

My father had an abundant amount of curiosity as a child that set him off to become a great scientist. His colleagues and the people that were closest to him knew him as an inner-directed type of person, self governed, hard working, very imaginative (a thinker), logical and organized. He enjoyed the complexities of a new challenge and was determined in his drive to see his inner visions realized, pursuing them in an orderly fashion. He was good at impersonal analysis, building theoretical models in order to understand his observations and putting his plans into action. He believed in himself and wasn't easily swayed by alternate viewpoints, going the extra mile to insure that his ideas were realized. When Dad swung into action, he was very focused, business-like and at times impersonal. He was independent and often enjoyed working by himself. After a day of teaching at BYU, he'd walk or ride his bike home for dinner, and afterwards return to his lab or retreat to his home office with instructions to be left alone so he could spend time reading, studying, or thinking about his ideas. His office was lined with over a thousand volumes of scientific, historical, and religious books and was a voracious reader with an appetite for knowledge that never seemed to be satisfied.

Although he was passionate about his profession, his life consisted of more than Science, books and studying. Dad was a faithful & devoted and father. He was a peace loving person, so at home he didn't have the upper hand on discipline, and preferred to teach through wisdom & example. He was a deeply spiritual and religiously dedicated person, and gathered us together for daily scriptures and family prayers. Weekly Family Home Evenings were NOT an option, and often included lessons about the rewards of hard work, complete with a trip to our farm in Payson to weed the family vegetable garden. The real reward came afterwards with a treat from the Dairy King. On Sundays he saw to it that all nine of us arrived at church on time. Dad encouraged us to be active in our church callings, and participate in compassionate service projects. He enjoyed participating in ward activities himself so he could show off his honky-tonk skills on the piano. At Christmas he was a popular candidate for tractor activities such as hay-ride caroling, and sled pulls through empty fields and snow packed parking lots. He also enjoyed working at the welfare farm, and got us all up at the crack of dawn to work alongside him.

Socially, he was a little quiet & perhaps slow to get to know. He enjoyed intellectual people and organizations where his gifts were appreciated, and where he could exchange thoughts & ideas with others of the same caliber. In addition to his interest in science, Dad was a true republican patriot and also enjoyed ice-cream, playing the piano, listening to music, dancing, engineering, writing, geology, nature, farming & religion.

When it came to family vacations, my memories coincide with many of the other stories my siblings have talked about such. But I'm not sure if anyone mentioned the summer that Dad was too busy to take us on a vacation, so he gave us each \$100.00 and took us on a shopping spree in Salt Lake City. I remember thinking I was the richest kid in town. Another time, he let the children plan the vacation. I don't remember having much say in the decision, but we ended up driving across the United States to Waterton Glacier International Peace Park in Alberta Canada. I had never before seen such a beautiful place in all my life. We took the "Prowler" trailer so we could camp along the way. I remember setting a trap in camp to catch squirrels with the dish drying rack and a string. I hid a short distance away, and when the little critter took the bait under my trap, I pulled the string and caught it. I tried to hold him in my hands, and was bitten. Mom scolded me for trying to hold a wild animal, and Dad explained that I could get rabies from it and have to get painful injections in my stomach. They walked me over to the first aid shack in the trailer park, but thankfully never had to receive those scary injections Dad talked about.

The first time I ever saw fireflies was on that trip. I can remember receiving a scientific explanation from dad about the chemicals that make them glow, thus attracting mates. He went on to explain how those chemicals could be extracted and used for different scientific applications.

On the way out of the park to return home, we saw a couple of bighorn rams just off the road. Dad stopped the car so we could admire the wildlife from the windows. That's the kind of stops I enjoyed. But there were always 'other' stops, such as bathroom stops, and stops to soak mom's feet in the stream, and Monuments. Dad loved to stop for monuments ...after all, it was an educational opportunity for the whole family. Some of us didn't enjoy this activity as much as he did, and he had to coax more than a couple of us from the car (sleeping or not) to gather around while he read the entire monument then added his own bit of knowledge on the subject.

I loved our vacations because that was a time that we all saw a different side of dad than usual. He was more relaxed and laid back, and laughed and joked around with us. This was a time when we got to see our parents show their affection to each other, teasing each other and laughing, and holding hands. The long hours of driving were filled with game playing, singing and listening to stories on the radio (when there was adequate reception), and sometimes interrupted with arguments and little annoyances like tattling, crowding each other, fighting over who got the window seat, or making noise when someone was trying to sleep, and hearing dad say "now, now, ..." when things were out of hand. Those vacations helped us grow closer together.

I can remember feeling like we must be poor because I never had a new bike, or new skates, and rarely new clothes unless they were sewn. Dad and Mom were quite practical, and if there was an available bike, why buy a new one? If there were available clothes or cloth to make them, why buy them? If the furniture was worn out, Mom made covers for them. If the tables or wooden furniture was worn down, Mom refinished it. We grew a garden every year, and everyone helped weed, harvest and preserve it. I grew up in the same house, never moved. Dad was satisfied with what we had, and wasn't the least bit materialistic. After I left, Dad and Mom continued to live humbly in that home, and in spite of all the places Dad traveled, the people he met and the awards and publicity he received for his scientific accomplishments, Dad remained living as inconspicuous as he possibly could.

In their elder years, Mom and Dad appointed me to be the Power of Attorney for Health Care, and gave specific detailed instructions for me to administer when the time came. I believe Dad's battle with Alzheimer's may have begun sometime in his 70's, but I didn't assume full care of him until 2002, when Mom was 81 and Dad was 83. Neither of them ever wanted to live in a rest home, and instructed me to do what I could to let them live out their lives out at home. So I built a new home across the street where the Cheney's used to live, so I could be closer. One of Dad's greatest fears was that of losing his mind and in his "power of Attorney for Health Care" document he wrote; "I wish to live and enjoy life as long as possible. However, I do not wish to receive medical treatment that will only postpone the moment of my death from a medical condition that is incurable, terminal or possesses a very high probability of being irreversible. Such medical condition may include, without limitation ...irreversible brain damage or brain disease". Alzheimer's postpones the "moment of death" all by itself steadily eating away the brain while a healthy heart ticks on, and on, and on. It was a long and difficult path, especially for Dad, but also very tough for family and caregivers too. I don't wish to dwell on specifics from that period of his life, except to say that once in awhile on a good day, a little window would open, and I could catch a glimpse of the Dad I knew before. On good days, we danced and laughed, and hugged and took rides to the "Hall Mart" in Payson, went bowling, and went to plays at B.Y.U. We picked vegetables and flowers in the garden and took them to family and neighbors. We sat on the couch and looked through picture books and listened to the music he loved. But time passed and the Alzheimer's began to rob us of the

good times, and I longed for Mom to come and take my daddy home. And when that time came, he still hung on. I stayed right there by his side all day and long into the night... and when I left the room for a moment to get a cool cloth for his forehead, he departed. I thanked my heavenly father he was finally free. Losing Dad was hard for me because he depended on me for everything. I'm relieved that he doesn't have to suffer any more ...but I sure do miss him. It was an honor and a blessing to have been given that stewardship.

Dad wrote a poem for me, it will always be a treasure; (see attachment)