

Laura's Story

Dad had a short version that I liked. "I was born; I got married; and I died." That covers the subject.

I am going to start this in the years 1962-63. I have already written about my youth and high school days in two other papers. The only thing I could add would be more hindsight. Let it suffice to say I grew up in a wonderful, innocent time. Mom was home after school with fresh bread or cookies to snack on. We never went hungry. We had new Christmas dresses and skirts and sweaters to start school. We had parents who loved us.

1962

I graduated from South Cache High in Hyrum. That September I attended USU. I didn't have a major, but it didn't matter. I started on the lower division course work. My favorite class was BC--not 'before Christ', but Basic Communications. The professor was Moyle Q. Rice. He wrote droll little remarks on our papers, and entertained us with his stories.

In the spring of 1963 I met Eldon Miller at Lambda Delta Sigma--an Institute organization. We began to date and double date. In June during finals he proposed to me. I am sure I flunked my French final. We set the date for September sixth.

I told Eldon he didn't have to ask Dad for my hand. Dad said he wouldn't buy me a wedding dress unless he did. Eventually it was resolved. Mom and I bought my dress at Maud's in Hyrum. It was a wonderful experience trying on that beautiful white dress. Ada Nuhn made my veil--white net trimmed with lace with a little crown. The dress cost fifty dollars. That seemed like a lot of money then. We did get our money's worth. Eldon's sister Shirley, a second cousin, and a friend wore the dress for their weddings.

Eldon Hale Miller and I were married on September 6, 1963. We honey-mooned in the Tetons, Yellowstone Park, and Cody, Wyoming. We played miniature golf in Cody. The attendant

gave us change for twenty dollars with silver dollars.

I soon discovered I had married an avid fisherman. On the way home we stopped in Montpelier Canyon for Eldon to fish. It would be my luck the fish were biting like crazy. Eldon fished and fished. I was bored stiff! I wanted to go home and soak in a nice hot tub. After a hundred "in a little bit's" he did put his rod away. I think he taught me how to fish to preserve his equanimity. A fishing pole was my Christmas present.

The Lord must have been with us two innocents. I came back to a job checking groceries at Bitter's IGA Foodliner. I made \$1.25 per hour. I worked forty hours a week. Sometimes less, if business was slow. Eldon was working for Uncle Marvin at the gas station by the "Y" in Logan. When college classes started he tutored and being on the wrestling team provided a scholarship. His father owed Eldon money for tearing down the two-story brick house that was damaged by the earthquake. He would come up with some money to help with tuition and books.

Our first home was on Third North, a block from the temple. It was a small basement apartment; I wonder why we rented it? The landlord said I looked too young, too. The kitchen was a one man kitchen. The table was a drop leaf like those you find in trailers. It had one small living room, one small bedroom, one closet, and a bathroom where the walls were so thin you could hear the neighbors in the back splashing and yelling "Come scrub my back."

I don't remember much about our second apartment. We didn't like it and didn't stay long. Our third apartment was my favorite. We rented from Severin Wendenes. He lived upstairs with a Danish couple next door. They were good neighbors. We didn't have a telephone, but the one upstairs was always available to us.

The apartment was on First East and Second North. It was wonderful. We could walk to church 1 block, to the temple 2 blocks, to the tabernacle 1 block. Work was only a few blocks for me and downtown was a few blocks.

In the winter you can not park on the streets in Logan. They need to be able to clean the snow off the streets. We were lucky and parked our 'old green' across the street in Zbinden's garage. Albert and Karla Zbinden had double dated with my parents. Eldon would get up early and shovel the driveway and walks.

In 1965 we went to Nauvoo, Illinois to be guides for the summer. I love historical places, so I enjoyed it. We had classes early in the morning and showed tourists around the rest of the day. In the evenings we would explore some of the old houses and T. Edgar Lyon would give us the details about the people who lived there. (It was so long ago that I'm not positive how he spelled his name.)

Eldon and I lived in the house, which is now part of "The Times and Seasons Complex." Our bedroom was in an addition to the main house, so we did not make history sleeping in a famous bed.

It was our responsibility to show tourists around the historical part of the house and point out items of interest. We also cleaned and dusted. We didn't mow the lawn, but I kept the snapdragons weeded. We didn't have to worry about watering.

It was in Nauvoo I learned about yucky bugs--chiggers and cockroaches; rain storms with water pouring out of the sky; sheet lightning flaring in the sky, fierce winds that blew down trees and power lines; and humidity. My hair curled with the extra moisture and everything was green, green.

I also learned some things about working with people. You have to be careful and look at the situation. If people are grumbling about stuff, they probably are the spokesman for someone sitting on the sidelines.

Mrs. Thompson cooked for a fraternity house at USU during the winter..she shared her recipes with me. I came home with enough recipes to fill a little wooden box. Some of them are favorites in my family today. A Lofthouse gathering is incomplete without Bean Salad. The Cocktail Dessert recipe went around Paradise like

a wild fire after Mom served it to her friends. Friends called her to share this wonderful recipe.

We returned home with our car laden with grape juice, blue cheese, and an extra passenger. With three drivers we didn't stop until we were in Utah. Eldon and I crashed at the Van Ordens in Layton.

I returned to checking groceries at a small store on Main and then at Albertson's. I didn't like being the head checker. You had to keep the customer lines short, the boxers didn't like to be called up unless there were a lot of customers. The manager was always watching from his aerie and would make the call, if you were too slow. I did get very good at making the register balance at the end of the shift.

I served as Sunday School Secretary and taught Primary while we lived in the Sixteenth Ward. I attended LDS Institute and graduated. We were able to attend temple sessions often.

Recreational activities included fishing and bow fishing. I learned to shoot a bow at the Archery Club. Free weekends were often spent in Richmond or Paradise. We would invite friends over and play board games (too poor to go out). One time we spent our last shekels to go to a movie at the Gem Theater.

1966

At last Eldon completed his course work at USU. We went to Burley, Idaho (I didn't know it existed) to look for a job. Eldon's father had tuned Cassia County's school pianos for years. Eldon signed a contract to teach math and coach wrestling. He did his student teaching on site. Math and science teachers were scarce, so he was deferred from the armed services. They were drafting young men to fight in Vietnam.

We moved to an apartment across the street from the high school. Eldon walked and came home for lunch. It was nice and roomy, but the bed was broken down. It sagged! We moved to a little house on Albion Avenue. It was too little. Our last move was to a house across from the Eighth and Ninth Ward building. We liked it there. It's only drawback was windows that would

not open. It had a good garden spot and a cherry tree.

Jim and Linda Pepcorn from Ogden, Utah became our close friends. It was Jim's first year teaching, too. The guys went hunting and fishing together. Linda and I baked Christmas cookies. She trimmed my hair, and one time clipped my ear. Jim was Eldon's wrestling assistant, so we often went to the matches together. Eldon and I tended Rosemary when James was born, and we were baby sitters again when Suzanna made her appearance. We were in the same ward and often went to church together.

Eldon was a seventy, so he was called to serve a stake mission. I had many nights home alone. I was an avid reader and that filled up a lot of time. I would also check math papers.

In 1967 I worked for Leona Carlson at her kindergarten. It was there that I fell in love with teaching children. I knew what I wanted to be, if I got the chance. (Little did I know how soon that opportunity would come.)

I had a miscarriage in 1968. I was so disappointed. I wanted to have a family. All of the Millers and my siblings were having lots, and I mean lots of babies. It didn't seem fair that I was not also blessed. Mother's Day became a sad day for me. It became a habit for me to miss church on that second Sunday in May. Perhaps, I needed to learn patience. Eventually I was blessed with motherhood.

I was called to serve on the Stake MIA Board as the Sports and Camp Director. I had an assistant that took care of the sports. I was responsible for the precamp training, planning the crafts for camp, directing the hikes, testimony meeting, skit night, testing, and the other activities. Each ward was responsible for their own meals. We went to camp at the 4-H camp in the mountains above Ketchum. I enjoyed the camping and outdoors.

In the eighth Ward I taught a Sunday School Class and the MIA Maids. I can not recall the order in which I did this.

Eldon began having trouble walking and he had a numbness in his hands. He would go into see Dr. Hale, a chiropractor, when we were in

Logan. At first he thought it could be a disk in his spine. In January, 1969, we went to the Medical Center in SLC. Eldon's condition was diagnosed as multiple sclerosis, a chronic degenerative condition of the nervous system. Our life style was about to change.

Eldon finished out the year at Burley High. The symptoms he had disappeared, which is characteristic of MS. He decided he wanted to teach some higher math classes. We moved to Thomas, Idaho in the Snake River School District.

I went back to college at ISU that fall. I carried eighteen credits; I was always studying. I didn't like the comprehensive exams. Study! Study! Study!

Eldon's health began to deteriorate. He had trouble walking, and he lost control of his bladder and bowels. He resigned from his teaching position and I withdrew from ISU. (I had entered the second semester). The Millers came up and moved us down to Paradise. We stayed with my parents and stored our belongings in the old garage on the corner.

We bought our first home. It was in Hyrum on the bench near Mountain Crest High. Mom and Dad co-signed the loan. It had two bedrooms and a full basement. Our payments were \$70 a month. That amount was to adjust according to our income.

I enrolled in USU for the spring quarter. I had a work-study program and worked at the children's library in the Edith Bowen School under the direction of Ruth Rice, Moyle Q.'s wife. The rehabilitation program paid for my tuition and books. I carried fifteen quarter hours, and went to school year round.

I taught the Beehive Class in our ward in Hyrum. Eldon wanted me to help with his missionary work. I went a few times, but I did not have time to do it. I had lessons, part-time work, a house to keep clean, meals to cook, and Eldon to care for.

Winter quarter of my junior year I had my appendix removed. We had been to a wedding reception. About 1:00 AM I woke up with terrible pains in my abdomen. I couldn't stand erect. Mom and Dad took me to the hospital. I wasn't

nauseated, but my white count was high. Dr. Broadbent decided to perform exploratory surgery. I was so miserable, I didn't care. I had an acute appendix. After surgery I was sick to my stomach! It took almost a year before I felt good. I probably went back to my classes too soon, but you can't miss many days and keep up.

I graduated from Utah State University the spring of 1972. I had a major in education with components in English and Science. My minor was Library Science. I was an honor student/ Cum Laude. Bob Frankovich said it sounded like pie a la mode. Couldn't put on any airs in this family. I was also selected to be a member of Phi Kappa Phi, an honorary society.

Graduation was a highlight. It was thrilling to walk across campus in my cap and gown to the sounds of "Pomp and Circumstance." Mom and Dad gave me red, long stemmed roses. My china set was bought to celebrate the event.

After the services Eldon, Mom and Dad, Grandma Maybelle, Harold, Elda, and I went on a picnic by a little spring with a pond surrounded by trees in Hyrum just off the highway. It was private property, but we knew the people who owned it and had permission. Today that area is full of houses.

Next began the task of finding a job. Jobs were scarce. There were six hundred applicants for every opening in Cache Valley. To beat the odds I interviewed in Minidoka and Cassia County. My assignment was first grade at the Overland School.

We returned to Burley in August. Eldon was using a wheelchair to get around. It was hard finding a place to stay without steps. We did find a little house on Oakley Avenue to live. Most of our stuff had to be put in the garage and stored.

We sold our little house in Hyrum for \$2,000. We used the money to buy a lot on Hansen Avenue behind Memorial Gardens. We began looking at house plans and making an application with FHA to build a house. Our loan was approved and we built a three bedroom house. It had to have three bedrooms. It had a fireplace, a full basement, a ramp, and extra wide doors. The

hallway was a little larger and had a space big enough for Eldon to turn around in his wheelchair.

We moved into our new home on April 29th, 1973. It was Mom's birthday, and we bought a cake to celebrate. That was the easiest move I've ever made. Most of the boxes were already full and labeled for the room where they would go to. The Ninth Ward Elders and Mom and Dad helped us move. The guys moved the stuff and Mom and I put it away. I had lots of cabinets in the kitchen--lots of room for stuff. The house had seemed too big, until we put our furniture in it.

During my first year I had this wonderful feeling that I was something more than I would have been without this experience. That I was fulfilling part of my destiny. It was good to focus on serving others, instead of being so self-centered--my assignment, my test, my homework.

I also felt that my college training had not taught me the things I needed to know. It took me five years to hone the skills to be a good teacher. I told a friend who was beginning her career it would take five years to be a good teacher. She pooh-hood the idea. Five years later she came and told me that I was correct.

I loved my kids. It was so hard to part with them. In the fall it broke my heart to see them lined up to go upstairs to second grade. I learned to love them and let them go to grow.

We lived in the Ninth Ward. I was called to serve in the library under Brother Gargill. I loved my calling. I mounted pictures, ran the Sunday program (on the old duplicator), and handed out materials. Once in a while we would give a workshop on what materials were available and how to use the audio-visual equipment. Showing movies on the reel-to-reel machine was something I enjoyed doing.

Later I was called to serve in the Relief Society for the sisters who met on Sunday. Fern Winks and I conducted the meeting and planned the monthly night activity. It was a good program for the sisters who worked.

Sunday was a long day for me. I had to get Eldon ready twice to go out. I had to put the wheelchair in the car and take it out. I became an

expert. I wasn't unhappy when they moved to the block program. That meant half the work for me. The Brethren were good to take care of Eldon between meetings.

In 1975 I moved to Dworshak Elementary to teach first grade. Ira Coltrin was principal. He was a father image and friend to his staff. I had a hard time adjusting to the tile floors. My previous room had been carpeted. The noise level seemed deafening. It took about six weeks for my ears to tune out the unwelcome sounds.

I was invited to join Aloha Delta Kappa--an honorary society for women educators. I made life-long friends from the Mini-Cassia area. Through the years I served on the publicity committee, treasurer, recording secretary, corresponding secretary, vice-president, and president. I also served as historian, but due to my illness I wasn't able to do the job as I would have liked to. One of the activities I helped organize was the snow cone booth for the Fourth of July in Rupert.

Eldon went to therapy once or twice a week. His condition seemed to be worsening. We spent a week in SLC at the Medical Center. Dr. Escobar and the nurses taught me many things to help ease the burden of caring for him. They taught me how to insert and irrigate his catheter. They sent home an air mattress that I inflated with water to help prevent decubitus ulcers (bed sores). Metamucil was a daily item on the menu. I also ranged his legs twice a day to prevent atrophy.

It was during this period that I began to dabble with oils. I had always wanted to paint. My friend Mary Ann Van Noy, who taught second grade at Overland, encouraged me. Mary Ann's mother had had a demonstration at Relief Society. With that bit of handed down information I began. I bought some lesson books, but after a while I knew I needed lessons. I took several classes from John Horsch and a portrait workshop from Par Morey. My work began to improve. I entered some pictures in the local fairs and art show. I was proud of the picture of Stanley Lake that won a first prize in 1983. (I gave this painting to James and Beanie for their wedding gift).

1977--A Time of Change

August 29, 1977 Eldon was admitted to the Burley Care Center. A few days later the catheter's balloon would not deflate. It was removed. Eldon was transferred to the hospital for a bladder and kidney infection. He was then transferred to the geriatrics ward.

It is difficult to put someone in a long term facility. You never have any privacy. It feels like you're in a goldfish bowl. No matter how good the care is; it is not the same as you've been able to give.

I started piano lessons from Mary Farnes. She made me work hard. I had to practice in the morning and the evening to get through my assignments. I played at least an hour and a half per day. Disciplining myself to practice was not always easy. I took lessons until she moved. I tried two other teachers, but didn't enjoy them or their teaching style. I didn't continue with more lessons.

I had taken lessons in my youth from Kathryn Bailey and Dixie Olsen. The piano in my home was the old Avon Church piano. Bishop George Nuhn decided that the ward needed more than an organ. He decided to purchase one. Lucy Christensen went with them to pick it out. She played it and said this is the one. And so they bought it. The piano moved with the Avon Ward to the Paradise Ward. When the old rock church was remodeled in the fifties, Mom and Dad purchased it for us kids to learn to play on. The piano tuner who came to tune it was Harold Miller, father of my future husband.

I didn't want that first Christmas alone to come. I kept wishing it wouldn't come. I wanted to skip it. I didn't want to shop or make any preparations for the holiday. Mom and Dad came up to be with me. Christmas fell on Sunday, so we went to church. Then I realized what the meaning of Christmas was. It was the birth of Jesus Christ.

That first year alone was a hard one for me. I taught school--which kept my mind off my trials and troubles. I visited Eldon after school and fed him his supper. I went to bed early. I was exhausted from the long years of caring for Eldon.

I don't think I really surfaced until summer arrived.

I entered graduate school at Idaho State University. I car-pooled with eight other students to Pocatello. I had a full course of study, I was up at 4:30-5:00 A.M.. Went to school; returned home about 2:00 P.M. I began swimming in the afternoon to relax and get some exercise. Then I would visit Eldon before returning home to study.

It was during this summer I began to have an identity crisis. I was married, but I wasn't married. I was single, but I wasn't. I was in limbo. I had thought of divorce before, but had always decided to stick it out. This time I felt that I was waiting for Eldon to die to get on with my life. That was repulsive to me. Another strong factor was my biological clock was ticking away, if I was going to try to bear children, I needed to make a change.

It was January 3, 1979 when my divorce was final. Rae Warr, my neighbor and good friend, went to Twin Falls with me. It had taken six months to take care of the business. I had filed for the guardianship of Eldon. His parents did not want to assume any responsibility for him at the time. The delay had given me time to work out some of my anger, but it had also made me impatient to get on with my life.

"Temporary insanity", that's what I call the next major event in my life. I was undecided if I wanted to write about it. I am not proud of my behavior, yet I survived and grew. I had an affair with one of my professors, and consequently I went to Bishop's Court and was excommunicated.

It was a hard time for me. I remember feeling that it didn't matter what I did now. I had to grip that "iron rod" hard not to make more serious errors. At one time I felt like a huge chasm had opened at my feet, and I was slipping into its depths. I cried a lot.

What pulled me through was learning how much people loved me. They didn't love me because I was "goodie-two-shoes." They loved ME. Dad told me that there were worse things in life that could happen. Carol never asked any questions about what had happened. She held me and we cried together.

Going to church that first Sunday was an ordeal, but my friends were kind, and didn't ask questions. It was difficult not being able to partake of the sacrament, have a calling, and bear my testimony. How many blessings we take for granted. I was baptized on my birthday February 1980.

It took me some time to get over "being in love." I had to mentally put a check on any day-dreams or thinking about the professor. I eradicated him from my life by singing a hymn or song whenever he would pop into my conscience mind.

I learned something about being true to myself and what I believed in. My insides felt like a big mess of spaghetti. As I quit trying to fight myself and held fast to the 'iron rod', the strands came together to form a solid internal core.

Teaching school was a blessing to me. It kept me from dwelling on my problems and helped me to focus on others.

I became active in the YSI--Young Special Interest, a church organization for single adults. I met many people and made some good friends. I enjoyed the activities, especially the dances. I was called to be the stake YSI representative. After several years I burned myself out and was released.

I taught the 'Social Relations Class' in Relief Society. It gave me an opportunity to share some of the things I was learning about being single. You need to take care of your self. Plan special things to do on holidays. Don't plan on others to take care of your happiness. Enjoy the little things in life--flowers, music, a special sunset. You have a lot more in common with the married sisters, than you have differences.

I attended a square dancing class with a friend. I enjoyed learning the calls and making the various formations.

I was in a special family home evening group. Rich and Gerilyn Madden, Gloria Stimpson, Carol Edwards, and Dub and Anita Frazier. There were some children included, too. We had lessons on Monday night. Sometimes we had potluck suppers and activities. They gave me a lot of moral support and encouragement.

I met Bob Dayley and Exalena on the fourth of July, 1979. Anita Bebee had invited me to her house. A group of singles were celebrating together. We went to the parade. I rode downtown with Bob in his new white Magnum. We had a potluck lunch and played badminton. Bob had to leave early to take Exalena home. The rest of us went to the park by the river and watched the boats. I was impressed by Bob. I remember my eyes getting big when we were introduced. He is so tall.

We didn't see each other until the fall. My family for home evening went roller skating, and there were Bob and Exalena. We began to date occasionally. One of our favorite things was to dress up and go out to dinner at George K's by the river. We also enjoyed taking Exalena with us to Slager's in Hagerman to soak in the hot tubs and swim. This must have been hard for Bob, but he did attend a few dances.

The Christmas of 1983 was a cold one. We had temperatures of fifty degrees below zero. There was a lot of snow on the ground. On the 27th Bob called me and told me to pack a bag. I thought we might be going up to Sun Valley to ski. I had always wanted to ski. When we were in his truck headed east, he told me to look in the jockey box. There was a little box, and inside it was an engagement ring made of Black Hills Gold and diamonds.

We stopped to eat in Ogden. It began to snow and the roads were treacherous. It took us five hours to get to the Point of the Mountain. The road was closed, because of wrecks, and we had to wait. We saw semi-trucks wipe cars off the highway. We finally arrived in Las Vegas and crashed.

In the morning we drove around town trying to pick out a wedding chapel. After a while it seemed a little silly. There were dozens of chapels. We decided to get married at the courthouse. We had to go there to get a license. We were married by a Justice of the Peace.

While we were waiting in the hall a tall, black man asked Bob if he hadn't been there last month. I was surprised that they did not require any identification to get the license.

Las Vegas was fun and warmer. It was about forty degrees, but we were wearing heavy winter coats and boots. We went into a casino. It had a million dollars in a large glass cage. I asked how many suitcases it would take to put the money into. Then we noticed that security officers were watching our every move. They must have thought we had guns under our coats and were going to pull a heist.

Several people told us that we were the happiest couple that they had seen that day.

One evening we went out to the Hacienda for supper. It was delicious. The service was excellent. Our favorite course was black bean soup. We still try to have it for supper on our anniversary.

Two people were unhappy that we were married. Exalena--she insisted that we could have been married in Paul. She had been to Kellie Connor's wedding in Paul. My mother was upset, because she had been in Burley for Christmas and I hadn't told her. A few hours after they left, Bob and I had followed Mom and Dad to Utah. I knew she was unhappy, because she gave us canned soup for supper on the way home.

Bob didn't get to see the beautiful mountains of Cache Valley. It was socked in with fog. We drove from reflector post to the next reflector post. We were near Snowville when the fog lifted. In the future we did not care much to travel during stormy winter weather.

The Happy Years

We decided to live in Bob's home in Heyburn. It would be near Exalena's school and she would be near....

Then

there.....
.....

And mending to do. The only place I could sleep was at church. I'd sleep through Sunday School, Relief Society and Sacrament meeting. I couldn't keep my eyes open. It wasn't until I woke-up that they gave me a job.

My first calling was to the Primary to lead the music. It was fun. The children didn't seem to

mind that singing was not one of my better talents. (It is interesting how much I've used the things I do know about music).

During the years I lived in Heyburn First Ward, I was second counselor in YW and taught the Beehives. I served on the activities committee, taught Relief Society lessons, and was secretary to the Young Women.

I adopted Exalena in the fall of 1985. We wanted to make sure she would have a good home environment, if anything happened to Bob. The Gibsons thought it was ok once they understood they would still have visitation rights. Janice was upset, but she did sign the papers. Exalena seemed to settle in more after the adoption was completed.

Exalena filled an empty spot in my heart. One of my hardest trials had been being barren. It was wonderful being a mother. Everything was not always perfect. My friend Linda Papcorn said that made me a real "mom".

I had first grade burn-out, and requested a transfer to Declo Elementary. I taught second grade, third grade, and fourth grade. I would have completed twenty-five years of service, but because of ill health I was on sick leave for the 1997 semester.

We did a lot of camping, and it always seemed to rain. Two of our favorite camping spots were Sublet and Bear Lake. We would camp in the juniper area for the deer hunting season. The big annual event was on Father's Day to Banbury Hot Springs. The Dayley family would gather for the weekend and play together. Banana cream pies were a treat.

When Bob went to work for Jones's Construction Company most of the camping ceased. We were all busier. Bob went to work earlier. He'd be on the job by six am, and often didn't return until 10 pm. There were lunches, snacks, and ice water jugs to prepare. Once Bob was off Exalena and I had the garden to weed and water, the lawn needed to be mowed and watered. There were no Saturdays. Bob was at work. Exalena and I did take time to ride our bikes or swim. I was glad to return to school in the fall. It was less work.

We raised a large garden. Tomatoes, peppers, lettuce, and onions were our best crops. We raised enough tomatoes to can juice for the year. Peppers and onions were used to make chili and picante sauce. We also dried some for the winter months.

I loved growing plants, and spent lots of summer hours in the vegetable and flower gardens. It was time well spent. My parents and friends gave me most of the starts. Bob gave me my rose garden for Mother's Day.

Exalena came to Declo when she entered Junior High. The ride out and back each day gave us some one-on-one time. We had a hard time settling on music we could share. We settled on ABBA and wore out Bob's tape.

September 12, 1992 Bob and I went to Jerome. Elder Merlin R. Lybbert restored my temple blessings.

The Sunset 1991

--In the later part of February, when the ice packed roads begin to melt, I took Max out for his walk. I slipped on the ice and broke my tibia plateau. I remember being at home with my leg elevated in a hugh plaster cast, and Bob asking me if I wanted to go dancing.

*note; We are not sure if this is all Laura wrote or her word processor just would not print it out. This was all written a few weeks before she passed away, she had asked her brother, James, to talk about her life at her funeral, since she had lived so many years in Idaho, he asked her to put down information for him to have to work with. This is the result of her efforts. Beanie

Laura Lofthouse Dayley
February 2, 1944 - June 8, 1997
Services at 1:00 p.m., Friday, June 13
Heyburn 1st Ward Chapel
Bishop Loren West, Officiating
Interment
Basin Cemetery, Oakley Idaho

The Parting

Far away across the waves
Over the sea you go
To serve your neighbor and Lord
How I'll miss you so

You've kept me safe from life's hard ways
You've taught me well and true
You've loved me and you've cared for me
All my whole life through

Now as you go, I stand unsure
The unknown lies before me
Into this void I must go
Without your hand to guide me

With uncertainty the future waits
My faltering step it greets
Prayers tying me to you
Hopes and dreams within my reach

by Colleen VanOrden
October 23, 1996