

LIFE HISTORY OF ANONA SHUMWAY HUNTSMAN

In the spring of 1906, my dear mother, Caroline Hymas Shumway, was three months pregnant with her fourth child when Father, Charles Mendon Shumway, received a call to go into the mission field. They were buying a farm, so arrangements were made for a renter to come and share half the house, which was a four-room two story log house. Mother's parents lived only half a mile away so they promised to watch over the family.

I guess Mother was pretty lonely and sick, but the Gospel meant more than this sacrifice to my dear parents.

On September 20, 1906, in Treasureton, Franklin County, Idaho, I was born, a beautiful black haired baby girl. Mom told me how proud she was of me, as I was her first baby to have a lot of dark hair. Mother was seriously ill because I was born breech, coming buttocks first, and the midwife was unable to do a thing about it. For days, my grandparents were not sure whether or not Mother would live. However, in time she recovered and was well enough to go home and take care of her little brood. I was one and a half years old before I ever saw my missionary father, but we loved each other from first sight.

One day when I was just a toddler, I ran away from home and was headed for Grandma's when they found me. When I was asked where I was going, I replied, "To Grandma's."

I had a very happy childhood in a family where love and respect for each other and the Gospel were taught and lived. I was fortunate to be in the center of nine children, with an older sister, Hattie, and two older brothers, Earl and Quent; and a younger sister, Nettie, and four younger brothers, Kermit, Andrew, Dean, and Charles.

There wasn't any game we couldn't play. I

remember having so much fun playing baseball, run sheep run, steal sticks, marbles, Old Sow, house, school, and, oh yes, we made all our own Valentines and Christmas tree decorations.

I well remember my first day at school. How big and important I felt. My older sister, Hattie, took me by way of Grandpa Hymas' store and bought me a tablet and a pencil. My first teacher was Miss Lullamadear. I liked school and got along very well with all the other children and my teachers.

As mentioned, my Grandma and Grandpa Hymas owned a store in Treasureton (the only one incidentally), and when I was about five years old, I encountered my first lesson in honesty. One day while at the store, I noticed some perfume sitting on the counter, so I unscrewed the lid and just put one little daub on my dress. Well, when I returned home that day, everyone smelled perfume and wanted to know where it came from and who had given it to me. When I told them the story and that no one had given it to me, I had just taken it, my parents gave me a dime and told me to walk back over to the store and pay for the bottle of perfume, but I was to leave the rest of it there. I couldn't have it! I was told to hurry, as it was getting close to evening. I remember walking that ever so long distance (about half a mile) to the store crying all the way, feeling as though I had stolen the world. After I had gone, my parents called the store and told them what had happened, and that I was coming and they were to take the money and not sympathize with me at all. Well, I did as I had been told and returned home never to forget this lesson in honesty.

We had the usual childhood diseases, aches and pains. Mother's sister used to pull our loose teeth with a string, and I remember disliking that tremendously. However, it was just as bad for her to pull one of the other kids teeth as my own, and I cried for them, too.

I'll never forget one Christmas when most of us kids had the measles. Nettie and I were in bed together, so Mother put our names on our stockings and hung them over a chair right by our bed--telling us to stay in the warm bed. Before it was light, we awoke and wanted to feel the stockings to see if Santa had been there. I reached out this way and that, and finally Nettie held onto my feet and I put one hand on the floor and reached all around, but couldn't even find the chair! Old Santa had outsmarted us and had taken the chair, stockings and all, into the kitchen.

Christmas was always a wonderful time at our house, with love of the Gospel within our hearts. Very early in our lives, the joy of trying to follow the example of the Savior, Jesus Christ, was instilled deep within our hearts, thanks to our dear parents, older brothers and sisters, teachers, loved ones and friends.

It was a crisp Sunday morning on September 20th, 1914, the day of my eighth birthday. Father was my Bishop, so he and Mother and I took off down through the meadow, and there in our creek at the favorite water-hole of the animals, I was baptized. It was a very hallowed spot to me after that, and I'm sure my Heavenly Father smiled down on us as pleasingly that day, as though it had been done in a Holy font. I was pretty well chilled when I reached the house, but after a quick bath and being ready for Sunday School, I was warm inside.

We held Sacrament Meetings right after Sunday School, following a short recess. At Sacrament Meeting that day, I was confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints by my grandfather, Benjamin Hymas.

We had a large farm of around a thousand acres, mostly dry farming, with cows, horses, pigs, and chickens, and a huge garden. We also had a few fruit trees. Instead of mowing the lawn as we do now, we had to sweep the yard. My, but it surely would look nice when we were finished. We would pour water on it afterwards to pack it down, and it would shine almost like a dance floor.

There was a spring on our farm about one-fourth mile from the house, and so a pretty little babbling brook came dancing down the side of the road and past our house. The mud-pies, the wading and the chapped hands and feet that came from that clear stream, I'll never forget. The spring water was piped by my ambitious father into the house, so we had hot and cold water, a sink, a wash bowl, bath tub, and toilet, even though we were fifteen miles from town (Preston). It was the down hill slope that forced the water to run. It was extra good water and is still doing a wonderful job.

On baking day I would place the cookies by the pantry window to cool. My brothers, who were outside would put the smallest boy on their shoulders and open the screen slightly and a little hand would reach in and feel around for cookies for all of them. No head was visible, just a little hand. If they couldn't reach the cookies, I'd quickly slide some over for them.

We would always cook frosting for our cakes. (We had never heard of powdered sugar!) While I was beating it to the right consistency to spread, the little boys would come with a leaf and I would put a little taste of icing on their leaves and they would slowly lick it off, enjoying it's sweetness.

As mentioned, my father was the Bishop of the Treasureton Ward for years, and so we children were asked to be examples for our friends. I'll never forget cleaning the white top buggy for funerals, and then later the car. Father would always have to go early to the different homes and then later the rest of us would walk down to the church for the funeral.

Treasureton was fifteen miles from Preston, and we owned the first car in our little community. When Father would plan a trip to town, he would call all the widows and neighbors and ask if they needed anything from the stores, or if they needed to go, and before he would leave, he would have a car load. Once in a while we kids got a chance to go.

I'll always remember the time my parents took all of us to the circus at Logan, forty-five miles away. That was a wonderful day for the whole family and

will always be recalled as a "red letter day."

I was very thin as a child, but I had good health until I was in the seventh grade. At that time I had the flu, and it left my heart weak. I had attended three months and three days of school before that happened, and then, no more school that year! I didn't even have to dry dishes or sweep the floor, which was nice for a while, but I couldn't run and play either, and that wasn't quite so nice. Mother was a very good nurse. By the next fall, I was back in school with limitations. I started the seventh grade again, even though my teacher passed me on to the eighth on the condition that I could keep up. The folks and I thought it best for me to take the seventh over. I was always glad that I did, as I was the Valedictorian in the Eighth Grade and also as I graduated from high school.

During the summer, after I had completed my first year of high school, a very frightening thing happened on our ranch. On July 24th, 1923, we had been over to the church to the pioneer celebration and had come home to eat our dinner. It was raining very hard when we got in the car to go back to the celebration, and we were unable to get up the hill to get out onto the road. So Father drove the car into the garage and put the chains on the tires. He looked at the creek and told us that it was rising fast, and he thought we hadn't ought to try to go back for a while. He said we should go to the huge barn for refuge and thought he had better move the car out of the garage and put it up on the hill. Just after he had driven it out, the garage was swept away in the flood like an old straw hat. The garage had a cement foundation higher than our heads, so we were thankful that we had gotten the car out.

Father came to the barn, and the water was just running through it by now. There was a hayloft full of hay above our heads, so Father thought that we had better get out of there. We all took hold of hands, with Father holding the baby (Charles) in his arms, and we started up the hill to higher ground. The water was above our waists by now and moving very fast. Mother had a long wool skirt on, and when the water ran swiftly past her, she lost her

balance and fell, with only her head sticking out of the water. We were all screaming! Father yelled for us to hang onto each other's hands tightly! Mother finally managed to struggle to her feet, and after much effort and many prayers, we reached the top of the hill and gathered into the calf barn. The loft was filled with hay. The boys had been sleeping up there, as we had had extra company, so there were a few quilts, too. We all huddled under the quilts in the dry hay and waited. We were there three hours before the waters had gone down enough for us to get to the house, but we were thankful to all be alive. We knew the Lord had protected us.

In the winter time, we always traveled by horse and sleigh. We were fifteen miles from a picture show, so as teenagers we had to make our own entertainment for dates. We would always put on a three act play in the winter, and we would go sleigh riding and tobogganing. We would have house parties and candy pulls. Sometimes we would all get together and go to a neighboring town in sleighs for a dance or special event. The boys would put big rocks in the oven of the cook stove and get them hot and then wrap them in papers and put them on the hay in the sleigh to help keep us girls warm. Then we would have lots of quilts that we would pull up around us and over our heads, and we really had good times in a good way.

To attend high school, I had to move away from the home which I loved. I lived with my Grandmother and Grandfather Hymas in Preston. That was nice and I loved them very much, but I would get homesick, anyway. I remember calling home one time to ask what everyone was doing. My sister Nettie said, "We're popping popcorn, don't you wish you were here?" I couldn't help it--I began to cry.

I loved to go home on weekends and I usually did. In the wintertime, some other students and I would walk many miles toward Treasureton, and then one of our parents would come as far as they could to meet us and take us home for the weekend. Then we'd have to reverse the procedure to get back to school.

I studied hard all through high school, but I had some fun activities and loved life, along with it. My senior year, I went to Logan to live with my older sister Hattie and her husband, at 126 East 2nd South. My cousin, Doris Quayle from Brigham City, roomed with me. We had a wonderful friendship, but before school was out she died. She went home one weekend with a cold, and in a few days she was dead! Her spine was crooked and one shoulder was higher than the other, so she was partially crippled, but she had such a happy spirit. I'll never forget her and the beautiful lessons she taught me. After graduating as Valedictorian of my senior class, I stayed on at Hattie's and worked at my brother-in-law's hardware store.

In the fall of 1927, Mother had the quinsy and was very ill. I was away from home at the time, and Father called for me to come home, which I did. I remember when I got home there were quite a few bushels of peaches that had to be bottled. I worked very hard the next day, which happened to be my birthday, and bottled many many jars of fruit. I had to do it all alone, but I remember that night when my father returned from town, he brought me my first real birthday present--a pair of silk hose! (Rather than the usual nickel or dime.) They were very special, and I quickly forgot about all the work I had done that day.

Life was very interesting, and I had plenty of dates and love worries. I had different boy friends, but the real one didn't come along until 1928, when my brother Quentin returned from the mission field. In the spring of 1928, Father had to come up to Idaho Falls on business, so we came with him. While he and Mother were busy, Quent, Nettie and I went out to Woodville to see Quent's missionary companion, Elder E. Delos Huntsman. We had about an hour's visit then had to go back to meet the folks in Idaho Falls. Little did I know that this was the man who was to be my eternal companion. He must have seen something interesting in me, because after that, he drove alone down to Treasureton (one hundred and fifteen miles) to date me. After a very short but pleasant relationship, we became engaged in the fall and married the following 20th of June

1929. No honeymoon was taken, as that wasn't the popular trend, but the parties and wedding dances that followed were memories never to be forgotten.

Our first home was a three room house that belonged to Oreta (Delos' oldest sister) and was located on Dad Huntsman's farm. Before our marriage, Delos had planted a flower bed spelling out "A N O N A" with flowers. When we moved in, I was happily surprised with that sweet gesture of love. Our furniture consisted of an old iron bed that Delos had bought as a young man, a dresser he had also bought, and my cedar chest. I painted the bed and dresser blue and they were beautiful. We purchased a lovely tan enameled cook range, and our unpainted table and four chairs were a wedding gift. The linoleum was a premium with the stove. Gee, but we were the "King and Queen of love land!" Delos worked at J.C. Penneys, and I worked at Wrights (later known as C.C. Andersons) for a few weeks. In the spring, Delos went back to work for Wes, and I worked for \$1.00 a day at Vern's Grocery Store in Woodville.

On the 23rd of November 1930, in our second home, a little two room house that Wes had built for his hired help, a beautiful dark haired baby boy was born to us. We named him Merrill Delos, and our joy was really complete now--*but for only six short weeks*. We had gone to Treasureton to spend New Years with my parents, and while there, our little son became very ill with quick pneumonia. He stopped breathing at one time, and Delos and I took him downstairs where my parents were sleeping. We asked Father to administer to him, and Father said, "It's too late!" But we had faith strong enough that we knew he'd live if we asked the Lord, so they administered to him, and our prayers were answered. Our baby made a little noise and started breathing again! We had witnessed the power of the Priesthood and the hand of God, and we were so grateful. However, little Merrill started having convulsions that day and was so very sick. Delos went in a sleigh and got a registered nurse to help us. The baby would convulse about every twenty minutes--they would put him in hot water and then cold water and rub him, and he was suffering so

much. So that night (just twenty-four hours after he first became ill), Delos and I prayed and asked the Lord that if our baby couldn't get better and be okay, please not let him suffer and for His will to be done. The next day, January 5th, 1931, our precious little first born left us and went back to his Heavenly Father. Our hearts were so heavy, but we acknowledged the hand of the Lord, and we felt like He needed our son. We put his tiny body in the back seat of our car and returned to our home in Shelley to bury him.

In March 1931, Delos and I decided to try our luck at farming by ourselves. We had saved about \$200.00 to start farming. This was pretty good for those days. We moved into the four room house on the farm across the river. We bought a team of horses for \$29.00. We got an old harrow from Wes, and Delos worked hour after hour on it to sharpen the teeth and repair it. We planted a lawn around the house, planted trees, flowers, and a garden, and later we bought this farm from Vern, Delos' brother.

Well, I had the loss of the baby heavy on my heart, so I went to work at the store now and then. We didn't have much money, but we always kept our tithing up to date, and the Lord was very kind to us.

In the fall, on November 4, 1931, our first daughter was born. Delos called my mother and told her, and that very afternoon she got off the bus in Shelley and started walking out to our farm, two and one half miles from town. One of our neighbors gave her a ride, and we were so very happy to see her. We had this precious baby's name all settled on before our first son was born. We took the first two letters of Delos and the last three of my name and got "DEONA." I've always loved the name and the sweet girl who claims it. What heavenly joy comes with each dear little baby. I cannot express it in words.

We were so careful with Deona. I missed a lot of things that first winter so she wouldn't catch cold, as the loss of our first baby made us overly cautious.

Our home didn't have electricity or water, but we didn't mind. We had two kerosene lamps, and the canal was close to the house. We hauled our drinking and cooking water from Woodville or the neighbors on the south.

On October 13th, 1933, our third child and second son Thayne Shumway was born. He was another dark haired beautiful boy, and we were pretty proud to have a daughter and a son to bless our home and our lives. By now we had electricity and had put a heater in the living room. My, but we felt so happy and grateful for all our blessings and two living babies. I had some difficulty in nursing Thayne, and we almost let him get rickets before we got the medical help from a specialist in Pocatello to get him going again.

On June 25th, 1935, Dale Robert was born. He was a husky curly haired baby and was so good natured. It was because he got a bottle right at first and did fine on it.

On January 17th, 1940, Julene was born in the Idaho Falls LDS Hospital. She was another dark haired baby girl. She got along fine but I didn't do so good. I had a touch of milk leg and other complications. It was some time before I recovered. Julene was a real dream baby. Now our living children were two of each. Daddy Delos was Bishop, so we had a full busy happy life.

Vanece was born on the 12th of December 1944, at the LDS Hospital in Idaho Falls. She surely was a beauty to behold. Her hair was about three inches long, black and curly, and she weighed ten pounds and ten and a fourth ounces. Really, she was just a lovely Christmas doll. It was hard to leave the older children home while I went to the hospital for ten days, but the joy of a new baby to take home was worth it.

Neva was born on the 8th of December 1948, at the Eaton Maternity Home in Shelley. She was another ten pound ten ounce doll! Not quite so much hair, but she was beautiful, and there were a lot of us to love and

appreciate her.

Neil, our last baby, never had a chance to live. I was at Mrs. Eaton's Maternity Home in bed for ten days, and we thought that everything was going to be all right. Then I started severely hemorrhaging again and was rushed by ambulance to the Idaho Falls Hospital. The hemorrhaging could not be controlled, so it was either lose both of us or take the baby at seven months and try to save my life. They took the baby and the ordeal was just too much for him to survive. He just gasped for air a couple of times. I didn't even get to see him. I was in quite serious condition, but through administration and the Lord's help, I was spared to raise our six living children, for which we were very grateful. The Lord has been very kind to us, and we realize that He must have had a purpose in taking this, our last baby, as He also had in taking our first baby boy. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." We will forever love and trust Him.

Death in a family brings a lot of joy in many ways along with the grief. It truly humbles everyone. It makes you appreciative of all of your loved ones, your friends, the Gospel, life itself, and the goodness of the Lord to His children upon this earth. All your blessings seem magnified. You receive the strength you need from your Heavenly Father, and the love in your heart increases as you see the good in others. I guess it's just a very humbling experience.

I feel like religion has been the main part of our lives and the guide by which we have tried to live. We never did let our tithing get behind, and the Lord truly blessed us with wisdom to use the other nine-tenths. We have tried, and are earnestly trying, to keep all the commandments of our Heavenly Father. It's been a joy to serve in our wonderful church. I've made many friends and loved many people from associating with them while holding different positions. I appreciate the teachings of my parents and the wonderful examples they taught us in our home. We were taught to accept whatever we were asked to do in the Church, and to do it to the best of our ability. I've loved the many different positions

I've been asked to fill. My first job was teaching a religion class after school, while I was still in grade school. Before I was married, I taught Primary and Sunday School, and was secretary of the Sunday School, ward chorister, and first counselor in the M.I.A. All these positions I held in the Treasureton Ward where I was born and raised.

Soon after marriage I had a Sunday School class, was Manual Counselor in the M.I.A. under two different presidents, had a Primary class, was Social Science Leader in Relief Society, and then a counselor in the Relief Society presidency. I held all these positions while we were living in the Woodville Ward.

While being members of the Shelley First Ward, I was Stake President of the L.D.S. Girls Program when it was first organized. I was released after a few years because of ill health, and six months later the program was combined with the M.I.A. I was also a Sunday School teacher, a counselor in the Primary and then President of the Primary for almost five years. The cooperation of our ward workers was truly wonderful, and the joy of leading little children was most satisfying. I will always be grateful to my humble, sweet, hard-working counselors, Rose Oswald, Jean Longhurst, and Lela Morris.

I've been a district Relief Society teacher (visiting teacher), except when I've held stake jobs or was in the Relief Society Presidency. I served as Manual Counselor in the Shelley Stake M.I.A. It was one of the biggest responsibilities I had ever had. I served in that position for over five and a half years. Stake work doesn't give one the same joy as that received from working in the ward. God inspired the M.I.A. work, and it is a marvelous program, however, it was very difficult to keep our boards staffed, and at times I wondered if it was really appreciated as it should have been.

I'm certainly blessed beyond measure by the many friends that I have made through my church callings, and I'm sure that each job I've held has helped me more than anyone else. I hope I can

enjoy working in this marvelous church as long as I live.

I've had many prayers answered in my life, some immediately, some took a little longer, and even some that I didn't realize were being answered at the time. I'm grateful for the privilege of prayer and it's power.

Our six children were born and raised on our farm by the Snake River bank. We enlarged the house by adding a bedroom, a bathroom and a back porch upstairs. We also added a basement. It takes a "heap 'o livin'" in a house to make it a home. Well, this was truly a home for us and our children. Living twenty eight years in the same home brings experiences and memories that stay with you forever.

From this home on the farm, we learned many lessons of life. Here we welcomed each new baby and watched each grow and develop from one stage to the next. Our children all trooped off to school, were baptized when eight years of age, and the boys were ordained in the Priesthood. Our dreams were for our sons to fill missions and all our children to be married in the Temple to good companions.

On the 16th of November 1950, Deona married Donald Robinson (Bob) Kirkham in the Idaho Falls Temple. Then in 1953, our first grandchild, Gayla, was born.

Thayne and Dale reached missionary age, and each were willing to go wherever the Lord saw fit to call them. They both received calls to Argentina, South America, being there at the same time for part of their missions and even serving as companions for a while.

While the boys were in the mission field, our baby Neva started school, and I started working at Boyd's AG Market in Shelley. I worked from eight to four, having Saturdays off and also summers when school was out. If I could not have been home when school was out, I wouldn't have been working. While the boys were in the mission field, the girls

pitched in and were very good to help on the farm. Julene was her father's right hand man and wasn't afraid to do anything to help. The boys filled honorable missions and returned home safely, even though Thayne had hepatitis and was hospitalized on his way home, and Dale contracted malaria. After his mission, Thayne spent two years in the U.S. Army. It was a happy day when he was discharged and returned home.

My dear mother had cancer of the breast and had to have the breast removed, which was very hard on her. She died a few years later of a weak heart at the age of seventy-nine, on the 16th of April 1956. I was privileged to be at her bedside at the time of her passing, and a peaceful comforting feeling came over me after her sweet spirit left her aged body. Death is sweet and beautiful.

After returning from his mission, Dale married Denise Ann Cox on the 22nd of August 1958.

Thayne married Alene Beth Cox (Denise's cousin) on the 24th of October 1958.

The time had come for us to leave the farm and move to town. We had the joy of building a new brick home on 356 North Park in Shelley, and we moved into it the 1st of February 1959, which was a big thrill. However, it made me sad to leave the farm home that had protected us for so many years and that had shared our joys and sorrows. When we moved, Dale and Denise move onto the farm and into the home, which we had loved so dearly.

Delos and I live only one and one half blocks from church and two blocks from town, and we have the best neighbors in Shelley. Our home is modest but convenient and comfortable, and we love it. We have an apartment downstairs which we rent. We also have a marvelous garden spot in back.

Julene married Larry Earl Hampton on the 31st of August 1961.

My dear father, Charles, had prostate cancer and had to have many surgical procedures. I had

been to Preston staying with him and had just returned to my home the day before his passing at the age of 89, on March 31, 1962.

I missed them both so very much, but we wouldn't bring them back to their aged worn bodies, even if we could. What dear parents I had, and what an example they were to me and my family throughout their lives. How I love them!

On the 8th of October 1965, Vanece married George Henry Siems.

I've said so many times that I didn't know why "grandchildren" were so named, until we got some of our own, and believe me, they are "grand!" We are always thrilled to have them come and visit us, from the oldest to the tiniest one. Our house was bulging at the seams when we would get together, but we said we'd let out the seams for as many more as our kind Father in Heaven would send, and we promised to welcome and to love each and every one of them.

Between my home, family, my church work, and my job at the grocery store, I never had a dull moment. In fact, the weeks, months, and, yes, even the years flew by too fast. I felt as though I had had a beautiful life, and I hoped that the future could be as lovely.

You want your children to live righteously, to grow up and get married in the Temple and make a home for themselves, and that is exactly what ours have done. But, it surely leaves an empty home, except for Dad and I, but thank goodness we have each other and four children who live close by. Delos and I gave each of our children a building lot along the river bank of our farm. Thayne, Deona, and Vanece all built homes on their lots, and Dale added onto the farm home, so they are all comfortable. Neva sold her lot to Vanece, and Julene sold hers to Deona. Our children are all active in the church, and each has held many high positions and magnified their callings. For this, we are so very grateful.

Delos' birthday comes on the 24th of July, so

each year we always celebrate it in good style with a family reunion.

Another family tradition is our family Christmas party, which is held a few days before Christmas so that each family can have Christmas Eve and Christmas day to their own liking. At our Family Christmas Party, we have a delicious meal, games, a program with a number from each family, the reading from the Bible of the birth of the Savior, and the little ones dressing in costumes and acting out the nativity scene. We always let the youngest baby in the family be baby Jesus. It is so thrilling and impressive. Then we have a gift exchange.

In January of 1968, Delos and I were called to officiate in the Idaho Falls Temple and were set apart in February. Neva, our youngest, was attending Ricks College at the time. She was married August 21, 1968 to Hal Pratt Poulsen. How happy we were that each of our children were married to good companions in the Temple.

November 7th found Delos and I in the Mission Home preparing to go for two years to the South West Indian Mission, with headquarters at Holbrook, Arizona. Vanece and George, and baby Travis, moved into our house, and we were grateful to them, as we knew they would take good care of it.

Vanece's Quentin and Dale's Anona were born while we were gone, and that was exciting but made us homesick. We loved our mission and have never worked harder in our lives, and the Lord was very kind and protecting of us. We worked in four areas: Perea, New Mexico; Fort Apache, Arizona; Dulce, New Mexico; and Santa Clara, New Mexico. We had many faith promoting and loving experiences and made some friends that we will cherish forever.

We arrived in the Perea Branch on a Saturday night about 11 o'clock, and the next morning Delos was set apart as Branch President, not knowing any of the people, their culture or what to expect. The previous branch president was a white man and had lived all his life among the Lamanites. He resented

us taking his place because his income was from the Church for being the janitor of Perea's small chapel. The branch was in debt, and the record keeping had not been done well, so we worked hard as branch president, janitors, and proselyting missionaries. We didn't take the money for the janitor work, and we got the records in order. When we left seven and a half months later, the branch was out of debt and there was money left over, for which we were very grateful to the Lord.

The Indians loved to play basketball in our little gym, and the floor was just covered with black marks. Pres. LeGrande Richards was coming to our chapel for a Mission Conference, so I was determined to have the building shiny clean. Delos and I got down on our knees and cleaned that whole gym floor with cleanser and steel wool and then waxed it. It looked great, but I wondered at the time if we had bitten off more than we could chew. The Indians would come in and use our rest rooms in the chapel, sometimes after they had been drinking, and many times we had to clean up their vomit! But the Lord truly blessed us for our efforts, and when we were transferred, attendance had improved, and the Lord was blessing the people of Perea.

We spent three months in Fort Apache, Arizona, where we took over the gardens that a Nelson couple had planted before they went home. We didn't proselyte there, but we worked from dawn till dark with the soil, made many friends and loved the Lamanites.

We had a work project one evening a week. The branch was asked to come and help us in the gardens, and we would prepare eats. At first, we wouldn't have very many Indians helping us, until time for eating, and then many we hadn't even seen in the garden would show up. We quickly set up some rules so that the workers would be fed first, etc.

We were transferred, before the harvest was completed, to Dulce, New Mexico on October 13, 1969. It's always hard to leave friends and go to a new area. It was a new challenge, but we loved Dulce. Dulce was up in the mountains, near the

Colorado mountains, and was a beautiful little village North East of Farmington, New Mexico, which was eighty-five miles away. While Dad and I were in Dulce, we shingled a storage shed, which was there by our little two room home. The shingles had been lying there for a year and there were a lot of black widow spiders in this area, so as we moved each bundle of shingles, we would watch closely for them, and we saw many. I climbed up on the roof and placed the shingles in place, and Delos nailed them down.

In Dulce, I learned to do Indian bead work from the Apache sisters, and we bought a cradle board in which the Indians carried their babies. We did the janitor work here, also, but we proselyted a lot and were happy to get back to teaching. Once a month we went to a Zone Conference in Farmington.

We attended a funeral of a Lamanite teenager who had shot himself because his father had died, and he wanted to be with him. At the cemetery, all his belongings went into the grave on top of the casket; his saddle, bridle, basketball shoes, etc.--everything but his horse!

On the 2nd of May 1970, we left for Espanola to live in a small village called Santa Clara. We were the first white couple to live in the village. Santa Clara was on the Rio Grande River, and the Spanish people wanted the right to the water. They were to get it if the Lamanites didn't use it. The Indians felt like the ground was "dead" and nothing would grow, so President Tingley called us to go there and prove to them that they could grow food and save their water rights. So we leveled a garden spot with our two shovels, gathered up cow "chips" with our two hands to fertilize the ground and to add some humus, and planted our garden. We also planted two fields of corn. The grasshoppers and crows tried to destroy our crops, but through the power of prayer, we were protected. We worked hard and the Lord blessed us tremendously. Our efforts were fruitful, and we not only had an abundant harvest from our planting, but the people warmed up to us better than in any of our other areas. The Santa Clara people were ambitious and friendly. The men worked for a

living and the women made and sold pottery. I learned to make pottery while living there.

Our prayers were answered in so many ways, and we were so blessed at Santa Clara. We lived in the yard of some dear people, President and Sister Eugene Naranjo and their family. One Saturday evening, about dark, President Naranjo came for our flashlight. He had been hauling dirt and spreading it with a big tribe outfit and had lost his wallet with his drivers license, etc. The next morning he was planning to drive more than a hundred miles to speak at a conference, so he really needed to find his wallet. It was raining, but I insisted on going along to help look for it. There were six of us--five adults and one child. We looked all the way up to where he had picked up the dirt and back, and no sign of the wallet. Next we turned to the field. We had prayer and I was asked to say it, which I did very simply and humbly. Afterwards I suggested we go in pairs and start looking on opposite sides of the field. I took the child with me. We walked the length of the field and turned back--that little trusting hand in mine. I felt as though I had my hand in the Lord's. About half way back we found the shiny black wallet, clean and wet from the rain and easy to see, because it was sticking up above the ground. I picked it up and called, "I found it!" Everyone came running and we hugged and cried and offered a prayer of thankfulness. Another of the Lord's little miracles! Prayers are answered and I know they are...sometimes sooner and sometimes later, but be prayerful, dear children, and live close to the Lord, always.

Our mission was a humbling one. We learned much from the dear Lamanite people, whom we loved, and hopefully we taught them much. We were released from our mission and returned home in November 1970. We were very grateful for the opportunity of being missionaries for those two years. Of course, we can go on being missionaries at home, but it isn't quite the same.

Our temple assignment was waiting for us, and we were happy to go back and officiate on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, arising at 4:00 A.M., so

that we could be at the temple at 4:45 A.M. for the meeting with the temple presidency. I loved this temple assignment. This was something that my husband and I could do together, and we made many more dear friends.

In January of 1971, I was hospitalized in traction for ten days because of some very painful degenerative discs in my lower back. I was sent home with a back brace, which I wore for three years, but I was very grateful to be comfortable and functional again.

I was also hospitalized when it became necessary for me to have a hysterectomy, from which I recovered very quickly. Other than being hospitalized when I had a miscarriage and for giving birth to my babies, these were my only health problems to that date.

My older sister Hattie S. Neeley died suddenly of a heart attack in February 1971. This was a great shock to her family but a blessing for her. My younger brother Andrew died of cancer of the lymph glands in May 1973. My oldest brother Earl died of cancer in January 1982. Cancer isn't as kind as a heart attack, but I am so grateful for the teachings of the Gospel and the peace of mind it brings. Each of these special people were so good and righteous.

I was called to serve as the Ward Relief Society President under Bishop Ted Kendrick. My counselors were Fern Peterson and Mary Cannon, and Helen Durbin was our secretary. This was a big responsibility and a great joy for me. I loved the sisters of the Ward and those with whom I worked.

Delos and I were called to be in charge of the Home Evening Program for the handicapped at the shelter home for two years, and we loved those dear special people and enjoyed this calling.

On October 28, 1981, we were released as Temple Officiators, and we came home broken hearted, yet so grateful for the time we had been able to serve in the House of the Lord. We served a total of twelve and a half years, with two years off while we were serving in the mission field.

The Gospel and our families bring us so much joy. We've seen nine grandchildren married in the temple, all the grandsons and one granddaughter have filled missions to date, so if the rest will follow their example, we will be grateful. We had five grandsons in the mission field at the same time, and as we met each of them at the airport when they returned home, they would look so clean and radiant from head to toe, with big smiles on their faces. I felt like I could see tiny halos around their heads. We are two happy grateful grandparents, and we are proud of the example they are setting for the younger boys.

We've surely made good use of our nice garden spot over the years. We have a beautiful productive raspberry patch and plenty of room for vegetables, which keeps us more than busy in the summer and well fed in the winter. We sell all that we can't use. The children and grandchildren help us with the berries, and we love their company. We also have beautiful flowers clear around our house and yard. In the winter I crochet house slippers, mittens, and afghans. Dad does latch hook pieces and refinishes furniture. We've made quilts to give away and to sell, so we aren't idle. We have some television programs that we like to watch when it's convenient, but we aren't regular watchers.

Generally Delos and I enjoy good health, for which we are grateful. In December of 1983, I became ill and fell in the living room, fracturing my collar bone. I wore a brace for a few weeks and it healed, but still it bothered me for some time.

We don't drive our car any more than we have to. Vanece and Deona are good to take us to Idaho Falls shopping and down to Neva's for a visit occasionally. It's a sad feeling not to be able to just drive when you'd like, wherever you please, but we are grateful for all the past years when we could do that.

At this writing (January 1985) we have had such a beautiful white winter with plenty of snow and, oh, such cold weather. It was 38 degrees below zero, which is the coldest it has been in our Snake River

Valley since they started recording daily temperatures. And it felt like it! But we have a nice warm home, good food and good health, for which we are very grateful. We know the Gospel is true, that Jesus Christ is our Elder Brother, the Savior of this world, and that He came as a baby to this earth, taught the Gospel and founded His church, and broke the bonds of death, that we may be resurrected and live again with Him if we live the Gospel teachings. He taught repentance, and we need it, so please use it when necessary, dear ones, so we will be a "forever family."

We love the Gospel, each other, our families and our home. We're so grateful to have been together for fifty-five and a half years. Delos is 83 and I'm 78. We don't go dancing any more, but we do enjoy good music, clean entertainment, reading, eating, visits from loved ones and friends. We try to go to the temple and do three endowments once a week and attend our church meetings regularly. Our posterity totals seventy-one at this time and we're expecting four new great grandchildren. What a joy!

Our four new great grandchildren arrived healthy and beautiful, and many others followed them. We really enjoy visiting with our posterity, whether it's our children, their spouses, their children, or their grandchildren. They are all so precious to us.

We are proud of our grandchildren when they graduate from their schools, return from their missions, get married in the Temple, accept Church callings, and work hard to provide for their families.

The summer of 1985 Delos and I sold sixty-two cases of raspberries, which represents a lot of hard work, but my, how we enjoyed it.

Delos and I would often baby sit our grandchildren and great grandchildren. At Christmas time in 1985, we were privileged to tend Neva's little Chett. He had some serious health problems, and his growth and speech were limited, but he was so sweet and entertained Dad and I for days while his parents were in Mexico on a trip. In March of 1986, he was hospitalized with a strangulated hernia,

had his tenth surgery and developed pneumonia. But the plucky little guy survived the ordeal. Bless him.

In April of 1986, I was moving the sprinkler and fell, breaking my arm. It was L.D.S. General Conference and not far from time for the Priesthood meeting to begin when the hospital called to tell us the X-ray showed it was indeed fractured. I had Deona tell Dr. Cottle to go ahead to the meeting and fix my arm afterwards. This he did.

In May of 1986, my brother Quent went into the hospital for a hernia operation. He began hemorrhaging following the surgery. My sister Nettie had her second breast removed because of cancer that same week. Quent's condition deteriorated and he died. A piece of my heart went with him, as he was right next to me in age and had been my pal all through the years. What a week!

On September 20, 1986, my family celebrated my eightieth birthday in Kirkham's back yard with a picnic, games and visiting. My family offered to hold a big {community} birthday party for me, but I chose to spend the day with just them, and we had a great time. Thanks dears for being my family.

That fall I quilted a star quilt for a lady and she paid me \$130.00 for it. I thought she would say that was too much, but she said "That's fine," and was happy to pay it. I really earned every dollar because it was hard to quilt with all those seams.

One evening our doorbell rang. I went to the door and looked out but didn't see anyone. I opened the door and there was little Chett with a great big grin on his face, standing there all alone. I said, "Oh, Grandpa, come quick and see what I see!" He came and picked up Chett, and then Neva and her other boys came from behind the bushes. What a nice surprise!

For Christmas in 1986, we received a unique gift that we enjoyed all through the year. It was a clever calendar with a gift or two to come each week from our loved ones. The first week said, "Think spring!" It was a bouquet of lovely flowers delivered by the

florist, signed, "With love, Julene." I almost cried. All year long we received happy surprises, which we loved and appreciated.

During all these years, Delos and I still went to the Temple and did twenty endowments each month. In March of '87, on our way to the Temple, Delos ran two wheels up on the curb and missed the turn off. We did arrive safely and did a session, but I noticed that he hadn't shaved that morning. That was the first time he had ever gone without shaving. I called Deona and she came and drove us home. We took him in to the doctor for a complete physical, but everything checked out normal. I guess his age was starting to creep up on him. Bless him.

Delos was the Grand Marshall of Spud Day in 1987. It was an honor he deserved and enjoyed. We were at the head of the parade in a beautiful convertible sports car, with the top down. Dad loved waving to the folks along the parade route.

In the spring of 1988, our children and I determined that it was time for Delos to discontinue driving our car. His reflexes had slowed, and we were concerned about the safety of others on the road. So our children had a meeting, after which time the boys approached Delos about giving up his car keys. He was so sweet about it, saying that he thought it was time, also. Our children promised they would see that we would be taken everywhere we wanted to go, and they have kept their promise. So I cleaned out the glove compartment for the last time, and we sold our gold colored Dodge that we had loved and which had served us so well for *eighteen* years.

My hearing had been diminishing for a few years, so I was fitted for hearing aids. After getting them, I was surprised at the comfort and hearing improvement. The cost was \$1,438.00, but they're more than worth it.

Neva and Hal came for Easter and we joined the Kirkham's for their annual family Easter Egg Hunt on their large back lawn. They let Chett find four eggs before letting the rest of the kids out of the garage to

hunt. It was so much fun for everyone, so they gathered up all the eggs and hid them the second time.

Our children are so good to invite us to join them for holidays, family gatherings and reunions, and we love being a part of their fun times.

In July, we drove to Mendon to our grandson David Poulsen's missionary testimonial. Delos and I gave the prayers, and each member of their family participated. Even little Chett spoke. Neva held him up to the microphone, and he said, "Hi, I love David." Then he ran over and gave David a hug. It was so touching.

We had been concerned about Chett. His little lungs were not functioning well, and he had so much trouble just breathing. On September 15, they took him to the Primary Children's Hospital in Salt Lake City. He had pneumonia in both lungs, and he was placed on life support systems. Bob drove me down to be with them, which I greatly appreciated. Our grandsons Michael and Mark Kirkham were in medical school at that time, and when we arrived at the hospital, Michael was there with Neva, which was a great comfort to her. Dear little Chett received a priesthood blessing and then died peacefully in his father's arms on September 19, 1988.

Little Chett looked so handsome all dressed up in his new clothes, and his funeral service was so comforting. He was buried on the hill above Hal and Neva's home in a beautiful spot.

On October 3rd, I had surgical removal of a cataract from my left eye. Other than an injection in the arm, it was completely painless. I healed quickly and completely, and my vision was greatly improved.

My brother Charles had cancer of the lungs and was slowly going downhill. On October 11, 1988, he passed away in his sleep. He was such a good, honest, and loving man. His service was lovely also.

In the winter of 1989, I had the shingles on my

leg. It was painful clear to the bone, but with medication it eventually subsided. Like the scriptures say, "This too will pass."

On June 10, 1989, our family honored Delos and I on our 60th Wedding Anniversary. Our years together have been happy ones. We've had our joys and sorrows, and we've shared them together. Our posterity numbers ninety-one, for which we are grateful and we love each one of them. The gospel and our family are our earthly and heavenly blessings. We are parents of six living honorable children. We truly feel that our cup of joy runneth over.

At the Shumway reunion in August, the family honored me. I was so surprised and thrilled. Deona read a short sketch of my life, and my family sang a song Deona had written the lyrics to.

Delos began having problems swallowing his food and would often choke. In January of 1990, he choked on a piece of orange and then was unable to drink or eat. He was taken to the Blackfoot Hospital where a surgeon said the X-rays showed a blockage of the esophagus, caused by either something he had eaten or a "mass." We were concerned. Dale administered to him before they took him to surgery. The surgeon identified the problem, which was the piece of orange, and they dilated his narrowing esophagus. Delos was a good patient, and following the procedure, he returned home that evening. We were all very grateful for the blessings of the Lord in his behalf.

Delos just didn't have much energy. He would sleep a lot during the day and then retire at 7:00 P.M. and sleep all night. He also experienced a lot of stomach discomfort.

We held Delos' 89th birthday party and our Huntsman Family Reunion at Hal and Neva's large home in Spanish Fork, Utah in 1990. They had a swimming pool, a sauna, a tennis court, and four bathrooms. We all slept over night on the floors and had a great time together.

During the winter, I finished my twenty-sixth "fun" quilt. I have been making them from new upholstery scraps and giving them to my family members. They are very pretty and warm and are appreciated.

In the spring, I sold the raspberry starts, and our children helped clean out the patch because Delos just didn't have the energy. I could see Delos slipping, but he was excited about his 90th birthday, which is planned for July.

In April, Thayne was called as Shelley Stake Patriarch. We were very proud of him, and he is worthy of the calling.

On Father's Day in June, we went to Woodville with Bob and Deona, but we had to help Dad leave during Sacrament Meeting because he was having a lot of pain in his hips and legs and felt weak.

Delos had been experiencing some dizziness for several months. In June he took a fall bruising his rib cage. This made it difficult for him to breathe deeply, so he became congested, began coughing and developed pneumonia, becoming too weak to stand. During the night of June 27th, he collapsed two times, and I had to get neighbor's to help get him back in bed. The doctor came at noon to check him. Dale and Deona were there in the afternoon *when the spirit of my good husband left his mortal body*. Thayne and Vanece came immediately. I had a peaceful feeling because my prayers had been answered. I didn't want to take him to the hospital, and I didn't want to be alone when he passed away. Julene and Neva arrived from Utah that evening.

We made the plans and held a lovely funeral service that I'm sure pleased Delos, and he was laid to rest in the Hillcrest Cemetery beside our two little sons who preceded him in death.

Delos and I had been blessed to spend sixty-two years together taking care of each other. Our posterity totaled one hundred when Delos passed away, which included thirty-four grandchildren (one grandson deceased) and thirty-five great

grandchildren.

On February 12, 1992, I had a cataract on my right eye surgically removed. It healed without any complications, and my vision greatly improved again.

On September 10th, 1992, I fell as I got out of bed and fractured my right hip. I was taken by ambulance to the hospital and underwent surgery to have a metal ball and stem replace the broken bone. I went to Deona's afterward for a few weeks, where I got *royal* treatment. Because of the prayers of my family, and the blessings of the Lord, and because of my determination, I recovered and was able to walk again. I walked with a "walker" for a few months and then took off on my own. After finishing with my physical therapy, administered by my grandson Steven Kirkham, I went to Neva's for a few weeks.

At the age of 86, because of my limitations with this new health problem, I was released from my church callings as a visiting teacher and as the recorder of temple attendance for our ward members, which I had been doing for years. However, as soon as possible, I was back attending my Sunday meetings and enjoying it.

My granddaughter Laurie and husband, Calvin Butler, moved into my spare bedroom, so I moved back to my home, knowing they would be there nights, and I would not be alone. It is difficult to be alone after spending sixty-two years with my good husband Delos.

At our family Christmas party in December, I took boxes of "collectibles" and gave them to family members who felt they indeed had a treasure to take home.

I became self-sufficient again, and Laurie and Calvin moved into the apartment downstairs. My family has been good to look after my needs and to invite me to join them often. I would go to Neva's and spend weeks at a time, having fun with Julene's family, also. I would always have multiple invitations on holidays, and went on some fun trips with my children.

In May of 1994, Bob and Deona went on a mission to New York City. I was happy to have them go serve the Lord, but I didn't know what I'd do without Deona.

On the 25th of June 1994, my right hip fractured and I fell, laying on my front room floor for seven hours until Laurie returned home, found me and called the ambulance to take me to the hospital. I underwent surgery to replace the fractured bone with a metal ball and stem again. I caused a little concern as I stopped breathing twice during the surgery but I survived. Due to the faith and prayers of my family, I recovered and left the hospital with my walker as a permanent part of me for the rest of my life. My son, Dale, made the comment that he was grateful I didn't have four legs like a cow--two was enough!!

Thayne took me to his home to convalesce and when I got feeling stronger I would go to Dale's on the weekends. My family and I determined that I should no longer live alone so I sold my beloved home on 356 North Park in Shelley.

After Deona and Bob returned home, I would rotate between their house and Thayne's, still spending many weekends at Dale's and going to Neva's occasionally for a stay. How grateful I am for dear family members who take such good care of me and treat me royally.

In September, 1996, eighty six members of my family honored me on my 90th birthday at a family party in Thayne's new shed. My two living brothers, Dean and Kerm attended also. We enjoyed a smorgasbord dinner, including a large birthday cake, followed by a program depicting events in my life. They presented me with a book containing tributes from my family members. I bore my testimony to my beloved family members because I wanted them to know how much the Gospel means to me. It's the most important thing in my life. I've had a good, long, happy ninety years and I love every day that I live, however I'll be ready and anxious to enter into immortality and meet my dear husband and my loved

ones who have gone before me.

Our family now totals 131 members at this writing (October 1996) which includes thirty seven grandchildren and fifty eight great grandchildren.

Dear descendants. Everyone stay close to the Church and it's teachings. You can't live wrong and feel right! We love each one of you and hope to be a forever family. We aren't perfect, and we need repentance to get us back to live with our Heavenly Father and Mother. The gift of the Savior's love and His example of His life and death and resurrection are so precious to each of us. What we do with our life is our gift to Him... Please, each one of you, do your best to live worthy to return to be with Him. We are so lucky to live when the Gospel is here in its fullness, and we have a living Prophet to guide us. Learn obedience and use it all of your lives to follow the Gospel teachings! I LOVE YOU!

Anona Shumway Huntsman

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"Life History of Anona Shumway Huntsman"

was compiled by *Deona Huntsman Kirkham*