

**HAL KIRKHAM CAMPBELL**  
**PERSONAL HISTORY, PART I**

About 9:05 a.m., March 17, 1927, a 6 lb. 7 oz. bundle, dark in color, scarcely breathing, was spanked and shaken repeatedly in an effort to cause the said bundle to breathe, to cry, to respond to life's challenges. Once breathing was begun the little bit of humanness was placed in an incubator in the hopes of keeping it alive. On the fifth day of its life the spark of being was threatened by a nosebleed. So begins the genesis of Hal Kirkham Campbell.

Before marriage my father, Ezra Carvel Campbell, had been employed as a worker in the Idaho Falls railroad yards; after his marriage to Vilda Kirkham he became a truck driver for the Z.C.M.I. Wholesale Grocery. My mother had been a stenographer prior to her marriage. Father and mother lived on Curtis Avenue in Idaho Falls after the marriage. A four-room burnt orange colored structure, the house had a living room on one side and a bedroom, kitchen, and bathroom opposite. The house faced west.

After we moved to Salt Lake City my dad worked as a grocer at Standard Market, at Crystal Palace Market, at Safeway Grocery, and for a short time at Sewell's; he was manager of a general store at Consumers, Utah; then to the Royal Baking Company in Salt Lake, the B.F. Goodrich Tire Company, as co-manager of the Campbell Brothers Grocery in Preston, Idaho, at Hill Airforce Base during part of World War II, and finally as a salesman and a supervisor of the Denver Fire Clay Company. My mother became a homemaker and part-time piano teacher. After Dad left us Mom's piano teaching enabled her to assist me in the mission field for two and a quarter years. She was a source of inspiration to many for her dedication and faithfulness.

Houses I lived in after leaving Idaho Falls include: (in Salt Lake City, Utah) 409 University Street, 4102 So. 9th East; (in Consumers, Utah) Apartment #6 overlooking the railroad tracks; (in Preston, Idaho) 434 So. 2d East, 450 So. 2d East, and for several months in a one-room rough-finished cabin while waiting for our 450 So. house to be completed; (back in Salt Lake) 2693 Glenmare Street; after marriage to Joan: (Big Piney, Wyoming) a motel and later a small apartment over Covey's gas station; (Salt Lake again) Rufus Astin's apartment at 2633 1/2 Imperial Street, then back to 2693 Glenmare Street, 520 Capri Drive (in Murray, Utah), once more back to 2693 Glenmare Street; and finally (in Cedar City, Utah) 255 So. 800 West, where we have remained ever since..

My one early claim to fame, so I am told, was that I knew the tunes and some of the words of more than 50 songs at the age of 18 months. I also learned to slip out of a rope that was used to bind me to the yard so I wouldn't wander away. I am told I was very much afraid of the shining green eyes of our little cat as they peered at me from under the coal stove in our house.

I remember a few scattered events on University street: playing with a large rubber ball and an engine (minus the outside locomotive mold)-wind-up, of course; playing with a little rubber kitten and a stuffed doll at bedtime; riding a tricycle up and down the street; taking trips with Mother to the University stadium; being rocked by Mother in a rocking chair with a peculiar cracking rhythm of its own; and having the whooping cough from which disease the combined faith of the Elders and my parents helped to save me.

From age four to thirteen (barring 6 months at Consumers) we lived in South Salt Lake (4102 So. 9th East) in a frame house on a hill, surrounded by fields to the west and south, a large swamp to the north, and across the road to the east a continuation of the swamp flanked by a sleighriding hill. In the distance to the east were two weeping willows and a "bottomless" pool, and in the south field next to the road were two fine old cottonwood trees.

Among the many friends at Lincoln School, Granite Junior High, and the Mill Creek Ward were Merlyn Ronneburg (the boy next door), Merlyn Jones, Keith Larsen, Norman Wright, Norma Butts, Gene Metcalf, Anna Page, Wallace Scott, and George Park. School Teachers included: Miss Peterson and Miss Paul, 1st grade; Miss Hill, 2d; Rosemarie Liddle (a long-time family friend), 3d; Miss Clawson, 4th; Mr. Seal, 5th; Miss Thurman, 5th and 6th, Miss Harding, Mr. Frame, and several others at Granite Junior High. Great folks lived in the ward-- Bishop Cornwall, his daughter Elizabeth (a diligent worker in the junior Sunday school), J. Golden Hunsaker, Roy Turner and his wife, the Jonas family, the Gehrings, the Harbrechts, the Ronneburgs, and others.

Experiences were many and varied. There were frequent bouts with sickness--bronchitis, pleurisy, measles, chicken pox. My first sled was initiated as my father and I rode it down the hill across the street, the runners gently folding under as the combined weight turned the sled

into firewood and two unusable runners. There were tree-climbing episodes including the Tarzan-like leap for a limb in Wallace Scott's apple tree, followed by a deadening thud as I hit the ground belly down, the wind knocked out of me. I recall the horrible sight of 20 or more mangled rabbits of the 50 or so we had, brutally destroyed by a dog when left in what Dad thought was a safe, movable enclosure in the alfalfa patch one summer night. Our old battle-scarred black cat fought a gopher to its death as two of us watched (sad to say, without interfering), the animals--seemingly by agreement--taking a brief intermission, both of them lying on their sides a few feet away from each other, panting, too tired to fight--then resuming the battle. I remember seeing this same cat disappearing in a cloud of dust, chased into a garage/rabbit coop combination by three dogs, all three of which emerged yelping as the cat rode astride one of them, leaped to another, to the third, and finally up the great old cottonwood tree to the south of our house as the dogs dashed past. Then there were our own dogs: Susie, a fox terrier; Fritz, one of her mongrel pups that loved to chase reflections of the sun on car windows; Jackie, a Boston/Chihuahua mixed breed--each one of the dogs killed by a car. I can still see the old bull that belonged to one of our neighbors butting a Daynes Jewelry sign completely to the ground in the field across the street.

I believe it was in the winter of 1933-34 that there was a snowdrift between our house and Ronneburg's that completely blocked the view from the facing windows of the two houses (we could walk on the hard crust for a number of days). There was a trip to the zoo with the first grade students in the old 1924 Dodge bus belonging to the Granite School district--a bus that chugged to a stop, boiled over, and had to be pushed by children and teachers the last quarter of a mile. And those special gifts from Santa Claus: the yellow wooden wagon, the little wind-up army tank, the scooter, the electric train. And our Halloween escapades--climaxed by a laundry bag lying in a ditch that, even though it resembled a picket fence fallen down, became my dad who almost before our eyes leaped and yelled at our both-arms-severed-above-the-elbow neighbor, Mr. Chegwidden (who had approached the "fence" to see what it was lying there in his front yard as we were coming down the road. Father had intended to scare us, but when Mr. Chegwidden came out the temptation was too great.). How can I ever forget the trips to Grandpa and Grandma Kirkham's home with aunts Roma and DeEsta and uncle Dale there to play games and spoil me and with Grandpa's exquisitely frightening ghost stories. Their home contained the only privately owned grand piano I could use during those childhood years; and then there were Grandma's deliciously different meals. There were our less frequent, and perhaps even more exciting, trips to Grandma and Grandpa Campbell's Preston, Idaho home with yet other different meal menus. They had was a large vegetable garden, a beautiful raspberry patch, a big lawn flanked by three poplars, and a lovely old home containing a chilly bathroom, an upstairs area with a bannister flanking the stairs, a cozy kitchen, and the clear cold Preston water. There were also trips down to Aunt Fern's to yet another type of life--horses and dairy cattle, long walks through pasture and farm land, farming equipment, an irrigation canal for swimming, and all the food one could eat. Near the top of memories are those of Christmas Eves when we sat in our own front room with the lights shining from the Christmas tree while listening to the little table radio bring sweet messages as the spirit of Christmas crept into our hearts. During this time came my first experiences with death: the drowning of a schoolmate, Eugene Christensen, the loss of a still-born baby brother, and the viewing of the body of Grandpa Campbell lying in the casket in the hushed Campbell home in Preston as Grandma came slowly into the room escorted by others, quickened her pace, and leaned over the casket sobbing, "Oh Ezra, Ezra!"

For a few months during my fifth-grade year we lived in the coal-mining town of Consumers, one of three settlements in a large box canyon some 17 miles from Price, Utah. School was different--two grades in one room, children of Grecian, Italian, and Spanish descent predominating, and Mr. Boehm, a fine teacher who was a native of the eastern United States. The general store where my father was manager was something new. Occasionally I stocked the candy racks. To the rear of the store was an iron door leading to the railroad tracks immediately behind--and as the cold wind whistled around the building corner I would often step out to view the massive coal cars standing there row behind row (both coal-filled and empty cars were there side by side). The Christmas decorations in the store left me gaping--they were so close, and so touchable. The gigantic ten-wheel drive locomotive was fascinating, whether it was standing there with its cab almost as high as our third-story window in our apartment or thundering down the valley with dozens of coal cars locked behind.

Sleighriding was the best--a "mile" run down the main street that was filled with challenges--cars coming up, people crossing the road, the locomotive hauling its load across the street. Speed was the goal--and the momentum gained was sufficient to carry us, with scarcely a slowdown, across a dry spot in the road caused by heating tubes running beneath the road. The trips to Price were exciting. Several times we drove along the desolate road from Consumers to the city, passing the eroded cliffs and scraggly desert growth on both sides to go to stake conference, to go shopping, or to attend a show. Two shows I remember well were "Ali Baba" with Eddie Cantor and "The Firefly" with Jeannette MacDonald and Alan Jones. Father's new '34 Ford was the ultimate to me in transportation. How I liked the smooth feel, the purr of the motor, the sleek streamlined shape.

One last memory is tied up with the L.D.S. branch consisting of but a few families and just four boys my age. We met in the schoolhouse, using the desks for chairs. I remember that I enjoyed the meetings and felt considerable pride in belonging to the Church.

Cache Valley--the place of my dreams! How I have desired to recapture the fullness of those beautiful days. Our time spent with Grandma Campbell was choice, even though three families lived together and relations became somewhat strained at times. The one-room shack we inhabited as a temporary dwelling while our own house was being built was exciting for me, and I had privacy for practicing the piano. Our newly finished home at 450 So. 2d East would probably have been permanent but for the sad break in our family ties due to Dad's infidelity. Once the bonds of love were loosed and the spirit of evil released, aspirations turned to ashes and removal was inevitable.

But up to that point Heaven seemed very near to me both in terms of school and church. Friends included Lynn and Glen Perry (the twins), Hal Peterson, Tommy Kerr and Paul Wilcox (the vocal duet), brothers Douglas and Reed Merrill, Ross Wynn and Keith Aller (Ross, Keith, and an almost inseparable trio), Jeanne Brown (my first case of puppy love), Margaret Bingham, Donna Jean Hansen, and my cousin, Gordon Campbell. Teachers included Mr. Cutler, math; Mr. Keller, social studies, Mr. Stanfield, math and gym; Mr. Hirschi, geometry; Mr. Christensen, orchestra; and Mr. Spilsbury, the principal and Spanish teacher. I accompanied Reed Maughan frequently on the flute. Brother Eberhard, our seminary teacher, did so much to help instill the gospel and a love for it into me.

How well I remember: working at the Campbell Brothers' Market every night after school for the weekly wage of 50 cents (later to be expanded to 75 cents, to 1 dollar, and finally to the inconceivable amount of 2 dollars per week); the deep snow and the clear frosty weather with its accompanying winter sports--especially the sleighriding hill near the fifth ward (it was here an over-excited German Shepherd dog gnawed into my leg as I went down the hill); the Singalong boys' chorus, founded by Dad--in demand all over the valley (we even sang in the Washakie Indian Ward--I sang alto); tearing down our old red-brick First Ward to make the new ward and stake center; the bi-monthly attendance at either the Isis or Grand theaters; our Boy Scout troop activities including the trip to Bear Lake, the frequent overnight camps on the creek land owned by our Scoutmaster, frantic games of "Steal-the-Flag;" three music contests that I entered as a piano contestant, receiving a first place in each; the operetta, "The Pirates of Penzance," in which my uncle Dan Campbell had a lead part and for which I played piano; the birth of my only living brother, Brent, by Caesarian operation; my new-found love for him; and the final, sorrowful days and nights as we watched Dad leave all that he might have had for a hopelessly crippled woman who appealed to his sense of chivalry and who flattered him as the two together broke two homes, established a new one for both of them and her one child, and raised two more boys (my half brothers Barry and Scott) in Boise, Idaho--how we missed him! His infrequent visits to us later on were always bright spots in my life, but they dimmed in such a short while, since he had to go "home." The long, seemingly endless heartbreak suffered by Mother gradually turned to a seeming calm as the realization came to her that there was no hope or prayer that would bring him back.. (I need to note that since that time many reconciliations have taken place, and I believe all of us love each other. I hope there may be a way to unite us into one family at some future time.)

Due to this last sad event we found ourselves, after some three years in Preston, back in Salt Lake at the doorstep of Grandpa and Grandma Kirkham. Grandfather was ill--ill with cancer. Although diagnosis was not clear at first we knew something was seriously wrong. For the first time in several hikes I had had with him (this last one to Timpanogos Cave) he lagged behind while we raced on ahead. By the time he died he was reduced to a living skeleton. A few days before he passed away he called each of the family members who were around into his bedroom and gave us a "father's" blessing. To me he said that I ought to be a leader for righteousness--and example--since I was the oldest of his grandchildren, and he charged me to be clean and obedient. We loved him so much. His death came during the night with his loving wife sitting there beside him. I need to mention that a week or so before his death Elder Harold B. Lee--then an Apostle--came to the home and gave Grandpa a blessing. To read a more detailed account, see his history. But let this much be known--Grandfather Kirkham was a good man--and the blessing reflected that goodness.

The last two years of school were spent at Granite High. I had a job with Wendell Cottrell, my uncle, in a grocery store, and for the first time I owned a bicycle originally belonging to Wendell, which bicycle was used to take me the ten miles I rode every day from home to school to the store and also to help me deliver small boxes of groceries to customers living close to the market. For the entire high-school experience I rode that distance daily except for Saturdays and Sundays. I arrived back home about 7:30 or 8:00 each night (on Saturdays it would be 10:30 or 11:00, sometimes midnight; and one Christmas eve the last delivery went out at midnight and we went home after some 20 hours of steady work without even a lunch break). I must mention Miss Anne Pehrson, my English teacher, and James Moss, my seminary teacher, as being particularly influential in my life. Scholastically I finished well, receiving the typing and shorthand medals for the year, the business medal, and the "G" medal (given to 10 boys and girls). I had the opportunity of giving one of the four graduation speeches.

I did not get called into the army due to a weakness in my back--a back that was at times quite painful. I went to an old masseuse who set me up with a group of exercises that I have used off and on since that time.

I began to take piano lessons from Mrs. Mabel Borg Jenkins, one of the finest teachers in the West (she died in 1977). I also entered the University of Utah and completed lower division requirements. Wendell had, during this time, moved his store to 17th East and 13th South where a new building had been constructed, financed by a cousin of his. A young man named Sterling Smith joined us and together we stocked the shelves, checked out customers, and had a generally delightful time. We were close friends. Friday nights we often worked late getting ready for the Saturday rush.

And so one evening I was obliged to work late after all the rest had gone home. I was alone that particular night. My bicycle was in for repairs, so Wendell said I might take his convertible after warning me that the old car wasn't running too well. Neither of us knew that someone had removed four of the eight spark plug connections. When I found I couldn't go faster than 15 miles per hour I assumed it was just his worn-out car, almost ready for the junk yard. Arriving at the gully road at 20th East and 23d South I could see that maximum acceleration was my only possible means to force the car up the other side. But even though I pushed the accelerator to the floor the car stopped half way up the hill. Concerned, I backed the car into the gully and made several fruitless attempts to coax it upward. I realized that the car in the dark was an easy target for accidents, that it was not mine, that I had an obligation to protect it. I must get it up that hill. I stopped the driver of the only car that came through to see if he could shine a light into the engine, but without success. With all means exhausted I felt that the one avenue left was prayer. Fervently I bowed my head and prayed that I might get the car to the top of the hill. As I stepped on the starter the car engine that hitherto had sputtered at best now roared with full power. Keeping my foot almost to the floor I put the gearshift into low and began to ascend the hill. The car continued to climb--a quarter of the way--then half. About that time the full realization of what was happening came to me and I said in my mind, "This is impossible!" Immediately the engine car began to sputter and the power began to die. With all my heart I prayed to believe, for I felt a voice say, "You must have more faith." And once again the motor picked up power and the car finished the ascent. No sooner did it reach the crest than the power died to the old four-cylinder pace. Not once more either on the way home or in the morning on the way to work (via another direction, rest assured) did the car show any spirit. Many times I have thought of this incident. I tried to reason out a natural explanation. And always I have been impelled to acknowledge a power greater than that of the car, greater than my own, and a wonderful lesson of faith and prayer to a young man of 18.

Prior to going for my first army physical I received my patriarchal blessing at the hands of Patriarch Victor D. Nelson. I had gone with some misgivings--not that I doubted the validity of a blessing but rather doubted my worthiness; yet I had many questions and desires in my heart. Mother acted as scribe as Brother Nelson laid his hands on my head. Then he blessed me. The prayer was not long as far as some blessings go, but one by one he answered the deep, unmentioned desires of my heart until every one was given to my satisfaction. Eternity was very close that day.

At long last the time came when bishop Clyde L. Van Wagenan called me into his office and started wheels rolling for a mission. I was interviewed by our Stake President, Franklin J. Murdock, then by Elder S. Dilworth Young of the Council of Seventy. No one could have been more happy than I to receive the call to Great Britain, and after being set apart by Elder Joseph F. Merrill of the Quorum of the Twelve, I embarked on the two-year call, traveling on the Union Pacific Railroad, then the Lackawanna to New York, and finally on the Queen Elizabeth steamship with 9 other missionaries all going to the same mission. We docked at Southampton February 10, 1947. The following are excerpts from letters and retold experiences from my missionary days:

Feb. 5, 1947: Dear Mom, One day out of New York--Oh-h-h-h-h! This boat's been rocking like a tub and I need a tub to catch my food. The day has been just rough enough to make me too sick to get out of bed and too weak to run to the toilet. I've eaten two meals and both are still down, but that stuff clawing at my throat and gurgling as I groan isn't just imagination. In other words, I'm seasick. Eight out of ten of the fellows are in the same "boat" and the other two have vomited. I'm sitting up in the top rear part of the ship with waves about 15 or 20 feet high, with big whitecaps on them. Correction--I was afraid I was going to heave and Dale felt the same way so we are now in our bunks sweating it out. All down the steps you see places where people didn't make it.

Feb. 6: (I'll finish this yet) this morning the boat's been leaning to one side consistently. Had a good breakfast and supper yesterday and a good breakfast this morning, so don't worry. I'm feeling quite a bit better today. We went for a swim this morning--very invigorating but water was salty and was merely sea water pumped in. You should see the beautiful waves with their whitecaps--we stood there watching them for over 20 minutes--and we weren't feeding the fishes, either. The sun shone yesterday for a little while. And you should see the meals--if I could pronounce them. We had turkey last nite; orange juice, milk, oats, toast, bacon, delicious egg this morning. Slowly I'm catching on to the British coin system. . . I saw several Hindus and one woman in particular--a dress that looked like a sarong, necklaces, bracelets, and diamonds in her ears and on her nose.

Feb. 7: I'll have to tell you what I had for supper last nite--an apple, an orange, 3 1/2 glasses of milk, a hard roll, fried salmon with dressing, a half roast duckling, beans, mashed potatoes, and plum pudding topped with ice cream--we're living like kings. All of us are over our sickness. . . We had a 40-mile-an--hour wind yesterday tipping the boat considerably so we went out and watched the spray break over the side and waves foam and move--what a beautiful sight. We played ping pong for a while--very interesting. While the ball was in the air the boat would move and by the time the ball reached you, it would be 3 feet off the table. Robert Taylor and his wife, and Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy are on the boat.

Feb. 9: We've had our first rough waters--looking down a trough of a wave I believe to be about 50 or 60 feet long and perhaps 20 feet high. We're about 300 miles from Ireland and tomorrow we'll be in England--Land Ho! And we'll be able to walk without the ground coming up and hitting us. We held a meeting today--Sacrament and testimony, and had a wonderful time singing and speaking. Well, I'd better quit. You've got a general idea of the trip. Send this to Dad as I hate to write the same thing twice, and I want to let him know also. I'll write as soon as we get settled in England. Love---Hal.

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(Narrative): The first winter was a cold one but the hearts of the Yorkshire Saints were warm. I first was sent to live with the Camm family at 9 St. Margaret's Road in a town called Horsforth. I note that my letters showed some complaining and a bit of homesickness, but slowly I learned to appreciate the people and the land. The high points of our "after-hours" activities were our walks with Brother Camm, a wonderful English gentleman and a member of the Church, to areas of interest and beauty around Horsforth. We had the privilege of hearing a nightingale sing one late night.

Our first problem seems to have been finding a meeting place for the Leeds Saints which took us the better part of two months. No sooner had we found the place than we were in the throes of an all-mission conference to be held at Bradford, resulting in an accompanying search for overnight lodgings for over 300 church members. While living at Camm's I received word of the deaths of Uncle Moroni (Rone) Campbell, Grandmother Lucy Campbell, and a cousin, Carol Campbell. Shortly after this sad information we were asked to move into Leeds by the mission president, Selvoy J. Boyer, moving to a place run by an Irish lady at 20 Coventry Place, then within weeks to a family of Spiritualists living at 97 Brudenell Road, Leeds 6. By July (1947) I was beginning to sense my calling a bit more and to understand the gospel better. Street meetings had become my first love and continued so throughout my mission.

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(From a letter to Mom 31 July 1947): Hi Mom, Dad, and Brent, I sure think a lot of you and love you all more and more. I'll have to tell you something that happened the other day. I had charge of a street meeting last Sunday, and of course after the meeting we throw a short time open to questions. Just before I was to start a man came up to me and told me he was going to ask a question concerning a situation that had arisen earlier. A negro had asked in a previous street meeting if he could hold the priesthood and had been told no with an explanation which had not only not satisfied, but had embittered the negro. Neither had it satisfied this particular man, and so he asked me about it. When I moved into the center (during question-and-answer time) I didn't know how I was going to answer it. But suddenly, just while I was standing there, an answer came to me; and it was not just one answer--there were 3 parts to it. It answered the man's questions so well that he apologized for asking it. It was not I, I'll tell you that, who answered that question. . . We are planning to open a stall at the markets in Batley near Leeds, at which we have a painting of the Temple, quotations, Books of Mormon, etc. We've been in Bradford planning for it. I've had the job of printing our quotations, and I've really been doing pretty well at it. . . We met in here Saturday celebrating the silver wedding anniversary of Bro. and Sis. Walker, and we ate and ate. We . . went to the green and tried our hand at bowling. In bowling all the balls are eccentric and weighted on one side with lead. The greens are high in the middle, and you are given 2 large balls each and a small ball. The small ball is rolled first to any point on the green; the object is to roll the large balls as close as possible to the small one. You have to gauge how much the ball will turn by its own eccentricity, how much the hill will cause it to vary, the speed at which you throw the ball . . and before you get through you wonder why it got as close as it did. . . Well, that's about all the news so far. I'll see you later. . . Give Brent a big hug for me. Love, Hal.

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(Comments): While I felt very happy that the questioner at the street meeting was satisfied, one of the statements I made was puzzling to me, and we were unable to find a verification of it. I searched long to find out whether or not I had falsely testified. It was not until a stake conference at home that I heard Elder Merrill (the Apostle who set me apart) say the same thing I had said in almost the same way, confirming the truthfulness of promptings by the Spirit.

During the time we lived at Bayliffes (the Spiritualists) we tracted an area near Horsforth and chanced to meet a very deformed little woman who nevertheless had a keen mind. After reading the Book of Mormon for a couple of weeks she challenged me with a question as to how Moroni and Mormon had access to Paul's teachings on faith, hope and charity found in I Corinthians. Anyone should have been able to answer her, but not I. Rather it bothered me a great deal. But let me quote from a letter to Mom and Dad:

. . . The other night as I was reading Moroni I came across Mormon's discourse on Faith, Hope, and Charity. The statements were almost identical with Paul's teachings. Previous to that time another lady had remarked how the Book of Mormon seemed to have a lot of Paul's words in it, and it bothered me. It threw a bit of doubt in my mind because it had never occurred to me before. And so after we got in bed I proceeded to pour out my soul to God and to earnestly pray to Him. And as I was praying, about 15 minutes after I had begun, the answer to the question was given. It is hard to explain an experience such as this. I seemed to hear and yet there was no sound, I seemed to see and yet there were no words; and yet I knew the answer to it--that still small voice is true, and I know it. At first . . . I was told that truth is truth, no matter where it is found. Then again, that the gospel of Jesus Christ is the same no matter where you go. And third, that if Joseph Smith was a prophet at all then the things which were given by him must and had to be true. And not only that, the feeling was that I had been severely reprimanded for having approached God for such a thing which I should have known of myself and I felt chastised for ever having doubted. I told Pres. Walker about it the following day, and he said that it was definitely the same experience as he has had at times, and that it was the power of the Holy Ghost. And since then, every time I have seriously thought of those passages my heart has burned with fire because no one can tell me now that those passages are not true. I know they are and am afraid of no one who shall ever seek to disprove them. It's just a little thing, perhaps, to others, but to me it means that I have at last sufficiently humbled myself to receive guidance by the Holy Ghost. . . I don't feel proud, I feel very grateful for it, because it does mean so much to me. (Comment): Never again could I say I didn't know the book of Mormon was true, for not only was an answer given sufficient for me, but a rebuke was administered for doubting. How grateful I have been for that answer.

My missionary companions were (in order): Elders Shurtliff, Mason, Newey, Bennett, Christensen, Preston, Jack, Tew, Rose, and Romney. Elder Newey was my companion in Dewsbury, the second area to which I was sent after Horsforth-Leeds.

Our first problem was that of finding a hall. Elder Newey had such a fine attitude and was so likeable that we grew to be almost as brothers. None of my companions were ever closer to me than was he. When Elder Bennett and I became companions we managed to find a home that became both district headquarters and the Dewsbury chapel. Living with us were President and Sister Walker. Then Archie Marsden came into my life through his daughter, Beatrice. She had been attending our meetings and had sought permission to be baptized. Archie said yes and no by turns. To tell the story as recorded in my letter:

(Beatrice's) Father has been very antagonistic, and after he had given his consent he withdrew it. Beatrice was (finally) told she was not to come any more. Well, that night we had a little prayer in behalf of her and we decided that Tuesday Pres. Walker and I would go to see her father. Now Monday night as I went to bed I realized I hadn't given out a Book of Mormon for a long time. So I prayed earnestly that I would be able to give one out Tuesday during our day's tracting. Tuesday came and we had absolutely no luck in giving away any books and I thought, I'll never get the chance today. Tuesday night after supper Pres. Walker and I prayed very earnestly that the Evil One would have no influence that night and that the heart of this man would be touched. We found our way there and knocked on the door. No one was home but Mr. Marsden, and he was very uninterested and cold as he stood there and told us he wanted nothing to do with us. He had had Beatrice christened and she needed no baptizing. He was about to go. Pres. Walker had delivered our message and it had not been received. Then suddenly I had the urge to talk. I gathered my courage and began. And somehow the subjects that I talked about (for a half hour or so, I believe) were evidently the exact subjects we needed. The words practically flowed out of my mouth. Right in the middle Beatrice came up and she was sorrowful, you could tell. She stood in the doorway and listened fearfully. And just as I got through Mrs. Marsden, whom we had met once before, came in. She chided her husband for not having us in and finally it woke him up--suddenly. He allowed us in. The minute we were inside it was all over. We were introduced to the family--a real happy group. I think they are all great. Well, the sum and substance is we made a fine friend, and he promised to read the Book of Mormon (we left one with him and so my own private prayer was answered). When we left he almost put his arms around us, and we also were just as happy. Beatrice ran down to tell a friend of hers and shouted back--"Elder Campbell, you're the best friend I've got." And she told us tonight in MIA that after we left last night he wouldn't even talk to the family--he just would sit and think and he said several times, "Isn't he a smashin' lad!"--meaning me, too. But it wasn't I, Mom. It was the Lord who carried us through. Mr. Marsden made the statement, just as we left, "You know, I wonder if I quit the Salvation Army for a purpose." Why he lost the battle there. And he called out, "The Lord bless you!" as we walked away. The marvelous things were the way the Lord helped us in meeting the man and the change that came over him. And the Lord threw in the Book of Mormon to boot. It was really wonderful.

It took more than a year to see him become a member, and a most miraculous healing to top it off, but once the commitment was made he became an ardent worker, received the Priesthood, was called to be branch president, and died--all within a year. Of all whom I met in England, none had such a profound effect as this one man who changed his life and my capacity for love in one night. My finest hour relating to my mission came when, after returning from England, I was asked by Beatrice to take Brother Marsden's name through the temple for his endowment work. Forever will I be grateful to that great man.

Of all the companions, none was more spiritual than Elder Christensen. Time and again we experienced spiritual guidance in locating a friend or an investigator of the gospel, or of explaining a principle with understanding that we knew was not of our own. As I note in one of my letters to Mom:

We're holding up to 4 street meetings a week. I can't wait for them to come around. . . The thing that gets me most in this gospel is the way new things are suddenly given to you in times of need. Just little things, but I know I didn't think of them myself. Now I've quoted Rev. 14:6 scores of times--"And I saw another angel fly--" etc.--and just while I was talking with a Christadelphian woman I came out with a new interpretation so natural I didn't notice it until she had left. And then it struck me--if the angel came having the everlasting gospel, then the Bible could not contain the fullness of the everlasting gospel or the angel would never have had to fly. So anyone who says the Bible is a closed book has had it by that one passage alone.

These little ideas and blessings happened many times, and never more frequently than when Pres. Christensen was with me.

The last of my mission was spent in Halifax with a short stopover in Bradford where a fine gentleman, who later lost his life by way of a machine where he was working, joined the Church. In Halifax many fine contacts were made and a number of choice experiences were our lot. A letter helps fill in this time frame:

Hi Mom, Dad, Brent, and All: Here's a little letter from way out here in England--Halifax, to be exact. The sleet is falling fast, the little birds are gone. But I don't believe we can have too much winter. There's not enough cold days left--but of course anything can happen in England. We had the annual Gold and Green ball here in the Leeds District. There were between 350 and 400 in attendance. Pretty good, huh? We had 29 non-members from Halifax with a total of about 45 members and non-members. That's the best I've seen up to now in the Halifax branch. I hope we can get some of them attending the meetings. . . We had a most interesting experience with a little lady--a Mrs. Morris, whom we have been visiting and whom Elders Rose and Romney contacted a few months ago. We have been explaining the principles of the gospel to the best of our ability, and just the other night she told us, "O, how I wish I had heard this years ago." She is now 73 years old and as spry as a girl of 20. She started on the Book of Mormon and she told us last Friday, "Why I can't understand how anyone can doubt that Book. I know it's true." I hope that we can follow it through enough that she will obey the commandment of baptism. I wanted to tell you also that two of the Stevenson girls (you know the farm I lived on and found in Birstall where I got the mumps)--Norah and Vera--are being baptized next Saturday. It's really wonderful. I talked with Mrs. Stevenson. She has also quit her tea and she is ready to be baptized. She said she was ushering her children in first before she was baptized. I told her not to wait too long and she said she wouldn't. We'll wait and see.

And from another letter:

Then there was a social--"The Wearin' o' the Green"--to which 60 or more people (30 of them non-members) from Halifax came, besides 60 or so from the rest of the district. And new friends were made there and the Beehive group being taught my me was strengthened in a good way by an Irish jig which some of us taught to 4 Beehive girls. . . There was one thing I failed to tell you--an experience that has taken 2 months or better. Campbell and his companion Elder Romney went over to administer to a fine woman who was ailing for some time. She was not quite certain what it was that was the trouble, but the doctors had been messing her up instead of making her better. In the course of the prayer we promised her that she would be healed and rebuked any power to overcome her. Mrs. Guy (her name) had been scheduled to go to a doctor in Halifax, but at the last minute just after this administration the doctor refused to do the operation. They found that her heart had been pushed up into her body higher than normal and was being pressed and squeezed, and that a membrane had been broken which would require a most delicate operation. I felt that the doctor would not do it because he was not capable--and he didn't. Instead, he got hold of a fine doctor in Leeds who was a specialist, and he agreed to make the operation. Mrs. Guy underwent the two (instead of one) operations and right now she is recovering from the successfully completed second one. She feels (and she has told us) that it was the faith and prayers exercised in her behalf and her own faith that has pulled her through, and I am just as sure

as I am living that it was the administration that caused the doctor to refuse when Mrs. Guy had even gone to the operating room--or rather to the day of the scheduled operation.

And from one more letter:

If you don't think it's hard to leave here you're mistaken. Part of my heart will always be here in this wonderful country. How I wish I could transport about 20 or 30 of these people over there as I come home. Some of them are coming over anyhow. But I have loved and do love these wonderful people, and I believe I've loved Halifax most of all because we have had to work so hard with the members. By the way, we had 47 out to our Easter evening meeting, 10 more than we've had since we opened. And we had 21 out to Sunday school--again a record. And we had over 120 out to the Millennial chorus group here last night. I'm sure thrilled with the fine spirit that is being shown.

One last letter written a few days before I left:

First of all I want to tell you about the branch. From the time I have come until now the Sunday school has jumped from 12 to 20 regular attenders and last week we had 30 out. It has 3 classes in it. Then MIA has gone from 12 to 20; and Sacrament meeting is holding at between 40 and 50, with a week ago 77 being in attendance. We're leading Dewsbury and are in some ways ahead of Bradford. Then I want to tell you of the investigators. We've been holding a cottage meeting regularly at Mallinson's and we've been getting 20 people out, nearly all non-members. And many of them are talking of baptism. And then comes the finest. Margaret Coates, a daughter of a member whom Pres. Jack visited, has been allowed to be baptized. Brenda Guy, a daughter of Walter Guy whom we first visited just after I came here, has been allowed to be baptized. She is 12. And then Kenneth and Hilda Mitchell, whom we first contacted about 4 weeks ago, are also being baptized. They have desired it very much and are we thrilled. They will be baptized next Saturday. Another experience happened. Mrs. Oates has always been very skeptical and rather sarcastic about the church. She has made fun about it, and yet she has continued coming, but irregularly. And so we were rather despairing of ever giving her the proper understanding. But at the last cottage meeting Mrs. Oates came for the first time in six weeks. (During the meeting) Mrs. Oates asked a question. I answered it perhaps rather straight, and I seemed to have offended her. I apologized for any offense and she said she forgave me, but she seemed as if she wanted nothing more to do with us. Well, Saturday came and she came over to Bradford to a district social, and of course I was rather surprised. And I was a lot more surprised when she handed me a package with a beautiful yellow sleeveless sweater. It was a going away present and I was flabbergasted. I hardly knew what to think. . . She told Sister Mallinson, "Well, the little one (meaning me), has made me see the light." She at last has understood some of the principles which we have been trying to get her to understand.

One of the most interesting series of events involved a rather large number of daily street meetings held by Elder Rose and me. The climate of Halifax is made up of rain followed by a steady drizzle. And in typical boyish manner we dared to ask the Lord each day to allow us to hold our meetings. Nearly every day it was either raining or threatening to do so. But as we would arrive at the area the sun would begin to peep through and the rain would stop. In the course of two or three months we never got wet during a street meeting, even though it might be raining 20 minutes after we had finished, and even though we were compelled to change the time of meeting--it simply rained through our old meeting time and stopped during the new time for the meeting. And since going back to England I know of at least one besides us to whom those daily talks proved a blessing. Not only that, he is responsible for his entire family and several others who are now members of the church.

We had the opportunity (Elder Jack and I) of hitch-hiking our way up to Scotland. And even here we found that when we prayed and asked for help we received rides. And as long as we stood there stubbornly depending on our thumbs we were passed by cars time and again. We could do nothing but acknowledge the hand of the Lord in our entire trip from Bradford to Edinburgh to Loch Lomond to Glasgow and finally back to our district of Leeds.

I am most thankful to Heavenly Father for the great privilege of being able to serve as a missionary. I shall always be indebted to Him for His manifold kindnesses. Truly the Lord is a paymaster who excels all others. I bear testimony that the Lord heard and answered prayers and sustained us in many ways. And through my mission I am able to bear testimony of the Book of Mormon--that it is true; I also bear testimony of the restoration of authority to act in the name of God brought back through the instrumentality of the prophet Joseph Smith.

Among the choice folks whom I met were brother and sister Moss (who fed us again and again from their sometimes meager supplies), sister Whitaker (who also fed us and gave of her service many times), sister Butterfield with her seldom-equalled spirit of kindness, brother



and sister Mallinson (who helped so much in getting Halifax going), brother and sister Stephenson who cared for me when I got the mumps, brother and sister Holroyd of Halifax, and dozens of others--members and non-members.

The time came for sailing, and once again I was on the Queen Elizabeth heading west, however, instead of east. In the meantime Mom had scrimped and saved, and with Brent the two of them traveled by rail to meet me in New York. What a happy reunion when we first saw each other after nearly 2 1/4 years. We toured New York together--to the Statue of Liberty, the Museum of Natural History, the Empire State building, the Bowery, and other spots. Our next major stop was at Niagara Falls with its beautiful sights and sounds. Later in Chicago we saw a number of spots, but particularly the Museum of Science. We could have spent days there. When we arrived in Salt Lake I remember feeling the peace of being home at last. Brent was 8 and had been baptized while I was away. He also was wearing glasses--which he hated.

Once again I began to attend the University of Utah, to have lessons with Mrs. Jenkins, and to work in the ward at home. I was called to be Deacon's advisor. We had some fine Deacons, although among them was one who later was tried and executed for murder (but that is another tremendously sad story. The rest of the boys turned out all right--many of them went on missions.

On July 18, 1949, I was admitted into the National Guard, but after less than a year I was released with the old back ailment. This actually proved to be a blessing in disguise, because the Guard was activated just after I was released and was sent over to Korea where they served for a time in the Korean war.

I had been corresponding with a number of the saints, among whom was Joan Day, an extra-special girl. She had planned and saved and worked (along with several other girls who all came over within a few years) to come to Utah. She arrived August 29, 1950, at the Salt Lake airport. I had just bought an old 1940 Plymouth, so Mom and I went out to meet her. She had been sponsored by a man who lived in our stake and who was a friend of brother and sister Walker. There was a fairly rapid courtship which was to have lasted six months but ended six weeks after our engagement--in marriage. The outcome of that story and events surrounding it will be told in later entries. Suffice it to say we were able to be married in the Salt Lake temple--the only way to go in order to have such a lovely person as Joan for my eternal companion.

#### POST SCRIPT

After my mother read the previous material she reminded me that I had left out a few experiences--some slightly embarrassing--which ought to be told--or so she said. In compliance with her wishes, I submit the following:

When I was living at 4102 South 9th East I had a very close friend whose name was Merlyn Ronneburg. Being a bit on the mischievous side we decided we needed excitement, so we decided to take matters into our own hands. In front of our house was a fine cement highway upon which many cars passed. Our first attempt was mud pies thrown at the cars. Our houses were set on a small hill with the crest sloping immediately away from the road, affording some concealment. The pies were soft, the day was warm, and the results--one badly splattered car, one badly splattered person (the window was open), and two boys high-tailing it back for the alfalfa field where we hid out. Our parents were not informed. So a little later the tomatoes were ripe. History repeated itself, and again for some reason parents were not informed. But the tar that filled the joints in the road was soft with summer heat--just right for holding the nails we placed pointed-side up. Feeling this wasn't sufficient we found a board or two with long nails protruding, which boards were duly placed by the roadside. Brazen as we were we climbed on the mailbox within yards of the nails and watched the cars go by. But one man driving a pickup truck was more observant than the others. He saw the nails, stopped the truck, backed up. The two of us climbed off the mailbox in record time and raced for the grain field behind the alfalfa field, where we hid until evening. We found to our sorrow our parents had been informed, and two boys received their just rewards. I believe neither of us ever suggested similar types of activities again. When the fourth of July came around both of us had firecrackers--not illegal then. We would put them under cans to blow the cans in the air, in the mailbox to hear the loud noise, and anywhere else we could find for novelty. So one day we went across the road to the pasture and found there some very nice cow "pies" that had just crusted over. By placing the firecracker in the pie, the fuse just showing, explosive results were obtained. All went well until Merlyn lit one of the crackers which had a very short fuse. His face was directly over the cow leavings as the cracker exploded. And Merlyn's face was well fertilized. A long period of time was spent washing his face, clothing, arms and hair in the little brook that ran nearby. But we survived. And I laughed--but I didn't laugh last.

At the back of the pasture mentioned above were two weeping willow trees--just the thing for boys on a lazy summer afternoon. We went there once every week or two to climb the trees. On the particular day of this story Merlyn was up first, perched nicely on a limb. I got up a minute or two later and we sat together. A few minutes later the urge of nature got to both of us--we both had to urinate. Well, I thought we were a bit conspicuous, so I climbed down a ways. On the lowest branch I turned back to tell Merlyn it was better down where I was. As my face turned up, Merlyn let go the little golden stream that played up and down my physiognomy, in my mouth, in my eyes--and all the time he was laughing, for when he realized what was happening it was too late to worry about it as far as he was concerned. After the initial shock I moved fairly rapidly out of the line of fire. Some 20 minutes later, my mouth rinsed out thoroughly in the muddy ditch water and my head thoroughly soaked in the same, we waited until I dried off, after which time we slowly went back to the house. It was some time before I told Mother, who immediately spread the news to the entire family, much to my dismay.

Merlyn and I both liked toy cars very much, and the entire field between our two houses (perhaps 50 to 60 feet wide) resembled a maze--with roads, bridges, tunnels, and everything else we could think of to make the place resemble some great metropolis--or whatever we decided to call it at the time. I don't remember doing much with the cars--just building and repairing the roads.

One summer the swamp flooded with an overflow of ditch water to the depth of two or three feet. With our swimming trunks on the two of us went down in the mosquito-, snake-, frog-infested area and had ourselves one glorious time splashing and wallowing in the brackish water.

All of the above and the following incident occurred while we were between seven and ten years of age.

Once in a while the two of us would get in an argument. One time it happened on the way back from Beck's farm where we were sent occasionally to purchase some milk when our normal supply ran out. I remember that we fought much of the way back. How the bottles survived I'll never know. I do know that Mom saw us and called clear across the gully to us. And we heard her voice and came home, neither of us speaking so much as a word to the other after her call. But in the boyish fashion of those long-ago years, we didn't let anger bother us long. One or the other--I don't know which this particular time--shyly approached the other's door after a little while and called somewhat softly for the other one. And in just a few minutes two young boys were back together again, closer to each other in friendship than before. As I look back, I suppose that there have been few times in my life that I was ever happier than in those days when I had a friend who knew all about me (as I knew about him) and yet loved me with all my weaknesses and accepted me--the good and bad--without criticism, asking only that I do the same. It was a joyful time.

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#### PERSONAL HISTORY, PART II--HAL K. CAMPBELL

And now--back to the main narrative.

When we learned that Joan was due to arrive on August 29 all of us were excited, but I was especially anxious. Joan and I had been corresponding from the time I arrived home after my mission, and the more we did so, the more I related to her. Mom and I went together to the airport early on that Tuesday morning, because the plane was due to land at about 6:30 a.m. Several others were on hand to meet her as well. She was absolutely breathtakingly lovely to me as she walked off that plane, dressed in a blue outfit. My heart really skipped a beat when I saw her. To her I may have been a good friend, but to me she was the immediate dream of my life. I have never lost that feeling--or rather, my feeling has been expanded by love for Joan--a love that I hope will be allowed forever.

After the greetings and smiles on that beautiful morning, Joan climbed in the old Plymouth car with us and we took her to Grandma Kirkham's place (where Mom, Brent, and I lived at the time--2693 Glenmare Street). Grandmother had stayed home to prepare a breakfast for us. Joan's dialect was so delightfully different as we sat around the table. Mom and Grandmother had a bit of a time understanding her, but that added another pleasant touch to the whole situation.

Within a short time Joan had a job at Sweet's Candy company and was settled down with an English lady--a Sister Fossey--living a few blocks away.

The day before Joan arrived our lovely Stratford Ward meeting house burned down. It was a sad day. Two little youngsters had started a fire in a shed adjoining the meetinghouse, and there was enough wood in the building to cause the fire to spread at an alarming rate. I was not at home when it happened, but I was told by some who were there that only three or four items were saved. Some men managed to remove the organ manual (the pipes, of course, were destroyed) and the grand piano. In the next few days a small miracle occurred. People from the two wards who met in the building were called to assist in cleanup, and the response was overwhelming. Within the week the foundation and salvageable parts were cleaned off sufficiently so that the builders were able to begin the next Monday, if I remember correctly.

Shortly after arriving home from my mission I was able to get a little studio in the Hart Brothers music store. Unfortunately I had very few students at the time Joan arrived. I was ill prepared to be a marriage partner, so far as being a bread winner was concerned. Churchwise I was advisor to a Deacon's quorum (as mentioned earlier).

With the burning of the meetinghouse it became necessary for our ward to meet elsewhere. So we were assigned to use the Highland Park ward building. Many of the ward members were watching Joan and me with a good degree of excitement and pleasure. The whole ward took to Joan immediately--they really accepted her with no reservations. And I didn't want to let them down. So in less than two months I offered Joan my heart and hand--and a ring with a very small diamond. She accepted--I'm not sure whether from pity, from amusement, or from pressure. I certainly felt unworthy of her--as I have done ever since. She is a wonderful woman with highest ideals and beautiful qualities; she has been a light to me all through my life. And I love her at the time of my compiling my history to now (1986) even more than ever.

We originally set a date in April of the following year as the time for marriage, but by the time we thought it through we decided to move the date to just before Thanksgiving. So on November 22, 1950, in the Salt Lake Temple, Joan Day and I were married by a servant of the Lord who had the sealing power to unite us for time and eternity (depending on our faithfulness). As for the reception and other events surrounding the wedding, I refer you to Joan's history. Suffice it to say the whole chain of events during that period resulted in one very happy young man--me. The meager income from my students and Joan's work at Sweet's Candy managed to hold us--with a good deal of generosity on the part of Grandmother Kirkham, who fed us and gave us use of the house (with a downstairs bedroom of our own) for less than \$100 per month. During the year I received a Theodore Presser scholarship of \$250 that helped allow me to finish my schooling. I had to take percussion lessons and play in the University of Utah Symphony orchestra as part of the conditions to be met in order to receive the scholarship. Joan was laid off after the Christmas rush for candy was over, but she was able to find employment at the Vogue Cleaning establishment.

As the school year came to a close I was invited to become a member of Phi Beta Kappa, the national honorary fraternity. It was no honor, and I accepted--and was accepted. I performed my final recital under the direction of Mabel Borg Jenkins, my piano teacher. This took place at the McCune School of Music. In addition to lessons with that excellent teacher, I also had the privilege of studying with Grant Johannesen for a time. He arranged for me to teach his niece, and in exchange, whenever he was in town, he would give me a lesson. He spent at least an hour with me every time and never charged me a dime. The teaching of his niece was merely a cover for him to give so generously of himself. I have nothing but the highest regard for both of those teacher artists who helped me so much with my piano.

And then the opportunity came: Susie Cooper, principal of the Big Piney high school, Sublette county, Wyoming, somehow got my name and offered me a teaching position at the school for \$250.00 per month. I was to teach band, chorus, English, and elementary music. Joan and I talked it over and decided to chance it. So as August came to an end we piled our few belongings in the back of the old Plymouth and set out for an entirely new adventure. The car went up Parley's canyon at the amazing rate of 20 miles per hour--I believe every car on the road going our way passed us before we got to the summit. We made it, though, and we arrived at Big Piney just in time to see the temperature drop to freezing--and us in a wooden motel with practically no insulation yet. But the weather was about all that was cold. The people were warm and friendly. While we were in the motel/apartment Joan read Victor Hugo's Les Miserables in just two or three days. Starting in the morning, I would read to her while she fixed breakfast and, outside of prayer time, one or the other of us read constantly until I left. She would continue to read while I was at school (I had read it twice before, so I could pick up the trail when I returned). Then I would commence reading with her when I got home. What a great story! We loved it!

At the time we moved there Big Piney consisted of frame houses and wooden stores, dirt roads except for the highway that passed through, and 204 people including a few school teachers, a few store keepers, and ranchers spread out for miles throughout the surrounding territory. School teachers were priority personnel--I suspect because they represented education and culture--and it appeared that everyone respected them. The school-teaching experience was a delight, but very different from big-city schools. I taught music to the elementary

children part of the day--both vocal music and (in the upper grades combined with junior high) a junior high band. More than half of the middle-grade students were members of that band. I taught a high-school girls' chorus (the boys considered singing somewhat sissyish) and the high-school band--again consisting of well over half the total high-school population. I was assigned an English class that I enjoyed thoroughly.

We received a letter from Archie Marsden dated September 21, 1959. He told us that he had been ordained a Priest and had been called to be Branch President of the Dewsbury branch. He was the man in England who left such a deep impression on me--even before he was a member. Being an old Salvation Army man he would frequently interrupt (or rather support) prayers or talks when he attended our meetings with "Hallelujah, Brother," or "Praise the Lord," or the like if he was in agreement. But he was humble, sincere, and willing to learn. And the letter told us in a beautiful way that he was growing rapidly in the gospel. We learned later that the branch members loved him also.

There was a branch of the church at LaBarge, Wyoming, about 20 miles away, and there were some very fine and faithful saints in Big Piney and the surrounding areas. Among the members were the Coveys. Brother Covey (Irwin) had the gas station and in addition one of the few well-heated buildings in town. The family lived in the same building; moreover, they had finished a small apartment in the back of the complex for another family who did not need to use it because they had found a separate house. So before the real winter set in, we were comfortably situated in a steam-heated place of our own, the Coveys having offered it to us at reasonable rates.

We had the opportunity to go to Salt Lake at Conference time. During those few days two things happened, in addition to a happy reunion with the family. The trip to Salt Lake was through a blinding snowstorm, and as luck would have it, the windshield wipers on the Plymouth gave out. So I had to drive for something like 50 miles with my head out of the window. The cold and the wet gave me a beautiful eye infection. That was the first thing. The second--we purchased a piano from Hart's. It was delivered to us in Big Piney a short time later. I believe I could have almost supported Joan and me piano teaching alone, the way that so many families were interested, once they found a piano teacher was in town. The folks were really supportive.

We had the opportunity to visit a number of lovely families upon invitation, along with other school teachers, as dinner guests. As I said, teachers were treated quite well. Since a number of ranchers were among the hosting families, we were fed in ways that I have seldom known before or since. And we were not allowed to leave until we had eaten all we could possibly put in our bodies. Those were generous people.

Among the events of the year some of the most interesting were: temperatures dropping down to about 40 below zero and remaining below zero day and night for several weeks; watching our illustrious basketball team lose every game because they all smoked (including the coach) and were not kept in training; the music contests in which my choral groups won first place, soloists won some firsts and some seconds, and the bands got II+ ratings; the presentation of the operetta, "Jerry of Jericho Road," with the help of adult males because we didn't have enough willing (or able) high-school-age young men--a real success, by the way; the two trips I had to take for army physicals because somehow the records of my discharge from the National Guard were not communicated properly--the one trip to Casper, the other to Denver--the whole resulting in confirmation that my back was sufficiently bad so as to classify me as a permanent army reject; and the graduation exercises for the 11 seniors, followed by an all-night celebration by most of them at the local tavern. (The two who didn't participate were not church members, but one of them--Joey Bradley--became a member of the church later, and has remained faithful as far as I have been able to determine. We found later that Joey and I have a common Bradley ancestor.)

Although the school officials were desirous that I should stay and were willing to help me get a Wyoming teacher's certificate, I felt that I needed to get back to the University of Utah and work on my advanced degrees. So we loaded our car once again, arranged for the piano to be shipped, and moved back to our old ward, where we found an apartment with the Astins. I was called to be a teacher in the Elders' quorum, and later called to work as stake music director. I began to teach students at the Mozart School of Music, headed by Lamar Peterson, and was able to take some lessons with Grant Johannesen again.

Lamar Peterson was a member of the church, I believe, but had become apostate. He had spent years collecting affidavits, photostatic copies, etc. that he felt would support his open disbelief and attitude. Subjects relating to the first vision, the Book of Mormon, the Danites, the three witnesses, plural marriage, and the like were among those subjects for which he had amassed information--two 3-drawer storage cabinets full. As time went on I found that although I could not answer all the charges, the reason I could not was due to the fact that all the proofs were not yet available--in other words, he didn't have all the data by any means. And I discovered that if one is patient, prayerful, and

willing to search and reason carefully, new or fuller evidence appears in the Lord's good time that explains the discrepancies, often even incorporating the seeming discrepancies into a coherent concept. I believe he was excommunicated, and so far as I know he apparently never took the steps to rekindle his faith. I have been strengthened as I have seen so many of his so-called negative proofs fade into thin air or be swallowed up in more complete knowledge.

Joan had a job at MacDonald's candy company, and she was earning, I believe, more than I was. But Joan became pregnant early in 1953--an answer to prayers after several unsuccessful attempts. And with her pregnancy she became very ill--morning sickness all day for months. I knew that I must find a job that could support us at least in part. I was finally hired by the University of Utah to teach on a part-time basis at the Stewart school, an experimental elementary and junior high school. That, with my students, paid enough so that we could survive. Joan kept working as long as she could. As I look back I must praise her for her sacrifice--she was sick most of the time, night and day, yet she doggedly kept going.

During the time I was teaching the Elders I had the opportunity of calling on and receiving help from a number of great churchmen who came to our quorum and ward. Among these was Eldred G. Smith, the presiding patriarch, who talked on the patriarchal blessing--a moving experience. Another visitor was Robert McKay, the son of President David O. McKay, who bore a tremendous testimony of the validity of the calling of his father. Then I was able to invite brother Fleming, one of the few negro members of the church, to come to our ward to help ease the feelings of some of the members. His testimony, borne in a fast and testimony meeting, was a powerful witness to us all. Archie Marsden, mentioned earlier, served faithfully for a short time as branch president of the Dewsbury, England branch, and then--as had been hinted to him by means of a special spiritual experience just before he was baptized--he passed away suddenly. Since he had not had the opportunity of having his work done, his daughter Beatrice gave me the joyful experience of acting as proxy for him in the temple; so on March 23, 1953, I was permitted to take his name through while performing the endowment for him. It was a moving experience.

During the early part of 1956 Kenneth Overend was married to Joan's sister, Ada (21 March). The Ryser family built a house on the lot north of ours and the Orullians moved in directly across the street. These two families, along with the Case family living next door north of the Orullians, were mighty nice neighbors, whom we loved very much. I perhaps should have mentioned that the reason I say "the lot north of ours"--referring to 2693 Glenmare Street--is that we were able to move back to Grandma's house from Astin's when the couple living in Grandmother's basement moved out. So Brent and Mom lived upstairs with Grandma and we had the 3-room downstairs apartment. Our first child, Devon Day Campbell, was born on November 24, 1953--weighing in at 8 lbs. 4 oz. Joan had to spend Thanksgiving in the hospital, but I was able to go up and eat a meal with her. She and Devon were home soon, and after a week or so of recuperation, Joan was back in the harness with one new change--a very rapidly growing baby boy.

After two years at Stewart school as a half-time teacher, I was given a full-time contract allotting me \$300 per month. I was really grateful. Times began to be just a little easier for us. We were able to get a refrigerator, among a few other things. Devon's second Christmas was a delightful time. He was old enough to know what was going on. He received some blocks (we still have them as keepsakes), a large top, a truck, and a ball, plus a number of other items. About a year after purchasing the refrigerator we were able to buy a stove (we used it for better than 30 years).

Around the corner on 27th South lived the Bennetts, whose oldest son Johnny (10 months younger than Devon) became Devon's first real playmate. His parents, Bob and Jenny, were close friends of ours as well. Jenny occasionally substituted for her sister Edna (who was known as Miss Julie) on Romper Room, a television show. She was a good pianist, and Bob moonlighted as a drummer in a dance band.

During the years of 1955 and 1956 I continued to teach at Stewart School, driving first the Plymouth and then, for a few weeks, a Chevrolet. Unfortunately life with our Chevrolet was short, as on the way home from some appointment that kept me a little later than usual, I pulled out from the stop sign at 9th East and 9th South only to be hit by a car driven by an older gentleman. I found out later that he had just picked up his car from a repair shop that day, having paid over \$200 for repairs. Mine had also been fixed a few days before to the tune of about \$150. The gentleman was at fault, but that didn't change the fact that my car was totaled. With the insurance money we were able eventually to purchase a 1954 Pontiac that had no power but rode very nicely.

We put on two operettas at Stewart School--one, the name of which escapes me, employing the music of Tchaikovsky, and a slightly simplified version of Gilbert and Sullivan's Pirates of Penzance. Both of these were very successful, and I became concerned as to what we might choose for the now-traditional musical play for the next year. The idea came to me that we might collaborate to write our own, suited

to our students' needs and abilities. During the following year the dream became a reality--the first of a number of musical plays that became the highlight of our musical experiences at Stewart.

Colin Arthur, our second child, was born March 6, 1956. The additional child brought us face to face with the reality that the apartment was too small. We would have to move, we felt. So after searching all over and projecting budget plans to the best of our abilities we settled on a nice little house in Murray in a new subdivision called Hidden Village. It had three bedrooms and seemed ideal. The address was 520 Capri Drive. The builders were behind schedule, so we did not actually move in until Halloween Day, 1957.

And then--Devon died, Thanksgiving Day, 1957. That saddest of sad experiences is so engraved upon my mind and in my heart that to this day I can live through the experience moment by moment if I let myself go. Since I was the one who wrote the extended obituary at the end of Devon's little life story, and since Joan has so beautifully given an account in her history, I will not dwell upon it here. I will say but two sentences in addition to what was said elsewhere. The first: possibly the most beautiful and at the same time the saddest sight I have ever seen was the moment when Devon's earthly Mother leaned over and kissed the warm but lifeless cheek of our eldest son--a moment of love beyond compare on earth. The second: we both have lived with the earnest hope that we may prove worthy to be with DEvon at some future time--and that we may be forgiven by him for the weaknesses we showed in our youthful inexperience; we love him dearly.

Our Bishops and counselors in Murray (David B. McCleary and Albert Johnson) and in our old East Stratford Ward (John Buehner, Eldon Ball, and Neil Olsen) were just great throughout the whole trying time. Bishop McCleary and Brother Johnson alternated in staying with us at the hospital, giving up their normal Thanksgiving activities. Bishop Buehner and counselors helped us arrange the funeral and conducted and took part in the services. Devon was buried in the Elysian Burial Gardens directly west of Mount Olympus. My mother is buried nearby, and we have 3 other lots purchased, two of which, at least, are intended to serve for us when the time comes. At least one life was saved as a result of an autopsy that we allowed to be performed upon Devon. That life was no less than that of a grandson of Bishop McCleary--the child coming down with the same symptoms. Because of the Bishop's experience with us and the knowledge of the deadly danger of the disease the family was able to get the child to the hospital and have a tracheotomy performed soon enough to save his little life.

Christmas was not a joyous time--rather it was a very sacred, sad period, but one that saw us slowly climbing out of the depths. We prayed often--as we had seldom prayed before, and pillows and blankets were often wet with tears. We prayed for strength; we prayed for understanding; we prayed for knowledge of the well-being of Devon. And one time, after a tearful prayer, we felt that sweet spirit that has been promised to those who diligently seek, telling us in our hearts that all was well and that the work ahead was ours, to make ourselves worthy of being able to claim him as our own. From that time on, although we could live every moment of Devon's last hours, yet we were truly comforted by that most holy Comforter promised us at baptism years before.

Shortly after Devon's death I was called to be president of the Murray 2d Ward Elders quorum with Keith McCleary and Eldon Rasband as counselors. At the time we had over 100 Elders in the quorum, many of whom were inactive, and the problem of visiting them on some kind of a regular basis was fairly formidable. We learned to love all of them very much. To assist the quorum in raising money we contracted to farm a small parcel of land; and although we didn't get too much actual cash for it we all gained some valuable experience in cooperative farm work. When, during the following summer, we were taking watering turns that often came between 10 p.m. and dawn, I had my opportunities to take a turn along with the others, I really learned to enjoy those quiet hours alone with no sound but the crickets and the soft gurgling murmur of the water as it worked its way down the furrows.

We visited Fonda Fairbanks, an old friend of mine from East Stratford days, shortly after the death. She talked us in to taking a small kitten to become a pet for Colin. So we became involved with the first of three cats we have had during the growth of our children. It stayed with us a year or so--then it ran away.

We had some frightening times not too long after this. Colin had a fever which apparently caused a convulsion. He, like Devon, was rushed to the hospital. He became very croupy and he had to be nursed several days before he was back to full health.

Joan was pregnant with Laird when I was called to serve as first counselor in the new Murray 15th ward bishopric. Ted May was called as the bishop and RAY Montgomery was set apart as second counselor. We were interviewed by Elder Marion G. Romney, ordained high priests, and Ted was ordained bishop while we two were set apart in our new counselorships. We were the first bishopric of a completely new ward. I remember that we, along with Dick Jensen, our Ward clerk, walked up and down the streets of Hidden Village, and as the Spirit moved the bishop, we would go into a house and make calls. There was a wonderful feeling of unanimity among us, such that, by the time Sunday

came around, we had sufficient officers and teachers to hold all our Sunday meetings. We were just one jump ahead of the deadlines for several weeks, but we were blessed with willing brothers and sisters--most of them very young and quite newly married--who were happy to serve. It was a marvelous time, really.

Our third son, Laird Day, was born November 9, 1958. As he grew we soon noticed how cherubic--or angelic--he looked. I was secretly afraid that the Lord might want him and that he might not live to maturity. At least once it could have been so, I am sure, without the help of the doctor and the hospital--as I will mention later.

During the fall of 1959 Grandma Kirkham developed gangrene in her leg. As a last desperate measure it was necessary to amputate. She never recovered from the trauma of the amputation or of the diabetes which precipitated the inability of the body to heal. She lived for a month or two, but she passed away on March 31, 1960. She was buried beside her husband in Lehi.

Grandma's children, who had divided the mortgage payments on her house on Glenmare, were undecided as to what to do with the house. We were concerned for Mom, because she had lived there almost 20 years, and we knew that it would be devastating to her to have to move. So after discussion and prayer, we decided to sell our home in Murray, put the money we made from the sale along with Mom's share into a down payment, and take over the house. Mom had 50 or so students, and we felt that between the two incomes--hers and ours--we could make it work. So Mom moved downstairs and we became the upstairs residents at 2693 Glenmare.

The faculty at Stewart School consisted of quite a wide spectrum of personalities. Three of them (including Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Lundgren) served at one time on church general boards. Three of us served in bishoprics. At the same time we had several who were fairly inactive and three or four who were apostate--a couple of those quite bitter. We had a Catholic, several Protestants, and one or two with no church affiliation at all. Sometimes there were rather heated situations that arose from the divergence of opinions, but on the whole we got along pretty well. About this time Frank Erickson was hired as the new art teacher. He and I became quite close friends, even though he had some fairly negative feelings--some justified--against Latter-day Saints in general. I recall a unique incident that happened at school. A poll was taken by several groups, including a representative group from the University of Utah, in an attempt to select an individual who represented the person with the most rounded, whole, outgoing personality in the state--or at least in Salt Lake--I don't remember which. The selection was made--President David O. McKay. And surprisingly enough, when this was announced the entire group at Stewart was in agreement and accepted this judgment with almost unanimous approval--much to my delight.

On Valentine's Day, 1961, our 4th child--Caroleen--a **GIRL**, no less--was born. I had taken the boys to deliver Valentine cards to their friends in Murray, knowing that Joan was having a pain or two. By the time I got back she was in labor. Caroleen was born about 8:30 that night. Shortly thereafter we decided that our kitchen was too small for the 5 of us, so with the help of an English friend who was a builder (his name--Tom Ledgard) we enlarged the kitchen by making the front room smaller. We also sealed up a doorway from the kitchen to the bedroom, which had allowed our children to race around and around--and around--the house.

One of the most delightful relationships between a grandmother and her grandchildren developed as Grandma Campbell played with our children. A favorite specialty with the children was being invited to Grandma's bedroom to smell the lovely perfumes and lotions that she had. They were also allowed to hold, look at, and (in the case of Caroleen) put on her many little trinkets and jewelry items. Another special event was a type of play that took place in the area of the back porch, the garage, and the cement parking area to the south of the house. Grandma became a ticket taker, a policeman, or some other character of authority to direct the travels on tricycles or wagons in make-believe trips across the city or around the world.

Still another lovely relationship existed between our children and Grandma as they would sit out together in the evening hours--just talking and watching whatever was happening at the time--or sometimes having Grandma sing the little songs of her childhood and youth--songs that are still remembered lovingly by the children now that Grandma is no longer with us.

We didn't have a lot of money to spend on costly events, but we did find that we and the children enjoyed short trips in the car. The four favorite places to be visited by us and the children were the airport, the railroad terminals, the occasional but much-loved trips to Lagoon, and more frequent trips to Liberty Park. We had lovely experiences just watching the trains come in or go out, listening and watching as some of the large jets arrived and departed, swinging with the children or helping them swing or climb or ride the merry-go-round in the park, or participating in the many rides and events at Lagoon.

My brother, Brent, had been in Scotland for the past two years on his mission. He returned during 1962. And we began to make plans to go to England during the same year. We arranged to leave in June of 1963. We left Salt Lake June 18, went by train to New York, caught the plane to Glasgow, followed by a train to Bradford, and rode a local bus to our final destination. Joan has described the visit nicely in her personal history, so I will comment but briefly by saying that, in spite of some "typical" English weather for a good part of the time (meaning rain at least one period every day for the first four weeks), we had a marvelous time--Joan, Colin, Laird, Caroleen, and I. I had a chance to meet a brother in Halifax who had received a Book of Mormon from me the last day before I left Halifax. It was at a street meeting, and I didn't even remember giving it to him. He was so grateful to me for what little tiny bit I had done for him--and he? He had helped bring his entire family (including his own parents, I understand) plus a number of other people into the church. It appears that the best work I did in the mission field was to get out of the road so others could do it right. Anyhow, I was delighted. I was also able to help in compiling and researching quite a number of Day-related names. I found myself in Barnsley, Goole, Leeds, Dewsbury, and at the Birstall parish church while hunting for various family ancestors of Joan, and I was blessed in finding some material in every place. Joan's brother, Jeff, took me to a number of those places by motorcycle.

The Day family accepted me as a full-fledged member. I found out that several of them were rather skeptical about Joan's ever coming back, once she left to join those sinister Mormons; and the fact that we were there--normal, with a little family, and looking much like any other married couple--seemed to change everyone's perspective. We had a wonderful time.

We had a chance to see the Lake District, so famous to students of English literature. It was a thrill to go through the bleak Penistone Pass and into the area so beloved by Wordsworth, Tennyson, and other poets and writers. We were able to take a boat on Lake Windermere, something that capped the whole Lake-District trip for me.

Brent became engaged to Ronella Naef and was married in October of 1963. It was also during that year that Mom had to resort to crutches. She was never without them from that time on.

We had a delightful series of family home evenings during these years. The children were basically enthusiastic, and we enjoyed all sorts of games and lessons, including such games as Follow the Leader to Bombay, Hide the Thimble, Button Button, I spy, Ring on the String, and others. We sang songs from several of the old school song books and other books I had used when I was a boy. I mentioned some little trips we took to the airport, the train station, Lagoon, and Liberty Park. We also went to Murray Park, Sugarhouse Park (sleighriding), up the canyons to cook breakfasts and meals, and to drive-in movies where the children would play on the playground equipment before the show started--the children being in their pajamas. Among the favorite shows were "Jack the Giant Killer," the "Ten Commandments," the "Parent Trap," and several Walt Disney shows, among others. In between we had family councils, lessons, and record-listening sessions. We read to the children from the Scriptures, told scripture and other stories (including occasional ghost stories). I also used to read from some of the classics as the children lay in bed. We all enjoyed Tale of Two Cities, Les Miserables (I edited some of the long descriptive passages, but otherwise took them straight through), Silas Marner, Treasure Island, Christmas Carol, and many fairy and folk tales. I told them several "Jollie and Jillie Longtail" experiences. A good part of these togetherness sessions were held before the official family home evening manuals gave us a more structured approach. We had some lovely experiences.

I was called to be stake superintendent of M.I.A. in the fall of '63. That was a new experience for me. And then, in 1965, problems began to arise regarding Stewart School, where I had worked for the past 12 years or so.

During the years I was at Stewart I served as a teacher for the junior high music program and as a consultant/teacher for the elementary grades. We gradually worked the curriculum around until the school had a beginning orchestra for grade school and a junior high orchestra, a girls' chorus, an occasional boys' chorus, a mixed chorus, and a number of ensembles. I mentioned before, that after a few published operettas were performed by the students, we began to experience difficulties in finding suitable musical plays for junior-high-aged youth, so we decided to write our own. I worked with the social studies core group in the 9th grade who came up with a plot based on the doings of a group of Mexican "bandidos." I set the music entirely, arranging it for our small orchestra. Most of the 9th graders were involved in some way. The performance was quite successful. Entitled "The Bandido of Chilon," it was later accepted in a more polished state as my master's thesis. The next year we organized a playwriting class and from then on this class and I were responsible for one musical play per year. The second year we wrote one entitled "Seventy-seven Sherwood Forest." The third year we had U of U vice president G. Homer Durham's son George, who helped influence his father to allow us to present our annual play in Kingsbury Hall--a play that had a rocket ship take off for the moon. One year we did a tableau-type musical. One year the setting was in Colorado territory ("Epitaph for a Senator").



"Edelweiss" was set in Switzerland and Hades alternately, while yet another took place in Ireland. We had a nice writeup for that latter one in the Salt Lake Tribune.

It was sad to see the school close. The rumblings became official. I had served under Avarid Rigby, George Miller, Ed Hirschi (who had taught me years before in Preston, Idaho), and one other whose name I have forgotten--principals of the school. The teachers all worked diligently to defend our position but to no avail. In the long run I believe every teacher there found a better position than he or she had when teaching at Stewart--which lets the reader know that by and large all were good teachers. One moved to Hawaii, one became a principal, several were hired as university and college teachers, and others became public school teachers, supervisors, and the like.

While I was at Stewart--but not connected with the school--I had the opportunity of helping to set a play to music. My uncle, Dale Kirkham, had composed some of the tunes, and I finished setting them and arranging them for orchestra and singers. It was entitled "Westward Goes my Heart," a story of the exodus from Nauvoo under Brigham Young. It was performed at Evergreen Junior High for two times as a fund raiser for one of the stakes in Salt Lake.

I also had the opportunity of accompanying a number of singers, some of whom were among the better ones in Salt Lake. I played for Brett Paulsen about three or four times when he was a guest artist for the Schubert Singers, a women's choral group. I served as pianist for Ann Cardall, an aspiring young singer, in a number of recitals including one given at the University of Utah in the concert hall of the Music Building. I believe my favorite was Vincent Brophy, a delightful person and a powerful baritone. We performed in a number of places in Salt Lake--at ward, stake, and civic events. In my teenage years and even after my mission (before Joan arrived in Utah) I was accompanist for a number of young musicians--including a girls' trio, the Deseret Mortuary Quartet, Elroy Jones (a fine bass), and several others. I was called on for solo work a fair number of times in limited circles, and had the opportunity of playing a fairly difficult duet version of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody #2 with a young man about my own age.

In 1964 Mom Campbell, Joan, and our children went with me on a trip through southern Utah and Nevada. We visited Bryce Canyon, Zion National Park, Hoover Dam, Las Vegas, and--on the way back--went through a town that meant so little to me I could not remember having visited it. It was called Cedar City. When we knew the school was closing for certain I began to send applications to various places, including the College of Southern Utah--simply a name taken from the college lists. I became a candidate, thanks to some fine letters of recommendation from the University of Utah faculty and others, and after visiting with the music faculty at Cedar City--now more than just a spot on the map--we decided to move to southern Utah if I got the job. I did.

The move was filled with mixed-emotion situations. Mom couldn't bring herself to move, so selling the house had to be accomplished with Mom as a downstairs tenant. Leaving the house was a traumatic, sad experience. Trying to find a house in Cedar was worrisome, although in this case we found the spot (255 So. 800 West) without too much trouble and found in it people (the McKays) who were willing to give us time to sell our own house in Salt Lake before demanding their payments. The children did not want to leave; they knew Salt Lake and loved it. Leaving our dear friends, our bishop, and the many people who had encircled us with their love was extremely difficult.

We brought our belongings down in a Ryder truck (driven by Brent) and a trailer towed behind our car. It was raining when we arrived and continued to rain all during the unloading process. A couple of neighbors helped us. There was no power when we arrived, but Bishop Betenson assisted in getting it turned on for us. But from then on, Cedar City was a delight. There was no smog--one could really see the stars at night; the air was clean and clear. The people were friendly. We were given jobs in the ward. The children even seemed to like to go to school.

In June of 1967 the Cedar Ninth Ward (ours) found itself with a counselor missing from the bishopric (brother Kunz of the said bishopric having been called as a member of the high council of Cedar West Stake). Bishop Payne asked that I serve with him and with Jay Don Alger. So there I was, first counselor again in a bishopric. I served with them for about two and a half years before the bishopric was released. During 1967 I had the opportunity of presenting a concert in the Recital Hall at the college. The audience was large and the reception was very good. Included in the program were a Bach toccata, a Beethoven sonata, the "Carnival" of Schumann, a Liszt etude, a work by Ravel, and my own sonata for piano.

In 1968 Colin was ordained a Deacon and became a Scout. With Mitch Lunt as their leader, he and other scouts of the troop went to the Kolob area for a two- or three-day trip. I gave Colin a blessing, because I felt that this was going to be a rough one for him--he had asthma, he was quite shy, he was--I believe--afraid somewhat of the whole situation. I blessed Colin in relation to his asthma and his ability to make

it through safely. It was raining steadily and heavily when Jimmy Lunt (Mitch's son) and I went in a truck with most of the supplies and a few of the boys--including Colin. We skidded most of the last mile or two in the mire of the soaked road on our way to Kolob reservoir, the rendezvous for the boys. It hurt me terribly to leave Colin at that spot, so soaked with rain--he seemed so forlorn and alone. I wanted to bring him back with me. But he was game to stick it out. After leaving the boys and the equipment we tried to make it back out, but were forced to leave Lunt's truck on the side of the road, mired down and useless. We were blessed to have a car--a four-wheel drive--show up just as we found we could go no farther. The driver had decided to come over "one more ridge" before turning back from a supposed appointment near Kolob reservoir--he didn't know why he hadn't turned back sooner. He spotted us in the dark just as he was ready to turn around. We found out later that Colin had been blessed with a no-asthma trip. His fears had been overcome, and one or two other special blessings were given him. We had visions of our son curled under some inadequate protection during the storms and of having major health problems when he got back, but such was not the case. He weathered the experience well; nevertheless we were so happy to see the group emerge looking like tiny ants from where we stood high above them. They were tired, damp, but successful. Colin even made the last climb on his own steam without anyone's aid (not all did). His anti-asthma blessing held through the whole trip.

Father Day came over to visit us in 1968. Obviously Joan's recollections should be the ones you read--so at this point, if you want the whole story, flip over to her record of the event. Suffice it to say that it was an absolutely delightful time, and our children related to him very well.

I had the privilege of baptizing and confirming Caroleen in 1968. Also in that year the Church Music committee asked me to write some Primary songs with the themes of restoration and priesthood. I asked Mom and Brent (both of whom had written some poetry) to write some more relating to those subjects. Joan tells me I didn't ask her until she volunteered. And when I had set the various ones from all three, the committee selected "The Sacred Grove" and "The Priesthood Is Restored"--words by Joan Campbell, and "The Priesthood" by Brent. The next year they were found in the new Primary song book--Sing With Me.

We had a faith-promoting experience in the month of October, 1969, when we went to gather pine knots. Joan has told it beautifully, so I will leave it intact in her record for all to read. This much I acknowledge--that Heavenly Father blessed us that day; of that I am certain. During 1969: I was released from the bishopric (November); Roy Halverson of the Music department passed away; a car driven by a student of the college rammed ours (the boy's windshield was covered with frost as he pulled out from a stop sign); Colin was ordained a Teacher.

During 1970: Laird became a Deacon; I was called to be stake music director and regional music director.

During 1971: "The Sacred Grove" was performed during April conference (there were three other performance of one of our songs during ensuing years at various conference sessions); Colin began to play recorders in addition to piano; he also spent a couple of weeks working on a project with his Uncle Brent in northern Utah; my cantata from the Book of Mormon was performed at the college. Eagle Scout badges were earned by Laird and Colin during 1971. Colin had put off the last few assignments to make him eligible for the award, but with some encouragement from his parents he finally committed himself and passed them off. The result of his putting off the completion of his work resulted in both boys receiving their Eagle awards within a month or so of each other. It was also in 1971 that brother Albert C. Walker died. He was for a time my district president in England while I was there--he was a man whom I respected and loved very much. His family asked me to play a medley of hymns at the funeral service, so we went up to Salt Lake to attend the funeral and to fulfill my assignment.

It was during the year 1971 that we found it necessary to bring Mom down from Salt Lake to live with us. She was on the verge of a breakdown. Since the brunt of the whole move and the subsequent problems of family relationships fell on Joan's shoulders, you are referred to her account. Joan had a heavy load, and although we all loved Mother very much, still it was a strain on us. I must say that the house in which we lived was ideal for the situation, having no steps to climb, all rooms on the same floor, a family room with an adjoining toilet and washing facility that was separate from the rest of the house--well suited to a bit of privacy for Mom: we had prayed, during our search when we moved to Cedar, for a home that might assist us in taking care of Mother Vilda, sensing that such an event might happen. The physical facilities were quite adequate. It was the problems we had trying to help Mother accept the new surroundings and the inevitability of the situation that created most of the problems. It took a year or so to get Mom to a point that she could face herself and the situation. A few students, service as a pink Lady at the hospital, writing the most lonesome poetry, and talking with her grandchildren were her mainstays.

In 1972: Colin became a Priest and began to work at Safeway's (he was putting away some of his money toward a mission); Cedar 9th Ward was divided; Laird became president of the Deacon's quorum. During 1972 we managed to get to two or three special places. We went to Pipe Springs and stopped for a little while to see the preserved fort and the numerous relics they had there. We had a wheelchair for Mom

for such trips, took it with us, and were able to show Mom Lake Powell as well. And during one of Mom's trips to the north (to see her peer-group family and Brent) we made a flying trip down to California and Disneyland. In addition to Disneyland and its delights we took the coast road down to San Diego to see the zoo. Unfortunately with the heat, the humidity, and the rush to cover ground we missed much of what we might have seen. We saw few of the zoo animals and, in fact, saw little of the zoo because it was just too hot to walk far. And we were all happy to get out of a climate too hot for our cooler tastes. Nevertheless I believe (or at least hope) that we enjoyed the trip as a whole. My calling in the church during this time was that of in-service teacher for the ward, particularly working with the teacher development course for the Sunday School.

During 1973: Colin became president of his junior seminary class; Caroleen began her first year in junior high; the B.Y.U. chorus and orchestra performed my Book of Mormon cantata (and did a fairly poor job because they wouldn't consult me); I was called to serve on the church composition task committee (at the end of that assignment I had set two or three songs assigned to me and had one of them published in a Primary supplemental songbook. It was during 1973 that I received clearance to take a sabbatical in order to work on my doctorate. I chose the B.Y.U. and found some of the finest people I have met who became my instructors. Dr. Merrill Bradshaw, an excellent composer and former bishop, became my committee chairman. He was head of the composition department of the school of music at the Y. Dr. James Mason, music education department chairman, and Dr. Thomas Mathiesen, chairman of the musicology section, were the other members of the committee. They were all extremely brilliant men who were very helpful. I managed to find a home with the Dee Lister family--a basement apartment that they allowed me to use without sharing it with others. This was my lonesome little one-room place where I could study to my heart's content. Between the B.Y.U. library and the apartment I spent some 8 to 10 hours a day in solid study. In addition I attended classes that were prescribed and worked for two or three hours a day composing. I also had a fellowship from the Y allowing me to help teach the comprehensive musicianship classes for first- and second-year students. This was exciting and helpful. But withal it was a lonesome time being away from the family. During the summer I was able to ride with someone who was going from Cedar to study at the Y, and every few weeks I would manage to find a ride home from Provo. Separation, though, was difficult. In spite of the exciting and challenging experiences at the university I really lived primarily for the choice short moments of meeting the family. Until one is deprived of something he holds dear it is difficult to imagine how lovely it is to have that lost "something" restored. To see my lovely wife, to hear her voice, to experience the warmth of her personality was like an oasis to a lost and thirsty man. To see the children once again and enjoy even for a few moments their companionship was worth any inconvenience of traveling. Gradually the rides petered out as the fall school schedule began in Cedar, and trips had to be made in smoke-filled busses. The bus as the means of transportation became standard during the following summers while I was working on the doctorate. I would leave Cedar after a weekend stay, on a bus that left here about 11:00 p.m. or so (or sometimes on a later one at about 2:30 a.m.), arriving at Provo in the dark of the morning. I usually caught the Friday afternoon bus back, completing my last class about a half hour before the buss left, grabbing my already-packed bags, and alternately running and walking from the campus to town. This pattern of living was mine for the years 1974 through 1977 during each summer.

During 1974: Mom may have had a mild heart attack; Colin helped coach the girls sports program in the ward and became coach for the following year; I was released from the regional music specialist position; Joan had rheumatic fever and a bitter bout with some lumps on her legs that lasted for about 9 months; Joan kept the choir going in the ward (I forgot to mention that as I began work on my doctorate, Joan was called to take my place as choir director--she did a fantastic job for some 21 years); I taught the genealogy class; Colin graduated from seminary and high school; we had to have our much-loved cat, Tommy, who had been with us better than 9 years, put to death due to illness; Laird became Teachers' quorum president; Colin was ordained an Elder; and the pains that foretold Mom's last battle with this life began.

Mother spent time in both the Valley View Medical Center and in the hospital in Salt Lake trying to find help. No real help came from either hospital. Again, Joan carried the brunt of the final conflict with Mom's death, so I refer you to her thorough and sensitive account. A few comments need to me made by me, however. First, the children showed love--sincere love--throughout Mom's ordeal; they helped every

her coma was to give a baleful unseeing glare in the direction of her oldest son when he tried to shift her position because he could hear her moaning so much. The doctors appeared to be quite unconcerned about her worsening condition--it was as if the entire human community brushed her aside.

But there is another side. Through her so many lives were affected for good--piano students who called or wrote or visited her to bless her name for what she had done for them, dozens of ward members who took courage and counsel from her to their own betterment, family members who looked to her for advice, counsel, and solace (including sisters and brothers, nieces and nephews, and grandchildren), and two living sons who owe what little good they may do in the world in large part to the encouragement on the part of their dear departed Mother--and to her teachings. And I believe that the ripples of the effects of her life will continue outward through the abyss of time and space and into the eternities to her eternal honor. May she rise in glory!

During 1975: Colin received his mission call to the Sacramento Mission (to be in the mission home on March 29); his farewell was held March 16; Colin had his endowments given to him in the Provo temple; I was called as a counselor to Max Payne in the stake Sunday School presidency; Joan took Laird and Caroleen to England during the summer (she has told all about it in her history); Laird began work at JB's Big Boy, but shortly thereafter received a chance to work at Lunt Motor Company--which he accepted as soon as he could give notice at Big Boy's; Caroleen began taking violin lessons from Maureen Blackburn and became the Junior Sunday School accompanist; Colin was transferred to the Las Vegas area in October and remained there the rest of his mission; the St. George Temple was renovated and rededicated--Joan and I were both able to attend.

During the time Joan was on the trip I was slaving away at the BYU. I came home each weekend to water the yard, cut the lawn, and check on things in general. I believe it was the second weekend home that I found to my dismay I was walking in half-inch-deep water in the kitchen. A pipe had burst and must have been spurting for most of the week. The dirt area under the house was so saturated with water that when I put a broom handle down into the mud it sank as far as I could push it while I was leaning over the opening to the sub-basement. The water was up to the floor joists. I was able to have a plumber come in the morning to fix the leak, but the mud underneath took months to dry.

It was so wonderful to see Joan, Laird, and Caroleen come walking up the walkway into the airport after their trip. A 24-hour delay only heightened the suspense and the joy in seeing the family.

I believe this may be a place to insert one or two events that I missed earlier.

Back in 1970 or 1971 I had the privilege of playing in the original Cedar City production of 1776. Originally I was approached to act as John Adams, one of the principal characters, but I turned that down immediately because of the immense amount of memorization necessary. A short time later I was asked to play the part of John Dickinson, the only member of the group planning the Declaration of Independence to refuse to sign the document for honestly felt reasons. I accepted the role. It was a neat part that set John Dickinson against the entire Congress--a pick of roles. I sweat it out, not having acted in any large stage production before. I even had to sing a song and dance a minuet--both employing talents completely out of my line. But it was worth it. I had generally good rapport with the audience as the "bad" guy, and in all performances the audience seemed to relate well with, and realize the sincere position of, John Dickinson.

During 1974, I believe it was, we took Grandma Vilda up to visit Brent and Ronella; then we made a flying trip up through Idaho Falls (my first return since I was born there) and made a one-day excursion through Yellowstone Park (my only contact with that famous area). It was just too quick, but there was a threat of storm and, right or wrong, I rammed us through in record time. I will probably never live it down within my family.

In 1976: Colin became the mission recorder and worked in the mission home, proselyting during the evenings; he also became responsible for a half-hour radio program originating in Vegas; he later became a zone leader for a three-ward area; I attended my last summer session at the Y, passing all tests, having only my dissertation to complete; Caroleen took highest ratings in the music ensemble contests for 1976; Laird became president of his seminary class; Joan joined a drama club and took part in several plays (she loves this area of the arts); I was called to be the stake youth activity leader.

In 1977: A call came from Jeffrey Day in England to inform us that Mother Day was dying--a tearful time made even more sad by the knowledge that none of us could get there; a second call was made that same night to tell us Mom had passed away. She was an unassuming, unselfish soul who had been through a great deal in her life.

Other 1977 events: I finished all work on my doctorate; Colin was released from his mission and we were able to go down to pick him up at the mission home; Colin also began his quarter at college over a week late, but fulfilled all requirements to receive excellent grades; Norman Lister conducted the "Book of Mormon" cantata of mine at the University of Utah in partial fulfillment of his master's degree--probably the best performance of that work away from Cedar; Colin was married to Dianne Tibbles on October 14 in the St. George Temple; Dad Day came over and was here for the wedding; Laird received his call to serve in South Africa; Colin, Laird, Joan and I went through the St. George temple for Laird's endowments; Laird's farewell was held on December 18, with Caroleen playing a violin solo and Joan, Laird, and I speaking; Laird was in the mission home December 29.

One or two comments need to be made here.

I finished my work for my Ph.D. by completing "The Year of the Bee," a cycle of 27 haikus written by Brent Campbell and set for orchestra and chorus by me. I had finished my final orals, corrected all the mistakes that I could find, but I couldn't get everything done before I had to come home. Because I had taken so many days off traveling to Provo, Joan and Gladys Isom (to keep Joan company) took all my finished work to BYU on Tuesday, March 22. Joan said that it was a terribly tiring day going from one office to another for 5 1/2 hours. She said that it was such a nice feeling at 3:40 p.m. when everything was finally handed in. She and I had to make one more trip after I found 14 more errors in the cello and bass parts. I finally made the corrections after an hour or two of hunting for the dissertation copies that had somehow been mislaid by the graduate office. It was over--I received my degree by mail, since I was unable to attend graduation ceremonies. I found out later that I had also received special recognition for having the highest G.P.A. of any graduate from the music department.

Colin's release, Laird's mission call, and Colin's and Dianne's marriage were high spots during the year. We were all so delighted, happy, thrilled even, in the lives of these people--that they were honorable and desirous of doing the right things in the right way. We love our children--that includes you, too, Caroleen (your time in this history is coming). May you always be ours--if you are willing to accept us with all our weaknesses. We keep working on repentance.

As we attended Laird's endowment session, about half-way through, I had the strongest feeling that Devon was there in the room. I met Joan after in the Celestial Room, and she corroborated my feelings by telling me that she had felt the same impression. We do believe that Devon was allowed for just a moment to bring a solemn, joyous happiness into an already beautiful day.

And lastly, but not least, I want my children to know that a very beautiful spirit left this abode--that spirit was your Grandmother Day. An unassuming woman who loved to give at the hint of a need, who loved her children much, who was pained when problems in the family arose. I specifically remember the loving tears she tried so valiantly to hold back when we left for America after our first visit. She was a true Christian during all the time I knew her--and it showed personally, in her letters, and through her daughter--your mother. May she have the privilege of hearing and accepting the gospel when there are no outside pressures to keep her from knowing its beauty and truth--she was not far from it and really had but a little way to go.

It was in January of '78 that the Manning Halverson Oratorio Society began rehearsals with my composition "The Year of the Bee," the piece I had written for my doctorate. Since it employed special sounds and notation that was not always of a standard type, and since it was a bit unusual by community standards, it took quite a while to get it into shape. I directed it and rehearsed both the chorus and the orchestra. The setting really calls for a large vocal group to balance it, and unfortunately our society was about 15 voices short of the number needed, so we were always faced with a problem. Nevertheless we performed it twice--once in Richfield and once here in Cedar. Both performances went quite well, many of the audience expressing positive reaction, and nearly all showing appreciation. I took the time to explain some elements informally during the concert, which helped, I believe. At the Cedar City performance Dr. Bradshaw of the BYU was here to hear it. He seemed impressed. Greg Abbott, a fine artist, had heard the rehearsals and was so interested he drew a large mural and fashioned a series of slides that were flashed on a screen while the piece was in progress. All in all, it was a spectacular, if not fully polished, performance. Unfortunately we didn't get a good recording of it, but maybe--some day . . .

During the winter of 1978 we found that Dianne was pregnant--and quite sick. Laird's being away left a lonesome spot in our lives. Joan developed a cough that was to prove a far-reaching malady that is with her yet. Caroleen was a Munchkin in the high school production of The Wizard of Oz.

President Braithwaite of the College arrived at the age of retirement. After a search was made the powers that be finally selected Orville Carnahan as the replacement. President Braithwaite was honored in a number of events that paid just tribute to his dedication and desire to see the college grow and progress. His last act was to arrange to have the recital hall in the music building renamed the Frank A. Thorley Recital Hall in honor of the musical contributions of Frank Thorley to the town, as well as contributions by other members of the Thorley family.

Then in June came the somber news that Joan's cough was caused by a serious condition in her lungs. Not only that, but a problem in the uterus was to require a hysterectomy. A biopsy to get some lung tissue to confirm the diagnosis of the problem and a hysterectomy were performed at the L.D.S. hospital in the latter part of August. Everything seemed all right, though painful, and so I went to spend the night with Wendell and Wynona Cottrell. When I arrived in the morning I found, to my horror, that one of Joan's lungs had collapsed. She was really ill, and in even more pain than should have been, because the medications nearly all seemed to act as poisons--she was so allergic. The spray on her stomach burned her skin; she developed fever blisters; and even the needles for intravenous feeding and medication were causing alarming reactions. She had to have almost constant attention and breathing exercises and back-side pounding to loosen the phlegm and whatever else was in the lung area. She had to cough after each pounding which caused pure torment with her abdominal stitches. And I had to leave her for home for the weekend. When I got back the following Tuesday Joan was so worn out with the constant, nearly endless sessions that we both knew she must come home if she were to get better. I am not sure she would actually have survived if she had had to remain there much longer. It was a long trip home, and her electric breathing apparatus could not help her. I am so grateful to the Lord that Joan was spared. I would like to tell you when I came to realize that she was known to the Lord and was to stay with us.

The Tuesday night of my arrival back in Salt Lake I was allowed to stay in an old house near the hospital that had been turned into a hostel with private rooms. I was alone with my thoughts and fears, and my heart was full of sorrow and anxiety. I went down on my knees in prayer with all the faith and yearning for Joan's welfare that I had in me, with tears and supplication. And then, in the absolute quiet of that night, into my mind came the words and the tune of a hymn that I had always taken for granted--in fact, I didn't much care for it--up to that time. But from that time I have cherished it and love it without reservation. Verses that I could not have quoted came clearly into my mind, burning their message indelibly into the soul--such verses as: "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, for I am thy God and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand." And, "When through the deep waters I cause thee to go, the rivers of sorrow will not thee o'erthrow; for I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless, and sanctify to thee thy deepest distress." Never have I had a hymn give me so much assurance. It became a "firm foundation" as it spoke peace to my soul--and I knew that all would be well. I appreciated that simple, direct way the Lord used a hymn that was almost snubbed by me to bring such a beautiful message to me. I thank Him, and have thanked Him in my prayers many times for that special moment.

Just a footnote to the whole experience above: when Joan showed the serious symptoms of a collapsed lung--shallow breathing, fever, and other signs of problems the morning after the operation, the nurses and doctors didn't mince words as to the gravity of the situation. They gave me strict instructions as time went by, and when I got back after my weekend trip to Cedar they taught me all that I was to do for Joan in terms of exercises and other assisting tasks and strongly impressed on me the necessity of faithfulness to these aids. The trip home for Joan was a concern to me to an even greater extent than just that of bringing someone who had been sick back home, because Joan had just been taken off the oxygen that morning and I wasn't sure how her lungs would react. Many, many prayers were said by day and by night for her healing. By the way, the lung disease is called sarcoidosis--a hardening and granulating of the lung walls. Joan has had to watch it and care for it to this day, and I suppose will need to do so until her death. Nevertheless, Heavenly Father blessed us very much.

Among other items that happened in 1978 were the following: Caroleen got a job at the Italian Place (and the place folded 5 months later--not due to Caroleen, let me say--she was a good worker); she also was called to be president of the young women in the ward--a calling she honored with fine service and diligence; Jeffrey Eugene Campbell (son of Colin and Dianne) was born after a fairly difficult time of labor by Dianne (we were grateful no permanent damage occurred to either mother or son); Joan began to take Prednisone for her lungs--and continued for a number of years, though the doses were gradually allowed to be reduced; and I had to have a new pair of glasses.

The Christmas of 1978 was the first Christmas without Laird. We made the supreme sacrifice of playing adults by not hanging up a stocking. Still a member of the stake board, I was involved to some extent in the New Year's Eve festivities. Laird was basking in the heat of summer in

Johannesburg, South Africa. He informed us that there was not much of a celebration. Joan's cousin, Emmie Washer, sent Laird a little parcel of food. She lived in Durban, South Africa, about 800 miles away from Laird's field of labor.

In early February of 1979 my uncle Dale and aunt Virginia Kirkham came down to Cedar with the Pro Musica, a choral group to which they belonged, to present a workshop and concert. It was conducted by John Marlowe Nielson, an old acquaintance of mine at the University of Utah. That same month Laird was moved to Welkom in the Orange Free State and had to quickly relearn his Afrikaans, since most of the communities other than the big cities are Dutch in ethnic background. Relearning Afrikaans and reusing it were challenges--a big "hassle." And it was during February that we were also made aware of a proposed change in the school of Arts and Letters. The dean had served better than 12 years. I was invited--rather requested--to apply for the job, and in March I was informed that I would be the new dean of Arts and Letters beginning July 1. I really didn't want it because I enjoy teaching and composing so much more. There was sufficient pressure that I felt obligated to accept--so I did.

The problems in the school of Arts and Letters, the department of Music, and the Manning--Halverson organizations were sufficient to keep all of us busy. The school of Arts and Letters had within it several individuals who felt quite mistrusting of the new administration. They felt threatened and hampered. In addition a four per-cent cut in total college budget had been ordered by the Board of Regents of the state and many felt animosity toward all who were above them in authority. This feeling, in part, resulted in my being called to serve as dean, for I was not that concerned over the cuts or the change in leadership, although I felt we could have found a better choice of president for our type of college. There was also an undercurrent of dissension between Mormons and non-Mormons. The job of mediating among these and other cliques, I knew, would be mine during the coming few years. The problems arising from a few L.D.S. faculty and staff, some in fairly responsible or prominent positions, who let down their standards some, added more fuel to the fire. The Music department had problems arising from all causes mentioned above--and more. One of the music department faculty had a wife who became increasingly bitter toward the church (both husband and wife were Catholic). Their son was about to join the church. The wife seemed to mistrust almost everyone other than Catholics. One faculty member had health problems that hampered his efficiency substantially, partially due to the medicine he had to take that "spaced him out" to the point that he could not always remember appointments and commitments. He was within a year of retirement but wanted to stay an extra year. We were also plagued with some dissension and cliquishness among the music students. The Manning-Halverson group had some similar struggles. The divisiveness continued for a year or two before we were able to get some of the major problems solved. A few of them, even so, have remained to the present and will probably continue.

The inauguration of Orval Carnahan as president of S.U.S.C. took place during April of 1979. Our beloved daughter, Caroleen, graduated from high school at the end of the school year, 1979. It gave us an empty feeling, to realize there were no more children to follow, but we were happy for Caroleen.

During the summer: We were able to meet with all the Kirkham family uncles and aunts and introduce them to Dianne and the new baby, Jeffrey; Aunt Fern Cornaby died, faithful and true to the gospel, and we were able to attend her funeral; Colin and Dianne were living in Gary and Shirley Roper's basement apartment; Caroleen was helping June Larsen with the summer string program in the public schools and was teaching piano, as well as helping at the Shakespeare festival and later working at a health food store.

Colin began to have severe pains in the sinus areas of his head. The pains became so intense and continued so long that he had to drop out of summer school, which may have changed his whole life, since he was planning on minoring in German but was unable to take the summer block necessary for him in order to qualify. He was temporarily a little better after a blessing, but the sinuses continued to be painful; so--up to Salt Lake on July 5, where a specialist scraped his sinuses. Colin felt considerably better for the time being. We were able to stop at the Quong Jow, our favorite Salt Lake restaurant, before returning home.

We began building our winter wood supply. We drove up the canyon and found an area untouched by wood-gatherers. We filled our trunk and came back. The next two weeks we made four trips with the car. Then Mitch Lunt, our neighbor to the south, volunteered the use of a truck. Joan and I went up one Saturday and were able to fill the truck with pine knots. The supply filled one side of our wood bin. Later during the winter we bought several more cords of wood. In spite of the cost it was cheaper than buying oil at the inflated price of \$1 per gallon.

I spent a day as chaperon at Girls' camp. It rained during the night. Our car got out with considerable slipping and sliding in the mud, but we learned later that many of the cars were stranded. So we went up again with four-wheel-drive vehicles and helped pull cars and bring girls and leaders home. All got out safely.

I became dean of Arts and Letters officially on July 1.

On August 23 Joan and I left on a two-day tour of Canyonlands and other southeastern Utah sites. The trip was to have significant and long-lasting effects we didn't anticipate when we left. We went through Capitol Reef--exciting--to Dead Horse Point--fantastic. We also had a hair-raising trip down a back road that was recommended to us as being safe for cars--by the ranger, no less. Once on the way down there was no turning back. The brakes were heating up even in low gear, the tires were unmercifully punished by the sharp rocks. When we had just about given up we saw a car about a mile below and realized civilization still existed. The road finally connected with a beautiful highway leading back to Moab, where we stayed the night. The highway followed the Colorado with spectacular scenes on both sides. We also saw the beautiful Arches National Monument. Then it happened: after dinner in a Chinese restaurant in Moab, Joan began to feel ill. We spent a fitful night and left for the rest of our trip, which included a stop in Blanding to see Anne Martineau, a girl who was writing to Laird; then to Cortez, New Mexico, and the Four-Corners area, over to Page, Arizona, back home through Kanab, over the mountains where we saw at least eight deer (their eyes glowing from the headlights' reflection--and home about 10 p.m.

After some consulting with the doctor and some X-rays (which didn't reveal the real problem--the doctor made the diagnosis after seeing the slightly yellowing complexion on Joan), the problem Joan had was clearly gall bladder trouble. So it was up to the L.D.S. hospital before mid-September. You can safely assume that every responsible person in that institution was aware of Joan's collapsed lung. This time everything went well. Joan got better at a rate that even caused comment from the doctors. On Wednesday Joan was allowed to have a tiny bit of water. It took her four hours to drink it. It was bullion and jello for lunch on Friday. By Saturday noon she was on solid food. I left to come home in order to complete some work that had piled up. When I got back Tuesday to Salt Lake, Joan was raring to go home and looked so good. She was able to sit up all the way back to Cedar. Blessings were answered for which we are extremely grateful. The neighbors were very helpful when we arrived and after--many good things came from this situation.

We got a Sherwood wood stove the end of November (to burn that wood we had collected) and Laird arrived home from his mission. We weren't sure which way he was coming, so when he got to the Salt Lake Airport, no one was there to welcome him. After calls and hurried decisions we finally got together at the Cedar airport a couple of hours after his initial landing. It was great to see him.

We had to take Colin up to Salt Lake to have an operation on his nose to try to clean out his impacted sinuses and at the same time to put a "window" between his upper teeth and gums and his left nostril. The operation was painful, and because Colin and Dianne didn't have any insurance we brought him back the next day, well or not: he couldn't afford to stay in the hospital. As it was, it cost nearly \$2,000 and we loaned them \$1,200. When Colin got home his face was extremely swollen, to the point that he was unrecognizable--discolored from internal bleeding.

A test showed that Joan's health was improving, albeit slowly. During that trip we were also able to meet a number of the old Stewart School faculty and students at the first (and only) reunion held since the school had closed in 1966. It was an enjoyable time.

Between January and May: All three of our children were registered at College; Anne Martineau told Laird to go somewhere else to look for a mate; Caroleen had several dates with Jon Robinson of Parowan; we bought a Dodge Aspen and traded it for an Omni, allowing the old Dodge to be used by other family members; the consolidated meeting schedule (the 3-hour block) was put in effect; and I was released from my stake calling to help teach the gospel doctrine class; Colin was selected to play Escamillo in Carmen and sang very well; Laird was having a hard time finding a steady job; and the 150th anniversary of the restoration of the Church was celebrated during April Conference.

The spring was unusual. We couldn't get away from fires, the weather was so chilly. It snowed on the 24th of May, and prior to that time there were only a few warm days. We were constantly covering the more tender plants to protect them from freezing. Mount Saint Helens, a volcano in Washington state, erupted May 18, spewing "millions of tons" of lava ash that drifted through Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and even farther east. Up to six inches of ash were found in some towns nearer to the volcano. Some 88 people were missing and about 32 bodies were found.

On Sunday night, May 18, Joan and I were called in to see (stake) President Marchant, after Ward Conference. I was taken into the office first, interviewed, and called to be Bishop of the Cedar City 9th Ward. What an experience! I had no idea what prompted them to do it, but I pledged to my Heavenly FATHER that I would do all that I could, as unworthy as I might be, to aid His cause. But I knew that it must be with Heavenly Father's help. As I wrote of that experience: "I have prayerfully chosen, subject to approval by the stake authorities, Vernile



Matheson and Rulon Bickmore as counselors. I had a very spiritual experience selecting them after much thought followed by prayer. I hope Heavenly Father will bless me. Joan gave her approval, and I felt her love as we were both interviewed in the President's office."

Sunday night, and two or three nights thereafter, we both had very little sleep. I racked my brain, contacted both Bishops of the wards that were being reorganized--in terms of boundaries and of personnel, consulted with Joan, called the stake president a couple of times, had Joan drive me around to look at the homes, trying in some way to look inside them, as it were, for potential counselors. Then began the process of elimination and selection. When I was down to six possible candidates I first approached my Father in Heaven, but there was no answer, so I did some more thinking and calling. I did receive a distinct impression that I wasn't to leave the selection up to the Lord. Finally I narrowed the number to two names and, following the advice from the Scriptures to study a problem out in one's mind, then ask whether it is correct or not, I prayed sincerely--and received the confirmation. Joan recorded: "Hal had a lovely answer to his prayer. He feels good about two new counselors." That was the beginning of some of the richest experiences I have ever known. What a beautiful start, to know that God blesses those who are called, I am sure not for their goodness (at least in my case), but because He loves His children and upholds those whom He calls, if they try at all, in order to bless His children.

Our own children were let in on the secret. It was like Christmas, everyone trying to act as if nothing were happening, but excitement was at fever pitch. Caroleen was going around the house quietly singing "He's Our Bishop" from the Primary songbook, and there were frequent knowing looks tossed back and forth by all of us.

The day of sustaining came. I have never felt so inadequate, nor have I felt more humble--to be responsible in a number of ways for 350 of God's children, to love them like my own, and to do all I could not to let down those faithful ones who had gone before as bishops of this ward and of those lovely people. I will say this--I believe I tried with all my heart to love every one. And though I am sure I left much undone, I can truthfully say I really did succeed in feeling a deep love for all. I had a few cases wherein I am fairly certain some did not think I loved them, but I have tried to make right, as much as possible, any impressions I may have made that caused them to feel that way. I do thank my Father for the manifold blessings He poured down upon me.

The "inner circle" of any ward is composed of counselors, clerks, and Relief Society presidents--plus the executive secretary. I was blessed with a faithful and loyal group in this regard. As counselors--Vernile Matheson and later Jay Don Alger as first counselor, and Rulon Bickmore as second counselor. As clerks--Morris Buchanan until his health created insurmountable problems and then Dennis Rowley as ward clerk, with Quinn Chamberlain and Reid Cox as financial and assistant financial clerks. As executive secretary--Charles Cooley. As Relief Society presidents--Elaine Averett, Alene Felix (for a few months until she moved), and lastly Janice Oyler. Without these tremendous men and women the ward would have crawled along in a sectarian fashion. With them, there was progress--weak as we all may have been: for they were blessed as well as was I.

For the record, I decided to list certain statistics that come directly or indirectly under a bishop's jurisdiction.

Missionaries: Colleen Thorley, Lee Wood, Gary Judd and Tom Bryson (neither ward members, but relatives of members working through our ward), David Leavitt, Troy Nielson, Elmer and Pauline Cox, George and Ione Manning (temple missions--2 times), Ted and LaVerle Cox (temple proselyting missions--2 times), Dixie and Anne Leavitt (mission president and wife to the Leeds, England mission--approval only by me), Bob and Shirley Hernandez (the only pair who left as many problems in the field as converts attained).

Temple marriage successes: Craig Thorley, Todd Jones, Don Cox, Joey Costello, Lisa Quist, Trudy Dover, Roland Williams, Doug Croft, Traci Stocks, Laird Campbell, Caroleen Campbell, Lenore Ashdown, Leah Ann Jones, Dick and Pat Nielson, Rod Fenn, Jill Thorley, Eric Leavitt, Craig Bickmore, Brett Murie, Sue Sherratt, Chris Lamoreaux, Mark and Val Imlay and Jack Allan and Lanell Heaton (Allen).

Non-temple marriages performed by me: Brett Bundrick, Gerry Wood and Mary Starr, Heidi Anderson, Mike Smith, Steven Onaga (non-member) and Adele Felix, Cristal Bulloch, Lisa Jones, Lanae Murie and Niel Bladen, Markae Smith and Guy Stephenson, Angie Oyler and David Harding, Paula Baker and Dale Loveland, Stacy Engel, Sherilee Hauser, Kerie Mangum and Mike Kaufman, Brett Murie (first time), and Merilee Hauser and Zane Jones. Of these Mary Starr, Lanae Murie, Neil Bladen, Brett Murie, Merilee Hauser Zane Jones, Cristal Bulloch, Paula Baker, and Dale Loveland have been through the temple since; and others are in the process of readying themselves at the time of this writing.

Deaths of ward members: F. D. Nielson, Parry Mackelprang, John Rowberry, Wilford Clark, Lehi Jones, Bernella Jones, Nomie Mackelprang, Darwin Nelson, Irissa Nelson, Mike Stephenson, Kumen Gardner, Fallas Olofson, and children: Jamie Jenson, Andrea Murie, and the son of Lisa Jones Kelsey and Husband.

I believe "a year in the life of a Bishop" may give the most concise summary of the marvelous 5 years and 9 months I served.

There are the weekly events that happen rain or shine, in sickness or in health: Sacrament meeting--prayers, speakers, sacrament preparation and administration, directly under the bishopric; and the music; coordination with the Sunday School, the Young Women's and Relief Society meetings indirectly under our responsibility; conducting Priesthood general exercises and supporting the Aaronic Priesthood and Young Women's programs weekly, contributing as needed; and staying close to the Primary. In addition, each Sunday includes announcements and information to be disseminated; the tithing and offering calculation, preparation, and balancing plus the banking of the monies. The bishopric meet together at least once a week and meet with the heads of organizations and/or welfare leaders weekly as well. Interviews for temple recommends, with youth interviews for semi-annual checkups, and special ordinance performance worthiness occur almost weekly.

There are the monthly events: the stake bishops' council with the stake presidency; fast meeting and the collection of fast offerings; and Scouters' Round Table (we were lucky to get one of us there each time).

"X"-times-per-year events include: the most spiritual tithing settlement at the end of the year; the often hectic but fun and spiritual youth conference, our friendship-building fathers and sons outing and girls camp; our now-perennial Kazoo band for the 24th of July; the Indian placement program--finding willing people to assist in taking an Indian child for a school year; Seminary and Institute graduations; the biennial stake conferences containing almost always a tremendous meeting for bishops and other church leaders; cannery projects (well supported by our ward membership); interviews with the stake presidency (generally quarterly); ward banquets; blood-, penny-, magazine drives; temple preparation seminars; and those sacred, special times when someone comes to the bishop for confession, for consolation, for court action, for restoration of rights and privileges, and whatever else may be helpful by means of discussion with a bishop as a common judge in Israel.

All of the above, and many more, require bishopric approval and coordination--and often considerable participation therein.

Special happenings took place during my tenure. I will always be grateful for the many spiritual experiences that were mine while I was serving as bishop.

I have wept with those who weep--loved ones left behind at a death, penitent and sad young people when they have found courage to come to their bishop to determine what to do next, wives whose husbands have created some kind of problem for his family, mothers and fathers whose children have been found in a major sin--most often sexual. I wept with a man who had actually not fallen, but had taken a once-only direction that he would never have normally done and that led to the loss of his job: as he worked his way out of the hole, a spirit of love and friendship came to us both that I recognize as God-given. Brother Bickmore, my counselor, and I were called to help rescue a man who had taken an overdose as problems piled upon him; as he came out from under the effect of the drugs and I was able to be with him, counseling and talking back and forth, tears were close to the surface as I realized just how much discouragement was in his life--and those of his family. (A number of years later he managed to get an overdose that took his life, but at least we were able to help him for a time.) A sweet older sister called me one night during my first few months as bishop. She had been living with the memory of a sin committed over 50 years ago, one that had been long before swallowed in good deeds and righteous acts, but which had not been confessed to her bishop. I called the stake president (being so new to this); he told me to go back and pray with her and release her from this brooding shadow. How wonderful it was to see her realize that she could move forward without worrying anymore. Tears of sadness and tears of joy were shed by both of us.

As in the case above, I have also wept with those who weep for joy. One who is now serving as a counselor in the bishopric---a former bishop himself--had been excommunicated and, when I met him, had been out of the church for a number of years. His wife and family were immensely affected but had stayed intact as a family unit. All of them spent time with me--troubled, worried, bitter at times, wondering even whether to keep going as a family. But from out of the depths a step-by-step journey was made by this great brother, to the slowly increasing encouragement and faith expressed by his wife. We wept and prayed, we talked and pondered. Then came a time when the general authorities accepted his repentance and said he might be baptized. I was privileged to speak at that baptism. His father, his mother, his

family were all there. Tears of joy fell from all who were in attendance. And a long year and a half later this fine brother received his restoration of blessings. We had the privilege of accompanying him on his first trip back to the temple with his wife. What a joyous occasions!

A second beautiful experience involved another who is the other counselor in the bishopric. This situation arose through internal family situations and struggles with testimony on the part of the wife. I was asked to meet with them individually and together. Time passed, and with help from the Lord the time came that the two of them went back to the temple after some 7 years of non-attendance. We (Joan and I) were able to go with them to that special evening-time event.

It may be that part of my call as bishop was to help in some small way to prepare two special people (the two just mentioned)--to help get them ready for their important calls to come. These two are perhaps the most "dramatic" of several wherein I as bishop was able to be with those involved as they "turned the corner" toward a more fulfilling life.

This brings me to the last--a testimony of the validity of my calling. I have no doubt whatsoever that I was called through appointed servants of the Lord to a position in the Lord's church. It was not due to my pull, my righteousness, my past great works (there were none, really), but I suppose there were certain traits or potentials that I had that were needed at that particular moment. There was one particular blessing that came to me that must be mentioned. This was the help I received in calling people to organizations--and not just to presidencies alone. There are times, in a small ward such as this one has been, when the calling of one person may mean shifting four or five people. I have witnessed, after receiving an assurance that "so-and-so" was to be called, and after realizing that several people would have to say "yes" in turn for the whole move to fall into place, a complete acceptance by everyone concerned so that the special calling could be filled. I would go with fear and trembling, thinking "how can I possibly succeed with this situation?" and then see each piece of the "puzzle" fit neatly into its respective niche--almost as if I had nothing to do with it. And of course, I often really didn't. This happened so many times--even when I was doubtful myself--that I cannot deny a special blessing that was given me. I am absolutely certain that a bishop receives a mantle of authority that is independent of himself but that is given him so long as he reasonably attempts to fulfill his office. It is from the Lord and it is real. I love the Lord and I appreciate with all my heart the manifold blessings Heavenly Father gave me during those beautiful years.

From this point on I am drawing upon the index that my wife, Joan, has made of significant events, as found in her daily diary books. I have added a thought or an observation here or there relating to some of the happenings and events, but at best the following record consists of little more than brief summaries. For a much better detailed account--and a much more accurate one, too, consisting of on-the-spot recording, please consult the Joan Campbell diaries. They are worth the time for any interested in the Hal and Joan Campbell family history.

During 1980: I was spending from 8 to 12 hours each Sunday at church. Fasting became a standard Sunday procedure on those days. Laird received his old job back at Lunts. Caroleen was going to Salt Lake every other week for lessons; she was also called as organist of the Relief Society. Laird was called to be second counselor in the Elders presidency. Don and Cindy Cox went through the Temple. Eric Schmutz gave his mission report. (July) John Rowberry died; Joan became a hostess for the Shakespeare festival. I was involved in Girls Camp. Jill Thorley gave her homecoming talk. Carpets and chairs were removed from the chapel for a renovation job. (August) The big event was Dad Day arriving here on August 5 from England. He was given the royal treatment by Joan, and hopefully all of us--he deserved no less. Dad accompanied Joan and Caroleen to Salt Lake for a lesson and visiting. He went with us to the Alger cabin for a meal. He went with us to the city park, to Kolob canyon, and other places. Welfare that month included corn oiling and bean canning. The chapel was finished with new carpets. Joan went off prednisone--but only temporarily. And I spent 43 hours one week on church work. (September) Joan hurt her back badly (details in her record). We took Dad up the canyon. A robin got caught in our chimney: Laird and I got it out (the interesting thing was that its mate stayed outside nervously chirping; when we released the robin it was beautiful to see the mate and the freed captive acknowledge each other, then fly away). Joan, with very little help from us, put up peaches, tomatoes, and apples. She also took Dad down to the St. George area to get grapes--which Dad loved as much as the rest of us. Colleen Thorley had her farewell. And Hafens were called to work with the young adults, which turned out to be a great blessing in the lives of all concerned. (October) We were off to Salt Lake at Conference time for the British reunion with Dad. I was able to attend conference in the Tabernacle--the only time I ever got there during my bishop's service. Our new stake center was dedicated. Joan had to go back on prednisone. It snowed before Dad left; he spoke for just a minute in Sacrament meeting, thanking all of the people here; Joan took Dad all over, then finally back to the plane for October 31 (we both went down to get him on the plane). (November) Ronald Reagan became president of the United States (Joan was a local judge of elections). Caroleen and I played a Bartok number at the music festival. The sesquicentennial celebration was held at the St. George temple; Colin, Dianne, Laird, Joan, and I were able to be there. It was our 30th wedding anniversary. (December) Jack Allen and Lanell Heaton were married in the Ogden temple. Tithing settlement took much of the time during the last few weeks of the year--it was an opportunity, not a

chore (75% of the ward membership attended or were contacted. Many gifts and food offerings were given us through being the bishop and "first" family.

During 1981: In England--Glyn Day was married to Ann Bentley (April)--Glyn is a nephew of Joan. Ian Day (another nephew) was called to be a missionary. A very lovely experience took place in that, during the summer, we were able to go with Colin, Dianne, Jeffrey, Laird, Caroleen, Joan, and I to meet Barry and Scott Campbell and their families (these are my half brothers). LaRue Campbell, their mother, was there. Brent and Ronnie came with their family. It was here that Brent finally got over the bitter feeling that had rankled in his soul in relation to our stepmother, LaRue. It was here that I also was able to make my acquaintance and feel that we could all work together. It is sad that it has been so difficult to get together since (just once or twice, and then not ever with all of us at the same place at the same time). I believe this was the last year our ward had a float before starting with the kazoo band we had discontinued a year or two before. Uncle Keith and Aunt Clista Campbell had their 50th wedding anniversary. The other big event was the arrival of Ada Day Overend and Uncle George and Aunt Mary Phillips, who came over from England to spend some time with us. It was absolutely delightful--we took them (I should say Joan took them and I tagged along at times) all over. We just got them off on their trip back when Jeffrey and Irene Day came over. This was a tremendously delightful time. Joan has the full record, but I want all to know that her family (Ada, Jeffrey, Irene, etc.) are really top-notch people whom I love much. Near the end of the year our beloved English friend, (Mammy) Norah Moss Ditty, passed away. Caroleen began attending the University of Utah during 1981. We missed her very much.

During 1982: (January) It was cold! I completed tithing summaries, took the uncollected receipts out to all the members. Craig Thorley had his home coming. The Steve and Paula Jenson baby died (it was a sad occasion, the baby was such a beautiful little thing). Uncle Herbert Newsome (South Africa) died. Uncle Allen Cornaby, also. The ward had a rash of health problems--hysterectomies, newborns with problems, oldsters with cataracts and in the hospital, and Brother Felix fell off his roof, damaging an arm that has never been fully right since. Drew Matthews was back from his mission and reported. Caroleen was at the University of Utah--still. Colin was teaching school in Las Vegas: he had several successes, but he found out it just wasn't worth it. And Laird--he was staying up late--late at night with a certain young woman named Tanya Shaw--playing MaJong and using any other excuse to get to know her. Before February 1 they had decided to get married. (February) the rash of illnesses and sicknesses continued, including 5 broken bones within 2 weeks. Colin became affiliated with a singing group in Las Vegas--a rather fine little group of select people (he eventually had to discontinue membership due to work and other problems). Our almost annual theft of music materials at SUSC took place this month--to the tune of \$4700. Chris Lamoreaux and Cathy Mitchell were married in the St. George Temple. Roland Williams became engaged. And Heidi Anderson was married. Plans were being made for Laird's and Tanya's wedding. (March) Caroleen came home for the spring break. Roland Williams was married. Keith Campbell died. And Laird and Tanya were married in the Provo temple, with a reception in Provo and one here in Cedar. This was a marvelous time--we got to know the Shaws and first came to realize how fine a young woman had joined our family. The date of the wedding--March 12. (April) At general conference, Presidents Tanner and Kimball spoke, even though they were feeble and had to be assisted. Colin came with the choral group to St. George, where he had one solo section to perform, as well as to sing with the group. (May) President Gerald Sherratt was inaugurated as president of SUSC. Colin moved to a new house in Las Vegas. (June) Amanda Blake--of "Gunsmoke", a television series--spoke at the Commencement exercises. We were down to Colin's in Nevada to visit and up to Salt Lake to see Caroleen. Caroleen came back--hooray! So did Elmer Cox and his wife from their missions. Laird and Tanya were living in the ward. We were able to get a temple preparation class going. (July) Dianne and Jeffrey were able to visit us. Caroleen began taking lessons with Norma Lee Madsen (it didn't seem to work out). (August) Oley Olofson, Darwin Nelson, and Mike Stephenson were in bad condition, and Sister Mackelprang was not much better. We were able to get up to the Salt Lake County Fair in Murray. David Hal Campbell was born on the 31st, just hours before the insurance ran out (Colin had decided not to teach the next year, so his insurance policy was to run out; the events that came in answer to prayer showed that Heavenly Father cared and knew what was going on). To me this was a lovely blessing--the birth and all that went with it. (September) Glen Nelson and Caroleen were spending some time together, but this petered out as time went on. I had to have a hernia operation. The doctor was going to give me a local, but ended up giving me the full anesthesia. In my stupor just before going fully under I remember thinking they were trying to kill me, but I decided in that instant that it was too late to worry about it. The front window was installed in our house--the "bay" window. Joan began taking a math class and a drama class at the College. (October) The shingles blew off Colin's and Dianne's house--it was a mess, but thanks to several people--especially Laird--they were able to repair the house. Sister Reber, the soon-to-be Relief Society president's mother (Janice Oyler), died. Jan had been taking such good care of her for a good long time. (November) Darwin Nelson died. (December) Mike Stephenson died. A returned missionary, Allan Lee, began to show much interest in Caroleen. He bought her roses; he brought her a MahJong tile set from his mission field (he got acquainted with her shortly before he left on his mission). And we began to watch to see what would happen.

During 1983: (January) Caroleen gave a very excellent recital at SUSC. (February) Caroleen and Allan were engaged. We also learned that Tanya was pregnant. (March) Joy Miller, a single sister well into her seventies, fell twice and had to go to the hospital. The date for the Caroleen-Allan wedding was moved from April 29 to April 1. Oley Olofson died. (April) Caroleen and Allan were married in the St. George Temple. This was a beautiful time; we got to know the Lee family better and found them to be extra special. Uncle Ken and Aunt Helen Campbell Monson visited us and stayed overnight. Alene Felix was called as Relief Society president. (May) Chet Cripps, a neighbor, had a heart attack. The Fathers and Sons outing was held at Bunkerville. Caroleen won the music award from SUSC. Laird and Tanya planned to move out of the ward. We served as host and hostess for Maurice and Lucy Abravanel for a couple of days (Maurice was former conductor of the Utah Symphony). And Caroleen graduated--a thing she was waiting for for years. (June) Laird and Tanya moved. Colin was wanting to move back to Cedar. Lee Wood and Tom Bryson had their homecomings. Caroleen found that she was pregnant. It was during this month that Sister Miller lost her purse, and I had a strong feeling to look in her car, even though she said she had looked there thoroughly. I found her purse in the glove compartment. (July) We had the opportunity to see Brent and the family. We were able to order a couch while on that trip to Salt Lake. During that same time we were able to see Dan Campbell (my uncle) and worked for a short time on genealogy. This was the month we started the kazoo band up again. Lehi Jones died. (August) Among other things, we went to Colin's and Dianne's and had the experience of witnessing a massive cloudburst that resulted in a death or two, as well as much damage, in Las Vegas. (October) October 16, 1983, our first granddaughter, Heather, was born. None of us will forget that important event happening in the Laird/Tanya Campbell household. (November) Kumen Gardner died. (December) Colin sold his house and the family moved to Cedar.

During 1984: (February) And moreover, on February 20, Benjamin Lee came into this world, followed on February 24 by Brian Campbell. These are sons of Allan and Caroleen Campbell Lee and of Colin and Dianne Tibbles Campbell, respectively. (March) Colin was to live with us for some 3 months. I picked up one of my three chest colds for that year during this month. Bernella Jones passed away. (I was conducting the service when both Benjamin Lee and Brian Campbell were blessed by their fathers. (May) Allan and Caroleen moved from the ward. (June) Laird graduated summa cum laude and got a job with Blackburn and Gower after working with Lunt Motor more or less for over 7 years. Father Day came over again; we picked him up at Las Vegas in our new Reliant. He was taken on trips here and there--to Kolob, to Provo and the 4th of July parade, to Salt Lake to see friends; we also had all our children together for a meal. David Leavitt reported home after his mission, and at the same time Dixie Leavitt, newly called as president of the England Leeds Mission, and Anne, his wife, had their farewell. (July) Dad Day had to leave in mid July. He left from Las Vegas, as usual. The kazoo band performed. Laird moved again. (August) I was in charge of music for the regional conference--a 100-voice choir drawn from four stakes. David Haight and Marvin Ashton and their wives were the presiding officers. Tanya began student teaching for a 10-week stint. (September) Our corn canning project came around again. Virginia Stitt (music faculty member at S.U.S.C) moved and later became engaged and married to a fellow-woodwind player. My calling as dean of arts and letters was over September 5. (October) I was called on to speak in Stake Conference. It was during this month that Wayne Mifflin, Fred Adams, and I became a trio of soloists in a special kazoo concerto with orchestra, conducted by June Larsen, and presented at the high school. (December) A video recording was made of ward members and ward events, and after putting it together it was sent to the Leavitts in England. Colin was making his plans for opening a music store.

During 1985: (March) I was 58 on the 17th. (April) I played the Concerto in F by Gershwin, along with Shirley Whitaker. It came off very well, I believe. We began to take down the old shed at the back of the house. (May) I received the teacher-of-the-year award--a real surprise. But then I received the educator-of-the-year award, with its accompanying \$500 cash award. That was really a surprise--and much more than I deserved. Colin moved his music store to the K Mart/Alpha Beta block of buildings from the old Liebhart site. He was able to get the move completed by July. (July) We were off to England. We were able to have window seats all the way going and coming. The plane rides themselves were very exciting, and the giant planes on which we rode were almost overwhelming to one who had never ridden in such large types. From London we went by trains to Leeds, then by bus to Ada's. Ada and Dad were the first family members we were able to see. Everybody was just wonderful to us. The people of England showed us such hospitality. We had the privilege of visiting two or three times with President Dixie and Sister Anne Leavitt--in fact we were able to accompany them to a meeting in Sunderland. Jeff and Irene took us all over. Dolly and Bob, and Les and Flo welcomed us. We love them. And I loved the markets, the fish and chips, Leeds, York, Knaresborough, Harrogate, Temple Newsome, Blackpool, North Wales, pie and peas, meat and potato pie, the nephews and nieces, and all. It was so lovely this time. We were able to go to Uncle George's down south before going home. It was a new area for us, and what we saw we enjoyed much. On the way back the plane followed the sun all the way and we were able to see one slice of America from east to west. (August) Laird's and Tanya's baby daughter, Caron Joan, was born on the 14th. Caron was later blessed in Laird's and Tanya's ward. (September) We built (that is Laird, with a little help from me) the new metal shed. I began to have an arm problem, possibly arising from slipping in the tub in England. Troy Nielson came home and had his homecoming. This was the big apple year for our tree--6 or 7 bushels of apples. (October) Four stakes were made from the three existing stakes in Cedar City. (November) President Kimball's funeral was held. He was a tremendous prophet, and a true one. President Benson assumed the reins of leadership.

During 1986: (January) On the 2d, Aunt DeEsta Kirkham Ludwig died. I was one asked to speak at the funeral service. We have loved her. On January 11 Jennifer Campbell, daughter of Colin and Dianne, was born. She and her older cousin Caron are so different, yet so delightful--I certainly love them along with the other grandchildren. I played for Julia Quick's recital as an accompanist (she was hired for a year in the SUSC music department)--she plays very well--and sensitively. (February) The snows came after about 7 weeks without moisture--prayers had been said and even fasting preceded the snowfall. During that moistureless time Colin and Dianne had moved to 125 So. 300 East. On the 15th Ray Baker received his restoration of blessings--what a wonderful event! Near the end of the month I was told by President Marchant that the Bishopric would be released on March 9. That was a time of mixed emotions, but it was time for the change. (March) Jennifer Campbell, the first (and likely only) female of Colin's and Dianne's children, was blessed in the 9th Ward on the 2nd. On the 9th the Stake Presidency came to release the old, and sustain the new, bishoprics. President Marchant mentioned that this was a time for change and that such times allowed others who needed the opportunity to serve, while those released could go on serving elsewhere as needed. The new Bishopric consisted of Thomas Higbee (Bishop), Robert Higbee (First Counselor), and Raymond Baker (Second Counselor). As I may have mentioned before, it was during my term as Bishop that both Robert and Raymond were able to get their lives fully in order, and the Spirit had whispered quietly to me that I would be bishop until they were ready to serve. Bishop Higbee had been Elders' quorum president and Bob (Robert) had been serving as his counselor--and as an instructor; I had felt some reason to call Raymond Baker as Scoutmaster even before the priesthood blessings were restored (he told me that was the one position he didn't want, but knew that that was his lot at the time of the call.) They both were ready when the bishopric call came--Bob was placed over the Sunday School and Ray over the Scouting program. President Marchant confirmed that he had felt to withhold calling a new bishop for the extra few months I served (usual bishops were called for about 5 years--I was in almost 6) and confirmed in retrospect that it was probably due in part, at least, (and without factual foreknowledge) to the need for the two particular counselors (Bob and Ray) to have their lives in order. I would like to feel that Heavenly Father used me to help them in small ways to facilitate their preparation for this, their new calling. I have great love for both of them, and both to this day (1994) show much love and kindness to me.

Moving on through 1986 (still in March): I was called to serve on the High Council of the Stake and sustained on the 16th of March in Stake Conference; a week later I was set apart in the first High Council meeting which I attended. Joan was invited and came for the setting apart. On that day a missionary or two reported back--I found this particular duty (listening to testimonies of returning missionaries) to be one of the beautiful and faith-promoting opportunities of the new calling. I also learned that once a month I would be assigned to speak in one of the wards in the stake during their Sacrament meeting. (May) Joan had the privilege of going through the temple for her mother's endowment--what a marvelous experience! She has recorded the event in more detail in her own writing under the date of May 2. Caroleen gave birth to Brittney Lee, her second child, on May 16. How glad we were that all was well! (June) Brittney was blessed by her father, Allan Lee, on the Fast Sunday (June 1). (July) I was conductor of the Summer Games choir, in which over 150 community members performed. The event was held in the stadium, and although the fol-de-rol seemed a little overdone (and definitely too lengthy) it was a good event, during which time 8 Utah athletes from the past were honored. (August) We were able to make a trip north near the end of August that included a Campbell reunion (the first in about 20 years), a visit with Brent and Ronella and family, visited Carrie (Garner) and Merrill Phelps, and stopped at Snelgrove's ice cream store before we came back. Our oldest grandson, Jeffrey Eugene Campbell, was baptized on the 1st of November and confirmed by me on Nov. 2 (a real privilege). Standard for that year were the perpetual early-morning preparations for my classes at school, the normal college functions and classes, the Orchestra of Southern Utah rehearsals, and the regular church assignments connected with the High Council. We enjoyed our children and grandchildren so much, but they were all struggling to "make a go" of it. Sickness (of both adults and children) was a fairly frequent component of all our lives, but we were blessed with recovery in each case.

1987 began with illnesses of several in the family--onslaughts of fever, congestion, vomiting, earache--and with me, the semi-annual kind that always seemed to settle in my laryngeal area, leading to hoarseness and tightness in the throat. But again, we all made it through. Late February was the moving time for Caroleen and family down to California to Fort Ord to meet Allan and to live there while Allan studied Russian for his army assignment. Joan, Caroleen and her family--without Allan--were in one car; Laird, Richard Jensen, and Ray Lunt were in a truck, following a day or two after with Caroleen's furniture. But the harrowing experience Joan and Caroleen had forced them to stay in Las Vegas until the movers caught them, so both arrived at Monterey together. Included in that adventure were the breakdown, towing, and repair of Caroleen's car, a mean snowstorm through the mountains, and Benjamin's breaking out with chicken pox during the trip. I call it harrowing, but there were some unique answers to prayer and assistance by church members that Joan has recounted in her own history, since I was not there to be of any help at all. I made a few phone calls to find Allan so that he could be in contact with Caroleen to make decisions about repair. The repair of their car was not nearly so expensive as first indicated--a direct answer of prayer through an impression given to the repair person.

In July of that same year we made a trip to Pacific Grove, California, where Allan and Caroleen were living. This was a delightful time, in spite of the 12-hour trips each way. Included in the events of those few days were seeing Allan, Caroleen, Benjamin, and Brittney; walking along the ocean edge while viewing the gulls, seals, squirrels, and other animal life; visiting Fisherman's Wharf, parts of Fort Ord, and Cannery Row (famous in literary works); traveling to San Francisco where Allan won hearts and received "red-carpet" treatment for his ability to converse with some of the Chinatown business people; viewing the Golden Gate Bridge; coming back from San Francisco to Pacific Grove along the coastline--such a beautiful view of ocean, land, and ships; and attending the Ward in Pacific Grove on Sunday.

Other events of 1987 included a trip to Salt Lake for a Kirkham family reunion--taking Jeffrey and David with us and going to the Zoo, the airport, Murray Park, the state capitol, and Liberty Park where Brent and his family were, in addition to a fair number of our Kirkham relatives--an overall happy time; new carpet for the kitchen, which was promptly (within 2 weeks) marred by our grandson David spilling red punch on the carpet--the pink tinge never fully eradicated; the 200th anniversary of the signing of the Constitution, celebrated in our little town with speeches and musical performances, including the playing of a number by the civic orchestra under my direction; the birth of Elizabeth Campbell to Tanya and Laird on the 4th of November; the arrival of Allan, Caroleen and family on December 21 for a two-plus-week stay--a delightful, but far-too-short time. All three of our children and their families were struggling but blessed--Allan with his forthcoming completion of the Russian language training, Colin with the store that managed to keep going on a day-to-day basis (so many would not pay their bills), and Laird with his piano tuning and maintenance. We also managed to get a pretty good garden this year, as other years.

1988 was hardly underway (January 9) when Allan and Caroleen had to go back to California until they received Allan's assignment. Caroleen called on the 25th to say they were to be assigned to Frankfurt, Germany, after a stint in Texas. In February Elizabeth (Laird's and Tanya's newest daughter) was blessed and we learned of the death of Albert Longhurst, a missionary companion of mine and the only one who fell away from the Church. On March 2 Caroleen received an announcement of her winning \$200 for her musical entry in the Church Music contest--second place, no less; on the 11th Ada, Joan's sister, called to tell us that Father Day (Arthur) died that morning--what a sad moment, and what a delightful man! I hope he has accepted the temple work done later for him and his family--he certainly rates high with all of us left behind.

April saw Colin and assistants move the store to the Cedar Pointe--a larger place--we all hoped this would work for him. We had the first concert of the Orchestra of Southern Utah (under that title) with Gerald Corey and me conducting (April 28). During May we received the clear title to our house from the Veterans' Administration. In late May Joan, who was beginning to work with Colin on the statements for people who owed Music Store debts, began to have some real problems with her back--sciatic type--and arthritis (she has often been a better weatherperson than the news forecasters). Caroleen and family finally arrived in Massachusetts from Texas--it was about 4 months or so in Texas, then a little over 2 months in Massachusetts, and finally back with us for a few weeks on August 6. Allan had to leave on the 13th for Germany, with Caroleen and the children remaining. It was during the time Brittney was with us that the symptoms a long-standing allergy to milk and some other foods began to show up--we were all so concerned, and poor Allan had to be in Germany during all the tests and trials sweet Brittney (and Caroleen) went through! The problem has been one they have had to watch ever since, although with many thanks to our Father in Heaven Brittney, with care, has improved immensely over the years.

September 18 was the date of the regional conference. General authorities of the Church included President Howard Hunter and Elder James Faust of the Quorum of the Twelve and Vaughan Featherstone of the Presiding Bishopric. By the end of September Joan was in such misery with her back that we got her to the hospital here in Cedar, where she spent fairly miserable days while they checked on her. It was discovered that she had a slipped disc. At first it was hoped we could go to a special center in Arizona that might dissolve the disc, but the report came back about mid-October that the disc was too large and we would have to go to Salt Lake for an operation. So it was planned for a Dr. Bauman to examine Joan. (In the meantime Caroleen was frantically waiting for all her papers and other items so that she could leave for Germany--they really seemed to be "dragging their feet." And Colin was facing a never-ending battle with finances--the store just wasn't coming out of it.) Poor Joan had to ride in our car for the 4 1/2 hours with that miserable back pain--I'm sure she felt every bump all the way to Salt Lake. Dr. Bauman saw her x-rays and other data and immediately scheduled her for an emergency operation; he operated on Joan after his regular time frame, taking a good 3 1/2 hours on an operation that normally was 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 hours in length. He told us afterwards that this was the largest herniated disc he had ever seen and that he had to be so very careful to free the nerves from around it so that Joan would not be paralyzed. She was blessed in a quick initial recovery, being able to leave the hospital in less than 4 days, the predicted time for her being 6 days. Again the terrible misery of travel and the gratefulness of her being able to be home and back with

friends, who had showered her before, during, and after the operation with all sorts of food, flowers, cards, prayers, visits, and good wishes that helped greatly.

Caroleen left the 26th of October for Germany. That was a sad time--we all felt heavy hearted, and Joan with the added burden of an incision and operation not ready for such a heart-tug so soon. Caroleen called us from Germany around 7:00 the next morning, telling us she had to wait for 1 1/2 hours at the Frankfurt airport because Allan had gone to the wrong terminal. She told us also that Brittney hugged Allan for the longest time when she met him.

Joan did not get better immediately. It was painful and hard for her. I must mention that Virginia Higbee acted as if she were a day nurse, checking up on Joan 3 times a day at first, then gradually moving to 2 times, and finally to a single checkup. That was appreciated much by both of us. This whole period is carefully recorded by Joan and should be read by all our family to see just how many different problems were being faced by all our children--Caroleen and Allan in Germany with Brittney who was far from well herself (in addition to everything else in a new country), Colin and Dianne facing increasing pressure with the store, Laird and Tanya scraping by, and Joan facing night after night and day after day with relentless pain from the damaged nerves and all sorts of peripheral healing problems. Yet we were blessed in that we were able to face them and didn't give up.

Just before Christmas we heard from Bishop John B. Stagg and his wife, who called from New Mexico. John was the Bishop who kept us going when we were first married, with one or two special assistances welfare-wise and just being his happy, positive self. So it was with fond memories we chatted for a few moments. By the end of the year Joan had been the bookkeeper for Colin in relation to all outstanding debts and worked hours per month completing each one by hand. Campbell's Music was more in debt than ever, and both Colin and Dianne were sick as New Year's Day came round. And the weather was very cold--often below zero at nights.

1989: It continued cold right into the New Year. On the 4th of February we had a snowfall that endangered our flat-roofed house, so Laird (who had come over with his family) and I spent a couple of hours shoveling snow off the roof--15" or more--one of the best snowfalls we have ever had. Off and on I had been writing a 5-number choral work based on texts from the Old Testament and called, naturally, the "Old Testament Suite." The first number had been presented earlier--I believe, the previous year. But this time the choir of Southern Utah State had worked on the entire suite and presented it as a featured section of their program for the March 5 concert. It went over well and was performed to a packed audience. They are not bad works and I hope someone will perform them a few more times before they fall back into oblivion. The second number was used at Commencement this same year.

Joan continued working with the store account statements; the garden was planted in spite of all the busi-ness of all of us; and we were able to re-lay some cement sidewalk in front of the house, including a good part of the driveway--a major undertaking spearheaded by Laird, for which I was very grateful. This was also the year we began working with Douglas Pooser, a "monotone" if there ever was one--it took about two years, but it paid off to the point that he has been with the choir about 2 or 3 years (1994), was admitted to high school a capella for a year, and has been a good friend whom we are happy to know. During this year Joan began to work part time in the store to help Colin--there was not enough money coming in to pay for assistance, so Joan was working without pay. It was on July 11 that we heard, by way of Benjamin as we were talking on the phone to Caroleen and family in Germany, that Caroleen was carrying a baby--her third--to be born early February. It hadn't been easy for them, as I am sure it was not for all those Americans serving in foreign lands, but this did give them an opportunity to apply for a 3-bedroom apartment.

At about this same time, Colin was realizing he had to find a new place for the store--preferably one that could be both home and business. With prayer and fasting and searching a house behind Cornet was located--it later proved to be the one place he could remodel slightly and move into, although it was realized that it would be terribly crowded. The family would live downstairs in what was originally an apartment with 2 bedrooms--frightfully small for the 6 people who would inhabit it. The main floor had two small rooms in front which were to be made into one larger one that would serve as the store proper; the kitchen--a very small one--would be the repair room; and the two bedrooms became basically storage rooms. There was an attic that was solid enough to serve for storage also. No one worked harder to try to make a go of it than did Colin--and Joan and Laird donated countless hours as well. It was to serve, if it didn't make it, as an investment to be deeded to us to help pay back the large amount of money we had to "loan" from time to time, an amount considerably more than we could probably realize from renting or selling it, but at least it was real property, and it served as the last stronghold of our attempt to succeed in a business venture.



This was also the year that we were able to complete the temple work for a number of Joan's relatives and ancestors. August 1 was the date that Joan was able to receive the initiatory ordinances for 34 of her relatives; the 32 male relatives I was supposed to represent were covered by a group of men assigned to do initiatory work that day, so after being ordained for the men of Joan's family I went through an endowment session while Joan finished her assignment. I know she was thrilled that day. Then began the endowment work for these wonderful people. Friday of that same week we took a couple of names of family members through, with a prayer following that these people would receive our offering. Since I had helped years before to search out some of Joan's folks in England, I was almost as joyful as my sweet wife--they were precious to me, too.

During August Brent, Benjamin, and Quinn came down to put in a sprinkling system for us. This was certainly a gift of love. Laird helped considerably, and I did a bit. Others who helped included Thomas Higbee (son of Bob and Virginia) and Jeffrey Campbell. All Brent accepted was the cost of materials and money for the gas. It was a wonderful gift--this being one of Brent's "after-hours-and-summer" jobs for which he has developed considerable skill. It has worked ever since with minor problems--mostly those of repairing cut hoses when tilling or moving plants or the like. The system has been a tremendous help to us. By the 30th of August Colin was able to move his store for the third time--to 191 South 100 East. Joan and Laird and I, along with a few friends from time to time--and Colin and family, of course--did the moving and all that went with it. Colin couldn't afford to miss many days closed, so the whole operation was taking place while at least one person was trying to keep some semblance of business. It was a backbreaking, thankless move of desperation, but as I look back, there were still some good things that happened. I wouldn't ask anyone to go through what Colin and his family--and we, for that matter--went through. The crowded conditions of living in a basement apartment that was not even close to the size needed for a family of six was enough of a problem all by itself. On top of that there was not nearly enough money coming in, partly due to the number not paying for their contracts. And yet there was a spirit of hope and determination, some love shared, and experience gained that I am sure will be a part of the positive side of our eternal natures. I hope we did our best during these times--and I believe our whole family tried hard--not only with the store, but with all our interrelated struggles that were part of 1989.

A few more happenings: on September 29 Joan and I, Laird, Tanya, and Colin met with Ralph and Iris Hafen in the St. George temple and were able to perform sealings (Ralph Hafen being the sealer) for a number of Joan's ancestors. Joan herself was sealed to her parents, and so was her sister, Jean, whom Joan has described as being a special and beautiful child of our Heavenly Father who left Joan heartbroken when Jean passed away. (These were powerfully moving moments in that wonderful evening.) In addition Joan's parents were sealed to each other and to their parents, and a number of other family sealings took place.

We were in contact a few times with Caroleen and Allan, now in Germany; Caroleen was pregnant with Jacob and Allan was having to spend a good deal of time near the Russian sector of Germany, but luckily he was able to be with Caroleen and the children from about October through the New Year. They were missed a great deal. While they were in Germany, Allan's sister, Linda, died from cancer. On October the 17th a terrible earthquake involving the San Andreas fault took place in California--immense destruction and a large number of deaths. This was a sad time for many, but also a time when many pulled together to help each other--we heard of many heroic acts of love and kindness. A few weeks before Christmas (Dec. 6, to be exact) Tanya was taken to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. Christmas saw Caroleen and Allan in Germany getting over earaches, Laird and Tanya eating at home because Heather was sick; only Colin and Dianne were able to be with us for Christmas dinner.

1990 saw Colin struggling to keep the store going, with Joan helping as much as she could, making out statements and trying to get the ends to meet. The brightest spot in the first three months was the birth of Jacob Kirkham Lee, born 2 March in Frankfort, Germany--our only grandchild born outside the boundary of the United States, and the only grandchild born out of Utah except for David (born in Las Vegas, Nevada). Our song, "The Priesthood Is Restored" was slated for use in the Primaries of the Church this year, and we had the privilege of working with a couple of wards in April, introducing the song locally. Then the bombs began to drop. We had all sorts of Music department problems that led to the resignation of Stephen Brandon as Music chair, shifting of David Nyman to another area outside the Music department, and my appointment as temporary chairman until we could get things straightened up. It was a messy time--all sorts of misunderstandings, accusations true and false, and bitter feelings that never did get resolved fully. Nevertheless, Joan and I were able to take our trip to England and Germany for better than a month--from June 11 to July 14--what an experience! There is no way to describe the wonderful time--meeting Joan's family for about half of that time, then going over to Germany to spend time with Allan and Caroleen and the family. From the time we left we had unique experiences--the plane forced to turn back after being out of New York for about three hours, due to engine trouble--back to Gander in Newfoundland for a number of hours, then on with a new, larger plane that gave us all sorts of extra room. By the time we arrived in Manchester we had managed to be a good 12 hours late and had lost a suitcase (later found). In the course of our English visit we spent time in the Yorkshire dales, Fountains Abbey, Bridlington, Scarborough, York (with the Shambles and the

Minster), Leeds, the markets wherever we could find them, and walked miles--oh how I love walking in England! The family treated us like royalty and we got to see nearly everyone, including Joan's nephews. She has a very special family! Ada, Jeff, and Irene were the chief hosts for us, and all their children are choice young people. But we also saw Bob and Dolly and Leslie and Flo and spent some wonderful time with them, too. Of course, I had fish and chips everywhere I could get to a shop. (Be sure to read Joan's account, which is delightful!) On the way to Germany we were able to see out the window of the plane and look at the marvelous green forests interspersed with little villages in, I suppose, parts of the Netherlands and Germany itself. The meeting with Allan, Caroleen, and Jacob was just wonderful, and then we were off to their home where we saw Benjamin and Brittney (who had been tended by a neighbor)--and that was terrific as well. Then we had some fantastic experiences with the family and with the country--the Bishop's wife was at our disposal to take us to a Nutcracker factory, the Mainz cathedral, and the Gutenberg museum (where western printing processes began). We were able to go down along the Rhine--down one side and back the other--visited the Lorelei rocks (while there we climbed the adjacent mountain and were up above when a tourist boat came by, with all the people singing "Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten"--that is, "Die Lorelei". We ate overlooking the Rhine, went to Bonn where we saw Beethoven's birthplace, and a Beethoven memorial, and came back, as I said, on the opposite side of the river. The castles are fabulous! We traveled the Autobahn a number of times, seeing cars and even motorcycles passing us when we were traveling 70 and 80 miles an hour ourselves. Near Caroleen's and Allan's place was a unique field with all kinds of rabbit warrens and other animals living there. We walked to parks and other points of interest that just fascinated me. One day I went alone--with a map and walked some 3 or 4 miles into the center of Frankfurt and back--I don't know when I enjoyed a walk so much--everything was new to me, ancient landmarks were on every hand, and outside of finding myself once in a place I had left behind about 15 minutes before, I made it back without a hitch, but with tired legs. We visited the Frankfurt Cathedral (where we saw depictions of Aaron and Melchizedek--a most unique touch of something long forgotten by the churches, I suspect), the Goethe Haus, the opera house, Heidelberg and its castle, heard an organ and trumpet recital in a town nearby, and of course went shopping--including viewing one of the giant underground malls they have. Their chocolate is out of this world. We attended church and loved it. And Allan and I were able to attend a temple session which was absolutely lovely. I heard part of the session in German, but finished with the English version heard through a headset--unique for me. Some of us also went to a Zoo--I've forgotten where. Before we left I finally got my directions straight. Parting was really hard. Our trip home was also delayed due to storms--we had to come a northern route (I remember seeing Lake Michigan and Chicago below) and were really tired when we finally made it home. Ah, but what a time we had! (Again read Joan's wonderful account and look at the pictures we have in the albums.)

When we arrived back home, the garden and yard was overgrown with weeds and needs, the college (and I as acting chair) were involved in trying to find replacements for unfilled faculty positions, and Colin and Dianne were getting ready to move to the Provo/Orem area. Colin had so many debts and so many thousands of dollars' worth of money owed him that had not come in that there was just no way to maintain the store. The "handwriting had been on the wall" before we left for Europe, and Colin and Dianne had decided to close the business, Colin seeking for other employment. It was a stressful time, the liquidation sales for the Campbell Music merchandise already having started before we left. The bills owing were immense. We all decided to try to keep the house as a rental if and when Colin moved, in the hopes that it would partially repay the amount of money we had loaned trying to keep the business afloat. At the last minute Colin received an offer to manage a branch of Riverton Music in Provo for Mr. Rindlesbacher, the owner of a set of 3 music stores--one in Riverton, one just out of Sugarhouse, and the one in Provo. Mr. Rindlesbacher wasn't sure about keeping all three open, but wanted an interim manager while he made the decision--and Colin fit the need. So in an immense cooperative effort from all the family who could, with additional bits of help from ward members who loved Colin and Dianne and were so sorry to see them go--both had been an influence on their ward that is remembered several years later--a house was found in Orem, the final liquidation sales were completed, all the music, instruments, and materials remaining were boxed up and sent to the Provo store (this included a good part of some fine display cases that had been built for Colin's store here), the cleanup of the living quarters of Colin's and Dianne's place, the moving of all their household goods, the further cleanup and work with the house to make it suitable for rent, and the financial dickering (including our almost futile attempts to keep our debtors paying their bills after the closing of the store) were somehow brought to a semblance of completion. It must be realized that some four or five years after there are still outstanding accounts owed us that are yet being paid--we will never collect half of what was owed at the time of closure. On the other hand Colin and Dianne have made a mark for good in the areas to which they have moved, in spite of all the problems they faced. I must say that through this all, Joan was probably the most helpful and gave of herself most of anyone excepting Colin and Dianne. In addition she was the one who worked through all the financial dilemmas and saw our savings dwindle as we tried to assist. We must not forget all the prayers and pleading and some rather last-minute blessings that occurred, not the least of which was the offer to Colin by Mr. Rindlesbacher that really has blessed Colin and Dianne and the family, even though it was not Colin's area of first love musically. And Colin and Dianne have been able to be of greater influence for good than they could have in Cedar City, I believe.

Well, other events of 1990 included the baptism and confirmation of our grandson, David Hal Campbell, by his father, Colin, 1 Sep. 1990, in Orem. (We were able to be there and enjoyed the service much.) Also, the death and burial of Joy Miller, a member of our ward who had been with us well before I was released as bishop. She was a collector of items (her house, which I helped to empty and clean afterwards, was almost bulging with magazines, books, furniture in various stages of dilapidation, thousands of utensils, pottery, dishes, pans, and the like). She was also a convert to the church many years before. I had felt personally responsible for her while I was bishop, and assigned her to my Relief Society president, Sister Oyler; then later, to my wife. When I was released as bishop we were both assigned to continue with her, so we stayed with her in a home/service/teaching capacity until her death. Joy died on the 6th of September and her funeral was held September 10 with no relatives in attendance. I was called on to speak and the service was recorded to be sent to her adopted daughter (who was not a member of the church).

One other happening of 1990 was the Mountain Meadows Memorial Service held in the Centrum. I was accompanist for the choir of between 3 and 400 people who sang, in addition to other music, an arrangement of mine of the spiritual "There Is a Balm in Gilead." At that service were members of the families and descendants of those massacred and also of the John D. Lee family and others whose ancestors were here at the time. It was a beautiful service that was effectively geared to help heal the wounds of the past. The plaque that I have was given to all who were in the organizational and planning committees, including the choir preparation. During the Christmas holidays we were able to be together with Laird/Tanya and family and Colin/Dianne and family. Allan and Caroleen and the children were not here, of course, but their exciting and unpleasant situation was to confront us right at the beginning of the New Year. For this "bombshell" please read on.

1991: On January 16 we were formally at war with Iraq. Allan had already called us to let us know that he was slated to head for the Arabian Desert along with many others from his area. All kinds of backstage maneuvering--talking of high officials, threats and counter-threats--were of no avail. Iraq had attacked Kuwait and--as we later found--had been extremely brutal in doing so. So on the 16th the planes began to bomb strategic military targets. We found out later that there were lots of mistakes as happens in wars--some of the bombs hurt civilian areas; there were a few cases of soldiers and airmen being shot accidentally by our own men. For days there was little but the war being shown on television. We found out later that part of the problem in locating the bases was that the Iraqis had movable installations of artillery. Back in Germany Caroleen's ward was closed on the Sunday and the whole base was outlined with barbed wire and other protection in case of attempts at sabotage and retaliation. During this time we learned of the death of Les Burbidge, our dentist, who had moved to Salt Lake (he died in a car accident); we also attended the funeral of Sister Iris Hafen, our beloved neighbor, who died of cancer

The war continued--Iraq (or should I say Saddam Hussein) seemed bent on making it a Holy war, and was even shelling Israel from time to time. (I need to say that Israel reacted with marvelous coolness and control and let us do the defending rather than declare war.) They managed to capture a few of our airmen and paraded them in front of the television; we were losing some planes. Then we heard that our ground troops were being sent in--this really concerned us regarding Allan. We heard of one or two from Utah and the west being killed. We found later that Caroleen and the group on the base in Germany were having to check their cars for bombs every time they used them--but within three weeks school was going and they were able to go back to church. Then about mid February the news began to report of the capture of literally thousands of Iraqi troops--we found out later that many were actually voluntarily throwing themselves on the mercy of the Americans. We also learned that so many of them were just young boys barely in their teens. Saddam continued to bristle and brag, but by 28 February the war was tentatively over. It was estimated that over 75,000 Iraqis had been killed while less than 100 of our troops had been lost, although there were a fair number of wounded and quite a few prisoners--but I think the damage to Kuwait was the most intense--in addition to the loss of life and property and torture and even starvation (as we later learned), as a last act the retreating Iraqis set fire to nearly every oil field in Kuwait. The fires burned for months as I recall. But this brings me to the haunting conclusion that wars are so tied up with monied interests and power struggles--from one point of view the United States was simply keeping its own investments in Kuwait intact if possible--people seem to be second to property: "You can have anything in this world for money" (or power, which is basically the same thing).

Then came the "mop-up" and attempts to move back into peaceful situations. As our military people moved in they were shocked at the waste, destruction, and suffering that had taken place, particularly in Kuwait.

How terrible is war, even this short version. Caroleen heard that Allan might be able to get home by the end of May. It was difficult for her and the children in a different way, but the one consolation was that there were hundreds of other wives and families in much the same predicament.

In the meantime, we had lost our beloved former College President, Royden Braithwaite, a member of our ward, who died 11 March; and the day after my birthday I was released from the stake high council. So I was a "civilian" again, myself. Brent and Ronella Campbell's son, Trevin--their eldest--returned from his mission to Argentina; we were able to attend the homecoming in Willard on April 21. It was great to see the family--we have seen each other so seldom over the years. The big news in May was the return of Allan Lee back to Frankfurt (about May 23)--that was a wonderful event, as relayed to us in bits and pieces through telephone conversations and letters. There was a great deal that Allan was unable to tell us, his secret operations being so classified, but we do know that there were heart-wrenching scenes of suffering, mistreatment, hunger, displacement, and the like; also revelations of Iraqi mismanagement and maltreatment of their own personnel and lack of consideration for their own civilian population. We also learned that there were some heavenly interventions that gave protection to Allan on more than one occasion. He was blessed, and so were Caroleen and the children, in spite of all the discomforts and problems they had while waiting.

An old friend, James MacMurray, who served as a Deacon's president while I was teaching the quorum years ago in East Stratford ward, came to visit us. He had turned against his father, a fine lawyer, during his teen-age years (both of them were very headstrong), had gone away from home, joined Hell's Angels (a rebelling group of motorcyclists, had lived on a hippie commune in Arizona, I believe, and had finally, out of his necessity for survival, gone back to Salt Lake. In desperation his father, McCoy, had called down to me as a member of the college faculty to see if he might be admitted to SUSC if he decided to come here--he was interested, said brother MacMurray, in music. He did come--with a rather strong anti-Mormon bias and the same basic quiet rebellious spirit--a "show-me" attitude--but with a good brain not yet destroyed by the life-style he had espoused for the past few years. His hair was half-way down to his waist, as was his beard. He refused to use the dorms and immediately found one of the two or three black young men who were attending Southern Utah State, with whom he bunked for a good time--this being a defiant approach to the Church's relation to the negro at the time. Yet he progressed. He had a brilliant mind and eventually graduated in English with a music minor. One day he decided to go to Institute, his sole object being to discredit the Church and the instructor. He told me later that he went to ridicule and stayed to learn. Brother Christensen, a humble but sharp individual who lived his religion, was the teacher. Near this same time James's father convinced him to go with McCoy to a BYU Education Week. Something happened there--something about which he said little--a spiritual experience that added strength to him. He told me he and his Dad still didn't see eye to eye, by any means, but that there were moments of communication. We had long talks and he came over to our place several times. Slowly we saw him change--he stopped smoking; he trimmed his beard and his hair; he expressed love for his family once in a while. Then it happened! He asked me if I would come over to the Institute on a given evening to stand in the circle while his father ordained him an Elder; he wanted to go on a mission. Even after the ordination we didn't see much physical change, but the day that he shaved and had his hair cut missionary style--almost no one knew him! What a change had taken place. He served his mission, came back, married, but felt unworthy due to something of which I am not aware, and asked that he be excommunicated. When he came here on May 26 he had been married a second time and was accompanied by his present wife, a girl of Asian extraction. If I remember rightly, he was still out of the Church at that time or had just come back. Still the rebel, nevertheless he had a testimony--and never lost it. Since that time he has come back, loves children, is bringing his uniqueness into church focus. I love him much and hope he can follow the trail that leads upward--to the end.

On June 23 Elbert Barnhurst died. While I was Bishop, Elbert was a basically inactive member of our ward, a second husband of a wonderful woman, Verna Barnhurst. During my term as bishop her daughter had a rather frightening experience with some evil and demoralizing dreams. Brother Jay Don Alger, first counselor in the bishopric, and I were asked to go and administer to Christy. As mouth for the blessing I felt to rebuke any evil influence that may have been present. We all felt good about it, and Christy was blessed with a complete recovery from the nightmares and feelings. Since that time, Brother Barnhurst had begun to suffer from health problems, and gradually began to turn his life around. He had become basically invalid, but had taken the temple preparation seminar and prepared himself to go through the temple. He made it through "by the skin of his teeth" in terms of his health, and was approaching the end of his life rapidly. Then came a call from Sister Barnhurst to say that he was so ill, and was lingering in so much misery, that the same team (Brother Jay Don Alger and I) would please come and release him. This was rather unique. He had suffered day after day for so long. I blessed him to be free from pain and suffering, placing him in the Lord's hands, so to speak, and we left. We didn't know until the next day that he had passed away--in fact, it was less than a half hour after the blessing that he was gone--peacefully and without lingering. The faith of Sister Barnhurst needs to be mentioned here. We simply reflected her faith in both cases.

On July 19 Allan and Caroleen and family were back in Utah! Allan had felt from the beginning that he was "railroaded" into the Army under the duress of struggling to make ends meet. They came to visit us around the 24th of July--what joy to see them! and to know that they were safe! Allan was able to get a contract to teach school at Moab. Our education department acted in the same way education departments have acted from the beginning--Allan was given all sorts of hassles due to oversights and technicalities--and sometime

stubbornness of those who think they are all-powerful--but in spite of that he was able to meet the letter of the law and teach successfully (we all knew he would!) for the year following. He had to teach one year before they would let him even think of himself as a teacher, but he managed to show his worth to the extent that his immediate superiors in Moab came to his aid at certain telling moments so that the technicalities were overcome.

September 8 was the date on which Colin was called as first counselor in his ward bishopric. He was sustained on the 15th and set apart. He deserved that chance to show the love that really exists within him. He has a sensitive nature that responds to others--sometimes to his own disadvantage--but there are qualities in him that will endear him to the ward members. They will love him and respond to him. That same day (the 8th) Bishop Higbee and the bishopric were released in our 9th Ward and Brad Schmutz was sustained as the new bishop with Gayle Warner and Dorian Page as counselors. Both bishoprics have been excellent. Bishop Higbee did a great job in building the youth and Bishop Schmutz has carried this area on. But each bishopric is unique and serves in its own fashion, slightly different from all before and after.

Other events of 1991: Tanya gave birth to a record-breaking 11 pound 7 1/2 ounce, 23 1/2-inch-long baby boy, the first male in Laird's family, and a joy to us all--he was listed as Laird Scott Campbell, his name for this life, at least; he was born the 9th of October at the Valley View Medical Center in Cedar City. Nine days later (October 18) our beloved Aunt Wynona Cottrell died--she was the last sister of my mother, Vilda; only Alton and Dale Kirkham remain alive of the children of Hyrum and Mabel Kirkham. Wynona was the third of 5 sisters (Vilda, Fern, Wynona, DeEsta, Roma Kirkham). And lastly, on the day of our wedding anniversary we were on our way to Orlando, Florida, for the annual convention of the National Association of Schools of Music. This was an exciting trip, our first (and probably only) trip to Florida and to the Disney World center where all the meetings of the convention took place. We had mixed feelings--I think we both felt that we needn't have come to such an expensive place for a convention (although we have heard of many even more expensive and lavish national get-togethers of other groups. On the other hand, there were some spectacular things to see and do that would probably have passed us by had we not been there. Since NASM is for colleges and universities the only people we knew were heads of departments from other Utah universities and Mark Mecham (former teacher at Southern Utah and now head of a college music department back east) and Steve Brandon (ditto, only in the midwest). At that time the Southern Utah State College (soon to become Southern Utah University) was fully accredited and given member status for the first time.

The year 1992 saw Dr. Suzanne Collier Draayer (also teaching at Southern Utah University) and I getting ready for her recital in the Assembly Hall on Temple Square. This recital, performed on January 24, included a suite of songs I wrote based on poems for children by Walter De la Mare. At the time of the performance we saw a number of the British saints who live here, who heard about the event and came to hear us. Meanwhile the stake presidency were trying to strengthen temple attendance and, upon suggestion from one or two I had been asked to call Dr. Hugh Nibley to speak to us about the temple, his knowledge being so great. He had written back to me that he would be unable to do so, as his health was failing to the extent that he needed to be within close range of his own doctor. So the stake authorities decided to have me speak about fostering a love for the temple, using material from some of the great Nibley works that deal with the House of the Lord. This was an all-stake meeting for temple-permit-holding persons and was attended by several hundred people. I really studied and prepared and felt a good spirit in presenting the material. We had members of the temple presidency and their wives in attendance, who seemed to feel good about it.

It was in March, the 21st and 22nd to be exact, that Benjamin Lee, Allan's and Caroleen's oldest boy, and Brian Peter Campbell, Colin's and Dianne's third, were baptized and confirmed by their fathers in Salt Lake. It was really nice to get us all together, as Laird and Tanya were able to be there as well.

Since it was my retirement year, May 28 was the date of an open house held for me to which a fair number of the old faculty and a few students came. It was held in the Music Building and was more or less under the direction of Paula Porter. A few days later (June 3), was a retirees banquet, with Maude Halverson and Virginia Stitt speaking in my behalf--others who retired that year were Burch Mann, Gary Davis, and Tom and Betty Kingsford. I received a plaque and a gold watch, as did each male. A lot of fol-de-rol, but I appreciate what was done. The feelings and expressions were genuine for all of us. Less than a month later a series of earth quakes (the strongest being 4.3 on the Richter Scale)--not enough to create real damage, but sufficient to make us all a little jumpy. Three months went by, and on September 2 we were awakened by a quake of the magnitude of 5.9 (so we found out later). There was some damage to some homes in the area--but not really serious. Recently, however (1994), we examined our house to consider putting a normal roof on it, and to our surprise we found numerous (30 or 40) vertical cracks--some reaching from foundation to roof--none that cannot be repaired by insertion of some metal "slats", but obviously occurring after we had painted the sides of the house the last time. We are of the opinion that they were the result of the earthquakes--perhaps and probably the last one--mentioned in this paragraph. We were told that cinder block (of which our entire

outside walls consist) is particularly vulnerable to cracking during quakes, as it will not give at all. So we are planning to finish this repair job during this coming summer of 1994.

Well, 1992 went by. When the new school year began, I was asked to continue teaching one class in composition. This was primarily for the students who still needed to complete work under the old schedules. After this second year--the 1993-94 season--I believe I'll pack it in: the music department is going a different direction in emphasis and my services will be more or less extraneous to the main thrust.

On the 28th of February, 1993, Joan and I were called to be stake missionaries and I was called as ward mission leader. While our assignment is geared toward non-members, our own ward has so few that the Bishop asked us to spend a good part of our time working with less active and prospective temple attenders. As a result of this, we soon were able to organize a Gospel Principles class with three teachers--Richard Nielson, who himself was not attending for several reasons, and Kent Bishop, who, along with his wife, were sitting back, even though their eldest son had just left for a mission to Germany--oh, and I was one of the three, also. We have managed to keep the class going to the extent that, when we completed the Gospel Preparation material, the Bishop allowed us to turn the class into a Gospel Doctrine class, catering to the same people and trying to build it up a bit with a mixture of actives and less actives. We also began to print a little one-page announcement to be delivered to all class members and potential members once each month--it is called the "Clarion" and contains the outline of subjects to be taught each Sunday, along with a few encouraging remarks and pertinent dates to remember. We hope this has not been in vain.

Graham McDonald, a neighbor and friend, died April 23 of that year. On the same day we were in Salt Lake attending the East Stratford Ward 50th-year reunion. What a wonderful time we had, with dozens of people whom we knew and loved in years past, and found out that time has not diminished that love in the slightest. They reciprocated by sharing their love with us! I wouldn't have missed that for anything.

In May we were set apart as "special" temple workers. This came about as a result of the new approach to temple ordinance work in the St. George Temple and some others, I understand. The object was to have officers and teachers with temple recommends learn various parts and ordinances they can perform, pass them off in training sessions in the temple, and be able to collectively man (woman) a temple session from time to time with people from various stakes, with a minimum of help from the full-time temple workers. It has been a delightful experience thus far, although we have been used only a few times at the veil and in the name booths. Oh, yes, we are qualified as first or second followers in the Endowment sessions.

Two other ward members died in July--Melba Rowberry, who lived across the street from us, and Kay Bryant, who lived on the next street west. It was on August 7 that we were able to connect with the Mathews family reunion held in Cache Valley and then to get with a whole group of Campbells in Salt Lake--the Campbell group spearheaded by Craig Campbell, son of Sidney and cousin of mine. This was the first time in 40 or 50 years that we had seen some of Uncle Sidney's children. It was a wonderful experience and one that we hope will be repeated.

Then came the visit of Jeffrey and Irene Day, Joan's brother and sister-in-law! They arrived on October 14 and spent a delightful almost-two-weeks with them. We managed to have them see all our children, including a trip to Moab in order to see Caroleen and Allan and family. One of the highlights was a trip to the St. George Temple, at which time Jeff was sealed to his parents.

One more death occurred on our street--Ellen Olofson died the 10th of November. And in December we finally succumbed to getting a slightly used 1993 Dodge Dynasty--our old one was really beginning to cost in terms of repairs. As usual, Joan had carefully planned so that we could pay cash rather than put it on credit. Then on December 22 we learned sadly that Uncle Mart Ludwig had died of a heart attack in Salt Lake. We were unable to make the funeral itself, as we were over at Caroleen's in Moab, but we were able to drive up to see most of Mart's and DeEsta's family. We need to keep in touch.

The year 1994 was not too far under way (February 22) when Dr. Peter Vinograde presented a concert at the Randall Theatre, at which time he played my piano pieces entitled "Connections," written especially for him. He had premiered them in a recital in the Far East--Taiwan, I believe, but this was their American premiere. He performed them delightfully. On March 4 we were up in Salt Lake for the baptism on the 5th of Colin's and Dianne's youngest--Jennifer. Laird and his family were able to make it also. It was really nice. On Wednesday, April 12, I was asked to play Ravel's "Pavane" and some music of my own, as well as to accompany Jennifer Jarvis \_\_\_\_\_, who sang Schubert's "Gretchen am Spinnrade;" I chose to play about 12 short selections from my "Folk Songs a la Carte". Then on the 15th we had a

neat little party for our Sunday School class, to which some 34 people came. We had lots of food, and played 3 games. We must do this more often.

Came June: The month began nicely with the baptism of our granddaughter Brittney on the 5<sup>th</sup>. But on the 14<sup>th</sup> Joan, under the hands of Dr. Stultz, had a biopsy taken of her right breast, she having had during May some mammograms that raised questions about a possible cancer. The biopsy indicated a little cancer in the breast, and she found it was going to be necessary to have the lymph nodes removed from her right arm. On June 24 Joan was in the hospital for surgery, during which time 22 lymph nodes were removed—and ONE of them was cancerous. This meant—after a several week healing process—a long bout with radiation treatments on a 5-day-a-week basis. Faith and prayers were exercised frequently, and blessings did attend us—and especially Joan—during those trying times. As an addendum, Joan was released from 21 years as ward choir director. She served through three or four bishoprics, I believe. I watched her from the time she took basic conducting directions in the mission field to the point that she could direct our choirs with sureness, accuracy, and sensitivity that would equal many choral directors with much more formal training. She set up a calendar of Sunday Sacrament hymns for the year that introduced more hymns to the congregation than most wards have in their repertoire, and worked out a choir program that gave constant variety, yet within the framework of Sacrament-meeting worthy music. Few will know how much she gave of herself—with love overcoming the fear and trembling she first exhibited.

August 16 saw the birth of our 12<sup>th</sup> grandchild—Katherine Lee. How grateful we were, but how sorrowful it was to learn that she had a cleft palate. Again, prayers and fasting, but gratitude for the fact that she had no hare lip. Caroleen and Allan had a tough go, but their faith, diligence, and working together—coupled with skilled service by various doctors and assistants—have seen her through to the point that she speaks clearly and is a delight to be around. She is intelligent and quick thinking—like the rest of her siblings. We are so thankful.

The year 1995 included, among other happenings, the following:

Feb. 10--the death of my uncle, Alton Kirkham, one of the quiet unsung heroes who turned his life around from drunkenness, business failure, a family come-apart, and near death to a loving father, trusted husband, temple attender, and a provider for his family. He certainly is great in my eyes.

Feb. 23—our son, Laird, was called into the 14<sup>th</sup> Ward bishopric. How pleased we were. He is not a shirker, will be honest in his counseling, and will give full service.

On July 4 Dr. Williams—our beloved family doctor and ward member, died. He was one of the finest diagnosticians around. Joan and I had been his home teachers and were quite close to him. A day or so before his death we went to visit him. He hadn't spoken to any of his family members for several days, but when we came in I went over to him, took his hand, called him by name, and he responded to me with "Oh, Hal." We talked for a bit. It was a choice time.

Our granddaughter Katherine Lee had successful surgery for her cleft palate on July 13; our granddaughter, Elizabeth Campbell, was baptized by her uncle Laird November 4; and on Dec. 14 I learned that I had received first place in the Utah Composers Guild for a choral work and 2<sup>nd</sup> place for a piano piece.

1996 started with a joyous opportunity for Joan and me—a call by President Metcalf of the St. George Temple to work in the Temple. We were set apart as temple workers by President Metcalf on February 7. Wednesday was our day for a while. It took a little time to memorize the ordinances, but each week it became a little easier. There was always a wonderful spirit at the Temple—the cares of the world fall behind, and gradually the joy of service replaced any worries about memorizing and performing the ordinances properly. There was always someone to assist. My first "trainer" was Brother Kelm, a convert from Germany who came over after World War II—what a faithful and patient man he was. But many others helped, and we were soon becoming old hands at it. For about two and a half years we served on Wednesdays, near the end of which time we became assistant supervisors for that mid-shift (October 13, 1996). The Brethren decided that they would begin a Monday shift—the temple being closed on Mondays up to that time. We were asked to change to Mondays and became the second supervisors for the Monday shift, set apart May 11, 1998.

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There was but one shift on Mondays—beginning for us at 5:15 a.m.—so we were up at about 3:00 each Monday. When we arrived we would check in with the night watchman, then we would begin getting everything ready—turning on the lights (my first job), getting all the assignment cards out, and several other little but important duties so that we could be ready for the separate study meeting for brothers and sisters at 6:30, to a combined prayer meeting at 7:00, and on to the first endowment session at 7:30. The getting up early was a bit of a chore, but once we arrived the same sweet Spirit pervaded the whole day's events. We also were responsible for closing the ordinance rooms at the end of the Monday shift—about 2:00 in the afternoon. It was a choice experience, climaxed only by our call to the London Temple mission—which will be told in its proper time.

Other events of 1996 of note to me include: the death of my old first counselor, Jay Don Alger—peaceful and sudden as he went to sleep one night and didn't wake up the next morning (February 31); the regional Conference with Elders Eyring and Wirthlin, at which I conducted a regional choir that sang, among other numbers, my setting of "Our Savior's Love" and "Lord, I Would Follow Thee" (April 21), two events pertaining to my brother Brent and wife, Ronella—the marriage of their son, Aaron in the Salt Lake Temple (June 7), and another son, Quinn, leaving on a mission (September 15); and near the end of the year (November 30) a policeman in our ward—Kelvin Orton—was baptized (as I recall he had been a member and fallen away—and we were among those who befriended him).

The year 1997 began with a new bishopric for our 9<sup>th</sup> Ward—Dixie Leavitt as bishop, David Slack and Lee Wood as councilors. The change was made January 19, Brother Leavitt having returned from his service as mission president in England (his headquarters—Leeds).

I was called as stake mission president on March 13, and set apart March 16. I am not by any means a great missionary, but with good assistnats and several quite dedicated stake missionaries there was some success during that period when I served.

Other events of 1997: On May 18 our son, Colin, was called as bishop of the Belvedere Ward in Salt Lake (Having served his time and being released now I know that he was loved very much by most, if not all, the ward members and has served faithfully and well.). We had the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary celebration of the founding of Southern Utah University. Deaths during the year included two of our home-teaching persons—Isobel Williams (March 21) and Alex Williams (May 21). But on the other side, Paul and Aleen Stewart of our ward, were sealed in the temple in their "twilight" years—we were thrilled.

The event of the year was our Campbell family reunion, held in Beaver with Allan and Caroleen acting as hosts. They reserved the Beaver Armory for April 1 and 2, and it was delightful and heart-binding for Barrie, Scott, Brent, and I, our families, and Mother LaRue. Good food, games, remembrances of times past shared by all, and testimonies—all surrounded by love—made that a never-to-be-forgotten experience for me, and I hope for all who were there. That was the last time we have been able to get the whole family together—about 50 of us.

Near the end of the year I began to have more bouts with a racing and irregular heart, so I went to see Dr. Crandall, who said if it didn't worry me it didn't worry him, but he gave me some tablets to help.

In January of 1998 (the 29<sup>th</sup>) our oldest grandson, Jeffrey Eugene Campbell, was called to serve in the New York City North mission. On March 28 another grandson, Jacob Kirkham Lee, was baptized. Joan and I had a three-week-plus trip to England from May the 12<sup>th</sup> through June the 3<sup>rd</sup>, which was a great time for both of us in getting with the family and visiting the Preston Temple just before its dedication. It was good that we were able to make the trip, because shortly after—February 24, 1999, Joan's 73-year-old brother, Robert (Bob) Day, died

Other events of 1999 included: the "premiere" performance of my paino concerto (February 25), our son-in-law Allan Lee being set apart as second counselor in the Beaver 4<sup>th</sup> Ward (March 14), a re-writing of our will and getting all our important documents found, updated, and put in order. April 12 1999 we were released from the St. George Temple to prepare to go on a full-time mission.

And then came the call: On June 24 we received a mission call to the London Temple mission. What a glorious experience! Let me summarize some of the main events pertaining thereto, realizing that we have a whole album of photographs, documents, letters, and other material relating to it in our album "library." Also, Joan kept a good diary that covers the mission time. A "day-by-day" summary of the training and travel appears below:

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Aug 6, 1999: All around the Provo Temple conducted by the Temple engineer. P>M> sealings under Pres. Sonntag, who counseled us to learn the words to all the ordinances (incl. Sealing). Testimonies by Pres. and Sis. Sonntag.



Aug. 7: On our way to Fairfield Inn in Bountiful. Col and Dianne ate dinner with us at Denny's. Played games with some of the missionaries late evening.

Aug. 8 (Sunday): After a continental breakfast went to Colin's ward. A sister ward member, Winnie Smith, told Joan her maiden name was Osborne and that Poppy Osborne (of the Osborne family taught by my Grandfather Kirkham on his mission to England in the early 1900s) was her aunt. She had been to Salt Lake for her endowments and had died in her 40s. Ate at Dianne's and phoned some family members before leaving.

Aug. 9: To the Salt Lake Temple for 8:00 a.m. live session—Betty Campbell (Dan's wife); was the veil director!. Then an hour with Robert Dunford on missionary policies; other discussions on finances, health maintenance, and Sis. Rasmussen on travel plus tickets and passports.

Aug. 10: Into the Salt Lake Temple where we viewed video on correct procedures of all temple ordinances. Heard Elder Abrea talk on being partners with God in helping His children. A p.m. session, last minute shopping, and back to Fairfield. Brent was able to come for a few hours. Caroleen and Family called to say goodbye.

Aug. 11: To Colin's for laundry and for Colin to take us to the airport. Of all days—a tornado hit Salt Lake—found out later it just missed the new Assembly Hall, injured about 100 people, killed 4. Traffic jams made us take an hour to get to the airport—and that by way of an unused road. Waiting to see us off were cousins Dick and Marilyn Taylor, Leone Kirkham, Jerry and Thora Shaw, and Caron and Elizabeth. To England in 2 stages—Salt Lake to St. Louis, then St. Louis to Gatwick.

Aug. 12: Picked up by some temple missionaries and taken to apartment on the Temple grounds. Saw Ronald and Sandy Heaton from Cedar—here to pick up their son.

Aug. 13 (Friday): Day of shopping to get larder filled and transact other business. To the bank to change money, Penney's for wall cloth, Safeway for groceries, etc. Afternoon met the Temple Presidency and a grand tour of the temple. It is possible to get lost in it, I find. We were set apart as temple workers for the London Temple.

Aug. 14: Began working in the temple and worked until almost 6:00 p.m. After dinner walked around the temple grounds—found many blackberry bushes with berries beginning to ripen.

Aug. 15 (Sunday): Church—branch: Sunday meetings in Visitor's Centre. Joan called family members including Ada and heard that Flo is getting morphine through I.V.s

Aug. 16: To the town of Lewes—shopping and seeing the Lewes castle—castle not too spectacular, but the view from the top of the hill was lovely. Weather was very nice—hot. Went to sing-along in the evening.

Aug. 17: Into the regular temple pattern. It's going to take days to get used to finding my way around. Have to get used to small sessions (sometimes less than 5).

Aug. 18: Assignment sheets are for one week at a time—early shift one week, late the next—same pattern each day for the given week. Taken to Surgery (doctor's office) to sign in so that we can get service when needed.

Aug. 19: Heard that the Cedar 9<sup>th</sup> Bishopric was changed—Brothers Wood and Slack were released. Kip Hansen and Colin Twitchell were sustained. To the Grasshopper Inn (ancient 14<sup>th</sup> century remnants) for a supper—these types of "pubs" are called "carveries"—smorgasboard type of service.

Aug. 20: Early shift—A.M. to 2:00. Groceries and shopping at 3:15. Managed to get a radio, hair clippers, and some music I need for a program in November.

Aug. 21: To the temple by 5:30 a.m. Home about 1 p.m. Started a form letter for home folks and went to set up chairs for the Sunday meetings at the Visitors Centre.

Aug. 22 (Sunday): Met a High Council member, Brother Scarlett. I'm impressed. Also with brother Earthrowl, our Sunday School teacher. Evening fil of Jesus Christ (part II)

Aug. 23: 9:30 to Eastbourne on the coast. Fish and chips not as good as at Yorkshire. In the evening heard Daniel Rona, a Mormon Jew—showed similarities of Judaism and Mormonism—fascinating! Got form letters ready for mailing.

Aug. 24: Practiced A.M. while Joan went to Tesco's (big grocery and general store). P.M. shift; home about 9:45. Vacationers bring children and spend their vacations at the temple—wonderful and amazing and heart warming!

Aug. 25: P.M. temple, home 9:30 p.m. Practiced some in the A.M.

Aug. 26: Practiced !.M. P.M. shift. Hosting a number of people from the continent who stay about a week doing solid temple work. Home about 9:40 p.m.

Aug. 27: Shopping A.M. Joan's left hip was hurting. Leslie's 78<sup>th</sup> birthday. Joan phoned and found Flo critically ill—not expected to live past Monday.

Aug. 28: To the temple about 10:15. Soon to be assigned to supervise the initiatory area—am currently working on the door recommend desk. Went for fish and chips with the Chivers—good fish/chips! Back home about 9:45.

Aug. 29 (Sunday): Did some accompanying for the block today. Joan still having trouble with her hip. Saw part 3 of Jesus Christ film.

Aug. 30: Had to open the temple today—being there about 6:50 a.m. When you get inside there is a screaming, piercing, continuous alarm system that sounds until you have programmed the code properly. It's a bit nerve wracking, but I suppose necessary. Evidently in England the theft and break-in rate is high and most buildings, including our accommodation Centre, have burglar alarms and are carefully locked. We get in our Centre only with a key all evenings and all except peak visiting hours—9-4—and all apartments are locked. Also most public buildings have fire-protection doors ever so often throughout. On Bank holidays (this is one) the temple is open and so there is no trip today. Practiced in the P.M. and we saw Fiddler on the Roof at the Visitor's Centre.

Aug. 31: David's 17<sup>th</sup> birthday. At the door as usual. Saw a sister from the Falkland Islands (the F.I. members are assigned to the London Temple). She came to do temple work and have her recommend renewed by Pres. Morley. Only 4 reg. Members of the church in the Falklands (5 with a new-born baby). She comes 2 times per year to renew her recommend and do temple work. Her son is Branch President in the F. I.

Joan has an index of significant events taken from her diary as follows: Sept. 2—Flo (Joan's sister in law) died about 8:20 p.m.—She was a special lady. Oct. 4—Hawaiian Luau (held for all the workers). Oct. 25—Costume Party (for all the workers). Mar. 1, 2000—assigned as Rota (this is the equivalent of shift supervisor); released Sept. 14. Sept. 20—Ken Overend (deceased brother in law of Joan), his parents and older brother have their temple baptisms (this with the consent of Joan's sister, Ada, wife of Ken, she not yet a member of the Church). Oct. 7—a special sealing day (on this day a goodly number of Joan's deceased ancestors and relatives were sealed to their respective spouses, parents, etc.). Oct. 30—a series of bad storms flood the Temple (but the temple was closed just a day or two and we were right back in business). Nov. 22—our 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. 2001—our mission is ended. Let it be known she has some 112 pages of diary pertaining to the London Temple mission that is well worth reading. She was a loyal, faithful missionary—and my Sweetest of Hearts!

The London Temple was the designated temple for the following people: temple-worthy saints from the 27 stakes in southern England and Wales; the Portuguese; the French; saints from Holland; saints from Iceland; the four or five members from the Falkland Islands; members from British colonies. There were wards in London whose saints were primarily of African ancestry, many of whom attended and several who worked there. The workers represented so many different walks of life—seamen, colonials, former British military, a Gypsy, a Hungarian refugee escaped to England, a member of the landed gentry, a clown (emeritus), former atheists, a reporter for a major English paper, a Nigerian emigrant, and many others.

We had but two shifts—from about 6:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. and from 2:00 p.m. to about 10:00 p.m. We alternated morning and afternoon shifts. Mondays generally were free for cleanup, washing, traveling within a 50-mile radius to the hundreds of points of historical interest, and a joint family home evening. Joan and I, in addition to many musical services we were called to perform, were the activities chairpeople for the branch. Thursdays were grocery-shopping days—each shift using the off time to go to stores for their weekly supplies by means of a bus owned by the Church. Sundays were spent on the temple grounds, usually getting together, doing home and visiting teaching, sometimes having a guest speaker or group for evening firesides—quiet reading, genealogy work, etc.—these in addition to the regular church meetings.

Let me bear testimony that temple work and service is an essential part of the true gospel, that temples are houses of the Lord, that the priesthood authority is here to perform those sacred ordinances that open the way to exaltation when covenants are kept diligently and obediently. The Temple is the gateway back to God's presence, the place on earth where heaven and earth meet. Jesus is the Savior who stands at the veil inviting all who will to be enfolded in His arms of love.

January 4, 2001, was our date of leaving London for home. That was difficult, excited as we were to be coming back to Cedar.

During 2001 we experienced the following: Within two months (March 3) Ruth Betenson, our dear next-door neighbor, died. We learned on April 5 that our grandson, Benjamin Lee, had been elected student body president of Beaver High. On May 31 we went to the St. George Temple to complete baptisms and begin work for some of the ancestors and relatives we had connected in England. (This was a choice duty to perform and we involved several family members in the completion of the ordinances.) Under the direction of Aaron and Aimee Campbell (Aaron is Brent's son) we were able to get a good part of the Campbell brothers and families together (not quite so many as when we met before our mission) and had a glorious time. It was great and Mother LaRue was able to be there, brought by Scott and Shana (Scott being my half brother). This took place June 29 and 30. On September 11 the whole United States population experienced the attack on the Twin

Towers and changed the direction of America. Six days later, on the 17<sup>th</sup>, Sally Hunter Jensen and Dixie Morrell (both former music students of mine) performed my song set, "Someone—And Others".

2002 was significant to me in the following ways: January saw grandson David Campbell leave on his mission for the Belgium—Brussels mission. On February 2 Peter Vinograde (a concert pianist and friend from New York) played the premiere of my two-part piano piece, "Preludetude". That was fun. But on March 25 I began a series of racing/irregular heart episodes—three of them in 2 weeks—that led to an out-patient bout of heart surgery in Salt Lake City. An anointing, given by Allan and sealed by Laird, was fulfilled wonderfully. There were no problems and the "cure" has been effective to the present. We had a new bishopric given to us on April 28—Bishop LaNor Warby, with Dorian Page and Robert Heaton as counselors. Our grandson, Benjamin Lee, was ordained an Elder, prior to sending in his mission papers; and on August 30 our youngest granddaughter, Katie, was baptized in Beaver.

During 2003: On March 17, my 76<sup>th</sup> birthday, we saw the farewell services for the 222<sup>nd</sup> National Guard Unit leaving for Iraq. On March 28 I received a distinguished service award at the SUU awards banquet. On Sunday, March 30, three former ward members died: Ruby Bradshaw, Georgia Jones, and Elvin Cox. We had a lovely "duet:" on May 17 Benjamin Lee received his endowment in the St. George Temple and on May 30 Brian Campbell received his endowment in the Salt Lake Temple. Ben is the son of Allan and Caroleen Lee and Brian is the son of Colin and Dianne Campbell. They are both ready, I believe, for missions. Both grandsons left in June for their respective missions—Brian Campbell to Tennessee and Benjamin Lee to Taiwan. They are serving well at present. You will note that most of what you may read here relates to our children and their families. Jacob Lee, a grandson, earned his Eagle award before his 13<sup>th</sup> birthday but had to wait until August, when he was then 13 years 5 months old, for his Eagle court of honor. He is currently attempting to complete all the merit badges offered by the Boy Scouts and is well on his way—just a few more to go.

And in 2004: The big event so far is the temple marriage of our eldest grandchild, Jeffrey Eugene Campbell (age 25), to Katryna McDermott on February 13 in the Salt Lake Temple. They were sealed by Jeffrey's former mission president, Elder Rasband of the Seventy. And the latest death in the family is that of my stepmoth, LaRue Rawlings Campbell, who died Thursday, April 8, in Boise, Idaho (age 92).

As to our grand-daughters, we have three 18-year-olds graduating from high school: Caron Campbell (Laird's and Tanya's second daughter), Brittney Lee (Allan's and Caroleen's second child)—both graduating from Canyon View High School in Cedar City—and Jennifer Campbell (fourth and youngest child of Colin and Dianne), graduating from Highland High School in Salt Lake City.

I am so grateful that all the children and grandchildren are holding at this point to the "Iron rod" of the gospel. My hope is that all of us will be found true to the faith through the remainder of our lives. I love the gospel message and its Author, the Lord Jesus Christ. I have a testimony that Jesus is the Anointed One and Hope of our salvation, that Joseph Smith was the prophet of the restoration and true to his calling, that the priesthood of God is on the earth, and that President Gordon B. Hinckley is the Lord's anointed mouthpiece and prophet for this time, being May 6, 2004.