tree. We then looked for decorations and couldn't find any. Our Christmas Eve was celebrated with a Christmas tree but without any decorations. The fact that we were together again finally reunited made it a glorious, glorious Christmas!

While we were waiting for the ship to be decommissioned we lived in a Quonset hut in San Pedro, California. On good days Afton would let our son out to play in the yard, but she always had a cord or rope tied to him. One of our neighbors came up to Afton and said, "I can understand why dogs would be on a leash but I can't understand why you would put your son on a leash."

7.21 Death Row, Utah State Prison

In April we returned to Utah and at first lived with Afton's family in Salt Lake City. On occasion my father-in-law, who was the warden of the Utah State Prison, would invite me to accompany him as he walked through the different cell blocks in the prison compound. On one of these trips a guard came up to the warden and said that one of the inmates on Death Row refused to go back in to his cell. Daily the inmates on Death Row would be given a little free time with the guards close by, following which they would go back into their combined small cell.

Warden Harris, unlike all other wardens, would never carry a sidearm or any hand club. It was always impressive to me that the inmates would speak very warmly to him. He knew their names and would spend time with many of them. It was very evident to me that here was a warden that had a close, warm, personal relationship with all of his inmates.

I was not present when the warden walked up on Death Row but an inmate did share this situation with me when he told me that he was in a position to observe everything that went on. The warden walked up and talked to the inmate who defiantly refused to go back into his cell. According to the inmate, the warden talked very quietly and gently with him and said, "If you don't go in on your own then I will have to take you in." Whereupon the inmate showed in his hand a large lock that he had which was the lock for his cell. The inmate said to the warden, "I appreciate you warden, but I'm not going back in that cell block." The warden said, "Oh yes you are." He walked towards him and then the inmate drew back his arm to throw the lock into the face of the warden. Warden Harris grabbed his arm, slipped him over his shoulder into a corner of the cell. The warden then went over, picked up the man and cradled him in his arms and apologized for what he had to do. After a brief dialog with the inmate, the inmate walked into his cell.

7.22 Alcoholics Anonymous

On another occasion my father-in-law invited me to attend an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting which was being held in the prison. Utah State prison had the first Alcoholics Anonymous unit in the State of Utah at that time. Warden Harris was the honorary appointee. In the course of the meeting I was invited to be one of those people. I consented and was put on their records as an honorary member of Alcoholics Anonymous.

Over the years I've had occasion to attend a few of those meetings, not only at the prison but elsewhere. I have always had a great regard for the great work that these Alcoholics Anonymous units achieve. Their twelve step programs certainly make it possible for many, if they will stay on the program, to achieve complete sobriety.

8

Logan Seminary 1946-1950

8.1 The World of Business or the Church Education System

During World War II our first assignment was in San Diego. Among the many great blessings and friends that we met in San Diego were some people who introduced us to a new method for the quick construction of homes. Then, and even now, it is referred to as “pre-fabricated” homes. At that point in time we made a tentative decision to go into this kind of business at the end of the war.

After completing our World War II Navy service commitments we returned to Salt Lake City. I made further inquiry and it all looked so promising that this was the direction and venture we were going to undertake. Before finalizing any plans for this matter we received a much unexpected telephone call from Commissioner Franklin L. West, who was then responsible for all the seminaries and institutes in the Church including BYU and Ricks College. During our visit with him he invited us to take an employment opportunity in Logan, Utah teaching seminary. Afton and I made it a matter of prayer and as a part of our personal evaluation I remembered that President Woodruff, my mission president, had encouraged me to explore this as a possible professional opportunity.

While Dr. West was explaining some of the opportunities and advantages of seminary in Logan we recalled what a beautiful place Logan and Cache Valley was. After some hesitation and reservation he said, “Brother Felt, I suggest you give this at least a year and then make your decision whether you remain with us or go into the business world.” Our decision was to accept his offer.

Upon receipt of the official contract we were elated to realize that our annual salary for the school year would be \$1,900. Among the many critical decisions Afton and I have made over the years, certainly our decision to become affiliated professionally with the Church Educational System has proven to be providential. As an employee in the Church Educational System there are many, many benefits and blessings, one of which is the opportunity to be associated with some of the greatest people in the Church. Another great dividend is the fact that when one is teaching church educational classes such as seminary and institute, it is imperative that the teacher be spiritually ready and mentally prepared. Over the years I have sought to make these kinds of preparation which in turn have brought in a spirit and an influence in the home which otherwise might not be there, at least to the degree that it is when you have these sacred responsibilities.

As a church teacher I had to be a good example, thus every instruction and divine program the church has implemented such as family home evening, daily scripture reading, and etc., was all practiced in our home. Had I not been an employee of the Church Educational System we may have compromised or failed to implement and sustain some of those great programs.

8.2 Our First New Home

Once we were assured that we were going to be in Logan as a seminary teacher we then happily and excitedly drove to Logan to look over the whole situation which included finding a place to live. Rentals were hard to come by in Logan and there seemed to be few homes on the market for sale. We were referred to a contractor by the name of L. B. Anderson. Our first contact with him was very pleasant. He shared with us some house plans and indicated that he would be able to build a new home for us on one of his lots for \$5,500. While that is a very minimal sum today, nonetheless it was a giant step for Afton and me. My parents were very conservative and discouraged us from building, but my father-in-law encouraged us to go for it, which we did.

We visited the local First Security Bank and became well acquainted with a Mr. Waldron. In a matter of a couple of weeks we were able to negotiate a loan with an interest rate of 4%. Lou Anderson, our builder, lived near the area where our home was being built. He and his wife had never been able to have children. Our young sons Paul and John developed a happy relationship with the builder.

During the construction Afton's mother was visiting us and caring for Afton after John's birth. She was looking for Paul Jr. and couldn't find him. She noticed him on the roof of the home that we had just moved into the basement apartment of. Needless to say there was a lot of anxiety before we were able to get him down.

As we neared completion of the home we had to face the realistic fact that our salary of \$1,900 a year would not enable us to make the monthly mortgage payment. As we prayerfully considered our next move, we inquired from our contractor what it would cost to finish the roughed out basement. He said, "I believe I can finish that for you for \$500." With that we were able to have a rental in the home. One of the seminary teachers who later followed me needed a place to live and we rented it to them.

8.3 Father O'Halloran and Father Valine

While we were waiting for the completion of the building it was necessary for Afton and I to find some temporary housing. Since rentals were so scarce we finally introduced ourselves to two Catholic priests, Father O'Halloran and Father Valine. When they learned of our plight they made available to us a small apartment they had as a part of the Catholic Church. That was a prayer answered and indeed a great windfall. When we moved in they took a great taking and liking and love for our young son Paul who was then about two years old. Afton and I were pleased to have these good men spend time with our son.

One afternoon as I came home and walked into the kitchen Father O'Halloran and Father Valine were looking after our son. They had him seated on the counter in the kitchen and were giving him something from a small glass. When I inquired about the contents of the glass it turned out to be some of their sacramental wine they keep in all the Catholic parishes. I kindly but readily and firmly let them know that while we did appreciate them looking after our son we certainly didn't want them to give him any alcoholic drinks such as wine. They assured me they would not.

After a few weeks living with Father O'Halloran and Father Valine we learned that Father O'Halloran was an alcoholic. Apparently that is not uncommon with Catholic priests. During our short time there we were occasionally contacted by Father Valine to seek our help in locating Father O'Halloran. When he would drink he would sometimes wander away from the premises.

One particular call came late at night. Whereupon I got up and dressed

and then walked around the neighborhood with Father Valine, but could not find him. One of the final places we looked was in an old chicken coop in the back where he had some kittens. We didn't find him there. So we then walked into the chapel and there near the podium was Father O'Halloran on the floor with Bibles and pamphlets strewn all over the floor. We were able to revive him enough to get him up to his room.

A few weeks later Father O'Halloran was notified that he was eligible for his seventh year retreat in Rome, Italy. When he left he assured us he would be meeting the Pope and would have the Pope offer up some special prayers for Paul and Afton Felt and their son. We had a letter or two from him while he was over there assuring us of the fact that our name was on the Pope's roster.

8.4 A Call to the High Council

Only a few months after the beginning of the school year when we were happily located in our new home and enjoying the ward that was only a couple of blocks from where we lived, I had a call from our stake president, President Perry. President Perry was a practicing attorney and the father of Elder L. Tom Perry who is now in the Quorum of Twelve. His call inquired if I was going to be at Stake Conference the following Sunday. I assured him that I would be there. He gave me no further information regarding why he wanted to make certain I would be present. Back in those years Stake Conferences were held every three months with a morning session and an afternoon session.

In the afternoon session I had dozed off for a little nap, during which time I was sustained as a member of the High Council! A party sitting next to me woke me up and told me that I had just been sustained in the High Council. Later on Elder Matthew Cowley, a newly called member of the Twelve, ordained me to be a High Priest and set me apart in the High Council.

8.5 A Call to a Bishopric

After only a few months, the ward in which we resided was divided. A newly called Bishop, R. Owen Yeates, had requested me to serve as first counselor in the bishopric. Having served only about three months in the High Council it was now my great privilege and blessing to serve in a bishopric. The other counselor was Glen Longhurst.

R. Owen Yeates owned and operated a service station and a coal yard. The visiting General Authority was Elder Marion G. Romney, who was then an Assistant to the Twelve. With the division of the ward there were several people who were being set apart. When Elder Romney set apart R. Owen Yeates as bishop I recall that among other things he told him “while presently you are struggling with finances with your new business. If you continue to be honest in your tithing payments and generous with your means there will be some significant temporal blessings.”

Over the years in our bishopric meetings I had occasion to see how generous Bishop Yeates was with his money. He not only contributed significantly to all the church causes, but also to the community needs. During our time there he was able to retire a major mortgage on his gas station and coal yard. I remember him showing me a check which was the final payment on a substantial mortgage on his business.

My brief time serving in the High Council, together with being in a bishopric, was very enjoyable. R. Owen Yeates and Glen Longhurst were a joy to know and to love.

8.6 Wearever and Electrolux Vacuum

Because of my meager salary as a seminary teacher it was necessary for me to undertake some job opportunity which would bring some additional income into our small family. For two or three years during most of the time we resided in Logan, which was four years, I was selling Wearever pots and pans and Electrolux vacuums. This additional income made it possible for us to meet all of our financial obligations. It also enabled us to purchase a new car. The new car was a Hudson. The purchase of that car marked the beginning of a long, almost lifetime obsession with cars. During our four years in Logan we purchased two new cars. Each of which was a Hudson. The dealer resided in our stake and as I remember was on the High Council.

8.7 Birth of John and Yvonne

Early in our marriage Afton and I had determined that the Lord willing and Afton able physically, we would have a large family. Early in our marriage we were invited to be a part of a husband and wife sealing of one of our friends. Following the sealing the sealer, who also was a patriarch, put his arms around each of the young couple and pulled out of his shirt pocket

a picture of his family. He had twelve children. Among other things he made mention of the fact that all the sons had been on missions along with some of the daughters and they were all pursuing their university work. He then gave them the picture and said, "Go thou and do likewise." While the sealer was speaking to this couple he seemed also to speak to us. It was at that point I believe that we had hoped that one day we would have twelve children as he did.

With us in Logan now were Paul Jr., John and Yvonne. Needless to say these children, as well as all of our children, have brought indescribable and marvelous and wonderful blessings and joy into our home and family. A baby girl, Betty Naomi, was born to us. Afton was just six months into this pregnancy when she delivered. The baby lived only three minutes. The knowledge of the Gospel and Heavenly Father's plan helped us at this time. We knew through the Plan of Salvation and our temple marriage that she was born under the covenant and she will be with us for eternity.

Among the many things that were so enjoyable and heartwarming to our children and us were the winter months. Over the years Afton and I have preferred the four seasons, which we enjoy in the state of Utah. Winters in Logan were always colder and we always had a great deal of snow. One of our neighbors had some cattle in the field just below our home. Every few days he would come by with a bob sleigh with bells ringing and inviting the children in the neighborhood to accompany him. When our children heard those bells for a bob sleigh ride into the fields to feed his cows they would run in and ask us for permission to go and put on warm clothes.

Among our many happy memories in Logan was in 1948 when there was an especially heavy, deep, long snowfall. We always made it a point to spend some time at the temple, be it whatever season of the year. We have movie pictures of our family going to the Logan temple and walking in waist deep snow with the deer running around the temple. That year we have vivid recall of deer walking down the streets looking for food.

8.8 Weekly Temple Visits

Our ward and stake always placed great emphasis on temple attendance. Our temple president was President Christiansen, who later became a general authority. As a bishopric we made it a point to attend the temple regularly. Before long I was invited to be a veil worker. Following our almost weekly visit to the temple the bishopric would gather either in the bishop's home or our home, or Brother Longhurst's home. Temples have always

been a priority in our life, not only prior to our marriage, but throughout our marriage we have always made it a point to go to the temple.

8.9 Four Wonderful Years in Logan

During the second or third year in Logan our hope and dream was that we could remain in Logan. Utah State University is one of the major universities in the state and highly respected nationwide. We would have monthly meetings with all the local seminary teachers in Cache Valley together with the Institute Director and teachers at Utah State University. I was perfectly content with my seminary teaching, but I suppose all seminary teachers hope and dream for the time when they can be teaching at a college level in the Institute program. I must confess that my hopes and dreams were to one day to be an institute teacher although I thought it was rather remote that it would ever happen. Little did I know that within three or four years I would be invited to be a Director of an Institute.

Near the end of our fourth year in Logan we were informed that we were to be assigned to the Granite Seminary in Salt Lake. It was with mixed emotions that we faced this move in our professional life. We were reluctant to leave Logan but we knew that when a call came we would respond.

While I was serving in the Navy a warrant officer aboard our ship taught me a good lesson. He said, “Never turn down or compromise on a new assignment, be it on a Navy base or a Navy vessel.” At that point I made a resolve that when those who preside over me extend a call, be it an ecclesiastical call or a professional call, I would go. Responding to these moves and calls has always proved to be an upgrade and a new experience and thus another period of true growth and happiness in our lives.

Before leaving Logan, however, we did determine that maybe one day I would be called back and be able to serve in the Logan Institute. We therefore, before leaving, purchased a lot, hoping one day to come back. That opportunity never came so after several years we sold our lot.

We leave Logan with a bundle of happy memories. Someone wisely said, “Happiness is the creation of pleasant memories.” Wherever we’ve been over the many years of our married life, we’ve always enjoyed a multitude of blessings and memories.

9

Granite Seminary Salt Lake City, Utah 1950-1952

9.1 A Surprising Move to Salt Lake

Our four years in Logan were a “bit of heaven,” but a call came inviting us to teach seminary at the Granite School District. Upon arriving and settling in to our new assignment we were pleased to learn that a long time personal friend, A. Theodore Tuttle (who later became a member of the First Council of Seventy) would also be one of the teachers. He was completing his Masters degree at the University of Utah and was thus able to teach part-time.

Before leaving Logan we were able to find a buyer for our home there. Once again Afton and I would be looking for a new home. After some prayerful searching we found a home not far from the Granite Seminary. This home was located on 1737 East Horn Avenue, which was only about a twelve or fifteen minute drive to the Granite Seminary. In order to purchase the home we had to use our relatively new Hudson car for a down payment.

Over the years there have been many moves and always our first undertaking is to readily establish ourselves in our new ward. We’ve come to know that this way we make instant friends and in so doing quickly enjoy the great blessings of Church membership. In a matter of only a few days and weeks we were happily settled in to our new home and ward. After being in the ward a short time we learned that one of the adjacent stakes was one where President Gordon B. Hinckley was serving as the stake president. We soon learned also that President Hinckley was a full-time employee in the church offices with deep involvement in the missionary department.

9.2 Another Bishopric Opportunity

After only a couple or three months in the ward I was pleasantly surprised to be called as a counselor in the bishopric. Bishop White was a lovable, humble man whose professional work was as a mail carrier. The other counselor was Lynn Sorenson who, many years later, was called as a member of the Second Quorum of Seventy. Over the years I've come to learn that church service calls are not only a priority and a great opportunity, but also a singular blessing to the person who serves, which in turn reflects on and blesses the family as well. At this stage of our married life we were thoroughly enjoying our three children Paul Jr., born while I was overseas, then John and Yvonne, who were born during our four years in Logan.

9.3 Jimmy Moss

One of the part-time teachers at the Granite Seminary was a man well into his years. He had retired as a seminary teacher and was called back on a part-time basis. His name was Jimmy Moss. He was the father of one of our senators who served many years in Washington DC. Brother Moss not only taught part-time seminary, but he was also on call as a substitute teacher for the Granite High School. It was always a joy and a lift to be around this grand person.

One day as he completed his teaching assignment at the Granite High School and walked into the seminary building he said, "This is like walking into heaven." I have also come to know and feel and appreciate, as Jimmy did, that when one is in a setting where he can serve in a dedicated building and teach the principles of the Gospel, which certainly is "a bit of heaven."

In addition to being our associate and friend in teaching seminary, he was also our milkman. He lived in an area where he was able to have milk cows and we were one of many of his customers. When he would drive in his old dilapidated truck he would honk his horn and many of the children, including ours, would come out and he would have them accompany him as he left milk at different homes.

9.4 Elmer and Thelma Strong

Temples and temple service have always been a priority for Afton and me. I have made reference to the fact that our bishopric in Logan regularly attended the nearest temple. It would therefore now be our privilege to

9.5. PAUL AND AFTON NOW HAVE A NEW YEAR'S EVE BABY¹⁴⁵

establish a pattern of temple attendance in the Salt Lake Temple. As a result of these temple visits we became acquainted with Elmer and Thelma Strong, and also John McLeish and his wife. From these two families we not only learned some great lessons, but strengthened our resolve to be regular temple attending members.

Elmer was a full-time employee at ZCMI as a physical plant maintenance man. His wife Thelma was a full-time wife and mother. He was a hardworking man with a hair lip. His wife was a very beautiful woman. In the course of our friendship with them we learned that while Thelma had an opportunity to be courted and marry a number of different young men. When she met Elmer she told him she wanted to spend the rest of her life making him happy.

Thelma and Elmer had ten children. When the youngest child was two years old Thelma became very ill and the youngest child became ill too. After a few days this beautiful little girl died. When Thelma was telling us about this event she said, "I never knew I would have to pay tithing on our children."

During our short time at the Granite Seminary we spent time in each other's homes. In so doing came to see the great quality and potential of all their children. Their love for each other was very, very evident. John McLeish was a member of the Church, but for many years was totally inactive and because of some transgressions he lost his membership in the Church. It was the influence and example of Elmer and Thelma Strong who friendshipped them and made it possible for John to be reinstated in the Church. Before long John and his wife became temple workers as were Elmer and Thelma.

Our time with these people, as with a host of other wonderful people in the Church, has been a blessing and an impressive example for Afton and me.

9.5 Paul and Afton now have a New Year's Eve Baby

During our cherished time at the Granite Seminary and activity in the Kenwood Ward we soon learned that our fifth child was on the way. The due date for this baby was late December. One evening Afton was having some real pains so we decided to drive to the hospital. Because of much snow and icy roads we were not able to get up the hill in the car. It was necessary for us to walk the remaining distance; needless to say, it was a frightening

experience. Once we got into the hospital things seemed to settle down and so we took her home to wait.

On New Year's Eve we went to the hospital again, this time we were able to drive the entire distance without any walking. As I was visiting in the room with my wife the doctor came and said something to the effect of, "Now Paul, as you know each year the first baby that is born after the New Year is ushered in receives a lot of prizes and gifts from a number of department stores. I think we can compete for this and probably win the prize." It was then about eight or nine o'clock in the evening. He said, "I think we can hold the delivery off until just after the New Year." When I looked at my wife facing some real trauma and pains, we quickly decided to let the baby come then. Prior to the New Year another lovely daughter, Marilynn, was born. Among the many cherished memories I have of Logan is walking to our meetings with Marilynn in my arms and Afton, Paul, John and Yvonne following. Neighbors and friends would want to take a look and hold our new daughter.

Afton and I can recall many enjoyable experiences with our different children. I wasn't able to see Paul, our first and eldest son, until I returned home from World War II. John, our second son, was born in the Logan hospital. I remember well going to the hospital with Paul in hand after the delivery of John. The nurses picked up Paul and took him to the window and showed him the baby. Yvonne who was also born in Logan. She came at a time when our dear friend, Max Fairbanks, was visiting us. During the visit it became very evident that we needed to get Afton to the hospital. Afton and I hurriedly put things in a small hand carry case and as we walked out the door we dropped it, the latch opened and everything she was taking to the hospital scattered on the ground. We quickly put them together and hurried to the hospital.

One of our friends in Logan who now resides in Provo was also a seminary teacher at that time. He commented to Afton, "Whenever you see Paul or Afton you can see them with children in hand following behind and nearly always a pregnant wife." On occasion that's been a little offensive to Afton, but overall it was not intended to be so.

9.6 Paul and Afton Purchase a Four-plex

As a married couple our first venture into real estate purchases was a four-plex located at 400 East and 700 South. At that point in time the building must have been at least forty years old. As I recall the purchase price was



Figure 9.1: The Growing Family; Parents with (from left to right) Marilyn, John, Yvonne and Paul Jr.



Figure 9.2: The Growing Family; Paul Jr., John, Yvonne and Marilyn

\$7,500. I now remember that we purchased it prior to the purchase of our home on Horne Avenue. While searching for a home we lived in one of the units in the four-plex.

Following our two years at the Granite Seminary my father took over the responsibility of looking after that four-plex. Among the many property investments we've made this was one that didn't work out financially for us. We finally sold it to a colored man who defaulted on his payments and it was repossessed and sold at a loss.

9.7 Another Call from Commissioner Franklin L. West

One evening during our second year at the Granite Seminary, the telephone rang and our four year old daughter Yvonne answered it. I was too ill to take the phone and Afton apparently wasn't aware of the call. I don't remember whether it was Afton or I that finally took the call, but when we did we learned it was Dr. West. His first comment was, "I wondered if there was anybody other than that little child who could answer this call." He then

9.7. *ANOTHER CALL FROM COMMISSIONER FRANKLIN L. WEST*149

informed me that I was being assigned as the first Director of an Institute of the University of Alberta in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. At that time I had never heard of Edmonton. True, I knew something about Canada and Alberta, but Edmonton I had never known or heard about.

At that time there were only thirteen institute teachers in the Church Educational System. Today they are scattered all over the world. I, along with most seminary teachers, have always dreamed of a time when we might teach on a college level. Needless to say this phone call and this invitation was much appreciated. Because of that call a new venture now has opened the door for Paul and Afton.

10

University of Alberta Institute 1952-1954

10.1 Major Move to Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

Our two short years in the Granite Seminary left us with many wonderful memories. Once again, as with Logan, we were reluctant to move but our practice has always been when our employer which at this point in time is the Church calls we never debate about moving, we go and respond to whatever call may come our way. The fact that after only six years teaching seminary that it would now be my great blessing and opportunity to teach on the college level was a great joy, something I thought about and hoped for but never thought it would become a reality.

We sold our home with the understanding the new owners could move right in, and then began searching for a house trailer and a heavy-duty van that would take our young family to Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. Since school was out we were able to park our trailer home on the Granite Seminary property until such time as we could make arrangements to drive to Edmonton. At that time our family consisted of four children. Marilyn was about one year old. Occasionally we would facetiously remark to friends who inquired about our family that we were operating on a two year plan—a child every other year.

All of us were happily looking forward to a long trip that would take us into places we had never been before. The trip to Edmonton took approximately three days. Our first day we drove well into Montana and stopped at what appeared to be a place that would be suitable to spend the night. Nearby was a river where we could wash some clothes and bathe ourselves.

We were able to get the children cleaned and bathed and then Afton and I took the plunge.

10.2 Crossing the Border into Canada

When we arrived at the border it was necessary for us to show certain documents to get authorization to proceed in to Alberta and on into Edmonton. All of the people at the border customs office were very pleasant. If memory serves me well it was there that we first heard the name Nathan Eldon Tanner. At that time Nathan Eldon Tanner was residing in Edmonton and was then serving as Minister of Lands and Mines. We were informed that he was a Mormon and a highly respected man. As we continued our long trip to Edmonton we naturally made occasional stops for refueling and rest and found all of the people so warm and friendly. When they learned we were Mormons they would often drop the name Nathan Eldon Tanner. Upon our arrival in Edmonton we located a trailer park and then began looking for a home.

We were pleasantly surprised to learn that Edmonton was a large, thriving, beautiful city. We found a home about a mile from the Institute. President Tanner, who was then the branch president of the only branch in Edmonton, helped us settle in. The new Institute building was nearing completion but not far enough along that I was able to use the director's office. President Tanner readily encouraged me to share his branch office in a beautiful new building.

It was a joy to attend our first branch meetings. The gospel doctrine teacher was Elder Hugh B. Brown. Brother Brown was an attorney by profession. During the last years of his time in the United States he was teaching in the Department of Religion at BYU. He had arrived in Edmonton a year or so prior to our arrival. At the time he was an attorney for a large oil and natural gas firm.

We moved our trailer behind the home we had finalized for purchase. With the completion of the institute building I was now able to occupy my office in that building. We then moved into the home but we had no furniture. We took what blankets and mattresses we had in our trailer into our newly purchased home. Prior to leaving Salt Lake we had arranged for our furniture to be moved to Edmonton. Meanwhile the school year had begun and I was teaching my classes in the new building.

Several weeks went by and no furniture had arrived. Finally one morning Afton called to tell me that there was a large moving van parked at our home

with our furniture, but the driver refused to move any of the furniture into the home. I made arrangements to leave the Institute and rushed home to find out what the problem was. The driver told me that until such time as I was able to give him either the cash or a certified check for the furniture he could not move it into the house. The cost was \$675. I did not have that money but I assured him that I had come to Edmonton under assignment and employment with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and that they could be assured that they would get their money. He said something to the effect of, "Your cause is just but I can do nothing for you." Whereupon he closed the doors of the huge moving van and was going to drive away. I plead with him to give me time to look into this matter. I asked who he was accountable to. He told me Mr. McCosham who owned and operated McCosham Van and Storage in Edmonton. I plead with him to give me enough time to visit with this man. He said "It will do you no good. If you do not have the cash for him, he will not let me move the furniture." He finally consented to wait until I met with Mr. McCosham.

I drove hurriedly into Edmonton, located the place and walked into the office where I met a secretary. I let her know of my plight and requested that I have an audience with Mr. McCosham. She replied that he was busy and he couldn't see me. I once again made a plea and she got on the phone and finally got permission for me to visit with him. As I walked into his office he was sitting behind a desk with a cigar in his mouth and didn't even look up. As I approached the desk he asked me what brought me to Edmonton, Alberta, Canada? I said, "I'm here under assignment for the LDS Church." He said, "That's the Mormon Church is it not?" I answered yes and he then asked me, "Do you know Nathan Eldon Tanner?" I answered, "I certainly do, he's my branch president." Then he invited me to sit down and there for the first and only time in my life I was interviewed by a cigar-smoking non-mormon.

He told me of his great love and regard for Nathan Eldon Tanner. He said, "He and I have been on a scout committee for a number of years." Then with a twinkle in his eye he began asking me some questions. He asked, "Are you an active member of your Mormon Church?" To which I replied, "Yes." Then he asked, "Do you pay a full tithing? Do you keep the Word of Wisdom? Are you faithful to your wife?" To each of those questions I answered in the affirmative. Then he said, "Anybody who can live up to those standards and who knows Nathan Eldon Tanner ought to be worth a loan don't you think?" I said, "I certainly do." He then took out his personal check book and wrote out a check for the amount of \$675. I thanked him profusely and then he asked me when I could pay it back it to

him. I told him I would in ten days. I hurried back to our home and gave that personal check of Mr. McCosham's to the driver. Needless to say, he was shocked and surprised but with that check signed by his boss he moved in all the furniture.

Years later I shared that story with President Tanner. It was President Tanner who set me apart as a sealer in 1981/1982. At that time he was a counselor to President Kimball in the First Presidency and in the course of our visit with him he was then in the advanced stages of Parkinson's disease and was very shaky and had very limited vision. He invited us to sit down and then for a few minutes we discussed some of our time together with him and his wife in Edmonton, Alberta. He then recalled the story with McCosham Van and Storage. He said, "Now Brother Felt as you know I've related that story of you all over the Church. It is true isn't it?" I assured him it was to which we both chuckled.

Perhaps I can insert here something about Nathan Eldon Tanner. At his funeral, held in the Tabernacle, President Kimball was one of the speakers. He said with regard to Elder Tanner, "A giant redwood has fallen leaving a great space in the forest." Another non-member said, "If the world had forty men the caliber of Nathan Eldon Tanner the problems of the world would be reduced by fifty percent."

10.3 Dedication of the University of Alberta Institute

Shortly after the completion of the institute building President Tanner and I were negotiating with President Joseph Fielding Smith, who was then the President of the Quorum of Twelve, about scheduling a time when the institute building could be dedicated. In one telephone call with President Joseph Fielding Smith I requested that if possible Elder Harold B. Lee, who was then a young member of the Quorum of the Twelve, could be the visiting General Authority. President Smith chided me a bit and said, "I don't know whether he will be free but we will send a member of the Twelve to dedicate the building."

We later learned that President Harold B. Lee was the appointed General Authority. President Tanner and the President of the University and I arranged for the meetings together for the dedication of the building. It was my privilege to conduct the services. As a part of my introduction I made reference to the fact that ten years ago President Harold B. Lee had sealed my wife and me in the temple. Following that sealing he reminded us and

counseled us that if we would honor and keep the covenants we had taken at the temple, our life together would be increasingly happy. “Each year will get better and better,” he said. Following the dedication President Lee, together with Brother Brown and his wife, and President Tanner and his wife were going to share dinner with us in our home. When these important guests arrived Afton was busily engaged with the preparation of the dinner. President Lee could see the stress and pressure on her and walked over to her and said, “Now dear Sister Felt, we don’t need this big dinner. Actually just bread and milk would satisfy me.” But Afton did prepare a very excellent dinner. Among the many marvelous things that have happened to us over the years this has got to be one of the highlights.

10.4 All of our Children are Broncos

Shortly after our arrival in Edmonton I had determined that there were forty-eight LDS Mormon students at the University of Alberta. Virtually all of them but one attended our classes and activities at the Institute. There was one, a pre-med student by the name of Glen Nelson, who was not a part of our group. As I made further inquiry I learned that his parents lived in Calgary, Alberta. I made it a point to be in Calgary and to look up his family. As I met with Brother and Sister Nelson I learned they were converts to the Church of several years. As I recall they had about six children. Prior to that time apparently children were not a priority for them. As they counseled together and prayed to the Lord they frankly shared with me the fact that even though they were good members of the Church they didn’t feel they were worthy of having the best spirits and therefore asked the Lord to send to them those that needed some real help in their lives from the pre-existence. They then dropped the comment that “all of our children had been Broncos.” Then they identified by name each of their children and said each of them in their youthful years were a real challenge to them. All of them, except Glen, had turned their lives around and were very active and faithful in the Church. “The one Bronco that hasn’t yet made the change for good is Glen.” With that information I made a real prayerful effort to bring Glen into our program. He finally became a part of our program beginning first with our socials and then the classes.

Over the years I have had occasion to keep in contact with many of the students from the University of Alberta. Prior to recording this chapter of our life in Edmonton, I reviewed with great happy memory-recall a yearbook that the students had prepared.

10.5 A Call at Midnight for Reverend Felt

We were having a dinner party with a group of our friends and I had a call from a person who wanted to visit with “Reverend Felt.” Apparently this party had found my name in the phone book as the Director of the Institute they had me listed as Reverend Felt. In my telephone visit with him I could tell that he was desperate and needed to talk to someone.

A short time later he knocked on our door and I invited him in, I took him upstairs, he then shared with me something of his past life which consisted of a number of ugly incidents. His lifestyle, which included alcohol and drugs, had driven him to a point where he wanted to take his own life. When he appeared at the door I could quickly see that his clothes had been wet and dried on him. I inquired about that and he told me then that he had jumped into the ocean with the intention of drowning himself. But he said, “If a person can swim, which I can, you will never drown yourself. I wanted my life to be taken but at the same time I couldn’t bring myself to cease swimming. I swam to shore, got on a bus and rode all these hours to the bus station, then I looked up your name in the directory and called you.”

We had a long and enjoyable and productive visit. I invited him to participate in our institute program which he did. He never joined the Church but he did change his lifestyle.

10.6 Elder Hugh B. Brown

Membership in the Church makes it possible for all people to become acquainted with some of the greatest people in all the world. Two great men I met in Edmonton were President Tanner, our branch president, who later became a counselor in the First Presidency and served with four presidents, together with Elder Brown, who was called first as an assistant and then into the Quorum of Twelve and then into the First Presidency.

During the short time we were there (only two years) the branch was divided, thus giving us two branches in Edmonton. Elder Hugh B. Brown taught the Gospel Doctrine class in both branches and also in our Institute branch. On at least one occasion Afton and I spent a lovely evening with President and Sister Brown in their home. One of my classmates at BYU was Hugh B. Brown Jr. When the war broke out he volunteered for the Royal Air Corps in England while I served in the Navy. During the war Hugh B. Brown Jr.’s plane was shot down and he was killed.

During our second year in Edmonton Elder Brown received a call from

President David O. McKay inviting him to meet with him at the Church Offices where he extended a call to him to serve as an Assistant to the Twelve. Prior to his departure President Brown shared with us in a sacrament meeting at the Institute some of the adversity and opposition that he faced prior to his call as an Assistant to the Twelve. Briefly he related how several days prior to this important call he faced attacks and pressures from the Adversary so intense that he was even giving thought to taking his own life. When it reached a breaking point he got up and walked around the area in his immediate neighborhood, then returned home to pray in his study. He and Sister Brown spent the night on their knees praying. While they prayed a heavy darkness that had enveloped them left. They continued to pray all night. In the morning he received the call from the prophet.

10.7 Wednesday Evening Institute Class

Because the number of our Institute students was only forty-eight I got permission to also invite non-students—people who were working and other young people—to attend an evening class. This practice is now being widely followed in many areas of the Church. You don't have to be attending the university or college where an institute program is operating. A generous invitation is given to all young people or young adults who would like to register for an institute class.

The largest class in terms of numbers for me during my two years in Edmonton was a large group of students of this nature. They, like the university students, all came to know and love the institute program. As I look back one of the highlights of our experience was our Wednesday evening class.

10.8 Puckachee

While in Edmonton it was my privilege to teach a number of great young students. In a leadership meeting I called on a return missionary to give us an inspirational message. He stood up and said, "Puckachee, puckachee, puckachee." I asked Ron, "What in the world does that mean?" Ron replied, "It means rejoice in the success of others."

10.9 A Call from William E. Berrett

At the end of our second year in Edmonton I had a call from William E. Berrett who was then the administrative vice-president under President Wilkinson. He was responsible for all the seminaries and institutes worldwide. Each of my calls within the Church or professionally have always come as a surprise. Each place I've been, whether seminary or institute, we were perfectly content to remain there for an indefinite period. Except for my many years at BYU in different and varied assignments, all my calls have been a total surprise. At this point I was getting my Masters Degree at the University of Utah and had gone to Utah for the summer to complete my program. With this information we then had to take steps for another move which included the sale of our home and the farewell activities.

11

Southern Utah University - Institute 1954-1957

11.1 Another Move Cedar City

At the end of our second happy year in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, we were surprised to receive a call from William E. Berrett informing us that they wanted us to take over the Directorship of the Institute at the Southern Utah University in Cedar City, Utah. Our two years in Edmonton went so fast and were such happy years. Once again we would have been content to remain for an indefinite time but we have never resisted any employment or church service call.

Upon our arrival in Cedar City the situation was much like it was in Edmonton and Logan. Rentals were scarce and in Cedar City at that time there were only two or three homes in the whole city that were for sale. We were finally able to rent a 2 bedroom basement apartment in the home of a Mrs. Sheriot whose son later became president of Southern Utah University. Recently he was released and President Steve Bennion, a son of Lowell Bennion who has served in Ricks College for eight years is now the new President.

With four children our quarters were very limited, but we soon learned whatever home or whatever circumstance, city, state, or place we were living we were always very happy and perfectly content. Living in these very cramped quarters we found that our children were beginning to be a little quarrelsome. Virtually all of my time was spent at the Institute, but Afton faced this every day all day with our four children. Afton being a woman of great, great faith, made this a matter of prayer. Praying for some

guidance on how she could resolve the quarreling and conflict among our children. Our ward was the Third Ward, presided over by another great bishop. His message one Sunday evening sacrament meeting provided an answer to Afton's prayer. When we went home from our scheduled meeting once again the quarreling started. Afton invited the two who were involved in the conflict into a bedroom where she discussed the matter with them and then knelt in prayer with them. She prayed and then each of them prayed asking for help on these matters. An hour or so later the same bickering emerged and so once again she invited them into a room where they each prayed. That was the end of the quarreling—when it did start this same procedure was followed.

There has been very little conflict and quarreling over the years and one strategy that has been used when it did surface was that Afton would take them into a private room to discuss it and pray about the matter. On one occasion when our older children, now with their own families, found this cropping up in their families, they followed the same practice and found it works well.

I remember one time when our oldest son overheard some of our grandchildren quarreling. He said, "You'd better be careful, Grandma will be inviting you into a bedroom and talking with you!" From personal experiences I do know that harmony and accord and love can predominantly prevail in any home. It has in ours. Our daughter Kathleen was in an honors class and the topic was 'families and contention.' Kathleen startled the teacher and the class by affirming that in her home and family she could never remember a time when any quarreling and contention really got out of hand. Later this faculty member shared this with me.

11.2 Tourest Motel, Nephi, Utah

Our first real estate investment was the four-plex in Salt Lake. Our second one followed a few years later when we were in Cedar City we purchased the Tourest Motel in Nephi, Utah. At the outset Ted Tuttle shared some limited partnership in the Motel. In fact they spent virtually one full year managing in the motel until Brother Tuttle was called as a supervisor of Seminaries and Institutes under William E. Berrett. Elder Boyd K. Packer was the other supervisor.

Those of us in Church Education, particularly Seminaries and Institutes, would have a few weeks session at Brigham Young University each summer. During one of those meetings Brother Tuttle and I were called out and were

informed by the secretary that they had a call from Nephi telling us that our motel was on fire. They excused us and we hurried to drive to Nephi. En route Ted looked at me and said, “Paul, we do have fire insurance don’t we?” I answered, “Yes we do if you renewed the policy. Did you renew the policy? I didn’t.” “I didn’t either” Ted said. Then instead of crying we began laughing because what we were facing there was the fact that here the motel was on fire and we had no fire insurance.

When we arrived in Nephi we found a good part of the town gathered around our motel which was on the main street near downtown Nephi. We noticed that they had carried the furnishings of the motel rooms out onto the lawn and while the fire at that point was under control, there was a still a large number of people there. One of the first people we met was a Mr. Nyman who was the manager of the First Security Bank. He approached us and said something like this at the outset, “Did you know that your insurance policy lapsed? I tried to get you to renew it but you damn fools didn’t do anything about it, so I renewed it. You are fully covered on insurance.” Needless to say that was a deep, deep relief and cause for some more laughter. I’m grateful to a banker who looked after our needs.

We learned that the fire was caused by some children putting wadded up newspaper in a bottle and then lighting it and quickly capping it and then throwing it. One of these that they threw landed in the linen room, which started the fire.

The motel proved to be quite a burden for us. When Ted Tuttle became a Supervisor of Seminaries we purchased his interest out and then attempted to carry it ourselves. The party we purchased it from, a Mr. Tidwell, said that he and his wife were always sorry they sold the motel and when he learned that we wanted to sell it, he quickly bought it back for the same price that he sold it to us for.

11.3 Organization of the Cedar Institute Ward

While I was Director of the Institute in Edmonton at my request I received authorization to organize a full branch. In the past, some of the Institutes had Sunday Schools, but none had the full branch and mini ward program. We had a full branch in Edmonton and so I promptly got authorization to move on the organization of a ward in the Cedar City Institute.

A year or so later BYU was organizing their first BYU Stake, with President Marion G. Romney as the first stake president. I believe the success that we had in our branch and ward in Edmonton and Cedar City

was a positive factor that enabled BYU to begin organizing a stake. Today there are eighteen stakes and over one-hundred-seventy wards on the BYU campus.

An active branch or ward attracted many more students than would have otherwise come strictly for classes and gave them many chances to serve and have leadership opportunities.

11.4 Ross Fillmore

Upon my arrival in Cedar City I was able to identify all of the LDS students on campus, which at that time numbered about three-hundred. Darrell Chase, who later became president of the Utah State University, was the director of the college. He was followed by Dr. Royden Braithwaite. I had compiled all of the names of the LDS students and was able to readily determine those who were not attending. One of these was a student named Ross Fillmore.

As I got acquainted with Ross I learned that he was a great athlete, especially in basketball. I urged him to organize a basketball team and coach it and be a player/coach for us. With some reservation he consented to that proposal. After a few weeks we had a really good basketball team. However, I was not able to get him to any classes. I invited him into my office for a discussion. In the course of our time together I learned why he chose not to be active in any institute or ward programs. He and his widowed mother lived in Fillmore. Prior to their move to Fillmore they lived in the Southern States where it was predominantly black people. It was rumored that his father had Negro blood. Shortly after they moved to Fillmore they were active in the ward and few people were aware of the rumor that the Fillmore family had Negro blood. By their appearance and countenance it was not visible. The entire family was active in the ward, including Ross. When Ross turned twelve years of age the bishop invited him and two or three other boys with their fathers to be ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood. When it was his turn to be seated and be ordained by the bishop a counselor whispered to the bishop that this was the Fillmore boy and that he had Negro blood. Whereupon they had to inform him that they could not ordain him to the Priesthood. This so offended him and hurt him that he never came back to any more meetings. That is the reason why he refused to be active in our programs other than the basketball team. After a few weeks he began attending one of my daily classes.

I discussed this matter with our stake president, Elwood Corey. Presi-

dent Corey then met with Ross Fillmore and me and we discussed the matter about the fact that Ross was not able to be given the priesthood. When President Corey discussed the matter with President Joseph Fielding Smith, who was then the President of the Quorum of Twelve, President Smith sent a member of the genealogical department to the home town where the Fillmores lived in one of the southern states to search out the lineage and see if there was in fact Negro blood in the family. The man who went back to conduct the search could find no evidence for or against the matter. President Smith then called President Corey and instructed him to give the young man a patriarchal blessing. The stake patriarch was a wonderful man whom we knew well. When President Corey and I met with him to tell him of the fact that President Smith wanted him to give Brother Fillmore a patriarchal blessing, Brother Grimshaw said, "This is going to take a few weeks for me to get ready for this. May I call you when I'm ready?"

After a few weeks Brother Grimshaw called me and invited me to bring Ross Fillmore to his home. Upon our arrival we visited at the outset, then he asked me to give a prayer for the occasion, following which he placed his hands on the head of Ross Fillmore for the patriarchal blessing. I felt a warm, sweet spirit through our entire visit. As I listened intently to the blessing waiting for the time when the patriarch would declare lineage there was a long silence. Brother Grimshaw was waiting for the prompting of the spirit to identify the lineage. During those quiet moments I prayed for Brother Fillmore. After what seemed quite a long silent spell Brother Grimshaw's voice declared in a voice unlike his voice a bold declaration, "Brother Fillmore, you are of Israel." I don't remember the tribal lineage, but I do remember his declaration, "You are of Israel." Then he followed that up with the fact that "because you and your family have been deprived of these blessings, patriarchal blessings, priesthood and temple service the Lord is going to quadruple his blessings upon you." I remember that word 'quadruple.'

President Smith instructed President Corey to return the patriarchal blessing when it was given. This president Corey did. A few days after they received the patriarchal blessing President David O. McKay called President Corey and told him that priesthood and temple privileges would be made available to the family. President McKay himself called Sister Fillmore and informed her of this fact.

At that time one of her daughters was engaged to a young man on the University of Utah campus. When they were informed that they could go to the temple there was great happiness prevailing in that family. Ross Fillmore was ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood and a few months later

he was given the Melchizedek Priesthood. He completed his undergraduate work at BYU and then taught in the seminary system of the Church.

11.5 Our son Larry Born in Cedar City

Shortly after our arrival in Cedar City we learned that Afton was pregnant and she and all of us were anxiously looking forward to child number six. Dr. Paul P. Edmunds was our doctor. He was a counselor to President Corey in the stake presidency. Prior to the birth of Larry, Afton had a vivid dream of the events that would precede his birth. When the doctor delivered Larry he was wearing a black suit. In the dream she could see the situation immediately preceding his birth.

Afton had her periodic check-ups from Dr. Edmunds. Then the time came for us to go to the hospital because the birth was imminent. Afton and I were at the hospital waiting for the doctor to come when we learned Dr. Edmunds and his wife were at a show. It was like Afton's dream where she had seen him hurry in to the hospital dressed in a black suit and proceed with the birth of our choice son Larry.

11.6 Our Daughter Yvonne Falls Out of our Car

Whenever there was a General Conference we would often drive to Salt Lake City to either attend conference in the Tabernacle or watch it and listen to it in one of our family homes. En route back from one of these trips our children were in the back seat. We were driving a Chrysler car and at that time the doors were hinged on the middle of the frame, which meant when you opened the door the car would face all of the wind.

From the account Yvonne gives us, she was chewing bubble gum and was reaching out to roll down the window to throw away the gum when she mistakenly opened the car door. Going at the speed we were, she was pulled from the car. I could see from the rear window where she had hit the ground and was rolling on the highway like a tire. Fortunately there were no other cars coming or going. I stopped the car and hurried back and picked up our little seven year old daughter and put her in the car on Afton's lap. Yvonne then asked for the family to pray for her, which we did. The nearest hospital was thirty miles away in Nephi. After we prayed she settled down and seemed at peace as we quickly drove back to Nephi.

At the hospital we learned there were no broken bones but she had a concussion, a large cut on her head and was severely bruised from rolling

along the highway. The doctor told us that her rolling likely saved her life. We stayed overnight in Nephi and returned home the next night.

11.7 Seeburg Music Machine

All of our married life we have enjoyed good music in the home. In stores, motels and other places that played music they had the commercial Seeburg unit. This was a unit that would play a number of small records. One of our neighbors was a dealer in placing these in commercial establishments. I decided to buy one for our home. I remember the cost was \$800 which was a lot of money for us to spend and I recall I didn't let my wife know about this, I just purchased it.

The family deeply enjoyed that unit in our home and we took it with us and enjoyed during the time we were in Cedar City and for many years in our Fir Circle home. Often our children talk about that great Seeburg musical box.

11.8 Call to Stake Presidency

Elwood Corey was our stake president. As the director of the Institute it was my privilege to meet monthly with the stake presidency to report matters in connection with the Institute. At that time we also had a student ward.

A few months after the establishment of the ward I received a call from President Corey informing me that he wanted me to serve as second counselor in the stake presidency. Dr. Paul K. Edmund, the doctor who delivered Larry, was moving to Provo, Utah to be a part of the health center program on BYU campus. President Corey then released his two counselors and called me as one of the new counselors.

Elwood Corey was a true saint, a pure disciple of Christ. It was a joy to be associated with this great man and the other leadership in the ward. When I learned of this call on a Wednesday or Thursday I shared it with my wife. Later we shared the whole information with our family but told them they were to let nobody know of these matters. When we were getting the family together to go to our stake conference we were hurrying the children to get in the car but we couldn't find Paul and John. I hurried back into the house to find them and called out for them and opened a door and there Paul and John were on their knees. At this point I was a little angry with my sons for making us late for the meeting, even though they were on their knees. As I issued a gentle reprimand they looked at me and said, "Dad, we

knew that you were going to be called to the Stake Presidency. So John and I had a prayer for you.” Needless to say, I apologized and reminded them again that we needed to be to the meeting on time. This experience humbled me very much to have my sons—Paul and John—and indeed the whole family, offer up prayers for my sweet labor in the stake.

11.9 The Birth of Another Son, Ronald Grimshaw Felt

During our third year at Cedar City, Afton was carrying another baby. Unlike the earlier pregnancies Afton was having problems from the beginning. This time our doctor was Dr. Williams. Somewhere in the sixth or seventh month Dr. Williams informed us that this may well be our last child. As the ninth month overtook us there were still no clear signs of the child being ready to deliver.

When we learned of the complications and problems Afton was having we invited our home teacher to give Afton a blessing. Our home teacher was our patriarch, Brother Grimshaw. In the course of the blessing he gave Afton he assured her there would be no further problems in connection with the birth of this baby. Then he added also some admonition, “You can be assured if you invite and allow the children to come to you that the Lord has for you, there will be no further complications or problems in future pregnancies.” That blessing was very reassuring to both of us.

Dr. Williams instructed us to go to the hospital where he was going to take measures to force the delivery and birth of our baby. He gave me a bottle of consecrated oil and told me to stand by the door while he was delivering the baby. He said, “If I need you I will call you in and we’ll give her a blessing.” When he finally called me in Ron had already been born. He was a dark blue color and Dr. Williams explained that was because the cord had been wrapped around his neck restricting the blood flow. The promises Brother Grimshaw made with reference to other children have all been fulfilled. In each of the pregnancies since Ronald there have been no serious problems or complications at all.

11.10 St. George Temple

While living our three years in Cedar City we made it a practice to get to the St. George temple at least once a month. All of our lives, especially since our marriage, Afton and I have made sure that temple attendance would

always be one of our priorities. Our temple attendance has not only been a joy for us, but I'm certain as we've gone to the temple we've been able to so order our priorities that we were able to carry out our many responsibilities without having to pass up temple opportunities.

11.11 Our New Home in Cedar City

During the first two years in Cedar City we lived first in a basement apartment and then a large home that was a duplex and then a third home. Finally, we determined that we were going to find someone to build us a home. At that point in time there was little construction going on in Cedar City and rentals were very scarce. Since I couldn't find a contractor in Cedar City to build a home for us, I made contact with a big builder in Salt Lake known as Prowswood. When I visited with him to see if he would build us a home in Cedar City he said, "I will but I can't come just to build one home. If you could get me ten I'll come." There was such a demand for new housing during that time that Afton and I were able to commit nine other people to build homes. Whereupon the contractors came to Cedar City and built us a beautiful home. At no time did he offer us any bonuses or dividends for lining up these nine people, but he did build us a good home.

We moved into the home and among other things we brought with us was of course our Seeburg music box. Once again life for us was full, abundant and so enjoyable. We wanted to remain in Cedar City for the rest of our professional life. When William E. Berrett invited me to go to Cedar City he said if we would be content with Cedar City he would leave us there although he did inquire about me going after my doctorate degree. He said he would give me a leave of absence, or if I were content to stay in Cedar City we could finish out our professional life there. I assured him that would be agreeable with us. At that point I had no inclination or desire to leave Cedar City or to pay the price for a doctorate degree.

A few weeks after that call I had a call from President Wilkinson asking me to meet him at BYU the next morning at 10:00 am. I got up early while it was still dark and en route to the appointment a deer ran into the car. The damage was not such that I couldn't drive on it to Provo so I continued on my way. Upon my arrival in Provo President Wilkinson extended an invitation to me to come to BYU as the Coordinator and Director of Student Affairs. This was not a complete surprise because earlier the Dean of Students, Wesley P. Lloyd, invited me to meet with him in the lobby of the Hotel Utah. He told me that I was being considered as one of the candidates

being considered for the job that President Wilkinson extended to me.

Since my undergraduate years at BYU I have long had a great interest and love for BYU. While it was very difficult to leave our home in Cedar City, nonetheless an invitation to work at BYU was another wonderful dream come true.

(As I dictate this item I want to make mention of the fact that presently our daughter Yvonne and son-in-law Lamar are now living in Cedar City. Lamar has taken an early retirement from the FBI and was able to get a faculty position at Southern Utah University as teacher and then later Chairman of the Criminal Justice Department.)

12

BYU Student Coordinator 1957-1961

12.1 Sale of Our Cedar City Home and Purchase of our First Home in Provo

My employment began in summer, thus Afton and the children remained in Cedar City long enough to sell our home. We finally found a party that wanted the home, but the only down payment he could come up with was some stock that he owned. We were reluctant to move on that transaction but decided to do so because we were anxious to bring the family to Provo before the school year started. The stock turned out to be worthless so once again we didn't do so well on the sale of our home, which seems to be the pattern of our previous homes as well.

We finally located a home that was initially built by Eddie Kimball, the football coach and later Director of Athletics at BYU. It was a large home and thus we were able to accommodate our family and also have some space for rentals. The purchase price was \$21,500. We paid \$500 down and consummated the purchase of the home. We rented the basement and the two bedrooms on the main floor to boys. This made it possible for us to get the rest of the down payment.

Moving to Provo made it possible to be near Afton's parents which was a big plus for us. With Afton's family in Provo and mine in Salt Lake we were able to spend quality time with our respective families. Over the years we have learned that a good relationship with parents was not only good for us—the husband and wife—but also made available two sets of grandparents for our growing family. Someone has wisely said that “ideally each child

should not only enjoy a great relationship with their parents but also two sets of grandparents.” We have always been aware of this and have always sought to make sure that our children had a good relationship with their grandparents on both sides—the father and mother.

My father-in-law, now retired as the warden of the State Prison, was also very competent as a builder. Early in his life this was pretty much his vocation for many years prior to the time he became chief of police in Provo and later the warden at the State prison. He helped us to identify some areas where we could add some rooms to the house. There was a large attic we made into a third bedrooms for us, thus making it possible for us to be more comfortable as a family, but also for rental purposes. He offered to help us on this effort and I did so with the understanding that we would want to compensate him financially for the work he did. He agreed to that proposal.

After he had spent a number of days doing a great deal of work for us I finally got a bill from him. The bill was so minimal that I couldn’t understand what he was attempting to charge me. He said, “My labor is thirteen cents an hour. I’ve worked this number of hours. You owe me this much money.” He refused to take any more. In fact, he didn’t even take the thirteen cents amount.

During this time we needed some additional money so we arranged for a loan from our father-in-law. Once we arrived at the amount he wisely drew up a promissory note, which as I recall was interest free but due and payable on a specific date. As we began discussing this matter I mistakenly assumed that it would not be necessary to draw up a promissory note. He must have sensed my reservation and informed me that in order to avoid any problems in connection with this note and contract we wanted it in writing. He had found that when you loan money to family and friends you often lose them as your friends if they don’t pay it back so it was always best to get things in writing.

12.2 Accountable to Dean Lloyd and President Wilkinson

When our employment was finalized I then had another visit with President Wilkinson where he outlined my responsibilities. My stewardship was to be responsible for all student body activities. As Coordinator I was not only directly accountable to Dean Lloyd, the Dean of Students but I was also accountable to President Wilkinson. As he explained that situation

I indicated that it might be a little awkward for me to be accountable to two people. He then pointed out to me that he had determined that the social units on campus must be terminated. Social units on BYU campus were comparable to fraternities and sororities on large campuses. He frankly informed me that while Dean Lloyd was a great Dean of Students, he was also a strong advocate and supporter of social units. Then he added, “In order to make sure we are able to justify the elimination of social units I want you to be accountable to me as well.” This was awkward for me and very difficult for Dean Lloyd to accept.

I’ve long had a great love and regard for Dean Lloyd. He was the Dean of Students when I was the Student Body President. It was he who recommended my name. Notwithstanding this unusual arrangement I was able to cultivate and enjoy a good working relationship with both Dean Lloyd and President Wilkinson.

12.3 Ernest L. Wilkinson Student Body Union

Every large campus enjoys what was originally referred to as the “student union” building. At that time BYU didn’t have a student union building. Upon my arrival on campus they had completed the architectural plans for a large student union building, which later was named after Ernest Wilkinson. As Student Coordinator I was on the committee in the final stages of the architect drawings and the beginning of the construction. Among the many great achievements of President Wilkinson’s twenty-year term as President of the University was that he was able to significantly increase student enrollment and with this increased enrollment it meant there had to be many buildings built.

President Wilkinson had searched across the nation to find the appropriate man as the Director of the Physical Buildings on campus. President Wilkinson’s office at that time was in the Maeser Building. He invited the committee who was responsible for the planning of the buildings, which included the newly appointed Sam Brewster. All of us on the committee were in President Wilkinson’s office. When he walked in to conduct and begin the meeting he introduced Sam Brewster, following which Sam Brewster placed in his hands the large package of architectural drawings. When President Wilkinson saw the size and the amount of drawings he immediately thrust them back into the hands of Sam Brewster and instructed him to bring him a digest of these plans. “How do you expect me to go through all these plans?” he said. At that point Sam Brewster said to President Wilkinson,

“I came here to do a job for you and the University and I will not be a whipping boy to you or anybody else.” Then he turned around and walked out of the office. There was a deep embarrassed silence among all of us. After a couple of minutes President Wilkinson walked out and located Sam Brewster and apologized and invited him to return to the meeting.

12.4 **BYU Victory Bell**

Over the years BYU has had—and still has—a large bell which is rung and sounded all over campus following any athletic victory. At that time it was located in the George Albert Smith Field house.

During my first year as Student Coordinator this victory bell was stolen. It is no small task to take a threeon metal bell, but somehow it was accomplished. Needless to say, this was not only an embarrassment to the University, but especially to President Wilkinson. He called me in along with the chief of Security on campus and instructed us to take every measure to recover that bell.

The security chief was Leonard Christensen, a man who had served many years as a detective and chief of a large group of officers in Southern California. Over the next few weeks we had a number of calls informing us where it was. We followed up on each call but never found the bell. One early morning hour at about 3:00 am I had a telephone call and when I answered I heard some voices, “Brother Felt, listen to this” whereupon they pounded on the bell. I immediately called the police station to see if they could trace the call but they were unable to do so. Meanwhile I would get calls every few days inquiring when we were going to find the bell.

One of the leads was to inform us that the BYU victory bell was in Snowville, Utah. Leonard Christensen and I drove to Snowville. We found a bell but it was not the BYU victory bell. It was a small town bell that they rang on different occasions.

A few weeks later we were having a large pre-game rally for an upcoming football game when Chief Christensen contacted me and said, “Paul we’ve had another call informing us that the Y bell is in the foothills in Springville. Careful directions and locations were given.” At that time Elder Body K. Packer, newly called Assistant to the Twelve, was the guest speaker at this rally. It was necessary for us to leave before it got too dark. Once we got to Springville and followed the directions, sure enough there was the “Y bell”. We contacted the physical plant and they brought their heavy equipment to lift the huge bell and re-hang it where it was supposed to be.

12.5 Tausig Social Unit and Playboy Magazine

In my different interviews with President Wilkinson he made it clear he wanted me to carefully monitor all of the social units. Occasionally some of their initiation rights were so extreme that it created some real problems. Also on occasion, some of their social activities did not fully comply with BYU standards.

Late one evening I had a call from President Wilkinson telling me that he understood the Tausig social unit for their big annual dinner social was being subsidized by Playboy magazine. I made contact with the president of the social unit and learned that some of their table decorations were provided by Playboy magazine. I instructed them that I had charge from President Wilkinson to remove all of those table decorations. It was also necessary for me to contact President Clyde Sandgren, who was the legal counsel for the University. He had to negotiate with Playboy to make sure there would be no legal charges against the University.

12.6 Student Body Leaders and Visit to Different Campuses for Athletic Events

One of the fringe benefits of being Coordinator of Student Affairs was the fact that on occasion I would join the student body leaders and cheerleaders for the different basketball and football games.

One such event was being held in Southern California. We traveled in university vehicles and on our first day out we got to Las Vegas where we stopped for dinner. When the group of us walked in to one of the casinos for dinner our practice was always to offer a blessing. After the waiter had taken our order he made some inquiry about group and we were happy to inform him that we were from BYU. When the dinner was served he asked in a pretty loud voice for all of the people in our area to be quiet because present this evening was a group of BYU students and they always have a blessing on their food. The prayer was offered with complete silence in the area.

After we completed our dinner I took a head count to make sure everybody was present and two of the male students could not be found. Two or three of us went out looking for them. I went into one room where there was some singing and dancing going on. As I walked in I saw topless dancers on stage. Then I heard voices, "Wayne, there's Brother Felt. We'd better get out of here!" As I recall they not only apologized to me, but they apologized

to the group too.

12.7 BYU and Bob Hope

My budget included money to pay for entertainment groups coming to BYU. President Wilkinson made it clear that we must make sure that the groups who come to entertain the student body must be aware of our high standards.

On one occasion a group that had been carefully monitored and who had assured that there would be nothing offensive or out of harmony with our standards, came with some of the female performers immodestly dressed. I was not aware that President Wilkinson was with us, but without any warning he walked up to the stage and mildly reprimanded the immodest dress. The group apologized and went backstage and came out more appropriately dressed. One of the greatest entertainers then and for many years was Bob Hope. Our student body leaders wanted to bring Bob Hope to campus. Upon inquiry with President Wilkinson and Dean Lloyd I was instructed to attend one of his university presentations. Utah State University had him scheduled and so Ray Beckham, who was then the Director of the Alumni Center, and I drove to Logan to see if his program would be acceptable. It was not and we so communicated that to both Dean Lloyd and President Wilkinson. Our students were very disappointed that we couldn't bring Bob Hope on campus.

12.8 BYU Weekly Assemblies

During the years that I served as Coordinator of Student Affairs, BYU held a forum on Monday, a devotional on Wednesday, and a student body assembly on Friday. These were all held in the George Albert Smith Field house. Back in those years the devotional was attended by virtually all of the students. Forums were well attended as were the student body assemblies. It was one of these student body assemblies where we brought in an outside group that failed to meet our standards which caused President Wilkinson to walk on to the stage and stop the program.

12.9 Social Units Terminated

When I assumed the job as Student Coordinator, President Wilkinson made it clear that I was to terminate social units. As I discussed this matter with

Dean Lloyd he urged me to make an objective study, which I did.

After several months I finally completed my evaluation and submitted it to Dean Lloyd. I debated whether or not I should give a copy to President Wilkinson, but out of respect to Dean Lloyd I chose to give it only to him. Several months went by and I heard nothing about the evaluation. During my second year as Student Coordinator, Dean Lloyd took a sabbatical leave which took him to Japan.

The interim Dean of Students was Antone K. Romney, who was then Dean of the College of Education. After a few months in office he invited me over and told me that as he had been going through the files he had found the evaluation I had done on social units. It had not been forwarded to President Wilkinson. He asked me what we should do and I said "Well, I suppose we'd better give it to President Wilkinson." He said, "That's right, I'll take it over to myself."

A few days later I was invited to one of the administrative council meetings that included about twelve or fifteen top officers in the university. I was instructed to present to the group the summary and results of my evaluation of social units. The project consisted of a list of advantages and disadvantages of social units. The final recommendation was that in light of the fact that BYU had now organized their first stake the social needs of the students were being met. The matter was discussed and the administrative council voted unanimously that social units be terminated.

A week to ten days later I was informed that President Wilkinson had taken this whole matter to the Board of Trustees and they approved the action of termination. They assigned a newly called member of the Quorum of Twelve, Elder Howard W. Hunter, to meet with the Dean of Students, the Coordinator of Student Affairs, all the student body leaders, and the social unit presidents. President Hunter in his kindly way presented the matter and then invited a vote of support for termination of the units. There were no dissenting votes. Following the meeting President Hunter identified two people, each of whom were presidents of one of the units, I should watch. He said, "I don't believe they will support you on this project." While they were critical and somewhat opposed they did not create any serious problems.

Many years later when Afton and I were serving as Director of the Visitors Center in Hawaii, President Hunter was the legal counsel and had responsibility for the Polynesian Cultural Center. When the board met, President Haycock the temple president, and I were invited to a social and dinner with President Hunter and his sweet wife. During a brief visit with him I recalled the time when he was sent down to announce the termination of social units. He remembered it and chuckled about the whole matter.

12.10 Sam, our Boxer Dog, and the Mailman

Our dog Sam was much loved by all the neighborhood. He was a house dog as well as an outdoor dog. Our home had a large window facing north. One time I had a call from a neighbor who said, "Paul, are you aware of the fact that you have a horse in your living room!"

The dog was a gift to us from our good friend, Sam Rudd. One of his friends who had the dog as a pup called Sam and said, "My wife doesn't like our dog. It's either her or the dog. Do you know of anybody who would like a dog?" When Sam called me I assured him we would welcome the dog. After the dog had grown to full maturity we had a call from the original owner who wanted to come and see the dog that meant so much to him. As he walked into the living room and sat down our dog Sam, who was then a full grown large dog, jumped on the lap of this man. He then told us as a pup he had spent many hours in the lap of this good man.

Another experience with Sam had to do with the mailman. Near our home was a mail pick-up box where the local postman would get a good part of his mail. This would happen every morning about nine o'clock. Sam liked to be with the postman. Every morning at nine he would nudge us and want to go out of the house and he would trot up to the mailbox and wait for the postman. He was very attached to the mailman, as was the mailman to the dog. He made it clear to us when Sam was with him the many other small dogs that would nip at his heels would never come around.

We were only a few blocks from campus and on occasion Sam would wander over there. One of the student organizations and clubs adopted him as their mascot. The Daily Herald had an article in the paper about Sam, the Boxer dog. The story related the fact that the postman welcomed and enjoyed Sam accompanying him on his route. They also made mention of the club where Sam was their mascot. When we moved into our home on Fir Circle the neighbors advised us not to bring our dog. Apparently there was someone in the neighborhood shooting dogs with tranquilizers and leaving them to die. So, with tears in our eyes we gave the dog away to a friend we knew would take good care of him.

12.11 Our Second Home in Provo

About two years after we arrived in Provo and enjoyed very much our home on 730 East 700 North one of my friends informed us of an opportunity to purchase a home that was in foreclosure. When he showed us the home we



Figure 12.1: 1455 Fir Circle, Provo, Utah (This home was bought in 1957)

liked it and Afton and I and the family concluded that we would retain our first home on 700 North and get more students renting the home. This we did.

In the purchase of our second home it was necessary for us to come up with about \$2,200 in payment of all the back mortgage payments. During our third or fourth week in our home we had a call from the mortgage company which was owned and operated by a man we knew very well, in fact he was in our ward. His secretary informed us that in addition to the mortgage that we had assumed there was also a second note and three huge building liens. The realtor who sold us the home failed to do an adequate title search on the home. Upon learning of this I was sure I could go to this friend in our ward and he would make the necessary adjustments so we would not have to assume those huge payments. We were not able to get an appointment with him whereupon we then went to our attorney and he advised us that the only way he could handle the case would be if we moved out of the home.

So once again we went home hunting and found our perfect family home on Fir Circle, in a choice neighborhood and right across the street from the campus. It was a large home by our standard and a custom built home by a

dentist who initially lived in San Jose but moved to Provo and established his dental practice here. The custom built home cost \$50,000. We made it a matter of prayer and feel that we were providentially led to check out that home. We were able to purchase the home for \$35,000 with a \$500 down payment and to assume a veteran's 4% loan. The night we moved into the home our daughter Kathleen was born.

12.12 Rex Lee, Student Body President

Our years as Student Coordinator were very rewarding. It was our privilege to mingle and associate with some of the greatest young people in the Church who came to BYU. During our last and fifth year as Student Coordinator, Rex Lee was our Student Body President. In his Freshman year he had been the Freshman class president. Following his senior year as student body president he went on a mission to Mexico. Since then we have followed his different paths and achievements, as we did many of the student body officers. Rex Lee went on to become the founding Dean of the College of Law and then later served as President of the University.

12.13 Schwinn Bike

For our 25th Wedding Anniversary I purchased a two-seater Schwinn bike. We put a child's seat on the front bar just behind the handle bars and one over the rear tire so we could take two children with us when we went for a ride. All of us loved it. We would ride all over Provo. One time we rode over to see Afton's parents and Grandma Harris wanted a ride. I took her out for about ten minutes and when we came back Grandpa was walking back and forth so worried about her. She was having such a good time she wasn't in a hurry to return home. Several times Paul Jr would take his mother out for a ride on it and once Yvonne and her friend Barbara Bingham dressed up as Dutch girls and rode it in the Fourth of July Parade. It was a popular addition to our family and our children loved to ride it with their friends.

Over the many years we've been married whatever area we moved to we have always purchased a good home—a home well above the modest home that many people may purchase. Another feature we have included in a home purchase is the fact that it would be within walking distance or very close to schools, to BYU campus and other places we frequently visit.

For many years Afton and I have exercised on our Schwinn exercise bike first thing in the morning. This Schwinn bike has rack for reading, so we

read conference addresses and undertake memorization of some quotes.

12.14 Coin-Op Laundry

We owned a coin operated laundry at 150 North 200 West in Provo. We wanted our children to learn the value of work and wanted to give them the opportunity to earn their own money. We purchased a little three wheel electric car to use to get back and forth from our home to the Laundry. We had a sign painted on the side that read, "Let us help you lead a clean life." This was the beginning of other laundry and dry cleaning purchases.

The steering wheel was like a handle of a wagon, not the best or easiest way to steer. It had a small trunk behind the two seats that the children loved to ride in. Seems that each of them took a turn tumbling out when a quick stop was necessary. This was before seat belts.

The electric car proved to be an interesting investment. Once while Afton was driving it, it tipped over and she sustained some minor injuries. I could never get her to use the electric car anymore after that. As I recall the older children were able to use it in areas where the driving would be safe.

13

Director of Indian Affairs BYU 1963-1971

13.1 Call From President Earl C. Crockett, Academic Vice President, BYU

I have a deep appreciation and countless pleasant memories of my many professional and church service calls at BYU. It all began when President Wilkinson called and invited me to serve as Coordinator of Student Affairs. I will always cherish wonderful memories of my five years in that office.

Following these enjoyable five years I chose to visit with Dean Wesley P. Lloyd and discuss a possible change. I let him know of my wonderful years in teaching seminary for six years, following which there were seven years of teaching at a college level, first at the University of Alberta and then at Southern Utah University. It was then determined that I would be assigned to the College of Religion. My first year as a full-time teacher was once again a dream come true.

Early in the fall of the next school year I had a call from President Earl C. Crockett, who at that time was the Academic Vice President under President Wilkinson. When his secretary called and set up an appointment my first impressions revolved around the fact that perhaps some of my students had shared with President Crockett some problems in one of my classes. Teachers at BYU are evaluated periodically and on occasion they are invited in to discuss concerns or problems. It was a real surprise when President Crockett informed me that the Board of Trustees, in a meeting with President Wilkinson, wanted BYU to undertake an Indian Education Program that in course of time would enable BYU to be the “Indian capital of the



Figure 13.1: The Paul and Afton Felt Family, Approx: 1965. Back Left to Right: Jessie with Yvonne, Paul Jr., John, Paul and Tom, Mom and Tammy and O'Larry; Middle: Kathleen and Marilyn; Front: Ronald

13.1. CALL FROM PRESIDENT EARL C. CROCKETT, ACADEMIC VICE PRESIDENT, BYU183

world.” With our knowledge of the Lamanite people set forth in the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants, together with the continued emphasis on redeeming these great people, the Brethren wanted to enlarge the present operating program on campus.

At that time the enrollment of Indian students at BYU was forty-seven. For several years Dr. Lyman Tyler had been the Director of the Institute of American Indian Studies and Research. I was informed that I would be appointed as the new Director of BYU Indian Affairs which would include the on campus education program for Indian students, together with the Directorship of the Institute of American Indian Services and Research.

Over my many adult years each call has been something of a complete surprise, coupled with a lot of anxiety and accompanied also by a lot of joy in each assignment. However, this call seemed to be more challenging than anything that had come to me before. With this call, which was to become effective immediately, I had to be released from my teaching assignment in the College of Religion early in the fall semester. With little or no background in Indian Affairs I could not understand why I would be selected. My new office was to be in the Smoot Building, where President Wilkinson and his large staff were officed.

Following my appointment the next faculty meeting, which is normally held monthly, included a special visit and message from a General Authority. Elder Boyd K. Packer, then an Assistant to the Twelve, was instructed to announce my appointment and to explain something of my responsibilities. During that meeting Elder Packer reflected the feelings of the Board of Trustees and the Brethren that they wanted to accelerate and enlarge our service and help to the American Indians dramatically. The charge included wanting BYU to become the Indian capital of the world. I was then introduced as the new Director.

My line of accountability was not to a department chairman or dean of a college but directly to President Wilkinson. They chose to move forward in that way so that there would be no delays in the organization and implementation of the program. Thus, the program they envisioned would be a substantial increase in American Indians attending BYU and for the American Indian Services and Research Program to make available all the resources of the Church and BYU to help and aid Indian tribes to develop their natural and expand their financial resources and programs. It was my privilege and responsibility to be a part of this program for the next thirteen years.

13.2 A Call From Elder Packer

A few weeks after moving forward in my new assignment I received a call from Elder Packer informing me that the Church motion picture studio, which was located on BYU campus, had completed a video tape "Bitter Wind." This video, the first of many that would be produced by the motion picture studio about the American Indians, was to be shown on the Navajo reservations under the direction and approval of Chief Raymond Nakhie. Elder Packer said, "Inasmuch as you have little or no background in Indian matters I thought it would be well if you and I went to the Navajo reservation together in connection with this premier showing of this new film." Over the years alcoholism has been a critical widespread problem on all Indian reservations. This film was designed to describe this problem and how it can be treated and remedied.

Upon our arrival at Window Rock, Arizona, which is the Navajo capitol, we made an appearance at the office of Chief Raymond Nakhie and were informed by the secretary that he was not in his office. Elder Packer inquired about the appointment that he had previously set up to premier this showing. The secretary was obviously very much aware of it and very embarrassed over the fact that apparently Chief Nakhie had deliberately chosen to absent himself from this appointment to which he had agreed. Elder Packer then suggested to the secretary that since we had come down for that purpose he would like to be able to show this film to some people. He urged the secretary to invite different people in this large, spacious building that accommodated a number of different Navajo leaders, to be a part of this premier showing. A fairly large room was provided and we had about ten or twelve Navajo people attend the premier showing. Needless to say, it was really a disappointment to both Brother Packer and me. At this stage neither Brother Packer nor I had ever met Chief Nakhie.

The Lamanite Committee was made up of President Kimball, Elder Richards, Elder Packer and Elder Stapley. One of the charges given to me by the Committee was to cultivate the friendship of the tribal chiefs throughout the United States and into Canada and eventually beyond the United States. It seemed as though I was moving ahead in a program which at this stage had little refined organization.

As a follow up to this unfortunate experience with Chief Nakhie I made contact with Wilson Sorenson, who was the President of the Utah Valley Technical College. He, like BYU, was anxious to recruit more students, notably Indian students. Following a couple of visits with Wilson Sorenson we made arrangements to visit the Navajo tribe reservation once again.

An appointment was made and upon arrival at his office in Window Rock, Arizona, we were told by the secretary that they were aware of this appointment and that Chairman Nakhie would meet with us, but his time was very limited and suggested that we remain only a few minutes. Both Wilson and I came prepared to make some presentation which included some pictures of our respective programs, the BYU Indian Program and Utah Valley Technical College Program. Near the end of the meeting I invited Chairman Nakhie to visit our campus where he could learn more about the facilities and programs that we could make available to their tribe. He mentioned that within the next few weeks he had some business in Salt Lake City and he would be able to visit our campus then.

A few weeks later we had a call from Raymond Nakhie. He had flown to Salt Lake on business in his private plane. We established a time for the following day where we would meet him at the Provo Airport. The next day I was present with a few of the American Indian students. I had previously informed President Wilkinson that Chief Nakhie was coming and had also shared with him the disappointing meeting Brother Packer and I had earlier and the chief's refusal to meet with us at that time.

Coincidentally and providentially on the day of his arrival there was a monthly faculty meeting being held and President Wilkinson invited me to bring Chairman Nakhie to the faculty meeting. As we walked in to the faculty meeting President Wilkinson invited us to come to the front of the huge auditorium. President Wilkinson introduced Chairman Nakhie and then invited him to say a few words. Chairman Nakhie in about five or seven minutes gave a very impressive message about his people and about his desire to improve the educational opportunities for his people. When he finished the faculty stood up and applauded his message. All of this was a great surprise and a joy to the Chairman and to me.

Following the faculty meeting we walked around campus. He was very impressed with the grounds, the buildings, the impressive looking students, and the few Indian students among which were several Navajos. I had made an appointment with the motion picture studio for us to go and view "Bitter Winds." While he didn't say anything I'm sure he remembered that this was the film we had scheduled to show him with Brother Packer a few weeks previously. He was deeply impressed with the film and invited us to make copies available to him and to show them across the Navajo reservation. We then put on the film "Man's Search For Happiness." He was deeply, deeply moved by the message of this movie. This was one of the great early films the Church produced. The narration was provided by Elder Richard Evans and one of the principal cast members was Bryce Chamberlain, who later

became a part of our American Indian Program. This visit to BYU was a big breakthrough in our relationship and friendship with Raymond Nakhie.

Another great event and program that he was able to see was the student body assembly "Curtain Time USA." Janie Thompson in the BYU Performing Arts Program had just returned from an inter-country showing of "Curtain Time USA." That moving program was to be given to all the students and faculty. Chairman Nakhie was very willing and pleased to be present for that occasion. Once again he was introduced by President Wilkinson. Before the program was even finished Chairman Nakhie turned to me and said, "Mr. Felt, is there any way you could bring that program to the reservation and show it to our people?" Within a few months we were able to take that program to the Navajo reservation.

13.3 BYU American Indian Program and Janie Thompson

For many years BYU has been providing remarkable entertainment with their many performing groups. Janie Thompson and James Lawrence constituted the leadership of this program at that time. Janie was the Director and trainer of these programs and Jimmy was the Chairman of that department.

Janie Thompson, together with the people who assisted her, soon put together a great performing program that would be taken to most of the schools on the Navajo reservation. We had such great success with that program in recruiting Indian students to our campus. Therefore we undertook a program that Janie Thompson took to many other Indian tribes across the United States and into Canada.

13.4 Go My Son

As our program began to expand it was necessary to relocate our program into a larger facility. For the first few months my office was in the Abraham Smoot Building near President Wilkinson's office. Several private homes on Murphy's Lane right adjacent to campus were purchased by BYU. Among the half dozen homes on this street was a home owned by a prominent faculty member, Dr. Brian Jacobs. President Wilkinson informed us that the entire home would be made available to us for our needs. We chose to call it the

“House of Jacob.” Scripturally Jacob’s descendants and posterity were to ‘blossom and a rose,’ so the naming was most appropriate.

Not only was my office housed there, but also the assistant coordinator and some of our American Indian students who had organized “the Tribe of Many Feathers.” This house became a mini American-Indian student center and union building. Their offices were in the ground floor. The other administrative offices were on the second level.

Inasmuch as we were still anxiously involved and engaged in recruiting more students by visiting different reservations we concluded that it would be well if we could come up with a theme song. With the help of Janie Thompson two of our American Indian students, Arlene Narchissi a Navajo and Carnes Bursun, a mixed blood were encouraged to develop a theme song. After several weeks there was little done and thus little achieved. One day as Arlene came into the office I instructed her and Carnes to go downstairs and come up with an original song. I also facetiously inferred that they “don’t come back until you have something written and composed.” Several hours later they came up with a song entitled, “Go My Son.” They sang it to me and it was a very inspirational song. In my visit with them, they shared with me how they approached the whole challenge and assignment by offering an earnest, fervent prayer for help.

The song that Arlene and Carnes wrote is one of the most popular songs among the Lamanite people. Truly this song was inspired. It has been my privilege to travel with Lamanite performing groups. At the end of each program this song is sung which always brings tears to all of us.

Go My Son

*Go my son, go and climb the ladder,
Go my son, go and earn your feather,
Go, my son, make your people proud of you.
Work, my son, get an education,
Work my son, learn a good vocation,
Climb, my son, go and take a lofty view.
On the ladder of an education,
You can see to help your Indian nation,
Reach, my son, and lift your people up with you.*

Janie Thompson started having many Indian students join her tours and some years later she organized what came to be known as “the Lamanite Generation.” The Lamanite Generation has sung all over the United States, Canada and many countries throughout the world. That song has been heard and deeply appreciated by literally millions of people. Today it is still

the hallmark theme for Lamanite, Polynesian and American Indian people. I was able to accompany Janie many times as we went to different Indian reservations. I have seen and felt the reaction and the response and the deep impact that song has on people. I believe “Go My Son,” like “Come, Come Ye Saints” and many other great Latter-day Saint hymns were given to us from the Lord.

13.5 House of Jacob

When the ‘House of Jacob’ was made available to us we wanted to get some furnishings with some very Lamanite colors that would reflect the nature of our Lamanite people.

Horace Sorenson, the owner of Southeast Furniture Company in Sugarhouse, invited a group of American Indian students to provide some entertainment for his family and some of his employees. All were deeply impressed with the program that was provided for them. We were able to develop a good relationship with Horace Sorenson.

On one occasion while visiting with him I asked if he would be willing to provide some furnishings for our ‘House of Jacob’ on campus in Provo. He said he would do that. I then told him that we wanted to provide an article in the paper about the situation, whereupon he asked if it would be possible to have KSL to cover the event when the furnishings were presented. We had no problem in making all of this available. Here was a man with a big heart who was willing to give us furnishings for the entire center, but he wanted other people to be aware of his contribution.

13.6 Weekly Meeting With President Kimball and the Lamanite Committee

Shortly after my call as Director of Indian Affairs I was invited to be present at a monthly meeting that was held in President Kimball’s office. The committee consisted of President Kimball as Chairman, the other members being Elder LeGrand Richards and Elder Delbert Stapley of the Quorum of Twelve, and Elder Boyd K. Packer and Assistant to the Twelve. The Executive Secretary then was Dean L. Larsen, who later became a member of the First Quorum of Seventy. I, as Director of Indian Affairs at BYU, together with J. Edwin Baird, Supervisor of Indian Seminaries, and Clair Bishop, Supervisor of the Placement Program. I always looked forward to those meetings.

As we arrived for the first meeting President Kimball's secretary informed us that he always started on time or a little ahead of time, therefore she said, "If you come on time you may be late." Needless to say we always made it a point to be on time. These were always very inspirational and very helpful meetings. For the most part they began at about ten or ten-thirty and as we would approach the noon hour on one occasion President Kimball reached into one of his desk drawers and invited us to share a little refreshment with him. It appeared that he often had lunch in his own office consisting of crackers and raisins and apples and a few things of that nature.

13.7 American Indian Institute Services and Research

My principle responsibility for that organization, of which I was the Director, was to cultivate the friendship of tribal leaders and other important people on the reservation and then to let them know that BYU and the Church at large could make available to Indian tribes professionally trained people who could assist them in their agricultural pursuits and in their business ventures. With that undertaking it was my privilege to come to know many great faculties who made themselves available as consultants and help in the different projects we would undertake on Indian reservations.

With the help of Dr. Raymond Farnsworth, who provided much help and assistance in many different places, we were able to secure a Kellogg grant of substantial size. This enabled us to meet the costs of our travel and other programs we undertook without using the financial resources of the university. The BYU Indian Program was terminated after some twelve or thirteen years. Dale Tingey moved forward significantly enlarging the program and the reach and help it extended to many, many tribes, not only in the United States but into Canada and South America.

13.8 American Indian Week

During the many years that the American Indian program was operating on campus we held an annual "American Indian Week" where the entire week was devoted to a variety of programs. This included entertainment programs together with huge displays of many Indian artifacts and many workshops and symposiums. The weekly devotional during American Indian Week always dealt with the Indian and Lamanite program. Often President Kimball

would be the featured speaker together with some of the other Brethren who had great love and interest in the American Indian and Lamanite programs.

13.9 Whoop-di-do the Gospel's True!

In connection with the many programs that Janie Thompson was taking to many Indian tribes in an effort to friendship and to recruit people for BYU frequent firesides were held in the evening. Songs were sung, messages were given and often this would be concluded with testimonies from members in the performing group. On one occasion with a large group consisting of some forty or fifty people we were in a fireside at one of the Stakes in Wyoming. When the meeting was running a little long Janie suggested that the testimonies be more brief. Whereupon one of the students stood up and said, "Whoop-di-do the Gospel's true, amen."

Janie Thompson was not only an outstanding entertainer and singer herself, but she had the power and the ability to bring the best out of all of her people. Every tour group during our presentation, during our firesides, and during our time on the bus, was always a spiritual and faith promoting experience. The goodness and virtue and beauty of the people left a great impact wherever they went and the highlight of each performance was the powerful theme song, "Go My Son."

13.10 President Wilkinson and Ute Tribe Appreciation Day

During my years as the Director of the Indian Program I had occasion to meet with President Wilkinson many times. I was aware that during President Wilkinson's professional work as an attorney prior to coming to BYU he was the legal counsel for the Ute tribe in Utah. President Wilkinson was able to obtain one of the largest financial grants to the American Indians than any other attorney or any other tribe. As he shared this with me he also commented on the fact that he was disappointed that none of the Ute tribal leaders or people had ever expressed any real appreciation for the fact that he had been able to obtain this large grant.

When I learned of this I then talked with the tribal chiefs and leadership and on their own they concluded that they wanted to do something about that. As it was discussed and developed it became known as "President Ernest L. Wilkinson Appreciation Day."

A careful program was provided and all of the people of the Ute reservation assembled to pay their great appreciation to President Wilkinson. I wanted this to be a surprise and thus found it a little difficult to have him accompany me out to the Ute tribe without giving anything away. I sought the help of Elliot Cameron who was then the Dean of Students and together we persuaded President Wilkinson to accompany us on a visit to the Ute tribe.

On the day designated President Wilkinson was attending a board meeting in the Church Office building and we arranged to meet him in Heber at a certain time. As Dean Cameron and I waited on the designated corner in Heber City we soon saw President Wilkinson with his big Lincoln Town car drive down the street and stop. He then parked his car and we invited him to accompany Dean Cameron and me as we drove to the Ute reservation. Once we were all seated and prior to beginning the trip either Elliot Cameron or I suggested we have a prayer. I gave the prayer and in the course of the prayer I inadvertently mentioned that we were going to have "Ernest L. Wilkinson Appreciation Day." Even before I was able to say "Amen" President Wilkinson said, "What do you mean an Ernest Wilkinson Appreciation Day?" At that point it was necessary to let him know what we had planned thus eliminating the surprise element.

Once we arrived at the reservation there was a large number of Ute Indians. President Wilkinson was thoroughly enjoying himself visiting and mingling with the people, eating the dinner which included a lot of watermelons, and all in all it was a very wonderful day for all of us. Through my years in working with President Wilkinson I certainly came to see the upside—the beautiful, gentle, kind, loving side of President Wilkinson.

13.11 Windy Felt Stewart

Shortly after I was called as Director of Indian Affairs which job was so time consuming I suggested to my dear wife that we bring in somebody to help her with some of the many household chores and duties. One of the Indian students on campus was a Mildred Tsoe, a Navajo and a returned missionary. When I contacted her and invited her to come over to the home and meet my wife we readily agreed that she would be ideal for the household needs and jobs that she could help us with. At the time she was looking for a place to live and also needed some employment. She quickly fit in so well with all of our family and was a very responsible, diligent worker. In the course of her time with us we had learned that her natural parents were deceased.

During the time she was with us there became available to me an opportunity for Afton and me to take a two month professional development leave that would include the Near East, Israel and Europe. Because of the long absence and the heavy demands upon Afton we decided to counsel with our bishop, Smith Broadbent. After just a few seconds he urged us to make preparations and go and said things would be all right. We shared this with the family and let them know that Windy would be the person in charge. She did a remarkable job.

Upon our return they met us at the airport with a big streamer “Welcome Home Mom and Dad” and the same banner appeared on our home when we arrived back at Fir Circle. A short time after that we approached Windy about an adoption and also a temple sealing. Prior to finalizing that I gave her a priesthood blessing and in the course of the blessing I felt impressed to assure her that taking this step would not only be a joy for her and for us, but that her deceased parents were rejoicing over the fact that their daughter would now become a part of a family here in mortality.

Windy has been a wonderful daughter. Our neighbors soon learned we had an adopted Indian girl. More than once we had people inquire whether the American Indian was our Yvonne or Mildred!

13.12 A Shield and a Protection

During my years as Director of Indian Affairs we would visit different tribes. On one occasion we were visiting the Ute reservation. I had some of the family with me. Upon our trip home, going downhill about fifty or sixty miles an hour, a cow passed and I hit it. That cow bashed upon the hood and fell to the side of the car, then got up and walked away. As we prayerfully considered this near tragic accident, I remembered the police officer who came to inspect the accident told us that normally when you hit a cow it pulls right through the windshield. It was a blessing that none of the family were injured. Unfortunately, my insurance had expired so I had to make the repairs out of my own pocket.

On another occasion on a trip representing BYU Indian Affairs, I took my son to the Ute reservation. By the time we were heading back home it was pitch dark. We drove around and around and couldn't find an exit on the highway. Finally, we bowed our heads in prayer and drove a few miles further and we found a man repairing a large tractor who was able to give us direction. Once again our membership in the Church and our obedience covered us with a shield and a protection.



Figure 13.2: Father of the Year in Provo, Utah, Approx: 1966; Left to Right: Margaret and Paul, Marilynn, O'Larry, Mom and Kathleen, Dad, Tammy, Jessie, Yvonne, Windy, with Tom and Ron sitting in the front

13.13 Special People in a Special Program

During my many years in the Indian Program it has been our good fortune to cultivate so many wonderful friends whose friendship and love for each other continues to this day.

The first executive secretary of the Lamanite Committee with whom I met monthly was Dean L. Larsen. He was succeeded by Stewart Durrant who had just returned from president over the Vancouver, British Columbia Mission. There was also Claire Bishop, Supervisor of the Placement Program. Hal Taylor and J. Edwin Baird were Supervisors of Indian Seminaries.

There were also many great faculty people—Raymond Farnsworth and Lowell Wood. Both Lowell and Dean Larson later became members of the First Quorum of Seventy. They were among several who assisted us in our agricultural developments and programs on the reservations.

These people together with many unnamed here have contributed significantly to the Indian Program and to the richness of our own lives.

13.14 Brother and Sister Reed Kohler, Midway, Utah

As one of our monthly meetings with the Lamanite Committee chaired by President Kimball ended, President Kimball invited me to his home to set apart Brother and Sister Reed Kohler as a missionary couple on the Tanakwa reservation.

Earlier in our meetings President Kimball invited recommendations for couples that might serve in this capacity. When he indicated to us they had chosen to call this couple. At that time he invited me to accompany him as we set them apart in his private home. For the first time I was able to see into the home of President Kimball. It was a very modest home. In the course of the setting apart of Brother Kohler among the many charges and promises made one very significant one was the fact that one day (and I assumed in mortality) he would hear the voice of the Master. Brother and Sister Kohler did a remarkable job among these people, including the building of a beautiful chapel and a special plaque in the foyer in tribute to the Kohlers.

After their mission they resumed their farming labors in their much loved Midway home. Incidentally the home was a new home, they had just returned from presiding over a mission, built this home and were in the

process of moving in when this call came to go to Tanakwa, Oklahoma. They boarded up the home and served the mission. A few months following their return home, Brother Kohler was operating some heavy equipment out in the field and apparently the tractor rolled over him and pinned him to the ground. After a few hours passed, Sister Kohler became concerned about her husband and went out to look for him and found him buried under the tractor. Upon learning this we visited Sister Kohler and when she reviewed the details of the accident a clear impression came to my mind and heart that while Brother Kohler was under the tractor he heard the voice of the Master.

13.15 Bible Lands Tour

All major universities make available to faculty members what they call a “sabbatical leave.” It is sometimes also referred to as a “professional development leave.” After several years serving as the Director of American Indian Services I was given a two month leave to be one of many participants in a Bible Lands Tour. This was a marvelous experience for Afton and me.



Figure 13.3: Paul and Afton, 25th Wedding Anniversary (June 1st, 1968)



Figure 13.4: The Paul and Afton Felt Family (25th Anniversary, June 1968);
Back Left to Right: John, O'Larry, Yvonne, Marilynn, Windy, Paul Jr.;
Front Left to Right: Kathleen, Tammy, Tom, Ron and Jessie



Figure 13.5: Afton and her girls (1968): From Left to Right: Kathleen, Afton, Tammy and Jessie; Back: Yvonne, Marilyn and Windy



Figure 13.6: Paul and his boys (1968): O'Larry, Paul Jr., Tom, Paul, Ron and John

14

Mission President - Southwest Indian Mission 1971-74

14.1 A Call From President Nathan Eldon Tanner of the First Presidency

While I was serving as Director of Indian Affairs at BYU, I frequently had meetings at the Church Offices in Salt Lake City. One evening I arrived home late—at approximately 7:00 pm. My wife Afton was standing at the door as I walked up informing me that President Tanner had called earlier and wanted me to call him as soon as I returned home. When one gets a call from a member of the First Presidency, or any General Authority, one becomes very nervous. At that period of time we had some Indian projects operating in Alberta, the home of President Tanner. I assumed that he was calling to inquire about one of these projects.

As I picked up the phone to return the call I assumed that I would get his secretary, but it was President Tanner who answered the phone. Since it was well after 5:00 pm his secretary had apparently left. Following a brief greeting President Tanner asked a very interesting question. That question was, “Do you know of any reason why you shouldn’t be called to preside over the Southwest Indian Mission?” After a few soul-searching seconds I said, “I can think of two reasons why I shouldn’t be called.” He quickly replied, “And what are those reasons?” “One, I’m not qualified.” To which he replied, “Brother Felt, that is not your judgment to make, that is ours. What is the next reason?” “I have two sons who are giving us problems.”

“That’s a valid concern. Supposing you make an appointment with my secretary and we can discuss it privately in my office.”

Afton and I gave much prayerful thought to this matter, including a visit to the Salt Lake Temple prior to our appointment with President Tanner. During our visit we shared our concern with the feared Word of Wisdom infractions of two of our sons. After a few minutes of discussion on the matter, he smiled and recalled for us a comment of President Harold B. Lee. He then informed us that on occasion when they were discussing important matters and a decision needed to be reached, President Lee would say something to the effect of, “I have a hunch.” President Tanner then said, “I have a hunch that once a call is issued your boys will acquire the sweet spirit of the family mission call and there will be no further concerns for them. I will discuss this matter with the Missionary Committee and you should be hearing from us within a few days.”

A few days became a few weeks. Daily we were hoping to receive a call or a letter. A letter finally arrived. As we excitedly opened the letter it was an invitation to serve as mission president of what was then the Southwest Indian Mission. Additional information in the letter contained the dates for a mission president’s training seminar. Upon receiving the letter Afton and I privately discussed the matter and determined that we would call all the family together and discuss it with them. However, before we did that I wanted to call my father.

Upon reaching him and telling him of this important call he became so choked up that he couldn’t talk. After he was able to get his emotions under control he said that he had some impressions and feelings that some important call was going to be extended to me.

14.2 A Church Service Call is Really a Family Call

Upon receiving this important letter, Afton and I determined that as we moved forward preparing ourselves and performing these missionary labors, we would make every effort for this to be a family mission call. We then took steps to inform and invite all of our family, both those at home and those married, to come to a special family home evening. In addition to our immediate family my father and mother also came. Afton’s father passed away in 1963 and Grandma Harris learned of this call as a result of a private visit with her. Following a prayer we then informed the family of the call for me to preside over a mission. The response by and large was very supportive

and positive. We let the family know that we wanted to make this a family mission. While the call came to me, nonetheless we were going to make every effort to involve every family member to be a part of this broad missionary labor and effort.

Two of our children were a little reluctant to leave the present schools and their many friends. The matter was briefly discussed along with some other aspects of a move and a three year mission call. Then they proposed that I give a father's priesthood blessing to each family member. At the conclusion of the father's priesthood blessing there seemed to be complete support and harmony.

The call came early in April. The mission presidents' seminar was scheduled for the latter part of June in Salt Lake City, following which we were expected to arrive at our mission headquarters by July 1st, 1971.

14.3 A Letter from Elder LeGrand Richards of the Quorum of the Twelve

A few weeks after I received my letter of appointment as the mission president, I received a thoughtful and appreciated letter from Elder LeGrand Richards. Elder Richards served as a member of the Lamanite Committee which enabled me to get acquainted with this marvelous man. His letter included the fact that the members of the Twelve and others of the Brethren are invited to submit names for possible candidates for mission presidents. Recalling this letter prompts me to share another matter involving Elder LeGrand Richards.

During the many years I served as Director of Indian Affairs at BYU my long-time, much appreciated, personal friend Stewart Durrant succeeded Dean Larsen as the executive secretary of the Lamanite Committee. He shared with us an interesting evening that he spent with Brother and Sister Richards. The occasion was a stake or a ward banquet where Stewart and his wife, Leola, were seated near Brother and Sister Richards. They were near enough that they could hear the dialog that was going on between this sweet couple.

Elder Richards asked his wife, "Where do you think we're going to be thirty-five million years from now?" His wife responded, "Oh Grandy (Brother Richards' nickname), don't be silly!" He said, "I'm not being silly. I don't know where we're going to be thirty-five million years from now. But this much I do know, wherever it is I will be by your side, I will be holding your hands, and I will be telling you that I love you!"



Figure 14.1: President Paul E. Felt of the Southwest Indian Mission and his companion Sister M. Afton Felt

14.4 President Kimball and his Magnificent Obsession

During President Kimball's service as a member of the Twelve, as the President of the Twelve, and as the President of the Church, one of his great loves and priorities in his missionary labors was the Lamanite people. When President Kimball received his patriarchal blessing among the many things made reference to was the fact that he would perform a great labor of love to the Lamanite people. Upon his call as a member of the Twelve, George Albert Smith who was the President of the Church, gave him a charge to give some special concern and attention to the American Indian, which of course is a part of the Lamanite people worldwide.

During this period of time there were two Indian missions, one of which was the Southwest Indian Mission which included parts of four states Arizona, New Mexico, part of Colorado and part of Utah. There was also the Northern Indian Mission which included North and South Dakota. In our mission we had three languages one of which of course was English, then Navajo, then Spanish.

14.5 New Mexico-Arizona Mission

A mission president presides over his mission for a period of three years. Early in our mission it came rather evident that we would be more productive if we would not only give emphasis in teaching American Indians, but also have the opportunity and responsibility to teach other people in the geographical area of our mission. After a year-and-half our proposal for that change and realignment of the mission was approved. We continued to give great emphasis to the American Indian within the geographical limits of our mission, but we were also responsible for teaching all the English-speaking people within our mission. The name of the mission was then changed from the Southwest Indian Mission to the New Mexico-Arizona Mission. Our mission included all of New Mexico and Arizona and the large city of El Paso in Texas. It also included areas in Southern Utah where there were Indian tribes.

14.6 Hallmark of a Mormon Missionary

All missions are divided into zones and districts, with a zone leader presiding over the zone and a district leader presiding over the district. The mission

president and his wife, together with his two assistants move through the whole mission to teach, instruct, and to motivate. A good part of the mission president's responsibility is traveling to the different zones and conducting allay zone conferences. Our zone conference would begin promptly at 8:00 am and continue through late afternoon, which would be about 4:00 pm. Missionaries would have to get up early in many cases to be there on time and then it was essential they get back to their assigned area in time to meet their responsibility with scheduled meetings for the evening.

A good part of the four hours in the morning was devoted to teaching, role-playing, and overall in helping and assisting the missionaries to learn teaching and converting skills. The mission president's assistants were largely responsible for those meetings. Normally the mission president would either begin with a message at the outset or give a message at the conclusion of the four hours of training. During that time the mission president would make it a point to personally interview each missionary.

When a General Authority visited our mission, which occurred approximately once each year, they too would interview a good number of the missionaries, as well as give moving motivational messages.

During the afternoon Sister Felt would meet privately with all of our young sisters. The elders, under the direction of one of the assistants, would continue to move through other missionary training programs. About mid-afternoon the whole group would convene, during which time the mission president spoke as did his wife together with any other visiting officials. The high point of the zone conference was always the testimony meeting. Afton and I soon learned to take careful notes in these meetings because virtually all of the missionaries gave very inspired testimonies.

14.7 Controlling Thoughts

Missionaries must be worthy. One of the greatest temptations that all of face, including Mormon missionaries, is dwelling on lustful thoughts, which are rampant through the world. It is a practice for the mission president to interview each missionary at Zone Conferences. Always I have asked, "Hi, how are things going along? Anything in your life that needs to be discussed." This young Elder said, "President, whenever a bad thought comes into my mind I just sing a great Mormon hymn."

One zone in our mission started a practice that went through the whole mission. Each time they would meet another missionary they would shake hands and they would say, "The gospel is true. I love you." As other districts

and zones learned about this they followed the same practice.

14.8 **Serve the Lord Without Offending the Devil**

As a family we must plead with the Lord to provide a shield and a protection for each of our children. President Faust talking on this matter one day said: “Serve the Lord without offending the Devil.” This, of course, is impossible.

While serving in the Southwest Indian Mission, we frequently encountered very evil influences. I will relate one such incident. I invited our young son Larry, who was seventeen, to accompany me one day. As we approached the village where the missionaries were a Satanic voice was heard saying, “Your President is now here. We will now see who has the most power—me or your mission president.” We then walked in to the room where the missionary who was violently possessed lay down with cords around his body. I invited all of us to kneel in prayer. In the course of the prayer I said, “In the name of Jesus Christ I command you to leave.” Nothing happened. Needless to say I was crestfallen. I had called upon the Lord but he hadn’t yet responded.

I then suggested that all of us stand and sing a song, have a prayer and then have a testimony meeting. After the meeting one of the Indian seminary teachers approached me and said “I know why your prayer wasn’t answered. I’m not worthy.” When he left, once again we repeated the prayer. Instantly, the influence of the Adversary faded away. We untied the cords from the missionary and once again gave him a priesthood blessing and included “In the name of Jesus Christ I command you to leave.” While he was in the car he was twisting and kicking and nearly broke the windshield, so we stopped at another Indian chapel and had another prayer. This time I had an older missionary who was with us to give the prayer. He did, and immediately the evil spirit left Elder Davis’ body. At that point Elder Lee picked up the missionary and cradled him in his arms. Brother Lee reported that while this whole incident was going on he saw some evil spirits all laughing.

How fortunate we are to have the implicit faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and when the circumstances call for it we can rebuke and drive evil spirits out of our lives.

14.9 Every Time I Look into the Eyes of a Navajo it's Like Looking into the Eyes of Christ

One of our many missionaries was struggling with the language and also the discussion. In addition to those problems, his mother was over protective. Once a young man is in the mission they should not have calls from home, nor make calls to home. In this case the mother was calling concerned about his health. In course of time these matters were resolved.

In a zone conference when he bore testimony he made this inspired declaration: "Every time I look into the eyes of a Navajo it's like looking into the eyes of Christ." With that sweet testimony the mission president was assured that here was a missionary that had his act together.

On one occasion one of our assistants gave, under the inspiration of the Lord, an inspired statement as follows: "The hallmark of a Mormon missionary is pure testimony, skill with the language, skill with the discussions, without which he is a carpenter without tools, a warrior without weapons, he is in the battle of life with sticks and stones."

14.10 Elder Boyd K. Packer and Pure Testimony

Shortly after Elder Packer was called as a General Authority as an Assistant to the Twelve, he was called to preside over the New England Mission. When President Packer went to the mission for zone conferences, he became clear that there was some spirituality and faith lacking among the missionaries. He soon determined that one reason for this lack of spirituality was the fact that the missionaries while bearing their testimonies were not bearing pure testimony. In their testimonies they related personal experiences, their love and regard for companions, and other matters relative to their mission and their families at home. Seldom did they bear pure testimony.

The elements of a pure testimony he taught the missionaries were:

1. A testimony of Heavenly Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.
2. The divinity of the Book of Mormon as being another testament of Christ.
3. The Church of Jesus Christ is the only true and living church upon the face of the earth.
4. Living prophets.

In the next zone conference he emphasized the importance of much shorter testimonies and always including those four basic elements. Following this practice humbly and meticulously he brought about a renewal and a revival of deeper spirituality and faith.

In our mission I made it a point to give the same emphasis to pure testimony as did Elder Packer. Often in a zone conference there would be thirty, forty or sixty missionaries. In a one hour period more or less every missionary would bear pure testimony. That practice was observed throughout our mission which brought about a great spirituality, which makes for true success in any missionary labor.

14.11 Our Children and Missionary Zone Conferences

Sister Felt always accompanied me as we went to different zone conferences. Often we would invite family members to be with us. During the testimony phase of zone conference our own children would occasionally bear their testimonies.

A few years ago, Kathleen said that it was during one of those meetings where she came to know with a deep conviction that the Church was true.

When the family wasn't out visiting mission areas they would attend the Holbrook Ward. Our youngest children, twins Tom and Tammy, who were then about eight or nine years old, would bear their testimonies. It was the practice of our bishop to invite the young children to first bear their testimonies. Tom and occasionally Tammy would go forward and bear their testimonies. Our missionaries were encouraged to read the Book of Mormon each day. We challenged the children to do this. Each morning while I was with the missionaries at a devotional the children had their own scripture study reading the Book of Mormon. By the time they were eight years old they had read the Book of Mormon.

14.12 Warriors of the Son

Each month we would send to all the missionaries a small four page missionary information bulletin. On the cover in large letters was, "Warriors of the Sun." Immediately below we would have a missionary handshake surrounded by some Indian drawings and feathers encompassing the handshake. Below in large, bold letters was "Challenging, Testifying, Baptizing." Then at the bottom of the page was a scripture quote, "They were men who were true



Figure 14.2: The Mission Home In Holbrook, Arizona

at all times in whatsoever things they were entrusted.”(Alma 23:20) The second page would include a message given by the mission president and his wife.

14.13 Uniform System for Teaching Families

Following the restoration of the gospel and the launching of missionary efforts thus bringing about the organization of missions there were no uniform church wide missionary discussions. Each mission developed their own missionary discussions. When Elder LeGrand Richards presided over the Southern States Mission he developed his own discussions which were later published into a book which has been widely read and used by all missionaries. That book, together with the four standard works and Jesus the Christ are the only books the missionaries can take with them to the mission.

Some years later Richard L. Anderson, as a young missionary, developed some discussions for his mission which were adopted by his mission president.

In the mid-sixties all the mission presidents in the Church were called



Figure 14.3: President Felt at his desk



Figure 14.4: President and Sister Felt



Figure 14.5: President and Sister Felt with a leather wall-hanging

in for a special meeting during the administration of President David O. McKay. I believe it was during that time the Church determined they would develop what became to be known as the “uniform system for teaching the discussions.”

Over the years these uniform missionary discussions have been refined and modified. Mid-way through our mission there were some newly refined missionary discussions that were sent to all the missions with instructions to have the missionaries memorize them verbatim. When they arrived in our mission we developed a program whereby the missionaries would devote time each day memorizing the discussions. During a zone conference when I met with the missionaries for interviews I committed them to a date and a goal when the discussions would be memorized. The Navajo missionaries memorizing their discussions, the Spanish speaking memorizing theirs, together with the English-speaking missionaries. Those new discussions, together with the schedule and goal we committed the missionaries to brought about a real upsurge of spirituality throughout the whole mission.

At that time our son Larry, who was then only seventeen years of age, was one of the first missionaries in the mission to memorize the discussions. Later as mission president I called an Elder Cooley to be one of my assistants. When a new assistant was called my practice was to have the senior missionary assistant recommend someone with whom he would like to serve. Elder Cooley recommended Elder Felt. Because he was my son and so young I was reluctant to give approval for this appointment. Elder Cooley pressed me to approve him as his companion. As I recall he said he had made inquiry among some of the missionaries and was assured that the mission president’s son, despite his age, would still be agreeable with them.

14.14 Mission Couples

When I was called as mission president in 1971 there were very few senior missionary couples. Because our mission included several Indian reservations the missionary department sent some of the first missionary couples to our mission. At one point we had twenty-six couples. Their principal responsibilities were to fellowship and teach the Indian people how to more effectively utilize their agricultural resources.

The brethren of the couples would work with the American Indians in the development and cultivation of the land. The wives would work with the Indian mothers and wives in helping them cultivate and utilize teaching skills with their children, cooking skills and teaching them how to use the

government food they were given, and better care and upkeep of their homes, which in many cases were hogans or wickiups. It was our mission who pioneered the effective utilization of couples in the missions throughout the world.

14.15 Early Morning Telephone Call from a Newly Called Missionary Couple

Early one morning, about 4:00 am I received a phone call. When I picked up the phone the caller introduced himself as Brother Greenwood. As I remember he did not apologize for calling so early, but he was obviously very pleased to let me know that he and his wife had been called to serve in our mission. He then proceeded to tell me what a great couple they would be in our mission.

Upon their arrival I learned they were Jewish converts to the Church. Professionally he was a veterinarian and had his own business, and also taught part-time in his chosen professional field at a local university. Following their conversion and the receipt of a mission call they then retired from his university labors and sold the veterinary business. Each missionary couple had to come with their own car. They had a large new van. During our first interview we learned they were the parents of three children. One of the three children was friendshipped by some Mormons and taught and joined the Church. A few months later another one of their children joined the Church. Each time the parents, being Jewish, resisted very vigorously their children joining the Mormon Church. After several months they noticed such a remarkable change in the two children that joined the Church that they were finally persuaded to take the discussions themselves. Following their conversion they then went to their bishop and asked to be able to serve a mission for the Church. They, like all of our couples, contributed very significantly to our mission.

In addition to the great labor the couples provided in their different callings they were always such a good influence and example for the younger missionaries. Younger missionaries reach out to older people.

At the time the Greenwoods arrived we were introducing our mission to the practice of "spiritual tracting." Over the years tracting has become a vital part of every mission. It has not generated many good contacts. At one time I remember one mission president said that a missionary had to knock on a thousand doors before they finally found a "blue blood Israelite contact." True, tracting contributes significantly to the training and

the courage and the confidence of missionaries, but we wanted to make it more productive in terms of the number of golden contacts we could find in tracting. Missionaries were taught to spiritually prepare themselves through occasional fasting and much prayer to identify any given area in their assigned community. Then upon arrival in their area they would prayerfully approach each door. All the time sensitively listening and hearkening to the Spirit, not only where they should go on a given street, but what they should say apart and additions to the standard introduction missionaries were taught.

Brother and Sister Greenwood quickly embraced this program. They would walk up and down the street in their assigned areas until they had a good feeling about a certain street. They would then park their car and walk down the street and wait for a general prompting of which home to contact. They reported in a zone conference that following that practice had yielded some real success for them. Then they cited an example. As they walked down one street they found a car parked in the driveway with a man under the car repairing the car. They chose to walk up to the car and talk to the man while he was under the car. They introduced themselves and then inquired if they would be able to come in to their home to share a home evening program with them. At that point the man was still under the car, at no time did he get out from under the car. After a few minutes he did consent to have Brother and Sister Greenwood come at a given time.

Upon their arrival at the home at the agreed time they knocked on the door and were warmly greeted by the couple. There were the parents together with several of their children, one of which was in a wheelchair in a far corner of the living room. Once they were invited into the living room the Greenwoods walked over to the girl in the wheelchair and quickly engaged her in a conversation. They not only won the heart of the child but also deeply impressed the entire family. They taught them about family home evening and conducted one, and later returned and gave all the discussions. After a matter of a few weeks the entire family was baptized.

14.16 A Valiant Couple Who Had Served One Mission and Already Been Extended

Brother and Sister Norton

Upon our arrival to begin our mission President Dale Tingey, whom we knew well from previous association at BYU, invited Sister Felt and I to

quickly go through the whole mission. At that time it was an accepted practice for the outgoing mission president to spend a few days with the incoming mission president. That policy has now been changed significantly. When the new mission president arrives on a given day, the retiring mission president leaves either the same day or the following day. During our tour of the mission with President Tingey we noted the roads were very primitive and largely consisted of Navajo hogans.

Brother and Sister Norton were a missionary couple in their late seventies. Prior to coming on his first mission the doctors were reluctant to approve their mission because of severe health problems Brother Norton had. Before reporting for his mission his arthritis was so severe he had great difficulty in walking. Once they began serving in the mission his arthritis was substantially overcome. President Tingey informed me they only had a few days left before returning home.

When President Tingey introduced me to the couple, both Brother and Sister Norton plead with me to extend their mission. At that time they shared with me the serious health problems of Brother Norton and said that as long as he was on the mission he didn't have the severe health problems he had at home. President Tingey and I were able to get another extension for the mission.

During one of my visits to Brother and Sister Norton they informed me of one of the many outstanding, miraculous experiences they had. During a severe late winter storm they were stalled on a very wet and muddy road. Brother Norton asked Sister Norton to drive then he would go out and push the truck. She resisted because she knew there was no way that one person, especially her husband, could push that truck out of the deep hole. He insisted they make a try, which they did. They then reported and testified to me that in that desperate situation he had some angelic help in moving that truck and getting it going forward and meeting their scheduled appointment. At the end of their extended mission they then went to work in the Provo Temple. Upon our return to Provo we had occasion to meet them often in the temple. Soon after their release Brother Norton died.

14.17 The Power of Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ

During our mission of 1971 to 1974, we had a meeting that ran way over. By the time it was finished it was dark. As one of the sisters walked out to her car and sat in the front driver's seat, she felt the presence of an evil spirit. Instantly, the man grabbed her and apparently had in mind raping

her. This girl with great faith said, "In the name of Jesus Christ I command you to leave me alone." He left. Faithful membership in the Church covers us with a shield and a protection like no other matter.

14.18 Words of Wisdom President Paul E. Felt

(The following are some thoughts we published in a booklet for the missionaries in our mission.)

Once again, your pure and simple profound testimonies prove to be the highlight. Continue to bear pure testimony often. Remember, the hallmark of a Mormon missionary is pure testimony.

Prayers, like testimony, should contain only essential elements, appropriate to the occasion.

I wish to personally testify with reference to the power of prayers. I know that the prayers of the righteous "availeth much." Sister Felt and I are very much aware of your prayers for us and our family. Be assured that we daily remember you as well.

....One of the best ways to rest is to work harder and more effectively. Therefore, when you want to rest, strive for greater accomplishment.

The constant companionship of the Holy Ghost is a gift and blessing beyond price.

With all my heart I counsel you, my beloved missionaries, to be optimistic and do everything you can to wield and spread that influence of optimism, faith, and love that will measurably aid you in achieving your righteous objectives.

Evidence and Marks of Spirituality

1. Special spiritual glow and bearing.
2. Predominantly happy and at peace with himself.
3. Mormon missionary image—dignified, conservative and clean dress, appearance, and behavior.
4. Keeps all mission rules.
5. Anxiously and vigorously engaged in the work.

6. Has achieved companion harmony.
7. Maintains optimistic and positive outlook (PMA).
8. Meets disappointments and crisis with renewed faith and vigor. (When the going gets tough, the tough get going).
9. When there are infractions and offenses he does not rationalize, but repents.
10. Is a challenging and testifying missionary
11. Is obedient and happily and willingly follows counsel.
12. Has a deep and simple testimony that he bears often.
13. Has total and unconditional love for the Lamanites.
14. Prays “unceasingly.” In addition to private and companion prayer he keeps a prayer in his heart always.
15. Is creative and innovative. Has many, many ideas about improving missionary work.
16. Occasionally disappointed, but never discouraged.
17. Has a consistent pattern of scripture reading.
18. Loves and respects and maintains good relationship with his natural family and foster family.
19. Supports and sustains the leaders.
20. Is sincerely grateful for the blessing of the Lord, and humbly acknowledges that all of his success comes from the Lord.
21. Each day is met with faith. He moves forward in faith.
22. Knows the new proselyting discussions and teaches by the Spirit.

Your successes and joys are our successes and joys. Your anxieties, sorrows, and hurts, are likewise ours.

It is my conviction that the Savior and legions of angels are nearer to us than we realize.

If we fast with pure intent on the regular fast day of each month, with a singleness of purpose, foregoing from food, water, worldly thoughts, and other distractions, the Lord will surely bless us.

It is absolutely essential that we strive to see people not through our eyes, but through the eyes of the Lord, so we can read their hearts and say things and bear testimonies that will penetrate their believing blood.

I bear testimony of the subtle, but extremely damaging effects of he who “murmurs.” The reason this principle is so basic is because a “murmuring” person, in the final analysis, is murmuring against the Master, thus offending the Spirit and losing the same.

Let us unitedly work together in this Christlike commitment, “pray for each other.” In addition for missionaries to pray for each other, we strongly counsel you to righteously exercise your Priesthood and frequently bless the people.

HANG IN THERE!!!! When you are under the spirit, it is joy and heaven, when you are not, it is hell. Once again, our sincere and humble counsel is “Follow the Program, and Keep the Commandments.”

I remind you that if it weren't for the great epoch, historically and beautifully told in the Book of Mormon, about this great people (the Lamanites), you and I, as Gentiles, would not be enjoying the gift and blessing of the Book of Mormon.

It (the Book of Mormon) is their record. In a very real sense, they have conditionally made available this book to us with the promise that you and I will teach them and let them know something about their record, and about the Lord Jesus Christ, whose life and mission is beautifully portrayed in their record.

Have you anything left?

This is a vivid portrayal of life as it is lived these days, when a person spends his time, talents, and means for the fleeting pleasures and passing fancies of the world. He comes to the checking out stage of his life with a vast emptiness in his soul. Having done everything on himself, and finally recognizing the reality of eternity, he must ask himself, “Have I anything left?”...When you great missionaries, who serve so beautifully, come to the end of your missing, and ask: “Have you left anything?” you can look back with real pride on the great blessings and service you have left. You great missionaries are giving so much, you can be sure that you will take home with you blessings and memories beyond compare. You can also be assured

that the great pattern of devotion and service that you have exemplified so beautifully in the mission field will be the pattern of your life.

Few of us are aware of the nearness of Angelic Beings and the Savior as we move forward in our labors.

The hallmark of a Mormon missionary is pure testimony and skill with the discussions.

As long as we zero in on the basics of the gospel, the Lord will bless us. The Lord doesn't want us to talk about anything other than the basics with our contacts. (D&C 19:31) As we follow the program, the Lord will give us the faith and bless us with strength to have an unshakable testimony. It is elusive; it can be lost as easily as a moonbeam. We need to work at it every day, and we need to give everything to get a hold of it.

How lucky can we be—we have assigned to us as a companion a member of the Godhead, only he is a very sensitive companion. He is here only conditionally, and we decide if he will be here or not.

As you follow the priesthood lines and chains of command, the Lord will magnify you, and your priesthood leader, because that is the whole program.

Do not treat lightly the golden opportunity that is ours to significantly move ahead on the ultimate goal of perfection. Let us strive to magnify our calling through righteously desiring perfection, searching and pondering the scriptures, and praying for help in this noble objective. We follow the program and keep the commandments the Lord will not let us fail!

Everything about the gospel is said over and over, but if it is given by the spirit and listened by the spirit, it is NEW SCRIPTURE to us.

Inspiration and revelation come, if you live for it.

Steps to have a better relationship with God.

1. Commune with God daily.
2. Search the scriptures daily.
3. Obey all God's laws.
4. Bless the people

Bless the people and bear pure testimony.

Repentance is the soul of learning.

There is little correlation in what a person knows, and what he does.
There is a high correlation with what he feels and what he does.

Be mindful of the angelic choir around you that is supporting you in that which is good.

The highest manifestation of love is discipline.

You are so good—you ought to be better.

14.19 Words of Wisdom Sister M. Afton Felt

If you are going to be a prisoner of your own mind, make sure it is well furnished.

Your companion is the best wife you have.

Most of the time, the scriptures speak of Christ as being in the service of others, only rarely do they speak of Christ being served. That is the example we should follow; seeking for the opportunity to serve others, not the change to be served.

Why do our parents love us so? Because from the moment we are born, they are serving us, and the love develops and grows stronger. We as missionaries can give this love to our contacts, and help them see why the Lord loves them so much, and wants them to hear and accept the gospel plan.

Whenever there is evil around, I take out my running shoes and head in the other direction. (Brother Ballard)

Though we travel the world over
To find the beautiful, we must carry
It with us, or we find it not.

—Emerson

15

BYU College of Religion 1974-1981

15.1 Reception for Steve and Marilyn

Mission presidents are called for a three-year period. We were officially released from our mission July 1st, 1974. During our absence we had leased our Fir Circle home to a family we thought would remain in the home for the three year period. After one year they undertook the construction of their own home and then they leased our home to another party. This party did not take good care of the home.

One of the very important events that was facing us was the temple marriage and reception of Marilyn and Steve. Marilyn had filled a part-time mission while we were serving as mission president. She was also a student at BYU where she met Steven Forsyth who was completing his law degree in the College of Law at BYU. Marilyn invited Steve Forsyth to the mission home where they discussed with us their engagement and decision to be married. We were very impressed with our prospective new son-in-law.

Prior to our departure from Holbrook we had notified the tenants in our home when we would be returning. They assured us that everything would be ready for us. Upon our return home we found there was considerable improvement to be done both inside the home and outside the home. When our return missionaries who were then living in Provo and attending school learned of our plight a goodly number of them appeared and offered to help us get the home prepared for a reception. Inside the home we were doing some painting and outside the home we were pruning and overall improving

our lovely back yard. Without the missionaries we could never have met the deadline that we needed to have ready for the scheduled date of their reception.

Two humorous incidents occurred, one outside and one inside the home. While pruning a large tree one of our missionaries fell out of the tree. Fortunately his fall was broken by the branches and he was not seriously injured. Late in the evening while some of the missionaries were working inside the home there was a knock at the door. My wife answered the door and did not recognize the person standing there. He asked for one of the missionaries. She informed him what we were doing and said, "Anyone who comes to this house tonight needs to use a paint brush!" Mom apparently felt that he was one of our missionaries that she didn't recognize. It wasn't until well into the next day that we learned he was not one of our missionaries, but without questioning the invitation to help he promptly went to work! In a matter of two or three days the home was ready for the reception of Steve and Marilynn.

15.2 An Invitation to Teach in the College of Religion - BYU

As our three year mission was coming to an end we had letter from BYU inviting me to visit with the newly called Dean of Religion, Jeffrey R. Holland, regarding employment as a full-time teacher. My earlier years at BYU I was serving for a five year period as Coordinator of Student Affairs and then was called to be Director of Indian Affairs. At the end of that period we were then called on our full-time mission.

Our years in Church Education have been most rewarding and fulfilling, not only for me but for our entire family. When I look back on our many years with the Church Educational System I can identify and recall a host of wonderful friends who I've come to know and love over the years. Now, well into my retirement years, I still cherish those memories and those many, many, dear friends.

Ever since my youthful mission in 1937 to 1939 I have come to love and cherish any teaching opportunities. My six years teaching seminary and five years teaching institute were some memorable, precious years. I welcomed the opportunity to return once again to the classroom. In this setting you not only have choice, special young people, but you also have the great blessing of teaching and exemplifying the principles and truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I have never entered a classroom without making some

careful preparation and pleading with the Lord to help and assist.

Over the years I've kept a three-ring binder where I would rough out an outline for a given day. In it is one of my favorite statements with regard to teaching: "I've come to a frightening conclusion that I am the decisive element in the classroom. It is my personal approach that creates the climate. It is my daily mood that makes the weather. As a teacher, I possess tremendous power to make a child's life miserable or happy. I can be a tool of torture or an instrument of inspiration. I can humiliate or humor, hurt or heal. In all situations, it is my response that decides whether a crisis will be escalated or deescalated and a child humanized or dehumanized." (Haim Ginot)

All my life I've hoped and often coveted an opportunity to teach a gospel doctrine class of adults. For some reason or other this has never occurred until our return from our Hawaii Visitor's Center Temple Mission. For the last several years I've been teaching the gospel doctrine class of the Pleasant View 6th Ward.

15.3 Bleeding Ulcer

Over the years both Afton and I have enjoyed unusually good health. We attribute this to the blessings of our Father in Heaven. One evening after returning home from a long trip I was having some severe stomach pains. A hurried trip to the hospital was arranged. An examination disclosed there was heavy internal bleeding. With that diagnosis they then put me on heavy doses of Tagamet hoping that would arrest the bleeding. After a few days there was still bleeding, whereupon they increased the Tagamet, hoping that would be all that was needed to cure and heal the problem.

One day after being in the hospital for about ten days, Afton was making her daily visit. After some time with me she left, but before leaving the floor she felt impressed to come back into the room where I was assigned. I was not in my bed but I was in the bathroom. I was on the floor covered with blood. Had Afton not come back I may have passed away because I was unable to do anything. Afton was not able to pick me up because I was covered with blood. She took the bath spray and washed some of the blood off and then attempted to get me on my feet. Meanwhile, she had called a nurse to assist. When they finally got me on a cart I then experienced something I have never felt before in my life.

During my time in the hospital I endured considerable pain. For the first time I felt free of pain, but in addition to that I was enveloped with a sweet



Figure 15.1: Felt Family 1975, Approx: 1975; Front Left to Right: Tammy, Afton, Paul, Tom Middle Left to Right: O'Larry, Windy, Yvonne, Paul Jr.; Back Left to Right: Ronald, Kathleen, Jessie, Marilyn, John



Figure 15.2: The Paul and Afton Felt Family 1975 Front Left to Right: Kathleen, Tammy, Paul, Afton, Jessie, Windy Back Left to Right: Paul Jr., Ron, Marilynn, O'Larry, John, Yvonne, Tom

spirit of peace and joy unlike I have ever felt in my life. There came a very clear impression that I had a choice, I could either let the Lord take me, or I could request that I remain on earth. I chose the latter and in so doing justified it on the grounds that there were so many other things I wanted to do, especially in terms of our family.

That sweet heavenly spirit stayed with me for many hours and also was reaffirmed in my heart that at that point of time in my life I was able to experience something of what life in the hereafter will be like and again was given a choice by the Lord to either be taken home then or to remain. I do not regret my decision to remain for another extended period of time which would be determined by the Lord.

The policy in the hospital was that until such time as there was a third bleed there could be no surgery. With this third bleed the doctors concluded that I should undergo stomach surgery. At that critical stage in my life Afton then chose to inform all the family and to have as many family members as possible come home.

One evening many family members were gathered in my hospital room. Before leaving I asked them for a blessing. As I recall a son or a son-in-law anointed me with oil and I asked our youngest son Tom to seal the anointing. In the sealing of the anointing he plead with the Lord that the family needed Dad perhaps more than the Lord needed me. Following that plea he was impressed to indicate that there would be some recovery and a restoration of my health, which did occur.

Different family members began leaving. Tom and Stephanie remained until all the others had left except Mom. When they did leave they left an envelope and a note. Included in the note was an expression of love and also they enclosed a check and the check they said would be the first payment of many payments that would be made to cover the cost of his mission. At that period of time President Kimball was urging missionaries to earn their own money to pay for their missions. Tom had saved some money for his mission, but what he did save he spent on a backpacking trip to Europe with a friend and this used up all of his mission money.

After about three weeks in the hospital I was released.

15.4 Afton and Tic-douloureux

During the third year of our mission Afton was experiencing a number of severe shocks and pain to her face. We went to different dentists and they determined it to be some serious tooth infections. Dental treatment did not

15.5. LANGUAGE TRAINING MISSION - PRESIDENT MAX L. PINEGAR229

help the matter at all. Whereupon we went to a clinic in Phoenix, Arizona where a good neurologist concluded the problem was not infection in the teeth, but a rare disease known as tic-douloureux. There is no pain more excruciating than that which occurs during a tic-douloureux attack. She could control it with medication. Returning from a reception for Marilyn and Steve in Idaho we were rear ended—after that accident Afton was never free of pain.

Our good doctor, Dr. Nephi Kerzerian, did some careful examination and made some calls to some colleagues. They determined that the diagnosis of the doctor in Phoenix was correct. We saw an article in the paper telling of a new way it was being treated. After reading it Dr. Kerzerian made a call to a Dr. John Tew in Cincinnati. He was one of two or three specialists in this field who performed this procedure. We made arrangements to take Afton to Dr. Tew and he did surgery the next morning.

He performed an operation known as electro coagulation, which includes surgery that would destroy the nerve causing the pain, making it possible for the motor nerves for facial moves not to be disturbed. Some people who have faced this problem have had the nerve removed, which causes a falling of the face on one side. The operation Dr. Tew performed killed the pain nerve but not the motor nerve that controlled the facial expressions. By and large Afton has made pretty much a complete recovery. She continued to have the tic that accompanied it. At this time I was serving as first counselor to President Max L. Pinegar at the Missionary Training Center. Every Tuesday we had a devotional with a general authority. On one occasion Elder Bruce R. McConkie came and we requested a blessing from him. In the blessing he assured us that while she would not be cured we would find some help that would be able to alleviate the situation.

15.5 Language Training Mission - President Max L. Pinegar

A few years prior to my retirement from the College of Religion I was called to serve as a branch president for the Navajo branch in the Language Training Mission. At that time the Language Training Mission was located in the Social Hall on BYU Campus. Construction of a new Language Training Mission was in process where the present Missionary Training Center now resides.

After about ten or twelve months as branch president I was called to serve as first counselor to President Pinegar. By that time the operation had

moved from the Social Hall to the newly built present Missionary Training Center. Including my one year as a branch president, following about three-and-half years as a counselor to President Pinegar this time proved to be a most enjoyable church service calls. At that time counselors serving with the Missionary Training Center President was a church service call, therefore not a full-time mission call. Our years with President Pinegar created many, many pleasant memories.

During our time with President Pinegar our son Ronald was called as a missionary. While he was there President Pinegar committed Ron to learn all of the eight discussions in the Spanish language and he also committed him to learn the language well enough so that sometime during his time in the mission someone would ask him if he was a native. He did learn all of the eight Spanish discussions and about mid-way through his mission someone asked him if he was a native.

Prior to his mission Ron came to us one day and wanted to know if he could do some work around the home which would earn him sufficient money to pay for his mission from his own earnings. Together we identified a number of projects that could be undertaken for which we would pay him and then hold that money in reserve for his mission.

One of the great joys and justifiable pride that Mom and I have about our family is the fact that among all of our children our five sons have all served full-time missions, and three of our daughters have served missions. Windy served a full-time mission in the Southwest Indian Mission and Kathleen and Marilyn as youth missionaries and part-time missionaries in our mission. Those missions together with my five missions and Mom's four missions amount to a goodly number of missions served by our family.

15.6 Teton Dam Flood

Prior to Ron's mission call and during the time I was serving as a counselor to Max L. Pinegar, the Teton Dam in Sugar City, Idaho broke and caused a huge flood that wiped out many homes in Sugar City. Sugar City is the home of Steve Forsyth's parents. The damage was so extensive and destructive that calls were extended for some help and assistance. Ron, Larry and Tom and Jeff Clark and I drove to Sugar City and spent approximately a week in helping the people in that area. Upon our return home, Mom met us at the door with Ron's mission call. As I remember he wanted to go into the foothills to open the letter. We gathered around him and insisted he open up the letter, which he did.

Steve's father and mother deeply appreciated our assistance and on more than one occasion he informed us he had never seen people working harder than our sons.

15.7 Pres. Pinegar and a Call from Elder Packer

In the Spring of 1978 President Max L. Pinegar received a call from Elder Boyd K. Packer asking an interesting question, "President Pinegar how would you like to have some Negro missionaries receiving their training at the MTC?" Following that question Elder Packer instructed President Pinegar to listen to the news broadcast of that day for some important news.

An hour or so later while listening to the news I then learned the Church was announcing that effective immediately priesthood blessings and temple blessings would be extended to all people and cultures, including the Negroes. Over the years this matter of withholding priesthood from the Negro was often vigorously debated. During the next General Conference of the Church, which occurred on September 30th 1978 President Tanner, representing the First Presidency, gave what is entitled "Official Declaration Number Two." In part that declaration reads: "In early June of this year, the First Presidency announced that a revelation had been received by President Spencer W. Kimball extending priesthood and temple blessings to all worthy male members of the Church."

Within a few weeks we began getting Negro elders and sisters at the MTC. I have a vivid memory of seeing some of these young black missionaries in the Provo Temple. Since that declaration was given there has been phenomenal growth among the Negroes worldwide.

15.8 My Call as a Temple Sealer

All my life, temples have come to mean a great deal to me. My father and mother through my childhood made it a point to visit the temple grounds, which were only eight-and-a-half blocks from where we resided. I have clear recall of a headline in a Salt Lake Deseret News saying "Two Temples Being Built Provo and Ogden." When we returned from our mission to the New Mexico Arizona Mission the Provo Temple was completed and dedicated.

In the Spring of 1982 I had a telephone call from the temple president who was President A. Theodore Tuttle, a long-time personal friend and associate. During our brief visit he informed me that my name had been

submitted to the First Presidency and I had been approved to be a sealer in the Provo Temple. He then informed me that normally the President of the Church sets apart all sealers, but because of health limitations on the part of President Kimball, President Nathan Eldon Tanner would set me apart.

It was a great privilege for Afton and me to meet with President Tanner when he set me apart as a sealer. Afton took some notes which included some reference to the fact that serving in the temple as a sealer would prove to be one of the singular blessings of my life and that I would come to appreciate more deeply than ever the great and eternal ordinances performed in temples.

I was able to perform the temple sealings for Sam and Jessie, Tammy and Kirk, and Tom and Stephanie. I have also been able to perform a number of sealings of grandchildren. I look forward to sealing many, many more of our grandchildren. Among all of the callings I've had in the Church this has been my great blessing. My calling as a sealer in some respects surpasses all other callings.

16

Israel Semester Abroad January 8 - June 17 1980

16.1 Israel Semester Abroad—A Dream Come True

A few years before my retirement from the BYU College of Religion we received an invitation to serve as Director of Israel Semester Abroad. Among the great blessings and privileges of being a faculty member in the College of Religion was an opportunity to serve as one of the Directors. Normally a faculty member in the College of Religion and a faculty member serving in one of the Institutes of the Church were called as Co-Directors. David Gardner (who was then serving in the Curriculum Department of the Church) was the other Director.

The Directors were permitted to bring their spouses and the children that were still at home. For us this meant we were able to take Ronald, Kathleen, Larry, Tom and Tammy. We resided in a kibbutz, the name of which was Ramat Rachel. Our quarters were very modest but adequate. Included with the kibbutz was a dining room large enough to accommodate the hundred students that were with us. The resident director was David Galbraith. He and his family had been living in Israel for several years.

The program consisted of daily classes together with field trips that took us in all of the choice areas throughout Palestine and Egypt. Except for three year mission, our Israel semester abroad turned out to be one of the greatest learning experiences and faith promoting periods for our family.



Figure 16.1: Israel Semester Abroad; Back Left to Right: Larry, Mom, Dad; Front Left to Right: Kathleen, Tracy (Ron's fiancé), Tammy, Tom and Ron



Figure 16.2: Paul and Afton in Egypt during their semester abroad in Israel.

16.2 Ronald Felt and Tracy Hallmark Find Their True Love in Israel

During our time in Israel our son Ronald met another student in the group—Tracy Hallmark. Mid-way through the six month semester it was apparent to all of us that Ron and Tracy were developing more than a casual relationship. One evening Ronald and Tracy came to our modest room and informed us of their love for one another. Learning of this was no surprise to Afton and I, nor the one hundred students in our group. Shortly after our arrival home from the semester abroad Ron and Tracy were sealed in the Provo Temple by President Tuttle.

Our students in any BYU semester abroad were not allowed to date or court each other. Whenever Ron and Tracy chose to spend time together it was necessary that Afton and I or some other adult couple accompany them. In many respects our pattern and standard of living was much like our Mormon missionaries.

Following the temple sealing we held the wedding breakfast, characteristic of all marriages, at BYU. During this activity which was held in a large room on campus, Tracy and Ron both made a personal response relative to their courtship. It was then either Ronald or Tracy made reference to the fact that their first kiss was over the temple altar.

16.3 Israel District Presidency

One of the many unique practices and characteristics of Mormons is “church service calls.” My church service call during our time in Israel was serving as a counselor to David Galbraith who professionally served as the resident director of the semester abroad program. The Israel District was comprised of three branches; one in Jerusalem, one in Telviv and one in Galilee. Each Sunday, and occasionally during the week, as a presidency we visited different branches. Our calls also included occasional interviews and counseling with one hundred students who resided in the Jerusalem Branch, together with our weekly visits to our branches.

During one of our visits to the Galilee Branch we were holding a priesthood meeting attended by only a few people when Dr. Truman Madsen walked into our meeting. Brother Madsen had been invited to serve a sabbatical leave teaching at the Hebrew University. For that Sunday he chose to attend the Galilee Branch. During our time in the priesthood meeting, the name of Elder Bruce R. McConkie came up for discussion. Brother Madsen

shared with us an experience that Elder McConkie had with his father when he was only a very young boy.

On one occasion at their family home Bruce McConkie was attempting to mount a very frisky horse for a ride around the yard. While he was mounting the horse, the horse galloped off with Bruce's leg caught in the stirrup, not able to get into the saddle and he was being dragged around the yard by the horse. His father, Oscar McConkie, was impressed and prompted to go to the yard and there he saw his son being dragged by the horse. Oscar was a large and tall man who was able to grab the reins of the horse and in the process saved his son's life. Following this incident Truman Madsen shared another aspect of this experience when he told of his father giving his son a blessing which included a promise of full recovery from his injuries, but also prophesied that one day this young son would become one of the great gospel doctrine authorities in the Church. Those of us in the Church who know something about Elder Bruce R. McConkie know that he and his father-in-law, Joseph Fielding Smith who served as one of the presidents of the Church, became one of the greatest gospel doctrine teachers and authorities in the Church except for Joseph Smith the prophet. Elder McConkie along with James E. Talmage has come to be known as one of the great gospel authorities.

16.4 Who Are These Beautiful People?

During our six months virtually every day Monday through Friday we were visiting some traditional historical sites. One of our many visits included a trip to Herod's Palace. The two directors, together with their wives, always accompanied the students. Wherever we went with these students tourists and natives were always impressed with the dress, the conduct and the impressive appearance of our hundred students.

When we visited King Herod's Palace there were many other non-member tourists present. On that particular occasion Afton and I were at the end of our many students. A tourist approached us and asked us, "Where are you going?" Her husband was a UN official. He had broken his leg and was sitting in the car and wanted her to see Israel. As we walked up the hill all the students were sitting on rocks and listening to our guide. When she saw them she said, "Who are these beautiful people? I've never seen so many beautiful people in all of my life." We were pleased to give her a little background of those hundred exemplary Mormon students.

16.5 The Garden Tomb

Among the many, many historical traditional sites we visited, the Garden Tomb was certainly one of the most important. It was here that the Savior, following his crucifixion and death, was placed in a tomb. A large and heavy boulder shaped like a wheel was put in place to prevent any of the so-called Christians and disciples of Christ from removing the Savior's body from the tomb. The burial site was provided by a prominent member of the Sanhedrin. The removal following the three days of internment was clear evidence of the resurrection of the Savior.

In the early month of 1972, President Harold B. Lee visited Israel including the Garden Tomb. While there President Lee felt impressed to declare and confirm the fact that this was in very fact the site and tomb of the Savior.

16.6 Elder LeGrand Richards and the Jordan River

Afton and I had the great privilege of spending a few days with Elder LeGrand Richards in Israel. It was a joy to spend time with him as we visited different traditional sites involving the life and mission of the Savior.

During our visit to the Jordan River, Elder LeGrand Richards, upon seeing the river, hurried down a steep slope and walked into the edges of the water. We remember vividly his reaching down and cupping some water in his hands and touching his face with this sacred water from the Jordan River. It was in the Jordan River where the Savior was baptized by John the Baptist.

On another occasion it was our privilege also to be present when some of our members, the children of those residing in Jerusalem, were baptized in the Jordan River.

16.7 Masada

Near the Dead Sea in a high mountain area is the Masada. The Masada is a place where Christians took refuge from the enemies that were attempting to destroy them. The Masada village was on a high mountain. As tourists we had the choice of either climbing up to the Masada or taking a cable car that would get the older people up to the village. Most of our students chose to walk, as did Afton and I. I chose to walk up and take the cable car

down. At that time I was giving a lot of prayerful thought to the gifts of the spirit. Doctrinally and scripturally the Lord counsels and commands us to cultivate and seek gifts of the spirit. Gifts of the spirit, once acquired, make it possible for traits and attributes of Godliness to become part of our life. Section 46 and Corinthians II identify some of these conditionally available gifts. Some of them are basic known gifts of the spirit—faith, hope and charity. There are many others and as members of the Church we are urged and counseled to cultivate and acquire these gifts. These gifts of the spirit make it possible for us to cultivate and acquire attributes of godliness such as faith hope and charity and others. President Lorenzo Snow said “Godliness cannot be conferred it must be acquired.”

At that point in my spiritual life I was pondering and attempting to identify some of the spiritual gifts I should be seeking and cultivating. Walking up the Masada there came clearly to my mind five such gifts. Since that time I often ponder and pray for these gifts. Since those initial five I have added many others but it was while we were going up to the Masada that I came to have a deeper love and regard and desire for these gifts of the spirit which lead us into the acquisition of these character traits.

16.8 Mount Sinai

Among the many historical sites in the Middle East is Mount Sinai. Mount Sinai is where the Lord wrote with his finger the ten commandments. In our visits to many traditional sites we often slept on the hillside in our sleeping bags. On this occasion it was necessary to sleep on a hillside and also to rise very early at 2:00 am in the morning in order to be at the top of Mount Sinai when the sun rose. On our bus we unfortunately were given some highly polluted water which left a number of our people sick, including Afton and myself.

During our six months in Israel this was the only time I was so ill that I couldn't participate in the scheduled activity which was to climb Mount Sinai. There were several students in addition to myself who were unable to climb Mount Sinai. For several of them it was necessary they be hospitalized. Fortunately there was an Arab hospital at the base of Mount Sinai. A resident doctor and Arab took unusual care of our students. Later in the day when the others came down from Mount Sinai our director, Brother Galbraith, visited the hospital to inquire about the health status of our students. I was happy to let our director know and meet the doctor who gave such excellent care to our students.

Brother Galbraith told me to find out the cost incurred and they would issue a check to this doctor. Upon getting this information and receiving the check I went to the doctor to give it to him. He would not take the check.

He said, "I've never been able to administer health practice and care to such outstanding young people. Please accept it as a gift from me." He would not take the check notwithstanding our efforts to persuade him to accept the money. I was carrying with me a very much appreciated costly pair of binoculars that I had brought with me from the United States. Before leaving I went to this doctor and insisted that he take my binoculars as a gift. Once again he was resisting, yet I was more persistent than he was and he finally took the binoculars whereupon there was some real emotion present in his heart and my heart. He thanked me very profusely for the binoculars. Those binoculars were not available in his country at least in terms of the quality of the binoculars.

16.9 The Winter Storm in Jerusalem

Normally the weather is very mild, sometimes very hot and dry. On occasion snow and winter does overtake parts of Israel. Such a storm did occur while we were there. All of us lived in the kibbutz which provided a dining room for our daily meals. With the heavy snow they were stranded for they didn't know how to drive in the snow and were not able to get into town to buy food. Unlike Mormons they had little or no storage.

Several of the students under the leadership of our son Ron got together and got permission to go into the kitchen to cook breakfast. Ron got a recipe from Afton for hot cakes. We used all the eggs, sugar, milk, and flour they had to prepare the breakfast. With the hot cakes they served syrup made by adding sugar and water to strawberry jam. The other guests that were staying at the kibbutz joined us for breakfast. A difficult situation was changed to a great opportunity and lots of fun.

Some of the students walked about a mile to a little store and bought all the candles they had—it was enough for a candle in each room to provide light and heat. We were able to help them get into the city and purchase enough food to see us through this several day storm

You can be assured many of us shared with our many friends in the kibbutz that we as Mormons have long since learned to store food and clothing to prepare for a time such as we faced there in Israel. All of our people in the dining room were very grateful for the help and assistance we

provided them. Hilary, the manager, said, “I’m going to visit you in Utah to see if you have food on hand.”

17

Retirement Years 1981-199

17.1 The Golden Years

During the years of our mission call to the South West Indian Mission it was our privilege to experiment with senior retired couples to work on Indian reservations. The husband would be able to teach the American Indians some of the skills of wisely utilizing their ground for gardens and other appropriate crops. While the husband worked with the men, the wife worked with the Indian women in home skills. We affectionately referred to those couples as our “golden couples.” At one time we had up to twenty-six couples. By and large their service was very productive and helpful for our missionary cause. It also proved that senior missionaries should have a very important part in our worldwide missionary labors. A few years later it is now common for senior couples to serve worldwide. Couples are in great demand in virtually every mission in the world. They serve in a variety of situations—office help, proselyting, and in reactivation. In each of those areas they are contributing very significantly.

For me personally, I looked forward with dread and anxiety to my retirement. At BYU at that time once a faculty member or an employee reached the age of sixty-five there was a mandatory retirement. They have since modified it somewhat, making it possible for faculty to teach part-time or full-time up to seventy years of age. I personally was determined not to fall into the trap of conventional retirement. My resolves and hopes and dreams to keep productive and busy have made it possible for my retirement years—now approaching sixteen years—to be not only productive, but very happy years.

In some respects these retirement years have matched or exceeded the

peace and joy of my years prior to retirement. On occasion when the retirement matter came up I would let people know that I'm an "un-retired retiree." Or in the words of Elder S. Dilworth Young of the First Quorum of Seventy said his retirement years were "just a retreading." I did not want to be like the retiree of whom it was said, "He died at seventy, but waited to be buried until he was eighty-five."

Many of our family will remember a lovely elderly sister in our ward, Sister Snow, who on occasion with share with her friends, "In my retirement over the years I have silver in my hair, gold in my teeth and lead in my pants." In a recent General Conference President Hinckley, now eighty-six, made the following statement, "The senior years are laced with lead!"

When Elder Jacob de Jager of the First Quorum of Seventy was given emeritus status he was invited to give his final message in conference. Among other things he said the following: "Those who know me are aware of the fact that I always maintain a cheerful disposition.

I want to share with you some positive ideas.

1. Learn to love the calling you have in the Church. You can learn to love it so much it becomes invigorating.
2. Learn to be satisfied. It is just as easy as being dissatisfied and much more pleasant.
3. Learn to accept adversity. No matter who you are or where you serve you are going to have some, but do not fear the winds of adversity. Remember a kite rises against the wind rather than with it.
4. Get in the habit of saying pleasant things rather than making negative remarks.
5. Live the present moment to the hilt. Do not live in the past or in the future. Success is a journey not a destination.
6. Live in honor of the covenants you made at the time of your baptism and in the temple.
7. When you have reached the age of seventy you must resist the urge to straighten out everybody's affairs and admit occasionally that you might have been mistaken."

Elder De Jager then adds, "Not long ago I had the privilege of attending a mission president's seminar in San Francisco with Elder David B. Haight of the Council of Twelve. He shared with us some thoughts from an unknown

author about growing old. “Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old by deserting their ideals, their faith. There’s always the love of a wonder, a childlike appetite for what is next and the joy of their life. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubts, as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear for despair. In a center of our heart is a recording chamber and so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage and faith so long are we young.”

For Mom and me our retirement years have been full of many things to do, so much so that we occasionally wonder when things are going to slow down to the point where we can enjoy some days and times without a multitude of things to do, but in our heart of hearts we prefer the latter. Because of our large family and thus many grandchildren, we never lack for a lot of happy family interaction and involvement. In addition to family involvement, which has always been a priority for us, Afton and I enjoy church service calls that we treasure and deeply appreciate. For some six or seven years now I have taught the Gospel Doctrine class. For fifteen years I have been a sealer in the Provo Temple, normally serving two days a week. In addition to that our Afton and I enjoy our home teaching and visiting teaching. All in all life continues to be very busy and very rewarding.

17.2 Part-time Teaching–BYU

After a few months with no assigned teaching at BYU I was invited to teach as a part-time faculty member. I thought at that time this would only be an occasional opportunity, but it turned out to be something that was available to me each semester for several years.

When I was approaching eighty I determined that I should step down from teaching responsibilities. Because of my age they had every justification to call me in and suggest I terminate my teaching schedule. After prayerful consideration and counsel with my dear wife, we determined that I would initiate the matter of retiring.

It was only a few months after my formal retirement from BYU that I learned that I had prostate cancer.

17.3 Another Call to Serve in the Missionary Training Center

Following our return from the South West Indian New Mexico Arizona Mission we have recorded in our personal history the invitation from President

Max L. Pinegar to serve, initially as a branch president, following which I became a first counselor. Reference to this appears elsewhere in my personal history. Following President Pinegar it was my privilege also to serve a few months with President Joe Christensen, who now serves in the First Quorum of Seventy. My time with him was cut short because of our call to serve as one of the Directors in a semester abroad.

Serving in the presidency with these two great men was strictly a church service call. Only two or three years into my retirement I received a call from a long time personal friend whom I have known happily and intimately through our many years with the Indian education program. In President George Durrant's call to me he inquired if I would be willing to consider serving in some position at the Missionary Training Center. I told him I had served there under two previous presidents, but I had never turned down any church service call, so any formal church service call would be accepted. He then informed me that I may be getting a call from a General Authority.

A couple of days later I was called and asked to visit with Elder Robert B. Harbertson, a member of the Seventy. After some inquiry about our health and family and availability, Elder Harbertson then extended a full-time mission call for both Afton and me. This was to be effective immediately to serve at the MTC. I would be a counselor to President George D. Durrant, a man I have known happily and intimately for many years.

Every church service call had its own peculiar and powerful rewards and blessings. In some respects serving the Lord in calls at the Missionary Training Center would be second only to service in the temple. In a faculty meeting many years ago, Dallin Oaks who was President of BYU, shared with faculty members his practice and procedure of entertaining guests and special people who came to BYU. Following each visit with different people who came for different purposes, he would walk the person over to a window that overlooked the Provo Temple and the Missionary Training Center. He then shared with them the nature of the work and program that went on at BYU and then a glimpse of some of the things that took place in the Provo Temple—one of which would be the temple sealing of a husband and wife. Then he would point out the MTC and let them know of the purpose and function of that cluster of buildings. He then referred to those three important center—BYU, Missionary Training Center and the Provo Temple—as a “Celestial Triad.” I have profound respect and love for BYU, the Provo Temple and the Missionary Training Center.

At the time of the call to serve with President Durrant, Afton had been serving two years as Relief Society President; I was the High Priest Group

Leader. It was necessary, of course, for us to be released from those callings and devote our full time to the MTC, which we readily and happily did. Our years there are full to the brim with wonderful memories.

At this point in time we were living in our dream home on Fir Circle. Because of our full time demanding mission call at the MTC, we were not able to maintain the yard and other matters in connection with the home. Another complication was the fact that living in our wonderful Fir Circle home and being full-time missionaries wasn't always appreciated and made aware of with our many friends. After long discussions we finally determined we would lease or sell the home. This was a very difficult decision, especially for Afton. When we did make the move and purchased our present Rock Canyon Condominium, Afton refused to drive by our family home. I believe it was at least two years before she would let me drive into Fir Circle and recall some wonderful memories of our family home.

If space and time would permit we could share many, many treasured experiences. Among the many, many precious, happy labors were our morning devotionals and our Tuesday Devotional which was preceded by a dinner with a visiting General Authority assigned to speak for that evening, our love for literally thousands of missionaries, our close and warm relationship with President and Sister Durrant and President and Sister Ed Pinegar together with President and Sister Mangum (the other counselor), along with many branch presidents. All in all our time there has provided us with a limitless treasure of memories and experiences.

17.4 BYU Alumni and Emeritus Association

Another happy retirement activity involvement has been the opportunity for Afton and me to serve the BYU Alumni Board. My first call and assignment was to serve as the Director and President of the Class of 1942 for their fiftieth reunion. The committee consisted of many members of that class, including George R. Hill who was then serving as a member of the Second Quorum of Seventy. During our senior year I was student body president and George Hill was the senior class president.

After a few months of weekly meetings and preparation, the full day's activity finally arrived. It was a huge success. We were able to renew friendships that first began in our years at BYU in the early forties.

The final and culminating event was a large banquet and dinner which included an impressive entertainment program featuring a number of our class members. We have a video tape that covers all of the events of that

evening.

A few weeks after that Class of 1942 Reunion, I was invited to serve as a board member, which normally runs for three years. For the following three years Afton and I enjoyed many Alumni and Emeriti activities. At the end of my third year I was given a very impressive plaque which in part reads, "Citation in grateful recognition to Paul E. Felt for devoted service to Brigham Young University as a board member of the Emeritus Alumni Association." After that award and that release, Afton was then invited to be a board member of her class. She is now serving in her third year. Through her years we once again have been involved in many wonderful Emeriti associations and activities.

Each year the Alumni and Emeriti Association and Board identify ten outstanding people for what they have called "a special recognition award." During my time on the board and during Afton's time on the board a number of names have been submitted and each year ten are selected. Even though I have been a part of that process several times, it never occurred to me that I would ever be one of the nominees for one of these awards. In one of our meetings that I attended with Afton, who then was serving as she is now as a member of the board, they read the names for the recipients for the current year. Included in the list was my name—I was totally surprised and shocked.

In connection with this matter let me share my journal entry, "This whole thing came as a total surprise to me. Since it did come as a surprise it occurred to me that over the years all of my church service calls that have come to me have been a surprise. On occasion I must confess there was some modest coveting and hoping that I might be called to a certain position, but in each case it never happened. My church service calls and this Emeritus Award came as a complete surprise, so much so that I wondered if I really qualified, I wondered if I really earned this award. In thinking about it a warm feeling and the Spirit of the Lord came over me assuring me it was not a mistake. At that point I became more comfortable in justifying this recognition. As I ponder this I'm so appreciative of this confirmation of the Spirit. Another thought came clearly to my mind, my dear wife who will likely never have a recognition of this nature, in her own way has given more service and done more good and lifted and helped more people—especially our immediate family and grandchildren and great grandchildren. Never a day goes by but what she is not busily and happily engaged and involved and reaching out to somebody. I so appreciate this insight and impression the Lord gave me with regard to her. Living with her, as I have for fifty-four years, I have known this but haven't come to terms in connection with my

recognition. It makes it more meaningful for me. While she may not be recognized with tangible awards and other means, nonetheless the Lord is very much aware of the great good that she has done all of her life.”

As I dictate this entry in my personal history my wife now is spending time with a retarded girl—Vaun Bower. Each week she spends hours with this girl and her mother in an effort to help and aid and assist her. She has made remarkable progress with this girl and with her mother. They are now doing one of their favorite things, which is to visit Deseret Industries. Every day, all day, Afton is involved in some compassionate service and help to someone.

17.5 My Obsession With Cars

All my life I’ve had a love affair with cars. When I was about nine or ten years old my father invited me to come with him to purchase our first new car—a black Model T. As a teenager my use of the car depended on my behavior. Needless to say my behavior was very good because I wanted to get the car as often as I could. If I couldn’t get the car, then the bishop’s son—Charlie Perschon—could get a car from his father, a beautiful black Buick.

Since then I have kept up my fascination with cars. During our first married years in Logan, when my salary was \$1,900 a year, I purchased a brand new Hudson car. The following year I turned that in on another Hudson.

While I was serving as Director of Indian Affairs, I learned of the Mercedes Diesel passenger car. I found one through a classified ad and purchased it. After we’d put about 100,000 miles on it, I purchased my first new Mercedes. The Manager of one of the local banks called and said, “Paul, a Mercedes dealership is being closed down. You can purchase any car on the lot for \$10 over cost.” That was my first of many, many Mercedes. One of our daughters, Kathleen, has the nickname “Mercedes.” My annual mileage for the university was 50,000 to 75,000 miles a year so we didn’t want to drive it.

When I became Mission President I was informed that Mission Presidents get a new car every year. I protested because I was going to be presiding over the Southwest Indian Mission where the roads were very bad. I told them the new car they gave me wouldn’t last six months. Sure enough, a few months later I called Elder Benson and told him of my dilemma. He said, “We can’t give our mission presidents Mercedes cars. I’ll take this to the

Finance Committee. President Kimball is the chairman of that committee. He'll scrutinize this very carefully." A few days later I got a call back saying "We've approved your authorization for a Mercedes with the understanding that you buy the car." I agreed to that because they gave me eleven cents a mile, I was getting thirty to thirty-five miles a gallon, so I made money. I had a new Mercedes each year for three years and upon coming home I went down to get a brand new Mercedes.

Today I've lost all desire for a Mercedes car. President Benson gave a great talk on pride and I seem to feel that driving a Mercedes was more a label than anything else. So my love affair with Mercedes is long since buried.

17.6 U.S.S. Silverbell Reunions

We have been to two reunions of those men still living that served aboard the U.S.S. Silverbell in the Philippines. Afton and I have looked forward to these annual reunions. The chairman for this reunion came up to me just before a dinner and said, "Mr. Felt, I haven't had time to prepare my prayer. Would you give the prayer?" So, I stood up and gave a simple Mormon prayer. Whereupon everyone in the congregation began to clap.

17.7 Growing Older

Mom and I are now in our senior years—I am in my senior-senior years, I'm seven years older than her. Recently we were able to discover what Elder Hugh B. Brown said about the older years.

"Lord, Thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older, and will someday be old. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking that I must say something on every subject on every occasion. Release me from trying to straighten out everybody's affairs. Make me thoughtful, but not moody; helpful, but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom it seems a pity not to use it, but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends left at the end. Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details, and give me wings to get to the point. Seal my lips on my aches and pains, but help me to endure them with patience. I do not ask for improved memory, but for growing humility and a lessening cocksureness when my memory seems to clash with the memories of others. And teach me, O Lord, the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be mistaken. Keep my reasonably sweet. I do not want to be a saint, some of them are too hard to live with, but a

sour old person is the crowning work of the devil. Give me the ability to see good things in unexpected places, and talents in unexpected people, and give me the grace to tell them so.”

17.8 A Wonderful Life

I treasure very deeply every opportunity for some church service call. Serving either church members or people at large brings great, great joy to one’s heart. There is no greater happiness than rendering service, either to members or non-members. Active and involved membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints makes it possible for all of us to enjoy a wonderful life.

17.9 Our Financial Investments

Following World War II we moved to Logan. We moved into an apartment, then located a contractor and a builder and to build a nice home for us. The annual salary at that time was less than \$2,000. Our payment on the new home was \$75 a month. We also purchased a new Hudson car, which was a popular car back in those days. In order to meet all of our bills I sold Electrolux vacuums and WearEver pans and utensils.

All of our life we have made a commitment to ourselves and the Lord that we would pay a full tithing and a generous fast offering. This we have done over the years. Because our income over the last many years comes from different sources it isn’t always easy to determine what tithing should be. So what I have chosen to do is ponder the matter and then ask the Lord what the tithing should be. I write down three or four numbers and always I would arrive at one of them.

Many years ago President Kimball urged our people not only to pay the fast offering of a few meals, but to multiply ten times more. This we have done and always when our tithing has been honestly paid and a generous fast offering has been paid, we have never lacked for financial means.

Someone has said “Like father like son” has certainly carried over with several of our sons who have invested wisely and have acquired many, many properties, not only statewide but nationwide. Our youngest son Tom has acquired the most property and the most wealth, but he, like us, is very generous in giving with the means he has. He has contributed significant amounts of money to the Church and in so doing he has listed it with the Church as follows “Paul and Afton Felt Humanitarian Fund.”

17.10 Attending the Temple

Through the many years of our marriage Afton and I have always made it a point to attend temples. On a few occasions we have had to travel some distance, but for the most part they have been very close to us. Presently President Hinckley is promoting a program of what he calls mini temples so that temples will be available to people wherever they may live. Temples and temple attendance are certainly one of the high priorities for not only Afton and I, but also our entire family. As we conclude each family reunion we have made it a point to take the whole family to a sealing session. Now that we have Hobbie Creek it will be very convenient for us to make sure that we have the family in a sealing session. As our large family walked in to the temple for our own sealing sessions, which I am able to perform, it is always a great joy for us and an interesting thing for many of the temple ordinance workers to observe. .

Some years ago President Kimball made this quote with reference to the importance of temples, “Some of us have had occasion to wait for someone or something for a minute, an hour, a day, a week, or even a year. Can you imagine how our progenitors must feel, some of whom have perhaps been waiting for decades and even centuries for the temple work to be done.” The name of the article for this quote is “The things of Eternity—Dangling in Jeopardy.”

17.11 Athletics

Over the years, athletics, especially football and basketball, have been a priority. We love BYU. We love BYU blue colors. The BYU athletic programs, including the major one such as football and basketball have always been great competitors in the WAC Conference and also nationally. A few years ago the BYU football team won the national number one victory. [indexbioBYU!Sports](#)

When Elder Jeffrey R. Holland of the Quorum of Twelve was the Dean of the College of Religion back in 1974 he said in a faculty meeting, “Football is not a life and death situation, it is infinitely more important.” When they were building the Marriott Center they invited the community and others for contributions. I lined up at 4:00 am to make my donation of \$1,000 and also to get lifetime tickets for football and basketball. Our basketball seats are on the front row and our football seats are on the 40th to 50th yard line. We share the tickets with family. Because of our age we seldom go to these

games now and thus are able to give them to family and neighbors.

17.12 Living Will and Trust

Since our marriage I have always had some living will and trust. It has been a number of years since we have updated it so presently we are seeking some help to update our whole will and trust. One of the items in our living will and trust is a clear statement regarding the fact that when our health reaches a point where we would have to live out our lives in deep pain and stress, we authorize our family and doctors to take us off the survival life support systems and let us hopefully pass away peacefully.

17.13 Hip Hip Hooray–Hallelujah

It was over a year ago that our contractor began our Hobble Creek home. We have made some futile efforts and pleas for the contractor to move faster on this project. Recently our son Tom has assured us that he has a firm commitment date from the contractor that the home will be finished in a few weeks. Our annual family reunions and our other get-togethers like Christmas and Easter and birthdays will all be held up at Hobble Creek.

Hobble Creek will also be available for family who come to visit and normally would stay in our home, but because of Hobble Creek they will be able to go there.



Figure 17.1: Paul and Afton at Hobble Creek



Figure 17.2: “Our Hobble Creek Haven Home” We built this home to gather our family in.

18

The Temple–House of the Lord 1982-1997

18.1 Three Love Affairs

All my life temples have come to mean a great deal to me. Throughout my childhood and youth my father and mother made it a point to visit the temple grounds, which were only eight-and-half blocks from where we resided. Because of my love and reverence for temples, I have on occasion facetiously said, “In my lifetime I’ve had three love affairs—first, temples; secondly, BYU and third, my love affair with my eternal companion.”

Since our marriage Afton and I have made it a point to serve and visit temples wherever we’ve lived. Among the many places we have lived, temples have not always been conveniently available, but in those circumstances we have made it a point to drive to the nearest temple at least once a month. Where a temple was in our immediate area, we have served and attended the temple weekly.

18.2 A Call From President A. Theodore Tuttle

Since living in Provo, Afton and I have made it a point to attend and serve in the Provo Temple. In the Spring of 1982, a long time personal friend and associate—President A. Theodore Tuttle, a member of the First Council of Seventy—called me to meet him in his office at the Provo Temple. Upon my arrival and memorable visit with President Tuttle, he informed me that I had been cleared by the Brethren to serve as a sealer in the Provo Temple. President Tuttle made an appointment with President Nathan Eldon Tanner

to set me apart. Normally, the President of the Church who possesses all of the keys personally sets apart temple sealers. President Kimball at the time was President, but because of health infirmities he delegated this assignment to a member of the First Presidency, which for me was President Nathan Eldon Tanner.

Having President Tanner set me apart was a special privilege because of our association with him in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, where he was our branch president when I was the Director of the LDS Institute at the University of Alberta. Prior to setting me apart, we discussed at some length the great experiences we enjoyed with President Tanner in Edmonton.

In the setting apart blessing, among other things, he assured me that I would come to a deep appreciation for the sacred ordinances given only in temples. During my fifteen years as a sealer in the Provo Temple, my love and appreciation for sacred temple ordinances has become a deep love for this sacred service.

Shortly after my labors in the temple began, I came across two quotes that I want to be a part of this segment of my personal history. The first quote, "Take not your calling lightly. We have been identified, recognized and selected and set apart by the one authority on earth designated to perform that calling, and charged to be the voice of the Lord in sealing upon families the opportunities of inheriting all the blessings of the everlasting covenant."

Among the many church service calls that have come to me over the years, none is more appreciated and loved than my calling as a sealer.

Permit me to share another quote, "The sealing power represents the transcendent delegation of spiritual authority from God to man. The keeper of that sealing is the Lord's chief representative upon the earth. That is the position of constant trust and authority." Another paragraph from that quote reads, "Much of the teaching relating to the deeper spiritual things in the Church, particularly in the temple, is symbolic. We use the word 'keys' in a symbolic way. Here the keys of the priesthood authority represent the limits of the power extended from beyond the veil to mortal man to act in the name of God upon the earth. The words 'seal' and 'keys' and 'priesthood' are closely linked together."

Since my call as a sealer it has been my cherished privilege to perform husband and wife sealings for the following family members: Larry and Deanne; Sam and Jessie; Tammy and Kirk; and Tom and Stephanie. In addition to those family husband and wife sealings, I have also performed husband and wife sealings for many of our grandchildren. I look forward to performing husband and wife sealings for all of our grandchildren until such

time as the Lord sees fit to take me home.

18.3 President Hinckley and Temples

Among the fifty temples now operating in the Church, President Hinckley has dedicated twenty-four. The last temple dedication for President Hinckley was in St. Louis, Missouri.

While President Hinckley was visiting the temple in Hawaii he related two experiences that he shared in the temple with all the temple workers and invited guests. The President of the temple at that time was President D. Arthur Haycock who had served as a personal secretary to five presidents.

President Hinckley told of an incident that happened in his office four years ago when he was told there was a woman that was very anxious to see him. He invited this elderly woman into his office and asked what he could do for her. She said, "I just came from the temple and I've come to the realization that I'm not giving enough of my time and means. I need to give more." She reached into her purse and handed a check to President Hinckley in the sum of \$5,000.

He said, "As I looked at that check I recognized the address and knew that she lived in a rundown part of town. I could see that she was a widow. She was a faithful tithe payer and did not have much means." She stated to President Hinckley that she had entered into covenant in the holy house of the Lord to consecrate all of her time, energies and money to the work of the Lord and to the building up of the Kingdom of God. She didn't feel she was doing enough.

President Hinckley continued, "She left and I returned to my desk, picked up the check and as I looked at that check and realized the great sacrifice it represented, I have to admit that tears ran down my cheeks as I thought of this sweet sister."

In the Hawaiian temple that day he also related another moving experience concerning a single sister who was bearing her testimony. She appeared to be about thirty-five years of age with seven children. Her husband just walked out one day and they had not seen him since. No money was coming from him. This was a great trial and struggle for her.

She related that one evening in her life when she was returning to her home after dark from a neighbor's house. She could see inside the lights blazing and the turmoil that often happens with young children. She stopped and looked up and said to her Heavenly Father, "Please, please, I cannot face this, I cannot continue like this. Won't you please let me come and be

with you just for the night so that I can have my strength renewed? Then I can look at my situation in the morning light.” She said as clearly as anything she heard in her mind the voice of the Lord “No, my daughter you cannot come to see me, because if you did you would not return to earth and your responsibilities. Though you cannot come to me, but I can come to you.”

18.4 Finding a Baby in a Dumpster

The bulk of a sealer’s time is devoted to the sealings involving the deceased. On occasion it is our privilege to perform live husband and wife sealings. Among the many special, sweet experiences of these live husband and wife sealings I share one such moving incident.

Prior to the sealing the sealer spends some private time with the husband and wife. In the course of our visit I learned that in addition to the husband and wife sealing, there would be the sealing of a child. Following the sealing the family and special friends and visitors greet and congratulate the people who have been sealed. The father told me that the child they were adopting and had now been sealed to them had been found in a dumpster. Adoption of children is not an easy process. When they learned of this child discarded in a dumpster they went through the legal process of adopting him. Following the husband and wife sealing, the child is then brought in by temple workers. Each child seems to have a special spirit and glow about them. This one was very unusual. Often the children cry and have to be given some special love and attention. With this child, less than a year old, there was a special look about him and he was always smiling and responding to any gesture or loving words that were said to him.

18.5 Time is the Coin of Life

Many years ago in a BYU forum, a prominent author and poet—Carl Sandberg—gave a quote that impressed me deeply. I was able to obtain it and have memorized verbatim. His quote to the large student body at BYU was “Time is the coin of life. It is the only coin you have and only you can determine how it will be spent. Be careful lest you let others spend it for you.”

I share this quote to encourage all people, especially our immediate family, that they take time to regularly attend temples.

Jay Jensen—a dear friend of mine who now serves in the First Quorum of Seventy was director of instruction at the MTC while Mom and I served under different presidents of the MTC. Often I would be in his office on MTC matters and I noticed a framed picture with this quote, “When your priorities are out of order you lose power.” I have learned over the years there is no better place to get your priorities in order than serving in the temple.

18.6 Temple Quotes

In addition to those already shared in this segment of my personal history, let me include some other special quotes.

In a General Conference President Hinckley talked about temples, which quote was sent to all the temples of the Church with instructions for the sealers to share this occasionally in their sealing sessions. President Hinckley said: “I want to commend those of our people who give so willingly of their time in attending to the sacred work within the temples of the Lord. In temple work is found the very essence of selfless service. In my judgment, one of the miracles of our day is the great consecration of time and effort on the part of hundreds of thousands of busy people in behalf of the dead. Those who are engaged in the service know that out of it all comes a sweet and satisfying feeling. This sweet blessing of the Spirit becomes literally a medicine to cure many of the ailments in our lives. From such experiences, we come to realize that only when we serve others do we truly serve the Lord.”

The Savior said in our dispensation, “Verily, I say. Men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many righteous things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness.” And then he added these significant words, “For the power is in them.” (D&C 58:278) The power is in us, in each of us—the power to do significant acts of service—on our own initiative if we become anxiously engaged.” (Gordon B. Hinckley)

President Ezra Taft Benson said: “Sometimes in the peace of these lovely temples the serious problems of life find their solution. At times pure knowledge flows to us there under the influence of the spirit.”

Elder Boyd K. Packer: “It is a good place to take our cares. In the temple we can receive spiritual perspective. There during the time of the temple service we are out of the world. There is something cleansing and clarifying about the spiritual atmosphere of temples. Sometimes our minds are so beset with problems and there are so many things crying for attention

at once that we just cannot think clearly and see clearly. At the temple the dust of distraction seems to settle out, the fog and the haze seem to lift and we can see things that we were not able to see before and find a way through our troubles that we had not previously known.”

“No work is of more protection to this Church than temple work and the genealogical research which supports it. No work is more spiritually refining. No work we do gives us more power. No work requires a higher standard of righteousness. Our labors in the temple cover us with a shield and a protection, both individually and as a temple.”

“The temple is not like a China doll to placed on a shelf. The Lord wants it to be well used.” (Thomas S. Monson)

“We are dedicating a monument to the resurrection and the exaltation of the human family. If the outside world knew about what was happening here, cars would stop, planes would not take off, and people would gather in to see what the Lord hath wrought.”

“In the temple as in no other edifice in the world we come into the presence of the Lord. Therefore, in person, in dress, in attitude, be prepared to meet him.” (President Spencer W. Kimball)

“Take not your calling lightly. We have been identified, recognized and selected, and set apart by the one authority on earth designated to perform that calling, and charge to be the “Voice of the Lord,” in sealing upon families the opportunities of inheriting all the blessings of the Everlasting Covenant.”

“The temple ceremony will not be understood at first experience. It will be partly understood. Return again and again and again. Return to learn. Things that have troubled you or things that have been puzzling or things that have been mysterious will become known to you. Many of them will be the quiet, personal things that you really cannot explain to anyone else. But to you they are things known.” (BHP)

“The sealing power represents the transcended delegation of spiritual authority from God to man. The keeper of that sealing is the Lord’s chief representative upon the earth. That is the position of constant trust and authority.

Much of the teaching relating to the deeper spiritual things in the Church, particularly in the temple, is symbolic. We use the words “keys” in a symbolic way. Here the keys of the Priesthood authority represent the limits of the power extended from beyond the veil to mortal man to act in the name of God upon the earth. The “seal” and “keys” and “Priesthood” are closely linked together.”

“No work is more of a protection to this Church than temple work and

genealogical research which supports it. No work is more spiritually refining. No work we do gives us more power. No work requires a higher standard of righteousness. Our labors in the temple cover us with a shield and protection, both individually and as a people.” (Boyd K. Packer)

“I cannot close this chapter in this book without bearing you my testimony concerning temple work and the genealogical work associated with it. I know as surely as I know that the work relating to the temples is true. I know it was revealed from beyond the veil. I know that revelation continues. I know also that revelation may come to each member of the Church individually concerning temple work. It has been my privilege to work very closely with the First Presidency of the Church in preparation in the announcement of small temples. My part, however meager, however insignificant, I regard it with a greater depth of reverence and a deeper feeling of gratitude than any assignment in my ministry. Once again ponder these verses: Brethren shall we not go on in so great a cause? Go forward and not backward. (For the continuation of that quote check D&C 128:224) Come to the Temple. Come and claim your blessings. It is a sacred work. Of this I give my witness.” (Boyd K. Packer)

Follow celestial road signs in the telestial traffic jam. (Neil A. Maxwell)

Temple work is also missionary work. (President Benson and President Kimball)

Every temple diminishes the power of Satan and increases the power of God. (James E. Faust, dedication of the temple at Lima, Peru)

19

Missionary Training Center 1974-1989

19.1 A Call From President Max L. Pinegar

I have known Max Pinegar for many years. My first contact with him occurred while he was serving as student body president at the BYU while I was serving as Coordinator of Student Affairs. I came to love and respect him deeply. Later it was our privilege, along with many others to be called as Mission Presidents in 1971. Max Pinegar is a twin. He and his brother Rex D. Pinegar, who later was called to the First Quorum of Seventy, were called as mission presidents along with myself and many others. In our mission president's seminar, the General Authority conducting one of the early meetings introduced each of us.

My next contact with President Pinegar came following our mission. In the late summer of 1974. A few weeks prior to the completion of his mission in Holland, President Pinegar received a call from President extending a call for him to preside over what was then called the Language Training Mission. All missionaries who were called to a mission where they had to learn a new language were assigned to the Language Training Mission and those going to an English-speaking mission would go for their orientation to the Missionary Training Center in an elementary school purchased by the Church Office building in downtown Salt Lake.

In our first year serving with President Pinegar the two missions—Language Training and English speaking were combined into one mission—the Missionary Training Center. A few months after our release as mission president, President Pinegar called me in and extended a call to be one of eight branch

presidents. Upon receiving this call to serve as branch president, it never occurred to me that this call would extend over a period of nine-and-half years serving in the Missionary Training Center.

After a few months serving as branch president I was then extended a call to serve as first counselor to President Max L. Pinegar. Joe J. Christensen, who I believe then was President of Ricks College, succeeded President Pinegar, and he invited me to continue to serve as his first counselor. He was succeeded by President George D. Durrant with whom I also served, following which President Ed Pinegar became president and he also invited me to remain with him as first counselor.

Our call to serve with President Max L. Pinegar and President Joe J. Christensen was a church service call. When I was called to serve with President George Durrant it became a full-time mission call for both Afton and me. All in all we served a total of nine-and-a-half years. The latter few years, which included Afton, were with both of us serving as full-time missionaries.

19.2 Angels Round About to Bear You Up

We learned early in our service that the Missionary Training Center was much like the atmosphere and spirit of serving in the temple. Much of the time that I was serving in the MTC, I was also able to continue as a sealer in the Provo Temple. In both the temple and in the MTC we often felt the nearness of the spirit of the Lord and on occasion the presence of angelic beings. The support for this is as follows, D&C 84:88 “And whoso receiveth you, there I will be also, for I will go before your face. I will be on your right hand and on your left, and my Spirit shall be in your hearts, and mine angels round about you, to bear you up.”

19.3 Pressure Cooker

On occasion when President Pinegar would address the newly arrived missionaries he would refer to the MTC as a “pressure cooker.” Following which he would tell them, “And you’d better come out well done!” Over the years I have experienced many intensive, demanding, academic learning situations. Intense learning programs operating in the Missionary Training Center. One of my assistants in the Southwest Indian Mission under pure inspiration defined and described the missionary well. He said, “The hallmark of a Mormon missionary is pure testimony, skill with the discussions,

skill with the language, without which you are a carpenter without tools, you are a warrior without weapons, you are in the battle of life with sticks and stones.” The outcome of the training in the MTC for many years we were exposed and experienced and saw firsthand the miracle that took place with so many missionaries.

19.4 Devotionals

Among the many divine programs which were a part of the Training Center, was the weekly Devotional. Every Tuesday a General Authority spoke to all the missionaries. A General Authority, by virtue of his sacred call, speaks for the Lord and in the Missionary Training Center always gave powerful moving messages.

Each Tuesday, the Mission President together with his two counselors would wait in the foyer for the General Authority and his wife to appear. This experience at the Missionary Training Center was certainly a bit of heaven.

19.5 Official Declaration

One morning in the late summer of 1978 I received a call from President Pinegar while in my BYU office in the Joseph Smith Building. President Pinegar said something like this, “Paul, I’ve just had a call from Elder Packer of the Quorum of Twelve who asked me a very interesting and significant question—“How would you like to have black missionaries at the MTC?” He then told him to listen to the news which would come on at noon regarding a new position of the Church with regard to the Negro.

A couple of hours after that call, the news was released nationwide and to a good part of the world.

19.6 Calls and Releases

One of the unique and impressive characteristics of the only true and living church upon the face of the earth, namely the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, are the countless acts of service and volunteerism that cannot be matched anywhere else in the world. Over a lifetime every member of the Church enjoys an almost endless succession of calls and releases. I cherish the many church service calls that have been mine.

With each call one can look forward to a release. President Pinegar completed a four-and-a-half year mission call as President of the Missionary Training Center. He was followed by the call of Joe Christensen. Once again it was my great privilege to serve as a counselor to President Christensen.

During his tenure I came to better understand the great principle of opposition and hard work. I have never been in a learning situation where more is required and demanded than in training missionaries. The Lord said it so impressively in D&C 64:294 “Wherefore, as ye are agents, ye are on the Lord’s errand; and whatever ye do according to the will of the Lord is the Lord’s business. And he hath set you to provide for his saints in these last days, that they may obtain an inheritance in the land of Zion. And behold, I, the Lord, declare unto you, and my words are sure and shall not fail, that they shall obtain it. But all things must come to pass in their time. Wherefore, be not weary in well-doing, for ye are laying the foundation of a great work. And out of small things proceedeth that which is great. Behold, the Lord requireth the heart and a willing mind; and the willing and obedient shall eat the good of the land of Zion in these last days.”

19.7 Tell Me and I’ll Forget

When I was serving in the Presidency of Max L. Pinegar, his twin brother Rex Pinegar—a member of the First Quorum of Seventy—came to deliver our devotional message. Following the devotional he then convened the missionaries for some instruction on teaching. He gave an anonymous quote which went as follows: “Tell me and I’ll forget. Show me and I’ll remember. Involve me and I’ll understand.”

That deeply impressed me. I wrote it down and have used it many times. With that quote you can identify the true elements of effective teaching. I later added a fourth element—“Tell me and I’ll forget. Show me and I’ll remember. Involve me and I’ll understand. Testify and I will know.”

Any person who undertakes to teach or influence for good another person, should always bear in mind those four elements, especially the latter—testify. The true measure of the strength of any LDS person or for the membership of the Church for that matter is not the numbers; it’s the quality and depth of their faith and testimony. A person with great faith and testimony wields an influence for good that cannot be adequately measured.

Pure testimony comes when a person declares and testifies of the basic fundamental doctrines of the gospel, which includes: a testimony of the Savior, a testimony of a living prophet, a testimony of the Book of Mormon,

19.8. THE LORD REQUIRES TOTAL COMMITMENT AND TOTAL EFFORT SUSTAINED ALWAYS I

another testament of Christ. When one bears pure testimony the spirit bears witness to the hearer or the person who is being taught.

19.8 The Lord Requires Total Commitment and Total Effort Sustained Always in the Face of Opposition, Disappointment and Sometimes Despair

In my youthful mission in 1937 I learned a quote from Joseph Smith that I often recall and use, “Go in all meekness and sobriety and preach Jesus Christ and him crucified. Not to contend with others on account of their faith or systems of religion, but pursue a steady course. This I delivered by way of commandment and those who observe it not will fall down persecution upon their heads while those who observe it will always be filled with the Holy Ghost. This I pronounce as a prophecy.”

When we pay the price of work and commitment, the blessings do come. Membership and involvement in the Church together with church service calls enables us to cultivate and enjoy fellowship and friendship with some of the greatest people in the world.

19.9 George D. Durrant

One morning my dear friend George D. Durrant called and informally and casually inquired if I was available to serve with him in the MTC. He then informed me that he had received an unofficial call, which would later be confirmed, to serve as the mission president succeeding President Joe Bishop. A few hours later we were invited to meet with Elder Harbertson of the Quorum of Seventy. I was informed that this would be a call for both my wife and me in full-time service. Once again this call turned out to be highly rewarding for both of us.

The style of leadership for each new leader in whatever calling they have is unique to himself. President and Sister Durrant came aboard with some dramatic and very impressive leadership skills. We shall long remember and cherish our time with them.

Upon reporting for duty we soon learned that notwithstanding the many missionaries in the MTC President Durrant would know so many by name and later was able to talk in some fashion in the language they were learning. Sister Durrant, along with my dear wife, did some great service among the

lady missionaries, assisting them was Sister Jeanette Hales who now serves as the General Young Women's President. President Ed Pinegar's wife, with whom we served following President Durrant, is now serving as the General Primary President.

At one of our presidency meetings President Durrant shared with us the call that came to him to be the president from President Monson, who also set him apart. In the setting apart one of the blessings and promises that was given to President Durrant was that he would be able to wield a positive influence on every missionary who came to the Missionary Training Center. Serving with President Durrant for two years we came to see how that literally came to pass.

In a recent General Conference President Hinckley said, "I'm grateful for the testimony I have of the missionary program of this Church. As of this date we have more than 49,000 missionaries. They are blessing the lives of people wherever they go over the earth. They carry good tidings of peace and salvation to all who will listen. I thank the Lord for the spirit of this missionary work which dwells in the hearts and homes of our people throughout the world.

19.10 The Power of Missionary Work

In D&C the Lord says: "Wherefore I the Lord ask you this question, unto what were you ordained? To preach my gospel by the spirit, even the Comforter, which was sent forth to teach the truth. Then receiveth you spirits which you could not understand and receive them to be God. and in this are you justified? Behold you shall answer the question yourself. Nevertheless I will be merciful unto you. He that is weak among you, therefore, shall be strong . . . Therefore, why is it that you cannot understand and know that he that receiveth the word by the spirit of truth receiveth it as it is preached by the spirit of truth? Wherefore, he that preacheth and he that receiveth understand one another and both are edified and rejoice together."

I have given some counsel regarding contention and wish to include this quote: "Avoid contentions and vain disputes with men with corrupt minds who do not desire to know the truth. Remember that it is a day of warning and not of many of words. If they receive not your testimony one place, be to another, remembering to cast no reflections nor throw any bitter sayings. If you do your duty it will be just as well with you as all men in the gospel."

No sacrifice is too great for families to send a son or daughter into the

field. Permit me to read a letter which came the other day in response to a call to a young man to serve a mission. It reads: "Dear Brethren, Gregory was killed in an accident two days before his call arrived. We feel Greg's talents, abilities and testimony are now being used on life's other side. He died Saturday June 19th. We are enclosing a check representing his mission savings and donating it to the international missionary fund with a request it be used in the Dominican Republic if possible. We feel we would like to see it used by those saints less fortunate and unable to normally serve a mission. We leave it to your discretion. Greg saved all of this money himself. From the time he earned his first money he saved fifty percent for his mission, ten percent for tithing and the rest was to supply his needs. This money, the mission portion, was dedicated to the Lord's work so we are assured he wants it to be used for this purpose. We love you and know the work is true. We know without a shadow of doubt that Greg is about his Father's business. We are grateful for our blessings. May the Lord's work continue to spread in the world. Signed Greg's mother."

Then President Hinckley adds "With the letter was a check for nearly \$9,000."

In connection with the blessings and wonderful by-products of work, President Hinckley has said, "Enjoy your work. Be happy. I meet so many people who constantly complain about the burden of their responsibility. Of course the pressures are great. There is too much to do. There are financial burdens to add to all of these pressures. And with all of this we are prone to complain—frequently at home, often in public." President Hinckley then quoted some words from Jenkins Lloyd Jones which appeared in the *Deseret News* some years ago. "Anyone who imagines that bliss is normal is going to waste a lot of time running around shouting he has been robbed. Most putts don't drop. Most beef is tough. Most children live to be just people. Most successful marriages require a high degree of mutual toleration. Most jobs are often more dull than otherwise. Life is like an old time rail journey—delays, sideracks, smoke, dust, cinders and jolts interspersed only occasionally by beautiful views and thrilling bursts of speed. The trick is to thank the Lord for letting you have the ride." President Hinckley added to that, "I repeat my brothers and sisters, the trick is to thank the Lord for letting you have the ride and the work to do and really isn't it a wonderful ride? Enjoy it. Laugh about it. Sing about it. Remember the words of the writer of Proverbs 'a merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones' (Proverbs 17:22)."

19.11 Mom, Is He Really a Prophet?

I have shared with my family and many others that in my lifetime I have had three love affairs—(1) Temple Square, (2) BYU and (3) my present and only eternal companion.

On one occasion a mother and her small family went to Temple Square. This family, like a host of others, loved to go to Temple Square. Much to the surprise of the mother, President Kimball was walking along Temple Square while they were there visiting. The mother promptly pointed out President Kimball to her children. One of her children asked the mother, “Mom, is he really a prophet?” The mother replied, “Yes.” “Why don’t you invite him to dinner at our house?” The woman said, “Oh no, we can’t do that.” The young lad said, “Well if you don’t, I will.” So he walked up to President Kimball and said something like this, “Are you really a prophet?” Following which he invited President Kimball to their home for dinner. President Kimball chatted warmly and sincerely with the young child, “Let’s go ask your mother if it will be alright.” He then walked over to the startled mother and informed her that her son had invited him to dinner. The mother said “Yes” and he asked, “May I bring Sister Kimball with me?” Again she replied “Yes.” An appointed time and hour was arranged. President and Sister Kimball, upon arrival at the home, knocked on the door and they were invited in. After a little informal talk setting everyone at ease, President Kimball then walked over to the piano and began playing a Mormon hymn. Needless to say, this was a marvelous time and a never to be forgotten memory for that sweet Mormon family.

19.12 Horse Picture

Any church service calls performed humbly and diligently, enable one to experience a variety of happy and faith promoting experiences. My long time personal friend, Elder Glen Rudd, was called to serve in the Second Quorum of Seventy. One of his assignments was the Missionary Committee. This made it possible for him to come frequently to the MTC. On one occasion he came with a large picture of a horse. He had a picture of that horse for each member of the Presidency. He gave it to us as a gift and as he did so he shared with the story and background of that horse.

As a young man Elder Rudd served as a missionary in the New Zealand Mission. His mission president was President Matthew Cowley. President Cowley went on his mission to New Zealand when he was only seventeen

years of age. Those early days and weeks and months were very stressful. He was having great difficulty with the Maori language. As I recall he had slept in a haystack the night before. Each evening and morning he plead with the Lord to help him learn the language. As he walked through town he saw this picture of the horse in a downtown store.

It's a picture of a horse which shows some evidence of struggling and working hard. It conveyed to him that as he worked hard and paid the price, the Lord would help him learn the language. He was so impressed with that horse that he purchased the picture and kept it in his modest quarters throughout his mission. After the mission he took it home with him and kept it in his office. As different people would come to his office he would related the story of the horse picture. In substance he would tell them, "When I paid the price of hard work as depicted by that horse, then the Lord blessed me." Glen Rudd kept a close personal relationship with Elder Cowley throughout his whole life. During the last several years of his life he was a member of the Twelve. He was always in demand to give blessings. Often he would take his young missionary, Elder Rudd, with him. In his midfifties Elder Cowley became very ill and sensed that he would soon be taken home by the Lord. He called in Elder Rudd and said, "Glen, I want you to have that picture." Elder Rudd spoke at Elder Cowley's funeral.

When Elder Rudd visited the MTC he gave a copy of that same picture to each of us, after giving us the background of the picture. I was deeply impressed with this picture and chose to hang it on the wall of my office. Often when missionaries would come they would inquire about the horse picture. I would briefly give them the background. A few days after I shared this with a missionary he came back with a poem that he had written.

The Horse Picture

*It pulls the load, it knows not why Except that it's been told,
This horse it strains for hidden strength To pull his heavy load*

*He knows not what is on the load That bears him down this day,
The master has commanded it His will he shall obey.*

*His head is bowed so not to lose An ounce of energy,
He isn't proud, of noble birth He doesn't seem to be.
But in this horse is character—A wisdom in his eyes—
His master's will he will obey Until the day he dies.*

*If we'd be like unto this horse,
Oh, if we'd only say
"We love thee Oh Dearest Lord, Thy will we will obey!"*
—Elder Galo Ramirez, Boise, Idaho, July 1987

One of the many missionaries who inquired about the horse picture left me a letter which said, "I just wanted to write and thank you for the horse picture 'Hard Labor.' Every day I see it as I walk in our house after a long hard day of work. When I think of the unseen load and the unseen master driving the horse, it helps remind me of the unseen Master who I'm working for. If I could be like this horse and pull every load I'm hitched to and have faith that my Master will not ask me to pull more than my physical and spiritual ability, I know I can do all things. Sincerely, Elder John Doe."

Over the years I have shared this picture with many people who have inquired about it. I have been pleased to make available to them a picture of the horse together with the letter and poem that a missionary wrote.

In connection with work, President Benson in a missionary meeting said, "One of the greatest secrets of missionary work is work. If a missionary works he'll get the Spirit, if he gets the Spirit he will teach by the Spirit, if he teaches by the Spirit he will touch the hearts of the people and he will be happy. There will be no homesickness, no worrying about families, and all time and talents are interests are centered on the work of the ministry. That's the secret, work, work, work!" There is no satisfactory substitute, especially in missionary work."

Certainly one of the hallmarks of a committed member of the Church, be he a missionary, a bishop, or whatever, is the talent and capability of work. It is important that any church service call be approached with the commitment to work, work, work!

In connection with work and making oneself readily available for any church service call, Elder Neal A. Maxwell has said, "The Lord is not interested in our abilities or inabilities as much as he interested in our availability. And when we show him our dependability, God will take care of our capability." I found that quote in the mailroom at the Missionary Training Center.

19.13 When Your Priorities Are Out of Order, You Lose Power

While we were serving in the MTC, Elder Jay Jensen was the Director of Training. He presently serves as a member of the First Quorum of Seventy. I had occasion to visit him one day and saw that quote framed in his office. I asked him for a copy and later had to use that picture and quote often. The great challenge of life, the great challenge of any assignment, be it in the home, in the workplace or elsewhere, it is imperative that we keep our priorities in order. When they are then we gain power.

Several years ago, Elder Russell Nelson published his autobiography, the title of which was “Heart to Heart.” He sets forth a number of great principles. With reference to priorities he said, “Our first priority is our family. Our second priority is our church service call. Our third priority is our professional or vocational work.” So often we fall into the mistake of giving top priority to our work or to some of our recreational involvements such as golfing or fishing. If they come first then the family suffers, our church service calls suffer.

When we keep our priorities then we gain power. When we give appropriate priority to family and church service calls then the Lord magnifies it and makes it possible for us to achieve more in each of our involvements.

19.14 I Love You

While I was serving in the MTC Presidency I would often have letters left on my desk. On one occasion one of our teachers—Armando Lopez—left the following poem:

I Love You

A word is said An act is done A heart is touched A joy is felt. I wish I could describe them all, But words are few, and I cannot Describe in fullness... The ways of love But this I can and I should do To let you know I feel your love And love you, too.

19.15 A Tear Upon My Cheek

One of my enjoyable responsibilities as a counselor to President Durrant was to visit with missionaries who had been referred by their branch president regarding some moral transgression that hadn’t been resolved prior to coming to the MTC. During the many years I served at the MTC I dealt with many of these great missionaries. I hasten to add that only a fraction of one percent of all the missionaries came with unresolved transgressions. It was my great privilege to work through and help a missionary take the necessary steps of repentance which lead to complete forgiveness. Once there is forgiveness, then not only the Lord forgives, but he also erases that memory from Priesthood leaders who dealt with that missionary. One of the missionaries with whom I worked left on my desk a beautiful poem he wrote, “A Tear Upon My Cheek.” In a p.s. he said, “Often in situations like this I can only express myself with a poem.” A Tear Upon My Cheek Here I kneel before you Lord With many a tear upon my cheek I’ve caused thy

son to suffer And my pain has made me weak O God forgive me, forgive me for I know I know your Son has saved me And because of his love I can grow I've walked with heavy shoulders I've hid from light too long And now I've moved my boulder And now I'll do no wrong Forgive me God, O please forgive In light and freedom from my burden I love thee, Lord, and want to live I'll earn it, that I promise And what thou commands I will For what I will prove is I love thee.

That missionary poem has been one of many, many precious memories of my service at the MTC. The Lord has made it crystal clear in many scriptures that before you can acceptably and effectively serve the Lord, you must be 'a clean vessel.' He has provided the steps through faith, repentance and forgiveness.

19.16 How Many is One?

A long time personal friend and classmate of mine was Elder A. Theodore Tuttle, who was called as a member of the First Quorum of Seventy in 1958. He and his dear wife Marne, and Afton and I, have been friends beginning at BYU and through all these years. In World War II Ted Tuttle was in the Marine Corps and I was in the Navy. Elder Tuttle was one of the marines that hoisted the victory flag on Iwojima. He later transferred over to the Navy Chaplain Corps. Each year the Navy would provide an opportunity for us to serve two weeks aboard ship. We would take our wives with us.

I was present at a stake conference when Elder Tuttle was the visiting General Authority. In the leadership training phase of the meeting he asked an interesting question, "How many is one?" Arithmetically, one is one.

That is pure logic.

However, through the message he chose to give he helped us realize what can be the potential long range influence of one person. A righteous son or daughter of God be it in any church service call, laboring with humility and qualifying with the Spirit of the Lord, can live an influence for good in the lives of many, many people. These many, many people in turn move forward and wield the same influence for good on others.

One evening on an MTC devotional night, Elder David B. Haight of the Quorum of Twelve was the visiting authority. President Durrant was ill and came late. It was my responsibility to conduct the meeting. Elder Haight asked me to give a brief message. With some prompting from the Lord I remember what Elder Tuttle had taught about "How many is one?"

As I mentioned that term and asked that question, I remembered Pres-

ident Durrant sharing with us a blessing President Monson gave him when he set him apart as President of the MTC. Among other things he assured President Durrant that his influence would be felt for good by every missionary who came to the MTC. How can one person significantly influence for good thousands and thousands of the missionaries? President Durrant was able to do that.

He learned the names of so many, and called them by name and also remembered the mission they were called to. He would stand in the food line and shake hands with every missionary as they came through the food line. His influence was powerfully felt by every missionary that came to the MTC. Only the blessings of the Lord could bring that about.

If the Lord could do that with President Durrant, he could do that with any righteous, committed person—be it a father, a mother, a bishop, or whatever. Nothing is impossible with the Lord when you work with him and through him.

19.17 When Nature Wants a Man

The Lord has made it abundantly clear that mortality is a testing ground, a testing ground that confronts every person with much opposition, much adversity, and many tests and trials. As we humbly and diligently meet and face and overcome these trials and opposition, then we are able to acquire attributes like unto the Savior. Attributes of godliness can only come from opposition and adversity, service and love.

President Snow said, “Godly attributes cannot be conferred. They must be acquired.” This poem, “When Nature Wants a Man” describes well how He hones and builds and brings out those attributes that will one day make possible Godhood. Someone wisely said, “Man’s extremity is God’s opportunity.” In our extreme, desperate moments, which make for humility and fervent, yearning prayers, then true spiritual growth takes place.

President Benson said it so wisely and succinctly: “The Lord works from the inside out. The world works from the outside in. The world would take people out the slums. Christ takes the slums out of people and then they take themselves out of the slum. The world would mold men by changing their environment. Christ changes men who then change their environment. The world would change human behavior, but Christ can change human nature.”

President McKay wisely said, “Human nature can be changed here and now. You can change human nature. No man who has felt in him the Spirit

of Christ even for half a minute could deny this truth. You do change human nature, your own human nature, if you surrender to Christ. Human nature can be changed here and now. Human nature has been changed in the past. Human nature must be changed on an enormous scale in the future, unless the world is to be drowned in its own blood and only Christ can change it.”

An impressive example of remarkable change in a short period of time is to recall a missionary. That missionary, be it an Elder or a Sister, serves 18 months for the Sister or twenty-four months for the Elder. They come home impressively, remarkably changed.

Brother Hyrum Smith, the CEO of Franklin, would speak to the missionaries in the MTC every New Year’s Eve. In one of his messages he told of some council he received from his father when he went on his mission as a young man. The father said, “Now son, while you are on your mission, the sorrows will outnumber the joys, but the joys will outweigh the sorrows.”

Not only in the mission field does that statement prevail, but it does throughout life. By divine design the Lord made it clear that mortality would be a testing ground. In order to achieve and acquire those attributes of Godliness we must face and overcome the mountain of adversity and opposition.

Brigham Young on one occasion said, “God never bestows upon a person or a people superior blessings without a severe trial to prove them. The greater the trust and call the greater the power of the adversary. Any job is well done we can look back and see a myriad of problems, tests and opposition, but through it all when we endure and pursue a steady course of righteousness there are periods and experiences of joy that fill the soul with peace and happiness. As the years go on those memories and those joys even take on a greater measure of pure joy.”

One of my associates at BYU shared with me an anonymous poem that describes this well.

When Nature Wants a Man
 When Nature wants to drill a man,
 and thrill a man and skill a man
 When Nature wants to mold a man,
 to play the noblest part
 When she yearns with all her heart
 to create so great and bold
 a man
 That all the world shall praise—
 watch her method, watch her ways
 How she ruthlessly perfects him,
 she royally elects him
 How she hammers him
 and hurts him and the mighty blows
 convert him
 In the trial shapes of clay
 which only nature understands
 While his tortured heart is crying
 and he lifts beseeching hands
 How she bends but never breaks
 when its good she undertakes
 How she uses whom she choose
 and with every purpose uses him
 By every art induces him
 to try his splendor out
 Nature knows what she’s about

In order to better understand this in a gospel sense, substitute the term “God” in place of “Nature.”

19.18 The Book of Mormon Another Testament of Christ

When the Lord’s timetable reached a point where it was his intent to restore the Gospel of Jesus Christ, he used a young fourteen year old boy. The world logically would use an older person, professionally trained in Theology and Religion. The Lord used a young man who was teachable, who wasn’t filled with the philosophies of men and the world. Joseph Smith, like all of us, faced some great tests and opposition before the Lord endowed him with the many revelations that he received which enabled the Church to be restored and established.

Brigham Young said, “God never bestows upon his people or upon an individual superior blessings without a severe trial to prove them. To prove that individual or that people to see whether they will keep their covenants with him and keep in remembrance what he has shown them. Then the greater the vision, the greater the display of the power of the enemy.”

With reference to the Book of Mormon, Brigham Young said, “If all the talent, tact, wisdom and refinement of the world had been sent to me with the Book of Mormon and declared it in the most exalted eloquence of it, undertaking to prove it by learning and worldly wisdom, they would have been to me like the smoke which rises only to vanish away. When I saw a man without eloquence or talent for public speaking who could say ‘I know by the power of the Holy Ghost that the Book of Mormon is true, that Joseph Smith is a prophet of the Lord’ then the Holy Ghost proceeding from that individual illuminated my understanding and light, glory and immortality were before me. I was encircled by them, filled with them and I knew myself their testimony was true.”

Such is the way the Lord works through his beloved people.

20

Hawaii Temple Visitors' Center 1989-1991

20.1 A Visit With a General Authority, Elder Sackley

Early in our time as full-time missionaries with President and Sister Ed and Pat Pinegar we were invited to visit with Elder Sackley, a member of the Quorum of Seventy. At the outset he made it clear that his visit with us was merely a background check. Meeting with this good brother brought back memories of meeting him when I was serving as Director of Indian Affairs. He was a native of Canada and a convert to the Church. After recalling some of those earlier interactions and visits with him, he then let us know that our name was being considered to serve as Director of the Hawaiian Temple Visitors' Center. He assured us that the Visitors' Center was second only to the Salt Lake Temple Visitors' Center in terms of the numbers of visitors and guests. He also indicated the Brethren regarded Hawaii as a "strategic area." He then said, "In light of what you've shared with me if the Brethren extend such a call, would you accept it." We assured him we had never turned down a call, we would go wherever the Brethren wanted us to go.

After a few weeks a formal call was extended. Our training took place in the Missionary Training Center. We reported for duty in February of 1989. This new call came as a surprise because we thought we would be able to finish out the two year term that President Pinegar had. Once again it would be our privilege to work under the direction and supervision of Brother Ezra Taft Benson. He was our supervisor when we were serving as



Figure 20.1: President and Sister Felt, Hawaii Visitor Center Presidents

President of the Southwest Indian Mission.

Over the years Visitors' Centers were largely staffed by senior couples. Recently, following a survey, the Brethren determined it would be best to staff all Visitors' Centers primarily with young lady missionaries with a small senior couple staff, including the director and his wife. That new process was in transition in all of the Visitors' Centers. It was our blessing and privilege to move forward with the new program which included about sixteen young sisters and three other couples.

Most of the Visitors' Centers worldwide are in the immediate area of the temple. In Hawaii we not only had the Visitors' Center and the Temple, but very nearby we had the internationally renowned Polynesian Cultural Center, along with BYU Hawaii. Here again we had a very impressive triad of places of great interest—the Visitors' Center, the Hawaiian Temple, the Polynesian Cultural Center and BYU Hawaii. The temple president was D. Arthur Haycock, who had served as a counselor to five presidents of the church. It was a joy meeting with him each week. We also had a weekly meeting with the senior vice president of the Polynesian Cultural Center, President David Hanneman, who today serves as the temple president. We also had a wonderful working relationship with the President of BYU Hawaii, President Wade. Without harmony and accord the sweet gifts of the Spirit are offended and withdrawn, so it was our responsibility to cultivate and maintain harmony among those three entities—the Temple, the Visitors' Center, BYU Hawaii and the Polynesian Cultural Center.

One of the major reasons the Hawaii Temple Visitors' Center had so many tourists came as a result of a program they had set up to invite all the many worldwide tourists who came to the Polynesian Cultural Center to board a bus and visit the Hawaiian Temple and Visitors' Center.

Our two years in Hawaii were demanding, stressful and very rewarding. Our journals are replete with many, many wonderful experiences.

20.2 Discussing This New Call With Our Family

Whenever a church service had come to Afton and me we always shared it with and consulted with our family. We met with all of our family and let them know that another church service call had come. All the family members were in full support, although there was one daughter-in-law who had a little reservation. She felt it was now time for Mom and me to spend most of our time looking after our grandchildren. With our family's support we then made it clear to Elder Sackley that we were ready to go whenever

the call came.

20.3 Our Final Devotional at the Missionary Training Center

Among all of the calls we've had over the years, our service at the Missionary Training Center as husband and wife was so thoroughly enjoyable. Our General Authority guest for the devotional that evening was Elder Paul H. Dunn. He turned to President Pinegar who was conducting the devotional and suggested that I give a brief message and testimony. We let them know of our deep love for them and how we were anxiously looking forward to yet another call. For me this was to be my fifth mission, and for Afton her fourth.

I concluded my brief message and testimony with a statement something like this: "How lucky can we be to serve in the MTC and then go to Hawaii!" I then concluded with my testimony, "Whoop-dee-do the gospel's true." The audience laughed and Paul Dunn could be heard also with his approval and laughter.

About a week later we received our official call and then reported to the MTC for training.

20.4 Our Arrival in Hawaii

Upon our arrival in Hawaii, we were informed that the present director, whom we would follow, was being honored with a great farewell. As a part of his farewell we would also enjoy a welcome as only the Hawaiian and Polynesian people can do. Not only was there to be great entertainment, but also great food.

Over the years Visitors' Centers have been largely staffed by couples. A few years prior to our arrival, Elder Russell Ballard of the Quorum of Twelve had conducted a survey of many Visitors' Centers to determine whether senior couples should remain. The recommendation of his survey suggested that young lady missionaries constitute the bulk of the missionaries, with the support of a few couples. A transition of this nature always presents challenges. Naturally there was a little resistance from the couples, but overall the program had been initiated and it was our challenge to move forward with this change.

It was very evident to us that the young lady missionaries were far more effective than the couples. The challenge that we faced, together with other

Visitors' Centers, was to encounter a little resistance from the couples. We had four couples and about fourteen young sisters, a few of which were Japanese. The Hawaiian Temple Visitors' Center attracted more tourists than any other center except Temple Square. People from all over the world come to the Polynesian Cultural Center, so a program was put in place where the tourists visiting the Polynesian Cultural Center would be invited to make a tour of BYU Hawaii and the Temple, which of course included the Visitors' Center.

Any mission call is very demanding. Among the different missions Afton and I have served, we faced greater challenges and worked harder in Hawaii than in any previous missions. But all in all, while it was stressful on occasion, it was a great joy and opportunity to serve in this beautiful area of the world.

Our temple president was D. Arthur Haycock, who had served as a secretary to five Church presidents. We met weekly with President Haycock and his lovely wife. In our first meeting his wife Maureen was late. When she did come he inquired why she was late. She said, "Arthur, we need help in the laundry room. I was helping there." Once that was mentioned, then Afton volunteered to spend time in the laundry. She did this a few hours each week beginning at six in the morning sewing and mending the temple clothes. Interestingly enough, her assignment in the Provo Temple is in the laundry room. Initially she would come with me, as she does now, as an ordinance worker. But because of her knee problems she was excused from that and since then she has been working in the laundry doing the mending of the temple clothes. indexsubsSewing

20.5 It Shows in Your Face

It was a joy to work with these beautiful, lovely young sisters. It was also a blessing and privilege to cultivate a good working relationship with couples. Once they were assigned for a tour there was a room where they could relax and prepare themselves for the tours they would conduct. One day as I walked into that room I noticed on the wall a beautiful poem called "It Shows in Your Face." Basically what the poem sets forth is the fact that what you are is reflected in your face, in your countenance and in your bearing. One's character and heart is reflected, not only in the face, but in your whole being. Mormon missionaries worldwide always get the attention and respect of discerning, honest at heart people.

You don't have to tell how you live each day,

*You don't have to say if you work or play;
A tried, true barometer serves in the place—
However you live, it will show in the face.*

*The false, the deceit, that you bear in your heart
Will not stay inside where it first got the start;
For sinew and blood are thin veil of lace—
What you wear in your heart you will wear in your face.*

*If you have gambles and won in the great game of life,
If you feel you have conquered the sorrow and strife,
If you've played the game fair and you stand on first base—
You don't have to say so, it shows in your face.*

*If your life is unselfish, and for others you live.
For not what you get, but how much you can give,
If you live in good will toward the whole human race;
You don't have to tell it—it shows in your face.*

—Anonymous

Over many years I believe I would qualify for the title of “People Watcher.” Among the many people I see I often see one whose countenance radiates a purity and a glow that immediately tells you there is a person like unto the Savior.

Some years ago President David O. McKay said, “Every man and every person who lives in this world wields an influence whether for good or for evil. It is not what he says alone, it is not alone what does, it is what he is. Every person radiates what he or she really is. Every person is a recipient of radiation.”

20.6 I Have Never Felt What I am now Sensing and Experiencing. What is it?

In addition to conducting tours, the missionaries, together with the couples, were charged with the responsibility to do missionary work. Our young sisters carried a heavy, heavy demanding load, but they never complained. In addition to an eight or nine hour day at the Visitors' Center conducting tours, they would do proselyting in the evening.

A recent return missionary from the Philippines, a young sister, approached Sister Felt and I and informed us that she was being courted by a young man called Ted MacAvoy, who was the manager of several Arbys on the island. Their courtship resulted in Ted proposing to this sweet girl.

She said, “Always my resolve to myself and to the Lord is that I want to be married in the temple.” He, with some reservation, consented to be taught the discussions. Afton and I then met with him two or three times a week.

In the fourth discussion we normally request the investigator give a prayer. He resisted. He said, “I’ve never given a prayer.” This was a little ironic because prior to this discussion we had learned he had been very active as a reader in the Protestant church. He faithfully attended his meetings and gave scripture readings in the church, but had never prayed. Afton responded, “I’ve taught all of our children to pray. May I teach you?” She then identified the four steps to a prayer and then once again I asked him to pray. With great hesitation and some very visible fear he gave a prayer, a beautiful, simple, child-like prayer that Afton had taught him. After the prayer he was silent and visibly moved. His countenance showed that the Spirit was really with him. He then said, “I’ve never felt anything like this before. What is it?” Then of course Afton and I proceeded to tell him what he was experiencing and feeling.

After that beautiful experience we then committed him to baptism. He quickly replied “Yes.” Then we suggested we pick a date. We got a calendar out and he asked to be baptized on April 6th, which was just two or three weeks away. We then informed him that April 6th was a very important date, not only the founding of the Church, but the birth of the Savior.

We finished the discussions and held the baptism at the ocean where all of the baptisms in Hawaii are held. They were then married civilly and a year after the civil marriage they were sealed as husband and wife in the temple. Normally we get a letter from them every year or so.

20.7 Apostate Mormons who call themselves the Godmakers

For several years, a group of apostates known as Godmakers, was moving forward in many areas across the United States and also in Hawaii. Prior to our arrival, they had requested permission to set up their displays on the temple grounds. Because that was church owned property we were legally in line to forbid them setting up their displays there. However, when they were not allowed to do that, then they set up their displays just outside the church grounds. Needless to say, this was a distraction and a distress to the temple president and to the Visitors’ Center. The temple president urged them to leave and they refused. Whereupon President Haycock then invited a number of his friends working in the temple—who were large Tongans and

Samoans—to see what they could do. For some years these great Polynesian people have been some of the great mainstays on the BYU football team and elsewhere. As they approached the group they made it clear to them that if they didn't have all of those displays moved in a few minutes, then they would move in on them themselves. Upon seeing these large Samoans and their resolve to move the displays, the group voluntarily packed up all they had and left.

20.8 A Polynesian Heart

While serving as the Director of the Hawaiian Temple Visitor's Center, we had weekly meetings with President D. Arthur Haycock. The assistant engineer for the temple was a large Tongan. One day I approached him and said, 'Can you give me a Polynesian heart?' He answered "Yes" whereupon he picked me up and embraced me and held me very tightly. He said "Do you feel that Polynesian heart coming?" How can I ever thank a man who made it possible for me to have a Polynesian heart.

20.9 Eat a Live Frog First Thing in the Morning

During our time at the Visitors' Center we were aware of frogs all over the temple grounds and elsewhere. Each morning they had to get the frogs out of the pond. In connection with frogs, one of our missionaries informed us that Jacob de Jager, a member of the First Quorum of Seventy, sent in a letter to his medical doctor, who was a member of the Second Quorum of Seventy, a prescription. Elder Jeppsen, a medical doctor, treated Jacob de Jager's health ailments. Jacob de Jager, a jokester and a man with a great sense of humor, sent this prescription to Elder Jeppsen: "Eat a live frog the first thing in the morning and nothing worse can happen to you the rest of the day."

It was our practice to put quotations and statements in calligraphy in different places in the Visitors' Center. Statements like this one: "The day you turn obedience into a quest rather than an irritation is the day you gain power." Another one: "Eat a live frog the first thing in the morning and nothing worse can happen to you the rest of the day." Frequently we would see our Visitors' examine some of those interesting quotations that we had on the wall. Occasionally they would ask for copies. All of these were done in calligraphy. While we served in the MTC presidency with President and Sister Durrant, Sister Durrant always posted on her office door a new

calligraphy quote a week. We now have a whole three ring binder of many impressive quotes. We took some of those to Hawaii with us.

20.10 Three Nephites

When our mission call arrived assigning us to the Hawaiian Temple Visitors' Center, Afton and I readily responded. However, realistically we came to know that there were some challenges and stresses we were facing that would suggest that this was not an opportune time to go on a mission. Never, however, did we hesitate. One of the challenges we faced was the troubled, broken marriage of one of our lovely daughters.

Jessie and Sam each had some very unfortunate first marriages. When Sam Allman appeared on the scene and requested a date with Jessie who had just consummated the divorce from her first marriage, we were all so impressed with Sam. Ron, speaking for the family, said to a number of family members, "He belongs in our family." Jessie had two children and Sam had five. Such a marriage posed some real challenges for each of them, especially Jessie, who was much younger than Sam and who then took on not only her children, but five of Sam's children—a few of whom were facing some real health challenges.

They were struggling and in an effort to save the marriage, Sam and Jessie came to Hawaii to counsel with us and for a getaway where they might be able to work out some of the serious problems they were facing. After a few days, Jessie announced to us that the only alternative for her was a separation and possibly another divorce. Needless to say, Sam was broken hearted. Here is a large handsome man who came to us and just openly wept. Among other things he said "I have a greater love for your large family than mine. Mine is a great family but we don't have the camaraderie and love and family togetherness that you have." Needless to say, this was a desperate challenge and heartache for both Mom and me and Sam and Jessie. All of us offered up many fervent prayers.

During the time they were both here I took a trip up to Temple Hill for a little privacy and time with the Lord in that beautiful place. Once I got up there, I heard someone walking up the hill. There was a man in his midfifties with braces on both legs and using two canes walking up the hill. Upon his arrival at the hill he could see me there and he commented: "Oh, excuse me. I can see you want to be alone. I'll leave." I then invited him to stay.

After a few minutes we got acquainted with each other and he proved

to be an outstanding counselor. He was telling me exactly what I should hear. My approach with Sam and Jessie was a very direct and authoritative approach—which never works. Why I fell into that trap I don't know. He invited me to approach it softly and much differently than I was. What he told me registered deep in my heart. I then invited him to meet with Sam and Jessie, which he did. Following that visit there was renewed hope for Jessie and Sam and Mom and me.

The following day I took him to the airport and asked him to send me a record of the many things he taught me. He said he would. That letter never came; we never heard anything more from him. His visit with me, with Mom and with Sam and Jessie, turned the whole situation around and made it possible for the marriage to be saved.

21

Our Eternal Family 1943-1997

21.1 June 1st, 1943—A Day Never to be Forgotten

Among the many days and dates that are highly significant, perhaps no date is more important for a happily married couple is the date of their marriage. For Afton and me, that precious date—June 1st, 1943—is one that we cherish and often recall. World War II was raging throughout the world. Because of the war our dating and courtship at BYU was very short. Over all we had very few dates and little time together. But each of us had sought the Lord in earnest prayer for guidance. He did not forsake us; indeed he inspired and guided us.

My first assignment following my commission as an Ensign, was to serve at the Executive Officer aboard a small gate vessel in San Diego. Prior to leaving for my duty assignment, I did give Afton my Delta Phi pin. We exchanged letters, which further reaffirmed for both of us that our limited courtship may well be the providential husband and wife union that the Lord approved. Sensing that I went to my commanding officer to seek a leave to go to Salt Lake and move forward on what each of us was feeling to be a correct process and matter.

When I asked the commander of the base for a leave he quickly replied, “Felt, don’t you know there’s a war on? We’re not giving any leaves except in emergencies.” I then boldly said, “This is an emergency.” I then explained the situation to him. He questioned the fact that this situation was an emergency. I assured him that as a naval officer I could perform and discharge my duties better as a married man than living single. He then

gave me five days. During the war it was possible to go to the nearest air base and fly to your desired destination at no cost. I was able to get a flight to Hill Air Force Base in Ogden.

Upon my arrival home a hurried but inspired courtship took place, beginning with a proposal of marriage to my “prospective child bride.” I say child because she was seven years younger than I. Following her consent to be married, it was then my responsibility to get permission from her father who was then the warden of the state prison. At the time Afton was in a nurses’ training program at St. Mark’s Hospital. Afton and I together talked with her wonderful mother, who readily consented. I then sought out her father, the warden, who was very warm and friendly. But he, sensing and anticipating what I wanted to discuss with him, moved on to some other matters of business. At that stage he was reluctant to approve his daughter’s marriage because he wanted her to complete her RN nursing program. I then went back to Afton’s mother and explained my concern and plight and she said, “Paul, you and Afton go ahead with your plans. I’ll take care of my husband John.” A short time later I approached him again and he gave his consent. We then met with our respective stake presidents and bishops for our temple recommends, following which I called my former stake president, President Harold B. Lee, who was then the youngest member of the Quorum of Twelve. Our tentative proposed date of June 1st was agreeable with President Lee.

Prior to the sealing he gave us some very profound counsel and encouragement. Following the sealing President Lee put his arms around each of us. As I remember he kissed Afton on the cheek and said, “Paul, it’s very evident that you love this beautiful girl.” I readily responded, “Yes I do, I do.” He then added further counsel saying, “Paul and Afton if you remember and ponder and keep the covenants and promises that you made in the temple this day, your love for one another will grow stronger and brighter as the years unfold.” President Lee was surely right because our love has grown more complete and more heavenly each passing year.

On one occasion George Q. Cannon said, “We believe that when a man and woman are united as husband and wife and they love each other, their hearts and feelings are one, that love is as enduring as eternity itself, and that when death overtakes them it will neither extinguish nor cool that love, but that it will brighten and kindle it to a purer flame, and that it will endure through eternity; and that if we have offspring they will be with us and our mutual associations will be one of the chief joys of the heaven to which we are hastening . . . God has restored the everlasting priesthood, by which ties can be formed, consecrated and consummated, which shall be

as enduring as we ourselves are enduring, that is, as our spiritual nature; and husbands and wives will be united together, and they and their children will dwell and associate together eternally, and this, as I have said, will constitute one of the chief joys of heaven; and we look forward to it with delightful anticipation.”

After fifty years Afton and I have come to know what President McKay said very succinctly, “It is possible to make home a bit of heaven; indeed I picture heaven to be a continuation of the ideal home.” To the world heaven and afterlife is a mystery. For Afton and me and thousands of other devoted Latter-day Saints heaven is no mystery, heaven is going to be the extension and continuation of the ideal home.

21.2 The Founding of the Family is as Sacred as the Founding of the Church

That inspired statement by the First Presidency a number of years ago sets forth the eternal significance of the family. Over the years the Brethren in different expressions have reaffirmed that pronouncement. One that comes to mind is, “The most important unit in time and all eternity is the family.”

President McKay in a General Conference address said, “The poorest shack in which love prevails over a united family is of far greater value to God and future mankind than all the riches in the world. In such a home God can and does work miracles. Pure hearts in a pure home are always within whispering distance of heaven.”

Worldwide the traditional family is being undermined and largely ignored. Because of this satanic trend worldwide, which also to some extent makes inroads even among our own church members, President Gordon B. Hinckley in a general session of the Relief Society in 1995 gave what we have come to know as the Proclamation to the Family. This proclamation was not only given to the members of the Church, but also worldwide. Here the Lord, through our present and living prophet, clarifies and identifies the eternal significance of families. The roles of the father and mother are clearly set forth. In addition to that proclamation let me share with you another definition and description of the ideal family.

A Family Is....

A family is a deeply rooted tree with branches of different strengths all receiving nourishment from an infinite source.

A family is where character is formed, values are learned, ethics are cre-

ated, and society is preserved.

A family is where all members contribute and share, cooperate and work, and accept their responsibilities toward the good of the group.

A family is where holidays are celebrated with feasting, birthdays acknowledged with gifts, and thoughts of days gone by kept alive with fond remembrances.

A family is where each can find solace and comfort in grief, pleasure and laughter in joy, and kindness and encouragement in daily living.

A family is a haven of rest, a sanctuary of peace, and most of all, a harbor of love.

—Manny Feldman (Marriage, Family and Child Counselor)

21.3 Dedication of Homes

Over the years it has been our practice to dedicate each home. Chapels are dedicated. Temples are dedicated. Lands and countries are dedicated. Afton and I feel strongly that when a home is dedicated you then invite the Spirit of the Lord which brings into the home a spirit like unto the temple. There are a couple of examples.

I was authorized to call Larry on a mission when we presided over the Southwest Indian Mission, when he was seventeen years of age. After a few months in the mission he approached me and said “Dad, I don’t have a patriarchal blessing. I would like one.” We made an appointment with the patriarch in Albuquerque. Larry and his companion met me there at a given time. As we walked up to the patriarch’s home and knocked on the door, the patriarch’s wife opened the door and invited us in. Once we were in the living room, Elder King, Larry’s companion, took my by the arm and said, “President, I feel like I’m in the temple.”

A few months ago, as Ron came to visit us from Jakarta, Indonesia. He paused as he walked into the home and said, “Dad, I feel a special sweet spirit in this home.” In two or three months we will have our Hobble Creek home completed. When we have our first gathering of family, it is our plan to dedicate that home. A dedicated home not only invites the spirit of the Lord, but also in a very real way, provides a shield and a protection to all who come and go.

21.4 Father, the Natural Patriarch in the Home

Each stake has patriarchs. Patriarchs give patriarchal blessings which include not only a declaration of lineage, but also gives a glimpse of the future of the given person receiving the blessing. On occasion, warnings are also articulated by the inspired patriarch. Fathers are the natural patriarch in the home. Always the Brethren have encouraged fathers to give blessings to family members. This has been a practice in our home for many, many years. I believe all of our family members have a deep regard for these sacred father's blessings.

Recently, John and Kathleen came to visit us and shared with us their great experience they enjoyed as John Covey gave each of the five children a blessing, together with a blessing for his wife. It is a practice with them, and many of our family, that at the beginning of the school year they give a father's blessing. As John and Kathleen shared these experiences with us, it was very, very evident that it was a spiritually refining and faith promoting experience for each family member. It not only further unites the family and increases love and regard for one another, but it also gives each family member an inspirational blessing that will be a strength and a joy to them.

21.5 Your Children Always Come Out Smiling and Happy

During the many years we lived on Fir Circle different parents would rotate picking up the children to take them to their respective schools. A long-time dear friend—Richard Ellsworth—approached Mom and me and said, “Every time we come to your home to pick up your children, they come out laughing and smiling. Others come out a little disgruntled and not very talkative. What do you do?” We said, “The only way we can account for this is the fact that every morning we're up at six-thirty reading the scriptures, having a family prayer, and eating a meal together. With that kind of background they take on a happy spirit and an optimism that could remain with them through the day.”

21.6 Contention and Anger is one of Satan's Powerful Tools

A former general authority, Elder Theodore M. Burton said, "Whenever you get red in the face, whenever you raise your voice, whenever you get 'hot under the collar,' or angry, rebellious, or negative in spirit, then know that the Spirit of God is leaving you and the spirit of Satan is beginning to take over." On another occasion President McKay said, "There should be no yelling in the home unless there is a fire." George Q. Cannon has said, "It is the duty of every man and woman in this Church to live at peace with him and herself, and then to live at peace with everybody else, husbands with wives, wives with husbands, parents with children, children with parents, brothers with sisters, sisters with brothers; this is the duty that God requires at our hands."

Few of us fully realize and appreciate the damage that is done to children and others who engage in contentious behavior. The damage is very real. If and when this occurs, certainly parents must make every effort to readily resolve the differences. In support of this may I give a poem by Dorothy Law Nolte.

Children Learn What They Live

*If a child lives with criticism, He learns to condemn.
 If a child lives with hostility, He learns to fight
 If a child lives with ridicule, He learns to be shy.
 If a child lives with shame, He learns to feel guilty.
 If a child lives with tolerance, He learns to be patient.
 If a child lives with encouragement, He learns confidence.
 If a child lives with praise, He learns to appreciate.
 If a child lives with fairness, He learns justice.
 If a child lives with security, He learns to have faith.
 If a child lives with approval, He learns to like himself.
 If a child lives with acceptance and friendship, He learns to find love in the world.*

Over these many, many years together seldom has contention and argument surfaced and reared its ugly head. I remember a sweet experience while we serving with President Max Pinegar as a counselor in the presidency. I replaced a prominent faculty member on campus, Dr. Vaughan Mon Fransen. He was serving as a counselor to the President that President Pinegar succeeded. In a meeting with him as he was sharing with me some

of his responsibilities which would now be mine, he inquired if Kathleen Felt was one of our daughters. I assured him she was. He then told me that Kathleen was in one of his honor classes where they were discussing family matters. They were discussing the matter of argument and dissension that prevailed in some homes and families. Kathleen then shared with him and the class that she didn't recall a single incident of argument and contention in all her growing up years. That may have been an overstatement, but nonetheless over these many years our children, along with Kathleen, will reaffirm that by and large ours was a happy, peaceful home.

King Benjamin, who gave that remarkable address to all of his people, said among many other things: "Parents must not let their children fight and quarrel with one another and serve the devil who is the master of sin."

David O. McKay said: "Never must there be expressed in a Latter-day Saint home, an oath, a condemnatory term, an expression of anger or jealousy or hatred. Control it, do not express it. You do what you can to produce peace and harmony no matter what you may suffer. There should be no yelling in the home unless there is a fire."

Certainly one of the paramount attributes and characteristics of a true disciple and a committed member of the Church is their happy and warm spirit and attitude. Happiness is a hallmark attribute of true disciples and true members of the Church. President Holland, now a member of the Quorum of Twelve, attended a husband and wife sealing in the temple. Among other things he said, "No unhappy person will ever inherit the Celestial Kingdom." One of many scriptures, this one in the Book of Mormon, clearly and succinctly states: "Man is that he might have joy." The prophet Joseph Smith said, "Happiness is the object and design of our existence and will be the end thereof if we pursue the path that leads to it. That path is virtue, keeping the commandments, etc."

In connection with this matter I quote from an article that appeared in the Readers Digest which was taken from the Ensign magazine.

The Grapefruit Syndrome

My husband and I had been married about two years—just long enough for me to realize that he was a normal man rather than a knight on a white charger—when I read an article recommending that couples regularly discuss the habits they find annoying in each other. I talked to my husband about the idea, and he agreed to give it a try.

As I recall, we were to name five things we found irritating, and I started off. After more than fifty years, I remember only my first complaint: grapefruit. I told him that I didn't like the way he ate grapefruit. He peeled it and ate it like an orange. Could a woman be expected to spend a lifetime watch-

ing her husband eat a grapefruit like that? Although I've forgotten them, I'm sure the rest of my complaints were similar.

After I finished, it was his turn. I still carry a mental image of his handsome young face as he gathered his brows together in a thoughtful, puzzled frown and then looked at me with his large, blue-ray eyes. "Well, to tell the truth," he said, "I can't think of anything I don't like about you, honey." Tears ran down my face. I had found fault with him over such trivial things as the way he ate grapefruit, while he hadn't noticed any of my own annoying habits.

*I wish I could say that this cured me of fault-finding. It didn't. But it did make me aware early in my marriage that husbands and wives need to keep in perspective the small differences in their habits and personalities. Whenever I hear of couples being incompatible, I always wonder if they are suffering from the Grapefruit Syndrome. (Lola B. Walters in *The Ensign*)*

21.7 I Have No Greater Joy Than To Know That My Children Walk in Truth

Afton's father left burial sites for his family in the Provo Cemetery. Several years ago Afton and I decided to purchase our monuments in order to relieve our children of that task when our passing occurs. Those head stones have been in place for ten or twelve years. Afton and I visit the cemetery and walk around our burial site. The monument by and large is very modest. On the face of the tombstone is the Salt Lake Temple is beautifully evident with the names and birth dates of both of us. Upon our deaths the appropriate dates will also be filled in. On the back we have the names of our twelve children, at the bottom of which we have the scripture quote from 1 John 1:4, "I have no greater joy than to know that my children walk in truth."

Ours has been a happy and abundant good life. The major factor that has made all of this possible is our active and involved and committed membership in the only true and living church—the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The second source of supreme joy is our beloved family. Attempting to describe our pure love for them is impossible. I never leave a sealing session in the Provo Temple but what I choose to remain after the patrons have left. During which time I ponder and recall many of our great blessings with regard to our family. For family members who are facing some special concerns and anxieties we plead and invoke special blessings. Our evening prayer nearly always includes by name each of our children and their spouses and their family.

21.8 How Do I Love Thee

At the time of this personal history writing Afton and I will have been married about fifty-four years. In all honesty each of us can say that except for days when we were separated by other assignments, there has never been a day go by but what we haven't expressed our love for one another. Our present routine at bedtime is to get the evening news while in bed, following which I give Afton a back rub and then we let each other know our love for one another.

21.9 The Paul E. and M. Afton Felt Family Certificate of Merit

In 1978 Utah County undertook a program to identify outstanding families. We were pleasantly surprised to learn that we were one of the ten finalists in the Utah Valley Family of the Year. We were not the number one family, but they did give us a very impressive certificate of merit, "In recognition of its outstanding example in living a God-centered, service-oriented family life under the criteria established." As a part of the program a beautiful family statue was made by an outstanding artist, which now occupies a very impressive place at the Utah County building. At the dedication they placed in a box information about several finalist families, among which our family would be included. There will be a follow up study done twenty years after this event and each family will be represented.

21.10 Happiness is a Home Made Product

The title of this segment was given at General Conference in an address by Elder LeGrand Curtis of the Second Quorum of Seventy. From our more than fifty years as a family we can readily agree that true happiness abides in that home where the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost and the divine programs of the Church are very much a part of any given family.

Usually in my temple husband and wife live sealings, I share some selected quotes. Let me share a couple here:

"Happiness in marriage is not something that just happens. It must be created." "Happiness is the object and design of our existence . . ." Joseph Smith President McKay stated it so well when he said, "Pure hearts and a pure home are within whispering distance of heaven."

In a temple dedication Elder Boyd K. Packer said, “We are dedicating a monument to the resurrection and the exaltation of the human family. If the outside world knew about what was happening here, cars would stop, planes wouldn’t take off, people would run to the temple to see what the Lord hath wrought.”

President Kimball has said with reference to families, “The time will come when only those who believe deeply and actively in the family will be able to preserve their families in the midst of the gathering evils around us.”

21.11 My Family, My Fortune

When our youngest son Tom was about eight or nine years old he boasted that one day he was going to be a millionaire. Today Tom is a successful business man. Notwithstanding all this success in the temporal world, Tom and Stephanie and their children are very devoted members of the Church and give unusual priority to their immediate family and extend themselves generously to all other family members and other people.

A few years ago when Tom was just undertaking placement of water systems in Russia it was necessary for him to be there in the early stages of that program. One of the mission presidents, a member of our Oak Hills Second Ward, presiding in a Russian mission informed us that Tom gave the mission two thousand dollars. Tom has shared this with no one, neither us his parents, nor his wife. He has shared with us that one of his great joys is when he visits Russia and other comparable countries he makes it a point to take a lot of gifts and stands on a street corner giving away things to different people. At this stage in his life, it appears that Tom will never allow the riches of the world to alter and change his eternal priorities of family and church.

On one occasion many years ago President Kimball prophetically said, “The time will come when only those who believe deeply and actively in the family will be able to preserve their families in the midst of the gathering evil around us.” It is absolutely imperative that we teach our families the great principles, covenants, and ordinances of the Church. By and large our family does this.

President Joseph F. Smith has expressed well the great joy that can come from a family that is governed by the eternal principles and doctrines given us by living prophets. He says it most impressively: “I am rich. The Lord has given me great riches in you, my children and their children. I trust

and pray that all of you down to the last generation will continue to honor me and mother and abide in the truth. Oh, how I love you, all my darling children. The richest of all my earthly joys is in you, my precious children.

“No one has more interest in you and in your welfare and happiness and salvation than I have. I cannot be satisfied without you. You are part of me. You are mine. God has given you to me and I want you to be humble and submissive of the requirements of the gospel. I want you to do right and be right in every particular so that you will be worthy of the distinction the Lord has given you in being numbered among His covenant children, who are choice above all other people because they have made sacrifice for their own salvation in the earth.

“I could never be happy again without the hope of having you, my children and wives, in eternity. If there is anything that I desire above another it is that my children down to the last generation shall become established in this knowledge and faith, so you can never be turned from it, having a love of God and His word, that shall be to you as a fountain of light and strength and power, leading you on from childhood to old age and making you believers in the word of the Lord, in the restored gospel and Priesthood and in the establishment of Zion, no more to be thrown down nor to be given to another people, so that you never can be turned away from it.

“I plead with you, my children and my children’s children, down to the last generation, to remain true to the gospel of Jesus Christ; there is no other course of safety. By obedience to these glorious principles we shall obtain eternal life. Disobedience and rebellion will bring misery and death, banishment from the presence of God.

“I pray Heavenly Father to give you, my children and your children down to the last generation, faith and power to overcome the world and all its foolishness and wickedness.

“We are living for eternity and not for the moment. It is necessary to live our religion every day in the week, every hour in the day, and every minute. Believing and acting thus, we become strengthened in our faith, the Spirit of God increases within us, we advance in knowledge and we are better able to defend the cause of truth we are engaged in.”

21.12 Man and Woman, Noble Pair

Among the many of our dear friends who are facing some serious health challenges is Rodney Turner. We first met Rodney Turner when he was teaching seminary in Cedar City, Utah. At that time I was director of the

Institute at the Utah State University. About a year after we arrived in Cedar City, Rodney was invited to be a full-time faculty member in the Department of Religion at BYU. During these many years we have maintained some contact with him. He is now suffering many severe infirmities which are a by-product of an illness he has. In a recent visit with him he shared with us a few verses that he had written, the title of which is "Man and Woman, Noble Pair." At the bottom of this poem he indicates "To Paul and Afton, a truly noble pair. From Rodney and Bonnie Turner." **Man**

and Woman, Noble Pair

*Man and woman, noble pair
 Seek that highest kingdom where
 All are holy, all are one
 With Father and the Son.
 Sealed by Priesthood powers here,
 Bound by love to all that's dear,
 Man and woman joined together,
 Soul to soul, now and forever.
 Never parted though death calls
 In that hour which befalls
 Each as life's brief sun descends,
 And time's measured moment ends.
 For the spirit never dies,
 Never leaves those blessed skies
 Where the heart is bound to heart,
 World to world, by heaven's art.
 Theirs a mansion and a throne
 Theirs eternal lives to own
 Midst the gods of endless time,
 Midst angelic hosts sublime.
 Father, mother, noblest names,
 Noblest callings, truth proclaims,
 Rise unto that priceless station
 In the realms of exaltation!*

21.13 Happiness is Right Now

I have long since learned that happiness is a by-product of a righteous life coupled with much serving and giving and helping and lifting others. I'm

grateful to be a member of the Church that provides the guidelines and spells out so impressively for us in scriptures and from living prophets how one might enjoy great peace and happiness.

In a devotional at the Missionary Training Center one of the security men gave the enclosed quote, “Happiness is Right Now.”

Being twelve years old is a drag! I hate being a Boy Scout and I hate these long hikes. If only I were like my brother and could go to high school and have a car and drive everywhere instead of walking. Then I'd be happy.

Gee, high school is a drag! Tests every week. Sally likes you, not me. Gas costs so much and Mom and Dad never let me have the car. College would be an easy life. No parents to bug me. Then I would be happy.

Gee, I wish Mom and Dad were here! Mom could fix me a good, hot meal. So much homework. Never have any time. But soon I'll be going on my mission—that will be great. And I hope I go to a foreign country so I can go to the MTC and learn a new language. Then I'll be happy.

If only I had gone to an English-speaking mission. Life here in the MTC is really a drag. I can't pass off the second discussion. Get up just in time to polish my shoes and get to class in time to have an elder step on them. Have to cut my hair every two weeks. I got a “Dear John” that everyone seems to think is very funny. Spend three hours in the lunch line and can't say “families” correctly. I can't wait to get into the mission field to be with people and teach them. Then I will be happy.

Boy, what I'd give to be back in the MTC, where at least if I did speak English someone could understand me. Here I sit in the meat markets of Uruguay and wonder what my girlfriend is doing. Wonder what Mom's cooking for supper. Can't really wait to get home again, get into life, get married, have some kids, really want some kids and then I'll be happy and life will be good like I always dreamed.

These kids are a pain! They're always getting into stuff, business is bad, and I never have a minute to myself anymore. The kids always need this or that. When I retire and have all day at home with my wife, then I will be happy and life will be good like I always dreamed.

Boy, I wish those kids would come home and visit sometimes. The place seems empty with everyone gone. There's nothing to do. Don't have the strength and enthusiasm I used to.

Gee, I wish I was a Boy Scout again. I remember when I was twelve years old and a Boy Scout. Those were the best days of my life!

21.14 The Only True Peace and Happiness

The only antidote and true formula for peace and happiness lies in the gospel of Jesus Christ. President Joseph F. Smith gave some wise counsel as follows:

“Let love, and peace, and the Spirit of the Lord, kindness, charity, sacrifice for others, abound in your families. Banish harsh words, envyings, hatreds, evil speaking, obscene language and innuendo, blasphemy, and let the Spirit of God take possession of your hearts. Teach to your children these things, in spirit and power, sustained and strengthened by personal practice. Let them see that you are earnest, and practice what you preach. Do not let your children out to specialists in these things, but teach them by your own precept and example, by your own fireside. Be a specialist yourself in the truth. Let our meetings, schools and organizations, instead of being our only or leading teachers, be supplements to our teachings and training in the home. Not one child in a hundred would go astray, if the home environment, example and training, were in harmony with the truth in the gospel of Christ, as revealed and taught to the Latter-day Saints. Fathers and mothers, you are largely to blame for the infidelity and indifference of your children. You can remedy the evil by earnest worship, example, training and discipline, in the home.”

21.15 No Vacant Chairs

As a young boy my father always took me to General Priesthood Meeting on Temple Square. We would have to go early in order to get a seat. I remember vividly going to Temple Square early enough so that we could find seats on the second level near the podium, which would provide a clear vision of the section where the General Authorities sat. As the Brethren would come in followed by the First Presidency, my father would identify each one of them by name. In that setting the occurred virtually every six months, I came to feel in my heart, as my father identified them, that surely these were true men of God.

From those precious spiritual experiences I have always, especially in my adult years during and following my youthful mission, “listened to the Brethren.” I learned later as I became a part of the Church Educational System to commit myself often to a phrase quoted by Elder Boyd K. Packer and Elder Theodore Tuttle, who were serving as supervisors of the seminaries and institutes, that is to “Follow the Brethren.”

Afton and I our family, by and large, have always looked forward to General Conference. Except for the time when we were serving full time missions, I don't believe Afton and I have ever missed listening to a General Conference. Among these scores and hundreds of messages there are always a number of things that stand out. In connection with my personal history one that comes to mind is a great message that President Benson gave about the eternal nature of family. He said powerfully and impressively, "In our family there will be no vacant chairs." As I dictate this personal history, President Benson was facing the loss of a promising grandson to the Church. Knowing what I know and knowing the faith of President and Sister Benson, he can be assured that one day that "wandering boy" will be found and restored to their eternal family. He said, "God intended a family to be eternal. With all my soul I testify to the truth of that declaration. May he bless us to strengthen our home and lives of each family member so that in due time we can report to our Heavenly Father in his Celestial Home that we are all there—father, mother, sister, brother—each chair is filled. We are all back home."

It is not uncommon for virtually all families however faithful and dedicated they may be to have one or more family members "stray from the flock." The Savior taught the importance of the one lost sheep. "If a man have an hundred sheep and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine and go into the mountains and seeketh that which is gone astray? If it so be that he find it, he rejoiceth more over that sheep than of the ninety and nine which went not astray." (Matthew 18:12,13)

Afton and I have some grandchildren—very few in number—who are not actively involved in the Church. One of the powerful traditions in our family over the years has been for all family members to reach out to recultivate and to love and ultimately to recover and bring into our family fold those who have wandered. Afton and I will never be content until such time as we can affirm "we have no vacant chairs." Afton and I believe our family has come to know that when a united, faithful family focuses their pleas and prayers for the one who may be lost or who may be ill or troubled, the Lord always comes to our rescue. As a family we are united and always look after each other. When there is a special need for one or more or even a given family, we all unite ourselves in prayer and strive to do our part in reclaiming the lost one.

To Afton and me, heaven would not be heaven if our family were not united and intact. Our resolve and faith is to continue to reach out until literally there are "no vacant chairs" in our immediate and extended eternal family.

21.16 Terrible to be Lost but Great to be Found

I remember years ago a dear friend and associate was called to be a patriarch in the BYU Second Stake where I was serving in the High Council. This good brother in a stake conference dropped the phrase that heads this portion of my personal history. "It's terrible to be lost but it's great to be found." Let me share two experiences involving being lost and then experiencing this supreme joy of being found.

Many years ago when our son John was about six or seven or eight years old, we were enjoying a family activity at Liberty Park in Salt Lake City. Whenever we've been out with the family we do our best to keep track of each one. We are always counting and like a mother hen, make sure that our brood and family are within sight. On one of those anxious counts and searches one of our children, John Martin Felt, was missing. In a situation like that we never panic, because always they show up or are found. In this case, in our long searching each passing moment created more anxiety. When we were unable to find him we finally contacted the police who joined us in a search for our lost son. The family and the police covered the entire park.

Meanwhile there had been some earnest prayers offered. We then were prompted to look in our car, which was parked a long way removed from where we were having our fun and frolic. There in the car we found John asleep. He got lost, he couldn't find the family, but he did find the car.

An experience like this has occurred virtually with every family member. Another one that coincidentally still involved our son John was when he was a young teenager. Family will remember that Mom and I always gave deadlines on any given evening. When they didn't return then Dad went out afoot or in a car looking for the lost child. Our efforts to find him were fruitless. As I came home to announce the bad news that I couldn't find John, Afton looked into his room and found him asleep. The next morning as we discussed this matter with him he informed us that we were so busy talking in the living room, he didn't stop to greet us but went directly to his room and went to bed.

The greatest sorrow that faces parents is the loss of children from their involvement and faith in the Church. In a General Conference in April 1992 that Elder Boyd K. Packer gave.

It is not uncommon for responsible parents to lose one of their children, for a time, to influences over which they have no control. They agonize over rebellious sons or daughters. They are puzzled over why they are so helpless when they have tried so hard to do what they should.

“The Prophet Joseph Smith declared—and he never taught a more comforting doctrine—that the eternal sealings of faithful parents and the divine promises made to them for valiant service in the Cause of Truth, would save not only themselves, but likewise their posterity. Though some of the sheep may wander, the eye of the Shepherd is upon them, and sooner or later they will feel the tentacles of Divine Providence reaching out after them and drawing them back to the fold. Either in this life or the life to come, they will return. They will have to pay their debt to justice; they will suffer for their sins; and may tread a thorny path; but if it leads them as last, like the penitent Prodigal, to a loving and forgiving father’s heart and home, the painful experience will not have been in vain. Pray for your careless and disobedient children; hold on to them with your faith. Hope on, trust on, till you see the salvation of God.” (Orson F. Whitney, in Conference Report, Apr. 1929. P. 110).

We cannot overemphasize the value of temple marriage, the binding ties of the sealing ordinance, and the standards of worthiness required of them. When parents keep the covenants they have made at the altar of the temple, their children will be forever bound to them. President Brigham Young said:

“Let the father and mother, who are members of this Church and Kingdom, take a righteous course, and strive with all their might never to do a wrong, but to do good all their lives; if they have one child or one hundred children, if they conduct themselves towards them as they should, binding them to the Lord by their faith and prayers, I care not where those children go, they are bound up to their parents by an everlasting tie, and no power of earth or hell can separate them from their parents in eternity; they will return again to the fountain from whence they sprang.” (Discourses of Brigham Young [Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1941], p. 208)

As sons and daughters of God, never forget that if we don’t give up the Lord won’t give up. Finding and recovering and reclaiming the lost one is a joint, prayerful, faithful effort on the part of parents, family and the Lord. In the process the waiting may be painfully long, almost to the point where we may lose hope and faith. Do not allow the latter to take place. Wait patiently upon the Lord and on his timetable. The lost will be found and thus enjoying that supreme blessing of “no vacant chairs.”

21.17 Come Listen to a Prophet’s Voice

Over the years, especially since my first mission and through our adult senior years, Afton and I love to sing and ponder the hymns and songs of Zion.

Two of the special ones for us are, “We Thank Thee O God For A Prophet” and “Come Listen To A Prophet’s Voice.” As members of the Church with faith and testimony we know that prophets speak for the Lord. As we listen and hearken and do what the prophets tell us to do, we are hearkening and listening and responding to what God would have us do.

During my early era as Coordinator of Student Affairs it was my privilege to be seated near the front row of each devotional or each forum. Back in those years BYU had three large assemblies each week. Every Monday was a forum. Every Wednesday was a devotional. Every Friday was a student body assembly. During those years we met in the George Albert Smith Field house and not the Marriott Center which accommodates many more than did the Field house.

The occasion I wish to recall was a forum when one of the leading Republican candidates for President spoke. In his mind, and for us also, he was the prominent figure to whom we all looked for a great message. As a statement and a politician they always thrive on the local support and presence of thousands of people. The Smith Field house was packed and the candidate was obviously enjoying the whole experience deeply. Always BYU students through voice, appearance, and shouts (which were acceptable for this occasion) were a very impressive group.

Finally things were settled down and they were going to begin the meeting. Unexpectedly President Spencer W. Kimball appeared with his security. Immediately everybody in the George Albert Smith Field house, which numbered about eleven thousand people, stood and sang “We Thank Thee O God For A Prophet.” I was close enough to Nelson Rockefeller to see the surprise and shock on his face. I’m sure he wondered who this man was that had taken the whole spotlight! President Kimball walked over to Nelson Rockefeller and then to President Wilkinson. As a Church and a people we look to and listen to the prophet.

During the last few years of President Ezra Taft Benson’s service as the living prophet of that day and time he gave a series of addresses directed to (1) the Young Men of the Priesthood, (2) the Young Women in the Church, (3) to the Mothers in Zion, and (4) to the Fathers in Israel. Included also were special messages to the Single Adult Brethren of the Church and to the Single Adult Sisters of the Church and also to the Children of the Church and the Elderly of the Church. What you will find in those messages will in significant measure include what previous prophets, and prophets since President Benson, have said. What the Lord says through his prophets is always in harmony and accord with previous, present and past messages. What you will find in these messages is a reaffirmation and a re-emphasis of

what each prophet over the years has given with regard to that particular subject matter.

22

Our Sons and Daughters 1944-1962

22.1 Paul and Lynne

When Paul was only a few years old the President of the Church was President George Albert Smith. Afton had a dream where we were at the viewing of President Smith. In the dream President Smith said, “Watch that boy.” The message seemed to convey “Here is a boy of great promise. Make sure you do all you can to protect him from the evil of the world.”

A few years later I had a dream that as a family we were playing on a beach and Paul went far out into the stream and water flow and he couldn't get back. I ran to get him, but meanwhile he was floating down the river and reached a point where I was finally able to retrieve him. This dream confirmed again that with Paul, and indeed with all the children, we need to do everything within our power to provide them with a shield and a protection from the world.

Shortly after our return from our mission we had a call from President Monson's secretary telling us that our son Paul had been called as a Stake President at age 29—the youngest Stake President in the Church.

Paul and Lynne are both into their second marriages. Unlike their first marriage, this one meets each other's needs very, very well. He is happily married and well-employed and prospects for the future look very promising.



Figure 22.1: The Paul and Afton Felt Family 1987 Top Left to Right: John Martin, Jessie L, Tom Elwood, Tammy, Ronald Grimshaw; Middle Left to Right: Marilyn, Kathleen, Yvonne, Windy; Front Left to Right: Paul Jr., Paul Ernest, M. Afton, O'Larry Harris



Figure 22.2: "And this is our joy," Paul and Afton with their Children

22.2 John and Jackie

Shortly before John went on his mission he was introduced to a lovely girl that lived in Price, Utah. She was not a member of the Church but almost immediately they were drawn towards each other. He drove back and forth from Price to see her. They corresponded with each other while John was on his mission. Meanwhile Jackie did join the Church. Following his release it wasn't very long before they were married in the Salt Lake Temple. One of the daughters and a son have completed a mission.

Following the marriage, John took over two of our dry cleaning operations, where he learned something about the business world and marketing. He then went into the jewelry business—at one time they had seven or eight of their own stores. He then moved to Decatur, Illinois, where once again he was involved in marketing jewelry. After a few years he then went with the International Goodwill stores. While working with them, he was conducting a seminar when some of the people in the LDS Church directing Deseret Industries saw him give a great demonstration. They introduced themselves and then encouraged him to seek employment with the welfare program. He was one of five hundred applicants. Fortunately, he had just completed his Masters degree in Marketing and one of the requirements for this job was a Masters degree in Marketing. After several weeks he was informed that they were prepared to give him the job as Director of Deseret Industries.

John all of his life has had unusual vision and a great ambition. Because of his background in marketing and his years with Goodwill he has been able to introduce some programs that have been accepted and have met with huge success.

22.3 Lamar and Yvonne

Lamar and Yvonne met at BYU and following a short courtship they were married. Lamar completed his BYU training and taught school, then made application with the FBI. He had an outstanding career with the FBI. He decided to take an early retirement and then move to Cedar City, Utah. Our daughter Yvonne spent three years in Cedar City so it was a 'come home' opportunity for Yvonne. After a few months in Cedar City he made application to teach Criminal Justice at the College of Southern Utah.

One of the traditions of our family is that all of our daughters go away on some kind of a retreat for a few days with their mother. The first of these trips was to San Francisco. While at a shopping mall there, Yvonne

noticed an elderly gentleman struggling with a cane. He appeared to be trying to walk down a set of stairs. Yvonne approached him and asked if she could walk with him down the stairs. When they were about half way down, he paused and turned and looked at Yvonne and said, “Are you an angel?” Yvonne answered, “No.” He then asked, “Where are you from?” Yvonne replied, “Utah.” He said, “Oh, that explains it.”

Yvonne and Lamar, like all of our children, wanted a large family but that was not to be. Their first were twins—a boy and a girl. Randy died when he was almost seven months old. They then brought into their home two children who were a nephew and a niece. Becky, David & Jill, together with grandchildren make for a very happy family. Their home and family is a thing of beauty.

22.4 Steve and Marilynn

Steve and Marilynn met at BYU. After a short courtship they became engaged. At the time we were presiding over the Southwest Indian Mission. They came to the mission home and shared with us the great joy in their courtship and Steve properly asked for permission to marry our daughter Marilynn. We readily agreed and over the years we have come to know for a certainty that what happened was certainly providential.

Marilynn was not able to conceive. She asked for a father’s blessing, which I responded to. In the blessing I assured her there would be children that would come to them naturally. Meanwhile, they had undertaken the process of adoption and after a few months they were approved. Before they finalized the adoption they had to check Marilynn to see that she wasn’t pregnant, how thrilled they were to get Troy! Some nine months later she had a baby girl. They have felt that Troy was to be their son and they had to wait for him to arrive before she could carry a child. They are the parents of four wonderful children. Following is a letter from Marilynn to Dad and Mom:

I have marvelous memories of my childhood, including a warm house, delicious aromas from the kitchen, ranging from newly baked wheat bread, cinnamon rolls, cookies or dinner in the oven. Our house was filled with love from my parents and my ten brothers and sisters, but particularly from my mother and father.

I have numerous memories of my father from the time I could walk until now. We usually had a monthly father-daughter date night. This was a time I was able to choose what I wanted to do, and where we would go. What

a joy it was to go to the Brigham Young University basketball or football games! My father had wonderful seats! I felt like a queen as we visited and held hands walking to and from the game. Sometimes we went to the Cougar Eat; I enjoyed eating their famous ice cream sundaes. How special I felt as I visited with my father. This marvelous relationship has continued through the years. When I was in college, my father would write me wonderful letters of encouragement which made me feel like a queen. This relationship continues as my father keeps in contact with me through letters, frequent visits and encouragement in numerous activities.

My fabulous memories of my mother are also numerous. Coming home from school I quickly called, "Mom, I'm home." I remember smelling superb aromas from the kitchen and receiving a delightful hug with her saying, "How was your day?" I remember pleasurable activities with my mother such as sewing, cooking, shopping and doing homework. My mother enjoyed having my friends over to our house for many activities. I was delighted on many Sunday evenings my mother made delicious waffles for my friends or whomever was visiting at our house. This relationship continues as she is interested in my activities and my own family activities.

My memories of my parents bring back beautiful childhood memories. I am fortunate to have wonderful parents who provided warm memories of my childhood. I hope my children will have similar memories.

22.5 Jessie and Sam

The standard over the years that the Brethren have taught us is that our children don't date until they are sixteen. In our Southwest Indian Mission, Jessie was approaching the age of sixteen. In school she had met a young man, not a member of the Church, who approached her for a date to the Prom. She wisely said, "My father will need to interview you." The young man agreed to that interview. Jessie then informed me of this matter and an appointment was made and I interviewed the young man. If my memory serves me correctly, he would attend our family home evenings so we came to know and respect him. All of our sons and daughters did not date until they were sixteen. But he passed the interview and she went to the Prom with him. Another practice that we observed over the years was to invite and require that all children, when they returned from an evening out, come to our bedroom and let us know that they were home. This practice was very enjoyable I believe to the children and to Mom and Dad. Often when they would report home they would share with us the activities

of the evening. When our daughter Windy came in one evening, she not only reported the evening's activities, but also shared with us that her date wanted to marry her. We enjoyed a good exchange discussing this matter. On another occasion, after our son Ronald had returned from his mission, he came up to report that he was home from his date and as he left he said, "Here I am a return missionary and I'm still reporting to Mom and Dad."

Both Jessie and Sam had very unfortunate first marriages. At that point in time Jessie had two sons, Sam had five children. Once our family met Sam, Ron said "We've got to have Sam in our family. He's perfect for Jessie." A courtship was undertaken and I was able to perform the sealing in the temple.

The pressure of Jessie's two sons and Sam's five children was a very difficult challenge for the two of them. So much so that there was a legal separation. In an effort to save the marriage they came to Hawaii while we were serving a mission at the Visitor's Center. We hoped that we could talk things out and take steps that would save the marriage. After long discussions it didn't appear too promising. We had some outstanding home teachers, a Samoan father and son companionship, that came monthly with a message, barefooted and dressed in their native garb. The son was Mark At'tua who is presently an outstanding football player on the BYU team. We shared with them our sorrow with what appeared to be a separation.

Shortly after the home teachers made the visit, I went up to a place called Temple Hill which was near the temple and a place where people could go to ponder and pray. I walked up the hill with a broken heart, fearing there would be another separation. Upon arrival at the hill I began pondering and praying. Then I noticed a person coming up the hill with two canes. Once he approached the place where I was he apologized. He said, "I think you want to be alone. I'll leave you." I said "No, let's chat." In about thirty minutes to an hour he gave me some instructions on the fact that my approach with both my daughter Jessie and son-in-law Sam was not correct. He shared with me how the whole thing should be approached. He then left.

The more I thought about it, the more I thought possibly he might be one of the three Nephites. He did meet with Sam and Jessie and Mom and me. The next day I took him to the airport and I plead with him to send me some notes of what he had shared with me about the action that should be taken to save the marriage. We never heard from him. Elsewhere in my personal history I think I have covered this under the title of "Three Nephites." Following this incident, Jessie and Sam were able to work things out. Their family today is outstanding.

22.6 John and Kathleen

John and Kathleen met while they were in grade school. John's parents were called to preside over the South Australia Mission when they were in seventh grade. He wrote to her and sent her a koala bear. When they returned home they lived in Bountiful. In High School they debated against each other. While John went on a mission, Kathleen was finishing her four year degree. She was courted by several young men, but especially one, which reached a point of an engagement to be engaged! A few days later John returned from his mission and aggressively courted Kathleen. Before long they were engaged. They now have five children and are looking for more.

John Covey's father is a brother to Stephen Covey (of Covey and Associates). There are few in the Church who know more about model, ideal families than the Coveys. Because of this marriage in the Covey line we have learned a lot of things about practices in the home and family that bring great strength and joy and unity into the family.

I am including here a letter that Kathleen sent me on Father's Day, 1997.

Dad,

Happy Father's Day. I want you to know how much I love you and how much I appreciate all you and Mom have given me. I started to tell you yesterday the feelings I had while reading the book 7 Habits of Highly Effective Families. I was overcome with feelings of gratitude for all I had growing up. And that was a tremendous amount of love, rich communication, tremendous teaching by example and by word. One thing I'm very grateful for is the freedoms I enjoyed. I never felt controlled. I felt like you taught us principles and expected us to live them. I choose to live these principles because I believed.

A few weeks ago I was driving to Farmington to help Tammy move. On the drive up I started to recall memories with my dad. I thought of our daddy daughter dates. I remember often walking to BYU holding hands talking and just being alone with my dad. I thought about the many times I would go to your office to talk. I remembered one time in particular. I was in 8th grade. We had just moved back from Arizona. I had fallen for Paul McComber and he had just come over that Sunday afternoon to "break up" with me. My young girl heart was broken. It was evening and I was silently dealing with the pain. Then to my surprise the gang came over to sit out on the lawn and chat as we often did on a Sunday night. And to my dismay Paul was there with everyone. Well, Mom in her usual goodness not knowing what had happened earlier, invited everyone in and fixed Sunday night waffles. I

was sitting there eating with everyone and got up and decided to go up to your office and see if you were there. You were, I remember pouring out my heart, crying and telling you how hurt I was. You listened and told me there are other fish in the sea, and other stars in the sky (once again you were right). I thought, how ironic it was that all my friends were downstairs laughing and having a great time and the place I wanted to be was with my dad. As I was driving up to Farmington, tears were streaming down my face, as I thought of my many happy times with you.

I feel that you and Mom have given me a wonderful gift of communication. I know it has helped me in my relationships and marriage. I have been blessed with a wonderful husband who listens to me, cares about my feelings, and knows what my feelings are because I know how to communicate.

I love you. I love you. I love you.

Kathleen

22.7 Larry and Deanne

Our son Larry was only sixteen years old when we were called to preside over the Southwest Indian Mission. Leaving Provo and all of his friends and moving into a little town in Holbrook, Arizona wasn't very attractive to Larry and also to Ronald. When he was seventeen he wanted to go on to college or go on a mission. At that time my advisor was Elder Ezra Taft Benson. In a telephone visit with me, he authorized me to extend a full-time mission call to Larry, which we happily did. He adjusted very readily to the mission and the program. We had just been given some new discussions and Larry was one of the first to memorize them. After a few months he reminded me that he didn't have a patriarchal blessing. I made an appointment with the patriarch. When we arrived at the patriarch's home, Larry and his companion and I walked to the door and knocked and a lovely lady opened the door. As we walked in the home, Larry's companion—Elder Cooley—turned to me and said, "President, I feel like I'm in the temple. Patriarch Bushman gave Larry a remarkable blessing. Part of which was to warn him of the opposition he would face from the evil influences.

After our release and we came home to Utah, Larry went to work and built us a big rock wall around our Fir Circle home. Then he and Ronald offered to build Mom and I a retirement home in Hurricane, Utah, which they did.

Presently, Larry lives in Southern Utah where he owns and operates a very successful video store and has other rental units in a mall. Larry and

Deanne have four lovely daughters.

22.8 Ronald and Tracy

One of the great blessings of being a faculty member at BYU is that you get occasional sabbatical leaves. One of the better ones was a six month Israel Semester Abroad with one hundred students. David Garner and I were the co-directors. This six months in Israel with the great resident director, David Galbraith, was an opportunity of a lifetime. Our journals and memories of that time will remain with us forever.

After a few months living in Ramet Rachel kibbutz, Ron and Jean Hallmark came to Israel with their daughter, Tracy. Ron Hallmark was an engineer for the government. Before long our son Ron and Tracy had cultivated a very warm and impressive friendship. It was common knowledge among all of us that this well may be the perfect match for Ron and Tracy. One evening there was a knock on our door and Ron and Tracy shared with us that they were in love and looking forward to a marriage. Rules for semester abroad is much like a mission. There is no courting, no dating. So for the balance of the semester when they were together they had to be chaperoned by Tracy's mother or by Mom and I.

After we arrived home in the States it wasn't long before the marriage was scheduled. A lovely ceremony and a lovely reception were held. At the reception Ronald shared with the group that the first kiss they had was over the altar.

Presently Ron and Tracy have been living overseas for many years doing very well, not only with their family, but also with their business interests. Ron and Tracy have three outstanding children—Ron-Paul, Nicki, and Jessica. Ron and Tracy have introduced different traditions in our family, the greatest of which is the “HeartFelt Family Forum” newsletter that goes to all the family. Ron and Tracy, with other family members, are assisting significantly with the construction of the “Felt Haven Retreat” in Hobble Creek, which should be finished by Spring.

22.9 Tammy and Kirk

Tammy and Kirk met at BYU, which over the years has been a happy, happy hunting ground! I was present at a devotional when President J. Reuben Clark spoke. As he looked out over the vast audience in the George Albert

Smith Field house, he said, “This is the happiest hunting ground this side of heaven!”

Tammy worked at the Candy Jar and Kirk worked as the Supervisor of the Candy Jar and head projectionist. Tammy brought a group of friends from the Candy Jar home to make pizza and we heard a lot of talk, chatter and fun. When Tammy introduced Mom to Kirk and they shook hands, Mom was given an impression that this was going to be the man that Tammy was going to marry. Mom never told this to Tammy during their courtship even when Tammy broke up with Kirk. It wasn't until they had decided to date once again and several months later, they got engaged. When they came to tell us of their engagement, this is when Afton told them of the impression she had received.

It has always been a practice for our family to sit together in church. With the large number in our family we would usually occupy one full row. The young children understandably would often be a little restless. Afton and I and the children had many ways that we could keep them fairly quiet.

Tammy and I would occasionally exchange letters. One letter I have kept over these many years. The letter began with “Dear Daddy I love you.” Then she would write a poem she had learned and then add another expression of her own. At the beginning and in the middle and at the end there was always “I love you.” A poem she wrote her Dad, which I treasure very, very much, is given below.

Dear Dad, I love you.
 “Roses are Red
 Violets are blue
 I love you, I love you,
 I love you, I do!”
 I love you so, Love your daughter
 Tammy

Following is a letter I gave to her...

Dear Tammy,

It has been sometime since Daddy wrote you a letter. Your letters are a real joy to me. I realize I have already made a mistake. You always begin your letters with I love you. Let me begin again by saying, I love you, Tammy!

Sweet Tammy, you are a real joy in my life. Whenever I am around you, I feel a bit of heaven. No angel was ever sweeter than Tammy. I remember

Tammy, one time when we were exchanging letters in sacrament meeting and you began your letter as you always do with, I love you. In my answer to you, I began also with I love you and your sweet reply was something I shall never forget. You said, "Daddy, when you tell me that you love me, you make me feel so good inside." I then wrote back to you and said, "Tammy, when you tell me that you love me and when you are in my arms or around me, you certainly make me feel so good also."

Heavenly Father certainly gave your Mother and I a marvelous gift and blessing when he allowed Tammy and Tom to come into our home and family. Your Daddy's prayer and wish is that you, Tammy, will continue being the sweet, lovable angel that you are. In order to make sure that you keep these angel-like-qualities, keep saying your prayers, morning and night, bear your testimony often, not only in testimony meetings, but to your friends. And sweet Tammy, like her Mother, will never stop being an angel.

I love you sweet Tammy.
Sincerely, Daddy

22.10 Tom and Stephanie

As a very young boy Tom asked his mother, "Are we rich?" Mom wisely answered, "Yes! We are rich in love." Tom, like our other sons and daughters, always found some employment so he would have some spending money. Without our knowledge, Tom, when he was about four or five years old, went down to our storage room where we had a two-year supply of different items, including hand soap. He took several bars of hand soap and went around the neighborhood selling soap. He charged ten cents a bar, or a special—two for a quarter. One of our neighbors called and told us that Tom had just been to their home selling soap. When he came home with ten dimes in his hand and Mom asked where he got them, he said, "I've been selling soap." She asked him where he got the soap and he said, "Oh, downstairs. We've got lots of it!" Today Tom is a very successful entrepreneur.

Tom, like his brothers and some of his sisters, planned on going on a mission. He had saved some money for the mission. Incidentally, our son Ron had saved some money, but not enough to finance a mission. Ron came to us one day and said "I've gone through this Fir Circle home and there are a lot of things that need to be done and I can do it." So he did it and we paid him each month he was on his mission.

One day Tom came to us and said that he and his friend want to backpack in Europe. We discouraged this and reminded him that when we came

home from our Israel semester abroad we went through Europe. He said that wasn't anything like backpacking and plead with us to let him go. Of course, we yielded and he went and spent all the money on his trip. When he returned he met a sweet girl while he was working in one of John's jewelry stores—a pretty girl whose mother was a non-mormon, we believe a former member of the Church. He came to meet and asked me a two-edged sword question, “Dad, is it best to go on a mission or to get married in the temple?” I don't remember how I answered that, but a few weeks later Tom invited this girl to go to Temple Square to attend Conference—I had given him my two tickets. The girl's mother would not allow her to go. At that point Tom realized this was not the girl for him, if her mother wouldn't let her go to something as good as Conference he wasn't interested. He went on his mission and had a great mission.

After his mission and marriage to Stephanie, I became very ill, so much so that Mom had to call the family in. They all came to the hospital. Tom and a son-in-law gave me a blessing. In the blessing, Tom said something like this, “Heavenly Father, we need Dad. We need him more than you need him.” I don't know whether that should have been said quite like that, but that's what I recall. As different families left, Tom and Stephanie remained behind. When they left they gave me a letter. A sweet, sweet letter with a note “This is the first of many checks which will pay for my mission.” Since then Tom has watched over us and we have received so much from him.

While Tom was serving his mission in the Virginia Roanoke area Elder Rex Reeve of the First Quorum of Seventy called him up to the podium at a missionary conference. Following a few preliminary remarks to the audience and to Tom, Elder Reeve asked him several questions concerning some standard programs that each family is supposed to implement. Among the several I cite only a few. “Elder Felt, while you were at home did your family observe family home evening weekly? Did you have a morning and evening family prayer? Did you read the scriptures together? Did you have periodic interviews with your father much like a mission president has an interview with his missionaries?” After a few more probing questions he may have said, “Well, Elder Felt, you and your family passed that test!”

Their children—Malcolm, Wyatt, Bria, Annalise

and Jensen

are outstanding grandchildren. All of our grandchildren are outstanding, but Stephanie, bless her heart, from the day the child is born Stephanie reads and sings to them. She spends and gives quality and quantity time

to her children and the children show it. There are many studies now that support the fact that you can teach children at a very, very young age. Stephanie needs to write a book about this and share it with the family and others. However, I must add that all of our children spend quality and quantity time with their own children.

22.11 Betty Naomi

Afton and I take great righteous pride in the fact that we have twelve children. Occasionally I refer to the fact that we attended the temple in Salt Lake for the husband and wife sealing of a friend. Following the sealing the sealer pulled a picture out of his pocket and showed a picture of his twelve children. He then indicated some of their great achievements. He gave the picture to the couple and said, "Go thou and do likewise." That is good sound counsel.

We greatly enjoy all of our children, among them is Betty Naomi—one of seven daughters. She is a part of eternal family. All of our family look forward to one day being with her.

On the day that I performed the sealing for Tammy and Kirk I was scheduled for two earlier temple sealings for the deceased. In both of my sealing sessions, prior to the live sealing of Tammy and Kirk, I felt the presence of our daughter, Betty Naomi. It is customary for the sealer to give some brief counsel and other expressions relevant to the marriage when different family members and friends are present. All of our living daughters were present except Mildred. During the sealing of Tammy and Kirk I made reference to the fact that all but one of our daughters were present. However, once again the presence of Betty Naomi, as in the earlier sealing sessions, was very much felt.

Following the ceremony, one of our guests told Tammy that a young girl was standing by her side during the ceremony. We as a family have a deep conviction that Betty Naomi was with us that day. Over the years Mom and I have talked much about our deceased daughter, Betty Naomi. On this day her presence was very much a part of my two early morning sealing sessions and during the live sealing of Tammy and Kirk.

22.12 Windy Stewart Felt

When I was called as Director of Indian Affairs, it was necessary that Mom get some help in the home. I had met Windy earlier and made contact

with her and invited her in for a visit. She needed housing, and we needed someone like her to help in our family. So, she readily agreed to work for us. She seemed to fit so well into the family.

After five years Afton and I with the family discussed the possible option of inviting Windy to become a part of our family. When we discussed this with her she was pleased and indicated she would love to be a part of the family. A few months later we discussed it with her again and wanted to know if she wanted a legal adoption followed by a temple sealing. She readily agreed. At that point, I suggested I give her a Priesthood blessing. In the course of the blessing I told her that her deceased parents were rejoicing over the fact that now their daughter was to be in a home and with a family.

After the adoption and sealing all of the family felt that she was one with us. She needed us and we needed her. She continued her schooling and completed her four year degree. Prior to coming to BYU she had completed a mission in the Southwest Indian Mission. Her natural parents were deceased. She had been in different homes on the reservation. She was then sent to San Diego and once again placed in a foster home. From that point she came to BYU.

She married a Sioux Indian who completed his BA degree at BYU and a Masters degree in Social Studies. He had been on a placement program for eight years. It was a temple marriage and the sealing was performed by his mission president—Elder Carlos Asay. Shortly after the marriage things didn't go well at all. They did live together ten years, during which time they had three children. Serious problems justified a divorce.

For the last ten or twelve years Windy has been living in Rapid City. Living there made available to her all of the Bureau of Indian Affairs medical and other benefits they provide for the Indian people. Her oldest son, Chaske, is now serving a mission in Toronto, Canada. Bill will be the next to go on a mission. Her daughter, Charla, will likely also go on a mission.

From the very beginning at the time Windy came into our home, she has become a very appreciated part of our family. There are few people in the Church who have undergone so much adversity, tests and trials as Windy has. As I was pondering and praying about this whole situation, the Lord imparted to me a picture of Windy. She looked so beautiful, and had such a lovely countenance after all these years of pain and suffering which she has survived and endured so well. A few hours after I had this experience I called her on the phone and shared it with her. Needless to say, it meant a great deal to her.

Our Grandchildren

Our family—our grandchildren, our great grandchildren—have always taken priority in our lives. Our first child, Paul Jr., was born while I was overseas. During our brief friendship and courtship together with the years following the marriage, Afton and I often discussed our desire for a large family. I believe that idea and hope was first planted in my heart during my youthful mission in the Central States mission. One of my early assignments was in Hutchinson, Kansas. The branch president was President George Clay and his lovely wife, Dorothy. They were in their late twenties, early thirties but at that time they had a large family. Observing and coming to know and love the Clay family first planted in my heart the hope of a large family for me.

In a temple marriage the sealer charges the young couple to “multiply and replenish the earth.” I believe that was one of the first great commandments the Lord gave his children. After returning from overseas during World War II, Afton and I attended the sealing ceremony of some friends. As is the practice of virtually all sealers, they approached the couple to give the final counsel following the sealing ceremony. This good brother included in his counsel by sharing a picture of his family—a family of twelve children many of whom had been on missions and other commendable achievements. After his final admonition he gave the couple a picture of his family and said, “Go thou and do likewise.” Both Afton and I felt in our hearts that he was not only talking to that couple, but also to us. This reaffirmed for us that the Lord willing, and my wife’s health being good, we would hope and pray for a large family.

The Lord has blessed us with a large and much loved family of twelve children. As of this date we have fifty grandchildren and sixteen great grand-

children. While our children and their eternal spouses give us great joy, we must admit that our grandchildren bring us even greater joy. They are a constant source of joy and happiness as they come and go—often in great numbers.

Some years ago one of our daughters gave a license plate which had on it “If I’d known grandchildren were so great I would have had them first.”

Occasionally in one of my husband and wife sealings in the temple I quote from Brother Packer who in a dedication said, “Today we are dedicating a monument to the resurrection and to the exaltation of the human family. If the outside world knew what was happening here, cars would stop, planes wouldn’t take off, people would rush to see what the Lord hath wrought.”

Both Afton and I, especially Afton, seek to spend quality and quantity time with our grandchildren. Afton does this much better than I. Seldom does a day go by but what Afton doesn’t get a telephone call or a little note from a grandchild whom she has helped with a sewing project or some other interesting endeavor.

Perhaps I can best express our pure love and regard for our grandchildren whom we regard as “treasure of eternity” is to share some letters we’ve had from them. Every letter is carefully filed. I can’t share all of them, but I will share some that have come to me during and following my recent hospitalization with mini-strokes and heart failure. It has long been a practice in our home and family that when any one of our family is facing a great need or some crisis, we are informed by the Felt communication lines inviting all of us to remember a given person in our prayers. During my most recent critical illness I felt very deeply the prayers of so many people, especially those of my family and our grandchildren. These letters will reflect something of what I am attempting to describe.

23.1 Letters received during illness

23.1.1 Poem by Nikki

Grandpa’s are the best kind of people
 Loving every one Teaching them what
 is right Loving wife that cares for them
 Children and grandchildren love you
 Family reunions every year
 Spending time together You make people smile
 Thank you so very much

Dear Grandpa,

I love you so much. You are the best grandpa a kid could have. Here are some cookies I made for you. My dad’s flying up from Indonesia on July

"If We Would Have Known How Fun Grandchildren Were...
We Would Have Had Them First..."



Figure 23.1: Family Picture Montage 1



Figure 23.2: Family Picture Montage 2



Figure 23.3: Family Picture Montage 3



Figure 23.4: Family Picture Montage 4



Figure 23.5: Family Picture Montage 5

25th I think. I can't wait to see you again. I like apples and ice cream like you. I got my toe shoes in ballet! I'm so excited! I LOVE YOU!!

Love, Nikki Felt (Afton Nicole Felt)

23.1.2 Letter from Shaun

Dear Grampa and Grandma,

I writing this letter to tell you guys how much I love you both and being with each of you. You are the best. You have been like another mom and dad. Please let Grampa know my prayers are with him and that he going to get better, so one day you both will see me go on a mission and play for BYU. Then when I turn pro I will buy Grampa all the Mercedes he wants and Grandma a huge house with maids. I'm probably over exaggerating a little is much but wouldn't that be nice. I can't wait to come down and see you guys so I can give my famous bear hug. I love you both and you have been the best role models. Tell Grampa he is going to get better!!!

I LOVE YOU GUYS

Love, The best grandson Shawn

p.s. I love you. I love you both.

23.2 Letter from Tammy

Dear Dad and Mom

I love you very much. Here's a song for both of you. Daddy I love you, Daddy I do. Father in heaven has sent me to you. When I am near you I love to hear you Whisper so softly I love you too.

I love you Bye Tammy

23.3 Hugs Are Available Here

When anybody comes to our home they will see very visibly the sign our daughter Tammy prepared for us which says something like this: "Grandma and Grandpa's house. Hugs and kisses and cookies available here."

All of our family are a hugging and loving people. It hasn't always been this way, but during the last many years this has become a hallmark practice of all family members. Yesterday we had a letter from our grandson who among other things said, "I can't wait to come down and see you guys so I can give you my famous bear hug... I love you both and you have been the

best role models. Tell Grandpa he is going to get better.” Among all of our grandchildren no one gives bear hugs quite like Shawn. He gets Grandma on one side and Grandpa on the other and then pulls us together telling us he loves us.

Several years ago, when I was facing a serious case of shingles and was lying on the couch downstairs, Shawn came down and said, “Grandpa, I want to help you. Tell me where the shingles hurt.” I then indicated where it was. He carefully massaged that area and then said, “Are you feeling better Grandpa?” I had to say, “Yes.”

A few years ago when our daughter Kathleen and her husband John and their children were moving to Mesa, we drove with them. John must have already been there and I was driving and Johnny and Camille, two grandchildren, were in the back. While driving one of them reached up and gave me some hugs—I believe it was Camille. She counted fifty before she stopped. Then her older brother Johnny, who is now an outstanding football player on his high school team, said he was next. He proceeded to give me a hug up to one hundred. Needless to say I had plenty of hugs, more than I could handle.

indexfamBennett, Afton Camille Covey (Granddaughter)

For several years I carried in my wallet a card that is titled “the hug meter.” It asks on the card, “How many hugs do you need?” The small grandchildren would push a certain colored number—black, red, or green, indicating the number of hugs. They would push that and then give Grandpa or Grandma the number of hugs the hug meter showed.

A couple of weeks ago Ron invited all of the family that were here to a famous Shoney buffet breakfast. Mom and I arrived first and then the rest of the family began coming in. When the grandchildren saw us they ran up to us and one of them, Jessica, threw her arms around me and nearly knocked me over. She gave me a hug and a kiss on the lips. After the breakfast, one of the people came up and introduced himself and inquired about our family. Apparently it is an uncommon thing for grandchildren to run up and give you a hug as Jessica did to me.

In the past few days, Afton and I have searched in our files and found a very large number of letters from grandchildren. Our eternal family, our sons, our daughters, our grandchildren, and great grandchildren bring so much joy and peace to Afton and me. Our grandchildren love to come and visit Grandma and Grandpa. One of the reasons is because, as you know, on the ground level, we have all those games that we acquired some years ago from BYU. Last weekend we had Marilynn and her children and John and Kathleen with their children and they loved being here. At the end of the

second day, their parents tried to get them to come home, but they wanted to stay with Grandma and Grandpa.

Some years ago our daughter Kathleen gave us a license plate with this statement, "If I had known grandchildren were so great, I'd have had them first." Within the next few weeks, our large family getaway home in Hobble Creek will be finished. In addition to all of the things the grandchildren can do while they are here, there will be many more things that can be done when we go to Hobble Creek.

23.4 More Letters from Our Grandchildren

23.4.1 Letter from Stephanie

Hi, Dear Grandma and Grandpa,

You! How are you doing? I am fine. I can't wait till the family reunion! Can you? I sure can't. Jill is here this week and she will be leaving Tuesday. Bummer. *With this was a newspaper clipping of how she did in the 200 Medley Relay.*

23.4.2 Letter from Troy

Dear Grandma and Grandpa,

Thanks for the \$5.00. I bought a lot of cand with it. I'll probably get sick, but it will be worth it. I found out today about Grandpa diagnosis. I am sorry Grandpa. But I know deep inside that you'll be all right.

My sister and I will try out for Varsity or Jr. Varsity, but if I make Varsity I will have to take Seminary on a home study because I have swim every morning at 5:30. That is going to get old really fast. Well I have to listen to Family Home Evening, so I will talk to you later.

Love you, Troy

23.4.3 Letter from Justin

Dear Grandma and Grandpa, 1993

How are you doing? Is your leg getting any better Grandma? I got a new hair cut. It is called a wedge. It's like Travis's hair. I look weird. It's the first time to have it like this. I'm going to make a lot of OHO's, my best one is going to be for you because you taught me how to do it. And because I love you. Happy Mother's Day Grandma. I can't wait to see you this summer!!! We will probably have a great time. Thank you for helping

me make frogs, they are so neat! I am doing a secret admirer to someone who doesn't have any friends and I am going to give them a frog.

LOVE YA' LOTS JUSTIN

23.4.4 Letter from Stacey

Dear Grandpa and Grandpa,

I hope Grandpa gets better. Thank you for the beautiful doll bed and the red doll pj's and my red pj's and the hang up doll clothes. I love playing with my American Girl doll. I had fun visiting with Bob and Mary. Aunt Mary had a lot of dolls. I love you,

Stacy

23.4.5 Letter from Jill

Dear Grandpa and Grandma,

Thanks for the books, I really like them. And thanks for the calendar!! Have you seen Home Alone II? If not, then I would say to go because it's soooo hilarious. I laughed so hard I almost fell out of my chair!! Have you seen Aladdin? If not I would say go to that one too!! Because that one was really good too!!

Love, Jill

p.s. Write soon

23.4.6 Letter from Collette

We received this from Collette when she was just learning to write:

Dear Grandma and Grandpa,

Thank you for making me the birthday dress. I went to shirit I relay like it We hope you well have a nice bay to bay. Love Collette

Two years later we received a card that she made with cut out colored figures on the front of a teddy bear, a heart, a flower, a butterfly and a badge, and she wrote:

Dear Grandma, I hope you like my card. The teddy bear stands for when you give us stuffed animals and bear hugs. The heart stands for I LOVE YOU, the flower stands for beautiful like you. The butterfly stands for someone who helps others. The badge is for #1 grandma. Love your granddaughter, Collette Covey.

23.4.7 Letter from Katie

Dear Grandma and Grandpa,

I miss you. I hope you will come to my house in the spring. I hope you will call me in the morning. My phone number is 964719. I hope I can come to your house soon.

Love Katie

23.4.8 Letter from Camille

Dear Grandpa. I love you so much. I am glad that I could have such a wonderful grandpa. Whenever I think of you I think of HUGS and ICE cream.

I love you and always will, Afton Camille Covey

23.4.9 Letter from Elysse

Dear Grandma and Grandpa,

I love my dress and love to wear it every day. My mom finally made me take it off so she could wash it. So I put on my cheer leading dress. I love you please come to our house.

Elysse

23.4.10 Letter from McKay

I had fun on my birthdays. I got a basketball hoop and some books and clothes. I miss and love you, McKay

23.4.11 Letter from Jason

Dear Grandpa and Grandma,

How are you feeling Grandpa? I hear you are doing well. I'm pretty sure we will be out for Christmas and see you then. Maybe you'll feel well enough to come visit us in Georgia in the Spring. Well I started teaching piano lessons on Tuesdays and Thursday afternoons and I have 5 kids that I teach and 3 more that want to take lessons. It's fun most of the time but one little girl likes to bang on the keys when I talk to her but hopefully she'll learn better.

High school is fun. I have all "A's". Next semester I am going to accompany the all state Choir. That will be my easiest class. I'll see you soon,

Jason

23.4.12 Story by Charla

This is a story about Grandma and Grandpa Felt written by Charla Stewart.

Once there lived two grandparents. They live in Utah. They are nice to me. I love them and I know they love me. If my Mom's real Mom did not die then I would not have two fun Grandpa's and Grandma's.

23.4.13 Letter from Tess

Dear Grandpa and Grandma,

How are you. I'm doing fin. I hop you hav a his merecresmes.

Love Tess

23.4.14 Letter from Melissa

Dear Grandpa and Grandma,

I started school! I'm in the second grade. My teacher is kind of mean but I still like her. My dad got a Condo that he sleeps at every night. So Tess and me are sleeping here right now. Oh guess what I slammed my finger in the closet door.

I love you, Melissa

23.4.15 Letter from Travis

Dear Grandpa,

I think of you all the time. I wish I could come see you. I still have the wallet you gave me. I will always keep it and the copper money with the name John E. Harris on the baack. My Mom told me about him. It says your friendship is worth more than a pile of gold.

Love, Travis

23.4.16 Letter from Jenaca

Dear Grandpa,

I love you. I am glad you are my granpa you are so cool. You are so nice to me. You help me all of the time.

Love, Jenaca

23.4.17 Letter from Spencer

Dear Grandpa,

I love you. We have a swimming pool and a club house in our neighborhood. I am a fish in the water.

Love, Spencer

23.4.18 Talk by Wyatt

Wyatt was 8 years old when he wrote and gave this talk at church. He gave us a copy.

Once upon a time there was a boy who love Jesus. The boy's name was "Sam". Sam was a good at answering question's about Jesus. But he had a big problem he could not raise his hand in Sunday School and there was a special sticker if you raise you hand. And that day he told a lie, he said he raised his hand and he felt bad for a long time until he repented, but lets rewind this problem. He says he did not raise his hand and he finds out that the sticker was a stupid sticker. I hope you will tell the truth because it always has a good result. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

23.4.19 Letter from Johnny

Dear Grandpa and Grandma, Thanks for everything you have soon for me like taking me places and giving me BYU tickets. Thanks for all the good food we have at your house.

Love, Johnny

23.4.20 Mission letter from Chaske

We have some missionary letters we wish we could include the entire letter but will just use a small section of the letter.

From Chaske:

We were in the home of a family and the father said he prayer to Heavenly Father when his car broke down on the freeway and no one stopped to help him. Then he started to talk negative about God. This made me think that sometimes when we pray we expect a big miracle, this is what faith is all about, we have to put forth some effort, we have to do our part. Then God will fill us in, we have to change, little by little our prayers are answered. I know this mission is helping me a lot being separated from the things of the world and helps me focus on who I want to be. I'm so thankful for the truth.

I love you, Chaske

23.4.21 Letter from Robert and Katherine

Dear Grandma and Grandpa, September 19, 1995

We are a happy little family. We love each other and try to live the Gospel. We feel we are succeeding of our constant blessings. Robert is a spiritual man and I support him. He is doing so well with his calling as well as in his work. We have also been blessed with the security of buying our own home and it has been fun making it “homey.” It has a lovely spirit here and is surely a refuge from the world.

The baby is so good and smiles and talks. He’s a little angel and the veil seems so thin at times when we have little glimpses of eternity.

Dad is wonderful in every way and he fulfills the fatherly role so well, you can be very proud of him. All our love to you both and to the family.

Love, Robert and Katherine

23.4.22 Letter from Mark and Becky

Dear Grandma and Grandpa Felt, December 27, 1997

First of all, allow me to tell you how much Becky and I love and respect you. If we could be half the people you are, well, things would be grand.

Yvonne suggested that I write this note to give you some history behind the infamous saying, “The Den of Love.” What are its origins? Where was it born? All of your fears can be set aside, there is no deep dark secret here. It all started on a sultry summer day in the little town of Provo, Utah, in 1992. Close your eyes and imagine the sweet smells of the Candy Jar nestled within the Wilkinson Center. As usual I was waiting for Becky to finish her shift. We had plans to join Ron and Tracy and their children for a delectable dining experience in the “Cougar Eat.” In fact, Troy, Paul Jr.’s son was going to join us as well. You see, Troy had traveled many moons to visit his dear Grandma and Grandpa Felt, and was hoping to enjoy many of the sights and sounds of Provo.

As I waited, Ron, Tracy, Troy and the children arrived. Ron, in his continual jovial mood walked up to me and said, “Markus, how are you?” I said, “Fine.” and introductions began. “Mark,” Ron said, “This is your cousin Troy from Australia.” “Troy, how’s it going?” I replied. “Good,” Troy said. “Where are you staying, Troy?” I inquired. “At Grandmum’s and Grandpa’s house,” he said. “Oh,” I replied, “You’re trapped in the Den of Love.”

Needless to say, as this phrase has permeated the souls of many, I can honestly say, it is true. Your home is a haven and a sanctuary. I love being

in the "Den of Love."

With love, Mark & Becky

24

Family Reunions and Family Letters

For many years we have had some family letter go out regularly to all family members. For the first several years it was Mom and I that wrote a letter setting forth some information about different family members. Often in closing we would include some message from the Brethren concerning families.

About eight years ago our son Ronald offered to be responsible for the family letter. At that point in time we gave it a title “HeartFelt Family Forum.”

Following is one of the family letters. This is one of many, many that have been sent out. Afton and I have been pleasantly surprised and certainly grateful for the keen interest the family express in their receipt of the letter.

24.1 Family Reunions

It was about twelve or fifteen years ago when we undertook the practice and tradition of an annual family reunion. Prior to this time period we would always as a family get-together for important events such as Thanksgiving, Christmas, and other special occasions. Each year the quality of the reunion gets better and better. The present format is to go on a given weekend which would conclude on Sunday.

Let me attempt to give an overview of the last reunion which was at Brian Head just out of Parowan. Hereafter they will be in our newly built Hobble Creek home. On the first evening we met and enjoyed a great dinner at the restaurant. Then we went over to a small ballroom where we enjoyed

some line dancing. Yvonne and Lamar were the instructors. All of us—young children and all the adults—were dancing and thoroughly enjoying it.

Each day begins with a devotional given by different appointed family members. Following the devotional and breakfast the family members who are responsible for the reunion set forth the options we have for a given day. This can include a variety of different activities. Several of our children have a lot of recreational toys like fourwheelers and other things that all the family can enjoy.

In the evening we always have a family meeting. This may consist of a book review or a presentation of some church history. For example, on one occasion Jessie gave a great presentation on Emma Smith, the wife of the Prophet Joseph. Afton gave an overview of a great book about Mary Fielding Smith, who is one of Afton's direct ancestors. There is always a talent show, which includes by and large the grandchildren with the parents assisting. This is always a very interesting and humorous presentation. In a reunion a few years ago at Ricks College the talent show included all the grandchildren singing a song in tribute to Grandma and Grandpa. Deanne Felt, Larry's wife, wrote the words to the song and prepared the children to sing the song. I can't remember a time in my life when I was so moved with uncontrollable tears as the grandchildren sang that beautiful song. The words are included elsewhere in this history but I want to include them again in this segment.

Another evening is devoted to family history and genealogy. Our son Paul Jr. has taken the leadership in this project. On Sunday we have a sacrament meeting followed by a testimony meeting. There are so many highlights to each reunion it is difficult to identify the best one. Certainly personal testimony bearing of all the family is one of the highlights. When the reunion has been held near a temple we always go to the temple as a family. A few years ago I was able to take virtually our entire family to a sealing session. As a sealer I was able to conduct the session. Prior to and during the sealing there was an exchange of some very moving matters. Hereafter all of our reunions will be held at Hobble Creek so our attendance at the temple will be a part of each reunion.

24.2 Family Letters

24.2.1 Letter to Afton on our Thirtieth Wedding Anniversary

June 1st, 1973 My Dear Wife,



Figure 24.1: Family Reunion at Fish Lake, 1990

As you know, our lovely daughter Tammy and I have been exchanging notes for some time. Occasionally I also write individual letters to each of our several children. With our approaching thirtieth wedding anniversary I'm going to make a feeble attempt to somehow convey my love to my sweetheart and eternal companion and helpmate by way of this letter. I know your husband doesn't possess the eloquence to completely express his feelings, but please bear with me as I attempt to describe how your husband feels about you.

As I look back on our thirty years together, a flood of memories come to mind. I remember well our providential meeting at BYU. You, a striking freshman and your husband a pompous senior and student body leader. A passing casual greeting on campus during some student body activity brought about our first meeting. Later a matinee dance once again brought us together, and then a date during the Christmas holidays, which almost proved to be a disaster because I wasn't aware that you were the daughter of the State Prison Warden, and thus residing in the quarters at the State Prison.

Time passes, which finds you in a nurses training program and me in an



Figure 24.2: Family Reunion at Rocking R Ranch, 1991

officers training program. I remember so well my fervent prayers as midshipman's school, pleading for direction in the selection of a wife. Graduation and a commission as an Ensign seemed to increase the urgency to find my eternal companion. More fervent prayers for guidance led me to a good warm peaceful feeling about Afton Harris. Further confirmation came as we walked around Temple Square. Another confirmation came as we visited your bishop, who's name, I believe, was Bishop Parker. With that sweet assurance I proposed during a hurried five day leave, and miracle of miracles, sweet Afton readily accepted. With the heavens giving such complete and beautiful sanction, a long engagement was not necessary. Only five days served our purpose for the engagement period. You were the first girl to wear my Delta Phi Sweetheart Pin. You will remember, our hasty engagement and marriage did not provide sufficient time for the ring to be purchased. That purchase resulted in the first debt in our marriage. I said we didn't have an engagement, nor did we have a honeymoon, as generally observed by newly married couples. But our honeymoon lasted several months during a blessed period of duty in San Diego.

1942 LaJolla Avenue certainly brings back a treasure of cherished memories. If you remember, the sea duty was 24 hours on and 24 hours off. Each 24 hours was an extended beautiful honeymoon. Twenty-four-hours aboard ship seemed like an eternity. I remember so well anticipating my 24-hour leave and running from the bus up the hill to find my sweet wife waiting. You will remember, I wouldn't let you out of my sight. I even took you to Priesthood meeting with me. I insisted that our bishop, who understood so beautifully our hopeless, blessed plight of being completely and insanely



Figure 24.3: Family Reunion at Ricks College, 1993

in love, allow you to be my home teaching companion. The stake president then called us to serve as the stake Men and Gleaner leaders. Bishop Hawkins, bless his heart, used to smile and chuckle at our affectionate antics together in Sacrament meeting.

I want you to know the passing thirty years have not altered my intense desire to be reunited with my lovely wife and companion when trips have taken me away from home. Over the years, particularly during the last ten years, where my work has required considerable travel, no husband, or lover has yearned more for his wife's sweet embrace than your husband who has always been completely and hopelessly and gloriously in love with his wife. Our long distance phone bill has always been high because seldom a night goes by but what you and I don't exchange affectionate greetings on the phone. But, back to San Diego. After nearly a year of an extended, glorious honeymoon, filled with a treasure of beautiful memories, your husband then did something which may have hurt his lovely child bride. I say child because of your extreme youth, and my mid-twenties. I volunteered for an overseas assignment because I felt some urgency to do my part overseas during the war. When I left my wife was expecting our firstborn.

I'm sure I was the only man aboard ship going overseas that received a



Figure 24.4: Granddaughters as BYU Cheerleaders; Back Left to Right: Tess, McKenzie, Jessica, Katie, Camille and Nikki; Front Left to Right: Melissa, Stacey, Collette, Jenaca and Elysse

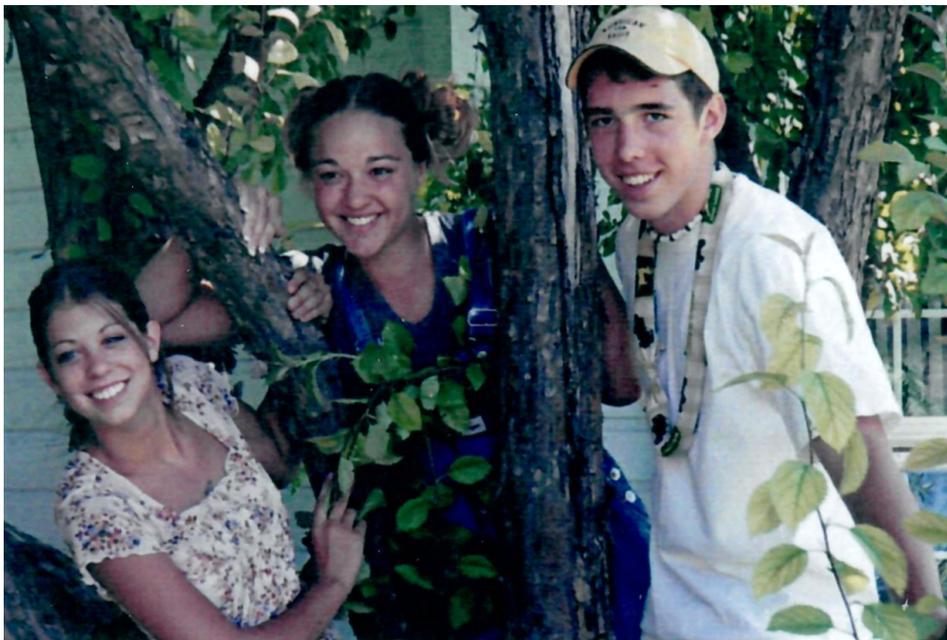
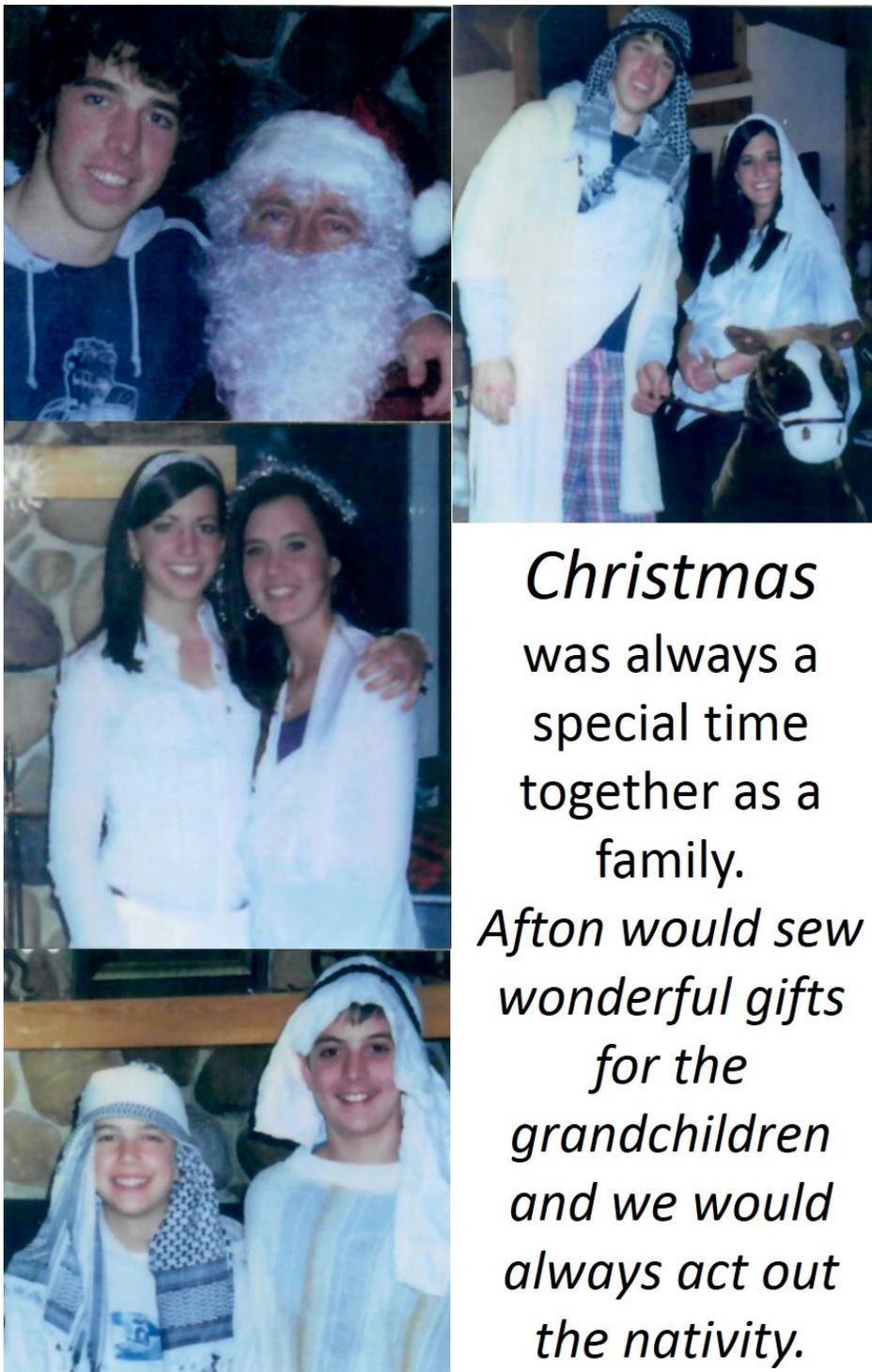


Figure 24.5: A few grandchildren as teenagers; (Amanda) Tess Felt, Jessica Felt, Travis Williams



Figure 24.6: Christmas



Christmas was always a special time together as a family. Afton would sew wonderful gifts for the grandchildren and we would always act out the nativity.

Figure 24.7: Christmas



Figure 24.8: Afton with a few granddaughters; Jenaca Williams, Stacey Forsyth and Collette Covey



Figure 24.9: A few grandsons at a reunion; Jordan Comstock, Jacob Covey, Spencer Williams



Figure 24.10: The “Big Me’s” and the “Little Me’s”; Back Left to Right: Faithe, Anna, Bria, Whitney; Front Left to Right: Elysse, Melissa, Stacey, Jenaca, Collette



Figure 24.11: Granddaughters; Melissa, Stacey, Tess, Jenaca, Elysse

letter every day from his wife. Thoughtful Afton made certain that every shirt pocket and pants pocket had a note tucked away somewhere. Each day I would frantically look for the note from my sweet wife. Once overseas you would write me each day, as I would you. Mail call was the most memorable beautiful experience of my long overseas assignment. Our ship participated in the Philippines campaign which delayed the mail for many weeks. Finally mail call was issued and the captain sent me in the motor launch to get the mail. Bag after bag was given, earmarked “USS Silverbell.” Frantically I went through the mail to find the letter telling me about our first born. A letter from Grandpa Felt announced, “I’ve just been to the hospital where I visited your lovely wife and young son Paul, Jr.”

Memories, memories, blessed memories. I can’t begin to recount them all. Each memory reflects my complete love and devotion and loyalty to my sweet companion. Finally the war ends. Arrangements were made to meet my lovely wife and young son whom I had never yet met in San Francisco, just a few days before Christmas. You will remember a little confusion because of our arrangements to meet at the Fairmont in Oakland. Neither of us realized there was a Fairmont in San Francisco. Prayers and our great



Figure 24.12: Afton with her two oldest granddaughters, Jodi Felt Robinson and Becky Jordan Comstock



Figure 24.13: Forsyth kids with Grandparents



Figure 24.14: Grandkids in a convertible

love for each other finally brought us together for a glorious reunion. What a homecoming! I can't begin to reconstruct the feelings that filled that precious hour and the next few days. Remember our search for a Christmas tree? Decorations were not available, but no tree looked more beautiful than ours Christmas morning. I not only had a lovely wife to whom I could return, but also a 15 month old son. No serviceman ever had a more glorious homecoming.

Together we gave prayerful consideration for professional pursuits. With our wonderful memories of San Diego, you will remember we thought we would go there and begin some business. The Lord prompted us otherwise, though, and led us into Church education. That was another providential direction that has marked our life together.

Logan, Utah, another blessed sacred period of our lives, marked by a call to a High Council, a Ward Bishopric for your husband, and the arrival of another choice son and a lovely daughter. For these births and each birth since, I have been present. My lovely wife has always been beautiful and heaven to be around, but never is she more beautiful than when she was expecting one of our children, and as she cared for them in their early weeks and months. Again, the years in Logan bring so many happy memories.

Remember our regular trips to the Temple, our wonderful association with neighbors Perry and Elmo, and members of the bishopric and their wives?

From Logan we went to Salt Lake, again under an assignment from Church education. Here our lovely New Year's Eve daughter was born. Remember our false runs to the hospital during some heavy winter season. Salt Lake, like Logan, was a haven and treasure of happy memories because of Church involvement. Once again, a call to a bishopric, regular trips to the Temple with dear friends and then another adventure that took us to Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. Two blessed wonderful years made beautiful because of the Church and the Gospel. There we came to know intimately our Branch President, N. E. Tanner, also Hugh B. Brown. Little did we realize then that one day these Brethren would be in the First Presidency. Again, wonderful friends and marvelous students made life abundant and full.

You will remember among some of our great experiences was our square dancing group. Yes, Edmonton was good to Paul and Afton and their family. We have always responded to whatever call came to us, be it in the Church, or professionally. After only two years we were beckoned to Cedar City, Utah. In Cedar City we faced and enjoyed again three blessed beautiful glorious years because of our complete love and devotion to each other and because the blessings of the Lord and the programs of the Church so abundantly blessed our lives. Here our son O'Larry was born. Today, as I dictate this letter, I'm driving to Roswell for a Zone Conference. Just two hours earlier it was my privilege to be with our son O'Larry as Patriarch Bushman gave him a most beautiful blessing. Our son O'Larry, like our other sons and daughters, is a source of matchless joy. I learned today that he has mastered more discussions than anyone in the Mission.

Another significant call in the Church came which further blessed our lives in the form of a counselor to President Corey. Each of us will remember the Sunday I was sustained when we frantically searched for Paul and John to hurry off to our meeting and found them in the bedroom praying for their Dad in his new and important assignment. Today these great sons serve in bishoprics and stake presidencies.

Before accepting our next call which took us to BYU our blessed son Ronald was born. He's one of our miracle youngsters, as you well know. It was here a servant of the Lord assured my wife in a special blessing that if she would "allow the children to come that the Lord has for you, there will be no complications in child birth." We have remembered that admonition, which recalled to us that early in our marriage we determined that the Lord willing we would have a large family.

Provo and BYU, like each area has brought us a multitude of joys and pleasures, the greatest of which is Jesse, Kathleen, Tom, Tammy and Mildred. Through all these many years of Church service my wife has also served in important positions such as teaching and Primary and MIA executive positions. Our many children never prevented you from important Church calls. Each of us has been happily involved in many Church assignments.

Among the many heavenly experiences and memories of Provo, I single out only one or two. My BYU assignment called for many extended trips. The excitement and joy of coming home and being reunited with my family compensated for the loneliness of our separation. You remember when we learned we were going to have twins? I should qualify that because you knew long before the doctor that this was a different pregnancy. You predicted twins long before the doctor made his confirmation. With our large family and with twins seven months along, tucked away in Mommy's big tummy, we all went to Disneyland. Many pictures make it possible to relive that family outing. We also, as you know, have a vast treasury of pictures.

Dr. Webster took such good care of my wife the experience of the delivery brings back chuckles. Remember, he called down the hall to tell me and all the other waiting patrons, "Paul, Number One is here, and it's a whopper!" and then a few minutes later, "Paul, Number Two is here, and it's jumping out of the crib!" My sweet wife is always beautiful under all circumstances, but never is she more angelic than when she's in the hospital bed with a new-born youngster on her arm and shoulder. Needless to say, the twins are certainly a double bonus for both of us. It was in Provo where we completed our dozen through the sweet adoption of our Lamanite daughter, Mildred. Each of our daughters reflects and mirrors the beauty and angel-like qualities of her dear Mother.

Among the glorious things that have happened to us, I'm sure one of the greatest is the call to preside over this mission. You will remember, as I pondered this sacred opportunity, we determined that we were going to make it a family affair. And this it has proven to be. Our son O'Larry is fulfilling a noble mission. His brother Ronald will be with him this summer. Each of the children is happily involved in so many great programs in the Church and in school.

Dear, this letter is getting rather lengthy. What I have mentioned is such a mere capsule and thread of what our thirty years have been together. You've heard me say, with all the sincerity of my heart, that I know what heaven is going to be like. You have brought heaven into my life in so many many ways during the past thirty years. Being faithful and true to

my wife is one of the easiest and most glorious things that I have done. Never, at any time, have I been unfaithful to you in thought or deed. You have so completely possessed me and met every need and brought about a beautiful fulfillment in my life, that at no time has there ever been the slightest temptation to wander. Perhaps that needn't be said. Our love, loyalty, and integrity to each other have always been perfect.

When I look back in retrospect on thirty years and something of the joy and peace and completeness that we have enjoyed, I look forward with heavenly anticipation for the next thirty million years plus an endless, timeless, beautiful eternity. With you by my side, it's heaven every day. As you can see from this letter, and what you've learned over the thirty years, your husband is completely and totally in love with you. However, I point out, dear, that the qualities I see in you are very apparent to all of your sons and daughters and to all of the people who really know you. Our scores and scores of friends and neighbors and the hundreds of discerning missionaries readily see in you what I see in you a perfect wife, a perfect mother, a perfect handmaiden of the Lord. Because of your inner beauty, and complete integrity and natural faith, the Lord has blessed you with an external beauty and radiance which remains with you even in your fiftieth year. It is always a source of great pride and joy to me to have you by my side and for all my friends to know that this is my wife. If I were a poet, perhaps I could express my love as did Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

*How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose With my lost Saints,
I love thee with the breath Smiles, tears, of all my life!
and, if God choose, I shall but love thee better after death.*

The scriptures perhaps describe my wife more beautifully than a poet, or certainly a faltering husband could ever do. It is found in Proverbs.

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

She is like the merchants' ship; she bringeth her food from afar.

She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.

She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengthened her arms.

She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night.

She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet.

She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple.

Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

She openeth up her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. —Proverbs 31: 109

Dear, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you. You will be hearing this throughout all eternity.

24.2.2 Letter to Afton on our Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary

Dear Afton,

Over the years we have exchanged a number of letters, especially during my time overseas. But perhaps for me the most important letter was the one I wrote to you in June of 1973 while we were still serving our mission in the New Mexico/Arizona Mission. This letter was written marking our thirtieth wedding anniversary. I now want to write a letter on our fiftieth anniversary.

Prior to dictating this letter marking our fiftieth anniversary I read again the letter I wrote to you in June of '73 concerning our thirty years of happy, blissful marriage.

Both of us often recall our temple marriage, June 1st 1943, that President Harold B. Lee performed as the sealer. As a part of his counsel to us he put his arms around each of us and reminded us that as we continued to remember and keep our covenants taken in the temple each year of our marriage would get better and better. Each of us can testify to that fact.

Our marriage, for both of us, has always been a heaven on earth. During the last few years I'm aware that we have become closer and more in love and more in tune and in harmony with each other and the Lord than ever before. As I make reference to this kind of Celestial harmony and unity I'm reminded that the Father made reference to the perfect unity and accord that prevails in their relationship. Ideally, that kind of relationship should prevail in each eternal marriage. For us, it has become a reality and a fact.

Let me now attempt to pick up a little of the story line of our life together. At the end of our mission in 1974 we were able to come back to BYU being assigned in the College of Religion. Our new dean was none other than Jeffrey Holland who later become President of the University and Commissioner of Education for the Church, and now serves in the Quorum of Twelve. BYU has always been one of our great loves. On occasion I have said, "In my lifetime I have had three great love affairs, the Salt Lake Temple, BYU, and my present and only wife." I was invited to come to BYU while we were living in Cedar City, we had just been called to serve in a Stake Presidency, and had been living in our new home only six months when President Ernest Wilkinson called me to be the Director of BYU Student Affairs. This was followed by serving as the Director of Indian Affairs. After these many years at BYU in administration roles it was good to be teaching again which lasted only seven years. In 1981, at the age of 65, I retired.

Retirement for us was not the traditional retirement. Occasionally I have referred to myself as an "unretired retiree." Our years since that official retirement have continued to be full and rewarding.

Perhaps some of our outstanding treasured experiences occurred when we were both called as full-time missionaries in the Missionary Training Center,

with me serving as the first counselor to President George D. Durrant and you assisting in providing clothing and other helps and aids for missionaries, especially missionaries from third world countries. That was a glorious time for both of us. Because of the demands of our full-time mission we both concluded it would be best to sell our family home of thirty years on Fir Circle and move to a condominium. After two wonderful years with George D. Durrant we served a few months with President Ed Pinegar, following which we served a mission at the Visitor's Center in Hawaii.

Once again, this mission proved to be very demanding and on occasion very stressful. But wherever we have been or served you and I have made it a point to give everything we had to the call. This we did. Upon our return from our Hawaiian Temple Visitors Center Mission we took up for the first time a long time residence in our newly acquired condominium at Rock Canyon Condominiums.

For several years I continued to teach part-time at BYU. Through the demands of my teaching assignments and our assignment at the temple as a sealer, together with the Gospel Doctrine class, you have always been totally supportive. Finally, we went to our department chairman and informed them that we felt it was time to retire. It wasn't many months after that I urged you to assist me in the Gospel Doctrine class.

For a number of years we've been holding an annual family reunion. Each year they get better and better. In addition to those annual reunions we always have wonderful interim gatherings of our family in connection with Christmas, Thanksgiving, and other special holidays. Always they are so rewarding for all of us.

Likely the highlight of our fifty plus years of marriage was the fiftieth wedding anniversary. You will recall as this date was approaching we let our family know that we didn't want a big affair, certainly we didn't want outside people brought in, we wanted to confine it and limit it to just our family. This they did, but never did you and I dream or anticipate the kind of experience we had on June 1st, 1993.

All of our children were present as well as many of the spouses of our married children. Ron, and those who were assisting, arranged for a banquet area at the Wilkinson Center where a sumptuous dinner was served followed by a beautiful response from each of our children. These were recorded and are now in a scrapbook. I'm taking the liberty to lift out portions of each of the tributes that our children paid, together with one or two tributes that come from grandchildren and daughter or son-in-laws. The tributes they paid to you and to me, both of us, including our family at large, is a memory and a tribute that will live forever.

I have once again hurriedly gone through this huge scrapbook covering our fiftieth wedding anniversary. In addition to the dinner and the tributes paid we were then able to go to Provo Temple the next morning and hold a private sealing session with our family. In this letter I will include portions of tributes given by our children at our fiftieth anniversary.

24.2.3 Tribute from Paul Jr. to his parents

I had the opportunity of serving as a Stake President at a very young age. The Stake was further from Church headquarters than any other in the Church. In those days, my direct line was the Quorum of Twelve and as far as training, it was limited to attendance at General Conference and General Authority visits. In other words, my learning was very much on the fly. I suppose I was doing a god job. I did the best I could but I had little feedback. Several of my closer friends voiced their admiration (and I use their words for I do not see it the same way) of my unique people skills and ability to motivate people in difficult circumstances.

One of these people who was rather complimentary and kind in her comments was Barbara Chapman whom you met some years ago. Her husband then was just finishing his law degree. He is now a judge and serves as the Stake President over the same Stake I presided over. After a visit to Provo where Barbara and Keith met each of you, she made an interesting comment. She said, "Now I know why you are the way you are. You are just like your parents."

That was the greatest of compliments. I was just like my parents. I am so very proud to be just like my parents. After all is said and done, you, my loving and trusted parents, taught me to be all that I could be.

—Paul Ernest

24.2.4 Tribute from John to his parents

As children we were fortunate to have parents who taught us the principles of the gospel early in life. Much of our earliest recollections as children is that of being involved in Family Home Evening, early morning scripture study and kneeling with our parents in family prayer. Surely the scriptures are true when it states, "Train up a child in the way he shall go and when he is old he shall not depart from it." We are all a product of an LDS home, and as adults we now pass that tradition on to another generation. We are grateful for a father and mother who taught us correct principles and were patient and tolerant during our youth.

As children each of us were dressed each morning, not only with a hat and warm clothing to protect us from physical harm, but even more carefully by parents who prepared us each day by dressing us in “the whole armor of God.”

–John Martin

24.2.5 Tribute from Yvonne to her parents

I remember sitting in our living room with the music playing and Dad took Mom in his arms and started dancing with her. Then they started dancing cheek-to-cheek and I thought, “Wait a minute! You can’t do that! We’re not allowed to dance that way! At stake dances they come and pull us apart if we dance cheek-to-cheek.” Mom said, “Yvonne, it’s okay, I’m married.” I can also recall Dad taking Mom in his arms in the kitchen and telling us, “Isn’t your mother beautiful?”

Growing up I always knew that my parents loved each other and I think that is one of the most wonderful blessings we can give our children. I’m really grateful that that’s one of the things my parents taught me.

I had a friend who went to professional counseling for over five years and I asked her, “What did you learn from all the counseling that you received?” She said, “Well, the most important thing I learned was that I am a person of value. I am a good person.” And I thought to myself, “I knew that from the day I was born because of the family that I was raised in.”

–Yvonne Jordan

24.2.6 Tribute from Marilyn to her parents

What wonderful memories I have of both of you while growing up. Our home was such a happy, fun place to be. A home where all children could bring friends over and they loved being in our home. It started out each morning with family prayer and scripture study and a delicious breakfast. It was fun having waffles on Sunday evening. The doughnuts and cinnamon rolls and hot bread were enjoyed by everyone.

I enjoyed sewing with Mom. She made sewing so much fun. It was fun to show all my friends the things I had sewed. I enjoyed being able to bring my friends home to have Mom say, “Hi, would you like to have anything to eat?” Would you eat some waffles with us this Sunday night?” She would invite my friends down to the sewing room.

–Marilynn Forsyth

24.2.7 Tribute from O’Larry to his parents

During the winter of 19712 when I was sixteen, I talked Dad into letting me take his new white Mercedes to Purgatory, a ski resort near Durango, Colorado. After loading up my skis and other gear, I drove to Snowflake and picked up Sam Bushman, who was going with me, and we headed to Purgatory. But we never got there because on the way I talked Sam into taking a little detour—to Provo.

We arrived early the next morning. After installing Sam in a motel I drove to Provo High School where I saw my friends; and for the next two days I had the time of my life. When it came time to leave I picked a discouraged and demoralized Sam at the motel and we headed home.

When I arrived at the Mission Home nobody was there, so I went into the bathroom to clean up. While I was in the shower one of the missionaries knocked on the door.

“Hey Larry,” he said, “is that you?”

I said yes and turned off the water, listening.

“Your Dad got you a new Blazer. It’s sitting out in the driveway. He just drove up in it.” I took this in, thinking silently, and then told the missionary I would be right down. I stood in the driveway looking at the green Blazer, and then Dad invited me into his office for a visit.

“How was Purgatory?” he asked.

I smiled awkwardly. “Fine.” I had never been a good liar, and the fact that Dad had just bought me a new Blazer made it even harder.

“Tell me about it,” he said. “Were you able to teach Sam how to ski?” I looked down, covered my eyes with my hands and began to softly cry.

—O’Larry

24.2.8 Tribute from Ron to his mother

Through the compilation of the stories and events that have shaped her life, I have gained an especial appreciation for the simplicity and purity of Mom’s desires and have come to a fuller comprehension of her most prominent virtue, one that we frequently celebrate, that is her possession of charity.

Her life holds forth a wealth of evidence of her selflessness in service, her readiness to sacrifice her time, talents and possessions in order to bless those who stand in need. The heavens must rejoice at the absence of vanity in all her thoughts and actions, at the purity of her faith, the constancy of her devotion.

These virtues are generously illustrated from the stories of her childhood

when she honored her parents, siblings, aunts and uncles by serving them. She sacrificed her studies to marry a Navy Ensign during the War and then set out on a course where her interests and comforts were continuously subordinated to the needs of her growing family. She took us shopping for new school clothes each year and fitted us all out for new shoes as young feet pushed through the ends long before the soles were worn, but did we ever see her indulging in a shopping trip for herself?

How easily satisfied she has been with whatever car was available in the driveway, never concerning herself over make and model. And how were meals provided week-in-and-week-out for such a crowd as ours? Can any of us remember ever waking up to a breakfast table that didn't present hot oatmeal, cracked wheat, poached eggs, pancakes or packaged cereals and toast before school? The pitchers were always full of whipped orange juice and dairy-fresh milk.

Think back to a home where Mom, at twenty-nine, was raising four children and had one carried to term that did not live. Then eleven years later she had a son on a mission and nine children, six under nine years old. How gently she dealt with this crowd of children, each making separate and unique demands on their mother. Imagine housekeeping demands that piled upon her shoulders and recall the constant, pleasant disposition that marked her personality.

Together with Dad, she raised her children by placing expectations of independence and selfreliance after she taught the requisite skills. She calmed conflict by inviting dialogue and governed by reasoning with her children, winning their respect and concurrence before boundaries and limitations were set.

We praise our gentle, virtuous Mother.

—Ron

24.2.9 Tribute from Jesse to her mother

As I think back, I don't remember a lot of contention in the home at all. The only time when Dad would get upset was on Saturday morning when he would get the vacuum going early, wanting us to get up.

When I think back, I remember how Mom and Dad each loved us; how they were very calm and always very patient. I recall an evening when I had just turned sixteen and I was feeling pretty old. I went to a dance and afterward I went to my girlfriend's house and was watching a movie until about 2:00 in the morning. The phone rang and it was Dad calling, telling me to get right home.

When I arrived home and went upstairs I found Dad very angry. He said, “You are grounded

until you can learn how to use the telephone!” Of course I felt very upset and shocked to see how angry Dad was with me. It wasn’t something I was used to.

The next morning Dad came down to my room before I was even awake and woke me up to offer an apology. (He did remind though that I was grounded.) But he apologized to me! I was the one at fault and here my father was apologizing to me for being angry at me the night before!

Mom and Dad have stood by my side through lots of hard times in my life. When Jason was just a baby and I was pregnant with Sean, I moved in with them. I never would have survived without them. I could not have done it on my own. They opened their arms and their home to me. The love they showed towards me was constant, even during the times when I had my trials. I appreciate that so much.

–Jessie Allman

24.2.10 Tribute from Kathleen to her mother

That wonderful woman we know and love who makes cinnamon rolls for the neighborhood. Who sews without a pattern. And not only is she good and wonderful at all those homemaking skills that all woman want to be good at, but she always lets the children and grandchildren help cook and sew. She can open up a fridge that has no food in it and come up with a wonderful meal. She makes homemade bread when company comes because she knows it will mean she has plenty of food. This my Mom who we all know is the ideal homemaker.

Not only can Mom fix anything, she’s probably fixed up more houses than she wants to count and she can repair anything in them. She knows the answers to everything. These are just a few of the things Mom can do. She has also run a dry cleaners, worked with missionaries at the MTC and served in various positions in countless wards. But now I would like to talk about the most important part of Mom—what she’s like as a human being. When I am separated from Mom and can’t see her, I see her in my mind: I see her beautiful face, brown eyes, brown hair that’s graying now that she is 70. I always picture her in a dress, without much makeup and the natural goodness of her spirit shining through her eyes. Mother is the personification of compassion, kindness, and love for everyone. Constantly supporting Dad, having a controlled sweet voice, never yelling, tender hearted towards all, uncomplaining, caring about everyone she sees and knows.

And yet there is another side to Mom, a side that is the favorite of her grandchildren. She watches videos with them and her favorite place to take the kids shopping is DI. They will probably learn her motto, “If it’s on sale, buy it and buy a case at least!” I wonder if the grandchildren know that she was a war bride, that she likes to swim, that she has a crooked little finger, that she hates to drive in the snow and that she rides her stationery bike every day. They all know she has cowlicks because they inherited the. I wonder if they know the spunk she has, like my memory of climbing the wall in Haifa, Israel with Tammy and I, or like all the times we’ve sat around giggling like children? She’s conservative in everything from politics to money and clothes and yet she’s accepting of people who are not. She may walk too slow for them, but I remember when she outtalked everyone! I wonder if they know she took a typing class at BYU when she was 60 and hosted the class party at her home?

Besides being able to make anything, fix anything, love everyone and care for everyone, she had eleven children and adopted another, all of whom love and adore her. It’s our tribute to you , Mom! May your wish come true that we will all be together forever. Because wherever you are, Mom . . . we all want to be!

–Kathleen Covey

24.2.11 Tribute from Tom to his mother

I always have had a lot of confidence in myself and I really think that I know for a fact where it came from. I feel very fortunate because of that. I don’t think of myself as the smartest guy in the world, and like John, I didn’t do too well in school. In fact, I’m sure I did even worse. But I always had a lot of confidence in myself and in my abilities because of my parents and the positive role they played in my life.

In eighth grade I was in a remedial reading class and yet I was the best reader in the class because we read the scriptures at home every day. The teacher would go around and call on the other students to read. They’d be goin’, “It . . . was . . . in . . .” and I’d just read like a king. My problem was comprehension. I could read anything and I could read through the Book of Mormon. The problem was that we would wake up at seven in the morning and I had trained myself to sleep until I heard Tammy’s voice. Then I would quickly find where we were because I knew that I was next. So I never listened much.

I know all of us are a lot like this but whenever I drive down the road and I see someone who needs help or information or anything, I always think

of Mom and it makes me want to turn around and help that person. I'm so thankful for that because I have had so many wonderful experiences helping people. I think when we all were born we had something instilled in us to give us a desire to help less fortunate people. This comes from having seen our Mother who is always willing to help people unselfishly and give all of her time and efforts.

–Tom

24.2.12 Tribute from Tammy to her mother

I was a very shy, clinging child. For this reason Mom signed me up for a preschool to help prepare me to go to kindergarten. She stayed with me at the preschool for over two months until I felt secure. Then when I started attending on my own, all the children wanted to know why Mom had stopped coming! They wanted her back!

Mom is very sensitive and very aware of others' feelings. She will drop anything she is doing if you need help. She is very tolerant of others. Instead of thinking negative thoughts she always thinks positive. For example, she didn't dwell on our messy bathroom or bedroom, but always commented on how much she appreciated the things we did do, like helping with the dishes or vacuuming, or when we did clean our room, she would comment on how nice it looked. Mom could always fix anything—she is a great problem solver and always seems to be able to figure out how to make something work. I would get frustrated often with my sewing projects and would call her to my rescue. She could always fix whatever mess I had made. Whenever anything was lost, leave it to Mom and she could find it. Mom always made wonderful sweet rolls and would make enough for the whole neighborhood. Friends were always welcome.

When I got married, she gave me some advice at my wedding shower (when everybody takes their turn). I've saved Mom's advice because I adore her and her advice means the world to me.

She said, "Tammy, when Kirk is fire, you be water. Be the first to say, 'I'm sorry.' Kiss him—even when he doesn't deserve it."

My love for my parents is the most love any daughter could ever have for their parents. My wish is to be like them. Mother is very genuine with a sweet love she extends to all. My father deserves her—he is a wise, gentle, loving man and how he loves her so.

–Tammy

24.2.13 Tribute from Windy to her mother

I went home and Mom was busy doing the laundry, and I could tell she was doing the laundry because there were clothes from the top of the steps down to the laundry room. While Dad was getting Mom, I took a peek into the kitchen. The breakfast table was still as it was, there was cereal spilled, there was milk spilled. It looked like she needed some help. So I met Mom and then I got busy because there was plenty to do. Then we talked and they let me know that they wanted to have me in the home on a trial basis. I worked out in the family and in the dry cleaning business and this brought me closer to the family.

I started back into my classes at BYU and became involved in the Lamanite ward on campus. I was soon called as the Relief Society President and one of the first things I had to organize was a big dinner here in this building. I was overwhelmed because I had never had a responsibility like this before. I had a hard time with my Lamanite sisters in organizing the dinner and delegating responsibility.

I came home one afternoon so upset about the difficulty I was having getting my Lamanite sisters to accept responsibility. Mom had a very emphatic reply. She told me, "You be patient. The Lamanites are not the only ones that are like this. We have the same problem in other cultures as well. You've just got to be patient." I've always appreciated that.

-Windy

24.2.14 A SONG OF TRIBUTE to Paul and Afton Felt by DeAnne Felt

FELT CHILDREN:

You showed us the way
 With each passing day
 You taught us of love
 How to give it away.
 You've lived believing
 Life is for giving
 Teaching us all that was true.
 You've lived your story
 Of Faith, Hope and Glory
 Oh, wonders are waiting for you.

CHORUS:

We will hold on together

Our hearts are filled with memories.
 In gratitude we remember
 Each day with you.
 We love you true.
FELT GRANDCHILDREN:
 Children are we
 Just learning to be.
 We'll follow you, then—
 Holding on to our friends.
 Grandma, Grandpa,
 You give us laughter,
 Wiping our tears all away.
 Thank you, for we
 Know you are praying
 For each of us every day.
CHORUS: (repeated)
EVERYONE:
 So many gifts to us you've given,
 But the one we treasure dear
 Is the loved shared between the two of you.
 It's blessed our lives beyond compare.
GRANDCHILDREN:
 The love between the two of you
 Is a love that's oh, so rare.
 We feel such joy
 In being with you
 As we see the love you share.
FINAL CHORUS:
 We will hold on together.
 We'll share our love through eternity.
 Love sees us through to forever.
 We love you.

24.2.15 Tribute from Paul to his wife Afton

Dear Afton, the Lord has been so good to us enabling us to not only find each other and to live these fifty plus years so abundantly, but our children and their children continue to bring so much joy into our lives. If I were ever to undertake a fictional account of an ideal marriage and family I don't think I could do better than to relate what has happened to us. Over these

fifty years as you know each night I'm up because of my insomnia. Often in those moments of pondering and meditation among other things that I cherish and recall is that what we now presently enjoy in our retirement years is everything any man, any husband, any father, would hope to have. Our family, their spouses and their children, our grandchildren, our church service calls, our home and the many, many things to do with the family all add up to a wonderful, wonderful marriage.

When I look back on these fifty years, dear, I can see the hand of the Lord in virtually everything that we've undertaken and done. Both of us often relate to each other that all we desire in life is to be with each other and with our family. You and I love to be together, we love to do things together. We don't need a lot of outside activity and involvement. For you and me our husband and wife relationship has brought joy and peace into our lives that is much like heaven itself. We know exactly what heaven is going to be like. Heaven is going to be you and me together with our family and our posterity.

I love you. I love you. I love you.

Most sincerely, Paul

25

Behold Your Little Ones

25.1 What is More Precious Than A Child?

I have vivid, happy, sacred memories of each child that has come into our home. My wife has always been a beautiful lady and a very elect lady, but she is never more beautiful than when she is carrying a child. Her countenance through the pregnancy truly reflects heaven itself. Going to the hospital, being there, and seeing the child newly born nestled in my wife's arms is a taste of heaven itself. Not only do the parents love and cherish this sweet spirit, but all the brothers and sisters are always hovering around, reaching out to touch and hold.

The last of our twelve children were twins. Afton was aware of this even before the doctor confirmed it. During the seventh month of her pregnancy we took the family to California for a vacation. It was Fast Sunday and we didn't have an evening meeting. I was out front with the boys when Afton called to me that it was time to take her to the hospital. I hurried to take her to Utah Valley Hospital. In the waiting room was a young man smoking. I was pacing the floor. I had gone through this before but we had never had twins. The young man noticed my nervous nature and asked, "Is this your first?" I answered, "No, it's number ten and eleven!" He hardly knew what to say! About that time our doctor, Dr. Webster, called out from down the hall, "Paul, number one is here and it's a whopper." A few minutes later he called again, "Paul, number two is here and it's jumping out of the crib!"

Each new child brings indescribable joy to all family members and to our parents—the grandparents of these children. Throughout our whole marriage Afton's parents and my parents were so pleased and thrilled with each of our children, especially the twins.

I have a pamphlet entitled “Teach the Child (Behold Your Little Ones).” On the first page, following the cover we have this: “The best place for a child to learn the gospel is in the home. Mothers and Fathers have a responsibility to teach and care for their children (D&C 68:25,28). It is also important for extended family, priesthood leaders, auxiliary leaders and teachers to help strengthen children. The principles children learn at home and at church will help them gain a strong foundation and testimony that they can use to make righteous choices and faithfully live the gospel of Jesus Christ.”

Because families nationwide and worldwide are being so undermined, President Hinckley gave what they called a proclamation, not only to the Church but to the entire world. Included in this segment is a copy of this proclamation. In this declaration it is made clear that marriage is “ordained of God.” It is imperative that fathers and mothers play their respective roles—the mother nurturing, the father nurturing and providing the means to keep the household operating. If either the mother or father doesn’t give the quality time required, the children undergo a loss of spiritual growth and maturation that can only come from devoted, loving, caring parents.

We were in Cedar City during the years of 1954-1957. Elder Hugh B. Brown, who had been Assistant to the Twelve, was seated on the stand. I was a counselor in the Stake Presidency and was also seated on the stand. I heard our stake president, President Corey, lean over to President Brown and say, “Brother Brown, may I call on your wife.” He replied, “Surely.” When Sister Brown stood up she had in her hand the Book of Mormon. She turned to 3 Nephi 17. I along with others opened my scriptures to that chapter. To the amazement of all of us, including Brother Brown, Sister Brown gave that whole chapter nearly verbatim. This chapter in 3 Nephi sets forth a more moving message about children than any other message we have in the standard works.

After the meeting I inquired of Sister Brown how she memorized that whole chapter. She said, “I didn’t.” I told her it looked like she was giving it almost verbatim without even looking at the book. Apparently, she was unaware of what she was able to do. Her husband was equally impressed and amazed.

3 Nephi 17:1-15

And it came to pass that he commanded that their little children should be brought. So they brought their little children and set them down upon the ground round about him, and Jesus stood in the midst; and the multitude gave way till they had all been brought unto him. And it came to pass that when they had all been brought, and Jesus stood in the midst, he commanded the multitude that they should kneel down upon the ground. And it came to

pass that when they had knelt upon the ground, Jesus groaned within himself, and said: Father, I am troubled because of the wickedness of the people of the house of Israel. And when he had said these words, he himself also knelt upon the earth; and behold he prayed unto the Father, and the things which he prayed cannot be written, and the multitude did bear record who heard him. And after this manner do they bear record: The eye hath never seen, neither hath the ear heard, before, so great and marvelous things as we saw and heard Jesus speak unto the Father; And no tongue can speak, neither can there be written by any man, neither can the hearts of men conceive so great and marvelous things as we both saw and heard Jesus speak; and no one can conceive of the joy which filled our souls at the time we heard him pray for us unto the Father. And it came to pass that when Jesus had made an end of praying unto the Father, he arose; but so great was the joy of the multitude that they were overcome. And it came to pass that Jesus spake unto them, and bade them arise. And they arose from the earth, and he said unto them: Blessed are ye because of your faith. And now behold, my joy is full. And when he had said these words, he wept, and the multitude bear record of it, and he took their little children, one by one, and blessed them, and prayed unto the Father for them. And when he had done this he wept again; And he spake unto the multitude, and said unto them: Behold your little ones. And as they looked to behold they cast their eyes towards heaven, and they saw the heavens open, and they saw angels descending out of heaven as it were in the midst of fire; and they came down and encircled those little ones about, and they were encircled about with fire: and the angels did minister to them. And the multitude did see and hear and bear record; and they know that their record is true for they all of them did see and hear, every man for himself; and they were in number about two thousand and five hundred souls; and they did consist of men, women, and children.

In a General Conference message on October 2nd, 1994, President Hinckley gave a message the title of which was "Save the children." Let me share some quotes.

"Children are the promise of the future. They are the future itself. The tragedy is that so many are born to lives of sorrow or hunger or fear or trouble and want. Children become the victims in so many, many cases, of man's inhumanity to man. In recent months we have seen on our television screens—the children of Somalia, their bodies bloated, their eyes staring with the stare of death. More recently we have seen them in Rwanda, the victims of raging cholera and vicious unrelenting hunger. Uncounted numbers have died."

We must all "behold our little ones" and surround and provide them

with the love and teachings which will make it possible for them to become what the Lord has in mind for each of them.

25.2 First Presidency Proclamation

Over the years I can recall only two proclamations given by the Brethren. The first proclamation was a lengthy one that was prepared by Joseph Smith and the Quorum of Twelve setting forth the vast missionary program that would spread across the world. What they set forth in that proclamation is certainly coming to pass when you consider the fact that the Church is now established in 159 countries and territories. One of the greatest challenges the Church faces today is to uphold and redefine to the world the role of families. Worldwide the traditional family of father, mother and children has been alarmingly disintegrated and undermined. The 'in thing' today is liven relationships, not formal civil marriages. Because of this destructive trend worldwide the Lord through his present living prophet, President Hinckley, gave this proclamation. Please note it is a proclamation to the world. Included in this proclamation are the basic statements about the importance of family. The concluding paragraph states, "We call upon responsible citizens and offices of government everywhere to promote those measures designed to maintain and strengthen the family as the fundamental unit of society."

25.3 The Family:A Proclamation to the World

The First Presidency and Council of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

We, the First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, solemnly proclaim that marriage between a man and a woman is ordained of God and that the family is central to the Creator's plan for the eternal destiny of His children.

All human beings—male and female—are created in the image of God. Each is a beloved spirit son or daughter of heavenly parents, and, as such, each had a divine nature and destiny. Gender is an essential characteristic of individual premortal, mortal, and eternal identity and purpose.

In the premortal realm, spirit sons and daughters knew and worshiped God as their Eternal Father and accepted His plan by which His children could obtain a physical body and gain earthly experience to progress toward perfection and ultimately realize his or her divine destiny as an heir of

eternal life. The divine plan of happiness enables family relationships to be perpetuated beyond the grave. Sacred ordinances and covenants available in holy temples make it possible for individuals to return to the presence of God and for families to be united eternally.

The first commandment that God gave to Adam and Eve pertained to their potential for parenthood as husband and wife. We declare that God's commandment for His children to multiply and replenish the earth remains in force. We further declare that God has commanded that the sacred powers of procreation are to be employed only between man and women, lawfully wedded as husband and wife.

We declare the means by which mortal life is created to be divinely appointed. We affirm the sanctity of life and of its importance in God's eternal plan.

Husband and wife have a solemn responsibility to love and care for each other and for their children. "Children are an heritage of the Lord" (Psalms 127:3). Parents have a sacred duty to rear their children in love and righteousness, to provide for their physical and spiritual needs, to teach them to love and serve one another, to observe the commandments of God and to be lawabiding citizens wherever they live. Husbands and wives—mothers and fathers—will be held accountable before God for the discharge of these obligations.

The family is ordained of God. Marriage between man and woman is essential to His eternal plan. Children are entitled to birth within the bonds of matrimony, and to be reared by a father and a mother who honor marital vows with complete fidelity. Happiness in family life is most likely to be achieved when founded upon the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ. Successful marriages and families are established and maintained on principles of faith, prayer, repentance, forgiveness, respect, love, compassion, work, and wholesome recreational activities. By divine design, fathers are to preside over their families in love and righteousness and are responsible to provide the necessities of life and protection for their families. Mothers are primarily responsible for the nurture of their children. In these sacred responsibilities, fathers and mothers are obligated to help one another as equal partners. Disability, death, or other circumstances may necessitate individual adaptation. Extended families should lend support when needed.

We warn that individuals who violate covenants of chastity, who abuse spouse or offspring, or who fail to fulfill family responsibilities will one day stand accountable before God. Further, we warn that the disintegration of the family will bring upon individuals, communities, and nations the calamities foretold by ancient and modern prophets.

We call upon responsible citizens and officers of government everywhere to promote those measures designed to maintain and strengthen the family as the fundamental unit of society.

25.4 A Little Child Shall Lead Us

One of our great-grandsons, who was just learning to walk, seemed to have a special love for an olive wood statue of Jesus Christ. Whenever he would come to our home, he would walk up to this figure of the Savior and put his arms around him. This didn't happen once, but each time he came to our home he would seem to walk directly to this figure of the Savior in our living room. After several weeks this did not happen. As we observed this, several of us, including the parents and Mom and me, felt deeply that this sweet child was recalling some memories of his pre-existence.

25.5 Elder Maxwell's stories

In a General Conference some years ago, Elder Maxwell gave some impressive examples of the innocence and the memories and knowledge that children bring with them from the pre-existence. Elder Maxwell in part says,

Inspired children often show the way through the wilderness. One reason they are able to do so is implicit in the searching question asked by King Benjamin: "For how knoweth the man the Master whom he has not served and who is a stranger unto him and is far from the thoughts and intents of his heart?" (Mosiah 5:13) Children often have the thoughts and the intents of their hearts focused on the Master. Though not full of years, such children are full of faith! Too young for formal Church callings, they have been 'called to serve' as exemplifiers, doing especially well when blessed with 'goodly parents.' Just as the scriptures assure, 'little children do have words given unto them many times' (Alma 32:23). For example, the resurrected Jesus revealed things to the Nephite children, who then taught adults and their parents "even greater' things than Jesus had taught.

"It has been a privilege to seal several adopted children to Nan and Dan Barker, now of Arizona. Some time ago, Nate, then just over three, said: 'Mommy, there is another little girl who is supposed to come to our family. She has dark hair and dark eyes and lives a long way from here.' The wise mother asked, 'How do you know this?' 'Jesus told me upstairs.' The mother noted, 'We don't have an upstairs,' but quickly sensed the significance of

what had been communicated. After much travail and many prayers, the Barker family were in a sealing room in the Salt Lake Temple in the fall of 1995—where a little girl with dark hair and dark eyes, from Kazakhstan, was sealed to them for time and eternity.”

Benjamin Ballam is the special, spina bifida child of Michael and Lauri Ballam. He has been such a blessing to them and many others. Also spiritually precocious, Benjamin is a constant source of love and reassurance. Having had 17 surgeries, resilient Benjamin knows all about hospitals and doctors. Once, when an overwhelmed attendant became vocally upset—not at Benjamin, but over stressful circumstances—little three-year-old Benjamin exemplified the words of another Benjamin about our need to be childlike and “full of love” (Mosiah 3:1). Little Benjamin reached out, tenderly patted the irritated attendant, and said, “I love you anyway.” A similar episode occurred recently in an Israeli hospital, where little Benjamin, going through a necessary but very painful procedure, used the same loving words to reassure a physician. No wonder, brothers and sisters, in certain moments we feel children are our spiritual superiors.

Joseph and Janice Clark were blessed with two sons, Jacob and Andrew. Five years ago, Joseph was stricken suddenly and, in effect, became a hospitalized quadriplegic. There, supine Joseph’s sons would often be cradled in his arms. Joseph would always smile even when he could not speak audibly. In the eyes of the world, his was a catastrophic illness. Nevertheless, Joseph, his saintly wife, their two boys, and with strong support from parents and families, coped remarkably for five years. Because they trusted God as to what was really going on, like Job, they did not charge “God foolishly” (Job 1:22).

Amid all the incessant and difficult problems, many of us watched Janice and Joseph apply King Benjamin’s words by showing that they were “willing to submit” to what had been inflicted upon them (Mosiah 3:19). Radiant Joseph died recently. The very day after his death, prescient, nine-year-old Jacob, who knew firsthand of his father’s loving and outreaching nature, said, “Mom, I’ll bet Dad already has a lot of friends in heaven!” A few days later, seven-year-old Andrew struggled with a computer assignment at school but later reported to his mother, “I just thought of Dad, and he helped me.”

A four-year-old Brazilian girl, Mayara Fernanda Dos Santos, suffering from leukemia and on oxygen, was blessed recently by Elder Claudio Costa and myself in Curitiba, Brazil. After the blessing, empathetic little Mayara smilingly wiped a tear from her anxious mother’s cheek. Instinctively wise beyond her years, Mayara knows how to “comfort those that stand in need

of comfort,” including her precious parents who are willing to wait upon the Lord (Mosiah 18:9).

Elder Craig Zwick and I shared a precious moment in Fortaleza, Brazil, where we were privileged to bless a special seven-year-old boy who was dying of leukemia. His names—Jared Ammon—tell you much about his parents and family. Accompanied by a thoughtful mission and stake president, there was scarcely room for the four of us to stand beside the bed in the tiny room where Jared Ammon’s faithful 14-year-old sister held him in her arms. His stomach was so severely swollen. When the stake president lifted the oxygen mask to ask if he would like a blessing, Jared said, “Yes, please.” It was a privilege to bless him and to call him to serve beyond the veil. Tears flowed, for the spirit was strong. The oxygen mask was then lifted again, and Jared Ammon was asked if there was anything else we could do for him. Jared meekly requested that we sing for him “I Am a Child of God.” Weepingly, we responded to a submissive Jared Ammon’s last request, and two hours later he was released from this life.

Before explaining the next day, we went to the viewing at the chapel. His wonderful parents were full of faith, composed, and reverently “willing to submit” (Mosiah 3:19). The sister who held Jared plans to serve a mission later on this side of the veil, while Jared does on the other.

Brothers and sisters, no wonder the divine direction is for each of us to “becometh as a child” (Mosiah 3:19). Such saintliness will sustain us as we cross our Sinai, including in those moments when we must “be still, and know that I am God” (Ps. 46:10). Such submissive stillness is necessary, because the process of consecration is not one of explanation. Only “after the trial of our faith” does the full witness come; meanwhile, often “a little child shall lead us” (Ether 12:6; Isa. 11:6).

25.6 Thoughts for our Grandchildren

Mom and I have deep love for every family member, but we, like virtually everyone, have a special kinship and love for our young grandchildren. We can learn much from these children in their early childhood years. In order to provide the love and inspiration and direction to these young children, there must not only be quality time, but quantity time. In a Newsweek of May 12, 1997 one of the feature articles was titled “The Myth of Quality Time.” A summary statement of this impressive article says, “Kids don’t do meetings. You can’t raise them in short schedule bursts. They need lots of attention, and experts warn working parents may be short changing them.”

I refer you again to the larger segment of “Behold Your Little Ones.” In that segment I cite at length 3 Nephi 17. The whole chapter sets forth the love that the Savior had for children. That chapter bears reading again and again and again.

25.7 101 Ways to Praise Your Child

As Mom and I observe our different families and their children it is very pleasing and evident that the parents and all of us are extending love and commendation and praise to each child. The Lord said in Moroni 8, “Charity never faileth.” As we continue to extend sincere and constant praise and love to children, it not only makes for a peaceful and happy childhood and home, it also brings the best out in the children. Elder Bruce R. McConkie said with reference to charity and love, “Charity is more than love, far more. It is everlasting love, perfect love, the pure love of Christ which endureth forever. It is love so centered in righteousness that the possessor has no aim or desire except for the eternal welfare of his own soul and for the souls of those around him.”

We have a fridge magnet with the following “101 Ways to Praise Your Child” that I want to include in this section:

Wow	Way to go	Super
You're special	Outstanding	Excellent
Great	Good	Neat
Well Done	Remarkable	I knew you could do it
I'm proud of you	Fantastic	Super star
Nice work	Looking good	You're on top of it
Beautiful	Now you're flying	You're catching on
Now you've got it	You're incredible	Bravo
You're fantastic	Hurray for you	You're on target
You're on your way	How nice	How smart
Good Job	Beautiful work	Spectacular
You're spectacular	You're darling	You're precious
Great discovery	That's the secret	You figured it out
Fantastic job	Hip, hip, hurray	Bingo
Magnificent	Marvelous	Terrific
You're important	Phenomenal	You're sensation
Super work	Creative job	Super job
Fantastic job	Exceptional performance	You're a real trooper

You are responsible	You are exciting	You learned it right
What an imagination	What a good listener	You are fun
You're growing up	You tried hard	You care
Beautiful sharing	Outstanding performance	You're a good friend
I trust you	You're important	You mean a lot to me
You make me happy	You're wonderful	You've got a friend
You make me laugh	You brighten my day	I respect you
You mean the world	That's correct	You're a joy
You're a treasure	You're wonderful	You're perfect
Awesome	A+ job	daughters-in-law
My buddy	You made my day	That's the best
A big hug	A big kiss	I love you

p.s. REMEMBER A SMILE IS WORTH 1000 WORDS!

25.8 Teach Your Children the Divinity Within

In a conference in Evanston, Wyoming President Hinckley counseled the people to “teach your children the divinity within” He counseled parents to do the following:

Teach them of their Father in Heaven. “Teach them that they are sons and daughters of God, that somehow there is something of divinity within them, something that can rise above the dirt and the clay of earth into a new understanding of light and life and glory, something divine.”

Teach them to love the Lord Jesus Christ. “Read to your children from the scriptures. They won't understand all you read, but somehow there will filter into their very souls something of that which you read.”

Have regular family home evening. “You cannot with impunity disregard the counsel of the priesthood of this Church to hold family home evening with your children. You cannot afford to disregard that counsel.”

Teach them to love mercy. “Our young people are growing up in an age of violence, sometimes of hatred. We hear of road rage....teach them to love mercy, cultivate in their lives a love for the good and the beautiful.”

Walk with them under the stars. “Teach your children to respect the earth, the wonders of the heavens, the beauty of the clouds, the great natural wonders, the wonder of the mountain streams, all of these things that are so beautiful. Teach them to love the things of nature.”

Teach them to love and honor their parents. “There will never be love and respect and a positive influence among the young people unless there is a love and respect for parents.”

Teach them to live the Word of Wisdom. “I don’t care how much shame you feel among your peers, stay away from drugs.” he said to the youth. “It is given for a blessing.”

Teach them to pay their tithing while they are very young. “It will cost more to keep track of their little contribution than the contribution will be worth. But that contribution will grow as the years pass and it will become a habit in their lives.”

Teach them to prepare to go on missions. “Now, you fathers and mothers, you are going to make the difference in whether a boy goes on a mission or doesn’t go.”

Teach them there is no substitute for temple marriage. “Get them ready for that by encouraging them to do baptisms for the dead. It is a wonderful experience. In order to be married in the house of the Lord, you have to live worthy of it. It comes with a price. It has to be earned.”

Teach them to respect the law. “We may disagree with the laws, we may not like the politicians, we may have an argument with some public servant, but don’t teach your children disrespect for the law. If you have such in your hearts, keep it there. We could not live in peace without the law.”

26

Spiritual Gifts

26.1 Spiritual Gifts

The Lord has perfect love for all of his children. Therefore, he makes available to all of us those blessings and those gifts which will enable us to find great peace and joy on earth and ultimately prepare us to come back into his presence. For example, all of his children are unconditionally given the spirit of Christ. For members of the Church he also makes available the precious gift of the Holy Ghost. Another supreme gift he makes available to us is what he calls spiritual gifts. D&C 46 has much to say about this. I quote in part: “Wherefore, beware lest ye are deceived; and that ye may not be deceived seek ye earnestly the best gifts, always remembering for what they are given. For verily I say unto you, they are given for the benefit of those who love me and keep all my commandments, and him that seeketh so to do; that all may be benefitted that seek or that ask of me, that ask and not for a sign that they may consume it upon their lusts. And again, verily I say unto you, I would that ye should always remember, and always retain in your minds what those gifts are, that are given unto the church.” (D&C 46:80)

In the scriptures, particularly section 46, the Lord identifies a number of spiritual gifts. Each spiritual gift enables a person to not only enjoy more pure light and revelation, but also enables him to acquire and cultivate godly attributes such as charity, pure heart, faith—these are only a few mentioned in the scriptures. The Brethren point out that spiritual gifts are limitless in number.

It was many years ago I came to discover the worth and value and the need to seek those spiritual gifts. During our time in the Israel semester

abroad, those of you who were with us will remember that one of the many historical sites we visited was the Masada. You will remember that was a refuge for the Jews to escape persecution. While coming down from the Masada, I sought the Lord in prayer. Incidentally, I chose to walk alone because I was pondering this matter of spiritual gifts. During the walk down I inquired of the Lord what spiritual gifts would be best and available for me. Instantly there came to mind five spiritual gifts—charity, pure heart, discernment, moral courage, increased faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Over the next several months I sought for help and guidance on additional gifts. Then there came to mind five more—wisdom, meekness, patience, righteous desires, and an eye single to the glory of the Lord. As I continued to ponder additional ones came to mind—a deep sense of gratitude, a hunger and thirst for truth and righteousness, a broken and a contrite heart, a willing heart, an understanding heart, a heart that envieth not, a heart that crieth unto the Lord unceasingly in prayer. I haven't yet added more gifts, but there are many more.

I emphasize again, each spiritual gift that is cultivated and acquired makes possible the development and acquisition of godlike attributes. Elsewhere I may have quoted President Lorenzo Snow when he said, "Godly attributes cannot be conferred, they must be acquired." Identifying spiritual gifts and then practicing them, pretending you do have that gift and living it as best you can, exemplifying that gift and attribute, will make it a part of your character and nature.

I remember well President McKay quoting from 2 Peter where Peter quotes "partaking of a divine nature." The entire gospel plan is intended to aid us in partaking of a divine nature. I believe spiritual gifts hasten that process. Any spiritual gifts are naturally a part of a person. For example, your mother was born, as were many of us, with natural gifts. Your mother didn't have to strive and seek the gift of charity. All of us in the family know her well. All her life she exemplifies pure charity. When you consider what she does every hour every day, she is always giving and sharing something with somebody else—daughters, sons, grandchildren, neighbors. For her, charity is a natural gift. When we exercise a given gift then it becomes more perfect.

As I ponder this, I have thought that inherently, biologically, all of us have dormant attributes of godliness. Since we are the literal sons and daughters of God, inherent in all of us are these gifts. But the Lord wisely requires us to identify them, to seek them, and to cultivate and in the process acquire them. I have long felt that all of our daughters reflect so impressively the great attributes your mother has, as do many of our daughters-in-law.

Let one of your many priorities be to seek, identify, and cultivate those spiritual gifts that would serve you well.

26.2 Seek the Spirit of the Lord

Among all the gifts the gospel of Jesus Christ provides for us, the gift of the Holy Ghost, given us on the occasion of our confirmation as a member of the Church, certainly is a precious, precious gift. When we are deserving and worthy and seeking answers to directions and questions, we call upon the Lord and the third member of the Godhead—the Holy Ghost—can impart his mind and will to us. The prophet Joseph Smith said: “The spirits of the just are not far from us. They know and understand our thoughts, feelings, and emotions, and are often pained therewith.” Several years after Joseph Smith was martyred he appeared to President Brigham Young. His message for the Saints at that time constituted a theme of the message we are trying to share. The prophet told Brigham Young: “Tell the people to be humble and faithful and be sure to keep the spirit of the Lord that will lead them right. Be careful and not turn away the still small voice; it will teach you what to do and where to go; it will yield the fruits of the kingdom. Tell the brethren to keep their hearts open to conviction, so that when the Holy Ghost comes to them, their hearts will be ready to receive it.”

President Benson gave this thought: “Last month the wife of a deceased General Authority passed away. Her name was Margaret Wells. She was the wife of Bishop John Wells, former member of the Presiding Bishopric. Bishop Wells was a great detail man and was responsible for many of the Church reports that were used. President McKay and President Lee used to relate an experience from the life of Bishop Wells that is instructive to all of us.

“A son of Bishop and Sister Wells was killed in a railroad accident in Emigration Canyon. He was run over by a freight car. Sister Wells could not be consoled. She received no comfort during the funeral and continued her mourning after her son was laid to rest. Bishop Wells feared for her health as she was in a state of deep anguish.

“One day, soon after the funeral, Sister Wells was lying on her bed in a state of mourning. The son appeared to her and said, “Mother, do not mourn, do not cry. I am all right.” He then related to her how the accident took place. Apparently there had been some question—even suspicion about the accident—because the young man was an experienced railroad man. But he told his mother that it was clearly an accident.

“Now listen to this: He also told her that as soon as he realized that he was in another sphere, he had tried to reach his father, but could not. His father was so busy with the details of his office and work that he could not respond to the promptings. Therefore, the son had come to his mother. He then said, “Tell Father that all is well with me, and I want you not to mourn anymore.””

President McKay used this experience to teach that we must always be responsive to the whisperings of the Spirit. These promptings most often come when we are not under the pressure of appointments and when we are not caught up in the worries of our life.

As I conclude this segment, let me repeat again what President McKay said, “We must always be responsible to the whisperings of the Spirit. These promptings most often come when we are not under the pressure of appointments and when we are not caught up in the worries of our day-to-day life.”

My family and close friends are very much aware of the fact that I have faced insomnia for some twenty-five years. It first occurred mid-way through my mission. My dear wife attributes it to the fact that late telephone calls came so often that this was the factor that caused the insomnia. Whatever it is, for me it has come to be a blessing in disguise. Late at night I am up for an hour or two, sometimes more. My practice over the years has been as follows—read a chapter or two from the Book of Mormon, followed by some other scripture reading. I then sit in a chair that Grandma Harris had which now is one that I cherish and use every night. I sit in that chair and look around my study and see a number of impressive pictures. I see a picture of the current president of the Church, together with Joseph Smith at his side and above him a picture of the Savior. I also have pictures of my parents and family. I have learned that meditation invites the Spirit and enables us to see and feel things that we would otherwise not have. Following, that meditation period I then kneel in prayer. After that procedure I now prepare to go back to bed.

The Gift of the Holy Ghost

27.1 The Gift of the Holy Ghost

Church history records that the Prophet Joseph Smith sought out the President of the United States—President Van Buren. His purpose for this visit was to seek some redress and help in connection with the persecution the Church was undergoing. During the visit, President Van Buren asked Joseph Smith, “What is the difference between your Church and other Christian churches?” His reply was, “We have the Holy Ghost.”

President Hinckley in a General Conference address said this with reference to the Godhead and specifically the Holy Ghost: “I believe in the Holy Ghost as a personage of spirit who occupies a place with the Father and the Son, these three comprising the divine Godhead... The Holy Ghost stands as the third member of the Godhead, the Comforter promised by the Savior who would teach His followers all things and bring all things to their remembrance, whatsoever He had said unto them.”

The Savior said “I will not leave you comfortless, but the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you.” (John 14:186).

Elder Le Grand Richards of the Quorum of the Twelve stated: “It must be understood that the Holy Ghost is the medium through whom God and his son Jesus Christ, communicate with men and women upon the earth.”

Preparing and recording this personal history has reaffirmed and confirmed for me that when you have the Holy Ghost with you, then all good things—be it memory recall, be it peace, be it hope, whatever the need, whatever the direction, whatever the warning—will come to you. He is constantly

available to help and guide you.

Some of the conditions set forth by the Lord for receiving the Holy Ghost are given in D&C 121:45,46: “Let thy heart be full of charity towards all men and to the household of faith and let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly. Then shall thy confidence wax strong in the presence of God and the doctrine of the Priesthood shall distill upon thy soul as the dews from heaven. The Holy Ghost will be thy constant companion and my scepter an unchanging scepter of righteousness and truth and thy dominion shall be an everlasting dominion without compulsory means it shall flow unto thee forever and forever.”

Over the years, it has been difficult for me to understand how we can achieve perfection—becoming like the Father and the Son. The Holy Ghost is your friend who can make all this possible. It is my understanding, from what the Brethren have taught, that complete perfection can only occur after we leave this life. There is a form of mortal perfection according to President Kimball. On one occasion he was asked about achieving perfection and it is reported that he answered, “Yes, I know four people who have achieved this. The Lord refers to Moses and Job as being perfect beings.”

A friend and neighbor, Emerson West, set forth the following inspired statement concerning the Holy Ghost. “The purpose of the Spirit is twofold: receiving and following the Holy Ghost enables us to perfect our lives and to build the kingdom. Those who have been baptized and had the gift of the Holy Ghost conferred on them have the companionship of the Spirit the rest of their lives. If we ‘grieve’ the Spirit and lose it, we have lost the greatest gift. We can also lose the Spirit simply through not following it when it speaks. The Holy Ghost helps us to live happier and better lives because he: testifies of the Father and the Son (3 Nephi 8:11); testifies of the truth and helps us recognize it (Moroni 10:5); Helps us to know and choose the right (D&C 11:12); Is a teacher and a revelator (John 14:26, Alma 5:46); Guides us in important decisions (2 Nephi 32:5); Is our constant companion and warns of impending dangers and temptations (D&C 121:46); Comforts us in times of sorrow, lifts burdens and helps us find peace, strengthens faith, and gives courage (Acts 9:31; Galatians 5:22; Moroni 8:26); Sanctifies the pure in heart (Alma 13:12); Inspires us to be better persons (Luke 12:12); Guides those who have his Spirit and they will not be deceived (D&C 45:57); Conveys the gifts of his Spirit to the children of God (D&C 46:136; 3 Nephi 27:20; Moses 6:590).

Elder Parley P. Pratt and Orson Pratt, both members of the Twelve in the early years of the Church, gave the following:

“The constant companionship of the Holy Ghost is the greatest privilege

anyone can enjoy in this life. For the Holy Ghost speaks directly to our spirits of God's goodness and His will concerning us. The Holy Spirit rebukes us in the way of right and truth by the small voice which says, 'this is the way, walk ye in it.' He gives comfort in the hour of sorrow, and peace in times of distress. He turns our bitterness into sweetness. He chastens our hearts and enlightens our minds. He warns of danger ahead by foretelling us in dreams, and by inspiration, what will befall us. He is truly the perfect teacher, for he guides into all truth. Those who can enjoy this sweet communion with the Holy Spirit have serene, calm, peaceful countenances. They are happy and cheerful because they have the living witness in their hearts that the God of power, wisdom and goodness is their very near friend. They are the most cultured, gentle, patient, good, noble, and high minded people in the world. They love with all their hearts all of the beautiful and holy things of life." (Orson Pratt)

Parley P. Pratt set forth some additional insight about the Holy Ghost: "An intelligent being, in the image of God, possesses every organ, attribute, sense, sympathy, affection, of will, wisdom, love, power and gift, which is possessed by God himself. But these are possessed by man in his rudimentary state in a subordinate sense of the word. Or, in other words, these attributes are in embryo, and are to be gradually developed. They resemble a bud, a germ, which gradually develops into a bloom, and then, by process, produces the mature fruit after its own kind.

"The gift of the Holy Ghost adapts itself to all these organs or attributes. It quickens all the intellectual faculties, increases, enlarges, expands, and purifies all the natural passions and affections, and adapts them by the gift of wisdom to their lawful use. It inspires virtue, kindness, goodness, tenderness, gentleness, and charity. It develops beauty of person, form and features. It tends to health, vigor, animation, and social feeling. It develops and invigorates all the faculties of the physical and intellectual man. It strengthens, invigorates, and gives one to the nerves. In short, it is, as it were, marrow to the bone, joy to the heart, light to the eyes, music to the ears, and life to the whole thing.

"In the presence of such persons one feels to enjoy the light of their countenance, as the genial rays of a sunbeam. Their very atmosphere diffuses a thrill, a warm glow of pure gladness and sympathy, to the heart and nerves of others who have kindred feelings, or sympathy of spirit. No matter if the parties are strangers, entirely unknown to each other in person or character; no matter if they have never spoken to each other, each will be apt to remark in his own mind, and perhaps exclaim when referring to the interview, 'O, what an atmosphere that encircles that stranger! How my heart thrilled

with pure and holy feelings in his presence! What confidence and sympathy he inspired! His countenance and spirit gave me more assurance than a thousand written recommendations or introductory letters.’ Such is the gift of the Holy Ghost, and such are its operations when received through the lawful channel, the divine, eternal Priesthood.”

Among all the countless gifts and blessings the Lord give us, for me and I’m sure a host of others in the Church, the gift and companionship of the Holy Ghost is counted most precious. I’ve learned also, that in order to qualify and retain the constant companionship of the Holy Ghost is a challenge and a struggle.

In a devotional message Elder Henry B. Eyring of the Quorum of Twelve said, “The Holy Ghost is and must be very sensitive. He can be easily offended. I worried as I came here today hoping I might do nothing that would offend him.”

The perfect formula for retaining the gift of the Holy Ghost as your precious companion was given in D&C 121 that was quoted earlier in this segment. Let me remphasize this by repeating a portion of section 121:45: “Let thy heart be full of charity towards all men into the household of faith and let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly. Then shall thy confidence wax strong in the presence of God.”

27.2 Building a Fire

As members of the Church we enjoy not only the spirit of Christ, but also when we are baptized and confirmed, we have the right to reach out and qualify for the companionship of the Holy Ghost. Qualifying for the intercession and promptings and companionship of the Holy Ghost can sometimes be a very elusive thing. Someone has set forth some rules for building a fire as we read and ponder those steps it could well suggest the sacred process we must go through to qualify for heavenly guidance.

Here are some rules for building a fire: 1) Get down on your knees near the woods. Be close to nature. If God is with you, you cannot fail. 2) Start the little spark; be patient it will grow. 3) Blow gently, give encouragement in lowly, safe, kindly ways. 4) Add fuel only as needed. Do not smother the fire. It will need care. 5) Let the warmth be yours to enjoy. Feel the glow of the fire there is magic in building it.

I emphasize again the last sentence “Feel the glow of the fire, there is magic in building it.” In our busy, demanding lives, we sometimes lose the sweet warmth and peace of the spirit of the Lord. When that occurs we

must take the necessary steps to recapture the sweet presence and spirit of the Lord.

27.3 The Holy Ghost

Two of my associates, Robert Millet, the Dean of the College of Religion, and Joseph Fielding McConkie, both outstanding teachers and authors, recently published a new work entitled, “Read, Ponder, Pray and Wait” Frequently the Lord reminds us in the scriptures of the importance of reading the four standard works and the message of the Brethren and other inspired people. As we do, we come to know in our heart of hearts that reading, pondering, and praying makes possible earnest prayers to be answered.

On occasion the Lord uses a “ceasing.” In other words, there’s a prayer in our heart always, but through the day at the appropriate time we pray for certain blessings. Usually those blessings don’t come immediately. More often than not we have to wait, and in waiting sometimes we get a little impatient. But, in the waiting we are inspired and motivated to keep praying to keep praying to make sure our personal life is so in order that we can reach a point where the Holy Ghost can be our guide and companion.

The ultimate goal, of course, is to so live that we may enjoy the constant companionship of the Holy Ghost. Once that is achieved then pure light and insight and understanding and recall comes to us. Some of the most frequent words used in the scriptures are “remember,” “wait” and also “heart.” One of my associates counted the number of times these three words appeared as part of the counsel and instruction the Lord gives us.

The supporting quote for that is D&C 121:456, “Let thy heart also be full of charity towards all men and in the household of faith and let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly; then shall thy confidence wax strong in the presence of God; and the doctrine of the priesthood shall distill upon thy soul as the dews from Heaven. The Holy Ghost shall be thy constant companion and thy scepter an unchanging scepter of righteousness and truth; and thy dominion shall be an everlasting dominion, and without compulsory means it shall flow unto thee forever and ever.

28

One Liners

- Don't ever take the fence down until you know why it was put up.
- One day for Heaven
Six days for some fun;
Chances for Heaven:
Six to one.
- Create the kind of self you will be happy to be with all of your life.
- To be a friend, one should not attempt to reform or reprimand, but strive only to make others happy.
- The man who is too busy to pray is too busy!
- Christ said, in effect, "You take my name and I'll take your sins."
- The measure of a happy person is his ability to be tough with himself and tender with others. –David O. McKay
- No success can compensate for failure in the home. –David O. McKay
- We have two ends. We decide which to use. It's heads we win, tails we lose.
- God will not go with you when you play on the devil's playground.
- Search for beauty everywhere, in a flower, a mountain, a machine, a sonnet, a symphony.
- You cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves.

- Nobody cares how much you know until they know how much you care.
- God must love the common people for he made so many of them.
–Abraham Lincoln
- A thought: God will mend a broken heart if we give him all the pieces.
- Forgiveness is a funny thing. It warms the heart and cools the sting.
- Living for today builds the memories for tomorrow.
- Blessed are the brief for they have lower phone bills.
- Whether you end up with a “nest egg” or a “goose egg” depends on the “chick” you marry.
- The time will come when no man can stand on borrowed light. Each must stand on the light within himself.
- Read something each day. With only fifteen minutes a day you can read twenty books in a year.
- That which we learn pleasantly we retain.
- A successful marriage requires falling in love many times always with the same person. –Mignon McLaughlin
- Watch your tongue. It’s wet and you could slip on it.
- The tongue is the only organ of the body that never gives out.
- If you don’t say anything, you won’t be called on to repeat it!
- Nothing can cook your goose like a hot temper.
- If you are patient through one moment of anger, you will escape hundreds of days of sorrow. –Chinese proverb
- Ideals are like stars, you will not succeed in touching them with your hands; but like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides and following them, you reach your destination.
- He who accepts evil without protesting against it is really cooperating with it.

- Life is one darn thing after another. Love is two darn things after each other.
- The Lord votes for you, Satan votes against you,
And—you cast the deciding vote.
- Whether you think you can or you think you can't . . . you're right.
- By all laws of aerodynamics the bumblebee cannot fly. But it does!
- Gratitude unexpressed is ingratitude.
- An ungrateful man is like a hog eating apples under a tree—never looking up to see where they came from.
- The worst moment for an atheist is when he feels grateful and has no one to thank! —Samuel McGrea Cavert
- Work is life and good works is good life! —James W. Elliott
- To those who talk and talk, this adage will appeal: “The steam that blows the whistle will never turn the wheel.”
- You cannot lift another soul until you are standing on higher ground than he is. —Harold B. Lee
- The trouble with being a parent is that by the time you're experienced, you're unemployable.
- Happiness is that peculiar sensation we have when we are too busy to be miserable.
- Happiness is not something you find, but something you create.
- Pure hearts in a pure home are within whispering distance of Heaven.
—David O. McKay
- Eat a live toad first thing in the morning and nothing worse can happen to you the rest of the day! —Jacob de Jager
- Happiness is in the creation of pleasant memories.
- The secret of happy living is not to do what you like but to like what you do. —A sign in a repair shop
- It is not the ship in the water but the water in the ship that sinks it.

- Kindness is not taught but CAUGHT.
- Formula for a good speech: Get a good beginning and a better ending and keep them as close together as possible.
- What you get hereafter depends on what you are here after.
- They must be governed by God or they will be ruled by tyrants. – William Penn
- You can tell what a man thinks of a cause by the amount of his money he puts in to it.
- Reach out and touch someone.
- We grow neither better nor worse as we get old, but more like ourselves.

- One nice thing about getting older—as the noise level goes up, your hearing goes down.
- All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen. –Ralph Waldo Emerson
- The man who holds the ladder firmly at the bottom, is as important as the man at the top.
- Despite inflation, the wages of sin remain the same.
- A smile is a curve that has set of lot of things straight.
- A smile is the light in the windows of your face to show the world your heart is at home.
- Peace on the outside comes from knowing God within.
- Your opinion of others is apt to be their opinion of you.
- I've noticed that everyone who's for abortion has already been born. –Ronald Reagan
- There is no end to the good you can do if you don't care who gets the credit.
- The architect of the universe didn't build a staircase leading nowhere.

- Create mental pictures of your goals, then work to make those pictures become realities.
- Stay young by tackling new projects. The man who planted a tree at 90 was a man of vision.
- Perhaps we have been misguided into taking too much responsibility from our children, leaving them too little room for discovery. –Helen Hayes
- C's of Matrimony:
Constant compromise
Constant counsel
Constant communication
Constant courtesy
- Happiness is being married to your best friend.
- Tact is the ability to build a fire under people without making their blood boil.
- There is nothing wrong with making mistakes. But please don't respond to encores!
- You can't repent too fast because you don't know how fast it will be too late.
- If at first you don't succeed try something harder.
- If you have a special problem—consult someone who has a special knowledge about it—and do it on your knees.
- Wisdom is knowing what to do next, virtue is doing it.
- A mother is she who can take the place of all others, but whose place no one else can take.
- It's a wise wife who knows when to overlook and when to oversee.
- No matter what your past has been—your future is spotless.
- We are human magnets, like attracts like. What we give, we get.
- We have been given two ears and but a single mouth, in order that we may hear more and talk less.

- Friendship consists of forgetting what one gives, and remembering what one receives. –Dumas
- Pray as if everything depended on the Lord and work as if everything depended on you.
- Do not expect to receive through prayer only, what comes through hard work.
- If you believe in the Lord, He will do half the work—but the last half. He helps those who help themselves.
- When you've set your mind to do it,
When your judgement says you're right,
When your conscience gives it sanction,
Then pitch in with all your might.
- Opportunity is always dressed in work clothes.
- If it is to be it is up to me.
- The average man walking with his hand with God is greater than an intellectual giant.
- There are three kinds of people:
 1. Those who make things happen.
 2. Those who watch things happen.
 3. Those who have no idea what happened.
- Work will win when wishy-washy wishing won't.
- By helping another up the hill you wind up closer to the top yourself.

- You get by giving.
- Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall. –Goldsmith
- If you don't care where you're going, you'll never get there.
- You cannot kindle a fire in others until you have one burning in yourself.
- When men speak ill of thee, live so no one will believe them. –Plato

- The Lord never did intend that one man should have all the power. For that reason, he has placed in his Church presidents, apostles, high priests, seventies, and different officers, etc. –Joseph F. Smith
- Although the President of the Church may hold and dispense of the powers and administrative responsibilities of that office, the power of the Priesthood is decentralized. This means that while the Church as a whole is delicately responsible to central authority to Church-wide purposes, the central local relationships and organizations do not restrict full initiative and free development of all Church offices—individual quorums, or the member as an individual. –Joseph Smith
- If you are my friend, you won't call me on Monday evenings.
- I have wall to wall children.
- We are not human beings having a spiritual experience; we are spiritual beings having a human experience. –Theilgard de Chardin
- There is a process by which pure intelligence can flow, by which we can come to know of a surety, nothing doubting. –Boyd K. Packer
- Time is the coin of life; it is the only coin you have. Only you can determine how it will be spent. Be careful lest you let others spend it for you. –Carl Sandberg
- The true measure and test of mortality is obedience to God.
- Said the Lord, “We will prove them herewith to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord God hath commanded them.”
- The great task of life is to learn of God and do his will. The great commandment of life is to love God. –President Benson (Spring General Conference, 1986)
- Be an answer to someone's prayer.
- There are many languages spoken here but the one most often spoken is the language of love.
- Work is life . . . and good work is good life.
- If you want to be happy, work: if you want to be happier, work harder. –William R. Bradford

- The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. The Lord is my shepherd, that's all I want.
- He who plants a seed beneath the sod and waits to see, believes in God.
- The mantle is always greater than the intellect. –Boyd K. Packer
- The day you turn obedience into a quest rather than an irritation is the day you gain power.
- I made this my rule: when the Lord commands, do it! –Joseph Smith
- The devil has no power over us, only as we permit him. The moment we revolt at anything which comes from God, the devil takes power. –Joseph Smith
- This precious microdot on the canvas of eternity, is such a brief moment. While in it we must prepare for a time when there is not time. –Neal A. Maxwell
- Joy is not in things, it is in us.
- In the end, the things that count are the things you cannot count.
- When your priorities are out of order you lose power. –Gene R. Cook
- The problem with most teachers is that they think they are teachers. –Gene R. Cook
- Spirituality is self-mastery.
- People cannot change truth—but truth can change people.
- Help fight truth decay: read the scriptures daily.
- It's amazing how good others look when you look for the good in others.
- Seek always to please each other, but in doing so keep heaven in mind.
- The only man who ever got all his work done by Friday was Robinson Crusoe. –General Features Corporation
- Be witty if you can, be pretty if you are, but be cheerful if it kills you.

- Leadership in the Church comes from rank and file.
- I know my Heavenly Father lives; the Spirit whispers to me.
- Use me or lose me.
- Only one boy came to Primary. How many is one? Only one boy went in to the Sacred Grove.
- Our cows are not contented, they are always striving to be better.
- Am I the Missionary my mother thinks I am?

29

Afterthoughts, Memories of Roses in December

29.1 I Remember When

The title to my personal history is “I Remember When.” One might be surprised to recall and to know that in the scriptures the term “remember” is cited many times. One of the many references where it is mentioned is when we partake of the sacrament. When we partake of the sacrament we are invited and commanded to “remember Him”—the Savior. As we remember the Savior we tend to become more like him.

Someone wisely said, “Happiness is the creation of pleasant memories.” A righteous person can recall and dwell and savor some of the many memories of the past. Since undertaking the project of my personal history I have literally been flooded in recalling many, many memories—memories that have in many respects had been lost and buried. I cite a couple of examples.

I have now a vivid recall of my father taking me to General Priesthood meeting as a very young boy. We went early in order to get a good seat up in the balcony near where the Brethren were seated below us. A few minutes prior to the meeting, the President, together with all of the Brethren, would take their seat. My father could identify by name many of the General Authorities. I remember when he identified President Heber J. Grant. I can still remember the warm feeling that came over me as my father introduced to me from a distance the living prophet of the Church and many of the Brethren.

One of the most treasured memories that often comes to my mind and heart is the temple sealing performed by President Lee in the Salt Lake

Temple during World War II. Following some treasured counsel that Mom and I often recall, President Lee put his arm around both of us then turned to me and said, “Paul, you love this sweet sister, do you not?” I promptly answered, “I sure do.” He then kissed her on the cheek, put his arm around both of us and said, “If you keep the covenants you have made at the temple pure happiness will always be yours.”

I remember this anonymous quote, “Memory is the one Garden of Eden out of which one need never be cast.”

Committed and involved active members of the Church are always experiencing memories which will prove to be a great lift and a blessing to them, not only throughout mortality, but forever.

29.2 Personal Journals

While I was serving as Director of Indian Affairs at BYU it was my privilege to attend a monthly meeting with President Kimball, together with other General Authorities who were members of the Lamanite Committee. During those years there were few couples serving in missionaries for the Church. Today there are thousands. One of the topics that was given in the monthly meeting was to identify a couple that could be sent to an Indian reservation. After much discussion and prayer, Brother and Sister Reed Kohler were selected. President Kimball invited Brother and Sister Kohler to his home where he would set them apart. He invited me to accompany him. I was surprised to learn that President Kimball lived in a very modest home in the east part of Salt Lake City. We went into his small study and he pointed out thirty-three three-ring binders which were his journals that he had kept over the years. With respect to personal histories and journals President Kimball said, “Your journal is your autobiography so it should be kept carefully. You are unique and there may be incidents in your experience that are more noble and praiseworthy in their way than those recorded in any other life.”

President Kimball has also said, “I promise you that if you will keep your journals and records they will indeed be a source of great inspiration to your families and others on through the generations. As our posterity read of our life experience they too will come to know and love us. In that glorious day when our families are together in the eternities, we will already be acquainted.” President Kimball also said, “Those who keep a book of remembrance—personal journal—are more likely to keep the Lord in remembrance in their daily lives. A journal is a way of counting our blessings and leaving an inventory of these blessings for our posterity.”

29.3. ELDER GLEN RUDD SHARED A SACRED EXPERIENCE WITH PRESIDENT KIMBALL THAT

Nephi said with reference to personal records in general, “Upon these I write the things of my soul for the learning and profit of my children.” (2 Nephi 4:15)

Another quote from President Kimball, “Let no family go into eternity without having left their memoirs for their posterity. This is a duty and a responsibility and I urge every person to start the children out writing a personal history and journal. ”

Among the many projects I have overtaken over some eighty-two years, there is none that seems to match in importance and joy in the work and labor of this personal history than what I am now undertaking. It is my earnest hope and prayer that our immediate family and our extended family and generations yet to come, will find something of value in my personal history.

The title of my history I believe is pure inspiration. As you know, I have chosen to call it, “I Remember When.” As I dictated this journal, recalling many, many memories, my love the Lord and my love for each family member is heightened and refined and planted more deeply than ever in my heart.

29.3 Elder Glen Rudd shared a sacred experience with President Kimball that took place in the Sacred Grove.

Elder Glen Rudd, a retired member of the Second Quorum of Seventy, shared with me his personal history. I include it verbatim in this segment.

It was a magnificent Monday morning. President Rossiter drove us out to the Joseph Smith home, and the three of us were joined by the caretaker, Brother Stephen R. Boswell. We then walked across the street and down the path toward the Sacred Grove. Elder Kimball used his pocket knife to cut a limb from a tree which he used as a walking stick as we moved along. When we got to the Sacred Grove, we reverently entered and began talking in whispers. The caretaker told us there were only three trees left that were growing on the day of the first vision. The rest of the trees had sprouted since that most significant morning.

Elder Kimball sat under one of the three trees and invited us to sit on some of the roots which were protruding above the ground. As the four of us sat there, Elder Kimball handed me a small triple combination and said, “Bishop, read to us what Joseph wrote about that morning in this sacred place.” I turned to the Pearl of Great Price and read the account of the

First Vision. I read it slowly and carefully. It was a special experience. When I finished, Brother Kimball stopped me. At this point he suggested that we stand and sing, "Joseph Smith's First Prayer." I shall never forget singing that wonderful hymn on that special occasion. Elder Kimball then asked if we would join him in prayer. He asked permission to be the one to offer the prayer. To me, this was one of the truly great moments of my life. On that morning we hear an Apostle express his feelings to the Lord. It was marvelous to kneel by his side and hear him thank God for what had happened on that spot in the spring of 1820. Rarely in my life have I heard anyone pray so earnestly and so sincerely.

Let me now share with you and experience an associate of mine at BYU had when he was a young missionary. He, like so many others in the Church, believed but did not know in his heart of hearts that this actually occurred. He asked a senior companion to not call on him to give this concept and principle. Meanwhile, my friend began reading and pondering and praying and seeking for a personal witness of this great theophany—the appearance of the Father and the Son to the Joseph Smith.

After several days, maybe weeks, while he was standing in the shower he was pondering this whole matter and there came to him a warmth and a tingle and a conviction that he was seeking. Following this experience he let his senior companion know that he was now prepared to give that discussion and thus be able to bear a powerful witness of the truth of this vision.

29.4 Shouldn't the Bible be Re-written?

Elder Richard L. Evans for many years was the spoken word with the Tabernacle Choir and was a member of the Quorum of Twelve. He was also the international president of the Rotarian Club for many years. On one occasion one of his fellow Rotarians turned to him and asked, "Mr. Evans, shouldn't the Bible be re-written?" Elder Evans replied, "No. It should be re-read."

The counsel and admonition of the Brethren to the membership of the Church is to read and re-read the scriptures, with particular emphasis on the Book of Mormon. President Benson has said with reference to the Book of Mormon, another testament of Christ. "I bless you with increased understanding of the Book of Mormon. I promise you from this moment forward if we will daily sup from its pages and abide by its precepts, God will pour out upon every child of Zion in the Church a blessing hitherto unknown. Of this I bear solemn witness."

President Hunter has said, “It is certain the one who studies the scriptures everyday accomplishes far more than one who devotes considerable time one day and then lets days go by before continuing. Not only should we study each day, but there should be a regular time set aside when we can concentrate without interference.”

29.5 All I Need is the Gospel

While I was undergoing treatment for mini-strokes and heart failure, my doctor and the nurses loaded me up with pills. During a visit with my doctor I said, “Dr. Smith, why do I have to take so many pills?” He began telling me why I needed them. Then I said to him, “Dr. Smith, all I need is one pill and that’s the gos-pill!”

Needless to say, I’m still taking a lot of pills, but among all the pills I take my treasure is the ‘gos-pill.’

29.6 Smokey the Bear and Holy the Ghost

Some years ago someone shared with me an interesting account of a young girl sharing a plane ride when smoking was not prohibited. As a committed Mormon girl, she left her mother’s side and walked over to a man who was smoking and said to him, “Sir, you shouldn’t be smoking, it’s not good for you.” Whereupon he said, “Who are you to tell me this?” Her response was, “Smokey the Bear and Holy the Ghost.”

29.7 Guardian Angels

During my last hospitalization one of the several nurses who was looking after my care and needs, checked me out just prior to bedtime and left. A few seconds later she came back and addressed me as follows: “Mr. Felt, I’m your guardian angel.” That meant a great deal to me because I was underdog tests and treatments for some very severe health problems.

There are few times in my life when I have felt more powerfully the presence of the Lord and other possible angelic beings hovering around.

After my release from the hospital I received a letter from this nurse reminding me that she was my guardian angel and she still kept me in her prayers. I have known with a deep conviction that the Lord does permit angelic beings to assist and help us. D&C 84:88 sets it forth very impressively when the Lord says, “And whoso receiveth you, there I will be also,

for I will go before your face, I will be on your right hand and on your left, and my Spirit shall be in your hearts, and mine angels round about you, to bear you up.”

In 1969 while Afton and I were a part of a large group of faculty members enjoying a sabbatical trip throughout Israel and Europe. Six months before we left for this trip, Yvonne gave birth to twins—a boy and a girl. The boy, Randy, and the girl, Becky. When they were about seven months old Randy accidentally fell off a bed and sustained a bad concussion. He was rushed to the hospital but died shortly afterwards.

Some time later, Yvonne and Lamar’s son David and his friend Thad were in a very serious accident, so much so that it was a miracle they came out alive. In a letter to David, Yvonne wrote, “I believe it was three years ago this month when you and Thad were in this serious accident. I know I’ve told you about this experience before but I don’t think I’ve written down on paper for you. The night of the wreck, I was on my knees praying to Heavenly Father and thanking him for sparing your life. I was reviewing with him all the qualities about you that I love so much. I then asked Heavenly Father about Randy. I was remembering his personality and asking Heavenly Father what he would be like if he had lived. I felt Randy’s presence with me and I received a personal revelation that Randy was watching over you the night of the wreck and that Randy had been there for Becky when she needed him. I was told through this revelation that Randy loves you and Becky very intensely. Ever since this happened I feel so close to Randy and I know he is close to us watching over each of us in our family. I feel he will also be here for Jill, but I guess since she is so much younger than you and Becky she hasn’t needed that kind of protection yet. I sure love you, Mom.”

Be assured that when the circumstances justify it the Lord does permit angelic beings to assist and help.

29.8 Be Good and Do Good

President Harold B. Lee was my stake president before he was called to the Quorum of the Twelve. I remember vividly one time in a leadership meeting he identified a true disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. The hallmark attribute of a true disciple is “Be good and do good.”

All committed members of the Church are striving to become true disciples. The scriptures and messages of the Brethren are replete with the counsel and admonition to give yourself to others. In D&C 58:269 the Lord says, “For behold it is not meet that I should command in all things, for

he that is compelled in all things, the same is a slothful and not a wise servant. Wherefore he receiveth no reward. Verily I say men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause and do many things of their own free will and bring to pass much righteousness. For the power is in them wherein they are agents unto themselves and inasmuch as men do good they shall in nowise lose their reward. But he that doeth not anything until he is commanded and receiveth commandment with a doubtful heart and keepeth it with slothfulness, the same is dammed.”

Certainly it can be said of the Savior that his whole life he went about doing good.

Let me share a quote from President Kimball, “I have learned that it is by serving that we learn how to serve. When we are engaged in the service of our fellow men, not only do our deeds assist them, but we put our own problems in fresh perspective. When we concern ourselves more with others there is less time to be concerned with ourselves. In the midst of the miracle of serving there is the promise of Jesus that by losing ourselves we find ourselves.”

Recently the Church undertook a service project worldwide which consisted of three hundred million hours of work performed by members of the Church in the various areas of the world where they live. In our ward one hundred thirty members turned out to clean-up some landscaping and lawns of the Rock Canyon Elementary School. I was in the hospital and was not able to be there, but my dear wife and the grandchildren made one hundred sweet rolls and they took them over and distributed them to all the people.

My dear wife has been a marvel of serving, being good and doing good, all of her life. Because of her I have strived to emulate her, as have all the family members. I have learned over the years that whenever I encounter a down day I find somebody that needs a visit or whom I might help. This is always a lift for me and a lift for those I serve.

29.9 Adversary (Satan) and Contention

In today’s world argument and contention is a way of life. In families, in communities, in government, in all phases and aspects of life argument and debate prevail. In sharp contrast to that pattern, the Lord has taught all of us to govern our homes and parents and all priesthood leaders work through challenges and problems with harmony and accord. The minute discord and arguments surface, the Spirit of the Lord withdraws and satanic influences

take over. The Lord said with regard to families as quoted by President McKay, “The poorest shack where love prevails is of far greater value to God and future mankind than all the riches in the world. In such a home where love prevails God can and does work miracles. Pure hearts in a pure home are within whispering distance of the heavens.”

Elder Russell Nelson said, “Unkind words exchanged between people can injure deeply, especially if discourteous labels are applied in the process. People tend to become what is expected of them. Labels convey those expectations. Pigeons feel comfortable in designated pigeon holes. Mail may be categorized when sorted into labeled slots. But people can be offended when labeled or classified. Yet we are so prone to label one another ‘smoker,’ ‘drinker,’ ‘inactive,’ ‘liberal,’ ‘unorthodox,’ are but a few terms applied as though our thinking could not separate the doer from the deed.”

29.10 Will I Be Happy

During a trip to Brisbane, Australia, President Faust reports that he saw a picture of a sad faced little girl. Above the picture was written, “Will I Be Happy?” The Lord and the prophets have made it very, very clear that the Lord intends for us to be happy. The Book of Mormon clearly states, “Man is that he might have joy.” The prophet Joseph Smith said, “Happiness is the object and design of our existence and it will be the end thereof if we pursue the path that leads to it.” My dear wife saw the following sign in a shop in Mesa, Arizona, “Happiness is not something you find, but something you create.”

I suppose, the critical question is how do I find happiness? President Kimball said, “What is the price of happiness? One might be surprised at the simplicity of the answer. The treasure house of happiness is unlocked to those who live the gospel of Jesus Christ in its purity and its simplicity.”

29.11 Work, work, work

When the Lord created Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden and when he cast them out of the Garden among some of the instruction he gave he said, “With the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread.” Work is not only a commandment, it is also excellent therapy to develop our talents and to find peace and joy. We didn’t discover the magic and joy of work until we went our mission.

My assistants in the Southwest Indian Mission defined the Mormon missionaries as follows: “The hallmark of a Mormon missionary is pure testimony, skill with the discussions, skill with the language, without which we are carpenter without tools, we are warrior without weapons, we are in the battle of life with sticks and stones.”

Elder Matthew Cowley was sent to New Zealand when he was seventeen years of age. Later he became the mission president in New Zealand and also a member of the Twelve. In his personal history and journal he wrote: “When I came here I did not know one word of Maori but I decided that I was going to learn twenty new words each day, and I did...”

President Benson summarized this whole matter of work as follows: “One of the greatest secrets of missionary work is work. If a missionary works he will get the spirit. If he gets the spirit he will teach the by the spirit. If he teaches by the Spirit he will touch the hearts of people and he will be happy. There will be no homesickness, no worrying about families, for all of one’s time and talents and interests are centered in the work of the ministry. That’s the secret. Work, work, work. There is no satisfactory substitute, especially in the missionary work.”

In a recent General Conference President Hinckley said, “I’m grateful for the testimony I have of the missionary program of this Church. As of this date we have more than 49,000 missionaries. They are blessing the lives of people wherever they go over the earth. They carry good tidings of peace and salvation to all who will listen. I thank the Lord for the spirit of this missionary work which dwells in the hearts and homes of our people throughout the world.

29.12 Lo, Children are an Heritage to the Lord

One of the many great blessings and opportunities I’ve enjoyed over the years is to be a sealer in the Provo Temple. I have now been a sealer for about seventeen years. Because this call came so many years ago I was able to perform the husband and wife sealings for about a third of our children and many of our grandchildren. The most recent was performed in the Salt Lake Temple where I sealed our granddaughter Mindy Allman to her husband Bill. In most sealings I remind the couple being sealed that the first commandment the Lord gave Adam and Eve was to “multiply and replenish the earth.” At the appropriate time, and when prompted by the Lord, I include this quote from President David O. McKay, “Love realizes its sweetest happiness and its most divine consummation in a home where the coming

of children is not restricted but they are made most welcome. One of the duties of parenthood is the acceptance of a co-partnership with the Eternal Creator.” He then continues, “I suppose above any other temptations that you will face in your married life—to follow the pattern of the world and to adjust the standards of the Church to fit your so-called ‘special needs.’”

Again from President McKay, “Some young people enter into marriage and procrastinate the bringing of children into their homes. They are running a great risk. Marriage is for the purpose of rearing a family and youth is the time to do it. I admire these young mothers with four or five children around them still young and happy.” Then he quotes, “Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord—as arrows are in the hand of a mighty man so are the children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quivers full of them. They shall not be ashamed but they shall speak with the enemies at the gate.” (Psalms 127:3)

Early in our marriage Afton and I determined that the Lord willing, and my wife’s health good, we would have those children the Lord had in mind for us. Those who know us know that we are happy. One of the biggest factors that brings so much happiness and joy into our lives is our large and wonderful family.

29.13 The Fix-It Lady

Over the years I have known a few people who have loved work and who could fix anything, such a man was my father-in-law, John E. Harris. For many years he was chief of police in Provo and then later became a deputy warden and then the warden of the Utah State Prison. Not only was he able to fix anything that went wrong at the prison, but he also fixed the lives of many of the inmates in that prison. One of the sad commentaries of our prisons today is the fact that the inmates who go there are seldom ever fixed. Seldom do they come out a better person. Warden Harris had the lowest relapse rate of any prison in the nation. By relapse I mean inmates who came back after they were once released. His percentage was 17%. Today I understand it is 70%.

The great fix-it talents of warden John E. Harris were passed on to his daughter, Afton Harris Felt, my lovely wife. I know and the family knows and many other people know that she can fix anything—a broken heart, a grandchild who has been hurt or is ill. Whatever the malady, whatever the need, she can fix it.

When she was Relief Society President often members of the ward would

call when they needed an oven fixed or a refrigerator fixed. One such person among many was Ruby Pritchett. The word was out—the Relief Society President could fix anything. So she called Afton to fix her refrigerator. In a matter of fifteen minutes Afton had fixed her refrigerator.

Last evening I got in the spa and the draining plug for the spa wouldn't close. I pattered with it for several minutes and couldn't fix it. Afton came along and in no time she had it fixed.

The greatest fix-it job she's ever done for me was to follow through with the medication and treatment I was getting at the hospital for the mini strokes and heart failure. True, the doctors and nurses did a lot, as did the Lord by his healing influence, but it was Afton who did more for me than anybody else. She keeps me on track, she insists I take the many, many pills each day at a certain time. She knows as much if not more than the nurses. If it weren't for her I wouldn't be as well as I am today. My only complaint with regard to my illness is that I have to take so many pills. There are about eighteen pills I take in a given day. I told Afton and I told the doctor I didn't need all those pills. The only pill I need is the 'gos-pill.' But the fix-it lady and the good doctor insist I take the pills. Whatever my good wife, the fix-it lady, tells me to do, I do!

29.14 How Soon Do You Need to Know?

Several years ago when I was sitting next to a friend of mine of many years, he a faculty member the same as me, we noticed a mutual friend coming down the aisle in the chapel where we were waiting for an instructional meeting. I asked my friend, "What's the name of that person coming down the aisle?"

Bob, my friend, said, "Oh, I know him well but I can't remember his name." "Neither can I," I said, "We're in a terrible plight here. What do we do?"

Fortunately, he turned before he came to us which would have embarrassed us if we didn't know his name because it was someone we'd known for many, many years.

Bob then began to chuckle and shared this story with me. There were two elderly sisters, both in a rest home, both in wheel chairs. They had known each other for years. One wheeled up to the other and said, "Now, what's your name?" The other lady replied, "How soon do you need to know!"

That story has come to have greater meaning for me since I had my mini strokes and heart failure. As a result of that illness I lost part of my speech,

a good part of my memory, which is very frustrating and embarrassing. During one visit to the doctor he came in to test my coordination and my memory recall. He said, “Can you count one to ten?” I said, “I can do better than that. I have twelve children. I’ll give you all their names.” I began with the oldest and got down to number three and couldn’t remember the rest.

Often in conversations, following my illness and in part due to old age, when I’m asked a question I can’t answer it. If they give me a few seconds I can recall it. In circumstances like that I would need to ask the person, “How soon do you need to know?” or tell them to give me a few seconds and I’ll be able to capture the thought and phrase I’ve temporarily lost. While there was a memory loss as a result of my illness, I’ve not only recovered my normal memory bank, but since I’ve undertaken this personal history, the Lord has blessed me with a flood of different memories. I have no problem at all recalling things that will I trust be appropriate in this personal history.

29.15 A Believing Heart

Over the years I have learned that some people have a natural gift of belief and testimony. For the most part, we must earn it and acquire it over a period of years. Young children, normally prior to the age of eight, have a simple believing heart. If they have been taught by their parents and good teachers, truth registers in their hearts almost instantly. As we grow older we become skeptical and sometimes disbelieving. Elder Bruce C. Hafen, presently a member of the First Quorum of Seventy, has written a book entitled “The Believing Heart.” Another publication that is the successor of that book is, “The Belonging Heart.”

In “The Believing Heart” he relates a moving experience about a young boy: “A few years ago a university student related to his priesthood quorum a boyhood experience that took place just after he was ordained a deacon in the Aaronic Priesthood. He lived on a farm and had been promised that a calf about to be born would be his very own to raise. One summer morning when his parents were away he was working in the barn when the expectant cow began to calve prematurely. He watched in great amazement as the little calf was born. Then without warning the mother cow suddenly rolled over the calf. She was trying to kill it. In his heart he cried out to the Lord for help. Not thinking about how much more the cow weighed than he did, he pushed on her with all his strength and somehow moved her away.

“He picked up the lifeless calf in his arms and broken-hearted, looked at

it, the tears running down his cheeks. Then he remembered that he now held the Aaronic Priesthood and had the right to pray for additional help. So he prayed from the depths of his boyish, believing heart. Before long the little animal began breathing again. The young Deacon knew his prayers had been heard.

“After relating this story, the tears welled up in his eyes and he said, “Brethren, I tell you that story because I don’t think I would do now what I did then. Now that I’m older, less naive and more experienced, I know better than to expect help in that kind of situation. I’m not sure I believe it even as I relive that experience that the calf survival was anything more than a coincidence. I don’t understand what has happened to me since that time, but I sense that something is missing now.”

Such a matter can happen to any of us. It is imperative that we don’t let worldly influences impair or compromise our deep, deep conviction of the truth of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ.

29.16 Do You Really Know the Savior?

Over the years I have come to know there are many great Theologians who know a great deal of factual information and knowledge about the birth and life of the Savior. But among those many Theologians and clergymen there are only a few who have a deep and sure knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Many regard him as a great teacher, a great philosopher, but few, like you and I who are devout members of the Church, can bear pure testimony about the nature of his divine call.

Howard W. Hunter, the fourteenth president of the Church, served as a president a few months short of a year and yet during the time he was president he taught many great lessons. While he was president, his emphasis related to the Savior. One of the things he said, “We must know Christ better than we know him; we must remember him more often than we remember him; we must serve him more valiantly than we serve him.” He also said, “I pray that we might treat each other with more kindness, more courtesy, more humility, more patience and forgiveness.”

Some wise person, a true disciple and Christian, said: “Live so that those who know you but don’t know Him, will want to know Him because they know you.” Example is a powerful teacher. If you know in your heart of hearts, it is reflected in your countenance.

What you say and do can be a powerful and articulate message that will have an impact for good in the lives of others, more so than you can ever

imagine.

President Nathan Eldon Tanner was known not only throughout the Church, but all those knew him in Canada and throughout the world as “Mr. Integrity.” When he passed away a marvelous and impressive funeral was held in the tabernacle. A non-member of the Church who was then a prominent business man and Chamber Councilman in Salt Lake City was invited to speak. Among other great tributes he paid President Tanner was this one: “If the world had forty men the caliber of Nathan Eldon Tanner the problems of the world would be decreased by fifty percent.” When President Kimball spoke he said, “A giant redwood has fallen leaving a great space in the forest.”

A question: how can you possibly measure the impact for good an honest, true, disciple of Christ could have among mankind?

29.17 The Power of Pure Testimony

Over the years I have come to learn and deeply appreciate the power of pure testimony. Some years ago in the Missionary Training Center, Elder Rex D. Pinegar of the Quorum of Seventy in an instructional meeting to all the teachers gave an anonymous quote that I have never forgotten. “Tell me and I’ll forget. Show me and I’ll remember. Involve me and I’ll understand.” It so impressed me I wrote it down as he gave it. A few weeks later I added a fourth element: “Testify and I will know.” In other words that quotation would now read:

Tell me and I’ll forget.

Show me and I’ll remember. Involve me and I’ll understand.

Testify and I will know.

In the recent Ensign there were capsules of twenty-nine messages that President Hinckley had given. The first one was titled “Testimony.” He said, “With all of our doing, with all of our leading, with all of our teaching, the most important thing we can do for those whom we lead is to cultivate in their hearts a living, vital, vibrant testimony and knowledge of the Savior Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the world.”

I remember years ago when President Harold B. Lee said, “The measure of the Church is not in numbers (today it is ten million), the true measure of the worth and value and impact of our message of the restored gospel is pure testimony.”

While President Thomas S. Monson was presiding over the Toronto mission many years ago prior to his call as a member of the Twelve, he related

an experience that two missionaries had.

I remember a certain new missionary from a rural community who was serving in Canada. He was short in stature, but tall in testimony. Together with his companion, he called at the home of Elmer Pollard in Oshawa, (Ontario,) Canada. Feeling sorry for the young men who, during a blinding blizzard, were going from house to house, Mr. Pollard invited the missionaries into his home. They presented him their message. He did not catch the spirit. In due time he asked that they leave and not return. His last words to the elders as they departed his front porch were spoken in derision: "You can't tell me you actually believe Joseph Smith was a prophet of God!"

The door shut. The elders walked down the path. Our country boy spoke to his companion: "Elder, we didn't answer Mr. Pollard's question. He said we didn't believe Joseph Smith was a true prophet. Let's return and bear our testimonies to him." At first the more experienced missionary hesitated, but finally he agreed to accompany his companion. Fear struck their hearts as they approached the door from which they had been turned away. A knock, the confrontation with Mr. Pollard, an agonizing moment, then with power, a testimony borne by the Spirit: "Mr. Pollard, you said we didn't really believe Joseph Smith was a prophet of God. Mr. Pollard, I testify that Joseph was a prophet. He did translate the Book of Mormon. He saw God the Father and Jesus the Son. I know it."

Mr. Pollard, now Brother Pollard, stood in a priesthood meeting some time later and declared: "That night I could not sleep. Resounding in my ears I hear the words: 'Joseph Smith was a prophet of God. I know it. I know it. I know it.' The next day I telephoned the missionaries. Their message, coupled with their testimonies, changed my life and the lives of my family."

A few years ago while I was teaching a missionary preparation class at BYU I related that story. As I completed that story, a girl raised her hand and said, "Brother Felt, I'm the granddaughter of the Brother Pollard that you mentioned." The following is a letter from this girl dated Dec 18, 1992.

Pollard, Elmer Douglas

My grandfather, Elmer Douglas Pollard, was not a so-called 'religious man' when my mother was a young girl. He liked to play cards, smoke, drink coffee and enjoyed a beer now and then. He would have nothing to do with religion.

That is, not until two Mormon missionaries approached his door. As the story goes, the elders knocked on the door and asked to share a message with my grandfather and his family. In no uncertain terms, my grandfather told them to leave or he would get his gun. The elders tried to persist but my

grandfather stated, "You can't tell me Joseph Smith was a prophet of God!" and slammed the door.

As they were walking back down the driveway, one elder said to his companion, "You know we never did answer that question." They knew it would be hard (especially with my grandfather toting his shotgun) but the elders decided to go back and bear their testimonies of Joseph Smith. Because they did, my grandfather, grandmother, my mother and aunt were baptized.

I can't tell you how many times I wish I could find these elders and thank them with all my heart for their diligence and faithfulness. Because of their testimonies, I was raised in the gospel of Jesus Christ in a wonderful home where I was loved, taught gospel principles, morality, virtue and learned from the righteous examples of my parents and grandparents. Because of those two elders knocking on my grandfather's door and because of the Holy Ghost that bore witness of their words, my family has been changed forever.

My grandparents were sealed in the temple because of those elders and two years ago I had the privilege of marrying a wonderful man I love dearly in the temple. My husband and I are expecting our first child in July. We look forward to teaching and raising up our child in the righteous manner in which I was raised.

I know that God lives and that my Savior lived, died and was resurrected for me. I know He lived because I have felt His presence near me when there were times I could not have made it alone. I now know, as the elders who taught my family, that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God and sacrificed much for the building up of the gospel. With no doubt in my heart and mind I know Ezra Taft Benson is now the prophet that is the mouthpiece of God. In looking back at my blessings in my daily prayers my heart is always full for the many great and marvelous things the Lord has blessed me with. Among those things are my husband, my family, the gospel and the elders who brought the gospel of Jesus Christ into our lives.

Susan J. Garris

As a follow up I decided to send this sweet letter of the granddaughter of Brother Pollard to President Monson.

Below is the letter that President Monson sent me in response to that long statement the granddaughter made. This letter is dated January 26, 1993.

Dear Paul:

Thank you for your thoughtful letter of January 10 and the account written by Susan Garris, a granddaughter of Elmer Pollard. Brother Pollard will visit Utah in April for the graduation of a granddaughter and her husband; perhaps it is Susan who will be graduating.

It was good to hear from you. I remember with fondness your entire family, particularly your dear father, Ernest Felt, who served so long on the high council of the Temple View Stake, where I lived.

May our Heavenly Father continue to bless you and your family members in all that you do.

*Sincerely your brother,
Thomas S. Monson*

29.18 Almost Thou Persuadest Me To Be a Mormon

One of the classic motion pictures of all time was the production of “The Ten Commandments.” Cecil B. DeMille produced and directed this outstanding film. President Wilkinson, then president of BYU, sought permission from President McKay to invite Cecil B. DeMille to give one of the devotional messages at BYU. President McKay readily agreed and said he would be there at the devotional. President McKay introduced Cecil B. DeMille with a very impressive description of the production “Ten Commandments” and the quality and caliber of Cecil B. DeMille. When he stood up to speak he turned to President McKay and said, “Almost thou persuadest me to be a Mormon.” His message to the student body was powerful. Let me just give two or three quotes.

“We are too inclined to think of law as something merely restrictive—something hemming us in. We sometimes think of law as the opposite of liberty. But that is a false conception. That is not the way that God’s inspired prophets and lawgivers looked upon the law. Law has a twofold purpose. It is meant to govern. It is also meant to educate. Take for example one of the most ordinary, everyday laws affecting all of us—the traffic regulations. The traffic laws, when they are observed prevent accidents. They also produce good drivers. That is their educational function.”

“The Ten Commandments of God, when they are observed, prevent murder, stealing, false witness, envy and the worship of false ideals, and the other sins and crimes against which God on Mount Sinai thundered, “Thou shalt not.” Today some people are inclined to look upon those Commandments as a bit archaic. They are not. They are more modern than today’s newspaper—because they are timeless. “I am the Lord thy God. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.” We do not now bow before other giant birds of carved granite or wooden idols with stone eyes. But we have gods competing with God. We have never bent the knee before a graven image of Hathor—but there is

also a graven image on a dollar bill.”

“If man will not be ruled by God, he will certainly be ruled by tyrants—and there is no tyranny more imperious or more devastating than man’s own selfishness, without the law. We cannot break the Ten Commandments. We can only break ourselves against them—or else, by keeping them, rise through them to the fullness of freedom under God. God means us to be free. With divine daring, He gave us the power of choice. “Who is on the Lord’s side? Let him come unto me,” said Moses, holding aloft the tablets of the Law. The same choice is ours today. The choice is always ours!”

The hallmark attribute of a true member and disciple is obedience—simple, childlike, unquestioning obedience. Someone wisely said, “The day you turn obedience into a quest rather than an irritation is the day you gain power.”

29.19 I’ve Made up my Mind

It is a common practice for all people to make resolutions. Normally, this occurs at the first of any given calendar year. All of us are anxious and seeking to be more consistent and constant in the standards and covenants and rules by which we govern our lives. Seldom do any of us conform our lives to those committed and often written resolutions. President Kimball gave a sweet and simple rule by which we can be more inclined to keep all the commandments. Many years ago when President Kimball was speaking in Stockholm Area Conference he revealed the secret of keeping all of the resolutions and commandments that we individually undertake.

“One morning as I was out alone, milking the cows and putting up the hay, I had time to think. I mulled it over in my mind and made this decision: ‘I, Spencer Kimball, will never taste any form of liquor. I, Spencer Kimball, will never touch tobacco. I will never drink coffee, nor will I ever touch tea—not because I can explain why I shouldn’t, except that the Lord said not to.’ He said those things were an abomination. There are many other things that are too that are not in the Word of Wisdom. But I made up my mind.

“That’s the point I am trying to make. I made up my mind then, as a little boy: ‘I will never touch those things.’ And so having made up my mind, it was easy to follow it, and I did not yield. There were many temptations that came along, but I did not even analyze it; I did not stop and measure it and say, ‘Well, shall I or shall I not?’ I always said to myself: ‘But I made up my mind I would not. Therefore, I do not.’

“I’m a little older than any of you here tonight, and I want to just say that I will soon go into another year and that I have never tasted tea, nor coffee, nor tobacco, nor liquor of any kind, nor drugs. Now that may sound very presumptuous and boasting to you, but I am only trying to make this point: that if every boy and girl—as he or she begins to grow a little more mature and becomes a little more independent of his friends and family and all—if every boy and girl would make up his or her mind, I will not yield; then no matter what the temptation is: ‘I made up my mind. That’s settled.’

Through prophets of God who speak for the Lord it is our opportunity and privilege to listen and hearken and obey. As we do we are in a position to qualify for the many righteous blessings and desires of our hearts that we are seeking.

29.20 Read and Ponder the Scriptures

There are few counsels and admonitions the Brethren give more frequently than the indication and charge to read and ponder the scriptures. Some years ago in one of the many messages that President Kimball has given to the worldwide church was the following quote:

“Let me tell you of one of the goals that I made when I was still but a lad. When I heard a Church leader from Salt Lake City tell us at conference that we should read the scriptures, and I recognized that I had never read the Bible, that very night at the conclusion of that sermon I walked to my home a block away and climbed up in my little attic room in the top of the house and lighted a coal-oil lamp that was on the little table, and I read the first chapters of Genesis. A year later I closed the Bible, having read every chapter in that big and glorious book.

I found that this Bible that I was reading had in it 66 books, and then I was nearly dissuaded when I found that it had in it 1,189 chapters, and then I also found that it had 1,519 pages. It was formidable, but I knew if others did it that I could do it.

I found that there were certain parts that were hard for a 14-year-old boy to understand. There were some pages that were not especially interesting to me, but when I had read the 66 books and 1,189 chapters and 1,159 pages, I had a glowing satisfaction that I had made a goal and that I had achieved it.

Now I am not telling you this story to boast; I am merely using this as an example to say that if I could do it by coal-oil light, you can do it by electric light. I have always been glad I read the Bible from cover to cover.”

Within the four standard works, especially the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants, we can find clear answers and promptings to every challenge, problem or need we have. Let me give you two or three scripture quotes. “But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you.” (John 14:26)

“But this is not all, they have given themselves to much prayer and fasting, therefore they had the spirit of prophecy and the spirit of revelation and when they taught, they taught with the power and authority of God.” (Alma 17:3)

“And it came to pass that Ammon being filled with the Spirit of God, therefore he perceived the thoughts of the King and he said unto him, ’is it because thou hast heard that I defended thy servants and thy flocks and slew seven of their brethren with the sling and with the sword and smote off the arms of others in order to defend thy flocks and thy servants? Behold is it this that causeth thy marvellings?” (Alma 18:16)

(Alma 18:35) “And a portion of that spirit dwelleth in me which giveth me knowledge and also power according to my faith and desires which are in God.”

(Alma 21:16) “And they went forth withersoever they were led by the spirit of the Lord preaching the word of God in every synagogue of the people or in every assembly of the Lamanites where they could be admitted.”

29.21 Are You Listening?

One of the great Mormon hymns is “Come, Listen to a Prophet’s Voice.” For many people true, effective listening is a lost art. People, by and large, listen only to those things that have some personal value for them. For example, a person who is caught up in material things, which include of course, making fortunes through their different investments, often is so preoccupied with that they can’t listen to the promptings and voices of people whose priority is the Lord Jesus Christ.

Years ago a seminary teacher I worked with related this story. Two people were walking down a busy street in New York City. In such a setting of course there were many voices and much noise. In the midst of all that atmosphere one person stopped and turned to his friend. “I hear a cricket.” The friend replied, “Do you mean to tell me amidst all this confusion and noise you can hear a cricket?” He answered, “Yes. I hear a cricket. Follow me.” Whereupon he took his friend over to the side of a large building

and noticed a brick that was partially dislodged and there was a cricket chirping. He then turned to his friend and said, “See, people hear what they are listening for.” Let me give you an example. He reached in to his pocket and took out a silver dollar (back in those days silver dollars were common). He flipped it into the air and it dropped to the sidewalk. Instantly, many people near them hearing the dollar, stopped to pick it up.

One of the great films the Church has produced is “Are You Listening?” When we go to a given meeting or sit in a group where this is a discussion, are we listening? Or do we wait for an opportunity for us to talk instead of listening. I have tried to discipline myself to earnestly listen. Each meeting I go to I find that when I prayerfully and humbly listen, I can gain something from every class and from every message. For me it is especially important when we attend a General Conference and listen to the Brethren. I attempt to make enough prayerful, spiritual preparation so that they are imparting to us can register deep in my heart.

Elder Dallin Oaks in a General Conference address said, “I have seen lambs lost in a moving herd of sheep. A great chorus of voices rises from the herd, but each lamb listens for the one voice that can guide it. The Savior used this ageless example in the allegory of the Good Shepherd. ‘The sheep hear his voice and the sheep follow him for they know his voice and a stranger they will not follow for they know not the voice of the stranger.’ From among the chorus of voices we hear in mortality we must recognize the voice of the Good Shepherd who calls to follow him toward our heavenly home.” He then quotes 1 Corinthians 14:10, “There are so many kinds of voices in the world and none of them is without signification.”

29.22 Giving Priesthood Blessings

I have already made some reference to the importance of fathers being the natural patriarch in the home and therefore he is encouraged and has the authority to give priesthood blessings to his own family and others who make seek a blessing.

In a message President Monson gave he said, “Elder Harold B. Lee met me one evening on the steps of the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City. By appointment we were to give a blessing to my eldest son, Tom, who was then in his late teens. Surgery awaited which could be of a most serious nature. Brother Lee took my hand before we ascended the stairs and looking me straight in the eye said, ‘Tom, there is no place I would rather be at this moment than by your side to participate with you in providing a

sacred priesthood blessing to your son.’ We then went to the room where he said to Tom, ‘We are about to give you a priesthood blessing which is an important priesthood ordinance. We approach this privilege in humility, for we remember the counsel of the prophet Joseph Smith who said that when those who hold the priesthood place their hands on the head of a person in this sacred ordinance, it is as the hands of the Lord are placed thereon.’”

Knowing that in reality we are an instrument through whom the Lord imparts the blessing it is therefore imperative that careful spiritual preparation is made. Some years ago a student of mine was being given a patriarchal blessing. There were circumstances surrounding this blessing that called for real preparation. When I appeared at the doorstep of the patriarch with the student, the patriarch invited us in and after a brief exchange of pleasantries he said, “It will take me awhile to get ready and prepared for this blessings. I’ll call you when I’m ready.”

I always approach this great blessing and opportunity to give blessings with “fear and trembling, knowing that I am nothing without the Lord.

29.23 Love Notes

Sensitive, caring, loving people are always thinking of ways and means that they might lift another person. In each instance whatever we do, be it a letter, be it a visit, be it a telephone call, it must come from a pure, sincere, heart. A few days ago when I came home having run some errands, my dear wife had left this note, “Paul, I’ve gone with Jessie into Salt Lake to get Shawn. I have left apples out for you and bread and juice. I love you. Afton.” That is one note out of hundreds and hundreds that my dear wife has left in different places.

I believe I mentioned elsewhere in this personal history that when I went overseas Afton made it a point to put love notes in each of my pockets, in my suits, my pants, my shirts. When I boarded the vessel to take me to my designated assignment in the Pacific each day I put on my clothes I would find a note. Finding one note, which was always a joy, prompted me to search my other pockets. I refrained from doing that because for several days I received a note each day from my dear wife. Once I arrived overseas she wrote me each day and I wrote her each day.

There are many things and gestures we can do to build greater love and appreciation for one another. Certainly a sincere note is a singular blessing for the recipient.

29.24 Quick to Praise, Slow to Criticize

We love to be around people and friends who build us up. Sincere expression of appreciation and love is needed food to every heart and soul. One of my long time close friends who has so many great qualities has allowed himself to drift into a position where a good part of his dialogue in time spent with him has him identifying different people and registering criticism and downgrading them. Little does he realize the damage he is doing and the loss of the spirit and peace that could otherwise be his. On the other hand, there are so many, many people whose pure hearts and great gifts of charity and love prompt them to frequently extend sincere compliments and praise.

My mission president during my first mission as a young man in the Central States was President Elias S. Woodruff—grandson of the former President of the Church Wilford Woodruff. Upon arriving in my first area which was Dodge City, Kansas, I made a number of observations about the branch there. The branch president and his wife—President and Sister Bybee—were a great couple whom I came to love and kept in touch with over the years until their passing. In my misguided efforts to help them, without informing President Bybee, I wrote a letter to my mission president and listed some things that needed to be done to strengthen the branch.

At the outset I certainly gave high commendation and praise to the branch president and his wife, but I singled out the relief society president who I suggested should be released and replaced. A few days later I received a letter from my mission president who said something like this:

“Dear Elder Felt, Thank you for your letter. We are pleased to know you are doing well and love your work in Dodge City. I must remind you that as a missionary it is not good for you to bypass the branch president and send me a letter recommending different changes.” And then he added, “Over the years I have learned that people who are quick to praise and slow to criticize have an attribute that will serve them well.” I kept that letter for many years and have sought to follow his admonition. Look for the good in people and you will always find something good.

29.25 How Prayers Are Answered

The scriptures are replete with the Lord urging us and counseling us to seek him in prayer. Often they conclude, “Ask and ye shall get. Knock and the door shall be opened.” However, over the years I have also learned that

answers to prayers only come when we do our part. When we do our part, the Lord does his part. Frequently answers to prayers take a long time. In such cases one must learn to “wait upon the Lord.” In a file I found the following interesting statement on going to the Lord in prayer:

*I asked God to take away my pride,
And God said, “No.”
He said it was not for him to take away,
But for me to give up.
I asked God to make my suffering child whole,
And God said, “No.”
He said her spirit is whole,
Her body is only temporary.
I asked God to grant me patience,
And God said, “No.”
He said patience is a byproduct of tribulation.
It isn’t granted, it’s earned.*

*I asked God to give me happiness,
And God said, “No.”
He said that he gives blessings.
Happiness is up to me.*

*I asked God to spare me pain,
And God said, “No.”
He said suffering draws you apart from worldly cares,
And brings you closer to me.
I asked God to make my spirit grow,
And God said, “No.”
He said I must grow on my own,
But he will prune me to make me fruitful.*

*I asked God if he loved me
And God said, “Yes.”
He gave me His only Beloved Son who died for me,
And I will be in heaven some day because I believe.
I asked God to help me love others as much as He loves me,
And God said, “Ahh, finally you have the idea.”*

29.26 How Do You Measure the Worth of a Kindly Deed?

While waiting in the sealing room to be called out for my sealing session I found this interesting love story. “A bus was bumping along the back road of a small, rural community. In one seat was a wispy old man holding a bunch of fresh flowers. Across the aisle was a young girl whose eyes came back, again and again, to see the man’s bouquet. The time came for the old man to get off. Impulsively he thrust the flowers into the girl’s lap and said, “I can see you love the flowers and I think my wife would like you to have them. I’ll tell her I gave them to you.” The girl accepted the flowers graciously then watched the old man get off the bus and walk slowly through the gates of a small cemetery. The lesson: when we give special attention to the living that come to the temple, we also serve those who have passed away.”

I have learned the value of this from my dear wife. Every day she is reaching out to help and lift and give something to others. Her example has encouraged me to “go thou and do likewise.”

29.27 Books that Shape the Earth

Each year BYU conducts a symposium on one of the four standard works. On August 18th, 1978 the Book of Mormon was the principle scripture for study and review. Each of these symposiums begins with a message from one of the general authorities. This year Elder Bruce R. McConkie was the speaker. The title of his message was “Books that Shape the Earth.” In part of that presentation he said, “Who can measure the worth of a single book? What would we give today to read the whole book of Enoch or to have a copy of the Book of Remembrance kept by Adam, our father the first man of all men. Adam and his children were taught to write by the spirit of inspiration and by them their children were taught to read and write having language which was pure and undefiled (Moses 6:5,6). From that day to this, in one form or another, men have preserved their history, their culture, their civilization by means of the written word. There are no words to describe the power of a single book. I have an unbounded appreciation for both the King James Version and the Inspired Version. I stand in reverential awe as I read and ponder the wondrous works they contain. I do not believe there is a person on earth who has a greater respect for, or appreciation of the Holy Bible than I do. Now I say all this as a prelude to making these flat

and unequivocal declarations.

- 1) Most of the doctrine of the gospel as set forth in the Book of Mormon far surpass their comparable recitation in the Bible.
- 2) This Nephi record bears a plainer and purer witness of the divine sonship of Christ and the salvation which comes in and through his holy name than do all the old world scriptures.
- 3) Man can get nearer to the Lord; can more have more of the spirit conversion and conformity in their hearts; can have stronger testimonies; and gain a better understanding of the doctrines of salvation through the Book of Mormon than they can through the Bible.
- 4) More people will flock to the gospel standard; more souls will be converted; more of scattered Israel will be gathered; and more people will migrate from one place to another because of the Book of Mormon than was or will be the case with the Bible.
- 5) There will be more people saved in the kingdom of God—ten thousand times over—because of the Book of Mormon than there will be because of the Bible.”

Over the years and more so as the years move forward, the Book of Mormon is the most single powerful converting tool that the world and the Church has. The Book of Mormon is translated now into over sixty languages. Millions of copies are distributed each year. In a newspaper article a few years ago they ranked the most widely read books. Number one was the Bible, number two was the Book of Mormon.

From what the Brethren have taught us it is imperative that we, as members of the Church, read, ponder and pray about the Book of Mormon daily.

29.28 Salt Lake City—World Capital of Religions

On one occasion Elder Richards made some statement to that effect. Salt Lake City is known nationwide, and even worldwide, as being a center for not only the Mormons, but also the lifestyle of the Mormon people. Each year the number of tourists visiting Temple Square increases significantly. Several million come each year. Furthermore, as members of the Church know, twice each year there is a worldwide conference. Further evidence of Salt Lake City being the world religion capital is the fact that every Thursday the Brethren meet in the upper room of the temple. These meetings, unlike the world, the issues and challenges and discussions are quietly and prayerfully considered. Each member is free to make a contribution. Never is there any contention

29.29. *KIDS WANT WHAT THEY WANT WHEN THEY WANT IT*433

or conflict. Always there are differences of opinion, but under the spirit of revelation, they all come to complete accord and unity on the revealed course of action.

Elder Packer shared this process in an annual faculty meeting at BYU, August 24th, 1954 as follows: “How revelation comes to the Church. In a church, if the Lord is going to give revelation to the body of the Church, he gives the final revelation to the President of the Church. Now the President of the Church doesn’t just get up and announce it spontaneously and automatically. The way he proceeds is this; the President of the Church brings any matter of policy or business or doctrine first to his counselors, then they bring it to the meeting of the First Presidency to the Council of the Twelve which convenes each Thursday morning at 10:00 am. These fifteen men sit as a council and they call it the Council of the First Presidency and the Quorum of Twelve. The President presents the business there and then after true deliberation, after everyone has had an opportunity to ask questions, after prayers have been said earnestly on the subject, then a vote of acceptance or rejection is asked for. After an affirmative vote has been taken, then such a policy is announced to the Church. Now that’s the way it works as a practical matter.”

29.29 Kids Want What They Want When They Want It

Children at a young age usually want what they want right now. One of my longtime friends shared the following quote with me, “Kids want what they want when they want it. They get what they get and when they get it they don’t want it because they’ve already got it.”

As our children reach years of maturity and some measure of self-discipline they learn that life is not having or getting. A quote by an anonymous party said, “Life is not having or getting, but it’s being or becoming.” As members of the Church we know that indeed we are the literal sons and daughters of God. As such we have the potential of one day becoming like our Heavenly Parents. Knowing that, I suppose it’s important for parents and teachers to let children know that the whole purpose of mortality is becoming what the Lord has foreordained us to become. Someone wisely said, “Treat a person as he is and he remains as he is. Treat him as he can become and he will tend to become like the person the Lord has in mind for us to become.”

President Joseph F. Smith gave the following supporting quote. “God’s way of educating our desires are, of course, always most perfect, and if those

who have it in their power to educate and correct the desires of children would imitate his prudence, the children would be much more fortunate in combating the difficulties that beset men everywhere in the struggle for existence. And what is God's way? Everywhere in nature we are taught the lessons of patience and waiting. We want things a long time before we get them, and the fact that we wanted them a long time makes them all the more precious when they come. In nature we have our seedtime and harvest; and if children were taught that the desires that they sow may be reaped by and by through patience and labor, they will learn to appreciate whenever a long-looked-for goal has been reached. Nature resists us and keeps admonishing us to wait, indeed, we are compelled to wait."

"A man has a much greater capacity to enjoy that for which he has labored for a number of years than one who has a similar object given to him. It is, therefore, most unfortunate for children when their parents greatly weaken or almost wholly destroy the children's capacity for the enjoyment of some of the most wholesome pleasures of life. The child who has everything he wants and when he wants it is really to be pitied, for he has no ability to enjoy it. There may be a hundred times more pleasure in a dollar piece for one child than for another."

29.30 General Conference, October 1997

Over the years Afton and our family have always looked forward to General Conference. Each of them is very, very special. However, for Afton and me, our General Conference this year exceeded in quality and content any other conference we can recall. Every president of the Church has been extraordinary. The Lord magnifies them to the point where they perform far beyond their natural abilities. For all of us in the Church, President Gordon B. Hinckley, our present living prophet notwithstanding his age of 87, has introduced and united the Church in a remarkable fashion. Over the years I've read many biographies of General Authorities. The one on President Hinckley, which was written by Sherry Dew, a counselor in the General Relief Society Presidency, is one of the greatest biographies I've ever read. I've purchased many copies and given many to family members and friends.

Let me share some quotes from President Hinckley from last General Conference: "Something, my brethren and sisters, is happening in this church, something wonderful. As we walk in the small world of our individual wards and branches we are scarcely aware of it. And yet it is real

and it is tremendous. We are growing. We are expanding.”

“If we will go forward, never losing sight of our goal, speaking ill of no one, living the great principles we know to be true, this cause will roll on in majesty and power to fill the earth. The Almighty, if necessary, may have to shake the nations to humble them and cause them to listen to the servants of the living God. Whatever is needed will come to pass.”

“If we will cling to our values, if we will build on our inheritance, if we will walk in obedience before the Lord, if we will simply live the gospel, we will be blessed in a magnificent way.”

“In the future even more of our young men must prepare themselves to go out in service to the Lord. Our Christian acts must precede them and accompany them whenever necessary.”

“Simply put, we must be better Latter-day Saints. We must be more neighborly. We cannot live in a cloistered existence in this world. We are a part of the whole of humanity.”

“Let us banish from our lives any elements of self-righteousness. Many regard us with suspicion, as having only one interest and that is to convert them. Conversion is more likely to come as a consequence of love. Let us be friendly. Let us be helpful. Let us live the golden rule.”

“There are too many broken homes among our own. I lift a warning voice to our people. We have moved too far toward the mainstream of society in this matter....This is a malady with a cure. The prescription is simple and wonderfully effective. It is love. It is plain, simple, everyday love and respect.”

President Hinckley’s attitude toward the future continued to be fervently optimistic. “Great has been our past, wonderful is our present, glorious can be our future.” He concluded with a plea to be united in faith. “God help us to move forward to become a great and mighty people spread over the earth, counted in the millions, but all of one faith and of one testimony and of one conviction.”

29.31 Be a Spendthrift in Love

Among the many, many attributes the Lord has always counseled us to acquire is charity (pure love). Please note the emphasis the Lord gives concerning this attribute. In Moroni 7:448, “If so, his faith and hope is vain, for none is acceptable before God, save the meek and lowly in heart; and confesses by the power of the Holy Ghost that Jesus is the Christ, he must need have charity; for if he have not charity he is nothing; wherefore he must

needs have charity. And charity suffereth long, and is kind, and envieth not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh non evil, and rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Wherefore, my beloved brethren, if ye have not charity, ye have nothing, for charity never faileth. Wherefore, cleave unto charity which is the greatest of all, for all things must fail—But charity is the pure love of Christ, and it endureth forever and whoso is found possessed of it at the last day, it shall be well with him. Wherefore, my beloved brethren, pray unto the Father with all the energy of heart, that ye may be filled with this love, which he hath bestowed upon all who are true followers of his Son, Jesus Christ; that ye may become the sons of God; that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is; that we may have this hope; that we may be purified even as he is pure. Amen.”

An anonymous quote sets forth the following: “Be a spendthrift in love. Love is the one treasure that multiplies by division; it is one gift that grows bigger the more you take from it. It is the one business in which it pays to be an absolute spendthrift. Give it away, throw it away, splash it over, empty your pockets, shake the basket, turn the glass upside down, and tomorrow you will have more than ever.”

Someone wisely said, “What you keep you lose and what you give away you keep.” People who have acquired this great attribute of love always wield influence for good among all those with whom they serve or associate. Possessing this attribute is clear evidence that you know the Savior and have a close relationship with him.

Another anonymous quote: “Live in such a way that people who know you, but don’t know Christ, will want to know Christ because they know you.”

Let us all be a spendthrift in love.

29.32 Purge Ourselves of Pride

H. David Burton, the Presiding Bishop of the Church said, “Perhaps the greatest obstacle to our ability to hearken courageously to the word of Lord involves our egos, main ambitions, and pride. It seems that the proud find it burdensome to hear and accept the instruction of God. We’re told in Proverbs that ‘pride goeth before destruction’ (Proverbs 16:18). The proud are more anxious about man’s judgement than they are of God’s judgement.”

Bishop Burton then relates a story about a ship's captain who had a problem of pride. "One night at sea, this captain saw what looked like the light of another ship heading toward him. He had his signal man blink to the other ship 'change your course ten degrees south.' The reply came back, 'Change your course ten degrees north.' The ship's captain answered, 'I am a captain. Change your course south.' To which reply the lowly seaman said, 'I'm a seaman first class. Change your course north.' This so irritated the captain he signaled back, 'I say change your course south. I am a battle ship.' To which the reply came back, 'I say change your course north. I am a lighthouse.' "

Pride is not easily distinguishable. There is righteous pride and unrighteous pride. An example of righteous pride would be, "I'm proud of my family." Unrighteous pride alienates one from the spirit of the Lord. Soul searching for the gift of discernment will help us identify unrighteous pride and righteous pride.

29.33 Random Acts of Kindness

One of my many treasured books is titled, "Random Acts of Kindness." This little booklet contains many, many examples of kindness. Let me include a list of many acts of kindness.

Write a letter of appreciation to a friend.

As you go about your day, why not pick up the trash you find on the sidewalk.

Write a card thanking a service person for his or her care and leave it with your tip. Be sure to include a specific acknowledgment. "I appreciate the careful way you cleaned the room without disturbing my things." "Your smile as you served me dinner really made my day."

If you are any of the helping professions, ask your clients to tell you their stories of random acts of kindness.

For one week, act on every single thought of generosity that arises spontaneously in your heart and notice what happens as a consequence.

A traveling salesman we know always carries cracked corn in his car and scatters it for the birds during the snowy winter months.

On Thanksgiving time call up every one you know and ask them what they are thankful for so they can feel their own gratitude.

Give another driver your parking spot.

Talk to people at work about one of their random acts of kindness and ask them what one of theirs is. Disclosure stimulates us to do more by empha-

sizing the pleasure of going with no strings attached.

Recently I went to the shoe repair shop I've been going to for years and left a shoe to be repaired. The cost was only \$3. When I picked up the shoe I gave her \$5. When she was making change, I said, "No, keep the change." She looked up at me in surprise and said, "Over the many years I've operated this business, seldom do I get a tip.

Among the many attributes of Godliness and true discipleship is being helpful and merciful to others. In a recent fireside President Hinckley said, "There are so many who have been injured and who need a good Samaritan to bind up their wounds and help them on their way. A small kindness can bring a great blessing to someone in distress and a sweet feeling to the one who befriends them."

I want to quote a few paragraphs from the booklet "Random Acts of Kindness." "Random acts of kindness are those little sweet or grand lovely things we do for no reason except that, momentarily, the best of our humanity has sprung, exquisitely, into full bloom. When you spontaneously give an old woman the bouquet of red carnations you had meant to take home to your own dinner table, when you give you lunch to the guitarplaying beggar who makes music at the corner between your two subway stops, when you anonymously put coins in someone else's parking meter because you see the red "Expired" medallion signaling to a meter maid—you are doing not what life requires of you, but what the best of your human soul invites you to do."

"Most of us try hard to fulfill our obligations in life, to be responsible parents, to reward and discipline our children, to assist our employees or colleagues, to support and comfort our spouses, to do our share of the work at the office and at home. But these deeds are what we're expected to do, what in fact we have agreed to do because of the mates we have chosen, the lives we have decided to live. They come, in effect, with the territory. To be reasonable, decent, civilized human beings who maintain the stability of our lives and our relationships, we must and we will do all these ordinary things. To become the perpetrator of random acts of kindness, then, is to become in some sense an angel. For it means you have moved beyond the limits of your daily human condition to touch wings with the divine."

29.34 Prepare for the Second Coming of Christ

Our years in mortality, together with our cherished membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, is designed that if we can so

live our lives to prepare ourselves for a time when we can come into the presence of the Lord. Coming in to his presence can only happen for us when we have acquired those attributes that enable us to be comfortable in the Savior's presence.

Some years ago Elder B. H. Roberts wrote: "We can judge our personal readiness to meet the Savior by the progress we are making toward exaltation." Following this statement he said, "After entering into the kingdom of God...it is by learning 'precept upon precept; line upon line; here a little and there a little' that salvation will be made secure. It is by resisting a temptation today, overcoming a weakness tomorrow, forsaking evil associations the next day, and thus day by day, month after month, year after year, pruning, restraining and weeding out that which is evil in the disposition, that the character is purged of its imperfections. Salvation is a matter of character-building under the direct aid of the Holy Spirit.

"Nor is it enough that one gets rid of evil. He must do good. He must surround himself with circumstances congenial to the sensitive nature of the Holy Ghost, that he may not be offended, and withdraw himself; for if he does so, amen to the man's spiritual or moral development. He must cultivate noble sentiments by performing noble deeds—not great ones, necessarily, for opportunity to do what the world esteems great things, comes but seldom to men in their ordinary walks of life; but noble deeds may be done every day; and such deed performed with an eye single to the glory of God, draws one that much nearer into harmony with Deity."

29.35 The Riches of Gratitude

Certainly one of the attributes of Godliness is to constantly be mindful and include in our prayers and our acts appreciation for all the Lord has given us. The Lord has said in D&C 59:21, "In nothing doth man offend God, or against none is his wrath kindled, save those who confess not his hand in all things and obey not his commandments."

At least two or three times a year Mom and I attend the tabernacle for the Mormon Tabernacle Choir broadcast. As part of that program "The Spoken Word" is given by Greg Newell. On October 12th, 1997 Afton and I together with one of my brothers, were deeply moved by the message of "The Spoken Word." He said, "Truly rich is the person with a grateful heart. Grateful individuals possess a treasure that cannot be stolen or spent because it comes from character and perspective, not circumstances. The riches of gratitude can be ours whenever we are willing to acknowledge the

goodness of God and the many ways that other lives influence and bless our own.

“What a powerful quality gratitude is! It’s been said that ‘we have all drunk from wells we have not dug and warmed ourselves by fires we have not kindled.’ Yet, too frequently we fail to recognize the multitude of well diggers and fire builders around us. Our ability to appreciate the roles that family, friends, and others play in our lives both enriches us and blesses those for whom we are grateful.

“Gratitude also means recognizing all that God has given us. The wealth of a grateful heart is not diminished by daily downturns or even life’s tragedies, secure in the knowledge that God lives and that He loves His children. When our hearts are filled with gratitude, our moments of mourning, fear, and despair are swallowed up in the overwhelming manifestations of God’s love for us.

“True gratitude stems from a personal relationship with Deity; never from comparing ourselves with others. Grateful people are happy, not because they have more than others, but because they see the hand of God in their own lives and remember the great things He has done for them. How sweet is the sleep of one who kneels each night to thank God for each blessing of that day. How rich is the person who awakens each morning with gratitude for another day of life.

“Our lives forever change when we attune our hearts to hear ‘the still small voice of gratitude.’ Listening to gratitude’s gentle whisperings, it is much easier for us to worship God, to love and serve our fellow men, and to live in thanksgiving daily.

“Worldly wealth is fleeting: material possessions can be lost or worn out. But those who have a grateful heart possess a treasure they will share throughout their lives and find laid up for them in heaven.”

29.36 An Interview with Brigham Young

Church history records an interview that President Wilford Woodruff had with Brigham Young. The following is a quote from Wilford Woodruff in October 1880, “I believe the eyes of the heavenly hosts are over this people; I believe they are watching the elders of Israel, the prophets and apostles and men who are called to bear off this kingdom. I believe they watch over us all with great interest...I have had many interviews with Brother Joseph until the last fifteen or twenty years of my life; I have not seen him for that length of time. But during my travels in the southern country last winter

I had many interviews with President Young, and with Heber C. Kimball, and George A. Smith, and Jedediah M. Grant, and many others who are dead. They attended our conference, they attended our meetings. And on one occasion, I saw Brother Brigham and Brother Heber ride in carriage ahead of the carriage in which I rode when I was on my way to attend conference: they were dressed in the most priestly robes. When we arrived at our destination, I asked President Young if he would preach to us. He said, “No I have finished my testimony in the flesh. I shall not talk to this people anymore.” “But,” said he, “I have come to see you; I have come to watch over you, and to see what the people are doing.” Then, said he, “I want you to teach the people—and I want you to follow this counsel yourself—that they must labor and so live as to obtain the Holy Spirit, for without this you cannot build up the kingdom; without the spirit of God you are in danger of walking in the dark, and in danger of failing to accomplish your calling as apostles and as elders in the church and kingdom of God.” And said he, “Brother Joseph taught me this principle.”

It is comforting and reassuring to know that we who are yet working out our salvation in mortality can be inspired and sustained by prophets and apostles who have gone before us.

29.37 President Harold B. Lee

President Harold B. Lee shared some inspired counsel to President Monson. In a General Conference President Monson quoted President Lee: “President Harold B. Lee had a marked influence on Sister Monson and me and our three children. On rather brief occasions he commented to each of our children in a tone which reflected deep spirituality, genuine interest, and inspired counsel. Our youngest son, Clark, was about to turn twelve when we chanced to meet Brother Lee in the parking lot of the Church Office Building. He asked Clark how old he was. Clark answered, “Soon to be twelve.” Came the question: “What happens to you when you turn twelve?” The response: “I’ll receive the Aaronic Priesthood and be ordained a deacon.” With a warm smile and the clasp of his hand, Brother Lee said, “Bless you, my boy.”

“Our daughter, Ann, as a young teenager was with her mother and me when we encountered Brother Lee and proper introductions were made. Brother Lee took our daughter’s hand in his and, with a lovely smile, said to her, “You, my dear one, are beautiful inside as well as outside. What a choice young lady you are.”

“In a more serious setting, Brother Lee met me one evening on the steps

of the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City. By appointment we were to give a blessing to my eldest son, Tom, who was then in his later teens. Surgery was awaited which could be of a most serious nature. Brother Lee took my hand before we ascended the stairs and, looking me straight in the eye, said, “Tom, there is no place I would rather be at this moment than by your side to participate with you in providing a sacred priesthood blessing to your son.”

“We then went to the room, where he said to Tom, “We are about to give you a blessing, even to provide a priesthood ordinance. We approach this privilege in humility, for we remember the counsel of the prophet Joseph Smith, who said that when those who hold the priesthood place their hands on the head of a person in this sacred ordinance, it is as though the hands of the Lord are placed thereon.” The blessing was given; the surgery turned out to be minor. But lessons were learned, spirituality of a great leader was observed, and a model to follow was provided.”

29.38 Plain Talk About Drugs

Today drugs are rampant throughout the world. Our own LDS people are not totally free and above. Many have become drug addicts. An article in *Guidepost*—a religious magazine available to all people—related the following account.

“As an actor in Hollywood films, I have played many American Indian roles—warrior, medicine man, chief. And in a TV spot for the Keep America Beautiful campaign, I was an Indian drifting alone in a canoe. As I saw how our waters were being polluted, a single tear rolled down my cheek, telling the whole story. Now I have another story to tell, a legend I heard in my youth.

“Many years ago, Indian braves would go away in solitude to prepare for manhood. One hiked into a beautiful valley, green with trees, bright with flowers. There, as he looked up at the surrounding mountains, he noticed one rugged peak, capped with dazzling snow. I will test myself against that mountain, he thought. He put on his buffalo-hide shirt, threw his blanket over his shoulders and set off to climb to the pinnacle.

“When he reached the top, he stood on the rim of the world. He could see forever, and his heart swelled with pride. Then he heard a rustle at his feet. Looking down, he saw a snake. Before he could move, the snake spoke. “I am about to die,” said the snake. “It is too cold for me up here, and there is no food. Put me under your shirt and take me down to the valley.” “No,”

said the youth, “I know your kind. You are a rattlesnake. If I pick you up you will bite and your bite will kill me.” “Not so,” said the snake, “I will treat you differently. If you do this for me, I will not harm you.”

“The youth resisted awhile, but this was a very persuasive snake. At last the youth tucked it under his shirt and carried it down to the valley. There he laid it down gently. Suddenly the snake coiled, rattled and leaped, biting him on the leg. “But you promised—” cried the youth. “You knew what I was when you picked me up,” said the snake as it slithered away.

“And now, wherever I go, I tell that story to young people who might be tempted by drugs. Remember the words of the snake: “You knew what I was when you picked me up.”

As parents we need to make sure that our children are taught the horrible consequences of ever becoming part of the drug culture.

29.39 Families Can Be Together Forever

At the dedication of the Provo Temple in 1972 Elder Packer gave in one of the dedicatory messages the following quote: “Today we are dedicating a monument to the resurrection and the exaltation of the human family. If the outside world knew what was happening here today, cars would stop, planes wouldn’t take off, they would rush to the temple to see what the Lord had wrought.”

In the temples of the Lord we’re permitted to organize eternal families. In support of this segment I include this lovely hymn, “Families Can Be Together Forever.”

Families Can Be Together Forever

I have a family here on earth.

They are so good to me.

I want to share my life with them through all eternity.

Families can be together forever

Through Heavenly Father’s plan.

I always want to be with my own family,

And the Lord has shown me how I can.

The Lord has shown me how I can.

While I am in my early years,

I’ll prepare most carefully,

So I can marry in God’s temple for eternity.

Families can be together forever

444 29. AFTERTHOUGHTS, MEMORIES OF ROSES IN DECEMBER

*Through Heavenly Father's plan.
I always want to be with my own family,
And the Lord has shown me how I can.
The Lord has shown me how I can.*



Figure 29.1: Paul and Afton's Children, 2008; Front Left to Right: Marilyn, Tammy, Yvonne, Jessie, Kathleen, Windy; Back Left to Right: Ron, John, Paul Jr., Tom, O'Larry

30

In Retrospect, Going Home and Testimony

Looking back can sometimes help us to better see what lies ahead. As I look back on eighty-two years, it is very evident to me that active and involved membership in the Church makes it possible for not only a person in the family to enjoy great success in temporal matters, but more significantly to achieve the peace and pure happiness that can only come about as a result of pure gospel living. Please note again that the title, in addition to “In Retrospect” is “Going Home and Testimony.” In legal terms, this may be something of a last will and testament. Our son-in-law an attorney, Steve Forsyth, some years ago prepared something about our “last will and testament.”

The Book of Mormon and other scriptures state very clearly in one form or another “Man is that he might have joy.” One of the hallmark characteristics of a committed, serving, involved member of the Church is happiness. On one occasion President Kimball said, as he was performing a live sealing for a young couple, “An unhappy person will never inherit the Celestial Kingdom.” For Afton and me it has been “a wonderful life.” Over the years Mom and I, and perhaps most family members, have seen again and again the movie, “It’s a Wonderful Life,” where James Stewart is the principal actor. From day one, especially since returning from my mission and marrying my young child bride whom I met at BYU, life has indeed been joyous and happy.

Elsewhere in my personal history, I’ve related a story about President Harold B. Lee, our young stake president who was later called to the Quorum of Twelve and who performed our sealing. As he put his arm around each of

us he assured us that as we kept the covenants that we took at the temple that day, each year would be happier than the next. In other words, as the years unfold happiness, peace and pure joy are the byproducts of a true obedient Latter-day Saint.

Elder Russell M. Nelson in a General Conference in April 1992 said, “Mortality, temporary as it is, is terminated by the doors of death. Questions then come into searching minds of those left behind “where is my loved one now?” What happens after death? While many questions cannot be fully answered with available knowledge, much is known. The first station in mortal life is named Paradise. Alma wrote concerning the state of the soul between death and the resurrection: “Behold it has been made known unto me that the spirits of all men as soon as they have departed from mortal life are taken home to the God who gave them life. The spirits of those who are righteous are received in a state of happiness which is called Paradise, a state of rest, a state of peace.” (Alma 40:11)

Knowing what we know as members of the only true and living church upon the face of the earth, enables all of us, as we move through our many years, to never fear death. Death in a gospel sense enables one to never fear death. In reality it is a rebirth. We leave our mortal phase of our eternal life and go to a place referred to often as Paradise, where happiness and pure joy even exceeds what we’ve experienced in mortality.

I have actually experienced the pure joy that awaits us as we leave this mortal span of years. Several years ago, I was rushed to the hospital with a bleeding ulcer. The standard and practice for the doctors and hospital then was that they didn’t operate until there was a third bleed. During the third week in the hospital, I did have a so-called “third bleed.” My dear wife had just visited me, kissed me goodbye and left. Before she left the floor she felt impressed to go back and it’s providential that she did because in her brief absence I suffered severe bleeding. I was in the bathroom and collapsed in a pool of blood. Apparently I was so far gone I couldn’t call for the nurse or pull the emergency alarm. Afton felt impressed to come back and found me on the floor. She called the nurse who ran in. When she saw what had happened she went to get the doctor and left Afton there with me. Afton attempted to pick me up but I was so covered with blood, she couldn’t get a firm hold. Finally Afton was able to put me back on my bed intending.

During the several minutes of that situation it was very apparent to me that death may well be overtaking me. When that thought came to mind, instantly I felt a heavenly, Celestial spirit that I had never felt before. During those few seconds or minutes a clear question came to mind. The Lord gave me the choice, do you want to go, do you want to come home

with me, or do you want to stay? Instantly I said in my prayer, “Oh, there’s so much more I want to do with the family. Permit me to have a few more years.” The Lord did that very thing. I have often recalled the heavenly peaceful influence of what it is like on the other side.

At the Hawaiian temple President Haycock related the story of a young woman who was divorced with several children. She had been out visiting some neighbors and when she was coming home to look after her children, she saw the children in there running, playing, apparently with some arguing going on. Before she walked into the home she plead with the Lord, “Oh, Please can I spend the night with you?” Whereupon the Lord answered, “No. If you did you would not want to leave. You can’t come to me, but I can come to you.”

Let me share a few scriptures that support the purpose of mortality and the blessing of completing our mission in mortality and then being taken home.

Alma 40:112 “Now, concerning the state of the soul between death and the resurrection—Behold, it has been made known unto me by an angel, that the spirits of all men, whether they be good or evil, are taken home to that God which gave them life. And then shall it come to pass, that the spirits of those who are righteous are received into a state of happiness, which is called paradise, a state of rest, a state of peace, where they shall rest from all their troubles and from all care, and sorrow.”

John 14:19 “Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also.”

At the dedication of the Provo Temple, Elder Boyd K. Packer said, “Today we are dedicating a monument to the resurrection and to the exaltation of the human family. If the world knew what was happening here, cars would stop, planes wouldn’t take off, people would rush to the temple to see what the Lord hath wrought.” The prophet Joseph Smith said, “The spirits of the just are exalted to a greater and more glorious work. Hence they are blessed in their departure to the world of spirits. They are not far from us and know and understand our thoughts, feelings, emotions and are often pained therewith.”

Brigham Young said, “There is no period known to them—that is the dead—in which they experience so much joy as when they pass through the portals of death and enter upon the glorious change of the spirit world.”

When our family celebrated our fiftieth anniversary, the family requested that Mom and I share with them a testimony. It occurs to me that earlier in this dictation, I indicated that I had two experiences where I experienced the joy and peace of the afterlife. I related one already. Let me know briefly

share with you some feelings I had during my last hospitalization due to mini-strokes and heart failure. The very moment that I entered into the hospital and was assigned a room, I seemed to be enveloped with a peace and relief that was much like heaven itself. During the entire seven days there, including weeks after I came home, I felt a presence and spirit of the Lord more so than ever before in my life. The doctors and nurses were unusually kind and helpful. About the third day there one of the nurses who came in to check me before I was to sleep for the night, came back in and said, “Mr. Felt, I’m your guardian angel.” That expression filled me with great peace and comfort. Upon my arrival home I experienced some unusual spiritual enlightenment—greater than I ever have in my life. I’ve concluded that they are so sacred I will not include them in my personal history, but I do have it in my journal.

As I conclude this I want to restate and declare again, “It’s been a wonderful life.” Among the many sweet testimonies and truths that I do know as all our family do—life is eternal. The fact that our family will be with us forever is a source of great joy and peace.

I conclude with an experience that a dear friend shared with me involving Elder LeGrand Richards and his wife. Elder Benson was the supervisor in our mission, but when I served as Director of the Lamanite Committee, I had occasion to come to know Elder LeGrand Richards well because he was also on the Committee—a committee that met monthly. A dear friend related this experience involving Brother and Sister Richards, both of them lived well into their midineties.

My dear friend Stewart Durrant was sitting near them at a stake dinner. He observed and watched them together. Throughout their many years together as husband and wife there was always a courtship which was very apparent. He overheard this interesting conversation. Brother Richards turned to his wife and said, “Dear, where do you think we’re going to be thirty-five million years from now?” Whereupon she replied, “Oh, Grandy, don’t be silly!” “I’m not being silly,” he said, “I don’t know where we’re going to be thirty-five million years from now, but this much I do know, wherever it is I will be by your side, I will be holding your hands and I’ll be telling you that I love you.”

Heaven is an extension of the extended ideal home. At my funeral there will be little sorrow and weeping, there will be joy and peace. I can’t remember a time in my life when I didn’t anticipate and enjoy going home. As a child and a youth it was so good to get home, eat some of Mom’s fresh baked bread, and share the peace of love that abided in our home. Since our marriage, the pattern has never changed—every day I’ve been gone I have

looked forward to coming home. Like our children, often they would come home and as soon as they got in the house they would call, “Mom, where are you?” When I go home throughout these many years, I still, as I walk in the home, call out for my dear wife, “Afton, where are you?” Whereupon we enjoy a sweet embrace and kiss. That practice has prevailed all of our married life. Today it isn’t uncommon for Afton and me to kiss one another as we go from room to room.

I look forward to going home.

30.1 Editorial Note

Paul died from a heart attack on Feb. 9, 1999 surrounded by his wife and many of his children. Heaven was near as he passed. The following chapter is taken from his memorial services and other remembrances.



Figure 30.1: Paul and Afton, 50th Wedding Anniversary



Figure 30.2: Paul and Afton Portrait. Ron commissioned Cloy Kent to paint this in approximately 1996.

31

Paul E. Felt's Funeral

31.1 Program Overview

In Celebration of the life of Paul E. Felt

Born January 20, 1916
Salt Lake City, Utah
Died February 9, 1999

Funeral Services

Monday, February 15, 1999 11:00a.m.
Pleasant View 6th Ward, Provo, Utah

PALLBEARERS

Tom Felt	Gerrit Felt
David Jordan	Bill Stewart
Jason Olsen	Johnny Covey
Shaun Olsen	Chase Williams

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Paul E. Felt Jr.	John M. Felt
Larry O. Felt	Ron G. Felt
Lamar R. Jordan	Steven G. Forsyth
Sam D. Allman	Kirk J. Williams
John P. Covey	Travis Williams
Wyatt Felt	Austen Tanner
Malcolm Felt	Jacob Covey
Justin Forsyth	

PROGRAM

Paul E. Felt Jr.	Family Prayer
David Jordan	Prelude Music
Bishop Clark	Conducting
Marilynn Forsyth	Opening Prayer
Jesse Allman	Obituary

Musical Selection "Go My Son" Windy Stewart, Millie Garret, Marge Dodson, Lyn Nez and Arlene Williams

Ron Felt	Tribute
Larry Felt	Tribute
Tammy Williams	Tribute

Musical Selection "We will hold on together" by grandchildren accompanied by Jason Olsen

Yvonne Jordon	Tribute
Kathleen Covey	Speaker
Afton Felt	Speaker

Musical Selection "How Great Thou Art" by Jan Felt accompanied by Jason Olson

Bishop Clark	Closing Remarks
Tom Felt	Closing Prayer
John Felt	Dedication of Grave

31.2 Program

31.2.1 Welcome, Bishop Clark

We welcome you to the memorial service of Paul Felt. We've got a large group here and it is a real honor to him to have you here. We would like to have the family prayer and that prayer will given by Paul Felt Jr. After the prayer Grant Williams is going to do an Indian Feather ceremony before the closing of the casket.

31.2.2 (Family Prayer) Paul Felt Jr.

Our Father in Heaven, we as members of a very large family representing our father's dear wife and eternal companion; brothers, sisters, sons, daughters, grandchildren, extended family who have arrived from all quarters of the United States and the world are so grateful for the opportunity of being here. We wish to thank thee for the simplicity of the gospel message that has allowed us to experience the joy of knowing that our dear brother, our dear father, our dear husband, friend has returned home to fulfill a greater function and has lived as a faithful son of thee. May we remember his great life and the impact he has had upon us individually and the lives of many, many others. We are so grateful that our sister Betty, after waiting for so long, now has him to herself and as they are here with us. If only we could reach out beyond that dimension, we would have multitudes of those who represent the family that continues to have impact upon us. And now as we worship with others and as we honor the life of one of thy chosen sons, may we experience the mourning and the pain and the loss that we feel because he is not with us. And indeed the body before us represents the tabernacle that his spirit inhabited, and may we rejoice in the great work that he is doing under the guidance of those who are called to lead. As we commence worshipping with others, again our dear Heavenly Father, we thank thee for this gospel, we are grateful that it can burn in our hearts and souls. In behalf of each one of us we pray in the name of our elder brother, Jesus Christ, Amen.

31.2.3 (Indian Feather Ceremony) Grant Williams

Bishop Clark: Brother Grant Williams will honor Paul with the Indian Feather Ceremony

Grant Williams: In behalf of the Lamanite People- those many hundreds of thousands of people that Brother Felt has touched- we present with our greatest love and esteem this sacred token and the spirit of that token will travel with him throughout eternity and to our great Father in Heaven. And we present this to him at this time with our remembrance and our continued love as he travels on the great travel he has before him. {places eagle feather on Paul's body}

Bishop Clark: Brothers and Sisters we welcome you to the Memorial services for Brother Paul E. Felt. We have a large group here and it is so nice to see so many friends and former ward member and neighbors and welcome those who especially have traveled long distances to be here. Our

program will go as printed. There are a few changes, let me go over the program you. Opening prayer will be by Marilynn Forsyth, daughter of Paul. After which the obituary will be read by Jesse Allman, daughter. Then we will hear a musical selection "Go My Son."

31.2.4 (Opening Prayer) Marilynn Felt Forsyth

Our dear kind Heavenly Father, we are gathered here today to honor the life of Paul Felt. We recognize his accomplishments and acknowledge his family and friends who have joined here for his funeral. He loved his family, Heavenly Father, and he loved serving the Lord. He loved working at the Brigham Young University with the Indian program, in the Religion Department and serving at the Temple. He loved all the missionaries throughout the world. We pray for those who are speaking and singing today. We ask Thee to bless his dear sweet wife, my mother, and my brothers and sisters and his children and great grandchildren that they can receive the peace that he would want them to have- We say these things in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

31.2.5 Acknowledgement of Elder Glenn L. Rudd

Bishop Clark: I just want to mention one more thing. I want to acknowledge the presence of Glenn L. Rudd of the Quorum of the Seventy, who is here with us today. We want to welcome him in particular.

31.2.6 (Obituary) Jessie Felt Allman

"Jesus said... come and follow me" (Matthew 19:21). For 83 years Paul E. Felt loved, lived and taught sacred principles admonished by our Savior- Born January 29, 1916 to Ernest W. and Edith Mae Martin Felt, died February 9, 1999 in Provo surrounded by his loving family. Paul grew up in the Pioneer Stake in Salt Lake, and upon graduation from South High, enrolled in the University of Utah. He was called to serve in the Central States Mission in 1937 and returned to finish his education at Brigham Young University. He was elected student body president during the 1941-42 school year, and it was during that time that he met a young nursing student named M. Afton Harris. During his senior year at Brigham Young University, he enlisted in the United States Navy and enrolled in the Officers Training School and upon graduation was assigned as an officer on the U. S. S. Silverbell in the Pacific during World War II. On June 1, 1943, he married the love of his life, M. Afton Hams, in the Salt Lake Temple by his former State

President, Harold B. Lee. Upon his release from the Navy in 1946, he began his career with the Church Education System and accepted an assignment as seminary teacher in Logan Utah. Later, he obtained his M.S. Ed degree from the University of Utah and was assigned as the first institute director outside the United States serving at the University of Alberta in Edmonton, Canada and later at Southern Utah State College at Cedar City. In 1957 he came to BYU as student coordinator and later was appointed as the Director of the American Indian Institute and Studies. He was called as Mission President of the Southwest Indian Mission (later changed to the New Mexico Arizona Mission) from 1971 to 1974 and returned to BYU as a professor in the College of Religion. For seven years he served as a counselor to four presidents of the Missionary Training Center in Provo, Utah. In 1980 he served as co-director of BYU Israel semester abroad and later he served as director of the Hawaii temple visitors' center in Liae, Hawaii. He continued teaching in the BYU College of Religion after his retirement and served as a Sealer in the Provo temple. His lifetime of church service includes callings as priesthood quorum leader, ward bishopric counselor, bishop, high counselor, stake mission president, counselor in the stake presidency, mission president, as well as home teacher and gospel doctrine teacher. Proceeded in death by his parents and infant daughter, Betty Naomi Felt. Paul is survived by his Wife and eternal companion- M. Afton Felt, and 11 of their 12 children:

- Paul E. Felt. Jr. of Melbourne, Australia
- John M. Felt of Draper, Utah
- Yvonne (Felt) Jordan of Cedar City, Utah
- Marilyn (Felt) Forsyth of Houston Texas
- Larry H. Felt of Payson, Utah
- Ron G. Felt of Jakarta, Indonesia,
- Jessie (Felt) Allman of Atlanta, Georgia
- Kathleen (Felt) Covey of Lindon, Utah
- Tom E. Felt of Orem, Utah
- Tammy (Felt) Williams of Atlanta, Georgia
- and Windy (Felt) Stewart of Rapid City, South Dakota;

- 51 grandchildren and 24 great-grandchildren
- Brothers Robert B. Felt of Ogden, Utah and Kenneth F. Felt of Rialto, California,
- and Sisters Edyth Thurman of Salem, Oregon, and Marguerite Gubler of Alpine, Utah.

31.2.7 Musical Selection “Go My Son”

Windy Stewart, Bill Stewart, Arlene Williams, Millie Garrett, Lynn Nez, Marj Dobson

We are grateful to be a part of the honoring of my father. Paul E. Felt was the director of the American Indian Services. To pursue recruitment on the reservation for Brigham Young University, the song “Go My Son” was written. From my dad’s recorded history, he wrote, “One day as Arlene came into the office I instructed she and Carns to go downstairs and come up with an original song. I also implied that they don’t come back until they had something written and composed. Several hours later they came up with a song entitled, “Go My Son.” They sang it to me and it was a very inspirational song. In my visit with them, they shared with me how they approached the whole challenge and assignment by offering an earnest, fervent prayer for help. The song that Arlene and Carns wrote is one of the most popular songs among the Lamanite people.” We would like to honor my dad by singing the song at his request, Go My Son.

Long ago an Indian War Chief counsels his people on the way they should walk, He wisely told them, That education is the ladder to success and happiness

Go My Son

*Go my son, go and climb the ladder,
Go my son, go and earn your feather,
Go, my son, make your people proud of you.
Work, my son, get an education,
Work my son, learn a good vocation,
Climb, my son, go and take a lofty view.
From on the ladder of an education,
You can seek to help your Indian nation,
and Reach, my son, and lift your people up with you.*

31.2.8 Ron G. Felt

During the past several years we have been making a concerted effort as a family to record the stories of the Paul and Afton Felt Family. These stories are like our own book of scriptures. Many of the stories are collected in these volumes of the “HeartFelt Forum,” our family newsletter. Added to this, we have this extraordinary treasure that I call “The White Plates.” [“I remember when”]

Not many months ago, inspired by the same effort that his dear friend, Elder Glenn Rudd, had undertaken, Dad took up the task of compiling his personal history with great energy. To this task he devoted himself single-mindedly and expended great energy both spiritual and physical hour-after-hour day-after-day. He sought and received a Priesthood Blessing to aid him in the undertaking and he prayed over the effort continuously. Throughout the exercise, he enjoyed extraordinary acuity and would often marvel to us at the detail of recall that came to him as memories and events long since forgotten were suddenly fresh in his mind.

With mom reading and rereading every page and correcting critical areas where he didn’t have it quite right and with tireless support of a very faithful assistant who typed and organized the materials, this volume was completed only a few weeks ago. With the aid of that great teacher, hindsight there is now so much more to understand and appreciate about why and how Dad was prompted and sustained through this exercise. And I daresay that almost the week when this book was completed, there was a marked difference in him, as he knew that this important work was done. The stories preserved here and preserved in our family newsletters are a great treasure to our family. They are more important than any material possession that we own. We never tire of hearing these stories and by retelling them to our children. We know that we are passing along the valuable traditions that sustain and bind our family together.

For example, how many times have we reveled in the story of the bewildered Brigham Young University student body president, Paul Felt, who thought he was a pretty smart guy, scratching his head as he sat in his car in front of the Utah State Penitentiary. He was certain the young Afton Hams had played a very cruel trick on him. You see, in agreeing to go out with him, Afton handed Paul her address but forgot to mention, and I believe she sincerely forgot, that her father was Warden of the State Prison. We have fixed in our minds, just as if we were watching and laughing, the whole event proceed. The sight of the shock on Dads face as—after he finally got up the courage to ask the guard if he would help him with this address he

was trying to find—The guard said, “Oh! We’ve been expecting you!” and swung open the gates to receive him.

We also love to tell the story of young Navy Ensign Felt visiting Salt Lake on leave from Officer Training School. All spiffed up in his officer’s uniform, he picked Afton up from her nurse’s training at Holy Cross Hospital and together they went on a walk through Memory Grove. A dashing, nostalgic picture forms in our minds as we see the two of them together—the Naval officer on a stroll with a student nurse in her starched cap and cape. Then the whole scene takes such a delightful twist as we learn that Nurse Harris, in dodging Officer Felt’s bold advance as he leaned over to kiss her, knocked his hat into the swirling waters of City Creek! He had no choice but to jump in, jacket, shoes and all, and go after his hat. I wish that we could report that he was able to recover the hat but alas, all he had was a damaged ego and clothes soaked to the waist!

There’s a poignant honesty to so many of his stories. Mom will scold me if I relate too many of them. But how we laugh in retelling of the time when as a teenager he siphoned gas from his Bishop’s car only to be discovered when he, together with the Bishop’s son, started burping up gas fumes while they sat to bless the sacrament that same Sunday afternoon.

In considering the years that Dad spent as the President of the Southwest [American] Indian Mission and the thirteen years he spent in the Mission Presidency of the Missionary Training Center, there is some pleasure and understanding that comes from reading the story of Dad’s service as a young missionary to the Central States. The deep compassion and understanding that countless missionaries recognized in Dad as they sat in counsel with him surely has some connection to experience young Elder Felt had of crawling back into his dorm room in the Salt Lake Mission Home after a rendezvous with a friend, only to find the Mission President awaiting his return.

With that retelling of stories from his earliest years, let me jump to a very recent, very important story that is also recorded in our family history. Just a few years ago, as we concluded our annual Family Reunion, Mom became very ill and each day brought only a worsening of her condition. The medical attention that she was receiving seemed inconclusive and as her physical strength deteriorated, Dad grew ever more alarmed. It seemed that she was becoming more dispirited and listless by the day and in her weakened condition Dad feared that she was losing the strength of will to recover. The thought of losing her was more than he could bear and his dependence on Mom’s companionship, a phenomenon that is well known to all of us, was never before so poignantly illustrated. It was natural for Dad to turn to the healing power of the Priesthood. As we joined him in the

administration, there unfolded to our eyes an extraordinary view of a sacred dimension of Dad's character and personality that, by its very nature, is necessarily tended away and guarded carefully from any public display. It is the man he is when he bows in secret worship before God.

In calling upon the power of the Priesthood, he did not trifle with words nor did he pause to offer expressions of encouragement to Mom as we were so accustomed to hearing from the many blessings we had all received under his hands. Rather, he set directly upon his task and approached our Heavenly Father in startling boldness, calling upon the Heavens to take note of his labors in building up the Kingdom, in struggling for righteousness, in serving in the Temples and the mission fields. He enumerated the evidences of his Heaven-focused desires, recalling that he had worn his life in the service of the Kingdom. Then he very deliberately and forthrightly said, "Now Father, I cannot live without the sustaining influence of my dear companion. Let thy mercy be upon me and honor my petition: restore Afton's health. Bring about her full recovery."

Though we stood just next to him, we were in fact a great distance off and we could only strain to comprehend this parting of the veil. On this occasion we beheld the heart and soul of one who, having subjected himself over the span of decades to a steady process of purification and sanctification, could present himself with reverential boldness to his Heavenly Father. The capacity had surely been hard won through a carefully nurtured process of secret prayers, faithful fasting and patient searching, repenting and correcting through diligent attendance to the whispering instructions of the Spirit.

A thousand essays could not teach the volumes that were laid open to us regarding the boldness and reverential familiarity that the righteous may properly employ in addressing God the Father. A wondrous lesson to behold in any forum, an indescribable advantage to witness manifest in one's father! This is the man we honor today. This sacred achievement that a loving God allowed us to behold is a precious, precious memory. It is the sum total of his life.

I have jumped from the earliest part of Dad's history all the way to point of great spiritual and emotional maturity. I have done so on purpose, for collectively, all of you here today fill in the important parts that go in between. I only note that Paul Felt never aspired to write books or lead organizations and he never sought status or prestige. Instead, he reveled in the great books that his friends and colleagues wrote and he marveled in the leadership that you offered in the community and in the Church. Indeed, his circle of acquaintances and the men and women who he loved and who loved

him truly are the pillars of our great community. Your books and teaching fill his bookshelves and the markings of his pen fill the pages between the covers. How he loved you! How often he made mention of your names.

Because of his acquaintance with you and owing to the influence for good that the community he belonged to had in so many places around the world, the sons and daughters of Paul Felt could not go anywhere in this world without being told by someone somewhere that they knew and loved our father. For this, we thank you with all our hearts!

Most of all, he loved the teachings of the Brethren and the Scriptures. His words, repeated over and over through his lifetime, echo in our ears: "Keep the commandments! Follow the Brethren!"

We have been instructed by Dad that there should be "no heartache and no tears" but this we cannot do. How we enjoyed the companionship of our father. We were comforted by being in his presence. We benefited from the sound and lasting quality of his spiritual strength. We miss our father sorely and our hearts ache.

Let his life stand as an inspiration to us all.

Above all else, he loved his family and spent his days offering love, encouragement and understanding.

He loved and served his fellow man, wishing more than anything else to render service one-on-one.

He loved God and sought continuously through the process of self-correction to know him and to know him better.

These things I say in the name of Jesus Christ.

31.2.9 Larry H. Felt

In the book of Matthew, Chapter 4 verses 8 through 20, we read, "And Jesus walking by the Sea of Galilee saw two brethren Simon called Peter and Andrew his brother casting a net into the sea for they were fishers, and he sayeth unto them follow me and I will make you fishers of men and they straightway left their nets and followed him."

As a youth, Dad, not unlike most young men probably was a little unsure of himself, a little uncertain what course his life should take. Oh, he could run with the football, and on the rough streets of West Salt Lake where he grew up, he was probably known as a scrappy little kid who later used to enjoy amateur boxing at Brigham Young University and in the Navy, but these qualities or abilities don't do much in time of career or life pursuit. The Paul Felt that we as children knew, the Paul Felt that most of you knew as church leader or as a teacher was probably not much in evidence

during those 1930's in those Salt Lake streets. The Paul Felt who later would achieve some measure of renown as a teacher and a public speaker and as church leader was not much in evidence during those years. For you see, Dad stuttered, hopelessly and uncontrollably stuttered. I don't know for certain, but this was probably, I suspect, one of the reasons, if not the reason, why Dad didn't go on a mission at 19 when many of his friends did. Instead he sought help at a Midwestern university, a speech clinic. His stuttering only grew worse and then, how or why, or exactly at what point, I don't know, but then, like Peter and Andrew he heard the call of the Master, "follow me and I will make you fishers of men" and Dad never stuttered again. From literally, I believe, after the first week of his mission he never stuttered again. They, Peter and Andrew, straightway left their nets and followed him. Like Peter and Andrew, Dad embraced the gospel and the way of the Master with his whole heart completely and without reservation and this remained so his entire life until his death Tuesday night. In 2nd Timothy, Chapter 4, Paul says, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, and I have kept the faith." So, it can be confidently said, I think of Dad, for anyone who knew him, who lived with him, or worked with him, or served under him or with him, Dad fought a good fight, he finished his course, he kept the faith. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

31.2.10 Tammy Williams, Tribute from the Grandchildren

The other day I was going through my Mom and Dad's journals, and I came across a Family Circle cartoon. There were two women talking. The one woman had four children by her side. They were tugging on her dress and hanging on her. The other woman said, "How do you divide your love between your four children?" The woman said, "Oh, I don't divide, I multiply. "

This is just what my Mom and Dad have done. For they have 12 children, 51 grandchildren and 24 great-grandchildren and each of us know we are so loved! A little over a month ago my 11-year-old son, Travis, was given an assignment in his Language Arts class to write a paper on an unforgettable person in his life. Travis decided to write his paper on Grandpa. I believe he was writing this on behalf of all the grandchildren. Grandpa, here is a tribute to you from your grandchildren.

"My Grandpa"

-Travis Williams-

My Grandpa and I are best friends. He will always have time for me and if he doesn't, he will make time for me. He takes me to many different places.

My Grandpa is kind and thoughtful to everyone. I love spending time with him and I know he loves spending time with me too.

Kind and caring are two words that describe my Grandpa, He is willing to give up very precious things. One example is when he gave me a wallet that he has had for over 25 years. I will always keep this wallet because it will remind me of him. He will never leave someone out of going somewhere or playing games. He will help me get anything I need. He will spend hours with me going places and playing games.

He is always asking me if I would like to go somewhere with him. Some of the places he has taken me to are the Monte L. Bean Museum, candy shops, ice cream shops, BYU College, parks and hiking. My favorite place he has taken me to is the Monte Bean Museum. They have all the animals you can think of stuffed and mounted. He has taken me to some really fun parks. I went to BYU with him and went bowling. I've also gone hiking up trails. On the way home, he buys me candy or an ice cream cone. (Grandpa loves ice cream.) We have family reunions and he is always there. He always gets my cousins to come, too. He helps arrange all the talent shows. We go four-wheeling a lot, too. We have even gone tubing. He will play games with me and help me set them up. If all my cousins come, we're very crowded because have many cousins on my mom's side.

My Grandpa is the best Grandpa there is. If you looked around the whole world you couldn't find a Grandpa any better. He will always be kind to whomever he meets. He is always happy and has a smile on his face. The family reunions are the best! I love my Grandpa and know he loves me too!

This summer I was with my children at our neighborhood swimming pool. They were happily playing as I was reflecting on my many blessings. I was looking at the beautiful blue sky and my attention was drawn to the magnificent oak trees that surrounded the playground area. As I was looking at their grandeur, I noticed the biggest and most grand oak tree was dying. It was nearly barren. A very strong impression came over me that this Grande Ol' oak tree was like my father. I then looked at the oak trees that stood side by side this dying oak tree. They were standing tall and grand. Seeing this continuation of life in the oak trees has helped me to prepare for this day.

A favorite song of mine goes like this... "Grandpa.. .pa, Grandpa.. .pa, love you Grandpa.. .pa. I'll make a showing your proud of someday! "

I pray that each of us will live our lives so we can become a Grand Ol' oak tree just like my father has been. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

31.2.11 Musical Selection “We Will Hold On Together”

by De Anne Felt, Sung by the Grandchildren, Accompanied by Jason Olsen
(see lyrics in section 24.2.14 of this volume)

31.2.12 Yvonne Jordan

One evening, when I was fifteen years old, our family was sitting in our living room listening to music. Dad took Mom in his arms and started dancing cheek to cheek with her. I stood up and rather indignantly informed mom and dad that this kind of dancing was not allowed at our stake dances! Mom, looking radiant in Dad’s arms, turned to me and said, “it’s okay Yvonne, we’re married.” She remained encircled in his arms.

Just last month (I believe the date was January 8th) Dad and Mom were sitting in my family room in my Cedar City home describing an event that they had just shared together. They had purchased a “For Sale” sign and they were attempting to hammer it into a frozen hillside on their Leeds property. Mom and Dad were both giggling as they described to me how they tried to secure the sign in the ground. I looked from Mom’s resplendent face into Dad’s beaming face, and I thought to myself how wonderful it was that these two people were so thoroughly and completely in love. The pure joy they felt just being together clearly appeared on both their faces.

All my life I have always known that my parents loved each other. What greater gift can any parent give their children? As my gaze went from Mom to Dad, I reflected on how this “Legacy of Love” still continues as this love they feel for each other emanates from both their beings.

31.2.13 Kathleen Covey

My father Paul E. Felt left our presence to go to heaven on February 9, 1999 at 10:58 PM. We had the honor as his children, grandchildren, and his beloved wife to be with him as he went from one room to the next room. I am so grateful to have been there to be able to surround him with love and acceptance of his passing. He cared so much about us and never thought about himself. I know he wouldn’t have left us without our permission. We gave him that.

We met as a family after he passed away and planned this funeral to honor him. We rejoiced in the knowledge that we honored him in his life. We realized that it was easy to honor our mother and father because they were the perfect parents.

Two years ago, I ran into George Durrant. I introduced myself as Kathleen Covey and reminded him that I was Paul and Afton's daughter. He said to me, "In heaven you must have waited in a long line and then had to participate in a lottery in order to get in that family with Paul and Afton as your parents. There are no parents like Paul and Afton." I am speaking for the children when I say we each know that Brother Durrant was right.

We have had some wonderful events as a family and there is a particular one that I would like to talk about, when we honored dad during his life. On Mom and Dad's 50th wedding anniversary each of their 11 children flew or drove home and we gathered as children and grandchildren at Dad's favorite spot, BYU. We had a beautiful family dinner to honor them. Each child had an opportunity to stand and give Mom and Dad a tribute. I would like to share the tribute I gave him.

This is a tribute to you Dad, whose prayer and faith and counsel and love have made a direct difference in all of our lives. What a blessing we have all had to know we could go to our Dad with a heavy heart and as our patriarch we knew he would call upon the Lord and receive answers for us. This is to you Dad, our father and our patriarch. It was Dad who always led us in scripture reading, family home evening, and prayer. It was Dad who had daddy daughter interviews and father son talks. It was he who wrote love letters to us and took us on daddy daughter and father son dates. It was he who always remembered us on Valentine's Day and always listened and understood. It was he who has always loved the temple so much and has helped us to love it too. It was our Dad, the master teacher, who lives the parable of leaving the 99 for the one. Our Dad who always loved us unconditionally and always told us when we didn't have a lot of money that we were "rich in blessings". It's our Dad who would give away anything to help someone in need and trust any soul. Ann Landers wrote, "keep in mind that the true measure of an individual is how he treats a person who can do him absolutely no good". He is our beloved patriarch and father, but there is another side to Dad that we all know and love. He likes a deal. In remembering his great trust towards others, remember when he traded a guy some land for a boat. He loves his Mercedes Benz and he likes to drive it around. Dad's favorite place to shop is the BYU bookstore. His motto when dealing with people is "don't make waves". He loves going to BYU sporting events, but when he listens to them or watches them on TV he gets nervous. If he had been worldlier and chosen a profession other than a religion teacher, he probably would have been a big-time real estate developer, buying condos, land, and houses. We all know he gets restless and he likes to vacuum without picking up first.

When I'm away from Dad and picture him in my mind, I see his handsome face, gray hair, brown eyes, and big hands. And when I think of his face, his personal character of enormous integrity, deep faith in God, his kind heart, which is reflected when he is easily brought to tears by kind acts. I think of his BYU office, which had pictures of all of us, a poster of Tammy, Jessie and me. And his gratitude to God for his jewels, his family, which always has been and always will be his greatest treasure. We love you Dad you're our ideal.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe said, "Things which matter most must never be at the mercy of things which matter least." Dad's family is what mattered most and he lived his life to that end.

My Dad is my ideal; I will be eternally grateful for a father who loved us and who taught us not only in his teaching but also especially by his example. My Dad inspired me in his life and I want you to know he inspired me in his passing. I would like to share with you a few experiences that we had in the hospital with him. On Friday night he fell and broke a bone in his back and he was in a lot of pain and he hadn't eaten and it was Sunday morning and Mom got the yogurt that they brought in and told him, "Dear you need to eat something." He closed his mouth and said, "it's fast Sunday I am not eating." And she told him again "you have to eat" and he closed his mouth and then finally she convinced him that he had fasted already for two days and it was time to eat and he would not eat much. We were blessed to be there, and as we surrounded him Tuesday afternoon, we were holding his hands and stroking his head and just wanting to be near him. One of the doctors was there and I turned to the doctor and said. "Can you tell this man is loved?" The doctor said, "yes. "

In closing I would like to share some comments I have received from loved ones. In the hospital my father in-law came to visit. He brought a note and opened it up and read it to Dad, "Dear Paul, you are my hero. Love John." Another said, "your parents are perfect models of the Savior." Another said, "Paul Felt was the closest thing to a saint we have ever known." Another said. "This world is poorer and the spirit world richer because Paul is there."

If ever there was a righteous man it was Paul Felt. I don't know what my life would be like without him. Dad we love you, we miss you already. We are glad the pain is gone and we know you are happy. We will live our lives so we can join you in the Celestial Kingdom.

31.2.14 M. Afton Felt

Our dear friends, how rich our life has been made by the overwhelming kindness and sympathy you have extended to our family over these past several days. Your calls and visits, your thoughts and prayers on our behalf have buoyed us up and have done much to help us through this time of such great loss. The outpouring of love and generosity that we have witnessed from so many are a great tribute to Paul and a living testament to a life that was spent in the service of his family and his fellow man. We treasure your friendship more than we can say and we thank you for sharing this day with us.

In standing before you to share my thoughts and impressions, I am actually fulfilling a request that Paul made some time ago when, writing in his journal, he “insisted” that I speak at his funeral service. I am pleased to be able to do so and hope, more than anything else, that I might succeed in conveying to you a sense of the abiding faith that he had in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Over and over, Paul spoke of the three great loves of his life: his family, the temple and BYU. To these, he devoted his life. The strength of his devotion was derived more than anything else from the common thread that bound his family, his temple service and his association with BYU together, namely, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He knew with all his heart, mind and strength that the Gospel was true and lived each day with this knowledge and conviction. He never wavered and was like Helaman’s warriors in keeping the faith.

We shared fifty-five wonderful years together and as we looked back over the years, we marveled at how richly we had been blessed. Through the twists and turns that life presents, the overriding theme of our years together has been joy, peace and a deep abiding love for one another. As sure as I was about anything, I was always knew of Paul’s love but, as our children will attest, just to make sure that there was no mistaking, he made a point of telling me of his love every day. We will always recall how he would say, three times over, “I love you. I love you. Love you.”

We wanted a large family and the Lord blessed us with wonderful faithful children who are following in his footsteps. It has indeed been a wonderful life together. His greatest desire was and is that there would be no empty chairs when we again gather as a family and to be with him in the presence of our Heavenly Father. This theme was born out often when at our family gatherings he would quote the apostle John saying, “I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth” (3 John 1:4).

Our grandchildren, now numbering fifty-one, knew how dearly he loved each of them. He loved to be with them and they with him. Hugs and kisses were always unrestrained. His greatest desire for each of them was that they could grow strong in their faith in the Lord. In this spirit, I have compiled a variety of the messages that Paul constantly shared with his loved ones and have entitled it, “A Letter to my Grandchildren.”

31.2.15 “A Letter to my Grandchildren ”

Today I want to visit with each of you and encourage you to live the Gospel in the anticipation that we can all be together as a family in the presence of our Heavenly Father. The Lord has given us the blessing of coming to the earth to be tested and to learn and to make choices. How blessed we are to have the gospel and the teachings of Christ to help us make the right choices.

Your Grandma and I went to the Salt Lake Temple to be sealed for time and all eternity fifty-five years ago. We were so happy when your parents chose to be married and sealed in the temple as well. As the years have passed, each of you has brought such joy and happiness into our lives. Knowing your parents would understand, we have displayed a message on our car that expressed how much we enjoyed your company. It says, “If we knew how fun grandchildren were, we would have had them first.

How we love having you visit us in our home! We have taken walks over to the park, gone on outings to the museum and read stories on the rocking chair- Of course, all of your visits have included a dish of ice cream with toppings of all kinds. Now I have been called to another place, a place that I have prepared for and looked forward to, knowing that I would be in the presence of our Heavenly Father. It may be a long time before I get to hold you and hug you, but I will be close to you. I want you to come and be with me when it is your time to return to our Heavenly Father.

Knowing what we do know about life before mortality, life through mortality and life after mortality, and because of our faith and testimony in the Lord Jesus Christ, neither Grandma nor I fear death. For us, it will be just like going from one room to another. For that reason, we want our passing to be a time of rejoicing and of recalling the wonderful joy and happiness that we’ve experienced as a family.

As you grow up there will be many temptations and choices you will have to make. Heavenly Father planned it this way to give each of us the ability to choose. Ponder these choices and choose carefully. Hold to the iron rod of the Gospel and it will give you the strength to choose the right.

Sometimes the right choice will not be the popular choice, but if you follow and hold tight to this rod, you will have the conviction and the strength to choose the way that will bring us together again. Heavenly Father is very close and he knows each of us. We can be in close contact with him if we will pray to him. Share your hopes and your dreams with him. Talk to him each morning and night. There will be times throughout the day you will need help and you can pray by saying a silent prayer. He will hear you and you will be strengthened. Show gratitude to him, express thanks to him for all he has given you. Let him know of your appreciation for the blessings and guidance he has given you. Let him know that you recognize these impressions and feelings are from him. Gratitude is a virtue, express it often as you pray. My dearest Grandchildren, remember that we love you and want you to know that we have a firm testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is true. God the Father and his Son, Jesus Christ, appeared to Joseph Smith, and the Lord restored the Gospel to the earth making it possible for each of us to have his word and the blessing of the Gospel in our lives. Follow the living prophet and live worthy of the companionship of the Holy Spirit. If you do these things, you will be blessed and you will be able to know and understand Heavenly Fathers great love for you. May I now quote from Paul's journal:

“Heaven is an extension of the ideal home. Because we understand this, I expect that in place of sorrow and weeping at my funeral there will be joy and peace. I can't remember a time in my life when I didn't anticipate joyfully the idea of returning to live with my Heavenly Father. As a child and youth, it was always so good to arrive home and find Mom's fresh baked bread and share in the peace and love that abided in our home. Since my marriage to Afton, the pattern has been the same—I have always looked forward to arriving back home. Like our children who would call out, “Mom, where are you?” I have done the same throughout these many years. Each time I walk in the door I call out, “Afton, where are you?” Whereupon we enjoy a sweet embrace and kiss. This is the same joy and anticipation that I feel as I look forward to returning to my heavenly home.”

31.2.16 “How Great Thou Art”

Musical Selection “How Great Thou Art,” Sung by Jan Felt, Accompanied by Jason Olsen

31.2.17 (Closing Remark) Bishop Clark

Thank you, Jan for the beautiful music. We have had beautiful music throughout this day and we thank those who have participated. I want to tell you how honored I am today to conduct this funeral and to give a few closing remarks. Many of you know I had the privilege of growing up across the street of Paul and Afton Felt in the Oak Hills Second Ward here in town. I got to know Brother Felt to see his life, to be taught by him, to see his example and how he was as a Father and husband and as a member of the Church. I never would have thought, at the age of ten, that I would have the opportunity to be called to serve as his bishop and to be able to serve a great man such as he was and is. I concur to everything that has been said. He was truly a great man and is a great man because he still lives. But I want to say that behind every great man is a great woman. I want to tell Afton what a wonderful lady she is. She is the one that always held the family together. Always such a kind and loving person and I want to express to her my love and appreciation and admiration I have for her. It is always hard to lose a loved one and hard to say good-bye. I want you to know that Paul is not gone. He has just left for a short period of time and preparing a place for you when you come to be with him once again. I want to bear my testimony to you brothers and sisters that I know that there is a resurrection and that we can live again. Paul and Afton will be together again someday. I know that we have a Heavenly Father and a loving Savior who lives. And Afton again, I know when you are left behind, but I know you will be comforted and helped at this time. I want to thank each of you for being here and for paying tribute to Paul and giving of your love to the family. I want again to express my love and appreciation to Afton and the family. I say these things with my testimony that I know the Church is true and I say these things in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

31.2.18 (Closing Prayer) Tom E. Felt

Our dear Heavenly Father we come before thee at this time as we celebrate the life of Paul Ernest Felt. We are grateful for thy spirit and comfort with our family over the past several days. We pray for thy spirit and blessing to be with our wonderful and loving mother that she may continue to feel and be buoyed up with Thy love and compassion. We express our love this day for all the wondrous and bounteous blessings that we have received. We pray that Thou would bless the lives of those who have come to support their love for Paul Felt. We ask these blessings and do so in remembering

the missionaries around the world whom Paul loved so much that thy spirit will be with them. These favors and blessings we pray for and do so in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

31.2.19 (Dedication of Grave) John M. Felt

Our Father in Heaven we surround this grave, and as a priesthood holder in the name of Jesus Christ and by the power of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood, I hereby dedicate this ground for a final resting place for Paul Ernest Felt, where he and his mortal body will rest until the resurrection and coming of Jesus Christ. And through our faith and knowledge of the gospel, knowing that this mortal life is a preparation and a brief sojourn here on earth, we dedicate this grave and consecrate it for safe keeping of our father and friend and we do so by the power of the Melchizedek Priesthood and await now the glory of the second coming that of Jesus Christ and the promise of the resurrection that we might eternally be companions and friends and family. We do this humbly in the name of Jesus Christ and by the holy Melchizedek Priesthood, Amen.

31.3 Remarks from Family Members

Remarks from family Members about Paul's life, death and memorial services.

31.3.1 Paul. Felt Jr.

The weekend leading unto Feb. 15th, 1999, was to be, as it were, a wake up call.

It was several days before, in which we, along with other members of the family, had been waiting anxiously concerning the health and improvement of our father. I do not recall a time in my experience in which I have gone through such a variety of emotions. In fact, I do not think my emotions would be far different from other members of the family including the brothers and sisters and multitude of grandchildren and others who love Paul Felt Sr.

My most pronounced dread was boarding a plane in Australia the purpose of the journey was to attend the funeral of one of my parents. Therefore, with the ongoing health problems that Dad had been experiencing combined with the generosity of the fare purchase arrangements that Ron has been able to provide via frequent flier miles, was able to make a trip to Provo

in November for two weeks. For the first time, in making the trip to see the family, I reached friends to let them know the purpose of my visit was dedicated to my family. As expected, they understood. What a glorious and wonderful occasion that turned out to be!

I was able to spend quality time with Mother and Dad without disruption from other demanding sources. Apart from my regular time with Samantha, Gerrit and Jade, and my choice brothers and sisters, my focus on Mother and Dad was most rewarding. I do not remember a time in which so much quality communication and ongoing contact had been experienced by myself with my dear parents.

Now having said that by way of background information, the resulting impact of having to board a plane for Dad's funeral was not so painfully devastating as expected.

As hard as the funeral was, I rejoice at the wonderful time I spent with Dad and Mom in November. I treasure that time more and more as I reflect and remember those few days in February.

Do you really want to know what I now value? Lynne and have listened to the funeral. How impressive that occasion was! I have attended many funerals and indeed conducted many of them; each was sad and painful for the family members. Please forgive me for not having the skill to express my love for each of you and what you provided by way of spiritual reinforcement and profound love that was shown to Dad's memory because of what you each contributed. I continue to be impressed and indeed proud to be part of such a family as Mother and Dad created. I can only say, I will value that day in February as we honored our father and the beloved friend he was and will continue to be to each of us.

What I value the most may be considered as somewhat selfish but indeed important to me. You see, I was cleaning out the Jeep on Wednesday (after the funeral) when I came across Dad's jacket. I picked it up and tears freely rolled down my cheeks as I remembered warmly the last time saw him wear that simple jacket. As I expressed my wish to Mother concerning the jacket, she graciously gave it to me. I tucked it away gently in my suitcase and wondered what I would do next. As I unpacked it in Melbourne, I picked up this jacket and held it carefully and then a flood of memories came to my consciousness yet again. How grateful I am for that simple gift; something of my dear father.

Now I wear it. I feel like a part of Dad is now with me whenever I touch, carry or wear it.

So, the funeral was a time of rejoicing and a celebration of Dad's memory. For me, I carry that memory with me and, as a constant reminder, I have

this unadorned jacket that to anyone else would just be a jacket; to me, it is my link to Dad.

31.3.2 Lynne Felt

Dad's funeral, what could I possibly say that would be new to the feelings and thoughts of the other family members? Being a "foreigner," I may have a different slant to how I saw things, so this may be of interest to others.

You couldn't possibly understand the frustration we felt at being all the way over here unless you were in the same position yourself, Ron and Tracy would have experienced the same frustrations I am sure. I look back now and remember how disoriented I was just in carrying out my daily chores once we had received the disturbing news as to the status of Dad's condition. We did not know if we should leave immediately upon hearing the news or did we wait till the worst had happened, the next thing how could Paul come considering the cost of airfares. I was determined to try and raise the funds so as Paul could get there and tried every avenue I could think of with no luck. We received the news we were dreading along with the offer of assistance that would enable both of us to come, the generosity of those responsible was very overwhelming to us.

I knew that Americans have a tradition of having the deceased on public view as I had attended a viewing on the East Coast of a girl friend's grandmother. I did not know her all that well, so I coped quite well with the experience, When I considered what the ramifications would be in participating in such a tradition of someone I loved I found the prospect very daunting. I certainly was not prepared for such an outpouring of sympathy from friends and associates, and the number of people that were at the first viewing service was an indication to me as to how many lives Dad touched in his sojourn on the earth.

Some of you may have noticed that I stood in the main reception room for some time before joining the family in the reception line. This was simply because I had not experienced being in the presence of a deceased person for that length of time and in such close proximity. Here in Australia when someone dies, their body is kept at the mortuary "under lock and key" until the day of the funeral, then all we see is the closed coffin at the front of the chapel. The service is held in the same way, some more impersonal than others, there are more and more family members taking part in the service these days than they used to, and this gives a warmer feeling to the service.

I am so glad I was able to put away all my fears and join the line as I

experienced first hand the type of man that Dad was from the comments made, I was able to learn so much more about him that I hadn't known. I also gained another dimension of understanding of my darling husband, meeting a lot of his childhood associates and reliving his "past discretions" with them filled in a few gaps that I have missed out on by living here in the "colonies".

Mildred, I want to thank you so much for contributing to the service as you did, and it began when you and Bill and your friends first walked into the Relief Society Room at the Second viewing and just prior to the funeral service. I became choked up when I first set eyes on you all and it continued from there with the feather ceremony and then your rendition of "Go My Son." Thank you to all those family members who spoke at the service. I know how hard it was as I spoke at my Mother's funeral and it is not easy to be composed long enough to say all those things that are in your heart.

Bill keep up with the "Grass Dance" as I am sure you will be in high demand to perform when you are out in the mission field. I loved it and loved your

regalia

31.3.3 Yvonne Felt Jordan

The morning that Dad died, Marilyn, Becky and DeAnne and I were with dad while Mom went home to shower. He was very hot and we took turns fanning him with a damp cloth and putting a cool, damp cloth on his face and arms.

I had recently had surgery and I was still quite ill. Becky drove me up to the hospital at a moment's notice. My sisters met me at the hospital entrance with a wheelchair and whisked me right up to see Dad. I am so very grateful that I was able to be with him before he died. I had the opportunity to thank him for the privilege of being his daughter, as well as to tell him one last time that I loved him.

31.3.4 Marilyn Felt Forsyth

I am so humbled as I think of my Dad, Paul E. Felt, and his life. Dad was truly a Celestial person. He showed it in his everyday life. When we were visiting at their house and we would kneel for family prayer, in his prayers I could truly feel that he was talking to our Heavenly Father. He was so

concerned for all family members. I always felt at peace knowing that he was praying for me.

Dad's passing away was a very spiritual experience for me. I felt at peace during the days before his passing. I could feel his spirit helping me. I was especially touched as I saw him going in and out of consciousness. Dad was a spiritual giant on this earth, and he died a spiritual giant. After Dad died I went to the nurse to tell her thank you and I said, "Have you ever seen anyone die?" She shook her head in a "no" fashion. I said, "this was such a spiritual experience for me." She gave me an unusual look.

I was touched on Tuesday night when Stephanie brought in her CD player given to her by Grandpa, and we played some of his favorite music. I listened to Dad's music and stroked his hair and said, "Dad I love you. Thanks for your love you always had for me." We also played the song, "Angels Among Us" by Alabama. I have always loved this song. I remember the first time Dad heard the song on the radio. Yvonne, Dad and I were driving to Wal-Mart in Park City, Utah. We were at a Sisters' reunion and we needed some craft items. Dad listened to the song. After that, he related the incident he had in Hawaii when he was so troubled and did not know what to do about a particular problem. He went on a hill to pray, and a stranger came to him and helped him out. This man was an angel coming to help Dad. Our family gave Dad a tape with this song on it, and it has always been special to me. As I listened to this song with Dad and stroked his head, I knew that Dad would always be an "Angel Among Us".

Since Dad's passing, I have felt his spirit with me many times. As we toured the Church History sites in March, we went to the Independence Visitors Center. A sister missionary greeted us and talked to us about the beautiful picture of Christ with his hands outstretched. She asked me how I felt about this picture. I immediately said, "My Father recently passed away and this is how I picture Christ greeting my Dad. My Dad was such a spiritual man." I started to cry and so did the sister missionary.

In Primary sharing time one day we were singing the song, "I wonder When He Comes Again," and at that time I felt Dad's spirit and love for the Savior and for me.

I felt Dad's spirit with us at the funeral but especially with the three musical numbers. "Go My Son" was impressive as Bill told about the song, and Windy and her friends sang the song. It was such a beautiful tribute to Dad. "We Will Hold On Together" directed by DeAnne and accompanied by Jason was extremely powerful. I feel like that song will be our theme song forever. How special to know that all the Grandchildren will continue forever to "Hold on Together Forever". "How Great Thou Art" sung by Jan

Felt and accompanied by Jason Olsen inspired me.

As you can see, Dad remains a powerful influence in my life and in the life of my family. I have always been so proud to say, “My Dad is Paul Felt”. His example will live on forever through the family members.

31.3.5 Steve Forsyth

Grandpa Felt’s funeral was the celebration of a great life. Like his life, the funeral was family and gospel oriented. Family members expressed their love in word, song and prayer. Like Grandma Felt, I hope Marilyn will speak at my funeral.

It was always easy to like Grandpa Felt. He and my father possessed the same values: family and gospel first. Both were college professors, excellent teachers interested in their students. Although skilled Church leaders, they exhibited humility. Being with Grandpa Felt was like being home.

A particular attribute of Grandpa that I admired was his love and respect for Grandma Felt. I never heard him express an unkind word to her or about her. It was a harmony that we can only hope to seek. For the eternities, it serves as a strong foundation.

31.3.6 Mail that Afton sent To Ron

Quoting from Mom ’s message:

- “I am so grateful that Dad was able to dedicate the Hobbler Creek home on Christmas Eve. When so many of us were gathered and thrilled to finally to be in the home with so many that we loved. When I think how close we came to not getting up there, it would have been such a major tragedy. When we turned around to come down, Dad and I were in tears because it looked like we couldn’t celebrate Christmas as we had planned.

Dad was so pleased to be able to Dedicate the Home. This was a highlight for us and something I will always remember. Him going in the bedroom to get properly dressed for this special occasion. I’m sure it will be a treasure for all the family that was there.

- One time, Dad told Sam Allman, “I hope I can live long enough to see this house finished.” Sam turned to me and said, “Then don’t ever finish it”.

- Both of us have felt [a peaceful reverence] at Hobble Creek. Dad felt it and loved to be there. I'm glad that we were able to be there this last good day of his life. I think our day was a near perfect one. We went to the Temple and did Sealings. I had to sit on a chair and a few weeks earlier Dad had told me that he would sit to take part to do the sealing. When we were there he would kneel. That Friday morning the Sealer suggested he sit on a chair and he answered that his knees had done a lot of kneeling.
- We went out to lunch and then spent the afternoon with a nice fire in the fireplace at in the living room and read and visited. I treasure this time.
- I'm still getting calls and cards, people are wonderful. I still feel peace and a comforting spirit. How blessed I am. The Gospel has given me a lifeline and the knowledge that we will be together again. How blessed I am to have each of you children. I count my blessings each day, for each of you have surrounded me with caring love.
- I have a beautiful letter from a missionary who attended the services. I am only quoting two paragraphs. "What a powerful spiritual experience that day was". "From the services I came away with such a crisp vision of the continuation of life after death. The spirit touched me, and I perceived with my heart more than ever in my life of the gentle, natural event of death, of how life is very much tied to this one, and that they are in reality they are the same". The letter is so beautiful I will want you to read it all. It is a letter of tribute to Dad."

31.3.7 Jessie Felt Allman

As I look back on the time we were able to spend with dad the last few days of his life, I think about how much I miss him, and how hard it was watching him and feeling so helpless. But I do know that he is happy. I think of how lucky we all were to have him with us for so many years and what a great life he had. I think of a quote I read that said, "Blessed is the child that can see God in his Earthly father." I can see much of God in dad. I cannot think of one thing I did not like about him. He was my first best friend.

Dad not only touched each one of our lives and the lives of our children, but it was very apparent that he touched so many people's lives. As the different people came to express their sympathy, I was so proud to be his

daughter. I left the funeral vowing to become a better person. It was so uplifting and a real tribute to dad

How blessed we have been to be a part of this wonderful family. Dad taught us to love the Lord and serve the Lord in word and action. And hopefully we can pass that on to our children. Dad made us all feel 10 feet tall. I think we all felt we were the favorite and each one of the grandkids felt they were the favorite. Like Kathleen said in her talk, he didn't divide his love, he multiplied it

Times like this are never easy, but we are so blessed to know the plan our Father in Heaven has for each of us and that we will be with Dad again.

31.3.8 Stephanie Ellen Forsyth (Granddaughter)

It was a normal Saturday afternoon and I was on my computer when I heard the horrifying news that Grandpa Felt had broken his back, had a stroke, and was in the hospital. Time just stopped and I didn't know what to do. I called my mom and she just cried on the phone. She made plans to catch a plane on Sunday. Those words have never been so comforting.

Living in Provo was a blessing to me, as I was able to spend some precious moments with Grandpa before he passed away. As I was searching for a ride over to the hospital, no one was home. I sat down and cried, praying and attempting to figure out a way I could make it over to the hospital. My prayers were answered as one of my best friends called and asked if I needed anything and that she felt like she should call. I was indeed grateful that my prayers were answered and she took me over to see Grandpa.

In my journal, I wrote about my experiences in the hospital that day. The veil is so thin and I got to fully appreciate this gospel and witness with my experiences with him in the last few days of his life. It was one of the most spiritual times of my life, and I will never forget how I felt and the feelings that I had. Grandpa said to me, "Stephanie, I don't know who you will marry, but I want to be there for you when you do." I know he will be there on that awesome day of my life when I am able to get married in the temple for all time and eternity.

On Sunday in the hospital, John and Larry gave him the most wondrous blessing. The spirit was so strong; it flooded the room with peace and knowledge of the gospel.

Monday, I went to school and came home and had a message that they had moved him down to the Intensive Care Unit because his health was diminishing and they needed to keep a watchful eye on him. Scared out of my mind, I went down to the hospital to see him. It was a shock to me

to see him in this state. I will always remember him for his vibrant zeal for life and knowledge and willingness to share the gospel. That afternoon, after class, when I rushed to the hospital, I found that it was time to say our good-byes. In a way I was extremely sad and scared, but I had a ton of peace and calmness and knew without a doubt that I would see him again.

The next morning, Tuesday, the doctors had a slight hint of hope that he would be able to come out of it. But I think most everyone wanted to believe that, but when Grandma said that she knew it was time for him to go, it was like a ton of bricks hit me. I was feeling sorrowful, which was in no way comparable to the empathy I felt for my mom, her brothers and sisters, and especially Grandpa's dear wife Grandma. That night I was going to go swimming, but the pool was closed, which was a miracle that it was. Around 9:45, I got a phone call from my mom to please come to the hospital as soon as possible. In a frantic state I got a ride and hurried over to the hospital.

That night is still vivid in my mind. As I stood in the room with him, I could feel his presence so near, but yet he really was so far away. Angels were all among us that night. As he took his last breaths of air, I was contemplating about the amazing thing we call life. A child is born and then eventually grows up and dies. But death is not a bad thing, it's just part of the life cycle that we all have to go through. Death and Birth: two of the wondrous miracles that are given to us on this earth. At these moments, we are so close to heaven.

About a month later, the sister of my roommate, Alicia, had a baby girl. We got the awesome opportunity to baby-sit her in the afternoons. One afternoon as Marta was fussy; three of us started singing to this little angel hymns about Christ. She was looking up at my picture of Christ and she just got this peaceful angelic look on her face. Along with birth and death, we can all experience the same closeness to our Heavenly Father if we only reach out and grab that chance that we have.

That night while Grandpa lay on the brink of the separation between his mortal body and his spirit, I reflected on the importance of staying close to our Heavenly Father. The impact that Grandpa made on this earthly world will last forever, always imprinted in my heart and mind. This was illustrated to me, by not only the number of people that came to pay their respects for our wonderful Grandfather, but also by the quality and the spirit of the people he touched. While all the Grandchildren sang the song, "We Will Hold on Together," written by DeAnne. I didn't know if I was going to be able to make it through the song. The talks, songs: prayers, and other words, which were spoken, praised Grandpa's life. I am so grateful to have

so many wonderful memories of Grandpa, and for the amazing experience that I was able to be a part of with him in the last few days of his mortal life. The blessings of the gospel can help us in the most trying times. Let us remember the memories that we have with the wonderful man that we call grandfather, husband, father, and most of all, friend.

31.3.9 Stacey Forsyth (Granddaughter)

My feeling about Grandpa's funeral I felt peaceful that Grandpa could now go up to heaven and not have any pain. I felt glad since different cultures could be there and do stuff (such as Indians). I felt good that Grandpa had influenced so many people. I felt brave that I did not cry through the whole thing. I felt lucky that all our Felt family (practically) could come. I was excited that all of the grandchildren could sing "We Will Hold On Together." I am so excited that we can have such a great Felt family.

31.3.10 David Felt Jordan (Grandson)

The weekend of Grandpa's funeral was a sad time, but also a very spiritual time. Grandpa lived a very good life. He was strong in the gospel and was a great example to us all. We all knew that he was there in spirit. I could feel his presence near. It was a testimony to me of God's Plan of Salvation. It was a real family orientated weekend. The whole family pulled together to give love and support to one another, and to show their love towards Grandpa. It was a celebration of his life.

The spirit at Grandpa's funeral was strong. Memories of him and love for him were given through music and spoken word.

I'll miss Grandpa Felt very much, but I'll always remember the things he taught me through word and example. He is some one that I've always looked up to and will continue to look up to.

31.3.11 Julie Weight Jordan (Granddaughter)

My impressions of Grandpa Felt's funeral are how many people you can touch in one lifetime and how because Grandpa Felt was always such a great person, his influence on all those people and on us were of incredible value! What a great example! Grandpa Felt made sure several times, when Dave and I got married, to make sure I knew I was welcomed in the family! And I definitely knew it. Because of Grandpa's incredible energy and zest for life, I have no doubt of the great work he is doing now for our Father.

31.3.12 Justin C. Forsyth (Grandson)

Ever since grandpa died, my outlook on life has changed spiritually. He has had an enormous impact on my life and I know he has done the same to many others. He showed so much of his love and happiness toward us, and that made me feel very special. His wonderful testimony of the gospel has really strengthened mine. I used to have so much fun with him going to different places, and even just being at his house because of his enthusiasm for life. I love grandpa very much and his death has carved a small hole in my heart, but I know that I will be able to see him again.

31.3.13 Kathleen Felt Covey

I have had a difficult time sitting down and writing this. I know we have all gone through the mourning process in different ways. For me writing this is a difficult task. My memories are so close to my heart, I find it hard to even write things down.

I re-listened to the funeral talk and was so touched by each prayer, song, and word that was spoken. I felt my feelings expressed perfectly when Ron said "Dad has asked for no tears or sorrow. But we cannot do that for the loss we feel is to great. " I feel as though I have lost one of my best friends, my greatest advocate, my patriarch who constantly prayed for me. We have a picture on the wall of Christ as he is being prepared for burial and they were ready to place him in the Garden tomb. The people around him are mourning His loss. This is how feel. I feel like these people because I know how they must have felt to have lost Jesus Christ. They had the privilege of walking, talking, hearing his sermons, and learning from his example. I feel privileged to be Paul Felt's daughter I, like these people in Christ's time, have been richly blessed to be able to do these same things with my father.

Last month our home teachers came over. Brother Serrine was teaching from the Ensign about what a true disciple of Christ was like. He was using different examples of people from the scriptures, I didn't feel the children were receiving the visual picture he was trying to paint. So I interrupted him and said "Brother Serrine, as you know we just lost my father, the children's grandfather. We have had the honor of knowing a true disciple of Christ. They have seen, touched, hugged, and lived with such a man." Each of us had tears in our eyes as the spirit confirmed to us that what I said was true.

I am grateful for Mom's talk and the letter to the Grandchildren. I know that I personally feel that it was a letter to me also. I know I have been

given much. I have been raised by parents who are true disciples of Christ. I know the Lord expects much of me and much of my children. I just finished reading “The History of Joseph Smith by his Mother.” I highly recommend this to each of you. We have ancestors that sacrificed more than I believe we can comprehend for the restoration of the gospel. We have parents that have given their all for the gospel. We now have a father who will be in the Celestial Kingdom, and I want to join him. I know he is our guardian angel. As he was dying I told him I loved him, and I asked him if he would be my guardian angel. He said “yes,” loud and clear. He hadn’t spoken for hours and yet he answered that important question. I know Dad is watching over all of us and that he is our guardian angel. I know he is still praying for each of us and expects us to live up to our heritage. I pray for the stamina to follow his example.

31.3.14 Tammy Felt Williams

Jessie, Marilyn, Kathleen and I were standing around Dad and holding his hand and kissing him. We had just been to lunch at Deseret Industries and also shopped there. I was telling Dad how much we loved him and telling him how much we as his children loved being together. A tear escaped out of his eye. Oh, how Dad loved to hear how much fun we have together!

31.3.15 Kirk Williams

(Excerpt of a letter Kirk wrote to Tammy.) Your Father’s funeral was one of the neatest most wonderful experiences of my life. I lived on every word that was spoken. There could be no greater tribute to your Father than the one that was demonstrated by you and your family. Not necessarily because of the things you said about him but because of the way you all said them... with such love, such strength, such testimony and such power. It made me and everyone else re-evaluate and desire to do and be better.

31.3.16 Jodie Marie Felt Robinson (Granddaughter)

I never thought that attending a funeral would ever be an experience that I would cherish as a fond memory. But I must say that Grandpa Felt’s funeral was an experience will tell my grandchildren about. An experience that taught me about my heritage and reminded me of how blessed I am to be a member of the Paul E. Felt family.

I cherished the time that I was able to spend with aunts, uncles, cousins, and family friends during the days leading up to the funeral as well as the

day itself. As I listened to the stories about my grandfather, some serious and some humorous, I felt as if I was getting to know him all over again.

At the viewing I was touched when absolute strangers came up to me saying, "Are you a granddaughter? I knew your grandfather and he was an amazing man. " One man told me of how Grandpa Felt taught him in seminary 30-40 years ago. He talked of how Grandpa reached out to him and made him feel like a worthwhile person while other teachers had never given him a chance. This man said Grandpa's kindness changed the course of his life. This was only one of many stories that I heard affirming that Paul E. Felt was more than an ordinary human being. He was a master like the Master himself reaching down and lifting up those around him never asking or expecting praise or glory.

I shed many tears over the loss of my Grandpa that weekend, but I kept reminding myself that I was so blessed to have known him for 30 years. I am one of the oldest grandchildren and had the opportunity to spend a lot of time with him as a child and as a youth. As an adult while attending BYU, I was able to visit with Grandpa often during family gatherings, and quiet talks at the MTC. I enjoyed telling him about my college experiences and seeking his advice. I was blessed to have him marry Christian and me in the temple, and to have him attend the blessing of my first child, two wonderful memories, which I am so happy that he was a part of.

As I listened during the funeral services to my aunts and uncles pay tribute to this man, my grandfather, I gleamed with pride knowing that I, Jodi Marie Felt Robinson, am part of his legacy. I was touched by the beautiful song "Go My Son" that Bill, Wendy and their close friends performed and the ceremony before the closing of the casket when the man placed the eagle feather on Grandpa's chest symbolizing he had earned the highest honor among the Indian people. But perhaps my most spiritual and personally rewarding experience came later that day after Grandpa's grave had been covered and sealed.

It was near the end of the day when my mother, father and I drove back to the cemetery to visit the gravesite. The sun shone down through the trees casting a soft light on the myriad of flowers covering his grave; a wreath decorated with plastic cars (given to him by all the grandchildren because he loved cars), another wreath in the shape of a 'Y', from his colleagues at BYU, and a rainbow of roses, carnations, lilies and many other fragrant flowers. It appeared as if it were holy ground.

As the small group of my aunts, uncles, and relatives chatted quietly about the day's events, I wandered closer to the grave to quietly whisper to Grandpa one last time that I loved him. It was a silent offering, but

one that I know he heard. Tears swelled in my eyes. My heart felt afire. And suddenly, from head to toe, a feeling that I've only known when I have visited the temple overcame me. I could not move. I dared not. I was even afraid to wipe away the tears streaming down my cheeks, afraid that the slightest movement would scare this awesome feeling away. The feeling I felt was peace. It was a happy, joyous feeling that tingled through my entire soul. I wondered if I just concentrated hard enough if I would be able to see the angels that I knew must be close by. I had a silent conversation in my mind thanking Heavenly Father for my grandfather and promising him that I would live my life so that I could someday be with him.

Five minutes must have passed and the feeling was still so strong. I then closed my eyes and peacefully took one step toward family members standing at the other end of the gravesite. I think I smiled as I looked up into the sky thinking that He was there. I know he must have been close by. He asked Grandma to tell us that he wanted us to feel peaceful about his passing. That it was his time, and he was with God. I felt that peace. And it was gift.

31.3.17 Collette Covey (Granddaughter)

I'm so glad that before grandpa died he had a chance to dedicate Hobble Creek. I'm thankful I have so many memories with grandpa. I'll always remember grandpa and always love grandpa!

I'm not very happy Grandpa died. But I know he is up in heaven watching over me and being my guardian angel.

I'm thankful that most of the family members could come to the funeral. Also that so many people new grandpa and loved grandpa. I'll always have a special place in my heart for grandpa. I'm so happy I'll be able to see grandpa again.

32

Index and Lists of Persons, Places and Quotes

Subjects Index

- Abortion, 400
 Adoption, 192, 315, 381
 Agency, 399, 423
 Aging, 245, 250, 253, 400, 418
 Angels, 217, 221, 266, 289, 315,
 317, 324, 411, 450, 478,
 481, 482, 485, 487
 Anger, 398
 Apostasy, 288, 301, 305, 306
 Atonement, 397
 Attending Church, 85, 298, 447
 A beautiful refuge, 75
 Beauty, 222, 237, 397
 Bible, 432
 Births, 52, 140, 146, 164, 166, 178,
 355, 359, 360, 375, 412
 Home Births, 41, 52
 Book of Mormon, 220, 432
 Callings
 Accepting Calls, 10, 141, 144,
 284, 359
 Gospel Doctrine, 225
 Hard Work, 274
 Loving your calling, 244
 Magnified by the Lord, 276
 Changes in the church, 231, 243,
 267, 283, 284, 433
 Changing Wards, 21
 Character, 285
 Charity
 Looking for the good in oth-
 ers, 429
 Philanthropy, 251
 Showing charity, 43, 188, 222,
 240, 288, 381, 400, 431,
 435, 437
 Childhood, 5, 9
 Children, 375, 399
 “Believing hearts”, 418
 Children who stray, 305, 306
 Commitment to Children, 20,
 305
 Counseling Children, 290
 Difficult Children, 155, 260
 Discipline, 88
 Having Children, 15, 315, 324,
 327, 375, 403, 416, 470
 I multiply, not divide, 465
 Letting them explore, 401
 Praising, 383, 441
 Quarreling, 160
 Spending time with, 316, 324,
 383
 Teaching Children to Work, 28,
 230
 Teaching Patience, 434
 Teaching the Gospel, 295, 304,
 323, 365, 384
 Christmas, 17, 19, 132, 140
 Splitting the cost of gifts with
 sons, 74
 Circus, 87
 Commandments, 221, 423
 Confessions, 76
 Consecration, 259, 261
 Contention, 160, 251, 269, 270, 296,
 413, 433
 Covenants, 120, 155, 261, 292
 Creativity, 219
 Criticism, 96, 429
 Dancing, 12, 105, 344
 Dating, 50, 145, 291, 345

- At BYU, 321
- Chaperones, 236, 320
- Dating Nonmembers, 314, 316, 323
- Kissing, 236
- Parental involvement, 236, 316
- Pre-Mission, 10, 318
- Waiting until sixteen, 316
- Death, 41, 51, 154, 315, 324, 447, 466, 467, 471, 476, 478, 482
- Called to serve beyond the veil, 382
- Eternal Marriage, 293
- Grieving, 50, 389, 448
- Remarriage, 58, 60
- Spirit World, 381, 389, 440, 448
- Discernment, 285
- Discipleship of the Savior, 412, 419
- Discouragement, 219
- Divorce, 48
- Dreams, 26, 29, 311
- Education, 25
- Excommunication, 113, 145
- Exercise, 179
- Families
 - Love within, 289, 292, 293, 298
- Faith, 219, 418
- Families, 293, 299, 300, 378
 - Are Forever, 443, 450
 - Believing in the Family, 300
 - Large Families, 15, 27, 39, 41, 68, 125, 140, 324, 327, 375
 - Living Close, 170
 - Role of fathers, 295, 376
 - Role of mothers, 361, 376, 401
 - The importance of Grandparents, 31, 170, 228, 284
- Family History, 53, 262
- Family Home Evening, 136, 216, 316, 323, 336, 384, 403
- Family Reunions, 44, 252, 343, 364
- Farmer's Markets, 87
- Farming, 48
- Fasting, 220, 469
- Fights, 78
- Finances
 - Building a Home, 167
 - Buying a Home, 18, 26, 28, 136, 169, 177, 178
 - Debt, 43, 127
 - Difficulties, 29
 - Giving to charity, 139
 - Insurance, 25, 95, 161
 - Leasing a Home, 223
 - Loaning Money to Friends and Family, 170
 - Loosing money, 148, 169
 - Making ends meet, 137, 139
 - Managing, 45, 398
 - Trading Goods, 48
- Food Storage, 240
- Football, 87
- Forgiveness, 76, 130, 172, 398
- Friendship, 98, 143, 145, 397
- Genealogy, 53
- General Conference, 25, 93, 304, 407, 427, 434
- Goals, 401, 424
- Government, 400, 423
- Grandchildren, 328, 382
- Gratitude, 190, 219, 271, 399, 439
- Happiness, 69, 141, 155, 220, 271, 297, 299, 399, 414, 447

- In the moment, 303
- Heaven, 293
- Hitchhiking, 84, 98
- Holy Ghost, 218, 391, 450, 487
 - Companionship, 220, 221, 389, 392
 - Gifts of The Spirit, 239, 387
 - Learning by, 221
 - Offending the spirit, 394
 - Recognizing for first time, 83, 287
 - Roles of, 392
 - Sanctifying influence, 393
 - Taking quiet time, 390
- Home Atmosphere, 126, 155, 160, 165, 293–295, 297, 299, 304, 315, 334, 341, 366, 399, 414
- Home Teaching, 317
- Homeopathy, 60
- Homosexuality, 81, 293, 376, 378
- Honesty, 9, 10, 13, 23, 24, 68, 76, 83, 85, 90, 111, 129, 154, 161, 170, 367
- Humility, 219, 250, 277, 436
- Ice Cream, 44, 48, 87
- Influencing others, 268
- Jews, 215
- Journal Writing, 1, 80, 93, 408, 450
- Knowledge
 - Limits of, 222
- Language, 398
- Last Days, 300
- Leaders
 - Sustaining Leaders, 219
- Leadership, 290
- Libraries, 89
- Listening, 401, 426
- Loneliness, 8
- Love
 - Hugs, 335
 - Loving oneself, 397
 - Marital, 120, 121, 124, 203
- Maintaining our standards, 8, 174
- Man's Search for Happiness, 186
- Marriage, 203, 292, 401
 - Being Apart, 17, 27, 125, 132
 - Cultivating love in, 398, 401
 - Disagreements, 21
 - Divorce, 289, 311, 317, 325
 - Eloping, 51
 - Eternal Nature, 293, 302
 - Fault-finding, 298
 - Getting Married, 14, 120, 236
 - Getting Remarried, 58, 60, 289, 311, 317
 - Misunderstandings, 15
 - Newlyweds, 14, 121, 124, 347
 - Receptions, 224
 - Sealing children's marriages, 232, 259
 - Serious Challenges, 289, 325
 - Showing Love, 299, 361, 366, 428, 435, 467
 - The importance of temple marriage, 51, 120
- Math, 111
- Memories, 407
- Millennial Star, 66
- Miracles, 26, 27, 30, 50, 52, 64, 65, 120, 164, 166, 186, 192, 216, 217, 225, 289, 317, 324, 325, 412, 418, 440, 449
- Mischief, 462

- Missionary Work, 23, 399, 405, 414, 421
 Missions, 60
 “The Gospel is true. I love you.”, 207
 Change in the Missionary, 278
 Finding Happiness now, 303
 First use of senior couples, 215, 243
 Hard Work, 273, 285
 Joys and Sorrows, 278, 303
 Leaving behind a romantic interest, 323
 Loving those you serve, 208
 Many family missionaries, 230
 Meekness and Sobriety, 269
 Praying with Investigators, 287
 Preparing to Serve, 208
 Saving for a mission, 228, 271, 322
 Sister Missionaries, 285
 Spiritual Tracting, 216
 Teaching the Basics, 221
 The Hallmark of Mormon Missionary, 208, 221
 Uniform Discussions, 214
 Words of Wisdom, 218
 Zone Conference, 206
 Modesty, 174, 218
 Mothers, 7, 85
 Movies, 89
 Murmuring, 220
 Music, 126, 165, 188, 460, 467

 Obedience, 218, 403, 404, 423
 Optimism, 218, 244, 271, 288, 297, 429, 435

 Parades, 44
 Patience, 433

 Patriarchal Blessings, 124, 205, 294
 Patriotism, 111
 Peace, 218, 400
 Perfection
 Striving for, 221, 388, 392
 Persecution, 67
 Pie, 83
 Plural Marriage, 66, 272, 301
 Poetry, 93, 273, 285, 293, 296, 302, 361, 430
 Politics, 65, 400, 413
 Prayers, 50, 218, 250
 Blessings on Food, 173
 Daily Prayer, 50, 129, 136, 221, 397
 Doing our part, 402, 430
 Family Prayer, 88, 295, 365
 Misunderstanding prayer, 430
 Prayer in heart, 219
 Praying for guidance, 119, 137, 160, 289, 317
 Praying for help, 13, 26, 113, 157, 166
 Praying for others, 155, 220, 298, 325, 328
 Praying to serve, 12
 To end quarrels, 160
 Pre-mortal life, 155, 380, 468
 Pregnancy, 146
 Pride, 250, 436
 Priesthood
 Following Priesthood Leaders, 221, 304, 308, 464
 Priesthood Blessings, 2, 27, 52, 53, 60, 76, 166, 228, 323, 427, 463, 481
 Dedication of homes, 294, 479
 Extended to all, 163, 231, 267
 From Fathers, 203, 237, 295, 427, 442

- Preparation, 428
 - Trying to use own words, 97
 - Worthiness, 99, 207
- Priorities, 260, 274, 404
- Procrastination, 1, 403
- Promptings, 64
 - Ignoring Promptings, 20
- Prophets (latter-day), 272, 304, 308, 410, 426, 433, 434, 440
- Punctuality, 189
- Quotes, 397
- Race, 130, 162, 231, 267
- Reading, 398, 464
- Repentance, 219, 222, 276, 277, 401
 - Inviting others to, 155, 156, 222, 268, 414
- Retirement, 243, 363, 364
- Revelations, 29
- Sabbath Day, 85, 397
- Sacrament, 407
- Satan, 86, 157, 207, 218, 263, 293, 296, 404, 413
- Scouting, 24, 76
- Scriptures
 - D&C 121, 29, 392, 394, 395
 - Memorization, 179
 - Reading, 44, 129, 136, 219, 221, 295, 323, 365, 370, 390, 404, 410, 425, 432
- Second Coming, 438
- Self Reliance, 397
- Self Worth, 366
- Service, 221, 222, 224, 251, 315, 400, 402, 413
 - Cleaning up after flood, 230
- Sewing, 50, 366
- Sewing (Afton), 50, 285, 366, 371
- Singing, 60, 188
- Smiles, 400
- Smith, Joseph Jr., 279, 409
- Smoking, 23, 95, 411
- Spirit World, 389
- Spiritual Gifts
 - A “believing heart”, 418
 - Peacemaker, 83
 - Seeing others through His eyes, 220
 - Seeking After, 239
- Spirituality
 - Evidence of, 218
- Sports, 87
- Stress, 29
- Suicide, 156, 157
- Summer Activities, 28, 178
- Swearing, 97
- Teaching, 225
- Temples, 141, 145, 167, 231, 252, 257, 261, 299, 431, 443
 - Importance of Attending, 252, 261, 344
 - Sealing power, 232, 258
 - Temple Square, 77
- Temptation, 424
- Testimony, 268, 284, 398, 402, 403, 409, 410, 420
 - Meetings, 73, 206
 - Pure Testimony, 208, 218
 - Unshakable, 221
- Theater, 84, 104, 186
- Thoughts
 - Controlling, 206
- Time is the coin of life, 260
- Time Management, 403
- Tithing, 23, 24, 29, 43, 48, 50, 88, 139, 145, 154, 251
- Trials, 278, 381

- Truth, 404

- Unrighteous Judgement, 414
- Utah Valley University, 185

- Virtue, 361, 401
- Visions, 52, 325

- Wealth, 300, 322, 404, 426, 440
- Winter Activities, 17, 19, 140
- Winter Quarters, 67
- Wisdom, 401
- Word of Wisdom, 23, 24, 156, 385, 424
 - Alcohol, 80, 127, 133, 138, 184
 - Avoid labeling others, 414
 - Coffee, 23, 81, 421, 424
 - Illicit Drugs, 442
 - Smoking, 95, 154, 411
- Work
 - Balancing work and Family, 29
 - Choosing a Career, 18, 135, 358
 - Enjoy your work, 271, 403
 - Opposition, 268
 - Value of Hard Work, 13, 28, 218, 230, 272, 399, 402

Biographical Index

- “We will hold on together”, 344, 372
- Acting (Theatre), 12
- Asking the moving van manager to accept his credit, 23, 24, 154
- Attending Church
Cleaning up the beer cans, 11
Overseas, 129
- Bankruptcy, 29
- Bikes
Tandem Bike, 178
- Biking as a family, 28, 178
- BYU
“A happy hunting ground”, 321
Alumni Association, 247
Assigned to BYU, 27
Blue Key, 108
Coordinator of Student Affairs, 28, 113, 168
Delta Phi (Returned Missionary Fraternity), 12, 104, 120
Department of Religion, 37, 224
Director of Indian Affairs, 35, 325, 408
Ending “Social Units” (e.g. fraternities), 171, 173, 175
Entertainment Standards, 174
Graduation, 114
Lambda Delta Sigma, 104
Loosing Pants, 110
One of Three Loves, 101
Praying over food, 173
Retirement, 245, 364
Student Body President, 12, 108, 113
Victory Bell Stolen, 172
- Callings
MTC, 364
Bishopric, 19, 21, 138, 144
Block Teacher (Ernest), 43
Custodian Bishop, 77
Director of Hawaii Temple Visitors Center, 38, 281
District Presidency (Israel), 236
Edith Mae Martin (Mother), 53
Gospel Doctrine Teacher (Ernest), 43
High Council, 19, 138
High Council (Ernest), 43
Mission President, 37, 201
MTC, 38, 115, 230, 246, 265
President of the St. Louis Conference (Nathaniel Henry), 63
Primary President (Afton), 21, 28
Salem Branch President (Nathaniel Henry), 63
Sealer, 37, 232
Stake Presidency, 26, 166, 365, 376
Stake Relief Society Choir (Mary Louise Pile), 60
Stake Sunday School superintendent, 28
Travelling Bishop (Nathaniel Henry), 65
Veil worker, 141

- Ward Clerk (Ernest), 43
 Young Mens and Young Womens, 15, 124
- Cars
 “Borrowing” car, 76
 1927 Buick, 9, 75
 Chrysler (Backward facing doors), 26
 Coveted Navy Jeep, 128
 Dusenberry, 88
 Electric Three-Wheeler, 179
 Ephraim, the rebellious, 99
 Hitting a Cow, 192
 House Trailer, 22
 Hudson, 21, 139, 249
 International Travelall, 22
 Mercedes, 249
 Model A, 105
 Model T, 9, 43, 249
 Obsession with, 249
 Pierce Arrow, 9
 Siphoning Gasoline, 10, 75
- Dating
 Asking for her Dad’s blessing, 121, 292
 Dating Afton, 14, 113, 119
 Meeting Afton, 12, 105
 Picking up Afton from Prison, 12, 108
 Praying for guidance, 119, 345
 Proposing to Afton, 14, 119
- Death
 Choosing to stay, 225, 449
 Headstone, 298
- Den of Love, 341
- Dogs
 Sam, 176
- Fires, 10, 25, 53, 65, 95, 161
- Fourth Ward, 5
- Funny Stories, 10, 75, 84, 94, 97, 99, 108, 110, 154, 173, 215, 322, 411, 417, 462
- HeartFelt Family Forum, 343
- Holy Land, 195
 Director of Study Abroad, 233, 320
 Jordan River, 238
 Living in a kibbutz, 233, 240
 Masada, 239, 387
 Mount Sinai, 239
 Nine Weeks, 36
 The Garden Tomb, 238
 Trying to get a free trip, 20
- Illness
 Cholera, 65
 PTSD, 76
- Illnesses
 Appendicitis, 22
 Bleeding Ulcer, 225
 Diphtheria (Mae), 49
 Doctor refusing payment, 240
 Humor, 411
 Life support, 253
 Memory Loss, 418
 Pneumonia, 44
 Prostate cancer (Ernest), 45
 Recurring Severe Pain, 229
 Shingles, 25, 335
 Taking Pills, 411, 417
 Tic-douloureux, 229
 Tubercular Spinal Meningitis (Kenneth), 52
 Whooping Cough and Pneumonia (Bobby), 52
- Indians (American)
 American Indian Week, 190

- Blossom as a Rose, 187
- Daughter Windy, 325
- Film “Bitter Wind”, 184, 186
- Lamanite Committee, 184, 188, 203
- Love for, 219
- Mission President, 201
- President Kimball, 205
- Song “Go my son”, 187
- Source of the Book of Mormon, 220
- The House of Jacob, 187, 188
- The Lamanite Generation, 188
- Tribe of Many Feathers, 187
- Ute Tribe, 190
- Institute, 18, 22, 113, 135, 141, 149, 151, 152, 154, 156–159
 - Creating the first branch, 23, 161
- Mischief, 10, 75, 89, 90, 110, 111
- Missions
 - Avoiding a Call, 10, 82, 91, 93
 - Convert comes up swearing, 97
 - Deciding to go, 94
 - Distractions, 94
 - Drawing to a close, 12
 - Hawaii (George Speirs), 67
 - Hiding a dollar in his shoe, 11, 96
 - Home Burning Down, 95
 - Inactive Converts, 97
 - Sneaking out, 11, 94
 - Southern States (David Pile), 55
 - Stupor of Thought, 97
 - Trials, 10, 278
 - Turning point in life, 100
- Paul and Afton Felt Humanitarian Fund, 251
- Prayers
 - Felts on the Pope’s prayer roll, 138
- School
 - BYU, 12, 101
 - Elementary (Jefferson School), 8, 77
 - Northwestern University, 13, 112, 115
 - Poor Grades, 8
 - South High, 8, 78
 - South Junior High, 8
 - Student Body President, 12
 - University of Utah, 8, 55, 80
 - University of Utah (Masters), 25
- Speech Therapy, 8, 78, 81, 464
- Stuttering, 8, 78, 81, 82, 464
- Trailblazers, 68
- Trains, 6
 - Electric Trains, 74
 - Friend Dying, 73
 - Getting in train car, 74
- Work
 - Alderman of Salt Lake City (Nathaniel Henry), 65
 - Blacksmith (Thomas Speirs), 67
 - BYU, Coordinator of Student Affairs, 27, 28, 168
 - Defense Plant (Mae Martin), 53
 - Department of Religion, 37, 181, 224, 302
 - Director of Indian Affairs, 35, 183, 325, 408

- Dry Cleaning, 29
- Editor of the Southern Star(David Pile, 55
- Geneva Steel, 13, 112
- Institute Director at University of Alberta, 22, 151
- Institute Director of Southern Utah University, 159
- Laundromat, 29, 179
- Losing the ability to work (Ernest), 46
- Mining, 101
- Mortuary, 13
- Newspaper Business (David Pile), 55
- Paper Boy, 6, 85
- President of the Utah Press Association (David Pile), 55
- Roto-Tiller, 28
- Sales, 121, 139
- Tailor (Nathaniel Henry), 61
- Teaching Seminary, 18, 135, 141
- Temple Square Guide, 77
- Utah Poultry, 7, 83, 84
- Washing Dishes, 81
- World War II
 - 1 Enlisting, 12, 111
 - 10 Coming Home, 17, 131, 132
 - 11 Staying with the Navy after the war, 20, 131
 - 2 Training, 13, 112, 115
 - 3 Stateside Duties, 14, 121
 - 4 Asking to go Overseas, 15, 125
 - 5 USS Silverbell, 15, 125, 127
 - 6 Duties overseas, 16
 - 7 Diving during the war, 16, 127
 - 8 Birth of son, 16, 130, 355
 - 9 End of the War, 16, 130
- Ernest and Mae renting room, 45
- Faking eye test, 111
- LDS man raising flag at Iwojima, 276
- Navy Chaplain Corps, 276
- Pearl Harbor, 110
- Wrestling
 - Professional, 87

Family Members

- Allman, Elysse (Granddaughter), 338
- Allman, Jessie Felt (Daughter), 259, 316, 388, 428, 459, 480, 485
 Birth, 28
 Photos, 32, 182, 193, 197, 198, 226, 227, 312, 313, 445
 The name Jessie, 28
- Allman, McKay (Grandson), 338
- Allman, Sam (Son-in-Law), 119, 317
- Allman, Sam Sr., 119
- Bennett, Afton Camille Covey (Granddaughter), 338
- Civich, Annora Marsh (Second Wife of Widower David Pile), 58
- Comstock, Becky Jordan (Granddaughter), 315, 341, 412, 477
- Comstock, Mark, 341
- Covey, John (Son-in-law), 295, 318, 335, 336
- Covey, Johnny Felt (Grandson), 335, 340
- Covey, Kathleen Felt (Daughter), 295, 297, 318, 335, 336, 388, 484, 485
 Birth, 30, 178
 Early testimony, 209
 Living in Israel, 233
 Nickname "Mercedes", 249
 Photos, 32, 182, 193, 197, 198, 226, 227, 234, 312, 313, 445
- Curdis, Dorr P., 58
- Felt, Adeline Harris (Paternal Grandmother), 39, 68
- Felt, Afton Nicole (Granddaughter), 320, 328
- Felt, Annalise Afton (Granddaughter), 324
- Felt, Betty Naomi (Daughter), 324
 Birth, 21, 140
 Presence in temple, 324
- Felt, Charles B. (Great-Uncle), 58
- Felt, David Clyde (Uncle), 39
- Felt, David Pile (Paternal Grandfather), 39, 55, 89
 Photo, 56
- Felt, Edith Mae Martin (Mother), 5, 9, 10, 13, 22, 44, 48
 Callings, 53
 Diphtheria, 49
 Eloping, 51
 Embarrassed to be in newspaper, 51
 Falling down the stairs as a child, 48
 Living without money, 48
 Loss of Richard, 41
 Photos, 33, 42, 47, 54, 72
 Praying before bed, 50
 Seeing her mother in vision, 52
 Shoes made from overalls, 49
 Shopping for the family, 45
 Straw Beds, 49
 Trying to drive alone, 44
- Felt, Edythe (Sister), 5, 45
 Difficult birth, 52

- Taking care of her father, 44
- Felt, Ernest William (Father), 5
 - A pure tithe payer, 43, 88
 - Death, 44, 46
 - Eloping, 51
 - Knowing a call would come, 202
 - Losing the ability to work, 46
 - Love of reading, 44
 - Photos, 33, 40, 42, 72
 - Remembered with fondness by Thomas S. Monson, 422
 - Work as a printer, 41
- Felt, Frances Vernon (Aunt), 39
- Felt, George (Uncle, died in infancy), 39
- Felt, Jackie (Daughter-in-Law), 36, 314
- Felt, Jensen Brown (Grandson), 324
- Felt, John (Son), 28, 74, 314, 359, 474
 - Birth, 18, 137, 140
 - Career, 314
 - Childhood, 19, 22
 - Getting Lost, 306
 - Mission, Marriage, 35, 314
 - Photos, 32, 147, 148, 182, 197, 199, 226, 227, 312, 313, 445
 - Praying for Dad, 166
 - Tribute to his parents, 365
- Felt, Katherine Silver, 341
- Felt, Kenneth (Brother), 5, 13, 45
 - Miraculous healing, 52
 - Photo, 33
- Felt, Lynne (Daughter-in-Law), 311, 476
- Felt, Mae Martin (Mother), 450
- Felt, Malcolm Tom (Grandson), 324
- Felt, Marguerite Mae (Sister), 5
 - Photos, 33, 72
- Felt, Martha Afton (Wife), 12, 479
 - 'You let him have his cars', 21
 - "The Fix-it Lady", 416
 - An example of "Be good and do good", 413
 - Anniversary Tribute Letters, 344, 362, 373
 - Blessed to bear children, 27, 124, 166, 375
 - Cooking dinner for important guests, 24
 - Courtship, 119, 345
 - Difficult Pregnancy with Ron, 27, 166
 - Falling into river, 22
 - Gift of Charity, 388
 - Hiding letters in Paul's clothes, 125, 347, 428
 - Homemaking, 316, 334
 - Knowing it was twins, 30
 - Painful Disease, 229
 - Patriarchal Blessing, 15, 124
 - Photos, 32, 107, 122, 123, 147, 182, 193, 196–198, 204, 212, 213, 226, 227, 234, 235, 312, 313, 452, 453
 - Promised a large and devoted family, 124
 - Service to Others, 249
 - Teaching investigator to pray, 287
 - Trips with Daughters, 315
 - Visions, 26, 164, 311
 - Words of Wisdom, 222
- Felt, Mary Adelia, 55
- Felt, Nathaniel (Father of N. Henry), 61
- Felt, Nathaniel Henry, 55, 61
 - Being impressed that a steam-

- boat was unsafe, 64
- Meeting US President, 66
- Photo, 62
- President of the St. Louis Conference, 63
- Serving in Territory Legislature, 65
- The rank of colonel, 65
- Travelling Bishop, 65
- Felt, Nathaniel Henry Jr., 55
- Felt, Norma Louise (Aunt), 39
- Felt, O'Larry (Son), 259, 319, 464
 - "a choice son", 164, 359
 - Birth, 26, 164
 - Cleaning up after flood, 230
 - Living in Israel, 233
 - Photos, 32, 182, 193, 197, 199, 226, 227, 234, 312, 313, 445
 - Tribute to his parents, 367
 - Young Missionary, 214, 230, 294, 359
- Felt, Paul Jr. (Son), 30, 74, 311, 344, 359, 474
 - "Just like his parents", 365
 - Birth, 16, 130
 - Childhood, 19, 22, 137
 - Coast Guard, 31
 - Meeting dad at 17 months, 17, 132
 - Mission, Marriage, 34
 - Photos, 32, 147, 148, 182, 193, 197, 199, 226, 227, 312, 313, 445
 - Praying for Dad, 166
 - Stuck on roof, 137
 - Tribute to his parents, 365
- Felt, Renee Lola (Aunt), 39
- Felt, Richard (Brother), 5
 - Tragic death, 41, 51
- Felt, Robert B. (Brother), 5, 9, 13, 45
 - Childhood Pneumonia, 44
 - Cock Fighting, 90
 - Miraculous healing, 52
 - Photos, 33, 71, 72
- Felt, Robert J. (Grandson), 341
- Felt, Ron-Paul (Grandson), 320
- Felt, Ronald Grimshaw (Son), 2, 317, 319, 322, 335, 341, 343, 359, 461
 - Cleaning up after flood, 230
 - Difficult Pregnancy, 27
 - Living in Israel, 233, 241
 - Meeting wife in Israel, 236
 - Miracle birth, 27, 166
 - Paying for mission, 230
 - Photos, 32, 182, 193, 197, 199, 226, 227, 234, 312, 313, 445
 - Receiving mission call, 230
 - Speaking spanish like a native, 230
 - The name Grimshaw, 27
- Felt, Stephanie Zoe Marshall (Daughter-in-law), 324
- Felt, Tess (Granddaughter), 339
- Felt, Theresa Hallmark (Daughter-in-Law), 320
 - Meeting husband in Israel, 236, 320
- Felt, Theresa Hallmark (Daughter-in-Law)
 - Photos, 234
- Felt, Tom Elwood (Son), 251, 253, 259, 300, 322, 473
 - Birth, 31, 360, 375
 - Blessing his dad, 228
 - Cleaning up after flood, 230
 - Early testimony and scripture

- study, 209
- Living in Israel, 233
- Paying for mission afterwards, 228, 323
- Photos, 32, 182, 193, 197, 199, 226, 227, 234, 312, 313, 445
- The name Elwood, 26
- Tribute to his mother, 370
- Felt, Troy (Grandson), 341
- Felt, Vera Adeline (Aunt), 39
- Felt, William Ernest, 58
- Felt, Wyatt Marshall (Grandson), 324, 340
- Forsyth, Justin (Grandson), 336, 484
- Forsyth, Troy (Grandson), 315, 336
- Forsyth, Marilynn Felt (Daughter), 315, 336, 388, 458, 477, 485
 - Birth, 22, 146
 - Marriage, 223
 - Part-time Mission, 223
 - Photos, 32, 147, 148, 182, 193, 197, 198, 226, 227, 312, 313, 445
 - Tribute to her parents, 366
- Forsyth, Steven (Son-in-law), 223, 315, 447, 479
 - Flood at parent's home, 230
- Fransen, Anna Lucile (Maternal Great-Great Grandmother), 48
- Harris, Ellen Pittman (Mother-in-Law), 14, 17, 22, 26, 34, 121
 - 'You let him have his cars', 21
- Harris, John (Father-in-Law), 12, 14, 17, 22, 26, 31, 121, 132, 133
 - Cheif of Police in Provo, 416
 - Helping Refurbish Home, 170
 - Peaceful passing, 34
 - Talent for fixing things, 416
 - Warden at State Prison, 416
- Jensen, Edith Begetta (Maternal Grandmoter), 48
 - Long Illness and death, 50
- Jett, Jenaca Williams (Granddaughter), 339
- Johnston, Collette Covey (Granddaughter), 337, 487
- Jordan, David (Grandson), 315, 412, 483
- Jordan, Julie weight (Granddaughter by Marriage), 483
- Jordan, Randal Lamar (Son-in-Law), 36, 168, 314, 344, 412
- Jordan, Randy (Grandson), 36, 315, 412
- Jordan, Yvonne Felt
 - Falling out of car on highway, 26, 164
- Jordan, Yvonne Felt (Daughter), 192, 314, 344, 388, 477
 - Birth, 19, 140, 146
 - Childhood, 22
 - Marriage, 36
 - Photos, 32, 147, 148, 182, 193, 197, 198, 226, 227, 312, 313, 445
 - Tribute to her parents, 366
- Lewis, Melissa Felt (Granddaughter), 339
- Mangus, Katie Covey (Granddaughter), 338
- Marsh, Thomas B., 58

- Martin, Brigham (Maternal Grandfather, by marriage), 49
- Martin, Edward (Maternal Great-Grandfather, by marriage)
Captain of pioneer company, 49
- Martin, Marie (Aunt, died in infancy), 49
- Martin, Myrtle (Aunt), 48
- Merchant, Abraham, 58
- Mertlich, Jessica Felt (Granddaughter), 320, 335
- Miller, Frank A. (Maternal Grandfather)
Unknown to his children, 48
- Nichols, Jill Jordan (Granddaughter), 337
- Olsen, Jason (Grandson), 338
- Olsen, Shaun Paul (Grandson), 334, 335, 428
- Olson, Bob (Brother-in-law), 17
- Phelps, Bria Zoe Felt (Granddaughter), 324
- Pile, Mary Louise, 55, 58, 66
Becoming a doctor of homeopathy, 60
Conversion and Estrangement from family, 58
Photo, 59
Sailing with the saints, 60
Singing in Mormon Tabernacle Choir, 60
Taken in by Lady Fairbush, 58
The nickname Polly, 58
- Preston, Eliza Ann (Wife of Nathaniel Henry), 63
- Reeves, Hannah, 61
- Robinson, Jodie Marie Felt (Granddaughter), 485
- Silver, Mary P. (Paternal Great-Grandmother), 51
- Silver, William J., 60
- Speirs, Adam, 67
- Speirs, Adeline Harris (Paternal Grandmother), 55, 58, 67
Photo, 57
- Speirs, Annie, 68
- Speirs, George, 55, 66
- Speirs, George Jr., 68
- Speirs, Jessie, 68
- Speirs, Lucy, 68
- Speirs, Mary, 68
- Speirs, Mary Cochran, 66
- Speirs, Thomas, 66, 68
- Speirs, William, 68
- Staheli, DeAnne, 320, 344
Song of tribute, 372
- Stewart, Bill (Grandson), 325, 460, 477
- Stewart, Charla (Granddaughter), 325, 339
- Stewart, Charlie, 36
- Stewart, Chaske (Grandson), 325, 340
- Stewart, Mildred 'Windy' Felt (Daughter), 35, 36, 191, 317, 324, 360, 460, 477
Photos, 193, 197, 198, 226, 227, 312, 313, 445
Tribute to her mother, 372
- Strange, Sarah (Wife of Nathaniel Henry), 66
- Syphus, Stephanie (Granddaughter), 315, 336, 481
- Uncle Charlie and Aunt Renee, 6

- Watt, Margaret
 - Photos, 193
- Williams, Kirk (Son-in-law), 321, 485
 - Sealing, 324
- Williams, Spencer (Grandson), 339
- Williams, Tammy Felt (Daughter), 259, 321, 334, 388, 465, 485
 - Birth, 31, 360, 375
 - Early testimony and scripture study, 209
 - Living in Israel, 233
 - Photos, 32, 182, 193, 197, 198, 226, 227, 234, 312, 313, 445
 - Sealing, 324
 - Tribute to her Mother, 371
- Williams, Travis (Grandson), 339, 466
- Wright, Stacey Forsyth (Granddaughter), 337, 483

People (not family)

- Allen, David R., 66
 Anderson, Lou B., 19, 136
 Anderson, Richard L., 210
 Baird, J. Edwin, 188, 194
 Ballard, M. Russel, 284
 Bell, Eli, 67
 Benson, Ezra Taft, 250, 283, 309, 319, 450
 Berret, William E. (BYU), 158, 160
 Bishop, Clair, 188, 194
 Bissel, Alfred, 7
 Boud, John (Chaplain), 119
 Braithwaite, Royden, 162
 Brewster, Sam (BYU), 172
 Brown, Hugh B. (First Presidency), 24, 152, 155, 157, 251, 359, 376
 Bursun, Carnes, 187
 Burton, Theodore M. (Seventy), 7, 84
 Bybee, Jerry (Branch President, 11, 96, 110, 429
 Cameron, Elliot (BYU), 191
 Chamberlain, Bryce, 186
 Chapman, Barbara, 365
 Chase, Darrel, 162
 Christensen, Joe J. (MTC), 38, 246
 Christensen, Leonard (BYU), 172
 Clark, Jeff, 230
 Clark, William S. (Senator), 68
 Clay, George P. (Branch President), 11, 125, 327
 Cluff, W.W., 67
 Cope, Albert J., 7
 Corey, Elwood (Stake President), 26, 163, 165
 Covey, John M. R., 318
 Covey, Stephen R., 318
 Cowley, Matthew (Apostle), 19, 138, 273
 Cox, Amy (BYU), 109
 Crockett, Earl C. (BYU), 37, 183
 Cummings, James, 60
 De Jong, Garret (Dean, BYU), 114
 Doctorman family (Jewish neighbors), 9
 Dunn, Paul H., 284
 Dunsmore, Hazel, 2
 Durrant, George D. (MTC), 38, 246, 269, 277, 289, 364
 Durrant, Stewart, 194, 203, 450
 Edmunds, Paul (P or K) (Doctor), 25, 164, 165
 Edwards, Lizza Thomas, 60
 Eldredge, Mark
 Saving Kenneth, 53
 Ellsworth, Richard, 295
 Evans, Richard L. (Seventy), 77, 186
 Farnsworth, Raymond, 189, 194
 Feldman, Mary, 293
 Fillmore, Ross, 162, 428
 Fransen, Vaughan Mon, 297
 Galbraith, David, 233, 236, 240, 320
 Gardner, David (BYU), 320
 Gardner, Dean, 108
 Garris, Susan J., 422
 Gilchrist, Varge (Neighbor, Convert, Patriarch), 23

- Grant, Heber J., 77, 82, 407
 Greenwood, 215
 Grimshaw (Patriarch), 27, 163, 166, 428
- Haight, Harold, 7
 Hallmark, Ron and Jean, 320
 Hammon, Dan, 7
 Hanger family, 9
 Hanks, Marion D., 77
 Hanks, Ray, 108
 Harbertson, Robert B. (Seventy), 246
 Harris, Franklin S. (BYU), 109
 Hawkins, Brazee (Bishop), 15, 119, 124
 Haycock, D. Arthur, 283, 288, 449
 Hill, George, 109, 247
 Hinckley, Gordon B., 143, 259
 Holland, Jeffrey R., 224, 253, 363
 Horne, Isabella, 60
 Hunter, Adam, 64
 Hunter, Howard W., 175
 Hyde, Charles S. (Patriarch), 83
- Jensen, Jay E., 261, 274
 Jensen, Phillip, 7
 Johnson, H. Fredric (Mission Companion), 11
 Jorgensen, Moses, 20
- Kane, Thomas L., 64
 Kasper Fetzer family, 6
 Kelsey, Eli B., 67
 Kerzerian, Nephi (Doctor), 229
 Kimball, Heber C., 60, 63
 Kimball, Spencer W., 184, 188, 272, 308, 408, 410, 420
- Larsen, Dean L., 188, 194, 203
 Lawrence, James, 186
- Lee, Harold B., 5, 10, 14, 24, 75, 82, 91, 120, 154, 238, 292, 412, 448
 Lee, Rex (BYU), 178
 Lloyd, Wesley P. (Dean, BYU), 113, 114, 171, 175, 183
 Longhurst, Glen, 138
 Lopex, Amado (MTC), 275
 Lyman, Richard, 113
- MacAvoy, Ted, 287
 Madsen, Truman, 237
 Mangum, James E. (MTC), 247
 McConkie, Bruce R., 229, 237
 McConkie, Oscar, 237
 McKay, David O., 163, 286, 293, 296, 297
 McLeish, John, 145
 Miller, Elmer, 105
 Millet, Robert (BYU), 395
 Molem, Simpson W., 67
 Monson, Thomas S., 86
 Personal letter From, 422
 Morley, Alonzo, 81
 Moss, Jimmy, 144
- Nakhie, Raymond (Navajo Chief), 184, 185
 Nolte, Dorothy Law, 296
- O'Halloran (Catholic Priest, Neighbor), 18, 137
- Pack, Ward E., 67
 Packer, Boyd K., 160, 183, 184, 188, 208, 231
 Pardoe, Earl T and Kathryn (BYU), 12, 103, 104
 Penrose, Charles W., 61
 Perry, L. Tom (Apostle), 19, 138
 Perry, Leslie Thomas, 19, 138

- Perschon, Charlie, 7, 88, 249
 Perschon, William F. (Bishop), 5,
 10, 69, 75, 82, 91
 Pinegar, Ed (MTC), 38, 247, 281,
 364
 Pinegar, Max L. (MTC), 38, 115,
 229–231, 246, 265, 268, 297
 Pinegar, Rex D., 265, 268
 Pope, George, 68
 Porter, Kenneth, 108
 Pratt, Orson, 63
 Pritchett, Ruby, 417
- Ramirez, Galo, 273
 Ray, Ellsworth (Mission Companion,
 Counselor in Mission Presidency), 11
 Ray, Ellsworth (Mission Companion,
 Counselor in Mission Presidency), 95
 Richards, LeGrand, 36, 184, 188,
 210, 238, 450
 A letter from, 203
 Ricks, Eldon, 108
 Romney, Antone K. (BYU), 175
 Romney, Marion G. (Assistant to
 the Twelve), 19, 139, 162
 Rother, Carl, 74
 Rudd, Charles P., 7, 83, 84
 Rudd, Glen R., 1, 7, 82, 272, 409,
 458, 461
 Rudd, Sam, 7, 176
- Sackley, Robert Edward, 281
 Sandberg, Carl, 260
 Sandgren, Clyde (BYU), 173
 Sessions, J. Wiley (BYU), 10
 Sharp, Adam, 64
 Sharp, John, 64
 Smith, Bashebe, 60
 Smith, George Albert, 65, 205
 Smith, Hyrum (CEO of Franklin),
 278
 Smith, Joseph F., 67
 Smith, Joseph Fielding, 154, 163,
 237
 Smith, Mary Fielding, 344
 Smith, Silas S., 67
 Smoot, A.G., 60
 Snow, Eliza R., 60
 Sorenson, Horace, 188
 Sorenson, Lynn, 144
 Soreson, Wilson (UVU), 185
 Sperry, Arthur J. (Bishop), 86, 120
 Stapley, Delbert L., 184, 188
 Stenhouse, T.B.H., 60
 Strong, Elmer and Thelma, 145
- Tanner, Nathan Eldon (Branch President,
 First Presidency), 23,
 24, 152, 154, 202, 232, 258,
 359, 420
 Taylor, Hal, 194
 Taylor, John, 63, 65
 Tew, John (Doctor), 229
 Thomas, Charlie, 60
 Thompson, Janie, 186
 Tingey, Dale, 189, 217
 Turner, Rodney, 302
 Tuttle, A. Theodore, 25, 131, 143,
 161, 232, 236, 258, 276
- Valine (Catholic Priest, Neighbor),
 18, 137
- Wade, Afton L. (BYU Hawaii), 283
 Walters, Lola B., 298
 Watt, Margaret, 34
 Webster, Mary (Speech Therapist),
 8, 78
 Weeks, Clyde (Scoutmaster), 76

- Wells, Emilline, 60
West, Emerson, 392
West, Franklin L. (CES), 18, 22,
135, 149
White, Marlow J. (Bishop), 21
Wilkinson, Ernest (BYU), 27, 171–
174, 183, 190, 423
 A kind side, 191
Williams, Grant, 457
Wirthlin, Joseph F. (Presiding Bishop),
7, 83
Wood, Lowell, 194
Woodruff, Elias S (Mission Pres-
ident, Life-saver), 11, 13,
101, 111, 429

Yeates, R. Owen (Bishop), 19, 138
Young, Brigham, 60, 63
Young, John R., 67

Places

- Alberta, Canada, 22, 151, 152
Arizona, Holbrook, 224
Arizona, Window Rock, 184
- California, Los Angeles, 68
California, Oakland, 132
California, San Diego, 13, 14, 18,
119, 125, 347
California, San Francisco, 132
California, San Pedro, 132
- Hawaii, 281
Hill Air Force base, 120
- Idaho, Sugar City, 230
Illinois, Chicago, 13
Illinois, Nauvoo, 63, 66
Iowa, Iowa City, 80
- Kansas, Dodge City, 11, 95
Kansas, Hutchinson, 11, 98, 327
- Massachusetts, Salem, 61
Michigan, Detroit, 84
Missouri, St. Louis, 63
- Nevada, Las Vegas, 173
- Oklahoma, Tanakwa, 195
Oregon, Salem, 46
- Saltair, 113
- The Felt Building, 89
- Utah, Cedar City, 25, 159, 167,
314, 376
Utah, Ephraim, 48
Utah, Hobbie Creek, 253, 320, 480
Utah, Logan, 18, 135, 136
Utah, Nephi, 25
Utah, Provo, 169
 Fir Circle, 177, 178, 223, 247
 Rock Canyon Condo, 247
Utah, Salt Lake City, 5, 21, 143,
433

Quotes

- Benson, Ezra Taft, 261, 263, 274, 277, 305, 389, 403, 410, 415
- Burton, H. David, 436
- Burton, Theodore M. (Seventy), 296
- Cannon, George Q., 293, 296
- Cavert, Samuel McGrea, 399
- Chardin, Theilgard de, 403
- Cook, Gene R., 404
- Cowley, Matthew, 415
- DeMille, Cecil B., 423
- Dumas, 402
- Elliott, James W., 399
- Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 400
- Evans, Richard L., 410
- Eyring, Henry B., 394
- Goldsmith, 402
- Hafen, Bruce C., 418
- Hayes, Helen, 401
- Hinckley, Gordon B., 384, 391, 415, 420, 435, 438
- Holland, Jeffrey R., 297
- Hunter, Howard W., 411, 419
- Jager, Jacob de, 244, 399
- Kimball, Spencer W., 69, 262, 300, 392, 408, 409, 413, 414, 424, 425, 447
- Lee, Harold B., 399, 412, 420, 427, 441
- Lincoln, Abraham, 398
- Maxwell, Neal A., 404
- Maxwell, Neal A. (Apostle), 380
- McConkie, Bruce R., 383, 432
- McKay, David O., 397, 399, 414, 416
- McLaughlin, Mignon, 398
- Monson, Thomas S., 262, 421, 427, 441
- Nelson, Russel M., 414
- Oaks, Dallin H., 246, 427
- Packer, Boyd K., 262, 403, 404, 433, 443
- Plato, 402
- Pratt, Orson, 392
- Pratt, Parley P., 393
- Reagon, Ronald, 400
- Richards, Le Grand, 391, 392
- Roberts, B.H., 439
- Sandberg, Carl, 403
- Smith, Joseph F., 301, 403, 434
- Smith, Joseph Jr., 389, 391, 403, 404
- West, Emerson, 392
- Woodruff, Wilford, 440
- Young, Brigham, 440