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TRIPP'N ALONG

An Autobiography of Robert M. Tripp

Strength and struggle travel together, the supreme reward of struggle is strength. Life is a battle and the greatest joy is to overcome, the pursuit of easy things makes men weak.

Ralph Parlett

INTRODUCTION

In 1969, as a graduate student at Brigham Young University, I became interested in genealogy; I knew very little about my Tripp ancestry, consequently, I wrote a letter to my father's sister in Wichita, Kansas, Aunt Ellen (Tripp) Mick Carnes, she sent me back five names of relatives who might have some information, one of the relatives was Mrs. Guy Maple of Long Beach, California. I wrote to her, she sent me some information and referred me to her daughter, Maurine Krohne of Wheaton, Illinois, whom she described as a "genealogy bug."

I did correspond with Maurine, she was almost like a professional genealogist (she later did become an accredited genealogist), she had been working in the field of genealogy for years. Through Maurine's research and her support, my little Tripp genealogy boat was launched.

On September 8th to 10th, 1970, I was able to visit my Grandfather, Charles Addison Tripp, and other relatives in Hebron, Nebraska. Grandpa Tripp was close to 96 years at the time; I had never met him previously, he was in a rest home in Hebron, hard of hearing and feeble, but his memory was fairly good and he was rational, I have an audio tape of our meeting. Even though Grandpa Tripp did not give me much genealogy information, I did gain some understanding of his own family, especially of his parents and siblings.

In the summer of 1971 Maurine Krohne's parents, Guy and Edith Maple, on a trip back to the mid-West, stopped by Provo to visit my family and me. Since that time, thanks to the diligence and ability of Cousin Maurine, my Tripp line took shape somewhat slowly and sporadically. In 1983 I was able to submit the family records of my great grandparents, William Ira and Emily (Ballard) Tripp, to the St. George temple.

My Tripp research has barely begun, however, a foundation has been established, and that is half the battle.

ORIGIN OF "TRIPP" NAME

In Valentine's book, "Tripp Wills Deeds and Ways" he places the name of Tripp (Trippes, de Trepels, de Trippelowses, Trebbes, Treppe, Tryppes, etc.) in France and England beginning approximately 1166 A.D. Valentine wrote, "The entire story of the Trippes, in England, the Netherlands, and the United States, has often been based on an uncertain reference of Trippelowe hundred, from which the family name was supposed to derive: one writer merely following another in saying that the family name was 'undoubtedly Saxon'. We place it as undoubtedly Normal French." (p. 4)

In the book, "A Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland," it is stated that the Tripp name originated at the time of Henry V supposedly at the siege of Bullague. King Henry asked Lord Howard's fifth son how they took the town and castle, Howard answered, "I tripped up the walls," the King then said, "Tripp shall be thy name and no longer Howard," and the King adorned him with the scaling ladder for his band and adornment.

Valentine says that the ladder origin of the Tripp name is overly exaggerated that the name had its origin long before Henry V who lived between 1388-1420 A.D. Valentine's arguments and considerable research for a Norman-French origin of the name are certainly persuasive.

MY TRIPP ANCESTRY--A BRIEF OVERVIEW

Considerable time and space could be devoted to tracing my Tripp ancestry, however, this is not the purpose of this autobiography; family group sheets along with written commentary are available if one desires this information. I will only give an overview of the direct Tripp line pertaining to my own family.

My first ancestor in America was John Tripp, he was born 1610 in Northcumberland, England, the son of John and Isabel (Moses) of Lincolnshire. John landed at Newport, Rhode Island around 1630 with his master, Randall Holden, to whom he was apprenticed to learn the house carpentry trade. He married Mary Paine, the daughter of Anthony and Rose Paine of Portsmouth, Rhode Island. They were the parents of eleven children: John, Peleg, Joseph, Mary, Elizabeth, Alice, Isabel, Abiel, James,

Martha, and Sylvanus. Peleg, our direct ancestor, the second child, was born in Portsmouth or Newport, Rhode Island in 1642. John Tripp was of the Quaker religion, and was a well-respected man in government and in the community. He died in 1678 at Portsmouth at the age of sixty-eight. Mary died in 1687.

Peleg Tripp followed in his father's footsteps, he was also a leader in the government and in the community both in Portsmouth and Dartmouth. He and his wife, Anne (Sisson), were the parents of ten children: John, Priscilla, Sarah, Job, Peleg, Mary, Ann, Mehitable, Richard, and Phoebe. Job Tripp, my direct ancestor, was the fourth child, he was born about 1673 at Portsmouth or Newport. Peleg died 13 January 1714 at Dartmouth at the age of forty-one years. Anne died about 1713 at the age of 53.

The background information available on Job Tripp is not as conclusive as what is known about his father and grandfather. Job's first wife was supposedly, Catherine; his second wife, Elizabeth (Sweet). Various sources list anywhere from eight to eleven children born to Job and his wives: Peleg, Mehitable, Mary, Ann, Isaac, Abigail, Deborah, Benoi, Abiel, William, and Job Jr. Fortunately, the birth date and life of William, my direct ancestor, is the best documented of all the children.

William Tripp was born 10 October 1719 at Exeter, Rhode Island. He married Mary (Wilcox) on 12 July 1739, they were the parents of two children, Thomas and Catherine, Thomas is my direct ancestor. Mary died on 31 December 1742; William then married 2nd, Mary (Waite), they were the parents of three additional children, Mary, Catherine, and Bridget. William died after 1749.

Thomas Tripp was born 12 May 1740 at Exeter, Rhode Island. He married Tacy (Coon) on 30 May 1771, they were the parents of five children: Catherine, Mary, Thomas II, Bridget, and Tacy. Thomas II, my direct ancestor, was the only son and third child. Tacy died on 17 March 1799; Thomas married 2nd, Mary (Snider); and 3rd, Beulah (Denny). Available research suggests that Thomas I lived in Rhode Island until about age 30, he then migrated to either Columbia or Dutchess County, New York, there he married Tacy (Coon). Thomas I later moved to Cayuga County, New York.

Thomas I died 11 November 1823 at Auburn, Cayuga County, New York at the age of 83.

Thomas II was born 13 December 1775 at either Columbia or Dutchess County, New York. He married Mary (Holiter) on 12 August 1798, they were the parents of four children: William, b. 26 May 1799, Thomas III, b. 27 July 1801, Henry, b. 6 November 1804, and Ira, b. 4 May 1807. The

second son, Thomas III, is my direct ancestor. Thomas II died on 2 January 1810 at the age of thirty-four years. The 1810 census has Widow Tripp with four children living at Princetown, Schenectady County, New York. Mary married 2nd John Stickles.

Thomas III was probably born 27 July 1801 either in Dutchess or Schenctady County, New York. As previously indicated his father died when he was age 9. There is some evidence that his grandfather, Thomas I, became involved in the four boys lives after the death of their father. Thomas III married Nancy (Parrot) probably around 1828-1829, they were the parents of three children, Samuel Volturner, b. 11 December 1830, Sarah Ann Leah, b. 13 September 1832, and William Ira, b. 19 December 1838. William Ira is my direct ancestor.

The history of Thomas III is quite interesting, but also very perplexing. He evidently became interested in the Mormon religion either in New York or Ohio. In the "Documentary History of the Church" 2: 54, it states, "The conference voted that Thomas Tripp be excluded from the Church in consequence of his imprudent conduct, with the privilege of an appeal to the Bishop's Council in Kirtland" (Norton, Medina County, Ohio, April 21, 1834.) In light of future events it is more than likely that this particular Thomas Tripp was my ancestor.

Family tradition states that Thomas III left his wife and three children when William Ira was an infant. He was a shoe cobbler, he packed up his tools and rode away on his horse, never to be seen again. Supposedly, he left with some Mormons who were camped in the neighborhood, however, there is no evidence from any Church records (except for the one item in the "Documentary History of the Church") of a Thomas Tripp, he seems to have disappeared. The deserted wife, Nancy, married 2nd Henry Kiersey on October 3, 1841 and had another son, George Kiersey. Henry Kiersey was a weaver, and seventeen years older than Nancy. They lived in Licking County, Ohio.

Nancy's first three children were eventually "bound out" to learn a profession--Samuel was bound to a brick mason; William Ira, to a blacksmith; and Sarah was placed in the Thomas Larimore home. Samuel eventually migrated to California, I have a copy of a diary he kept when he first settled there, and copies of letters he wrote to his mother, siblings, and other relatives in the Midwest.

William Ira Tripp, my great grandfather, was born 19 December 1838 (or 1839) at Knox County, Ohio. As previously stated his father left the family when he was an infant. He married Emily (Ballard) at Richburgh, New York 23 September 1858, they were the parents of eight children:

Samuel Ira, William Ellsworth, Anna Minerva, Evalena, Charles Addison (my grandfather), Claude LaForest, Ernest Caldwell, and Edith Emily. Anna Minerva (Bryan), the third child, wrote in a letter that her parents,

...moved to Illinois then to Iowa and in 1879 moved to Gage Co. Neb. and in 1886 moved to Washington Co. Kan. from there to Jackson Co. then to Topeka where his beloved wife died. To this union were born eight children Samuel I., William E., Anna M., Evalena and Edith E. Cadwell E. Evalena, and Samuel I. preceded him in death. His wife died on Nov. 4, 1902, and Feb. 5, 1903 he was married to Mrs. Jackson of Topeka, and in 1914 they moved to Carbondale where they have since lived until the time of his death (26 October 1919). Emily Ballard born May 9, 1842 in Allegany Co. N.Y. died Nov. 4, 1902 at Topeka Kansas.

There is no doubt in my mind that the William Ira and Emily (Ballard) Tripp family was a good, decent, religious, and industrious family who was very close and supportive of each other, everything I have found out about them has been positive and encouraging; I believe they established a good foundation for their posterity. As I indicated I had the privilege in 1983 of completing their temple work in the St. George temple.

My grandfather, Charles Addison Tripp, was born 9 December 1842 at Story County, Iowa. The middle name of "Addison" was supposedly from an ancestor. Charles grew up on a farm and learned the blacksmithing trade from his father. In the early 1920's and at various later dates he worked with his brother, William Ellsworth, in the "W.E. Tripp and Son Blacksmith Shop" in Hebron, Nebraska. As an occupation he worked as an express messenger primarily in Lincoln for the Burlington Railroad. On October 9, 1909 at the age of 37 he married Evelena (Bowman) who was fourteen years younger than he. In this union five children were born: Ellen Pauline, Gerald Samuel, Charles Meredith (my father), Laurice, and Harriet Virginia Lee. Evidently, almost from the beginning the marriage was in trouble; from my father's account the children pretty much raised themselves. Charles and Evelena eventually separated but to my knowledge never divorced. According to my Aunt Ellen, another child, Robert Lee, from another man was born to Evelena after she and my grandfather were separated. He was "adopted out" before he was two years old to a Smith family in Texas, and although Robert grew up in Texas, in his early boyhood he accompanied Evalena one time to Colorado to spend the summer at the Gunnison County Mick homestead. He maintained some contact with his half sisters, and was

listed as one of the children in his mother's obituary.

I never met my grandfather Tripp until 1970 when I was able to visit him at the rest home in Hebron, Nebraska in his 96th year. As children growing up in Idaho Falls he did write us one time indicating he would make some toys for us and send them if we wanted. I believe he was a "homebody" and did not stray too far from his roots. As children we did spend some time with Aunt Ellen and her family both in Idaho and Oregon. Aunt Ellen was like a mother to my father, she is a wonderful, generous person. Also, while in living in Oregon I became acquainted with Uncle Jerry and his family.

MY PARENTS AND FAMILY

My father, Charles Meredith (Bill) Tripp, was born 26 July 1916 at Hebron, Nebraska, he was called "Bill" after a first cousin, William "Bill" Curtis Tripp. As stated, his childhood had a lot to be desired; he said his parents separated when he was eight years of age, but even before that he lived about 1 1/2 years with the Max Francis family in Lincoln, Nebraska. Of this experience he said, "There wasn't anyplace else to go, the girls were up in Nebraska somewhere, we didn't have much of an association with mom at all; when her mother died she inherited quite a lot of money and two farms, she spent it all on another man." He said that as a young kid he somehow ended up at Menlo, Kansas where his sister, Ellen's future father-in-law, Guy Mick, lived. He said, "I woke up one morning, I was at the depot at Menlo." He only went to the fourth grade in school, he said, "I didn't believe in school. I was with old man Mick off and on until we came to Idaho. I was interested in horses and ranching and had worked off and on in Colorado on ranches. Another guy and I, he had just got out of college, came to Idaho Falls. I started working at Bonded Warehouse shoveling coal, then worked for Roy Bennett picking potatoes. I met your mom through Peg Dennis, a friend, he knew Thora Walker--I met her through Thora. We went together all fall and winter, married in June, 1935." (Interview, March 25, 1989)

My mother, Mary Melissa Price, was born 21 October 1916 at Idaho Falls, Idaho, the adopted daughter of Guy and Mary Ellen (Harris) Simpson, Price. I have recently completed a biographical sketch of my grandparents on my mother's side, more detailed information on them and their ancestry is available through this sketch. My mother's parents were quality people and were not particularly happy with their only daughter, Melissa, becoming involved with a man who was not a member of their faith, who had very

little schooling and no skills. Their lives were stable, they did not have a lot of patience or understanding for my father. My mother said her father referred to her suitor and future husband as a "liar, not dependable, a drifter," however, her parents had a saying, "You make your bed, you lie in it." In order to marry my mother, my father supposedly did join the LDS Church but had minimal or no involvement thereafter. My mother said she was warned in a dream about marrying my father. Before the marriage Heber J. Grant, the President of the Church at that time, appeared to her in a dream, telling her if she would marry some one who honored his priesthood, her children would never want.

Despite this warning and the concerns of her parents the couple did marry on June 26, 1935 at Idaho Falls, Idaho. For a wedding present my mother's father built for the newly married couple on the Price orchard property, a sturdy wood two-room house consisting of a kitchen and bedroom. In order to provide for his new bride and future family my father worked on a farm in Ammon for 50 cents a day. He then went to work at the local sugar factory, but this was seasonal work. He also worked with Grandpa Price building bridges for the county. Thereafter, he began working in Idaho Falls, a distance of eight miles. He had no transportation; my mother said one winter he walked the round-trip sixteen mile distance, leaving early in the morning and arriving back in Iona late at night.

BIRTH AND EARLY CHILDHOOD YEARS

During this early time in the marriage of Bill and Melissa, on January 18, 1936 a wonderful event took place, the birth of the young couple's first child, Leona Jean. My mother said she was born about 7:30 a.m. after 12 hours of labor. The attending physician was Dr. J.W. West. Leona was named after the mother of my father's good friend, Tink Williamson. My father said of Tink, "He was a kid who lived in Nebraska, he came out West, couldn't get a job, he was Catholic, he lived with us for awhile." Leona's middle name "Jean" was added because it seemed to go well with Leona.

Eighteen months later, on July 16, 1937, I made my entrance into this world. My mother said the day I was born she was running along the ditch bank at the Iona ranch, she fell and began to have labor pains; later that night when she finally went to the hospital, she kept telling her father, "Drive faster!" Her father later said the car was going as fast as it could. I was born at 2:45 a.m., even before Dr. West arrived. My mother said Leona was the "ideal" baby, I was the opposite--after my birth I cried six months steady--probably a bad case of colic due to a reaction to my mother's milk. Our own

children as infants have had the same allergic reaction to milk. I was named "Meredith" because that was my father's middle name and my grandmother liked it.

When I was five months old my grandfather and father rented a tractor and some dollies and moved my parents little two room house to 905 11th Street in Idaho Falls. They had bought two 96 x 120 ft. lots from a fireman for \$60.00 each, on the terms of "\$10.00 down and until paid for." The fireman wanted my parents or grandparents to take the whole block but they were not interested (a decision they later regretted.) At that time the 900 block of 11th Street was "out in the sticks." My mother said one night after work she tried to get a taxi to take her home, the driver refused because it was too far. The area was mostly vacant fields and pasture, the road was gravel. When we moved to the 900 block two other families were already there--Borrowman's and Clark's (on the South side of the street). We were the first home on the North side of the street, Alexander's soon moved down East from us to the very end of the block.

After our little home was moved to 11th Street evidently some effort was made to improve the surroundings, two Chinese Elm trees were planted in front of the house, and grass was planted in front; I also remember the home had an attached flower box and rose trellis, however, the home was not painted until I was age 13. As the neighborhood built up it was discomfoting to see our brown, weather-beaten unpainted home. My mother planted a big garden each spring which seemed to grow well. To prepare the soil an old man three blocks down the street would come with his horses and plow the ground and then harrow it, usually at a cost of \$5.00. In the earlier years it seemed my father was around more and my mother kept the home clean and homey, and we had more of a family life. Eventually, however, my father started working more away from home as a heavy equipment operator, a skill which he had learned through a process of trial and error and natural ability. When he started working for the M.K. Knudsen Company he wasn't home much after that.

The late 30's and early 40's were tough years for most families, the United States was in the aftermath of the Great Depression. Even though prices were very low, wages were also very low and most people did not have any money. Without any real support from her nomadic husband, my mother did the best she could to provide for her young family--she did not have any real skills and had to work at menial-type jobs such as restaurant work. Basically, we lived in abject poverty. My mother said one time my father left her, Leona and me in Reno, there was no money and nothing to eat except flour and water, Leona was throwing up "gobs of dough." The

local doctor would not see her because my mother had no money. It became so bad I understand she begged on the streets. A good-hearted baker provided some bakery products and milk until my father returned.

With the help of a few good friends, but more on her own, my mother barely managed to keep herself and her young family afloat. I remember eating lots and lots of potatoes, macaroni, rice, beans, and soup. We had cold water in our little two room house which would often freeze up in the cold Idaho winters. A Majestic coal stove provided our only source of warmth in the home, and heat for cooking. When I became a little older, because I was the oldest boy, my job was to build fires in the morning, this often proved to be quite a feat if wood was not available. And, I don't think we will ever forget the "Saturday night bath" in the wash tub. Of course, in the back of our lot was the traditional "out-house" which proved to be a long trip at night or in the winter.

Two additional children were born in this union, William (Bill) Guy was born August 10, 1940; and, Terry Ray was born December 8, 1942. Bill was born at home because there wasn't any money to go to the hospital, Dr. Erickson was the attending physician. My mother said one of the neighbors, Anna Longhurst, was going to give ether but there wasn't enough time, she said "it was a fast birth, I did real good."

Terry was born at the Idaho Falls LDS Hospital, the attending physician was again Dr. Erickson. Of this time my mother said, "I went to the hospital alone because your dad was in Pocatello, he never saw Terry until I was in the hospital three days, he brought me home, built a fire and went back to Pocatello. We had nothing for Christmas, I had laid away some things, I finally got hold of your dad, arranged to meet him at the Firestone store, I waited and waited, he barely made it, he turned around and left again." My mother said that Terry at birth had some health concerns, a "cystic heart murmur and nervous stomach."

In those early years because my mother had to work and there wasn't any money for sitters, Leona became a second mother to her three younger brothers. She assumed a great deal of responsibility beyond her years. Of course, as younger brothers we gave her a hard time, and despite some very challenging family circumstances Leona usually managed to maintain her typical positive, friendly attitude. As I look back on those years, she had a lot of angel in her and still does, I will always be grateful for her patience and goodness. When Leona and I were quite young we went around hand-in-hand as if we were "buddies," eventually, I acquired the nickname of "Buddy"--also, no one could pronounce my given name of "Meredith."

Even though our growing up years on 11th Street were filled with

poverty, there was some consolation that most of the families in our neighborhood were not much better off, and there was a sense of neighborliness and caring. This may have been partly due to my mother who has always been a good friend to others, and who has always had a multitude of friends. Borrowman's lived directly across the street from us, Blaine Borrowman was my age and we became fast friends and still are. In our relationship Blaine did almost all of the talking; my mother said I would nod in agreement. He had a little Negro doll to which he was quite attached, I thought this was a little funny. We had our neighborhood girlfriends whom we were supposed to marry when we grew up. Hansens lived in a basement home East of us, they were always interested in our welfare, I remember eating some meals in their home. One time Mrs. Hansen washed my mouth out with soap for swearing. They had five daughters, two of them, Gerrina and Peggy were about my age, we had a lot of fun playing together. In our friendly neighborhood I remember several "neighborhood picnics" at Tautphus Park.

Eventually, other families moved to the 900 block of 11th Street--Clark's, Dickey's and others. Carol Dickey was my age, we were always good friends; Carol had an older brother, Gene, who was also a friend. Hansen's who lived East of us had a chicken hatchery as a side business. For his full-time employment Mr. Hansen drove a mail route to Pocatello--he reported he had driven the route so many times he could do it in his sleep, and may have because he left at 4:00 a.m. When the area started to develop Hansen's moved over to Sunnyside Road in Ammon where they could have more room. Calderwood's bought their property and converted a garage into a home. Blaine Borrowman had also moved to another part of Idaho Falls, and even though we maintained contact, we only saw each other occasionally. Don Calderwood was three years older than I but we became good friends. More will be written later about Don's and my association together.

Even though the neighborhood gave us some support and comfort, for which I am grateful, overall, life was a struggle. In order to keep the "wolf from the door" my mother under some very adverse circumstances did the best she could to provide for us. There were serious problems in the marriage; after the first few years in Idaho Falls it was as if we did not have a father. As mentioned previously he was all over the country in his work, especially in Alaska, but seldom at home. When he was home he was usually quite nervous and would pace back and forth in the house. He liked to cook and when he was home he would prepare some of the meals. In those earlier years Leona and I remember our father better because he was home more at

that time. I believe he made a decent wage as a heavy equipment operator, but we saw very little of it. My mother asked him one time why he wasn't more responsible towards his family, he replied, "I know you will take care of things." And she did, often at a great hardship to herself and her children, but what choice did she have?

Even though my father had a multitude of challenges in his life which I attribute primarily to his own instability in growing up, he was also a good person in many ways. I never heard him gossip about anyone. I remember as a young child he commented to me, "Bud, you are going to be a great man one day" (Everyone is still waiting for that day!) One time on my birthday, which I thought everyone had forgotten, he brought some maple bars home for me. He built some swings and an exercise bar on our property which was shared by all of the neighborhood kids. Another time he surprised us with a bicycle. He was not a profane or mean man, but could be a little gruff and had a piercing look. I don't ever remember getting a spanking from him, probably because he wasn't around that much. My mother had more of a temper, was quite impatient, and made up for the lack of spankings from my father. He did not use alcohol but he did smoke heavily finally giving up this habit when he was over 70 years of age. I believe in his vocation as a heavy equipment operator he was a hard worker. His biggest challenges which I think ultimately destroyed the marriage were his unfaithfulness and his lack of financial support of his family. Evidently, because of his own unresolved conflict in growing up, he told my mother he did not want any boys to carry on the Tripp name. Leona was always his favorite, he visited her quite often at her and George's home in Ammon, Idaho and ended up dying there under Leona's care. He maintained minimal or no contact at all with Bill, Terry, and me. None of us boys can really say we had a real father. He died in Ammon 17 October 1995 at the age of 79.

In those early years in order to provide for her children, my mother usually had to work full-time, also, because she usually worked in cafes' a majority of the work was in the late afternoons and evenings. I remember night after night watching down the road until late into the evening thinking that she would soon be coming home, however, rarely did she ever show up until after I had fallen asleep. To make matters worse for me in my early years I was painfully shy. I don't know how I inherited this trait unless it was from my father who was always quiet; the other members of my family, Leona, Bill, Terry, and especially my mother are all gregarious and talkative. My shyness has been a challenge to me all of my life. Also, I had crossed eyes and poor vision; when I began school I wore thick glasses which I don't believe helped my self-image. After years of eye exercises with Dr. Miller,

an optometrist in Idaho Falls, I had an operation by Dr. Battles on my left eye which helped the crossed-eyes condition. My mother also had this problem, she said her eyes were normal until as a young child in Iona she fell on some cement and her eyes crossed. Additionally, I was complex in my personality, overly sensitive, insecure, sentimental, and too serious. And I had a problem with enuresis (bed wetting) especially if I became cold at night.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL YEARS--1943-1949

Because of my own personal challenges and the situation within my family, the elementary school years were difficult but also in many ways fun. I remember one time a friend of the family, Varro Rocky "Teevers" Clark, a couple of years older, wanted to "run away from home"-- I was probably about age 7-8, I kind of went along with him but my heart wasn't in it and I didn't understand his motives (I believe his parents were having some serious marital problems.) We were supposed to meet at his house one Saturday morning ready to go, I didn't show up, and I guess he backed out. In those early years Idaho schools did not have kindergarten so I began school in the first grade at Eastside Elementary. I well remember that first day, I was scared to death! My sister, Leona, accompanied me to school and to my classroom, I wanted my mother to be there. Eventually, with the support of some good friends and baseball at recess, I settled into the school routine. However, my shyness continued, my mother said I was so shy I would not ask the teacher for permission to go to the bathroom. My favorite subjects were reading and spelling, math was always difficult. I believe I had my eye operation to correct my crossed eyes in the 4th grade, the operation was only done on the left eye so my eyes still crossed especially when they were tired, also, I still wore thick glasses. It seems throughout my life I have had challenging eye problems. It is said that we all have our own opposition and challenges, perhaps this is one of mine, none of my siblings have had this problem.

One incident in the 5th grade stands out, we were out on the playground playing baseball at recess when a Lucky Lager beer truck drove by, hit a bump and a case of beer fell off the truck. We boys ran over and picked up the beer which was scattered over the road, we didn't know what to do with it so after recess we took it into our classroom. Mr. McDonald, a big, kindly man was the Principal of the school, also our 5th grade teacher. He had us line up the beer cans against the wall, and when school was over we were able to take them home. Maybe he could have handled the situation

better, but I was grateful to him that he gave us a little freedom to exercise our own choices. I think I had two cans but don't remember what I did with them. I think Wayne Jones downed one or both of them. It was sure interesting to see 24 cans of Lucky Lager beer lined up against the wall of our class room.

Eastside Elementary was about ten blocks from our home, we walked that distance four times a day--in the morning, at lunch time, and after school. Also, usually after school I had to walk to my optometrist appointments in Idaho Falls a couple of times a week. School lunch was not provided in schools at that time, it wasn't until my high school years that we had this luxury. Nuttal's little grocery store was on the way to school, occasionally, we had a penny, nickel, or dime to buy a little something. In the early school years, because of the war, chocolate was rationed so it was always a special treat to arrive at the store and be lucky enough to buy a five cent Hershey Bar or Milky Way. One time Leona and I stole some cookies from an open cookie box at Nuttal's market. After we were about a half block away one of the employees of the store called us to come back. Leona said, "You go!" I went back alone to take the rap and confessed that we had stolen the cookies. I believe I was just warned not to do it again.

When you are really poor for some reason you hope someone is worse off than you. I had this perception of a family that lived about 1 1/2 blocks from us, they lived in an older home that wasn't finished and was pretty run down. One morning for some reason I had to go over to their home and to my surprise found the parents helping the children get ready for school, the house was warm, they had hot water, and were eating breakfast together, and seemed to have an attitude of co-operation and helpfulness. I thought to myself, "This poor family has something we don't have, they even have hot water, I guess we really are the poorest of all." Several years later I had another experience which reminded me of our living situation, I was invited by some of my mother's friends, Johnny and Nita Jorgensen, to spend some time at their home in Firth, they had a son, Tommy, about my age. While there we had nice family-type meals. After being there I felt obligated to invite Tommy to our home; he spent two days with us, my mother was working so no meals were prepared, the only thing I had to feed Tommy was bread and cereal--after two days of this he hitch-hiked back to Firth. I felt really embarrassed, but should not have invited him in the first place.

In those years in our neighborhood there was usually a lot of activity, at night we played "hide and seek" and other night games; during the afternoons, after school, and on the weekends there were unorganized games of baseball, especially "500 work-up" in a local pasture; in the fall we

played some football and soccer. The Sayer boys, Ray Cook, Don Calderwood, Gary Empey and a few others in the area were usually a part of the neighborhood sports activities. In the winter there was sledding on a hill a couple of blocks from our home, and occasional ice skating at the Tautphus Park ice arena, or on the canal about two blocks from our home. Although winter was a difficult time because of the destitute circumstances of our family, yet it was also an exciting time for me, I especially liked to go out at night after a big snow storm, everything seemed so crisp, clean, and mysterious. One of our fun activities which would not be permitted today, was hitching a ride on the icy streets on the back bumper of a moving car. We would run up behind a slow-moving car grab the bumper and hold on (that was when all cars had bumpers you could easily hold onto.) Some times we could go for three or four blocks if the conditions were right, and if the car wasn't going too fast. Sometimes, if the drivers knew we had hitched a ride they would stop the car, get out and yell at us. It was a dangerous activity, but being young we didn't seem to realize it. In those days there seemed to be a lot more snow so in the winter the streets were snow covered a lot of the time.

In the summer another fun and interesting activity was to visit the fox farm a couple of blocks East of our home; in the same area was a big row of big Cottonwood trees which always provided plenty of bird nests to explore. One of my friends, Ferrell Parkinson, a nephew to Don Calderwood, fell from one of the trees and broke his collar bone. When he came tumbling down, at first, he started laughing, then he realized he was hurt and began to cry and run to his grandparent's home. The Idaho Canal wasn't too far from our home and was always a drawing spot for kids, we could float down the canal on inner tubes; in the fall when the water was down we built rafts and floated them on a pond of water which remained. One day my friend, Gene Dickey, and I were on one of the rafts, some other kids wanted it and began throwing rocks at us. We were lucky we weren't seriously injured. Just west of our home in a vacant field we had a series of tunnels which were covered over by boards, tin, and dirt which required a candle to navigate through them, this is where we had our "clubhouse."

Of course, in those years we did not have television (it did not come until I was a Sophomore in high school), but we did have radio--my favorite programs were "Tom Mix," "Roy Rogers," "Gene Autry," "The Shadow," and the "Jack Benny Show." Also, on the radio I religiously followed the Idaho Falls Russet baseball team, baseball was my sport, and my heroes were the players of the "Russets." If we could rake up a dime, movies were

also popular; as often as possible we went to the Saturday matinee. My brother, Bill, didn't like sports but had his own source of entertainment, he had a real interest in the animal world ranging from bees (a bee keeper lived a couple of blocks from us) to pigeons, rabbits, and whatever else belonged to the animal world and to mother nature. In fact, he stole some pigeons from some people down the street who raised them (I was an accomplice.)

Because we didn't have any money our lives were simple, we lived on an austere diet usually consisting of potatoes (I fixed many skilletts of fried potatoes), rice and raisins, soup, bread, and milk. My mother was a good cook and prepared some good meals when she had the time and ingredients; occasionally, she baked bread and other goodies like "boiled spice cake" which was one of my favorites. There was no refrigeration, only the "ice man" who delivered ice to various homes who had ice boxes to keep their perishables cool--we didn't have one. In the hot summer days there were always children gathered around the ice truck to beg or to take little pieces of refreshing ice to suck and crunch on.

We didn't take many trips as a family because we either couldn't afford it, or we didn't have a means of transportation (if we did have a car it was usually broken down.) When I was about age eight we did take the train to Portland, Oregon to be with my father for the summer who was working in the shipyards there. This was my first experience in riding on a train, it was really fun, but dirty; all of the trains at that time were coal locomotives. On the train were some soldiers who were being transferred, I believe they were homesick and they had fun interacting with us and teasing us. While in Portland we were able to meet some of our relatives, especially, Aunt Ellen's and Uncle Jerry's families. This proved to be a different and interesting experience, this was the first time we had ever had the opportunity to become acquainted with some of my father's family. I remember the men did a lot of gambling, usually with dice. From my perspective some of the money pots would get pretty big, I was in awe when a larger sum of money was won. Except for my Uncle Jerry's family who had their own place, we all lived together in one house--there must have been 20 people there--I don't know where we all slept. Sometimes, we stayed at Uncle Jerry's place which was usually a negative experience because they were very unfair and sometimes cruel towards their oldest daughter, JoAnn. I particularly remember Aunt Ellen and Uncle Floyd Mick's children, my first cousins: Bertchel, Pete, Twilla, and Phyllis. Bertchel and I went to some scary movies together, we rode the street cars, and I was always concerned we would be at the movie too late and miss the last car and be snatched up in the dark.

On July 15, 1945, Aunt Ellen and Uncle Floyd's daughter, Phyllis Lorraine Mick, was killed while riding on a Shetland pony--evidently, the horse fell on her and she hit her head on a sharp object. Also, while in Portland one afternoon we were driving down the busy freeway in Aunt Ellen's car, Bill was seated to my left in the back seat, I looked over and Bill was gone--I told my mother and Aunt Ellen that Bill was gone--Aunt Ellen stopped the car and looked back, there was Bill out on the freeway, he had fallen out of the car on his head. A big semi-truck was behind us but managed miraculously to stop in time. We rushed him to the hospital, but other than some scratches, bruises, and a mild concussion he was fine. We kidded him about having a "hard head." While in Portland I became acquainted with a boy across the street and we became good friends. When we were about ready to leave Portland they invited me to stay awhile longer and go on vacation up the coast with them, they said they would put me on the train after the vacation was over. The thought of traveling alone on a train scared me, and I went home on the train with my mother, Leona, Bill, and Terry. We probably came back to Idaho Falls to attend school. Also, the war had ended while we were in Portland, perhaps my father and the other relatives had lost their jobs.

When I was age nine we had one more traveling experience. After school was out for the summer, on Memorial Day, 1947, my mother piled all of us children and our dog, Brownie, in the old car and headed for Sage, Wyoming--my father had been working there for the M.K. Knudsen Construction Company as a heavy equipment operator. When the regular cook became ill my father volunteered to fill in for a couple of days, the men liked his cooking better so he was appointed as chief cook. He invited my mother and the children to come up there to help him. Our old car broke down before we arrived, but through some assistance we finally made it. I had never seen so much food! While there, even though we were all busy, I felt a family unity and was saddened to have to come back to Idaho Falls at the end of the summer to start school.

Another time that was special for me was the three or four weeks each summer which I spent at my Grandpa and Grandma Price's little five acre ranch in Iona, I have written down some of my feelings about these times in "A Biographical Sketch of Guy and Mary Ellen (Harris) Simpson Price." One summer after spending this time with these wonderful people, even though Leona and the boys made me feel very welcome when I returned home, I cried myself to sleep that night because of the contrast in living conditions. Because Leona and I were older we each had this time with our grandparents, I feel badly that Bill and Terry did not have this

opportunity.

One Saturday morning when I was about age ten we had a real surprise, Ted and Mary Anderson, relatives of my mother from her biological mother, came into the bedroom where we were sleeping. Ted yelled, "Get up, we're going to the farm for the summer!" He and Mary and their family were renting a farm about 10 miles North of Idaho Falls, they had plenty of room and enough to eat. This was a very interesting and worthwhile experience for the Tripp children. The next summer they did the same thing. I will always be grateful to Ted and Mary and their family for their goodness and generosity.

Even though my mother was raised in a religious home, in those early years I don't remember ever going to Church with her, occasionally, she would send Leona and me to Sunday School and Primary. The only thing I remember about Church was learning the song, "Jesus Wants Me For A Sunbeam" which still brings back memories. I believe that all four of us children were blessed as infants and later baptized, I know that I was blessed at Iona on October 3, 1937 by Arthur W. Schweider, a friend of my mother's and my grandparent's. And, on November 4, 1945 I was baptized by R. Jennings Scott in the old First Ward Church in Idaho Falls at a type of mass Saturday baptism. Supposedly, I was also confirmed at that time, but forty-one years later it was discovered that there was no record of my confirmation. I distinctly remember the baptism but not the confirmation and think it probably was not done at that time, I know it did not happen in sacrament meeting because we did not attend sacrament meetings. I later asked my mother if I was ever confirmed, she replied, "Probably not." This ordinance was finally completed July 27, 1986 by permission of the First Presidency by Bishop Roger Hillyard of the Enoch 3rd Ward, Enoch Stake, Enoch, Utah. Bishop Hillyard later received the following letter from the First Presidency:

This will acknowledge your letter of July 30, 1986, in which you advised that you confirmed Robert Meredith Tripp a member of the Church on Sunday, July 27, 1986. This action was necessary because there was no record of his first confirmation, although he was ordained to the priesthood and was endowed and sealed in the temple. In view of this, we hereby ratify the priesthood and temple blessings Brother Tripp received prior to July 27, 1986, and also ratify and confirm any priesthood ordinances that he performed prior to that date. The Membership and Temple departments have been notified of this action.

Sincerely, your brethren,

Ezra Taft Benson

Gordon B. Hinckley

Thomas S. Monson

The First Presidency

One year my mother bought me a tweed suit from J.C. Penney's so I could go to Sunday School, the suit cost \$20.00 which was a lot of money in those days. Even though our family was not active in the Church we did receive a little welfare help from the Church in milk products and some clothing, however, this experience was overall quite negative and did not last long. Although I don't remember my mother attending Church in those days, I think primarily because of the circumstances of her life, she always maintained a faith and conviction of the truthfulness of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. When Leona and I were toddlers my mother said she had a spiritual experience which she had never forgotten--she, my father, and their friends, Nita and Johnny Jorgenson, were all at our home in Idaho Falls. Heber J. Grant, who was then the President of the Church, appeared to my mother. In relating this experience she said, "He ignored Bill completely and turned away from him, I had the most wonderful feeling, President Grant said, 'Sister Tripp, if you obey the commandments you will be blessed. You are a child of God. You have two problems, you need to overcome them.' I began to cry, I thought at the time, why is he ignoring those other people?"

In those early years there were not many opportunities for employment except for picking potatoes, every fall we were released from school for a couple of weeks to help in the potato harvest. Because we were older Leona and I usually went with our mother. One year my good friend, Blaine Borrowman and I picked together for a day, I didn't think Blaine was fast enough so I went ahead of him. That evening I was sort of complaining and kind of bragging to our good neighbor, Mrs. Hansen, that I went ahead of Blaine. She was not sympathetic towards me at all pointing out that it is always easier to dump the first basket of potatoes in the sack as compared to the second person who has to deal with the weight of the first basket dumped. She was right and I felt badly that I hadn't been more considerate of my good friend.

As a young kid it seems I would do about anything to earn a little money--pulling weeds, mowing lawns, selling promotional items out of the

catalog, etc. One day our neighbor, Mrs. Hansen, had a contest at her place of who could pull the most weeds, with the prize being two ice-cream cones instead of one. I worked hard even when the other kids had quit and I won the contest. However, when they brought the ice-cream cones home my mother decided I was to only receive one because one of the children didn't get one. I was a little chagrined, but didn't say anything. During the war years war bonds were a treasured item, we did about anything we could to save our pennies, nickels, dimes, and quarters to purchase them. I was really disappointed when our father took our hard-earned war bonds and spent them. I believe this was somewhat typical of his life-style. For example, when I was in the 10th grade I had saved over \$200.00 which was a challenge considering I only made 35 cents an hour. My father and his new wife, Linda, on their way to California borrowed the \$200.00 from me saying they would pay me back. I never heard any more about it except they sent me \$50.00 about 14 years later after I had completed my mission in Germany.

Over the years it seems we saw less and less of our father. When I was about age eleven my mother decided the marriage was a losing proposition and she filed for divorce, our lives did not change much because he was rarely around anyway.

JUNIOR HIGH YEARS--1949-1951

The Junior High Years seem like a kind of blur to me; the adjustment from Eastside Elementary to O.E. Bell Junior High was very challenging, it was something for which I was not prepared; Junior High seemed so impersonal, I definitely had lost a sense of identity; it seems in every way, socially, academically, and emotionally I really struggled, it was like I had been pushed out of the nest and was supposed to fly, and I wasn't flying very well. I don't believe the home situation helped. About a year after my mother's divorce from my father, in 1949 at Butte, Montana she married Burton Ladd Jones who lived directly across the street from us who was also divorced and whom we had known for many years. Burt was born 1 July 1895 in Malad, Idaho. I believe in many respects she had jumped from the frying pan into the fire; our new step-father was 20 years older than my mother, had no religious faith, and when he was drinking alcohol could become mean. However, the marriage did provide some security. Burt was gainfully employed as a box-car repairman for the Pacific Fruit Express, and he had a 160 acre ranch in the mountains about 25 miles Southeast of Idaho Falls with a one room log cabin which provided a summer retreat for our

family. My mother indicated she married Burt because she didn't know what else to do, she was really tired of trying to make it alone, and she wanted her children to have more. Three children were born in this marriage: Ladd Lyal b. 18 April 1950, Bruce Kay b. 2 December 1952, and Berthelle Marie b. 21 September 1955.

In this second marriage we acquired four step-brothers, Bill, Junior, Monte, and Wayne. Wayne was the youngest son, he was about my age and the only child living at home; the marriage was especially difficult for him, he had been used to the full attention of his father, and now was invaded with four other children. We essentially moved to the Jones home but because it was small and only had one tiny bedroom, we also used our home across the street especially for sleeping. Eventually, our two room house was moved across the street on to the Jones property and the two lots where our house stood were sold and two much nicer homes were built on the lots.

In the 7th grade, to earn a little money, I delivered about 80-90 newspapers for the Post-Register which turned out to be a losing proposition. I paid 5 cents for each paper and was supposed to receive a penny a paper for delivering them, however, if someone moved or failed to pay, at the end of the month I ended up with almost nothing. There was a consolation, all that walking was good exercise! I think I had the paper route for 7-8 months. During this period of time I was going through some type of adolescent crisis, sometimes for no apparent reason I would fast for two days at a time.

Sometime in the 8th grade my step-father's work for Pacific Fruit Express was moved to Pocatello so we moved there, living in a five room (3 bedrooms) basement house which provided the family more room. At that time 8th graders attended Pocatello High School. Overall, both at home and at school our first experience in Pocatello was fairly positive, at least my mother didn't have to work. That year I experienced my first serious case of "puppy love" with Shirley Lehman, a girl my age who lived across the street. In the summer time Leona and I moved back to Idaho Falls to work as car hops for Dean and Laura Farrer at "Farrer A & W Root Beer Stand." Farrer's were friends of my mother, she had worked for them previously. And because my mother was still in Pocatello we lived with Farrer's that summer and then went back to Pocatello for the 9th grade. About that time I began adding "Robert" to the name of Meredith because I liked the sound of it; I did check with an attorney, he said there was no problem in adding another name, and it wasn't necessary to do it legally.

After school was out in May of 1952 my step-father and his son, Wayne, stayed in Pocatello, and my mother and we four children moved

back to Idaho Falls. This time, my mother, Leona, and I all worked for Dean and Laura Farrer at their root beer stand, my mother as a cook, and Leona and I as carhops. On June 24, 1952 Grandma Price died at the age of 68 in the Idaho Falls LDS Hospital, she had diabetes which finally took its toll. This was truly a sorrowful time in my life, I consider my Grandma Price one of the finest persons to live on this earth. Sometime during that summer the Jones property on 11th Street was sold and our little two-room house was again moved, this time to Jefferson Avenue, North of Idaho Falls, and placed on a part of a cinderblock foundation which my grandfather had built, the objective being to enlarge the home. Once the initial framework was in place we were able to live in the home because the kitchen and one bedroom of the old home were already completed. That summer at age 16 I bought my first car, a gray 1948 Chevrolet 4 door Sedan which proved to be a great car. At the root-beer stand, because the car hops only made 35 cents a hour, I thought I could do better financially working in concessions at the Russet baseball games, however, this didn't work out, and after about a month I went back to A & W until August when I obtained employment for 75 cents a hour as a dishwasher at Fall's Cafe which was owned by Reed McKnight, a former neighbor of ours on 11th Street.

MY FRIEND, DON CALDERWOOD--IN MEMORIUM

Fortunate is the man who has a couple of good friends. Donald J. Calderwood, even though he was about three years older than I, was a great friend and support to me for many years. About 1947 when our good neighbors, Hansens, who lived East of us moved, Calderwoods bought their property and remodeled a garage on the property for their home which consisted of a living room, two bedrooms, a bath, and a kitchen. They also built a shed in the back of their home. They made the home and its surroundings very comfortable, they planted grass, shrubs, raspberry bushes, strawberry plants, and always had a nice garden. Don's father worked for Challenge Creameries. Don had juvenile onset diabetes which was controlled by insulin shots and diet-- his mother watched over his condition like a hawk.

When Don moved into the neighborhood he fit right in, he was a friend to everyone, he had a great attitude, and was a lot of fun. We spent hundreds of hours playing baseball together and just hanging out. His first job was as a caddy at the local golf course--when one of the golfers threw away a club Don retrieved it and some golf balls, and we set up a little course and played golf in our neighborhood for awhile. He became endeared

to everyone he met as a carhop at Farrer's A & W Root Beer stand. Later, he worked at The Den, a nice hang-out for youth where one could buy food and drinks and play pool. One of Don's weaknesses was "drinking Coke"! Even though he had diabetes he consumed gallons and gallons of Coke which certainly wasn't good for his diabetic condition. When Don entered high school we didn't do as much together but still maintained our relationship as friends. He graduated from high school in 1953 and married Molly (Brown) July 22, 1954; after his marriage I pretty much lost track of him.

Many years ago my sister, Leona, told me that Don had died at an early age. Because we were such good friends and I had so little information about him after his marriage, I telephoned his wife, Molly, in Idaho Falls and arranged to meet with her at her home to bring me up-to-date on Don and their family. Molly later sent me a picture of Don, Ray Cook, and me and the following written information:

Don was born November 4, 1934 and died January 29, 1969. His diabetes stayed pretty stable until age 30 when he had both cataracts operated on; he could see pretty well then things started getting back. He was in banking from the time he got out of high school, he loved banking, he loved people, and they loved him. Even when he became almost blind they kept him at the Bank of Commerce for over a year. We had five children: Alan, D.J., David, Tina, and Lisa. Lisa was our 'miracle child'-- Don promised Tina she would have a sister-- he lived until she was age two. Dr. Reese said, 'Lisa was not your only miracle, each of your children is a miracle.' Two months before he died he had his left leg amputated. He made the best of it. After the bank released him he went down to Pocatello to learn Braille. When he got to a point he couldn't work he sold Knapp shoes until he couldn't work anymore. We have seven grandkids. We went to the temple ten days before he died, he was always a member. He was very sick. It took him a long time to become active, but when he did he went to it with all his heart. He loved to do home teaching and would go out home teaching two or three times a month. Don taught and lived, 'Look for a positive trait in everyone.' 'Calderwood' is Scottish, there's a tree in Scotland called the 'Calderwood Tree,' because our people worked in wood, their name was 'Calderwood'; there's a place in Scotland called 'Calderwood.'

Molly had not remarried when I met her, and probably for good

reason, it was obvious that she was still very much in love with her good husband. I have very fond memories of my good friend, Don, and of his goodness to me and to everyone he met.

THE HIGH SCHOOL YEARS--1952-56

In the 1952-53 school year I attended Idaho Falls High School and continued to work at Fall's Cafe; Sherrill Hudman also worked there, we were good friends and pal'd around together. In many ways we were quite different, he had an ego that wouldn't quit, he thought he was a "Genius, He Man, and Casanova," all combined. I was still struggling to know who I was. Eventually, Sherrill and I graduated to busboys and cashiers in our duties at the cafe. In the fall of 1952 I was working on a potato combine, we had stopped for some reason, my hand was on the chain, the conveyor belt was accidentally turned on catching my left hand between the heavy chain and the sprocket, part of my hand should have been cut off, instead the chain hit my index finger severely cutting the end of it, bounced up and just scrapped my other fingers. Someone was watching out for me.

In the 1953-54 school year everything continued about the same, work at Fall's Cafe and school at Idaho Falls High. In April, 1954 my 11th grade English teacher, Mrs. Harlow, kicked me out of her English class for some dumb act--she didn't like me and I didn't much care for her. I thought I would show her so I quit school. I continued to work at Fall's Cafe that Spring, and then for the Summer I was able to obtain employment as a laborer for Barley Construction at Moran, Wyoming where they were building roads and campgrounds in the area. It was like a miracle that I was able to get this job and to work in such a beautiful setting at a very good wage, \$1.76 hr. Leona also worked in the same area at the Signal Mountain Lodge as a housekeeper. The area around the Tetons is still one of my favorite places.

When the 1954-55 school year rolled around, I decided I didn't want to go back to Idaho Falls High School, instead I chose to live with my stepfather and his room-mate, Woodrow Butler, in Pocatello to attend school there. However, there was a problem, because I had quit school I didn't have enough credits and had to re-take my Junior year. The school year at Poky High went pretty well, I developed a friendship with Ben Lane who lived a block down the street from us; he was learning to play the drums, we spent a lot of time in his basement room listening to all the great bands especially those that highlighted the drums. For about three months before school was out, I washed dishes from about 4:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m. at the

Baseball Cafe & Cigar Shop whose main attraction was to men who played cards for money. The cafe consisted of one counter, but they had good food and did a lively business. Winnie, the only waitress and I think the owner, was nice and treated me well. While washing dishes there a man approached me one evening and asked me if I would like to buy the three lots next to my parents home on Jefferson Ave. in Idaho Falls for \$275.00 a lot. I took him up on the deal, paid him \$75.00 down and paid at least \$75.00 a month until they were paid for. When I went to BYU I sold one of the lots for a decent profit, I know the Lord guided me in that endeavor.

When school was out I went back up to Moran, Wyoming to work for Barley Construction. All went well until July 4th when Blaine Borrowman and his friend, Donald Hill, came up to Moran to visit me. We decided we would go to Yellowstone and ride horses; Blaine's friend, Donald Hill, and I were racing our horses, his horse cut in front of mine, I was thrown off on my head suffering a rather severe concussion. I couldn't continue to work so I went up to Jones' ranch to be with my family. My brother, Bill, took my place at the construction job in Moran.

Sometime during that summer my mother and stepfather had sold the home on Jefferson Avenue in Idaho Falls and purchased 20 acres of fertile ground and a little house five miles East of Fort Hall. Leona, Bill, and I didn't want to live in Fort Hall so we rented a two room apartment at 139 So. Waters Avenue in Idaho Falls and I went back to work at Fall's Cafe and began my senior year at Idaho Falls High School. Bill also worked at Fall's Cafe, Leona worked at a potato warehouse, they had both quit school. I had also acquired another car, a 47' Pontiac, either Bill or Leona had wrecked my 48' Chev.

The school year went pretty well; even though I was still quite shy, I participated in a few plays, I even went to the Junior Prom with Ann St Clair, a fellow thespian (which was a disaster because I had a bad case of fear and anxiety.) And I did end up graduating which was another miracle in my life. After graduation I lived in Pocatello with my stepfather and worked for about six weeks at Simplots in their fertilizer plant. I didn't like the work, and felt it was environmentally hazardous so I quit. In August Bill and I then began working as attendants at State Hospital South in Blackfoot. I was hoping to work and attend Idaho State College, I started college in the fall but it was too much working full time and driving back and forth, and after about three weeks I dropped out of college. While working at the hospital in Blackfoot I attended one of the Blackfoot wards, they took me in, and I became active in the Church and received the Aaronic priesthood. In the meantime in Fort Hall my mother had become fairly active in the Fort Hall

Ward. That winter I also worked part-time at Kraft Cheese and at a potato processing plant.

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY --1957-58

In the late Spring of 1957 because the State Hospital paid a pitiable wage of \$150.00 monthly, I decided I had to go on with my life and do something different in my employment. I know through the help of God I was able to get a job as a laborer for the company that was putting gas lines into the residences of Idaho Falls. While working there I was able to live in Shelley with my grandfather and his new wife, Ruby. They had bought a large older home in Shelley, and remodeled it into apartments. In my work with the gas line construction I met Henry Iawassa, Larry Dean, and Gil (from India) who had been attending Brigham Young University. At the end of the summer they suggested I come down to the BYU to attend school. I had not done particularly well as a student and didn't give it much thought until they left to go back to school and I decided that I would give it a try. The day before registration I ended up in Provo at the apartment where Larry, Henry, Larry's brother, and a friend of theirs were living, luckily they had room for another roommate. I should mention one incident on my way down to Provo. When I got to Downey I had a flat tire on the 46' Ford which I had bought for the trip from some kid for \$150.00. The lug wrench I had didn't fit my car so I hailed down a car, luckily the driver was a former mechanic from Stoddard-Ford in Idaho Falls. After the tire was changed I ask him to listen to my car motor because there was a knock in the engine, he said it had a bad bearing and would not make it to Provo, he suggested I leave the car. I told him everything I had was in the car; he took me into Downey but the auto repair shop was closed down because of hunting season. I told him to go ahead and I would try to make it the 18 miles to Malad and have the car repaired there. I was able to make it--the next day the car was repaired at a reasonable expense and I was on my way. I felt very blessed that the person who stopped was a mechanic and everything worked out so well.

On October 3, 1957 the day after my arrival in Provo I trotted up to registration intent to attend BYU. I was asked if I had pre-registered, of course not, I did not know you had to; I was asked what kind of grades I received in high school, I answered "C's and B's"; I was then asked what kind of grades I had received my last year of high school, I answered, "Mostly B's." At that time BYU was in the process of expanding their enrollment so I was accepted on a probationary status. Of course, such a

thing would be unheard of today. At BYU I was able to get employment as a custodian for the 4:00-7:00 a.m. shift, the pay was \$1.00 an hour. Overall, even though I was with some pretty good friends, especially, Henry Iawassa, I struggled, not so much academically as with my own complex personality. In the second quarter Larry's brother and friend went home, and Larry and Henry wanted to live some place else so we went our separate ways. Although I was in a school play and enjoyed several of the professors, especially Kathryn Pardoe, a drama teacher, the second quarter was more difficult than the first, and at the end of the quarter I decided to go back home. Also, financially, I couldn't afford another quarter.

A TIME FOR DECISION

On my way home from BYU I didn't stop at Ft. Hall but headed for the Jones Ranch in the mountains to spend some time in fasting and prayer, I suppose in the hope of understanding myself better. In the first part of April there is still a lot of snow up at the ranch so I had to park in Wolverine Canyon about two miles away and hike in to the cabin. I was planning to spend about a week there but only lasted five days. The setting there was peaceful and serene--except at night the mice (and probably rats) kept me awake and on guard by scampering most of the night on the tin roof. There was some food at the ranch so I didn't fast the entire time. After the five days when I hiked back to get my car, someone had stolen the radio out of it. I drove down to the Bingham County Sheriff's office to report the theft--when the person at the desk spoke with me it was if she were almost shouting--by being alone that period of time in the mountains my hearing had become more acute to sound. This phenomenon made me wonder about the Savior's experience when he went up to the mountain alone to fast and pray for forty days and nights. When I arrived home at Ft. Hall my stepfather said I was indeed foolish to go up to the ranch alone, he said, "What if an accident would have happened, nobody would have been there to help you." As I think about it, probably the greatest danger was from cougars or bears who have been known to attack a man if they are hungry enough.

In the Spring of 1958 I worked in Idaho Falls for about a week for a Utah construction company which was putting in cement basements; I didn't have any place to live and hated the work. I suggested to my brother, Bill, that we should take a trip, he was game, we took his 49' pink Mercury on a week fun camping trip up through Montana and Canada and back through Oregon. After this trip Bill and I obtained employment at the Goodyear Tire

store in Pocatello where we mainly changed and fixed tires. We had rented a little house in Pocatello. I didn't like the work and was pretty unsettled; also, it seemed Bill spent most of his free time in Fort Hall at our mother's place. For whatever reasons I was in a funk, became very depressed, and would probably have ended my life if I could have found an easy way to do it. Eventually, both Bill and I quit the tire shop and went back to work at the State Hospital in Blackfoot; I also worked part-time at the Blackfoot A & W Root Beer stand. About that time I became quite active in the Ft. Hall Ward and in July I was asked by Bishop Cutler of the Ft. Hall Ward if I would serve a mission for the Church. I desired to go on a mission but didn't know much about the Gospel and didn't have a lot of self-confidence. One night I had a dream, President McKay was standing before a line of 7-8 young men, he looked at each of us briefly--when his eyes met mine I could have melted-- he then said only three words, "Preach the Gospel." I had received my mission call from the Prophet of the Lord! The way was also opened to sell my other two lots which helped pay some of my mission costs. On September 7th I received the Melchizedek Priesthood from Jared O. Anderson, President of the Pocatello North Stake; Marion G. Romney of the Counsel of the Twelve interviewed me at President Anderson's home for the mission. President Anderson gave me the following "Line of Authority":

Jared Oliver Anderson was ordained a High Priest in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at Pocatello, Idaho on the 23rd day of May, 1920, by Rudger Clawson, who was ordained an Apostle October 10, 1898, by Lorenzo Snow, who was ordained an Apostle February 12, 1849, by Heber C. Kimball, who was ordained an Apostle February 14, 1835, under the hands of Oliver Cowdrey, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris, who were blessed by the laying on of hands of the Presidency (Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and Frederick G. Williams) to choose the Twelve Apostles; Joseph Smith was ordained an Apostle in 1829 by Peter, James, and John.

NORTH GERMAN MISSION--1958-61

I was called by President David O. McKay in September, 1958, to serve 2 1/2 years in the North German mission--I was expecting to go to some place simple like Montana or Wyoming--how could I ever learn the German language? My farewell was held October 19th at the Ft. Hall Ward, I then traveled by bus to Salt Lake City to spend a week of teaching and training in the mission home in Salt Lake which was the old Brigham Young home. While there we had the privilege of going through the Salt Lake Temple to take out our own endowments which was a very special

experience. Henry D. Taylor set me apart for the mission; one of the things he told me was "to love the people." I thought at the time, "I'm going to preach the Gospel, why do I have to love the people?" This shows how naive I was in my understanding of Gospel principles. Eight of us North German missionaries (Elders Wood, Naegle, Lewis, Ashton, Anderson, Virgin, Barney, and myself) then left by train for a two day trip to New York; from New York we sailed for five days on the Queen Elizabeth to France; in France we traveled by train to the Russian border of Germany; and then on November 13th flew into Berlin where the mission home was located--we had to fly into Berlin because of the Berlin-Russian blockade. All of the traveling was interesting, however, I was anxious to get going as a missionary.

After about a week in the mission home in Berlin-Dahlem under the direction of President and Sister Robbins I was assigned to work with Elder David Schmidt (Bern, Idaho) in Berlin-Litchenfeld. Elder Schmidt was older and had served in the army in Germany. As a missionary I was way too serious, but Elder Schmidt was very patient with me. As best I could I was trying to learn the German language which was a real challenge, the only language experience I had was Latin in high school which I about failed. One Sunday evening Elder Schmidt and I attended a servicemen's Church meeting where they spoke English; in that meeting I had an overwhelming feeling of gratitude for America and the English language. Also, it seemed to me there was a pall over Germany, the weather may have contributed to this impression because I didn't see the sun until I was there almost two months. I worked with Elder Schmidt for about three months, we didn't have any success, Elder Schmidt didn't like to tract. I was then transferred to Berlin-Nord to work with Elder Robert Sager (Vancouver, Washington.)

In Berlin-Nord we lived with a wonderful member of the Church, Minnie Julich, who took good care of the missionaries, we called her Tante (Aunt) Minnie. The branch there was also very supportive. Elder Sager was also an older missionary who was quite strict but also a good worker. I worked with Elder Sager for a couple of months and then with three other missionaries--Elders David Garff (Salt Lake City, Utah,) Darrel Michaelis (Logan, Utah,) and Raymond Kuehne (Salt Lake City, Utah)-- all of whom had about 2-3 months left on their missions and were about ready to go home. I was a little discouraged that the missionaries going home weren't more desirous of doing the work; one night after Elder Michaelis and I had prayed together, I was saying my individual prayer and felt someone touch me, immediately a feeling of warmth and joy flooded my being--I believe the touch came from my guardian angel or another spirit being who wanted

to reassure me. Although we didn't baptize anyone, we had some good contacts in Berlin-Nord and a number of the people with whom we had worked were baptized after I left. I was in the Berlin area from November, 1958 to September 30, 1959 and was then transferred to Lubeck as a senior companion.

I was in the old but beautiful city of Lubeck from September 30, 1958 to August 27, 1960. Elder Reed Randall (Salt Lake City, Utah,) a brand new Elder was my first companion, additionally, in Lubeck I worked with Elders Clayne Virgin (Rexburg, Idaho), and Earl Priest (Idaho Falls, Idaho). We worked hard and had pretty good success. We also had responsibility for the little town of Eutin--every Sunday morning we would race to the train station on our bikes, grab the train and head the 30 miles to Eutin to conduct Sunday School. Sophie Draeger was our only member there, she was a wonderful sister and usually managed to have three or four youth at our little service. In October, 1958, because of health problems, President Burtis H. Robbins was replaced as Mission President by President Percy K. Fetzer. While in Lubeck Elder Randall and I had the opportunity to attend the Passion Play at Oberammergau in Southern Germany. In May, 1960, my brother, Bill, who was stationed in the army in Southern Germany visited me and Elder Priest for a couple of days.

In Lubeck Elder Randall and I had a faith-promoting experience that I would like to share. We were visiting one of the faithful sisters in the Branch, and in the course of our conversation she shared some of her challenging experiences in growing up, especially during the war. The ray of light shining through the clouds of her misfortune was her conversion to the Gospel and her testimony of its truthfulness. As we prepared to leave she asked us to give her a blessing so she could remain true to the faith despite her failing health. After the blessing she said that the sickness from the toes of her feet to the crown of her head was dissipated. We all rejoiced in the manifestation of the Spirit to the faithful.

I had another spiritual experience in Lubeck which was faith-promoting to me. My companion and I had just completed a cottage meeting with a family who was not particularly interested in our message. As we left their home that cold November night and hopped on our bikes I looked into the clear heavens, in that instant a testimony was borne to me that there is a God, He is all-powerful, the creator and controller of heaven and earth.

Also, while I was in Lubeck the Hamburg Stake was created and a new Stake Building was built which was a boom to the whole area; additionally, a building site was purchased by the Church to build a chapel in Lubeck.

On August 27, 1960 I was transferred to Hamburg-Eppendorf where I was senior companion to Elder Roger Harmon (Provo, Utah,) a new missionary and one of the most obedient and faithful Elders with whom I had the privilege of working. Our living conditions there were the best I encountered in the mission field. While there I also worked with Elder Stephen Harris (Portage, Utah) which was a challenge because he had a woman in Hamburg who was after him and would write him racy letters.

On December 14, 1960 I was called to be a Traveling Elder working with Elders Bryson and Horsley, and then on February 6, 1961 I was called to be a "Closing Elder" working with Elders Horsley, Dougal, Bryson, and Caldwell. In this capacity we worked with some of the missionaries who were struggling. And finally, on March 3, 1961, I was called to be Supervising Elder of the Oldenburg District, my companion was Elder Roger Cragun (Ogden, Utah); the missionaries under my supervision were: Elders Tom Horlacher, Roger Slagowski, Keith Romney, Jr., Kenneth Ray Hutto, Armin L. Cziesla, William Bradford, David Steed, and Thomas Higham, Jr.

As a Traveling Elder I had an opportunity to go back to Lubeck to visit some of the investigators with whom I had worked, one of the families was Rauert's. Frou Rauert was desirous of baptism, her husband was not. In my visit I was accompanied by Elder Snow, one of the missionaries working in Lubeck at the time. We visited the family Sunday morning, Herr Rauert was sick in bed and while we were there he cried out in pain that he needed help. Because it was Sunday Frou Rauert didn't know what to do, finally, I asked Herr Rauert if he had enough faith for us to give him a blessing, he said, "ja," we then laid our hands on his head and commanded that he be made well. After the blessing he cried out, "Es lindert, es lindert" (it's healing, it's healing). After my mission I went back to Lubeck and visited some of the families, including Rauert's, I asked Frou Rauert if her husband had said anything about the blessing, she said he had never mentioned it.

In Oldenburg we had some success, a young lady named Brigitte Rahlfs was baptized; also another older lady desired to be baptized but kept putting it off, it was not until after my release I found out why-- tearfully, she told the new Supervising Elder she had looked all over but couldn't find a bathing suit large enough to fit her so she could be baptized. The elder asked her why she needed a bathing suit, she said she thought that was the baptismal clothing. He explained to her we wear white clothing, and with that problem solved she was baptized and later came to Utah to visit Walter Stover in Salt Lake, the relative who had referred her to the missionaries. Oldenburg was the highlight of my mission, it was a beautiful town, our

most kind and gracious Heavenly Father seemed to bless me exceedingly while I was there. I even had a little motorcycle there which was fun.

On May 13, 1961 I received the following release from my mission by President Fetzer:

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints
North German Mission

ROBERT MEREDITH TRIPP

This certifies that you are honorably released from your appointment as a missionary to this Mission. No greater service can be rendered than to labor faithfully for the salvation of the souls of men. The gratitude of those who have been the beneficiaries of your voluntary generous labors will ever be a source of satisfaction and inspiration to you.

May the joy that comes from the conscientious performance of the duties of this high calling ever abide with you and inspire you with a constant devotion to the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Percy K. Fetzer, Mission President

May 13, 1961

How can I ever express my great gratitude to our Heavenly Father and His Beloved Son, Jesus Christ, for the privilege of serving as a missionary in North Germany for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints--my very physical and moral life was preserved for this honor-- except for Divine protection I could have fallen a thousand times. I grew up non-descript and fumbling but was most graciously guided and protected that one day I could raise my voice in testimony of the fullness of the glorious restored Gospel of Jesus Christ. To a kind and loving Father, and to His Son I am humbly grateful, all honor and glory to Them. Their goodness and mercy was further manifest to me after I had returned home. One night I had a most comforting dream that I was carrying a bundle of golden sheaves on my back. I believe the dream was in reference to my desire and willingness to preach the Gospel, I may not have been much, but I gave it my best. Several verses in the Doctrine and Covenants speak of the faithful being laden with sheaves:

Therefore, thrust in your sickle with all your soul, and your sins are forgiven you, and you shall be laden with sheaves upon your back, for the laborer is worthy of his hire. (D&C 31:5)

Yea, open your mouths and spare not, and you shall be laden with sheaves upon your back, for lo, I am with you. (D&C 33:9)

And thus, if ye are faithful ye shall be laden with many sheaves, and crowned with honor, and glory, and immortality, and eternal life. (D&C 75:5)

And inasmuch as he is faithful, I will crown him again with sheaves. (D&C 79:3)

Because these experiences are sacred I know one has to be careful in publicly declaring them, but in doing so, I only wish to bear my witness of the goodness of God.

In early May, 1961 I was invited by Elder Jack Ashton to tour Europe with Jack and his mother after the conclusion of our missions. Jack and I went into the mission field together and now we were coming home together. This was a wonderful opportunity for me, I'm not sure how Jack chose me except the Spirit whispered to him, "Elder Tripp needs a little vacation, he has earned it." It seemed like our Heavenly Father was blessing me beyond my fondest expectations. Jack was an intelligent, talented young man (he played a wicked violin), and he had a great personality. He had purchased a brand new red Volkswagen for the trip, and to later provide transportation for his up-coming college years. My only obligation for the trip was to pay for 1/3 of the gas which was very generous of them, of course, I had to pay for my own lodging and food expenses. I didn't have much extra money--I had requested from my father who was living in Kansas and working for the government to send me some money for the trip--as I mentioned previously he and his new wife, Linda, had borrowed \$200.00 from me when I was a Sophomore in high school, they sent me \$50.00. We had a great trip in Europe lasting from May 14 to June 27, we visited many places in Southern Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France, Spain, Brussels, Holland, and England. We were able to go through both the Swiss and London temples. Jack and his mother were a lot of fun. Sister Pearl Ashton had been a widow for many years, she was a top-notch lady, and had done a wonderful job in raising her four children alone from the time of her husband's death. On June 27th we boarded the Queen Mary (which was her

last voyage) for the good old USA arriving in New York five days later. By then I had run out of money and we arranged through the mission president in New York City for me to fly to Salt Lake City via Salina, Kansas where my father, step-mother and their five children were living. I spent a few days in Salina to visit with my father and his new family whom I had never met, and then flew on to Salt Lake, from there I caught a bus to Fort Hall. I was only home a few days and decided to go down to Provo to attend the last half of summer school. At that time I didn't know a returned missionary is supposed to report his mission to the High Council and be officially released by the Stake President, obviously, my knowledge of Church protocol was still very limited. I had briefly corresponded with two girls while I was in the mission field. When I returned one of them had moved (her father was involved in Indian affairs in Fort Hall and had been transferred to another reservation); the other girl, Dorothy, had married.

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY AND MARRIAGE--1961-64

On a wing and a prayer I took the bus back to the Y, I only had a few dollars, some beat up missionary clothes, a few necessities, and no place to live. After my arrival in the afternoon I was walking around campus and happened to run into Mel Miles, one of the former North German missionaries. In the course of our conversation he invited me to live with him and two other fellows who were from St. George--Mansfield Jennings, and Fred Olsen. Again, the Spirit was helping me! I paid about my last dollar in rent (\$15.00), borrowed enough money from BYU for tuition, obtained a job as a custodian (still paying \$1.00 hr.) and started the college life again.

Of course, after being in the mission field for 2 1/2 years I was interested in girls, and it so happened I met a girl I knew from Idaho Falls who lived only about a block away. Her name was Sonya Jones, however, there was a minor problem, she wouldn't give me the time of day. I can't say I blamed her, I was flat broke and a sight to behold with my thick glasses and worn-out duds. Later, she kind of changed her mind about me, but it was too late, I was smitten with a little redhead named Ramona May Penny Ashton.

I had also dated a very nice girl from California, Patricia, who had my crossed-eye problem, but after a few dates I concluded it wouldn't be fair to our children if we married and both of us inflict our weak eyes on them.

The way Penny and I met was quite unusual. In March, 1962, we were at the ticket booth of the Joseph Smith Memorial building trying to get tickets to a play, she was in front of me in the line. When it came her time to

get a ticket she couldn't decide where she wanted to sit--she didn't want to sit by any couples or boys, she had recently broken up with a boy and was wary of the opposite sex. I was attracted to this cute, demure girl but even more so, I was in a hurry to get to work and finally blurted out, "Why don't you sit by me?" She acted surprised but agreed to go to the play with me. Initially, because she was living in the girls dormitory I thought she must be very rich, also, she owned a car. Over the next couple of weeks we became better acquainted and ended up driving up to Salt Lake to Snelgrove's for ice cream (her favorite thing) and to meet her parents. I know they weren't overly impressed and probably thought I was a passing fancy, but despite some up's and down's in our courtship, we both endured and I managed to scrape together enough money to make a down-payment on an engagement ring which I gave her towards the end of May on the last day of school.

Being somewhat independent and stubborn I didn't ask Penny's father for her hand in marriage which was probably a mistake, I should have given him that courtesy, however, I also felt he wasn't that accepting of me. I think he wanted his eldest daughter to marry someone who had a lot more clout and money than I did--Penny came from a well-established Mormon family--her grandfather on her mother's side was Alonzo Hinckley, an Apostle; on her father's side the Ashton's was also a prominent Salt Lake City family; her father was a well-known masonry contractor. I was a poor country boy from Idaho. They were even less impressed when they visited our home in Ft. Hall, it was a little three-room shack, we didn't even have an inside toilet. Penny's father said to me at the time, "Did you know Penny's grandfather was an Apostle?" He was basically telling me I didn't measure up. I can understand their point-of-view, none of us wants our children to have to struggle. As Penny and I continued going together, her mother did pay for me to get contacts at Daynes Optical in Salt Lake, she didn't like my thick glasses either. This was fine, however, in construction work there is a lot of dust, and with the contacts I constantly had severe eye irritation.

Penny's father had done much of the masonry work on the buildings on the BYU campus and when we were going together he had the masonry contract for the BYU married student housing. I worked for him on those buildings during that summer, the pay was \$2.00 hr., double what I was making on campus. Penny and I continued to have some struggles in our budding relationship, but true love endures, and on November 29, 1962 we were married for time and eternity in the Manti Temple (the Salt Lake City temple was closed for repairs.) A nice reception was held by Penny's parents at a reception center that evening in Salt Lake; Jack Ashton was my best

man (later we held a little reception in Fort Hall.) I was a struggling student and extremely poor so we didn't have much of a honeymoon, we took a little three day trip to Logan, went through the temple there and came back to Provo. Penny certainly deserved a lot more but I had no choice. Before the wedding I was blessed to get a window washing contract on the new BYU maintenance building for about \$300.00 which helped a little, but didn't go very far when one considers all of the expenses entailed in marriage and establishing a home.

Our first residence was a basement apartment in the "Carter Home" located just off campus at 735 East 1430 North which we rented for \$75.00 a month from Penny's girlfriend's grandfather who was in real estate. Like most of our homes, Penny required I paint it before we moved in. Penny and I then continued in our schooling and work, she was a secretary in the Admissions Office, I worked for her father on the Wilkinson Center, a new building being built on campus. From my point of view we were very happy, like two bugs snug in a rug.

When school was out in May, 1963, my pregnant bride and I moved to Oakley, Utah where we lived in an older ranch-style home on some acreage that Penny's father had rented for his horses; this was close to Heber City where I was working for Penny's father's masonry company which was doing the brick work for the new Heber City High School. The work was hard as all masonry work is, but the environment in Oakley was peaceful and pleasant and the summer went by quickly, Penny enjoyed her little striped black and gray kitten who was her companion when I wasn't there. In the fall we moved back to Provo and lived in Wymont Terrace, BYU married student housing, which I had worked on the previous year, the rent was \$85.00 a month. In our schooling Penny had completed her student teaching at an elementary school in American Fork and only had one paper left; I had another year, hoping to graduate in German and English by August, 1964, but my real hope was to become a seminary teacher.

In Penny's pregnancy everything seemed to progress well except for a bout with toxemia and on January 22, 1964, during the worst snow storm of the year, our first child, John Emron Ashton Tripp, was born at 2:44 a.m. at the Utah Valley Medical Center. Emron was born in a breech position and things were pretty scary for awhile. I couldn't go into the delivery room, I thought Penny was literally dying as evidenced by her screams, but "all is well that ends well" and we were grateful for the 6 lb. 10 oz. cherub. We didn't have health insurance but the hospital bill was only about \$150.00, the Dr. bill the same amount, both of which we managed to pay over the next few months. We decided to give our boys their middle names after names in

the Book of Mormon, and to call them by their middle names.

In May, 1964 Penny completed her B.S. degree in Early Childhood and Elementary Education and was able to graduate from BYU that Spring. I wasn't too far behind her, I had completed my student teaching in English at Farrer Jr. High, also my seminary student teaching. In August, 1964 I received my B.A. degree in English and German from BYU. To my great delight I had been offered a position to teach seminary at Moreland Jr. High in Moreland, Idaho which is about 15 miles West of Blackfoot. This was ironic, Penny had vowed years earlier for some reason that she would never marry someone from Idaho, and would never live in Idaho--I guess life has a way of humbling all of us-- anyway she did marry someone from Idaho and we were going to live in Idaho. Time was of the essence so immediately after graduation we headed for Moreland where we had arranged to live in the Peterson home which had been remodeled into two apartments.

THE SEMINARY YEARS--1964-67

The greatest opportunity in all the world, except for the pay, is to work with the youth and to teach seminary for the Church. That first year at Moreland Jr. High I taught Book of Mormon to the Freshmen in one of the rooms in the ward which was adjacent to the Junior High; and, at the Snake River High School I taught one small early morning class of Church History. Gary Empey, one of my former neighbors in Idaho Falls, was the Principal of the high school and jr. high seminaries; Ross Marshall was the other teacher at the high school. The year went well, for the most part, farm boys and girls are great kids, but for the next school year I wanted a different experience and requested a transfer to teach Sophomores the New Testament at the Blackfoot High School Seminary. The transfer was accepted and we bought a little two bedroom home for \$10,800 at 272 East Walker in Blackfoot, the interest rate was 4 3/4 percent, the payments were \$79.00 monthly. This sounds great but I was only earning \$5,000 yearly as a teacher (we started out at \$4500) and we were barely surviving. Luckily, that summer, with the help of Penny's father, I was able to get a job as a laborer for Paulsen Construction on the new student union building at Rick's College in Rexburg. The work went alright except for the constant blowing dust which about killed me because of wearing contacts

The school year in Blackfoot didn't go as well as I anticipated; I really enjoyed the students, but I had not grown up as a normal teen and had some difficulty relating to some of the students, especially those who were disciplinary problems. Also, I had some challenges with Rex Coles, my

principal--I thought he was overly critical of me. In consultation with Lavar Thornock, the seminary coordinator, arrangements were made for me to teach the 1966-67 school year in Burley with Gordon Hill. For part of that summer Penny and I moved back to Provo and I took some graduate classes at BYU, one of them was a group counseling class taught by Dr. Thad Yost who really stimulated my interest in the field of counseling, especially in Roger's Client-centered Therapy.

After summer school we rented our home in Blackfoot and moved to Burley. Fortunately, we were able to get the job of managing some apartments for our rent and lived in one of the basement apartments. In the Burley High School Seminary I taught Sophomores the New Testament and Juniors the Doctrine and Covenants. Gordon Hill, the Principal, was a great person to work with, also we had with a few exceptions some outstanding students. In October of 1966 Penny again became pregnant, we were quite anxious to have another child because Emron was almost three years old. Towards the end of the school year I realized that I desired to go back to graduate school to learn more about the field of counseling so I applied for graduate school and was accepted. When school was out we packed up our meager belongings and headed again for Provo, Utah, one of my favorite places.

GRADUATE SCHOOL AT BYU--1967-71

In Provo we moved into Wyview Village, BYU's post-war ancient student housing; unfortunately, the home we moved into had a major problem, it had roaches, thousands of them. I painted the place and BYU Housing fumigated twice but it didn't seem to help. In the meantime in the early morning of June 24, 1967 at the Utah Valley Medical Center our second child, Joseph Luram Ashton Tripp, was born, he weighed 6 lbs. 1 oz. and was 19 inches in length. Although there were no real problems with his delivery, he had problems feeding and lost weight. Shortly before his birth a representative of American Western Life Insurance Company made a presentation to us on the Fiscus program, I was impressed with it and over the next couple of months obtained my license to sell the program. Because of the roach problem Penny could not tolerate the Wyview house any longer and had moved to Salt Lake to live with her parents. I was successful in my selling with American Western Life and after the first term of summer school we decided to move to Granger where we rented a fairly nice home.

In my work with American Western Life I was initially intent on becoming a millionaire, but soon realized that I wanted to complete my

graduate education so after about ten months in Granger, in March, 1968, we moved back to Provo into Wymont Terrace where I pursued my graduate degree but also continued to work for American Western Life. Before moving back to Provo, on February 25th I was ordained by Richard L. Evans of the Council of the Twelve to the office of a Seventy. On Mother's Day morning, May 12, 1968, our third son, James Omer Ashton Tripp, was born at Utah Valley Medical Center. His birth was fast, the doctor wasn't there, he was delivered by a surprised nurse. He weighed 6 lbs. 8 oz. and was 19 inches in length. I believe Omer was anxious to come upon the earth, he was born about 11 months after his brother, Joseph's birth. At the time we were living on the 3rd floor of Wymont Terrace; Penny couldn't tolerate all of the steps, we were moved to the 2nd floor.

From 1968 to 1970 I continued to work for American Western Life and to pursue a graduate degree in Child Development and Family Relations under Option 2, Marriage and Family Therapy. Additionally, I was a Graduate Teaching Assistant, teaching Courtship and Marriage and Family Relations courses. On June 1, 1969 our first red-haired daughter, Mary Ellen Tripp, was born at 7:28 a.m. in the Utah Valley Medical Center. She weighed 6 lbs. 6 oz. and was 19 inches in length. We decided to name our girls after grandmothers, Mary was named after my grandmother, Mary Ellen (Harris) Price who I considered one of the finest women to walk upon the earth. Everything went well in Mary's birth, and she was healthy except her tear ducts were closed. Fourteen months later, on August 27, 1970, our fourth son, David Emer Ashton Tripp, was born at 5:49 p.m. in the Utah Valley Medical Center, he weighed 6 lbs. 12 oz. and was 19 inches in length. At that time because of a falling out with American Western Life I was working in masonry construction for Penny's father in Salt Lake and was not there to witness Emer's birth. Penny had a dream about Emer before he was born-- she saw him peeking around a corner as if he were shy and very reluctant to come here. After Emer's birth, with five children, we were able to move into a three bedroom apartment in Wymont Terrace. In my Seventy's work I was called to be the Stake Mission President for one of the BYU Stakes.

After terminating from American Western Life I inquired of Howard Hatch, one of the married student Bishops, who owned Equitable Realty, about the possibility of selling real estate. He said if I obtained my real estate license he would hire me. I studied for the real estate test, passed it, and began working for Equitable Realty in Provo. I enjoyed the real estate work much more than selling insurance. On September 26, 1971 our fifth son and sixth child, Thomas Jarom Tripp, was born at 8:33 a.m. in the Utah Valley Medical Center. I was notified on the telephone Sunday morning in a church

leadership meeting that my wife had been taken to the hospital. The birth was fast, I did not witness it, he weighed 6 lbs. 10 oz. and was 19 inches in length. So far, all of our children had been born in Provo in the Utah Valley Medical Center, the attending physicians for all of them were Dr's Webster and Kartchner. By the end of Fall semester, 1971, I had completed all of my graduate course work except for my masters thesis which seemed to be progressing rather slowly. In the summer of 1972 Jim Winterton asked Penny and me if we would like to move into one side of a large twin home which he had built in Salem Hills (now Elk Ridge) to promote his new development. Salem Hills is located Northeast of Payson and East of Salem. This was a great opportunity for us, we weren't charged rent but were expected to watch over things and work with inquiring clients who were interested in properties there. That fall three of our children, Emron, Joseph, and Omer attended Peteetneet Elementary School. After living in an apartment most of our married lives, Salem Hills was a nice change, we even planted a little garden.

LDS SOCIAL SERVICES

Although I had not completed my thesis, I was interested in working in my chosen profession and inquired of LDS Church Social Services for employment. I was hired, however, in my second interview Victor Brown Jr. vetoed it because I had not completed my Masters Degree. A couple of months later I applied again and was hired by Glen Van Wagenen; I indicated to him that I was close to completion of the degree. My employment began on March 1, 1973, with the beginning salary of \$880.00 monthly. Initially, I was told I would work in California, this was changed to Richmond, Washington and then to Renton, Washington. Everything worked out well--in the fall of 1972 I had sold an apartment house in Provo, and shortly before our move I had received the final payment of commission on the sale. We were able to buy a new car, a 1973 American Motors Hornet hatchback, and have enough money to move into a nice rented home in Renton. Our office facility in Renton was an old LDS church building which had been remodeled for Social Services, it even had a gymnasium in which we had some competitive basketball games. Five caseworkers and three secretary's worked in the office, Ralph Jackson was the Agency Director. Shortly after our move the book which I had compiled, "Oaths, Covenants, and Promises--Their Meaning to Latter-day Saints" was published by Bookcraft. While working on my masters thesis I had time in the library and had become interested in the topic of "covenants" and was able to research

the subject, the end result being the acceptance of the manuscript and the publishing of the book. The book eventually went through four editions and gave us a little extra income which we direly needed.

Moving to Renton, Washington was a big change for all of us, I had to feel my way in a new work situation, and the older children had to adjust to a new school and area; the move seemed particularly difficult for Penny. While we were in Renton she had a type of breakdown which required hospitalization for about a week. This was a challenging time for our family. After six months in Renton, Richard Black, the Director of the Salt Lake City Agency, telephoned me indicating there was an opening in Cedar City and would I be interested? I knew at that very moment through the Spirit that this is where we belonged and I replied, "yes." Richard said the Directors felt that Penny might do better closer to home.

In August, 1973, Penny and I took a trip to Cedar City, located a house to rent and prepared to move to 33 South 100 East in Cedar City. When we moved Penny felt she couldn't handle the children so they were placed in temporary homes with Penny's relatives--Emron and Joseph went with Penny's parents in Salt Lake; Omer with Ardie and Lorraine Ashton in Salt Lake; Mary with Roger and Colleen Ashton in Salt Lake; Emer with Pam and Ed DeGraffenreid in Santaquin; and, Jarom went to Salt Lake with some friends whom we had known from Wymont Terrace, Reed and Leona Merrill. To place the children in substitute homes was one of the saddest and most distressing times of my life, I especially felt badly for Emer who seemed to be having the most difficult time. However, after a few months Penny's condition seemed to improve enough that gradually the children began to come home, beginning with Emron and Joseph, and by Christmas, 1973, to my great relief and the children's we were all back together again.

My work in Cedar City went fairly well, Kimball Weaver was the Agency Director (also, our Bishop in the 12th Ward) and was very supportive; Roberta Eastman was our secretary. Our responsibilities for LDS Social Services covered all of Southern Utah and parts of Nevada and Arizona. At that time most of our work centered around foster care, unwed parents, adoptions, and the Indian Student Placement Program. Eventually, we would do more individual, marriage, and family counseling. Our office was under the Orem Agency and once a month we traveled to Orem for a combined staff meeting. After a couple of years Kimball had some problems with a priesthood leader and was given the option to work in the Salt Lake Office or resign, he didn't want to move so he resigned and went to work for the State of Utah; his replacement was Maurice Payne, an old-time Indian Placement worker (my first trip to the reservation was with Maurice.)

Maurice was only with the Cedar City Agency about 1 1/2 years and was asked to be Agency Director in Orem; he was replaced in March, 1976, by Robert Blattner from Bountiful. Brother Blattner and his wife, Beverly, were one of the first families in the Homestead Subdivision in Enoch. At that time Enoch was part of the Parowan Stake. A few years later, we were assigned to the Cedar North Stake and Brother Blattner was made Stake President.

OUR SECOND FAMILY

About five years after the birth of our sixth child, we started our "second family." Number seven, Gennie May, entered the world on November 8, 1976. She was born at 11:48 p.m. in the Valley View Medical Center, she weighed 8 lbs. and was 19 inches in length. Gennie was a real surprise, we wanted to have more children but after five years we didn't think this was possible. In the early part of the pregnancy Penny knew her body was going through something. In checking with Dr's Brown and Wykoff of the Brown Clinic they thought she had a tumor. Arrangements were made for Penny to visit with a specialist in Salt Lake, and to the chagrin of Dr's Brown and Wykoff it was confirmed that the "tumor" was a pregnancy. Gennie May was named after Penny's grandmother, Genevieve Ashton, on her father's side, and her great-grandmother, Rose May Hinckley, on her mother's side.

In October, 1977 we moved from 33 South 100 East where we had lived for four years to a new four-level home on 2/3 acre at 3793 Minersville Highway in the small community of Enoch. Some friends, Denny and Evelyn Peterson, had a pick-up truck and helped us move. In building the home, in order to save money, of which we didn't have much, we did as much of the work as possible--masonry, wiring, roofing, and painting--with the help of Penny's family and some friends. We bought the lot for \$4500.00 from Lynn and Juanita Esplin who lived a block South of us. The home was a pre-fab package to be assembled at the site and cost about \$36,000.00 to build. In order to buy the lot and finance the down payment we were blessed to be able to sell our Blackfoot, Idaho home which we had been renting for 11 years. Our home was about right for our growing family. And grow we did!

Robert Aaron, our sixth son and eighth child was born at 4:35 a.m. February 18, 1978 at the Valley View Medical Center; he weighed about 8 lbs. and was 21 1/2 inches in length. Fourteen months later, on April 30, 1980, our seventh son, Michael Adam, and number nine child, made his grand entrance. He was posterior, and after a long two-day labor and a

priesthood blessing, he was born at 3:27 a.m. in the Valley View Medical Center; he weighed 6 lbs. 12 oz. and was 19 inches in length. About three years later, on February 10, 1982, our tenth child, and third girl, Emily Ann, was born at 8:10 p.m. after a long labor at Valley View Medical Center; she weighed 6 lbs. 6 oz. and was 19 inches in length. By the time of Emily's birth Penny was almost 42 years of age and because of her health, we made the decision that it probably wouldn't be wise to have any more children. Ten was enough! I thought there might be another little boy, but knew this was Penny's decision, and her future health was the primary issue.

In 1978, about a year after we moved to 3793 Minersville Road in Enoch, Burnell and Velma Hunt and their children, Randy, Kurt, Sandy, Lori, and Shawn, built a home next door to us. Brother Hunt worked for the Church Educational System as an institute teacher. They were a terrific family--our oldest boy, Emron, and Kurt became fast friends, also Jarom and Shawn. When Enoch was made a Stake, Brother Hunt became the new Stake President. Under his direction I served in the Stake High Council for three years.

On one of my trips to Salt Lake for training with LDS Social Services, I stopped by Midvale to visit my friends, Blaine and Dorothy Borrowman. Blaine raised cocker spaniels, had some puppies about 8 weeks old, and asked me if I would like one. I told him I would very much like the male buff-colored one to give to our four-year old daughter, Emily. Penny wasn't very happy when I bought the pup home, but it wasn't long until "Chipper" became a member of our family. Later, we acquired a male cat we named, "Charlie" who happened upon our doorstep. I'm not a cat lover, but tolerated Charlie, and it seems it was my job to feed both of the pets. When we bought

about eight acres of alfalfa ground a block North of our home, Chipper loved to go with me to the property especially on the irrigation days.

On December 18, 1977, because of some major changes by the Church with the Seventy's Quorums, I was ordained to the office of a High Priest by Carlisle W. Hulet, a member of the Parowan Stake Presidency. President Hulet gave me the following "Line of Authority":

December 18, 1977

DEAR BROTHER:

As you were ordained to an office in the priesthood under my hands, I send you herewith, for your information, my

Line of Authority.

I was ordained a High Priest July 16, 1967 by my father, Oscar J. Hulet; who was ordained a High Priest August 1, 1921 by Melvin J. Ballard; who was ordained a High Priest April 28, 1900 by Francis M. Lyman; who was ordained a High Priest March 13, 1869 by Thomas Callister; who was ordained a High Priest September 12, 1855 by Edward Hunter; who was ordained a High Priest November 23, 1844 by Brigham Young; who was ordained a High Priest February 14, 1835 by Oliver Cowdery; who received his authority and was ordained an apostle in 1829 by Peter, James, and John.

Sincerely, your brother,

CARLISLE W. HULET

Summit, Utah

In our first six children's lives, from elementary, middle school and high school years, it seemed all of them were pretty involved with school activities, sports, choir, etc. Emron was Senior Class President, Omer was Student Body President; all of the boys excelled in athletics especially football, wrestling, and track. Mary's forte was dance and cheer leading. Living in Enoch and providing transportation back and forth to Cedar High School, and attending all of their various activities was often a challenge. For the most part these were very busy but happy times. All of the children had the "happy" experience to work in fast food--Arctic Circle, Wendy's, and Burger King.

When Emron turned age 19 he was called to the Honduras Mission (his good friend, Kurt Hunt was called to the same mission). Joseph was called to the South Carolina-Columbia Mission; Omer the Adelaide Australia Mission; and Jarom the Paris France Mission. They were all much better prepared to be missionaries than I was in 1958.

Gennie, Aaron, Adam, and Emily followed in their older siblings footsteps--they were all pretty involved. Gennie played the cello in orchestra; Aaron and Adam were involved in wrestling and football. Aaron excelled in wrestling, Adam in football. Unfortunately, Adam broke his arm while wrestling in his Junior year, and re-broke it again about a month into the football season in his Senior year playing quarter-back for the Redmen. Of course, this was a real disappointment to all of us, especially to Adam. Emily took a liking to soccer and played on the Canyon View varsity team her Senior year. Aaron had some problems in his Jr. year of high school and finished his last year at Tintic High where Emron and his family lived. Emron was the counselor of the high school and was able to help Aaron so

he could graduate. Later, Emron and his family would move to Cedar City (Enoch) where he would become a school counselor for the new Canyon View High School.

CHANGES IN LDS SOCIAL SERVICES

In May, 1979, a new Agency was created in Richfield, Paul Carroll was made the Agency Director, we then had our staff meetings with Richfield instead of traveling to Orem. Also, in July, 1978, in order to accommodate an increased Indian Student Placement caseload, another caseworker, Kent Parke, a seminary teacher in Cedar City, was added to the Cedar City staff. Brother Parke had extensive experience both as a missionary and as a seminary teacher in working with the Indians. In June, 1986, after about ten years as Agency Director in Cedar City, Brother Blattner was transferred to the Salt Lake City Agency to be Agency Director there, he was replaced by Robert Heaton. Brother Parke then served as our Agency Director in Cedar City for three years. In April, 1989, Brother Carroll was made Agency Director over the Richfield, Cedar City, and Price offices. In 1994 the Cedar City and Richfield offices were made separate units and Brother Heaton was made the Cedar City Agency Director. Our wonderful secretary, Roberta Eastman, retired in 1984, she was replaced by Linda Ayres, and in March, 1988, April Curtis replaced Linda.

As the years progressed in our work within LDS Social Services we were spending more and more time in St. George which was becoming one of the fastest growing communities in Utah, I would usually spend one or two days a week down there, and although the emphasis of the agency was upon birthparent and adoption services, clinical services (individual, marriage, and family counseling) kept us very busy. In 1996 a separate office under the Cedar City Director was established in St. George, Kent Parke chose to fill the position in St. George along with a new hire, Kate Weidner. As I look back over those years, from 1973-1997 with the Renton and Cedar City offices of LDS Social Services I know I was very blessed, I had wonderful opportunities for learning, fellowship, and service, and will always be grateful to our Heavenly Father for his mercy and goodness in providing me this opportunity. During those years I also worked part-time with several other agencies-- Intermountain Sexual Abuse Treatment Center (1990-92); Horizon House (1996-97); A Better Way (1997).

Before leaving the City of Enoch and the red hills of Cedar City, I thought it would be more interesting to have each of the children give a glimpse of growing up in our home, from the oldest to the youngest:

John Emron

I have many wonderful memories of my parents and family and my growing up years. Trying to describe the many activities and rich experiences over the course of my life proved to be a challenging and delightful opportunity. I found my self laughing as I recalled some of these fond memories. Because this is dad's autobiography I have concentrated more on him.

I remember several Christmas experiences at Wymont Terrace in BYU housing at Provo. I was especially fond of the Army and had asked Santa Claus to bring me some Army gear. I remember waking up and Santa having me search throughout the apartment for a Christmas present. Dad and mom were always good to hide things on Christmas day. It seemed to make the excitement last that much longer. I found the Army helmet behind the toilet. The perfect gift for an eight year old boy. I was so excited! Santa really did know what little boys wanted! Later in the year Dad and mom took us on a hike to Timpanogas cave. It was so steep, and little Joseph needed to be carried. I had my Army helmet on and we went up and up. We sat down to rest and my helmet slipped off my head and careened down the steep slopes of the mountain. I was devastated. Dad and mom were comforting and helpful--dad's counseling skills really came to use as we worked through my trauma of me losing that helmet.

I really looked forward to mom having another baby because we each got a present. Dad bought me a cool Swiss army knife when Mary was born. I remember Mom worrying that I was too young to have that type of knife. But, dad reassured her and I was able to continue to play Army. Dad was always understanding of my development and needs. He allowed me to experience and grow and learn on my own.

One of my fondest memories is playing "Tiger" in the Salem Hill's house. The family room was a long rectangular room, my brothers and sister would gather on one end, dad, the "Tiger" would pace back and forth in the middle of the room. Grrrrr, Grrrrr, then all six of us would make a dash to get across the room. The "Tiger" would catch one, sometimes more than one and tickle and tickle. I remember the delightful screams and excitement this game would create. I even developed my football skills in this family room--evading the "Tiger" was akin to winning the Super Bowl. Somehow, that "Tiger" would always catch us. I really can't recall a happier time than being together as a family and listening to the sounds of laughter and glee from all my brothers and sisters. Later, the "Tiger" would become the world's best "Horse". We would climb on board, dig our feet in, and hang on tight!

I'm surprised dad was able to survive after my little legs finished digging in and holding on for dear life! After successfully bucking one of us off, dad's red face and tussled hair would return to normal for the next bucking go around. .

As an elementary boy I knew that we didn't have a lot of money but I still felt rich. Dad would take me to the BYU Library and I would read books about space. Dad would study and I would read. I always knew that after our library experience we might go to the Golden Apple, an all-you-can-eat buffet. I would love to go with dad, that seemed to be one of his favorite things. Sometimes, we would go to McDonalds, that was a special experience, it didn't happen very often, but we would all get in the car and go through the drive-through. I remember eating the hamburgers. We always went to the BYU football and basketball games--that was a real treat and one that I will always treasure. Dad is still an avid BYU fan! My childhood was 180 degrees different than my father's childhood. I've heard that each parent wants to make sure their own children have better experiences than they had--I'm going to have a hard time making my children's experiences better than my own. My father was the best dad a person could ask for.

While living in Cedar City I could always count on dad to be the first one up making the fire (not much had changed since his childhood). I would hear the stove clank and the wood piled in the wood burner. I would wait until the house warmed up and then sneak out. I would see dad doing one of three things: he would either be meditating; reading his scriptures; or, doing push-ups. I always wondered why anyone would push themselves like dad would. He is the one who first taught me about personal improvement and self-management. He would never preach, get in my face, or yell, but would be patient and invite. His style of parenting was different than other of my friends parents, but somehow it seemed the most Christ-like.

Our family tried to hold family home evenings. We would visit and talk. I remember sometimes being a bit sarcastic and rude, but my dad was always patient with me. One night we played Charades. We were acting out different scenes then dad said he had one. He turned his back and then gave a short jump. Pretty soon his body was writhing and twisting and contorting. If any of the kids would have had EMT training they would have called 911 and treated dad for an epileptic seizure! We sat there wondering what was going on. There was an awkward, quiet pause. Then dad, with his face all red, eagerly waited for us to guess--we tried but to no avail. Dad, with his obvious excitement at having fooled us, proudly announced, "I am spaghetti in hot water! We all laughed and laughed. "Spaghetti in hot water" became a favorite charade for all of us.

One of the fun things we did as kids was swimming at the Cedar City pool. We went almost every Saturday. Mom never did go, but it was a fun activity for all of us. I don't think Gennie ever did learn how to swim. I remember dad throwing us up in the air in the pool. The little kids would jump from the side into dad's arms. At that time you could get a family swimming pass real cheap and because we didn't have a lot of money it was a fun and healthy activity.

In high school, and even before, I always remember seeing dad in the stands to support my athletic events. He was there for baseball, football, and wrestling. It was always a comforting thing to have a father who you knew you could count on to be there, and win or lose, would still love me.

I've painted a kind and generous portrait of my father. He really was everything a young man could ask for. However, there were a few times when I remember dad just "losing" it, he wasn't always "perfect." When I was in the fifth grade and we were living in the rented home at 33 South 100 East in Cedar City, I wanted to play outside. Dad had asked me to sweep the cellar steps. I hurriedly swept the steps and ran out to play. Dad came home for lunch, called me in, and inspected my job. I knew I was ok, dad never got mad. Wrong. He looked at my work then began to yell. Now, when dad yells you know something is wrong. "Emron, If I ever see a job like this again.....!!!!!" Then I remember him breaking the broom on the steps and...it seemed...on my butt. I did learn a lesson about quality and always doing your best. Dad has always had pride in his work.

When I was in Junior High dad had taken another janitorial job to supplement our family income (he was never too proud about the job he took, just grateful he had one). We had emptied the garbage and had loaded the garbage in our old gray truck. As we were traveling down the road, unknown to us, the garbage was flying all over Minersville Highway. A truck pulled up alongside dad and said, angrily, "You better go pick all that garbage up and take care of it or else we will make you do it." Dad yelled back, "Don't you think we will!" I mean he yelled. I sat in the front seat and was silent. Road Rage in the early 80's! The truck peeled away and dad and I went back to pick-up what had fallen out. Dad was a merciful man but he did stand up for himself.

Another time I remember helping Laird in his masonry construction business for a month and receiving \$100.00 from him. Dad took the check and tore it up. I cried and cried, and was really upset. Laird helped build our house, Dad taught me it just wasn't right to accept that money when Laird had done so much for our family. That was a tough lesson, an uncomfortable one, but important. Dad had a sense of justice that was exact--you didn't

take advantage of someone else to make money at their expense. He had integrity.

Remembering a few things about my father and our family has been wonderful. Even as I write, my car accidents, the camping trips, and other fond memories and experiences flood through my mind. I had a wonderful childhood experience. My father has always been an example of consistency and integrity. Perhaps the one thing that I remember most about dad is his work ethic. He was always a hard worker and would never complain--he would just do and do. If I had to choose one symbolic thing to represent my father, I would choose a shovel. The memory of dad working in the yard with a shovel seems to be imprinted on my mind. He always had a shovel working away, trying to make the Enoch yard grow. More importantly, the shovel represents my father's work ethic. He is a person who lives a life of integrity and has never given up.

Joseph Luram

As I attempt to remember the childhood experiences growing up in our home, I remember the incidents of tiger, horse rides, Saturday chores, growing a garden, camping trips, swimming together almost every Saturday, allowance for Bill's grocery store, and other memories.

First, "Tiger"--it was pure fun trying to get away from the "Tiger" (DAD)--it was like we had been there for hours playing the game. I also remember "horse rides" with dad, he was the horse, it was as if dad would go for hours giving rides, and on occasion bucking me off. I also remember that the "work ethic" was taught by chores, especially Saturday chores--weeding the garden, doing Church service, mowing the grass--it was always on Saturday. Sometimes I would not answer dad to see if I could get away from Saturday chores, but dad would always find me.

I remember the allowance given for Bill's grocery, I would take this allowance and spend it on Rocky Road candy bars, they were delicious. Especially in our Enoch home, I would look with anticipation when Spring came and dad would plant the annual garden. Even though I didn't participate with the work it took, I would see dad toil away in the garden, and I was learning myself what benefits a garden had. I would sometimes wonder how dad would have things grow in the soil, especially in Enoch.

As my life progressed I remember growing up with parents who were concerned for me. I was at school one day and was called into the office, to my surprise dad was there along with the school counselor. My dad was concerned about my learning experience, all I was thinking about was my love of sports. Thinking back, I am glad they didn't eliminate sports in my

learning curriculum.

Growing up in the family I think back on how mom was there making sure we didn't forget who we were. Also, I remember dad being there most of the time when my sports competitions were held. That was truly a blessing in my life, knowing that win or lose, I had a father who cared about me.

I also remember the camping trips (usually fathers-sons outings) and the burnt food. I even complained a time or two about the food. Usually the sleeping conditions were under the stars, with the sleeping bags laid out, I would drift off to sleep, only to be awakened by a spooky sound, I would then panic that it was Big Foot or a big monster coming to get me. Even though I would not sleep as soundly, I knew that dad was there to fight the "bad things" that had come to get me.

I remember on occasion when dad would take me to some of his meetings in Northern Utah. We would stop in Nephi to have breakfast, and I would get the biggest pancakes! Speaking about pancakes, I would love to come and eat dad's whole-wheat pancakes on Saturday morning. They did really fill you up, and what a treat before Saturday chores were done.

I have some fond memories of growing up in our family with good parents. Hopefully, I have learned from these memories, and can instill them in my own life, and as I work with others.

James Omer

My memories of growing up in the Tripp home have taken on new meaning over the years as my own parenting experiences have enlightened me and allowed perspective of how blessed my youthful years were under the watchful eyes of my parents. I also understand more the great physical, mental and spiritual efforts from both dad and mom in raising their family.

When one starts to think, really think about his past, there can be confusion, sadness, happiness, laughter, contemplation, and much head shaking. At times floods of memories rushed over me like a shower as I tried to grab hold of these, most ended up down the drain. I held onto some, however, and I hope you enjoy reading.

Some early memories include our time in Salem Hills, Utah. Mom seemed to enjoy eating marrow within bones and tried to convince the children it was good for us. I didn't see dad sucking marrow, so I thought I'd be o.k. if I refused. Halloween was fun, and mom spent much time helping the children get costumed. There was also the time when Joseph and I snuck into a friend's home and ate some raisin bread. Dad and mom were stern but

not mean in suggesting that wasn't the proper thing to do. The memory with the greatest during this time, however, is the Christmas when shiny red tricycles were lined up on the patio. I couldn't believe Santa could be so good to a family! We rode them in the family room and had a grand time.

I have many fond memories of my early years in Cedar City. In the house on 100 East, near the old Rock Church, we were ideally located to take advantage of window shopping on Main Street, occasionally going to Woolworths and buying PEZ candy and dispensers, or orange chocolate sticks. We would walk or ride bikes to the "new" park and get dizzy on the tire swing, as well as play in the small creek which ran through the park. We also played at the baseball field and the school, which was only a block away. One day Emron determined to take Joseph and me "backpacking" and we walked to the edge of town and climbed up the rocks where we spent the night. I'm not sure why dad and mom let us do that when we were so young--it was a very different time than in 2009. I recall a wonderful Christmas present from dad and mom while at the old house: a blue two-wheeled bicycle with a banana seat. Whoa! Dad spent what seemed like many hours helping us to learn to ride. I was so happy with my father at this time. Some of my other favorite gifts were trucks, including a red fire engine and a yellow Tonka truck. I would play with the Tonka for hours, racing along the ground and filling and emptying loads of dirt.

Christmas seasons were also special or memorable in other ways. Dad would insist we re-enact the story of Christ's birth, and presents were given in plastic trash bags. We would regularly cut own Christmas tree; after loading the family in two vehicles, we would usually drive near to Summit and begin our search. The local pines we cut weren't the traditional look, and mom would often joke that we brought home another tree which looked like she did, short and squat (despite the fact that mom was neither that short nor squat). After getting the tree home, dad would get his determined look on his face and set out to build a stand. I recall thinking I'd never build my own stand because dad seemed to struggle at it.

My baptism was terrific. Dad made me feel very special by purchasing me a pocketknife. He assured me that I was now old enough to use a knife responsibly. I felt big and grown up. As young boys are prone to do, however, I abused the knife, and I didn't use it safely at times. Joseph and I would play "peg the toe" with our knives, and I think he actually pegged his toe one time. We did a church father and son outing on the Virgin River the summer after my baptism and we inner-tubed down the river. I didn't want to part with my knife during the trip although dad suggested I

not take it with me. The knife was full of sand and water after being in the river and I didn't clean it properly when getting home so my beautiful knife was destroyed.

Speaking of knives reminds me of when dad and mom purchased a set of silverware. We were all very excited to have a matching set, and Emron must have been especially excited as he grabbed a knife and ran around the house cutting us. The finely serrated edge did its damage on our skin, and our hurt was accompanied by red cut lines. For some reason Emron often turned mischievous when new things were acquired. He once received a sleeping bag which was bright yellow inside and multi-colored on the outside. He desperately wanted to show the new bag to me and suggested I crawl to the bottom of the bag for a better look. I obliged him, but then he sat on the open end of the bag and I panicked! I screamed and kicked and developed a serious case of claustrophobia which lasted for years.

We didn't travel much as a family and I recognize our parents wished they could have taken us on more vacations and visited more places. Yet the times we did travel together were fun, although cramped and generally hot. Most of these trips were to Salt Lake City to visit Grandma and Grandpa Ashton. We would load into the brown AMC Hornet and drive forever (five hours) before arriving in the "big city." Before the interstate was re-routed, we would sometimes stop at a burger joint before arriving at Nephi to get ice cream shakes. Then we would have a contest to see if we could make our shake last until Salt Lake City. I think I accomplished this feat one time with a delicious pineapple shake. When visiting Grandpa, he would often make us "tiger milk" and pancakes, feed us frozen Snicker bars, take us to Dan's for ice cream cones (yum!!!) and best of all, allow us to swim in his pool. I would love to lay on the huge poolside boulders and soak in the warmth after swimming in the unheated water. Naturally though, we had to do our push up's first, and sometimes we did pull up's and sit up's. We occasionally visited dad's mother in Pocatello, and I would love to hear dad tell stories of his growing-up years in Idaho. He often expressed a desire to get back to his beloved Idaho.

Our life as children was not all roses. There was plenty of fighting and competition, and what we considered more than enough work. In reality, however, most of the work was completed by mom and dad. I frankly don't know how they did it. Mom worked into the night to wash clothes, etc. and dad would work a long day at his job, then come home and continue working, especially in the garden. Dad was always very disciplined in how his time was used, and he simply didn't get distracted from doing things which needed to be done. Even when doing something like watching B.Y.U.

football, dad would leave the game during commercials to get work done around the home. Both dad and mom dedicated themselves to the responsibility they had accepted and chosen, and forgot themselves to serve and sacrifice for the family.

One example of dad's practical nature, as well as his sacrifice for family is when he volunteered to coach baseball while living in Enoch. I believe his intent was not only to help the city, but also to coach in a way which would help Joseph develop physically. As a normal part of practice, the entire team would do special crawling and other coordination exercises which were designed to help Joseph. I don't recall if our team had success, but I do recall a dad's desire to help his son.

Dad's practical nature wasn't always appreciated by his children. While living in Enoch, the boys thought it would be a great idea to dig a fort at the back of our lot. We had grand visions of what it would look like and how we would use it. When mom saw the hole getting bigger and bigger, I think she was determined to make us stop, but for some reason dad encouraged us to keep going. After we had spent more time digging, dad finally announced we were digging his new root cellar. Needless to say, we weren't happy, and our digging became a chore. Nevertheless, we persevered and were proud when we cut the juniper trees which would serve as the timbers for the roof. We then laid corrugated metal on top followed by a mound of soil. Despite my fear of cave-in every time I went to the cellar to get potatoes or carrots, it never did fall.

Talking about cutting timber reminds me of all the experience gathering wood to heat our home. After dad purchased the beat up 1960 Chevy step side, we regularly traveled up Cedar Mountain to cut wood. Going up the mountain was arduous and coming down was frightful! In fact, on the way up the mountain I thought if drivers behind us were too mad at our slow going, the kids could jump out of the truck and push in order to make better progress. Traveling down the mountain I often thought I may have to kick hard against the floor boards and place my feet on the pavement to help slow the truck down in the event of likely brake or other general failure. Dad eventually realized the danger and future wood gatherings took place outside of Parowan. I recall a time when I was goofing around and threw a piece of cut wood about 4 inches in diameter. The wood sailed through the air and seemed to hover in mid air before seemingly changing course and heading straight for dad's head. Smack! Dad's steely eyes glared, his veins started bulging, and his face turned red. Uh oh, that was a sure sign that dad was mad and about to blow his top! I quickly and dramatically apologized and dad retained his composure and expressed his displeasure in

a very tame way.

After cutting a load of wood we would often stop to get ice cream cones as a well deserved treat. This became a tradition of sorts. One day after getting our cones we turned onto the freeway on-ramp, and suddenly the passenger door flew open and Emer disappeared. As if in slow motion, we all watched his face contort in massive anguish as he was facing his last moments. Then, we watched in surprise as he made no attempt to save himself, rather, his only apparent goal was to protect his ice cream cone. I'm not sure how he did it, but after tumbling to the ground he got up, and both he and the cone survived intact. We laugh about it to this day.

One afternoon we were coming home from wood gathering and dad allowed me to drive. I started driving, but the gear shifter, always fickle, wasn't cooperating and as I desperately tried to find the next gear I took my eyes off the road. As we drifted off the road at 40 m.p.h. dad yelled at me to pay attention and soon made me stop. Despite making me stop, I was appreciative that dad gave me his confidence to try. Looking back I can see dad's philosophy of agency and freedom of choice really did govern his actions. We had much freedom in the home and were supported in our decisions with the same quiet confidence by which dad lived his own life.

At times mom didn't appreciate dad's philosophies, like when we chose not to do our work. Because the consequences were not severe from dad, we tested mom greatly. She tried her best to reign in her burly boys by breaking wooden spoons on us, but to us these efforts were mostly laughable. I think dad was so busy getting other things done, he couldn't discipline us the way mom thought was best (and probably what was needed). The sheer weight of the responsibilities of raising ten children was at times overwhelming for them, and when I speak to mom and dad now, they admit they didn't do everything they wanted to do, or perhaps should have done, but they did their best. I believe it and I am grateful for their efforts.

Dad's philosophies also sometimes frustrated the children, but were more often appreciated by us. One example is our Sunday activities. While our neighbors sat outside and read scriptures as a family on Sunday afternoon in the summer, dad would give us the freedom to do other things, and we would often play games. We had many terrific games of family football, basketball, etc. and greatly enjoyed these times together. As I look back, I realize these were special family bonding times and feel they are part of what makes us so close years later.

After all is said and done, dad has always been there, supporting me and the rest of the family the best he could. Despite his shortcomings, I feel

his consistent effort has been impressive and I continue to be amazed at his work ethic. Both he and mom and saints in my view. When younger, I couldn't imagine being like my parents...yuck! Yet as I grow older, I realize I'm becoming more like them every day, and now I have the wisdom and perspective to recognize that in many ways, being like my parents is a wonderful achievement and an honor. I am proud and grateful to be a Tripp and to share a heritage with dad and mom.

Mary Ellen

As I reflect back on my childhood, a flood of memories come forth, not all good, not all bad, but all of them have been so wonderful to look back on. I'm not the expert on memories, but what I remember, I wouldn't trade for anything. I became a mother a little over 4 years ago and I laugh at the silly thoughts I had prior to being a mother--No television, No messes, No talking back, No spanking--I was soooo wrong! I have two children and I can't believe my mother and father were able to raise 10 beautiful, healthy, wonderful children--my brothers and sisters.

I have to tell you, living in the "old house" was the BEST. We were entertained or had entertainment 24/7. Remember the orchard, the tree branch that was our horse and our balance beam? Let us not forget the vacant lot next to our house; Mom and dad, I have never apologized to you before, but let me now say, I'm sorry for "losing" my one blue suede shoe in the mud. Money was tight and I know you both thought those shoes were the best for me, but they were so ugly. I had to "lose" one so I could get new ones, I'm sorry.

It was there in the "old house" where I learned about waxing the floor, ba-da-bing, you have an ice rink...boy, sliding all over, running into the fridge and stove was the bomb. Being able to walk to school on those cold days with a hard-boiled egg, having the East Elementary school playground within a block was unbelievable, all the time my brothers and I spent there...I can't relay the joy I had at that playground. In the "old house" was my first memory of homemade bread. Mom would make her bread and I remember the butter and honey just melting on the fresh, hot slice...oh, it was heaven. I also remember the mortuary, oh the trouble we would get into...the head stone falling on Emer's toe. The second family missed out on Friday night sleep outs...yes, the sleep outs on the trampoline in the "new house" rules, but getting out our sleeping bags and laying them on the living room floor in front of the TV on Friday night was so awesome.

I honestly can't remember my age when we moved into the "new" house, but I do remember the first time we went out to see the home being

built, mom was in such a panic...the foundation was laid so close to the highway...so she thought. At the same time I remember thinking, we are going to be living in the middle of NO WHERE, so much brush and dirt. I don't remember the move, but I do remember getting to pick out my own wall paper for MY OWN ROOM...YEAH!! My own room lasted for I think about a week, little did I know Gennie and Emily would soon be sharing "my" room with me. Raggedy Ann and Andy wall paper rocked.

We were so fortunate to have such a big front and back yard--playing Tiger with dad, the football games, the egg tosses, the egg hunts, the car accident in the front yard, snowball fights, the snowmen, the snow bunny, the trampoline--I could go on and on about the wonderful times in that yard. Let's not forget the amazing garden we were so blessed to have dad grow every year. Picking tomatoes off the vine in the summer months was unforgettable, to this day I can't buy tomatoes without them still being on the vine. And when I smell them, oh how that smell takes me back.

When they laid the back porch in cement, and we as a family put our hand prints in the wet cement and signed our names above the prints. Life seemed to make sense then. We were a family and nothing could ever break that bond in the cement that we had created together as the Tripp family!

David Emer

I remember the day I arrived in Cedar City. After spending months in Santaquin with relatives, dad had come to take me home. I didn't know where that would be, but I knew wherever home was, I would be back with mom and dad and brothers and sisters. I still recall that night dad waking me up and carrying me into the rented house, and mom telling him that I should be bathed. At that moment I knew everything would be alright because I was back with my family.

I liked living in downtown Cedar City. I was always a little scared about all the people and traffic, but there was a certain energy to that, and Jarom was always confident when I didn't feel so secure. I was jealous of my little brother's confidence and also appreciated it. Sometimes I would recruit Jarom to tell people my name when they would ask. I couldn't pronounce my "R's" so when I said my name, people thought I was saying, "Emo" instead of Emer.

This was the time that I got the best Christmas present ever, a Big Wheel Bike. I loved riding up and down on the streets and felt so cool. Looking back I feel lucky that I had some good life experiences as a young child. Mom had activities she would support Jarom and me in, they were

always fun. It seems she wouldn't participate with us, but she would encourage us, and give us space to do our own thing.

Moving out to Enoch was a different experience completely. Suddenly it seemed like I was stuck. In Cedar City there were places to escape to, in Enoch not so many. It was a bit isolating for me. I missed my old playgrounds. I did appreciate, though, in Enoch, the sprinklers on the alfalfa field and the lambs and sheep in the field.

Thomas Jarom

Jarom sent his write-up "Pony Express"--we haven't seen it yet, but will send it to you as soon as it arrives!

Gennie May

Some of my most favorite memories in the 3793 N. Minersville Hwy. home were waking up Saturday mornings and eating whole wheat pancakes with dad's special concoction of applesauce and pineapple and having homemade syrup. I remember the raspberry patch on the North side of the house. I still remember coming home from Church, mom had knocked down the wall between the living room and kitchen, what a big surprise that was. And Aaron and Adam burning holes in the carpet. The big basketball games inside the house and outside on the court. Aaron and Adam fighting over who would cut the grass that dad would have us do. Having a garden that of course the little kids didn't have to do anything, huh to the first family. I had some good times in that house, I miss it.

Robert Aaron

The one word I would have to use to describe growing up in Enoch, is "comfort." While I have many great and impressionable memories of our years spent living there, "comfort" sums it up perfectly. Looking back now, I see that we were in a world of our own out there on Minersville Hwy. Some would call it sheltered, I would say protected, safe. I had no cares in the world out there. I knew nothing of the world, or even of state affairs. How could we, we only had three television stations. What a blessing! Having been around the world now I look back and long for those simpler times. The three television stations we did have were dependent upon the monstrous contraption on the roof which served as the antenna. I seem to recall that dad was always up there adjusting it. I suppose he was forced to consider the winds which never seemed to stop blowing in Enoch. I remember we didn't get a VCR until I was around the age of 12--I believe around the same time that we got a microwave. I think that is also about the

time that we finally upgraded from the rotary style phone. I miss that phone and would love to have one today. I keep looking for cell phones in that style but no luck yet. I imagine dad must have gotten a raise around that time.

Yes, "comfort." A solidly built brick home that always kept the wind at bay. It was warm in winter and cool in the summer--not too warm sometimes in the winter, I remember many a morning sneaking upstairs and ever so slightly moving the thermostat up--then proceeding to sit over a heat register and wrap myself in a blanket. Dad would always discover the thermostat had been adjusted before I was completely warmed up. Boy he was quick, and boy did he yell!. It was worth it though, that short-lived warmth was just enough to loosen me up and get me ready to face the conditions outside of that comfortable home. It was the perfect environment to grow up in as we were able to experience all of the seasons in their magnificent glory. Spring and Fall were my favorites; Winter was also nice as we children loved to play in the snow, making many snowmen, and having many a snowball fight with the neighborhood children and each other.

You could not ask for more beautiful scenery--out the front of the house to the East were mountains rising up. To the West and the rear of the house were Three Peaks and desert stretching as far as you could see. I remember sitting on the front porch many mornings waiting for the sun to come up to take the chill out of my bones, and to erase the dew on the grass. The sky was the most brilliant blue with beautiful clouds that we would try to ascribe traits and personalities. The end of those beautiful days were the real treat-- the sun would go down and turn the sky and clouds into the most beautiful sunsets I have ever witnessed. No artist could ever truly do justice to the sunsets that we were privy to. I see now that our being in that location helped me to be closer to the earth and appreciate its true beauty. Surrounded by farmland and wide open spaces I could not have asked for a better setting for my childhood. Saying that, I also must say that there were not very many things for us to do growing up, things what most children of the day would consider fun. We had to entertain ourselves, and did we ever. Being out there and not having many of the luxuries that children do today was a great blessing. We were forced to use our imagination and to create our own entertainment, aside from the trampoline. We had a lot of fun on that trampoline. It served as Adam's and my bed during the summers. Sleeping out almost every night under the stars. It seems at that time there was nowhere near the amount of light pollution as there is today. I just remember being so transfixed and awed by the countless stars in the sky. I guess I thought a lot also-- about what was out there; what was possible. I still think

that way today, it is because of my being able to see the true glory and magnificence of the earth and the universe. Laying there at nights was so peaceful--to hear sprinklers watering the alfalfa and the sheep baaing was quite soothing.

Being surrounded by farmland was also the source of my first job. Adam and I were hired to ensure that the sheep living in the field behind us had water during the winter. This meant going out and breaking the ice that would form in the trough. As we got older we eventually were able to lift the sprinkler pipes. We also got to join in on the sheep ranching. I remember in the spring we kids would grab the lambs from the flock and take them to the Nelson's to be docked, and to put rubber bands around their tails and tags in their ears. Watching Paul Nelson bite the testicles from the lambs and spit them into a pile on the barnyard floor was enough to discourage me from ever wanting rocky mountain oysters.

It was an amazing experience growing up there. So much growth and life. It really made me appreciate the true beauty and balance that mother nature instills upon this earth. Especially rewarding was the gardens that we would grow every year. From small seeds to beautiful plants--plants that would nurture and sustain us. Water and sunshine, that was all that was needed, then mother nature would bless us with a bountiful harvest. "Bountiful" being a key word. I recall disliking harvest time, having to sit around shelling peas and shucking corn. And the way the house would smell while canning tomatoes! Looking back, however, we were very fortunate to have all those nutritious fruits and vegetables which we were forced to eat, but which were very healthy. I still love today everything that we ate back then, with the exception of the powdered milk. Our usual fare for breakfast was oatmeal as cereal, with the occasional corn flakes. Good food and good memories for sure. The "pancake Saturdays should also be mentioned; also, dad's goulash. The best food without a doubt had to be mom's homemade bread--just the smell of fresh bread out of the oven, after having come in from a cold day, was enough to make my mouth water. And, of course lots of ice cream!

I cannot relate memories of my childhood without re-telling the story of the skunk. By the way, I have had to hear dad retell countless times. I will now give my version. It was another beautiful evening. Adam, Jarom, and I were in the backyard on the trampoline. Along the fence line and ditch that separated Guymon's property from Nelson's we thought we heard a raucous commotion from a pheasant. Seeing as how we were curious boys and any excitement at all peaked our interest, we decided to investigate. Crossing over the barbed wire fence and walking across the field we approached a

stand of willows. Well, as we got nearer we saw a skunk dart from the willows. Apparently the skunk had been wanting a dinner of pheasant eggs. I cannot remember my age at the time, I only know now that I must have been young and stupid because I listened to Jarom. He was yelling at Adam and me to chase the skunk. I remember thinking, "I wonder how fast a skunk is?" Anyway, we were closing in. I do remember I was in front and leading while Adam was behind me. This was curious because Adam was always the faster between us. Anyway, I was approximately 10 feet behind the skunk. I remember wondering exactly what I was going to do with the skunk if I did catch him. Well, the skunk rendered that thought mute. Just before reaching a small drainage ditch, the skunk kicked up his back legs and then jumped into the ditch. Never to be seen again!! Not by me at least. I was blinded and on my knees crying and screaming. I remember seeing something flying from where the skunk had entered the ditch, I thought it was a grasshopper. It wasn't a grasshopper, if only I had been so fortunate. The skunk had done what comes only so naturally, it had sprayed me perfectly in the eyes. It stung so badly, I never thought I would see again! Jarom and Adam had to lead, half carry me back home. Getting back over that barbwire fence was much more difficult this time. With much flushing with water, and tomato juice for the smell, I regained my sight. Needless to say, I will never again chase a skunk, or listen to Jarom. I see now that that was an excellent learning experience for me.

I learned so many important life lessons growing up in Enoch on 3793 Minersville Hwy. Often times I would curse dad or mom for the injustices we were put through. I see now that they were all important in making me who I am today. I could not have asked for a better childhood or place to grow up, or for better parents and siblings, and for their love and support. I know now that we all came together perfectly according to God's plan--each of us going through our own trials and ordeals. These early experiences make us who we are today by shaping the way we go through life in order that we might accomplish our missions here on earth.

Finally, I know I am a child of God. I have been born to earthly parents who are kind and dear. I desire Heavenly Father's blessing to "Lead me, Guide me, and, Walk beside me that I may live with Him someday (with my family).

Michael Adam

As an adult it is a wonderful experience to remember and re-live some of experiences one has had as a child growing up. There are many wonderful memories of my childhood in fact hundreds that I can think of in a moments

notice. When Dad asked me to write my thoughts and memories of growing up in Cedar City, I started to write my own autobiography, however Dad mentioned he didn't want my autobiography but a few of my favorite experiences or memories of growing up. There are so many great experiences that I had growing up with my family in Cedar City that it will be difficult to list so few but I will try.

I remember some of the best experiences revolved around the world of sports as my brothers, sisters, dad, and I were always participating in some type of game or sporting activity at our home. I recall the numerous "Pass Interception" football games, "Jungle Ball" basketball games, "Whiffle Ball" baseball games, "Baseball" games, "No Bears Are Out Tonight" games, and could I forget the "Tiger" and "Horse" games we would play in the home or on the tramp in the front and back yards. Depending on the time of year there was always a friendly yet very competitive game going on. During the winter it was mostly basketball and one of the best memories was of our "Jungle Ball" basketball games. These games were played inside the home on the main floor of the kitchen/living room area. It seemed as though dad & mom would bring these "Jungle Basketball" games on themselves--each Christmas they would buy a small basketball set that would hang up on a door. This was not your ordinary small plastic basketball set with a nerf ball or a simple basketball set that would break when dunked--it was something in the middle of a standard basketball set and a nerf basketball set. The backboard was wooden and the rim was metal, the ball was orange and plastic, but one that had to be inflated and easy enough for a little kid to palm. The basketball set was set up on the door that lead to the downstairs from the first floor kitchen area. In order to set the basketball hoop up, the door had to be open and the metal clamp holder would attach to the back of the door. The kitchen was set up perfectly for playing the indoor basketball types of games. The linoleum provided a perfect separation for the court, there was a foul line, a line to dunk from and borders for when someone was shooting a free throw. The first time dad and mom purchased the indoor basketball set it was a BYU Cougar's basketball set and everyone in the family loved it. It had the name of "BYU" on it, it was blue and white and even had the BYU Cougar logo. It was given to Aaron and me as a Christmas present, but was meant for the whole family. The "Jungle Basketball" games always started with all seven of the boys and dad getting together in the kitchen area to move the furniture around to accommodate the game. The kitchen benches would be moved into the living room area; the kitchen table would be moved as far back in the corner of the dining room area as possible. The kitchen hutch which was

right next to the basket was moved snug against the wall so it wouldn't fall over, and to provide those two to three extra inches to play. The teams were usually fairly divided into four or four players, and sometimes we would only play three on three or two on two. Aaron and I were the youngest, we were barely tall enough to jump and dunk the ball. All of the other boys were tall enough and didn't even have to jump. Basically, the game came down to a lot of pushing, shoving, elbowing, kneeling and mustering enough strength to get past the big men down in the middle and score. The game was all about scoring! Usually the big men were Emron, Joseph, Emer, and Jarom. We would do everything we could to score a point whether it be handing the ball off as though it were a football play or hiding the ball under a shirt and then dunking over one of the big guys. Emron was always the most aggressive player. These games would usually start around 9:00 P.M. during the holidays, and we would play a couple hours until 11:00 P.M. or so. Due to the amount of exercise and physical exertion each player put into the game, each player worked up a sweat, and the windows inside the house were always steamed up. It was smash-mouth "Jungle Ball" in the kitchen! You could almost always guarantee a small injury from the game, but the injury was usually small enough that the player was back within a few minutes. As the boys played there was always the crowd of other family members watching in the living room, usually the girls, sisters-in-law (later in the family) and mom. As I recall, the girls usually watched, laughed and cheered all of us on-- now that I think about it they were probably hoping that no one got pushed down the stairs, ran into the hutch or broke a bone while we played. The games got very intense and all of the boys took a lot of pride in who won. After the game I always felt that I played very well since I was small and was always able to sneak around one of the Big Men and then hurry and dunk the ball in for a score. I think the older boys sometimes just let me and Aaron score since we were so small and they could have easily thrown us to the floor, down the stairs, or into the table. The games were great and always provided entertainment for the entire family. The basketball set stayed up year round and Aaron and I would have competitions throughout the winter since there was always snow on the ground. Some of the competitions were dunking competitions, free throw competitions, horse games and one-on-one. Dad was often a judge of our competitions, however, he would always say "winning isn't everything, as long as you do your best," so it didn't really matter who won the game as long as I did my best. A few years later after the BYU cougar set broke, dad & mom purchased another LA Laker's set for Christmas.

At one point I think mom convinced dad to build a basketball court

outside on the side of the house because she was tired of the boys playing "Jungle Ball" in the kitchen, and because of the injuries. The court was built on the north side of the house in the Spring. The court was perfect for the family! I don't recall the exact size, however, I would imagine it was about 20 X 25 feet. The concrete was a solid four to five inches thick and there was a standard fiber glass basketball hoop set up at the end of the court. Next to the court was a small shed that dad also built with the help of a local member of our ward, Bro. Atkins. I helped dad build the shed during the Spring time and learned a lot from dad and Bro. Atkins as how to properly hammer a nail. Once the basketball court was built outside there were very few Jungle Ball games played inside and the competition became even more fierce as most of the boys were old enough to hold their own at this time and we were all good basketball players. Again the teams were always evenly divided up into four on four, three on three, two on two even one on one at times and the occasional game which included one of the sisters to make sure the teams were even. The rim was ten feet high so no one had the advantage of being able to dunk the basketball on this court. The basketball court was a common meeting place especially when family was in town as we would usually play two to three games a day. There were many good memories made on both the inside the house basketball court and the outside basketball court. I learned how to compete with people stronger than I and learned a lot about competition while growing up. I think dad really enjoyed seeing me and all of the kids participate in these games as he knew it brought out a lot of our skills and helped us become better people. Dad was always there participating with us in the basketball games and even though I worried that he was going to hurt himself it was always fun to have some friendly competition. Dad and I became better friends through sports and it has always been a common bond that has helped us relate better with each other.

Emily Ann

The memories of my childhood are some of the best in the world. I often think about those times and long for them, for the comfort of knowing that home is where the family--brothers, sisters, mom and dad would be...oh, and don't forget the Chipper dog and Charlie cat!

I remember waking up in the summers and smelling fresh-cut grass. I loved and still love that smell, too bad it makes me SNEEZE! I don't know who was cutting the grass, but it was probably dad. Dad was always outside during the summer weekends, he was in the garden or busily doing some work, somewhere. I remember dad making, or should I say, allowing us the

opportunity to pull weeds in the garden. I always remember being assigned a certain area and picking all the weeds in that area. If we did our jobs, dad would take us swimming in the local pool, Yipee!

Another memorable time for me was General Conference weekends. There was always a feeling of calm and reverence even though there was work to be done. I would wake up to the radio blaring, it would be turned so loud that dad could hear the talks while working outside. Usually, dad would make pancakes in the morning. Then the pancakes would be turned into PB&J sandwiches for lunch. I don't remember eating pancakes for dinner, but I think mom and dad could have thought of some type of dinner pancake goulasch.

As much as I liked General Conference weekends, I disliked the boys all leaving me behind to go to "their" priesthood meeting, and then getting root beer floats after. I always wished I could just tag along once, but it never happened. I think I made such a fuss about it one year that mom took me to the store with her and she purchased a special treat for me.

I can't go down memory lane without bringing up Heaton Ranch. Brother Heaton was a co-worker of dad's at LDS Family Services in Cedar City. The extended Heaton families owned the "ranch: and there were I believe four cabins and two lakes to go swimming. I always looked forward to going to Heaton Ranch for a couple of days in the summer. We would meet all of the other LDS Family Service co-workers and have fun! The cabin to get was the A-frame, I don't know how, but our family (dad, Gennie, Aaron,

Adam, and I) were always able to stay in that cabin! It was always exciting to pack for the camping adventure. Dad would pack the old lime-green cooler with food--milk, cereal, snack-a-ramen, English muffins, eggs, grasshopper cookies, bananas, soup, and fig newtons! It was always so fun to be together, even if I was afraid of sleeping because of the mice in the cabin.

Dad took me occasionally on "Daddy Daughter Dates." It was just us going to dinner. I remember going to Brad's Food Hut. I had never been there and it was great--a big pile of fries, and the best part, I didn't have to share with any other siblings!

Dad was the one to wake us up in the mornings. To this day I feel bad that I wasn't quick to obey. It usually took repeated attempts by dad to get me out of bed. During middle and high school years, dad always dropped us kids off at school. It was sometimes a crazy rush to get to school, probably due to me being such a slumber head! While driving dad would give us our lunch money for the week, sometimes he would have to pull into the gas

station and buy a pack of gum to get change so he could divide up the money.

When I started to play soccer, dad would always try his best to be there. I always enjoyed having some there to see me play.

An unforgettable memory is when dad would play, "No bears are out tonight, daddy shot them all last night!" We would all skip around chanting, "No bears are out tonight..." Dad would emerge from his hiding place and catch us. I would always try to get away, it was not only fun to be chased, but if dad caught you he would tickle you. Now, if you have ever been tickled by dad you know what I mean--it tickled alright, but then after the tickles came the pain! Dad's tickles would leave bruises, but he never knew because you were still laughing and crying at the same time.!

I remember always coming home from school and knowing mom would be there. I would get off the school bus, open the front door, there would always be a couple of guesses of what we were having for dinner--spaghetti; rice with tuna or red sauce; macaroni with tomato sauce; onions with hamburger; or, something to do with potatoes. I loved knowing that mom was home and there was going to be something on the table for dinner.

Another smell that I remember from my childhood is BLEACH! Oh, how I remember my eyes stinging from that smell. It is interesting because not only does my home with my little family smell of spaghetti and rice, but of BLEACH as well!!!

In all of the great, fun, and memorable times there were sad times as well. Just to name a few--Charlie cat getting nose cancer; Booyah dog getting run over by Mr. Nelson; mom not being there when I got home from school; being told we were moving; Chipper dog leaving; and, finding out that Ty Detmer was getting married to someone other than me.

As my life continues to progress I have learned Families are Forever, and how thankful I am for being a part of the Tripp family.

Now, from dad, thank you, all of you, for your time and efforts in writing a little about growing up in our home. We all recognize it certainly wasn't perfect, but you were all good sports, and we did have a closeness and loyalty which I believe we all cherish. Several of you have mentioned "Tiger" and "Horse." Somewhere along the way, I wrote a poem about this frequent family activity:

Sore Knees

Tonight, as I knelt

in prayer,
I noticed my knees
a little sore,
and wondered, "why"?

And then remembered,
with a smile,
we played,
"Tiger" and "Horse"
tonight.

Six kids
and their dad,
romping together,
as only kids
and dads can.

Of course,
I was the horse,
and the tiger,
Sore knees,
indeed!

Our father, I thank Thee,
for these, Thy precious ones,
Thou hast said,
they are from
and in Thee;

Angels of light
to bring gladness
and warmth
to tired dads
like me.

Yes, my knees
are a little sore,
but I pray,
that all dads

may have sore knees...
sometimes!

A MAJOR MOVE TO COLORADO

In 1997, after some rather serious struggles in our marriage, Penny and I felt we needed a change, and I was transferred to the Colorado Agency.

With the help of family members and Hal Mardis, a man of all trades, who was in our ward, we were able to fix up the Minersville Hwy. home and prepare to move. At that time under certain conditions the Church would buy one's home which they eventually did which was a life-saver because it didn't sale for a long time. Also, I was able to sell the 8 acres of land North of our home.

We were able to buy a really nice home in Arvada located at 6773 Xenon. Colorado is a beautiful state, I was surprised how well everything is planned and kept-up. Penny loved the area, and even though the members of the Arvada 3rd Ward were great, and the workers in the office were supportive (Larry Peterson, Agency Director, Kem Nixon, the other caseworker, and the secretaries, Shirley Jones and Brenda Carter) I didn't like living in Colorado because of the long distances, the number of people, and the heavy traffic. Also, my sense of direction is not the best, in other words, in that big city, I got lost easily. Additionally, my first year with the Colorado Agency was particularly challenging-- the emphasis was upon birthparent releases--that first year I didn't have any releases. The second year was much more productive. However, we had a problem, Emily was struggling in her schooling and indicated she wanted to go back to Cedar City to try to graduate from high school there. Although Penny wasn't in complete agreement, I thought Emily's welfare was more important, and I decided to retire early (November, 1999), so we could move back to Cedar City and help Emily. Penny and Emily moved to Cedar City the first part of September so she could start school there (Canyon View where Emron was the counselor.) I stayed behind to work two more months and to try to fix-up and sell our house, and to fulfill the two years required so we didn't have to pay capital gains on the increased value of the home.

Before leaving the two years we spent in Colorado, several important events should be mentioned. After living in Colorado for about a year, Emily and I were doing some shopping in Westminster, a city next to Arvada. Upon visiting a pet store there, we both fell in love with a Golden Retriever male pup which cost \$800.00 Penny wasn't very happy with this

purchase but it wasn't long until this beautiful, always smiling dog became an important family member. We couldn't decide on a name, I chose "Bailey," Penny, "Trevor." From a little pup the dog grew very fast. We soon realized that our relatively small back yard was not sufficient for this exuberant and large animal. When we moved we sold the dog to a Dr. and his wife who said they had a large yard and who would offer him excellent care. Also, we had rented a home in Cedar City in a planned community which did not allow animals.

While living in Arvada Emily developed some close friendships with several girls in our ward, Shawntae Smith and Lisa Pack. Living in the so-called "mission field" is a stimulating experience. There is a closeness among the members which you often don't find in larger and more established Church areas. Shortly after moving there I was made a counselor in the High Priest's Group and then about five months before we moved back to Utah, the High Priest Group Leader. When we moved into the ward, Bishop Brown was the Bishop, he was later replaced by Bishop Smith; they were both very supportive of our family.

When we moved to Colorado, Adam, our youngest son, stayed behind to attend Southern Utah University in Cedar City. Also, he had interest in a young lady there. He was somewhat confused about what to do, especially in regards to a mission, and decided to come to Colorado to live with us so he could better prepare himself for a mission. He obtained employment as a bell boy with a Marriott Hotel; he enjoyed the work, was able to save some money for his mission, and was called to the Brazil mission from the Arvada 3rd Ward. Our daughter, Mary, lived in Colorado for a period of time while we were there and worked in one of the old, famous hotels in Denver. Emily worked for Old Navy which was a good experience for her.

BACK HOME IN CEDAR CITY

After the two years in Colorado in the fall of 1999 we were again back home in Cedar City where life seemed more sane and peaceful. We were able to rent a nice home in a retirement community on Pachea Trails from Janet Nesbitt, a realtor, who had bought the home for herself as an investment. Emily was attending Canyon View High School where Emron was a counselor and she seemed to be a lot happier. I was interested in getting back into real estate and was studying for the real estate exam which had become much more stringent. It took a lot of studying during the winter and some (\$bucks) but I was able to get my real estate license in March, 2000 and went to work for Dave and Sonya Stauffer of Re-Max

Professionals. There were only several other sales ladies in the office, so there wasn't much competition, at least in our office. Things started out slow but I did have some success.

After Emily's graduation from Canyon View High, Penny decided she didn't want to live in Cedar City, it was too small and too many memories. From my point-of-view I would have been willing to stay in Cedar City the remainder of our lives. Because of my 25 years work with LDS Social Services it seemed I knew about everyone in So. Utah and this was comfortable to me.

We decided on "Happy Valley"--Provo area because the area was like a second home to us. Six of our children were born in Provo; we had spent a lot of years attending BYU there. In September, 2001 we moved to Pleasant Grove where we rented a 3 bedroom 2nd story apartment at the Thorneberry Apts. It was a nice area. I thought I would pick-up on my real estate and eventually went to work for Prudential, however, I didn't have any success. It is difficult to start over in a new area and my heart wasn't in the work. Penny and I spent many hours and miles looking at homes in the immediate area but found nothing to our liking. After about 3 months in the real estate business I decided it was a losing proposition and applied to work as an aide at the American Fork Developmental Center (formerly the American Fork Training School). I was offered a tentative position and after several weeks of training was assigned to a locked ward. The clients on this ward were potentially out-of-control at times, therefore, the lockdown. I worked at the Developmental Center from about February 2001 to November 2001. It was an interesting experience but one I would not care to repeat. After about 5 months on the lock-down ward I was transferred to a ward where the clients were more benign but also challenging. All of the clients at the center have severe mental and physical handicaps and it seemed there was one challenge after another.

MY BROTHER BILL'S DEATH

As I previously indicated, Bill was three years younger than I, and even though our interests were very different, we were always quite close. He, Leona, and I had lived together in Idaho Falls for my Senior school year; Bill and I worked together at Falls Cafe; we spent many hours working together, hauling hay, etc. on the acreage at Fort Hall; we also worked together at Goodyear Tires in Pocatello, and at State Hospital South. When

he was in the Army, stationed in Germany, he visited me as a missionary in Lubeck, Germany for several days. Even though he was stubborn and opinionated, he was also fun and interesting, and was always supportive of me.

Because of the home environment Bill quit school in the 7th grade. After different jobs and his stint in the Army, he eventually was able to obtain a good job with the FHC corporation in Pocatello. He didn't have much schooling but was intelligent and a hard worker and advanced within the company, and after 34 years retired. At this time he and his 3rd wife, Nancy, and her son, Christian, were living and working in British Columbia. Nancy was also employed with FHC as an accountant. After his retirement the family moved to Chubbuck, about 2 miles from where Franklin and our mother lived. Eventually, Bill's and Nancy's marriage also ended in divorce.

After his retirement from FMC, and I believe after his divorce to Nancy, he developed cancer. He had probably smoked cigarettes for over 30 years which may have contributed to this condition. He went through radiation treatment, etc. but recognized sometime in 2000 that he would eventually die. He prepared the best way he could and appointed me as Personal Representative of his estate. He had accumulated four homes and was worth about \$350,000 in assets. As he grew more ill he prepared a will which left everything to his daughter, Sherri (Tripp) Julius, and his stepson, Christian Renoux. Because he and his daughter, Michelle, were so much alike and continually butted heads, he didn't leave her anything.

On Wednesday evening, August 7, 2000, Bill and his girlfriend, Vicki Copeland, called me in Cedar City indicating they needed to talk to me about changes in the will. Bill wanted to give Vicki the house on Dove instead of the one on 8th Street and he wanted her to have \$20,000 instead of \$10,000. I told them I would come up. At the time Bill was being provided care through Hospice and had a hospital bed in his bedroom. Penny and I arrived at Bill's place about 5:00 p.m. Friday, on the 9th. Bill was there with Vicki, it was evident that he was weak but was rational. He said that Michelle and her children (his grandchildren) had visited him that afternoon and they had reconciled some things. I asked him if he wanted to include her in his will, he said, "Yes." He also wanted to make some changes in regards to Vicki's inheritance. I told him I would try to contact his attorney, Mr. Wood. I tried to call him a number of times but could not reach him, I left several messages but he didn't call me back. I stayed with Bill that evening and it was evident he was getting worse, he died about 4:32 a.m. on June 10th, I was alone at his side, Vicki was tired and had gone to another bedroom to get some rest. Before his death his breathing was more labored, I

prayed silently that he could leave this earth, but as his breathing became more labored, I finally gave him a vocal blessing through the priesthood that he wouldn't have to suffer anymore. After the blessing, he said, weakly, "Thank you" and shortly thereafter he lifted up and was gone. I let Vicki know and then called mom and Penny, also, Hospice. Hospice said to call the mortuary. Previous arrangements had been made through the Hawker-Hill-Sandberg Funeral Home in Blackfoot to have him cremated. He wanted his ashes scattered at Copper Basin in Alaska which he described as the most beautiful place he had ever seen. The Dr. on the death certificate indicated he died of "Carcinoma of the Colon."

I met with the heirs on June, 12th, Monday, for the reading of the will. Michelle was really upset that she didn't receive anything. Sheri and Chris, the heirs, did agree to give Vicki the Dove property, but not the \$20,000. I asked the heirs if they would give Michelle anything since this was Bill's desire, they said, no. Bill wanted to give Sheri's mother, his first wife, \$5,000.00 which was a part of the will; I proposed that Nancy, his 3rd wife, also receive \$5,000.00. They agreed to this. Bill didn't want his 2nd wife, Heleme, Michelle's mother to receive anything. Also, he didn't want any mention of his second marriage to Heleme in the obituary.

On June 13th a memorial service was held at the mortuary. Bill had requested that a short memorial service be held for family members. I asked him, "What about your friends and other people who care for you?" He replied, "I don't have any friends." A few friends did hear about his death and attended. Jane Quick played the prelude music (she and her husband had been faithful home teachers to my mother when she was living in Ft. Hall.) The opening prayer was by Brother Quick. The opening song was, "How Great Thou Art." Leona read the obituary which I had previously written. I then commented on Bill's life and left it open for others to come up and express themselves. Five or six took this opportunity. There was probably about 25 people present. I believe I said the closing prayer. It was a nice service.

Previously, before his death, I had met with Bill to go over the obituary. At that time he made some of the following comments about his life:

"In a lot of ways I've had a pretty miserable life; in a lot of ways I've had a pretty good life. My attitude towards life wasn't very good, it could have been much better, it should have been better. I didn't put enough emphasis upon relationships. Not much in life makes life

worth living. But I have my hobbies--I like to fish, hunt, putter around. I'm not very big on people, I don't appreciate people. I'm pessimistic about the human race in general. What I have achieved, the financial, has been alright, but the personal relationships could have been better."

Concerning his dying, he said, "At this point I don't have many fears, I'm curious about the next life." In regards to his cancer, he said, "It's not the best way to die, but you can't pick and choose." For a long time Bill denied God but primarily through our mother's influence and his imminent death he said, "I don't deny there is a God, but I don't believe in organized religion." When I met him a few weeks later, he said, "I'm on a different medication, God has blessed me."

The following is his obituary:

Blackfoot--William Guy Tripp, 59, died on Saturday, June 10, 2000, at his home following an extended illness due to cancer. He was born August 10, 1940, in Idaho Falls, Idaho to Charles Meredith Tripp and Mary Melissa Price Tripp. He attended schools in Idaho Falls, and at age 18, served in the Army, both at home and abroad. He married Kathleen Duschesser in 1967, and they divorced in 1980. He then married Nancy Anderson in 1984, and they divorced in 1997. He worked for 34 years for the FMC Corporations as an engineering, lab and environmental technician. Bill loved nature and the outdoors. He was an avid fisherman, hunter, hiker, and camper. He enjoyed working in his yard, planting trees, and watching things grow. He was very concerned about environmental and political issues. He was a hard worker and very honest and forthright. He had a good sense of humor and an infectious laugh and had many friends and will be missed by all who knew him. Survivors include two daughters, Michelle (Chris) Polatis, Rockford, Idaho; Sheri Ann (Travis) Julius, Pocatello; two step-sons, Phillip Stone, Pocatello and Christian Renoux, Coeur d' Alene; his mother, Mary Melissa (Franklin) Briscoe, Chubbuck; six brothers and sisters, Leona Jean (George) Randall, Ammon, Robert M. Tripp (Penny) Cedar City, Utah; Terry Ray Tripp (Jane), Ammon; Ladd Lyal Jones (Terri), Kalispell, Mont.; Bruce Kay Jones, Chubbuck; and, Berthelle Marie (Jim) Youngs, West Haven, Utah; five grandchildren, Melissa, Jason, Leesha, Amanda, and Dillon; and his companion of two years, Vicki Copeland of Pocatello. Private family services will be under the direction of the Hawker, Hill, Sandberg Funeral Home.

To settle the estate took about four years, I hope I never have to do anything like this again. It's difficult to please everyone. Nancy Anderson, Bill's 3rd wife, hired an attorney to look out for her son, Chris' best interest (and her's). There were bills to pay, homes to sell, personal property to divide and sell, etc. It was a very lengthy and involved process which

involved banks, attorneys, and accountants.

Here it is, July, 2008, and I still often think about Bill. I carry his video rental picture in my wallet and look at it from time to time. My mother said there wasn't a day gone by that she didn't think of "my Bill." And, as I said at the memorial service, "there will never be another Bill Tripp."

A MOVE TO IDAHO FALLS--MY BIRTH PLACE

Because of Bill's death Penny and I spent more time in Idaho working on estate issues. In this process we also took some time to look at real estate in Idaho Falls. Homes were far less expensive in Idaho than Utah. We looked about 4-5 times and finally found a home that was within our price range and would meet at least some of our expectations. It was "For Sale By Owner" (Gary and Carolyn Norris) located at 3865 Taylorview Lane, and was situated on a half-acre lot in a relatively new subdivision in Ammon. Norris' were asking \$163,500, we offered them \$162,500. I liked the East side of Idaho Falls, Leona and Terry also lived in Ammon. I continued to work at the American Fork Developmental Center until October, 2001, we then moved to Idaho Falls around the first of November. It took two trips with the big U-Haul trucks to move everything.

While we were still in Pleasant Grove an incident took place which will forever have an impact on our nation--the September 11, 2001 terrorist plane attacks on the New York City World Trade Center Twin Towers and the Washington D.C. Department of Defense building. Another plane attack was aimed for the nation's capital but was thwarted by the heroic efforts of men who attacked the terrorists which resulted in the plane crashing in Pennsylvania. About 4,000 people were killed in these attacks. Our nation was shocked, there was a period of disbelief and mourning. Shortly after 9-11 the Bishop of the Thorneberry Ward asked several of us to speak in a type of 9-11 memorial sacrament meeting. I remember the audience in that sacrament meeting as somber and numbed. We all thought, how could such a thing happen in America?

Emily was living with us for a period of time in Pleasant Grove. She had spent some time in Savannah, Georgia with Mary and had met a young man there, John Culpepper, a West Point graduate and professional army guy. They were serious in their relationship but John was not a member of the Church and they needed time. Emily had returned to Utah spend some time with us and to attend Southern Utah University in the fall. When she did leave to go down to Cedar City, she was involved in an accident about three blocks from our apartment. A big Coca Cola truck going too fast, hit

her car from the rear, pushed and spun her car around so it landed on a service station lot on the opposite side of the highway. There was considerable damage to the rear end of her car. Luckily, she was only shaken up, the whole incident could have been much, much worse. Obviously, her trip to Cedar City was delayed.

We moved to Idaho Falls (Ammon) the latter part of November. Of course, in order to move in, we had to do the usual--painting and cleaning were always a necessity for Penny in every place we ever lived. It started the first day we moved and so far it hasn't quit--we have wall-papered, painted, installed wood floors, replaced all of the carpets, replaced light fixtures, torn out a wall, put up mouldings, built shelves, torn out cupboards, replaced cupboards, installed a deck, up-dated the sprinkler system, and on and on and on! When we bought the home we had negotiated with Norris' for an old Craftsman riding lawn mower. I really didn't have any place to store it so the next summer we constructed a shed for storage.

EMPLOYMENT WITH LDS FAMILY SERVICES

When we moved back to Idaho Falls, after a few months, I wanted to work at something but wasn't motivated to go back into real estate. Eventually, I applied for counseling licensure with the State of Idaho and was able to obtain it. I inquired about part-time work with LDS Family Services and several other agencies but nothing came of it. I finally decided I would open my own counseling office. Emer and I painted and fixed up an office, and I spent about \$900.00 in advertising and office materials and only received one client who only came one time. After a few months I was a little desperate and in July, 2002 decided to inquire again through LDS Family Services. They had recently moved to a larger, newer office complex. I was hired on the condition of licensure, Bishop's recommendation, health exam, etc. And in October I began counseling on a part-time basis for the agency. Steven Dahl was the Agency Director. Working part-time for LDS Family Services for the past six years has been a great blessing although it seems the problems people have are getting more challenging all of the time. In August, 2008, along with my counseling, I was given an opportunity to do some adoption work which provides more variety. In July, 2008, Stephen Dahl, our Agency Director, was transferred to a Salt Lake Agency and he was replaced by Claigh Jensen who came here from Virginia.

"Sacred Covenants, Precious Promises"

When we moved to Pleasant Grove, I had decided to revise "Oaths, Covenants, and Promises" and hopefully to re-publish this work. I worked on it for several years, changed the name to "Sacred Covenants, Precious Promises," negotiated with several publishers, and finally decided in 2005 to have 5000 copies printed at Falls Printing in Idaho Falls at a cost of about \$23,000 to me. In order to pay for the book we re-negotiated a 2nd mortgage on our home which we had taken out when Emily married. Brigham Distributing (from Brigham City) agreed to distribute the book. I thought for sure I would make the money back because the book had sold well before, however, the market had changed (I had been warned.) At this time, September, 2008, I have only made about \$5000.00 from the sale of the book.

MY MOTHER'S DEATH--June 4, 2007

Information has already been given concerning the difficult circumstances of my mother's life, especially in her marriages and the challenge of trying to raise children on nothing. Additionally, she had her share of health challenges--at different times she had broken both of her arms, her hip, her pelvis, and, she had had a mild stroke. She was like the Duracell Bunny that kept ticking and ticking! She told me once she should have died when she was age 50 but she had to learn "patience." In her various health problems she was confined to different care facilities--Portneuf Medical Center, Beacon's Nursing Center, and the Hillcrest Haven Nursing Center.

Despite all of her health problems and other life challenges, mom was persistent and cheerful to the very end. Shortly before her death at Hillcrest Haven, if the question were asked her, "Mom, how are you doing," her reply was usually, "Great!" She was never a victim, she was always appreciative and kind towards those around her, even when she was suffering herself. Even though she had a strong faith, she seemed afraid of death. However, I am certain that when she died there was a wonderful relief and joy from all of the pain and suffering she went through in this mortal existence.

After her death I met with Franklin at Colonial Mortuary in Pocatello to work out the funeral arrangements. The following obituary was printed in the Pocatello and Idaho Falls papers:

CHUBBUCK--Mary Melissa Price Briscoe, 90, of Chubbuck, died June 4, 2007, of natural causes at Hillcrest Haven Nursing Home in Pocatello. She was born Oct. 21, 1916, in Idaho Falls to Guy and Mary Ellen Price. She grew up and attended elementary and high school in Iona.

In 1935, she married Charles Meredith "Bill" Tripp; they divorced in 1949; she married Burton L. Jones in 1949; they divorced in 1969; she married Harold Peters in 1973; he died Dec. 5, 1974; she married Franklin V. Briscoe of Chubbuck on May 3, 1996 in the Idaho Falls Temple.

She was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She enjoyed nature, the outdoors, and gardening. Mary loved life and people; she was always a good friend to everyone. Our beloved wife, mother, grandmother and friend will be greatly missed.

She is survived by her husband, Franklin V. Briscoe, six children: Leona Jean (George) Randall, Ammon; Robert Meredith (Penny) Tripp, Ammon; Terry Ray (Jane) Tripp, Ammon; Ladd Lyal (Teri) Jones, Kallispel, Mont.; Bruce Kay (Mary Ellen) Jones, Blackfoot; and Berthelle Marie (Jim) Youngs, West Haven, Utah, 26 grandchildren, and 23 great-grandchildren. She was preceded in death by two brothers, Weston and Gabriel Simpson, and a son, William Guy Tripp.

Funeral services will be at 11:00 a.m., Saturday, June 9, at the Whitaker LDS 1st Ward, 4890 Whitaker Road, with Bishop Verlyn DaBell officiating. The family will visit with friends from 10: a.m. to 10:45 a.m. Saturday before services at the church. Burial will be in Mountain View Cemetery.

At the viewing Ladd and Berthelle were able to express some of their thoughts and feelings about mom. The family prayer was then offered by Franklin's son, Vern. In the funeral service the invocation was given by Omer; the Life Sketch by Leona; a vocal solo, "In the Garden" (which mother had requested) by Joel Benson; talks by Terry and me; a vocal solo "Goodbye for Now" by Mary Ellen, Bruce's wife; a talk by President William A. Pincock (mom's former Bishop); a musical number by the congregation, "How Great Thou Art"; remarks by Bishop DaBell; and the benediction by Ruth Briscoe, Franklin's daughter. It was a nice funeral service. Interment was at the Mountain View Cemetery in Pocatello; Joseph gave the dedicatory prayer on the grave.

Just before mom's death, she told Berthelle she would send her a "yellow butterfly" to let her know she was okay. At the burial site a very large Monarch yellow and brown butterfly landed on a flower arrangement in front of me, and then went to the coffin where Berthelle and her husband, Jim, were standing. Since then several members of the family have seen yellow butterflies which they have felt was a manifestation from mom. Mom's funeral service is available on a DVD; I have also written her life sketch which is also available.

It should also be mentioned that my brother Terry lost his beloved wife, Jane, on March 4, 2004. Jane was a very sincere good person who loved her good husband and her children and grandchildren. She had a number of health problems. Terry asked me to give the opening prayer and to say a few words. There were a number of people who spontaneously got up and spoke in Jane's behalf. It was a nice funeral, and Jane is missed.

FINALE!

Here it is, May, 2009. I wanted to complete my autobiography in time for our family reunion the end of May. I don't believe my life is over but you never know what tomorrow brings. As I look back on my life I sorely recognize my many faults--and the older I become the more they bother me. It seems much of my life I have played "catch up." I sincerely would like to have given our children more--more "toys"--the 4 wheeler's, motorcycle's, a boat, a nice truck, and more trips and fun times together. In their own descriptions of growing up in our family, none of the children complained about what they didn't have compared to their friends, but they noticed. I hope they can do better with their own children. However, life goes on, it is not very wise or productive to cry over "spilt milk." We need to pick up ourselves and go on, and try to do better. I am reminded of an article by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in the 12, June 1973 Deseret News which was quoted by President Hinckley 1 September 1978 in "Four Imperatives for Religious Educators":

dull Anyone who imagines that bliss is normal is going to waste a lot of time running around shouting that he's been robbed. The fact is that most putts don't drop, most beef is tough, most children grow up to be just people, most successful marriages require a high degree of mutual toleration, most jobs are more often than otherwise. Life is like an old time rail journey...delays, sidetracks, smoke, dust, cinders, and jolts, interspersed only occasionally by beautiful vistas and thrilling bursts of speed. The trick is to thank the Lord for letting you have the ride.

I do thank our Heavenly Father and the Savior for "letting me have the ride." They are very wise, They don't interfere with our agency, but tweek our lives along the way according to their mercy and goodness, and according to our earnest desires and faithfulness. I have certainly been tweeked along the way. To Them I give all honor and glory.

I express my love to all of you--Penny, our children, our daughter's-in-law, our son's-in-law and so far 22 grandchildren (Joseph, Emer, and Adam, get going!) Thanks to all of you for your patience and goodness. Above everything else, I wish and pray for your happiness. I know true happiness only comes by adhering to T.R.I.P.P.-Truth, Righteousness, Integrity, Prayer, Peace. Now, all of you Tripp's and your loved one's go forward and upward!

Love Always,

Dad

P.S. Here are a few pictures, I have very few from my childhood years!



my Grandparents - Guy + Mary Ellen Price



my parents - Bill and
Melissa Tripp



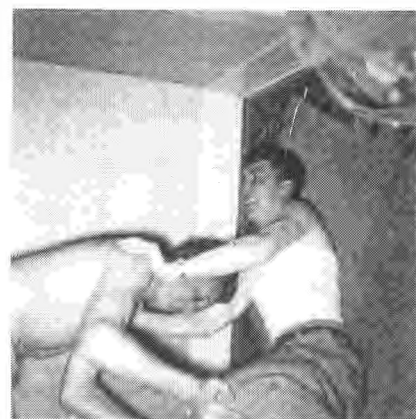
me - probably 7-8 mos.



Me with Don Calderwood + Ray Cook



Leona in front of our 905 11th Street home



Blaine Borrowman + I
practicing our gymnastics

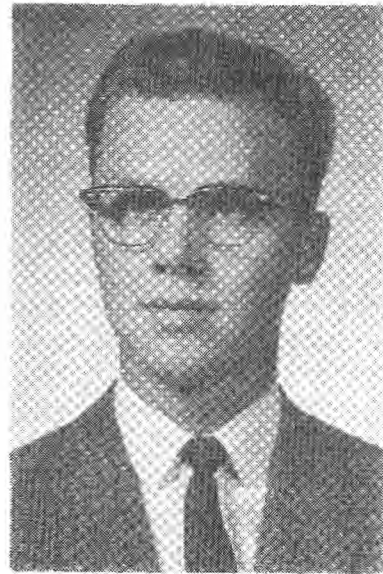


Blaine, Bill, + Terry on the steps
of our Jefferson Street home

Farewell Testimonial



First car - 48 Chev



Elder Robert M. Tripp

North German Mission

2:30 p. m., October 19, 1958

Fort Hall Ward Chapel

MISSION TIME!



In mission field - shaking hands
with Apostle, Lebrande Richards,
Tante Minnie in background



Graduation from BYU - 1964