



What You Put In Between

BY ANNIE HOFFMAN HANSEN

TYPED, EDITED, AND DESIGNED
BY HER GREAT-GRANDSON,
KYLE TREASURE



Hanson Family Tree

Annie Oriole Hoffman & Irvin Frederick Hanson

1905-1988

1903-1977

Oriole (& Lee)

1928-Present

Rona
Dell
Gaylin
Terri
Wade
Dawn
Kelly

Theo (& Ruth)

1929-2011

Myrle
LuAnn
Treena
Oscar
Rita
Lorna
Susan

Bennair (& Marilyn)

1936-1965

Marilyn (& Dean)

1942-1969

Lelia (& Denis)

1944-1969

Ted (& Sharon)

1928-Present

Marie
Michelle
Reed
LeRay
Janet
Brian
Amy
Lane
Diane

Introduction

by Kyle Treasure

One warm spring evening, I was visiting my parents in Teton Valley, WY. The topic of discussion was family history and I was explaining my recent findings on my great-grandparents. Irvin and Annie Hanson died years before I came into this world, so what I know I got secondhand. I thought that was the only option.

Upon hearing this, my dad suddenly stood up and walked into his office, mumbling something about records. My mom and I continued the discussion, until my dad reappeared holding a large stack of books and documents. After a few seconds, he located what he was looking for: an old, blue, typewritten book. This was on the stained cover: "POEMS *Written and collected* by ANNIE HOFFMAN HANSON."

Intrigued, I flipped it open and

began to read. I immediately realized that these poems were, as the cover suggested, straight from the mind of my paternal great-grandmother. No longer would I have to guess at what she sounded like. No longer did I have to take in other's opinions of what her personality was. I could read, discover, and meet my great-grandmother for myself.

This concept excited me. I poured over the book and quickly read every scrap. I learned a lot about Annie. I learned what she liked, what she disliked, and what made her laugh. I learned who her friends were, where she went to church, and how she spent her days. I got to know her through these poems.

I found one poem, written by Annie's late daughter, Lelia, which perfectly described what this collection of poems means

to me. Here's that poem:

What You Put In Between

*The sky is blue and the grass
is green,*

*It's up to you what you put in
between.*

*We can build a high tower,
God's kingdom to see,
Or lie in the grass and among
His works be.*

*We can seek many treasures of
silver and gold*

*Or sit in the grass and watch
our lives mold.*

*We can be happy one time and
sad the next.*

*Or loving and giving or
angered or vexed.*

*We can try to serve others and
our duties fulfill*

*Or build great character and
God's garden till*

*We can choose only good and
right ways to follow*

*Or shun the truth and in bad
attitudes wallow.*

*We can ascend to the heights of
great leadership fame,*

*Or be mediocre, or crawl off
in shame.*

*We can be good friends to
those we love*

*Or discard them at will as we
would a glove.*

*Now will your sky be blue and
your grass green?*

*And what will you put in
between?*

It's up to you.

*Work hard and ask God what
to do.*

--Lelia Hanson

This book of poetry is what Annie Hoffman Hanson put in between her blue skies and her green grass. It tells of her struggles, her triumphs, and her attitudes. As you read, you will discover her world, what she made as well as what she left. I hope you enjoy getting to know my great-grandmother as much I did. And I hope you ask yourself this question: What will I put in between?

Reflection

I became a bride at twenty-two
With my mind full of things I aspired to do.
I always have felt a poetic urge;
A feeling of beautiful ideas would surge
Through my soul like a hidden fire
Inciting fulfillment of my soul's desire.

I worked, but took time to gaze with love,
At the purple mountains and the stars above.
I so enjoyed doing finer things,
Than blind plodding of drudgery brings.
But my hours were full, and the days went by,
And I found little time to stop and try.

My husband was a dynamo of perpetual motion,
And I his helpmate, full of devotion.
He raised hay, and beets, and Idaho potatoes.
I cook for men, and canned tomatoes
And berries, peaches and peas.
I filled the cellar with more than these.
Then three tiny souls to us were given,
As soon as it could be arranged in heaven.



I arose in the morning and started my work.
These new family duties I couldn't shirk.

This is the way I spent my years,
Doctoring bruises and drying tears.
I took my joy from the tasks at hand,
And with pleasure I nurtured my little band.
Six I raised for my family tree.
(I had forgotten about the poetry.)
I loved them dearly, and guarded them well.
I taught them the right, as I hoped time would tell.

As they grew, the Gospel they learned.
Now the three youngest to God have returned,
Clean and faithful they were to the end;
To the Gospel, to parents and to every friend.
They and their companions were taken instantly.
Their happy young souls in death were set free
To enter that kingdom prepared for the blessed,
Still loving God and doing their best.
They left a deep void in their parents' heart,
But they achieved the goal we had set from the start.
We were grateful for all six that to us were given.
May He bless the living three, and guide them to heaven.
We will see them again, when our lives are complete;
And again in Eternity our family will meet.



My Mother's Garden

My mother has a garden
She tends with loving care,
She says I am one of the flowers
That God has planted there.

She says, children, like flowers,
Must be nurtured by life from the start.
Or they waste and lose their sweetness
And from God's sunlight depart.

So I must grow healthy
And learn life's lessons well
So when I'm old and my blossoms have faded,
I can go to God's heaven to dwell.

I Love My Heavenly Father

I love my Heavenly Father,
And to show Him that I care;
I'll bow my head and think of Him
During the Sacramental Prayer.

When I come to church to worship
I'll quiet and reverent be
I'll think of how He died on the cross
To save both you and me.

This will be pleasing unto Him
And develop me spiritually
So that when my life is done

My True Friend

I am ready to come to Thee.
A friend I have, sincere and true
Who never tries to make me over.
His name is Rover.

I look into your dark brown eyes
Where love and loyal homage shine.
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine.

Directions

As far as I'm concerned,
Road maps aren't for me;
By the time I open one
I've missed where I should be.



Idaho

Beautiful Idaho with icicles and snow
With temperature up to 40 below.
Roads piled with drifts,
A real Idaho blizzard!
With fierce northern winds
That penetrate to your gizzard.
Mountains snow capped
With fog, ice and sleet;
But when the sun shines
It's a hard place to beat.

When I am Old

When I am old I shall not mind
The whiteness of my hair
Or my slow steps falter on the stair
Or that young friends hurry as they pass
Or what strange image greets me in the glass—
If I can feel as roots feel in the sod,
That I am growing too old to bloom
Before the face of God.

Idaho's Snake River Plain

The Snake River Plain is a beautiful place,
Here our pioneer parents came.
They brought their families and built log homes,
And with courage the wilderness tamed.

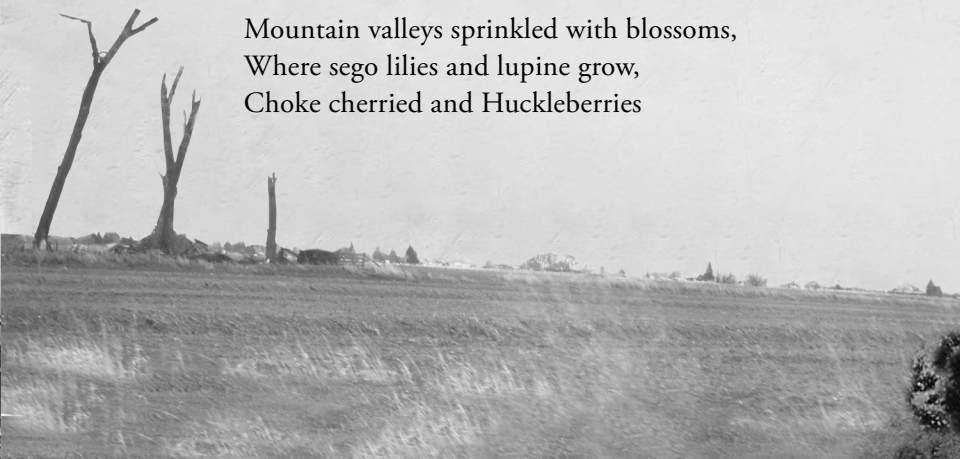
God gave us cool peaceful forests,
On hillsides of mountains sublime;
Snow covered, they supply moisture,
For our crops in the summertime.

Just stand and look in any direction
In this lovely Snake River Plain;
Behold the trees, the expanse of green fields,
And acres of gold ripening grain.

The heavens are blue as the sun shines down
On streams running clean and pure.
Where rainbow trout dart here and there.
And fishermen cast their lure.

Here is our Targhee Forest
Where cattle by hundreds graze.
Where Trumpeter Swan in the early dawn,
Honk their message in morning haze.

Mountain valleys sprinkled with blossoms,
Where sego lilies and lupine grow,
Choke cherried and Huckleberries



He gave us for food here below.
Oh you who live in this valley—
Keep the commandments of God!
Show Him your deepest gratitude
For this fertile life-giving sod!

And for the abundance of water
Unstinted He gave lavishly!
Our thirsty acres drink it up,
The rest feeds another valley!

Without this abundance of water
This plain would be a desert land.
We would trade our autos for camels,
Trudge o'er the desert sand.

Oh Idaho this is your birthright!
The mountains, the lakes and the streams!
Use them, enjoy them with wisdom,
To fulfill life's purposes and dreams.

Learn of Him, how He gave them.
To us on the Snake River Plain.
Learn too, how He gave His precious life,
That we might be with him again!





Marriage pt. 1

Some people in winter are prone to freeze
While others sweat and smother
And by some trick of fate
They marry one another.

Marriage pt. 2

When my wife suggests I vacuum the rugs,
She watches with awe as I do it.
My skill is not what excites her,
But her's in driving me to it.

Marriage pt. 3

Our marriage is 50-50
Our arguments leave no doubt
Half of the time I give in
And the other half I give out.

Marriage pt. 4

Though married and well-satisfied
It's true I look at others.
I look at budding teenage girls
And also at their mothers.
And should my wife look when I look
I do not need to shout,
"Just looking" she will understand,
I have a ready out.
"Just looking dear," I calmly say
Along perhaps with sighing.
It's what she says herself
When she is shopping & not buying.

A Mother

A mother's love is born with her child
And grows from year to year.
It lasts as long as she does
Through sunshine, disaster, and tears.

A child is utterly dependent on Mother
As she tends to his needs, he recognizes her.
He shows this by being content with her care
But being dissatisfied with any other.

Mother feeds him when he is hungry
Keeps him comfortable, warm, and dry.
When she don't he summons her with his cry.

As his eyes follow her about the room,
She is first to see him smile.
Mother recognizes that for her reward
For what she has done all the while.

Now where did he get that curly hair?
Oh that's just like his father.
But his other grandfather's hair was curly,
So we needn't look any further.

Then where did Theo get his straight sandy hair?
And that fair blondish complexion?
Oh that came from his other grandfather,
Who was Swedish by my recollection.

Then the Family Tree goes on to six
Three boys and three girls fill our home,
And you are happy and busy as can be
With never any time to roam or waste.
You sew, you cook, you clean and teach.
You do what you have to do.
No day is long enough to reach
The things that come to you.

The Tragedy strikes like a storm in the night
And your joy turns to sorrow—despair!
The light and joy of life turns dark,
But faith in your Heavenly Father you share.

Slowly you rise and take heart again,
Trusting your life to God and His son
Who never says "Stop, this is the end"
But gives you courage to sail on and on.

A reverence clings to things they handled
That feeling stays, and will not depart.
Though you try to forget, smile and be happy
That feeling sinks deep, to the core of your heart.

You treasure things that to others mean nothing
To burn or destroy them you cannot do.
The things they gave you are forever priceless
But you cherish the children God left to you.

Then you know that God will take care of them
And give them a place in His kingdom so fair;
Where happiness and love reigns ever after.
We will see them again and happiness share.



Oriole Elaine

The silver rain came lightly down
Bathing the thirsty earth
On March 25, 1928,
The eve of my first child's birth.

This weather is much the same today
As it was 43 years ago
When I looked with pride
On that tiny girl child,
I could hardly suppress my ego.
What a choice little spirit
God sent to my care.
Love and sunshine hast filled the air
Making life richer and happier each day,
As flowers that burst in the month of May.

She chose a mate whom she honors and loves
Of kindness and love he has a full measure
He plays with his children and works for their good
As a life companion he is a real Treasure.
On through life she still goes, doing her part
Filling each role with a happy heart.
Busy and loving, accepting her sorrows,
Fitting her children for happy tomorrows.

Children

Oh what would we do without children?
Little souls God sent to our arms.
We nurture them thru their childhood.
We love them, protect them from harm.

That is the happy time of our lives
As we share their joys and their fun.
We teach them the rules to play fair and square
In all they do under the sun.
They learn to love and respect us,
And seek our advice day by day.

When our steps grow slow and weary
They sustain us with service and love.
We find them forever giving,
They make earth like Heaven above.

My New Baby

Smaller than a tulip
Sweeter than a rose,
But by loves sweet miracle
He has your eyes, my nose.

I just can't help thinking
That with little fuss
God has kept for ages
An exact duplicate of us.



Twass the Night Before Christmas

Twass the night before Christmas, when all through
Grandma's house
Every grandchild was stirring, and it scared a poor mouse.
The presents were all piled by the tree with great care,
In hopes that Peter Rabbit soon would be there.
The children were all restless as sleep they could not,
And Grandma with her apron, and I with my coat
Had just brought our kids to stuff them with floats.
We started for Grandma's all dressed up fine,
On sandwiches and pie and red punch to dine;
But the road was slick with a new coat of ice,
And dad (Lee) being sick, didn't drive very nice
So we landed near the slough in a big snow bank
A few inches more and out of sight we'd have sank.
But a good man came that Christmas Eve
With car, tractor and chain and a powerful heave
He rescued us from our terrible plight.
But in spite of it we arrived all right.
When out in the dining room there arose a great clatter,
I sprang from the stove to see what was the matter.
Away to the scene I flew like a flash
To rescue a present about to crash.
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of mid-day to a smashed object below.
When what to my wondering eyes did appear,
The sandwiches and punch, "It's time for lunch dear."
More rapid then eagles from corners they came,
As mothers shouted and called them by name.
"Here Lorna, here Rita, here Reed and Michelle.
Come Oscar, come Wade, come quick Myrle and Dell!"
Get around the tablecloth spread on the floor,
To eat up the goodies we smelled at the door.

Each ate with the gusto of a hungry child,
And in their hurry that's putting it mild.
Soon they were ready to pass out each gift
Some so big I could hardly lift.
A happy glint shone on each little face,
As each child said, "Oh thank you," with very good grace.
And soon the families went home to sleep
To stir again, and to stealthily peep
Out where Santa had come and fled
While they had been asleep in bed.

Too Calm

The children were away to their grandmothers.
So we took advantage of the peace and quiet to
Enjoy a leisurely breakfast. "Gosh I miss the kids."
"Me too. Knock over my orange juice, will you?"



My Dog (Old Snip)

I was given a puppy to raise,
When my first child was only a year.
He was her companion,
And to us "Snip" became very dear.

He lived all through her childhood.
He served us until she was grown.
Her three younger brothers loved him too,
As if he was their very own.

He kept hogs from spoiling our garden,
He searched the brush for the cows.
He kept stray stock away from the haystack,
And with skunks had many a row.

He helped keep my little children safe,
In this slough-filled countryside.
He was trained to pull their red wagon,
And took them for many a ride.
One fall we had threshers for dinner,
When "Snip" had grown old and slow.
The last truck ran over him.
Twas a sad way for him to go!



He was surrounded by mourners,
All the neighbors crowded around.
No one was ashamed of the tears they shed,
As Father committed him into the ground.

Each spring I tried to replace him,
By raising a frisky young pup;
But each in turn met the same sad fate.
Now I'm too old, I have given up.

But each of my children have had a dog,
Cared for and loved by their family.
I think "Snip's" name will be recorded somewhere
On our very own family tree.

**I didn't drink coffee, but the hired man
did. When my birthday came, Irvin gave
me a coffee pot for my birthday present.**

My birthday was on the 17th
He gave me a coffee pot.
I never did drink coffee,
But that is what I got.
The hired man drank the coffee
It took six cups to satisfy.
A bowl of sugar and a pint of cream,
And pancakes stacked up high.

The Latter-day Saint Woman

God made woman for a helpmate to man.
A comforting influence in his workaday life.
God said, “multiply and replenish the earth.
The man through My Priesthood leads children and wife.”

Hail to the glorious Latter-day Saint woman!
She stands tall in this world for good,
Humble, faithful, filling her destiny,
Happy in her role of Motherhood.

He gave her a capacity for love and compassion;
A heart for devotion, man’s welfare to share.
She tends to the family’s physical needs,
Their spiritual needs she tends with care.

Patiently she endures every danger,
As pioneers made their home in the west;
Death on the trail, sickness and hunger,
She aided the Priesthood in what they thought best.

She was strong of heart and courageous,
Having no desire for liberation,
She accepted her role from the very beginning,
Endowed with free agency at the dawn of creation.

On she goes through each generation,
Improving herself and her family;
Serving her God and her fellow-woman,
Since Joseph Smith organized the Relief Society.

Today Relief Society teaches every need,
As we grow in wisdom through changing times.
Our goal—Happiness, and oneness with God to achieve
Keeping our covenants in our upward climb.

A Tribute to a Father

On this special day for you dad
Our hearts are full of love,
We are your sacrifice and loving service,
That will surely be recorded above.

You provided a home with your labor.
We were happy and congenial there.
These past fond memories we treasure,
And we want you to know that we care.

You taught us no man owed us a living,
But to work hard for our daily keep.
We milked cows, thinned beets, picked potatoes,
At sundown we had earned our sleep.

You have always been a good neighbor,
With a good sense of humor to spare.
You enjoyed those living about you,
We have heard no complaints from you there.



Your visits with us make us happy.
Many children you've held on your knee,
Just a glimpse of the old blue pickup coming,
Is a welcome sight to see.

You've been sick but had a will to recover,
You're alone, but it don't get you down.
Your honesty and good humor has served you
And won you a place of renown.

Your eyes have grown dim, your steps are slow,
But your spirit is young, even when things go naught.
Your children will bless you forever
And live by the lessons you've taught.

You've taken good care of mom's flowers,
As a part of her left here on Earth.
That speaks of a heart that is steadfast;
A soul of sterling worth.

You and mom worked hard building a church house,
The seats you have earned are still there.
Won't you come and share our good meetings,
And fill up that long vacant chair?

This poem was used on his card when he died, but I added this verse.

Let us follow his example, and make home a hallowed place.
We thank God for Father's life here.
We hope again to meet him face to face.

I awakened in the morning,
By a piercing rifle shot.
Another Chinese pheasant
Will be stewing in the pot.

Irvin says we don't hunt pheasants or ducks with
a rifle. That shot was a supersonic aeroplane
boom. So, I changed my verse to please Irvin.

With my shotgun I go hunting,
Chinese Pheasants or a duck on the wing,
But when I take my rifle
I come home with never a thing.

Cattle

In spring at our place, the trouble with ours,
A lot of calves get the "pesky scours."
The wind grows cold chills them through
Then the changeable weather brings deep snow too.
The next day it melts, leaving water so deep
The poor little critters have no place to sleep.



Cattlemen's Soliloquy

It's roundup time in Island Park
Kids gather round, they think it's a lark.
Partners in sheep, now partners in cattle
Money in their pockets.
Listen to it rattle.
Following cow trails, among the trees,
Spending time and money curing hoof
And mouth disease.

A truck full of horses,
A trailer full of food,
Sleeping bags and raincoats
And you're really in the mood.

We are ready for the round up,
The trailer parked just right.
The pungent smell of forest pine,



And we settle for the night.

Next day we walk and we ride,
'till we're calloused and sore
Our bed is a blessing,
Even on the floor.

At home, mother turns off water from the hay
Stacks up daily papers so—
Struggles with chores at the end of the day.
Making fried chicken and cookie dough
Some bring corn, pie, salad or pork
And other good things to take to Island Park
To fill those hungry riders,
Who gather after dark.

When the cows and calves are in the corral,
To the trailer the kids stampede pell mell
The men shut the gates and lock them tight.
Then all bring their fabulous appetite.

Then families rejoice as they eat together
Choice morsels brought with love from home.
Family home evenings, what could be better
Than a family circle, under a heavenly dome?

Idaho Fresh-Pak

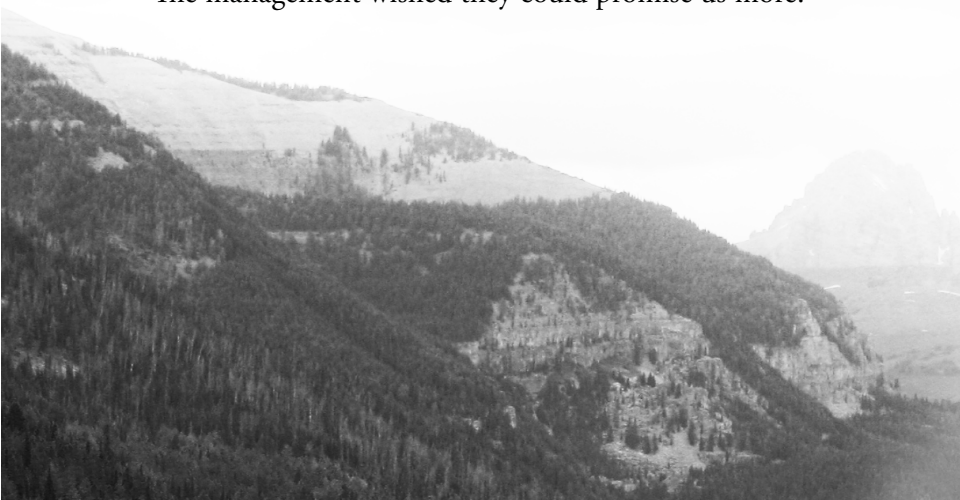
We went to work in October
Idaho spuds to process;
To help bring home the bacon,
Our husbands and families to bless.

We toiled in the Lewisville spud plant
We froze and we sweat in turn;
Machinery broke, and we stood around
While the bosses did slow a slow burn.

We trimmed big spuds, little spuds, bad ones,
We picked specks on the vibrator.
In the crow's nest we sorted the slices,
Now we know any kind of a "tater."

They gave us a ten minute rest time.
But rest we couldn't all do;
First there took the chairs and the boxes,
The rest missed out on their pew.

The teamsters Union paid us a visit.
They held meetings, gave speeches galore.
They promised us all of the good things,
The management wished they could promise us more.



The Union pictured a rosy future
With benefits, luxuries and all;
But the management gave us tables and chairs,
And an air vent in the north wall.

Out went the black spots, brown spots, green ends,
The diseased, the hollow, the rotten;
Even those with five o'clock shadow,
When they're finished, all this is forgotten.

Buy little white flakes in a tin can,
Serve them with gravy or butter.
You'll think they are Idaho A Number Ones.
"Yum, yum!" is what you will utter.

A Note to LaRae

My little 14 year old granddaughter LaRae
Goes to school nearly all the day.
When she comes home she picks up Diane
Who welcomes her home with a loving hand.

She helps her mother with everything
She's as happy as a bluebird learning to sing.
She is thoughtful and full of charm,
She takes ups and downs without alarm.

A Note to Reed

Go to college
Gain some knowledge,
Stay until you're through.
If they can make penicillin
Out of moldy bread,
They ought to make something
Out of you.

A Note to Lelia

Go wistful child
And seek your mate,
But leave your dreams behind.
I'm pretty sure God never made
The man you have in mind.

LaRae is a teenager without care
With a fuzzy top of curled hair;
She looks at the world thru rose-colored glasses
She has lots of friends in High School classes.

Janet likes to drink 7up
From a can, a glass, or from a cup.
It goes down slowly sip by sip
And builds the pounds upon her hip.



Gaylin's Wedding

Lee was aroused at 4:00 am.

To take his two children to Aunt Alta's home.

They called the Doctor and to Idaho Falls did go.

They let grandparents sleep, and let nobody know.

Gaylin checked in as child number three.

With a sister and brother to keep her company.

Blue were her eyes, blonde was her hair;

Her toothless grin shed joy everywhere.

She made them all happy to the fullest measure,

So they gave her the name of Gaylin Treasure.

She grew slow, but was full of fun

Giggling and laughing from the time life began.

When Gaylin lost her baby hair

Her mom feared her scalp would forever be bare.

For two long years they watched for it to grow,

Then it finally came in pretty, but slow.

She had sieges of mumps, measles, and chicken pox,

In her mouth, ears and among her sparce little locks,



She took dancing lessons at the age of four,
Then she practiced piano lessons by the score.

Lee took his family on a fishing trip.
Rona and Dell bared their feet in the water to dip.
Gaylin followed suit, a natural thing to do,
Then into the water she threw her new shoe.

Her folks tried to retrieve it but all in vain,
It sunk to the bottom, and ne'er came out again.
She finished the trip wearing only one.
Just one new shoe left, but it bothered her none.

She had a ride with Dell on Old Paint.
She squeezed him so hard he thought he would faint.
The horse jumped a ditch and ran away,
Scared concerned, Dell was heard to say—
“Gaylin, Gaylin are you all right?
Hang on for dear life, hang on to me tight
Who Paint! Whoa Paint! Don't run so hard.”
But Paint didn't stop 'till he reached the yard.

Another day Gaylin took little Terri for a ride;
Gaylin on Old Paint, and a rope she tied
To the tongue of their little red wagon so shiny
It was a fun scheme,
But Terri looked so tiny to the wagon clinging
Bumpy bump it sailed on—
Frightened, the horse went faster and faster!
For Terri it looked like a major disaster!

Only now and then did the wagon hit the ground.
Both parents watched the escapade
With Gaylin so scared she couldn't make a sound.

But powerless to reach them together they prayed!

Again Old Paint headed toward the barn door,
He missed a tree, and dumped her on a pile of manure.
They were frightened and all shook up, but survived.
Lee & Oriole thanked the Lord they came thru alive.

Gaylin started school at Ucon at the age of six.
She picked up new sayings and learned new tricks.
In Garfield Primary and Sunday School
She learned to live by the Golden Rule.

I had a back porch that needed painting
Gaylin and LuAnn came to paint it one day.
It changed color as they painted and giggled
And so did they as the day wore away.

But when they went home, I looked the room over
I found a streak—It was gray.
The paint on their jeans would easily have covered it
But I looked and laughed, and left it that way.

Years have gone by—I've washed it and left it;
And now that my youth is passing away,



I look and I laugh with fond recollection
Of that dear little streak of tattle tale gray.

In the year '65 Treasures made St. Anthony their home.
All through the year for old friends she did moan.
But she studied hard and found new friends there;
With them her experiences she learned to share,
As she advanced she had a good class in Seminary.
Here she met Kim and the teacher Mr. C.
Their ideas were the same as they worked together,
The many jobs they performed were light as a feather.

Kim

On a cold winter day, January the third
Kim was brought to this earth by a long legged bird
He was tired and weary from that long flight,
But he knew where he was going that frosty night.
He didn't hesitate but flew straight to the hill
To the Rexburg hospital, before opening his bill.

They accepted the red faced little mite
Then watched the bird fly out of sight.
They fed and clothed him and gave him their love.
For they knew he was sent from Heaven above.

He didn't look like Percy or George, or Jim;
So the name they gave him was just plain Kim.
He was his parents' pride and joy.

He has a good brother Hal
His mother and father wasn't blessed with a gal.
He grew up and did the things most children do
The times he got into mischief were quite a few.

He used the scissors on his pretty hair,
His locks were scattered everywhere
But hair cuts grow out, and are easily trimmed,
Like boys growing up, their old habits are dimmed.

He was left with a babysitter one day.
While she sat studying, she gave him his way.
He stripped off his clothes and stood in his "bear skin."
Just then his parents walked in-they didn't grin.

They fumed around and spanked the kid
Would he be a nudist? Oh Heaven forbid!
He was dressed as a stalker before his time.
But he learned his lessons, and they were sublime.

He was a farm boy and helped with planting;
The tractor he used to pick up the hay,
He worked overtime 'till the harvest was over,
Until spuds in the cellar were all tucked away.

His aim was to play basketball on the team.
He practiced each day, then practiced some more.
When he mastered the skill of being a guard
He became a whiz on the basketball floor.

Efficient and earnest in his endeavors,
He cooperated with other players to win.
In time of stress he stayed cool and collected.
Opponents shot for a basket, he smiled as it went in.

He won the distinction of being "Preferred Man"
His second year at the Pepclub formal.
It was girls' choice-so their dance wouldn't flop-
Gaylin asked to take Kim, she thought he was tops.

She was dressed in a new yellow formal,
He wore his "Butch" haircut with pride,
The picture her dad took of them proved a sensation,
Their mutual agreement they just couldn't hide.

Then Kim's father took a vacation,
Hal was married, so Kim was alone.
Kim chose to stay at the home of Mr. C
Who aided the cupid and got on the phone.

He called Gaylin to come over for the evening,
He brought her over to visit with Kim.
Gaylin in wonderment didn't know what was cooking,
But a wise teacher knew what to do for him.

After that one of their dates was on his tractor.
The vehicle he chose made no difference to her.
Where they went, they will never remember
When she was asked, she'd smile and demure.

Kim led the little league ball team,
Giving each child a chance to play.
With patience he trained them to
slide into bases
Until in the tournament they won the
day.

He also played baseball on the
Rexburg ball team
He was named "Most
Valuable Player" in their
hall of fame.





He earned it for being the Very Best Catcher.
And gave him an Oscar for winning the game.

Time marches on: He was called on a Mission
To Kansas, Missouri, and Iowa way
At Dubuque, Iowa he converted Pattie Fisher,
And she came west to Salt Lake with Gaylin to stay.

While Kim was gone Gaylin worked in Salt Lake
There she was head of the MIA.
Pattie was one of her roommates
And she kept in with Kim through his stay.

After two years of glorious service,
Working for the Lord, he came home to stay.
He signed in at Provo, then renewed Gaylin's acquaintance.
Then practically took her breath away.

He quickly put a ring on her finger,
They had heads full of plans, and love in their hearts,
Stars shone in their eyes as they lingered
What a wonderful way for an engagement to start.
Stars in their eyes! May they never grow dim!
All puppy loves face before him!
Stars in their eyes-Gaylin and Kim.



Rona and Randy

Here our love seals us together
Let no happening us divide.
As time passes in the future
May it find us side by side.

May our life be full of goodness
As we sacrifice willingly;
May we build a good tomorrow.
Ever trying to serve thee.

May we grow in courage and wisdom
May our friends be the true kind.
May our children honor and love us
And us an example fine.

In our lives we all get tested
By events both sad and dear,
May we both endure the anguish
Until the rainbow doth appear.

Wade Treasure (For His Wedding)

Wade Treasure was a Teton High School student
He played Basketball with the team.
He graduated from there and had a year at Ricks,
Then he fulfilled a long cherished dream.

He is adventurous and independent
And a capable worker too, we know.
He went to Alaska to work in a fish cannery.
And there made some pretty good dough.

He came home after the season was over
Laden with salmon and crab.
His folks were pleased with his presents
And wished for another slab.

He had a girl friend, Trudy Green
Cold Alaska didn't freeze his ardor.
Neither did it change her feelings,
It only made it larger.

But he was called on an LDS mission for 2 years,
To do the Lord's work in the State of Alabama.
As you know, girl friends are out.
He was given something else to think about.

Again he went to Alaska to earn a lot of cash.
He came back and went in August, down South,
Trudy was young yet wise, kept her council
But she was unhappy and down in the mouth.

She went to Alaska herself to work,
But wasn't much interested in fish.
She worked to pass the time away.

Salmon just wasn't her dish.

Wade filled a good mission

And made converts by the score.

He came home, and was giving his Ward report

When Trudy walked in the door.

All is well that ends well,

Their date was set for March twelfth.

So Wade will go back to Salt Lake City

With Trudy, both in good health.





Dell

Dell wanted to go on a Mission
His Heavenly Father to serve.
He worked for his Father's Blessing
From the path of right he ne're swerved.

He worked in the forest this summer,
He hauled grain in the autumn time;
His aim was to pay for this mission,
He carefully saved every dime.

He received his call from a Prophet.
And went with a happy heart
To Ashton to tell his father
That Sept. 19th he'd depart.

But the Lord needed him in a hurry
For some special work to do.
So He called him home to His kingdom.
Now his earthly life is through.

Death is not a blind alley
That only a few souls share.
It's a boulevard wide and spacious,
A well-traveled thoroughfare.

We all must travel it sometime
And it leads to a world unsurpassed;
With loving ones there to greet us,
Where peace and happiness lasts.

Now Dell will work on for the Master
Faithful and true in his love;
Fulfilling his Father's wishes,
Completing his Mission above.

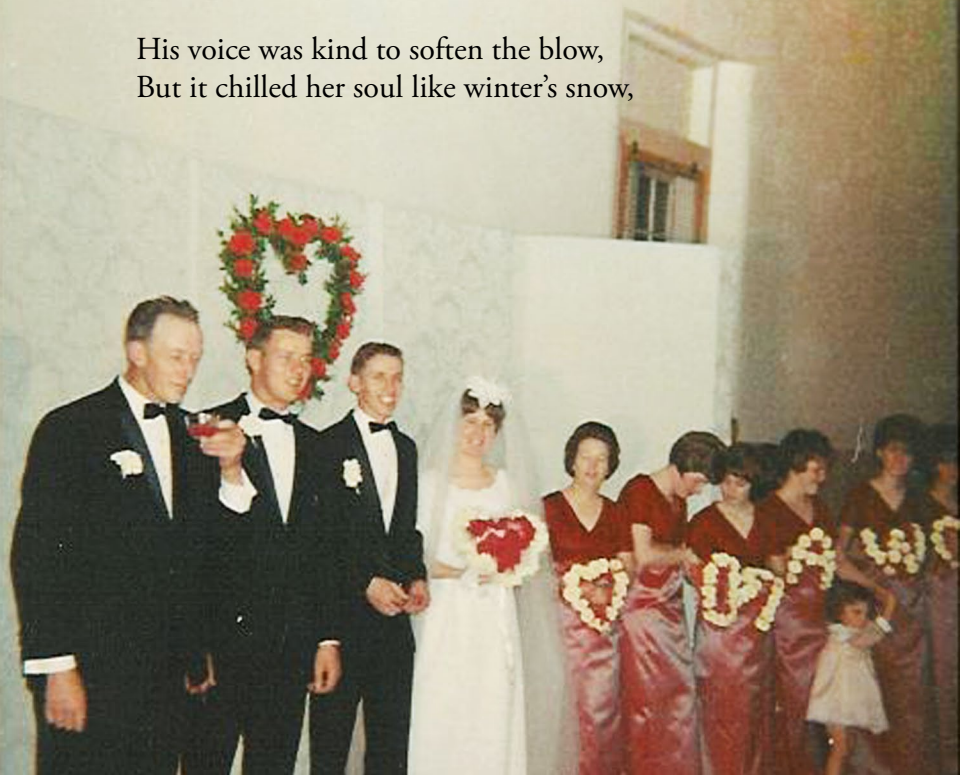
Life

Wedding festivities had come to an end.
Goodbyes had been waved to her dearest friend.
My last little daughter had become a wife;
The bride and groom left to start a new life.

In my loss I looked in at her bedroom door,
The bed was made, no shoes on the floor;
Everything in order, but deserted and still.
My courage left me, my heart felt a chill.
The last of my children had taken flight;
But this had to happen, it was right.

I felt like Evangeline in Longfellow's poem
Searching for Gabriel, as the Priest in his home,
Said that Gabriel had gone only six days before
In search of her on a distant shore.

His voice was kind to soften the blow,
But it chilled her soul like winter's snow,



On an empty nest in a forest storm
Where the birds have departed for a southern home.

So goes the thoughts in a mother's heart,
Dreading, yet knowing that they will depart,
On fledging wings to fly alone,
As years before, I myself had done.

An Appeal for Help

All the American house wives
Are looking for bottle caps.
If you want our votes in '76
Don't be a bunch of saps.
Run this government for our good
And provide us with what we need
Stop supplying Russia first,
Or we'll reap the "wild wind" with their greed.

America

Oh this is the land of freedom
A land that God never forgot!
Trusted men set the example,
When His infinite wisdom they sought.

We're born under God's free agency,
And nurtured by His love;
As long as we keep His commandments,
We'll be accepted by Him above.

Oh Liberty Bell keep ringing!
Reminding us of how we are blessed.
Let's be strong and say no to wrong
And out loyalty to America stress.

Let's look at our unfurled banner,
And sing as it passes along;
Feel pride for what it stands for,
And be grateful that we belong.

America has the blood of all nations,
And we've lived united and free.
That is the plan of our Savior
For us, when we come to Thee.

Our pioneers came west, seeking peace.
Many suffered privation and want.
With God's help, they reclaimed the desert.
Today it's a choice garden spot.

May the stars and stripes wave forever,
O'er the land of the brave and the free!
Let each soul make a pledge and keep it,
To give nothing but loyalty!

Farmer's Lament

Dear President Ford, we think you are an honest man.
And if you're allowed, you'll do all you can
For American citizens, to lighten their load;
And if not interfered with, you'll take the right road.
You'll call upon the Creator to inspire and direct you
Times you'll need His help will be quite a few. As you
Realize this nation has drifted near to disaster;
If you set it right you'll need the help of the Master.

We support you, we pray for you day and night
To give you the vision and courage to do right.
Congress was not elected to fill your position,
But to aid you, help you, not hold you in derision.

If some expensive congressmen were put on the shelf
We would welcome the chance to help govern
ourselves.
They are trying to make us pay for political
campaigns
The very idea goes against our
grain.

Why should farmers be made the
goat?
With gov't bureaucrats always rocking
our boat?
We have skill and intelligence to do our
own rowing.
We need a voice in marketing and seed we are
growing.
Is it fair for farmers to work 18 hours a day
To feed the whole world without decent pay?

Half of our population is on a gov't committee,
To be paid before the appropriation gets to the
needy.
We are tired of paying welfare dole.
We work hard, pay taxes, then go in the hole.
Must we import more beef, and give others our
gold,
While we feed so much beef that cannot be sold?

Then there's the law we retire at 65,
Yet old Senators stay in 'till they're hardly alive.
And now there's the question of Women's Lib.
The head of the house to man the Creator did give;
Two captains at home, and peace would take
wings.
But we must not forget the energy thing.



Or the labor unions taking over everything.
Gas needs rationing to be fair to the poor.
Rich men can afford all they want and more.

President Ford, we leave all this for you to straighten out.
It's an enormous problem, without a doubt;
But we wish you well in all that you do,
Because we love this land of America too.

Advise us how much it takes Kissinger for a trip.
If cattle go up we could save enough for a trip.
We could pay for a trip with a piece of a cow.
We have no \$50.00 hay to feed her anyhow.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Annie Hanson



Dear President Ford

By now you have digested my last letter
But here are a few things I thought we could do better.
There seems to be a shortage of paper for news,
Yet our mail is full of trash.
Housewives pick it up as it litters the house,
And we have to reduce it to ash.

There's ads too many to read in a week,
Our money only goes so far.
There's "Gimmie" to this and "Gimmie" to that;
Funds are deplete with one trip to the store.

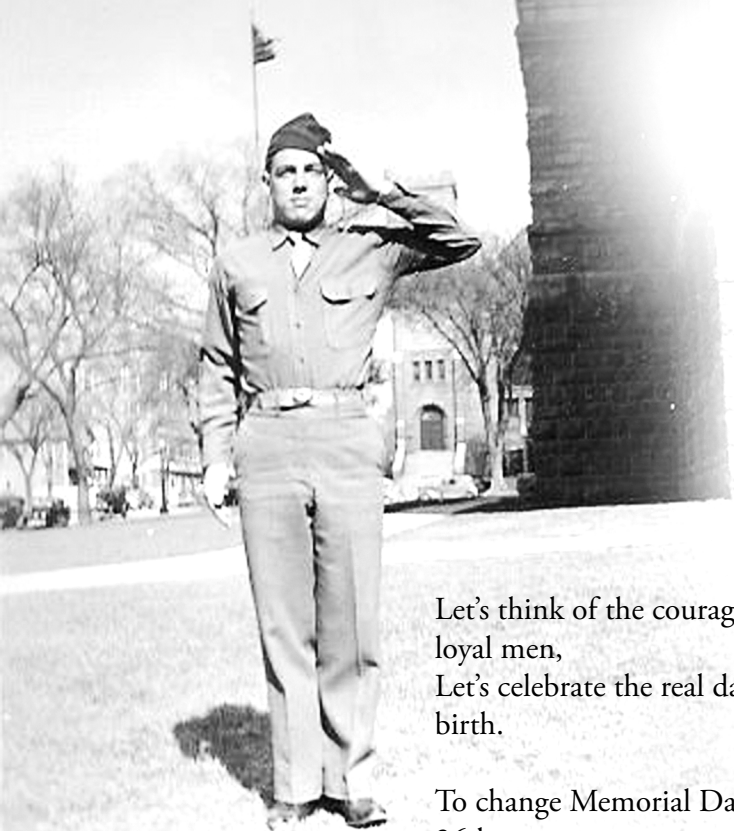
Then there's the daylight savings time,
Can you tell me what you can save?
We work in the fields hours more every day;
It's bringing our farmers to an early grave.

These changed holidays we don't like very well,
About George Washington's birthday celebration.
But would blush with shame, to tell him the cause,
Changed to give Congress a long weekend vacation.

What a mixed up generation this is getting to be.
No VFW holiday no. 11 or Columbus Day, Oct 12;
With no honor or feeling in their hearts,
But they make it a day to enjoy their wealth.

I groan to think what would happen to us.
In the future we would look with chagrin,
If we fail to reverence the martyrs who died,
Our national freedom to win.

Let's honor the memory of Valley Forge,
Don't change the day Washington was sent to earth.



Let's think of the courage of his cold
loyal men,
Let's celebrate the real day of his
birth.

To change Memorial Day to May
26th
Against our dead heroes it's a sin.

Oh National Treasures, Let's keep them alive.
Or our nation will die from within!

We read Kissinger signed a U.S. agreement
To sell the Panama Canal, this we sadly deplore.
For Panama and Castro are not our friends,
That act leads communists in our back door.

Government agents don't try to take Idaho's water,
Without it, this would be a desert land.
We would have to sell our autos for camels
And trudge over the desert sand.

Protests are voiced obscene movies and literature,

But each protest has been without avail.
Each year they are worse, and we become brow beaten.
These officials responsible just will not curtail.

America let's raise our children in family homes,
With a sense of security, compassion and joy;
Not deserting our children to other's charity,
To be brought up in homes for delinquent boys.

We could tell you more
But it's enough for today,
You'll know what we're thinking
Out Idaho way.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Annie Hanson

To George Hanson when he came with his wife to a meeting

George Hanson I like your style
Your thoughts come out easily without any guile.
You may not be rich when it comes to money,
But you are rich in good sense and honesty.

You're quick to see hidden discrepancy
As it is used to advance secret political bureaucratic policy.
Our God-given Constitution would keep us free
But it has been disregarded by our bureaucracy,
It was given to men of worth and vision
And men lacking that can't see its wisdom.
A third world gov't would give us no choice
It would lead to autocracy without our choice.
Like Gog and Magog without liberty or love
With no divine light from Heaven above.

I wrote this for Alice Lufkin for her
meeting with the Idaho State Treasurers,
by her request

Father in Heaven we thank thee
For America the land of the blessed.
With its beautiful valleys and mountains
Under God in peace we may continue to rest.

We are elected to our government positions
Handling public money, is not a small part
We are striving to do it with honor;
We all work with an honest heart.

We ask thee to help this country
That we may stay free and brave.
Help us to courageously fill our obligations
This government from error to save.

We are dedicated to honest service
To preserve our way of life,
That we may bring unity and good will
Rather than malice and strife.

In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

The Snowbird

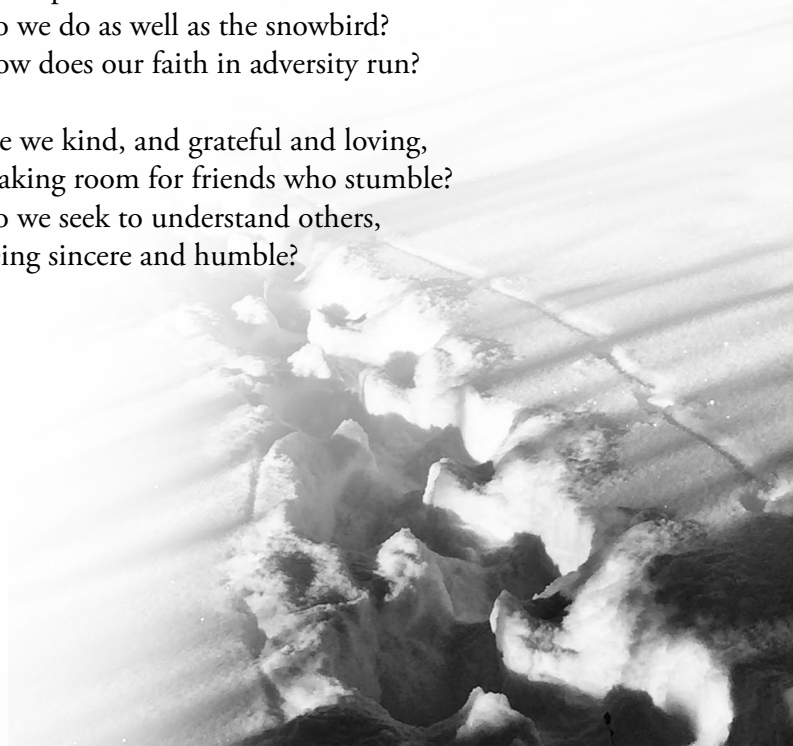
I awoke to a sky gray and gloomy
A white world spread with snow,
Trees and bushes lace covered
A fairyland with limbs bending low.

There a brave crested snowbird,
With faith in the Master of All,
Chirped and fluttered his tiny wings,
Causing the snow to fall.

This made a place for his wee gray mate,
And she joined him in happy flight;
Defying the cold zero weather,
Accepting with courage their plight.

We are blessed with attributes lofty,
And a place under God's warm sun.
Do we do as well as the snowbird?
How does our faith in adversity run?

Are we kind, and grateful and loving,
Making room for friends who stumble?
Do we seek to understand others,
Being sincere and humble?



Spring

A Master Mind hath made this plan
For man to live on earth;
Where we leave our worn out bodies
And have elsewhere a spirit's birth.

Our bodies are renewed—replenished,
And united once again,
With the spirit through resurrection
To live on a higher plane.

This Master Mind in His own way
Preserves the plants and trees;
While the earth protects and purifies
Life comes forth again with rain and a warm spring breeze.

Spring is the resurrection time for plants,
And the trees burst forth in bloom;
Grass grows green, and flowers appear,
And a new spirit prevails through the gloom.

Oh beautiful happy springtime
A universe filled with new life;
Flower strewn paths and scented air
And nowhere a scent of strife.

Animals bear a new crop of young,
New puppies are under the manger
Calves and lambs play in the meadow
And gaze unafraid at a stranger.

Mother bird stays close to her egg-filled nest
Until she hears some peeping;
Then she helps the tiny birds out of the shell
And keeps them warm and sleeping.

Belated Spring

Spring is very near I think,
But something is holding it back
The wind is cold and penetrating
Sunshine is what we lack.
On this Centennial Birthday
Oh nature, give us your best!
For we love and reverence our country
And past heroes long gone to rest.

Let's do our best for our nation,
That our freedom will be assured
Let's trust in the God of Heaven
And live by His every word.



To Ricks College during the Flood

This radio voice rings out
And is with me still.
“Come to Ricks College on the hill.”
Like the Statue of Liberty
It has a loving appeal
Of compassion from hearts
That sought to heal.
“Give me your flood victims
Your frightened masses
Seeking safety.
Come to Ricks College
On the hill
And bring your family.
Here while flood waters roll
Your life will be safe,
There’ll be rest for your soul.
The weary may sleep
The hungry be fed,
We won’t count the cost,
Or the overhead.”
Yes, come to Ricks College on the hill.
It still rings in my ears,
It is with me still.

Thank God for dirty dishes,
They have a tale to tell;
While other folks go hungry
We’re eating very well.

With home and health and happiness
We shouldn’t want to fuss,
For by the stack of evidence,
God’s very good to us.

Roadside Miracle

We thought the drought had ravished
Roadside flowers beyond recall.
But nature recreated them
With no help from man at all.

The rain came. Then bright blossoms
Lifted gaily rainbow hue
From seed long dormant, waiting
Till the miracles came true.

Why should we, unbelieving
Have our doubt of Heaven's plan,
Why must we often question
Immortality of man?



Annis Relief Society

Annis Relief Society Sisters,
With colors gold and blue
Wish to show our gratitude
For your aid so good and true.

We thank you for your kindness
For helping us do our part—
For “Charity Never Faileth”;
When it comes right from the heart.

So, our anniversary supper
For you is being planned,
At Annis cultural hall.
Be sure to be at hand.
Friday, March 27, promptly at 7:00
Sisters and partners too,
Bring a good appetite and a covered dish
And we will welcome you,



Bring also a happy, friendly smile
For the well known Freedom Singers
Will entertain you for a while
Before the supper is served.

You will think, for the 17 of March
This date is a little late,
But when you hear the program,
You'll be glad you had to wait.

Invitation to the Class Reunion

We're old and we're battered,
We're wrinkled and lame,
Some are as bald as a bowling ball
But our hearts are the same.
We cherish the dear ones we knew long ago.
Let's get together and tell each other so.
Before we get too old and decrepit and frail
Let's get together while we can weather the gale.
We've set the date for 2:00 p.m. Sat. Aug 5, 1972
Don't let us down, we'll be waiting for you
At Mayor Walker's Eating House, Rigby Main Street.
You and your partner just come here and eat.
Don't argue about coming, just put on your best.
Bring a happy smile and the price of your dinner
And we'll do the rest.
-- Annie Hoffman Hanson

The Lewisville School Reunion

Beginners in the Lewisville School
Trying to live by the Golden Rule,
Learning reading, writin', and 'rithmetic
Not once caught a glimpse of the Hickory Stick.

Ball diamonds here, chinning bars there,
A barn for our horses, where we fed them with care.
The old pump in the middle, so often went dry,
And kids by the dozens to Valiers would try.

They drank cool drinks of waters from that well;
Always in fear of the clang of the bell.
Some came back refreshed, some still dry,
To wait until recess to have another try.

We walked two miles fast every morning
Carrying a bucket of lunch and our books.
We kept up our struggle until a pain in our side
Made us stop for the time it took (to recover)

Winter mornings we came in half frozen
And the potbellied stove was red hot.
We gathered 'round it, warmed hands and feet
Soon the cold weather outside we forgot.

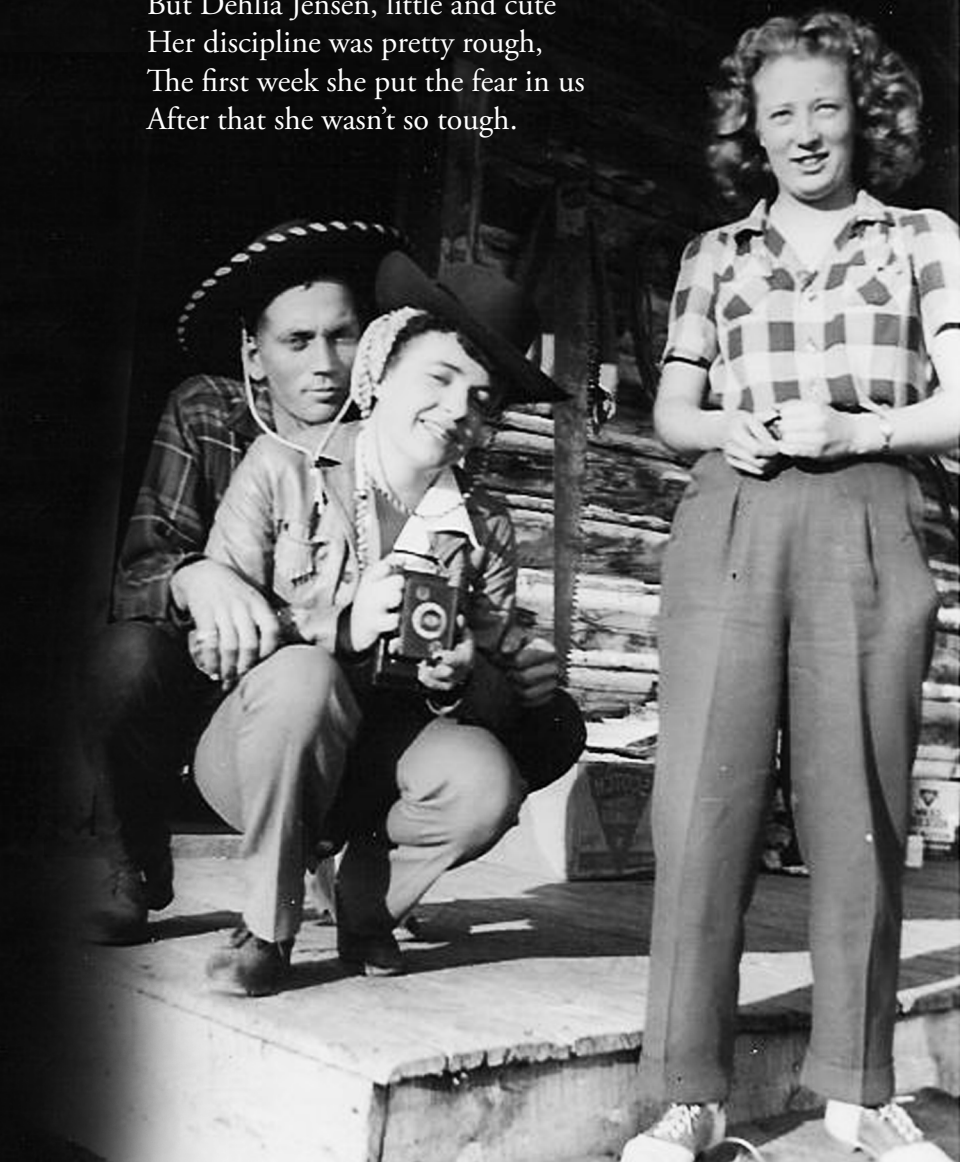
Then came the white-top school wagon.
As we rode, we talked to our friends
We discussed our lessons in pig Latin
And here the elementary school ends.

But we had time to admire the purple mountains
And the blue sky above. Walking home we had our
Rewards, the first meadow lark, killdeers, morning
Dover, bluebirds, wild flowers – sego lilies,

Wild sweet Williams, prickly pear roses, and wild snowballs.

Our first grade teacher was Agnes Pete
With more patience endowed than a mother.
We clung to her, and she taught us well
We thought we could never love another.

But Dehlia Jensen, little and cute
Her discipline was pretty rough,
The first week she put the fear in us
After that she wasn't so tough.



In the third, Mrs. Bertha Hurst taught us
Wife of the principal, an Englishman
Drill on multiplication tables and memorized poems
Every last day of the sun.

In the fourth grade we had Ethel Hulbert
Loved for her interest in everyone.
For the first time we had History and Geography, and division.
She made hard work seem just like fun.

In the fifth we had a man, Riley Hancock
A gem of a teacher I thought.
The historic stories he read us,
I don't think we ever forgot.

In the sixth we had Eugene Lackey
He tried our patience and we tried his.
We worked hard and harder to please him
But all we did was amiss.



We took a hostile look at the 7th grade teacher
But found him a saint in disguise,
Robert Waller, we will always cherish his memory,
And sing your praise to the skies.

Then came our eighth grade teacher.
Too big to lick so we joined him.
A good thorough teacher—fair and square
Right now he's sitting over there—
After 52 years, he don't have much hair, but he
Has a title, Judge A.H. Christiansen.

Today grade schools are different.

Oh you spoiled little brats
With your carpets, busses and heat.
You take no books home to study
And good warm lunches you eat.

You befuddle your God-given brain
With drink, smoke, drugs and fixes.
Too bad you didn't live in the good old days
When father would have tanned your britches.



Life

Many a ship has been lost at sea,
For want of a sail or rudder;
Many a girl has found a new beau
By talking to another.

There comes a time for every young man
When he seeks a companion for life;
Then a miracle happens—"Why there she is,
The one I will claim for my wife."

Stars of love shine in his eyes,
They reach through to his very soul!
Like a ray of light from Heaven above
It supplies him with a new goal.

When a girl comes home to mother
Eyes aglow with a gentle light,
Dreamily agreeable to every request
Mother recognizes the sight.

Two hearts are beating as one, I know,
T'was so since the world began.
The light of love shines in her face.
Darling Vicki has found her man.

*Written by request of Bruce Ecersell's son
when he was married*

Audrey Hunting's grandson Scott

The first commandment God gave to man
Was to multiply and replenish the earth.
In obedience to this Heavenly law,
Our dear Scott had his birth.

He was born to us in July '67.
We worshiped him from the start,
We cherished this sweet little spirit;
Now his vacant chair tears us apart.

We know what loving parents can do
For children as they develop and grow,
In wisdom, we suited our steps to his,
That in God's path he would go.

We know there's a Father in Heaven
And a home for our child—as I sob—
Scott was happy and free from sin,
Please God, will you finish our job?

Ferdinand

I'm Ferdinand, I was tenderly raised, on cowslips and
buttercups I grazed.

I was raised a king in my tender years,
Now I'm put to graze among the steers.

I was born on this earth a few years too late
In this nuclear age I have met my fate.

I'm sad-I've lost my—dignity.

No stately family tree for me.

My eyes with salty tears are brimming-

My work will all be done by women.

Now this I have is town tattle
But facts still come into view.
With all her knowledge with cattle
Marilyn's calves were all too few.

But alas the poor married woman
Found her service not much in demand.
For all the shapely young heifers
Preferred old Ferdinand.

So she gave up the whole big business
She got rid of her whirl-a-gig sign
Now she stays home and cooks spuds and gravy
For friend husband—and her 4 children fine.

Moral

Now don't be hard on women
Who is filled with such vigor and zest,
But when it comes to a father
A man is always Best.

*Written for Marilyn Best when
she went to Chicago to take a
course in animal husbandry.*





Dear Missionaries

We have snow on the roof,
And snow in the street,
The birds have gone south
To get something to eat.
How blessed you are to be in the sun
And busy doing the Lord's work
I know you will please Him
As hard as you work.
Bless you on this Holy day
That His spirit may attend you.
To bring good souls into His fold
With lasting happiness to stand true.
-to Reed and Terri

Lelia's poem when she went to Ricks

When the evening shades are falling
At the closing of the day
And when I'm just sitting round,
Passing the time away,
There is a thought that's going to cheer
When I'm feeling rather blue.
Just a little prayer of gratitude
For crossing paths with you.

So I'm giving you this message,
Just because I want to say
That God arranged it
So that I might pass your way.
Just to see you and know you
Made my sky a shade more blue,
And I'm just a bit more happy
Since crossing paths with you.

When your hair gets thin
And your sight grows dim
And your teeth show imperfection
With a hearing aide
And a memory fade
There's hope in the resurrection.

My First Days Out of the Bed (In the Hospital)

I had the trots in this darned place,
And I had to move at a pretty fast pace.
In a fevered haste I donned my slippers,
On went my housecoat, and up went the zippers,
And I was off across the hall
To that cubicle room so very small—
There to relax—wash hands and face,
And so rest up for the next big race.
Many a patient I've beat to that door
With an inch to spare and nothing more.
When evening came, I met my fate,
Alas, I arrived a moment too late.



For Father's Day

Twenty-two years of wedded bliss
Now of a sudden I come to this—
A hospital cot on the third floor
A doctor's anesthetic and I knew no more.

A surgeon's knife carved out the pain
Will I ever be well and strong again?
A loving partner watched by my side
With patience and hope, for the turn of the tide.

Mile after mile he came each night
To bid me good cheer with a smile so bright.
He's blessed with ambition and honesty;
And he's passed it on to his sons all three.

Comfort and luxury mean nothing to him
He'll work on thru the years till his eyes grow dim.
He's building an empire in the sky
He'll receive his crown from the King Most High.

Written while I was on the hospital



Irvin Death of a Loved One

The Lord called my faithful companion
And gave him a much earned release.
Thank Him for His tender mercy,
And long delayed restful peace.

A new star shines in heaven
Along with those already there
God bless them and bring them together,
Under Your merciful care.

Help us as we go on living
Our earthly mission to fill,
To lend our strength to each other
And trustingly do Thy will.



Dad *by Oriole*

A mighty man is what I see,
As honest and hardworking as can be.
We all loved him and his wisdom sought;
Always good advice is what we got.
He was quiet and never did boast
His good deeds were done without a toast.
He enjoyed things simple; His needs were small;
His example to others stood very tall.
Pleasure he got when with work well done,
He accomplished his tasks by the setting sun.
The Gospel was always his stepping stone,
And now he has reached his eternal home.

We squander health in search of wealth
We scheme and toil and save;
Then squander wealth
In search of health
And all we get is a grave.
We live and boast of what we own
We die and get only a stone.



Sexy? *Written to Michelle*

How can you say I am sexy?
I think you are out of line.
A widow as old as I am
I get along without it just fine.

I live alone from year to year.
I sew, I wash, I cook
I raise a garden in summer
I really enjoy a good book.

I go to church on Sunday
And to the Temple during the week;
I read my church books every day
I pray His spirit to seek.

So how can you say I am sexy?
Just how did you think of that?
The only living things around me
Are two dogs and a calico cat.

Vernetta Lucille Farber (Net)

A much loved lady has left us today,
But she fought a courageous fight.
She gained many friends as she journeyed along,
Spreading real happiness was her birthright.

She didn't live in a big fine mansion,
But a small one she kept so neat and clean.
Her choice of furnishings set her apart,
And she presided there like a queen.

She and her mate, Ren, blended as one.
Their combined ideas they used with skill.
They had the love of their family
Without ever going against their will.

Next came pain, they had to suffer
Sickness—in hospitals—his vigil did keep.
At home he turned nurse—always at her bedside,
Her every move he watched without sleep.

No one was ever more patient and loving;
Seeking to ease the pain that she felt.
Praying to God for her to suffer no longer,
“Please take her back to the place Thou has dwelt.”

Dalene Lufkin Winchester

Dalene was a happy person
Dependable and sincere.
She had a sense of humor
And used it to her family to cheer.

She worked hard for that family
Until she could work no more.
She went to the LDS hospital



With faith her health to restore.

But the Lord needed her in His kingdom
So her happy spirit took flight,
He has the power to repair her health
In the end things will turn out right.

Oscar

Oscar dear we mourn for you
Good thoughts always filled your mind.
You always did more than your share
Being obedient, helpful, and kind.

You had a happy spirit,
You fit in with friends.
You loved them and they loved you
Right to the very end.

May God bless your family,

And all who hold you dear.
May he make a place for you
Close to our loved ones there.

You have the patience to wait awhile,
And soon we will follow you,
To a place where there is no sorrow
But only the sun shining through.

The Holidays

I'm alone mornings, days, and evenings,
My children have gone their separate ways.
They are busy raising their families,
And planning for special holidays.

But my old anticipation is lacking
The spicy holiday cooking smells good,
But it don't fit with my diet
What I must eat tastes just like wood.

I go shopping to buy loved ones a present
But I don't know what they need.
The price is way out of reason,
And my ideas have all gone to seed.

Things I pick, they say are old fashioned,
They are happy with a different style.
I have to discard my old choices
And accept their new ways with a smile.

I can't go back to the twenties to shop
And make anyone happy but me,
So I get weary and befuddled,
And seek their advice constantly.

Christmas still is a happy time
With peace on earth and good will.
A time to think of the Savior with love
And resolve to do His will.

At the Temple at Christmas

President Hart is tall and distinguished looking
With a thatch of healthy white hair,
He will seal you for Time and Eternity;
When you have chosen your lady fair.

President Winters is a humble worker
He organizes every minute detail.
He thinks things through from every angle.
His finished plan just cannot fail.

President Porter is a happy man,
A humorist with a heart of gold.
We all felt comfortable
in his presence.
His ready wit will
never grow old.

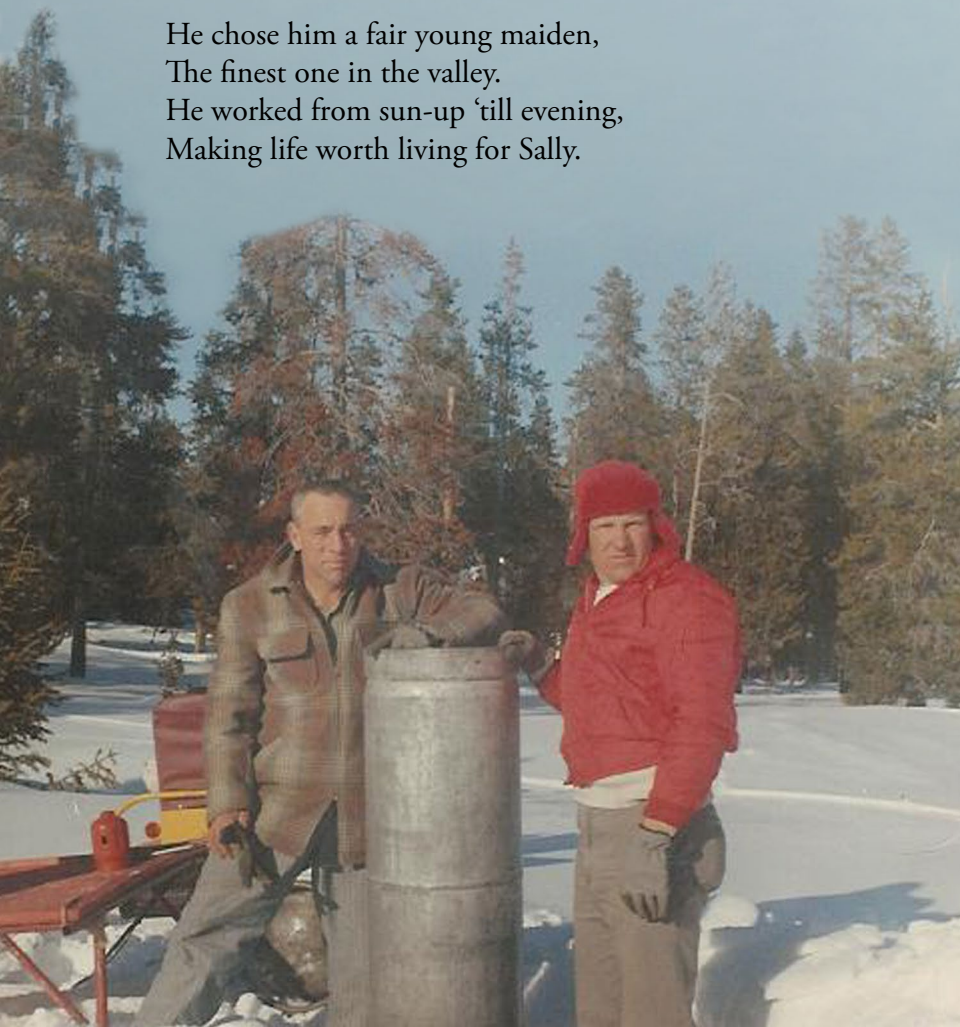


Driftwood

Friend Bill was a piece of driftwood.
Where he came from I do not know;
But he had a talent for making friends,
He set human hearts all aglow.

He bought a farm in our county,
He stocked it with purebred sheep.
He remodeled and painted the farm house
And furnished it with nothing cheap.

He chose him a fair young maiden,
The finest one in the valley.
He worked from sun-up 'till evening,
Making life worth living for Sally.



He proved a good-hearted neighbor,
He projected himself above no man.
He was loved and respected by everyone,
Always found lending a helping hand.

He was just a piece of human driftwood,
Floating down the River of Life;
Doing the good that was in his heart,
At peace with his faithful wife.

Written to Bill Shoulberg who worked in the temple with us



Reed and Zirie

Your life together started
On the 6th day of June,
In 1928 you left together
On your glorious honeymoon.

Now after fifty years together,
Your faces mellowed with age,
You're smiling with contentment;
Full of wisdom as a sage.

With your children gathered round you,
And people you've learned to love
Makes life like a glorious sunset
With light shining down from above.

May you have joy in the future
As you walk down Memory Lane.



Would you have done any different
With a chance to live it over again?

The Browns were early pioneers.
With help always ready to lend.
They were honest and hard working,
And always true to a friend.

I wrote this for two people who
worked in the Temple.

Two very special people
Who have filled a sacred place
The recess of our hearts declare you
Spirits with the sweetest face.

Your picture depicts the joy of living,
Happy with experiences shared.
Your children honor and adore you.
When they let you know they cared.

To the Morgan Lakes on their
Golden Wedding

Sixty years living together
Like a climbing rose your entwined
In the hearts and lives of your loved ones
Making your future divine.

I have some birthday cards somewhere
But where I looked I did not find!
I hope you'll like this birthday present
And this off-beat card won't mind.

My Friend Irma

When she went on her second mission to Tampa

Dear Friend Irma, so you're going away
On a mission to Florida, so you say.
May your health endure for many years more,
While you meet and convert a goodly soul.



People are waiting for your message there.
Who will listen gladly as the Gospel you share.
They'll read the Book of Mormon and learn why they're here.
Their attitude will change and love will appear.

Hearts made happy as they comprehend,
And to all people they'll become a friend.
Your love of the Gospel will point the way
To Heavenly Mansions and a brighter day.

The Lord will protect you as you work away
And His spirit be with you throughout the day.
May His spirit dictate what you will do
May your soul expand as they look to you.

At home we all love you and know you'll succeed
To banish the spirit of evil and greed.
With the Spirit of God—Florida—I come to thee
Humble, prayerfully—to set you free.

Golden and Lisle Andrus on their Golden Wedding

Have you ever seen such people
With such a zest for life
As the Andrus couple
Golden and his wife?

They enjoy temple work.
Or entertaining at home.
They attend church faithfully
Where ever they may roam.

You can always go to Lisle
And learn a pattern for hanky lace;
Or listen to her music rare,
Noting her spiritually happy face.

All day long their happy thoughts
Are mirrored in their eyes.
They both collect verses rare,
And clever verses wise.

They are interested in everyone
And in community welfare
If anyone needs anything,
They are always ready to share.

God blessed them with His sunshine
And a spark of His divine love;
May it sustain them through declining years
Reaching through to Heaven above.



Golden Andrus

Your wife is sad and lonely,
She feels you've been ill for a year.
Go on a one by nothing diet like me,
That won't tax your running gear.

We're glad you're getting better
We hope we'll be seeing you soon.
To these hard temple workers
Your presence will be a real boon.

Arch Strupp

Archie Strupp was a beginner in Annis School
When I taught school in the first grade.
He worked hard to learn his lessons
He'd been taught not to lay in the shade.

When I married, he was one of my neighbors
My husband made use of his ambition.
And hired him to hoe beets and potatoes
And he went in some bad weather conditions.

He helped us through a number of fall harvests
When Archie was only a lad
As he grew he handled the horses,
And ran the tractor we had.

He was kind to my little children
And they still love him a lot.
He was a very good fisherman,
And shared with us what he caught.

He built his mother a good home,
And took good care of her too.

Then married my friend widow Merrill
Who had children, quite a few.

He shirked none of responsibilities
In all the years that he lived.
He was skillful, reliable and quiet
Without fan fare he gave what he had to give.

With big machinery he was an expert
He helped build the new valley highways we enjoy
The Ashton Highway and the Palisades Dam,
A mechanic on the Rexburg road where he was employed.

Josephine Lawson My Friend

Josephine Lawson, a friend so true,
When others failed you were true blue;
Trusting and loyal, right through to the end,
Personifying the real meaning of the word FRIEND.
As an understanding friend you have played such a part
Your name is forever engraved in my heart.

Gentle and forgiving of everyone's faults,
Loving all people with you is an art;
Sincere and understanding in other's grief,
To many friends you have brought relief.

From heartache and sorrow that pierced the soul;
Your warm heart felt words often did console.
Peace and goodwill you restored to the sad.
Hiding your own hurts, you made others glad.

Self pity or hate, were foreign to your mind;
Retaliation and deceit, you considered unkind.

Straight-forward truth, with no flattery buttered,
Were the only words you thought worth being uttered.

What courage you showed from sun up til dark;
As you fought for your life, you made a high mark;
You matched with courage the brave who lie,
On far-flung battlefields for America to die.

You Father will meet you with words "Well done;"
Your children will feel that the race you run,
Was an example of courage and faith
and love;
Success, after all, and a crown
above.



Fremont Brown Irma's Husband

Fremont has gone to his Maker.
I sit all alone in his room.
The weather is gray and dreary
I'm sad and surrounded with gloom.

But as my mind reminisces,
I recall the happy days gone by,
When we taught school together,
Beneath a blue sunny sky.

His songs were always so cheery,
His verses he quoted to me—
Spoke of the love that was in his heart
And lifted my Spirit to Thee.

The shock of his leaving so suddenly,
Seems unreal that he's not by my side.
But his spirit will linger forever,
And help me my sorrow to hide.

The days and the nights will be lonely
But soon I will follow you.
To the place we have earned in heaven.
Blessed with God's sun shining through.



Our Mother (Eva Hall)

Eva Hall's passing calls to mind
A womanly character, hard to find,
Quiet, unassuming, doing her part;
Loving her family with all her heart.

Keeping them happy was her worldly aim.
Her desires were far from riches or fame.
She worked steadily on 'till the setting sun
Just doing things that had to be done.

Her pleasure and comfort were put aside
As her children came, their troubles to confide.
Then they went their way with added zeal
Knowing the wisdom her advice did conceal.

She cared not to dress in satin fine,



But before God's throne, as a lady she'll shine-
Shine with the stamp or service and love;
And I'm sure her record will be pleasing above.

The Annis Church

I've attended meetings in the old Annis Church
For fifty-five years or more;
When the classrooms were black curtains drawn,
And a hot coal stove in the middle of the floor.

Some churches are made of more artistic material
Than our old black sandstone rock;
But forget all that when you get inside,
And are warmed by our friendly flock.

It was dedicated to His service
And so are those who live here.
Our missionaries have served throughout the world,
In places far and near.

Hats off to the good old Annis Church
That we built and improved with our labor.
Now again it is bursting at the seams
As we share it with our neighbor, Menan.

This speaks of increased faith today,
And a love of the Gospel plan;
A better understanding of Him
Who wishes to save the families of man.

With taxes, tithing, and a new stake house
I think I am in the lurch,
I pray I won't expire
Before this good old church.



They kept sending a due bill for Irvin's
'77 dies of \$19.50, even after he was
dead, so I wrote them this poem.

Dear money hungry wheat commissioners,
Will you listen to what I say
Don't hold your hand out for these dues
As my husband's gone away.
Where he went they ask no dues
He passed away in July of '77,
And if I'm not mistaken
He's paid his dues in heaven.
So take him off your waiting list
And give my soul a rest.
He's raised his share of goodly wheat
And he's numbered with the blest.



Elfie Bruce (for her birthday)

Springville, Utah was where I was born
South of Provo, on the 18th of August, 1896.
I attended grade school there,
In the old school house made of brick.

Then came high school in Utah County,
Many friends I remember so clear.
Every year was an adventure of fun,
And these people I still hold dear.

At five I made my own birthday cake,
And found it was much in demand.
Father's hired men each gave me a silver dollar for a piece,
My fortune overflowed in my hand.

I was the teacher's pet at school;
This gave me privileges galore
I sat about to please everyone,
From the gentle to even the hard core.

Love and goodwill was my secret.
I took an interest in each human soul
A smile and a word of understanding
Helped to accomplish my goal.

I developed a love for people,
And a love for nature too
I gathered wild flowers from the hills;
And my mother's garden had a quite a few.

My family attended church there,
And we learned that the Gospel was true,

Nothing but sunshine touched my life,
True happiness came into view.

My father was a railroad man.
He layed new track in the West;
Spur lines in Nevada, Utah, and California,
Or wherever the company thought best.

We followed him where his work was
And cooked for the men he hired.
We made bread for thirty-six in Bingham Canyon
And cooked all the rest they required.

From twelve until I was married
I worked from dawn 'till the setting sun
Feeding those hardworking, hungry men;
I felt I had earned a gold crown.

Then I met a good young gentleman
Who was attracted to me.
Elmer Rouse, and we got married
Together we ran a Grade A dairy.

I became the mother of two sons;
Burt, now a forest ranger at Boise
Dale, now head of Armco Irrigation Equipment,
Both proved a blessing to me.

But life is not always sunshine,
For death took my husband from me.
I was left to raise my boys
All alone, in this land of liberty.

I was alone for five long years.
My boys got married and went away.
I ran for Jefferson County Treasurer

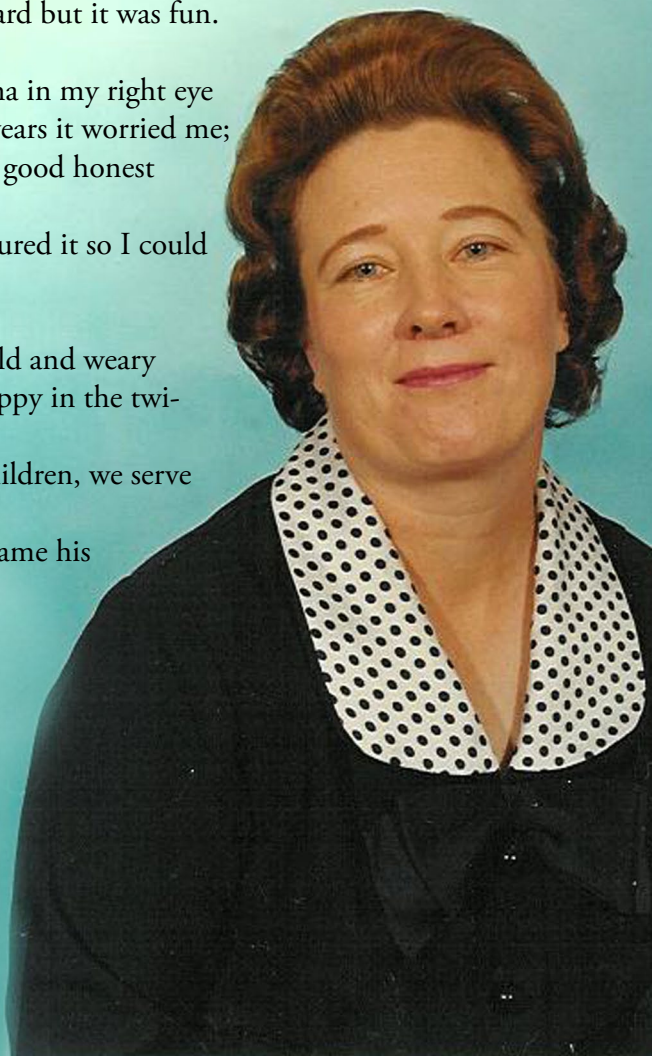
But my opponent won the day.

Alone I came home to my parents
They farmed in Annis then.
Here I met Billy Bruce
The kindest of gentlemen.

He gave me three lovely daughters,
I gave him two stalwart sons.
Life again took on meaning,
We worked hard but it was fun.

I had glaucoma in my right eye
And for two years it worried me;
But I found a good honest
doctor,
Reim Jones, cured it so I could
see.

Now we are old and weary
But we are happy in the twi-
light of life.
With grandchildren, we serve
one another
I'm glad I became his
wife.



Steve and Juanita Osborne For their Golden Wedding

Most of us live and die
And our stories are never told.
But let me tell you of the Osbornes;
It is a tale of the refiner's gold.

George Osborne and Hannah Neilsen
Were Steve's parents, honest and sincere.
He accepted the LDS gospel in England
And helped bring his family here.

George and his oldest sister came first;
He was 15 when he came to our shore.
They both worked and sent money back,
Soon the family was together once more.

They came first to Salt Lake City then Murray.
They were workers every one;
Then they took up a homestead at Ashton
And worked 'till the setting sun.

Steve was born in Ashton, 4th of a family of nine.
He learned farming in his early years,
Like most of the pioneers.

Steve worked hard at home and for neighbors,
He helped build roads in the county.
He freighted produce to and from Moran, Wyoming.
By his efforts he lived on the bounty.

In the fall, he worked on a thresher;
He was "Water Donkey" on the crew.
He loved those delicious neighborhood meals;
And he grew, and he grew, and he grew.





No wonder he excelled in high school football,
But he loved other sports too.
He was Scout Master, and taught first aid.
A Silver Beaver award he accepted when due.

With all his accomplishments he was humble,
Around ladies he felt out of place.
He was bashful as any teenager,
Special mention gave him a red face.

He visited often the John and Millie Olsen homestead
Where lived the mother of seven, who had lost their father,
Juanita was two when this happened,
And he was their third little daughter.

She grew up doing the farm chores,
She helped herd and milk the cows;
Her share she did of everything,
As much as her age allowed.

She attended eight grades in the Vernon School

In Hibbard two years of high school she spent.
Brother Leslie then married, and moved to the farm
So with joy back to Ashton she went.

Mother and daughters bought a home in Ashton
Where lived all their life long friends;
And there Juanita finished high school,
That good association never ends.

Somehow she teamed up with Steve Osborne
And she found him an ardent beau.
Though bashful, he courted her gallantly
As any Sir Galahad we know.

Steve and Juanita were married in St. Anthony
By Bishop Jorgensen, in April of 1925.
And Nov. 11, 1925, were sealed in the Logan Temple.
Today after 50 years, they are very much alive.

They are parents of seven children;
But three lost their lives in infancy.
Four are still living – two boys and two girls,
And 19 grandchildren they enjoy going to see.

She has held many positions in church,
As Primary teacher and counselor,
Relief Society, Secretary and Class Leader
And teaching beats the score.

Besides she stayed home with the family
While Steve's Forestry he pursued,
She raised chickens, garden and flowers,
Cared for a cow, and kept the family in a good mood.

He too has served his church well,
In a Bishopric, High Council, and Bishop 6 years.

You'd think after that, Forest retirement
Would put him out of gear.

Steve worked for the U.S. Forest Service.
He built bridges and maintained the roads.
He spent 32 years close to nature
He retired with honor at their close.

As we know, they're as strong as a mountain pine.
As agreeable as the scent of the trees;
They ignore no request of them,
And in trouble they're as calm as a northern breeze.

In 1966 they were both called on a two year mission,
To Western Samoa & New Zealand to teach the gospel there.
They learned to talk a new dialect.
And a new kind of life to share.

When they came home they were called to the temple.
Here they faithfully officiate today.
He served two years as Patriarch in the Yellowstone
Stake;
But communicating so far at their age they had to
move away.

Idaho Falls is their home at present
But they are still appreciated where they had lived.
To people everywhere, our sincere friendship we give.

P.S.
Steve went to church one morning
A wearing of the Green
He sewed a green patch on his seat
So the pink could not be seen.



Ode to the LDS Hospital

This is the house of misery;
Suffering and pain in each face I see.
Sick men hobbling down the hall,
Women waiting for the Master's call
To come and relieve of earthly care
And guide them up to the Golden Stair.

Doctors and nurses spend their day
Driving mankind's ills away.
A stream of needlers, thermometers and such
All help to add the medical touch,
And that constant look of deep despair
That seems to invade the very air.

Then comes a tiny glimmer of light.
God reaches down in love through the night,
With a gentle caress on each fevered head,
Keeping His watch by each quiet bed.
Then a prayer is said in our hour of need,
And He sends us strength – from pain we are freed.

Oh I've been blessed in many ways
With His presence thru lonesome days.
In this house of misery
God seems very close to me.
I hope He's as close to my loved ones at home,
May He guide their steps until I come.



These Hands

- 1 I'm so proud of them - these hands of mine,
So many things they've done,
They've planted flowers, and pulled the weeds,
And worked out in the sun.
- 2 They've kneaded bread and cooked the meals,
More times than I can say,
They've washed a ton of clothes, or more,
And put them all away.
- 3 They've smoothed a small child's fevered brow,
And rubbed an aching head,
And when the evening shadows fall,
They've put the brood to bed.
- 4 They've borne the bite of winter's cold,
And felt the warmth of spring;
And on my finger long ago,
Was put a wedding ring.
- 5 And when my journey here is over,
I still shall thankful be,
That these old worn-out hands of mine
Have done so much for me.

What You Put In Between

*The sky is blue and the grass is green,
It's up to you what you put in between.
We can build a high tower, God's kingdom to see,
Or lie in the grass and among His works be.
We can seek many treasures of silver and gold
Or sit in the grass and watch our lives mold.
We can be happy one time and sad the next.
Or loving and giving or angered or vexed.
We can try to serve others and our duties fulfill
Or build great character and God's garden till
We can choose only good and right ways to follow
Or shun the truth and in bad attitudes wallow.
We can ascend to the heights of great leadership fame,
Or be mediocre, or crawl off in shame.
We can be good friends to those we love
Or discard them at will as we would a glove.
Now will your sky be blue and your grass green?
And what will you put in between?
It's up to you.
Work hard and ask God what to do.*

--Lelia Hanson

