

*Cecile
James
Scribner*

An Autobiography – Book 2

Cecile James Scribner

An Autobiography

Book 2

Written 2008 - 2010



1984



2002



1964

Cover Designed by Scott H. Scribner

Table of Contents

Dedication to my children	Page 4
My Roots	Page 5
My Life	Page 27
My Youth	Page 27
College Days	Page 37
Mission to Australia 1962	Page 39
Courtship and Engagement	Page 54
Our Wedding	Page 57
Los Altos, California (1966 - 1972).	Page 61
Santa Rosa, California (1972 - 1984)	Page 65
Memorable Trips 1976 and 1979	Page 73
Spiritual Experiences in Santa Rosa	Page 80
The Meaning of Family	Page 85
Our Children.	Page 91
Scotland (1984-1987)	Page 101
Visitors to Kirktonhill	Page 113
Family Trips While Living in Scotland	Page 120
Santa Rosa, California (again) 1987 - 2008	Page 134
New Home on Montecito Meadow Drive	Page 141
Memorable Experiences in Santa Rosa	Page 147
Graduation from BYU (August 2002).	Page 154
Family Gatherings and Reunions.	Page 156
Our New Zealand Journey (2004-2006)	Page 159
Elk Ridge, Utah (2008 -).	Page 177

To My Children and Grandchildren - A Legacy (20 April 2009)

Every mother wants to leave something of value to her children. I have a few of my mother's puppets, which to me are priceless. Most of you girls already know how to make my bread, my macaroni and cheese, my clam chowder, my orange rolls (none of which were ever really mine, but my mother's), and most of you know how to make them better than I do, so I guess that's something to leave. There are some traditions that warm my heart when I come into some of your homes—Christmas caroling to friends on Christmas Eve with a plateful of special goodies, a Christmas train made from cardboard boxes under your tree, a homelight filled with music from your children, scripture reading in the mornings with your kids, family prayer, reading stories at night before bedtime, camping out with your children and sleeping on the hard rocky ground (yet enjoying the closeness that camping brings), scrapbooking, a great desire to be with one another, and, of course, dancing in the kitchen. I've enjoyed all the new avenues that most all of you have taken. You've advanced far beyond what Dad and I could hope for. You're industrious and intelligent, warm and witty, talented and tenacious, poetic and passionate--and so good-looking. For all of this, Dad and I take little credit (except the good-looking part!). We had you for such a short time. There are paths you have all followed, and not the same ones that we followed or would have wished for you to follow, but you've each charted your own course. Perhaps the hardest thing that we had to allow you was your moral agency—the greatest of all the gifts that our Father in Heaven has given to us all—the ability to make strong moral decisions amidst worldly influences. Letting go has been hard for me. Please forgive me for that.

So what am I trying to say? What is the legacy I would leave? It's not the puppets, it's not my orange roll recipe, it's not the traditions—or is it? Maybe it's all intertwined with what I most want to leave you. The very best part of me is my huge love for the Gospel of Jesus Christ, my testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel as it's been restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith, the love I have for the pure doctrines that are taught in the Bible, but more especially in the Book of Mormon and other revealed scripture. Some of you have not read the Book of Mormon, but during the last ten years, I have read it through almost every year. I challenge all of you to read it once more with a prayer that the Spirit will be with you. Open your hearts. In it I have found the answers that have given me hope through very dark hours. Other answers have come during conference time as I listen to the Prophet and the Twelve Apostles. Most of you have your greatest trials yet ahead of you. You can't face these alone—you'll need a greater strength, but as you build your reserves daily through prayer, righteous works, repentance, forgiveness, good choices, loyalty to God and family, you'll be able to face the insurmountable.

The world ahead of you is not the same world in which Dad and I grew up, married and raised you children. There's more evil, more temptations, more cause for you to be the greatest example possible to your children. But you will always have a choice. Perhaps the greatest revelation that came to me this year was the fact that Faith is a Choice! I don't think I understood that before. If you don't think you have it, then you simply have to decide whether or not you want it. It may not come as easily to you as it does to others, but it is your choice. The *choice for Faith* requires a lifetime of work and commitment—and it will also reward you with happiness here and for eternity. And the greatest of all these rewards will be life together with each other, our friends, our loved ones and life with Heavenly Father and His Son Jesus Christ. I know this is all a reality. I think you all know what I have chosen and *why*, and that choice that I have made is the legacy I would leave to all of you and your children. I pray every day that my choices will bless your lives. It's actually the same legacy that's been handed to me by many amazing people that walked before not only me, but also you. My stories are your stories. . . enjoy.

With all my love, *Mom*

My Roots

“When the past no longer illuminates the future, the spirit walks in darkness.” Alexis de Tocqueville

So, where do I start? My Roots—always a good place to start. My testimony of the Gospel began with the strength of my parents’ testimonies. And their strong examples, even to this day, are a strength to me. The strength of their parents’, and their parents’ parents is also a great strength and inspiration to me. We are all so much a part of each other. I love these people I have never met, and just as surely, I feel I will know them when I meet them in the future. I’ve always felt these connections. I’ve always felt that their sacrifices were deserving of a good life lived by each of their descendants. So yes, much strength of my own testimony is because of family ties that hold me through some of my weakest hours. Let me tell you about some of these people and places, who have helped my spirit walk in light all these years—



“The Charm of the Incomplete”

The Old James Home in 1948 when our family moved from Rock Springs, Wyoming to Provo, Utah



*Thomas John James
Born: 21 Oct 1835
Llanfair, Pembrokeshire,
Wales.*



*Elizabeth Newton (her hair)
Born: 12 December 1844
Manchester, Lancashire, England*



*Margaret Livingston Haldane
Born: 24 August 1836
Borthwick, Edinburgh, Scotland*



*James Brown Syme
Born: 18 August 1834
Stobhill, Temple, Midlothian
Scotland*



*Thomas Alma James
12 August 1865
Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah*



*Margaret Johnstone Syme
Born: 4 March 1871
Haywood, Lanarkshire, Scotland*



*Cecil Syme James
Born: 14 March 1900
Rock Springs, Sweetwater, Wyoming*

My Father

John Gailey
Born: 19 November 1813
Much Cowarne, Herefordshire,
England



Ann Greaves
Born: 16 October 1816
Marden, Herefordshire, England



John Richards Howard
Born: 18 September 1841
Fareham, Hampshire, England



Harriet Spinks Brooks
Born: 24 December 1843
St. Botolph, Norfolk, England



Sarah Jane Gailey
Born: 22 May 1849
Salt Lake City, Salt Lake,
Utah



Isaac Sears
Born: 2 December 1845
Upper Caldecot, Bedfordshire,
England



John Fitz Alan Howard
Born: 27 November 1869
Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah

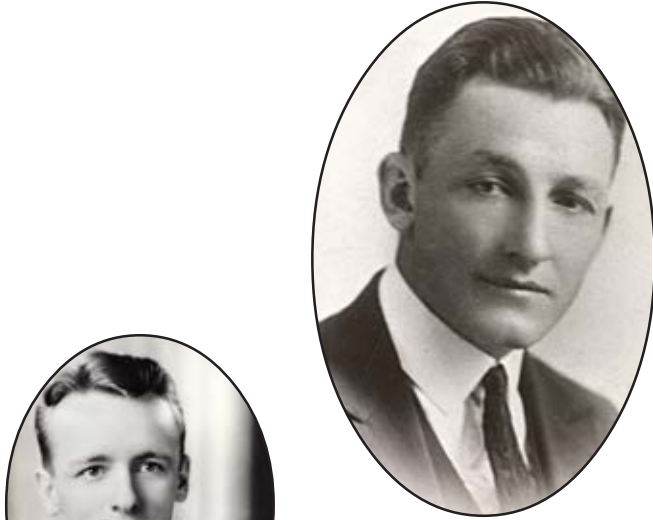


Sarah Drucilla Sears
Born: 20 December 1874
Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah



Lucie Howard
Born: 2 March 1900
Sandy, Salt Lake, Utah

My Mother



*Cecil and Lucie James
Married: 7 October 1925
Salt Lake Temple*



*Richard Alan
8 July 1926*



*Cecile
21 July 1941*



*Lois Joan
1 August 1928*



*Thomas Arthur
11 May 1930*



*Joyce
25 June 1932*



*Cheril Drucilla
21 April 1937*

These are my Roots! Everyone of these people have had a strong influence on me — I guess some more than others. I'm not a great one for doing genealogy research, but I can get very caught up in the lives of my ancestors, and have written stories about many of them - particularly after I have visited their places of origin. I won't repeat the stories I've already written, but I will touch on the reasons for their importance in my life and tell a few more of the stories in detail.

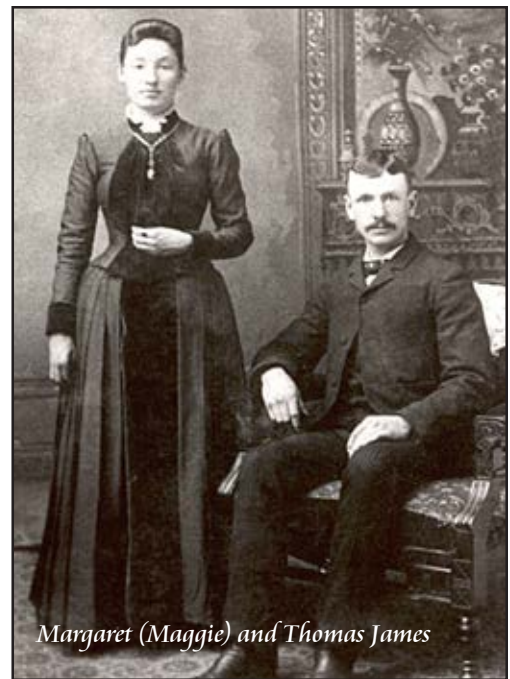
I never thought too much about my Grandparents on my father's side - Thomas Alma James and Margaret Johnstone Syme (Tom and Maggie). They both died when I was nine and ten years of age. I have a few memories. I remember that Grandma James had a drawer in her kitchen that always had raisin filled cookies inside of it. In my mind, I

can see that kitchen and that drawer perfectly. I was only six when we left Wyoming, so I really didn't see her much after that. My Grandfather James left an indelible impression on me. He had a big mustache, and when we went to family reunions we were told to kiss Grandpa *hello* or *good-bye*—maybe both. I used to dread that kiss! I hated the feel of those whiskers.



Grandpa and Grandma James as I remember them

But again, my appreciation for these people came when I visited their places of origin. In 1984, our family moved to Scotland for three years. My mother had died in 1980, so we took my eighty-four-year-old father with us. We visited Haywood, Scotland, and found only the remnants of a town but were able to speak to a few old people that looked like they'd been there for two hundred years. It wasn't that they looked that old, it was that life hadn't seemed to progress at all in their lives. We hardly understood what they said, but they gave us the run-down of the place. We explored the broken walls and enjoyed the beauty of the fields of wild grass blowing gently in the wind. When my grandmother left Scotland as a teenager, she ended up in Rock Springs, Wyoming. Now, I like Rock Springs because, after all, it's part of me, but it isn't the beauty spot that we saw in Haywood, Scotland. I only began to realize the sacrifice that our ancestors made when they heard the Gospel and left their homeland and loved ones in order to be closer to the center of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. And yet my father, looking over the same wild grass, seemed to understand it all perfectly. When I asked him how could they have possibly left, he simply said, "They did it for you."



Margaret (Maggie) and Thomas James



Cecile and Cecil in Haywood, Scotland (1984)



Christy, Jimmy and Spencer in old village store



Scotty, Spencer and Craig



Christy sitting on remains of a village wall



As a young girl, I always remember going to the James Brown Syme Reunion in Wyoming. I never really knew much about this family until we were living in Scotland. My father's name is Cecil Syme James, so I knew he carried the family name. But you can get a *feel* for somebody's life when you visit their places of origin. James Brown Syme was born in Stobhill, Temple, Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1834, and his wife Margaret Livingston Haldane was born in Borthwick, Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1836. In 1979, Doug and I took a trip to Scotland in connection with his work



Cecile in Edinburgh, Scotland in 1979

at Hewlett-Packard. We visited Edinburgh, Dalkeith and the small town of Temple. We had a movie camera and started taking pictures of this one-street town. Little did we know that this town of Temple would become one of our favorite places in all of Scotland. When we had seen the town and were headed back to our car, this woman came out of her house and asked who we were. We told her that Temple was the home of our ancestors. She invited us in and fed us juice and biscuits. Her name was Odette Kemp. She was an artist, and before the day was over, she rode around the

surrounding area with us and explained everything about Temple. We saw the old Church that was now just a shell, and she even lived in one of the older homes in the area -possibly just like the one my great-grandfather lived in. While we lived in Scotland (1984-1987), we took many family members to Odette's home. She showed all of them the area where James Brown Syme was born and raised. We visited the church that was likely the church he worshipped in. Though just a shell, to us it was a holy edifice because we were walking on the ground and in the place where faith was taught to our ancestors.



Doug in Dalkeith, Scotland in 1979

Odette, through all these years, has stayed a close friend of our family. She is Jewish (originally from France), and we had the opportunity of sharing the story of Joseph and his brothers, particularly Judah, with her and explained our love and closeness that Mormons hold for the Jewish Race. I love Odette like a sister. Before we left Scotland, Odette gave me a beautiful stone necklace that her husband had given her. It's easily one of my greatest treasures. Our home is adorned with beautiful pictures of Scotland and a few of France that she has painted.

*Visit in August 1985 from Dad (Cecil), Lois and Ernie Winfield, and Richelle Snow
In Picture: Cecil, Odette Kemp, Richelle Snow and Ernie Winfield sightseeing in Temple*



Temple, Scotland - Birthplace of James Brown Syme



Old Church and Cemetery in Temple



Joyce Ridge and Cecile "holding on to our roots!"



Christy Scribner "hanging onto her roots"- August 1984



Cecile with Odette Kemp - May 1986



Odette Kemp and Joyce Ridge - May 1986

James Brown Syme and his wife Margaret were married in 1857, and by 1863, they were living in Haywood, where my grandmother Margaret (Maggie) Johnstone Syme was born, the eighth of twelve children. They were Presbyterian. LDS missionaries taught them the Gospel, and they were baptized in May 1863 by James McBride. James became the presiding elder over the Haywood Branch in Scotland. Haywood was a coal mining town and James worked in these mines. After joining the church, all thoughts turned to traveling to Zion. The eldest daughter, Helen, left for Utah in 1879. She saved enough money to bring her father, who left in 1880. They arrived in Almy, Wyoming, where he went to work in the coal mines there. Everything possible was done to save enough money to bring the rest of the family over. Margaret, with her eight children and a grandson, left Scotland on the 22nd of October 1881, and arrived in Almy, Wyoming, on the 10th of November 1881.

They only lived in Almy for a short time after Margaret arrived before moving to Rock Springs, Wyoming. When Margaret joined the church in

Scotland, her folks rejected her. When she was ready to leave Scotland, she went to see her mother who told Margaret that when she got to America her husband would have another wife. Margaret said, "Well, at least, I will be the first!" They were sealed in the Logan Temple in 1886. She only lived until 1891 (fifty-five years) because she fell while carrying a five gallon can of water and struck her cheek. Her cheek never healed, and this developed into a cancer growth, which later took her life. I've read that their daughter Mary had fiery red hair, which we now have in my sister Cheril and my granddaughter, Maggie Scribner. I've read several stories about James Brown Syme and the gift of healing that seemed to be his. It was interesting to Doug and me that when we visited the places where Doug's family originated in Dalkeith, Scotland, that their home and the home of James Brown Syme were only ten miles apart. They were all there at the same time, and we wondered if they ever knew each other as they were all coal mining families.

Haywood, Scotland - Birthplace of Margaret Johnstone Syme



Michelle Jensen, Joyce Ridge, Lora and Cecile in Haywood, Scotland - May 1986



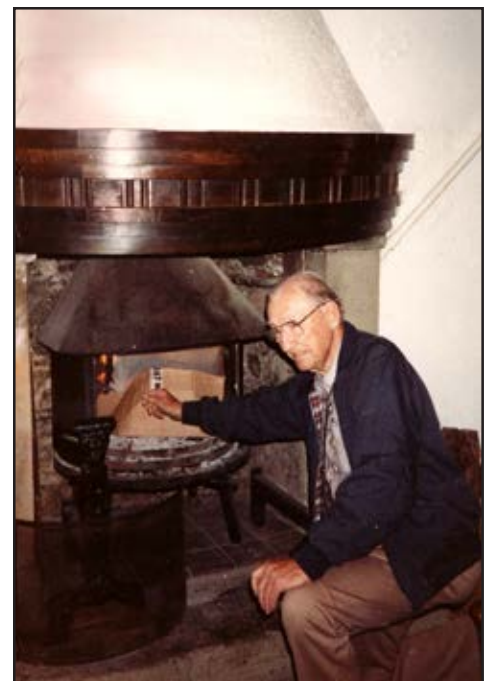
Llanfair, Pembrokeshire, Wales Birthplace of Thomas John James

While my father was living with us in Scotland, we took a tremendously fun trip from the top of Wales to the bottom, and there at the bottom, we found Llanfair. It was right by the ocean, and we walked through the graveyard and found many stones with the name “James” on it. We didn’t know the connection, but they were *Jameses* so we claimed them all. That night we stayed in our own castle.

It was a small castle, but a castle nevertheless, and it was all ours—for one night at the cost of one hundred pounds! As I walked through the graveyard there, it was the first time I actually thought much about this side of the family. But as I followed Thomas John James’ life and felt that same ocean breeze that filled his lungs when he was young, I started feeling a connection.



Roch Castle, Llanfair, Wales - July 1984



Dad (Cecil) starting a fire so we'd have some warmth in that cold little castle!

Thomas John James didn't remember living in any other place but Lawrenny - very close to the place where he was born in Llanfair and very close to the ocean. After he left school he became acquainted with an architect named John Cooper, and while doing odd jobs for him, he learned the carpenter trade. This was the beginning of the James men becoming carpenters. My father, Cecil, was a contractor and builder in Rock Spring, Wyoming, and his father before him was the same. Thomas was about fourteen years of age when his parents heard the Gospel, and he

joined shortly after his parents became members of the Church. Before that, they attended the Church of England but didn't really belong to any church. They immigrated to America on the 22nd of February 1854 (Thomas was nineteen-years-old), sailing from Liverpool on a ship named *Windermere*. There were 475 passengers on board, and it was a rough trip. The ship caught fire two different times on the journey, and smallpox broke out. Several had to be buried in the Gulf of Mexico.

A Farewell Song (by William Burton, age 21, a passenger on the ship)

*Adieu, adieu my native shore
I'm bound for yon fair dell;
Tho' ocean waves may loudly roar
I gladly say farewell*

*To kindred, friends, I dearly love
Who may not wish to go
O'er the blue brine with me to rove
And face the buffalo.*

*Adieu, my father's cot;
In youth thou wert my home -
Is it because I love thee not
I go so far hence to roam?
No, thou art ever dear to me,
I love thee long and well;
But go a Saint of God to be
Then fare-thee-well, farewell.*



Thomas John James as a younger man

At one point an exceedingly fierce storm arose. The masts cracked and many of the sails were cut in pieces. In speaking with Daniel Garn, the president of the Saints who were on board, the captain said, "I'm afraid the ship cannot stand this storm, Mr. Garn. If there be a God, as your people say there is, you had better talk to Him, if He will hear you. I've done all I can. I'm afraid the ship will go down." They called all the members together (nine wards were on the ship) to fast and pray that they might be delivered from danger. The Lord heard them and protected them as the storm continued (but not with such fury), for ten days. They finally arrived in New Orleans, took a steamboat to Kansas City, and then joined the company of Job Smith to cross the plains.

They left in June 1854 and arrived in Salt Lake 23 September 1854. In 1858, Thomas married Erma Jones. They had one child. I don't know the circumstances, but the record says they (Erma and child) were both cremated in California. So apparently, they were with him when he left for California in June 1859. They traveled extensively, going all the way to Sacramento, and there he worked for awhile. In July 1860, he separated from his family because of a falling out. He traveled to Los Angeles and back again up until October 1861, when he returned to Salt Lake City. He spent three years traveling, and working here and there - but mostly traveling to get from place to place. Now, we do these trips in a couple of hours!

In 1864, he married my great-grandmother, Elizabeth Newton (born 1844), and just as I did, they had nine children. However, she was young when she died - probably from childbirth. Her youngest child only lived a couple of weeks, and Elizabeth died just five days later.



Thomas John James

Thomas John continued in carpentry, working whatever jobs he could find. He helped build the old Tabernacle, and also worked on the Salt Lake Temple. He was also a member of a brass band and played at the funeral of Brigham Young.



There isn't a picture of Elizabeth Newton, but these were her parents: Elizabeth Blackburn (born 1823, England) and James Leigh Newton (born 1823, England)

John Gailey and Ann Greaves (Graves)

My great-great-grandparents on my mother's side, John and Ann Gailey, have a story that has always fascinated me. Ann Greaves (Graves) was a member of the United Brethren in England along with John Gailey. I'm pretty sure they knew each other well at the time Wilford Woodruff came to John Benbow's Farmhouse in 1840, and asked if he could preach. John Benbow was also a member of the United Brethren. In fact, there were six hundred of these very religious and truth-searching people. They did not claim to be the *true church on earth*, but they were conscientious and intelligent people who knew the Bible and knew that the churches surrounding them did not contain the same elements of the Gospel that were contained in Christ's original Church—some of those elements that they were looking for were baptism by immersion by the right authority, twelve apostles, revelation, the gift of the Holy Ghost and the power to seal in heaven what has been sealed on earth. It is no wonder that when Wilford Woodruff, in that farmhouse of John Benbow's, preached the revealed Gospel of Jesus Christ and the restoration of all things through Joseph Smith, the Prophet of this last dispensation on earth, that 599 of the United Brethren all requested baptism over the period of the next few months. John Gailey, my great-great-grandfather, was one of the eighty-five ministers of the United Brethren,

and was among the first, if not the first, of this group to accept baptism by immersion at the hands of Wilford Woodruff. This took place in a small pond very near the farmhouse on the 24th of March 1840. Ann Greaves was also baptized there on the very same day. That very same evening after their baptism, John accompanied Wilford Woodruff to his next appointment. From thereon he traveled and taught the message of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ. There is a detailed journal of his missionary work that continues up to 1842.

In 1987, my brother Tom and his wife Roberta and their son Philip came to visit us while we were living in Scotland. It was right at the end of our three-year stay there. We decided to take a trip to England and go find that farmhouse! It wasn't that easy to find. My first thought was, *How in the world did Wilford Woodruff even find this place?? It was so far off the beaten track!* There's nothing quite like walking on the same ground that your ancestors walked on. It causes you to think deeply upon the decisions that changed their lives and the lives of their descendants forever! I admire and am humbled by their fortitude and strength. Not only did we enjoy the moment of walking on this history soaked ground, but we walked over to the pond where John and Ann were baptized. Such an experience that was for us!

The John Benbow Farmhouse in England where John Gailey and Ann Greaves were Taught the Gospel and Baptized



Philip at the Pond where the baptisms took place



Tom, Roberta and Philip James and Cecile visiting John Benbow's Farmhouse in England in July 1987



*Tom and Philip in Preston, England, by the River Ribble
where the first baptism in Great Britain took place*



Scenery near the John Benbow Farmhouse



Descendants from Ann Greaves stated that her parents were very angry with John (twenty-nine-years-old) for enticing their young daughter to accompany him to America! She was twenty-six years old! John Gailey, Ann Greaves and Eleanor Harris Gailey, John's mother, were passenger numbers 32, 33 and 34 respectively aboard the ship *Yorkshire* when they sailed to America. They landed in New Orleans, Louisiana, and made their way to Nauvoo in May 1843. They were personally acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith and most likely heard him speak about the Nauvoo Temple with a sense of urgency:

“Verily, thus saith the Lord: “Let the work of my Temple, and all the works which I have appointed unto you, be continued on and not cease; and let your diligence, and your perseverance, and patience, and your works be redoubled, and you shall in nowise lose your reward.” (D&C 127: 4)

John and Ann were married civilly on 27 June 1843 in Nauvoo—twenty-seven days after their arrival. They had no idea what was ahead of them as they looked forward to their first anniversary on the 27th of June 1844, for that was the date their prophet, Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, were martyred. John and Ann were living in Camp Creek, about ten miles from Nauvoo. I've often tried to put myself in their place and feel what they might've

felt when the news of the murder of their prophet sunk into their hearts. It's like trying to imagine what the disciples of Jesus felt as they stood looking up at the cross and seeing their Savior and King being crucified by the Roman soldiers. It's impossible to *feel* that depth of sorrow without being there.

John and Ann received their endowments in the Nauvoo Temple 7 February 1846, and were sealed by Heber C. Kimball. Almost immediately, that same year, because of persecution, they were forced along with others to leave Nauvoo to face the hazards of the blistering plains and come West.

Somewhere in Pottowotamie County, Iowa, twin babies were born to John and Ann, but both of the babies died. From here they proceeded to Salt Lake City, arriving in the fall of 1848. Two daughters were born to them here, Sarah Jane, my great-grandmother, and Elizabeth, and when the latter was three-weeks-old, Ann Gailey died (thirty-four-years-old). This was in 1851.

What amazing ancestors the Gaileys were—like the Jameses and the Symes! They sought the truth, they recognized it when they heard it, they opened their hearts to the message, and they allowed the Spirit to give them direction and to strengthen them even in sorrow so they could continue on in the faith.

Nauvoo, Illinois - Where John Gailey and Ann Greaves were married (1843) and later received their endowments in the Nauvoo Temple (1846)

November 2002, was a very cold season to visit Nauvoo, Illinois, but I had a friend, Mary Paton, arriving from Scotland, so we waited until she got here before we left for Illinois. My sister Joyce and her granddaughter, Jennifer Hill, traveled with us. We had a fabulous time visiting friends in Chicago and particularly visiting National University of Health Sciences. It was such a thrill to walk in the main building and the first big picture we saw up on the wall was Grandpa Howard's. That was the beginning of our transformation in realizing what an important man he was. From there we drove to Nauvoo. We arrived about 11:30 at night, and I could never describe my amazement when we came upon the rebuilt Nauvoo Temple,

completely lit up. I just didn't expect the replica of the original building to be so big. *How was it possible for poor, mob-weary Saints to construct an edifice of this magnitude? Where did they get the strength to complete it after their prophet was murdered? Once it was done, how did they have anything at all left inside them to leave it when the mobs arrived again, to walk across the frozen Mississippi, to see their lives being destroyed once again?* I know this story is heart-rending to anyone who hears it, but it has a whole different meaning to me to know my great-great-grandparents were among those people who were part of the miracle of the pioneers. Again, I loved walking on the hallowed ground of Nauvoo—where they walked.



Joyce and Mary (Paton) on the Trail of Hope - Nauvoo



Nauvoo, Illinois Temple - November 2002



Our transportation while sight-seeing Nauvoo (It was so cold!)



Tom, Joyce, Cecile and Doug after attending a session in the Nauvoo Temple

“Father, dear, bless this land that those who govern shall never trample the rights of the people as was once done in Nauvoo. May liberty and peace be maintained under the banner of the Constitution, which Thou has caused to be established ‘for the rights and protection of all flesh’ (D&C 101:77). Bless this city of Nauvoo, which came to be known as the City of Joseph. May it shine with a renewed luster as the home of a Temple of God. May this sacred house stand as a memorial to him who lived here and was buried here, Joseph Smith, the great prophet of this dispensation, and his brother Hyrum, whom he loved.”



“. . .Thy Spirit has brooded over us and moved upon us, and in obedience to its prompting we have now reconstructed on this hallowed ground the temple that once stood here. Through the tithes of Thy people and the generosity of faithful Saints, there has been brought together all of the elements and the necessary skills to create this magnificent structure.”

President Gordon B. Hinckley, Dedicatory Prayer of the Nauvoo Illinois Temple, June 27, 2002



*Cecile, Roberta James and Joyce Ridge
Nauvoo 2002*



*Statue of Joseph and Hyrum at
the Carthage Jail*



View of Nauvoo from across the Mississippi River in Montrose, Illinois

Isaac Sears and Sarah Jane Gailey

It's hard to leave out even one ancestor. Sarah Jane Gailey (daughter of John Gailey and Ann Greaves) married Isaac Sears. He also had sacrificed so much when he joined the Church. He was the second of eleven children born to John Sears and Sarah Wagstaff in England. They joined the Church in 1849. When Isaac was only fourteen-years-old, his family sent him to Utah ahead of the others to make his way in this new land. He worked to help bring the others over. Amazing! But my children will recognize him the most because he had three wives. This polygamist picture has been on our walls for many years. I'm not promoting polygamy, and I'm thankful that I did not ever have to live it, but this is truly an amazing picture! Isaac Sears is standing in the middle in the back, my great-grandmother, Sarah Jane Gailey is directly in front of him and his two other wives are sisters who came over from England. They are the other two in black. Their combined children surround them. My grandmother, Sarah Drucilla Sears, is on the back row, far right.



Sarah Drucilla Sears and John Fitz Alan Howard

I've read my grandmother Sarah Drucilla Sears' autobiography many times and I love her poetry, but I actually only knew her my first ten years. I do recall that she crocheted little dresses on little rubber dolls. They each had a tiny safety pin on the back for pinning the dolls on dresses. How I wish that I still had one of them! I remember feeling of her warmth and softness, but that's all. And yet, she has had a great influence particularly on me and my sisters. Perhaps this was because our mother always spoke of her with love. My closeness to her came as I read about her life and her trials.

I've always been enthralled with her romance with my grandfather John Fitz Alan Howard. She had many courting experiences that helped her know just what kind of man she wanted. One Sunday morning this tall, good-looking man walked into Church. He was already looking at Drucilla when her eye caught his. As she puts it, they both just *knew* it was right. There was a certain magic in the air and both Drucilla and John felt it, even though they had not yet spoken to each other. And they



actually didn't speak until a few days later at a dance, and from then on, life began to take on new dimensions.

John was quite the man in those days. He had a buggy, but had sold his horse. Drucilla's brother, Will, who was away on a mission, had a horse. So, when John came to court Drucilla, he put the harness on Will's horse, drove the horse back to hitch it to his buggy and then drove the buggy down to Drucilla's house and picked her up. Sometimes he would get between the buggy shafts himself and pull the buggy down to her house, often carrying a bouquet of flowers in his hand as well. They were married on the 26th of September 1895, the day before John left on a mission to Switzerland.

That was only the beginning of Drucilla's challenges. I admire her so much. She and John had twelve children, but three of them died in infancy. While she was bearing children and dealing with the feeding and clothing of a large and growing family, John was going to Rush Medical School, and also studying chiropractic

The burnout and back pain that he was suffering led him into using alcohol for a cure. But his body gave way, most likely from a breakdown, and basically he lost his wife, his family, his chiropractic school and his dignity.



John Fitz Alan Howard, founder of the National School of Chiropractic, 1906

in Lombard, Illinois - near Chicago. John (age thirty-six in 1905) studied under D. D. Palmer, but in 1906, he founded the National School of Chiropractic. Drucilla, herself, was one of his students. The tragedy that followed in their lives has been a misunderstood story in our family for many years.



The second graduating class of National School of Chiropractic in 1907. John is in the back and Drucilla is on the far right in the back

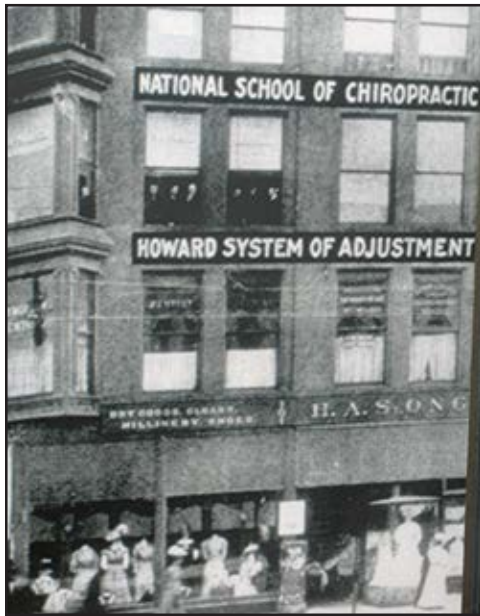
The details of what happened to John has been told more completely in other stories I have written, but briefly, as near as I could figure out, he suffered from *burnout*. By 1919, he was fifty-years-old and was in the throes of physical and mental exhaustion. He was attending Rush Medical School. At the same time, he was running his own Chiropractic school, he was authoring and publishing the Chiropractic Encyclopedia (with over 300 hand drawn illustrations that he did himself), he was developing and refining chiropractic techniques, plus he was the father of nine children. He had utter disdain for the "one-cause, one-cure" hypothesis, and believed that the medical world and the chiropractic world should work together for the complete health of the body. Later it would be said of him that he was a man way ahead of his time.

He started that school in 1906, and in 2006, there was a 100-year celebration back in Lombard, Illinois, to honor John as the founder of this school, which had now become a full university, National University of Health Sciences. At this university there is a clinic that bears John's name, and they teach the principles of medicine that John wrote about, believed in and taught back in 1906. It was a great honor to our family to attend this celebration and *discover* the grandfather we never knew. We only knew him as the alcoholic he became.

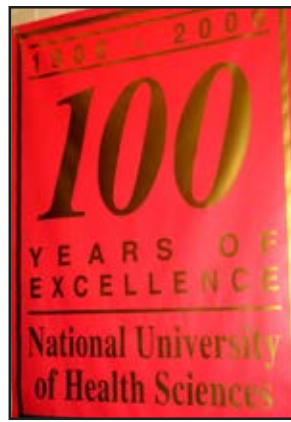


Tom, Cecile, Joyce and her granddaughter Jennifer Hill at the clinic named after John Fitz Alan Howard November 2002





Original Building in 1906



Our family with President Winterstein who is now President of the National University of Health Sciences - he gave us royalty treatment



Tom, Cheril, Dick, Roberta, Joyce and Cecile at building named after Grandpa Howard - 2006



Descendants of John Fitz Alan Howard Family who were able to attend the Celebration. Lloyd Howard is in the middle. He is my mother's youngest brother (over ninety-years-old) and was the honored speaker at the banquet.

But this is my grandmother's story that I want to finish. The John Fitz Alan Howard that we his grandchildren found (fifty years after his death) is the man that Drucilla always knew was there, even though he was lost to her for the rest of her life. She had to provide for her children herself, and the children helped each other. They were a proud and industrious family. There was a great closeness and love among the siblings and the mother. It was 1920 when John lost his practice, but in ten short years, unimaginable tragedy was yet to come to Drucilla.



Cecile, Joyce, Tom, Roberta, Cheril and Dick - old Howard home in Maywood, Illinois-2006



After visiting the National University of Health Sciences, we headed off to search for the house that Grandma and Grandpa Howard had lived in (Maywood, Illinois). We knew it had been moved to another location because of a freeway being built in its path. But we did find it!



1906

Alan, Winnie and Lora were three of Drucilla's children that seemed to gravitate to each other. Winnie was the first to become ill with tuberculosis. But Alan was the first to die from it. He was twenty-four and engaged to be married when it became evident that he needed his tonsils removed. He felt good enough to walk home after the doctor had removed them, but he started to hemorrhage and later broke down with tuberculosis. He never improved. Two months after Alan died, Drucilla penned these words:

Alan

(by Drucilla Sears Howard - 1934)

*Soon the Spring will come again
With leaves unfolding on the trees,
With flowers blooming everywhere
And on the air a warm south breeze.*

*How can I bear to welcome it,
Enjoy its beauty and its cheer
When my brave lad who loved it too
Has gone away and left me here?*



Alan Sears Howard

*Soon the Spring will come again
With lovers walking down the lane,
Thrilled with the endless dreams of youth
Repeating still the old refrain.*

*Help me, dear Lord, to understand,
Cleanse me from bitterness and woe,
Remembering that Thou leadest me,
Smiling and hopeful, let me go.*

It was October 1934, just ten months after Alan's death that the family was beginning to feel new life again. The girls were enjoying one another's company and laughing at each other's antics. Winnie started to cough, and the coughing broke



Winnie and Lora

a lesion in her lungs. She very suddenly died. Winnie was only twenty-six years old. In all the family's sorrow, it was evident that Lora wasn't well. She said, "You know, Mother,

don't you, that I'm not afraid to die. Winnie and Alan are okay.

I know that." Lora's health, like Alan's never returned. Lora at the age of twenty-two died in 1935, just nine months following Winnie and was buried next to Alan and Winnie. One cannot think of them separately. They were close companions in life and in death.



Lora, Alan and Winnie



John (Jack) Howard and Drucilla

In five years followed yet another death. Drucilla's son Jack, who was thirty-six-years old with a son of his own, died of a ruptured appendix. Jack was named John Richards after his grandfather and he also named his only son *John*.

So why have I included so much detail about my grandmother, Drucilla Howard? Her faith and determination to live life to its fullest despite her great trials has pulled me through many a hard time. It was Grandma Howard who said, "*If you want to have a great experience in life, you have to go out after it.*" All these things she believed were deeply embedded into my own mother's character, and have been deeply embedded into mine. I know people who struggle with faith, and many struggle because of the trials and tribulations that have been part of their lives. I've heard these people say that faith just isn't in their make-up. This has been hard for me to understand— I haven't known what to say to them. I would say that none of these

people have suffered to the great extent that my grandmother suffered. So why did she have faith to carry her through. Why did she have such great faith that she could pen these words in 1939—the same year she lost her handsome son Jack:

*There will be sorrow waiting on all roads,
Long heartbreak 'ere we reach the high abodes,
Still we must snatch from these a certain gain,
No heart can comfort 'til it has known pain.*

*Press a rich honey from the bitter years—
No eyes can see 'til they have known tears.*

(Drucilla S. Howard— 1939)

She portrayed a great understanding of life and the Gospel. She made the choice to have faith. Sometimes we think that some people have it and others do not. But that's not quite the case. It's a choice, just as surely as happiness is a choice. Why had I never realized that before? My grandmother chose to have both, and in that choice gave a great gift to her children and her grandchildren.



*Sarah Drucilla Sears Howard
My Grandmother as I knew her*

Three generation picture. Sarah Jane Gailey Sears (64), Sarah Drucilla Sears Howard (39) and my mother, Lucie Howard James (14) - 1914 - exactly twenty-five years between each.

My story began before I was born. My family originated from Scotland, England and Wales. In these lands, they heard the Gospel preached by the early missionaries of the Church. Under frightening circumstances, they left these beautiful lands and traveled to America - to



Zion - in order to be with others of their faith, so they could help each other nourish the gospel in their lives and in the lives of children not even yet born. I was one of those children for whom the great sacrifice was made. I've been blessed beyond measure. What a privilege it is to be born into a family where the gospel is alive and where boundless opportunities exist to bring our children up with ease and with a path already trodden down by those who went before. This opportunity exists for very few people who have come to this earth. My brothers and sisters, all of our children, our children's children and I - we have been the lucky ones. I've thought of the greatest gift I could return to these ancestors, and I know what it is. It's a good life, following the commandments to the best of my ability and continually teaching my children the way to eternal life - a life that will include all of us together as a family. Everything else is just fluff - temporary.

**Family Pictures taken between 1941 and 1942
(Howards, Buckmillers and Jameses)**



*Back Row: Aunt Jessie, Cecil, Lois, Grandpa Howard, Tom, Richard, Lucie, Howard, Grandma Howard, Donna
Front Row: Joan, Cheril, Joyce, Roger, Cecile, Jack*



*Back Row: Cecil James, Howard Buckmiller, John F.A. Howard, Helen and Mark Howard, Gordon Howard
Next Row: Roger Buckmiller, Lloyd Howard, Lucie James, Cheril James, Drucilla Howard
Next Row: Lois James, Alta Howard, Jack Buckmiller, Joyce James, Donna Buckmiller,
Jessie Buckmiller, Mary Buckmiller
Front: Cecile James and Joan Buckmiller*

This is My Life - Again!

Well, it's a little scary to begin *My Autobiography Book Two* because I feel certain that there will not be an *Autobiography Book Three*. So, does that mean that when I'm finished writing, it's time to die?! Hmm, that's too bad because I really wanted to finish this book this year (2008) or next!

Yet, this is a good year to look back, possibly to analyze my life, but perhaps better to just record important events that have enriched my life with my husband and family. *Why this year?* Some very big changes have and will continue to take place before this year is out. We sold our family home on Montecito Meadow Drive, Santa Rosa, California. We bought a home in Elk Ridge, Utah, and it has been rented now for about two years. Every time we go back to Utah, we stay in the basement of that house, which has been turned into a comfortable apartment—just right for us and for some gatherings of family when we're there. *How did we come to make this decision?* Now that is a hard question. We're still not sure of the answer but have relied very much on the *Spirit* to tell us what to do. The trouble is that the *Spirit* doesn't seem to talk to us about our future plans—we're just getting feelings as we go. We wait until things feel right. When we first went through the home in Elk Ridge, we had no idea that our lives would really end up there—we were looking for investment property because we were selling a rental house in California. But the *feeling* in the house was so good, and most every window opened up to beautiful Mount Timpanogos—my mountain.

My Youth

At the foot of Mount Timpanogos in Provo, Utah, I spent my youth, and during this period of my life, I climbed it several times—right to the very top. There used to be an annual trek up Timpanogos and several hundred people would make the trip every year. One year, my mother decided to make it with us. I'll never forget this because she hardly ever wore slacks—even did yard work in a house dress—so she borrowed some levis from someone. And these

levis were too tight for her, but she squeezed into them anyway and started the hike at about five in the morning with the rest of us. She knew she'd slow us down, so we all shot up ahead, knowing that we'd probably find her again on our way down. I can't really remember, but I think it took about six hours of hiking to reach the top. The first stop is Emerald Lake, which rests at the bottom of the huge glacier that comes from the top of the mountain. Many hikers don't go any further. The hike to the top from here can be a bit frightening. It's a narrow, windy path and rocky, more like a lot of shale-type rock that slides easily. When you get to the top there's a little hut where you are given a small round badge (of Courage!) that proves you made it to the top. I still have most of my little

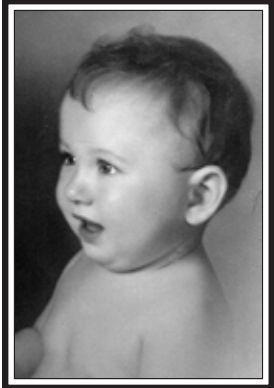


badges—somewhere. Well, my mother made it to Emerald Lake—a huge achievement for her (she was about fifty-nine years old). After living at the foot of that mountain, she just didn't want to die without having made the hike. I always loved the adventuring spirit in my mother, a quality she acquired from her own mother, and one I also adhere to very strongly.



My goodness, I'm all over the map with my memories. Since I've been telling you about Mount Timpanogos, I think I will stay with some of my memories growing up. My earliest recollections go back to Rock Springs, Wyoming, where I was born on the 21st of July 1941. My children have all heard me tell them the significance of their own names and why they should honor those names and be proud of them. I feel this way because I was given a very honorable name—Cecile. I was named after my father, Cecil Syme

James. Now, for sure, I don't remember this event, but I've heard about it many times. My mother came to the hospital to have me because most of her other children were born at home. After one pain, she left for the hospital, determined to have the luxury of a hospital bed. I was probably born on the second or third pain! When my father came to the hospital for a visit, she asked him what my name should be, and he hemmed and hawed. Finally, he handed her a beautiful Hamilton watch and blurted it out, "*The children*



Cecile

and I think we should call her. . . .Cecile!" Mama immediately loved the name. She tells me that I was an affectionate child, and demanded attention from my father. He used to call me *Tuffy*. I don't think that I ever knew Daddy was a rather stern man. I did recall that if we were bad, he'd tell us to go get the strap, but we never did see that strap—an empty threat. I only have a few memories of my friends and activities in Rock Springs. I do recall when Lois got married. She stood in front of the fireplace, and I was standing beside her, probably as her flower girl. I also remember standing at the hall

door and peeking in when there was a fireside or party at our home. I couldn't go to sleep when this was happening. My mother would call me in and let me be part of the fun and excitement. I

also remember the years after that when we lived in Provo, sitting on the top steps when there was a party. I'd slowly come down, step at a time, until my mother gave in and let me be part of the activities. In Rock Springs, I also recall kneeling in family prayer on Sunday mornings before we left for Church.



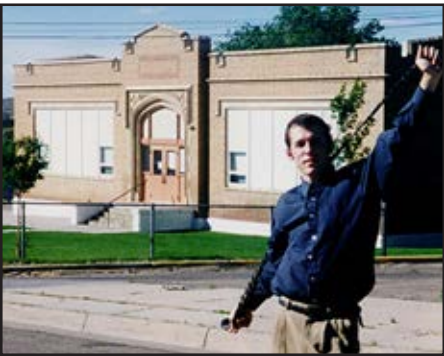
James Lumber Yard, (Gina, Spencer, Scott, Lora, Cecile Doug)



"My Mother was born right here at this hospital!" (Scott)



"Our mother lived here and walked on this same sidewalk when she was six-years-old!" (Craig and Lora)



"My Mother went to first grade here - Yellowstone School" (Spencer)

We moved to Provo in 1948. My father still had his business in Rock Springs—the Superior Lumber Company—so he was only in Provo on the weekends. He had his own airplane, so he flew home on Fridays and back to Rock Springs on Sunday afternoons after Church. He circled our house after coming through Provo Canyon, then we would race to the airport to pick him up. I always looked in his pockets for a surprise. I remember he'd get Mama a Heath candy bar at the airport, but my surprise was always in his pocket. I don't recall that we'd do anything spectacular on weekends, but it was different than during the week because *Daddy was home*. He'd most often mow the lawn on Saturday. I don't really know how it was every weekend, but during my early teens, on Friday nights, I would stay up late and watch the wrestling matches on TV with Daddy. I don't remember all of the wrestlers, but I do remember Gorgeous George! Television was relatively new so this was just about all Friday night had to offer.



My father, Cecil James, and his airplane

There are certain highlights in my years of growing up in Provo. In the neighborhood we played *Kick the Can* in our parking lot. We also played *Shadow in the Dark*. We had a big flood light on the house, and when it was on, shadows from the trees were cast on the lawn. We wore black clothing and played this game just like *Hide and Seek*, but instead of hiding behind things, we hid in the shadows. Once I was laying on my stomach on the grass in the shadow of the old apple tree, and right in front of me I could see a big tarantula. I knew these spiders moved very



Cecile in front of our beautiful red Packard!

slowly, so I just kept an eye on it because I didn't want to move a muscle and get caught. So there we were—just staring at each other! In the summer times, we slept outside quite often and marveled at the zillions of stars in the sky. I loved summer time in Utah. To earn money, we picked cherries and strawberries. I would get up about 4:30 in the morning just when it was starting to get light and pick cherries all morning. I loved to climb trees. I suppose I was a bit of a tom-boy, but I liked to climb very high in trees. The top of the cherry tree is what I liked best. But there were other trees that were huge that didn't have enough limbs, so we hammered wooden steps in the trunk so we could finally get to the top. And right up there where the trees held us safely in their arms, we would share many a secret. But mostly we would talk about boys.



A few more exciting things about my childhood. We had *boarders* at our home for years and years. And every night our table was just filled with people. When dinner was ready, we'd shake the set of bells that hung on the wall, and all the boys would come bounding down the staircase for dinner. Our house was always so full of people. I know it must've been a terrific load on my



Ronnie and Davie

mother, but as a young girl, it was a very exciting life. During the summers I would usually spend some weeks with Lois' family in Brigham City and with Dick's family back in Rock Springs, Wyoming. Ron,

Dave, Alan and Don were my little boys! I loved these nephews so much—my life was wrapped up with all of theirs. I was just six years older than Ron, and spent a lot of time giving him and the other boys piggy back rides and working in the yard with them (picking up rotten apples).



Alan, Ron, Dave, Don, Randy and Danny

One summer at Lois' house was particularly productive. It was 1953, and we were getting ready to go to Hawaii to pick up Tom coming home from his mission in Japan. Mama sent

me to Brigham City for a week so Lois could sew a wardrobe for me. Unbelievable! She sewed several dresses and outfits for me to wear on the trip, and she did it all in one week. On the weekends at Lois', we would go to drive-in movies. I sat in the back with the boys. Our favorite movie was "*Some Like it Hot.*" We laughed ourselves silly at the end of that movie. Staying in Wyoming with Dick and Lorna provided a different set of memories. Nobody could make delicious desserts like Lorna could. I could hardly wait for every meal because it would be so good.

Well let's go back to the Hawaiian trip. In 1953, when we went on this trip, I was twelve-years-old. Tom was on his mission to Japan for three years, and during that time Dad had saved money enough for all of us to



Tom and Cecile

fly to Hawaii to meet him on his way home. Tom arrived from Japan by ocean liner. He and some of the other missionaries were literally covered with leis, as were other people who were arriving that day. We could hardly see his eyes! Three years was a long time without seeing Tom, and we were so excited! I was the only one of the family

who wrote up a daily account of our activities during that trip, but here I will shorten the story considerably. In 1953, you could actually see Waikiki Beach. We had a little cottage just a block and a half away from Waikiki, so we would run to the beach for a swim every day we were there. Tom would grab our hands and we would run straight into the waves so the sudden cold of the water would shock us! But the shock was only temporary. It was a dream come true to be able to go to Hawaii. We saw all the sights: the Blowhole, Diamond Head, the Hawaiian Temple, the big Island of Hawaii, the many volcanic flows on that island, Kona Inn, the pineapple fields and one of my favorite stops, the Dole Pineapple Factory. In those days, you could turn on a fountain and pineapple juice came out and filled your cup! No one goes through the factory anymore, and the fountains with fresh pineapple juice no longer exist—except in my memory!



Joyce, Cecile, Tom (?), Cecil at Waikiki - 1953



Cecil, Joyce, Cheril, Lucie, Cecile, Sister Kanahele, Tom

We spent some days at Laie, and attended a huge luau that was held on the beach. We watched the fishermen take out the huge nets and pull in a pile of fish! We watched the pig come out of the ground dripping with goodness. When we ate, there were fresh pineapples on the tables, and we just reached in and pulled out fresh spears of pineapple. Then there was this little cup with something the color of salmon—well, that’s just what it was—raw salmon. We also tasted poi. Then, of course, there was ukulele music and hulas performed. It was exactly as you would want Hawaii to be. We went to church on that side of the island, and met the Kaneheles and the Kekaohas. When church began, the man conducting said, “Aloha, James Family,” and the whole congregation repeated, “Aloha, James Family.” What a welcome we had. I’m so glad for those early experiences and memories of Hawaii—it’s not the same anymore.

I was the youngest of seven children—Richard, Edwin (died as a baby), Lois, Tom, Joyce, Cheril and me. I don’t really remember much of Richard or Lois before they were married. Tom (eleven years older than I) was my idol. I loved the way that people gravitated to him—he always had friends, and he always called people by their names. I wanted to be like him. Joyce (nine years older) had boyfriends, and I always peeked out the window to see if I could catch her kissing a boy in the car—or I’d listen through the window at night to see if I could hear any *sweet nothings* being said to each other on the doorstep, and then when it was quiet, well. . . . my imagination went wild! I would watch her get ready to go out. She

had pretty clothes that she had made herself, and she took a lot of time with her hair and her lipstick. To me, she always looked perfect - her clothes, her hair, her shoes, her lipstick, her eyelashes.

Cheril (just four years older than I) was close enough to my age that we fought quite a bit. Tom would tease us and chase us around the house with pillows, Joyce had fingernails that could dig, but Cheril had a good temper and could kick! One time we were fighting over Dad’s chair.

He had a particular chair that he sat on and watched TV on the weekends. But during the week when he was gone, it was fair game. We both wanted to sit on it, so we’d change the station on the TV or turn it down—just so the other would get mad and get off the chair to turn it back where she wanted it. Then finally, Cheril just grabbed my arm and swung me across the room. I landed on a brand new glass coffee table that Mama had bought for the living room. It had two layers of opaque glass, and when I landed, I went crashing through both layers. The sound of the crash was terrific. Mama came hurrying down the stairs, took a look at me sitting sheepishly in all the broken glass, took in the whole situation, was thoroughly disgusted with both of us and was too mad to say anything. She just turned and walked back up the stairs without saying a word. Cheril and I were both so ashamed of ourselves, particularly for ruining this nice new table of Mama’s—something that would never look new and pretty again. The glass was replaced with just plain glass—it had lost its beauty forever.



Cecile and Cheril



Cheril and Cecile



Cecile at Yellowstone Park

During the fifties, I went from eight-years-old to eighteen. Growing up without my father during the week just seemed very natural. I felt sorry for people whose lives weren't as exciting as mine. In the summertimes we always took a big family trip—mostly to the Utah Parks and to Yellowstone and Jackson Hole. We'd travel caravan style—as each sibling got married, they'd join us on the family trips. I don't know how many times I've seen good Old Faithful's faithful spout erupt, or eaten punk pancakes, or freshly caught trout while camped at Fremont Lake, or shopped in the Cowboy Shop at Pinedale, Wyoming, or stood in awe at the Great White Throne in Zion's Park, but it's been plenty. I particularly remember this ranch in Jackson where we all stayed in cabins and then came to eat breakfast around a huge big family table that held us all! We had the fun of riding horses there. These trips are in more detail in my parents' life stories so I don't need to elaborate any more than this. But I loved my life with my family. Surely the best place to be in a family is the BABY!



Cecile on Ranger in Jackson Hole

Good Friends in Those Early Years

Friendships can mean everything to a teenager. I think my mother had a great deal of influence on the friends I had, but in the Fifties, there weren't the same worries that there are today or even as there were when I was raising my children. I loved being around boys, probably ever since I could say the word, "boy!"

And during my youth and my teens, I was constantly falling in love with someone. My mother didn't take this lightly - she listened to all my hopes and dreams and always faithfully waited up for me when I was out on a date. In her words she said, "If I waited until morning to hear about the event, all the glitter would be gone." So no matter what time I came in or where I was or who I was with, I stopped in at my parents' bedroom and relived the whole night. My dad never did act like he was awake or listening, but now that I've been a parent and a grandparent, I'm pretty sure he heard most of it as well. My friendships started early in grade school.



Cecile on the fourth row over, next to last seat. Okay, I'll admit it, my big crush in fourth grade was Ralph Houston, (first row, fifth seat back), and my closest girlfriend was Sharon Elegante, sitting right in front of me. Gary Bunnell, who was a great friend of ours in Santa Rosa, CA, until his death just a few years ago is sitting on the first row, first seat.



Mr. Allen, our teacher in Sixth Grade at Page School. I'm smack in the middle. I still liked Ralph Houston (back row, second from end), but I also really liked Lynn Cluff, (front row, second from right). Gary Bunnell is directly behind me. He was "hot stuff!"

Something significant happened to me in my fourth grade. I came to school and had forgotten that there would be a test. I was frightened about failing, so I put my open book right on my seat and copied the answers. I didn't see Mrs. Thompson coming down my aisle. When she got to my seat, she just looked at me, and I looked at her and was so ashamed. We never ever talked about the incident, but, for sure, that was the last and only time I cheated in a test. I can still see those disappointed eyes of hers looking at me. Mr. Allen, my teacher in sixth grade was probably my favorite teacher of all in grade school. That was a very fun year and the last time I would have crushes on those particular boys at Page School.



First Grade



Second Grade



Third Grade



Fourth Grade

and

Fifth Grade



Page School stood the test of time for many many years - it was right across the street from the BYU football stadium, but a few years ago it was finally torn down.

There are volumes that I'd like to write about my high school days (Orem High School, Utah) and my friends. I wasn't in the *popular* crowd - meaning, I wasn't a cheerleader, a flag twirler, or a student-body officer. Those kids were all popular. I wasn't *brilliant* either, but I studied very hard and good grades were important to me. I was good at memorizing. My biggest thrill in high school was to run in the elections for the Senior Prom Committee (1958-9) - my first time ever to put myself *out there* like that. Well, I was elected along with four others, and I was specifically put in charge of the Friday Senior Hop Assembly. I had some great friends in my ward, and together we had all participated in several winning road shows at church. Along the way, I also had gained a great love for dancing, particularly the jitter-bug, and with my mother's persistence, ended up teaching many a guy and gal how to *jitter-bug* - right in my own living room in front of our big mirror that hung over the mantel.

I was good at soaking in all that I had been taught in these cultural experiences. So, I merely took bits and pieces out of road shows, ward choir performances and skills I had been taught in dance lessons taught by Alma Heaton during BYU Education Weeks, and there it



Page School, Provo, Utah



Cecile - High School Pictures



was - a script for the Senior Hop Assembly.

This was the *beginning* for me as I became involved with dances and programs in the church for the next fifty years - a course of events that have brought nothing but extreme happiness and pleasure into my life! The years spent in activities with my Oak Hills Ward family was my preparation, and the Senior Hop Assembly was my beginning. It was a pivotal point in my life. I learned something good about myself - I could recognize talent in other people, and very often I could talk them into sharing that talent!



The Senior Hop Committee - Bob McKinley, Larry McKee, Sheron Schauerhamer, Cecile James, Marilyn Wallace

Well, did I tell you that I liked boys?? I sure did. But did I tell you that there wasn't ever a boy in high school who ever asked me out to one of the school dances? I guess I forgot that part.



Richard Finlayson, Patty Billings, Cecile, Brian Utley (the new boy in High School) - 1959



Pat Billings and Cecile in 1959 and 1999 (at 40-year class reunion). As you can see, we've hardly changed!



There were plenty of church dances I attended, and even some high school dances - those were the *Sadie Hawkins Day Dances* (now called *Turnabouts* - you know, girl ask boy). I could always talk one of the boys from our ward into taking me to a dance. And we always had a great time. But there was a new boy who just moved into our school my senior year, and I guess he thought I'd be a good date because, after all, I was in charge of the big assembly! So, for the first time, I was asked out by a boy from my high school! That was a great, unforgettable, unbelievable night.

Patty Billings was my closest friend during that senior year. We didn't do a lot together after high school because she got married a lot sooner than I did. However, we have renewed our friendship at class reunions and have seen each other as recently as a month ago (March 2009). One major event we participated in together was the Hill Cumorah Pageant in Palmyra, New York, in 1960, which was another pivotal event in my life.

Before I say any more about that, I need to say more about my friendships in the Oak Hills Ward during the Fifties. We had a wonderful group. My mother was the M.I.A. (Mutual) President, and she encouraged so many activities. Every single Sunday night we had a fireside. The speakers were often returned missionaries, so we enjoyed watching the slides of their missions. We all taught each other how to dance and got together at least every week before mutual and danced for about an hour. My favorite songs were "The Battle of New Orleans" by Johnny Horton and "Mack The Knife" by Bobby Darin. My favorite singer then (and for the rest of my life) was Johnny Mathis. I'd be embarrassed to tell you how many of his long-playing (LP) albums I owned. That's where my money went. My money also was spent on three-and-a-half inch heels that were so popular. But with this church group we camped out together, had summer parties constantly, picked cherries together, and basically just found any excuse to get together and have fun. We loved to go up in the canyons and roast hot dogs and marshmallows and sing around the campfires. Those were very happy years.



*Cecile in quicksand
(Or so I thought)*



Here we are (of all things) on a float for the Fourth of July Parade - about 1959



Jerry Crismon, Marlo Anderson



*Popular dress of the day - 1958 -
Pedal Pushers, Detachable Collars*



*Bathing Beauties - Aniene Andrus,
Mary Haymore, Cecile*



*This is part of our same group in 2003:
Back Row:
David and Myrna Olsen,
Duane Olsen, Jerry and Elaine Crismon, Mary (Haymore) and Lee Childs, Cecile Scribner*

*Front Row:
Ralph and Jeannine (West) Haymore, Carol Olsen, Mary and Ron Haymore.*

Well, it's 2009 now, and we are all hoping for another reunion of this group.

College Days



1959 - The Old James Home burned. This was the picture that appeared in the newspaper.

A major event that happened during my youth was when our house nearly burned down in 1959. My mother was burning some things down in our basement (the old home had five fireplaces). Some of the fireplaces shared the same chimney, so perhaps they didn't *draw* like they should. Anyway, as near as we could figure out, some ash (or something bigger) was drawn up the chimney and started the house on fire. It burned mostly in the roof and started down the walls. It was right after school, and young people appeared from everywhere and brought our belongings out on the lawn - even the big old piano. I heard the fireman say, "*Get everything out as fast as you can - this place will be to the ground in fifteen minutes!*" Apparently, the fireproof insulation that my dad and brothers had poured into the walls when we first moved there stopped the fire from progressing. My mother was worried that the fire would get to the part of the attic where we had illegal fire crackers (brought from Wyoming) and explode! Later, when the roof was off the house, as they were preparing to rebuild it, my brother Dick was in the bathtub, and a plane circled the house. He was totally naked, so, just like Dick, he waved and waved and the plane just kept circling, dipping his wings everytime he passed over!



Sam Atoa

At my age the events of the past come back very clearly, and it seems like the good things stand out above the bad things. There's so much that I remember about going to Brigham Young University - my first 7 a.m. class, my first "C," my first college boyfriend, my first performance with the Kia Ora Club and the BYU Folk Dancers, our Kia Ora Club summer tour to the East Coast and back, my first "F" (a ski class that I refused to make up after I had fallen and hurt my knee. I continued to be scared for fourteen years until I started skiing again with my children), my first paying job as a secretary to Dr. Clinton Oaks in the Business Management Department, the first time I saw a Prophet of God (David O. McKay at the BYU Devotional), and the moment I realized that I was not going to be married by the time I was nineteen (that was my goal). My vision was very limited in high school - I hadn't seen myself beyond nineteen years of age - at least as a single person. I was critical of my friends who had married at seventeen or eighteen. I was going to fill my life with experiences and not marry until I was nineteen! The sad realization came when I discovered that this was not an individual decision and that one does not tell the Lord how prayers get answered. I was a good LDS girl and prayed that the Lord would (soon) send the right person into my life.

How limited, how short-sighted, how boring, or possibly how unhappy we would be if we were to follow our own desires and have only those desires granted to us. Little did I know that my life was just beginning to open up, and I had experiences ahead of me that would affect my entire life. The Kia Ora Club at BYU was an organization formed by Albert Whaanga and Sam Atoa in the 1950's.

It was one of several South Pacific clubs formed at that time. There were few Maoris at the school, so most of the members were returned missionaries from New Zealand or basically just anyone who wanted to join and learn about the Maori culture and learn and perform their dances. My sister Cheril joined, and I just followed her - even attending some of the meetings before I graduated from high school.



Kia Ora Club 1964 - In this picture are several of my closest friends in life - Clipper Watene (smack in the middle on the front row), Welda Lendt (second from right on second row-next to me) and Glenn Hawkes (sixth from right on back row - we named my son Russell Glenn after him).

If I had thought that grade school or high school friendships were close, I had just scratched the surface. A little more maturity helped to make these friendships formed in the Kia Ora Club open and deep. We shared so much of our inward thoughts with each other. The closest time of all was on a tour to the East Coast. We were in an accident that could've been severe, even taking many lives. During a heavy rainstorm, our bus slid off the road and headed down a steep ravine that divided the highways. Somehow, the driver was able to keep the bus balanced as we sped down the ravine. The bus stopped right in front of a huge tree. We were all blessed and very thankful. After three hours, a new bus picked us up and took us to the Sacred Grove in Palmyra, New York - only fifteen minutes



We all did our own needlepoint to make our tops. LeAnn Cagle, Joan Kimball and Cecile - 1960-61

ran the whole way down the road to the bus and were just soaked. But we had all experienced a bit of heaven that day. I probably didn't realize then, during those years with the Kia Ora Club, how those friendships would make such a difference during my entire life - our paths would cross many times, and of course, as you might imagine, this association had a great effect on the mission that Doug and I served in New Zealand (2004-06).



Kia Ora Club 1961 - Huia Christy (middle front). Third from left, back row is Ray Smith (became our Bishop in Santa Rosa and Doug's Counselor in the Santa Rosa Stake Presidency - 1994-2003!)



Welda Lendt, Pete Henderson, Huia Christy, Frank Horton, Cecile James - 1960

away. It was still pouring rain, but we wanted to see the grove. We ran up a dirt road and entered the grove. Just as we entered, the clouds right above us opened up, and the rain stopped. The sun came streaming in and warmed us. We stood in a circle in that sacred spot and held a short testimony meeting. One by one, we had the chance to individually thank our Father in Heaven for the protection He had provided, for the love we all held for each other, and for this sacred spot where God himself appeared with His Son to the Prophet Joseph Smith. We were there for forty minutes, tears running down all of our faces the whole time. We closed with prayer and the clouds gathered again over that spot. The rain was so fierce, we

The other life-opening experience I had was the Hill Cumorah Pageant in 1961. I think I decided to go to the Hill Cumorah because Joyce and Cheril had both gone, and they had both loved the experience. I was among the 200 girls from the West who came to the Pageant to be part of the cast. We joined with the 200 missionaries who were serving in the Eastern States Mission, and together we were taught and learned the Gospel from each other. Each day we were formed into smaller units and were taught the missionary discussions. Then we had a chance to memorize them and teach them back to our group. I realized how very limited my actual knowledge of the gospel was. Oh, I knew the Church was true (but don't ask me why), and the Book of Mormon was true (though I hadn't read it completely), and I loved the Prophets (but I was really only familiar with President David O. McKay), and I could go on and on, though it could prove embarrassing to me. My knowledge was insufficient. My feelings, on the other hand, would easily flow out through my eyes in tears. I loved everything about the church, my family, my friends, Sunday services, weekday meetings—everything.

At different times during the day, groups were taken up on the Hill Cumorah and were taught what they should do during the Pageant itself. I was a wicked Nephite in the *Samuel the Lamanite* scene. But more of our time was spent in these study groups. I call this a pivotal time in my life because that's when I got serious about studying the Gospel and getting a workable knowledge of it, reading the



Two elders portraying Mormon and his son Moroni with the Gold Plates.

scriptures, getting a substantial grounding in my testimony. I knew I could no longer rely on other people's testimonies. My life changed. That was the first time I thought of going on a mission, which actually wasn't a *big thought* for girls in the early 1960's. Some girls went, but not many. I finally had a feeling of slight confidence in myself that I could actually be capable of doing *such a thing*. So many of the people I loved were serving missions already (all boys, of course), but suddenly I wanted to join their ranks and be able to share these experiences with them first-hand. My biggest problem: I wasn't twenty-one. In fact I had just had my twentieth birthday at the Pageant. How was I going to wait, and would I still be enthusiastic in a year? And would I pass the marriageable age if I went? Nevertheless, I came home with new friends, new ideas, new goals - I felt like a new person! Yes, it was pivotal.

A Mission Call To Australia

Just three months after the Hill Cumorah Pageant (about October 1961), my Dad received a call from the First Presidency to supervise the building of chapels in the Church. This was a particularly big building program that was going on in the South Pacific under President Mendenhall. This is when the New Zealand Temple was built and also the Church College of New Zealand and the Polynesian Cultural Center in Laie, Hawaii. My parents were scheduled to leave at the beginning of 1962. It was an opportunity I couldn't resist. Instead of staying home and going to college, I decided to go with



Cecile in Australia - 1962

them. My plan was to stay with them for about six months and then hopefully get a call on a mission. If I didn't, then I just planned to come back home and finish college. But their call was to Australia — halfway around the world! Could life be more exciting than that?

We took a train to San Francisco, and then the *Lurline* oceanliner to Hawaii. For a whole month we were *stuck* in Hawaii while waiting for our visas. I made some friends there, went on a few dates with some pretty good looking Polynesians, attended the Maori club and danced with that group, and also helped to make lunches for the missionaries who were working on an extension of the Hawaiian Temple. That's where my father spent his time while we were in Hawaii. Finally, we flew off to Australia, with one stop in Fiji. When we met President Bruce R. McConkie for the first time, he shook my hand and said, "*Sister James, I'd like to talk to you.*" Five



President Bruce R. McConkie and Sister Amelia Smith McConkie - 1962

minutes later, I had a mission call, and after two weeks of getting myself physically prepared and going on a last date, learning to dance like an Australian, I left my parents in Ballarat and thus began my mission.

I do have a journal of my

mission—at least the first two-thirds, and then I quit, but I did write a million or two letters, so somewhere, somehow, my mission has been recorded! But what I write here won't be a journal type history. I'm just hoping I can recreate some of the feelings I had nearly fifty years ago now.

My first companion was Crystal Broderick, and my first area was Glenroy in Melbourne. We left the mission office after President McConkie set me apart, and I was going to be a great missionary and leave home *behind*. But the first thing Sister Broderick wanted to talk about was guys—*who was I writing, who was I in love with, who was waiting for me, how did I feel, and for goodness sakes, who gave me that pearl drop necklace, etc.* Well, it's a good thing we got it all out and talked about, so we could start real missionary work the next day! Of course, I found out all those tidbits about her life as well. We were on bicycles, but

found it hard to keep talking and riding next to each other without crashing, but we kept trying (and crashing).

Okay, I'll tell you the best stories of my mission (non-spiritual). Crystal and I had so much fun—and yes, we worked very hard, and had absolutely no success. I was only with her for two weeks, and she was only out one week before I got there. What did we know about missionary work?? In those two weeks we found one family that stayed interested in the Church, and before Crystal left the area, they were baptized.

But the funniest experience I had there was this, and please promise (whoever reads this) that you'll never ever tell this to anyone! Our toilet was an outhouse, and it was the kind where the *honey-bucket* man came once

a day and lifted the trap door from behind, took out one bucket, and put in a new one, then carried the full one out to his truck. Well, while I was in the process of doing you know what, the *honey-bucket* guy came and opened the trap door and traded the buckets. I was so mortified! He must've seen something! I knew he must be outside just waiting for me to come out so he could see whose *something* that was. So I waited in there for over thirty minutes. Then I hid my face and ran back into the house. Crystal asked, "*What in the world have you been doing all this time?*" I answered, "*If I tell you, will you promise (cross your heart, hope to die) that you'll never tell anyone?*" "*Of course, I promise (stick a needle in grandma's eye).*" So I told her. She couldn't stop laughing.



Cecile - first day on my mission



Cecile and Crystal - 1962

We took off on our bikes and here came the two elders in our area. Crystal literally called out to them half way down the block, “*Elders, wait til you hear what I’ve got to tell you!*” I just glared at her, and she told them! Right in front of me!! What’s a new young missionary to do? Can you believe, that story followed me my whole mission— “*Oh, Sister James, we’ve heard about you!*” I quickly learned that the worst place for gossip is the missionfield!

Sometimes we’d come home so tired at night that it was hard to keep our concentration when we prayed before bedtime. We’d kneel together and one of us would say the prayer, and then we’d stay there by the bed for our individual prayers. More than once we fell sound asleep on our knees, and managed to stay in prayer position for a couple of hours before one of us woke up! And another time it was hard to keep concentration in prayer time was when the *posty* came. When he actually had mail for us, he’d blow his whistle. Every missionary waited every day for that whistle to blow. Well, Sister Broderick was saying the companionship prayer, and she got to, “*We thank thee for life itself. . .*” The whistle blew outside, and she repeated, “*We thank thee for life itself. . .*” The whistle blew again—that meant that the letters were personal (we trained our *posty*), and she repeated one more time, “*We thank thee for life itself. . .*” She just couldn’t think beyond what was possibly in that mailbox! Two wonderful and memorable weeks with Crystal Broderick.

I was transferred to Morrabbin, Victoria—just a train trip away from Glenroy. This was my hardest time. I had only been out one week longer than my new companion, Sister Sonia Smith. I think we were both good at memorizing, good at teaching, good at fellowshipping, good at finding investigators, good at keeping a big teaching pool of people. But neither of us were experienced at knowing how *to let people go* who weren’t really interested in the Gospel—but only just liked having us around. She was Australian and was likeable and I was American, and Americans were well accepted in Australia at that time. We had good conversations in dozens and dozens of homes. It was during this time that I met Elder Doug Scribner. He was transferred from Perth (where Sister Smith was



from) and became our Regional Elder (Regional elders were over several zones).

Now Sister Smith, when she heard he was coming, just couldn’t say enough about Elder Scribner. She had served as a youth missionary under his leadership in Perth. I got so sick of hearing all the good things about him before I ever even met him, that I inwardly rebelled when he arrived. I was determined not to allow myself to see one good thing about him. In the very first zone meeting when we met, I was totally unimpressed (just like I had been determined to be), but before the meeting was over, he managed to spend the time talking about all the good qualities of all the supervising elders in our zone. He never said one thing about himself. Okay, I was finally impressed, but I never admitted it to anyone. I wasn’t love-struck (far from it), but very impressed.



Sonia Smith

I was sure I’d be the only missionary in history who served a whole mission and never saw anyone come into the Church. At the end of my five- and-a-half hard months with Sister Smith, and at the end of Doug’s mission, we finally met someone who wanted to join the Church. Her name was Jill Smith. She was baptized four days after we met her. Then about a week later, Phil Godwin was baptized—we had been teaching him for quite a while. The next day I was transferred and flew away to Adelaide, and Doug was transferred home! He was a great missionary—which, I might add, was a big surprise when I entered the missionfield. For some reason I had thought that all missionaries would be great, but some are just ho-hum, some mediocre, and some are great.



Jill Smith



Phil Godwin joined the Church in September 1962 in Morrabbbin

I knew that someday I hoped to marry a returned missionary that had been great! It had nothing really to do with leadership, but everything to do with how a missionary felt and used the Spirit in his work. This became easy to figure out. Doug was one of the great missionaries.



Cecile, Jill Smith, Sonia Smith

It seemed to take one-third of my mission to learn how to be a missionary. I spent

the rest of my mission with three more Australian girls who would become close life-time friends. With each one we shared some wonderful moments. In Adelaide, I was with Anne Milburn.

Every Thursday we ate with the Balodis Family. They were members of the church, but very poor. We had hot dogs every time we went, and I realized it

was a better meal than they usually had. They were from Latvia. We asked Aina to invite a friend to come hear President McConkie speak at the next Share the Gospel evening. She was terribly shy and spoke broken English. She went all the way around the block and no one said, "Yes," until she came to the Michaelis Family. Well, they only said they'd come because they felt so sorry for



Anne Milburn and Cecile in Adelaide - 1962



Dainis and Aina Balodis Torrens Branch, Adelaide 1962

her. That family came to the special evening and that week read a book called The Mormon Story. Before we even taught them the first lesson, Jerry Michaelis had quit smoking. When I presented the First Vision to Shirley Michaelis, she said, "I know what you're telling me is true." I couldn't believe what I was hearing. They were baptized at a beach near their home at about 10:00 at night. President McConkie used to tell us that when the Spirit touched someone, and they wanted to be baptized, then there was no reason to wait. When they made the decision, they wanted to get baptized as soon as possible. It was an amazing night.



Jerry and Shirley Michaelis - 1963 Karleen, Gary, Catherine, Rolf, Joan

In 2002, our son Craig and his wife Robbyn and their family were living in Australia so we visited Adelaide with them. We took them to visit Jerry Michaelis who was now serving as a Bishop of Torrens Ward. If you can only

imagine how I felt to be in the congregation with Brother Michaelis conducting the meeting as a Bishop. He's a German—and I believe that when Germans make commitments, they're good at keeping them.

He and his step-son, Gary Truss-Michaelis are the only two who stayed active in that family. Gary was only twelve when the family joined, but he wouldn't get baptized no matter how often we asked him. I knew that he had a testimony of the truthfulness, but for some reason he was being cautious. When I was transferred to Perth, I received a letter from Gary that first week. He told me that he had been baptized! He asked me to forgive him for not being baptized when I was there, but he wanted to prove to us that he was being baptized because he knew the Church was true, and not because he just liked the missionaries. He gave me a great honor that day.



23 March 2001 - Jerry Michaelis and Cecile in front of house that Anne Milburn and Cecile lived in (Adelaide, 1962-3)



Gary and Lyn Truss-Michaelis and family Holly, Amber, Ryan - 1993

A little bit about Gary. He came to BYU to school and then back in Australia he married a girl who was a returned missionary from the New Zealand Mission—now, she knew Kerry Ann McArtney while she was there. (yes, our lives intertwining all the time) Gary's daughter, Amber, kept up a correspondence with Lora. When Lora got married, Amber, Gary's daughter, came over for the wedding. I asked Gary once if he had ever been inactive in the Church, and he answered, "Maybe there was a Sunday or two that he had been sick and couldn't go, but that was probably it." I could write volumes about this family.



Amber Truss-Michaelis with Lora at Lora's wedding at the Oakland Temple 24 March 2007

Anne Milburn and I were the lucky ones to have met them, and to think they were met and invited by shy Sister Aina Balodis. The Balodis Family is another family we kept contact with. Brother Balodis became Bishop of the ward, and even came to General Conference once. We met him in San



Cecile in San Francisco with Dainis Balodis (holding Rusty Scribner) - 1969



Andris

Francisco and brought him up to Santa Rosa and fed him split-pea soup (don't ask me why I remember certain things and not others!). He

was only thirty-nine when he died of a brain tumor while he was bishop. Aina Balodis became a survivor, raised her



Aina and Cecile in 1993

six children on her own, and gained strength through all the great tribulations she went

through. Many years later, she also visited us in Santa Rosa with her daughter and granddaughter. And some years after that, Andris, her youngest son who was born after I left Australia, came to America to meet us and stay with us. He was the image of his handsome father. I truly love these families.



Elder Newbold and companion, Cecile, Lucie James, Anne Milburn and Glen Sheehan - my mother came to Adelaide and worked with us a week - stayed for Glen's baptism



My first three companions: Sonia Smith, (Cecile), Crystal Broderick, Anne Milburn - 1963

In Perth, I was with Sister Elaine Fielding for three months. This was when we first met Jim and Mary Paton—my kids all know Mary. They were Scottish and new in the country. Mary was very addicted to smoking at the time. She didn't join the Church then, but flew to Adelaide to visit after I had been transferred back to Adelaide. She was there a week (staying with the Michaelis family) and at 11:00 p.m., the night before she flew home, she was baptized (in the baptismal font—not the ocean), and we put her on the plane with her purse loaded with candy. Mary and I have kept constant contact all these years. She went back to Scotland, and we saw her there many times during the three years we lived in Ratho, Scotland. But she's also visited in America many times. She's now seventy-eight years old, has been a widow for many years and lost her son several years ago. We've seen each other through a lot of life. Mary went inactive in the church four months after she joined—it was hard for her to quit smoking.



Elaine Fielding

But nevertheless, she did quit smoking about ten years later – cold turkey – and has never smoked since. She's amazing. She's healthy and beautiful. I wish she were back in the church. . .but then, I wish for a lot of things.



Mary Paton - 1963

One night Sister Fielding and I thought we had time to visit just one more house before it was too late to knock on doors. We walked past many houses and let the Spirit guide us. When we knocked on the door, we were invited in. We met Judy and Richard Spark who were planning to be married in just three weeks. They attended a *Share the Gospel* night and heard Bruce R. McConkie speak. From there, they couldn't seem to hear the gospel fast enough. A couple of nights before their wedding, they were baptized in the ocean—again, it was late at night, but the spirit was very strong with them, and they didn't want to wait.



Christy, Gina, Mary and Jimmy in Santa Rosa, CA 1991

Such a miracle was witnessed that night. The waves in the ocean were billowing very high, but the missionaries bravely walked out into them with Judy. As soon as Elder Glay Homer raised his hand to say the baptismal prayer, the waves calmed completely down. The ocean was so still, we on the shore could hear the prayer. As soon as Judy came out of the water, the waves started up again. The whole process repeated itself when the elders went out in the water with Richard. But again, the calmness came for the baptism. I'll never forget that night as long as I live.



Richard and Judy Spark and family

There's a sad part to this story, but life isn't over, so the story isn't over yet either. Judy's family totally disowned her for joining the church. At the wedding (The Church of England), there were about forty missionaries sitting on one side in the pews, and some family members on the other side. Over the years, Judy and Richard had three children and in their early years of marriage, even met my parents and knew them well when they came to Dianella to build the Stake Center there. By then, I was home

and married. Judy and Richard were active for over twelve years, and even traveled to New Zealand (4,000 miles or more) to be sealed in the temple. Unfortunately, things didn't go well in the years that followed. Judy even made a trip to California to explain to me why she was going inactive. *How could I understand?* I couldn't.

I had seen them both when the Spirit had lit up their countenances completely, and now it was gone. It was a great hurt in my life—not just for me, but for the happiness they would no



Judy and Richard Spark with my Mother, Lucie James, in Perth

longer have. They divorced, and Judy became a very important person in government in Australia—even now serves in Parliament. I suppose Richard just became lost for a while. But here's a little more story. Just a few months ago (December 2008), Richard found me on *Facebook*, and we've been communicating regularly now. He's gone to the mission office in Perth and has met my sister Cheril, who is now serving a mission there (2009). There was a reunion tea for Cheril (March 2009)—and many of those who remembered my parents came to meet Cheril—Richard Spark came! So you see, the story is still being written.

I will move on to my last area in Payneham (Adelaide) with Sister Gwynne Young. She was another beautiful Australian companion. Together we helped teach John and Denny Battye. It's strange—I don't remember how we met the Battye's—in fact, I guess we didn't. Elder



Gwynne Young

Stone had met them and was teaching them, and back then we did a lot of team-teaching. We felt

that some families related better if they were taught by both a sister and an elder. They were a young family with three little children. Again, the Spirit worked strongly with this couple, and they were baptized. I kept a good contact with them after I came home. A few years after their baptism, they went through a great sorrow. Their five-year-old son was hit by a car and killed right in front of the church after Primary.



John and Denny Battye - 1963

Later, John became a branch president in Darwin. I lost contact with them, but found them through a visitor from Australia who came to Scotland while we were living there. She was from Brisbane and said that her Stake President was a *Battye*, but that he was only about twenty-eight-years-old. I realized that that was the age the Battye's oldest son would now be (1987). The stranger who came to church that day and met me (by accident?) followed through and sent me the Battye's address when she returned home to Australia. When we connected again, I found out that the Battyes were coming to Salt Lake because their youngest daughter was marrying an American. It had been twenty-five years since I had seen them. *Would I recognize them? Would they recognize me?* I entered the sealing room of the Salt Lake Temple before they did. I was a little bit nervous. Then Denny came in. I got up, we looked at each other and smiled. We gave each other a quick hug, but then realized that wasn't enough. Instinctively, we

just buried our heads in each other's necks and cried. We've now seen them in Australia and they have spent time with us in America. John and Denny Battye have served full time missions together in Tonga, in Florida, in New Zealand and Australia.



John and Denny Battye
Lou and Louise (Battye) Yeager - 1987



Cecile - Notice the prices for food!
1963



How could I leave my Australian memories without including a few other life-long friends who came from those fabulous years Down Under. Let's start with Phil Baker. Doug and I returned to Australia in 1991 - almost thirty years after we had started our missions. A party was held for us in Adelaide, and we started talking to Phil and Trish Baker. He said, "Don't you remember me from Torrens Branch? I was



Phil in 1963 (below) and Phil and Trish Baker in 1991--both pictures taken in Adelaide, South Australia

fifteen-years-old." Oh, but now he was forty-five, and I was trying desperately to take thirty years off him. I just said, "Keep talking. . . ." Then suddenly it occurred to me who he was. I finally said,



"I remember. . . you were that obnoxious kid!" Phil was excited because he knew for sure that I had remembered him! Phil has done much to promote relationships between the Church of Jesus

Christ of Latter-day Saints and many other prominent denominations in Australia. He's greatly respected in and out of the Church. They're now living in Perth, and we visited him again while we were visiting Craig and Robbyn (Scribner) in 2003. This has been a great friendship with Phil and Trish all these years. There were other close friends in Perth whom we visited, but I think those names and pictures will appear in Doug's life story.

Stuart Evans became not only a good friend of mine, but also my parents. He met them while he was serving his mission. He treated them like *gold* when he met them, and my mother claimed he was gallant and suave. He was preparing to serve a mission when Sister Milburn and I first met him in Adelaide, and so we were able to give him a lot of practice in helping with missionary work (ours!). He gave us rides and helped in all sorts of ways - particularly in the activities and fellowshipping new members. He had a ton of personality and kept us in good humor and was a big part of our success in the Torrens Branch. About five years later, he met my nephew, Ron Hirschi, when Ron served in our same mission. By this time, Stuart was married. He became a professor at Melbourne University and is most likely retired now. We had the opportunity to see him a couple of times on return trips to Australia (1991 and 2003) - and yes, he's still gallant and suave!



Top: Stu Evans in 1963 in Adelaide. Bottom: Doug and Cecile, Paul Bay, Stu, Leona Bender, Narida Brache (all of us SAM missionaries) in Melbourne 2003



(2003) Phil Baker and Cecile in front of the Chapel in the area where I once tracted - Of course, there was no building then.





Kieth and Elaine (Fielding) Hales, Elder Ron Hirschi, Stuart Evans and his wife - Melbourne - about 1966



1963 in Adelaide - Sisters Fielding, Johnson, Young, James and Hansen



Missionary Reunion (about 1992). These are all four of my Australian Companions - in America! Gwynne (Young) Dean, Anne (Milburn) Parker, Sonia Smith, Cecile, Elaine (Fielding) Hales

This is a picture of Zone Leaders in 1963 - yes, can you believe it - President McConkie formed "sister zones" and for awhile I was a zone leader, serving with these fabulous guys. Elder Chet Roskelley (now nearly blind, but has served three missions), Elder Joel Gardner (has served two missions), Elder Stan Albrecht (now President of Utah State University), Elder Ed England (Now serving as Mission President in Boston), Elder Ted Brock (whose pretending to have his arm around me!), "Sister Cecile James," Elder Roger Stone (died several years ago, but he's the one I team-taught the Batty family with), Elder Glenn Hawkes (whom my son Russell Glenn is named after). Yep, these are wonderful guys - I love them all! (written in April 2009)



November 2008 - Luncheon in Elk Ridge, Utah with (Back) Anne Milburn, Cecile James (Front) Lynette Platt, Sonia Smith, Kathleen Heywood, Mary McConkie and Crystal Broderick (maiden names) - "old" SAM missionaries

Now let me tell you about Keith and Dawn Sayers. Keith was a youth in the Morrabbin Ward where I served. He worked with the missionaries, and his mother invited us to dinner on a few occasions. Somehow, I kept a contact with Keith after my mission. He served a mission in New Zealand and went back there to ask a beautiful Maori girl to marry him. Her name was Dawn Parrata. They moved to Tasmania.

Keith worked for the airlines so was able to fly to America on a whole lot less money than the average person (me being average). Our families have remained close all these many years. We've met in Santa Rosa, Sacramento, Salt Lake City, Provo, Tasmania and New Zealand. I will write much more about our time in New Zealand, but through all the years, Dawn has told me about her sister Rangi Parker in New Zealand. I never expected to ever meet her, but lo and behold, we did meet and

somehow we all just feel like family with each other. There we were in New Zealand in Rangi's house - Doug and I, Rangi and Vic Parker, and Keith and Dawn, who were visiting from Tasmania. Sometimes I just couldn't get a handle on my feelings in New Zealand - all parts and pieces of my life just kept bouncing back and connecting until I truly understood that all these people, these reunions, these acquaintances, this magnetic pull that has kept us all tied together has not been by chance. I feel like I've always known these friends. I'm so assured of a life before we came to this earth and of a life that will continue after we leave. And I know there's a Heavenly Father who must smile upon us when we try to explain all the intertwinings in our lives as coincidental.



Elder Sessions and Keith Sayers - 1962



Cecile and Keith in Tasmania - 1991



Dawn and Cecile dancing "Karanga Tia Ra" in Santa Rosa, CA - 1974



Gina, Scotty, Russ, Craig doing "Nga Waka" for the Sayers family - 1974



2003



Robbyn, Craig, Maggie and Tommy, Cecile, Keith and Joseph Sayers in Tasmania - 2003



The Sayers Family in 1999. Back: Joseph, Dawn, Keith, Matthew Front: Amy, James, Louisa, Paul

These people I've just told you about are people I love very deeply - and always will. I suppose one of the greatest people I have



Pres McConkie and Elder Hinckley in Perth - 1963

ever known in my life was President Bruce R. McConkie. What a privilege it was to serve under his leadership. His mind was brilliant, and his love for the missionaries was pure and sincere. My father was one of the missionaries who had to identify the bodies of two elders who were killed by a train/car accident during this time. He told me that when the news got to President McConkie, he just wept as if he'd heard his own two sons had been killed. We always felt his love for us.



Elders Denny and Johnson (killed in the accident), Casey and Twede

President McConkie had a fabulous sense of humor and was very easy to talk to. He did strike fear in all of us, however—especially in the Zone Conferences. Obviously, he knew scriptures as well or better than most anyone else in the Church. He liked to call missionaries up, right on the



My last day in the missionfield - check out the new hair-do (his, not mine!)

spot, and give them a scripture to read. Then he'd ask them to explain the meaning of the scripture. Of course, he'd then say something like, "Thank you, Elder _____, but now do you want to know what that scripture really means?" Then he'd tell us. Sometimes it would take an hour for him to explain everything about one scripture or one chapter.

I thought I had escaped this ordeal—in fact, I had warned Pres. McConkie to never, ever do that to me! But there it came—my last zone conference, and he called me up. I was petrified and gave him the evil-eye as I walked to the front. He gave me the scripture, Ephesians 4:5: One Lord, one faith, one baptism." That was it! - the whole scripture. Well, what could be easier? It was so easy, I couldn't think of a single thing to say. It was obvious, so I finally said something stupid like, "Well, it doesn't say two Lords, two faiths, two baptisms. It just says, 'one.'" So then I explained why the Lord doesn't recognize baptism without the authority because there's really only one way to perform a baptism—just exactly as he taught us: by immersion with one having authority. Then I sat down. What we learned from President McConkie during these exercises was that it was important to read and interpret a scripture only when you understand the context of the whole chapter—*who's speaking? Who is that person talking to? Were they members of Christ's church, or were they antagonists? etc.*



President and Sister McConkie

Another significant moment was when President McConkie changed his hair-do. He stopped parting it and just brushed it back. When I first saw him, I just said, "Whew—you for me when I grow up!" As stated before, he had this wonderful sense of humor, so yes, I dared say something like that to him. Well, I did it. I managed to tell about my mission in just six pages (not counting pictures). I only just began. . .but hopefully I've said what I needed to say to express my great love for Australia, its people, for President and Sister McConkie, for my companions, some of the members, and for all the other missionaries. Our SAM (Southern Australian Mission) missionaries meet every April at conference time, and even though over forty have died, we still get about eighty people out to the reunions every year. I can't even imagine my life without having had this experience. It's added a joyful dimension to my existence.

Trip Home From My Mission (1963)

A group of us traveled home together - Sister Crystal Broderick, my first companion, Sister Kathleen Heywood, Sister Wagstaff, Elder Glenn Hawkes and Elder Critchfield. Actually, we only saw the elders here and there on our trip home--they were taking a different route. Before I joined them, I flew up to Townsville to spend a few days with my parents. Every place in Australia has such a unique look.



The houses in Townsville are built on stilts because of the sudden floods that come during the Monsoon season. The chapel was much more *open-air* than the one built in Ballarat.



If I had planned my trip a little better (on the right days of the week), we could've taken a boat out to see the Great Barrier Reef. I was anxious to get home, but now I wish I had seen that. Nevertheless, there was a fund-raising party that my parents had every single week in order to raise money and enthusiasm for the new chapel. As usual, when they first arrived in Townsville, there were only a few people in the branch (only a couple of Priesthood holders), but because of these wonderful activities that my mother planned every week, more and more people became active, the missionary work increased, and, lo and behold, when the time of dedication came, the chapel was filled. This

magic my parents performed over and over again on their mission. Here we are at one of those parties. After a few days in Townsville, I met the others and flew off to glorious New Zealand.



Cecile with Mom and Dad in Townsville, Australia - September 1963

I was sure this was going to be my one and only chance to absorb this land into my heart and head. This was the reward after all the years of doing the dances and songs of the Maori people while I was at BYU. We were actually here in this mystical land!

We met Pete and Linda Henderson. Pete (and Johnny Seggar) came from New Zealand to BYU while I was still in high school, about 1958. He was one of our "boarders" - in fact he was given my room (the little tiny cubby-hole room in the Utah house). So. . .naturally, I became his *little sister*. He was a strong leader in the Kia Ora Club, and, I might say, added a lot of humor and fun to our lives. Now (1963), he was back at the Church College of New Zealand. He was responsible for writing the Alma Mater Song for the school, and the song is still sung today (2009)! While Doug and I were on our mission to New Zealand (2004-2006) we were at events at CCNZ and sang that song many times.



Pete Henderson in New Zealand 1963

We even went to the annual Song Fest a couple of times, and the winner of this huge event, which involved every single student in the college, was given the grand prize, a HUGE trophy called *The Pete Henderson Trophy*. My eyes opened wide when I first heard this, and I

nudged Sister Gudgeon who was sitting

next to me and said, “*Do you know who Pete Henderson is?*” And she said, “*No.*” And then I said, “*Well, I know him - he used to live in our home.*” And she looked at me like *how is that possible?* I just smiled with an air of superiority. The Church College (which is high school age) is closing this year (2009) - for good. Very sad to all the members of the Church in New Zealand. Scott (my son), his wife, Jenny, Doug and I went back for the big Fifty-Year Reunion of CCNZ in 2008. To our great delight, Pete had come for the reunion - we hadn't seen him for years.



Heremaia Tate, Cecile, Pete Henderson at 50-year reunion of CCNZ - April 2008. Pete is leading about 3,000 people in singing the Alma Mater of CCNZ



Doug, Cecile, Johnny and Susie Seggar - Elk Ridge, December 2008

Perhaps that's what I enjoyed most on that trip - finding my big *little* brother again. And just a few weeks ago in Elk Ridge, we had dinner at our home with Johnny and Susie Seggar. Good friendships should never die.

CCNZ Alma Mater by Peter Henderson

*All hail to thee, Church College,
As we are all assembled here.
The fountain of our knowledge,
Our Alma Mater dear.
The bonds remain unbroken,
And now tomorrow's dawn appears
The truth that you have spoken
Will guide us through the years.*

*C for the Church that will save us, and
C for the College dear,
N for the New things your gave us, and
Z for the Zeal that's here.*

*Church College, Church College
You'll guide us though the years.*



Linda and Pete Henderson (1963) living on the very same street where Doug and I lived in 2004 (Tuhikaramea Road, Temple View, NZ)

Now, I must get back to our visit in New Zealand on our way home from Australia. Yes, we were met by Pete and Linda and their little family. He toured us through the temple grounds, Rotorua and the Glowworm Caves. Our stay was too short, but nevertheless, a dream of a lifetime. We had one unforgettable experience here. We four lady missionaries were invited to a Gold and Green Ball in New Zealand. My goodness, how we worked to get ourselves all spiffied-up so no one would recognize us as returning lady missionaries. We worked for hours (with what we had). We walked into the ballroom and someone walked up to us and said, “*You must be lady missionaries.*” We were so deflated! However, there were two very nice Maori men who asked us all to dance several times during the evening. I wish I knew their names.

From New Zealand we flew to Samoa and spent some time with Sam Atoa and his family. I had some wonderful pictures of Sam and this leg of our journey, but they were burned in a house fire that you will hear about as you keep reading. What I do have is a picture of this beautiful country - so different from anything I’d ever seen. There were high glorious cliffs right on the edge of the ocean - all green and lush with vegetation. But, of course, the best part was seeing Sam and his family.

From Samoa, we flew to Hawaii, met up with Elder Hawkes and Elder Critchfield who left Australia at the same time we did, and we all enjoyed going through the Temple there and doing some sealings (or was that in New Zealand?). You see, my memory is going.



The New Zealand Temple in 1963. Sisters Heywood, Wagstaff and Broderick with the two men who danced with us at the Gold and Green Ball.



Crystal Broderick and Cecile - we flew in this plane!



I do remember that we saw the Polynesian Cultural Center that had just opened. The flags were flying at half-mast because President Hendry D. Moyle had died (September 18, 1963). He was an Apostle and first counselor to President David O. McKay. When we arrived home, there was a lot of family to greet us. I only got teased about one thing and that was my very very pointed-toed heels that I was wearing (you can see these in the picture of me and President McConkie). You’ll notice that they aren’t even as pointed as the shoes that girls are wearing today (2009). That’s how fashion goes!

Courtship Days After My Mission

When I came home from my mission, I was worried about three things: how was I going to lose the ten pounds I had acquired from Australia, and how was I going to act when I saw the boy I had been writing for over two years and what was I going to say to the boy who gave me the pearl drop necklace, but who had now found someone else? Oh, the problems that life presents us with! Those extra ten pounds did not help with my self-esteem, and thus, my confidence. A freshly returned missionary is like a fish out of water. It's not a comfortable place to be. The first thing I did was to buy a cute outfit with a black skirt that would help me look thinner.



Tom (James)
and Cecile
in front of
the old
James Home
Winter
1963-64

Then, I decided to have a party (that's what my mother would have told me to do if she were there). I invited all of the missionaries I knew and asked them to bring a date. Our house was just filled. I had invited the boy who I had been writing for two years. He lived a long ways from Provo, but said he would be there. At the last minute, he couldn't come. So there we were—a house full of elders with all of their dates, and a lone *Sister James* with no date at all—and it was my party—my idea! So for three hours we played games, talked, visited and ate all the food I had prepared, and then I was all alone again. I did what any normal girl would do—I cried. But I still held on to some hope that all that letter writing was not in vain. After one miserable date where I just couldn't think of

anything to say except how wonderful my mission president was, how much I loved the Book of Mormon, and how much I loved the Michaelis Family in Australia and a continuation of that same kind of conversation, my unimpressed recipient of two years' worth of letters broke the ice by saying, *"I guess you can see as well as I that this isn't going to work."* I agreed, even though that was a big fat lie because I couldn't see it at all—I just knew that I had the worst case of returned missionary syndrome that anybody could have. I was such a failure at conversation! So again, I went home to an empty house (even though I shared this house with eight other girls, and they were all home), but I was so empty inside that my whole world was empty—and, of course, once again I cried. That's right—I cried all night for over six hours (this actually helped on the weight problem!).

This all took place within the first two or three weeks that I was home. I had already started school again at BYU. I was involved once again with the Kia Ora Club, but it was no longer my top priority. However, that first week I did meet a Maori girl who became and continued to be one of my closest friends in the world. Her name was Ani Clipper Watene. We knew we had a close friendship the very first hour we visited with each other. Very sincerely she said to me, *"Cecile, I know the perfect person for you to marry."* Wow, I liked her instant revelation for me! I did assure her that I had possibly someone else in mind, but nevertheless said, *"Okay—shoot—who is it?"* She said, *"Well, he's one of the best people I've ever met, and he's the Chairman of the BYU Honor Council."* *"Okay,"* I said, *"What's his name?"* She said, *"Doug Scribner."* Oh man, I was so disappointed. Well, I knew he was a good guy, but definitely not my type, so I just answered, *"Sorry, Clipper, but I knew him in the missionfield—we're friends, but definitely no more than that."* In that week, I did run into Doug on campus, and immediately said (as I shook his hand with enthusiasm), *"Elder Scribner—it's so good to see you again!"* No sparks flew.

Well, let me take you back to the basement of my house where I was crying for six

hours. Early the next morning, the phone rang. I answered and said, “Hello.” And on the other end there was a “Hello, Doug Scribner here.” “Oh,” I said. Then he asked me out for dinner. This story is told in detail in *My Autobiography Book One*. But one additional detail I should add. After the second date (when the sparks flew), I decided it would be a good idea to join the BYU Honor Council (for obvious reasons).

There were some people that became life-long friends in this group. One of them was Leon Blake who married one of the girls I was living with in my parents’ home. Her name was Suzanne Hargraves. Suzanne and I and several of the girls in the house (Bonnie White, Connie Staples, Sara Calapp, and Alice Steed) try to keep a contact with each other. There’s a good story I wish I could tell you about each one of these amazing girls, but they will have to tell their own stories.

Another life-long friend in the Council was Reed Ogden. He was already married to Beverly. He also worked for Hewlett-Packard and moved to Santa Rosa when we did. When Doug was Bishop, Reed was his counselor, and from that position Reed was called to be a counselor in the Santa Rosa Stake Presidency. Then he became Stake President. When he was released ten years later, Doug

became Stake President. So our paths have run deep. Reed died a few years ago at an early age (68).

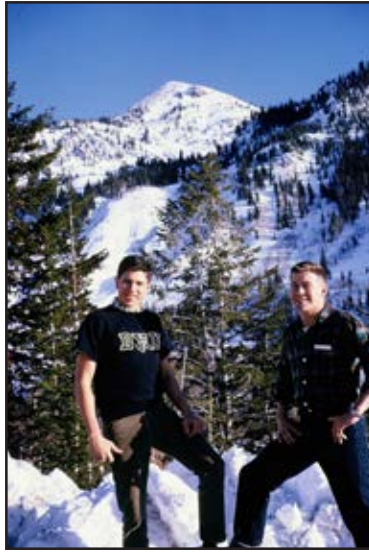
Clipper Watene was Doug’s executive assistant in the Honor Council. I can’t even begin to describe Clipper to anyone. She’s more than what anyone could describe. Her beauty is more. .her love of Heavenly Father is more. .her love for people is more. .her love for the Gospel is more. .her commitment is more. .her kindness is more. . . For my entire life (after my mission), she’s been an inspiration to me. While this Maori girl and her husband were on a mission in Slovenia (after selling their home and everything in Tacoma, Washington), Doug and I were on a mission to her home and her people in New Zealand. We’ve always been in monthly contact with each other. She and Phil came home from that mission, worked to earn some more money, and are now (2009) on a second mission with the Church Education System in Russia. Clipper always inspires me to be more than I am. What does she know that the rest of the world doesn’t?

I didn’t really contribute as much as I should’ve in the Honor Council, but it certainly helped me to keep an eye on Doug during our engagement.



Honor Council BYU (1964) Front Row: Reed Ogden (second from left) Cecile and Doug (front middle). Back Row: Leon Blake (Fourth from left). (Clipper is not in this picture) Can you find the fashionable beehive hair-do in this picture?

Engagement Pictures



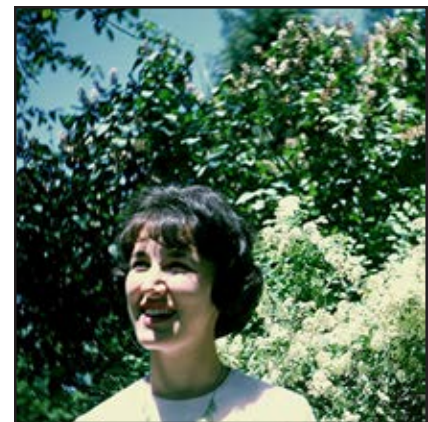
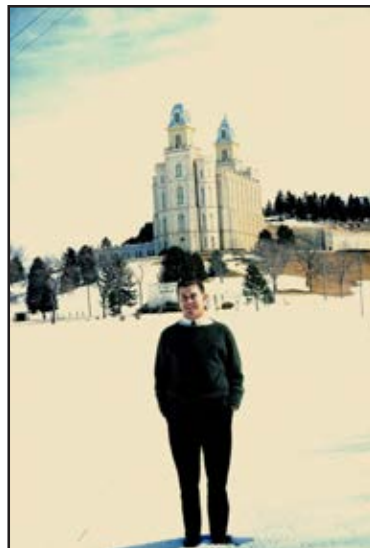
Doug and I became engaged on the 31st of January 1964, and the next day, his brother Steve asked Doug if he would like to baptize him. The three of us did many things together those next few months.



Cecile, Steve and Doug in Rock Canyon, Provo, Utah (on Tom's horses)

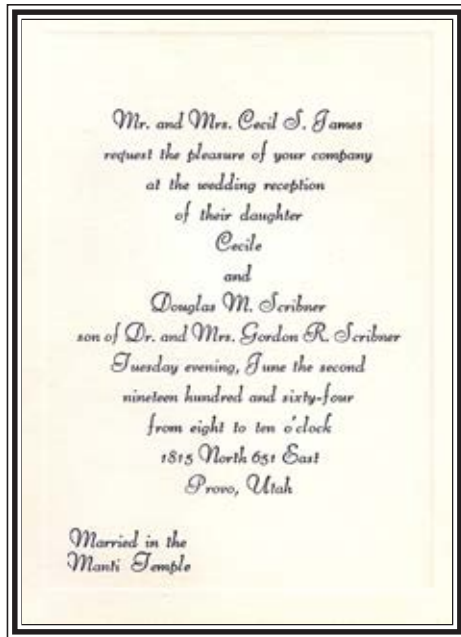


How did this get in here?



We went to the temple quite a few times together before we were married. That helped keep us on the straight and narrow!!

Our Wedding in the Manti Temple and our Reception in the Old James Home - 2 June 1964



Not everything went perfectly for our wedding. Some doubts entered my head, and I got a little scared. My mother traveled home in the middle of her mission in Australia to be there. This was a hard trip for her, and as much as I loved having her there, I wonder even now if it was the right decision. I also wanted to have the reception in our home, but it had been with renters for more than two years, and parts of it were in a mess. My mother worked so hard to get it into shape. She was totally exhausted, and it was emotionally hard to be away from her mission. So that month before the wedding was full of a lot of pressure. I wanted all of my family to be with me in the temple, but it was a bad time for Joyce and Lois because of unhappy conditions in their marriages. *How could I get married without two of my sisters with me?* And I was sad that my father wasn't there, but I understood why he couldn't leave his mission. It seemed as though I was trying to prepare for my wedding by myself, so I tried to keep things simple. I decided to be married in Cheril's dress. But it wasn't my style. Joyce looked at me in it, and said, "We're going to make you a new dress!" With Lois' help they created a dress that fit my personality and my figure. They made a terrific sacrifice

for me. But I still wished so much they could be with me in the Temple. Doug's parents were arriving from California, but since they couldn't come in the temple, I could tell that they weren't happy about this wedding either. It was with all these doubts, these unhappy feelings, that I entered the temple for my marriage. Finally, my prayer in the temple that day was a very personal plea to Heavenly Father. *If the union was good and right in his eyes, then none of these other things mattered* (at least, not as much). For the two hours in the temple before the actual sealing of our marriage, I looked, listened or tried desperately to feel something that was some kind of a sign from Heavenly Father that what I was doing was right. Well, that feeling finally came right at the moment that President Peterson was asking me the question, "Do you take Douglas MacKenzie Scribner" My face reddened, the tears flowed, and instead of saying, "No," I said, "Yes." I probably never told Doug for over two years after our marriage about the turmoil I was going through at that time. He just thought I was this beautiful, blushing, tearful bride who was just so extremely happy to be getting married to him! Oh, if he had only known!



Lucie and Cecile, May 1964



Anne Milburn arrived from Australia just a few days before the wedding



Joyce, Cecile, Lucie, Steve, Dave, Bonnie White, Anne Milburn, Alice Scribner (Doug's mother)



Cecile with Gordon (Doug's father) and Steve (Doug's brother) - 1 June 1964



Doug and Cecile - Newlyweds - Outside Manti Temple



Gordon, Alice, Doug, Cecile, Richard, Lucie, Tom



Kayleen, Roberta, Lorna, Cecile, Lois, Joyce, Cheril, Carla

Our Honeymoon

For our honeymoon we traveled to Palo Alto, California, where Doug had gone to school for his BA Degree (Stanford) and where he joined the Church. He also had worked for one year at Hewlett-Packard before he served his mission in Australia - and thus, met me! These wonderful saints in Palo Alto insisted on our coming through there on our honeymoon and giving us an open house. I didn't know a soul that day, and Doug was surprised that so many of them remembered him as a student because it had been four years since he lived there, but they showered us with amazing gifts (all of our silver platters that we still use today). I couldn't get over their generosity.



*Doug and Cecile in
Tahoe and the High
Sierras - June 1964*



We then traveled to San Diego for an Open House at Doug's parents' home. Again, there was much warmth and generosity from all these people I never even knew.

Only a few memorable incidents happened on our honeymoon. The first was when we stopped at Winnemucca for our *second* night. When Doug

checked in, the guy at the counter winked and said, "That's a mighty shiny ring you're wearing on your left hand!" Oh man, I was so embarrassed to be checking into a motel with a guy, and especially for everything to be so obvious to the man at the counter. *Does the whole world have to know??* It reminded me of the week earlier when I was with my good friend, Glenn Hawkes at BYU. I confided in him and said, "Glenn, whatever am I going to do on that first night?" He took me to the BYU Bookstore and bought the book, *The Power of Sexual Surrender*. Well, there I was with Glenn, and I had on a diamond ring, and so I said, "Don't you dare let the girl at the counter see the title." Well, he just slammed down the book, face up, and gave the girl at the counter a huge smile and a wink. I died a thousand deaths!



The other incident on our honeymoon was one that I should probably forget, but I've reminded Doug of it many times during our marriage, particularly



*Doug and Cecile on Honeymoon
Laguna Beach and Carmel (just passing through)*



*Timpanogos - 1964
and
The Old James Home*



when I've been frustrated at the differences between men and women. He just couldn't understand why I wouldn't talk to him after we had decided to go to a movie one night while we were in San Diego. Well, he got very interested in a project with his Dad, and said, "Why don't you and Mom go to a movie while I work with Dad." Man, that's just exactly who I wanted to be with on my honeymoon! The next several days we traveled in a very quiet atmosphere. Now, I know that I had every right to be angry - furious, in fact, but this ability of mine to go quiet was a huge detriment in our marriage. I finally decided (after ten years of marriage) that this was holding me back, and I've actually managed to control this problem. Doug and I learned a lot of good communication skills through those early years. The only other very memorable thing we did in those first few weeks of marriage was climb to the top of Timpanogos and slide down the huge glacier (only to find out afterwards that I was pregnant!).

Doug and I began our married life like so many other family members before us - in the apartment of the Old James Home. This was only our home for three months while Doug was finishing his thesis. He completed his degree but didn't actually walk in graduation until April 1965. By that time we had already been through our first heart-rending, major life experience by losing our first son. His name was Scott Alan and he was stillborn on the 4th of January 1965. We were living in Palo Alto, California at this time, but came back in April for Doug's graduation.



Our Family and Friends - Los Altos, California (1966-1972)

Perhaps the best way to tell you about our family is to link the stories with the homes that Doug and I have owned during our marriage. We bought our first home (1044 Ray Avenue) in 1966, in Los Altos, California, for \$28,000. This home was about 1300 square feet. It had three bedrooms and was a twenty-year old home. It was on one-fourth of an acre and had the most massive pine tree in the middle of the backyard. It also had a little one-room log cabin on the property. We really loved this place. We bought it a few months before Russ was born in September of that year. I learned to make drapes and curtains, which I made for every window. I also made covers for beds and learned to wallpaper in this home. Doug and I wallpapered our bedroom together, and decided that if we wanted our marriage to last, we would never wallpaper together again. We never did. He painted. I wallpapered.



1044 Ray Avenue, Los Altos, California



Rusty, Gina, Cecile and Craig - 1970 - Los Altos

Russ, Gina, Craig and Scott were born while we were in that home (all delivered by Dr. Verne Voakes). They were all born in the hospital in Redwood City, which was a bit of a trip (if labor should start!). Scott actually only lived in that home for a few hours after he came home from the hospital. We were waiting for his birth, so we could make the move to Santa Rosa, California. Perhaps the most unique thing we did in that house was turn the closet in the kids' room into a crib. We took the closet doors off and installed a rail from a crib in its place. So the closet was where Gina slept as a baby. We always had people living with us in those days—we turned the log cabin into an extra room for company. Some of the people who lived with us were Clipper Watene from New Zealand, Anne Milburn from Melbourne (my companion in the missionfield), three French sisters, Steve (Doug's brother) who met and married a girl in our ward, Mary Davis, and a married couple who had major marriage problems. One time Doug had to follow the husband into the hills because he left with a gun, and we were afraid he would take his life. So Doug left Hewlett-Packard, was not in hiking clothes or shoes, but followed him for hours and talked him into coming back home and working on things. A close friendship with Carolyn and Mike Posch who lived next door developed between our two families. Also, some good friends of ours, Roger and Joyce Swan, joined the Church right before both of our families moved to Santa Rosa.

Now as I look back, it seems we were destined to have medical challenges with our children. Russ was born with a turned-in foot. I cried and cried when I found out he would need to have a brace between his feet at night while he slept. Well, this was just to condition us for some much bigger challenges. When Gina was born, she seemed to be feverish all the time. After much testing at both Stanford Hospital and Utah Valley Hospital, we discovered that she had to have a kidney removed. This was life-threatening, and we fasted and fasted and prayed for her. This kidney was removed when she was five months old, so her life was truly a gift from God. If ever our faith wavers, we have to remind ourselves of the many miracles that surrounded this experience. I know that God lives and hears and answers prayers.



Rusty, Craig and Gina in Los Altos - 1972

While in this home, I taught a nursery school to help bring in some needed money to pay off school debt. Craig was a baby, and Gina and Russ were part of the school. I had a French boy who spoke no English, An American boy who spoke French (and interpreted for me), an Italian girl who spoke no English, and a French boy who spoke English and not much French, and a couple of Americans. These were children of families connected with Hewlett-Packard just as we were. I had a challenging time!



Gina with the little French Girl in my Nursery School

While we lived in Los Altos, we made some close friendships that have lasted all these years: Pat and Bill Ashton, Christianne and Andre Rude, Carolyn and Mike Posch, Susan and Dee Humphreys, Reed and Beverly Ogden, Virginia and Jack Hershey and Ileen and Elwood Barlow. Life has taken quite a toll on each of these families since we were all beginning our family lives together in Los Altos and Sunnyvale. It's been forty-three years since we all met: Pat Ashton died of cancer



Our dog Skipper with two of the Wheatley children (Robert and Charles) whom we baby-sat often in order to work off school and hospital debt.

when she was about fifty-four years old, and Benjamin Ashton died when he was only five years old. Reed and Beverly Ogden were in a serious car accident just six months after he was released as a Stake President in Santa Rosa. Almost every bone in Reed's body was broken and both of Beverly's legs were severely broken. Reed lived long enough to serve as Bishop of a ward, but always had problems resulting from this accident (they were hit by a drunk driver). He died just a few years ago at about age sixty-eight. Christiane and Andre divorced after many years of marriage, and Christiane continued to raise their two boys. Our daughter Christy was named after her, and of all magical *coincidences*, Christy served her mission in France, and we visited Christiane Rude in Grenoble, France after Christy's mission. Jack Hershey served as a counselor to Reed Ogden in the Santa Rosa Stake Presidency. He died just a year before Reed. Rochelle Barlow, who was Russ' age, died at age seventeen of meningitis, and Elwood died of a blood cancer when only in his fifties. Ileen also had two bouts with cancer, but survived and was able to raise their other nine children. Just last year she became the National Mother of the Year - a greatly deserved honor. Dee Humphreys and Doug were room-mates at BYU. They both worked for Hewlett-Packard so we followed each other to the Palo Alto area, and then to Santa Rosa. They went on to Spokane, Washington, and after retirement, we both served missions - they went to Ireland and we went to New Zealand. Now, we both live in Utah, just ten minutes away from each other.

Next to family, there's nothing better than good friends, and these friends we met in our first years in Provo and Los Altos are the best! We've shared our lives and grown old together.

1964 in old James Home



1991

Reed and Beverly Ogden



Phil and Clipper (Watene) Maxfield with Doug and Cecile in 1978



Christiane 1974



Christiane, Cecile with Joshua, Matthew and Aaron Scribner - 2008

Billy Ashton
Frankie Rude
Russ Scribner
Willy Rude



Andre and Christiane Rude, Willy and Frankie



Cecile and Susan Humphreys in Spokane, WA about 1983



Dee and Susan Humpherys (in Ireland on a mission) about 2003



Bill and Pat Ashton, Becky, Elizabeth, David, Billy, Benjamin, Stephen



Bill Ashton, Virginia and Jack Hershey, Pat Ashton, Doug - 1991



Cecile and Pat (Ashton) - 1978



Pat Ashton



Elwood and Ileen Barlow



Barlows and Scribner Families (with Grandpa James) in Corvallis, Oregon, 1981



Mike and Carolyn Posch
Carrie, Michelle, Will



Cecile, Carolyn Posch, Ileen Barlow
2007



Cecile and Ileen - 2009

Santa Rosa, California (1972-1984)

Our second home was 6572 Bridgewood Drive, Santa Rosa, California, which we bought in July 1972. We sold our home in Los Altos for \$39,000 and bought this home for \$48,000. It was about 2,500 square feet in size, two-story and close to one-fourth of an acre (counting the area that went down to the creek). The backyard was beautiful with several oak trees and a good tree that would one day hold a tree house. It had three bedrooms upstairs and one downstairs for guests (until our family grew to eight children). Scotty was a brand new baby, just days old, when we moved into this house. We had four more children born while we were living in this home (all but Christy delivered by Dr. William Dunn). Our home went through some remodeling over the years that we lived there. We knocked out the wall between the kitchen and family room and designed a beautiful brick archway connecting the two rooms. We also added another small room beyond the family room. It had built-in bunk beds with two round windows by each bed (portholes, like being on a ship). Later, we pushed the kitchen out four feet and took out the island. It had a cute alcove with built-in seats that we built around the table that Russ built in high school. The rest of the kitchen was like a big country kitchen with our rectangle Scottish table in the middle. Most of the children have their growing up memories in this house—it's probably the house that enters their dreams, just like the old James house enters mine (even to this day).

Some of the best memories our children have there will probably include the hundreds of hours spent on the trampoline, which we got when Jim had open heart surgery and needed some *natural* form of exercise for his heart. Well, all of our hearts got exercised on that trampoline over the years. Many litters of puppies were born to our dog Skipper (named after Clipper) while we were there. We had a hard time parting with all of them, and even finally kept one of the puppies, Tawny.



Our family and the Hoyals in our backyard - 1981



Doug 1981



Craig 1981 on trampoline



Mary (Scribner), Gina, Troy, Cecile 1981



Tawny and her puppies



Spencer, Gina and Christy, enjoying all the new puppies

Again, in this house, I wallpapered the walls, and even managed to conquer the two-story wall going up the staircase. The kids had to hold my ladder so I wouldn't topple over. The kitchen provided a popular dance floor where I taught all my kids how to do the jitter-bug. They, in fact, are all good dancers. Our next door neighbor, Carol Kenfield and her girls joined the Church. She eventually moved after she and her husband divorced, and an Indian family moved into her home — Walter and Yolanda D'Costa. An English family, the Faulkners lived across the street from us, and another close family, Larry and Beverly Jones lived two doors from us. The Thompson girls (Deena and Kathy) who also lived across the street from us were constant baby-sitters. We truly loved this neighborhood—many lasting friendships. In fact, when our Montecito House burned in 1991, it was Yolanda D'Costa who tearfully handed us the keys to her house (which they had moved out of) and

said, "My house is yours—you can move right in tomorrow," which we did. So, for a year we lived in their home, which was right next to our own family home that we had left just two years earlier. So you see, I'm ahead of my story.



*May 1983 - Lois, Joyce, Michael Snow, Cheril, Doug, Gina, Cecil, Russ, Cecile
Front Row: Craig, Spencer, Jimmy, Christy, Jenny Guthrie, Scotty, Lora*

Books and books could be filled with our memories in this home, but to me, the most important thing that happened was the birth of Scott, Christy, Spencer and Jimmy (every two years, right on schedule!) and then the birth of Lora when I was forty-three years old. After she was born, I was sure that I had quit - I also quit after Craig and definitely after Spencer. Lora was only six months old when we left this house and moved to Scotland for three years.



Cecile with Scotty, Craig, Christy, Gina, Russ - 1975

Our Bridgewood home is where we consistently had our home nights on Monday night. The beginning of those evenings was always the same - the children shared music on the piano and in song. We had a lesson, games and great dessert. But on many, many of those evenings we brought in neighbors and other friends and shared our home evening with them. We felt that this was one of the most positive ways that we could share the Gospel (and the kids all behaved on the nights that we invited guests!).

When the Tran Van Nhon Family moved here from Vietnam via Camp Pendleton after the fall of Saigon in 1975, we had them over for family home evenings



Gina, Nhon, Phuong, Anh, Trung, Van, Nga holding Jimmy, Thuu, Hoa, Christy - 1977



*Nhon
Trung
Lay*

many times. They loved the games, and we loved the food they would bring over and share. The favorite homenight game was *The Paper Bag Relay*, where each person had to eat what was in their paper bag when it was their turn. Doug and Brother Tran got the lemons, and Nga and Gina got the baby bottles. They were all wonderful sports and played our silly homenight games.



1976 - Doug and Nhon, (lemons), Gina and Nga (baby bottles), Phuong and Russ (oranges), Bich holding Jimmy, Scotty and Anh enjoying the show!



During the five years that Doug was serving as Bishop of the Santa Rosa First Ward, three of our children were born: Christy (1974), Jimmy (1976) and Spencer (1978). They all came very obediently . . . on Sunday evenings after Sacrament Meeting (held in the evening) was over. We had several trials during those years and found we had many prayers to offer in behalf of family members. We saw many miracles. Doug had a ruptured appendix that nearly took his life, and he also had a detached retina that came close to causing blindness in one eye. Christy was born with a partial cleft palate that needed delicate surgery. Jimmy was born deaf and needed weekly visits in Marin to help him adjust to hearing aids. Then in 1981, Jimmy underwent his open heart surgery. Well, it just seemed we were in and out of hospitals so much.



John Arthur James



Spencer John Scribner

There were some other very hard experiences that happened to our extended family. In 1975, Joyce's son, Danny, was killed in a car/semi-truck accident at age nineteen in Pennsylvania. He had just been interviewed to serve a mission.



Daniel Mark Jensen



James Daniel Scribner

In November 1976, our son Jimmy was born, and we asked Joyce if we could name our son after Danny - *James Daniel Scribner*. Jimmy was only one-and-a-half months old when we received another tragic phonecall telling us that Tom and Roberta's fourteen-year-old son, Johnny, had been killed in an accident at school. When we went to the funeral, there was an amazing feeling of love and closeness among the family. We asked my brothers and brothers-in-law if they would surround our little son who was born deaf and assist Doug in giving him a blessing. It just felt like the heavens

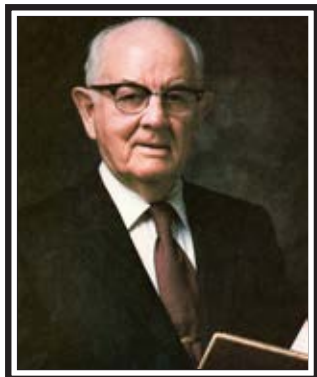
were so close. In that blessing, Doug asked Heavenly Father to bless Jim *to hear the sounds he was meant to hear*. Little did we know then what amazing musical ability Jimmy had. When our next son was born in 1978, we named him *Spencer John* (after Johnny). These were bittersweet times we were experiencing.

I wrote about our home evenings, and particularly those held with the Tran Van Nhon Family. They had joined the Church in Vietnam just four months before Saigon fell in 1975. Nhon worked for the U.S. Army, and his life and also his family's were in jeopardy. Their escape was miraculous. We saw their picture with President Kimball in the Church News when they arrived in Camp Pendleton. That led to our ward sponsoring this family in Santa Rosa. A close friendship grew between our family and theirs. Last November (2008), Nhon died. For two years I had been working with him on his life story, which is now completed and in the hands of his family and ours. I'm grateful for this experience in working on this project. We love this family as our own.



Back: Nga, Nhon, Lap, Hoa, Bich, Anh, Trung
Front: Thuy, Van, Phuong (at baptism of Lap and Hoa)

Also in 1978, we took a busload of youth from our ward to Salt Lake General Conference. These youth (including some of the Tran children) had prepared themselves for hopefully meeting the Prophet by making a beautiful quilt to present to him. I was pregnant with Spencer at the time. Chuck Michelson was our bus driver, and proved his expertise while we were traveling through the Utah Salt Flats. A wheel of the bus came off, and he had to maneuver the bus to safety. We all felt so grateful to be alive. That was our first spiritual experience on that trip. During our time at Conference, we asked about the possibility of meeting President Kimball, but were told of the impossibility. We were, however, introduced to Barbara Smith, President of Relief Society and she promised she would get our quilt into the Prophet's hands. We all wandered over to the Church Administration Building in the hopes of seeing someone there (someone *really* important!). We talked to a man at the front desk, and he left for a moment. Upon returning, he said, "*President Romney had some time and would like you to come into the President's office where the Twelve Apostles meet.*" The excitement among us was electric! It was such a high for us. Then, while in this state of excitement, Brother Haycock came in and whispered something to President Romney. He asked him if he'd like a little assistance. President Romney smiled and agreed. At that moment President Kimball came into the room. We were awe struck. He greeted every one of the young people personally. All of us were in tears. When he got to me, he gently touched my stomach and smiled. At that moment I knew we would have a boy and that his name would be *Spencer*. When he got to Doug, he put his arms around him and pulled him close and softly said, "*Bishop, I love you more than you can possibly imagine.*" This was one of the most spiritual moments of our lives.



*Meeting the Prophet Spencer W. Kimball
by Cecile Scribner – 4 April 1978*

*Our hearts were full—could it really be?
Could such a thing occur?
Was it we who were led so graciously
Into a room so pure?
A room wherein decisions were made—
Decisions to touch our lives;
And then to meet the servant of God...
Had such a moment arrived?*

*The Prophet came in—there were tears in our eyes.
Was he really just a man?
Such love he portrayed—we felt it so strong—
We knew he was more than a man.*

*With kindness he spoke, so simple it seemed—
We listened and hung on each word.
We knew of his love for each and for all—
A Joy within us stirred.*

*Then we each had a chance to touch his hand,
To somehow let him know
We also loved him, more than ever it seemed. . .
Could he tell? Did we let it show?*

*Our path seemed clear, our feelings secure—
Our thoughts were silent, yet strong. . .
Of course, our lives would take a change.
To the family of God we belong!*

*We know who we are. How could we forget!
Will actions improve from this day?
They must improve—much harder we'll try,
For strength we'll constantly pray.*

*Dear Father, we thank thee for bringing us here—
We know of Thy love one more time,
To be with thy Servant, our Prophet, our Seer—
To have felt of thy love divine!*

During these years, we started the Christmas plays either on Christmas Eve or the homenight before Christmas. We always seemed to have a baby who could play "baby Jesus."



Christy and Scotty - shepherds in the field (Craig as Gabriel, waiting his turn to appear) - 1976



Craig as Angel Gabriel



Scotty as Joseph, Russ as Angel



Scotty and Craig



Christy and Gina



Russ and Gina as Mary and Joseph, Craig as an Angel, Christy and Scotty as shepherds, Jimmy as baby Jesus (1976)

Last Christmas (2008) some of our grandchildren re-enacted the Christmas story in our home. I hope they all do it every year! This year was particularly special because we happened to have two baby Jesus' and, of course, two Marys.



Yve with baby Porter, Lucy with baby Penny, Tommy as Gabriel and Jack as a shepherd. - 2008

**Our Family Between 1972 and 1984 (while we were living on
Bridgewood Drive in Santa Rosa)**



Our Family in 1977



Gina and Cecile



1977 - Our Backyard



Christy



Craig, Rusty, Scotty



Michelle Jensen, Jimmy, Gina, Craig, Scotty, Rusty and Christy



Benjamin Scribner and Jimmy



Christy and Craig



Jimmy and Spencer



Jimmy, Christy, Spencer



Craig and Uncle Tom



Gina and Christy



Birth of Lora Michelle - 1983



Christy and Gina



*Grandma James with
Spencer, Christy, Jimmy*



1974

Memorable Trips Between 1976 and 1979

Besides all the camping trips, plus trips home to Utah and home to San Diego, we took two very major trips between 1976 and 1979. The first was a family trip in 1976 to the East Coast. This was preceded by a Pageant that our ward sponsored and which was written for the Bi-Centennial of America! Our involvement in this project became a shadow of things to come for us. Doug and I did all kinds of research for the script and helped to involve the people in the pageant. I directed the finale, which included people from all lands coming to America, including the Trans who just came to America the year before. For each practice, I drove over to Sebastopol and picked up several of the Pomo Indians, brought them to Santa Rosa and took them home again. We developed a close friendship together and when the pageant was over, they presented me with a beautiful handmade beaded Pomo Indian necklace. It's a treasure.

Our Bi-Centennial Trip to the East Coast - July 1976

Doug, Cecile, Rusty (10), Gina (8), Craig (6), Scotty (4)

(written by Cecile Scribner)

*Our Eastern Trip we planned for long—at least two years or three
We saved our money, planned our days (such trips don't come for free).
We even planned by knowing well the history of our land,
We felt the spirit in pageant-style—The Pageant? It was Grand!
Our Dad, he played George Washington, and Mom, she helped direct;
Russ and Gina were pilgrims—their lines, they were correct.
Craig was a Dutchman in wooden shoes, and always close at hand
Scotty and Christy just clapped and sang along with the chorus and band.*



Gina, Phil Keeler, Joan Ogden



Rusty, Scotty, Craig

*We drove to Utah so Christy could stay with Grandma James for a spell,
Then off we flew (the rest of our crew), and now our story we'll tell. . .*

*At 6 p.m. our plane made a land, "We're here, it's Boston, just see!"
With bridges, big buildings and smog and cars, "Is this where we won
liberty?"*

*On Tuesday we walked on Freedom Trail—saw famous buildings and
graves;
Our hearts were touched as we read the stones—young mothers, young
fathers and babes.*

*We saw some movies, exhibits galore, and each of us had to agree
We'd be on the side Ben Franklin was on—a true "son of liberty."
. . . Our Wednesday began at "Old Ironsides"—a mighty great
ship of the War.*

*The ship was filled with cannons and sails—we imagined
the deaths and the horror.*

*A famous battle that began the War was the Battle of
Bunker Hill.
It really took place on Breed's Hill, you see—to be free,
the Rebels must kill.
We drove the same road that Paul Revere rode – nearly
heard the beat of his horse,
"Come on, Minute Men, get ready to fight. The
Redcoats will be here on course!"*



Cecile, Gina, Craig, Scotty

*The famous bridge at Concord we crossed, like those who fought faithfully,
 And there we were at Lexington—a magnificent place to be!
 We wondered sometimes as we looked at these spots, “Could we ever comprehend
 The thoughts that were thought by these brave Minute Men—so determined, not willing to bend.
 Are we so strong, is our love so great for this Land of Liberty,
 Could we kiss loved ones good-bye, leave wives all alone—with a word, our
 homes would we flee?”*

*On Thursday, we rode to Plymouth Rock—a beautifully clean, peaceful spot.
 The Mayflower seemed too small for the trip—so crowded, so stagnant, so hot.
 The lives that were lost from sickness that year were more than we wanted to
 guess;
 The Pilgrims knew what sacrifice meant. Do we? I dare not confess.*



Scotty

*At Sturbridge we saw old churches and cows, a covered bridge and a school;
 We watched them make brooms and pots out of clay and
 even spin cloth out of wool.*

*Rusty and Frank were lost all the time, except when it came time to eat,
 And Gina stayed close to Lara all day—they thought the clay pots were neat.
 Craig liked the cows, the farm and the wheat, and liked all the places to run.
 Scotty, of course, liked the Saw Mill the best—the wheels, the water, what fun!*



Gina and Scotty

*With Chad and Troy and Lara and Steve and Mary and don't forget Jack,
 We stayed with them all for one solid week—I doubt they will e'er ask us
 back!
 Their house was so fun, just covered with trees and a secret back path to a
 lake
 Where we found some geese that nearly ate Craig, but at least it wasn't a
 snake!*



Rusty, Craig, Scotty, and Gina



Liberty Bell



Cecile, Mary, Craig, Gina, Chad, Scotty and Lara

*We took a side trip to Philadelphia and saw Independence Hall;
 The kids were all thrilled with the Liberty Bell—the crack was huge and not small.
 The next day began at Valley Forge—we loaded a bus and began
 The very long ride through those green grassy hills where our country lost many a man.
 They died of sickness and hunger and cold—I'm sure George Washington wept,
 But he lifted morales, stayed close to his men—these men our liberty kept.*

*Amish Country was next on our list—we enjoyed their lush farming lands
 And smiled as we saw their horse-drawn carts—their work is all done with their hands*

*We went as far as Hershey Land and sniffed chocolate wherever we sniffed
 But alas and alack, our Daddy was broke, so we each got a very small gift.
 . . . We flew to Salt lake and loaded our car—then bedded our little ones down
 And drove all the night to Fremont Lake—our wheels really covered the ground.
 We hardly could wait to see Christianne—to hold and kiss her and squeeze,
 But Grandma and Grandpa she loved the most—Mom only rated a sneeze!*



Christy and Grandma James



Grandpa and Grandma James at Fremont Lake, Wyoming



Christy

A Trip To Europe (Doug and Cecile) - July 1979

SCOTLAND (by Cecile Scribner)

A land covered with Green

*Green farms, Green hills, Green lawns
 All manicured
 Like a neat Patchwork Quilt.*

A land with Daisies

*Wild in the lawns
 A weed, they say,
 Yet beautiful and fresh
 The air is so cool, they cannot wilt.*

A land of Rhododendrums

*Sometimes bigger than a house
 Purples and pinks
 Daring and bold.*

A land of Rock Walls and Castles

*Edinburgh, Stirling, and Glamis
 So much silver and so many rooms
 So much wealth
 Yet the rooms seemed cold.*

A land of Brogue and Scottish Slang

*“The Glory Hole” for rubbish
 “Makin’ Buttons”
 “A kenfine weil”
 “A wee Bonnie lass,” “A Scottish lad.”*

A land of Clans and Kilts

*Pitlochry in the Highlands
 The fling, the reel, the fiddle
 And Jig
 Bagpipe bands in Scottish plaid.*

A land of special things to eat

*Buttered shortbread, cordial
 Pastilles
 Fried eggs and tomatoes
 Mince dinners
 Peaches and Cream.*

A land of Ancestry

*MacKenzies at Dalkeith
 Symes at Stobsgreen
 At Haywood we found just
 Three little homes
 So “close” we felt
 It seemed like a dream*

A land of Friends,

*The Patons,
 A land of fat babies
 A land of Lochs
 A land we love – Scotland.*



Mary Paton in Scotland



Cecile in England



Doug in Scotland

ENGLAND (by Cecile Scribner)

England – The Beautiful
Rolling hills
Brick and plaster homes
Rain to keep everything wet
A train ride we'll never forget!

England – The Historic
Shakespeare's home at Stratford
Ann Hathaway's Cottage
"Roman walled cities" of Chester and York
York Minster organ with "Temple-like pipes."
Churches and Castles, all sizes – all types.

England – Crossroads of the Church
Hyde Park Chapel
The Sacrament served by
Black deacons and priests –
Many lost friends
From Provo, Los Altos, Texas and Home,
Others from Venice, Bulgaria, Rome.
They ranged from ages eighty to teen,
Together we sang, "God Save The Queen."

England – The Modern
The "Underground," Picadilly Circus
Many Nationalities
Food of all Nations - McDonalds, as well
London streets, dirty
The feeling – pell mell.

England – Home of Ancestors
The Johnsons, Townsends
Jameses and Howards
Royalty – Castle Howard
The silver was polished in elegant rooms
The gardens were ready to burst into blooms!

England – Only in England
Yorkshire Pudding
"The Rows" of Chester
Princess Alice of Gloucester at York
Parade of Policemen, 500 at least
A Shakespearean Play – Truly a Feast!



Switzerland



Doug in France

GERMANY (by Cecile Scribner)

Germany --

Prosperous, Affluent

And Wealthy

With prices so high

It seemed most unhealthy!

Yet other feelings we'll hold very dear

To think of them now, brings Germany near.

First of all – Forests

Black, Deep

And Thick

And then – Little Towns

One or two steeples

Red roofs

And Brick

And next – Flowers

Everywhere,

Every window and Home

Yellows and Reds

Artistically combed

Also – Pastries

So many,

“Verboten,” they say

“To choose only one.”

So, many we chose – It really was Fun.



Cecile and Kathie Sturner

And best of all – Kathie

We arrived at her home on the “Autobahn”

Cars zoomed from behind

In seconds, were gone!

Katie is Schwaben – hardworking and strong,

A trip out of Stuttgart with her was not long.

Kathie reminds us of German Food

Tastes of Vinegar

Food that is good:

Spatzle

Currants

Tiny cookies shaped like a glove

Delicious meals

Served with a generous helping of Love.

Kathie reminds us of German Language

German homes,

German tarts,

Her German friends – Ilsa,

We spoke with our Hearts.

More than Germany itself,

We Love

Kathie.

SWITZERLAND (by Doug Scribner)

FARMS –

Neatly placed on rolling hills

Growing alternating crops

- Like patchwork on a quilt!

Barn and house combined to hold

Hay for feed and wood for hearth.

- Immaculate and sturdy built!

BERNE –

Ancient city, cobblestone roads

Lined by fountains, towers and clocks.

- Arcades of stores lit up at night!

Outdoor restaurants, street musicians,

People speaking in every tongue.

- Make Berne a traveller's delight!

ALPS –

Perched on grassy mountain slopes,

Alpine villages dot the land.

- From Interlaken to the peaks!

Cog-wheel train climbs dizzy heights

Passing huts reached just by trail.

- As majesty of Jungfrau speaks!

CHURCH –

German speaking Latter-day Saints

Growing leadership with love.

- A quiet Sabbath Day!

Early morning Temple trip

Unites eight languages in song.

- True peace must come this way!

Doug served as Bishop in Santa Rosa between 1974-1980. It was about 1979, when the Church introduced the new program called the Service and Activity Committee. I was called to be on this committee at that time. When I was sixteen-years-old, I was called to be the Dance Director in our ward, and after my mission and marriage, I was called to be the Dance Director again.



I've served in several positions: Young Women's President (for only a year in Palo Alto), Relief Society President in Scotland for only one-and-a-half years, Relief Society teacher for several years, and Young Women's Presidency and teacher for many years, but, for the most part in my life, I have served on ward and stake activity committees. Even when I've been holding other positions, I seem to be constantly pulled into the activities, which, by the way, I love. Maybe this is what I was born to do! But I have a great faith in what other people can do, their abilities, their talents, and I know the closeness and joy that is felt when a group of people manage to *pull a program together*.

Activities in the church (or even private parties) provide moments to bring in people who don't usually get included. There's always something to do - and always a job for those who don't have much faith in themselves. I've learned far more than a college education could've taught me just in accepting these calls to lead activities, but I've also been in many humbling situations during these times where I knew I needed heavenly intervention, inspiration. . . well, just plain HELP! Sometimes the task was way beyond my ability or knowledge, but people were always put in my path - people with talent, with knowledge, with specialized expertise - and together we've had a whopper of a time. The dance festivals, the theatrical plays, the family dance parties, the pageants, the celebrations, readers' theaters - the list of fun activities goes on and on. We have had a ride worth remembering, and what do I remember the most? Well, it's the people, of course.

I've talked about this before, but right off the top of my head, some of my best memories include Ray and Donna Smith singing "Daisy, Daisy" as they were riding a bicycle-built-for-two through the cultural hall; Dick Stam singing "If I Were a Rich Man" and perspiring so much

on stage we thought his hand-made beard would fall off; the road show where Russ and Gina were the main characters and Russ *came alive* as a toy in a toybox -



Time and time again teaching people, one by one, how to clog; clogging with Gina in our last farewell party in Scotland;



Craig and Elly (Morlin) singing, “*Marching Along the Open Road*” and then changing costumes while they sang it in several different languages;



Christy clogging as an upside down clown; Scotty singing and clogging as the lead in a road show; the miracle of getting the pig cooked at the luau at Hoyals; Spencer getting \$100 off me by agreeing to be in a floorshow; Lora and Mark stealing everyone’s thunder when they performed the *Shim Sham*;



Our family singing the musical band song in Scotland; Donna Smith’s slip falling off during a performance of the swing in the regional dance festival; Jimmy as a clogging Christmas tree, and then again clogging as a snowman with Scott;



Christy and Rob clogging in the pageant and falling in love at the same time; Spencer, Matt McOmber, and Matt Davis performing “*the little people*,” ten to fifteen guitarists playing, singing and performing all on the same program; and like I’ve said before, when the Stake Presidency, high councilmen, and other leaders came down the aisle in the 1997 pageant singing, “*The Mormon Battalion*,” well,



that was definitely a memory to top my memories - yes, I could’ve died and gone to heaven on that one. I could go on forever with these memories!



Doug - always willing to be in a play

So much joy, and so much happiness was felt during these times of performances and activities, and the people Doug and I have worked with will always be close, close friends. Even better, all our efforts included members of our family so our church work never had to take us away from our children. And our children were so blessed because of all of this - they've learned to dance, to teach others to dance, to run parties with pizzazz, to volunteer, to direct events and to create activities, to sing and perform, to sweep up the cultural hall afterwards, and to serve others. I hope they will remember these years with warmth and happiness. We were very often worn out, but it was truly a happy time of life (and for Doug and me, it still is).

Spiritual Experiences while living in Santa Rosa, California

I can remember asking my mother to write down some of her spiritual experiences—stories that we had heard so many times while we were growing up. Well, no one has really asked me to do that yet, but I'm going to do it anyway! I agree with my mother that there are things that may seem quite spectacular, but the real miracle is when an individual makes it through life's crucibles unscathed and still retains the light of the gospel in his/her countenance. Those are the miracles I pray for every day.

But I have experienced many gifts of the spirit, and never have they come in the way that I expected a

miracle to come, or at the time I hoped a miracle would arrive. Throughout my life story I have already written many instances that were beyond coincidence, but you, the reader, may think that a coincidence is all they really were. The story of Gina's kidney was one and Jimmy's hearing being restored is another. I like what Albert Einstein said, *"There are two ways to live: you can live as if nothing is a miracle or you can live as if everything is a miracle."* He chose the latter.

July of 1983 to July of 1984 was a year I will never forget. It began with a terrible accident right outside of Battle Mountain, Nevada. I was driving eight children (six of my own and two others) from Utah back to California. The van rolled three times, throwing all but a couple of the children out of the van as it rolled. I don't like to tell too much of this experience because it was one of the darkest moments in my entire life. Even though no one was killed, every single one of these children could've been killed, and I felt the most terrible guilt that I've ever felt. As truck drivers came to our



aid, and ambulances carried us back to Battle Mountain, I kept myself together enough to make sure that each of them had cuts stitched up and that priesthood blessings were given individually to each of the children. Then I called Doug and broke down in tears that wouldn't stop for the whole complete night. Unbelievably, there wasn't even a broken bone among the children. Craig came closest to dying because of being crushed by the van until truck drivers pulled him loose. He carries a huge scar on his back right next to his spine which is the most startling reminder of that accident.

I was pregnant with Lora at the time—and was forty-three-years-old. I had a huge responsibility ahead of me to pull the stake roadshows together. Always, when I had to work and be among other people, I was bright, positive and productive, but many times every day I had flashbacks of the accident. I could not shake myself of the guilt. Doug even got upset with me for holding on to it, but I couldn't shake it. Guilt, when it brings you to repentance is productive, but when you hold on to it, it can be so very destructive. I knew our lives were more than a miracle. But even at that, during the first night of the accident, I actually prayed for hours that Heavenly Father would cause me to lose the baby I was carrying. I didn't feel worthy to be a mother anymore. I didn't want that trust to be given to me again and thought it would provide a punishment that I deserved. As I looked back, I knew unquestionably that God was not punishing me, had no intention to do so, and even poured out the most amazing blessings and miracles that year. The stake roadshows, performed about the end of November, turned out magnificent.

On December 5th, Lora was born. Her birth was another miracle, and there was so much love in that birthing room that I believe God's love overpowered my guilt. I shook this destructive feeling, but the



dreams and reruns kept coming back for years. Even yesterday as I drove home from Church (June 2009), I had a sudden flash of the accident, and again it jarred me. Twelve days after Lora was born, I

experienced the miracle that I want to tell you about (all the rest of this has been background!).

Doug and I were in charge of a Regional Dance Festival that was going to happen in June of 1984. I had given no time to it, but there were dance directors from three stakes who were meeting at my home, and we had to present something. While Doug was at work, I finally sat down this one afternoon, and in just a few hours, the whole regional dance festival was planned on paper—every dance, and in most cases, the music or at least the kind of music they would use, the formations, the colors of the costumes—absolutely everything. I was quite proud and amazed at myself! When Doug got home I showed it to him, and it looked good. That night the directors came, and I presented it to them *as a suggestion*, but they all liked what was on paper and didn't change anything.

All went according to plans in all three stakes—Santa Rosa, Ukiah, and Eureka. The very frightening day arrived when all *three hundred* dancers came together for an all day dress rehearsal, and then a performance that night. I couldn't believe how everything was working according to schedule. We rehearsed from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon. Then we started the final dress rehearsal—one complete run-through. As all the dancers came on, performed, left and the next group came on, performed and left, etc., I suddenly got very emotional. It not only was beautiful, but I looked at Doug and said, *"This isn't the first time I've seen this—This is an exact re-run of what went through my head*



Grandpa James and Lora



Lora

last December.” I don’t think I had ever been a recipient of such a vision as that before. In December, I had taken credit for the *blueprints* of the festival, when, in fact, they were given to me, as fast as I could write them down, detail by detail, by Heavenly Father. It was a profound spiritual experience for me, which, of course, was humbling. Plus it was a realization that from the moment that terrible van accident had occurred, Heavenly Father had carried me through a year that would’ve been impossible for me to accomplish without divine intervention, and had given me one huge blessing after another. A few weeks after the festival, we moved our family to Scotland for three years. Yes, it was a huge year.



Getting ready to leave for Utah - 1975
Cecile, Doug, Rusty, Scotty, Craig, Gina, Hoa Wong

Let me tell you one more profound experience. Many times our lives have been preserved as we’ve crossed the Nevada Desert between Utah and California in order to keep our lives tied to our families in Utah. In 1975, I was driving alone (without Doug) with my children. Hoa Wong was with me to help me with the children. Christy was still a baby, and I was driving the Volkswagon bus. Because of all the little children, we had to stop at least a *million* times. By the time I got to Elko I called my mother and said, *“Even though it’s 10:00 at night, I feel good, and all the kids are finally asleep, so I think I will continue to drive straight through.”* She urged me to stop. When I pulled into Wendover at midnight, I was deathly tired

and knew I couldn’t finish the trip. We pulled into town, but every single motel said, *“No Vacancy.”* I called again to tell her that I had to come through. The drive over the Salt Flats began, and I was so tired that I was being hypnotized by the cars in front of me. We stayed the same distance from each other, and for the longest time, the tail lights of the cars in front seemed to form the shape of a cowboy hat. Then the reflector lights on the side of the road seemed to be waving to me as I passed them—their light just lingered on and on. I knew I was almost in a hypnotic state, *but what could I do?* It was cold outside, and several times I pulled off the side of the road, prayed and tried to close my eyes for just a few minutes of rest. It was pitch black outside and water was on each side of the road. Suddenly, while traveling, I must have fallen sound asleep at the wheel. It was probably only seconds, but something (someone?) grabbed my chin and threw my head back (hard) to wake me. I had fallen asleep!—the car had changed from the



Lucie, Craig, Scotty, Christy, Cecil

Lucie
and
Cecile



outside lane to the inside, but still was headed straight. This realization caused a huge supply of adrenalin to rush through my body. I brushed tears away from my eyes the rest of the way to Provo, and verbally thanked Heavenly Father over and over and over again for not leaving me alone in that situation - for saving my precious carload. So much adrenalin had flowed that I couldn't go to sleep for more than four hours even after arriving in Provo. I was very wide awake. I knew that my mother was also praying me there. She was wide awake also.

Okay, just one more experience since I've just been mentioning my mother. Around the 15th of December 1980, I received a phonecall from my brother Tom, saying, "*If you want to see Mother alive, you need to come right away - she's had a stroke.*" I flew in that evening. There was fog so thick that you could hardly see more than a few feet in front of you. They were *salting* the clouds in order to bring the airplanes in for landing. Quite a scary experience! I finally arrived at the hospital about midnight. Mama was unconscious. She didn't get better or worse over the next few days, but there was a closeness among all of us as we were together with her in the hospital. I particularly was impressed with the nightly prayers that Dad offered as he, Lois and I knelt together each night when we got back to the house. He literally pled for Mama's life, but was also willing to accept the Lord's will.

Well, no real change in her for the next several days, but I had a decision to make. I had seven children waiting for me for Christmas in California, but how could I leave my mother? She was now put in a room by herself, where she quietly lay unconscious. Her heart was beating perfectly. I just sat by her, talking, wishing she could hear me. "*Mama, I don't know what to do. The kids are home waiting for me to be with them for Christmas. But I also want to be here with you and the family. I don't know how to leave.*" Her right side was totally paralyzed, but she raised her left arm. I hadn't seen movement in several days, so I rushed to the other side to grab onto her hand. But as I held onto her, she pushed and pushed and pushed me away. Well, by then, I was crying, but I knew what she was telling me to do. My place was with my

children. I kissed her on the forehead and knew that was the last time I would see her in this life. I said, "*Goodbye and I love you.*"

I was a bit confused in the days that followed because Mama seemed to be coming into consciousness - even sitting up. *Why had I felt she was dying?* It seemed she had some control over her life, for her improvement was encouraging for the whole family, and they could all be with their families at Christmas. Then, the day after Christmas, she had a massive stroke. That evening all the tests and doctor reports were in, and the family in Provo were told to brace themselves for a long period of time (possibly three months) that my mother would be basically in a vegetable state. Her heart was strong and would keep her alive, but her brain was gone. When my sister called and told this to me, I knelt in prayer for a long time and begged Heavenly Father to take her. I couldn't stand the thought of her not functioning fully. At the same time I was praying, as I later found out, the family had gathered around her bedside, and my father, who so badly wanted her to live and was so willing to care for her at home, said to my brother, "*Dick, I want you to bless her and release her spirit - she needs to go on now.*" Dick didn't feel that he could do this, and even felt that with his Priesthood power, he could heal her, but in his blessing, he received the assurance from Heavenly Father that it was her time to "*return home.*" He released her spirit. I didn't know this was happening, but after my prayer, I just lay in bed waiting for a phonecall that I somehow knew would

come. Three hours later, at three in the morning, the call came telling us that Mama's heart just stopped and she died peacefully.



Lucie Howard James
died
27 December 1980

Friendships in Santa Rosa

Before I go onto our next home which was in Scotland, I need to say something (I could say a lot!) about the very special friends we made while we lived on Bridgewood Drive in Santa Rosa. This is risky because there are many. My mother died in 1980 and Lora was born in 1983. She only had one grandmother for the first few years of her life, so we adopted Grandma Delma Bott, who later became Delma Forsyth.

Cecile and
Delma - 1986



All of our children loved Delma as a grandmother, and she was like a mother/close friend to me. Delma was deaf, but could read lips almost perfectly. She never missed a thing. I've actually written her story as we recorded it on tape - such an amazing life. But she never had any children, so it was easy for her to be a grandmother to our children. Her husband, Cleon Forsyth, died while they were visiting us in Scotland - this was Delma's third time to bury a husband. I was able to care for her a week at a time each month during her last six months on earth. She was living in Murray, Utah, and I was in California, but a plane trip was only one-and-a-half hours away. She died at age ninety-three in 1998. Doug and I spoke at her funeral and Robbyn, our daughter-in-law sang, "*I Know That My Redeemer Liveth*," from Handel's *Messiah*.



Delma, Cecile, Jimmy, Elder John Groberg, Spencer, Lora, Doug, Christy - Doug made Stake President of Santa Rosa Stake - 1993

This next part is harder to write than I thought. As I think of our close friends in Santa Rosa, my mind just floods with experiences, memories, births, deaths, illnesses, activities, blessings, miracles—our lives are so wrapped around each other. We've enjoyed our new friendships in Elk Ridge, but there's something special when we go back to visit Santa Rosa. I finally put my finger on what it was—as I looked around our ward, I realized that I knew the *history* of each of those people. We watched each other's children grow up, go through those teen years, get married and have children of their own. We know each other's strengths and weaknesses. We know their extended families, and when years go by and we don't see each other, we can just pick up where we left off. We can tease, we can laugh, we can get emotional and not be embarrassed. These friends that we've known for thirty-eight years now are eternal. We pray for each other and each other's children and we rejoice when they rejoice and hurt when they hurt. These friends are our family. I wish I could write every detail of how they've affected us and changed our lives for good, but all I will write now is to tell you that Doug and I love these friends—they have been our anchor in deep waters.

I started by writing just a small paragraph and putting in one small picture about each of these friends - it didn't work. So then I left out the paragraph and just included some pictures and again it didn't work. I could've filled page after page of friendships that have been so important to both Doug and me. The process has made me realize how important friendships are to me, and how impossible it would've been to raise our eight children without these people who have been in our home hundreds of times in some cases, and we have been in theirs for dinners, for firesides, for parties, for wedding receptions, for short visits, for long visits, for fun, for support, for advice, for help, for celebrations, and for just about any reason one could conjure up.

I will simply repeat how much I love these people and always will. We moved to Santa Rosa in 1972, and we left that home and moved to another in 2008. From 1964 to 2000, Doug worked for Hewlett-Packard until his retirement. We were greatly blessed in his employment with this company.

The Meaning of *Family*

Written 16 March 2009

This year (2009) in a few months, I'll be sixty-eight-years-old, and so much has changed since I was young and planning a marriage and then a family. Our lives and future seemed clear—there was no fuzziness, particularly within the framework of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Yes, there were people who struggled, who broke commandments, who became addicted, and who lost their way, but nevertheless, the path was still very illuminated, and we had no one else to blame but ourselves when we fell off the path. My vision and my path still seem very illuminated, probably because I've always seen my life with clarity, truly black or white. It was easy back in 1964, when we married, to make the decision to have weekly home nights, to teach our children the difference between right and wrong, to gather them every morning for family prayer before they left the house for school or work, and then to gather them again at night-time for family prayer and then encourage and teach them to say their individual prayers. My particular hope and prayer to Heavenly Father back then was to help instill faith and testimony into my children's hearts.

I wasn't prepared for how that prayer would be answered. Many of our children were born with birth defects that needed surgical procedures to correct. I had hardly ever been sick in my life and wasn't prepared to deal with sickness. Our first trial came when we lost our first child at seven months. Scott Alan was stillborn. Then Rusty, our second child was born with the inward turn of a club foot. I sobbed myself to sleep that night in the hospital when the doctor told me. It seemed so terribly serious. I had wanted perfectly formed children. Then our third child, Gina, was born with a life-threatening problem—she had a diseased kidney that would have to be removed at about age five months. Well, as you can imagine, these problems brought Doug and I together in prayer and fasting. Our faith increased as we put it to the test. *Did we really believe I could have another child after the loss of our first son? Did I really have faith that Rusty would walk normally? Did I really believe that Gina would live through such delicate surgery? And if I needed to learn faith, then why was it being taught to me at the expense of my children?*

Doug had ample opportunities to use his priesthood in giving us blessings—blessings of comfort, of health, of healing, of strength. And I learned how to pray like I'd never prayed before in my life, just pleading for a child's welfare and life, and putting faith in modern medicine and doctors into whose hands I constantly entrusted my children.

But my prayer early in marriage was that I'd somehow be able to teach my children *faith*—why was it being taught to me instead? I thought I already had it, but I had so very little. I suppose Doug and I needed to pass the test first—again, as I've said before, it's a choice: *do you choose despair, sorrow and anger at the Lord, or do you choose faith?*

When the second half of my family came, then the older ones were ready to join their faith with ours when the trials came. I truly believe this is how the Lord answered my prayers. He gave us all experiences that would increase or possibly decrease our faith—it would depend on the direction we chose. Rusty, Scotty and Christy were born with very poor vision. Scotty's and Christy's were particularly bad. Scotty also had the turned-in foot, but by then, it seemed minor to me compared to what can really go wrong at birth. So, with him, I was more aggressive in correcting it. I didn't care what people said to me if they saw braces between his legs and corrective shoes. I think that worried me the first time with Rusty. Christy was born with a partial cleft palate as well that took two major surgeries to correct and fifteen years of speech therapy. The children had many things to ask for when we had family prayer. Then came Jimmy. In the first few days, I knew he wasn't hearing sounds—I tested him over and over. When I took him to the doctor, he asked me, *"Is everything okay?"* I burst out crying and said, *"Jimmy doesn't hear."* After examinations by experts, everyone else also knew that he was deaf. We gathered the children daily to pray for his hearing. He was given special priesthood blessings from his dad like the others had. We just didn't know how big of a miracle to pray for. Maybe this was to be his particular test in life. But six months after wearing hearing aids, he was being tested again, and his hearing was in the normal range. Tears of

happiness couldn't be held back. All the children were sitting outside the testing room, and when I came out, I said, "Guess what?" and they all answered without hesitation, "Jimmy can hear." By this time, miracles had become second nature to our children, and their faith was now greater than mine.

Perhaps all of this was to prepare us for an even greater test because before the year was out, it was discovered that Jimmy had a hole in his heart and a defective valve. So at age four-and-a-half, when he was big enough to undergo this extremely serious surgery, we prayed for the biggest miracle of all—"Please bless us with Jimmy's life." It was the same prayer that we had prayed for Gina and for Christy as they underwent serious surgeries at such young ages, but this time we had the faith of our children added to ours, and we prayed for this great miracle and expected it to happen. Well, these were just the major incidents in our family, not to even mention those things that most families go through: falls and stitches, broken bones, ear infections, tubes in ears, etc. Heavenly Father taught my children very carefully and illuminated their pathway to have faith. I don't know what more could've been taught in our home. Prayer was not a *sometime thing* in our family—it was constant, and the results we received from those prayers were dramatic.

But now at age sixty-eight (almost!), I have another prayer in my heart for my children. It's the same prayer that Alma the Younger (in the *Book of Mormon*) had for his people when they had strayed from the path. He stirred them up in *remembrance*. He said,

“. . . have you sufficiently retained in remembrance. . . your fathers. . . (the Lord's) mercy and long-suffering towards them. . . he changed their hearts; yea, he awakened them out of a deep sleep, and they awoke unto God . . . Have ye spiritually been born of God? Have ye received his image in your countenances? Have ye experienced this mighty change in your hearts? . . . can ye look up to God at that day with a pure heart and clean hands? . . . if ye have experienced a change of heart, and if ye have

felt to sing the song of redeeming love, I would ask, can ye feel so now.” (Alma 5)

To my children I would also say,

“Do you remember the stories and sacrifices made by those who went before you? Do you remember the many times that miracles were granted to each of you as your lives were spared, as your prayers were answered as you prayed for brothers and sisters? Do you remember how each of you were spared in car accidents—not only spared but were ever so slightly harmed? Do you remember? And if you do and can remember when we all rejoiced and knew that God was with us and we felt the spirit in our home, can ye feel so now?”

As I said earlier, life is different now than it was when Doug and I got married. There are things happening in the world that would seem to cloud pure doctrine. Even the definition of a family is fuzzy. The world teaches that that which was once evil is now good. And of all things, the family is being attacked on all sides—why would anyone want to attack the family, which has been the strength of America!? Are we progressing or digressing? I don't think it will be easy for my grandchildren to know the difference between good and evil unless they are strongly taught these things in the home and at church. I don't want my children and grandchildren to have to learn about faith in the same way I did. On the other hand, their trials could be much greater because no longer is the correct path so illuminated. They will have to pray even harder and rely on the Spirit more than Doug and I ever had to.

Perhaps there is nothing I have a greater testimony of than family. I've written often about my love for brothers and sisters. The six of us have produced thirty-two grandchildren for our parents, and you can just imagine the posterity that has come from those thirty-two! It's a big number! Fortunately, those original six are still alive (2009)! Dick is eighty-three, Lois is eighty-one, Tom is seventy-nine, Joyce is seventy-seven, Cheril is seventy-two, and I am sixty-eight. I can't express the happiness that comes from staying close as a family. We've done a lot of camping together.

Hawaii, in 1953, was a highlight in our lives. Some of us were able to go to Hawaii together again in 1983. There's a pecking order in families, and it was understood and demonstrated on this trip. We rented a big van. My dad and Dick were in the front, next seat back were Lorna, Lois and Ernie, then Joyce and Alf, and in the last seat were always Doug and I. No one said a word—that's just how we got in the van. In the last fifteen years or so, we still gather for reunions—just the siblings.



Lois, Joyce, and Cecile in Hawaii - 1983

We usually go down to *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in Scofield, Utah, and spend the night eating and talking around the big table and doing puzzles until we drop. The next day after breakfast we usually take a big walk around the area and just visit.



Back: Doug, Alf, Richard, Ernie, Tom, Dick, Front: Cecile, Joyce, Cheril, Lois, Roberta, Lorna - Scofield 1999

Cheril's husband, Richard, was the first one we lost, and then Lorna. But, nevertheless, we still try to do things together. At the moment, Cheril's on a mission in Australia in exactly the same spot in Perth where Mom and Dad built a Stake Center. Doug, Ron Hirschi, Tommy James, and I also served

missions in Australia, so it must feel a bit like *touching the past* for Cheril right now.



Back: Richard and Cheril Snow, Alf and Joyce Ridge, Cecile and Doug, Front: Tom and Roberta James, Dick and Lorna James, Ernie and Lois Winfield - Rocky Ridge, WY June 2002

All these brothers and sisters have had severe trials. Being together forever is the most important aspect of all of our lives. When I went through the temple for the first time, I was somewhat bewildered by everything—wondering if I had to remember everything that I heard that day. By the end of the session I was just confused. But I had a very spiritual experience. When I went from the Terrestrial Room into the room that represents the Celestial Kingdom, my parents and brothers and sisters were all there waiting for me. I guess I didn't know what everything represented, but I did know the outcome that Heavenly Father has in store for all of us—togetherness in the Celestial Kingdom



Cecil, Lucie, Lois, Dick, Joyce, Cheril, Cecile, Tom - 1970

with our loved ones. It's the goal of everything we do in the Church. It's the reason Christ died on the cross and was resurrected—that we might repent and take advantage of the Atonement so we can progress, be sealed together in the Temple and be with Him and with our families after this life. Again, the end result of my life was illuminated for me. This knowledge has provided Doug and me and my brothers and sisters strength as three of them have had to each bury a child. One has buried a grown grandchild, and two of them have buried their spouses. I've never faced this particular trial myself, but I have sorrowed greatly for those who are gone. The six of us even came close to a breaking point, but forgiveness and love won over. There has to be great strength when a family holds together like ours has. It's worth the work, time, repentance, forgiveness and effort. Several of us have gone through losses of a different kind with children, and the pain is perhaps equally severe because of the eternal consequences. But there is always *Hope* and *Mercy* and *Great Promises* in our favor.



The "Aunties" - Cecile, Lois, Cheril, Joyce - May 2004



Lois, Cheril, Cecil, Joyce, Cecile - Santa Rosa, CA. 1984



Cecil, Lucie, Dick, Lois, Tom, Joyce, Cheril, Cecile - Provo, Utah 1960



Cecile, Joyce, Tom, Cheril - 1990



Dick, Lois, Tom, Joyce, Cheril, Cecile - Brigham City, UT October 2009



Cecil, Lucie, Cecile - 1966

Mom and Dad Scribner

Just like everyone else when they marry, my family increased. I first met Doug's mother and father in April 1964, just two months before we were married. I had never before envisioned myself part of a family that were not already



members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. But leaving Utah and going on a mission to Australia helped me to realize the beauty of all people no matter what religion they were. Mom and Dad Scribner were extremely good Christian people. Mom never thought of herself first—always others. She sacrificed almost to a fault (is that possible?). She would wear herself out physically in doing for others. I only knew Dad Scribner for six years before he died of a heart attack while exploring the Yucatan Peninsula (and while climbing a pyramid at Chichen Itza). I remember him as someone who was willing to do anything for his children, go anywhere for new adventure, and support his children in new ideas and projects. He spoke with a lot of *colorful* language!

Doug's two older brothers were married and between them had five children. We did the most with Doug's youngest brother Steve and his wife Mary, whose five children were growing up with ours. We saw each other often while they were living in California. In fact, their children became the cousins that our children knew the best. I loved Steve immediately the first time I met him, and learned to love all of Doug's family—it took me a few years to appreciate and love the other brothers because we just didn't see them as often—they were all so different from each other.



Steve, Doug, Ken and Dave



Gordon Scribner and Cecile in San Diego - 1964



Gordon, Cecile, Alice, Mary, Steve, Doug - about 1967



*Mary
Steve
Doug
Cecile*

Grandma Scribner and Rusty - about 1974



Perhaps the hardest relationship was between Doug's mother and myself. She was an amazing person who so totally took care of her husband and sons that I always felt I could never be fully accepted in her heart – I had seven of my children with just two years between each of them, and I needed Doug's help, and I think she resented the help he gave me. He always seemed to be in leadership positions in the Church, and was gone many nights in the week. At church, Doug was of no help to me at all in keeping the children peaceful during the meetings, but, nevertheless, he tried to help me when he was home. I knew that Mom Scribner resented me for expecting a man to do

such *womanly* deeds. Well, I didn't really expect this of Doug because my parents' generation was the same as Doug's parents—the men didn't do these *womanly* chores at home. But because of the medical problems we had and the number of children we had, I was thankful for the help he could give. When Doug retired, he started doing all the Sunday dishes for me, and lately, he even does most of the every day dishwashing. I'm guessing that Mom Scribner has already *rolled over in her grave!* She'd be happy to know that Doug still doesn't cook or wash clothes or clean house, but he does know how to iron shirts!

I do love Mom Scribner. I have great respect for her life, for her devotion to her family, for her love for her grandchildren, and I love the memory of her as we look at the many sweaters she knitted or crocheted for each of our children while they were little. She believed in God, but did not believe we would be together as families in the hereafter. In fact, she did not believe that we would even live in the hereafter, but knew that it was important to live a good life so one's positive influence would affect generations that would follow. I knew that upon her death, she would be pleasantly surprised to find that, indeed, she was still alive and able to continue to do good and develop wonderful relationships with family and friends, just like she always did here on earth. Mom Scribner died 12 February 1986.



Big Scribner Family Reunion - Morro Bay, California - July 1999

Our Children

Russ

Gina

Craig

Scott

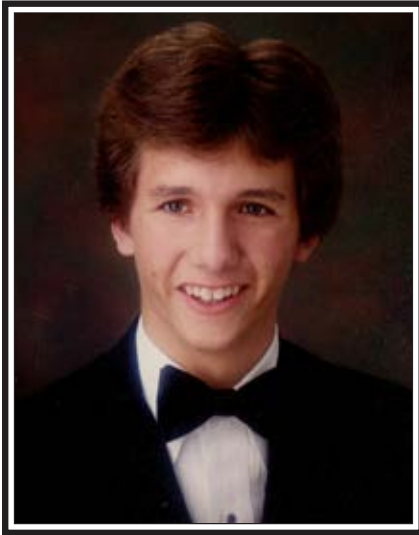
Christy

Jimmy

Spencer

Lora

Russ



1984



Doug, Cecile, Russ - 1967



1972



1968



Cecile, Rusty 1966



1984



About 1970



1978



Russ, Ben, Jacob, Danny, Kari - 2007



Doug, Kari (Gee), Russ, Cecile - 1990



Hunter, Gina, Shyden, Shawn, Chey, Bryant
Thatcher, Tessa, Bella - 2008

Gina



Gina, Bella, Hunter 1995



1968 with
Grandma
James



Gina and Rusty 1969



1969



1986



1993

2004



1985



1992

Craig



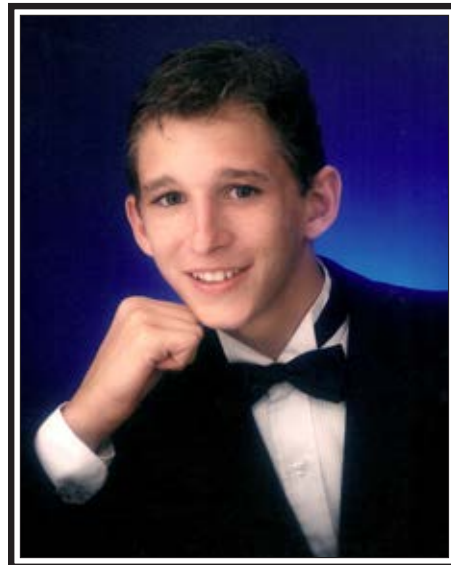
Rusty, Craig,
Gina 1970



1973



1971



1988



Penny

2008



1987

2008



1994



Maggie, Jack, Craig, Tommy, Robbyn, Lucy

Scott



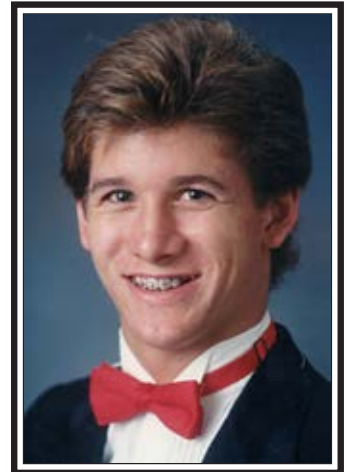
1993



1972



1983



1990



Craig and Scotty



Cecile and Scott - 1990



1986



1982



Cecile, Jenny (Wilks) Scott, Doug - 1995



Jenny and Scott, Joshua, Matthew, Aaron Gracie and Noah - 2008

Christy



1997



1989



about 1980



1998



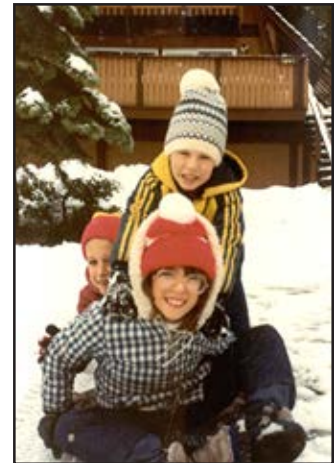
1974



1997



December 1997



Christy with Jimmy and Spencer



Jimmy, Christy, Cecile, Doug, Lora, Spencer - 1992



2008 - Austin, Christy, Alaina, Rob, Ethan

Jim



2007-08



1979



Stephanie (Miller) and Jim - 2001



2008 - Jim, Yve, Stephanie, Oliver



1989



1977



Christy, Gina, Lora, Stephanie 2001



1994



Spencer and Jim



Doug, Jim, Aaron, Stephanie, Cecile, Josh, Matthew, Jenny



Russ, Doug, Scott, Andrew, Craig and Jim - 1988

Spencer



1996



1979



Spencer, Lisa, Myles, Ellie - 2009



Jimmy and Spencer in Scotland 1985



1988



Five Years Old - 1983



Lisa and Spencer



Lisa (Castro), Lucy,
Spencer and Yve - 2004



Spencer, Gina, Cecile, Christy, Lora, Doug, Jimmy - 1989



Lora, Cecile, Spencer, Doug - 1996

Lora



2002



1984



2007



1999



1990



2009 - Mark, Porter and Lora Spencer



2007



Lora and Melinda Moffett - 2005



Lora and Mark with Christy, Jimmy, Craig, Scott, Spencer, Russ, Gina



Doug Lora Cecile

Teenagers (written in 1982)

Unfortunately, last weekend was like most of our weekends with our son Russ (sixteen-years-old). At 10:00 a.m. I tried to wake him up, but only received a moan. I turned on music that he liked, but kept it soft so he would hopefully get out of bed to turn it up. Finally, I went in with a *raised voice* and asked him to get up and go watch Christy's soccer game so she would have members of the family to cheer her on. By noon, as I was returning from three soccer games, Russ was walking around the kitchen, looking like death warmed over (you know the look) and searching for food in a kitchen where there is "*never anything to eat.*" It was frustrating to realize that I had done so much and he so little. I reminded him of his dirty room and washing that needed to be done before Sunday, and that his lawn-mowing job next door really ought to be done before midnight. Forty-five minutes before it was too dark to see outside, the neighbor's front lawn got mowed, and then Rusty remembered there was a dance that night—leaving him with the bare minimum time to do his wash, dry it, take a shower and wash his hair—his room still not worth looking at. I *blinked* at the room and sent him with his sister Gina to the dance.

The next morning turned into a panic because at 9:00, Russ remembered he was to give a five-minute talk in Church at 11:00 a.m. By 10:15, he finally

picked a subject after we had given him a bunch of suggestions. Even on the stand at church he was still preparing his talk up to fifteen seconds before he gave it. And most frustrating of all, the talk was very good, well-delivered, he looked clean and neat and pressed, and the neighbors woke up to a well trimmed front lawn. And I had big knots in my stomach, and Doug had a few more gray hairs.

Is there any occupation that requires as much skill and creativity as raising a teenager? Now that I have some, I finally realize what everyone's been talking about all these years. Knowledge, skills, creativity and desire all have to come together at once. If they don't, then teenagers can become lost—all our dreams for them can crumble away. I know I want to *make it* as a parent of a teenager as much as anyone else does, and my husband who's a skillful manager in an internationally successful engineering firm also realizes that his biggest challenge and responsibility in life lies within the framework of his home. If we fail there, what else really matters? Success and money will have little bearing on our happiness. What we really want to do is see our children, each in his/her turn, leave home with self-esteem, confidence in the Lord and His promises, a desire to work, and a sure knowledge of our unconditional love for them tucked under their belts.



*Doug and Steve Scribner Children about 1982
Craig, Rusty, Lara, Christy, Troy, Benjamin, Jimmy, Gina, Spencer, Scotty, Chad, Emily*

Scotland 1984-1987

Between 1984 and 1987 we moved to Scotland as Doug was filling an assignment with Hewlett-Packard. He was sent to start up a new *operation* for the company. Our home there was *Kirktonhill*. That's it—that was the whole address. A kirk is a church. And we lived on the little hill right next to this very old church—so old that one of the walls of the church was built in the year 1300. Our home had an interesting history as well. A section was quite old, built in

This house was huge and beautiful. We never owned it ourselves, but Hewlett-Packard bought it and resold it after we left. They made a profit on it, so that's good—we'll never have to feel guilty for living in such luxury, warmth and basically living in our *Dream House*.



1820. It had some walls that were at least two feet thick. There were some bars on the outside of some of the windows. It had an Aga oven, which was heated by water that was heated by oil. This oven was always on, so the burners were always hot. But the burners were covered with an insulated metal lid. It provided warmth in the kitchen, and sometimes on very cold



Spencer climbing through bars!

No house anywhere could ever compare to this. It was filled with memories that just won't quit—filled with people that we love as family—filled with road show practices—filled with missionary dinners, farewells, cottage meetings—filled with friends and family who visited us while we lived there—filled with a lot of love. *Kirktonhill* was the center of our lives for those three years. Our experiences there were such a blessing in this brief period, leaving an unforgettable impression on all of us.



days, the kids would come and sit on the insulated covers and get their bottoms warm (just as Craig is doing in this picture). My friend, Mary Paton, always warned the kids that they'd develop hemorrhoids by doing this, but so far, they are all okay!





It is hard to describe this land and some of the emotions we felt in those three years. In my heart and in my mind, Scotland was, and still is a mystical land. There is something romantic and intriguing about the words *Loch Lomond*, *Highlands*, *Ben Nevis*, and *Glencoe*. Loch Lomond is not far from Glasgow, an industrial, sprawling city on the west side of Scotland. It's very refreshing to leave Glasgow and, in just a short time, arrive in Loch Lomond, one of the hundreds of lochs (lakes) in Scotland. The feelings were surreal and yes, very romantic. On one trip there it had been raining, but suddenly the sun was shining on the leaves of the trees and the surrounding shrubbery. It seemed inconceivable, but every leaf of every tree appeared to be a different shade of green—light, dark, blue-green, yellow-green, lime-green and shades in between. Shrubby and trees covered every inch of land that the eye could see, and every branch brimmed with new growth. Fresh rainwater dripped from the tips of each leaf. The smell was

sweet and clean, with a slight scent of roses. Clouds lingered in the air but were transparent as they floated in and out of the trees. I felt as if we were in the middle of a fairy-tale. The sensation was everything I wanted it to be—it was thrilling.

On another day we ventured to Glencoe, a place I never heard of before, and a place I will never forget. We were *warned* about the *feeling* in these mountains—a feeling that spoke of its bloody history. A two-lane road went through the glen, and on this particular day, it seemed we were the only ones on it. It was natural to drive slowly as if sound or speed would disturb the elements that protected this narrow glen, just seven miles long.



To the left stood the little white house that is featured in all of the photo books—nothing out of the ordinary, except its solitude and its own *wee* brook running through the property. Did anyone live there? We couldn't tell. This glen was enclosed on both sides by hills composed of enormous rocks. Yet it was quiet and peaceful. We didn't really *feel* the *quiet* until we stopped and got out of the car. My children quickly rolled up their pants and waded in the streams, but if one could ever hear *quiet*—well that's what we heard. It caused us to stop whatever we were doing and listen. The moist air had a sound of its own as it blew around the mountains—the brooding atmosphere somewhat alarmed us. The feeling in the air spoke of the massacre that had taken place in these hills so long ago in 1691—when all the chiefs in the area were asked to take an oath of allegiance to King William in London. MacIan and MacDonald, who lived in Glencoe, had not yet taken the oath, and orders were issued to Campbell of Glen Lyon to make an



Loch Lomond by the port of Luss

example of them. Campbell and 120 men lived among the unsuspecting MacDonalds for twelve days and then suddenly fell upon them, killing over forty men and leaving others to die in the hills where they fled. One must feel a reverence here. We certainly felt it. Charles Dickens described it as “a burial place of a race of giants.”



Ben Nevis

My dad (eighty-four-years-old) was with us when we first arrived in Scotland. He had never been to the birthplace of his own mother, so one of the first places we searched for was the little village of Haywood.

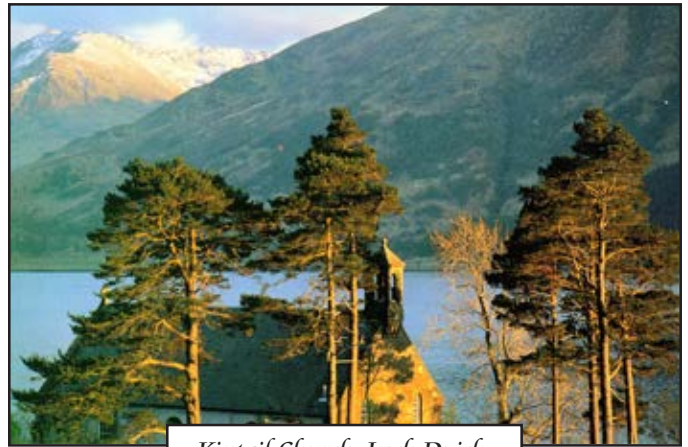
Earlier in this autobiography, I’ve already described the beauty of this place and the fascinating town of Temple where my ancestors originated. How could they or anyone ever leave Scotland the Brave? I



Cecil (Dad) in England - 1984

asked that question in every village as we drove through and experienced Scotland — the waterfalls, the greenery, the heather on the hills, the clear water streams, the mystical lochs, the castles, the churches, the stone walls, the hills and dales that just reeked with history of battles, blood, royalty, cruelty, harshness, poverty, and a cold wind that could chill every bone in the body. Yet, when the

sun came out, any harshness or grayness disappeared in an instant, and the beauty was beyond anything anyone could describe.



Kintail Church, Loch Duich
Photo: Dennis Hardley

We found the people to be somewhat rigid, yet very friendly. They were fiercely Scottish—definitely not English. There was a huge difference. I felt there was more ruggedness among the Scottish—just as the land in the north with its stone fences (Scotland) was more rugged than the land in the south with its shrubby fences (England). It carried over with the people. We enjoyed their independence, and we particularly enjoyed being with the Scottish people at a party. There was no rigidness there. The *hair came down* and they partied and sang and danced in the most generous display of love and fun as I have ever seen.



So often I yearn to be part of these Scottish gatherings—oh, how I miss them! And the beautiful Scottish brogue—well, there’s nothing like it in the world. After three years, sometimes we were able to even tell which little village a person came from. Every village had a different twist on the accent!

Falkirk accent was one of my favorites. In Scotland, they don't travel so much, but spend their days shopping and visiting in their own village. They are a people who can get offended easily. We

had to be careful with this. We lived in a little town called Ratho, and we constantly met people who had never been to Glasgow – it was only forty miles away! And when we invited guests to our home who lived far away (like



Mary Paton and Lora

Glasgow or Temple, which was about twenty-five miles away), well we had them stay two or three days to make the travel worth their while. Odette Kemp and Mary Paton were two of our guests who often came and stayed with us at Kirktonhill.



Odette Kemp, Jose Morlin, Craig - Christmas 1986

I look back at this time in our lives, and it was an opportunity of a lifetime. There are eight volumes of pictures from Scotland on our shelves! I will never be able to tell in just a few pages what this experience was like for our family, Each person would tell it differently because of all the different ages they were, but I can only tell it through my eyes. Grandpa James was eighty-four, and he made a few trips to Scotland, staying four to six weeks each time. Doug was forty-six and was very excited for this new job opportunity. We were the first family from Hewlett-Packard to move up to Santa Rosa from Palo Alto because Doug was managing the transition for HP to build a new division in that town. He started from scratch. So this kind of assignment wasn't new to him. There was already one division



Jimmy, Scott, Elly Morlin (the best!), Spencer, Christy, Grandpa James, Doug - December 1986

of Hewlett-Packard in Scotland, but his assignment was to start a new operation there. Three years later, by the time we left for home, there was a new building planned and several hundred employees. Doug was called *The Pathfinder* at HP. He thrived in this kind of atmosphere.

I was forty-three, and my job was to furnish a home, learn where to buy food and school uniforms, learn to understand Roland Axten's accent when he called on the phone, and figure out how it was possible to manage a family of ten in a new land.



Gina, Scott, Craig Balerno High School 1984

Spencer, Christy, Jimmy Ratho Elementary School 1984





Christy, Scott, Craig at George Heriot School 1986

Russ was eighteen-years-old and preparing to start his first year at BYU. In July 1984, he was traveling with his Santa Rosa High School choir and was in Great Britain before we were. We met him and saw his performance in England just a few weeks after we arrived. He was only in Scotland for the summer, and then we had to let him go 7,000 miles away from us - our first child to leave home. He did come home for Christmas that year, and our family took a big skiing vacation to Les 2 Alpes in France. The next Christmas (1985) was our last Christmas with Russ before he left on his mission to Colombia. He had a farewell in Scotland and one in Santa Rosa. Doug and I flew to California with him where we met Joyce and my Dad. Here he was set apart as a missionary. Doug and I flew back to Scotland, and Joyce took him to the Missionary Training Center to begin his mission.



Russ at The Shrewsbury Festival with his Santa Rosa Chamber Singers - July 1984 (Grandpa, Scotty and Russ holding Lora)



Russ at Les 2 Alpes in France



Russ leaving for BYU September 1984



Gina and Russ at Kirktonhill - December 1985



Russ set apart for his mission - Carey Pittson, Grandpa, Jed Cooper, Cecile, Russ, Doug, Pres. Ogden, Greg Kemp



Grandpa James, Cecile, Joyce Ridge, Russ in San Francisco - January 1986

Gina turned sixteen-years-old just a couple of months after we arrived in Scotland. She didn't settle into this new land very easily because she was excited to go to high school in Santa Rosa. It was hard to pull her roots up and leave her friends. However, she was only in Scotland for two years before she, too, was off to Brigham Young University. In those two years, she made good friendships with Sadie Stirzaker and Lorraine Paterson—neither were members of the Church when she met them, but they both joined. Gina and all the other kids had a marvelous piano teacher, Heida Arnadottir (from Iceland).

We had to travel into Edinburgh for these lessons, but it was worth the trip. Heida was patient and loving and even put up with Gina's long fingernails, which Gina did not want

to cut! We were afraid that Gina would nick Heida's beautiful piano. We and the children all grew to love Heida and her family. Gina accomplished so much on the piano in those years. She even passed the *Scottish National Highers Exam* in Music - not an easy task! Gina also had many opportunities to dance and perform in floorshows and roadshows - she lit up the room with her presence, and the Scots responded.



Gina at LesDeux Alpes, France - Jan 1985



Gina and Sadie



"16th" Birthday with Scott



Michelle Jensen, Gina, Lorraine, Kathleen Reynolds, Sadie - 1985



Gina, Marion Cunningham, Louise Giboin, Sadie, Lisa Otero, Charlotte Stirzaker



Gina, Jose Morfin, Charlotte, Craig, Tracy Horne



Jose, Gina, Sadie, Elly . . .



Gina and Cecile



Gina and School friends at George Heriot School in Edinburgh - 1985

Craig was fourteen-years-old and was truly ready for the whole new life he was about to lead. He made extremely good friendships and was well loved by all of his new acquaintances at church, especially Elly and Jose Morlin, Roland Axten, Louis Giboin and many others. He still had a good rebellious streak in him, and had the ability to drive some of the school masters up the wall. He didn't really rebel when he had to wear a white shirt, tie and coat to school each day, but he also wore a loud t-shirt underneath (one that could be seen under the white shirt). This did not go over very well with the head-masters. I don't know—what is one to do with such a boy? Craig has always loved to sing, and he found many opportunities to develop his talent in Scotland—particularly with Elly and Jose Morlin. The Scots love parties and love to perform. Craig fit right in. He took a big part in the producing of the road shows and was always willing to perform, particularly with Elly and Jose.



Craig and Lorraine Paterson



Elly Morlin and Craig



Craig and Doug - 1984



Lora and Craig in Holland - 1985



Jim, Craig and Christy at Boni's Ice Cream Parlor



Vittorio, Elly Morlin, Craig at Kirktonhill

Scotty can usually adjust to anything and anybody. He was twelve-years-old when we arrived in Scotland. He was the first to make some friendships right in our little town of Ratho. He also joined a scout troop, which was quite different than in the States. Instead of hiking, these scouts went hill-walking. He loved the Scottish dances and never minded dancing even with the old ladies. However, as usual with Scott, he found girlfriends as well (and they found him). There were no age divisions at church and what the big kids did, he did also. There weren't a lot of young people in the ward, so they all stuck together. Scott did some underage driving in Scotland (after begging and wearing me down)—there were a lot of back, dark roads to practice on when we came home from scout meetings. I wouldn't say that Scott was given high grades in school, but his reports were always positive. The teachers liked him and believed that with a little help here and a little help there, he would be successful (and get a better report next time!).

Scotty at London Temple Grounds in 1984



Doug and Scotty - Hillwalking - 1985



Scotty and Charlotte Stirzaker



Scouting in Scotland



Scotty, Cecile, Christy



Scotty and Lora



Christy was ten-years-old when we left Santa Rosa and continued to do what she always did best. She and Gina shared a room in Santa Rosa, and for hours and hours she listened to Gina tell her stories of all the happenings in her life. She didn't judge, she didn't talk back, she just listened. When Gina left Scotland for BYU, we thought Christy would be so relieved to have a life of her own, but that first night we heard her crying. I couldn't imagine what was wrong, but she said that she just missed Gina so much. Christy did things not many eleven-year-olds ever do. She, with the others traveled seven miles with Doug in the morning to Queensferry where they caught a train that traveled over the Firth of Forth. They traveled ten miles into Edinburgh, and then either walked the remaining mile to school or caught a taxi. Sometimes the kids would come home separately from George Heriot School (where Gina, Craig, Scott and Christy attended). If they didn't catch the train, they'd come home on a bus. Christy sometimes did this on her own. The walk from the bus was long (at

least a mile up to Ratho Village) and could be frightening. One time Christy walked this in the dark with snow piled high on both sides of the road. We didn't really know just where she was. Elly Morlin was a speech therapist and worked with several of our children. Christy particularly blossomed with her speech therapy during those years.



Elly



Christy's room at Kirktonhill



Christy, Jimmy and Spencer



Lora and Christy in Holland - 1985



Christy at Les Deux Alpes - Jan 1985

I know how cold I was in Scotland during the winter, but my children understood it even better as they each made their way to school each morning (in the winter they left for school in the dark and came home in the dark). Christy (a few years later) did a wonderful job of describing what it was like. . .

The Morning Train

by Christianne Scribner (December 9, 1992)

It was late again. The morning train always came through either late or early. I stood on a patch of snow that I had packed down with my feet while trying to keep them warm. I frowned as the bone-chilling wind bit at my face. The sky had darkened, threatening to snow any moment. Clutching my frozen ears tightly and tucking my face down in my scarf, I silently cursed my school uniform. As an eleven-year-old, I couldn't understand the importance of unity and looking sharp compared to the importance of warmth, something I clearly wasn't getting in my uniform. My navy-blue cotton skirt covered my navy-blue cotton tights to about the knee. My navy-blue leather shoes were soaked through and showed a light white film at the tie where the water had started to dry. My white, stiff-collared shirt was mostly hidden by a blue and white diagonally striped tie, a navy-blue cardigan and a navy-blue blazer. On the blazer was a navy-blue and white patch showing a building with the words beneath it reading "George Heriot's School." The tasseled ends of my navy-blue and white striped scarf whipped behind me in the strong wind, tugging tightly around my neck. I pulled off my damp navy-blue gloves to warm my hands, and saw that even my nails had started to turn navy-blue. . .

After a year of living in Scotland, I still hadn't become accustomed to the freezing winters. When I was as cold as I was then, I couldn't help but dream that I was back home in California. . .

The screeching of tires brought me back to reality. From behind the station, a small dark car had hit ice, causing it to skid over to the right side of the road. . . The sun had been completely covered by the dark looming clouds and a light snow

had begun to fall. The snow started to fill the footprints in the snow near me. .

To the left of me stood my two older brothers and my older sister. No one else had come to the lonely station that day. Only the sound of heavy breathing and occasionally shifting feet came from my family. White fog visibly escaped their mouths as they breathed. All three of them wore identical uniforms as mine, except that the boys were wearing navy-blue slacks to match their blazers. The monotonous colors of navy-blue and white was only broken by my brothers' and sister's deep red cheeks and my sister's light blond hair. Their hair and blazers began to whiten from the falling snow. My sister felt my gaze and looked over, but it was just too cold and miserable to say anything.

Shifting my numb feet and pounding my frost-bitten hands together a few times, I looked off into the distance again. This time a dim light was visible, and a faint horn was blown. Quickly grabbing my navy-blue school bag, I shuffled over to my sister. A minute later the piercing shriek of metal scraping against metal reverberated through my ears as the dirty silver train stopped in front of us.

Reaching up, my oldest brother grabbed the handle to a side door and threw it open. Annoyed with the delay, he was muttering something about the stupid train and the cold weather. My brothers and sister quickly boarded. I felt the warm air melt the snow that had gathered on my uniform and in my hair as I stepped into the train. Before I had shut the door, the train was off again with a jolt, racing towards the center of town. I breathed in the stale smell of old cigarettes and foul body odor. I felt sharp pains in my feet as the numbness began to cease. As I pushed through the crowded train to find a place to stand, I felt warmth begin to flow through me, and my face flushed with the sudden change. Settling against a pole I tried not to think that the next day I would be doing the same thing.



Christy enroute to school in Edinburgh (on a warmer day)

Jimmy was nearly eight and *Spencer* was six when we arrived in Scotland. Why do I group them together? Well, they were always together. We called them the “*little boys*.” They even had a language all their own. That first year in Scotland, Christy, Jimmy and Spence went to the little elementary school at the top of the hill in Ratho. I would watch out the living room window as they trudged up that hill in the wintertime. Sometimes the wind was so strong it would knock them over (particularly Spencer) and they’d have to try again. Those winter mornings were so cold, it was hard to send them out the door to school. Jim and Spencer also played soccer together, and must’ve gained a love for the sport because they both continued to play for several years. Spencer still does. But again, they would have to play in the cold miserable weather. I would be too cold to watch them, but they seemed to survive. Jimmy started piano lessons from Heida before he even turned eight, and we’ve hardly been able to get him off the piano since! Spencer developed friendships with several of the little boys in Ratho. Jim had more of his friendships at church. But again, when there was a dance or party at church, we never left the little boys home—they always came and danced the night away with the rest of us. These little boys were popular! Both of them turned eight while we were in Scotland. Russ baptized Jimmy and Doug baptized Spencer.



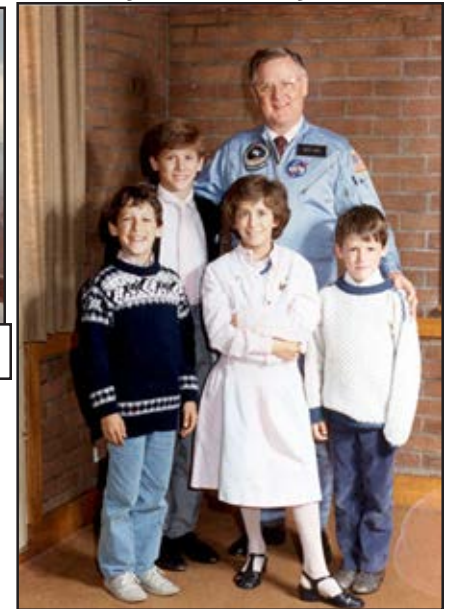
Jimmy and Spencer in Holland 1985



Jim and Spener in Norway 1987



Spencer Les Deux Alpes



Scotty, Jimmy, Christy, Spencer with Astronaut Don Lind



Jimmy with a friend



Jimmy and Spencer at a graveyard (a place we visited often)



Jimmy, Lora, Spencer at Kirktonhill

Lora was only six-months-old when we arrived, and she was the one who picked up a real Scottish three-year-old accent by the time we left. The Elders were in our home regularly, and she loved them all, and they loved her. She was the center of everyone's attention. No one could baby-sit in Scotland if they were under seventeen years of age, so I wasn't allowed to even let my own children baby-sit. As a result, Lora was my companion every single solitary place I went. While the kids were at school, we explored the shops, the back roads, and took visitors all over different parts of Scotland. Too bad Lora doesn't remember any of this. She saw so much! She wasn't shy, and by the time she was three, she was also doing some performing at programs in church. She sang, "Mary Had a Little Lamb" all by herself on the stage. The whole ward loved her and wanted to take care of her, but Christy and Jimmy particularly cared for her. She could do no wrong (so adorable!).



Lora, Grandpa James and Santa (?)



Gina, Lora and Spencer



Jimmy, Lora and Christy - Christmas 1985



Cecile and Lora at Kirktonhill



Elders Cook and Smith entertaining Lora



Visitors to Kirktonhill

Much of our time in Scotland was spent entertaining our guests! We were thrilled that so many people were able to visit. Lora and I would take them around Scotland while Doug was at work and the kids were in school. Instead of showing them the same things that we had already seen, I would explore new places. With family we explored our roots both in England and in Scotland. I became enthralled with Mary Queen of Scots—so much so that many times I would follow her path from her birth in Linlithgow Palace to her first six years in Stirling Castle, to Leith where she came back in glory when she arrived from France to claim the throne as Queen of Scotland, to the castle on a small island in Loch Leven where she fled for safety before she was banished and held captive by Queen Elizabeth, who finally had her beheaded at the Tower of London. In a slight way, Mary Queen of Scots fit into our ancestry. Thomas Howard, the Fourth Duke of Norfolk was, for a brief period, engaged to Mary, Queen of Scots. Queen Elizabeth felt threatened by both of them, so eventually she had them both beheaded. Thomas Howard's first marriage was to Mary Fitz Alan of Arundel. She died in childbirth at age seventeen while giving birth to her son, Philip. It is through this Philip that our line continues (with only one unsolved glitch) down to Grandpa Howard (John

Fitz Alan Howard). There is a Castle Howard in England, but *our* castle is Arundel Castle, which, by the way, is spectacular. Sometimes with our visitors, we would follow that path. Others we took to the West Coast beyond Glasgow and discovered Bobbie Burn's country. Or else we would drive from castle to castle, from loch to loch, or from woolen mill to woolen mill. We explored the borders, the lowlands and Galashiels, which was Sir Walter Scott's country. Several times we explored the Highlands, Inverness, Isle of Skye, and even all the way up to the top where you could look across the waters and see the beginning of the Orkney Islands. St. Andrews was always a fun trip, as was Glamis Castle, the home of the Queen Mother. There was no end of places to explore in Scotland—such a little country and so much to see!



Roberta James, Gina, Cecile, Lora - Abbotsford - August 1984



Beth and Ron Hirschi - St. Andrews - 1984



Craig, Jean Bachowsky, Scott - April 1985



Gina and Grandpa James at Edinburgh Castle - July 1984



Ernie and Lois Winfield, Richelle Snow - Edinburgh - August 1985



Loch Lomond - August 1985

Gina, Becky Ashton, Doug, Richelle Snow, Mary Paton, Ernie Winfield, Cecil James, Lois Winfield



Doug, Cecile, Carolyn and Larry Stratford at Kirktonhill - May 1985



Scotty, Aunt Joyce, Craig



Joyce and Cecile - England - May 1986

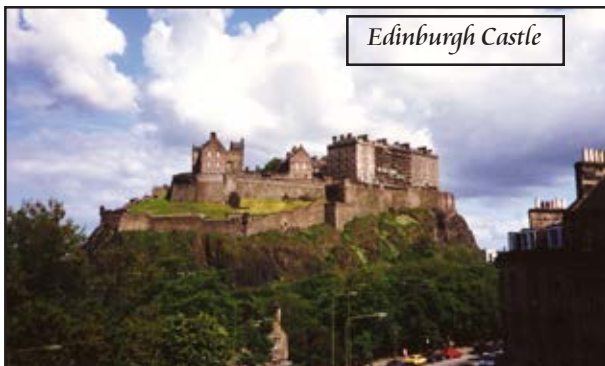


Beth and Ron Hirschi - Glasgow - 1984



Alf Ridge, Michelle Jensen, Cecile, Joyce Ridge in Arundel - May 1986

Arundel Castle (home of Mary Fitz Alan Howard)



Edinburgh Castle





Brig-O-Doon (Bridge over the River Doon) in Robert Burns Country



The Church (or Kirk) next to our home. Our home was on the hill by the Kirk - thus, Kirktonhill



Mary and Jim Paton, Cecile near Loch Lomond - May 1986



Ross Woolf, Michelle Jensen, Cecile at the Great Causeway in Ireland - May 1986



Joyce, Lora, Michelle, Cecile Loch Leven Castle - May 1986



Cleon Forsyth and Lora in Highlands - a few hours before his heart attack and death - Sept 1986



Pat Ashton at Kirktonhill - May 1986



Craig and Delma Forsyth - Kirktonhill - September 1986



Delma Forsyth with Scott, Craig, Lora, Jimmy, Spencer Sept 1986



Rape Weed in Ratho



Doug, Ken Scribner, Aunt Flo (Neergard) - Arthur's Seat - July 1986



Scott, Spencer, Jimmy, Christy, Cecile Lora, Doug, Doreen Scribner - Loch Lomond - July 1986



Doreen and Ken Scribner, Spencer, Doug - Train Bridge over Firth of Forth - Queensferry - July 1986



Uncle Steve with Christy, Spencer, Lora and Jim March 1987

Scott, Steve, Craig



Lora, Doug and Jim Moore at Loch Katrine



Dee and Susan Humphreys in Ratho - also saw Linlithgow Palace, Edinburgh and lots of scenery with Susan - May 1987



Win Aker and Dan Scribner - July 1987 (Dan arrived by bicycle! - Win was in the Navy and was a frequent guest at Kirktonhill)

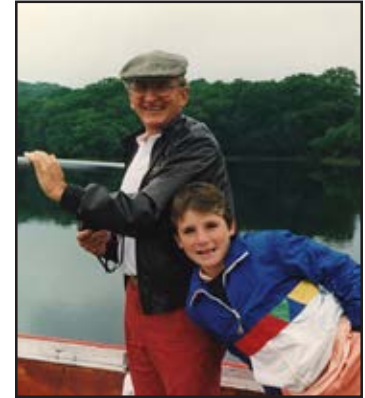
Our last visitors were Tom, Roberta and Philip James. Dan Scribner also arrived about the same time in July 1987, so we saw a few things all together. We visited the Highlands, Loch Lomond and then we went off to some new country and visited Lake County in England and searched for the John Benbow Farmhouse where Wilford Woodruff taught the Gospel to the United Brethren and baptized our great-great grandfather and grandmother, John Gailey and Ann Greaves. That pretty much took us full circle right back to where we started searching for family origins when we first arrived in 1984. Our friends gave us a wonderful farewell party and dance - it was so sad to say good-bye to wonderful friends, but we've learned that good-byes are only temporary.



Philip and Roberta in Lake County, England



Tom in the Highlands



Tom and Philip at Loch Lomond



Cecile, Dan Scribner, Roberta and Tom, Philip, Jimmy and Spencer at Holyrood Palace - 1987



Farewell Party for us - a dance, of course! - July 1987



The Bridge Inn next to Kirktonhill

Doug and Cecile - July 1987

Now for some unforgettable incidents that happened in the three years we lived in Scotland. We were in sacrament meeting, and it was Russ' last Sunday before he left on his mission. The bishop had asked him to play a piano solo in church. I was sitting on the left side of the chapel, and a lady I had never seen before sat in front of me. A man was with her. Right in the middle of Russ' song, she lit up a cigarette and started smoking! I reached forward and asked her to please put it out, and she swung her bag and hit me over the head with it. The man took her out, but she was resisting and yelling, "*You are all so intolerant,*" and other such things. Russ decided to stop playing his piece. Finally, she was out of the building and Russ started over again.

Another incident happened with our dumb Irish red-setter, Duke. When the little boys came home, he would run to meet them and jump on them and knock them over—every time. But the worst thing he did was *worry the sheep*. If he got out, he'd run to the

neighbors and chase their sheep, scare them to death, cause them to try and jump over the walls to escape. We were told that the next time he did it, the dog would



Duke and Scotty

be shot, and the law protected sheep—not dogs. Well, one time a friend's son was visiting us and without our knowing it, he let the dog out on purpose. As usual, we all panicked and everyone in the house took off after the dog before he worried the sheep and got himself killed. While the house was empty, this boy went through all the kids' piggy banks and took their money!

We had what we called "*our corner friends.*" These were kids who dropped out of school and basically had nothing to do. We had a trampoline, which was unusual for anyone to own. Every time we went to church, these corner friends would come onto our property and jump on the trampoline. They



Spencer and Russ

didn't like the fact that we were a *rich* family, so they burned cigarette holes in the trampoline—not enough to ruin it, but just to show that they resented us. However, when it came time for us to move back to California, these *friends* came and slit the trampoline to pieces. Several times they broke into our house, but we had an alarm system that rang at a deafening pitch in the house, and it must've scared them off every time before they could take anything.

One time they took an axe to the back door to get it open. They knew our Sunday schedule. Every time we drove off to church, we would pass these kids who were on the corner by the shop, and we would wonder what might happen to us next. I think they mostly just liked to jump on the trampoline.

Then, there was the day that we drove to the Scottish Games with the Reynolds Family. They were another American family living in Scotland. They had twelve children so it was good that they lived in the other Edinburgh Ward, or our two families together would've been overpowering. So in our two big vans we were off to the Scottish Games. It was the worst Scottish weather I'd ever seen. I was worried that the wind would literally pick up our van as it was moving and lift it over a whole lane. We took a ferry over to Dunoon, and the rain was just pouring. Well, besides all the other catastrophes (bagpiper bands marching in rain, dancers slipping as they danced), we suddenly saw one of the band members coming down a small hill. He was as drunk as could be, the ground was slippery and muddy, and I smiled and said to Sydney (Reynolds), "*Well, it looks like we're about to see what they really do or don't wear under those kilts!*" Sure enough, he

rewarded us and took a marvelous slide down that hill - his kilt came flying up over his head, and sure enough, we saw! Whatever they say about what the men don't wear under the kilts, is true! A revelation that always brings a smile to our faces!

The most frightening experience we had was at the Tower of London in England. We were visiting with Steve and Mary and their family, and made plans to watch their children while Steve, Mary and Troy went off to Germany for a week or so. While we were all at the Tower of London standing in line to see the Crown Jewels, Steve and Mary realized that they would miss their plane if they waited through the long line, so they left. Each of the older children were assigned a younger child's hand to hold. It looked like all the people on earth were at the Tower of London that day, and we had fear of losing somebody. It seemed as if a child could be swallowed up in that crowd, and we'd never know what happened. We stopped awhile at the Chopping Block (where Mary Queen of Scots and Thomas

Howard lost their heads), and it was here that Gina and I traded shoes because our feet were aching. Then we joined the crowd that was going out of the walls (which were closely guarded). When we traded shoes, Gina momentarily let go of little Ben's hand, and when we got out, Ben (seven-years-old) was gone. She couldn't recall just where she was when she and Ben let go of hands. We were panicked and scared. We looked at the mass of people and knew that there was only one person who knew where Ben was—that was Heavenly Father. Amidst all the people surrounding us, our family knelt right there on the grass and offered a verbal prayer for Heavenly Father to guide us to Ben. Then Doug and Gina ran—they ran against the line of traffic of people coming out. The guard tried to stop them, but they pushed right passed him and kept running and retracing their steps. When they got to the Chopping Block, there was little Ben, sitting all alone and crying. He also had been praying that the family would remember him and come find him. He did the smartest thing he could do (besides pray)—he stayed exactly where he was when we left him. All the horrible scenarios that ran through our heads thankfully never came to pass. We offered many prayers of thankfulness. More than any other time, I realized that amongst all the millions of people on the earth, Heavenly Father knows each one of us, watches over us individually, and answers our prayers. He knows our name—He knows who we are.



1984 - Gina and Becky Ashton with a Bagpiper (definitely not the drunk one!)



Grandpa James, Mary and Emily Scribner - England, July 1984



Another place where thousands of people gather at one time - The Tattoo held every year at Edinburgh Castle

Family Trips While Living in Scotland

July 1984 - Wales and England

We took this trip just a few weeks after we arrived in Scotland. We had Grandpa James with us for several weeks so we wanted to show him his *Roots*. The trip to Wales was fascinating as we drove the complete length of that small country, from top to bottom. Right at the bottom we found Llanfair, Pembrokeshire, where my dad's paternal grandfather was born. We stayed in the Roch Castle for a night and enjoyed having this little castle all to ourselves! We traveled to England and visited *The Rows* in Chester, England. It was, of course, a fabulous place to shop. There were rows of shops on the ground floor, another row of shops on the second floor, and probably another row of shops on the third floor. A shopper's paradise. After this, we met Russ at the Shrewsbury Festival where his Santa Rosa Chamber Singers were participating. This was the end of his trip, so he continued home with us. We also met Steve and Mary and their children in England at the Tower of London. Here is where we parted: Steve and Mary went on to Germany with their oldest son Troy, and the rest of their children went with us back home to Scotland for a few weeks. So there we were, traveling with Grandpa, a six-month-old baby, and eleven more children! We were a sight to behold!

*Almost two years have come and gone
Since Santa Rosa was our home
So many trips have we been on,
We easily just start to roam!*

*Our first adventure took us all
To England and to Wales
The Shrewsbury Festival was a ball
Russ was there with "Traveling Tales!"*

*We met him at the end of his trip
From Paris to Vienna,
And other places heard him "sing,"
But where? I "dinna kenna!"*

*We traveled on to Wales and such,
To Oxford, York and Home
Saw everything we could afford
But Egypt, Poland, Rome!
(written in 1986)*



Scott and Christy
Shrewsbury Castle (England) - 1984



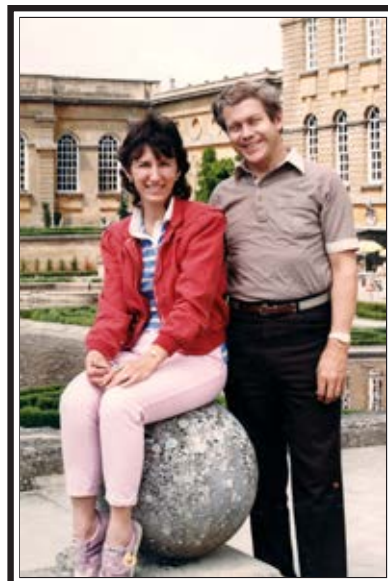
Polish Dancers at the
Shrewsbury Festival



York, England - July 1984
Christy, Lara, Russ, Gina, Jimmy
(back), Grandpa James, Chad, Scotty,
Craig



Chester, England, "The Rows"
July 1984
Grandpa James (Cecil), Lora, Doug



Cecile and Doug - England 1984

October 1984 - The Highlands, Aberdeen, Loch Ness, Glencoe, Kincardine, Arbroath and Dingwall

*Our next adventure took us up
To Highlands - cold and wet.
Mary Paton came with us,
We still are shivering yet!*

*Aberdeen was clean and white,
Then over the hills to Inverness
We went to Oban, looked at graves
And saw the monster of Loch Ness!*

*We saw where battles made history
In the Valley of Glencoe
And, yes, we felt the Spirit there
Through mist and haze and snow.*



*Doug, Lora and Mary Paton in
Inverness*



*Christy, Gina, Jim
Loch Ness*



Christy, Doug and Craig - Loch Ness



*Scotty on the road between
Aberdeen and Inverness*

*Cecile with Craig, Jimmy,
Spencer, Christy
Inverness*



Lora at Glencoe



Jimmy and Craig in Graveyard at Kincardine

December 29, 1984 - January 5, 1985 - Les Deux Alpes, France

*Far away France was beckoning us,
(One-year-old Lora to all grown up Russ).
We boarded a plane with other "Scots"
And flew to the Alpes and other such spots.*

*And waiting for us - a chalet with a cook,
We ate and relaxed with a book in a nook!
Then ventured onto the Alpes - bitter cold -
To ski, take some spills, before we grew old.*

*A trip of a lifetime for our family of ten
So later we'll say. . . "Remember when. . .?"*



Spencer, Jimmy, Christy



Craig



Lora



Cecile and Doug



Scotty, Gina and Russ



Lora and Russ

April 1985 - Holland

*Grandma Scribner soon arrived
In April '85
So Holland beckoned to our call
We started on our drive.*

*Through the "Borders" - then to Hull
And barely on a ferry!
We soon arrived, rested and fed
And feeling very merry!*

*We bought dolls, and delyht and daffodils
The windmills gave us thrills,
Saw Madurodam and Volendam
Let Dad pay all our bills!*



Scotty, Jimmy, Gina, Christy at Keukenhoff Gardens



Grandma Scribner, Doug and Gina at Volendam



Christy, Jimmy, Spencer in Volendam



Tulips at Keukenhoff Gardens



Lora, Craig, Cecile, Scotty at Volendam



Lora in Volendam



*Lora, Christy, Spencer, Scotty,
Jimmy at Keukenhoff Gardens*

July 1985 - America!

*July was fun, we headed for "Home"
With our Scottish Tracy Horne -
Saw Friends and Family - laughed and cried
To American ways we were born!*

*Saw Russ again and Cousins and Cousins
And Grandma and Grandpa and more -
Had luaus, reunions, got burned on the beach -
Headed "Home" all aching and sore.*

*Santa Rosa, San Diego, Provo, Salt Lake,
For such a big group, a big trip to make!
A trip to remember - old friends made new,
From this Promised Land again we flew!*



Our Family plus Grandpa James and Tracy Horne leaving Provo on the train

*James Cousins at
Hobble Creek, waiting
for the pig to get out
of the ground*



Cecile and Laurie (Scribner) San Diego beach



Michael Snow and Gina in San Diego



Russ and Christy in Santa Rosa



Russ, Scott, Tracy, Steven Faulkner, Craig



*Roger
Snow
and Jim,
San
Diego*



Lora in San Diego



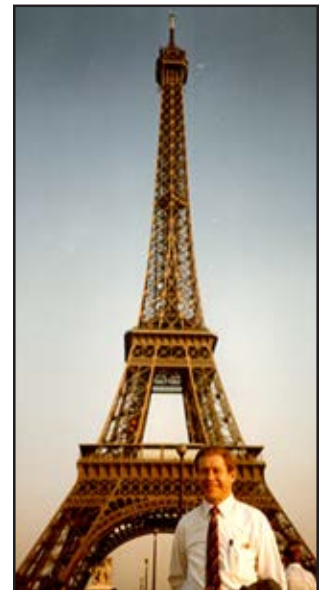
Emily Scribner, Grandma Scribner, Lora



Cecile and Spencer (7th Birthday)

September 1985 - Paris (Doug and Cecile)

Doug had business in Paris, so I went along with him for two days. It was very fun, but scary because I had to find my way around that *little town* all by myself. When I got lost, I took the Underground to the Arch de Triumph and started over again until I found the right Underground that went to our hotel. That Arch and I became good friends!



December 1986 - January 13, 1986
Aviemore and London

Russ came home for Christmas and for his last time with the family before he left on his mission to Colombia. We skied for just a day in Aviemore, then after all the farewells and parties, we travelled with Russ and Scott and the Stirzakers to the London Temple. The Stirzakers and Scott did baptismal work for the dead while Doug and I took Russ through the temple for his first time.



Cecile, Sadie, Russ, Maureen, Scott and Charlotte at London Temple



Carolers made by Lois



Our Family plus Sadie Stirzaker on the way to Aviemore - December 1985



Cecile Russ Doug



March and April 1986 - Spain

*March vacation time has come
So off to Spain we go
We're missing Russ for games and fun
(A mission now, you know).*

*We took a long, long ferry ride
Saw movies on the boat
Then came to Spain expecting to "fry"
Instead wore our "brallies" and coat!*

*We saw Don Quixote and Sancho, his friend
Stayed in fancy hotels and such
Shopped in Toledo, all our money to spend
The atmosphere didn't cost much.*

*Saw museums, zoo, caves and parades
(Heads covered? - the Ku Klux Klan?)
Flamenco Dancing was simply high-grade,
But we left without getting a tan.*

*A special moment was a Sunday in Spain
We simply spoke heart to heart.
Doug spoke Spanish, the rest of us "lame"
Yet friendships did flourish and start.*

*We're glad we came to this beautiful land
Where castles and plazas and churches were grand
And people were friendly (spoke much, much too fast)
We hope our memories forever will last.*



*Lora,
Doug,
Gina,
Christy,
Craig,
Jimmy,
Scotty,
Spencer
Cecile*



Gina, Doug, Craig in Burgos



*Christy, Cecile, Gina at
The Palace in Madrid*



Lora found a friend in Toledo



*Christy in
Burgos*



Jimmy



Scotty and Spencer

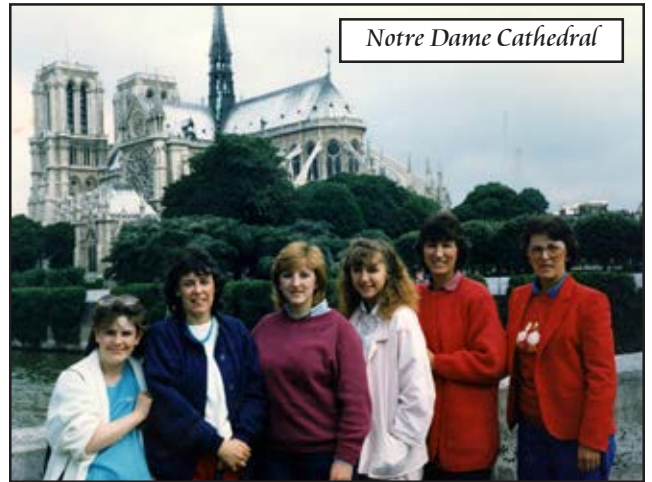


*Spencer,
Lora, Doug,
Jimmy and
Scotty in
Burgos*



June 1986 - England, Brugge, Belgium and Paris

Joyce and Alf Ridge came in May to pick up Michelle from her mission. This started a series of wonderful trips while they were here. We explored England, particularly Arundel Castle. Mary Paton joined us on that trip. We visited many origin sites for Alf's family as well as the James' and Howard's. After visiting origin sites in Scotland, we also visited the Borders, Bobby Burns Country on the West Coast and then we took a ferry over to Ireland. After this trip, Alf flew home, and Gina and I, Joyce and Michelle, and Maureen Stirzaker and her daughter, Charlotte, took off on one last fabulous



Notre Dame Cathedral



Venus de Milo in the Louvre



The Eiffel Tower

adventure. We took the VW bus down to the White Cliffs of Dover, staying a night at Lady Godiva's home (Coventry) on the way, and from there we drove onto a ferry. Across the waters we went, and in our little blue bus drove bravely through Brugge and onto Paris, France - this was quite a feat for six women without even one man. However, in Paris, we were met by Ross Woolf who became our *Knight in Shining Armour* as he protected us and accompanied us to all the wonderful tourist traps of Paris - the Seine, Notre Dame Cathedral, the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, the Arch de Triumph and Moulin Rouge.



Joyce in Brugge



Cecile in Brugge



Moulin Rouge



By chance, we met some friends on top of the Eiffel Tower - Jan McMaster and Smith Reynolds - Michelle, Charlotte, Gina, Ross



Maureen and Charlotte, Mary (a new found friend), Gina, Ross, Cecile, Michelle, Joyce

August 1986 - Norway

*We took off in August for Dreams to fulfill
To Norway - a Magical Land,
Left Lora in Scotland (against her will)
With only four children in hand!*

*Gina's at school at BYU
Russ in Colombia now
Craig's also in Utah, some work to do
We hope he remembers how!*

*So Christy, Spencer, Jimmy and Scott
Took off to parts unknown -
Saw fjords, and then we cycled a lot
Got soaked, rained on, and blown!*

*The beauty of Norway is hard to describe
From mountains, rivers to glacier,
Waterfalls, towns - all healthy with life
Assured us of a Creator.*

*Like all other lands wherever we go
The rain came every day,
But an hour of sunshine thru clouds did show,
We rented skooters without delay!*

*We'll remember the fun on that Water of Glass,
The speed boats, canoe rides and falls,
The special friends, which we made very fast
Yes, our Dreams came true, one and all!*



Those on the trip:

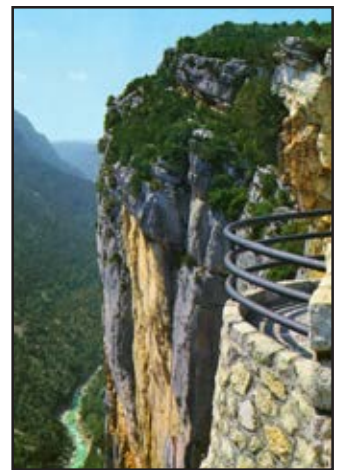
*Doug
Cecile
Scott
Christy
Jimmy
Spencer*

May 1987 - Nice, Cannes and Monaco with Scott and Craig

We decided to take Scott and Craig on their own trip. They were the two oldest at home now. So we decided to go the Cannes Music Festival and see some of the scenery. Well. . . we saw much more than we should've! The French Riviera beaches are not for fourteen and sixteen-year-old boys - at least, not mine! Oh well, you just get your education in a variety of ways, and they got a lot in those few days in France.



Scott and Craig on the French Riviera (just keep your heads in the sand, boys!)



Les Gorges du Verdon

Scott, Cecile, Craig at Montecarlo in Monaco

June 1987 - Israel, Egypt and Rome (Cecile and Doug sans children) - our Twenty-third Anniversary

One last dream to fulfill - or perhaps Doug and I were just checking off another item on our *bucket list*. Were we too young to have a bucket list at ages forty-six and forty-nine? Israel, Egypt and Rome were places I thought we'd never really see, but again, living in Scotland on an American pay rate provided us an opportunity that would never again come our way. We took it! We met a small tour group from Utah and traveled to all these wonderful places. Our entertainment came from our Jewish tour guide, Avi Shemesh. You might just get a small flavor of what we experienced and enjoyed as you read this bit of poetry, full of quotes from Avi.

Farewell Avi (by Cecile Scribner - 1987)

*What can I say? Your time is up.
You'll be missed by all of us -
But we have learned a lot from you
While riding on this bus.
We know that Helen was a Great
and Influential Queen,
She decided where events occurred
and convinced Young Constantine!
So up went churches here and there
on spots which "could've been."
It's up to us to now decide
on what our eyes have seen!*

*"The Pinnacle of the Temple
is now clearly in your view,"
"It's straight up from that moving bus -
Right in front of you!"
The Valley of Megiddo
Is like Ar - Megg - A - Don,
A perfect place where many wars
were fought and often won.
And then there was the Market Place,
The Greek name is Agoura,
The First five Books of Moses
are simply called the Torah.*

*"And now you'll see the Golden Gate -
It's filled with limestone block,"
"If I'm the Center of the clock,
It's right at One o'clock!"
Now this line is the wall,
Which was built by Solomon,
And then there was the second wall,
Which Herod built for fun,
Then Nehemiah came along -
Repaired the Temple Wall,
Not Herod's Wall, but Solomon's! -
He really was a "doll."*



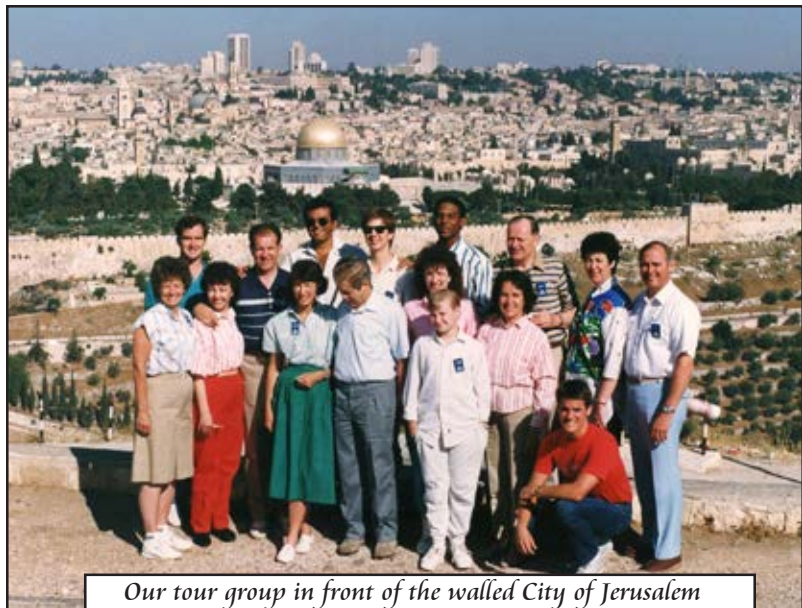
Cecile on beach at Tel Aviv



Dinner with The Romans, whom we met on a boat on our trip to Norway



Avi Shemesh



Our tour group in front of the walled City of Jerusalem

But then in 70 A.D.

The Romans knocked it down,
"Yes, Herod's Wall and Solomon's,
And another wall they found."
If you think this is confusing,
Our guide will make it clear,
"Look at the Model City -
The answer is right here!"

The Bedouins - they live in tents -
Their real name is "Sho Seem."
"If Russell could only stay awake,
He'd know just what I mean!"
"Now look what we got here!
It's really UNBELIEVABLE!"
"This is the Place - It really is -
Though to you, it looks like rubble."

Filafel is a piece of bread
Filled up with ground chick peas,
"It's impossible to hear me,
So you must come closer please!"
They're guns and tanks and people,
All ready for a fight,
"For those who go in darkness
Will soon see a great light!"
The camel is the Master
Of the desert where he roams,
"But Israeli's often kill two birds
And only use one stone!"

We've seen the dunes and sung your tunes
And eaten Jewish Prunes,
They make us want to go and go,
But woe, oh woe, there is no show!
Well, Avi, when you're feeling low
And need a bit of cheer,
Don't forget the Mormons
Who were right behind you, dear!

We'll think of you with lots of love
A bright, intelligent guy,
When we are low, we'll smile and say,
"Sher Hallelujah, La Do Nai!"



Avi Shemesh, Cecile, Michael Frazier, Annette Harrison, and James Daniel Fox in the desert by the Dead Sea



Hill of the Skull - Likely place where Jesus was crucified



Cecile and Doug in front of Trevi Fountain in Rome
(throw in a coin and make a wish)



Cecile riding a camel in front of a pyramid in Egypt

I feel an urgency to finish our Scottish story, but as I've written and put in pictures, I realize how blessed our whole family was while we lived there. It was good for our family to have Grandpa James come and stay with us so often. He only lived one more year after we left Scotland. Our children had wonderful opportunities and built memories that just won't quit. We experienced the teaching and baptism of Maureen, Sadie and Charlotte Stirzaker, Ken and Maureen Waters and their family and Lorraine Paterson. We witnessed other baptisms, including two of our own sons, Jimmy and Spencer. Our friendships were many - they became and have stayed

our family. Even a few who have lost contact with us (or vice versa), we still think of them as family.



Sadie, Maureen, Charlotte Stirzaker



Sadie, Lorraine Paterson, Gina, Elaine Smith



Elder Perkins, Ken and Maureen Waters and family, Elder Kemp



President Joel Dunn and Jackie

Kirktonhill was not only the center of our lives, but it also became the center for others as well, including the missionaries. President Dunn and his wife, Jackie, became and continued to be a big part of our lives. (Jackie died about 1994). In this home, we continued our traditions: family home evenings with great desserts, Christmas caroling, Christmas mirror painting, orange rolls, and guests for dinner. And we used every resource we had at our fingertips to entertain and to keep things popping. Our Scottish friends responded to anything we tried, even *"Uncle Josh Died Last Night!"* If it was a Primary party, we all went and supported it, and if it was a Relief Society program, well, all of us went. Every Church program was a good excuse for us all to get together and enjoy one another and to invite our friends who were not members of the Church. The children's piano teacher, Heida Arnadottir came to many events and so did Jeanette Campbell, Doug's secretary. Odette Kemp, our Jewish friend, came to everything she possibly could. She was even at the Sesquicentennial celebration when Elder David B. Haight was there. She met him, and I introduced her to him as my *"Jewish, almost Mormon, friend."* Elder Haight took hold of her hand, and looked into her eyes and kindly said to her, *"I know what you're feeling . . . a betrayal."* He never said one more word to her, but for over a half an hour, Odette had tears in her eyes. She asked, *"How did that man who has never met me before, know what I was feeling in my heart, and even put into one word what I could never find the words to describe?"* Odette had lost every single family member in the ovens in World War II - all except her mother and father. She lived the same kind of life as Anne Frank lived. Well, we felt a very spiritual closeness to Odette. Odette died of cancer just this year (2009).



"Unce Josh Died Last Night"



Scott's artwork Craig with Jeanette Campbell, Doug's Secretary



Gina with Heida Arnadottir



Bringing Polynesia to Scotland!



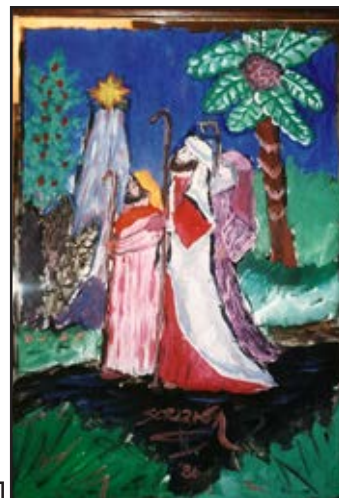
Lora, Jim, Scott with Sadie and Andrew



Christy's artwork



Elder Paea painting moko on Craig



Craig's and Russ' artwork



Many things bring a wave of nostalgia to us: *Bagpipes*. *Guy Fawkes Night* and the big bonfires (celebrating the capture of Guy Fawkes back in 1605 for conspiracy to blow up Parliament). The song, "*Flower of Scotland*." The *Robert Burns Supper* every January and the traditional eating of haggis that night. *The Tattoo* at Edinburgh Castle every year. With so many memories tucked under our belts, we headed for Santa Rosa (home) in July of 1987.

Santa Rosa, California (again) 1987-2008

After our three years in Scotland, we moved back to our home on Bridgewood Drive. Craig was in his last year of high school, Gina was at Brigham Young University, and Russ was still on his mission in Colombia. Our Stake was doing the play, *"The Sound of Music,"* and Craig had tried out for the part of *Rolf* and was already in it when we got home. They persuaded me to take on the job of producing the play, which was hard to do since it was already into production and practices were well on their way. Anyway, we all managed through it, and the reward that we received for all our work was guess what . . . a toilet-papered house!!



In June of 1988, Cecil James, my father, died. He was eighty-eight years old. He died very peacefully. As I understand it, he was visiting with some neighbors outside on his lawn when he passed out. He was taken to the hospital, where he only awoke briefly. A blood vessel had broken in his head so he died of a stroke, but he never suffered at all. The most wonderful thing to me was when I saw him in his casket, and there was a nice smile on his face. Afterwards, the six children walked through the Old James House and picked out things we would like. I wanted the piano and the long picture of my mother and her brothers and sisters. We lived too far away for me to take any more of the



One of my favorite pictures of Dad - Taken in Scotland 1987

furniture. One thing brought tears to my eyes - I saw his jacket in the closet, and inside his pocket was a handful of caramels. He gave these to the children at church. I brought that jacket home.

As soon as we arrived back in California from Dad's funeral, we received a phonecall at about 6:30 in the morning from Mona Lisa Hoyal telling us that her son Michael was found dead in his bedroom. This was one day before his and Craig's graduation from high school. Losing Michael was painful for all of us. A few days after his funeral, we arranged to have a family picture taken of our family right in our own backyard. We knew that life was so fragile, and we wanted our family, as it



was right then, in a big photograph to hang above our piano. We just never know when tragedy will enter our lives, and we'll be together for the last time. Michael's death was a big hurdle for all of us, but especially for Ralph and Mona. Do parents ever get over these kinds of tragedies? It's easier to bury a parent than it is a child.



Russ, Scott, Craig, Jimmy, Spencer



Scott, Craig, Russ and Doug

We always loved our home on Bridgewood Drive with the numerous memories, but finally decided to build on some land that we had bought a few years earlier. The land itself (about one-half an acre) had cost us \$91,000! We could hardly believe we were spending that much for just land. But we were able to sell our home on Bridgewood for \$240,000, and in 1989, we moved into our new home that took about six months to build. Our new address was 3153 Montecito Meadow Drive, Santa Rosa, California. We built a home that would've been our *dream* home had it not been for *Kirktonhill* in Scotland, but, nevertheless, this home was fabulous for many reasons. It was designed by a good friend, Warren Hedgpath. He designed it in 1984, and we were going to build it then, but went to Scotland instead. The plans sat dormant for five years, but Warren had designed a house that seemed to fit every facet of our personalities. We wanted it to be big (it



was! 4,000 square feet), but we didn't want it to look big and ostentatious from the street (it didn't). We wanted it to capture the feeling of the outside while we were inside (it did)! The big picture windows all over the place made us feel like we could see all the beauty that surrounded us at all times. We put very few coverings on those windows. We wanted another big kitchen area with wood floors so we could always roll up the carpet and dance whenever we wanted to. We didn't want a lot of bedrooms, but wanted all the girls in one big dormitory room and all the boys in another with just one bathroom that they could all share. In the end, Warren asked, *"If you could only have one thing and not any of your other wants, what would it be?"* We said, *"It has to be a party house—a place where we can have wedding receptions, and where the flow of people will be able to go in and out of the house easily."*



Of course, while we were asking for wants, we wanted a swimming pool, a hot tub, big decks, a staircase going up and another going down, but finances always have a way of bringing us back to reality. We got our dormitories, our dancing floor, our wedding reception home and rooms big enough to hold a lot of people for firesides. Our home fit us as comfortably as a glove fits a hand. We loved

every first and last inch of that house. And over the years, the house was used for everything we ever wanted it for. There were over twenty-five weddings or wedding receptions in the home. Of course, one-third of those were for our own children. While we were working in the Single Adult Program, we happily saw many of those relationships progress to the *altar*, and most of them had receptions in our home. Firesides? Oh, too many to figure out, particularly for the Singles. Sometimes there were as many as 100 people at a fireside. We had one there every single month for several years, plus parties, bridal and baby showers and more parties. This was a great house for playing *Sardines*, or *Murder in the Dark (Body Body)*! Our home on Montecito Meadow had a life of its own. It belonged to the masses!



Gathering of Extended Scribner Family - Christmas 1991

It went through an amazing transformation just the second year we lived in it. The day after Christmas 1991, the house caught fire, probably from some old ashes in a garbage can that ended up torching the house. We were at a movie that night and had left the children alone to watch "*Raiders of the Lost Ark*." We went to see "*Hook*." In the middle of the movie, the sound and movie stopped and someone ran up the aisle calling the name of "*Scribner*." We were petrified, and when we got to the phone, it was a neighbor telling us that our children were "*okay*," but our house was on fire. Thankfully, our children were okay—even though Christy just barely got out. She was upstairs alone, and when the electricity went out, she came out of the bedroom only to find flames flashing outside the windows. She ran downstairs and got out just as the fire entered the house and swept right behind

her, filling the whole house with flames. Bishop McOmer was visiting our kids and discovered the fire when he was leaving. He rushed in and got all the other kids out of the house. He didn't even know that Christy was upstairs alone in another room.



Well, the damage was terrific. I slept in Judy Davis' home that night and just had the hardest time coming to grips with what had just happened to us. I cried myself to sleep, constantly praying and trying to understand how Heavenly Father had allowed this to happen to us. *Hadn't we been doing things right?* We had two boys on missions at the time. Two other children had already served and were home. . . *and the scrapbooks, Heavenly Father. . . this is one thing I know I've done right. What about all the pictures and the scrapbooks that seem to be in piles of ashes right now? . . . Why would this happen to us?*



Well, why not? We all need trials. Through this trial I learned so much about love from friends. My goodness, about sixty or seventy people were there to greet us when morning arrived—all there to help. All of our friends in the Singles group stayed with us every hour of every day and worked and worked—it had become their house too. We weren't the only ones that were feeling a loss. That morning as we looked at our destroyed home that was now filled with friends, we still felt the same great spirit that we did when we were holding a fireside. There are things (or feelings) that just can't be destroyed.

We all had many and varied emotions - some that came to the surface quickly and others that stayed buried deep inside of us. A year after the fire, Christy wrote what it was like for her. She actually captured the *picture* of the fire in words better than I could ever have done.

The Remains

by *Christianne Scribner*
December 9, 1992

I took a deep breath and pushed past the familiar faces that crowded around my doorway. All that I could hear was the hushed tone of dismay from the many concerned friends and neighbors. The cool, damp morning breeze seemed to intensify the gloom around my house. I stepped into the doorway and was immediately struck by the thick foul stench that engulfed me. As I choked on the dank air, I vaguely remember thinking that it smelled similar to wet, burning fur. I squinted to see while my eyes adjusted to the darkness around me. A dim lantern revealed the devastation left from the previous night. A fire had raced through my home, demolishing everything it touched before the firemen could control it.

Black ash covered the room before me. All the windows had broken from the force of the heat. Soot covered the walls and the ceiling. The piano was covered with ash and debris, only exposing the few grayish keys that survived. I



walked over to it and pushed away the rubble. Slowly I pushed down on one of the whiter keys. A weak note reverberated through the hollow house and I tried to envision how it was before. A smooth black, polished piano that would reflect your face when you looked at it. I could sit for hours listening to my brothers play

their classical music. Christmas carols had been sung surrounding the piano just a few nights before. The smiling faces and high spirits had all turned to ash. Black, sticky ash. . .

As I walked across the room, I noticed that the carpet was crusty and would stick to my feet when I moved. There were spots where it was burned right down to the wood below. Scattered across the floor were puddles of water mixed with grime and ash. The one thing that was standing in the room was the trunk of the Christmas tree. The trunk wasn't even scorched because the fire had burned so quickly. It had stayed in the room long enough to burn off the branches, but that was it. Just the night before, I was noticing how beautiful the Christmas tree looked. The colored lights shining on the soft rose carpet and the white walls. Most of the Christmas presents were



exactly where they had been opened the day before. Piles of red and green wrapping paper had safely been tucked away in the fireplace next to the tree. Sweaters, puzzles, crayons and candy had been left scattered underneath the branches. The Christmas tree ornaments glittered where each light hit and the tree sparkled with the long stringy icicles that hung from every visible branch. Ironic, now only the colored wrapping paper put in the fireplace was left untouched.

. . . I looked at my feet and quickly walked out of the room. An array of broken glass at my feet stopped me in my tracks. I saw that this was all that was left from my mother's doll case. I pushed through the remains and found two pieces of what used to be a beautiful porcelain woman. When I put the pieces together, the face and neck could be seen under the soot. We had bought that doll in Spain. We had gone from store to store just to find the right one. My mother made sure that the face was painted on perfectly. That was the most important part of the doll, she told me, because it brings the delicate figures to life. Well, here was the beautiful face, scarred, scorched and broken off from the rest of the doll. There was just enough left from the disaster to remind us of everything that we had lost. . .

A woman standing close to me put her arm around me and told me that everything was going to be all right. I wanted to push her away. Was she blind? Couldn't she see the disaster around



her and the agony on my face? Suddenly I wished that the woman and all of the other people gathered in the house would leave. . . Not wanting to be held, I rushed up the charred stairs. The stair railing had been burnt completely to ash, except for a few

stubborn charred stumps that survived. Down the hall from the stairs, white spots could be seen on the walls as the only evidence of the many pictures that used to decorate them. . .



The stifling smell, broken glass, and shards of memories had made me nauseous. Only bits and pieces of a lifetime were left, and there was no way to get it back. . .

I slowly walked back down the stairs in fear that I would faint. At the bottom of the stairs, by the garage was a thick pile of charred, blistered wood. I groaned inwardly when I remembered what it was. It was another doll case, but in this one was a beautiful Asian doll that had been given to me by my grandmother. I had loved it ever since I was a little girl. When I was at my grandmother's I would always ask to see it and to hold it just for a moment. The doll wore an elaborate costume of gold with a few colored rhinestones. On her head was a pointed hat that had layers of rhinestones covering it all the way up to the point. When my grandmother died, I was given the doll. I shouldn't have taken it. It was too beautiful to be wasted like this. . .

One of the few rooms where the fire hadn't reached was the T.V. room. The Christmas colors of a painting that I had painted on a window had blended together and were burnt into the glass. Other than the painting and the layer of soot that covered everything, the room looked

exactly the way it had when the fire had hit. A puzzle was still half-way finished on the coffee table, and a sheet of music stood on the other piano where my brother had left it. I sat down on the couch facing away from the rest of the house. If I tried really hard, I could almost believe that nothing had happened. If I had a good enough imagination, it might have been possible. I closed my eyes and tried to block out the house, the smell and the hushed voices around me. Suddenly my little brother came in the room and started to play the piano. It sounded just like it had the day before – the day after Christmas.



The Family Room the day after the fire



Christy doing her Christmas window-painting - 1991



Gina and Jimmy at the piano - Christmas 1991

It may seem as though I've written too much about this fire. It was a major experience in my life - all of our lives - the blessings were as big as the trials. I guess I'm making this sound like we were strong, and it wasn't really that much of a trial. Of course it was a terrible ordeal at the moment—so personally heartbreaking. But truthfully, now that so many years have passed, it doesn't seem like such a loss, and of course, we've rebuilt and have gathered again the things of the world to adorn our walls and carpeted floors. My dolls were replaced by gifts of dolls from friends, a doily made by another friend's grandmother, a piece of furniture that belonged to another friend's grandmother, and so on. However, the most striking experience I had was when a friend came up to me in church. She said, "I want to help you, but I'm swamped with problems of my own. Please tell me just one thing I can do for you." I could've easily just said, "Nothing—everything is already being done for us," but instead, knowing how important it is for people to give, right out of the blue, I said, "Just give me the name of someone who can rebuild my mother's puppets."



She had no idea what kind of puppets I was even talking about, but she gave me a name. I called this woman whom I had never before met, and took her the burned puppets. She took the challenge and saved what little she could and rebuilt the puppets to look so close to the originals. She knew a man in Fort Bragg who could build the doll cases for each puppet. These treasures are a work of art. I never really saw her or the puppets for the next five or so months, and when she invited us to her home, there they were—every one of them—repainted, redressed—beautiful! No one could possibly understand what joy this brought me.



*My Mother's puppets redressed and repainted
by Arlene Jones from Sebastopol, CA*

I knew then as I know now that the Spirit of the Lord was with us from the moment the fire was over. It was a spiritual rebirth for all of us. I could not even begin to recount the miracles that took place in our lives during that year of rebuilding. Every single day our path was illuminated for us, and we knew what to do and where to go in order to rebuild our home and our lives. So, you see, I cannot look at our great loss as a trial. I've never been given so much as I was given that year—in material things, in friendships, in prayers, in the gift of time, in love, in enjoyment and laughter, in generosity. It was one of our greatest years!

There was also humor at that time. Jimmy was in an Aaronic Priesthood meeting when his teacher was talking about addictions. After naming the usual ones, he asked, "*Can anyone think of anything else that is addicting?*" And Jimmy, without much hesitation, answered, "*Insurance money!*" Yes, we did have a good time replacing things with our insurance money. I wish there was time and space to write about all the miracles that year as our lives were *restored*. The Spirit was with us every single day. And George McCrea, the man who rebuilt our house, built it with such love and expertise. He took such care to make it perfect in every way—even correcting things that were faulty the first time it was built. If I were to tell just one miracle (besides the puppets, or besides the antique clock from Germany, or besides the white porcelain figurine of the mother and child), what would it be?

Let me tell you about the two boxes in the attic that belonged to Scott and Craig, who were both serving

missions at the time the house burned. Scott was in Minnesota and Craig was in Peru. When a child goes on a mission, his *life* is usually packed up in a box and put in the attic until he returns. Well, that's just where these two boys had their treasures. The garage and the attic above it was where the fire was the hottest.

Almost everything was lost in the attic. However, the fire literally burned *around* these two boxes made out of cardboard. In fact, a

Kirby vacuum, which was sitting right next to the boxes, literally melted in the heat. We have cut out the piece of wood that these two boxes were sitting on, and you can see that under the boxes, the wood is absolutely untouched and fresh, but around the boxes there's an outline of burned wood that is even burned into the wood—like it was on fire all around the boxes, but not even touching the boxes themselves. Inconceivable! We keep that piece of wood to show people—if we didn't, who would believe such a story?



Christmas again at Montecito Meadow Drive - 1992

Montecito Meadow Drive, Santa Rosa, California

Well. . . I would like to follow year by year and record all the wonderful events that happened to us and our children during the last part of the 1980's and throughout all the 1990's. As I go through our photo albums I'm reminded of these events, but putting in all the pictures of eight graduations from high school and seven mission farewells and eight weddings and then the birth of twenty-eight (so far) grandchildren, just gets beyond me. I just can't get my head around it! I've already written a whole volume (*My Autobiography Book One*), which is mostly about my children. But I will write just a few things more and record some dates—all of which are significant (to me!).

Keeping a family of eight intact isn't what I would call easy or even a normal existence. Each addition to the family adds so many more dimensions. While they were young, we did give each of them piano lessons, and we also signed them up for soccer teams. They were never allowed to play on Sundays, so they were never on the *high-powered* teams. This was much to the dismay of some of the coaches who really wanted a few of my sons on those teams. With some rules, Doug and I were very strict. So on Sundays, we all attended church, and then made the rest of the day different from all the other days. There were no parties and no play-days with other friends on Sunday, but, nevertheless,



Sunday was special. After church, we always had a big wonderful meal—and we usually had company. Maybe I shouldn't have been cooking so much on that day, but it was so much fun to prepare food for everyone—especially since they were all home and the place was buzzing with conversation,

piano, music, laughter, etc. There were no schedules that we had to meet—just hunger pangs. In the evenings, we would often have a fireside in our



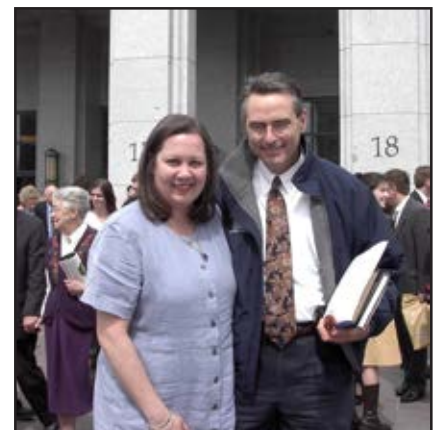
Scott with Dave and Jeri

home. During the 90's, Doug and I were advisors to the Singles' Program in the Church, so, as I said earlier, the Singles were in our home often on Sundays. This was also a good day to invite the missionaries for dinner. My niece, Jerilynn and her husband Dave Goepel, and their kids, Shane, Rachel and Julia also lived in Santa Rosa, so Sunday was also a good day to spend with them.



Lora with Rachel, Julia and Shane

Other frequent Sunday guests were Randy and Kerry Ann (Mc-Artney) Sides. They met in the Singles program and had their reception in our home. They've been *our kids*



ever since. (Picture taken April 6, 2002, Conference Center, Salt Lake City, UT)

We had regular home evenings on Monday nights, and again would often invite friends who were not members of the Church. I hope we didn't scare them away! To begin the night, the kids would play the piano and sing. We'd have a short lesson and a great dessert, but we would play the craziest games. Our favorite was, *You Can't Make Me Laugh!* Oh, the ugly faces we would make in order to break each other down. We loved to play *Animals (Concentration)*, *Sauree Too (Savez Vous) Passe*, *Ring and Flour Game* and *Who Stole the Cookie From the Cookie Jar*. Really silly games!

Summer was always vacation time, but during the 90's, we very seldom had everyone together. Missions, marriage, and other such things took their toll. The great realization when your first child leaves home for college is that *life will never be the same again*. However, we did have a few wonderful trips during those years that actually included everyone. One was in 1993, and we all drove to Yellowstone Park. Scott had just come home from his mission, Gina was still a newlywed, Russ had already finished his Masters' degree back East and met us in Utah with Kari and our first grandson, Benjamin. It was a fun trip, which included horseback riding and spiritual moments.

Music was always coming through the speakers at our home (two on the staircase, two in the living

room, two in the kitchen and two outside). I told the kids I would buy their music (45's) for them if they picked out good, decent music. Well, we had a few hundred of those small 45 records. Even now (2010), I love the music of 80's and the 90's as well as my own era (50's and 60's). The 70's were mostly disco music, and there's much to like there as well. We'd buy the records, and then record them on tapes so we could listen and sing along with them as we drove between California and Utah or Santa Rosa and San Diego as we visited family. It seemed like we could sing for seven or eight hours straight and not run out of songs. This knowledge of the popular music helped me with the music for Stake Family Dance Parties, which we held quite often in the 80's—sometimes as many as five in one year. Steve Bown and I would DJ these dances. My kids were always willing participants in the dances and in the floorshows. These were fabulous days. So fun - a lot of dancing on the kitchen floor. Yes, I miss it.

But when the 90's hit, there was more to keep us busy than running kids to piano lessons, soccer games and practices for floorshows. The graduations from high school continued, followed by the missions, and then the weddings. I'm amazed now that I look back that Doug and I even lived through the 90's with all that was happening with our eight children. Russ, Gina and Craig graduated from high school in the 80's. Russ left on his mission while we were in Scotland, and Gina left in 1989. That was the beginning, and in the 90's everything exploded with weddings, more high school graduations, more missions, college graduations, and then Master's programs and then, the best of all – grandchildren. When Lora was born in 1983, I was so thankful she was a girl and not a boy. I didn't think I could face taking one more boy through the scouting program, let alone another Eagle Scout project! Our kids have accomplished very much in their lives and we are more than proud of all of their achievements.



Back: Jim, Doug, Spencer, Craig, Christy, Mike, Gina, Scott, Cecile
Front: Lora, Kari, Benjamin, Russ - Yellowstone 1993

Russell Glenn Scribner

*Graduation from Santa Rosa (California) High School – June 1984
Eagle Scout Award – June 1984
Mission to Bogota, Colombia – January 1986
Graduation from Brigham Young University – 1990
Marriage to Kari Nina Gee in Portland, Oregon Temple – 19 July 1990
Masters Degree from George Washington University – 16 February 1992*

Gina Scribner

*Graduation from George Heriot School in Edinburgh, Scotland – Spring 1986
Mission to Salta, Argentina – 24 August 1989
Graduation from Brigham Young University – 24 April 1992
Marriage to Michael Owens Gines in Oakland, CA Temple – 10 November 1992
Masters Degree from Brigham Young University – 21 April 2000
Marriage to Shawn Bryant Whiting – Park City, UT, 13 December 2004*



Russ and Kari Scribner with Benjamin, Danny and Jacob 2010



Shawn and Gina Whiting - 2004



Kari and Russ Scribner - 1991



Gina and Shawn Whiting with Hunter, Bryant, Bella, Thatcher, Tessa, Chey and Shyden, - 2010

Craig Douglas Scribner

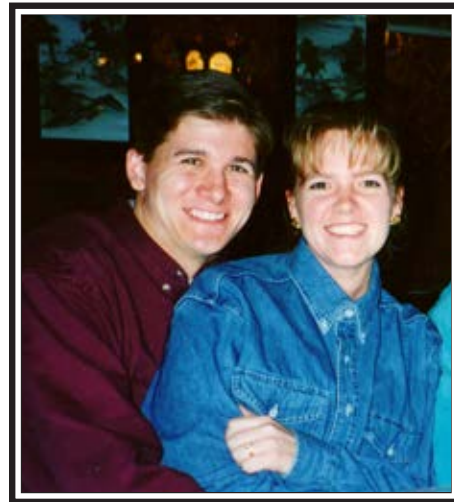
*Graduation from Santa Rosa (California)
High School – 16 June 1988
Mission to Lima, Peru (and Venezuela) –
10 June 1990
Marriage to Robbyn Rae Thompson in Logan,
Utah Temple – 1 July 1994
Graduation from Brigham Young University –
17 August 1995
Masters Degree from Brigham Young
University - 13 August 1998*

Scott Howard Scribner

*Graduation from Santa Rosa (California)
High School – 15 June 1990
Eagle Scout Award – 9 June 1990
Mission to Minnesota, Minneapolis –
August 1991
Marriage to Jenny Rebecca Wilks in Manti,
Utah Temple – 25 May 1995
Graduation from Utah Valley State College –
28 April 2000*



*Craig and Robbyn Scribner with Maggie, Tommy, Lucy
Jack and Penny - 2009*



Scott and Jenny Scribner - 1995



Robbyn and Craig Scribner - 1997



*Scott and Jenny Scribner with Joshua, Matthew, Aaron
Gracie and Noah - 2009*

Christianne Scribner

*Graduation from Santa Rosa (California)
High School – 12 June 1992
Mission to Marseilles, France – 17 Sept 1995
Marriage to Robert Ray Jones in Oakland,
California Temple – 27 December 1997
Graduation from Brigham Young University –
13 August 1998
Teaching Credential from Cal Poly University
– April 2000*

James Daniel Scribner

*Graduation from Santa Rosa (California)
High School – 10 June 1994
Eagle Scout Award – 19 July 1994
Mission to Nashville, Tennessee – 1 Jan 1996
Marriage to Stephanie Brooke Miller in
Oakland, California Temple –
13 January 2001
Graduation from Brigham Young University
– 27 April 2001
Teaching Credential from Sonoma State
University (California) – Spring 2005*



Christy and Rob Jones - 1998



Jim and Stephanie Scribner, Yve and Oliver - 2009



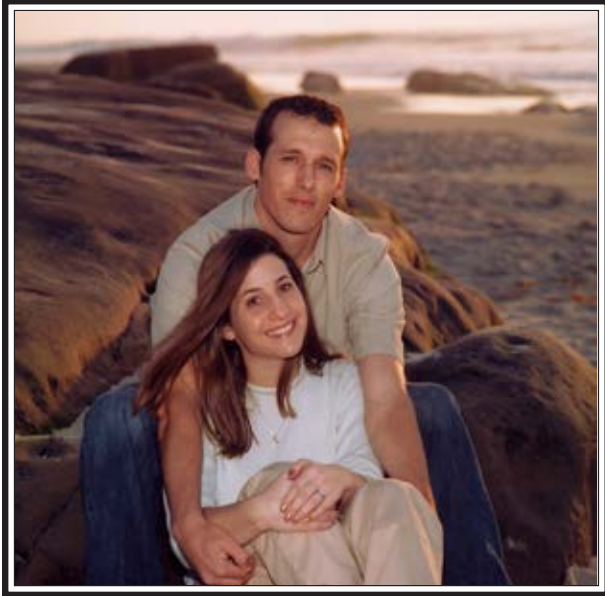
*Christy and Rob Jones with Ethan, Alaina and Austin
2009*



Stephanie and Jim Scribner - 2001

Spencer John Scribner

*Graduation from Santa Rosa (California)
High School – 14 June 1996
Graduation from Cal Poly University –
December 2001
Masters Degree from San Diego State
University – May 2004
Marriage to Lisa Marie Castro in Catholic
Church, Pleasanton, California –
22 May 2005*



Spencer and Lisa - May 2004



*Spencer and Lisa Scribner with Myles and Ellie
2009*

Lora Michelle Scribner

*Graduation from Maria Carrillo (California)
High School – June 2002
Completed Massage Therapy School - Lindon,
Utah - June 2003
Mission to Fort Worth, Texas – August 2004
Marriage to Mark Graham Spencer in
Oakland, California Temple –
23 March 2007
Working towards a BA Degree at Southern
Virginia University (2003-2004), BYU Idaho
(2006-2007), Cal Poly (2008-2009). . .*



Mark and Lora Spencer with Porter - 2009



Mark and Lora - 2008

Memorable Experiences in Santa Rosa

Of course, all of the marriages, graduations, births of grandchildren are memorable experiences. But here I will add some personal experiences that have given great *color* to my life, and I might even mention some I would like to forget.

The Golden Gate Bridge - 1993

In 1993, Mary Paton was visiting us from Glasgow, Scotland. There was a fellow, Michael Cupp, in our Singles group who had married and was now working on the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco. The public are not allowed to go to the top of the bridge, but there is a very small one or two man (at the most) elevator that takes workers up and down. The workers are allowed to bring a family member on that elevator, but Michael's wife didn't want to go. On February 3rd, he called to see if Mary and I would like to "make the trip." Well, we jumped at the chance and drove right down to the bridge (about fifty miles from Santa Rosa). We were so excited, but when we got in the elevator, I started feeling claustrophobic. Mike and his supervisor and Mary and I all had to fit in this tiny space. We could hardly breathe, and all of us had to put our arms stretched upwards to make room. I panicked and just couldn't do it. We all squeezed out, just as we had squeezed in, and my ol' heart was just a beatin'. I had Mike talk me through the whole process telling me just how long the ride to the top was, etc. I got myself mentally equipped to try it again. Off we went on this



Michael Cupp, Cecile and Mike's supervisor in the elevator



five-minute journey. I kept my head turned up with my eyes only looking at the empty space on top of us (where there was air). Well, the top was magnificent, spectacular—absolutely unbelievable! A thrill of a lifetime! Just think – I've never met anyone else in my life who has been able to do this! What a privilege it was.

Doug Ordained as Stake President by Elder John Groberg



On April 25, 1993, when Doug was called to be the new Stake President, John Groberg was the Visiting General Authority. Now, we had a connection. I'm sure that most of you who read this will have also



Cecile and Mary "on top of the world"

was just a beatin'. I had Mike talk me through the whole process telling me just how long the ride to the top was, etc. I got myself mentally equipped to try it again. Off we went on this

heard of John Groberg’s experiences in the Tongan Islands on his mission—they’re legendary. In fact, the movie, *“The Other Side of Heaven”* was his story. The girl who was waiting for him on his mission was Jean Sabin. Now I knew Jean Sabin in the Kia Ora Club because my sister Joyce’s first husband was David Jensen, and Dave was dating Jean Sabin before he met and married Joyce. Are you following this? The movie and book tell about a guy who was dating Jean while John was gone, but didn’t persuade her to give up John. Well, I’m just thinking that guy was Dave Jensen. We talked about this a little to Elder Groberg. All the men who were being released from the Stake Presidency had gone bald during those ten years while they



Al Daley, Doug Scribner, Jim Hunt - New Stake Presidency



*Stake Presidency 1994-2002
Ray (Donna) Smith, Doug (Cecile), Al (Donna) Daley*

were serving. So, my usual casualness took over when I was asked to say a few words at Stake Conference. I said something like, *“I’m looking at these three men behind me, and if Doug loses his hair while serving as Stake President, well, I’m outta here!”* I know there were a lot of important things said that day, but for the next ten years, I was often reminded by the stake members that it was good that Doug still had his hair. Even when he was released, there were many who had remembered what I’d said! Oh, my.

Visits From General Authorities

Several General Authorities came to our home and slept for one night during those years while Doug was Stake President. Those men



Elder Hallstrom with Lora - April 1996

were: Elder Donald L. Hallstrom from Hawaii, Elder Douglas L. Callister, Elder Dennis B. Neuenschwander, who had many wonderful stories of the church in Russia, Elder Loren C. Dunn, who was Joel Dunn’s brother, and Elder Francisco

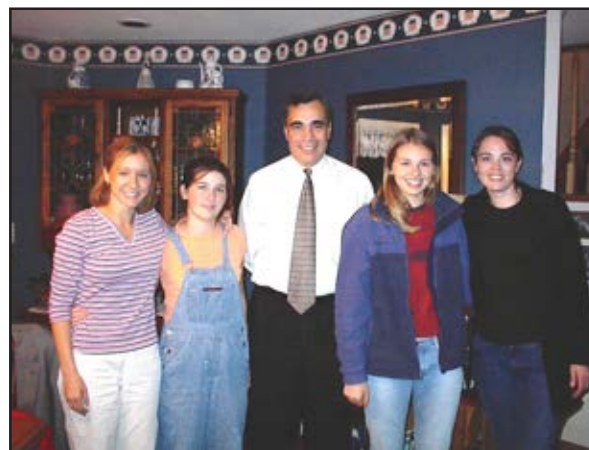
J. Vinas, who had been Gina’s Mission

President in Argentina. I have a few memorable stories to tell from a few of these men. When Elder Vinas was here, he conducted all the meetings in English of course, but his first language is



Elder Callister with Lora - April 2000

Spanish. So, as he spoke he sometimes searched for the right words. He was describing how so many people repent of a sin, and then just go out and commit the same sin over and over again. And



Gina, Lora, Elder Vinas, Becca, Noelle - April 2001

then repent of it over and over again. It didn’t do them much good to repent and then repeat the mistake—there was no growth in that. So he said (as he began to search for the right words), *“You must change and get some (hesitation)*

(*hesitation*). . . *new sins!*” Well, the whole audience broke, and so did he as he realized what he had said. He brought a wonderful spirit to our Stake that day - and great advice!



Cecile, Elder Neuenschwander, Doug



Cecile, Christy, Lora, Doug with Elder Dunn

When Loren C. Dunn came (April 1997), I did my usual absolute total house cleaning job—*usual* when a General Authority is coming. One room was not clean and that was the room I was doing video work in. I had photo albums, pictures, equipment, cameras, etc. all over that room. There wasn't a spare place to sit down or even to put more than one foot down. So, I simply closed the door on that room. I prepared the two antique beds upstairs for him. I said *two* because he is so tall (at least 6' 6") that I didn't have one bed that was long enough for him, so I thought he could use both beds and stretch out totally. Doug came home earlier than usual from the Saturday afternoon meetings and asked what he could do to help. Well, everything was pretty much done, so I just let him figure it out by himself. Of all things, he chose to clean out the

gutters. He could only work for about an hour, and lo and behold, he couldn't finish the job. Dirty leaves were now on the ground all the way around that big house. I just about died (or should I say "cried"). I killed myself to get them cleaned up. Then after the Saturday evening meeting, we all came home, including my kids and the Goepels and the Sides, just waiting to visit with Loren Dunn. When Doug walked in, he was alone, and I asked, "Where's Elder Dunn?" He said, "Well, he had to make a phonecall for a minute and needed some privacy." "Well," I said, "Did you leave him outside?" "No," Doug answered, "I just let him use the front bedroom." I just went *white* because that was my dirty video room. I just didn't know how I was ever going to forgive Doug for all the events of that day! Every single room was so clean and even all the leaves picked up, and that was my reward!

A wonderful moment on the 27th of April 2000 occurred when several of our family members were visiting Salt Lake Temple Square. Besides our family, Joyce's family was also there. Suddenly, we realized that Elder David B. Haight had come out of the Church Office Building and was right there beside us! We stopped him to say, "Hello." We didn't know if he'd remember us or not, but he had set Doug apart as a Bishop in 1974, and he'd also met us several times during the Sesqui-centennial celebration in Scotland in 1987, and he was Stake President in Palo Alto when Doug joined the church in 1960. In fact, it was in Elder Haight's home that Doug learned to turn the chairs backwards before eating, so the family could kneel



Elder Haight, Doug and Jim - Temple Square - April 2000

in family prayer. Elder Haight holds a special spot in our hearts. Well, there he was right in our midst! He spent a little time with us, and met all of the family. He was on his way to buy a gift for his wife's birthday - they were both in their 90's.

verse where the Savior expresses his love for Martha, so I knew I wouldn't be loved any less because I worked so hard to get that house perfect for an Apostle. Well, one of my favorite moments of my whole life was on Sunday, when again I was



Shane Goepel, Cecile, Jim Scribner, Julia Goepel, Christy Jones and Hunter Scribner, Rachel and Jeri Goepel, Lora Scribner, Robert Jones and Bella Scribner, Elder Haight, Dave Goepel, Doug, Joyce Ridge

called up from the audience to say a few words. Loki Webb had made beautiful leis for the Stake Presidency and for Elder Oaks. As I walked up to the mike, Elder Oaks got out of his seat and walked towards me. He was taking off his lei to put it on me. Well, here I go again. I was right by the mike as he started to put the lei on me, so I leaned into the mike and said, "*I know these come with a kiss!*" And sure enough, Elder Oaks put the lei on me and kissed my cheek. I was overjoyed beyond words! I didn't want to ever wash my face,

Doug's Release from the Stake Presidency and Visit from Elder Dallin C. Oaks

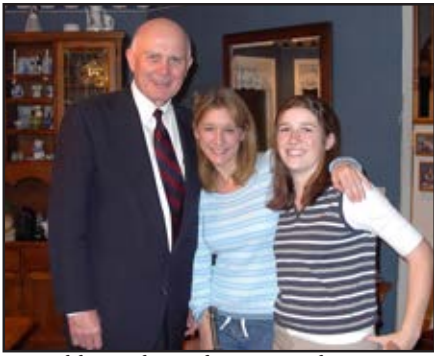
and for sure, I didn't wash those blue ironed sheets for a long time.

Doug was released in April 2002, by Elder Dallin C. Oaks. On that visit, I gained great respect for Martha who worked and prepared everything for the Savior. We always hear that Mary did the *better part* just by *waiting* upon the Savior. But if you had an Apostle of the Lord coming to your home, well, what would you do? I cleaned. I bought new sheets for the bed. I washed those sheets and ironed them! I bought a new bedspread. This room, by the way, was the same video room from our Loren C. Dunn history! It was now spotless and beautiful! A few days before this event, our good friend Ray Reynolds came and baby-sat our house while we were gone for a few days. He knew Dallin C. Oaks was coming, and he didn't know exactly where he was going to sleep. So while we were gone, Ray slept in every bed in our house, so he could say he had slept in the same bed as Elder Oaks! This was a great occasion for all of us, and I now read the New Testament with a little different outlook when I read about Mary and Martha. I particularly like to read the



*Elder Oaks with Jeri, Dave, Julia and Rachel Goepel
Below: Scott and Jenny, Joshua, Matthew and Aaron Scribner*





Elder Oaks with Gina and Lora



... Lisa and Spencer



... Kerry Ann and Randy Sides



... Kari and Russ



... Benjamin and Danny



... Cecile and Doug

A Regional Conference with President Gordon B. Hinckley and Elder Neal Maxwell

It was a thrill, as you can imagine, to have the Prophet right in our midst. He came with Elder Maxwell for a Regional Conference that was held in Sacramento. The most exciting part for Doug and me was a luncheon that was put on for the Prophet and all the Stake Presidencies and their wives from



President Hinckley

that region. But for me, I had the opportunity of sitting right next to the Apostle, Elder Neal Maxwell. *What was I going to say to this man whose talks were made up of fancy words and phrases that seemed so far beyond my learning??* Well, we talked about family—his family and our family. All the time I was a little nervous inside, but he seemed as normal as could be. The only other thing that made me nervous was the fact that I hated the way my hair went that day. Such a silly thing to remember from such an important day in my life.



Ray and Donna Smith, Al and Donna Daley, Cecile and Doug (and, yes, that's me wearing Elder Oak's lei!)



Doug and Cecile with Elder Neal Maxwell and his wife

Pat Ashton (died 22 March 1996)

I could write so much about Pat Ashton. For so many years she was one of my closest friends. We shared as much as any close friends could share. We talked for hours on the phone, our families went on vacations together, we raised our children together, and we understood each other. Pat was a wonderful teacher in the Church and had great faith. With her I had a near heaven experience. I've written her whole story (my side of it) in detail, but I need to share this experience in my own life story. For over five years Pat fought cancer. And she fought it well. When she asked us to fast and pray, we knew and expected miracles to happen, and they did. But this dreaded disease just kept coming back. One day she called from her home in Thousand Oaks to tell me that cancer was in her brain. Well, one week before she died, I went to Los Angeles to visit her in the hospital. I spent the whole day from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. with her. She could hardly talk more than five minutes at a time every half hour. We finally talked about dying instead of living. I said, "Pat, just think. In only a few days you are going to see Benjamin and Alicia." Without hesitation, her whole being brightened up and she said, "I can hardly wait." For some reason, at that moment, I knew more than I had ever known or understood in my life before that these family relationships on the other side are real and that life does continue on. Oh, I've had faith all my life in



Cecile and Pat - November 1995

these things, and reason told me it was all true, but at that moment, I knew. In a way, I envied the journey that was about to be hers, but felt that I had much more to experience here on earth before it was my turn. At 11 p.m. I kissed her on the forehead and said, "Good-bye, friend, and I'll see you in twenty or thirty years." We both had tears in our eyes as I left. She died on the 22nd of March 1996. Just as I do my mother and my nephew Ron, I miss Pat and think about her every single day.

The Sesquicentennial Celebration of the Church in California (1997)

I've referred to this experience in our lives many times already, but it was a massive project. Doug was Stake President, and his counselor, Ray Smith helped me chairman this event. I was the Stake Cultural Arts Specialist, and we had many talented people to help us make this an unforgettable celebration. Warren Hedgpeth (who designed our house) designed and helped build a beautiful float for the Rose Parade. At the same time, big activities were taking place in other parts of California, particularly in San Francisco, where they reenacted the arrival of the *Ship Brooklyn* in 1847. The *Brooklyn* carried the Saints from New York all the way around South America and up to San Francisco, which was called Yerba Buena at that time. The Tabernacle Choir came to San Francisco for a performance. However, the climax for us in Santa Rosa Stake was a Pageant, "Faith In Every Footstep." We did our own historical research, wrote our own script and put on a Pageant depicting the journey of the *Brooklyn*, the Mormon Battalion, the discovery of Gold in the first half. The second half of the pageant depicted Modern Pioneers in our own Stake. We told the stories of Michael and Rosa Rice, The Hernandez Family, The Tran Van Nhon Family, and Ralph and Mona Lisa Hoyal's Story in Denmark.

Melva Wheelwright and Kenna McOmber did most of the final writing and directing, but so many others were involved. Carey Pittson directed a choir. Rick Laurell and Melva wrote original music and orchestrated the whole Pageant. Others were busy on costumes, set-building, sound and lighting and programs and advertising. I did my usual job of finding people for acting, singing and dancing, costuming and technical work. I did a lot of researching for the stories, and did the video work with my niece, Jeri Goepel. Ray Smith worked to keep peace among all of us women! We were all working like crazy. There's only one thing I wish we had done differently, and that was to pre-record the whole thing - just so every line would have been heard.

Christy and Lora were involved in Scottish dances, Hawaiian Dances, and clogging numbers. In fact, Rob was involved in dances and acting. and somehow, when no one was looking, he and Christy fell in love and were married by the end of the year!



Sesquicentennial Float for the Rose Parade - May 1997



John Grafton, Diana Fife, Warin Parker, Frances Evans, Jennifer Hedgpeth, Barry Evans, Marlene and Jack Thomas



Tia Yang, Mai Yang, Ka Lo (Laotian)



Christy, Rob, Aaron Stahl, Lora



Middle: Christy, Kuulani Reynolds, Back: Kaiipo Ramos, Front: (second from right) Kanani Reynolds



Ray Reynolds (left) Christy (back right)



Emily Hedgpeth, Sherry Wiseman, Ben Eckle



Ralph and Mona Lisa Hoyaf



Jerilynn Goepel



George McCrea



Rob Jones



Rosa and Michael Rice



*Melva Wheelwright, Kenna McOmber
Carey Pittson, Suzi McOmber*



Ray Smith



Choreography by Kerry and Rolando Ampuero (second from left and middle)

Graduation from BYU (1998-2002)

(part of a “Reflective Paper” written in 2002)

I’m very excited to be graduating—a definite milestone in my life!

*Cecile and Doug - Day of BYU Graduation
16 August 2002*



When I left BYU in 1964 to begin my married life with Doug in Palo Alto, California, I was only nineteen hours short of graduation. But once our married life began, the children just kept coming, as did many other changes in our lives. Surprisingly, all of the classes that I took to prepare myself for teaching proved to be invaluable as I raised my own family and taught a nursery school out of our own home for a few years. Since that time, four of my children have now received their masters degrees and three others have graduated from universities. My youngest daughter is graduating from high school this week and is looking towards college in the fall. My children (and also my mother) have been my inspiration to finish college. I have developed some skills along the way that have enabled me to earn a living if needed, but I re-entered BYU three years ago to simply put a closure on *unfinished business*. I was fifty-eight-years-old at the time I joined the BGS Program.

What I never counted on was the amazing experience that lay ahead of me. I was totally unprepared for the growth I would experience—

imagine at my age! First of all, my children and husband were all supportive of me. This has been a family affair—in fact, I could not have done it without them. It was good to exercise my mind again—to memorize, to read and interpret, to learn to think in a foreign tongue, and to realize that I could pass an exam. There were so many fears to overcome. When I sat for my first Spanish exam in Santa Rosa at the Junior College, I had butterflies in my stomach—I thought I would explode. The teacher said, “*What’s wrong?*” I answered, “*This is the first exam I’ve had in nearly forty years!*” I found that I was the last one to finish every exam I took at the junior college. It took me at least twice as long, and sometimes three times as long as the first person that finished. Nevertheless, I was far more accurate in my answers than I might’ve been long ago. I found that age was not necessarily a bad thing upon returning to college. I was impressed with the young people who all *pulled* for me—they were patient, funny, kind and brilliant!



Scott, Gina, Lora, Cecile, Russ, Christy and Jim

I’ve always relied on prayer and the help of my Heavenly Father in my studies—even when I was young. There were many times that I needed Him desperately. *Math 97* proved to be one of those times! I never helped my children with their algebra homework—it was beyond me. However, with the tables turned, some of my children were able to help me through this class. Doug spent hours explaining concepts to me. Sometimes it was so beyond my understanding that I just started to cry.

This, of course, frustrated Doug. Other times, I would make a long distance call to my son Craig in Australia and have him help me work through a problem. I realized that he was a marvelous teacher. He had a way of convincing me that I really did know how to solve *this or that* particular equation. I loved what this did for our relationship. My other boys, Scott, Jim and Spencer, helped me as well—even my daughter Lora in high school spent time explaining concepts to me. When it came time for the final exam, however, I was on my own, and I pleaded with Heavenly Father to help me. Doing one chapter and one exam at a time was one thing, but to put it all together in one two-and-a-half-hour exam—well, I just didn't know if I could possibly pass it on my own. I got a C+ on the exam and a B+ in the class—I was so relieved and happy! I look at this as a great accomplishment in my life!



Cecile with Aaron, Joshua, Matthew

A year after I started back to school, I finally convinced myself to sign up for a foreign language—Spanish. I never knew more than about three words in Spanish. These required courses were offered at our local Santa Rosa Junior College. I have three children who have served missions in South America and speak fluent Spanish, but unfortunately, I didn't inherit their genes! My son Russ worked in Santa Rosa and came to our home every so often for lunch. Every time he came, I had a paper for him to proofread. Then, on other occasions, my daughter Gina would help explain grammar to me. Then, often when I was stuck trying to understand poetry, I would send my translation to my son Craig in Australia. He would get to it immediately and send a more correct translation to me through the e-mail. I've practiced writing all of them in Spanish, and it has been fun. I have gained a great appreciation for the knowledge and gift of tongues that my children were given while on their missions. This beautiful language surrounds me every day here in California. . . .



The Group that came to see me Walk across that Stage! Scott, Aaron, Lora, Gina, Dad, Me, Kerry Ann and Randy Sides, Jenny, Josh, Jim, Stephanie, Matthew, Russ and Christy.

My favorite class was English 315. I saved it until last because I thought it was going to be miserable—not impossible, but miserable. This was because I like to write, and at my age I was worried that I'd never be able to change old habits in order to meet the standards required by the teacher. Don Norton was a marvelous teacher. He didn't try to change me, but accepted (and seemed to understand) what I could do, and helped me improve greatly in areas in which I was weak. He inspired me to write, and to go into some areas that I've wanted to write about for years. This class also gave me a chance to share my essays with my daughter Christy who graduated from BYU as an English major. She was living in Hawaii, but through e-mail I sent stories from my life in the essays, and she enjoyed reading and commenting on them—and encouraging me. She sent her poetry to me - we share this great love for writing.

The BGS Program provided the way for me to finish my education. I was given credit in every area possible. I appreciated this because, even as it was, it took three years for me to accomplish the nineteen hours I was lacking, plus sixteen more hours that were needed to fill other basic requirements. I was able to study on all of our vacations because of e-mail. I sent assignments to BYU from my son's home in Australia, from the internet café on a cruise ship in Tahiti, from the library at BYU Hawaii, and from my brother-in-law's home in North Carolina. How crazy is that?

At the same time, my life continued as it had to with a daughter in high school, with children all over the map who needed visits, with an involved church calling and with a husband who was Stake President. I have a son Scott who always tried to keep me on the right path. He encouraged me to keep learning new ways to make videos and to advance from analog to digital recordings—to

basically keep hold of a hobby that is very fulfilling to me. I have a few sons who are computer experts, and they were very encouraging to me—they helped me to build confidence in this area. I appreciate Scott encouraging me to stay with this hobby as well as my school work. He also reminded me that I needed to keep time in my life for fun and entertainment.

In the end, I thank my husband and children for help, insight, encouragement, time, patience, and love. I have a testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and have particularly learned to appreciate those scriptures that tell us to gain knowledge and seek learning out of the best books. I plan to continue a lifelong quest of learning. This has whetted my appetite. I particularly am anxious to do more writing, more video work, and more Spanish. I'm also anxious to have a life I can call my own again!

Family Gatherings and Reunions



*Extended Scribner Family Reunion - July 1999 - Morro Bay, California
Russ, Kari, Ben, Danny and Jacob Scribner, Gina, Hunter and Bella Scribner-Gines, Craig, Robbyn and Maggie Scribner, Scott, Jenny, Joshua and Matthew Scribner, Robert and Christy Jones, Cecile and Doug, Jimmy, Lora and Spencer Scribner - (in back) Jose Morlin (from Scotland)*



*September 1982 - Steve and Mary, Doug and Cecile, Ken and Doreen, Dave
The Four Scribner Brothers - Oakland, California (Dave died a year later)*



*Scribner Family Reunion - Morro Bay, California
July 1999 - Cecile and Doug Scribner, Doreen
and Ken Scribner, Mary and Steve Scribner*



*Extended James Gang Reunion - June 2002 - Rocky Ridge, Wyoming
Gina, Bella, Jimmy, Danny, Joshua, Stephanie, Matthew, Lora, Kari, Jacob,
Benjamin, Russ, Hunter, Doug, Cecile (plus over 100 James' that you can't see)*



*Scribner Family, 1988
Drawn by Osako Okamoto, who lived with
us for about a month.
Russ, Gina, Christy, Craig, Scott,
Cecile, Doug, Jimmy, Spencer
Lora*



*30 December 2003 - Ethan sealed to Rob and
Christy Jones in the Oakland Temple
Back Row: Jacob, Russ, Kari, Lucy, Aaron,
Matthew Jenny, Scott, Jim, Yve, Stephanie,
Doug, Lora, Gina,
Annette Jones, Tonette Jones, Tom Jones
Front Row: Robbyn, Maggie, Craig, Tommy,
Christy, Rob, Ethan, Spencer, Cecile*



Hawaiian Islands - June 2002

*Doug, Rob, Craig, Maggie,
Jimmy, Tommy, Spencer, Lisa
Christy, Gina, Robbyn,
Stephanie, Lora, Cecile*



Hill Cumorah Pageant - July 1999 - Jimmy, Lora, Cecile, Doug

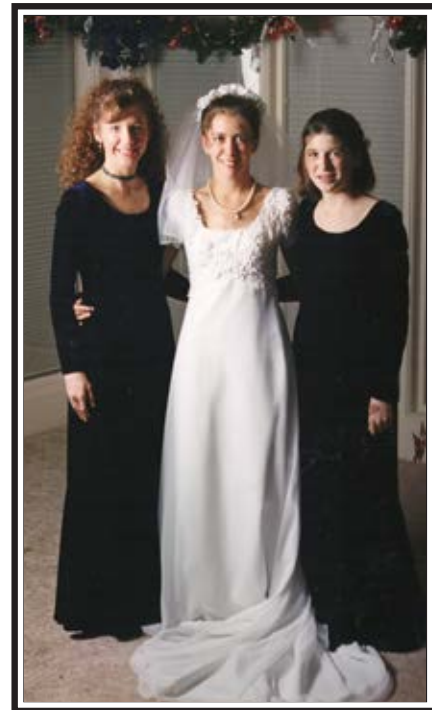


Scott's Wedding - May 1995 - Russ, Jimmy, Craig, Spencer



Thanksgiving 2002 - Longmont, Colorado

Aaron, Scott, Jenny, Matthew, Frosty, Rob, Cecile, Doug, Christy, Joshua



Christy's Wedding - December 1997

Gina, Christy, Lora



*January 2004
Santa Rosa, California*

*The day of our missionary
farewell.*

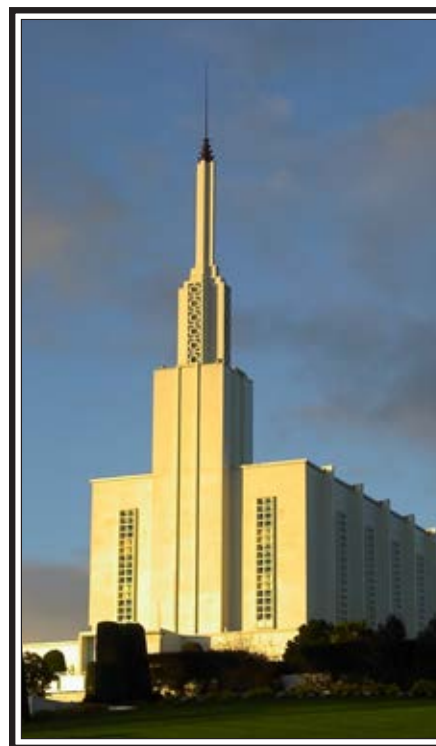
*Back Row: Russ, Spencer,
Scott, Craig and Jim.*

*Front Row: Gina, Cecile,
Doug, Lora and Christy*



In 2004, we left for New Zealand on a mission and left our children, grandchildren and our Montecito home in Santa Rosa. Lora was the only one of our children who was still single, and she was headed for a mission as well. Jim and Stephanie lived in the house and took care of it for us. Shane Goepel was also living in it for awhile. For years we had planned and looked forward to the opportunity of serving a second mission. But when the moment came, it was a huge step in the dark for us. Many things were unsettled with many of our children - job losses, a fragile pregnancy, divorce, uncertain futures. We wanted everything to be *in place* for this experience, but it wasn't. We felt we should stay home and be of support. We were so unsettled. Well, amidst tears, we left. After a few days of training, we had a special meeting with Elder Boyd K. Packer. We expected some good doctrinal discourse. There were about twenty-five couples in the room, and when he started, he said, *"I know what you're all worried about. . . your families."* Well, all fifty of us started to cry. Then he said, *"I promise you that while you're in other lands taking care of the Lord's sheep, the Lord will personally watch over your children."* With that great promise, we all started to cry again. Then he gave us all an Apostolic blessing. I'll forever remember that moment and that wonderful season in our lives. We were set apart by Elder Eugene Cook of the Seventy (now an Apostle). To our great surprise, my first cousin, Elaine (James) and her husband Russ Homer were set

apart to be Visitor Center Directors as well. While in New Zealand we lived on Tuhikaramea Road, in a house that was closest to the New Zealand Temple and Visitors' Center. This house had only the very basic items in it, and for two years we were totally satisfied and happy living there.



New Zealand Temple - 2004

Our New Zealand Journey (2004-2006)

Written 5 July 2009

I don't believe in coincidences. While we were serving in New Zealand as Visitor Center Directors, our paths crossed so many times with people from our past—we finally expected these things to happen almost every day when we got up in the morning and made our way to the Visitors' Center for work. But the expectation only came from the realization that Heavenly Father is watching over us – very closely – and that he knows our lives better than we do. I finally came to feel that as I live my life, I am only finding out what Heavenly Father already knew.

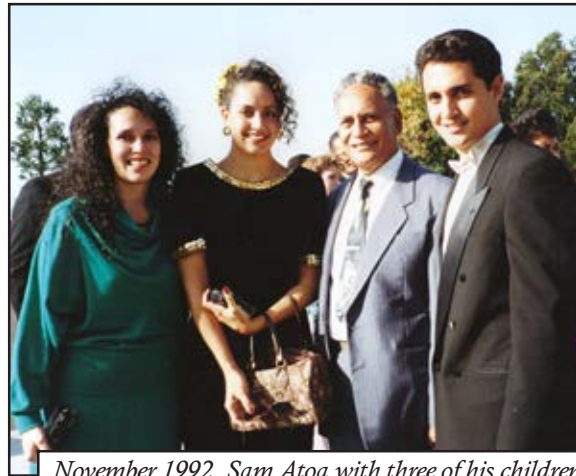
Meeting Vic and Rangi Parker was no coincidence for us. This moment was in the making many many years before it ever happened. When was the



*Rangi and Vic Parker, Temple View,
New Zealand, January 2004*

beginning? Perhaps the beginning was before we were ever born, but I won't go back quite that far—my memory of the pre-existence is very dim—well, non-existent. But every so often in life, we get glimpses, ever so slightly, of things which are quite spiritual and give us an assurance that family, friends and love existed long before we came here.

In 1956, my sister married a fellow who was part of the Kia Ora Club at Brigham Young University. I was fifteen-years-old and had no idea of the grand journey that was ahead of me because of this union of my sister's. Their best man at the wedding was big, handsome, wonderful Sam Atoa from Samoa. He and Albert Whaanga were the ones who formed these Polynesian Clubs on the BYU campus. My older sister Cheril, joined the club after we met Sam, and I just couldn't wait. I started going to meetings



*November 1992, Sam Atoa with three of his children,
Luana, Lori and Jimmy, Oakland Temple*

with her when I was sixteen-years-old, and then when I finally started college, I joined the club officially and was a member the whole time I was at the university.



*Cecile in Rotorua, 2004 - Watching performances
instead of dancing in them.*

Very few Maoris were there at the time, but by 1960, some very significant *figures* came from New Zealand—Huia and Myra Christy, June Cotter, Rona Belcher, Pete Henderson, Johnny Seggar, Aydon Lemmon, and Alex Forbes. Huia Christy changed the *look* of the Kia Ora Club—she added *class*, perfection, pizzazz and excitement. Pete Henderson actually lived in our home while he went to BYU. He was small, but he added huge doses of humor and energy to the club. He later went back to New Zealand after graduation, worked at CCNZ and wrote the Alma Mater for the Church College.



Doug and I visited Huia (Christy) Koziol, living in Nuhaka, 21 April 2004 - again in 2005

Other members of the Kia Ora Club were missionaries who served their missions in New Zealand. There were so many: David Moody was one, and his cousin Richard Snow was another. Richard Snow met my sister Cheril there, and in 1959, they married in the Manti Temple. Fred Calder, Lonnie Nally, Bruce Higley, Frank Horton, and of course, our faculty advisor Rulon Craven were also there at that time. There were many other returned NZ missionaries at BYU. Our home in Provo became a second home to all of these people—many Kia Ora Club Firesides were held there, including one when Matthew Cowley's wife (with her son Tony) came and spoke to us. Then, I had no idea what significance most of these people would continue to be in my life. Basically, I just figured I had this wonderful life that was unfolding in front of me.



14 October 2005 - Alex Forbes came into the Visitors' Center. No longer was living in New Zealand.



Very often visited with June Cotter's sister, Lyola. Also pictured here with Donna, another sister April 2008



David Moody and his wife visiting New Zealand November 1, 2004

Richard and Cheril (James) Snow



Robert Joseph and Myra (Christy), Huia's sister. April 28, 2008



Pete Henderson (in brown coat) in April 2008 at the 50-Year Reunion of CCNZ - singing in the Song Fest



July 9, 2004 - Lonnie and Kaye Nally returning home after serving as President of the Perth Mission (the giver of the pearl drop necklace in 1962!)



Cecile, Bronc and Ivory Tangaroa, Fred Calder (at Visitors' Center February 16, 2004). The Maori translation of the Book of Mormon took place in the home Brother Tangaroa was raised in.



April 23, 2008 - Brother Heperi (Labor Missionary with Johnny Seggar and Pete Henderson) and Tony Cowley (Matthew Cowley's adopted son - Tony was in our home with his mother in 1959)

When I was twenty-years-old, my parents were sixty-one years old, and they received a mission call to build chapels in Australia. I wasn't married yet, though I was very tempted to stay back and hopefully get married (I did have that beautiful pearl drop necklace!). But I took a leap of faith and went with them on their mission. My hope beyond hope was that we'd end up in New Zealand somehow. At our farewell at church, the club members came and sang "Po Ata Rau" (*Now Is The Hour*) to us. We were off. We were in Hawaii for a month waiting for visas, and it was there that I met the incredibly talented Tommy Taurima. I attended the classes where he taught Maori dancing and culture and I also watched him practice and play rugby every day. We



Tommy Taurima in 1983 Polynesian Cultural Center

were both so young at the time, but he was headed for great things. The only other time I saw him was when our family (my siblings and my father) came to Hawaii for a vacation, and we met Tommy at the Polynesian Cultural Center in 1983. He had grown in talent and in body! When Spencer W. Kimball came to New Zealand in 1975, a special performance called "*Youth Garden*" was performed by several hundred youth in President Kimball's honor. Tommy Taurima created this musical performance from a poem written by Shelley Hamblin (submitted to the *Ensign*). He was a genius (or so I and many others thought).



Celia, Shelley (Hamblin), and Dolly Keung - My walking partners in the mornings - so early we could watch the sun rise over the Waikato. Shelley was actually related to Jodi Lowder in Santa Rosa. Picture taken February 2004 in Temple View



Now. . .while I was serving a full-time mission in Australia (yes, I was called to serve just five minutes after I met President Bruce R. McConkie), I met Elder Roland Josephs from New Zealand and also met a youth missionary whose name was Keith Sayers. A few years after I served, he was called on a full time mission to New Zealand. For some reason we had kept contact, and after his mission he went back to New Zealand and asked Dawn Parrata to marry him. We stayed close friends with Keith and Dawn. Because he worked for the airlines, they were able to make it to the states quite often—we've watched each other's

children grow up and have kept a very close friendship all these years. Oh, it's so easy to get ahead of my story. I have to insert just a few other tidbits.

Roland Josephs in 2004, serving as a Bishop in Temple View. We hadn't seen him since we left the missionfield in 1963.



Keith, Dawn and Joe Sayers, visiting Temple View from Tasmania, 30 January 2005

When I came home from my mission in 1963, I arrived barely in time to see the *Te Arohanui Maori Dance Troupe* perform in Salt Lake City. I was thrilled beyond words—such beauty, such grace, such masculinity! It was then that I asked myself, “*Why are we doing these dances of the Maori people when they look so much better done by the Maoris!*” I always thought that of the Hawaiian hulas. However, they are fun to do, but my enthusiasm for performing them had diminished when I watched this group. I was now involved with Australian returned missionaries as much as I was the Kia Ora Club, but an incredible Maori friend came into my life – her name was Clipper Watene and she was from New Zealand. She was an executive assistant to the



Sister Owen was a missionary in the Visitors' Center when we arrived in 2004. In getting to know her, we found that she was part of the Te Arohanui Dance Troupe in 1963.

BYU Honor Council Chairman who was. . . that's right. . . Doug Scribner. In fact, she suggested very strongly that he was a person I should consider dating and marrying! At the time I thought she was way off base, but I loved her anyway. Doug, in the meantime, was in a BYU Ward and just imagine who was in his bishopric. . . Barney Wihongi. Even as I write this all down, it's even more evident to me, that these meetings in life are not coincidental. In fact, I feel like Heavenly Father must watch us and wonder when we're going to *get it* and figure out how well planned our lives are and that the people in every phase of our lives play a significant part in our own personal lives, and we do the same in theirs. He leads us, helps us, and answers our prayers through those people who just seem to *cross our paths*.



June 2004 - The Heperis with Barbara Wihongi (Barney's widow) in the Visitors' Center

Our journey with Clipper and her husband Phil is another whole story. To put it in a nutshell, they have been our inspiration. They are positive, full of faith, full of hope, and they constantly keep life in perspective. In some of my most discouraging moments that I've had in life, Clipper was and is the source of regenerating my spirit. They were our inspiration to leave



Phil and Clipper on Mission in Russia. While we were in New Zealand, they were on their first mission in Slovenia (teaching Maori dances on the side, of course).

home and family and go on a mission. Clipper's faith is typical of the legendary Maori faith that everyone has heard about.

One more insertion. In 1974, Doug became Bishop of a Santa Rosa, California Ward, and there was an inactive family that he wanted to check out. Their names were Roy and Delma Bott. Well, they weren't inactive at all, but Roy was very ill with diabetes and Delma had to care for him. She had gradually been going deaf, but could lip-read almost perfectly. Well, we found out that they had served their mission in New Zealand and were the

missionaries who brought the Strother Family into the Church. The Strother Family also became a household name in our lives because Delma talked about them so much. My mother died in 1980, and my daughter Lora was born in 1983. It was the most natural thing for us to *adopt* Delma to be her grandmother since Doug's mother died in 1986. Delma grandmothered all of our children. She especially became close to us because of our association with New Zealand, but mostly because Richard Snow was my brother-in-law, and Richard was one of the missionaries in New Zealand (1957) whom she loved the most. She couldn't say enough good things about him.



7 February 2004 - Mihi Strother, Sheryl Delma (Strother) Butters (named after Delma Bott) and Cecile. Mihi wrote original music for our Pageant and Sheryl directed it.

But now I must get back to our association over the years with Dawn and Keith Sayers. Almost every time we got together, Dawn would tell me that I must someday meet her sister, Rangi Parker. The more I heard of Rangi (from Dawn) the more of a legend she was becoming. Every now and again, Rangi's picture would appear in the Church News, and Dawn would make sure I read everything about her. *Just hearing* about Rangi went on for nearly forty years!!

In 2003, Doug and I received a call from Elder Didier, a General Authority. He asked us if we could serve a mission as Visitor Center Directors. Of course, we said, "Yes," but we had no idea where this would be. It was more than three months



*1957 New Zealand Mission:
From top to bottom, I have arrows on Fred Calder, Richard Snow, David Moody, Alex Forbes, Tony Taylor, Jenet Watene, June Cotter, Roy and Delma Bott (Forsyth), President and Sister Ballif, Elder Hugh B. Brown.*

before he called us again and told us our assignment would be to New Zealand. We both just about died!! I always have to *look back* before I realize that this, like so many other things in my life, was not a coincidence. In January 2004, we were set apart by Elder Quentin Cook. My cousin, Elaine, and her husband Russ Homer were set apart as Visitor Center Directors in Palmyra, New York. We hadn't seen each other in maybe twenty years, but we've kept contact since our reunion at the MTC.



*Top: Cecile, Doug, Elder and Sister Quentin Cook
Bottom: Russ and Elaine Homer, my sister, Joyce, Cecile and Doug*



Only a few days after our arrival in New Zealand (January 2004) there was a fireside at the Visitors' Center—we were being introduced, and afterwards we met the two people we had been waiting so many years to meet – Mihi Strother and Rangi Parker – yes, they were legends in my mind, and I'll not ever forget the moment of meeting them.

My knowledge of the Maori culture and music, some of the early history, the faith promoting Matthew Cowley stories, missionaries who served in New Zealand, and association with many of the

labor missionaries who built the Temple and CCNZ (Church College of New Zealand) gave Rangi and me conversations that wouldn't quit. The same thing was true with Mihi Strother—it was like we'd all known each other forever and had loved each other that long as well.

*Rangi Parker,
Dawn Sayers
(Parrata Sisters)
Picture taken 31
January 2005
when Dawn was
visiting from
Tasmania*



An amazing journey that we all took together was in the writing, producing and directing a Pageant called "Legacy of Faith." The idea developed almost immediately after we arrived in New Zealand. We read a letter from the Area Presidency informing Stake Presidencies, Bishops, Branch Presidents, etc. that it was 150 years since the first missionaries arrived with the Gospel in New Zealand, and that it would be appropriate for anyone to submit scripts to them for approval in an effort to celebrate this Sesquicentennial Year for the Church in New Zealand. At the same time, there was a book in the Visitors' Center that caught my eye. It was part of a thesis written by Lanie Britsch telling the history of the Church in New Zealand. It was so complete that I used it as the basis for a script for a Pageant. I talked the idea over with Rangi, and we both got excited. We had this vision of a multi-media production that would utilize several hundred of the thousands of pictures that Rangi had of the history of the Maoris in the Church and also many of the first European converts who were in New Zealand. No suggestion was too big for Rangi to imagine.



Our home on Tuhikaramea Road, Temple View

I can't even begin to write all the ins and outs of this production, but Rangi and I worked the next six months on the video production end of the Pageant—using her pictures and video segments. It was quite amazing! Mihi found the event stressful, but helped in the planning of it, suggested her own daughter, Sheryl Delma Butters, to direct it, and wrote an original song for the Pageant. Mihi died just four years later of a blood clot. I've often thanked my Heavenly Father for allowing me to meet this great lady who has left a large and impressive posterity. She had six children before she joined the church, and had six more afterwards. Many of her children have large families as well.



The Butters Family by Visitors' Center - 2005

We were under a lot of stress with this Pageant, but near the climax of the preparation for it, two events occurred, which caused us to briefly lose our focus. One was the death of my nephew, Ron Hirschi (August 2004), and the other was the death of Doug's brother, Ken Scribner. We were in a situation with the Pageant that made it impossible for us to go home. I suppose this is the real sacrifice that comes with serving a mission. Had we lived closer, we might've been able to leave for a few days or a week. In fact, with permission from Elder Didier, I did go home in May 2004 to attend our son Spencer's wedding. One of us had to stay in New Zealand to hold this Pageant together. Spencer's wedding provided a huge gathering of family. All of our children were there except Christy, who was in the hospital in Colorado. She was hospitalized in order to keep her twins from coming too early. After

a few days with the family in Santa Rosa and Pleasanton (Spencer's wedding), Lora and I flew to Colorado to spend five days with Christy before we both flew *home* to New Zealand. It was hard to leave Christy, but she seemed to be in good hands at the hospital. We flew off, and as soon as we arrived in New Zealand, we heard that Christy gave birth to twins within hours after we left. In looking back, I could see that she was so needy that it would've been impossible for me, as a mother, to leave her. Friends and family had to come to her aid and take my place.



Lora, Christy, Cecile - May 2004



Alaina and Austin

Gina stayed with Christy a month, and while visiting in Utah, on her way to Colorado and her way back home to Santa Rosa, she met and dated Shawn Whiting, who would soon be her husband. During those two years in New Zealand, we missed Gina's wedding, welcoming nine new grandchildren into our family, and the deaths of Ron and Ken. Ken was seventy-eight, and Ron was only fifty-seven when he was hit by a truck while he was riding his bicycle. I loved Ron, and I miss him all the time. I wish I could've been with the family to say "good-bye," but since I wasn't, I still have a hard time accepting that he's gone. I wish all my grandchildren could've known him. He died a great man, a great father, and great son, one of the greatest teachers and leaders of youth that the Church has ever

produced, and besides being my nephew, he was a great friend. I know I will see him again, but waiting for that day is hard.



*Ron Hirschi
and Doug -
January 2004 -
the last time we
saw Ron*

This is a note from my journal, 18 August 2004:

Yesterday morning I was so homesick - I couldn't stand the thought of not holding those two little babies of Christy's until they were one-and-a-half-years-old. My arms just ached for them. Just for five minutes I would like to hold them. Then Joyce called me with the sad news about Ron. I've never wanted to be home so much. It's been one of the lonelier feelings I've ever felt. I went to bed last night just wishing I could dream about Ron - something to give me some assurance. I haven't remembered my dreams very well for quite a few years now, but last night I did dream and remembered. Lois was here in our home, but could only stay a few minutes. She came to reassure me that she was okay and that it was okay for me to stay and work here in New Zealand. She was calm and peaceful, and as always the one to come to my aid as she and Joyce and Cheril have ever done to help me through our weddings. I also dreamed that I was holding Alaina and Austin. Alaina just laid in my arms totally relaxed and asleep - her arms and legs were both spread out and dangling. Austin was jumpy in my arms and didn't relax at all. His eyes darted everywhere, and he was curious. It was a good dream!!

Quite a few miracles took place in the production of the Pageant. Rangi and I were each other's sounding board when the frustration became immense. . . and I mean immense. I can't say that there was even one really good rehearsal when we tried to put all the segments of the Pageant together. There were about 400 performers, and Rangi, Doug and I were all working feverishly behind the scenes. Doug and I had to be careful (as Rangi well knew) because we were, after all, Americans and just couldn't step in with suggestions. But the New Zealand people

(made up of all races) were the most amazing, talented, cooperative people to work with. Over four-thousand people came to see the pageant, which told the story of the great legacy of the 150 years since the arrival of the first missionaries in New Zealand. One of the great miracles (to me) was that the DVD worked every night through each performance. The whole pageant was pre-recorded (Rangi recorded all the speaking parts at her home with her equipment and President Renata Kahuroa did all of the orchestration). I knew from experience that a DVD could just *stick (or stop or shake)* for no apparent reason. My prayer through every performance, as I ran the DVD, was for the electrical equipment to keep working. I was greatly relieved when all performances were over, and fortunately, all of them happened without a glitch. This is a year deeply embedded into my memory.

Rangi (left) Renata Kahuroa hard at work on the production (18 July 2004)



Our experience with the Pageant in Santa

Rosa in 1997 gave us the knowledge and ability and the encouragement to even attempt the New Zealand Pageant. The idea of pre-recording everything is what made the difference. Not a line or a song or a thought was missed - the audience heard it all. It was fabulous! And our opening number was the same as we used in Santa Rosa - "*We Will Be His People, and He Will Be Our God.*"







Starting at top of left page, going from left to right:

1. Chinese Dancers - Tsu-fen Wang with Wu and Wang families
2. Cook Island Dancers
3. Joshua Watene - designed sets
4. Cyril Gudgeon
5. Natalie (Gudgeon) Bowie
6. Fijian - Delaibatikis and Siteri Mellor
7. Bronc Tangaroa as Arama Toiroa
8. Freddie Beijerling and family from Holland

9. Ben Hippolite
10. Picture of Mere Whaanga
11. Wayne Hapi and Jodi Cook as Hirini and Mere Whaanga
12. Eddie Owen as Prophet
13. Kairangi Mills (Maori)
14. Troy Egan and Owen Mayor
15. Picture of Hirini Whaanga
16. "How Great Thou Art"
17. Ilaisaane Mills
18. Arama Toiroa Scene
19. Melissa Horne Gaastra
20. The Waetfords
21. Noma Blake (Tongan)

Second Page:

1. Maori Stick Game
2. Simon Acarapi and daughters from Colombia
3. Korean Fan Dance
4. Ryan Thomsen, Michael Shortt-Smith and Bryan Gubb
5. Tongan Dance
6. Hsing Hsing Wu's marriage photo
7. Junior Wineera - he was healed of blindness by Matthew Cowley when he was a child.
8. Matthew Cowley
9. Finale with most all performers

Right after the Pageant, we worked with Rangi and the Area Presidency to get her computers out of her home and give her a space in the basement of the Visitors' Center. This was because we soon realized that many of the



people who stopped in to see the Visitors' Center were actually coming to see Rangi Parker, and we had to always direct them to her home. We had such a strong feeling that her work should be part of the Visitors' Centre. Why, she had the

history of the labor missionaries, video of President McKay's visit to select the land for the Temple, video footage of Matthew Cowley, and video footage of President Kimball's visit. She had original missionary journals, artifacts, photographs and portraits. Soon, the whole basement was filled with her material. After we came home, the Visitors' Center was remodeled, and fortunately some of the first things visitors see are the professional displays of these events that have been provided by Rangi to the Church for the use of everyone who enters

that building. We went back to New Zealand in 2008, shortly after the dedication of the newly remodeled building and were overwhelmed with joy when we saw the displays. The only thing that would be better in that building would be to have Rangi herself standing there every hour of every day, greeting visitors, and sharing with them the stories, incidents, relationships and the love and faith of the Maori people. To me and hundreds of other people, Rangi is a legend, and I will love her forever.

We had wonderful missionaries who worked with us in the Visitors' Center. They were older couples and the young sister missionaries. We were all serving under the direction of President and Sister Smibert. The missionaries worked six-hour shifts every day. There were also local missionaries assigned to the Center, and they would come in at least once a week for a six-hour shift. Some had been doing this year after year after year.



*(June 2004) Missionaries at the Visitors' Center
 Back Row: Morris, Soloa'i, Scribner, McCollum, Mecham, Stott, Shumway Middle: Owen, Morris, Soloa'i, Dallas, Scribner, McCollum, Mecham, Stott, Shumway,
 Front: Foresgren, Fina'i, Northgrave, Mill*



23 April 2008 - Doug, Cecile, Rangi, Thornley's (Visitor Center Directors), Jenny and Scott Scribner



Doug at work

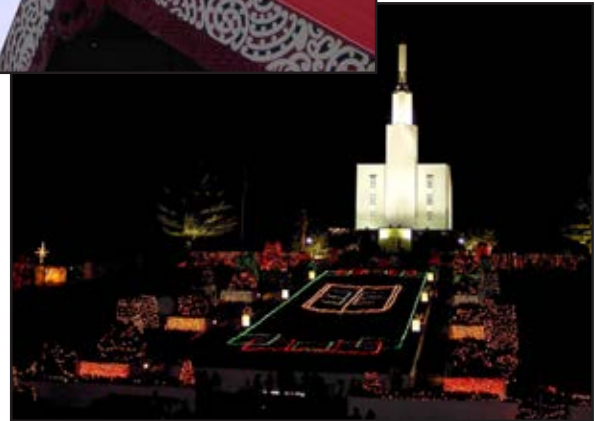
Every Christmas season, the Visitors' Center and Temple hosted *Christmas Lights*. This is when the biggest crowds came - up to 80,000, and approximately 16,000 came through the Visitors' Center at that time. We brought in all the help we could get! Many full time missionaries and many volunteers greeted people and conducted tours from seven p.m. to midnight during the two-week period of Christmas Lights.



Trip to the East Coast (by Gisborne) to see the Whale Rider!



*June - August 2004 -Lora was with us in New Zealand while she was waiting for her Mission Call (to Texas).
Lora at Lake Tarewea*



December 2004 - In this picture: Scribners, Tangaroas, Mechams, McCulloms, Trees, Local Missionaries, Sisters: Yu, Merkeley, Mill, Fina'i, Nuttall, Taulanga, Appleyard



Bridle Veil Falls



President and Sister Smibert and Bonnie



December 2004 - Doug and Cecile with Elder Paul Hirschi - Paul is my nephew David Hirschi's son. David served his mission in New Zealand as well.



3 June 2004 - Rotorua - Fina'i, Lora, Foresgren, Mill, Northgrave

One very exciting thing happened during December 2004. Gina and our new son-in-law, Shawn, came down for their honeymoon. They married earlier in the month.



Shawn and Gina (Scribner) Whiting and Doug Gina pushing the button that turns on the Christmas Lights

The second year at the Visitors' Center started us on a totally different journey. The New Zealand Visitors' Center doesn't draw huge crowds because it's off the *beaten path* (the beaten path goes from Auckland to Rotorua), and Temple View is five miles out of the way. The Pageant kept us and our missionaries busy that first year. But what now? We did have one wonderful event happening each Sunday evening in the Center. We sponsored "Why I Believe" Firesides. Every one of these was a success because the spirit was so strong. We had beautiful musical numbers to start the evening, and then two or three people presented their talks - always on the same subject - *Why I Believe*. The speakers came from New Zealand, Samoa, the Congo, South

Africa, Holland, Australia, America, Tonga, Hawaii, India, and so many other places. These were definitely the highlight of each week. People mostly spoke of their conversions and the road that led them to the Gospel. Some of our speakers were:



Job (India), Lesley (New Zealand), and Nathaniel Cyril



Lora Scribner (America)



Daniel He (China)



Fei, Ethan, and Leon Chen (China)

During that first year, Doug had been studying Lucy Mack Smith's, *History of Joseph Smith*, and had taken good notes. I started to read them, and it occurred to me that they could easily be scripted into a readers' theater. Well, his notes actually scripted into a series of five readers' theaters, all depicting the life of Joseph Smith, his family and friends. The year was 2005, and was a celebration year honoring the birth of Joseph Smith. It couldn't have been more perfect. Just as people crossed our paths the first year in New Zealand, the same thing happened for these readers' theaters. We hardly even moved out of the Center to find people, or to find people who knew other people who could fill the assignments we needed. What resulted was a spiritual journey like Doug and I had hardly ever witnessed before. Each production required about thirty-five people. We could pull them together in just six two-hour practices. The performances were in the Christus Room, where the Spirit just seems to radiate without even asking for it. The Joseph Smith Family was always made



15 August 2004 - President and Sister Cook spoke, and members of the Tongan Branch provided music for fireside

up of a mixture of Maori, Tongan, Dutch, Chinese, American, Samoan, Fijian, Australian and several other nationalities. To us, it was so beautiful. They all had such ability to carry the message. Each of the five productions, was performed for three nights. While we were in the process of practicing and performing one, we were also writing the next script. This was such an enjoyable year! I would happily go back and live it over again (if only that were possible)!



Te Rangihau Gilbert, Rachael Paea



Sovaia Delaibatiki Bryan Johnston



Julie Shortt-Smith, Todd Taylor



Russell McGregor



Roger Hamon, Siteri Mellor Sina Su'afilo



Daniel Walmsley Graham Read



Lopeti Blake



Henoch Beijerling, Molly Waetford, Alesi Taylor



Hyrum Beijerling, Elder Ringihau, Ivory Tangaroa



Cyril Gudgeon Raynold Gaastra



Jodi Cook, Wade Fepulea'i, and Sister Dallas



Freddie Beijerling



Michael Shortt-Smith



Cyril Gudgeon



*Doug
and
Cecile*



Troy Egan



"The Seer, The Seer, Joseph The Seer"

Well, so ended five Readers' Theaters, and so ended our time in New Zealand. What a glorious adventure we had! My testimony of the Prophet Joseph Smith has never been so strong as it was when we finished our year of portraying his life. I truly love him and know so assuredly that he was the Prophet of the Restoration. I now know why every other prophet of every other dispensation looked forward to his time. We hated to say "Good-bye" to these wonderful friends, but we could hardly wait to see our family and the nine new grandchildren who had come into our family! The best thing that happened at the end of our mission was a visit from our son Spencer. He just stayed a week, but it was a wonderful time for a visit. On our way home, we visited the South Island of New Zealand, and then flew to Tonga where we met Rachel Mailangi and Enna Taulanga.



*Visitor Center Sisters (2005): Appleyard, Mill, Merkley,
Belnap, Burningham, Hales, Kaho, Nuttall*



Peter and Phyl McArtney (Kerry Ann's Parents) - Feb 2004

We've Grown Accustomed To The Faces . . . And The Places . . . All Are Part of our Remarkable New Zealand Journey . . .



Glax and Robyn Homer served a mission in Wellington, NZ, while we were in Hamilton. I first met Glax in Adelaide in 1963 where we served together on our first missions. In fact, he was the Elder who baptized the Sparks in Perth when the "waters were stilled." Our sons lived together while they were at BYU. He's a great friend, and if I have another child, I will name him "Glax" after this great Patriarch! - December 2005 during "Temple Lights"



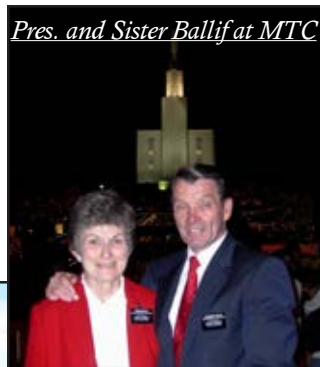
Nifae Fepulea'i



Scott and Jenny Scribner at New Visitors' Center - 2008



Lilly at Ice Cream Shop



Pres. and Sister Ballif at MTC



Gary Truss-Michaelis



Lorine Itere - YSA Leader, Auckland



Derek Spicer



Lisa, Aiden and Michael Skea



Elder and Sister Shumway



Gill Ballard Costumer Extraordinaire!



Elder and Sis Condie (Area President) He's wearing Matthew Cowley's Coat



Hsing-Hsing Wu



Tzu-fen Wang and Cecile



*Elder Whitney (trumpet)
Elder Tamaiparea-puki (piano)
A Genius!*





September 2005 - *Back: Fou'a, Morris, Shumway, Whitney, Heremaia, Scribners Middle: Owen, Fou'a, Morris, Shumway, Whitney, Heremaia, Dallas, Thomsen Front: Kautea, Merkley, Taulanga, Burningham*



November 2005 - *Doug and Spencer at Whangarei*



Spencer and Cecile at Hobbiton



18-19 January 2006 - *South Island, New Zealand Mitre Peak at Milford Sound*



Road to Glenorchy



End of our Mission (picture taken by Gill Ballard)

Pukeko (my favorite bird)



Where do we go now???



Our Path to Elk Ridge, Utah (2008 -)



Doug at the Coromandel Peninsula

Do one of those signs say, “This way to Tonga?” We had many miles to go before we slept once more in Santa Rosa, California. Rachel Mailangi was a dear friend of ours in New Zealand. She was a Tongan teacher at the New Zealand Missionary Training Center, but spent time with us at the Visitors’ Center as well. Several of our missionary sisters in the Visitors’ Center were from Tonga, and we had made close friendships with several of the members of the Church in the Tongan Branch near Hamilton. We had developed a great desire to visit Tonga (known as the Friendly Islands). *That* they were! Before we flew from New Zealand, we had a final farewell from the Tongan Branch—they treated us royally! We also had a final testimony meeting at the Mission Home with our new Mission President and his wife, Carl and Lynette Cook.



Rachel Mailangi met us at the Nuku’alofa Airport (January 2006), and escorted us every day on our visit. We stayed near Enna Taulanga’s home and enjoyed meeting all of her family. They were waiting for us so they could combine Enna’s welcome home dinner with our arrival. Pigs and dogs ran everywhere, but they all knew their own home. Enna’s family cooked two of those cute little pigs on an open pit for our welcoming dinner. Twenty-five of us ate the first shift, and the second shift made up of some of the women and the children sat at the tables and ate what was left. We saw beautiful things those next few days and felt the love of these wonderful, wonderful people.



Doug, Cecilé, Enna Taulanga - Tongan Temple - January 2006



Rachel Mailangi (second from left), Cecilé, Doug, Enna Taulanga (on the end) - Tongan Temple at night



Our Dinner!



Enna Taulanga's family - The Hausias - 24 January 2006



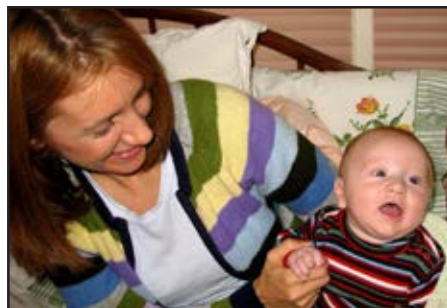
A Tongan burial ground



One of what seemed like a hundred blowholes along the coast

California, Here We Come!

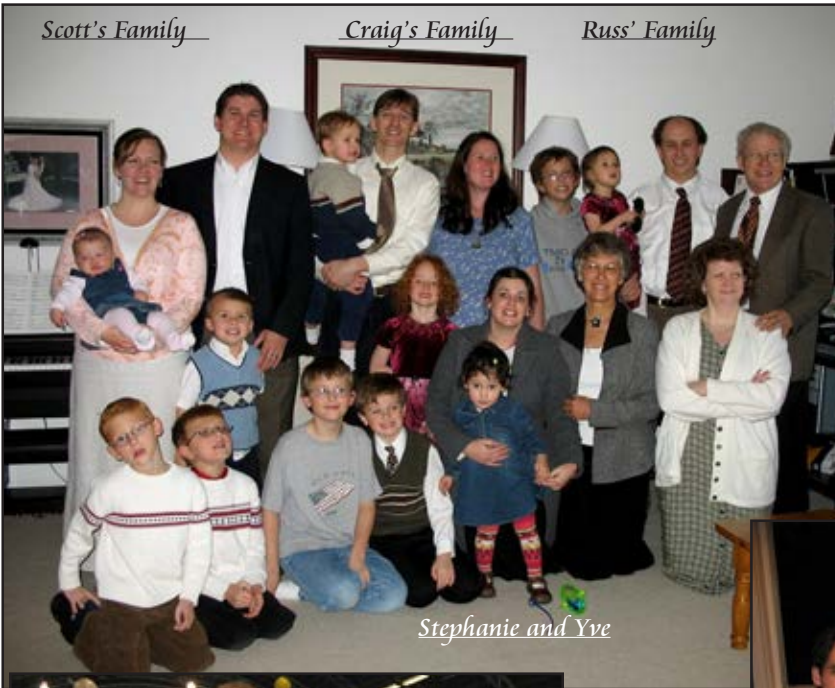
Our welcome home took us from San Diego to see Spencer and Lisa's new home, to Santa Rosa to be welcomed by Gina's and Jim's families and four new grandchildren (Chey Douglas Scribner and Bryant, Thatcher and Tessa Whiting), to Utah to reunite with Scott's, Craig's and Russ' families and to meet our new little Grace McKenlee Scribner, to Texas to meet Lora at the end of her mission, to Longmont, Colorado to enjoy Christy's family and to hug and love those little twins whose birth I barely missed (Austin Kade and Alaina Jade Jones), to Utah again to welcome Jack Nelson Scribner into the family, back to Santa Rosa to take a breath, and then back to San Diego to welcome Myles John Scribner into the family. All in all, we welcomed NINE new grandchildren!! Did someone say we would be blessed for serving a mission? Our cup overflowed again and again. Heavenly Father had certainly watched over our family and took care of them better than we ever could've.



New Babies! Gracie (and Scott), Chey (and Gina), Alaina and Austin (and Grandpa)



More New Babies - Myles (and Spencer), Jack (and Craig), and My Baby, Lora



Scott's Family

Craig's Family

Russ' Family

Stephanie and Yve



Ben - As tall as Grandma!



Gina's Family



Jim's Family and some of the Whitings



Myles and Lisa



Tessa and Yve



Christy's Family

When we came back to our Montecito Meadow home, we just felt that a change was ahead of us. Instinctively, we started recarpeting, taking down wallpaper, painting walls and refinishing wood floors. When we were finished, the home was absolutely perfect and beautiful. *Were we just getting it back in shape for us to live out our lives? Or were we getting it ready to sell?* We couldn't really answer those questions at first. But it was during all this redoing that we found the house in Elk Ridge, Utah, which we bought as a rental. We bought this home for \$480,000 (2006). We lived in the apartment in the basement when we visited our Utah families. Something very strong inside of us let us know that Elk Ridge would one day be our home. There was simply this wonderful spirit inside.



The big question: *“Could we really leave Montecito Meadow—this home that reeks with happy memories???”* Well, we thought we would put it on the market, and just see if it would sell—we had a year to try doing this because our home in Elk Ridge was rented and would be for another year. The moment came. The house went *on the market*. A good friend of ours, Jackie Bunnell, was our agent. The very first hour of the very first day, a man came, walked through the house, and offered us the full asking price, which was \$1.1 million. It was just like having the rug pulled out from under us. We weren't really ready to say *“good-bye”* to that house. But in a month, it was gone. We rented it back for another month, and finally we had everything moved out—our whole lives it seemed. This was the hardest move we've ever made. It seemed crazy that we were just moving because of a *feeling*. . . *And how were we going to live without the Smiths, the Sides, the Davis', the McOmbers, the Rices, the Hoyals, the Moores, Mary Lou, Jackie and Virginia,* and so many other good families that we had learned to love over the last thirty-five years in Santa Rosa?



Randy and Kerry Ann Siles, Dan and Susan Davis, Doug and Cecile, Martin and Suzi McOmber, Ray and Donna Smith

Good Memories and Good Times with so many Good Friends from Santa Rosa:



Ray and Donna Smith



Michael Rice



Michael and Rosa Rice and Family



Ralph Hoyal, Jim Moore, Doug, Jed Cooper



Ralph and Mona Lisa Hoyal, Doug and Cecile



Ralph Hoyal, Dave Platt, Reed Ogden, Doug



Randy Sides, Warren Powell, Ray Smith, Kerry Ann Sides, Doug



Bill and Mary Lou Sullivan



Donna Smith, Cecile, Marlene Thomas



Jackie Bunnell selling our home!

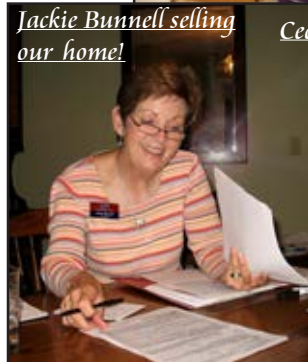
Cecile, Donna Smith, Lee Powell



Judy and Deems Davis



Mel and Lola Payne



Jack and Virginia Hershey

Gary and Kerry Thompson, Doug



Rolando and Kerry Ampuero and Family

For a brief year (sometimes years are long and sometimes they are brief—this one was brief), we lived in a townhouse that we bought in Bennett Valley in Santa Rosa (2601 Spring Oaks Drive). Our house in Utah was still being rented, so we needed another place to live. Perhaps it would've been more financially sound to have just rented this place (hindsight steps in), but we bought it (for too much money - \$530,000). It seemed like a good solution at the time. In that brief year, we met some new friends while (of all things) walking our dog, and we renewed and made new friendships in the Bennett Valley Ward. We were very busy redoing this townhouse—painting, putting in new bathroom floors, etc., but we were also very busy in the Church. With Ray and Donna Smith's urging and support, we put on three Reader's Theaters (the same ones we had done in New Zealand). The last one included a whole group of cast members from this Bennett Valley Ward. This last performance portraying the end of Joseph Smith's life was such a huge thrill for Doug and me. The people performing just seemed transformed into a differ-



ent time and age, and I know that all of us involved developed stronger testimonies than we had had before. I'll never ever forget those last two performances. Our grandson, Hunter, was in this one, and Christy (our daughter) Bryant and Bella (grandchildren) were in the one before that—another great big plus for us, to spend time with our grandchildren in such a wonderful way. It reminded me of the years of plays and dance parties and roadshows that we spent in practices and performances with our own kids as they were growing up.



Hunter Scribner-Whiting

Readers' Theaters performed in Santa Rosa: June and August 2007, April 2008



Bryant Scribner-Whiting



*Warren Hedgpeth and Donna Smith in front
Back: Freebairns, Calvin Willison, Beth Eckles, Eric Wold, Nalani Artinger*



Bryant, Cecile, Christy (Scribner) Jones, Also in this picture: Kerry Ann McCartney and George McCrea (who built our house)



*Bella Scribner-Whiting (in middle)
Ray and Donna Smith in front*



Dave Stockton as Joseph Smith (now there's a story I wish I could tell!) and Deborah Gilmore as Emma

Our life has been good. Finally, in June 2008, we were on the road moving to Utah—just exactly sixty-one years after the first time I moved to Utah. Full circle!! *So what's ahead of us now?* We're actually living through our first winter of snow again, and of all things, we are loving it. Of course, snow is easy to love when you don't have to walk to school and back again in snow, ice and slush with cars spraying you with more wet slush as they pass. Maybe that's the memory that kept me from wanting to come back to Utah for so long. Or maybe this is just the way our life was suppose to go because I can't think of anything I'd change along the way. We already love this home—

in fact, we loved it the first moment we walked into it—when we saw Timpanogos out of every window that faces North, it was definitely that *coming home* feeling.



Now, just a little bit more about Timpanogos. When we came home from New Zealand, I started to think about my *bucket list*—you know, those things you really badly seriously want to do or want to happen before you *kick the bucket*. I'm quite old enough to have a bucket list. The first thing on my bucket list was to see those four faces cut out of stone on Mt. Rushmore. I made what

I thought was a bad decision when I was a young single adult. Our family was taking a trip to the Black Hills of South Dakota, and I chose to go to California with some friends instead. All these years I've wished I'd gone with my family on that trip. It was the first thing I wanted to do the first summer we were home from New Zealand. And we did it!! We met Christy and Rob and their kids in the Black Hills. It was so spiritual—awesome. I'm very thankful I have lived long enough to see this wonder of the world.



Mt. Rushmore in South Dakota



Rob, Christy, Ethan, Alaina and Austin Jones, 3 July 2006



The next thing on my bucket list was to climb to the top of Timpanogos just one more time. *Could I really make it?* After moving to Elk Ridge, I started to walk the hills around our house to get used to the altitude. Then in July of last year (2009), I made the trek with two of my sons (Craig and Scott), the Ashby Family, my grandson, Josh, and my nephew Don James and his son, Reed. Don, Scott,

Craig and Mark Ashby helped *and protected* me as we left Emerald Lake and climbed to the top to the little tin house. Before going down the glacier, it was like facing every demon I've ever faced! I'm so glad I did it!! The beauty was beyond any beauty I've seen. It was impossible to take it all in. Again, a very spiritual high in my life. *Could anyone deny the existence of God after such an experience?* I couldn't. (Remember what my Grandmother Howard said, "*If you want to have a great experience in life, you have to go out after it!*")



Craig, Scott, Joshua and Cecile





Don James, Cecile, Craig Scribner, Mark Ashby, Reed James



Well, the Black Hills and Timpanogos became realities to me, and I have a couple more *bucket* items that are within my grasp. I want to finish writing my life story. I am really close on this one! Then I'd like to share another short vacation with some of my children (maybe all of them), and this is a trip down to the Moab area to see Delicate Arch. I've been there before, and have felt the majesty of God's creations just standing under that one magnificent edifice. This is an experience to



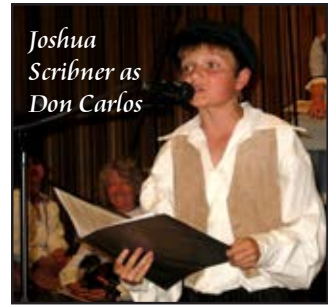
share with loved ones - like all my children and all twenty-eight (plus one more on the way) grandchildren.

Then maybe (if I have time), I'd like to see the Inland Passage to Alaska, but how much beauty can one life take in? Perhaps I don't need to see anymore. With Doug I've experienced the beauty of New Zealand, Australia, Samoa, Tonga, Tahiti, Hawaii, Israel, Egypt, Scotland and many other parts of Europe. Within America, I've experienced often the beauties of Yellowstone, the Grand Tetons, Zion's, Grand Canyon, Bryce, Yosemite, the Redwood Forests, the Outer Banks of North Carolina, Washington D.C., the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, the Top of Timpanogos and now Elk Ridge (beauty out of every window). I've been on much of the path the pioneers crossed (I was in a car), and I've visited Carthage Jail where the Prophet Joseph Smith was martyred, and I've stood on Golgotha where the Savior was crucified. I've given birth to nine children. I've witnessed the marriages of all my children, and have even watched the birth of a few of my grandchildren. *How much closer to heaven can one person get?* Even heartbreak (which I have had) has brought me closer to my Maker.

No, my bucket list is probably complete, except for one thing. And this, I have no control over. I would love to be in one of the Temples with all of my children and their spouses. And if that's not possible, I'd like to be with each of them individually. Oh, that would be such a gift. The scriptures tell us that everything to the Lord is Spiritual—nothing is temporal. It seems that way to me as well. I would have to agree with my father when he wrote, "*We are not at the end of things, but only the beginning.*" I believe in miracles.



*Readers' Theaters (again!) in Elk Ridge, Utah
(2009-2010)*



*Joshua
Scribner as
Don Carlos*



Gathering at Payson Lakes (by Elk Ridge) - July 2008 - Russ', Gina's, Craig's and Scott's families



Family Gathering at Elk Ridge Home to celebrate Doug's 70th Birthday (six months early!) July 2007 (while the house was still being rented) The family is complete in this picture!



8 August 2009 - Family Trip to Zion's National Park - Lisa, Ellie, Spencer, Myles, Ben, Danny, Doug, Cecile, Craig, Kari, Jacob Front Row: Aaron, Joshua, Matthew



Gathering in Phoenix, AZ for the blessing of Oliver Scott Scribner - February 2008 - Russ, Craig's family drove down



Spencer, Myles, Lora - Elk Ridge - Christmas 2008



Christmas 2008 - Scott and Jenny, Joel and Jill Dunn, Craig and Robbyn



Lora, Rob and Christy's family, Doug and Cecile on trip to the Outer Banks of North Carolina, - Sept. 2008



James Family Reunion at Elk Ridge

July 2009

Our Family Picture includes: Michael and Rosa Rice Family, Russ and Kari's family, Craig and Robbyn's family, Scott and Jenny's family



February 2010 - Dave Hirschi and Lois Winfield, Tom and Roberta James, Doug Scribner, Michelle Ashby, Rebecca Cyril, Joyce Ridge, Tommy James, Job and Lesley Cyril, Richard James, Front: Cecile, Ernie Winfield, Cheril Snow and granddaughter



Robbyn and Craig Scribner, Gina and Shawn Whiting, Jenny and Scott Scribner - 5 June 2010 - Elk Ridge, Utah



Bella, Thatcher, Bryant and Hunter Scribner-Whiting, Josh Scribner (middle)
30 May 2010 - Windsor, CA



Tessa Whiting Meeks' Baptism
April 2010
Stansbury Park, UT



Chey and Shyden Whiting
30 May 2010 - Windsor, CA



Family Reunion - Clear Creek Ranch (by Zion's National Park) - 21 June 2010
Back: Jacob, Russ, Lisa, Danny, Spencer, Robbyn, Penny, Cecile, Doug, Lora, Christy, Kari, Jenny
Second Row: Jimmy, Stephanie, Myles, Craig, Ben, Mark, Robert, Matthew, Noah, Scott
Children in front: Oliver, Yve, Maggie, Alaina, Lucy, Ellie, Ethan, Porter, Jack, Gracie, Austin, Tommy, Aaron



Cecile and Doug with twenty of our twenty-eight grandchildren - Clear Creek Ranch - (20-24 June 2010)
Gina and Shawn Whiting's family and Josh Scribner (Scott's) missing



Alaina



Yve



Oliver



Myles



Ellie



Porter



Ben



Austin

*The night, the lights, the city,
And the trees with their shimmering glow:
The toys, the boxes, the bustle
As shoppers trod home through the snow.*



Ethan

*The Christmas that we see
With our gifts and friends with their mirth,
Is far from Judea's plain
At the time of our Savior's birth.*



Noah

*Sometimes we do forget
That the source of this festive event
Was a humble, simple set
For the birth of the Son, Heaven sent.*



Gracie

*But now the joy we share
Is the knowledge of the truth He did say.
He died that we might live,
Yet, He lives and loves us this day.*

(written by Doug Scribner, Christmas 1963)



Aaron

This poem was the first gift Doug ever gave me when we were dating. Now, all these years later (forty-six to be exact), we know that our greatest gifts are **our lives** with the **gift of agency** that has been granted us, the **Gospel of Jesus Christ**, which gives us the promise of eternal lives with our loved ones in the eternities to come, **our children and grand-children** whose lives reflect their goodness and love and gratitude for those who have gone before them, our **extended families** whose love and prayers are felt from both sides of the veil, and the **freedom we have in our own choice lands to choose** – not only good from bad, but to choose to have **faith**, and to choose to **give service** to others as we have felt their service to us – and also to choose to look around us and enjoy the **beauties of this world** in nature and in those individuals and **friends** who continually cross our paths and bless our lives.



Matthew

Merry Christmas to you all, With love,

Doug and Cecile Scribner and family

dougscrib@comcast.net, 62 West Cove Dr. Elk Ridge, UT 84651, 801 423 9160



Joshua



Penny



Jack



Lucy



Tommy



Maggie



Shyden



Chey



Our back yard! Come visit us!



A 'top Mt. Timpanogos - extremely spiritual moment this year!



Danny



Jacob



Hunter



Bella



Bryant



Thatcher



Tessa