

## CHAPTER 13

### MY BROTHER MILTON

I am the only one left in our family to hand down the story of my brother, Milton. My memories of him as we grew up together, and my thoughts of him now that I have reached the twilight years of my life, may add to his children's and grandchildren's understanding and love. I think I understood Milt, as we called him, better than the rest of the family as there was a difference of only two years in our ages, and we were the last of the eleven children of Theodore and Matilda Mann Farley. Mother and father were beginning to age, and brothers and sisters were well started on lives and homes of their own.

Milton was born August 2, 1901 on Provo Bench, now Orem, Utah. Our parents came there from Snowflake, Arizona, being among the first settlers in that sagebrush area. Over the years they, with the help of their children, had turned their 20 acres of rocky land into a beautiful fruit farm. It was located on the State Highway about five miles north of Provo. Their first home was a two-room house with an attic, which father and the two older boys built from logs hauled from a nearby canyon. It shielded a family of six children. A baby boy, Oscar Winthrop, had died in Arizona; and another, Earl Penbroke, born shortly after coming to Utah, died with whooping cough. Additions were made to the house as time and finances permitted, and another girl was born named Miriam Adell. Later the log house was replaced by a much larger one built of rocks gathered from the farm, plastered and painted a creamy white. It was a comfortable and attractive home, considered one of the nicest on Provo Bench, although there were no modern conveniences. It still stands in good condition today.

It was in this new home that Milton was born. He was mother's 10<sup>th</sup> child, and she was not strong. There had been too many hardships, and she had worked beyond her strength. Because of this and the lack of proper facilities, she developed what was known as child-bed fever. The baby also became seriously ill. For several days mother lay unconscious and the doctor gave little hope for either her or the baby, but through the fasting and prayers of the family, their lives were spared. My sister Pearl, the eldest girl, nursed the two of them back to health. As soon as they had sufficiently recovered, father christened the baby, naming him Milton. Pearl took such good care of Milt through his childhood days that he one day asked her, "Pearl, did you born me or did Ma?"

Milt grew into a healthy lively boy, oftentimes mischievous. I believe he developed a hatred for farm life from the very beginning. He hated to help father clean stables, pull weeds for the hogs, hoe the garden, and ride the old work horse up and down the fields as father plowed and cultivated.



Milt's sisters Louie, Pearl, Adleen  
Eva and Min

One time when Milt was about eight years old, he was driving the horses to the watering trough for a drink. He got too close to one of them and did something to make it jump. The horse kicked and a horseshoe struck Milt on the forehead over one eye, knocking him unconscious. My sister and I saw the accident and ran to the house screaming that Milt might be dead. He was covered with blood when he was picked up and carried to the house. It took some time for a doctor to get out to the farm from town, and in the meantime Milt had lost a lot of blood. The doctor said if the wound had been a fraction of an inch lower it would have taken his eye. He took a number of stitches in the wound and said Milt was lucky to be alive. Again his life was miraculously spared.

While we were still very young, father became General Manager of the Provo Garden City Cannery, owned by Provo's millionaire, Jesse Knight. Early each summer morning father would hitch a horse to the old surrey and take my two older sisters and Milt with him to the cannery to work. Sometimes I would be taken along to do little jobs like tidying up father's office or running errands. For this I was paid 25 cents or 30 cents a day, which made me feel important and very rich. Mother and a hired man managed the farm. There was not today's sophisticated machinery for canneries then, so much of the work was performed manually. My sisters, along with many others, peeled fruit and tomatoes. Sometimes they would place lids on the cans after they had been filled as they came down the assembly line to be soldered on with a machine. It was Milt's job "upstairs" to stuff cans down a chute which went to the assembly

line for filling. It was a hot, tedious and monotonous job, but he was happy to earn the money which gave him a feeling of independence. It was a lot better than working in the fields or cleaning up the barnyard.

One day a young man by the name of Jack Dempsey came to the cannery to apply for a job, and father hired him. He was a likeable fellow and quick to make friends with other employees, but he was very aggressive. He was always playing some prank or promoting a fight or wrestling match. My sister Miriam (Min) recalls a time when she was washing pears in a big tank of water in preparation for peeling. Jack came along, grabbed her hands and tried to kiss her. After that the girls kept a wary eye out for him. One day father caught him fighting in the warehouse on top of a big stack of boxes of fruit, which could have resulted in broken boxes and damaged cans. Father then threatened to fire him if he promoted another fight or wrestling match in the cannery. I never did hear or not if there was any more trouble with Jack.

Milt was quite a clown, always planning some prank to play on the girls and their beaux. Our home had high ceilings with glass transoms over the doors. He used to get me to sit on a chair while he climbed up on the back to peek through the transom into the parlor to see what might be going on when one of the girls was entertaining a boyfriend. Then he would sit on the chair and let me have a try, but I was never able to make it to the transom. It was a wonder we didn't go crashing through the big folding doors.

There were very few cars in those days, so the girls' boyfriends mostly made their calls in horse-drawn buggies with a top overhead. There was a rather long driveway from the front gate to the house, with trees along one side; and after church in the evening a boy would park his horse and buggy under one of the trees. Milt and I would watch and then sneak out and climb onto the back of the buggy to eavesdrop. Sometimes we couldn't control our giggles, and when we were discovered, a couple of pesky kids went running to the house. You can imagine the embarrassment at the breakfast table the next morning when we revealed what we had heard in the buggy the night before, which brought threats on our lives

How well I remember the old ward dramatic club and the plays they presented. My brother Dick and his wife, Vilate, my sister Adleen and her husband, Leo Knight, always took the lead parts in all the shows. Dick was always the handsome lover. Whenever they presented a play, all the kids in the neighborhood would manage to sit on the front rows and drink it all in with great enjoyment. Then the next Tuesday we would all go to Primary an hour early and meet in one of the class rooms where we would decide who should play which part, and then reenact the play we had seen a few nights before. Milt, of course, was always the handsome lover.

Then one day tragedy hit our home. My brother Leslie died of a heart ailment at the age of 21. He was born with a heart defect and had been in mother's constant care, so his death was a great sorrow for her especially.



Adleen and Leo Jessie Knight

As father became more prosperous, he turned our old organ in on a beautiful new piano and my sisters began taking music lessons. Milt became interested in music also and wanted to play some kind of instrument, so father bought him a trumpet and sent him to Provo once a week to take lessons from Professor Jepperson. Milt loved it. Playing the trumpet seemed to come naturally to him, and his teacher was amazed at his rapid progress. He was soon playing solos in public, accompanied by my sister Min. His love for music grew and he seemed to want to make it his career.

From then on our house was always full of music, fun and laughter. While everyone still worked hard, there seemed to be time for more pleasant things than just routine farm work. Previous to this, my brothers Dick and Carl, and sisters Pearl and Adleen had married and now had growing families of their own. My unmarried sisters, Lou and Min, always had boy friends around, and there was always someone practicing songs for some occasion, or Milt playing his trumpet.

The time came when father felt he could not operate the fruit farm any longer. He was aging and the work was heavy. The cannery had been shut down and the building and equipment sold. Father began looking for an easier way to make a living. Some real estate men sold him on the idea of buying a 60 acre farm in Roosevelt, Uintah County, Utah. The land there was not rocky and it would be easy to raise hay and grain and make more money than by raising

fruit. There were times when an early frost on the Bench would wipe out whole orchards of fruit.

Mother was against selling their nice comfortable home surrounded by her family, and starting a new life in a place a long distance away. Father, however, insisted so the home was sold and we moved, father, mother, Lou, Min, Milt and I. It was the biggest mistake father ever made.



Teen Age Milt

Father had rented a nice home in town for us and he and Milt traveled back and forth to the farm, which was two or three miles outside the city limits. Father and mother disliked renting and were anxious to have their own home, so we moved to the farm for a while in order to save money for the new home which father planned to build the following spring on a city lot which he had purchased. World War I was still going on and many food items were rationed, especially sugar. Many a time we had to do without before the next allotment was available. Father planted some sugar cane and had it made into molasses. He also obtained a hive of bees so we could have our own honey. Mother was an ingenious woman and could make delicious things out of practically nothing with her own recipes. How well I remember her goo molasses cakes. Milt could never seem to get enough. One time he asked mother why she didn't make bigger cakes, and she explained that she didn't have any larger cake tins. He said, "Well, can't you bake them in one of the big milk pans?"

The following spring when the farm crops were in, father started to work on the new house. He was an excellent carpenter, having learned the trade while working with his father in his carpenter shop in Ogden. He did all the carpenter work in the house, and that summer we moved back to town to our new home. Dad worked so hard to make things nice for us, but we all disliked Roosevelt more every day, especially Milt. My sister Lou married and moved to Provo where her husband was attending Brigham Young University so now there were just Min, Milt and myself left at home.

Milt was about the most popular high school boy in town. He was exceptionally good-looking and very particular about his appearance, as he was throughout his life. He could date any girl he chose, though he was always very selective. He loved sports, especially basketball, and was the star player on the high school team. He and my sister Min played in the town orchestra, he the trumpet and she the piano. They also played for the movies.

In those days of silent movies, some kind of music played all through the show; so Milt, Min, a violinist and a drummer were the musicians. When the orchestra played for dances, Milt's date was left to dance with other fellows, but occasionally he would take time out to dance with her himself. He was a beautiful dancer, and all eyes followed him and his partner as they danced. His evenings were always occupied. When he was not in school he was helping father on the farm, but his hatred for farm work grew each day.



Milt, standing 2<sup>nd</sup> from left, in the orchestra

As time went by Milt grew more restless. He wasn't progressing in his music, and he could see no future for him in Roosevelt. He longed to get away where he could see things and do as he liked, and to feel that he was living. One day, only 17 years old and still in high school, he went to Price and when he came back announced that he had joined the Army Band and would be leaving for the Service soon. Mother was torn apart. He was her baby boy and she wanted something better for him than the Army. She immediately sought the help of an

attorney, and because Milt was not of age, was able to get him released. Milt resented this and became even more rebellious. There seemed to be no communication between father and Milt.

Father felt hurt and disappointed because Milt didn't show more interest in the farm when his help was needed so badly. He couldn't understand why he didn't want to be a farmer like his brothers.

As I look back now, I can appreciate how Milt felt. He simply could not stand the thought of being a farmer and living in Roosevelt the rest of his life. Father had forgotten when he himself left home for an adventurous life at the age of 17. Grandfather's cousin and his family had been called by the Church to help colonize a part of Arizona inhabited by Indians, which later became known as Forest Dale, and father was in his carpenter shop, but he finally consented to let Milt go even against his own wishes. The big difference was that when Milt left home he fell into an environment that led him completely away from the Church; whereas, father lived and worked with people of his own faith and his testimony of its truthfulness continued to grow. In fact, later on he even left his wife and several small children for three years while he filled a LDS Mission in Scotland the British Isles.



As soon as Milt became 18 years of age he joined the 32<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Band shortly before the Armistice was signed at the end of World War I. At least we didn't have to worry about his being sent overseas. Milt seemed to enjoy his life with the band, traveling around the country

and progressing in his music. He made rapid progress and soon became trumpet soloist. We heard quite often from him, and he sent many pictures of himself and the band. They were finally stationed at the Presidio, San Francisco, California, where he spent the last part of his military life.

After Milt was discharged from the service he came back to Utah. In the meantime, my sister Min had married and was living in Salt Lake. Father had sold his property in Roosevelt and bought four acres of land and a house just south of Provo City limits. It was a nice little home, just about right for him and mother. I was the last of the children at home, and I too was beginning to acquire some of Milt's restlessness.

After Milt came home he found a job at the union Pacific Railroad shops but it was not the kind of work he enjoyed and he was not happy. He bought a used car and made a few friends, one of whom was a talented young lady pianist. He didn't particularly care for the girl, but he was intrigued with her music. He would bring her home occasionally to let us hear her play the piano. He still loved music, especially the classical kind. It's a shame he could not have had more training to develop his musical talents, for he could have been an outstanding musician.



The years of army life had changed Milt considerably. He had been away from any contact with the Church for a long time and had taken up many ways of the world. This was a great heartache for our parents, especially mother. Around home he tried hard to conform to the ways of our early teachings, but he did not attend church and avoided religious discussions. He didn't feel comfortable, and he didn't seem to fit in anywhere. His brothers were considerably older than he, and each had a large family of his own, so Milt never really knew

the companionship of a brother. By the time he and I had become teenagers our parents were well along in years, in fact, I can never remember them as being young. I suppose it was for this reason we never felt the closeness that the other children did as they were growing up.

Later on we came to realize that our parents were among the finest people who ever lived, and to love and respect them for it. Father served in the Church practically all of his life, and mother was his constant helpmate. We children were expected to be in Sunday School every Sunday morning, and to sacrament meeting in the afternoon. In those days the gospel was not taught in ways to make it as interesting and understandable to young people as it is now; so when we had to sit in sacrament meetings, especially Fast Sundays and listen to older people talking about things we didn't understand, we were pretty bored. For Milt, it became downright painful. Children more or less looked upon church as a duty and went because it was the thing to do. Today children are taught more about the gospel in the home, as well as church, in ways that make it more interesting and understandable for everyone, making Sundays a real joy. Understanding is so important.

Father was very stern and his word was law for us without question. Although he was not demonstrative in expressing his love for us, we knew he loved us and would have gladly shouldered our burdens or even die for any one of us if necessary. He was very strict about paying a full tithing, often paying more than required. We children sometimes wondered why, not wholly understanding the principle of tithing, when the family needed money so much. He set a wonderful example for his children. None of us remember ever hearing him say a profane word. He was thoroughly honest, and I can truly say this trait was passed on to his children and even to later generations.

Family prayers were an important part of our lives also. We never even thought of sitting down to the breakfast table without all of us first kneeling by our chairs for morning prayer. We did the same at night before going to bed. If any of us were going out for the evening, we had family prayer before leaving the house. Father was the patriarch of the home and nearly always gave the prayers. Occasionally he would ask mother to pray, but for some reason he never called upon the children. This made it difficult for us to pray vocally before people after we were grown. Today children are taught to take their turn in family prayers when they can barely talk. These family prayers instilled a sense of faith in our hearts that stayed with us throughout our lives, even though the light sometimes seemed to go out for a while.

Milt finally decided to go back to San Francisco to look for work, and while mother tried to accept his leaving home again, it was very hard on her. She worried about him constantly. We used to tease her about caring more for him than for the rest of us.

After Milt left, I became very lonely and began longing to go away somewhere too. I wanted to attend Brigham Young University, but was unable to make it on my own and the folks were not financially able to help me. So I went to work for Startup Candy Company and saved my money until I had enough for a course at Henagers Business College in Salt Lake. I lived with my sister Min and her husband while going to school. After I graduated I found a secretarial

position in Salt Lake and continued living there.

I was married in January of 1928, and the following December we received word from Milt that on December 22, 1928, he had married a little girl by the name of Gertrude Helen Scott in San Francisco. Mother was so happy when she received this news, for now he had someone to love and look after him. He sent pictures of himself and his bride who was petite and pretty, the type we always expected Milt would choose. Mother would have loved this little daughter-in-law whom she never met, and Gertrude would have loved mother too. It was always her hope that someday Milt would find his way back to the Church and be married in one of the temples. She often said, "If I can't have every one of my children with me in the next life, it won't be heaven for me." Milt was the only one who had drifted away from the Church.

On March 9, 1929, less than three months after Milt's marriage, mother passed away at my brother Dick's home. Among her last words to the family were, "Don't ever forget Milt." He was on her mind to her last breath. It was not possible for Milt and Gertrude to come back to Provo for the funeral, but Gertrude told me later how bad Milt felt and how remorseful he was for causing her so much worry and for not being more thoughtful of her. For some time he felt responsible for her death, which was of course, not so.

Milt and Gertrude were thrilled when a baby girl arrived at their home. She had big brown eyes and blond curling hair. Milt idolized her. Gertrude thought the name of Shirley suited her, but Milt thought Shirley Farley sounded too Chinese, so they compromised by naming her Shirley Jean. Gertrude always dressed her so cute and kept her hair in Shirley Temple curls.

About two years later a baby boy arrived. He resembled his mother's family with his blue eyes and blond hair, which became very curly as he grew older. Gertrude wanted the baby to have his father's name, but Milt was not enthusiastic about that so they compromised again and named him Milton Richard. Milt always referred to him as his buddy and later began calling him Bud, which is the name he goes by today.

Milt and Gertrude didn't believe in baby-sitters, so while the children were growing up they never went anywhere without them. They were a close-knit family. Jean gives a little description of her father and mother while she and Bud were small:

"I have an endless river of memories, but will share just one for now. That tough-spoken father of mine was really a softie. He would not only kiss us kids goodnight, but in order to get us right into bed and asleep, he would also kiss the puppy or kitten on top of the head for us. Mom always was certain that they harbored everything from rabies to bubonic plague, and though we couldn't convince her into giving them more than a pat on the head, she invariably grew to love all our pets. When we were sick, Dad would bring the current pet into the bedroom to make us feel better, and it always did."



Milt and Gertrude

Milt had a certain tenderness about him that neither of my other brothers nor even my father had. He was more demonstrative in his love for his family, both in words and actions. Although he was rather rough-spoken he had a heart of gold and never really meant some of the things he would say.

He kept his interest in sports, especially basketball and baseball, and as soon as little Bud was big enough to sit on the bleachers, Milt took him to the ball games. It's no wonder the boy developed a love for baseball. Jean also developed a love for sports as well as music. She learned to play the trumpet, which pleased Milt, and played in the high school band.

As Milt became older he sensed more and more the need of a college education, and he was determined that his children should have the opportunity he had missed. He and Gertrude made many sacrifices to that end and gave both children all the encouragement and support they could. The children were very cooperative and worked to help with expenses. Because Jean had such a love of sports, she majored in physical education and became a very successful teacher in that field at one of Sacramento's leading high schools. She still loves tennis, bowling, and golf.

Bud began playing baseball as soon as he was big enough to hold a bat. He played ball all through high school and showed such talent that he was chosen to play on the San Joaquin team at Sacramento. Several times while he was still in college scouts tried to sign him up for

professional baseball, but Milt would not give his consent until he had finished college. As soon as Bud graduated, the St. Louis Cardinals signed him up on their team. This was the first break in Milt and Gertrude's home as they were saddened at having their son leave, but happy and proud of his accomplishments.

Jean purchased an electric organ and began taking lessons. Milt, still with a great love for music, taught himself to play quite well. After Jean moved to her own home he would often go over to her place to play the organ until his poor hand became so crippled with arthritis that he had to give that up. Jean's Farley spirit of independence led her to buy a home of her own about three blocks from her parents. Milt and Gertrude hated to have her leave, but they realized parents can't always keep the birds in the nest, and they were happy to have her nearby.

As the years rolled by we didn't hear from Milt and Gertrude, but they always sent us cute pictures of themselves and the children on Christmas cards. They drove back to Utah a few times, but the visits were short. Our way of life was quite different from theirs and they never seemed to feel comfortable around us, although we tried hard to make them feel welcome and loved.

Going back to the time of Milt's discharge from the Army, he then became an ambulance driver for the Veterans' Bureau in San Francisco. Between calls he spent time working in the Bureau's reproduction plant. When he moved to Sacramento in 1930 the Army Corps of Engineers' District was in its infancy. Sometimes his duties took him away from home a good part of the time, driving with the engineers to various parts of the state. Regularly he operated automobiles or mimeograph machines, whichever needed running.

His traveling made it rather rough on Gertrude, but she was patient through it all until he could advance to a better position. When World War II was declared he was told to set up and operate an expanded reproduction plant. The shop he operated turned out drawing for air fields and army bases, and later produced the drawings for Folsom, Isabella and Pine flat dams, missile bases and other projects assigned to the engineers. During the war his office was vital to our defense. Jean recalls that many nights he worked overtime, and it seemed as if the whole war was one deadline after another. There was a slogan in his office, "The difficult we do immediately, the impossible takes a little longer."

Milt held this position up to the time of his retirement in 1960, closing out 37 ½ years of federal service. His retirement scrap book shows he received many special commendations from the U. S. Government for the efficiency of his department, money saving ideas, and dedicated service. I have a picture of him receiving one of his awards from an army officer of the Corps of Engineers.



His retirement party was held July 7, 1970, and over 200 district employees and high ranking military personnel turned out to honor him, which attests to the high regard they had for him. After Milt had moved up to this last position he and Gertrude decided they could afford a home of their own, so while the children were still with them they purchased a pretty home at 4923 Ortega Street. It remained their home until their deaths. They both loved it and took a great deal of pride in the beautiful shrubs and flowers around the yard and patio.

A short time before father passed away, he went to Sacramento to visit Milt and his family. This was while Bud and Jean were still quite young. They were all wonderful to him and were happy to have him in their home. He loved the children and they loved him, but then father always made a big hit with his grandchildren. This was the only time he was ever in Milt's home. The family wanted him to stay longer, but he was afraid of imposing and was anxious to get back home to continue his work in the temple. After mother died he devoted his time to this work until he became so crippled with arthritis he could no longer continue. He passed away at my sister's home in Provo July 18, 1946. Milt came for the funeral but left soon after. He told me later how much they had enjoyed father's visit, and how he wished he could have taken care of him for the rest of his life.

The last time Milt and Gertrude came to Salt Lake they stayed at my home overnight, but at that time I was having serious problems in my marriage so it was not the most pleasant visit. After my divorce we became much closer. They understood my situation and were very good to me. From then on we always kept in touch through correspondence.

I don't know how long Bud was with the St. Louis Cardinals, but shortly after the Korean War he enlisted in the Navy Air Force to avoid being drafted into the service. Although the war had ended, the draft was still in force. Bud liked flying so much he decided to make it his career instead of baseball. During the Vietnam War he flew all over the Pacific, transporting heavy army equipment and troops. In all his 20 years of flying he didn't have an accident, although he

had several brushes with death.

He finally met and married a lovely girl in Virginia by the name of Marilyn Weber on August 10, 1962. Then came the grandchildren Milt had been dreaming of, one after another until there were six, three girls and three boys. To hear Milt talk sometimes one would think he didn't care anything about them, but we all knew he adored every one of them. Whenever he went to visit them he always took them a bag of assorted Life Savers, their favorite candy.

Linda Sue Farley – May 11, 1963, Honolulu, Hawaii

Michael Richard Farley – May 7, 1964, Honolulu, Hawaii

Kathleen Lynne Farley – April 27, 1966, Oakland, California

Michelle Renee Farley – April 8, 1967, Oakland, California

Bryan Scott Farley – October 20, 1969, Air Force Base, MD

Milton Richard Farley Jr. – May 24, 1970 - Washington DC

Bud retired as Lt. Commander of the Navy Air Force after 20 years' service. He purchased five acres of land about 25 miles south of Sacramento, and built a ranch style home for his family. Milt and Gertrude were so happy to have them near enough to enjoy frequent visits and watch the children grow and develop. They are all beautiful, intelligent and talented, and Milt and Gertrude were so proud of them. Milt was especially pleased that the eldest boy seemed to have inherited his talent on the trumpet. One little girl shows prospects of becoming a fine pianist, another plays the flute, and it seems each one has a special talent. The youngest boy Milton, called Milty, will no doubt become a professional ball player. While I was visiting there once he demonstrated that he could throw a ball as straight as anyone. Bud had taught each one of the children to play ball, even Marilyn, so they had quite a family team and great fun playing in the field behind their house.

Bud prepared a little spot near the house for Milt to grow a garden, and he actually tried his hand at farming again. It gave him something to do in his leisure hours, and it was also good exercise for him. He was so proud of his vegetables when they became ready for use, and would always return home with a nice supply for the following week.

Milt and Gertrude's health began to fail. Both were having heart problems and high blood pressure. Milt's doctor told him he should cut out all alcoholic beverages, even beer, although he might have a little wine occasionally to calm his nerves. He was also advised to cut out tobacco. Milt strictly followed his advice for some time, and his health seemed to improve. Then on Christmas Day, December 25, 1975, he called me on the phone and between sobs told me that Gertrude had gone. They had spent Christmas Eve at Bud's home for a family party and had such a happy time. They came home feeling fine, but early that morning Gertrude was not feeling very well and asked Milt to turn up the furnace so she could get up. She got to the

bathroom door and fell, not knowing what had happened to her. The doctor said she had died instantly of a massive heart attack, and that she was lucky to go like that; otherwise, she could have had a stroke and been paralyzed for a long time.

This was a terrible shock for the family and Milt. His whole world suddenly collapsed around him and he didn't know where to turn. He told me later how Jean put her arms around him and said, "Don't worry, Daddy, I'll take care of you." and she surely did. Bud and Marilyn were very good too but they lived some distance away and had their large family to care for, so Milt relied heavily on Jean. I wanted to go to Sacramento immediately to help in any way I could. Other members of the family would have gladly gone too, but Milt emphatically said, "No." He said there was to be no funeral and that Gertrude would be cremated before any of us could get there, and he didn't want any visitors. He and Gertrude had previously arranged and paid for their cremation which had to take place within 24 hours after death.

There were days when Jean would find him sitting in his big chair just staring into space with a blank look. There seemed to be no purpose for living, no hope for the future, just nothing. He began smoking quite heavily again and drinking his wine more frequently which was bad for him. Several weeks later Jean called on the phone and said Milt was ready for company and that she thought I should come down, but warned me not to mention religion or it would drive him further away. I immediately packed a bag and caught a bus to Sacramento. When they met me at the station I could hardly keep the tears back, for Milt looked so sad and forlorn and had lost so much weight. He seemed glad to have me there, someone to talk to and take away some of the awful loneliness.

I had only been there a short time when he came into the house from walking around outside and asked me a question that nearly took my breath away. He asked if it would be possible to have Gertrude baptized in our Church. I tried to explain the principle of baptism for the dead, which is an essential part of our gospel. He then said he would like me to go home and have that performed for her as soon as possible. I was stunned and asked him why now after his long opposition to the Church. He said his Catholic friends had told him that Gertrude was in purgatory because she had not been baptized, and that he had been worrying about it ever since. He didn't want her baptized in the Catholic Church, and if it was to be done at all, he wanted it done in the Mormon Church. This proved that that certain light deep within his soul was still there. I explained to him that it is a rule of the Church to wait a year after a person's death before baptizing for them. He was disappointed and afraid he might not live that long, and he was anxious to have her baptized before he passed on. He had been baptized when he was eight years old by his father, who held the Melchizedek Priesthood.

I didn't mention Church to him again until he asked another question the next day. He asked me if I really believed there was another life after this. He had come to believe there was no God and that when a person was dead everything ended. He began to remember some of the teachings of his early life and wondered if they could be true. He just couldn't bear the thought of never seeing Gertrude again. I tried to explain briefly our belief in eternal life, and then avoided any more religious discussion. By the time Saturday night came along, he seemed

so interested in knowing more that I got up the courage to ask if he would like to go to church with me the next morning, and he immediately said, "No." Later after I had gone to bed, he knocked on my door and asked, "Hey, will you go to church with me in the morning?" I can't tell you how happy I felt.

When I got up the next morning I found him bathed, shaved, and dressed in his best clothes. He couldn't wait to get going. By the time we learned which ward he belonged to and the location it was too late for Sunday School and we had to wait for the 4:00 p. m. Sacrament Meeting. That was a long wait for Milt, and by three o'clock he was ready to start out. He was anxious to meet the Bishop before meeting commenced. Someone pointed a man out to us as he was coming out of his office and said he was the Bishop, so Milt hurried up to him; and who should it be but a fellow worker for the Corps of Engineers, a Brother Bennie. He grabbed Milt by the hand and was so thrilled and surprised to see him in church and Milt was equally thrilled to see him. We found that he was the bishop of another ward that shared the same building. He made us acquainted with Milt's bishop and promised to visit Milt soon.

We took a seat in the chapel and then I discovered it was Fast and Testimony Meeting, which is usually held on the first Sunday of each month. Everyone is expected to do without at least one meal that day and give the equivalent in money to a fast offering fund for the poor and needy; also, those who wish have the opportunity to bear their testimony, the same meeting Milt had hated as a boy. I immediately thought that would be the end of any church for him, and was almost afraid he would get up and leave. Instead, he seemed to drink everything in. When the young boys passed the sacrament to the congregation, he whispered to me, "I remember when I used to do that." Something from that moment seemed to touch his heart. He had been ordained a deacon to the Aaronic Priesthood when he was 12 years old, and a little later he was ordained a teacher. The tiny spark of light within him that seemed to have gone out long ago suddenly began to come alive again. I had the most wonderful feeling, and I know he felt the same.

After church many people came up to shake our hands and made us feel so welcome. On the way home Milt seemed to be in the clouds: however, he had to resort to a cigarette, which he knew was against the principles of our Church, but I didn't comment on it. That evening I asked him if he would like the Bishop to come over and give him a special blessing, and he immediately agreed, saying that he needed help. The Bishop and two elders came and gave him a wonderful blessing, which seemed to touch him deeply. He then told them how much he would like to come back to the Church which he had turned his back on for so many years, and that he wanted to be able to be with his wife and the other members of his family again some- day.

Bishop Bennion came the next day and Milt was so pleased. He recalled the time when Brother Bennion asked him one day, while they both working for the Engineers and before Brother Bennion was made bishop, to donate some of his free time to work on the new church house they were building, and he had turned him down flat. Milt apologized and told him how ashamed and sorry he was for having refused to help out. Later on Milt was given another

opportunity to assist in the building of a new church house to which he generously donated money instead of labor.

From this time on I don't believe Milt missed one of his church meetings except when his health did not permit. He enjoyed his priesthood meetings and made a number of fine friends in that group. Everyone in the ward made him feel welcome and that he "belonged." He began to feel that there was something to live for and to look forward to. He couldn't wait for Sundays to come. His home teachers came to visit him often, and he always enjoyed their company. He tried hard to overcome his tobacco habit, and to resist coffee and his occasional wine. This was no easy thing to do after so many years of use.

Milt's whole life seemed to change completely. Within a year of Gertrude's death he progressed to becoming a priest, then to the Melchizedek Priesthood as an elder, and earned a temple recommend. Some of his closest friends in the ward took him to the Oakland Temple on January 5, 1977, where he received his temple endowment. One of the ladies was baptized for Gertrude, and as proxy did her temple work for her endowment, after which Milt and Gertrude were sealed in marriage for all eternity. As soon as Milt arrived home that night he immediately called me on the phone to tell me all about it. He was so happy and overcome with emotion he could hardly talk. He said, "It was all so wonderful." Later on he was ordained to the position of High Priest. How happy and proud his mother must have been.

On January 6, 1977 Milton received his temple endowments and was sealed to his wife, Gertrude, for eternity in the Oakland Temple. His mother always said if she could not have all her children with her in the next life, it would never be Heaven to her. How happy she must be now. Her greatest desire has been granted. Milt made several other trips to the temple with his friends, but he finally had to give that up because of health problems.

Milt's health continued to deteriorate and there were many days of discouragement for him. He was quite alone in his new way of life. His children knew little about the principles of the gospel and had no interest in it; however, they did not oppose his membership nor his activities for they could see the wonderful change it had made in his life. He couldn't associate with his old friends and neighbors as he used to as they always invited him to have a highball or beer with them. The only people he had to help keep his spirits up were the friends he had made in his ward, and they gave him a lot of comfort and support.

Members of his family in Utah kept in touch with him as much as possible and gave what encouragement they could. Occasionally when some of them passed through Sacramento they would call on him and he was always glad to see them. He really didn't want many visitors except his friends in the ward and his children. He became dependent on Jean for almost everything, which made it pretty difficult for her at times. She made out all his government reports, took care of his bank account and made out all the checks for current bills, etc. It became difficult for him to drive his beautiful white Cadillac, which he enjoyed so much and which had given him and Gertrude so much pleasure, so Jean had to do almost all of his shopping. He was on a very limited diet with no salt, so Marilyn kept his freezer supplied with

special TV dinners which she prepared herself. I offered to go down to help him out, but he didn't want me as he thought it would make an additional burden on the children because of the food situation. Jean arranged to have her housekeeper clean his house once a week so he got along very well.

One day he fell and crushed some bones in his back. He then had to give up driving altogether. From that time on he lived in almost constant pain. The doctor would not operate and said there was nothing that could be done. He couldn't go to church because it was too painful to sit very long. He still called me on the phone occasionally and I would sometimes call him, but not nearly as often as I should have done, which I shall always regret. I could tell in our conversations that he was often discouraged. There was still so much he didn't understand, so much to learn, and he was impatient to know all the answers in a short time. He couldn't understand why the Lord had not answered some of his prayers when he had been trying so hard to do what was right. He had been praying so long that Gertrude might come back and speak to him to prove that she was still living. He didn't understand that the Lord doesn't always answer our prayers just the way and when we want them. Sometimes our faith has to be tested before certain prayers can be answered. Faith in God is the basic principle of our gospel. After faith comes knowledge. As our President Kimball says, "Faith precedes the miracle," and, "After the trials come the blessings." I reminded Milt of all the many years our mother had prayed for him, never losing faith that he would someday find his way back to the Church. That day did finally come, but not until after she had left this life.

One evening shortly before Milt passed away he called me on the phone and I could tell the minute he spoke that he was very upset and terribly depressed. He was in physical pain, confused about things he didn't understand, and discouraged. I was afraid he was about to give up on everything, but early the next evening he called again in an entirely different frame of mind. He had re-read the thing that had confused him so, and said he now understood it and felt much better. He apologized for the way he had talked the night before and said, "I know this Church is true, and I'll never leave it." I am sure he meant it with all his heart.

Shortly after this Jean called to tell me the sad news, Milt had gone. He suffered another cardiac arrest and was taken to the hospital. He seemed to recover very well and was taken to a convalescent home to recuperate, but he could not content himself there very long and was anxious to get back home. His friends in the ward were very good to him. The wife of one of his home teachers told me in a letter later that the last time they visited him in the convalescent home he thanked them for coming and said, "You have made my day." To show their love for him they had even considered taking him into their own home to take care of him, but of course, Milt would never consider that. Soon after Jean had taken him home he became very ill again and she had to rush him back to the hospital. She stayed with him for a while and then went home, but she had no more than arrived when she received a call from the hospital to come back immediately. By the time she got there Milt didn't recognize her. He was practically gone. He died of a ruptured aneurysm. This was September 9, 1979.

There was no funeral as he was cremated the following day, September 10, at Mt.

Vernon Memorial Park in Sacramento, according to his wishes. However, memorial services were held in his ward a few days later. None in Utah were able to get there in time for the services. Jean, Marilyn, members of the ward, neighbors, and a number of former friends from the Corps of Engineers attended the services which were conducted by Bishop Vernon Jensen. Instead of sending flowers, a number of relatives in Utah contributed money to the building fund for the ward's new church house in Milt's memory. We would have liked to have had his body brought back to Provo for burial in his temple clothes in the family lot with our parents. I had previously mentioned the burial spot to him, but he didn't want it as he felt it would only be added expense, and he wanted it as he and Gertrude had planned. Bishop Jensen called me on the phone to assure me things were all right as they were, and under the circumstances the Lord would understand, so we all felt better about the cremation.

Milt had only a little less than four years to live after coming back into the church, but he was faithful to the end in spite of pain, loneliness and days of deep discouragement. Only the Lord really knew what was in his heart and the brave fight he had made to overcome his old habits. He tried so hard to live the gospel to the best of his ability. At the time of his great sorrow he had turned to a higher power for help, and he received blessings which I don't believe he fully realized. He was taught the gospel and shown the way to eternal life. Also, he was given the opportunity to prove himself and to have important ordinances performed for himself and Gertrude here in this life, which gave him a certain peace of mind he had not had before. It had been explained to him that Gertrude would have the opportunity of having the gospel explained to her in the spirit world and be able to prepare herself for the time when he could join her. This too gave him comfort.

I know if at the end Milt had been asked to deny the Church he would have said again, "I know it is true and I'll never leave it." When it came time for him to leave this life, the Lord in His great mercy took him quickly with minimum suffering, to be reunited with the one he loved so dearly. How true are the words of Jesus, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." St. Matthew 11:28.

I testify to the value of living the Gospel principles in our everyday lives; I know it is the surest way to happiness. I could quote page, chapter and verse from the lives of those who are dear to me to prove that loving and living its precepts brings happiness where otherwise happiness cannot be.

My testimony is given a new dimension when I see what the Gospel means in the lives of my children and my grandchildren. I am thankful and grateful for the heritage of my Pioneer ancestors and for parents who taught me by example, as they were taught, and for children who value what I believe. As I look to the future I can see even more clearly the value of the Gospel to me and mine. . . to those who came before, and to those who will come after.

By Eva F. Clayton

