

My First Real Church Job

Nancy called this morning (Sunday, June 22, 1980) and wanted the recipe for salt clay to use in her little primary class. She has seven children in her class and this is her first real church job. Today she will have another class as well as her own, and 14 or so Sunbeams to be kept for two hours is quite a challenge. For making salt clay for that many children I told her she had better come and mix it on the mixer.

Funny! Just mixing salt clay brought back memories. The first one that came to my mind was the recipe for salt clay that I got from the BYU nursery school when Nancy was going there for preschool. They made it with hot water and added oil and it lasted forever. I wish I still had that recipe.

My mother's recipe was the one I used, but I did add a little oil to make it more pliable. Her recipe is one third salt. If you use two cups of flour, you use one cup of salt. Sounds like a lot of salt, but that is what keeps it from being sticky.

Thinking about salt clay got me thinking about what you could do with four-year-old children and salt clay, tying it in with an appreciation of the blessings our Heavenly Father gives to us.

This ultimately led to me remembering my first experience as a Sunday School Worker. I guess it really wasn't the first experience I had, because before Tracy and I were married, my bishop called me to teach a little class in Sunday School but I only taught it for about two months before I married.

The branch president, who later became a very close friend (Reed Burnett), called me in and asked me to be the Junior Sunday School Supervisor. Scary! I had no idea about how to organize a Sunday school. We had just been organized as a branch and I had to organize it from scratch. Not only that, but I did not know anyone around the village. We had just moved into Stadium Village, where Tracy was working towards his PhD after finishing a stint in WWII in the Navy. We were meeting in the University Ward building, and the local ward members were glad to get rid of us into our own branch. I don't know how I got the idea, perhaps from talking with the University Ward Jr. S.S. Supervisor, but I ended up calling Sister Marie Fox Felt, who was on the general board of the S.S., and she met with us and helped us get organized and learn how to teach and how to make visual aids. Sometimes ignorance is bliss. When you don't know anything and are nervy like I am, you don't mind going to the top people for help. Sister Felt was so kind and gracious to us that I will never forget her kindness.

Charlotte is now working as a counselor in the primary, and since we have just gone church-wide to the consolidated church Sunday program, that job is just about one of the toughest in the church, especially in wards like Nancy's where they have lots of preschool children.

Nancy and Carli Anne just came to pick up the clay. Carli Anne loves to come and visit me when the peas and strawberries are on. She knows just where they are and keeps up wiped out. She is good for letting me do the picking of the peas, though, as it is so easy to pull them when trying to get the pods off the vine.

Donna Rae Woolf was one of the workers in that first Jr. S.S. and has been a lifelong friend as a result. David was a baby at the time, and he would sleep every Sunday on his daddy's shoulder while I taught S.S. He thus became "Daddy's boy."