

notes

Play

Barbie

6/25/14

We played out in our garage during the summer. We had an old area rug that my parents put down on $\frac{1}{2}$ the garage and it made a nice play room. Our neighbors, Chris and Clint Butterfield would come over and we would play marbles. I loved marbles! There were cats eyes, pearies, potstickers, spiders & boulders. Each was unique and beautiful. I still have a couple of them in a little treasure box I made one day in Primary.

We also would make up plays or skits in the garage. I don't remember any of them, but we would grab a few items for our props and put on the skits for each other.

What I thought amazing as a child was?

My daydreams in 3rd grade were that the boy I had a crush on would marry me and we would have our desks next to each other and they would be inside our own little cabana inside the

classroom. I was fixated on that image for the whole year.

A church was built near our home and we went over to the construction site a few times and found wires wrapped in the coolest plastic covers of all colors and patterns. We would twist them and make rings out of them.

when & where

what were you told about my birth &
who told you ^{infancy}

Sometimes, ~~as~~ usually on my
birthdays, my mom would
walk down memory lane and
tell me of the story of my birth.
I have heard it many times,
but I don't always remember
details, and so it's a little jumbled.
~~I was~~ But I do know this:
I was born on May 2, 1967 and
I'm glad. Because May is the
most beautiful, happy month
of the year. And I was born
right before Mother's Day and
that was a special thing to my
mom. And another wonderful
detail: I was born in beautiful
San Mateo, California. California
in May.

~~was~~ The details of labor are
vague. I think there was a
scary salesman that came
over and my dad was gone.
At the hospital my dad couldn't
go in the delivery room, but he
went to McDonald's and bought
the nurses food, so they let

My dad told me I cried with
a very low voice.

him peek through the window.
My mom said I looked
like Grandpa Stucki. I think
that's funny!

In my infancy I just remem-
ber ~~to~~ my dad saying what
a perfect baby I was, how
he would get home late and
I would be asleep. He would
wake me up and I was
happy, he would play with
me and then he would put
me back in bed and I would
happily lie down and go right
back to sleep.

I know from both of them
when they spoke of that time
that I was a very loved and
adored daughter and a very
lucky girl. I was their first
child and the first grandchild
and great-grandchild on my mother's
side.

earliest memories

When I was 2 my dad transferred to BYU to finish school. My earliest memories are at ^{BYU} married student housing - Wymount Terrace. (By the by, it was the first of 2 adventures at Wymount for me!) My dad had a bike and he would put a red terrycloth pillow on the back book rack and sit me on it and I would hold on around his waist and he would give me a ride. It was so thrilling! Another memory was my younger sister, Shelley, and I went outside of our little complex and found some swings. So we were swinging and Shelley fell off and cut her head on the cement. There was an adult there who I guess got us back to our apartment. I remember seeing Shelley lying on the couch asleep with a ~~lot~~ gash on her head, and just kneeling by the couch so afraid she was going to die.

And another memory was when

It was Pioneer Day and my mom made me and Shelly matching skirts out of a calico material and we were in a little Pioneer Day Parade at Wymount. I felt so fancy and excited to be all dressed up.

I remember my Braby Tenderlove Doll.

clothes games played at school
food

toys things I did not like

Each year before school started my mom would sew two school dresses ^{each} for me and Shelly. They were cotton, long-sleeved, gathered at the neck and wrist. And then a ~~or~~ smock of a contrasting color. Same ~~pattern~~ style each year, but different colors. And she would buy us school shoes which were durable, and something in between tennis shoes and Sunday shoes. They were school shoes. So I got the two dresses - maybe it was just one dress now that I think of it. And then a couple of pairs of pants and a few shirts. Clothes weren't a big deal to me in elementary school. I had long hair and each morning it was the ritual to stand in front of the mirror and watch my mom fix my hair for school. Sometimes she would put it in two ponytails and sometimes she would bring some of my hair up in a barret.

On Saturday nights we washed our hair and my dad would blow dry it, and then my mom would put our hair in ponytails and then put curlers in them. We went to bed with 2 fat wads of curlers over each ear. I don't know how we slept, but the next day our curls were so fancy! Then as the week went on, our curls would slowly get droopier. I would watch my mom wrap the curls around her finger and brush them into ringlets.

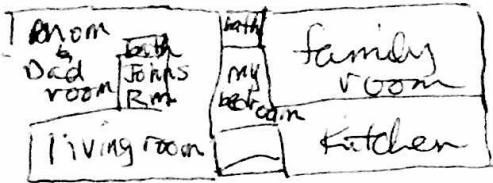
Where did you live
Who lived w/you

I spent the first couple of years in Belmont, California. Then we went to Provo, UT for my dad to finish school. When he graduated, he took a job in Moraga, California, near Berkley. We were there only a short time when we moved again to the central valley in Modesto, California. There was where I spent the rest of my childhood. We rented a house for a couple of years and then built a house. That house had been built on a walnut orchard and we had two mature trees in our front yard when we moved ~~to~~ in. I remember I had the job of gathering the walnuts off the grass in paper sacks. Then we would take off the outer shell and then sit around the table and crack the walnuts and pick out the nuts. It was fun to sit around and talk. My grandma Ermie would come over and help too.

I was the oldest, and then I had a sister, Shelly, who was just 20 months younger than I, and a brother, John, who was 10 yrs

younger than I, and a sister, Amy, who was 9 years younger. And of course, my mom and dad. No animals. I remember my dad seeding the back yard for grass, and having a chore every day of watering the grass. We also had a garden and I hated finding tomato worms. Life was simple and had order and was a very secure place for a child. My mom kept our home very clean and we had summer chores and Saturday chores. One of them was sorting the laundry. Shelley and I would quote The Giant Jam Sandwich, or The Bears Picnic, two of our favorite childrens books while we sorted to make it fun.

We lived at 2424 Ridel Way. It was a tan, stucco home with dark brown shutters^{trim} and a dark brown attached garage. It had 3 long windows in front where we planted gardenia bushes. As a border up the driveway my dad planted orange and yellow marigolds and I thought they were so cheerful.



The family room has memories of vacuuming the long, brown, shag carpet, watching hours of TV, Family Home Evenings from the FHE manuals we got from the church each year, fires in the fireplace, singing with my dad accompanying us on his 12 string guitar, and playing hot lava while walking around on the couches.

The kitchen has memories of eating, of course, and canning, and cooking ^{& taking} with my mom, of mopping the kitchen floor, of turning the TV around on Sunday nights after getting home from Sacrament Meeting and watching Wonderful World of Disney while drinking hot chocolate and ~~eat~~^{eating} toast. We had yellow cheerful wallpaper on the kitchen walls.

In the living room my memories were of listening to records for hours on end: The Carpenters, Beatles, The Planets, Star Wars, Saturday's Warhol, My Turn on

Earth, childrens Disney albums, Seals and Croft. I remember making a house out of the couch cushions and setting up Barbie houses in the living room.

My room, which I shared with Shelby was our little sanctuary. We played with the little Fisher Price doll house, with Tinkertoys, dolls, make crafts, practice our violin and flute, ~~do~~ playing duets. We got a chord organ and spent lots of time on that. I remember scratching each others backs at night, of my dad marching down the hall to punish us for him not sure, maybe fighting, or not going to sleep. Usually he would try to knock our heads together, but we would resist and then our heads would touch, and it didn't hurt, but we would pretend it would and he would leave. When my cousin, Michelle came, we set up stores in our room and make a terrific mess, but that was

so fun! We usually rearranged our bedroom furniture when Michelle came, either separating our bunk beds into 2 beds, or stacking the beds back up ~~as~~ ^{into} bunk beds.

July 9, 2014

any animals
Lassie

We had a cow pasture near our home when I was 5 and one day a few of us neighbor friends were over at the fence and two of us decided to be really brave and climb over the fence into the pasture. We did and nothing remarkable happened in there, but a policeman saw us and told us to get out of there and then asked us where we lived. I was terrified! The policeman went to our home and I hid in a closet, so scared I would be in terrible trouble.

When I was 14 we moved ~~into~~^{bought} a home that came with a pregnant cat we named Frisky. A couple of weeks later she had kittens. We kept two of them: Tiger and Blackey. Tiger was short-haired and had a snooty, stand offish personality, and Blackey was long-haired and was so sweet. We nick-named him Fluffy Guy or Fluff for

short. I really loved him.
One day we couldn't find him.
My dad found him under the
house where he had gone to
die. I cried. But not long ^{He was} ~~though~~ ^{special}.

We got a cocker spaniel puppy
which we named Pup and I
never liked him. He bugged me
from the very beginning. Since
then as a mother, we've
had many pets: a cat, her
5 kittens, 2 papillon dogs, 2
rabbits, 5 hamsters, many
beta fish, and now another
cat. I have to say, I'm a
cat person. I guess you are
either a cat or dog person. Some
can be both I'm sure, but I'm
definitely a cat person. But when
it's all said and done, I'm actually
not really an animal person.

But the cats last the longest
in our home and don't cause me
much grief. All the rest do.

7/9/14 Nicknames

When I was first born, I guess I was a very aggressive nurser and so I was given the nickname Tiffany Tiger: ~~May~~ I was the first born and no one told my mom to just hang in there and so she gave up nursing.

My whole life my nickname has been Tiff and I don't even notice when someone calls me Tiff verses Tiffany, I'm so used to it. Every once in a while someone calls me Tiff, like my 6th grade teacher, and that does cause me to notice and I'm pleased they feel that comfort able with me.

In my primary class growing up I was nick named by the boys Tiffany and I didn't like that but it stuck and they really liked calling me that and one boy I had a crush on even

took it further one day and called me two fannies and pointed to ~~the~~ his bottom and ~~my~~ face. Not fun -

There was a barbie doll named Tiffany Taylor and the ad jingle was catchy and sometimes kids would sing it at me:

Tiffany Taylor - whistle
She's what you want her to be
pretty brunette, withey blonde
she's fun by the sea
Tiffany Taylor - whistle

In high school, the boys in my ward nick named me Spunku or Spunk and then they would look at each other and smile. I tried wondered what that meant and they never really said. I guess it was because I was so hyper and they thought it was funny.

7/9/14 Earliest memories in school

I went to the BYU preschool program they had, but don't have any memories of it. When my dad graduated we moved to Moraga, CA and I started kindergarten. I walked and we lived in an apartment complex on this hill - At the side of the parking lot was a long stairway down the hill and at the bottom was the school. I thought there was 100 stairs. I don't know if I counted them though. But that was my story I stuck to. I only remember playing with cardboard "bricks" and building with them.

Half way through the year we moved to Modesto, California and I went to Sherwood Elementary for the last 1/2 of kindergarten. I remember making an alphabet book a page a day and I really liked that.

In first grade I went to

Standiford Elementary and I had taught myself how to read, so I was ahead. The teacher let me be a teacher for a small reading group one time and I felt really grand until the 2 boys in the group wouldn't listen to me or do anything I said. I also remember I had turned around in my desk to talk to the person behind me for a minute and my teacher gave me a small swat on the bottom. My bottom didn't hurt, but my face burned and my feelings were really hurt. I don't remember what I learned, I just remember one girl that I thought was looked so perfect, her hair and her clothes. She just looked like a picture every day. And it seemed to be the thing to bring Jello powder in plastic bags and you would

tear a corner off and suck
out the powder from the
hole. I wanted that so bad,
but never dared ask my mom.
I knew she wouldn't go for
it at all!

We built a house that year
and so when it was time
for my 2nd grade, I went
to the newly built elementary
school - Sonoma School,
where I finished out my
elementary years.

childhood friends 7/16/14

When I lived on Wilcox Ct. there was a good group of us that hung out. I remember Stacy^{Suzie} and Brad and Susie. Suzie was from Fiji. She had a fuzzy car - a VW covered in a fuzzy material. Her mom was always making tortillas of some kind and they tasted like Heaven any time I got one. Right now Suzie is still in Modesto, my parents are back there serving as ward missionaries, and she is investigating the church.

My best friend, though was Cathy Croft. She was in my ward and went to my elementary school. We would go to each others homes on Sunday sometimes. I remember cooking a dinner with her at her house. She had a pool and we spent hours playing in it ^{and listening to a joke}. When ^{the} we were ~~in~~ in 4th or 5th grade, the ward split and our elementary school split when a new school was built, so we split

up. But we still got together. We loved My Turn on Earth and pretended to audition for it in front of each other. We also wrote a book together.

She really wanted to be popular and her 12th birthday invited some popular girls ^{to her party}. She told me before hand, "Don't be mad if I don't talk to you at my party." That was kind of the beginning of the end of our friendship.

By 7th grade, we were at the same high school, but she never acknowledged me.

I moved after 7th grade and a couple of times in high school I went back to visit her. We talked and the 1st time she could only talk about boys and her boyfriends. The next time I went, I had already met Damon, but boys were out and cheerleading was the thing. At BYU,

she made it on to the BYU Ballroom
dance team and that was the
thing. Every time I saw
her or talked to her I never
felt good enough. Kind of sad,
but when we were young, I
do have fun memories.

7/16/14

When I came home from school in elementary school, my mom was there doing some housework. On her ironing days, she would have the ironing board set up in front of the tv and she was watching General Hospital or ~~Days of Our Lives~~^{One Life to Live}. If it wasn't ironing day, my sister, Shelly and I would sit and watch Brady Bunch or Gilligan's Island or even watch Sesame Street. I remember watching hours of TV after school.

Sometimes On Wednesday afternoons I had Primary and on another day I had Brownies or Girl Scouts. When a holiday was coming up, we would walk in the door and our home would be decorated for the holiday.

Those were exciting days! But I always came home to a clean home and my mom and it was happy and safe and wonderful. I played violin starting in 4th grade and I remember practicing after school in my room.

mealtimes
evening
weekend

7/23/14

The foods I remember for dinners in my early years were tuna noodle casserole, creamed tuna on toast, pork chops seasoned with Shake-n-Bake, tacos, spaghetti and either a roasted chicken or roast beef for Sunday dinner served with mashed potatoes and gravy, a vegetable, salad and dessert. Desserts were usually ^{a variety of} puddings or chocolate or rice pie. I loved Sunday dinners! My mom was a wonderful cook and even on a slim budget, she always kept me well fed. I also remember porcupine meatballs and beef stroganoff which was my favorite and the meal I always picked for my birthday dinner.

On Sunday morning my dad went to Priesthood Meeting then come pick the rest of us up to go to Sunday School. Then we'd come home, change, eat our big meal and then it was quiet time - in the

early evening we got changed back in Sunday clothes - matching home made dresses for me and Shelly, and go back to church for Sacrament Meeting. When we got home we watched Wonderful World of Disney and ate toast and scrambled eggs and hot chocolate. Such sweet memories!

Saturday nights as a young child was a set routine: Shelly and I took a bubble bath. Then after getting in our pajamas, my mom would wash our hair in the sink and then ^{wrap} ~~put~~ our hair in a towel like a turban. My dad then slowly dried our hair with a new hair dryer. Then my mom would put our hair in sponge curlers so our hair was fancy for Sunday. I'm sure our home modeled the song "Saturday" in the Primary Children's Songbook!

Music

7/23/14

Music was a big part of my childhood. My dad had a big record collection. I remember the albums neatly leaning in stacks against our living room wall. He played a 12-string guitar and pulled it out often. The first song I remember is Leavin on a Jet Plane and at the chorus, Shelly & I would put our arms out and run around the middle of the room and pretend to be airplanes. My dad played a lot of Beatles music: Michelle, Norwegian Wood^{H&P}, Penny Lane, Yellow Submarine were a few I remember. We also sang Puff the Magic Dragon, If I Had a Hammer, and Sassafras Tea. When I was in an Elementary School Choir we learned The Candy Man with the chorus in Harmony. Dad figured out the chords and came up with a tenor part and we sang the chorus in 3 parts and I loved it! Of course every Christmas we sat around the fire singing Christ-

mas songs to the guitar.

Record albums of my childhood were Storybook Disney stories albums that had many songs and the stories told. We listened for hours to those! We listened to Beatles albums, there was a Seals and Crofts album I loved, ~~to~~ but my favorites were the Carpenters. Hours and hours singing along with Karen! ~~We~~ My Dad also liked classical and we had a Bach organ album, The Planets which I loved listening to Jupiter, were 2 that I remember. He brought the soundtrack album to Star Wars when it came out and I liked that. Also My Turn on Earth and Saturday's Warlock were favorites. Primary songs were a big part of my childhood with Popcorn, 13 of M stories, Little Purple Pansies, Stowman, In the Leafy Tree Tops, and Give Said the Little Stream. Earliest

songs on the radio I remember
were Killing Me Softly, Raindrops
^{Keep falling on}
my Head, and Tie a Yellow Ribbon
Round the Old Oak Tree.

Reading Material

7/23/14

My mom read to us probably every day. She subscribed at one point to a weekly reader type club where we got a book sent to us each month. Those books were fabulous! My siblings and I each are collecting those books because we loved them so much. There was Old Black Witch, The Laughing Dragon, Dooly and the Shortshoot, Maxie, The Little House, Two Good Friends^{yommers}, Little Toot to name a few favorites. She read a chapter a night from Mrs. Piggle Wiggle one time and I think that was probably one of my all time favorite memories.

When I got into elementary school we got Scholastic Book orders and my mom usually let me get books from that.

The books I remember discovering that have continued to be my all time favorites are the Chronicles of Narnia, The Little Princess and The Secret Garden. I read a

few Judy Blume Books but I didn't like how I felt when I read them. The first chapter books that I read on my own were by Caroline Haywood mostly about a girl named Betsy, and they were easy to read and so sweet!

My dad had graduated in microbiology and had a book from school on our shelves that Shelly and I would pull down and look through occasionally. It was a book on diseases and it had real pictures of people with weird diseases.

My mom had a cake decorating book and Shelly and I liked looking through that and each picking our favorite thing on each page.

Since homeschooling I have discovered many more wonderful books: Pippi Longstocking, Wizard of Oz, The Black Stallion, Heidi, Wind in the Willows, Black Beauty,

the Prince & the Pauper, Understood
and Betsy. Reading aloud to my
children were my favorite
memories of homeschool.
Library -

Little Witch

Biographies

Fairy Tales told by my mom
before bed.

Description of parents

8/6/14

My parents were young and healthy, dark-haired, thin and trim, beautiful people. My mom had beautiful long hair that I loved to brush. I loved watching her ~~brush~~ brush her hair. She would tease the back with a comb and then smooth it out. They both had blue eyes. They liked to laugh and did so no matter what life brought. My dad was very particular about his grooming. ~~He~~ He would blow dry his hair and brush it and Rain Splay it. He shaved and used ^{old spice} after shave lotion. I remember him splashing his face with it. My mom also kept herself clean and nicely dressed. I loved watching her put on her make up, especially curling her eyelashes. We liked asking our dad to flex his muscles and always squealed when his arm muscle bulged. He would show us how he did pushups in the

army and we were always impressed. He could make really funny faces with his mouth, and make all kinds of funny noises too that always made us laugh. My mom always kept the house perfectly clean, always had dinner and meal's ready, just kept our lives humming on a perfect schedule. Not much flustered her, she just always seemed to be on top of things, but in a relaxed, happy sort of way. My dad was more of a spontaneous person, getting an idea in his head, like buying a sound system and surprising mom with it out of the blue!

- Mom was medium ~~height~~^{height} build. She ~~had~~ was super artistic. Our home was nicely furnished and arranged very well, with everything placed just right. She could color like no one else!! I could sit for

a half hour mesmerized as I watched her color a picture in a coloring book. It was absolutely magical. Any project at school ^{I had} she would help me and I always felt that mine was the best because her touch was on it. I just think of her hands, coloring, writing, in her gorgeous hand-writing, (that I ^{also} loved watching her do) making grocery lists, sewing, cooking, just turning everything she touched into a work of art. And she was so humble about it too. She never thought what she produced was anything amazing, but I always thought it was.

Dad loved music and really gave all of us children his love of it. He was into healthy foods and supplements. He would buy boxes of oranges and would go on a juicing streak for a week. He liked making a big breakfast on

Saturday mornings with All Bran muffins, eggs, bacon, pancakes, the works. He just emanated energy and a love for life and the beauties of the world. He got excited and would want to share small wonders with us like a beautiful sunset, a ripe strawberry or a hummingbird.

Back to music and my dad. He had a nice, clear tenor voice and was always in the ward choir. He was choir director a few times and I have always been in the ward choir because of his dedication to it and his love of music. He loved foot rubs and always wanted me to give him foot rubs because he said I had the strongest hands. I loved giving him foot rubs because of how happy he was.

My mom was the best audience for my silly performances. She laughed a lot and I would do weird things like

put slippers on my knees and a bathrobe on and I'd "walk" in on my knees and it would look like I was a midget. Mom laughed every time I did that. She has such a great sense of humor!

Movies & tv
shows had impact

8/13/14

The tv mini series "Roots" came out when I was a child. My parents watched it by themselves, but they talked highly of it. So a few years later when it came on again, I begged to watch it and they said yes. I anticipated it for a few days. The day arrived, we sat down on the couch, turned the TV on and it started. The music was somber, serious and scared me. It starts in Africa with a young boy named Kunta Kintay (so!) and goes through a little setting the scene. Then you see him as a young man running in a field, being chased by men, and a big net being thrown over him.

The camera closes in on him in the net as he grabs it and screams out. That was it. I ran from the room and curled up on my parents bed, full of dread and shaking. Each time an ad came

on, my mom came in to see how I was. I wanted it to be turned off, but they kept watching it. That night when I was sound asleep in my own bed, I woke up as I threw up. The next day I was fine, but as it became evening, the dread built up inside of me again. Because it was a mini series, it was on TV for several nights in a row. I spent all of those nights, far away in my parents room, dealing with this anxiety I didn't know how to stop. Even after the series was done, every night that dread and fear came back. One evening I was in my room and I had a thought "go ask your dad for a priesthood blessing." So I did. He had me sit in the black swivel chair in the family room, and he gave me a blessing. I never

iately ~~as~~ the anxiety left,
and it didn't return. I
just knew that's what would
happen when I sat on the
chair, and I am so grateful
for that blessing!

As far as tv shows in general,
I don't know what impact
they had on me, but as a
family when I was a child,
we watched All In The Family,
Happy Days, Laverne & Shirley
and a couple of years really
liked Mork & Mindy. I also
remember watching The Donny
& Marie Show.

Bad News Bears

Were you ever in a school or community performance?

When I was about 16 I had just turned 16, the church in my area put on the West Bay Temple Pageant. There were auditions for stage actors, a stage chorus, an orchestra, & dancers. Everyone else who wanted to participate (youth mostly) would make up a balcony chorus and rehearse on Sunday evenings at their own Stake Centers until the dress rehearsals and performances. I wanted to be in it, but missed the auditions. But a few days later they held make up auditions. My dad took me to it. I auditioned for a speaking part, and for the stage chorus. There were 2 teen girl speaking parts. I had no idea how many had auditioned, but I remember seeing a couple of brothers at the make up audition that looked pretty cute.

Well, miraculously I got cast as Mary Ann Young, daughter

of Brigham Young. And I also was selected to be an alto in the stage chorus, which ~~my~~ My ~~the~~ dad had auditioned for the stage chorus as well, and he made it too. Rehearsals with the chorus started. Then certain scenes started rehearsals. By June we were combining with other scenes and starting to work on the set that was getting built. I had started talking to the younger brother I had seen at auditions - He was a flirt and his name was Blair Janis. The older brothers ~~had~~ had been cast as the young Joseph Smith, though he was waiting to get his mission call and was 18 years old. He was Brandon, and I really liked him. They also had a quiet brother in between them who I didn't talk to for a while. His name was Damon. On July 2nd, a

Saturday, we had a cast party. Me and the other teen girl that had speaking parts - Marian Bennion were talking and Brandon and Damon came over to us to talk. I was so excited Brandon ~~was~~ was paying attention to me! But after a while, he had to go. Then Marian left and it was just Damon and I. We kept talking and it was very easy to talk to him. He was super nice and we seemed to understand each other. The next Monday, we started rehearsals at the place we were performing, and I saw Damon and called to him to sit by me at cast notes.

He and I never were apart again during temple pageant. He was tall, dark and handsome. He had a perfect swimmers body and a great tan!

Aug 27

Family fun

Our family had fun going to parks! My dad would push us on the merry go round thing and he could push it so fast!! We screamed and held on tight. It was awesome!! He also pushed us super high on the swings. Every time it was time to go, Shelly cried. My parents would say it didn't make them want to bring us if we threw tantrums when we left. But those were fun times.

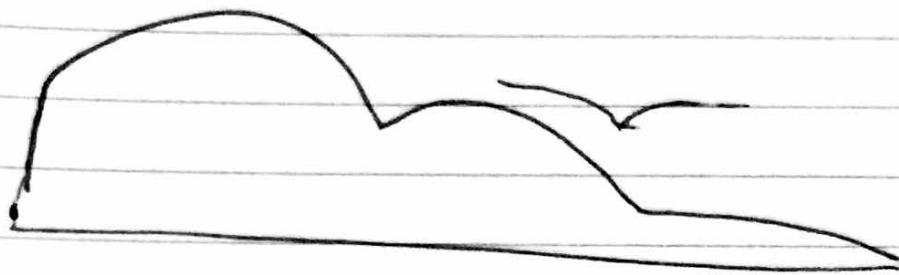
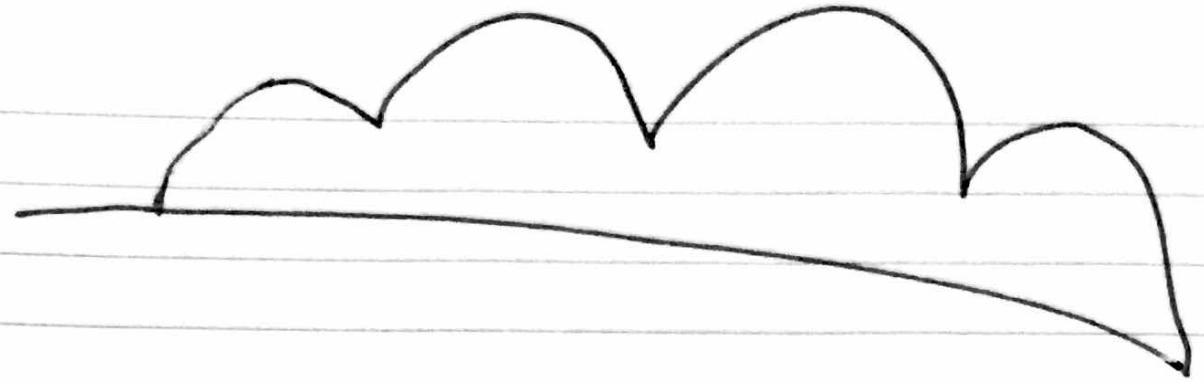
At Christmas we always made a gingerbread house and that was so fun! My mom got everything ready and her and my dad would assemble ^{the} with the frosting. Then they would let us put the candy on. My mom guided ~~us~~ so that the finished product was something that could be on the cover of a Better Homes & Garden magazine. We were proud of it and loved watching

looking at it all through the holiday.

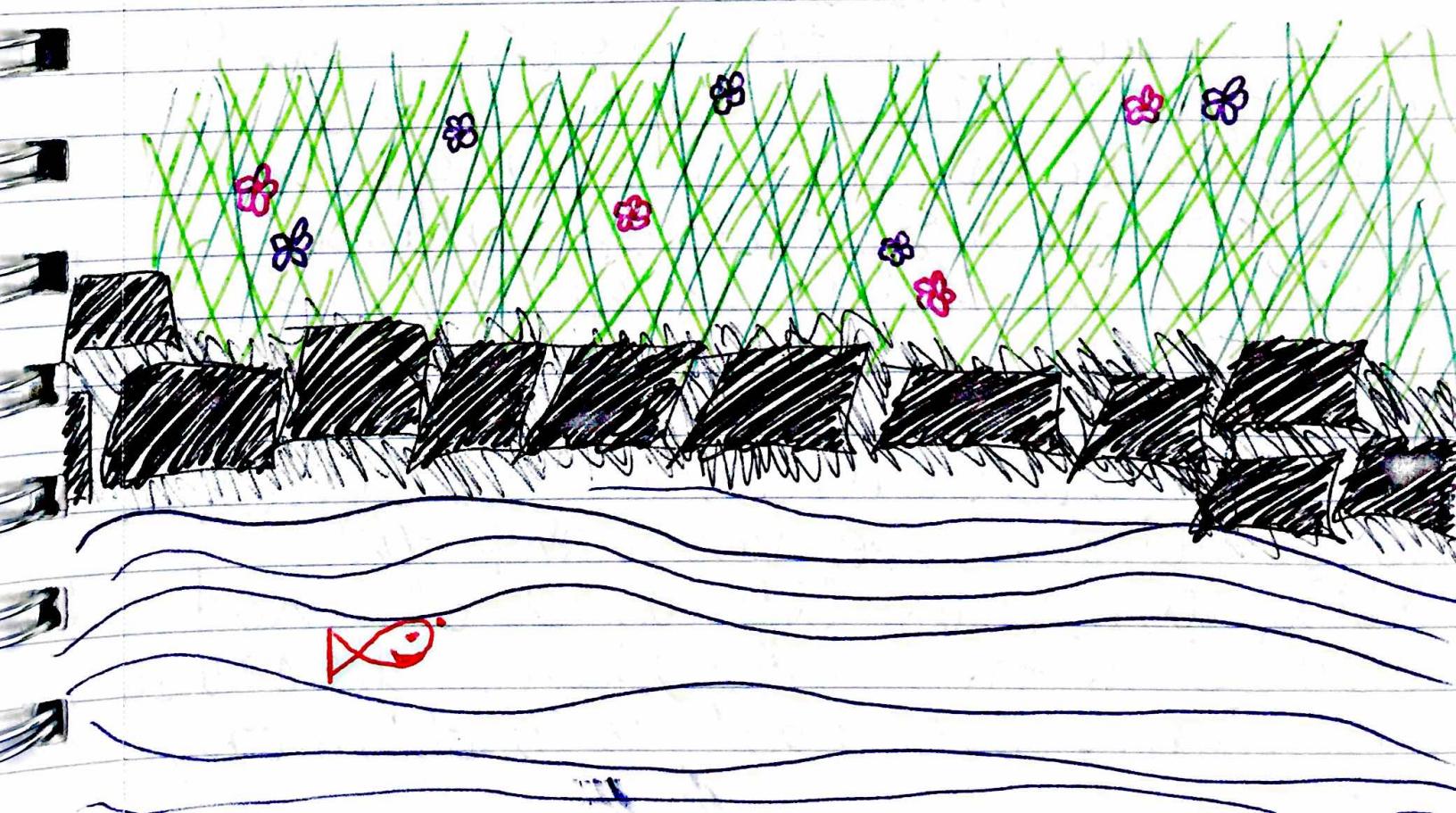
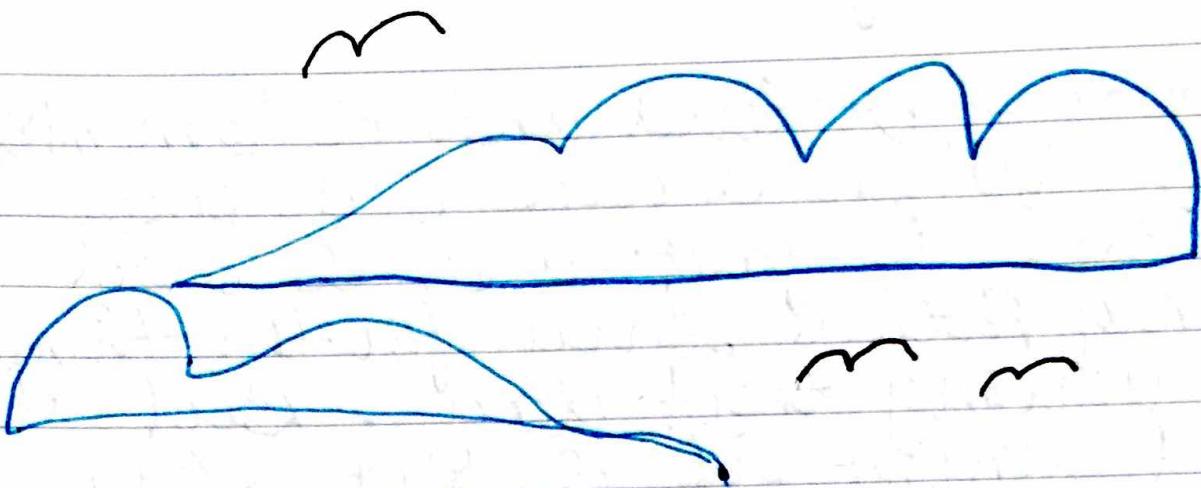
When we were really little we would take a drive to A&W and the car hop would put a tray on our window and my dad would order mini frosty mugs of root beer for me and Shelly. They were so cute and the root beer was a treat and we thought it was great!

I remember also going to drive-in movies as a family. That was fun except for the time I played on the playground before the movies started, and I got red ants all up the back of my shirt, biting me.

Trips to Utah from CA or CA to UT were fun as a young child. We had a VW bug. Dad put the back seat down and Mom threw down a blanket and that was our play/sleep



area. We sang and played
games.
Our family played games
together!



testimony Aug
27

I always believed and I remember praying. When I was 8 I was determined to fast and I told Heavenly Father sorry for the things I did wrong that day. But I don't know if I ever felt the Spirit till I was 12. I had a friend who wanted to go to Academy For Girls at BYU one summer. My parents said I could go with her. It was a 2 week camp, and it was so amazing! We had counselors and learned a few songs and stayed in the dorms and went to classes and had devotionals with our group. I felt the Spirit so many times in those 2 weeks.

Scott Anderson was one of the main speakers, and he was incredible! I laughed and cried. He brought the scriptures to life and I had a desire to read them because of him. We had a testimony

Meeting with my group and it was the most powerful experience feeling the Spirit that I had ever felt before. Everyone was crying and feeling the Spirit. When it was over, I didn't want it to end. We all went back to our rooms and I just wanted to bask in the Spirit, but everyone turned their radios on and that was that. But Girls Academy was where I believe I recognized I had my own testimony and didn't rely on my parents ever after.

Pregnancy

So, I had 5 pregnancies and they were all different, but many things were the same. I will talk about the differences first.

With Heather and Spencer I was morning sick. With Damon and Taylor I wasn't, but with Emily I had a lot of apathy and maybe depression the first 3 months rather than physical sickness. So that after 3 months with all of them I perked up, felt better and was excited.

With Heather and Emily I wanted to get pregnant and was praying for a baby. The boys all came before I was quite ready, but wouldn't have changed a thing! Heather's name was going to be Brittny Lane, but 2 weeks before she was born, we decided to change it. She was born on Feb 12, which was my great-grandmother's birthday. She had passed away just the previous August. When I got the pregnancy

test results about Damon, I told my husband that night. I was a little nervous about my 2nd child and somehow worried about whether it would be rebellious. I expressed my feelings to Damon and then the Spirit came over me and I said, "We are going to have a boy." And then I started to cry and kept talking about how this boy was going to be strong and a good example to our family and help my husband be a better father and I said a few other things and then stopped. My Damon said, "I think you just had the spirit of prophecy." It was a sweet experience. And he has everything I ~~he~~ said has played out. Later in the pregnancy I felt a strong voice in my head that he would be named Damon Jr. Spencers pregnancy I was sick

like I said, and had 2 little ones to take care of. That was a challenge!

When I found out I was expecting Taylor, Spencer was only 6 mo old. I was pretty overwhelmed! Damon and I went to the temple right soon after finding out and after the session Damon told me he had a strong impression that this baby was supposed to come at this time and some day we would know why - I put my trust in the Lord and ~~I am~~ so so grateful for my "Taylor Baby". Emily didn't come for 4 years after that and by then my body, after so many so fast, and ~~feeling~~ I got sick a lot, felt strong and I wanted another girl. And I got my "angel baby". So, even though we were in Provo when we had all of our children, each one of them was delivered

by a different person. ~~The~~ Dr. Nance delivered Heather. He was old school, ^{Patossin} Epidural, episiotomy, stirrups, labor room, delivery room, recovery room. ~~&~~ Forceps and a catheter. Damon had to wear some white ^{scrub} suit over his clothes and a bonnet thing over his hair.

With Damon Jr I had the same Dr. and he was on a family picnic the Saturday morning I went into labor and they couldn't get a hold of him. (Pre cell phone days! :)) So the on-call Dr delivered him in the labor room. He taught me a better breathing method than the LaMaz I had used with Heather, which had made me & Damon crazy and, I hyperventilated. I think ~~the~~ Dr. w/ Damon Jr taught me the Bradley method which was much better for me! It was a "natural" birth and the

best delivery experience of all 5.
(maybe because she was the
smallest at 6 lb 9 oz.)

Spencer was delivered by a
group of nurse midwives at the
Orem City Hospital. I had
gotten an herbal tea recipe from
a friend and when I went
into labor I made it up and
we left. I hemorrhaged after
the birth and the nurse
midwife wanted to give me
pitocin to stop it. I grabbed
my tea and she let me
drink it, and she never had
to give me pitocin. I
had switched to the nurse mid-
wives and Orem, because I
didn't like the Payson Hospital's
nursery. They kept my baby's
way too much. At the Orem
hospital, it was a birthing
room I delivered in and
Spencer was in a bassinet
next to my bed. I really
liked that!

With Taylor, I wanted even more natural and had a lay midwife care for me and I had him at home. He came out with his elbow out and I tore pretty bad.

Olympics

4 min.

eternity | eternity

life

are we Christ-Centered or ^{cruising} down the
mtn at willy nilly?

* Come Unto Christ *

Be Perfected

Ordinances

improve

agents or objects?
in Plan of Salvation

fanning

Repent

lay aside sin

what is holding us back?

With Christ anything is possible

What does Amulek say we should do
in this life? Alma 34:31-33
most important 3 Ne 27:16, 19-21

what did being good mean
in my family?

9/10/14

For my dad, being good was being obedient and eating all your food. He would quote his mother, "Better belly bust than good food waste." To my mom, she really instilled in us kids the Golden Rule and helped us see things from another person's perspective and let that guide our words and actions. She was always kind to others and never said or did anything to offend or hurt in any way, and I know she did that consciously and ^{on} purpose. She set a beautiful example that all of her children follow. I think my parents tried to follow the Saviour and taught us through example and that was what being good was.

Gifts I received

9/10/14

I remember getting an Easy Bake Oven one year for Christmas. Shelly and I baked a cake and put it on our ~~the~~ play dishes and we have a picture of our dad eating it. It's one of the only pictures of him in a moustache - He didn't have one for long.

Another gift I received was when I was 3. My moth maternal grandpa, Grandpa Stacki made me a little play cupboard. It had a shelf, hooks, a main cupboard, a drawer, a bread board that pulled out, and a cabinet under with 2 shelves. I got dishes for it and it ~~is~~ was a source of lots of joy ~~when~~ for me and all my sisters.

When Heather was a few years old, I got it from my mom and both Heather and Emily enjoyed it. I treasure it as an heirloom to be passed down through the generations.

What work was expected of you as a child? 9/10/14

I was expected to help in the kitchen, keep my room clean, and do Saturday chores.

In the kitchen I helped before dinner setting the table or making a salad. Most Sundays we had mashed potatoes so I was always ~~Recruit~~ recruited to peel potatoes. After dinner I either cleared the table or loaded the dish-washer.

I don't think I was perfect at keeping my room clean, but I know if I didn't make my bed before school, ^{in elementary} my mom would have made it when I got home. I don't think Shelly and I - who shared a room as children - were terribly messy, but I do remember my mom occasionally making us clear out all the stuff we had shoved under the bunk bed and putting it away. ☺

On Saturday I cleaned a bathroom to my mom's standard,

vacuumed part of the house,
dusted part of the house and
Shelby and I sorted the laundry.
While sorting, we quoted our
2 favorite books: The Bears
Picnic and The Giant Jam
Sandwich. Both were rhyming
books and both were long,
but we loved doing it and it
made sorting the clothes
so much funner! (I can still quote the
Giant Jam sandwich!)

In the summer a couple of
years I would also mop the
kitchen floor - on my hands
and knees! - : One year my
dad planted grass from seed
in our backyard and there
wasn't a sprinkling system
so me and Shelby rotated going
out and sprinkling the ground
with the hose.

It really wasn't a lot, but we
were expected to contribute to the
family and it was good. But I
~~I think I~~ got sick of making
salads by the time I ~~was~~ got married!

Childhood illnesses

9/10/14

I had chicken pox but I was really young so I don't remember much about it. I got strep or tonsilitis occasionally. And at least once a year I got the stomach flu. I hated that! I hate throwing up! My mom was always there at the toilet, pulling back my hair and feeling so sorry for me. She would say, "Oh, my poor little girl!" She would give me some 7-up to sip to help settle it my stomach. And she would set up a little bed on the couch of the ~~living~~ family room, propping me up with a pillow and covering me with a blanket so that I could watch tv and be distracted.

One time in particular I remember. I had the stomach flu. That day my mom had mopped the linoleum floor in the kitchen. For lunch I think I had eaten some spaghetti. My mom had to go teach primary that afternoon.

Taylor's address: 1871 E. Del Rio Dr
Tempe, AZ 85282

I was on the couch in the living room and all of a sudden I knew I was going to throw up. The bathroom was too far away; I didn't have a pan nearby for some reason. I remembered my mom had just mopped the kitchen floor and I didn't want to get it messed up, so I threw up in the family room. And as it came out, a spaghetti threw up, I realized I had made a terrible mistake in my thinking: the family room was covered in a dark brown long shag carpet!

I remember another time having the flu and my little brother John, for some reason, hit me on the head with a rolling pin and that made me throw up instantly.

Another time I had the flu and it was the only time it snowed in Modesto, CA during my childhood.
(front teeth)

9/17/14

miracle

When I was in September, 1989, Damon had finished writing a dental office software management program and wanted to market it. He wrote ^{typed} a letter and made 20 or 25 copies, looked up 20 or 25 dentists in the yellow pages in the Provo area, and mailed them off. We never heard from any of them. In October I found out I was expecting my second child. We didn't have insurance except catastrophic insurance. Damon was going to school full time and working ~~to~~ part time. He was very stressed out about how we would pay for the baby. I felt calm and told him we paid our tithing and the Lord would provide. In July of 1990, one ~~#~~ week before the baby (Damon Junior) was born, Damon got 2 phone calls from 2 of the dentists he had sent letters to 10 months previous. They each said they had just

seen it on their desks and wanted a demo. Beth bought his program. He paid the doctor (OB/GYN) with one payment, and the hospital with the other on the day they were due.

We felt truly blessed and that the Lord's Hand was in the entire process.

When Heather told us of her eating disorder when she was 16²⁰⁰⁵, I was very traumatized. I went to the temple some time after this and during the session I was praying and pleading for help. And the thought was impressed upon me that I did have help from the other side of the veil. And that thought got my attention! Right after that, another impression came that my great-grandmother Cora Harris was her guardian angel and was watching over her. I remembered that ~~\$~~ grandma Harris had died the August before Heather

was born and Heather was born on Feb 12, which was Grandma Harris' birthday. Heather was my first great great grandchild. That gave me great comfort.

In ^{the month of} 2013, Heather was literally on the streets, homeless and we ~~were~~ had removed all communication from her. It was a very dark and scary time. I was going to the temple every week. Around the end of June I was in a very small endowment session. They had temple workers come in and fill in for the prayer circle. I knew these people on the shift. As a sweet sister was leaving the room after the prayer, she put her hand on my shoulder and squeezed it. I patted her hand. It felt like my Grandma Erma's hand. Both of my Grandmas had passed away a few years

before, and I suddenly missed them. Then I suddenly felt impressed to pray that they be sent to help Heather. I had never had that thought before. But both of these grandmothers had been inactive and had seen other segments of society and I really felt after praying that they would be the ones to know how to help Heather best and maybe reach her. It was right around this time that Heather hit a rock bottom and started making decisions to get her sober again. I don't think it's coincidental. I am so grateful for the temple and for the Holy Ghost!

Oct 1, 2014

I grew up on Ridell Way in Modesto, CA in a newly-built neighborhood. It was a clean street, not fancy, but comfortable. It felt safe. I sold various products over the years like my little beaded worms and I would canvas the streets over and over. My sister and I would like out of the neighborhood to our favorite store Hallmark, and also to Jack's Liquor store to buy candy occasionally. We always felt safe. It was, in hindsight, a very care-free childhood place to grow up. This was in the 70's, so it wasn't Leave it to Beaver, and it was also California, but it was just a really laid back environment where we could be active members of the church and not have any judgement, yet see the world and the contrast to what I was being taught, which increased my faith in my beliefs. We weren't wealthy and it has given me a sense

of what really matters in life
Rather than focusing on the
materialism and ^{society} status the
world values so much. Yet we
grew up in a home where ~~we~~ we
learned good manners and good
grooming that we could feel
comfortable in any social sit-
uation, from very humble to
highly educated and wealthy.
But the values of faith, family,
learning & character were what
really happened in our home,
not in my community or
neighborhood.

What historical events
during childhood.

10/11/14

I remember when ~~Nixon~~^{Ford} and Carter ran against each other, but I had no clue about politics then. That was in my grade-school years. One big one I remember was when President Kimball announced that all worthy males could hold the priesthood. I know my mom was thrilled and talked about how wonderful that was, so of course I knew it was very historic! And I felt very happy for the declaration and what it would mean.

When I was really young the Viet Nam War was going on and my uncle Paul was serving there. I still remember going to the airport, being outside, and watching him get off the plane and walk down the plane stairs.

As a toddler the US landed on the moon, but I don't remember it, just being told about it later. And when the space shuttle blew up I was a freshman at BYU.

I remember when Reagan be -

came President and the hostages
in Iran came home. We watched
that on tv in school.

10/8/14

Tell about a time
you thought you had to lie about

Once I was at Grandma Erma's. She was married to her husband Rick ^{at the time}. They lived in a trailer home up on a hill and had a couple of horses. Grandma showed ~~Shelly~~ me and Shelly the horses and let us feed them a little hay. But she said, "Don't feed them without me with you, if they eat too much they could die." I was probably 6^{or} years old.

Later that day I was outside by myself and I went into the horse stall. I wanted to feed them so bad! So I took one twig of hay and fed a horse. Then I felt super guilty and freaked out that maybe that could kill the horse and it would be my fault and everyone would find out and I just was all in a sweaty panic.

I ran out of the stall and was just on the lawn, pacing and frothing, when Shelly

came out and called to me - I was so panickled I began to cry and I called out to Shelly. She asked what was wrong and I had a split second thought come to me. "I got sting by a bee! Go tell Mom!" She ran back in then came out and said Mom and Grandma wanted to see it. So I went in and pointed to a freckle on my arm. They said it looked alright and it should be fine in a few minutes. (I'm sure they knew it was a freckle!) I was so so relieved!! I literally had been shaking. I ran off to play with Shelly. I'm sure I was more obedient and honest for the rest of my life because of that one traumatic incident in my childhood!

10/8/14

A time you gained confidence
in yourself

I'm not an introvert or an extrovert but in large groups I tend toward the introverted side. In 7th grade I auditioned for a select choir and made it. We rehearsed before school - probably because of Prop 13. Our junior high went around throughout the end of the year to various elementary schools to promote - I mean perform - and the choir director picked a few of us to sing solos throughout the program. The Muppet Movie had recently come out and so I had been working on Korniti's "The Rainbow Connection" as a solo and had been able to sing that a couple of times for an elementary school. At the end of the year our ~~7th~~ junior high had an awards assembly and in between various awards, they wanted performances. I somehow wanted to do my solo, so auditioned and was selected. So in front of my junior high I sang The Rainbow

Connection." The funny thing was I wasn't nervous. I got the microphone with a long cord in my hand, and it felt like the most natural thing to do. I thoroughly enjoyed the whole experience. It really was a confidence builder for me!

Summertime memories 10/15/14

I think the most common summertime evening activities besides just hanging out at home was going to parks as a family. We would Modesto, CA had many parks but the two we mostly went to were Rose Avenue Park and the park at Helen and High. The Rose Avenue Park had a twisty slide that was pretty tall and I remember taking pieces of waxed paper with us to sit on and it somehow made the ride super fast and fun. The park also had a big octagon structure of bars in octagon shapes that was this big ~~big~~ dome that we climbed all over.

At the park on Helen and High they had really tall swings that you really could swing on and Dad would be so nice and push us super high and do underdogs to propel us up further. The park also had a merry-go-round that Dad was

also very willing to push us on. My parents moved back to Modesto when I was a freshman at BYU. We still go to Helen and High, but the equipment is all changed and safe and ~~is~~ terribly boring. But we go with a picnic dinner, usually Sloppy Joes, chips, soda, corn on the cob, and a dessert. There is a huge lawn all around the playground so we will play frisbee or throw a football. Sometimes my dad and brother bring their guitars. The park is nestled in a nice mature neighborhood, so it's not well known. There are big, beautiful trees and it's quiet. It has been a wonderful place of memories my whole life and now my children's as well.

Fall Season

10/15/14

Fall is probably my favorite season. The changing leaves the crispness in the air, a new school year starting, new clothes, a fresh start with a new teacher/teachers, the anticipation of exciting upcoming holidays and the traditions surrounding them. Fall is so exciting! Halloween was the best! The decorations went up at the beginning of October just to remind us of the exciting event. All the symbols of Halloween my mom used were so CUTE! From Jack-o-lanterns, black cats, witches, ghosts, haunted houses, and even skeletons were all cute. I loved the orange and black, I loved drawing Halloween pictures, I loved singing the few Halloween songs I knew. Dressing up for Halloween was as exciting as trick or treating. We got to dress up

Indian Summer Festival

when we went home for lunch
and come back to school and
there was a parade. This was
the only day of the year my
mom put make up on me
and I felt fabulous! I was
usually a princess or a gypsie-
and wore my mom made a
crown and a wand with a star
on the end out of cardboard
covered in tin foil and I
wore a long ~~dress~~ Sunday
dress I had. I really loved
it! The gypsie costume was
my grandma's old square danc-
ing skirts with some big hoop
clip on earrings and long strands
of colored beads from my mom.
She did our hair in a using
a sheer scarf - Oh it was
magic, just magic. I don't know
why, but it was! And of course
all the candy was fun to sort
and of course eat. And I stretched
it out and had a piece in each
lunch for a few weeks.

What was something I thought I could do forever 10/22/14

I thought I could swim forever. I taught myself to swim one summer we lived with my Uncle Mike and his family. It was just a doggie paddle, but as soon as I knew I could keep breathing and propel myself anywhere in the pool, it was like the most terrific sense of freedom I had yet experienced. I became a fish. The water, cool and tickling me was magical and I couldn't get enough. I spent hours swimming. All through my childhood, any chance I got to swim, I was so excited! We never had a pool in our own backyard, so I relied on friends to invite me. That may have kept the excitement going.

I could also ride my bike forever. It was also very liberating when I learned to ride a bike and I loved riding up and down the street going nowhere, or hopping on my bike and actually going

somewhere like to the Hallmark store - my favorite, or Jack's Liquors for candy, or the bank to deposit money. It was like a car to me at a very young age.

Something else I could do forever was sing in harmony with my family. That was euphoric for me. I can't describe how high I was as our voices blended and there was

Also playing duets with my sister! Violin for me, flute for her.

Who did you tell your secrets to? 10/22/14

I told my secrets to Shelly. We were only 20 months apart, so our whole childhood, we knew each other so well. I actually didn't have many secrets, but even my worries or insecurities she knew about.

When I was in 8th grade we lived in Salt Lake City, UT. I had to do some research for a debate on capital punishment, so I decided to go downtown to the SL library to do my research.

I had a few books on the table and it seems I wasn't on the main floor. As I was browsing the books, I saw movement out of the corner of my eye, so I looked up. Away across the large room were some book isles and some man was staring right at me above one of the rows of books. I looked down a couple rows and saw he was holding his private which was exposed and shaking it around.

while he was staring at me. I felt so sick and had an anxiety attack right there. I looked away. I was rooted to my seat. I didn't know what to do. I looked back and he was still staring at me and exhibitioning. I finally got myself off the chair, looked over at him, and he got this scared look in his eyes, like she thought I was going to go tell on him. No way! I just felt sick. I didn't tell anyone except Shelly. Then she felt sick too. But I felt a lot better after telling her and I was grateful for her!

Did someone protect 10/29/14
you or speak up for you
childhood heroes

When I was in 6th grade, there were two girls that I believe were the most popular girls in the school. They were in my class, but we never interacted. Keeley Boggs was one and I forgot the other girl's name. But one afternoon we went outside as a class to play softball or kickball for PE. I wanted to be catcher, so when I got to the field I went over to home plate to get the equipment for it.

The girl whose name I don't remember beat me there and told me SHE was going to be catcher. I am not confrontational so I was about to turn away when Keeley came up to the other girl and pushed her and said "Tiffany is going to be catcher. She is a Mormon." Those sentences didn't correlate in my mind, but I didn't say anything. The other girl handed the equipment over and I was catcher for the day.

childhood heroes 10/29/14

* I tried to "heal" my siblings after that by putting a moist washcloth, folded on their hurts. They always said I felt better and I loved that!

In 5th or 6th grade I discovered a childhood of famous Americans section in biography that I really enjoyed. I mostly read about the women and they inspired me. The ones I remember are Betsy Ross, Martha Washington, Florence Nightengale and Louisa May Alcott and Harriet Tubman. I remember after reading about Florence Nightengale that I wanted to be a nurse and increase compassion for people. And after reading about Louisa May Alcott I wanted to be an author.

My friend Cathy Craft and I decided to write a book and I wrote the 1st chapter and she wrote the next and I couldn't think of anything else, but she wrote 4 or 5 more chapters.

A character in a book that I have always admired and wanted to be like is Sara Crewe in the book *The Little Princess*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. She was a true soldier and had dignity and true compassion for people in her extreme wealth, as well as her extreme poverty. She

had humanity and passion
and a love of learning, creativity
and a huge imagination. My
mind and heart expanded each
time I read it, with a desire
to be that kind of person. I
have read it individually to each
of my children, and even to
my sister Amy and maybe
even to my brother, John. I
plan on recording it so my
grandchildren can listen to it
if they want. It is a classic
and teaches true principles in
a beautiful and inspiring story.