

**FOUNTAIN**



*Fancy*  
**Journal**

- Ruled
- $8\frac{1}{4}'' \times 5\frac{7}{8}''$   
(210 x 148 mm)
- 128 Sheets

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Made in Singapore

**JOURNAL**

Purpose for writing:

To leave my posterity my  
faith and testimony.

make a list  
get a journal & write

- violin
- parents
- children
- how we met
- testimony
- health
- callings
- homes

.

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I remember the day Mr. Poteet came into my 4th grade classroom. He passed out a green paper talking about violin lessons. I immediately wanted to, but never thought my parents would support it. But I took the green paper home and my dad said I could and I couldn't believe it! He went and got me a violin rent to own right away. I took lessons during school I think twice a week in 4th 5th and 6th grade. Mr. Poteet was a wonderful teacher and by 6th grade, most of the kids had dropped out. So I got private lessons in 6th grade. He taught me out of the Suzuki Books and I progressed fast.

In 7th grade I was in orchestra and was required to practice daily for 30 minutes which I did. And I continued to progress. I moved to Utah and was in orchestra 8th & 9th grade and wasn't pushed

as much. We moved again  
and the rest of the years  
of high school I wasn't  
~~given~~ able to play because  
there was no orchestra  
in my new school.



5/29/08

The first spiritual experience. I asked mom and dad if I could go to a BYU camp: Academy for Girls. We never had a lot of money for extras, but they said yes, and I found myself flying to Utah, at twelve years old. I checked in to the dorm and started two weeks of a spiritual feast. My spirit awakened. Scott Anderson taught class each morning and I sat, soaking it in. For the first time in my life, the scriptures came to life and I had a real desire to open them and discover the amazing stories Brother Anderson said were there. At the one night my group had a testimony meeting and I remember thinking I could cut the spirit was so strong I could cut it with

a kissie. I felt so elevated and wanted to revel in it after we were sent back to our rooms. The other girls went to their rooms and turned on the radio. It was deflating and I was so disappointed. But I will never forget the intensity I felt my testimony <sup>as it</sup> emerged and swelled in my heart. My desire to pray, to live a righteous life, to shout Hosanna!

My favorite photograph of you  
is your engagement picture.  
Your eyes are so in love  
and you just are radiant.  
Oh the photographs that  
you wouldn't let me take  
of you, the ones where  
your eyes are closed,  
dozens and dozens. Then  
there are those with  
your grandchildren. You  
never said no to those.  
The one with Heather on  
her blessing day, the  
four generation picture  
with Grandma Beth, you,  
me and Damon. The  
picture outside your the  
~~Walt~~ Woodvale Dr house  
with Spencer before we  
left from our not-often-  
enough visits. I remember  
the picture with Dad bathing  
Taylor in ~~your~~ the kitchen sink  
and the pictures I took  
of you and Emily when

She was just a few days  
old are priceless. I  
love every picture of  
you because ~~you~~ they are the  
pictures of the one who  
means Mommy in  
the ~~dearest of~~ deepest,  
holiest part of my  
heart. ~~Ends~~

How is your life different today than from how you thought it would be

Well, I thought I would Well, actually, I didn't have too much of imagination. I just couldn't picture being in my forties.

I wondered if the Second Coming would have already happened, but that's it, almost. All I wanted to be was a mommy and when I was young, I just thought I would have a really big family. I have five amazing children and that is big, but as a younger person, I thought I would have even more. That's it. I pictured having a lot of children. And I would send them to school and make them do their homework and be the Cool-Aid mom in the neighborhood. But I don't send my

Legacy  
inda Spence

3<sup>rd</sup> Thurs.

children to school. That is different. And I guess I pictured twice as many children than I have, with half the time, but I got half the children, and twice the time. And I'm good with that.

7-3-08 Genealogy Experience

Where do I start when I have Pioneer ancestors in every direct line? So I go to Damon's family - I thought, though that every relative on his dad's family on the pedigree chart (which didn't extend more than a couple of generations) had had their temple work done. I thought his dad had done it. I thought. But after a 5th Sunday on Family History, I was determined again to try. Because I learned how to find out if the work had been done. I sat down at the computer. I typed in FamilySearch.org. I typed a User name and password. It didn't work. Nothing worked. I wasn't going to give up, but my patience didn't last long and I was on the verge of tears, wanting so desperately to find someone to take to the temple. Damon finally got me in the system - thank you Super <sup>computer</sup>man -

and I typed in his dad's mom's name: Ada Kallin. Her work was done. I typed in her sisters and brother and their names didn't show up as being done! I didn't know if I could believe what I saw, so I called Damon's Dad. Well, he told me that when she was on her death bed, she made him promise he wouldn't do her temple work, or her family. (She was Jewish, and Damon's parents had converted after they got married) Well, he promised her, and figured someone in the family - would who hadn't promised - would do it. Roark and Becky had done his mother, but not the siblings. We were able to go to the temple, as a family right before Heather went to BYU and do 13 names of siblings and

Spouses and some children  
of Damon's great aunts & uncles.

Damon and I have done  
their initiatories, and I  
have done 3 of the women's  
endowments. Two of Ada's  
sisters are twins. I went  
to the temple on fill the temple  
day and did 2 endowment  
sessions white there. I  
did the twins. That made  
me happy and I hope they  
accepted and were happy that  
I kept them twins in the  
temple.

July 3, 08

Why was I attracted to Damon?

①

I made it on to the stage!  
Only 3 of two girls cast  
for California's West Bay  
Temple Pageant. It was fate.★  
Brandon Janis had the lead  
part, Young Joseph Smith, Jr.  
He was waiting for his mission  
call, and all the girls thought  
he was cute, including me.  
Blair was 15 and looked just  
like a smaller, but darker  
Brandon. And he was a flirt.  
I got to know Blair and he  
was fun. They had another  
brother, but he was very  
quiet, kind of stuck to the  
wall or shadows compared to  
his brothers.

But at a cast picnic, right  
before the week of dress re-  
hearsals, I talked with him:  
Damon. It was July 2, 1983.  
We were in a group of people...  
Young people. I was 16, so  
was he. One by one the

others left. And we were still standing and talking. like good friends. No awkward moments, ever. Comfortable. The next week at the first rehearsal, I saw him and motioned him to sit by me for cast notes. He did. So comfortable. Like going home; like a favorite book, like being alone, but more completely. We just stuck together, and fit like two jigsaw puzzle pieces. Our first date was July 13 and he picked me up and we drove back to his home. 45 min of comfortable chatter and comfortable silences. It was like we were an old friendship catching up with our lives, picking up where we left off and never ~~forgetting~~<sup>letting</sup> go again.

During my childhood what were the things I was aware of that my mother did on a usual day?

My mom was the ultimate homemaker. Meals were always prepared for ~~us~~ us <sup>even</sup> at regular hours. And salads and vegetables always part of dinner! She straightened the house, moving from room to room. I remember as a teen, wishing she would just come sit down with us and talk, but there was always a few more things to pick up. I remember coming home ~~at~~ from elementary school and seeing her standing at the ironing board, ironing Dad's shirts and watching "Days of Our Lives" or "General Hospital". I can see her folding clothes on the long countertop in the kitchen. She moved gracefully around our home, a true domestic goddess, like clockwork, creating a beautiful, clean home.

for us children to live in and feel secure. There were no mad dashes or stressful schedules, we were never late. She just knew how to do everything, and do it perfectly. She was either helping us with school projects, sewing matching Easter, or Christmas, or school, or whatever else dresses for ~~me~~<sup>applying alcohol to a stubbed toe,</sup> Shelby, canning fruit, <sup>coloring with</sup> reading a story book to someone, <sup>baking a</sup> simply decorating for the upcoming holiday, <sup>baking cookies,</sup> preparing a church lesson, or any number of other wonderful and beautiful things that a mother does to touch others lives in a very real, needed, and substantial way.

11/12/09

In your family, what <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ your holiday traditions?

The first Christmas Damon and I spent together was on our honeymoon in Cambria, California, a small town along the Pacific Coast and Scenic Highway 1. No traditions, though I brought a small, fake Christmas tree and ornaments to decorate our small, cozy hotel room, and we had a gas, fake fire in a fireplace.

The next year I was expecting Heather and we flew to California to spend Christmas and New Years with both of our families. We gave more gifts that year and we had a small, live tree that I decorated with ornaments from our childhood.

As the children came,

though, and we were able to start our own traditions, the really first one <sup>that</sup> comes to mind is one Damon created. We have done it almost every Christmas Eve since Heather was not quite 1. He wrote a couple page discussion of the meaning of Christmas. He starts back in the Council in Heaven and the Plan of our Heavenly Father. It talks about how we wanted to become like Him and so we needed bodies and a beautiful world was created. He talks about how there were 2 things that would keep us from returning to Heavenly Father: sin and death. Then the Plan unfolds of a Savior, and Jesus came forward and offered himself. And so when He was born, it was so wonderful that angels

sang and we all rejoiced, and the celebration continues. It talks about gifts and how Heavenly Father gave us the gift of His Son, how Jesus gave us the gift of his life & atonement, and the wise men gave gifts, so we give gifts. We then talk about our love for the Savior and think of a gift we can give Him. Then we give our children one gift, which is always pajamas. That is a tradition I brought ~~to~~<sup>from</sup> my childhood. Christmas Eve is so much more magical I think with new smells of new pajamas that are soft and you just can't fall asleep as quickly in anticipation, and squirming in your new bed clothes. Pictures are taken with

the new pajamas. Next morning, the kids have to sit on the stairs waiting to be allowed to storm into the Christmas tree lit room after another ~~sleepy~~ picture of tousled hair and sleepy eyes is taken.

I tried to limit presents for my children to keep expectations from getting out of control. (It's harder now that they're older!) So they got pajamas on Christmas Eve, a book under the tree from Mom & Dad, a big Santa gift, and stocking stuffers.

Christmas Eve also brought with it a tradition that Damon brought from his childhood. His mother had written a Christmas pageant that we act out and sing with costumes and all. It's short, but the spirit

of Christmas is truly  
felt in our home during  
that reenactment. We  
have had a couple of  
family reunions of my  
family at Christmas  
and have shared this  
pageant with them which  
has been a special treat.

So many traditions!  
Almost every dinner in  
December is a candlelit  
dinner with Christmas  
music going in the back-  
ground. So easy to light  
a candle, yet the magic  
it creates is huge!

I made Christmas  
pillowcases for the kids  
so many years ago, and  
they love those on their  
pillows in December.

With Damon's Jewish  
heritage, we always  
reserve one night of  
December to celebrate

stocking candy

Hannukkah with potato latkes, menorah's, a game of dreidle, a small present for the kids, music, and the story told by Dad. Another bonding tradition.

what music did you hear as  
a child?

11/12/09

My dad loves loves loves music! We had record players and 8-track tapes and music was very much a part of my childhood. First off, my dad had a 12 string guitar and we sang lots! Leavin' on a Jet Plane is 1st. My sister and I would run around the room on the chorus like we were airplanes flying with our arms out for wings "I'm leavin' on a Jet Plane, don't know when I'll be back again. Oh Babe, I hate to go." He played tons of Beatles songs: Norwegian Wood, Michelle, Penny Lane, Yellow Submarine, so many. One of my favorites\* he played was "Sassafrass". He played every Christmas song we could think of as we gathered by the fire on December nights - it's

\*not  
Beatles

loved that! We sang  
The Candy Man as a  
family and sang in 3  
part harmony on the  
chorus. I loved it, and  
whenever we went to  
someones house to dinner,  
or visited family, he  
would bring his guitar,  
and I never complained.  
But my brother & sister  
were not as happy!

We had lots of music  
albums. My favorites  
were Beatles, the Carpenters,  
Beach Boys, & Seals & Croft.  
I listened to that music  
for hours of my childhood.  
At Christmas, I knew  
the magic of the holiday  
had begun when we  
put on the Nat King Cole  
album and heard  
"Chestnuts roasting on an  
open fire". We also  
listened to the Nutcracker

album and danced around.

I remember listening to Saturday's Warrior and My Turn on Earth and singing along for hours and hours wishing I was in the production.

My dad loves classical music as well and I grew to appreciate many pieces he had, particularly The Planets, Serenade for Strings, ~~The Moldau~~, and a little more contemporary, the Star Wars soundtrack -

My dad bought me a violin and let me take lessons at school, which I loved, and my sister took flute. We would play duets in our room for fun.

On car trips sometimes we would sing hymns in 3 parts.

Dad enjoyed some of our music when we were teens

Back's  
organ  
sugest

and had some nice Klipsch Speakers that he would blast Barbra Streisand, or Dan Fogelberg, Christopher Cross, Gordon Lightfoot

Back to early early years, I remember singles like Raindrops keep Fallin on My Head, Tie a Yellow Ribbon Round the Old Oak Tree, and Killin Me Softly -

Oh music! We got a little chord organ and <sup>put it</sup> learned songs on that.

in our room and My 8th & 9th grade years we lived in Salt Lake and my aunt let us borrow her piano. We learned by ourselves how to play. I memorized Love is Blue and can still play it today.

My dad was ward choir director and I attended even at a primary girl. We sang Battle

The Fox went out on a chilly night.

Hymn of the Republic and  
In My Father's House are  
Many Mansions -

# Objects from Christmas

12/10/09

Ornaments for our family come from Grandma Janis. We all usually get ornaments with a theme like shrinky-dink mickey mouses or a dough ornament from Williamsburg. One year she went to Russia and we all got <sup>awesome</sup> Russian peasant ornaments. And the year Grandma & Grandpa (Joel & Vivian) were on their mission to Mongolia, we all got such darling Mongolian ornaments. Each of my children has a Christmas box to put all of their ornaments <sup>in</sup> and when we get them out, they are old friends reunited.

One year Damon's mom gave us a Rudolph that stands a foot high and is covered like a wreath. We place him near the fireplace. Emily has been enamored with

this Rudolph and as a child loved to play and pretend with him. (She would play with all of the decorations.) But she'd take, for instance a wise man from a nativity set and let him have a ride on Rudolf's back.

I got a ~~little~~ very miniature tea set which is a Santa set I think from my sister-in-law Mindy. It sits adorning our piano each year with a Santa teapot and his hat for a lid.

I ordered through a catalog ~~for~~ 15 or more years ago a tall (2ft?) Father Christmas. It's old-fashioned and looks cool, but he's pretty cheap. (Why do we hang on to some of these things each year?!)

# A Synopsis of the growth of my testimony 12/10/09

I was born to parents who were active members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and I fully participated in church all through nursery, and primary, was baptized at age 8 and the ward gave me a big black Holy Bible which I carried around to church faithfully each week thereafter. I never questioned the teachings, but ~~nor was I~~ <sup>wasn't</sup> I thirsty for more knowledge.

Having a father's blessing help me instantly overcome a childhood fear of a movie I saw was evidence of my faith and knowledge of the priesthood. And attending Academy for Girls at BYU my the summers I was 12 and 13 gave me a powerful ~~an~~ opportunity where I felt the Holy Ghost

bear a strong witness  
to my soul about many  
things. That I recognized  
I had a testimony and  
then, more than that, I  
had a desire to keep it  
and work on it and want  
to make it grow.

*(and my own personal scripture study)*  
The teachings in seminary  
and Young Women, Sunday  
School, Girls Camp, firesides  
all contributed to my  
knowledge of the gospel,  
which made so much  
sense to me and I was  
and still am, very happy  
to have a sure course  
to follow and not veer far  
from.

In college I dated a  
few guys and did some  
pretty heavy kissing, which  
I felt bad about; especial  
since I was writing to  
a missionary who I knew  
had only kissed me! When

I talked with my bishop, he counseled me and then told me ~~that~~ I was as clear as a new-born baby. I felt that clear, and felt the power of the Atonement deep in my soul and understood Repentance on a deeper level.

As an adult, I never tire going to sacrament meeting or sitting in a gospel-taught class where I can hear the words of the beautiful gospel and feel the spirit and receive personal revelation. So year by year, my testimony grows as the spirit bears sweet assurance of the truths I hear, or teach.

I have to go back a bit. Before getting married, I was able to ~~g~~ do a mini-mission for 2½ weeks

in San Jose, California. It was a wonderful experience where I felt the Spirit strongly many times: singing hymns and songs, especially one at a baptism; telling the Story of the First Vision at a youth fireside, talking a lady and seeing her gobble up the gospel; listening sitting in a chair looking at a picture of Jesus and feeling peaceful and recognizing that I was feeling the Holy Ghost as my constant companion. It was a wonderful experience.

I remember as a young mother, being stunned frequently when I would reprimand a child and feel suddenly like Heavenly Father had reason to be saying the same thing to me! It was humbling.

~~As my~~ When Damon's parents ~~literally~~ literally bailed us out of a sinking restaurant business, my understanding and gratitude of the Savior's Atonement deepened. Before they did that, though, I remember sitting in Sacrament Meeting during the Sacrament, with a heavy heart, weighed down by stress and anxiety thinking we were possibly likely facing bankruptcy. And it felt so heavy that I did like the song "drop your burden at His feet and bear a song away" (How Gentle God's Commands) I asked Him to take it, and I physically felt the burden lift. Later, I read a talk by Elder Bednar who said that that is what grace is. It

was beautiful. When Damon's parents did for us, what we could not do for ourselves and that act kept us from bankruptcy or jail or some sort of bondage, I saw the whole Plan of Salvation and realized how the Atonement saves us from spirit prison & death and sin and how grateful I was and am for His sacrifice for me!

As my children have gone through their individual challenges, I have come to understand how they are His children too, and it is His work and glory to bring to pass their eternal life and exaltation. I am not alone, and I sometimes

have only faith and prayers  
to add to His work.  
But I know His love  
more fully, I have  
seen His hand throughout  
my life and know  
He is there for me.

The ~~s~~<sup>Savior is</sup> my Rock and Salvation,  
the light shining a path  
for me through the dark  
times of my life, and  
a shining example to  
guide me each and every  
day of my life. I draw  
strength, knowledge and  
the Spirit each day as  
I open the scriptures  
which are the words of  
life, and kneel to talk  
with my Heavenly Father.  
That is so vitally important!

As a child, how did I see myself  
in the future, as a teen, as a  
young mother now. 1/14/10

Well, when I was a child  
I don't think I could imagine  
myself as a 42 year old. That  
was way too old to comprehend.  
~~But what I always wanted~~  
to I got on a reading kick  
one year though, and read  
childhood biographies of famous  
Americans, mostly the women  
like Martha Washington, Betsy  
Ross, Florence Nightengale and  
Louisa May Alcott, to name a  
few. They inspired me, so  
I wanted to be a nurse or  
a writer or a veterinarian<sup>sp!</sup>. I  
didn't know how I would  
decide. I also thought  
being a waitress or stewardess  
would be really cool. I  
played school a lot with  
my siblings and liked  
making up math worksheets  
and giving spelling tests and  
such, but I don't particularly  
think I dreamed of being  
a teacher. But what I

really wanted and could picture the most (which wasn't much!) was ~~the~~ being a mother. I thought about what I would name them and even wrote it down in my diary that I wrote in only a dozen or 2 times my whole childhood. When I did write in it, I always thought about my children reading it.

As a youth, I really had no desire for a career, I just wanted to be a wife and mother. To me, nothing compared in value or importance than that of a mother. I sometimes would think of my children and wonder if they were watching me or knew I was their mother yet, and if they were rooting for me to choose the right. So as soon as I got married, I was actually

Stunned at the thought that I could now, legally and morally have children, and I was so excited, I started praying for a child within the first month of marriage. It took about 5 months and I was starting to worry, but I never had to worry again because I quickly had four children calling me mommy! And then a few years later it was 5.

As a young mom I only imagined myself being forever a young mother, always changing diapers and never having enough sleep. Those days were full and I prayed that I could enjoy them at that stage. There were so many it was hard to keep that perspective of living the dream I always wanted. But I tried and kept them always close to ~~me~~ me. Homeschooling wasn't what I dreamed, I

Blenda  
Eritish sp?  
Den leader/assistant

would do as a child or youth, but when Heather was only 2, I learned about it, and that is what set my heart on fire - I could picture that way into the future. And it really has played out mostly according to those dreams.

As far as what I picture my future as from here on out, I am blank again. I have <sup>only</sup> a few homeschooled and full-time mothering ~~to~~ years left. I dream of being a doting grandma and serving <sup>lots</sup> missions, hopefully learning a language or two. I'm ~~playing~~ thinking I'd like to finish college and maybe write a book, take violin and/or piano lessons. But I'll need a new fire and I'm not sure if I've found it quite yet.

Picture yourself as a child standing in front of me. What would you say to yourself, this child? 1/14/10

You are going to have a wonderful life! You will <sup>get</sup> married and have children. You will have everything you need and lots of love. Heavenly Father really blesses you.

If what I said right now would <sup>possibly</sup> change the future, I would say: Study organization and work hard at that, as well as interior design. Other than that, all that you wish for will come true, so just be happy!

\* Watch your tongue!  
\* Enjoy each phase of your life.  
\* Watch your tongue, enjoy each phase of your life.  
\* If you do, you won't have regrets.

## Topics

Compassion - Nevada, car, broke

Attitude - Taylor, "getting hurt."

Determination - Spencer Eagle

Blurt - Shirley jewelry shop

Appearances

Compassion: <sup>early</sup> In 1993 I was just pregnant with Taylor, and we decided to take a trip to California. On our way back home, we were crossing Nevada and just outside W our car broke down. It was still very cold out, Spring wasn't fully here and we were miles from help. It was desert all around. I'm sure Damon felt ~~panic~~ as he was responsible for a wife and 3 children. A few minutes later, a van pulled over and a guy got out and offered to help. His family was in the van and they lived in . So we all climbed in. They had 3 kids too. They drove to their "home" which was an abandoned bar. They had almost I could tell they struggled, but

they opened their home and hearts to us, fed us, the father took Damon back to the car and spent a day helping trying to figure out the problem. They got the car to a garage and we ended up needing a new part they didn't have. So we rented a U-Haul truck and towed it home behind us. They fed us, and we spent the night - they were so compassionate and Christlike. I really had to think if I would do the same thing for someone else, and I wasn't sure. I felt like they taught a greater sermon to me than I ever had.

## Attitude -

Taylor has been mr. Positive Attitude his whole life. When he was about 9 years old we were eating dinner. He had gotten hurt that day; and was telling us. But then he said, "Getting hurt is better than nothing, huh Dad?" That has been his slogan ever since.

12 5min prompts.  
Should come together - night  
Need to be edited. March 18, 2010

For me... I will serve the Lord. I will give Him my heart willingly. I don't have Corbridge a problem doing that. As Elder Corbridge said, it is really the intelligent thing to do. Some people fight it. But it is the only way that makes logical and peaceful sense. I think of Peter who asked the Lord "Where would I go?" if I didn't follow the Savior. And sometimes I just want to tear my hair out when I see people who just don't get it and make decisions and prioritize anything but the Lord.

a song  
"Where can I turn for peace? Where is my solace?  
When other sources cease to make me whole?... He onlyOne."  
Maybe when I see others making decisions contrary to my understanding of gospel

doctrines, or as I know they will be without the Spirit, will deny themselves blessings of peace, joy, confidence, freedom. <sup>And</sup> that to me seems crazy. Why go there? There's too much craziness in the world.

Title I choose the Lord with all my heart

Phrase I used to teach my children how to tie their shoes, clean a bathroom, make their beds. I also taught them how to read and how to do long division. I hope I also taught them through my actions that I put the Lord first, but I could write an essay proving I didn't. I could also write an essay proving I did. So which is it? And luckily ~~it~~ my life isn't over and I

can't still show them that is my true desire. Because I'm not perfect and those imperfections can sometimes drown out my heart's desire. Distractions, emotions, circumstances cut me off, veer me away and yet, I always come back, wanting to try again with renewed focus. It's humbling. But if I was perfect, I guess I wouldn't need this life to learn. It's a process and hopefully I'm making some progress.

<sup>describe  
association  
or w/ something  
new; book  
idea, etc.</sup> I remember reading a talk by Sheri Dew about being women of God and she said that there is a war going on in this life for our hearts. The Lord wants our hearts, might, mind and strength, and Satan wants to ~~harden~~ harden our hearts. It really struck me. I went to the scriptures and looked up "heart" in

the topical guide and was amazed at all the references it made to that "war". A couple of years later, Damon was preparing for a Sac mtg talk and I ~~got~~ remembered that idea. He went to the Book of Mormon and quoted about 20-25 verses and it was powerful. So I began drawing a  in the margins of my scriptures everytime the word "heart" was written, plus underlining the phrase. I was amazed at how many references to heart there are. There may be an average of 1 per page!

Where your heart is, really matters. It is vital to evaluate where it is frequently.

Our hearts need to be like soft cookie dough, or playdough, ready for the

create a metaphor

Lord to add more goodness or flavor. If our hearts are stones, He can't add chocolate chips to it. We might think the stone is perfect as is, but if you were the Lord and could see what amazing cookie He would ~~do~~ have you create, doesn't it seem sad to think of the person who is ~~happy and~~ stubborn and saying the stone is best. ~~You could see them~~ starving for something good yet refusing to turn the rock over!

I see the weekly tabloids at the grocery store and the one line at a time soap operas play out and think how sad for these people who seem to have it all: the looks, the money, the fame, and yet their lives are falling apart and they don't seem to have the truly

important things: peace and joy. I'm not famous or glamorous or wealthy, but because my desire is to give my life to the Lord, I have treasure greater than the rich and famous.

We went sailing down at Kemah today. Our boys ~~kids~~ brought ~~\$~~ a friend each. Their chatter on the way down was about clothes, texting ex-girlfriends, movies. They all went to ride the rides at the Boardwalk after sailing and had a great time. It's all about thrills and fun and not being bored, and the looks and not any of it was on eternal things, or thinking of the Lord. Yet they shared our family's hobby with a friend and we enjoyed the

beautiful day the Lord gave us with the clear blue sky, the warm sun, the sparkling water.

give a fault

I think & judge my children too harshly sometimes and expect them to be "getting" what I'm only now discovering myself at 42. Life is a process of deciding where our heart is and I need to allow my children the journey.

I've always taught felt wondered heard

wanted to live always feel like I serve the Lord. Some people criticize that people like me saying we are blind followers or we don't think for ourselves or we're just goody-goodies. I completely disagree. And I'm so thankful I have never had a rebellious nature ~~to~~ the Lord. I feel happy when I'm trying to live as He wants, learning

how to be more like Him,  
doing what I know He would  
have me do. It's logical,  
it's simple.

photo

I have a family picture  
hanging in my family room.  
It is several years old.  
We are all there, me, my  
husband, and our 5 children.  
We are wearing white shirts  
and blue jeans. We're out-  
side near a lake. I  
hope we can have a  
family picture in the Celestial  
Kingdom with all of us  
there because we all  
chose ~~to~~ ~~for~~ the Lord  
with all our hearts.

brainstorm other prompts for personal essays

My mother<sup>(parent)</sup> used to tell me ...

When I was young I ...

Something you did frequently

One of my favorite things/ideas  
object

Write about what you know for sure.

Write a title

I often thought that ...

Song, poem or scripture

Analogy or metaphor

Write about an historical event

Go back to a previous section  
and elaborate

Write about something totally  
different

4/8/10

brainstorming setting of  
one moment in courtship  
(first date)

sights

tan hands & legs      boat  
flip flops                water  
barefoot driving        backyard  
tan leather seats        picnic area  
California freeways  
3 car garage  
huge beautiful home  
sliding glass windows

Smells

Brute deoderant  
pines for picnic

conversation in car  
deoderant

tastes

ham

Cheese

circus animal cookies

watermelon

Sound s

hum of motor  
roar of boat

Things to consider: desires, "image," voice, conflicts, actions, thoughts  
(conversations)

about character  
short  
How characters change

## Character sketches)

Tiffany was a skinny, brown-haired 16 yr old, excited about life, and dramatic. She was a romantic, yet wasn't really adept at talking to boys. Loved music and singing and was ecstatic to have the opportunity to be in the stage chorus and play a speaking part in the production "And It Came To Pass." Maybe she could meet someone. She has wanted to like a boy and have him like her.

Pick up highlights

Situation conflicts/resolutions  
~~sketching~~

c temple pageant ended & we lived far away

r we wrote letters

c the dance & Michelle telling me he <sup>wasn't</sup> interested

~~crisis~~ r letter to Blair, letter from Damon

\* c Vivian telling him to cut off communication

r phone call. Agree to write once a week

c Dad tells him - go on mission not <sup>Fall</sup> semester

r accepting the decision - knowing it was right

c locking ourselves out of the car at beach

r door to door getting a hangar

c kisses and bad feelings r pyramid talk

(With each conflict I will need to sketch a new setting & characters)

crisis - bring c/r to a natural peak.

## Character Sketch

Damon is a tall, thin, tan Swimmer. Quiet, handsome, curious, smart, creative. He was hoping to find a friend that was a girl at Temple Pageant, and was going to actively pursue this goal.

4/8/10

## Poetry Slam

write a poem  
using the first line  
of another poem  
by someone else

I have just come down from my father  
pure and new as a rose bud  
my spirit locked up tight in the  
petals of a body it's just ~~been~~  
begun to inhabit.

~~A mystery~~  
Each year I slowly open and  
~~discover~~ revealing <sup>my</sup> color, and  
revealing my color in personality  
fragrance of spirit  
beauty of being  
a discovery

Reaching womanhood, motherhood  
I burst into bloom  
Sharing my own divine essence  
with my own little buds  
and the garden I was planted in  
a

4/8/10

What does not change is the will to change  
I will forever resolve each new year.  
Excercise, start a garden  
~~The problem is~~ my plans are too big ~~I fear~~  
But every year like the tulips  
my resolutions resurface and then  
wither away ~~in the heat of the day~~  
only to come back again.  
But then something actually ~~happened~~  
I started to run and to plant  
I'm glad the will to change is stronger  
than giving up and saying "I can't."

4/8/10

A Haiku  
Rainbow  
appears after ~~a wash~~  
Color after rain ~~arch~~  
Ribbons of light ~~arch~~ above  
tying sun's gold rays

## Settings

Skiing at Dodge Ridge  
potatoes for breakfast - worse than the potato  
bunny slope  
medium track - scared, out of control hit a man  
Allaire broke her arm  
nervous to eat

## Fiesta Park

the Pyramid Talk  
swings & girls in dresses

Reflecting on an  
interest, where was  
it first sparked?

Sept 16, 2010

## Memorizing Poetry

Over the years in homeschooling I have had the children memorizing poems or scriptures.

This hasn't been a passion, per se, but a genuine interest that I wish I had kept up with!

It was sparked by a woman named

, who was the daughter of H. Verlan Anderson of the Seventy.

I ~~saw~~ went to a class she taught at a homeschool convention in Utah. She talked about how her father was a Prisoner of War and was in solitary confinement and how he survived ~~by~~ through recalling and reciting every poem, scripture, quote and song he had ever learned and how it had helped him so much. She compiled a bunch of poems that she taught to her children and

inspired me. It's like you might as well fill their minds with something wholesome; 'cause it will get filled no matter what.

So we memorized a poem called The Wise Old Owl

There was a <sup>wise</sup> owl that lived in an oak  
the more he heard the less he spoke  
the less he spoke, the more he heard.  
Why can't we be like that wise old bird?

I had them memorize at a real young age - well, Heather & Damon - the Articles of Faith. I taught them a song of all the 50 states. They learned 2 poems about the pilgrims and I even made Pilgrim Costumes for H & D and we videotaped them saying them. It's one of my favorite ~~old~~ family videos. We memorized a poem

about George Washington

6 W was a giant of a man

over 6 feet tall he stood

He was a patient gentle man

All of him was good

-I think there's another stanza

Through pitch darkness & grinding ice

he crossed the Delaware

and in the snows at Valley Forge

This tall man knelt in prayer

When the kids were older, we  
memorized The Proclamation  
to the World. It took several  
weeks, but we had a wonderful  
experience learning its inspired  
words! What a blessing  
that was!

Another theme along with this  
idea: What ignites my  
creative spirit today?

What would a typical Sept 16, 2010 day be like in the first year ~~of~~ of my marriage?

The alarm clock goes off -  
Up and atom. An 8:00 class  
gets us up bright and early.  
Like 6:00. Well, I don't think  
I can crawl out of bed, but  
if I don't, Damon won't have  
scripture study. It's got to be  
at a certain time, not a  
routine time. Shower, eat  
and head out the door.

I've got classes and homework.  
He has classes, work and  
homework. Plus he has a  
computer program he's writing  
in his spare time. After  
class and work it's a power-  
struggle to let him go to the  
computer lab to program. I  
want him to be with me.  
But he is a man of action  
and has a passion for  
programming. I struggle  
wanting to be selfish and  
wanting him to fulfill his  
dream. So on good days  
he goes to the lab with

my blessing (given a little grudgingly) and on bad days he goes to the computer lab after I have cried and he has said he will just give up programming once and for all, and me finally giving in. (But not till I'd had some time with him - albeit negative time -) I swore I'd never allow him to buy a computer, but within a year we had one and I was a happy wife because he didn't leave me to program anymore. ☺

I would make dinner Spaghetti or tater tot casserole were some of our favorites.

Part of our first year we went to the temple every Friday night with Brandon and Mindy.

At night we

October 21, 2010

- Why were we attracted to each other

I know when Damon first saw me he thought I looked familiar. He saw me on a stage next to my dad, who looked really young and thought I was his girlfriend. He thought I was cute. I was attracted to him because he was good looking, but really, it was more his kind, quiet, mild spirit that really drew me to him.

- What characteristic did my husband have at that time that was to play an important part in my marriage?

He is kind and honest, quiet and steady. He tempers my passionate personality, provide stability. But he is kind, never does anything or says anything that would intentionally hurt me. (Of course he seem to find offense where

none is intended, being  
the woman : ) He is  
considerate and seeks my  
happiness always - ~~When~~  
~~snow - warming the car after fam. dinners~~

- At the time of your marriage how were you alike?

We both wanted to start  
a family. I remember  
within the first few  
days of being married we  
started praying for a  
child. Maybe I felt stronger  
about it, but he felt  
right about it. We both  
were working on our educa-  
tion. Religion of course.

- How did our families feel  
about our marriage choice?

Because we had known  
each other for 4½ years,  
and had stayed as close  
as ever, writing throughout

his whole mission, ~~the~~  
both families knew it  
was a done deal and both  
were very supportive. In  
fact, when he was just off  
this mission, before coming  
out to BYU, where I was, his  
mom point blank said, "If  
you are going to marry her,  
I suggest you just get on  
with it." My family thought  
the world of him and several  
of my siblings (I'm the oldest)  
said told me later, that  
Damon set ~~the~~ standard  
for who they should marry -  
Damon's siblings and I  
really got along well too.  
What a blessing for both  
of us!!

# Plot

The Plan of action devised to achieve a definite and desired end through cause and effect. The main character must face obstacles that either further or hinder the meaningful directed action.

## Theme

Something that reflects basic needs, life lessons or an unstated moral.

## Opening 7 things

Decide what type of story?

What mood - action, mystery

me

1. Catch the interest of audience

2. Introduce characters - <sup>main character</sup> first

draw them into the person, likeable  
human weaknesses - camera point  
of view.

3. Set the stage - setting

4. Introduce the problem

5. Set the mood

6. Suggest the complication

hint at things to come

7. hint at the solution

11  
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## Synopsis

### 12 questions

1. Who main
2. who or what antagonist
3. Other key figures
4. <sup>what does</sup> main character want?
5. How important is this desire? <sup>must be</sup> vital
6. How does the antagonist prevent main ch from getting what she wants?
7. What does the main ch. do about obstacle
8. What are results of the action?
9. What do these struggles lead to?  
~~the~~ Climax, Point of no return.  
The character we built must be true.
11. Does the main ch accomplish purpose?
12. What is the theme? The basic truth you've illustrated through action.

## Synopsis

general account from opening scene  
write syn. in present tense.

Tiffany hears about Temple Pageant and isn't able to try out and makes stage chorus and a main part. She is hoping so bad to meet someone, to a boy that will be her friend.

She sees two brothers at the tryouts that the older one is really cute. He makes the part of young Joseph Smith. After a month of scene rehearsals, she the whole cast starts rehearsing. She notices the two brothers have another brother. He's quiet. She gets to know Brandon and Blair Janis, but never speaks

Tiffany tries out and makes a part in the Temple Pageant. There she meets Damon Janis. He is shy and quiet, but when they finally talk, it is instantly comfortable. Pageant is wonderful as their friendship starts to blossom <sup>including a first date.</sup>

BUT when Pageant ends, they live too far apart to see each other almost ever.

Damon suggests they write letters. Tiffany agrees but is disappointed. They kiss for the 1<sup>st</sup> time.

But when his first letter arrives only a couple of days later, she is on cloud 9.

Letters fly back and forth 2-3 times a week. A temple pageant ~~without~~ dance is planned and they get to see each other! Again, after the dance, they kiss. Tiffany starts feeling weird, but when they are apart, she loves the

letter communication.

Damon's father was a dentist who practiced in Los Altos. Damon came with his dad one day and picked Tiffany up and they went to a park to talk. Damon tells Tiffany about a discussion he had with his brother & wife the night before. It's the pyramid talk and they agree to hold off on kissing for now. Tiffany feels much better.

A couple months later Damon arranges a double date with me, him, his friend, Chris, and my cousin, Michelle. She seems to flirt a little with him and then at the dance that night Michelle talks to Blair and tells ~~Tiffany~~ the next day that Blair

Tiffany told her ~~she~~ <sup>Tiffany</sup> is only Damon's friend and not special in any way than any other girl.

Tiffany is devastated and doesn't write a letter for a whole week.

Damon sends 3. She doesn't know what to do, so she writes directly to Blair and explains the situation, demanding that he tell her what is going on.

Blair shows the letter to Damon, who writes a long letter of assurance of his devotion and all is wonderful again.

Damon goes to BYU and Tiffany is a senior in high school. She writes notes on hearts. They write just as often as before. Tiffany asks him to her Winter Ball and they have a wonderful time!

They kissed again and really had a good time. Damon told his mother and was worried. She was very concerned

because of his approaching  
~~marriage~~ mission, and  
strongly encourages him  
to cut off all communication  
with her. So at on  
New Years Day, Damon comes

12-16-10

~~Describe~~ Describe acts of kindness or compassion I've experienced.

Just today I have experienced many acts of kindness by Emily. She loves when I want to organize and clean the house more detailed and jumps right in. She cleared our guest bathroom, put up our Christmas decorations, vacuumed, helped make dinner, helped clean up dinner. I am so lucky to have kindness, genuine, constant kindness living with me.

My sister-in-law, Mindy is full of kindness and compassion. She is truly caring and just called me up the other day to say she was thinking about me and wanted me to know she cared.

Today I needed a car, but we have 4 drivers and 3 cars so I was "stranded" at home. I called my good husband and after explaining my plights of the day, he realized he could

6

work  
leave and came right home.

Scene = Dodge Ridge, CA  
long distance,

"5 AM ~~it's~~ is so dark!" thought Tiffany as she made her way down the hall. "Seminay is early."

It was 5 AM and Tiffany was up, dressed and shivering in the dark entryway of her home. "Why am I so nervous everytime he comes to pick me up?" she thought, frustrated at her automatic reflexes that kicked in before each date with Damon. She smiled as she remembered dinner <sup>with family</sup> the night before. She had ~~stayed~~. She was getting nervous about the date. Amy piped up, "Tiffay, if you and Damon ever get married, you'll probably be nervous every day when he comes home from work!"

Everybody laughed. John added, "Yeah, and all your kids will be nervous too, and you'll all be sitting at the dinner-table waiting

for him and you'll all be shaking!" Howls of laughter from the family as they all pictured the scene. Tiffany enjoyed it as much as anyone, because she ~~felt~~ found a pleasant flutter in her heart at any mention of her and Damon being married. Who knew? It was way too early and she was way young. But it was still a fun thought.

"I really should eat," she thought, "but these nerves make me sick at the thought. Anyway, Damon said he would have breakfast."

She put on <sup>uncle Mike's ski</sup> the coat that he loaned her since she didn't have a warm enough jacket herself. It was a little too big, but she was glad she wouldn't be

warm.

There was a soft rap on the door. Tiffany's heart jumped as she reached moved to the door. When she opened the door her nerves evaporated and she smiled. There was Damon in the darkness, his tall, strong figure standing there, the real thing after the embodiment of the letters and voice she knew so much more.

"Hi," he whispered, "are you ready?"

"Yep." She quietly closed the door behind her. He took her hand and ~~they~~<sup>gold Oldsmobile wagon</sup> made led her to the ~~car~~<sup>station wagon</sup>. He opened the back door and as she got in Blair greeted her with a big smile and an <sup>enthusiastic</sup> "Hi!"

"Hi Blair! Hi Allaire!" she ~~had~~ saw Allaire she scooted in next to him as Damon followed her in. Allaire

was looking around at her from the front. "Hi Allaire! Hi Brother Janis!" ~~she said~~ Damon's Dad said, "Hello Tiffany. Are you awake yet? Oh, but I'm sure you're used to getting up early for seminary."

"Yeah, I'm awake. I don't mind getting up early for these kind of adventures!" Tiffany said. "Thank you so much for inviting me!"

"Are you excited to ski?" Blair asked.

"Yes, but I'm a little nervous." Tiffany replied.

"You'll do great!" Blair assured her.

"I'll ~~start~~ take you to the bunny slope first to get you used to it." Damon said. He spoke like he would totally take care of her, and ~~that~~ her mind settled down ~~and~~ She knew she'd learn

really fast from her "~~bad~~" instructor.

They reached Dodge Ridge Ski Resort as the sun was breaking in the new day. ~~off~~

As they got on the freeway Damon said, "How about we have breakfast?" Tiffany was just thinking that herself.

"Sounds great!" Allaire reached down and pulled up a paper sack and started passing out ~~warm~~ baked potatoes wrapped in foil.

"This is great! Thanks Allaire." Damon said. He gave one to Tiffany. "My mom usually makes these for us when we go on an early outing."

Tiffany smiled. "Thanks." But she thought, "Baked potatoes! That's a dinner food. And there's no butter or sour cream. And I can barely eat ~~regular~~ stuff when I'm around him! Ugh."

Damon and Blair started

people already there, dottting the  
mountains over on.  
Lots of getting things  
done in the mountains.

chomping down on their potatoes. Tiffany unwrapped hers and began nibbling. "Not too bad. I think I can manage if I just nibble," she thought.

They reached Dodge Ridge Ski Resort as the sun was breaking in the new day. Tiffany just blindly followed along as they headed to the lodge to rent gear and passes. It was a cold but clear day. She put her hands in the jacket pockets. There were ~~left from break~~ <sup>left from break</sup> She felt the 1/2 potato in foil. "What do I do with this?" She <sup>thought</sup> was behind everyone else as they were headed to the lodge, so she quickly tossed it into ~~the~~ snow bank. "Wow!"

They went in to the lodge to get their gear and Damon helped Tiffany

get her ski boots on. The Others had already gone outside

"We'll go outside to put the skis on," said Damon. They picked the skis up <sup>grabbed their poles</sup> and clomped outside. They saw Blair and headed to where he was. He came skiing over." Allaire just broke her arm and Dad took her to a doctor," he announced.

"What happened?" Damon ~~said~~ asked. "You guys have only been out here for 5 minutes!"

"I know," Blair said. "She was just standing here, waiting for me and her ski slipped, she fell down weird and she heard a crack."

~~She~~ "Poor Allaire!" Tiffany said. ~~I don't know~~ "I know,"

Damon said. "And I feel bad for my Dad too. They were looking forward to a day of fun, and now they'll just get

to spend it at the doctor's office."

"Well, I'm going to see what the hard slope is like. I'll see you guys in a couple of hours for lunch!" Blair said and ~~skied~~ off leaving Damon & Tiffany at the base of the busy slope.

"OK! I'm ready!" Tiffany said as she clapped her hands.

"How does this work?" Damon helped her clip the skis on her boots.

"Let's practice a couple of things first." he began like a pro instructor.

"Make the front of the skis ~~go~~ into a point, like this."

He showed her and she followed. "That's called a snow plough. It will slow you down on a ~~down~~ hill." "OK!" she said.

He gave her some turning

points which she only sort of heard. She was looking glancing up the bumpy hill where there were lots of people practicing. "I think I can do this, but there's so many people!" Tiffany thought.

Damon led her over to the rope pull and she tried to look like she wasn't a total newbie baby skier.

They got to the top and Damon said, "Ok, I'll go first, watch me." He put his skis in a snow plough position and pushed off with his poles. He slowly glided down the hill. When he got to the bottom he turned around and looked back. "Ready?" he mouthed.

~~She nodded, took a quick breath and pointed her skis in, then pushed.~~ She scooted an inch. She pushed again and slowly gained speed. The skis came out of

the point and her speed picked up quick. "Oh no!" she thought. "It looked so easy when Damon did it! Everybody stay out of my way!" Luckily no one crossed her path. She ~~zoomed~~<sup>shot straight</sup> down the bunny hill like a bullet and when she got to the bottom, she could turn the skis in again and slowed to a stop.

Damon skied over. "Wow! are you ok? You took that really fast! You looked good, but did you have any control?"

Tiffany was a little shaky, but exhilarated too. "I had no control. I tried to snow plough, but the skis were not cooperative." He looked a little worried. "But that was really fun!" She gushed.

"Do you want to go again?"

he asked.

"Let's go!" she answered, her eyes sparkling. They climbed the hill again and spent the ~~more~~ rest of the morning on the bumpy slope. Tiffany got more comfortable with each pass down the hill, getting the feel of turning, slowing and stopping. Getting hungry they headed to the lodge for lunch and met Blair there. They bought some sandwiches and sat down at a table.

Tiffany dived right in to her sandwich, surprised at no sense of nerves over eating this time. "Yea!" she thought.

"So how did it go?" Blair asked.

"She was great!" Damon quickly responded. "I think she's ready for the harder runs."

"Really?" Blair asked,

amusement and delight on his face. "The hard run is great!" Blair said, mostly to Damon. "~~these~~ moguls are great. The show is perfect!"

Tiffany looked at Damon.

"That sounds fun. But I don't think we'll get over there today." Tiffany could tell he wanted to, but was thinking of her first.

"Oh, let's try it!" she said to him, squeezing his arm. Even through his ski coat she could feel his big muscle. ~~and~~ She liked ~~squeezing~~ it. "Nice!" She thought. ~~she~~

"Do you think you'd be too sca- "Are you sure you want to try it?" he asked, hopefully.

"Oh yeah! Just give me pointers on how to handle moguls and I'll try it!" she said, with ~~that~~ <sup>the</sup> indestructible, paranoid, indestructable

confidence of a teenager.

Blair and Damon spent the rest of lunch coaching Tiffany. By the time they were done, she had even more confidence as they got on the ski lift.

As the chair lifted them right off their feet and they climbed into the sky, the mountain blanketed with snow, studded with pines and topped with the brilliant blue of the sky, Tiffany felt a thrill of youth. Here she was, ~~seeing~~ encompassed by God's majestic beauties, sitting close to a friend that she felt more real with, more complete, more sensations for than anyone else. Could life be any better than this? She glanced up at him as he looked out over the runs to see if he could get

an idea of the course before they arrived at the top. His dark hair, cut jawline, handsome features sang a song in her heart. "Will this end? I think he is the best ever, I hope it never ends." She thought fervently.

As they got closer to the top, her heart began beating a little faster, but she just it was more in excited anticipation. She knew could picture how it was going to feel, and she was ready to impress Damon!

He was quickly stepped off and grabbed her hand to help her off the lift. She glided right off with no spill.

Tiffany When they got to where she could see the path, Tiffany took it all in in a few seconds. "This is much bigger than the

# Tell about talents in your family

January 2011

My family growing up has some musical talent. My dad played guitar and is a strong tenor in the choir. He wooed my mom with his guitar, his dad wooed my grandma with his piano (he <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ an amazing pianist!) and his father, I hear, wooed his mother with the piano. My brother picked up the guitar after his mission, wooed my sister-in-law with his singing & playing and wrote a song to her to propose. My sons Damon Jr and Taylor have both picked up guitar and have already composed songs for girls, so the ~~tradition~~ <sup>legacy</sup> may continue on! ~~and~~ my continue on!

I am the oldest child and I picked the violin as did 2 of my other sisters, Amy & Whitney. ~~They~~ I loved to sing more than

any of my other siblings and I had various opportunities to enjoy that.

I also got involved in ballroom dancing at BYU and loved it! I have a brother and the same two sisters follow in my footsteps and we've all really enjoyed doing that!

My ~~Gran~~ dad's mother, Grandma Erma liked square dancing in her later years, I wonder if there's any connection?

Speaking of Grandma Erma, she crafted everything and sold it too. She knit, crocheted, tatted, sewed, worked with beads, macramed, made jewelry. If she saw something she liked, she would figure out how to make it. My sister Shelly is just like her! She knits & crochets,

quilts and cross-stitches beautiful things. She always has several projects going at once. Her biggest love though, is sewing. She sews girls clothes for boutiques and baby accessories. If she sees something she likes, she will figure out how to make it! Her work is perfect and she is always up for a new sewing challenge. She even sews for service, making things for Humanitarian kits or making bags for Relief Society, or aprons & bonnets for Stake Youth Conference Trek.

~~Another area is My~~ My mother's talents are in organization and I didn't get that, but I see many my sisters have that gift as well. Their homes are orderly, though nothing like our mother. My

mother would never hurt a fly and I believe her talent also is to live the Golden Rule, do to others as she would have others do to her. She has no enemies, that and everyone loves her.

Blogging is a new talent for the old principle of documenting and recording your life. Me and ~~my~~ sister Amy and my daughter Heather are most consistent in the family. Amy captures her family life with four little boys so well! And Heather's ~~is~~ blog is a treasure of her photos and her good writing.

## LESSON

Emotions

What does it look like?

Thrill - jumping up and down.

Empathy - put yourself in those shoes.

A Story is :

FACTS & FEELINGS

What emotion do you want your reader to think <sup>toward</sup> ~~of~~ the characters

What is the <sup>overall</sup> mood of the story?

## Dodge Ridge Continued

bunny hill," she thought. "Duh! But if I just swish back and forth, and <sup>or just</sup> snow plow all the way down, I'll eventually get to the bottom."

Damon was checking the slope out too. "I think I should follow you in case anything happens, I'll be right behind you."

"OK," Tiffany agreed. She took another minute to process the ~~slope~~ <sup>run</sup> and gear up her mind. Then she pushed off. She quickly picked up speed. Fear grabbed her and swept through her as she swept down the slope.

"Woah!" her mind screamed. She saw a man just ahead who was down. She was heading straight for him.

"I can't get control! Oh no!" She tried to snow plow and maybe eased up a fraction

of her speed, but the blow came, right into the back of the man.

"Oh my gosh! I'm so sorry!" Tiffany gasped as she hastily and ~~walked~~ awkwardly got up and off the man.

He caught his breath, then started yelling ~~expletive~~ at her, but Tiffany was already heading down the hill, extremely embarrassed, but not knowing what else to do.

This time, she had a little more control and kept her pace slower. Damon caught up to her. "Are you ok?" he called out. "~~Yeah~~,

"Yeah." She called back.

~~She~~ He shook his head. But she didn't see because she was focused on getting down the hill without hitting anyone or anything.

else. She started zig-zagging a little and found she could keep her speed at a low fear level. But she was still moving fast and her adrenaline was flowing pumping. Her ~~brain~~<sup>mind</sup> and body were working as one, tightly alert to every change, each small bump, and they quickly responded. She was barely in control. It was intense, sensational, wild. And then it was over.

"I made it!" she thought, rejoicing.

"You are crazy!" Damon blurted as he slid up next to her. His face ~~had~~<sup>had</sup> a mix<sup>look</sup> of stress, ~~and~~ disbelief, and entertainment on it. "You were out of control!"

"Pretty much." Tiffany said, "but I think I started getting more of the hang of it toward the end."

"Did you hear what that guy was saying? You really whammed into him."

"Oh, it was such a blur I didn't think I got him that bad. I tried to get away as fast as I could so I didn't hear him." she said, dismissing the magnitude of her crime.

Damon shook his head again. "He was swearing at you!"

"Really?" she said surprised. "Well, I want to go down that run again."

Damon stared at her. "Are you sure? Do you think you'll be able to keep from hitting anyone else?"

"Yes!" she immediately said, a little wounded pride flaring up. "I had more control by the end. I'll got the hang of it now."

"Ok." he said. "You are sure crazy!"

Tiffany looked right in his eyes, her eyes sparkling and smiled, "I know," she said.

When the lights of the ski resort came on, Damon, Tiffany and Blair were climbing in the back of the Chevy stationwagon, all tuckered out. Allaire had a cast on her arm and they all expressed condolences for her rotten luck and brunner day.

The ride home was quieter. Damon's dad turned the radio on. Billy Joel's "Uptown Girl" came on. "This song is you," Damon said to Tiffany. Her head was resting on his shoulder and she was in a dreamy state, wishing the moment would never end. "Why?" she lifted her

head and looked at him.

"Because you are an uptown girl, living in Los Altos, and I am the down town man living in Morgan Hill."

"Hm... he's funny," Tiffany thought. "He picks this song, not a super romantic one."

He didn't say anything about the song "You are SO Beautiful". Oh well, I'll take what I can get." She settled back on his shoulder.

As she was dropped off, ~~she~~ Damon and Tiffany gave Damon a quick hug. "Thanks for a fantastic day. When will we see each other again?" She looked hopeful, but knew she was not going to get the perfect answer - tomorrow!

"I don't know. I'll look and see when the next dance is. Thanks for coming. I had a great time."

"See ya later."

"Bye."

She slipped in the house - it was as dark as when she had left that morning.

Shelly's bedroom light was on. She tapped and opened the door. Shelly was writing in her journal. "How was it?" she asked excitedly.

"Oh! It was so great!"

Tiffany swooned and flopped on the bed.

"Tell me everything!"

So Tiffany started at the beginning. When she got to throwing the half-eaten potato into the snow, Shelly said, "Gross!"

"That wasn't gross! I was just getting rid of it."

"Well, go on. How did you do skiing?"

Their whispered voices went on into the night.

Locking fingers, Damon and Tiffany walked across the grass to a sand pit at the park and sat down at the edge of the pit. Their feet smoothed out the sand and their fingers came apart. Since Temple Pageant, they had hardly seen each other. "I'm so glad you were able to come to Los Altos with your dad today!" Tiffany said.

"I know. I love Fridays! No swim lessons! And I wanted to see how my dad works, because I'm planning on taking over his practice when I get out of dental school. He's really excited to show me everything. Next summer I might chairside for him."

"That would be great!" Tiffany said smiling. She was glad for him, but even more glad for her! She might get to see him three times a week next summer!

"Yeah, and maybe we could see more of each other!" he said looking down at her seeming to read her mind.

"Just what I was thinking!" Tiffany admitted. Two girls, probably sisters, ran across the sand to the swings. One a toddler and the other her older sister.

"So how long is your brother visiting for?" Tiffany asked, changing the subject.

"Roark and Becky are here for a week. It's the first time that They've come to visit since they got married in April. It's fun having them around."

"I bet."

The toddler was swinging, her legs dangling beneath her summer dress. Tiffany watched her and saw her dress puff out, revealing her underwear. Tiffany frowned. "I will never take my daughters to the park in a dress."

Damon nodded in agreement. "Good idea."

Tiffany leaned back on her hands and soaked up the sun, the sweet California air, and the rare moment to be with Damon. Tiffany glanced over at this tall, tan and handsome guy who had come into her life just a month before, and how the last three times they had said goodbye, he had kissed her really quickly. And she was starting to feel an awkward feeling with him. Was he going to want to kiss every time? She didn't like that awkward feeling, but it was growing. When I'm away from him, I just want to be with him, but as soon as we're together, that feeling starts.

Damon interrupted her thoughts. "I had a talk with Roark and Becky last night and they shared something with me that I want to share with you. Do you mind?"