



Charles Henry Blackburn

B: 12 December 1929
P: Kanab, Kane, Utah
M: 22 July 1948
S: 14 February 1951
P: St. George Temple

Marjorie Bauer Blackburn

B: 20 September 1930
P: Cedar, Iron, Utah
M: 22 July 1948
S: 14 February 1951
P: St. George Temple

This picture was taken 28 April 1999 in Fukuoka, Japan . We were their as temple construction Missionary during the construction of the temple. We were there from April 1999 to June 2000

Charles H. Blackburn Personal History

22 July 2004

Charles H. Blackburn: Born 12 December 1929 in Kanab, Kane County, Utah. I had a brother Paul he was born 22 October 1927, he was 2 years old when I was born; a second brother Ferry was born 9 May 1933; a sister Lily was born 8 March 1936; a sister Helen was born 26 October 1938; my third brother, Larry was born 24 June 1945.

We lived on a ranch one mile north of Glendale, Utah. My fathers name was Lester Blackburn; he was born in Orderville, Utah 20 October 1899. His father was Henry Blackburn and his mother was Elvira Pamela Cox. My mother was Dola Demille, she was born 04 August 1908 in Rockville, Utah. Her father was Ozro Demille, and her mother was Lillie Cecelia Bliss. Lillie (her mother) died when Mom was only 6 years old.

I was named after my uncle Charles Henry Blackburn who was killed in an automobile accident several years before I was born. I have used the initial H. instead of the name Henry because Paul, when he wanted to get my goat, would call me Henry! (It worked).

Growing up, one of the first things I remember was the day Grandfather Henry died. I was three years old and I remember Aunt Clara trying to get us kids out of the way, which is all I remember of grandpa Blackburn. Another thing that I remember was the winter of 1936, as a six-year-old boy, and being rather short, looking out the window from our ranch home the only thing I could see was the top of the fence posts because of all the snow. I was in the first grade and I missed a lot of school that winter, it was very cold so Dad would take a teakettle full of boiling water and pour it into the old pickup radiator to help warm up the engine so it would start. Even that didn't work! It seemed like it took forever for the snow to melt that year.

I had the blessing of being raised on a farm where I was taught the value of hard work. Milking cows, planting and weeding and harvesting our family garden (under the direction of my mother) helped prepare me for things to come. I remember when we first got indoor plumbing, electric lights and a fridge! One of the things I enjoyed was a milk nickel (ice cream bar) and a candy bar that each cost a nickel (5 cents). When I had an extra nickel and was close to a store, I would always buy one. It was a mile to Glendale and five miles to Orderville (closest store) from the ranch.

My first year in grade school was in Orderville, Utah. The next three years I attended school in Glendale, Utah in a two-room building. The first, second and third grades were in one room and the fourth, fifth and sixth grades were in another room. The Alton bus came by our house when I started the fifth grade so I was able to go back to Orderville for the next six years. My last two years of high school I attended in Cedar City, Utah at Cedar High School (CHS). I graduated from high school in 1948 with 107 students in our graduating class. There were 20 students in my sophomore class at Orderville, Valley High School, which I had left two years earlier.

Dad had health problems for a couple of years. He started out with shoulder pain. The doctors in Kanab did not know what was wrong with him so they sent him to Salt Lake City in March of 1946. Mother could not go because Larry was just a baby so I got to go with dad to Salt Lake. Dad could inhale or breath air into his lungs but he had a hard time exhale or getting the air out of his lungs. The hospitals were full of returning veterans, so we got a room in the Carlton hotel on south temple. We stayed there for about 2 weeks. I went out each day to buy us food and then I would go with dad to a clinic every few days for more tests. Occasionally the doctor would come to the hotel to see how dad was doing. It was during the time of year that the basketball tournaments were going on so I was able to sneak away and see a few games while dad was at the hotel. Some of the family and his friends figured that he had lead poisoning from his work as a painter, one night he said "I feel just like the time a Billy goat hit me in the chest in the barn yard as I was playing with him. One morning after he had experienced a sleepless night he said two angels had been with him most of the night adjusting his pillows so he could breath, after a couple weeks we went back to the ranch. Dad still did not get any better so Uncle Ferl took dad and me to St. George. They put dad in the hospital the early part of May. Mom could not go with Dad again because several of the kids were sick with the measles. I stayed with my Grandmother Blackburn while we were in St. George. One day right before Dad died I was at the hospital with him. He felt that the curtains in his hospital room made his breathing worse. He asked the nurse to remove them and she said no, so I waited until she left and I quickly removed them, boy was I in trouble. Got the scolding of my life.

May 19, 1946 I remember being wakened in the middle of the night by one of my grandmother's neighbors, he said "if you want to see your dad before he dies you had better come with me now." He drove us to the hospital several blocks away and we were with dad when he died. Grandmother had such faith; she had a perfect testimony of the Saviors mission and where dad was going. I learned of her testimony from her discussion with dad the night he died. I felt like there were other people in the room with them. I also gained my own testimony of life after death that night. Dad died peacefully a short time after we arrived. I sat on a bench outside of the hospital until they came and took him away in the hearse, I remember saying good-bye and waving to him as the big car (hearse) drove away with his body. It was spring and the lilacs were in full bloom, they smelled so good. Each time I smell the scent of a lilac bush my mind is filled with memories of the week Dad died and his funeral in Orderville, Utah. Grandma Elvira (Dads mom) told me that she thought that Dad had damaged and weakened his lungs because he was so involved with sports in his youth; he was a good boxer and a basketball player. He was one of six on the basketball team at the Branch Agricultural College (BAC) in Cedar City the year they won the state championship (1919). He was a very good player. I don't know that anyone really knew what the cause of his death was; only that the doctors seemed to be treating him for the wrong thing until whatever it was damaged his heart.

Mother was devastated, becoming a widow at age 38 with six children to raise; she made the decision to sell the ranch and other property dad owned and move to Cedar City, Utah. She had two sisters, one brother and two sisters-in-law that lived in Cedar City, and their support was needed much more at that time than she needed the ranch. Mom did not drive; she had children ranging from 1 year to 18 years. Mom needed the support of her family. It was the only real option she had. Mom had lost her mother as a child and knew the importance of family support.

My first job after moving to Cedar City was as an apprentice painter, thanks to my cousin Ross Hoyt. (My mother had lined up a job for me at the local cemetery as a gravedigger). I worked as a painter for the summer, I was grateful that my father had taught me what I needed to know to be successful in that job. I started high school (11th grade) at Cedar High the fall of 1946. I remember being very nervous but after the first few days in school I got along great. I made the football team and the basketball team my junior and senior years. I did quite well in gym and woodshop, but just mediocre in the subjects I needed to help me through life. I graduated from high school in 1948.

The spring of 1948 before high school ended, it seemed my friends spent lots of time at the pool hall, but due to circumstances beyond my control, I got a part time job! I spent my time painting for Heber Prsbrey, a local building contractor. I first became acquainted with him when he built new kitchen cabinets for my mom in our home on 300 west. When I graduated from high school, I went to work for him as an apprentice carpenter. Heber was very skilled in his trade and became a mentor in teaching me the trade of cabinetry. I had spent my growing up years working along side my father, learning how to paint, plaster & build most anything. I loved to build; I did not like farming and ranching. Heber helped fill the void left by my father's untimely death in patiently helping me learn the wood working trade.

Heber paid me \$1.00 an hour, which was the going wage in 1948; carpenters were making \$1.50 an hour at that time. We worked six days a week; my take home pay was \$42.00 a week. I worked and learned from Heber for three years before moving to a better paying job and new experiences.

I became acquainted with Marjorie Bauer the summer of 1946 after our move to Cedar City. She was a very special young lady, just my age that lived down the street from us. We were married the summer we graduated from high school. I think I had \$45.00 to my name. We borrowed a car and drove to Las Vegas for a honeymoon (I had no drivers license) but Vegas was so big that we went on to Boulder for a day, then we came back by way of the parks we visited Zion's canyon and Bryce canyon we stayed in Panguitch before returning home.

Marjorie's father had also died young. He had been killed in an auto accident when she was only 12 years old. Leo Larsen, our bishop, married us on July 22, 1948. We went to the temple on February 14, 1951. Our first of six girls was born June 3, 1951; we named her Carla after Marjorie's father, Carlos. Leslie was born June 30, 1952; we named her after my father, Lester. Margene was born November 5, 1954; Julie was born January 31, 1958; Joann was born November 4, 1961; and Brenda was born April 23, 1965.

Carla married Monty Cornelius Stratton 6 March 1971 in the St. George Temple. They have three children, Tori, Cody Monty, & Kirby Blackburn. Tori works for American Express and lives in Provo, Cody married Kristy Demille on the 28 November 1998 in St George, Utah, they have a daughter Alex and a son Issac, he had his first birthday 30 June 2004. Kirby married Mackenzie Griffiths on 26 June 1998 in Cedar City, Utah. Monty and Carla live in Cedar City, Utah.

Leslie married Kenneth Ross Dalton 19 Nov 1971 in the St. George Temple. They have 3 daughters, Jodie Marie, Cherice, & Jayme. Jodie married Shawn Ballard on August 12, 1992 in the St. George Temple and they have 2 boys, Tanner and Riley. They are living in Green Bay, Wisconsin. Cherice is a registered nurse, she lives and works in Yuma, AZ. Jayme just received her degree in architectural design and has moved to Phoenix AZ to further her career. Ross and Leslie live in Yuma AZ.

Margene married Carl James Lefevre in the St George Temple on 19 January 1974. They have four children, Jared Charles, Kurt James, Justin Carl, and Wyndee. Kurt married Farah Baldwin on 15 January 2000 in the St. George Temple. President Metcalf married them because Marge and I were in Japan at the time on our mission. Jared has just moved back to Cedar, Wyndee lives and works in Las Vegas. Justin is at the MTC preparing to go to Taiwan, Taipei on the 20 July as a missionary for the next two years. Carl and Margene live in Cedar City, Utah.

Julie married James Glen Bishop in the St. George Temple 21 January 1983. They have four children, Charly, Branda Lee, Nathan and Braden. Charly married Matthew Shields Melville in the St. George Temple 20 September 2002. I performed the marriage and sealing, it was my first opportunity to perform the eternal sealing for one of my grandchildren. Glen and Julie live in St. George, Utah.

JoAnn married Kent M. Davis in the St. George Temple 14 September 1979. They have two children, Aubrey Ann, and Kaysen Wade. Aubrey married Mike Bellino on the 8 May 2004 in Las Vegas, Nevada. JoAnn and Kent were divorced in December 1993. The Kids lived with their Mother. On the 11 May 1996 JoAnn married John Michael Topham in the St. George Temple. I was privileged to perform their marriage and sealing for time, and all eternity, my first family member. What an honor. Mike and JoAnn have a daughter, Anne Lyn, born 27 July 1998. Mike has three children from his previous marriage. Daniel Brian, Nathan Michael, and Heather Michelle. Mike and JoAnn live in St. Charles, Missouri, with mine, yours, and ours.

Brenda Lee married Russell Haughton in the St. George Temple 21 March 1992. They had two children, Rachel Lee and Vincent (Vince). Brenda and Russ divorced in 1997. Brenda married Darren E. Durbin September 27th 1998; they added two additional girls, Alysha Lee and Savannah Lee to their family. Darren and Brenda live in Cedar City, Utah.

Marjorie & I lived in the basement of Heber and Hattie Prisbey's home on 500 West shortly after we were married. They had a small one bed room apartment in their basement. We lived there until we built our own small home at 345 North 600 West. That little house is now incorporated into our present home, the homes were connected on the north west corner of the larger home which we still call home, after two additions and one major remodel, which we just completed in September 2001.

We spent \$2000.00 for our first home, that amount included the property. We borrowed \$1000.00 of the \$2000.00 and our payment was \$12.00 a month. We paid that amount each month for several years before the bank would let us pay it off. Julie was a baby when we moved into the new bigger home, which we built in front of our first small home. My mother gave us

\$500.00 to buy the building lot (we bought the property from B. Glen Kenney for \$450.00) and then some time later she gave us an additional \$400.00. The total sum of \$900.00 was my inheritance from my father. We have been ever grateful for that financial start so many years ago.

My first Church calling, thanks to Marjorie's kind guidance, came early in our married life. I served as the Deacon's advisor and the Explorer leader, followed by service in the M.I.A. program in our Cedar Fourth Ward working with the youth. Funny I started out working with the young men, having all girls. Could this be where my love of scouting started? I later served in the Young Men's Presidency. On November 24, 1962 I was called to serve in the bishopric of the Cedar Fourth Ward. Horace Hall was the Bishop, Earl Kenney was the first counselor and I was called as the second counselor. Henry D. Taylor ordained me a High Priest and set me apart for that calling. I served in that assignment for five years, when I was released I was called and served for four years on the high council in the Cedar Stake.

I was called to serve as the bishop of the College Married Student Second Ward February 13, 1972. LeGrand Richards of the Quorum of the Twelve apostles ordained me a bishop; I only served for 18 short months (I loved that calling) before being called as second counselor to Daniel B Crawford, who was called as president of the Cedar City Utah Stake, on the 9 Sept. 1973. Clemont Adams was called as the first counselor, I was set apart by Delbert L. Stapley of the Quorum of the Twelve.

A new assignment came on March 17, 1978. Elder Bruce R. McConkie of the Quorum of the Twelve called me to be the Stake President of the Cedar City Utah Stake; Dan Crawford was called to be a mission president. My counselors were Clemont Adams and Joseph Bishop. They were both released later for various reasons and David Norton and Steve Corry replaced them. I served there for seven years at which time the stakes were divided and I served for the next 14 months as president of the Cedar City Utah North Stake. Elder Adney Y. Komatsu set me apart October 20, 1985 and on February 15, 1987 Elder Dallin H. Oaks of the Quorum of the Twelve released me from my position as the stake president. The following Sunday I was called as a gospel doctrine teacher and I served in that assignment for four years, long enough to cover the standard works.

As I became more involved in my work and church assignments, Marjorie became the full time participant and homemaker for our family of six girls. She was always at the cross roads of their growing up years, she was a late night person; I was an early morning person, however now and then I would go out looking for one of those girls when they failed to come home on time. I made numerous trips up and down Main Street looking for them and I was always amazed at how they could always beat me home. I still don't know how they did it? The one major regret I have is that I didn't spend more time with my family.

Marjorie's Mother had a serious stroke in August 1998 after spending two weeks in the local hospital then two months in a rehabilitation center in Salt Lake, she came and lived with us for about 8 Months, she ask that Marjorie take care of her, that was quite a challenge for us, but it turned out to be one of the choices experiences of our lives. Looking back on that experience it was not a burden but a joy for both of us. I really learned to love my Mother in law. Thank the Lord for that wonderful experience. Aurelia died on 9 October 1989.

On November 9, 1989 we were called and set apart as ordinance workers at the St George Temple. On July 9, 1990 Marjorie and I spoke in our 4th ward Sacrament Meeting as we were leaving our home in Cedar City to move to St. George, Utah. We were having two of our daughters, Margene (who was building a new home) and JoAnn (who had returned to Cedar City for her husband to return to school) with their families move into our home. Margene in the front house, JoAnn in the back small house. It was arranged so it would accommodate separately two families. I was having some serious problems with a town home project I had got involved with in St. George and that gave me the opportunity to live on the project to personally take control of the problems and work my way out of the mess I had got into. Thank heavens Marjorie supported me in this move.

We started our work in the Temple on November 10, 1989 on the Friday evening and the Saturday early morning shift, so that was also a good reason to be living in St. George. We were both becoming excited with our temple assignment. We were continually learning new things every week.

We became Supervisors on the Saturday early morning shift during our second year. We would go to the temple at 4:30 in the morning and finish around 3:00 p.m. Talk about being tired! We would usually go and get something to eat and discuss our day's experiences on the way home. Those were fun times.

On February 11, 1993 we went to Salt Lake City and I was set apart by President Hinckley as a sealer in the St George Temple. This new responsibility seemed overwhelming. I had never dreamed that I would be called as a sealer, I thought that assignment was for older men with a deep spiritual understanding of the gospel. What a responsibility, what an experience for us to visit with the Prophet. We arrived for our appointment about an hour early. When Pres. Hinkley found out we had arrived, he welcomed us into his office and just visited with us. The Prophet was so kind to us, he visited with such sincerity and friendliness that it felt very comfortable. Those were moments never to be forgotten. (In the setting apart he told me I needed to put my life in order so I could be a conduit for the Lord to work through to bless the saints. (I know he is the Lords prophet.) President Ezra Taft Benson died a short time later and President Gordon B. Hinckley became the President. We both worked in the sealing department for some time, Marjorie worked at the desk doing the paper work and I became the coordinator, which took us away from the main stream of activity we had become familiar with.

May 31, 1995 I rushed into the office at Blackburn Associates (as usual) with some daily problems that needed solving immediately. Margene calmly stated that I needed to call President Hinckley's office in Salt Lake City because they had called and I needed to return the call. She said she thought that President Hinckley wanted to talk to me (a moment to always remember, my daily problems quickly vanished). After closing the door to my office, I made a quick review of my life and had the feeling come over me as to what the call would be. I had had previous promptings that would not completely leave me that something was coming. We had sold our new home in St. George and had just moved to our condo by the temple. Still it was a shock to have a message to call back the Prophet. Excited, nervous and very humble I made the call and a brother answered and said "the Prophet is on another call and will be with you in a moment," it was just

seconds and he was on the line, so friendly asking about my health, my work, and if I was retired. I said no, and he said can you be and I said yes. During our conversation he interviewed me but I didn't even realize it until after he had extended the call for Marjorie and I to serve with Kenneth and Beverly Metcalf in the St George temple presidency. Marjorie was called to be assistant Matron and I was called to be the 1st counselor, Richard and Dolores Horton were the other members of the presidency. When he hung up the phone I called Marjorie and told her what had just happened. We both cried for a few minutes, what a sweet few moments' together thinking of the fears and blessings in store for us. When I finally opened the office door two of my daughters (Margene and Brenda) were standing right there, wanting to know what was going on.

Our assignment began September 1, 1995. We served for 38 months, being released October 31, 1998. We became acquainted with so many good people. There were 35 stakes in the temple district and we had many opportunities to visit wards and stakes on speaking assignments. One of the highlights of those months was the times we visited with the general authorities as they visited the temple, President Hinckley was there twice; Elder Ballard; Elder Wirthlin; Elder Eying; Elder Tingey, and Elder Banks visited us as well. They were all so kind and went out of their way to put us at ease whenever they dropped in.

After our release from the temple I tried going back to work at our family construction company. That didn't work out because I felt like I didn't fit anywhere. It seemed my body and mind was not cooperating. I remember going to the Lord with my frustrations and I said Lord, if there is anything I can do I am available and ready. Within a few days President Randy Wilkensen called and asked how would you and Marjorie like to go to Japan and help build a new temple? We were apprehensive about Japan. We had been there a few years before when Brenda was released from her mission and had experienced a few traumatic events. When we left Japan, after spending several days with Brenda, Marge and I looked at each other as the plane started into the air and we commented that it was nice to be going home with Brenda, but we had not left anything here in Japan we ever needed to return for! I told President Wilkensen we would have to get back to him on this one. Marjorie and I had a couple of serious discussions and visits with the Lord before I called him back and said yes. In the process of getting our physicals completed for our mission the physician noted that my thyroid was enlarged. After tests and a biopsy, it was found to be cancerous, so that led to surgery and a few setbacks, but we realized that if we had not been obedient to the mission call it could have gone undetected.

Before we left for Japan we took our six girls and their husbands on a 2-week, all expenses paid, first class whirlwind trip. We boarded Amtrak in Provo, UT and made the trip back to St. Louis, MO, where JoAnn and Mike live. From there we traveled from Branson, MO to Nauvoo, ILL and made more memories than I realize. It was on this trip that many of my family realized the gift of family and the love we have for one another. We had 14 days of laughter, food, and fun, all without a cross word spoken! Well, maybe one or two!

The construction mission was the most difficult and rewarding experience in our lives. We were in Fukuoka Japan for fourteen months while the temple was built and dedicated. (I kept a daily journal for those fourteen months and have started to put those experiences into a condensed history.)

We returned home June 14, 2000 where we had a great homecoming with our family and our ward family. It took us weeks to adjust back to the American ways of life, funny how so much can seem to change in just 14 months. We had sold our twin home in Cedar City to Ken and Opal Topham (Marjorie's sister) when we left for Japan, and our home on 600 west was now being rented. So we were homeless in Cedar City. That was a first! We bought an unfinished condo at Eagle Point Estates in the Fiddlers canyon area near our three daughters, we finished it, moved in and really enjoyed it, but it just wasn't home. We then decided to get some "advice" from our daughters and it was unanimous that the old house on 600 west be remodel so we could have our "home" back. We started that project in April 2001 and it took us until September 2001 to get it finished. A lot of hard work or was it our age? We moved back into the house and it immediately felt like we were home, not to mention the blessing of being back in our old original home ward. It is great to be back home; we both love it. I even have my old (new) wood shop in the backyard, complete with every tool I need (except the phone) and more. I have spent hours building furniture for family members and enjoying every minute of it.

I still work as a sealer in the St George Temple every Thursday late and Friday early shifts, we stay in our town home in St George Thursday night. Sometimes it is a pain to maintain two homes but we aren't ready to give either one up yet. I was also teaching the gospel doctrine class every other week in our 4th ward, in October of 2003, I was called as the High Priest Group leader in the ward, a few months later I was released as a Sunday school teacher.

I was again asked to be the chairman of the Thunder Ridge Boy Scout Camp development. Which I am doing, I have some great men working with me.

I joined the Sons of the Utah Pioneers in 2002, the next thing I knew I was ask to be a board member my term expires the end of this year 2004, to top things off, we will receive the outstanding citizens award for 2004 given by the SUP at the 24 July Pioneer program at the rock church and ride in the parade as the Grand Marshal. (We are not to excited to ride in the parade.) I have included a copy of that Citation. On the next two pages, the one they read and the one our daughters wrote, we loved it but it had to many words in it.

As I continue my journey through life I hope to be able to add more chapters to my life history. I have completed writing my life's work experiences. I have yet to summarize from my journals my years as a Stake President, from 1978 to 1987, our three years of service in the St George temple presidency from September 1995 through October 1998 and our Mission in Fukuoka Japan from April 1999 through June 2000. I have kept a number of talks I have given over the years that relates to life experiences I would like to include. If by chance, I don't get all this completed I hope my girls will finish them for me. Although no one has asked for the job yet!

OUTSTANDING CITIZENS AWARD FOR 2004
Charles & Marjorie Blackburn

We are all familiar with the many stories of our pioneer ancestry and like others we have been strongly influenced by stories of our stalwart forbearers. We have been able to draw upon their examples of integrity, endurance, honesty, faithfulness and so many other attributes acquired as they laid the foundation for us. Ours is now the duty to build on that foundation from our Progenitors; with names like Bauer, Blackburn, Bliss, Cox, DeMille, Montague, Paramore and Worthen and places such as Martins Cove, St. Thomas, The Muddy Mission, Schonesburg, Orderville, The United Order marked the path and led the way. We now rise to that obligation to enlarge and strengthen that path so painstakingly endured and rejoicefully founded.

How blessed we are as children of Charles and Marjorie Blackburn, to have parents that have continued to lead in righteousness and lead with honor, who are the modern day pioneers that recognize the great value of the lessons learned and through their own trials or persecutions, through wealth and ease, through fatigue, and through all the other hazards of mortality, have taught by example the value of hard work, honesty, integrity, equality and charity - and have the wisdom to let us grow and find our own way in the world today.

We are reminded of the song "They the builders of the nation, blazing trails along the way, stepping stones for generations were their deeds of everyday." You have truly blazed trails along the way for us, just as your parents and grandparents did for you. We are proud to be the beneficiaries of your name handed down to us even better than when you received it.

Mom was never one to shirk community and civic responsibilities, she was always willing to do anything asked of her; she has served as PTA President, volunteered as Pink Lady at the hospital; voting registrar and Judge of Election. She counted it as an honor to be of service, this she did while having the home and her children the center of her eye. As she part-whistled part-hummed about the home, she instilled love of country and freedom in our hearts. She served as Relief Society President and taught in every church auxiliary as we grew.

Dad was never one to waste the days of his probation and was actively involved with many worthwhile improvements such as the Evelyn Webster Girls Camp, the Thunder Ridge Boy Scout Camp, was a member of the Rotary Club and served with the Associated General Contractors Utah Chapter. He built many Homes, Schools, Banks, Churches, Highway structures and supplied Gravel, Sand, Rock and Concrete products throughout Southern Utah. His church service has spanned many years from Bishop to Stake President.

Together Mom and Dad have supported one another and have continued on to serve in the St. George Temple as Ordinance Workers then were called to serve as 1st Counselor and 1st Assistant Matron in the St. George Temple Presidency. In 1999 they were called and rose to the majestic opportunity as full time missionaries in building the temple in Fukuoka, Japan. Dad has said he feels that many of his life's experiences were in preparation to complete that awesome structure; Mom has said how glad she was to come home.

Mom, Dad, your greatest accomplishment is that of your family, your six daughters with children and grandchildren of their own, all striving to be the type of individuals congruent with our stalwart ancestors and exceptional parents. You have instilled in us the importance of having an anchor in this chaotic world, you have given us the tools and know-how to build upon this anchor as well as the direction to look for the discerning knowledge to improve and strengthen our posterity.

You are our hero's as we look to the future. You have taught and exemplified those values and beliefs that will sustain us throughout the remainder of our lives. For this we **honor** and **thank you!**

Your Grateful Six Daughters and their Families

Charles H. Blackburn
Chapter 2 Work Experiences
Feb. 2002

Living on a ranch north of Glendale, Utah I was exposed to work at an early age, as most kids of my generation were. I always felt that I had my share of chores to do. By the time I was 14 yrs old (1944) I started going to work with my father during the summers and on Saturdays, learning the importance of and necessity of work if I was to survive in this world. My father was a plasterer by profession and my job at times was to mix the plaster (mixing mud) for dad and my older brother Paul. I hated the job. It was about this time that my dad started having shoulder pain and a few health problems. Dad was good at what he did and I loved to work with him. Wherever I went to help dad with his work people would comment on what a good job I did and what a good worker I was. That meant a lot coming from my dad's customers. I did not like the plastering trade and I was complaining one day about having to do it and not wanting to learn how to do it, dad said "you ought to learn it, you never know when you will need to use it." Over the years I have been grateful that I could patch a wall and I think of my dad and his good advise. Dad stayed busy in the valley, but also started working for a painter by the name of Ernest Carrico in between his jobs.

I traveled to Cedar City many times the summer of 1945 and helped my dad paint on several jobs while he was working with Carrico. The next year (May 1946) Dad died and I stayed in St. George that summer to work. I worked for the Croft family; they were good friends of my fathers and I helped with painting one of their houses. I stayed at my Grandmother Blackburn's place, I slept out in the garage, dirt floor with the bugs, and boy was it hot! I would get up early and walk up to Dicks Café (my cousins Leland and Wally Demille worked there) and have breakfast. They would fix me a sandwich for lunch and I would walk to where I was working and spend the day their painting. The Croft family treated me with kindness and they were good to me. I don't remember being paid very much, maybe 50 cents an hour, but more important I learned how to work and how to please those I worked for and with. One thing that my parents instilled in me was how to work and the importance of it. I will be eternally grateful for that principal that they taught me (I think they worried that us boys would grow up and be lazy).

Dad died the week before school ended in May of 1946. I was 16 years old and just finishing the 10th grade at Valley High School. The lilacs were in bloom and each spring as I smell those beautiful flowers I have memories flood into my mind of the week dad died and the funeral in Orderville. We moved to Cedar City that summer and I got a job as a painter apprentice for a company from Salt Lake City. They were in town painting the Knell motel that was under construction (my cousin Ross Hoyt took me to the job and talked them into hiring me, he did me a huge favor). My mother had a job lined up for me at the cemetery as a gravedigger. Mother and I were really at odds that summer. I wasn't about to be a gravedigger. My painting job paid 90 cents an hour and I worked for them all summer. I started school that fall at Cedar High with money in the bank. This was a challenge for me because I was a backward country boy going to a big high school among strangers. As I remember there were 25 individuals in our class at Orderville High and 105 at Cedar High.

After we moved to Cedar City mother had new cabinets installed in our home on 300 west. She had bought the home from the money from the sale of the ranch. Heber Prisbrey built the cabinets and I became acquainted with him. He offered me a job after school and on Saturday's painting, which helped provide me with a little spending money. When school was out for summer break 1947 I went to work for Carrico (the fellow my father worked with). I lived in Kanab Utah part of the summer and drove Carrico's truck from job to job. I was his only employee. His driver's license had been revoked for driving under the influence so he needed a driver (I don't think I ever told him I didn't have a drivers license but I was very careful). I did not get a license until after we were married and we had our third car. I was so afraid of the unknown and taking that driving test. I never did get a ticket for not having a license. I was very good at detecting roadblocks and making quick U turns.

Marjorie and I were married July 22, 1948. I think I had \$45.00 to my name. Phil Christensen let us take his car (me with no license) and we went to Las Vegas. It was such a big place (lots of traffic) we went on to Boulder Nevada for a day or two. When we arrived back in Cedar City I went to work for Heber Prisbrey and a short time later we moved into his and Hattie's basement apartment. We lived there until we finished our little home at 345 N. 600 West. My mother gave us \$450.00 from my inheritance and we bought the property our home sets on from B. Glen Kenney for that amount. As I began working for Heber Prisbrey he helped me enroll in an apprentice program for on the job training. I did all phases of the construction trade along with painting. The last year that I worked for Heber he was building several homes and I got Uncle Wesley to come and help me with the painting. He was a master painter and I learned so much from him during the time we worked together. Mostly I was concentrating on learning the carpenter trade from digging trenches to nailing boards. I worked for him for about three years, I made \$1.00 an hour, worked 6 days a week, and our check was \$42.00 a week after taxes. The Prisbrey's were very good to us; they treated us like part of their family. Our rent was \$40.00 a month. I reached the point where I thought I was worth more than the \$1.00 an hour and I needed to learn new things. I had served my apprentice time and it was time to move on. I went to work for Max Clark & Moroni Klingsmith. They were good carpenters but that is all I can say for them. I picked up many new ideas in the short time I worked for them; I then went to work for Ruderger Fife, he was a fun guy to work for and I really liked him. By this time I was picking up work on my own; doing small painting jobs and cabinet building.

I had an interesting accident while I was working for Max Clark. There were four of us applying the built up roof on the Dee Cowan home that Max was building, I was moping out the tar and Gene Bulloch was laying out the tar paper right behind me and encouraging me to hurry. We were caught up in the game of hurrying and I backed off the roof. I remember landing on my head and I was so embarrassed that I jumped up and ran around the house where the ladder was and climbed back upon the roof to see the backside of the other three guys on their knees looking over the edge of the roof wondering where I went, that was an interesting sight. My first thought as I was falling was I wonder who is watching me. Those guys have teased me over that experience for years. Gene Bulloch never let a day go by when he would see me but what he would yell,

"been mopping any roofs lately?" I suppose it was kind of funny. We continued on with work after everyone had a good laugh; I did not get a scratch from the fall, I guess my personal angel was busy keeping me in one piece. I could have been seriously hurt and crippled for life from that twelve-foot fall.

My next job 1953 was working for Consolidated Block building some spec houses in the southeast part of town. Al Fisher, Calvin Johnson and Ralph Thompson were the owners and they were working on a shoestring before they finally went broke. Al Fisher was the head (big gun) man. He was a very nice guy and always treated me well. During the time I worked for them Marge and I had some pretty tough times making ends meet, since we never knew when we would get our next pay check. However they always kept their word and we never lost anything during the time I worked for them.

In 1950 the first car we purchased was a 1930 Model A Ford Sedan; we bought it for \$80.00 from Harold Jones (Heber Prisbrey's brother-in-law). Harold Jones also worked for Heber, so they held \$10.00 a pay period from my paycheck until it was paid for. Our second car was a green Chevrolet coup, which I bought from Paul (my brother) for \$150.00. It was a lemon and he knew it! I decided at that time that it was not a good idea to do business with your own family. I wasn't very mechanically minded and so both cars were short lived. Ferry took the model A and he kept it running for years, it seemed that all he had to do was "talk" to it and it would run. I did not know that type of language and still don't! It was easier to walk and walk I did. Marjorie would fix me a lunch and I would take it with me, walking back and forth to work. During that time I was working for Max Clark and Ruder Fife. We brought Carla home from the hospital in a car borrowed from Ruder Fife. I believe the next year, 1952 we received enough money back from our income taxes to make a down payment on a 1937 Chevrolet pickup, we had finally arrived, and we were on our way in style! I still did not have a driver's license but finally got up the courage to tackle that. I don't know why but that was one of the most difficult challenges I ever faced (I still don't know why that was such a fear, I passed without any problems). I should have, since I had had so much practice. I loved that 1937 Chevy truck. I built some wooden racks for the pickup so I could haul ladders, lumber and supplies for my jobs. Uncle Wesley Bauer gave us an old wooden garage and I took it apart board for board and had Calvin Johnson lay up cinderblock walls and with the lumber I had a garage in the back of our property which became my own shop, I think it was 12 feet x 22 feet, and a few years later I added 10 feet to the north side making it 22' x 22' in size. It still stands and remains 22' x 22'. Spring of 2001 Glen Bishop (Julie's husband) and several of his workers helped me raise the roof two feet and put in a metal overhead door, it is now perfect for my needs (poor people have poor ways, I am grateful we lived through hard times, but hope we won't have to relive them again). I sure appreciate what I have now. We have been blessed materially because for fifty years we have always paid our tithing first and observed the Sabbath day. No one can tell me otherwise.

In (1954) I went to work for Moroni Perry at Perry Mill & Cabinet. He was, I thought, the best cabinetmaker in town and I thought I had finally reached my goal but soon found that he wasn't as great as I had envisioned. I was making \$2.50 per hour and soon

realized that there were new challenges out there that I must tackle on my own. I wanted to work for myself!

In 1954 I built a home for Rulon and Lois Woodbury on 700 West. I was able to cover my labor and material costs for \$3.50 per hour. Lloyd Heyborne worked with me off and on. He was a good worker and was taking a college class in construction from Ben Cooley. Upon completion of the Woodbury home, I went up the street and built a home for Glen Jackson, he was the football coach at the high school, and an all around great guy. From there I went across the street and built a home for Herman Anderson. Other people were noticing me because of my reputation for quality work and the word-of-mouth comments from owners of the three homes I had built.

My first *contract* was to build a home for Jack Strate over on Highland Drive. About this time I had talked Reid Gower into joining me and going into the construction business together. He worked for Perry Mill and I had got acquainted with him while I worked there. We were together for 25 years as Blackburn & Gower Construction Inc. We did many building projects together and started several ventures; some were good and some not so good. As our families started to grow and interests changed it was best for us to split things up, that happened in 1980.

When Reid and I started our company in 1955 we borrowed \$1500.00 from the bank and bought a set of used symon concrete forms and started to do concrete foundations. We did quite well doing concrete work, in fact we made more money installing concrete than anything else we did during those first several years. We built a number of homes, additions and remodel work on existing buildings. We did not do any speculative building. All of our work was for owners by the contract method. Realtors were not into the new home building business until years later. We moved into commercial building in 1958. Our first major project was doing the concrete work for the Green Lakes Water Shed Project as a sub contractor for Wimmer Construction out of Vernal, UT. We enlarged our Symon form inventory by building some special sizes, which proved to be a great investment. We did well on that job and that fall when we finished we purchased two new Chevrolet pickups, one for each of us. We paid \$1850.00 cash for them, Reid's was yellow, and mine was orange.

In 1960 we bought a ready-mix truck and from there we became involved in the ready-mix business. A few years later we took the name of Ironco Concrete, a division of Blackburn & Gower construction Co. In 1965 we bought Southern Utah Lumber Co.

In 1970 we (Blackburn & Gower) merged our Ironco Concrete operation with Jack Whiting's Western Rock Products. A short time later due to Jack's health problems we bought His interests in Western Rock. I managed Western Rock for the next 12 years and Reid managed the construction business. We sold ½ interest of Southern Utah Lumber to Garth Nelson and he managed that business for us. In 1980 we sold our half to him, it wasn't a moneymaker for us but it was good for Garth and his family. In 1975 we formed southern Utah Heritage, which was a building prefab home franchise. We never got that plant to show a profit because the big boom that was projected just did not happen. Western Rock was a good company.. It was really on the move, however I could see too many problems in the future with the ownership structure that we had.

Charles H. Blackburn Personal History
Written May 2003

Charles H. Blackburn: Born 12 December 1929 in Kanab, Kane County, Utah, I had a brother Paul who was 2 years old when I was born; a second brother Ferry was born 9 May 1933; a sister Lily was born 8 March 1936; a sister Helen was born 26 October 1938; my third brother, Larry was born 24 June 1945.

We lived on a ranch one mile north of Glendale, Utah. My fathers name was Lester Blackburn; he was born in Orderville, Utah 20 October 1899. His father was Henry Blackburn and his mother was Elvira Pamela Cox. My mother was Dola Demille, she was born 04 August 1908 in Rockville, Utah. Her father was Ozro Demille, and her mother was Lillie Cecelia Bliss. Lillie (her mother) died when Mom was only 6 years old.

I was named after my uncle Charles Henry Blackburn who was killed in an automobile accident several years before I was born. I have used the initial H. instead of the name Henry because Paul, when he wanted to get my goat, would call me Henry! (It worked).

Growing up, one of the first things I remember was the day Grandfather Henry died. I was three years old and I remember Aunt Clara trying to get us kids out of the way, which is all I remember of grandpa Blackburn. Another thing that I remember was the winter of 1936, as a six-year-old boy, and being rather short, looking out the window from our ranch home the only thing I could see was the top of the fence posts because of all the snow. I was in the first grade and I missed a lot of school that winter, it was very cold so Dad would take a teakettle full of boiling water and pour it into the old pickup radiator to help warm up the engine so it would start. Even that didn't work! It seemed like it took forever for the snow to melt that year.

I had the blessing of being raised on a farm where I was taught the value of hard work. Milking cows, planting and weeding and harvesting our family garden (under the direction of my mother) helped prepare me for things to come. I remember when we first got indoor plumbing, electric lights and a fridge! One of the things I enjoyed was a milk nickel (ice cream bar) and a candy bar that each cost a nickel (5 cents). When I had an extra nickel and was close to a store, I would always buy one. It was a mile to Glendale and five miles to Orderville (closest store) from the ranch.

My first year in grade school was in Orderville, Utah. The next three years I attended school in Glendale, Utah in a two-room building. The first, second and third grades were in one room and the fourth, fifth and sixth grades were in another room. The Alton bus came by our house when I started the fifth grade so I was able to go back to Orderville for the next six years. My last two years of high school I attended in Cedar City, Utah at Cedar High School (CHS). I graduated from high school in 1948 with 105 students in our graduating class. There were around 20 students at Orderville Valley High School, which I had left two years earlier.

Dad died on May 19, 1946 in St. George, Utah. He had been ill for some months. The doctors in Kanab did not know what was wrong with him so they sent him to Salt Lake City in March of 1946. Mother could not go because Larry was just a baby so I took dad to Salt Lake. Dad could inhale or breath air into his lungs but he could not exhale or get the air out of his lungs. The hospitals were full of returning veterans, so we had to get a room in the Carlton hotel on south temple. We stayed there for 2 weeks. I went out each day to buy us food and then I would take dad to a clinic every few days for more tests. Occasionally the doctor would come to the hotel to see how dad was doing. It was during the time of year that the basketball tournaments were going on so I was able to sneak away and see a few games while dad was having tests. Some of the family and his friends figured that he had lead poisoning from his job as a painter. While I was in Salt Lake with him, one night he said "I feel just like the time a Billy goat hit me in the chest in the barn yard as I was playing with him." We left Salt Lake and went back to the ranch in April of 1946. Dad still did not get any better so Uncle Ferl took dad and me to St. George. They put dad in the hospital the 1st part of May. Mom could not go with dad again because several of the kids were sick with the measles. I stayed with my grandmother while we were in St. George. One day right before dad died I was at the hospital with him. He felt that the curtains in his hospital room made his breathing worse. He asked the nurse to remove them and she said no, so I waited until she left and I quickly removed them. Boy was I in trouble. Got the scolding of my life. Dad died shortly after that. Grandma Elvira (dads mom) said dad had damaged and weakened his lungs because he was an athlete. In his youth he was a good boxer and a basketball player. He also played basketball at the Branch Agricultural College (BAC) in Cedar City. He was a very good player. I don't know that anyone really knew what the real cause of death was, only that the doctors seemed to be treating him for the wrong things.

Mother was devastated, becoming a widow at age 38 with six children to raise; she made the decision to sell the ranch and other property dad owned and move to Cedar City, Utah. She had two sisters, one brother and two sisters-in-law that lived in Cedar City, and their support was needed much more at that time than she needed the ranch. Mom did not drive; she had children ranging from 1 year to 18 years. Mom needed the support of her family. It was the only real option she had. Mom had lost her mother as a child and knew the importance of family support. My first job after moving to Cedar City was as an apprentice painter, thanks to my cousin Ross Hoyt. I worked for that company until I started eleventh grade that fall (1946) at Cedar High School. I was very nervous but after the first few days in school I got along great. I made the football team and the basketball team my junior and senior years. I did quite well in gym and woodshop, but just mediocre in the subjects I possibly needed to help me through life. I graduated from high school in 1948 with my limited knowledge.

I became acquainted with Marjorie Bauer the summer of 1946 after our move to Cedar City. She was a very special young lady, just my age that lived down the street from us. We were married the summer we graduated from high school. Her father had also died young. He had been killed in an auto accident when she was only 12 years old. Leo Larsen, our bishop, married us on July 22, 1948. We went to the temple on February 14, 1951. Our first of six girls was born June 3, 1951; we named her Carla after Marjorie's father, Carlos. Leslie was born June 30, 1952; we named her after my father, Lester. Margene was born November 5, 1954; Julie was born January 31, 1958; Joann was born November 4, 1961; and Brenda was born April 23, 1965.

Carla married Monty Cornelius Stratton 6 March 1971 in the St. George Temple. They have three children, Tori, Cody, & Kirby. Tori works for American Express and lives in Provo, Cody married Kristy Demille, they have a daughter Alex and are expecting a son in July. Kirby married Mackenzie Griffiths. Monty and Carla live in Cedar City, Utah.

Leslie married Kenneth Ross Dalton 19 Nov 1971 in the St. George Temple. They have 3 daughters, Jodie, Cherice, & Jayme. Jodie married Shawn Ballard on August 12, 1992 in the St. George Temple and they have 2 boys, Tanner and Riley. They are living in Green Bay, Wisconsin. Ross and Leslie live in Yuma AZ.

Margene married Carl James Lefevre in the St George Temple on 19 January 1974. They have four children, Jared, Kurt, Justin, and Wyndee. Kurt married Farah Baldwin on 15 January 2000 in the St. George Temple. President Metcalf married them because Marge and I were in Japan at the time on our mission. Jared and Wyndee both reside in Las Vegas. Carl and Margene live in Cedar City, Utah.

Julie married James Glen Bishop in the St. George Temple 21 January 1983. They have four children, Charly, Branda Lee, Nathan and Braden. Charly married Matthew Shields Melville in the St. George Temple 20 September 2002. I performed the marriage and sealing, it was my first opportunity to perform the eternal sealing for one of my grandchildren. Glen and Julie live in St. George, Utah.

JoAnn married Kent M. Davis in the St. George Temple 14 September 1979. They have two children, Aubrey Ann, and Kaysen Wade. JoAnn and Kent were divorced in December 1993. On the 11 May 1996 JoAnn married John Michael Topham in the St. George Temple. I was privileged to perform their marriage and sealing for time and all eternity, my first family member. What an honor. Mike and JoAnn have a daughter, Anne Lyn, born 27 July 1998. Mike has three children from his previous marriage. Daniel Brian, Nathan Michael, and Heather Michelle. Mike and JoAnn live in St. Charles, Missouri.

Brenda Lee married Russell Haughton in the St. George Temple 21 March 1992. They had two children, Rachel Lee and Vincent (Vince). Brenda and Russ divorced in 1997. Brenda married Darren E. Durbin September 27th 1998; they added two additional girls, Alysha Lee and Savannah Lee to their family. Darren and Brenda live in Cedar City, Utah.

The spring of 1948 before high school ended, it seemed my friends spent lots of time at the pool hall, but due to circumstances beyond my control, I got a part time job! I spent my time painting for Heber Prisbrey, a local building contractor. I first became acquainted with him when he built new kitchen cabinets for my mom in our home on 300 west. When I graduated from high school, I went to work for him as a carpenter apprentice. Heber was very skilled in his trade and became a mentor in teaching me the trade of cabinetry. I had spent my growing up years working along side my father, learning how to paint, plaster & build most anything. I loved to build; I did not like farming and ranching. Heber helped fill the void left by my father's untimely death in patiently helping me learn the wood working trade.

Heber paid me \$1.00 an hour, which was the going wage in 1948; carpenters were making \$1.50 an hour at that time. We worked six days a week; my take home pay was \$42.00 a week. I worked and learned from Heber for three years before moving to a better paying job and new experiences.

We (Marjorie & I) lived in the basement of Heber and Hattie Prisbey's home on 500 west after we were married. They had a nice, small, one bedroom apartment and we lived there until we built our own small home at 345 North 600 West. That little house is now incorporated into our present home, which we still call home, after three additions and one major remodel, which we just completed in September 2001.

We spent \$2000.00 for our first home, that amount included the property. We borrowed \$1000.00 of the \$2000.00 and our payment was \$12.00 a month. We paid that amount each month for several years before the bank would let us pay it off. Julie was a baby when we moved into the new bigger home, which we built in front of our first little home. My mother gave us \$500.00 to buy the building lot and then some time later she gave us an additional \$400.00. The total sum of \$900.00 was my inheritance from my father. We have been ever grateful for that financial start so many years ago.

My first Church calling, thanks to Marjorie's kind guidance, came early in our married life. I served as the Deacon's advisor and the Explorer leader, followed by service in the M.I.A. program in our Cedar Fourth Ward working with the youth. Funny I started out working with the young men, having all girls. Could this be where my love of scouting started? On November 24, 1962 I was called to serve in the bishopric of the Cedar Fourth Ward. Horace Hall was the Bishop, Earl Kenney was the first counselor and I was called as the second counselor. Henry D. Taylor ordained me a High Priest and set me apart for that calling. I served in that assignment for five years, when I was released I was called and served for four years on the high council in the Cedar Stake.

I was called to serve as the bishop of the College Second Ward February 13, 1972. LeGrand Richards of the Quorum of the Twelve apostles ordained me a bishop; I only served for 18 short months (I loved that job) before being called as second counselor to Daniel B Crawford, who was called as president of the Cedar City Utah Stake. Clemont Adams was called as the first counselor, which happened September 9, 1973. I was set apart by Delbert L. Stapley of the Quorum of the Twelve.

A new assignment came on March 17, 1978. Elder Bruce R. McConkie of the Quorum of the Twelve called me to be the Stake President of the Cedar Stake; Dan Crawford was called to be a mission president. My counselors were Clemont Adams and Joseph Bishop. They were both released later for various reasons and David Norton and Steve Corry replaced them. I served there for seven years at which time the stakes were divided and I served for the next 14 months as president of the Cedar North Stake. Elder Adney Y. Komatsu set me apart October 20, 1985 and on February 15, 1987 Elder Dallin H. Oaks of the Quorum of the Twelve released me from my position as the stake president. The following Sunday I was called as a gospel doctrine teacher and I served in that assignment for four years, long enough to cover the standard works.

As I became more involved in my work and church assignments, Marjorie became the full time homemaker for our family of six girls. She was always at the cross roads of their growing up years, she was a late night person; I was an early morning person, however now and then I would go out looking for one of those girls when they failed to come home on time.

I made numerous trips up and down Main Street looking for them and I was always amazed at how they could always beat me home. Still don't know how they did it? The one major regret I have is that I didn't spend more time with my family during those crucial years (~~Please forgive me~~).

On November 9, 1989 we were called and set apart as ordinance workers at the St George Temple. On July 9, 1990 Marjorie and I spoke in our 4th ward Sacrament Meeting as we were leaving our home in Cedar City to move to St. George, Utah. We were having two of our daughters, Margene (who was building a new home) and JoAnn (who had returned to Cedar City for her husband to return to school) with their families move into our home. It was arranged so it would accommodate separately two families. I was having some serious problems with a town home project I had got involved with in St. George and that gave me the opportunity to live on the project to personally take control of the problems and work my way out of the mess I had created. Thank heavens Marjorie supported me in this change in our lives.

We started our work in the Temple on November 10, 1989 on the Friday evening and the Saturday early morning shift, so that was also a good reason to be living in St. George. We were both becoming excited with our temple assignment. We were continually learning new things every week.

We became Supervisors on the Saturday early morning shift during our second year. We would go to the temple at 4:30 in the morning and finish around 3:00 p.m. Talk about being tired! We would usually go out and get something to eat and discuss our day's experiences, those were fun times! On February 11, 1993 we went to Salt Lake City and I was set apart by President Hinckley as a sealer in the St George Temple. This new responsibility seemed overwhelming. I had never dreamed that I would be called as a sealer, I thought that assignment was for older men with a deep spiritual understanding of the gospel. What a responsibility, what an experience for us to visit with the Prophet. We arrived for our appointment about an hour early. When Pres. Hinkley found out we had arrived, he welcomed us into his office and just visited with us. The Prophet was so kind to us, he visited with such sincerity and friendliness that it felt very comfortable. Those were moments never to be forgotten. (In the setting apart he told me I needed to put my life in order so I could be a conduit for the Lord to work through to bless the saints. I know he is the Lords prophet).

We both worked in the sealing department for some time, Marjorie worked at the desk doing the paper work and I became the coordinator, which took us away from the main stream of activity we had become familiar with.

May 31, 1995 I rushed into the office (as usual) with some daily problems that needed solving immediately. Margene calmly stated that I needed to call President Hinckley's office in Salt Lake City because they had called and I needed to return the call. She said she thought that President Hinckley wanted to talk to me (a moment to always remember, my daily problems quickly

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vanished). After closing the door to my office, I made a quick review of my life and had the feeling come over me as to what the call would be. I had had previous promptings that would not completely leave me that something was coming. We had sold our new home out by Glen and Julie and had just moved to our condo by the temple. Still it was a shock to have a message to call back the Prophet. Excited, nervous and very humble I made the call and a brother answered and said "the Prophet is on another call and will be with you in a moment," it was just seconds and he was on the line, so friendly asking about my health, my work, and if I was retired. I said no, and he said can you be and I said yes. During our conversation he interviewed me but I didn't even realize it until after he had extended the call for Marjorie and I to serve with Kenneth and Beverly Metcalf in the St George temple presidency. Marjorie was called to be assistant Matron and I was called to be the 1st counselor, Richard and Dolores Horton were the other members of the presidency. When he hung up the phone I called Marjorie and told her what had just happened. We both cried for a few minutes, what a sweet few moments' together thinking of the fears and blessings in store for us. When I finally opened the office door two of my daughters (Margene and Brenda) were standing right there, wanting to know what was going on.

Our assignment began September 1, 1995. We served for 38 months, being released October 31, 1998. We became acquainted with so many good people. There were 35 stakes in the temple district and we had many opportunities to visit wards and stakes on speaking assignments. One of the highlights of those months was the times we visited with the general authorities as they visited the temple, President Hinckley was there twice; Elder Ballard; Elder Wirthlin; Elder Eyring; Elder Tingey, and Elder Banks visited us as well. They were all so kind and went out of their way to put us at ease whenever they dropped in.

After our release from the temple I tried going back to work at our family construction company. That didn't work out because I felt like I didn't fit anywhere. It seemed my body and mind were not cooperating. I remember going to the Lord with my frustrations and I said Lord, if there is anything I can do I am available and ready. Within a few days President Randy Wilkensen called and asked how would you and Marjorie like to go to Japan and help build a new temple? We were apprehensive about Japan. We had been there a few years before when Brenda was released from her mission and had experienced a few traumatic events. When we left Japan, after spending several days with Brenda, Marge and I looked at each other as the plane started into the air and we commented that it was nice to be going home with Brenda, but we had not left anything here in Japan we ever needed to return for! I told President Wilkensen we would have to get back to him on this one. Marjorie and I had a couple of serious discussions and visits with the Lord before I called him back and said yes. In the process of getting our physicals completed for our mission the physician noted that my thyroid was enlarged. After tests and a biopsy, it was found to be cancerous, so that led to surgery and a few setbacks, but we realized that if we had not been obedient to the mission call it could have gone undetected.

Before we left for Japan we took our six girls and their husbands on a 2-week, all expenses paid, first class, whirlwind trip! We boarded Amtrak in Provo, UT and made the trip back to St. Louis, MO, where JoAnn and Mike live. From there we traveled from Branson, MO to Nauvoo, ILL and made more memories than I realize. It was on this trip that many of my family realized the gift of

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family and the love we have for one another. We had 14 days of laughter, food, and fun, all without a cross word spoken! Well, maybe one or two!

The construction mission was the most difficult and rewarding experience in our lives. We were in Fukuoka Japan for fourteen months while the temple was built and dedicated. (I kept a daily journal for those fourteen months and have started to put those experiences into a condensed history.)

We returned home June 14, 2000 where we had a great homecoming with our family and our ward family. It took us weeks to adjust back to the American ways of life, funny how so much can seem to change in just 14 months. We had sold our twin home in Cedar City to Ken and Opel (Marjorie's sister) when we left for Japan, and our home on 600 west was now being rented. So we were homeless in Cedar City. That was a first. We bought an unfinished condo at Eagle Point Estates in the Fiddlers canyon area near our three daughters, we finished it, moved in and really enjoyed it, but it just wasn't home. We then decided to get some "advice" from our daughters and it was unanimous that the old house on 600 west be remodel so we could have our "home" back. We started that project in April 2001 and it took us until September 2001 to get it finished. A lot of hard work or was it our age? We moved back into the house and it immediately felt like we were home, not to mention the blessing of being back in our old original home ward. It is great to be back home; we both love it. I even have my old (new) wood shop in the backyard, complete with every tool I need (except the phone) and more. I have spent hours building priceless furniture for my family members and enjoying every minute of it.

I still work as a sealer in the St George Temple every Friday, early and late shifts, we stay in our town home in St George Thursday through Saturday. Sometimes it is a pain to maintain two homes but we aren't ready to give either one up yet. I am again teaching the gospel doctrine class every other week in our 4th ward, and again heading up the chairman of the Thunder Ridge Boy Scout Camp development.

As I continue my journey through life I hope to be able to add more chapters to my life history. I have completed writing my life's work experiences. I have yet to summarize from my journals our three years of service in the St George temple presidency from September 1985 through October 1998 and our Mission in Fukuoka Japan from April 1999 through June 2000. If by chance, I don't get that done I know my girls will finish them for me. Since we raised them to be independent and take care of themselves, not one of them has asked for the job!



In 1978 Dixie Leavitt talked me into buying the old block plant that had gone broke. We changed the name to Ironco Block and gave it our best shot. There were many things against us in this endeavor. The block equipment was old and no matter how hard we tried (money and labor) the project just wouldn't come together. Not to mention the number of customers that would not pay their bills and the fact that J&J Block kept dropping their prices. Finally when all energy had been exhausted at showing a profit, we sold the company to our competitor.

In 1980, Reid and I make some changes. I talked him into selling Western Rock, and I sold my portion of Blackburn & Gower to him. This took me over a year to accomplish (one of the smartest things I've done). Reid died shortly after all the paper work was completed and signed.

Savage Bros. bought Western Rock and I managed the operation for the next two years. I had my second back surgery in 1982 at which time I elected to leave Western Rock in the hands of Savage Brothers. In 1982 (after my back improved) I started a family construction business called Blackburn & Associates (BA). We have had a good business for the past 20 years, and in the past 15 years about 75% of our work have been for the LDS church. They have been good to us. We completed several projects for the Church in Nevada from 1985 to 1990. The last time I counted we had completed over 75 projects for the church in southern Utah and eastern Nevada. I am proud of the accomplishments of the new generation as they move ahead on the foundation I started some 50 years ago.

In September of 1995 Marjorie and I was called to serve in the St. George Temple presidency. The month before we began our service Blackburn & Associates was awarded the bid to remodel the veil in the St. George Temple. It turned out to be the most challenging and rewarding job of my fifty-year career in construction. What a way to finish my chosen career. We completed the job while the temple was closed for summer break in a two-week period, and then we started our assignment the first of September that same year. When President Hinckley called us to that assignment he asked me if I was retired, I told him no, and he said, "Can you be?" I said yes and he said good! Many people worked on the temple veil remodel project and it was unanimous that it was a once in a lifetime experience. From that date in September 1995 I have not been involved fulltime managing Blackburn & Associates Construction. I suppose I am retired?

February 1999 Marjorie and I received a call to go to Japan as Temple Construction missionaries, which forced me to retire from the day-to-day operations of business life. It is now March 2002 and I have lost my desire to be involved on a day-to-day basis with the construction business. I have lost touch with the way things are done. It is a different world to me, I am enjoying my woodworking shop and the opportunity to get back to working with my hands and trying to create new things and enjoying the challenges. .

Foot notes: I have not included all the projects we have done over the years, mainly because some of them have been of things that I don't want to be reminded of,

although most of them were my best learning experiences while working through them. Such as Brian Head, Red Canyon, Blowhard Mountain, U 14 asphalt overlay when it rained everyday for a month. The following year one of my workman was killed when an asphalt silo collapsed. Years later I spent five days in a court room, because a sub contractors workman got hurt on the job and tried to blame us for his actions. He didn't get anything from us but it cost our insurance company a bundle to defend us. I have been blessed many times through my life, the Lord has sent his angels to help, bless, and protect me from harms way time after time.

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 1

