

The Ultimate Guidebook for all things Scribner





PREFACE

Mom & Dad...Happy 50th Anniversary!

To help celebrate your Golden Anniversary, we wanted to give you a gift that could somehow celebrate your whole marriage, but let's face it, 50 years of making memories, is just a really, really long time. Throughout it all, there has been many wonderful, touching, hard, spiritual, funny, heartbreaking and uplifting moments, all piled up on top of each other. However, if you ask any of us what one word might describe this journey of yours, we would most likely all say the word, "Party." That is, because throughout it all, you both have taught us how to reach out to those around us and celebrate the good we have in our lives. So here we have collected all-things-Scribner and made them into the ultimate Scribner Party Guidebook.

Why a guidebook, you may ask? Well, to put it bluntly, A Scribner is a truly complicated creature. Somehow, throughout the years of blending 10 completely different personalities, we have created our own language, filled with silly memories and one-line zingers. We talk in riddles of movie-lines (taken from a relatively small group of movies, I might add) familiar phrases and old jokes. Many have tried to understand our bizarre language and customs but even then, it takes years of indoctrination before one is truly fluent in Scribnerese. Hopefully this book will help all those who come after us to better understand the Scribner dynasty and to enjoy the things that always made us smile.

So For Our Parents: We think that this collection is a good start to help us remember so many of the moments that we cherish from being your children. We all are so grateful for the life you gave us. Here is to many parties to come.

We love you. Russ, Gina, Craig, Scott, Christy, Jim, Spencer & Lora Bear Michelle
Piggle-Poo Scribner

"When problems come and questions arise, do not start your quest for faith by saying how much you do not have, leading as it were with your "unbelief." Let me be clear on this point: I am not asking you to pretend to faith you do not have. I am asking you to be true to the faith you do have. Hope on. Journey on. Honestly acknowledge your questions and your concerns, but first and forever fan the flame of your faith, because all things are possible to them that believe." Elder Jeffery R. Holland

Well I don't know. You are pretty cute! I guess we'll keep you.

uh uh uh, not you Mahoney

A life lived in fear is a life half lived.

Goodness gracious

sakes alive

Kid-a-ma-did

I'm HOOOME! (The intonation is very important on this one.)

'Cause you're a dirty Rotton Stinkin Kid, and a big fat pill!!

You Canne Miss It!

CEELEEE!!

Oh, only 800 miles to go... Let me tell you the story of Les Miserable (unabridged!) It's That Thing-

Don't drive angry

Get OFF of MY SON!

Greta! WHERE IS YOUR BRAIN??

Nothing can be created or destroyed

It IS cool! It's Really COOL

Who Knows what Evil Lurks Inside the Hearts of Men....The Shadow Knows...

Dad's soccer header

- you can picture it right?

Does this walking corpse have a name?

EVVVVVEEEERRRRYY BOOOODDDYYY COOOMMEE FOOOOR DIIINNNNNEEERRRR!!!

Over my dead body!

HELLOOOO!

Doogie! - Elder Boyd K. Packer

Boomerangs have many uses. Just ask Craig. (But before you feel all bad for him, just remember, he probably deserved it)

...so different from this

HOUSE I live in....

Hi Ho Silver!!

Listen to what I just need to lose 5 POUNDS- that's it! Just i mean and not 5 more pounds. what i say!

It's not a duet. it's a DO it!

Let me draw you a map. See this road, the one that goes way up here across the bridge, around the roundabout and past the lake, DONT GO THAT WAY!

Everyone needs

to be needed

You are being such a Pill!

Oh yeah, and don't drive on the railroad tracks!

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us To see oursels as ithers see us!" Robert Burns

Doug- remember who's - it. You know that one who did Whachyamacallit

if it's not worth exaggerating it's not worth telling

MOVE IT! PRONTO!

Frankly, Scallop, I don't give a Clam!!

just tucked that thing right back in there

maybe it was because he got through theology school on a hockey scholarship...

"If we cleaned the corners [first, we] would never have a problem with what was left in the center of the room. It is especially applicable to the task of spiritual housecleaning." Elder Tom L. Perry

"True doctrine, understood, changes attitudes and behavior."

The study of the doctrines of the gospel will improve behavior quicker than the study of behavior will improve behavior."

- Elder Boyd K. Packer

-Hey Mary - Did you brush your teeth! WI-KEEWIKKEEWIK

Get down here right now or SO HELP ME! That's it- go sit on the stairs.

What do you mean they don't make Flakey Flix anymore!?!?!?!?

After you're 30, you're even responsible for the way you look!

Rus, Gin, Crai, Sc, Chris, Ji, Spenc, Lora... Whatever your name is, GET OVER HERE!!!!

Do you know what this is? It's the smallest violin in the world, playing My heart bleeds for you...

You're a good kid. I guess we'll keep you.

Dad to Steve on his Baptism: It's going to be a short prayer! He's an Amiable in his Second Back-up Mode

oh pooh

Smith? Do you happen to know _____ and _____ Smith from _____? You DO?? I met him in Scotland! And do you know _____? I served with him on my mission!

Oh FAT!

"If you want a spiritual experience you have to go out and get it!" Grandma James 'Who's the extra chair for?' 'Elijah.'

fiddlesticks

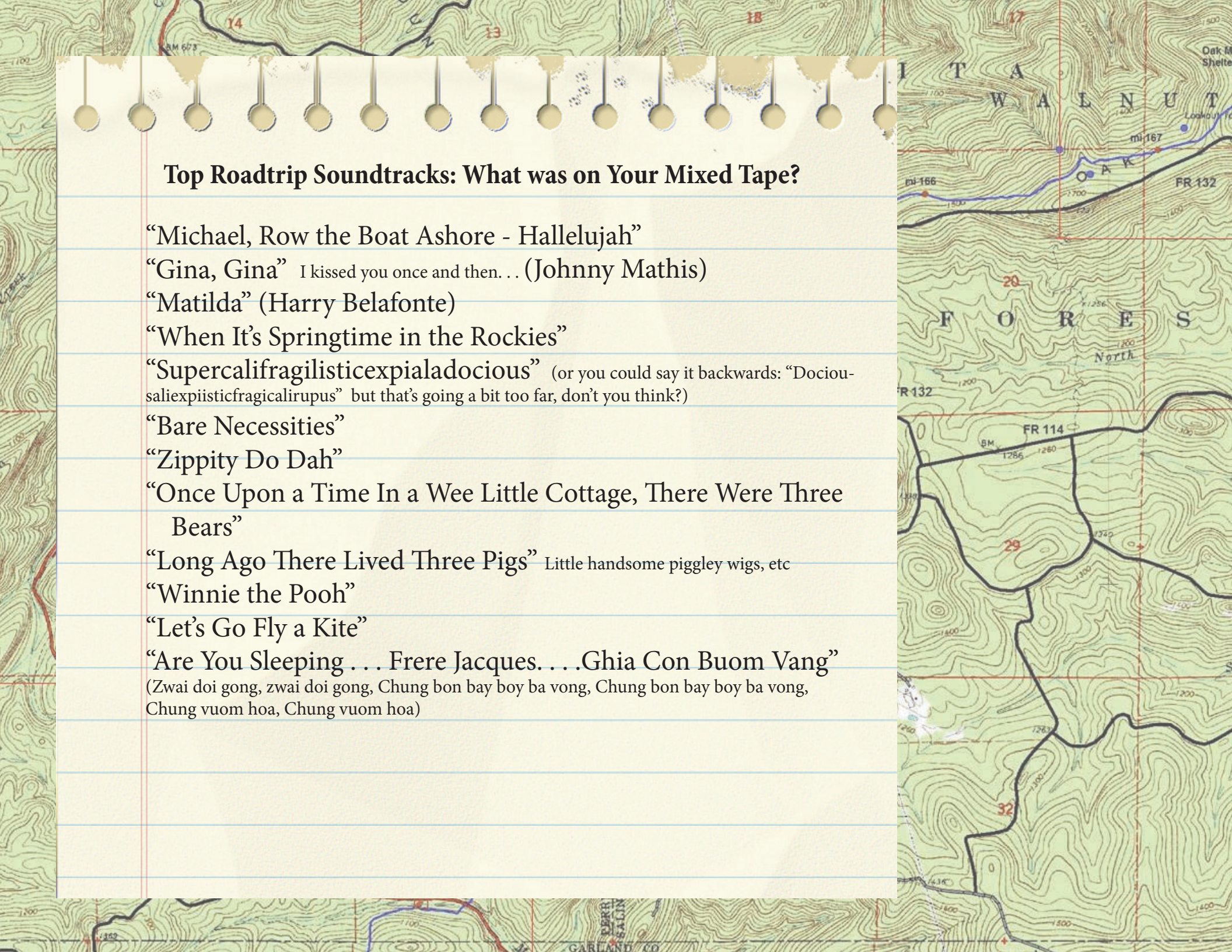
SCRIBNER ROAD TRIPS

As the years passed, and Scribner duo doubled, then doubled again, and then doubled once more, one thing always remained the same. Summer road trips from Santa Rosa to Provo, Utah. No matter how many kids were crammed into the back seats, Mom and Dad always made sure our trips were filled with music and games. Granted, these trips were made before the invention of DVD players or Ipads. There were, however, a few items that were always contraband in these trips. For the older crew it was headphones and Walkmans. For the younger crew it was headphones, disc-mans and Gameboys. Headphones in general were considered a personal affront against the family time forced upon us during our 13 hour trip. If we were going to endure the miserable Nevada desert, we were going to be miserable together.

To pass the time we were given the Scribner arsenal of games, songs and Mom-made sound tracks of the most popular music of the year. And then there was Mom's music. If you ask any of the Scribner kids, I'm sure they could tell you of a random soundtrack that would invoke the image of the desolate Salt Flats, the endless, unchanging road through the desert or the green vineyard of Sonoma as we made our weary way home. For Russ it was Willie Nelson's Electric Horseman. For me it was Neil Diamond (America), Kenny Rogers (the Gambler) and Les Mis. For Lora it was Simon and Garfunkel. The music may have changed, however, that annual (sometime bi-annual) drive has not changed a bit.

When we'd gone through our arsenal of tapes, we'd have to rely on the rousing Scribner renditions of popular sing-a-long camp songs. 13 hours can be a long time inside a car...



A topographic map of a hilly region, likely in the Pacific Northwest, is shown in the background. The map features contour lines, roads, and place names. A spiral notebook is overlaid on the map, with its pages visible. The notebook has a cream-colored cover and a spiral binding on the left side. The text on the notebook pages is written in a black, serif font. The map shows a road network with various route numbers like FR 114, FR 132, and FR 166. There are also place names like 'OAK' and 'WALNUT'. The map is oriented with North at the top.

Top Roadtrip Soundtracks: What was on Your Mixed Tape?

“Michael, Row the Boat Ashore - Hallelujah”

“Gina, Gina” I kissed you once and then. . . (Johnny Mathis)

“Matilda” (Harry Belafonte)

“When It’s Springtime in the Rockies”

“Supercalifragilisticexpialadocious” (or you could say it backwards: “Dociou-saliexpiisticfragicalirupus” but that’s going a bit too far, don’t you think?)

“Bare Necessities”

“Zippity Do Dah”

“Once Upon a Time In a Wee Little Cottage, There Were Three Bears”

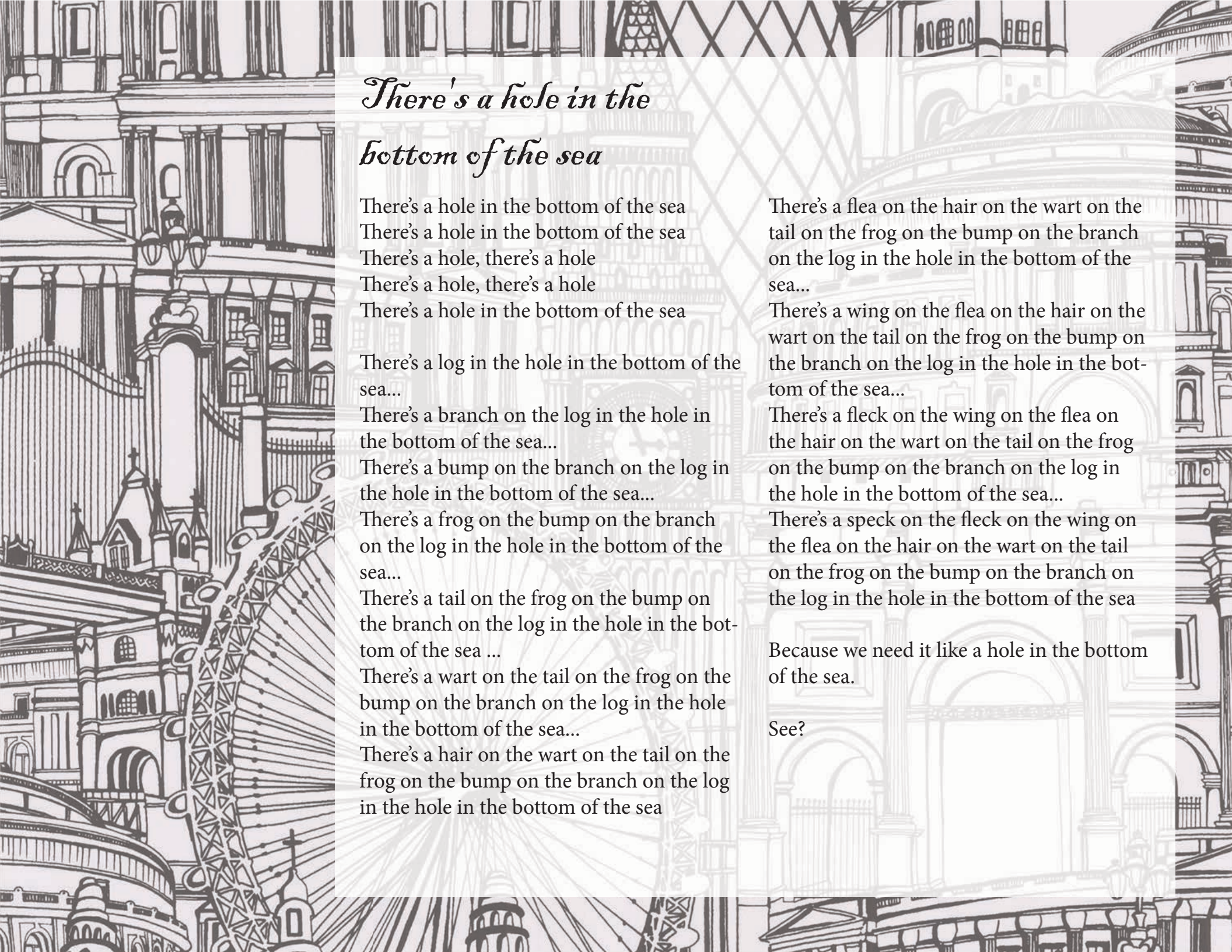
“Long Ago There Lived Three Pigs” Little handsome piggley wigs, etc

“Winnie the Pooh”

“Let’s Go Fly a Kite”

“Are You Sleeping . . . Frere Jacques. . . Ghia Con Buom Vang”

(Zwai doi gong, zwai doi gong, Chung bon bay boy ba vong, Chung bon bay boy ba vong, Chung vuom hoa, Chung vuom hoa)



*There's a hole in the
bottom of the sea*

There's a hole in the bottom of the sea
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea
There's a hole, there's a hole
There's a hole, there's a hole
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea

There's a log in the hole in the bottom of the
sea...

There's a branch on the log in the hole in
the bottom of the sea...

There's a bump on the branch on the log in
the hole in the bottom of the sea...

There's a frog on the bump on the branch
on the log in the hole in the bottom of the
sea...

There's a tail on the frog on the bump on
the branch on the log in the hole in the bot-
tom of the sea ...

There's a wart on the tail on the frog on the
bump on the branch on the log in the hole
in the bottom of the sea...

There's a hair on the wart on the tail on the
frog on the bump on the branch on the log
in the hole in the bottom of the sea

There's a flea on the hair on the wart on the
tail on the frog on the bump on the branch
on the log in the hole in the bottom of the
sea...

There's a wing on the flea on the hair on the
wart on the tail on the frog on the bump on
the branch on the log in the hole in the bot-
tom of the sea...

There's a fleck on the wing on the flea on
the hair on the wart on the tail on the frog
on the bump on the branch on the log in
the hole in the bottom of the sea...

There's a speck on the fleck on the wing on
the flea on the hair on the wart on the tail
on the frog on the bump on the branch on
the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea

Because we need it like a hole in the bottom
of the sea.

See?

One Bottle-a-Pop

(Sung as a 3 Part Round)

One bottle-a pop, two bottle -a pop,
Three bottle-a pop, four bottle-a pop,
Five bottle-a pop, six bottle-a pop,
Seven bottle-a pop, pop!

Fish and chips and vinegar, vinegar, vinegar
Fish and chips and vinegar,
Pepper, pepper, pepper, pot!

Don't put your muck in my dustpan,
My dustpan, my dustpan.
Don't put your muck in my dustpan,
My dustpan's full!



Fire Fire Fire!

One dark night
When we were all in bed
Old mother Leary left a lantern in the shed
And when the cow kicked it over
She winked her eye and said,
"There'll be a HOT time on the old town tonight."

FIRE, FIRE, FIRE!

Rose Rose Rose

(Sung as a round)

Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose
Will I ever see thee wed
I will marry at thy will, Sire
At thy will.

Hi Ho, nobody home
Meat nor drink nor
money have I none
Still I will be very merry. . .
Hi Ho nobody home

Oh, poor bird - take thy flight
High up above Sorrows, On this dark night

America, America
Let me show you how we feel,
You have given us your treasures
And we love you so. (last 2 verses by the
Craig Scribners)



I've been working on the railroad

I've been working on the railroad
All the live long day
I've been working on the railroad
Just to pass the time away
Don't you hear the whistle blowin'
Rise up so early in the morn
Can't you hear the captain shouting
Dinah blow your horn

Dinah won't you blow
Dinah won't you blow
Dinah won't you blow your ho-o-o-orn
Dinah won't you blow
Dinah won't you blow
Dinah won't you blow your horn

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Someone's in the kitchen I know
oh-oh-oh
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Strumming on the old banjo
And Singing
Fee fi fiddle e i o
Fee fi fiddle e i o-o-o-o
Fee fi fiddle e i o
Strumming on the old banjo

Marching along

(Sing in Two part Harmony - Craig and Elly style)

Marching Along the Open Road
Under a Sky so clear.

Marching Along the Open Road
In the Fall of the Year.

Marching Along Marching Along
Marching Along the Open Road
All in the Fall of the year.



Black Socks (Sing as a two-part round)

Black socks, they never get dirty, The longer
you wear them the blacker they get.
Someday I'll probably wash them, But some-
thing keeps telling me Don't do it yet.
Not yet, not yet, not yet...

The Rooster Song (Rusty style)

We had a chicken, no eggs would she lay
We had a chicken, no eggs would she lay
My wife said, "Honey, we're losing our money,"
We had a chicken, no eggs would she lay.

One day a Rooster came into our yard
And caught that poor chick right off of her guard.
She's layin' eggs now, Just like she use-ter
Before that Rooster came into our yard
She's layin' eggs now, in cardboard boxes
Before that Rooster came into our yard.

We had a milk cow, no milk would she give
We had a milk cow, no milk would she give
My wife said, "Honey, we're losing our money,"
We had a milk cow, no milk would she give.

One day a Rooster came into our yard
And caught that milk cow right off of her guard.
She's layin' eggnog just like she use-ter
Before that Rooster came into our yard,
She's layin' eggnog in cardboard boxes
Before that Rooster came into our yard.

We had a gumball machine, no gumballs would she give
We had a gumball machine, No gumballs would she give
My wife said, "Honey, we're losing our money,"
We had a gumball machine, No gumballs would she give.

One day a Rooster came into our yard
And caught that gumball machine right off of her guard.
She's layin' chickletts just like she use-ter
Before that Rooster came into our yard,
She's layin' chickletts in cardboard boxes
Before that Rooster came into our yard.

Lemme kiss you!

Girl: What's your name little boy?

Boy: My name is Lemme...

Girl: Lemme what little boy?

Boy: Lemme kiss you!

Girl: What's your name, little girl?

Boy: My name is Ida

Girl: Ida what, little girl?

Boy: Ida want to!

Girl: What's your name, little boy?

Boy: My name is Lemme

Girl: Lemme what, little boy?

Boy: Lemme kiss you!

Girl: What's your name, little girl?

Boy: My name's Alaska

Girl: Alaska what, little girl?

Boy: Alask my momma

Girl: What's your name, little boy?

Boy: My name is Lemme

Girl: Lemme what, little boy?

Boy: Lemme kiss you

Girl: What's your name, little girl?

Boy: My name is Ollie

Girl: Ollie what, little girl?

Boy: Ollie right! (kiss, kiss)

The Fox went out

Oh, the fox went out on a chase one night,
And he prayed to the Moon to give him light,
Had many a mile to go that night
before he reached the town-o, town-o, town-o,
Had many a mile to go that night
before he reached the town-o.

Well, he ran till he reached a great big pen
where the ducks and the geese were kept therein.
Said, "A couple of you gonna grease my chin
before I leave this town-o, town-o, town-o,
A couple of you gonna grease my chin
before I leave this town-o."

So he grabbed the grey goose by the neck,
and threw a duck upon his back;
He didn't even mind their quack, quack, quack,
and their legs all a-dangling down-o, down-o, down-o,
Didn't even mind their quack, quack, quack,
and their legs all a-dangling down-o.

Ol' Mother Flipper-Flopper jumped out of bed;
out of the window she cocked her head,
Crying, "John, John! The grey goose is gone
and the fox is on the town-o, town-o, town-o!"
"John, John, the grey goose is gone
and the fox is on the town-o!"



Then John he ran to the top of the hill,
where he blew his horn both loud and shrill,
The fox he said, "Better flee with my kill
or they'll soon be on my trail-o, trail-o, trail-o."
The fox he said, "Better flee with my kill
or they'll soon be on my trail-o."

He ran till he came to his own den;
he could count his little ones, eight, nine, ten.
They said, "Daddy, Daddy go back again,
'cause it must be a mighty fine town-o, town-o, town-o!"
Said, "Daddy, Daddy go back again,
'cause it must be a mighty fine town-o."

Then the fox and his wife without any strife
cut up the goose with a carving knife.
They never had such a supper in their life
and the little ones chewed on the bones-o, bones-o,
bones-o,
They never had such a supper in their life
and the little ones chewed on the bones-o.

There's a hole in my bucket

There's a hole in the bucket, dear Liza, dear Liza,
There's a hole in the bucket, dear Liza, a hole.
Then mend it, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,
Then mend it, dear Henry, dear Henry, mend it.

With what shall I mend it, dear Liza, dear Liza?
With what shall I mend it, dear Liza, with what?
With a straw, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,
With a straw, dear Henry, dear Henry, with a straw.

The straw is too long, dear Liza, dear Liza,
The straw is too long, dear Liza, too long,
Then cut it, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,
Then cut it, dear Henry, dear Henry, cut it.

With what shall I cut it, dear Liza, dear Liza?
With what shall I cut it, dear Liza, with what?
With a knife, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,
With a knife, dear Henry, dear Henry, with a knife.

The knife is too dull, dear Liza, dear Liza,
The knife is too dull, dear Liza, too dull.
Then sharpen it, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry
Then sharpen it, dear Henry, dear Henry, sharpen it.

With what shall I sharpen it, dear Liza, dear Liza?
With what shall I sharpen it, dear Liza, on what?
On a stone, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,
On a stone, dear Henry, dear Henry, a stone.

The stone is too dry, dear Liza, dear Liza,
The stone is too dry, dear Liza, too dry.
Well wet it, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,
Well wet it, dear Henry, dear Henry, wet it.

With what shall I wet it, dear Liza, dear Liza?
With what shall I wet it, dear Liza, with what?
try water, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,
try water, dear Henry, dear Henry, water.

In what shall I fetch it, dear Liza, dear Liza?
In what shall I fetch it, dear Liza, in what?
In a bucket, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,
In a bucket, dear Henry, dear Henry, a bucket.

There's a hole in my bucket, dear Liza, dear Liza,
There's a hole in my bucket, dear Liza, a hole



Boom Boom Aint it Great to be Crazy

A horse and a flea and three blind mice
Sittin' on a fencepost shootin' dice
The horse slipped, fell on the flea
"Whoops," said the flea, "There's a horse on me!"

Boom, boom, ain't it great to be crazy?
Boom, boom, ain't it great to be crazy?
Silly and foolish all day long
Boom, boom, ain't it great to be crazy?

Way down South where bananas grow
A flea stepped on an elephant's toe
The elephant cried, with tears in his eyes
"Why don't you pick on a fellow your size?" (Chorus)

Way up North where there's ice and snow
There lived a penguin and his name was Joe
He got so tired of black and white
He wore pink slacks to the dance last night! (Chorus)

Called myself on the telephone
Just to hear that golden tone
Asked myself out for a date
Said be ready 'bout half-past eight!

Took myself to the picture show
Sat myself on the very last row,
Wrapped my arms around my waist
Got so fresh I slapped my face!

Boom, boom, ain't it great to be crazy?
Boom, boom, ain't it great to be crazy?
Silly and foolish all day long
Boom, boom, ain't it great to be crazy?

Do your ears hang low

Do Your Ears Hang Low? Do They
Wobble to and Fro?
Can You Tie Them in a Knot? Can You
Tie Them in a Bow?
Can You Throw Them O'er Your
Shoulder Like a Continental Soldier?
Do Your Ears Hang Low?



Horsey horsey (Sing as a duet)

Horsey horsey on your way
We've been together for many a day
So let your tail go Swish and your wheels go round
Giddiup, we're homeward bound.

I like to take a horse and carriage.
I like to ride it through the town.
I like to hear old Dobbin go Clippity Clop
I like to see those wheels go round.



Did we miss some? Don't Get Mad, Just Write Em Down!

“John, Jacob, Jingle Himer Smith, that’s my name too. Whenever I got out, the people always shout, “There goes John Jacob Jingle Himer Smith” Tra la la la la la. . .”

How Much is That Doggy In the Window”

“Alice, Where art Thou Going?” Upstairs to take a bath. Alice, with legs like tooth-picks, and a neck like a giraff, aff, aff, aff, aff, aff, aff, aff. Alice, stepped in the bathtub, Alice pulled out the plug. Oh my goodness, oh my soul, there goes Alice down the Hole. Alice, where art Thou Going? Glub, Glub, Glub.

“After the Ball Was Over” Maggie went up to her room. Put her false teeth in the water, Put her glass eye in the spoon. Put her peg leg in the corner, Put her false wig on the broom. What was there left of poor Maggie after the Ball? Nothing at All.”

“Take Me Out to the Ballgame.” Now sing it a note off!

“I’m Leaving On a Jet Plane”

“Sweet Violets” There once was a farmer who took a young miss, in back of the barn where he gave her a . . .lecture on horses, and chickens and eggs, and told her that she had such beautiful. . . manners, and a girl of her charm, a girl that he’d like to have take in his . . . washing and ironing and then if she did, they could get married and raise lots of. . .Sweet Violets, etc”

“She’ll Be Comin’ Around the Mountain When She Comes”

“Rise and Shout the Cougars are Out” They’re on their way to old Rock Canyon. Rise and Shout their cheers will ring out, they’ll get their pictures in the Banyan. On we go inspite of the snow, we’ll see the sub race now or never. As we snuggle tight, we look a fright, but then it’s night! Although we won’t get home until 2, it’s the nightlife of BY Wool!”

“Top of the World” Such a feeling’s coming over me. There is wonder in most everything I see. Not a cloud in the sky, Got the sun in my eyes, and I won’t be surprised if it’s a dream. Ev-erything I want the world to be is now coming true especially for me. And the reason is clear, it’s because you are near, you’re the nearest thing to heaven that I’ve seen. I’m on the top of the world, looking down on creation, and the only explanation I can find is the love that I’ve found ever since you’ve been around. Your love’s put me on the top of the world. . . .

MAMA FAVORITES

Mom has never been the song leader at the campfire. For all the dances, pageants, plays and musicals she has directed, she has never wanted to be the one on the stage. Instead, she loves being in the audience, reveling in the music of those around her. Her eyes sparkle when she watches the boys grab their guitars or sit up at the piano. You can bet that she loves music more than almost anyone on this good green earth (the renown 80's cassette collection can attest to that) but, for the most part, she wants to be the one listening.

That's not to say she doesn't enjoy singing. Her time to shine has always been when bedtime "rolled around." Whether treating nightmares or fevers, we were calmed to the lulling tunes of her Polynesian lullabies. It may seem strange to other people, but to us, it's Mom's island songs that we have warmly shared with our children. Even though the years have turned us into parents, we can still feel ourselves travel back to our childhood bedrooms as we quietly stand behind a cracked door and listen to Mom sing those same lullabies to settle our little babies down to sleep.

Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a Coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

(Chorus)

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

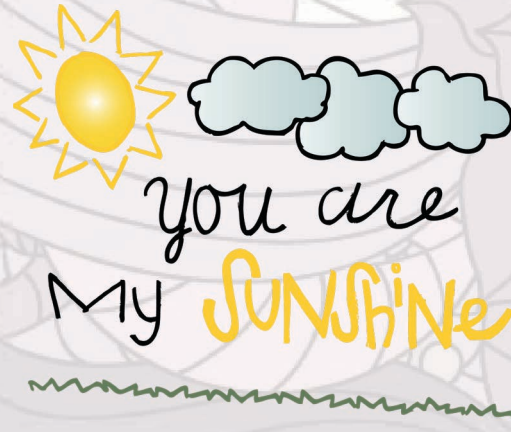
Chorus

Up rode the squatter mounted on his thorough-bred
Down came the troopers One Two Three
Whose that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus

Up jumped the swagman sprang into the billabong
You'll never catch me alive said he,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus



You are my sunshine

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are grey
You never know, dear, how much I love you
Please don't take my sunshine away

The other night, dear, as I lay sleeping
I dreamt I held you in my arms
When I awoke, dear, I was mistaken
So I hung my head down and cried
Chorus

I'll always love you and make you happy
If you will only say the same
But if you leave me to love another,
YOU'LL REGRET IT ALL ONE DAY

Pokarekare ana

Pokarekare ana
nga wai o Rotorua,
Whiti atu koe hine
marino ana e.

E hine e
hoki mai ra.
Ka mate ahau
I te aroha e.

Tho' troubled are the waters
Of Lake Rotorua,
Yet at thy approach beloved
How tranquil they become.

Oh my beloved,
Come thou to me
or I shall die
For want of love from thee

KA MATE! KA MATE! KA ORA, KA ORA

KA MATE! KA MATE! KA ORA, KA ORA

TENEI TE TANGATA PU-HU-RU-HU-RU

NANA NEI TIKI MAI WHITI TE RA!

AUE! UPANEI! UPANEI

UPANEI, KOPANEI, WHITI TE RA! HEI!



TI TITORIA (Stick Game)

E papa Wairangi
Taku nei mahi
Taku nei mahi, e
Tuku roimata (Repeat)

Chorus:
E aue, ka mate ahau,
E hine hoki iho ra

Maku e kaute o hikoitanga
Maku e kaute o hikoitanga

E aue, ka mate ahau,
E hine hoki iho ra

Huri, huri, huri, huri o mahara e
Ki te whai, kie te whai,
i whiripata e
Korero, korero, i o mahara e
Kia koe ra e hine
Kia koe ra e hine, Hei!



The Ugly Duckling

There once was an ugly duckling
With feathers all stubby and brown,
And the other birds, in so many words, said,
“Psh, get out of town. Psh, get out! Psh, psh, get out,
Psh, psh, get out of town.
And he went with a quack and a waddle and a quack,
And a very unhappy frown.

That poor little ugly duckling
Went wandering far and near,
And in every place, they said to his face,
Psh, get out of here. Psh, get out, Psh, psh, get out,
Psh, psh, get out of here
So he went with a quack and a waddle and a quack,
And a very unhappy tear.

All through the winter, he hid himself away,
Afraid to show his face, Afraid of what others might say.
All through the winter, in his lonely clump of weed,
Til a flock of swans spied him there, and very soon agreed,
“You’re a very fine swan indeed.”

“A swan? Me a swan? Ah, G’wan.”
And they said, “Yes, you’re a swan,
Take a look at yourself in the lake and you’ll see.”
And he looked and he saw and he said,
“I AM A SWAN! WHEEEEEEE!”

I’m not such an ugly duckling,
With feathers all stubby and brown,
For in fact, those birds in so many words, said,
“(Click), the best in town. (Click) the best, (Click, click) the
best, (Click, Click) the best in town.”

Not a quack, not a quack, not a waddle or a quack
But a glide, and a whistle, and a snowy white back
And a head so noble and high,
Say, who’s an Ugly Duckling? Not I!



“I Never See Lora Alone”

I have a special problem with my girl-
friend, Lora. I see it's very hard to
guess. I try and try to find a way to get
her all alone, but I have no success at all,
much to my regret. .

She brings her father, her mother, her
sister and her brother,
oh I never see Lora alone.

She brings her uncles, her cousins,
she's got 'em by the dozens.
I never see Lora alone.

And if I hold her, say to her sweet,
where should we meet, supposing that
we eat? She brings her father, her
mother, her sister and her brother, Oh I
never see Lora alone.

Lora, dear, just won't go out alone,
seems that she must have a chaperone.

When we go out, no matter where
we're bound
(Mark: “There is always somebody
around”),

She brings her father, her mother, her
sister and her brother, Oh, I never see
Lora alone.

While we were out a walking, and she
got tired of talking, she invited me up
to her home. I turned the lights down,
they were too bright, oh, what a night,
when I turned on the light, there was
her Father, her Mother, her sister
and her brother, Oh, I never see Lora
alone . . . etc.



Sound of Music: Doe a Deer

Let's start at the very beginning
A very good place to start
When you read
you begin with A-B-C
When you sing
you begin with do-re-mi

Do-re-mi, do-re-mi
The first three notes
just happen to be
Do-re-mi, do-re-mi
Do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti

Do, a deer, a female deer
Re, a drop of golden sun
Me, a name I call myself
Fa, a long, long way to run
So, a needle pulling thread
La, a note to follow So
Ti, a drink with jam and bread
That will bring us back to Do (oh-oh-oh)
Do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti-do, So-do!

Duet:
Do Mi Mi, Mi So So,
Re Fa Fa, La Ti Ti
When you know the
notes to sing
You can sing most anything

Do re mi fa so la Ti Do -- So Do

Kookaburra

*Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree
Merry, merry king of the bush is he
Laugh, Kookaburra! Laugh, Kookaburra!
Gay your life must be
Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree
Merry, merry, merry little bird is he
Sing, Kookaburra! Sing, Kookaburra!
Sing your song for me.
Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree
Eating all the gum drops he can see
Stop, Kookaburra! Stop, Kookaburra!
Leave some there for me
Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree
Counting all the monkeys he can see
Stop, Kookaburra! Stop, Kookaburra!
That's not a monkey that is me.*

Koo - ka - bur - ra sits in the old gum tree,
5 Mer - ry, mer - ry king of the bush is he.
9 Laugh, Koo - ka - bur - ra, laugh, Koo - ka - bur - ra.
13 Gay your life must be!

Karangatia ra!

Karangatia ra! Karangatia ra!
Powhiritia ra! Nga iwi O Te
Motu.
Nga mano tini, haere mai!
He Hui aroha
Mo koutou e nga iwi
Nga u nei te aroha me te mamae.

I Refuse to Obey You (E Kore Ahau)

I refuse to obey you, I refuse to listen, too.
Tho' it breaks my heart, I still love you.
What am I to do, my love,
When we two shall meet again?
Treasure memories forever more.

E Kore ahau, e rongu e,
E Kore ahau e mutu e
Mate mate o, Tinana e
What am I to do, my love,
When we two shall meet again?
Treasure memories forever more.



Barges

Out of my window looking in the night,
I can see the barges flickering light.
Silently flows the river to the sea,
As the barges too go silently.

(Chorus)
Barges I would like to go with you
I would like to sail the ocean blue.
Barges is there treasure in your hold
Do you fight with pirates brave and bold?

Out of my window looking in the night,
I can see the barges flickering light.
Starboard shining green and port is shining red,
I can see the barges from my bed.
Chorus

One of these days, and it will not be long
You will look for me and I will be gone
Face in the wind, my feet upon the sea
Where the whales and the dolphins sing to me
Chorus

Hoki, Hoki

Hoki Hoki to nu mai, tei wai rua, O te tau,

Ki te awhi re inga, Katenei Kiri E - Katenei Kiri E

Rere Atu

Rere atu rere mai, taku poi, rere mai

Rere runga, rere raro, rere poi poi e, rere poi poi e.

Pakete Whero

Pakete Whereo ma uma i a ko-e ma,

Ku-e rere ka tino pai rawa e

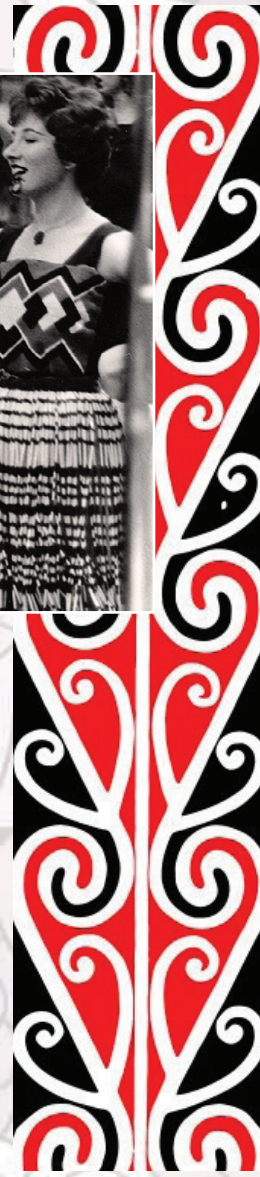
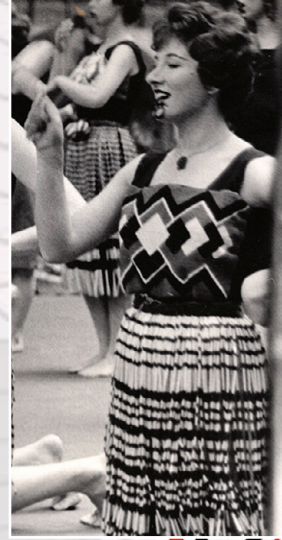
Land of Love - 'The South Sea Isles

You've heard of love in hamlets, in cities and in towns
Where your friends will greet you with a hearty hand
But I'll sing to you a song of love
That's never been surpassed
By any race of people in the land:

Nau mai, e tama, e hoa haere mai, I runga au te aroha haere mai (Haere mai!)
It's a greeting strange and queer, But one you'll never hear,
Save it's in the Land of Love - the South Sea Isles.

You'll see a chieftan prancing, All dressed in war parade
You may think his words are violent, full of hate,
But step a little closer and understand those strains
You will be surprised to hear him shout and say: (Haere mai!)

Nau mai, e tama, e hoa haere mai, I runga au te aroha haere mai (Haere mai!)
It's a greeting strange and queer, But one you'll never hear,
Save it's in the land of Love - the South Sea Isles.



Mack the Knife (best jitter-bug music)

Oh, the shark, babe, has such teeth, dear
And it shows them pearly white
Just a jackknife has old MacHeath, babe?
And he keeps it out of sight

You know when that shark bites with his teeth, babe
Scarlet billows start to spread
Fancy gloves, though wears old MacHeath, babe
So there's never, never a trace of red

On a sidewalk, blue Sunday mornin'
Lies a body just oozin' life
Some, someone's sneakin' 'round a corner
could that someone be Old Mack the Knife?

There's a tugboat down by the river, don't you know?
Where a cement bag, just a'drooppin' on down
Oh, that cement is just its there for the weight, dear
Five'll get you ten Old Macky's back in town

Stay Awake

*Stay awake, don't rest your head
Don't lie down upon your bed
While the moon drifts in the skies
Stay awake, don't close your eyes*

*Though the world is fast asleep
Though your pillow's soft and deep
You're not sleepy as you seem
Stay awake, don't nod and dream
Stay awake, don't nod and dream*

D'ja hear 'bout Louie Miller? He disappeared, babe
After drawin' out all his hard earned cash
And now MacHeath spend just like a sailor
Could it be our boy's done somethin' rash?

Jenny Diver, yeah, yeah, Sukey Tawdry
Hello Miss Lotte Lenya, good evening Lucy Brown
Oh that line forms, on the right, babe
Now, that Macky's back in old biggest town

I said, "Jenny Diver, look out too", Sukey Tawdry
Sit back Miss Lotte Lenya and wait Old Lucy Brown
I mean, I tell you that line forms way on the right, babe
Now, that Macky's back in town
Look out, Old Macky is back

Nga Waka (story of the Seven Canoes)

Nga waka e whitu
e tau nei
Hoia hoia rā
Tainui, Te Arawa,
Mataatua
Hoia hoia ra (Hei, aue aue!)

Tokomaru, Takitimu,
Kurahaupo,
A-o-te-a roa,
Nga waka enei
hoia ra,
o tatou tipuna
(Tahi, Rua, Toru, Wha, Hei!)

Between Mom's Nighttime Songs and Dad's Daytime ones, Are there any we Left out? Don't tell me, tell it to the paper:

"This Land is Your Land"

"America"

"The Star Spangled Banner"

"Be Kind to your Web-footed Friends"

"Oh, Flower of Scotland"

O flower of Scotland, When will we see your like again
That fought and died for Your wee bit hill and glen
And stood against him ('gainst who?) Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward Tae think again

The hills are bare now And autumn leaves lie thick and still
O'er land that is lost now Which those so dearly held
And stood against him ('gainst who?) Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward Tae think again

Those days are passed now And in the past they must remain
But we can still rise now And be the nation again
That stood against him ('gainst who?) Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward Tae think again

"Nursery Rhymes" with "ABCD, etc" in between

"Tell Me Why" the stars do shine, Tell me Why the ivy twine, Tell me why, the sky's so Blue,
Then I will tell you just why I love you.



DAD'S FAVORITES

When Dad sings to us, it is always with gusto and enthusiasm. He has a twinkle in his eye that warns you that in a few seconds you will have the uncontrollable urge to join him, belting out whatever song he has chosen at the moment. He is a jolly singer; the Entertainer, with his hearty renditions of “Froggy Went a’ Courtin’” and “The Fox.” When Dad sings, he uses his whole body. His big hands come up and he leans forward for the best lines of the songs. At the end of any sing-a-long, you can be sure to be bested at a friendly battle of ‘How low can you go...’ Unless, of course, you are Josh.



Where Have all the Flowers Gone

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls have picked them everyone.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

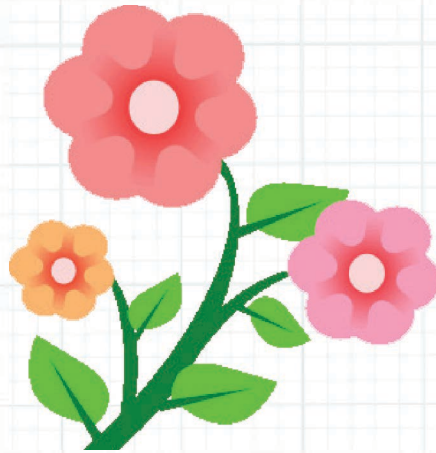
Where have all the young girls gone, long time passing?
Where have all the young girls gone, long time ago?
Where have all the young girls gone?
Gone for husbands everyone.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the husbands gone, long time passing?
Where have all the husbands gone, long time ago?
Where have all the husbands gone?
Gone for soldiers everyone
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the soldiers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Gone to graveyards, everyone.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone, long time passing?
Where have all the graveyards gone, long time ago?
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Gone to flowers, everyone.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls have picked them everyone.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?



Garfield and Odie (Spencer and Myles Style) (Sing to the tune of "Barges")

Out of my window looking in the night...
I see Garfield and Odie beginning to fight
Garfield, he bonks Odie in the head,
And Odie falls over pretends he's dead
Garfield, you have lasagna in your hair,
you have a funny little pet named Pookie bear
Jon, well, he has trouble getting dates,
and Garfield's getting very fat these days.
Now Garfield isn't too keen on catching mice,
instead of eating them he play's with them nice
And Odie's tongue is long and slobbers quite a lot,
but if he slobbers on Garfield he'll tie it in a knot
Odie loves to play out in the rain,
he's got a very big heart but a very small brain
Garfield and Odie are best friends,
they fight all the time but are pals til the end.

Dream a little dream of me (Christy style)

*Stars shining bright above you, Night breezes seem to whisper, I love you
Birds singin' in the sycamore tree, Dream a little dream of me
Say nighty-night and kiss me, Just hold me tight and tell me you'll miss me
While I'm alone and blue as can be, Dream a little dream of me.*



I AM A CHILD OF GOD

**I AM A CHILD OF GOD, AND HE HAS SENT ME HERE
HAS GIVEN ME AN EARTHLY HOME, WITH PARENTS KIND AND DEAR**

(CHORUS)

**LEAD ME, GUIDE ME, WALK BESIDE ME, HELP ME FIND THE WAY,
TEACH ME ALL THAT I MUST DO TO LIVE WITH HIM SOMEDAY.**

**I AM A CHILD OF GOD, AND SO MY NEEDS ARE GREAT;
HELP ME TO UNDERSTAND HIS WORDS BEFORE IT GROWS TOO LATE. (CHORUS)**

**I AM A CHILD OF GOD. RICH BLESSINGS ARE IN STORE;
IF I BUT LEARN TO DO HIS WILL, I'LL LIVE WITH HIM ONCE MORE.
(CHORUS)**

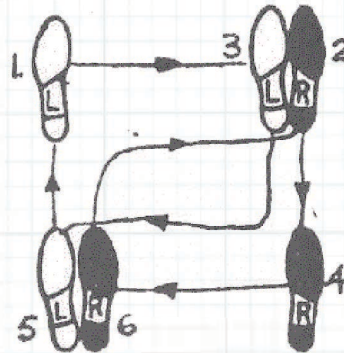
Oh what a beautiful morning

There's a bright golden haze
on the meadow,
There's a bright golden haze
on the meadow,
The corn is as high as an
elephant's eye,
An' it looks like its climbin'
clear up to the sky.

Oh what a beautiful morning,
Oh what a beautiful day,
I've got a wonderful feeling,
Everything's going my way.

All the cattle are standing like statues,
All the cattle are standing like statues,
They don't turn their heads
as they see me ride by.
But a little brown mav'rick
is winking her eye.
Chorus

All the sounds of the earth
are like music,
All the sounds of the earth
are like music,
The breeze is so busy
it don't miss a tree,
And an ol' Weepin' Willer
is laughin' at me.



Bushel and a Peck

I Love you, A bushel and a Peck,
A Bushel and a Peck,
And a Hug Around the Neck.
A Hug around the Neck,
And a Barrell and a Poke.
A Barrell and a Poke,
And that's no Joke about you.
I Love you, A Bushel and a Peck
You Bet your dirty neck I do.

DOO DOO DOO DOO etc...

Tennessee Waltz

I was dancin' with my darlin' to the Tennessee Waltz
When an old friend I happened to see
I introduced her to my loved one and while they were dancin'
My friend stole my sweetheart from me

I remember the night and the Tennessee Waltz
Now I know just how much I have lost
Yes, I lost my little darlin' the night they were dancing
The beautiful Tennessee Waltz

Yes, I lost my little darlin' the night they were playing
The beautiful Tennessee Waltz

Annabel Lee

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you
may know

By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other
thought

Than to love and be loved by me
I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more
than love—

I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of
Heaven

Coveted her and me. (more verses)

Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Slithy toves did gyre and
gimble in the wabe
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch! The jaws
that bite, the claws that catch! Beware
the jabberwocky my son

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought --
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.
And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
(Whiffle, whiffle, whiffle)
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two!
And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
(snicker-snack) (snicker-snack)
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And, has thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Slithy toves did gyre and gimble
in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.



Sloop John B

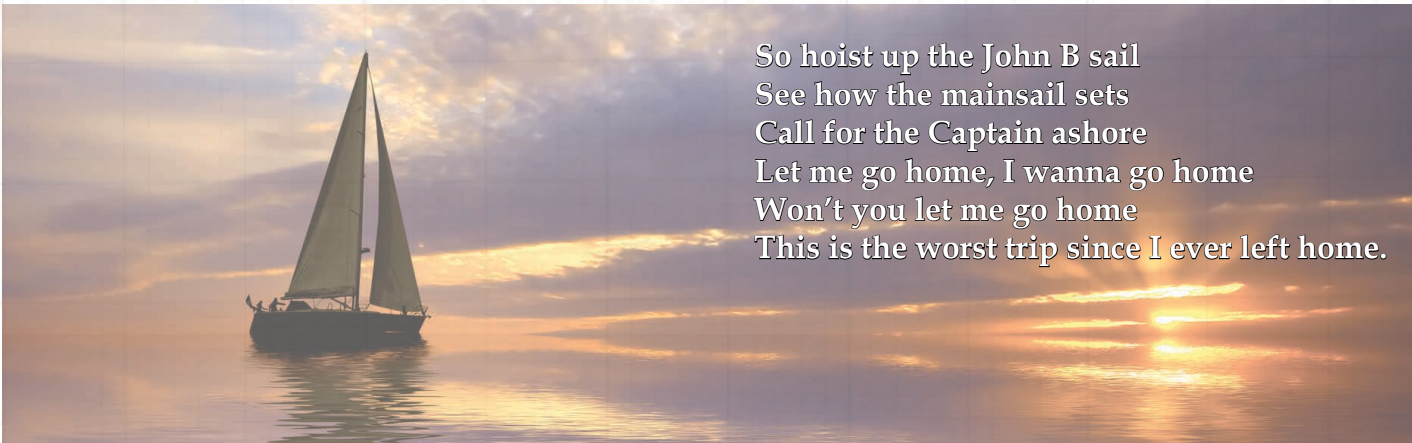
We sailed on the sloop John B
My grandfather and me
We sailed on down to Nassau Town we did go,
A drinkin' all night
Got into a fight
Well, I feel so broke up
That I want to go home

So hoist up the John B sail
See how the main sail sets
Call for the Captain ashore
Let me go home, let me go home
I wanna go home,
Well I feel so broke up
That I wanna go home

The first mate he got drunk
And broke up the Cap'n's trunk
The constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff John Stone
Why don't you leave me alone,
Well I feel so broke up I wanna go home

So hoist up the John B sail
See how the mainsail sets
Call for the Captain ashore
Let me go home,
I wanna go home,
Won't you let me go home
I feel so broke up I wanna go home

The poor cook he caught the fits
And threw away all my grits
And then he took and ate up all of my corn
Let me go home
Won't you let me go home
This is the worst trip since I ever left home.



So hoist up the John B sail
See how the mainsail sets
Call for the Captain ashore
Let me go home, I wanna go home
Won't you let me go home
This is the worst trip since I ever left home.

Jamaica Farewell

Down the way, where the nights
are gay
And the sun shines daily on the
mountain top
I took a trip on a sailing ship
And when I reached Jamaica
I made a stop.

But I'm, sad to say I'm on my way
Won't be back for many a day
My heart is down, my head is
spinning around
I had to leave a little girl in
Kingston town.

Sounds of laughter, everywhere
And the dancing girls swing to
and fro
I must declare my heart is there
Though I've been from Maine to
Mexico.

But I'm, sad to say I'm on my way
Won't be back for many a day
My heart is down, my head is
spinning around
I had to leave a little girl in
Kingston town.



Down at the market, you can hear
Ladies cry out while on their heads
they bear
'Akey' rice, salt fish are nice
And the rum is good any time of
year

But I'm sad to say I'm on my way
Won't be back for many a day
My heart is down, my head is spin-
ning around
I had to leave a little girl in
Kingston town

But I'm sad to say I'm on my way
Won't be back for many a day
My heart is down, my head is
spinning around
I had to leave a little girl in
Kingston town...

Surrey With The Fringe On The Top



Chicks and ducks and geese better scurry
When I take you out in the surrey,
When I take you out in the surrey with the fringe on top!
Watch that fringe and see how it flutters
When I drive them high steppin' strutters.
Nosey folks'll peek thru' their shutters and their eyes will pop!
The wheels are yellor, the upholstery's brown,
The dashboard's genuine leather,
With isinglass curtains y' can roll right down,
In case there's a change in the weather.
Two bright sidelight's winkin' and blinkin',
Ain't no finer rig I'm a-thinkin'
You c'n keep your rig if you're thinkin' that I'd keer to swap
Fer that shiny, little surrey with the fringe on the top!

Brown Eyed Gal

I met my little brown-eyed gal Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside, Down by that riverside
I met my little brown-eyed gal Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside

Well, I asked her for a little kiss, Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside, Down by that riverside
I asked her for a little kiss, Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside

She said: "Have patience, little man, I'm sure you'll
understand
I hardly know your name,"
But Maybe some sweet day, If I can have my Way,
Your name and mine will be the same,"

I wed my little brown-eyed gal, Down by the riverside
Way down, Down by the riverside
Way down, Down by that riverside
I wed my little brown-eyed gal
Down by that riverside
Down by the river-side.

Froggy Went a Courtin'

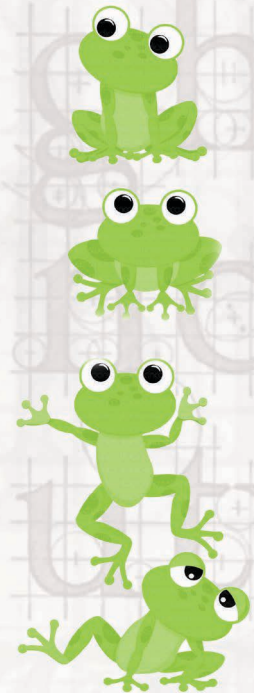
Froggy went a-courtin' and he did go, uh-huh
Froggy went a-courtin' and he did go, uh-huh
Froggy went a-courtin' and he did go
To the Coconut Grove for the midnight show,
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

Mollie Mouse was the hat-check girl, uh-huh
[spoken: he knew it all the time]
Mollie Mouse was the hat-check girl, uh-huh
Mollie Mouse was the hat-check girl
He thought he'd give this chick a whirl,
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

He sauntered up to Mollie Mouse's side, uh-huh
[spoken: the direct approach]
He sauntered up to Mollie Mouse's side, uh-huh
He sauntered up to Mollie Mouse's side
He said "Hey, Mollie will you be my bride?"
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

Not without my Uncle Rat's consent, huh-uh
Not without my Uncle Rat's consent, huh-uh
Not without my Uncle Rat's consent
I wouldn't marry the President,
Huh-uh, huh-uh, huh-uh

Well, she said "That's it, Clyde,
Better hit the road, farewell"
"That's it, Clyde, better hit the road, goodbye"
"That's it, Clyde, better hit the road"
"You ain't no frog you're a horny toad,
Farewell, goodbye, adios"
Farewell, goodbye, adios"



I was a cook, she was a waitress
Down at the Salty Sam's Seafood Cafe
Somewhere 'tween the Clam juice
And the Seaweed salad
A little ol' shrimp just lured her away.

Oh, I Lobster and never Flounder
He wrapped his line around her
And they drove off in his Carp
Oh, I Lobster and never Flounder
I Octopus his face in
Eel only break her heart.

I said, "Just Squid and leave me
For that piano Tuna
If you want to Trout something new"
She was the Bass I ever had
My life now has no Porpoise
Oh, by golly, I love her, yes, I do.

Oh, I Lobster and never Flounder
He wrapped his line around her
And they drove off in his Carp
Oh, I Lobster and never Flounder
I Octopus his face in
Eel only break her heart

"You know, Huck, I Swordfish she'd come back to me,"
"Whay fer, she'd just give yuh the same 'ol line,
'Not tonight, dear, I've got a Haddock' "

"But I Kelped her picture in my Walleye all these years."
"What fer?"
"Oh, just for the Halibut.
Do you think she kept my picture in her Perch?"

The

F
I
S
H

Song



"Well, we Bass Squid all this
Seahorsin' around
Before these people go into a state of
Shark."

"Did you say a state of Shark?"
"I shore did."

"That's good, for a moment there
I thought I was losing my Herring."
"Frankly, Scallop, I don't give a Clam."

Oh, I Lobster and never Flounder
He wrapped his line around her
And they drove off in his Carp
Oh, I Lobster and never Flounder
I Octopus his face in
Eel only break her heart.

Whistle, Gina, Whistle

Whistle, Gina, whistle.

No, no, no.

I like to hear you whistle.

No, no, no.

It's very simple, you do it like this, pucker your lips
just like a Kiss. Whistle, Gina, whistle.

No, no, no.

Whistle, Gina, whistle and you shall have a cow.

Alas, I cannot whistle, for you know I don't know how.
A Jersey, or a Holstein, a Guernsey, Angus or Aberdeen.

I would if I could, but you know I can't; it'll do you no
good to rave a rant.

Whistle, Gina, whistle and you shall have a cow.

Whistle, Gina, whistle, and you shall have a horse.

I'd like to hear my whistle, but it fills me
with remorse.

A Roan or red or dapple gray, saddle and bridle and
plenty of hay.

I would if I could, but you know I can't; it'll do you do
good to rave and rant.

Whistle, Gina, Whistle and you shall have a horse.

Whistle, Gina whistle, I'll give you silver and gold

Whistling is for children, and alas I am too old.

Diamonds and rubies and strings of pearls; you'll be the
envy of all the girls.

I would if I could, but you know I can't; do you no
good to rave and rant.

Whistle, Gina, whistle, I'll give you silver and gold.

Whistle, Gina whistle, and you shall have a MAN
(She whistles!)



For Christy on her Wedding Day. . .Mistletoe

In the doorway of my kitchen, you might get
a little itchin' to give somebody a big holiday
smooch

Then you take a look above your head and see
the green and white and red and put that little
plant to use

It's a fearsome old tradition in the doorway of
my kitchen, and there's hardly anyone who can
escape

If you look above the doorway someone's
bound to make it your way and unless you
duck real fast. . .too late

I want no part of this holiday kissing, I know
just what I'm missing and it's fine
And when my sister kissed her finance, I
thought that they'd be there all day, I don't
want any part of mistletoe, no, no, no, no no
I don't want any part of mistletoe. No, no, no,
no, no, no, no, I don't (Jim: well, maybe), I
don't any part of mistletoe!

Sweet Violets - (Scribner Style for Mom's 70th Birthday - written by Christy and

Craig and music arranged by Russ)

*A lumberman's daughter, the baby of six
A dreamer, a schemer, a hat full of . . .
Talents and ideas that he couldn't stop
One day he flew home, she was Queen of the . . .
Parties, she threw at her house with such joy
Secretly hoping she'd be kissed by a . . .
Sweet Violets . . .*

*Away with her folks on a mission she'd go
Persuading Australians to give up their . . .
Time and stop messing around like a donkey
A mission presided by Bruce Arma . . .
Geddon is coming, with war, plagues and rabies
Go home, find a husband and raise lots of . . .
Sweet Violets . . .*

*A boy from LaJolla with stars in his eyes
Came crooning and swooning and telling her . . .
How much he loved her and asked her to wed
"Must I break my date on this Sunday with . . ."
No hesitation she jumped in his arms
Surrend'ring herself to his bounty of . . .
Sweet Violets . . .*

*She followed her surfer boy out to the bay
With Boots at her heels and a kid on the . . .
Shoulders, six others so busy at school,
Expecting another, they called her a . . .
Woman who'd tackle the world without care
To Scotland and back none the worse for the . . .
Sweet Violets . . .*



*Now all of her kids have had
kids of their own
She visits them often plus hours
on the . . .
Streets chasing Moko, or pulling
out weeds,
Or writing her story, a life of
good . . .
Theater productions, all hits and
no misses
We all know that Grandma
deserves lots of . . .*

*Sweet Violets, Sweeter than
the Roses
Covered all over from head to
toe
Covered all over with Sweet
Violets!*



The Family Orchestra (Scribner Style)

The Violins ringing like lovely singing, the violins ringing a lovely little song.

The Clarinet, the clarinet, goes duo duo duo duo det, the clarinet, the clarinet goes duo duo duo det.

The Horn, the horn, it sounds so forlorn, the horn, the horn, it sounds so forlorn.

The Trumpet is sounding ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-te-ta, Ta-ta-ta

The trumpet is sounding ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta

The Drum it plays two tones, And always the same tones, Five one, one five, Five five five five one.

Any poignant memories of Lessons Learned Along the Way? Well this is your FIRST PAGE to write them on- there may be another one.

In 50 years I've learned a few things from people I love (From Dad):

From "Pops"/Irvin Aldridge Scribner: I learned honesty and integrity and to "never give up" when life is hard. His rebuilding his jewelry business after he was robbed was a great example.

From Grandma Johnson (Emily Reichelt Johnson): Always have a positive attitude. I remember the day she baked two delicious pies for a family dinner and my brother Dave dropped one upside down on the sidewalk. Grandma said, "Oh don't worry about it, I'll just bake another one."

From My Father: Joy in Service to others. He enthusiastically participated in community service organizations like the Lion's Club. He spent hours reading a book out loud and recording his voice for the benefit of people who were blind.

From My Mother: Power in hard work. She worked tirelessly to make our home a pleasant place for our family- whether it was hand ironing sheets for our beds, or cooking an elaborate meal just for breakfast!

From Harry Schenck, my best friend: Power in setting a good example. His father died young and his mother eeked out a meager living working at a "5 and 10 cent store." Harry worked to excel at everything he did. He could run faster, jump higher and get better grades than I, but his example helped me to do my best.

From Cecile: The joy of helping people discover their own talents and by providing an event that allowed them to develop and display this talent before others.



It's Game Time: What do You remember?

“Who Stole the Cookies From the Cookie Jar?”

“Hiram and Miranda”

“Who's Your Neighbor and How Do You Like Them?”

(“all right” - everyone move one chair to the right.

“all righteous” - everyone move one chair to the left.

“Not at all” - “Then, who do you like?” - could be anything like, “Those with white shoes,”

“All those under 12,” “I only like Mom, Dad and Spencer,” etc

Whoever is called out has to change places, while the person in the middle tries to find a seat.)

“Scrabble”

“Puzzles”

“Board Games”

“Guess the Movie this line is from. . .” (“Does this walking corpse have a name?” “Your mother can no longer be with you.” etc.)

“The Fatal Quest” (lots of versions - one even written by Hunter)

“Pass the Scissors” (Everyone in a circle - you pass the scissors either crossed or uncrossed, but say, “I received these scissors crossed and I pass them uncrossed.” It all depends on the person's legs, whether they are crossed or uncrossed. The person who is “it” has to try to get the secret.

“States” (Everyone picks a different State. When someone calls your State, you have to call out another State before the person in the middle bonks you over the head with a folded up newspaper. If you can't get a name of another State out in time and get “bonked,” then you are now in the middle.)

FAMILY NIGHT GAMES

It is true, in millions of homes around the world, families are gathering together, once a week, for a good ol' Mormon Family Home Evening. I'm not sure, however, that there are any homes that do Home Night the Scribner way. Do they have someone playing the "Pink Panther," for instance? Do they even have the mandatory talent portion? Or do you think that some family over in Japan is sitting around in a circle and playing The Laughing Game? Can any other family identify each other by a weird, forced laugh? No? Well, we can. Right now I can imagine Dad's throw-up laugh. You know what I'm talking about. Bah. Bah-ha. Bah-ha haha! Or maybe you are imagining Mom's bottom-lip pull-over, laugh. Mmm-meeeeheeeeeheeeee. It would be one thing if that was the only weird game we played, but you know we do have a pretty impressive list of weird games.





The Flour Game:

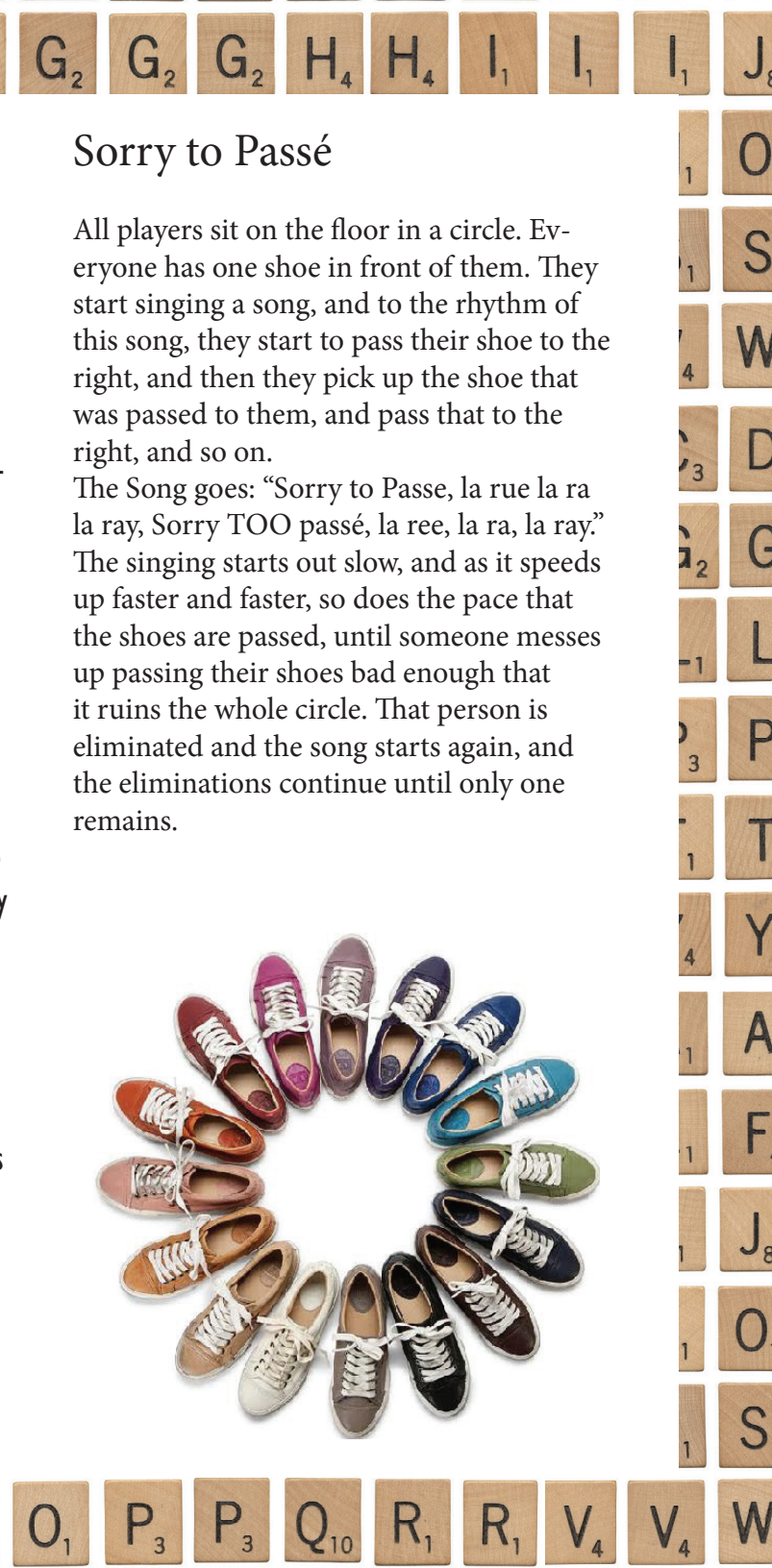
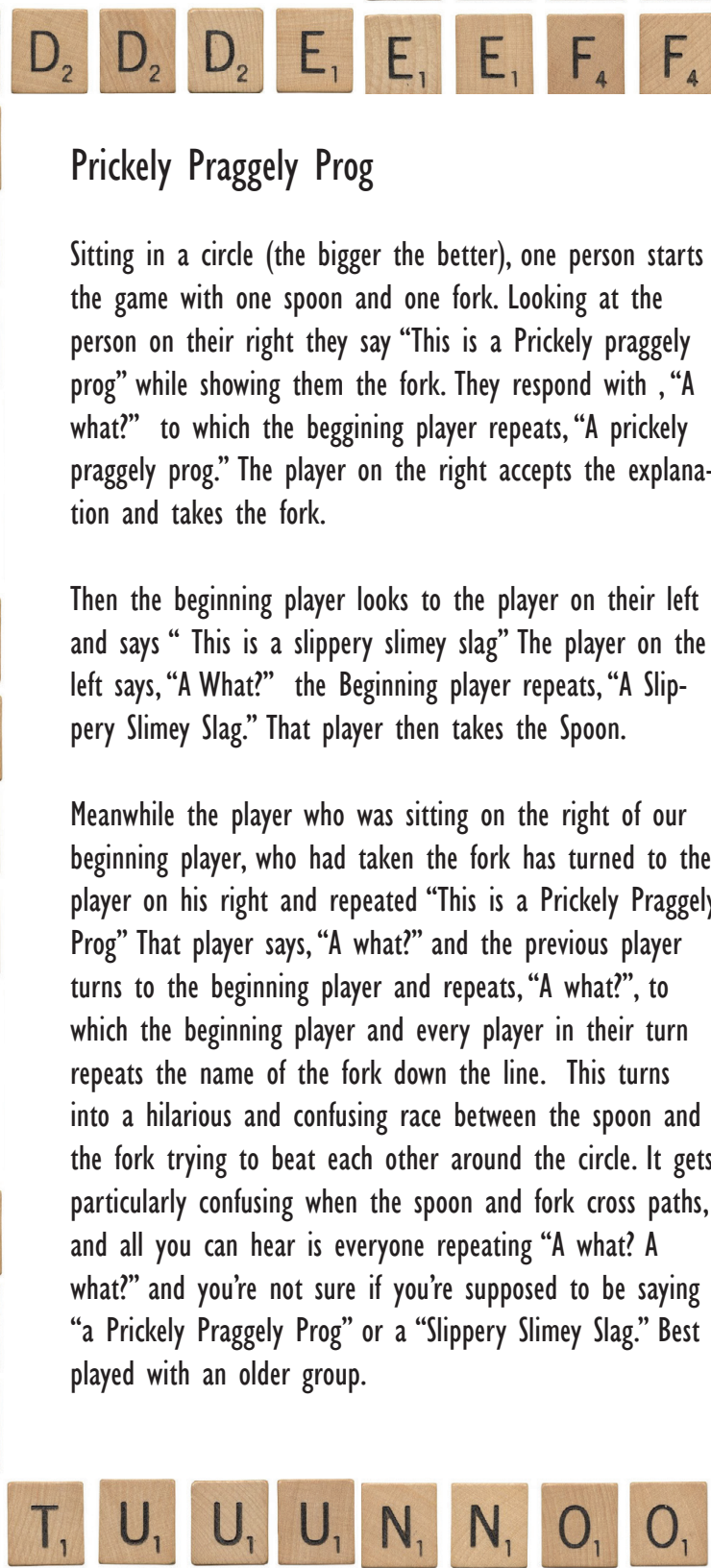
Start by filling a medium to small sized bowl or cup with flour, compacting it down as tightly as possible. Put the plate on top and then flip over the plate and bowl together to (hopefully) create a mold of flour on the plate. Carefully remove the bowl and gently stick the coin or thin ring in the middle.

One at a time, each player takes a slice off the flour "cake," trying not to disturb the coin. The player whose slice makes the coin fall must retrieve the coin from the plate with their teeth, keeping both hands behind his/her back.

Animal Game/Concentration

All the players sit in a circle, and pick an animal that has a motion/sign and a sound that goes with it (sounds are optional). For ex, if you picked a monkey (One of Jimmy's signature picks), you might wave your arms around like crazy while making monkey shrieks. (Which I'm sure everyone at Craig and Robbyn's wedding reception really appreciated.) In the circle someone is chosen as the King, and is automatically given the "Lion" animal. The person on the Lion's right is actually at the 'end' of the circle and is given the animal of the 'dead sloth'. Once everyone is familiar with each others signs/sounds, then everyone starts 4-beat rhythm of clapping their legs, then clapping their hands, then snapping with the right hand, then snapping with the left hand.

The game starts with saying: "Concentration, concentraion is the game, keep the Rhythm; starting with:" The Lion starts by doing his sign/sound on the first snap, and someone else's sign/sound on the second snap. That passes the game to the person with the second sign, who on the next two snaps, again, starts with their own sign, then the sign of anothers player, passing the game to them. How hard the game is largely depends on the speed of the 4 count rhythm. If someone messes up when it's their turn, they have to go to the last seat and be the new 'Dead sloth' while everyone else moves up a seat and takes on the animal of the person they're replacing. The goal is to dethrone the king Lion and move up, one seat at a time, until you can take the Lion's seat and keep it for as long as possible.



Prickly Praggely Prog

Sitting in a circle (the bigger the better), one person starts the game with one spoon and one fork. Looking at the person on their right they say “This is a Prickly praggely prog” while showing them the fork. They respond with , “A what?” to which the beggining player repeats, “A prickly praggely prog.” The player on the right accepts the explanation and takes the fork.

Then the beginning player looks to the player on their left and says “ This is a slippery slimey slag” The player on the left says, “A What?” the Beginning player repeats, “A Slippery Slimey Slag.” That player then takes the Spoon.

Meanwhile the player who was sitting on the right of our beginning player, who had taken the fork has turned to the player on his right and repeated “This is a Prickly Praggely Prog” That player says, “A what?” and the previous player turns to the beginning player and repeats, “A what?”, to which the beginning player and every player in their turn repeats the name of the fork down the line. This turns into a hilarious and confusing race between the spoon and the fork trying to beat each other around the circle. It gets particularly confusing when the spoon and fork cross paths, and all you can hear is everyone repeating “A what? A what?” and you’re not sure if you’re supposed to be saying “a Prickly Praggely Prog” or a “Slippery Slimey Slag.” Best played with an older group.

Sorry to Passé

All players sit on the floor in a circle. Everyone has one shoe in front of them. They start singing a song, and to the rhythm of this song, they start to pass their shoe to the right, and then they pick up the shoe that was passed to them, and pass that to the right, and so on.

The Song goes: “Sorry to Passe, la rue la ra la ray, Sorry TOO passé, la ree, la ra, la ray.” The singing starts out slow, and as it speeds up faster and faster, so does the pace that the shoes are passed, until someone messes up passing their shoes bad enough that it ruins the whole circle. That person is eliminated and the song starts again, and the eliminations continue until only one remains.



Spoons

What you will need:

One less spoon than players. A deck of 52 cards.

How to play:

All players sit on the floor in a circle, while all the spoons stay the middle of the group. Every player is dealt 4 cards. One player starts to pick up a card into their hand, and discard a card from their hand to the player on the right, and then they pick up that card, and discard to the person on their right, and so on. The passing is done as quickly as possible, but can only be done one card at a time, so the slower players often have card pile ups to get through. The less important goal is to be the first person to all four of one # or face card. Then you may be the first to take a spoon. The more important goal is to grab a spoon once that first spoon is taken. The player who fails to grab a spoon in time is eliminated, and a spoon is eliminated with him. The process is continued until there is one winner.

Stories in the Clouds

Where everyone lays down (preferably on trampoline) and sees creatures in the sky and makes up stories about them. Can be done while looking up at tree branches too.

The Laughing Game

Where everyone rests their heads on one another's stomachs, and can't stop laughing. Best done laying in a circle.

"Howdee"

Where players compete for the lowest vocal range. They take turns singing "Howdee" lower and lower, until all have dropped out, and a new "howdee" champion wins.

I've been informed that the long time champion, Dad, was recently called out and taken down by rookie grandson, Josh Scribner- who currently holds the family "howdee" record. How low can you go?

HA HA HA HA HA HA !!!



Pass the Orange:

Divide the players into two teams. Each team gets in a line. If they're dating ages, it's preferable to alternate their boy and girl players. The first person from both lines start the relay race by holding an orange under their chins. Without using their hands, they pass it to the next player who grabs it under their chins. If someone uses their hands or drops the orange, they have to start over at the beginning. The first team to get their orange to the end of their line and back to the beginning wins. Can also be done with toothpicks and a lifesaver.



"Body Body"

Everyone gathers in the main room. The modified deck is dealt out. After everyone has discretely seen their card, they return it to the deck. Lights are shut down and everyone wanders around. The "murderers" take out the other players by swiping their finger across their victims necks. If they want to 'stash the body' they ask their victim to follow them to wherever they want them to lay down. The rest of the people walk around and if they find someone laying down they can ask them if they're dead. If they say 'yes' then the 'first witness on the scene' yells "BODY BODY." Everyone joins calling it out so that all the players join back in the main room quickly. The 'dead' sit on the 'dead couch' and aren't allowed to give any hints as the 'detectives' start their interrogation. As the detectives ask questions like, "where were you when body body was called?", everyone but the 'dead' will be asked questions and must be honest in their answers, except for the 'murderers.' At the end of questioning, the detectives collaborate and ask one final question: Are you the murderer? If they answer "Yes" the good guys win, and a new game is started. If they answer "no," the lights are turned off, and while the "dead" have to stay on the dead couch, everyone goes around to wander around in the dark again. The pattern is repeated till the good guys win, or till everyone but the killers are dead.


Balance Game:

Two players try to knock each other off balance. The players face each other and once the game starts, they can't move their feet. Both players lift up their hand and push the other player's hands. The first to be knocked off balance and move his/her feet loses - Mom "rocks" at this game!







Kiss the King's Ring and Variation: King Ooga Booga




A group of players volunteer to wait in another room while the game is being set up with the rest of the group. Set up the room placing a chair in front of the group. The 'King' places a paper crown on his head and puts on the robe (or whatever silly outfit) - with no socks, and preferably clean feet. He then places a ring on his hand and one on his toe, and then sits in the chair. A helper goes out to collect the first blindfolded player. When she brings the player back in the room the other players are chanting oohhh-ahhh...oohhh-ahhh.






The helper then explains to the blindfolded player in hush tones that he is in the presence of the king and the utmost respect is required. The king says nothing... The helper then explains that the king has asked him to come to his presence... In hushed tones the helper explains that it is customary to kneel before the king... the helper guides the blindfolded player to the front of the room directly before the king in a kneeling position. The helper then explains that the king has offered his ring to be kissed and it would be a high insult if he were to deny that wish. There is one requirement though, the blindfolded player must not touch the king with anything but his lips. He kisses the ring three times.



Once the blindfolded player has puckered up, the king will place the ring that is on his hand to the lips of the player. After the kisses the king hides his hand and allows the player's blind fold to be removed. The toe with the ring needs to be clearly visible so the player will think that's what he was kissing. The shock on the face of the player is priceless and reactions will be unpredictable...



Variation to the Game: King OOGA BOOGA. The set up is the same. The chant turns into "ooga booga". The blindfold is then taken off, and the king is introduced by the helper. The demands though are that to show respect the player must copy the King's crazy motions and sounds exactly. At the Peak of the game, the King stands up for a while during antics. When the player goes to repeat the actions someone puts a wet rag on their seat which they plop down into. Again- reactions are priceless...



“Honey, I Love You, but You Just Can’t Make Me Smile”

Everyone sits in a circle and someone starts the game

They pick someone (generally of the opposite gender), sit on their knee and say to them “Honey, if you love me, give me a smile!”. That person must respond straight faced and without smiling, “Honey, I love you but you just can’t make me smile!”

The player who is it has 3 chances to repeat the phrase and get a smile out of the person they’ve chosen. If that player succeeds at keeping that straight face, they pick someone new and try again. If they succeed in getting a smile, the one who broke is now “it”, and the game begins again.



Thimble Full of Water



Choose one person to be “it” and have everyone else sit down in a circle. The “it” person then picks a category, such as animals, colors, clothing, etc. and tells it to the group. Then that player silently picks an item from that category, writes it on the pad of paper, and turns it face down. The player then takes the thimble and fills it with water from the cup/bowl and goes to the first person of the group who must say an item from the category. If the item is not the hidden word written on the pad the player who’s ‘it’ continues around the group until someone finally says the hidden word. That player gets splashed with the thimble full of water and now that person is “it”.

Sardines

Turn out all the lights in the house. The person that is “it” goes and hides - similar to hide-n-seek. Everyone else counts slowly to 100. When they’re done counting they go find the person who’s “it”. But when they find him, they hide with him until the last person finds the hiding group. At that point everyone is definitely packed together like sardines. This is especially fun with big families and groups. You can get very creative in location.

“I’ve Been Hit!” or Under The Blanket

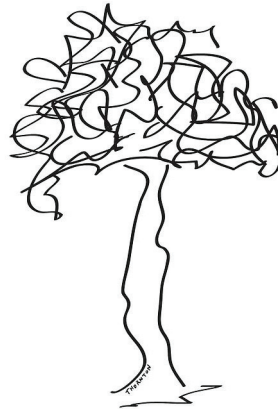
(This one sounds simply Naughty)

Pick a handful of volunteers to leave the room while the game is set up. The set up includes the players sitting in a circle on the floor around a comforter sized blanket. (this game works best with a large group of people) The first blindfolded player is brought back into the room with another player who they think is also not privy to the game. When the blindfolds come off the two players go to the middle and get the game explained to them.

They’re told:

The players that are sitting around this blanket have a slipper that they are secretly passing to each other behind their backs. The two players in the middle lie down under the blanket, and when one of them gets hit with the slipper, they pop up and say “I’ve been hit!” They then have to identify the player on the outside circle that hit them.

What they’re NOT told, is that the player that is really hitting them the whole time is the undercover (get it? under-cover..) player that’s also under the blanket with them. Eventually, as the real victim’s frustration grows, that player that’s in on it makes it more and more obvious that he is the one hitting the other player until they finally get the joke. Then another blindfolded player is brought in and another player from the circle gets to be the player under cover. (it’s funny every time..) (Be careful where you hit)



Drawing a Picture

A random drawing of squiggles and lines is created, and then replicated on multiple pieces of paper until every player has one.

Every player tries to create an artistic masterpiece incorporating those lines and squiggles, and then everyone compares drawings at the end. Great for a younger group.

Don't Laugh

That's it. One player tries to get another player to laugh with silly faces and sounds. This game has created more signature silly faces and memories than almost any other.



Count to Ten

A Perfect Roadtrip Game. A player picks a song, and everyone joins. The next player has only 10 seconds to think of the next song to sing. Variation: The next song has to include a word used in the Previous Song

Eating Relay Race

That race between two groups of people where they face each other in two lines. Each person in line has to eat the same item as his/her counterpart, but can't start until the person on his team before him has finished their item.

The hard to eat things can include things like peanut butter/lemons/graham crackers etc. The last players from both teams have to finish a baby bottle with a couple ounces of juice.

This is great with a small group and hilarious to take photos of and hold people ransom later



More poignant memories of Lessons Learned Along the Way? Well this is your LAST PAGE to write them on- there won't be another one.

Well, now that I've been married 50 years, I can look back at the lessons I've learned (This is from Mom):

From my Mother: "If a story isn't worth exaggerating, it isn't worth telling."

From my Grandmother: "If you want to have a great spiritual experience (or any great experience), you have to go out after it."

From Carolyn Stratford: "If you are gifted with a great talent, use it to uplift others."

From Experience (with Dad): "If you go shopping for a new dress, take a man with you. He'll be more honest (than a woman) in telling you what looks good on you."

From Jack Hershey: "By the time you're 33 years old, you're even responsible for how you look!"

From my brother Tom - told to me when I was quite young: "Celie, we Jameses are not good looking people - our noses are too big - so we have to develop personalities."

From Donna Smith: "Don't cut your hair right before you're in charge of an important event."

From Pat Ashton: "If you have just ten minutes, you can always clean a bathroom."

From Marilyn Jorissen: "Every piece of clothing deserves its own hanger."

From Reven Simmons: "When you're washing a floor or the counters, use a big cloth."

From Jerry Michaelis (in Australia): "Isn't it Great to be a Mormon!"

From My Father: Live within your means and pay an honest tithing and keep the Word of Wisdom. "We are not at the end of things. . .but only the beginning."

From Bruce R. McConkie: "Don't try to understand a scripture without knowing what the whole chapter is about - who's speaking? - who is he speaking to? - what are the circumstances?" etc.

From President Gordon B. Hinckley: "Everything will be okay in the end." (If it's not okay, then it's not the end)

From Mary Lou Sullivan: "When we feast, we feed our physical body while our spiritual body rests. When we fast, we feed our spiritual body while our physical body rests."

From a talk I once heard: In marriage there is no sharing (meaning no cheating), no dividing, and no depriving.

From my nephew Ron Hirschi: "If you don't do it, then you can never say 'I did it!'" (When I asked him if I should write a book.)

From life: Respect is given as a gift. Forgive and move on. Live as tho you I might die tomorrow - what do I need to finish? what do I most want to leave my family and friends? Love is what matters.

LIFE LESSONS

Yes, we Scribner kids did also learn a few things along the way while growing up (even when we tried our hardest not to). One of the ways that Mom and Dad tried to get through to us was through their faithful attempts at family home evening.

This is a daunting challenge for the best of us. How do you plan a lesson when your audience ranges from the enthusiastic but short attention spanned toddler to the moody and short attention spanned teenager? As parents, we now find ourselves trying to model your efforts and persistence. Why? Because we know that despite all of our disruptive antics, your values were always clear: You loved God, Us, Life, and Each Other, and we were learning how to really enjoy each other too.

In fact, we were constantly learning from you, even through our egocentric lives at some of the most unexpected times. We all wanted to take this small moment to let you in on just a few of the many life lessons that you have both taught us throughout the years.



Mom has always had a special ability to make even the strangest people feel loved and important. As a young girl, I watched the faces of some of the oddest people I've ever met, come alive as Mom sleuthed out what made these people special and then she'd let them know. This magical power drew out people like that guy on Bridgewood who'd always hang out at our house to talk, or poor, sweet Greta who never really seemed to know what was going on around her. And who could forget the booming voice of Elijah as he'd proclaim to all that were near, "Elijah has come...for dinner!" However, growing up, this power seemed more annoying to me than anything else. What did I care about these people? Then, one day, it hit home. In 2010, we had just moved from Charlotte to Battle Ground. The kids had only been in their new school for a couple of months when Ethan turned 7 and he was so excited to have his birthday party. We scheduled it during Mom and Dad's visit and they helped us put up all the decorations, hang balloons in the front and plan all the games. Ethan had invited a bunch of kids and was beside himself with anticipation. The time for the party came and went and no one showed up. Finally, an hour after the party time, I knew I had to let him know that no one was coming. I felt devastated for the little guy. Ethan broke down in tears and I didn't know what to do or say. Without skipping a beat, Mom pulled him into the kitchen, by the oven and said, "You know what makes you special today? For your birthday I made all this bread just for you. All of it is yours and you can eat it all or share it." And with a flourish, she pulled out two loaves of piping hot, beautiful brown bread straight from the oven. It was our own "loaves and fishes" moment, because right there, Ethan felt important. He felt loved. Mom then pulled him outside where we played all the games together with gusto. To this day, Ethan will only refer to that day as the Birthday he got his very own loaves of bread. It doesn't take much to change a life, just a little bit of love and the power to make someone feel it.

Dad has always been a quiet source of strength for me, but it was one moment that I always return to when I think of pivotal moments in my life. The day after the Christmas of 1991: the day after our house had burned. I've written about it before, but even now, I can't think of a more poignant moment in my life. As family, friends and neighbors, walked through the charred, black remains of the living room, I couldn't help but think what a waste it all was. My mood seemed to match our damp and dark home, as the melted, black carpet clung to my shoes. In the darkest part of the house, someone had set up a powerful lamp so that we could assess the damage. In that murky room the air felt heavy with smoke and despair, Dad gathered everyone around him to have a few words. He stood on the two steps above us and asked if he could offer a prayer of thanksgiving and to rededicate that house to the Lord. Somehow he only saw his blessing in that dank room. The blessing that we were all safe and alive and the bright hope that we could rebuild what was lost. Even then, he was determined to use that rebuilt home in the future, to create a safe haven for our family and to reach out and help others' lives with a safe place to gather. It amazed me then and it amazes me now. I always seem to come back to that moment of positive thinking when I feel the darkest inside. At those moments I try my best to see past myself and plan for a brighter future.

Chrissle Missle

For Mom and Dad combined: A week before I got married, Dad took me upstairs for one of those one-on-one interviews that we dreaded as a child, but learned to love as we grew older. Dad had obviously put a lot of thought into the conversation, and spent 30 minutes giving me great advice on how to live happily with another person. He focused on the way I should speak to Stephanie on a day-to-day basis. He let me know that sarcasm, angry words, and any form of belittlement would have a negative effect on our relationship, even if I thought the words were amusing or light-hearted. Although I have spent the last 13 years proving him right, I have always watched closely as Mom and Dad have put this advice into effect in their own marriage. I have always loved watching Mom and Dad speak to each other. I have always sensed an underlying feeling of respect, and admiration as they speak to each other, or speak about each other. They are loyal, loving, and never miss an opportunity to praise each other in public. One day I will take Dad's advice to heart, but until then, I will admire and respect from afar.

Limbohero

To Dad,

My favorite memories with Dad have always been in the early mornings. First as a 4 year old watching him shave in the morning, then finding him reading and studying the scriptures countless times, watching him standing in his garments desperately trying to turn off the stereo while "Phantom of the Opera" is blasting at 6 o'clock in the morning. Then my memory goes back to early morning seminary with Dad trying to move a bunch of us lazy kids out the door at 5:30, then later sitting with me in the early dawn while camping trying to get my child to go back to sleep. Whatever it was for, I always felt a little extra special being able to spend that extra one-on-one time with Dad.

To Mom,

Funny thing, some of my best memories with Mom went well into the night. Staying up late working on computer projects, never letting me finish a movie by myself, no matter how late it went (of course there was always laundry to fold to get us through) or helping me drive through the night telling me all the intricacies of Victor Hugo's version of Les Miserables (un-abridged version). I know this sounds a little odd coming from a son, but I was always grateful that she was there to help talk me through my dating issues. And like dad, sitting up with me when the kids had trouble sleeping at her house. Thank you for all the time.

Scott the Dot Not Spot

When I was about 12 years old, Dad was driving me and Craig home and I was being a big brat. Dad asked me sweetly to stop about five times, all of which I ignored. Then as we pulled up to the house, I did something that really made Craig-el bagel cry and Dad turned around slightly raised his voice and pointing at me said sharply, "I thought I told you to stop." Being the first time that Dad ever raised his voice to me, I looked at him in shock and hurt (despite the fact I completely deserved it) and I ran upstairs to my room, slammed the door and cried and cried. Within two minutes, I heard a light tap on the door "sweetie, can I come in?" Dad sat on my bed and rubbed my back and told me how sorry he was. I will never forget that moment, it has always been present in my life and reminds me to be patient and loving with others, especially my children. And it has taught me to ask forgiveness, even if I feel I have been wrong because it softens the heart. I love you, Daddy. Besos y abrazos, Gina

Growing up with mom meant going to a lot of parties. Big fun parties, with lots of people, lots of dancing and lots of floor shows, even if the floor show was in our kitchen with the table and chairs pushed back. But more than the parties themselves, I remember Mom putting the parties together. The endless phone calls, practices, and planning, her mind constantly spinning with bigger and better ideas. I admired her energy and positivity and her beautiful smile. I wanted to be just like her. What has never left me about all those parties is how Mom included everyone. Every nationality, every age, every personality no matter how different. She included people who were normally ignored, judged or forgotten and she found talents in them and made them feel loved and important. It changed my life forever. She taught me to love all people and to appreciate and embrace cultural differences. Watching her taught me to treat every human being with kindness and respect, to never judge and to see the good in everyone. Thank you Mom for your example of goodness. Te amo.

Gean Bean

Hmm, I have a memory of Dad's retirement where someone spoke of his work ethic and how he made a point to not just know his employees professionally but to really care about them outside the work place and care about their families and lives. To hear others talk about him like that made me understand what kind of person he is, and I've always strived to care about others the way that he always did. He was always a great example to me as a professional, a husband, a father etc. Mom's is a simple one. I admire her ability to make a connection with anyone...in the whole world.

Spencie

I'm grateful for the recent years of friendship where I've gotten the privilege to get to know my mom as a woman, and not just as a parent. Even as a teenager, we were close, so now, as I look back to those years when I didn't understand Mom, I feel like I now understand her perfectly. Once when I was 18, I told her that I met this boy and we were getting married. He was barely 19 with all addictions and trouble with the law. Neither of us had schooling or direction. No jobs or any saved up money. We had only been dating a few months and hardly knew each other. Mom said she didn't approve of our marriage no matter how many times I told her 'not to judge us' and 'if she loved me then she'd support my decision.' "BUT MOM, I'M IN LOVE!" I sobbed. How easy would it have been for her to say, "Well if you're happy then I'm happy." and walk away from a conversation just because it was hard or unpopular. But my Mom is a Mama-Bear-willing to let herself be rejected in order to protect me. She wouldn't indulge my crying by condoning a choice that could ruin my life. She wanted more for me. A husband with direction. Life with the gospel, and free of addictions. Education. etc. The conversation was hard nosed as my Mom unflinching, stood her ground. Then the next day she wrote a long letter full of love explaining why she felt the way she did.

There is no doubt in my mind, especially now, that my mom loves me, and all her kids. She doesn't run away. If her teens were driving her insane, instead of indulging unkind put downs and sarcasms to protect herself, she'd walk into the garden and work out her feelings while pulling weeds, or bleaching the back pantry floor. If she cried to herself wondering where she had gone wrong at night, she didn't let that self doubt stop her from getting out of bed again the next day, and actively being our Mom. Thanks Mom- for never abandoning us emotionally or physically in those moments where you probably wanted to run away.

Everyone wanted Dad time. Mom was the genius who created "Special Dad Time" and it worked- we all wanted it. All my childhood was spent with Daddio as a Stake President and working with Mom as a single adults activities leader. I loved meeting the various people that were constantly in our home, getting set apart for missions or having Christmas firesides. I loved making him tell me all about the Stake Conference talks he was about to give, and how excited he was about the inspiration he was receiving. My favorite year was during 8th grade, where Dad and I decided to 'practice' for seminary by getting up in the dark early morning every school day and reading scriptures together while everyone slept. Even now I love calling Dad and telling him about an amazing lesson I am trying to put together, and hear about the one he's teaching as well. I also love his humility. I asked him once how he stayed humble when so many people would congratulate him on giving a good talk. He said, "I politely say "Thank you," and try to forget that they said it as fast as possible." He always wanted to remember that God gave him the words and inspiration, and never wanted to let the praise go to his head. Dancing with Dad at my wedding was a highlight, but it's been the exciting and edifying conversations about God, and the mysteries of eternity that have been the moments where I've felt the closest to him.

Lora Bear

Michelle Piggle Poo Scribner... Spencer

Dad and Mom are a contrast in personalities. Dad is measured and steady, while Mom is impulsive and passionate. I've learned by example from them both. I remember hanging a church-endorsed Fitness for Life poster on the wall, and carefully checking off boxes as I joined Dad each morning on a run around the block including the part down Brush Creek Road in the pitch dark, which was okay because Dad's neon-orange track suit cast a light of its own. Then we would warm down with four-count burpies at home. One piece of advice Dad gave me once was to always strive for a balance in my life, which is classic Dad.

Mom, on the other hand, is the epitome of someone who is dangerously "unbalanced." She gets an idea in her head, whether it's a video compilation or a stake-level roadshow, and then goes after it no matter how many sleepless nights it might require, or how many hundreds of people might need to be corralled into a single event. I'm far more like Mom than Dad in the way I live my life, with my impulsiveness bringing waves of challenges to the even keel that my wife tries to maintain for our family. But I've been inspired by the way Mom and Dad have joined their superpowers together to form a wonderful and quirky family.

Craigle Bagel

One thing that sticks in my mind is one time when I was a teenager and I was talking to Dad and I said something disparaging about Mom. Dad has never been violent, but I must have said something pretty awful, because he hit me rather hard square in the chest. He had never hit me before, and never did again, but I got the message loud and clear - you don't mess with Mom. I have never forgotten that and have tried to teach my boys to respect their Mother as well. I'm sure Dad didn't know he was teaching me a lesson - I just made him angry - but putting your wife first has been a lesson that I have learned from him again and again.

I can't think of only one incident for Mom - she has always been a constant support and strength to me. I remember all those mornings she got up early with me to study the scriptures before I left for school and then she was always there when I got home. She was always busy with home or church, but always made time for me and was interested in what I was doing and what I was thinking. I always felt like I could talk with Mom as I was going through the trials and troubles of growing up. It never occurred to me that being the mother of eight kids was stretching her too far - she always seemed to find time to talk with me and encourage me.

Rusty



In Scotland: Back Row: Gina, Russ, Lora, Dad, Mom
Front Row: Spencer, Christy, Scott, Craig, Jimmy