

The Old Home

1946 - 1996

Jubilee

1391 East 2100 South



Our home joys are the most delightful earth affords, and the joy of parents in their children is the most holy joy of humanity. It makes their hearts pure and good, it lifts men up to their Father in Heaven.



When we moved into this "old house" in 1946, I didn't realize that it was going to be the guinea pig for the learning of all the trades I now understand. When we signed the mortgage, I agreed to dig out the basement and put in a stoker within a year. In the basement, there was a coal room (the present fruit room) and a pathway leading over to the furnace (where the doorway to my shop is.) The outline of the old furnace can still be seen in my shop.

I started the basement by digging a hole by the east bedroom window. There was a crawl space of about two feet. I had a trailer about 4x6 feet with 2-foot sides on it. Mom would have dinner ready when I got home from work and I would work on the basement till midnight every night except Sunday. After taking out one hundred trailer loads, I borrowed a pickup from Bill Durrant and took out 35 pickup loads. Most of the dirt is in the parking lot on the west side of Highland Drive just north of 27th South. I used some of the dirt to fill in and then cement our front porch.

Mr. Zetterman, a neighbor of Homer's, instructed me on how to do the whole project. He showed me how to brace the foundation, how much reinforcing steel to put in, how thick to pour the walls and how to level the floor. I'll always be grateful to him for being so generous with his knowledge and time. I don't remember finishing the project within a year, but I'll always remember handling that dirt as many as four times in each bucket in order to haul it



away, and get ready for the cement work. Mom stuck with me and fed me again at midnight. Good thing she's a night-owl.....it sure helped in this case!

After finishing the cement work I made a coal room where the bedroom is now. After carrying lumps of coal from the fruit room to the furnace, having a stoker was a modern convenience. I had to fill the stoker only once a day. In March of 1956 we really went modern and installed our present gas furnace. I think I did something at that time that no one had done before nor has since. I had to line the chimney from the basement to the top of the room with aluminum pipe. I knew you had to put this pipe together one 3-foot length at a time and slide it down the chimney. I wanted to do it the easy way so I put the full length together on the ground, pulled it up to the top of the house, balanced it on top of the chimney and let it slide down. I still don't know how I did it, but it worked out fine. From then on it was fixing, remodeling, adding onto, changing location of, and doing anything that needed to be done. I should mention that while I was shoveling and picking in the basement my pick went up through the bottom of the upstairs gas

meter. I immediately had to turn from excavator to plumber! This was the first major plumbing I had ever done. I have really become attached to this "old home" because I know it so well.

Shauna was three and Rand almost one when we moved here. Grandma and Grandpa Garrett, along with Mark and Max, moved upstairs about two months before we moved in. It was a good experience for us to get to know Mom and Dad well and share in their lives. Grandpa Garrett had a heart attack about three years after they moved in, which was quite serious and we thought we were going to lose him. He pulled through and lived nearly 30 years after that, until 1977. Mom passed away in 1970. They were great tenants and parents.

To think of each one of you kids and the many fun experiences we've had would take a lot of writing, but I'll always remember the music lessons and practicing...Shauna's elocution lessons...Rand finding ways to make money and always saving a good percent of it...Barbara's determination to ride a two-wheeler...Jan's violin experiences...Vern's go-cart...Judy curling around the heater...little Mark's passing and his funeral service in our front room...tree huts...stomach pumping...spud nuts...fishing trips...vacations in the camper...little league...Thursdays off...throwing snowballs at old ladies...driving licenses with attending car accidents...cards being pushed under sofa cushions...towing Woodie back from Rexburg...school plays...Rand's bet on the clothes chute...ice cream every Sunday with our first "electric" freezer...missions...going away to school to live.

Memories continue to grow...including those of our last family outing at Bear Lake and out last Sunday evening family night. This Old Home has been the environment from which all of these memories were planned and launched. How grateful I am for all these precious experiences and for all of you who have made these memories what they are today. I express my love and appreciation to all of you.

Dad (Grandpa)

SOME OF THE MEMORIES I HAVE OF THE "OLD HOME"-

* LOOKING AT THE GOLDFISH YOU ALWAYS KEPT IN THE FISH POND AND OCCASIONALLY TRYING TO CATCH ONE OR TWO.

* I LOVED TO PICK GRANDPA'S RASPBERRIES, ESPECIALLY THE GOLDEN ONES.

* I CAN REMEMBER PICKING AND EATING GRAPES ALONG THE WEST SIDE OF THE HOUSE.

* I WAS ALWAYS FASCINATED WITH THE WATER THAT WOULD FLOW FROM THE ROCKS AND WOULD CLIMB UP THE ROCK PILE TO SEE IF I COULD FIND WHERE IT WAS COMING FROM.

* I WOULD ALWAYS LOOK FORWARD TO MEASURING MYSELF WHENEVER I WOULD GO TO THE HOUSE, UNTIL I STOPPED GROWING...THEN IT WASN'T FUN ANY MORE!

* I USED TO LOVE EATING ALL THE GOODIES GRANDMA WOULD KEEP AROUND THE HOUSE...COME TO THINK OF IT, I STILL DO!

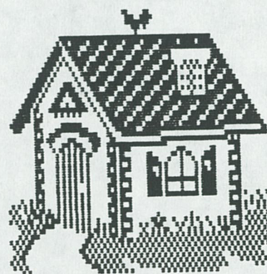
* I CAN REMEMBER MAKING GINGERBREAD HOUSES AND HAVING GRANDMA GET MAD AT ME FOR EATING MORE OF THE CANDY THAN WHAT I PUT ON THE HOUSE.

* WHEN WE MOVED FROM POCATELLO, I CAN REMEMBER STAYING AT YOUR HOUSE UNTIL WE GOT OUR OWN.

* I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT THE LAUNDRY CHUTE IN THE BATHROOM WAS SO COOL. I REMEMBER STARING DOWN IT AND TALKING TO SOMEONE WHO MIGHT BE DOWN THERE.

THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF MY MEMORIES...

LOVE, MATT



I was a budding one-year old when we moved into the old home. I honestly can't remember the move in. Memories of circumstances and events are in my memory, but the order may be a little off chronologically as I record parts of my life at the Old Home.

Probably for good reason I can recall my Grandma and Grandpa Garrett always living upstairs. The stairs coming down from their apartment were wood, and I remember hearing them ascend or descend that stairway. Never fast, but always steady. I think their lives were that way also. Not fast, but steady.

I remember our old coal furnace. I believe I remember coal being loaded through the basement window into what is now a bedroom. My Dad would slide boards down some grooves to increase the height of the front wall of the coal room, as the quantity of coal increased in width and depth as it was loaded in. The furnace was scary. The clinkers removed were red hot and were placed in a large can to cool and be removed for garbage collection on Thursday each week. The auger that ground and fed the coal to the furnace was noisy and very dirty as I recall. I know now why wallpaper or painted walls had to be cleaned each spring with that pink stuff that smelled so good. Coal heat must have left ugly tracks.

...and Grandma's rose garden...sounds like some title to a play. I didn't appreciate the care given that ground and those plants until years later. The special compost pile between Garrett's and Marshall's garages I'm sure made those roses do things our "additives" won't even approach these days, (at least in a natural way). Irrigation down each row was essential, slowly soaking the earth around each hand pruned bush until there was an explosion of vivid colors...and discussions with neighbors about the "type of rose" and "how they turned out so beautifully". Grandpa knew the neighbors and loved the inquiries.



Who can forget the clothes chute?! A rather novel idea to say the least. Why transport dirty clothes downstairs to be washed when all that was necessary was to lift a lid in the floor and drop them to the basement level. I remember thinking that was about the neatest invention my Dad had

ever come up with. That little hole in the floor led to other challenges and losses in the future. The challenge was to my younger sister, Barbara. There was no way she could force her chubby body through that hole, up through or down through...and if accomplished, a five dollar bill was on the line. In spite of scratches, scrapes and a few beads of sweat, it was a successful event on her part and my Mom actually made me pay the five dollars. Can you believe that?! My sister was always up for the challenge and I always for the teasing.

The State Prison across the street!! The main gate and Administration Building were directly across 21st South from our front door. The prison grounds spanned the area from 1300 East to 1700 East; from 2100 South to the other side of the gully, which is now I-15. The prisoners were moved to the point of the mountain facility in 1952. I was about seven years old...and I was impressed! For what seemed two or three years the city used the old buildings on the prison property to train firemen...start buildings on fire and have trucks respond and put out the fires. My mother didn't know it, but the prison grounds, vacated, were our playground for these two or three years following the 1952 transfer. Alma, Day, Norm Memmott, Brent Wilkes and others...we knew the territory well...all unbeknownst to our trusting moms. We couldn't tell or we would have never lived through it. I We all managed to do so...so I guess it was alright! While the prison was occupied, prior to '52, I recall a few noisy nights with prisoners banging their plates, spoons, etc. against bars and having what I guess you would call a controlled riot.

...and tree huts. As I look back it seems like weeks, months, even summers, were spent building, living in, remodeling ye old tree hut in the alley. The only entry managed by climbing two or three sets of snow tire chains connected together, which formed our swinging ladder. Not everyone had the strength to climb it, which made us feel even more secure. The floor-trap-door entry, even carpet, eventually a roof. We were set. Overnights, meetings, a get-away and observation point - it all added up to our tree house! On Father's Day just past, I looked up in the tree where our original chain ladder was secured...it's still there! The chain is now a part of an old, tired tree, permanently affixed in its rough, twisted bark, only to be removed, I suppose, as the tree is removed one day as expansion takes place. Memories were vivid as I saw the evidence of yesteryears.



...and of remodeling, expanding, additions, repainting, wallpapering, maintenance, and all else that goes with making a house a home. I'm certain that some day a light will dawn and I will recognize the real reason, or lesson, in my Dad doing all of these and more to make of our house...a home. Due to the convenience of the day, I have not learned well the virtues of this recycling regimen.

Mostly, my memories are of two great parents who, with determination and an adventurous spirit, tackled the responsibility and sacred stewardship of raising six children with the knowledge, means and experience they then had. As those children are now "recycled" in their separate circumstances, there will be eternal memories of faith seeds planted, living examples of worthy, virtuous parentage, and the giving freely of 110% effort in family rearing.

On reflecting, we might admit, to the Old Home and the parents in it....

Ya ain't done bad!

Rand

Memories of Grandma and Grandpa's House --

When I was in Kindergarten, my Mom used to work on Fridays so Grandma would pick me up after school and take me back to her house to have lunch. I remember having peaches and toast and then playing with all those toys and games in the cupboard. I always feared the basement...especially the cement hole. I thought it went down for miles. I would always race up the steps as fast as I could fearing monsters would emerge and drag me in. But other than that, I loved Grandma and Grandpa's house!

Megan



Erin's Memories --

- sleeping downstairs in the huge bed. It was always pitch black and we thought things were in the closet. Also the hole in the cement...we thought if we fell in it we would never stop falling.
- having breakfast in the little nook in the kitchen...and the toaster that pulled out.
- getting old bread from Grandma to feed the ducks in the park.
- the soft ball-string curtains on the back closet...fun to play with.
- picking raspberries in the garden.
- Grandma's bathroom...sitting on the toilet watching TV.
- playing with the little organ in the TV room.



The first thing that comes to my mind when I think of the cute white house on the corner of 1400 East and 2100 South is the upstairs apartment. Nick and I had the privilege of living in that apartment for close to two years. It was cozy and comfy. Some of the things that made it that way were the big radiator heater in the family room and our own patio deck...and we can't forget the mice (ba ha)!

Another memory is Grandpa's garden. It is the best! I remember seeing people walk past and they would always seem to stop at the garden and admire it. Grandpa's garden is beautiful and he takes such good care of it.

One last memory about Grandpa and Grandma's house is the scary basement. I'm sure Grandpa didn't intend it to be that way, but I still don't like to go down there alone!

I'm glad we were able to live there for our first home.

Looe, Jennifer

Memories of 1391.....

I guess my first memory is of moving into the house. I remember the bare wooden floors and that I walked in the front door carrying a little red chair and put it by the fireplace and sat down. (I think Keith made the chair.)

Lots of my memories include Grandma and Grandpa Garrett, such as:

...after dinner and dishes done we sat out under the peach tree...Grandma with her crocheting and the others just to talk.

...Sunday ice cream making in the summer and sugared popcorn in the winter, along with some buttered (Grandma's favorite!)

...Christmas morning when we had to call upstairs and then wait impatiently until Grandma and Grandpa came down.

...When we were very young and Mom and Dad would go out (rarely), a kitchen knife was placed on the bathroom stool under the sink and if we had a problem or needed help we would hit the pipes with the knife and Grandma and Grandpa would come.

...Grandpa Garrett always whistling or singing outside. Did he ever have an unhappy day in his life? Yes...I remember him getting very upset if flower beds were stepped on or plants damaged. Can you believe all those flowers and roses? I only remember bouquets in the house occasionally.

...the "Sound of the Flush"...it must be a part of this history. Sunday mornings we kids rode with Grandpa and Grandma to church...seems like Dad was usually gone earlier and Mom didn't often go to Sunday School. She was either home with a baby or stayed home to fix dinner. Those were the days...Sunday School in the morning and church in the afternoon.



...Grandma washing on Monday morning. It was as regular as the sun coming up. Her coming down the stairs when it was still dark! I love to do wash now and I always liked it then too. Pulling the two washers out and placing them just right and the double tubs for rinsing. Filling them with just the right temperature of water and then the home made soap. Wash, wash, rinse, rinse and then up the steps with a basket to hang them out. I liked hanging the clothes on the line...the clothes pin bag always handy on the back porch ...everything quite organized! Then bringing them in and on to Mom and Dad's bed for folding was another story!

With the prison being across the street, I wondered what to do should prisoners escape. I picked my hiding place! It was under the kitchen sink. It used to be a small cupboard where we kept the dish drainer. Mom always comforted me with the thought that if they escaped they would run further than across the street...most likely to Allen Park!

Uncle Mark practically lived at our house. He was always leaning on the top of the frig that's in the basement when it sat where the stove is now. He was down a lot talking with Mom. I think he taught me to tie, and he also made me afraid of the basement. He was always at the bottom of the stairs and would chase me.

The breakfast nook grew increasingly smaller as the years passed. And it was always the first person in who wanted out first. Often we'd crawl under the table to get out. I can't imagine being able to crawl out from under that table with that many feet hanging down. How many times did we fight to sit over the heater in the early morning?!

How I remember practicing in the early morning. Mom sitting with me for much of the time helping to correct wrong notes. And when she wasn't sitting there I'd put my head down on the keys and snooze. How did she endure lying in bed and not saying a word!!

- *Playing hide and seek in the house and hiding in the rag bin in the hall where the little bathroom is now.*
- *Being awakened in the morning with Mom in the kitchen putting last night's dishes away and fixing breakfast and lunches...lunches...*
- *Mom having very little space for her books or letter writing things...all on the dining room table neatly stacked.*
- *Sitting outside in the apple tree with a book and a salt shaker, plucking green apples and eating them. Always forgetting to take the salt back into the house.*
- *Having the ability to wipe up the bathroom, kitchen, back hall floors and the basement steps in fifteen minutes if there was something else to do on Saturday. I am sure Mom just shook her head!*



I'm recalling some of the changes at 1391...things I remember from early on...From bare hardwood floors to gray carpet and maroon couch and black tile fireplace...to Early American everything...braided rug carpet...old brick fireplace...brass-ring curtains...it was cool! Then next came green short-shag carpet...and now the off-white look. Colors don't matter...it was home!

Nearly every room was my bedroom. I remember when Dad's room now was my bedroom. It seemed much bigger then. Barb and I were in a double spindle bed and Rand moved in with us while his little bedroom off the kitchen was expanded. Later when Rand moved downstairs, Barb and I went to the "long-hall" room in the narrow bunk beds. (That room used to be Grandpa's flower and tool shed...and before that, a coal bin where the little closet is now.) Seems like I had the northeast bedroom alone for a while later on.

I think I remember clothes lines where dad's shop is now...and after he poured a cement floor we rode bikes and played house. It was a TV room for awhile, with a TV given to us by the Furners. That was a little screen in a big body! Then it became a bedroom and I moved to the basement.

I remember the kitchen with the stove where the frig is now and vise-versa...and the little let-down ironing board on the west. How often Mom was there as we came home from school. We walked home for lunch in the middle of each school day. It was on the table and Mom would read Lightfoot the Deer or Jerry Muskrat or one of that series to us.

The heater in the dining room was the favorite spot to dress. There was nothing like that coal heat. I would gather up my clothes and try to be first there. Lots of hours were spent in the living room with a card table in front of the fireplace playing GO or Parcheesi. Dad was so patient and played a lot with us.

The bathroom with the toilet in a different place than now, and Jan sitting on her little potty seat as I put pink rubber rollers into a tiny bit of hair....

A stool sitting beneath a medicine cabinet and the famous clothes chute...all of us cheering for Barbara as Rand shook his head in disbelief as she squeezed through it!

When the sliding lock on the door was in use, someone was always beating on the other side!!

The memories could go on forever...and each seems to spark another. It is hard to describe the feelings that go along with the memories. They are just there and stored in the heart....

*From the eldest,
Shauna*



I REMEMBER GINGERBREAD HOUSES IN YOUR DINING ROOM WITH THE MANGER SCENE ON THE CABINET BY THE TABLE, AND GRANDPA BUILDING ME A GO-CART IN HIS BASEMENT SHOP.

JOHN



My earliest memories of 1391 go back to the lion. The lion was in the back yard of the house next door where Marshalls now live. As I remember, it was a female lion. The kids who lived on View Street (better known as "the View Street Gang") would often go into Garrett's yard to gape at the large wild animal. I think it was kept as a pet until one day it got out and the owners were forced to get rid of it.

Other kinds of amusements practiced by the "gang" varied. The one that I was fondest of was crossing busy 21st South to visit the main prison gates that were directly across from the Garrett residence. While trying to beat the traffic, my friend and I raced across 21st and my friend, being a little slower than I was, got hit and almost killed by a car. Needless to say, I did not race cars after that happened.

My next recollections go back to when I first met Shauna. Instead of meeting her parents (they were away on vacation), I met her grandparents who lived in the upstairs apartment. None of my friends had ever had grandparents living with them and it seemed quite unique. It was the grandparents who first knew that Shauna was going to marry me (even before I knew!). As I spent more and more time at the Garrett house, I came to realize how important the upstairs folks were to that household. I can still remember Barbara (Grandma Garrett) high up on the little porch at the head of the stairs. I believe that was the last time I saw her alive. Later I remember visiting Grandpa Garrett in his living room (the one with the big heater). He was always listening or watching B.Y.U. sports. The room was always warm and the thought would cross my mind....how does he stay awake?

As Shauna and I added Brett, Adrian and Matt to our family we would always come down from our home in Pocatello for Christmas at the Garretts. These were exciting times. The journey seemed difficult with snowy roads and such, but the effort was always worth it. I remember the warmth as we entered the house and the good smell of Mom Garrett's baking. It was always great fun and exciting to wake up on Christmas morning and share opening presents (with Dad Garrett handing each person their gifts). The Linde family eventually had to stay at home on Christmas and establish their own family traditions. We did, however, continue to come down on Thanksgiving.

Since we would stay over on all of our trips, I can confidently state that the Linde family has probably slept just about everywhere in the house. It has even been rumored that certain Linde children had their beginnings in that house....a rumor I can judge to be absolutely true!

I can remember sitting around the dining room table one special Christmas Eve. Mom and Dad Garrett and the whole family were there. We were talking about service. The meat of the conversation centered around how it is so important to help people. Suddenly a knock at the front door stilled the room. Grandpa and others quickly answered the door. Standing there, in the snow and cold, was a middle aged woman. She had a distressed look on her face. Her clothes were disheveled. "My car has a flat tire," she said. "Could I possibly use your phone to call for some help?" We all turned and looked at each other...smiled...and began to laugh! "You could," we chorused, "but it might be easier if we just fixed it for you!" ...and so that is what we all did...laughing and jumping for joy that we had such an opportunity to put some of our good intentions into action.

Later, as we were finishing up, we asked the by now thoroughly astonished lady what had made her knock on our door and not on some of the many doors she had passed by. She replied, "As I crossed the street and saw your Christmas lights, I immediately felt a spirit of warmth and kindness...a feeling that I would not be turned away."

As I listened to her reply, I can only add from my own personal experiences with this wonderful home and family - amen! and amen!

Doug

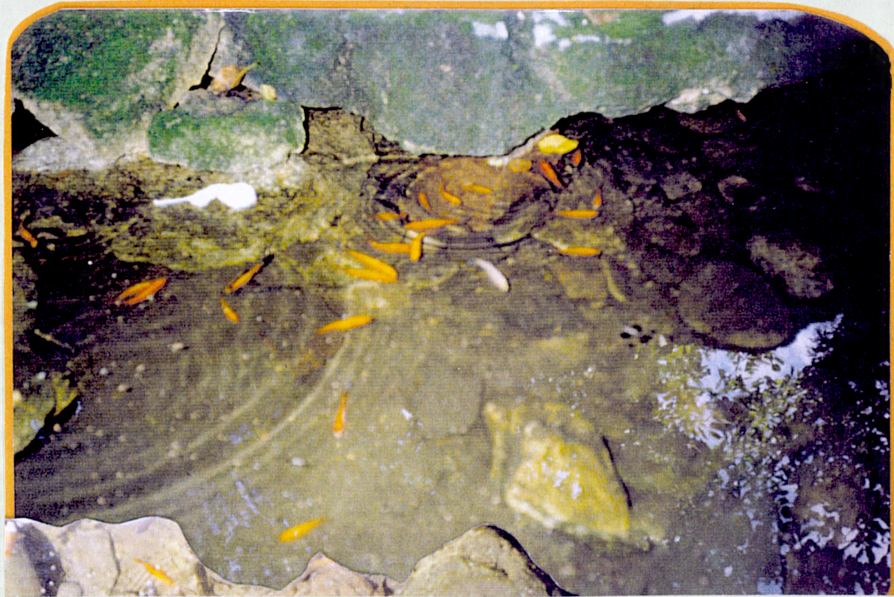
The Things I Remember About Grandma and Grandpa's House

- * *Standing on the balcony with Grandpa, watching fireworks*
- * *Staying overnight and sleeping by the fire in Grandpa's old T-shirt*
- * *Sitting at the table eating Grandma's home-made yogurt*
- * *Sitting in the front yard on the 4th of July eating ice cream and lighting sparklers*
- * *Looking at all the cross stitchings and embroidery work of Grandma's*
- * *Sitting at the table in the kitchen beating Grandpa at Runicub while Grandma watched Phantom of the Opera" in the TV room*
- * *Going downstairs to see Grandpa's work room, and jumping to turn on the light 'cuz I was too short to reach the switch*
- * *Seeing Grandpa's flowers painted red, white and blue for the 4th*
- * *Sitting in the big blue chair receiving my Patriarchal blessing*
- * *Holding hands around the Christmas tree and walking in circles as we sang Christmas carols*
- * *Sitting in the back yard under the patio listening to apples fall*
- * *Turning on the waterfall in the pond and feeding the fish*

Deborah

Michelle's memories about Grandpa and Grandma's home are...

- their fish
 - their big garden
 - 4th of July fireworks
 - Grandpa's work room
 - the green plants around their house
 - their park
 - the pillows we use when we sleep over
 - when we get measured
 - the ginger houses.



Memories that I've had about the Old Home are the pond with all the fish they get every year and I love Grandpa's garden and how he takes such care of it. I enjoy getting with Sara and Megan and looking at the scrapbook Grandma made about all of the grandchildren.

I like the flowers that Grandpa sprays red, white and blue every July. We always go up there to celebrate Mother's and Father's day.

I remember sleeping over when I had the chicken pox...Grandma reading "Put me in the Zoo" every time I slept over...reading through Grandma's list of movies in alphabetical order...playing Chicken Foot with Grandpa...throwing a bouncy ball up the outside stairs and losing it in the daisies...making gingerbread houses. I remember thinking I would fall into the hole in the basement when I was little. I like getting measured every Christmas and seeing how much we grew that year...having ice cream every 4th of July...going on a walk with Grandpa and Grandma in the early morning...listening to the cars passing while trying to go to sleep...playing the little organ, and sitting on their little bean bag.

Becca

I spent 22 wonderful years in our home before I married and moved away. I always felt lucky that I didn't have to move all over and felt a security of always knowing we'd live there.

There are so many memories that come flooding back. My earliest memories are of Grandma and Grandpa Garrett living upstairs. As a child, you never wonder why they don't have a home of their own or even think Grandma would like her own dining room set. I just thought it was so neat to have grandparents so close. Grandma taught me to color inside the lines and I can remember exactly where we were sitting outside by the rose trellis. She was probably out watching Grandpa garden.

I can remember waiting to leave for church and knowing Grandpa and Grandma were ready when we heard the toilet flush. But the most exciting toilet flush was on Christmas morning because we knew they were on their way down and we would be able to go in the front room and see the presents.

Now that I'm a wife and mother, I realize how unaware I was of any challenges my parents were going through. Now I realize what a challenge it would be, (for both sides of the relationship) to live in such close quarters. I admire them all for doing it so well.

There was a good feeling in our home and it was always a place I wanted to be (sometimes too much). I was a homebody, but it's sure nice to have a home you feel good in if you're spending a lot of time there!

I loved our apple tree and remember spending many hours sitting in it reading and eating little green apples. Leonard Marshall always told me I'd get a stomach ache, but I never did! It's fun to have a tree that grew up with the family.

I remember sleeping in the back bedroom. I'd lay in bed at night and yell for mom to bring me a drink. I always thought she just couldn't hear me, but now that I have kids doing the same thing, I know she was probably ignoring me! I remember laying in bed in the morning and hearing mom start to put dishes away and then start up the blender to make Dad's tiger milk. Is that why you're so healthy, Dad? I don't remember Dad being home sick even one day. Can you believe he really went

up to the station every day of our lives at 6:00 a.m., rain or shine? And he never came home with grease on his hands or under his nails!

Mom would come out to my room in the morning, pull the covers off and open the blind and sing, "let the Merry Sunshine In!!" and I'd try to grab the covers and pull them over my head.

There were lots of hours at the piano trying to play louder so I couldn't hear what Mom was telling me about the piece I was playing. I loved the heater in the front room. I spent a lot of time laying by it and Candy would sneak in and cuddle up with me.

I've tried to remember something about each of my brothers and sisters when I was small:

Shauna used to do my hair a lot and I loved it when she wet down my bangs and then shaped them into 5 of 6 little points down my forehead. I remember going on a ward camp-out or something and I thought Shauna's group of friends was so neat, I hung around them the whole time and they let me! Going to BYU and staying over was always so fun.

I remember when Rand had a bike accident on the corner of 14th East and Westminster and had a knee injury. I remember seeing little white things that looked like sesame seeds in the open wound on his knee. Rand made the basement even scarier to me when he was leading me through the dark and told me we were headed for the pump! I don't think I ever walked up the stairs. I always felt like I'd never reach the top before someone grabbed me. But as soon as I'd reach the top, every scary thought would leave me.

Barbara had a group of friends who came over to practice "Tiptoe Through the Tulips." I think it was for a campaign play at Irving and it was so fun to watch them be crazy. I was following Barbara up the stairs on day and said, "Where are you going?" She said "To hell and back!" and I thought for sure after saying that, she really would be going there! I heard that statement on an old movie the other day and realized she was probably quoting that. She was most likely trying to get rid of a buggy little sister. The most fun thing I did with Barbara was visiting her at Ricks. That's a great adventure for a little girl.

Jan was a fun and easy sister to grow up with. The main thing I remember is sneaking out of the bedroom window (by the bathroom) to go down to "Candy Mart" and get a sack of penny candy. As I remember, we did this quite often! We spent a lot of fun years going to Young Adults together and talking in the bathroom while we examined our complexions.

I have a kazillion memories about Vern, probably because he kept his life (and ours) so exciting all the time. Sitting across from him in the breakfast nook was always a memorable experience! He often showed me what he was chewing and always had a new story to tell about someone streaking through the Junior High or something. We came to take these stories with a grain of salt. Other memories include facts-of-life in the tree house, dish towel fights, bugging me while I practiced, running through the kitchen from shower to bedroom with a wad of clothes held in front of him. He was a wonderful brother and I think he kept me out of a lot of trouble because he was always getting in so much that it made me look like an angel!! Always he had a happy smile and a fun-loving personality. I don't think I could have asked for a better brother who treated me so well and made life so fun and interesting.

The credit for all these wonderful memories goes to a wonderful Mom and Dad. They instilled in me the concepts of the Gospel and a desire to Choose the Right. I'm thankful to them for creating a home where I always felt loved and secure. when I hear what other people have been through in their growing years, I realize that I, of all people am most blessed.

Thanks for the memories!! Judy



As I try to remember my first memories of "the old home", I guess I think of those old army bunkbeds out in the back bed room. Don't really remember my bunk-mate, but I do remember feeling very secure back there in that tube-space. I must have also slept at one time where Dad's bedroom is now 'cause I remember having bad dreams at night and running into Mom and Dad's bedroom....getting into bed with them and then going back to my own bed.



I remember sitting or standing over the heater in the front room and reading there, and also in the breakfast nook and always feeling so warm and secure. I remember pulling out the table to set it at night...eight around that table at one point I guess...having Dad come home at 6:00 p.m....dinner around 6:30...what a schedule!

I remember the "pump" downstairs and being frightened of it, the furnace and the clinkers in it. I think I remember Mom's bedroom as a coal bin. I guess the old apple tree in the back yard was one of my favorite places...on that one straight limb...eating sour green apples with Shauna and Bonnie Ross. I remember playing in the alley and the big field next to Marshalls with Tenia and Rand.

I remember going upstairs to borrow stuff from Grandma and Grandpa...and Grandma listening to the World Series and her Yankees! I went up there once and Grandma was having a coughing spell....scared me to death. Grandma always washed on Monday and Mom on her scheduled day, and hanging all that wash outside on clotheslines. Those sheets and towels so crisp and clean and smelling so good!

I remember "spring cleaning" the old home and Dad cleaning the walls with pink rubber stuff and scrubbing the carpet on his hands and knees...and the numerous remodeling

jobs Dad has done on the "old home". Don't really remember the mess or inconvenience, but Dad was always making the old home better.

Just one bathroom while I was growing up...wasn't there a little bell on the door...1 ring, gotta go; 2 rings, gotta go bad; 3 rings, too late! I can't remember having hostile fights or big problems over the cramped space and we made out all right! Isn't it interesting what we do and don't remember?

Can't think Mom went to Sunday School very often 'cause there were always wonderful dinners each Sunday...roasts...pheasant...such good food. I remember coming home for lunch every day while going to Garfield. Mom was always there and would read "Lightfoot the Deer" to us. My friend Linda Cunningham would always find money on the sidewalk and it would make me so mad. Mom would respond with "I'm glad you are looking up and not down...the money doesn't matter!" Mom would send us to Harwood's store on the corner of 13th and 21st, or across the street to Johnson's, and we'd always spend a little change on candy.

If ever Mom and Dad talked about maybe moving and leaving the "old home" it would really upset me...but I now realize that the memories will never be forgotten. The "old home" may not last physically for always, but the memories will. I'm so grateful for the good times we've all had in our home. I think it has a good spirit, and if it could talk it would be very pleased and happy about what has gone on within its walls.

I love you all...

Barb

When we drive past your park I think of fireworks! And when we sleep over at your house I am sleeping in my own house. and it is so, so quiet it seems like I am by heaven. And the apple tree when we ate the apples....and when we get measured and the gingerbread man houses.

I like being at your house!

I love you,

Jessica

I remember watching Grandpa shaving in his little bathroom. I also remember always riding on Grandma's exercise bike every time we went down there. I remember picking raspberries out of Grandpa's garden. I remember going there around Christmas and finding our picture on the Christmas tree. I enjoy going to Grandma and Grandpa's house because I enjoy being with my family.

-- Taylor



Forty years of memories in a page or two
 Seems like an impossible thing to do!
 What do I say and where do I start
 To express the feelings I have in my heart?

1391 East 21st South ---
 The sound is music to my mouth.
 Each wall and door, every window and nook
 Hold enough memories to write a book!

Memories of Dad with his tools and some wood,
 Making each room in our home look so good!
 Memories of Mom at her sewing machine
 As we'd come home from school; "I'm in here," she would sing.

Memories of bunk beds squeezed tight in the corner
 Of that long back bedroom, which could have been warmer!
 Memories of reading to Mom as she'd cook;
 So tired of *Prince Tom*, my favorite book!

The spooky basement with the old black and white;
 I remember four "brave" kids watched *Psycho* one night!
 Pillow cases I'd iron while watching TV.
 When the boogey man threatened, up the stairs I'd flee!!

Our house was unique, if you'd just take a look!
 Who else had a tuit room or a breakfast nook?
 Or an apartment for grandparents just up the stairs,
 Or a laundry chute tempting big brother's dares?

Remember Mom's hot bread with honey and butter?
 And the cinnamon rolls made my taste buds flutter!
 But my favorite was always chili sauce day!
 I recognized that smell from two blocks away!

The fire in the bathroom; the ceiling in the tub!
 The ring on the carpet from the hot milk jug!
 A crisis at first; but now memories to share,
 And wonderful stories still told with a flair!

Each child needs a place that's her own special spot;
I surely had mine - it was sometimes quite hot.
When I needed to escape, I'd grab a good book,
And sit on the heater in Mom's sewing nook!

On Mondays and Fridays I thought it was slick
To put clothes through the wringer with that old, soggy stick.
And Sunday mornings, the upstairs flush
Reminded us that we needed to rush!

I loved our home; and I felt such pride
For the way it looked and the feeling inside.
It wasn't hard for all to know
That our house is a home, and I still love it so.

Even now when I stop at the house for a visit,
I love to wander, and wonder, "What is it
That gives a home such a wonderful feel?
It's the people who lived there, and love there still!

Thanks, Dad and Mom, for all the memories
and all the love!!

Love, Jan



I remember whenever I would go to Grandma and Grandpa's house, I would always run to the TV room and check all the cans for candy. Another thing I remember is the fun we have making gingerbread houses every year and the two years of "onion frosting"!



Some other fond memories of the house is the garden and picking raspberries for hours until there wasn't a pink one on the vine. I also remember Grandpa letting Dave, Morgan and I get in the old potato cellar, helping Grandma pick up apples and leaves from the ground and pond, feeding the fish, looking at scrap books, playing games, and having ice cream cones on special occasions.

There has always been a peaceful, happy feeling at Grandma and Grandpa's.

There's no place like home....

....except Grandpa and Grandma's!

Love, Andrea



My favorite memory of my grandparent's home is when Grandpa called me five months ago and asked me if I'd be interested in moving into the apartment on top of 1391 after I got married. I was so excited. Two other couples were interested in moving in, but Grandpa said grandkids get first dibs! I hurried and called Randy, and we came over to look at it that night. I already knew we'd want to move in because I remembered how cute it was.

So we moved in after we were married. It has been so great. Grandpa is the landlord everybody dreams of. He fixes things before we even know they are broken! Yes, it's been very exciting and fun being a newlywed and setting up our first home, but the fact that my great grandparents lived here, and my grandparents live right below us makes it very special. I get to see them almost every day even if it is just Grandma sticking her head out of the bathroom window with curlers in her hair to wave good-bye to me in the morning!

This home has a lot of fun childhood memories for me, but I believe that making it my first home with my husband just like Grandma and Grandpa made it their home is my favorite, most cherished memory yet.

Adrian

I like to watch the fish in the pond and play all the games in the closet, especially the one where you pull the two bars apart and make sure the ball doesn't fall. I like running up and down the outside steps. I remember going downstairs in the dark with Megan and being scared of the hole in the floor. We would all be sure to stay as far away as possible from it.

I remember working with Grandpa in his work room and staying away from the sharp thing. I remember looking through all of Grandma's big pine cones in the basement and trying to find seeds that may not have fallen out.

When I was sick with the chicken pox, Grandma and Grandpa would read me "A Giraffe and a Half" and "Put Me in the Zoo". I remember Grandma making me a dress. I like making gingerbread houses and getting measured on the wall. I like sitting on the patio and talking with the adults. I remember sitting around the little black and white speckled table to eat lunch. I like going through the little tin cans Grandma brought from Europe and picking out the candies I like. It's fun looking at all the pictures of the grandkids on the wall in the family room. -- Sara

From Scott:

When I was a baby, I remember sleeping in the crib downstairs. I would get scared so my mom would have to sleep down there with me. When we had something wrong with one of our doors, I remember helping Grandpa fix it down in the work area. I remember watching Grandpa shave in his little bathroom, and I thought to myself I would be doing that later on in life. I remember watching Grandpa throw some clothes down that little tube thing that empties into the wash room.

I remember one time when I was crying, Grandma picked me up and rocked me to sleep. I remember picking raspberries in the yard into little buckets and then eating them.

I like going to Grandma and Grandpa's house because I always feel a special spirit there.



My first experience with 1391 East 2100 South began on a warm 24th of June, 1978. Dad was sitting on the front porch reading the newspaper and I introduced myself as Judy's date. When he invited me inside to sit down, my first impression was order and peace. And more importantly, I felt very welcome and comfortable. This has always been the feeling I've had about Judy's home and her family.

Because it was her childhood home, I've always appreciated it more. It was here that she came as a newborn. It was here where she was nurtured by her loving parents and brothers and sisters. It was here where she discovered the wonder of Christmas morning and the warmth of the fireplace.

To me this home is a sacred place because my wife lived her life here until we married. When I am here I can see her life better and I somehow feel closer to her. It is as if being in her home gives me a glimpse of Judy as a little girl or a teenager or young adult.

Important to me is the knowledge that within these walls have been much of righteousness and love...and that this was the earthly preparation of my eternal companion. I believe she has brought with her into her life with me and our children the same righteousness and love which surrounded her in this home. As a result, it is beautiful to me.

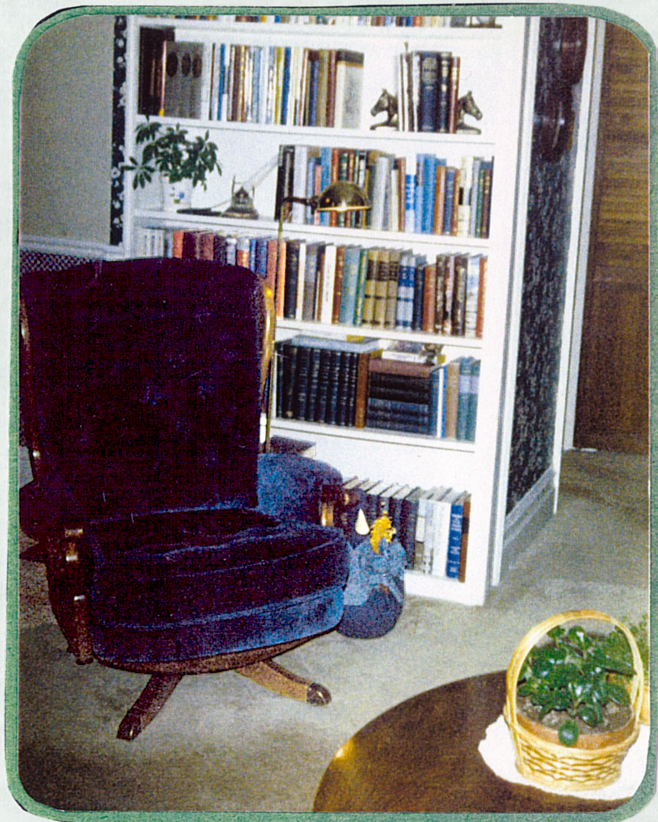
It was a great blessing to live here for a year and a half. Not only did I propose to Judy here in the front room, but we spent the first year and a half of our marriage together here. It was a time of great joy and happiness together and our relationship became a sacred friendship.

I love this home because we have had so many special times together here each month during our family meetings...during holidays and other special occasions. Deborah received her Patriarchal blessing here. I have received Father's blessings here. Many revelations have been received and given here.

How grateful I am for this wonderful place. For me it has been a Heaven on Earth and one of its inhabitants the joy and light of my life eternally.

...all of which is a fitting tribute to Ray and DeLora Garrett. Thank you, Mom and Dad, for building such a fortress of love!

Chuck



AS I TRY TO ASSEMBLE SOME OF MY MEMORIES OF OUR HOME, I REMEMBER GRANDPA GARRETT'S GARDEN AND HOW MUCH HE LOVED IT. I NEVER REALLY UNDERSTOOD AS A CHILD HOW SOMEONE COULD LOVE PLANTS AND FLOWERS THAT MUCH. I DO REMEMBER RIDING MY TRIKE THROUGH THE FLOWERS ONE TIME, AND HOW I FELT AS MOM AND I APOLOGIZED TO HIM. I LEARNED A GREAT LESSON ABOUT RESPECT FOR OTHERS FROM THAT EXPERIENCE.

I HAD A FEAR OF THE "PUMP" IN THE BASEMENT WHEN I WAS A KID. I OVERCAME THAT AS I GOT OLDER. I FINALLY BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND IT'S PURPOSE THROUGH MOM'S MONDAY WASHINGS. I DID GET MY FINGERS IN THOSE "ROLLERS" ONCE, AND NEVER DID THAT AGAIN.

THE TELEVISION IN THE BASEMENT TOOK FOREVER TO COME ON. I BELIEVE THIS HELPED US AS A FAMILY TO NOT WATCH MUCH TV. THAT WAS A BLESSING. THE BASEMENT ALSO HELD THE ICE CREAM MAKER...A SPECIAL MACHINE! I LOVED WHAT IT PRODUCED AND HAVE MANY MEMORIES OF PACKING ICE AND SALT, HOPING TO LICK THE DASHER.

I WAS WAY EXCITED WHEN DAD BUILT OUR PATIO AND PUT CEMENT IN THE DRIVEWAY. I ALSO HAVE TIRED MEMORIES OF BUILDING THE WATERFALL IN OUR BACKYARD. SOME OF THE ROCKS WE RETRIEVED SHOULD HAVE BEEN LIFTED BY MORE THAN HUMANS!

I DID UNFORTUNATELY TRY TO BURN OUR BATHROOM DOWN ONCE. SINCE THE CURTAINS WERE YELLOW, I FIGURED A YELLOW FLAME FROM A MATCH WOULD NOT BURN THE YELLOW CURTAINS. I WAS WRONG. MOM'S FACE AS SHE EXITED THE BACK DOOR MADE ME VERY AWARE I HAD DONE A BOOBOO.

THE FIREPLACE ALWAYS HAD A SPECIAL PLACE IN MY HEART. LOTS OF ENJOYABLE TIMES AS WE TALKED AND SNACKED AND ENJOYED ONE ANOTHER IN THAT SETTING. THE FURNACE VENT IN THE FRONT ROOM WAS A GOOD PLACE TO READ AND FEEL COZY AND WARM. I ALSO REMEMBER CRAWLING UNDER THE BENCH IN THE BREAKFAST NOOK TO GET WARM. OUR KITCHEN NOOK WAS AMICABLE TO FEEDING A DINNER TO CANDY OR PIPPI, OUR DOGS, IF THE DINNER WAS NOT MY FAVORITE.

I VERY MUCH ENJOYED MY TREE HOUSE OUT IN THE OLD TREE BY THE DRIVEWAY. I TORE RAND'S ORIGINAL DOWN AND BUILT MY SUPER MODEL. THAT WAS A GREAT ADVENTURE FOR A YOUNG BOY TO HAVE HIS OWN "CLUBHOUSE".

I WAS EXCITED TO HAVE MY OWN BEDROOM DOWNSTAIRS. I HOOKED UP MY OWN SPECIAL RADIO SPEAKER SYSTEM, HAD MY OWN DESK, AND ENJOYED THAT ROOM VERY MUCH. IT WAS A GREAT HIDEAWAY FOR A DOG NAMED "RED" BEFORE I HAD PERMISSION FROM DAD AND MOM TO KEEP HIM.

ALL IN ALL, MY MEMORIES OF THE "OLD HOME" ARE VERY POSITIVE. I ALWAYS FELT VERY BLESSED AND LOVED AND HAPPY THERE.

LOVE,
VERN



FROM BLAINE:

I remember. . . .

- ◆ The first time I made doll houses, taking all the wood down to Grandma and Grandpa's house, cutting it, and hauling it back up the stairs into my little truck and back home. Fortunately, I made enough to buy a saw!
- ◆ Feeling very nervous on the front porch when I came to dinner after Jani and I got back together. Mom came to the door, gave me a big hug and welcomed me, and things were great after that!
- ◆ Sleeping in the basement after Jani and I were married and having Judy come down and talk to Jani after her date - I love the companionship of Jan and Judy --
- ◆ Sleeping upstairs in the apartment after David was born and Jani was having a few medical problems. (One time I got up with David and I was feeding him. I was in my garments and had nodded off - David wet and it came out of his diaper and onto my leg and it scared the stuffing out of me. I jumped and it scared David and he started crying!)
- ◆ Hearing the stories of Dad digging out the basement every night after working all day - I greatly admire him for that!
- ◆ Sleeping on the living room floor before Jani and I were married.
- ◆ Sitting in the living room with Dad, asking him for Jani's hand in marriage (Nervous Time!!)



WHAT I REMEMBER ABOUT GRANDMA AND GRANDPA'S HOUSE IS GRANDPA'S WORKSHOP. I WOULD GO DOWN THERE WHEN HE WOULD BE BUILDING SOMETHING OR FIXING SOMETHING AND WATCH HIM. I WOULD BE SO AMAZED AT HOW HE WOULD KNOW HOW TO DO EVERYTHING. I REMEMBER WISHING THAT I WOULD BE JUST LIKE THAT SOME DAY.

I ALSO REMEMBER THE HOLE IN THE BASEMENT WHERE ALL THE WATER WOULD GO AFTER GRANDMA WOULD DO LAUNDRY. I REMEMBER BEING AFRAID OF IT AND I WOULD NEVER GO NEAR IT BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT TO FALL IN.

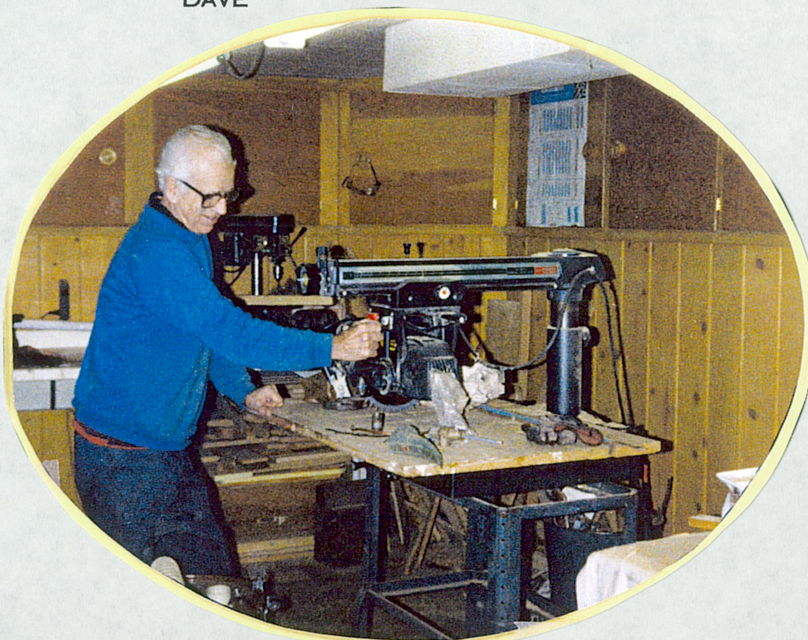
I LOOK FORWARD TO GOING TO THEIR HOUSE BECAUSE I THINK IT IS FUN. I THINK I LIKE IT SO MUCH BECAUSE IT IS SO OLD AND THERE IS SO MUCH INTERESTING STUFF THERE.

DAVE

I remember making gingerbread houses at your house. It was fun. I remember measuring at your house. Now that was fun!!! It was fun to see how tall we were every time we came to your house and I love the candy that is in your house and the candy in your purse.

Love,

Angie Garrett



I have wonderful and sweet memories of "the Old Home". On our third date, Vern and I went to a girl's choice Christmas dance. I remember being so nervous to walk to the front door and ask for him, not knowing what to expect inside. I came to the house and immediately fell in love with the majesty and yet quaint homey look the outside of the house had. I walked to the door very nervously to pick him up and I remember how relaxed I felt from the moment the door opened. Vern's mom answered and welcomed me with such a warm greeting and invited me in and talked with me for about five minutes. She was so genuine and sincere and warm and friendly that I remember to this day how this made me feel. My heart stopped pounding and I felt so comfortable and relaxed. All my fears left me and I remember being so impressed with the love I felt radiating from this home.

Vern and I continued to date pretty regularly after Christmas. We spent a lot of time just going to his home and visiting with this mom and dad or his sisters.

I remember eating tossed salad nearly every day after school. I wasn't used to this. In fact, I rarely ate tossed salad at home because I didn't like salad dressing. But I ate a few salads plain over there and then DeLora asked me to try this new ranch dressing she had just made. I tasted it and it was wonderful. I learned to love tossed salad in this old home.

I was very impressed with the way Vern's mom kept house. Everything was neat and tidy and in its place. Even Vern's room was always clean. He had a rack that he hung his clothes on instead of dropping them on the floor. My house was not quite like this. In fact, growing up in a family of ten kids, it was quite cluttered at times, especially our bedrooms. I was so impressed with this that from the time I started dating Vern I decided I wanted to keep my room clean like this also. I worked hard at this and it took six months to change habits, but by the end of my senior year I was keeping my room clean regularly.

This also filtered into the rest of the house. I started encouraging my family to clean up after themselves. I remember many nights of surprising my mom while she was gone and cleaning the whole house. I also remember Natalie loved to cook and make a mess in the kitchen; then I would clean it up. We

became a team. She would cook and I would clean. I found I really enjoyed this and I wouldn't dare let Vern come over to my house and see any kind of a mess.

Besides how neat and tidy the house was, I loved how cute it was. I loved the high ceilings and the nooks and crannies, and I loved how the house was decorated. Many times if I was with a friend while I was dating Vern or while he was on his mission, I would stop in to chat for a moment and also show the friend this darling little house.



I was also impressed with the handiwork in this house. My dad wasn't a handyman and I thought it was really wonderful that Vern's dad had remodeled this house and torn out and changed walls and rooms and could do this by himself. I couldn't believe that anyone could do so many things -- he could figure out how to fix anything. This was beyond my comprehension because I had not grown up with this. Ray was not only smart and handy but also did such neat work. Everything was done so well. He was such a patient man. I loved him for his warmth and patience and kindness.

Other memories of the home include the wonderful garden they had outside. I love the raspberry patch. We used to pick them each time we walked by and eat them. They had many vegetables growing in the garden. I ate all-vegetable meals for the first time over there. I didn't care too much for vegetables until I dated Vern and after eating them so I would be polite, I learned to love them one at a time.

There were many beautiful plants and things outside the old home. I loved the apple tree (Vern loved eating the apples with salt on them). I loved the waterfall and the fish pond. I loved the ivy growing on the outside of the house. I have fond memories of tying 100 yellow ribbons on the big tree in the front of the house when Vern came home from his mission.

These are special memories to me. But the thing I loved most about the old home was the love I felt inside. I felt love and warmth radiating from this family like I had felt no where else. Vern had a special relationship with his mother and father and also his brother and sisters. I was touched how special it was to see sisters be best friends with each other and treat each other so kindly. I loved sitting in the nook over a wonderful healthy lunch or dinner and talking to Vern's mother. I was truly impressed with his relationship with his mother. They talked for hours. This deeply touched me. This is one thing that influenced me to marry Vern; his relationship with his mother.

There have been many memories since Vern and I were married. Our children love to go to Grandma and Grandpa's house. We have enjoyed the family meetings, special gatherings, making gingerbread houses, visiting, playing games (especially Jake playing Chicken Foot with Grandpa!), eating, laughing and the many special talks with Grandma and Grandpa. We love to visit the old home. It seems to radiate love and will always hold a special place in my heart.

Love,

Nanette



From the time we came and found this old house in 1946 (and at that time it was a "house"), 'til now....it has been dear to me. Even in the old and shabby appearance it had then, somehow I saw it as the "home" it could be. Probably we bought it because it was all we could go in debt for...\$7,600.00....and it was in a fairly decent part of town. Even though the State Prison was directly across the street, we knew it was being moved very soon, and it held no fears for us. In fact, the prisoners often called out the windows and told me where a wandering child had gone. We had no idea that the prison land would become the beautiful park we now have. It has been the joy of our lives, and has served as a playground for grandchildren...family outings...a "tour" for morning walks...a place of refuge from the busy street...as well as a place of beauty and scenic grandeur. We truly feel blessed in having it so near, and we appreciate it whenever we step outside.

Mom and Dad Garrett moved into the upstairs apartment even before we moved in below. We bought it in April and Dad and Mom lost their rented home on 10th East about the same time. We offered them the upstairs if they wanted it (knowing that it was hard for Mom not to have her own home). They moved into the apartment in May, and we followed in June -- Ray, myself, Shauna (3) and Rand (1).

In most circumstances it is a blessing not to know what lies ahead. It was true here! To assure our loan, Ray had to guarantee to put in a full basement and a new heating system. He started right away and, when we look back, we wonder how he ever did it. I'll let him give the particulars in his "piece" about the Old Home. Nevertheless, it was accomplished, and there's

been a major or minor remodeling or improvement project ever since...the latest being the trade of rooms on the east side of the house with Ray's expertly built closets, etc. It seems to have changed the whole house, making it seem larger, more accommodating, more cheerful. The bed is no longer at the front door, but is cozy and private in the back...the east sun streams in on an area we can use and enjoy. My sewing nook is in the "family" room, and many projects can be accomplished while Ray and I spend time together. After 50 years of living in it, the Old Home is dearer, more loved and seems more beautiful to us. A case of an "ugly duckling" truly becoming a "swan".



I love our home...I mean to the extent that I often walk through it, day or night, and feel joy and security and appreciation of Ray's fine work in making it so liveable and "user-friendly". The nooks he's built, the cupboards and shelves he's added, the closets and doors and floors...all bear his mark of careful workmanship.

When we married, it was one regret I had, that Ray was not a handyman. I had been spoiled by my Dad being a carpenter and able to fix things, even though he always said he was not a finisher like his father before him, who was a skilled cabinet maker. Ray has those traits for careful, exacting work and it is evident in his projects. When we married he had never fixed anything except cars...but he brought his skills indoors and they have enhanced our home. He never will choose style or color, but insists that is my 10 acres...so we've gotten along famously about who does what. He seems to like my choices and I thank him for the structure in which to utilize them.

We first furnished our home with the maroon furniture and deep blue oval rug we had purchased at Granite Furniture when we were first married. We bought an oblong table from a former neighbor of Ray's, and a new four-poster mahogany bedroom set which is in use downstairs. The second bedroom was furnished with a cute white spindle bedroom set...also a "just married" purchase. We felt that we were in wide-open spaces after the tiny apartment I had lived in at Mom Gray's house while Ray was in the service. It actually felt like a *large* home! Somehow it grew smaller as children multiplied and beds grew more in demand.

After many years of post-war, all-wool carpet, we changed everything to Early American decor. Bob Richins was a budding interior design artist at that time, and he came and told us some architectural decorating tricks to make things look more authentic. His ideas were wonderful and so appreciated. We felt cozy and comfortable and by then the Old Home had welcomed five more children, including little Markie, who died in the hospital and came home only in death for a sweet funeral.

I'm consciously leaving out "people" history, and trying to mention things that involve the Old Home proper. As more eating space was needed, Ray put a long leaf on the back of the breakfast nook table so that we could pull it out and seat people around the front on stools. Even then the space per person was limited! "Necessity is the mother of invention" is a true statement!!

Sleeping space increased as Ray improved the basement and added bedrooms. The spaciousness we had felt in 1946 became pretty cramped. What had been very adequate became not so. I don't remember feeling boxed or uncomfortable, but I'd have a difficult time now living in this space with eight people. I suppose we adjust to what "is" at any given time. Now that we're back to two people, we have plenty of room...except that we wish we had a large room that would accommodate all the family at once.



Each child...each one different...added special elements to the family, and each personality brought happiness and challenges. The *years* of piano practice (which must have reverberated upstairs through these old walls), the shifting of bedrooms as each grew...the eventual graduations, jobs, missions, goings and comings, the weddings and family dinners all have helped bind us as a family and have become a part of the very fiber of this home. All these events will have to be particularized in another history, though they are all part of the Old Home.

As all of your "memories" have come to me to include in this Old Home history, I have been surprised and saddened by how many expressed a feeling of fear for the basement. I hadn't realized that the little square hole where the water drains and then is pumped to the main pipe, is so frightening. The basement has always been a place of refuge to me...especially when I washed there with the old ringer washer and could contemplate and plan as I put the clothes through the various stages toward "clean". I must tell you what that lower floor has become in these "golden years"...it is all carpeted...new cupboards out of Judy and Chuck's basement kitchen...a redecorated bedroom...and Dad's favorite haunt, his cozy shop where he does so many beautiful things for all of us. Also, there's our treadmill that Matt got for us, and in front of it a wall of beautiful scenes and flowers...and beside it a tape player so that you never get bored while walking. All in all, that basement is a little haven for most anything you'd want to do. I want you all to come for a little "tour" and get over your fear!!

Since the beginning, our upstairs apartment has brought us joy and good company as well as a small income. Having Mom and Dad Garrett there was a great, great blessing! Now to have had Jennifer and Nick for two years, and currently Adrian and Randy is special. Sharing the Old Home with grandchildren makes the memories even sweeter. I love to think that they pray for us upstairs and we for them...and again the Old home is blessed. Sometimes I think of all the prayers that have been offered within these walls and surely there is not a single corner unblest! The Gospel and the teachings of the Savior are the foundation for all that we hold dear and the cause of every happiness and joy we experience. The Lord's blessings have rested upon us mightily, and it is through Him that every success and happiness and bit of growth has been brought about. What can we say but "Thanks, Thanks and ever Thanks".

We pray now, in this Jubilee year of living here, as always in the past, for the Lord to "Bless this House"...our Old Home, and those who dwell therein or have gone from it-and their posterity also!

Mom (Grandma)

...and so, what better way to end our JUBILEE YEAR than asking a blessing on this OLD HOME...(surely the composer won't mind my changing "house" to "home")...

*Bless this home, O Lord we pray, make it safe by night and day;
Bless these walls, so firm and stout, keeping want and trouble out;
Bless the roof and chimneys tall, let Thy peace lie over all;
Bless this door, that it may prove ever open to joy and love.*

*Bless these windows shining bright, letting in God's heav'nly light;
Bless the hearth a blazing there, with smoke ascending like a prayer;
Bless the folk who dwell within, keep them safe and free from sin;
Bless us all that we may be fit, O Lord, to dwell with Thee,
Bless us all that one day we may dwell, O Lord, with Thee.*

*May you all...
always.....feel
welcome at this
door, and within
these walls.....*

*..and MERRY CHRISTMAS!!
in this year of 1996.*



*With our
heart-felt love...*

Dad and Mom Garrett