

her temple. She loved that work. She wanted to be there. "I can't," she said, "I can't be there. I need something to do. Why can't I keep my temple work up? Why can't I keep doing research? And seeing that these people's work is done for them?" But we moved her up here.<sup>4</sup>

She kept worrying about this temple work she wanted to do. And may I say in passing that my heart shall always be grateful for the home that was made for her here by my dear sister, Arizona. And Mother loved her. That was the most beautiful love and friendship that I've ever known, between that mother and her daughter. Their love and devotion is outstanding. Be that as it may, these people have made a wonderful home for her and to them I shall always be indebted and appreciate the many things that they have done. They're wonderful people. As I came here from time to time Mother again and often told me, "Son, get interested in genealogical work."<sup>5</sup>

[Lola Gibbons, daughter-in-law] She used to come up [to Logan] before Hans and Zona [moved up]. She would come up and stay with us and do library work. I'd go to the library with her a lot and she'd take her little lunch. She always had some cheese in it. She'd go to the library and work and I remember how nice it was to go with her. She would work, work, work. Louisa would come with her, too.

But after she had been in Logan for some time [after the family moved her to Logan in 1952] she became ill. Smith and Edna came up and Smith tried to put her in the rest home, Sunshine Terrace. But it was absolutely a horrible experience [for her]. She could not stand it. She fought it with every thing she had. So Zona brought her back and she lived at Zona's the rest of her life.<sup>6</sup>



**NANCY AND A FOUR GENERATION PICTURE  
Great Grandma Nancy, Grandma Zona, Dad  
Gordon and Holly Flammer—1952**

[Aut Frost promised Nancy when he married Jayne, Nancy's daughter, that he would take her through the temple and this is the letter he sent to her when they were finally sealed in the Arizona Temple.]

Show Low, Arizona  
4-9-53

Dear Mother Gibbons,

After 26 years I've had the privilege of going through the Lord's House and have one of the best women in the world sealed to me and our Family. I love you very much Mother Gibbons for bringing this fine woman into this world for me. I pray for your welfare always.

Have some ice cream on me. Love,  
Aut Frost<sup>7</sup>

[Corolie, Granddaughter] Grandma was failing when I married and she was so concerned that I was not marrying properly, particularly into the Lamanite or Cain heritages. Even seeing Roy did not seem to make a difference. . . . Mother, what with the care of the many problems or whatever children paraded through her life and home, began to lose her health and Grandma was put in a small care center. Grandma hated this and exhibited her unhappiness each time Mother visited and so distressed Mother that

4 Ibid., p. 52

5 Ibid., pp. 6-7

6 Flammer, Gordon H., *This is not our Home, We are just Passing Through—The Life Stories of Hans Flammer and Arizona Gibbons Flammer*, 1996, p. 148

7 Gibbons, Andrew H and Gibbons, Lola H., *Joshua Smith Gibbons, Nancy Louisa Noble, Edward Alvah Noble, Ann Jane Peel*, Published by the Authors, 1973, Revised by Andrew H. Gibbons Jr., 1996 and now entitled, *Nancy Louisa Noble and Joshua Smith Gibbons Family Circle*, Published by Andrew H Gibbons Jr., p. 82

she brought Grandma home again, and there she remained . . . When my daughter was born she had colic every afternoon from 4 to 11 PM and Grandma would constantly remind me that if I didn't do something, she would develop a hernia. I am ashamed to say that I yelled at her to shut up. Anyway she stopped, that day.<sup>8</sup>

[Lola Gibbons, daughter in law] A Sunday morning. A daughter, Barbara, had to leave our home to go to her own, so I was helping her hem some sheets for Bonnie Cutler who had a new baby girl. Barbara and Nanette were dancing, learning a tune and steps for Barbara to teach her 5th graders. She's practice teaching at the Whittier and thought she needed the preparation for Monday a.m. The record player was going and Grandma Gibbons asked three times what day it was. So I told her three times, "SUNDAY." She said, "I thought it was, but then I knew I must be mistaken with all the sewing and dancing going on." That's our blessed Grandma.<sup>9</sup>

1955 [J. Smith] Momie began to be almost helpless. She could hardly get around. Her body seemed to be racked with so much pain, and when not suffering and in pain her infirmities were such that she just couldn't get over them. She could hardly get around. She was almost helpless. She used to put her arm around me and say, "I love you. Oh, if I could help you with some thing. If I could help you get interested in this gospel, the things that you need—this temple work, I'll be ever grateful.

And so we as a family wondered why mother should be detained. Why she shouldn't be able to go? She, lonesome for father, wanted to join him on the other side, yet she was detained.<sup>10</sup>

- 1956—Nancy suffers a stroke and becomes bedfast.
- 1958, Feb. 3—Nancy N. Gibbons dies at Logan in the home of her daughter Zona.

[Louisa] Then we moved up to Logan and we were going to make a go of it up there. It was cold and we didn't make enough money. I would go every day to see Mama. She was on her cane and hobbled so badly trying to get around. It took her so long to walk from Zona's place over to Lola's. She usually managed to get over there at least once a day, but her legs were so bad. I remember that Wayne was up there at that time going to a special school at Utah State University and Mama was there. I remember the kids would try to tease her and she'd try to scare them away with her cane.<sup>11</sup>

[Corolie, granddaughter] In days after she had become immobile and most of the time unable to speak, Mary helped mother. When Grandma was lucid she worried about meeting Grandpa old and wrinkled. Her hair never turned gray. Although it took a long, long time for her body to finally cease functioning, her care had been so good that she had no bed sores and was kept so sweet and clean. It is a tall order to measure up to such heritage (proof of how much the Lord loved me to put me in it).<sup>12</sup>

[Zona, daughter] In 1952 Mother had become so forgetful that she could no longer take care of herself. I was the one of the family who was able to spend the time to take care of her. She stayed with me a little over four years when she had the stroke and was bed-ridden thereafter. In November 1956 Mother had a stroke and never could get up again.<sup>13</sup>

### Nancy's Death and Funeral

1957 [Louisa] I remember we went up when Mama became critically sick. She had this partial stroke in her throat, I guess it was, because she couldn't eat very well after that. We went up in December around Christmas time. Jayne and I took a plane out of Gallup and we flew into Salt Lake, rented a car and went from there up to Zona and Hans's. That's when we had a special all-day fast and we had a circle

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8 Ibid., p. 89

9 Ibid., p. 82

10 Ibid., p. 7

11 Ibid., p. 64

12 Ibid., p. 89

13 Flammer, Gordon H., *This is not our Home, We are just Passing Through—The Life Stories of Hans Flammer and Arizona Gibbons Flammer*, 1996, p.156



FIFITES ARE Thursday for Nancy L. Gibbons, Logan.

## Death Claims Logan Woman

Nancy L. Gibbons, pioneer woman in the early settlement of Arizona, passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Arizona G. Flammer, 600 E. Center St. at 1:15 P.M. Feb. 3, of causes due to age.

Mrs. Gibbons was born at Kanab, Utah, Oct. 13, 1872, the daughter of Edward and Jane Noble. She married Joshua Smith Gibbons Sr. in the Logan temple, January 5, 1893.

Previous to her marriage, Mrs. Gibbons served as a teacher in the public schools of Arizona. Following the death of her husband in 1917 she once more entered public service. She served eight years as school superintendent of Apache County, Arizona, and also taught several more years. When she retired from teaching she devoted her full time to genealogical research and Temple work. For a time she served as an officiator in the Arizona Temple. During the next twenty-eight years she provided for proxy work for about 8,000 of her ancestors.

Mrs. Gibbons would have been a widow forty-one years on February 13. She is survived by five of her twelve children. They are J. Smith Gibbons Jr. of St. Johns, Arizona; Andrew H. Gibbons and Arizona G. Flammer of Logan; Jayne G. Frost of Showlow, Arizona; and Mrs. Louisa G. Harris of Mesa, Arizona; two brothers, Leslie C. Noble of Alpine, Arizona, and LeGrande Noble of Logan; and a sister, Mrs. Hazel N. Boyack of Cheyenne, Wyoming. Her descendants include thirty-four grandchildren and thirty-five great grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held in Logan Seventh Ward chapel Thursday, Feb. 6, at 1 p.m. Interment will be in the Logan cemetery.

Friends may call at the Hall Mortuary in Logan Thursday from 11 a.m. until time of services.

of prayer in Mama's behalf. She passed away the third of February after that fast. We had to turn around and go back up to her services. I still have the tape of her funeral. They laid her to rest finally after all of her years of service and everything. She was a brilliant woman.<sup>14</sup>

[Lola Gibbons, daughter-in-law] [The following statement was made in answer to Gordon's question, "Do you remember when she passed away?"] I was working up at Wasatch Furnace Company and I was running the place, you know everything. I just stayed there while the men went out to work. Zona called up and said that Mother had just passed away.

As she became so critically ill, they had prayed and wondered about it. They asked President Watkins if it was right to ask the Lord to please take Mother, if it was her time—of course, if it was the Lord's will. But they asked him if it was right to ask that. And he said, "No". They surely do it now. I don't remember whether they did it or not, but Grandma was so ready to go and wanted to go so badly.

Zona called up that morning and I was the only one there at work. I should have closed the shop and gone down. But I didn't. I said I would come just as quick as I could close the shop, but it was a few hours. I do remember she said that she was there alone and that Alice Paul had just come over. Alice had felt like she was needed and went to be with Zona. I always have felt bad ever since to think I did not close that shop up. I had worked there long enough, so I could have closed it up. But Zona did a wonderful job of caring care of her. Mary learned to love your Grandma by helping to take care of her.<sup>15</sup>



NANCY'S BURIAL AT THE LOGAN CEMETERY

14 Gibbons, Andrew H and Gibbons, Lola H., *Joshua Smith Gibbons, Nancy Louisa Noble, Edward Alvah Noble, Ann Jane Peel*, Published by the Authors, 1973, Revised by Andrew H. Gibbons Jr., 1996 and now entitled, *Nancy Louisa Noble and Joshua Smith Gibbons Family Circle*, Published by Andrew H Gibbons Jr., p. 64

15 Flammer, Gordon H., *This is not our Home, We are just Passing Through—The Life Stories of Hans Flammer and Arizona Gibbons Flammer*, 1996, p. 148



**LEFT: JOSHUA AND NANCY'S HEADSTONE AT THE ST. JOHNS CEMETERY.  
RIGHT: REAR OF HEADSTONE FOR NANCY AT THE LOGAN, UTAH CEMETERY**

### Tributes to Nancy Louisa Noble Gibbons

[Eileen, granddaughter] In these brief accounts we see examples of a faith so strong that it brought Nancy Noble Gibbons through 85 years—years filled with adversity of every kind: debt, poverty, death, ill health, and to top it off 41 years of overwork and loneliness for husband and seven deceased children—with a solid rock testimony of God's goodness for His children and of the truth of His Church.

Nancy Gibbons was in tune and in touch with God. She prayed with complete faith, and in righteousness, and her prayers were answered. When her needs were material (more milk from the cow, more bread for the children, money for two missionary sons) her prayers were answered. When her needs were spiritual (the healing spirit, comfort in loneliness and sorrow, peace in perplexity) her prayers were answered. But Nancy's greatest blessings—and her most fervent prayers—had to do not with "things" but with courage and patience and strength of soul. These things she had, and the following sketches from her life will give you an idea of what this daughter of Zion was made of. The sketches are picked at random, they are not in any way inclusive or representative of all her achievements or characteristics. They are written not to give you a chronology of her life but a feeling for her character, her difficulties, her loves, her philosophy of life. We wish all of you had known her well, when she was younger and healthy.<sup>16</sup>

About Nancy's children [1958 at the time of her funeral—the descendency charts presented later will show how much her posterity has grown up to the present, 2001.]:

Joshua Smith Jr., her first son, lives in St. Johns, Arizona, where he is a Superior Court Judge. He and Edna Butler Gibbons have four children, two living, and nine grandchildren.

<sup>16</sup> Ibid., p. 10



**NANCY'S FIVE LIVING CHILDREN AND THEIR SPOUSES AT  
HER FUNERAL**

**L to R: Hans and Zona Flammer, Austin and Jayne Frost, Smith  
and Edna Gibbons, Marion and Loutsa Harris, Andrew H and  
Lola Gibbons**

Her second son, Edward Noble, born two years after Smith, died of a heart condition at 25, shortly after his marriage. He has one daughter, Nobleen, and four grandchildren living in California.

Her third son, Andrew H, has lived most of his married life in Logan, has been a teacher for 31 years. He and Lola Heaton Gibbons are parents of seven children and seven grandchildren.

Next came twins, after Nancy had waited more than three years and had begun to fear that she had had her family. The twins were called Nancy and Bates. Nancy lived one hour. Bates, 2 1/2 pounds heavy in his infant clothes, was ill for some time but lived to grow

to manhood, fill a mission to Germany, and attend college. After teaching school for some time he died at 33, unmarried.

Neallo, the next son, died in his youth of diphtheria. He was 12.

Arizona, born next, lives in Logan, and is the wife of Hans Flammer. They have nine children and ten grandchildren.

Rizpah Jayne lives in Show Low, Arizona with her husband Austin Frost, is the mother of six children and grandmother of five more.

Triplets came next to Nancy, but one was born dead, one lived an hour and the third only three weeks.

Nancy's youngest child, Louisa, was born five months after Nancy became a widow and is married to Marion Harris. They live in Mesa, Arizona, and have seven children.

Nancy had five miscarriages, in addition to losing seven of her 12 children. But these deaths were not an unending sorrow to her. She felt always that "death is sweet compared to a lot of the hardships of life." She said many times she was thankful to her Father in Heaven for those children who came and died almost immediately because she felt that they were good enough spirits to be saved without having to go through life's probation, she was thankful and proud to be their mother.

Her great faith in God, and in the eternity of family life, gave her remarkable strength even when three of her sons died after she had spent years raising and loving them. Her children describe the death of one of the boys thus. Remember that she had already lost six of her children and her sweetheart. Her children say: "We stood there and watched her kiss Bates goodbye and bid him

temporary farewell with more composure than we had ever thought possible." There was no sorrow, obstacle, or loneliness Nancy couldn't overcome when she made up her mind.<sup>17</sup>

Nancy suffered with asthma from 1898 until shortly before her death, and lived through many severe attacks. During her last years, she walked on wooden-like legs, between her daughter Zona's and her son A. H.'s homes, somehow moving on the sheer will not to neglect either of her children, not to overburden anyone. For years she walked thus back and forth, her daily trips becoming fewer and fewer, taking a longer period of time, leaning on her cane.

[Quoting Lola] As long as I live I can still see Grandma. I used to stand and watch her out the window, walking on her stick between our house and Zona's. She'd take one step, stop and look all around, then she'd take another, for over a year I watched her thus, each day moving a little slower, until in October 1956 she went to bed to stay."

Nancy has lived her whole life with ill health, and done the work of a strong woman. The last 41 years without her sweetheart have been lonely ones for Nancy. Her devotion to him was as great as her devotion to motherhood.<sup>18</sup>

[Maryln, Granddaughter] I feel very humble that I should be asked to tell you about my grandmother [at her funeral].

As most of you know she has been an invalid [bed ridden] for a year and four months. One day when Mother and I were in the front room sewing we got to talking about Grandma, and up to this time I hadn't really appreciated her, I thought caring for her was a burden.

Well, Mother told me to go get this little ledger in which the family blessings were recorded. And I read her blessings. Nothing ever hit me so hard in my life. I felt so ashamed of myself and the way that I had treated her and so I went into her room and I read her the blessing and I asked her if she would ever forgive me and she smiled and said of course she would.

Well, like the rest of the family I wondered why she had to be detained, an invalid, and helpless, but I'm here to tell you that having her like she was did more for me than any other thing in my whole life to strengthen my testimony.

She was such a wonderful woman, even while she was there in bed. Helping mother take care of her sometimes, I got to love her more than I could have if she had been up and around, and she came to mean so much to me. I don't think I've ever known the true meaning of loving another person until I grew into this love for her.

I feel so extremely proud to be her granddaughter and to be associated with her children, especially my Mother. Mother is like her in so many ways. And I love Grandma so much, and I was so sorry when Mother told me that she was dead. Right now I'm only happy to think of her as being with Grandpa.

The morning that she died I went in there to take care of her, and I said, "Hello, Grandma, do you know I love you?" and she said "Yes." Every time I'd say that she would always say "I love you, too, Darling." And then I turned her and she stared at the ceiling. Just as if somebody was there in the room. I spoke to her again and she didn't hear me. Mother said she was unconscious most of the morning.

And maybe some people think it's a crazy decision, but I just feel that Grandpa was there for her right then.

Grandma is my ideal. I can't see how any person on earth could get to be better than she was. And she strengthened my testimony so much. Just being the way she was. And I bear you my testimony that this is the true Church. And I bear you my testimony that Grandma was the one that did the most for me in the past year. I love her so much that I don't know what I'll do without her. I wish all of you could

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17 Ibid., pp. 12-13

18 Ibid., pp. 12-14

get an insight into her character and know what a really wonderful person she was. And I do pray that I can live to be just a particle as good as she was, and I do this in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.<sup>19</sup>

[Mary is the daughter of Arizona and Hans Flammer. She helped her Mother care for Grandma Gibbons, especially during that last year. It is also of interest to note that Mary assumed the major responsibility for the care of her own beloved Mother, Zona, with the same loving spirit, during the last years of her life.]

[Following is the talk Andrew H gave at his Mother's funeral. Much of it repeats what has been said chronologically previously in this history. It is such a good summary of her life that I decided to include it here in its entirety.]

[Andrew H] I was born of parents who, though always almost desperately poor, never lost sight of the fact that one of the first and great commandments was to multiply and replenish the earth. Mother believed the commandments of our Father in Heaven meant exactly what they said. She believed that the commandment to multiply meant that every woman should have a baby every two years. Because she believed this literally, 12 of us were privileged to be born.

Mother not only believed in a big family but she believed obedience is not only the first law of heaven but of the home as well. She also was a firm believer in Solomon's proverb: Spare the rod and spoil the child. Well, if liberal application of the rod prevented spoiling, I need have no worries.

I do remember that as children they always dressed the girls and boys alike and I well remember the day at three years of age when Mother finally agreed to let me discard petticoats and put on trousers.....

To Mother children were a God-given responsibility, one that should be assumed every two years at least and failure to do that thing endangered the soul of the parent who shirked such responsibility... I suppose Dad was more or less interested too. For he was a Dad in more sense than a mere biological necessity. He meant to do well by this children and though he at times tried to persuade Mother to forget further family increases because she was a good deal of an invalid for many years, they compromised by doing it Mother's way.

But to come back to this birth business. My oldest brother was a year and from April to September old when number two came along. Another boy it happened to be. Then another year rolled around and when it got to February I appeared on the scene. So the good parents had three children and it lacked two months of being four years, which is a fair average in any man's family. I don't know just what happened then but it lacked only from October to February of being 4 years before the fourth, another boy, appeared on the scene. Then as if to make up for laying down on the job that boy was accompanied by a twin sister. But the sister didn't stay but a few hours, for the two of them together weighed less than six pounds. Though that is hardly a record in this day of fifteen-ounce babies, it was pretty fair at that. The boy took considerable coaxing before he made up his mind to linger long.

In not quite two years another boy appeared in the skyline, making it five in a row and then in a year and a half another child, the first girl to stay, came to town. She was more than welcomed and should have been badly spoiled but somehow wasn't.

Having once found the combination it seemed to be easy to repeat and the next one, also a girl, came along. With seven in the family it looked for a time as if these good people might

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19 Gibbons, Andrew H and Gibbons, Lola H., *Joshua Smith Gibbons, Nancy Louisa Noble, Edward Alvah Noble, Ann Jane Peel*, Published by the Authors, 1973, Revised by Andrew H. Gibbons Jr., 1996 and now entitled, *Nancy Louisa Noble and Joshua Smith Gibbons Family Circle*, Published by Andrew H Gibbons Jr., pp. 17-18

consider their duty done, as some women in the Bible did. But once more these good people came back with a vengeance.

I still remember the night the triplets were born. We were living in a small three-room house which consisted mostly of a kitchen and two bedrooms, one of which was a mere attic with bare rafters. It was here that we boys slept. I was awakened by the commotion in the downstairs room. I crept to the back end where some fallen plaster had made possible a view of the room beneath. One of the infants was in the process of being born at that time. There seemed to be a whole room full of people so I did not look long, but the commotion, most of which was my Mother moaning and crying, kept me awake so I got up and dressed and went down. No, not downstairs but down the ladder that led to our boudoir. As I looked through the door of the bedroom I saw the doctor swinging one of the babies by its legs. It was a good bit of a shock to me to see a mere infant handled in such a way. I thought a good many things about that doctor and wondered at the laxity of my father at permitting such a thing.

However, at length things quieted down and I returned to my trundle bed. The next morning I was amazed to find myself with two new sisters and one brother, only one of whom was still alive. The boy, who happened to be the one I had seen the doctor swinging, had never got started to breathe and the little girl lived a mere hour before she moved on. I thought it was quite odd that the three should have been labeled Jose, Joseph, and the one living, Josephine. But even Josephine didn't live long, just 18 days. I remember that Mother was still in bed when I came down one morning to find them weeping because little Josephine had died.

It was generally conceded that there would be no more babies. Mother was a good deal of an invalid after the triplets, and I for one hoped that there would be no more sickness for her. The folks now had 11 children to their credit which was more than most anyone I knew, and I felt that even if it was't a record it was a very near perfect one.

But the end was not yet. For the next ten years Dad was mainly concerned with trying to regain for Mother the health she had lost since her marriage. It seemed that there was a constant procession of doctors after that. I remember Dad and I taking Mother 135 miles to a hospital and a doctor that was supposed to do wonders. It was my first visit to a hospital and I well remember the little building on the sunbaked desert in Arizona. But when Mother returned there was little if any improvement. I wondered later if the 135 miles riding in a buggy after it was all over didn't undo most of the benefit that might have come from the treatment. So the search for doctors went on. . .

But just about ten years after the triplets another baby came. In February of 1917 Father died, and just about five months later another little girl came into the family, creating somewhat of a problem for this widow. I felt a good deal of sympathy for Mother as I watched her walking the floor restlessly in the early evening. I'd got so used to seeing Father around about that time to comfort and cheer her that I couldn't help feeling a good deal of sympathy for this woman past 45 that was to have a baby all alone. Despite the fact that Mother had three grown boys I couldn't help feeling Mother was very much alone. But everything came out all right. As far as the birth process went, all was ok.

Mother meant every word of her interpretation of the law of tithing. Tithing meant a full one tenth, and be it hay, a calf, chickens, a dozen eggs or money, the tithing should be paid. One of my proudest moments was when she sent me to the bishop two weeks after I had been baptized to give me the experience of paying tithing.

Mother tolerated no use of swear words around the place at all and one day when we were breaking two laws at once, eating green apples and using forbidden swear words, Mother happened to overhear such attractive cuss words as "damn" and "hell" and others equally bad. "Gosh damn, that's a fine one." We were so happy in our vocabulary development that we did not see Mother until she had overheard our conversation. For a long time I had the taste of strong lye soap in my mouth.



In the northern section of St. Johns the folks had a very nice garden. Always lots of good vegetables and a large orchard. Milk we had from Jersey cows, and the bread Mother used to bake along with homemade preserves was one of the most delicious meals a hungry kid could ever want. Imagine all the homemade bread and milk I wanted, plus some more bread and butter, butter I had helped to churn.

As a very small youngster I remember family prayer morning and night was a regular thing, as was the blessing on the food, and I remember how we each took our turn. A great responsibility and at the age of three a wonderful opportunity.

One of Aunt Addie's girls tells the story of when Mother told H to "take the quilt and put it in the slop barrel." Of course he tried to argue with her but Mother was not one to quibble, and when H did it and Mom found it out she was pretty angry. She had meant to put it in the "dirty clothes barrel."...

Another one of my early trials in school was clothing. Mother, being a partial invalid, never was able to take too good care of our clothes. We usually had a shirt and overalls for school and a Sunday shirt with a pair of pants. I used to have to do most of the dishes and as a result the bib of my overalls more often than not became splashed with dish water. It worried me a good deal to go to school with these signs of my servitude so plainly evident. For Sunday Mother seldom took the trouble to iron the whole shirt. She ironed the front and the sleeves. That, coupled with the fact that mother was never an expert seamstress, may give you some idea that we were not the best dressed boys in town.

Each time I go to see Mother now she seems to be sinking lower and lower, seems to be starving to death by inches almost, and each time that I look at her I think of all the things she has done, the suffering and hardships she has endured throughout her life to do things for us. She was always very strict with us, but somehow when we needed help or something like that she was always our source of inspiration and hope, and our home life was built very much around her. When we lived in that old place in the field, as we called it, below St. Johns, we had two rooms in the house and an attic, and it seems to me that some of the happiest times we had in our lives was in the evening when we would sit around the fireplace and have her read to us, and tell us stories. She used to read something emotional and stop and wipe her eyes and go on. She had a good deal of ill health and spent a lot of time in bed. Every time she had a baby usually there was a long drawn-out illness, but somehow she kept going and slid around from chair to chair to do all her work.

...When we made bread we really made it. Mother had a pan that held about seven gallons or something like that, maybe not that big, but anyway she could make about 14 loaves of bread at once. We'd buy a sack of flour and usually by the time we'd mix two batches there wasn't enough of that flour left to count. And I ALWAYS got to mix it. I had to do a lot of cooking although we didn't have much to cook; our meals were mostly mush and beans and stuff like that.

We had lumpy dick once in a while. We'd put a little water in the flour and there would be lumps in it, and we'd stir this into the hot water and make a kind of a cereal. Then we'd take the milk and put nutmeg in it and pour that over, and that would be our Sunday night supper.

Course we ate a lot of beans, they were our staff of life. In fact, it was about all we could afford, and when we were doing heavy work we had to have food regularly. We ate wild rabbits a lot when we could kill them.

We used to keep a bunch of cows to milk. None of them would give enough milk to hardly pay for calling them out of the pasture but then they were all we had. Bread and milk was a part of our lives. When Mother made salt-rising bread and we had some good milk to go with it, there was just nothing better in the world. When we had vegetables of course that was a happy time. We invariably raised a garden and when the spring started why Mother never stopped singing, "Get the garden in" till we had it in. We had lots of tomatoes and things like that; then she used to make these preserves. She didn't have much sugar so in order to get the necessary sweetness so they'd keep why she'd boil them for hours and hours. She'd take that big pan we had and put

it on the stove and put me up there with a long-handled spoon and I'd have to stir it for hours and hours and hours and hours while it boiled, so it wouldn't burn and when it got to poppin' on my hands she'd put a sock over my hand to protect it. Then she'd take the preserves and pour them into five gallon cans and put sealing wax on top of them. And I never have liked preserves before nor since, at least tomato preserves, because we got so much of it.

But Mother could cook beans in a way that no other person could quite equal, even to this day. The way she could cook beans, I think it's one of the most wonderful dishes in the world. I remember once we were out on the other side of the valley, we had taken a wagon out and gathered some rocks and brought them back, and she had chili gravy and some beans for us and my goodness, I thought that was one of the best things I have ever eaten.

[H's own words at his Mother's funeral express his feelings for her and we gain considerable insight into his early life and feelings.] If you work with a person as almost her only help from the time you are old enough to be of any real help, and if you wait on a person who is an invalid and forced to spend much time in bed; if you watch when she is very ill, and if you run with frantic effort, many times, the miles to town for medical help, or for the priesthood to administer to that mother when life seems ebbing away, then it is possible to know that mother very well. As mother's first five children were boys, it became my lot to help her to wash dishes, mix the bread, cook beans, make mush and prepare meals for the others; to wash diapers for what seemed to me at times a never-ending supply of babies. That mother with whom and for whom I worked became very well known to me. I might say that my love and appreciation became the motivating force of my life as I got to know her and love and understand her devotion to the gospel, to her husband and to her children. How I enjoyed the times Mother and I attended school together at Flagstaff.<sup>20</sup>

[Following is a part of J. Smith's talk at Nancy's funeral]

About two months ago we were in a High Council meeting. I was busy making notes while the President of the Stake was making some announcements. He was saying that he felt it necessary to make some changes. And he said, "Brother Gibbons has been replaced by a certain man in his duties in the Scout Program in the White Mountain District and since he doesn't have his duties in the Scout Program in this district any more and since he doesn't have anything to do but sign his name we're going to put him in charge of the Genealogical Work.

And I spoke to President Whiting and I said: "President Whiting, My responsibilities and my duties have been merely to travel in one county, under my new assignment with the Boy Scouts of America I must travel in four counties. And if you think I'm not busy you should know. He looked at me rather piercingly and said, "Brother Gibbons don't say 'No' to this assignment. Let me talk to you after while." After he had finished that statement I sat there for a few minutes and I got the sweetest, most peaceful feeling that I have ever had in my life.

And I proudly raised my hand to him and I said, "Before you adjourn this meeting may I say one thing?" He granted my request and when he got ready to dismiss the meeting I said, "President Whiting, I haven't had a chance to talk with my wife, but I'm telling you now that I'll take that assignment which you have given me in the genealogical work. I'll do the best I can with it."

President Whiting said, "I'm so glad to hear you say that, because," he said, "when we, the Stake Presidency, met with the purpose of selecting a man to take that place we had no one in mind, but after prayer we were impressed that you were the man."

And so I consented to take this appointment and soon there after, Nancy's last moment came. I came up here, and we the family were kneeling around my Mother's bed, in solemn prayer, asking that she not be called upon to suffer long. And as we prayed one after the other, it suddenly dawned on me that perhaps I was the man who had kept my mother lingering for a long time, because I had been so blind as to see, as to refuse, rather to neglect to carry on this temple work which she had so nobly advanced.

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20 Ibid., pp. 73-78

And the thought came to me at the time that the Lord had probably inspired those men to give me this opportunity if I would carry it out, to carry on Mother's life's work for the dead. For I suddenly realized that mother did believe in the brotherhood of man, that the work for all must be done. That was mother's work and calling in the last days of her life. And I had a peaceful feeling in my heart and I said to myself, "Probably this is the reason why Mother has been lingering as long as she has, to break through my spirit, my haughty soul, if you please, with the idea that I should dedicate my life and my work, as much as possible, to the work of the dead."

Well, needless to say, I don't know whether that impression was right or not. But I do know that Momie didn't last long after that. It's my testimony to you my brothers and sisters that I believe that the hand of the Lord was in getting me to do this work. Then I happened to think that as mother had given her all, father had been on the other side working in this line of work. Then I remembered that at one time we as brothers and sisters were on the other side in that great council in Heaven when the Lord explained to us the great plan of salvation. At that time, undoubtedly the Lord explained to us that we could come to this earth as brethren and sisters and that during many times the gospel would not be upon the earth. He said to the spirits that were selected and chosen to come in this last day when the gospel has been restored, that it would be necessary in order to help our brothers and our sisters that we do the work, the vicarious work for these people, that the priesthood might be carried into the spirit world, and that those untold thousands who had passed on before without the opportunity of embracing the gospel should have the right to do so. We who were reserved to come forth in this last day took an oath before our Father in Heaven. We covenanted with Him that we would give our all, all we might possess, to the building up of the Kingdom of God and to the establishment of Zion here upon this earth.

Yes, that's what my mother lived for and I hope and pray that we as her children and her relatives may be able to carry on the great work she so nobly advanced and that from this occasion we may honor our lives and spend all that we have, all that we possess if necessary to maintaining this work. It is my testimony to you people, to all of you, that this is the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

My mother in every word and deed exemplified this. She has taught me, she has pled with me, she has prayed with me, she has asked me to give all that I have to the furtherance of God's kingdom. My brothers and sisters, in closing may I say this: Nothing shall, I think, mean more to me, when I shall pass to the other side, than my mother shall say to me, "Son, you have carried on the work I asked you to do."<sup>21</sup>

[Andy Gibbons, Grandson] Faint memories of grandma's early visits to us in Logan are still with me, but my earliest clear memory is watching her look at the irrigation ditch in front of our house and saying, "Look at that beautiful water!" In my mind then, Arizona was where they dried out the Sahara after a storm. Such a ditch seemed to me like it would have been a treasure in her home.

My most vivid memory, and it saddens me, was when she was dying so slowly in the little bedroom at the south end of the hall at 600 East Center Street. Mom made us go in and talk to her every day. But there was so little of Nancy left that it now seems that all she said was, "Are you H's boy?", and then a moment later the same question, and again and again. She never became the "good fairy" that Grandma Heaton always seemed to be.

I can only imagine what I missed by avoiding her company and I am sorry. Perhaps my small part in this collection is a little atonement for those sins. It may have been my most serious one. In boot camp, we learned that the difference between Navy and Marine boot camps was that in Marine centers, all the roads were up-hill. She wrote me while I was in the Navy, and I answered her. During my mission she sent me a dollar for Christmas. Grandma Nancy must have found far too many of her days spent marching up-hill. But she marched, and smiled, and was a true hero. I just missed seeing her happy times.

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21 Gibbons, Andrew H and Gibbons, Lola H., *Joshua Smith Gibbons, Nancy Louisa Noble, Edward Alvah Noble, Ann Jane Peel*, Published by the Authors, 1973, Revised by Andrew H. Gibbons Jr., 1996 and now entitled, *Nancy Louisa Noble and Joshua Smith Gibbons Family Circle*, Published by Andrew H Gibbons Jr., pp. 8-9

My daughter Ann and I have visited all the Noble/Gibbons graves in the Alpine region, and saw Nancy's name on Joshua's stone. We wish it said "buried in Logan, Utah" - or that she was in St. Johns. Two grave stones and no husband nearby. Yes, I also know it is not very important where our bodies rejoin the earth, but, even considering Kanab, her birthplace, and Logan, her resting place, she was a part of Arizona, and of Dad, before we kids knew him. In some mysterious way, when the Flammers came to Logan, I felt that they had somehow escaped something a little less desirable.

When Lola (Mom), Eileen and I visited Central Arizona, I was a little awed that our family was known there, and people remembered the family. The postmistress, and the realtor who showed us where Harry Payne, who married Mom and Dad had lived both told us things about us. I had always felt we were never there, really. Now we were.<sup>22</sup>

[Harry Gibbons, Grandson] Margie remembers seeing Grandma the first time she came to Logan to meet the family. That would have been the spring of 1955. Grandma said "Oh Harry, is this your wife?" Margie was so embarrassed. She saw her one more time when Mom and Zona were caring for her at 600 E. Center.

That house at 600 E. Center Street jumps into my mind whenever I think of Grandma Nancy Gibbons. That brings up the fishpond, the switches Dad had nailed to the stucco walls (one of which shorted out the wiring throughout the stucco so you could get shocked if you came in contact with it at anyplace), and Grandma's room. Yet, I can't remember just how her room was situated. The memories of when we lived there and when Flammers lived there obviously run together.

I do not know why I thought her harsh at that time, but I did. Yet, whenever I think of her now two things come to mind. I think of her faith and action when she got Dad out of military service to go on a mission, and I see her smiling. I believe that all I have assimilated over the years has passed through the filters of memory and unconsciously made me aware of the tremendous struggle, no, make that struggles, of her life and I now cherish the great accomplishments, faith, perseverance, and—her smile. I didn't pay any attention to the smile then, yet it comes out so indelibly now. I recall her smile, and her aging bowed back, but it did not make her eyes cast down. She looked up—and she smiled.<sup>23</sup>

[Barbara, Granddaughter] I have been going through Grandma Gibbons' funeral in her history and it brought back a lot of memories. It was an outstanding meeting for focusing on her life and contributions. It was probably fairly unusual at that time to have the family do the speaking and singing. Grandma Gibbons died early February and Grandma Heaton late March of the same year, 1958.

Anyway, about my own memories. A very vivid one is her not very tall, hunched body going slowly with her cane back and forth between our house and Flammers. She was sweet, complimentary, so grateful for everything you did for her. She wasn't as happy as Grandma Heaton was, but you could really feel her complete focus on wanting to do what she thought the Lord wanted her to do, and her knowing that he was aware of her life.

I remember an outfit Eileen had, it was pink and white striped seersucker and it was a top and shorts and a skirt that buttoned down the front to wear over the shorts, and she had it on and the skirt partly unbuttoned so you could see the shorts, and Grandma Gibbons got after her and said it was immodest. I don't remember the outcome of the conversation, but I thought she was awfully strict.

She always commented on how thick the peelings were when we peeled potatoes and how important it was not to waste potato by peeling it off. I've told you about when I was a junior in high school and Ted had polio and Nanette and Larry they thought had mild cases and I was home from school taking care of them, keeping hot, wool packs on their legs, and there was a bushel of peaches getting too ripe, and Grandma wanted me to can them, and I thought she was completely unreasonable to expect a busy person like me to care about those peaches, plus I didn't know how to do it alone. Now I understand her feelings and probably feel about the same, but I surely thought she was out of line then.

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22 Ibid., pp. 92-93

23 Ibid., p. 95

I remember her as very astute and articulate about the gospel, and as I said, as full of faith as anyone I knew. She had had lots of heartaches but I don't remember any bitterness or "why me" feelings. She was at the temple the day we were married. It's amazing to me that Mom is now older than she was when she died, she seemed so much older. I think her body was older than Mom's, but I was also younger so that makes a difference. I think the spirit world was more real to her than to most people. She knew it was there and that the people she loved were there.

Love, Barb<sup>24</sup>

[Nanette Nelson, granddaughter] I don't remember when Grandma Nancy Gibbons was not senile. I knew she had been a marvelous woman, had many children at great sacrifice to her health, that she was steadfast in the gospel and a hard worker and was spiritually strong through her life and that she had done thousands of names in the temple, but I didn't know her when she was doing all those things.

I remember her "hobbling" between our home and the Flammers. I remember her dark hair (it never did go grey). She was a sober person. I assumed she loved me because she was my grandma but I don't remember her being affectionate physically or verbally. She was strong willed in her senility. Once when Barbara was trying to bottle peaches for mother (I don't remember where mother was) (Andy thinks she was in SLC with Ted and the polio) she insisted Barbara cut them in little pieces even though we knew mother had never done it that way.

In the many months before her death, she was mostly bedridden at Aunt Zona's and I was surprised when Zona's daughter, Mary, spoke at her funeral about how much she had learned to love her. I was too young to understand those feelings about someone who was as strange as Grandma Gibbons. Now—in my adult years, I feel real admiration for her.<sup>25</sup>

[Gordon Flammer, grandson] From the time Grandma Gibbons arrived in our home until she died someone had to be with her almost constantly at first and constantly from the time she became bed ridden. Mother bore this responsibility for the overwhelming majority of the time. She usually stayed home from Church, and from most other activities outside the home. Further, Mother's health was not good during this time either. In 1953 Mother broke her ankle and did not realize it. She was constantly in pain for five years before she went to a doctor and found it had been broken and the bone was badly deteriorated. She was caring for Grandma during all of these painful five years and she did not complain about her ankle or about the responsibility of caring for Grandma on top of it. Grandma died on the third of February 1958 and on the twenty-fourth of June 1958 Mother finally had an operation on her ankle. Phil had come home for a visit shortly before this and absolutely insisted Mother go with him to see a doctor in Salt Lake City to have her ankle examined—resulting in the operation. During all of this time she still had four children at home to care for, as well. Mother's life was one of loving service and what more fitting than for loving service to her beloved Mother. It was a clear case of an *Angel Daughter caring for and nursing her Angel Mother*. Oh, that each of us could be cared for in our last years by one so filled with love and sweetness.

One more comment. I was away at the University of Minnesota for the entire time Grandma was being cared for by Mother. We received a letter each week from Mother and never once do I recall a single letter in which she complained about the toll Grandma's care was taking on her health and her time. Dad wrote each week too and never did he complain about the situation either.]

[Mary Tallmadge, granddaughter] As for Grandma's straitlaced ways, she was definitely that. The joke was that she was so modest she could take a bath and receive company at the same time because only what was actually being washed was exposed at any given moment. It must have been very difficult for a woman with failing health and the loss of mental acuity to deal with being around teen-agers who were libertine by her strict standards. The person who chooses God's way is seldom in agreement with kids who are exploring the possibilities of THEIR ways.

I remember once I was sitting with one leg over the arm of the chair and Grandma gave me a lecture on how a lady never puts her legs in the air. I'm sure I was sassy back to her. Oh the other hand, she read me "Jasper the Giraffe" over and over and over, a feat that required a great deal of patience.

24 Ibid., p. 96

25 Ibid., p. 97

I remember when I read Grandma's patriarchal blessing (the one that the patriarch sought her out to bestow, without being asked), I was awed by the magnitude of her standing before God. Even though by this time she was pretty much a vegetable, I saw her in an entirely different light and felt very apologetic for my sassiness.

It must have been pretty evident that Mom was strapped with the effort of caring for Grandma because I began from that moment, of revelation, on to help where I could. (Michelle did the same for me when Mother was ailing, and she spelled me off at night when I had to sleep on the couch so I could help Mom go to the bathroom in the middle of the night or meet whatever other needs she had.)

It's a difficult business to change a diaper on an adult, but I actually think the feeding was the worst. Just about the only thing Grandma could keep down was apricot nectar. She was so full of phlegm that she would have to cough and spit and it was pretty hard to keep from gagging myself. Since the greater burden fell to Mother, she did what I did, some of the time, MOST of the time. I can't even think about how difficult that must have been for her. But like everything unpleasant she did in her life, she just tucked in and did what had to be done.<sup>26</sup>

[Regina, Granddaughter] I loved Grandma with all my heart. I always looked up to her as one of the most perfect women that I had ever known. In my youth, I spent many happy moments with her in Mesa, Arizona. Despite the fact that Grandma had asthma so bad, I never recall her complaining about it. She always took things as they were and made the best of it.

My fondest memory of Grandma was that she was a master storyteller. Whenever Grandma came up to see us, I always had the privilege of sleeping with her. She would spend several hours telling the tales of her favorite books by Jean Stratton Porter, "Girl of the Limberlost", "Freckles", "The Harvester", and many others. "Ted and the Indians" was my favorite story. I had her repeat it time and time again. This is where I gained a great love for books.

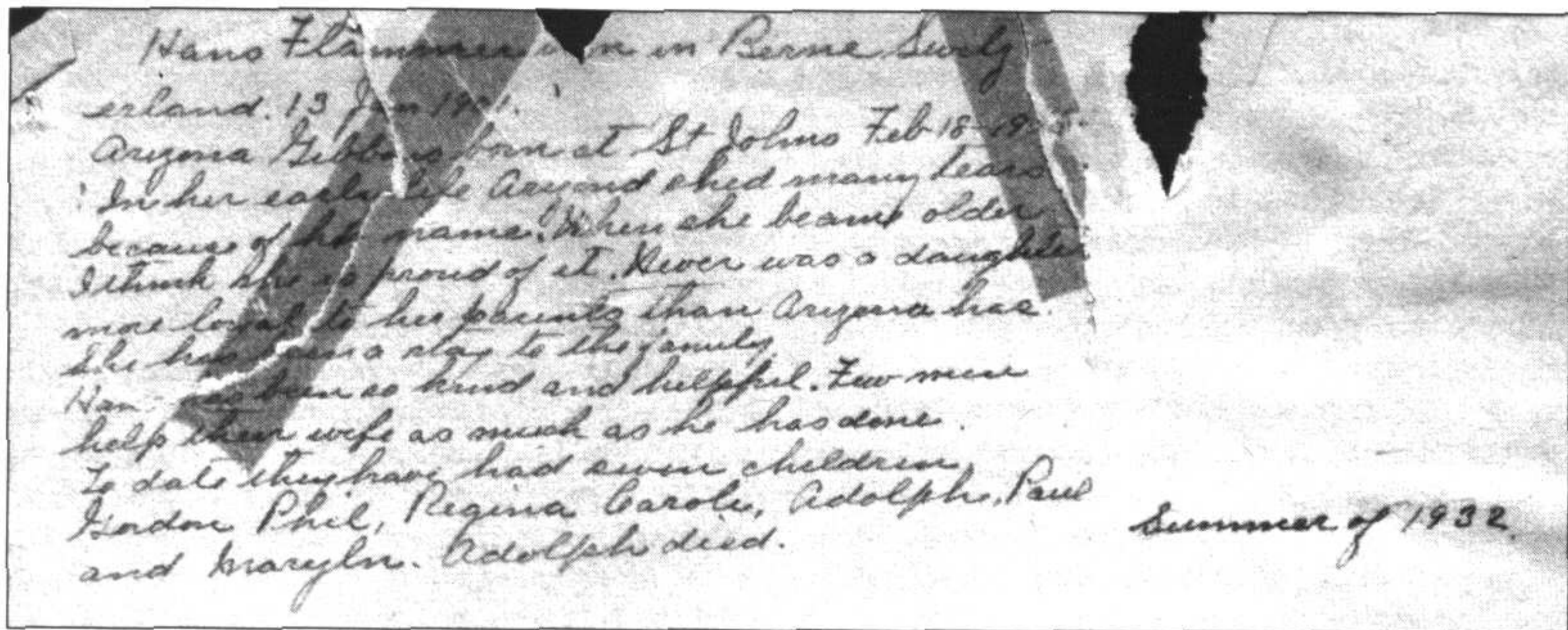
Reflecting back on Grandma Gibbons and her steadfastness in the Gospel, I feel certain that her salvation and election was made sure.<sup>27</sup>

[Gordon, grandson] *The tribute I would most like to have for Grandmother Nancy Louisa Noble Gibbons is that her daughter Zona would have given of her beloved Mother. Throughout my life I recall the profound love and respect Mother always had, and demonstrated, for her Mother. It was fitting that she should have been the primary one to care for Nancy during the last and most challenging care-taking years of her life. She did this at the expense of her own health. But her sacrifice was one of love and, because of that, she did not consider it to be a sacrifice. It is worthy of note that one of Mother's biggest concerns, as she faced the last difficult years of her own life, was that she not become a burden to her children. This was not because of her experience with her mother. It is because that was the way she thought and lived her entire life—from before her Mother came to live with her. I have talked to Mother extensively about her life story and not once do I recall her complaining, or even mentioning, how difficult life was for her during this time. How I wish we had the tribute Hans would have paid to Nancy.*

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26 Letter from Mary to Gordon dated 31 Jan. 2001

27 Ibid., p. 91



I am sure that Grandma Gibbons has written tributes to each of her children, but unfortunately this is the only one I was able to find. If she didn't write each a tribute she certainly could have written one, and how wonderful it would be if we had each of them for this history.

### Post 1958

- 1963, March 3—A. H dies and is buried in the Logan Cemetery.
- 1968, May 25—Hans Flammer dies in Ogden from an accident and is buried in the Logan Cemetery.
- 1972, June 3—Joshua Smith Gibbons Jr. dies in Mesa, Arizona and is buried in the St. Johns Cemetery.
- 1978, Dec. 4—Edna Butler Gibbons dies in Mesa, Arizona and is buried in the St. Johns Cemetery
- 1983, Dec 26—Arizona Gibbons Flammer dies in Salt Lake City and is buried in the Logan Cemetery.
- 1984, Dec 7—Rizpah Jayne Gibbons Frost dies at Chandler, Arizona and is buried in Linden on the Frost Ranch.
- 1997, May 25—Lola Heaton Gibbons dies at Orem, Utah and is buried in the Logan City Cemetery
- 1999, Nov. 14—Marion Smith Harris dies at Sandy, Utah and is buried in the West Jordan City Cemetery
- 2000, Feb. 20—Austin Frost dies at Snowflake, Arizona and is buried beside Jayne in Linden on the Frost Ranch.
- 2001, September—Joshie Louisa Gibbons Harris is the only surviving child of the Gibbons family at this time. She is living in the home of her son, Larry, and his wife Karen in West Jordan, Utah.

## FAMILY GROUP SHEET

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <b>HUSBAND:</b><br><b>JOSHUA SMITH GIBBONS</b> (Stockman, Farmer, Justice of the Peace)                    |  |
| <b>Born:</b> 9 May 1862  | <b>Place:</b> St. George, Washington, Utah |
| <b>Married:</b> 23 May 1904  | <b>Place:</b> St. Johns, Apache, Arizona   |
| <b>Died:</b> 13 Feb 1917   | <b>Place:</b> St. Johns, Apache, Arizona   |
| <b>Husband's Father:</b> GIBBONS, Andrew Smith   | <b>Husband's Mother:</b> KNIGHT, Rizpah    |
| <b>Husband's Other Wives:</b>  |  |
| <b>WIFE:</b><br><b>NANCY LOUISA NOBLE</b> (Wife and Mother, School teacher, Genealogist and Temple Worker) |  |
| <b>Born:</b> 18 Oct 1872   | <b>Place:</b> Kanab, Kane, Utah            |
| <b>Died:</b> 3 Feb 1958  | <b>Place:</b> Logan, Cache, Utah           |
| <b>Wife's Father:</b> NOBLE, Edward Alvah  | <b>Wife's Mother:</b> PEEL, Ann Jane       |
| <b>Wife's Other Husbands:</b>  |  |

| Sex   | CHILDREN            | Birth Date<br>Day/Mo/Yr | Where Born |         |         | Spouse                 | Marriage<br>Date | Death<br>Date |
|-------|---------------------|-------------------------|------------|---------|---------|------------------------|------------------|---------------|
|       |                     |                         | Town       | State   | Country |                        |                  |               |
| 1. M  | Joshua Smith        | 11/05/1894              | St. Johns  | Arizona |         | Edna Belle BUTLER      | 07/06/18         | 03/01/72      |
| 2. M  | Edward Noble        | 06/09/1896              | St. Johns  | Arizona |         | Jane PORTERFIELD       | 11/05/20         | 29/12/20      |
| 3. M  | Andrew "H"          | 17/02/1898              | St. Johns  | Arizona |         | Lola HEATON            | 22/11/25         | 03/03/63      |
| 4. M  | Nansen Bates (twin) | 04/10/1901              | St. Johns  | Arizona |         | Unmd                   |                  | 15/07/32      |
| 5. F  | Nancy (twin)        | 04/10/1901              | St. Johns  | Arizona |         |                        |                  | 04/10/01      |
| 6. M  | Neallo Knight       | 02/07/1903              | St. Johns  | Arizona |         |                        |                  | 28/11/15      |
| 7. F  | Arizona             | 18/02/1905              | St. Johns  | Arizona |         | Hans FLAMMER           | 30/08/24         | 26/12/83      |
| 8. F  | Rizpah Jane         | 24/02/1907              | St. Johns  | Arizona |         | Austin FROST           | 18/08/27         | 07/12/84      |
| 9. F  | Jose (triplet)      | 12/11/1910              | St. Johns  | Arizona |         |                        |                  | 12/11/10      |
| 10. F | Josephine (triplet) | 12/11/1910              | St. Johns  | Arizona |         |                        |                  | 06/12/10      |
| 11. M | Joseph (triplet)    | 12/11/1910              | St. Johns  | Arizona |         |                        |                  | 12/11/10      |
| 12. F | Joshie Louisa       | 29/07/1917              | St. Johns  | Arizona |         | Marion Smith<br>HARRIS | 18/12/35         |               |



## Chapter Nine

### JOSHUA SMITH GIBBONS JR.

By Toni Gibbons Haws, granddaughter<sup>1</sup>

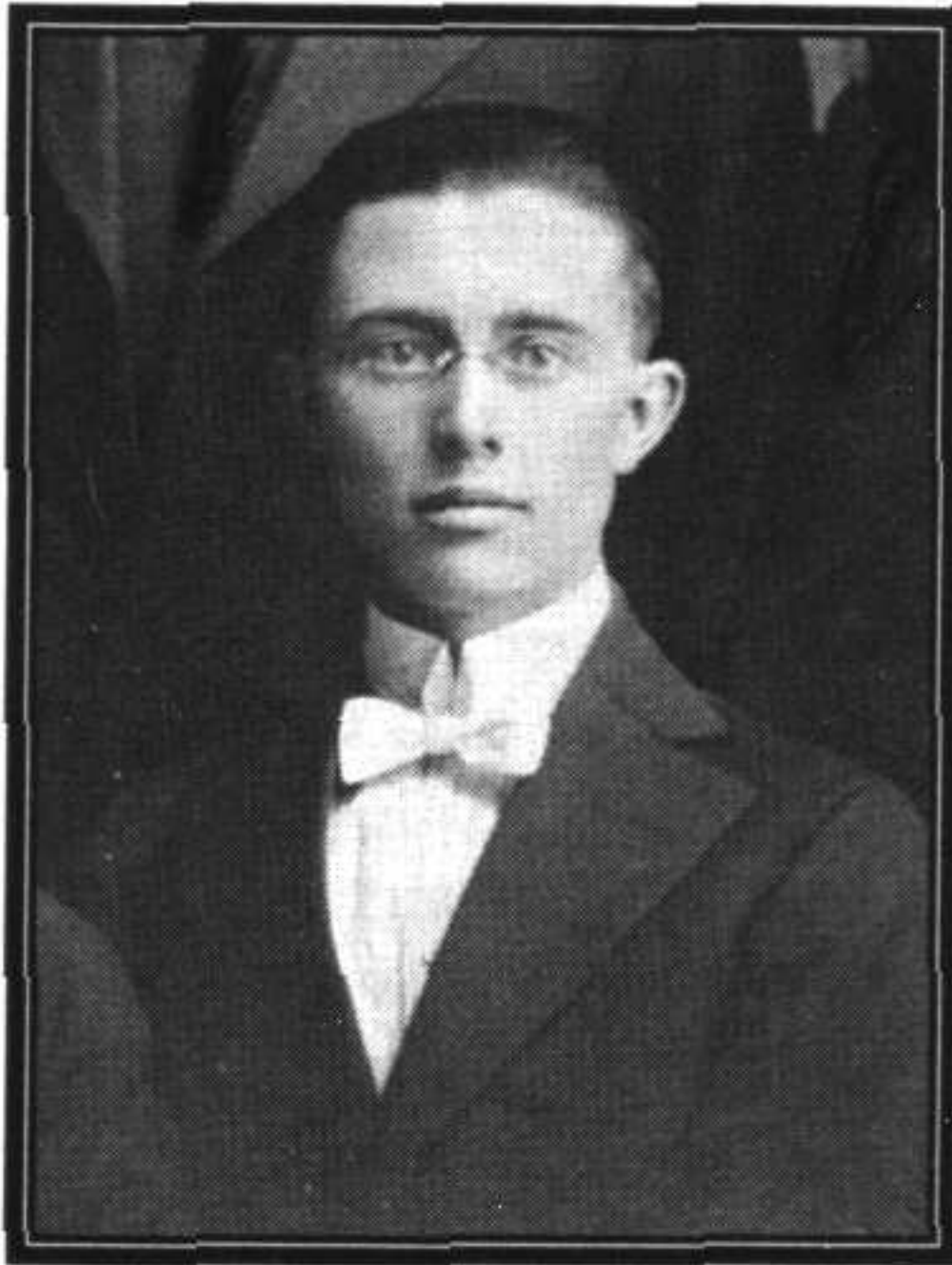
Joshua Smith Gibbons Jr. (also known as J. Smith or Smith) was the eldest of twelve children of Joshua Smith Gibbons and Nancy Louisa Noble. Both the Gibbons and the Noble families were called by President Brigham Young to pioneer and settle this country. Born April 11, 1894, he lived most of his life in his birthplace, St. Johns, Arizona, attending grade school there and going to St. Johns Academy. He didn't start school until he was eight and most of the time he walked three miles to school.

Joshua describes life this way: "Poverty and dire necessity made it necessary for me to assist in every way possible on the farm, roundups in the spring and fall and to make frequent trips to Holbrook with teams and wagons to haul commodities and supplies for the merchants."

"I was too small to participate in athletics, my first love, so I spent most of my time on music and drama." He loved nothing better than to have a leading role in a play. He was a proficient basketball and baseball player. A cornetist of unusual talent, he formed his own dance band and played for many a dance in and around St. Johns.



**Baby Joshua Smith  
Gibbons Jr.**



**Joshua Smith Gibbons  
Jr. as a Missionary in the  
Central States Mission**

He was small in stature but a giant mentally. In the picture of his eighth grade class, he is sitting on the front row and his legs are so short that they don't even touch the floor. However, he topped the class scholastically. He was always at the top of each class he was in.

His graduation from St. Johns Academy was delayed twice—first by a two-year hitch as a construction worker on the Lyman Dam and ditches and second by a two-year mission for the church in the Central States Mission (1914-1916), serving most of his time in Kansas and Missouri. For a short time, he was a missionary companion of President Spencer W. Kimball. He finally graduated from St. Johns Academy in 1917.

He writes in his life history: "In 1917 Father died, leaving mother, who expected a new baby soon, and six children. By reason thereof, I was placed in a deferred classification and did not serve in World War I. My dream and ambition to attend college and law school had to be forgotten. It was up to me to manage the financial affairs of our family." It always bothered him that he had been unable to serve his country.

In Joshua's own words: "I met and fell in love with Edna Belle Butler in September 1912, at the St. Johns Stake Academy. During the six ensuing years I made many trips to see her by divers means of transportation, one of which was a bicycle, although thirty miles of rough wagon road separated us...On one of these occasions I took her

<sup>1</sup> Excerpts and information from the book, *A Turning of Hearts—William Davidson Gibbons Family History*, William Davidson Gibbons Family Organization, 1981, Chapter 15, p. 770-776 written by Wanda Gibbons Hall. Many references and quotes are from Joshua Smith Gibbons Jr's life story and other writing by him, also quotes from the transcription made of Joshua's funeral.

for a ride on the handle bars of my bike, lost control and we piled up. Bruises and minor cuts, together with a torn new petticoat resulted. She was so embarrassed to think I should find out she wore such a garment.”

“On June 7, 1918 our fondest dream came true and our marriage for time and all eternity was solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple.” Edna pays this tribute to her one and only: “I was very fortunate in



**Joshua Smith and Edna's  
Wedding Picture**

my marriage to a man like Dad. We felt we were meant for each other. God had something to do with it. We have a good life together in part because of his great thoughtfulness and kindness to me. He insisted on washing and scrubbing the floors and doing the heavy cleaning. We lived in an apartment at Sister Whiting's the first year. She said she had never seen a man as thoughtful and good to his wife.” Joshua in turn wrote eloquently to Edna, “To the dearest, most lovable and helpful wife in the world, My Edna. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the many things you do for me—and most of all for LOVING ME!” Another card from Joshua Smith to Edna: “Happiness always, Darling. Thanks for the millions of things you have done for me. I love you, I love you, I love you always.”

During their 54 years of married life they planned and worked together receiving many blessings. “ Our greatest joys were the four children that graced our union, Wanda, “J” Smith, Earland and Harold. Our greatest grief was in the loss of our two sons.

Earland, our seven-year-old son died of an enlarged and affected heart and ‘J’ Smith fell a victim to a careless driver just two weeks before he was to depart for a mission in the Central States. At these times the teachings of the gospel were appreciated as we placed our trust in God's will,” wrote Edna. They had twelve grandchildren who they adored and supported in every possible way.

Joshua Smith started his law career in 1918 in the most humble circumstances imaginable—as a janitor in the Apache County Courthouse. He had just been married, and his \$35 monthly salary was hardly enough even for bare subsistence. But the job gave him access to the Courthouse law library and a chance to get a first-hand look at actual courtroom procedure.

Each night he hit the books in determined labors towards completion of a LaSalle University correspondence course in law. He allowed himself only three or four hours of sleep each night for many grinding months during this period. And, after nearly two years of the man-killing schedule, he was admitted to the Arizona Bar, November 19, 1919, with the second highest score in his test group.

Joshua's absorption and concentration while trying to solve problems was legendary. He elaborates: “During my third year in High School, I was teaching an advanced class in Algebra. In preparing the lesson for the following day, I came upon a problem that I could not solve. All night I worked and when Mother called me for breakfast I was still fully clothed. At the table she called on me to lead in family prayer. In words, I was praying in a circle asking for the same things over and over again. In fact, I was trying to solve my problem. All at once the solution dawned on me and without saying ‘Amen’, I shouted, ‘I've got it, I've got it’ and I dashed from the room to put it on paper. My mother followed me with tears in her eyes and said, “My son, my son, what is the matter with you?” And then there was the time... “During my first year of the study of law, after my marriage, I sat by a heavy cast iron stove, fired with coal, trying to solve a difficult legal problem. My feet were bare as usual and in the course of my effort to pin point the real issue, I aimed my big toe at and firmly touched a large glowing red spot on the stove. I regained consciousness immediately.”

Again, from his life history: “I resigned my school teaching job in Snowflake and ran for the office of County Attorney in the fall of 1920 and was defeated. Again the future looked black but I

learned of a teaching job in Eager and in borrowed clothes I applied for and got the position.” (Regarding the borrowed clothes, Edna had been in Eager visiting her mother and sister and he came to pick her up. They told him of the teaching position and he said that he couldn’t apply for the job in the clothes he had on, so he borrowed a shirt of his father-in-law’s and wore the pants he had on but he was ashamed of his shoes. He finally wore his mother-in-law’s old-fashioned button shoes, after blacking them good with soot from the stove lids.) He said, “I guess they felt sorry for me and gave me the job. We immediately moved there and for ten years I was first a teacher and then principal of that school.”

He was an exceptionally good teacher. His methods of teaching and disciplining were unique and original. He might tie a naughty student to the fence across the street during the recess period. If a pair got into a fight, he would have them kiss and make up in front of the student body or tie them together until they made up. If he felt like the eighth graders weren’t doing so well, he might take a first grader into the class and tell them that he brought that young man or lady into help them with their problems.

Joshua continues: “ From 1930 to and including 1946, I engaged in the practice of law, during which time I served three terms as County Attorney. In January 1947, my dream of many years came true. I had advanced from Janitor to Judge in the same Court House.”

That was the beginning of a notable career on the bench. He served twenty years as Judge of the Apache County Superior Court, the longest tenure in the history of that court. This self-made lawyer rose to become president of the Arizona Bar Association and president of the Arizona Judges’ Association.

Although he presided over trials of every nature, both civil and criminal, he was best known for his work with juvenile offenders. Many a boy who seemed headed for prison was put on his way to a useful life by the guidance of Judge Gibbons. It became an axiom in Apache County that there was no night too cold or no hour too late for the judge to help someone in trouble. One of his classic articles that he wrote was entitled: “Quarantine Dark Street Corners, Back Alleys, Says Judge Gibbons” which called for establishment of the “home as the place to teach obedience as well as supervised recreational and social activities which entertain the mind and body and plant the seeds of clean and decent living.”

Outside the courtroom he was a busy community servant. He was the first Apache County Chairman of the Grand Canyon Council, Boy Scouts of America, held and worked in practically every office on the troop and district level, and, as Scoutmaster, he took a troop to a National Scout Jamboree. President Bryant Whiting stated: “I think that I never worked with a man who was more loyal than Judge Gibbons. He was loyal to me as Bishop and then later on as a Stake President. When I was Bishop, he was head of the Boy Scouts. They had an outstanding scout troop that was recognized all over the area. He took thirty boys with him to Holbrook when it wasn’t an easy thing to drive from Eager to Holbrook and fitted them out with uniforms in one day. They all worked and earned their money and were able to buy their uniforms. I can remember when they got back, how snappy they looked and Judge had them all so well trained that they could march and obey orders just like a little troop of soldiers. When he said, ‘Squads Right’, believe me, they ‘Squads Right’.” He was awarded Scouting’s Silver Beaver Award in August 1949.

From Joshua’s life story: “Despite my lack of humility and whole hearted service in the work of the Lord, I have had many wonderful spiritual experiences and here relate only two of them.”

“Brother William D. Rencher, Stake Patriarch, on a number of occasions told my wife that he had a special blessing for her. He promised her health, strength and a long and useful life of service on this earth. Soon thereafter her gall bladder trouble became aggravated and surgery was necessary. Our regular doctor was ill and to avoid going far away from home, she went to Dr. Browning of Springerville



**Joshua Smith Gibbons Jr.  
Attorney & Judge**

for the operation. I was very depressed about this decision. Thereafter complications developed and she did not seem to improve. One morning I was called and rushed to the hospital to find her arms and legs bound to the bed. She was struggling violently and muttering incoherently. The doctor informed me her condition was hopeless. She would either die or become an invalid and idiot. Nothing could save her. I sent her to a specialist in Phoenix by air ambulance and I followed in a car. The doctor's diagnosis seemed to smother and crush the life out of me, and yet in my heart the words of her blessing kept coming up and giving me hope."

"Her health is better than it has been for many years even before the operation and I know that Brother Rencher was inspired to give her this blessing that we might have faith for her recovery, and do all in our power to accomplish this end."

The second experience that Joshua shares from his life story is as follows: "If my mother (Nancy Noble Gibbons) had lived an additional ten days she would have been a widow for forty years. During most of that time her life and efforts were expended with all the money available, to research and temple work for her kindred dead. Thousands and thousands of names were prepared on family group sheets and all ordinances done for them. Whenever the opportunity presented itself, she requested and earnestly urged me to complete my records and become active. 'I need someone to become familiar with the work I am doing and carry on when I am gone. This is your duty as my oldest son.' I replied that I had more important things to do in my law and church work and would devote my time to genealogical work when I retired. A few paltry dollars is the only assistance I gave her."



**Five Generation Picture**  
 1 to r Rear: Wanda, Laura & Smith. Front: Ann Jane Noble and Nancy Noble Gibbons

"Her health failed and we constructed an addition to my sister's home in Logan, Utah, where she could live and be taken care of. She could no longer do any of her work. To the family around her and to me on my visits she would bring up the necessity of getting back to her work in Mesa and urge me to take her home. Often she would say, 'I am so tired and lonely. Why doesn't Father come and take me home with him? He must not love me anymore.'"

"As a family we fasted and prayed on more than one occasion and reminded the Lord of her forty years of devoted service, and requested that, if it was in accordance with His mind and will, her desire to pass on be granted. Her condition, mentally and physically remained about the same. It then occurred to us that a slight misunderstanding among us that had not been fully resolved might be the reason why she was lingering that we might be fully united. We met and resolved our differences and misunderstandings and then fasted and prayed. I was mouth on this particular occasion and as I poured out my heart and soul to my Father in Heaven the answer came like a flash. Had she not told me on numerous occasions that genealogical work was her very life and she had asked and pled with me to take over and carry on for her all to no avail? Had I not hesitated when President Whiting asked me to be chairman of the Stake Committee even though he stated that this call came from inspiration? Yes, this was the answer! I was the one

who had been holding her from her companion in a sickly and helpless life. When she could not prevail upon me to voluntarily take this responsibility, she asked the Lord to grant this consuming desire of her heart that I might become dedicated to her unfinished work she had so nobly advanced. God help me to help answer her prayers for me and make her dreams come true."

Joshua was active in church work and served in many church auxiliaries and Priesthood programs. He served as Superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Association, Choir Director, Assistant Superintendent of the Sunday School, and Budget Director of Eager Ward. He was the Budget Director at the time that the Eager Ward built their present chapel. He was a teacher and instructor of all three of the Melchizedek Priesthood Quorums and a member of the St. Johns Stake High Council. His

greatest love for any of his callings came while serving on the High Council, that of Chairman of the Stake Genealogical Committee. Quoting from a sermon given at his funeral service, "He no doubt was the greatest leader in Genealogical work that our stake has ever had. Through his never tiring efforts he directed the Stake membership in submitting our third and fourth generation family group sheets. Our stake led the Church in this program."

President Bryant Whiting said, "One day I got a telephone call from the First Presidency's office asking me to come and talk in the Tabernacle on genealogical work. I tried to convince Brother Lee that they had the wrong man, that the man they wanted was Judge Gibbons, he was the one that put it over, and he said, 'Well, you're the Stake President', and I had to go and fulfill that assignment."

He is also due the credit for the establishment of our Branch Genealogical Library. Again quoting from President Whiting, "I thought today as I drove up and saw that sign out there 'Genealogical Library,' that it belonged to Judge Gibbons just like he had built it brick by brick and board by board with his own hands. Of course he inspired a lot of the rest of us to work on it. His idea was that we had to have a fireproof vault so that if the building burned down, that we'd still have our records and he purchased the records from Aunt Maggie Overson- that is he instigated it- and we bought all of the pictures that she had accumulated over a period of many, many years (I think over fifty some odd years) and a lot of you people who are familiar with it, know that you can go there and get pictures of your boyhood and girlhood days that are fifty or sixty-years old right here in the St. Johns Library. And it was all because Judge Gibbons wanted it that way. He planned it that way. He organized it. I remember when I told him it was impossible to build a vault down there under the cultural hall because we didn't have room to pour concrete to make a slab over the vault and he said, 'Oh, you can figure a way to do that.' We did. We sawed a hole in the cultural hall and poured the concrete through the floor and then put the floor back. It's got a concrete top."

President Whiting continues: "It has also been mentioned, he was President of the Young Men's Mutual Association. Judge Gibbons was a leader in that he never could stand to be on the bottom. He had to be a top man or there wasn't any place for him. I remember that at that time we had an Era magazine subscription drive in progress. Judge had his telegram all fixed up—at that time, it was kind of hard to send a telegraph from Eager because you had to phone it in to Holbrook and so on but on the stroke of midnight he wired Salt Lake City that Eager Ward had gone over the top in the Era drive. We had a hundred percent. That was his method of doing things."

Joshua was excited about everything: his home, Christmas, the office, the law library, his cars, the yard, the garden, and the tools he had. His intensity, energy and determination served him well in all he did. One great area of enthusiasm was over the camper he had built special so he could travel and do research when he retired. Quoting from his funeral sermon again, "I can just see him out there—lying on the bed of the camper having it measured so that it would fit exactly right."

He and Edna took a leisurely trip to Hawaii when their son, Harold was released from his mission there. In 1963 they visited the Holy Land and twenty-one European and Mid-east nations. They made several trips throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico. One of his special trips was back east following the trail of several ancestors including William Davidson Gibbons and Mary Polly Hoover through Indiana, Ohio and Massachusetts.



**Joshua Smith and Edna on their  
Fortieth Wedding Anniversary**

He had a special relationship with his children and his grandchildren. As a Grandpa, he was FUN personified: He would get the kids wrapped up in his legs (THE TRAP) and they would giggle and wiggle trying to get free. Then there was the dark room and the scary stories with the big ending where he shouted or grabbed your leg. Several grandchildren remember fishing trips with Grandpa. He made Christmas exciting and beautiful with his "perfect" Christmas tree with bubble lights. Joshua and Edna's yard was a haven for the grandkids from the "tall" weeping willow tree to the "large" sandbox complete with cars, spoons and shovels. Another favorite memory is singing "Uncle Smith's Bible Story Song" which was a classic!! There was a special cupboard of books for grandkids and a wagon of blocks retrieved from its special place when grandkids came. Their home was filled with heirlooms that provided opportunities to make their ancestors come alive to all children.

He was an avid fisherman and sports fan. He attended league spring training baseball games whenever he was in the Phoenix area and for years they had season tickets for the Arizona State University's football games.

"That reminds me of a story," he said in beginning many a discourse. It became a favorite saying with his many friends throughout the state. His quick intellect and excellent memory provided him with easy access to the many, many books and stories he had read and heard. At his retirement, that line was engraved on the cake.

Joshua was invited to be a guest speaker to many Rotary Clubs during the years he was active in Rotary. He was speaking at the club in Globe, AZ one day and was quite excited about the subject he was talking about when all at once his upper plate came loose and just shot out of his mouth. He caught it with his right hand, said, "Excuse me", replaced it and went on with his speech. He reported that no one laughed, but as they were leaving, his very dear and close friend Judge Fires said to him, "Judge, Leo Durocher should sign you on as left fielder, that was such a good catch!!"

He retired from the bench on January 3, 1967. A week later he suffered a stroke, which left him partially paralyzed and incapacitated. He never fully recovered. During his long illness and confinement he required much care. The great part of this care came from his devoted wife. Joshua showed great appreciation for the service rendered in his behalf. He was a good patient, a joy to help and to take care of him. He was a very loveable man and very tender hearted. On June 3, 1972, he died, as he had lived, fighting to the end. He, no doubt, would have gone much sooner except for his great indomitable spirit.

Joshua's final words might be: "Stand for what is right. Always remember: No one lives on his own power. There is a higher power that helps us through rough spots."

### **EDNA BELLE BUTLER GIBBONS**

By Toni Gibbons Haws, granddaughter<sup>2</sup>

Perhaps Edna Belle Butler Gibbons' life can best be summed up in her own words: "My testimony became stronger. To me no greater joy can come to one than is had in associating and helping children." As a mother of 4 children, a loving grandma of 12, an elementary school teacher for 19 years, and a Stake Primary Superintendent for 9 years, her life exemplified God's plan for her. Edna was a warm, loving, kind individual who served children, others and God all her life.

Edna Belle Butler was born 3 June 1896 at 5 pm in her parent's home located in St. Johns, Arizona. Her father was Henry Butler, her mother, Harriet Belinda Russell Butler and she was the youngest of 10 children. Henry Butler was the 4<sup>th</sup> child of John Butler and Elizabeth Archer and was born in Redbourn, England. Harriet Russell was the 2<sup>nd</sup> child of Amasa Russell Jr. and Harriet Atwood Newell.

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<sup>2</sup> Excerpts and information from Edna's personal life history, other writing by her and other quotes from the transcription made of Edna's funeral.

The Henry Butler family was called to settle St. Johns in Feb 1881. They left their home in Payson, Utah and took what they could in 2 wagons accompanied by Edna's grandparents, John and Elizabeth Butler and Grandmother Harriet Russell for the long trek to Arizona. They first went to St. George, Utah and did Temple Work for many of their ancestors. They arrived in St. Johns, Arizona near the end of September 1881. There was not time to plant a garden. On their arrival, Grandfather Butler and Henry drew for lots. They moved onto the land and pitched tents. Henry Butler had someone help and they built a brick house before the cold weather became too intense. He helped build reservoirs and canals. He farmed, ranched and planted orchards. He later moved to Eager where better farm and orchard land was available. Edna lived or stayed in both towns as she was growing up.

In her life story, Edna relates: "In 1896, fast day was observed the first Thursday of the month. Thursday, August 6<sup>th</sup>, I was dressed in the prettiest long white dress and petticoats that mother had crocheted lace for and I was carried to the log-meeting place called the assembly hall. My father blessed me and gave me the name of Edna Belle Butler."

"My earliest memories are of very loving, kind parents who loved order and taught us to obey and respect them. They were both very humble and prayerful. Each morning before breakfast the family met, sang and had family prayer. There was great love in our family. I loved my brothers and sisters and we played games together, and worked together. Each evening was a Home Evening. There were no shows, no commercial products but Father and Mother knew how to keep our interest. Before the evening meal, we always joined in family prayer again. I never remember quarrelling or unkind words. My parents had very little money or worldly goods but from my first recollection I only knew love, kindness, understanding and happiness. Above all, stood the faith and love of my parents, my brothers and sisters and their service in the church. The humility and faith of my parents made a great impression on my life."



**Edna Belle as a Child**

Her heritage was as much a part of her as were her eyes or her hair. She referred constantly to their integrity, their honesty, their love, their compassion for others---their values had been instilled in Edna as the bedrock of her existence and she remained true to their celestial teachings all her life. Genealogy came easy for Edna because of her incredible love for her ancestors. She had a clear vision of why and whom she was serving and she spent many years researching and compiling information.

Edna told a wonderful story that impressed on her posterity the importance of treating our body as a temple. While playing in the granary, Rachel (a sister that Edna was very close to) and Edna found a shiny square of tobacco. "Thinking it was candy, we started eating away. It tasted awful but we thought if we kept chewing it would get better. Well, we were sick little girls."

Edna describes her high school experiences as follows: "I started attendance at the St. Johns Stake Academy three weeks after school began in fall of 1912. Being late entering school in 1912, algebra seemed hard but J. Smith Gibbons walked me home from Conjoint meeting the first Sunday night in October. He asked me how I liked school and I told him my problem



**Edna as a Young Woman**

with algebra. We went in by the kitchen table and he gave me some of the fundamentals and after that I enjoyed algebra and appreciated his help. We went together some in the time that followed."

Edna continues: "The algebra incident was during his second year in high school and at the end of the year he was called to fill a mission to the Central States for two years. The evening after Smith

returned from his mission, he came to see me. Father, Mother and I enjoyed hearing him tell many interesting experiences he had had on his mission. When he left, I walked to the door with him and he said, 'I surely missed you and hope I can see you before long.'

"I attended St. Johns Stake Academy from Sept 1912 to Mar 1916 when I graduated. I had hopes of attending college but father asked me to wait until after Christmas and he would try and arrange to help me financially."

"Christmas morning, 1916, the clock struck 5 and Father sat up and sang, "Jesus, Once of Humble Birth" and then passed away. What a great man and what a sad Christmas!"

"That ended my college aspirations for the time being, but after my marriage to Joshua Smith Gibbons, I later (1926-27) returned to Northern Arizona University to earn my teaching certificate."

Edna describes her courtship and the beginning of her marriage to J. Smith: "After his father's unexpected death in Feb 1917, I did not see him again very soon. The middle of April 1918, he visited Mother and me and asked her permission to marry me."

"We traveled to Salt Lake City by train with another couple. We were fasting when we arrived at the Temple before daylight. It was a long, difficult day, and there were many other couples to be married. The officiator would call the name of the groom and request that his bride come forward. He called, 'Joshua Gibson' and he came forward but not a bride. Again, he called, 'Joshua Gibson' and still no bride. I wondered, "Why doesn't that girl go on up?" I was so tired and I had a terrible headache. The young man whispered in the officiator's ear, and he called for the young lady who was to marry 'Joshua Smith Gibbons' to please come forward. I was so embarrassed---I didn't recognize the man standing or the name!! We were married 7 June 1918 in the Salt Lake City Temple."

"To make the day complete, one of Smith's missionary companions met us at the temple gate and took us to Salt Aire (a popular amusement park) for a long night of fun."

On the 19<sup>th</sup> of April in 1919, Wanda was born in St. Johns, Arizona. Their only daughter, Wanda, was a wonderful blessing and help to them all their lives. Wanda and her husband, Theron took over the Apache Title Company, which Joshua had founded and they built it into a very successful business. They had eight children.

On 9 February 1921, a lovely baby boy blessed their home. They named him "J" Smith. He was a dear baby and a very considerate son. He was planning to leave for a mission to the Central States Mission in just a few days when he was killed in a car accident on August 19, 1940. Edna always felt so bad because she urged him to go with his friends that day.

Earland Henry was born 29 June 1922. Little Earland was thrown from a horse May 8, 1929 and received a long gash cut in his head. He was never well again. They had never known that his heart was weak before this time. "He was so patient all through the long weeks he was sick. He was such a dear, patient, affectionate child", wrote Edna.



Wanda



Earland Henry



"J" Smith



Harold Butler Gibbons was born 23 Oct 1924. He had two terrible skull fractures, one occurred in a boyhood accident and the other was an accident on his mission. He spent 3 years in the service and also served a 2-year mission in Hawaii. He graduated from A.S.C., now known as N.A.U., with a degree in Business. He had a career in sales and marketing. He had 4 children.



**Harold Butler**

Edna expresses: "For many years I had poor health and the doctor and hospital bills were very high. To help with expenses I started teaching school and continued in this work for nineteen and one-half years. This may not have helped my health but I love children and it is a great joy to work with them."

Edna was small in stature, had been in poor health a good portion of her life but that tiny body of hers had a soul as determined and courageous as any ever sent

to earth. She had a quick wit and a grand sense of humor that many may have missed because of her quiet voice. She met extreme challenges (the death of Earland at age 7 to a heart ailment and the death of "J" Smith, 2 weeks before his mission) with faith and courage. She anguished, yes, even despaired for those who had lost their way but never lost faith or hope that they would return and that God would make good on His Divine Promises.

Edna's hobbies were reading, handiwork, caring for children and growing flowers. Above all, in her later years, she loved genealogy and did a great deal of work with it.

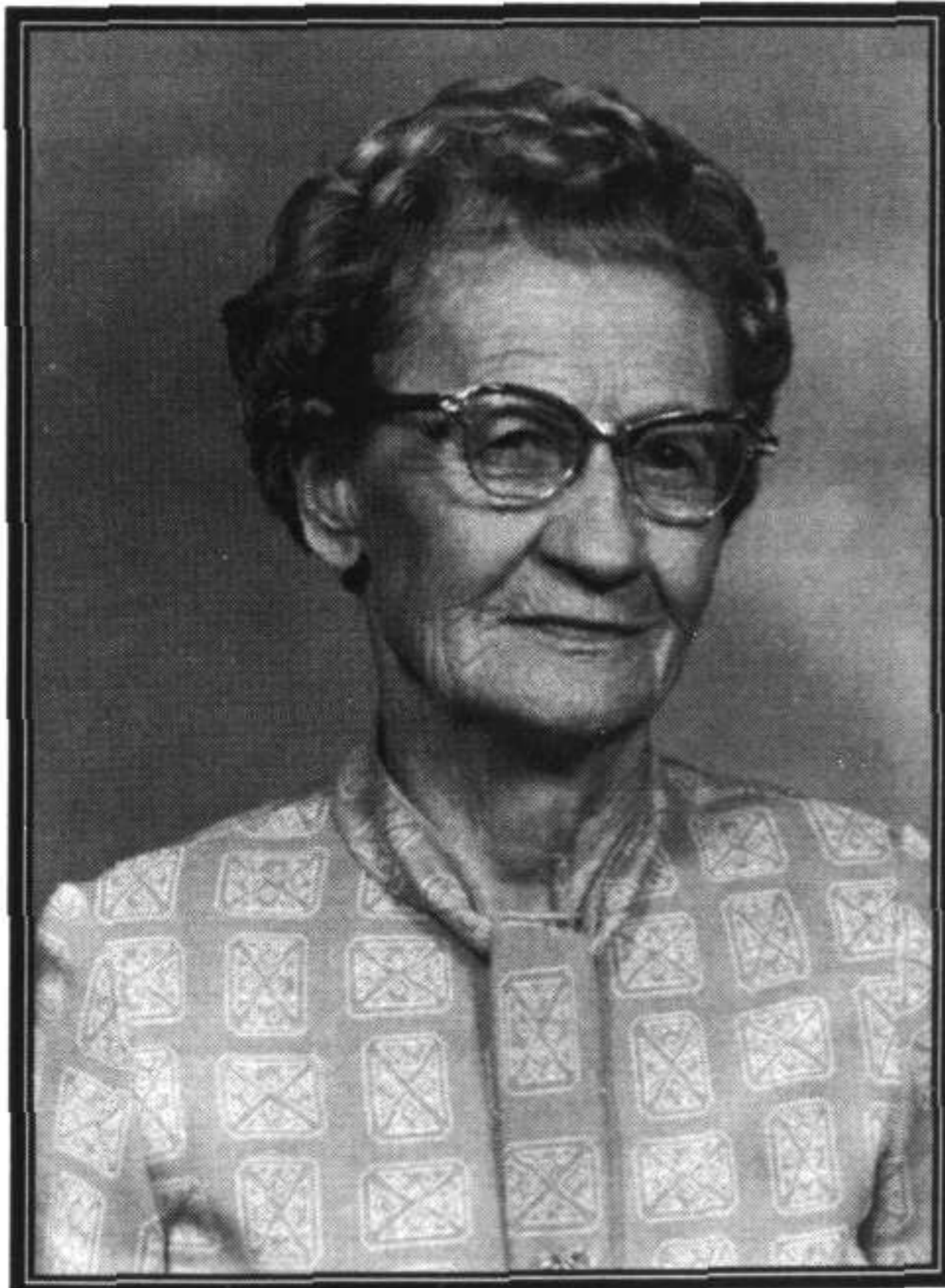
Edna's word was as good as gold, she did not divulge a confidence, and she did not lie--her motto that she taught to her grandchildren was: "You are a Butler and a Butler is one hundred



**Edna at Midlife**

percent honest." Edna tells the story of being called into the Principal's office in the school where she was teaching. He indicated that, after much soul searching about a particular situation where another teacher had been accused of wrong doing, he decided to ask Edna what she knew, because "you are Henry Butler's daughter and I have never met anyone more honest than your father. I know I can trust you."

In her life story, Edna continues: "My first position in the church at 13 years of age, was librarian of Y.L.M.I.A. When I was fourteen, I was a teacher in the Primary and taught for five years. I was organist two years, was Ward Primary President one year. I also served as second counselor in the St. Johns Stake Primary in the St. Johns Stake for four years. In January 1934, I was sustained as Stake Superintendent of the Primary in the St. Johns Stake. I was released in August 1943. During this time I attended the General Primary Convention in Salt Lake City eight times. I greatly enjoyed the time I spent in Primary and feel it has been a blessing to me. I was also Kindergarten teacher in the Sunday School for seven years and for two years was



**Edna in her Later Years**

Secretary of the Sunday School. I served in the LDS girls organization as ward and stake supervisor, I

worked as a Stake Missionary and in the stake genealogical work. For a period of time, Smith and I arose at 4 am each morning in order to find time to work on genealogy. We converted a bedroom to a genealogy workroom.”

“My husband’s work as Judge gave us many opportunities to travel about our state and meet many outstanding people of strong character. We had the privilege of going to Egypt, Jordan, Lebanon, Turkey and all the European countries including the British Isles except Spain and Portugal. The two most outstanding experiences I had on this trip were in the Holy Land going through and over the places where Jesus spent His life and the privilege I had in England to visit the birth place of my father and grandparents. We also visited the church they attended until they were converted. I met some distant relatives whom I dearly love.”

Edna Butler Gibbons spent a considerable degree of her life lifting and supporting others without much recognition. Joshua was such an outgoing, enthusiastic character that sometimes it seemed that Edna was left standing in the shadows but in truth she was the “wind beneath his wings.” Joshua wrote: “You now are and always will be the greatest blessing that has come to me. Truly, God gave me you to guide, bless and walk with me along the path of life. I love you dearly. Smith” She was a devoted and loving wife.

After Joshua’s stroke in 1967, the majority of his care fell to Edna. No one had supposed that Edna’s health would permit five years of loving care and encouragement but Edna surprised many with her tireless efforts and courageous response to this new challenge. Joshua was a cheerful recipient of Edna’s love and concern.

After Joshua’s death in 1972, Edna divided her time between her apartment in Mesa and her home in St. Johns. She was an ordinance worker in the Arizona temple for 3 years. This was a favorite period of time for several of her grandchildren who had the opportunity to really get to know their Grandma. She enjoyed special friendships with her neighbors in the apartment complex.

On December 4<sup>th</sup>, 1978, Edna Belle Butler Gibbons disappeared. Six days later, her car was found many miles away near the Salt River. Eleven months later, Nov 12, 1979, her purse and remains were found in the same vicinity. The theory was that Edna may have become disoriented and, then in seeking help, may have fallen or died of exposure in the desert. We will not know or perhaps understand the whole story in this life but we do know that Edna returned to the peace and safety of her Heavenly Father’s arms and to a glorious reunion with many family members.

She records this beautiful testimony: “I have had many faith promoting experiences that are sacred to me. Three of the times when surgery was necessary the Doctors gave me little hope of living. I had received special blessings in which I was promised I would live and do genealogical work. I know through fasting, faith, and prayers of loved ones and friends, I was able to recover. My prayers have been answered many times during illness in my family, in sorrow and in trials and my testimony is that God loves each of us and is ready to help if we trust him and live worthily. My greatest desire is to live to be of service to my fellow men and my church. I have received many testimonies through my labors and study of the Gospel. I hope I may ever remain true to these and be a help in this great church.”

## FAMILY GROUP SHEET

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <b>HUSBAND:</b>                               |   |
| <b>JOSHUA SMITH GIBBONS JR.</b>               |   |
| <b>Born:</b> 11 Apr 1894                      | <b>Place:</b> St. Johns, Apache, Arizona      |
| <b>Married:</b> 7 Jun 1918                    | <b>Place:</b> Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah |
| <b>Died:</b> 3 Jan 1972                       | <b>Place:</b> St. Johns, Apache, Arizona      |
| <b>Husband's Father:</b> Joshua Smith Gibbons | <b>Husband's Mother:</b> Nancy Louisa Noble   |
| <b>Husband's Other Wives:</b>                 |   |
| <b>WIFE:</b>                                  |   |
| <b>EDNA BELLE BUTLER</b>                      |   |
| <b>Born:</b> 3 Jun 1896                       | <b>Place:</b> St. Johns, Apache, Arizona      |
| <b>Died:</b> 4 Dec 1978                       | <b>Place:</b> Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona         |
| <b>Wife's Father:</b> Henry Butler            | <b>Wife's Mother:</b> Harriet Belinda Russell |
| <b>Wife's Other Husbands:</b>                 |   |
|   |   |

| Sex  | CHILDREN              | Birth Date  | Where     | Born    | Spouse                    | Married   | Death     |
|------|-----------------------|-------------|-----------|---------|---------------------------|-----------|-----------|
|      |                       | Day/Mo/Yr   |           |         |                           | Da/Mo/Yr  | Da/Mo/Yr  |
| 1. F | Wanda Gibbons         | 19 Apr 1919 | St. Johns | Arizona | Theron M. Hall            | 28 Sep 43 | 2 Jul 95  |
| 2. M | "J" Smith Gibbons     | 9 Feb 1921  | Eager     | Arizona |                           |           | 19 Aug 40 |
| 3. M | Earland Henry Gibbons | 29 Jun 1922 | Eager     | Arizona |                           |           | 7 Sep 29  |
| 4. M | Harold Butler Gibbons | 23 Oct 1924 | St. Johns | Arizona | Dolores Ann Kallsen (Div) | 22 Mar 51 | 17 Aug 83 |
| 5.   |                       |             |           |         |                           |           |           |
| 6    |                       |             |           |         |                           |           |           |
| 7    |                       |             |           |         |                           |           |           |
| 8    |                       |             |           |         |                           |           |           |
| 9    |                       |             |           |         |                           |           |           |
| 10   |                       |             |           |         |                           |           |           |
| 11   |                       |             |           |         |                           |           |           |
| 12   |                       |             |           |         |                           |           |           |

## DESCENDANCY CHART FOR JOSHUA SMITH GIBBONS Jr.

- 2.--Joshua Smith Gibbons Jr. Born: 11 Apr 1894, St. Johns, Apache, AZ. Md. 7 June 1918 d. 3 Jun 1972  
 Sp—Edna Belle Butler, Born: 3 Jun 1896, St. Johns, Apache, AZ d. 4 Dec 1978
- 3--Wanda Gibbons Born: 19 Apr 1919, Eagar, Apache, AZ Died: 2 Jul 1995, St. Johns, AZ  
 sp--Theron M Hall Born 18 Sep 1920, Eagar, Apache, AZ; m. 28 Sep 1943, Mesa, AZ
- 4.--Laura Lu Hall Born 22 May 1944, McNary, Apache, AZ  
 sp--David Lee Griffin Born 27 Dec 1942, Van Nuys, LA, CA; m. 17 Oct 1964 (Div)  
     5-- Diana Lynn Griffin Born: 30 Jul 1968, Manassa, Conejos, CO  
     sp--Allen David Miller Born 24 Dec 1967, San Diego, CA (Div):  
     sp--Mark Goshy Born 11 Nov 1950, Pittsburgh, Allegheny, PA; m. 25 Nov 1995  
     5--Steven Wade Griffin 19 Oct 1970, Alamosa, Alamosa, CO  
     sp--Tamara Michelle Mulrean Born 26 Aug 1974, La Mesa, San Diego, CA  
         Married: 18 Jun 1994, Alpine, San Diego, CA
- sp--Ronald Lawrence Butcher Born: 27 Nov 1941, Hawthorne., CA; m. 30 Apr 76; div  
     5.--Jason Conrad Longchamps Born: 29 Mar 1977, Alamosa, Alamosa, CO  
         Died: 25 May 1981, St. Johns, Apache, AZ
- 4.--Theron M Hall Jr. Born: 21 Sep 1945, McNary, Apache, AZ  
 sp--Lou Dawn Wolfley Born: 14 Dec 1946, Pocatillo, Bannock, ID; m. 6 Sep 1968  
     5.--Theron M Hall III Born: 7 Aug 1969, Provo, Utah, Utah  
     5.--Ashley Hall Born: 16 Oct 1970, Evergreen Park, Cork, IL  
     sp--Nicole Cutler Born: 1 May 1970; m. 14 Aug 1993  
         6. Stacey Lynn Born: 6 Sept 1997, Provo, Utah, Utah  
     5 --Andrew Born: 5 Jul 1975, Corpus Christi, Nueces, TX  
     5.--Jeffrey Born: 2 Jun 1977, Lajesfield, Terceira, AZores, Port  
     5--Julie Born: 18 Mar 1979, Springerville, Apache, AZ  
     5--Amy Dawn Born: 20 Jul 1981, Springerville, Apache, AZ  
     5--Sara Born: 17 May 1984, Springerville, Apache, AZ
- 4--Lynette Hall Born: 31 Mar 1947  
 sp--John Melvin Beck Bom; 17 Oct 1945, Twin Falls, Twin Falls, ID; m. 5 Jul 1968  
     5.--Kristene Beck Born: 10 Oct 1969, McNary, Apache, AZ  
     sp--Dan Holden Born: 16 May 1969, San Juan, Puerto Rico; m. 27 Dec 1991Div  
         6.--Christian Alexander Born: 17 Jul 1993, Provo, Utah, Utah  
         6.--Braden McKay Born: 25 Apr 1996, Provo, Utah, Utah  
     5.--Lana Born: 28 Aug 1972, Prescott, Yavapai, AZ  
     sp--Steven James Parker Born: 7 Oct 1969, Ogden., Utah; m. 13 Aug 1992  
         6.--Nathanael Steven Born: 3 Aug 1996, Provo, Utah, Utah  
         6.--Caleb Thomas Born: 4 Mar 1998, Provo, Utah, Utah  
         6.--Lauren Ivy Born: 22 Jun 1998, Provo, Utah, Utah  
     5.--John Steven Beck Born 7 Dec 1973, Prescott, Yavapai, AZ  
     sp--Kristy Wilde Born: 3 Mar 1976, Orem, Utah, Utah; m. 15 Mar 1996  
         6.--McKelle Born: 28 Apr 1998, Provo, Utah, Utah  
     5.--Russell Hall Beck Born: 8 Mar 1976  
     5.--Shannon Beck Born: 10 Jun 1977  
     sp--Michael Dennis Latham Born 21 Feb 1976, Orem, Utah, Utah; m. 12 Mar 99  
     5.--David Ord Beck Born: 5 Jan 1979, Provo, Utah, Utah  
     5.--Alyson Beck Born: 23 Sep 1983, Provo, Utah, Utah  
     5.--Tricia Beck Born: 30 May 1987, Provo, Utah, Utah
- 4.--Margo Hall Born: 22 May 1951, St. Johns, Apache, AZ  
 sp--James Everett Crockett, Jr. Born: 7 Jan 1948, Mesa., AZ; m. 19 Aug 70; (Div)  
     5.--Jennifer Born: 27 Jun 1972, Provo, Utah, Utah

- sp--Derek DeTemple Born: 21 May 1970, Hamilton, Ohio; m. 27 May 1994
  - 6.--Carter James DeTemple Born: 16 May 1996, Kirksville, Adair, MO
  - 6.--Baily DeTemple Born: 11 Feb 1998, Mesa, Maricopa, AZ
- 5.--James Everett Crockett, III Born: 28 Jul 1974, Torrance, LA, CA
- sp--Julie Naylor Born: 11 Jun 1977, Yuma, Yuma, AZ; m. 1 Mar 1997
- 5.--Joshua Tyler Crockett Born: 5 Apr 1977, Prescott, Yavapai, AZ
- 5.--Jacob Allan Crockett Born: 6 Dec 1978, Prescott, Yavapai, AZ
- 5. Jonathan Michael Crockett Born: 30 Jan 1981, Prescott, Yavapai, AZ
- 5.--Joseph Hall Crockett Born: 2 Dec 1982, Prescott, Yavapai, AZ
- 5.--Juliann Crockett Born: 12 Sep 1984, Prescott, Yavapai, AZ
- sp--Russell Reeder Roberts Born: 18 Oct 1951, Artesia, NM; m. 2 Jan 1993
- 4.--Janis Hall Born: 3 Jun 1954, McNary, Apache, AZ
- sp--Kevin Jones (Div):
- sp--Randy Dale Golding Born: 6 Aug 1956, Safford, Graham, AZ; m. 19 Dec 1980
  - 5.--Janae Born: 20 Aug 1981, Tucson, Pima, AZ
  - 5.--Cheree Born: 8 Oct 1983, Tucson, Pima, AZ
  - 5.--Rachelle Born: 4 Sep 1986, Tucson, Pima, AZ
  - 5.--Monet Born: 4 Sep 1989, Tucson, Pima, AZ
- 4.--Helen Mae Chee Born: 15 Aug 1954, Parker, Yuma, AZ
- sp--Westley Scott Scarbrough Born: 2 Mar 1955, St. Johns, Apache, AZ; m. 13 Jul 74
  - 5.--Westley Scott Scarbrough, Jr. Born: 11 Feb 1975, Winslow, Navajo, AZ
- sp--Ginee' Marie Butler
  - 5.--Ryon Allen Born: 18 Oct 1977, Lakeside, Navajo, AZ
  - 6.--Nathalia Marie Romero Born: 3 Mar 1999, Show Low, Navajo, AZ
  - 5.--Thomas Justin Born: 28 Feb 1981
  - 5.--Amanda Born: 21 Aug 1982, Phoenix, Maricopa, AZ
  - 5.--Miranda Born: 21 Aug 1982, Phoenix, Maricopa, AZ
- 4.--Richard Smith Hall Born: 24 Mar 1961, Springerville, Apache, AZ
- sp--Krisia Ann Hansen Born: 8 June 1961, Phoenix, AZ, m. 7 Mar 1980 (Div)
  - 5.--Richard Smith Hall, Jr. Bom: 24 Jun 1981, Lakeside, Navajo, AZ
  - 5.--Bryce Lenay Hall Born: 7 May 1983, Mesa, Maricopa, AZ
- sp--Sloan Wasbotten - (Div):
- sp--Sheree Holman Born: 12 May 1968, Delta, Millard, Utah; m. 28 Nov 1998
- 4.--Joshua Mark Hall Born: 27 Jun 1963, McNary, Apache, AZ
- sp--Karen Marie Olson Born: 30 Apr 1961, Sacramento, Sacramento, CA, m. 1 Jun 1985
  - 5.--Stephanie Born: 1 Apr 1987, Orem, Provo, Utah
  - 5.--Joshua Smith Hall Born: 24 Jul 1989, Phoenix, Maricopa, AZ
  - 5.--Melanie Born 4 Jun 1994, Springerville, Apache, AZ
  - 5.--Spencer Noble Born: 6 Apr 1997, Show Low, Navajo, AZ

3. Harold Butler Gibbons (b.23 Oct 1924-St. Johns, Apache,Arizona; d.17 Aug 1983-Amarillo,,TX)  
sp: Dolores Ann Kallsen (b.13 Oct 1929-Keystone, Benton,Iowa; m.22 Mar 1951(Div))
  4. Nikki Ann Gibbons (b.26 Nov 1951-St. Johns, Apache, Arizona)  
sp: Howard Eugene Romney (b.2 May 1949-Phoenix, Maricopa, Arizona; m.22 Dec 1972)
    5. Tyler James Romney (b.12 Feb 1975-Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona)
    5. Brian Michael Romney (b.12 Feb 1975-Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona)
    5. Melissa Ann Romney (b.30 Dec 1976-EI Paso, Texas)  
sp: Matthew Alexander Wood (b.5 Aug 1975-San Fransisco,, California; m.29 May 1998)
      6. Brooklyn Ann Wood (b.30 May 2000-Provo, Provo,Utah)
      5. Nathan Scott Romney (b.27 Feb 1979-EI Paso, Texas)
      5. Courtney Marie Romney (b.19 Apr 1983-EI Paso, Texas)
  4. Toni Lee Gibbons (b.16 Sep 1954-McNary, Apache, Arizona)  
sp: Andro Kim Haws (b.4 Mar 1953-Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah; m.31 Dec 1974)
    5. Bridget Allen Haws (b.22 Aug 1972-Lewisville, Lafayette, Arkansas)  
sp: Elliott Stewart (b.5 Aug 1971-Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah; m.22 Jul 1995(Div))
      6. Malcom Derikk Stewart (b.8 Oct 1992-Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah)
      6. Kenya Harah Stewart (b.8 Feb 1995-Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah)
      6. Whittnee Rochelle Stewart (b.21 Jan 1997-Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona)
      6. Tanaya Nekole Haws (b.23 Jun 1999-Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona)
    5. Amberly Joy Haws (b.1 Oct 1973-Phoenix, Maricopa, Arizona)  
sp: James Gilmore Baranek (b.23 Nov 1974-Sacramento, Sacramento, California; m.6 May 1995)
      6. Riley Paul Baranek (b.4 Nov 1995-Sacramento, Sacramento, California)
      6. Garrett James Baranek (b.19 Mar 2001-Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona)
    5. Louisa Ellen Haws (b.16 Jul 1977-Phoenix, Maricopa, Arizona)  
sp: Miguel Ortega III (b.24 Aug 1976-EI Paso,, Texas; m.18 Jul 1997)
      6. Miguel E. Ortega IV (b.9 Oct 2000-Phoenix, Maricopa, Arizona)
    5. Jacob P. Haws (b.18 Jul 1978-Scottsdale, Maricopa, Arizona)
    5. Christopher Ryan Haws (b.22 Jun 1979-Phoenix, Maricopa, Arizona)
    5. Emily Ann Haws (b.26 Mar 1981-Phoenix, Maricopa, Arizona)  
sp: James Emory Pudder Jr. (b.5 Jun 1978-Fairmont, Marion, West Virginia;re.22 Dec 2000)
      5. Christina Margaretha Haws (b.15 Feb 1983-Phoenix, Maricopa, Arizona)
      5. Eliza Mae Haws (b.2 Sep 1984-Phoenix, Maricopa, Arizona)
      5. David Isaac Haws (b.3 Jul 1986-Phoenix, Maricopa, Arizona)
      5. Heath Galeno Haws (b. 19 Jun 1988-Show Low, Navajo, Arizona)
  4. Timothy "J" Gibbons (b.5 Jun 1956-McNary, Apache, Arizona)  
sp: Dawn Rolane Goff (b.2 Nov 1957-Rupert, Minidoka, Idaho; m.26 May 1978)
    5. Timothy Scott Gibbons (b. 11 Mar 1979-Phoenix, Maricopa, Arizona)  
sp: Julieann Peterson (b.5 Mar 1981-Mountain Home, Elmore, Idaho; m.17 Mar 2001)
      5. Travis Jay Gibbons (b. 12 Aug 1980-Nampa,Canyon, ID; d. 11 Mar 1981-Nampa, Canyon, ID)
      5. David Andrew Gibbons (b. 12 Nov 1982-Nampa, Canyon, Idaho)
      5. Shea Matthew Gibbons (b.25 Sep 1984-Nampa, Canyon, Idaho)
      5. Chad Smith Gibbons (b.19 Mar 1987-Nampa, Canyon, Idaho)
      5. Ashley Dawn Gibbons (b.16 Jan 1993-Nampa, Canyon, Idaho)
  4. Michael "H" Gibbons (b.16 Dec 1957-McNary, Apache, Arizona)  
sp: Marilyn Kay Starks (b.17 Apr 1960-Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona; m.8 Mar 1980)
    5. Brandon Michael Gibbons (b. 15 Dec 1983-Tempe, Maricopa, Arizona)
    5. Tanner Kallsen Gibbons (b.31 May 1988-Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona)
    5. Lane Campbell Gibbons (b.6 Oct 1991-Mesa,Maricopa, Arizona)
    5. Joshua Smith Gibbons (b.13 May 1993-Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona)

## Chapter Ten

### ANDREW "H" GIBBONS AND LOLA HEATON GIBBONS

1898—1963 & 1906—1997

By Eileen Gibbons Kump and Ted Lee Gibbons

The year 1898 was a remarkable year! America went to war with Spain, the United States annexed Hawaii, Spain ceded the Philippines, Guam, and Puerto Rico to the United States, Marie and Pierre Curie discovered radium, H.G. Wells wrote *The War of the Worlds*, and it was the year that Andrew "H" Gibbons was born on a Thursday morning, February 17. The name offers a number of options and we use all of them here. He was apparently called Andrew and Andy, then later "H" or "A.H." He was the third son of Joshua and Nancy and was born in St. Johns, Arizona.

As a child growing up on the family ranch, Andrew remembered being desperately poor and working hard. They never seemed to run out of work that needed doing. It was not unusual for him to dig ditches eight hours a day. He had two older brothers to help Joshua outdoors, so Andrew was often required to help his mother in the house. He wished sometimes that things were otherwise. However, he did remember one experience where he didn't find helping outdoors such a blessing. He told his children the story of being out at the sheep camp with the responsibility of caring for a small vegetable garden and a particularly cantankerous cow whose single passion in life was to raid the vegetable garden. The cow kept getting caught in the small fence that surrounded the garden and over and over Andy had to get her out. One night after having been aroused from slumber four times to free the cow, Andy grabbed the shotgun. While the cow stood bawling in the fence, he approached from the house and pulled the trigger. The cow went through the fence she was caught in, the fence on the other side of the garden as well, and was never seen again.

Andrew's childhood had its enjoyments too. He remembered the excitement of Fourth of July celebrations, the circus coming to town, and especially a drama company that put on plays for the community. He said he shed barrels of tears over some of the scenes and for a long time remembered vividly when Simon Legree beat Old Tom to death. They tried to tell Andrew that Old Tom wasn't really hurt with that whip crashing around him and making those dreadful red streaks across his back. They tried to tell him there as a leather covering under his shirt and that he never felt the whip, but Andy refused to be comforted as he shed tears and sobbed aloud.

Another early memory that H never forgot occurred when he was 17. His younger brother Neallo, 13, died of diphtheria in 1915. The whole family was quarantined except Andrew, who was sent to live with his uncle Bill because the deadly disease was so contagious. Neallo's parents put his body in a clean pair of underwear and wrapped it in a white sheet. The next morning Andrew came with a team and wagon and stopped by a window, where he and his father put Neallo's body in a plain, rough wooden box that his father had made. Andrew took it to the cemetery. The family could not go but several men with shovels followed a distance behind the wagon and buried Neallo.

High school was a long, drawn-out process for Andy. He had never been able to attend school regularly because he was often needed at home, and it took him almost a decade to finish high school. The long delay began with the death of his father when Andrew was a junior. He quit school to earn money for the family and for a year or two worked at a variety of jobs for wages, including one that required milking ten cows night and morning, harnessing the team, taking mail to town four miles away, bringing the mail back, and numerous other tasks. His day usually started at 6 a.m. and ended at 8 or 9 p.m. For this he received \$30 a month and board. Is it any wonder that he joined the Army?



**Andrew H in US Army  
Uniform—Served in WW I  
in France**

The year was 1918; the First World War was in progress. Andrew was 20 years of age. Perhaps he felt that he should represent the family in the war effort and also help with finances. He did send \$25 a month home to help his mother. He was inducted into the army on April 27, 1918. He was described upon enlistment as 20 years, 3 months old, by occupation a farmer, five feet eight inches in height, with blue eyes, brown hair, and dark complexion. The dark complexion may have had to do with his being so much in the sun because his family would not describe him that way. His war diary, recently published for the family by his oldest son Andy Jr., reveals his day by day experiences. His journal describes the grueling fiery days of war in France. One of his duties was getting rations to the soldiers fighting at the Front, and even though he wrote of his fear and that he got used to seeing dead men lying around, he never talked about his war experiences with the family. And for the rest of his life, he got tears in his eyes when the American flag passed by.

After his discharge in June 1919, Andrew tried to get a job but the depression was on and he couldn't, so he re-enlisted in November 1920. Of his second term of service, he wrote little, but the following conversation changed the direction of his life and affected everything he did from then on. He wrote: "Perhaps the most impressive of all the

examples of how close Mother was to our Father in Heaven came while I was home on furlough. One day as Mother and I were returning from Sacramento meeting she asked me if I would go on a mission. I promptly replied, No! But within an hour I came to find her to try to justify my statement. I told her that I was in the army and that I had shortly before enlisted for two and a half more years and that it would not be part of Uncle Sam's policy to release soldiers for missions. She answered me with these words: 'If I can get you out of the army will you go?' I assured her that I would because I knew she couldn't get me out.

When Andrew went back to San Francisco near where he was stationed and saw a young fellow preaching on a street corner, a thrill went through him that he had not experienced for a long time. He walked on, then left his buddies and went back to listen. Suddenly his greatest desire was to stand on a street corner and proclaim the gospel. In July 1921 he received a telegram from his congressman telling him he would be discharged. Two months later, on October 11, he left for a two-year mission in the Northern States. On the train headed for Salt Lake City as a new missionary, he saw two Catholic fathers smoking their pipes and chatting. They looked complacent, well fed, so sure of themselves. He thought of his two years of high school compared to their college training and wondered: *What chance do I have?* He was tempted to go back home. Then a voice whispered, "They do not have the priesthood of God." He never doubted again.

When Andrew was preparing for his mission, his mother informed him at breakfast one morning that she had had a dream to the effect that Neallo was in trouble and that as she cast about for a reason it came to her that his temple work had not been done. Andrew did Neallo's temple ordinances when he and Lola were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple in June of 1926.

Elder Melvin J. Ballard set Andrew apart for his mission. In his journal Andrew wrote of going to Book of Mormon class, tracting, visiting saints, and of summers spent doing country work (journeying without purse or scrip). He especially enjoyed street meetings and of one said, "I never felt the spirit of the Lord more in my life. I wanted to shout Hosanna at the top of my voice." He served most of his mission in Grand Rapids, Michigan. When he left the mission field he was so overcome with emotion at leaving dear friends and the missionaries that he could hardly speak. Also, before he went home he asked the mission president if he would get some brethren together and administer to him, probably because he had had recurring problems with his eyes. After the administration, he knew that all would be well in time.

He left the mission field October 22, 1923. When he got home he told his mother he was going to work and take care of her. Her answer he never forgot: "No, my son, you can't do that. My life is almost lived



and yours is just beginning. You must go back to school and get yourself an education and I'll get along all right." So he went to school and his mother lived another 31 years. At the ripe old age of 25 he enrolled in high school at the St. Johns Academy, graduating the following spring. He had now decided to become a teacher and that summer went to Flagstaff, Arizona, to college. He said the he did not really discover girls until after his army experience and that when he came home from Europe he "courted many, liked a few, loved in dead earnest one or two, but never went completely nuts about a girl until he met his wife to be." One evening in Flagstaff on the way to church he was introduced to a group of girls. One of them, "the prettiest one in the group," he wrote, was named Heaton. A short time later at a girls' basketball game he saw again the charming blond in her blue uniform and suddenly "heard bells ringing." From then on they were together every evening. He was hopelessly in love, but when he finally mustered the courage to propose to her, she laughed at him, and when he took her to the train to return to her home a few days later, his heart was broken.

Perhaps this is a good time to learn a little about Andrew's future wife, Lola Heaton. She mostly grew up in Kanab, Utah, but was born January 15, 1906, in nearby Orderville, the third of ten children born to Israel Hoyt Heaton and Charlotte Cox Heaton. Israel was a farmer and sheep rancher. They had little money but plenty of food from their garden and livestock. After high school she went to Dixie College over in St. George, Utah, and received a diploma qualifying her to teach in Utah, but she wanted to teach in Moccasin, Arizona, just across the border, where many relatives lived, so in the summer of 1924 she went south to Flagstaff to earn a teaching certificate at Arizona State Teachers' College. Within a few days she had met her future husband.

She remembered vividly an important experience that happened while she was a teenager in Kanab. Lola entered the public speaking contest for M.I.A. youth all over the Church. She worked very hard on her speech and after winning in the ward, stake, and division, went to Salt Lake City, where she was one of two finalists. The two girls gave their speeches in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, an experience few of us ever have, and although she came in second and thus missed the \$50 first prize, the trip was unforgettable. And for the rest of her life she was an excellent speaker.

Since her father was in the stake presidency for twenty years, Lola had other unique opportunities, since many of the General Authorities stayed in their home, including Melvin J. Ballard, Heber J. Grant, and David O. McKay. Conference time with all its visitors was one of her happiest home memories.

Lola and the broken-hearted H did correspond after she went home and their growing affection for each other is evident in these letters. Lola came back to Flagstaff in the summer of 1925 and from then on they were inseparable. Lola got her teaching certificate and a job teaching. They planned to marry but Lola's parents were not happy about it. Lola had never disobeyed her parents and backed out at the court house after the license was bought and also changed her mind after several wedding dates had been set.

The decision to marry outside the temple, away from home, to a husband her folks had never met, had been hard. Her parents were hesitant to give permission, but finally H and Lola went ahead and were married in Safford, Arizona, at the stake president's home on Sunday, November 22, 1925. They left immediately for a teacher's institute in Globe, Arizona, and on the way stopped at Emery where Lola was teaching to pick up her mail. There waiting was a big fat letter from her mother giving her permission to marry H. They had waited a long time for this letter, written several days before the wedding, and were so grateful for it that of course Lola had to cry and cry and cry with happiness. In the following June, 1926, they were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple.

Andrew continued in school and signed his first contract as teacher and principal for \$130 a month in Central, Arizona. They both taught in Arizona until 1928 when they were hired to teach at Alton, Utah. By this time, they had two children, Andrew



**1925 Wedding —Andrew H  
Gibbons and Lola Heaton**

H. Jr., born in Central, and Eileen, born in St. Johns.

Andrew described taking his first son in his arms as the greatest joy he had even known. However, shortly after Andrew Jr. was born, he began to have convulsions in his leg. He could not take nourishment and the doctor said he could do nothing for him and that it would just be a matter of time until the baby died. H and Lola decided to give him a name before he died so H got the bishop and the patriarch to come and after Andrew had given his son a name, the patriarch blessed him that he would get well and would grow up. He was healed instantly.

H taught in Alton for three years and Lola two, each teaching four grades, Harry Leon was born in Kanab in 1930. A year later in 1931 the family moved to Logan, Utah, so that Andrew could attend Utah State Agricultural College and complete his degree. This move was made possible by a \$500 cash bonus paid soldiers of World War I. But for years, H and Lola struggled financially. Lola said that H commented several times: "I wish I could trade my diploma for a pair of shoes." It was the time of the Great Depression and there were no jobs.

Many times they wondered why they came to a place as far away as Logan to go to school, but they realized later it that was the will of the Lord because they felt that they had been blessed with some very choice spirits and living there would make it possible for them to go to college. They did pass on to their children a passion for education and all of their children attended Utah State except Larry, who received a scholarship to Stanford so went there.

When Andrew received his B .S. degree from Utah State Agricultural College (now USU) in 1932, the Depression was still on so he stayed in school, earning his Master's degree in 1933. Even with his degrees, teaching jobs were so hard to come by that he went all alone back to Arizona for one year to teach in a one-room school in Zeniff. Finally, in the fall of 1934, he was hired to teach in the Logan City Schools and taught there until his death March 3, 1963, just a few months before he would have been able to retire. He taught in



**1943 Family Portrait—l to r: Back row: Andrew H. Jr, Eileen, Harry,  
Front row: Barbara, Andrew H. Sr., Larry, Lola and Nanette**

elementary schools for a few years, then in the junior high school. After living in several locations in Logan, they were able in 1937 to buy their first home, and even though it had one cold water tap and no bathroom, they were happy to be buying a home and it wasn't too long before H had provided an indoor bathroom and hot and cold water.

Four more children joined the family in Logan between 1932 and 1946: Lola Barbara, Nanette, Larry Wayne, and Ted Lee. As H and Lola reared their family they continued to work hard and devote their energy to making a good life for their children. Lola commented in her husband's biography that there was no job H wouldn't do to support his family, and one day she made a list titled Fifty Different Ways Daddy Assured Busy Days. Just a few of these activities and jobs are: photography, driver's ed, radio broadcasting, remodeling, tutoring, raising chickens and rabbits and cows, gardening, selling insurance and real estate, selling shoes and clothing, delivering Western Union messages, washing dishes, mowing lawns, mopping floors, correcting papers at the college, beet topping and thinning, apple picking, cab driving, genealogy, traveling to sell garden seeds, and guiding visitors to the Logan temple grounds.

He and Lola also earned an occasional few dollars writing. For years they were partners writing articles and stories for "The Improvement Era" and "The Children's Friend," weaning their children to the tune of typewriter keys. In April 1932 one of the first articles published appeared in "The Improvement Era." Because it describes so well their money struggles and their writing talents those early years, it follows:

### "Economizing Economically"

We landed in Logan with enough money to live on for a couple of months, pay tuition, and buy books. I almost blush to think how I tried to get a few pieces of furniture for almost nothing. A crippled chair and table were repaired. A widower lent us two beds, a table, and two chairs for one dollar. The bishop's counselor gave us a rusty old stove for only the labor of making it presentable. What matter if the grate was made of bolts, wheels, etc., and the damper must be raised with a curved wire? An old dish pan, a tub, and some fruit jars were rescued from a trash pile.

And food! Green stuff for the kiddies! What joy the discovery of watercress on a Sunday exploring expedition. Windfall apples dried on shares; carrots thinned for thinnings; factory beans picked for beans—all this added to the fare and helped to fill bottles, while we thrived on a diet of apples dried, baked, stewed, sauced, and made into salad. For variation we had raw carrots, creamed carrots, fried carrots, carrot salad, and carrots.

Friday nights in the temple paid for most of our milk. By cooking breakfast for two roomers we got our cereal paid for and likewise our bread.

It would be a long tale to tell how we put up 300 quarts of fruit and bought only two bushel. Needless to say we did a lot of bottling on shares and got a lot of neighbors to share bottles with us.

A cast off washer was bought for \$2.50 and we did washing for students. It's a wonder that the faculty members did not get exceedingly tired of my continual asking for work. But I got it! Thirty dollars a month!

Now we're on the home stretch. If we can live until the 1<sup>st</sup> of May, I'll have my degree, and, if experience counts for anything, I should be able to teach folks how to economize economically, don't you think?

Summers for a school teacher were opportunities to earn a little more



**Andrew H Gibbons**  
**School Teacher**

money and H did many kinds of work, but the summer of 1945 was one none of the family ever forgot. H and Lola accepted jobs with the Southern Pacific Railroad right out in the middle of the Great Salt Lake on a railroad bridge. The office was part of their house, which sat on a widened portion of the bridge, and since there was nothing for the children to do—they couldn't go to the neighbors or the store—they usually just jumped in the lake. They could stand up without moving and not sink. Most children do not learn to swim in water 40 feet deep. Larry, the baby, for obvious reasons, was often kept on a leash. And who needed an indoor bathroom?



**1953 Family Portrait — Two, Andrew Jr. and Barbara are married and their spouses are in the picture**

One of the most difficult experiences of their married life came in the 1940's when they decided that because they needed more income Lola should resume teaching, even though there were no openings in Logan. They divided the children and she taught for three years in different locations. Lola always regretted this decision. One teaching job was in Elmo, Utah, which was 300 miles away and paid only \$100 a month.

H and Lola were never without callings in the Church and served continuously and faithfully their entire lives. Lola gave humorous readings in ward socials and was always a favorite. She served as ward

and stake Relief Society president and also in the other auxiliaries. H also was very active in priesthood callings and served in the bishopric. One of their favorite callings was as dance directors.

Andrew served two short-term missions early in their marriage, and after he passed away, Lola served a full time mission in Florida. Her greatest joy after she became a widow (besides the children and grandchildren) was being able to officiate in the Logan, Ogden, and Salt Lake City temples. H and Lola sent four sons and one daughter on missions and so far four of their children (Eileen, Harry, Barbara, and Nanette) have served missions with their spouses in Samoa, Germany, New Jersey, Europe, and Ukraine. Several grandchildren have also served missions.

H became ill at Christmastime 1962.



**“Mister Gibbons” with two of his Junior High School Students**

He tried desperately to keep on and after the holidays tried to teach again when the new year began, but after three days he went to the doctor and was told to get to the hospital immediately. He learned that the sore throat he had before Christmas had become a strep. The doctor explained that this could affect the kidneys and that H's kidneys had been damaged. H had rarely missed day of school in all his years of teaching. But he had not had excellent health for some time. During much of his adult life, he had severe sinus problems. Now Lola sensed the seriousness of his condition and tried to hope, but she felt in her heart that perhaps it was his time to go.

The Logan doctor finally told Lola that there was nothing more he could do, so oldest son Andy drove his dad to SLC to the Veteran's Hospital in the back of his station wagon. Lola had a job in Logan but drove to SLC often to be with H. Larry was on a mission in the Netherlands but the other children were attentive and comforting to their father. Smith and Edna, Aut and Jayne, and Louisa came from Arizona to see him and had a prayer circle with Zona and some of H's children. Nevertheless, in spite of many earnest prayers, H's retirement, due in the spring, came early. He passed away at the age of 65 on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of March to go on teaching in the spirit world. Perhaps he found a street corner like those where he loved to preach in this life, or perhaps he went right on country tracting without purse or scrip.



**August 1962—Lola and Andrew H Gibbons  
(Taken a few months before his death, before his health failed.)**

Meanwhile, Lola kept on keeping on. The lessons of a lifetime were not be unlearned by the loss of a loved one. There were children and grandchildren who needed attention. There were callings in the church that needed her talents. There was a son to support on a mission. There were so many things that needed to be done. So she went back to work and got them done.

She worked for a time in businesses in Logan and then labored in the temples at Logan and Ogden and Salt Lake, and then in Logan again. That service lasted, with a few intervals, from September 1967 through August 18, 1984. One of the intervals occurred when she was asked by her bishop to serve a mission. She knew before the bishop called that she would be asked to serve, and of course she did, beginning in June,

1976. She served in the Florida, Fort Lauderdale Mission and her children heard from her president that he did not have a sister missionary of any age who could keep up with her. Was anyone surprised?

She traveled to the Holy land with members of her family for 13 days just after her mission, and then spent some time visiting her children. While she was living with Barbara and Dan Workman in Centerville, a neighbor from Logan, Lonnie Paul, came calling. His wife had recently died and he was lonely. He asked Lola to marry him many times and she finally agreed. They were married in the Logan Temple on July 30, 1982.

Lola was finally going to learn to slow down a little. Lonnie had a small framed print in his home with this caption: "God does not deduct from the allotted time of man those hours spent fishing" (someone had added "for souls" at the end), and Lonnie seemed to believe it. He took Lola fishing a hundred times, and this remarkable woman who had spent her whole life believing that work must come first, left the chores undone and went with her husband to catch fish.

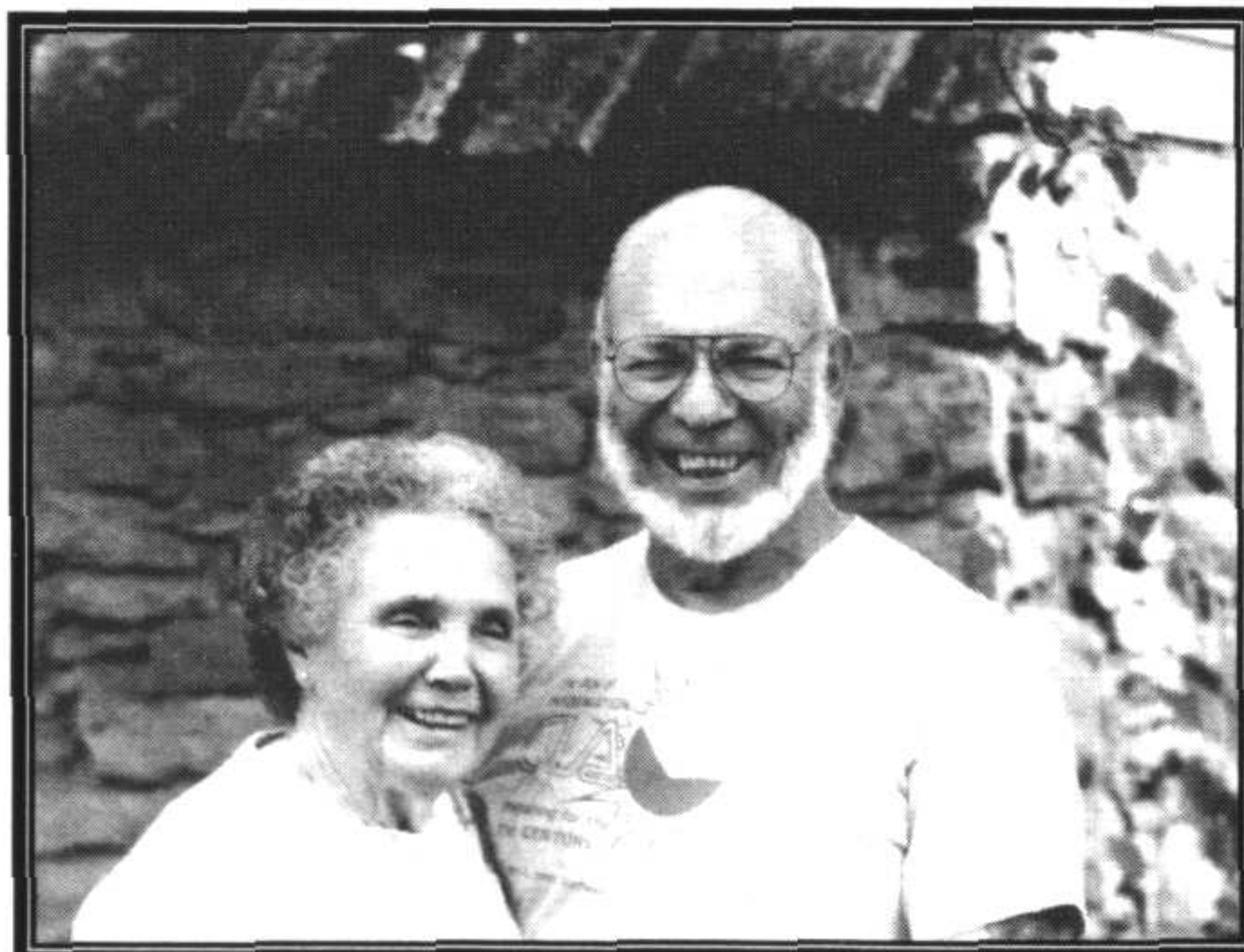
Lonnie was diagnosed with cancer in the first year of Lola's marriage to him, and the reality of that disease, along with the possibility of its return, stayed with them. And it did return. Lonnie passed away on January 31, 1986. By that time, Lola had experienced her own bout with cancer and had begun to lose her eyesight to macular degeneration.

On April 24, 1986, Lola and a cousin were driving to a funeral when they were hit by a drunk driver traveling at about 100 miles per hour. Lola suffered a broken hip, neck, sternum, and a few ribs, and also a broken bone in her hand.

She recovered remarkably well and got back to getting on with life. She finally left Lonnie's home in Logan and moved in with Dan and Barbara in Orem for the last years of her life. She spent less and less time moving around, and more and more time listening and loving. Her body had gone bad on her but her heart was in excellent condition. She crocheted afghans for her grand and great grandchildren—about 100 of them—while sitting in her chair and lying in her bed. Since she was blind, she caught up on her "reading" as she heard thousands of hours of scriptures and other edifying audiotapes. She spent hundreds of dollars awarding grandchildren a dollar for each memorized Article of Faith. Two weeks before her death she was still listening and correcting each "the" and "and" and "of" when their recitation was not perfect.

Lola radiated light and love and faith through the final years of her life until the time came for her to go home. On Sunday, May 25, 1997, she slipped through the veil into the cultural hall of heaven where, we suppose, there were a multitude of love ones waiting, with H at the front. In the picture taken of her children at the cemetery on the day of her burial, everyone is smiling. Well, of course they are.

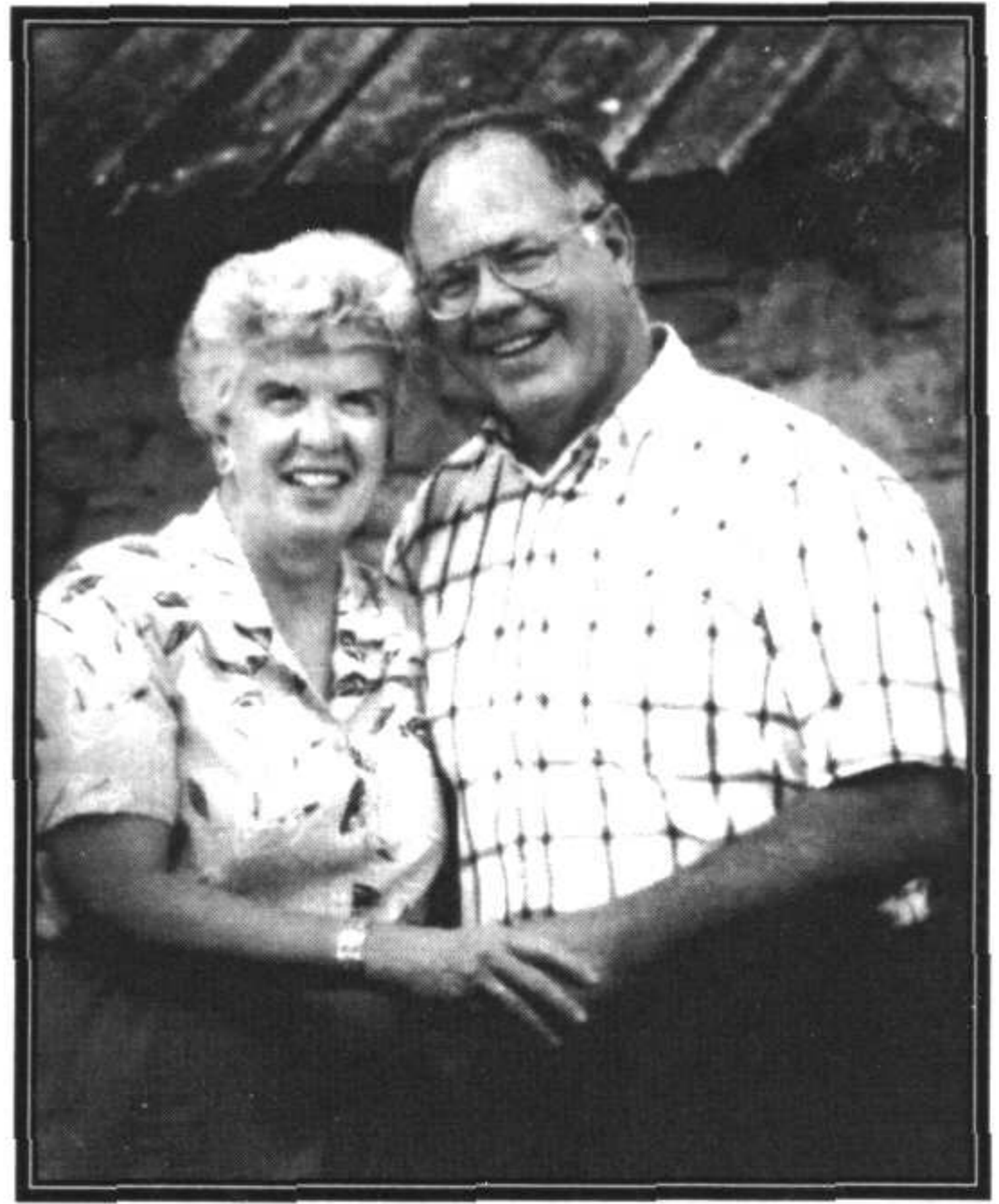
**The Adult Children of Andrew H and Lola Heaton Gibbons with their Sweethearts**  
(These photos were taken at the Joseph Bates Noble Home at Nauvoo in 1990)



**Andrew H Gibbons Jr. and his Mother, Lola**



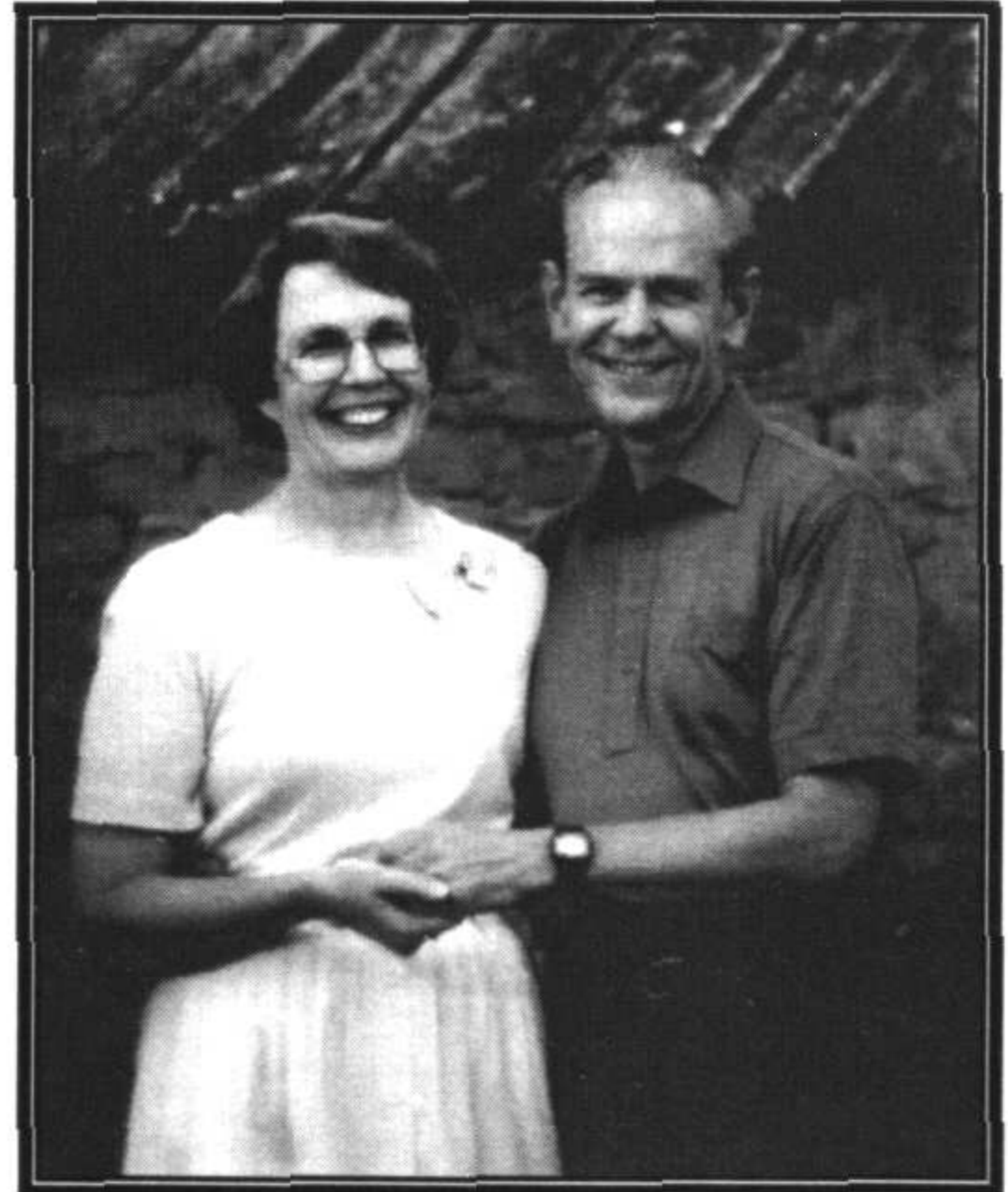
**Ferrell "Z" and Eileen Gibbons  
Kump**



**Harry Leon and Marjorie Jones  
Gibbons**



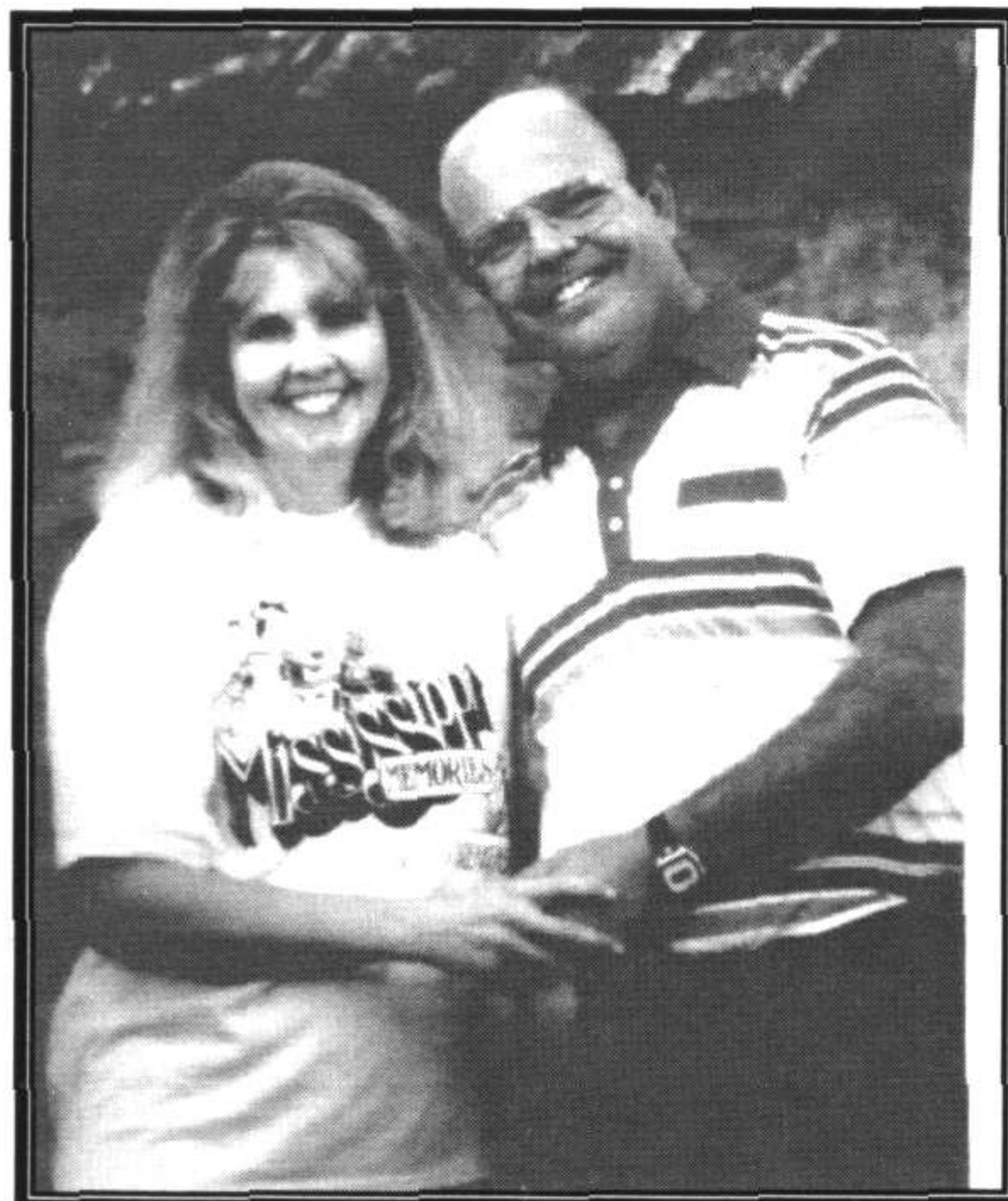
**Dan Jay and Lola Barbara  
Gibbons Workman**



**Joseph Harold and Nanette  
Gibbons Nelson**



**Larry Wayne and LaDawn Anderson  
Gibbons**



**Ted Lee and Lydia Agnes Kimball  
Gibbons**



## FAMILY GROUP SHEET

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <b>HUSBAND:</b>                               |   |
| <b>Andrew "H" GIBBONS</b>                     |   |
| <b>Born:</b> 17 Feb 1898                      | <b>Place:</b> St. Johns, Apache, Arizona      |
| <b>Married:</b> 22 Nov 1925                   | <b>Place:</b> Safford, Graham, Arizona        |
| <b>Died:</b> 3 Mar 1963                       | <b>Place:</b> Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah |
| <b>Husband's Father:</b> Joshua Smith GIBBONS | <b>Husband's Mother:</b> Nancy Louisa NOBLE   |
| <b>Husband's Other Wives:</b>                 |   |
| <b>WIFE:</b>                                  |   |
| <b>Lola HEATON</b>                            |   |
| <b>Born:</b> 15 Jan 1906                      | <b>Place:</b> Orderville, Kane, Utah          |
| <b>Died:</b> 25 May 1997                      | <b>Place:</b> Orem, Utah, Utah                |
| <b>Wife's Father:</b> Israel Hoyt HEATON      | <b>Wife's Mother:</b> Charlotte Cox           |
| <b>Wife's Other Husbands:</b>                 |   |
|   |   |
|   |   |

| Sex  | CHILDREN               | Birth Date  | Where     | Born  | Spouse               | Married  | Death    |
|------|------------------------|-------------|-----------|-------|----------------------|----------|----------|
|      |                        | Day/Mo/Yr   |           |       |                      | Da/Mo/Yr | Da/Mo/Yr |
| 1. M | Andrew "H" GIBBONS Jr. | 18 Sep 1926 | Central   | Ariz. | Claron GARDNER (div) |          |          |
| 2. F | Eileen GIBBONS         | 2 Nov 1927  | St. Johns | Ariz. | Ferrell "Z" KUMP     |          |          |
| 3. M | Harry Leon GIBBONS     | 21 May 1930 | Kanab     | Utah  | Marjorie JONES       |          |          |
| 4. F | Lola Barbara GIBBONS   | 30 Apr 1932 | Logan     | Utah  | Dan Jay WORKMAN      |          |          |
| 5. F | Nanette GIBBONS        | 11 Nov 1935 | Logan     | Utah  | Joseph Harold NELSON |          |          |
| 6. M | Larry Wayne GIBBONS    | 30 Jul 1942 | Logan     | Utah  | LaDawn ANDERSON      |          |          |
| 7. M | Ted Lee GIBBONS        | 12 Mar 1946 | Logan     | Utah  | Lydia Agnes KIMBALL  |          |          |
| 8    |                        |             |           |       |                      |          |          |
| 9    |                        |             |           |       |                      |          |          |
| 10   |                        |             |           |       |                      |          |          |
| 11   |                        |             |           |       |                      |          |          |
| 12   |                        |             |           |       |                      |          |          |

## DESCENDENTS OF ANDREW "H" AND LOLA HEATON GIBBONS

- 1-Andrew "H" GIBBONS (17 Feb 1898-St. Johns, Apache, Arizona) d: 3 Mar 1963  
 sp: Lola HEATON (15 Jan 1906-25 May 1997)
- 2-Andrew "H" GIBBONS (18 Sep 1926-)  
 sp: Claron GARDNER (8 Dec 1929-Afton, Lincoln, Wyoming)(div)
- 3-Ann Drue GIBBONS (7 Mar 1952-Logan, Cache, Utah)  
 sp: Gregory Dean WIDMER (7 May 1953-)  
 4-Deann WIDMER (16 Apr 1977-)  
 4-Robert Gregory WIDMER (9 Oct 1978-)  
 4-Bryan Wallace WIDMER (24 Jul 1980-)  
 4-Emily Ann WIDMER (17 Nov 1984-)
- 3-Wallace Andrew GIBBONS (4 Feb 1954-Logan, Cache, Utah)  
 sp: Roxanne HANSEN (12 Mar 1962-)  
 4-Karl Andrew GIBBONS (1 Jul 1983-)  
 4-Kory Ross GIBBONS (9 May 1987-)  
 4-Kelin Wallace GIBBONS (3 Jul 1990-)  
 4-Kierra Clothiel GIBBONS (8 Aug 1993-)
- 3-Lorrain GIBBONS (14 Jul 1955-Logan, Cache, Utah)  
 sp: Richard Clair HARRIS (12 August 1954-)
- 3-Ronda Eileen GIBBONS (8 Nov 1956-Soda Springs, Caribou, Idaho)  
 sp: David Mark KERSHISNIK (2 Dec 1954-)  
 4-Eleni KERSHISNIK (8 Dec 1984-)  
 4-Berkeley Ann KERSHISNIK (8 Dec 1986-)  
 4-Michal Hannah KERSHISNIK (2 Jul 1988-)  
 4-James David KERSHISNIK (22 Apr 1990-)  
 4-Tiare KERSHISNIK (4 Jun 1996-)
- 3-Kenneth Clair GIBBONS (4 Oct 1959-Logan, Cache, Utah)  
 sp: Lucy LaRae HARDMAN (11 Jun 1960-)  
 4-Claire GIBBONS (13 Apr 1987-)  
 4-Aaron Stuart GIBBONS (2 Jul 1989-)  
 4-Kelly GIBBONS (26 Aug 1992-)
- 3-Carolyn Kay GIBBONS (19 May 1961-Logan, Cache, Utah)  
 sp: Garrett Terry MARTELL (24 Oct 1960-)  
 4-Jacob Terry MARTELL (7 Jun 1991-)  
 4-Jason Garrett MARTELL (10 May 1993-)  
 4-Justin Kade MARTELL (27 Jul 1995-)
- 3-Clarion Marie GIBBONS (18 Oct 1963-Norton AFB, San Bernardino, California)  
 sp: Gordon Hill DAHLE (15 Dec 1956-Salmon, Lemhi, Idaho)  
 4-Charles Spencer DAHLE (9 Feb 1995-Caldwell, Canyon, Idaho)  
 4-Nick Ellis Kenneth DAHLE (25 Jul 1997-Arco, Butte, Idaho) d: 8 Mar 1998  
 4-Isaac Benjamin DAHLE (19 Mar 2001-Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho)
- sp: Janice Marion Schrib OLMSTED (20 Nov 1946-) (div)
- 2-Eileen GIBBONS (2 Nov 1927-)  
 sp: Ferrell "Z" KUMP (5 May 1934-)  
 3-Charlotte KUMP (25 Jan 1965-)  
 sp: Jeffrey Lee HASKINS (28 Feb 1966-Alamosa, Alamosa, Colorado)
- 3-Rodney Dean KUMP (28 Sep 1965-) Rupert, Minidoka, ID; m. 1 Aug 1991  
 sp: Heidi PASCHAL (17 Sep 1969-) Lawton, Oklahoma  
 4. Ashley KUMP (29 Jan 1995-) Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT  
 4. Emily KUMP (25 Jan 1997-) Council Bluffs, Iowa  
 4. Erin Taylor KUMP (6 Sep 2000-) St. Joseph, MO

- 3-Nancy KUMP (14 Aug 1967-) 14 Aug 1967-) Logan, Cache, UT; m. 21 Dec 1991  
 sp: Jerry C. CARTER (24 Jun 1966-) Pasadena, TX  
 4. Rachel Eileen CARTER (7 Sep 1993-) Lafayette, LA  
 4. Camille Patricia CARTER (13 Jul 1998-) Reno, NV  
 4. Elizabeth Patricia CARTER (26 Jun 2001-) Reno, NV
- 3-Amy KUMP (24 Jan 1970-) Moscow, Latah, Idaho; m. 2 Jul 1993  
 sp. Thomas L. NAGLE (11 Apr 1953-) St. Joseph, MO  
 4. Morgan Lea NAGLE (31 Dec 1992-) St. Joseph, MO  
 4. Mason Andrew NAGLE (15 May 1997-) St. Joseph, MO
- 2-Harry Leon GIBBONS (21 May 1930-)  
 sp: Marjorie JONES (10 Sep 1934-)  
 3-Scott Leon GIBBONS (9 Apr 1959-)  
 sp: Nancy GIVIDEN (15 Aug 1959-)  
 4-Andrew Scott GIBBONS (8 Jun 1984-)  
 3-Mark Charles GIBBONS (4 Feb 1961-)  
 3-Bonnie Lynn GIBBONS (7 Dec 1963-14 May 1965)  
 3-Meri GIBBONS (13 Oct 1965-)  
 sp: Darryl MERRITT (27 Dec 1967-)  
 4-Darryl Jason MERRITT (15 Jul 1986-)  
 4-Lauren Michele MERRITT (13 Aug 1989-)  
 3-Jon Leon GIBBONS (11 Aug 1969-)  
 3-Larry Andrew GIBBONS (12 Oct 1971-)
- 2-Lola Barbara GIBBONS (30 Apr 1932-)  
 sp: Dan Jay WORKMAN (3 May 1929-)  
 3-Laura WORKMAN (26 Aug 1954-)  
 sp: Mylan SAVAGE (21 Aug 1948-)  
 4-Jennifer Lynn SAVAGE (28 Jan 1975-) m. 4 Aug 1999  
 sp. Mark Christopher MCBRIDE (11 Mar 1976-)  
 5. Abigail MCBRIDE ( 14 Jun 2001)  
 4-Melinda SAVAGE (6 Nov 1976-)  
 4-Barbara Jean SAVAGE (2 May 1978-) m. 16 Oct 1998  
 sp. Justin Robert LETHER (29 Dec 1973-)  
 4-Heather SAVAGE (13 Dec 1979-) m. 1 Nov 1999  
 sp. Paul Max WYKSTRA (3 Oct 1976-)  
 4-Holly SAVAGE (8 Dec 1981-)  
 4-Laura Lee SAVAGE (21 Nov 1985-)  
 4-Monica SAVAGE (13 Nov 1988-)
- 3-Lynette WORKMAN (27 Oct 1955-)  
 sp: John Lewis MECHAM (-)  
 4-Melissa Lyn MECHAM (30 May 1977-) m. 25 Apr 1997  
 sp: Samuel Clark CARTER (18 Apr 1975-)  
 5-Edward Williams CARTER (10 Dec 1998-)  
 5-John Everett CARTER (28 Apr 2001-)  
 5-Ada CARTER (28 Apr 2001-)  
 4-MaryAnne MECHAM (23 Nov 1978-)  
 4-Jonathan Dan MECHAM (19 Feb 1983-)
- sp: Timothy Gene BUTLER (18 Sep 1947-)  
 3-David Henry WORKMAN (22 Sep 1957-)  
 sp: Becky Lee WHITE (-)(div)  
 4-Dan Jacob WORKMAN (30 Jun 1982-)
- sp: Carrie FAGG (30 Jun 1961-)  
 4-Boston Jette WORKMAN (18 Nov 1993-)

- 4- Reagen Elizabeth WORKMAN (30 Jan 2001-)
- 3-Jeanne WORKMAN (31 May 1959-)
- sp: Bruce Lee HENDRIX (23 Jul 1956-)
  - 4-Brad Rulon HENDRIX (16 Jul 1980-)
  - 4-Kari HENDRIX (8 Jun 1982-)
  - 4-Lisa HENDRIX (13 Jan 1984-)
  - 4-Scott Lee HENDRIX (26 May 1985-)
  - 4-Jeffrey Dan HENDRIX (21 Oct 1988-)
  - 4-Darren Verl HENDRIX (16 Dec 1993-)
- 3-Russell Gibbons WORKMAN (20 Jan 1963-)
- sp: Becky CLARK (8 Apr 1960-)
  - 4-Michael Tyler WORKMAN (23 Feb 1987-)
  - 4-Kurt Gibbons WORKMAN (16 May 1989-)
  - 4-Ryan Clark WORKMAN (12 Jun 1991-)
  - 4-Jared Russell WORKMAN (8 Dec 1993-)
  - 4-Rebecca Brooke WORKMAN (8 Jan 1998-)
- 3-Eric Dan GIBBONS (23 May 1965-)
- sp: Sheila ROBISON (5 Mar 1955-)
  - 4-Dana Kay GIBBONS (29 Aug 1989-)
  - 4-Tyler Eric GIBBONS (8 Jul 1994-)
- 3-Barbara Joanne WORKMAN (9 Jun 1969-)
- sp: Douglas Lee TIBBITTS (14 Feb 1966-)
  - 4-Amanda Jo TIBBITTS (4 Sep 1991-)
  - 4-Kaitlyn TIBBITTS (5 May 1994-)
  - 4-Jessica Lee TIBBITTS (6 Jan 1998-)
  - 4-Mary Barbara TIBBITTS (7 Apr 2000-)
- 3-Julie WORKMAN (26 Dec 1971-)
- sp: Travis Lynn SESSIONS (2 Sep 1972-)
  - 4-Andrew Joseph SESSIONS (11 Jul 1996-)
  - 4-Amber Lynn SESSIONS (26 Nov 1997-)
  - 4-Stephen Hyrum SESSIONS (7 Apr 2000-)
- 3-Nanette WORKMAN (31 May 1975-) m. 1 Jul 1999
- sp. Jared K STEVENSON (22 Jun 1976-)
  - 4-Michael Jared STEVENSON (15 Jun 2000-) d. 20 Jun 2000
  - 4-Nathaniel Russell STEVENSON (31 May 2001-)
- 2-Nanette GIBBONS (11 Nov 1935-)
- sp: Joseph Harold NELSON (1 Nov 1932-)
  - 3-Barbara NELSON (15 Mar 1958-)
    - sp. Donald Moss MUIRHEAD (30 Nov 1957-)
      - 4. Ryan Nelson MUIRHEAD (27 May 1981-)
      - 4. Shannon MUIRHEAD (7 Feb 1984-)
      - 4. Kristen MUIRHEAD (31 May 1987-)
      - 4. Jared Nelson MUIRHEAD (7 Oct 1988-)
      - 4. Michelle MUIRHEAD (5 Feb 1996-)
  - 3-Ronald Joseph NELSON (18 Jul 1959-)
  - sp. Kristi Lee MORTENSEN (8 Dec 1957-)
  - 3-Katherine NELSON (1 Jul 1960-)
  - sp. Kirk TORGENSEN (7 Mar 1959-) (div)
    - 4. Tricia TORGENSEN (20 Nov 1982-)
    - 4. Heather TORGENSEN (22 Aug 1986-)
- sp. James Park BARKER (9 Jul 1956-)
  - 4. Matthew James BARKER (6 Oct 1993-)

- 3-Jennifer NELSON (11 May 1964-)  
 sp. Jonathon JOHNSON (div)  
 4. Joseph Ray JOHNSON (28 Aug 1989-)  
 4. Jeremy Logan JOHNSON (3 Feb 1991-)  
 4. Jason Andrew JOHNSON (28 Aug 1994-)  
 Sp. Mitchell James FROST (23 Mar 1967-)
- 3-Beverly NELSON (30 May 1969-)  
 sp. Robert Allen MURDOCK (16 Sep 1967-)  
 4. Morgan Rose MURDOCK (10 Feb 1994-)  
 4. Nichol Ruby MURDOCK (26 Apr 1996-)  
 4. Robert Gavin MURDOCK (3 Jun 2000-)
- 3-Merrienne NELSON (18 Oct 1972-)  
 sp. Steven Jay MONSON (9 Mar 1972-)  
 4. Steven Cole MONSON (18 Sep 1999-)
- 2-Larry Wayne GIBBONS (30 Jul 1942-)  
 sp: LaDawn ANDERSON (15 May 1944-)  
 3-Jeffrey GIBBONS (26 Jun 1973-)  
 3-Jennifer GIBBONS (7 Aug 1976-)  
 sp. Dennis Earl HAMILTON (17 Feb 1972-)  
 4-Jordan Layne HAMILTON (6 Jun 2001-)
- 2-Ted Lee GIBBONS (12 Mar 1946-)  
 sp: Lydia Agnes KIMBALL (24 Feb 1948-)  
 3-Christopher Ted GIBBONS (14 Feb 1969-)  
 sp. Tara LEE (14 Jun 1974-)  
 3-Deborah Diane GIBBONS (9 May 1970-)  
 sp. Earl NICHOLAS (9 May 1965-)  
 4-Tayla Mae NICHOLAS (19 Apr 1991-)  
 4-Carder James NICHOLAS (27 Jul 1993-)  
 4-Mariah Lee NICHOLAS (3 Jul 1995-)  
 4-Micah Diane NICHOLAS (28 Aug 1997-)  
 4-Benjamin Earl NICHOLAS (1 Jul 1999-)  
 4-Hyrum Ted NICHOLAS (9 Jul 2001-)
- 3-Michael Grant GIBBONS (20 Jul 1971-)  
 sp. Carolina BARROS (21 Jul 1971-)  
 4-Joseph Michael GIBBONS (5 Jul 1997-)  
 4-Lola Natasha GIBBONS (23 Feb 1999-)  
 4-Gabriella Mia GIBBONS (16 Nov 2000-)
- 3-Tamara Joe GIBBONS (10 Mar 1973-)  
 sp. Jerald TAYLOR (27 Sep 1966-)
- 3-Joshua Lance GIBBONS (9 Feb 1975-)  
 sp. Kimberly ALLEN (26 May 1970-)
- 3-Adam Kimball GIBBONS (5 Nov 1976-)  
 sp. Micallee CORDNER (6 Aug 1980-)
- 3-Daniel Richard GIBBONS (9 Mar 1979-)  
 3-Stephen Andrew GIBBONS (3 Sep 1981-)  
 3-Robert Wayne GIBBONS (29 Aug 1983-)  
 3-Johana Alexandra Meraz GIBBONS (24 Apr 1987-)  
 3-Tiffany Lola GIBBONS (30 Jan 1990-)  
 3-Bexzaida Meraz GIBBONS (29 Jul 1990-)

## Chapter Eleven

### HISTORY OF ARIZONA GIBBONS AND HANS FLAMMER

By  
Maryln Flammer Tallmadge<sup>1</sup>

The life story of Arizona Gibbons and Hans Flammer and the meaning of their lives, separately and together on this earth, is one of **roots and fruits**. So that the world would know that they came together with the blessing of God, they followed the narrow path by clinging faithfully to the iron rod and by partaking of the delicious fruit that is precious above all other fruit. They invited and taught their children to do the same. Their faithfulness and devotion to God and each other is the heritage they left their children.

Arizona Gibbons came into this world on February 18, 1905. Her most lingering impressions of early childhood were of a very kind, mild-mannered father and a mother who was a woman of great faith, a wonderful gardener, and a hard worker as much as her poor health allowed. Joshua was a rancher, farmer, and shepherd. Nancy was a former teacher and a master gardener who, because of her health, had to sit to weed along the rows. The gardens were necessary to the survival of the family, so all the children were enlisted to help and Nancy made it a pleasurable by telling good stories with wonderful morals and gripping plots. Nancy understood and handled children very well.

Zona's earliest toys were dirt and water, because water and dirt is what farming is all about—not to mention the natural affinity children feel for both of them. Wonderful things are possible with imagination, dirt, water, and a rope for a swing. She and Jayne, who was two years younger, and Neallo, two years older, had a wonderful time playing together and experiencing the thrill of swinging higher than their courage allowed, because someone else was pushing.

Children grew up a little faster in that time because the survival of the family depended on the participation of everyone who was able to work. Zona remembers standing on a box next to the table in order to mix bread as soon as she was old enough to follow instructions. She endured the tedium of stirring apple butter and was grateful that it tasted good enough to be worth it.

As she grew in understanding, Zona helped more and more around the house. On 13 February 1917, when she was 12 years old, her father died of pneumonia and Bright's disease, leaving her mother pregnant with Louisa and so sick she was unable to attend his funeral. It was the fulfillment of a prophecy Joshua had made earlier that two members of the family (he did not know which) would die in the next two years. Neallo died of diphtheria in 1915. The children had previously witnessed the death of the triplets in 1910 as the tiny bodies were laid out on the table and prepared for burial. The Gibbons children saw so much of death, all in the context of great courage and faith by their parents.

Arizona's responsibilities increased both in the house and out, so that she was getting up at 4 AM to do the washing before she went to school, along with taking care of the cows, chickens and pigs. All the chores the older boys had previously taken care of became her job and she was her mother's chief helper in the house. She still described her later school days as



Zona—8 years old

<sup>1</sup> See the book, *THIS IS NOT OUR HOME, WE ARE JUST PASSING THROUGH—The Life Stories of Hans Flammer and Arizona Gibbons Flammer*, 1996 (Mostly autobiography)

lots of fun and talked about the company of her friends, participation in the chorus, being vice president of the Senior class, her love of music and playing the piano for dances. She loved to dance because she was such a graceful, light figure on the floor that she was a popular partner.

A seemingly pivotal event in Zona's life came after years of being tormented in grade school by those who made fun of her name. "Oh, I live in Arizona, but I don't want to live in Arizona." Dumb stuff. But it made her cry and that was the reaction her tormenters wanted. One day Zona was next in line during recess when a girl named LaVon accidentally shut her dress in the door when she went into the outhouse. A girl standing next to Zona was overcome by temptation and gave the shirt a good tug. The door flew open and La Von slapped Zona soundly on the face. Zona found a BOUNDARY, an insult she could not overlook. Enraged, she chased LaVon down and there was a lot of hair pulling, tussling, flailing, and rolling about. Zona was ashamed of it afterwards, but it signaled the end of the teasing and laid the foundation for the more pleasant school experiences described above.

At age of sixteen, Zona met the brother of her friend, Clara Bloomfield. Ted was a big, nice-looking fellow, and though they didn't exactly date, they did spend enough time together that when Ted asked Zona to marry him, she told him he would have to wait until she was 17.

At this point, the Lord introduced Zona to Hans and his older brother Adolph Flammer. The Relief Society President asked the Gibbons girls to help fix up a little house for two young men, new members of the Church, who were coming from Milwaukee in the hopes that the Arizona climate would help Adolph, who suffered from tuberculosis. Adolph played the violin and Zona played the piano and the young people spent many musical evenings together with Zona occupying the piano bench and Hans perched shyly and precariously on a couple of inches at the end of the bench. She was a very lovely young woman and he was a handsome young man, but the amount of conversation between Hans and Zona was limited because he had only been in America for a year and his English was still quite broken.

Hans was born in Bern, Switzerland, but grew up in Gottlieben. His father was Adolph Bernhard Flammer; his mother was Hannah Gossweiler. His siblings were Mary (1895), Adolph (1896), Hannah (1898), Hans (1901), and Hulda (1908). That the parents were pious, good, generous, and kindly people, who quietly looked after the welfare of others around them who were not well treated in the community, showed in the character of their children. Kindness and a tender heart were hallmarks of Hans' character, and his brother and sisters were reflections of their parents.

The piety didn't show itself much in Hans' youth; he was an average boy with a high capacity for mischief. Gottlieben, a beautiful old town on the edge of the Rhine River, was to Hans what Hannibal, Missouri, was to Mark

Twain. It was a wonderful place for children to play and explore and Hans and his friends took full advantage of it. He described himself as a lazy kid who didn't want to put forth much effort in school, but who was devoted to fun and games by land and by water.



Zona—Center  
among



1910—Adolph Flammer Family. L to r: Marie, Adolph Jr., Hans, Adolph (Father), Hannah (Mother), Hannah, and Hulda front.

As he recalled the picturesque and magnificent setting of his boyhood experiences, Hans regretted that he hadn't appreciated its unique beauty more. And he wished he had recognized and shown gratitude for his goodly parents. Although he got more beatings than all the others in his family put together, he said he "mostly" deserved them.

Hans' older brother Adolph was his idol. While Adolph was studying at a technical school in Basel, he came across some "Mormons" and determined to set them straight. He was familiar with the scriptures and could discuss them intelligently in defending his faith, but after two evening discussions, Adolph was wholeheartedly converted to the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ. His parents were not too happy with this (his maternal grandfather had been a Baptist preacher), but they figured his enthusiasm would just flare up and die. Instead it grew.

Adolph emigrated to America and was living in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. When Hans failed the test to become a machinist (because of laziness and fooling around with his friends, he said), he decided to go to America and join Adolph. His family was afraid he would get caught up in the Mormon faith, too, so they made him promise he would not attend that church. In March 1921, Hans left beautiful Gottlieben and never saw his parents alive again, though he did see his sisters 45 years later.

Adolph persuaded Hans to attend the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints because the promise to his parents had been made in ignorance and he thought that Hans should make a judgement for himself. Hans was completely taken with the music. He loved it and continued to attend with Adolph. They spent a



1921—HANS

great deal of time with the missionaries and Hans became convinced of the truth and desired to join the church. He quit smoking after finishing his last four cigarettes and was baptized. The brothers spent most of their free time with the missionaries and were accustomed to feeling the Spirit. But whatever testimony and spirit Hans had felt, his commitment to and love of the gospel was deepened and widened



1922—Hans (left) and his beloved brother Adolph

later by the death of Adolph from tuberculosis. In a real sense, to Hans, Adolph was a martyr for the sake of the Gospel, sealing Hans' testimony. The early carefree, careless Hans was gone and thereafter he was characterized by his strong testimony and his commitment towards the Gospel and the Church.

Now, back to Hans and Arizona on the piano bench in St. Johns.

The dry climate of Arizona did not work its magic on Adolph's lungs. As a matter of fact, Hans ended up carrying the burden of the sheep herding work they were able to get and Adolph did not improve. Eventually, the brothers accepted an invitation from their uncle, Emanuel Gossweiler, to stay with him in Vakdale, North Dakota.

They worked there that winter hauling grain in below zero weather. It was the discomfort of life in Vakdale that led to a proposal of marriage from Hans to Arizona. They had been corresponding perhaps once a month—a very casual friendship. One night when it was Hans' turn to sleep in the middle of the bed shared by three men, he found himself competing with his bedfellows for covers and for room. In frustration, he got up, picked up a blanket and went to bed down in the next warmest place, the barn. One of the horses reached out its hind foot and hit Hans gently on the head. That was it!

Hans got up and went to the kitchen, where he wrote a letter to Arizona, asking her to marry him. His hope for a better bedfellow was dashed when Zona wrote back and told him she was engaged. However, they continued to correspond when Hans and Adolph went back to Milwaukee, where Adolph



died in a sanitarium on March 30, 1923. In the letter Hans wrote to tell Zona about the death, he asked her again to marry him.

Coincidentally, there had been a change of circumstances in Arizona, also. Zona's fiancée was killed in a munitions factory explosion in New Mexico. So when Hans proposed again, she had already worked through the desire to be sealed to Ted and remain a spinster. She said she simply did not have the heart to tell Hans "No." Thereafter, letters flowed back and forth almost every day. They now had the loss of a loved one in common, though Hans' loss of his most beloved brother was probably the most heart-wrenching, if sorrow can be compared. It left Hans alone and lonely and feeling lost.

In August, after Hans had been laid off in Milwaukee and was unable to find a job in Salt Lake, Zona sent Hans some money she had made earning as a custodian at the church, and told him she would marry him if he came to St. Johns. When he got into town and they faced each other for the first time in months, neither of them knew whether they should kiss or—what?

Hans said, "Let's get married," and Zona replied, "Not today." Hans and Jayne thought today would be fine, so they roused out the town clerk and had him draw up a marriage license and Zona foiled the whole plan by simply putting the license in her purse and going home to bed.

The next day the Stake President, Levi Udall, married them. Zona described it as a "nice ceremony," and later said she hadn't realized how empty it was until they were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple. On the day they were married, Nancy said to Hans, "I can't think of anyone I would rather have my daughter marry than you." Friends and family tried to chivaree them, but the father of the stake president had given them a free room in his hotel and the kids couldn't find them. The next morning they got up and went to church. Zona and Hans were so happy to have each other.

Zona said, "It turned out that [Hans] was a wonderful husband, so good and sweet and considerate."

Hans said, "'Now when a 'he' or a 'she' marries, they take an awful chance. In this case however, [I] struck it rich. She was a poor girl in this world's goods, but rich in a heritage bequeathed to her by her saintly parents.... The next day, a Sunday, a truck left for the road camp past Alpine, 90 miles away. What a honeymoon! How long the days were!"

Hans worked at the road camp until it became too cold and then he worked at the lumber mill. Zona's mother was working in Flagstaff and wrote to tell them there was work there. So they moved to Flagstaff and Hans got a job with a construction company laying a pipeline. They lived in a tent part way up the San Francisco Mountains. The worker environment was so tough and rough that the boss gave Zona a gun and told her to shoot to kill if necessary and they would back her up. Then he and Hans taught her how to



**1924—Zona and Hans's  
Wedding Picture**

use the gun.

When cold and snow shut down that camp, they had enough money to go to Salt Lake City to get married in the temple. Zona was pregnant with Gordon and quite nauseated, and though the experience of taking out their endowments and being sealed took from 6:45 AM to 3:45 PM, she afterwards said that it was a little bit of heaven after the work environment in Flagstaff. They stayed with Herman (who had known Adolph) and Elsie Miller quite a bit and finally got an apartment in Salt Lake. Herman and Elsie were excellent people, who were lifelong friends with Hans and Zona.

Hans finally found a job working a gold (silver?) mine in Nevada for shares, so Zona went to live with her mother in Alpine, Arizona. In April of 1924, Uncle Warren Tenney offered Hans a job on a road gang and he was so grateful to get back to his wife. As soon as school was out, however, Zona and her Mother moved to St. Johns to await the birth of the baby. No one knew exactly where Hans was or how

to get in touch with him when the time came for the birth, but about two hours after a long and difficult labor came to an end on June 9, 1926, with a beautiful, big baby boy, Hans walked in. He had felt that he should go and see Zona and now he was so happy and relieved that he wept and wept. They named the baby Gordon Hans.

Work was very difficult to find, so the young couple was extremely grateful to Uncle Warren for offering them work. But it did tend to come and go. No matter. There were children to bear and they went wherever they could find work. If the reader likes connecting dots, this will be an interesting part of their life because they zigzagged all over eastern and central Arizona with a detour to Buckeye in the west. The babies were born in St. Johns or Snowflake because that's where family and medical assistance were available.

Philip Meynard Flammer was born in St. Johns on June 20, 1928. Jayne had come to stay and help, but she had to go home the day before Philip was born. So it fell to friends and neighbors to help the new mother.

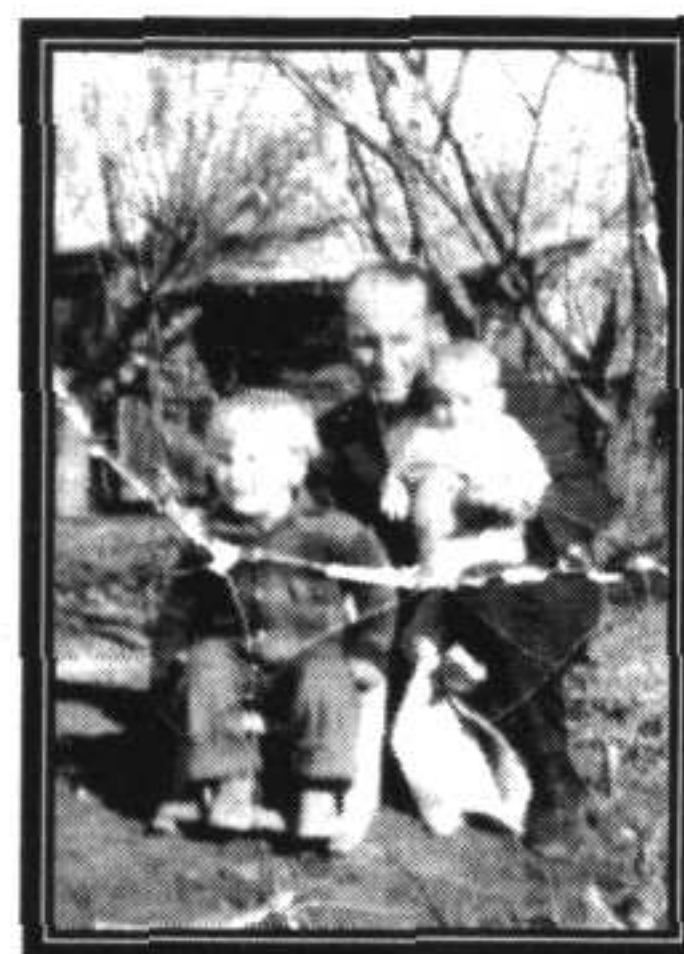
It should be mentioned that when a child was born, it was very common for a sister or aunt or someone to come and help out. The convalescence was usually quite lengthy, depending on the skills of the midwife or doctor, and whoever gave a priesthood blessing at the dire moment of labor. This cooperation was natural and expected. It was in this type of setting that Zona was unusually generous and competent at rendering service later in life, because it was natural to her.

As a matter of fact, it was while Zona was in Snowflake helping Jayne after the birth of LaPriel, that Hans and Zona decided to move to Mesa because jobs were available. Hans got a job at the Paul Brick factory and rode a bike 15 miles each way to work. The evaporating sweat was the only air conditioning. Once he was caught in a rainstorm on his way home and the water interacted with the lime on his arms and burned him.

They lived in a tent next to Louisa and Nancy near the Mesa Temple for a year. Lots of people lived in tents in that area at that time. It took a great deal of endurance. Zona was pregnant with Regina and Jayne had just had Nan, so Grandma Nancy took care of LaPriel at night and Zona took care of her during the day. They went to visit a cousin and the children were exposed to whooping cough. Phil and Gordon didn't have it too badly, but LaPriel would struggle to breathe and then go limp for up to half a hour, and then seem to revive and struggle again. It was a horrifying experience to watch. Finally Aut came to take LaPriel to Snowflake and Grandma went with them to hold LaPriel, but before they got there LaPriel died in her Grandmother's arms.

Zona was on the verge of losing Regina so she had to stay in bed. Some time after Reggie was born, Jayne was working in Flagstaff and the people next door had measles, so Jayne sent Nan (who was two months older than Reggie) down to Mesa for Zona to care for. She felt it was too dangerous to expose Nan to a contagious disease, after what had happened to LaPriel. Zona nursed both Reggie and Nan, but Reggie became very cross and sickly. It took a while for Zona to realize that Nan was taking most of the milk and Reggie was struggling to live on leftovers. Once the problem was identified, Reggie's spirits improved considerably.

At this point in time, Hans and Zona had moved 32 times, and it was shortly after this that Uncle Aut approached them about going to Linden to run his ranch. Hans was thrilled to be working on a farm, though he had had no experience with animals and parts of life on the ranch were uphill both ways. It was life on a very primitive level by comparison with today's standards—no indoor plumbing, no running water, no electricity, no paved roads, and one telephone in the entire community. Water had to be hauled one mile each way by team and wagon in three 55-gallon drums to last a week. It was used sparingly. The conservationist buffs of today could learn a thing or two from those folks who used this precious hoard of water with such care. Anyone young almost never bathed in clear, clean water unless he or she went swimming/bathed in the Show Low Creek, because the same bath water was used by several children.



1928—Hans holding Phil, & Gordon

One day while Hans was coming in from the field Zona was fixing him lunch. The stove must have gotten too hot because it ignited the wood box, which was close behind it, and the tinder-dry log cabin went up like a torch. They had to hurry to get out. Hans tried to return for the trunk containing most of their worldly goods, but all he got out of it was a third degree burn on his arm. The little family escaped with only the clothes on their backs.

Gordon wrote in his book. *Stories of a Mormon Pioneering Community, Linden, Arizona of the Little Colorado Mission:*

“Because Dad’s burns were so severe, we were taken to Snowflake where he remained under the doctor’s care for a month. Toward the end of the month Uncle Aut and Aunt Jayne came to Snowflake. They asked us to ride with them up to the ranch to ‘look at the remains of the cabin and to see how the crops were growing.’ As we came by our place Uncle Aut turned into it. We could not imagine why he wanted to take us there since there was no through road to his place and there were no crops to be seen. He and Aunt Jayne gave us some excuse and insisted. As they drove through the trees into the center of our land, there hidden among the large trees stood a new frame house!

“It took Dad and Mother a moment to comprehend and to believe what their eyes were seeing.... Our neighbors had built us a new home without our knowledge or any help from us. Some of those neighbors now emerged from the house to witness our home-coming, to share



**1933—The House Built for us by a Community of Saints filled with the Spirit of Love & Compassion**

**1933—Regina, Zona, Gordon**

in our amazement, and then our joy. My parents were completely overcome with emotion; tears of gratitude and happiness were plentifully shed by all.”

That outpouring of neighborly love from friends who were nearly as poor as the Flammers, who out of their poverty collected and gave, with great sacrifice and love, profoundly affected and imprinted itself on Gordon’s soul. He saw bread cast upon the waters returning and he saw the hearts of genuinely good people.

Corolie was born November 11, 1933 at Aut and Jayne’s place. It was a difficult birth and eventually Uncle Aut had to fetch Dr. Heywood, but the reward was the cutest little girl who soon had her father twisted around her little finger.

On November 9, 1934 the Linden Branch became a ward. Lawrence D. Rogers was sustained as the Bishop. Hans

**1934—Zona holding Corolie, Gordon and Regina, Hans holding Philip**



Flammer was sustained as his First Counselor and two weeks later Willard A. Rogers was sustained as the Second. Lawrence Rogers had finished the eighth grade and had shown no previous evidence of being a dynamic leader. But his loving sweet spirit literally filled the Linden Ward with a spirit of love and brotherhood. He was considered to be one of the most effective bishops the members of the Ward had ever known throughout their lives. Hans was chosen because of his strong testimony of the gospel and because of his sweet and helpful spirit. Zona was called to be the Relief Society President and she served as a living model of the Relief Society's motto, "Charity Never Faileth".

Three years later, Adolph was born on January 19, 1936 in Snowflake. He was truly an angel child, who never cried. One day when Zona had taken him with her to help out over at the Pearce's home, the thought came to her, "I'll never raise him." And she didn't. He died of convulsions when he was ten months old and was buried in a little cemetery now located on private land not far from the ranch.

Paul was born October 27, 1938, in Snowflake and once again Zona had a sickly child. She feared that she would lose him as she had Adolph, so she spent a lot of time in the prayer room at the Mesa Temple. Zona had a nervous breakdown before Paul was born and for almost eight weeks, she could hardly comb her own hair. Hans was away working and the children and Grandma Nancy stepped in to help.

The years the Flammers lived in Linden were the most fondly remembered years of their lives. This, in spite of the fact that they had so little of the world's goods. Much later in life Gordon once told Hans that there was something for which he could never forgive him. When Hans asked what it was, Gordon said, "When we lived in Linden we were poorer than church mice and you, nor mother, ever told us how miserable we were supposed to be. So we always thought we were completely happy." Hans ever felt that the Gospel of Jesus Christ made him a millionaire. He never cared for material things. Zona had been raised in nigh unto abject poverty and yet she never let material things become an obsession with her. She never made life miserable for Hans because of his "otherworldly" perspective of life. Linden was a dry-farming community and when the depression came most of its inhabitants, but especially the Flammers, could hardly tell the difference.

Conditions in Linden made it necessary for the family to move to Snowflake in 1940. For three months they lived in Belly Button Town, between Taylor and Snowflake, until the fateful and frightful yellow hailstorm that demolished what crops they had and made it impossible to finish building the house. So Hans found some type of work in Snowflake, and after they failed to find an adequate home, Mother's Uncle Silas Fish offered to let the family remodel and live in one of his adobe chicken coops. By chicken standards those coops would have been a palace, but the teen-agers in the Flammer household were mortified beyond description, living in the very center of a town of about 1000 inhabitants. All the same both Gordon and Phil were active in student leadership at the Snowflake Union High School.

Maryln was born April 21, 1941 in Snowflake. Her foot was deformed and thus began a series of visits to doctors that were difficult for a mother with young children. They tried to straighten the foot with casts, but besides being painful, it accomplished nothing. Finally the doctors operated and moved the muscles to straighten the foot.

In 1943, when the neighbors found out the Flammers were moving to Utah, they begged them not to go and threw a big farewell party when that persuasion failed. H and Lola Gibbons had asked Gordon to work with them in Ogden for the summer and Zona, who hadn't seen H for years, went along and stayed about three weeks. She and Hans decided that if they lived in Logan the children would be able to live at home and attend Utah State Agricultural College, if they wanted to. Hans had been offered a chance to dry farm west of Logan.

Logan was not what Zona expected. It was cold, but worse, it was lonely after the friendly warmth of their Arizona neighbors. The family first lived at 518 North Main, then H rented to them a home at 646 East Center. It was a very cold, damp place and Zona was pregnant with Stephen and not at all well. Steve was born August 8, 1944 and the fact is, he was the cutest baby ever born. He just bubbled over with personality.

In 1945, Lola offered to sell to Zona and Hans either the home at 600-1/2 East Center or that at 646 East Center. The Gibbons girls had lived with the long dark lane and, of course, the Flammer girls wanted to live on the street. (No one who has never walked down that lane with a ditch and bushes on one

side and a few sheds on the other side and darkness filling every space that was occupied by something horrifying, can comprehend how scary that was.) But Zona and Lola settled the choice between them and then they and the children actually made the move in the absence of the men, using the wheelbarrow and the little red wagon and Bishop Croshaw's truck for the pianos. Hans and H were working in Ogden at the Defense Depot and were only home on weekends, so they missed the big switch.

So with the big move behind them, Zona began to clean up and clear out everything that was left in the house. She, and anyone who was old enough to help, scrubbed and scrubbed to liberate the kelly green woodwork. (H must have gotten a great bargain on green paint somewhere in the past.) The cellar and garage needed to be cleaned out so that Hans and Zona could start putting their own winter supply of goods away. Hans tackled the weeds and the yard, cutting down, leveling out, gradually extracting a garden space from the excesses of nature. But he only had the weekends to do this. Each new improvement was listed and celebrated.

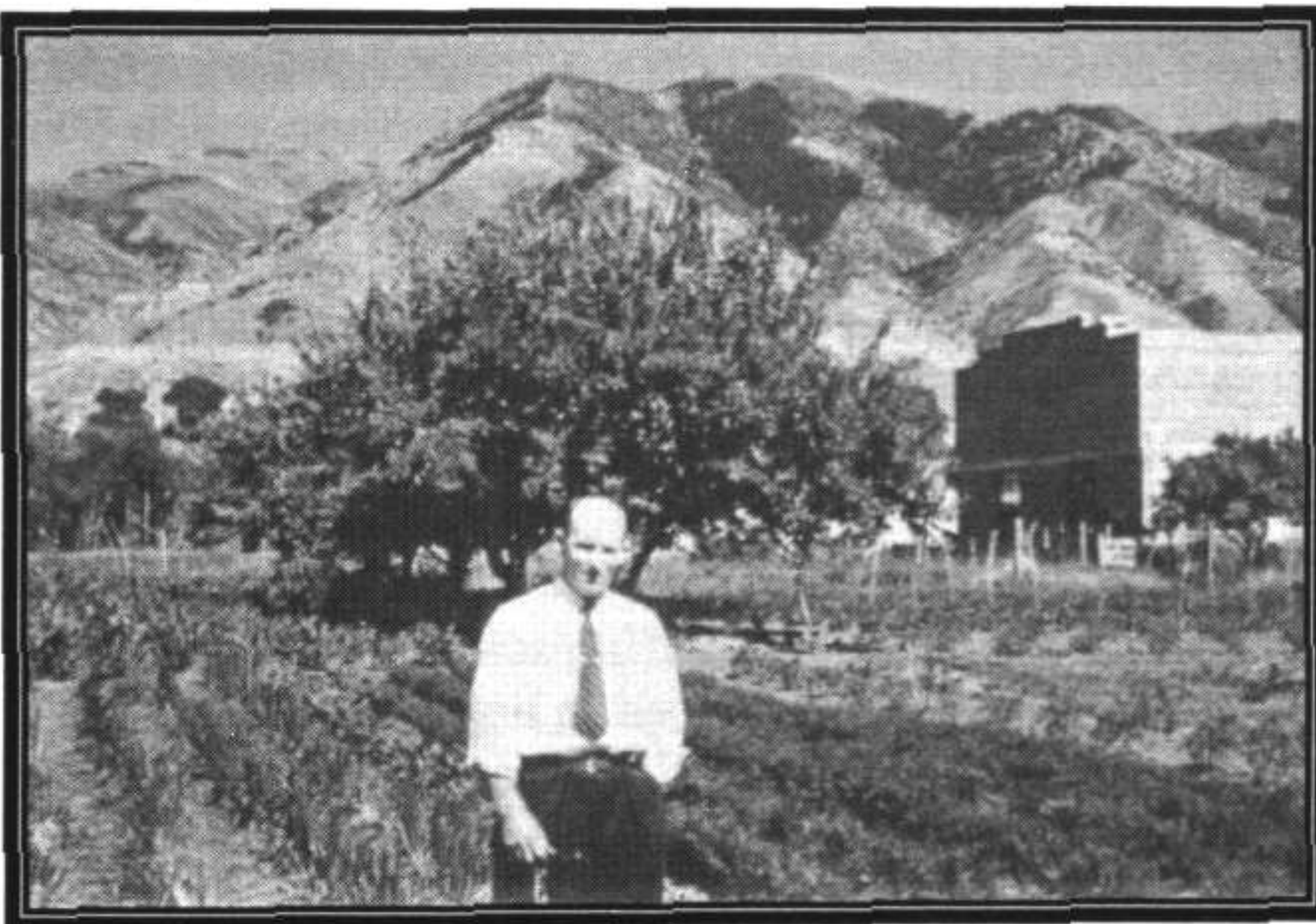
During this time Zona cleaned and cooked for H and Lola's family because Lola lived and taught away from home during the week. Zona came to love the Gibbons children very much. She did not neglect her own home because everyone knew the "pleasure" of spring-cleaning—everything went outside to be scrubbed before it was returned to its place. The curtains were washed, starched and dried on frames. And the wallpaper had to be cleaned with an eraser that felt like play doh.

Gordon had enlisted in the Navy in 1944 and the weekly letters he received from both Dad and Mother are almost a daily diary of the activities and attitudes happening at home. Manageable increments of improvement were planned and carried out. A wonderful new coal burning stove was acquired that protected the children from accidental burns. The gradual victory over the yard took a number of years. For a long time, Zona regretted choosing this house, but always decided there was a way to make it all right. It just needed some fixing up. No matter how discouraged Hans or Zona felt or what they confided in Gordon, they ended on a positive, upbeat note and expressed gratitude for the way God had taken care

of them. They counted themselves wealthy in spirit.

In 1948, some time after Zona had gone through surgery to repair the ravages of childbirth, Zona gave birth on June 25 to Diane, the little surprise. Diane and Steve were two of a kind in their sweet and compliant natures. In fact, it was Diane who got through Hans' famous Swiss reserve. Where the older boys had had to tackle and throw him down and kiss him forcibly, Hans loved to cuddle and love Diane and she loved and cuddled him back. He called her "Danny".

There is one story that represents the faith of Hans and Zona that the Lord will provide. While Gordon was still on his mission to the Eastern States, Phil came of age and wanted to go on a mission also. The



**HANS FLAMMER—MASTER GARDNER  
FOR PLEASURE AND SHARING WITH OTHERS**

Bishop called Hans and Zona and Phil in to discuss the financial aspects of such a commitment. Hans was making \$275 a month, and \$75 of that was going to Gordon's mission, with six children still at home.

Hans wrote a letter to Gordon: **"I told them a sacrifice was not a sacrifice unless it hurt a little or even a lot. In 50 years, or less, and from then on for countless ages the reward for faithfulness and faith will go on and on, for what little we sacrificed here in a minute as it were. I am possessed by one thought and desire, that the Lord lead us according to His will and not ours. Then in the**

long run we must come out on top. With such an attitude one must of necessity be humble and

repentant.... With love your Pop"<sup>2</sup>



1949—Flammer Family: Rear-Regina, Corolie, Paul; Middle-Hans, Mary, Zona, Gordon; Front-Steve, Diane, Phil (Inset—mission picture)

The home of Hans and Zona Flammer is a sacred spot filled with the memories of family and friends. They planted their children where an education could be affordable. They could only afford to give their kids room and board, and they had to earn what was needed for the rest of their education. They planted in their children a love of learning and a desire for an education and they got out of it two Ph D's, a Master's degree, a Law degree,

and two BS degrees. Their only desire was to do what the Lord wanted, even if it went against their own preference and inclinations and cost them comfort and effort. The closest Hans ever got to being a successful farmer was the rich garden he tended and harvested and shared with the neighbors for the rest of his life. He was a Master Gardner by any measure. One other story: Hans and Zona lived on a low income with a large family. Once Mother told Dad she would get a job to help out. He told her, "OK, you do that. When you do I will quit my job so someone can be home with the children." The offer was never mentioned again.

But the highest calling of the Logan years, and the greatest sacrifice, was when Zona took over the care of her beloved Mother, Nancy Louisa Noble Gibbons. Nancy had begun to lose her memory while living in Mesa, so she could no longer live alone. So her family decided to have Zona take care of her in Logan. For a time her children put her in Sunshine Terrace (then on West Center), but Nancy was so unhappy that she ran away. Zona was the only daughter able to accommodate Nancy living in her home. At first Nancy slept in an upstairs room and shared the living room space, but it was very difficult for her to put up with the nervous energy that is the life-blood of children. Finally a room was built on the west side of the house and that was Nancy's room.

In 1956, Nancy suffered a stroke and never got out of bed again. That meant that she had to be fed, changed, bathed, and turned often because she lost all mobility except for slight hand movements. It was a full time job and then some. Just after Nancy had passed away (in February 3, 1958) Zona felt so shocked and so alone that she didn't know what to do with herself, so she knelt down and prayed. She had just lost her angel mother. Within five minutes Alice Paul came to the door and said, "Zona, I just felt like I should come visit you." They washed the body and laid Nancy out for the mortician.

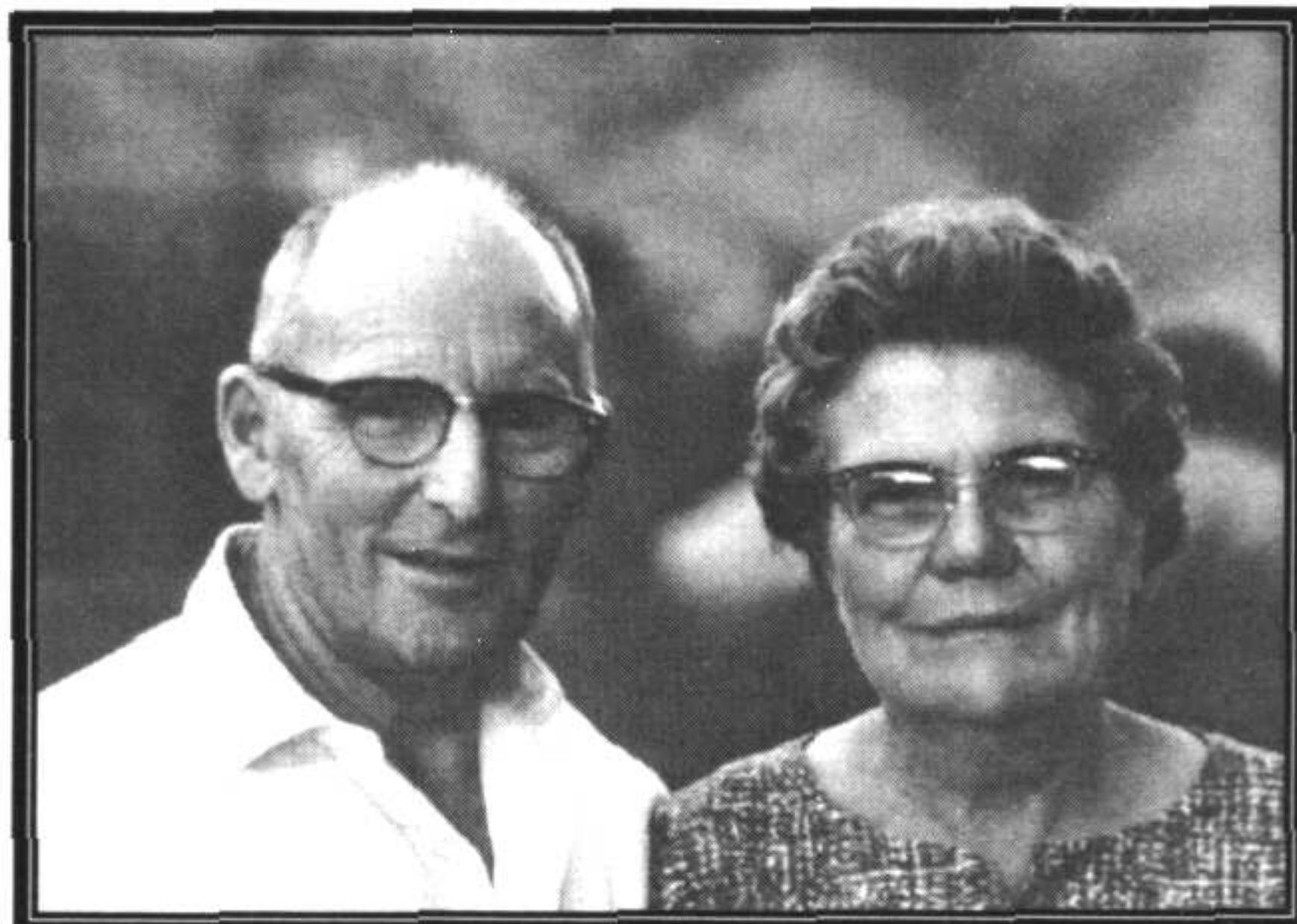
Words cannot describe the power of example because in some mysterious way, example seems to imprint us—where? our hearts? minds? spirits? bodies? Nancy's ill health was borne without self-pity,

<sup>2</sup> Within a short time Dad totally lost his already bad eye in an industrial accident and the Industrial Commission's payment to him paid for Phil's mission.

and Zona's ulcers, broken ankle during the period she cared for Nancy, and the two bone grafts required to repair that ankle, and the removal of 2/3 of her stomach, were borne by Zona with the same grace. Nancy's tenderness of heart for men and animals were perfected in Zona and through the power of example her faith was passed on long after her body was no longer capable of speech. One learns it by living with it.

In September of 1966, Zona arrived in Thailand to help Gordon care for four of his children who were living with him. The separation was a trial by fire for Hans, partly because he was left in charge of a bunch of teen-agers and partly because the sacrifice taught him how much he loved Zona. His letters to her reflect their deepening love for each other and give an indication of what she was writing to him.

10 June 1967, Hans wrote, "You know Darling, you and I are going to have the best time of our lives together, yet. We are really going to be ONE in mind. I love you no end and you love me no end. I bet there's not another couple in the whole world that is so much in love as you and me. That means we are the richest couple in the world." Certainly they could not be called the richest couple in the world from a monetary point of view, but their treasure in Heaven was considerable.



**HANS AND ZONA—ETERNALLY IN LOVE**

Zona returned home on August 4, 1967. They had nine months together before Hans' fatal accident. He fell from a scaffold while working on the new Seventh Ward church house on April 25, 1968, and died May 21, 1968, without regaining consciousness. It was a devastating loss to Zona. That 2/3 of her stomach had to be removed in 1970 tells something of her internal pain. All this time she was visiting and helping with new babies, taking in boarders, doing what she had done all her life—taking care of others, and working, working, always working.

In late 1970, Zona met Charles Edward Pearce. She was quite thin and elegant and he was very taken with her and after a fair amount of persuasion, she finally agreed to marry him. Trips to visit and help the children were still very much a part of her life. When Ed fell ill about a year and a half after they were married, she became his caretaker until he died in 1974. His family was wonderful to her.

Zona's final years were those of a nomad. She spent time in Arizona and time in Salt Lake City and Logan. In 1980 she had a knee replacement, which was the most painful physical problem she had ever had. It sapped her strength and left her older.

John and Mary built an extension onto their home so Zona could live there and be under their care. Her genuine uncomplaining nature prevailed to her dying day. She did not want to be a burden to anyone and she felt it was a sin to complain. She had walked for five years on a broken ankle and would not complain enough to give others cause to insist she get it taken care of. As a result the bone was badly deteriorated and the circulation in her leg seriously impaired. This circulation problem was a major cause of her death. She received a cut on her ankle from a car door and it never would heal.

She began to die after Hans came to her in the night and she mentioned to Mary that he had been there until about 5 'clock in the morning. She just faded away and gradually melted into herself over a six-week period until her death on December 26, 1983.



**ZONA—MOTHER & WIFE**

*Hans and Zona loved God. And He loved them. And they loved each other deeply*

## FAMILY GROUP SHEET

|  |                                     |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| <b>HUSBAND:</b>                              |                                     |
| Hans FLAMMER                                 |                                     |
| Birth: 13 Jan 1901                           | Place: Bern, Zurich, Switzerland    |
| Married: 30 Aug 1924                         | Place: St. Johns, Apache, Arizona   |
| Died: 21 May 1968                            | Place: Ogden, Weber, Utah           |
| Husband's Father: Adolph FLAMMER             | Husband's Mother: Hannah GOSSWEILER |
| Husband's Other Wives:                       |                                     |
| <b>WIFE:</b>                                 |                                     |
| Arizona GIBBONS                              |                                     |
| Born: 18 Feb 1905                            | Place: St. Johns, Apache, Arizona   |
| Died: 26 Dec 1983                            | Place: Crescent, Salt Lake, Utah    |
| Wife's Father: Joshua Smith GIBBONS          | Wife's Mother: Nancy Louisa Noble   |
| Wife's Other Husbands: Charles Edward PEARCE |                                     |

| Sex   | CHILDREN                | Birth Date  | Where     | Born    | Spouse                   | Married  | Death    |
|-------|-------------------------|-------------|-----------|---------|--------------------------|----------|----------|
|       |                         | Day/Mo/Yr   |           |         |                          | Da/Mo/Yr | Da/Mo/Yr |
| 1. M  | Gordon Hans FLAMMER     | 9 Jun 1926  | St. Johns | Arizona | Ravae June GROVER (div)* | 25/5/49  |          |
| 2. M  | Phillip Meynard FLAMMER | 20 Jun 1928 | St. Johns | Arizona | Mildred May WEHRWEIN     | 13/7/54  | 20/8/99  |
| 3. F  | Regina FLAMMER          | 28 Jun 1930 | Snowflake | Arizona | Marlin Alma FAIRBOURN    | 17/9/53  |          |
| 4. F  | Corolie FLAMMER         | 11 Nov 1933 | Linden    | Arizona | LeRoy H. HOEFLER         | 5/1/53   |          |
| 5. M  | Adolph Joshua FLAMMER   | 19 Jan 1936 | Snowflake | Arizona |                          |          | 19/11/36 |
| 6. M  | Paul Gibbons FLAMMER    | 27 Oct 1938 | Snowflake | Arizona | Karen WARD (div)**       |          | 19/11/88 |
| 7. F  | Maryln FLAMMER          | 21 Apr 1941 | Snowflake | Arizona | John Francis TALLMADGE   | 4/2/66   |          |
| 8. M  | Stephen Wendell FLAMMER | 8 Aug 1944  | Logan     | Utah    | Shauna Jean NELSON       | 4/6/70   |          |
| 9. F. | Diane FLAMMER           | 25 Jun 1948 | Logan     | Utah    | Stephen P. DAINES (div)  |          |          |
| 10    |                         |             |           |         |                          |          |          |
| 11    |                         |             |           |         | * Luen Atkin WOODBURY    |          |          |
| 12    |                         |             |           |         | ** Two other wives       |          |          |



# HANS AND ARIZONA GIBBONS FLAMMER DESCENDENCY CHART— 2001

1. Hans Flammer—b: 13 January 1901-Bern, Zurich, Switzerland; m. 30 August 1924; d. 21 May 1968;  
Sp. Arizona Gibbons—b: 18 February 1905-St. Johns, Apache, Arizona; d: 26 December 1983
  2. Gordon Hans Flammer—b: 9 June 1926-St. Johns, Apache, Arizona, m: 25 May 1949 (div)  
Sp. Ravae June Grover—b: 27 January 1926-Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah:
    3. Holly Flammer—b: 27 June 1950-Logan, Cache, Utah; m: 14 September 1968 (Div)  
Sp. Danny Ray Munsee—d. Salt Lake City, UT
      4. Craig Daniel Munsee—b: 3 September 1970-Salt Lake City,, Utah; m: 7 April 1995  
Sp. Heidi Hadfield—b: 10 Apr 1971-Logan, Cache, Utah
        5. Mauri Munsee—b: 1 February 1997-Logan, Cache, Utah
        5. Steffan Scott Munsee—b: 1 May 2000-Logan, Cache, Utah
3. Nancy Gay Flammer—b: 20 February 1953-Logan, Cache, Utah; m: 9 August 1974  
Sp. Keith Burbank Christensen—d: 10 September 1980
  4. Brett Keith Christensen—b: 21 January 1975-Logan, Cache, Utah; m.  
sp.
    4. Sunshine Christensen—b: 6 August 1977-Logan, Cache, Utah;
    4. Keeley Christensen—b: 28 March 1981-Logan, Cache, Utah;
    4. Cassidy Christensen—b: 28 March 1981-Logan, Cache, Utah;
3. Mark Gordon Flammer—b: 24 Jan 1955-Minneapolis, Hennepin, Minn; m: 14 Sep 1979  
Sp. Tanny Mae Gleave—b: 5 May 1957-Tempe, Maricopa, Arizona
  4. Brandon Flammer—b: 1 September 1981-Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
  4. Brickton Flammer—b: 6 June 1984-Hill Air Force Base, Davis, Utah
  4. Burgundy Flammer—b: 21 July 1987-American Fork, Utah, Utah
3. Brian Lincoln Flammer—b: 10 Jul 1957-Minneapolis, Hennepin, Minn; m: 4 Oct 1984  
Sp. Julie Clark—b: 6 May 1959-Tacoma Park, Montgomery, Maryland
  4. Diana Flammer—b: 27 March 1987-Columbus, Franklin, Ohio
  4. Douglas Flammer—b: 25 February 1989-Columbus, Franklin, Ohio
  4. Maria Flammer—b: 13 June 1992-Columbus, Franklin, Ohio
  4. Natalie Flammer—b: 19 My 1995-Columbus, Franklin, Ohio
3. Daniel Scott Flammer—b: 3 October 1960-Logan, Cache, Utah; m: 6 April 1984  
Sp. Cathy Ann Caton—b: 6 September 1960; d. 1 Jan 2000
  4. Jared Flammer—b: 6 October 1980; Iowa City, Iowa
  4. Jonathon Flammer—b: 10 February 1982; Greeley, Colorado
  4. Christopher Flammer—b: 2 January 1985-Logan, Cache, Utah;
  4. Michelle Flammer—b: 18 April 1986-Logan, Cache, Utah
  4. Ryan Flammer—b: 10 April 1988-Logan, Cache, Utah
  4. Zachary Flammer—b. 10 August 1990-Logan, Cache, Utah
3. Rebecca Lynn Flammer—b: 22 July 1963-Logan, Cache, Utah; m: 17 Dec 1983  
Sp. Michael James Ryan—b: 2 August 1961-Mount Pleasant, San Pete, Utah
  4. Mandy Ryan—b: 14 May 1987-Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona
  4. Nathan Ryan—b: 29 April 1990-Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona
  4. Donovan Ryan—b: 10 October 1995-Fresno, Fresno, California
2. Phillip Meynard Flammer—b: 20 June 1928-St. Johns, Apache, Arizona; m: 13 July 1954  
Sp. Mildred May Wehrwein—b: 25 August 1919

- 3. Matthew Dean Flammer—b: 2 January 1956-Washington DC
- 3. Julie Beth Flammer—b: 21 February 1957-Washington DC
- Sp. DeShazer (div)
  - 4. Jordan Phillip DeShazer—b: 22 May 1983
  - 4. Kiffin Grant DeShazer—b: 7 September 1985
- sp. James Parkin
- 3. Tracy Karen Flammer—b: 9 December 1959-Colorado Springs, CO; m. 9 April 1982
- Sp. Michael Call—b: 27 February 1960
  - 4. Kelsie Call—b: 25 July 1986
  - 4. Trenton Allen Call—b: 22 November 1988
  - 4. Courtney Call—b: 27 February 1993
- 3. Lisa Lynne Flammer—b: 14 March 1961-Colorado Springs, CO; m. 11 August 1981
- Sp. Robert Sherwood Anderson—b: 2 March 1959
  - 4. Joshua Sherwood Anderson—b: 17 May 1984
  - 4. Justin Phillip Anderson—b: 17 October 1986
  - 4. Rachel May Anderson—b: 18 March 1988
- 2. Regina Flammer—b: 28 June 1930-Snowflake, Navajo, Arizona; m: 17 September 1973
- Sp. Marlin Alma Fairbourn—b: 26 March 1932
  - 3. David Marlin Fairbourn—b: 5 November 1954; m: 3 August 1979
  - Sp. Janice Margie Nielsen—b: 20 August 1947
    - 4. Michelle Fairbourn—b: 15 June 1980
    - 4. Michael David Fairbourn—b: 6 May 1981
    - 4. Melanie Ann Fairbourn—b: 26 June 1983
  - 3. Vicki Fairbourn—b: 19 April 1957; m: 30 October 1980
  - Sp. Craig Don Houmand—b: 22 February 1956
    - 4. Brandon Craig Houmand—b: 19 May 1983;
    - 4. Alisa Houmand—b: 6 January 1985
    - 4. Amy Houmand—b: 1 December 1988
    - 4. Devin Lee Houmand—b: 2 January 1990
  - 3. Brad Alma Fairbourn—b: 31 May 1960; m: 15 June 1982
  - Sp. Marcie Miller—b: 29 September 1961
    - 4. Rachel Fairbourn—b: 20 May 1984
    - 4. Alison Fairbourn—b: 13 December 1985
    - 4. Joel Hudson Fairbourn—b: 5 April 1988
    - 4. Paige Fairbourn—b: 24 August 1990
    - 4. Kathryn Fairbourn—b: 10 November 1995
  - 3. Todd William Fairbourn—b: 7 June 1965; m: 13 December 1991
  - Sp. Kimberly Svedin—b: 8 August 1972
    - 4. Joshua Todd Fairbourn—b: 14 October 1994
    - 4. Aaron Paulus Fairbourn—14 November 1996
    - 4. Kristen Elizabeth Fairbourn—31 October 1998
- 2. Corolie Flammer—b: 11 November 1933-Linden, Navajo, Arizona; m: 5 January 1953
- Sp. LeRoy Howard Hoefler—b: 4 December 1929-Ann Arbor, Saginaw, Michigan
  - 3. Terian Hoefler—b: 30 July 1953-Logan, Cache, Utah
  - 3. Krista Hoefler—b: 8 July 1956; m: 10 April 1980-Santa Monica, San Marcos, Texas
  - Sp. Ernest Israel Esplin—b: 24 November 1956-Kanab, Kane, Utah
    - 4. Sariah Krista Esplin—b: 21 February 1981-Logan, Cache, Utah
    - 4. Samuel Ernest Esplin—b: 22 January 1983-Logan, Cache, Utah
    - 4. Taran LeRoy Esplin—b: 7 December 1984-Tucson, Pima, Arizona
    - 4. Thomas Hans Esplin—b: 1 February 1987-Longmont, Boulder, Colorado
    - 4. James Israel Esplin—b: 27 June 1988-Longmont, Boulder, Colorado

- 4. Jared Nathan Esplin—b: 23 Feb. 1990-Versaille, Woodford, Kentucky
- 2. Adolph Joshua Flammer—b: 19 January 1936-Snowflake, Navajo, Arizona; d: 19 Nov 1936
- 2. Paul Gibbons Flammer—b: 27 October 1938-Snowflake, Navajo, Arizona; d: 19 Nov 1988
- 2. Maryln Flammer—b: 21 April 1941-Snowflake, Navajo, Arizona; m: 4 February 1966
- Sp. John Francis Tallmadge—b: 4 December 1939-Rochester, Monroe, NY
  - 3. Wynlee Sue Tallmadge—b: 23 March 1967; m: 7 August 1991-Seattle, King, Washington
  - sp. Robert John Decker—b: 26 January 1968; Neuenberg, Germany
    - 4. Benjamin James Decker—b: 11 Nov 1999, Orem, Utah, Utah
  - 3. Michelle Tallmadge—b: 2 July 1968-Minneapolis, Hennepin, Minnesota; d: 16 Nov 1991
  - 3. Gregory John Tallmadge—b: 22 June 1970-Minneapolis, Hennepin, Minn; m: 18 Dec 95
  - sp. Rochelle Harris—b: 16 September 1972, San Jose, Santa Clara, California
    - 4. Ethan Ivon Tallmadge—b: 26 September 1997-Cedar Ridge, Iowa
    - 4. Jane Tallmadge—b: 22 Nov 1999-Grapevine, Tarrant, Texas
- 2. Stephen Wendell Flammer—b: 8 August 1944-Logan, Cache, Utah; m: 4 June 1970
- Sp. Shauna Jean Nelson—b: 2 July 1949-Logan, Cache, Utah
  - 3. Michael Stephen Flammer—b: 16 July 1971-Logan, Cache, Utah; m: 17 March 1995
  - Sp. Laurretta Weston—b: -Montpelier, Idaho
  - 3. Robert Hans Flammer—b: 10 July 1972-Preston, Oneida, Idaho
  - Sp. Trishia Lea Elliot—b: 2 September 1976-Twin Falls, Idaho
    - 4. Robert Bryce Flammer—b: 10 December 1998-Logan, Cache, Utah
    - 4. Stockton Glen Flammer—b: 5 Jul 2000-Logan, Cache, Utah
  - 3. Jeffrey Glen Flammer—b: 12 September 1974-Blackfoot, Bingham, Idaho
  - Sp. Ikumi Iida—b: 17 February 1975-Muroran, Japan
    - 4. Jack Jeffrey Flammer—b: 14 Feb 2000-Logan, Cache, Utah
  - 3. James Allen Flammer— b: 14 May 1977-Logan, Cache, Utah
  - 3. Kyle Andrew Flammer—b: 23 April 1981-Logan, Cache, Utah
  - 3. Michelle Flammer—b: 21 May 1986-Logan, Cache, Utah
- 2. Diane Flammer—b: 25 June 1948-Logan, Cache, Utah; m: 14 Aug 1968 (Div)
- Sp. Stephen Pickney Daines—b: 13 April 1945
  - 3. Mary Kathryn Flammer—b: 8 December 1969-Washington DC
  - 3. Stephen Hans Flammer—b: 7 September 1971-Washington DC
  - 3. Madison Dee Flammer—b: 3 May 1973-Washington DC
  - 3. Lisa Jean Flammer—b: 13 June 1975-Murray, Salt Lake, Utah; m: 4 August 1995
  - Sp. Justin Alan Lewis—b: 30 November 1974-Denver, Jefferson, Colorado
    - 4. Paine Allen Lewis—b: 29 January 1997-Denver, Denver, Colorado
    - 4. Allie Diane Lewis—b: 24 Jun 2000; Denver, Denver, Colorado
  - 3. Philip David Flammer—b: 14 December 1977-Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
  - 3. Gordon Scott Flammer—b: 19 September 1980-Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
  - 3. Amy Elizabeth Flammer—b: 12 May 1982-Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah

## Chapter Twelve—RIZPAH JANE ( JAYNE) GIBBONS FROST

Rizpah Jane (Jayne) Gibbons was born to Joshua Smith Gibbons and Nancy Louisa Noble. She arrived February 24, 1907, in St. Johns, Arizona, with the aide of Sister Charlotte Sherwood, a midwife. She entered this life with dark hair and weighed about eight pounds. She was the eighth child of twelve children and was the baby of the family for ten years. Her given name, Rizpah Jane, came from her two grandmothers. In later years she change the spelling of Jane by adding a "y." She never used or acknowledged her first name Rizpah until many years later when she worked in the Temple. She passed away December 7, 1984 in Chandler, Arizona, from a stroke, which was the result of a car accident several years earlier.

Her father, a sheepherder, was gone a great deal when she was young so she slept with her mother. Jayne used to get upset when her father would come home and her mother would turn her back to Jayne in the bed. One night as she got older, she answered nature's call and drenched the bed. When she asked her mother for dry panties the next morning, she was told, "No." She immediately declared, "Well, then, I'll just quit this business" and that was how she became potty trained.

When the older children went to Sunday school, her mother often rolled the legs up of her youngest brother Neallo's bib overalls, and Jayne would wear them to church. In the afternoon after Sacrament Meeting, the young people would walk back to the Gibbon's farm to use the swing her brothers had put up in the Poplar trees. Since this swing went out over the irrigation ditch, it was quite a ride. If the girls were afraid to try, Jayne would be put on the swing, and her brothers would use a rope to get her as high as possible. She was never afraid, and loved every minute she was on the swing.

Her hair was long, and each day her mother French braided it. She made cloth bonnets for both girls to wear so they wouldn't get freckles. Zona wore hers, but Jayne hated anything on her head and took the bonnet off. Her mother solved this problem by sewing the bonnet to her hair. Jayne learned later how to french braid her own hair while growing up which was a feat in its self.

She was a tomboy and loved to dress up in her brothers' britches. Anything to do outside, such as chopping wood and taking the cows and horses to and from the pasture, was her cup of tea. The boys did most of the work on the farm, and Jayne was right there with them. She was the chief hay stomper when the hay was cut and bareback rider of the cultivator horse. Since there wasn't any saddle, she wore the skin off her bottom and the salt from the horses' sweat made the open sores smart.

While on the farm, her family was always busy picking apples in the orchard, repairing fences, irrigating, and harvesting crops, which were grown. With her mother's green thumb and her father's know how, they had the best vegetable garden in St. Johns. They even won ribbons at the County Fair when they exhibited their vegetables. Nothing ever went to waste because they canned, dried, and pickled everything possible. With cows, chickens, and pigs



they lived a life of luxury, and thought they had everything. They seldom bought anything at the general store.

She can remember hearing her Mother moan a lot during the night. When this occurred she would be put in bed with Zona. On one of these occasions she woke up enough to see a casket on the desk with two very small babies in it. This was when the triplets were born. The other baby, a girl, lived for three weeks before dying. They received the names of Joseph, Josie and Josephine.

While living at the farm, Bates, Neallo, Zona, and Jayne all got the measles at the same time. Their mother put them in the same bed. To make them break out sooner, she brewed Cacklebur tea and made them drink a quarter at a time. Because the room was kept dark, they loved it when their father took each one outside, as they got better. No one wanted to go back to their jumbled bed.

Her brother Noble was about 10 ½ when she was born. His hair was so curly it tied in knots. He had a bad heart and had to sleep in the rocking chair a lot. She remembers when he got blood poisoning. Her mother tried several poultices on him and nothing worked. Finally, someone suggested fresh cow manure, and so that night a bucket was brought into the kitchen. It smelled terrible, but he put his foot in the runny, gushy stuff, and for some reason it worked, and he didn't die.


Then, a tragedy occurred. Neallo contracted diphtheria. Their family was quarantined at home except Andrew "H" one of her older brothers. He worked as a janitor at the high school and stayed with Uncle Bill. Each day he would stop by and see what was needed. The money given to him was dipped in Formaldehyde. One day after he left, Jayne's mother remembered something else she needed. "H" had already turned the corner, and Jayne couldn't call him, so she ran out the gate and caught him in the middle of the next block. Boy, did she get into a lot of trouble with her mother. The antitoxin, finally arrived from Winslow, and the doctor came and gave everyone a shot in the seat. It was too late for Neallo, but Zona and Noble snapped right back and everyone declared the reason Jayne didn't get it was because she was too ornery. When Neallo died, her mother and father woke the other children up. They wept bitterly, especially Jayne. As a brother he had never teased her and always let her get away with things when he was around. Her mother and father put shorts on him, wrapped him in a sheet and he was placed in a pine box and buried. The entire house then had to be fumigated.

During this siege, Jayne did everything possible to keep herself entertained by marching around like a soldier and playing with her rag doll. Also her father cut off his mustache. One afternoon the children were called in to see their cousin Edwin. No one knew it was their father except Jayne who ran up to him and said, "I know you Papa."



As she grew up, it became apparent to everyone that she was smart, outspoken, sure of herself, and determined to do what she wanted. In spite of these actions her parents, brothers, and sister continued to love and indulge her. She purposely used to daydream so that Zona could help with the chores IN THE HOUSE. Occasionally, her mother cut switches from the Tamarack bush, which proved an essential part of her education when nothing else worked. Her comments frequently got her into trouble, and more than once her mother told her, "Jayne, I hope you are blessed with a daughter just like you."

When she finally got to go to school at eight, her father gave her a new pair of shoes. For some reason Jayne decided she didn't like them so they were left out in the rain. Her father noticing what had happened brought them in, rubbed oil over the leather and made her wear them anyway. Since there wasn't a lot of money, her mother made her a multi-colored coat to wear to school to keep warm. Jayne was embarrassed by it, so every morning she wore the coat out of the house, put it on a bush, went to school, and then put it back on before entering the house. Her mother never knew she didn't wear it.

Jayne remembers her Dad as a kind, soft-spoken man. Every time he came home, he would sit down and whistle the following tune:  This meant she was to come and sit on his lap. If he kept whistling, it meant he wanted her mother, and she would slip off his lap and leave. When she was about six, he came in and whistled for her mother. When Nancy sat down, he said, "Well, Ma'am, I've traded our farm for the old Crosby place. It will be a lot easier

for you and handy for the children to go to school.” Jayne remembered the Crosby place as a school where she watched the children come out at recess to play when she visited her Grandfather Noble, who lived across the street

During the summer the family members packed up and lived in tents in Salado where they were homesteading 160 acres. Zona and Jayne spent hours making mud pies and using beer bottles as horses when they had free time. In fact, they were there when the Lyman Dam broke and saw the water go through the valley. Several lives were lost, including the Duke Children who they knew. While the family homesteaded and improved the land, some of the boys stayed there all the time while the rest of the family lived in town.

One Christmas before the dam broke, Mrs. Duke invited Zona and Jayne to attend the big Christmas Party in Salado and spend the night. Although it was rainy and muddy, their father bundled them up and took them. When they returned home and celebrated Christmas that year, they received their regular rag dolls. Later Jayne heard her mother talking about how she would never have been ready for Christmas if the girls hadn't gone to Salado. For the first time, Jayne began to doubt the existence of Santa Claus.

After the Lyman Dam broke, her father started working to help rebuild the dam and earn some extra money. He took sick while there and they had to bring him home. He had always suffered years of headaches that were so severe he couldn't see. Shortly after arriving home Jayne was present when her father told her mother all the debts they owed and those who owed them. His last words to his wife were, “Nancy, prepare for the worst.” Then before taking his last breath he said, “In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.” When he died the dream of homesteading the 160 acres came to a screeching halt and the family had to decide how money could now be earned and how they were going to pay off the debts they owed.

Joshua Smith Gibbons died February 13, 1917. This was a crushing blow to Jayne because he had spent ten years spoiling her and Jayne had developed a great love for her father. Her grief seemed unbearable without the love of her father, then on July 29, 1930 her mother gave birth to a baby girl called Joshie Louisa. The void in her life from the death of her father was partially filled as she babysat her baby sister. It took a long time for her to get over her father's death.

Her family was considered poor, and the children of St. Johns didn't always treat them the way they should have. One time when she went with Zona to a Primary dance, a group of children stood outside the church and said, “You can't go in.” Zona broke out in tears, but Jayne looked at them and said, “Who plans to stop me?” as she started swinging her arms and walked right through the group into the cultural hall.

Jayne's days in grade school were limited because she didn't start until she was eight. Then her mother needed her to take care of Louisa when she was elected School Superintendent. She completely skipped the 3<sup>rd</sup> grade. There was little to live on and even though she needed glasses, there was no extra money to buy them until she was in college. What she didn't pick up in school, she picked up at home. This is probably why she was sent to live with her older brother Smith and his wife Edna in Snowflake. Smith taught the 7<sup>th</sup> grade, and she was put in his class. For the first time in her life, she learned how to think and her brother made her work hard for her grades. When she came back to St. Johns, she was the Valedictorian in her 8<sup>th</sup> grade class, which graduated in April 1921. While she was in Snowflake, she met Austin Frost for the first time, and her comments about him were: “He was the meanest, orneriest, and rudest boy I've ever met.”

As a freshman in high school, she attended St. Johns. They didn't have elected cheerleaders, but Jayne was always in front leading the students in cheers. She also played basketball, and was President of the



“Secret Merry Making Society.” In her junior year, she attended Round Valley High School, and while there, she met Austin Frost again. He was working on a road crew for his dad. No comments were made about his manners this time. During the time she was in school, Austin was pumping water for a band of sheep his father was in charge of and he learned how to make fabulous biscuits, which his family and friends loved to eat. Jayne was very happy to return to St. Johns for her senior year and graduated May 1925.

Her sister Louisa remembers that while Jayne was in high school she dated several Mexican boys who lived in St. Johns. It was a city of half white and half Mexican with a lot of bitterness between the two races. Instead of working together to solve the problem the whites felt they were better than the Mexicans. The white people were upset with Jayne for dating any Mexican boy and she was accused of not being a good girl, plus more. The community of St. Johns ostracized Jayne while her mother pleaded with her not to go out with another race. The pleading went unheeded by Jayne and her mother had to weather the storm of rumors that were told. Jayne showed how head strong she was and didn't pay any attention to what was being said about her. She did what she wanted to do and that was how it was. When she was ready the dates did stop which made her mother very happy.

Her first year in college was spent at the Tempe Normal School where she was sent by her mother to save money. Jayne didn't even know she was going to college in Tempe until the day she was picked up by her Uncle. She lived with Smith, Edna, and their 4 children in cramped quarters. She made new friends during the year she spent in Tempe and had an enjoyable year, but was overjoyed when she was able to go to Flagstaff the second year and live in the dormitory with her friends from St. Johns.

Dormitory life was exciting for her because this was the first time she had ever been away from her family. She had lots of fun playing tricks on friends. She short sheeted beds, or went around collecting all the alarm clocks and put them in one room to go off at one time, after every one was asleep. Sometimes she set the alarms to go off every half hour during



the night. Lights were always out at 9:00 P.M. So she spent many nights cramming for testing or eating snacks in the bathroom where they could use candles and not be seen. Also, it was the only place where everyone could gather and talk until late at night. Many a time during that year she starched freshly washed underwear hanging in the basement to dry. The girls would complain to Jayne because they knew she did it, but she would just laugh. There were some nights when she stayed up all night



mopping up the excess water from the fire hose was turned on. She loved to dance and socialize and was the life of the party wherever she went. She loved to attend football games and tromp up and down the sidelines in a foot of snow yelling for the team. Instead of sledding down a hill for excitement she had more fun being pulled behind a car on the streets of activities she did learned how to teach, classes.

It was during her second year at for the third time. Several times he came girls to the Elk's Club to dance. I'm sure mentions it. He was now working for Flagstaff.

On June 15, 1927, Jayne Certificate from Flagstaff Normal teach fifth grade in St. Johns, in attend summer school, so Jayne rented Flagstaff and work all summer. In order the apartment she called Lightening show up, none other than Austin Frost.



college that she saw Austin Frost to the college dances and afterward took they danced together, but she never the Lightening Delivery Company in

received a two-year Teaching School. She then signed a contract to September. Her mother planned to an apartment and planned to stay in to get her clothes and books moved to Delivery Company and who should

They began dating even though she had put him off during the school year, because he smoked and drank liquor. She knew he could not take her to the Temple, which was a childhood goal her mother had instilled in her. For some reason, she finally consented to go out with him for one date. They had so much fun together, other dates followed. When he became serious, she told him about her contract to teach and that she had to go back to St. Johns.

Jayne's mother was watching all of this happen and she wasn't happy at all. She told Austin right to his face, "I know you drink and smoke. I don't want you coming around my daughter." Austin would always reply with a smile on his face, "Now Sister Gibbons I enjoy being with your daughter and I plan to continue to date her." Although he was discouraged and treated badly he kept coming back for more punishment with a smile on his face as the door was opened.

Mother and daughter kept fighting and quarreling over these dates with no end in sight. It was hard on both of them. Staying in the dormitory for one year had given Jayne newfound freedom and she was used to having her cup of tea and drinking it like she wanted. She continued to date Austin until one night he asked her to marry him and to her surprise she said, "no." He looked at her and said, "When you want to have my shoes under your bed, call me." Jayne did not realize until after she said "no," how much she really liked Austin. In fact she had fallen in love and her sister Louisa expresses it best when she stated, "Jayne fell for Austin like a lump of lard."

In August, Austin was quite surprised to get a call from Jayne saying she had decided to accept his offer. He wasn't sure which offer, until she mentioned the shoes under the bed. After this he stood his ground and told her mother, "Sister Gibbons I love Jayne and I plan to marry her." Her mother stood nose to nose with Austin and said, "You don't have my permission to marry her yet." After lots of discussion Austin said, "You don't have to worry Sister Gibbons, I will stop my smoking and drinking and take Jayne to the Temple." Her mother replied, "Don't you ever think of going back on that promise Austin Frost, or you'll answer to me." After that they had a whirlwind courtship, and were married by Judge Jones on August 18, 1927 in Flagstaff, Arizona.

Jayne still wanted to teach in St. Johns and keep her marriage a secret. For some reason married teachers were to stay home instead of teach. Also, her mother wouldn't let her because it wouldn't be the honest thing to do. Jayne didn't realize it at the time of her marriage, but it would be sixteen years before Austin would quit his smoking and drinking and take her to the Temple. He finally fulfilled his promise to her mother and took Jayne and their family to the Temple in Mesa to be sealed for time and all eternity on March 27, 1953.

Shortly after their marriage, Austin took the Flagstaff Hiking Club into Havasuipi Village in the Grand Canyon. He had to cut off a girl's overalls because her thighs were so inflamed she couldn't walk. After this incident it seemed to Jayne no matter where they went the girl would come up and wrap her arms around Austin's neck. Jayne got fed up and decided to go home. When she arrived in St. Johns and told her mother why she was there, and her mother said, "You made your bed, and I okayed it, so go back and lay in it." Jayne was put back on the train and sent back to Flagstaff. She called Austin when she arrived and asked him to come and pick her up. This was a lesson that she never forgot. She knew if Austin and her had problems, they would have to work them out, and she couldn't run home to Mother. Through the years, Austin and Jayne heard problems from married couples that related to this incident and were able to give wise counsel.

Austin and Jayne lived in the same apartment that her mother had spent the summer in. Jayne often told her children that when she got married, "We didn't have a pot to pee in or a window to throw it out." At this point of life she was not teaching, but was working as a cashier. In November, Austin got a job as engineer at the Indian Boarding School in Kayenta, and





within a day, they were on their way. Their destination put them one hundred sixty miles from the nearest railroad in any direction they looked. Jayne was hired as a matron of sixty boys in a dormitory. They received board and lodging above their salary of \$110. This was during the depression when jobs were hard to find.

They then moved to Tuba City in March of 1928. Jayne was a matron again, but this time for 60 girls. When work ran out for Austin he went back to Flagstaff a month before Jayne. While in Kayenta, he had stopped drinking and smoking, but during the time he spent alone in Flagstaff, he started again. It was when Jayne returned to Flagstaff that she got pregnant with LuPrele. Aut had started working for the Lightening Delivery Company again, but before long he became dissatisfied and decided to move to Snowflake and work for his Uncle Leo Frost, who was working on the Apache Reservation in Whiteriver.

Living in Snowflake was a place that Jayne said she would never go, but the time she spent there was enjoyable, and she developed a love for Austin's parents, brothers, sisters, and relatives. She did go to Whiteriver during the summer and stayed with Austin and helped cook for the crew of men then returned to Snowflake by that fall.

January 29, 1929, LuPrele was born with brown eyes and brown hair and weighing 8 ½ pounds. Jayne was not prepared for the pain involved with the delivery, but knew it was worth it when her daughter arrived. Austin chose the name of LuPrele after reading a true story out of a church magazine. When she arrived Jayne knew the name fit her was sweet good-natured baby. LuPrele never cried and . Jayne's mother told her, "She's an angel and you'll never be able to raise her in this world because she's just too perfect." Jayne was worried about her because she didn't put on weight.



When Jayne found out she was pregnant again she decided to move to Mesa hoping the climate change would help LuPrele. This only shortened her life because she contracted Whooping Cough and died April 27, 1930, at Florence Junction on the way back to Snowflake as Austin and Jayne's mother were taking her back. She was buried on April 30, 1930.

Nancy Wylene, their second daughter was born on April 22, 1930, with blue eyes and blond hair, the opposite of LuPrele. Nan was even blue eyes when she looked at them.. Jayne keep her busy so she wouldn't have a lot later told her children, "When God closes



When Jayne arrived in Snowflake to go back to Flagstaff to take some classes during the summer. As soon as Jayne finished her college classes, she got a job in Show Low. She found a place to live, someone to take care of Nan, and had Uncle Monk move her to Show Low.

She had a wonderful year of teaching even though she was away from Austin who was kept busy working wherever he could. He worked on road construction, took a welding school in Mesa. While in Mesa, he took a bag of pinto beans to pay for his room and board. Austin then owned and operated his own welding shop. He also worked off and on for the Arizona Highway Department. Eventually he became foreman of the Arizona Highway Department in Show Low.

Jayne was scheduled to teach another year in Show Low when she discovered she was pregnant with Jerry Austin. She waited until July to tell the board she wouldn't be back. For the next few years, Jayne and Aut would see each other when possible. She would teach in between pregnancies and he would be working wherever he could get a job.

daughter was born on April 22, weighting 8 ½ pounds. Her coloring was tempered and charmed everyone with her was blessed with having another girl to of time to grieve over LuPrele death. She one door, he opens another one."

with Nan, she knew that she had classes to renew her teaching credential. Nan and Louisa, her sister, to babysit and



Although Show Low did not let Jayne teach while she was pregnant with Jerry she was able to fill in at Linden for two teachers who were having their babies. This is during the time that Aut and Jayne moved to Linden to live and take over the Linden Ranch, which Aut's father had homesteaded. Aut and Jayne were able to help his father, James H. Frost, out of a bind on road construction, and they were deeded the farm with all the brothers and sisters signing the deed.

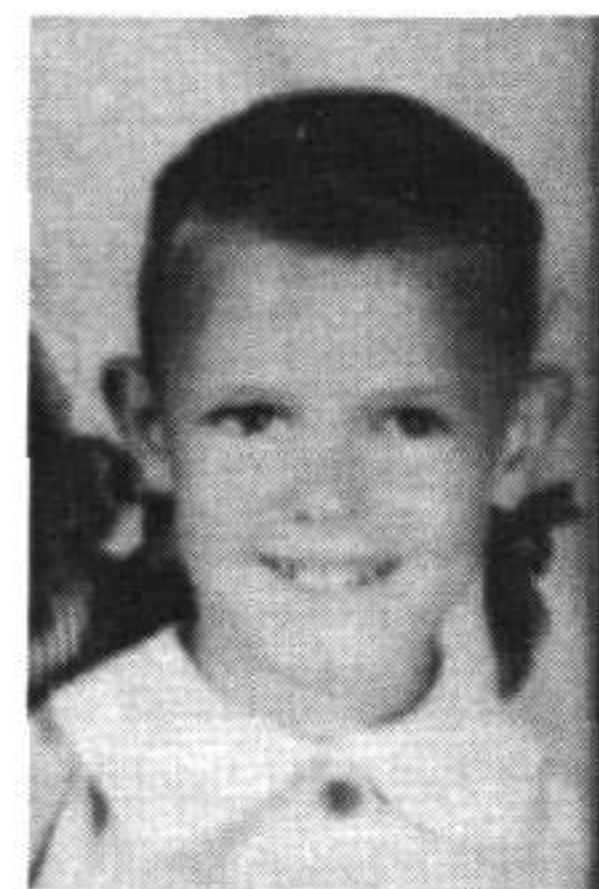


The next twelve years that they lived on the farm were the happiest days Austin and Jayne had. They carried every drop of water that was used from a creek. They were dry land farmer while they continued to work full time. Jerry was born on January 5, 1932. He weighted in at 9 3/4 pounds a big baby, but not as heavy as his father who was 14 pounds. Since Nan couldn't say brother she always called him Bubby. Jerry and Nan took bottles until 4 or 5, then one day their father took the bottles and burned them and gave

them cups to drink out of. Jerry talked late because he didn't have to say anything. When he finally spoke he used full sentences. Jayne continued to teach and she took the children with her when possible, if not they were with different babysitters.

While Austin and Jayne lived in Linden, she taught in Linden, Burton, and Overgaard. Nan and Jerry spent most of there schooling in Linden, but graduated from Show Low Elementary. While on the ranch they fed the pigs, milked the cow, cultivated the fills, help repair fences and anything else, which needed to be done. They knew what needed to be done whether their parents were there or not.

It was seven years before Jackie arrived. Jayne knew by then, that being a parent was a privilege and not an obligation. The family was ready for another baby and Jayne told all of her relatives that this baby was going to be called Jack Frost, so no one was to use that name. It just happened that Austin was in the McNary hospital having his appendix out when Jackie was born April 15, 1939. Jack became Jackie as Jayne named her third daughter. She sang "A Little Turned up Nose." Jayne spent a week in the hospital while Nan and Jerry were alone at the ranch taking care of the chores and going to school.



She taught in Show Low, Lakeside, Burton, Linden, and Overgaard, depending on who had an opening when she was able to teach after her children came. It was 4 years before Smith Gibbons was born February 26, 1942. He was named after her brother Smith, but was call Gibb. The family was still living in Linden when he put in his appearance. Jayne did not have the \$35 to have Gibb at the Stake Relief Society Maternity Room and was preparing for him to be born at home when Hosea Wheat came by and ask if he could rent Austin's Welder for \$60. That was enough, with money to spare, so Austin took her down to stay with Zona and Hans Flammer in Snowflake to wait the arrival of Gibb.

In the next four years Jayne and Aut were busy taking care of their family. Nan was in High School in Snowflake, Jerry was getting ready to graduate from the 8<sup>th</sup> grade, and Jackie was in the 1<sup>st</sup> grade at Show Low while Gibb was staying with a babysitter. The family moved into the George Smith Home in Show Low, which had enough room for everyone plus a basement.

Jayne was 6 1/2 months pregnant with Jeff when this house burned down. They had to move into the Hod Seymore home. Jayne stopped teaching and they decided to build a house close to the home that burned down. Jayne wanted to go to Jerry's graduation from 8<sup>th</sup> grade so she hurried Jeffry Romel's birth by taking a large dose of castor oil; Jeff arrived on May 10' 1946 in the McNary hospital. Jayne didn't feel like going to the graduation, but she was happy to see final son. He was a blessing and friends and relatives alike said he was the masterpiece of the family.

They continued to live in the Seymore's house then moved to the Linden waiting for their new home to be completed. They were finally forced to move in before the plaster dried and Jeff developed rickets,



which meant that he couldn't absorb minerals and vitamins in his body. To save his life Jayne moved to Mesa to see a specialist and while there she taught in Queen Creek. Nan was left with her father and the rest of the children lived with their grandmother Gibbon's. Jeff's life was saved and Nan married Lorenzo Peterson before graduating from high school. Jayne lived in Mesa for two years before Jeff was well enough to return to Show Low.

Jayne was a very busy woman, and her children learned to carry responsibilities while they were growing up. Chores were assigned before and after school. Austin fixed breakfast and usually made germade cereal and his famous homemade biscuits, which he learned to do as a sheepherder. Her quality time with her children was spent while they washed the dishes each night. Jayne taught them songs she had learned as a child. They learned the following songs: In the Little Red School House, Fifty Cents, You Are My Sunshine, Neath the Crust of the Old Apple Pie, I've Been Working On the Railroad, My Gal's A Corker, Would you Like to Swing on a Star, Now is the Hour, With

Someone Like You, K-K-K-Katy, I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover, and A Tiny Turned Up Nose, which she sung to each of her last three children starting with Jackie. Not only did her children learn these songs, but she taught her grandchildren as well.

They decided to rent their house they had built and buy the Foil house that was just behind where they were living. It had more room, plus three bedrooms. This is where Jackie, Gibb, and Jeff lived as they went through grade school and high school.

She always stressed education to her children, grandchildren, and students. Four of her children filled missions for the church and graduated from college. Three of these children became teachers and one a lawyer. The students she taught in grade school never forgot her and came to visit after they had left. In her home or the classroom, she spent countless hours helping individuals' reach their potential, and she didn't let them settle for less.



She was known for her "Pokey Stick" throughout her teaching career. When all else failed with a student, they felt it on their bottom. The "Pinewood Paddle Massacre" written by one of her students was published in the Ensign, April 1991. The same story was also published in Reader's Digest in October, 1991, titled, "Mrs. Frost and the Sinners."

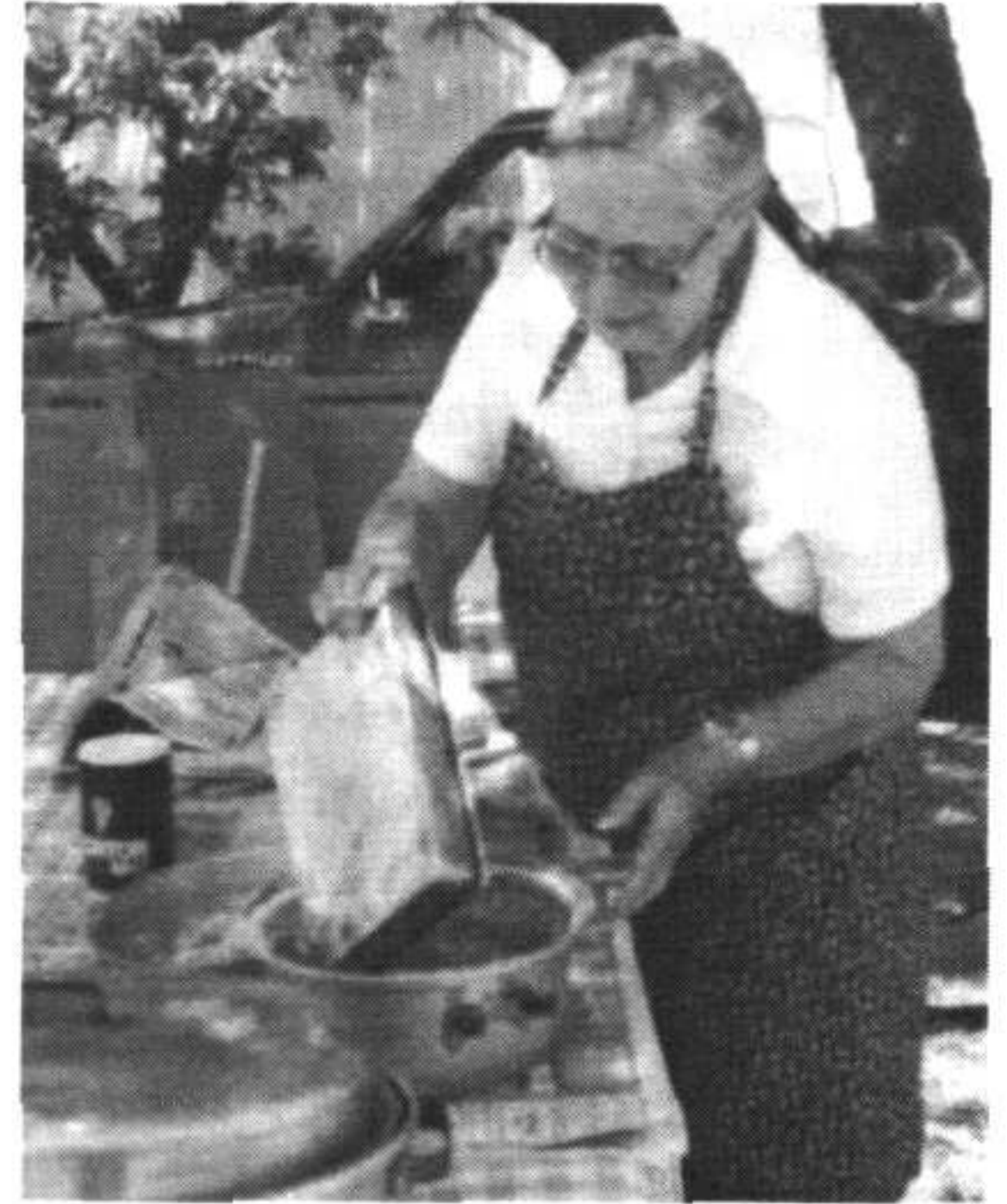
In May of 1965, she was selected as Mother of the Year in the first community wide contest sponsored by the Show Low Women's Club. They commented on how she had spent her entire life in the area. In addition to raising and support her own children she took in five foster children to support and educate. She instilled with in these ten children, as well as those she taught, high moral standards and a love of education, which she, herself, exemplified.

On September 30, 1977 Jayne retired after 37 years of teaching. She taught 25 years in Show Low, and 12 years in Linden, Burton, Overgaard, Snowflake, Lakeside, and Queen Creek. She was a member of Alpha Delta Kappa Honorary Sorority, and a life member of Arizona Congress of Parents and Teachers. She graduated with a B.A. in Education, January 10, 1952 along with the other 28 teachers who had earned their two-year teaching



certificate back in June of 1927, from Flagstaff State College. Austin retired after Jayne from being Probation Officer of Navajo County.

Jayne and Austin rented and then sold the Foil house in Show Low and moved into a new house they had built on the ranch in Linden. Even before they moved back to the ranch they had hosted steak fries for the Frost and Gibbons get togethers. Now with the help of their two sons, and grandsons they expanded and started doing steak fries for other groups. They finished the recreation center and cook shack was built. They hosted steak fries for state, county, and city officials, scouts, school boards, weddings, reunions, and family members who came home to visit. Everyone had a job to do when they started a steak fry. Austin the sons started the fire ahead of time to get the right coals for cooking the biscuits, plus making them. Jayne, salted and floured the cube steaks that were used, plus cooking them in dutch ovens. She also made the gravy, which was delicious, and the biscuits melted in your mouth. Salad, fried potatoes and onions, butter and jam, watermelon in season, punch, and whatever else was needed was added to the menu. All who benefited from these steak fries went away well fed, hoping they would be invited to the next one. They even had a steak fry for Mohammed Ali and all his training personnel.



Jayne was involved in the community and civic affairs as well. Through her efforts, her school class raised funds to give to the Show Low Community Hospital. She worked as chairman of the Cancer Drive, Heart Fund and Mother's March. She also worked on beautification projects for Show Low and the bond issue for sewage. Whatever the cause she was present to give a helping hand.



In August 19, 1977 Austin and Jayne celebrated their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary with an open house and a dance held in their honor, given by their children, at the L.D.S Chapel in the middle of Show Low. It was a wonderful night for all present and a time to renew old friendships. This happened just before they moved to the ranch.

Then on January 8, 1978, Austin and Jayne were set apart as Temple Missionaries of the Show Low, Arizona Stake. They were blessed with health and an ability to understand the deeper meaning of the Temple ordinances. They knew their property, children, and grandchildren would be blessed while they fulfilled this calling. It was while Jayne was working in the Temple that she started to use her first name by filling out and signing

her recommend, "Rizpah J. Frost." What an honor her grandmother must have felt as Jayne for the first time stated using Rizpah. Jayne also served in Stake and Ward positions in Relief Society and the Young Women's organization for Church. Plus being a stake missionary to the Apache Indians with her husband.

When the Linden Elementary School District opened its doors, she was the keynote speaker to dedicate the new classrooms that were built close to the one room schoolhouse where, so many years ago, she first started teaching. Then the graduating class of the new Show Low High School asked her to be their keynote speaker for the first graduating class. How proud she



was to tell students she had taught before, that education was an important part of their life. She emphasized that the hours she had spent teaching students to study was something she really loved to do.

Jayne never stopped learning. She was learning how to use sign language when she died. She had a recorder, which she used to play the melody of songs she knew. Her paintings from an art class now hang in the family recreation center. Sewing was a hobby that never left her and she loved to buy the brightest colors in town which you could see a mile away. Having a garden carried over from when she was a small child and she still continued to can and save what had been grown. She never forgot about genealogy and made sure her children got in their four-generation sheets.

If you were sad or blue, she made you laugh. She loved to recite poetry that she had memorized, such as: "My Get Up and Go Has Got Up and Went," "I'm Doing Okay For the Shape I'm In," "' Ma's Old Galvanized Wash Tub," "I'd Like to Be The Sort of Man," "Be The Best Of Whatever You Are," and more. She had a gift for writing poetry, and over the years wrote special poems to honor people. At Christmas time most of her cards and letters were done in rhyme.

There is no better person to describe Rizpah Jayne Gibbons Frost than herself when she wrote the following page in college after having children:

It is sometimes difficult to be a good wife, a devoted mother, and an efficient schoolteacher; yet this is what I have endeavored to do. The initial contributor to me, and what I am, is my ancestors and the surroundings in which I was reared. Although my progenitors are neither kings, nor noblemen, I am proud of them. They gave me life, and a name of which I am not ashamed. Their exemplarity lives served as the very best models I've known, and were worth following. My attitudes, ideals, and accomplishments have been due almost entirely to my environment. Of necessity, I learned to work and it has proven to be a benefit for me. In our home, we did as much as anyone else would in the same circumstances, and we liked it. I am a teacher because I love to teach. There is a driving force within me, which seemed to demand, that I carry out its wishes. My mother demanded that I have a profession, and I chose to be a teacher, because it filled a need, which was not satisfied in any other way. Being a wife and teacher should have taken care of my needs, but it did not. Thus it was, that I voluntarily decided to become a mother. To me, motherhood is a sacred privilege, crowned with joy, unknown to those who have not had the experience. My life has been lived more intensely since I decided to have children.



## FAMILY GROUP SHEET

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <b>HUSBAND:</b>                               |  |
| <b>AUSTIN FROST</b>                           |  |
| <b>Born:</b> 3 Feb 1905                       | <b>Place:</b> Snowflake, Navajo, Arizona   |
| <b>Married:</b> 18 Aug 1927                   | <b>Place:</b> Flagstaff, Coconino, Arizona |
| <b>Died:</b> 20 Feb 2000                      | <b>Place:</b> Snowflake, Navajo, Arizona   |
| <b>Husband's Father:</b> James Harrison Frost | <b>Husband's Mother:</b> Editha Smith      |
| <b>Husband's Other Wives:</b>                 |  |
| <b>WIFE:</b>                                  |  |
| <b>RIZPAH JANE (JAYNE) GIBBONS</b>            |  |
| <b>Born:</b> 24 Feb 1907                      | <b>Place:</b> St. Johns, Apache, Arizona   |
| <b>Died:</b> 7 Dec 1984                       | <b>Place:</b> Chandler, Maricopa, Arizona  |
| <b>Wife's Father:</b> Joshua Smith Gibbons    | <b>Wife's Mother:</b> Nancy Louisa Noble   |
| <b>Wife's Other Husbands:</b>                 |  |
|   |  |

| Sex  | CHILDREN            | Birth Date  | Where     | Born  | Spouse                        | Married   | Death     |
|------|---------------------|-------------|-----------|-------|-------------------------------|-----------|-----------|
|      |                     | Day/Mo/Yr   |           |       |                               | Da/Mo/Yr  | Da/Mo/Yr  |
| 1. F | LuPrele Frost       | 28 Jan 1929 | Snowflake | Ariz. |                               |           | 27 Apr 30 |
| 2. F | Nancy Wylene Frost  | 22 Apr 1930 | Snowflake | Ariz. | Joseph Lorenzo Peterson (div) | 27 Jun 47 | 22 Jun 77 |
| 3. M | Jerry Austin Frost  | 5 Jan 1932  | Snowflake | Ariz. | Joan Akley Smith              | 1 Jun 55  |           |
| 4. F | Jackie Frost        | 15 Apr 1939 | Snowflake | Ariz. | Glenn Nicholas Taylor         | 1 Dec 62  |           |
| 5. M | Smith Gibbons Frost | 26 Feb 1942 | Snowflake | Ariz. | Martha LaRelle Litster        | 18 Dec 69 | 1 Nov 97  |
| 6. M | Jeffry Romel Frost  | 10 May 1946 | McNary    | Ariz. | Patricia Dean Fowle (div)*    | 19 Dec 72 |           |
| 7    |                     |             |           |       |                               |           |           |
| 8    |                     |             |           |       |                               |           |           |
| 9    |                     |             |           |       |                               |           |           |
| 10   |                     |             |           |       |                               |           |           |
| 11   |                     |             |           |       |                               |           |           |
| 12   |                     |             |           |       |                               |           |           |

\* Jeffry Romel Frost married Lucy Kae Black 12 Jul 1986

# Descendants of Rizpah Jane (Jayne) GIBBONS

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1. Rizpah Jane (Jayne) GIBBONS (b.24 Feb 1907-St. Johns,Apache,Az;d.7 Dec 1984-Chandler,Maricopa,Az)

sp: Austin FROST (b.3 Feb 1905-Snowflake,Navajo,AZ;m.18 Aug 1927;d.20 Feb 2000-Snowflake,Navajo,AZ)

2. LuPrele FROST (b.28 Jan 1929-Snowflake,Navajo,AZ;d.27 Apr 1930-Florence Junction,Maricopa,AZ)

2. Nancy Wylene FROST (b.22 Apr 1930-Mesa,Maricopa,AZ;d.22 Jun 1977-Phoenix,Maricopa,AZ)

sp: Joseph Lorenzo PETERSON (b.16 Dec 1926-Lakeside,Navajo,Az;m.27 Jun 1947(Div))

3. Kelly Lorenzo PETERSON (b.3 Apr 1948-Mesa,Maricopa,Az)

sp: Jeannine BLACKER (b.9 May 1954-Rupert,Minidoka,Idah;m.28 Dec 1978)

4. James Austin PETERSON (b.29 Oct 1979-Provo,Utah,Utah)

4. Guy Earl PETERSON (b.2 May 1981-Provo,Utah,Utah)

4. Nancy Colleen PETERSON (b.19 Aug 1983-Provo,Utah,UT)

4. Jonathan Frost PETERSON (b.11 Jan 1985-Provo,Utah,Utah)

4. Amanda Jayne PETERSON (b.10 Apr 1987-Provo,Utah,Utah)

4. Joseph Lorenzo II PETERSON (b.24 Jun 1988-Payson,Utah,Utah)

3. Linda PETERSON (b.3 Jan 1950-McNary,Apache,Az)

sp: Warren Paul WEBER (b.23 Sep 1948-Paterson,Passaic,New Jersey;m.22 Oct 1969)

4. Warren Paul Jr. WEBER (b.16 Jul 1971-Fort Rucker,Dale,Ala)

sp: Autumn Joy ABLES (b.28 Sep 1975-Provo,Utah,Ut;m.22 Aug 1994)

5. Conner Paul WEBER (b.31 May 1997-Mesa,Maricopa,AZ)

5. Parker Kimble WEBER (b.20 Jul 1999-Phoenix,Maricopa,AZ)

5. Emmalese Jayne WEBER (b.1 Dec 2000-Phoenix,Maricopa,AZ)

4. James Michael WEBER (b.21 Feb 1973-Honolulu,Honolulu,Hawaii)

sp: Melissa Louise STONE (b.27 Jul 1978-Provo,Utah,Ut;m.13 May 1997)

5. Noah Michael WEBER (b.23 Jul 1999-Provo,Utah,UT)

4. Kimberly Jo WEBER (b.1 May 1974-Honolulu,Honolulu,Hawaii)

sp: Jason Alan LANEGAN (b.16 Sep 1972-Coleville,Stevens,Washington;m.1 Aug 1995)

5. Alizebeth Ylene LANEGAN (b.30 May 1996-Rexburg,Madison,ID)

5. Alexia Marie LANEGAN (b.12 Dec 1997-Flagstaff,Coconino,Az)

5. Annika Shea LANEGAN (b.13 Jun 1999-Flagstaff,Coconino,AZ)

4. Shaina Lee WEBER (b.8 Jun 1976-Fort Riley,Geary,Kansas)

sp: Charles Heath NUNNELLY (b.1 Oct 1976-New Orleans,New Orleans,LA;m.4 Jun 1999)

5. Kamyren Amille NUNNELLY (b.10 Mar 2000-Spokane,Spokane WA)

4. Shavonne Clair WEBER (b.29 Dec 1978-Mesa,Maricopa,Az)

4. Courtney Lynn WEBER (b.8 Sep 1981-Show Low,Navajo,Az)

4. Rebekah Kristen WEBER (b.31 May 1983-Show Low,Navajo,Az)

4. Sharon Caitlin WEBER (b.12 Sep 1985-Show Low,Navajo,Az)

4. Ian Kimble WEBER (b.4 May 1987-Show Low,Navajo,Az)

4. Nancy Dea WEBER (b.14 Oct 1991-Spokane,Stevens,Wash)

3. Guy "A" PETERSON (b.25 Feb 1954-Phoenix,Maricopa,Az)

sp: Brenda Lee HUGHES (b.20 Oct 1957-Johnson City,Washington,Tn;m.28 Dec 1979)

4. Bobbie Jo PETERSON (b.15 Jun 1981-Show Low,Navajo,AZ)

sp: UNKNOWN

5. Sophia Gabrielle PETERSON (b.7 Jan 1998-Elizabethton,Carter,TN)

3. Robin PETERSON (b.18 Sep 1957-Winslow,Navajo,Az)

# Descendants of Rizpah Jane (Jayne) GIBBONS

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sp: Daniel Phillip FAST (b.9 Sep 1956-Casa Grande,Maricopa,Az;m.(Div))

4. Joshua Shane FAST (b.11 Dec 1976-Show Low,Navajo,AZ)

sp: Jennifer MADISON (m.21 Sep 1998)

5. Cody James FAST

5. Caden Austin FAST (b.18 May 2001-Ogden,Weber,Ut)

4. Justin Matthew FAST (b.13 Oct 1978-El Paso,ElPaso,Tx)

sp: James Russell WILHELM (b.21 Jun 1954-St Johns,Apache,AZ;m.6 Jun 1974(Div))

4. Russell Jay WILHELM (b.6 Jun 1974-Payson,Gila,Ut)

sp: Janet DWOZNIK (b.30 Jul 1983)

5. Russell Jay WILHELM (b.29 May 1999-Payson,Gila,Ut)

sp: Kenneth Adrian Jr. ADAIR (b.11 Nov 1959-Holbrook,Navajo,AZ;m.14 Feb 1992)

2. Jerry Austin FROST (b.5 Jan 1932-Snowflake,Navajo,Az)

sp: Joan Akley SMITH (b.14 Jul 1931-San Francisco,San Francisco,Ca;m.1 Jun 1955)

3. Christopher Jerry FROST (b.17 May 1956-Tempe,Maricopa,Az)

sp: Dianna TANNER (b.17 Mar 1960-Mac Dill AFB,Hilloborough,Florida;m.4 Feb 1978)

4. Andrea Marie FROST (b.17 Nov 1979-Mesa,Maricope,Az)

4. Brian Christopher FROST (b.3 Jul 1981-Mesa,Maricope,Az)

4. Elizabeth Brooke FROST (b.10 Feb 1984-Mesa,Maricope,Az)

4. Heather Faye FROST (b.30 Apr 1988-Mesa,Maricope,Az)

4. Gayle Lindsey FROST (b.5 Apr 1991-Chandler,Maricopa,Az)

3. Tamara Joan FROST (b.27 May 1958-Tempe,Maricopa,AZ)

sp: Paul Terry PETERSON (b.22 Feb 1953-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho;m.30 May 1980)

4. Rachael Bolyynn PETERSON (b.27 Jun 1983-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)

4. Amanda Joan PETERSON (b.22 Oct 1985-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)

4. Logan Paul PETERSON (b.3 Mar 1989-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)

4. Emily Kristin PETERSON (b.28 Oct 1992-Rexburg,Madison,Idaho)

3. Timothy Austin FROST (b.28 Jun 1960-Tempe,Maricopa,Az)

sp: Brenda June BLAIR (b.28 Jun 1970-Tucson,Pima,Az;m.8 Jul 1994)

4. Kirsten June DAVIS (b.14 Jun 1991-Oceanside,Orange,Ca)

4. Lindsey Emma FROST (b.29 Aug 1996-Tucson,Pima,Az)

4. Marrissa Blair FROST (b.3 Feb 1999-Tucson,Pima,Az)

sp: Angel MILLER (m.(Div))

4. Amanda Faith FROST (b.13 Jan 1985-Show Low,Navajo,Arizona)

4. Andrew Austin FROST (b.10 Dec 1987-Tucson,Pima,Az)

3. Sean Andrew FROST (b.18 May 1962-Tempe,Maricopa,AZ)

3. Michael Allen FROST (b.14 Jul 1963-Tempe,Maricopa,AZ)

sp: Leisa Hogan (b.17 May 1961-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Ut;m.9 Mar 1985)

4. Allison Lorraine FROST (b.12 Feb 1987-Mesa,Maricope,Az)

4. Melissa Lyn FROST (b.13 Aug 1988-Mesa,Maricope,Az)

4. Joshua Michael FROST (b.14 Nov 1991-West Jordon,Salt Lake,Ut)

4. Nathaniel Allen FROST (b.8 Aug 1999-St. Charles,St. Charles,Missouri)

3. David James FROST (b.15 Aug 1967-Phoenix,Maricopa,AZ)

3. Matthew Akley FROST (b.9 May 1970-Show Low,Navajo,AZ)



# Descendants of Rizpah Jane (Jayne) GIBBONS

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- sp: Marianne HARKER (b.19 Sep 1973-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho;m.4 Aug 1992)
    - 4. Ammon Akley FROST (b.28 Nov 1997-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
    - 4. Ethen Wendell FROST (b.28 Nov 1997-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
    - 4. Orion Jerry FROST (b.25 Dec 1999-Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho)
  - 2. Jackie FROST (b.15 Apr 1939-Snowflake,Navajo,Az)
    - sp: Glenn Nicholas TAYLOR (b.11 Oct 1938-Gettysburg,Adams,Pa;m.1 Dec 1962;d.23 May 2000-Garden Grove,Orange,Ca)
      - 3. Celeste TAYLOR (b.2 Jan 1966-Phoenix,Maricopa,Az)
        - sp: Joseph Lee PAUL (b.11 Jan 1968-Westminster,Orange,Ca;m.22 Mar 1991)
          - 4. Dayna Paul (b.18 Jun 1993-Newport Beach,Orange,Ca)
          - 4. Christopher John Henry PAUL (b.3 Jun 1996-Newport Beach,Orange,Ca)
          - 4. Nickole PAUL (b.4 Sep 2000-Newport Beach,Orange,Ca)
      - 3. David Nicholas TAYLOR (b.16 Jul 1968-Fullerton,Orange,CA)
        - sp: Karen Denise WALLER (b.9 Jul 1968-Cedar City,Iron,Utah;m.12 Jan 1991)
          - 4. Lauren Rizpah TAYLOR (b.25 Jul 1992-Newport Beach,Orange,Ca)
          - 4. Arthur Daniel TAYLOR (b.31 May 1995-Newport Beach,Orange,Ca;d.31 May 1995-Newport Beach,Orange,Ca)
          - 4. Austin Glenn TAYLOR (b.6 Sep 1996-Newport Beach,Orange,Ca)
          - 4. Kathryn Elizabeth TAYLOR (b.30 Mar 1999-Murry,Salt Lake,Ut)
      - 3. LuPrele TAYLOR (b.15 Nov 1970-Fullerton,Orange,Ca)
        - sp: Jerald Lynn SECRIST (b.16 Aug 1966-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah;m.6 Oct 1989)
          - 4. Evan Jerald SECRIST (b.29 Aug 1992-Anaheim,Orange,Ca)
          - 4. Jeremy Dallin SECRIST (b.17 Nov 1994-Anaheim,Orange,Ca)
          - 4. Taylor SECRIST (b.22 Feb 1997-Anaheim,Orange,Ca)
          - 4. Neal Austin SECRIST (b.23 Mar 2000-Anaheim,Orange,Ca)
      - 3. Lamar Glenn TAYLOR (b.6 Jun 1972-Fullerton,Orange,Ca)
        - sp: Sandra Guzman SALAZAR (b.17 Apr 1971-Mexico City,Mexico;m.15 Jul 1995(Div))
        - sp: Sharol CLIFFORD (b.3 Mar 1972-Ogden,Weber,UT;m.20 Nov 1999)
          - 4. Marc Jason McCORKLE Jr (b.26 Sep 1994-){Gogden,Weber,UT}
          - 4. Haley Brooke McCORKLE (b.31 Jan 1997-){GPlacentia,Orange,CA}
    - 3. Edward Joseph TAYLOR (b.22 Aug 1975-Garden Grove,Orange,Ca)
      - sp: Sonia Lorraine PERRY (b.10 Nov 1965-Malden,Middlesex,Mass;m.1 Jul 2000)
2. Smith Gibbons (Gibb) FROST (b.26 Feb 1942-Snowflake,Navajo,AZ;d.1 Nov 1997-Phoenix,Maricopa,AZ)
  - sp: Martha LaRelle (Laurie) LITSTER (b.9 Apr 1945-Reno,Washoe,Nevada;m.18 Dec 1969)
    - 3. Jennifer Jo FROST (b.21 Nov 1971-Winslow,Navajo,Ar)
      - sp: Jared COBIA (b.20 Sep 1972-Provo,Utah,Ut;m.30 Apr 1997)
        - 4. Jared Gibbons COBIA (b.6 Mar 1998-American Fork,Utah,Ut)
    - 3. Nathan Noble FROST (b.5 Jul 1973-Lakeside,Apache,Az)
      - sp: Elizabeth OLSEN (b.9 Sep 1973-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Ut;m.4 Mar 2000)
        - 4. Smith David FROST (b.17 Apr 2001-Las Vegas,Clark,Nevade)
    - 3. Paul Gibbons FROST (b.9 Nov 1974-Lakeside,Navajo,Az)
      - sp: Tracie Elaine SLOOP (b.18 May 1974-Boone,Watauga County,North Carolina;m.21 Dec 2000)
    - 3. Allen Robert FROST (b.18 Nov 1976-Lakeside,Navajo,Az)
      - sp: Monique BALDWIN (b.29 Nov 1975-Southfield,Wayne,Michigan;m.27 Apr 2001)
    - 3. Joel Austin FROST (b.27 Nov 1978-Lakeside,Navajo,Az)

# Descendants of Rizpah Jane (Jayne) GIBBONS

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- 3. Stephen Lister FROST (b.14 Jan 1981-Lakeside,Navajo,Az)
- 3. Laurie Jayne FROST (b.15 May 1985-Lakeside,Navajo,Az)
- 3. Jacob Smith FROST (b.26 Dec 1987-Show Low,Navajo,Arizona)
- 2. Jeffry Romel FROST (b.10 May 1946-Mc Nary,Apache,AZ)
  - sp: Patricia Dean FOWLE (b.18 Jan 1952-Fort Clayton,Panama Canal Zone,Panama;m.19 Dec 1972 (Di
  - 3. Joseph Fowle FROST (b.9 Oct 1973-Holbrook,Apache,Az)
    - sp: Nannette Lynne STRATON (b.5 Aug 1976-Las Vegas,Clark,Nevade;m.8 Aug 1998)
  - 3. Jayne Elizabeth FROST (b.29 Aug 1975)
    - sp: Kenneth Wooster SMITH (b.22 Jan 1974-Westfield,Hampston,Mass;m.22 Mar 1998)
  - 3. Marjorie (Margie) Joanne FROST (b.26 May 1977-Phoenix,Maricopa,Az)
    - sp: Derek PETERSON (b.15 Aug 1976-Independence,Montgomery,Kansas;m.19 Dec 1997)
      - 4. Jackson Derek PETERSON (b.17 Dec 1998-Glendale,Maricopa,Az)
      - 4. Joshua Steven PETERSON (b.26 Mar 2000-Glendale,Maricopa,Az)
  - 3. Jeffry Austin FROST (b.11 Mar 1980-Phoenix,Maricopa,AZ)
    - sp: Koni CRISP (b.22 Jun 1980-Provo,Utah,Ut;m.30 Jun 2001)
  - 3. Katherine Patricia FROST (b.31 Dec 1982-Phoenix,Maricopa,AZ)
    - sp: Lucy Kae BLACK (b.28 Mar 1949-El Paso,ElPaso,Tx;m.12 Jul 1986)
  - 3. Jonathan Vinson FROST (b.20 Jun 1988-Phoenix,Maricopa,AZ)

## Chapter Thirteen

### LIFE STORY OF JOSHIE LOUISA GIBBONS HARRIS

By Louisa G. Harris<sup>1</sup>  
 Commentary in Italics  
 by Karen Buswell Harris<sup>2</sup>

#### INTRODUCTION

*Joshie Louisa was the 12<sup>th</sup> child of Joshua Smith Gibbons and Nancy Louisa Noble. She was born July 29<sup>th</sup> 1917 in the family home in St. Johns, Arizona. When Nancy was pregnant with Louisa, Joshua came to her and said "Nancy be very careful in this pregnancy. We must have this baby girl." (She had lost 5 babies and had 5 miscarriages.) Joshua had also told Nancy he wouldn't live long. He died at 55 years old, 5 months before Louisa was born. Louisa's sibling closest to her age was Jayne 10 years older. Her older sister Zona almost raised her because her mother was always working. She also had 4 older brothers.*



**Baby Louisa**

#### CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

I remember my house in St. Johns. We had an old house set back in a big yard. I loved that place. Great big poplar trees lined the lane to our house. I had a great big swing in my yard and a garden. There was a pasture some distance from our house. My job was to take the cows to pasture. I did it every single day of the world. I took them early in the morning and brought them back in the afternoon and my mama and Zona milked them. We had 4 or 5 cows. They stayed in the barn all night until I took them back in the morning (after milking). We had lots of cream and butter. Mama made lots of homemade bread. There was nothing better than Mama's homemade bread. She made salt rising bread. I remember one time when she made a big batch of bread and set the loaves on the table covered with a dishtowel. We left and were gone for a little while. When we came back one of the loaves was missing. In it's place was a dime. Mama was very upset. She said that if they would have asked she would have given the loaf freely; but just to steal-she didn't like that.

We had a cellar with a door on the outside of our house. Mama stored flour there and bottled fruit and bottled vegetables and some things like potatoes, carrots and apples to keep them as long as possible. Mama was the best bean cooker. If she could afford it we got a little salt pork to flavor the beans. We lived on beans and homemade bread and when the garden was on we had fresh fruit and vegetables. For breakfast we had hot cereal most of the time. I got sick of it and don't even enjoy it today. Sometimes we were lucky to have such things as bread and gravy or rice with raisins and sugar. We were finally able to afford Corn Flakes but it was rare. One thing about Mama is she always shared her food with anyone in need. She never turned any one away even though she didn't have much for herself.

I remember the old outhouse. It was so cold in the winter. We hated going out. The worst was being constipated because we had to take senna tea. It was awful! Mama would say, "Your eyes look heavy," (meaning you look constipated). She made me take that terrible tea and it made me cramp up and I hated it.

<sup>1</sup> Quotes from Louisa Harris's journals, tape recordings and live interviews.

<sup>2</sup> Karen Buswell Harris was the editor and compiler of this history. She is a daughter-in-law of Louisa and Marion.

Every Saturday night we took a bath in the washtub. The tub was put by the stove. We heated the water on the stove for the tub. Everyone bathed in the same tub and the same water. The first person in the water had clean water. The last person had water that was thick and dirty. Your side next to the stove was scorched and your other side was cold.

*As a child she loved to read. Her mother always made sure she had good books to read. She and her mother would read together sometimes too. She loved classic novels and poetry. Some of her favorites were Little Women, and Girl of Limberlost, and Freckles, etc. Louisa always slept with her mother as a child. It was an enjoyable time together. This was a special time when Nancy would tell stories to her daughter and teach her the gospel and just talk. They loved reading novels together and taking turns reading aloud. Sometimes Louisa would be awakened in the night hearing her mother crying softly to herself. Louisa asked her what was wrong and she told her that she missed her husband. She also remembers her mother saying to her occasionally, "Joshua is here with me today."*

My favorite childhood memory is of the 4<sup>th</sup> of July in St. Johns. It was the biggest day of the year in this little town. It started at the break of day. They blew 13 cannons to represent the 13 original colonies. It was something to jar you out of bed. It scared me to death; it was loud! We got up mighty fast. It was the biggest most exciting day of the year. Even bigger than Christmas! We all got new clothes. I got a new dress and new shoes. Zona always made me a new dress. They were made out of some print with a gathered skirt. I loved these new dresses. I thought I looked better than anybody in town. I only got about one new dress a year. I was so happy. We hurried and ate breakfast and left to go to the early flag ceremony at the church. Each of us kids got a quarter. Mother put that in my hand and said, "Be careful and make sure you buy what you really want, cause you won't be getting any more." I was very careful. That little quarter lasted all day. But I spent every penny of it. I bought a homemade ice cream cone. I thought I'd died and gone to heaven to have such a good treat. I spent my time with my cousin Ruth who was my age. We ran races and played and had a heck of a time. I loved the merry go round and the teeter-totter. We stayed all day. I had other girl cousins too and we had so much fun. We bought baseball suckers and sucked on them all day. There were ball games and races and a band and singing and a parade. Everyone was chattering all the time, slapping everyone on the back and a hollerin' "Hi there neighbor!" That was the good old days. It was such a fun day. My older brothers and sisters went to dance at night. It was one glorious day. The whole town came.

Whenever I got in trouble at home, I felt so guilty and finally went to mom and said sorry and hugged and kissed her. I don't remember ever being spanked by Mama. She would sit me with my face to the corner of the wall until I could behave myself. I had lots of chores when I was a girl like dishes, mopping, dusting, laundry, cooking, sewing, and ironing. We always went to bed early because mama was so tired. She got up about 4 a.m. I had to go to bed when she did. I hated it. I wanted to stay up.

One day my new hat that I got for The 4th of July came up missing and I knew who took it. So I went to my mama and I said, "Besse Day has my hat on. I got it for the 4<sup>th</sup> of July and I want it back. It's mine!" And Mama said, "My little girl, don't you think you can learn to share with Besse?" And I said, "Not while I'm alive and breathing. I don't want to share but I guess if you tell me I have to, I can." Mama said, "I'm telling you. You let her have it for a little while. Then you walk up to her and then sweetly say to her. "If it's all right with you I'd like to have my things back now." So I did what she told me and it all turned out all right. I got it back.

Christmas was always an exciting time for me. We didn't always have a Christmas tree. Trees weren't plentiful around there, and Mama didn't have the money to buy them. On Christmas morning we got up and opened presents. There wasn't much but we were excited anyway. I always got a homemade rag doll. My sister Zona made it out of muslin and hand-stitched pretty little dresses for it. I got a little set of dishes too. We hung our own sock on the fireplace and Santa always put nuts and candy in it. The treat of the year was an orange. Mama was always able to squeeze in an orange for our Christmas. I ate it as soon as I got up and saw it. Mama said, "Wouldn't you like to save it. Don't you want to know how good it will taste after a while?" And I'd say "No, right now I'm hungry for oranges and I want to eat it right now." There is one particular Christmas I will never forget. Some time before Christmas Mama had sent for this little package. She brought the package home one day and I wanted to see in it. And she said,

"Oh, no you can't see in it." And she hid it, but I snooped until I found it and opened it and that is when I realized the little package was my Christmas gift. I secretly played with it every day. I'll never forget Christmas morning the show I had to put on to make her think I was surprised. She had gotten me just what I wanted. The girls at school had a container that looked like a peanut, a large peanut and inside of this peanut was a little baby doll. I wanted that worse than anything else in the world. I also got a little set of dishes. That is what my mama sacrificed to get me.

First grade was fun. We loved to go out and swing and jump rope. We played jacks but we didn't have the fancy jacks and ball. We played with rocks and whatever kind of a ball we could find. We had desks in our small school. As long as you did your work and you didn't sit there and giggle and make a noise the teacher was nice. But she didn't put up with no nonsense from ya. If you got out of hand she'd hit the ruler on the desk and that meant you don't do no more of that. And you didn't do no more of it either! We would get smacked if we had kept it up. They would swat you on your hands with the ruler. It never happened to me. I was a good girl then. I was a little timid. So I never did get smacked. I made good grades and always tried my best. My favorite subjects were History and English. I always walked to school. In fact we walked everywhere we went because we never did have a car.

My family called me Joshie for many years until I got teased in school because the kids made fun of my name so I hated the named Joshie. I liked my mother to call me Joshie but not the kids at school cause they said "Joshie Poshie Puddin' and pie, kissed the boys and made them cry." I'd cry about that and Mama said, "We'll just change it. We'll call you Louisa." I really liked Joshie as my name, but I couldn't stand being made fun of. But on my headstone I want Joshie Louisa Gibbons Harris because now I'm proud of my name that I was named after my father and my mother.

We moved to Alpine because Mama taught school there for 2 years. The snow was awful deep and it was extremely cold. Alpine has an elevation of over 8,000 feet. We had to walk to school in the snow and it was up the hill. My grandmother Ann Jane Peel Noble lived in Alpine. She was a little, tiny tiny woman. She wore high top shoes and wore her hair in a tight bun on the nap of her neck. She talked to herself all the time. I loved my grandma. Mama and Grandma were very close and spent a lot of time together. Grandma even lived with us for quite a while when we lived in Mesa.

*One of her memories of living in Alpine was her baptism. She was baptized at 8 years old in October of 1925. It was a very cold day because Alpine is in the high mountains (that is where her mother was raised.) She remembers being baptized in a cold irrigation ditch. She was shivering so badly. Her mother wrapped her in a big quilt and carried her home. She built a fire in the fireplace and rocked Louisa and sang to her until she was warm and fell asleep.* It was also in Alpine that I cut my little finger pumping water on the old water pump. It was cut really bad, clear to the bone. There was no medical help so it healed crooked. To this day I cannot hold my finger out straight.

Mama also taught school for two years in Eager, where my oldest brother J. Smith Gibbons was the school principal. We lived in a little, itty-bitty room in Eager. Mama bought me a saxophone while we lived there and I was really good on it. I played in a little orchestra that played in the recreation hall. I remember I wanted a baseball sucker. It cost two cents. And Mama said, "I just can't buy that for you I don't have two cents." Oh I threw a fit, so she finally gave me two cents for the baseball sucker.

When I was 11 years old Mama and Grandma Noble talked it over and decided they wanted to move to Salt Lake City. So we got our stuff together, got on the bus and went to Mesa. That was in January of 1929. Mama fell in love with Mesa because of the warm climate. So we never moved to Salt Lake. In Mesa we lived with a cousin of Mama's for a few months. Mama got a job at the Mesa Temple working in the clothing department for \$100.00 a month. She didn't make much money but she loved it. She bought three lots south of the temple on Lesueur Street. She pitched a tent on the lot and we lived in it for two years. It was so hot in the tent in the summer.

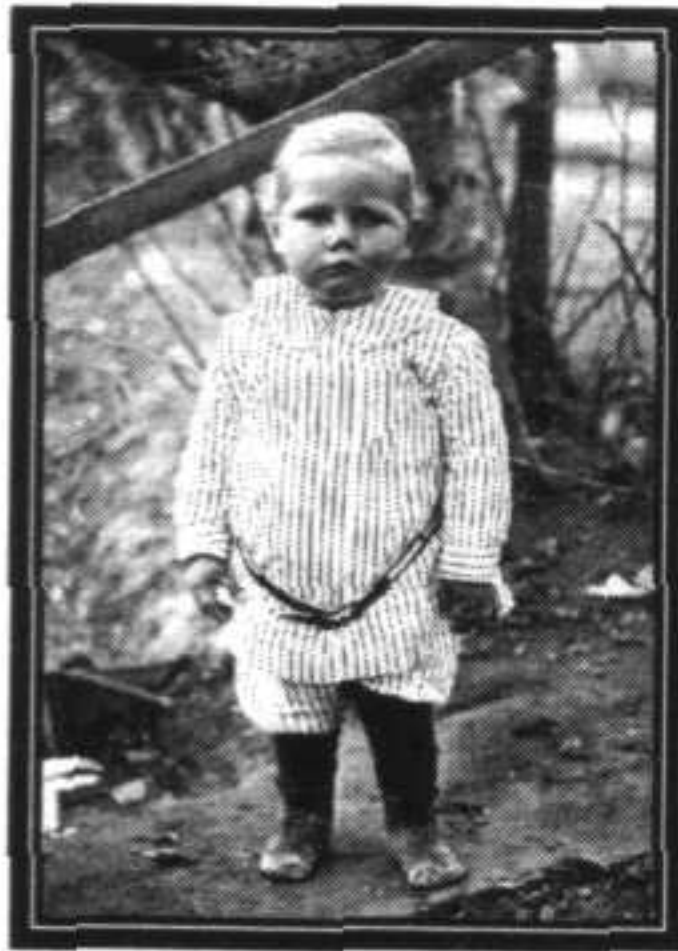
Mama worked very hard. She started at the temple at 5 am and ended at about 10pm. The temple president gave me permission to come into the temple whenever I wanted because no one was home with me. I would help mother in the temple with the temple clothes sometimes and also tend children who had come to be sealed. I also went to the temple every Saturday and was baptized for the dead.

One day while we were downtown in Mesa, I saw a sign advertising a 2-room house for \$100.00. Mama bought it and had it moved onto our lot. We had scorpions galore and got stung many times. In our little house mama and I killed 27 scorpions on one bedroom wall. We had scorpions everywhere, in our shoes, in our clothes, and on the wall. We got to where everything we picked up we shook to get the scorpions off of it. That's how it was in that little old house there. Mama was bit by a black widow spider once and was in the hospital for two weeks. A few years later, Frank Elmer, who lived next door, told her that he could make adobe and using the lumber in her existing house could build her a house for \$800.00. So he built our new home and we had a nice, warm 2-bedroom house, with water inside and an inside bathroom. This was the first time for me to have an inside toilet. It was pure heaven. To keep ourselves cool in the summer we put burlap sacks up to our window that had been soaked in water. When the wind blew through the wet burlap it helped cool us.

Along with working in the temple, Mom did genealogy. After working long hours at the temple; she came home and put her names on group sheets so they could be processed for ordinance work. To get the men's names temple work done she washed cloths for widowers and paid them 25 cents a name to do the work. I helped mom do genealogy work. The only trips I remember as a child were trips to do genealogy. We went to Logan to visit my brother "H" Gibbons and sister Zona and spent our days in the genealogical library. Mama and I also went to Los Angeles to do genealogy work. We rode the bus. It was a scary place for us--such a big city and so many strangers. All together she did and had done around 5,000 names for her kindred dead.

*While in Mesa Louisa enjoyed swimming in the summer at the Mesa pool for ten cents. She loved to swim; that is until she almost drowned and after that she was reluctant to go near water. She enjoyed her girlfriends. Her best friend was Glenda Richardson who lived across the street. They liked to swim and play ball at the park and walk down town and have parties and sleepovers.*

*When she was 14 years old she went to stay in Linden, Arizona with her sister Zona. She tells the story of when she met Marion. "While I was staying with Zona, I went to the dance there in Linden and that is where I met Marion Harris. The minute I set eyes on him I knew he was to be mine. He stole my heart away. He had on gray pants and a white shirt. He had dark brown curly hair. He'd been working hard at the sawmill so he'd built up his muscles. He was the most handsome man I'd ever seen and I said to myself that I was going to marry him someday.*



**Marion as Toddler**

*This handsome young man was Marion Smith Harris from Linden. He was born March 20, 1914 to Walter Dodd Harris and Carrie Stratton in Mesa Arizona. Marion was a husky baby boy. He weighed 14-pounds at birth. His mother passed away of cancer when he was 5 years old. His little brother Evans had died a year before that. Marion was raised for the most part by his Grandfather John Smith Harris because his father was working out of town so much. In Marion's words he said, "Grandpa cooked for me and fed me cornbread and milk every day. He gave me lots of love and took care of me. He was very nice to me." He spent his childhood years in Linden with his grandfather and attending school through the 8<sup>th</sup> grade. He also has many fond memories of spending time in Lehi where he enjoyed his Stratton cousins and his Aunt Jennie and Aunt Sarah (sisters of his mother) who took care of him and loved him. As a boy he learned to work hard in the fields and to take care of cows and mules. At 14 years of age he started working at the*

*sawmill. In interviewing his stepsister Maurine Reidhead Rogers and friend Jean Frost Gillespie, they had similar things to say about Marion. Such as, he was fun loving and quite a tease and practical joker. He was very athletic and loved to play ball. He loved any kind of board or card game. Their favorite memory of him was his dancing ability. He could really swing a girl around the dance floor. Jean remembers the fun the young people of Linden had, going to the Harris home (Walter and Peg's home) rolling back the carpet and dancing. One of the girls played the piano for them to dance to or they used a phonograph with records. They had a great time. They also said everyone loved to be around Marion. He was so fun and always pleasant. He had a calming personality. When he was 16 years old his father*

*married Peg Reidhead. He had 6 instant brothers and sisters. He had grown up with them and they were already his friends. This is about the time he met Louisa at the dance in Linden.*

*Now back to Louisa. When I was 17, he (Marion) moved in by Mama and I. Right there on Leseur St. One of my chores was to cut wood. I remember one day that, as I was cutting wood, I saw Marion walk by into a little house where his grandpa lived. I ran into the house like a streak of lightning and I said, "Oh Mama, there's that Marion Harris from Linden, and I am going to marry him." And Mama said, "Oh no you're not. You're going to college."*

*Louisa attended Mesa High School. She was in orchestra and played the violin. She also played the saxophone in the band. She even had piano lessons. They didn't have much money so she made all her own clothes. I wanted so bad to wear what the other kids did. I cried sometimes over the embarrassment I felt about my clothes. Sometimes kids made fun of me. I knew mama couldn't afford the stylish clothes so I made my own dresses. Louisa made her own clothes on an old treadle sewing machine. She learned to sew when she was about 7 years old. She not only sewed for herself when she grew up but later she sewed for her husband, children and grandchildren. Mama was very old fashioned. She expected me to keep my body covered; and that was black stockings and the whole bit. And she didn't want me to wear slacks or wear pants or anything like that. She wanted me to be in dresses. I was a rebellious teenager at that time. And I didn't go along with what Mama wanted me to do sometimes and I gave her a hard time. Maybe that is why I got paid back so much with some of my kids because I gave her such a hard time. She graduated from Mesa High School and also graduated from 4 years of seminary. She had a special privilege, because her mother worked at the temple, to take out her endowments at 17 years of age and was able to do temple work. Her mother really wanted her to graduate from college. She went to college in Tempe and a summer at Utah State in Logan. But she fell in love and got married at 18 years old. Louisa tells in her own words, We got engaged and Marion went to the mountains to work to save money for our marriage. He came back to see me so we could get married, but guess what? He said he didn't have any money. He didn't even have a buck for the marriage license. I bawled and bawled. Mama said she would give us the dollar so we could get married.*



1934—Louisa, Mesa High School Graduate, 17 years old.

### LIFE WITH MARION S. HARRIS

We were sealed in the Mesa Temple Dec. 18, 1935. The only people at our ceremony were the officiators and my dear sweet mother. When Mama was in the temple with us she wept so hard the whole time we were being sealed. I felt like I had broken her heart. I thought to myself, "I made a mistake in this. Look how my mother is suffering." But I didn't feel like I'd made a mistake; yet I hated to see my mother feel so bad. In the long run it all worked out fine because she found out that Marion was a fine, upstanding man; that he wouldn't hurt a fly much less her baby daughter. It all turned out to be a good relationship between us all. Mama didn't believe in receptions and we didn't have a dime for a honeymoon. So we stayed at Mama's that night. Mama gave us \$50.00. We bought a table and 4 chairs, a bed and dishes. Mama made a quilt for us.

After we were married, we lived in a little bedroom kitchenette in Linden, Arizona. It was a one-room house. It wasn't big, but it was cozy. Our first meal at this home was a can of chicken soup and some biscuits. We had a small wood stove to cook on and to heat the room. Mama gave us money for food until we got a job. Marion first worked in lettuce fields for \$12.00 per week.

Our days in Linden were so full of love and happiness. I was pregnant with our first baby. Linden was the good old days. It was quiet; there's not the hustle and bustle of the city and it was just a good, quiet, beautiful place. Everybody loved everybody. It was family oriented. We had a post office, and a church, and a little old store. We used to walk to the post office, which was four miles away.

Later we lived in the old Harris house, Grandpa John's home. It had two rooms and a fireplace. The people who lived there before us put up catalog pages all over the walls. We also had rats that came



1943—Marion, Linden School Bus Driver

into our house at night. They thumped their legs on the floor so loud we couldn't sleep. I was scared to death. Marion got up from bed and shot them with his 22. Marion worked for the forest service, so he was home two weeks and gone two weeks. The two weeks he was gone I stayed with my sister Arizona Flammer and her family and we made baby clothes. I always loved being with my sister because she was so good to me.

I have been thinking back to the early days of our marriage, when we lived in Linden, in a two-room log cabin with a fireplace in it. Mama bought us this little two-roomed wood house. It was right in the field where the Linden church house stood. For fun we would get together with some other couple or couples in Linden. We would

take turns going to each other's homes on Friday and Saturday nights. We would pop popcorn, make homemade candy, play cards or Monopoly and just talk and laugh. We were all close friends. We had real nice times together. Everyone brought their kids. We wouldn't stay up late and when we were done we'd gather up everything and go home and fall into bed.

On Sunday everyone in the community came to church. We had all of our meetings all at one time; we had been given permission by the church authorities because everyone was so scattered in that area. We were also given permission to socialize after church. Everyone brought a picnic lunch and we all had a great time being together. The school playground was close by to keep the kids happy.

I was so hungry for meat one day when I was pregnant with LaDonna. Marion went out and killed a jackrabbit, and I tried to cook it. I cooked it all right, but it was so tough and to make things worse, Dad Harris was there to eat. He was a fine man and knew the scriptures. He read and studied them all the time. Grandpa John Harris was the same way.

Wash day was quite a chore back there then. I washed on the washboard for many years. When living in Linden we finally got a gas washer from the store for \$20.00. I thought I was the richest woman in the world when I got that washer and had that baby and all those clothes to do. Oh boy, I was so happy I couldn't believe what a breeze wash day was. The first thing we had to do was haul water in a big water barrel. We borrowed Uncle Aut's pick up and we went to the well at Kartchner's place. We drew the water out of the well with a bucket on a rope. We put a tarp over the barrel when it was full and tied it on. Once we got home, we took the water out of the barrel by the bucket full and put the water in the wash tub. The wash tub was over a brick fire pit outside. When the water was hot we would put in the lye and it would form a scum on the top of the water that we then had to remove. Then we took the buckets of hot water to fill the washer. Then we filled two different rinse tubs with cool water from the barrel. We'd turn on the washer and put soap in and it would agitate the clothes for a few minutes. Then we'd stop it and put the clothes through the wringer, rinse it in the rinse tub, put it through the wringer again and put it in the second rinse tub and wring it again and then into a basket. Then we'd hang the clothes on a wire clothesline with clothespins. I got my wash done so much quicker than I used to with a wash board. It was a hard life back there then. Marion helped me on wash day when he was home, but sometimes I had to do it by myself. We also used the water in the barrels that we had hauled for bathing, cooking, dishes etc.

During the depression we were very poor and we ate beans three times a day with nothing but water and a little salt. Marion would kill a rabbit now and then. I got so hungry for meat. So Mama sent



me a whole slab of bacon, bless her heart. I allowed myself one slice a day. I hung it up on the outside of the house in a flour sack to keep it good. Some culprit stole the bacon. I have often said to myself, "I don't know who did that, but whoever it was I hope he didn't like it." Mama paid for that little house there in Linden and she was always sending me stamps so I would write her. She always did her best to help even though she had nothing.

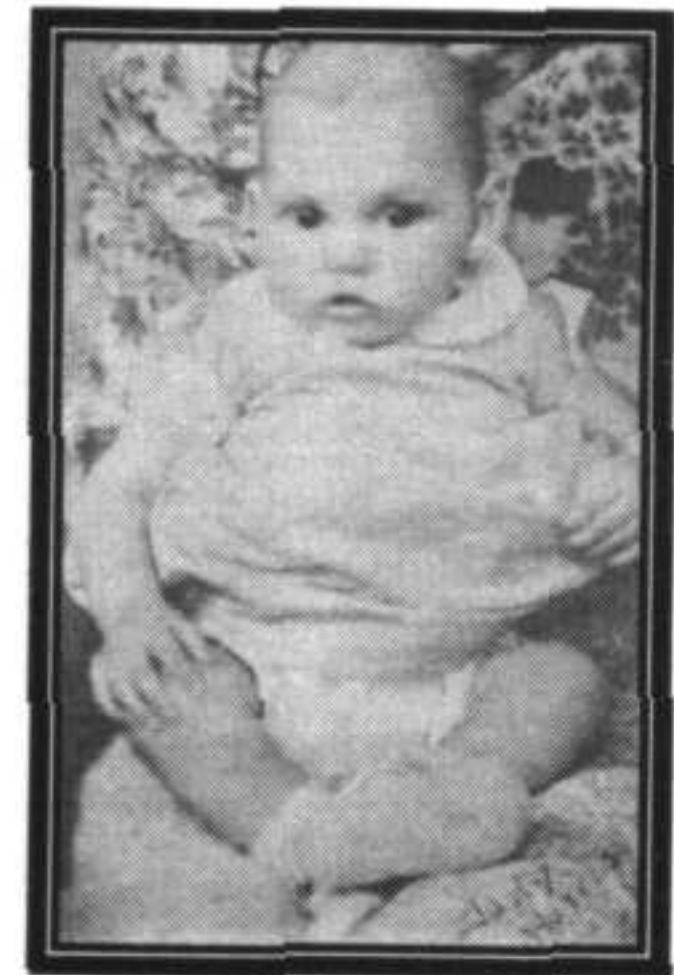
### LIFE WITH CHILDREN

I had a very hard first year of trying to have children. During my first pregnancy I was very sick and throwing up all the time. LaDonna was born Sept. 6, 1937 in Linden. The first time I saw the doctor was the day she was born. Mama was watching me have the baby; it was very difficult for her to watch me in pain. I didn't have any pain medication. Doctor Heywood was acting kind of smart and he said, "This is just like trying to pull a mosquito's mouth over an apple." And mama said firmly, "Shut your mouth and do your job!"

Soon after LaDonna was born we moved to Heber so Marion could work at the sawmill. We lived in a grainery and it was bitter cold. It had big cracks in the walls. LaDonna was a very sick baby and sick from the time she was born because the food she ate she would throw it right back up. The outlet to her stomach was closed. She could not digest her food. One day I was so worried about her that I sent Marion to Linden to get my sister Zona. He was gone for 3 days. (*He should have been back in a few hours*) The reason why is because he had fourteen flat tires because he had run over a porcupine. Each time it went flat he had to pump the old tire up with a tire pump and patch it. I did everything I could for my baby. I even went to a specialist in Tempe, Dr. Irving. They had me cook cream of wheat, but nothing helped, she threw up everything. They finally gave me paregoric and it helped her calm a little. I had to watch her die; the doctors didn't know what to do. And she died on the 27<sup>th</sup> of December, just before she was four months old. She died in Heber about 1:00 a.m. from convulsions and a high fever. We lived in a small trailer in Heber. She was buried in Linden. We had a graveside service for LaDonna. The Relief Society dressed her and made a little coffin.

Then I had Judy, my second baby. She was born November 27, 1938 in Mesa. I had her at home. Judy was the sweetest little girl, brown hair and brown eyes. She got flux; it's a bleeding of the bowels. So the doctor told us to go north and that might help her. So we moved back to Linden. Judy loved her daddy and she would hunt for him all over the place under the bed, behind the doors and everywhere. When he got home from work she would say, "There's my daddy!" She would hold on to her daddy's finger and follow him around, everywhere he went. In October or November Judy came down with whooping cough.

During this time in Linden, I was pregnant with our third baby. He was due in January. I had complications and went into labor early. I went to the hospital in Snowflake and the baby was born, but he was stillborn. When he was born he was as white as a sheet because he had lost all of his blood. He had bled to death. They weren't going to let me see him but I threw a fit so I got to see him. He was a cute little baby with waves of curls all over his head. We named him Marion Wayne. And Marion came down that day and then he took him home. Mr. Patterson made a little coffin for him and they buried him. He was born the second of December (1940) and I went home on the twelfth.



1939—Baby Judy

In the meantime, Judy had the whooping cough and Marion brought her down to see me. She couldn't come into the hospital. She stood out in the road and I looked down and she had one of these little caps on her head. I thought to myself, "When I get home I'm going to make her some cute little clothes and I'm going to do so much for her." And I was so glad to have her. I went to Zona's on the twelfth of December and Judy crawled up on my lap and she never did get down to play again. On the twenty second of December she died. I guess it was with the double pneumonia and whooping cough. It was on a Sunday morning and she was having convulsions and everyone was at church. I said to Marion, "Why don't you go up to church and get the Elders to come down and administer to her." Then we

decided we would pray first. Judy's mouth was blue from having the convulsions and she was having one and Marion knelt down and he asked the Lord to take her and relieve her of her suffering. I was praying just as hard that he wouldn't. But by the time Marion was through with the prayer she was gone. I'd say



**1940—Louisa and Marion at a time of Sorrow**

it was about ten thirty or quarter to eleven on Sunday Morning. She was such a sweet little girl. I was so sad to see her go. I had lost the baby who was born dead and her within three weeks of each other. After losing 3 babies I was very bitter and resentful, but I did not give up hope on having kids. I had 4 beautiful babies after that, Larry, Wayne, Linda and Rosemary. And they were the light of my life. When I lost my first three children, I thought the Heavenly Father didn't love me, but I know and appreciate the fact that I had 3 special spirits that didn't have to stay here on the earth, but were worthy to return to our Father in Heaven.

I had Larry in the Snowflake hospital March 22, 1942. We moved to Holbrook with him so we could see Marion more often. He moved us into the White Mountain motel. Marion had to work out of town, so

Larry and I were alone for days at a time. Marion went off to work and left a bag of beans for me to eat. Larry wouldn't eat, all he did was cry. He wouldn't drink milk. I'd rock Larry while he cried, and I would cry too. We were all alone. I don't know how I made it through. Marion was working on the railroad. I spent most of my time bawling. I felt sorry for myself. I didn't like anything or anybody at that time. I didn't have anybody in Holbrook I could depend on to help me. Then we moved to the Flying V Hotel on Highway 60. Larry was 3 or 4 months old. Marion got him a good job on the State Highway 60. I remember my loneliness when Marion was gone all the time. We lived in the boondocks.

There was hardly ever anyone to talk to.



**1950—Marion and Louisa with Linda, Wayne and Larry**

We finally moved back to Heber in March of 1944. I was pregnant with Wayne. Marion went, without my knowledge, and volunteered to go into the Army. And that was two weeks before Wayne was born. He left me stranded in Show Low to take care of Larry and Wayne there by myself. Wayne was born March 17, 1944 in Snowflake Arizona. He was born with a cleft palate – no roof in his mouth. It was a very hard time. I had to feed Wayne with a hypodermic needle that went into a tube that went into his stomach. One day he turned blue; I called in the Elders. I thought he was dead. Uncle Aut [Frost] gave him a name and a blessing, but by the time he was done, Wayne was pink. I was all by myself through all of that. Marion was only in the Army 9 months because I got him out. When he

was 6 weeks old Wayne had to have surgery in Tuscon. I stayed with Mama in Mesa. I finally went to the church and asked them to help me put him into Primary Children's Hospital in Salt Lake City. I had to come back to Arizona to take care of Larry. Wayne had to stay in that hospital for 7 months. Wayne had many operations.

When Marion came back from the Army, we settled in Mesa Arizona. Linda was born March 27, 1949. Rosemary was born December 16, 1952. Marion finally got a really good job at National Gypsum in Phoenix. He worked there for 23 years. *Louisa helped with income for most of their married life. She ironed for people, babysat, had a paper route, worked at the post office, and Lamb's shoe repair shop. Then she worked at Mesa Deseret Industries for 15 years.*



1958—LARRY & WAYNE

Marion also had many jobs over his lifetime. Some of his jobs were: working at the sawmill, milking cows, driving the school bus, working on the railroad and the Arizona highway, gas station attendant and finally getting a steady job at National Gypsum in Phoenix making wallboard. He worked there for 23 years. After retirement he worked at the DI for two years repairing small appliances. His daughter Linda recalls that at times her father

worked 2 full time jobs trying to make ends meet. Sometimes they didn't see much of their Dad. Over



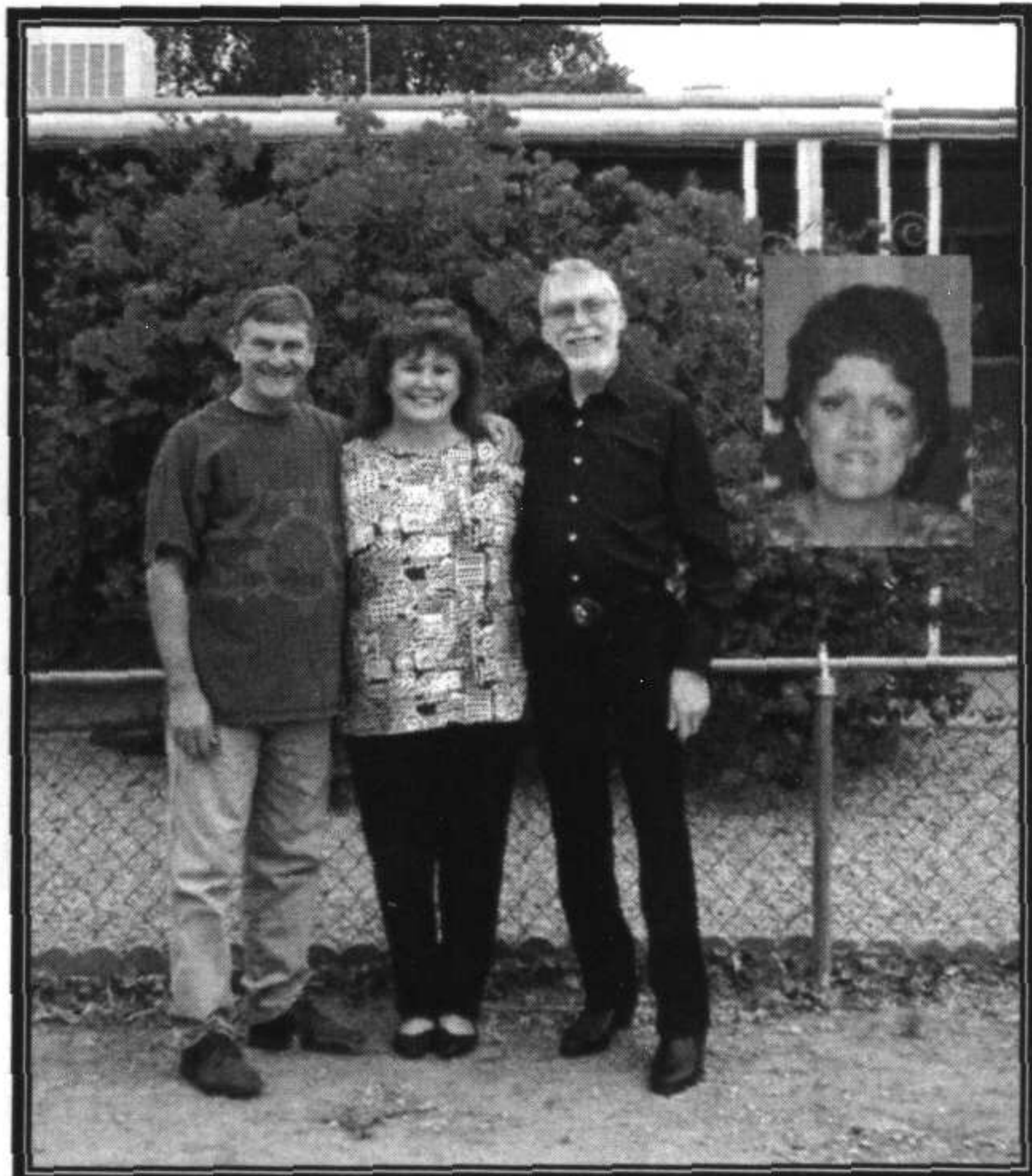
1958—ROSEMARY & LINDA

the years Marion and Louisa lived in many different places such as, Linden, Show Low, Heber, Holbrook, Kingman, Logan and Mesa. They moved within the city of Mesa several times too.

A favorite memory of all the children was their summer vacation. They took two weeks and went to Logan, Utah to stay with Aunt Zona and Uncle Hans and their family. They had such fun with their cousins. Linda remembers the fun they had going to the river and having water fights. And of course the adults loved visiting and laughing and just being together. It was a happy time for everyone. Larry's memory is that of riding to Logan from Mesa with the family in their little Volkswagen. Three kids sat in the back seat and one in the front straddled between the two front seats. They basically drove straight through only stopping for gas. They were very glad to finally reach their destination. The four children grew up and married and had children of their own. Marion and Louisa have really enjoyed their grandchildren and great grandchildren. Their daughter Rosemary died on Aug.9, 1997 of complications from a staff infection. Marion and Louisa came to West Jordan to live with their son Larry and his family on Jan. of 1999. In November of that same year Marion fell and broke his hip. During his hospital stay he developed pneumonia in his lungs and died Nov. 14 1999.

This wonderful couple had many trials but they stayed true to the gospel and to each other. They were married 63 years.

They loved their children and sacrificed everything for them. Linda's comment about what she appreciated most about her parents



1997 MESA HOME OF PARENTS  
LARRY, LINDA, WAYNE, ROSEMARY (Insert)

*was their love of the gospel. She said they never faltered. They loved the gospel and taught it to their*



**1958—LOUISA AND MARION**

*children. One thing was certain the family never missed church. Marion and Louisa were dedicated to their wards and had many callings over the years. In his later years Marion went to the Mesa Temple four or five days a week to perform one or two sessions a day. He did this for two years until his health got too bad. They both had strong testimonies of prayer and the Priesthood. In their later years, living with Larry's family, everyone was amazed at their simple faith. When Louisa couldn't find her glasses or other item that was important to her she would bow her head and say a prayer and she always got her prayer answered. Many times when Louisa was in a lot of pain she would ask her dear husband for a Priesthood blessing which he did without hesitation. She always felt*

*better. It was a special moment when one of the family members passed their bedroom and saw Grandpa with his hands on Grandma's head giving her a blessing. We love these two precious people who have loved us and given us the example of Christian living and integrity and the will to endure hard things with strong faith in God and His son. We will be forever grateful.*



**1997—MARION (83) AND LOUISA (80) AT THEIR MESA HOME  
♥♥♥OUR BELOVED PARENTS AND GRANDPARENTS♥♥♥**



1. Joshie Louisa GIBBONS (b.29 Jul 1917-St.Johns,Apache,Arizona)

sp: Marion Smith HARRIS (b.20 Mar 1914-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona;m.18 Dec 1935;d.14 Nov 1999-Sandy,Salt Lake,Utah)

- 2. LaDonna HARRIS (b.6 Sep 1937-Linden,Navajo,Arizona;d.27 Dec 1937-Linden,Navajo,Arizona)
- 2. Judith HARRIS (b.27 Nov 1938-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona;d.22 Dec 1940-Linden,Navajo,Arizona)
- 2. Marion Wayne HARRIS (b.2 Dec 1940-Snowflake,Navajo,Arizona;d.2 Dec 1940-Snowflake,Navajo,Arizona)
- 2. Larry Walter HARRIS (b.22 Mar 1942-Snowflake,Navajo,Arizona)

sp: Karen BUSWELL (b.8 Jan 1948-Portland,Multnomah,Oregon;m.31 Jan 1969)

- 3. Aimee HARRIS (b.11 Nov 1969-Ogden,Weber,Utah)
  - sp: Rick Ray RADDON (b.25 Oct 1969-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah;m.8 Apr 1995)
    - 4. Ashlyn Rae RADDON (b.23 Aug 1998-Murray,Salt Lake,Utah)
    - 4. Austin Rick RADDON (b.19 Sep 2001-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah.)
- 3. Jennifer HARRIS (b.20 Jun 1972-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah.)
  - sp: Troy Church LANGSTON (b.7 Jul 1972-Provo,Utah,Utah;m.19 Nov 1993)
    - 4. Haden Church LANGSTON (b.18 Nov 1995-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
    - 4. Andrew Harris LANGSTON (b.17 Mar 1998-Ogden,Weber,Utah)
- 3. Daniel Larry HARRIS (b.17 Sep 1974-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
  - sp: Heather Lynn MILLER (b.5 Dec 1974-Whitter,Los Angeles,California;m.27 Jun 1998)
- 3. Jason Don HARRIS (b.13 Mar 1976-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
- 3. Anne HARRIS (b.29 Jul 1978-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
- 3. Rebecca HARRIS (b.2 Oct 1980-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)
- 3. Mitchell Andrew HARRIS (b.12 Jan 1984-West Jordan,Salt Lake,Utah)

— 2. Wayne Smith HARRIS (b.17 Mar 1944-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona)

sp: Francis Rene' WAGNER (b.10 Feb 1942;m.14 Jul 1967(Div))

- 3. Russell Wayne HARRIS (b.22 Mar 1969-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona)
  - sp: Michelle Leighanne BEFFRE (b.30 Apr 1971-Clover City,Orange,California;m.25 Apr 1998)
    - 4. Jeremy Russell HARRIS (b.12 Feb 1999-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona)

sp: Marsha Kay PERRY (b.26 Jun-Logan,Cache,Utah;m.(Div))

— 2. Linda HARRIS (b.27 Mar 1949-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona)

sp: Walter Gill BARNETT (b.14 Nov 1941-Bakersfield,Kern,California;m.1 Jul 1968(Div);d.Mar 2001-.,Washington)

- 3. Michelle BARNETT (b.27 Mar 1969-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona)
  - sp: Michael BAILEY (b.9 Jun 1961-Phoenix,Maricopa,Arizona;m.2 Jul 1994)
    - 4. Jessica Ann BAILEY (b.29 Mar 1995-Pendleton,Umatilla,Oregon)
    - 4. Sarah Rae BAILEY (b.8 Jul 1997-Bend,Deschutes,Oregon)
    - 4. Shawn Michael BAILEY (b.13 Jan 2001-Bend,Deschutes,Oregon)
- 3. Walter Ben BARNETT (b.10 Aug 1971-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona)
  - sp: Monique Ann DEMERY (b.26 Jan 1976;m.31 Mar 1995(Div))
    - 4. Logan James BARNETT (b.14 Oct 1995-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona)
    - 4. Joshua Ben BARNETT (b.9 Apr 1998-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona)
  - sp: Julie Christen RODGERS (m.24 Apr 1999)
- 3. Cari BARNETT (b.30 Aug 1972-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona)
  - sp: Lamont Cole ARMSTRONG (b.26 Jan 1963-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona;m.18 Sep 1993)
    - 4. Sierra Michelle ARMSTRONG (b.26 Jul 1996-Cortez,Montezuma,Colorado)
    - 4. Maranda Lynn ARMSTRONG (b.12 Jun 1998-Cortez,Montezuma,Colorado)
    - 4. Levi Seth ARMSTRONG (b.7 Aug 2001-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona)
- 3. Rebecca BARNETT (b.10 Feb 1975-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona)
  - sp: Todd Neal RENSLOW (b.12 Mar 1991-Apple Valley,.,California;m.25 May 1991)
    - 4. Zachary Neal RENSLOW (b.21 Nov 1991-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona)
    - 4. Savanah Nicole RENSLOW (b.18 Aug 1994-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona)
    - 4. Austin Cole RENSLOW (b.16 Jul 1998-Boise,Ada,Idaho)
  - sp: Kenneth James GOODWIN (b.26 Jun 1946;m.15 Feb 1985(Div))
    - 3. Lynnda Lorraine GOODWIN (b.29 Oct 1985-Phoenix,Maricopa,Arizona)

— 2. Rosemary HARRIS (b.16 Dec 1952-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona;d.9 Aug 1997-Champion,Chase,Nebraska)

sp: William Bruce KENNISON (m.(Div))

- 3. LaDonna KENNISON (b.Dec 1972-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona;d.12 May 1973-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona)

# Descendants of Joshie Louisa GIBBONS

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sp: Archie Blake LAMB (b.20 Oct 1952-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona;m.20 Jul 1973(Div))

— 3. Archie Blake LAMB (b.21 Apr 1974-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona)

sp: Trish LEWIS (m.Mar 1993(Div))

— 4. Eric Ray LAMB (b.28 Aug 1993-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona)

— 4. Jacob Aaron LAMB (b.7 Sep 1994-Andrews,Andrews,Texas)

sp: Vickie LAWSON (m.28 Dec 1996)

— 3. Nancy Louise LAMB (b.13 Oct 1975-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona;d.12 Jan 1999-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona)

sp: Andrew EYNON

— 4. Andrew David EYNON Jr. (b.6 May 1996-Mesa,Maricopa,Arizona)

sp: Paul THORUM (b.20 Nov 1946-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah;m.Mar 1982(Div))

sp: Michael Lee MAST (b.23 Nov 1954-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah;m.10 Aug 1984(Div))

— 3. Michael Lee MAST Jr. (b.4 May 1985-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)

— 3. David Marion MAST (b.10 Mar 1986-Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah)