

By Heidi Mitchell

Here are a few of my recollections of Grandpa: 1. He loved ginger snaps and would share some with me from the big cookie tin in the red cabin. 2. He called me his little squirrel when I would clamber up into the saddle without any help. 3. When I was on the saddle, he would pull on my legs and tell me he was stretching them so one day they would fit in the stirrups. 4. He would call to the Chickadees and they would call back to him (my kids and I do this now) 5. He carried a piece of wire wrapped around one belt loop of his work pants to clean out a plugged sprinkler pipe when necessary and he always had a notebook and pencil in his shirt pocket 6. He would tell me we could ride horses only after the farm work was done. (Sigh) 7. He got kicked by a horse named Amigo and was all bruised up. He took his shirt off and made his black and blue biceps jump and dance which made us laugh. 8. One time he split his thumb open with a hatchet while cutting wood. He never cussed or cried out. I admired him so much for being so brave. 9. During the Easter Egg hunts at his house, he always had a few jelly beans hidden in his ear or on the rims of his glasses. 10. When he got sick with Alzheimer's he became grumpy towards us and I remember thinking he wasn't the same person. I knew the real Grandpa Charlie and I knew this wasn't him. 11. After he died, I would look at the black and white picture Grandma had hanging in her bedroom and I would remember his big handsome smile. Won't it be great to be reunited with Grandpa and Grandma again! Especially now that we have grown up and can appreciate their efforts in our behalf. I'm so grateful for my faithful, loving, and cheerful Grandparents!

Grandpa Hayshaw
By Laura Bell Sparrow

The things I remember most about Grandpa Hayshaw center around his love of nature and the outdoors. I remember driving up to Utah each summer and getting the Grandpa and Grandma's house really late. Even though we were super tired, I woke right up when we were sent downstairs to sleep in Grandpa's den with his bearskin rug and the rattlesnake that was on the mantle! I also remember thinking how cool it was that he had his own little cabin up from the main cabin and looking around at the neat things that were in the trappers' cabin (although I was way too chicken to sleep there or even go there by myself!).

I knew he loved horses and always thought that he and my mom had a special bond because of their love of horses. I loved hearing my mom tell stories about Charlie and singing us the songs like "Poor Pity the Cowboy" he sang to them as kids. I'm not even sure if "Horsey, Horsey on your Way" was a song that Grandpa sang, but I always associate that song with him and imagine him singing it while bouncing grandkids on his knee. I sing that song to my own kids now and think of him when I do. Another funny memory I have about Grandpa is being super confused as to why people referred to him as Jack, John, Charlie, Grandpa Shaw, and Grandpa Hayshaw. I was never quite sure if they were all referring to the same person! I feel very blessed to have been given such a wonderful legacy that centers around the gospel, family, and being kind to others that Grandma and Grandpa left.

.My Hero, My Friend
By Silver Bell

As I sort through the many memories I have of Dad the one that stands out the most took place on the Delmar's, (our next door neighbor's), lawn. I can remember standing next to Dad as Mr. Delmar ranted about all the horrible things I and my Dog, Draga, had done. (I couldn't help it if she always went on his lawn. It wasn't as if I'd trained her to do it.) Anyway as Mr. Delmar worked his way through the list

of disruptions, intrusions, encroachments and downright ornery things I had done, Dad's reply to each offense was, "Maybe so, but she won't lie to you.", "Maybe so, but she won't lie to you." My Hero, my Dad didn't dismiss what I had done or berate me in front of an adult. He found something good about me and stood up for me. And I can promise you after that I didn't lie to him!

Thanks to a dear man who knew how to value a pretty rotten little kid.

Happy Birthday Charlie

Love,

Silver

By Silver Bell

10-23-10

This morning as I read in Isaiah, I am especially impressed with Isaiah 51:1 "1 Hearken to me, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that seek the Lord: look unto the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged." Or in other words, look at the top quality stone from which you originate and the rock quarry whence ye are digged. Consider your origins: you come from the finest stock. Last April, John and I spent a most enjoyable weekend with Chris and Heidi Shaw in Washington. What a whirlwind of little kidness! It was so much fun! Chris asked me several times to tell his kids "Grandpa Charlie" stories. I was surprised at myself in that I couldn't remember very well. (John says that it is all the diet coke I drink.) Anyway since then I have been making mental notes about family stories that need to be penned.

Charlie's Alzheimer's was really hard on everybody. We tried valiantly to adjust to this "new" person and his craziness. Every once in a while the old Charlie would morph to the surface. When he was in the nursing home in Provo, there was a little lady down the hall who was pretty deaf. Charlie would walk up to her and begin mouthing words. She would say, "What? I can't hear you" as she adjusted the hearing aid volume controls. He'd walk away while her hearing aid screaming in her ear.

When he was in the hospital I called him to check on how he was doing. He told me that the nurses didn't like him very well. I asked him why and sheepishly he said, "It might be because I stopped up the sink and left the water running ." Poor thing. He had never been in a hospital before and he thought he was in a prison camp. I guess that was one of his escape plans gone awry.

One of my favorite Family Home Evenings was when Dad would set up his slide projector and we would look at home movies. He would let us lie on the wolf skin rugs he had brought from Alaska while we watched. These were the same rugs that ended up in the Frontier Room in Grandma's basement along with the bear skin and the six foot rattlesnake. I can't remember if it was the Hydes or the Wiggins kids that made their mom put towels over the animals' heads so they could sleep there when they visited.

Charlie was very proud that I had graduated in Natural Resources. When I got my first official job with the Forest Service in New Mexico, he personally drove me to my new assignment in Mayhill. As we left the beauty of Utah and drove through miles and miles of dusty nothingness and dirty little towns, he would look around and said, "I just don't see the Enchantment." Well said.

When I first moved to New Mexico my transition wasn't near as difficult for me as for the locals. They didn't quite know what to think of me. I overheard someone say, "That little redhead will start more fires than she will ever put out." When I heard Mom retell that story, she had set the scene for the comment in a beauty parlor. I thought that was so funny that she had "Dixonized" it to a beauty parlor. I lived in Nowhere, New Mexico and the nearest beauty parlor was seventy miles and a mountain range away. Secondly, at that time I didn't frequent beauty parlors much. As I considered writing down some of these stories, I realized that most of the stories I remembered had probably been through this altering process and that I wasn't sure what was actual fact. I felt a comforting peace when I realized that last week, I got my hair cut in Shear Heaven which is located in Mayhill, New Mexico. So I decided that if

everything I retell isn't exactly correct, maybe the Lord or time will intervene and clean it up eventually.

One of the Dixon stories that I think came through pretty unaltered was Grandpa Dixon's pocket watch. I heard my mom tell this story in a talk she was giving. She said that when her dad, Henry Aldous Dixon, was young, his dad John Dixon, took him aside, showed him his pocket watch and said that his father, Henry Aldous Dixon, promised him that on his twenty fifth birthday, if he could honestly report that he had never smoked, or drank any alcohol, the watch would be his. John told Grandpa Dixon that he was making the same offering to him and that the watch would be his on his twenty fifth birthday if Dick could give him the same report. Mom finished telling the story by saying, "Dad would take out his watch. Wind it and say with pride, 'And I am still worthy of it'".

Charlie used to monitor my spiritual status by interviewing my roommates when I was at Utah State. He would call and ask for me and if I wasn't home, he would ask my roommate, "Is she saying her prayers? Is she reading her scriptures? Is she going to church?" When they had answered he would ask them, "Well how are you doing? Are you saying your prayers? Are you reading your scriptures?" Charlie's interviews became infamous. One time I had bummed a ride home with my roommate's fiancé. About a block before we got to the house he asked if I would mind if he let me out there. When I asked him why he couldn't take me to the house, he said that he was afraid that if my dad was home, he would get an interview. Dad and I used to have a standing date to the horse sales on Friday night. We decided that we needed a good "dude" horse so we bought a deadheaded gelding one Friday and put him in the barn behind the house. The next morning, Mom asked Dad, "What is that horse in back?" He replied, "Oh that is George Handy's. I'm just keeping it until he gets brave enough to tell June." The next day Dad asked Mom, "What is that new couch in the living room?" To which she replied, "Oh that's June Handy's. I'm just keeping it until she tells George."

FAMILY CULTURE

When Grandpa Dixon, H.A. Dixon, was on his mission in Austria, he had the opportunity to train his beautiful voice by taking opera lessons. I remember hearing him sing German operas as we rode in his car. I think that Mom said that he paid for part of his mission by singing in the Catholic choir while he was there, but I am not sure. Anyway, Nana, Lucille, told him that since he was so talented, he should tutor the grandchildren in singing opera. So he taught us Poor Pity the Cowboy, All Bloody and Red, and The Mule Kicker. The entire text is found in your recipe book, Lucille's Legacy. Nana wasn't impressed by our command performance.

Charlie also saw that we received a well-rounded education in poetry. He often quoted the following:

There are strange things done in the midnight sun

By the men who toil for gold:

The Arctic trails have their secret tales

That would make your blood run cold;

The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,

But the strangest they ever did see

Was that night on the marge of Lake Legarge

I cremated Sam McGee.

THE CREMATION OF SAM MC GEE by Robert Service

Often at dinner he would quote:

What though on hamely fair we dine . . .

A Man's a Man for a' that.

From A Man's a Man for a' That by Robert Burns

Our bedroom was in the attic. The slanted ceiling threw weird shadows on the wall and the walnut tree outside scratched against the roof and the windows. I can remember to this day the effect it made on me when Dad would read this poem to us in bed:

The Night Wind

by [Eugene Field](#) (1850-1895)

Have you ever heard the wind go "Yooooo"?
'T is a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear.
'T is the voice of the night that broods outside
When folk should be asleep,
And many and many 's the time I 've cried
To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and the deep:
"Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wail the long hours through?"
And the night would say in its ghostly way:
"Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!"

My mother told me long ago
(When I was a little tad)
That when the night went wailing so,
Somebody had been bad;
And then, when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head,
I'd think of what my mother 'd said,
And wonder what boy she meant!
And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:
"Yooooooooo!"

Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!"

That this was true I must allow---

You 'll not believe it, though!

Yes, though I 'm quite a model now,

I was not always so.

And if you doubt what things I say,

Suppose you make the test;

Suppose, when you 've been bad some day

And up to bed are sent away

From mother and the rest---

Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"

And then you 'll hear what 's true;

For the wind will moan in its ruefulest tone:

"Yooooooooo!

Yooooooooo!

Yooooooooo!"

Rosemary's Christmas camping

I am reading a book, Find Your Mission in Life by Randall Wright. He says that in order to understand who you are, you must look at where you came from. Identify both the good and bad family traits. I'm not sure where this would fall, but I am sure that this is the Charlie coming out in me.

Our friend, Steve McCutcheon, stayed with us while he was building an oil field supply store. He and John had bought nearly matching brown Ford pickups which stayed parked in front of the house day and night. One day, my nosy neighbor asked me, "Now which of those brown pickups are you married to?" My reply, "Both. We're Mormon you know."

One of my favorite places on earth is the Jal, New Mexico library. One of the draws is the sweet librarians that work there with only one exception. That exception made a regular habit of scolding the children as they ran down the wheelchair ramp that curved in front of the checkout desk. I was checking out my books as she finished a grumpy scold. She asked me to teach her how to say STOP RUNNING in Spanish so the children could understand her. Instead, unbeknownst to her, I taught her to say, "Welcome to the Library" in Spanish. The kids would look so confused when she would holler "Welcome to the library" as they raced down the ramp. Charlie would be proud.

By Bitsy Tesimale

Though I was only eight when Grandpa died, I do have a few memories of Grandpa that I'd like to share. I have a snap shot memory of Grandpa and Grandma lying in the bed talking to us at the farm with a bunch of the grand kids gathered around. I also remember him picking me to ride Foxy once, which I was very excited about. I don't remember much about either of those instances, but I do remember the feelings I had when we went to the farm. I always had so much fun at the farm exploring, playing with the cousins, hiking, riding horses, picking wild onions and adventuring. I remember one time we were roasting marshmallows around the campfire, and I dropped my beautifully roasted marshmallow in the dirt. Grandpa leaned down next to me and told me not to worry, I could still eat it, a little dirt never hurt anyone. Relieved, I gobbled down the sticky marshmallow covered in dirt. I decided after eating the dirt-filled marshmallow that even though I could eat a dirt-filled marshmallow, I didn't want to ever again.

I am so grateful to Grandpa for leaving the farm to us. I was able to stay up there twice in the last few years with my boys and we had a great time crunching in the multi-colored leaves, making fires, exploring, and playing with the plastic ball poppers. When it came time for bed, it was surreal to me that I was supposed to be the brave adult in charge because I was every bit as scared of the bear skin rug and the rattle snake on the mantle as I was when I was a little girl. The family reunion we had in July was amazing and brought back a lot of the same beautiful feelings I had as a little girl when we would have family get-togethers at the farm. Kalani and Noa still talk about Uncle Johnny telling us the story about the giant grizzly bear, and the "bear skull" that Chris carved. I think they were equal parts delighted and scared. The boys had so much fun following Chris on adventures into woods. Uncle Johnny's storytelling and Chris' adventuring definitely make me think that they got those talents from Grandpa.

I vaguely remember when Grandpa came to our house once. He let me sit in his lap to steer our old white station wagon with the faux wood stripe. He let me steer and had Amy put the car into gear. In my mind, he let me steer all the way home from Jody's, the mechanic across town. I also remember thinking that he really let me steer, not just pretend to steer, but I don't know how much was blown out of proportion in my young mind. I thought that was the coolest thing ever, but I'm pretty sure my parents didn't. My last memory I have of Grandpa was at his funeral. I remember missing school for a week and going to Utah, I remember feeling guilty that I didn't go to see him in the nursing home the last time we went to Utah, I remember being mystified at the different colored leaves, and I remember a single tear falling from my eye when they played Johnny Boy at his funeral.

Most of my memories of Grandpa come from stories I've heard. I know he was my mom's best friend. Far and beyond, the greatest thing that Grandpa gave me was my mom. I know that he helped give my mom the courage to do things that she loved to do, even if those things weren't typically what other girls her age were doing. My mom in turn, helped to give me the courage to take risks and do things that I loved, even if I was intimidated or was the only girl doing it. This was especially important to me, as I was really small for my age and was a huge tomboy growing up. I was always the only girl playing football at recess, tried my hardest to only wear shorts and tennis shoes to school, and played basketball 24/7. Because of my mom, I was completely ignorant of my differences, and suffered no lack of ego during my childhood. I remember one windy day in fifth grade rushing in late to Mr. Uranga's Spanish class, when the boy in front of me turned around, rolled his eyes and said "Don't you ever brush your hair?" I was so confused. I quickly retorted back "Duh, you think it just turns out perfect everyday?" It never occurred to me that my hair might actually not look perfect. My mom had instilled me with so much confidence and the ability to be myself that I didn't even notice if I was being teased or bullied because I was so happy to just be me.

I remember my mom painting me with cocoa powder so that I could dress like Mugsy Bouges for Halloween. I remember her driving for hours to take me to an expensive basketball camp because she knew that it would mean a lot to me, and she wanted me to follow my passion. I don't remember my mom batting an eye when I told her I wanted to be the first woman in the NBA or when I decided to play the tuba in junior high band. I like to think that she learned this from her dad, her dad who supported and encouraged her in the endeavors that came from her heart, even if they were different and strange at the time. I'm so grateful to him for giving me the best mom in the world. He cherished her and helped to mold her into the wonderful, fun mother that she was and continues to be. When Kalani came to me last night wanting me to tell him his teeth were "shiny bright," I was reminded of what an amazing mom I had growing up and still have today. I remember running into my mom's bathroom as a little girl, showing her my brushed teeth and saying "eeeeeee," and her squinting and shielding her eyes saying, "Oh no! My eyes! My eyes! Too shiny bright!" I love being a mom; I'm so grateful to my mom for showing me how fun and wonderful motherhood can be. I love to be playful and go on adventures with my boys, and I think I inherited that trait from my mom, who got it from my grandpa. So Grandpa, Jack, Charlie, Grandpa Hayshaw, happy happy birthday! I love you and am so

very grateful for the talents, the traits, the legacy, and most especially the beautiful, beautiful mother that you passed on to me.

Memories of John – Jack –Charlie Shaw

Mr. Shaw or Charlie as we will call him.....

Our first meeting with the Shaw family was just before Johnny's and Sylvia's wedding in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Jerry and Freddy had gone with us. Jennifer was still a little girl, so of course she was also with us. All the Shaw family in the area came so there was quite a group of us for Charlie Shaw to perform for. As we soon learned, he loved being the center of attention, so we were in for quite a spin through Mormon History. He was quite entertaining, adding his own spin to things.

The next morning he was in the kitchen, dragging out stuff for breakfast. He began with eggs for an omelet, but kept finding other "health-foods" to add to his concoction.

As I glanced over at Johnny, I KNEW he was only going to have toast. I'm sure he had begun to wonder about his future family and how he was going to fit in to the mix. (Actually, I tried some of the omelet, it wasn't too bad. I did wonder what some of the green stuff was that I dug out of my teeth.) Charlie Shaw seemed to think I was easy, gullible or just plain dumb. Maybe I'm a little of all of it. He was very proud of having served in the Armed forces. Why—when he was in Alaska, the weather was SO Cold, the words froze coming out of his mouth. As a matter of fact, they were just thawing as we visited.

He love his horses and the "little house" up on the mountain.

Our next meeting with him, was when we were trying to help set up for the reception for Johnny and Sylvia. It was held in Bear Canyon (in N. Mex) where Sylvia had lived at Camp Mary White. As we were making an effort to do as we'd been asked, he turned to Dalton and said "I sure do hate to try and please Silver when SHE doesn't know what he wants." After that, our work seemed a little lighter.....

My last and final memory... When he was in the care center in Utah, there was a little lady who tried to hear EVERYTHING. She was deaf, so Charlie Shaw would look toward her and "mouth" his words.

This would drive her crazy....

This to me, was the man we knew.

Happy Doris Bell

Feb. 15, 2015

By Rosemary Hyde

As we approach Dad's 100th birthday in a couple of days, I've been contemplating some of my favorite stories and events. Following are bullets of some of these:

...When I was very small, like 5 or 6, he'd lift me up to a little ledge halfway down the basement stairs and act like he was going to leave me there. I think he loved the squealing that it caused.

...I recall being 19 or so and horseback riding with Charlie in North Fork up in the Ogden Valley. We were having a really nice time until a storm blew in and it started ferociously thundering and lightening. We had to turn the horses' heads to the side to get them to lie down and then we lay against them hoping that the lightening wouldn't strike. It was scary, but pretty cool too!

...Another horsey thing I remember was Dad often having his leather pouches slung over his

horse to carry supplies with us. Unfortunately, when it came time to eat or have a drink, there was usually a little warm water in a bottle, some hard black licorice, maybe some beef jerky and the message of our good fortune to have any food at all. There were always lessons about making do... aka "Use it up, Wear it out. Make it do, or do without.", being grateful, thinking deeply, and many more things. Dad loved talking and elaborating on the lessons of life (my kids would probably say the same thing about me...haha).

...While at the farm or hiking, Charlie would often say to me, "Walk like an Indian (sorry for the slur); see how quiet you can move through the woods!"

...Charlie would make breakfast for Mom and me in the mornings. It was a very nice gesture, and was often pretty tasty as he made a grainy wheat bread that we'd eat butter and jam on or else peanut butter. The drawback was how often he fixed eggs...a hard thing to eat at 7 in the morning...especially when they were poached and a little slimy. After breakfast, he'd often walk with me across the trails to Weber State College where I was going to school at the time. When I'm hiking this trail now, I have fond thoughts of the time and discussions we shared travelling there.

...After Charlie got Alzheimers, he would often go "adventuring". We would either be driving on a street and come upon him, or go in search of him. When found, he would act all nonchalant and say he was going for a walk. When asked about his satchel, he'd try to hide it. Upon opening, he'd have clothes, pen, papers and all sorts of things one would have when running away. Not just at this time, but always, he was full of surprises, pranks, and tricks.

...Mostly though, I just love that he taught me about God and the beauties and mysteries of Nature, all the little animals and plants and trees, that he was kind and gentle, that he cared about being spiritual and Mormon and wanted to share its beauty with anyone who seemed to be unsure, and that he was my dear friend. Lucky, lucky me to have a dad and friend like him!

Swimming

By Anita Wiggins

Whenever I smell petunias, I think of swimming at Johnson's pool and of Hans Johnson's perfectly manicured garden. There were colored rocks, petunias, snapdragons and a little pond made out of chunks of blue glass. Gnomes were pushing wheelbarrows, swinging on swings and living under red poke-a-dot mushrooms.

We took swimming lessons from Kathy Johnson. It seemed odd to me that her eyes were always looking down, never making contact with mine. Her nose was always white, covered with zinc oxide to protect it from the sun. She would have us lie on the deck and say, "Kick, Kick, Kick, Kick" as we practiced kicking with straight legs. I would practice this at home on the bed with my sisters, complete with the "Kick, Kick, Kick, Kick." Kathy was my teacher and I loved swimming. Kathy's father built her a little house called "Kathy's Sugar Hut" where she would sell candy after swimming lessons. I loved the licorice kids (nigger babies was what they were called back then), the red hot fire balls, bit-o-honey, wax bottles with juice inside that I chewed after I drank the juice, long flat colored taffy with a white stripe running down the middle, coconut watermelon slices, little candy dots that I peeled off a long piece of paper, and a little refrigerator full of soda pop. On the last day of swimming lessons, we got to dive for pennies off the bottom of the pool. If we were able to retrieve 10 pennies, we could spend them at "Kathy's Sugar Hut."

Occasionally, our family was allowed to swim at Johnson's pool with no one else there. My mother would put on her large swimming suit and a ruffled red swimming cap. Her cap was about a foot tall so it could accommodate and protect her tall French twist hairdo. My dad played with us in the water. We

did cannon balls off the diving board and wrestled with each other in chicken fights.

One of my favorite things was when my dad would have me lie on my back, gather all of my hair from the crown of my head into his hand and pull me all around the swimming pool. I thought that it was so funny that he was pulling my hair and that I liked it. It somehow made me feel like we were outsmarting nature. I loved being the focus of his life as he endlessly dragged me around the pool by my hair. I will always treasure this bond that the two of us shared.

January 5, 2011

By Mary Bell Carlson

My memories of my grandpa Charlie are when I was young. He was a witty man who had bright shiny white hair. I remember him always wearing his cowboy hat and his love for horses. There were many family reunions with Grandpa Charlie stories and songs....like poor pitty the cowboy. He was a loving man who loved animals almost as much as he loved people. I can remember him walking around with a rope in his hand, chewing on grass or just kinda talking and telling stories. I love him and am so grateful for the legacy his has left for me and our family! Happy Birthday Grandpa Charlie!

By Jamie Dana

One of my favorite memories of Grandpa Charlie is when he and Grandma came to visit us when we lived in Washington DC. He told us a story at the dinner table. I was only three or four so I can't recall all the details. He told us with a twinkle in his eyes and a grin on his face that a long time ago, either on his mission or during the war he needed to shave his beard but didn't have a razor. His solution was to smear a little frosting on his face to entice the whiskers. When all the whiskers came crawling towards the frosting for a taste, he captured them by tightening a knot of dental floss around them. His story seemed far fetched to me but I didn't know adults to lie, so I just made room in my understanding of the world for frosting loving whiskers that my grandpa was clever enough to outwit. Happy 100th birthday Grandpa Charlie.

Dad's business was located below Wall Street. There were several local kids that hung around the office. One kid would talk to me up front while the other would steal notepads, pens and anything else they could use out of the back room. Dad would hire them to chop the weeds and they would break the shovel so they wouldn't have to work. One day I said something to Dad about how sad it what was that their lives were so sucky and they had no future. He looked at me sort of confused and said, "We'll, they have me."

One of the kid's name was Hamblin. Dad told him he was sure he had to be related to Jacob Hamblin the great Indian peacemaker. He told the boys countless stories about Jacob Hamblin and gave them a hero. What a remarkable man!

Kathy Gambles as told to Silver

By Jacob Bell

I have come from a long line of caring, important people. I have uncles, grandparents, who have served

in wars. There are many stories of relatives who have calmed seas, traveled great distances all in the name of their beliefs. And I cannot count the number of times I've heard of present and past relatives who have helped others just because it was the right thing to do. While it might seem a little overwhelming at times to live up to the standards of so many great people I would not have it any other way, as I have so many people I can emulate and live a successful life.

My grandparents on both sides of my family are amazing people. The Bell family is known by several people to always be there for others. Happy and Papa have not always been blessed with an abundance of wealth. Yet, I have seen them feed and help others that were in worse off conditions than they were. I have no doubt in my mind that they would help anyone at the drop of a hat. Much of this world is filled with people who only care about themselves. Happy and Papa are part of a select few who make this world a better place live in. They give me hope in humanity and an escape from the negatives of this world.

Unfortunately, my Shaw grandparents passed away when I was fairly young. Grandpa Shaw died when I was about six years old and grandma passed when I was 14. While I didn't get to know them as intimately in this life as I would have like to, they have still made a huge impression on me. I never saw grandma out of her bed very often, as she was not always in the best health, but I cannot remember a time she wasn't extremely happy to see me. While she couldn't physically do much she always found a way to take care of you. I have yet to meet anyone else who had such a positive demeanor/attitude in this life as she had.

I could write pages about each of my grandparents and how amazing they are, but I want to focus on writing about my grandpa Shaw. I know so little about him and yet I have felt his influence pass over the bridge of death. I remember only one conversation with him, and while I don't remember exactly what was said, I will never forget my emotions that day and what he told me. He said that when he was in the Pacific during World War II that he had been shot in the leg, and because bullets were made out of lead, they had to amputate his leg so he wouldn't get lead poisoning. Of course this was all a fabrication, he did have Alzheimer disease, my mother told me that this is the kind of story he would have told me anyways because he liked to joke around with people. I love that about him, as I also like to think of myself as a bit of a prankster and like to tell stories. I also remember that day a picture of a wolf that he had in his hospital room. When grandma passed and my family was deciding what to do with my grandparents things, I knew that all I wanted was that picture of that wolf. When I was fortunate to get it, I hung it over my bed as a protection and reminder of grandpa's legacy and how I wanted him to look down on me and be proud of the decisions I've made. I often like to think he is still watching over me. It makes me want to be a better person. My first time I really felt the spirit was when I was thinking about how it was unfair how my siblings and older cousin's got to know grandpa better than I did. I had this warm feeling come over me that day that I will be able to know my grandfather intimately. There have been few days since that I have felt such a great loss for those who have passed on into the next world, as I know now, that there is a just and loving God, who wants us to be with our families again. It has enabled me to comfort those that have mourned over their losses and being comfortable with death has also been a great influence for me to join the military. And yet still, I have searched even more to get to know my grandfather. The farm that my grandparents left behind shows what they enjoyed in life. There are horse trails, old houses, and a trappers cabin that when I was there I couldn't help but feel like I was experiencing some of the same feelings of excitement for exploration and nature that grandpa must of felt when he was there. I also remember going to my grandparents and being amazed at how many books they had. Not only does this tell me that grandpa was a big reader, but the types of books that he read showed me what he loved in life. Many of the books I saw were about camping, rattlesnakes, and wilderness survival. Part of me gets excited because many of his interest are like mine. The other part of me gets excited because again I feel like I am experiencing the same emotions that he must have felt when reading these books. It's another way to connect to the past and my grandfather.

By Jesse Bell

Happy Birthday Charlie!!

Since we lived in Texas I didn't get to interact a lot with Grandpa Charlie and many of my memories as a teenager were as he slid into Alzheimer's. I do remember though how he would take us up the "Bloody Trail" and to the reservoir and talk to us about the elephant ears, the trees and the plants. He taught me which berries we could eat and which were poisonous. I remember him taking me on a tour of the "Frontier Room" in the basement and telling me about the Texas rattlesnake on the mantle and the wolf skin rug on the wall. He took time to show me around and visit with me. He was a sweet, kind man and always showed interest in me.

To me, Jack was my Uncle Charlie, the man who had horses and would give us rides as kids. He was a good story teller telling us about Old Ephraim while sitting by the fireplace with the bear rug hanging above us. I didn't think he ever went to sleep because he was always up and around the property whenever I got out of my sleeping bag in our cabin.

Charlie went to a lot of effort to encourage me in Boy Scouting lore. I never knew what his background in Boy Scouts was, but I could tell he believed whole heartedly in the outdoor experiences and confidence young boys gained from earning the ranks and merit badges.

He impressed me with his commitment to taking care of the land. When only ten or eleven, I was part of the work parties clearing sage brush and small trees from the old reservoir in preparation for a new one that really worked. From my young point of view we made a pile of the brush about as big as a house then stood back while someone poured "boy scout juice" over the pile. When the pyre was lit, the gasoline fumes had spread to fill the depression in the land and it looked like flames were everywhere! Charlie made sure I got credit for the hours I worked towards my Conservation badge in scouts.

There were many horse riding experiences as Charlie tried to instill his love of horses in others. I'm amazed at the patience he showed. I'll forever be grateful for his instruction because he was trying to share his joys with me.

As I got old enough to actually be of help around the "farm," he taught me to mend barbed wire fences and haul in the hay. That hay work was a miserable business, always hot with dust and loose hay filtering down your neck. I learned quickly the value of long sleeved shirts with buttoned collars even in the July and August heat. But that made the skinny dipping at night in the Pineview Reservoir to wash away the sweat and dust all the more pleasurable. (Not with Charlie but with the other young men hauling hay.) Looking back on the chores Charlie got me to do, I realize that he was the one that taught me the value of working hard until the job was done.

Charlie and I spent a lot of time walking around the property and talking while I was in college. I loved to hang out at our cabin even when most of my family had lost interest or were too busy. Charlie was happy to have the chance to teach me about the water system, what the plants were, and to hate the tent caterpillars and burdock.

I remember from when I was very small Charlie's ongoing efforts to nurture new trees in our dry and rocky land. There would be small seedlings planted and watered by hand in an attempt to grow something better than scrub oak. My memory is that very few of the trees survived, mostly because keeping them watered was such a chore. But I don't think Charlie ever gave up. Late in his life, Charlie showed me the "tree farm" he had started just outside of the horse corrals. I think his intention was to start the evergreens there and then transplant them around the property. Now they are tall and healthy,

turning into a small forest.

Every time I look at the “tree farm,” I think of how Uncle Charlie nurtured me from a small seedling. He poured his teaching and experience over me again and again in the hopes my roots could reach deep and hold me upright through life. As youth, we rarely understand the impact adults are having in shaping who we become. Only as we mature and become the teachers of the next generation are our eyes open to what was done on our behalf. Charlie worked his magic on me and I will forever love and appreciate him for it. His efforts were always to benefit me, except maybe when hauling hay. Then he was probably getting the better end of the bargain!