

The Autobiography of
Lois Call Knapp

1926 – 1997

I was born January 11, 1926, at Burley, Cassia County, Idaho to Aaron Willey Call and Lydia McMurray. I was the sixth of eight children and the first daughter.

My older brothers were Dean, Merrill, Wayne, DeVerl, and Ray. Maxine, my only sister, and Jay, my youngest brother, were born after me.

When I was very young, our family moved to a farm located on the edge of the desert at Declo, Idaho, a very small farming community east of Burley.

The first home I remember was a big stone house on this farm. My sister Maxine was born there as well as my youngest brother Jay. I remember the day Jay was born. All of us kids had to stay out on the front porch while the event was taking place. Mrs. Helen Weeks came to help and she was wearing a red checkered housedress. I didn't have to go to school that day, which was almost as exciting as getting a new baby in the family.

I remember lots of experiences the family had while living on the farm at Declo. I wasn't very old, but I can remember Maxine falling to the bottom of the basement stairs in her walker. I will never forget the old goose that used to chase me to get my bread and butter, succeeding in his efforts and then pecking me on the rear end while I was down. We did not have drinking water. I used to go with the boys to haul water on the old 'stone-boat'. The stone-boat was a heavy piece of iron, approximately 6 x 6 with a single tree that was pulled by horses. We would fill our big milk cans with water and haul them home on the stone boat.

My dad worked at the Equity in Burley, which was a farmer's paradise. It had everything from nuts and bolts, to animal medicine and supplies. He worked long hours,



which often left mother and us children home alone. She kept us busy and on task most of the time, but with six boys and the old farm horse she had plenty to worry about.

One day, DeVerl broke his leg when he fell off our old horse. I remember Dr. Espey coming to set the leg. Dad hung a pulley over his bed with a bucket of dirt attached to the rope that ran through it. The bucket was tied to his foot providing the weight to keep his leg set. My Aunt Della and Uncle Wallace sent him cookies in a big round can that he did not like to share. Uncle Wallace worked for the U. S. Government on an Indian Reservation in Walla Walla, Washington. He had a friend, who was an Indian Chief. He had him sign a postcard as a souvenir for DeVerl. His signature was a picture of two guns and two calves, representing his name, 'Two Guns White Calf'. He is the Indian on the nickel coins. We thought that was really exciting. DeVerl was in bed for weeks and I remember it used to be such a treat to feed him and help him with his drink, which he drank out of a glass tube.

I was always quite small for my age. I remember weighing 33 pounds in the first grade. My brothers would lift me up and stand me on the first step of the bus because the steps were so high for my short little legs. Once I had to recite a poem in the second grade and the teacher had me stand on a chair so the students in the back could see me. I also remember not being able to see over most of the desks. When I was 12 years old I weighed 47 pounds on my fathers 47th birthday. Six years later I was a whopping 88 pounds when I graduated from high school. I grew to be 4' 10" and never weighed over 100 pounds, unless I was expecting.

I started school while in Declo. Our schoolhouse was an old red brick building. We lived so far out that the school bus didn't come to our home. We had to walk four miles to the nearest bus stop to catch a ride to school. We would leave home before daylight and arrive home late, sometimes after dark. The temperatures were extremely cold and we always dreaded leaving home and making those long cold trips for the bus. I remember bundling up in long wool stockings, overshoes, heavy coats and mittens until I didn't know how I was going to walk. We used to have severe winters with lots of snow. The snow would pile up and drift over the top of the fences. We thought it was great fun to walk on those hard packed snowdrifts and travel over what used to be a fence.

One day on the way home from school, the older, bigger boys on the bus were teasing my brother, Ray and me about being little and not being tough enough to take the cold. They would sometimes pick me up and pass me from one boy to the next, teasing me all the time about my small size. On this particularly cold day, they began their teasing and said I would never make it home because it was so cold. I decided I would show them that although I was a tiny little girl, I was tough. When we came to our stop, we bundled up for the long walk home. Ray put on his gloves, but I did not. I was determined I would show the bus bullies how tough I could be. The farther we walked the colder I got and it seemed like we walked forever. I don't know why, but I raised my hands above my head and walked home holding them that way. When we finally reached home, mother opened the door to let us in and I passed out. My dad was working at the time and we had no telephone to call for help. With no doctor close or anyone she could contact, mother looked in the Boy Scout book for help. Following the directions for frostbite, she soaked my hands and arms in cold water. My hands were so cold that the water froze. I remember crying with the pain and mother rubbing my hands and arms with Vaseline. My hands were terribly swollen and hurt so badly I didn't know if I could stand it.

When Dad finally got home, they rushed me to a doctor in Burley. He told them that the frostbite was so severe they would have to amputate my arms at the elbows. Dad and mom were not willing to accept that devastating news and took me home. Dad called our good friend and neighbor, O. Jay Cobbley who helped my dad administer to me.

During the weeks ahead, mother spent a lot of time working with my hands. All the skin and a good share of the flesh came off from my hands and fingers. I spent months crying a good share of the time because of the pain. When the skin grew back, mother thought it would help to support my fingers if she put nickel sticks on them hoping to help them grow and stay straight. The sticks were taped to my fingers, but they made blisters and sores on the tender new skin and had to be removed. I missed school all winter that year. Mother spent hours rubbing and massaging my fingers. We felt sure that by doing all we could to doctor the frostbite, and mother's constant care, along with the priesthood blessing offered, my hands and arms were saved.

I used to rub my fingers almost constantly trying to help them and remember always sitting on my hands or trying to keep them covered with something and out of sight. Finally, after months and months, I could use them a little. Mother fed and dressed me, and took care of me all the time as I could do very little for myself.

A few years later, our family moved to Burley and I started taking piano lessons. My fingers were so crooked that more often than not I couldn't hit the right key. My fingers ached and were so weak that I became very discouraged at times. When I got to high school and started to learn to type, that was another difficult challenge, but I learned and managed to stay at the top of my class for two years.

I have always been very embarrassed and aware of my ugly crooked fingers. They still ache and get cold easily even after these many years. I still have several stiff knuckles that don't bend, but I am so thankful and grateful for these ugly, crooked, old fingers. My hands have been a constant reminder of the power of the priesthood and the witness of a miracle in my behalf. They have done an awfully lot of hard work and brought me many blessings.

My parents decided to buy an 80-acre farm and move closer to Burley. On October 31, 1934, we moved from Declo. I remember the date because it was Halloween the first night we stayed in our new home. We were located two miles south of Burley in a small community called Overland. That place will always be home to me. We had so many wonderful family experiences while living there. There was lots of work, but always so much fun and love.

I always had to help with the farm work. I used to like to ride the cultivator in the spring and drag my bare feet in the freshly plowed ground. I had to thin and weed sugar beets, hoe beans, cut spuds in the old spud cellars, and haul hay.

I used to hate to go out and work in the fields, because I was so small and the work was so hard. Nothing was as bad as picking potatoes or topping sugar beets. When we picked potatoes we wore potato harnesses made out of leather with a board in the back and a big hook on each side to drag the sacks by. We would carry several gunnysacks on the back of us and

drag the sack we were filling between our legs. I would get so exhausted that I felt my back would break.

Dad was the best farmer in the whole valley, and I have never seen anything to equal his sugar beets. They used to be so big I could not lift them. My brothers would have to get them out of the ground for me and then I would get on my knees and cut the tops off while they were lying on the ground. I could hardly lift the big knives we used to use. We'd help load them on the wagon, pulled by the team of horses and Dad would take them to the beet dump. They were then hauled to the sugar factory and sold. Sometimes we would bring pulp from the processed beets back to feed our cows.

One time, when we were harvesting sugar beets, dad put a team of horses on a big wagon with sides on it. Two or three of us would be on each side of the wagon to shake dirt off the beets and throw them up in the wagon until the wagon was well loaded. One day, I picked up a fairly good-sized beet and threw it so hard it went over the wagon bed and hit my dad on the head. He came around the end of the wagon determined to find the guilty party and when he did, he really gave me a piece of his mind.

Dad always loved beautiful horses and he always had the best teams around. There were no tractors or machine driven equipment. Work horses were the power behind the farm work.

We used to store our hay in haystacks using a derrick and horse. The big derrick fork had about six tines and was hooked onto a big long rope. The horse would pull the fork of hay into the air and then dad would trip the derrick fork onto the stack of hay. It seems I always had to handle the derrick horse and I was always so small and so afraid of that big workhorse. Dad was so fussy and haystacks had to be just so. One day he had hollered at me all morning. I was on the ground leading 'Old Bess', the derrick horse. I was either stopping too soon or stopping too late, but never stopping just right. I had had my fill of the horse, the hay, and dad. I decided after lunch I would show him a thing or two because he had been so impatient. When he took hold of the fork to get up on the haystack, I lead the horse out just as far as her lead would go, which lifted him about ten feet above the stack of hay. I just let him hang there until

I got good and ready to let him down. Boy he was mad! He climbed down off that haystack and really warmed my britches. I suppose I deserved it.

I especially loved the fall of the year on the farm. It was always a fun time and I looked forward to each year. I thought it such a thrill to watch the threshers and help mother fix big meals for them. In those days the threshing machines and the crews went from one farm to the other and the day they harvested on your place you fed them. Mother would make huge meat loafs, homemade bread and pies. I remember us younger children having to wait for our dinner until all the men had eaten. I was always so afraid that there would never be enough food left by the time I could eat.

Threshing time also meant that we could get new straw in our ticks for another year. The ticks were made of heavy canvas the size of a mattress and were filled with fresh clean straw each fall. They were so much fun and so high. By the next fall the straw would be completely mashed to about 2 maybe 3 inches thick, not making a very comfortable bed.

On the farm we had a big apple orchard south of the house. In the corral there was a long red shed for the cows and a red barn for horses. Dad kept all the horse harnesses in there. There was also a small red building where dad kept his tools. I remember DeVerl and me going out to the shop one day. DeVerl had picked up a pulley and was going to throw it in the door. It went up in the air and came down on his head knocking him over. He was small for his age also, and it really laid him out. It seems to me that when we had accidents, DeVerl was the one it usually caught up with.

We used to help dad with the irrigating by setting or changing the dams in the ditches. The dams were large pieces of canvas that had one end sewed so that a wooden pole could slide through it. The pole was long enough to span the ditch. The canvas would be placed in the ditch to stop the water. The water level would rise and spill over the sides of the ditch and run out into the fields. On one occasion, DeVerl, Ray, Maxine and I climbed up on the back of our old horse and rode off to change the dams. I was the last one on the back of the horse. Some how, during the course of our trip, DeVerl hit the horse with the shovel and he kicked and

fussed until I was bucked off and stepped on. I sported a big ugly bruise for several weeks, and was never too eager to ride a horse again.

Another mishap that I recall happened around the family dinner table. Our table was round and had two leaves that we used to extend the table. Dad had made a bench so that three of us could sit on it at the back of the table. My assigned seat was in the middle of this bench. One night after supper, I was sitting there alone and dad and one of the boys were taking the leaves of the table. It was so close to me that it pinched my neck in the table when they pushed the two ends together. Everyone thought it was so funny and they just stood and laughed. It seemed like forever before they pulled the table apart and set me free.

We had a canal that went through our farm. My brothers used to play and swim in the canal and have so much fun. I couldn't swim, but enjoyed wading or playing near the water's edge. One day, dad and I were walking along the canal bank after working in the field. Dad just picked me up, threw me in the canal and said, "Now swim!" All I can remember is that I could not swim. He finally got me out, but it left me so frightened of water. To this day I am still afraid of water and as a result my baths are very short.

We had a cistern, which we used for our drinking water and what was needed around the house. The cistern was a big deep well with a wooden cover over it and a frame that had a pulley at the top. A rope ran through the pulley and a bucket was tied to the end of the rope. We would lower the bucket down into the well, fill it with water and pull the bucket back up. Then we carried the water to the house or where ever it was needed. Once, my older brother Dean was hiding by the cistern. He knew I was afraid of cats. When I came by he jumped out at me and said, "If you don't catch this cat, I'll throw you down the cistern." He had one of our cats, which he threw at me. It scared me so bad that I have never liked cats and am still afraid of them.

Maxine and I had lots of fun experiences, playing house in the old shed. We could make dolls out of anything, including sugar beets or hollyhocks. We loved to go picnicking in our apple orchard, playing along the irrigation ditches and the canal, herding cows and bringing them in from the pasture at night to be milked. We used to walk about a quarter of a mile to the

little country store and gas station called Kelley's to get a nickel's worth of 'Blackies'. This was one of our favorite candies made of black licorice and cut into small pieces. In those days a nickel bought a good-sized sack of candy. Some nights after our chores and work were done, mom would make hamburgers with all the trimmings and we would cook them outdoors on a big black grill. We would have track meets between dad and the boys. They would compete in the pole vault, the high jump and many more fun activities. We made our own fun and had many wonderful times together.

When dad could, he remodeled our house adding a bedroom, bathroom, and a bigger living room. This made our home very nice and comfortable. Dad's health was never very good, but he and mother always worked hard. It was a priority to help those around us who were in need. We were taught at an early age the benefits of hard work and helping others by our parents' example and our first hand experience.

Maxine and I took piano lessons from Mrs. Goldie Anderberg. I used to hate to practice and I am sure that most weeks Mrs. Anderberg could tell. She was always so sweet and good to us. She was a crippled lady, but took such good care of her home and family. As I grew older I learned to play well and enjoyed playing for my family, school and church.

I was so excited when I learned that Maxine and I were going to take dance lessons. My dad's brother, Darrell, and his wife had a dance studio in Burley. We learned the basics about different kinds of dance, but my favorite was tap dancing. We had two or three dance reviews and mother made us the cutest costumes. I had so much fun dancing and have enjoyed it all my life.

Mother was an excellent cook. Her meat loaves, fried chicken, pies, cakes and homemade bread were worthy of a blue ribbon at any state fair - and all on a wood burning stove. She used to bake ten loaves of bread every day but Sunday. When she baked pies, it was eight at a time. With a family of ten, nothing was done in a small way and seldom was it enough. She used to do a lot of canning using two-quart canning jars. We used to help her prepare the vegetables and fruit, fill the jars and put them away for winter. I remember pulling taffy candy and it would just crackle when she would stretch it. We used to make molasses

candy too. Everyone loved to go to Lydia's to eat. I used to help her wash clothes on the old scrub boards. Dad grew a big garden and lots of their friends from town would eat out of our garden.

Dad's brother, Russell, and his wife, Aunt Lavern, lived in Burley. They had children who were similar to our ages, and sometimes we would spend a Friday night at their place. We thought they were rich! Uncle Russell had a grocery store and we used to walk through the store and could not believe all that was stored on the shelves. Their family had milk in bottles that were delivered, not from a cow like we had. They had cereal in boxes, even wheat biscuits, and an inside bathroom. They always had something new and fancy to show us when we would visit.

We bathed in a large, round tub. The water was heated on the stove. We would put chairs around the tub and hang quilts on the chairs for privacy. Mother used to make our soap. She would render lard and use lye along with some other ingredients that I don't remember. She would boil it in a big kettle and then put it on the roof of our shed to dry. When it was ready for use, she would cut it into squares about 3 x 3 and it would be about 1 ½ inch thick. It had quite smell to it, but it was so good and kept everything white and fresh.

In those days no woman or girl ever wore pants. Mother always wore print housedresses with full aprons over them. We always wore homemade clothes. Mom sewed our dresses and made our 'bloomers' (underpants) and t-shirts out of flour sacks. The 'Western Special' name brand stamped on the sacks would still faintly show even after being soaked and faded in vinegar. Our woven, long wool stockings with garters to hold them up were an item of clothing we really disliked. When I left home for school, I had them up. When I got to school, I'd roll them down. Then before I reached home, I'd pull them up again. I suppose mother was smart enough to figure it out, but I always thought I had her fooled.

Mother used to curl our hair on rags. She would tear a rag about 1 ½ x 5 and then wind our hair up like they do now on electric curling irons. I had long, thick hair so mom used to fix long ringlets.

Life on the farm was not easy, but it was a routine we grew up with. We were up by 4 a.m., whether it was cold or hot, summer or winter, holiday, Sunday or weekday. We always had chores to do, food to fix, wash always waiting to be done by hand, mending, and long, busy days working in the fields. Boys and girls shared in what needed to be done at the side of dad or mom. Then there was homework, supper and more chores and then finally, bed, usually well after dark. Lessons in hard work and the value of skills learned along with many cherished memories were our only pay.

As a child I never understood the hard times and concerns my parents faced raising a large family in the depression years. As I grew older I realized how blessed we were to have had what we did. Jobs were hard to find and dad was one of the fortunate ones to have work and keep it. What he earned was meager and stretched to the limit. What we could grow or make is what we lived on. What we had was made and worn, mended and worn again, remodeled, patched and made do.

I remember men used to come through our community looking for work. They would be so destitute and hungry that mom and dad always took them in and gave them a meal and a place to sleep.

There was one man who was really desperate. He was sick, shabby and had no shoes. Dad made a place for him to stay in the barn and mother included plates of food for him with ours. After a few days he felt he was rested and well enough to travel on. I recall the morning he left. Dad gave him a pair of his shoes and put a silver dollar in the toe of them. I can still see the man as he thanked us for everything and tears ran down his face. He said he would find a way to repay us, someday. Years later, at a particularly hard time for my folks, a letter arrived which \$50.00 had enclosed - no name, no explanation. We always felt this gentleman had kept his word and sent the money.

My family was active in the church. My parents were always busy serving in a variety of leadership, and teaching capacities. On January 28, 1934, I was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Earl Wood baptized me in the old Burley Tabernacle. I had to be baptized twice because one of my long ringlets did not go completely

under the water. Although I was typically excited about being baptized, I always felt bad because my father didn't baptize me.

I can remember when dad bought our first car. In order to start the car you had to turn it over by using a crank, located at the front of the car. We thought we really had it made. To celebrate and try it out, he loaded all ten of us in the car and we went camping at Howell Canyon. We stayed three or four days, which was a big vacation from the farm. On the way, dad stopped at a little store and bought a colored, funny paper and each of us a 'nickel stick', which was an ice cream treat on a stick. We had never seen a funny paper nor had anything but homemade ice cream before. It was a trip to be remembered.

Dad took some chickens along and when we made camp we also made a fence to keep the chickens in. We had fresh eggs for our breakfasts and a chicken fry just before we left for home. We cooked on an old time tub, turned upside down. Dad had cut a hole in it and when a fire was built under it we had a dandy stove. We cooked hamburgers, hot cakes, etc. on that camping stove. We didn't have a tent so we slept under the stars, covered with the big old quilts mother used to make out of worn out overalls, cut into pieces and tied together with heavy yarn. They were so big and heavy you could hardly move under them. We called them "He Quilts".

I attended the Southwest School during my elementary school years. At recess we played hopscotch, marbles, jump rope, jacks (using little rocks) and teeter-totter. Another girl in my class was very small like me so she and I would get on one end of the teeter-totter with a larger person on the other end. With the two of us on one end and one other student on the other end, we could balance just fine. It was a lot of fun to have 'peanut showers'. We would choose a date to surprise the teacher, save a nickel and buy a large sack of peanuts. On a given cue we would throw the peanuts at the teacher. She was usually just coming in the door or writing on the blackboard with her back to us, but always it was an unexpected surprise for the teacher. We would laugh and giggle and scramble to pick up as many peanuts as we could. We would eat peanuts and throw the shells on the floor. You could bet not much would be taught or learned on the day of the peanut shower, and we loved it!

We didn't have a school lunch program so we took our lunch from home wrapped in newspaper and tied with string. The lunch always soaked through the paper. This was a mess because we usually had fried egg sandwiches.

In May of 1941, I received my Burley Junior High Promotion. I was on to bigger and better things as I prepared to enter the next step of my education. The next year I received an award for 100% attendance and was recognized for having no tardies.

I enjoyed my high school days and was proud to be a Burley Bobcat. We were a small school and everyone knew everyone. I participated in most of the organizations, both as a member and as an officer. I enjoyed decorating for the school dances and always had a date for the Sophomore Hop, Spinster Skip, Senior Ball, Sweetheart Ball and the Junior Prom. My first formal cost \$3.99, which we ordered out of the Montgomery Ward catalog. When there wasn't a school dance we used to go dancing at the Y-Dell, a big dance hall east of Burley. It had a huge ball or light in the middle of the ceiling that reflected various colors as it continually turned. Typing and particularly shorthand were my favorite subjects. I enjoyed art classes too, in spite of the fact that the teacher always called me 'Louis'. The year I was a senior, my government teacher, who was the assistant principal, asked me to be his secretary. This was quite an honor. I graduated from Burley High School and received my diploma in May of 1944.

In June of 1944, Mr. John Hasley, one of my high school teachers, got me a job as secretary and bookkeeper for the M. H. King Company. Milton Herman King was the founder and owner of the King Variety Stores, which at that time included ten stores throughout Utah and Idaho. Their main office was in Burley. Mr. King was old and gray; a very gentle and kind man. He had a clubfoot and walked with a cane. His son and daughter also worked in the office as bookkeepers. I always thought it was a great opportunity to know this family. I did typing, used an adding machine and maintained a record of all the things sold in the ten stores on a monthly basis. We did not have electric typewriters then. Our typewriters were just plain old hand return carriage, erase your mistakes and type it again machines. They were black, either an Underwood or Royal make. My adding machine was big and had a handle on the side. I had to pull the handle down every time I entered a number in order for it to register. It

also had a big roll of paper I inserted in the back and threaded by hand. I enjoyed my work very much and made good money by the standards for those days. My wage was \$75.00 a month. With it I paid tithing, helped mom and dad, bought all my clothes and personal needs, and put a good portion of it in savings.

During this time World War II was in full swing and food rationing was put into effect. Mother used to trade her coffee stamps to women for their sugar stamps. Many young men acquainted with my family were being drafted to serve in one of the armed forces. It was a time of great concern for our country, our community and our family.

My brothers Wayne and Ray received their draft notices. Wayne was to serve in the Air Force and Ray in the Marines. It was difficult to send these brothers away to war. They would write to us and tell us of their training, challenges and adventures. It was hard to imagine them so far away and engaged in day to day combat. Our thoughts and prayers were always in their behalf.

Wayne used to write to us about Sergeant Al Knapp, a fellow he had met from Idaho Falls. He used to say, "If I wasn't already married and Al was a girl, I'd grab him." They served in the Air Force in England and were to be discharged about the same time. As it turned out, Al was discharged first and came to Burley to see Wayne before he was home. Al stayed over night with our family and returned to Idaho Falls the next day. Wayne had also written to me about another buddy, Chris (Willard Christensen), who I had been writing to. Chris had asked me to go down to Brigham City, Utah on my vacation and meet his family. I made arrangements and went down for a few days that fall. When I got there Chris had gone to Idaho Falls to see his friend, Al Knapp. I was a little put out to think he wasn't there to meet me. Later that day, he came home and had his friend with him. When I saw Al I thought to myself, how handsome can a guy get? He had black wavy hair, a yellow long sleeved shirt and light brown dress pants. From then on I didn't give Chris another thought.

That evening Al called a girl friend he knew from there and the four of us went canoeing. Needless to say, I was jealous of Al's friend Fay and so disgusted with Chris. I cut my vacation short and headed back to Burley.

I soon received a letter from Al (much to my surprise and everyone else's.) He came back to Burley on the bus to see me, not Wayne, on November 26, 1945. We went to the movie 'Gone With the Wind' starring Clark Gable and Vivian Leigh. Believe it or not, he asked me to marry him the next day and then left to go back to Idaho Falls. He started building a home for us and I didn't see him again until Christmas when he gave me my ring. What a short romance!

He has always said when he looked at my knees he knew I was the one. I don't know about that, but knees or not he asked me to marry him and I wasted no time in yessing him.

We were married Wednesday the 27th of February 1946, at 12:30pm in the Idaho Falls Temple by President David Smith. Both my parents and his were there. What a chance I took, but I am sure that I got the most wonderful husband that was ever created. We didn't have a honeymoon, but he has always said it was a honeymoon just to live with me. He has been such a wonderful companion, example and father and I will always be so thankful and eternally grateful for him.

He built our first home on Cleveland Street, just across from his parents in Idaho Falls. It wasn't quite finished when we were married, but we fixed it up the best we could. I had saved some money and bought a kitchen stove, table and chairs, bedroom furnishings, couch and chair for the front room and had a big hope chest full of things I had sewed and saved. We had a wedding reception in Burley and an open house in Idaho Falls so we were ready to start our lives together.

Al worked for his brother in law, Barney South, that first summer at the saw mill in Island Park. It was such a fun summer. We went early before any of the other families moved up and built a new little log cabin for us to live in; just four walls and a partition in the middle to separate the two rooms. Al's older brother, Warren, lived up there with his little boy Steve. They had a car and spent lots of time showing us the sites. Island Park was such a beautiful place. There were pine trees, wild animals and scenery right out of a picture book wherever you looked. I used to go with Al in the big logging trucks into the timber to haul the logs to the saw mill. We would always see deer, elk, moose or bear. My folks came up for a few days and

it was exciting to show them the places and things that had become home to me. The heavy snow came in October and we moved back to our home in Idaho Falls in October.

Within the next few months we sold our home and bought three lots further down on Cleveland and across from Central Park. There we built our second home. Al took a job as a plumber working for Ernest Terry.

Our first child, a beautiful little girl, was born October 17, 1947. We named her Lois Ann. She had so much black hair and weighed 5 pounds, 12 ounces. Our home was not complete. We had no bathroom, kitchen cabinets, or floor coverings. We had no refrigerator, washing machine, crib, high chair, or car. But we were so happy! We continued to work on our home as we could afford it.

Our second, another daughter, was born August 9, 1949. We named her Kaye. Now we had two beautiful little girls. Kaye had lots of black hair and weighed 5 pounds, 12 ½ ounces. She always had quite an appetite and was an awfully fat and healthy baby.

Two years later, our first boy, Douglas Al, was born on August 31, 1951. We were so happy and so blessed. Now we had as many kinds as anybody. He also had lots of black hair. I thought I had done myself proud because he weighed a big 7 pounds 10 ½ ounces.

With our numbers increased to five, we really needed more room, so we decided to add onto our house. Our present house was cinder block, which Al had put up himself. He got logs and peeled them for the new addition. They were really attractive. We added on a lovely big living room with two picture windows, two bedrooms and a bathroom. We now had a big, lovely, modern home.

In September of 1948, Al went to work for the Post Office. He was a substitute mail clerk for a while. He then carried mail until 1958. He transferred with a clerk who was retiring and moved inside. He was then made a clerk and worked night shifts from then until his retirement in 1976. He managed to keep himself busy because while working night shifts at the post office, he drove school bus for Districts 91 and then 93. He also did carpentry work part-time, filled a stake mission and built a new house.

Just 17 months after Douglas was born, we were blessed with another daughter, Karla. You can't believe the black hair and dimples. She was born January 24, 1953. Everyone would comment that they had never seen so much black hair on such a beautiful baby. I used to curl it in curlers, soon after they were born. I managed to keep myself busy, and my spare minutes were few and far between, but the babies were always so good. Al was always so good to help with them, as well as the many endless chores there are to keep a household going as it should.

My life was certainly busy with Al's schedule, our church responsibilities and our little family that required so much attention. I had never learned to drive and so where I needed to go I walked or had to wait until Al was free to take me. We had a large buggy that we used for a crib as well. I would put the baby in the buggy and the older kids would walk along the side of the buggy holding onto the frame. I am sure we were a sight that turned heads as we fell into formation and made our trips to the doctor's office, shopping downtown Idaho Falls, or other places we needed to go.

With three little girls there was always hair to be curled and dresses to make. Our children were born with lots of thick hair and so I used to curl it and show them off with fancy little hair dos. I loved to make their clothes and it was so fun to see them in dresses that were all alike. Until I got a treadle sewing machine, I sewed them by hand. There were ruffles and lace and tucks and gathers. It was so much work, but worth every effort. No one had cuter little girls than we did when they were all dressed up and ready to go. Our boys were a little easier to get ready and dress up, but they were handsome little boys and we were so proud of them. We seldom went anywhere that we didn't get compliments on how neat and tidy, and well behaved our kids were.

Ann started school in 1954. She had to walk quite a few blocks by herself to get to school. I remember worrying so much about her. David South, her cousin, stayed with Grandpa and Grandma Knapp most of the school year so he would meet her on the corner of Cleveland and Holmes and escort her through the traffic lights and on to school. This was on his way to the High School. I appreciated it, but I'm sure he didn't enjoy the arrangement even

though he never complained. By the time Kaye started, a new school had been built just a few blocks from our home and they walked to school together.

We had lots of fun family times while living on Cleveland. We belonged to the Idaho Falls 9th Ward. Al worked with the Scouts and then was the Elders Quorum President. Living across from the park provided our children with a great playground.

We had many good neighbors and friends. However, we had a family that lived on the corner that caused us some concern. I was alone so much of the time with our little children that I became very watchful of this family and their children. They roamed the neighborhood at will and considered what was yours, theirs. One day, I noticed all the apples on our apple tree were on the ground. A closer look revealed that each apple had one bite out of it. I was not happy! I had a pretty good idea who would have done such a senseless act. I watched and I waited. It wasn't long before I saw the little pest coming down the sidewalk and so I stepped out of the house to confront him. He took off running and of course the race was on. I caught him by the collar of the shirt and down we went. When the dust settled he was on his back and I was straddled across him. I gave him a good piece of my mind, and while he was pinned and I had his full attention, I gave him another piece of my mind. When I was through I let him go. We made a visit to his father and explained the situation. His response was very simple; "I should have drowned the bunch of them when they were born." I always felt that was a pathetic situation to have a parent feel that way. Because my kids had all stood at our picture window and watched what had happened, they have teased me over the years about chasing this little guy, throwing him to the ground, sitting on him and giving him a royal chewing out. Their version of the story has grown and become quite comical to us all. It was satisfying to me as neither the kid nor his brothers came around our place again.

Our fifth child, and second son, Alan C. was born April 24, 1957. He weighed 7 pounds 3 ounces. We were so proud and happy to now have two sons. Alan was a fat, husky baby. He had lots of hair, but it stood straight in the air so we kept it cut in a butch until he was in grade school. Then we spent years trying to lay it down.

While in the first grade, Doug had Nephritis (kidney infection) and missed the last three months of school. He spent two weeks in the hospital and the remainder of the three months right in bed. His teacher and classmates were so thoughtful. Several times they made cards and gifts for him. Occasionally, the whole class would walk to our home to see him.

As our family grew older we decided it would be wise to make a change in our lifestyle. We liked the idea of raising the kids in the country with more responsibilities and room to grow. In October 1958, we bought 1-½ acres on First Street from Frank and Mamie Longhurst. We designed our new home and began its' construction. We lived in the basement the first winter and the next summer while we finished the upstairs. Al did all the carpentry, plumbing and electrical work. We had so much room, big windows in the front room, and it was covered on the outside with yellow brick.

We had so many fun times while living there. We had several animals. Our first cow we named Tiz. We bought the kids a pony and named her Flake. She gave us 2 colts, Lucky born July 13th, 1961 and Misty born August 1962. We also had several calves and pigs. And of course we have to include Lady. Lady was a beautiful boxer dog that was such a good pet and friend to us.

We had the best neighbors anyone could wish for, Wesley and Thelma High. I remember the first time I saw Wes. Someone knocked on the door and when I opened it I was frightened by what I saw. A tall, thin man with an old hat pulled down over grayish, uncombed hair standing on my step. His once blue overalls now had dirt, grease stains and too much barnyard on them, as did his shoes and hands. His weathered face broke into a jack-o-lantern smile and with a true country accent he welcomed me to the neighborhood. It really set me back. After a few awkward words, I could tell he was genuine in his welcome. His wife was just the opposite in build...not very tall, and not very thin. She wore her hair in a bun most of the time, blue jeans and men's work boots were her common attire. They had two daughters, Julie and Betty. They farmed, milked cows, and had a hen house full of egg laying chickens. We bought our eggs from them. We became such good friends. Dad enjoyed helping and being with Wes. Any question we had on our animals he could answer. Thelma was like a mother to

me. She was always so concerned and helpful. They fussed over the kids and would bring them treats quite often. In 1965, Wes was crushed by the bed of his old hoist truck and died. Thelma sold the farm and moved into Idaho Falls until her death several years later. They were always so good to us in every way they could be. We shall never forget them.

We were members of the Iona Ward and met many nice people who became good friends over the years. Activities in the church and the opportunity to serve in various callings were a big part of our lives. Good teachers and friends influenced our children both in the church and at school.

In 1959, Ann brought home the chicken pox and it ran its course as each one of the kids had their turn, one at a time. I remember not leaving the place from November until the end of January.

My days began early, a habit formed when I was young I suppose, and ended late. They were full of countless chores; cooking, playing, canning, washing, reading, helping build the house, sewing, homework, gardening, and much more. But, I was doing what I loved.

With Al's busy work schedule he tried to sleep when he could during the day, so I tried to keep the kids entertained, but quiet. We played Parcheesi, Make A Million and Rook a lot. We had a Carrom Board and loved to play Crokinole. We would flip our taw into the colored rings and see who could clear the board and fill the pockets first. I loved to play games and was pretty competitive, but I truly believe I tried to be a good sport when beaten, (but I never liked it!) Al and I used to read stories to the kids before bed. A few I remember were Call of the Wild, Black Beauty, Old Yeller and Pollyanna.

It's funny the silly things you do that become fond memories. I used to make a huge bowl of potato salad. We would eat it, and eat it, but the thing I remember is lining the children up around the snack bar and feeding them the left over salad with one fork. They looked like a nest of little hungry birds. I remember popcorn every Sunday night, bread men hot and ready when the school bus brought the kids home, and fresh gingerbread was often in the air. I remember Saturday night baths, shoes to shine and clothes pressed and laid out for Sunday. I remember nights I was so tired I could hardly get into bed and before I knew it another day

beginning to the sounds of 'The Early Bird Bob Show'. So many, many, wonderful memories. I am so thankful for those busy, happy years.

My favorite holiday had to be Christmas. What a wonderful time of year! Dad always tried to be so patient as we went looking for a tree. I was fussy and it had to be round and bushy. We had our tree up within days of Thanksgiving, but it was out of the house, sometimes by Christmas night. I would be so anxious to clean up the needles and get the house back in order. I would take days to decorate the tree. We always had lots of lights and a collection of ornaments we saved from our first tree up to the latest art project to come home from school. The time consuming and final touch was the icicles. I placed each icicle on one by one, and we had hundreds on the tree. It just had to be right, or I had to do it over. Later, when tinsel became a thing of the past, I gave into spraying snow on the limbs, which was always pretty.

Our family drew names and exchanged those gifts on Christmas Eve. Christmas morning started about 3 a.m. as the kids could not contain their excitement any longer. Santa Claus never disappointed us! My day was spent enjoying my family around me, playing a new game, working on a new puzzle, taste-testing treats from the stockings all hung in a row and in the kitchen fixing a traditional favorite.

There were years when Santa would burst through the door days before Christmas and surprise almost everyone. "Have you been good?" "What can Santa bring?" "Be extra good and mind your dad and mother", and then off he would go and our children would be a buzz. They never saw the wink and smile exchanged between dad and mom. It was so fun to make it so fun!

On May 11, 1960, our sixth and last child, JoLyn, was born. She also had lots of curly black hair. We all enjoyed, loved and spoiled her so much. She was walking at 9 months. She looked like a little China Doll.

My father passed away November 9, 1961. He had never been a healthy man and the last few years had been especially hard for him. My folks were living in Twin Falls at the time and had a nice little home in the city. Mom continued to live there and we looked forward to her visits even though we missed 'grandpa', not being with her.

In February of 1962, we had some sudden warm weather. The unexpected run off caused Sand Creek to over flow and we were caught in the middle of a flood. The neighborhood evacuated with the exception of the Higs and the Knapps. Our basement was completely flooded destroying the furnace and walls, as well as many other things we could not get out in time. The floors in the upstairs were so cold from the cold water in the basement that we took the mattresses from the beds and put them on the floor in front of the fireplace. We spent a good deal of time in front of that fireplace because it was our only source of heat. The kids thought this was great fun; no school, no church, no chores! It was several days before the water started to recede and the roads were opened. We had a good food supply in our storage and had gotten along pretty well. The clean up was the hard part. Buckets of muddy dirt and water along with dead mice and garbage that had floated in had to be hauled up the stairs and thrown out. We had to wash down all the walls and then disinfect everything. It took a few weeks to repair the damage, but we also had some fun times to remember.

We decided we would like to have a larger piece of ground to keep the children busy and take care of the animals we had. In the summer of 1964, we bought three acres on Hitt Road in Lincoln. We sold our home on First Street and bought a single-wide trailer to live in while we built our new home. We were awfully crowded in that little space, but we had lots of fun too. We did not have a basement. After the flood we decided that was one thing we would gladly give up. Al did most of the work again and by now the kids were old enough to help. He even made the cabinets, which were made of birch. They were beautiful.

We moved into our new home in August of 1965, the day before school started. We were so happy and enjoyed our new home, new ward and new friends so much. I guess those following six years were some of the happiest we have had. We were in the Lincoln Ward and our Bishop was William Turnbull. Al was called to be the Ward Clerk.

About this time, we had children going to school at Lincoln Elementary, the Junior High in Ammon, and Bonneville High School. School assignments, extra curricular activities, as well as primary, MIA and chores around the house kept everyone busy. We really enjoyed going to the Bonneville basketball games. I have always loved basketball and found myself jumping up

and cheering or disagreeing with the referees just like a kid or an out of control adult. It was a lot of fun to sit by the radio as the away games were broadcast, and with my score card etched out on loose-leaf paper, I would keep track of each point and foul made by the Bees and the opposing team.

We enjoyed so many fun camping trips. We liked to go to Island Park, because Al knew the country so well. He loved to fish and we enjoyed the woods. We often saw wild animals, which was always a thrill. We slept under the stars or in the back of the pickup or car, and cooked over the fire. I remember one trip when we found a camping spot next to a little creek. While we were setting up camp I kept saying, “Stay away from the creek”, “Don’t get in the water”, “The first one to fall in the creek...” etc. I don’t know for sure what happened, but I fell in the creek! I was the first one to get wet! I have never quite been able to erase that story from my family’s minds.

We never had much as far as material wealth goes. Dad worked long hard hours to provide the necessities and to make it possible for me to stay home with our children. I was so blessed to be able to stay home and not have to work. We always had to make our own fun, but always had so much love in our home. Our children have always been so sweet, kind, and obedient. We were rich in so many ways!

Ann graduated from high school in May 1966 and was valedictorian of her class. She has always been such a wonderful, talented, obedient daughter and a blessing to everyone. She married Rex E. Coleman on November 3, 1973 in the Idaho Falls Temple. They have three beautiful girls, Caralee, Tiffany and Kimberly. They have made their home in Terreton, Idaho, where they raise cattle and farm.

Kaye graduated from Bonneville High School in May of 1967, third in her class. We were so proud of her. She married Gordon Dean Hales, November 14, 1970, in the Manti Temple. They have four children, Jason Dean, Jana Lyn, Sara Ann and Ryan Scott. Their home is in Ucon.

Douglas graduated from Bonneville High School in May of 1969. He was third in his class also. After a year he received a mission call to Argentina and served there from August 1970 to October 1972. He was a very successful and wonderful missionary. While on his mission he became acquainted with a sister missionary named Janet Pickering. They were married April 20, 1973, in the Salt Lake Temple. They have had seven children, Amy, Douglas Boyd, Krista, Katie, Janie, Laurie and Darin Justin. They live in Coltman, and Doug is a councilor at Bonneville High School

Karla graduated from Bonneville High School in 1971, with high honors. She married Victor Arlen Oswald February 19, 1983, in the Idaho Falls Temple. This was the first opportunity Al had to marry one of his children. They have made their home in Rigby and have four children, Tyler Arlen, Jeremy Justin, Casey Victor and Kelli Loa.

Alan graduated from Bonneville High School in 1975. He went to Ricks College where he met Ellen Ruth Prestgard. They were married in the Idaho Falls Temple June 28, 1979. Al was so privileged to have the opportunity to seal their children, Justin Reed and Alison Jo to them in the Idaho Falls Temple. Alan works as store manager and salesman for Rocky Mountain Supply.

JoLyn was a 1978 graduate of Bonneville High School. She also graduated with honors. We are so proud of JoLyn. She has always been blessed with a keen mind, a quick sense of humor and a desire to do what was right. Over the years we have tried to help her with health challenges. I know she does not feel well, but she tries to remain happy and positive. She cares about her family very much and appreciates their support and concern. She has devoted countless hours to the research of our ancestors. Hundreds of names have been submitted for Temple work through the family file JoLyn has maintained. She has been a valuable employee for Mutual of Enumclaw as a Claims Service Representative and has been repeatedly honored for her efforts. No one could have a better daughter or friend, and I know she will be blessed for the good life she lives.

As our children grew older and married we enjoyed family parties with them. We tried to meet once a month. It was so good to see everyone, catch up on the visiting, play games,

hear the laughter and feel the love in our home. Our Christmas Party was a particular favorite. Everyone was invited to participate in a program. The grand children acted out the nativity, carols were sung and gifts were exchanged. Santa Claus often crashed the party with bells ringing and a bag full of presents. I would try to have a different, festive dessert each year. The best part of all was having our family together.

We really have been blessed with a wonderful family and I doubt that anyone can match the record they have all set in school, church, or work. They are hard working, honorable people who have a sincere desire to serve the Lord. I am so proud of each one of them. They are in my thoughts and prayers daily.

Al and I had always tried to go to the Temple. It was not always a regular weekly or monthly routine, but we tried to go when we could and always had a Temple Recommend. When Doug left on his mission we committed to go regularly each week. This was the beginning of what became a wonderful opportunity for both of us. It wasn't long before Al became a veil worker. It was a privilege to do this work and we grew closer because of the time spent together.

Al was called to be a Temple Officiator, July 21, 1973. This was certainly a blessing to us. He enjoys this calling so much and is a wonderful officiator. He spends three nights a week there and sometimes more.

I was called to be a stake lady at the Idaho Falls Temple in March of 1977. I worked two nights a week. I loved and enjoyed this work so much. We made so many wonderful temple friends. We have enjoyed their friendship and the opportunity to serve the Lord. I was honored when I received a letter from the Temple Presidency in March of 1980. It had a picture of the Idaho Falls Temple as a token of appreciation. I was able to serve as a 'Stake Lady' for six years.

I will never forget August 19, 1981. I never thought such a choice experience would happen to us. Al and I took Karla, JoLyn and Ellen with us to Salt Lake City where Al was set apart as a sealer in the Idaho Falls Temple. We met with the Prophet Spencer W. Kimball,

Marion G. Romney and Arthur D. Haycock, the secretary to the president. We were certainly proud of our father and husband.

December 5, 1981, my mother passed away. She would have been 88 years of age on the 22nd. Her health had been poor for most of the past two years and the boys who lived by her had tried to take care of her needs. She was living with my oldest brother, Dean, at the time of her death. She was an orphan and had lots of hardships and lonesome times. She had been a widow for 20 years and I am sure she endured more than we will ever know. I have such good memories of her and will look forward to the time we can be together again.

February 29, 1996, was our 50th Wedding Anniversary. I have been so blessed and thankful for 50 years with Al. I do love and appreciate him so much. I am so grateful for the Priesthood we have in our home, his desires to serve his Father in Heaven, his goodness to me and our family. Lots of friends came by the house to help us celebrate. Maxine, DeVerl and Merrill surprised us with a visit. Our family gave us a beautiful painting of the Idaho Falls Temple. We had wedding cake and refreshments, lots of cards and Al gave me a bouquet of orchids. Our 50 years have gone by so quickly. They have been wonderful years full of so many blessings and good times. I am such a lucky lady.

As our children have left home and I have discovered spare time, I try to busy myself with sewing, reading and spending time with Al. Sometimes we run errands, go for a ride to see the countryside or just do odd jobs around the place, but spending time with him is the thing I enjoy the most. I learned to do embroidery when I was a young girl making many items for my hope chest that I have saved through the years. I guess it is silly, but they are special to me and I can't bring myself to use them. Now I have time to sew again. I started to embroider pillowcases and have made at least one pair for our children and most of our grandchildren. I love to read and spend time reading a variety of church books, scriptures and have become an avid Louis L'Amour fan. I can't believe it either! During the basketball season, I enjoy watching the games on TV. I am familiar with most of the NBA teams and their standings. Give me a good basketball game to watch and I am happy.

I have always had a fondness for elephants. Over the years I have collected figurines of elephants and the kids have added to the collection as special occasions have come. I now have over one hundred elephants of every size shape and material. I guess we all have our weaknesses.

The last few years have brought with them many changes for me. Adjusting to a slower, less demanding schedule has not been easy when I have been busy all my life. I am finding that I am not able to do as much physically. I have to watch my diet and avoid certain things that upset me and my nerves give me a hard time. I have been blessed with good health for so many years; I suppose it is only right that I face a challenge with it sooner or later.

Having more time on my hands has given me time to work on my journals, help Al with his Temple scrapbooks and think about the things that are most important to me. It has been such a fun time in our lives to have changes and additions made to our family. New sons and daughters have added so much to our family circle. As each grandson and grand daughter have been born and begin that growing process we have watched with excitement and wonder at their contribution. Each is so different and yet so special and we are so happy and thankful for each one. I hope and pray I can do my part to keep us moving in the right direction so we can be together forever.

On April 19, 1991, I became very ill and was in a lot of pain. An ambulance was called and as I rode to the hospital I wondered what would become of me. The next thing I remember was waking up in the Intensive Care Unit at the Eastern Idaho Regional Medical Center in Idaho Falls. I was told that a section of my intestines had died and that it had developed gangrene. By the time they found the problem and got me to surgery my main organs were starting to shut down. I was put on a respirator and other support efforts were made. After they removed 18 inches of my intestines I was put in ICU, where I could be watched closely for further infection or complications.

Within hours the doctors found that I had developed A.R.D.S. (Adult Respiratory Distress Syndrome). This is a condition where the tissues of the lungs begin to harden and prevent them from working. My chances of surviving were very poor. Al and the boys gave

me a priesthood blessing and the family fasted and prayed. Tests were run over the next few hours to monitor the situation. The doctor could not believe the results. The problem had stopped and was reversing itself. What a miracle!

Over the next four weeks I was in ICU. Machines and tubes were eventually removed and finally the respirator was gone. I was sent home May 20th to recuperate. Al and my family were such a support and comfort. It has always been so difficult for me to be still or sick, or to even lie on my back. With their help I endured the situation the best I could, but was so grateful to be home. I am so thankful my life was spared and I have been given more time with my loved ones. Al says every day now is a bonus to have me with him, but I think it is the other way around.

My impatient nature makes it difficult for me to see any progress and I believe it will take a long time to gain back my strength. The respirator has left my voice hoarse and my breathing labored. What a test it is for me. I miss going to the Temple and my church meetings, and it is hard to see dad leave without me. I pray I will soon be able to do the things I enjoy and want to do, but I am so grateful for all that I do have.

I am so thankful for the many blessings I have received, my wonderful husband and family. All are serving their Father in Heaven and living good lives. I am thankful for my membership in this, the true church. I am thankful for the health I do have, for my parents and loved ones, for the privilege to live in this land. We all have so many blessings. Let us all be grateful for them. I do love the Lord and pray each day for His blessings to be with each and every one of us. Help us all to keep the faith and the commandments to be a "Forever Family".

Lois Call Knapp passed away August 4, 1997 at her home in Idaho Falls, Bonneville County, Idaho. She was buried August 7, 1997, in the Rexburg City Cemetery, Madison County, Idaho.

Mom had struggles during the years following the surgery and the traumatic experiences in the Intensive Care Unit. She was still mindful of the diverticulitis that preceded the surgery and never could relax for fear of a repeat experience. The A.R.D.S. (Acute Respiratory Distress Syndrome) had been arrested in response to prayers and miracles in her behalf, but left her weak from lack of air capacity and the need for more oxygen in her blood. She was, as always, willing to do all that she could to become stronger. If she felt able, she walked outside around the house nearly every day and later walked indoors in an effort to increase her strength.

Mom's voice remained raspy from the effects of being on a ventilator, but she was so excited when, after what seemed a long time to her, I'm sure, there came a significant improvement.

Mother's nerves were always an issue, and those years were fraught with concerns about elevated cholesterol and triglycerides, a heredity condition that plagued some of her brothers, leading to issues including open heart surgeries. As anxious as she was about avoiding any hospital experience, her meals and general diet revolved around these issues. Always a small, petite person, this diet didn't provide much in the way of a chance to gain weight or get extra energy from food.

As long as she could, Mom attended church with Dad. When it became too difficult, she still rode around with Dad in the pickup and could be spotted sitting in the truck outside of Winco, Hi-Way Drug or the credit union.

With the passage of time, Mom grew weaker and often grew discouraged with her lack of strength. She spent a lot of days in her bed and better days were spent in the loveseat in the family room. Many days must have been long and lonely, as she was limited in times she could leave the house or do much in a physical way.

Mother always supported Dad in his temple assignments. Even when she could no longer go with him, she made sure his white shirts were done up and he was ready to go. Then she would sit for hours in the loveseat until Dad came through the door. After those many years, a sparkle still lit up her eyes when he walked in.

Mom spent many hours writing in her journal, reading her scriptures and talking to her Father in Heaven. She always made sure the interviews were lined up in her home so that she could have a current Temple Recommend...always arranged for before the expiration date.

Mother was an amazing woman...a difficult example to follow after, and as fine a study in enduring to the end as I expect to encounter in this life.

D&C 121:7-8 reminds us:

"...peace be unto thy soul, thine adversity and thine afflictions shall be but a small moment. And then, if thou endure it well, God shall exhalt thee on high..."

In my mind's eye, I can imagine the anticipation, accompanied by some impatience, as she watches for Dad to come through the door....the same sparkle and excitement in her eyes.

What an amazing example of everything worthwhile and noble is our good mother. We should ever be grateful for her worthy and righteous example.

*Ann**

This Autobiography of Lois Call Knapp was typed from her handwritten copy and is published as she wrote it and as it has been preserved through family members.

Names, places, and dates have been verified with family genealogy records, as well as family history records in the possession of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

**The concluding paragraphs were written by Lois Ann Knapp Coleman, a daughter of Lois Call Knapp. They were added to this autobiography to clarify and pay tribute to our mother.*

Modified – September 2014