

HALLS
OF
FAME

Halls of Fame

Ott & Ethel

for giving us life - and love

David Gordon Ames

Achievement in Scouting

Jennifer Ames

Volunteer in Argentina

Andrea Nilsson

Quilter

Rebecca Francis Argent

Shares her talent

Kathy Eller & Nancy Eller Andrew

Festival of Trees and
Salt Lake Olympic Games 2002 Volunteers

The Eller Family

The Salt Lake City Marathons

Michael Curtis Johnson

Medical Degrees

Murray Brian Johnson

and Family survive "Ivan"

Kathleen "Katy" King

Volunteer in India

Parker Andrew King

Volunter in Mozambique, Africa

James and Brian Kinniburgh

Lung Transplant Survivors

Megan Nelson Wooden

2007 Salt Lake City Marathon

David Ames Chief Scout and Eagle Scout

David Ames has the rare, if not unique, accomplishment of having earned both his Chief Scout Award and Eagle Scout Award - each the highest awards in Boy Scouting of Canada and the United States. While these awards are not significant enough on their own, we don't know if it has ever been done before to earn both. David's entire Scouting career was an international experience as his family lived in several countries.

He began in Canada as a Beaver, participated in Cub Scouts in Canada, U.S.A. and Venezuela and Boy Scouts in Canada and Argentina. He camped and hiked in the Rockies of Alberta, the Andes of Ecuador, the shores of Bear Lake in Utah, and the Patagonia and Cordoba of Argentina. He learned the signs of the night sky in both hemispheres and can recognize the North Star and Southern Cross.

His Eagle Scout project consisted of renovating a room in a school in a slum neighbourhood in Buenos Aires and after scrubbing and painting walls and building shelves, it was reformed from a grungy storage room into a usable classroom. Other service projects included food bank drives in Calgary and clean beach projects in Canada and Argentina.

While there was some overlap in the programs and requirements of both organizations, there was a lot of difference, too. David moved through the ranks of Boy Scouts of America while living in Argentina, and completed the Scouts Canada requirements as a lone scout. He earned more than the minimum required merit badges in each program, and wears the Interpreter patch on each uniform to indicate his ability to speak Spanish. He organized activities and service projects with an Argentine Scout Troop where the boys were able to practice their language skills. His Citizenship of the World badge is particularly meaningful to him.

Jennifer Ames - Volunteer High School Service

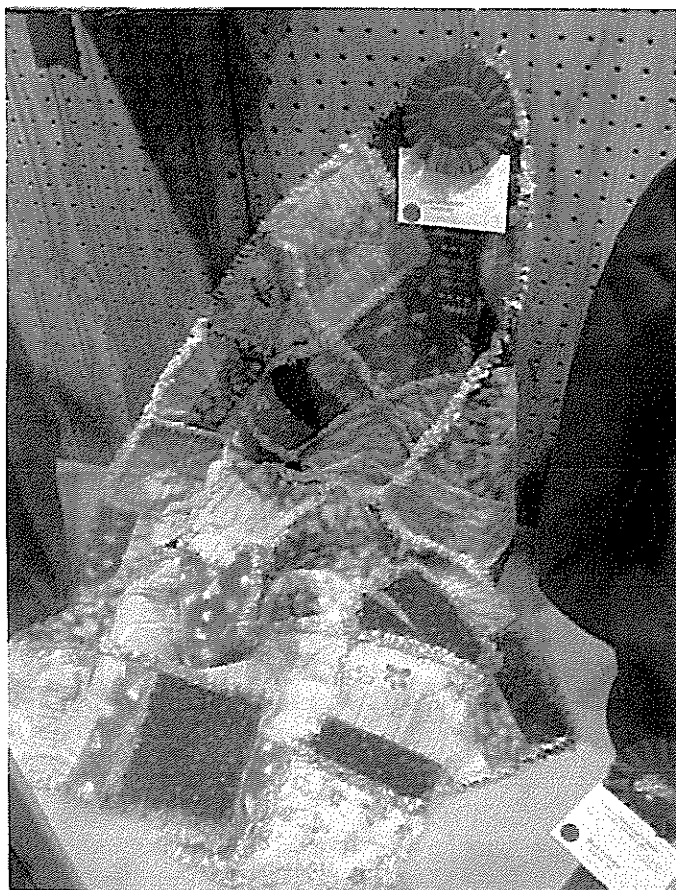
In the fall of 2003, I participated in the annual service trip with my High School in Buenos Aires, Argentina, to the northern province of Chaco. There we distributed truckloads of donated food, clothing, and household items. We played with children and began the construction of the first school in the area. We first dug a foundation, mixed cement, and then laid bricks. In the evenings we returned, exhausted, to eat unusual food and sleep on a gym floor. It was a great experience for me to give service and build friendships, as well as walls. However, upon our return the following year, I was impressed by the significant impact our service had made in the lives of others.

The most moving experience was attending the opening ceremony, in Spanish, of the school we had begun to construct last year. Only a few of us who had been there the year before, were able to return again. The local teacher spoke, expressing appreciation to us because children in that community, now had the opportunity to attend school. We listened to a fifteen year old student read, in his own words, a simple statement of gratitude. This was the first year he was able to attend school, and he was proud of his accomplishments in learning to read and write.

A priest then read my favourite scripture: Matthew 5:16 - "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see you good works, and glorify you Father which is in Heaven". I was overcome with gratitude for my own education, and thankful that someone less fortunate benefited from a small commitment on my part.

Andrea Nilsson - Achievements in Quilting and Designs

The Calgary Stampede and Exhibition has one large building for the display of various items people have made the past year. These items can be crafts, sewing articles, paintings, needlework, baking, etc.



Andrea had taken classes at school that taught her to sew. Because of her new found talent and expertise, her grandparents Nilsson gave her a sewing machine. She became interested in quilt making (perhaps an inherited talent) and thought that quilting couldn't be much more difficult than regular sewing.

She designed and made a delightful baby crib quilt which she entered in the Exhibition in 2005. She won first prize. Then in 2006, she made another, entering it also. Again, she won the first prize. That was quite an achievement for a teenager.

Andrea is planning to design more quilts and pursue this talent in which she is so gifted.

(From the editor) Andrea's great grandmother (Ethel) and great greatgrandmother (Sarah Jane Holmes) were both

accomplished quilters, as were three of her great aunts, Usona, Reta and Olive. It's in the genes, may she continue to excel.

Beky Argent at Carnegie Hall

April 2001

My experience performing in Carnegie Hall, New York, was quite an adventure. I don't think I was fully prepared for how incredible it would be.

The "Take Note" Jazz Choir at Lindsay Thurber Comprehensive High School was invited to perform at a Tribute Concert to Louis Armstrong, along with other jazz groups from around the continent, under the direction of Phil Matson, a renowned jazz composer and director. Our own director, Lisa Fielder, was a good friend with Phil, and our choir was to be one of the featured performances.

New York City was large than life! The people were surprisingly very friendly, especially when they found out we were from Canada. There were many highlights of the trip for me; the boat tour around the Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building, Central Park, the food, the Shopping. But of course, the main highlight was performing in Carnegie Hall. I will never forget the first time I walked out on that stage for a rehearsal, it was like something out of a dream. The hall was absolutely stunning, it was the largest theatre setting I had ever been in, up to that point. The seats were covered in what looked like burgandy velvet, and the entire hall was accented with beautiful, ornate gold trim.

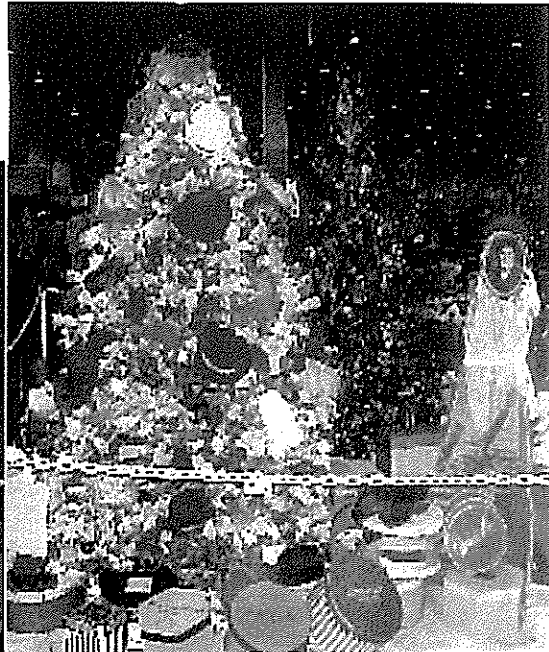
The evening performance went very well. There were about ten groups performing, ours was the 4th. We performed the songs "Lazy River, "both Sides Now", and "Country Dances". I had a piano solo in "Lazy River" and remember being so nervous about it, but afterwards everyone clapped for me. It was very exciting! We also performed a few songs together as an ensemble, "What a Wonderful World", and "Mack the Knife". It was a very fun evening but what made it especially memorable was that my Mother and Nana were both there for the performance. I remember looking for them in the audience, they were sitting on the first balcony in the very front row.

It was a once in a lifetime opportunity and the most prestigious performance I have ever participated in. It took a lot of hard work and sacrifice, not just on my part, but my family as well. But it was well worth it! Nana once told me, when I was first taking piano lessons, that she would love, to one day, see me perform at Carnegie Hall; I'm glad I was able to fulfill that dream for her.

The Festival of Trees

This long standing tradition began as a humble 60 tree display and has grown to a *Christmas Spectacular* with more than 500 unique trees. Trees are sold to the highest bidder and all proceeds go the *Primary Children's Medical Center*. Kathy began contributing her *Decorated Trees* in 1997.

Nancy and her daughters helped Kathy and have continued the yearly tradition of a decorated tree for the *Festival*.



An article in the November 30, 2005 Morning News provided an interesting article about the "Festival of Trees". Below is one of the stories:

Kathy Eller loved her ninth-grade English students so much that even as she battled cancer - she never missed a day of school. She collected old hats and the distinctive hat boxes that stored them.

And every year she decorated a tree for Festival of Trees, to raise money for Primary Children's Medical Center. Her last tree was part of the festival last December, the month she died of leukemia.

She has a tree this year, too, "Hats off to Kathy", fancifully decorated this time by her family, replete with her hat boxes and hats, her picture prominently displayed at the side.



"The Pooh Tree"
1997



"The M & M Tree"
2006

Salt Lake City Olympic Winter Games 2002

Nancy Eller Andrew

In the summer of 2001 Utahns were given a chance to sign up to be volunteers at the 2002 Winter Olympics. Kathy and I both signed up immediately. The organizing committee for the Olympics would soon start the training of the volunteers. We had to complete a survey listing our talents and abilities. From this survey the organizing committee could assign people to the volunteer site that made the most sense for each person. I was assigned to sew costumes for the performers for the opening and closing ceremonies. But they also needed someone immediately to help coordinate the Torch Relay. I volunteered, even though this position demanded much more of a time commitment than many other positions. I started in September and volunteered two nights per week and half a day Fridays. I was one of four volunteers who worked alongside the three paid staff members from the organizing committee.

Coca Cola and Chevrolet were the two sponsors for the Torch Relay. They invited citizens from all States to nominate Torch Runners by submitting a short essay. They had already selected the winners by the time I started working for the Relay. Our job, as volunteers, was to call the winners and let them know that they had been selected! Can you imagine a more enjoyable job? Coke and Chevy had already informed most of the runners, but since there were 18,000 participants, there were many more for us to contact. Each runner had an alternate and a support runner. We had to get their sizes and ensure that each runner had the correct uniform. So there was a lot of coordination to be done.

Among those who were nominated were politicians, celebrities, military personnel, people with disabilities, cancer survivors, educators, law enforcement, and everyday heroes. The oldest runner was 102 years, 11 months. There were torch bearers who were blind, some who were very ill at the time, others who were survivors, old and young. I personally spoke to Aretha Franklin about her assigned segment of the race. I was able to tell many people that they had been selected. Almost every day I would cry along with the person on the other end of the phone. It was an exciting and emotional time. I accepted a call from a hospital telling me that the assigned Torch Runner had died. I made arrangements for another 'runner' to be transported from a hospital by ambulance to the running site, then back to the hospital. That runner was being released only for an hour! I heard family members screaming in the background as I told the runner that they had been selected, then they in turn, told their family members. I had one phone call where the runner thought someone was joking with him, he had to call us back to make sure it was real, that he was actually selected.

The Torch Bearers used many means to carry the Torch, from train, bikes, wheelchairs, pony express, boats, dogsled, skating and hiking. One Torch Bearer took the torch across the Delaware River in a boat full of Revolutionary War re-enactors. One man ran with the torch at the Pentagon. His 11 year old son had been on the airplane that crashed on 9/11 at the Pentagon. Native Alaskan's took the torch across a river in Alaska in a canoe. Others carried the torch over unpaved hiking trails. One runner carried the torch across a hot springs pool. Some participants only had to carry the torch 2/10 of a mile. The torch was carried 13,500 miles over 46 States in 65 days.

In Utah the torch was carried by celebrities Steve Young, Donny and Marie Osmond, Karl Malone, John Stockton, Prince Albert of Monaco, Neal A. Maxwell, Thomas S. Monson, Gordon B. Hinckley, and KATHY ELLER.

When we found that we were short several runners for areas in Utah, I was sitting right next to the Chevrolet representative. I asked if I could hurry and nominate someone. She said there wasn't time, and asked me to just tell her about my nominee. When I told her that my sister was a cancer survivor and had never missed a day of teaching her ninth grade English class, she agreed she should run the torch. I was so excited, the Chevy representative told me that I could tell Kathy myself. So rather than just call her with the news, I decided to make things more exciting. I called her principal at school and received permission to go to the school and make an announcement. Dad, Mom, my daughters, nieces, and I went to the school together with a movie camera. I made the announcement over the public address system, while they filmed her reaction. I said, "On behalf of Chevrolet and the Olympic Organizing Committee, it is my privilege to announce that Kathy Eller has been selected as an Olympic Torch Bearer." Her students, the faculty and staff started clapping, yelling, and she was stunned. It was a great day!

On Friday, February 2nd, Kathy was decked out in her white and blue uniform. She traveled ahead of the torch runners in a special support van. The support van stopped at a corner where Kathy got out of the van and waited for the runner. Her family, friends and students were waiting for her down the street. I was the only one at the corner, trying to take pictures of her lighting the torch. She had a huge smile on her face as she waited. She did not see me. Once her torch was lit and she was turning to run, with all the sisterly love I had, I yelled, "Don't trip!" She turned to look at me, nodded in acknowledgment. She didn't have to run far and she didn't have to run fast. But the torch was quite heavy, for this reason there was a support runner with her whose job was to ensure that Kathy didn't drop the torch. Her support runner, Jacki Andrew, wanted Kathy to have her five minutes of fame and would quite often support the torch while her family took pictures, too. Kathy passed her family's many signs and shouts and had a great time. She passed on the flame successfully.

Afterwards, Kathy was surprised at all the people who were there for her. My daughter, Cadie had flown in from Washington just to be there for Kathy's Torch Run. Also her cousin, Marianne, came from Calgary. Many strangers came up to Kathy for autographs, pictures, congratulations and just to have the honor of holding the torch. Kathy was very deserving of running that flame and none of us will ever forget that special day.

SALT LAKE CITY WINTER OLYMPIC GAMES 2002

The 2002 Winter Olympics, officially known as the XIX Olympic Winter Games, with the theme slogan "LIGHT THE FIRE WITHIN", were celebrated in Salt Lake City, Utah. Salt Lake City was selected as the host city on June 16, 1995 at the 104th IOC Session in Budapest. Olympic venues were scattered around Salt Lake City, as well as in the mountains at Park City, Ogden, Provo, Kearns and West Valley City.

However, the most significant event to many people, was on Redwood Road between 4400 and 4600 South, where Kathryn Eller proudly carried the Olympic Torch. Her sister, Nancy had submitted Kathy's name, stressing that Kathy had been valiantly fighting bone cancer, but was so dedicated to teaching that she seldom missed a day of school. See the previous page, by Nancy, relating the circumstances concerning Kathy's nomination and the announcement.



To quote Mitt Romney, the President and CEO of the Salt Lake Organizing Committee, in his letter of appreciation to Kathy,

"When the caldron was lit on February 8th at the Opening Ceremony for the Salt Lake 2002 Olympic Winter Games, you were one of the chosen few to have a personal connection with the Olympic Flame as it traveled from Olympia, Greece to Salt Lake City, Utah".

It was a very special day for Kathy and for family and friends who gathered on Redwood Road to cheer her on.

Now the Torch is safely installed in the Eller household curio cabinet, along with other Olympic treasures.

The 2006 Salt Lake City Marathon The Eller Family

Steven, Brynn, Ralene, Cadie, Jacki, Kristen, Mitch, Samantha and McKenzie all participated in the Salt Lake City Marathon, 5K and one mile. Steven and Brynn endured the 26.2 miles. Ralene, Cadie, Jacki, Kristen and Mitch made it through the 5 kilometers and Sam and McKenzie ran the mile. We were proud of them all, especially Steven and Brynn who must have started feeling the pain at about mile 8. We remember last year when Steven struggled past the finish line and had to be taken in a wheelchair to the medical facility. One year of dedicated preparation was well worth the effort.

We went to various areas where the runners would be passing to show our support, we held signs, whistled, applauded and shouted our encouragement. Rachel held a sign stating "That's my Dad!" For the participants who wore the blue shirts, acknowledging their fund raising for The Huntsman Cancer Center, there was a poster "Our Hometown Heroes".

At the finish line we cheered for each of "our team" as they valiantly crossed it. We were proud that they succeeded, not only in the run but by supporting the Huntsman Cancer Center. They wore tags on their back acknowledging that they were running for "Aunt Kathy" and "Uncle Kim", both of whom had lost their lives to that terrible disease.

In spite of aching limbs, sunburns and swollen feet they determined that next year (2007) they would compete again.

Another example of fortitude was shown by Megan Nelson Woodin, Cecily's daughter. Even while battling melanoma she ran the Half Marathon and finished. She gave credit to the exercise and diet regimen she has been undergoing. Evidently it has been successful.



Cadie
Brynn
Steven

2007
at the
finish

Running for the Cure

Steven Eller

There had been several times in my life when I thought of running a Marathon. On a couple of occasions I even got as far as purchasing some new shoes, and a new pair of shorts. But, the running did not last long, if it was started at all. Around the house my running shoes became known as my 'painting shoes' because I did more painting in them than I did running.

It wasn't until my older sister, Kathy, died of LEUKEMIA, that I was prompted to make a visit to the HUNTSMAN CANCER INSTITUTE. I wanted to become involved in the pursuit of treatment and cure for cancer. I was given a tour of the Institute and was very impressed, and knew that Kathy would have liked to have been involved. They told me that Huntsman was the official charity of THE SALT LAKE MARATHON. That was the way I could be involved in a worthy cause. That also meant I needed to buy some more shoes and shorts!

This was the beginning of January 2005 and the Marathon was being held in the middle of April, that didn't leave me much time to prepare. I hadn't seriously run for twenty years, but I began preparing immediately and realized that I could not run around my block without stopping for a minute or so. I had to go from that to 26.2 miles in a little less than four months. It was just a matter of going a little bit farther every day. I did manage by the end of March, to get to 18 miles. When I increased mileage too quickly my left knee began to give me trouble. I was not as young as I used to be and my body didn't like the pressure I was putting it under. I went to the doctor, he suggested that I stay off of it, that running a marathon wouldn't probably be the best choice. By this time I had managed to raise \$2,300.00 and felt that not running the marathon was not an option.

The day of THE MARATHON came, I made it 8 miles, running, the rest of the race was a mixture of walking, hobbling, leg dragging misery, but I finished in 5 hours and 58 minutes! Two minutes under the cut off time for the finishers! When I got to the finish line I made the mistake of sitting down in a chair, not far from the finish line. After being there 5 minutes, Ralene (my wife) found me. I was unable to go from sitting to standing. Help was summoned, and I was taken to the medical tent in a wheelchair where I lay in agony, until they kicked me out because they were taking the tent down. They lanced the blood blisters under my toenails and iced my knee, gave me a pair of crutches, and sent me off into the sunset to be dragged into my car. I was then taken home to be taken care of for the next two days, while I recovered from this memorable run.

Looking back on it now, running (hobbling?) that MARATHON might not have been the best physical choice, but I am glad I did it. It is now February, 2008, and I will be running my fourth MARATHON in April and will again be raising money for the HUNTSMAN CANCER INSTITUTE. I ran my last Marathon in 4 hours, 4 minutes, which is 5 minutes longer than I wanted, but significantly better than my first run. So this year, again, I am going for a time under 4 hours. I hope I don't see an end to this for many years to come. I wish I had started running earlier and I wish it didn't take the death of a loved one for me to become involved in such a worthy cause.

Michael Curtis Johnson

In 1993 Michael graduated from the Taber High School, was the Valedictorian and was the recipient of many scholarships and awards. He then attended the University of Alberta for one year in the Bachelor of Science field. He took time off for two years from the University to serve as a missionary in the North Carolina Mission. After an honourable mission, he returned to the University.

In 1997 he was married to Lela Zobell, they lived in Edmonton where he returned to the Bachelor of Science Department. After three years he was granted an early degree, Bachelor of Science, based on his academic achievement.

Michael then spent four years in the Faculty of Medicine and graduated in 2002. He then began residency in Opthamology at the Royal Alexandria Hospital and completed it in 2007. He passed the certification exams and was accepted for a fellowship in Neuro-Opthamology at the University of Iowa. He plans to return with his family of three children to Alberta to begin practice in the spring of 2008.

He has studied long and hard for his degrees of M.D. and TRCS(C)

The Storm "IVAN"
by Murray Johnson, Cayman Island
2004

My wife, Ginny and I, along with Hannah and our two oldest Caymanian grand kids (Craig and Peyton who were 10 and 8 at the time) decided to stick out the storm in our condo. The Island has hurricane shelter space for about 4,000 of the 50,000 inhabitants. As we found out later, these shelters were no more hurricane-proof than anywhere else. A few thousand people evacuated the island. One of the large law firms here, with over 150 lawyers, and offices also in London, New York and Hong Kong evacuated their staff and families with a leased Boeing 747. Our landing strip isn't long enough for a 747 so it was very exciting. This same law firm, one of the largest and richest in the world, once spent two million dollars on a retirement party for one of its partners.

Hurricane Ivan struck on a Saturday afternoon. The power had already been turned off, Island wide, as a precaution. This blackout combined with the boarded-up windows, made things a little eerie. We started out in the downstairs bathroom with a mattress over us to protect us from falling structures. Floodwaters began coming in rapidly. We had not anticipated this. The water was already a foot deep by the time we could make it to the stairway. We stayed on that stairway, in the dark, with a mattress on top of us for the next 40 hours. We could hear our roof coming off upstairs, even though the bedroom doors were closed and locked. Many times I thought those doors were going to implode or explode as they were vibrating furiously. We had no food (now under water), no access to a bathroom and only a flashlight to watch our possessions floating in four feet of water below us. We could not communicate with each other because of the noise - comparable to being near a jet taking off. On Monday morning I could peer around the stairwell and see the waves in our front yard through the half-circle window, near the top of our front door.



When the storm subsided and we ventured out, the scene was shocking. Every tree was denuded. Most trees over six feet tall had been downed. All of our royal palms had fallen, one barely missed the house, but took the rear bumper off a car in our driveway. Bushes and hedges had disappeared and our yard was full of debris - six feet deep. Toilets, chesterfields, water heaters, bathtubs, walls, roofs were piled high. I walked a couple of blocks to the home of a family I was home teaching. It was abandoned. I started walking down the main highway toward my in-laws. The road was torn to pieces and strewn with debris, even homes and parts of homes. Huge trees with root systems thirty feet across had been uprooted and thrown around and piled like toothpicks. Less than half a mile from where we live, Mariner's Cove, a development of 52 story units, on the water, was gone. All that was left were 52 cement slabs. It looked like a giant hand had just swept the property clean.

My father-in-law and mother-in-law had lost over two thirds of the roof of their house, although they had sustained only moderate flood damage. Having no roof or ceiling when it is raining, causes extensive damage, however. The bedroom portion of their home had lost all of the roof, not a beam or joist remained, just open space to a menacing sky. A neighbor was changing a tire on his pickup. A 2x4 about six feet long with flat ends had penetrated the outside, then the inside wall of the new, heavy-duty tire on that new truck. That piece of lumber had to have been really moving to pass through a tire wall, twice, with a blunt end. The estimated top sustained winds during Ivan were almost 300 mph. Blades of grass had penetrated tree trunks.

NASA's satellite had temporarily lost sight of Grand Cayman as the whole Island was under water. The highest point on the Island is 40 feet above sea level but the vast majority of land is less than ten feet above sea level. Instruments on the ocean floor estimated wave heights of over 120 feet.

The worst part of the hurricane was the recovery. We were without power for almost five months. We had no running water for four months. We had no landline telephone for over seven months. We had one inhabitable room in our condo, our master bedroom. Try to imagine how unbearable it was. We had to open our windows as we had no air conditioning or fans. The temperatures were in the 90's with a 95% relative humidity. We could not bathe or wash bedding or clothes. It was impossible to sleep or be comfortable. With the windows open we smelled the refuse and decay. the Old Prospect Cemetery is few hundred yards upwind of us. All bodies in the Caymans are buried above ground and most had been disinterred by the hurricane.

Our salvation came in the form of an offer from Ginny's boss, who lives in Bermuda, to use his condo here on Seven Mile Beach, the posh area. It is a second floor unit in a four story complex and had sustained very little damage. We had no phone or water or power, but we were dry. We were on the beach so we could bathe in the ocean. All of the supermarkets on the island, save one, had been totally destroyed. People lined up for hours for the opportunity to spend a maximum of fifty dollars for food. Unless you had a BBQ that you had stored upstairs in your home, you had no way to cook the food, and noone had a refrigerator or electricity to store it. ATM's and banks were not operating. No businesses were operating and when they eventually did, checks and credit cards could not be accepted. Cash was King! I lived on stored body fat for a couple of months and lost 35 pounds. Obesity has it merits.

Looting had begun immediately after the storm abated. The British Royal

Navy sent armed sailors to assist the police in protecting property and curfews were enacted. Interestingly, liquor stores were the first targets.

As a hospital employee, I was considered part of essential services and was expected to somehow get myself to work. Our two cars and my motorcycle were totally ruined.

The rebuilding of our condo involved a new roof, new dry walling, new floors, new electrical wiring and air conditioning and new cupboards, new appliances, etc. We still have "distressed look" furniture, which seems to be acceptable. I'll bet we are the only people on the Island that still have their pre Ivan furniture. Solid wood is the way to go. We have oiled and polished it several times. It is slightly warped and bent but it serves us well.

There are incredible stories of survival - many have been published. People who were in their attics had to cut through onto their roofs as the water rose. A pharmacist gal, who I work with, is married to a police sergeant, they had to jump from their roof with their small children into the back of a dump truck, which miraculously made it to them, thanks to his police radio. Another fellow worker fell through the eaves of his attic into the water outside but somehow made it to his neighbour. Boats, cars and homes were piled on top of each other like smashed toys. Virtually all of the Island's vehicles which had comprehensive insurance (approximately 15,000) were written off and shipped to Cuba. I'm sure that today they are taxiing tourists all over Havana.



The Cayman Islands experienced a strong earthquake a few weeks after Hurricane Ivan. The whole Island swayed for twenty minutes and nobody could maintain their balance. It was very strange. The Island is the tip of an over mile-high undersea mountain and we are extremely vulnerable to earthquakes. No one here remembers ever experiencing one before.

We found a stray cat in very poor condition beneath one of our vehicles after the hurricane. He died the next day. One of the positive things about the hurricane was the generosity and kindness that was shown by the majority of the citizens. When everything you own is reduced to rubble, priorities change. We thank everyone for their concern for us after the storm. We thank Graham for his quickly-sent relief parcel which included food, cell phones and cash. We were very touched by that. Both of Ginny's daughters and all of the Cayman grandkids went to England for a couple of months after the storm. There were no schools here for over a year. You have all heard the saying "Whatever doesn't kill you, makes you stronger". I am oddly grateful for our hurricane experience. I am thankful to our Father in Heaven for protecting us. A category 5 hurricane has only struck landfall five times in history. One has never battered a small island for forty hours. We consider ourselves blessed to have survived this experience. My father-in-law joined the Church because of his hurricane trial.

Be happy with and be grateful for life's abundant blessings. Keep emergency food supplies because.....when the next category 5 hurricane is approaching the Cayman Islands, be waiting for a knock at the door from relatives who want to live with you for a year.

Katy King Volunteers in India

Katy, a fifth generation, gave generously of her time and talents in India. In her own words she tells:

The summer after I graduated from High School, I was lucky enough to travel to India on a month long volunteer trip dealing with rural water sanitation. One year later, I returned to India with my friend Danielle. We were volunteers for two months in a small village primary school.

My first trip consisted of two weeks of work and two weeks of traveling around the country. Our volunteer project was based in the North-western desert state of Rajasthan, in a small village NGO (Non-Governmental Organization). We worked with local villagers and visiting students from around the country to increase awareness about water sanitation in the area. This included many group discussions, as well as building Bio-sand filters, which use sand, gravel and a cement frame to purify water to a safe drinking level. Aside from our formal work involving water sanitation we learned a lot about village life in India. Our days started early in the morning, waking up around 5:45 to enjoy a cup of hot chai before spending about two hours working in the fields around the NGO. This included things like weeding the fields, planting and protecting small trees, digging trenches for planting, sometimes just pulling large areas of grass to make way for gardens. The main part of our days were spent lying in our open room (12 of us shared one big room which was open to the outdoors) praying that our ceiling fan would stay on to keep us cool. Power is shared in the more remote areas of India, meaning that some areas will get as little as 4 hours per day. The temperature when we were there was about 40 Celcius during the day time. When we weren't too hot, we would walk to the village to enjoy a cool bottle of Thumbs-Up (an Indian equivalent of Coke) and the company of the village children.

The rest of our trip was spent traveling around India to most of the main tourist sites. This included the Red Fort in Delhi, the banks of the Ganges river in Varanasi and the amazing Taj Mahal in Agra. We did everything from a day long camel ride, to dancing the night away in a New Delhi club, to exploring the coastal state of Goa on motor scooters.

Only one year and two weeks later I was on a plane headed for Mumbai (formerly known as Bombay) with my best friend. After beginning University classes, I realized that where I really wanted to be, was back in India. I found a volunteer organization on the internet, we bought plane tickets and six months later we were landing in Mumbai. When we reached Kochi, in the southern state of Kerala, we knew we had made the right choice in returning to India.

We spent the next two months teaching basic English in a rural primary school in a village called Kanthaloor, about six hours away from the nearest city. Our accommodations were far better than in our last volunteer experience: we had our own house with not only separate bedrooms, and real windows and doors (to keep the bugs out) but a western toilet and almost constant power as well! Every week day we took a rickety Jeep, packed full of people, 13 kilometres up a mountain to Kanthaloor Primary School. We spent the day teaching English to students in grades two, three and four.

Our days at the school consisted of playing number games, reviewing the names of fruits and vegetables and reading picture books to the kids about various animals. We also taught lots of songs such as "Head and Shoulders",

"The Banana Song" and "The Hokey Pokey". On special occasions we'd even break into "The Chicken Dance", which the kids loved! The teachers at the school took us under their wings, and even though there was a big language barrier between us, we spoke almost no Malayalam, their language, and they spoke very limited English, we were still able to build great friendships. On the weekends, when we were not teaching, we often visited the nearby orphanage, where many of the school children lived.

We spent our last month, once again, touring around the country, visiting places like Rishikesh, where the Beatles famously spent time in the ashrams. We also were in coastal towns in Tamil Nadu that were still rebuilding from the Tsunami a few years ago.

Now, a year later, I still miss the school kids a lot. It was hard to leave them after two months, but I hope to return to the school some day soon, to spend more time teaching. After my two trips I've built a deep connection to the country of India, even though at times it can be extremely overwhelming and even a bit scary with so many things constantly going on. As I've said before, I'm anxious to return to India in the near future to continue my volunteer work in Kanthaloor and, hopefully, explore even more of the country.



Katy models a lovely sari, a traditional dress of Hindu women.

Humanican: Mozambique 2006/2007

Parker King

In today's society, I have been finding lately, that children and even most teenagers are taking for granted, the lives they get to live. Material possessions are playing too big a role for the youth of today. It's a sad thing. Most of them don't know that the vast majority of children in the world today barely have enough funds to eat one square meal a day, let alone have enough to go and buy that new X-box 360 game that everyone has. I, myself, used to be a victim of the material world, until in the spring of 2006, my sophomore year of High School, when my parents gave me a choice: either stay in Calgary this summer and join the working ranks of other teenagers, or travel to Mozambique for a month with an organization that takes students to third world countries to do volunteer charity work. Naturally, as any person with an ounce of sense would, I chose the latter. My sister, Katy, had taken a trip to India with the same organization a couple of years previously. It sounded like a positive experience, at the very least I felt it was something I could really grow on.

In the months leading up to the trip, our little group of eight teenagers and our worried parents would meet weekly with the organizers of this excursion, and discuss things like packing lists or what to do if civil war broke out (which luckily didn't happen). Through these meetings everyone got to know each other a bit better. Before we knew it, we were lining up at the airport to start what would be a huge learning experience for all of us.

Before I go any farther, I should probably give some background information on Mozambique itself. Mozambique is located on the southeast coast of Africa, above South Africa and below Tanzania. In 1498, a Portugese explorer, by the name of Vasco da Gama, landed on the coast of Mozambique and colonized it for Portugal, opening up new trading posts and military forts. In 1996 Mozambique fell into a brutal civil war that caused landmines to be spread throughout the country, millions of which still remain there today. They are the leading causes of death and injury in the country. Along with many other African countries, AIDS has spread around Mozambique and also contributes a fair number to the annual death toll.

Upon arrival in Johannesburg, we were quickly swept away in a large tour van to catch a few of the local sights before arriving at our first stop, which was a small campsite that ran safaris in the area. After two glorious days of animal watching, during which we spotted zebras, elephants, crocodiles, water buffalo, lions, rhinos and more, we finally set off to our destination, Mozambique. As soon as we came up to the border, the poverty hit us like a brick wall. Children were rummaging through giant trash piles, just to find something to fill their stomachs. There were people selling phone cards that were long expired. This was the first (but definitely, not the last) time I saw people with guns guarding everything, which in a way makes sense, as the Mozambique flag holds a picture of an AK47 (the only flag in the world with a firearm on it). We took a couple of short flights through the bigger cities of Mozambique, to finally get to our destination, a city called Nampula. Nampula is the smallest city in Mozambique but also one of the most poverty stricken. The first thing we were greeted with, after stepping out of the airport, were some of the very street children we would be working with begging for money and food. We gave them saved up airplane food which they happily accepted. While driving through the city to our hotel, we really started to notice the reasons why these children, either have no parents, or have parents but are afraid to stay with them. Large AIDS prevention banners

and murals were on every street corner, people with missing limbs as a result of landmines, hobbled down the streets. There were stands selling cheap, hard liquor to support the high amount of alcoholism that exists in surrounding villages.

After we got settled in our hotel, we got a chance to finally meet the couple who ran the drop-in centre for the children we would be helping. Connie and Moises Arao have been running this program for over five years. Moises is Mozambican and Connie is South African, they both have university degrees from South Africa. They have dedicated their lives to working with these street children from 3-18 years old and who are desperately in need of a home. We quickly realized the task at hand would be a daunting, yet rewarding experience.

Our days with the street children consisted of singing songs, saying prayers (Moises helps run the local church) improvising education skits about things like hygiene and AIDS protection/awareness, teaching the children how to write simple words in English. We would always finish the day with a big game of soccer. Other things we did included shaving heads, building a makeshift school room from bamboo and thatch, as well as starting work on a latrine for the kids to use when on the Arao property.

Working with the street children was only one of the three things that filled up our work week. On the days the kids weren't at the drop-in centre, we had the opportunity to help out at the city's orphanage and two different schools. The orphanage, for me, as well as many others, was the most eye opening experience. They take in children ages 1-5, whose parents have either died or are incapable of taking care of them. The orphanage itself is a small building located in the heart of the city and is run by nuns. They are, by far, the strongest women I have ever met, emotionally and physically. Upon stepping inside the building one is greeted with a scent of what you think death would smell like, which can soon be ignored as you are also greeted by the smiling faces of the 100 children currently occupying it. These are the most attention starved children you will ever meet, which makes it very easy, and very rewarding, to interact with them. I will never forget their smiling faces. At the orphanage there is also a nursery for infants less than a year old. That is where I spent most of my time, changing a staggering number of diapers. Unfortunately, we were informed most of these babies wouldn't see past their first birthday, which is why I dedicated the majority of my time at the orphanage to them.

The two schools we worked at were a pre-school for kids age 3-5 and an elementary school for kids, age 5-10. At the pre-school we taught kids their colours, ABC's and a couple of school yard games that I'm sure are still played to this day. The elementary school gave us some opportunities to do arts and crafts, even teaching the kids how to make their own paper snowflakes so they could have snow too, like we do in Canada.

Our group of teenagers had by now, grown into a tight knit family, which was the result of sharing such amazing experiences together. We deemed our trip a success, and although we made no real difference in the big picture, we knew we had made a huge difference in the lives of many people. There is nothing more rewarding than that. Upon leaving Mozambique a month after our arrival, we all said our goodbyes to the people we met; but I knew it wasn't goodbye forever. There was already talk of a follow-up trip the next year, I knew there wouldn't be anything that could stop me from getting on that plane again to see my new-found friends half way across the world.

The grade 12 year came and went, along with the excitement of graduation

there was the excitement of going back to Nampula, to see all the people I had met a year earlier. This year the trip would be different in a couple of ways. This year, plans had been drawn up to build a school house/dorm room on Connie and Moises' property for the street kids to stay in, and hopefully, allow them to find housing and education of their own one day. Starting construction on this building would be the main focus of the 2007 trip. This year there would be over twice as many teenagers coming as well, which would make it a lot different from the previous year.

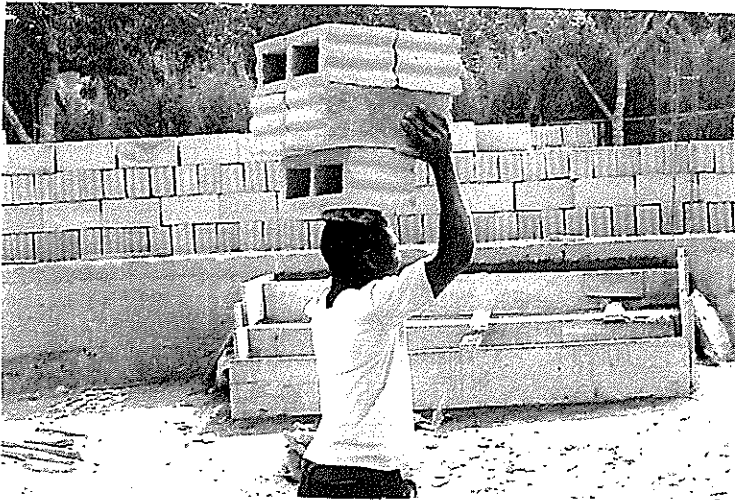
Again, like the year before, the group met weekly to discuss the trials and tribulations of traveling to a third world country, and despite a few nervous parents, everybody seemed up to the challenge. Again, I packed my backpack (this year knowing what to bring and what not to bring) and met the group at the airport to start year two of my adventure in Africa.

The 30 grueling hours of travel seemed almost bearable this time (although the excitement of wanting to get there didn't help much). Again we arrived in Johannesburg to do some sight-seeing, stayed in South Africa a couple of nights, and finally hit the Mozambique border. You could tell the reality of poverty in the country amazed the group, like it had hit us the year before. Everyone was silent as we crossed the border, thinking about how much we take for granted in our lives. It was a good eye opener for a lot of the kids and definitely helped motivate them to work harder.

We finally arrived in Nampula, once again, and were greeted by the same things as last time: two street children begging for food and money. This really hit hard a lot of kids in the group, as they had never seen children begging on the street. They had only seen homeless people in Calgary, which I can tell you is a big jump from this. Again though, it definitely inspired these kids to work harder to try and make a difference in the lives of the people they were working with.

After a day of rest most of us were eager to work, so the group was taken out to the already started construction site of the future schoolhouse. Local workers had been hired to help out on the project, and we worked side by side with them the whole time and grew some very strong bonds. Days on the construction site consisted of first gathering dirt from a giant termite mound to fill in the base of the building. We would then layer that with giant granite stones and eventually fill in with cement to make the floor.

After that was complete we would have to start moving pre-made cement blocks up to the site to start building walls. Construction in sub-Saharan Africa is not the same as construction in the first world. Everything is done by hand, there is no such thing as power tools. Obviously, it takes a bit more time and is more difficult, but is definitely made easier by a little fresh sugar cane which we would bring to the site every day. Finally we got to the point where we would start carrying brick, about 30 meters up to the site



to start making the walls. We had still been working with the street children like the previous year but construction had been our main focus. On the brick carrying day, our little friends proved themselves by carrying at least double what we were. These were 25 pound cement blocks and these street kids, some as young as 7 years old were carrying up to 5 of these blocks on their heads. This was probably the peak moment of this years trip.

Although construction was the main task at hand, we still had the opportunity to work in the orphanage and many of us quickly jumped at the chance. The orphanage itself hadn't changed much, but it had new occupants who were just as excited to see and interact with us, as the previous year. Again I spent the majority of the time with the infants, changing more than a couple of diapers and drying more than a couple of tears. Again, a very rewarding experience.

At the end of the trip this time, it was nice to look back and see physical results. We had started building walls on the schoolhouse, it is set to be complete sometime this spring. The street children were very grateful and glad to have a part in building the school that they will one day occupy. I left Africa this time feeling a little more complete, knowing we had made an even bigger difference than the year before.

Unfortunately, this summer I will probably not be returning to see all my African friends, but that does not mean I won't ever go back. One day I hope to return and see the school I helped build and the kids I helped grow up and be off the streets.

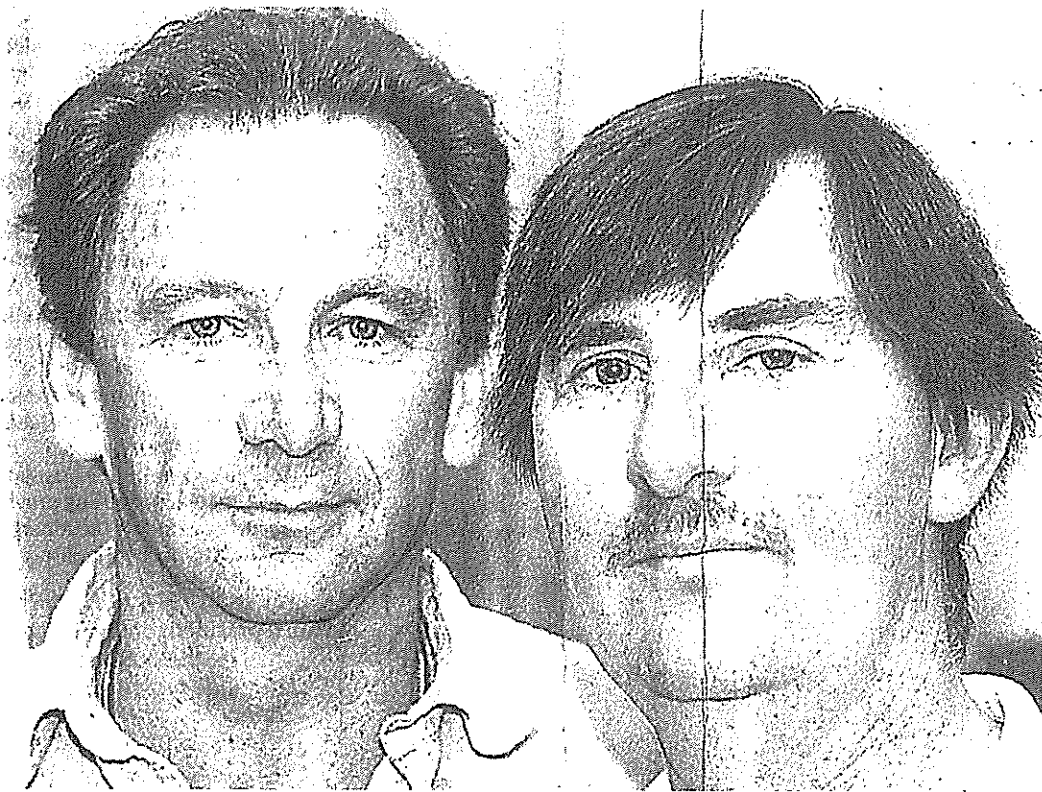
PostScript: A proud grandfather, Glenn Hall King, had an e-mail from the leader of the 2006 group telling him, "Parker surprised us all with his gift for dealing with babies. I myself learned a thing or two from him."

Another comment: Rather than accepting Christmas and birthday presents Parker requested that funds be donated to help the orphans. A noble gesture.

From the Edmonton Journal

"A breath of fresh air for diseased lungs
Lung transplants gave brothers their second wind".

Jim and Brian Kinniburgh have a bond most brothers would rather not share. Now they share something else too - both are breathing with other people's lungs.



CHRIS SCHWARZ, THE JOURNAL

Brothers Jim (left) and Brian Kinniburgh have the same genetic defect and both have had lung transplants.

James Hall Kinniburgh
Brian Ray Kinniburgh

The Lung Transplants

By their mother, Enid

Jim has a T shirts with letters spelling **"Don't take your organs and tissues to heaven: we need them here"**. The meaning is clear, they are no longer of use to you. When you consider how many individuals could be saved by your donation, what a marvelous gift you are giving. Most religions teach that in Heaven our bodies will be made whole. So what have you got to lose?

We are not aware of the identity of the donors who gave Jim and Brian their gift of life, most likely will never know. The families of the donors will never know who the recipients were of that marvelous gift. I was allowed to write letters of appreciation which were given to the director of the Transplant Program, then passed to the bereaved families. It was an extremely difficult task, how can one express joy and happiness of such a gift when you know the grief they are experiencing from their loss. Very often I have thought how much easier it would be to just share a hug and let our tears mingle, mine of gratitude, theirs of sorrow.

Jim first learned of his condition in 1991, when he was referred by his local doctor, Dr. Evan Lundel, in Trochu to Dr. Cowie in Calgary. He was diagnosed that he was suffering from a deficiency of something called alpha-one antitrypsin, a lung destroying genetic disorder. Because it is hereditary doctors recommended that the entire family be tested. It was discovered that Art and I both carried one defective gene, our children had a one in four chance of inheriting it. As a result of the tests, Colin and Patti were found low, but not deficient. Burke refused to be tested and as this usually appears in the early thirties, as it did for Jim and Brian, Burke shows no sign of it. He is now 43. Jim and Brian were both smokers. Smoking greatly escalates the lung damage the disorder causes. Before they could be accepted on the Transplant Program they both had to give up the habit, promising never to smoke again, if they were fortunate enough to receive new lungs. Brian was diagnosed with the deficiency nearly a year after Jim. They were both on oxygen twenty-four hours a day for seven years.

I think here would be a good time to say how supportive Debby was, how fortunate Jim was for her wonderful care, concern and compassion, both before his transplant and during his convalescence. He also had the love and concern of two fine sons. Both Jim and Brian had the love, support and prayers of his parents and their siblings. I am sorry that Art was not able to see them receive their transplants, how it improved their lives, he passed away in 1996.

On 22 December, 1998, Jim received a phone call from the University Hospital in Edmonton, asking him if he could be there on the 23rd at 6:00 a.m. as they were prepared to give him a new lease on life, in the form of two new lungs. I don't think there was much sleep that night for any of us in this family. We were so excited! I remember spending a lot of the time on my knees. Not only were we excited, but apprehensive as well. This is a long, and as in any operation, potentially dangerous. If I remember correctly, Jim was in the operating room for eight hours before being taken to the Intensive Care Unit.

Then we were allowed, two at a time, to see him, but only for a short time. I will always remember how thin and pale he looked, the same applied to Brian after undergoing his transplant. There was a long, hard road to recovery for them both, but the end result was so worthwhile. I am sure they felt the reward outweighed the struggle.

Deb stayed that night in Edmonton, I went home with Colin and Ferne, the rest of the family also returned home. The next day was Christmas Eve, we all felt how blessed we were by the gift Jim had just received, and spent most of the day at the hospital. Late that afternoon, Deb and I returned home with her parents, Val and Gene Hauck. Even though Jim was unable to spend it with us, it was a very happy Christmas for his wife, sons, mother, siblings, nieces, nephews, in-laws, employees. All of us were so happy that the initial ordeal was over. Jim did have some setbacks over the three months it was necessary for him to stay in Edmonton, both in the hospital and in the outpatient's residence. He has made a remarkable recovery and has lived to welcome his six grandchildren into the world. This would be impossible without the marvelous strides made in the medical profession and the capable men and women who are part of it.

Brian was living in Winipeg when he was tested to see if he had the same deficiency of alpha-1 antitrypsin as Jim, and found that he did. He remained in Winnipeg until it was necessary for him to be on oxygen full time, he then returned to Olds. It was December 31, 1999 at 1:00 a.m. when we received a call from the University Hospital in Edmonton. Could Brian be there by 6:00 a.m. to be prepped for an operation at 7:00 p.m? You bet your life he could be there, and he was! He and I drove to Red Deer and Patti took us from there. Colin was there when we arrived, Jim and his family, also Burke, soon after. I will always remember the long hours while Brian was in the operating room were made easier by the presence of my dear great grandson, Josh. He was seven at the time, and provided us with some laughs. I was wearing a coat that Josh found intriguing, and asked me what it was. I replied that it was mohair. He turned to his mother and said, "Mom, what is a Mo?" Another time he noticed a man wearing a trench coat and a skull cap that Jewish men wear, this time he asked Dawn, "Is that a spy guy?"

In the late afternoon we were able to visit Brian in the I.C.U., then I went home with Colin. Because it was New Year's Eve, the beginning of the new millennium and most importantly Brian with a new pair of lungs, we had good cause to celebrate. We all went back to Edmonton to spend what time we could with Brian on New Years Day.

I stayed in Edmonton for most of the time that Brian was a patient in the hospital. Even after he was released we both stayed in the Outpatient's Residence. Jim and Brian both had a bad time dealing with morphine, it tended to cause hallucinations, they saw some weird things. On one occasion Brian frightened me. I went to the hospital early one morning to find him restrained and with a guard. He had been hallucinating and had ripped out all of his tubes and medications. I was happy when the medics decided morphine was not the answer.

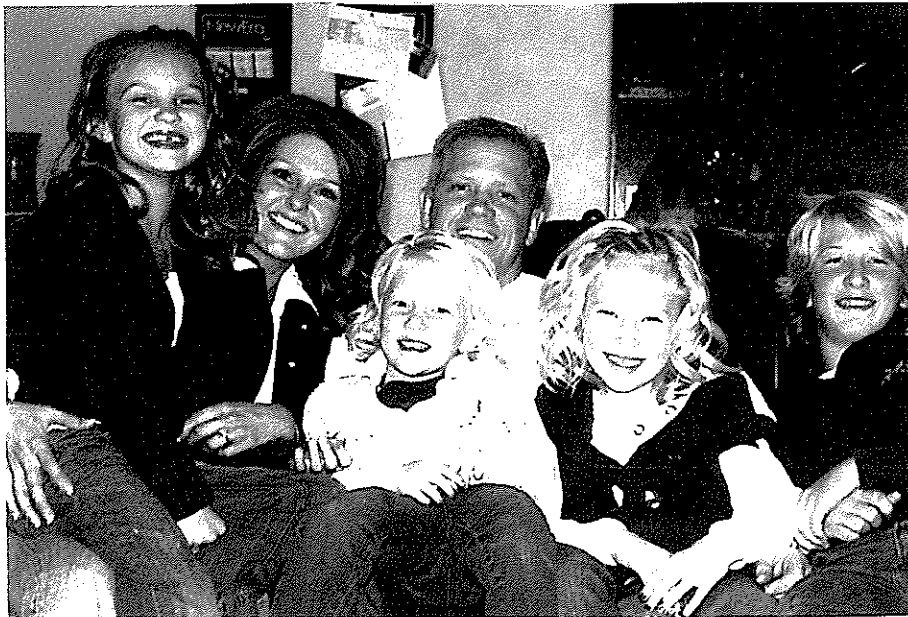
Brian had a longer recovery period than Jim, he had several setbacks, one of them, the necessity of an appendectomy in midsummer. However, they have both done very well and are very grateful for the blessings they have received.

THE POWER TO RUN

Megan Nelson Wooden



"The Honorary Starter", Megan gives her speech



Megan, Wes and family

"You have cancer" are definitely not words I expected to hear at the age of 28, just 10 days before my daughter, Mekell, turned only 2 yrs old. After a couple of surgeries, I learned my full prognosis, I had stage 3 melanoma, which meant that the cancer had traveled from its original site on my shoulder to one of my lymph nodes. There was only a very small amount of cancer in that lymph node, so we hoped that we had caught it before it had the chance to spread any further. And that is what we continued to believe for 3 _ years.

But, life is full of surprises, and when I least expected it, the bomb dropped again. One week before I was to marry a man surpassing all of my dreams and becoming a step-mom to 3 great children, I was in the shower and felt a lump in my breast. "You have got to be kidding me!" I thought to myself, "Not now! It can't be!" My life was finally going in the direction I wanted it to go! I was happier than I had ever been. Mekell was only 5 years old. "No, no, no!!!"

Because of all of the research I had done 3 _ years earlier, I knew that the prognosis was not good if this was indeed the melanoma that had spread. At that point, I actually hoped for breast cancer because I knew my chances of survival would be much better.

Fortunately for me, Wes would not have it any other way, and we were married a week later, not knowing what the lump was. It wasn't until exactly a month after we were married that we learned that my worst fear was my reality. My melanoma had metastasized and had spread to my breast and lung. It was now considered stage 4 metastatic melanoma. Definitely not the news I was hoping for!

I took a little time to cry (about an hour or so) and then put on some running shoes and took my cancer on a 4 mile run, although at that point I wouldn't have called myself a "runner." My cancer and I had a great conversation on the run, although I did most of the talking. I made sure that it knew that cancer didn't work for me, that I was much stronger than it would ever be, and that I was going to do everything in my power to kick its ass! At that point I had no idea how much running would become such an integral part of my life.

Doctors did not offer me any viable options for treatments that had been proven to do any good. They even told me that the tumors in my lung were inoperable. They offered me no hope whatsoever and gave me a year to live.

Dying was not an option for me! I was not about to let that happen. Fortunately for me, my husband, as a chiropractor, is very knowledgeable about alternative medicine. I was very skeptical at first, but went to Mexico to a doctor who was referred to us by a couple of Wes' patients.

The Mexico trip went very well. The doctor was full of hope and his treatments made sense to me. The whole goal was to boost my immune system so that my body would recognize and fight the cancer. I was given live cell injections and began taking stem cells. I made major diet changes and started eating only raw fruits & vegetables, whole grains, and a little chicken and fish. I began taking many supplements and started drinking a green drink we named the "pond scum." I began taking running much more seriously and signed up for my 1st half marathon.

I continued returning to Mexico every 3 months and over the next year, my body showed gradual improvement. My tumors began shrinking which is completely unheard of, especially since melanoma is such an aggressive, fast-spreading cancer. I continued to be very strict on my treatments and diet and decided I would actually run a full marathon.

In April 2007, with tumors still in my lung, I ran my 1st marathon (alongside my fabulous

brother Derek). I finished in 4 hours and 9 minutes. Not too bad for a girl who was supposed to be dead 5 months earlier. But, what made this race even more incredible was that they had asked me to be the "honorary starter" of the race, since the beneficiary of this race was the Huntsman Cancer Institute. I was asked to give a small speech to all of the half and full marathoners just prior to the race.

Just a month after the marathon, I learned that a tumor in my lung was growing. However, since I had been able to contain the tumors to my lung, my U.S. doctors agreed to operate. In June, 2007, I underwent a thoracotomy (major lung surgery) where they removed 2 tumors from my right lung. The surgery was a success, as my first PET scan after my surgery in Nov. 2007 showed no signs of cancer anywhere in my body. YAHOO!!!! What an incredible 2 year journey of miracles!!

I am absolutely convinced that one of the main reasons I was able to overcome stage 4 melanoma was the fabulous support system that I had! Sir Isaac Newton said, "If I have seen farther it is by standing on the shoulders of Giants." I am so thankful for all of my Giants, for they lifted me far above any place I thought I'd ever be!

I have not yet met a person whose life has gone exactly as they had planned. Everyone is faced with many challenges throughout their lifetime. However, those challenges can be our biggest blessings in the end, as long as we allow them to be. I can honestly say that cancer has been a huge blessing in my life! If I can steal words from Kevin Sharp (singer and make-a-wish spokesman), I wouldn't wish cancer on anybody, but I wouldn't take it from me. I have learned, seen, and experienced many things I would never have had the opportunity to if it were not for my cancer.

I hope you are living life to the fullest, no matter what obstacles you may be facing, trusting that you are exactly where you are meant to be right now...

Race Speech

"I look at cancer not as a fight that might be won or lost, but as a relay race, where every runner is striving for his or her personal best, knowing that those who will come after will be inspired by those who have courageously gone before. I am honored to represent the many who carry this baton today. If there were no hope for a victory, a race would be pointless. But there is hope, which is why we are all here today.

The power to run a half marathon or full marathon comes from the heart and soul, just as the power to live with cancer does. And somehow we have all looked beyond the fatigue, the pain, and the work, in order to envision what may seem impossible to most - and what may have seemed impossible to ourselves -- the hope of crossing the finish line - the hope of a cure.

So here's to all you heroes - with or without cancer -- who will today find the strength to take one more step when your energy seems spent; who will hold out hope against seemingly impossible odds, who will today prove that attitude is everything, and who will prove that wherever there is great love, there are always miracles."

Notes

Letters of LOVE

*Whatever someone wrote is a
reflection of what they are, or were.
Our words mirror our thoughts
and actions.*

*Maybe memories, expressions of love,
gratitude, humor, or even resentment
may be expressed.*

*But just the fact that
Words were committed to paper
is what counts.*

Handwriting is a fingerprint of the heart.

Letters of Love

The letters included here are all from Mother, Dad, Grandparents and siblings. In sharing them it is our intention to show the love and concern that existed in the family. Unfortunately, it is necessary to limit them to a page or so.

From Mother (Ethel), September, 1948

have gone quickly
I miss dad so much when it
comes to make decisions. His
judgment was always good.
But it was a lot of satisfaction
to have him say such nice things
the last few hours he lived.
We all thought of him on his
birthday. I had such a nice
letter from Margie written on the 13th
Glen leaves tomorrow to go to
B.V. at Provo. I am so glad to
see him go there as he will at least
be among L.O.S. boys + girls.
I started this yesterday and left
it to go to church. Our service
begins at six so it seems early.
Shirley Sproule's mother died
yesterday. Her funeral is tomorrow.
Laverne has been home for
3 weeks holiday.

Bull River

Sept. 18th (1943)

Saturday Aite

Rae & Alvie

Dear Daughters

I recd. your cards and auto
was sure glad to get them &
to know your thought of me
which you always do
I am awfully glad your girls
is together and hope you
girls like your work, & keep
well.

I got a letter from mother
yesterday she sure feels lonely
now we are all gone, even
her boarder left but she
was pretty well satisfied
at that. she said she had
rented the rest of the house
the people is moving in
the 1st of Oct. so we will have
to root now little hog or
die but I think we will
make out all rite and dont
worry.

Love to you both & love
of it.

and thanks again for the
auto they are just fine.

Loving Dad

x x o x x

Eden Alberta
June 29/47.

Dear Rae.

We are all here at mother's today. Mary & Howard & family. Wish it could have been before you left. I read your letter to mother from Salt L. after your visit at North Ogden. Glad you enjoyed it. We collected your sent the other day mother can send it to you. Write when you can and take care of yourself. Love the Woods.

I guess Rae gave in to you by now how do you like it? We just got through eating a big pie of ice cream with strawberries sure wish you could of had some. I'll let some see the day
Eva

Guess I better say my little bit too.
Hope you are keeping well and we run too love you. Be loved
Lynn

Dear Rae.

We are really having a good time, it is so nice down here. I passed with the highest credits in my room. Lucille and Carol are really having a good time playing. It is so nice to be down but we sure miss Emil, Art and you. I hope you are having a nice time and enjoy your mission.
Lots of love xxoo
Lynn

Dear Rae.

we all here together today are thinking of you. How are you getting on. We are all well. I suppose you're pretty well settled by now. Well write you a good long letter soon. Love to you
Lynn

Dear Rae.

We are humming for a few days - have to file order to pay our grocery bill again. But its no use to be here & see everyone. We have Tue. as a holiday, & so are just taking tomorrow off. Helen & Leo are having a good time. Mariann is tired - we travelled all night, but the kids went to Sunday school with mother. Its a cool cloudy day here - we've just finished a good dinner and we had a good visit together. We had a good laugh over Ray. He got into a fight the last day of school and he says "I got the worst of it this time, but I'll be him yet".

Joan passed, & Mariann got an honor crest - we were real pleased after all she has missed this year. Helen wrote 3 letters so you know how she went. Aug 1st write to us when you have a minute. Good luck & love from us all
Marge



Dear Edna,

Lunch is coming so I'll start a little letter. So glad to get your letter. Everyone has read it. Art + Emich are here for a few days. Do enjoy them with them.

How I miss Olive!! Maybe I'll get used to missing her. We have had snow + wind not very pleasant. It makes me sad.

I hope you are happy in your new location and job. I think of you so often. I have had some cute cards from Kathy. I have had lots of company, wish I could get some strength in my legs they just won't hold me. I have put 7.6 lbs on so things are looking up. I have quit smoking (I hope) took my first pill last and had a bad re-action

Reta must have been in the hospital when she wrote this note. Olive, Rae & LaVon were in England on the GSU Mission. She passed away April 24, 1991.

I just couldn't wake up so I won't take any more.

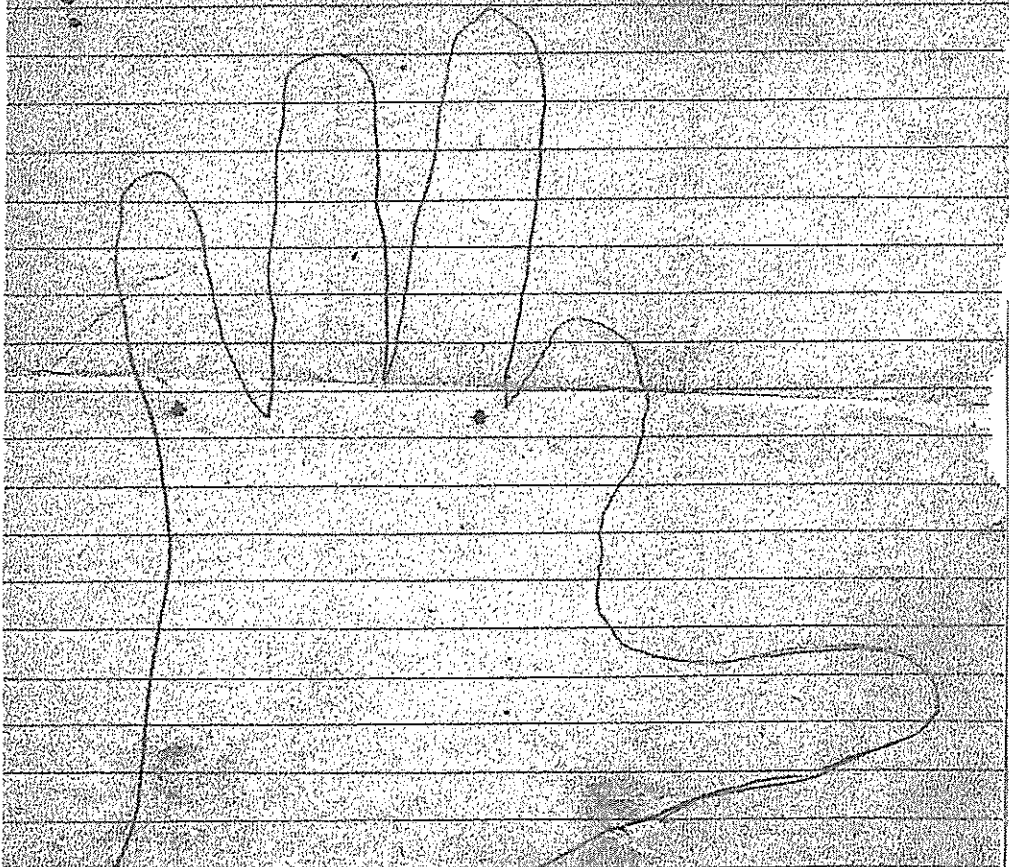
The Dr. just came in and told me I have gained 20 lbs. so that made me feel great.

I hope you can read this. Hope to do better next time my best wishes to you both. I love you for your prayers and kindness. Everyone who comes read your letters so keep them coming.

I will get to you to make this bless his heart she is so kind & thoughtful so is Gordon. Love + the best
Reta

DEAR RAE,
I hope you
are well I'm fine
My hand is healing
well. How are you?
I go to Sunday school
sometimes.
It will be nice to have
something nice from
Texas. I'm glad you're coming
home soon. Love and kisses
X X XXXXOOOOOOO XXXX

My love Hank Roy



I dont hear from the folks
in Taber very often and how
I miss them trips down there
to see your mother and your
children. It didnt sound in Combs
letter like they would be in Taber
this winter its to bad her alone with
them two little folks without a man
to take care of fires for her

I hope you can read this its hard
for me after getting it wrote
write when you can and I hope
this finds you both well and happy
with lots of love
Grandma Holmes

This is the third page of the last letter I received from Grandma. She wrote it on 3 December, 1950, died December 23rd. LaVon and I were in Taber for Christmas that year and were able to attend her funeral.

^{Bobby}
A letter from a son to his father
^{John}
kept as a reminder of a promise
made 40 years ago.

the father I ~~love~~^{love}

I love you and
I'll never stop
I'll do inething
you what me
to do. The End
from Bobby

Caplanburg & St. B.
Dec 10 1967.

Dear Elsie all:

I just can't send you a card today without a few lines to envelope itself in. I am so disappointed when I open a card from someone I really like and there's just a note. I have so many cards & letters that I thank goodness for a spirit which prompts us to write occasionally. I enjoyed the little gift I had with Kathy on Baker & hope some one could have come to Grandmother for a few days at least. She seemed to have lived a good time in Baker & I believe felt she had had a real fun summer. I haven't heard from Baby since Kathy was there. I have only had one letter from Miss Signer & that's 10 yrs. Just from Barbara a month ago on his way home from Washington with two new horses. So I don't know much about the girls down there, but do hope to be down after the New Year for a day at least. I don't know how we are passing a rough time but we still under the same roof. I am sorry for

My sweet Mother had for her, but then for people there the high standards that Mother had.

I read in the Bell Knicker Knoll recently that our old home in Tgher had been sold to the United Board & Missions Clinic's Home for the next. They want that property to build some schools and clinics and have no chairs. Her name & property are really worth a price but to have ~~standards~~ there will make to tell you & she about ruined your faith in "a few lines". So well you & I think the best of every thing & think you once again for the trouble I took last year. I hope you had a wonderful time & were treated as you deserved. We respect you, Rae, to try to be well but dear La Vonia's hospitality is a wonderful gift. The call of duty. Love to each & all of you
Marjorie

This letter from Marjorie was four pages of family news and appreciation. You will note that it was written December 10, 1967. She died December 26. I am so grateful that the Spirit prompted her to send a letter with her Christmas Card - it is a treasure.

The Corporation of The City of Cranbrook

OFFICE OF THE MAGISTRATE - HOWARD C. KING

JUVENILE, FAMILY &
CHILDREN'S COURT

SMALL DEBTS COURT
MAGISTRATE

31 - 11TH AVE. SOUTH
CRANBROOK, B. C.

March 26, 1968

Dear Rae:

Please forgive me for not answering your first letter, and now here is another one which I thoroughly enjoy. Until now it has been impossible for me to write to anyone; I would get all choked up and just couldn't finish. But I am gradually getting adjusted and in time the pieces will all probably fall into place.

My arm still gives me a lot of trouble and am taking physio-therapy for it, after being in the cast so long arthritis had set in and when the cast was removed I couldn't bend my elbow. However that is enough of my troubles, the weather has been beautiful all winter, no snow and the temperature goes up to around 50 every day. We really need snow but it sure is pleasant without it.

I am going to fly to Calgary at Easter, Marianne and her two girls are going to drive over from Kamloops to Calgary at that same time, and we will have a visit with the Bea's and then she will drive me home and spend the rest of the week in Cranbrook. Nobody ever had such a wonderful family as I have, they are all so kind and thoughtful of me, and I really am so proud of them all.

So sorry to hear of LaVon's mother's accident, that can be such a painful ordeal, and I do hope she is not suffering too much. A woman in Cranbrook that I know real well fell on the ice early in January and broke both her arms, she said she couldn't even wipe her nose, but she was in a bad way for a long time, and her husband had to dress her and feed her and do all the other things that a person generally does for themselves.

Rita and Howard called on me for a short visit a few days ago on their way home from Trail. They gave me a very brief rundown on the rest of the Taber folks, and I guess everything is about the same as usual, Leo is having a pretty tough time through some kind of mixup in the sales force directly above him, and it makes me sad to hear about it as Leo has always seemed to me to be just like another son.

This one finger typing is pretty slow and here I am working overtime, so I'd better sign off, but I have not forgotten your request for a book, when Marianne comes home I will get her to help me make the selection. This snap is one that I took in Rochester last September, and the other lady is Mrs. Theel who was so kind to Marjorie and Marianne in 1951 when Marianne was so sick. I hope your family is well and happy and maybe sometime I will come and see you all again, but right now it is hard to make plans for anything. All I am really conscious of is an intense loneliness, which they tell me only time will heal.

Love To You all Howard

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

DAVID O. MCKAY, PRESIDENT

November 20, 1963

Mrs. LaVon F. Eller
4056 Sacramento Avenue
Santa Rosa, California

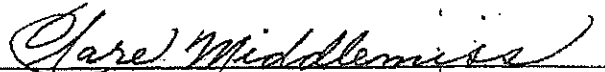
Dear Sister Eller:

President McKay, who is recuperating from an illness, has asked me to acknowledge your letter of November 12, 1963, in which you ask if he remembers Eliza Ann Sprague Tracy as one of his Sunday School or Primary teachers.

President McKay said to tell you that he remembers Sister Tracy very well, but that she was his Primary teacher and not his Sunday School teacher. President McKay has always held her and Sister Mozell Hall, another Primary teacher, in high respect, and was deeply impressed in his childhood by their teachings and example.

Kindly accept President McKay's greetings and best wishes.

Sincerely yours,



Secretary to:
President David O. McKay

Dear Sister

I could not find a card
which said the things I wanted
to say. But I am thinking
about you and wanting to say
that it is hard to say happy
b. day when you are ~~longing~~
longing for someone who
will not be there. I do feel
that who will want you to be
happy. I do think the book
was telling you that.
I think of you and caring
deeply.

Olin

Please excuse the scribble. I
did my best.

San Bernardino

Oct. 9/76

Dear Raye

I was happy to get your letter and for
why you sent it, if I could just know
more than I do about my own brothers
& sisters it would help us all.

Babe has the genealogy books and my
dates aren't so good anymore.

I lived with your folk at Dad Hall's house
twice. Elsie & Dave once & Berg & Mary once
then Dad got Aunt Rye, that was as far my
grow older and I remember some of the
families getting together at different
holidays but don't you know that the
women folk were my style I know
the men were good workers all of them
the wives raised the family your
Dad gave your mother lots of credit
and loved her for her ability to do so
many good home things such as
sewing, cleaning, washing and mending
his family clean and well fed.

I can't remember much about the
trip to Canada. I was 4 yrs old Elsie & Mary

A letter from Aunt Leone, Ott's youngest sister. When I was doing the Family History Book I had written her, asking if she remembered the move from Dry Fork to Canada. She was just four years old at that time, and as she writes, she can't remember much about it. However she does give us a little information, it is appreciated. Only the first page of four pages is included here. She passed away in 1982.

Huntsville December 8th 1886
Messrs. - Harry Thomas Dear
Friends I take this opportunity
of writing you a few lines to
inform you how we are getting along
we are all well and hope this reaches
you I suppose before you get this
you will hear of fathers death he
died on the third of this month
passed off without a struggle
I received your letter and was
glad to hear that you got home
all rite you will excuse me for
not writing sooner for I have
had so much to do I could not
find time we had a grand time
here last Monday night the
relief Society got up a surprise
for Brothers Peterson Moartenson
and Anderson before going to

going down to the pen there
was speeches songs and resolutions
and a jernal good time every
one brought their fish pie we are
going over to Colvins to morrow
to a wedding Supper I suppose of
course you have heard of the
wedding every thing is serene
the Sprague and Spearman are
so sick as ever there has been no
body up the lane since you left
there seemed to be a little surprise
at your sudden departure when
Eli came home that night for
he asked where you was the boy
has changed her name from
Lever Hale to Joe Sam I must
tell you of a little bit off of
Daves Eli was wanting to
get a skunk to get the oil to
put on his horses feet Dave told
him he thought if he went up the
lane he thought he could get it

This letter was written by
Eliza A. Tracy to a friend.
See the following page for
more information about Eliza,
(Ott's grandmother)

we will be in Ogden one
week from next Tuesday on
the 21st make your arrangements
and be at the co-op about
noon from that untill three
o'clock be shure and write and
let us know write soon yours truly
Eliza A. Tracy



*Eli Tracy Family picture 1891**
Back row left to right: Johanna Mickelson, Eli, David and Eliza
Seated: Eli Tracy and Eliza Ann Sprague Tracy

*The third child, Charles, died 22 November 1891, was engaged to Johanna Mickelson. Eli and his family went to Canada in 1900, the Orson Hall family lived with them for a short time after arriving in Magrath. Eliza Tracy Hall is about 34 (calculated). Perhaps the picture was taken shortly after the death of Charles.

The letter on the overleaf is dated the 2 Martch, no year given, however, Eliza writes about mittens for the little boys and must have been referring to Joseph Lee who would have been 8 years old in 1892 and Absolom Moses 4. Thus it is safe to assume the letter was written early 1890's. It is copied exactly as written, the original is in the possession of Olive Hall Johnson.

It reveals how the grandmother misses her grandchildren - she wishes every day that she could send them some nuts and candy. It is also evident that she loves her daughter and is hoping for a visit.

the 2
Martch

Eliza, today is the 2 day of march and we air having a big storm. it has ben storming for more than a week. it snode all day yester day and is at it again today. we air doing well and hope that you air. we got a few lines from Eli Sprague last thursday and he said that his wife was ded that she took sick at 9 o'clock and dide at 3. he said the baby wood live yet he did not writ th perticklers but i think that she flode to death. he just rote a few lines. said Toms seckend boy was very sick. i think that we will hier again in a few days and then i will let you know.

the helth is good at the present hier. only a few cases of lagrip. i shall haf to tell Ot about Eli's trade. he has traded them horses that he had when he was hier to rob Mofet for a span of mares that will both have coltes next month and a nice 2 year old mare colt and a 3 year old hefer that will have a caf in a few days and a steer. i think that rob was crazy. tell Ot that Daves hefer has got a fat caf. that will do for this about horses and caves this time.

i will tell you a bout the Alen family fite the other nite in the bilyard hall. i call it the devels hall. all of the devels gose thier. 5 of the Alen boys was thier drunk and they got in a fite and Dell had his knife out. Dave was looking in the windo. that is a thing for them. they get a bit of money and then they have a family row. not long ago they had a fite and young livl had a brused face. he looked like like that he had beter go and see his mother. he didn't look mutch like the presedent of the young mens association in Ashley.

granma is beter. she sends hir love to you all till is on her feet. yet i think that i shall live in huntzville this summer. we can't tell yet what we will do yet.

tell the little boys that it got so late before i could nit thier mittens that i wood wait till next fall and then i wood send them. i wish that i could send you some fruit. they have got the nicest in the stor that i have ever seen. all kindes. they heep a grocery stor. after a while they will keep dry goods. i am wishing every day that i could send the children some nuts and candy, the boys says that they air coming out this fall if they haf to come one at a time. i hope that Ot will fetch you in this summer if he can.

from your mother

writ as often as you can for i am so anxious to hier from you.

The following letter was written by Eli A. Tracy of Huntsville, Utah, 20 March, 1910, to Charles Franklin Middleton. Eli and his wife, Eliza Ann Sprague Tracy were the parents of Eliza Johanna Tracy Hall (our grandmother).

Charles Franklin Middleton was a pioneer who settled in Ogden, Utah. He was a prominent man of his time, being the Chief of Police in Ogden and a counselor in the Presidency of the Weber Stake. He offered the dedicatory prayer for the Huntsville Relief Society Building. (See page 9 of Eliza Ann Sprague Tracy's history.)

My Dear Friend and Brother Charles F. Middleton:

Come with me in recollection, back seventy years ago today, when two little exiles, eight years of age, stood on the banks of the Mississippi River, waiting their turn to be born again of the water and of the spirit. Think of it, when the great Latter-day prophet, Joseph Smith, led us both down into the water and baptized us. This circumstance is as fresh in my memory as it was the day it transpired. There are few now living who were baptized under his hands. Then again I think what a blessed privilege it has been to you and to me of seeing and knowing the man who was an instrument in the hands of the Lord in bringing forth this latter day work, the man who communed with the Father and the Son and with other heavenly beings. I am thankful that these blessings and privileges have come to me and I am thankful that the Lord spared my life this seventy-eight years but now dear brother I realize that the evening tide of life is approaching and how long the Lord will permit me to live I know not. Be the time long or short I desire to so live that it may be said of me "well done thou good and faithful". In speaking of the Prophet Joseph Smith, it seems remarkable when we call to mind that the Savior of the world was baptized under the hands of John the Baptist and that John sealed that commission upon the head of Joseph Smith who in turn performed that ordinance for you and for me. It seems to me that you and I came in close touch with those Heavenly Beings. I do not speak boastingly, far from it, but I feel proud of the honor of having been baptized under the hands of the Great Latter-day Prophet, Joseph Smith. In speaking of this matter I will quote a few lines from one of our Church magazines which is as follows -

"The 25th of December is very generally recognized in Christian Countries as the anniversary of the birth of the Savior of the World. Two days earlier, the 23rd, occurred the birthday anniversary of the man who did more for the salvation of the human race than any other person who ever lived upon the earth, with the exception of the Savior, the great Prophet and Seer of the nineteenth century, Joseph Smith, a few decades ago. No one thought of coupling these two names together or celebrating the birth of a farmer's son. But this year thousands of devoted believers in the divinity of the Nazareth babe commemorate the birth of Joseph Smith and affirm that among the religious reformers and martyrs of the world he ranks second to the Redeemer Himself. As time passes and the results of his labors become more fully developed, millions

of the honorable and intelligent of the earth will join in paying tribute to his name."

These experiences of the past leave a bright spot in my memory which time cannot erase. You and I may not live to witness another birthday, but be that as it may, I hope that when that time comes I may be worthy of a place in His Kingdom. Before closing I wish to pay a tribute to your parents and my parents for their fidelity and integrity to the principles of the gospel through all the persecution and mobbings of the Saints. They have kept the faith and have gone steadily on.

If I could only live to make my calling and election as sure as I believe theirs is, I shall be satisfied. I bear my humble testimony to the divinity of Joseph's mission and will close with the following

Praise to the Man who communed with Jehovah.

*Your friend and brother
Eli A. Tracy*

This is a copy of Eli A. Tracy's letter by his daughter-in-law Emma Peterson Tracy, wife of his son David I. Tracy. God bless the memory of that grand man and his wife Eliza Ann Sprague Tracy.

The letter was retyped 16th September 2002 by M. Rae Hall Eller, great granddaughter of Eli Tracy, specifically for Daniel Leavitt's missionary book. However, through the years it has been copied many times, punctuation, spelling, etc. have probably been corrected but the great testimony has not been altered. A paragraph on page 4 of Eli's history is worthy of reading as it tells about Joseph Smith baptizing 80 people and the little boy referred to may have been Eli.

Eli Alexander Tracy died on 1 January, 1917 at the age of 84.

Epilogue



Papa and his steam threshing machine

I looked over the field of hay. Papa did not plant hay. My brother Gordon was different and raised horses. Horses needed hay. It was difficult to see and feel the change. A pang of homesickness filled my body. Oh, for those bygone days when I was young and had my parents, whose main concern was to care for their children. I could hear my mother's voice, calling to remind her children that it was getting dark and they must come inside.

Tears welled up and I ached for those days to return. I must put my feelings down on paper. My homesteading parents deserved to be recognized and remembered for their efforts in settling on this prairie and raising a large family. I was filled with a longing to do this. Yes! I would do it. I called to my own teenage family, and the young son who came later, also the foster son. We must hurry home, back to town. I wanted to write, but it did not happen, kids came first. I had to wait for the right time. I waited days, weeks and years. One day I realized I had grown old and I must write before it was too late. Unfortunately, I had waited too long. In my senior's apartment I had learned to use a computer. That was exactly what I needed, I thought, but it was not enough. I lacked confidence and ability. I tried to explain my feelings to my sister, Rae. She was pleased to offer help. We got our younger sister, Enid, enthused about the project, too, and now feel we have accomplished our mission. Thank you, sisters.

Mama and daughters
(before Enid)
Usona, Mama,
Marjorie, Reta,
Rae and Olive.



OTT & ETHEL REFLECTIONS

At the close of this literary endeavor, 29 March, 2008, you will note there are 159 direct descendents of "Ott and Ethel". Counting spouses and stepchildren, who are very important members of the Hall family, the number is 238. If anyone has been missed, be assured we did the best we could in getting an accurate count. Going back to "THE INTRODUCTION", page 2, second paragraph, "We challenge you, dear readers, to find another book written by 89, 84, and 82 year-old sisters. That alone, makes the book unique". And we should add, subject to omissions, mistakes, human frailty, and the distance separating the authors. We offer no apologies, but plead for your indulgence and understanding.

Sadly, there are only eleven living descendents out of the 159 that have had the privilege of actually knowing "OTT and ETHEL". Olive, Rae and Enid remember their parents with appreciation, we were recipients of their love, influence and sacrifices. Glenn, Joan and Marianne remember the grandparenting devotion and encouragement received from "NANA and PA". Carol, Cecily, Patti, Eric and Murray only had the tender loving care of their "NANA" for a very short time.

However, through our limited talents, we hope and pray that your lives have been touched by "OTT and "ETHEL". In the words of a favorite poet:

"Lives of all great men remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time".

- Longfellow -

Ott Hall, Taber Old Timer, Laid to Rest

Funeral of the late Orson Hall of Taber, pioneer of Magrath and Taber, and well-known farmer of this district was held here Wednesday of last week. Interment was in Taber cemetery. A capacity audience attended the church service, including many friends from Magrath, Welling, Raymond, Lethbridge, Picture Butte and other points besides Taber and district. All family members here were present, and a daughter from Edmonton. The whole platform and pulpit were banked with floral tributes, and the casket was heaped with them.

Taber ward choir rendered anthems and a very impressive quartette number. A duet by Mrs. B.R. McMullin, Barnwell, and Mrs. Strang, Magrath, was very appealing. Speakers were Bishop Wood, who presided, A. Haynes and Ivan Harris. Invocation was offered by Chas. Edwards, and benediction by E.H. Price, Picture Butte. Pallbearers were David, Earl and Sherrie Ellingson, and Wallace and Vriel Hall and Clarence Tufts. Christensen Bros., Lethbridge, were funeral directors.

Born in Huntsville, Utah, the late Orson Hall, Jr., was 67 at his demise. While living in Vernal, Utah, he came north to Alberta in 1900, returning in 1901, and settling at Magrath in 1902. He came to the site of Taber with the pioneers in 1904, was active in building and mining till homesteading in the river belt north of Fincastle in 1906, farming in that area ever since, his father farming two miles east.

His brother, David, farming southeast, was his partner in farming operation from 1910 to 1927, sticking to these through good and bad years till the "wet" years 1927 - 1928, when they operated independently. The late Mr. Hall bought the A.L. Wood residence just west of the Central school here, and improved it to one of the most attractive in town. The two brothers operated a threshing rig for years. The late pioneer married Miss Ethel Evans of Magrath, always active in L.D.S. church affairs, and one of the leaders in women's community activities. To them were born six daughters and two sons, all living — Mrs. Howard King, Cranbrook, B.C.; Mrs. G.C. McCartie, Mrs. Howard Wood, Mrs. Cecil Johnson, Miss Enid, all of Taber and Miss Rae, of Edmonton; Evan Conrad elevator agent, and Gordon, well-known cattleman, Taber. Also surviving are Mrs. Ethel Hall, bereaved wife, and two brothers. — David, Taber farmer, and Lee in California; and two sisters — Mrs. Leone Sprague, and Miss Fay in California; besides six grandchildren and two half-sisters: Mrs. Dean Burbank of Taber and Mrs. June West of Raymond. The late pioneer was known to most folk only as the popular "Ott" Hall, even before Taber was organized, when it had no definite name.

From "The Taber Times"
October 4, 1944



Ott in his "cowboy days"



"Family picture circa 1901" Back row l to r: David, Mary, Ott, Lee,
Front: Abb, Mother Eliza Johanna, Leona, Father Orson, Faye

Ethel



1902



1949

From the
Lethbridge Herald
**Resident Of South
For 50 Years Dies**

TABER. — (HINS) — A beloved old-timer of the Taber district, Mrs. Ethel Hall, 64, passed away in the Taber municipal hospital Sunday afternoon. She had been in failing health for some months and suffered a relapse Friday afternoon.

A native of North Ogden, Utah, where she was born on Oct. 13, 1885, she moved with her family to Magrath in 1900. She lived also at Raymond and Cranbrook prior to moving to Taber in 1909. In 1905 at Magrath she married Orson E. Hall, who predeceased her in 1944.

Among those left to mourn her passing are her mother, Mrs. Sarah Jane Holmes of Raymond; two brothers, Myron Holmes and Godfrey Holmes of Raymond; three sisters, Mrs. Ellen Winkle of Raymond, Mrs. Margaret Weaver of Chicago, Illinois, and Mrs. Martha Mitchell of Salt Lake City, Utah. Eight children also survive: O. Evan, and Gordon Hall, two sons, both of Taber; and six daughters, Mrs. Usona McCartee, Mrs. Oive Johnson and Miss Rae Hall, all of Taber, Mrs. Rita Wood of Diamond City, Mrs. Marjorie King of Cranbrook, Mrs. Enid Kinniburgh of Fort St. John, B.C., and a number of grandchildren.

Funeral services are being arranged by Martin Brothers of Lethbridge.

Many Attend Funeral For Mrs. Ethel Hall

There was a large number of friends and relatives in attendance at the funeral of the late Mrs. Ethel Hall, held on Wednesday afternoon, May 31st. Floral tributes were beautiful and numerous attesting to the high esteem in which Mrs. Hall was held in the community. Funeral services were conducted from the L. D. S. Church, Taber, with Bishop Douglas Miller officiating at final rites. The combined choirs of the Taber wards under the direction of Mr. Wm. F. Bullock sang the hymns "O My Father Sometime We'll Understand", and "Though Deepening Trials". Mrs. Delores Summerfeldt and Mr. Rell Francis sang as a duet "Beyond the Sunset". Speakers at the service were Bishops Douglas Miller, Harold Wood and Anthony Haynes who all spoke highly of the understanding kindness of Mrs. Hall, her fidelity in living the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and of the example of true wifehood and motherhood which she lived. Invocation was by Elder Percy Poulsen, and benediction by Elder Burdett Hill. Members of the Relief Society, and of the Taber Womens' Institute each attended in a body. Pallbearers were Leo Hill, Norman Bullock, Leo McCartee and Burns Wood, of Taber; also Carl Winkler and John Holmes of Raymond. Interment took place in the Taber Cemetery, Elder E. H. Price offering the graveside prayer.

The late Mrs. Hall was the local librarian, and her kind words and pleasant smile for even the youngest of the book borrowers will long be remembered.

Perhaps the greatest tribute was paid by one of her daughters shortly before Mrs. Hall passed away — "No finer woman ever lived than my mother — so tolerant, so patient, so kind." Here was one who lived among us, of whom can truly be said "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

"The Taber Times"

CRANBROOK TRI-WEEKLY

TOWNSMAN

VOLUME 21 NO. 146

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1967

5¢ a copy, \$3.00 per year.

PARK COLLISION FATAL

Mrs. Howard King, wife of Magistrate Howard King, died about 8 p.m., Tuesday night December 26th, as the result of an accident in Kootenay National Park. The couple and their granddaughter were returning from Calgary when they collided with an oncoming snow-plow about 16 miles east of Radium. Mrs. King was apparently killed instantly while Mr. King suffered a broken arm and bruises, and the granddaughter only minor bruises. Mr. King and his granddaughter were expected to be discharged from Windermere Hospital today. The car was a total wreck. It is understood that the snow plow driver was unharmed.

R.C.M.P. at Radium report an inquest will be held but no date has been set.

Mrs. King had been a very active citizen of Cranbrook for the past 20 years, after moving here from Bull River where they had operated a ranch. She and Mr. King managed the Farmers Cooperative store until last year when they retired. She had operated the Tourist booth for the Chamber of Commerce for many summer seasons, as well as being an officer in the District Social Credit Association. During Provincial Elections she had been poll clerk to the returning officer, had been chairman of the Well Womens' Clinic, Cancer Society and was a charter member of the Cranbrook Lady Lions.

Mr. King was appointed Cranbrook Magistrate and Justice of the Peace last summer, and they also operated a trailer court on their home property on Kootenay Street.

Funeral services will be held on Saturday, December 30, at 2:00 p.m. in the Church of Latter Day Saints.

Interment will be in Westlawn.

Joan, Marjorie & Marianne, January, 1954



Thanksgiving, October, 1967



Children cousins, not identified but Ellingson, Abb Hall family, Dean and June Hall are recognized, must have been a festive occasion or maybe after Sunday School, as they are all in Sunday best.



Glenn King, Leo McCartee and Miller boys.



1952: Brothers and Sisters in back: Usona, Eva, Gordon's hat, LaVon, Barbara, Rae, Olive Children: Carol Hall, Kathy Eller Patti Kinniburgh, Eric Johnson, Colin Kinniburgh, Cecily & Murray Johnson.



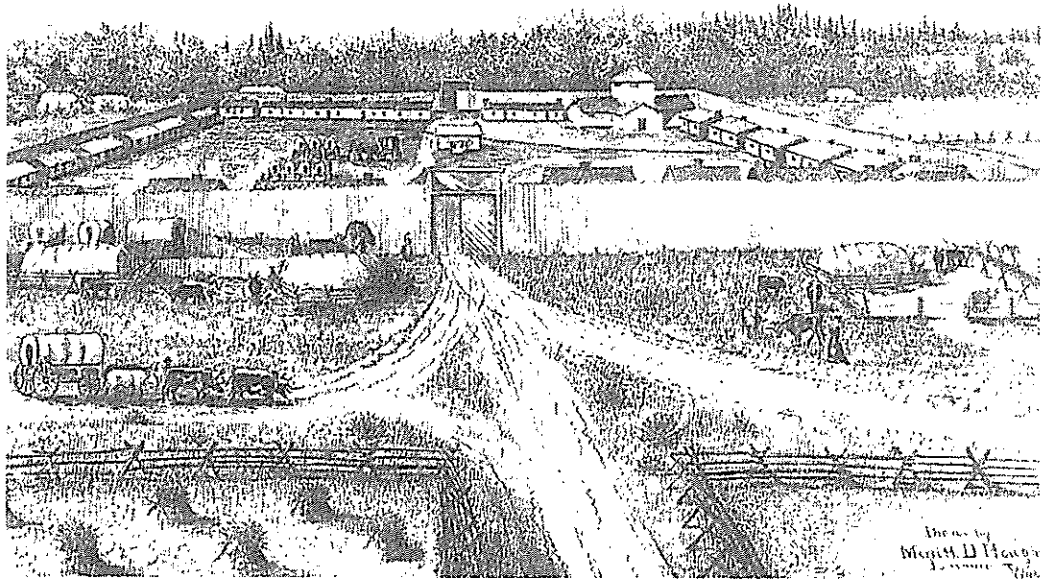
Ethel and two of her
Evans Aunts, Louise and Kate



Nana and Colin
1948, Rose Prairie



Taber Reunion 1964
All Ethel & Ott posterity in the picture except Gordon
and Howard Wood



Fort Supply-Artist's conception of Mormon fort near Ft. Bridger
 Eli and Eliza Ann Tracy served a mission at the Fort, their daughter,
 Oliza Johanna was born there, 1857. (Ott's mother)



Ott and his "friend" Nielsen
 Read page 16

Dave Hall, Norma Hall Alexander and
 Ott Hall, about 1943
 Norma, daughter of Absolom Hall

Ott and Ethel Descendents

The 2008 census of the Hall Family was completed, 25 March. There is a distinct possibility errors have occurred - the census taker is not infallible, and confesses to confusion. However, if you find mistakes please advise the authors, if a second edition is necessary errors can be corrected.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|------------|
| Direct Descendents of "Ott & Ethel": | 159 |
| Spouses | 62 |
| Stepchildren | 17 |
| TOTAL | 238 |

m. denotes married
 * denotes deceased

*Marjorie m. *Howard King

| | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|--|
| Glenn m. Marion | Joan m. *Jim | Marianne m. Derry(div) |
| Kevan m. Nancy Kathleen Parker | Sally m. David | Pam m. Brian Allison m. Mike Elaina Erin |
| Karen | Nancy m. Peter | Heather |
| Kelly m. Corrine Dallis Quentin | Allison m. Mitch Mark Sean Rachel Simon | Jenn. m. Jared |
| Kimberley m. Padric | | David Joan m. Kavin Andrea Michael Megan |
| | | Marianne m. Eldon Catherine m. Drew |

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------|
| DIRECT DESCENDENTS OF "OTT & ETHEL": | 30 |
| Spouses | 14 |
| Stepchildren | 1 |
| TOTAL | 45 |

*Usona Hall m. *Carl McCartee

| | | | | |
|---------|------------------|---------------|--------|------------------------|
| *Connie | *Leo m. Marlene | | | |
| | Linda m. Gregory | Diane m. Rick | *Kelly | Melanie m. Schalk(div) |
| | Bradley (div | Sean | | Lacey |
| | Brittney | Carson | | Cody |
| | Hunter | Devon | | Kelsey |
| | Jamie m. Robin | Lexi | | |
| | Carley | | | |
| | Tyler | | | |
| | Jodie m. Mark | | | |
| | Blake | | | |
| | Levi | | | |
| | Kinley | | | |

| | |
|------------------------------------|----|
| DIRECT DESCENDENTS OF OTT & ETHEL: | 23 |
| Spouses | 6 |
| Stepchildren | 1 |
| TOTAL | 30 |

*Evan Hall m. *Eva Jensen

| | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| Jerry m. *Susan | Jane m. Klaus |
| Andrew | Carlin |
| | Nicole m. Ryan |
| | Tucker |
| | Adam |

Jerry M. Cora

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----|
| DIRECT DESCENDENTS OF "OTT & ETHEL": | 8 |
| Spouses | 4 |
| TOTAL | 12 |

*Reta Hall m. *Howard Wood.

*Roy m. Beverly
Rory m.
son
*Rhonda
Rachelle

DIRECT DESCENDENTS OF "OTT & ETHEL": 6
Spouses 3
TOTAL 9

*Gordon Hall m. *Barbara Collett.

Carol m. Raymond Tracy *Kimble
Shawna m. Donald
Jessyca
Amanda
Shawna m. Michael
Caitlyn

DIRECT DESCENDENTS OF "OTT & ETHEL": 8
Spouses: 4
TOTAL 12

Olive Hall m. *Cecil Johnson

Cecily m. Glade Eric m. Nina Murray m. Lorie Graham m. Sonia

| | | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|---|------|
| Andrea m. Peter Sebastian Cecily | Aaron m. Rachel Joshua Noah | Jenn. m. Mitch Carson Malorie McKenna Baylee Chase | Liam |
|--|-----------------------------------|---|------|

| | | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|--|--------|
| Derek m. Krisdee Braxton Karlee | Michael m. Leela Kaitlyn Hannah Chase | Tyler m. Kristy Riley Halley Zachary Chloe | Gareth |
|---------------------------------------|--|--|--------|

Krisdee - Hayden

| | | | |
|--------------------------|--|---|--------|
| Megan m. Kelly Mekell | Timothy m. Tabitha Austin Ott +1 | Nolan m. Carley Madisyn Elley Ava Liv | Glenys |
|--------------------------|--|---|--------|

| | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| Megan m. Wes 3 stepchildren Braken Bailee Kimlee | Eric m. Bonnie 3 stepchildren |
|--|----------------------------------|

Dan

Lindsey

Stepdaughter Sierra

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----|
| DIRECT DESCENDENTS OF "OTT & ETHEL": | 43 |
| Spouses: | 16 |
| Stepchildren | 8 |
| TOTAL | 67 |

Margaret Rae m. LaVon F. Eller

| | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------|-----------------|--|
| * Kathryn | Nancy m. Ross (div) | Robert m. Kris | Steven ^{Ralene} _{Kalene} |
| | Ryan m. Jacki | Christian | Tyler |
| | Samantha | | Kristen |
| | McKenzie | | Kelsey |
| | Dylan | | Mitch |
| | | | Rachel |
| | Cadie Rae | | |
| | Brynn m. Chad | Robert m. Kris | |
| | +1 | Jennifer m. Tim | |
| | | Briant | |
| | | Daniel m. Amy | |
| | | Kyle | |
| | | Kayla | |
| DIRECT DECENDENTS FROM "OTT & ETHEL": | 18 | | |
| Spouses | 8 | | |
| Stepchildren | 4 | | |
| Great Stepchildren | 1 | | |
| | | | |
| TOTAL | 31 | | |

Enid Francis Hall m. *Arthur Kinniburgh

| | | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------|---------------|-------------------|-------|-------|
| *Colin m. Ferne | *Gordon | Pat m. Bob | James m. Deb(div) | Brian | Burke |
| Dawn m. Kevin | | Becky m. Mark | Trent m. Amanda | | |
| Nicholas | | Steven | Jesse | | |
| Trevor | | Timothy | Wyatt | | |
| Joshua | | | Denay | | |
| | | | Tyler | | |
| Gordon m. Mary Lou | | | | | |
| Scott | | | Travis | | |
| | | | Vanessa | | |
| | | | Breanna | | |
| | | Bob & Lynn | | | |
| | | Suzanne | | | |
| | | Cole | | | |
| DIRECT DESCENDENTS OF "OTT & ETHEL" | 23 | | | | |
| Spouses | 7 | | | | |
| Stepchildren | 2 | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| TOTAL | 32 | | | | |

Ode of the Long Neglected Husband

For the past ten or twelve months, which seems like an eternity, I have been sitting on the sidelines watching, and quite often requested to assist, Margaret Rae Hall Eller in her efforts to write a book.

This book is finally completed, and ready for the printer and binder. It is about Ott and Ethel Hall and their posterity. The posterity numbers 238, and it seems like everyone of that number, who could write, has written something to be included.

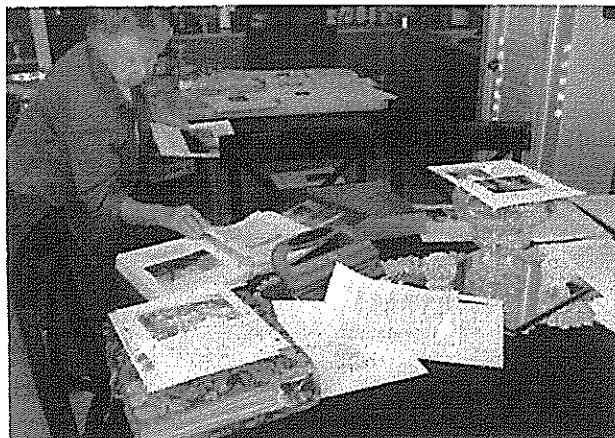
Rae has been sitting at the computer day in, and day out, as well as plenty of nights, for all this time I have mentioned. She has dragged me along with her to "Staples" to have special copy work done, as well as purchasing reams and reams of paper and dozens of cartridges for the printer. She has agonized over her family members getting their printed contributions to the book on time.

I know that I am the only one in the family who knows the time, effort and agony that Rae has expended in getting the manuscript ready for the printer and binder. Take my word - it has been an enormous and exhausting job; and I say "Thank you, Rae, for a job well done"!

Carlton E. Eller



Kitchen counter and dining room.
Thank goodness for Wendy's, Papa
Murphy's pizza and TV dinners.



In the computer room/office/library
11:00 a.m. still in p.j.'s